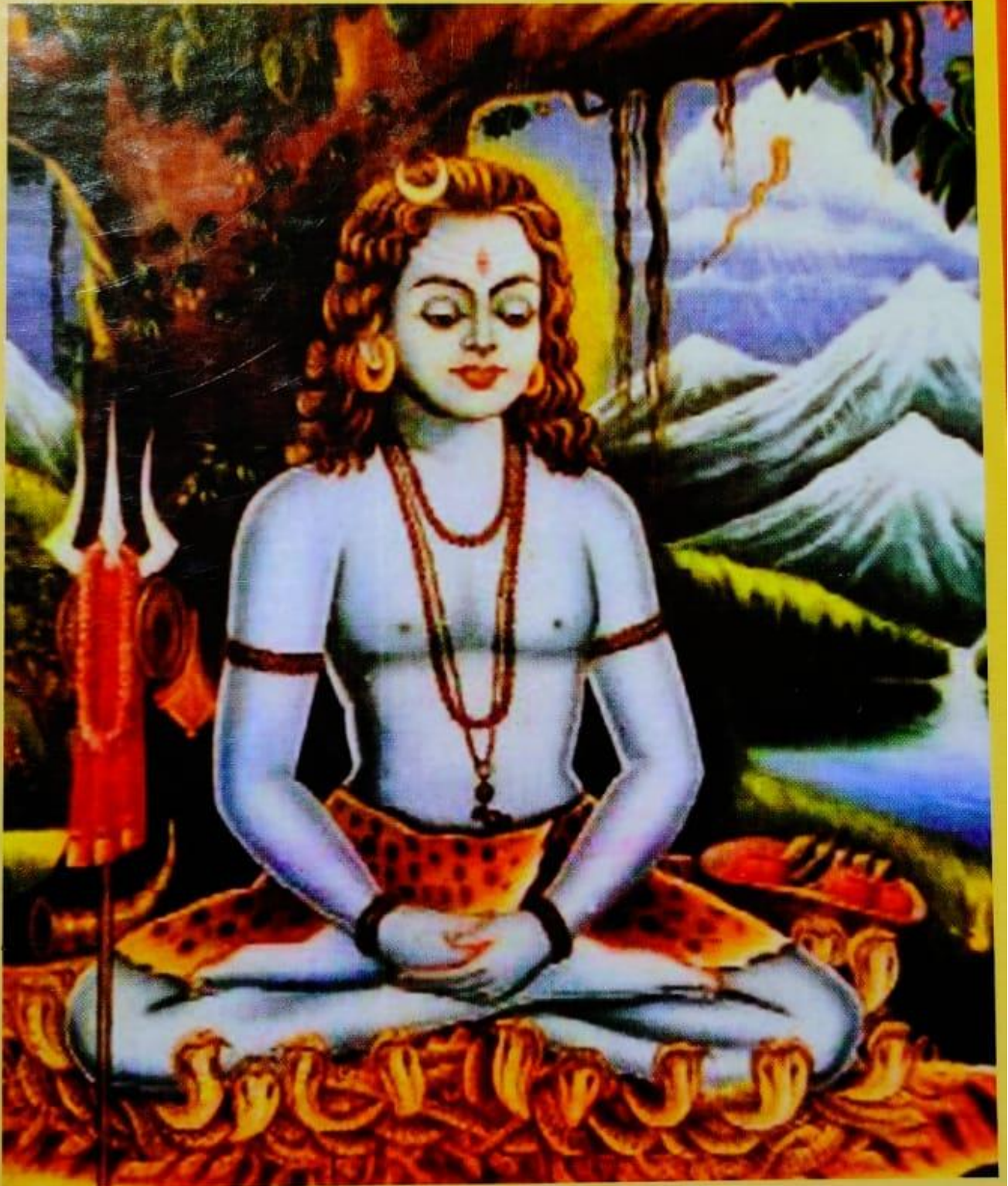


# SHIVAGORAKSH

Mrinalini Joshi



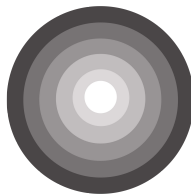
Published By: Inner Search Foundation 409-410 Gemstar Commercial Complex  
Ramchandran Lane Ext, Kachpada, Malad West  
Mumbai - 400 064

Second English e-Edition, 2025

Only for free download on Inner Search Foundation Website or Kindle

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**Inner Search Foundation**

**Om Gurave Namah**  
**Om Sri Ganeshaya Namah**  
**Om Sri Saraswataye Namah**

### **Unique Identity of Nath**

Die O Yogi, Die Die, sweet is Dying.  
Die that Death Gorakh died and saw.

Many years ago, I heard these awe-inspiring words of Gorakshnath, from Shri Rajneesh. The mind was so excited with the hope of understanding that most sweet death and its form, as well as the personality of Gorakshnath, the source of the era of eternal life, that I decided to put the life of Gorakshnath on paper. Instantly, I entered it in one of the compartments of my mind. That day was a Tuesday of the Aগ্রহায়ণ month of the year 1984.

That very day the seed of this work started to sprout in my mind field. Yet, for many years after that, the work did not proceed. I myself, of course, forgot my own resolve but my Supreme Guru had not forgotten it. One day, this resolve arose suddenly and spontaneously, making my mind restless. Bear in mind your age, I explained to myself. The body is tired, eyesight too is blurred. Can such a vast work be accomplished under such conditions? But as usual, the mind did what the mind wanted, and I started the work of putting pen to paper.

The personality of Shree Gorakshnath and his work is indeed awe-inspiring. In the whole of Bharatvarsh (India), there is not a single state where one cannot find some story, some temple, some monastery or place, connected to him. Not only in Bharatvarsh, but also in Nepal, Tibet and Gandhar (Afghanistan), festivals connected to him are celebrated even today.

Gorakshnath formulated a unique ideology in this country. Through this ideology, a new dimension of Dharma was discovered. This is the very source of the ideology of Nanak, Kabir, Dadu Vazid, Farid and Meerabai. They have with their sentiment of devotion, composed this temple of Dharma, and placed a golden dome on it. Such a sparkling dome attracts everyone and the bricks of the foundation are forgotten.

The work of Gorakshnath is incomparable. Sans Krishna the study of love is incomplete. Sans intellect meditation is incomplete and sans knowing Patanjali the study of Yoga is impossible. Similarly, without Gorakshnath one cannot know the proper method of the various paths of sadhana. The purpose of these various paths discovered is to get the experience of Truth. However, their varied techniques could never have been elucidated, but for Gorakshnath.

To bind in words the personality of the heights of the Himalayas, the vastness of the sky, the depth of the ocean, was for me a work of courage, which my physical hands accomplished...How? I myself do not know. While collecting the information for writing this, the books I read had a few incidents which were totally contradictory. There are different stories about the birth of Gorakshnath. The birthplace of Gorakshnath is claimed by all three states - Bengal, Punjab and Maharashtra. That is why, taking Siddhacharita by Shreepatinath of the Nath tradition as the authority, I have given the birthplace of Gorakshnath as Shree Aalaya, that is, Shirole. This always happens with popular persons. In this, rather than truth or falsehood, is love and respect, because of the deep affection they bear, they believe these beings to be a part of them, and therefore from their own state.

But more important than knowing about the birthplace or time of such great Beings is to understand the work they have done. This is so because their work is beyond the limitation of time and place. More important than knowing that the father of Shree Ram and Shree Krishna were Dasharatha and Vasudev, is to know and imbibe the Rama essence and the Krishna essence. Their life, the greatness of their work, and their entire personality needs to be understood. Therefore, rather than a biography of Gorakshanath, I have tried to give the reader the experience of his life style, his philosophy, invaluable message, and an iota of nectar from the verses composed by Gorakshnath.

Secondly, I have always kept facts in mind while writing. Man is composed of three qualities, there is a confluence of Satva [gives clarity and equanimity], Rajas [activity and greed], and Tama [inertia ignorance] in him. In each, one or the other quality is predominant. Due to this, there is a difference in the nature of human beings. The one with 80% Satva is considered as a good person and the one with 80% Tama is considered as a bad person. However, no one is completely good or bad. In this world of duality, one cannot live having just one quality. A dark cloud has a silver lining. Similarly, even a wicked person, has a good person hidden in his heart. Accordingly, even the clothing of a good person is coloured with a border of red-black of the Raja and Tama qualities. Howsoever sweet the voice of a singer may be, if he sang only either the flat or sharp notes of music, it would not create any interest in the listener. Just this way, to make life interesting, there must necessarily be a mingling of all notes. In this book, I have kept this balance and have not shown any character as wholly good or wholly bad.

It is typical in stories to depict a wicked woman as having wicked thoughts and wicked actions all the time. And the virtuous one is one who behaves according to her husband's opinion, who has an impeccable character and is beautiful as well. But this is not the truth. If the ill characterized woman casts glances at men, is there no fault of the man who gets ensnared thereby? The truth is we are ourselves answerable for our own progress or our downfall. Instead of blaming a woman as an obstacle, would it not be better to make her the instrument of one's progress? All great men have done just this. This is not all, they have even elevated the women who have been so instrumental in their success, to a form of divinity.

Being a woman, I can understand the mind of a woman and having understood the neighbouring families, with sensitivity, I can understand the mind milieu of men as well. That is why my characters are somewhat different but factual. The prominent examples of this are Brhtruhari's queen- Pingala, the step mother of Chowranginath - Bhujanwati, and Padmini the wife of Matsyendranath.

I have not included in this book those incidents which I felt were not significant. I do not feel that living in the kingdom of women, was a downfall in the personality of Matsyendranath. For this, I have taken Siddhacharita as authority, as this scripture depicts the true picture of Matsyendranath and his thoughts on the subject of life are also made clear therein.

When Gorakshnath during his discipleship itself had demonstrated his mastery over the Sanjeevani mantra, by creating Gahininath from a ball of mud, was it appropriate to test him by instructing him to wash and clean Meennath and make him alive again? Matsyendranath himself had ordained Gorakshnath with all these powers. So, would he find fault with his own disciple for throwing away a brick of gold? The truth really is that the Sadguru by his inner vision is able to decipher the inner state of his disciple. Therefore, such tests are not necessary. These cannot be reflecting the true picture of Matsyendranath. I am stating this with all due respect to Swami Swaroopanand of the Nath tradition.

Speaking of Rani Padmini, could Rani Padmini, whose very remembrance cleanses the mind, who had a physical relationship with Matsyendranath, and had the good fortune of being the mother of his son, and lived for twelve years in his pure presence, ever behave wickedly with Gorakshnath? The Philosopher's stone can only turn iron into gold. Is it at all possible that the one who due to his penance had the power to turn mud into gold, Matsyendranath, could not bring about any change in Rani Padmini Kilotala? Would her weaknesses and desires not get sublimated, and she be uplifted?

Some believe that the one living in the kingdom of women was not Matsyendranath. It was his illusory form. That was a play of the illusory Matsyendranath. Some even believe Sati Sita to be a play of illusion. It is said that the God of Fire had hidden her in Himself. But in such beliefs, we insult the great souls. If we believe that the Sita who entered the fire was an illusory one then there remains no meaning to her chastity. She protected herself with the radiance of her devotion to husband from the desirous Ravana. She was Truth personified, and that is why her devotion and purity are worshipped. Her life was a battle of truth, it was no illusion.

Regarding King Bhadrachari I have heard that he has written books such as Shrngarshatak, Nitishatak and Vairagyashatak. But Shri Shyam Sunder Nigam in his book 'Malva ke Itihas aur Sanskruti ke Kathipath pehlu', after much research has written that King Bhadrachari of the Nath tradition and the author of Vairagyashatak, Bhadrachari, are different individuals. I have taken his opinion as the accurate reflection of reality.

### **Gratitude:**

As always, I started the book as an individual effort but it got completed by the help of many people. I pray for all of them that the supreme power of Shiva grants them eternal joy.

In spite of being constantly involved in the gift of knowledge as a preacher, Anubhavanand's contribution to this book has been invaluable for which we are ever grateful to him.

In this venture I have many times experienced the Grace of the Nath tradition. Even the completion of this book is evidence of that Grace. In the very purpose of this book, I received whatever I desired. For the purpose of reference, a book, information, appropriate word or person would become available automatically. I had heard the story of a blind girl. When she laid her forehead on the shrine of saint Gyaneshwar, he told her "you will be able to see only as much as is necessary," and wonder of wonders it was so. If she started to clean the rice, she could pick out the stones. My state had also become somewhat like that. I received as much vision as was necessary to write. One receives a boon after penance and service. But my experience was quite different. By the Grace of Sadguru I feel blessed. He first granted me His Grace and then He got the service done through me. This was my good fortune. Is this the paradoxical message of Nath? First receive the blessing and then make the offering....! Like one needs to remove the nodes in the bamboo before making a flute, in the same way firstly the node of ego was removed, and I was made worthy of choice of the space like supreme Self, to manifest that Supreme being, I was chosen to be the medium. For this I am grateful to that Ultimate Power.

Hari Om tat sat Aadesh Aadesh Aadesh.....

Thank you.

## About the English Translation

The translation to English has been done by [Dr. Shirin Venkatramani](#). Edited and formatted by Vibhas Joshi.

We have intentionally kept some text in the Devnagari script. Readers who are interested can find out the meaning of these. Even if you do not, we have ensured that the gist of the message is available in the rest of the translated text.

At the end of the book, we have provided a Glossary of Devnagari words that have been retained even in the translated text.

## Contents

|                                                                                 |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Lesson 1 - Alakh Niranjani! .....                                               | 7   |
| Lesson 2 - Incarnation of Suryadharaputra.....                                  | 22  |
| Lesson 3 – Sadhana (Practice).....                                              | 40  |
| Lesson 4 – Ekme Anant (Infinity in One).....                                    | 63  |
| Lesson 5 – Chetta Macchindra (Be Aware Macchindra).....                         | 74  |
| Lesson 6 - Parakaya Pravesha (Entering another body) .....                      | 102 |
| Lesson 7 – Matrutva (Motherhood).....                                           | 114 |
| Lesson 8 – Pindi Te Bramhandi (What is in the Pinda is in the Brahmanda).....   | 128 |
| Lesson 9 - Dhik Tan ch.....                                                     | 134 |
| Lesson 10 – Hasseba Kheliba Dhariba Dhyanam (Laughing, Playing, meditate) ..... | 156 |
| Lesson 11 - Shivagoraksh .....                                                  | 176 |
| Lesson 12 - Pranave Datta.....                                                  | 186 |
| Lesson 13 – Jyotme Jyot (Flame in Flame).....                                   | 201 |
| Lesson 14 – Kayame Sab Sar (The essence is in the body) .....                   | 217 |
| Lesson 15 – Gorakmathi (Monastery of Gorakh).....                               | 236 |
| Lesson 16 - Prem Ganga (The Ganga of love) .....                                | 246 |
| Lesson 17 – Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam (The world is one family).....                | 260 |
| Lesson 18 – Ghati Ghati Gorakh (Every moment – Gorakh).....                     | 263 |
| Glossary.....                                                                   | 271 |

## Lesson 1 - Alakh Niranjan!

“अलख निरंजन ।”  
“माई, भिक्षा दो । भिक्षा दो माई ।”

The call was loud and clear but Mai, the house-wife was so engrossed in her own thoughts, that even such a powerful call could not reach her. It had so happened that she had an invite for a naming ceremony from her neighbour. She was in a dilemma whether to go or not to go. She knew that such invitations came to her only as a formality. In such get-togethers she is ignored, and is looked upon condescendingly or with pity. The Lord has given me many things. The very form of bright moonlight, youth, a loving husband, wealth and prosperity. However, there is one blemish which has eclipsed this brightness of fate. Even after long years of marriage, I am not blessed with a child. My backyard is quiet and there is no sound of squealing children. No one is born yet to take my family line forward.”

“Alakh Niranjan! Mai, alms, give alms!”

This time she was startled with the voice and the sound from the tongs which had bells on them. Opening the door, she came out in a hurry, she found a strong hefty radiant being standing right in front of her. A Yogi in ochre robes with a stole of wool from his shoulder to waist. On its border were bells. In his neck were Shelly Shringi and a chain of Rudraksha beads, in his hand were the tongs, on his shoulder was a bag, in his ears there were large ring like earrings, he had a beard and long hair. Gazing at his lustrous form she was stunned and kept intently looking for a moment and then bowing down she said, “wait a while Lord. I will be back immediately.”

In a few moments she came out with Lentils, rice and wheat flour as alms. Seeing these dry uncooked food grains, the king of Yogis said “Mai, to cook this and feed me I have no mother or sister, now if you become my mother and give me cooked food, it would be good.”

“Certainly Maharaj. You must take your meals here and only then go.”

Having been addressed as ‘Mai’ by the Yogi, her motherhood was awakened. In the veranda she placed a seat, kept a banana leaf on which she served roti (Indian bread) with butter, a chutney of ground nuts, vegetable of lady’s fingers, some rice and a bowl of butter milk. Inviting the yogi, she said “Please come Maharaj. Please accept the simple food, from my humble home.”

Yogi looked at her from head to toe and with a subtle smile said “Mai, you look verily like the Goddess of wealth....”

“If only....” Taking a deep breath her mind in a turmoil “of what use such wealth.” She said.

Content with the meal, Nath with a pleased mind blessed her saying “Annadatri be happy. Mai, what is your good name? I did not even ask your name?”

“Ji (yes), Saraswati.”

“Alright. I will go now, but before going I would like to give you something. Mai, ask what you desire.”

“Maharaj, what can I say with my own mouth? You are a Gyani. Omniscient.”

“That is the very reason I am asking, there is something lacking, what is that? What is the suffering?”

Saraswati’s eyes filled with tears but she could not express her suffering and bring words to her trembling lips. Seeing her in this pensive mood, Maharaj very tenderly asked “Look Mai, by the Grace of the Guru I have the power to fulfil your desire. Speak mother, do not hesitate.”

“This is it; this is my suffering Maharaj. There is no one to call me Mother, I have everything else.” Having heard the word mother from the lips of Nath her pain tumbled out in words. “My husband has attained a large piece of land given as an award, but we have no son to continue the tradition of the family. Till date, God knows how many fasts I might have done. How many vows I have taken but my fate is against me. I am the unfortunate one Maharaj....”

“No mother no. You are the fortunate one. You will surely become a mother.” Consoling Saraswati Nathji took out a small box which had ash in it, from his bag. Taking a pinch of the ash in his hand he chanted the Aditya Mantra mentally. Seeing that the fecundity power of the Sun had energised the ash he handed it over to her and said “After your menses are over, and you have become clean, have it at bedtime. Guru Adinath will certainly fulfil your wish. Mark this well Mai, from your womb a son will take birth who will be glorious and radiant like the sun. He will awaken Dharma. In all the three worlds his flag will fly high.”

With a very reverent attitude Saraswati took the ash and tied it to a corner of her saree. The joy of her heart started to flow as tears from her eyes. When she bowed down before Nathji filling his form in her tear-filled eyes, he put his blessed hand on her head and said “Be a mother of a son, may all that is auspicious happen. Mai, if you have any difficulty just remember me, I will resolve it immediately.”

“Certainly Maharaj, by what name shall I invoke you? By what name shall I call you?”

“Matsyendranath. People know me by this name alone. And yes, keep in mind twelve years later I shall come here again and initiate your son into the Nath tradition.” Having said this much, Yogi Matsyendranth walked away.

On receiving the blessing of a son, Saraswati’s body and mind were pervaded by a strange joy. Entering her home, she was once again lost in thoughts. She thought now, I will have to go to the naming ceremony get-together. I will need to know properly how it is performed, what is done in a naming ceremony. Now the day is not far when even in her home this ceremony will need to be conducted.

With these enthusiastic and energising thoughts Saraswati started to decorate and dress herself. She wore a silk saree which had golden spots. The saree had a red pallu so she wore a heavily embroidered red blouse to match. Hanging pearl earrings, a nose ring and a studded necklace were enhancing her beauty! A studded pearl peacock was decorating her thick black bun. In the end looking at herself in the mirror she applied the vermilion red spot on her forehead. Even the mirror must be stunned to see this pleasing appearance. Looking at her own happy and smiling image in the mirror, Saraswati was at last ready to leave for Kamala’s home.

There, Kamala’s home was buzzing with activity. Right in the centre of the greeting hall, a well carved rose wood cradle decorated with colourful flowers and green leaves, was placed.

Every corner of the home was ringing with the sound of the chitter chatter and laughter of women from the neighbourhood, attractively dressed, wearing lovely ornaments. In some corner newlywed girls were giggling, confiding their stories and at other corners were elderly ladies sharing their joys and sorrows.

The paternal and maternal aunts of the baby to be named were seen busy welcoming guests, and serving snacks. Just then someone asked in a worried voice, “Oh! Bhabhi, have you placed the items for the ceremony? Clothes, rice, fruits- flowers....is anything left out?”

“Yes indeed! Everything is ready Jiji. There is nothing to worry. If mother-in-law sees you running around in this condition, then no one can save me.” Bhabhi said while arranging the gifts brought by the ladies on a table.

As Aunt Rama entered, looking here and there she asked “O dear Durga, did Saraswati not come yet?” Durga quickly replied “If she does not come it would be better. Do not know why but as soon as she enters a kind of sadness fills the air.”

“Why are you saying so Durga?”

“What can I say Aunt? Her very face is such. It is always twelve o’clock on her face whenever I look. Such a sad face howsoever beautiful, looks ugly only.”

“Yes, after all what can she do? It is her misfortune. She has a beautiful face, clear mind, wealth and prosperity, but she is devoid of the joy of the blessedness of motherhood. Poor thing.”

Just then holding her saree well with a sprit in her step, Saraswati made her entry. Dabbing the perspiration from her forehead she spoke to herself saying “at last have reached on time, was afraid I’m late.”

The lustre of joy on the face of Saraswati, and the enthusiasm in her speech could not remain hidden from Aunt Rama and Durga. Durga could not resist, she eventually asked “Mausi (maternal aunt) today you look very happy, what is the matter?”

“Yes, I am happy, will tell you the reason later, first I will go and give the gift.”

At the same time Kamala’s daughter in law Padma, came out with the newborn from the ‘lying-in-room.’ She placed the baby in the cradle. The baby was clothed in a pink inner garment and wrapped with a swaddle cloth of peacock blue having a green border and gold flowers embroidered on it. That baby was charming all with his attractive appearance. His eyes full of curiosity were gazing all round. His beautiful form was greatly enhanced with the gold ring on his slender fingers, sparkling gold ornaments on his neck and wrists and anklets.

The ladies started to sing auspicious songs as soon as the baby was placed in the cradle. All the rituals of the naming ceremony were completed. The paternal aunt asserting her right to announce the name pronounced the baby’s name to be Harihar and with that the ceremony was concluded.

In the mind of Saraswati another kind of ceremony was going on. She was drawing an imaginary picture of her baby’s naming ceremony. She was telling herself “I will keep my son’s name Devdatta for he would be born by the grace of God and he would be given by the blessing of the Nath yogi.”

“Saraswati....” Aunt Rama’s voice brought her back to reality from her world of imagination.

“Yes Aunt”

“Hey, where were you lost? What has happened? Tell me at least. You had said that you will tell us afterwards. There is still some time before meals. Tell me till then.”

“Aunt you know, only some time back a Yogi had come to our home.”

“So, what’s so great about that. Many frequent our home too, but as soon as I hear the sound of their tongs, I close the door.”

“But I did not close the door Aunt. God guided my intellect right. My good fortune appeared in the form of the Yogi. He recognised my suffering and gave me the blessing of being the mother of a son. He gave me energised ash and told that by eating the ash my heart’s desire would be fulfilled.”

“And you believed him? Oh, Saraswati how innocent you are.”

By this time the other ladies present had also gathered around Saraswati. One amongst them concurred with Aunt Rama and said "What else? Just by eating the ash does one get a child? Such blasphemous Yogis calling themselves ascetics are hypocrites. They appear very straightforward externally but are connemen within. They claim to possess the occult knowledge of ensnaring others by name Shaabari. With such power they mesmerise women. All day they turn her into a dog, monkey or a goat and at night turn her back into a woman and enjoy her."

Listening to these words Saraswati started trembling. The mind that was dancing with just the thought of becoming a mother was suddenly pushed into the valley of despair. Darkness fell in front of her, but still with great courage she stabilised herself. She did not want to dampen the festivities due to herself, and so she ate two morsels and left for home. Rebellious with the sentiments of sorrow, despair, and frustration, Saraswati, went to the place of worship where she had kept the ash, as soon as she reached home, picking it up she threw it on a heap of cow dung.

That night sleep had left her eyes as if offended. All sorts of thoughts raced, and made her mind deeply perturbed. As soon as the radiant face of Yogiraj (King of Yogis) appeared before her eyes she kept thinking - Did I make a mistake by throwing the ash? But again, when she remembered what the ladies had said, she thought, "It's good I escaped the net of deceit. Perhaps in the longing to be mother I would have lost my fidelity. Who knows whether that Yogi will return after twelve years or not? And even if he comes, I will shut my door."

At last the thought of having saved herself brought some peace to her mind. Praying to Mother Durga she said "Mother, today by Your Grace I escaped from this misfortune."

Simultaneously, nature was bestowing her Grace on her and saying "the Giver gives, but if the receiver's bag has holes what can anyone do? Oh, mad woman you were not saved from any misfortune but turned your face away from good fortune."

"People know me as Matsyendranath" having said that Matsyendranath left Saraswati's home and reached the temple of Mahalakshmi. As he was resting in the courtyard of the temple, before his closed eyes the story of the origin of his name started taking shape, which is an unusually quaint one. Something untoward had happened, which was unusual for the ordinary man but not impossible. It happened by the will of the Lord of the Universe. That, the Nine Narayans of Satyug should take birth in Kaliyug and awaken the ordinary man by showing him the right path, and being the support of the poor and suffering people. This could only be the plan of the Lord of the Universe. The birth of Matsyendranath was one such link in this plan.

It had so happened that one day Maharishi Narad had visited Mount Kailash. As per his custom he was chanting 'Narayan'. Hearing the sweet melody of the one string instrument [Ektara] and 'Narayan,' Devi Uma appeared, to greet her devotee Narad.

"Welcome dear Sage, have you by chance lost your way?" As soon as Naarad saw Devi Uma, touching her feet he answered "Devi, I have not lost my way, in fact I have deliberately come to visit you both." Devi Uma welcomed Naarad with respect. She enquired about the well-being of her friends and family from the wandering sage Naarad who travelled all the three worlds. And then asked, "Munivar (sage), today tell me something by which I will get the joy of knowledge."

"Mother are you taking an examination of this ignorant child? What words of wisdom shall I tell you? You are all knowing. You are the better half of Mahadev - the one who is Knowledge Incarnate, Provider and Upholder of beings, the one who delivers His devotees from the cycle of

birth and death, Shiv Shankar. I come here for the simple reason that I may get some words of wisdom from the two of you. That you may bestow your Grace on me. Now, I have seen you but not Mahadev, when will He arrive?"

"He is the supreme Avadhoot. There is no certainty when he will come. Will know when he arrives." Even through the offended tone of the voice of Uma Devi her love for Mahadev was perceptible. Before leaving Munivar gravely said "Mother, many times a question arises in my mind. Sometimes I even want to ask Mahadev himself, but my mind is afraid, maybe on hearing the question, Mahadev may feel angry and say that this is between husband and wife, why should we tell you? Why this purposeless enquiry?"

"This is greatly surprising. Could there be something between us that raises a doubt in your mind?" Devi Uma asked in a tone mixed with astonishment.

"Yes indeed. Such is the case."

"Ask me. Let's see if I have the answer to it."

"The thing is that the garland of skulls round the neck of Mahadev reminds me of you. I have heard those threaded skulls belong to all your past births."

"You have heard correctly."

"That's it! The one who liberates all from this cycle of birth-death, from the World, the bestower of freedom, why did He not liberate, his dear wife from the cycle of birth and death?" Naradji presented the question which was playing in his mind.

Having heard the question, Devi Uma fell into a thoughtful mood. After sometime she said, "Your doubt is correct Munivar, but till today why did I never think of it? You are a knowledgeable person, tell me what do you think about this matter? Why would Mahadev have deprived me of that Knowledge?" Uma Devi asked immersed in thought.

"This is the puzzle. Devi it will be appropriate if you asked Mahadev himself." Saying thus, Naaradji bowed, took Uma Devi's permission, and left. Along with him his 'Narayan, Narayan, Om namo Bhagawate Vasudevaya....' chant could be heard receding in the distance. But Devi Uma kept sitting in the same way, lost in thoughts. She was thinking "Why did Mahadev behave like this with me? He says He loves me, then why does He not wish to uplift me? Of what use is such love?"

After some time Mahadev arrived. Devi Uma recognised His footstep, and she kept sitting just as she was. Unlike other times, she did not welcome Him with smiling words.

Seeing her offended behaviour, Mahadev understood something was wrong. 'Will have to be very careful about what I speak.'

"It seems someone from Vaikunth had arrived here today." He whispered softly to himself.

"How did you know?"

"From the sadness shadowing your face. Mischievous Narad must have described the luxurious, prosperous abode of Lord Vishnu (Vaikunth) picturesquely. He had come right?"

"Yes, indeed it was he who had come but not to describe Vaikunth but to acquaint me with the deceit I have suffered."

"Deceit? Who deceived you?"

"My life breath, my husband .... The one who I attained after severe austerities and quarrelling with my father."

"I did? Devi what is this you are speaking? You are my all, you are my strength, my better half....."

"Oh, now stop that, these are mere words. You call me your better half, right? That's it, I am your better half only. I am not your inner self." Devi Uma said in an angry voice.

Mahadev understood that today's angry mood is quite different. Going close to Devi Uma, taking her hand in his own, he said "Do not make riddles Devi. Don't talk in this manner which cannot be understood by your Bholenath."

Extracting her hand away from Mahadev's, Devi said "You and innocent (Bhole)? I do not believe. The desire for the razzle-dazzle of Vaikunth I never had. Your Adimaya had known from the beginning that this glitter is for show only. You also know this well. Is it not?"

"Yes Devi. I sometimes jest with you that's all, but how has this offended you and what deceit are you accusing me of?"

"Deceit is there because you have hidden from me your ultimate eternal wisdom. You say I am dearer to you than the life breath itself, but instead of liberating me from the cycle of birth and death, you wear the garland of my very own dead skulls? Swami tell me the truth. Did not the desire ever arise in you even once that you should grant your own Uma, that wisdom that liberates one from the cycle of birth and death and experience the joy of the state without body?" Overwhelmed with emotion tears flowed fast and furious from the eyes of Uma Devi.

Mahadev went close to her and consoling her said, "Uma first compose yourself. Stop your tears and listen with attention to what I am about to tell you. Do not cry".

"Why not? Now to appease me you shall make all kinds of stories."

"No Uma" Mahadev was speaking very gravely. "I am only speaking the truth and the truth is that until one's desire to get something does not become intense, till then it is not granted. Even in mundane life there is no value for things one receives easily. And then this is the Wisdom of the Overself. If this is to be attained, one has to thirst for it like a fish out of water. The desire to get the vision of the Lord should be without a break, every moment. The longing for the pure, sacred meeting of Jeeva and Shiva must be there. If any living being (Jeeva) desires light, he himself needs to go near the sun. He should turn himself towards the direction of the sun, then alone can the sun enlighten him. The sun never turns anyone towards himself. You are understanding what I mean, right?."

"Yes Swami, this is true. I myself have never beseeched you, but do you remember that day when I had asked you that everyone worships you, chants the mantra of your name, and what mantra do you chant? At that time instead of answering my question you simply smiled."

"Yes, because at the time there was only curiosity in your mind, not aspiration. Intense desire was lacking. Restlessness was not there ... but today I can see there is that restlessness."

"Swami this restlessness is not for getting that Knowledge or even gaining information about it, but this intense desire is to attain experiential knowledge of that which you have experienced. Oh! Lord of the Lords Mahadev, when will I get that experience?"

Observing the rise of the intense desire for attaining the Knowledge in his beloved, Mahadev was pleased. Keeping his hand on the head of Devi Uma he said "It will happen, it will happen soon. That I meditate on - Attributeless, Formless, Immutable, Ancient, Pure awareness - soon you shall attain to That. I will grant you the eternal knowledge which destroys the great sin and liberates one from this World." As per his promise Mahadev arrived at the shore of the ocean of milk and said to Uma Devi, "This solitude is absolutely fitting for the purpose granting knowledge. Come we shall sit here."

“Yes Swami” Uma Devi said and spread the tiger skin seat there. As soon as Mahadev took his seat on the tiger skin, Devi Uma placed a deer skin in front of him and placing her head at the feet of her Lord and Master, she bowed reverentially. Then giving her his blessing, he said “Sit.”

Placing white lotus flowers and Bilva leaves at the feet of Mahadev, with folded hands and with gently closed eyes she sat facing him. Then Adinath said to her. “Hail Shive, today I am granting you this vital, great knowledge, imbibe it with attention. Understand its practice. In reality this mantra is unknowingly continuously moving, through the medium of breath in all living beings. “

‘ शिवादिक्रिमिपर्यंतं प्राणिमां प्राणवर्त्मना ।  
निरुश्वासोच्छ्वासरूपेण मन्त्रोयं वर्तते प्रिये । ’

Mahadev said, “Pay attention, while inhaling the sound “sahah” emerges and while exhaling the sound of hum is heard. The meeting of both sounds together makes the sound Soham. This is known as “ajapajap” for this chant happens automatically. Devi, in the manifest sound of the mantra Soham resides Om - the one syllable to be considered as Brahma. Once the knowledge of the five matrukas of Om is attained, the Jeeva no longer remains a Jeeva and merges into Shiva. He verily becomes Shiva. “The essence of all the great chants - Pranohamasmi, Aham Brahmasmi, Tat tvam asi, Sarvam Khalu idam Brahma- is Soham alone.”

“Hey Girija, now attentively understand the practice of breath. This is not to be taken from the Ida - Pingala (Left- Right), Chandra - Surya (left- right) nostril breath, as in Pranayam, taught in the knowledge of yoga. Instead, from the blank space between the two - where the Sushumna is situated, it is to be taken through the mid-path. A deep breath from the lotus of the naval (nabhikamal) to the lotus of the vertex (Brahmarandra) is to be taken. Then one waits there for a period of time, then with the same speed one exhales.”

“Have you understood?” While inhaling the vibration of the breath should pass through the hollow of every vertebra along the way from the naval to the Brahmarandhra (top of the head). Secondly while taking and leaving the breath our mind should move along with it. Saha means that Overself who we are in essence [Atmarup] that is our original form, trust this implicitly and take the breath. And while leaving the breath have no attachment to this body, which is merely the holder of a name, destructible, fleeting. Sacrifice this ego by letting go. In this manner, the ascending and descending tones of the music of the life-giving Veena, will enable actual meeting with the Nath who grants you consciousness. Keep on the practice. Merge with the sound of Soham.”

With the chant of Soham .....soham.... Soham Mahadev also closed his eyes and asked “Uma you are listening?”

“Yes...”

“You have understood it all?”

“Yes....”

Then Mahadev shared some other knowledge too. He had the satisfaction that Devi Uma was listening very attentively to him. After sometime when he opened his eyes, he saw Devi sitting still like stone in front of him. She had attained Samadhi.

With great surprise Mahadev spoke “So then who was answering my questions up until now?” He touched Uma and brought her out of that state of Samadhi. With eyes closed still Uma said joyfully, “Swami I experienced. Today I saw what you always describe as the sound, the point and *Kalaa*. I have seen it all and returned. Swami I do not know when, surfing on the waves of Soham, this mind merged with it.... Besides joy there was no other sentiment left.”

Mahadev said, "That means what I said further regarding the dissolution of the three bodies, you have not heard? Then besides you there is definitely a third person present here -the one answering me." Having said this Mahadev entered into meditation and with his inner vision (knowingness) came to know - a giant fish was pregnant with the sperm of Uparichara Vasu. In that womb Kavi (wise) Narayan had entered, and through this fish who had come ashore, it was he who had received the knowledge given by Mahadev.

Mahadev went to the shore and called "Narayan, after all even though with deceit, you have received my knowledge, but just by hearing one does not attain wisdom. Intellectual knowledge requires sadhana to fructify. One has to experience it, for which you have to take initiation from a Sadguru. The Soham exercise has to be energised by the Sadguru. Therefore, when you are a little older, then go to Badrikashram. There, son of Anusuya Atree Dattaguru will initiate you."

On completing her gestation period, the fish came ashore again and laid the egg. As soon as the egg was sighted by Cranes, they came threateningly to it. To eat the egg, they started pecking it. The egg broke but like a box opened into two. A baby boy appeared from it and started to cry loudly. On seeing this peculiar scene, the cranes were terrified and flew away.

After some time, a fisherman named Kamik came there to fish. From a distance he heard the cry of a baby. He was perplexed. He muttered to himself "No one comes here particularly, then how did such a small baby come here? Is it possible that this is a delusion? Come on let me go and see."

Thinking thus he walked towards the sound. On walking a little distance, he saw that as if in the shell of an egg, lay an extraordinarily beautiful baby. Moving his pink little hands and feet he was crying. The fisherman fell into a quandary wondering "How is this baby in an egg? How did he come here? Be that as it may first, I should pacify him." He picked up the boy. The baby was happy and he stopped crying.

Kamik started thinking, "Should I take him home? But what if his mother - father come and start fighting with me? Let them come. When they come, we'll see, but right now he cannot be left here, otherwise dogs, wolves may eat him up."

Thinking thus, having picked up the baby he started to walk, yet he was a bit afraid within. Looking hither and thither hiding the baby, he kept walking. Just then he heard the voice of an oracle from above, "Be free of doubt. Take the baby home. He is the baby of a fish. Therefore, call him by the name Matsyendra."

That means this is a gift from God. Thinking thus Kamik brought the baby home.

Seeing Kamik, his wife Shaaradavati was surprised. She asked "Hey, how come you have returned so early? Did you not get any fish today?"

"Come see, fish was not found but what is found is a diamond, diamond."

"Diamond? That too in the water? It seems as though from the break of dawn you are intoxicated."

"Yes, crazy woman, I am drunk, but drunk with happiness, understand? Come and see at least, what I have brought. You will go mad on seeing." Saying this he handed her the basket of fish. Wrapped in Kamik's towel was a sleeping baby, on seeing this, Kamik's wife was shocked. She screamed "Oh! God! Hey where did you bring him from? Whose is he?"

"He is ours only. God has given him."

"Really? But how did this miracle happen?"

Then Kamik told Shaaradvati the whole story and said, "God has even given a name to him, Matsyendra."

Shaaradvati picked up the baby and embraced him. Motherhood awakened in her. Her joy started pouring from her eyes. Just then the baby woke up. Shaaradvati started to kiss the baby who was intently staring at her. His soft pink cheeks, curly hair, and fingers and toes like budding banana fruits.... intense happiness flooded Shaaradvati who was kissing all the parts of the baby.

Looking at her maternal instinct even Kamik's eyes were flooded. Wiping his tears, he said, "How many times are you going to kiss him you crazy woman? His sweet kisses may fill your stomach but what about him?"

With the words of Kamik, Shaaradvati regained balance and she spoke to the baby "yes, Matsyendra, I will bathe you nicely and then give you warm, warm milk." Then she said to Kamik "Listen, until then make a nice cradle from a good bed sheet and fix it on the terrace. I will make my darling sleep in the cradle."

That fisherfolk couple brought up Matsyendra according to their capacity with great love. Five years passed as though in a blink. He always remained with his father. Every day he would stubbornly insist on going to the seashore. One day Shaaradvati said "Take him also. Now he is the son of a fisherman. He should learn how to fish."

"Ok, you are right. So, Matsyendra will you come with me? Come let's go." Getting the permission of his father Matsyendra accompanied him skipping and jumping along.

On reaching the sea Kamik threw in his net. Slowly, slowly the fish started to get caught in the net. Matsyendra stood there only. He was having fun looking at the flirtatious fish.

Once the fish were caught in the net, he pulled the net out of the water, and dropped them on the shore. He told Matsyendra, "Come here. Sit here and put these fish into our basket."

"But father, they are so jumpy, how will I catch them." Matsyendra asked.

"For a while they will struggle then they will become quiet. They will die."

"Meaning?"

"Their life will leave. You will not understand. You just pick each one and put it in the basket. That's all." Kamik explained.

Matsyendra went close to the fish. Because of getting out of the water the fish were struggling. Matsyendra could not bear their pain. He thought, "Father says that even my mother was a fish, so then all fish are my relatives. There must be my maternal uncle, aunt in these. How can I kill them? No, no I cannot do this." With great courage he picked one struggling fish and hiding it from Kamik he left it into the sea. Then he picked each and every fish and left it in the water.

Kamik once again brought in a haul of fish to the shore. He put them on the sand, and told Matsyendra "Son, you have brought great good fortune to us, Today I have caught numerous fish. Go bring the basket here."

Matsyendra was silent. Kamik lifted the cloth over the basket and saw it was empty.

"What's this? Where are the fish?" He asked Matsyendra.

In answer Matsyendra pointed to the water.

"In the water? But how did they go there?" Anxious Kamik asked.

"I have put them."

“Have you gone mad? Oh, with what great effort I had caught them and you put them back in the water?”

“Father you only said that they will die. Killing someone is not good, isn’t it?”

“You are teaching me wisdom?” In anger Kamik slapped Matsyendra on his cheek, and shouting said “You fool, then what will you eat? How will you live? You will go door to door and beg. If this time you put the fish back into the water, I will throw you out of the house. Do you understand?”

The fish brought in the second haul were struggling on the sand. On seeing their pain, the heart of young Matsyendra melted. He thought “It is not proper to live like this, taking the life of others. It is better I beg and live. Father has said just this. Now I will not return home with him. Before he returns with another haul of fish I better leave from here.”

This thought took hold of the child’s mind and he left speedily.

This time Kamik could catch only a few fish. Disappointed Kamik when he came to the shore, he saw that the fish brought earlier, were lying dead on the sand and the basket was empty. That means the child could not even do this small job. “Matsyendra, Oh, Matsyendra, come child don’t be afraid. Come fast we have to go home right? Your mother must be anxiously looking out for you. Her darling went out for the first time to catch fish today.”

Kamik called Matsyendra many a time, but his call was unanswered. Anxiously he looked around and searched here and there. Matsyendra was not found anywhere. Kamik fell into deep thought. Where might he have gone? Could he have gone home? But he does not know the way home. Drowned in worry Kamik reached home. Just as he had thought Sharadvati was waiting outside the home for them. Seeing her husband return alone she asked “Where is my Matsyendra my son? He must be hungry.”

Kamik sat down silently. When Shaaradvati kept asking again and again, in a sorrowful voice he related all that had happened. Having heard, what Kamik narrated, Shaaradvati started wailing and crying. In great anger she yelled at Kamik “How on earth did you even think of slapping my little child? He could not bear the struggle of the fish. His tender heart was struggling too, but did your heart turn to stone? That is why you lifted your hand on my innocent child. God had given him to us. And you lost him? He was going to bring us name and fame.”

“What do you know?” “When you brought him home, I had asked the priest of the temple. The priest asked the time of his birth and said this is the Agrahayan month. In this month on Thursday you have received this child. He even told me the constellation of his birth. What was it..... from the story Ramayan there is a name..... yes, shravan... no, not shravan... then Pujari wrote something and said he will be a great man. His coming to your home is great good fortune. Bring him up with love and care.”

Kamik was extremely sad, but what could he do? Consoling his wife, he said to her, “Don’t cry. God had given him; God alone has taken him back.”

“Not God. You, you have lost him.” After saying this, Sharadvati went in angrily. She did not give any food to her husband, neither ate anything herself. Just lay down and kept crying.

Matsyendra kept going. Behind him his tiny footsteps were forming on the sand. The five-six-year-old young hungry-thirsty child had started to walk on an unknown road. He knew not where he was going. There was no one to accompany him, no one alongside. He was walking, that’s all.

Hunger pangs started to trouble him, tears started to roll down from his eyes. The thought of mother started troubling him. He thought "Mother must be waiting anxiously for me, she will cry that I have not returned home, she will not eat, she will only keep on crying.... Then she will be quiet. Slowly, slowly, she might even forget me. She is my foster mother. In reality, my mother is a fish, but then how come I did not become a fish?" Many questions arose in his mind, and his feet were taking him forward.

Walking along the shore he reached a village. A good man saw him. Seeing such a radiant small child alone, he brought him home. He fed him and gave him water and then asked "Whose child are you? Where are you walking off alone?"

"To Badrikashram" All of a sudden, he said the name he had heard in the womb. Hearing the name of Badrikashram that good man was surprised and asked "How will you go so far son? And who is there, your relative?" "I do not know." Realizing that this child is no ordinary child, he handed the child over to some travelers in the village.

Then the little feet of Matsyendra started to walk the walkathon. Pricking of thorns in some places, stumbling over stones in others, and the soft pulpy feel of green grass lay in still others. Sometimes, burning from the bright sun and at others the cool, cool shade of dense trees. Sometimes he went half hungry, and sometimes received a stomach full of sweetmeats. Sometimes thirst would trouble him and at other times the melodious sound of a running brook will greet him.

The walkathon continued like this for some years. At last, one day, as soon as he viewed the Badrikashram Mountain, his feet carried him forward at amazing speed, and stopped only on reaching the temple of Lord Badrikeshwar.

As soon as he reached the temple, he went in to get the sight of Shree Narayan. He prostrated in front of Him, and started to look around. There was a great crowd there but he could not see Mahadev anywhere. He was bewildered. He wondered what to do? On his instruction I have come this far but then where can I find him? Who will tell me his whereabouts? I shall ask Narayan directly. They say God understands it all. Bringing his thought to action he asked the Lord, "Do you know where Mahadev might be? He was to meet me right here. But I find you alone here."

Awaiting the answer Matsyendra kept staring at the statue of Narayan for a long time, but received no answer. He thought "It seems as though he does not know." Disappointed, he was about to leave, when he heard a soft voice whisper in his ears, "Be patient. Go to the Badrikavan and start your penance. He is sure to meet you." Matsyendra bowed to Shree Narayan and said "Good you told me, but what is this penance?" "You will know it yourself." He heard a voice from somewhere.

Then Matsyendra kept walking along the bank of river Alaknanda towards the forest Badrikavan, enquiring the way from travelers, he reached the forest. He made a broom of the long grass growing there and cleaned a patch under a tree. Having removed a few stones here and there and clearing the area he made it even. He placed the stole from his shoulder, and made a seat there. Then sat down peacefully, in a cross -legged posture and closed his eyes. Focusing his mind, he started to remember Mahadev.

The day passed and night came. As darkness spread, young Matsyendra got afraid. What if a tiger or cheetah come from somewhere? In a trembling voice he called out to Mahadev, "Hey Mahdev, hey Mahadev, where are you?"

Just then a miracle happened. In the darkness a beam of light could be seen. As soon as he saw that his courage returned. As he watched, the beam of light approached and circumambulated the tree and proceeded. Matsyendra also got up and followed the beam. Having gone a distance, he found a door of stone facing him. From a slit in the door the light was streaming. Using great force, he pushed the door and saw that it was a small cave, but there was no one there. Matsyendra thought the one dwelling there, has probably gone out. Let me wait here till he returns. He went in and sat on the seat made of grass. Tired from the exertion of the day, he fell asleep while sitting there.

As the dawn broke his eyes opened and suddenly like a flash of lightening, he recalled the ajapajap mantra he had heard while still in the womb, which Mahadev had given to Uma Devi. He quickly got up, and looked around. He was alone. "Oh, the one living in this cave did not return all night? Or is it that no one lives here. If so, then this cave has become mine." With this thought Matsyendra was fortified.

The day's penance started. Whenever he was hungry, he ate fruits from the trees around. If thirsty, he drank pure water from the sparkling streams that flowed. All day he sat on the soft seat of grass made by him and meditated with attention on his breath devoted to the Soham mantra.

In this way not one or two days, but full twelve years passed by. The little feet that had left the sea shore and brought him here had now become big and muscular. When childhood matured to adolescence and then to a young adult, Matsyendra, himself could not understand.

At last the sacred moment arrived, which was to bring about his meeting with Sadguru. One day at an auspicious time, the Lord of Lords Mahadev while roaming along with Shree Dattaguru came to Badrikavan- forest. He recognised the one sitting under the tree doing penance and called "Son Matsyendra, see I have come. We are pleased with your penance."

Matsyendra opened his eyes and saw, but he could not believe his eyes. He wondered has Adinath himself come? Or is it that I am deluded as I think of him uninterruptedly. Mahadev came to know his thoughts and said, "son, this is no delusion. I am myself here in front of you. And as per my statement Shree Dattaguru has also come with me."

"But dear Lord why did you take so long in coming? Since how long I waited laying my eyes on the road." Overwhelmed Matsyendra placed his head on the feet of Mahadev and tears flowed down. Mahadev very lovingly lifted him and said "Matsyendra, he is the Guru of the three worlds- Dattatreya, and he is the Gurudev about whom I had told you Matsyendra, my mind son, my disciple. Bestow your Grace on him Sadguru Dattatreya, initiate him into the Nath tradition."

Saying "So be it" Gurudev lifted Matsyendra who had merged at His feet, and placed His blessed hand on his head while intoning the Mahamantra in his ear. The energy released in his body, by the touch of the Guru and by the intonation of the Mantra in his ear, Matsyendra lost consciousness. Once again, he intensely experienced that transcendental state, which he had done while in the womb of the fish while listening to the message of Mahadev. He went into Samadhi. He became blissful.

After a long time Mahadev touched him again and brought him to normal consciousness and said, "Dear child, you have experienced the Vishvambhar Vishvarup now, with this conscious power which pervades the minutest particle, now becoming medium of this power, with the sentiment of "All is indeed Brahma" you have to work. Now get up descend from the Himalayas and mingle with the common populace.

"Work? Now what type of work Lord?

"You have to do the work of uplifting the people. That too not as Matsyendra but as a representative of God. You have to show ignorant people the way, by being an instrument, a medium. You have to create awareness about Dharma. Get up, and for this work attain the necessary knowledge of all the sciences from Shree Dattaguru."

According to Mahadev's instructions, Matsyendranath, learnt all the sciences and yoga methods - Hatayoga, Mantrayoga, Layayoga, from Dattaguru. Following this, he left for his travels. Before he left for his travels, he was given the Nath initiation. Now he became Matsyendranath. With round earrings, shaili-shrungi mala in the neck, ash applied all over the body, tongs and water jug in the hands he left for his travels.

Matsyendra travelled and went through many a town, met many saints and sages, and then he reached the mountain of Aptashrungi. The climb of this mountain with seven peaks can make even the well-built, hale and hearty cry while climbing the 'radkundi ghat'. Matsyendra did this easily, and entered, climbing the 200 steps to the temple of Mother Ambika. Mother Ambika after killing the Asuras was resting while standing against this very mountain. Her neck was slightly tilted to the left. The form of Mother was extremely attractive. Devotion unfolded in the heart of Matsyendranath as he saw the Lotus-face round like the moon, large eyes, and vast forehead glorified with a vermilion (kumkum) spot (mark). Eighteen hands bearing eighteen weapons- this divine, statue of Mother. Inspired he started to sing the praise of the Goddess.

The devotees who had come for the Darshan of Mother were bathed in the devotion created by this song. Seeing the effect that his composition had on the people, the thought of composing further for their welfare came to him. Some mantras should also be composed, but Mantras need to be empowered, for which the Grace of the Gods related to the mantras needs to be obtained. He thought let me ask Ambika Mother herself how this Grace may be obtained. With this thought in mind he established his seat in front of her. Day and night, he was absorbed in this worship.

Seven days later Mother Ambika was pleased and appeared before him and asked, "Speak son what is it you want?"

"I salute you Mother! In my heart the desire to turn the Shaabari Mantra into poetry has risen, but I do not know how to receive the necessary Grace for this task. Kindly be pleased and guide me as to how I could attain it."

"Son, you have in mind the well-being of the populace. I will most certainly show you the way. Come with me." Saying this Chandi Bhavani took him to the Maartand mountain.

There was a magnificent Nagtree there. Pointing to it Devi said "This magnificent tree is no ordinary one. This is the treasure house of many great powers. With the Beej (seed) mantras perform a havan here so that the Tree Spirit appears before you."

On performing the havan according to the instructions of Devi, the Spirit Being of the Tree appeared bright as gold. Devi introduced the various Gods dwelling on him to Matsyendranath. Then Nath said "Mother, I have been fortunate to see all the Gods, but no One is either talking to me or looking at me."

“To talk to them you will have to make unending efforts dear son.” Devi said.

“Will certainly do. To bring them in my purview I will even sacrifice my life. You kindly guide me.”

“Then do this, now move towards the Anjana mountain, which is close to Brahmagiri mountain which is atop the Rishimukh mountain. Now pay attention keenly to what I am going to say next and do it. While performing, even if you faint, continue to chant the twelve names of Lord Surya. If you prove worthy of the Grace of Surya Dev, you will receive the help of all other Gods. “

Matsyendranath completed the worship as per the instructions of Devi Bhagawati and got the Grace of the Gods and realised the Mantras. With the collective vibration of the Mantras he started to compose the Shaabari text.

After he had composed this magnum opus, he had been wandering, and roaming from place to place. By chance he had come to the Shirole village today. “Now this village will be no ordinary village, in fact it will be famous as the birth place of an incarnate Nath.” He observed his past before his mind’s eye as this thought came to him, and getting enthused Matsyendranath, getting up immediately from his place of rest proceeded onwards on his travels. Before he left the temple, he bowed to the Goddess Mahalaxmi and pleaded to her “The lady to whom I have given the Surya mantra is sure to get a son at the right time, and as I have said I will return after twelve years but until then protect the child. Mother take care of him. You are omniscient. You know I have particularly chosen a lady who is faithful to her husband, who behaves according to Dharma, and sowed the lustrous seed.

During my travels, the condition of society that I have witnessed, is disappointing. The discrimination between the castes, the many paths arising in the Hindu religion, Vajrayaan, Sahajyaan, Kapalik, Tantrics, the misbehaviour of soccerer, greed and the society which is in the grip of sensual pleasures. I want to liberate the society from these ills. For this, one such Sunyogi, epoch making, great man needs to incarnate, who would break ill-religiosity, inhuman ideas, and remove the darkness of pleasure seeking, with the light of the Knowledge of Truth. I have the faith that under the shade of your umbrella of protection he will take birth in this, your village. I take your leave.”

Leaving Shreealaya also known as Shirole village, Matsyendranath continued his journey and reached the east coast of Bharatvarsh. There in Jaganathpuri he went for the Darshan (sight) of Jaganath. Then he proceeded southwards and reached Rameshwar. There when he was bathing near the bridge over the sea, he happened to meet the loving devotee of Ram - Hanuman. While talking together, they started to debate who is the greater, more ideal Yeti. Both started to hurl scriptural weapons at each other. For a long time, they continued their argument. In the end, when Matsyendranath used his Mantra prowess invoking thus, “my devotion, the power of my Guru, my Mantra, the voice of God” he defeated Hanumanji. Extolling the power of Matsyendranath Hanumanji said, “Hey, just to test your power, I started this argument. You have displayed your power and established your supremacy as the best Yeti.”

Once an understanding was reached between the two, Hanumanji said, in reality here I was testing you, I have some work for you, which only you can do, will you?”

“How can I say yes without hearing what the job is? First tell me the job required.”

“The work is very delicate. You will have to go to the kingdom of women.”

Just listening to the words of Hanuman, Matsyendranath laughed and said “what will a celibate like me do there? How did any connection with the kingdom of women arise for such a staunch celibate like yourself?”

“Bad times, bad times, my misfortune, what else? The queen there took my name for twelve years and performed severe penance. I was pleased. I permitted her to ask me for a boon. She asked the boon and I fell into an ethical dilemma. Do you know what she asked? She begged for sexual pleasure through me. You know that I cannot give her this pleasure. I have a diamond chastity belt, right from my mother’s womb.”

“So then how did you untangle this tangle?”

“Giving her your name. I explained I am incapable of this work. But the son of Upacharir Vasu Matsyendranath will definitely do so.”

“But with what conviction could you say such a thing?” Matsyendranath asked angrily. “how did you forget that I too am a celibate, a Yeti.”

“Peace, be calm, you can do this work. Only a man like you who has gone beyond any attachment can do the miracle of staying dry in water. Think about it. I am sure you will accept the request of this Ram devotee.”

Matsyendranath left Rameshwar thinking about what Hanumanji had said, but he did not walk in the direction of the Kingdom of women. Instead, he started in the opposite direction northwards. Taking the darshan of all the Daities along the way he reached the sacred zone of Hingala. The guards of the Goddess stopped him from entering the temple. He fought them and vanquishing them, he entered the temple. There he pleased the illuminated, Volcano (Jwalamukhi) Goddess and received two weapons from her. He then went further to the Baraha Malhar forest and there he brought under his control: Bhoot bhrutya dal, Betal and his 8 crore demons - Ashtabhairav, Devi Kalika, Devi Chamunda, and other Gods and Goddesses. He extracted a promise from them that the Mantras from his Shaabari science will always be successful.

Following this, he visited the holy places which bestow liberation - Ayodhya, Mathura, Avantika, Kashi, Prayag, Gaya and Dwarka and reached Maharashtra, because he had told Saraswati that he would visit her again after twelve years. According to the word he had given, he reached Shirole village after twelve years. Reaching there he took a bath in the Morna-Varana river and went to the temple of Mother Ambika. With devotion he worshipped her and spoke to her as follows: “Mother trust you have preserved my treasure? Is he safe? How is my Sun-son? How is my mind-son Mother, who will carry forward the work of establishing Dharma? The desire to meet him has pulled me back to this place.” With the same desire, he quickened his step and reached the house of Saraswati.

## Lesson 2 - Incarnation of Suryadharaputra

As Matsyendranath approached the courtyard he called out “Alakh Nirajan! Salutations!”

Hearing his voice Saraswati was so startled that the vessel of milk which was in her hands fell with a thud to the floor. Fear stricken, Saraswati thought ‘the calamity I had feared, has finally come to the doorstep. This powerful voice belongs to him alone. How could I not recognise him? For the last twelve years this voice is ringing in my ears and disturbing me. Most definitely this voice is that hypocrite! Oh! Lord! The ash he had given me I threw, knowing which, what if he curses me? Let him call as many times as he likes. I will just not go out. He will call and then leave.’

But as soon as Saraswati heard the voice again she started trembling with fear. “Suppose, he enters the house? It would be better to go out and give him alms. He will leave after getting alms. I will simply refuse to recognise him.” Thinking thus, she took some dry condiments, flour, pulses and rice, as alms and came to the courtyard.

As soon as he saw her, he said, “Mai, did you not recognise me? Today I have not come for alms, I have come to meet your son.” Saraswati with her head bowed down said “I have no son swami.” Nath was observing her. He was extremely surprised to note that there was no joy of motherhood on her face, but how could this possibly be?

“Are you not mother of a son? Impossible, absolutely impossible.”

“This is the truth; I could not become a mother.”

“But how could this be? Twelve years ago, I had come here. You had asked me the boon for a son. I had energised some ash with a mantra and given it to you. Is it possible that you remember nothing of all this?”

Saraswati could not speak a word. Then after some thought Nath said, “This means you did not accept the prasad, because after ingesting that prasad it would be impossible for a woman to remain barren. Tell the truth Mai.”

Now tears flowed free and fast from the eyes of Saraswati. She was trembling with fear. She was thinking that on telling the truth, he like Sage Jamadagni Incarnate, might turn me to ash. No words were breaking though her mouth.

Seeing the silence of Saraswati, the forehead of Nath was furrowed. In that furrow the tilak on his forehead narrowed. In an angry voice he asked “Why don’t you speak? Do you think your silence can hide the truth from me?”

Hearing the angry voice of Nath, Saraswati’s husband came out. Bowing before Nath he asked “Yogiraj what is the matter? Have you been insulted by my wife?”

“Why ask me? It would be better if you ask your wife.”

“What happened Saraswati? Tell the truth.”

Hesitantly Saraswati said “He had given me some ash .... To be blessed with a son.”

“But this unfortunate woman insulted the ash and did not eat it.”

“But then what did you do of it?” Her husband asked.

“Threw it.”

“But why? Why did you rebuke your good fortune? Why did you let calamity befall you?”

“My friends said.....” she stopped short while speaking. She could not bring herself to speak further.

“Why are you quiet? Speak, what did your friends say?”

“They said these hypocrite sadhus are hypnotisers. They bring women under their control. All day they turn the woman into dog, wolf or monkey and at night.....”

“BEWARE!” Matsyendranath called in a voice burning in the fire of anger. “Beware! Shut up!”

Seeing his fiery demeanour Saraswati turned weak with fear and fell to the ground. Her frightened husband went forward and fell at the feet of Nath, pleading and begging for forgiveness saying, “have compassion Swami! Forgive her. She is indeed unfortunate. What fortune had given, misfortune took away. Consider us your children and forgive our wrong-doings, forgive us Swami” With the pleading of Saraswati’s husband, the fury of Nath was calming down. He said, “I have eaten the food cooked by her, therefore I cannot curse her, but ask her, where did she throw that ash, I must go to that location.”

“Yes Swami. Saraswati....”

“I will tell you, Swami, I had thrown that ash outside our stable on a heap of cow-dung. I will take you there. Please do come with me.” Having said this, she led Nath towards the heap of cow-dung and garbage.

Watching that heap, Nath stood still, closing his eyes, and then he started ringing his tongs. Synchronous to the rhythm of the tongs, he started to sing and loudly invoked “Aadesh!” and with a loving tone he said “Come son, since how many days are you sitting? Come now, I command, Aadesh.”

On the call of Nath, from the huge heap of cow-dung a gentle sweet voice was heard in reply, “Adinath, Adiguru’s command! The command of my Guru! Command of Adiguru!”

Hearing that sweet voice from the heap of cow-dung Matsyendranath was overjoyed and said to those around, “What are you looking? Start excavating here.” On seeing this miracle, the amazed onlookers, brought a spade and pickaxe and started to remove the heap of cow-dung. “Be careful! My child is inside. Nothing should harm him.” Matsyendranath was warning the people who were removing the heap of cow-dung, while eagerly waiting for his own mind-son.

On the heap had formed a hard shield of cow-dung. Many people using their might managed to lift and remove that vast covering, and lo! A miracle happened. Under this vast shield-like covering, from a deep pit a ray of light seemed to be emanating. Under the heap of cow-dung, a womb-like empty space had formed. In the centre of that very space a child was sitting in the lotus-posture. Eyes like lotus petals, gently closed he had fixed his chin near his heart centre. Profound affection awakened in Matsyendranath on looking at his happy, moonlike face having the radiance of the sun, decorated with black curly hair. Matsyendranath intoned mantras with his horn. Listening to the sound of the horn, the child slowly opened his eyes and looked around in wonderment.

“Come son, come here,” said Matsyendranath lifting him from the pit and seating him on his lap. Stroking him and in a voice full of love he said, “Because of me you had to bear many difficulties. You had to stay locked in the womb of mother earth. Had I not given the ash to that doubting woman, you would not have had to suffer this condition.”

Hearing the words of Nath, the child very lovingly consoled Nath and said, “Why are you feeling sad? It has happened for my good alone. The lady has actually obliged me. Because of her, my stay in the womb of a woman could be avoided. I took birth but the body of a woman never touched me, I have not had to pass the birth canal. Is it not?”

“Absolute truth, child. Your very birth is the symbol of your work as an incarnate. As if the Sun mantra took birth from the womb of mother earth. Mother Earth has sheltered the child of the lustrous One. The sky has met the earth. And by the unique confluence of the Earth-consciousness has incarnated the Being of an era [Yuga Purusha]”

While Matsyendranath was overwhelmed with joy and was speaking to his mind-son, Saraswati was lost in herself. She was bewailing her bad luck. Thinking, “Getting influenced by the talk of ordinary people, I rebuffed this extraordinary boon. I axed my own feet. My name is Saraswati (Goddess of knowledge) but I behaved like an imbecile. It is said when the time for destruction comes, the intellect stops functioning in the right direction. Had I not been influenced by those ranting women, and eaten that ash, this lustrous, beautiful boy would have taken birth from my womb. I would have become a mother of a son. He would have called me mother.”

“Whether he calls me mother or not, it is me who is his mother.” Her inner heart awakened. The ocean of maternal love created such tidal waves in her heart that caring for no one she came close to the child attempting to capture his beautiful form in her tear-filled eyes. Unable to fathom who this might be, the child looked askance at Matsyendranath who then said, “This is the unfortunate woman.”

“Yes son, I am that wretched unfortunate Saraswati. This ordinary body of mine was incapable of holding a supernatural gem like you. I could not have become your mother. That is why God placed you in the womb of Mother Earth, but, listen, do not leave me and go anywhere now. Even though it is true you have not taken birth from my womb, but I am your only mother. By Dharma I am your mother.”

Ignoring Saraswati’s maternal feelings, Matsyendranath said to the child “Come son, we must leave now, Come on Goraksh.” “Goraksh?” The child asked with surprise. “Yes son! In the deep pit, in the womb made of ash and cow-dung you have grown. She has protected you. Thus, I have called you Goraksh. This is the meaning of your name and performing the appropriate work you will make the name meaningful. You will protect all living beings! ‘Go’ means senses, you will most certainly protect yourself from attachment to the senses. You will also show the common people the way of balance. You will be Goraksh- according to the Brahma of speech, the one who protects all, endowed with the confluence of the three principles - the Indestructible, Brahma and the Form - you will be Goraksh.”

Saying thus, Matsyendranath caught the hand of Goraksh and walked away. Seeing them leave, Saraswati could not hold herself back. She kept running after them, fell at the feet of Matsyendranath and said, “Do not take this child Swami. Forgive this foolish daughter of yours. Don’t make her childless. Do not snatch my child from me.” Matsyendranath felt sorry for the crying, inconsolable Saraswati. Lifting her up he said “The two of you will meet again, but right now Goraksh shall come with me.” “So when will we meet again Swami?” “After some births. That too in the Guru- disciple relationship. Then this child becoming Deenanath will make you Sanath. You will become a great lady saint.”

On hearing the answer given by Matsyendranath, Saraswati became disappointed. “That will happen when it happens but in this birth.....” Stopping her, Swami said “You will have two sons, if you have faith in me.” “Faith? I trust you more than even God. I have now understood that that you alone are the doer- protector. Swami, bless me that I can ever remember you, and that I pass my remaining life in devotion to God.”

“Tathastu! ‘May it be so’ Mother. Your desire will be fulfilled. Now don’t be sad. Be happy.” Even after receiving the blessing, Saraswati kept her ground and mustering courage she said, “I have one request Swami.”

“Now what else do you want?” “The two of you are proceeding on a journey, do not go on an empty stomach. Take your meals and go. I would like to feed the child, food cooked by my own hands. Son, Goraksh, you will eat, right? Don’t say no, dear one.”

Goraksh looked up to Matsyendranath for permission. Getting his permission, Saraswati was filled with enthusiasm and went running into her home, and got engrossed in getting the meals ready. This was the auspicious day of the first appearance of Goraksh, the thirteenth day of the first fortnight of the Kartik month.

Matsyendranath took child Goraksh to Mother Ambika’s temple in the village, for darshan. There he told Goraksh “Son bow to this Primordial Power (AdiShakti). She is the Mother of us all. In the womb of Mother Earth, she is the one who protected you.”

Leaving the temple, they both walked northward, kept walking and a few miles further near the village Kameri, they rested under a banyan tree. The one who had come out of the womb of Mother Earth, Goraksh was for the first time seeing the outside world. He was enthusiastically observing all the houses and buildings, plants and trees, pedestrians along the way. Off and on, he was also asking Matsyendranath regarding these subjects.

Their wanderings continued, taking rest in a dharamshala, sometimes, at other times in temples and at still other times under the dense shade of a tree. Goraksh for his young age, was very mature in his thinking and understanding. While absorbing knowledge from Matsyendranath, he was also serving him. He would carry things while walking. As soon as they stopped for rest, he prepared the seat for Nath. Whenever he saw him thirsty, before he could even ask, he handed him a glass full of water. In the afternoon, whichever village they stopped at, he would beg for alms and arrange for their meal. He would arrange the bath for Nath and then worshipping his feet, sit close to him. He would lovingly serve the food to him. After Nath retired to take rest, he would eat the leftovers as Prasad from Nath. In the night until Nath entered deep sleep, he pressed Nath’s legs and only then went to sleep.

Some years passed thus. Goraksh entered the prime of youth. Now the journey, visiting temples and paying homage to God and Goddesses did not hold his attention. Now in his mind an intense desire to grasp the Panpati Vidya, started to take shape. One day noticing Nath to be in a pleasant mood, he could not resist his urge. Very humbly while doing service to Nath by pressing his legs, he pleaded, “As a result of the good deeds done in many lifetimes, I have got the good fortune of this service. I am blessed. Now I yearn for your grace and for being initiated by you. It is my humble request that you accept me as your disciple. Will you accept this ignorant child Swami?” Keeping his eyes closed Nath heard the plea of Goraksh but he did not open his eyes. He was thinking, “He is Lord Harinarayan. He himself is a Siddha. Since childhood he knows all, but to establish the ideal of the tradition of Guru-disciple, I will have to accept being his Guru. However, the time for that has not yet come, I will have to assess him in worldly matters as well.”

The silence of Matsyendranath perplexed Goraksh. He asked with impatience, “Why are you silent Swami? Do I not have the capacity to absorb your message? Have I failed in understanding it?” “No, son. You are full of intelligence and good character, you can discriminate between good and evil, but son to attain discipleship something more is needed.”

“What is that Swami? Tell me, I will do whatever you ask. I will give whatever you ask. Actually, I have nothing that I can offer you because I have surrendered my all to you. My very existence is the fruit of your Mantra power.”

Listening to the talk of Goraksh a gentle smile lit the face of Matsyendranath. He said, “All that is fine but you have one important thing which I did not create. You will have to give that. Will you be able to give that?” “Yes, certainly. Consider it given. Just tell me what that is.” Goraksh said eagerly. “That is your ego. You will have to take refuge in me. You will have to surrender your entire self to me.”

On hearing Nath, Goraksh quickly got up and took some water from the Kamandalu. “Keeping the feet of Guru as witness, I offer myself and all my belongings at these very feet of His.” After saying this, he offered the water in his hand onto the hands of Nath, as the token of the offering.

Observing this little tableau, Matsyendranath laughed aloud. Patting him lovingly on his back he said, “My child, just by offering the water in this manner on the hand the formality is not over. Has your ‘I’ been destroyed? Are you free of the ego? No son no, for that you have a lot to do. You have to do sadhana. The Guru must necessarily be an experienced one, and the disciple should be worthy. The moment you become worthy, that very instant I will place my boon bestowing hand on your head. Till then you wait.”

Goraksh was disappointed, in a soft voice he muttered, “where do I know what sadhana needs to be done? Presently, serving the feet of Swami is my only sadhana.”

After this Goraksh never brought up the topic. Explaining to his mind he said, “If you have already surrendered your all unto him, then who is this one who has kept this desire? Now what happens, will be according to the desire of Swamiji. My work is only to follow his orders. I will have no expectations and no complaints.”

Their wanderings continued. One day as they reached a village named Kanakgiri, Matsyendranth said, “I am very hungry son, let’s wait here, have our meals and then proceed.” “As you command Gurudev. I will go immediately to beg for alms, till then take rest in this Hanuman Temple.” Having said this, Goraksh went towards the village to beg for alms. He went to the courtyard of a brahmin and hardly had he called ‘Alakh Niranjan!’ when the lady of the house came out and said “Kindly wait a while, I will jserve the meal in a minute.”

She went in quickly. It was a death anniversary in that house. The invited Brahmins had taken their meals and left after accepting the donation given to them. That meant, now guests and those asking for alms could be served. In a large banana leaf, chutneys, kachumber, rice and lentils and other items were brought by the lady of this home who herself seemed to be the Goddess Annapurna incarnate. She had served all sweetmeats plus all kinds of vegetables laid on a large banana leaf. In bowls knitted of leaves she brought fluid items. Finally, she also brought, specially made for the anniversary, hot vadas made from udad dal and rice, wrapped in a leaf.

On seeing so many items, Goraksh was overjoyed. With gratitude he said to the lady, “Mother you are blessed. Neither are we acquainted nor related nor have any connection with each other, in spite of that you have filled my bag with all kinds of dishes. You will surely receive the blessings of my Guru and all your desires will be fulfilled.”

Taking these delicious dishes Goraksh reached the temple and enthusiastically told Matsyendranath who was expecting him, "Swami, look. Today have received sweet dishes. Kindly wash your hands and feet, in the meanwhile I will serve the food."

Content with such delicious food, available only occasionally, Matsyendranath gave that unknown Brahmin couple a blessing, "O, the food provider, food maker be happy." While washing his hands he said to Goraksh, "all dishes were delicious but the dal vada was out of this world. Had the lady given a few more it would have been good." "So? Should I get more?" "Oh no son. I am content today. May be tomorrow you can go again there and get some vadas. You also take your meals. You must be hungry right?"

The next day when Goraksh went out for alms, he searched the same house and reaching the courtyard called "Alakh Niranjani!" The lady of the house came out and asked him to wait. As she was re-entering her home, Goraksh stopped her and said, "Mother, if you do not give as much food as yesterday it will be alright, but do give more of the dal vadas. My Guru enjoyed the taste of the vadas a great deal." "Vadas? We do not make them every day. Yesterday was the anniversary. That is why they were made. Today we have vegetables and chapati I will get them." "No, no I want the dal vadas only." "Hey are you begging or ordering?" "No Mother, I am requesting. My Guru has commanded me to get vadas. And to obey his command is my duty." "Might be, but why should we bear the pain of that? Accept what I am giving or leave from here. Search for a home in the village, where an anniversary is being held. Understood?" "I will not go. I will take the vadas and only then go. I will wait while you make them."

"Then wait as long as you wish. I am not going to cook vadas. I feel you yourself have the desire for them and are using your Guru as an excuse. If you are so fond of eating, why did you take to the ochre robes? You could have become a householder and got them made lovingly by your wife. Yesterday I fell for your lustrous form. I thought at such a young age he has renounced and become a yogi. Most certainly he must be a great soul who deviated from yoga in his last birth. Now I understand you are defiled, greedy, hypocrite, that's all." Bearing all the taunts of the lady, with a calm mind Goraksh spoke, "Mai, however much you get angry with me, I will not leave today without taking the vadas." "Is that right? If I give you the vadas what will you give me?" "Whatever you ask Mother. I will give even my life." "Think again. You might refuse later." "No Mother. Trust me, this is the word of the son of a Guru. It will never be untrue." "Then will you give one eye?" The lady said teasingly. "Certainly Mother. Give me vadas in one hand and I will put an eye on your other hand." The lady wanted to test him. She went inside. There were some ingredients left from yesterday. She made a plateful of vadas with it and giving them to Goraksh who had been waiting, she said, "here take your vadas."

"Then, here take your eye." Saying thus, he quickly removed the central portion of his eye using a forefinger and thumb to do so, and placed it on her hand. From his torn eye, blood was streaming. The daring of Goraksh left the lady stunned with fear and trembling. Stammering she said, "Hey, what have you done? Oh! How did this offence happen? Go, leave from here. Please I fold my hands before you. If my husband sees this unfortunate happening, there will be no escape for me. Forgive me."

The fear-stricken lady gave a wet napkin to Goraksh and said, "Press this against your eye. Bleeding will stop. What is this you have done? I was just jesting and you removed your eye and gave it to me?"

"Mother, be calm. There is no fault of yours in this. Only by giving something can one get something. Do not be afraid. Do not be anxious. Do not blame yourself. In fact, with your help alone I will be able to fulfil the desire of my Guru and with his blessing your home will be ever full, all that is auspicious will happen." Putting those vadas in the bag of Goraksh the lady said "take these vadas. I am also giving your eye and have wrapped it in wet cotton."

Goraksh left. On obtaining the vadas he was so thrilled that his feet were carrying him speedily over the way. That lady kept watching the brisk walking Goraksh for a long time. She was thinking, "What kind of devotion to the Guru is that? What a lustrous youth. In the future he is sure to become a great Yogi, a great man."

"So, brought the vadas?" Matsyendranath asked and in reply Goraksh said enthusiastically, "Yes, Swami, I have brought a bag full. Come on I shall serve them." That's when Matsyendranath looked at the face of Goraksh. "Hey, what happened to your eye? Why are you pressing a cloth over it?" He asked.

"Nothing special Swami. There is some pain in the eye. You don't worry. Please taste the hot-hot vadas." Goraksh said while serving the meal.

Matsyendra said, "I will take them but first let me have a look why there is pain in your eye." Then ignoring the resistance of Goraksh, he removed Goraksh's hand and saw that there was no eye there, there was only blood trickling.

"How did this happen? Who did this to you? Tell me. Just tell me the name. I will just now go and teach him a lesson." Matsyendranath was boiling with anger.

"Be calm Swami. This condition is my own doing. I myself took out my eye and gave it to Mother."

"But why did you do this?"

"She is our Annadatri. The one who has given us these hot vadas and had asked the eye in return Swami."

"And you gave it? You stupid, for these vadas you took out your eye? Not eating the *vadas*, we would not have lost our lives surely?"

"Yes, but I would have lost my *Dharma* of service. Which is dearer to me than my life. I would have incurred the sin of transgressing the command of my Guru. Even so Swami, what if one eye is gone, I have the other. Then why worry?"

Having heard Goraksh, Matsyendranath was choked, then Goraksh showed him the eye wrapped in wet cotton and said, "Swami that lady is very kind-hearted, she did ask for my eye but did not take it. She returned it to me." Matsyendranath took the eye of Gorakshnath in his hand. He energised it with the lustre of the sun by chanting the Sanjeevani mantra and then once again chanting the Sanjeevani mantra he placed it in the hollow orbit of Gorkshnath. Looking into the eyes which were shining with enhanced devotion Matsyendranath said, "Come son, today we shall eat together. I will feed you with my own hands. Come come."

Along with Goraksh, Matsyendranath walked in the direction of South. He had wanted to go to Venkatgiri. Halting here and there, taking rest, both kept on with their sojourn. In whichever village they found a quiet, isolated spot, Matsyendranath would impart the knowledge of many arms and weapons to Goraksh. The weapon could be taken in the hand and used against the enemy, but 'astras' are created by the power of mantras. With his acute intelligence Goraksh

grasped in a short time the knowledge of the Astras of Air, water, lust, mountain, diamond, river, detachment, charity, breeze, touch, time and diffuser. Alongside, he mastered the mantras of Vasavshakti (power of arrow) and Nirvanshakti (Power of liberation). He studied the science of astrology, Vedas, chemistry, etc. He became skilled in the liberal arts such as dance, music, drama, as well. But his mind was aflame with the aspiration to attain self-realisation and self-recognition. However, he had decided that he will not bring up this subject on his own. Whenever he becomes worthy of receiving the Knowledge of the Self, Swami will open the treasure for him.

During the sojourn of Goraksh and Matsyendranath, one day a supernatural event happened. They had broken the journey for rest. With closed eyes, concentrating his attention on a single point, he was studying the Sanjeevani mantra as taught by Matsyendranath. Just then a call distracted him. Someone was calling, "brother, brother!" He wondered who could be calling him in that isolated place. Unwillingly, he opened his eyes, and he saw he was surrounded by little children. As soon as Goraksh opened his eyes one of them spoke, "Brother, we want to make a vehicle out of mud, but see we are unable to make it. Look how much mud we have brought."

Goraksh unwillingly said, "No, no, whatever you want, do it yourself. Do not trouble me." Disappointment writ large on their faces, the children left. But they returned in an hour and asked Goraksh, "Have you finished your studies or not?"

"No, now what do you want?"

"Brother, we have made the vehicle, but we need a driver too. How can we make that? Will you make it for us? You are bigger than us. You must surely know that."

"The branches of knowledge that I know are very different. I do not know this work with mud."

"Even then brother, try to do this for us?"

When the children insisted, he thought, "why not try and see? I need to only make sure that there is no break in my mantra study." He told the children, "On one condition, none of you will speak or disturb me till I finish. Come on, run."

On being assured by Goraksh, the children were pleased and waited at a distance for his call. Goraksh kneaded the mud nicely, then made the body parts of the driver one by one. He was making the statue with his hands, but continuously chanting the Sanjeevani mantra. In a short while he made a beautiful statue. He discontinued the chanting and kept the statue on the ground. As he was about to call the children to take the statue he saw, that the statue was moving its hands like a little child, not only that, it was also looking around with curiosity. Initially Goraksh could not believe it, but it was not his delusion. The statue had indeed become enlivened.

Goraksh was wonderstruck, how did this mud statue come alive? Goraksh was puzzled and afraid. Right then, the child started crying like a newborn. Out there under the shade of a mango tree the children were eagerly waiting for their vehicle driver to be complete, and the call of Goraksh. When they heard the sound of a child crying, they were flummoxed. When they went to check out, from where such a small baby arrived here, then they saw that the one who was crying was a statue made of mud and that he was also moving his hands and feet. Witnessing that miracle, the children became scared and one of them started shouting "ghost, ghost, Brother has made a ghost." Then all the children started shouting 'Ghost, ghost!!' and ran away.

Matsyendranath was returning from the village to that location. He saw the scared children running away and stopping them said "stop, stop. Why are you running like this?"

"Ghost...ghost has come Swami. Your child has brought a ghost from somewhere. We simply asked for a toy, but he brought a ghost." Saying this they ran away. Matsyendranath could understand nothing. He walked briskly and reached the location where they had decided to stay. There, Goraksh was standing under the banyan tree as if transfixed, in front of him on the ground was a

newborn baby. Seeing that, Matsyendranath asked immediately “Hey Goraksh? What is this I am seeing? Whose child is this? Who brought him here?”

“He has come by himself Swami.”

“How can he come by himself? He cannot even walk. Come here son. Come close and sit next to me, and relate in detail whatever has happened. Children were saying that they asked for a toy”

“I made him from mud. This is him.”

“But why did you do this mischief? I had told you to study right?”

“I was busy in my study only Swami, but those children came. And they started saying brother, we have made the vehicle, but we are not able to make a driver. Please make it for us. But I said no, but they insisted so I made this mud driver. I did not stop my mantra chanting while making it. I made it while continuously chanting the mantra.”

“Which mantra were you chanting?”

“Sanjeevani Mantra. You had advised me to chant the same. What is my fault in this Swami? How did this toy become alive? Is it truly a ghost? I am unable to fathom anything.”

“But I have understood it all. Son Goraksh, the one studying the mantra is you and the one who taught it is me, both are blessed today. By the grace of Adinath today the toy made by you has life breathed into it. Mud has got life in it. This means that your knowledge has reached fruition. This small baby is proof of your knowledge. Today is a golden day in your life son.” By then the children had announced to the entire village about the ghost, and to see this miracle the village folk crowded the remote forest outside the village. There, hanging from the branch of the tree, in a cradle was swinging a small baby, seeing which one of the village folks asked “Sadhuji, whose child is this? How can a live baby be made from mud? Is what the children say true? Is this some true Maya power or some black magic?”

“I shall clear the doubts of all of you. I request you to be kindly seated first.” Matsyendranath said gravely. Struck by his powerful personality all the villagers sat down quietly without asking any further questions. Matsyendranath said, “Annadattas, (the donors of food), in whatever has happened here there is neither magic nor ghost nor anything that would be inauspicious for anyone. This is the evidence of the Shivashakti worship of the Nath yogis and the power of mantra. While making this mud doll, my Goraksh was uninterruptedly chanting the Sanjeevani mantra. The very power of the mantra brought life into mud. The vibration of life flowing from his hand blew life into the lifeless mud. Actually, even mud has consciousness but it is in an inert state. With the power of the Sanjeevan Shakti this consciousness is raised to the ultimate level and the toy got enlivened.”

The villagers’ doubts were allayed after the explanation given by Matsyendranath. But now there was a big difficulty in front of Matsyendranath. “How will we Jogis take care of this small baby? How will we find a foster (dharma) mother for it?” But the village chief sorted that out. He advised that this baby be given to a childless couple from the village - Madhu Brahman and his wife Gangabai. That couple was immediately summoned there. Handing the baby very lovingly to Gangabai, Matsyendranath said ‘Mother, from today this baby is yours. Give him love. Bring him up taking good care. In the future he will become very famous. No mother has given him birth, the secret of his birth cannot be researched. Thus, we shall call him Gaibinandan. Now we continue our travel. Twelve years later we will come. At that time our Goraksh will initiate him.”

“That means you will then take him with you Swami?” Gangabai asked in an anxious voice.

“No Mother. Don’t be anxious. He will stay with you only. Later he will be known as Gahininath and will be involved in awakening Dharma. Now we shall leave.” Having said this Matsyendranath and Goraksh caressed the baby lovingly and took to the road.

Wandering like this, one day Goraksh got fed up of travelling by foot. He asked “By the help of Vaatastra we can reach anywhere in a fraction of a second is it not?”

“Yes, yes, we can, so?”

“Then where is the necessity to tire our legs so much? We can take the aerial route. When you had given me that knowledge, I had experienced it. Floating in the air is so pleasant. Even birds have to flap their wings to fly, but we can reach wherever we want with ease. Just like the Pushpak airplane described in Ramayan. While speaking Goraksh’s face was lit as though he were experiencing movement through air, but Matsyendranath’s demeanour had become grave. He made no comment on what was expressed by Goraksh. He quietly walked on.

Seeing him so silent Goraksh asked, “Why don’t you say something? Have I said something improper?”

“No son, your talk was not improper. At this age when one has no experience of life, for such thoughts to rise is very natural, but the work you have taken birth for, in that work the use of such powers is seldom done, only in an emergency, to help someone, or teach someone a lesson.”

“Meaning? I did not understand anything Swami.”

“Alright. We shall sit under the shade of that tree ahead and chat.”

Preparing a seat under the dense shade of the tree, and sitting comfortably Matsyendranath started to speak very seriously. “Listen son, now pay attention to what I am about to say and imbibe well. Try to understand the hidden meaning. I will not be with you forever. Now you have become mature, well versed in knowledge. You have to use all these faculties for the wellbeing of people, but before that you will have to understand their state of mind, their sorrows and joys, their needs and expectations. To know their factual condition, you need to live with them. You will have to become one with them. You will have to create a special place for yourself in their minds”

“But... what connection do all these matters have to our sojourns.”

“There is a very deep connection son. While travelling by foot this way, while we halt for rest from village to village and we spend some time like this, many different kinds of people come in contact with us. While begging for alms from house to house, we can understand the conditions they face, as well as their difficulties. We can gauge the mind of society. Getting to know their growing restlessness, we can appropriately treat the same. That is why son Goraksh, never neglect the duty of going to get alms. One should make it a habit of being content in whatever food we get. One or two houses are such where no alms are given. Sometimes instead of getting alms, we receive bad words. That is the moment when the calmness of our mind is tested. It is then, that we realise whether we can accept fame or ignominy with equanimity. We start to understand ourselves. Our ego starts to be demolished and the witness consciousness gets awakened. So that is why we walk and beg for food,” Goraksh said and got up and like an ignorant child called out “give alms, give alms, Mother give alms”, and started to walk.

A few days later, they reached Giri. On entering the temple Shri Venkatgiri appeared himself before them. When Goraksh placed his head at his feet bowing down to Him, pleased He blessed him saying that he would attain the knowledge of the Self. On getting this blessing he looked hopefully at Matsyendranath. His mind was saying, “Enabling me attain the bliss of Self realisation lies in his hands. It depends on his grace.”

Matsyendranath said, “The shower of the Grace of Sadguru is happening uninterruptedly. The one whose pot has been thoroughly baked in the kiln, and painted with care, and is upturned and is

decorated with the eagerness to receive grace, that pot certainly gets filled with the nectar of Bliss.”

Both Matsyendranath and Goraksh were staying in a house for pilgrims attached to the temple. Nath said to Goraksh, “Son, this place is supremely sacred. Here Shri Ram had traced the line of the centre of the earth (Bhumadhya). By the touch of His feet the ground of Vyankatgiri had got a boon, as though this is heaven on earth. The intense desire of true devotees is assuredly granted here. Tell me son what is your heart’s desire.?”

“Swami what other desire can I have but to serve you? Never separate me from your feet. That is my only desire.”

“But I remember you had once asked me for something. What was that?”

“To attain Knowledge. The initiation into the Nath tradition. I had only the desire of receiving your grace Swami, but now along with all my other desires I have surrendered even this one at your feet. When I had expressed this desire, you had said “It is imperative that the Guru has to be one with experience and the disciple worthy.” I have faith in that, only your grace will make this disciple worthy with the necessary qualities, and you alone shall make him a Nath.”

Matsyendranath was filled with contentment with the devotion and surrender of Goraksh.

Next day Matsyendranath said to Goraksh, “Come son, sit in front of me. Up until today I have given you the knowledge of many processes, but those have to do with this destructible and mundane world. Today, the knowledge I am about to transmit to you, is the transcendental one. I am going to give you the intense knowledge of Brahmagyda. I will be handing you the key of ultimate wisdom. Pay attention. Bring your vital force to your ears as you imbibe this knowledge.” Goraksh was overjoyed with the prospect of getting the ultimate knowledge. That very instant he put his head at the feet of Matsyendranath and paid homage to him, and sat before him in the lotus posture, attentive and still.

Matsyendranath commenced the imparting of Knowledge, “See son, the eightfold Nature consisting of the five elements earth, water, fire, wind, and space, which form this body along with the three Qualities- Satva, Raja, and Tama, has created the miracle of this universe. Our body is a part of this miracle. However, this is the view of the common man, it is not the truth. Always remember what can be, what can be seen, what can be perceived is destructible. The truth is only today, neither yesterday nor tomorrow. Only this moment exists, yet the power which has designed this visible manifestation is indestructible. It is separate from these destructible things. I constantly remember only Her and Her unattached aspect. Bear in mind that the Self within is no other than us. We have to experience That. Now, tell me the bag that hangs over there belongs to whom?”

Goraksh thought “Now what is the connection to this bag?” He replied, “Ours only.”

“Alright, that means it is separate from us. We are not the bag, right? This staff, this horn, this style, are not us. Similarly, this body is ours but not us. Did you understand? Goraksh is the name of your body. That to which a name has been given is not permanent, but the one looking at all of this- you are totally separate. You are the witness of all. Self luminous. The director of the senses. The protector [rakh]. ‘Go’ meaning the protector of the senses - ‘Go’- ‘Rak’. Understood?”

“Yes, Swami. I have understood but only intellectually. I have not experienced being other than the body.”

Matsyendranath laughed and said, “Hey, crazy one, just by hearing one does not get the experience. For that one has to contemplate- reflect all day all night. Awareness of the landmarks taking us closer to the Guru residing within this body given by God, is imperative. Today I am going

to give you the Knowledge of the same Hansa Gayatri and Ajapa Gayatri. I will teach you the Soham Mantra Vidya.”

Then on the instructions of Matsyendranath, Goraksh made the ground perfect. He placed a seat made of a special grass called Darbha, over which he placed a deer skin and over that a clean white sheet of cloth. He sat on this seat in the lotus posture.

“Now take a little water in your right hand three times and drink it (prashan) with chanting. Goraksh did the water-prashan as directed by Matsyendranath then the further ritual was explained by Matsyendranath as follows: “Now you have to practice body asceticism(anga-nyaas), with which this the body is purified. This ritual creates a vibrational (mantric) field around us due to which inauspicious powers stay away from us during the time of chanting. These forces cannot then break our sadhana. Now repeat the mantra I chant and while doing so touch the relevant parts of the body.

हं सां ज्ञानात्मने अंगुष्ठाभ्यां नमः ।  
हं सीं सूर्यात्मने तर्जनीभ्यां नमः ।  
हं सूं सोमात्मने मध्यमाभ्यां नमः ।  
हं ऐं निरंजनात्मने अनामिकाभ्यां नमः ।  
हं औं निराशासात्मने कनिष्ठिकाभ्यां नमः ।  
हं सः सर्वात्मने करतलकर्पुष्ठाभ्यां नमः ।\*\*

हं सां हृदयाय नमः ।  
हं सीं पितृसे नमः ।  
हं सूं शिरसायै नमः ।  
हं ऐं कवचाय हूं ।  
हं औं नेत्रत्रयाय वौषट् ।  
हं सः अस्त्राय फट् ।

“Son, now you have to remember the Guru who removes the darkness of ignorance with the light of knowledge. Pay homage to Him. Before you start the chant of the mantra remember that you do not need a rosary of beads for it. God has given us a live natural rosary - the breath, on the rhythm of which the chant of Soham happens constantly.”

“Soham? Means?” Goraksh asked.

“Soham means Sah + Aham meaning That I am. Within me is the Self and That I am. At the root is the Self. The Absolute is Truth. It is the Absolute- Paramatma which is pervading the universe. There is no separate “I” here. Son Goraksh, our breath keeps reminding us of this fact. Pay attention, and hear your breath. While inhaling the sound of “So” is heard and while exhaling the sound of “Ham”. Pay attention to that sound and with every breath you inhale and exhale. Maintain the awareness that you are that Absolute. Make your mind centred on the breath. With this practice slowly the mind gets calm. It becomes still. The connection between breath and mind is unbreakable. Both are interdependent.”

“Swami, I am not able to understand what you are saying.”

“Alright. Our body is made of the five elements, right? Out of those the element of air is related to our mind. You must have experienced that when our mind is calm our breath is also slow. And if for any reason the mind is disturbed, the breath moves at a fast pace. Why does this happen? Air has two characteristics. Of these the first - speed, is related to the circulation and the rate of respiration. The second is sensation which is manifested as mind. The meaning of mind is

sensation, air cannot be seen by the eye but it can be felt by touch. Similarly, mind cannot be seen. In the body there is no particular location for it. It pervades the entire body. Therefore, it is involved in the pleasure and pain of the body from feet to head. Therefore, the confluence of mind-breath is essential. Now understand the process of breath.”

“We are constantly breathing now. What more is there to understand Swami?”

“Son, you have to take the breath from your back, from the centre, from the Sushumna. From the base of the naval you have to take it up slowly to the head and hold it there for a few moments, and then release it slowly at same rate as you bring it down. Then inhale. So...Ham, So...Ham... in this manner when the breath is taken deliberately, a few times, the mind is centred only on the breath. Slowly the rate of respiration comes down and with it the mind becomes calm and still.” Saying thus, Matsyendranth demonstrated the process and got Goraksh to do the same.

Goraksh’s eyes closed and he became absorbed in meditation. Goraksh’s sadhana was progressing in the proper manner. Residing in the body, at the base of the spine the kundalini started to rise up opening all the coils along the way. From the red-coloured foundation centre to the centre of the thousand petals at the top of the head where she would meet Shiva, she started moving rapidly. Awakening every centre that came along the way, bringing to blossom every lotus, she moved rapidly.

With the awakening of each centre Goraksh received different powers. The element of the earth which is the base centre - Mulaadhar, made him remember his past life. When the lotus of the Swadhishtan centre blossomed, he got the full sensation of his emotional body. When the naval (Nabhi) Manipur centre was awakened he experienced his subtle body. He developed the power of clairvoyance and clairsaudience. He attained the art of understanding the mind of others. “Na (dont)..... bhi (fear) ...don’t be afraid”. Do not be afraid of death.

As soon as the Manipur centre became active, he got the indication that because of the pot of nectar residing in this centre, now you will be able to meet death as per your desire. When the lotus of the Heart (Anaahat) Centre (chakra) related to the air element started to open, then he could hear the soundless (anaahat) sounds. The sound of So Ham started to resonate. The sound of bells, flute, Veena, and mrudung could also be heard. As though he actually met the Brahma (creator) of Naad (Sound) in the space of his heart. The birds of the vital force started to frolic overwhelmed with joy. When the Space element connected Vishudhi (throat) Chakra (centre) awakened, love for all beings started to unfold in his heart.

Matsyendranth was keeping a close watch on Goraksh’s progress in sadhana (spiritual practice).

Now and then he was guiding him. When Goraksh’s sadhana progressed beyond the Vishuddhi Chakra, then Matsyendranath said to him, “Till now the journey was related to the five elements. Now you have to transcend these five elements and reach the tripartite confluence, wherein is the place of the mind. The space midway between the eyes - the Agnya Chakra cannot be awakened without the Grace of the Guru. Till this centre, the Sadhaka (aspirant) can accomplish by his own practice and effort, but to go beyond this, it is necessary, to the opening of the door of these two words ‘hum’ and ‘ksham’ to have the key of the Grace of the Guru. These two letters, two petals, are the two doors. To open these two is not in the purview of the ordinary man. It is imperative that the disciple has to surrender totally at the feet of the Sadguru.”

“That has been done since so long Swami.” Goraksh said on listening to Matsyendranath. “I feel right in the beginning of my sadhana, my journey to knowledge, you have lit the path. This is only your grace that is taking me to the temple of Shiva, not my efforts.”

Matsyendranath was pleased hearing the words steeped in devotion that Goraksh spoke.

“Tathastu (may it be so). Soon you shall reach the state of Brahma.”

“Swami, I need to ask one thing.”

“Ask son, unless one clears all doubts from the mind, true sadhana cannot be done.”

“Once you had mentioned two ways- the East way and the West way.”

“Yes, that is true. The path leading from Muladhar, Swadhishtan, Manipur, Anahat, Vishuddhi, Agnyaand to Sahasradal is called the East path. And the path passing from the tripartite confluence, Shrihat, Golhat, Bhramargufa is called the West path, but at this time you do not need to think of this route. Becoming centred in your inner mind, take your seat for sadhana. With the grace of Adinath you will experience all these. You will become eternal with the shower of nectar flowing from the home of Sahasradal (thousand petal lotus)”

With great faith Goraksh got engrossed in his sadhana. One day during his sadhana he experienced the long-awaited moment. The doors of the Agnya chakra opened. Goraksh entered the sanctum sanctorium. Having received the grace of the Guru he proceeded towards the Hanspeeth in the Guru Chakra (Guru Centre). Beyond the Air element he proceeded to the Mahat element (principle, essence - tatva). In the ultimate leg of this journey in a golden moment he experienced the Niranjan (spotless, objectless awareness, supreme being) state. Now Goraksh was no longer Goraksh. He had merged into the waves of Bliss. Now there was no Sah and no Aham. The Soham mode had ended. Duality destroyed, the Sadhaka (aspirant) the Sadhana (spiritual practice) and the Sadhya (Goal) became one.

After an hour or two Matsyendranath awakened Goraksh, once again, to the awareness of the body. As soon as he opened his eyes, seeing his embodied Guru in front of him he became overwhelmed with emotion. He embraced the feet of his Guru. The flood of his tears was washing the feet of the Guru. He had so much to tell his Guru but was choked with joy and no words could be expressed. Matsyendranath embraced him, and patted his back while saying, “Son, even this flow of joy has to be controlled. You have to take care of this state. You have to limit the flood of joy.”

“But how Swami? How? How can I stop the waves of joy arising? Every pore of my being is bursting with this joy. Till today I was witnessing the play of the Lord, green trees, juicy fruits, forest blossoming with flowers. I was staring in wonderment at the beauty of deep valleys and high mountains. I heard gurgling rivers, sparkling streams, boundless ocean, and the chirping of birds. I used to think how might the Creator of all of this be? Today I had the vision of the Lord - beyond my imagination, divine, glorious, and mystic. I met the Lord. That poet, artist, and gardener- I met. I had the experience of being close to the Creator. No, no Swami, I experienced His existence in my very self. And what a wonder Swami, I merged into Him. I cannot describe this unique experience in words.”

“There is no need for it, son. I too have experienced the same. Therefore, I can understand your silence.”

Today was a special day. Today Goraksh was to be initiated. Matsyendranath had already explained to him the importance of worship. He had got him to do severe austerities. Now his ears needed to be pierced and he was to be initiated.

After the process of taking a bath, Goraksh completed the worship of the feet of Matsyendranath. Nath said, Adinath is our Adiguru. Once he had appeared to me in a special outfit. Keeping that outfit in mind I have decided the outfit of our Nath tradition. No doubt the dress is connected to the outer body form, yet, the effect is certainly seen on our behaviour. It brings about a change in our mental state. Our outfit reminds us of our goal. Tight fitting clothes increase the Rajoguna in man. In them man gets energised and wants to run about. His walk becomes overbearing. However, in loose clothing his walk becomes slow. In his behaviour and walk and talk a softness and gentleness is felt. Society also gets a preliminary introduction to his personality, family, tradition by his dress.”

After what Matsyendra said, Goraksh expressed his doubt “But Swami, while living with the common man if we wear some other dress, then we make them feel separate.”

“We have to include them with our loving behaviour. We have to mingle with them, but we have to maintain our special features too. We have to give a unique introduction to them. This duty is somewhat difficult but in the interest of well-being of the people we will have to do it. Son, your birth has happened for this purpose alone. That is why I am explaining every little detail. So then, we were discussing our dress.”

“Come son. Dorn these ochre coloured clothes. This colour is always of the ascending kind. It turns to ashes all mean things and is the symbol of fire which always rises upwards to the sky. It symbolises renunciation. Reminds one of Light. Now son you will have to wear these earrings. See, I have got them made from ivory. You will have to suffer a bit of pain; unlike the ear piercing done for children which is in the ear lobes (soft), they are pierced in the small firm upper cave-like part where the ear meets the cheek. “

A gentle smile spread over the face of Goraksh on hearing these words of Matsyendranath. He said in his mind “The one who could remove an eyeball in an instant, what can the pain of ear piercing trouble him?” Once again, the smiling Goraksh sat in front of Matsyendranath. As Matsyendranath was adorning Goraksh with the earrings, he was saying, “this ornament is not for show. It helps in the sadhana of an aspirant. In the centre of the spine between the neck and the bottom of the vertebral column the organs which receive blood and air, their flow starts to go upwards during the sadhana. With the flow of Prana (vital force) being directed upwards, momentum to sadhana increases. The power of consciousness of the sadhaka (aspirant) also gets directed upwards. He gets free of the noose of lust and anger and is able to regulate his emotions. In this manner the sadhaka cannot descend below the level of the Vishuddhi chakra. (throat centre)”

“Now wear this Shrungi, shaily in the neck. This is our sacred thread. It is made from the black wool of sheep. Its length is about nine spans of the hand. It is bound in a special spiral manner by accomplished persons. There is a circular ring in it. In the ring there is one Rudraksh bead, and as symbol of the Goddess a coral bead and a tiny pipe made from the deer horn is threaded in it. Mantra is chanted over it. This pipe is used like a whistle, for the chanting of the mantra, before sitting for sadhana. See, this sacred thread is reaching your naval centre. Thus, with every breath you take this will vibrate, due to which your attention will be centred uninterrupted on the ajapajap. It will never be broken. We always also have a purse woven from wool, sometimes it is made from deer skin or cloth.”

“Yes Swami, I have seen one such purse with you. It has 9 compartments, in which you have kept special kinds of herbal medicines. In one compartment there is ash. And now I will be able use the tongs also, right?” Said Goraksh eagerly. “It is very useful during our wanderings.”

“Rightly said. These long broad tongs which reach the waist, made of five metals and iron, work like a mantra-chanting wand for the aspirant. During the wanderings if we have to wait a few days in some place, we could even use it like a spade to make a proper living space in a mountain. With the help of this the defects in the ground and underlying water can be gauged. By the touch of this one can know whether the tree is poisonous or not.”

“You are also aware of this Baisakhi (stick). This is made from the wood of the Kachnar ( Bauhinia Variegata) or Audumbar (Fig) tree. Sometimes, creeper named Jarabharan is also used. This creeper is as thick as a thumb and it has a weave like that of the plait of hair. The staff of wood is skinned and carved into the shape of a half-moon to make a Baisakhi. It is one and quarter length of a hand and can be brought in use during sadhana. Occasionally while remembering the name of God, palpitations can happen. To keep it under control, this is placed to support the hand between the wrist and the elbow. If it is noticed that the breath is irregular or imbalanced, the Baisakhi is held in the right or left armpit. With this the breath becomes balanced and regular.”

“But Swami in all these items, the most important is this bowl. The vessel that receives alms and removes hunger. I was waiting to hold it. How smooth and shining it is.”

The enthusiasm of Goraksh, brought a smile to Matsyendranath’s face and he said, “Of course, it is brand new!”

“No, no Swami.”

“Son, I know your inner mind, do I not know how non-attached it is. Your remark is appropriate. This bowl is of great use. It is made from the shell of a big tortoise. These are so deep that it can hold about half to three to four seers [approx. 2 seers make a kg] grain. The unique quality of this vessel is that food kept in it does not turn sour. It does not spoil. It stays good.”

Matsyendranath gave Goraksh some more items pertaining to the Siddhamata and Nath tradition, as well as information about them and then completed the ceremony of Initiation. He said, “Now wear the Nath apparel and come in front of me.”

Goraksh wore the Saffron clothes. Smeared ash in three transverse lines over his forehead and applied a straight tilak (mark) on it. He took the bowl in one hand and the tongs in the other and struck the floor. As soon as he did this the ring on top the tongs made a sound, and the Guru and disciple looked at each and laughed. On the sound of the tongs, they had made many a sojourn by foot, successfully.

After some days after initiating Gorakshnath, Matsyendranath said, “By the grace of Adinath, you have attained what you wanted, but that experience should be a continuous one not just limited to one or two hours of the sadhana period. It should continue lifelong. While talking-walking, eating-drinking, not only that even while surrendered to sleep, every moment, that state should remain with every breath. When you attain this uninterrupted state, your whole life will become a “sahaj samadhi” - (natural transcendental) state.”

“What will I need to do for that?”

“For this you will have to go to an isolated spot. Making the mind and body one, you will have to perform austere penance. The knowledge obtained with austere penance will have to be integrated with life. According to my thinking for this sort of penance you should go to the Himalayas. There, in the Badrika forest there are some very sacred caves. Several yogis and ascetics have resided in them and as a result they have become veritably power houses of energy. Go to Badri-Kedar and begin your sadhana.”

“But Swami....” Gorakshnath was somewhat bewildered with the instructions of Matsyendranath.

“Now no ifs and buts are wanted. You will have to do this because you are going to uplift many. You have to carry across many an ignorant common man stranded in the ocean of mundane life, by making a bridge of yoga, love and devotion. You have to make their lives blessed. To cross the ocean of mundane existence alone is easy, but to take across many others, the energy must necessarily flow uninterruptedly in mind and body.”

“All that can happen living with you Swami. For me Badrikedar, Shivashankar, Dattaguru.... All are you alone, Swami. Separating from you...”

“You will have to go son. The Guru shows the way but walking on it is the duty of the disciple. As long as the disciple cannot walk, the Guru is his support. If the disciple gets into the habit of this support, his progress is deterred. The boat is used to cross the river. Once on the bank, it is proper to renounce the boat.”

“No Swami no. This cannot be done by me. I will not be able to live away from you.” Gorakshnath said in a sorrowful but firm voice. Matsyendranath went near him and caressing his back said in a voice full of love, “I understand your love son. Even I wish that you stay close to me, but we have not taken birth for personal happiness. The foundation of our life is not in desire. To achieve some special work, we have been sent to earth by the Lord. Therefore, we must never allow ourselves to get entangled in the net of delusion. Listen to what I say with a calm mind. We consider our Guru as our everything. While paying homage to the Guru we chant “Guru is Brahma, Guru is Vishnu, Guru is Maheswar, Guru is the Absolute Lord, to that Guru I bow down.” This is our sentiment. We see the Lord in our Guru and in the Guru is the Lord. Through the medium of the Guru the Lord can be experienced, but after a certain stage, the Guru gets absorbed in the Lord. The Guru alone hands over his prime disciple into the hands of the Lord. He makes his disciple independent and self-sufficient.

“The true Guru is the one who liberates his disciple from the bond of himself. This connection although a pleasant one is still a bond.”

“But I want to remain in that bond. I cannot live even for even a moment without remembering you. Then how can I go away from you Swami?” Now tears filled Gorakshnath’s eyes.

“Then do one thing, along with remembering me, remember the name of the Lord as well. Slowly, slowly you will remember us both together. After some days, start to remember only the Lord. You understand? First see the Lord in me then see me in the Lord. I am in Him. With this sadhana you will understand that Sadguru, the Lord and your Self are One. There is only existence.... Inside out in the entire manifest universe, he alone pervades.”

In spite of all the loving explanation given by Matsyendranath, Gorakshnath was wilted. That is when Matsyendranath asked him, “Do you remember son, one day we saw a bird push her young out of the nest? At that time, you were a child. You had even asked me, in spite of being a mother why is she behaving in this way with her young?”

“Yes, I remember Swami. And you had said the young had now grown up. Their wings have the strength to fly, still they are afraid to use them. They are staying under the wings of their mother, to introduce them to their strength, to give them self-confidence, for their wellbeing alone their mother is behaving like this. On coming out of the nest they will spread their wings and fly out. They will become aware of their strength and become independently strong. That is why I too am telling you to move towards the Himalayas. Up until now we two were together, now you will have

to start to walk alone. Learn from good and bad experiences. Through my blessings, I shall always be with you.”

The next day following the command of Matsyendranath, Gorakshnath prepared to leave. Right upto now Matsyendranath had been the father and mother of Gorakshnath, therefore the state which a mother finds herself in while watching her son leave for a distant destination, was being experienced by him. He was himself making the sojourn of Gorkshnath happen. He was directing him. Giving him advise.

Matsyendranath asked “You have taken the purse with you right? There are various medicinal herbs in it. You know their properties and uses. If during the sojourn you find someone afflicted with disease use them. Oh yes, there is also the ash kept in it. Apply that to your entire body. In the extreme cold of the Himalayas this comes in very handy.” As he was talking, he was observing with fond affection the lustrous form of Gorakshnath now clad in the garb of the Nath tradition. Just then he noticed that Gorakshnath had not worn the stole. In the cold, a warm stole is a necessity. Immediately he draped Gorkshnath with a 27 arm length long stole bordered with tiny bells. The body from the neck to the waist was covered with the stole. Then he patted Gorakshnath on the back and said, “Wah! Now our Goraksh looks a true Gorakshnath.” And hardening his heart, he continued, “Come now son, you must leave.”

Gorakshnath looked towards Matsyendranath with bedewed eyes. He was thinking “From birth up until now mother- father, brother-sister, friend-sadguru he was my all in all, but from hence on I will myself have to take care of everything. Taking control of my emotions I will have to remain untouched.” Gorakshnath also hardened his feelings and swallowed the sorrow of separating from his mother-father. He placed his head on the feet of Matsyendranath. Following the command of the Guru he walked on briskly. He did not turn to look back even once. In Gorkshnath’s overbearing step, Matsyendranath could visualise the child Goraksh, and the affection he withheld with great control, started to flow rapidly from his eyes. He was choked. Looking at the receding figure of Gorakshnath he blessed him thus “Be one with an eternal life, attain sky high fame, Adinath will protect you always. Alakh Niranjana. Aadesh... Aadesh.!!!”

## Lesson 3 – Sadhana (Practice)

Every step of the way that Gorakshnath was walking, he was remembering his Guru and thinking, “Till today, Gurudev was my leader, I walked in his footstep on the road he directed. He was the centre point of my life. If I begged for alms, it was for him. If I served, I served him. When I had to read and imbibe Knowledge, it was in front of him. Every night before falling asleep I served at his feet, and every dawn as soon as I opened my eyes, I saw him. When I came out of the Earth-womb, it was him I saw first, and holding his hand walked unconcerned till only yesterday, according to whose desire I lived, how can I forget such Guru who is Mother incarnate?” As he walked, these thoughts were with him and at the same time he was consoling himself as well that Gurudev himself had commanded him to live away from him and his command must be obeyed.

Gorakshnath’s walk was not organised. He had decided to go north and that is all that he was doing. He stayed for rest in some villages. One day he reached Karveer. This is known as the Kashi of the south, as the Goddess Mahalaxmi, the Mother of the Universe resides here and thus this ground is sacred and worthy of worship.

Gorakshnath first took a bath in the river Panchganga, and then went to the Temple. Taking the darshan of the Goddess who was decorated with ornaments from head to toe, Gorakshnath was so pleased, as though he had met someone near and dear to him. The shadow of despair that had clouded his mind left. He was overwhelmed. With a choked voice he said to the Mother of the Universe “I do not know what a mother is like. You are well aware I was born in cow-dung, but this day I have faith that I am your own child. Shower your grace on this ignorant child Mother. Give him shelter in the shade of your loving garment. Make my sadhana successful Mother.”

For quite sometime, Gorakshnath stayed in the temple gazing at the beauty of Mother and absorbing her joy bestowing form into his heart. He then prostrated before her and walked backwards, so as not to show his back to Mother and came out. On the grounds of the temple were many other temples. Bowing to each of the temples, he came to the Dattaguru temple. There, a gigantic fig tree caught his attention. Near it there were five rows of lighted lamps. In the centre of four smaller rows of the lighted lamps was one tall lamp. On seeing those beautiful rows of lighted lamps, he thought in his heart of heart, “How charming the illumination from these lamps would be in the night. It could be that the furrows of smaller lamps represent the four bodies, and the central tall one is that which illumines them all- the lamp of the soul.”

As if in answer to the thought of Goraksh, while he was circumambulating the Audumbar tree, he saw a Pindi - the symbol of Shivashankar. Behind the Pindi was a five hooded cobra snake sitting on the coils of his body. On seeing that large cobra, Gorakshnath recalled what Matsyendranath had said, “Could this coiled body, be the representative of the serpent power coiled at the base of our spine? Could it be that the cobra is waiting for this gift from Shiva?”

“In every art form, in every temple, sculptor, painting, music, our ancestors have introduced the knowledge of the Self which is apparently hidden. This can be deciphered only by the true aspirant.” Thinking thus, Gorakshnath entered the temple of Dattaguru. In the small Sanctum Sanctorum was the impression of the feet of ‘Shree’ (Mother Laxmi). Even here, the cobra provided the shade of an umbrella with its five hoods, over the three faced beautiful Dattaguru, who was placed exactly under it.

Before coming to the temple, someone had told Gorakshnath that this is the place where Dattaguru visits to beg for alms. At the time eagerly Gorakshnath had asked “that means, Dattaguru himself comes for alms? But I had heard from my Guru that his residence is in Girnar.” “Your Guru has correctly told you so. His permanent residence is in Girnar but he wanders to many places. He is constantly wandering, at some places for a bath, at others for applying ash, for alms, for meals, and in the night for rest he is at Mahurgad near Mother Renuka.” “Wah! How much joy that must be to take alms from one Mother and to take rest near another Mother. How nice it would be if I too, kept meeting such mothers and sisters in this manner,” Gorakshnath had said. Mother heard what he said, but what Mother said he could not hear. She said “Tathastu (may it be so) It will be so.”

Visiting the prominent temples of Kolhapur, Gorakshnath came to the temple of Mahakali. Just outside the temple under a huge banyan tree there was a temple of Shri Hanumanji. From the outer gate of the temple the statue of Mahakali was clearly visible in the inner chamber of the temple. Gorakshnath bowed with folded hands, even as he entered the temple. He stood staring at the statue made from black stone, with a formidable face - Mahakali. From the mouth the long protruding tongue seemed to be impatient to drink the blood of Asuras. Her forehead was smeared with blood red vermilion. There was a crown on her head. She had worn clothes of a deep blue colour which had a red embroidered pallu, which fell from her head to the right shoulder and hand. On her dark body that bright red pallu, was further enhancing her formidable appearance. The auspicious chain round her neck was reaching her naval. A red-yellow, fresh, thick, garland made from marigold and hibiscus, was increasing the beauty of the chain, reaching her feet and swaying on the red border of her saree.

Gorakshnath sat facing her with his eyes closed for some time. He was thinking, ‘In fact Mother Mahalakshmi and Mahakali are the forms of the same beginning-less power, but their functions are different. One protects, the other destroys. According to the functions, their forms are also different. There is a difference in their appearance, name, and persona but the basic intent is the same which is the good of the Universe. Those who work for the well-being of the universe, have to necessarily adopt these two forms. To guide and show the way towards truth, to people, one has to behave sometimes full of love and at other times with anger. ‘Oh! Mother Mahakali bestow your grace on me. When necessity arises, give me the capacity to turn as hard as diamond.’

Having prayed in this manner to Mahakali, Gorakshnath came out of the temple and went to the Brahmeshwar temple, situated at some distance from there. Right in front was an Ashwath tree. He felt a oneness with the tree as if he knew this tree. He felt as though, it is his grandfather, who opening his branches is beckoning him, saying, “Come son, you are meeting me after so long.” That silent call was accepted by Gorakshnath and he went close to the tree and sat down and thought ‘Even outside this temple there is a Ashwatha tree, it seems some wise being, must have sowed the seed after much thought outside the temple. He might have wanted that the devotees coming to the temple first see this tree which symbolises the transient nature of the mundane world, and then enter the temple. Then alone can they appreciate the true eternal, indestructible, statue of joy. As long as one is unable to be free from the desire for the transient, one cannot get the experience of the eternal. Sri Krishna has given the symbol of the Ashwatha tree (in the Bhagawad Gita) for the mundane existence, how apt that is. Urdhva moola madhah shakham... roots above and branches below, this is the mundane existence. The Universe begins from the roots and it becomes whole on reaching the roots, because this mundane existence is a cycle. Its movement is circular. The circle that begins at a point returns to the same point to be complete. We came down from the Brahmarandhra (vertex) upto Swadhishtan, now we have to turn the direction and ascend back to the thousand petal lotus of the Brahmarandhra and merge with it.

We begin with the Lord and the end is also in Him. In this manner the wheel of mundane existence is revolving uninterruptedly. It is moving at a rapid speed. Because of the extreme speed it seems still. Vision gets deceived. Ashwatha that is A- is not, shwa-tomorrow, tha- still, that which cannot be still till tomorrow - in fact even till the next moment, but our intellect does not understand this. It cannot fathom the meaning of this name. Actually, in the word Vruksha (tree) the meaning of this mundane existence is hidden. Vru means that which grows and ksha is that which perish. Thus, grow and perish, perish and grow. Birth and death again birth from death.....'

Gorakshnath who was revolving in the circle of thoughts, quickly got up and entered the temple. On either side of the hall of the temple were two small temples. In between the two a large bell was hanging; under it a shining black Nandi was seated respectfully. On either side of it were beautiful pillars. Touching the back of the Nandi, Gorakshnath went into the inner chamber. There was placed, in the form of the Pindi - Shaambh Sadashiva. From the water container hanging over it, water continuously dripped bathing the Pindi. White flowers and green Bilva leaves decorated the Pindi. Two small statues of Shiva and Parvati were placed at the back. The fragrance of flowers and the aroma of sandalwood from the incense sticks, and the light from oil lamps spread a mysterious profound peace in the sanctum sanctorum.

Gorakshnath felt he should meditate in this auspicious atmosphere. He was unwilling to leave this space. He felt familiar with this environment. He experienced a close bond with Brahmeshwar. With that sentiment he paid homage and spoke to Brahmeshwar thus, "O God of Gods, Brahmeshwar, I do not feel like leaving from here. I desire to stay 2-4 days close to you. I have your permission, right?" Just then someone rang the bell and Goraksh saw a white flower fall from the statue of Shiva which had been offered to him earlier. All this as if to say - permission granted. Gorakshnath was happy to receive Shivji's permission and with that very emotion got out of the temple and sat in a secluded spot behind the Ashwatha tree for sadhana.

It was midday when Gorakshnath opened his eyes. Till then he was blissful in his sadhana but on coming to the waking state he started to feel hungry. He thought I should have gone for getting alms. He even started but then again he thought, 'it is quite late. If I go walking it will get even more late. In the late afternoon it is difficult to get alms. So today let's send the bag alone for alms. Guruji had said when necessary, to use the given powers. Therefore, he will not be angry. After having left Giri till today I have myself gone from door to door to beg for alms. What if I do not go for one day?' Thinking thus he called his bag. He hung it on the staff standing nearby which was waiting for orders and said "Look, now this staff will take you through the village. Stop in front of the house that comes along the way. Whatever the lady of the house gives, take it and leave for the next house. Once you are full, return. And listen Danderam (staff-ram) take her round nicely. In front of the house make a big bang and put her down. Come on, go. Return immediately with alms. I am very hungry."

On receiving the orders both left for taking alms and went to the locality of brahmins. Coming to the front of the house the staff placed the bag down with a big bang from the sky to the ground, and the bag would open her mouth. Looking at the two flying through the air the villagers were wonderstruck and were filling the bag with alms.

At the same time Dattaguru came to the village, as he used to do to beg for alms, calling 'Om Bhavati bhiksham dehi'. He came to Kolhapur regularly to beg. He also saw the play of the staff and the bag, and understood that the miracle is happening due to the power of some great man. Laughing he said, "Good. Today before asking for alms I will get the bhikshanna (food received as alms)." Then with the power of mantra he called the bag towards him. He emptied all the alms

from it and sent it back. Poor bag and staff ashamed, stood before Gorakshnath. Hearing the sound of the staff, Gorakshnath immediately got up and came forward but he saw what? The bag was empty. He fell into a quandary and wondered "who could it be that took out the food from my bag? Undoubtedly, he must be a divine being with supernatural powers. I will have to meet him." With this thought he told the staff "The one who has snatched the alms from you, take me to him." According to his command the staff led the way and Gorakshnath followed behind. This unique journey halted at the temple of Mother Amba. On the right of the temple Guru Dattatreya was sitting. The staff humbly went and stood in front of him.

Gorakshnath went ahead and bowed before Guru Dattatreya and asked, "Maharaj, may I know who you are?" Laughing at the question Gorakshnath asked he replied, "I have no separate existence, who will answer your question and how?" With this puzzling answer of Datta Guru, Gorakshnath fell into deep thought and after a while said, "You are a great Yogi with powers, that I have understood. Kindly tell me what is the yogic power?"

"To destroy the I - you sentiment, alone is attainment of yoga. Did our Matsyendra not tell you this?" From this answer that Dattatreya gave, Gorakshnath recognised him. Eagerly he said, "So you are Dattaguru incarnate? The Sadguru of my Sadguru, no no you are Jagatguru (the Guru of the world)." He fell at the feet of Dattaguru. Very lovingly lifting him Guru Datta said "Whatever Matsyendra has taught keep it in mind and behave accordingly, and listen - you should attain powers but you should use them very rarely. Alright, now I am going to have my meals."

"That means you have not yet had the food from the bag? Why Swami?"

"Because I eat at Panchaleshwar."

"Where is that?"

"In the Beed Zilla near Shahgad there is a famous Shani temple. A little ahead of that in the vicinity of the river Mother Godavari, is this area. There is no temple there. Made on eight pillars there is a flat place on it is a shining marble platform, sitting there enjoying the melodious music of the waves of river Mother Godavari very happily I take food. Will you come with me? You too must be hungry."

"No, Gurudev. Meeting you has filled me."

"That is the contentment of the mind son, what about the stomach? I will keep something for you. Your bag has brought a lot of food."

"Maharaj, people say that in one day you travel to many places. Is this true?"

"Yes, son. Absolute truth. Every day in the early hours of the morning I am at the bank of the Mother Ganga, at Manikarnika ghat to bathe. From there I go to the Datta Mandir of Vipra, and apply ash on my body. Later at the loving confluence of the rivers, Koyna and Krishna in Karhad I do my morning Sandhya. Then after completing the morning duties, I come near Mother Jagamba and beg for alms. Then I go to Panchaleshwar and have my meal and to wash my hands reach Tulzapur. There, near the Mother Bhavani's temple at Gomukh I wash my hands. All day listening to the call of devotees and responding to them I move around and as night approaches I go and rest near Mother Renuka at Mahurgad."

Listening to the extensive travels of Dattaprabhu, Gorakshnath fell into deep thought. He asked, "Maharaj, why so much wandering? Why not do morning ablutions, Sandhya, begging for alms, meals, washing hands, sleeping in just one place? Having taken bath in Mother Ganga for the application of ash you proceed to Bhima in the bitter cold. I am unable to understand the reason for bearing so much difficulty."

"Then listen, first know that I feel no difficulty, instead I am always full of joy. By visiting different places, I keep in touch with my devotees, weak people, those who have attained and those on the path (sadhaks). I listen to the grievances from the people who have been waiting for me.

Sometimes I give them some message for their well-being. For the afflicted I give some remedy. I remove the obstacles that come in the way of sadhakas. If some sadhaka is caught in the noose of his attained powers, if necessary, I give some punishment as well and put him on the path to Self-knowledge again. That is why they say that Sadhus and saints should keep on wandering, right? To serve the Lord of the Universe, who is incarnated in the form of the beings on earth. Such service cannot be done by lectures alone. For that we have to mingle with the people. We have to become linked with them. Now, you will say why not live in our own bliss? Why all this service to man? So, because we have taken birth simply for the benefit of mankind. I have taken this form only for that, but you too have to work to create awareness about Dharma. Keep that in mind Goraksh, keep that in mind. Understand?"

Dattaguru vanished even as he was speaking.

After Dattaguru became invisible, Gorakshnath regained his body consciousness. He was very hungry. With the bag on his shoulder and the staff in hand he walked rapidly straight to Brahmeshwar temple. Standing at the Ashwatha tree with folded hands he spoke to Brahmeshwar, "I understood why you kept me back here. By your grace I could receive the Prasad straight from the hands of Dattaguru himself. I am immensely grateful to you. Keep helping me thus." Then he partook of the food left in the bag by Dattaguru. On eating that prasad he experienced an unusual contentment.

Next day he went on his journey. By afternoon he stopped near a village, to take a bath in any river nearby, begged for alms in 2-4 houses and whatever he received he ate with deep contentment as the Prasad from the Lord. If he did not get any alms, he wished the non-giver well and drank water to his fill. He rested under the dense shade of a tree for some time, and would again walk for another 1-2 hours. At sunset, reaching the nearest village he entered any temple or Pilgrims Inn and spread a bedsheet and slept. Next day he woke at the break of dawn (Brahma muhurt), took a bath and walked Northwards.

During his walkathon he met many different kinds of people. Not only were their food habits different, or their clothing and living style different, they even looked different. He observed that although there is a vast difference in their behaviour, the people were the same in their human-ness and emotions. He reflected that due to this sojourn I am able to observe the oneness in diversity. He was getting the living proof of how non-duality dwells in duality.

Karnataka, Maharashtra, Gujarat, Madhya Pradesh Uttar Pradesh and now Uttarakhand, every state one by one was going past. At Rishikesh in Uttarakhand he met some pilgrims who were on their way for the char-dham yatra which included Badarinath, Kedarnath, Gangotri and Yamnotri. Taking directions from them and walking along the banks of Mother Ganga, he reached Haridwar. In the valley of the Himalayas, as beautiful as the form of Shiva, flows the river Bhagirathi, between the two peaks of Mansa and Chandi. That is why this is known as the gateway to the Dwelling of Shiva that is - Hara-dwar.

Some people also call this Hari - Dwar (Vishnu Gate). This is so because the Mother Ganga weaving her way from the base of the Mansa peak, flows past the Temple of Vishnu before entering the plains.

Gorakshnath sat on the Bank of Mother Ganga enjoying the flow of clean, spotless water. Looking at the fish frolicking in the waters of Mother Ganga he remembered Matsyendranath. His mind spoke, 'these fish are the relatives of my Guruji and I am his son, so they are all related to me.

They are my own. Might they be knowing his whereabouts? Where must my Guruji be? Does he also remember me? When he bid me farewell, he had said, he would always be with me in the form of blessings. Is he really with me?’

Right then another part of his mind removing his doubts said, ‘Why this doubt? Due to the presence of Guruji himself, this journey by foot has been progressing so easily. Hey, you have the protection of the shield of his grace, that is why in spite of the blazing sun, torrential rain, high mountains and deep ravines, you have safely reached here. On the way those that supported you gave you food and drink, they were all, Guruji in their form. It is due to the inspiration they receive from him that they help an unknown man like you. To be skeptic about his grace, does not behove of a Guru son like you. He is not only with you; he dwells in you.’

On being thus consoled by his mind, Gorakshnath got up with alacrity and enthusiasm, free of anxiety, continuing his journey towards Badrikavan via Rishikesh, Devprayag and Shrinagar in Gadhwal. At Rudraprayag he saw the exquisite confluence of the rivers, Manadakini and Alaknanda, which drove away any fatigue from walking. Beholding the meeting of the calm blue waters of Mandakini that are met by the playful, skipping-jumping muddy waters of Alaknanda as if to fall in her arms, Gorakshnath was awestruck.

Further to this is Jotirmath where he rested for a day and continued his walk.

The nourishing ground of the Himalayas was giving birth to many a charming sight of nature, and filling Gorakshnath with joy. The crimson dawn, the midday sun, the gentle sunset seeming to merge into the arms of the sky, reminded him constantly of the Maker of Nature.

One day, while he was walking, he saw two snow peaked mountains. He asked another pilgrim about them who said, “these are Nara (Man) and Narayana (another name for Vishnu) perhaps, you are coming here for the first time. They had done penance here. “

“Are they the Nara-Narayana of the Himalayas?”

“No not so. They are the sons of King Dharma and Murti - daughter of king Daksh Prajapati. Nara and Narayan were both renunciates. They had no interest in mundane existence. Leaving the pleasures of the world, and their home aspiring to realise the Self, they sat on these mountains which are close to Badrikashram for penance. Their penance was successful. They attained Self realisation. These mountains have been sanctified by their penance and become a place of pilgrimage. It seems as though even today they are standing and blessing the pilgrims.”

Badrikashram was becoming visible, and lending speed to his feet. When suddenly he saw an elderly man sitting on a stone by the wayside. Noticing that he seemed worried, Gorakshnath asked him, “What has happened Baba [father]? Is your health alright?”

“Oh no, its not me, I am fine, but my support - my stick, has slipped from my hands and fallen into the valley. How will I get it back? Without it how will this Vishambhar move forward? This is the worry. That stick was Vishambhar’s strength.”

Realising the worry of the old man Gorakshnath gave him his staff and said, “Father, what if your stick is not there, take this staff, it will work the same. Take it.”

But the old man refused.

“Why are you not taking my staff?”

“Son, you seem to be a sanyasi. I am thinking how will this Vishambhar, who is involved in mundane existence, be able to manage it?”

“Don’t worry father? My staff will take care of you. Take it.”

Then Vishambhar took the staff and getting up, started to walk. As they walked, he asked, "Who are you? What is your name?"

Gorakshnath answered with a smile, "In truth, it is not easy to answer your question, but this much I can say that this body was named Gorakshnath by my Sadguru."

"Ok. Have you set out on the pilgrimage of Chardham (the four pilgrim places)?"

"No, that will happen when it has to happen. Now I am going to Badrikashram." While talking to the old man, Gorakshnath picked up his luggage on his shoulder.

"What say? That means you are our house guest?"

"Your home?"

"What else? Since many generations we are residing at His feet. We are the priests. You must stay at our home only."

Seeing the enthusiasm in the old man's voice, Gorakshnath laughed and said, "If I had to stay in some home, why would I have become a renunciate? I have come here to do penance, not to make a household. You kindly find me a nice cave."

"Certainly, certainly. I know one large cave. Many ascetics have performed penance there till date, and there is no one there right now. You take residence in that sacred space. Your heart's desire will certainly be fulfilled."

On the face of Vishambhar it seemed as though through the web of wrinkles a ray of enthusiasm was bursting forth, and lighting his fair colour. His blue eyes, shaven head with a bunch of long hair tied at the back, pearl makbali (special ear ornament for males) grey coloured lungi (cloth tied round the waist by men), and a long-sleeved shirt.....his personality was such that it attracted attention and his nature was such that others felt at home with him. Like other elderly people he too was talkative.

While walking with Gorakshnath he gave quite an introduction of Badrinarayan and his family to him and said, "We were from the south, but have now become residents of north. We have come from the southern tip of Bharatvarsh to the northern summit!"

"But how did this happen?"

"By the will of God what else? As if Lord Narayan himself called us to serve Him. Have you heard of Adi Shankaracharya?"

"Yes father. We worship him."

"So, our great, great grandfather had come here with him. He was a distant relation of Shankaracharya and also a devoted disciple. He would awaken Dharma in the entire country, rejuvenate old temples, make preparations for worship and in many different areas establish centres. As they kept wandering, they reached here. When they came here, they found there was no statue of Narayan here, but a stone fossil was worshipped. They fell into deep thought wondering where the idol might have gone, for they knew from reliable sources that there was a statue here. In Satyuga Narayan himself dwelt here in his original form. In Tretayuga he could not be seen by the ordinary folk but ascetics with their power of yoga could do so. In Dwaparyuga he took the incarnation of Krishna but at the time He had told the other deities that in Kaliyuga He will not be seen in His original form by anyone and hence an idol should be installed here. He had even said that the idol would be found in the Alaknanda river under the Narada stone."

"According to the command of Lord Narayan, Brahma and the Gods obtained the divine idol from Naradakund and established it in the glorious temple created by Vishwakarma. Maharishi Narada himself started the worship of this idol. Shankaracharya was thinking about this very idol. His mind was perturbed. He did do the worship of Narayan in the form of the stone fossil, but during the worship he repeatedly kept asking, "Bhagwan Narayan where are you? Your divine idol? Where is it?"

Immediately on coming out of the temple he asked the temple priests, "O! reverend priests, I do not see the idol which was established here. In all four yugas Bhagwan Narayan has resided here, why is He not seen here? Surely, there was an idol of Narayan in this temple. "Yes, Maharaj." "Then where has it gone?" Acharya asked sharply.

"It so happened Acharya, that from across the border, the Chinese dacoits started harassing us. Due to their torture, our distressed ancestors hid the idol somewhere so that the Chinese dacoits couldn't lay their hands on it. We have heard that the idol has been hidden around here in some deep pond. Many generations have tried to find it but that idol was not found anywhere. Therefore, dejected they established this stone fossil in its place."

Having heard the account from the priests Acharya became somber. For a while he was immersed in contemplation, then opening his eyes, he asked the priests, "If the idol be found will you re-establish it? Will you eternally worship it?"

Overjoyed the priests said, "Yes, certainly Maharaj, with devotion we will worship the idol but where is that idol?"

Acharya did not give any answer to the questions of the priests. With a calm and quiet mind, he walked towards the Narada Kund. All the priests, all the disciples of Acharya, all the devotees present, all started to follow him eagerly.

On reaching the Kund, Acharya stood still for some moments, then suddenly he climbed down into the Kund. The way was slippery and difficult, holding the chains on the sides, he was descending the footpaths slowly.

"Just wait Acharya, wait," the frightened priests shouted. Acharya stopped and looked up at the priests questioningly. The priests said, "Acharya, this Kund meets the Alaknanda river. If you enter very deep, the Alaknanda stream is very rapid, it will pull you with it. Your life will be in danger. No, Acharya, don't do this life-threatening feat." Ignoring the warnings of the priests Acharya dived into the pool and reached the bottom. Those gathered at the edge of the pond, uneasily waited with bated breath. In a short while they saw Acharya emerging out of the reservoir of water, and they could once again breathe easy, what's more Acharya had the idol in his hands. All were overjoyed to see that.

However, Acharya was grim-faced for the idol had broken. Two fingers of the right hand of the idol were broken. After sometime, he let it go into the stream of Alaknanda, and once again dived into the reservoir of water. He found the same idol again and was disappointed. Once again, he surrendered that idol to the waters of Alaknanda and dived in for the third time. He got hold of an idol again and to his surprise found that it was the same broken idol he had brought up twice. Now the disappointment on the face of Acharya transformed to amazement. He could not fathom the meaning of this game the Lord seemed to be playing. Suddenly he heard a voice in his ears, "Don't think, in Kaliyuga this idol will be worshipped. Remove your doubts and establish this very idol."

An amazed Gorakshnath was listening to this wonderful tale. He had profound respect for Shankaracharya. He had accomplished such a mammoth task, in the short life span of 32 years. He had expanded and propagated the Sanatan Dharma and composed so many treatises and texts. Matsyendranath had got Gorakshnath to study Vivekachudamani by Shankaracharya. At that time, he had told him the supernatural life story of Acharya. Therefore, with the very imagination of getting the auspicious opportunity to perform his penance, in the zone where Shankaracharya had established Badarinath, he felt blessed and content. Anxiously he asked Vishambhar Baba, "The temple even now has the same idol? Right?"

“Yes son, it is the same idol.”

Acharya placed the idol on his shoulder and brought it out of the Kund. All the people present there, greeted him with the cries of victory! “Victory to Shriman Shankaracharya! Victory to Shriman Shankaracharya!”

The whole of Badrikavan resounded with the cries of victory from the devotees.

Acharya himself chanted the mantras and according to the appropriate rituals worshipped the Narayan and removing the stone fossil, placed it there.

Waiting for some time, Baba with a choked voice said, “As soon as Bhagwan Narayan came to the temple who did he bestow his grace first to? On our family.”

As soon as the worship was over, while all devotees were present Acharya called out to one of my ancestors who was watching with bedewed eyes., “Listen Govindayya, from now on, the entire responsibility of the worship of Bhagwan Narayan will rest on you. You stay here and serve Narayan.”

Then he said to the priests, “All of you will continue to serve, but this Namboodari Brahmin will be the chief Priest and serve Narayan. And his descendants will continue the same as per the tradition of inherited duty. This authority will remain with him.”

“Having been suddenly given this auspicious duty, Govindayya was enthused. Tears started to roll down. One part of the mind was filled with waves of bliss that Acharya trusted him so much, but another part was filled with clouds of sorrow, for now he would not be able to accompany Sadguru. He could resist no longer; he rushed through the crowd of emotional devotees and embraced the feet of Acharya. He wanted to say something but not a word could he utter, but Sadguru who could read even the mind of an ant, how could he not read the mind of his prime devotee?

Placing his boon bestowing hand on the head, and blessing him, he said, “Get up O Govindayya, at the feet of Narayan I too have surrendered. Whenever you think of me, you will see me, I will be with you.”

Relating this unusual story, even Baba’s eyes were filled with tears, wiping his tears with his stole he said, “Son Goraksh by the devotion of our ancestors, and their virtuous deeds we have received this good fortune. Bhagwan Narayan has given us a place at His feet. He has taken our lineage under the shade of His umbrella.”

As soon as the temple became visible, Vishmbhar Baba said, “Let’s do one thing, we shall first go home, keep our luggage there, freshen up and then go to visit the temple.”

“No Baba, I will go first to the temple to take the Darshan of Narayan. You go take rest, I am proceeding.”

“How can you go like that? Our Narayan does not meet anyone without meeting certain conditions.”

“But I do not know all of that.”

“I am there, I will tell you. We will do like this- I will first go home and tell the family that this Vishmbhar has returned from Keral safe and sound and then I will accompany you. If you do not want to come to my home wait under that tree. I will come immediately.”

“Baba, you have come after such a long journey. You must be tired. You take rest. Just tell me the rules. I will go alone. Do not take so much trouble for me.”

“Trouble? Son, in this what sort of trouble? Son, Goraksh, it will please me immensely to come with you. Otherwise how will the next generation come to know of these matters?” Saying thus, he took his luggage from Goraksh and walked towards his home.

Gorakshnath waited and was thinking, 'what kind of conditions might Narayan have made in order for his devotees to meet him.' In some time Baba returned. On coming, he put a few barrows (fruit) on the hands of Gorakshnath and said, "Take this son, consider it the Prasad of Badarinath and let's go."

"But where have we to go? And you have not specified the conditions too."

"I am telling you. First the pilgrim should bathe in the pond. Then we have to go to Kedareshwar temple."

"Kedareshwar? And here?"

"Yes son, He is here too. You have to fall at his feet first and then proceed to the Narayan Temple. If you go before that Narayan does not like it at all. Then Narayan does not bless the devotee."

As they walked, they came to the Agnikund. The water of this kund [pond] is very hot. Baba said, "Son in this kund verily resides the God of fire. At first, He resided in the ashram of Bhrgu Rishi, but it so happened, that initially the wife of Bhrgu Rishi was betrothed to a Demon in her childhood. One day when Bhrgu Rishi was not at home, the demon came and asked the God of fire who was present there, "Oh! Fire God speak the truth. You were present there, it was decided that I would marry this lady, is it not?" The guileless Fire God said "Yes", then making the Fire God his witness he abducted the wife of Bhrgu Rishi. When the Rishi returned home, and could not find his wife he asked the Fire God who told him all that had happened. On hearing it, the Rishi was outraged. He cursed the witness, Fire God, and said, 'from today you will become Omnivorous.' Being cursed by the Rishi he became afraid. To get a remedy for the curse he first went to Prayag where a large conference of Rishi and Munis was in progress. There Maharishi Vyas said "You go to Badarikashram, there the river of grace Badarivishal will remove all your defilements."

"Accordingly, the Fire God came here, Badarinath liberated him from the curse, and commanded him to reside here and free all devotees from their sins. Since then right up to now, residing on the snow peaked mountains, he liberates the pilgrims who bathe in his hot waters. "Come son, this water seems to be boiling but without anxiety enter it. By the very touch of this water you will be rejuvenated - you will attain a new life (Sanjeevani.)" After saying this Baba entered the kund. Taking the bath with that hot water even Gorakshnath experienced a unique joy.

"Yes, son now let's go to Kedareshwar."

"But Baba I had heard that Kedareshwar is situated on a high peak several miles from here." Gorakshnath expressed his doubt.

"That is true. Kedarnath is there. The One who is here is Adikedar. Son Goraksh, Bhagwan Shiva reigned on this peak even as he did over the entire Himalayas. This was the home of Shiva and Parvati, but the mischievous Narayan deceived Shiva-Parvati and usurped this place. Therefore, Bhagwan Shiv dwells here in a part form Adikedar."

"He is the Bhole (easily pleased) Nath only."

"No, son, this time, Bholenath had not got trapped. It was his wife Goddess Girija. Her (maternal) affection trapped her. It so happened...."

A smile was spreading across the face of Gorakshnath. He understood now he has another story to listen to.

"Yes, it so happened that when Bhagwan Narayan saw this place for the first time, he fell in love with this charming isolated place. He felt he should do penance here, but Bhagwan Shankar was residing here. He will not leave this place easily. So, what to do? Then clever Narayan hatched a plan. He took the form of a little child and going to the doorway of the residence of Shiva and Parvati started to cry. They were both leaving to take their bath at the time, but seeing this child

who was crying and restless they waited. Parvati picked that child up and lovingly placed him on her lap. Right then Bhawgwan Shiv warned her "Stop Shivani. Do not get deluded by the child." "What are you saying Swami? What delusion of a child? I cannot leave such a small child crying and go. You are not deluded, but I am a mother." Saying this she picked up the child and took it in. She fed him milk and made him sleep on the bed and then went with Shivji for her bath. While walking on, once again Shivji warned her and said, "by giving shelter to that baby you have lost your own residence Devi. Today your maternal affection has ousted you from your own home." "You are just saying anything, Swami. How can such a small innocent baby con us?" "That you will certainly see." Shivji said gravely.

Mother Parvati, ignored these harsh words of Shivji, but when she returned after her bath, then she realised how true were Shivji's words, because the entry to her home was locked from within. Mother Parvati was astonished and said, "how did this door close from the inside?" "It did not happen Devi it was done. Your little innocent child, has closed this door." "Meaning?" A surprised Devi Parvati asked. "Means, taking advantage of your maternal affection Narayan Himself has entered our residence. I had immediately recognised him. I had even warned you." "Now...now what will we do Swami?" Mother Parvati asked worriedly.

"Now what? we will renounce this home and go settle somewhere else." Both Shiv and Parvati had to leave from there. But for Shiv it was becoming extremely difficult to leave this beloved residence.

As he kept relating the story to Gorakshnath, Baba reached the Adikedareshwar temple with him. After offering prayers he said "then he started dwelling here in the Linga form. He is present here in a part form only, yet this place is alive with high energy and awareness. Fifteen aspects of ShivShakti are present here."

"Bhagwan Narayan also accepted that he had usurped this place by unfair means. Therefore, he has made this rule, that the pilgrims who come here, should first prostrate before Kedareshwar and only then visit (take His darshan) Him." "So, come now, we shall go to Badarinath for Darshan. He must be waiting for us."

When they approached Badarinath temple Baba paid homage from outside only and said, "I have just returned from a long journey, will take a bath and do worship and then come to see you." And then he said to Gorakshnath, "Now you visit the temple at leisure and then come to this Baba's home and take prasad." "But what about my dwelling place....?" "That I will see. Only tonight you stay in my courtyard. Tomorrow at the break of dawn I will show you two or three caves, out of them whichever you choose is yours. Ok, then come home. We are all waiting for you."

Gorakshnath entered from under the lion arch made on a high platform. From the main hall he went into the sanctum sanctorum. It was dark in there, may be that the gentle light from the lamps rendered the atmosphere intense and mysterious.

On a platform as high as the waist was placed the idol of Narayan in the lotus posture. The two lower hands were resting one on the other in his lap and the upper hands and a conch in one and a wheel in the other. On his left side Mother Lakshmi was fanning him with a hand fan made of peacock feathers. Beyond this were the idols of Nara and Narayan. Near them were Shree Devi

and Bhu Devi. Gorakshanath took the darshan of these Panchayatan (Four subsidiary shrines in the four corners), but was thinking “at the present all the idols are covered in fine clothes, I will have to come once again with Baba.” Then placing his head on the feet of Badarinath he said, “O! Lord my Sadguru has sent me to your feet, I am an ignorant child. Take me under your wings. Take care of me like my Sadguru did.”

Dawn was breaking. The union of the day with night gave birth to the colours of dawn and these were painting the sky. In that pleasant atmosphere, cheerful Gorakshnath after taking his bath came out, that is when he heard the voice of Vishambhar Baba coming from the sanctum sanctorum. Even at this old age his voice had no tremor. In a good voice he was worshipping Shankaracharya. He was singing:

.....

“शंकरं शंकराचार्यं केशवं बादरायणम् ।  
सूत्रभाष्यकृतौ वंदे भगवन्तौ पुनः पुनः ।  
श्रुति - स्मृति पुराणानां आलयं कल्याणालयम् ।  
नमामि भगवत् पादं शंकरं लोकशंकरम् ॥”

After paying homage to the Guru he started chanting the mantras:

Devanagari

“ नारायण नारायण जय गोविंद हरे ।  
नारायण नारायण जय गोपाल हरे ॥

कल्याण पारावर वल्यालय गंभीर ॥ 1 ॥ नारायण ॥  
घननीरद संकाशकृतकलिकलमषनाश ॥ 2 ॥ नारायण ॥  
यमुनातीरविहार धृतकौस्तुभमणिहार ॥ 3 ॥ नारायण ॥  
पीतांबर परिधान सुरकल्याण निधान ॥ 4 ॥ नारायण ॥

Gorakshnath was listening spell bound and also singing the refrain, “Narayan Narayan Govind Hare, Narayan Narayan Jai Gopal Hare!

Baba completed the devotional song and came out and seeing Gorakshnath rocking on the swing, considering him to be an accomplished saint, bowed to him with folded hands and said “Good Morning. Today the first face I behold is the face of a renunciate, therefore this is undoubtedly a Good morning.”

“Come I have to show you the caves today isn’t it? I have not forgotten.”

Then on being told by Baba, Gorakshnath took a bath in the hot Kund. Baba thought, once Gorakshnath starts his penance, it will not be possible to show him the beauties of this location. That I will have to do right now. Therefore, Baba took him round all the Kunds and rocks of importance. As they approached Narada Kund he said, “This is the place of our faith. Our Narayan had stayed many many years here, and this is Alaknanda - the Ganga. It is therefore known as Vishnupuri Alaknanda.

Devanagari

गंगा च पुण्यसलिला किमुयस्त्ररश्म्यं, त्वामगतोऽस्मि शरणं  
बद्धरी वनेऽस्मिन् ।

"I also pray everyday -Mother Ganga flowing in three paths, united to the feet of Vishnu- Bestow your grace on us. Sanctify us."

"Come on Gorakshnathji"

"Now where to?"

"At first, we shall take the darshan of Narayan, following which I shall make you meet, that for which you have been bearing my chatter since yesterday."

"Baba, you read my mind," said Gorakshnath and laughed open heartedly, and both walked ahead. Baba showed Gorakshnath 2-3 caves. Baba stopped in front of one of the caves and said, "In here a great Hatayogi is doing penance standing for 6-7 years on the toe of his left foot placed on an iron nail. He lives on air alone. Come we will take his darshan and then move ahead."

Gorakshnath entered eagerly with Baba, but on seeing the condition of the ascetic he became sombre, sad even. He thought, 'What kind of penance is this? This is not Hatayoga. In this neither Ha nor Ta i.e. the control of the vital force flowing through the Ida-Pingala (left and right), Chandra- Surya (left and right nostrils) nor is any dimension being attained. This is being done by an obstinate (hata) nature. With obstinacy the punishment of the body is being experienced. He has not been able to be an ascetic nor has he remained human. His body has become like a stick. One leg is swollen and the other is like a dry stick. The face is without expression and the eyes are sunken. No, no this is definitely not the way to that eternal bliss."

For the satisfaction of Baba, he bowed to the ascetic with folded hands and with a sorrowful mind came out of the cave. When Baba saw the sadness on the face of Gorakshnath he surmised that the condition of the ascetic must have saddened him, thinking that now he too would have to do such severe penance and has therefore become serious. Baba chose one of the caves that he had seen with Gorakshnath and said, "Now don't consider anything else, for you it is this cave which will bring fruition to your penance."

"Why so?" In answer to Gorakshnath's question Baba said, "Because here Lakshmi Narayan themselves are present for welcoming you."

"Lakshmi?" Gorakshnath looked hither and thither but he could not see any idol of Lakshmi there. He said, "But I cannot see her anywhere."

"Here she is" Baba said and went and sat under a barrow tree outside the cave. Gorakshnath was looking at him suspiciously, thinking, 'due to old age could he be hallucinating.....'

Baba noted the doubt of Gorakshnath, "Why do you look like that son? Here indeed taking the form of this Barrow[Indian plum] tree Mother Lakshmi is residing. It so happened....."

Gorakshnath went and sat on a stone close to Baba and smiling got ready to hear another story. Baba started the story, "it so happened, that one day Mother Lakshmi left her abode and entered the waters of the ocean of milk to play with the Nagkanyas (daughters of the serpents). When she returned, she saw that there was no one on Shesha shaiya (the bed made by the coils of the snake Shesha - a gigantic cobra on whom rests Lord Vishnu in the ocean of milk). Where would Swami have gone? Thinking thus, she looked for him here and there but she could not find him anywhere. How could he be seen? He had usurped the residence of Shivji and was performing penance there."

Baba then explained, "Finally searching for Narayan, when Lakshmi reached this huge forest in Kedarkhand she saw that her Swami was absorbed in intense penance here. Her mind became distraught seeing Narayan in the form an ascetic doing severe penance, under these difficult weather conditions. She took the form of the Beri tree (Indian plum) and with thick green leaves

formed a canopy over his head. Son, if you notice carefully, you will see that the branches of this tree have spread in all directions. The shining oval, leaves are spread on all four sides. That is why this “Badri” looks exactly like an umbrella, which affords cool shade to the pilgrims.”

“After some days Narayan opened his eyes, he then found Devi Lakshmi, in this “Badri”[barrow tree] form close to him. Devi Lakshmi was also intensely pleased, but she did not appreciate this sombre yogi stance. She said to Narayan, “shall I tell the truth Swami? You look graceful in the nicely decorated form [Shrungar mudra]. Not only me, in fact everyone likes that form much more. Therefore, kindly take that form again.” After some deliberation Narayan said, “Alright. It will be so but for that everyone has to fulfil my three conditions. This zone will be known only for penance. The first condition is that no human being should reside here with desire for sense objects. The second is that here I will be worshipped in both ways, through meditation-yoga, as well as through Shrungar Leela. And thirdly, that you will stand on my left in the meditation posture and in the Shrungar posture on my right.”

“But Lakshmi is Bhagwan Narayan’s left side, (A woman is supposed to be the left half of the man-vamangi) is it not?” Resolving Gorakshnath’s doubt Baba said, “Absolutely right. That is why Bhagwan kept this condition. On the left she is in the meditation-yoga posture, in fact she exists in Him as his power. That is the Prakruti which directs the entire manifestation- Brahmanda.”

After clearing Gorakshnath’s doubt for a while Baba kept silent. Then he said, “Son Goraksh, these rules were made by Bhagwan for himself, but the priest is also expected to follow them. Here the priest, if married, cannot keep his wife with him. If he does get married, he has to leave the post of priest. I too renounced the post after I got married. Now you will think this Baba fell for the desire of marriage. More than Bhagwan he loved woman? To tell you the truth it was not so, I did not marry out of desire. I married for begetting a son. By the grace of Narayan we got two sons and then I became the third son of their mother.”

“But Baba why so much attachment for a son?” Answering Gorakshnath, Baba said, “I had an intense desire that the right to serve the Lord should remain in our family. I had handed over the worship of the Lord to my brother, after him my son will be the priest. Now our Govindayya family has maintained the right to serve the Lord.”

The cave was small but pleasant. The small vent on its right which brought in a ray of light also brought in wafts of cool breeze. The water-fall outside the cave seemed as though it was humming the song of some unknown celestial nymph. (Ragini)

Observing the smiling face of Gorakshnath as he noticed his cave, Baba asked, “Did you like this the temple of your sadhana? My work is done. I take your leave.” Having said that as he prepared to go, Gorakshnath thanked him and offered salutations. Then Baba took both hands of Gorakshnath in his hands and putting them on his head said in a choked voice, “No son if a Nath has to bow down, he must bow only at his Guru’s feet.”

As he was leaving, he stopped at the door of the cave and said, “When I will meet you again I do not know, but I am certain our Narayan will always shelter you under the shade of his umbrella and keep you safe. By his Grace your sadhana will be successful. Through your hands, the service of Narayan in the form of the common man will be accomplished. I leave.”

Baba walked on, Gorakshnath kept gazing for long at the receding back of the love incarnate being while standing under the shade of the Ber (Indian plum) tree, till he could be seen no more.

As soon as Baba Vishambhar was out of sight, Gorakshnath caressed the bark of the Ber tree and lovingly said, "So you brought our dear Narayan into this forest of Ber trees. Made him Badarinath. He is the God of Gods, for Him everything is equal, but direct me from humane to very humane by showering your grace. Turn the Nara (man) dwelling in me to the form of Narayan (Lord). I have come under your shade. Mother protect me." After praying to the Mother in Badri form, Gorakshnath inspected the surrounding area. The pleasing atmosphere and the natural beauty of the place charmed his mind. On the right side of the cave were dense large silk cotton trees, seeing that he said, "Sometimes I can sit under the shade of this tree too, to meditate." On the left side of the cave there was a water fall flowing with spotless sparkling water, seeing which Gorakshnath thought to himself, 'Wah! Even for water I will not have to go far. What better place can there be?' With great contentment he entered the cave.

The cave had not been used for a long time. Therefore, he had to clean it. He made a broom of the long-dried grass and swept the cave clean. Then making note of the directions he decided on a space for a dhuni (fireplace). The place where he would sit for sadhana, and the place where he would sleep were also decided. 'So now, to set up the fire, dry stick and some other things will be required.' Just thinking thus when he was about to leave the cave, he heard someone calling from outside, "Nathiji, O Nathiji...." Gorakshnath came out of the cave and asked the man waiting outside, "Who are you? From where have you come?" The man who had come bowed to him and answered, "Maharaj, I am the helper of Bappa Raval. He has sent some materials for you." Gorakshnath started thinking, 'what should I do? Shall I accept the materials or shall I return them?' However, by then the helper had brought the basket down from his head and laying the bag he had hung round his neck on the ground in front of Gorakshnath he said, "And this is Narayan's Prasad also given for you." 'Narayan's prasad sent by Him only' Gorakshnath was thinking. 'how can I refuse this? This will have to be accepted'

"Maharaj, where should I keep this?" the helper asked. Gorakshnath took the bag of Prasad in his hands and asked for the other materials to be kept inside the cave. When Gorakshnath opened the package of materials he thought, 'Baba can truly measure my mind. Whatever I needed he has sent. To set up the Dhuni the necessary Pine and Deodar tree sticks, samidha, one small lamp, oil in a can, a small box of ghee, incense made of herbs, for meals- wheat, chana[gram] and jaggery, to make a squash he has sent- Ganga tulsi leaves also.' Gorakshnath was choked with gratitude. The memory of Matsyendranath came to him intensely. He knew in the form of all those who have helped him it was the Mother Guru only. Otherwise why would he have met this Baba? What was his relationship to him? A few days back he did not even know his name. As he thought thus, he could clearly envision the form of Matsyendranath in front of him, looking at him with the same affectionate gaze of a mother, at the time of parting, it seemed to be saying, "Go son, go without anxiety. I will always be with you. Become great. Become established many times greater than me. Eternal life be yours."

Wiping his tears, Gorakshnath thought, "Only two people can give this blessing to become greater than them. One is the mother who gives us birth and the other – mother-like Guru who gives us knowledge." As night approached, Gorakshnath walked towards the temple. In fact, he had visited the temple in the morning. At that time, he had taken the Darshan of the splendid husband of Lakshmi, wearing a dress embroidered with gold, bejeweled crown, gold necklace, gem studded umbrella, kept on the pedestal. But he had wanted to see the undecorated Narayan alone, away from the covering Devi Lakshmi. He had expressed this desire to Baba also. Then Baba had said, "Is that all? In that case, come to the temple at night. At that time, you can see Bhagwan uncovered."

This ritual of uncovering is done every day. At that time the idol of Narayan is in the sky clad state, there are neither any clothes nor ornaments on it.”

Keeping the words of Baba in mind, Gorakshnath was going to the temple at night and truly as per what Baba had said he could have the Darshan of the sky clad Narayan and his desire was fulfilled. The shining idol made from the ammonite black stone, in the lotus posture, charmed him. He had never imagined that from any such black stone, a lustrous, idol imbued with consciousness could be made. Looking at that beatific idol he was reminded of the star studded deep blue sky. He felt as though some such streams of light were emanating from Narayan and coming towards him. That experience made his hair stand on end. His gaze did not leave that charming countenance. In that highly emotional state Gorakshnath, looking towards Bhagwan Narayan called ‘Aadesh (Command)’ and pleaded “O, Lord I have surrendered my all at Thy feet. In your form I can see my Guru. Bestow your Grace on me. The Guru’s Grace alone! The Guru’s grace alone!!”

He returned to the cave full of contentment after the Darshan of Bhagwan Narayan, he then lit the incense and lay on his bed. As he lay on the bed, he planned his sadhana. While organising his sadhana and study he resolved not to undertake any such penance that would hurt the body. After seeing that ascetic standing on an iron nail, he kept thinking again and again ‘Can that ultimate bliss ever be attained by giving such extreme pain to the body? Can the seed of pain ever sprout into a tree of joy? No, No, Never. That is not my way.’

“The body given to me by the grace of the Lord I shall keep balanced and healthy by following the dos and don’ts laid down in the scriptures. I will keep it healthy (without disease). I will increase my friendship with it. Not by punishing it but by getting introduced with it I shall make it an instrument for attaining bliss. In this body which works with the vital force, many systems are at work. These are hardy, intense and mysterious, but also very delicate. Respiration, Digestion, Consciousness - all systems are powerful in themselves. Through meditation and the path of yoga on entering within, their function can be understood. But the mechanism of their action and who moves them, this remains a mystery. Guruji has said that the body is the miniature of the Universe. Therefore, what is in the microcosm is in the macrocosm and what is in the macrocosm is in the microcosm. We have to experience this alone. We have to be familiar with all the powers of the microcosm, the systems and the five elements residing therein. We have to experience the mind, intellect, emotions existing in this body.” With this resolve, with the aroma of incense he fell asleep.

Today is the auspicious beginning of sadhana. Gorakshnath woke up at the Brahmamuhurt (break of dawn). He took his bath and after the morning ablutions lit the Dhuni and sat in front of it. He placed the deer skin on the seat made from grass. He then paid homage to the God present in the fire and facing North he seated himself on the seat he had prepared. He closed his eyes and brought the image of his Guru before them. He first performed obeisance to Adinath and then while mentally worshipping Matsyendranath he placed his head on His lotus feet and with great devotion started to sing:

Devanagari

“ ब्रह्मानन्द परमसुखदं केवलं ज्ञानमूर्तिम् ।  
द्वंद्वतीतं गगनसदृशं तत्त्वमस्यादिलक्ष्यम् ॥  
एकं नित्यं विमलमचलम् सर्वधिः साक्षिभूतम् ।  
भावातीतं त्रिगुणरहितं सद्गुरुं तं नमामि ।  
ध्यानमूलं गुरोर्मूर्तिः पूजामूलं गुरुपदम् ।  
मंत्रमूलं गुरोर्वाक्यं मोक्षमूलं गुरुकृपा ॥

मंत्र सत्यं पूजा सत्यं सत्यमेव निरंजनम् ।  
गुरु वाक्य सदा सत्यं सत्यं एकं परमपदम् ॥ ”

After this obeisance Gorakshnath contemplated on all the devotees of God and sang the Meditation verse. Following this he began the Soham process along the path as taught by his Guru. Centered his mind on the movement of his breath. Slowly the mind became quiet.... getting absorbed in meditation. Space-Time Body consciousness no longer remained.

With this practice every day, his meditation kept deepening. He would experience that blissful state for hours in a day. On many a day he lost consciousness of the need for hunger, thirst and sleep. Dissociating from his body he would inspect it. In the intense light of meditation, he was gaining the knowledge of the working of the body.

Days were passing, months were passing and then slowly with the Grace of the Lord the secret knowledge hidden in the womb of this divine body started to be revealed to him. He was attaining the newest supernatural, transcendental knowledge.

Primarily, he understood in what manner his birth, his getting this body and his very conception happened. Following this he attained the specific knowledge of the five powers with five properties, the centers in the body, the five elements, and the inner instrument made of mind, intellect consciousness, and ego.

Gorakshnath did not attain all of this knowledge simultaneously or easily. For the understanding of even one of these principles it took him many days of sadhana.

When he understood the five properties of the mind - Sankalp (resolve) Vikalp (uncertainty), Murcha (delusion), Jadata (inertia), and Manan (contemplation), then he thought that the mind is the doer of all. It directs everything. It makes man dance. It is the one who grants stability as well. It is the mind alone which binds man to sense objects. Again, it is the mind alone that attains ultimate liberation by destroying- Sankalp / Vikalp properties. The capabilities of the mind are boundless. With the power of resolve of the mind, man can take a bath in water that is hot enough to boil rice. No harm will come from fire, taking this firm resolve man can even walk on burning coal, bare foot. A Buddhist Lama had once told Gorakshnath that his disciples dry their wet clothes in the intense cold of the Himalayas on their own body, simply with the power of their mind. By the power of their mind they can overcome Nature.

He thought, he too should concentrate on the power of his mind. He should bring it under his control and taking a firm resolve keep it dependent only on Satva guna (one of the three qualities of nature which bring clarity and stillness to the mind). For that the poise of equanimity along with discrimination have to be awakened. Body, mind, intellect, Jeevatma (the soul which is covered with a veil of illusion) meaning a part of the Lord and then the Lord of all, like this step by step one has to rise up and then merge into the source. One has to return the same way one came and from where one came. From the same staircase. The same way. The same footpaths. I have only to change direction. I have to do a right about turn from facing the outer world (bahirmukh) to facing the inner world (antarmukh). I do not have to suppress the mind. It has to be brought into the no-mind state. It has to become transcendental. Gorakshnath commenced his practice with these tenets in mind.

Devanagari

‘परमानंदः प्रबोधः चिद्बुद्धयः चित्प्रकाशः ।  
सौहृद्भाव इत्यंतः आद्यपिंडो महातत्त्वगुणयुक्तः समुत्थितः ॥’

Gorakshnath was doing his sadhana with a firm resolve, and by the grace of the Sadguru, all the mysteries of the body were unfolding before him. During Sadhana Kundalini Jagabamba (The universal Mother in the form of a coiled serpent at the base of the spine) was granting him supernatural experiences as She ascended upwards through the various centers of energy in the body.

At one time in Giri, Guru Matsyendranath had made him experience the awakening of this power in the base center. Passing through each centre, awakening the power therein, ascending to the sahasrar (thousand petal lotus centre at the top of the head) he experienced the meeting with Shiva for a few moments. But it was limited for a few moments only. That too by the grace of the Guru. After sustained effort, every centre, as it unfolded, various powers were being attained and their inherent strengths understood. The motive behind being sent here by Sadguru Matsyendranath was now clear. Matsyendranath had given him the experience of that ultimate joy, for just that one moment by the taste of that sweetness, he had awakened the aspiration in Gorakshnath. Gorakshnath had understood that this state of sweetness should enter all aspects of his life, whatever he might do with his body outside his inner milieu must always be sva-stha (still in the Self also means healthy) in sahaj samadhi i.e., easeful bliss. This was the far-sighted aim of Matsyendranath, for sending him here at the feet of Narayan. For this grace of the Guru he kept bowing to Him again and again.

One day Gorakshnath discovered that just as there are centres from the base of the spine to the top of the head, there are centres going down from the groins, through calves to toes, having their respective powers.

Gorakshnath thought, "Even our ancestors must have known about these power stations, but how come I never read anything about them till now? Whatever that might be, now I am going to understand their function. With this decision, for the coming few days he concentrated on these centres only. He then found out that these centres remind man of the animal birth passage. They bring man down. Man has risen from the animal tendencies. That is why he knows that pathway well. Therefore, if man became aware of those centres, like water flows down, man would also gravitate to lower levels. His life would be wasted. Then, he might never become familiar with the centres that direct the energy up towards divinity. He would remain a biped animal that's all. Not only that, but having more intelligence than other animals he would descend to an even lower level than the animal. It would not be possible for him to imagine the Vision of the vast sky actually being able to see it would be most distant. He will only chase pleasure generated by sense objects.

Gorakshnath understood that to curb this calamity and for the well-being of the universe, the Self realised masters descend. The path to the upward directed power which would change his state of mind and uplift his soul is shown by them.

Gorakshnath wondered, 'Why did Adinath show me the path that obstructs consciousness and which leads to the downfall of man? He should have kept it hidden from me.'

'Because it is essential that you know both the good and bad. To go towards the good - the knowledge of good, and to avoid going towards the bad - knowledge of bad, is necessary. You have the duty of awakening mankind. What you need to get them to do, and what they should stay away from, you must know.' The inner mind of Gorakshnath himself dispelled his doubt.

This time of sadhana was as blissful as it was difficult. It would bring a new experience, a new joy every single day.

When the Kundalini started to move upwards from the earth element base centre, then Gorakshnath started to remember his previous births. He could hardly believe, what he came to know.

He simply could not believe that in one past birth he was a half part of Mulnath. He dropped that knowledge right there and went ahead. As he traversed through the Swadhishtan centre connected to the element of Water, then the Manipur Centre connected with the element of Fire the power of clairvoyance, clairaudience, the ability to read the mind of others and the knowledge of the subtle body was attained.

During this period, he had a singular experience. When he was lying on his bed to rest, he suddenly felt as light as a feather, and that he was flying in some in-between stratosphere. When he looked down from there, he saw his own body lying down. He thought, is that body I am watching mine? On inspecting it he found that indeed it was his very own body. Because from this body a silver cord was reaching him in that space. That silver cord held him bonded to his gross body. With curiosity, he looked only to find that the entire universe was in it. His ordinary body had assumed the form of the Universe. In it was contained all that there was in the universe. He could see a tortoise on the sole of his foot, and the tortoise on his back was balancing the earth which had the seven lokas, seven continents, seven nether-worlds, nine sections, nine rivers, not only that but along with Bhulok- the constellations in the sky, the signs of the zodiac, planets, moon, sun innumerable stars, the entire universe he could see in that very body.

At some moment the silver cord pulled the subtle Gorakshnath floating above, and stabilised him back into the body on earth. Now like before he was lying on his bed, but even now the mountains seen in this body were beheld in front and becoming clear. He started to spontaneously hum...

**Devanagari**

‘मेरुपर्वता मेरुदण्डे वसति, कैलासो ब्रह्मकपाटे वसति ।  
हिमालयः पृष्ठे, मलयो वामकंधारे, मंदरो दक्षिणकंधे ॥  
विंध्यो दक्षिणकर्णे, मैनाकः वामकर्णे ।  
श्रीपर्वतो ललाटे, उवम् अष्ट कुलपर्वतः ॥

This unimaginable and awesome experience that he had, kept returning to memory again and again. In one moment, the cord inserted in his body and in next the flowing rivers. In one moment, mucus etc. of the body and in the next the rising oceans. In one moment, the skeleton in the body and in the next he beheld mountains. Gorakshnath was wholly lost in the Prasad of Maya seen in the Pindabrahma [Brahma of the body] so created by the Creator of the Universe.

In the sacred hours of the early morning, after his bath and other chores, he began documenting his experiences of the daily sadhana and decided he should write about this super natural experience. Whenever he would sit down to write, or contemplate or reflect, it was always under the dense shade of his favourite Shalmali (black cotton) tree, outside the cave.

His familiarity with the Shalmali tree was very old. In Maharashtra during his sojourn, he met her in village after village. Shalmali who provided dense shade, and birds perched on her many branches and she sheltered the nests of several birds, whose young ones chirped and this made her extremely joyous. The blossom of buds makes her look extremely beautiful and when the bunches of flowers opened, it seemed as though some unknown hand had hung red chandeliers in

the blue sky. Sometimes some Shalmali trees are decorated with yellow and then she reminds one of Jagdamba draped in gold clothes.

When Shalmali spreads her flowers like a carpet on the ground, many a forest dweller make it their meal. She then bears fruit, initially they are as small as fingers, then they grow to such a size that they are unable to carry their own weight, and break right in the centre. Within a short while, the hidden innumerable feathered seeds fly out with wafts of breeze and spread throughout the forest. If we do nothing else but watch these trees and creepers throughout the seasons one would experience the same peace and happiness, that one gets after long hours of practicing meditation.

While describing the vision he had seen the previous night, even now Goraksh could see it as though it was happening right in front of him. He bound it in words and decided would continue to experience all. With the rays of the light of meditation, each one will be understood. Because to see is one thing but to understand another. The vision could be an illusion but understanding is not, it is experience.

Gorakshanth completed his writing. His body felt stiff due to sitting for a long time. He lifted his arms and straightened his body. Turning left, turning right he relaxed his muscles. Straightening his spine, he bent his neck forward and backward. On straightening his spine, he spontaneously said, "You are the spinal column of this body. Stable in the body you are the Mountain Meru. It maintains the balance of the earth and you of the body. With the help of the power centres in the body you keep, you fill the body with awareness.

The two words Merudand and Meruparvat reminded him of the churning of the ocean and suddenly a thought pierced him like lightening, "That is it, that which is in the universe (Brahmanda) is in the body (Pinda)." That is it, what is in the macrocosm is in the microcosm. The churning of the ocean had happened but once on the earth. But in the body of man it is happening uninterruptedly. The Merudand is the churning rod and the Kundalini is the string. The vices of anger, hatred, lust, delusion, jealousy are the asuras (demons) and the virtues of kindness, Dharma, forgiveness, compassion, peace and love are the Gods.

क्रोध, द्वेष, काम, मद, मोह, मत्सर के असुर ।  
दया, धर्म, क्षमा, शान्ति, करुणा, प्रीति के सुर ॥

When the demoniacal tendencies become stronger, the poison that ruins human birth emerges. And when the divine tendencies become stronger, the nectar that transforms Nara (man) to Narayan (Lord) appears. The poison is of vices and the nectar is of good thoughts. By establishing authority on the demons, Shishankar made them devoid of poison and Vishnu in the form of Mohini bestowed the nectar and joy. Rahu-Ketu who deluded the mind and intellect of the Devas and had Amrut, cast their shadow on the Sun and the Moon.

After sometime, Gorakshnath came back to reality from his world of imagination. Laughing he got up and said, "Get up Gorakshnath who knows how long you spent in explaining metaphors. You have yet to complete many duties. Come on get going."

Time went on and the sadhana of Gorakshnath went on deepening. He experienced the pot of nectar present in his naval centre. With the pronunciation of Na(no)- Bhi(fear) the fear of death also ended. When the heart (Anahat) centre of the Air element (Vayu Tatva) got awakened, every atom in him resounded with the divine chimes of the So-ham tune. Ajapajap (chanting without chanting) could be heard. Once the Vishuddhi (throat) centre related to the element of space was

crossed, the zone of the five elements ended, and he forgot his body which is made of the five elements. The limited "I" that was identified with the body, transformed to the all-encompassing. He felt the entire Universe was his own, and love began to overflow.

Before that he had another singular experience. Like one box in another, he started to experience his different bodies. The external most box which transacts in this world could be seen clearly as this body. There are no words to describe the form internal to this body. Therefore, these will also be called bodies, although not seen they can be felt.

On the mental plane he saw that adjacent to the visible body is another body. The front of this body is like a man and the back is like a woman. When Gorakshnath thought this over he realised, that many times men are overwhelmed with emotions, their otherwise hard nature melting. This happens due to the female body present in them. The strange thing is that behind this male-female body, he saw one more such coupled body. When he started to contemplate this, a sphere of light got created before him and an extremely beautiful woman appeared from it. Gorakshnath was surprised and asked, "Who are you? I do not know you."

Trying to know her he kept gazing at her. Suddenly he felt the presence of the destroyer of demons, residing in the Shami tree, with a lion as her vehicle, the Aparajita Devi. He was about to say something when the Devi changed her form to a four-armed form of Kamala [Goddess Lakshmi] In the upper right hand a sword and in the left a shield. In the lower right hand, the symbol of creation the many seeded custard apple. Such a seed fruit that at the time of dissolution of manifestation preserves the power to re-manifest all the necessary seeds. In the left lower hand, a ceramic vessel. Large forehead, straight nose, very large eyes, a Pindi of Shiva on the head and an umbrella of the cobra hood over it. On the back made from the same cobra tail, a three-strand plait. That means she is Shivalingi - Shivani. But she is adorned with the clothes that Mahalakshmi wears? Who is she? Bhavani or Narayani? Gorakshnath was bewildered and spoke in a stunned voice 'O Mother who are you?'

"The source of all the Devi's you were thinking about, I am Nijashakti (Power of Self)," he heard an extremely melodious voice. "I am Shivani, Narayani, Veenavadini....and I am Aparajita as well. A-parajita i.e., the one who cannot be vanquished, and also A-Para-Jita - the one who conquers Prakruti."

Gorakshnath felt that slowly, steadily the sound of Aparajita is nearing him. The lustrous beam of light started coming onto his body. In that beam the form of the Goddess merged and only the radiance remained. Slowly the beam of radiance expanded and entered him. Trembling from top to toe, Gorakshnath could hear that melodious voice within him. Aparajita was saying, "Do not be afraid Son. The woman you saw before, was me alone. But now I am going to merge in you. Therefore, I had shown you my form. For beholding the form, there has to be some distance. Now I am your counterpart, the one walking with you and the inner companion. I am the half of you, not just a part. I am in every atom of your form, I am the all in you."

On hearing these words from his very own inner mind, Gorakshnath thought, 'does every sadhak (aspirant) experience this?'

"Indeed he does!" Gorakshnath heard his inner mind, dispelling his doubts Aparajita said, "After entering the fifth body, the difference of gender ends too. The woman enters them but she is a woman not Narayani. Your life work is different from them. Durga who destroys the demons, and the Durga who bestows happiness and peace, you need the presence of both these aspects of

Shakti. Through you, the work of both Shankari and Vaishnavi will be completed. That is why this Aparajita has merged in you.”

Gorakshnath was in a state of wonderment, at the creative power of ParamShakti.(Ultimate female power). How she has combined the Macrocosm with the Microcosm, that too with the support of the power centres, with secrecy and mysteriously. These centres give man the experience of the Universal consciousness. They take him towards the ultimate state through physical, energetic, mental and spiritual levels. The merging of the individual into the universe happens through the centres. Reflecting, contemplating in this way, the days and nights passed.

Gorakshnath was immersed in this festival of bliss. One day suddenly he received a command from the soul of the universe- Narayan, that he has successfully completed the stay here. Now go to the mundane world. Serve God which is manifest in the form of mankind. Commence the work of awakening Dharma. Getting this command from Badarinath, Gorakshnath was overjoyed. He felt the purpose for which his Guru had sent him here has been completed by his grace only. His own Goraksh has proved worthy of Narayan’s challenge. With enthusiasm he commenced to prepare for his return. But the mind was not cooperating. After so many years stay in the cave, the nearby trees and creepers, the birds perching on their branches the waterfall near the cave.....the animate and the inanimate in this yard had all become connected to him. They had become his very own. In truth now there was nothing inanimate for him. He could feel the vibrations of consciousness in the entire manifest universe. His mind had attained a deep sensitivity and could establish communication with all.

The Shalmali and Ber Trees had communicated with him on a consciousness- vibrational level all the medicinal aspects of their leaves, flowers, branches, bark, stem, and seeds, not with any worldly language. To leave them and go away was not easy. Gorakshnath collected all his materials and came out after cleaning the cave. Closing the door of the cave he turned, and just as he did that, the hem of his garment got caught in the door. He stopped.

With a smiling face he said, “Mother, till today you took such good care of me. You protected me, from sun and rain. I have no mind to leave you. But I will have to go. So, give me your permission to leave.” Caressing the bark of the Badri tree outside he took leave of her as well. Then proceeding to the temple with great devotion, he worshipped Badarinath and took His blessings. He absorbed the beautiful form in his heart with deep reverence, and as he came out of the temple, he remembered Vishambher Baba, who had looked after him as though he were his maternal grandfather, and brought him to this temple. He stood in his courtyard and called “Alakh Niranjan!”

When Vishambhar Baba heard the call of “Alakh Nirnajan” he was startled and taking the support of a stick came out and stood at the door. His old closed eyes were trying to see the guest. “Who is it? You are Goraksh right? I recognised from your voice itself. Eyes no longer see but the sense of hearing is good. To say something, it has become even more acute.”

As he was listening to the words of Baba, Gorakshnath was thinking ‘Baba is just as he was, a little smaller, a little bent. But his voice is vigorous and mind enthusiastic like before.”

Baba took Gorakshnath in, to the verandah and made him sit on the swing there, and calling his daughter in law said, “Bahurani, bring water and jaggary for the guest.” Seeing Gorkshanth, Baba was overjoyed. He said “I was waiting for you. I knew that whenever you leave, howsoever many years may pass, you will surely come to meet this talkative old man, and you came. Looking at you, I can see that you have been blessed. All has been granted to you.”

“How did you know Baba?” Smiling on Gorakshnath’s question, Baba said, “From the radiance of your countenance and the love in your eyes. God has bestowed lustre and love on you. You have been fully truly blessed. Otherwise, only lustre can be dangerous. It can become destructive. But as soon as it gets the company of love it becomes enlightened. Showing the path of light to people surrounded by darkness.”

Baba asked Gorakshnath to wait for Prasad (meals) and said, “Here for your welcome and for the farewell, both meals will be here, in the home of Rawal.”

After meals as Gorakshnath got up to leave, Baba handed him a notebook wrapped in an orange cloth, saying “We poor people, what can we give you as a gift? This book has Stotras written by Acharya. In our family we chant them regularly. You will like them. And yes, here is your staff. Now my waking has kind of stopped.” Gorakshnath took the notebook but refusing to take the staff said, “Baba let this be with you, he has stayed with you for so many days in comfort, now he may not like my living manners.”

Baba said, “Alright. As you like.” Then laughing he said, “where was I wanting to part with it? But thought it belongs to someone else....”

“Baba you treat me like a stranger?” On this question of Gorakshnath, embracing him Baba said in a voice choked with emotion, “No, No son. You are mine. My own. Son Goraksh, attain fame as high as the sky.”

## Lesson 4 – Ekme Anant (Infinity in One)

During this stay of 10-12 years at Badarinayan, Gorakshnath had been completely transformed. When he had first come here, he had many questions in his mind regarding Saguna-Nirguna, Dvait-Advait, Shiv-Vishnu, Atma-Paramatma, Vyashti-Samashti, and Pind- Brahmand. When by the touch of his Sadguru, he received the initiation, and experienced the movement of Shakti resulting in ecstasy which had lasted a short while, some of his questions were somewhat answered, although not totally resolved. The result of all these years of penance and meditation was that the questions which arose off and on in the mind- why, how, when, who, for whom and for what, merged into the experience of the One. Doubts were washed away. Logic ended. Even answers fell silent. In the mystical pond of existence, not only his ego, mind and intellect, but his entire self vanished.

The one who had experienced the Macrocosm in the microcosm, Gorakshnath had now to experience living in the mundane world. For that he would have to wander, from village to village. He had to visit many different states, but before that he decided to complete the Chardham pilgrimage in Himalayas itself. He started to walk towards Kedarnath. He was enjoying the ever-changing form of Himalayas and walking, but he was in constant remembrance of that ultimate principle, which remained even after pervading the three worlds. Gorakshnath was singing:

‘Infinity in one, one in Infinity, one has immersed in infinity,  
When the One was seen in the interior  
Then infinity merged into one  
One in infinity and infinity in one.’

When one gets introduced to the ‘One’, and experiences it, then with ease wherever one looks one sees only the ‘One.’ It seems as though the whole of manifestation is enclosed in the one.

The road to Kedarnath was extremely charming and fragrant with flowers of every hue. Taking the darshan of Sri Gopeshwar Mahadev temple, Gorakshnath went ahead. The tumbling waterfalls made a delightful sound, large trees of Bhojpatra, seen through them the jumping skipping mischievous river, Alaknanda and peaks of the Himalayas bathed in light - sometimes silver while at other times golden. Absorbing this charming sight painted by some unknown artist, Gorakshnath reached the field of Kedarnath.

The field of Kedarnath - that means string of the Kedarnath peaks, is a triangular plain land. On that plain, a nine feet high platform forms the base of the Kedarnath temple. On entering the temple, one first sees the large Nandi. Ringing the biggish bell hung behind Nandi, when Gorakshnath entered the sanctum sanctorum, he noticed that the Pindi in there was totally different. Made from a segment of rock, that was waist high reminded him of a Himalayan peak. It looked utterly mysterious in the gentle light of lamps lit with ghee. Gorakshnath bowed with deep reverence to Adinath in that form. When he was beholding the Pindi, he remembered the story Baba had told him about the trick Narayan had played on him, and he smiled, at the same time the maternal affection of Umadevi overwhelmed him. Following this, he visited Gangotri and Yamnotri and set off for Maanas.

During this sojourn of the Himalayas, Gorakshnath experienced both the faces of Prakruti - one was gentle and the other harsh. At times melting in sunlight, at others seemingly devastated by storm, was seen the Jeevan dayini [giver of life]. At other times seen to be destroying life along the banks due to rain and floods - Prannashini (destroyer of life). Sometimes making, sometimes

breaking. She made the experience a proof of only the One. The manner of function - beyond the three gunas - is all One. (Trigunatmika). The same circle of mundane existence - Creation, sustenance and destruction. Three functions but the support of all is One. Many in the one, one in the many. That is why in blossoming flowers, chirping birds, plants, rivers, oceans, mountains, valleys, planets and stars in the sky - in all of the manifestation only Adishakti appears.

“Om Namah Shivaya. Namasati Namasati!” The greeting of two pilgrims approaching him startled Gorakshnath. He wondered, ‘Who can they be coming from the border of Tibet? From their appearance they seem Tibetan. They are definitely not from this country, then how are they greeting me with Namah Shivay?’ Thinking thus he too greeted them and enquired from them. Trying to speak Hindi they said, ‘We are lama. Going for the pilgrimage of Badarinath, it seems though you are going to our country. On the border you will find a biggish monastery. That is Tholing Monastery. We stay there.’”

“So, are you going for the first time to Badarinath?” Gorakshnath asked. They replied, “No Maharaj, we go every year. We have taken a covenant to do so. We know that Badarinath lived in our monastery. Our ancestors used to worship him. After this they adopted the Buddha religion. Truth is, violence is prohibited in the Buddhist religion. Non-violence is the prime tenet, but today many go against it and are partaking of non-vegetarian food. Badarinath could not tolerate this kind of offering. He was angry and without telling anyone anything tore open the roof and left. Mounting on a horse called Shyamkaran he reached the town Mana, and then walked it to Badrikashram”

They further told him, “On receiving the news of the departure of Bhagwan, people rushed to search for him. At that time, it is said he hid behind the bushy tail of a cow. Badarinath expressing his gratitude gave her a boon that, her tail would be worshipped and that he would be fanned by a fan made of the hair of her tail only. That is why whenever we go to Badarinath we take with us a fan made in that manner.” Once again as they left, they bowed to Gorakshnath and said “Namasati.” Lamas left but Gorakshnath fell into deep thought at the number of tales attached to just one pilgrim place. One had been told by Baba and now this by the Lama. It is said that when Bhagwan Shankar was in the form of a buffalo, its fragmented posterior part is worshipped as the Pindi in Kedarnath. There must be some implied profound meaning in these stories. That will have to be understood.

After some days Gorakshnath reached the plains of Tibet - the highest in the world. (Rooftop of the world). Waves of joy started to rise in his mind as he beheld the unique beauty of this land. In that joyous state he proceeded towards Manas. On reaching Manas he was wonderstruck looking at the clear, calm Lake. That landscape was many times more beautiful than what he had imagined. The heavenly beauty makes the onlooker forget his own existence.

Gorakshnath got lost in thought again, ‘How vast is this. How transparent is the water! Even the stones at the bottom of the lake are visible. And look - there is a continuous change in its colours. The deep blue colour of the sky is integral to it, but on the face of the lake colours from many different sources are getting reflected. Purple, brown, golden, white, red and even green. With the dance of her waves all these colours are intermingling and by their meeting there is a creation of unusual colours. It seems as though Prakruti was playing holi with Purusha.

He thought, ‘In the festival of colours melodies were added too. This sound and light show is truly charming. It is actually just one Lake. A mountain surrounded reservoir of water. The waters

should be calm but look at the miracle of nature - waves seem to rise like in an ocean. And from their rising come the sombre tones making a melody.'

While coming here, someone on the way had said, 'Sometimes this gentle melody changes to a thunderous one like the ocean. At times the sound of a wheel moving and at other times the roaring of a tiger or lion is also heard.' Gorakshnath thought 'In this 'Manas' lake Prakruti has hidden so many of her mysteries. Kailash mountain is so far away but this lake has even then crafted its image into itself. While I had the vision of the Macrocosm in the microcosm, I had seen in the space of my head Mount Kailash, does that mean it was the darshan of the stream of nectar from the sahasrar i.e., Manas lake?'

While in these thoughts, suddenly Gorakshnath saw swans. They flew in from the sky and landing on the cold waters of Manas lake swam for a while and once again took off into the skies. Once again in a little while they came down. Now a few more swans called Rajhans [royal swans] were seen and a mother swan with her chicks were frolicking on the Lake. The mother and chicks were absorbed in playing and talking. Listening to their tweeting Gorakshnath was reminded of a verse from Saundarya Lahari by Sahnkaracharya. He thought, 'Acharya has described this scene so aptly and meaningfully'.

#### Devanagari

पदन्यास - क्रीडा परिचयमिवाब्धुमानस,  
श्चरंतस्ते खेलं भवनकलहंसा न जहति ॥ 92 ॥

'It is as if these swans are chanting the Vedas. O Tripursundari! It is as if they are describing your feet through pada [prose], nyaas [chants where different parts of body are touched-tantric system], jataa and ghana [both Jataa and Ghana are methods of chanting in the right meter specially the Vedas] systems. In these simple lines such profound meaning is hidden. Bhavan means a house of Shree in a circle form. Kal in the word Kalhans means the unmanifest sound. Hans is the bird swan and the sound they vocalise is the mantra - the ajapagayatri- Soham. He just did not feel like leaving from there. He was absorbing that beautiful scene in his own eyes, but his heart was not getting satisfied. At last, he decided to stay in Manas. He wanted to see the same spot at night as well. Thus, he resided in one of the eight caves in the vicinity.

The night is only 3-4 hours long here. It is bright till late at night. Once again day breaks in the early hours of the morning. That night, due to the intense eagerness, Gorakshnath could not sleep. At midnight he came to the edge of the lake and sat down. The full moonlight was spreading happiness in all directions. Right ahead, Kailash could be seen. Just taking the darshan of sacred Kailash, Gorakshnath burst forth, "Om Namah Shivay. Shiv Soham Hansaaya. Shree Gurulingaya namah." The mantra started to happen automatically. He was watching unblinkingly the silvery waters of Manas. Suddenly he saw a beam of light in the Lake. That spot of light entered the lake like an arrow, and after a few moments, once again returned to the surface of the lake. Gorakshnath saw that it was not a beam of light but actually a starlet, and just as she had entered the waters from the sky, she emerged and flew back to the sky.

Gorakshnath looked upto the sky and kept looking on. One after one – seven to eight radiant starlets entered Manas lake and after bathing they went back to the sky the same way. Divine radiant rays were descending to Manas and after a good bath were returning towards their homes. Gorakshnath was thinking, 'Would any of these be the Revati constellation?' He suddenly remembered what Baba had said. Once he had asked Gorakshnath, 'Which is your birth constellation?' And laughing he had replied, "Actually all 27 constellations are mine Baba because I

was not born.” Baba had been amazed and asked, “You were not born? Then did you drop from the sky?” “Yes indeed. I have descended from the sky and have been brought up in the lap of Mother Earth. Then one day my Sadguru took me out of the ditch. That was my birth.”

On hearing the story of his birth Baba said, “What happened should not have happened, but when you came out, what was the constellation at that time? Did your Guru tell you about it?” “He did not see, but other persons saw. They say it was Revati, but what about that now?” In answer Baba had said, “I know astrology son. From your nature itself I had surmised, the constellation and that’s how it is. Your star is Revati. You know this Star on the one hand is very playful and adventurous, fearless and on the other side full of devotion. I can see both these aspects in you. Have you ever gone to Manas lake?” “No Baba, I have gone to the Himalayas. But sometime I will surely go to Manas.” Gorakshnath said. Then Baba spoke, “You must go. You have a deep connection with Manas. Revati water star, taking the form of Manas has descended to an iceberg. Revati was the daughter of Sharmaraja, but one day she committed an error. Therefore, she was cursed and she fell to the earth. She took the form of the Lake. You will get some divine experiences there. If you worship Shiva there, you will become one with Shiva.”

On recalling these words, Gorakshnath prepared immediately to meditate. What he had seen outside, the divine experience of the same experience appeared within him. Like that mother swan and like the starlets, he too started to dwell there in Manas. He was being bathed in the essence of devotion.

On the west of Manas there is another lake. It is called Rakshastal. When Gods, Goddesses, yakshas, Kinnaras started to come to bathe in the Manas lake, then the enemies of the Gods also started coming there. Then to escape their presence, they gave one part of the Manas lake to them. Manas got divided and Rakshas Tal (Demon lake) got created.

Ravana, Kumbhakarna, Hiranyaksh, Hiranyakashyap and many other demons performed great penance here. When Gorakshnath went there, he saw that Rakshastal is also beautiful. The water is clear and spotless, but it is not pure like Manas. That could not become holy water, it remained just water. The surprising thing is that it cannot even be used as water. No man or animal or bird even touch it.

It is believed that the swan can separate water from the milk. He lives in a reservoir of water but does not partake of water, but the milk-like extract of the lotus bulb. Like he can recognise the difference between water and milk, can he also differentiate between auspicious-inauspicious, pure-impure? A rare human may have this discrimination but does he have it by nature inherently? Otherwise, water is water. Why do they not touch the water of Rakshastal. It is said that they lay their eggs on a tortoise shaped island in Rakshastal. But once the eggs hatch, they take the young ones to Manas lake to live. How do all of them know the difference? Definitely they understand, even as I am understanding it today.

Gorakshnath was experiencing the vibrations of the severe austerities of the demons in that place. Every moment he was being reminded of the mighty Ravana. By his intense penance, Ravana had pleased Shiv Shankar. Gorakshnath could hear the Shrivandav stotra which Ravana, who had great proficiency of language, had composed and recited with such power that even a weak slow person could walk with an imposing gait like a mighty man.

-विराजमानमूर्धनि ।  
धगच्छगच्छगज्वललहाटपट्टपावकै किशोर-चंद्रशेखरे रतिः  
- प्रतिक्षणं मम ॥'

Begun with such resounding-thunderous words and ending the composition praising Shiv and clearly defining the benefits of the recitation of this composition Ravana says:

'द्वमं हि नित्यमेव मुक्तमुत्तमोत्तमं स्तवं,  
पठन्स्मर-बुवन्नरो विशुद्धिमेनि संततम् ।  
हरे गुरौ स भक्तिमाशु याति नान्यथा गतिं विमोहनं  
हि देहिनां तु शंकरस्य चिंतनम् ॥ 13 ॥  
पूजावसानसमये दशवक्त्रणीत यः शंभूपूजनमिदं पठणि प्रदोषे ।  
तस्य स्थिरां रथगजैर्दतुरंग युक्तां लक्ष्मीं  
सदैव सुमुखी प्रददाति शंभुः ॥ 14 ॥

Ravana attained the glory according to his desire. His Lanka was made of gold, yet he lost all his prosperity.

Ravana was the grandson of Rishi Pulatsya, from his paternal heritage he had received the method of attaining Knowledge. Accordingly, he performed severe penance and studied the Vedas. If one took the parameter of proficiency in science, science of weapons, Knowledge as well as Mantra science, he was equal to Shri Rama. However, the demoniac and the cruel pleasure-seeking traits led to an ignoble mental propensity, which he obtained from his mother Sumali, who was the daughter of a demon Kesali, led ultimately to his downfall. This is so because the power from Mantras and Shastras (scriptures) is not dependent on the mental make-up of the individual, whether it be uplifting or degrading. The connection of Mantras is not with the spiritual but the vital force. The connection of penance is with the will power not to the refinement of mind. The person who concentrates in a very focused manner awakens his power but its use depends on his mental tendencies. The person who is an ascetic and selfish, uses these powers for his own benefit alone, but the self realised Master uses the power of his penance for the benefit and welfare of all people. Power is neutral, untouched by results. This depends on the one who uses it, whether the result would be auspicious or inauspicious.

Gorakshnath as he reflected, came to intensely experience that the demon or the God are not types (castes). There are no such families. These are tendencies. Ravan is a mental propensity. For this very reason, although Ravana and Vibhishana were siblings, one was called a demon while the other was a just king who protected his people. Kansa and Krishna, Kauravas and Pandavas, Arjuna and Ashwathama. Ashwathama supported the tamoguni (man with vile nature) Duryodhana and therefore with the idea of revenge he used the Brahmastra (weapon of Brahma) to wipe out the descendants of Pandavas. Arjuna had also used the Brahmastra, but on the command of Shri Krishna and to counteract the action of the one used by Ashwathama and to prevent the destruction of the world.

With these reflections, sitting right there, Gorakshnath decided the direction of his work. He decided that if Japa [chanting] and Tapa [penance], rituals, bodily austerities, mantra -tantra [esoteric practices] are to be used for the welfare of the world, then before the use of any of these pathways, efforts must be made first to have a pure mind, bereft of desires, and the upgrading of animal instincts inherent. It will have to be borne in mind that the power of mantra-yantra-tantra be attained by the one who has a good character and a generous heart.

The path to Kailash was rocky and rugged. In between here and there were rivulets of cold water but Gorakshnath was so keen on meeting Kailash that he felt no hardship of the walk. He reached the Ashtapadi mountain in a way that an eager Jeeva would do the Ashtapadi by walk on a pathway shown by Shiva's footsteps. All these names are also so meaningful. When from this mountain Gorakshnath could clearly see Kailashnath, he could clearly see the eight rock formations, at that time he recalled the description of Rudra given in the Vedas. Amazed he said, "Oh! What good fortune! I have seen Rudra himself. This is the description of Kailash! Rudra is Kailash and Kailash is the one described in the Vedas."

On entering Kailash, he saw that here everything was wonderful. Unlike other mountains, Kailash is not a pointed peak. In fact, it does not have any peak. The head is of the shape of a dome, and like a forehead. And by the side of it the small white mountain seems as though they are the ash smeared hair locks of Shiva. Here are the lines of ash drawn on his forehead. These are his half open vast eyes. In between is seen a sharp straight nose, this is no mountain. This is the very countenance of Shivashankar with long hair.

After beholding the countenance of Shiva in Kailash he could see on the side a fragment of one mountain which resembled the hand of Rudra as described by sages. On the other side a mountain range which looked like Rudra's longer hand, this was embracing a nearby small mountain, and seated inferior to it the Gauri kund, (emerald large pond) and holding it.

Thus, beholding Gauri Shankar in this way Gorakshnath lost consciousness. He sat there for an unknown length of time in a state of utter bliss. Again, and again, he felt he had known this place. He felt he belonged here.

When Gorakshnath came back to awareness from that state, the daylight had merged into moonlight which had lit the entire surrounding in a pleasing radiance. Looking up to the sky he was overawed. It looked as though the sky had descended. The moon looked gigantic. It was as though heaven and earth were meeting each other. In that boundless joy words got expressed "Om Namah Shivayai cha namah Shivay. My salutation in one voice to both Uma Shankar- Gauri Shankar. Obiesance to the Rudra form of Shiva and the calm form of Shivani."

Gorakshnath's words were only just merging with the wind when Shiva started to display his Rudra form. In a few moments dense fog appeared. Ice cold winds started to blow. The earth started trembling from the thunderous storm. The clapping of thunder and the sparking of lightening rain filled the entire surrounding with tremors of fear. Gorakshnath said, 'I had thought how did the Rishis describe Rudra in the two opposing forms - calm and stormy? I had been thinking in reality what is Rudra like? Calm or Stormy? I have got the answer now. As the sages experienced, they put it in words. Rudra has two forms. Sometimes violent, destructive father of Marutas [fortynine different winds] and sometimes calm, auspicious, Shivshankar, large hearted, lustrous and infinitely powerful, bestowing wellbeing to all.

It is the one power. The same gives birth, sustains, and the same destroys. Again, the same cycle. Prakruti has these three powers but the source of power is situated in the One. Infinity is in One, and One is in Infinity. The storm calmed down. Peace settled in, all round. Gorakshnath thought, 'now we circumambulate Kailash and see what he looks like.'

The untouched topmost peak of Kailash is surrounded by a range of mountains arising from it. The count of these is like rosary beads. A hundred and eight! Through that very range, Gorakshnath

started the circumambulation. On the left side, a river was flowing. The other side was the mountain range. On the right was Kailash and the rugged path in between. Beyond this after crossing two rivers, a narrow path had to be walked. The ascetic Gorakshnath crossed this path with ease singing along the way. On completing the circumambulation, he realised that Kailash is a natural born Shiva temple which has been established by the Creator in the vast courtyard of the sky, in the womb of mother Earth.

On the way, he had come to know that some yogis do a circumambulation inner to this range of external mountains. Gorakshnath also decided to do that joy bestowing inner circumambulation and started to walk along the southern side of Kailash. This walk was extremely amazing and joyful. Steep cliffs, vast ponds, pillars in the shape of the Linga, and footprints of horses, he saw it all and reached the Saptarshi caves. There he experienced the supra-sensorial and powerful vibrations of the intense penance done by sages and ascetics in these caves. Gorakshnath also meditated there for a long time. Gorakshnath had the desire to spend a few days here but he did not have that permission. The memory of his duty made him tell himself, "Come Goraksh, let's go to the mundane world. After completing this circumambulation, I must descend from the Himalayas. When the duty is over, then with the permission of the Guru the bliss of Samadhi, may be enjoyed for long time."

On this journey, Gorakshnath met many a Rishi, sage, and ascetic and he could speak to some of them. He met an extremely lustrous Yati in the region between Pithoragarh and Trivishtam at the Himalayan border. Yati Maharaj spoke to Gorakshnath with deep affection. Gorakshnath also felt affinity towards him. He rested for a day in the calm, pure cave of Yati Maharaj. Yati Maharaj spoke very little but his very presence was telling him something. With his silence he was unfolding mysteries.

Once, Yati Maharaj was speaking to him, he suddenly became quiet. He signalled Gorakshnath to be silent as well and went into meditation. After some time, he opened his eyes and spoke thus to Gorakshnath, "One of my Gurubandhu (disciple of the same Guru) had called me, that is why I requested you to be silent. I was speaking with him."

"Through your inner mind?" Gorakshnath asked eagerly.

"Yes, you can understand because this our language, no one else can understand. It is divine language."

"That means Givavani- Sanskrit?"

"No. According to essential knowledge. it resembles Sanskrit, but it is different." On this reply from Yati Maharaj, Gorakshnath asked, "My Guru had spoken about the Shaabari language. Is it the same?"

Yati Maharaj answered, "That Shankari language is absolutely different. This is Sandhya language. It is used only to discuss spiritual matters. There are no words of mundane or worldly nature in it. This is the language of the yogis only. Do you know why it is called Sandhya language? Because like in the manifest world at the time of the meeting of day with night, there is neither day nor night, i.e., at dawn and at sunset, is known as Sandhya time [twilight], similarly in our body, whenever the Ida[left] and the Pingala[right] channels flow equally the vital force is in sushumna [central channel], at that time this language took birth. Therefore, it can be understood only by the highest level of yogi as it depends on the seeds of the root of letters as also it has sprung up as a language in the inner mind. Through this language they can converse with each other." Having heard about this language from Yati Maharaj, Gorakshnath became very enthusiastic, but immediately a part of his mind taunted him and said, 'you have not reached that stage, have you?' "You most certainly will reach Son." Yati maharaja said reading Gorakshnath's mind. "At all times and in all places experiencing that ultimate bliss, and trying constantly in that state will soon be

attained by you.” Yati Maharaj even while bidding him farewell had said “Become a great Gyani (Knower of Truth) a Maha yogi (great yogi) son and converse with me in Sandhya language.”

In this manner, getting the blessings of many Yatees in this environment, Gorakshnath started his descent from the Himalayas. After having lived for so many years in the Himalayas, he felt attached to it as if it were some near and dear one. He was finding it difficult to part from them, but part he must. Gorakshnath started to take leave by enclosing that huge Nagraj form in his eyes. As he walked between two rocks, he saw a blossoming Himkamal (lotus of Himalayas). Gorakshnath bent low and inhaled the fragrance and touching the soft petals spoke, “O! Kailashnath I am offering this lotus at your feet. What is yours, I am giving that to you. Accept it as the symbol of the lotus of my heart.”

Gprakshnath had left the place and gone just a little distance when he saw that under the blue umbrella of the sky, sitting in the lap of her mother the lotus plant, was swaying and playing with the breeze, that beautiful Neelkamal, was being plucked by someone. In a sharp voice Gorakshnath stopped that pilgrim from doing so, he said, “I want to offer it at the feet of God.” Gorakshnath explained to him, “What kind of foolishness is this? You want to destroy a live flower and offer it to an inanimate stone? Just think. Worship the formless Self, not Temples of stone, Gods of stone.”

Visiting the many temples and places of pilgrimage in the Himalayas, now Gorakshnath came down to the foothills. He met people in Nepal, Bhutan, Assam and Bengal and understood their traditions from the sadhakas. He eventually reached the Sun temple in Konark. As soon as he reached there, he intensely thought about Guru Matsyendranath, due to whose mantra power he could get a glorious father like the God Sun. “Gurudev by his resolve, not only gave me the respect of being the heir of the Sun God but also because my life is blessed by his grace. While bestowing the knowledge of weapons, scripts and art, he also initiated me into the knowledge of the Self. How happiness bestowing was his presence.” Gorakshnath thought, “Every moment I remember him. Will he be remembering this Goraksh? Where might he be? So many years have passed but I have not been able to meet him. Now I will have to find him, but how? So many years I am wandering in so many different fields, but nowhere did I see him. Would he have gone south from north?”

Doubt made his mind restless and Gorakshnath became sad. He thought, now that I have already come here why not go meet Jagannath Puri. Accordingly, he took darshan of Jagannath and reached the border of Bengal. On the way in a forest, he found a yogi. He was quite different from other yogis. He was wearing silk expensive garments, wearing gold earrings. That yogi was looking very imposing. He looked like the king of yogis. He had disciples as well. He inferred Gorakshanth to be of the Nath tradition from his austere clothing and earrings in the specified point of the ear. Gorakshnath was about to go ahead to get introduced, when he himself came forward and called, “Aadesh” and welcomed Gorakshnath. “Aadesh”, Gorakshnath smilingly accepted the welcome. The Rajyogi made Gorakshnath sit next to him and asked “Who are you?” “I am Gorakshanth the disciple of Mahayogi Matsyendranath. And you are?” Gorakshnath asked. “I am Kaanifnath. The disciple of Jalandharnath who is the son of the Fire God. “ “Great good fortune! It is good we have met. I have a lot to tell you.” “I too would like to ask you something, but all that can happen a little later. It seems as if you are coming from a very long journey. Take some rest. Have something to eat and drink. What would you like? Here we will have the “desired food.”

On hearing the desire of Gorakshnath, Kanifnath said "Is that all? For that why do I need any disciples? Just sitting here, I will get you a pile of fresh juicy fruit. Just watch." Saying this Kaanifnath took some ash in his hand and after chanting the Vibhakt Mantra, threw it on the mango tree. That very instant a pile of juicy mangoes appeared. "Here, kindly partake Gorakshnathji. Enjoy to your heart's content these juicy, nectar filled fruit." Kaanifnath was talking and Gorakshnath was looking at his face on which the ego of attainment of powers was sparkling. Gorakshnath thought he must destroy this ego that very moment, or else it will be an obstacle in his growth spiritually.

Kaanifnath fed Gorakshnath with great insistence and had some himself too, while distributing some to the disciples. Looking at the remaining fruit Gorakshnath said, "Such juicy fruit if left just like that will get spoilt." Then Kanifnath said, "That is true but everyone has eaten so much, no one can eat even one more. What can we do?"

"From where you got them they can be sent back there," said Gorakshnath offering a solution. "How will that be possible Maharaj?" Kaanifnath asked, answering the question Gorakshnath said, "how? I will show you, see" Then Gorakshnath sprinkled some ash after chanting the Preshanna mantra and the Sanjeevani mantra on the remaining mango fruits and said, "We are content. Now you take to your respective places on earth." There was a miracle. The fruit lying on the ground, took flight like birds and occupied their respective places on the branches of the mango tree. All present were wonderstruck having witnessed the miracle and stood speechless. After a while Kanifnath said to Gorakshnath, "You are great!" With a very humble attitude, Gorakshnath replied, "This greatness is that of my Sadguru, the Self realised Yogi Matsyendranath." Kanifnath said, "There is a doubt in my mind, may I ask?" "Certainly. Without hesitation."

When Gorakshnath assured him thus, Kaanifnath expressed his doubt "If your Guru is of such noble character, how come he is entangled in the net of desire for women? What caused his downfall?" Gorakshnath was greatly offended by this question and said in a sharp voice, "Beware! Control your tongue. My Guru is Jitendriya (Conquerer of his senses). He is a celibate." Then in a decisive tone Kaanifnath said, "Not is, was. Now he is no longer celibate because I have myself, seen him as a householder in the Kingdom of Women. Not only this, I have stayed with him for one whole month. As soon as you came and introduced yourself as his disciple, I was going to ask this very question."

Gorakshnath was bewildered when he heard this news, in such a decisive manner from Kanifnath. He was stunned for a while. He fell in to deep thought and then in a somber voice said, "What you say might also be true. Why will you tell any untruth? But I am confident there is some problem. I will go there myself and see. If my Guru is caught in some deceitful net, then I shall rescue him and get him out. To tell the truth, since so many days I have been hoping to meet him. I was trying to locate him. With good fortune I have met you today."

"I can understand your pain." Kaanifnath said. "Because I am also wandering in search of my Guru. Having separated from my Sadguru I am desperate." Gorakshnath placed his hand on Kanifnath and said, "Brother Kanifnath, know that your sorrow has gone today for I know where your Guru is. I too had told you I want to say something to you. This is what I had wanted to say." Eagerly Kanifnath asked, "then tell me please, why are you delaying. Tell me where my Jalandharnath is?"

"He is in Guad, Bengal, in the kingdom of King Gopichand. That king has buried him in a pit. And he has got that pit filled with horse dung."

"What are you saying Nathji? But how did you find all this out?"

"I had gone to that kingdom. To beg for alms, I was roaming and stood in front of an old house and called 'Alakh!' There was no answer from the house but from the heap of dung nearby came the clear call "Aadesh" (command)." When I went close to the heap and enquired, then Jalandharnath explained he had been imprisoned by the king. Hearing that I was angry, I was going to punish Raja Gopichand but Jalandharnath did not permit me. He said "I could also do that. I can free myself from here, but it is not the right time. You also calm down. Do not tell anyone anything. Only inform my Kaanifnath. Soon you will be meeting him."

"So, this is it. Now that Gopichand or his kingdom will find no relief." Angered Kanifnath got up immediately. Gorakshnath also got up and taking leave of Kanifnath he said, "That the two of us should meet was the desire of our Sadguru. We have both found out where our Guru is." Kaanifnath came forward and embracing Gorakshnath said, "In case I have said something offensive, do forgive me Nathiji." "Aadesh! Aadesh!" said Gorakshnath, and left in search of his Guru in the direction of South and Kanifnath left in the direction of North.

"The direction of South is understood, but this noble land is so vast. There are so many states in it. Where to go? What to do? In the anger I felt with Kaanifnath's words about my Guru, and the joy of the possibility of meeting my Guru, I simply forgot to ask Kaanifnath the directions to the kingdom of Women. Now I will have to enquire from people on the way." Walking across the State of rivers Ganga and Jamuna, Malva, Vidarbha, Maharashtra, Karnataka, Telangan, etc. Gorakshnath came in the vicinity of Shri Shailya because he had come to know that near this mountain is Kardalivan where the Kingdom of Women is located. But when he reached that place, he felt the ground to be of Siddhas and one conducive to penance. Here, there were places where both Shiva and Shakti (Uma) were established and these were as though alive. 'Mallikarjuna' one of the twelve Jyotirlingas is found here. "Bhramrambha" one of the eighteen sites of Shakti, is also established here. Thus, Kardaliven was a sanctified place. It was totally proper for sadhana. That is why, many ascetics, yogis, from different traditions - Sahiva, Kaapaalika, Kalmukh, and Pashupat etc., were dwelling here. Gorakshnath visited - Paataal Ganga, Vyankatesh Kinara, huge caves made under the shade of Audumbar-Bargad-Peepul trees and the Shri Kshetra of Malikarjuna, Shri Rambha, Hatakeswar, Shridevi Ishtakameshawari, and many other Gods-Goddesses and famous sacred places.

When Gorakshnath was moving from Telangana towards Rameshwar, a pilgrim had said, "In the Malayalam land, it is a matriarchal system. And there in some places, only women rule. Go there." On hearing this, Gorakshnath left immediately in that direction. With the possibility of meeting Sadguru, his mind was impatient and at the same time afraid. In what condition might Gurudev be? Will he be seen as a householder, as per what Kanifnath had said? Suddenly he remembered Baba. After knowing the star under which Gorakshnath had been born, he had asked about his Guru Matsyendranth's star. Gorakshnath had given the star as Shravan. At that time very seriously, Baba had said 'Son, this is the star of Vishnu. It is like that of the Gods and is also of the quality of Rajoguna [pleasure seeking]. The one that combines both self-interest and God realisation, as well as world and supra-worldly aspects. This star walks on the path of Satvguna and brings well-being to society, but, but.....' 'But what Baba?' 'But son, but the personality of your Guru will not have the strength that yours does. It is possible that he will have to become a householder.'

"Baba you are rambling." Gorakshnath had said listening to Baba. "It may be so according to your science but for a Self realised Being, the worldly boundaries do not limit his personality as he is beyond the rules of this science."

"May it be so by God's will. I have only cautioned you son." Is what Baba had said.

Gorakshnath was thinking,” Could it be that Baba’s prediction was right? No, never. That is impossible. Explaining to his own mind he walked towards the Malayalam state.

## Lesson 5 – Chetta Macchindra (Be Aware Macchindra)

Consulting people on the way, now Gorakshnath reached the border of the Land of Women, but he could not proceed beyond Shripur. The guards on the border stopped him and said, “Stop Maharaj. In our Kingdom of Women, men are prohibited. Our mother the Queen has given this strict command. Therefore, kindly return.” Looking sharply at the guards who conveyed this command of the Queen, Gorakshnath said, “Because I am a man you are stopping me, but sometime back Kanifnath and his disciples have been here, they were men also right? Or is it the lustre of their wealth that blinded you to their gender?”

“Not because of their wealth but because of their powers, they got the permission to enter. How can you compare yourself with him? He is very brave. Not only powers, he has the knowledge of astra-shastra as well. They had vanquished us. Not only us but for six months anyone who arrived here were also vanquished. Then Matsyendranath himself, took them with due respect in a horse carriage to the palace.” Hearing this Gorakshnath thought, “So, Gurudev is here. Now, he will have to invite me with his Mantra power, but how?” Seeing Gorakshnath deep in thought and waiting, the guards said, “Maharaj, why are you standing? Waiting will not help, we will not let you cross the border. Just leave quietly.”

Gorakshnath turned back and started to walk. On the way, under the shade of a large Banyan tree he sat, and wondered, how to enter this kingdom. Suddenly, he saw a vehicle approaching from a distance. By chance, the vehicle came to a halt under the same tree. From one of the vehicles an extremely beautiful woman emerged and spoke to her fellow travelers, “we will wait here a while, eat and drink something, then proceed.” Gorakshnath thought he must leave and got up. On seeing him she said, “How surprising is this? What business does a yogi have in the vicinity of the kingdom of women?” Answering her question Gorakshnath said, “Wandering around, I have reached here, but who are you? From where are you coming?”

The beauty replied, “We are musicians. My name is Kalinga. We have heard that in this kingdom, the queen honours artists a great deal. That is why we will present our art to her and we hope to get a rich award from her.” As Kalinga spoke, an idea struck Gorakshnath. “Only by joining their group can I gain entry into this country. They are going to present their art in front of the queen, so I can gain entry into the queen’s court too, and I will be able to meet Sadguru.”

With this thought in mind, he asked Kalinga, “Can you take me with you?” In answer to Gorakshnath’s question Kalinga scanned him from head to foot, his coarse clothes, Shailly, Shringi, and bag, and started to laugh loudly. “Why are you laughing?” Gorakshnath asked. Kalinga replied, “What else should I do? You are an ascetic. What work could you have in the kingdom of women? Are you caught in the noose of the God of desire Maharaj?”

“No, I have to release someone from that noose.” After a moment’s thought on Gorakshnath’s answer, Kalinga said, “I have no problem, but you are a man. How will we take you across?” “If that is the only problem, I can take the form of a woman, Kalinga Devi. Not only that I can accompany you in the music and play instruments as well.” Hearing this, Kalinga was surprised. This yogi seems rare. She had never thought there could be a yogi who could play instruments and sing and want so anxiously to take the female form. She thought, ‘Is this yogi telling the truth or deluding us. We will have to test him.’ She asked her maid to bring a musical instrument and handed it to Gorakshnath, and said, “So, show us your skill.”

Gorakshnath took some ash and chanted the Gandharva mantra on it and applied it to his forehead and throat and tuning the instrument began. In a while, the entire environment was inspired with that divine music. Slowly, slowly, Gorakshnath started to sing, and then on that rhythm he started to dance. By the divine display of Gorakshnath's music, Kalinga seemed to have lost her senses. After a while she said to Gorakshnath. "Swami, you are Nataraj incarnate. It is our good fortune that you have met us. Definitely you must accompany us, but your female form?" "Don't worry about that" Gorakshnath said., "Trust me, I will take such a beautiful female form that even you will love it."

As soon as they reached the border, Gorakshnath took the form of a woman. Looking at his beautiful female form all the friends of Kalinga were wonderstruck. They had never before seen such an attractive female form. Kalinga said to her friend ecstatically, "Go immediately and get the little box of collyrium I will put a small spot of it on this form of our Yati Maharaj, which is verily like the Goddess of love, otherwise this Mohini will become subject to some vile eye." With the permission of a lady bodyguard at the border, Kalinga sent one of her friends to meet the Queen. She humbly bowed low before the Queen and said, "My Swamini, Kalinga Devi is very proficient in music. And you are fond of music, and honour skilled artists. Therefore, Kalinga Devi would like to perform before you. It is our request that you kindly give us your permission to perform." After thinking a while, the Queen turned to Matsyendranath. Then Matsyendranath spoke, "Give her your permission. I too would like to merge into the Lord of sound and enjoy the gentle art of the devotees of Nataraj." Immediately on getting the permission, Kalinga Devi entered with her artists into the greeting court. She bowed before the King and Queen seated on their throne. Tuning the Sarangi, Veena, Swarmandal, and other orchestra, she closed her eyes and thinking of her Guru sang "Remove our difficulties, Remove our obstacles. Ganapati- Gajanan, Mangalkari (the one who bestows all that is auspicious). In this manner she first praised Lord Ganesh and then began the recital with an aalap:

Devanagari

“चेत मच्छिंदर गोरख आया ऽ  
 धैत् धै ऽ त तिरकिट धै ऽ त ता ऽ  
 चेत चेऽत मच्छिंदर  
 धैत ऽ ऽ धिट्ट ता ऽ धा ऽ...  
 गोऽरऽ ख आऽयाऽ  
 चेत मच्छिंदर गोरख आया ऽ  
 सन्मुख दर्शन तेरा पाया ॥  
 श्रृंगी मृदंग नाद बजाया ।  
 कीजे दया नाथजी... कीजे दया... दया नाथजी ॥”

From Gandhar to Rishabh and Shadaj, to Nishad, every note, left those present spell bound. The somber tones of Bhairav had so influenced the atmosphere that the listeners were immersed, and Kalinga with her rendering was giving shape to the Lord Bhairav. When the atmosphere was charged thus, Kalinga entered the bandish[composition] from the alaap and right then, from the lady playing the Mrudung a thunderous rhythm was heard ....

dha dha dhin ta, kitt dia dhin ta Tittkatgadi gan.....

Singing sthaee {first part of the song}, Kalinga started to invoke Shiv Shankar, "Shankar, Har Mahadev you, with Trshul, Damru, the great knower of music you."

With Kalinga the Mrudung kept pace.

"Shiv Shiv Bam Bholenath. Always meditating on you. Appear to us, show us your form Mahadev, Shankar Mahadev you"

“Dhet dhe a tu tirkitt dhe a ta taa a”

Hearing the separate tones from the mrudung Kalinga looked at the lady playing the Mrudung with surprise, but kept on singing. After sometime once again the Chautal rhythm (cycle of fourteen beats) was heard from the Mrudung and once again those unique rhythm beats “dhet dhe a tu tirkitt the a ta taa a”

Now it was clear that not beats but words were being heard from the Mrudung. On listening intently words could be heard

“Be Aware Matsyendra Gorakh has come  
Dhet dhe a tu tirkitt dhe a ta taa a  
Aware Aware Matsyendra  
Dhet dhe a tu tirkitt dhe a ta taa a  
Gorakh has come  
Aware Matsyendra, Gorakh has come  
Right in front he sees you,  
Playing the Shrungi, Mrudung sound  
Bestow your grace Nathji... Bestow your grace... grace Nathji.

Understanding these words, Matsyendranath came to attention immediately. He watched the lady playing the Mrudung. Now the feet of the lady with the Mrudung also started keeping beat, and then she started to dance. That beauty played the Mrudung with her hands and danced, and in a sweet voice commenced singing,

Devanagari

“ ओम् नमो सिवाई बाबू । ओम् नमो सिवाई ।  
अहिनिसि बाड मंत्र कोणै रे उपाई ॥ 1 ॥  
ओ३मकार आछै बाबू मूल मंत्र धारा ।  
ओ३मकार व्याप्त सकल संसार ॥ 2 ॥  
ओ३मकार नाभि हँदै देव गुरु सोई ।  
साधै बिना सिधि न होई ॥ 3 ॥  
व्यान गुरु दौऊ तुम्बास अम्हारे ।  
मनसा चेतनि डांटी ॥ 4 ॥  
उम्मनी तांती बाजत लाणी ।  
यहि विधि तुष्णा षाडी ॥ 5 ॥

The dance, her song, and thumping of the Mrudung, with hidden meaning, the utterance of the words Be-aware Matsyendra, Gorakh has come, off and on, arising from the Mrudunga, pierced like an arrow.

The arrow hit its target and Matsyendra suddenly got up from his seat. The change in the mood of the hall had also made the Queen restless, she held the hand of Matsyendranath and asked, “What happened Swami? Shall we stop this musical performance right here?” “Yes indeed, most certainly.” Matsyendra said in a serious tone. “Now we will have to stop this musical concert. My Goraksh has come. The time for my departure is close Devi. The time for me to leave has come. Listen to what he is saying, “Be aware, Matsyendra. Gorakh has come.”

The musical concert was over. Queen Padmini presented Kalinga with a huge amount and honoured her. But while bidding her farewell she said, "You can all go, but the artist playing the Mrudunga will have to stay here. Now she will not be able to return."

On hearing the command of the Queen, Kalinga became worried and asked "Oh God! Then how will our troupe be complete? Without the Mrudunga we will become handicapped Mother Queen." At that time threatening her the queen said, "If I so desire, I can make all of you bodily handicapped. Imprison you for life as well, because you have transgressed our rules. Not only this you have brought a man in the outfit of a woman and deceived us. You have committed a crime."

"Yes, yes, Mother Queen, a crime has happened." Seeing the Queen's anger Kalinga crying, beseeched her, "For this sinful stomach and with the hope of acquiring wealth this happened. Considering us as ignorant children forgive us. I beg for your compassion."

"Alright then leave this Mrudunga woman here and leave immediately." Following the command of the Queen, Kalinga left humbly with her troupe. Gorakshnath returned to his original form and with great affection moved toward Matsyendranath. Embracing Gorakshnath Matsyendranth said in a voice full of love, "After how many years you are meeting me son, he is my Goraksh, about whom I often speak to you."

Gorakshnath bowed humbly before the Queen and said, "I salute you Mother. I had to enter your kingdom through deceit. There was no other way. For this, kindly forgive this son of yours."

There was a turmoil of thoughts and emotions, in the mind of the Queen. She had become angry, sad and afraid and the reason for all of this was Gorakshnath. The one who had eclipsed her happiness. The one who would take her husband back and create an upheaval in her well-set home. The Queen had thought of saying harsh words to him and oust him with Kalinga, but Gorakshnath's supernatural presence and influence made her fold her hands in Pranam, controlling her emotions she could only bring herself to say, "You must be tired after your journey. Both of you proceed to the Bhavan (residence) and take rest. I shall make arrangements for fruits for you."

The Guru and disciple had met after many years. Gorakshnath wanted to say so much to his Guru. He wanted to share his experience during sadhana and penance at Badrikashram, as well as the good and bad that happened during his wanderings through the country. And before all of this he wanted to know the reason for Matsyendranth dwelling in this Land of Women, the reason for transgressing the rules laid for a renunciate, but he was nonplussed as to how to begin.

"Goraksh there is so much change in you. When I was in Giri you talked so much. You asked me many a question." Matsyendranath began the talk. Then Gorakshnath spoke, "You remember? I thought that maybe you have forgotten me."

"How could I ever forget you? The disciple is an indivisible part of the Guru."

"Then Swami why did you not meet me even once?" On this question put by Gorakshnath, loudly laughing Matsyendranth replied, "O crazy one, I was never far from you such that I could come to meet you, I was sitting in you, watching your sadhana. And when you attained, I was enjoying the bliss you were experiencing with you."

Gorakshnath was about to say something when Queen Padmini herself came into the palace with a tray well decorated with fruit. With her was her son Meennath as well. Sitting next to his father,

he looked eagerly at the Yati guest. He was thinking, 'How did Hanumanji my maternal uncle allow this man to enter our kingdom, who could this be?'

Matsyendranth answered his unasked questions by saying, "Son, Meennath, this is your brother Goraksh. He has come to meet me from a great distance."

While partaking of the fruits, Matsyendranth was behaving like a common householder. Like a father he was affectionate towards his son Meenintah. He was trying also to pacify his perturbed wife.

On seeing this behaviour of his Guru, the words of Kanifnath came to mind. He started to think, "Like Kanifnath said, could it be that my Guru is caught in the noose of this world? His behaviour does seem to indicate that. Shiv! Shiv! I will have to do something. I will have to liberate him from this noose." With this decision Gorakshnath went to the guest house for rest.

Rajmahal guest house: Mattresses made from soft silken cotton, silken eider downs to cover, fans made of Khus which emit a special aroma, lamps kept on a square table shedding a gentle light and the gentle fragrance of sandal wood!

Truthfully speaking, for the one who simply spreads his bed sheet on the floor of a temple, or Dharamshalla room and sleeps, Gorakshnath should have fallen into deep slumber with such comfortable and soothing facilities, but the storm of angry thoughts had driven his sleep to some far away land.

All night his only thought was, 'How can I bring his attention to his downfall without insulting him? But is he really on the track of ruin? When Kaanif had spoken, I thought it must be a misunderstanding. How can a Self realised Being like Gurudev ever fall into the trap of Maaya? But today I have witnessed this with my own eyes. But how did this degradation happen?'

While reflecting thus, he was reminded of one of the questions Arjuna asks in the Bhagwad Gita:

**Devanagari**

“ अथ केन प्रयुक्तो....यं पापं चरति पुरुषः ।  
अनिच्छन्नापि वाष्पेय बलादिव नियोजितः ॥ 4 ॥

Meaning if in spite of his own desire not to, if a man commits sin then who is the doer of this act?"

Shri Krishna had answered, "All acts arise in the three gunas."

**Devanagari**

“ काम एव क्रोध एव रजोगुणसमुद्भवः ।  
महाशनो महापाप्मा विद्ध्येनमिह वैरिणाम् ॥ 37 ॥  
धूमेनाव्रियते वह्निर्यथादर्शो मलेन च ।  
यथोल्बेनावृत्तो गर्भस्तथा तेनेदमावृत्तम् ॥ 38 ॥  
आवृत्तं ज्ञानमेनेन ज्ञानिनो नित्यवैरिणा ।  
कामरूपेण कौन्तेय दुष्पूरेणानलेन च ॥ 39 ॥”

Gorakshnath thought, 'But Gurudev has gone beyond the three gunas, how can he ever be clouded by the smoke of desire? How can he be defiled by the dust of anger or desire? Why did he not destroy the smoke and dust? Nothing makes sense. Even after seeing this with my own eyes, I

cannot believe that Gurudev could ever get caught in the love for a woman or son? Could this be an illusion? Only Gurudev can clear the truth from untruth.'

Further he thought, 'How eagerly I had wanted to meet Gurudev. I was to discuss the solutions to the evil customs prevalent in society today that I had seen during my wanderings. Needed his guidance. In fact, Maha Yogis and Gyanis like him have to guide and transform the ideas society holds about religion. They have to play this important role. But today he himself seems entangled in the net of Maaya. How surprising is that. It is said that whatever happens, happens due to the desire of Adishakti, so this is also happening thus? But why? Whatever it might be, I will have to do my duty. Just as being a disciple, I must carry out the command of my Guru, similarly, being the channel of the Ultimate Power, it is also my duty to uplift the downfallen and guide him in the right direction. This is the true religion. Even if it happens that the degraded one is my Guru the one who gave me knowledge.'

The night passed. Just before day break Gorakshnath got out of bed. Washing his face, he sat on the deer skin a few moments later he thought, 'Who knows how many people would have used this guest house. How might their mind milieu have been? The vibrations of this place would most certainly have been affected by their good-bad habits. Better than to sit here is to go out and sit under a tree for meditation,' thinking thus he went out to the courtyard with his deerskin.

Now it was daybreak. The Eastern horizon started to be lit with a crimson hue, yet in the west, Venus was shining. Unlike the other stars its lustre had not dimmed.

In the gardens surrounding the palace, the sound of flowing water, the gradually becoming visible mountain range, the gently waking trees of Banyan and Peepul with the chirping of the birds on them, the leaves waving in the cool morning breeze filled the whole atmosphere with happiness and consciousness. The mind which was restless all night, became calm. The fatigue of the body also left. Filled with contentment, experiencing the creative power of Nature and in it hidden Adinath, bringing Him to mind, he sat under a Banyan tree immersed in deep meditation. In the echo of Soham and bliss he merged.

He opened his eyes after an hour and entered the mundane world. Now the whole of manifestation was bathed in the golden rays of the sun. He thought, 'this atmosphere is charming. It is even attracting my ascetic mind.' The very attraction pulled him back to the mental agony he had experienced. Once again, the disturbing thoughts arose. In the sway of emotions, he started to speak. In the grip of emotion, he started to invoke his Sadguru saying "Gurudev, renounce this Maaya. Remember the Self. When I met Kaanifnath I came to know that you are caught in the net of some woman, the cause of your downfall is only an illusion. Sitting in the lap of Maaya the pot of nectar in your hands has cracked. You are deprived of the bliss of nectar. Gurudev listen to your Goraksh, Maaya has attracted you with sound of her anklets. Dancing to their tune you have lost your spiritual prosperity."

### Devanagari

“छाँटे तजौ गुरु छाँटे तजो, तजो लोभ मोह माया ।  
आत्मा परचै राखौ गुरुदेव सुंदर काया ॥ धृ. ॥  
कान्होपाव भैटीला गुरु, विद्यानख से ।  
ताथै मैं पाईला गुरु, तुम्हारा उपदेस ॥ 1 ॥  
ऐतै कथु कथिला गुरु सबै भौला भोले ।  
सर्व रस षोईला गुरु बांधनी चै बोलै ॥ 2 ॥  
नाचत गोरेषनाथ घुंघटी चै धातै ।

से वै कमाई षोई गुरु बांधनी चै राचै ॥ 3 ॥  
रस - कुस बहि गईला, रहि गई छोई ।  
भगत मच्छिंदरनाथ पूता, जौब न होई ॥ 4 ॥  
रस - कुस बहि गईला, रहि गईला सारम ।  
बंदत गोरक्षनाथ गुरु जौब अपारम् ॥ 5 ॥  
आदिनाथ नाती, मच्छिंदरनाथ पूता ।  
षटपदीं भणीलौ गोरष अवधूता ॥ 6 ॥

“Wah! What a melodious voice you have!” Clapping his hands Matsyendranath said “Even Gandharva [Lord of music] will be impressed. Today the song was even more melodious than what you sang yesterday. Your sweet singing has transformed this morning atmosphere to a blissful one.”

When he suddenly saw his Guru who he thought of night and day, he was filled with joy but on listening to his words he was disappointed. “Did you see Goraksh, Guruji heard only the words, your sweet voice but not the meaning. He did not cognise the agony and concern behind them. How did Guruji become extroverted? He understood the melody of the words, but not the gravity woven in them?” With a disappointed mind he fell at the feet of Matsyendranath and paid respect. It was then that with a loving gaze Matsyendranth looking into his eyes said, “Son, Goraksh, why do you look so wilted? Did you not sleep well?” Without any reply Gorakshnath looked back with tear-filled eyes and bent his head. His eyes had conveyed, ‘Gurudev, you are all knowing. Do you not know why sleep has left me since many nights? And due to whom?’

Matsyendranath put his arm on his back and with a smiling face said, “Son I know everything. Have understood everything. Your emotion and your message too, I have understood. Shall I tell you the truth son? I was awaiting your arrival, for your wakeup call I was pretending to be asleep?”

“But what about my sleep which has left me?” In a choked voice Gorakshnath said. Observing the offended attitude of Gorakshnath, Matsyendranath thought, “Goraksh has grown, he has become a Gyani (knowledgeable being) but his mind is still innocent like that of a child. Whatever is in his mind comes to his lips. There is no mask over his face. That is the very reason he is so dear to me.” Ignoring the question Matsyendranth said, “Nature is extremely beautiful here, come let’s take a walk.”

Looking at the beautiful form of nature in that early morning, the sadness in Gorakshnath automatically left. The well-watered earth, bearing good fruit and having a greyish brown colour, bathed in the golden rays of the sun the green colour of the creepers making an embroidered drape over it, live with birds spreading their colourful wings in flight, chirping in the trees, the cool gentle breeze wafting the fragrance of blossoming flowers, and the somber call of the waves against the shore .... it seemed as though the entire manifestation was lifting her myriad hands in worship to the Creator in the form of the Sun.

Walking along, they reached a village. Small tilted red tiled roof, a small courtyard with a layer of cow-dung, and rangoli of fresh flowers, tall coconut palms swaying as if talking to the sky, banana trees with shiny leaves protecting the budding fruit from wind, and at other places small rows of trees of cinnamon and cloves to assist the home-maker. Observing this beautiful picture Gorakshnath thought, ‘In how many diverse forms Satyam-Shivam-Sundaram (Truth-Auslicousness-Beauty) Adinath is being perceived.’

There, the coloured footpath as if a parting in the hair of Mother Earth, ended at a temple of the deity of the village, which was on a small hillock. Both went in to pay homage to the Mother and sat down on the platform where rows of lighted lamps were placed. "I have deliberately brought you here, there are so many matters, we cannot share in the palace." On this preamble of Matsyendranath Gorakshnath thought, 'I too am anxious to hear you and also to tell you.' Matsyendranth continued, "But first tell me how was your stay in Badrikavan? Where did you go when you left from there? And what were the experiences there?"

"Kedareswar, Manasarovar, Nepal some parts, Kaamrup, Bengal, Ujjayani; wandered through many such states, during this phase I have seen society very intimately, but what I saw, heard and experienced is not at all satisfactory, in fact it is worrying. Under cover of religion, irreligious practices are happening. Hypocrisy is rampant. The aim of Tantric woman-oriented practice, or the sweet emotion of love between Radha and Krishna as a means to devotion, are auspicious but the present conditions of all of these is inauspicious. It is lust oriented. It has lost its way from the worship of the Feminine power to desire of the female body. It does not have the support of the Shiva principle, auspiciousness and purity. Gurudev that is why I was in search of you. A solution to this has to be formulated. People of your stature should guide and show the way to the common man. Regarding this very subject I wanted very much to speak with you, wanted to ask you but you yourself might be caught in some land for women only, I had never imagined could happen. When Kaanifnath had given me this news, I did not believe him. What I had heard must be untrue and you must have come here for some religious duty, with this faith I came here, but on coming here I saw that you are dressed in expensive clothes and in the form of a householder sitting on the throne not alone but with a Queen adorned like the Goddess of wealth. Then I thought....."

"Then you thought that even my Guru is caught in the noose of a woman, right?" Having said that Matsyendranath burst out laughing. Matsyendranth's mirth did not appeal to Gorakshnath. He was thinking I am expressing myself with so much turmoil and he is taking it as a matter of joke. His eyes were full of tears.

"Calm down son Goraksh. Do you know why I am waiting here? I am researching how to end this defilement in society and find the means to purify them. I adopted the form of lust. I was trying to understand in depth the secrets of the Kaul path when I met Hanumanji on the bridge. He bound me by my word. Without my permission he committed to Queen Padmini saying "I am a celibate and renunciate, I cannot fulfil your desire but I give you my word that I will bring about your meeting with Matsyendranath and he will fulfil your desire. I had no other option. I had to come to this kingdom of Kilotala. My intent of coming here is also complete. The Kaul path is in fact the Shivatantra path. Going further the path divides into four sections. There is very little difference between the branches. There is almost no difference at the root between Kul and Akul. They are indeed one indivisible."

"But nothing of that is obvious in the behaviour of those following these paths." Gorakshnath said angrily. "Now, one does not need to think about the roots but the fruits. Today the Kriyashakti [the power of action] in Shiva is no longer of the mother. She has taken the form of a woman. Mother Ganga who left from the Gangadwar and flowed to Gangasagar seems to be polluted. Our ancient traditions also seem to be so sullied. Our Nath tradition is connected to that. That is why people deride us. They call us ear-cut! My birth is also an example of that, which distresses me immensely. Saraswati had also thought Nath Yogis ensnare women and make them dogs in the day taking them round and use them as women in the night. That is why she threw the invaluable ash given by you into the garbage heap. Gurudev, we have to do something for this state of affairs."

“That is what we are doing son. That is what we are doing.”

“How? By being caught in it?” Unknowingly the voice of Gorakshnath had become sharp. “To rescue the man stuck in a mire, does one himself have to enter the mire?”

“Extending a hand to extract someone from the mire is sure to dirty the hand a little.” Matsyendranath explained.

“If a rope was used and the person brought out, there would have been no stain on you. I cannot understand how a Self realised man like you could behave like an ordinary man. Was it essential to agree to abide with the word given by someone without your permission Swami? Was that “given word” so invaluable as to sacrifice your Brahmacharya?” Matsyendranath calmly listened to the questions of Gorakshnath, but he did not give any answer.

When his anger cooled down, Gorakshnath felt he had been rude, and transgressed the boundary while speaking. He had insulted his Sadguru. He said to Matsyendranath, “Forgive me Gurudev I have made a mistake. I have insulted you, but having heard people talk improperly about you, I could not stop myself and I could not see you in this house-holder form.”

“I can understand you, son Goraksh. You have made no mistake. When the Guru takes the dependance of an improper pathway, it is the duty of a true disciple to guide him. The downfall of the Guru is not only that of the Guru but also of the disciple because there is no duality there. Both are one. Therefore, don’t be sad. Whatever has happened, has happened because of a misunderstanding.”

“Misunderstanding?” Gorakshnath asked surprised, “Gurudev, you are someone’s husband, someone’s father. After seeing all this with my own eyes, how can you still say that this is some misunderstanding? I am bewildered because what I am seeing, I am unable to believe.”

Matsyendranath said, “the senses are outward turned, instead of depending on them, one should look within and listen to what the inner mind says.”

“Meaning meaning you....? Kindly explain to me properly Swami...” Stopping Gorakshnath in mid-sentence Matsyendranath said, “Some other time. Now get up. Meennath’s mother will be waiting for us. If we are late, then instead of delicious food we will have to fill our stomachs with taunts. Understand?” Saying just this much he laughed, got up and even started walking.

As they walked down the hillock, Matsyendranath asked, “do you know the story of the meals of Shri Krishna and the Sages?”

Goraksh answered in the negative by moving his neck. Now he had no interest in listening to anyone else’s stories. If he wanted to listen to any story, it was only about Gurudev.

Matsyendranath continued. “Don’t know? Then listen. One day, outside Shri Krishna’s village, an ascetic came. All of Shri Krishna’s wives felt they should invite him for meals considering that is the duty of all house-holders. They even made some delicious food, but suddenly it started to pour, in a short while the river Jamuna was flooded. “Now what to do?” They consulted Shri Krishna, “we wanted to invite that Rishi for meals but the floods are preventing us from going across or for him to come here. You are a Gyani, director of time, you know the solution to difficulties, so now solve this difficulty for us. Tell us a solution.”

Krishna said, “Is that all? Then go tell Jamunaji if Shri Krishna is a Brahmachari (celibate) from birth, then take us across.” Listening to Shri Krishna, Satyabhama and Rukmini started to look at each other, but there was no solution available to them. They had to trust Shri Krishna’s untruth

and pray to Mother Jamuna. Both went to the bank of the river and prayed, "If Shri Krishna is a celibate since birth take us across."

On their just saying it there was a miracle. Jamunaji made a smart pathway in the centre, parting her large overflowing waters. Satyabhama and Rukmini took all the required items and the well-prepared meal and walked across with ease, and served the meal to the ascetic. The ascetic also felt fully satisfied eating such a delicious meal after so many days. When it was time to return, once again the same difficulty of going across Jamunaji arose. Go, but how? They had not asked Shri Krishna what to say to Jamunaji when they return. After a while they decided to ask the ascetic, "How can we go across the flooded Jamunaji?" Then the ascetic said, "Tell her, if this ascetic has remained hungry for his entire life, then take us across." The words of the ascetic left the ladies puzzled. Having eaten plate after plate full of food, he still claims not to have eaten? But there was no other way out. When they reached the bank of Jamunaji, they told her about the ascetic being hungry, right then Jamunaji without discerning truth from untruth opened a water-path for them.

On entering their Palace, both first went to Shri Krishna, with all the vessels etc., and just dumped these on the floor restlessly and asked, "Jamunaji was miraculous. How can anyone be so innocent?"

Shri Krishna asked, "What happened?" Then Satyabhama and Rukmini explained, "We thought that like us Jamunaji has been caught in the net of your hypnotic words, we too are caught, right? This effect you have is due to the knowledge of the Mohini science you possess. But Jamunaji, even accepted the words of that ordinary ascetic, she believed him to be truly hungry and made a path for us."

"Jamunaji did not accept the untruth," Shri Krishna said, "She knew the truth."

"So, what we saw with our eyes is untrue? Have we been fooled?"

"No, it is not even so."

"So, then tell us what is it?"

"Now let it be. The two of you will not understand. You served the meal to that ascetic, your desire was fulfilled, now what is there to talk about?"

"For our satisfaction. So that we may understand the truth."

"The fact, is that the bodily function is exactly the same for everyone but while performing the function, what is the condition of the mind? On this depends the result of the action. You saw that ascetic eat his meal; he was observing this action dissociated from the body. He was saying, "Stomach is hungry, the stomach is eating. The tongue is relishing, even the mind is enjoying, but he was not one with the body-mind tasting. He was observing those actions being untouched by them. The eater of food, was not him. Relishing it, was not him. He was only the witness of all the happenings. The one who simply observes from the bank (tata) is called tatastha. All his life he has remained in this witness mode, therefore he is saying he is hungry since birth." For a few moments, as he was speaking, Matsyendranath was still and silent and then he started to speak again, "for this very state, Shri Krishna has used one word and that is "Veetarag." Which means:

'Neither attachment nor detachment

Neither attraction nor aversion

Neither acceptance nor rejection

The state beyond duality is Veetarag.'

“For the man who has attained Veetarag, objects have no meaning. If they come let them come. He does not chase them to acquire them. And considering them forbidden, he does not avoid them, because the one who runs away from the object fears the object, it means his mind has place for it. The mind of the one who renounces wealth or the one who runs after wealth, both have an interest in wealth although of different kinds. Attachment collects and detachment renounces. If you observe carefully, you will notice detachment is negative attachment. Both have the same centre. Both are paying attention to just one object, but Veetarag is the third state of non-attachment. The Veetaragi (Non-attached) person is beyond both. He is free of the bondage of the silken thread of attachment. His consciousness acts like a mirror. The mirror simply reflects whatever comes in front of it, but nothing can leave its stamp on the mirror. There can be no impression of the object on the mirror. Once the object is removed the mirror returns to its clean and free state. Unlike a picture drawn on paper it does not hold on to the picture.”

“In this manner the one who has transcended the three Gunas is untouched by “I, me, mine”. His character is not defiled. Shri Krishna had attained that state, that is why he decorated his head with a peacock crown, wore anklets and in Madhuban danced with the Gopis. At the same time, he wielded the Sudarshan chakra {a divine disc to destroy evil} in his hand, becoming a warrior and vanquished the enemy, in spite of which the Veetaragi who dwelt in him remained like the mirror, was untouched and clean. He remained pure. It neither had the picture of Radha nor that of Kansa.”

Gorakshnath was listening attentively. He had understood the essence of the Shri Krishna tale. The aim of Matsyendranath telling him this story just today was also grasped. All his doubts were cleared. Laughing heartily after many days, he said “Like neither do you have the picture of your wife nor of your son in your mind, is that right?”

“Yes, so you have understood the secret of Veetarag.”

“I have understood, but would all and sundry understand? First of all, the common man will not be able to understand and even if they do, they will not be able to bring it into practical life. That is why I pray that O Veetaragi, witness Gurudev, now you come out of this land of women with your disciple.” Hearing the prayer of Gorakshnath, even Matsyendranth burst out laughing and said, “Tathastu! (May it be so).”

Queen Padmini was waiting for them, just as Matsyendranath had predicted. She was wondering ‘Where might they both have gone? Did they just leave, afraid of my opposition? After all they are Nath yogis. Forever wandering. How can we trust them? He must have melted with the words of his beloved disciple Goraksh.’

Sleep had already left the Queen. She was restless due to Goraksh who had eclipsed her family life. Lying on her bed, she had been thinking “On the line of my fortune, Nature has threaded so many beads of unwanted happenings.”

The first path of Mandar mountain is Jambudweep and the second is Sinhaldweep. The princess of this island was Mainavati, Sheelvati- Queen Padmini.

One day after a head bath she was drying her hair in the sun, on the terrace of her palace. While drying her hair with a towel, she heard the sound of some airplane. She looked up towards the sky, and laughed. Siting in the plane was Vasu Upacharit. Due to a breeze blowing his clothes were

flying and that part of the body which should be hidden was exposed. That which was covered became unrobed.

“O what a nitwit this Vasu is. He does not even know what parts of the body should be covered.” She spoke as she laughed.

Vasu saw her laughing, being embarrassed he covered his body but he was also angry. He descended and got out of the plane and told Padmini, “You looked at me and laughed. You are consumed with desire, but this Uparichat Vasu does not come under control in this way.”

These words of Vasu perplexed Mainavati. She had no such thought. She was laughing at the embarrassing situation, but what can one explain to an angry person?

“Now why are you standing with the head bent? Why are you quiet? You sinner, you desire a man of another? At this very instant you have to leave your position and descend to the land of women where you cannot get to see even the nail of a man. Forget about enjoying him.”

“Forgive me Maharaj, forgive me. I had not thought anything like that. I had not looked at you with any such motive. I...I...” She hesitated and could not say anything. So, even though she had not committed any error, she simply said, “I fold my hands before you, Maharaj. Be kind, forgive me, and revoke your curse.”

Uparichar Vasu was also thinking, ‘Just for laughing I have given a severe punishment to this young lady. I have cursed her.’ What he said was surprising, unbelievable, but it turned into actuality.

Simply due to misfortune, Padmini, Mainavati, descended from Sinhaldweep. Brought up in great comfort and a lot of affection, the 16 to 17 year old princess, could not understand where to go, what to do, how to live. Walking, she simply went where the road went. Tired she rested against a house. And fell asleep.

“Ae! Get up. Who are you?” Someone called and she woke up. “I...I..am Mainavati, I have come from Sinhaldweep.”

“Then how come you are here in Shrungmurda the capital of the land of women.”

“My luck has brought me here, Mother.” In a despairing tone Mainavati said. “I do not know how I came here. I do not know what to do, where to go, how to live.” The lady who was questioning her started to feel compassion towards her. She took her to her home. Gave her coconut water to drink and said, “Listen daughter, I am a charmika (works with leather) Until you find a place of your own, you can live here, but because I am a charmika I cannot cook. You will have to cook and eat and feed me also.” Hearing this, Mainavati became quiet. How would she know how to cook?

Charmika understood what was passing through her mind. A soft, tender girl from a wealthy family must never have sat in front of a fire to cook. Charmika told Mainavati attempting to solve her dilemma. “I will teach you, I will show you everything from a distance.”

Charmika lived alone. She had no husband, no child. In this country women lived in this manner. Therefore, she started to give Mainavati the love of a mother. After sometime, Mainavatti also started to get used to the ways of this country.

The queen of this land of women - part of the Malayalam State, was Kilotala, she was getting old and tired. She thought, “I am old now. The ambassadors of the God of death seem to be roaming

around the palace. Before they enter the palace, I need to find an heir to this throne. I will have to select some dutiful, just girl with good upbringing.”

The Queen along with her ministers decided a date for the selection. All ladies of the country were called together on that day. One female elephant was handed a garland of fragrant red, yellow and white flowers. And the lady Mahout was instructed to take the elephant round all the women. That lady will be Queen of this land around whose neck the fragrant garland is put by the elephant.

At that time among the women present, Mainavati was there too. When Charmika had explained about this event to her, she had said, “You go. You are part of the subjects of Queen Mother. I come from another country. I will not go.” At the time Charmika had said, “Now you are living on the food provided by this country, even then if you feel you are not traditionally from here, you could still come to watch the event. Come let’s see who gets garlanded.” Laughing, Charmika took Mainavati to the grounds where the event was to be held.

In a few moments, auspicious instrumental music was heard. All the women present started looking here and there eagerly. Right then “Kalyani” the female elephant started to roam amongst the women with the flower garland. As she roamed, whenever she stopped in front of any lady, the remaining ladies held their breath. Mainavati had never witnessed anything like this before. She was sitting under a tree behind the crowd and eagerly looking at “kalyani” while musing, “Can this elephant really select a worthy woman who can manage the affairs of the state? Can anyone have this inborn capacity?”

Mainavati saw that “Kalyani” was swaying this way and that, making her way through the crowd towards her. When “Kalyani” came right in front of her and stopped Mainavati thought she must have stopped for the ladies behind her. “Kalyani” put the garland around her and bent on her knees and saluted her.

There was tremendous applause. The auspicious musical instruments played at a higher pitch, and all welcomed the new selected Queen with sounds of victory. All the ladies surrounded Mainavati, asking “Who are you? We do not recognise her. She does not look as though she belongs to this country.”

Right then a carriage cutting through the crowd came and stopped there. The lady who brought the carriage got down, bowed before Mainavati and said, “Maharani (Queen) has invited you to the palace, come.”

These sudden events stunned Mainavati. She looked at Charmika who stood near, Charmika said, “Go daughter. God has given a proper place for you. Go without anxiety. Be happy.” Mainavati’s eyes filled with tears. “This is the fruit of your blessing Mother. Your word has come true.”

When Mainavati addressed Charmika as “mother” the ministers present were taken aback and asked Charmika, “Is she your daughter? Tell us the truth.”

“Yes, she is my daughter, I am however, her foster mother. How can such a jewel take birth from my womb? And how will our “Kalyani” select any riffraff? Respected Minister, our “Kalyani” has recognised the correct jewel. She has correctly picked up the royal blood that is flowing in Mainavati’s veins, and chosen her. You be free of doubt. This fortunate lady is the princess of Sinhaldweep.”

Mainavati's heart was beating very fast. She sat in the carriage. As the carriage was leaving, she said to Charmavati, "Mother, stay safe. I will soon get you to the palace. I will never ever forget your obligations."

At the gate of the palace the new Queen was welcomed with great pomp and show. All present were bowing to her. Smiling, she accepted their greetings and entered the palace of Queen Kilotala. There, the Queen was resting on a high platform. She looked tired.

When Mainavati bowed down and touched her feet, she very lovingly asked her to sit next to her, and blessed her saying, "May you live long." As soon as she saw Mainavati she liked her. Well-built body, lustrous face, fair complexion and large eyes, Mainavati immediately impressed her. She asked Mainavati, "Daughter what is your name? How did you reach here?" In answer to the Queen Mainavati said, "I am the princess of Sinhaldweep. My luck brought me here."

"I recognised immediately on seeing you that you are not from here." The Queen said. "Because this country is unknown to you, it seems you are a little sad. It is natural to be so, but I tell you from experience that whatever happens in our life, happens for our good alone, but at the time we do not understand it. See your luck has restored your position of a Queen, right? So, now forget your past and look upon this as your maternal home and live happily. Go daughter, go to your decorated chamber and take rest. This my Shivkanya (daughter) is extremely reliable. She will guide you to your room, and will be serving you from today."

"As per your command." Mainavati once again bowed down to the Queen and was leaving for her chamber when the Queen took both her hands in hers and gazed at her from head to toe, "I had heard that Sinhaldweep ladies are beautiful like the lotus, today in you I have seen that wonderful form." "Padmini-Padmavasini-Padma-Ashvaryavati-Lakshmi, our Raj Lakshmi - from today you are our Padmini (lotus). Do you like this new name?" The Queen asked laughing. Then Mainavati also laughed happily. After many days of the curse from Vasu, for the first time she had laughed heartily. Kilotala and Padmini became good companions. They spoke freely. Kilotala taught her the principles of Government, and the duties of the Queen. She was even asked to study ancient texts in order to understand politics.

One day Padmini asked queen Kilotala. "Do we always pick the heir to the throne in this manner?" The Queen answered, "No. The Queen can herself select her own heir. There is no tradition of inheritance."

"Then why did you...."

"The reason I used this method was because I have greater faith in the Creator than myself. The intellect of human being is limited. He is caught by his desires."

"So, then is "Kalyani" more intelligent than you?" Mainavati asked. Kilotala answered, "We cannot call her more intelligent but she acts from her inner inspiration. Her mind is not contaminated by "I" or "Mine", that is why Mother Jagadamba can use her as a channel to manifest her wish. By selecting you "Kalyani" has proven this, otherwise could we have found you who has all the good qualities so easily?" After a while in a muted voice, Padmini asked, "I have one more question in mind." Queen Kilotala said, "Ask without anxiety," "Why is there no man here? And without them how can we increase our lineage?"

In answer to Padmini's question Queen Kilotala became silent for a while and then replied in a despairing voice, "This is true that there is no man here, however, that which is done through a man elsewhere is done through a monkey here. Every six months the supreme devotee of Shri Ram Hanumanji comes here and he does 'Bhubhukar' being an ascetic who has turned his sexual

desire upwards, he spills the seed through his mouth by the Bhubhukar. Women become pregnant, if they are carrying a girl, the baby remains secure, but if it is a boy they abort." Kilotala's explanation shocked Padmini, "O God, how peculiar this is, how unnatural." "Yes, this is the truth, and even if it is not your desire, you will have to accept this. It is our destiny."

On this statement made by the Queen, Padmini kept quiet, she thought, "I will not accept defeat. I will challenge fate. With the power of my desire, with the power of my penance I will call into my destiny that pleasurable experience. Now I have understood that getting selected as the queen of this country is also a part of the same curse given by Vasu. Had I remained an ordinary person, I could leave any day and return to Jambudweep. But now since I got selected as the Queen, I am trapped in this golden cage. But I will not accept this tantric type of procreation. I will not rest till I recover the right given by Nature to a woman."

After some time, Kilotala passed away due to age. Padmini inherited the throne and got herself to be called Kilotala. She was conducting the Government affairs in the most proper manner. At the superficial level, all was well but Padmini's mind was restless. The one who gave her love like a mother, taught her politics and the principles of Government like a Guru, had been taken by Time, and so she felt an emptiness. She became lonely. She desired a companion, someone all her own.

Full of youth, the desire for a beloved rose in her heart. She recalled the affection her mother and father had for each other. Many times, in the gardens and forests she saw birds and animals engaged in love-making. She looked at the peacock spreading his silken colourful feathers to attract the peahen with admiration. The joy of mating is given to all living beings in creation. All of life tastes this joy of togetherness, then why should I be denied it? The Gods-Demons-man and not only them even the subtlest of subtle life forms obtain this natural pleasure, she was determined she must too.

She recalled that Vasu had said, "If by penance, you please Hanumanji, then he will grant you, your heart's desire."

Padmini handed over the running of the Government to her cabinet of ministers, and started her penance. This penance bore fruit, Bajrangbali, Hanumanji was pleased. He appeared before her and said, "I am pleased Mother. Ask what you desire." Padmini asked for physical relationship and pleasure, and that puzzled Hanumanji. He was in a moral dilemma. He had agreed to grant the boon that she craved and yet the might to fulfil it, the mighty Hanumanji did not possess. With trepidation he said, "I cannot myself grant the boon Mother, because I have taken the vow of celibacy since birth. And because of my gold chastity belt I am urdhvareta (redirecting semen upwards), but your desire will certainly be fulfilled. I will introduce Yogi Matsyendranath to you. He will fulfil your desire." Having said that Hanumanji left.

Hanumanji kept his word and on an auspicious day brought Matsyendranath to meet Padmini. Padmini welcomed them both with great joy, and worshipped their feet. While worshipping Matsyendranath, his lustrous beautiful personality impressed her and she thought, "This is indeed the grace of Mother Jagadamba, that The Monkey is born with a gold chastity belt, otherwise, how would I have had the good fortune to set eyes on this supreme amongst men."

Hanumanji left after introducing Padmini to Matsyendranath. At the time of leaving he said, "I have done my work. Now to gain the attention of this Nath Yogi is your test. Now what needs to be done, is to be done by you."

Padmini was also worried, how to prepare this Nath Yogi for tasting the royal pleasure? The first day when Matsyendranath went to take his bath, Padmini placed soft silken clothes and took away his coarse robes. She watched from a distance, to see what he might do. She was worried. Would Nath get angry? But her worry was unfounded. Instead of getting angry, he had a smile on his face. He said, "Padmini is a director of time, she has done what is proper. How can a house-holder be wearing coarse clothes?" With this thought Nathji accepted the expensive garments happily.

Worry left Padmini. Looking at Nathji dressed in these silken garments, she started to think, "how different he looks in these clothes. Like the prince of my dreams."

Accepting the silken clothes Matsyendranath embraced the state of a house-holder, totally. Padmini was engrossed in her household affairs, but shortly thereafter her maternal instinct awakened. She started to feel there must be someone, who is my own flesh and blood, someone who is born from my womb. With his tiny hands put round my neck, there should be someone who calls me 'mother'. The joy of having a husband seemed incomplete. At last, one night she expressed her desire to get a son, to her husband.

After thinking for a few moments, Matsyendranath asked Padmini, "That is alright. Tell me what type of son do you desire? What kind of form will you like? Then I will accordingly give you the ash prayed on with that specific God. And you will beget a son as per your desire." Padmini did not say a word, she did not want a son like that. She had wanted the creative power to express itself in form, from the meeting of two living beings immersed in love, at an unparalleled moment of joy. The form of the love of two living beings immersed in each other.

"Why are you thinking so much Padmini? If you are unable to decide, shall I give you a son according to my desire?" Padmini said, "No Swami. I do not want a son of any other man. If you are going to give me a son you give of yourself. Like you. I keep the desire of bearing a son of you." Hearing her desire, Maatsyendranath recited a Sanskrut Shloka and said "Tathastu!" (may it be so)

Later Meennath was born. The female birth of Padmini had fructified. She became busy in bringing up, teaching, playing with her very own beloved son. Years flew by as though they had wings.

The life picture was moving in front of her eyes and making her mind restless. She was thinking, "Till yesterday I was riding on the peak of happiness, but today, there is an evil eye on my family life. In the form of Goraksh it is as though Rahu (evil planet) has come to eclipse it. How can I escape this evil planet? Should I talk to Nath about this subject?" She looked towards Matsyendranath. Seeing that he was in deep sleep she started thinking, "Does he not feel anything? Many a time I feel in spite of living so close to him I have not understood him. I could not decipher his nature. He is near me, but not mine. He seems to be far away."

She fell asleep in the wee hours of the morning. When she woke she found Matsyendranath had left the bed. She immediately went to his meditation room but he was not there. He was not even in the chamber of Meennath. Now she felt as soon as he got up, he had gone to his favourite Goraksh. But in the guest house, neither was he there nor was Goraksh. Her mind was surrounded by vile doubts. Is it possible both went away? She was devastated.

She asked the guard at the gate and was told, "Our Maharaj left with the guest who arrived yesterday early in the morning." After that Padmini stood at the door and waited for them both. After a long time, she saw the duo- Guru-Disciple approaching. Both looked extremely happy. Seeing that she stood waiting at the door, Matsyendranath said, "See Goraksh? Did I not tell you

that your mother would be at the door waiting for us?” Then he turned to Padmini and said, “Come on Maharani (Queen) We are very hungry. Meennath must also be waiting to eat with us. No doubt we are a bit late, but the cause is this Goraksh, not me.” Listening to the words of Matsyendranath, Gorakshnath started thinking, “May be yesterday I would have been angry, but today I have understood that how correctly he is playing the role of a householder. Blessed is the Veetaragi man.”

Matsyendranath was also happy. He was taking Goraksh to the many beautiful places in Malayalam State. He was also taking him to the temples of Goddesses (Shaktipeeth). One day they both went to a village named ‘Chotai Nikata’ to behold Mother Bhagwati. That place was extremely charged. The devotees from the village would necessarily come, and on Tuesday to Friday, treatment for patients suffering from mental illnesses was also carried out. By the grace of Bhagwati they would become well. Both Naths took the darshan of Bhagwati and sat under an Ashwastha [banyan]tree in the courtyard. The ringing of the bells in the temple, wafts of cool breeze, the green forests covering the slopes of mountains and the loving cover spread over them by the rays of the light of the sun - the whole atmosphere seemed auspicious, which was reminding one of ‘satyam-shivam- sundaram’ of the Param Shakti [ultimate power.]

Matsyendra said, “Do you know Goraksh, Mother Bhagwati has three different forms? In the morning she looks like Saraswati (Goddess of Knowledge), in the afternoon Durga and in the evening Kaali. Devotees see her as three but the temple priest knows that although she is decorated in three different costumes, she is one. We must also understand that even though the mundane woman takes many external forms her inner form is one. She is combination of two aspects Shiva and Shakti. Both aspects are intermingled. One is incomplete without the other”.

“Yes Guruji. When we were in Giri during the Soham sadhana you had explained.” Gorakshnath said, then Matsyendranath clarified, “then I had explained it from the scriptures point of view. Now I am explaining to you what our view should be in the mundane world as well. Listen attentively, think and contemplate.”

“See, Goraksh, they two have become united in such a way, that in the mundane world, man and woman keep on aspiring for each other. This aspiration is for getting united. To attain completeness. That is their natural tendency. The feminine divine power that gave birth to this manifestation, created this plan to ensure the propagation of the species. Just as the pangs of hunger appear to keep the body intact which is disintegrating every moment, like it is the need of the body, similarly lust is also required for the propagation of the species. Therefore, it should not be forbidden. That which is the cause of our birth, that which is flowing in every atom of our body, how can we renounce that power? The Gruhastashram (family) stage of a householder is dependent on that and it is the support of society. Do not forget that it prepares us for the other three stages- Brahmacharyashram (celibate stage), Vanprasthashram (Withdrawing to the forest) and Sanyaashram (Renouncing the world).”

“I know Goraksh it is difficult for you to understand this mental state of the common man, because after sadhana for many births you have become free of delusion. You were not born in the natural way. You were not touched by the body of a woman even in the form of mother. The Earth gave you birth, but even in her lap you were sitting without touching her. Therefore, you cannot imagine their emotions or desires, but remember your birth is not to stay immersed in the bliss of being, a renunciate. You have to create awareness of dharma. You have to enlighten the masses. Therefore, you will have to descend to their level, mingle with them and teach them in their simple language. How to control this natural urge, how to behave in a balanced way, and

how to transform it through Pranayam (breathing exercises) and yoga practises. You will have to explain to them how to avoid dissipating this energy and conserving it and raise it upwards so as to experience the vital force and the meeting of Shiva and Shakti. After explaining this, you will initiate them in the tradition of Naths and give them the Soham mantra technique as their sadhana. All this in such a way that they can understand easily. Like while teaching letters to children they are enlarged and written. For this you will have to forget your own greatness. Do you understand?"

Gorakshnath answered, "Yes, I do understand. I have also understood the reason of your coming here. You wanted to know the secret of the Shakti (feminine power) path and that is why you came to the land of women, isn't it?"

Matsyendranath said, "yes, but there is also one other inherent reason. Son, sometimes, we have to test our own self."

"Meaning? I did not understand Swami."

"I mean, the first time when Hanumanji requested me, I had accepted his request just to escape further entanglement with him, but 20 years later once again I met him on the same bridge. He reminded me of the word I had given him and embraced me happily saying it was good he met me. I have been waiting for you, is this any way? After giving your word to go to the land of women, you disappeared. You went to all other lands except the Malyalam state, but today I will not leave you. I will take you with me to meet Kilotala. That's when I thought - why not go? In that I will be able to test my victory over my senses and the witness attitude. Where there is not even the shadow of a woman, anyone can practice celibacy, but if here and there one is surrounded with women- if desire does not even arise, then that man is a true celibate, so I came here."

### Devanagari

“ न योगी, न भोगी, न वात्मा, न कांक्षी ।  
न वीरो न धीरो, न वा साधकेंद्र ॥  
ऐसा होता है, जो कहता है -  
ना हं कर्ता, कश्चिन्ना न च कार्यम् ।  
ना हं भोक्ता भोजयिता, न च भोज्यम् ॥  
ना हं दुःखी दुःखायिता न च दुःखम् ।  
सोऽहं प्रत्येकधित् स्वरूपोऽहःमात्मा ॥”

When Gorakshnath heard all Matsyendranath had to say and understood the secret of his Veetarag aspect, then the experience he witnessed in Shripur made sense. At the time Gurudev had said, "Son, I have to do penance for which I need a seat. Find a nice cave in this mountain for me." According to the Guru's command Gorakshnath found a good cave, but in there was one Rishi already sitting. When Gorakshnath went close to see him, he was not any other it was Matsyendranath himself. He was absorbed in meditation. Light emanated around him. Goraksh was puzzled. When he came out, what did he see? Matsyendranath was standing outside. He asked "Did you find the cave?" Once again Gorakshnath looked inside the cave, again he saw Matsyendranath in deep meditation. He wondered, "Which is Guruji's true form - the one inside or the one outside?" That question was answered today. Guruji is seated absorbed in the bliss of his Self in the cave of his heart. Outside the cave is also Matsyendranath but he is the one playing several forms with the physical body.

Matsyendranath had immense love for the ocean. The calm somber ocean in the early morning, with the golden waves dancing with the first rays of the sun touching it, awakening consciousness in it, at midday, when the sun is high in the firmament bright light turning the ocean green

creating the feeling of mystery, while in the evening at sunset, a gentle pink, charming, at the same time conveying a sadness, so full of hidden secrets. Just feeling all these moods of the ocean, brought forth an ocean of love from his heart, because when he was carried in the womb of the fish, he experienced these moods, swinging on its waves. It seemed as though ocean sang lullabies in its calm somber voice.

The ocean was the maternal home of his birth giver (mother). It was this deep connection with the ocean that always pulled him to the ocean. Today, he had brought Gorakshnath with him. They were sitting on the seashore. Above, the limitless blue sky, and in front a limitless blue ocean. Around white sheets of sand and waves of wind coming from far away fields of coconut trees. Both were lost in this Nature's dance of consciousness. Gazing at the waves of the ocean, Gorakshnath said, "Man's mind is also similar, forever rising and falling and with the froth he creates questions." To that Matsyendranth said, "The curiosity of the mind is the very cause of attaining knowledge. Son, ask any questions your mind may pose. We will play the game of question /answers."

Then Gorakshnath asked a series of questions and Matsyendranth answered them all with patience.

| Question                                                                                                                                        | Answer                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| What is the form of the mind?                                                                                                                   | Void                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| What is the shape of wind?                                                                                                                      | No shape                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
| What is the condition of the vital force?                                                                                                       | Breath which cannot be seen -Alakh- (God)                                                                                                                                                                            |
| Which door should we aspire for?                                                                                                                | The tenth- Brahmarandra.                                                                                                                                                                                             |
| Which place is the mind upward directed?                                                                                                        | The sky place                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| Which bird has no wings?                                                                                                                        | Mind                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| What kills without time?                                                                                                                        | Sleep                                                                                                                                                                                                                |
| What is the field? What is the seed?                                                                                                            | Intellect is the field, Mantra is the seed                                                                                                                                                                           |
| What is the temple? Who is the deity?<br>Where to sit and serve?                                                                                | Body is the temple, the consciousness Self is the Deity, sit in the reservoir of the mind and serve It                                                                                                               |
| What should we offer that Deity?                                                                                                                | Offer the flower of love                                                                                                                                                                                             |
| In the Self realised state what is the temple? Who is the Deity? What is its limitless image? For fearlessness who should we worship?           | In the Self realised state void is the temple. Omkar is the religious deity. And the flame that the aspirant looks at while doing tratak [an exercise where a flame is looked at with unblinking eyes] is the image. |
| From where arises inhalation and exhalation? Where does the ultimate swan reside? How can the mind be still, Sadguru I ask?                     | The naval is the centre for inhalation and exhalation, the same is the place of the most evolved swan. The ajeevatma resides in the Brahmarandhra. And for the still mind that is the place.                         |
| Who should we face? In front of whom should we meditate and taste nectar? And with the body who should we turn away from?                       | Stay simple and face sadhana, meditate on the happiness of devotion, piercing the face of hope is the body, this is what Matsyendra says.                                                                            |
| Where does Shakti reside? Where does Shani reside? In the body where is Pran (vital force)? Where does the Jeev reside? and where do they meet? | Under the naval is the Prakruti Shakti. In the configuration of the sky is Shiva. At the base is Shakti and at the top is Shiva. Pran (vital force) resides within and in sky (Antariksh) resides Jeev.              |

| Question                                                                      | Answer                                                                                                                                                                                         |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
|                                                                               | They meet at the time of dissolution or while doing spiritual practice.                                                                                                                        |
| Swamiji, how we came? How to go? How can the body and mind stay still?        | We come from nothingness and we go to nothingness. In the state of natural nothingness, the body and mind will always stay stable and still.                                                   |
| What is origin of words                                                       | From the root word Om arise all words. In the void of the sky, wind creates the sound of words. And when the words become one with Niranjana Mahakash, they dissolve                           |
| Which chakra [centre of energy] during sadhana leads to the rest of the mind? | Kansthasthan (throat centre)- in the Vishuddhi centre when the Jeevatma meditates on the Soham sound, then he sees the light in the Agnya / Gyan chakra and attains rest in the Brahmarandhra. |
| Which is the Pavvina path?                                                    | Thought.                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| Which is the sight without eyes?                                              | The light within.                                                                                                                                                                              |
| What sound is heard without ears?                                             | Inner sound (antarnaad). Inner resonance.                                                                                                                                                      |
| How to speak without the mouth?                                               | With the inner flame.                                                                                                                                                                          |
| What cleans the inner defilement?                                             | Meditation.                                                                                                                                                                                    |
| What Japa purifies the mind?                                                  | Ajapaajap.                                                                                                                                                                                     |

There seemed no end in sight to Gorakshnath's questions. That is when Matsyendranath said, "Son, now put a stop to your questions. To tell you the truth there is no end to the questions the mind poses. Like the waves of this ocean one after the other they keep on arising. This is because an answer does not put an end to the question, it gives rise to another question. This is the very point we do not understand."

Even on the mundane front it ceaselessly goes on in the mind, but when the mind instead of moving in circles, becomes still in a centre, then his manasarovar (Lake of the mind) becomes calm. There, the storm of thoughts comes to a halt. There, logic ceases. All becomes pure, vibrationless like the bottom of the ocean. Therein all doubts, all modifications and questions melt and are destroyed. Then there is no curiosity left for solving any mystery, for merging with the mystery one experiences boundless joy. It really cannot be called an experience for there is no experiencer there. There is only sat-chid-anand (Existence- Consciousness- bliss).

The globe of the sun was entering into the womb of the west. Its gentle aura spread over the ocean. The mystery of the meeting of day with night was being revealed by the crimson-golden hue. Twilight- the light that makes the two meet...end of day night and beginning of days dawn. End of day and beginning of night is dusk. At both these times, there is neither utter darkness nor bright light. This is the intermediate time of transition. Wonderful. The sky lit with a gentle pink aura. The silvery pleasing gentleness of moonlight.

The meeting of light with darkness in the universe also happens in our body. Not just twice, many times. Sometimes the Chandra Nadi (left channel) stops and the Surya Nadi (right channel) has not yet started, sometimes before the Chandra Nadi can start the Surya Nadi has stopped. During both these times the vital force is moving through the central channel termed madhyama or Sushumna. The time is called Sushumna time. Matsyendranath who was lost in thoughts, experienced something on seeing the tree in front of him. "Did you see Goraksh? We just saw a meeting of the five elements."

“You mean?”

“Son, the earth we are sitting on, right in front is this huge body of moving water, the infinite sky our umbrella, in the west the lustrous globe our sun, and the gentle touch of this flowing breeze. In this moment we are beholding all the five elements together, which are used by the Creator to govern this universe. This their time of meeting, is auspicious time. This is the time when the two aspects Shiva and Shakti unite in our body. This is the time to experience the light of greater joyous consciousness than that seen here externally.”

Listening, talking, both the Naths became absorbed in meditation. After a long time Gorakshnath said, “At the end of our question-answer session of this evening, one last question, last but extremely important.”

“When do we leave here? Is that it? Right now, we leave.” Matsyendranath said.

“Yes, but here means not this seashore. I wanted to ask when do we leave from this state?” Son Goraksh, whenever you like we leave. I am ready.”

Shivakanya knew that although Padmini seems to be carrying out her duties just as before, but internally she is sad. Shivakanya also knew the reason behind this. Since the time Queen Kilotala had put her in service of queen Padmini, since the time Padmini entered the Palace, Shivakanya was her companion physically and mentally. Due to their association for so many years their relationship had turned from that of a master - server to one of friendship.

With the authority of this relationship, Shivakanya said to Padmini, “Mother Queen, I feel the one who has come to take our Swami- Gorakshnath should be imprisoned here itself.” Then Padmini said, “That is impossible. Swami will not like that.” Shivakanya tried to make Padmini understand and said, “Imprison does not mean put him in prison, but we tie him with some golden chain. Make him four armed. There are so many beautiful girls in our family, seeing whom even heavenly damsels would be ashamed. To make young Gorakshnath filled with desire is no big deal for them. So, what if he is a Swami? Inside he is a man only. He will succumb. Butter melts near fire. Right?” Queen Padmini said, “All men are not the same. You have not known Gorakshnath well as yet. That is why you are speaking like that. Friend, he is no butter that will melt. He is a brightly burning fire. Anyone who approaches him will melt, catch fire and get consumed. Shivakanya, Goraksh will not get tied by the beauty of any woman. The physical beauty of a woman cannot delude him. He is not one to be caught in the chain of Maaya.”

Padmini realised, she would now have to bear the parting with Matsyendranath. She was sad and had become introverted. Looking at the unparalleled love between Gorakshnath and Matsyendranath she used to think, “The love between the two seems so different. The love he has for Gorakshnath is multiple times of what he has for me or Meennath. We are close on the physical level. As a father and husband, he gave us immense love, but this Guru-disciple love seems extraordinary, beyond physical, mundane relationships. Both seem absorbed in some wonderful joy. That way, even I was happy till today. In eating-drinking, decorating myself and in all mundane pleasures, I was busy, but seeing the two Naths I feel their happiness is quite different from this object related happiness. Till today what I considered happiness was external only. Transient. While eating tasty food one gets pleasure, but one cannot even bear to look at it once the stomach is full. What happens regarding food also happens regarding other sense objects. There is a hollowness. Contentment gives birth to failure. Everything seems to seem like

naught, but the joy these two seem to experience never wilts. Can I too experience this sort of endless joy? How? This very question was making Padmini desperate. That is when she decided to ask Matsyendranath about it.

One night sitting close to her husband, with her head resting on his shoulder, with love and in a sweet voice Padmini asked him, "Swami, today I am going to ask for something."

Matsyendranath was surprised and said, "Now what do you want queen? The palace is filled with wealth and prosperity. Gold, silver, diamonds, pearls, adorn your body. You get respect from your subjects. You have such a good son in Meennath."

"That is true Swami." The Queen said, "still there is one thing lacking."

"Alright. But the lack is of one thing only, right? Because the desires of the one who asks never end. That which one already possesses, ceases to attract. The eyes are then attracted to some other object. There is no end to such attractions. Mind is never content. We think the horizon is right in front of us, but it keeps receding the more we walk towards it. Even if we circumambulate the earth, we cannot get hold of the horizon. Similarly, Vasanas (desires) are unappeasable. The mind of man is very strange.

"Ignores what is.  
Chases what is not.  
Therefore, there is no contentment.  
Till the end of time."

"Padmini at one time man requests only for one thing. But that one continues unending. Before the one is attained the next is born. Until man does not experience that Infinite, till then, the desire for 'one' does not end."

In a somber voice, moving away from Matsyendranath the queen said, "Swami, I have experienced that. It is therefore that I ask for the one, just this last time. Gift that infinite bliss that you possess to me."

Matsyendranath laughed heartily when he heard Padmini. "What is there to laugh so much in this? I am speaking so seriously and you are making a joke of it?" Tears welled up in the queen's eyes as she spoke.

Calming her down in a loving voice Matsyendranath said, "I do understand your seriousness queen. I laughed at your idea, not at you. Queen, joy is not an ornament. It is not a mundane object that one can gift to another, or take from another. This joy does not depend on an object nor can it be got from a person."

"Then how can I attain it?"

"To attain it is not necessary. It is in you. In every atom of our heart, it keeps flowing." The queen was surprised and asked, "Then is that joy also in me? Then why can I not experience it?"

Answering Queen Padmini, Matsyendranath said, "Because your entire attention is directed outwards. It is resting on objects around you. Your senses are directed outwards, towards others. Getting joy from others, depends on their desires. That joy is dependent. That is why it is transient. The time when your mind, your senses get turned inwards, when your body, mind, intellect, and consciousness are awakened and you become introduced to your original form, at that time, the fragrance of the infinite joy will pervade your every breath. That joy will ooze from your every pore."

"Yes, but what is turning inwards? And how is it done? I do not understand anything." Puzzled, the queen replied.

“Queen do not be puzzled or disappointed, tomorrow at dawn, I will explain everything to you. Shall I tell you the truth? Many times, I wanted to initiate you.” “Then why did you not give it? Why then did you deprive me of that wonderful joy?” The queen asked. Matsyendranath said, “Because before this you did not aspire for it. When the earth is prepared well, with manure added, only then the seed planted sprouts well and a good harvest is achieved. Now your mind aspires for the Knowledge of your true Self. Now you are in the proper frame of mind for initiation.”

Awaiting the next day, the queen kept awake the whole night, got out of bed at dawn and went to the meditation room and sat in front of Matsyendranth who was absorbed in meditation. She watched with unblinking eyes his countenance lit up with that wonderful inner joy gently smiling. Looking at his happy face she too became happy. The love she felt rising in her heart for Matsyendranth now, was never before experienced.

Matsyendranath took the permission of Adinath and spoke “Aadesh Guruji, Aadesh.” He then opened his eyes very slowly. He found Padmini sitting in front of him. He thought, “Today she looks so different. All the expensive jewels gave her countenance a majestic glow, but today in these snow-white clothes her form has acquired a gentle, calm aura. Different garments and ornaments used to mask it. Today her form has blossomed in these simple clothes. This is the true form of a woman. Pure, full of love, satvic and mother incarnate. Her forms of lover and wife are but transient, motherhood is ever lasting.

Padmini placed her head on Matsyendranath’s feet, then lifting her up Matsyendrantah said, “sit down on the deer skin spread there.” Then explaining the mystery of Soham he said, “Right now we are imagining the sentiment, but with regular practice, we can directly experience this image.”

Explaining anganyas [touching the various parts of the body while reciting mantras] to Padmini who was sitting in the lotus posture, Matsyendranath gently touched the various parts of her body while chanting the specific mantras of purification. For Padmini, his touch made every hair stand on end. She thought, “How strange is this touch of Swami, it has made my body light as a feather, yet an energy pervades the entire body, granting purity.” After the purifying process, Matsyendranth explained clearly the process of taking the breath and chanting the Soham from the central channel, making her perform it.

Padmini bowed low to her husband in the form of a Sadguru, reciting the traditional chant, she closed her eyes. Gorakshnath after completing his regular practice came to see Matsyendranath in the meditation room and was surprised to see Padmini in a meditative posture. He thought, ‘Why is the usually royally dressed queen, in the simple form like mother Parvati, without ornaments?’ Hoping to get the answer to the question in his mind, he looked towards Matsyendranth, when he saw the pleased look on Matsyendranath’s face. The meaning in his smile was hidden, “The aim of entering the land of women is today getting accomplished. The one who did penance for fulfilling her desire for physical pleasures, the same queen today is worshipping the inner Self for the progress of the self.” After a while Padmini opened her eyes. What she had experienced was unimaginable. It bestowed joy. That joy where no memory of any sorrow could linger. She got up from her seat and touched Matsyendranath’s feet with devotion and gratitude. Now he was not only her Prannath (Lord of life) but also the one who had given her the Knowledge of the Self - Sadguru making her feel complete.

Gorakshnath bowed down to her every day with the sentiment that he was bowing to his mother, and today too with the same sentiment he was bowing to her, then the happy face of the queen

stopping him said, "Wait Gorakshnath. From today I too will bow to you, as you are my senior brother disciple." The queen who behaved rather drily, with Gorakshnath till today was today so loving, seeing that, Gorakshnath felt content. The feeling of growing separation vanished. Bowing to the queen he said, "No mother. This Goraksh is your son first and brother disciple later."

The breeze of growing trust started to blow away the dark clouds of anxiety. The life of Guru Matsyendranath, Queen Padmini, Gorakshnath, and young Meennath was passing happily. Now Padmini became free of anxiety. She thought Gorakshnath has completely forgotten the aim with which he had come here, but one day her unworried mind was suddenly faced with anxiety again. One morning suddenly after the daily meditation and bowing down to Queen Padmini Gorakshnath said, "Aadesh" to Matsyendranath and continued, "Mother, now bid us farewell." "Why so soon?"

"Not soon mother, truly speaking we are very late. Those who have to awaken the common man must keep on wandering. They cannot stay in one place only. Now kindly give him permission, do not become an obstacle in his life's duty. Do not refuse permission." Hearing the plea of Gorakshnath, Padmini took a deep breath and said, "Yes, who am I to bid you farewell? I do not even have the right to stop him. Whatever I have experienced till today, I have come to know through him, I have no authority. Nothing depends on my desire or distress. What happens, happens due to the desire of the Ultimate power."

When Padmini realised that the time for separating from her husband had arrived, she did not become an obstacle but did request him to go after the festival of Onam which is traditionally celebrated together. Matsyendra accepted her plea, however, Gorakshnath knew nothing about Onam. That is why he asked, "Swami, what kind of festival is this? Why is it celebrated?"

Answering him Matsyendranath said, "How Onam is celebrated you will see for yourself. I will tell you the reason. You are aware of the incarnation of Vishnu as Vaaman. It is said that during that time, in the reign of King Mahabali, once in a year he comes here because he is from this state." Gorakshnath fell into thought, he asked, "But Swami, in the Shatpath Brahman it is mentioned that the great sacrifice was conducted by Mahabali on the bank of river Narmada at Bhrukuch town, so how could he have been the king of this state?"

Dispelling the doubt Gorakshnath had, Matsyendranath said, "You are right, but son Goraksh, regarding very great people it is seen thus. In the case of their birth place, their field of work, and the place of their samadhi (death) many a folklore take birth. Therefore, to logically establish the authenticity with regard to them becomes very difficult. The aim of folklore is not to spread untruth, but to depict respect and love towards the ideal person. All consider him as their own. From this sense of belonging, folk tales take birth. They are listened to with faith, and with aspiration they are preserved. Therefore, it is better to understand the essence of these stories rather than debate their accuracy. Understood Goraksh?"

"Yes, so what was I saying, that King Mahabali took care of his subjects as though they were his own children and was a just king. Generosity was his special quality. That is why he ignored the advice of his Guru Shukracharya and donated the ground covered by just three steps to Vaaman who was the incarnation of Vishnu. Vaman's one foot covered the earth, and the second the heavens, and he asked Mahabali where should I place my third step? That is when the truth honouring, generous king Mahabali gave his head to Vaaman and requested him to accept the same. Vaaman placed his foot on Mahabali's head and pushed him into the netherworlds, there he bestowed grounds named Sutaal to him, but Mahabali requested that he be allowed to visit his beloved people at least once a year to know their happiness and sorrow. "Tathastu" said Vaaman

and happily granted that request. That is why King Mahabali comes every year to meet his subjects in the State of Malayalam and Onam is celebrated at the same time. At that time the constellation Tiruonam is present in the sky. That is why this festival is called Onam.”

Hearing the story of Mahabali, Gorakshnath said, “So was Mahabali punished for his extreme philanthropy? Thus, we get the lesson of having a balanced attitude, am I right?” “Well spoken Goraksh” Matsyendranath said, “the proverb also says the same:

Devanangri

“ अतिदानात् बलिर्बन्धः । अतिमानात् दुर्योधनः ॥  
विनिष्टो रावणोलौल्यात् । अति सर्वत्र वर्जयेत् ॥ ”

According to tradition and with great enthusiasm the festival of Onam was celebrated. Meennath and other children dressed up as Mahabali and danced. Every day during the festival besides musical concerts, other arts were also encouraged. The glories of the king Mahabali were enumerated to the accompaniment on Veena, the beat of the Mrudungam. His kindness to the people, and the happiness and prosperity during his reign were described in many a song. The songs told the story during the reign of Mahabali- there was no one low, no one high - all were treated equally and with respect.

Devanagari

“मावेली (महाबली) नाडु वाणीडुम कालम् ।  
मानषर पुल्लारुम ओन्नुपोले ॥  
कल्लावू यिल्ला कपडतु यिल्ला ।”

They were saying “In our kingdom there is not an iota of corruption.”

“येल्लौळ यिल्ला पोल्लिवचनम् ।” meaning there is no deception here.

With soulful music, delicious food is also arranged. Many dishes are made but the importance of Payasam is always stressed. It is rice cooked in coconut milk flavoured with cardamom, served insistently to everyone. Laughing, enjoying, talking of their favourite king Mahabali the festival comes to an end. All the people returned home happily, but queen Padmini was anxious. Her crazy mind was saying may this Onam never end, it should just continue thus for at the end of the festival Gorakshnath would take Matsyendranath and commence their wanderings. The sad moment of separation from her husband had come to the doorstep of the palace.

“Brother, these are my clothes and this is my favourite flute, where shall I keep them?” This question from Meennath made no sense to Gorakshnath and he therefore said, “Keep it where you always do.” “No, no Brother, I want to take this with me, which means I need some clothes too right? Where is your luggage?” Gorakshnath could not even now understand what Meennath was saying, he replied, “what is it I possess? One shoulder bag, a pair of tongs, and some other small items, all will be accommodated in my bag, but why have I to put your stuff in my bag?” Then Meennath explained, “Brother, I too am coming with you, so my stuff will go with yours, right?” Gorakshnath asked “Who said that you are going with us?” “Mother said, who else will say?” Gorakshnath immediately proceeded to the Queen to ask her, “is it true that you are sending Meennath with us?” “Yes indeed.” In a sorrowful voice the queen answered “To keep him safe this is the one way that I let him go to the forest, by sending him with you on the difficult journey.”

“I did not understand mother.”

“Goraksh, you are aware that in this country men are forbidden. Hanumanji lets only women live here. Even the male fetus is killed. In spite of this, Meennath has survived here due to the umbrella of protection of his father over his head. But now that he is leaving to go far, then Meennath..... no, no. I cannot even imagine. It will be heart breaking to part with him but it will be proper. May he be happy wherever he is, be safe, that is my desire.” Saying this much, wiping her tears, queen Padmini left from there.

..... and the day when the queen was parting with her son and husband finally dawned.

That day, the Queen worshipped the feet of her husband Matsyendranath and brother disciple Gorakshnath. A great feast was organised. They were seated on a sandal wood platform and delicious dishes made from rice were served on banana leaves. Rasam and Payasum were served in silver bowls. Colourful floral designs decorated the floor, not with colours but with flowers red, yellow, white and green tender leaves.

Queen Padmini was herself serving them insisting they eat a little more. When she started to feed her beloved son with her own hands then he said, “What is this mother? I have become big now. Why are you feeding me as if I were a small child?” Then wiping her tears queen said, “Dear child, you have really become big. Like your father, like your elder brother.” On completing the meal, the queen did a small ceremony with a lighted lamp. Placed a little curd on their hand, bowed to Matsyendranath and the Nath left the palace.

To see them off, the Queen Padmini, the cabinet of ministers, servers, and subjects, all went to the border of the state. On reaching the border, Matsyendranath said, “Kindly all of you return now, and permit us to leave.” But the feet of Padmini refused to return. They kept walking with them. Then Matsyendranath stopped her and said “Queen somewhere you will have to stop, so now kindly permit us to go. Conduct the duties of a queen properly and look after your subjects in the right manner.”

Looking with sorrowful eyes towards him she said, “The mind is with you Swami, and my darling Meenu, it will keep walking. Separating from you at this sad moment.....” Stopping the queen from further lamentation, Matsyendranath said, “Separation? Queen how can I separate? In the union of the Self there is no separation. Whenever you think of me, call me, the Nath who dwells eternally in your heart will respond, and guide you in the right direction. Will get the correct practices done by you. Now return without anxiety, and with a contented mind.”

“Yes, mother, I will take care of your darling Meennath with my life, do not worry about him.” Gorakshnath reassured her. Laughing in a derisive manner, “Men can say this with ease, but for a mother to part with a part of her body, to try to forget him is not so easy. Meenu my darling slept on silken mattresses up until now. Everyday had meals with five different tastes. Will he able to sleep on a thick blanket, walk on rocky roads, and eat what he gets by alms?”

“Mother certainly he will, because he is not only a son of royalty he is also the son of a Nath. Stay without anxiety.” Understanding the anxiety of Padmini, Gorakshnath said.

“That is true Goraksh. One more thing.”

“Speak Mother”

“Take care my Nath also since so many years he has been enjoying the comforts and luxuries of the palace. He is also not used to hard wanderings anymore. His has aged also. However much as we deny it, sun and shade stamp our bodies and weakens our body.”

“Yes mother, that is true about all ordinary men, but not of the one who has gone beyond the body and is Self realised. If you also regularly practice your sadhana, slowly you will understand this point. So now give us your permission.”

“Alright. Son Goraksh keep this safely. It will come handy at the time of any calamity.” Giving a small velvet purse Queen Padmini said.

“What is there in it?”

“Some gold coins.”

“No no mother, of what use are these to us?”

“May not be of use to you, but for my Swami, for my Meennath.”

“For them their Goraksh is enough. If necessary, by his Grace I will be able to create a mountain of gold right in front of him.” Gorakshnath said. Then listening to Gorakshnath, standing right behind him Matsyendranath said, “Son, Goraksh take those coins. For the mental satisfaction of Meennath’s mother. You can certainly create a mountain of gold, but that will only be an inanimate metal heap. It will not have the sweetness of a mother’s love nor the tenderness of motherhood. It will not have the blessings of a mother. Goraksh, accept the invaluable gift of the queen. If you do not want to take it, give it to me. On behalf of Meennath we will donate it for a big feast for the Naths.”

“Yes Swami, I did not think of this at all.” Saying that he respectfully accepted those coins which were charged with love. After this, Padmini handed a small box to Meennath “Kutti had brought banana wafers in this. You like it very much, no? Eat it when hungry.”

“Queen even I love these banana chips - speciality of this place” Matsyendranath said and laughed. “Give it to me. I will keep them in my bag. Whatever food items you have, give them to me. I will keep them safely. In case you drop it on the way.”

“No, no I will take care, I am big now. Is it not mother?” Listening to Meennath, Padmini was choked, hugging him and kissing his curly hair she said, “Yes my son. You have become very big. Bigger than your mother too. Now with that bigness take care of your father. Follow his command. Is that alright?”

“Command mother. I will do just that. Do not worry.” Saying that he bowed down to his mother. Blessing him Padmini said, “Vayugya, Nannai veru.” After giving her blessings, the Queen turned around and walked briskly towards her palace. She did not look back even once. As she walked, she was thinking, “Now even I will not stay here for long. Whatever is happening is according to what Vasu had said while travelling through the sky. Thus, he will now free me from the curse and return me to Sinhaldweep. But I will return only on one condition. That he once again makes me meet my Meennath.”

“O my life breath Swami, Sadgurunath give me strength. Give me the ability to get free of the temptations of love and affection. Let my inner mind feel your presence. In actuality, give me the experience.

Aadesh, Aadesh Guruji.....”

Yogi Matsyendranath, Yati Gorakshnath, and child Meennath were happily sojourning. Having the presence of Sadguru, Gorakshnath was enthused. Having liberated Matsyendranth from the land of women, with a grateful attitude, Gorakshnath started to sing, “Will not go to pilgrimages, not Brindavan not Kashi...” Meaning I will not visit any pilgrim places now. Will not worship stone considering it God. Will not go to Vrundavan nor to Kashi for now I have become complete. Our Guru is Avadhoota the dweller of Dhruptan.

Gorakshnath was singing full throatedly and the kingri [small musical instrument] in the hands of Matsyendranath was providing the beat. In between, Meennath was playing tunes on his flute. His flute too was singing:

Our Guru is Avadhoota, dweller of Dhurpaatann

Our Guru is steady and stable like the North star.

Holding an unmoving position our Swami, unmoving our Swami.

“गुरु हमारा है अवधूता धुरपाटण का वासी ।  
गुरु हमारा ध्रुवपदधारी । अचलपदधारी स्वामी ।  
अचलपदधारी स्वामी ।”

## Lesson 6 - Parakaya Pravesh (Entering another body)

After leaving the Land of Women, and walking many miles, both the Naths reached Girnar mountain. Thinking that Meennath would have found this pilgrimage difficult, they had left him in the care of Bhartruharinath to study. Shree Dattagurunath resided in Girnar. Both Matsyendranath and Gorakshnath were extremely pleased to meet him. Dattaguru welcomed them warmly. They were immersed in the discussion of the knowledge of the Self.

Six months passed in no time. One day Gorakshnath said to Dattaguru, "No length of time is enough to spend in your learned association on this sacred land. The mind refuses to leave from here, but leave we will have to. Living in just one place will not accomplish our mission. You are aware that we have been sent by the Lord to remove the ignorance of the common man.

Therefore, do permit us to leave. Bid us farewell and bless us."

"My blessings will always be with you. Your thinking is right. Both of you, do commence your journey again." Saying this he bid them goodbye.

They reached Jaipur by walk. It was afternoon. Matsyendranath said, "Son Goraksh, today I will go and beg for alms."

"No, swami. You must be tired after the walk. I am there to serve you." Matsyendranath said, "of course you are there, but now I must get into the habit of serving, right? Playing the role of a king, the practice of the vow of renunciation has gone. That is why I say, now let me go." And he left.

Nath reached the village, but the village folk refused saying "we give alms only in the late afternoon". Therefore, even after going from door to door, his bag was empty as before. So, he went towards the bazaar. There he saw a low caste lady taking a basket of food over her head and walking towards the fields. He stopped her and begged for alms saying, "Mother, could you spare one or two pieces of bread, and give me? Today I received no alms in the town." That woman ignored him and kept walking. Then Nath said, "I am not asking for the pieces of bread free of cost. I will grant that happiness to you that the Lord of Kailash enjoys."

"May your mouth tear" in anger the woman cursed, "in four days' time my son is to be married and you want to send me to Kailash? I want to see my grandsons and granddaughters, may you get the happiness of Kailash." Having compassion on her ignorance, Matsyendranath went ahead. Matsyendranath saw a lady who was selling vegetables, he asked her, "Mother can you give me two carrots?" Looking at Nath from head to foot she replied, "Without payment, I do not give anyone anything, understand?" Nath said, "I do not want anything free mother. I will grant you such happiness that you will not get even in heaven."

"May fire consume such heavenly happiness." Angrily that woman shouted, "I am alive still. You are giving me the temptation of heavenly happiness?" Then she looked around at all the shopkeepers and said, "Don't give anything, anyone of you to this hypocrite! When he stays hungry then he will himself go to heaven to get happiness." Listening to the town people talk in this manner, Matsyendranath returned to the place they had decided to stay.

Looking at his sad face and empty bag, Gorakshnath understood. He immediately served him some water. Taking sips of water Matsyendranath said, "Son Goraksh, to partake of food is not in our fate today. We will have to spend the day by drinking water only." Without being upset by the behaviour of the townsfolk, he had a wash and got absorbed in his Soham sadhana, but Gorakshnath's mind became disturbed. He was thinking, "What to do for these unfortunate

people? These unfortunate ones who run to touch the feet of those who have done the Panchagni sadhana and acquired some trivial powers. As soon as these people see a miracle they bow down. They cry victory to the Yogini who has brought under their control the lower Shaktees Bhagmalini, Matangini and Karnapishach. But they are unable to recognise a truly Self realised being. They insult him. Most people are impressed by these illusion creating hypocrites who display these powers. They get what they deserve. The time to go and beg for alms is now passed, even then I will have to go and beg for food from this very town, for if Gurudev leaves without eating anything here, it will be inauspicious for the village. To return saints empty handed is like inviting the wrath of Nature. It should not happen so.”

With this in mind, Gorakshnath went to the market place. He commanded his seat to rise into the sky, the seat immediately rose, he mounted the seat that was in the sky. In the market place, one of the women selling vegetables saw Gorakshnath seated in the air and just kept staring. When she regained her faculties, she started to shout, “Look, look, at the sky. There is a great ascetic sitting in the sky. If there be an ascetic, it should be one like him, otherwise look at that hypocrite asking for carrots. Where is the comparison between this great ascetic and that conman sadhu.”

Because of her shouting everyone looked up to the sky. Within a short while the entire village gathered to witness this miracle. Everyone thought to see such great ascetic one should not go empty handed. Thus, each person started to bring one or other thing. Coconuts, fruits, flowers, and sweets, but of course this detached Yogi did not even open his eyes to look at the heap. The result being that respect for this Yogi went on rising in the minds of the people. One of them went and informed the king about this event. The king ran barefoot to the bazaar to witness this miracle. The King prostrated before the sky-seated Yogi and spoke, “Maharaj, if you have taken the vow of silence kindly break it for us ignorant children. With due formalities kindly complete the vow in this very place. Consider this your kingdom and kindly reside here happily. We will decide the nature of your work and how to compensate you.”

But that detached Yogi ignored even the king. Now the crowd went on increasing. From every direction the cries of victory to the sky seated Yogi were being heard. Songs praising him were being sung, that is when he opened his eyes and noticed that the heap of different articles, had reached his seat in the sky, he thought, “How unfortunate are these people. How ignorant. When Parabrahma [ultimate Brahman] himself came to meet them, they insulted him. Now with the performance of this miracle, they have got entangled in Maaya. Gurudev, now you yourself, kindly open their eyes and uplift them.”

Gorakshnath descended with his hard seat, to the ground, but without saying a word to anyone he started walking towards the spot where they had decided to stay. He had wrapped his seat, and carrying it under his armpit, he walked ahead while all the keen devotees anxious to get his darshan, followed him with fruit, sweets, picked from the heap. He kept walking and stopped only on reaching the place where Matsyendranath was sitting.

On reaching the place, Gorakshnath first put his head on the feet of Sadguru. While blessing him, Matsyendranath said, “Son, Goraksh what is all this? Have you looted the village?”

“No, no Gurudev. How can I ever be the cause of pain to anyone? These people have brought all these things by their own free will for us.”

“Not for us son, for your powers.”

Listening to this conversation between the Guru-Disciple, people were bewildered. They recognised Matsyendranath. The one whom we had driven away as a hypocrite, beggar, on his very feet this great yogi laid his head. This troubled them. They were both surprised and afraid,

that because of the way they had treated him, he may curse them. Reading their minds, in a very calm voice, Matsyendranath said "Son, Goraksh, distribute the gifts received among them as the Prasad of Adinath. They are all just a part of him. Adinath alone will grant them the right vision to distinguish truth and falsehood." Prasad was distributed, the people bowed to the greatness and compassion of Matsyendranath.

After this event both the Naths went ahead on their journey. As they walked, they discussed how to introduce the way to truth, to people caught in the illusory net of Siddhees and influenced by external appearances. Walking along, visiting and staying at many places they reached Kashi and met Vishwanath at His temple. Then, they proceeded to Prayag at the confluence of the three rivers, and went to take a bath.

Matsyendranath knew Trivikram the king of the Prayag area. He said to Gorakshnath, "Son Goraksh, the king of this place is an ideal governor. He is kind. He is learned and just. He respects saints and sadhus. His greatest quality is that he considers his subjects as his own children. His queen is Revati. She too is of noble character like the king. Totally loyal to him. I feel they will insist that we stay here for at least 2-3 months."

"Alright Gurudev, but we have entered the kingdom after crossing the border, and yet why is there no activity going on? Why is there a sadness in the air in spite of it being the capital of this country?" Gorakshnath asked.

On entering the town, a little further, they realised the cause of the sorrow. The king Trivikram had passed away. All the subjects were drowned in misery. Crying and desperate people were singing the praises of the king. There was no limit to the sadness of the queen Revati. Matsyendranath thought of reviving the king. Therefore, with his inner vision he tried to locate the subtle body of the king, but he was disappointed because being Brahmavetta, King Trivikram had merged into Pureness. He had become one with Pure Awareness. The seed for existence had ended. Gorakshnath was also thinking of reviving the king.

Thinking thus, both Naths reached a Shivalaya, just outside the village. After sometime, by a strange coincidence, people brought the body of the King to this temple, and gathered there. People from villages nearby also came there. It was as though a sea of sorrow was rising there. Noticing the tremendous depth of sentiment for the king that the people felt, Gorakshnath firmly decided to revive the king. He said to Matsyendranath, "Guruji, we must grant life to such a noble king."

"That cannot happen Goraksh." Hearing the dry voice of Guruji, Gorakshnath spoke with deep feeling, "If you do not want to do this, I will do it. I will revive such a great man for the welfare of the people."

"This cannot happen Goraksh, it is beyond our capacity." Even after the explanation given by Matsyendranath, Gorakshnath said firmly, "Whatever may be required to be done, I will make this king come alive again. If necessary, I will sacrifice my life. If I am not able to revive him, I will myself ascend to the funeral pyre. This is the oath of this disciple of yours Gurudev."

Stopping the intense flow of what Gorakshnath was saying, Matsyendranath said, "son, without understanding the situation, without searching for the subtle body of the king, do not just speak anything. Son, the King Trivikram has merged with the Ultimate, otherwise I was myself thinking of reviving him"

After hearing what Matsyendranath had to say, Gorakshnath himself searched for the subtle body of the king with his inner vision. Guruji had spoken the truth. There was no way of bringing the king back to his body, to make him alive. Gorakshnath stood up and said, "Now I will have to surrender this body to fire." He did not just say this, but as he had taken the oath, he started collecting dry wood from the area. Seeing him do this Matsyendranath got frightened. He was certain that now Gorakshnath will give up his life. The one who could remove and give an eye for just a dalvada, this Goraksh just to keep his word, can do anything. What should I now do?

After thinking a while, he said to Gorakshnath, "Wait a little Goraksh, there is a way to make the king alive. If you can do it, then this problem can be solved."

"You just tell me; I am prepared to do anything."

"So, now you enter the body of the King, and behave like the king. I will look after your body for twelve years."

"Yes, son you have to play the role of the king, you will have to behave like the king with everyone, even with the queen."

"What are you saying?" Afraid, Gorakshnath asked, "Then it is better that I offer myself to the fire. It will be much easier for me."

"No, no I will not allow you to offer your body. Did you hear? I will myself enter this king body."

"Yes, Guruji that will be correct. You have perfected that witness state. You can remain sans illusion, remaining in this mundane world, you can remain as a renunciate. Becoming a Veetrangi you can experience the objects of the senses. I will take care of your body, I will keep it under great security. Kindly remain free of anxiety."

While the Guru-disciple were conversing, the body of the King was placed on a sandal-wood pyre and the prescribed mantras before lighting the pyre, were being read. The grief-stricken public were taking the last look at their king, just then a miracle happened. One of the priests who was reading the mantras noticed that one of the hands of the king was moving. He showed this miracle to another person. He too was amazed. As they watched there was movement in the body of the king the pyre and the body got up and sat, as if the king has just woken up from deep sleep.

Far from there, standing outside the Shiva temple, Gorakshnath saw the scene, Gurudev had entered the king's body, and bowed with deep affection and respect. Seeing their king alive and well the people became thrilled. Immediately these auspicious tidings were conveyed to the queen Revati. Her tears of deep sorrow were transformed to those of joy flowing gently. Running desperately fast she reached the spot to see the king. After this a gold statue was put on the funeral pyre. The last rites of the statue were done and the people singing and dancing transported their beloved king to the palace.

Sitting in the Shiva temple, Gorakshnath was thinking now where shall Gurudev's body be placed? How can the secrecy be maintained? Then he heard a female voice asking, "Who are you? And who is this sleeping?"

"I am a Nath tradition sadhu who continually wanders. Who are you?" Answering Gorakshnath's question the lady answered, "I am the priestess of the Shiva temple."

"This is the grace of Adinath that I have met you. I have some work with you mother."

"Yes, Maharaj."

"This is my Sadguru. I need a secret place to house him."

"Is it that his health is not good?"

"No, it is not that. It seems I will have to tell you the whole truth. See mother, my Guru is without life" Listening to his words, the puzzled lady asked, "So then why is this body kept here? Why have

you brought the body to the Shiva temple instead of taking it to the funeral pyre? And you are also asking for a secret place to keep this body?"

"Mother calm down. Kindly listen to what I am saying. See, my Guru is a Mahayogi. He has entered the body of king Trivikram and made him alive again. For full twelve years from today he will live as the king and complete his work. Following that he will reenter his body. That is why we have to keep his body secret and secure. No one should know anything about this."

The priestess fell into deep thought. She could not decide whether to believe in this tale of the yogi or not. But, she had herself witnessed the king rising from the funeral pyre. She therefore felt that what he said might be true. It is said that these Nath tradition yogis have with them the Sanjeevani knowledge and Shaabari mantra knowledge. It is better to help them, in case in anger they curse.

"So, is there any such secret cave nearby?" With this question she came out of her thoughts and said, "Yes there is. It is in this very temple. Come, I will show you." Having said this, the priestess guided Gorakshnath to the basement of the temple and showed him the secret place. Gorakshnath placed the body of Matsyendranath there on the seat made of special wooden sticks and chanted the security mantras, and drew lines with ash all round, thus making a protective shield. The priestess who saw this ceremony performed by Gorakshnath, asked, "Maharaj, will this body remain exactly as it is due to the power of these mantras? Will it not decay?"

"No, because, Matsyendranath has attained the state of eternal life. His body will remain lustrous, but to prevent worms and insects from harming it I have chanted these mantras." Saying this, he closed the cave. "Take care of this cave, and do not tell anyone anything about it. Keep this, between the two of us only. Let it not be known to anyone else."

There, king Trivikram entered his palace, and started behaving as before. No doubt entered the mind of either his ministers or family members, regarding any change in him. The surprising thing was that queen Revati also did not feel the presence of Matsyendranath in the body of her husband.

Next day itself Matsyendranath, went to the Shiva temple to take darshan of God. On seeing him, Gorakshnath fell into a haste, Matsyendranath was also worried that due to habit would Gorakshnath bow down to me and call out 'Aadesh'? Therefore, he went forward himself and saluted Gorakshnath and said, "Pranam Yatidev, who are you? Where have you come from?"

"I am the grandson of Adinath, Matsyendranath's son Gorakshnath." With the answer of Gorakshnath Maharaj was pleased and said, "How great is our fortune! We are blessed by your darshan. You are welcome to our kingdom." While speaking when they entered the sanctum sanctorum of the temple, then Gorakshnath took Matsyendranath aside and informed him through sign language, where his body had been kept, he even gave him blessings through the appropriate shlokas and acted according to his role.

After that day every day, the king started coming to the Shiva temple in the evening, along with his ministers and servants. And checking that all was well, went back unworried. Three to three and a half months this went on. One day Gorakshnath said to Maharaj, "It's been many days since I have been here, I would now like to leave and proceed on my wanderings." Maharaj said, "Certainly Yatiwar, do proceed. I will remain alert according to your command. I will protect everyone and my body in the best manner. Be not anxious."

Queen Revati was spending the days in happiness with her husband, but in her life, there was one lacuna. Everyday, she prayed to Lord Shiv when she went to the temple, "O Lord, you have brought my husband back from the dead, and kept my fortune unbroken. You have the power of doing the impossible. Is it impossible for you to fill my womb? Shower your grace, Lord. Make me bear a son."

The Lord heard her prayer. The news of her being in the family way came. At the appropriate time the prince was born. In the whole kingdom sweets were distributed carried by elephants. A banquet was organised for all the subjects, and the naming ceremony completed. The child was named Dharmanath. The king and queen were engrossed in observing his childish pranks. In this happy manner, five years of the good prince Dharmanath passed.

The king went every day to the Shiva temple. Now even the queen started coming with little Dharmanath every day. One day after the worship was completed, the Queen said, "O Tripurari Umapati, whatever I asked you have given me. Now I have only one desire. That I depart from this world before my husband. Take me from this world as a married lady with all the signs of good fortune, she has."

The priestess standing there heard her prayer and could not stop herself from smiling. The queen saw her smiling. She asked the priestess, "Shaivadara, why did you laugh? What was it that I asked that made you laugh?"

"Nothing queen, kindly forgive me, I laughed unknowingly." She said. But the queen kept on repeatedly asking her, due to which she had to reveal the truth. She took the Queen to a secluded spot and told her, "Maharani, if I told you the truth, you will get angry and punish me." "No, I give you the gift of being unafraid, now be free from fear and tell me the truth. But if you do not tell the truth then I will punish you. Now tell me."

"I do not understand how to tell you, Mother queen. But now I will have to tell the truth. You are not a fortunate married lady. The king Trvikram has left this world."

"What inauspicious words you speak? Are you mad? Even when you are seeing Maharaj with your own eyes, how can you say such things?"

"This is the truth Maharani. I swear on Shivashankar. What I am saying is the ultimate truth." With very decisive tones Shaivdara was speaking. "Our Maharaj had died, then yogi Matsyendranath entered his body. The body of Matsyendranath has been kept in the basement of this very temple. The duty of protecting him has been given to me by Gorakshnath his disciple."

"Then immediately show me where that body is."

"Right away I show you." Having said this much, Shaivadara took Maharani to the basement and showed her the body of Matsyendranath and closed the door of the cave and went away.

The queen was stunned for a while after seeing the body of Matsyendranath. She could not understand now what to do. With great effort she controlled herself and returned to the palace. Noticing her withered look the king asked, "Are you well? Is there any difficulty? Were you feeling choked in the sanctum sanctorum?"

"No, no swami, I am absolutely well" saying just that, making the excuse of having to feed Dharmanath she left from there, because she wanted to hide the storm rising in her mind from Maharaj. All night she kept awake. She was lost in turbulent thoughts. In her heart she kept repeating, "O Lord what did I ask for and what did you give? I asked for the fortune of a woman who has her husband all her life and you gave me widowhood? As if that were not enough you even made me lose my loyalty to my husband. But I am saying this, that there is no fault of mine in

this. If there is a fault it is only this much that I could not recognise a different man. Even ancient loyal women could not recognise, as the body was the same. Having kept God, the Brahmins and fire as my witness I had garlanded the body with which I merged myself, whatever happened, happened unknowingly. It happened due to misfortune.”

“And if it had happened knowingly even then what? To continue the family there is a tradition that allows this in Bharat. Thus, even the birth of my Dharmanath is not unethical. He will be considered of royal blood. Even the children of Yogi Vyasa were considered the heirs to the throne.” At that time another part of her mind was whispering, “What happened, happened. What is the use of thinking about it? What is good what is bad? We cannot change it, can we? Now we have to think ahead. I will have to think about the trouble that is to come after twelve years. Twelve years? No now only seven remain. Whatever has to be done has to be done immediately.” As she kept thinking a terrible idea struck her. “If the body kept in the Shiv temple be destroyed then? If it is torn to bits then Matsyendranth will not be able to reenter it, then he will have to continue to live in the body of my husband, that is, he will have to remain as king Trivikram only, and the umbrella of a father figure will ever remain on the head of my son Dharmnath. So then, that’s it, I will do just that.”

The next day the queen woke up, and her mindset seemed totally different. Instead of the usual decorated body, she wore very simple clothes, however she put the symbols of a married lady. She coloured the parting in her hair with vermillion all the time explaining to herself that “there is nothing wrong in what I am doing, my husband’s body is with me so from that point of view I am not a widow.”

Dressing thus, she went to see her husband. Looking at her Matsyendranath asked, “Revati, has the tiredness of yesterday not left you yet? You do not look happy as you always do. Why has seriousness come over your face?”

“Yes Maharaj. From today I have taken a vow.”

“Why? Did Shiv Shankar give you such a command yesterday?”

“Yes, something of the sort. From today I shall live only as the mother of Dharmanath.”

“Why only the mother of Dharmanath? Why not become my mother too?” Matsyendranth had spoken jokingly but in utter earnestness. Queen Revati was surprised and kept looking at him.

“Why are you looking at me so? I am telling the truth. In the Rigveda also the verse on marriage states ‘dashansyam outran aathehi, pati ekadashan krudhi’ means, after giving birth to ten sons the lady should consider her husband as her eleventh son. Now you will say, I have only one son, but my age is that of a man who has ten sons. So now you have two sons, one born from your womb Dharmanath, and one in the form of your husband this Trivikarma.”

Revati could not understand what answer to give. She placed her head on the feet of the king and said to herself, “Bless me. Today what I am going to do is for the good of our son only. Do not be angry, forgive the poor mother of Dharmanath.”

Revati did not even realise that now tears were rolling down. Matsyendrantha lifting her, said in a loving voice, “May your vow be successful.”

For the success of her idea the Queen made every effort all day. She commanded some of her trusted servants to come in the middle of the night at the Shiva temple. What needs to be done, how it is to be done was explained. At night sleeping on a separate bed when the Queen saw Matsyendranath in deep sleep, without making a sound she came out of the palace with one of her attendants. Hiding in a stealthy manner she came near the Shiva temple cave. As per her command, earlier the two strong guards had removed the door to the cave. The three of them

entered the cave. The body of Matsyendranath was right there. The queen ordered the guards, "Take this body cut it to pieces as small as sesame seeds and scatter them in the forest." But the guards stood as if rooted. The body of the Guru of Nath tradition was looking so lustrous, that they did not find the courage. The queen instilled courage in them and said, "Why are you so scared? That is just a dead body. Immediately, break it to small particles. We have to complete this job quickly." Finally, the servants completed that vile job. Following this the door to the cave was closed as before and Revati returned to the palace without anxiety.

Even now Matsyendranath was in deep sleep. He was sleeping but the wife of Shiva who loved him like her son was awake. She had seen the body of Matsyendranath being taken out of the temple cave. She had heard the order to break it to the tiniest of pieces. Goddess Uma had woken her husband that very instant and said, "Listen Swami, our Matsyendranath has left his body and entered the body of the king, but the queen has now ensured that he cannot reenter his own body. She has broken the body of Matsyendra and scattered it in the forest. Wake up swami, do something."

Mahadev became meditative and saw, that what Uma had said was indeed true. On seeing the dire condition of his disciple's body, he got up in haste. With the help of Uma, he called the Yaksha ladies. He got them to collect the skeleton, flesh and skin pieces with their hands and commanded them to be given to his son Veerbhadra.

The Yaksha ladies completed their task well. Many crores of Chamundees [demigoddesses] also helped them. All of them handed the body of Matsyendranath to Veerbhadra and said, "The one who had insulted us in Saptashrungi, and for mantra Shakti he took our endorsement forcibly, our enemy, Matsyendranath has died his death now. His body has been cut into tiny pieces. By the command of Mahadev we have collected each and every piece and brought them to you, kindly guard them. If he does not get his body back, he will have to stay in the royal body only, then he will not be able to do his work."

On hearing what the Yaksh women had to say, Veerbhadra was also pleased, but he was afraid of Gorakshnath an equally brilliant disciple of his, who might come to claim the body. Therefore, he ordered eighty four crores and seventy two lakh Shivganas to guard that body. But the one whose body was being protected by such effort, was totally oblivious of what was going on. He went every day to the Shiva temple and checked the door of the cave and presumed that his body was safe behind the door, he returned free of anxiety.

Days, months and years passed. On the other side, Gorakshnath was wandering from place to place, enlightening, awakening society, guiding many an aspiring soul. Gorakshnath gave an austere penance to Manik, the son of a farmer on the bank of river Godavari. Going further to Badrikedar he met Chowranginath and taking him along he continued his wanderings. After twelve years in this way as per his plan he arrived along Shree Ganga in the Prayag region. Taking a bath in the Triveni sangam (confluence of three rivers). He reached the Shiva temple. After taking the darshan of Mahadev he met the priestess and asked her, "You have kept safely the invaluable thing I had given you right? You have kept it secret?"

"Yes...No.... Means...." The priestess could not speak properly, she trembled with fear.

"Yes or no? Tell the truth." Hearing the anger in Gorakshnath's voice Shaivadara became even more afraid, she caught hold of Gorakshnath's feet and said, "The queen had got this information, she made me tell her by force."

Gorakshnath was shocked. The queen might have tampered with the body, with this thought he became desperate. Worried he entered the cave and simply plonked down in despair. The cave was empty. Seeing his condition, the priestess said softly, "I will go to the Palace and meet the mother Queen. I will get the information from her."

"Yes, I will also search for him." Saying thus, Gorakshnath went into deep meditation. Shaivdara went running - panting to the palace. Seeing her, the Queen asked, "why have you come panting like this? Any special news?"

"Yes, Mother Queen, I have come to remind you that twelve years are coming to an end."

"Oh yes. I had forgotten this altogether, but you do not worry because now there is no reason to be anxious. It has been cut to pieces and thrown in the forest. That is why now there is no danger to us. Nobody can trouble us anymore. Go now." Frightened, Shaivdara came to the temple. She was thinking "If I tell Gorakshnath the truth and he curses me?" But she did not have to tell the truth. Gorakshnath had come to know it all with his inner knowledge. Knowing the truth, he was as much in despair as angry. He was thinking the Queen should be punished for this wicked deed, but he controlled himself for whatever it might be, the Queen was the wife of his Guru.

"Gorakshnath, is the search over or not?" Asked Chowranginath who had accompanied him. Giving him an answer Gorakshnath said, "Yes, the body parts of Gurudev are on Kailash."

"So, shall we go there?" Chowranginath asked?

"Not we, I will go there. I will go with my subtle body till then you take care of this body." Leaving the responsibility of looking after his body on Chowranginath, Gorakshnath came out of his body and went to Kailash and got all the information of the arrangements made there. He planned the strategy of how to vanquish Veerbhadra and then returned to his body, then taking Chowranginath with him, he went to Kailash. Both together vanquished the enemy. After that, only the Nath Yogis have the power of the Vatakarshan astra, with the power of which, Matsyendranath's body pieces were transported to the cave and brought together by the Sanjeevani mantra.

As was his routine when the king came to the Shiva temple in the evening to take the darshan of Shivashankar, he became overjoyed to see Gorakshnath. In front of others, he made some formal talk, and took him aside in seclusion. Guru and disciple were meeting after a long time. During this period what had been happening to each, they narrated to each other. When Matsyendranath heard what had been done to destroy his body, and how Gorakshnath had rejoined it all to make it whole, he said, "Son, Goraksh, now twelve years are over, Dharmanath has become big, we will do the coronation and return. Like you have taken care of my body for so many days, do so for a little while longer. With Chowrangi, stay here."

The Queen did not get an inkling of the fact that the King was making preparations for his departure. When the king discussed the coronation of Dharmanath, her mind became peaceful, because in those days Dharmanath was behaving in a peculiar manner about which she was worried. He had no interest, like a prince in pleasure seeking, food, sports or games. His behaviour was different from those of his age. Sometimes he sat under a tree with closed eyes calmly and sometimes he asked wise questions like a mature old person. The king would praise him for his understanding. He would explain the answers to his questions. He would make him study, but Queen Revati was always worried about his scholarship and understanding. She was afraid because she knew that he was the son of yogi Matsyendranath.

She would think, "If he also adopts Yoga as a path of life then? No, no I will not let this happen. He is born in a royal family. He is the only heir to this throne. He should be learning only politics."

Many a times she had spoken to the king about this matter as well. That is why today when the King himself spoke about the coronation of Dharmanath the Queen was very happy. Poor thing did not know what the true reason behind this was. She was under the impression that the body of Matsyendranath was destroyed. That is why he cannot return to his body. For the coronation of Dharmanath the royal priest was consulted and an auspicious day selected. Many kings and queens even from far-off lands were invited. The town was decorated with many colourful flowers. Many poor people were given clothes they desired and wealth as well. Delicious food items and a feast were arranged. From prison houses some prisoners were released. Finally on the day of the coronation Brahmins recited the auspicious prescribed mantras and poured the waters of five sacred rivers on the head of Dharmanath and completed the coronation. All the people with great enthusiasm and merriment cried victory to their crown prince, "Crown Prince Dharmanth Maharaj ki jai...."

Queen Revati was shedding nectar like tears of joy. She embraced Dharmanath. Giving him loads of blessings she kissed his forehead. She did a small ceremony to prevent any vile eye from touching him. In loving Dharmanath how time flew, she did not know. Now the Queen Revati was totally free of anxiety. And then one day suddenly she drowned in the sea of sorrow. That morning when the King did not come out of his chamber (bedroom), she went to his chamber to wake him up. "Get up Maharaj, the day is far gone. How is it you are still sleeping today?" But the king did not reply and there was no movement in his body either. The queen touched his body, and found his body cold like snow. She kept her hand on the king's chest and did not feel any beating of the heart. She was terrified and thought, "How is this possible? The body of Matsyendranath is not in existence, then where might his vital force be? And how?" She was befuddled. She froze. And sat like a stone.

"Mother? What happened mother? Why are you sitting like that?" Dharmanath came looking for her and asked. That is when she regained her senses and sorrowfully said, "Son, son we have been orphaned! You have lost the shade of the umbrella of your father."

The news of the sudden death of King Trivikram spread, the entire town was steeped in sorrow. Lamenting, the public moved rapidly towards the palace. When, Gorakshnath heard about the death of the king, he instantly applied some ash on his hands and smeared the body of Matsyendranath chanting the Sanjeevani mantra. Suddenly that body had the vital force moving in it and with a jerk Matsyendranath sat up. Once again, the body of King Trivikram was brought to the burning grounds and with the hand of Dharmanath the funeral pyre was lit and the last rites performed.

Up until now Queen Revati had controlled herself. Through secret sources she had found out about Matsyendranath. She had come to know that the great highly capable Gorakshnath had reassembled the body of Matsyendranath and brought him back to life. Now she was gripped with anxiety about Dharmanath. He was extremely attached to his father. Bereft of his father he was unable to apply his mind anywhere. He stopped eating or drinking. And became silent. He started to look into the void and sat for hours. All family members tried to console and comfort him, "Look at your mother. You now have to take total responsibility for her. If you remain immersed in sorrow who will look after your mother? How will she pass her days?"

But whatever anyone said had no effect on Dharmanath. He did not eat or drink, he could not sleep. Finally, one day Queen Revati called him close to her and told him, "Son, your father has not died, he is immortal." Listening to the Queen, Dharmanath was surprised and asked, "So whose final rites did I perform?"

"The body whose final rites you performed was that of your father in the mundane sense, but your biological father is Yogi Matsyendranath. Dharmaraj could not understand anything, he asked, "But mother, how is this possible?"

"Even then this impossibility has happened. With the Lord the impossible can become possible. It is said that his power is that which can do that which cannot be done. This impossibility happened because....." Then the Queen told Dharmanath the entire story of how Matsyendranath entered the body of the King. On hearing this wonderful tale Dharmanath was immersed in deep thought. After some time, he asked his mother, "Where is my father now? I have to meet him." He is living in a Shiva temple just outside the village. On knowing where his father was, Dharmanath got up with alacrity and said, "Mother, I will go and bring him" The Queen asked in a very worried voice, "But son. For two days you have eaten nothing. Eat a little fruit and then go."

"No mother" Dharmanath said firmly, "Now I will have my meal with my father only."

Hearing the sound of a horse carriage, Gorakshnath said, "Chowrangi this is no time for darshan, then who is coming this way? Just take a look." Chowranginath went to the courtyard of the Shiva temple and said, "On the carriage a royal flag flutters" Gorakshnath was surprised and said, "But the royal household is in mourning. How can they visit the temple?" At the same time, Matsyendranath came to the courtyard and said, "Not to visit the temple, but to meet his father Dharmanath is coming." In a short while King Dharmaraj reached them seeing the three Nath in the doorway of the temple he wondered, 'Now who among the three might be my father?'

He kept gazing at them and then with an inner inspiration he went and stood in front of Matsyendranath and was about to bend to touch his feet when Matsyendranath lifted him and embraced him. He felt the same warmth and touch of his childhood and choked with tears said, "Father I have come to take you home, come." Smiling, Matsyendranath spoke, "Yes, royal stubbornness and a child's stubbornness cannot be put aside, can it? Come on, Chowrangi now for some days we will enjoy the hospitality of the palace." But the hospitality of the palace lasted not for a few days but an entire year. After that, one day Matsyendranath said, "Tomorrow we shall leave on our wanderings."

"In you I am also included father. I will also go with you." Dharmanath said stubbornly. Explaining to him Matsyendranath said, "No son, you will most definitely go with me but not now. At the proper time I will come myself to take you." Hearing the firmness in his voice, Dharmanath did not dare ask again. While leaving, Matsyendranath said to Dharmanath, "Stay here and take care of the working of the government properly. Serve your mother. In her service is my service. See me in her."

Queen Revati was also very sad. In this one year in the presence of Nath, she had found a direction to happiness in her life. To get the association of such a great yogi, meant the result of good deeds done in infinite previous life times. With this thought she felt blessed, but she had not expressed these feelings to anyone. Even today she had hidden them behind her eyelids, and pressed them between her lips. She went forward and placed her head on the feet of Matsyendranath with deep reverence. Matsyendranath placed his boon bestowing hand over her head and said, "Mother Queen become the mother of all and live. Do not be anxious. I will always be near you. All wellbeing ! All wellbeing! All wellbeing!"

Matsyendranath had given an assurance to Dharmanath that he would return to take him at an appropriate time. Accordingly, after some years, along with Gorakshnath, Chowranginath and Adbhanganath he came again to Prayag. Till then Dharmanath had entered the householder life and was also taking good care of the family. At the same time, he attended his duties as a king

diligently. Looking after his people well, but in his heart of hearts he awaited his father. He was aspiring to go on a pilgrimage with him. That is why when he saw the Nath Yogees, he became over joyous. Queen Revati was also very happy but hidden in her happiness was the sorrow of parting from her son. She had prepared her mind for this separation.

Dharmanath was her son and he was also Matsyendranath's son. He was attached to Matsyendranath since childhood. He was hungry for the love of his father. Revati knew that Dharmanath would certainly go with his father. The love of his wife or the loving embrace of his son will not have the power to stop him. Therefore, she controlled the rising thoughts in her mind and welcomed all the Nath's appropriately.

Matsyendranath stayed for two to four days here. He was busy in the love and affection of his grandson Trivikram. One day he said to Revati, "Queen mother, the work that I have come here for will need to be completed immediately. Ask the royal priest for an auspicious time for the coronation of prince Trivikram." Accordingly, the day for the coronation was fixed. And on that day the auspicious time, Trivikram the son of Dharmanath ascended to the throne. Dharmanath handed over the royal baton and got ready to take the Nath baton.

For the initiation of Dharmanath the shudha dweetiya of the magh [the second day of waxing moon in the month of Magh corresponds to December] month was decided. On that auspicious day, Gorakshnath on the command of Matsyendranath initiated Dharmanath into the Nath tradition. The Gods were invited to the ceremony. Along with the Nath yogis the public also celebrated the initiation day. The town was decorated.

That day for the feast, chana [gram] was cooked in large vessels. With that ambit (made from maize flour and buttermilk), Kheer (a liquid sweet dish with milk) and Purees - rajasic dishes were also made. As he served the Harbhara (green gram) Gorkashnath was saying, "Eat harbhara and remember the Lord. In every place in everything he is bhara [filled]. He is in all, Lord fills all" People who were eating were content. Gorakshnath was himself serving the Prasad to all. Some really lucky people received a morsel from his hands. The public was very satisfied and started to say, "Such a celebration should happen every year."

"Tathastu" (may it be so) said Gorakshnath very pleased. "In this manner when we celebrate the seed of Dharma, one more aim gets accomplished. Dvitiya means second. But there is also one more meaning of dvitiya, and that is - the seed which creates anew. When the Dharmabeej (seed of Dharma) gets the water of sadhana (spiritual practice) it sprouts. It becomes a huge tree. "Beejmantra" (seed mantra) and Mantra deeksha [initiation] are two words with great meaning. They have great power. Therefore, the sadhaka who conducts this ceremony in his home, in his house Bhagya (Fortune) Lakshmi (Goddess of wealth) will reside. He will not only get mundane happiness, but the illnesses, fear, and pain created by delusion will be destroyed. His spiritual well-being will happen."

Gorkashnath took Dharmanath to Badrikashram. There he made Dharmanath commence his penance. On completion of his penance Gorakshnath taught him all the sciences, of astra-shastras. On the completion of his sadhana, the Gods and Goddesses of the Badrikashram were present. They completed the ceremony of the Dharmabeej (seed of Dharma) in the memory his initiation. Gorakshnath commanded this disciple of his to wander among the people and understand their sorrows and remove them, and to create interest in the knowledge about Self realisation in the common man.

## Lesson 7 – Matrutva (Motherhood)

When Prince Krishnagar bowed to his mother and father, as was his daily custom, before leaving for study to the Knowledge centre, observing his impressive personality, Queen Mandakini started to think, “How soon my little child has grown to manhood. Curly shoulder length hair, the innocent look on his lustrous face, but in the large brown eyes sparkling confidence and enthusiasm of youth - anyone would fall for, such is my Krishnagar. Yes, now the time is right to start looking for a matching good charactered bride.”

All day, this thought occupied mother queen’s mind. At night she spoke to King Shashangar, “Listen, now our Krishnagar has to be married. We will have to look for a proper bride for him. Some princess who has the auspicious marks and is as good looking as our son.”

“Yes, you are right. Even I was thinking likewise. Tomorrow itself I will speak to the royal priest and send my ambassadors to various countries. Be free of anxiety. Soon you will get the joy of a daughter in law.” Assuring her, the King fell asleep, but the thought of getting a daughter in law stole the Queen’s sleep. She did not realise when the thoughts of the future took her into the past. Some unimaginable incidents of her past life started to move before her like a movie.

King Shashangar was the valorous and wise king of the prosperous Kaudinyapur in Vidarbha Pradesh. Twenty years ago, marrying him Queen Mandakini had entered this palace. She started to enjoy the luxurious life of a royal Queen. A husband who showered her with love, respect from her subjects, for any service instant helpers- in this flood of happiness her mind was dancing spreading its wings like a peacock. How four or five years passed, she hardly knew, but those years left a tightness in her. Her mind noticed a lack in her womanhood. The desire for motherhood rose in her as a completion to her being a woman. She kept thinking just one thought again and again, “Why is my womb empty even now? On the creeper of life which has lovely green leaves of happiness and prosperity, why is there no bud blossoming yet? In the dark blue vast sky of love why is no moon in the form of a child seen?”

Queen Mandakini could not apply her mind to anything. She tried many remedies. Kept many a fasts and vows, but all to no avail. King Shashangar was also feeling much the same. Queen Mandikini’s womanhood was thirsting for a baby playing on her lap. In the royal manly mind of King Shashangar, the desire was for a royal heir who would be light of the family and bring fame to them and carry the responsibility of the royal throne on his shoulders.

When patience gave way in them both, then the King handed over the business of running the kingdom to his Prime Minister saying, “Prime Minister, tomorrow I leave for Rameshwar with the Queen. You will take care of the business of the country till my return.”

The king and queen left for the south. On the way they stopped at the confluence of the Tunga Bhadra and Krishna rivers. The plan was to halt for a day and proceed, but the same night the king had a dream in which Lord,,,,,,,,,,,,, Shiva appeared and said, “O king, your heart’s desire will be fulfilled in this very place. Here you will find immersed in deep water an idol of Me and Goddess Aparna. Establish this idol and worship it. You will surely get a son.”

The king was pleased. Early in the morning itself the king went to the confluence. And according to the direction given by Shiva he found the idol there. There was a village nearby named Bhadrasangam. Learned Brahmins were invited from there and the idols were established and

consecrated with due formal rites. For the idols a beautiful temple was erected. The village folk called it Sangameshwar.

The King and Queen stayed there, and started worshipping Sangameshwar. They fasted and did the repetition of the name of Bhavanishankar. After some days as per his routine, the king went early morning and took his bath at the confluence, he then took a handful of the water of Krishna river to worship the sun. Suddenly a miracle happened. With great good fortune in his palm a part of Shiva had appeared. And with the touch of the king from that lustrous seed a beautiful, graceful boy manifested.

The surprised king kept gazing at him. He was perplexed and wondered whether this was real or an illusion. But when that small baby started to cry, then the voice convinced him that this is for real. The king gratefully thanked Shiva and Parvati again and again embracing him, keeping him close to his chest, returned home with that baby.

“Devi, Devi, queen Mandakini” calling enthusiastically, he entered his camp. Hearing his call, the queen came out running and seeing the baby in the arms of the king asked “Swami, whose baby is this?”

“Ours, queen Mandakini, this beautiful baby is ours only. He has been given to us by Sangameshwar.” And then he told her everything. “Take him queen. This is the Prasad of the Lord.”

There was no limit to the joy of the queen. Embracing him to her heart her motherhood instantly flowed. Forgetting herself she started kissing his tiny hands and feet, his soft hair and cheeks.

Today after so many years, the memory of that golden moment brought tears to her eyes. She went to the home temple. In the soft glow of the oil lamps the idols here were looking even more pleased. She bowed before them and folding her hands said, “O Lord Umashankar, this is the Prasad you have given us. Krishnamai (Mother Krishna) had put him in our lap. We named him Krishnagar so that we remember her always. Now he has become a grown-up. To find him a proper bride tomorrow some people will go on a journey. Our son is a Kaustubh jewel (worn by Vishnu near his heart). Bless us that we may find pure gold for him, the one who will love our son, who will take care of him, good charactered, with many good qualities and a beautiful life partner. We call him our own, but in reality, he is your son. We have faith that You will do all that is auspicious for him. O Lord we place the responsibility on You. Take care of him Lord.”

The royal priest along with his colleagues was roaming from one country to the other in search of a fitting daughter in law, but he was unable to find a girl who would match their prince. If she was beautiful, she did not have the qualities, if she had the qualities, she was not beautiful. Just by chance if a girl was found with both, the horoscope of the girl did not match that of the prince. Even 20-25 qualities did not match. [there are 36 in a horoscope that can be matched]. Therefore, all those who had left in search of a bride returned disappointed. Still there was hope in Queen Mandakini’s heart. She kept sending her subordinates abroad to search for a daughter in law, but the sight of a daughter in law was not in her destiny. One day she felt extremely dizzy and fell down never to get up again.

Due to the sudden death of his wife, it seemed as though a mountain of grief had fallen on the King. Not his home not his work - nothing interested him. All family members tried to console him. To give him spiritual support the royal Guru read stories from ancient texts to him. He was

counselling him to leave this transient world, chant and do penance, but all efforts were upto naught. King Shashangar neglected both his work and health. He did not eat or drink or sleep nor speak to anyone. He was seen to be sitting all alone most of the time. One full year had passed after the death of Mother Queen. For the death anniversary, the maternal uncle of the king had come to Kaudinyapur. He saw the terrible condition the king was in. Although they were uncle and nephew, their age was similar. Since childhood they were good friends. Because of this close friendship the uncle took the king aside and said, "There are many courtesans in the palace, you have interest in music, then why don't you enjoy the music of one of the talented courtesans?"

Hearing the words of Uncle, king Shashangar was quiet for a long time. Then he spoke very gravely, "Uncle I know what is in your mind, but you also know that I have no interest in any of such related matters, even then you are giving this peculiar suggestion."

"King, this is no peculiar suggestion. In this condition it is the most suitable one. There is also one other suggestion which is related to religious practice. You get married again."

"That too is not possible for me uncle. How can I forget my beloved dearer than my life breath?"

Consoling the king, Uncle said, "For the sorrow of separation, time is the best medicine. Now do not say any more. Just assent to what your Uncle does." After which uncle invited all the Ministers and said, "I would like to discuss some personal matter with you."

The ministers said "Certainly uncle, please speak openly."

"Uncle said, "I have heard that in search of a daughter in law you had been to many places three years back?"

"Yes uncle," the ministers replied, "But we could not find any girl suitable for the prince. Yes, there was one girl who had beauty and good qualities, but her horoscope did not match that of the prince. The marriage would have been dangerous to both."

"Who is that girl? From where is she?"

"Bhujawanti the daughter of the king of Chitrakoot, Bhujdhwaj."

"Do you have her horoscope with you?"

"Yes, uncle for all the girls we saw, their horoscopes and the notes attached are kept with the royal priest."

"Then do this, bring all the notes taken about this girl from the royal priest."

"But the royal priest had said that although in her life there is the possibility of becoming a queen, she cannot be married to the prince."

"That is alright. What I am talking to you about does not pertain to the prince. We have to see if her horoscope matches that of our king or not."

"Meaning? Is the king getting married?"

"He will not marry by his own choice. We will have to get him married for his health. You are aware of his present condition. To get him out of this condition there is only one way and that is marriage."

The ministers said, "Yes. We had never thought this way. What you have thought must be proper."

By coincidence the horoscope of King Shshangar and Princess Bhujawanti matched." Both were married and Bhujawanti became the queen of Kaundiyapur.

Bhujawanti became the queen, but this position turned her sweet colourful dreams into colourless bitterness. Before her dreams could become reality, they broke. On the auspicious moment of the marriage, she had mounted the platform for being sacrificed.

In fact, her condition was even worse than having been put on the sacrificial platform because on that platform one ascends just once, but here she would face it every day.

When Bhujawanti heard that the royal priest had come once again with the proposal for marriage, she was dancing with joy. Her self-esteem had risen. In her heart she had said, "You had said no to me, right? Because the horoscope did not match, so then why did you return? It was only an excuse. Far and wide you might not have found a beauty with good qualities like me for the prince and so you forgot the horoscope and returned for me. I knew they will come back here, I had prayed to Mother Jagdamba. I had said Mother you are all powerful. You can make the impossible possible. Just turn the planets and get your favourite married into the royal family of Kaundiyapur." Wrapped in her own thoughts Bhujawanti had gone dancing, twirling to the temple. With great devotion she had bowed and said to the Goddess, "You heard my prayers, my desire is fulfilled. May your grace ever remain thus on me."

But may be Mother Jagadamba had heard only half the plea of Bhujawanti. Bhujawanti did get married into the Kaundiyapur royal family not to the prince but to the King Shashangar. The one she had fallen in love with as a husband, became her son in relationship. She became the wife of his father.

At the time of marriage, no one had asked Bhujawanti her desire. Not only that, she was kept in the dark. When she read the invitation card prepared for the wedding, she came to know the truth. Then she understood why her mother was repeatedly wiping her tears. Bhujawanti had thought that the separation from her dear daughter was making her mother weep, but the truth was something altogether different. The thought of what pain her dear daughter would have to bear in the future, the very idea made Bhujawanti's mother miserable. The suffering was that even though she was a mother she could not protect her daughter.

When Bhujawanti saw the invitation card she had asked her mother, "Mother what is this? In the place of the name of the groom why has the name of his father been put? What is the meaning of this?" Then her mother was choked and passing a tender hand over Bhujawanti's back said, "The meaning is what is written dear one. You are not becoming the wife of the prince but that of his father. The priest of Kaundiyapur had brought the proposal of marriage with King Shashangar with you." Instantly Bhujawanti had pushed her mother away and asked angrily, "And you accepted that proposal? The proposal that would influence my entire life you accepted without asking me?"

"There was no meaning in asking you, I know your mind, but girls have no mind and no opinion in the matter. Wherever they are sent they have to go. With good fortune if a suitable match is made, they live a happy life, otherwise they play-act happiness. They deceive not only others but themselves. The royal family before making connections has first to consider their subjects. You cannot make enemies of powerful people."

"Then it would have been better for me to have been born in a pauper's family than in a royal one," disheartened Bhujawanti had said.

"Even there your condition would have been the same. We are treated as puppets. We women have to dance to the tune of men." Mother had said.

Remembering the words of her mother, even now Bhujawanti was sharply asking herself, "Why? Why like this? Even if there is no love, just because God and fire are witness and a word has been given to someone, is it proper to surrender one's body to the person one does not like? Is it not unethical? The one to whom I had offered the flower of my heart only on seeing his picture is the alien man, or the one to go near whom seems like disaster?"

Scorched in her own angry thoughts, Bhujawanti came to the threshold of her chamber and stood. A gentle cool breeze filled her with enthusiasm. Velvet curtains closing the doors and the decorated bedroom was choking her breath which was made pleasant and easy by getting out into the garden with the fragrance of the blossoming flowers brought by the gentle breeze. The vast blue sky made her wilted mind filled with happiness. Deprived of love her mind was saying, "in this most pleasant time, someone to call my own should be with me, loving with his body and mind, but how is that possible? In front of us is the bondage of marriage, rules and regulations, word given to the husband are like an invisible wall." Lost in thought she heard the voice of Chandrawati suddenly, 'Didi, you are standing here? I could not understand where you have gone.'

Chandrawati was Bhujawanti's Dai Ma (the lady who is with you since birth and served you even as a newborn), who had taken care of her since childhood. And now after Bhujawanti's marriage she had accompanied her from Chitrakoot. She was not only her Dai Ma but also her counsellor and support. If time arose, she would understand the mind of Bhujawanti and lovingly explain like a friend. "What are you doing here?" Chandrawati asked Bhujawanti.

"Enjoying the open air. Watching the changing colours of the sky."

"Okay! So you must have seen the sun that has descended on the terrace in front?" Counter questioning Chandrawati, Bhujawanti asked "How can the sun come on the terrace in front?"

"Just try and see," said Chandrawati signalling to the terrace in front. Bhujawanti looked and just kept looking. On the terrace in front, for so many days whose one glimpse she had thirsted for, that Prince was standing and looking into the sky at the kite he was flying. His gaze was fixed on the kite and hers on him.

"Didi, for how long will you keep gazing? Come on, come let's go in."

"Aaa?" With the voice of Chandrawati, Bhujawanti came back to her senses.

"I said..." Chandrawati, Bhujawanti stopped her from speaking and held her hand tightly, overwhelmed with emotion, she said, "Don't say a word Chandumai. Just do one work. Make me meet this sun. Do something Chandumai."

"To bear the heat of the sun is not easy Didi."

"But to suffer the separation is even more difficult. Chandumai, Swear by me. Just once...just once make me meet him."

"I will do something, but now calm down and come inside." Chandrawati could understand the restlessness of Bhujawanti's heart. She thought, "What will happen if the two meet each other? Both are of the same age. They will laugh, and meet together. For Didi that will be enough."

Thinking thus Chandrawati went to the terrace of Rajkumar. She bowed down to him with respect and said, "I have one request, Prince." The Prince also said with respect, "Please tell me. You have come from the maternal home of my mother. Say what you have to say."

"Didi would like to meet you." The Prince thought for a while on what Chandrawati said and then answered, "Alright. Tell her I am coming to meet her."

Chandrawati went to meet the Prince, and Bhujawanti's mind got entangled, filled with many doubts and fears. "Will the Prince come? How will he behave with me? Will I be able to speak to him without guilt? Will I be able to greet him happily? No, no. By sending Chandrawati to him was not right. O Mother Jagadamba, it will be good if the Prince does not come. I cannot trust myself. If he comes and some mishap occurs then?" For this doubt the Vastu Purusha [The God who is present in all directions] must have said "Tathastu (may it be so)," for that is what happened.

The Prince Krishnagar bowing to Bhujawanti said, "You remembered me? Thank you. You are happy and healthy Mother?"

As soon Bhujawanti heard the word Mother, a pricking occurred in her heart. She thought, "Shall I tell him the condition of my mind? Should I tell him about the injustice done to me, and ask can I remain healthy and happy under such circumstances?" However, she said nothing, but her trembling body, and half parted eager, pink buds of her lips, and eyes longing for union, expressed the awakened desire for love in her heart.

He did not sit on the seat placed for him. The Prince became grave. Just remaining standing, he said, "Mother try to control yourself. You are not only my mother, you are also the mother of all our subjects. Respect that sacred bond. For a transient happiness do not stain your fidelity and your motherhood. I will take leave. Pranam."

Bhujawanti's mind was already deeply miserable. It was struggling with discrimination and passion. After what the Prince said it was as if he applied a pungent ointment to her eyes. She lost her senses. Chandrawati brought some fruit for the Prince and found that Bhujawanti lay unconscious on the floor. Chandrawati became afraid. She quickly sprinkled water on her face and trying to wake her up and said, "Didi, Didi wake up. Come to consciousness." After sometime, Bhujawanti opened her eyes. She saw Chandrawati close to her, she fell into her arms and cried bitterly. Consoling her and caressing her back Chandrawati asked, "What happened didi? Why did Rajkumar leave so suddenly? Did he say something untoward to you?"

"No Chandumai No." Bhujawanti said, "What he said was proper. He is great. Well balanced. Has discrimination. He did not let me fall from the stand of Mother, but Chandumai, it is me who is not worthy of him. I am neither worthy of being his wife nor his mother. Fie on me! Fie on my sensual mind, this inauspicious birth. Today I have fallen from the eyes of my Lord. I have lost all. Now what is left in this life?"

Chandrawati did not understand what her Didi had lost, but she understood that because of this incident what she will lose. If the, Prince tells Maharaj regarding this incident then? Then it will be an insult to Didi and her family. Didi will be dismissed from her status as a Queen, and maybe punished and sent to the forest or may be sentenced to death. No, no this should not happen. Before this terrible calamity happens, something will have to be done. If a lie needs to be told, this should not be considered improper. Before Maharaj meets the Prince something will have to be done.

Chandrawati started to think, but she got no time, because just then the information came that Maharaj had returned to the palace. In spite of hearing of Maharaj's return, as per routine Queen Bhujawanti did not go to welcome him. That is why Maharaj came directly to Bhujawanti's chamber. Seeing the Queen lying on her bed he asked Chandrawati, "Is the Queen not well? What has happened?"

Chandrawati kept quiet and was thinking what answer to give Maharaj. Maharaj asked again, "Tell me what has happened?" Then Chandrawati bent her head down and said, "May you not ask, and may we servants not have to tell."

Listening to this answer from Chandrawati, Maharaj asked the Queen herself, "Clearly tell me Bhujawanti what is happening to you? Have you informed the royal physician regarding your health?"

"There is no use of the royal physician Maharaj." Before Bhujwanti could say anything Chandrawati blurted in haste, "the Prince had come."

"Is that so? Why?"

"It would be better if you asked him yourself Maharaj."

"Does that mean he did some improper act?"

"Improper action has happened but it is no fault of the Prince, if there is a fault it lies in his youth and my Didi's beauty."

"What are you saying? How dare he do this? There is a punishment for this, only mortal punishment."

"Calm down Maharaj. Nothing untoward has happened."

"But on the mental level it has happened, is it not?"

Lying on the bed Bhujawanti was listening to everything. When she heard 'mortal punishment' she got up immediately and in a weak voice said, "Listen Maharaj, it is not at all the way you are thinking." But the heat of anger made Maharaj deaf to what Bhujawanti was saying and quickly he got out of her chamber.

Bhujawanti once again became powerless and fell onto the bed said, miserably, "Chandumai what is this that has happened? My sinful shadow has eclipsed the sun. It has stained the sun. The sun has set."

Maharaj ordered, "The hands and legs of Krishnagar should be broken, and this punishment be meted out on the large square of the royal path, let the entire nation know the punishment meted out to the animal man who looks at another's woman with a vile mind. The pain of the mortal punishment is transient but that of being handicapped is lifelong. Whosoever it may be who insults a virtuous woman whether a king or pauper the same punishment for both - bodily punishment."

Without giving a chance to the Prince to prove his innocence, without rendering justice the punishment was carried out. The Prince thought, "When the king has done injustice, to whom shall I ask for justice? And why? It must be so written in my fate. The royal priest had said, 'If there be a connection with this girl, it will prove dangerous to the Prince.' In spite of knowing this, I myself went to meet her. Now I must atone. When it is the time for a calamity to occur, the intellect works opposite to what is right."

When the hands and legs of the prince were being broken, while suffering the pain, a gentle smile was playing on his face. He was thinking, "Did you see Krishnagar? By getting just one glimpse of Bhujawanti, you are having to lose your arms. And for advancing to her chamber your legs are also cut. How destructive bad company can be for man."

Just at that time, Matsyendranath and Gorakshnath were roaming in this town. They saw the crowd on the royal path. So, eagerly they pushed through the crowd and saw, that a young man was lying on the platform in the square, smeared and soaked in blood. Both his hands and legs had been broken. Blood was flowing from his wounds. Seeing this scene both the Naths were distraught. They asked some people in the crowd who this youth was and what was his grave offence. Then one person answered, "He is the son of the King. He looked at his step mother with a bad eye. That is why the king has punished him."

Immediately another person contradicted the first and said, "To tell you the truth our Prince is virtuous, of noble character. But our king has lost his head (at sixty years of age- demented). He is dancing to the tunes of his young queen. That is why just on some doubt he has given such a severe punishment."

Gorakshnath now looked with his inner vision and realised that the youth is innocent and an incarnate being. He asked Matsyendranath, "Shall we take him with us?"

"Certainly, we will." Matsyendranath said, "but first we shall teach a good lesson to the King and Queen."

"Yes Guruji, we will certainly teach them a lesson, but not now. First, we will empower him with all the arts and science of the Nath tradition. We will make him accomplished, then his accomplishment and brilliance will open the eyes of the king blinded by the objects of the senses."

"That's right" said Matsyendranath and went to the palace with Gorakshnath.

On being informed of their arrival the king Shashaangar came down to welcome them. Then Matsyendranath said, "Today we have not come for accepting respectful hospitality from you. We have come to ask for something."

"Please speak. It is my royal duty to serve you." The king said.

To that Matsyendranath said, "The youth lying on the platform in the square is your own son, right? We want him." In an ashamed frame of mind, the King said, "The one who has stained our family, I am ashamed to call my own son. It would have been better if I had remained without a child. But what will you do taking him with you? How will he serve you being handicapped?"

Matsyendranath said firmly, "that we will see. You just say, will you give him to us or not?" The king said, "If you want to take him, by all means do take him. Anyway, he is dead for us." As soon as they got the King's permission both the Nath's went to Krishnagar and in a very affectionate tone said, "Come son, come with us. We have come to take you." The two Nath's lifted Krishnagar on their shoulders and took him away.

Once Krishnagar's wounds were treated and he seemed better, Matsyendranath and Gorakshnath started towards Badrikashram. As soon as they reached, they first took the darshan of the Lord and then making Krishnagar sit in the temple they went to the forest. There they found one large cave. They wanted that Krishnagar do penance in Badrikashram. For his penance that cave was appropriate. They took the blessings of the Lord and brought Krishnagar near the cave.

Matsyendranath said, "We want that you should stay in this cave and do penance. Will you? Will you stay here?" Krishnagar assuring them said, "Yes Guruji. I will stay wherever you say. I will do what you tell me to do. The Krishnagar incarnation has ended at the square of Kaundiyaapur itself. Now the one in front of you is your obedient disciple."

"Chowranginath," Gorakshnath suddenly said, "Son, from today you are our Chowranginath. The one who has been born sitting in an injured state on the platform (Chowrang) he is Chowranginath."

Gorakshnath found a large rock and brought it. He placed it on the ceiling of the cave. He brought Krishnagar i.e. Chowrangi and made him sit under it, and said, "See, Chowrangi, continue to look at this rock, keep your gaze unwavering. If even for a moment your gaze wanders, this rock will fall instantly and crush you. Understand?"

Matsyendranath said, "Now we shall give you one mantra. Continuously chant that mantra."

"Yes Gurudev."

"Listen attentively." Saying this much, Gorakshnath uttered a seed mantra in Chowranginath's ear.

"Goraksh, how shall we arrange for his eating and sleeping?" Matsyendranath asked. In answer Gorakshnath closed his eyes and invoked Chamundadevi with his mantra power. Chamundadevi appeared and asked, "Pranam Maharaj, today how is it you have remembered me?" "I have some work with you." Gorakshnath said, "This is our disciple Chowranginath. He is going to do penance

in this cave, we are giving you the responsibility to supply him with fresh fruit every day. Lifting the large rock a little without making a sound the fruits have to kept in the cave.”

“As per your order Nathji.” Chamunda said.

While leaving Chowranginath in the cave, Gorakshnath once again reminded him, “Three things you have to remember, - with an upward gaze you have to continuously look at the rock that is above, chant uninterruptedly and eat the fruit that is kept for you at the doorway of the cave.”

Those who had looked after him like a child, this disabled orphaned soul, protected him and brought him on the path of truth and given the umbrella of parents were leaving, this left him perturbed. With tear filled eyes he kept his head on their feet and with a choked voice said, “Wherever you are, will you remember this ignorant child? And protect and nourish me with the glance of the tortoise?”

Caressing his back Matsyendranath said “Yes son, certainly we will. The Guru remains as a part of his disciple. His vision is always with the disciple. You see we will dwell in your heart, we will be close to you. Be without anxiety.”

Gorakshnath blessing him said, “May your penance be successful. May Guru Adinath give you the strength.” “Now we will leave. Aadesh....Aadesh...”

Both the Naths came out of the cave. Before moving away from the cave Gorakshnath closed it with a big rock. Chowranginath put his ears to the rock of the cave and heard the sound of their footsteps recede. Now in the cave were the disabled Chowranginath and the huge black rock hanging over his head.

Chowranginath, as per the order of his Guru Gorakshnath gazed unflinchingly at the rock hanging over his head. With is mouth he uninterruptedly chanted the mantra. Night followed day ...and day followed night, they kept coming and going. Now the chanting was not happening through his mouth. It was happening from Madhyama (the centre of his chest.) Going ahead even the consciousness of Madhyama waned, and the chant happened from Pashyanti, then went to para. Slowly, slowly it vibrated in every pore of his body.

Devi Chamunda did not allow any lapse in her service. Every day she kept fresh, juicy fruit in the cave but Chowranginath had not even touched them. He thought if in taking the fruit I moved and my sight left the rock, then it will fall and take away my life breath. My penance will be broken. It is better, then, that I die starving.”

The man of time was measuring the years by his footstep, but Chowranginath, fixing his gaze upwards and uninterruptedly chanting within, sat unmoving.

As per the promise given to Chowranginath Guru Gorakshnath returned to Badrikashram after twelve years, one tapa, after taking the darshan of Badrikedareswar he came to the BadriNarayan temple and falling prostrate before him he asked, “We had kept our Chowrangi in your protection. He is well, right?” In his heart Gorakshnath felt the ‘yes’ of Narayan. He became contented. Going to the cave of Chowrangi he removed the rock covering the doorway to the cave and entered, and saw there was a huge heap of fruit there.

“Gorakshnath was disturbed and said, “Child remained hungry.” Going ahead he saw, Valmiki - a small hillock of mud. Quickly he took a sharp pointed rock and broke the shield of mud, and there

he saw his disciple sitting in an unmoving manner. The lustrous prince had become only skin and bones. Looking like a wooden statue. His body looked absolutely dry, but a surprising thing had happened, because of the power of Mantra and his penance he had got both his hands and legs back. His broken limbs had got restored.

“Chowrangi, Chowrangi, get up, get up... see I have come” Gorakshnath woke him from his penance and kept caressing his back lovingly. Very slowly Chowrangi moved his fixed gaze towards Gorakshnath. Giving him strength with the power of Mantras Gorakshnath said smiling, “Son you have proved your worthiness on the acid test. See by being pleased with your penance Adinath has given you your hands and legs back.” Chowranginginath saw that miracle. He was overjoyed and got up; falling at the feet of Guru Gorakshnath with great devotion he placed his head on them.

Gorakshnath took Chowranginginath and proceeded from Badrinarayan to Kedarnath. There they met Adinath. Both of them stayed there for six months. During that period Gorakshnath bestowed many sciences to his intelligent disciple. Chowrangi born in a royal family was already skilled in the use of the gross and visible weapons, but now his Guru Gorakshnath had familiarised him in the invisible mantra armament sciences which brought about visible effects. To get the powers of these mantras, he was made to worship the respective Gods and Goddesses. Chowrangi with his earnest worship pleased all the Gods.

In this manner the fine disciple who had attained all relevant powers and total purity due to his penance, was initiated by Gorakshnath into the Nath tradition. He taught him the abstruse signal of how to take a morsel of the ball of rice used in the funeral rites. He made him wear the following ornaments: Shaily, Shrungi, kandha, and Kundal as per the Nath tradition and made him the excellent power wielder Chowranginginath.

One day Gorakshnath told Chowranginginath “Chowranginginath, come on we will now leave this place. First we shall go to Vidarbha to meet your father.”

“Kaundiyapur? No, no. Now I have no attachment, neither to father nor to that kingdom.”

“That I know.” Gorakshnath said. “But I want to give an answer to the injustice done to Prince Krishnagar of that place. The king had disabled his son on the square of the, Royal path. Now we have to display the purity and power of that son. We have to make the king atone for his crime.”

“But Gurudev we are renunciates. We should be forgiving.” Gorakshnath said, “No, no in our view point, for a criminal - not forgiveness but punishment is appropriate. Chowranginginath, bear in mind our weapons and mantric powers are not for display only. They are for the protection of the good and the punishment of the wicked. The worship of Shiva Shakti, of our Nath tradition, is an integration of Weapons and the Discipline (scriptures). Shakti must have the foundation of Shiva and Shiva must have the association of Shakti. For the protection of Satva guna it is necessary to have a shield of Rajo guna. To keep the horses of Rajo Guna under control we require the reigns of Satva guna. Knowledge without Power is crippled and Power without knowledge is blind. That is why when there is balance between the two, Tamo guna can be controlled, it then remains their slave.” Having said this much Gorakshnath lifted his staff and banged it on the ground saying, “Come on Chowranginginath. This is Brahma. This is power!”

When Chowranginginath first viewed Kaundiyapur, he was so thrilled. It was as though he had met his mother after so many years. While walking the familiar paths many memories of his childhood and youth came flooding back. He remembered the Queen Mother and thought, “If mother had been there this would not have been my state.” As they walked ahead, they came to the square on the royal path and he was reminded, so acutely, of that insulting, torturing mental as well as

physical agony as though he was experiencing the same painful sensations right now. Old wounds became fresh again. The desire to take revenge on the injustice perpetrated by his father, started to grip him. Reminding himself of the words of Guru Gorakshnath he told himself, "Show this king your brilliance. Demolish his kingdom. With the weapon of the wind destroy these gardens. Shake the mountains and valleys with the weapon of the mountain. Tie the army to the ground with the weapon of touch."

The mind of Prince Krishnagar was undulating in the fire of revenge, but after a while the Chowranginath dwelling within brought him to his senses saying, "O crazy one, just think with this terrible deed who are you going to bring sorrow to? Have you forgotten the Soham thought? You will bring misery to the one dwelling in you and in Who you dwell such an Ultimate Lord who pervades the entire manifestation. These trees creepers, mountains, rivers, animals, birds, men-women are all the forms of that worldwide, One universal consciousness, no? Therefore, renounce the thought of demolition. The attainment of the Naths is not in orphaning but in parenting all, it is not in destruction but in removing obstacles of all. In making people who are suffering happy. In bringing about their welfare. Remember that your power is not for taking life but for giving life."

Talking in this manner to himself he reached a garden along with Gorakshnath. That garden was known by the name Krishnagar but now all the trees had withered and were dry. There was not a flower, leaf or fruit on them. After driving Krishnagar out, the king had deliberately discontinued the water supply to that garden and allowed it to become a dry wasteland.

"Gurudev, let us rest here for a while," said Chowranginath, to which Gorakshnath replied, "There is no shade under these broom-like trees, better than that let's go to some temple and sit." Chowranginath said in a decisive voice, "No, Guruji. We will rest right here in the Krishnagar garden. We will display our powers from here itself." Accepting his suggestion Gorakshnath said, "Really? Then come on, we do just that."

Both of them went into the garden and sat placing their seat under a tree. Chowranginath took a little water from his kamandalu (special shaped container) and chanting a mantra over it poured it to the roots of the tree. In just a little while that leafless tree came alive. On its branches tender golden red leaves could be seen, after which Chowranginath sprinkled the mantra treated water at the root of each tree in the garden. In a short time, the branches covered with dark green leaves started swaying in the breeze. When the people passing by that way saw this miracle, many started to come to witness it, even from far off places, as the news spread. All started to move towards the Krishnagar garden, and a big crowd gathered. Everyone started talking about it to each other.

This information reached the palace. To find out the truth the king sent his subordinates to the garden. They saw that all the trees were green and dense, and that two Nath yogis were sitting under a Shalmali (cotton) tree. When they gave this information to the King, he also very eagerly came to meet them in the garden. When he saw the green, dense garden, he suddenly remembered Krishnagar. He thought "the garden has blossomed just the way it was when Krishnagar was here. Where might Krishnagar now be? How must he be?" Maharaj recognised Gorakshnath but could not decide who the other Nath was. It seemed a familiar face. As he was thinking he bowed down to Gorakshnath and was about to bend and bow to the other Nath when he was stopped and the Nath said, "Do not do that."

"Wish you all wellbeing" Gorakshnath said, blessing the king. "O King All is well with you I hope?"

"Yes Swami, one should say so." The king said. Hearing the sorrow in the voice of the king, Gorakshnath asked, "Even while you have all the royal pleasures why is your voice sad?" The king said, "It is about this royal pleasure and the kingdom I worry. I do not know to whom I will hand over the reins."

"But I had heard you have a son?"

"I had a son Swami. Fate had given me one, but he went through his own Karma. "said the king taking a deep breath, "Swamiji, you know everything. I have no child of my own. Now if someone of your calibre blessed me with a boon, only then something can happen. By the touch of your feet this garden which was arid and dry since years, has become green again. You are all powerful. If we get your grace then our royal family can also blossom. Our family tree will also become green and dense. It will blossom with children and grand children."

Saying this the king held on to the feet of Gorakshnath. Looking at him compassionately Gorakshnath said, "Alright king. I will give you the blessing of the creative power, but for that you will have to do something."

"Command Swami. I will do what you say."

"Then bring your queen here. I want to hear from her very mouth what crime her son had committed." On hearing the command of Gorakshnath the king said, "But, Swami she will not be able to come here. Since many years she has become very weak and is bedridden. If you have to meet her, you will yourself have to come to the palace." Hearing the king speak, Gorakshnath looked towards Chowrangingath. Without saying a word, Chowrangingath bent his head to signal a 'yes' because he wanted to be exonerated before his father.

When both Nath's entered the palace, the king was preparing a grand welcome for them, Gorakshnath said "Stop. We will first meet the queen, then all this respect and welcome." On the command of the king, taking the support of Chandrawati, Bhujawanti came out of her chamber very slowly. There was not a trace of her beauty on that bloodless face. When she started to bow to Nath, Gorakshnath said sharply, "Stop. First answer truthfully did your step son behave wrongly with you? Tell the truth swearing on Ma Jagadamba."

The already weak Bhujawanti started to tremble. Tears started to roll down her cheeks. In a helpless way she looked at Chandrawati, but Chandrawati was standing with her head bent. Then she looked at Gorakshnath and shaking her head said, "No," her trembling lips wanted to say something but no words came. The strengthless queen could not bear the tension and sat down on the ground.

Looking at her state and knowing the truth the angry king got up and said, "Slut! then what you had you told me was a lie? Now I will cut off your tongue that spoke the untruth." Saying this he lunged forward towards his wife, when Chandrawati stopped him saying, "Maharaj, not Didi, I had deceived you. I had told an untruth. What punishment needs to be given, give it to me, I am the criminal not your queen."

Listening to Chandrawati, Gorakshnath asked, "But why did you do this deceptive act?" Answering the question, Chandrawati told all. How the first marriage proposal for the prince had gone for Bhujawanti, then how it was denied, and then how she had been kept in the dark and married off to the father of the same prince, under duress. She told the whole story and wiping her tears, she said, "The one whom she had considered her own within her, when he came before her suddenly, her eyes spilled the truth. She said nothing but the clever prince understood and had cautioned her that "bear in mind that not only are you my mother but that of all the people." Having just said this much the prince had left. Didi also repented. She started blaming and cursing herself. I was trying to console her but, in my mind, I had become very afraid that if the prince told this to the

king then what would happen? Before I could think of a solution Maharaj came and stood in front of us. In the fire of repentance, before Didi could speak a word, I spoke an untruth. To protect Didi I deceived. Even then Didi was trying to tell the truth and to stop Maharaj, but Maharaj was so full of anger that he shoved her away and walked out without listening to her plea.”

After hearing Chandrawati, everyone present were stunned to silence. After quite some time the king spoke, “This means that the true culprit is me. I never made any effort to know the mind of my queen. Even at a mature age I could not control my anger or lust. I should have been punished, but without confirming the truth I punished my innocent son. Where is my son? How is he? Nath Maharaj, can you make me meet him? I want to hold his feet and beg for forgiveness. Whatever punishment he gives to me I am willing to take.” Listening to the king’s words, Gorakshnath said, “King do not become so perturbed, there is no greater punishment than repentance, no greater atonement. Your son is well. And if you would like to meet him, then this very moment you can meet him.”

“You mean?” The surprised king asked.

“Means the one sitting in front of you is your son Krishnagar and my disciple Chowranginath.” On hearing Gorakshnath’s words, the king kept staring at his son and started to think, “Am I dreaming? Such a lustrous, skilled, powerful and complete in his body, how can this young man be my son? This is the grace of Gorakshnath. Under his umbrella my son could stay healthy and safe.”

“Kumar, (young boy) ....” said the king in a choked voice and embraced Chowranginath repeating again and again, “Son, I have been very unjust to you, forgive me son.” Putting the King away from him Chowranginath said in a calm steady voice, “Maharaj, I thank you. I am your debtor.”

“No son, by saying this do not make me ashamed. Come back to your home. Take care of it.”

“My home? Now this universe is my home. I have no mother no father. I have no name, no form. Since the very first initiation I have been liberated from the three bondages. All problems are solved. Maharaj, because of you only I could gain the meeting with my Sadguru. He has liberated me from this transient Lordship, wealth and desire and seated me on the throne of indestructible happiness. Now I am only my Nath Guru’s disciple. The disciple of Gorakshnath committed to the welfare of people - Chowranginath.” Listening to all these words, Bhujwanti was gazing with surprise at Chowranginath dressed in coarse clothes, lustrous from the fire of penance, and thinking, “Kumar who looked so good in the expensive, soft, silken royal clothes, and even in these clothes of the renunciate how handsome he looks.”

The eyes of Bhujwanti started to glow looking at the happiness bestowing form of Chowranginath. Life force started flowing once again through her body, for up until now the weight of committing a sin was heavy on her, which probably was heavier than the rock hanging in the cave of Chowranginath. Having seen Chowranginath hale and hearty, the weight had lifted. Now she could breathe freely. Slowly even her legs felt alive again. She came forward slowly and placed her head on the feet of Gorakshnath and bowed to him. Gorakshnath kept his boon bestowing hand on her head and looking at her compassionately, “Till today you have borne many a suffering, now let go of the guilt in your mind. Remembering Guru Adinath I bless you that you will gain indestructible happiness.”

When both Naths started to leave to bid them farewell, Maharaj also went along and in a soft voice said to Gorakshnath, “Swamiji, for me...”

“I remember king. I bless you as well that you will get an able heir for the lineage, but for that you will have to marry once again. Bear in mind the bride comes in with her own wish and accepts you. Don’t look surprised, you will certainly get a bride like that.”

It was an intense desire in Bhujawanti that she place her head on the feet of Chowranginath and beg his forgiveness, but she could not find courage to do so. Therefore, she placed her head on the seat he had occupied and satisfied that desire, while bringing her entire life force to her ears, she kept hearing the sound their wooden sandals made till they could be heard no more.

## Lesson 8 – Pindi Te Bramhandi (What is in the Pinda is in the Brahmanda)

Gorakshnath reached the bank of the Godavari after visiting many pilgrim places. He visited Nasik and Trayambakeshwar and went ahead. In one dense forest, when the sun was overhead and it was very hot, he felt thirsty, but there was no river or fountain nearby. He kept going ahead. After sometime he felt hungry as well. He was unable to decide what to do. There was not even a village nearby. Suddenly at a distance he could see a farm. If there is a farm there must be a farmer, or some guard. With this thought he entered the farm, where he saw under a mango tree, a young boy was sitting. He was getting ready to eat some chapatis he had brought along. Alongside was a jug filled with water. Gorakshnath thought, 'At least I will get water,' and going near the boy he called 'Alakh Niranjan!', hearing which the boy got up and came forward and asked, "Gosavi Maharaj, how come you are here? The village is very far from here. The way to the village is further from that Neem tree. It seems you have missed the way and come towards this field."

Gorakshnath said, "No, son, I am thirsty. I was searching for water. I saw the farm and thought, there must be some well here, some human being, so that I can ask for some water. Will you give me some water?"

"Why not? That is not difficult. Certainly, I will give you water." Saying this the boy started pouring water from the jug into a glass, he then thought 'from where might this Gosai be coming? He is thirsty, he must be hungry as well. I should give him some chapati to eat.' He remembered the words of his mother, "If anyone hungry comes at mealtime, then give him half the chapati that you are going to eat, remember this well son, in his form it is God who has come to meet us."

Remembering his mother's words, the boy got a banana leaf from nearby. On it he placed a chapati, vegetable and some spicy chutney. Calling out to Gorakshnath he said, "Come Babaji, eat some chapati first, and then have water." The hungry, thirsty, Gorakshnath found the taste of the chapati, besan [gram flour made into spicy dish] as if it were nectar. Satisfied, he blessed the boy and asked, "Son, what is your name?" The boy answered, "Manik. A mile from here is my village, Bhamanagar. My house is there."

"Is that right? Tell your mother, the food cooked by her tastes like nectar. I am satisfied. Say Manik, what do you want? Whatever you ask for, you will get. What shall I give you? Silver, gold, wealth, fields?" On the question of Gorakshnath, Manik started laughing loudly. "Son, why are you laughing?" Gorakshnath asked.

"Then what should I do Babaji?" Manik said. "You are a Gosai. Taking an empty bag, you ask for alms door to door, what will you give me? Mother says, "Near the hungry person a naked man went." It is happening somewhat like that. Your hunger and thirst have been taken care of now? Then go your way."

"I am going son, but I will go only after giving you something." On hearing Gorakshnath, Manik once again laughed, and said, "One who opens his hand in front of others for a piece of bread, what can he give me? Do this much, you only ask me for something. Whatever you ask for I will give you." Gorakshnath thought, 'This son of the farmer is absolutely ignorant. How will he understand the glory of my power? But he has quenched my thirst, he has quelled my hunger. What can I do? As he thought he got the answer to his question, he asked, "Okay, then will you be able to give what I ask?"

"Ask and see Babaji. I will certainly give." Decisively he said.

"Think once again, otherwise you may say no once I have asked."

“Absolutely not. This Manik always keeps his commitment. If you ask for my life, I will give it.” The boy said firmly.

“No, no son I do not want your life.” Gorakshnath smiled and said, “Just give me your mind.”

“Mind? How? That we can neither grasp ourselves nor hand over to anyone. The way mother says, just like that it seems you have grown like a palm tree and do not understand even this much?”

Laughing heartily at his child like thoughts, Gorakshnath said, “Giving the mind to someone does not mean it is a thing which can be removed and given into the hand. Giving the mind means do not follow anything the mind asks for. Do not do anything the mind says. If you have given your mind to me, then you can do nothing that the mind tells you to. Will you be able to do that?”

“Why will I not?” The boy said, “It is so straight forward a job.”

“No son” Gorakshnath explained to him, “It is not as easy as you think. Even the learned and wise cannot evade their minds.”

“They might not know but this Manik will most certainly know. Keeping God as witness, today right now, I have given you my mind. Now I will not do anything my mind directs.” Hearing the determination in his voice, looking at him with appreciation Gorakshnath thought, “This boy is capable of becoming an ascetic.”

“Babaji, why are you looking at me like that? Your work is done right? Now go. Let me do my work.” The boy said, then as Gorakshnath was leaving he said, “Alright son. I take your leave. Alakh Niranjana.”

The day passed. The sun was setting. Today Manik had eaten only half the food and so he was very hungry. As he was completing the work of the farm he was thinking “I will quickly go home and eat something.” He took out the yoke from the backs of the bullocks, and gave them water to drink, and patting their backs he said, “Sona, Rupa, come now let’s go home.” The bullocks behaved as if they understood him and shaking their necks which had bells round, they started swinging and ringing the bells while they walked towards home. Manik also picked up all the materials attached to the yoke and tying them well, placed them on his head and got ready to move along with them. He was just about to leave when he remembered the request of the Gosai. He recalled the commitment he had made to Gosai. And he started to think, ‘O Lord, now how can I go home as my mind wants.’ Laughing within, he said to himself, ‘With great pride you have given the word, right? Then only stand under this tree.’

Gradually the darkness increased. Manik stood under the tree and just kept standing. On his head was the heavy weight of tools, hunger pangs in his stomach, stiffness in his legs from standing for hours... Manik kept on bearing. He continued to keep his commitment. Explaining to himself he kept on standing still like a statue.

Manik’s mother was very worried. She was thinking, “The evening has gone, night has come, the bullocks have also come home, then why would Manik not have come yet? He must be hungry my son.” As the night progressed her patience wore thin, now even Manik’s father got worried, he took a few people with him and went towards the farm to search for Manik. He went to the places Manik always went. They looked in the hut there as well, but Manik could not be found anywhere. All the people were calling, “Manik...arey O Manik... where are you son?” But Manik did not respond from anywhere. How could he? He could hear the voices of the people who had come to look for him. His mind was telling him call back and tell them you are here, standing under the mango tree, but how could he say? For the word he had given, was I will not do what my mind says.

In the dim light of the lantern Manik's father could not see him under the mango tree. Manik had seen his father but the word he had given, locked the sound from leaving his throat. When all the family members disappointed not finding him, started to return, then tears started to roll down Manik's eyes. After all he was only a child.

"Mother...mother..." the soft sound that escaped his lips was lost in the darkness of the night.

"O Lord, My son! Were you standing here like this all night?" His father came the next day and found him under the mango tree and asked. He took down the weight from his head and told him to sit down, and insisted that he eat something, but Manik did not move an inch from where he was standing. He only told his father that, "I have given my word to one Gosai Baba. I have kept God as the witness and taken an oath. And now I also place you under oath that no one should compel me to break my vow."

After hearing what Manik said, his father wiping his tears again and again with a sorrowful heart went home. He thought that, "A shadow of some ghost or spirit has fallen on him. If he breaks his vow some great calamity might befall him." That is why he himself did not speak to Manik anything and did not even tell his mother about having found him, because he was afraid that a mother's heart would make him break his vow.

Days kept passing in this manner. During this period, Manik recalled a story his mother had told him. The story was of a robber. Maharshi Narad had told him to repeat "Ram Ram", instead of which he kept repeating "mar mar". As he was sincerely repeating he did not realise when "mar...mar" turned to "Ram ..Ram...." with this remembrance the name of Ram entered Manik's heart. From his inner mind the chant continued on its own. Manik became a little afraid and spoke to the Gosai who dwelt constantly in his heart, "Babaji, this that is happening is happening by itself. I am telling you that to do the repetition of the name Ram, is not from my mind, or else you might say that Manik broke his word."

Matsyendranath and Gorakshnath continued their wandering. After that giving the mantra to many common people, and removing the difficulties of people caught in difficult situations, guiding many to the right path they reached the bank of Godavari. Just as they reached there, Gorakshnath said to Matsyendranath, "Guruji, from here at a little distance, there is a village named Bhamanagar. Ten-twelve years earlier I had met the son of a farmer here. I was pleased with him and wanted to give him a boon, but not knowing the extent of my capacity he said, 'you are a Gosai, what can you give me. I will myself give you something, ask what would you like.' So, I asked him for his mind, and explained, "do not do anything your mind tells you to."

"Such a small boy and such a difficult goal?" Said Matsyendranath. Then Gorakshnath answered, "No Guruji. Indeed, he was small, but in him I could see an accomplished Nath yogi."

"Really? So, then come on let's go meet him." Now, even in the heart of Matsyendranath the desire to meet him became intense. "Yes, but before we go to the village and to his house we will go to the farm. That is where I had met him." Said Gorakshnath and both Nathas reached Manik's farm. Gorakshnath called, "Manik... arey O Manik...." There was no answer from Manik. Then searching further Gorakshnath came towards the same mango tree. What he saw stunned Gorakshnath. A red faded towel wrapped on his head standing supported by the tree a skin and bones Manik was standing. Gorakshnath went close to him and called, even then neither did he reply nor make any movement. He had lost body consciousness. Bearing in mind his condition, Gorakshnath passed his hand over his back and touched the agya (centre between two eyebrows) centre and said, "Open your eyes Manik, see, I have come." Manik very slowly opened his eyes. By

the life-giving touch (sanjeevan) of Gorakshnath, in the wooden statue like, lifeless body of Manik consciousness began to flow. He looked towards Gorakshnath and recognised him. As soon as he recalled meeting him so many years ago, he asked in an offended voice, "Now what more have you come to ask?" Ignoring Manik's words, Gorakshnath said, "This is our Guru Matsyendranth and this is our Chowranginath."

"So, what do they need from me?"

"Not them, I need something." Gorakshnath said laughing, and told Matsyendranth and Chowranginath, "Both of you take rest under the dense shade of a tree. As soon as I complete my work, I will come to you." When both Nath's went away, then answering the questioning look of Manik, Gorakshnath said, "You have kept your word. I am extremely pleased. I am proud of you. What a severe penance you have done and that too, at such a young age. To control the mind is no mean feat. In this regard I would like to make you my Guru."

While listening to what Gorakshnath was saying Manik was thinking, "Babaji is just as he was. The same mad talk. He is going to make me his Guru. Instead, I will make him a Guru. Even otherwise, how will he ever become a Guru?" Thinking thus Manik said to Gorakshnath, "Babaji you are older than me. You only give me some Gurumantra. You only become my Guru."

Saying thus, Manik brought his ear close to the mouth of Gorakshnath. That is what Gorakshnath wanted. He wanted to initiate a man of such a determined character and make him a Nath yogi. He uttered the seed mantra, three times in the ear of Manik and placed his boon bestowing hand on his head. Receiving the initiation by touch, the energy flowed into his body and the one who had conquered his mind, having purified his body through severe penance, and away from the propensity to sense objects, with childlike innocence sinless Manik got immersed in the Joy of Self. His ego got destroyed.

After sometime, Gorakshnath awakened him. Manik returned to the mundane world, but due to the experience of the transcendental, he was transformed. He placed his head on Gorakshnath's feet and bowed to him. His voice was choked with love and devotion. "Forgive this ignorant child of yours, Nath. Being unable to gauge your attainment, I have insulted you greatly."

Passing his hand over Manik's back with immense love, Gorakshnath said, "O crazy one, a mother loves even the kick of her little one. It was your stupid innocence that attracted me. Come on now I will take you to my Gurudev." Now Manik was no longer the open mouthed, rude boy. He touched the feet of both Nath's and bowed before them. Noticing with satisfaction his transformed character, Matsyendranath asked Gorakshnath, "It seems your work is successful Goraksh. Now we shall also take him with us. For studying the various sciences, we shall keep him in Badrikashram and later send him on wanderings."

"Yes, Gurudev but before that we have to give him some strength." Saying this much, Gorakshnath took some ash and smeared the entire body of Manik. The weak areas and legs of Manik became full of strength. Looking lovingly at him Matsyendranath said, "Come on Adbhanginath."

"Adbhanginath?"

"Yes, from today his name is Adbhanginath. For such a stubborn nature, this name is apt."

Whenever they stopped to take rest at any place, Gorakshnath made his stubborn disciple practice and taught him various sciences. He gave him the knowledge of many many different faculties. Adbhanginath was of a simple nature. Even though now Gorakshnath was his Guru, he still spoke to him openly. He asked all the doubts that arose in his mind without hesitation.

Once Adbhanginath asked Gorakshinath, "Gurudev, is it true that we are supreme among all living beings?" "Yes, this is absolutely true. Other animals are ordained with only the natural tendencies, like food, sleep, fear and propagating of the species, but man along with these is endowed with intellect. The power of discrimination. The hidden desire to know one's true nature, the independence to transcend is also there."

Adbhanginath said, "But Gurudev, it is this very intellect that makes man do wrong acts. In comparison with other animals, he is so cruel. How deceptive he has become. He has become a selfish person running after sense objects and pleasures."

"In that way what you say is true son Adbhangi. Man has forgotten the faculty of discrimination which takes him to his divinity. And for the very purpose of reminding him of that we have been born. We wander from place to place, to liberate man from this net of Maaya."

"But Gurudev, the natural desires residing in animals are also present in man, right? So, then how can those be uplifted?"

Answering the doubt in Adbhanginath's mind Gorakshnath said,  
The same mind is power,  
The same is Shiva,  
The same is the soul of the five elements  
The same mind in an upgraded state,  
Speaks of all the three worlds.

"Meaning, the mind is power (Shakti) the mind is Shiva. To take the mind to the transcendental state i.e., beyond desires, not by opposing them, nor by suppressing them. I will tell you story in which it has been explained what to do if desires, modifications, and sensuality arise in the mind."

Gorakshnath said, "One day a truly great Gyani was passing through a market place. There he saw a man selling dates. On seeing the dates, immediately a desire arose to have the dates. He told his mind 'eat the dates just today, but every day we will not get dates. And yes, if the dates are to be eaten today, then you have first to go to the forest, cut some wood, sell it, get some money and then buy them. So, let's go.' Like that he made great effort, earned some money and bought the dates. He took the dates and went to his hut. Sat on his seat and said to his mind, today you will certainly take the taste of the dates and enjoy them, but I know you well. Tomorrow you will ask me for Barfi, then Laddu, then rasgulla, [delicious Indian sweetmeats] and feeding me thus make me your slave. But that, I will not let happen, tasting the sweet dates you are sure to become a slave of the taste. Think again, there is still time. Become free from the net of delusion. Explaining thus to his mind, he came out of his hut and calling the children playing nearby he asked, "Children, will you eat dates?" "Yes, we will for sure." Children said happily. That saint treated the children to the dates and became satisfied in their joy."

Adbhanginath, would mull over this story and make an effort to explain to his mind. One day he said to Gorakshnath, "Up till now, like that saint, I have not experienced completeness. Sometimes many weird thoughts come to my mind. If I see someone behaving badly, I become very angry, so at such a time...."

"Then at such a time think of what is good in that person. In every person there is something good and something bad also. The combination of good and bad is present even in us. We should reflect. We should turn our minds to the good because if we put our minds on the bad it can prove

dangerous for us. When we think of the bad points in someone, no improvement happens in that person, but we can be influenced by those bad qualities, because you are as you think. Therefore, in the garden of our mind, we should not allow jealousy, hatred, desires, anger, greed and the poisonous plants of Maaya to grow. Instead, we should starve them and destroy them. In their place we should plant the fragrant flowers of compassion, love, forgiveness, forbearance, purity, generosity, humility and faith. We should offer this “Suman [good mind and also flower]” at the feet of the Lord. Keep on remembering Him alone.”

At this time, the desire to know the subject of the creation of the universe arose in the mind of Adbhanginath. His desire to acquire knowledge kept on increasing. Once he asked Gorakshnath, “Which is that element in which this entire Universe [Brahmanda] is born and into which it merges?” Gorakshnath answered, “It is born of the five elements and merges with the five elements only. First space, then air, then fire, then water, and then finally earth. What is in Brahmanda [macrocosm] is also in Pinda [microcosm]- i.e., our body. If man can understand all the channels and sounds residing in his body, then that man is successful in his life, but such knowledge is attained only with the Grace of the Guru.”

Eagerly Adbhanginath asked, “Then I too will be able to understand all of this by your Grace?” Gorakshnath said smiling, “Certainly you will understand, but to integrate and attain it you need to practice. Today, I will briefly introduce it to you. In our body in all there are seventy two thousand one hundred and eight channels, among them ten are important and of those ten three Ida, Pingala and Sushumna are the most important. Ida is called the moon channel and Pingala the sun channel. The empty space between the two is called the Sushumna. Our life depends on these three channels which control the process of breath, and have power over the vital force. The knowledge of their coming-going is the whole knowledge. All Gods are pleased with the man who attains this knowledge. He becomes all powerful.”

“How are all these five elements amalgamated in our body? How to use rules and regulations to get the darshan of God?” Adbhanginath was eagerly asking Gorakshnath many such questions and their answers and how to bring them into practice. By the grace of Sadguru, and following his guidance he was experiencing it as well. In this manner, the “mumukshu sadhak” [curious aspirant] became a siddha [one who has attained]. Now he became Adbhanginath in the true sense. The Sadguru, who could guide others.

This disciple of Gorakshnath propagated the Nath tradition extensively. Adbhanginath roamed the entire country. Took many a people on the path of Truth. Towards the latter part of his life, he started living near his birth place. Where Indradev had done penance- Alankapuri, was very dear to him. He would sit for hours absorbed in deep meditation in the Sidheshwar temple. He would organise the meeting of Siddhas (those who have attained) at Siddhabet.

One day, talking about a place near Alankapuri, he said to his disciple, “Son, Vishwanath, I would like to take my last breath in the region of the Indrayani river, close to Sidheshwar. Therefore, make preparations for my samadhi in that Dundul village. Place a Shivalinga on my earthly remains. But take care that its external appearance is not like that of a temple, so that it can be protected from the idol breakers who come in the future.” Hearing such words from Adbhanginath, the disciple had tears in his eyes. At that time looking at him very lovingly, Adbhanginath said, “O crazy one, I am not going right now. There is still quite some time. I am talking of the future.”

## Lesson 9 - Dhik Tan ch

The Ujjaini town was like a lustrous dice thrown from the heavens to the earth, along the river Shipra, and under the umbrella of the grace of Mahakaleshwar. Decorated by happiness and convenience, prosperous with wealth and grain, it was the capital city of the king Bhratruhari.

Various temples, adorned with different forms of sculpting art, many religious centres, including many pilgrim areas was the reason this sacred city is also known as Avantika. The glory of this city was indescribable. A wide royal road flanked by massive, beautiful and clean buildings which had gardens full of multicoloured fragrant blossoming flowers, and squares decorated by excellent sculptures, the mansions of wealthy people, and peeping through all of this, sloping roofs made of stone, wood or mud .... gave the beauty of Ujjaini a unique dimension.

Ujjaini was not only beautiful on the outside but its inner core was beautiful too. People with taste for art, charmingly dressed in a way that would fill visitors with envy, and various theatres for dance-drama-music to whet the taste, had given this city the form of happiness.

The palace of this city of happiness had as if placed a wager to the Indrabhavan (palace of the God Indra) of Amarपुरi. The security guards of the palace were brave and courageous. There were clowns, readers praising and flattering and numerous male and female attendants present in the vicinity. Around the palace, there were well maintained sanctuaries with colourful, big and small birds and various animals.

The inner area of the palace was fragrant with the royally charming beauty parlours. This would resound with the ringing of the anklets on the soft feet of the princesses and queens. In all the chambers of the palace thick dark carpets were spread. They became all the more colourful with the floral footboards placed on them.

On the rhinestone terrace floor of the palace, covered with the blue canopy of the sky, a special place was made for the entertainment of the kings and queens. The light of the full moon would spread happiness there, and the gentle lustre from the diamond lamps on a no moon night seemed as though the blue canopy of the sky were sparkling. The sight of the innumerable stars brought cheer.

Today was the fourteenth night of the Kartik month. On the terrace of the palace, the king Bhratruhari spent some time in merrymaking and chit chatting with his queens. Later he went to his chamber with queen Pingala.

Queen Pingala was the favourite of the king. She was the Pattarani (the queen installed with the king) of Ujjaini. Large, smiling eyes, charming face framed in brown curly hair, decorated with a soft star body like a delicate flower-creeper had made her personality extremely attractive, but what attracted the mind even more was her sweet talk and melodious voice. Maharaj loved all these qualities in her. Today he was experiencing joy in her proximity. Queen Pingala was seated in his arms. The moonlight of the Kartik month streaming through the windows of the bedroom, was falling directly on her face full of beauty and making it even more charming. Maharaj lovingly extended his powerful arms forward and embraced her. Just then a lovely note was heard. With a smiling face, Maharaj said, "Did you hear queen? Your charming birds 'Pari-hari' are also engrossed in love making." Pingala looked up and laughed. She had got made a beautiful bird nest on the ceiling of the bedroom, there the colourful lovebirds were immersed in love worship. This

pair she had got from her maternal home. When she had been married, the colourful bird had laid eggs at her home. In a few days the pearl like eggs were to hatch. Pingala had said to her family, "Call me as soon as the chicks are hatched. I will certainly come to see them." At the time her mother had said, "Daughter, now that you will be married, it will not be possible for you to come and go as per your desire. What we will do is present the chicks to you once they become a little big. Keep them in your bedroom."

The green bee-eater is very delicate and beautiful. She looks like a little fairy flying in the forest. Green body, light purple streaks on the back, yellow feet, eating sweet flowers and fruit the green bee-eater. Flowers of Mahua is it's favourite food and dewdrops - it's favourite drink. They search for fruits of the Banyan, the Peepal, and the Audumbar tree, sing melodiously, freely roam the forest, but their beauty and their qualities become their enemies. Some of them have to sacrifice their independence. To gratify the hobby of some king or queen they have to live in captivity. They do get fresh fruit to eat here but the wings that took them on a grand flight in the sky, get damaged hitting the walls of the palace. In the prosperous wealthy palace, they can neither fly freely nor sing sweetly with the joy of freedom.

The queen Pingala was specially attached to these birds. They had come from her maternal home. The queen would lovingly fondle them. And caress their silken feathers. She had named the female of the pair "Pari" (fairy) and the male who stole the heart as "Hari." Hearing the names of these birds Maharaj said jokingly, "Queen you are as clever as beautiful. You cannot take my name directly and you have named him thus, is it not?"

From the nest in the ceiling again a melodious sound was heard, then Maharaj took the chin of the queen in his hands and said, "these birds of yours are as loveable as you. Very charming. That is why I like them." Pushing away the hand of the king in mock anger the queen said, "Really? I very well know that more than my "Pari - Hari" you love the pair of cranes in the garden. You keep watching them for hours. Gazing intently at them, you even forget my presence."

"Yes, this certainly happens sometimes." Maharaj said. "But the reason for that is different. Cranes are considered a symbol of loyalty in love. Unlike other birds their mates do not keep changing. Their pair remains attached for life. When the male crane dances on one foot to attract his female counterpart, looking at her lovingly, it seems as though the God of love himself was dancing. That scene mesmerises me, and I wonder why that hunter would aim at the pair at such a climactic moment."

"Which hunter?"

"This is about the time of Rishi Valmiki. He had seen a hunter make a pair of cranes his aim. He was pained. Great compassion came over him for the birds and he said, "Ma nishad, pratishtam tvam agam shashwati samah- Do not kill them." These words had unknowingly escaped his lips in meter form. The meter is called Anushtam which is written in the epic Ramayan. Looking at the male crane I remember Lord Ram. Ram was the God, but how can this ordinary bird be loyal to one partner? The female attitude is understandable, but I am praising the male who is like the bee that hovers over many a flower. It is because of the loyalty of these birds that a newlywed couple are shown these birds, so that they may live together for their whole life. When I had been married to queen Bhanumati her brother had said at that time, what use is it to just look at them once? As a gift take them with you. Since then, this pair is with us in our garden. You know queen, if one of the pair dies, in sorrow of separation the other also dies." Placing her soft index finger on Maharaj's lips the queen said, "In this beautiful moonlight night, why should we remember Kaalpurush (the Lord of death)?"

"Well said." Saying this he took queen Pingala in his arms. The queen placed her head on the broad chest of the king. Maharaj asked, "Tell me what my heart says?" After listening to Maharaj's heartbeat for a while, the queen said, "I do not understand anything. You just tell me and also teach me the language of the heart."

"This language cannot be learnt nor can it be taught. When two hearts unite, then both understand it automatically. If water from one lake jumps and mixes with the water from another, then which water comes from which lake we cannot determine. The union of two hearts is just like that, just like us two, is it not?" Wrapping herself in the embrace of the king, the queen in a sweet voice said, "Of course Swami. You are my life, you are my breath." Suddenly Maharaj asked, "Means, if I do not exist...." The queen responded instantly, "then I too will cease to exist, but that will never happen. You will not go before me. From Mother Jagadamba I have taken that blessing."

Having heard the words of the queen, for a while Maharaj was stunned and then in a very grave voice he said, "Birth and death are ordained by Nature. Who's known what the future holds? It could be that my death happens before yours." Queen Pingala said, "If unfortunately, that happens then this your beloved queen will go with you, I will ascend the funeral pyre." Maharaj softly said, "Easier said than done." Queen Pingala got up and went to the inner recess of the room and brought a glass of milk with saffron. She gave this to Maharaj and said, "It is late Maharaj. Have this milk and take rest without anxiety. Why should we worry about the future from now?" She then covered his feet with a blanket and sat close to his feet.

That day, as soon as the work of the court was over, Maharaj went straight to queen Pingala's chamber. Finding him suddenly in her chamber the surprised queen asked, "How come you are here at this time today? Is there some special news?"

"Yes, queen. Today I have got an unattainable thing."

"Really? This is even more surprising. Can there be anything unattainable for a wealthy, prosperous King like you? What is this thing? Be comfortable, have some refreshment and then tell me." Saying this, the queen served the king some fruit and then went and sat in front of him and said, "Yes, now tell me." Maharaj said, "Today a poor brahmin came to the court." "So, what is so special about that?" The queen said. Then Maharaj said laughingly, "No queen. He was not begging, he came to give something."

"Really? What did he give?"

"Amarphal" (fruit to make you immortal)

"Now, is this fruit so unavailable? In my maternal home we have so many. Not only that even in our kingdom we have so many of that kind. Why are you looking in such disbelief? Swami, Amarphal means Amraphal. My mother had even told me a story about it in my childhood."

Maharaj was about to say something but she stopped him and continued, "It is said, that in heaven there was a celestial maiden named Kumudwati. Her mother used to lovingly call her Kumu. Slowly Kumu turned to Kuhu. One day Kuhu came to know that Garud Maharaj is coming in the direction of heaven with a jar full of nectar (ambrosia), so she thought before he reaches heaven, Garud Maharaj should be met with and the ambrosia spilled from the jar should be partaken of. Once the Gods get it, we will not get even a drop of it. With this thought, she went behind Garud and gave him a push. Due to this, the jar was shaken and one or two drops of ambrosia fell. Kuhu was about to lick those drops when with his powerful wings Garud pushed her and cursed her "This very moment you will fall and go to the earth and your colour and form will be destroyed." Kuhu got transformed into a pitch-black bird but she continued to have the aspiration for nectar. She kept searching for the drops that may have fallen to the earth. One day

her search was over. She kept flying over to the place where she found the drops of nectar. One day a plant flowered from that drop and it grew to be a tree. That is the Amraphal tree. And its fruit is the nectar fruit.”

Queen Pingala was speaking with excitement like an innocent child. The king was looking at her surprised by her attitude. As soon as she finished the tale Maharaj held her hand and brought her to sit next to him and said, “O crazy girl I do recognise an amraphal. What that Brahmin has given me is truly an Amarphal. Even I have never seen one like that anywhere. That brahmin after austere penance pleased Mahakaleshwar. He was given that as a boon by Mahakaleshwar. He came to the court today to give it to me. He was saying whosoever eats this fruit will become immortal. That is why Maharaj you kindly eat this fruit. I asked, so, then why do you not eat it yourself? Then he laughed a sad laugh and answered, ‘Why to make this poverty-ridden life eternal? I do not want to be eternal. I just want to be free from the clutches of poverty. You take this fruit and grant me the requisite payment.’ Then I gave that Brahmin one lakh gold coins and took the fruit from him. Just see it.”

As soon as Maharaj showed the queen the Amarphal, she became astounded and kept looking at it. The fruit was small, but it’s flame like, lustrous, yellow-saffron colour and the shining emerald stalk gave it an ethereal appearance. The queen touched it gently and exclaimed, “how comforting it is to touch.”

“You liked it? Then eat it.” Maharaj said. Then the queen said, “Will you eat it now? shall I cut it and bring it? But Maharaj, the mind is not inclined to cut such a beautiful fruit.”

“Yes, but if one wants to become immortal, one should not listen to the mind.” Queen Pingala agreed. “With this fruit the boon given by Mother Jagadamba will become a fact. You will become immortal and I shall leave this world as a married lady.”

“No, no, my beloved queen Pingala will be immortal. I have brought this for you queen.” The queen was taken aback at what Maharaj said, “No no Swami, do not do such an improper act.” “This is proper queen, I will not be able to bear separation from you. I as the king of this country, as your husband, order you. Come on. Remember your Mother Jagadamba and eat it. What are you thinking queen? To obey your husband’s command is the dharma of a loyal wife, is it not?”

“Yes swami. I will eat it in the early morning after taking a bath.” “Alright, as you wish.” Maharaj said. The next day was extremely busy. He could not find enough time to ask the queen about the fruit. “In the night when I meet her, I will ask her at leisure.” Thinking thus he went as per his routine to the Mahakaleshwar temple for darshan.

The Mahakaaleshwar temple situated on the bank of the Shipra river, adorned by ancient architecture, was famous in the whole Aryavrat. The one who is the death (kaal) of death - Mahakaaleshwar - is one of the twelve Jyotirlingas and a vibrant place. To go from the main hall to the sanctum sanctorum one has to descend footpaths, and then one has to pass through a pool of water to wash the feet before getting the darshan of the sacred pure Shivalinga. Before sunrise, the body bathed with ash, Mrutyunjaya (Victorious over death), by his very existence and concentrated energy silently grants his devotees the Gurumantra of victory over death.

After taking the darshan of Bhairavnath Maharaj Bhratruhari went to the sanctum sanctorum of Shiva. At that time the linga was being bathed (Abhishek). The Brahmavruna verse was being sung:

Devanagari

“ ओम्कार बिंदुसंयुक्त नित्यं ध्यायन्ति योगिनः ।  
 कामदं मोक्षदं चैव ओम्काराय नमो नमः ॥ 1 ॥  
 नमन्ति ऋषयो देवा नमन्ति अप्सरसां गणाः ।  
 नरा नमन्ति देवेशं नकाराय नमो नमः ॥ 2 ॥  
 महादेव महात्मानं महाध्यानं परायणम् ।  
 महापापहरं देवं मकाराय नमो नमः ॥ 3 ॥  
 शिवं शान्तं जगन्नाथं लोकानुग्रहकारकम् ।  
 शिवमेकपदं नित्यं शिकाराय नमो नमः ॥ 4 ॥  
 वाहनं वृषयो यस्य वासुकिः कंठभूषणम् ।  
 वामे शक्तिधरं वेद वकाराय नमो नमः ॥ 5 ॥  
 यत्र यत्र स्थितो देवः सर्वव्यापी महेश्वरः ।  
 यो गुरुः सर्वं देवानां यकाराय नमो नमः ॥ 6 ॥  
 षडक्षरमिदं स्तोत्रं यः पठोच्छिवसंनिधौ ।  
 शिवलोकमवाप्नोति शिवेन सह मोदते ॥ 7 ॥”

The sombre voices of the recitation were resounding in the temple. After that they recited:

Devanagari

“अवतिकायां विहितावरं मुक्तिप्रदानाय च सज्जनानाम् ।  
 अकालमृत्योः परीक्षणार्थं वंदे महाकालमहासुरेशम् ॥”

Then the Aarti was done. The sound of the kettledrum resonated. In the gentle light of the large oil lamps and the small ones, Shivshankar looked pleased. Being fanned by the yak tail fan, by young girls whose bangles made a jingling sound that kept beat with the somber tones of the chant. Maharaj experienced this integration of sounds as if Shiva and Shakti were dancing in unison. The vigorous dance of Shiva and the grace of Shakti.

The remembrance of ‘Shivani’ also suddenly brought the memory of Shivani Kanchani. She used to come with her mother to the palace. Even after she grew up, she came to the temple to serve. Sometimes he would see her but since many days he had not seen her. Maharaj was thinking of Shivani as he was coming out of the temple, when suddenly he saw Shivani. She was coming towards Maharaj.

The creeper like body, swaying to the beat of her anklets, and the graceful walk. Saffron bordered white saree, with the end also of saffron colour having gold spots, the edge of the saree only slightly covering her thick black long open hair, with vermilion in the parting of her hair over a face like the full moon, happy and glowing. Looking at her charming form, Maharaj thought ‘who would ever think she is a danceus? Looking at her refined character, and ethereal beauty, she is reminding me of Mahasati Parvati the wife of Shiva- the ultimate Shiva devotee.’

Coming in front of Maharaj, Shivani, covered her head with her saree, bent low and placed her head on the ground, she bowed to Maharaj. Accepting her reverence Maharaj asked, “How are you Shivani? Do you not come here for service anymore?”

“I do come Maharaj.”

“Then, why do I not see you.”

“Where do I have that good fortune that you would pay attention to me? Neither am I a famous person, nor am I one of those who have your grace and considered your own.” Shivani said.

“Why do you say this Shivani? I always praise artists. I always respect their art.”

“I know Maharaj. That is why I have come to ask something of you today.”

“Whatever you ask you will get. I give you my word. Say, what’s it you want?”

"I want your grace Maharaj, accept this small gift from me." Saying this Shivani gave Maharaj a red coloured small purse.

"What is there in this?" Maharaj asked, then Shivani said, "Amarphal." Hearing this word Maharaj was taken aback, and started thinking, 'This means that Brahmin was a conman. God knows how many people he would have deceived giving this fruit.' He asked Shivani, "Who gave you this fruit? Was he a weak, tall brahmin with brown eyes? Did he tell you he was an ascetic and gave you the fruit?"

"What work would an ascetic have with persons like me at the brothel Maharaj?"

"Then tell me who gave it? Tell me quickly."

"Whoever might have given, the importance is in the fruit, not in the one who has given. By eating this fruit, man becomes immortal. It is my appeal that you eat this for the welfare of the people."

"Yes alright, but first tell me the name of the person who gave it to you.' With deep sadness in her voice Shivani laughed and said, "Maharaj, at our door many people come and go, everyday. From different villages, of different types, who all can we remember?"

Listening to Shivani, Maharaj felt pity for her. He asked, "Shivani do you not want to become immortal?"

"What is there in this dependent life of mine that I would want to live eternally? I am a lifeless doll dancing to the beat of others."

"Why do you say so Shivani? God has granted you the invaluable boon of music."

"Yes Maharaj, but that has to be presented to demoniacal pleasure seekers. Forget my story, you kindly accept this gift." Hearing the humble voice of Shivani, Maharaj thought, 'how different is Shivani. Looking at her and being with her for a few moments makes the mind calm. Her beauty, is gentle and calm, like the soft light from the lamps. She is no less beautiful than my queen Pingala, but it does not arouse the one who looks. One glance from the queen pierces me. Just seeing her sends my mind into a frenzy like a boat in a storm on the ocean.'

Seeing Maharaj quiet, Shivani asked "Maharaj, why do you not talk?"

"Because I have a question in my mind. Why are you not giving this invaluable gift to someone you love?" Then Shivani overwhelmed with emotion, beholding Maharaj said in her melodious voice, "That is what I am doing Maharaj." And the next moment her eyes looked downward. She thought, "What is this I just said. No one can ever understand that women like me also have emotions. They also accept someone as their own. They can love. On that one they can shower all they have." However, Maharaj had understood her. Her eyes had told the whole story.

Putting his hand forward, he only said, "Shivani, I am overjoyed to accept your gift. Give me that fruit." Shivani's eyes welled up, with trembling hands she gave that fruit to Maharaj and with a choked voice said, "I take your leave Maharaj." Saying this, while bowing down for the first time she placed her head on the feet of Maharaj. With great affection lifting her up Maharaj said, "Look, Shivani, from today, you will not sell your art. Your livelihood will be given from my personal treasury. Just accept that Mahakaleshwar is pleased with your service and has bestowed this boon on you. Therefore, without hesitation accept it." Saying this much, Maharaj walked out rapidly from the temple.

After leaving the temple, he went straight to his office and calling one of the ministers told him, "Shivani Devi is in the temple. Go immediately to her brothel and meet the lady companion who lives with her, ask her and find out who had given her this Amarphal. Bring him here in front of me. Take the help of any means- conciliatory, price, punishment, or secret means, but complete this work immediately."

"Yes, Maharaj," the minister said. Taking a few of his associates he went to the brothel of Shivani. Maharaj waited right there for them. Every moment seemed like an eon to him. He was thinking that, "Is this the same Amarphal that I had given to queen Pingala last night?" This doubt had made his mind restless.

Two hours later the minister returned. He said, "First the girl at the brothel was unwilling to say anything, but as soon as I scared her that this the King's command, she immediately told me the name of the man who had given the Amarphal saying, that loafer has fallen for our Madam, he wags his tail behind her. He wants to get her by giving gifts, any number of gifts. This fruit is one such gift."

"Who is he? Search from...."

"We have done Maharaj, he too was first denying everything but when the police officer showed him the magic of the baton, then he opened his mouth and accepted that he gave the fruit to Shivani. But Maharaj he did not tell us who gave the fruit to him. He said he will only tell the name of that person to Maharaj himself and that too in seclusion."

"Then bring him in" Maharaj commanded.

When the police officer brought the man in, on seeing him Maharaj said, "Looks like I have seen him somewhere." The police officer said, "Yes Maharaj he is the Inspector in our horse stable department."

"Open his chains and all of you wait outside." The King said. As soon as the man was released from his chains, he fell at the feet of Maharaj weeping and wailing he said, "Forgive this servant of yours Maharaj. Do not kill me Maharaj."

"If you give proper answers to my questions, you will be forgiven. Stand up and take an oath and tell me where did you get that fruit? Who gave it to you? Or did you steal it?" But instead of giving an answer, the inspector bent his head and kept standing.

"Quickly tell me did some female or male attendant from the palace give it to you?" The inspector was quite still. His silence angered Maharaj and in thundering voice he asked, "If now you do not answer I will get your head cut off."

The inspector became afraid and said, "I will tell you Maharaj, but it is no fault of mine. She gave it to me with her own accord."

"She? Meaning?"

"The Queen" Hearing the name of the Queen, Maharaj became wild, and said "Beware, if you say one more word, I will cut off your tongue."

"That is why I was not saying Maharaj, but I am telling you the truth. She met me every night. She satisfied her desires through me. I am but your servant. If I had not satisfied her desires, then not only would my job have gone, but I might have lost my life. With this fear I....." Listening to the inspector's words, Maharaj became disheartened and shocked. After sometime, he suddenly got up and called the police officer and said, "I have released this inspector from his services. Give him some coins and see that he is sent outside the boundary of our kingdom."

Maharaj now understood it all, but he had to render justice. He had to get queen Pingala to confess it all. Maharaj entered his chamber, then with anger the queen Pingala said, "Why are you so late Swami? My eyes have become tired waiting for you."

"I too am very tired. Now I feel I should have eaten that Amarphal yesterday. My enthusiasm would have been maintained."

“Now what can we do? Yesterday I was insisting so much, then you did not eat it, but you ordered that I should eat it and I ate it. This very morning. How could I have disregarded your command?” Looking piercingly at Rani Pingala, Maharaj thought, “How shamelessly this woman is talking. Should I commend her dramatics or should I punish the hypocrite fallen woman hiding behind this beautiful face?” But Maharaj kept his mind under control and swallowing his anger he placed the Amarphal in front of her. Seeing that the queen was taken aback, and puzzled, still showing a false enthusiasm she said, “Someone gave you an Amarphal today also? Mother Jagadbamba has heard my prayer. Now you should eat it and grant me the desire of dying as a married lady.” Maharaj said in a calm voice, “This fruit I will eat for sure, but before that I want to test the fruit you have eaten. Let us see if you have become truly immortal or not.”

“Test? I did not understand.” To explain to the queen Maharaj took out a dagger from under a pillow nearby, and kept it on the neck of the Queen and with a sharp look into her eyes he said, “Now you understand?” The queen became terrified and started looking at Maharaj pitifully and said, “Swami, what are you doing?” Maharaj said, “Just testing if you have become immortal? But why are you so afraid?”

“Because.... Because I did not eat that fruit at all Swami.” Queen Pingala said.

“Then where is that fruit?” Maharaj asked in a gruff voice.

“That ...that ....” The queen was unable to say anything, then Maharaj said, “That you gave to your lover. You thought I will not know anything, but that fruit went round proclaiming your ill character and came back to me.” Queen Pingala could not speak, she only kept crying. Maharaj had become angry with her and he also felt pity on her. He thought, “Fate gives and karma takes away. How unfortunate is this woman? She shoved away the water of Ganges offered in a gold vessel and was diving in a filthy gutter. In spite of her noble birth in a royal family her mind is gripped with such depraved tendencies. Like the dangerous poison in the mouth of a gold skin female cobra. Lust and sensual desire of objects have swallowed discrimination and faith. The mind says I should finish this inauspicious birth of hers, but I cannot do so. Till today the body that I loved limitlessly, let time decide its existence. I will not sully my hands.” With this idea Maharaj said in a calm but decisive tone, “Queen Pingala, I release you from the bondage of marriage. Go anywhere. Go to anyone, but after today get out of my life and my country forever.”

This unimaginable incident made the king look inwards. His mind got dissociated from the games of royal life. It became free of the desire for objects. He kept thinking, “What I thought was love until today, what was that? Love or lust? Was that some illusory form of desire? Is love the beautiful name given to lust? I loved Pingala, who did I love? Who was I loving? Her body, her mind, her intellect or that which directs all of these her Self? No, no. I did not reach to her Self at all. That is why, if her eyes welled up, earlier I would get disturbed, but today inspite of her weeping and wailing, not even a ripple rose in my mind. My eyes thirsted to see her earlier, but today I do not even want to see her. I could not become one with her inner mind. That is why I could not recognise her ill character. The noose of the Lord of love is strange. Even while she was in my embrace she was thinking of that ignorant inspector. And that inspector? In spite of being in her arms was thinking of Shivani, and Shivani.... She had surrendered her mind to some royal man. Fie on all of us and fie on that Lord of love.”

Devanagari

“ यां चिंतयामि सततं, मयि सा विरक्ता ।  
सा अपि अन्यम् इच्छति जनम् सजनौन्यसक्तः ॥  
अस्मत्कृते च परितुष्यति काचिदन्या ।  
धिक् तां च तं च, मदनं च इमां च मां च ॥ १ ॥”

After this incident, King Bhratruhari could no longer concentrate on the affairs of the state. His mind was no longer in sensual objects or royal pleasures. He kept gazing at the sky and sat for hours like that. He used to think, "My life is peculiar. It is extraordinary. How did I take birth? It was from the begging bowl of Rishi Kaulik. It is said that the seed of the God sun fell into that bowl and after months I was born, but there was no one to look after me there. The life giver high up in the sky and the mother in a lifeless state. Then a female deer took care of me. She became my mother. As a result, I started to speak in her language, my mother tongue. Started to walk on four legs like an animal, eating grass."

"After five years one minstrel picked me from the forest and took me home. He taught me how to walk, speak, eat and drink like a human. Kashi Vishweswar gave me the name Bhratari. After some years, these mother and father also passed. Again orphaned, I roamed from door to door. With the gypsies I came to this city of Avantika."

"During those wanderings one night understanding the signal given by a jackal I could alert the gypsies and prevent an attack by dacoits. Since I lived from birth with the birds and animals, I could understand their language well. There was one more advantage of that. I could meet Vikramaditya - the son of the Gandharvas, as I could give him the news about the demons, due to the signal given by the jackal. He took me to his home in the joy of securing jewels from the demons. He considered me as his brother. When the wedding of Vikramaditya was arranged with the princess of that country, Madanrekha, he got me married to the daughter of his Prime minister Shubhamati. (auspicious mind) This Shubhamati's ashubhamati (inauspicious mind) daughter is Pingala.....amangala (inauspicious)." Like some musical beat Maharaj's mind kept coming back to Pingala again and again. Her bad behaviour would leave his mind perturbed. Now he trusted no-one. If anyone spoke to him lovingly, he wondered, "Is this some mask? Sweetness in the mouth and deceit in the heart, is it like that?" Due to this kind of thought he started to stay away from people. He started roaming in the forest and kept himself entertained with hunting.

One day he had mounted a horse with a bow and arrow, when he saw a black deer in the forest. He made him his target and strung the bow with the arrow, the injured deer limping entered the forest. Two attendants went into the forest to look for him. Going a little further in they found two beautiful caves. In one of the caves was Guru Gorakshnath. He was sitting unafraid, without any doubt without any equipment, calmly. The royal attendants saw that under the shade of a Banyan tree on a raised platform a yogi is sitting. His form was extremely lustrous unlike the hot burning sun but like that of the moon - cool and pleasing. Around him many birds and animals were roaming without fear or hesitation. Suddenly a wish fulfilling cow came there. She placed her head at the yogi's feet, he patted her lovingly. She also happily rubbed her head on his hand and looking at him with her expressive eyes she sat next to him.

The royal attendants went forward and bowed to the Yatiwar, Gorakshnath. They were about to ask about the injured deer when other workers brought the dead deer there. Behind them Maharaj Bhratruhari followed. As soon as Gorakshnath saw him, the calm pleasant eyes turned red with anger. He asked him in a harsh voice, "Who killed this deer? You did, right? In spite of being a human you behave worse than an animal. What right did you have to take the deer's life? Has God given only you the right to live?"

"No Swami. I made a mistake. Kindly forgive me." Looking at the angry appearance of Gorakshnath, all of them begged for forgiveness, but Gorakshnath said, "God does not know forgiveness. As you sow, so you reap. If you sow the seed of violence, you will reap the harvest of violence. One has to atone for sin and hurting others. Nobody can escape that, not even a king."

Maharaj said, "Swami whatever punishment you give me I am willing to accept, but I have one request. Give this deer his life back." Yogi Gorakshnath looked at Maharaj sharply. He had understood that he is the incarnation of Drumil Narayan, he will have to be acquainted with his life work. He told Maharaj, "Go Maharaj bring the deer here in front of me." As soon as the lifeless deer was brought in front of him, Yatiwar took some water in his hand and chanting the Sanjeevani mantra and energising the water he sprinkled it on the body of the lifeless deer.

All those present waiting with bated breath saw the impossible happen, the power of the Yati impressed them as the energised water sprinkled on the lifeless deer had made him conscious again. Seeing Swami, he became free of fear. He went close to Swami and started licking his feet. When swami patted his back lovingly then he looked at Maharaj, as if asking, "Now does anyone have the courage to kill me? You might be a king, but when I am under the shelter of the Yati you cannot do me any harm."

Impressed greatly by the power of the Yatiwar, Maharaj respectfully bowed to him. Now the emotion of compassion could be seen on the face of Gorakshnath. Accepting the reverence of the king he said, "May you be blessed Bhratruhari." Hearing this Maharaj was amazed, "This means you know...." Stopping Maharaj in mid-sentence, Gorakshnath said, "I know you well, but you do not recognise yourself. O King, your birth is not for pleasure seeking and enjoyment, it is not for taking the life of the weak, 'Avadhu, a flesh eater, destroys the religion of compassion. To eat the meat of the deer, kills the human religion of compassion. Wake up King, wake up. You have to propagate love and humaneness. You have to show the way to the ordinary man wallowing in the sense objects, but today you yourself have lost the way. You have fallen into the net of transient pleasure. Beware king. That happiness which is cause for pain to others is not happiness. It is unhappiness in the garb of happiness, like the poisonous serpent hiding behind the soft leaves of a banana tree. Like the poison hidden in the body of a Visha-kanya. Such happiness injures, like a dagger thrust into the heart, and is worse than the pain the deer experienced, because it does not take your life, but tortures you all your life."

Every word the Yogi said was getting expressed from his heart and finding home in the heart of Maharaj. It was piercing his imagination of happiness. It was uprooting his life style adopted till today. It was provoking his mind. In that state, he bowed to Gorakshnath touching his feet. Accepting his reverence and lifting his hand Gorakshnath blessed Maharaj, "Kalyanamastu! Utthishta, Jagrat, Prapya varaan nibodhat! [Arise, Awake, find out from great ones and learn from them]".

Maharaj returned to the palace but only his body returned, his mind was still roaming around Gorakshnath. He was thinking, "We who have royal powers consider ourselves mighty, but in comparison with the divine powers of Yogeshwar how insignificant we are. Our might can be wielded only on mundane objects. We take birth and become the wood for the funeral pyre, and die. Howsoever great our power, we cannot conquer the God of Death. We cannot save ourselves, so to bestow life to another is a distant dream."

The darshan of Gorakshnath had so impressed him that day and night he could only see the lustrous form of Gorakshnath in front of his mind's eye. His nectar-like words rang in his ears. The world no longer attracted Maharaj. He was not speaking to anyone about anything. He did not meet his queens.

One day, in just such a mood he was standing on his terrace. He did not even realise when queen Bhanumati came and stood behind him. When the queen covered him with a shawl to protect him from the cold, only then he realised her presence, but he did not even look at her, who loved him deeply. Such deep hurt he had felt by the betrayal of Queen Pingala that he no longer believed in love.

Rani Bhanumati was not as beautiful as Pingala but her good nature was reassuring to anyone who came in contact with her. Fresh, brown skin, with dark expressive eyes, very pure expression having a sedate attitude, Bhanumati was loved by all, but Maharaj had not paid much attention to her. Even then queen Bhanumati had surrendered the flower of her heart at the feet of her husband. She considered her husband as God and served him. Bhanumati had no expectations and lived with complete devotion to the son of the God Sun, King Bhratruhari.. verily like a sun flower! She considered herself blessed for having the opportunity of being able simply to take the name of Maharaj while decorating the parting in her hair. The memory of a rare occasion the joy she might have experienced in some golden moment with him was enough to help her spend her life.

Till today, Bhanumati never went to Maharaj of her own accord but now that she found Maharaj sad, to give him some solace, she started remaining close to him. She was lovingly ensuring that he takes his meals. She took care of his health. Suppressing her own existence, she stayed with Maharaj like his shadow. If Maharaj asked something she briefly replied. That is all. Even today she was simply standing still.

“This is true love,” Maharaj said suddenly. He was looking at a procession in front of the palace, taking along a dead body. Surprised, queen Bhanumati looked over the parapet. She also saw the procession. Along with the dead body a woman was walking having all the signs of a married woman- a green saree, lovely bangles as well as the vermilion in her hair and the spot on her forehead. Maharaj was looking at her and said, “Blessed, blessed is this loyal wife! Today, she will mount the funeral pyre with her husband. She will herself become the wood for the fire. How great is her love, how determined.”

“But the time to go with the husband is over. If after his departure, she accepts this manner it might probably be due to social custom” Bhanumati said in a serious tone. Maharaj asked, “The time is over means what? I could not understand.” Explaining to Maharaj Bhanumati said, “The life breath of the true sati leaves her body instantly on hearing of the death of her husband to accompany him. This woman is still alive. Now on the funeral pyre there will be one corpse and one live body. This is the passing of two bodies together not that of the life breath.” Maharaj did not say anything, he just kept thinking, ‘Is queen Bhanumati also play-acting like queen Pingala. The holy name in the mouth and dagger in the armpit. Would she really sacrifice her life breath on hearing of my death?’

“Impossible! Only Impossible! If a woman loves, she loves only the physical game play, and ornaments. Husband is only a means for attaining all of these. He has no other value.” That night the words of Bhanumati kept repeating themselves in his ears. He thought, “The loyalty of Bhanumati should be tested. One should see how much truth there is in her words.”

The very next day early the morning Maharaj left for hunting to the forest, with some of his attendants. While leaving Bhanumati asked when he would be returning, to which he replied, “By evening I will be back or....”

“Or?” Bhanumati asked. Instead of replying, Maharaj looked at her and gave a slight smile and left. Today he was not going to hunt the forest animals, but instead the hypocritical love professed by

Bhanumati. Till the evening he kept roaming the forest and at sunset he told one of his trusted attendants, "There is one very tricky job."

"Yes," said the attendant, "you return to the palace immediately" said Maharaj, "And give the queen Bhanumati the news of my death." Hearing this, the trusted attendant was afraid, "No, No Maharaj do not say such inauspicious words. The Vastu God says 'may it be so.' Explaining to him Maharaj said, "Bhadrasen, just by uttering words, nothing happens. Here there is no Vastu, so from where will there be a Vastu God. Do not be anxious. Say what I have said, tell queen Bhanumati that while I was hunting the tiger, he attacked me and killed me. And yes, do your act well so that she feels it is true."

"Alright, Maharaj." Saying this Bhadrasen mounted his horse and rode off towards the capital.

Hearing the sound of the horse, the queen Bhanumati who was awaiting the return of Maharaj eagerly came to the doorway of the palace, but she could not see Maharaj instead she saw one of his attendants coming. Dismounting the horse, bending his head he came in front of the queen Bhanumati. His eyes were overflowing with tears. "Why are you crying like this? And why have you come alone? Where is Maharaj?" Bhanumati asked distraught, but Bhadrasen could not answer. "Maharaj.....Maharaj....." saying so he started to cry even more, "Say what has happened. I am getting extremely anxious." Bhanumati said. Then the attendant said, "Queen mother, Maharaj is no more, while hunting....." But before hearing anything further news Bhanumati who was standing like a pillar in the doorway fell down like some tree is uprooted in a hurricane.

With this unimaginable event Bhadrasen was stunned and after coming to his senses in a few moments started to scream and shout, "Queen mother, Maharaj is alright, He is safe, I had told you an untruth. Mother open your eyes. Maharaj will be coming, Queen mother open your eyes." Bhadrasen kept screaming but Queen Bhanumati did not rise. The bird of her life breath had left to meet her beloved from the cage of this body, long since. Now Bhadrasen really started to cry. He ran screaming and shouting, with the news of the death of Bhanumati towards Maharaj. At the entrance to the palace, he met Maharaj.

Seeing Bhadrasen crying and wailing like this, Maharaj laughing hoarsely said, "Bhadrasen stop this drama about my death now." Bhadrasen wiping his tears said, "This is no drama Maharaj. A great disaster has happened, Queen Bhanumati is no more. As soon as she heard about your death, she left her body. I kept shouting I had told a lie and that you are alive, but she was no longer alive to hear it. The inauspicious tongue of this Bhadrasen (which means auspicious) has taken a life. Maharaj I am inauspicious."

Bhadrasen was condemning himself and crying. He did not even look at Maharaj but in a while when he could hear no reaction, he looked and was further shocked, Maharaj was standing like a statue, with no expression on his face, as if without any sensation, as if he had not heard the news of the death of the queen. "Maharaj.....Maharaj....." Bhadrasen called to Maharaj. He thought, 'This condition of Maharaj has happened due to this shocking news, if he is unable to express his grief it will be dangerous for him.' He therefore took hold of Maharaj's shoulders and shook them and said, "Maharaj Queen Mother is no more. Did you hear Maharaj? The queen Mother is dead, Maharaj. Maharaj....."

Looking at Bhadrasen blankly, Maharaj said, "I am a killer. Taking the life of a pure loyal woman thinking it was hypocrisy. With the dagger of doubt, I have killed her." Bhadrasen trying to console him said, "Calm down Maharaj." But Maharaj became inconsolable, and cursing himself said, "Hearing the untruthful news of my death, Bhanumati left her body, but me, even after hearing

the truthful new of her death I am living. My heart is still beating. My stony heart did not break. My breath is still moving.”

Maharaj in the same lost state entered the palace and taking the Queen’s body in his arms went on lamenting. He stopped the family members from taking the corpse. In the end the family members, separated him physically from the Queen’s dead body and did the last rites. When the funeral pyre started to burn brightly Maharaj started screaming “Now I will go with my queen I will enter the fire, if the wife can ascend the pyre when a husband dies, then why should the husband not climb the pyre? I will go along with my wife. I have done the crime.” Maharaj kept shouting and people had to hold him.

When the fire cooled down all the people left but Maharaj sat adamantly at burning ground. Having given up food or drink he simply kept repeating the name of Bhanumati.

People were anxious as to how to bring solace to the King, how to bring him out of this intense grief. That is when one of the ministers Tilakraj, thought of the Yati in the forest. The minister Tilakraj, had heard about the deer being brought back from the dead by the Yati and he had also seen that Maharaj had been immensely impressed by his personality. He thought, “Now only that Yati can make Maharaj free from this grief, he may even enliven Bhanumati again. “

With this in mind, he went towards the forest to look for the Yati. On the bank of the river Shipra, sitting calmly on a large rock he saw the Yati. Tilakraj felt this was an auspicious sign. Going near and bowing down to the Yati, minister Tilakraj said, “Yatiraj, I have a humble request. Our Maharaj.....” Stopping the minister, Yatiraj said, “I know everything minister, I have come for just that purpose. Be not anxious.” Gorakshnath was thinking, “In this deluded state no words of advice will work. He will not listen to any verbal discourse. It will be like pouring water on a duck’s back. Some other ploy will have to be adopted.”

On the full moon night of spring, in that pleasing atmosphere, on the terrace of the palace, the one who was always busy in pleasure pursuits with his queens, King Bhratruhari, in his deluded state was sitting by the side of Bhanumati’s funeral pyre on the burning grounds. Now, there was neither the queen nor her mortal remains. Only a fistful of ash remained. He was muttering to himself holding that fistful of ash.

Observing his vacant eyes, and deluded state Gorakshanth felt compassion rising. He was going towards him and as he walked, he stumbled over a stone and fell. He had a mud-pot with him which also fell and broke to pieces, “O Lord, what has happened.” Gorakshnath cried aloud. On hearing the sound of the breaking pot and the loud sad cry, for a few moments, Maharaj came out of that deluded state. He looked towards Gorakshnath and got up, going close to him said, “Did you get hurt?” Gorakshnath in a grief-stricken voice said, “If I had been hurt, if my legs and arms had broken it was no matter, but see what has happened. My dear friend and my favourite object is broken.” Picking up the pieces of the pot, Gorakshnath became emotional and started to talk to all of them, “Beloved, how did you break like this? If you are not, nothing else is, if you are not there, this world is useless. As if a cemetery.” Taking the pieces close to his heart he kept on weeping.

Watching Gorakshnath behave in this peculiar manner for a while, Maharaj forgot his grief. He could not understand why an austere clothed, this Self realised yogi, was expressing so much grief for a two-penny pot? He tried to console Gorakshnath and said, “What if one pot has broken? We

will get another pot. It was made of mud, at some or other time it would have broken. Why so much grief for it?"

Gorakshnath looked at the king sharply and said, "Are you explaining this to me dear king? Night and day sitting by his wife's funeral pyre, without food or drink, grieving king Bhratruhari is advising me?" Seeing that sharp piercing look directed at him, and hearing his question Maharaj felt he had seen this Yati somewhere. He seemed to have heard this clear, crisp voice before. But where? Maharaj tried to recall. Then Gorakshnath asked, "Why are you quiet king?" Maharaj came into his own and said, "Because it is useless to talk to you. You are deluded. Can there ever be any comparison of your mud pot to my awesome, loving, wife Bhanumati? Forget the pot of mud, I can get you hundreds of such pots made of silver and gold."

"Really?" Gorakshnath looked into the eyes of Maharaj and said "then I too can make hundreds of Bhanumatis stand for you. Want to see?"

"Impossible! Impossible!"

"Impossible? Did you forget? I had brought the dead deer back to life." Gorakshnath gave him his introduction, then Maharaj was jolted. And said, "Yes, indeed! You are that Self realised yogi..."

"That's right."

"Even then I do not feel you will be able to do this."

"Why not?"

"Because at that time the dead body of the deer was present before you, but here there is nothing. If there is anything, it is only ash."

"In that ash hundreds of queens will take birth." Saying this much Gorakshnath took some ash from his bag in his hand and chanted the Kamini weapon mantra on it and energising it thus, took a pinch of it and threw it up to the sky. Five times he chanted 'Om Alakh' and invoked "Bhavantu aneka" (Become many). Maharaj's heart was beating fast. Eagerly he looked up to the sky, thinking "Will truly my Bhanumati come down to earth from heaven?" The answer to the question which arose in his mind he saw with his own eyes, not one but a hundred forms of Bhanumati descended from the sky to the earth. Maharaj was flummoxed, "Now how to determine who is my Bhanumati?" He thought. Mentally he begged, "now you yourself reveal yourself to me and release me from this difficulty." In a short while from the hundreds of Bhanumatis, one girl came forward and said to Maharaj, "Pranam Swami, I am your Bhanumati, your companion by religion."

Maharaj was overjoyed and said, "Is this true? Have you really returned Bhanumati?" He kept on talking "My doubts took your life, forgive me dear queen, come now let's go to the palace. Now you must enjoy the palace pleasures as the Queen."

"How many days? How many years? Swami, I have not received any boon of immortality. If not today, tomorrow this body will have to enter the fire of time. Birth and death are inseparable twins. One is engulfed in the other. Think, Maharaj, become free of the bondage of the transient. Search within that which is beyond time, Consciousness."

"My Bhanumati cannot be the one giving me this type of advice." Thought Maharaj. Watching her intently, he talked to himself, "This lady is certainly someone else. How lustrous she is."

Bhanumati read his mind. She laughed. Suddenly Maharaj looked and noticed, that when Bhanumati laughed she got deep dimples. He again fell into deep thought, "Till today I never even noticed such charming dimples." Once again Bhanumati read his mind and said, "Because, I had never laughed heartily, and of what use looking at them now? This beauty is only physical. It will be destroyed with the body, but Swami, in this very body there is an eternal, beautiful, element which grants you transcendental happiness. Pay attention to that 'Alakh', a fraction may be, but I

have by your blessing, tasted that bliss of Self-knowledge. That is why I want that you too should taste that bliss.”

Bhanumati’s words seemed to be emanating from her heart, and offering wood to the already lighted fire of non-attachment in the mind of Maharaj, and fanning it. Maharaj took a decision internally.

Gorakshnath who was listening to the conversation of the king and queen said, “O King your desire has been fulfilled, I will take your leave.” Immediately Maharaj said, “You are not going alone Guruji. I too am renouncing my royal pleasure-seeking life, and would like to come with you. Kindly accept me.” Gorakshnath was quiet for a while after listening to Maharaj and then he said, “I have accepted you a long time ago O king, but right now do not come with me. Just now return to your kingdom.”

“No, Swami. I am disenchanted with that life.”

“That I know, but this is not non-attachment. Escaping one’s duty and running away is not non-attachment. The identity of doer has to be dropped, ‘I have done this’, is the identity that needs to be renounced and work accomplished without expecting any gain is considered non-attachment. For every action one simply has to be a medium, nothing more.”

“In non-attachment there is neither attachment nor detachment. There is neither enjoyment nor renunciation. This is called Veetarag (beyond both) that is the ultimate limit of non-attachment. To attain that state, it is necessary that you return now. For some time, look after the kingdom. Leave the body in the care of nature, and enjoy the joy of that which is within. Do the coronation of your son Aridahan and then meet me.”

“But, Swami....”

“Consider this my command. We will meet again at the right time. When the disciple is ready, he attains the balance of karma, instantly the Sadguru appears. For every action, proper time is determined. The way of the Lord, is known only to the Lord, no one else. Whatever the Lord has created cannot diminish not a grain of mustard or gunja seed.”

Soon after, the time came. Guru Gorakshnath, took King Bhartruhari to the Shivpur hillock in Panchal state. This land was the land where both Gorakshnath and his Guru had done penance. That is why Gorakshnath performed the ceremony of piercing Maharaj’s ears and making him wear the special earrings here. He initiated him in the Nath tradition and gave this, his disciple who had a sharp intellect, the name of ‘Vichaarnath.’

Guru Gorakshnath trained him in many different faculties. Regarding sadhana Gorakshnath gave him many types of teachings. Gorakshnath who mingled with the common man and spoke their language, taught this learned disciple in the language of the Gods (Sanskrit) and gave him special instructions in the sadhana of Pranav (Om), and said.

**Devanagari**

“पद्मासनं समासृज्य समकाय शिरोधारः ।  
नसाग्रदृष्टिरेकांते जपेत् ओम्कारमव्ययम् ॥ 1 ॥  
त्रयो कालास्त्रयो वेदास्त्रयो लोकास्त्रयोः स्वरः ।  
त्रयो देवाः स्थिता यत्र तत्परं ज्योतिरोमिति ॥ 2 ॥  
क्रिया इच्छा तथा ज्ञानं ब्राह्मी रौद्री च वैष्णवी ।  
त्रिधाः शक्ति स्थिता यत्र तत्परं ज्योतिरोमिति ॥ 3 ॥  
वचसा तज्जपेद्बीजं वपुषा तत् समनश्चेत् ।  
मनसा तत्स्मरेन्नित्यं तत्परं ज्योतिरोमिति ॥ 4 ॥

Explaining the importance of Pranayama he said,

Devanagari

“ चले वाते चलो बिंदुर्निश्चले निश्चलो भवेत् ।  
योगी स्थाणुत्वमाप्नोति ततो वायुं निरुंधयेत् ॥ ”

This Vicharnath, Bhratruharinath, due to his sadhana and devotion became one of the inner circle of disciples of Gorakshnath. He did immense work for spreading the Nath tradition. Wrote several books. His teachings even though in the Sanskrit language are extremely useful to aspirants. To teach the common man he did use the local language as well. In central and western India there are many of his disciples. In one of his books he has said:

Devanagari

“ सौ वैराग्य जौ उलटे क्रम । गणनमंडल महि रौषे थंग ॥ 1 ॥  
अहैनिशी अंतर रहे ध्यान । ते बैरागी सत्त समान ॥ 2 ॥  
बोले भरथरी सत्त स्वरूप । परम तत् महि देख न रुप ॥ 3 ॥

He tells one aspirant:

Devanagari

बैद्यना मृग गगन स्थान ॥ 1 ॥  
वैद्या मृग न छोडे पास । भगत भरथरी गोरक्ष का दास ॥ 2 ॥  
सद्गुरु सबद राजा भरथरी सीधारे । गुरु गोरख प्रमाण जी ॥ 3 ॥”

The exiled Queen Pingala was standing at the large Gate of the palace and thinking, now what to do, where should I go. Just then one of the attendants of Maharaj came and said, “Queen mother, Maharaj has ordered me to take you wherever you would like to go.” After all that had happened, he still was considerate about her. She felt immense remorse that she had deceived such a husband. She was disgusted with herself. She thought, “Rather than going back to my maternal home in such a shameful manner, it would be better to roam in the forest. Let me go where the road takes me. Let me go to a place where no one recognises me.” That is why she told the attendant, “You just take me beyond the border of this country, that’s all.”

On crossing the border, Pingala roamed here and there. Sometimes she joined pilgrims, when she met them. The feet that were used to thick soft carpets had now to walk on thorns, rocky, roads. The queen who had eaten in gold and silver plates, foods which had five different delicious tastes, today stood in the line of beggars with a leaf, hoping to receive some Dal and Chapati. Up until now the beautiful formed one who had her body massaged by perfumed oils and took a bath with warm water mixed with camphor, was thirsting for a bath. Wherever she got some water, even if not very clean, she still took a bath. The soft, delicate body that once lay on a sandalwood bed with mattresses made from feathers, now slept on the uneven floor, changing her sides waiting for the sun to rise. ‘Fie upon this mind’ she repeatedly thought; that due to her desire for sensual pleasure led her to her downfall, she was now burning in the fire of repentance and remorse. Every moment she remembered the true love she received from Maharaj and cursed her fate.

Days passed, years passed. Tired, Pingala could no longer walk with the pilgrims. One day the pilgrims said they were now going to MahaKaleshwar Bhairavnath in Ujjaini. Then Pingala said, “You are going to the country of the Lord, so drop me here. I will take rest here for some time. Now I cannot bear the difficulty of walking along anymore.”

“But where will you stay here? Do you have anyone of your own?” The pilgrims asked. To which Pingala replied, “No, but do not be anxious. Manokameshwar (the God who fulfils all desires) will

certainly make some arrangement. Kindly just convey my pranams to Mahakaleshwar. Pray and beg him to forgive this His tired-defeated daughter. Give her place at Your feet.”

Some years back Pingala had come to this Manokameshwar temple with Maharaj. At that time, she had offered Mother Chamunda a saree, blouse piece and all the articles given to a married lady, but today she had nothing, not wealth, not respect. She folded both her hands and bowed to God. For the first time in her life, she had bowed with so much devotion. She prayed to Manokameshwar, “Today once again I have come to see you but not in the form of the arrogant, sensual pleasure seeking queen but instead as a criminal, downfallen woman who has no father, no son, no brother, no relation. I have come with one last desire that in this very environment I should breathe my last. My inner mind had the desire that I should die in my husband’s country near the Mahakaleshwar temple, but it is the order of my husband that I should not enter his kingdom, and I cannot transgress his order.”

Pingala stayed in the campus of the temple. Early morning, she took a bath from the water of the well in the campus and all day she worshipped Manokameshwar. If her throat was parched, she drank a little water. If tired she slept under the shade of a nearby tree. That is all.

In this way what would the condition of an already impoverished body be? One day, on the steps of the temple Pingala felt giddy and fell down. Now, you may call this a coincidence or God’s grace, but one of the female attendants of Shivani saw her and brought her to her home.

Shivani’s home was close to the temple. After leaving Ujjaini she had come to live here. Due to the grace of Maharaj she now did not have to worry about her livelihood. All day she worshipped music (Naad Brahma), she presented her talent at the temple, serving the poor and orphaned in a nearby orphanage, and remain absorbed in the remembrance of her beloved Lord.

Pingala had not regained consciousness. Shivani mixed the Suteshwar churna (herbal powder) in honey and put it on her tongue. Later she gave her some fresh lime juice. As Shivani looked at her she was thinking, “She looks familiar, who could she be?” She gazed at her, and she could see the black mole on her face and suddenly she recognised her. She was pleased and said, “Yes, she is the queen, because she has the black mole on her cheek which the queen had. When I first saw her, I had thought that Mother Bhavani must have put this black spot on her cheek so that no one could caste a bad eye on her.” Shivani kept gazing at Pingala. Slowly, slowly, behind those wrinkles due to advancing age she could clearly decipher the beautiful face of the queen. Even now in place of the thick silver hair, she could see the thick black hair. When Shivani was recalling the beauty of Pingala’s youth, Pingala regained her senses and looking around said, “Where have I come?” But Shivani was still absorbed in recalling her youth. She was thinking, “The fish shaped eyes of the queen are still as beautiful and her sweet voice...she is most certainly the queen.” Respectfully Shivani said, “You are in your own home dear queen.”

“Which home? Who is queen?” said Pingala in a sad voice. She sat up. Shivani bowed to Pingala and introduced herself saying, “I am Shivani, the singer. This mansion I have received is through the grace of Maharaj, therefore it is yours, right?”

“It seems you do not know my history.” Pingala said. Then Shivani spoke, “Whether I know it or not, history has no meaning for me. You also forget the past and focus on the present. Consider this your home and stay here. Partake of the food through the hands of Shivani and become strong and healthy.”

Pingala was shocked. She thought, “How will anyone ever call her a danceus? Love is flowing from her eyes. Every pore is emitting the light of truth. The beauty of her youth has become glorified with age. Her laugh has a joyfulness. She has received some profound divine grace, otherwise peace is impossible, but what must that boon be? How did she receive it? Who would have granted it? I have been going to several pilgrimages for years even then my mind is restless. Although I took birth in a royal family, I have fallen even below that of a dancer. Will I never be uplifted? Will I never find peace?”

After sometime Shivani came back. She brought hot soft rice mixed with salt and ghee. Eating that Pingala said, “You are alone. Does this loneliness not devour you? How is it that you look so happy?” Shivani said with the same happy smile, “Queen, I not only look happy but I truly am happy. And I am not alone at all. He has given me the boon of happiness.”

“Will you share that with me?”

“Most certainly. It is very easy. If you are able to do it then your life too can become a festival of joy.”

“Joy? Do not awaken false hopes in me, I have forgotten even the word.”

Eagerly Shivani said, “That means you can forget, then this work gets easier. You have to forget what has happened. What is going to happen, do not worry about. What is in the present, that is the moment to be enjoyed, that’s all. This is the means to attain happiness, because what has passed has merged in time, howsoever much we may think about it, there is no gain. We cannot improve on it, in fact the sorrow filled past sullies our mind.”

“The other habit of our mind is to keep on thinking about the future. What will happen tomorrow, we worry about that. There is no gain in that either, because what is to happen will happen. Past or future both are not in our hands, but thinking about the past and worrying about the future we lose that which is in our hands - the present moment. We are unable to enjoy the present, we cannot even live the moment. That is why with our mind focused on the present we have to live in the present. Live every single moment. In our hands we have only one moment of time, we should not lose it.” Pingala started musing over what Shivani had just said, ‘How difficult is that, I have been living for years with the bitter memories of the past only. I have no present nor any future.’

“But from now on you will live only in the present,” said Shivani reading Pingala’s thoughts. She continued, “I am not worthy enough to show you the path, but queen I am telling you this because I have experienced it. I beg you to forget your past.”

In the entire environment around Shivani there was happiness, but the room for worship seemed veritably like a sacred temple. Many times, Pingala peacefully sat there. Gazing at the lustrous, face of Shivani, fully immersed in worship, Pingala thought, “Will I ever be able to attain such divine joy?”

On the right-hand side of the worship place, was placed a glorious frame with the picture of a Yati of the Nath tradition. It seemed as though Pingala brought all her vital force to her eyes and kept gazing at that picture. She never asked Shivani, but when she first looked at the picture, she had recognised the Yati and thought, “The hair that used to peep from below the crown have grown to shoulder length. The place of the gem studded necklace is taken by the Shrungi, instead of the silken robes, the dress is from coarse material, but the person is the same. He is my own. How will I not recognise him?”

Thinking thus her eyes would well up with tears. Again, with self-disgust she would think, "Yes, this invaluable gem belonged indeed to you alone, but you could not recognise his worthiness. You could not become his. And today you can think of nothing other than him. Today the downfallen Pingala is all his. He pervades every pore. Every breath is chanting only his name, but now would he be able to understand her condition? Would he forgive? Where must he be now?"

Then she asked Shivani about Maharaj. For both of them the subject was interesting. Shivani would continue to speak on the subject and Pingala would continue to listen.

One day Shivani said, "One thing I forgot to tell you queen, when Maharaj renounced his throne and took to the Nath tradition, then the wife of Vikramaditya....."

"You mean, Satyavati the Princess of Elchipur of Vidarbha? What did she do?"

"Took a vow, they say from the beginning she had no interest in the royal pleasures. When she heard that Maharaj had taken the vow of renunciation, then her proclivity to renunciation became awakened. She accepted him as her Guru within her mind and decided to serve him. She took the vow that unless she gave Maharaj food in his begging bowl, she will not eat herself. But then Maharaj would sometimes come for alms and sometimes not come. Sometimes he never went for two or three days to her home, then the queen would be fasting."

"One day she was taking her bath. At the same time the call of "Alakh Niranjana" came. The queen heard the call and thought, "If I do not go immediately and give my elder brother-in-law alms, he will return and remain hungry." With this thought she ran out in haste and taking the plate full of food went in front of him. Maharaj looked at her and with trepidation turned round and walked away. Calling him she said, "Please stop Swami, take the alms and go." But Maharaj did not look back at her and kept walking. He went ahead and she kept running behind him."

At the city border Gorakshnath met Maharaj and asked "why are you walking so briskly?" Maharaj signaled to him to look behind him and said, "If mother gives me alms in this condition, how can I accept it?" Observing the disoriented condition of Maharaj, Gorakshnath said, "This means you have not got liberated. You are still in body consciousness. Go just like this and sit for sadhana." And to the queen who was standing until then he said, "Mother you return." Then the queen asked "How can I go? The body brought to the cremation grounds, is not taken back, is it?" Gorakshnath understood her attainment. He initiated her into the Nath tradition and seeing her liberated (mukt) state he named her Mukta. Yogini Mukta went to the south to the Shri Shailya Mountain and did severe penance for twelve years."

"I have seen her picture. The ashram of one of Maharaj's disciples Premnath is nearby. There, a picture of hers is kept, as the Guru sister of Maharaj. That picture of a lustrous ascetic in coarse clothes, with a Trishul, so captivates the mind that one feels like taking to yoga and just sitting at her feet."

Pingala, listening to the story of Satyavati was surprised. Serving Maharaj, queen Satyavati had attained to the divine. And Pingala was unable to forget her past misconduct. It was as if her mind was chanting the sorrowful stories of the past. It kept feeling depressed. Pingala thought, "Even from afar, if I would be able to see Maharaj just once. That alone will bring peace to my mind." She called out to Shivani, "Shivani..."

"Yes, queen."

"How do you know so much regarding Maharaj? Does Maharaj come here? Does he meet you?"

"Where do I have that good fortune? I am only an ordinary musician. He arranged for my livelihood, that is in itself a great boon. When I heard about him taking the vows of renunciation, I became sad. It seemed as though I had become an orphan. I was worried that how will Maharaj be

able to bear the forest life when he is habituated to the royal comforts. That is why I used to try to get information about him always. There is an Ashram of the Nath tradition nearby. I kept going there. And Yes! Maharani, one day I could get to see him too. After leaving the brothel in Ujjaini, I often went to the Mahakaleshwar temple to serve. Specially Mondays, and on the full moon day and on Pradosh (twelfth day). One such Pradosh day Maharaj had come to the temple. That day in my life is etched in gold. I saw Maharaj's wonderful face that day. Forehead adorned with long hair, big long earrings of ivory in his ears, Shrungi shaily round the neck .... Shall I say the truth Maharani? His dress of coarse clothes of the Nath tradition and that lustrous form appealed far more to me than his royal clothed, ornament adorned Rajas (quality of mundane existence) form. It took residence in my heart."

"And that flowed from your pen onto paper, right? The picture placed next to the place of worship, of Maharaj awakened the desire in me to see him. Shivani... Shivani will I ever be able to see him? Even if I can see him from a distance, I will consider myself blessed." Talking thus Pingala had tears in her eyes. Looking at her filled with emotion, reassuring her Shivani said, "Why from a distance? You will meet him face to face Maharani. This deep aspiration itself will pull him to you. By the grace of Shree Mahakaleshwar this desire of yours will certainly be fulfilled. Maharaj will surely meet you."

"If what you say comes true, I will give you whatever you ask for." Pingala in her eagerness did say that, but immediately became sad and said, "See? Old habits die hard. What is left with me that I could give to anyone? Now I am in your shelter, living as your dependent. What can I give you?"

"No, no Maharani, do not embarrass me. I am in your shelter. I am your servant. You are not staying in mine, but your own husband's home. You have every right on the food and water here. The whole environment and all that is in it, each and everything belongs to Maharaj."

"Is this true?"

"This is the truth Maharani."

Pingala looked keenly at Shivani and said, "All that is here is his? Including those who live here?" Immediately, on hearing Pingala's question Shivani's eyes lowered. She understood the hidden meaning in Pingala's question. She could not answer that question in words but her trembling lips and the flush on her face said it all. Seeing the shyness in Shivani's demeanor, Pingala burst out laughing. Today after so many years she laughed so freely. Noticing the true, pure, devotion Shivani had, her withered heart blossomed. It became fragrant with the true perfume of emotion.

A thought crossed her mind. She took the gold chain she wore, a threaded diamond ring was inserted in it. Looking at that ring Pingala said, "This ring belongs to Maharaj, on the first Divali he had given this to me as a gift. I always wore it on my ring finger, but now it has become loose, it falls off from the finger. That is why I have threaded it in this chain and keep it close to my heart." Shivani could not understand why Maharani was telling her all this. Understanding Shivani's mind, Pingala said, "I have lost the status of the Queen but this is the only sign I have of being his wife. You said that I will surely meet Maharaj. And I said I will give you something if your words come true. Just come close to me... and extend your right hand." Shivani extended her hand. Pingala, placed the ring on her ring finger and said, "Just see, how it has fitted. And how good it looks." With trepidation Shivani said, "No Maharani, the ring is undoubtedly exquisite. But this hand.... "Belongs to my dear friend." Cutting her mid-sentence Pingala said, "if the right to wear this ring be measured it is that of your true love. Shivani...Shivani please don't refuse. Think of it as your sister's last wish."

Slowly Pingala's health declined. She did not even desire food. She found it difficult to speak. Shivani put her whole heart into serving her. The medicines and herbal powders given by the physician were being given on time. Her diet was being taken care of meticulously, but there was no improvement. One day, Shivani asked the physician regarding Pingala's health, then he explained in a serious voice, "Now she has no desire to live. If the person who is ill does not want to recover, then even the medicine given by Dhanwantari (the Lord of Medicine) will prove ineffective, because the body will not metabolise it."

On the full moon night of the Kartik month, Maharani's health deteriorated further. That day since the morning she seemed delirious. She was talking to herself. "O Madnika (name of some attendant) you have dyed my silken clothes in the floral colours or not? In the festival of the pilgrimages I will wearing those only. Have you sent enough oil to light the lamps of the Mahakaleshwar temple?" Pingala's body was in Dewas but her mind and heart were in her city Avantika. She was in her royal atmosphere. In the preparations for worship of Shiva and the procession.

Shivani would go every year to Mahakaleshwar for the festival but this year due to the health of Maharani, she was unable to go. She made preparations for the worship at home only. While placing the Bilva leaf (leaf from the Bilwatree) on the Pindi, she recalled the words of the song heard in the temple. The musician was saying, the three parts, of the Bilva leaf are the symbol of Satva, Raja and Tamo gunas, its stem is our ego. In the form of the Bilva leaf we surrender all these at the feet of Shiva. As soon as the darkness of three gunas and ego is destroyed the full moon of Tripuri festival is completed. The moonlight of happiness flows in us. Shiva had destroyed Tripurasura (Demon named Tripurasura). This demon is not outside of us, he is the one residing in our body, symbolising three puras (cities). We have to go beyond the gross, subtle and causal puras (cities) and live in the Anandpur (city of happiness.). When these three knots of the body are cut asunder, we are liberated by the Grace of God."

As soon as she completed the worship, Shivani bowed down with folded hands and prayed, "O Lord, I do not ask for my liberation, I am praying for Maharani's health. Keep her healthy. Make her meet Maharaj, this not impossible for you or the Self realised Maharaj."

"Shivani, Shivani...." Hearing Maharani call Shivani was jolted. She thought, "Maharani was finding it difficult to say even one word, and now she calls so loudly? O Lord! Is it a sign of the wind dosha (impurity)?" She ran to Pingala and caressing her back she asked, "What happened Maharani? Are you feeling uneasy?"

"No, No dearie, my heart is dancing, jubilant with happiness. Why are you looking at me so? My dear, Maharaj has come. Do the procedure of worshipping his feet. Get a seat for him." Shivani could not see Maharaj anywhere but so as not to hurt Pingala, she went to the worship room and brought a deer skin and placed a woollen carpet over it.

Pingala said, "Shivani make me get up, sit up straight. And yes, cover my head with my saree please." Now joy was unfolding on the face of Maharani Pingala. There was life in her voice. Light shone from the dim eyes, "you have come Swami, do not embarrass me with such words, did you hear Shivani, what Swami is saying? He says, I am his first Guru in the path of non-attachment, Maharaj where is that worthiness for this sinner? Please forgive me."

As Maharani spoke, her eyes welled up with tears. She gazed unflinchingly at Maharaj. There was profound love in her gaze and deep compassion sparkling from the gaze of Maharaj- it was a confluence of the two. Shakti (Energy-Power) was getting transferred. Pingala experienced that

divine light emanated from Maharaj and entering her body, the radiance was pervading her entire body. The body was becoming as light as a feather and the vital force was uniting with the radiance in the eyes of Maharaj. Suddenly Maharani Pingala cried, "Aadesh Aadesh!" (Command! Command!) And in the next moment her head fell to a side. The whole room was filled with the fragrance of the golden Champa flower. Nathji had given a proof of his presence.

The liberation festival of Maharani, was witnessed by Shivani with unblinking eyes. She gently closed the eyes of Maharani and with deep affection and devotion kept her head on her feet.

## Lesson 10 – Hasseba Kheliba Dhariba Dhyanam (Laughing, Playing, meditate)

“Why did you take so long brother? Mother is waiting for you since so long.” Madhura said from the doorway, when she saw Niranjan approaching.

“Oh! yes, yes. Let me at least come inside.” Niranjan said and gently pushing Madhura aside he came into the house. Explaining to mother he said, “Today the senior Nath Baba had come to the monastery. Time simply did not exist during his lecture, not for him not for us.”

“Have you now understood it, or haven’t you?” Mother said “Quickly wash your hands and feet and eat your meal. In the lecture of Nath Baba your hunger might have been satisfied, but we are very hungry.”

“Then why did you wait for me?”

“I would have eaten but Mother won’t let me.” Madhura said.

“I had told her to eat but without you even one morsel does not go down, so what can I do?”

Enjoying this affection between the brother and sister mother served the meal. Niranjan was eating, but he seemed preoccupied. His mind was absorbed in the ‘Alakh Niranjan’ state explained by Nath Baba. He was impressed by the radiant personality and experiential talk rendered.

Observing this state of her son, the worry that had been eating into her, came forth, she said,

“Son, Niranjan, nowadays you pay no attention to the home affairs. Now your attention is not even on what you are eating. You are still in the monastery mentally. Tell me truly, do you plan to take to yoga and renounce the world?” Niranjan did not reply. He bent his head and kept on eating. But Madhura took up the thread of mother’s conversation and said, “Brother, is this true? Are you going to pursue Yoga? That means you will let your moustache and beard grow and tie a bun of your long hair, and go from home to home with a pair of tongs, calling out ‘Alakh Niranjan’?”

“If I kept roaming like that what would be wrong in it? That is the way to make human life meaningful.” Niranjan said in all seriousness answering the amused question of Madhura.

“There is nothing wrong in that son. No path that takes you to God can ever be wrong, but it is difficult. It is a rocky road. There is the maze of attaining powers and using them wrongfully. The road is tiring. It is slippery, walking on the path you have to step very carefully and be vigilant. Son to climb is difficult to fall is easy. Inattention even for a moment, can cause man to slip and fall into a deep ditch.”

“Why do you say this mother? You people do not listen to anyone and just talk anything.” Niranjan said.

“No son this is not something I have heard someone say. I have myself seen people who have got destroyed in their greed for supernatural powers. There was a friend of my paternal uncle. He often came to our house. After some days he took initiation into the Nath tradition. Even after that he sometimes came to meet us, but gradually he changed completely. Had taken one direction and reached another destination. He became a Tantric. He lived with just angavastra [single cloth covering part of the body] even in the day.”

“What is angavastra mother? I have heard about Mahavastra [fine apparel].” Madhura asked surprised.

Mother averting her question said, “Not now, will explain some other time. With such thoughts our minds also get defiled.”

After meals mother cleared the kitchen and went to rest. Niranjan went to her then and said,

“Mother do not be anxious about me at all. What you have expressed has happened occasionally, but now by the command of Guru Gorakshnath the pitfalls in the Tantric, Shakt, Kaul paths have been removed. Now, strict celibacy, and a self-controlled behaviour, with the principle of walk the

talk, reap as you sow, match behaviour with thought, these precepts are strictly practiced by the Nath yogis. Respect in the mind of the common man has greatly increased by the well-regulated behaviour of the Nath Yogis. No longer are they called the ear-pierced yogi with derision.”

“The fact that you are trying so insistently to explain all of this to me can only mean that you have decided to walk that path. Is that so? Go son, only remember whatever you do think through carefully. Do not renounce the world in a fit of emotion, because when a firm resolve and clear non-attachment, are not the foundation then renunciation does not last. Life gets destroyed. I will not stop you. I will not burden you with responsibility about me. We have this home, to feed the stomach there is a small field. I take the name of God and will live peacefully, if I have any worry, it is only about our Madhu. She should be married into some good home, living happily in her home, then I would have the joy of bathing in the Ganges! Her responsibility....”

“That responsibility is of her brother. I will find a good bridegroom for her and get her married with such pomp and show, you just watch.” Listening to Niranjan’s reassurance, mother was free from all anxiety and blessing him said, “Tathastu!- May it be so!”

Mother had agreed, so even Niranjan was happy and went to his study room. Mother was thinking, “Both my children are extraordinary. At an age when most youths would be dreaming of making a home with some beautiful girl, my Niranjan thinks so differently. He has chosen such an unusual path. And my Madhura! She too is so extraordinary. Even though she has reached marriageable age she is still childlike. Lives in the world of flowers, birds and animals. Looking at the skies she talks to the moon and stars. Laughing like a waterfall, speaking what is in her mind, spontaneous is my Madhu. Whenever I look at her I become anxious, thinking how will she live in this materialistic world with such an innocent mind? Will we get a good boy who will understand her? How? Where?”

“When she was five years old, the God of Death took away our life support. Fever caused the death of my Swami. That innocent child what would she know what it means, she went close to him and said, “Baba get up, why are you sleeping like this on a blanket? Like a good boy go to the bed and sleep.” Listening to her I cried even more, but thank God one of the family came and took her away. Whether anyone lives or dies, time waits for no man. It keeps moving ahead. That is why it is said however great a misery there is no greater healer than time. I too found balance in time. Looking at the children I started living for them. It was the skipping and jumping of the children that brought life back to the home.”

“One day, Madhu who would run up and down through the whole house was nowhere to be seen. I got worried, where might this girl have gone? She was not at home so I went to the backyard and called out to her, she responded but her voice seemed as though she had been crying. I became afraid because we had grown vegetables, and there were many flowers and fruit trees as well as a lot of tall grass. Did any snake bite..... I ran to her. What do I see? She was sitting in front of a Tulsi (Basil) plant. I asked her “Madhu dear what happened? Why are you sitting like this? Are you alright?” Madhu said, “I am alright mother but, but my flower....”

“What happened?”

“Yesterday that flower was looking at me wide eyed, and when I watered the Tulsi, he laughed, but today he did not even look at me, he did not even laugh. He has bent his neck and is just sitting. When I tried to lift his head all his petals fell down. Mother, is he angry with me? But why?”

“No baby, he is not angry with you. He must be remembering his mother, he might have called out to her yesterday many times and when she did not come he must have wilted.”

“That means I am the cause of his pain. I separated him from his mother.” Said Madhu and her eyes welled up with tears, which overflowed. After that she never broke a flower again. She loved flowers, but she did not want to possess them. Whether Shefali or Mogra flowers, she only picks up those that have fallen from their stem. And she talks to the ones on the trees.

One day she brought a mango seed and said, “We will plant this behind the banana in our backyard.” Saying this she quickly went and dug a hole in the ground and placing her seed there covered it with mud which she had strained and made soft and said, “now my seed will not be hurt by the stones, as I have spread a soft blanket over it. Two to four days she will sleep and then wake up.”

In a few days the seed spread two little green hands out of the ground and gradually the plant became big. It became a dense green tree. Many years passed, but the mango tree gave no mangoes. Somebody said, “It looks like a barren tree, why don’t you cut it down. You can grow something else in its place.”

Hearing him, Madhura pounced like a tigress, “Beware, if anyone even touches a single leaf of my tree. What if he does not give fruit? We will keep him just like that, no one will go after his life.” In that same mood, she brought three sprouts from the Tulsi (very dear to Shri Krishna) and offering them to Shri Krishna and said, “Hey, Gopala, from today the mango tree is yours. Please protect him.”

Then taking those sprouts she placed them on the ground before the Mango tree and embracing the tree said, “Don’t be afraid, nothing will happen to you. Shri Krishna will protect you.” Even till today she gives the tree water and while pouring the water she says,

“कृष्णप्रिया आमराया, कितनी शीतल तेरी छाया ।  
पत्ता पत्ता तेरा, बरसाए प्रेम कितना सारा ।”

(“Beloved of Krishna, King of Mangoes, how cool is your shade, every leaf of yours showers so much love!”)

Regarding the sensitive nature of Madhura so many stories cropped up, and mother became anxious again. Folding her hands and looking up to the sky she said, “Gopala, like you have protected Madhura’s mango tree till today, please protect my Madhura too.” There, in the study room both brother and sister were chatting. Madhura asked Niranjana, what had happened in the Ashram today that made him so happy. Then Niranjana said, “O crazy one, the darshan of Gurudev is itself a festival of happiness. I cannot express it in words, I can only tell you a little from what he said,

Devanagari

“हंसिबा खेलिबा धरिबा ध्यानं । अहमिस् कथिबा ब्रह्मगियानं ।  
हंसै भेलै न करै मनअंग । ते निहचल सदा नाथ के संग ।”

“How wonderful brother!” Madhura could not stop herself interrupting, “What a brilliant statement he has made. I love this laughing-playing meditation, otherwise so many people sit so seriously and get engaged in untying the entangled network of Brahmamaaya.[the illusion of creation]”

“Madhu don’t interrupt. First listen to what I am saying attentively. Guru Gorakshnath says,

Devanagari

“हबकि न बोलिबा, ठबकि न चालिबा, धीरे धरिबा पांव ।  
गरब न करिबा, सहजै रहिबा, म्हणत गोरख राव ॥”

“Do not speak meaninglessly. Think carefully before you speak. Do not be proud of anything, stay according to your nature”.

### Devanagari

“ धातु न पायिबा, भूखे न मारिबा ।  
अहिसि लेवा ब्रह्मअणि का भैव ॥”

“Do not go to extremes in anything. Do not stay hungry and out of greed do not overeat. All extremes are forbidden.

### Devanagari

“ बास सहेती सब जग बास्या, स्वाद सहेता मीठा ।  
सांच कहूँ तो सतगुरु मातै रुप सहेता दीठा ॥”

If you go into the forest, hunger will trouble you and in search of food if you live in a city then mundane Maaya will trap you. The Lord pervades the entire universe. The universe is filled with his fragrance and his beauty, but the vision one needs to see him, to experience him, can only be had from the Sadguru.”

Having said this much Niranjana asked Madhura, “Did you understand anything? You follow Gurudev’s language right?”

“Yes brother even though I do not understand word for word, but I do understand what is implied and the feeling behind it. His people’s language seems so sweet. Like the babbling of a little child.”

“Yes, but it is not worthless like the babbling, in the gold of his simple sweet language he has decorated the pearl of Spiritual Truth. In clear simple language he has explained the essence of life and behaviour, such straight forward but extremely important instructions.”

Being impressed with Gurudev’s language, Madhura asked, “May I come with you to the ashram?”  
“Yes, why not? I will take you. Over there, Gurudev’s sermons are read, but Gurudev comes, only occasionally.”

“Why do you say so? Gurudev will surely meet us in the form of his sermon. And yes, I will be able to do that “Hasiba Kheliba Dhyana as well.” having said that she kept humming those words and walked out of the study.

Gorakhbani (the language Gorakshnath used) so influenced Madhura that one day, it descended wearing the garb of Marathi and she started singing happily. Slowly her pitch started increasing and she got lost in singing the variation of the musical notes.

“Madhu, Madhu.... How many times I’ve been calling you,” said mother while she got out of the study.

“I did not hear your voice at all”

“You were not here only, to hear my voice. Your mind was elsewhere. Now listen, come to my room, I have to speak to you.”

“I will clean brother’s room and come. Just see how he has kept his things all spread out everywhere. You never say anything to him. All rules and regulations are only for me. Why is it so mother?”

"When you come to my room, I will tell you." Mother said, as she left the room. After sometime Madhura came to her Mother, then very lovingly caressing her back Mother said, "Madhu, my child, you have now grown up." Laughing at mother's statement, she said, "Mother, for once decide am I big or am I small? Sometimes you say I am small, I will not understand, and sometimes you say you have become big, still how is it that you don't understand? You say, I have become big and then you call me a child."

"I have said correctly. You have become big but your mind is still like a child. You blurt out whatever is in your mind."

"So? what's wrong with that?"

"There is nothing wrong baby. A pure clean mind like yours is rare. That is why I am anxious that in this selfish world what will happen to you? Now hear what I am about to say attentively. Think it over seriously. Your brother is a boy He can do what he pleases, but you are a girl. You will go to another's home. You will have to adopt their life style. You will have to live according to their will."

"Why all this now mother? When the time comes, we'll see."

"No child, you have to think about it from now on, because you are thinking of walking on the path your brother has chosen. You have begun to be absorbed in Gorakhbani. If in your marital home they do not like all this then? If they oppose you then? You will have to live against your will according to their customs. A girl is like a plant, she is transplanted and has to adapt to the weather conditions there."

Madhura answered, "That is not in her hands mother. The leaves, flowers, fruits of the tree depend on its seed, mother. The mango tree will give only mangoes and the tamarind will produce only tamarind. How will she change her nature mother?"

"Yes, child, that is what I am worried about. If it does not so happen the plant withers. Dries up and has a premature death."

"Then we should keep the plant where it belongs."

"For plants this can apply but for a girl, she has to leave her maternal home and go to her in-laws. That is why Madhu... you do understand, don't you?"

"Yes mother, but I am not in the least bit worried about that. You too should not worry, because nothing happens according to what we decide. Not birth, not life, not death. I do not know by whose desire it happens, and I do not think about that either. I will keep flowing like a waterfall. Like a leaf that floats on the surface of flowing water, I will flow in the same direction. I will swim happily."

Just then hearing a knock on the door, she said, "It seems brother has come," and got up to go, while going she put an arm round her mother and said, "Mother do not worry about me, wherever I go, I will live happily."

On opening the door, Niranjana entered rather brusquely. She said to him, "Careful brother, have you forgotten? Habki no Boliba (do not be in haste while talking) Thak na chalice (do not stomp while walking) shire dhariba panv (place your foot slowly) ...." brother and sister were laughing heartily, but mother took a deep breath and thought all my advice was completely futile.'

One day mother told Niranjana, "It is said, the child is in your arms and you are shouting to the village folk to look for him, that is the state you are in. I am telling you to find a match for Madhura

instead of roaming here and there why not ask your friend about Madhura?"

"Who? Nachiket? Mother, absolutely not."

"Why? He is a good boy, healthy and good looking too. He belongs to a good family and is running a Sanskrit School along with his father."

"Yes Mother. Nachiket is a good boy, but his nature is quite different. He is serious by nature. He is ever engaged in studying and speaks very little. Our Madhu speaks a lot and is an oversensitive, emotional girl. She listens to her mind. How will they match?"

"They will match well. He will look after our sensitive Madhu very well. Their opposing natures will prove a completion for both. Serious Nachiket will start laughing and talkative Madhu will start thinking." Thinking about mother's observations, Nachiket said, "If you so desire, I will talk to him, but I think we should talk to Madhura first." Just then Madhura came there and half hearing her brother, she said, "Ask brother, what did you want to ask? You want to know my opinion on some subject, that feels really good."

"Then listen with some seriousness. Your entire life depends on it. And whatever happens will happen as per your desire."

"Yes, I understood. Brother who are you going to handcuff? In whose hand do you want to give your sister's hand? Who is that poor fellow?"

Madhura asked laughing.

"This is no laughing matter. Think carefully and decide. How do you like your brother's friend Nachiket?" Mother asked without beating around the bush.

"Who? That school teacher of Vedanta? He is good, but brother we will have to tell him our 'Hasiba, Kheliba.....'"

Mother thought, "what sort of girl is she? How easily she said yes. But did she just say yes jokingly or she means it." Mother asked again, "Are you considering Nachiket as one good boy or do you like him in the form of your husband? Think properly and tell us."

"What is there to think in that? Haven't I already told you, in whichever direction the current of life takes me I will go along. Happily, I will keep swimming. Whatever decision that Unknown Power takes for my life I will accept that. I will not do anything about it. I will never complain ever. Both of you like him? Then it is alright. This plant will live in his house, take shelter and grow happily. It will belong there. Water has no shape of its own, neither does it have any colour. Whichever vessel you pour it into it will take that shape. Whatever colour you put in it, it will accept that colour."

Niranjan spoke to Nachiket now that he was sure of Madhura's acceptance. But Nachiket did not answer. His silence made Niranjan think, that Nachiket was not for it, but could not refuse due to embarrassment. That is why once again he said, "Nachiket, please do not hesitate to express yourself clearly. Your entire life depends on it. Think carefully and answer. If you would like to refuse this relationship please do not hesitate, and that will not make any difference to our friendship."

"I think you should listen to your heart and not think too much, because the intellect thinks of worldly matters and the heart recognizes through inner inspiration who is your own and who is not. The heart pulls us towards the one who is ours naturally."

"Yes, I have experienced this. To tell you the truth Niranjan, the first time I saw Madhura she appealed to me instantly. I used to talk to you, but my attention was on her always. Even from far, if I heard her laughter, my heart would be pleased." Hearing what Nachiket had to say, Niranjan

said, "Then why did you never say anything? At least I would not have had the trouble to look for a match. Why so much hesitation with a friend?"

"No, not a matter of hesitation. I used to think it will remain only a dream. I felt I may not appeal to her. Thinking thus, I kept quiet. I think we should first ask Madhura."

"O brother, only after asking her am I talking to you."

On the serious face of Nachiket, suddenly there was great happiness. He said, "You mean I ...i .."

"Yes brother, you appeal to her." Niranjan said laughing, he thought, 'if just the thought of Madhura makes him so happy, then living with her, he will start laughing and chatting. The occasion to teach him "Hasiba-Kheliba" will not arise.'

At the right time the wedding of Madhura and Nachiket was celebrated. According to the desire of Nachiket, the wedding was completed in a simple manner. As Madhura was leaving to go to her in-laws, on the one hand there was happiness on her mother's face, for having found a suitable partner for her beloved daughter and on the other, the sadness of parting. Tears of happiness from one eye and those of sorrow from the other becoming like the rivers Ganga and Jamuna flowed incessantly. Wiping her mother's tears, she said, "Why are you crying mother? I am not going far. I am in this town itself. Why do you worry? Your beloved aakassh flower [Indian cork tree with fragrant flowers] wherever it might be in the world, it will always live happily. It will accept what comes to it as Prasad of God."

While leaving the house, of her mother, for a moment Madhura stopped at the doorway, "Mother will you do one work for me? Will you look after my mango tree? Every day give it one mug of water and say this is given by your Madhura." Saying this much she went to the mango tree and hugging it said, "beloved of Krishna how cool is your shade, shower your grace forever on us. And yes, never be afraid, Mother has given me her word she will look after you. I will come intermittently. I will come and embrace you. You will think of me, won't you? You will wait for me no?"

Madhura mingled so well with all, at her new home, like sugar in milk. She would be involved in the service of her father and mother-in-law. Welcoming guests warmly.

Nachiket was also happy. He had become absorbed in Madhura. In the night he gazed at the serene happy face of Madhura who was in deep sleep and thought, "In the form of Madhura, it seems as though the Maker has sent a live idol of auspiciousness. I must keep and protect this invaluable treasure given by the universal mother. Her innocent pure mind should never suffer a scratch, or get hurt due to the ups and down of mundane life. May my Madhura be ever laughing and singing like this and may I be watching her with this contented mind. Then at other times he thought, "Madhura is a puzzle. She is childlike but sometimes she says something so wise that could, even be counsel for a sage, that's when I feel we are only learned Pandits but she has studied in the school of experience."

One day, a curious person questioned Nachiket regarding the time of death and the disposal of a dead body, answering him he said, "The Self realized soul departs from the tenth gate(opening) of this body namely from the vertex (top of head) but the common man leaves from any of the other openings of the senses, but in the hope that the life force may leave from the upper part of his body a conch is struck on the head." Hearing this Madhura smiled and her dimples became prominent. Nachiket saw that and asked her after the person had left, "What was there to laugh at such a serious discussion?"

"The ignorance of the speaker," Madhura said laughing.

"You mean?"

"I mean, the life force of a Self-realized woman will leave her body from the eleventh gate." Hearing this now Nachiket laughed. "And which is this eleventh gate? A man's body has only ten gates," he said.

"Yes, but that is true of a male body, a female body has eleven gates, Panditji. If women had written any books, they would have talked about the eleventh gate." Nachiket eagerly said, "Let books and scriptures be, tell me now, about the eleventh gate."

"Our birth exit." Madhura suddenly became serious, paused for a while and said, "To tell the truth this count of the gates is only external, these are counted on the basis of the body, otherwise the woman has only one gate that is of the heart. And to open it, the vital force need not leave the body. One has only to shower the vital force on others. This gate is actually always open. Love is flowing continuously from it. It itself becomes the last flow of love. At some given moment she surrenders herself at the feet of the Lord of her life. She offers her five breaths (Pran Apan Saman Vyan and Udan), he too accepts them with love. Both become One, merging into each other. There is no separate existence of either. There is only the void. Neither is there a complete Aham (Ego) nor is there Saha (That) (SOHAM is the mantra of the Nath tradition- I am That). The drop becomes the ocean and the ocean is in the drop."

One day she got a call from her mother's home, she forgot her age and jumping like a child she called out, "Listen, I am going to my mother's house. I will meet my mango tree and come."

"Today? Now? Is there anything special?"

"Yes, I will return and tell you," saying this much, she ran out.

As soon as she reached her home, she first ran to the backyard and embraced her friend the mango tree. Her intense happiness flowed in the form of tears. Like Mother had said there were blossoms on the mango tree. Taking in the fragrance of the blossoms, she said, "Beloved of Krishna blessed is thy body, he has accepted thee."

After that Madhura started coming often to her mother's home. There were mangoes on the mango tree. They started turning yellow saffron and extremely decorative. The fruit was small it ripened. Gopal Krishna was first offered the fruit. Then all received the Prasad and enjoyed the taste. The taste surprised all, each one looked at the other on tasting it, because it tasted like Basil. The offering of Basil that Madhura had made to it several years ago had become its life force and Shri Krishna had also accepted this barren tree. (Basil is very dear to Shri Krishna). From that, the tree started being called Tulsi -Aam (Basil -mango).

In the life of Madhura-Nachiket also a tiny bud appeared. Madhura started taking care of the little one with immense affection. When a girl was born in the home, Madhura's mother-in-law had said with great joy, "It is the grace of Mother Tripurasundari. When the first born is a girl, it augurs wealth." At that time the Aunt in law had taunted, "Yes, just now call her a box of wealth and love her as much as you like, but when she goes taking all the wealth from the family then you will know whether she brought wealth or she is the burden of debt." Hearing her words had shocked Madhura and she thought, "She herself was born as a girl, if her mother had discarded her then? Those who celebrate the birth of a son like a festival, feel disappointed on the birth of a daughter. Why do they not understand, that to light the lamp of the family she makes her body into a lamp. She blows her life juices into it."

Madhura could not keep quiet. She spoke her mind to her mother-in-law, then her mother-in-law explained gravely, "The one who taunted us, it was not her, but the distraught mother in her who

spoke. The sad state of the conditions in our society affecting a helpless woman got expressed as the pain in her heart. You do not know child. She had to give a dowry way beyond her means in her daughter's marriage. She had to mortgage her home and other valuables. She had to exchange her jewelry to make some for her daughter. Your father-in-law was also very distressed about it, but even our condition was just enough to feed ourselves, even then we did what we could. We brought them to our home. Do not mind what she says."

At the time of the naming ceremony, Nachiket asked Madhura, "What should we name her?" Madhura said "Whatever you all like, ask mother also." Madhura's mother-in-law said, "You all may call her whatever you like but I am going to call her Sonu only. Therefore, both of you decide what her name should be." Then Madhura said, "Bhamati. I love Bhamati."

"Bhamati?" Nachiket asked surprised. "How do you know this name? This is the name of the commentary made on the Brahmasutras."

"I had heard from brother."

"Yes, your brother and me went together to Baba to study Brahmasutras, then your brother became an Adinathi and I became a Vedanti, but when did you read the Brahmasutras? Who taught you?"

"I did not read. I did not study. I studied the Love Sutras. And I was taught by Sevavrati (idol of service), Tyagamurti (idol of sacrifice) Premmurti (idol of love) Bhamati. You know the name of the commentary but do you know why this totally unrelated name was given to it?"

"No, I don't."

"But I do. I recognize Bhamati well. I can feel her presence in me."

Nachiket could not understand what Madhura was talking about but he did not interrupt because it often happened that as Madhura spoke she entered another world and said something deeply mysterious. Today, too she was speaking thus. She was saying, "Rishi Vachaspati completed his work - commentary on Brahmasutras. He wrote the last word of his magnum opus and he realized that to maintain the light from the lamp someone was gently pushing it forward. When he focused, he saw green glass bangles decorating a slender hand."

In fact, this slender, soft, but dutiful hand had kept his study lamp lit till today. It had filled ink in his ink pot. Had kept required reference books in a cupboard systematically categorised, nearby. Kept his seat clean. And so that there be no break in his sadhana of Knowledge, had served a plate of satvic food on time regularly, but the man who was engaged night and day in solving the intricacies of Maaya, Vachaspati had not seen that slender hand that had served him night and day. Today for the first time he noticed the source of this hand. Surprised he asked, "Who are you? Who kept the lamp burning?"

"I did" A soft voice replied from behind the door. "I... your wife... your life partner, Bhamati..."

"Bhamati...Bhamati..." The Rishi uttered and got up with alacrity. Within a moment he remembered everything. The beautiful bride, girl at the threshold of childhood who took my name with lowered eyes behind the veil used during marriage.

Vachaspati opened the door. Like the creeper of Madhumalti delicate, slender, but lustrous with a wonderful aura sparkling Bhamati was standing supported by the wall. She was trembling with emotion. She was eagerly waiting for the reaction of her husband. But Vachaspati said nothing. The Guru of Speech Vachaspati had become dumb today. He was simply gazing at her. As he looked tears flowed briskly down his cheeks.

With a choked voice he said, "Forgive me Bhamati, forgive me. I had totally forgotten you. So many years have passed. I did nothing for you. And even now I cannot accept you in the form of a wife."

Bhamati lifted her eyes and looked at him. The eyes that were begging eagerly for love seemed to be asking, "Why? What fault is it of mine?" Vachaspati understood the language of her eyes, and said, "No, no it is no fault of yours. Nor is it my fault. This is written by fate, otherwise as I wrote the last letter of the book, I would not have taken the vow of renouncing the world. Just see how destiny has decided so paradoxically. The moment I took the resolve of sanyas, [life of a renunciate] the same moment I saw your hand and came to know of your existence."

Bhamati wiped her tears determinedly and accepted the crushing justice meted by destiny. Covering her head with her saree she bowed and put her head on her husband's feet for the first time and said softly, "Bless me." Vachaspati placing his hand on her head said in a heavy voice, "In age I am older. That is why I bless you "Kalyanamastu" (may all that is auspicious happen)."

He was thinking, "Actually I should be touching her feet, because where I am heading, she has already reached. I have only reflected over the Brahmasutras, but Bhamati has understood the true meaning. I remained only a Vachaspati (Lord of speech) But she has become in truth Bha (radiant) - Mati (intelligence). Unbroken silence, and selfless surrender, the severe penance done in the prime of youth has given her this radiance. Her personality is made of light. She is liberated."

After sometime, partaking of the fruit given by Bhamati, Vachaspati left home. A householder only in name, the Lord of the house renounced his house as well as the homemaker and entered directly into the fourth stage of life - sanyas and moved on. Looking at the untouched wife standing by the doorstep supported by the wall, Bhamati, he said, "I will give this Magnum opus your name Bhamati. With deep gratitude for your selfless service and purity. This Vachaspati can do only just this much for you Bhamati." As Madhura was telling the tale of Bhamati it seemed as though she herself had become Bhamati. Nachiket understood her emotional state. His heart was full too. Without saying a word, he took Madhura's hand in his. His un-worded touch expressed a great deal more than words.

With the approval of all, Madhura named her beloved little one Bhamati. The mother-in-law of Madhura bathed her granddaughter with warm water and wrapped her in a woolen and handing her over to Madhura said, "take your doll. Feed her then she will sleep for two to three hours happily. Children grow in their sleep. The body gets nourished in sleep. The Universal mother has arranged everything in such an organized way. She gives deep sleep for their growth and nourishment, and snatches the sleep of old people. Because now they need not be nourished, but disintegrated." Having said that she left.

Madhura put Bhamati close to her heart, little Bhamati through the slits of her eyelids of her sparkling black eyes shining like pearls, was gazing at the face of her mother intently. Madhura caressed her soft hair and kissed her velvety cheeks and hid her in her saree.

The baby girl and mother were both experiencing contentment one getting milk and the other giving it. Slowly, the petals of Bhamati's eyelids started to close. Madhura adsorbed the drop of milk on her pink lips by the edge of her saree. Due to that loving touch a gentle smile spread over Bhamati's innocent, serene face, who was perhaps even now lost in the dream of the realm of the Gods. As soon as Bhamati laughed a deep dimple appeared on her cheek, seeing that the dimple on Madhura's cheek also appeared. She thought "How did a similar dimple appear on her cheek?"

But she seems to have shifted the place of the dimple a wee bit to make it unique to her. Mine comes in the cheek, hers is on the space between her eyes and her cheek on the slight elevation.”

“But how must this be happening? How does a particular characteristic of one person enter the other? Who does this miracle?”

Suddenly she remembered the verse from Ishavasya Upanishad that she had learnt in school.:

Devanagari

“ ओम् पूर्णात् पूर्णम् उदच्यते ।  
पूर्णस्य पूर्णमादाय, पूर्णमेवावशिष्यते ॥ ”

How interesting this is. From the whole arises the whole, even then the whole remains. How can we rationalize this? Our very “Being” is God. In it, the entire Universe is created. If the whole takes birth from the whole, then Man who is born from the Lord who is Whole, is not a part of Him but he himself is Whole too. He is also a whole Lord, like me and my Bhamati.”

“Me and my child. From the whole that I am, a whole is born. One whole came out of another whole.”

“Even then I am Whole and my baby is Whole  
No-one is void, all are complete Whole  
Why use logic? Why complicate the simple fact?  
O Intellectual man, this is not math  
This is the miraculous Nature’s act.”

Years kept passing. The school Nachiket had started was expanding. The fame of the school reached far and wide, and many started to come from great distances for taking education. When the students were few Nachiket gave them residence in his own home, but now as the numbers increased, he built a hostel near his home. Madhura and her mother-in-law accepted the administration of the hostel very happily. They gave so much love to the children, that the children never felt homesick. Now everyone called Nachiket Panditji and Madhura Maiji.

What with the house work, and looking after the hostel, and the garden and bringing up Bhamati with all the love and care, Madhura started finding 24 hours of the day too few. As soon as she finished her day’s work and she lay down on the bed the sun came up on the horizon once again! Madhura thought, “I just lay down, how did it become day so soon?” But she never complained and with enthusiasm woke up getting engrossed in the day’s work. To be able to do something for others made her happy and content. Managing her own home, she could even find some time to visit her mother’s home. There she would help her brother in his work of service to others. She learnt many new things from him, got knowledge from him because now her maternal home had become a social service centre.

A beautiful platform had been made around her Aam-Tulsi tree, with red bricks. And facing the east a black stone had been placed. Madhura’s brother would put a deer skin over it and assume a fine posture. Around the Tulsi-Aam tree the ground had been levelled and a space was created where early morning a meditation session was held, then again in the afternoon a study session and in the evening people who had health problems were examined. If anyone was seriously ill, he was kept in the room next to the house. The youth who came to the ashram used to serve them. It is considered a part of sadhana- spiritual practice.

Actually, Madhura’s brother had desired that he get initiation in the Nath tradition and continue his sadhana in seclusion, but the Ashram Nathji advised him, “There is some time before you get

initiated, till then live among people and educate them. Serve them. Study diagnosis and treatment. Take information about herbal medicines. Study diagnosis by checking the pulse of patients. Explain the importance of proper diet and exercise to the common man.”

According to the command of the Guru, Niranjan studied the science of diagnosis and treatment. He meticulously studied the scripture by the Siddha Nityanath on Biochemistry. And took guidance from skilled Physicians. To bring down Blood pressure the use of Sarpagandha, to treat insomnia - Sahadevi, to improve memory and improve nutrition to the brain- Brahmi, and to increase strength - Aparajita and other herbs were grown on his land so that they could be available freshly whenever required. Many different combinations and oils started to be manufactured.

The capacity for keen diagnosis Niranjan had, his proper use of appropriate herbs, and his loving reassuring words made the Sevashram (Home of service) extremely popular and a crowd started to gather. People started to believe that there dwelt a divine power in Niranjan Brother. That is why just his touch cures patients. Therefore, with great faith they began calling him Devbaba.

The beloved Devbaba of the people got busy in serving them. One day he said to Madhura, “Madhu, I never knew there was so much joy in relieving the pain of others. Today like Dhanwantari (God of Health) Maharaj I too would like to say: “God, do not give me a royal throne, nor even liberation, nor rebirth, just give me the strength to remove the suffering of others.”

All was going well, but one day when Madhura went home, she saw her mother was lying in bed. Nowadays mother seemed tired and fatigued, but she never lay down during the day. That is why Madhura became anxious. She asked, “Why are you lying down mother? Are you not feeling well? Do you have fever?”

“No child, I am alright.”

“Then why is your face looking so pale?”

“Age has advanced, child. What else will happen?”

“Do not avoid the question as a joke. Tell me the fact mother, if your health is alright, what worry ails you?”

“What other worry would a mother have? Her children that’s all.”

“Now what is there to worry about for us? We are both living happily.”

“I have no worry about you, Madhu. But...but your brother is thinking of renunciation.”

“Really? But mother we know this for quite some time now.”

“Yes child. I knew that like ordinary people he will not marry and start a family. That is why I never insisted he marry. His vow to serve also, I never opposed. I always helped him, but Madhu I am saddened because he is now going to leave home and go. Up until now he used to be before my eyes, I could see to his food and drink and look after him, but now he will have to go door to door to beg for alms, calling ‘Bhiksham dehi’ As a Yogee he will have to bear the heat of summer, the cold of winter and the pouring rain and live in the forest, bearing the quirks of nature....” Just imagining mother started to cry. Madhura took her hand into her own and reassuring her said, “What you say is true mother, but for brother that is what will give him happiness is it not? Since so many years he is dreaming of this. Then should we not accept his joy as our own? You had only said, when the chicks get enough strength in their wings, they take a high flight. So, now let him also fly high. Let him do what we cannot. Let him become a pilgrimage of joy mother.”

“And mother, do not at all worry about him. His chosen path may be full of difficulties and deep ditches understandably, but the true yogee is always protected by the ultimate power with her

thousand hands. That big MOTHER will definitely take care of him..... Many times, better than us.”  
Madhura reassured mother.

“Brother...”

“Arey Madhura? Good you’re here early today. Had you not come today, I had planned to come to see you in the evening. I have to speak to you.”

“About Nath initiation? Mother told me. You are so busy with the work here then how did this thought come to you?”

“Not suddenly Madhu. Often times this desire became very keen, and Guru Gorakshnath took a camp for three days in the ashram. I went there and my desire became even more intense.

Madhu...Madhu... if you had heard him, you too ....”

“I would never come to take initiation. Brother, I think every human’s initiation to the path of spiritual attainment, he gets at birth. For that there is no need to leave home and live in the forest. Mundane world is in God and God is in the mundane world, but of course these are my ideas- a simple home maker. Tell me what Guru Gorkshnath said? I love his simple, natural language.”

Listening to Madhura Niranjana said, “You know Madhu, sometimes you astound me. Some powerful principle you elaborate so easily. Gurudev said exactly what you just said. He said to be God is your nature. That is why howsoever much one runs after searching for happiness in the outer world, in the end he has to look within. He has to be absorbed in the Self. In that lies true happiness.”

Devanagari

“ सुणौ हो नरवे सुधि बुधि का विचार ।  
पंच तत ले उतपना सकल संसार । ”

“This entire universe is the play created with the five elements. In truth all of you are Regents, but forgetting your wealth you consider yourself a servant. You think yourself as beggar. People, do not be caught in this play of the five elements, because the permanent joy you are searching lies within you.”

“But in search of it you have to follow four points with full attention.

Devanagari

“ पहले आरंभ छोड़ौ काम क्रोध अहंकार ।  
मन माया विषै विकार ।  
हंसा पकड़ि घात जिनि करौ । तृष्णां तजौ लोभ परहरी ॥  
छांडौ दंद रहौ निरदंद । तजौ अल्यंगन रहौ अबंध ।  
सहज जुगति ले आसण करौ । तन मन पवना दिद करि धरौ । ”

The first thing is stop looking outwards and turn your gaze within, in you, in your body alone it is dwelling.”

Second thing, look after this temple of God by regular Yoga sadhana, and proper behavior and thoughts.

Thirdly, recognize that Lord of consciousness is dwelling within.

And fourth and final is experience, the Lord within yourself. Do not trust the word of another. If you want to experience the Ultimate then ....

Learn the art of living naturally -simply. Live as you are. Keep your mind calm. Breathe calmly. Be determined.”

Devanagari

“ संयम चितऔ जुगत आहार । न्यंद्रा त्यजौ जीवन का काल ।

छांडो तंत मंत बैदंत । जंत्रं शुटिका घात पाषंड ॥”

“Renounce sleep, stay awake always. Here the meaning of sleep is not what comes to us naturally at night but, it is the dullness which cloaks our true nature and makes us forget it, preventing us from knowing true eternal life. Do not let it come over you.  
Leave Ridhi, Tantra, Mantra, Hypocrisy and pretensions.

“ शंभन मोहन विशिकरन छांडौ औचाट ।  
सुणौ हो जोगेसरी जोगारंभ की वाट ॥”

Niranjan remembered every word said by Guru Gorakshnath. It was as if His words were imprinted on his heart. Niranjan said further, “He said many things but his words ‘Chando tant mant baidant’ appealed to me the most. I felt as though those words were meant specifically for me. He said that you must relieve the pain of suffering people, through all sciences such as diagnosis, tantra, mantra, and serve mankind but do not get stuck in it for life. Because in merging with the Ultimate lies your blessedness. All these sciences relate to the mundane world. They give health to the body, but they do not give the experience of the nectar contained in there, the consciousness, existence, Universal Lord. It cannot give us the experience of our Self. That is why turn inwards (antarmukh). That which has come with us from birth but which we did not create, attain that natural Knowledge of the Self.

“ आरंभ घट परचै । निसपति । नरवै बोध कथंत गोरखजती ॥”

“Listening to Gurudev my mind became restless, I forgot myself and fell at his feet and bathing his feet with my tears I kept begging him, Swami accept me accept me. Swami Initiate me. He lifted me up looked at me with his lustrous penetrating gaze and said to the Nathji of the Ashram, on this Nagpanchami day give him the ‘choti’ initiation [initial initiation where the hair is shaved].

The tale of the meeting of her brother with Gorakshnath filled Madhura with a rare joy and she said, “Brother, you are very fortunate. To get such an opportunity the good deeds of infinite births have to be with us. The grace of Sadguru is not bestowed easily. Brother become free of any anxiety and get initiated. Do not worry about mother. I will look after her. What I will do is to take her to my home. My in-laws will welcome her with love.”

“That may be true Madhu, but will mother like to stay with her son in law? She will insist on staying in her own home.”

“But she alone....”

“No, she will not be alone. My student Kashinath will come and stay here with his mother. He will look after our health centre. And his mother will assist our mother, as well as look after the house.” Niranjan explained, Madhura then said, “And I too will come every day.”

“Yes, you will necessarily have to come, you will have to take care of all the departments here. You will, no?”

“Yes, certainly I will, but brother, some or other time, will you also come here?” Tears welled up in her eyes. Niranjan was not only her brother, he was also her Guru. He taught her many different sciences, including the science of diagnosing disease. He loved her immensely, always together in her joys and sorrows, guiding light in her hour of difficulty, a friend and companion - a pillar of support. Therefore, the thought of separating from him felt as though she was being orphaned.

Niranjan was also moved. He took her close and patting her he said, "Keep faith dear sister, anytime you remember me I will be there before you." Then controlling his emotions, he said, "Yes, but do not remember me again and again, understand? My sweet sister. Do not become a hurdle in the penance of your brother."

Eventually, the day for which Niranjan was waiting with intense eagerness, the day of Nagpanchami dawned. In the Nath tradition this day has great significance. In the month of Shravan (August) fifth day of the waxing moon, is considered the day when the King of serpents - the Cobra was born. It is therefore celebrated as the birthday of the king of serpents.

A snake has no ears. He is eye-ear animal, that is his eyes not only see they hear as well. In the same manner a Self realised Being of the Nath tradition bestows his grace on the disciple through his eyes. On the day of Nagpanchami, subtle processes such as power transferring grace is conducted in a special manner. Through the eyes and vision of both the Guru and Disciple this is achieved.

A snake coils itself and sits, by coiling the vertebrae of his spine he is able to achieve this feat, this is so because the spine is extremely flexible. The spine is so supple that in spite of being made of bone tissue it does not have the hardness of bone. When he coils his tongue and neck come adjacent to his tail. In our body also, there is a power named Pranav coiled into three and half loops, established at the naval centre. It is called Kundalini. Sadguru in the form of a snake charmer, with the power of his resonance creates a devotional attitude in the disciple and turns this Pranav power upwards.

Once Guru Gorakshnath had gone to his birthplace, Shirole, on Nagpanchami day. Standing in front of a house he called, 'Alakh Niranjan, Bhiksha dehi!' That house in the Brahmin lane belonged to a Maharaj. There was no reply to the call Gorakshnath had given. He kept standing. After some time, bringing dry grain the lady of the house came out, she said, "I was busy worshipping the Nagraj (Cobra) that is why the delay."

"Mai, in what way do you worship the Nag?" Asked Gorakshnath, replying, the lady said, "On a wooden platform I draw a snake with Rangoli [a powder to draw designs] and then worship it."

"Only the worship of a picture? If I bring a live snake in front of you, will you worship it?" That lady said 'yes'. Next door was the house of an inspector of police. His son was standing outside the house. Gorakshnath called to him and said, "Son, just invite Nagraj (king of cobras)" As soon as the boy called out to Nagraj, one healthy Nagraj came out slithering right in front of them, and raising his broad hood looked at them. On seeing this miracle, the lady initially got afraid, but after that she worshipped him with great devotion. Her daughter in law also bowed to the Nagraj.

"Now whenever you call him, he will come." Gorakshnath said and ordered the Nagraj to return. After the Nagraj returned, Gorakshnath instructed the daughter in law to put some sugar in the burrow of the snake. The sugar put in the burrow was picked up by ants and taken into the ground. Nagraj asked, "Where did you get the sugar from?" Then the ants replied, "We have brought it from above, one lady gave it to us." The Lord said, "I am pleased now I will visit her every year."

Hidden in this incident there is a profound message. Not in just this story, but in all our cultural tales and stories coming down to us from generations, is a message at two or three levels. The essence of life has been told. The one who stands on the path of consciousness, he alone will

decipher the hidden meaning in these stories. In this story, Nathguru has said, “the mind is in the form of the ant, with which we should create interest for the sugar of knowledge. When the mind will show this to the Nagraj seated in the naval centre, then with an upsurge of movement Nagraj will take us to the Sahasrar (The thousand petal lotus at the vertex). That is why one should keep the particle of knowledge given by the Sadguru like a treasure.”

The aim behind every mundane worship prescribed is to remind us of the transformation that can happen in our inner state. The inner transformation is what is emphasized. Guru Gorakshnath says, “Creation, existence and dissolution, apply to the shape of any object. Not to the shapeless one. Woman and man, in that they have a different shape and body, look different but at the source are the one principle. The same vibration is blissful in them. They experience uninterrupted joy. The atoms of fire, sun, and the moon are whirling in their bodies. That which arises in these processes, is situated in the naval.

The aspirant, meaning the mundane body, through medium of penance can experience this. In the naval in a secret space, a finer than hair, extremely slender and subtle, circular steam is in uninterrupted motion. It does not stop even for a moment. It moves in a perfectly circular momentum. The friction of its movement creates sparks. From them, the two winds Apan and Udan become united. That is called the vital force. The process arising from this wind is called the breath process. The action of inhalation and exhalation is called the Pranav Power.

With this power is attached an extremely subtle, lustrous cord. It is situated in the naval centre. Its pointed end is directed downwards and its face goes up to the thousand petal lotus. That is why our breathing process, also happens along the naval to the Brahmarandra (vertex) with a gentle sound of Soham Soham. That is why on seeing the snake, we are reminded of the Kundalini. It can thus be understood that ajapaajap (natural chanting) is happening from the nose to the tail in the very movement of the breath in the body.

Niranjan had heard about the significance of Nagpanchami. And on such a significant day, he was to be initiated into the Nath tradition - that which does not (na) have an ath (beginning) or anta(end)- this very thought filled him with immense joy.

Niranjan took his mother’s blessings and went to the Ashram. He bowed to Nathji. Before giving the initiation, Nathji, informed him about the first discourse between Guru- Disciple. That question- answer is unique.

Niranjan was waiting outside the door. He said, “Maharaj, to attain Knowledge I have come with great anticipation. Kindly open your Dharma door.”

From within an attendant asked “Om Avadhu, whose seed, whose lineage, who asks for the prasad of Aadesh?”

Niranjan who came to become a disciple answered, “Om Avadhu, the seed of Shiva, the lineage of Shakti, Guruprasaad asks for the blessing.”

After listening to his answer, the attendant opened the door and ushered the disciple in. Then the disciple contemplating all the venerable Gods said, “Om! And offered salutations to Ganga, Saraswati, Shiva and Ganesha; salutations to Ma ganga who resides in the tresses of Shiva, Saraswati residing in speech and shiva in the heart, may Ganesha son of Gauri protect my every step.”

In reply the attendant said, “Hukum Dhanika” Meaning the master has ordered. And Niranjana was brought out and made to stand in front of the Shri Guru who was to initiate him.

From within a voice came, “Who is it?”

“Guruji, a thirsty cow.”

“The water here is salty, (meaning sadhana is difficult).

“Will drink.”

Like this after asking many questions and testing the disciple, the Guruji gives initiation.

In this manner after Niranjana had given answers, Shri Guruji made him sit facing him. Then after performing the regular ceremony, his tuft of hair was cut. The entire hair on the head was shaved, then Guruji said, “Om Guruji, the head is shaved, the tuft of hair at the back cut, the ego is destroyed and the head stabilised at the feet of the Guru.” From the same moment, Niranjana seriously commenced his sadhana of turning within.

At the time of initiation by Shree Krishnanathji Niranjana had felt a divine vibration from his compassionate gaze, this enabled the progress of his sadhana of turning within appropriately. In the form of Nathji he had also found another mother in the Ashram. Both felt a strong emotional bond.

Graced directly by Umadevi and Udonathji, he was unique among all Naths in the Naths of the Ashram. Of average height, well-built body, lustrous dark skin, shoulder length black hair, and eyes that adorned his pleasant face, with a vision that easily read the minds of others and had a non-judgemental loving gaze. The love that dwelt in his heart was reflected in his small beautiful eyes.

Like his demeanor which was different from that of the other Rishis which was firm and strict, his clothing also was different, unlike that of the Nath tradition, it was simple like the ordinary common man. He wore a white Kurta on a white Dhoti. He did not wear the Shaily, Shrungi round his neck, nor grew a beard and moustache, nor did he tie his hair on the head. He simply put a spot of sandal paste between his eyebrows at the Agnya chakra and in the centre of it the kumkum [red vermilion] spot. It was as though, there was the calm, cool, white support, to keep under control the red coloured rajas [dynamic quality which is important in worldly matters] power. The cool, auspicious power appearing from Satvaguna destroyed all that was inauspicious. The Shakti (power) that worked with the support of the residing Shiva, and the Shiva who inspired the power (Shakti) into activity.

His mastery over language - his pronunciation, fluency in languages like Bangali, Marathi, Hindi, Kannada, Kokani and the people’s language (lokvani) was such that every language seemed like his mother-tongue to the listener.

In the ashram he held no administrative post. Even then no transaction, was done without consulting him and taking his permission. His unique, venerable, character inspired all to complete the work with discipline.

The uniqueness in Shri Krishnanathji, created great zeal in the minds of many, to meet him. When with Guru Gorakshnath Gahininath had come to this Ashram for the first time, he had asked Gorakshnath “Krishnanath does not wear the ochre clothes nor does he adopt any other signs of our tradition, why so?”

“Because now, he does not need to adopt any special outfit or indication.” Continuing Gorakshnath had said, “When the sadhaka tries to remember a specific name, to remind him of

the essence therein, he takes a rosary to help him repeat the name, but when the name enters the inner depths of his being, then every breath resonates with the name uninterruptedly, he therefore does not need any external aid like the rosary to remind him. In the case of Krishnanathji, something of this sort has happened. His inner, outer form is dyed in the same colour. His personal limited life has no meaning nor does it have any end. It has merged in the uninterrupted stream of Consciousness. He is not bonded to the Varnashram dharma (classification of the four stages of life). He has become timeless and beyond the three gunas [qualities- satva, raja, tamo] and is ever absorbed in eternal bliss. He has attained the Paramhansa state."

It was as if for a while Gorakshnath was experiencing that eternal Bliss and after a while he said, "Shall I tell you the Truth Gahininath? I too would love to live like this open heartedly, but what can I do? I have to play the role given to me by the Creator of the Universe, the role of awakening the masses. I will have to behave accordingly. That is why I will have to wear the prescribed dress and adopt the various marks of our tradition, because for those who have to take forward the tradition, their thinking and behavior has to be an ideal for the common man. Therefore, I have to be vigilant. Staying separate from the people and without hurting their feelings to bring about a change in them is a difficult job. Gahininath examine this carefully, because moving forward you have to do the same work."

Some days later observing the progress in Niranjan's sadhana, Krishnanathji said to him, "On the coming Akshay tritiya Guru Gorakshnath will be visiting the ashram. On that day you will receive your further initiation. Like the Nagpanchami day, this day is also considered very sacred for us. Amongst the three and half muhurtas [auspicious time during the year] this is one of them. This story is about the first day of Krutayuga [the first of four eras dividing time according to its conditions]. It is also called Padva. On this day, Paatra Devata had become pleased with Parshuram."

"Paatra devata, who, is this God? I did not hear this name before."

"Son, Nirnajan this is no person or divinity with form. It is the Prasad received from Adinath and Adishakti by the king. The story goes that in extreme anger King Parshuram killed the Kshatriyas but his basic character was that of a Brahmin. That is why he was repenting for this violent act he had committed. To get peace of mind and to pursue the Shivayoga sadhana he went to Tryambakeshwar situated at the origin of the river Godavari. There in the area around Tryambakeshwar which is one of the Jyotirlingas and a siddhapeeth, he met many Siddhas (masters who have attained). He received guidance to practice sadhana in Shivyoga from them. "Sometimes the mind is near and here, sometimes sadness grips, sometimes the mind stays in what the Guru has said, sometimes the mind is in the fire of lust." This question was repeatedly agitating his mind and he got the answer to it."

Adinath granted him five objects, so that his mind may get transformed and he may be able to control the wind like mind. To receive these objects Parshuram extended his palms, then Adinath explained, "These objects will not fit into your palms." Hearing Adinath, from a nearby growing pumpkin creeper, Adinath cut a pumpkin and emptying its contents received all the objects in it. (Paatra-vessel)"

Going further Parshuram carried his Paatradevata on his pilgrimages and completed them. He would stop along the way at different places and enlighten the local people. Wherever Parshuram went, the animals, birds and trees and creepers in fact the whole manifestation welcomed him and grasped his teachings and became filled with joy."

“Even today at Trayambakeshwar during the full kumbh [a specially grand gathering of devout people and sadhus once in 12 years at different places] a grand festival is held in the name of Parshuram. At that time the Paatra devata is taken from Kardalimuth, the place of his Guru in Mangalore, Karnataka state, to Tryambakeshwar. Its journey goes to all sacred places of the Nath tradition, including Haridwar, Hingladevi in the north, Kabul -Kandhar and Manas sarovar and into Tibet. “

Nirnajan was eager to know more about the Paatra devata. He asked, “Will I be able to see it and worship it after getting the second initiation.”

“Yes, certainly. But you will not be able to see any object in it. We will be going to Tryambakeshwar in the coming Kumbh. Then you can go on the journey with the Paatradevata till Kardalivan. When you reach there sit with it and meditate. There you will experience something altogether different. But there is still time for that. Now we have to prepare for the Akshaytritiya festival and decorate the place. Make all the preparations for the welcome of Guru Gorakshnath.”

On the Akshay tritiya day the atmosphere of the ashram was charged with the presence of Nathyogees and eager devotees. From the early hours of the morning worship, Bhajans, prayers, and other ceremonies according to the tradition were being conducted. After that facing the Shreepeeth the initiation ceremony was started. Some other sadhakas like Nirnanjan had come after their ‘choti initiation’ for the second Upadeshi initiation. Along with Krishnanath who gave the ‘choti initiation’ now were two other Siddhas of the Nath tradition. Shri Gorakshnath was seated on a pedestal higher up. One by one, he spoke to each of the sadhakas who were to receive the Upadeshi initiation, and according to their progress gave the appropriate mantra related to the body and that which would be auspicious for them.

Some sadhakas who had previously received this Upadeshi initiation were also present today. They were given the emblems of the Nath tradition, but their sadhana had not reached the level required. That is why they were only given the emblems to be touched. And the Kundals and other such objects were kept in front of the Shreepeeth at the feet of Mother Parvati to take care of them. Now during this period, they had intensified their sadhana. That is why today Guru Gorakshnath did the piercing of the ear ceremony and put those Kundals [special Nath traditional earrings] on for them.

After this those who were to receive the Upadeshi Diksha today were explained the Bhrantitrya subject. Gorakshnath asked Nirnanjan, “Who are you?”

“I am Nirnanjan.”

Other sadhakas also told their names and their family names. Then “This is only the name given for the introduction of the body, search for your true nature.” Saying this much the Nath siddhas elaborated on it. Symbolic explanation was given to clarify how the blood of the mother and father bring about the birth of this body, then in front of the Shaktipeeth the third Nath did the ear-piercing ceremony with the wearing of the Kundals. The Shaily Shringi was put round the neck and they were explained:

“Now from this moment, your body does not belong to your mother-father. It is not of any caste or community. It has no religious prejudice. Here on, you have become a sadhaka who will play many roles and are sensitive to the emotions of others. The earrings, shaili, Shringi, and the Nath clothes are only your external appearance, and external power. That which dwells in you and gives you the perception of “I” whatever that is, is Shiva.”

The sadhana begins with the Soham sentiment and when it becomes an integral, uninterrupted part with a continuous search, that state is experienced. Thus, start your practice with your entire being.” After that Gorakshnath said, “The Nathsiddhas have given each of you the Upadeshi mantra, they will explain the meaning to you. The beginning of the Mantra is ‘Om Guruji, Om Soham’. I have previously taught you about Soham and explained the process to you as well. Now understand about Om. Get to know the importance of Om, because it is essential that before you practice any mantra you know its meaning. By practicing the mantra with understanding the mantra enters the depths of our mind and intellect, along with its meaning and dwells there. It transforms us. As against this if we simply repeat the mantra mechanically it remains limited to the speech alone. Like a stream falling on a stone, it simply flows on. That is why it is important to understand the meaning of the mantra in the beginning.”

Gorakshnath continued, “Omkar is the Mahabeej (great seed). It is formed from the three alphabets, ‘A’, ‘U’, and ‘M’. In these ‘A’ is united with the Vishnuvachak satvaguna. ‘U’ with Rudravachak tamasguna, and ‘M’ with Brahmavachak rajoguna and the half note is Yogamaaya vachak. And the Bindu is Shreenathji’s yogavachak. This five divinities Omkar is the instrument for Self-realization. It is related to the Oham-Soham mantra given to you.”

“In the Nathsiddha process the Omkar arises in the soham. Soham is our breathing process. The breath process created by the naval wheel keeps the gross Pran, situated in the body, active. When the Sadhaka does the sadhana with the sentiment of Soham meaning ‘That I am’, worships it thus, then his mind becomes one pointed. He attains the state of meditation and his breath becoming still enters Kumbhak. At that time the sound of Om spontaneously arises in his inner mind. This entire process is called ‘Pran Vidya’. With the practice of this method Kundalini rises from the base chakra- Muladhar upwards through, Swadhishtan then Manipur, Anahat, Vishudhi, Agnya and finally to Sahasrar, situated at the top of the head. This activated Pranshakti is called ‘Maha Vidya’.”

“Dear disciples now practice this Mahavidya, and soham sadhana, and the Mantra given to you, diligently and with enthusiasm”.

### Poem in devanagari

“ साधो भाई, गगन घटा चढ़ जाना ।  
 सहजै सुमिरण करो अलख का, सोई अमर करणा ।  
 मूल कँवल में गणपति देखो नाभि सकती परवाणा ।  
 षट् चक्र में निरंतर बासा, सावत्री का जाणा ।  
 त्रिकुटी में सुमिरन कीना, उनमनी तार लगाणा ।  
 उलटो षट् कर्म न कू सौधै जोगी जुगत लखेणा ।  
 मेरुदण्ड जहाँ चक्र सुयाना, लखता संत सुजाणा ।  
 प्रेम भगत आणंद में राचौ अलख लख्या सो ध्याणा ।  
 त्याग करो तो ऐसा किज्यो, बचन मान परवाणा ।  
 झीणा झीणा बाजा बजता, सुनता संत सुजाणा ।  
 अमर लोक है काया में, जोगी एक लखाना ।  
 निरभय आप अमर दीना, तब ही देस दिखाना ।  
 जलम मरण कष्टु व्यापें नाही, नही काल भय खाणा ।  
 मछंदर सरणै गोरख जति, भर भर प्याला पाना ॥”

## Lesson 11 - Shivagoraksh

In the state of Maharashtra, 25 miles east of the town of Satara, is the village Kuroli. In this village is the “Sidheshwar” temple. Situated along the bank of river Vedavati, out of the ten Shivalinga temples, this is the most ancient and divine having appeared spontaneously. The sound of a lion emanates from the Pindi, like it does from the temples of Gaumateshwar and Sangnateshwar in Konkan. Here however, it is the Omkar sound. The sound emanates when the Pindi is bathed with water -Abhishek. The surprising thing is that if the Abhishek is done in exactly the prescribed manner but without faith, no sound is heard even if the entire vessel is emptied. Many people have experienced this, many times, in this alive Pindi. That is why many consider this Kuroli Sidheswar temple of the southern part of India to be as sacred as the Uttarkashi Sidheshwar in North India where no sound is heard.

Guru Gorakshnath loved this place as soon as he saw it. The divine vibrations of this place made his every hair stand on end. He decided to hold a camp in this very place.

As it will be seen, this camp was the evidence of Yogiraj Guru Gorakshnath’s immense popularity and the unparalleled extent of the work he had accomplished. Not only in the whole country but also in other countries, he had accomplished the work of awakening the populace to Dharma. He had energised the whole atmosphere with awareness. To many aspirants he showed the infallible way, and had taught a lesson to those who were trapped in the net of hypocrites. He had made clear the true form and nature of Hatayoga. By his impeccable character, immense power through penance, and limitless devotion to the Guru, he had made an unshakeable place in the minds of the people. Like a strict father he had ensured that the Nath tradition follows a rigorous discipline and maintains the code of conduct. Simultaneously he had taken care of them like a mother.

For this vast mission Gorakshnath established innumerable centres (muths) in Kanakgiri of Bengal, Chandragiri, Haridwar, Chitrakoot, and Nepal, Bengal, Madras. Maharashtra, Maanpur, Dhavalganaga, Agra, Bikaner, Jodhpur, Medinipur, Bhadra, Udaypur, Mysore, Jaipur, Odisha, Bihar, Kashmir, and in other countries such as Tibet, Brahmadesh and Sinhaldweep. He got each centre the protection of the King and in this manner, he organised the livelihood of the Chief and finances required for administration.

This Camp was going to begin the next day. Therefore, many delegates had arrived today at the grounds of the Sidheshwar temple and made their arrangements to stay. The nine well known Nath of the Nath tradition had arrived. They are the incarnations of the nine Narayans.

They are: Jalandharnath who is the incarnation of the Narayan of Space. He had incarnated from the blazing flames of the fire in the Yagnyakund, of the Somyagnya arranged by king Bruhadrawa of Hastinapur. His father was Mahadev. When Mahadev had burnt Madan (Lord of Love who was trying to entice him) to ashes, the Fire God had ingested the seed of Madan. He had treasured it and thus he handed that in the form of a newborn to the king Bruhadrawa. As he had taken birth from the flames of the fire, he was called Jwalanath.... Jalandharnath. He is the disciple of Guru Dattatreya. He was accomplished in Tantra Science as well as the Yoga science. As the Nath Tradition got propagated, it got subdivided into twelve branches. Jalandharnath was the Priest of one of the Branches and thus it is known by his name.

The next is Kaanifnath. Among the nine Narayan’s he is the Prabuddha Narayan. His father was Brahmadev. One drop of his seed fell into the ear of a female elephant. That is why he is called

Kaanifnath as he took birth from the ear of the female elephant. He was the prime disciple of Jalandharnath.

This is Charpatinath. From among the nine Narayans he is Pippalaayan. His father is also Brahmadev. The seed of Brahmadev fell in a stream and got stuck on a small island of Kusha grass. After some days the birth of Charpatinath happened.

Over there in the temple is Vatasiddha Nageshnath. He is the incarnation of Avihotra Narayan. He too is the son of Brahmadev, who took birth from the womb of a female snake.

Behind him is Bhratruharinath. He is Dumil Narayan. He is the son of the Sun God. His birth took place from a Rishi's vessel for alms. That is why he is called by the name Bhratruhari. He is the disciple of Guru Gorakshnath. He established the famous branch named 'Vairagyapanth.'

The one standing under the Tamarind tree in the grounds, is Revannath. He is Chasam Narayan. His father is also Brahmadev. His birth happened in the sands of river Reva hence the name Revannath.

The one who is talking to Revannath is Gahininath. Among the nine Narayans he is Karbhaajan. He was born from a ball of mud by the chanting of the Sanjeevani Mantra by Gorakshnath while holding this ball of mud. He incarnated from this ball of mud. He is Gorakshnath's disciple of the inner circle.

The disciples of all the Navnaths (nine Naths) were present. Disciples of Guru Gorakshnath: Ratnanath, Balakram, Padmanabh, Uttamnath, had gathered here very eagerly.

Adbhanginath, Chowranginath and Gahininath were looking after all the delegates. It seemed like a conference of the Nath yogis. All of them were filled with joy at meeting each other. The ones who know each other are recalling their past meetings and those who have not met before are getting introduced.

Today is the first day of the Camp. Waking at dawn, all completed their regular practices of meditation and worship. They went to the Siddheshwar Temple and all the delegates entered the Conference Hall. Everyone was wearing the traditional dress of the Naths. After sometime, Guru Gorakshnath came in with his Sadguru. As they entered all stood up and with great reverence bowed to them.

Shree Matsyendranath for the sake of all sat on a higher seat. Shree Gorakshnath sat in front of him on his knees and making two fists and elevating the thumbs like a lamp, he raised his arms overhead and bringing them down placed his head on them, like this he bent low before Matsyendranth three times. When he got up from his third bow, he looked into the eyes of Matsyendranth with immense love and said, "Aadesh" Sadguru Matsyendranath also looked at him bestowing grace through his eyes, and lifting his hand with the gesture of granting a boon, he expressed his response, "Aadesh!"

The Naths were standing all along and they too offered their salutations to Matsyendranth and Gorakshnath in the traditional way by saying Aadesh. Shree Gorakshnath took his seat which was placed on the left of Matsyendranath. He sat in the lotus posture and closed his eyes. After some time, he folded his hands and intoned sombrelly:

“आदिनाथ नमस्कृत्य शक्तियुक्त जगद्गुरुम् ।  
वक्ष्ये गोरक्षनाथौयं सिद्धसिद्धांतपद्धतिम् ।”

“Welcome dear Nath friends!” With that he turned his compassionate gaze round slowly over the entire congregation, it seemed as though he was meeting each one through that gaze. After this gift of his loving gaze, he began his lecture.

“In our Nath tradition there are four important principles. One is the concept of Pind-Brahmand (Microcosm-Macrocosm), second is Shivashakti Vilas (Play of Shiva and Shakti), third is Kundalini Yoga and fourth Ajapaasadhana (mantra repeats itself). Today we will understand the Pind-Brahmand concept. Pind is our body and Brahmand means the entire universe that surrounds you. What exists in the Pind exists in Brahmand and what exists in Brahmand exists in Pind. What is inside is outside. Both are made from the same source. Whatever there is Brahmand exists in a subtle form in Pind.”

“The great energy (Mahashakti) that is in the Brahmand is present in the body as Kundalini Shakti.”

“How is our body created? In this three and half cubit length body, how many surprising mysteries exist. How many magical energies reside. Come let’s understand them.”

“In these ten days we will deliberate on the creation of the Pind, its thoughts, its Pindsavitti ie. meaning as is, the support of Pind and Pindpaad.”

“Pind is created by Nijashakti. That which gives form to Brahma has five qualities. There are five sources for this energy. Nijashakti, Parashakti, Uparashakti, Sukshmashakti and Kundalinishakti. In these each has five qualities.”

“We do Kundalini yoga. So, we shall understand the qualities of this Shakti. They are: Purnata (completeness), Pratibimbata (reflection), Prabalata (power-strength), Prochyalta (Upward moving), and Pratyungamukhata (Always present face to face). *Purnata*- it has the power to direct the entire Universe. Like in water the moon from the sky gets reflected like that in the body (Pind) of man through the medium of Kundalini Shakti the Paramatma (Lord) is reflected. It’s reflecting capacity is called *Pratibimbata*. It is sensitive and has speed, it has the power-*Prabalata* to energise the entire Universe. The fourth quality -*Prochyalta* - means the one moving upwards. In the body of man, it moves upwards to meet Shiva. The fifth quality of Kundalini is *Pratyangmukhata*- that means always present face to face. It is always present in every living being.”

“From the point of view of our sadhana, Kundalini is the most significant. The ultimate goal is to direct Kundalini upwards and ensure the meeting with Shiva. Each of the Shaktis have five qualities and with twenty five qualities this Parapind is created. Parapind is Shiva. This is the primary Mind. The five elements are formed out of these. From these the deities are created. Out of the deities from Brahmadev, man and woman got created. By their consummation the blood flows got mixed and Pind arose.”

“The five elements are present in the body (Pind) also. Bones, flesh, skin, vessels and hair are the from the element of earth. Saliva, urine, semen, blood and dharma are from the water element. Hunger, thirst, sleep, fatigue, and laziness are from the fire element. Running, jumping, to expand, to shrink, to control come from the element of air. Attachment, aversion, fear, shyness, and desire arise from the element of space.”

“In the body there is an inner instrument made up of- mind, intellect, ego, memory and consciousness. Each of these have five qualities of their own. Now we shall think about the Nadis[channels] in the body. In our body there are seventy-two thousand channels active. But we shall now discuss ten Nadis and their doorways.

‘इडा - पिंगला च नासाद्वारयोर्वहतः ।  
सुषुम्ना तालुमार्गेण ब्रह्मरंध्रतक बहती ।  
सरस्वती मुखद्वारेण बहती पृष्ठीलंबुजा च चक्षुद्वारयोर्वहतः ।  
गांधारी हस्तिजिह्विका च कर्णाद्वारयोर्वहताः ।  
कुहू गुदद्वारे बहती शंखिनी लिङ्गद्वारे बहती ।  
सा दंडमार्गेण ब्रह्मरंध्रतक बहती ।

All other nadis flow from the apertures of the pores.”

“From the point of view of our sadhana Ida, Pingala, and Sushumna Nadis are the most important. The knowledge of the Sushumna can only be attained by the grace of Sadguru. It is therefore called Shambhavi Shaktiswarup. When the Prana Vayu (vital force) is taken through this to the Brahmrandhra (Vertex) the sadhaka’s mind gets dissolved. He attains the union sans mind.”

“Like these Nadis, the Chakras (centres-wheels) in the body are also of utmost importance.”  
“These Chakras are the power stations of the body. But they cannot be seen by the eyes. They cannot be seen even on dissecting the body. Because Shakti (Energy/power) does not have a matter form, it may be of any kind. It is unseen. To manifest it, the support of a thing or human is essential as a medium.”

“Then the question arises, if these Chakras cannot be seen how did the ancients gain knowledge about them? So, dear sadhakas, our ancients turned within and through the path of meditation they came to know about them. Because where there is attention there is attainment. The consciousness that is awakened by meditation reveals this. Not with our physical eyes, but the divine vision awakened by consciousness, they can be experienced. Spiritual science is not for mere intellectual discussion, but it is a science meant to be known through experience. It is not an ordinary system of information, it is the Ultimate Knowledge. Only after experiential knowledge I have composed the text and am presenting it before you today. Today out of the Chakras in our body we learn about nine chakras.”

“First chakra is the Muladhar. This chakra is near the anal opening. It is also called Brahmachakra. It is triangular like the vagina. It is the centre of sexual desire. In this Mulkand ie. the base of all Nadis meditate on a leaf shaped fire.

The second Chakra is Swadhishtan. In this chakra there is a pashchimabhimukh [westward] linga of the shape of a Pravalankur [rosary pea – with the black end being like the linga] focus on that end. Meditate on it. Meditation on this uddiyan [is below the diaphragm] chakra enables one to attract the universe.

The third Chakra is in the naval centre. It is called Manipur Chakra also. This Chakra having five curves [five tatvas] is in the shape of the coils of a snake with three [Gunas-satva, raja and tamas] and a half [transcendent aspect] coils. It is the all-empowering central power centre. There meditate on the red coloured lustrous Kundalini.

The fourth Chakra is the one supported by the heart called the Anaahat. It is a lotus with 8 petals. This Chakra is directed downwards. In the centre of this lotus meditate on a flame of the shape of linga (phalus). With the art of Hansa (Soham -breath) all the senses come under control.

Infact right from the Muladhar Chakra all the Chakras are considered to be lotuses. In all these lotuses there is one alphabet from our Varnamala (necklace of alphabets). Each of those alphabets have a deep meaning. The utterance of these alphabets creates a vibration, and their effects are also described by our Self realised ancestors.

The fifth is the Kashtachakra which is of the shape of four fingers. It is near the neck. On its left is the [lunar]Chandra Nadi - Ida and on the right is the [Sun] Surya Nadi - Pingala. In between these two is the Sushumna imbued with the art of Anaahat [unstruck]. By meditating on it Anaahat Siddhi is attained. It is called Vishuddha Chakra.

The sixth is the Taaluchakra. From this flows the nectar stream. It is in the oral cavity near the palate.

Between the eyebrows is the seventh Chakra called Agnya Chakra or Bhuchakra. It is extremely significant. Till this Chakra all the senses are directed outwards. After this the inner journey begins. The Chakras below this can be awakened by the efforts of the sadhaka himself. But beyond this the upward journey and progress can necessarily happen only by the grace of the Guru. That is why its two petals are considered the feet of the Guru. It is also thought of as the Eye of Shiva. The shape is like the central portion of the thumb. On this Chakra meditate by placing eyes of knowledge in the shape of a lamp. The power attained by this is Vaksiddhi [ie. whatever you speak will be true].

The eighth Chakra is the Nirvana Chakra at the Brahmarandhra [top of the head where in the baby it is soft]. It is sharp like the point of a needle and also as subtle. Here lies the place of liberation [Mokshadayi] - Jalandhar peeth- At this location meditate on a peak of smoke.

The ninth Chakra is called the Aakash Chakra. This is upward looking and has sixteen petals. In its calyx lies a triangle in which is the Kundalini which has come from above. There meditate on a void without shape. This is the Purnagiri peeth. In this place the sadhaka attains totality. All desires merge in here."

"Today we have learnt about the Nadis and Chakras. Tomorrow we will study the subject of Pindadhar."

"On the subjects we have studied this morning, we will hear further discussion by the senior Nath yogis in the afternoon session. If you have any doubts, we will address them and remove them. Where necessary a practical demonstration will also be done. We will be dividing you into groups and each group has a path Director so that every Sadhaka gets the benefit."

The text Siddha-Siddhant-Padhati in Sanskrit Sutra is difficult to absorb. One Sadhaka asked why this text was not written in the people's language. The reason is that Sanskrit is the blessed Language of the Gods. In it in just one word many meanings are hidden, and it has the ability to explain nuances of these meanings. That is why we can express what we want in Sanskrit in very few words. It is a pithy language. Because it is written as small sutras it can be memorised easily. Every word must be remembered and the detailed explanation understood. That is why the Girvanvani [another name for Sanskrit] has been chosen for the text. And this afternoon session is

designed so that you may understand it.” After this Gorakshnath completed his lecture and the morning session was over.

The next day Gurudev clarified the sixteen foundations. “while meditating the point at which one is meditating is considered the foundation. These points are:

1. Paadangushta- Meditate on the tips of both toes. Let be a brilliant object so that concentration is easy.
2. Muladhaar Apaasthan
3. Gudaadhar
4. Mendhradhaar
5. Udiyannaadhar
6. Nabhiadhar
7. Hrudayadhaar
8. Kanthaadhaar
9. Ghantikaadhaar - From the tip of the tongue which is to be applied to the palate meditate on that.
10. Taalukaadhaar
11. Jivhaadhaar
12. Bhrumadhyaadhaar
13. Naasaadhaar
14. Naasaamulakavaataadhaar means a little below the mid of the eyebrows.
15. Lalaataadhaar
16. Brahmarandhraadhaar- here meditate on the feet of Shree Guru Adinath. By this the Sadhaka becomes like the sky -without any shape.

After this he explained about the Lakshatraya [meditation on the head, heart and foundation (muladhar) centres] and gave information about Vyomapanchaka [five spaces]: ‘Aakaasham [sky] parakaasham[beyond sky], mahaakaasham [great sky], tatvaakaasham[sky of essence], suryaakaashamiti [also the sky of the Sun] vyomapanchakam[these are five spaces-sky].’ By observing this, the immutable form of the Aakashbeej [skyseed] of ‘ham’ is experienced. The mind gets submerged.”

While explaining the meaning of Pratyahaar {withdrawal of senses} one of the ladders in Ashtangayoga, Guru Gorakshnath said “it is not to be limited to withdrawal of the senses from sense objects alone. Pratyahaar is to turn the many colours of consciousness inwards. The entire energy, power of mind, Intellect etc. related to the Antahkaran components is established in consciousness. It is because of them that desire for sense objects arises. These desires are not to be suppressed, and the sense objects are not to be completely renounced. The sense objects are to be experienced in the morally right and dutiful manner all the time keeping the attitude of a witness and that is Pratyahaar. The desires and modifications of the mind that arise are to be deliberately witnessed and dissociated from, that is pratyahaar.”

On the third day Guru Gorakshnath spoke about ‘Pind-sanvitti’. He explained, “Sanvitti means the knowledge of Pind, experience. Self-knowledge-Experience of Atma. ‘What is in the Pind is in the Brahmand’ according to this principle, in the body of man the places of the seven lokas (realms) is given.”

After this Gurudev described the constellations, twelve signs of the Zodiac (Rashees), God of the nine planets and the ocean as follows:

The nine sections are present in the nine doorways of the body, and the rivers, Ganga, Jamuna, etc. are placed in our Pinsa, Ida, Gandhari etc. nadis. In this way, unbroken is the residence of the Lord of the Universe in our body. He is seated in the form of consciousness and to understand this is the knowledge of Pind. This is Pind sanvitti. The source and foundation of all PindBrahmand principles, is the eternally conscious Nijashakti alone.

Explaining the fifth section of the text Sidha Sidhant Padhatti and clarifying it Gurudev said, “In this is included everything from the self Pind(body) to Para(another)Pind. There is Pad, Paratma, and Parampad, Paramparamatma. Parampad is self-explanatory. Thus, it is to be known by experiencing it by oneself only.”

“The Nath tradition is Sadguru tradition By His grace Prampad is experienced.”

On the ninth day of the camp Shree Gurudev explained the signs of the Avadhoot yogi. He said “By the external appearance and dress one cannot gauge this. Because that Avadhoot state is not that of the body but that of the mind. The attitude of such a person is one of no action. The one who is absorbed in the Self, in Soham chant and looks at the universe with an equanimous vision, understand him to be an Avadhoot. He is continuously immersed in bliss (of the Self). Whatever might be his external appearance or behavior, in his inner mind only joy of Self abides. In his form Shiva form has incarnated.”

Following this, Shree Gurudev gave information regarding the four Ashrams, and Shiva and Shakti and the work involved and said, “The creation of this entire manifestation is only the result of the flexing and relaxing of Shiva and Shakti.” Gurudev elucidated the Yogashastras and clarified the mysteries therein.

In the end he said, “The great sciences and mysteries as well as the principles that have been vividly explained up till now, are all summarised in this text. Assess your disciple and when he is worthy, only then give the knowledge given in this text. This is not for the unprepared person. In this text is the knowledge of ultimate liberation.

‘मायाशंकराथाय नत्वा सिद्धांतपद्धतिम् ।  
लिखित्वा या पठेत्प्रवक्त्या स याति परमा गतिम् ।’

With this Gurudev concluded the subject and prayed to Ganapati who bestows blessings and removes obstacles.

The morning worship of Shree Sidheshwar had been completed. The shining black colour of the base of the Pindi- termed Shalunka, decorated with white Hibiscus flowers on the top and a Crepe jasmine flower garland, looked beautiful. In its roundness delicate, fragrant coral jasmine adorned it. On top of the Pindi the bright green leaves of the Bilva tree made an exquisite contrast matching with the white flowers.

The oil lamps on either side of the Shivalinga shed a gentle, even light, with charming waves of vibrations of consciousness in the sanctum sanctorum. From the vessel hung over the Shivalinga a gentle drip of water was falling over it. And with the gentle drip, the alive Siddheswar was manifesting his joy through the resonance of Omkar.

Matsyendranath sitting in the sanctum sanctorum was listening to the sombre rhythmic intonation of Omkar. As he listened, Omkar started to manifest in the same rhythm through his mouth. Slowly the sounds took the form of words and bowing to Lord Shiva he said,

Om Namah Shivay, Shiv Sasoham hansaya  
Shree Gurulingay namah. Om  
Om namah Shivaya-Shivaya namah.  
Om namah Shivaya.

He was so absorbed in the remembrance of Guru Adinath, it was as if he was standing at his feet. In this imaginative picture, Adinath was saying to him, "Son, what I have told you about the true form of Goraksh, have you forgotten?"

"No, swami. I am being served by him in the relation of his being my dear son. Still, I am well aware of his capabilities. But why are you asking me this?"

"Because now it is time for you to reveal the secret." Guru Adinath said, Matsyendranath was about to say something when a loud sound of the bell was heard from outside. Devotees had started to enter for the darshan of the Lord. Because of the sound of the bell Matsyendranath was brought back into the present. He folded his hands and said to Sidheshwar, "Adinath your command is worthy of worship. At the concluding ceremony of this camp, I will reveal the truth about the secret."

It was the last day of the ten days of the Knowledge camp. In every delegate's heart there was the joy of having received this wealth of Knowledge and a sweet sadness of having to part. In these days they got introduced to their body in a new way, that which is forever with us and is the medium for every work. The participants had the fulfilment of the company of the senior and great Nath Siddhas, but at the same time felt a loneliness, to move away from them.

The conclusion ceremony began. Some participants expressed their thoughts and feelings. Each one expressed the feeling that, "They are not what they were before coming here. By the grace of the Sidha- Sidhant- Padhati they were taking with them an experience of a higher state. Now that we have become aware of the power hidden within us, we are determined to make endless effort to awaken them. Taking the boon of your grace with us, with immense enthusiasm we will return to our place of sadhana. It feels as though this camp should continue forever. But today it is coming to an end."

Keeping in mind the feelings of the sadhakas, Matsyendranath in his speech of blessing said, "Sons of the Nath tradition, we are only separating from the physical standpoint. But with the supreme principle we are always eternally bonded together. The one who is joined to that supreme principle can never feel the pain of separation. May all of you attain that yogic state, so that your sadhana path is smooth. Today I am going to give you a mantra." Hearing about a mantra, the audience became very attentive. Matsyendranath said further, "But before I tell you the mantra, I am going to tell you a story related to it. Many years ago, Devi Uma attained the knowledge, 'Aham Brahmasmi' meaning 'I am Brahman'. Then she became very proud of her own Bhahma nature. In that same feeling of pride Devi Uma said to Mahadev, where you are I am. Without me you have no power."

"O Adinath, if you are Vishnu, I am Lakshmi,  
If You are Maheswar, I am Maheswari,  
If You are Brahma, I am Savitri,  
If You are Indra, I am Indrani,  
If You are Brahma, I am Maaya,

If you are Purusha, I am Prakruti.

On these words of Devi Uma, with a smile Mahadev said, “Uma what you say is half truth. Where you are, most certainly I am. But where I am, it is not necessary that you be present in all places. Where there is a pot, mud is necessarily there, but where there is mud, a pot does not exist everywhere. All the pots of the Universe are included in the sky, but all the pots do not enclose the sky.”

“Adinath did not just keep quiet after saying this, but to enlighten Devi Uma he divided his Inner power into two parts. In one of the parts, he stabilised himself in his original state, and in the other part he took the form of a Self realised Yogi. That Yogi went and sat on a mountain top and became absorbed in penance. After some days, Bhagwan Shiv along with Umadevi, while roaming around, they began to approach that Yogi. Bhagwan stopped a while and said to Umadevi ‘You can see on the mountain top a supreme person absorbed in transcendental consciousness. You kindly go and visit him.’ Obeying his command Devi Uma reached the mountain top. There in one place she saw rays of light emanating, Devi started to go in the direction of the light, then at some distance she could see that supreme yogi. The serene face of that Yogi was lit as if by thousand suns and it seemed to be framed by radiance. By this transcendental divine quality, Devi Uma was deeply impressed. But suddenly her ego raised its hood. She thought “This Yogi should be tested. It should be seen that is he really what he looks. He is a true Yogi if he can vanquish this AdiMaya who has conquered Vishnu- Shiva.”

Having decided to test the yogi, she began with extreme self-confidence. With her Yogmaaya she tempted the yogi with many sense objects. But the Yogi was not distracted from his penance. Then disappointed she returned to Mahadev. She became convinced of her husband’s statement. Bowing before him she said, “What you say is true Swami. Today I saw for myself and am convinced that yours is the greatest power. I understood that power enters the Powerful. But Swami who is this Powerful Yogi?”

Matsyendranth had got absorbed in narrating the story and the audience was engrossed in listening, but Gorakshnath’s consciousness was getting perturbed. Matsyendranth said further, “Mahadev said, the name of that yogi is....” suddenly Gorakshnath shrieked, “Guruji....!” Matsyendranath continued with an even more smiling face, “Mahadev said, I will tell you the name of that yogi but you have to know that he has gone beyond Maaya. He is the Time of Time. In age after age depending on the necessity, he takes different forms to direct Prakruti, he is the Director. Devi, that Yogi is no other it is Me. We are one. For the well-being of the Universe, to protect the cow and earth I have myself taken that form.”

“Dear Listeners in the future, among the Nine Narayans that incarnated he took the incarnation of Hari and was born. That same Hari in this era ...” Gorakshnath stopped Matsyendranth in midsentence with extreme shyness and said, “Guruji let it be. Is there any need to tell all this?”

“Yes, son Goraksh. Adinath has ordered me to, and why are you joining this with the ‘I’ of this physical body? Look at it from the standpoint of your supreme Shiva state.” Matsyendranath explaining to Gorakshnath thus, and giving the story its finale, Matsyendranath said, “So dear listeners, the name of that Yogi was “Gorakshnath”. The astounded listeners, were told by Matsyendranath, “What I am saying is the truth. In Dwapar yuga Gargmuni had said the same thing to Shri Krishna. The first incarnation of Gorakshnath was a half part of Moolnath. The second incarnation was in the form of Hari Narayan and this is his third incarnation.”

“Go-(cow) Rakshati -(protected by) iti (is) Goraksh. Now you must have understood that the one sitting in front of you- Gorakshnath and Adinath are one and the same. In the form of Gorakshnath, Moolnath has incarnated. Thus, in the name of them both, I am going to give you an extremely powerful mantra. This will uplift us even in the higher planes of consciousness, Shivagoraksh, Om Shivagorakshyogi. I myself chant this mantra, then I see my Goraksh in the form of Shiva. I do his bhajan ... Shivgoraksh ShivaGoraksh, Shivagoraksh”. Shree Matsyendranath closed his eyes and started chanting, and hearing that divine name from him, all the participants present started repeating it. “Shivagoraksh, Shivagoraksh, Shivagoraksh.”

The entire environment became suffused with that divine name. As soon as Matsyendranth revealed the mystery of the true form of Gorakshnath, Gorakshnath went into meditation. He became one with his own inner form. As was seen his outer form also started to transform. All present noticed that his lustrous form had changed to a radiant fair colour. On the black hair that was placed in a bun on his head, on the right side appeared a fine crescent shining moon and his entire body was bathing in light. That Goraksh Darshan which manifested the “Shiva Swarup” (form of Shiva) was unprecedented. With deep devotion all those present continued to chant... “Shivagoraksh, Shivagoraksh, Shivagoraksh”.

## Lesson 12 - Pranave Datta

King Manikya was the ruler of 'Dang' in Ratnapuri situated in the country Nepal. He had one son whose name was Ratnaparikshak. One day he had gone hunting to the forest. There he saw a Yati in deep meditation, sitting in the shade of a huge Rudraksh tree. He had smeared ash all over his body and over his head was a large roll of dense brown hair, and he had large earrings in his ears and his form was infinitely lustrous. He thought this must be some great yogi doing severe penance. He went close and bowed to the yogi and waited for the Yogi to open his eyes. How the Yati came to know this, is strange. He opened his eyes immediately. Looking towards Ratnaparikshak he said,

"Prince, may you live forever, may all that is auspicious happen for you." The prince was astounded. He thought, "He is most certainly a knower of all three times, otherwise how would he have recognised me?" Answering the question arising in his mind the Yati said, "What is so great in that? Prince, you can be recognised as such from your expensive clothes, your demeanour and royal lustre all introduce you. You are Ratnaparikshak, son of King Manikya right?"

"Yes Swamiji, But your good name..."

"Gorakshnath. Son of Guru Matsyendranath."

Getting the introduction of Guru Gorakshnath, the overjoyed Prince said, "Till today, I had only heard of you. Today as I chased the deer and lost my way, I have suddenly come upon you."

"Son, you have not lost the way. You have found the right way."

"Means? You mean the beautiful, agile, foal I had made my aim, has gone this way? Which direction did he take?"

The Prince excitedly asked many questions simultaneously.

"O, yes, yes. Son first come and sit facing me then I will tell you everything."

The forest ground was uneven and to sit on it was difficult for the prince but in order to get to his goal he sat down in front of Gorakshnath. Then Gorakshnath said, "First you answer one of my questions, imagine that you have hunted that foal, you have killed him, you have taken his life breath away, and I said, make it alive again, would you be able to do that?"

"How can I ever make anyone alive again? I am not God. To enliven a dead being is not in the power of man."

"So then, that which we cannot create who gave us the right to destroy?" With this question of Gorakshnath, the prince reflected that the logic was impeccable. Gorakshnath continued, "And also think, the way your life is dear to you, similarly will the young one not also value his own life? Would he not feel like jumping and prancing in this forest and enjoying life? If today you kill that deer, his mother will experience the same pain that your mother would if any disaster befell you. Prince, by this hunt you will not only kill the foal but also kill your own well-being, you will bury the sensitive emotions you have. It is said, as you sow you will reap. This entire Universe is an echo. Who you call will answer, and what you do for others will return manifold to you. The fruit of violence is violence only. Do not sow the thorns of hate, and arrogance. If for the mere satisfaction of your momentary pleasure, you will take an innocent life, then at the time of death you will also experience the same torture you inflicted. But once time has passed from our hand nothing can be done. That is why dear Prince, this is the time. Become aware. Do not try to turn this manifestation upside-down. This matter is not about this deer alone. That Paramatma (ultimate being) is pervading every particle in the Universe. That is why do not become the cause of anyone's pain. Even giving a tree pain is like giving pain to the all-pervading Paratma, it is giving

pain to oneself. Because son, that Paramatma is residing in you too. Even your breath moves by His command."

"Yati Maharaj, I would like to ask a question," the Prince said.

"Ask, ask without hesitation."

"You have said that one should not indulge in violence. But animals kill each other and survive. So, then do they also cry when they enter the door of God of death?"

Gorakshnath, answering the question of the Prince said, "No son. They kill each other to keep themselves alive. Not as a hobby, or passion. That is their natural food. Only when they are hungry, they kill their prey and eat. But you might have seen that if the tiger has eaten, he does not even look at the deer or rabbit passing close to him."

"Man is the only animal who kills Innocent animals for pleasure and entertainment. Entering their space, he kills them unjustly, and shamelessly considers it as his trophy. To raise a hand against another in self-defense is justice. But when he desires the expansion of his kingdom, and to fill his treasury, or plunder and use beautiful women, and attacks others, then he most certainly becomes a cause for his own downfall. Then he is no longer a human, he becomes a demon."

Hearing the words of Gorakshnath, Ratnaparikshak became silent for a long time and when he spoke it was as if he was muttering to himself, "Who thinks in such depth? We do only that which our ancestors did. Then I became so addicted to it that I roamed different forests to hunt. He has never experienced the pleasure of game-hunting. That is why he is speaking thus."

"Why brother?" Gorakshnath laughed heartily and said, "You go once in a while for hunting, but we do it day and night. We are absorbed in it." Looking at the surprise in the prince's eyes Gorakshnath continued, "Eh, why are you looking like this? I am telling you the absolute truth." The prince was confused and asked, "I am unable to understand. Who do you hunt?"

"This is the hunt of our self, son." Gorakshnath explained to the prince, "This is no hunt done in a forest, it is the turning our mind inwards and hunting down our extremely agile deer of the mind. In the garden of the body, jumping and prancing, making the Jeeva dance on the rhythm of his tendencies, this Great deer is the object of the hunt. This Great deer, made of the five elements, grazes in the backyard of your intellect, kill it. That which has gripped Gods, Demons, Kinnars, and man, this self-destructive, atheist mind, hunt that. Kill its thoughts and tendencies."

"There is no violence in killing the mind. Because it does not have any meat, any bones or blood. Mind is only an idea which has no elemental existence. Created by the Rajo Guna it is only a concept."

"When we say we have killed our mind, then it does not mean that we have suppressed it. Because if we forcefully suppress it, it retires hurt. And then suddenly will retaliate. Thus, one does not turn him into an enemy, it has to be explained, and cajoled into submission. The mind is Shakti (power). Mind is Shiva (ultimate divinity). In this mind itself exists the body made from five elements. This very mind gets us caught in the net of desires and tendencies and makes us flow into the ocean of Maaya. That is why it is essential to upgrade it. The Guru alone teaches you the skill. He teaches us the way to kill the mind. Then there is no thought, no emotion, and no desire."

"Like we cannot suppress this restless, agile mind, similarly we cannot let it roam free, nor keep it empty. It has to be filled with Paramatma. Mind becomes full when it becomes a void. It fills this

hollowness. Empty and full are the two sides of a coin. They always stay together. And the day, our mind is filled with Paramatma, simultaneously that old Maaya becomes our Guru and teaches us.” Ratnaparikshak was listening with full attention to Gorakshnath. He could not understand all that had been said, but he did realise there is a wonderful mystery and depth, that has the power to please the mind. That nectar like voice shook him. Impulsively he said, “Guruji, I too would like to hunt in this manner. Will you teach me? Will you accept me as your disciple?” Gorakshnath became serious and silent. Then the Prince asked doubtingly, “Why are you silent? Is it that I do not have the capacity to learn this art?”

“No son. Whosoever decides will be able to turn inwards. He can learn the science of true Knowledge. The truth is man is born so that he can attain that.”

“That means you have accepted me. Isn’t it?”

“Not now. It will happen when it has to happen. But now you return, because you are from a royal family. You have grown up enjoying the pleasures of a palace. You have got what you wanted till today, with royal stubbornness. You will have to renounce just this mind on the path of True Knowledge. Dissociating from this mind you have to witness its monkey tricks. Not by hunting and chasing it but by turning your back and ignoring it. That requires special strength, son. One needs total non-attachment. If even a little interest abides in the objects of the senses, it becomes difficult to walk this path. Man gets stuck in a dilemma. His life can be ruined. You may get into a state where there is neither forward movement nor return, neither belonging to worldly life nor the transcendental. That is why prince, understand and think calmly and then decide.”

“My decision is made.” The prince was speaking excitedly, “I am ready this minute to go with you.” Seeing his excitement, a smile crossed Gorakshnath’s face and he said to the Prince “this excitement can be fleeting. The wave of non-attachment that may have arisen as a result of my company, with such speed, may come down with the same speed. That is why son, be calm. Accept it as the command of the Guru and return for now. Take the consent of your mother and father and then meet me.”

“But Guruji, where will you meet me?” The prince asked dejectedly.

“The moment your decision is firm, the moment you think of me the same moment I will stand right in front of you.” Gorakshnath said this reassuring the prince and lifted Prince Ratnaparikshak affectionately, who had placed his head on his feet while bowing low. Blessing him, he said, “we will meet again. May all that is auspicious happen.”

By the very touch of Gorakshnath, Ratnaparikshak had horripulations over his entire body. His throat choked and tears welled up in his eyes. Looking into the compassionate eyes of Gorakshnath and not turning his back, he moved away from him. But only with his body! His mind was repeatedly saying, ‘I have never experienced such a touch. That touch is divine, transcendental. It showers divine love. I want to forever feel this shower. My happiness lies only at the feet of Guru Gorakshnath. O Gurudev, I will go home take the permission of my family and return immediately. The wave of non- attachment that has risen in my heart is not a fleeting one. It has risen from the depth of my heart.’

Ratnaparikshak returned, but totally transformed, to the palace. The usual smiling prince was serious and the Queen mother thought, today the prince might not have got his favourite game. Trying to console him she said, “Son, sometimes things like this happen. Next time you will most certainly get it. You must be tired. Come take a bath. I will get the meal ready.”

"I am not hungry mother." Only saying this much, Prince Ratnaparikshak left from there. Like always, he did not tell his mother the diary of the day's events. He went to his chamber and closed the door. He wanted to be alone. Looking at the sky from his window, he thought, 'What is this palace? Even this is limited. The whole sky cannot be seen from here, and today my mind wants to take flight in the open sky. But how can I jump these walls? How can I get the permission of my parents?'"

He lay on his bed and kept awake. What he had considered as great pleasure till today seemed meaningless. Eating-drinking, laughing-playing, singing-dancing, exercising, horse-riding, hunting in the forest - everything seemed meaningless. He had resolved, if I hunt again, it shall be like Guru Gorakshnath, of my mind.

Observing this state of serious indifference in her glorious son, the queen mother became worried. Expressing her fear, she said to king Manikya, "Nowadays our son is consumed by some worry. Some days back he had gone hunting. Since his return he seems changed. He does not eat, nor does he drink. He does not speak freely as before and his gaze is vacant, God knows what he is thinking about."

"So? shall we call the royal physician?" Maharaj asked.

"Not at all. This is not a physical ailment Swami. It seems it is the fever of youth, love fever. During the hunt he has most definitely seen some damsel, and now he remains lost in thoughts of her."

"Then what is there to worry? This happens in youth. Try to find out his mind then I will search for the girl and get them married with great pomp and show." King Manikya was speaking enthusiastically. But the queen mother was still looking serious. The king asked, "Queen, are you thinking something else?"

"Yes Swami. I think she might be some forest girl. Our son might be thinking, she will not be suitable for our royal home. This might be the cause of his depression."

"Queen, I feel instead of having so many doubts, you should talk directly to the Prince. I will also find out from my attendants, where he had gone that day and who all he met."

The restlessness in the mind of the prince was increasing. The words and impressive personality of Guru Gorakshnath had so mesmerized him, that his whole being was saturated with just him. Every pore of his being was thirsting for the experience of that loving, compassionate, pleasing touch. Due to that divine touch, the seed from his past birth of the knowledge of the Self, had begun to sprout. A spark had become a flame and started to rise towards the sky. In the physical, the aspiration for the transcendental rose.

Finally, he decided to renounce his home and family. Guru Gorakshnath had told him to tell his mother and father and take their permission and only then return. According to his Guru's command he was going to speak with his mother and father but in different words.

"Mother I am going for hunting today." The queen mother was surprised and pleased thinking, 'its a good thing, my son has started living again.' Blessing him she said, "Most certainly go son. This time by the grace of Pashupatinath you will be able to get the game of your desire." Hearing his mother's blessing, the face of the prince lit up with a smile. He said in his mind, 'I am not going to hunt for my favourite game, I am going to hunt my mind down. May your blessing become the truth.'

While leaving the palace, he placed his head on the feet of his father and mother and bowed to them. The prince was perturbed that he had not told them the truth. But there was no other solution. He renounced the palace, but he wondered, 'Where will I meet Guru Gorakshnath? Will he be in the same forest? Where shall I find him?'

One part of Ratnaparikshak's mind was saying, and another part was explaining, "He will find you out. He had said just that. Maharaj, Swami, Gurudev.... I have come. I am ready for the hunt." At the very same time he heard a call, "Alakh Niranjana! Aadesh," that deep voice of Gorakshnath amazed him. He was unable to comprehend whether Gurudev had himself come or he was hallucinating. In that deluded state he looked hither and thither, and suddenly that lustrous form that had possessed his mind, Guru Gorakshnath's same lustrous form was looking at him with a happy face, from a Shiva temple nearby where he was standing. As soon as the prince located that, he ran and fell at the feet of Guru Gorakshnath. Due to his intense joy, he was unable to say anything. His eyes were overflowing with tears of blessedness. His tears reached his emotions to Gorakshnath. He lifted the prince up with immense love, patted him on the back and started walking. The prince followed him. Walking over uneven, thorny roads for several years, the feet of Gorakshnath had become very strong. On those very footprints today, the untrained feet of prince Ratnaparikshak walked on, to an unknown path.

When the disciples of Guru Gorakshnath came to know that renouncing the pleasures of the royal life, prince Ratnaparikshak had come to follow Yoga, one of them expressing his doubt said, "Will a prince who has indulged in the pleasures of royal life, be able to walk the difficult path of withdrawing one's senses?" Allaying his doubts, Gurudev said, "Son, only the one who has experienced these royal pleasures to his fill, can understand their futility. The one who has gone to the extreme of enjoyment of sense objects, he is the one who can go to the extreme of Yoga." The words of Gurudev were proclaiming the truth. When all students walked the even path, Ratnaparikshak chose the thorny path. His feet would become soaked in blood. He had even controlled his diet in such a manner that his youthful, well-built body quickly became stick like. Walking in the sun his fair colour turned dark. The lustrous face started to fade. One day Gorakshnath asked him, "Son, I have heard that in the palace you used to sing, and play the Veena [a string musical instrument] as well?" "Yes Guruji!" The prince answered, "But now I have forgotten all of that."

"Alright. But you must surely remember one thing, that when the strings of the Veena are loose, is it possible to produce melodious notes?"

"Guruji, what kind of question is that? You also know music. How can we produce music with loose strings?"

"And if the strings are over tightened? then?"

"Even then music cannot be created, even an attempt to play will break them."

"Son, our life Veena is similar. If we over tighten, it will break if we leave it loose, it cannot create musical notes. Just think son, "Ati sarva varjayate" means 'Avoid all extremes.' The string of the Veena of life, is neither to be left loose nor overtightened. Only when you keep it in the optimum state, will the music of Naadbrahma (creator of sound) emanate. But you seem to have forgotten this. Even now your mind is making you dance to his rhythm. You, have come to conquer the mind, but you have yourself become a victim to it. Because our mind forever takes us to the extreme positions from one end to the other. It is never steady at the centre where it cannot perform its tricks. The mind being centred is like it is nonexistent. Become Sama (even) - Dhi(intellect) - Samadhi. With an equanimous mind experience samadhi. The body of the sadhaka has to be

strong, it has to be healthy, because our body is the invaluable treasure given to us by God, for the experience of the bliss of the Self. For that, our behaviour has to be balanced, controlled, and regularity is essential.”

#### Devanagari:

“ धाये न पाइबा, भूखे न मरिबा, अहिनिसि लेवा ब्रह्म-अननि का भेंव ।  
हठ न करिबा, पट्ट्या न रहिबा, यूं बोल्या गोरषदेव ॥  
अति अहार यंदी बल करै, नासे ग्यान मैथुन चित्त धरै ।  
व्यापै त्यंदा झपै काल, ताकै हिरदै सदा जंजाल ॥ ”  
“इसलिउ बेटा, रत्नपरीक्षक, रत्ननाथ ध्यान में रहै कि,  
हबकि न बोलिबा, ठबकि न चलिबा, धीरे धरिबा पाव ।  
गरब न करिबा सहजै रहिबा, अणत गोरष राव ॥”

By the grace of Sadguru and following his instructions, the prince of Ratnapuri, Ratnaparikshak mastered the melody of life. With a self-controlled, balanced, life-style with regard to food and behaviour he completed his studies. He got trained and skilled in many sciences and arts. He mastered weaponry, mantra and scriptures. After many years of study and penance like this, he became a powerful Self realised master of the Nath tradition. He became known as Siddha Ratnanath.

Siddha Ratnanath, spread the principles of the Nath tradition and the path to attain the Knowledge of the Self, not only in India but even in countries where other religions were practiced. One interesting incident became the cause for his going to foreign lands. It so happened that in Punjab, in the town of Bhera, a free meal for people had been arranged. There, many sadhus from far off places had gathered. For the meal - rice pudding, fried puris, and Khichadi [Indian food items] had been made and for partaking the Prasad, rows had been set up. The volunteers were placing one banana leaf as a plate in front of each sadhu. One leaf was kept in front of Siddhanath as well, he then said, “Put one more leaf.”

“Why two?” The volunteer asked. Siddhanath answered, “Because I am two.” Looking this side and that, the volunteer said, “But the other is not seen anywhere.”

“He is here.” Saying this, Siddhanath dusted some ash from his body. Then removing the sheet covering his body, he put it on the ash, punching it with a fist he took out a child from the ash. He enlivened it and sat him down next to him. The volunteer placed a banana leaf in front of him.

Siddhanath was looking at the other Sadhus with pride. On his face some such emotions were being seen that seemed to say, “See what a miracle I have performed.” But instead of the expressions of surprise and praise that he expected, there was the expression of anger on the face of other sadhus. This did not go well with his elder Guru brother. Expressing his anger, he said, “What kind of childish prank is this Siddhanath? In this congregation there are many great Nath Siddha yogis, present. In their presence performing these petty miracles, is an insult to their sciences of ultimate knowledge.”

“No, no Guruji. I do not want to insult them. I just did an experiment. Seeing such miracles, the common man gets attracted and then slowly we can create the aspiration for true knowledge in their minds. For their welfare and for guiding them these can be done. Just for that I rarely experiment with such powers. If I have been in error, I pray forgive me. And if you give me the order, I shall not experiment with such powers ever again.”

Giving this explanation Siddha Ratnanath, appeased all sadhus present. One of them said, "In an improper place, the display of power, became the cause of our anger. But if you truly want to use your powers for the welfare of the people then go to countries, where ignorance about the knowledge of the Self is rampant. Impress the locals regarding the greatness of the Nath tradition and to bring them to the true path, guide them."

"As per your command." Siddhanath said and as soon as the meal was over, he left for Kabul. In that country of Kaikayi, all the trees had lost their leaves. Therefore, Siddhanath had to bear the intense heat, as he walked on those roads. He was quite capable of bearing this heat, but so that the other travellers on the same road may gain shade, he took some ash, after energising it with the mantra, he placed it at the root of the Tuliya trees along the edge of the road. In a short while the trees became green and dense with leaves. Even flowers sprouted and decorated them. The decorated umbrellas gave shade to the travellers.

This miracle astounded the locals and they got attracted to the miracle man. As he walked, he reached the shore of the sea. There he requested some of the fisherfolk to take him across the sea. But the fisher folk refused to do so. Then without saying a word he entered the sea. He spread his deerskin on the waters and sat on it, and smiling happily he crossed the ocean. The two fisherfolk Jumaan and Kamaan, who had refused to take him across were astounded to see this.

In the 'Khurasan' state, on the top of a mountain is situated a sacred place named 'Rameshergah' in the memory of Siddhanath. There are seven Kunds [pools] on this very mountain. Four of these are clearly seen while the other three are surrounded by mountains. It is said that at the mouth of the seventh Kund there is a wheel as sharp as the edge of a sword. It is revolving at a very rapid speed continuously. It never stops on its own. And no one can stop it, because if anyone tries to stop it, he gets shredded. There is a huge cave behind this wheel. It is filled with the Philosophers stone, and a fine stream of Ganga trickles through it. Siddha Ratnanath had resided here for sometime.

Siddha Ratnanath became popularly known as Pir Ratnanath among the natives due to his miracles and wonderful behaviour. The king of Kaikayi land [Kabul] gifted a vast piece of land in Jalalabad to Siddharatnanath to build a Yoga centre there. Not just this, he even invited Pir Siddha Haaji Ratnanath to reside with him in his fort. The king had made proper arrangements for the fire lit there by Sidharatnanath, to remain ever lighted for the next several generations. This place has become sacred for both the Hindus and the Muslims of the north western states of Hindustan because Siddhanath resided there. Afghanistan, Nepal, Gandhar, Assam, Odisha, Bihar, Uttar Pradesh, Maharashtra - in all these states the number of Siddhanath disciples is considerable.

Some rather strict muslims tried to insult Sddhanath as Kaafir; at that time the Siddhanath of Hindus and the Haaji Ratnanath of muslims said:

"We who are wandering bare foot over the earth, that is for awakening the aspiration for Khuda in you, and the nectar like bliss that we have attained may also be attained by you. We could have remained alone in that bliss. However, we are concerned for you, we want your well being. We are not obstructing the work of anybody. We are walking on the straight path. In our heart compassion, contentment, impeccable character, are awake then how can we be Kaafir? Kaafir is that one who walks the path of untruth. Kaafir is that one who does not follow the rule of compassion and duty made by Allah and Ishwar. We are the followers of Allah dear brother. We are doing the work given to us by Him, of working for the good of all. The Nath that makes everyone Sanath (with parents) I am that Nath- Siddhanath." The people loved what he said and then he became worthy of worship even for the muslims.

One day, Gorakshnath while in Dhavalgiri, was explaining the principles of the Nath tradition to his disciples. He was making them practice the spiritual disciplines. He wanted to stay there for a few days more. However, he came to know that in Nepal a great congregation of saints was going to assemble. That is why along with his disciples he went to Nepal. He arrived at the base of the mountain where this gathering was to be held. He had thought that he will get the company of many great saints, and during satsang his disciples would get the benefit of listening to many of them. However, the atmosphere was totally opposite. Things which the Nath tradition cautions against and avoids, were being practised. Gorakshnath left the place, as he was angered by the practice of forbidden behaviour, which was against the right path. On the way he met some travellers. They were returning from a pilgrimage to Neelkanth. They said to Gorakshnath, "We are the disciples of Matsyendranath." Gorakshnath became overjoyed.

After wishing each other, 'Aadesh' Gorakshnath asked, "All is well and auspicious right?" Then in a dejected voice they answered, "What could be well? And what auspicious? The king Mahendradev has come into the influence of the Buddhists and is giving us a lot of trouble. But who can we tell? We have no support. Has anyone been able to stand up to a king?" Observing their helplessness Gorakshnath thundered "Fie upon you! You call yourself the disciples of Matsyendranath and even call yourself Nath and like an orphan thirst for support? The king is only a king. No one can stand before the Lord. Come on, I will go with you right now."

He walked with them and when they reached a village named Paatnagar on the banks of the river Bhogawati, he told those accompanying him, "Now I will sit here by the bank of this river and punish your king."

"But Guruji, our king is in his palace which is very far from here."

"I can discipline any one from anywhere. I will not be giving him mortal punishment, I will punish him with a much more painful mental agony." Saying just this much Gorakshnath spread his deer skin by the bank of the river Bhogawati and sat on it in the lotus posture. Before adopting the posture, with his Yogic power, he assembled sixteen crores of garlands of clouds, and placed them under his seat, and said, "Now see, as long as I sit on this seat there will not be a drop of rain in Nepal." Like Gorakshnath said, there was famine in Nepal. In the scorching heat, the earth was burnt and became drought ridden, there were cracks in it. People started thirsting for every drop of water, and were tortured by hunger. The treasury of the king became empty.

The king became worried. He was unable to fathom how to cope with this heavenly calamity. He fell into a quandary thinking how the regular, yearly rainfall had suddenly stopped. He called his royal priest and asked him to find out the reason behind this. The royal priest said, "You are being punished for the torture you have given to the disciples of Matsyendranath. The greatest disciple of Matsyendranath, is seated by the bank of Bhogawati. He has gathered all the garlands of clouds under his seat. As long as he does not get up, there will be no rain in our country."

"But how can we move him from there? That area is not under the jurisdiction of our kingdom." The king said. Then after some thought, the priest said, "There can be only one solution to this. If Matsyendranath can come here it can be solved."

"How is that?"

"That we will know only after he comes here. First we will have to invite him here."

"And where is he?"

"He is in our kingdom! In the Tulzapur temple near Varahnagar of Bhogpatti district. With every reverence and respect bring him here." As per the advice of the Priest, the king with every respect sent his own carriage to reverentially bring Matsyendranath and take him to the bank of river

Bhogawati. As soon as Gorakshnath heard the sound of the carriage, he opened his eyes, on seeing his Guru in front of him he instantly got up, forgetting his resolve. He went forward to bow and wish 'Aadesh' to his Guru. The king's solution was successful. The Garlands of clouds found freedom from under the seat of Gorakshnath and spreading over the entire country started to shower rain. The king begged for forgiveness from Gorakshnath. In Nepal, in memory of this day they started to celebrate this event of the carriage travel of Matsyendranath, with many a decoration and great enthusiasm. The king would also himself join the festival. He also simultaneously started to worship the deerskin seat of Gorakshnath.

Shree Gorakshnath wandering along the seashore reached the Hingloj mountain and stayed there for a few days. From there he went on to the country Gandhar, and from there Suleman and reached Sialkot. On the way he met his old disciples and initiate a few youths with the primary initiation, and teach some yogic processes, making new disciples. Then moving to the south, he took darshan of Jwaladevi and reached Kote Kangada. Gorakshnath had been graced greatly by this Devi. When the Devi saw her beloved devotee coming, she took the form of the idol and appeared to greet him. Gorakshnath bowed to her and the mother and son were conversing for some time.

When Gorakshnath was leaving, Devi requested him to stay one day and said, "O how will you go without partaking of the Prasad I make for you! Will I allow my son to go ahead on an empty stomach?"

"But mother, I cannot wait here."

"Why son?"

"Because this temple of yours is impure. Here, the offerings of flesh and meat is made, and many are fed in that way."

For sometime Devi kept quiet then dejected she said, "Son, do you think I have any taste for meat and alcohol? No son. I too have disgust for it. I do not accept it. This is the doing of these priests who are addicted to meat and alcohol. They are the ones who tell my devotees to offer the lambs and sheep here. They eat it in my name and I am considered a meat eater. This is the atonement for taking the incarnation in Kaliyuga. But you don't worry. I will myself prepare satvic food with my own hands and feed you. You will wait, won't you?"

"Yes mother. However, I have one condition. You will cook from the alms that I get. You will yourself eat from it, and serve it to me as well. Is that alright?"

Devi accepted the condition. "Then I will get the alms right away, you light the fire." Gorakshnath, having said this, left to collect alms. On the way he saw a man who seemed very miserable. He caught hold of the feet of Gorakshnath and pleaded, "Maharaj, I am without a son. I have a lot of wealth but no heir to take care of it. If by your grace I can get a son, I will surrender not only my wealth and prosperity but my life at your feet." Gorakshnath felt sorry for him. He went to that man's village Paatannagar, with him. He stayed in a hut outside the village and went with his begging bowl for alms. Everyone started giving him alms impressed with his yogic powers. Then one day he told the people, "Now my bowl for alms is getting small, kindly put the alms in my hut directly."

People used to give only a fistful of alms but even then, the hut got full. Gorakshnath said, "Whosoever, is poor and suffering and hungry may take the grains according to their need." On getting the permission of Gorakshnath not only from Paatannagar but from far off places, poor people started coming and taking with them bags filled with grain.

The people were taking the dry alms, but Gorakshnath made Khichadi himself distributed it to his disciples and among the people as well. Thousands of people ate the prasad but the vessel of Khichadi was ever full.

To see this miracle a great crowd gathered then Gorakshnath said, "I have prasad for all of you gathered here and I want to say something to you. Just think. The mother who has given birth to us, other animals, and birds, how would she like to eat the flesh and blood of her own children? Instead of offering this inhuman food to her, offer simple khichadi. Only then will she be happy and shower her grace on you."

People accepted the advice of Gorakshnath and promised that henceforth they would never offer meat and blood to the Goddess. People were profoundly impressed with his loving message and in the same place, where Gorakshnath had fed people with Khichadi they named it "Gorakhpur" And the Goddess who was waiting with the fire lighted in her stove for Gorakshnath as "Jwalamukhi." [the one with flames of fire in her mouth]

Girnar a place near Junagadh, in Saurashtra has an extremely holy mountain where austere penance has been done. Many a yogi and ascetics have attained ultimate bliss here. Many aspirants have completed their spiritual practises here. Specially the yogis of the Nath tradition have a great attraction for mother earth here, who grants liberation. They call this Girnar mountain a fort of liberation.

Many a devotee come here with the desire to get darshan of Shree Dattatreya. He has removed the suffering, pains and diseases of many people. They have been guided to the path of self realistaion, and it is said that he is the 'Smaranmurti' meaning one has only to remember him and he appears. The son of Anusuya-Atri muni permanently resides on this energised mountain.

Today even Gorakshnath with the hope of meeting Dattaguru walked towards Girnar. Reaching the base of the mountain, folding his hands he looked upwards at the ultimate Dattaspace and bowing said, "It is my hope to see you, please do appear."

Daunting peaks, deep frightening precipices, multi coloured flowers in valleys, the sweet chirping of birds, green dense branches swaying in the gusts of wind, embracing them delicate creepers, jumping across those creepers from here to there, enlivening the forest the family members of Shree Hanumanji, ready to taste the items brought along by pilgrims - this outward immense beauty of Nature brought happiness to Gorakshnath and reminded him of the inner bliss, for which the Sadguru had given him initiation. Very rarely attained by anyone, that transcendental inner joy manifested in waves of words from the mouth of Gorakshnath

“ऐसी अमर निसाणी सतगुरु दीनी,  
विरला हरीजन जाणी ॥  
उनमन रहाणा, भेद न देणा, पीणा अमीरस पाणी ।  
गुरुमुख जोय गगन घर रहाणा, सुन्न में सहर बसाणी ॥ 1 ॥  
पाहन फौड्क गंगा निकली, चहुं दिस पाणी पाणी ।  
पाणी में दो परबत देख्या, समंदर लहर समाणी ॥ 2 ॥  
उपर चढ़ती मछली देखी, जाँके आंख्या नाई ।  
चाँच नही, पंख नही जाँके झुल रही जल माई ॥ 3 ॥  
उपर कुवाँ तले पणिहारी, भर री डमरत बारी ।  
अर्ध-उर्ध का बजार मण्डया है, गोरख कहे बिचारी ॥ 4 ॥

ऐसी अमर निसाणी सतगुरु दीनी,  
विरला हरीजन जाणी ॥

Gorakshnath went to the temple of Hanumanji, the fortunate and rare among the devotees of the Lord, the “Harijan” [ie. the man of the Lord], who experiences this state. On beholding the divine idol of Hanumanji, he was reminded of his meeting with Hanumanji in the land of women. Folding his hands together he asked, “O son of Anjani, hope you have not taken offence about what I did. Like you are the servant of Shree Ramchandra, I too am servant of Shree Matsyendranath. That is why it was my duty as his disciple to release him from that land of women, O Kapiwar, forgive me for the work I did in opposition to yours. Bestow your grace always on me.”

Gorakshnath began his climb in expectation of meeting Guruji. He hardly realized the time when he reached Adimaaya Ambaji’s temple what with the accompaniment of the tunes, and the speed of thought. During the sacrifice that Daksha her father had done, she had self immolated in the fire, and the places where her remains fell, there are temples made - these are called Shaktipeeths. There are fiftytwo such locations, of which this one is special in its perceptible energy.

Gorakshnath entered the temple. Mother’s vehicle – lion, was standing right in front. He patted the back of the Lion, the king of the forest, and entered the temple sanctum sanctorum.

The form of Mother Ambika was extremely beautiful and glorious. Her idol was manifesting the glory of having vanquished the demons and fiends, that which even the Gods could not achieve. And yet, in her compassionate eyes one could feel the love of a mother.

Gorakshnath prostrated before her. Gazing at her charming face and recalling her prowess in yoga, and praising the support she gave during sadhana he hummed and sang the song....

Devanagari

“षडाधारपंककैरुहान्तार्विराजत ।  
सुषुम्नांतरालेऽतितेजोल्लसंतीम् ।  
सुधामंडलं द्रावयंतीं पिबंतीम् ।  
सुधामूर्तिमीडे चिदानंदरूपाम् ॥ 1 ॥”

Then after describing her beauty and her decorated being, he said, “O Mother, you are not only beautiful but also the epitome of strength. The true form of Shiva.”

Devanagari

“गुरुस्त्वं शिवस्त्वं च शक्तिस्त्वमेव ।  
त्वमेवासि विद्या त्वमेवासी बन्धुर् ।  
गतिर्मे मतिर्देवि सर्वं त्वमेव ॥ 2 ॥  
शरण्ये वरेण्ये सुकारुण्यमूर्ते  
हिरण्योदराद्यैर्गण्ये सुपण्ये ।  
अवारण्यभीतेश्च मां पाहि भद्रे  
नमस्ते नमस्ते नमस्ते भवानि ॥ 3 ॥  
भवानि भवानि भवानि त्रिवारम्  
उदारं मुदा सर्वदा ये जपन्ति ।  
न शोकं न मोहं न पापं न भीतिः  
कदाचित्कथंचित्कुतश्चिज्जनानम् ॥ 4 ॥

After taking the darshan of Mother Ambika, Shree Gorakshnath started the chant of 'Om Namah Shivaya' and climbed right upto the highest peak, of the Girnar mountain, where Shree Dattaguru stays permanently in his subtle form. This peak is a stony high needle point. Near about there are some high pointed, rocks which seem to have no support and likely to fall into the ravine anytime. Gorakshnath stood in a small clearing, and gazed at the astounding natural beauty. On one side was the vast land of Junagadh, on the other Prabhaspatann which reminded one of Shree Krishna, and far off the calm beach of Veraval. Thinking of the painter of this beauty – the omniscient, beginningless, endless one, he became Self absorbed right there. After a long time when he opened his eyes, he saw a bright, well built man standing right in front of him. He said, "Son, the one whose contemplation you are absorbed in, if you would like to see face to face, find him in one of the caves down below. He is in one of those caves."

Gorakshnath bowed to that yogi, thanked him and descending to the lower path shown he started to go ahead. He knew many of those caves. However, he had never experienced the presence of that supreme divinity in any ascetic occupying the caves. He was about to turn back discontinuing his search, when in the distance he saw one cave. Once again hope sprang in his heart and he went towards that cave. As soon as he entered the cave, he saw a jatadhari (hair on top of the head) yogee. He was unclad. His body smeared with ash was glowing. He looked towards Gorakshnath. He had a piercing gaze, which cut through the heart, yet in his eyes was sparkling an intoxicated animal look.

Gorakshnath thought, "This unclad yogi is unique. He could be Dattadigamber." He sat at the entrance of the cave. He thought, 'It is afternoon, let's make arrangements for alms. I will sit here and eat. In that way I will be able to observe what type of food he partakes.' Gorakshnath gave his bag the order of getting alms and sent it by the sky route to the village. After sometime the bag came back. In the bag were sweets. Gorakshnath took that out from the bag and asked the yogi, "Yogiraj, will you take some food with me?"

"No, I take only milk."

"Who, brings the milk for you in this uninhabited place?"

"My kamandal (special vessel) brings fresh cow milk for me."

"Surprise, can I see the milk you get in the kamandal?"

"Certainly, if you like you may have some too."

Gorakshnath very eagerly lifted the kamandal and looked, there filled to the brim was warm fresh milk. From the foam on the top, it seemed as though the cow had just been milked.

"Maharaj, can I get the cow's milk." Before Gorakshnath could express his desire, the yogi said,

"Certainly you will get. I have already said that you can have the milk. Drink as much as you like."

Gorakshnath took out the sweets from his bowl and put them back into the bag and started to pour the milk from the kamandal into his bowl, the stream of milk that flowed from the kamandal into the bowl, flowed and kept flowing. But the bowl did not become full. The bowl remained empty, Gorakshnath understood that this Yogi has attained the inexhaustible vessel of bliss. But my bowl is full only of powers. Without saying anything he placed the kamandal down took out the sweets from the bag and ate them.

The Yogi sitting in the cave did not partake of any kind of food. Gorakshnath kept sitting there and started talking about this and that. He had recognised that this yogi has attained the ultimate. Even then there was a lurking doubt. To remove his doubts Gorakshnath asked the yogi many questions and decided to give him one more test. Chit chatting with the yogi he said, "When we all, ascetics, yogis, gather together, then we take an examination of each other's power."

"How is that?"

“We play hide and seek. The one who does not get caught is considered the best. Have you ever played such a game?”

“I have never before played it, but will play now.”

“Really Maharaj? It will be great fun. But who will hide first?” Gorakshnath asked, then the Yogiraj replied, “Anyone can hide. If you like you hide.”

Gorakshnath wanted just this. He hid himself. But that great yogi found him out instantly. Then that yogi became invisible and hid himself. That is why Gorakshnath also took flight behind him in the open sky. But he could not find the Yogi. When the yogi hid in the Kamandal, Gorakshnath took many a form like a fish, mosquito, but he could not find him. Finally, he surrendered to the Yogi and asked him, why he could not be found. The Yogiraj replied, “When I flew into space, I became space. When I went into water, I became watery merging with it. My manifest form had been destroyed. I had crossed the boundaries of all my four bodies and where I was, not just a part but I became its existence. The ‘void’ [shunya] had merged with the ‘great void’ [Mahashunya.]”

Having heard what the Yogiraj had said, Gorakshnath was convinced that he is Shree Dattaguru. Placing his head at His feet he said, “Swami Dattatreya I have come to surrender unto you totally. The ultimate shelter of Yoga and Bhoga[pleasures] O Gurudev, I bow a crore and more times again and again to you.” Shree Dattatreya assumed his original form and blessed Gorakshnath and placing his boon bestowing hand on Gorakshnath’s head said, “Now you live here. Sit in the cave I tell you to and become Self absorbed. But if you have any question before that, ask without hesitation.”

Then at the auspicious and pleasing time of dawn, one morning, the atmosphere was fitting, and a conversation between Dattatreya and Gorakshnath began. Gorakshnath bowed to Gurudev and asked,

“Swami What is your true form (Swarup)?”

Shree Dattatreya answered, “O Avadhut, Gorakshnath, I am no Brahmadev nor am I Brahmachari. I am neither the learned Brahmin nor the Sanyasi (Renunciate) who carries a staff (Shankaracharya) I am not even a yogi. With my own grace bestowing gaze, I have become liberated and move freely.”

Gorakshnath-

“Swami, Which Maaya? Which body? This manifestation is of such duality, why is it so created? What is limitless duality?”

Shree Dattaguru-

“As long as there is an idea, there is manifestation. As long as there is karma, there is body, and for the one who has not understood his true nature, through intense attention, there is this duality of the mundane world.”

Gorakshnath-

Devanagari

“ आपा भेटणां सतगुरु थापण अनपरचौ जग पाया । ”  
गोरक्ष कहै सुणौ हो स्वामी, तुम्हे कौण कहाँ थै आया ?

Shree Dattaguru

“Off and on I move in the invisible form, and at times I take the visible form.”

Like the shadow of man, I am unseen and reside in hidden places. I have come there. I have come from the future”

Gorakshnath asked, "The one who enters the body by the pathway of breath who is he? Who goes out via exhalation? Those words that have been spoken where do they merge?"

Dattatreya answered, "No one comes and no one goes. Whatever is heard is merged in source of sound."

Gorakshnath- Swami who is mother who is father? Who is stable in the instruction of the Guru? Who is resting in the posture? What is that place?"

Shree Dattaguru "Forgiveness is the mother, Truth is the father. Guru is my knowledge. That which is without attributes is my posture. That is my place of rest."

Gorakshnath- "Swami who is liberated? Who has to bear suffering? Who is affected by the results? Who is the unborn indestructible?"

Shree Dattaguru- "Avadhu, Brahma is free, Prakruti bears suffering. Because of holding on to the 'I' Prakruti has to bear the suffering. She alone is affected by the results and Brahma is unborn indestructible."

Gorakshnath- "Swami what is compassion, what is wealth, what is being drowned, what takes man across? What is knowledge, Karma? Listen oh, Dattadev."

Shree Dattaguru- "Anger and ego drown man in the ocean of mundane world. The recognition of the Self takes him across. Compassion is meditation. Dharma is wealth. And karma that is shunned [by not taking the stance of a doer] is knowledge."

Gorakshnath- "Swami, who is Shakti, who is Shiva? Who is the Jeeva of all three worlds, who is the Lord of these?"

Shree Dattaguru- "Shakti is the one who absorbs all. Shiva is one who nourishes all. Earth, Netherworlds, and the sky are the three creations of Jeeva. The Lord of the three worlds is Jagannath. And the one who knows the truth that the Jeevatma and the Pramatma are one and same, all his desires and hopes get fulfilled."

This series of questions and answers continued and Gorakshnath became content. With his whole heart he started to sing the praise of Shree Dattatreya. While singing the Stutigaan [verse of praise] he kept bowing again and again to Shree Dattatreya. Dattatreya picked him up and holding him in a tight embrace said, "Son Goraksh, Goraksh and Datta are one. Meeting you I have become very pleased."

While answering every question of Gorakshnath, Shree Dattatreya was addressing him as Avadhu, now he addressed him as "Swami" and clarifying the oneness between them he said, "Swami, you are Goraksh, you are Racchipal [one who has conquered his senses, who is a Rishi]. Amongst all the lakes you are the largest [Bhopal lake] you are Swayambhu [spontaneously manifest] nath Nrubanam. Datta does Pranam to Goraksh."

Gurudev did not just say Pranam, he folded his hands and stood. From the stream of tears dancing down the cheeks of Gorakshnath, gratitude and blessedness, were getting expressed.

Gorakshnath stayed in the cave shown by Dattaguru for some years and continued to do his sadhana. Lighting a Dhuni on one peak he stayed there. Then before leaving the place, he went to Shree Dattaguru, who said, 'Goraksh due to your sadhana this peak has attained supreme sanctity and will remain so.'

“No, no Swami, you are my Guru. Your peak the Datta peak on this mountain, shall always be the supreme.” Dattaguru smiled and said, “Tathastu! [may it be so] Your utterance will be the truth. But my utterance shall also remain the truth.”

“How can both happen together Swami?”

“I will show you now. See over there, the peak that is known by my name you can see it right? How does it look?”

“Higher than here, the highest.”

“Come now we shall go to that peak.”

In a while both reached that peak. Shree Dattatreya said, “Now you look towards your own peak.” Gorakshnath looked and was stunned. He rubbed his eyes again and again and looked because now his peak was seeming even higher than the Dattasthan. Realising the wonderful play of Shree Dattaguru, the face of Gorakshnath also was adorned by a smile. How can the Siddhavani [that which is spoken by Siddhas] be untrue? The words of both descended into the truth.

## Lesson 13 – Jyotme Jyot (Flame in Flame)

The founder Nathacharya Mahayogi Matsyendranath was taking rest under the shade of a large banyan tree. Some days back near Vrudheshwar while he was bathing in the Vrudha river, suddenly he noticed his reflection, and in that reflection, he could see his childhood swinging. Child Matsyendranath's mother used to take him to the river bank. She would make him sit on a rock on the bank and wash the clothes, scrub the vessels, and fill the pitcher with water. Till then her darling Matsyendra would behold the rising waves. The flowing stream of the river, with leaves and sprigs floating, and the people swimming pushing the twigs away - this whole scene attracted him greatly. One day while sitting on the rock he put his foot into the water and looking down found a little boy. Matsyendra told him, "Come up, both of us will play something." He also spoke but Matsyendra could not hear it. When Matsyendra extended his hand down to try and get him out of the water, he also put his hand up. Matsyendra clapped, he too clapped. Whatever Matsyendra did the boy did exactly the same thing.

Matsyendra got angry with him. He called out to his mother and said, "Look mother, this boy, sitting in the water, is imitating me" Seeing, Matsyendra red with anger, his mother burst out laughing, this enraged him further, he said, "don't laugh mother. I am telling the truth. Just get him out, then I'll teach him." Recalling that incident, Matsyendranath laughed. 'That is you' – is what Mother had said. At that time, he did not know that this is one of the great sayings-That thou art, and to experience that it takes many years of penance.

Maaya, which is like the reflection seen in the water, which is seen but non-existent- became crystal clear on the screen of memory.

The journey in childhood, the severe penance, the meeting with Sadguru, the tireless effort to please all the Gods at Saptashringi so as to attain the knowledge of Shaabari science, wanderings through the country, the foundation of the Nath tradition to curb the foul practices and to establish the pure path of thought and behaviour, the writing of texts on Kaul and Tantric practices, as well as a text based on the conversation between Bhairav and Devi which leads to the analysis of Kaulgyan determined by the yogini, called Kaulgyannirnaya, a Sanskrit text named Kulanand tantra, establishing through all of these the Oneness of Shiva and Shakti - the heart of the Nath tradition.

And the residence in the Malayalam state to enable the writing of these texts, through the first-hand experience of the Lord of love, the ignominy received due to that - the memory of all these events came back and Matsyendranath thought, 'but because of what happened I gained two noble sons Meenanath and Dharmanath. To me ignominy or fame both are alike.'

As soon as the thought of 'son' crossed his mind he remembered his favourite Gorakshnath. The one born of my Self truly is him alone. The other two are only the sons of this body. They were born of their own accord. Goraksh is not like that. The bond between us is of the Self. He is my very Self. He has become one with me with devotion, love and mission. The one who understood me, the one who explained the Nath tradition, the one who spread the true meaning of the Nath tradition, the inspirer of youth.'

'Today he has himself become a huge banyan tree. From its roots many plants are sprouting, which will grow into huge trees.'

Feeling blessed Matsyendranath thought, “That is why I am now thinking of entering permanent Samadhi. My children will manage everything. They will fly the flag of the tradition. They will spread the fame of the tradition far and wide.”

With this thought Matsyendranath took some of his inner circle disciples and devotees and went around many countries. Nepal, where he was known as Avalokiteshwar, Gandhar, Afganistan, Kashmir, Kedareshwar, Badrikashram, and Shaktipeeths like Vaishnavdevi, Hingiladevi, Jwalaji, Kamakshi, and Kaamrup Bengal. He met his disciples and various Gods and Goddesses. He went to Prayag, near Kashi Vishveshwar and celebrated his Dharma seed and proceeded to Girnar. He celebrated the Shivratri festival in the company of Guru Dattatreya.

In every month there is a Shivratri. However, the month of Magh is specially, dear to Shiva. That is why the Shivaratri in this month is termed Mahashivratri. The night for worship of Shiva. Shiva is principle. He is the ultimate vibration of bliss. Shivalinga is the symbol of the union of Shiva with Shakti. It is the symbol for the worship of God with form and qualities.

All Nath followers reached Girnar. They did darshan of the footprints of Shree Dattaguru. As they walked, they partook of the sweet holy water from the Kamandalu. This water is considered the symbol of grace and motherly affection of Mother Anusuya. Because one time there was famine everywhere. Hunger and thirst had created hell. On seeing that pitiable condition Mother Anusuya was disturbed. She called her son. But the son in deep meditation could not hear her. Then she called out to him loudly and said,

“Open your eyes son and grant life to these people dying of thirst.”

Dattaguru could not understand who is speaking and what is being said. He just understood that someone had broken his penance and getting angry he threw his Kamandalu [vessel that carries water] down, and the miracle of miracles happened. As per the desire of Mother Anusuya, at the same spot Mother Ganga appeared. The pure water flowed with a sweet gurgling tone. This continuous flow from the waterfall is the holy water from the Kamandalu.

This quenches the physical thirst as well as extinguishes the desires of those walking on the spiritual path. On the sacred day of Shivaratri everyone did chanting of the name all day and kept vigil all night. Then, taking a dip in the Mungi kund at the base of Girnar, they worshipped the Shivalinga at the Bhavnath temple there. Near there, at the Vastropadesh temple they took darshan. At midnight they lit the Shivajyot in the temple. This Shivajyot is made in a very special way using some particular herbal wood, is soaked with cow's ghee and the process is known to the Nath tradition followers only. The calm, smooth radiance creates an auspicious vibration and every breath taken purifies us. That is why it is called Shivajyot. The Sadhaka sitting near it and mediating can receive the divine vibrations of the sages in the Himalayas.

When at dawn the Shivjyot was extinguished, each one bowed to the Shivajyot chanting, “Om Paramjyoti Tejaswarupini namami”, and started the practices done at this time. After that blissful night Matsyendranath said, “I want to do the Parikrama [circumambulation]. I do not know if I will return with body.” Gorakshnath was jolted. “Why do you say that Swami? The Parikrama here is done in the Kartik month. We will return at that time,” he said. With a smiling face Matsyendranath said, “No son. We will do it now. One should do what is auspicious as soon as possible.”

Matsyendranath commenced his Parikrama from the Dughdeshwar temple close to the Bhavnath temple. His first halt for rest was at the Chandramauleshwar temple. Following that through forests, and through mountain passes, he next stayed near Botdevi. On the fourth day of the

Parikrama he commenced his return and came to the Bhavnath temple. He then went up to the Girnar mountain, taking darshan of the footprints of Shree Dattaguru, and then continued his journey. Visiting all the Nath-siddha places, Somnath, Prabhas Kshetra, Ujjaini, Mahakaleshwar, and many such holy places, he came to Maharashtra. He reached Vrudheshwar for rest after going to Tryambakeshwar, Saptashrungi in Vani mountain, Yogeshwari, Ambajogai, all the important centres for the Nath tradition.

The temple at Vrudheshwar is the first centre of the Nath tradition, which is situated between two mountains at the base of the Garbhagiri mountain. Endowed with great natural beauty, this area abounds with banyan, peepul, shami-audumbar, mango and avla as well as bilva trees. Various herbs, and fragrant flowers like Champa have made the environment fresh, clean and fragrant.

Coming to the first gate of the temple and looking at the three skylights Matsyendranath said to Adbhanginath, "When I had first come here, Gurudev had explained the yogic importance of these three skylights. I feel all these are the specialities of the science of Vastu."

"How? These are but skylights."

"No, they are no ordinary apertures made for light and air. These are built in a specific manner. In the late afternoon light enters through one of the apertures, it first illumines the linga of the Vrudheshwar temple then moving west it touches the feet of Mother Parvati standing adjacent and then sets."

"Through each of the skylights, light thus enters for four months sequentially, illumines the Linga and feet of Mother Parvati paying respect and reverence every day."

"Indeed? this is extraordinary! But what is the connection with yoga in all this?"

"Gurudev said, the three skylights are the symbols of the three channels - Ida, Pingala and Sushumna. If we can balance these, and achieve right pranayama, by stopping Ida and Pingala, the breath meaning Shakti passes through only the Sushumna, then union with the Atmalinga happens."

"Gahini, in the place of pure existence there is an absence of duality. What is there is indivisible. Known to our ancestors, this transcendental knowledge has been woven into every step of our daily life. That is why, with this viewpoint look at all our rituals of worship and prayer. You will find the hidden yogic meaning."

Adbhanginath and Gahininath were both Guru brothers, and the bond got stronger with their devotion to the Guru, they shared a great camaraderie. Adbhanginath asked during their chit chat, "You had been initiated here, right?"

"Indeed! The ash that we just smeared over our body is from the same Dhuni [a special fireplace] fire lit at that time. I had the good fortune of meeting many a great sage, even prior to my initiation. At that time, the fire that was lit by Matsyendranath, for the sacrifice, that same fire is alive even today. In that Great sacrifice, many Kings, Sadhus, Gods and Goddesses, Ashtavasus, Ashtabhairav, Ashtasidhi, Yakshas, Kinnars - all were present. The ceremony was so spectacular even today it is fresh in my memory. On the completion every one returned. But with me some stayed back. At that time gazing at me from head to foot Matsyendranath told Gurudev, 'O Gorakshanath, now initiate your Sanjeevani son.'"

“Right here in front of Adinath I received my initiation. After that I did not return with my Guru. Following his instructions, I stayed here to continue my penance and study the various sciences.”

“You mean you stayed in some cave here?”

“No, there is a monastery nearby. That is Gurudev’s ashram. Gurudev had resided here for many years. According to his instructions, I did my penance on that sacred land.”

“Will you show me that land?”

“Certainly. And if we stay for a day or two, I will show you the places where the great Naths like Matsyendranath and Kaanifnath did penance - Vyagghreshwar, Uttareshwar, Dholeswar, Kanchaneshwar.”

“O why are the two of you waiting outside? All have come in for darshan.” Someone said, then the two Guru brothers took darshan of the Nandishwar and went in.

In the sanctum sanctorum four large lamps were burning. In the gentle light of those lamps Aadinath and Shivani standing behind him, looked pleased. The Linga of Vrudheshwar is unique. It is made of sand. It is uneven. It looks as though some stones have been put one on the other. The southern side is a little elevated and rounded like a head. In the whole Linga shining sand particles abound. From this Swayambhu (spontaneously arisen) Linga a continuous stream flows, reminding one of the Ganga of knowledge, that originated from Adinath. The second extraordinary feature of this Linga is like its name signifies it grows every day. The common man understands the word Vrudha as old or ancient, that is why some call it Budhaa [old] Baba, the Nath panthis (followers) coming from the north call him Budha-Kedar.

After the worship, aarti and offering to Vrudheshwar, Matsyendranath said, “Now all of you take rest in the grounds of the temple. I would like to stay here in the sanctum sanctorum for a while. I need solitude.”

Matsyendranath sat for one or two hours in meditation. He turned within and in silence he was speaking to Paramshiv. He was saying, “O God of all Gods, this is my last meeting with you in human form. Now merge me totally in you.”

It was decided to celebrate the Holi festival here in Vrudheshwar.

Today is the full moon night of the month Falgun. It is said that on this day itself, Shivashankar had turned to ashes the husband of Rati, Madan [Lord of love] for trying to disrupt his penance. But if Madan is destroyed then the wheel of the Universe would come to a halt. New creation will not come to be. So Brahmadev pleaded to Mahadev and on the condition that Kaamdev will maintain discipline he rejuvenated him. As he was burning Kaamdev had said, “O Lord, what I did was by the order of Devi Parvati. For what is to happen in the future your awakening from Samadhi was imperative.”

That is why even though he was turned to ashes, he continues to maintain the momentum of the universe in seed form.

There is one more story related to Holi. Hiranyakashap had tried to kill his son Prahlad many times, but Narayan had saved him every time. Finally, Hiranyakashyap handed this work to his sister

Holika. Holika herself was an Agnishikha [flame]. She had no fear of fire. Hiranyakashyap placed Prahlad in her lap and lit a fire all round. He thought now decidedly Prahlad will be burnt and die. But a miracle happened. Agni protected devotee Prahalad and ate up wicked Holika.

On the grounds of the temple Holi fire was lighted. Worship was commenced, looking at the rising flames Matsyendranath was thinking, 'this Holi is my last Holi. Today I will have to talk openly with all. In my life the God of Fire has a special place, this will have to be explained. As much as I can, I should give.' Then he told his disciples, "Holi worship should not be only a ritual. Think of it as the worship of the God of Fire. Whosoever first invented fire on the planet, has rendered an infinite service, because it has transformed man's life on earth. Life became easy. Man, who used to uproot plants and eat raw plant bulbs now started to roast and cook before eating. The man who could not sleep all night from fear of night predators now could sleep peacefully all night, lighting a fire."

After a pause Matsyendranath continued, "These practical uses of fire are definitely important, but please keep in mind that the "God" (Narayan) in that fire is very important in the pursuit of 'sadhana'. The element that lights the path to Self realisation, one of the important elements of the Universe, is one of the five elements. It is quite different from other elements. It is the symbol of the giving up the tendency to cling to objects, it is upturned and bestows purity."

"No flame is ever directed downwards. Even the lit torch if held pointing down the flame will still be directed upwards. It goes towards the sky, towards vastness. Even though created on earth it is not attracted to the earth. It has the aspiration to become transcendental, of being limitless, of infiniteness. You must have seen that the flames of fire rise up and merge there. O sons of Immortality, we also have to do this. We too have to merge in the infinite universal consciousness, renouncing this body consciousness and being liberated from the noose of the earthly."

"We have to become pure like fire. Fire is itself pure and purifies all that comes near it. It turns to ashes all that is inauspicious. By its lustrous, touch of consciousness, the inauspicious, dangerous and deadly are destroyed. We too have to attain that clear non-attachment."

"The flame of fire, turns to ashes what comes in contact with it and in the end burns itself out. Like that the Sadhaka too should burn all the attitudes of the mind- [vruttis] which come in contact with him and finally burn the Ego, and surrender at the feet of the Self and the Paramshiva universal consciousness, and merge into It. To do austere penance is to be heated in fire. This is the divine fire. O sons of Guru, like Gurudev takes you to divinity, the Agnidev also takes you to divinity. That is the reason our ancestors insist on the worship of fire. As in the presence of the fire, some element in the sadhaka will be kindled to move upwards. Observing the flames ascending to the sky, your attention will also move towards the sky and remind you of your divine nature. The aspiration for that without form will arise. The intense desire to transcend the one with form and qualities, and merge in that without form or qualities will be awakened. Sons, Prakruti is like water, which moves towards a slope, downwards. Every Jeeva lives naturally according to his previous karma, according to his tendencies. However, the path towards the Ultimate Being, towards Truth is not easy. It is to turn inwards. Full of obstacles. It is Agnidevata only who lights that path for us. Reassures us. Reminding us constantly of our goals."

"Holi, Deepavali festivals celebrated lighting lamps and the ritual of Agnihotra [the one who worships fire] also remind us of That. We should understand the hidden meaning behind all of these rituals."

“The importance of the Dhuni in Nath tradition, is the constant remembrance of Agni only. In the five elements as well, movement is to be directed upwards. The brilliant fire in the body is to be liberated from the earth and taken upwards from Muladhara and merged in the sky of consciousness. In this journey the desires are to be burnt. After this only the ash will remain, which is the sacred ash (Bhasma, Vibhuti). The Vibhuti mantra says:

Om Guruji, Mother Vibhuti, where from did she come?

She came from Kailash Mountain

Mahadev strained it, and Parvati touched”

“Hutashani- means Adinath’s process of making Vibhuti”

“Fire is the symbol of the awakening of this Power and of supreme sacrifice. To remember that always and to match it, and acquire the same qualities, we wear clothes of the same colour and do our spiritual practice close to a Dhuni.” Now Matsyendranath became silent, as if he was meditating on the yellow orange flames of Holi. As one looked, the flames started to rise to the sky. Now all Nath siddhas looked at the flames with a new viewpoint. They started to test their own inner awakened power based on it. They offered their desires and weaknesses to it.

The whole atmosphere became benevolent. Just then Adbhanginath making great haste shoved a twig into the calming fire of Holi and said, “We forgot to burn the castor wood in it. Thank God we remembered, otherwise....”

“Otherwise, what? What could have happened?” One yogi, became angry as Adbhanginath had disturbed the peace. But that anger had no effect on Adbhanginath. He laughed and said, “A lot could have happened. The tradition that has been coming down from ancient times would have been broken. In Holi Arand[castor] has to be burnt, the scriptures have said so.”

Everyone was listening attentively. “Son, since when are you following the scriptures so strictly?” Matsyendranath asked. “Since I understood the aim behind it. When I came to know what this herb destroys since then. Swami, I have seen it with my own eyes.” Now everyone, present started listening eagerly.

“The incident happened at my maternal uncle’s place.” Adbhanginath had also become enthusiastic to tell the tale but having said this much he looked towards Gorakshnath. He was thinking, should he talk about this, that which had happened in his life prior to renunciation or not. Gorakshnath understood his dilemma and spoke, “Why did you stop? Say what you have to say. Remove the “I” from the I and say what you have to.”

As soon as he got the permission from Gurudev he continued, “So it is the tale from my childhood. On the slope of a hill my maternal uncle had a piece of land. He wished to build a small house there. He had even erected one wall. But it seems the forest animals around were upset with this interference. The monkeys broke the wall. Uncle built the wall again. Again, the monkeys broke it. This happened three or four times and uncle was distressed. He decided to kill the monkeys. One day in a big vessel he made rice pudding. He mixed the poison of Bachnag in it and kept it where he wanted to build the house and watched from a distance to see what happens. After sometime a gang of monkeys rushed there. They were about to put their mouth into the vessel when an old monkey came there, and pushing the other monkeys aside, smelt the pudding. Blinking his eyes, he looked in and told the others to wait a bit, and went into the forest. When he came back, he had a twig in his hand. He put it into the pudding and stirred it for a long time. He smelt the pudding and threw the twig. He then tasted it and later called all his family and friends and they all enjoyed the pudding. Uncle thought, now the work is done. But a miracle happened. Instead of

being dead by consuming the poison, the monkeys were jumping and prancing even more. When they went away, on examining the twig it was found to be that of Arand. Now tell me.”

All the listeners were surprised but that angry yogi asked, “It is alright but no poison is mixed in the Holi fire?” Adbhanginath explained to him, “Why will anyone mix poison into the Holi knowingly? But some of the herbs in the forests are poisonous, unknowingly if any such twig has been put then? Tomorrow we will pour a stream of milk and calm the fire down. Then the same ash we shall smear and rub on our bodies. That should not hurt us in anyway, that is why our ancestors made the rule of putting the Arand twig into it, as a precaution. In any ceremony when such a type of rule is made, then either with faith or with fear people do follow it.”

Taking the story forward, Adbhanginath said, “Those monkeys are no ordinary animals. What does not lie in the power of humans, they can achieve. There is one more story from my childhood. Not my story, it is the story of a monkey only.” As he talked, he once again looked at Gorakshanath, and believing his consent as given, continued.

“It is one and the same thing.” The naughty words of Chowranginath, just did not reach his ears.

“In my uncle’s village, there were more monkeys and less humans. The result was that people had to understand the habits of the monkeys and alter their life style accordingly. One day it so happened that the stove refused to get lighted. My aunt kept blowing into the fire and got tired, and called out to my grandmother, Grandmother saw the sticks were dry, then why were they not catching fire? She asked my aunt ‘Where did you get the sticks from?’ Aunt answered, ‘from our farm, we have made piles of them and kept them’.”

“Now I understand. The fire will not light from the wood of the monkey dear daughter.”

“Means?”

“Means, these logs have been collected by the monkeys, to light a fire for themselves. Hanumanji has taught his descendants a science that will leave even man amazed.”

“But if the fire is lit, how will the logs of wood still remain?”

“That is the surprising part daughter in law. When monkeys are shivering with cold, they collect wood and pile them up, and even without lighting them they sit around them. The logs are not seen to be lighted, but the monkeys pull the heat from them. Then the logs become useless like this. Like a lifeless body.” I was right there, I asked, “Granny, we will take these logs and build the house, then even if there is a fire these will not burn.” Granny laughed and said, “can we build a house with these twigs? For that we need large branches from the trees. If the monkeys ever bring such large branches, I will preserve them for you.”

“What is going on?” The irritated yogi asked. “The story of the monkeys is illogical, I don’t believe it.”

“Son, you are still in the state of a sadhaka. That is why you speak like this.” Matsyendranath said. “Truth does not depend on somebody believing or not believing it. It just is there. Monkeys have this ability to pull the energy out of the twigs, man too can do so, with effort. In the Himalayas there are many such sages, who gather energy from the sun for their Prana sadhana and live without food. They are sages, but I have seen some women who by the grace of the Guru know the process of living without food.”

“Dear aspirants, my sons, pay attention to the play of consciousness of Paramshiva. Connect with the infinite existence. Develop sensitivity and experience the vibrations. That universal, divine,

vital force is continuously being showered on us from all ten directions. Accept that nectar like stream continuously.”

“What is in the Pind[microcosm] is in the Brahmand [macrocosm], experience that.”

“All out festivals, customs and ceremonies are meant to turn our attention inwards. The aim of all these festivals is that we experience the inner sound, within us. Just think. Every full moon day there is some festival. Why is it on the full moon night only? Because on full moon day, the sea is in high tide and the same situation is in the body. The moon in the body i.e. the mind is also fully open that day. And the water element in the body also rises up. The tendencies also gain power. They tend to ascend.”

“The poet composes poetry. From the mouths of Sages wise words and proclamations happen, and the one who has a mind with impure, distracted tendencies, s/he may experience madness. To avoid that, and to make these heightened emotions auspicious, on the physical, mental, intellectual, and spiritual levels, the Gyanis have planned these festivals.”

With the words of Sadguru, each one felt inspired and they stood up and surrounding the Holika they danced. Then Gahininath and Chowranginath began singing the composition of Gurudev:

**Devanagari**

“ नाथ निरंजन आरती साजे । गुरु के सबदुं झालरि बाजै ॥ 1 ॥

अनहत नाद गगन में गाजै । परम ज्योति तहां आप विराजै ॥ 2 ॥

Somebody began clanging the tongs, others clapped harmoniously and someone played the mrudunga (special percussion instrument). The Aarti went on.....

“ दीपक ज्योति अण्डित बाती । परमज्योति जगै दिन-राती ॥ 3 ॥

सकल भक्त उजियारा होई । देव निरंजन और न कोई ॥ 4 ॥

अनंत कला जाके पार न पावै । शंख, मृदंग धुनि बेनी बजावै ॥ 5 ॥

स्वाति बुंद लै कलस बंदाऊँ । निरति सुरति ले पहुँच चढ़ाऊँ ॥ 6 ॥

निजतत नाव अमूरति मूरति । सब देवा सिरी उदबदी सुरति ॥ 7 ॥

आदिनाथ नानी मछेन्द्रनाथ पूता । आरती करै गोरण अवधूता ॥ 8 ॥”

The whole atmosphere was suffused with divinity. Form- formless, embodied- not embodied all elements of the Self had merged. The flame of true knowledge was lit In the hearts. It brought about the union of day with night. The entire manifestation became luminous.

All started singing the Aarti chorus in a higher pitch. Resonating with the inner sound, and rhythm they clanged their tongs and again and again chanted .....

**Devanagari**

“ नाथ निरंजन आरती साजे । गुरु के सबदुं झालरि बाजै ॥ 1 ॥

अनहत नाद गगन में गाजै । परम ज्योति तहां आप विराजै ॥ 2 ॥

The next day they celebrated the Dhuli vandan [worship of the sacred ash] and smeared their entire bodies with the ash and left Vrudheshwar. When they had left Badrikedar there were only a few travelers but along the way many joined in. Now this had become a gigantic congregation. Many, devotees, sadhakas, ascetics, were taking the benefit of the company to go with the Nath Siddhas. Chowranginath asked, “Now where shall we be going from here?” Then Matsyendranath

replied, "Son, every atom here is like a holy place. Many a saint has resided here, many an ascetic has performed penance and many devotees with their loving devotion have rendered this place sacred. It is full of divine vibrations."

"I have heard that with the power of his sidhhees Gorakshnath had made this entire mountain gold." A Sadhaka who had come from the north said. Matsyendranath became serious and said, "Yes indeed! You have heard correctly, but Goraksh himself destroyed the gold as well. Siddhee is temporary. It is related to the physical elements. However valuable gold might be in the mundane world, it is still gross. The destructible world has just one thing. One substance. It can be bought with money. But the vibrations arising here, from the conscious principle that is present in this Garbhagiri, cannot be compared to anything from the mundane world. The price of the grace of the ultimate Power is only paid with self-surrender, surrender of the ego."

"That is why son, even if not from the mundane viewpoint, from the spiritual angle, even today this mountain is made of gold. In every particle there is the golden lustre of spiritual vibrations. It is golden Garbhagiri." Matsyendranath, stopped suddenly even as he was walking, and thought, "Now a days I am talking a little too much. But what shall I do? How so ever much I talk it seems less to me. Words seem to be just rising up on their own. I am unable to contain them. Only a few days remain. After that I will not be able to speak." At the same moment, Kaanifnath came close to him and said, "Nathji, three to four miles further there is a village named Mathi and the surrounding hillocks makes the place very charming."

"Yes son. It is situated in the Paavanagiri range, have seen it. I too like it a lot."

"So, then shall we stay one night there and then move ahead." On getting Matsyendranath's go ahead everyone started in that direction. The enthusiasm of the Holika festival was still sparkling in their walk and talk. Singing Bhajans, doing Kirtans, laughing- talking, absorbing Nature's beauty they went ahead.

Kaanifnath was introducing the features of this land to the new sadhakas, as they walked along. On reaching the Paavanagiri river, he said, "The origin of this river is in Garbhgiri on east of Dhonda Devu and then it flows into the valleys and reaches here. The Mathi village has fertile land due to the river, further she enters Mother Godavari. Do you know why her name is Paavanagiri? In the ancient times, along her bank a huge sacrifice was organised. Many Sadhus, Gods and Goddesses were present. They took their bath in this river. By their touch and from the sand of their feet the river became pure. That is why, arising in the Mountain [Giri] and as a purified river [Paavana] it became known as Paavanagiri."

"This is the Mathi village. There used to be a dense forest here. Due to the fear of wild animals, humans did not live here. But there were many hermitages for living in solitude and penance, therefore many Rishies and Munis lived here. Thus, people started calling it Mathi and later people started living here."

All the travelers, climbed up the nearby hillocks and took rest in the small huts there. Some years back, Kaanifnath had stayed here with his disciples. Matsyendranath asked, "Why did you stop?" But Kaanifnath did not hear and was busy inspecting the area. "I liked this place very much. It is excellent for rest."

"Rest?" Matsyendranath said startled.

Kaanifnath was smiling. Matsyendranath patted his back and said, "Adinath's orders have not yet come. Son Kaanif, much work remains. Rest so soon?" Both became silent. After a while Matsyendranath pointed to a hill in front and said, "I have liked that place. We will go there."

All the Nath Siddhas leaving Mathi village proceeded to Savar village. On the way they took water from the Dev lake and continued. While climbing the hill near Savar village, Gorakshnath showed everyone a cave which had been made by cutting a large rock. It seemed small from the outside but was huge inside. This cave was not only large it was also beautiful. On its walls beautiful statues were carved. Many of the Nath siddhas wanted to stay there but the senior Nath's did not allow them.

From the top of the hill the surroundings looked incomparably beautiful. Mountain ranges till the far distance, spread out valleys at their base, and waterfalls flowing across, chirping birds enlivening the atmosphere, bunches of colourful flowers decorating huge trees, and the Vanmogra creepers lovingly embracing thorny plants and trees - the entire scene could charm any one.

In this most colourfully decorated, charming place the festival of colours was celebrated. These sons of Nature made colours from Nature - from the Saffron Palaash [tree also known as flame of the forest], red and yellow Gulmohur, and sprayed them on each other and celebrated the festival.

Matsyendranath was sitting on a rock and watching his Nath family with unblinking eyes and thinking, 'the work Mother had ordained for this body is now complete. Now the time to enter permanent Samadhi, has come. The welfare of the people will continue.' Gorkashnath was standing just behind him. Calling out to him Matsyendranath said, "Come son, today I will colour everyone with my own hands." The crowd of people spraying colours on each other, saw Matsyendranath and Gorakshnath approaching, keeping their water guns aside they sat on their knees and said 'Aadesh'. Gorakshnath signaled them to come one by one and stood with a saffron sandal paste bowl next to Matsyendranath. Matsyendranath said, "Goraksh son, you come first. You are my eldest son." Gorakshnath said, 'Aadesh' and came forward standing before him. Matsyendranath looked with a loving gaze into his eyes and right in the centre between the eyebrows he applied the fragrant sandal saffron paste. On his touch, Gorakshnath felt his throat choke. He left the bowl of sandal paste right there and went and stood at the side. Then Matsyendranath applied the paste to each one and blessed them.

By his compassionate gaze and his loving touch, all became sentimental. The mood of the festival turned somber.

Absorbing them all into his vision, Matsyendranath said, "Sons, remain ever joyful like this. Coloured in the colour of love. Keep doing the work Adinath has given for the welfare of the people, for the awakening of the people to Dharma, with conviction and faith. Like sandalwood has to be rubbed on the stone to become paste and perfumes all who touch it, similarly bring fragrance into the life of others even if it means getting rubbed on stone. This is my last message." "Last message? You mean?" Gorkashnath asked startled. "Means, now I will be going into permanent Samadhi. On this very hillock filled with the festival of joy."

The very thought of Matsyendranath going into permanent Samadhi made Gorakshnath perturbed. He started to feel orphaned, because as he entered this earth, the first person he saw was Matsyendranath. From that day till today, Matsyendranath had taken care of him at all times. He had protected and guided him all the way. Gorakshnath had this as a strong armour while carrying out all his work. Actually, the Guru had got it all done through him.

Recalling the past Gorakshnath was thinking, "My Guru mother is thinking of separating from me now. I will have to stop him. Holding his feet tightly I will have to hold him here." With this thought when Gorakshnath went to Matsyendranath, he was lying down with eyes closed. Gorakshnath went near his feet and sat down and gently pressed his feet. Now he will not be able to serve the Guru, with this thought his eyes welled up and two tear drops fell on the feet of the Guru. Matsyendranath opened his eyes and said, "Let it be son. Since childhood you have been serving me, you must be tired, now stop. Come close to me, sit next to me." When Gorakshnath went and sat next to him Matsyendranath caressing his back said, "You are my eldest son, and the best son. Like you have been spreading the knowledge of truth and Dharma so far, you have to guide and take care of it in the future as well. You have to work with courage."

"Yes Guruji, but whatever I did until today I did with your approval, by your grace and your inspiration, I was only a channel."

"I too am only an ordinary channel for the work of Paramshakti. All happens according to her desire and in the future also it will be so. Whether I am there or not. That is why son, do not be sad due to your attachment to me. The desire for the company of the Guru is also evidence of attachment. The body has a time limit. It is constantly decaying."

"That is so for the ordinary people Guruji. Not for you. With the power of yoga, you can lengthen your life span. You can do Kayaakalp and Kayasiddha. Do something Guruji.... For this your Goraksh... How will I live without you?"

Gorakshnath was overwhelmed, his eyes welled up with tears. But the face of Matsyendranth was smiling. He was thinking, 'My Goraksh is still a child. The one who will be known in the future as an epoch maker, in a corner of the heart of this strong man, a child Goraksh still dwells. Intellect, Strength, wisdom, composer, sensitivity, and skilled leadership are in full measure in his persona and yet his mind is innocent like that of a child. Fresh and clean like a flowing spring. Merged in Brahma as he is, he still lives in the sentiment of child. In the future, even in his oldage he will remain like this. Always happy like the dew drop, like a blossoming flower. Old child. Gorakhgopal.'

As he was thinking, the many forms of Gorakshnath came right before him. He came out of the heap of cow-dung, charming face, and lustrous eyes-child Goraksh. For the dalvada, the one who took out his eye, and said 'What if one has gone? I have another' holding his hand over it and serving the Guru- such a Guru devotee. At the time of sending him for penance to Badrikedar, he was crying, 'how will I live without you? I will study by your side.' The sweet Goraksh. The puzzled one after blowing life into mud, the enthusiastic Goraksh who wanted to fly free like a bird. Describing the stubborn nature of Adbhanganath, the one who laughed so heartily- Goraksh.

The one who, taking revenge for the insult rendered by the king of Nepal to his Guru, by sitting on the garlands of clouds and causing a famine in the nation of Nepal, the Gurunishtha [one with implicit faith in the Guru] Goraksh. And in the country of women, the one who said, 'in spite of being such a great yogi, how did you get caught in pleasure seeking?' With this question the one who tortured his Guru and sang, "Chet Matsyendrara Goraksh has come' the unafraid Gorkh cautioning the Guru.

Today the Goraksh who is discrimination and non-attachement incarnate, is lovingly trying to stop me. The very idea of living without me is making him disturbed. Matsyendranth got choked. Caressing, Gorakshnath's back he said, "My old child, Gorakhgopal." And truly. just like a child Gorakshnath clung to his Guru. Matsyendranath patted his head and kissed his forehead. At that

time his attention went to the crescent like scar under his right eye. It was the sign of the eye that had been fixed back after being removed for the dalvada, and reminded him of that again. He gently touched it and said, "This is my Gorakh's devotion to the Guru."

"No, no Guruji. This is my Sadguru's power. My devotion and Guru's power]." Both the Guru and disciple laughed heartily. In that ultimate moment, mother, father, brother, and friend all relationships became one. But the very next moment, Matsyendranath became alert. He realised, 'I am being sentimental. I melt in a moment. I flow in the river of love. But that nature has to be transformed now to a witness mode.'

Gently pulling away from the embrace and separating Gorakshanath, he said, "Remember one thing - our bond is eternal. There can be no separation in it. We are one in our inner mind. Therefore, do not become unhappy in the delusion of separation. Whatever I have wanted to give you, I have given. Now constantly keep in mind the work you are born for. What I have resurrected, that pure Rajyoga you must propagate. I am within you. I bless you, may you live for ages. Become a hundred times more successful. Become famous. Become a magnificent large banyan tree that supports all and protects them. Aadesh."

Gorakshanath placed his head on his Guru's feet and absorbing his form into his eyes he walked backwards so as to not show his back to the Guru. As he was leaving, Matsyendranath said, "Listen, tomorrow is Ekadashi (eleventh day of the month). From tomorrow I will be only take fruit. I will see people but not speak to anyone. Not even with my Gorakh."

"Yes, Guruji, As per your order. Aadesh, Guruji, Aadesh." Saying just this much, Gorakh of Matsyendranath, no not that, Swami Gorakshnath, went out from the hut of the Sadguru of the Nath tradition. The news of Nath Sadguru Matsyendranath taking permanent samadhi, reached far and wide. From Kashmir, Nepal, Gandhar, Kaamrup, Bengal, Dwarka, Prayag, Kashi, Kaundyapur, Malyalam Pradesh, Rameshwar and the like, disciples streamed in.

Gorakshnath had delegated the stay of guests and the management of the event to the care of Gahininath, Chowranginath and Adbhanginath. Calling Bhratruharinath close he said, "According to the order of Swami, the place for Samadhi has been decided. Now I am giving you the responsibility to build a Yoga temple according to scientific considerations and the place of his seat. I will be guiding you for the same."

The whole hill and surrounding area teemed with followers of the Nath tradition. Even then there was an unnamed, serene, peace in the atmosphere. No one was speaking and laughing like before, no sweet music was heard in any corner. The pang of separation was pricking every mind. Yet, even in that agony of separation was an eagerness to be a witness to such a momentous happening, for that in itself necessitates a great good fortune.

Matsyendranath partook of some fruit and milk in the afternoon and then rested for a while and then came and sat under the Audumbar tree in front of the hut and gave darshan. People would come, and Gurudev raised his hand to bless them. They felt blessed looking at his compassionate eyes and lustrous form and they gazed at him to their heart's content and then left.

Gorakshnath served his Guru day and night, becoming his shadow. His existence was not felt, he kept silence and looked after the comforts and conveniences required by his Guru. From Pradosh [the twelfth day] Matsyendranath gave up even the fruit. He subsisted only on the holy water from Vrudheshwar Temple. He occasionally spoke a word or two with his Guru brothers. Now however,

he became totally silent. Most of the time he meditated on the Self, or lay down with eyes closed. It seemed as though he was transcending the mundane plane.

It was the no moon night. The sky had neither the sun nor moon. Yet, even with no sun no moon, there were innumerable constellations and stars shining in the night sky and lighting the earth with their mysterious, charming, lamp like light.

Here... there is no moon nor sun in the Pind [microcosm]. The Ida is not working neither is the Pingala. The total breath flow is moving upwards like a fountain to the heart space from the central channel- the sushumna.

For sadhana, at this auspicious time, Sadguru Matsyendranth is seated on his deer skin, happiness radiating from his face. This was the last night devotees have come from the states where the Ganga, Jamuna, Godavari, Krushna, Kaveri, Narmada flow, and have brought water from these rivers, his lotus feet are being washed by these waters. Worshipping him with fragrant flowers and becoming sanctified by the touch of his feet. Till midnight this darshan festival went on. Then for some time Matsyendranth took rest.

The night progressed and the early hours of dawn came. Dawn appeared on the horizon wearing a saffron colour. Today is the first day of the Chaitra month- Padva. The first day of the New year as per the Marathi calender. Every year people look forward to this day so eagerly, but today, it felt as though it would be better if it did not come.

According to the order of Gorakshnath the Yoga temple was complete. A small cave had been transformed into the Yoga temple as Gurudev had resided there for some time. The ground around it was cleaned and coated with cow-dung paste, in the early hours of the morning. A Swastik was made on it with Rangoli. Delicate special even grass [Darbha] was put over it and a deer skin was placed over that to make the seat. A silken cloth white as snow was spread over it.

Matsyendranth completed his morning ablutions, and smeared his body with the holy ash, adorned himself with the Nath traditional dress, and went with his Nath family, to the place decided for his Samadhi. He entered the cave, after circumambulating the temple three times and folding his hands saying "Alakh Niranjana" bid farewell to all present. He then sat in the lotus posture, facing the north direction. Gorakshnath lit the lamps of ghee in the cave and lit the fire in the Dhuni, on the right of the seat he placed a Kamandalu filled with water and stood waiting for instructions from his Guru.

Matsyendranath signalled to him to come close and in a soft voice said, "Go out and close the door. The time has come. Aadesh."

Gorakshnath looked at Gurudev with intense love and he too was looking at him. Gurudev gave assurance to Gorakshnath with his gaze full of compassion. Gorakshnath put his head on the feet of Gurudev and Gurudev put his boon bestowing hand on Gorakshnath's head. The consciousness of the Guru and the disciple met. The two sources of energy became one. The zone of energy became activated. The supernatural power of the Sadguru principle of consciousness made the disciple one with the Guru. Made him strong. Duality ceased. Gurudev Matsyendranath now entered the five breaths of Gorakshnath.

Gorakshnath could feel his presence within him. The ecstasy of eternal meeting destroyed the agony of separation. With a happy face he came out. He closed the door of the Samadhi temple. And once more prostrated before him with total surrender.

All present cried victory to Matsyendranath. Conches, Drums, Bells, Tongs, Mrudunga, Damru - whichever instrument any one had, they started to play it. The Matsyendranath hill was totally soaked in devotion and sanctified by the presence of Matsyendranath. Since the early hours of the morning the pangs of separation from the Guru were felt in the hearts of all Nathyogis, but now in this auspicious atmosphere, those died down, and the minds and hearts of all were enthused with some supernatural, supra-sensorial vibrations. Once again, they cried victory to Matsyendranath and said "Aadesh" to their Sadguru.

Those fortunate people who had witnessed this wonderful event, were leaving the next day. Stopping them, Gahininath said, "Gurudev has said don't leave on an empty stomach. Take the Prasad from your mother-father and Sadguru and then leave."

There were many disciples and devotees of Kaanifnath from nearby villages. They had brought grains and other dry cooking materials. Some Nath devotees had made Matsyendranath's favourite Dalvadas. Khichadi, Kadhi, (Spicy liquid dish made from yogurt) were made and served as the Prasad, after partaking of these, the people left.

After the crowd which had gathered for so many days on Matsyendra hill left, only a few Nath yogis remained. On day three, Kaanifnath also got ready to leave, before leaving he said to Gorakshnath, "When we were in Mathi, Nathji had shown this place from a distance. He said he liked this place very much. At the time, I did not pay attention to what that meant. Then when we reached here, he showed me Mathi and said, 'See Kaanif, your Mathi.' Even then I did not realise that we will remain near each other and continue to take each other's darshan."

"You mean? You will, in Mathi...."

"Yes, Goraksh, that is my place of rest. I will be taking rest there but not now. As yet the order has not come from Adinath."

Kaanifnath left but Gorakshnath felt disturbed.

On day four, Chowranginath and Gahininath took permission from Gorakshnath and left for their wanderings. Then to bid them farewell, Gorakshnath took Adbhanginath and descended the hill. When both Nath left, Gorakshnath sat down on a large rock that was there.

"Guruji, now we too should be leaving, no?" Adbhanginath asked.

Gorakshnath said, "Yes, leave we will have to. But before that we will have to arrange the daily, regular worship of Guruji, burning a lamp all night, and such matters. This will have to be done by the village folk only. Therefore, I have called the village folk to the hillock today."

"Guruji, I feel the village folk will do everything else but keeping the lamp burning all night may not be possible for them. This is so because most of them are farmers. They are busy in the fields. They will stay hungry and feed anyone who is hungry and comes to their door. But they are not rich. They might have only a few drops of ghee [annashudha] for their food at meal times."

"Anshudh?"

"Yes, my mother called it Anshudha. At the time of meals, she would say, just wait I will put Anshudha and then eat. And how much would she give? Just two or three drops of warm melted ghee. I did not like that at all, I even asked her one day, why do you not give me the thick ghee and she said, you are not the only one who eats, and we have very less."

Gorakshnath understood 'Anshudha' meant making Anna(food) shuddha(pure) - that which purifies and helps the digestion of food.

"Guruji, I feel if we use oil instead of Ghee for the lamp? Oil can be arranged." But, to hear him, his Guruji was not there at all. He had long since gone into the past. One day one lady who gave him alms put some ghee on it, when her mother in law saw this, she came forward quickly and said, "Why are you giving him milk and ghee? They arrive exactly at meal times, so we have to give something. These Gosai's [saints] surprise me, they eat for free and have such an attitude. Being beggars, they move like kings."

Gorakshnath got angry and did not accept the alms. But Gurudev calmly put his bag ahead and accepted the alms and said, "Son, never say no to food. Mai may all that is auspicious happen for you."

At the time of meals, Gorakshnath did not touch the rice which had ghee on it, and said, "From today I will not eat ghee. Only dal and rotees will do. If I do not get anything I will drink water and live." At that time Gurudev had not said anything. He let Gorakshnath's anger subside. In the evening when the two of them were lighting the lamp with ghee and sitting in front of the Dhuni, Gurudev said, "You are angry with that woman, but what is the fault of the ghee? Ghee is a very important ingredient. Like the wheels of a cart require oil, like that our body must have a sprinkling of ghee. It grants the smooth functioning of our bodies. It increases the work capacity. It makes us strong."

"For sadhakas like us the requirement of ghee is much more than for the ordinary folk. If ghee is poured into fire the flames blaze even more, but that same ghee calms the blazing fire in the body of the sadhaka. Because of sadhana the heat in the body of the Sadhaka increases. With the regular use of ghee, the sadhaka can bear it. That is why in the Nath tradition, great importance is given to ghee."

"The ultimate state of milk is Goras [Juice of the cow] i.e. ghee. It is the Siddha state of milk. For the inner sadhana of the sadhaka, the Goras of Kaamdhenu [cow who grants every wish] of knowledge is very important. It is put in the vessel of Discrimination and with a firm resolve it is boiled. When it starts to boil the aroma enters every pore, the restlessness of the mind and desires burn, and the ghee of the ultimate position is attained. The sadhaka attains the ultimate knowledge of Self. For this process of knowledge, 'Go' is the traditional name given. Son, you are Go-rakh [protect]. You are not only going to protect or keep this 'Go' [knowledge] you are going to distribute it and spread that knowledge. Gorakshnath -my Go-rakh."

Recalling these words of Gurudev Gorakshnath had gone into silence. But Adbhanganath became worried, that Guruji became disappointed because of his suggestion. He could not understand what to do. After sometime, he asked again, "So, should I ask that oil-businessman?"

"Eh?"

"To light the lamp..."

"To light the lamp? Oil? No, no son. The lamp will have to be lit with ghee only." Gorakshnath said. Suddenly he remembered the Shiva sacrifice that had taken place at Vrudheshwar. At that time Siddhi had provided adequate amount of ghee for the yagna as well as for the cooking of food. He thought 'today also if we do the same?'

Gorakshnath sitting right there, closed his eyes. He contemplated on his Guru and using the Siddhamantra called out to Chamunda Devi and when she appeared, he said to her, "O Mother,

the lamp has to be lit in front of the Samadhi, for that and for the prasad, ghee is required. To make that available will be your responsibility.”

“As per your order.” Chamunda Devi said and became invisible.

“Guruji open your eyes. Open your eyes Guruji.” Adbhanginath was calling out loudly.

Gorakshnath opened his eyes and looked calmly at Adbhanginath, who excitedly said, “Guruji, just look at the miracle. Ghee is coming out of this stone. See, it is coming out from under your right hand. Wow! what an aroma!”

Gorakshnath looked and he saw, in fact a stream of ghee was flowing from under the stone. He gave his thanks to Goddess Chamunda.

“Guruji, shall I go to the village and bring suji [fine wheat which is traditionally made for prasad] we will make halva [sweet]. We will offer it to Sadguru and accepting it as prasad. I am very hungry.”

“Why? Did you not eat lunch?” Gorakshnath asked. Adbhanginath shook his head as if to say no. “But why?” Gorakshnath asked again. “You have not eaten anything for the last four days. Then how can I eat?”

‘How different is this Adbhangi. He argues with me, is obstinate with me but how much he loves me.’

Adbhanginath made containers with leaves of the banyan tree collected the ghee in them and asked Gorakshnath to take them up while he went to the village.

In the afternoon the prasad was distributed among the village folk. In the evening many lamps with ghee were lit around the samadhi. While doing the Aarti, Gorakshnath’s throat was choked. He said, “Swami tomorrow we will leave from here. With the body I may be anywhere, but my mind will always be with you, I will sing the bhajan of your Niranjana state.

With deep emotion he started singing:

### Devanagari

“ गुरुजी, मैं तो एक निरंजन ध्याऊँगी ।  
दूजा के संग नहीं जाऊँगी । नहीं जाऊँगी ॥ धृ. ॥  
दुःख ना जानु मैं दर्द ना जानु । ना कोई बैद बुलाऊँ ।  
सद्गुरु बैद मिले अविनाशि । बाही को नाडी बताऊँ ॥ 1 ॥  
गंगा ना जाऊँ मैं जमना ना जाऊँ । ना कोई तिरथ जाऊँ ।  
अडसठ तिरथ है घटमाही । बाही से मल मल न्हाऊँ ॥ 2 ॥  
पाली ना तोड़ूँ मैं पथरा न पूजूँ । ना कोई भी देवल जाऊँ ।  
वनवन की मैं लकड़ी ना तोड़ूँ । ना कोई झाड़ सताऊँ ॥ 3 ॥  
सुन हे मच्छिंदर गोरख बोला । ज्योत में ज्योत मिलाऊँ ।  
किरवा भई जद् सत्तगुरुजीकी । आवागमन मिटाऊँ ॥ 4 ॥  
गुरुजी, मैं तो एक निरंजन ध्याऊँगी । एक निरंजन ध्याऊँगी ॥”

## Lesson 14 – Kayame Sab Sar (The essence is in the body)

Nowadays Shree Krishnanathji stayed most of the time in the Ashram. Only occasionally he went to his beloved Himalayas for rest. The valleys fragrant with multi-coloured flowers, sky reaching, green, dense Deodar trees, various birds sitting and chirping on their branches and the many gurgling waterfalls. This whole scene would charm him. Many a meditator and many an ascetic had done penance here, in the land of the Gods. At night, lying down he would gaze at the sky studded with stars and get absorbed in wonder at the magnificence of the Creator of this stupendous beauty.

One day he had gone to the Himalayas and in the shade of the Deodar trees near a Shiva temple was a hut where he had stayed. It was evening time. Krishnanathji lit the lamp. He put some logs of wood into the Dhuni, and did his evening prayers and sat down to do his regular practices. After a while someone opened the door and sat in front of the Dhuni in a way, as though the hut belonged to him. As this made some noise, Krishnanathji opened his eyes. He saw that a yogi in orange clothes was sitting in front of him. The brown glittering eyes set in a fair face framed with white hair and white beard, and a sharp nose, looked lustrous.

When both looked at each other, the yogi smiled as though they knew each other since ages. Krishnanathji said, 'Aadesh' and asked, "At this time, and to this difficult to reach place, how did you come? Your good name?"

"Name? What you are I am, name, fame what use?"

Both remained silent for some time. Then Krishnanathji said, "Will you take some fruit or will you take some milk?"

"I don't need anything son. I don't have time. I will be returning immediately."

"So late at night? In the dark? Maharaj, I request you not to go on this mountain, on such a slippery and difficult path. Consider this hut your own and stay here for the night."

"This hut is not unknown to me." Smilingly the yogi said. "Since past many years I have lived here. But I had to complete a few final tasks and hence I had gone."

"Final? Meaning?"

"Means at dawn tomorrow I have to surrender this body." Hearing the yogi's answer, Krishnanath was stunned. He could not believe it because the yogi looked hale and hearty, there was not a trace of any illness.

"Why are you staring in disbelief? I am telling the truth. It does not matter if the body is strong or weak. When the order comes from above, we have to let it go. Drop all that. I have come here to hand over a job to you. Will you do it?"

"Yes certainly, but you yourself will have to get it done."

"In the coming Kalpavas [50 days of the Kumbh when after the age of fifty, we are supposed to immerse ourselves in havan, worship, bathing in the Ganges, and the like at Prayag for all 50 days] in the Prayag area, donation of food is to be done. This was the last wish of one traveler. Don't get confused. I will explain everything. One traveler fell into a ravine, while he was going to take his last breath, he put something into my hand saying, "It is the grace of Kedarnath that I have met you. I had taken a resolve that after completing the Kedarnath Yatra I will go to Prayag and create a food court for a full month and stay there. You can see that I will now have to go on my long voyage right from here. Thus, kindly fulfil my last desire. For the expenses use this thing. It will get you wealth. Will you please complete this work of mine?"

“Before he could hear my yes or no, he closed his eyes forever. But to complete his resolve is now not possible for me. I am handing over this job to you.”

“I will certainly complete the job, Maharaj, but in case I am not able to....”

“No, son. You have a very long life. You will do the donation of food on his behalf. His name was Harihar. His Gotra was Shandilya. He was from Maharashtra.” Krishnanathji accepted his proposal and then the yogi gave him a small little bag. “Keep this. It is a Paras [philosopher’s stone]. It is from his family. Use this.”

“No Maharaj. I will certainly fulfil Harihar’s last desire but not with the use of this. For us, Siddhi, Kimiya and wealth without effort is forbidden. Please do not tempt me with this.” After some thought the Yatiwar said, “What you say is valid. But accept my advice. Keep this stone with you right now and after you have fulfilled Harihar’s desire put it into the Ganges.” Yatiwar accepted Krishnanath’s request and partook of some milk. When he was leaving, Krishnanathji, touched his feet. Yatiwar held both his hands and in a soft voice said, “Son, I am older in age to you that is why I accept you bowing down, but I am not worthy to give you blessings. With the good performed in many births and with the grace of the Sadguru and your own sadhana you have attained the state of liberation. Therefore, I myself bow down to you.” Saying this much he walked out of the hut and turning around said, “Do not worry about me. It is night, but I am familiar with this path and there is enough light as well.”

To honour the word given to yatiwar Krishnanath went to Kashi first to take the blessings of Kashi Vishweshwar and then reached Prayag. Along with him were three to four sadhakas of the Nath tradition one of which was ‘Devnath’ i.e. Niranjana.

At pilgrim places there are a few families who take care of the pilgrims. That is their business. At one such gentleman’s place the arrangement for the stay of all was done. But Krishnanathji stayed in a small hut outside the village.

Krishnanathji had spoken to Gorakshnath, and got all the arrangements for the Food donation made, through the devotees and disciples of the Nath tradition, prior to coming here. In front of the Mother Jagadamba temple a large Pandal [A fabricated structure, either temporary or permanent, that is used at many places such as either outside a building or in an open area] was erected. At the gate was written prominently, “Hari-Har Langar” {langar- free food for pilgrims} Arrangements for cooking were made in a nearby house. In the same house arrangements for the stay of the other volunteers was made.

On the first day of Kalpavas at the break of dawn, Krishnanath with his colleagues went to the Kashi Vishweshwar temple. There through the priests he got the Rudrabhishek [special ceremony] done. The sixteen rituals required to complete the worship of Mother Annapurna {Mother of food} was completed. The priest was then asked to pronounce the resolve, “According to the desire of Hari-Har who has left for his heavenly abode, we are doing this food donation.”

In the afternoon food was offered to both Deities. Hari-har was from Maharashtra hence as per their custom Puranpoli [sweet made with gram, jaggary and rolled into chapatis] was made. Krishnanathji said, “Son, Niranjana, in Prayag also every day Puran is to be made, and after offering it to the Goddess Annapurna it is served as prasada. It is offered to Mother Jagadamba as well. The other items of the meal will be according to this state, e.g. Kheer, Puri, Khichadi, Vegetables, Roti and make whatever is possible. Whatever is required here for that such as saffron, rice, dal,

cardamom, and other necessary spices will be provided by the royal family here. That family is connected to the Nath tradition. With the order of Guru Gorakshnath they will join in this service.”

Everything was moving well. In the courtyard of Mother, row after row of people were being fed. All were feeling content eating the tasty food. “May the food giver be happy” was the blessing they were giving. Ordinary people were giving blessings but some sceptics wondered from where did these sadhus who live on alms get so much money? After the meal people were discussing this matter. Some said, this is the play of powers [Siddhis], while others said these sadhus have the ability create gold, yet others said the sadhu who lives in the hut must surely have the Paras [philosopher’s stone]. A thief who was sitting in the same row heard all of this. He felt greedy hearing that the stone changes iron to gold. He thought ‘if I could get that stone my poverty would end. I too will live like some king.’ He decided to steal the stone. He prayed, “O God, you know that I am no big thief I am not even a dacoit. I do petty thefts. This will be my last theft. Oh, Lord, I take a vow that as soon as I get the Paras in my hand, I will not take anything from anyone. I will only give.’

All day he spent daydreaming. As soon as it was night, he went near the hut of Krishnanathji. He saw that the door of the hut was not fully closed. It was not latched but a stick was surrpoting it, so, that it does not open due to wind. The thief, very quietly removed the stick and opened the door. Krishnanathji was sleeping on a rickety cot in one corner. In one corner a dhuni was burning, it spread a dim light in the hut. The whole atmosphere of the hut was filled with auspicious vibrations. The thief thought of returning. But greed won the tussle. He begged for forgiveness from Krishnanath in his heart and started to search for the Paras. In the hut there were only one or two bags and some boxes with a few food items, nothing else. There was nothing of any value. On the one side of the Dhuni there was a small box of iron. He picked up that box and laughing at his own foolishness put the box down once again. He thought, ‘If this box had the stone, would not the box of iron have turned to gold?’

The night advanced and the moonlight streamed in through the window directly to light up Krishnanathji face. The thief saw his pleasant calm countenance and folded his hands and bowed to him, and with a saddened mind left the hut and went out.

Suddenly he heard, “Wait son, wait.” The thief stopped and turned around to look. He thought Baba is sleeping. But the same Baba was calling him. He said, “Son, what you are looking for is in this same iron box. Take it.”

Krishnanathji, got up and went ahead. He stroked the Dhuni that was dying and put in a log of wood in it and picking the iron box, he kept it in front of the thief.

At first the thief was puzzled. Then he got angry and said, “You are a man of knowledge, I am an unread, village man. Yet I am not such a fool that you can befool me.”

“Trust me son. Open the box and see.”

“Baba if there was a Paras in it, would it not have turned to gold?”

“What you say is true, but still open the box.”

The thief wondered, ‘There might be something dangerous in the box, to punish me, could this yogi have possibly done some magic? It is better to run away from here. With trembling hands, he opened the lid of the box, there was a small thing rolled in a cloth and kept.

“Now remove the cloth. It has that which you are looking for.”

“But how can I know that this is the Paras. I had heard that as soon as it touches iron it turns to gold, and even though it was in an iron box that did not turn into gold. Did I hear an untruth?”

Krishnanathji said smiling, "What you have heard is true and this Paras is also authentic."

"Then why...?"

"Then, what? There is the Paras and there is the iron box. But when they do not touch - gold does not form."

"How does it not touch?"

"Because between them both there is cloth. That prevents them from coming into contact with each other. You do not know, but our big Mother has given each of us a Paras."

"Even me?"

"Yes, you too. For Mother all her children are alike."

"Then Baba, where is that Paras?"

"It is within you. But we have rolled it in the dirty cloth of ego."

"What kind of cloth is that? I am unable to understand anything. Kindly explain properly."

"I will tell you. Come and sit close to me. What is your name, son.?"

"Kisan!"

"Is that right?" Krishnanathji said smiling. "So, this name itself provoked you to steal."

"I did not understand, what you mean."

"Our ego keeps us away from the priceless treasure within us."

"What is this ego? Where is it?"

"The meaning of ego is the existence of a 'I'. You are thinking that you have to become wealthy, you have to keep your family happy, this is ego. You feel that 'I' am doing. 'I' will do. In this manner man gets caught in egocentric feelings of the 'I' and 'mine.' 'I', 'mine,' for 'me'. He never thinks beyond this. But son, Kisan, just think calmly. Do you think that we do everything with our own will? Tell me, did you take birth through your own will? Did you yourself choose your mother and father? That is a distant question but did you even digest the food you have eaten? From the roti, what makes blood in the body? Are you taking your breath as a choice?"

"No, Baba, all this is done by God."

"We only just say this. But we continue to think and believe that whatever is happening, I am doing. I am the 'doer'. The moment we drop this 'I', this sentiment of being the 'doer', that very moment the divine Paras that is within us touches us. Our life becomes blissful, it becomes all gold."

As he spoke, Krishnanathji became absorbed in that bliss. Kisan kept gazing at his blissful face. He understood that the bliss that Baba is experiencing is unique. After some time Krishnanathji opened his eyes and with loving eyes looked at Kisan and said, "Go son. Take this box with you."

"No, no Baba. Now I do not want that stone." Kisan said and held onto the feet of Krishnanathji. Tears were flowing rapid and fast from his eyes. With a choked voice he said, "Keep me near you Baba. Show me the way to God."

Krishnanathji, stroked his back and said, "Get up son. Who am I to take anyone towards God? He is showing you the way. That is why, you came into this hut."

"But Baba I had come as a thief. I had come to steal. Will he still accept me?"

Laughing heartily at the question Kisan asked, Krishnanathji said, "O, you crazy one, he loves the thief more than us. He feels they are his own. Because he is the chief of thieves. He is the leader of thieves. He is the ultimate jewel of the Shiva Bhaktas [Krishna]. The one who steals your heart, the one who attracts you, Krishna - my salutations to thee! 'Krishnay namah! Krishnay namah, Kleem Krishnaya namah' .

The foundation of the existence of the universe is Omkar." "Om Shree Kleem Krishnayanamah!"

Shree Krishnanathji, went on chanting the mantra Om Shree Kleem Krishnay namah. As Kisan gazed at his radiant face he experienced Baba as Krishna. The same curly shoulder length hair, dark beautiful colour, pleasing aura, and the smiling face. Kisan fell at Baba's feet and began to say, "Baba, I do not know when I will get the Paras. But today in your form I have found the Paras in a living form. You have turned me to gold!"

Krishnanathji was enjoying the Kalpavas. For the first time he was spending time near Mother Ganga in solitude. Gangotri, Haridwar, Rishikesh, Kashi and many pilgrim places he had visited and taken a dip in the river Ganga, but the experience of the dip at the confluence of the three rivers at Prayag is something else. He went to a particular spot in the confluence, by a boat which was parked at the bank. It was where Ganga and Yamuna met. It was an extremely charming place.

The Yamuna who had got darkened by her contact with Shri Krishna, flows from the right, and brings with her waves of the devotion arising in the bodies and minds of the Gopis. The Ganga flows from the left, bringing with her the pure, sacred stream of the penance done by ascetics and yogis, from the Himalayas, snow white waterfalls, nectar of knowledge flowing in her.

Gangaji and Yamunaji embrace, keeping the invisible Saraswatiji as witness. The tripartite confluence of the yoga of Devotion and of Gyan! The surprising aspect is that there is a site at the tripartite confluence of Mother Ganga and Mother Yamuna, where no movement is felt in the water as if we are standing in a still lake, in spite of both coming with their respective speeds. We can see both the streams coming speedily at us but the feet feel no vibration of movement.

Experiencing this peculiar condition of the confluence, Krishnanathji thought, 'This is the symbol of Ida and Pingala and Sushumna. Yamunaji and Gangaji are the movement of breath and as soon as they come into sushumna they become still. The one bestows knowledge, the one with the form of bliss the invisible one all become one. Is this confluence which is happening in manifestation, the symbol of what happens in our body? Now with a totally different viewpoint, Krishnanathji gazed at the play of waves. He started singing the praise of Ganga and Yamuna. He was singing as he bathed in the waters:

Devanagari

“ यमुनामैया प्रणाम ।  
मलापहारिवारिपूरिभूरिमण्डितामृता ।  
भृशं प्रवातकप्रपंचनातिपड्ढिणतानिशा ।  
सुनन्दनन्दितांगसंशरागरंजिता हिता ।  
धुनोतु नो मलमलं कलिनन्दनन्दिनी सदा ॥  
धुनोति नो मनोमलं कलिनन्दनन्दिनी सदा ॥”  
फिर गंगामैया के पानी से नहाते हुए वह गाने लगे,  
“देवि सुरेश्वरी भगवति गंगे ।  
त्रिभुवनतारिणी तरलतरंगे ।  
शंकरमौलि विहारिणी विमले ।  
मम मतिरास्तां तव पदकमले ॥ 1 ॥  
रोगं शोकं तापं पापं  
हर मे भगवति कुमतिकलापम् ।  
त्रिभुवनसारे वसुधाहारे,  
त्वमसि गतिर्मम खलु संसारे ॥  
अलकनंदे परमानंदे,  
कुरु करुणामयि कातरवन्दे ॥  
तव तटनिकटे यस्य निवासः ।  
खलु वैकुण्ठे तस्य निवासः ॥”

After completing his bath, coming to the shore, as per his routine he stood in the river and offered water to the Lord Sun. He chanted the Gayatri Mantra for some time. He had not made any resolve for any kind of penance or mantra chanting. He chanted whatever came to him as an inspiration from the vision of any of the five elements earth, water, fire, wind and air. With profound gratitude he contemplated these powers. He praised their existence. That is all.

When his sight returned to the waters, after being directed to the sky, he saw his reflection. Looking at it with a smile playing on his lips he started to tell himself, "This is Maaya, The shadow of Brahma. Due to ignorance man takes the reflection to be the self. But from the reflection the truth cannot be imagined. In fact the reflection is misleading knowledge because the reflection is exactly the opposite - the left of the object is seen as the right and vice versa."

By the grace of Sadguru we can know that we are not the reflection. I am on the shore[tata], standing still (stha) - Tatastha. If we want to know our true nature, then we should not gaze at the reflection, but turn the gaze towards oneself. Halting the tendency of the senses to run outwards and turning our attention inwards. Not to run, not to stop. Not to be the 'doer' but to be the 'non-doer'."

He was immersed in thoughts like this when he heard a call, "Paras Baba.... Paras Baba" Kisan, called Krishnanathji by this name. He saw that Kisan was coming running towards him. Walking towards him, he asked, "What happened?" "That I will tell you later. First you go to the temple, Devnath Baba has called you immediately."

Krishnanathji quickly put on his Kurta and rolled his hair in a towel and walked along with Kisan. He was worried, why would Niranjana call for at this hour? Was there any mishap? As they walked, Kisan started explaining, "Baba like every day when we went for a bath, then from the upper end of Mother Ganga a woman came floating. She came right to me. I was terrified. I called Devnath Baba. Everyone came running to me. Together we brought the woman out. Devnath Baba examined her, and said we should take her to our place, and he told me to call you. Baba who might she be? Do you think she tried to commit suicide? Or has some one pushed her into the water? Whatever it is, we have to save her. There should be no inauspicious happening near the place of our camp."

Krishnanathji said nothing. He was walking very fast. When they both reached the guest house, they found that the woman had regained consciousness by the efforts of Devnath. The senior lady of the house had made the woman sit, and making her drink milk with sugar and ginger powder. The woman looked here and there and asked, "Where am I?"

"Didi [elder sister] consider you are in your own home, and drink this medicine with the milk. You will feel better." Having said that Devnath gave her the cup of medicine, the woman just struck it with one hand and spilled it on the floor, and with alacrity rose to her feet. Looking at Devnathji angrily, she said, "You are his disciple then? He has sent you to get hold of me. Like him you are not a Yogi you are a Bhogi [one seeking pleasure]. Not a Siddha yogi but a hidden Bhogi. But I will not get caught in your net. I will not stay here." Saying this she woman started to move out. She pushed away the senior lady who tried to catch her and ran towards the door. Nobody could understand what to do now. Krishnanathji who was watching this incident, from the door said, "Stop. Do not put one step forward."

There was such a stern command in his voice that the woman stopped in her tracks. As soon as her gaze met Krishnanathji, all her arrogance and energy deserted her and she sat down right

there. Her whole body was trembling. The pain experienced for years seemed to be pouring out of her unhesitatingly, and tears were streaming down. Krishnanathji asked everyone present to leave and asked Devnath, "You have brought the herb that calms the mind with you, haven't you? Give some of it to her."

"Yes Baba. There are some other herbs to calm the mind as well. But will she accept them?"

"You bring them."

Then Krishnanathji himself gave her the medication and water to drink. The woman accepted it quietly.

"Now take some rest child."

The woman listened to what Baba had said. As he was leaving, he asked, "What is your name child?"

"Bhagmalini."

Krishnanathji, did return to his hut but again and again that name kept coming back to him, as this name is generally kept in the Tantric and Shakta traditions.

He was thinking that in spite of the high tenets and the tireless efforts of all the yogis of the Nath traditions, such unholy practices still persisted. The tantric yogis in their practice of "Lata sadhana" have taken only the physical aspect of man-woman relationship. Some people have begun to consider this behaviour as true religious practice. They call themselves Siddha yogis and have begun to keep a woman with them for the practice of 'Mahamudra'. Ignominy was coming to the Nath tradition because of the slight similarity these systems have with the Nath tradition. Some of these people were transgressing their limits.

Guru Gorakshnath was tirelessly trying in every way to regulate all these malpractices and to establish the clean practices of the Nath tradition. Krishnanathji recalled the recent conference on this subject at Brahmagiri. Gorakshnath, with the inspiration from Matsyendranath had invited prominent Nath yogis to Tryambakeshwar. Krishnanathji was also present there. At the time addressing the meeting Gorakshnath had said, "Observing the present conditions, we must all introspect. Our tradition is powerful. We have attained the priceless Vaat science and the Sanjeevani science. But amongst us there are a few who do not have the necessary mental balance for their proper use. Discrimination, non-attachment, self-control, balance, harmony, honesty, and impeccable character, is no longer there."

"O, Sidha yogis, you are well aware that giving these powerful weapons in the hands of these Rajasic and Tamasic persons, is like giving a lighted stick in the hands of monkeys. The power is neutral. It is neither good nor bad, it is simply a power. It's being good or bad depends on the mental status of the user. To make it for only the wellbeing of man we are going to enforce some restrictions. With the approval of all of you we will implement these adaptations." After this Gurudev had made his plan explicit. Everyone unanimously approved and according to the plan some of the important sciences were condensed and codified. Now without uttering the secret code, not even the unworthy yogis of the Nath tradition could use these sciences. These sciences would become unsuccessful for them. According to the direction of Matsyendranath the authority of these codes was kept securely with Gorakshnath, his inner circle of disciples, Shambhunath, and his Sanjeevani son Gahinath.

In this manner the sciences were secured. Along with this, Gorakshnath organised a specific camp in the Ashram in Bengal to guide the persons caught in the Panchamkar [explained later] of the Shakta tradition. During thier wanderings the Nath Yogis had found many such dissipated, disappointed sadhakas. All of them had been specially invited to this camp.

If they could meet the Sadhaka with whom Bhagmalini lived, he too could be taken to the camp. Krishnanathji thought and smiled to himself, and told his mind, "O my mind, will this habit of yours to chase 'no' and ignore 'yes', ever go? The sidhayogi, who is not in front of you, you want to find and the yogini who has taken shelter with you, you ignore. First make proper arrangements for her then worry about the yogi."

In an hour or two Bhagmalini woke up, but kept lying in bed. The body was tired but even the mind was sad. It was asking again and again, "Why is it that only in my destiny there is pain? Why did I not get an ordinary life like other women? Where has that young cheerful Kamla gone? That one day, wilted her blossoming life."

That day she had been very happy. She had no idea what it had in store. That day... her mother bathed her. She plaited her long thick hair and decorated it with flowers. She met the matron of the house and draped her only saree on Kamla. Kamla asked her, "There is a lot of time still for Durga Puja. Then why this decoration today?" At that time mother had said, "Today important guests are coming."

"Let them come, why does that concern me?"

Mother took her to her bosom and said, "Child Kannu, they are coming for you. If they like you, you will have to go with them."

"No, no mother. I will not go anywhere leaving you." Kannu hugged her mother tightly and said.

"No child." Mother kissed her forehead and said, "A girl cannot live with her mother for ever, can she?"

"But why not mother?"

"Because she also wants to become a mother."

In the afternoon a tall fair man came. He liked Kannu. He took her with him. He kept Kannu at his maternal aunt's place for some days. There Kannu got good food to eat. The life there was much more comfortable than her mother's, but she still felt alien. The life-style there was different.

Some days later, Kannu became a "woman." Then her owner took her home. But he did not have any one home. He moved from village to village. He closed his eyes and sat for hours. One day he called a priest. He got some ritual performed by him and chanting some mantras himself, worshipped Kannu. He named her Bhagmalini. But he himself called her 'Mahamudra.'

Kannu was feeling really good that she was being worshipped. She felt she had truly become a Devi [goddess]. But in a few days, she got fed up of being a Devi. The cruel man who called himself a yogi had made her into an emotionless Devi. Kannu's mother had told her that she has to become a mother. But he did not, that yogi did not allow her to become a mother. Kannu began to feel disgust and hatred for all mantric and tantric practices. Disgust not only for the yogi's body but also for her own body and in that depressed frame of mind she jumped into Mother Ganga. But she too rejected her. In the thought of her painful life, Bhagmalini was becoming even more miserable and the people who have given her shelter, who knows how they are. It will be better to run away from here.

She suddenly got up. Then stationed to take care of her, Kisan who was at the door came in and asked, "What happened mother? Are you better now?"

She just kept staring. Kisan then asked, "You must be hungry. Just wash your hands and feet. I will bring prasad for you."

"Prasad?"

"Yes, mother. Whatever is cooked here, that is prasad, the prasad of Annapurna." Kisan left quickly and seeing him leave, Bhagmalini thought, "These people seem kind. Who might they be?"

When the day ended Kisan told Bhagmalini that Babaji was coming to meet her. She got up and when she saw him coming in the doorway she fell at his feet. Taking a seat Krishnanathji said, "Sit down daughter. Now you feel better, don't you?"

Bhagmalini bowed her head in assent. Krishnanathji once again asked, "Are you from Bengal? Are you a yogini?" She kept quiet. She just looked helplessly at Krishnanathji and kept thinking, "How should I tell this good human being that I only serve a yogi, I have no connection with yoga practice, I am a Bhogini [pleasure seeker]. The one who bears others pleasure seeking, one Bhogini, that's all."

Krishnanathji understood the misery behind her lips. He kept quiet. After some time Bhagmalini said, "I have something to ask".

"Yes sure, do not hesitate."

"Leave me to my lot. Let me go from here."

"Where? Into the arms of Mother Ganga?"

Bhagmalini had tears, she said, "Then who else will give me support Babaji? But Mother also rejected this unfortunate". She started sobbing.

Krishnaji calmed her down and said, "See, child, now listen attentively to me, understand it. You are thinking that death will relieve you of pain. By destroying the body your agony will not end. With another body the same pain, the same agony is reborn. The person who accepts death with a happy frame of mind content, only can be born again happy and content. The person who blames society and struggles, and in a miserable way ends her life, the same struggle and misery is born again. They call it Atmahatya - [self killing] but it is only the killing of the body. The Self residing in the body remains in the same state of pain. The remaining agony she has to bear in the next birth."

"But Baba....." Bhagmalini asked, "is this really true? We have no recollection of the last birth. And the one who has taken the next birth, she does not return and tell us anything."

"That is correct. But there is no need for another to give any proof regarding this. If we watch vigilantly, we can experience it this for ourselves."

"I am ignorant, illiterate Baba. I cannot read texts like you. Kindly explain to me."

"Alright. You sleep every night, right?"

"Yes"

"At that time, are you conscious about your name, place, or any matters of your waking state?"

"No not at all."

"As soon as you wake up and open your eyes what happens? Everything comes back to you, right?"

"Why will it not? Of course, it does."

"Not just remember, you remember in sequence what went before. At the moment you fall asleep the thought that was in your mind comes up first the moment you wake up. Our mind threads the thoughts in the night and moves ahead. The sleep that comes at night does not break that thread. Consider sleep as the death that comes every night. The end of the last birth is the beginning of the next birth."

Bhagmalini began to think, 'What Baba says seems to correct, tonight I will have to pay attention to what thought I sleep with.'

"If you want to think about the night, think at night."

Bhagmalini was startled, 'How did Baba know what was in my mind?'

"That I will tell you later." Baba said laughing. "So now the path to death has been closed down. When it has to come, it will come. Now I am going to tell you something that will take you to happiness."

"Now what kind of happiness in my life?"

"That is there always. We have only to remove the cloud of sadness from it."

For the first time there was a glimpse of a smile was on Bhagmalini's face.

"At any moment, it is just that moment that is in our hands. Full of freshness. But we do not pay any attention to it. We keep thinking about the moment preceding it. The shadow of sweetness or bitterness colours this moment. And we are unable to live the moment at hand. Pathetically it wilts."

"But thoughts of the past keep coming back. We do not deliberately think about them. The more we try to forget them the more we remember them."

"Yes, you are right. It is so. In recalling the past and the worry about the future, this moment is lost. At such a time, we should control our mind. We should explain to our mind, howsoever much you wallow in the sorrow of the past, you will not be able correct the moment that's past, and howsoever much you worry about the future you cannot decide what the next moment is going to be. Thus, instead of getting entangled in the past and future, with full enthusiasm live the moment at hand. Begin anew. Understand?"

"Yes.....Babaji."

"Then from today everything will be new. Your name...."

"Kamla!" Bhagmalini spoke up immediately. "My mother used to call me Kannu." With the thought of mother, her face lit up with joy.

The Kalpavas got over. All went back. However, Krishnanathji continued to stay there, he had to complete the business arrangements. One of the days he went to the temple for the darshan of Mother Jagadamba. There he saw one yogi. He had the outfit of a Yogi but there was no lustre on his goodlooking face, which comes with penance nor the aura of joy. Instead, there was a sadness.

He was gazing at the face of the Goddess constantly. On noticing this, Krishnanathji felt pity for him. He went to him, and putting his hand on the yogi's back, gently patted him. The yogi was startled and looked back. Seeing the compassionate gaze of Krishnanathji, his throat was choked. "What is the matter Yogiraj? Why are you worried? Taking the darshan of Maata, man forgets all his cares and fears and becomes happy."

"But I am only reminded of her. In the form of mother, I can only see my Mahamudra. Like Shaligram [fossil] the same shining dark form, eyes of the shape of a fish, just like Mother Durga." Yogi was describing the beauty of someone, and listening to that Krishnanathji was getting more and more surprised. Because the description was matching Bhagmailini.

'This means this is the same yogi whose company had driven her to attempt suicide. Thank God, I have sent her to the village with Devnath.' Krishnanathji thought.

He took the Yogiraj to his hut. Gave him some fruit to eat. With sympathy he heard of his misery. He understood that his agonising over Bhagmalini is only physical attachment. His only sorrow was that the beautiful instrument of his practice had left him and gone away. He had heard that Bhgamalini had surrendered her body to Mother Ganga. And now he was roaming the bank of the river, hoping she might not have drowned. He was crying for her, but he had not tried to

understand her in anyway. He had never thought of her emotions, that after all she is a woman, she might be having her own desires, she might be wanting to set up a home, she might be wanting to have a child, she might be wanting someone all her own, who loves her. The yogi had attachment only to the instrument her body was providing, only for lust of a woman.

‘No, no I will have to liberate him from this delusion.’ Krishnanathji thought and asked, “Yogiraj, during your sadhana did you ever experience the awakening of energy, and the upward movement of that force? Have you ever got thrilled having horipulations, with extra sensorial joy?”

Disappointedly the yogi said, “No, baba. My bag has remained as empty as before. I know that this is improper but I have not been able to get free of it. I try to get up out of it, and I find I sink even further in the mire. It seems now my end is in this alone.”

“No son. If you are sinking into the mire, you alone can get yourself out of it too. Change direction. Then watch, every step you take will be taking you further from the mire. Do not look for happiness outside but inside. This is so because that which is destructible, be it a thing or a person, can never give us everlasting happiness. That is why, look for that happiness within, within your own body and mind.” Krishnanathji said explaining to him, then after thinking awhile the yogi said, “What you say is indeed correct Baba. But now I have no enthusiasm left. Meeting with you has come too late.”

“Son, better late than never. For doing something good, it is never too late. The moment we understand the difference in what is proper what is improper, that is the golden moment. You just make the resolve. At the same moment, Sadguru will appear right in front of you to guide you.” After some time, Krishnanathji asked, “Will you come with me?”

“Where?”

“In the teaching camp of Guru Gorakshnath? There you will find many sadhus like you. Yogiraj agreed reluctantly.

The Ashram, of the Nath tradition, situated at the base of a hillock Devtila, in the village named Padmapukur, the grounds of which had red mud, and many a small lake, was getting ready to welcome the participants for the coming camp. In the huge courtyard of the Ashram a thick carpet had been spread. The dias was placed under a date palm tree nearby. The meeting was about to commence. Each of the sadhakas, went to Guru Gorakshnath’s room and greeted him with ‘Aadesh’ and went to the courtyard and placed their own seat on the carpet and sat down. Right on time Gorakshnath ascended the dias and took his seat.

The regular prayers were done. Today in the audience there were no known participants. These people had come from various states. They had come with many different ideologies and life styles. They had many doubts but had come with the hope of getting the right guidance for resolving them. They were all looking up to Gurudev eagerly. Gurudev looked around at each one and it was as if, he had got introduced simply through his eyes. He connected their attention to his consciousness.

Gurudev began his sermon, “Friends who aspire to Self realisation and bliss, in reality such an aspiration is present in each of us. This is so, because we have taken birth from the same blissful original stream and in the end will merge with it again. Where between birth and death does this joy disappear? Why can we not attain it? The fact is that joy is stationed within and we keep searching for it outside. In objects, in persons, in the mundane world, we look for it. We do get it for some time, but even as we are consuming it, it starts to dwindle. This is the law of nature. That

which is created gets destroyed. That which takes birth dies. From such unstable objects how can we attain stable joy?"

"In reality, every human being aspires for this stable perennial joy, because every being has tasted it at some time or other. The memory of it, may be blurred, but it is there. That is why he agonises over attaining it again."

"To attain and experience that Satchitanand (existence, consciousness, bliss), our Self realised ancestors, rishiees, knowers of Brahma, have shown us the path. Some of these paths are outward-directed and others inward. Outward-directed means, through fasts, through obeying rules, inner purification can be achieved. Today we are going to talk about the distorted forms of the 'panch-makaar' which is one of the Shakta tradition, and is an outward directed path. We will explain the true meaning of these practices to distracted sadhakas like you."

"When I was in the stage of a student, I had seen students of this path. The thought I had then is valid still today, and that is: no Self realised being who has attained samadhi, whose limited personality has merged into infinite consciousness can ever provide a map that would lead to the downfall of human beings. And if any such practice is given, the hidden meaning in it will have to be understood. When I had discussed this matter with Guru Matsyendranath at that time he had said, 'Son Gorakh, in reality they should say 'Panch Pavitra shabd' [five sacred words]. Through that point of view try to understand.' I have tried to understand it in this manner and now I am going to present it before you."

"In these the first 'm' letter stands for madya [alcohol]. Madya means alcohol, Marijuana, opium, weed etc. all intoxicating ingredients which can be used. What happens with this? Man gets intoxicated. He is not conscious of the present, he is not conscious of the body. The mind becomes free from bondage, roaming as it chooses. He becomes happy. But such a happy state remains only until the effect of the intoxicant lasts. As soon as the effect is gone, his state is the same as before. In fact, his condition becomes more pathetic and frustrated than before. Because the transformation that had happened in him was only mental not of the self. By taking the intoxicant, there is a change in the processes of his body, for some time due to the chemical elements in it. This change is only on the physical level. There is no development of his consciousness. In reality there is no transformative effect on consciousness". At that time one person from the audience stood up. Gurudev asked, 'Would you like to ask something? Ask without hesitation. I too used to ask now and again some question or other to my Gurudev and Dattaguru. But my mother like Guru never ignored my questions. So, do ask."

"Gurudev, I have seen some such persons who consume alcohol in large quantities but they do not get intoxicated. Why does this happen?"

"Because their level of consciousness has gone to such heights that the changes in their body do not affect them. They are beyond body consciousness. That state can be attained by some rare being 'avalia'. It is better for an ordinary person not to attempt such feats. My feeling is that those even in this state must do some penance. This is so, because living in this world and behaving in this apparently miraculous way, sends a misleading message to the ordinary man. The ordinary man not recognising the Avalia state in mimicking his behaviour becomes addicted to these intoxicants. Friends, in sadhana it is important to meditate, and not partake of alcohol. The ways to raise the level of consciousness, to upgrade it, to make our minds progress, are meditation, looking inwards and developing witness consciousness."

“Dear Yogis, drop this momentary intoxication. Adinath and Adimaaya have made a distillery in our bodies which gives a permanent sweet intoxication of joy. In search of that, stay with the breath and observe the mind. Each lotus of energy that comes on this pathway will then blossom and move in the upward direction, by the mere touch of the breath.”

This path is a little difficult. But by the power of resolved, uninterrupted practice he can transcend the difficulties. By his effort he can reach the Fire lotus. But over there he has to get the permission of the security of the wine shop. He has to surrender his ego. Only then he gets entry there.”

There is only bliss ahead! The thousand petal lotus has a store of intoxicant, it showers the ultimate juice constantly. The alcohol of the mundane world intoxicates momentarily. But the effect of the ultimate nectar never wears off. When man enters that bliss, he does not want to return to this worldly stage at all. O sadhaka, become Avalias and taste that nectar. Drink glass after glass. Become eternal...”

“Do you know what one who has partaken of this intoxicant has to say? He says that I am a goldsmith. Take gold from me. The gold of the essence of the Self, the gold of bliss, the purest of the pure gold, which I have purified in the fire of the breath and made worthy. Drink filling the gold bowl from the thousand petalled lotus in the Brahmarandhra.”

“ सोना ल्यो रस सोना ल्यो,  
मेरी जाति सुनारी है।  
धमनी धमी रस ज्यामणि जाम्या  
तव गगन महारस मिलिया रे ॥ धृ ॥  
झुकीस ब्रह्मांड भाटी चिगावै, पीबत सदा मतिवाला,  
मनसा कलालिनी भरि-भरि देवै, आछा आछा मदनं प्याला ॥  
अमृत दाबी भाटी भरिया ता मधै गुड़ झकैल्यो।  
मन महुवा तन धावुहा, वनस्पती अठरै मौल्यो ॥  
भृकुटी-संगम कृपा भरिया, मद नीपज्या अपारं।  
एवहां मद श्रीगोरख केवल्या, बद्ध मच्छिंद्रना पूता।  
जिनी केवट्या तिनि भरि भरि पीया। अमर भया अवधू ॥”  
“ वह अमर हो गए... अवधू... अमर हो गए...”

The whole audience was completely engrossed and got drenched in that shower of bliss. No one realized how the Day1 of the camp got over.

Today was the second day of the camp. Gorakshnath was seated at the appointed time. He first paid homage to Sadguru and like Day 1 he looked at each in the audience and met each of them through that look. Yesterday, no one knew the other, the mind was full of doubts. The atmosphere was serious and sad. But today all looked cheerful. There was an eagerness in their eyes and a feeling of belonging. Every one of them felt that here they would get the right direction to follow.

The subject which he had taken up yesterday - Panchamkar - he picked up the thread where he had left it and began. “Yesterday we had tasted one or two drops of that intoxicant which gives a perennial state of joyfulness, be it via imagination alone. Now the second ‘m’ is ‘maans’ [meat] meaning the eating of flesh. Go beyond just the meaning of the letter. Understand its true meaning from the position of our body. By ‘meat’ is meant our body made from the element of earth. We have to reduce its gross nature. The mind that runs after objects directed outwards has to be brought under control. Lust, anger, greed, arrogance, jealousy, have to be transformed into

constructive powers. You do not have to suppress them. Just withdraw your mind from them, you have to sublimate them.”

“The third ‘m’ is Matsya [fish] the eating of fish. One new person who had joined said, ‘Wow! How easy this practice is.’ He went to the bazaar and brought a heap fish and applied many spices to it and ate it. Would you call this any sadhana?”

“Friends, this Matsya is our breath. They are of the incoming breath and the out-going breath. Fish use their gills to take the breath in and out through the passage of water. In our body the lungs are like the gills of a fish and through the nostrils they take in the air and push it out. The control of the process of breathing is the partaking of fish. To unite the mind and the wind and to still them in the sky of consciousness, is to experience the void there, is partaking of fish.”

“The fourth ‘m’ is Mudra [form]. It is impossible to enumerate the number of distortions of the significance of this particular ‘m’. The special posture adopted for keeping the body still is called ‘asana’. To keep the mind calm, still, and in special stance, the hands and the fingers are kept and joined in a particular manner- that is Mudra. Like Gyna mudra, Vaayu mudra, Surya mudra, Prithvi mudra etc. The secret meaning of Mudra is to understand the mind. This calmness of the mind, an awakened mind and still mind.”

“But Gurudev...”

“Go ahead speak Yogiraj....”

“The Mudras we understand are quite different from this. The Mudras in Tantra tradition are- Vajroli, Amarjoli, Sahajoli....”

“Which are done with the help of another’s body. I know. But these Mudras are also in reality within the body. In my text, ‘Sidhasidhant Padhatti’ I have clarified all these processes. Dear aspirants -sadhakas, strict celibacy with mind speech and body is the way to protect the Bindu-point.

The use of the Mudras that Tantric sadhakas do, only defile nature, character and the one dependent on others, and finally ends up in the downfall of the self. The real Mudra is different.

Piercing the Brahmagranthi through the base lock [mulbandha] and resting in the Bhramar cave, the “bindustambhan” that occurs facing upwards, that is Vajroli Mudra. For the practice of this the Khechari mudra and Jalandhar Bandh are also helpful.

Yogiraj sat down and started to think. The other practitioners of these Mudras also started to introspect. They turned inwards.

In some time Gurudev said, “the fifth ‘m’ is even more mysterious. This is ‘Maithun’ that means the ‘woman-man’ meeting. This also happens in the body. For this one does not need any woman or Mahamudra, a yogini or a Bhairavi. In our own body the Sushumna power is residing and in our own body is Shiva. The meeting of these two is the pleasure of mating. Our Mahamudra is stationed within us. With it we have to have a transcendental consummation and experience unparalleled bliss. That is Kaulanand.”

“O the travellers of the path to bliss, the treasure lies in this very body given to us by mother Nature. Become aware of the mysteries therein. Then you will have no desire to get any such pleasure through another’s body.”

“What we see is our physical or gross body, but this is not the only body. Within this there are six other bodies one inside the other. You are practicing yoga. These are related to the seven chakras described in the texts and which have been experienced by me. The first is the physical, the second is the emotional, third is the subtle body, fourth is the mental body, fifth is the Self, sixth is the Brahma body and the seventh is the Nirvana body.”

“With the evolution of every chakra, the corresponding body develops. In the physical realm the development of the physical happens. In the emotional or the sky body, the universe of emotion evolves. In the third, thought, intellect and logic evolve. In the evolution of the fourth or mental body man gets some supra-sensorial experiences. It is at this time that his Kundalini Power gets awakened. Only then can man develop and experience his fifth body- Atma sharir- the Self body. Without this the Vishhuddhi chakra cannot get activated. It is here that man has to surrender his ego completely. In the sixth body he comes in contact with the Agnya chakra, becoming universal in consciousness. He merges with the ultimate. His third eye opens. He gains divine vision. In the seventh Nirvan body and on the opening of the seventh chakra in the Sahasrar he gives up his existence in toto and enters the void. He attains the Mahashunya - the great void.”

“This is the ordinary state of the body. But everybody has two parts, man and woman. The electrical bodies of each part are separate. They are even made differently. Their properties are also different. The female body protects the power. The male power is aggressive. They complement each other for completion. In every individual, both these powers are integrated.”

“In the first four bodies they appear one after the other. In the male, the male physical body appears first. The second is that of the female. Third is that of the male and fourth again of the female. In the female body opposite is true. Her first physical is the female body and the second of the male, third again of female and fourth of male again. Nature’s composition in this manner is the cause of the attraction between the two.”

“You might be surprised to learn that man is forever in search of a woman similar to the one residing in him. To get a woman exactly like that is difficult, but if he gets one like her he falls for her, he marries her.”

“My friends, such a marriage can take place within as well. With the awakening of the power within, the meeting of the man and woman within can be done. Shiv-Shakti can become one.”

“After the fourth body there is no gender differentiation of man and woman. The physical body is different but the fifth body is just the same in both. That is why if a woman reaches the fifth body state, she is allowed to recite and study the Vedas. They can become Brahmavadini.”

“O Sadhakas, the objective of telling you all this is only to emphasise that the path of meditation shows that our life partner is within us. For that there is no necessity for another yogini. If any of you have kept any such Mahamudra then do not consider her an object of pleasure gratification and treat them with great respect.”

“Because dear sons of Adishakti, she is not a Vaamaa she is a “Shree Maa”. Not Mahamudra - she is Mahaamba [great mother], Jagadamba [universal mother]. She is not a damsel, not an object of sensual gratification, she is Shivani, Bhavani, Janani [mother].”

This wonderful guidance from Guru Gorakshnath transformed the atmosphere of the camp and filled it with divine vibrations. All sadhakas began to introspect. Concluding the camp,

Gorakshnath said, "O Avadhutas this is the true meaning of our Panchamkar sadhana. The story of that which resides in our own body. Every essence abides in the body itself."

The third day of the camp was for intermingling and question and answer sessions. The ordinary questions were answered generally and those who wished to meet Gurudev personally, for them Gurudev came to his chamber and waited. There was still some time before such meetings were scheduled, yet he heard a sound outside his chamber. He thought it must be some Sadhaka waiting to meet him. He asked, "Who is it? Come in. Even though you have come before time does not matter."

Someone answered from outside, 'But I am not a Sadhaka. I am Shravan. A volunteer in the Ashram.'

"So what? When will I get the opportunity to meet you? Come in."

On getting the permission, the youth, slowly entered. He prostrated before Gurudev from the door itself and waited. Gurudev said, "Son come inside, come." The youth replied, "No Guruji, I am fine here, I am a shudra [low caste]." Gorakshnath got up and himself went close to him and said, "Not just you son, we are all Shudras at the time of birth. Everyone is a Shudra at birth. This is so because at that time, we have the knowledge of our physical body alone. As we grow in age, nature and capacity, worthiness starts to appear, then accordingly the caste is determined, whether a Brahmin, Vaisya or Shudra or Kshatriya. No one is born a Brahmin. No one is a knower of Brahma at birth. Each one of us has the right to get the Knowledge of Brahma."

"Then can I too?"

"Yes son, Shravan, if you have an intense desire to attain Brahma, you have the conviction for it, and the capacity to make severe and sincere efforts for it, you can most certainly undertake the sadhana."

"How will I get the Guru?" Shravan nearly cried. Looking at him and smiling Gorakshnath said, "You have already got a Guru."

"Who? How? From where?" Shravan asked eagerly.

"Right in front of you. If you are prepared for sadhana, if you are prepared for the difficult examination required to light the fire of Yoga, then I accept you in the form of my disciple. The Brahmand is in the microcosm and I will teach you about Brahma"

Shravan went out of the chamber, dancing with intense joy and the next youth entered. Gurudev said, as the youth did pranam, "Come, son. Come and sit on the seat placed in front of me. What is your name?"

"Yes, Shrirang [the colour of Goddess Lakshmi]."

"Shrirang? But the colour from your face seems to have left. What is this worry that is eating you?" Gurudev asked but Shrirang sat with his head down. Then Gurudev reassuring him, said, "Son, do not hesitate. If you have to cure a disease you cannot hide it from the physician. If you hide the injury it will keep on increasing. Keep it open, clean it, apply the right ointment then it will become alright. That is why speak without hesitation."

Saddened, Shrirang said, "What shall I say? What can I speak? I am completely defeated, my life is ruined."

"What is the cause for it?"

"My lust! My senses! Since so many years I have tried to conquer them but alas in spite of all my efforts to be free, I seem only to be sinking deeper into the mire."

"For freedom from it, what all have I not done? Chanting, penance, fasts - but all to no avail. When fasts made the body weak, I felt now the intensity of desire will be lessened I will become a conqueror of the senses- Jitendriya. But as soon as I started to feed the body, desire came back as

a serpent even more powerfully. It became restless. The mind became so disappointed, that I thought I should do what my friend had done.”

“What had he done?”

“He made his organ useless.”

“So, then did he conquer the senses?”

“No Guruji. His mind got distorted. Because of intense frustration, any woman he saw, he used to hurl dirty abuses at her, and try to beat her. He became useless.” Hearing him, Gorakshnath was silent for a while and then said, “What sort of deluded state are the youth of today in? What a distorted view of self-control?”

“Son, the desire is not in the organ. The energy that activates the senses is in the centre for that sense, meaning in the mind. Desire arises there. The organ is only the means for gratifying desire, it is an instrument. By disabling them what would happen? To destroy the desire to see form, would you remove your eyes? To remove the desire for taste, would you pull out your tongue? No, son. This would certainly intensify the desire further, attachment, dependence and greed, because they are not gratified through the senses, they adopt a distorted form. Son Shrirang, nature has bestowed right from birth every creature with desire for food, shelter, sleep, and procreation. They are born with our birth, just natural desires. To gratify them in a regulated manner is in accordance with Nature’s law. To indulge excessively or to suppress or make an opposing use is to bring about distortion. To sublimate them, transform them and to upgrade them is spiritual culture.”

“How will we be able to do this, Guruji?”

“If you resolve you will certainly be able to do it. The first rule is not to run away from the desire for sense objects through fear. As fear does not take you away in the true sense. In that situation, the body stays away from the desire but the desire makes a home in the mind. Think, if you are engrossed in some subject such as music, reading, you forget thirst- hunger. But if someone forces you to fast, and tells you to stay without food or water, then the whole day you will think of nothing else just food and water. You will keep on thinking what you would like to eat at the time you will break your fast. What happens with the hunger for food, happens with the hunger for other sense objects as well.”

“That is why you do not have to run away from desires nor suppress your tendencies. This is so because when we take a vow to abstain from something, our mind gets divided into two parts. One part keeps on pulling us to that object, and the other tries to stop it. It holds us. Slowly the power of this part reduces, it starts to slacken, the mind becomes free from its grip and gratifies its desire.”

After sometime man takes the same vow. Again and again, he takes the same vow, but he is unable to maintain it. Then his self-confidence is destroyed. Due to the intense conflict in his mind, he behaves in a peculiar manner.”

“So then how can we regulate the mind?”

“By understanding the propensity and the behaviour of the mind. By knowing how the senses work. See son, all the gates of our senses are open and work automatically. The sense organ does not by itself do anything. Our tendencies give them a push from within and consciousness that is riding on it lends it the power and awakens it. Only then does the sense organ get activated. Thus, if our consciousness does not reach them, the tendencies do not pay attention to them and no meaning is then attached to whatever is seen by the sense object.”

“Where the attention is, consciousness resides.”

“We pay attention to that which attracts us and that is why our consciousness moves towards it. Tendency also stubbornly insists on it. It joins the desire to the sense organ. That is why we should not centre our attention on the sense object. We have to pay attention on the tendency that pushes the door towards the sense object. We have to pay attention inwards. We have to pay attention to oneself. Only then consciousness will not reach the gate of the senses. It will stay and not energise the tendency, and return. A centre forms at that point and the energy then rises upwards away from the desires of the senses. The energy then remains absorbed in itself. That moment gives such supernatural joy that the desire for objects of the world, then does not arise.”

“In this manner the mind is kept away and its energy, is to be directed to the Self. To achieve this all the senses are handed over to the mind. The mind is made dependent on the intellect and the intellect is surrendered to God.”

Gurudev went on talking. Shrirang did not understand it all, but he was listening with wonderment. Observing this, Gurudev said, “See son, you will not understand everything at once. For this it is imperative to practice meditation. Do this, meet the chief Maharaj here, he will direct you to the best Guruji in your state. However, today I will tell you one story which you will understand and which will come in handy in day to day affairs.”

The very mention of a story, dispelled the seriousness from Shrirang and he perked up to listen. Gurudev began the tale. “There was a businessman. He left for the pilgrimage to Kashi. He had three sons. Before leaving home, he called his sons and gave some seeds to each, and told them that they were very precious and so should be kept safely.”

“The elder son kept those seeds in his treasury. Just in case they might get lost or thieves and miscreants take them away.”

“The second son thought what is so precious in these black-raven seeds? Baba is also strange. He could have given some wealth or may be a diamond. But no, he has palmed off these, penny worth seeds to us. Then he thought, could he have hidden something in these seeds? That is why he broke open each seed and looked. But because he found no jewel in them, he threw them away.”

“The youngest son thought, Baba has called these valuable, so certainly there must be some gain in them. These seeds must be some tree. It could be that the trees are valuable. He planted them in the ground. After a few days they sprouted. Soon they flowered and bore fruit. From the fruit there were so many seeds and when these were planted more trees grew, and the youngest earned immense wealth from this.”

“One let the seeds just stagnate, other broke them and wasted them but the third recognised the creative power latent in the seeds and transformed that power.”

“We too have received this invaluable gift of the body from our Father. Mother has given us the treasure of various tendencies and properties. How to make use of all this depends entirely on us. In our hands we have been given both salt and milk. We should have the understanding how to partake of both, with what to have them. If you mix salt to the milk it will curdle.”

“Son, this art of mixing-uniting is learned from a Guru. Guru teaches in what direction and how to use. If the direction is downwards-there will be downfall. If they move upwards then only joy and more joy.”

“Raise the Ganga of the Netherworlds to Brahmand. There drink pure, pure water.”

After Shrirang left, Avinash rushed into the chamber like a storm and got hold of the feet of Gurudev and begged, "Guruji bless me, that I may be liberated as soon as possible." Lifting him up Gurudev said, "But son, you look as though you are free."

"No, no Guruji. I am rotting in this body. I am unable to tolerate the fever of this mind."

"So, what will you do?"

"I am going to commit suicide. The last time I had jumped from a peak still I was saved. This time...."

"Adopt some other method which leaves no chance of being saved. What will you do? Will you hang yourself? Or will you take poison? No, no do like this, enter the water- 'Jalasamadhi'. And yes, if you know how to swim tie a big stone to your waist, otherwise my blessing will not come of any use."

Avinash kept staring with a stupefied look at Gurudev's smiling countenance and after a while said, "Gurudev, are you joking? Are you laughing at my misery? Because whosoever I have spoken to so far about committing suicide, they have tried to prevent me from doing it and you are...."

"I am telling you to go ahead and die, because I know that no one can ever kill himself. No one can ever die. If you so choose, make the attempt and check it out. Then you will understand, that which gets destroyed is merely the body. "I" still exists. That which had been killed was only the body. The killing of self, did not happen."

With a sorrowful face Avinash asked, "So can I never be free of this?"

"Certainly, you can be free. Do you really want to commit suicide?" Avinash shook his head and said yes. Then Gurudev said, "Then come, come with me and try to die like me. The noose of death which I am in, in that the ego has died. Not mine but the concept of duality has met its death. In that I have gained Oneness. Time does not exist. I have gone beyond time. Eternal, deathless I have become. Life which was limited to one drop has been transcended and I have merged into the limitless ocean. The drop is dead. The ocean has become eternal. By dying -it has become eternal. In the womb of death eternal life has taken birth. How sweet is this death!"

***"O Jogi, die O Jogi Die death is sweet, Die this death, die the death Gorakh died and saw! Come on son, come with me die with me my death."***

## Lesson 15 – Gorakmathi (Monastery of Gorakh)

This 'Gorakmathi' situated on the western mountain was very dear to Gurudev, even though he travelled throughout the entire country to awaken the masses. Ever since this monastery was built, he would often visit this place in between his travels. In this most beatific place, he would take a few days rest and leave again.

Nature was his dear friend. Wherever he went, he always chose to reside in a place with nature's bounty.

He often resided in Siddhachal, a place in Nepal nestled in the Himalayas, in the kingdom of Pashupatinath and Mother Guheshwari, on the bank of river Gandakashaila. The river is famous, its flow is gentle and it is also described as Bagmati [garden] as it is decorated with flowers all along the banks. He would keep gazing at the deer and their young ones who pranced and roamed around, their eyes sparkling like the flames of lamps lit in the dark. He eagerly waited for the rarely seen white deer. Sometimes, he went to Maharashtra where he got lost in the music of river Godavari. The month of Kartik, cloudless blue sky, with white swans flying and the dancing reflection of the sky studded constellations - Gorakshnath could not decide whether to look at the sky or the river....

The changing form of Nature in every season would charm his mind. As dear as the Himalayas was Kanya Kumari at the southern tip of the country where three oceans met, where on the full moon night, watching the setting sun and rising moon would give him immense joy.

The snow peaked mountains kissing the sky, and the vast ocean extending to the horizon amazed him. The mysterious beauty of the desert leafless, waterless, shimmering in the midday sun also struck him with wonder. Plants and trees were as though a part of his being. He would stroke a delicate creeper and say, "Do you know? I am your brother, because I too have taken birth from mother earth. We are both born from the same womb, so we are siblings."

Dense tall trees trying to meet the clouds, and creepers embracing them, with colourful birds chirping on their green branches, with animals hiding behind them and the inter-dependent life they shared, attracted Gorakshnath irresistibly. As dear as the palm trees and the betel-nut trees along the seashore were to him, he loved the floral fragrant bushes growing in marshes by the side of valleys. He praised their tenacity to maintain their own existence while facing changing tides.

He would think, like the Banyan tree which is considered the symbol of this mundane existence as explained in the Bhagwad Gita: 'Urdhva-mula madhashakha' [roots growing from branches], these trees also have been endowed with roots rising upwards. The roots of these trees when they go downwards into the sea are unable to breathe, may be that is why Nature has given them this unique ability. Some of their roots grow upwards towards the sky. On their tops there are some holes. In times of calamity, it is these roots that breathe and keep them alive. Mother Nature has thought about so many things for her children, what mysterious arrangements she has made. The surprising matter is that the smallest little insect like the ant and the largest animal like the elephant, and birds and plants and trees – all, all know this arrangement from the moment of their birth. It does not have to be taught to them.

In this manner he experienced the creative power of the Creator and Nature's power of manifestation, and got absorbed at the feet of the ultimate Power. He was drenched in the

emotion of devotion. Gorakshnath loved this monastery because it was as though the trees and creepers there had taken to heart, his directions for their existence.

Many years ago, he visited the Malayalam state, and after meeting Meennath he reached the shore of the western ocean. At that time, Chowranginath, Charpatinath and some other yogis, were with him. While roaming through the forests in this region, he saw Nature's bounty here and loved it so much that everyone decided to make a monastery there to continue their Yoga Sadhana. Gorakshnath experimented with many of his powers there.

One day he invoked all the trees and creepers and plants and they appeared before him, from them he got to know their special properties. They also explained the qualities of their roots, stems, leaves, and peels. Gorakshnath then told them, "Now you do not go back. Just live here."

Following the directions of Gorakshnath all the trees and creepers started to dwell on this mountain and around the monastery. Then Gorakshnath prepared many medicinal chemicals from their medicinal properties. He composed a text containing the descriptions of their properties and uses. He made several health enhancing tablets, powders and edible rejuvenating treatments for the optimum health of sadhakas doing penance. He composed poetry to describe their actions, but it was not easy for many to understand. This was so because he had written this 'wealth of Sidha yogis' in their code language. Only worthy persons could get it and then through their guidance and Gurukrupa could receive the knowledge.

During his experimentation, Gorakshnath had extracted juices from many herbs. Their remains became juiceless, and bereft of any essence, they turned sour and got spoiled. The plants became very unhappy. They said to Gorakshnath, "Gurudev, you took our juice but you just threw our remains. You are compassionate and kind. How can you do this to us? Make some good use of our remains as well."

Gorakshnath listened to their plea and made a ball of the soured remains and planted it in the ground. He watered it regularly. Soon enough it sprouted. In a short while it grew to become a tall dense tree like the banyan tree, it blossomed and long fruit like papaya appeared on it. The fruits, which had appeared from the sour remains of those herbs, were also extremely sour. The name of this tree was...tamarind. Because Gorakshnath had planted this tree therefore it was known as Goraksh-tamarind. It was made with remains of multiple medicinal herbs and so it has become a panacea!

In the monastery of Gorakshnath this tree started to grow and blossom with respect, but it was seen everywhere. By the association of the name of Gorakshnath, it got a special position.

So also, this Goraksh Monastery. It became the witness of many a siddhees of Guru Gorakshnath and thus, became a sacred place. This time, however, Gorakshnath had come only for rest. He had with him only two persons, Devnath sent by Krishnanathji from Siddhashram and Kisan who served them. Devnath had known a lot about herbs, and that is why Krishnanathji sent him to get more guidance from Gorakshnath on this subject. Gorakshnath was teaching him something. Giving further information on the important trees that were in use by the Nath yogis, he said, "Son, some trees are of immense importance from the point of view of a Sadhaka. Of them one is 'Brahmadandi'. Sometimes the energies in the body of a sadhaka gets awakened with a momentum, their system of consciousness cannot tolerate it. There is great pain in their heads. There is burning in their spine. Their physical balance is in danger. At such a time this herb gives strength to their neurons."

“The second is the Ajaan tree. This tree grants the knowledge of ‘alaksh’ thus it supports our spiritual sadhana. To practice under its shade is very beneficial.”

“The third is the Katechumbhak. This small plant is studded with thorns on every sides. Even at the end of its long leaves there is thorn like that of the Babul tree. It has tiny blue flowers. There are bunches of these flowers between two leaves. To get to them, one has to be careful about the thorns. For defects in the brain, the nervous system and subtle neuronal connections, these can be given as medicine. One gets strength with this and power to do sadhana.”

“The fourth herb is ‘Baratondi’ it is available anywhere, of average height, it’s fruit has twelve spots. That is why it is called twelve faced. It is used for pain in abdomen and when there is disease or fluid in the abdomen. The use of this gives strength and makes the body disease free. Body strength is gained.”

“The method of preparation of these medicines I shall explain at another time. Try to make them yourself. Then you will be able to treat patients easily.”

One day as Gorakshnath was talking about herbs with Devnath he asked, “Are you aware of the plants and herbs associated with the five elements?”

“No, Guruji. I have never read about them.”

“Son, everything is not to be written in the books. Some knowledge comes down to us through tradition. What has been experienced by many people such knowledge, you acquire from the Guru.”

“Are you aware of the five elements within you?”

“Yes, Guruji, earth, water, fire, wind and space.”

“That’s right. When the balance between these elements is lost, then many diseases arise. Then it becomes necessary to recognise which element is in imbalance and that needs to be treated. The herb which is full of that element is used and the deficiency corrected. Therefore, it is imperative to know regarding the herbs related to these five elements.

The earth element is in the roots of the Banyan. The water element is in Kumari. Fire element is in Shamali. The wind element in Bamboo and the space element in the Banana stem.”

Devnath was listening attentively. He was experiencing the great good fortune of gaining knowledge from Guru Gorakshnath. When Krishnanathji had sent him to serve Gorakshnath internally he was a little afraid. Now however, the sense of acceptance, in the presence Gorakshnath, he had become assured. He was asking questions unhesitatingly, “Guruji, why do we use Som juice? What are the properties of the ‘Som’ plant? Where do we get it?”

Gurudev said, “It is found in the Himalayas and is full of many good properties. With the drinking of Som juice, man becomes fearless. His mind, which runs after sense objects and is restless, becomes calm. The weakness of the mind is destroyed and mental strength is awakened. It also reduces the heat in the body rising due to sadhana. Alongside, it is useful in the treatment of physical diseases such as joint pains. And yes, bear in mind, the one who takes this juice must only have a very satvic diet, he must live in calm and quiet place, and must do his sadhana, received from a worthy guide, regularly. Otherwise, it can have an opposite effect.”

While in Gorakh Monastery, Kisan brought a knee height plant from village at the base of the hill. It had white flowers of the size of Gunja seeds. Showing this plant to Devnath he said, 'we will plant it at the back of the monastery.'

"What kind of plant is this? Is it of medicinal value?" Devnath asked.

"That I do not know. But yes, it is known by Nath Baba's name. That is why I brought it. I must put it near his monastery. In our village it is seen everywhere, physicians make use of it."

"Really? What is its name?"

"Gorakhganja. It is our Gorakhnathji's name. Is it not?"

Devnath, pondered over the name. Gurudev is always against the use of intoxicating materials. He got worried to know that a plant which can intoxicate is named after him. Immediately, he took that plant to Gurudev. As soon as he saw it, Gorakshnath asked, "O how did this Karpuri-Madhuri come here? This is very useful for the sadhaka. It brings peace to the five senses. It makes the mind as light as a feather. That is why it is called Gorakhganga, because as you know, Go means senses. It protects them rakh-protect." As soon as Devnath heard this explanation his mind was at ease. The name of Gurudev was joined to Ganga and the village folk called it Ganja, for all that they know is what gives them a high. Holy water [Ganga] was given the name of a poison. Devnath said to Kisan, "Go ahead and plant these shrubs in our monastery, but remember the name- it is Gorakh Ganga. Ok?"

Gorakshnath was sitting on a platform made under the Ajaan tree and with eyes closed, was reviewing the movie of his own life. Since birth everything was extraordinary. Never experienced the playfulness of childhood nor received the love and care of parents. Yet, because of the grace of the Sadguru, his life gained supernatural, constant, timeless, wealth. Life became blessed. By the order of Sadguru, it was dedicated for the well-being of people. For that, he toured the country and abroad. Removing the sorrow of the miserable, the pain of those in pain, gave strength to the weak, and the right direction to those desirous of Self realisation. He taught them the life style of the Nath tradition, and initiated them.

Sadguru Matsyendranath had sowed the seed of the Nath tradition. Every moment of life had been spent in nurturing it into a large tree and innumerable people, found meaning in the shade of this tree. Tireless efforts were made to lay the strong foundation of devotion and faith in the Lord, for the grand edifice of the Nath tradition. Through strict discipline, the removal of pollutant practices was achieved. Never was an unworthy person given the knowledge of the tradition. No unfair means were ever adopted just to propagate the teachings and preachings. Support of any blasphemous practice was never undertaken.

Now by the grace of Sadguru alone, the untiring efforts of his Gorakh seemed to be fructifying. In society a great respect had developed for the Nath Siddhas. Now no one ever called them -'those with ears torn'[because of their special earrings]. Everyone saw them as their protectors. In many homes on all auspicious occasions the tenets of the Nath tradition were sung in Bhajan form. Suddenly, Gorakshnath remembered an incident that took place a few days ago.

Gorakshnath had gone to a village with Gahininath to beg for alms. Hearing the sound of the Damru [the drum played by Shiva], here somewhere, he had stopped. Gahininath had said, "Here in some houses the Nath tradition is respected and for every auspicious occasion they sing the Nath tradition bhajans. They worship the protector of the Gods, Kaal Bhairav to please him. The Trishul and Damru are worshipped. Would you like to go in, and see? These people are known to me."

"We are Naths, what introduction do we need, but we shall listen from right here."

From inside the sound of the Mrudungam was coming.

“Dangat Dingat...dangat dingat... On the same rhythm the bhajan was being sung. Both Nath standing outside the house were listening:

Bhairavnath is from Kashi. The Damru of Nath is beating,  
Bhaiirav Nath is the great God.  
The gulal powder is flying, flying, flying.  
The damru of Nath is beating.

Following this was the description of the yogic states, for which the energies are awakened. The singer was singing in a powerful voice,

Nath yogi, Nath yogi, Play your soundless Shrungi,  
Existence is since millennia, the body is of seven elements  
The glory of the four voids.  
Nath yogi, Nath Yogi.”

What happened next?

“From fourteen chakras is made the monastery, In the hand is the bundle of knowledge  
Unique pair of Sun and Moon, Play the Shrungi Nath Yogi.  
This is the Knower of the Absolute- Attribute-less.

The damru was beating -digat dangat ...digat dangAt...

Living since ages in the mysterious cave,  
Nath Yogi, Nath yogi...  
The platform of the four voids, Like the hair of Shiva in Kailash,  
Who churned with the mount Meru, the seven seas,  
Such is the Yogi. Nath Yogi...Nath Yogi....  
Digat..dangat....digat...dangat....  
Such is the colourful Knower of Truth.  
Colourful, who has partaken of the juice of love  
Nath Bhujang is his disciple, such is the Yogi,  
Nath Jogi...Nath Jogi...”

Gorakshnath and Gahininath had been so absorbed in the song that they forgot to go further for any alms. As he was returning to his dwelling, Gorakshnath kept thinking ‘Who could this Bhujanganath be? Could it be our Nagnath?’ He was content with the thought that the efforts made were successful and the desire of Sadguru, to develop respect in the hearts of people for the Nath tradition, was fulfilled. Sitting in the monastery he was thinking, ‘Now our Nath disciples are working in different states. Many branches have also been created- Satyanathi, Dharmanathi, Rampanthi, Nateshwari, Kanhad, Kapilani, Vairagypanthi, Mannathi Vimaladevi which started the Aaipanthi [aai-mother] and Chowranginath’s Pagalpanthi, Dhvajpanthi, Ganganathi etc. Now I can take rest. Now I will live in this monastery only. It has been the desire of the mind to live in solitude in a charming place blessed with Nature’s abundance. It is time to fulfil that desire. Now I will stay in this monastery only. Absolutely desireless, aimless, without any company.”

The bed of the earth and the cover of the sky. What else does this non-attached mind want?

All of a sudden, Gurudev Matsyendranath came to mind. Once Gorakshnath had told him, “The mind feels like staying in some quiet place.” At the time he had said, “No son Gorakh. Your birth is not for living in solitude. The mission of your life is different. You have to live mingling with people. Living with people you have to be a visionary. The work is difficult however, you have to complete it.” And after thinking for a bit he had said, “Keep one thing in mind son, Gorakh is not a person. He is a power. ‘Go rakshati Gorakshah’ this is the meaning of Goraksh. ‘Go’ denotes our senses, the one who controls them is ‘r’ and the one who activates them is “Rakshati iti rakshah’ is Goraksh.”

“Go Raksha Gorakshah”

“Kshah is the one who grants consciousness to the intellect and stabilises in it.”

“When along with Shiva and Parvati, Vishnu had also come into action, together they had created Shivapadshakti and Vishnupadshakti so as to give all beings the knowledge of the principle of love and the form of love. In this, the Shivpad gives the authority and the Vishnupad propagates it. The power that continuously expands and the blossoming consciousness is Uma engaged in the work.”

“Son, you have attained Shivapad. Now you will have to work according to it only. For that you need to know the system of function of our Nath tradition. Observe, our system has four chief divisions- Nath, Avadhut, Sadhu and Sant.”

“The Nath Siddhas were the first to receive the inspiration from the universal power, to work according to the times. Thus, the Nath gives the ‘Aadesh’ to Avadhuts through the Paraa aspect of speech.”

“Avadhuts pass ‘Aadesh’ through Pashyanti to the Sadhus. The Sadhus pass it on through the Madhyama to people called Das, and through Vaikhari the Das reaches it to the common man.”

Note: Para-at the naval centre, Pashyanti at the eheart centre, madhyama at the throat centre, and Vaikhari at the level of the lips [pronounced words]- these are stations of speech arising in the body.

“The Power of the Lord of the Universe, Nath, Avadhut, Sadhu, Das and Society -Para, Pashyanti, Madhyama, and Vaikhari- this is the sequence of the work. Your role is to maintain discipline in this structure. Gorakh this mystery is embedded in every atom, every grain of sand. Son, in your fate solitude is rare. The power in Goraksh will be continuously working. This is so, because Goraksh is not the name of any person.”

Recalling the words of Sadguru, Gorakshnath smiled and thought, “Gurudev, right until today, this Goraksh power has worked as per your order. In the future also, it will continue to work without a break. But the Goraksh person who is holding the power, is now going to take rest. Bless me Guruji.” Then, absorbed in bliss Gorakshnath started humming..

Devanagari

“ बिमल पंथ बीजल ज्युं चमकै । धरहरती घन गाजै ।  
ता रहनी में जोगी का घर । अनाहत बाजा बाजै ॥ 1 ॥

Now staying in the same house, the bliss of Niranjana is to be enjoyed. Like the sesame oil is the best among oils, Niranjana is among the Anjans[collyrium]. Present in Maaya is Brahma-Niranjana. In the Sagun [with form] is present Nirgun [without form].”

“अंजन माहै निरंजन भेटचा । तिल मष भेटचा तेल ।  
मूरति माहै अमूरति परस्या । भरा निरंतरि बैल ॥”

Now,

माता हमारी मनसा बोलिउ ।  
पिता बोलिउ निरंजन निराकार ।  
गुरु हमारे अतीत बोलिउ ।  
जिनी किया पिंड का उद्धार ॥”  
“अवधू सहजै लैणा सहजै दैणा ।  
सहजै प्रीति ल्यौ लाई ।  
सहजै सहजै चलेगा रे अवधू ।  
तो बासण भरेगा समाई ॥”

Today, Gorakshnath had summoned Gahininath for some special reason. Gahininath came and said, ‘Aadesh’ then Gorakshnath said, “Come Gahini, come sit.”

Gorakshnath was sitting on a cot. Gahininath was about to sit at his feet when Gorakshnath held his hand and said, “Sit next to me.”

“No Swami...I...”

“Even now, the ‘I’ is present in you? Listen, today you will sit next to me on the cot.” Considering this as the Guru’s command with trepidity, Gahininath sat next to him on corner of the cot. After being silent for a while, Gorakshnath said, “Today I am going to tell you something very important.”

“Tell me Swami, whatever you say, will be done.”

“There is a great deal to be done. That you will do, that too in my absence. Till today, you have remained my shadow. Like other disciples you have made no separate Ashram. Like them you have not started another branch of the Nath tradition in order to propagate it, but in the future, you will have to walk on a separate path and independently complete the work.”

“No Gurudev, no. My life’s mission is to serve at your feet. I will not be able to do any other work. Till today, I have lived only according to your direction. I have never done anything with my own will. How then, will I take charge of the responsibility of a Guru? Let me remain your Das [servant] Do not separate me from you, do not orphan me.” As Gahininath spoke, tears welled up in his eyes. Stroking his back Gorakshnath said, “O crazy one, I am not distancing you from me. I am absorbing this shadow of mine into myself, or consider it this way, that I am merging with my shadow. Son, I will reside in your heart and bear the burden of the Guru position. You stay absolutely free of anxiety.”

“Now what I am about to say, listen attentively. In the future the effect of “Kali” is going to increase. “Kali” means enmity, disagreements. Such disagreements will divide men and take them away from each other. The importance of Satvaguna will diminish. Rajoguna will leave Satvaguna and join Tamoguna. The desire for indulging in pleasure seeking will increase. Thus, we will have to change our modus operandi to awaken Dharma in people.”

“The second thing is that the coming generations will not have the necessary physical stamina or mental strength to do severe penance for twelve years like us. Thus, to uplift them, you will have to show the path suitable to them. Instead of severe penance, you have to create devotion and fulfil them. Even there however, we will have to be cautious, because it can lead to a weakness in

attitude and therefore lack of functioning. That is why along with their devotion must be knowledge as well. In Knowledge the essence of devotion and in devotion an essence of logical knowledge.”

“Instead of leaving the world and withdrawing to the forest, living in the world and performing the action endowed by fate, the worship of the ultimate power, always united with it is the teaching you will have to impart. This work will have to be done living among them and accepting them with love.”

“But Gurudev, will I be able to do this?”

“Yes son. Only you will be able to do this. Because like me you have also taken birth from mud. We are attached to the physical. That is why we can appreciate the emotions of the common man. And because we have been able to reach the transcendental, the blemishless Self, from the physical we can take people to It. We can guide them. Till today I have done just that. Now you have to do the same. In a different manner, however.”

“Oh, yes, I was reminded from the story of our births. On hearing the manner in which our other Nath brothers have appeared on this earth, I had asked my Gurudev, ‘Maharaj, how can a Lord like Brahmadev become pleasure oriented? Just by the vision of a woman, or even on seeing her nail he became attached to pleasure? The most astounding matter is that in spite of being the progeny of these pleasure-seeking Gods, how did the Nav Naths destroy these tendencies and are strict celibates?’ Then Matsyendranath had said that in reality all the Gods are not ideal according to our imagination. On the spiritual plane they have not attained supremacy. They have many divine powers and mighty capacities in comparison with the human. But they lack the strength of will and therefore they become subject to momentary lapses. They are unable to experience the thought free, no-mind state which is the plane of super-consciousness. Just like the experience of Self realisation and the Niranjana state, Supreme bliss, is not attainable in the animal world, similarly it is not the destiny of the Gods either. Such a grand ultimate fate is attainable to ‘man’ alone. It must be borne in mind Goraksh, that for such an attainment mere power is not enough, you have to be free of attachment, and wisdom and discrimination are imperative.”

“And Gahininath, I live exactly according to the rules set by my Gurudev. I have given the knowledge of conquering the senses, and spotless conduct, to my disciples as well. I am telling you all of this so that your conduct should be the same. To give a priceless power to an unworthy person is like handing a flaming torch to monkey. Such a power can then become a power of destruction only. That is why we should be very cautious.”

“One more thing keep in mind Gahini, when you are undertaking any action, listen only to your own inner voice, never think what people will think. People always speak from both sides. Their criticism or praise is like waves. They come they go.”

“Devanaagari

“ कोई न्यद्वै कोई व्यद्वै, कोई करे हमारी आसा ।  
कोई कहे सुणो रे साधु, पंथ परा उदासा ॥”

Here the word Udas does not mean unhappy or disappointed. Ud- Aas, meaning such a mind-set that has no desire. This is the non-attached state.

Without any desire for praise from another, work must be continued. Rarely does anyone understand the language of the wise and aware man. We will still continue to speak.”

“When working in the position of the Guru, keep in mind Gahini, that your mind is in the most elevated state. You have seen that, when necessary, my speech has been as though it is a war cry, and at other times the melodious sound of a flute and yet again in that melody the sharpness of lightening too. Our conduct should be dependent on the nature of person with whom you are dealing. Where a needle is to be used, why use a knife?”

“See, son, your work is even more difficult than mine. I got people to do chanting-penance-meditation. But you will have to adopt the form of love. You will have to initiate them in a simple natural sadhana. You will have to select each heart-lotus and thread them into the infinite thread of love. For this work, the ultimate power needs a calm consciousness like you have. Just lay all your doubts and anxieties on it and become fearless. So, son Gahininath, now become prepared to accept the position of Guru.”

When they were both talking thus, Kisan was seen peeping. Gahininath asked, “Kisan, what is the matter?”

“There are a few people from the village who would like to see you Guruji.”

“Then, seat them in the courtyard. We will come now.” Gorakshnath said and he stood up. Gahininath also stood up. What Gurudev had said today had astounded him, and impressed him, and a little apprehensive about the magnanimity of the responsibility given to him. Would he properly and successfully be able to do it? With these thoughts he did “Aadesh” to Gurudev.

Putting a loving hand over his head and blessing him Gurudev said, “May you be successful. May you live long. Be free of any anxiety. I will always be near you.” Gahininath once again bowed down to Gorakshnath and was returning to his own room, when Gorakshnath stopped him, smiled and said, “Gahininath, you too must come out with me. In the future people will be coming for your darshan. Form the habit from now.”

Gorakshnath went to the courtyard and lovingly enquired after the people who were waiting, who they were, why they had come to meet him. The guests answered his questions appropriately and he too gave them the required guidance. Everyone was speaking openly, when Gorakshnath noticed one person sitting quietly in a corner. He was only staring at him, without saying a single word, as if he were speaking with his eyes. Gorakshnath observed him and with his inner vision saw his future which surprised him. He saw clearly that the Ganga of Knowledge and the Yamuna of Devotion were meeting and a lustrous child yogi was standing in it. He was looking with a compassionate gaze at the entire universe and showering the nectar of joy on it. With the worship of the Universal Self, Universal Dharm was awakening and the one who will uplift man that gentle seed-sprout is from the family tree of this man.

Gorakshnath became extremely pleased with this knowledge in his heart. He opened his eyes and spoke to that fortunate man and said, “Kindly come forward.” As soon as the man came forward and he bent down and bowed, Gorakshnath said, “Who are you? From where have you come?”

“I am Tryambakeshwar Kulkarni and I have come from Apegaon.”

“What do you want from me? What is it you would like to get with my darshan?”

Speak Trayambakeshwar do not hesitate.”

“If you think me worthy, if you think it proper then kindly initiate me into the Nath tradition.”

“May it be so! We will initiate you. Our Gahininath will initiate you tomorrow itself. “

“Gurudev...Gurudev...” Gahininath began to say, “when you are present here, how can I...”

“Yes son. You will initiate in front of me. Some time back I had said something, did you forget it? Good things should be done as soon as possible.”

Today seemed to be only for the meeting of people. After these guests left, five to six Nath yogis arrived. As soon as he said "Aadesh" Gorakshnath asked, "How did you all suddenly reach here? Who gave you the news that I am here?"

"Our inner mind" Bhratruharinath said. "We heard that you would like to spend some time in solitude and not join the Kumbha Mela this time. That is why we have come here. You may not accept the invitation given by me alone and so I have brought along with me Charpatinath, Chowranginath, Padmanath, and Siddhanath. This time the Mela is in Ujjaini and you will have to come."

"Yes Gurudev. All the heads of the twelve branches of the Nath tradition will be there." Gorakshnath tried to explain to them and said, "But now you are all capable of successfully completing the work. Please let me rest."

"No, not all Guruji. Our success is for the common man. Our strength lies in your inspiring words. Until you say yes to coming to the Mela we are not moving from here."

Finally, Gorakshnath had to accept to go to the Mela because of the insistence of his 'children.'

## Lesson 16 - Prem Ganga (The Ganga of love)

Guru Gorakhnath now really wanted to take rest. Few days back he had even said to Krishnanathji, "Now, it is my desire to live in Uttarakhand only." As Krishnanathji understood the hidden implication, he had become serious, and said, "Then who will show the southern bound the way North? Who will take them across?" "Why so? The disciples of the Navnath are there, and guides like you are also there." Saying this much, Gurudev had changed the subject.

Krishnanathji had also become quiet. He could understand Gurudev's sentiment. To live in Uttarakhand meant to go beyond time, to merge with the eternal bliss beyond duality and unity. To now have the desire to lay down the burden of all responsibilities and experience the freedom of that state was not improper for Guru Gorakshnath, for he had relentlessly roamed the entire country and been to foreign lands as well. If today, the flag of the Nath tradition was flying high in the foreign lands, it was due to the skill of his team, his own impressive, impeccable conduct, sharp intellect, and his power of speech which had the radiance of the Self shining through and the compassion in his demeanour. He had very skillfully changed the meanings from the Vajrayani and Shakt and Tantric traditions, and transformed them from the mere physical to the ultimate pure essence. He had explained this to people.

The personality of Guru Gorakshnath was sharp. He criticised the customs that created delusion and were unethical and improper. At such times his speech was sharp as lightening and thunderous like the clouds, and even in this their aggressive tone, the sincerity for the wellbeing of the people shone through. His speech was not a manipulation of words but came from experience. Those words were alive and enlivening. That is why his aggressive tone actually brought people together in every way. Among his disciples were not only kings, princes, and the rich, but also the poor, labourers, and servants. In them were men and women. The Ganga of love drenched every level of society. People of different castes, and religions came together under the shade of the umbrella of the Nath tradition.

The disciple tradition of Guru Gorakshnath had spread far and wide. Bhratruharinath, Gahininath, Adbhanganath [Maniknath] Nagnath, Vileshaynath, and among the eighty our siddhas -many siddha men - Padmanath, Dharmanath, Nityanath, Bindunath, Naardevnath, Siddhabaddha nath, Suranandnath, Veerupakshanath, Chitrangnath, Ramnath, Veerbankanath, Cholipnath, Godhanath, and Mallikanath and along with him the founder of the Aaipanth -Vimalainath and his associate Kankaai, Godaai, Kalaai, and Muktainath many such men and women he had blessed. The great king Goga of Jahavir was a loyal disciple of Gorakshnath. He was a devotee of the cow. A great philanthropist, very just, and the protector of the weak- such was what this king was known for. He completed his sadhana while discharging his duties as a king ably. He had attained the knowledge of Parapinda and Swapinda.

Guru Gorakshnath had another disciple whose name was Dayanath. His nature was the exact opposite of that of Goganath. His name was Daya[compassion] but he had a total absence of Daya. He derived great pleasure from harassing people and seeing them suffer. He used to bind people in a thread energised by a mantra and use a stick on them and make them captive. He could set fire to an entire hill by just blowing once at it. There was an incident when he had lit fire to the Sindh state by blowing three times and created havoc for the people. Gorakshnath heard about these distressing miracles and decided to free the people from this menace by punishing Dayanath. Gorakshnath brought him under control through siddhees, his knowledge of the sciences and Self realisation.

Even Dayanath then experienced the lowliness of such black magic when his ears were pierced in the Nath tradition. He was made to wear the Kundals, and a turban of black thread was tied on his head and told, "From today onwards you have become a Nath, truly Dayanath. After this spend your life only for the welfare of the people. That alone is going to uplift your soul."

The story of Ghantakarna is also similar. In a manner of telling, every disciple of Gurudev had an independent and unique history at the start. However, on meeting the Life stream of Nathguru till they reached their final destination of the ocean of bliss, the flow was similar. The sadhana of these Naths flowed between the banks of total surrender at the Guru's feet and complete faith. Out of these, Prakashnath's story can surprise anyone. Only the Ultimate power knows when and how a man will get awakened and the penance he might have done in several of his past births, would bear fruit in which birth.

He was the son of the King Som of Jaipur. His name was Swaprakash. He had immense good qualities and had a very good conduct. He loved his wife a lot. He took proper care of his family and subjects as well. He was happy. One day he went hunting. Roaming in the forest, he did not realise when it became sundown. After waiting till late in the night the queen closed the bedroom door in a while she heard a knock on the door, she asked, "Who is it?" She got no reply and heard another sharp knock. Thinking it could be no other than Maharaj himself she opened the door. It was him in the hunter's outfit, but unlike usual he did not look happy. He seemed restless. The queen got worried and said, "You seem tired." But the words did not reach him, instead he asked, "Who am I? Who am I?"

"You are Maharaj." The queen said helping him out of his clothes, even then the same question came "Who am I?" The queen lovingly held his hand and said, "You are my vital force. You are the father of our son. You are the son of the king Som, Swaprakash."

But for Maharaj these were not the answers to his question. That question haunted him and he renounced the palace, and kept wandering in search of his true nature. Through intense penance he pleased the Goddess. The Goddess guiding him said, "Gorakshnath has come to Haridwar. Go and surrender to him. He will grant Self realisation to you." By good fortune the king and Gorakshnath met. Guru Gorakshnath accepted him and got him initiated in the presence of Gahininath. Now the king Swaprakash was ordained as Prakashnath [Nath of light] and his form was lighted with the knowledge of the Self.

The story of Baalak Divat becoming Baalnath is even more interesting. Guru Gorakshnath was going to Kailash from the hill Shivpuri. On the way as he wished to take darshan of Bhagwati Jwalaji, he waited at the village of Jwalaji. After the Devi's darshan Gorakshnath was returning to his dwelling, when suddenly a small child came and put his head on Gorakshnath's feet and bowed to him. Lifting him up Gorakshnath asked, "Who are you son? Where have you come from?" "I am Divat, i have come from Navashahar." "What are you doing here? Who is with you?" "I have no one Maharaj. Can I come with you? I will serve you all. I will do whatever work you tell me to. I will obey your orders."

"Is that right? Then come on, come with us." Gorakshnath said. Seeing the innocent face of the child he could not refuse him, and he took him to the house where he was staying. He stayed in Jwalaji for eight days. During which time the child served Gorakshnath and his companions with devotion. He became like one of them, even otherwise children are naturally imitative. This child also like the Nath yogis would sit under a tree and meditate. In his mind he would repeat "Shri

Gorakshnath" and chant it silently. He applied ash on his body. Absorbed in meditation this child became praiseworthy.

Then one day one of the disciples told him, "Tomorrow we will leave." Immediately the child replied, "I too will come with you." "No, no you cannot come. Have you asked Guru Gorakshnath about it?"

"What is there to ask him? He had himself said, 'Come with us.'"

"Still ask him once. Take his permission." "Alright," saying which Divat ran to Guru Gorakshnath and said, "Guruji, everyone is saying that tomorrow we are leaving from here."

"Yes son, we are going to Manas."

"I will also come."

"No, son you stay here." On hearing a 'no' from Guruji, Divat started to cry. He caught hold of Guru Gorakshnath's feet and said, "How will I live here alone? I am your disciple. Give me initiation. Take me with you." Guru Gorakshnath lifted him and made him sit next to him, and closing his eyes he looked at the past birth of the child. He came to know that in the last birth this child was a Nath yogi. That is why he has an intense desire for initiation, but there is still some time before we can grant him initiation. Opening his eyes, he said, "Son, who are your mother and father? If we have to take you with us, we have to take their permission."

"I have left them and come. The Brahmin in Navashahar - Durgadatta Bhargav is my father. Father used to say study and mother used to ask me to help in the house work, but I had no inclination for either. One day father got very angry and started beating me saying that I neither study nor help in the house. You are always seen roaming around, but to take your meals you come home. How long are we going to give you free meals? I was crying and looked at my mother, she too joined the barrage and scolded me. I sent him to get grass for the cows and buffalos, even that he did not do. He is not able even to look after his little sister. He is not of any value- neither work nor paper. That day I slept hungry. Next day I woke up before my mother did, and left the house. I went wherever the road took me. Five to six months ago I came here with an uncle."

"Where do you stay here?"

"One kind lady has made me her son and kept me in her house. I take her cows and buffalos to graze. In lieu of which she gives me dal and chapati. But, Maharaj, I do not like any of this kind of work. I want live like you. I will do penance. I will serve you. Make me your disciple. Take me with you Maharaj."

"No son. You are too young. When we meet again, I will take the test of your worthiness and then initiate you. However, for now return home and serve your mother and father." Divat was disappointed and wiping his tears he kept standing. Sitting next was a disciple of Guru Gorakshnath who felt sorry for him. He said, "Guruji, it seems he has a genuine desire, let us take him with us."

Hearing this, Guru Gorakshnath became serious, and said, "The Guru- disciple relationship does not form so easily. This relationship is like marriage, it is meant to give another direction to life. They have to test the each other, the intellect and the inner mind should bear witness to this bond to accept it. Around us so many people gather, but they do not all have the capability to become disciples. Some people would like only to gain information. They would like to study many sciences and scriptures and texts and aim at getting adequate knowledge. They are merely students keen on knowledge. Those who come to learn about Dharma, they too come only to study about religion, they are not disciples because disciples are not content with only wordy knowledge. Disciples are those who want to experience the knowledge they have studied. They aspire to transform the viewpoint of their life and directly experience the truth. The disciple too, should test the Guru firsthand before accepting him."

“How can we test the Guru, Guruji?”

“To test the Sadguru, to determine whether he has experienced the Truth or not, there is an easy but important criterion. Living with him, the mind becomes calm, happy and free. Becomes light. Not only by his walk and talk but also by his silence and breath the fragrance of truth comes through, then know for a fact that such a Guru has known and the truth as well as experienced it. He will guide me to my destination and with that faith accept becoming his disciple.”

“Otherwise, if one is taken up by the erudite speech of a scholar of the scriptures, and did not assess his mind-body behaviour, it would be like the blind fully trusting in another blind as endowed with vision! The outcome is that both fall into a ditch.”

“It cannot be realized by body or mind then why die for it?”

“Attainment of Truth is impossible until an authentic Guru is found. Then freedom will not be achieved even through death. You will not transcend time. You will not get freedom from hope, longing or desire.”

All were quiet for a while. All those present were reflecting on Guru Gorakshnath’s words.

After some time, one person, who had not accepted being a disciple of anyone, said, “But Swami if we are unable to find such a Self realised being then what can we do? Can he on his own performing sadhana, and by his own efforts not attain to the Truth? Is it impossible to attain without a Guru?” “Not impossible but difficult. Extremely difficult. Such an ardent aspirant with his sincere efforts can reach the gate of God, but then his ego will rise up, and say all this I have achieved. That same ego will drown him, and become the obstacle in the meeting of Jeev-Shiv [the aspirant and God] The second difficulty is that we are all bonded to the body.”

“This body cage made out of seven elements in which the whole is manifested, he stitched without without a needle. Made from juice, blood, muscle, fat, bones, marrow and semen, this cage of body keeps us captive. Our consciousness is getting stifled in there. We want to be free to fly in the open sky, but we do not know the combination of this lock. We can see the open, blue sky outside, we can also see happy birds flying out there, but we do not know, how to get there.”

‘That means we should take the guidance of those birds who are free from the cage and flying in the open sky. Such a guide is the Guru. ‘Gu’ stands for darkness, ‘ru’ is the one who takes us towards light- he is the Guru. Guru shows us the combination to get out of this cage. The key to open the cage is within us only. The Guru shows us this. He awakens us. He himself does nothing, but in his presence our consciousness starts to blossom. He starts playing the kingri [small stringed instrument] outside and with its vibrations the Kingri that is within us also starts to vibrate. The walls of the body can no longer be felt when the vibrations within and without resonate. The consciousness of the body dissolves.”

“Meeting the Sadguru we come ashore, otherwise it is a deluge. Only if you meet a Sadguru, you will be lifted out, otherwise you will remain caged. How should a Sadguru be? The one who walks the talk. He practices what he preaches. He is the same inside out. And dear Sadhaka, it is just so. What is in the Mind is in the Brahmand. Sadguru grants that experience to us. He teaches us the skill of eating the pind[body] with the pind. He hands us the key to the whole Truth. He is the Sadguru.”

Guru Gorakshnath was overwhelmed with devotion to the Sadguru and his sentiments flowed in words forming a melodious song listening to which those present felt blessed.

### Devanagari

“ कथनी कथै सो शिष बोलिउ, वेद पढ़ै सौ नाति ।  
रहणी रहै सो गुरु हमारा, हम रहता का साथी ॥  
रहता हमारे गुरु बोलिउ, हम रहता को चेला ।  
मन मानै तो संगि फिरै, निहतर फिरै अकेला ॥  
अवधू ऐसा व्यान बिचारी, तामै झिलमिल ज्योति उजाली ।  
जहाँ जोग तहाँ रोग न व्यापै, ऐसा परवि गुरु करना ।  
तन मन सूं जे परचौ नाही, तौ काहँ कौ पचि मरनौ ॥  
काल न मिटचा, जंजाल न छूटचा, तप करि हुआ न सूर ।  
कुल का नास करै माते कोई, जैं गुरु मिला न पूरा ॥  
सप्त धात का काया पिंजरा, ता महिं जुगति बिन सूर ।  
सतगुरु मिलै तो उबरै बाबू, नहीं तो परलै हुआ ॥  
कन्दर्प रुप काया का मंडण, अंबिरथा काई उली चौ ।  
गोरक्ष कहे सुणौ रे भोंदू, अरंड अमी कत सिंचौ ॥  
चकमक ठरकै अमनि झरै त्यों, दधी मधि घृत कर लिया ।  
आपा माहिं आपा प्रगटचा, तब गुरु संदेसा दिया ॥  
दरपन माहीं दरसन देख्या, निर निरंतरी झाई ।  
आपा माहिं आपा प्रगटचा, लखै तो दूर न जाई ॥  
गोरक्ष बोलै सुणा रे अवधू, पंचो पसर निवारी ।  
अपणी आत्मा आप विचारी, तब सोवै पान पसारी ।

That day child Divat had to leave weeping with disappointment, but he was determined to become his disciple. Based on that intense determination, the child walked on the footprints of the Nath group and reached Manas Sarovar walking on the difficult road. When he reached ‘Manas’, he could not see a single Nath there. Divat spent the night there. In early morning he took bath in the lake of the God and remembered Mother Bhavani in his heart of hearts and paying homage to her he said, “O Mother, kindly grace this child and help me meet my Sadguru!” Shivapriya Bhavani, heard the child’s ardent prayer and appeared before him, he folded his hands and bowed to her and Divat asked, “Mother, the group of Nath Siddhas was supposed to come here. Have you seen them?” The Devi said, “They had all come here, but have now gone. They took the form of wind and have gone to Kedarnath. Why do you want to meet them son?”

Divat said, “I want to become his disciple. Gorakh Guruji, met me in Jwalaji. At that time, he had said I am a child. When you grow up, we will meet again, but he is not seen anywhere now. Am I not worthy of being his disciple? Is that why he is keeping me at a distance? Mother, please tell me what I should do to please him? Will I ever be worthy of becoming his disciple? He has forgotten me but I have no rest anywhere without him. What shall I do Mother?” His voice choked as he spoke. Shivani could not bear his condition. Looking at him compassionately she said, “Have patience son, your desire will certainly be fulfilled, but the right time has to come for anything to happen. You should only chant his name ‘ShivGoraksh’ constantly.”

“Yes, Mother. I will immediately commence my Jap (repetitions), but what path can I walk to meet my Guru who has gone with the speed of the wind?” Mother Bhavani smiled and said, “I grant you the speed of space then you too can move in space.” “But where should I look for him now? Will you be able to tell me his location?” Divat asked eagerly. For a while Devi looked for the Nath Siddhas and said, “Look son, right now you will not be able to meet them. But in Kangda Pradesh there is the place of Jwalaji...”

"I have come from there only." Divat said. "Then once again go there. Gorakshnath keeps coming there off and on. Jwala is my form only. As soon as Gorakshnath comes there I will inform you. Yes, but I will not appear directly like this before you. I will come in your dream and tell you. The night that you get such a dream, the next day take some flowers and go to meet Gorakshnath. Your desire will be fulfilled. My blessings are with you."

While Divat was bowing down to the boon bestowing Devi she disappeared. Divat was surprised. Overjoyed, and remembering the boon he received from Devi he took the form of the wind and flew into the sky. On the way he stopped at Badarinath to take Darshan of Badarinath. There he saw many devotees gathered together. In the centre was seated a Yogi in ochre colours. Divat asked enthusiastically, about him, he was told 'He is the son of Atri Shree Guru Dattatreya Maharaj.' Divat went forward and bowed to him. He thought if this is some big Yogi, he would most certainly know the whereabouts of Guru Gorakshnath.

He asked Guru Dattatreya, "Guruji, have you seen the group of Gorakshnath anywhere?" "Why? Do you have any work with them? Or are you his disciple?" "Yes, I have decided in my heart of hearts that he is my Guru but he has not yet accepted me as his disciple."

"And his accepting you seems difficult as well. Son, very mighty kings have become his disciples and are serving him. Many people are caught in the net of this mundane world are awaiting his grace. Many an aspirant and earnest seeker is longing for him as though for their beloved. In this situation do you think he would have the time to think about a child like you?"

"Even so I will accept initiation from him alone, although it might take a lifetime."

"But why are you so adamant on being initiated by him alone, Dattaguru is an Avadhut and great Yogi, why not be blessed by him?" One devotee suggested to Divat, "No, no even if God descended on earth, I will only make Guru Gorakshnath my Guru." Having said that he returned speedily to his foster mother Ratnabai, and once again began to take her cows and buffalos for grazing.

He used to take the buffalos to graze but his mind was elsewhere. He would remember his Guru and sit under some tree meditating. Many times, he had no consciousness of his body. In such a situation the cows and buffalos strayed. Once it so happened that the cows and buffalos of Ratnabai entered the farm of a rich landlord. The Landlord was furious and reached Ratnabai's house and abused and threatened her.

Ratnabai scolded Divat, "A dog is better than you. If I give him a chapati, he will honestly take care of my herd. You have made a hole in the plate that you eat in. Because of your carelessness the landlord has threatened me today. Go away from here, do not ever come before me again." Divat heard her scolding very calmly and contemplated on Mother Bhavani and prayed, "Mother take care of you child". Then he asked Ratnabai, "Mother, who told you that the fields of the Landlord have been damaged?" Ratnabai got even more angry and yelled, "He had himself come screaming and shouting." "Then tell him, instead of depending on his servants he should go and inspect the fields himself." "Means what?" "There has been no damage to his fields? Then let us take him ourselves and show him, how dare he come to threaten." "If what you say is true, I will not let him go scott free." Ratnabai said.

Divat and Ratnabai along with a few villagers reached the fields. There the harvest was swaying in the breeze. Even the servants of the Landlord could not understand that how the fields destroyed yesterday were now so green and full. They started to stammer in front of their boss, "We had not

told any lies. God is our witness, yesterday the cows and buffalos had destroyed the fields, we do not know how this miracle has happened.”

Having witnessed that miracle the village folk understood that this emaciated, poor child definitely has divine powers. Ratnabai’s eyes welled up. She said to Divat, “Without any reason, I said such harsh words to you. Forgive me and now let’s go home. I will give you hot chapatis. You are hungry since yesterday.” However, Divat was totally composed even in the face of the praise of the village folk or the loving care of Ratnabai. He pointed to the banyan tree under which he sat and meditated and said, “Mother, not just yesterday, please understand that I have never eaten any of your chapatis, this banyan will return all your chapatis to you.”

All looked towards the Banyan tree and lo! a miracle happened, suddenly there appeared a break in the middle of the tree and a pile of chapatis was seen in there. “And this is the buttermilk” Divat said pointing to a ditch nearby, the ditch was full of buttermilk. This miracle made Ratnabai giddy and she fell down. She caught hold of Divat’s feet and said, “I could not recognise you son, you are God incarnate. You are the child Krishna. Forgive me, forget the mistake this uneducated mother has made.”

Divat gently lifted her and said, “Mother, I am not angry with anyone, but now I will not return to your home, my path is different.” Having said that he sat under the Banyan tree. He started living there. Keeping his entire faith in the words of Mother Bhavani, he awaited her appearance in his dream for the information on the arrival of Guru Gorakshnath. Finally, the end of that severe penance came. Mother Bhavani appeared in Divat’s dream and informed him, “Gorakshnath has reached Jwalaji. Take his Darshan early in the morning.”

The rest of the night he spent in dreaming of his Guru and waited for the sun to rise. As soon as he saw the first rays lighting the eastern horizon, he took the aerial route and reached Jwalaji. Going there, he presented himself in front of Guru Gorakshnath and said bowing down to him, “Guruji, I am Divat.” Guru Gorakshnath looked at him and said with a smile, “Yes, child Divat.” “I am no longer child Guruji, I have grown up.” He thought, ‘if once again thinking me to be a child, he refuses to initiate me?’ Observing him, Gorakshnath was thinking, ‘Yes, now he has started looking older, how tall he has become. On his lips the shade of a light moustache is appearing, even on his chin there is a light show of hair. The eyes still have that innocence of child but now the determination and decision are shining through.’

Divat saw that Gurudev was observing him, that made him worried, he said, “You had said that when I grow up then you will consider giving me initiation.” “That is what I am thinking.” Guru Gorakshnath said. Divat excitedly said, “About giving me initiation? When will you initiate?” “O yes, yes, but have you thought of what I had said? This Yoga path is extremely difficult.” “Let it be. If I have your guidance, why should I worry? I am unread uneducated. Why would I think? To tell you the truth I am unable to think of anything other than you. Day and night I contemplate on you. If I am not worthy to receive initiation, just let me stay with you, but do not push me away from you Guruji.” Divat choked. He could say no more.

Gorakshnath thought ‘That is true son, in such matters, one cannot think. This is the importance of intuition. The heart speaks to the heart. It cannot understand the workings of the intellect.’ Then he said to Divat, “See, son, I will give you the initiation of level one first. Further we will see later.” “Yes, Guruji,” Divat said, overjoyed. At an auspicious time, Gorakshnath gave Divat the name and the method of yagnya, but Divat was not satisfied. He started to insist on the ear-piercing ceremony. He had an intense desire to wear those kundals and become a Nath and roam around.

Finally, on the auspicious day of Nagpanchami, Gorakshnath thought of giving him this initiation. All night Divat was unable to sleep due to the excitement. Wearing the Shrungi and Shailly round the neck, adorned with the Kundals, carrying the kingri and staff, calling 'Alakh Niranjan' he visualised his own Nath form. At sunrise, he got up, bathed and awaited the call of Guru Gorakshnath.

Just then he had an idea. "The first time I met Guru Gorakshnath, I was a child and also an ignoramus, but now I am not so. I have become big. Mother Bhavani has granted me so many siddhis [powers]. I can travel by the aerial route. I can render the fields green and full of harvest even when devastated by buffalos. But Gurdev does not know anything about this. Instead of telling him, I will do some miracle and show him. It will be so much fun." Divat was lost in his thoughts, just then he was called by Guru Gorakshnath and made to sit in front of him. With the instrument for ear piercing in his right hand, and with his left hand he caught hold of Divat's ear. He was about to pierce the ear when Divat took flight with the wind into space. Gorakshnath looked at him lovingly as though he were his naughty grandson.

"Alright son! You are demonstrating your siddhis to me? Now see my miracle." Saying only that Guru Gorakshnath produced from his body a wonderful divine hand and extending it, wrapped the flying Divat in it and brought him down to earth. "Now I will not let you go without piercing your ear. You will not be able to move. I have tied you to the ground with the sparshastra [weapon of touch]." Divat said, "Guruji, I do not want to leave you and go anywhere, whether there be a sparshastra or not. Forgive me. I made a mistake."

"Hey! You said you had grown up? Then why are you crying like a child? Howsoever grown up you may become, watch, you will remain a child for me. In the future, you will guide many and become a Sidha. From child Divat you will become a Deepak [Lamp] radiant. Come on, wear these Kundals made from clay. These Kundals made by the grace of the Nath tradition will ever protect you. From today, you have become my Baalak[child] and for the common people Nath and so you are BaalakNath. Become a Gyani [knower of truth], practice Dharma. Stay immersed in the service of the Guru." Guru Gorakshnath's word became true. Siddha Baalaknath did guide several people to the 'Alakh Niranjan' path.

Devnath the disciple of Gorakshnath, also had great capabilities. He was a sincere Sadhaka, and practised yoga intensely. His speciality was that he was an excellent physician, a good doctor. Through intense meditation he could become one with the herb and find out its special properties, and make a number of medicines from them. He saw the Lord in the people - 'Pashyami Rupam janantarastaram' [I see that form in the common people]. The service to man had become his life's mission.

To enhance his sadhana in the study of herbs and treatment, Krishnanathji had sent him to Gorakh monastery in the service of Guru Gorakshnath. In reality, he had planned to stay for a long time here but when Guru Gorakshnath decided to go to the Kumbha Mela then he had to return. Krishnanath was eagerly and anxiously waiting for him, as he wanted to ascertain Gorakshnath's present attitude from Devnath.

Before going into solitude Guru Gorakshnath had expressed his desire to be in Uttarakhand. Since then, Krishnanathji was restless. He thought about Guru Gorakshnath every moment. What a gigantic personality. What a magnificent mission! What a spotless character! Gurudev used to say, "We should understand the meaning of our traditional dress and symbols."

To adopt a posture meant to open the path of Ida, Pingala and Sushumna. Shrungi is the symbol anahat [uninterrupted repetition of the mantra]. It is the union of the vertebra and nerve channels. Kantha is the protector of Bindu. Ash is the symbol to turn to ash this noose of sansar [mundane world]. The meaning of Asan is to be free from all concepts, be still and thought free. Both Kundals mean the light of consciousness and ultimate joy. With the rosary, all senses can be brought under control. The stability in any tendency is the deer skin. The staff demonstrates unshakeable patience.”

Even though Guru Gorakshnath seemed tough like a mountain, inside, he was like the ultimate essence pure nectar. For him yoga sadhana was a sadhana full with nectar. Endowed with the wealth of beauty, sweetness and infinite wealth. The love and aspiration one holds uninterruptedly to unite with the infinitely vast treasure of beauty, glory and sweetness the Paramatma also known as Satchidananda [existence, consciousness bliss] is itself the symbol of Yogasiddhi [attainment of yoga]. Thus, yoga is luscious. It is more appropriate to say yoga is nectar. Ashtanga yoga, Hata yoga, mantra yoga, Laya yoga, and Raja yoga all of these are the various streams of the nectar of Yoga. The yogi remains immersed in the nectar of yoga, continuously partaking of it. There may be many who taste this nectar but a rare gyani, great yogi one like Gorakshnath who can make another experience it.

But his thought of withdrawing.....

Krishnanathji could not imagine it. Once Gorakshnath said, “For spiritual practice the dress and its symbols are only an outer expression. Their essential meaning is something else.

“The fire of Brahma is itself the ochre colour. The water of Ganga is the nectar, the fruits of the forest are the fruits in the Brahmarandra [i.e. the top of the head] Uttarkhand is Brahmarandhra. To go there meant to still the mind and be established in the bliss of Brahma. It is about this experience that he keeps talking.” And now he had been talking of resting in the same Uttarakhand.

The mind of Krishnanath was saying, “No, no. He should not do this. The society still needs him. A Self-realised being like Guru Gorakshnath does not need to be present in the physical form. He can descend in the form of wind and light and uplift humanity yet we still want him in this physical form made of the five elements. That is why it felt good to know that he will be present for the Kumbha Mela. Now when Devnath comes I will be able to know his inner attitude.”

As soon as Devanath arrived he first went to Krishnanathji. Seeing him, Krishnanathji was happy and said, “Come son, I was waiting for you.” Devnath did ‘Aadesh’ and took a seat. Then Krishnanathji asked him, “How is Gurudev?” “Absolutely fine. By your grace an ordinary sadhaka like me got the opportunity to live close to him and serve him. I am blessed indeed. To tell the truth, Gurudev is not only Knowledge incarnate, he is pure consciousness. Just his presence inspires one to do good work and do sadhana sincerely. His words of encouragement always provoke and enthuse us to do more.” Devnath was continuing to speak.

“So, your desire to be in his service is fulfilled?” “Yes, Nathji. Regarding medicinal herbs his knowledge is phenomenal. He explained so many details to me which have not been given in texts and if they are, they are only indicated and their meaning is not explicit. He got many new experiments also done by me, but there is one more science which I could not learn. I had wished to plead to him and attain that knowledge, but he decided to go to the Kumbh Mela and I had to return. Yes, but he knows that and remembers. While going he said, “Krishnanathji will teach you

the Shaabari Science, and he will teach better than me. Take my 'Aadesh' to him and tell him not to worry about me. I will come soon to meet him."

On hearing this message from Gorakshnath, Krishnanathji became free of anxiety and said, "I will certainly teach you all I know about the Shaabari science, but of course I do not have as much knowledge as Gurudev. He has the habit of praising even the small abilities of all. That is why he said that about me, or else I am still a sadhaka in search of Self Knowledge. Now take a little rest. From tomorrow we will commence the study of Shaabari science."

The next day Krishnanathji said to Devnath, "Son, you have no idea of the grand stature of the Yogi, you were fortunate to serve and receive his grace. Very rarely, maybe once in centuries, does such a compassionate visionary take birth for a mission. He has developed some such simple means for Self realisation, which can be practiced even by ordinary people. Out of these the one he has propounded is the Shaabari Vidya [science]. This is the knowledge which enables the experience of the bliss of Self- knowledge. The original name of this knowledge is 'Shambhavi'. Shan - means happiness and kar means the one who grants thus, Shankar, that means the giver of happiness, from him has arisen and attains to - the knowledge is termed Shankari. One of the names of Shankar is also Shambhu -and so that which is born from Shambhu- is Shambhavi. That word got altered into "Shaabari."

"Oh! That means this has no connection with the Shaabari language?" Devnath asked "We had heard that when Mahadev was in the forest doing penance, Mother Parvati had taken the form of an aboriginal and come to the forest. To please Mahadev she asked him about Brahma Vidya and Mahadev explained it to her in the Shaabari language."

"Yes, this is the story. Some people even believe that this knowledge was given by the Rishi Sarbana and therefore it is named Shaabari after him. We however, have only to remember that this "Shaankari" has been given to us to attain ultimate Bliss. Look Devnath, with the permission of Gurudev I will give the knowledge of this science, but if in the future you would like to teach someone, you will first have to take the permission of Shambhu Jati. This is so because Gurudev has kept the Shaankari and the Sanjeevani sciences, along with the Vayu astra and like it some infallible weapons, secure with his closest disciple known as Shambhu Jati. There was a time when some indiscriminate Siddhas who lacked self-control, started to misuse these sciences. That is why Guru Gorakshnath has given the authority to Shambhu Jati regarding the use of all these sciences."

"I will obey your instructions Nathji," Devnath said, "But, I am curious about one thing, are the presently used Shaabari mantras also a part of this science? If they are, then are there any rules regarding their use?"

"It can be said so because they have the same name, but their connection is greater than just the physical health of society. In this, there are many mantras, for treatment, from dental pain to labour and delivery of baby. These mantras protect humanity from many a hardship such as an ailment, unhappiness, even theft. The creators of these mantras have shown the method of making these mantras effective as well."

"Shree Matsyendranath, made these mantras effective and powerful by propitiating the Lord Sun, with the help of twelve Kundas, atop the Vani mountain. Guru Jalandharnath has also energised some of these mantras. Later Guru Gorakshnath and Guru Kaanifnath made some more mantras effective, then Guru Gorakshnath compiled all the mantras and appropriately edited them. The disciples of Guru Gorakshnath, Bhairav and Bhumbhari, have continued this tradition. When you

hear the beginning of these mantras you will understand how many persons have contributed towards them. Hear,

Devanagari: Om namo

“ ओम् नमो आदेश । गुरुजी को आदेश ।  
चौदह विद्याओं का सारथी ।  
जती सती कैलासपति । बलभीम मारुति ।  
विघ्न निवारण करे । साईं गोरखनाथ की ब्राह्मी ।  
गुरु की शक्ति मेरी भक्ति । चले मंत्र ईश्वरी वाणी  
पिंड कच्चा, गुरु गोरखनाथ का शब्द सच्चा ॥”

“Each and every mantra among these manifests a particular power. Invoking the power of sound, the Drushta Mantra, creates the atmosphere by its vibrations, through the melody it presents. It makes it effective.”

“The shape that the Mantra manifests, is called the Yantra of the Mantra. And the process which is required to be undertaken to make it manifest is called Tantra. The Shaabari Mantra is Self-effective as the Lord has spoken it. That is why it is imperative to prevent its improper use. Look son, do make these mantras effective and for the treatment and welfare of the people do make proper use of them but ensure that you maintain the necessary secrecy. Son, you are extremely fortunate. By the grace of Gurudev you will attain Self realisation and get the advantage of the mundane sciences as well.”

Devnath was overwhelmed. He put his head at the feet of Krishnanathji and in a soft voice said, “Aadesh, Guruji, Aadesh.”

So many amazing incidents happen in life. The very day that he was in intense despair at the temple of Mother Jagdamba and shedding tears, that is exactly when Krishnanathji’s nectar like voice and touch brought about a radical transformation. By the order of Krishnanathji he had gone to the camp of Guru Gorakshnath, and there he got acquainted with the Panchamaakar present within his body. Through constant practice he experienced them. In the conference of Nath Siddhas, he got to meet Bhratruharinath and he gained his grace. From him he received the initiation into the Nath tradition and the yogi who was entangled in the Tantras previously, now became Padmanath and got engrossed in the work of the mission. The name chosen for him was ‘Padmanath’ on hearing which he was greatly surprised. He had forgotten Kamala completely, but now he had been given the name connected to ‘Kamala’ - which is Padma [lotus] - Kamal[lotus]- Padmanath.

He was given the responsibility of all the arrangements for the Kumbha Mela. Today to get guidance for that role he had come along with his Guru Bhratruhari, to meet Guru Gorakshnath to Gorakh-monastery. Here he met Devnath. Both became good friends. Devnath had been given the Choti initiation by Krishnanathji and Devnath’s Sevaashram was close to Siddha ashram. knowing this he said to Devnath, “You do not know but the credit of making this Padmanath a Siddha is the pure grace of Krishnanathji. I consider him my Guru. I have a great desire to meet him.”

“Then come with me.” Devnath said enthusiastically. Padmanath had one more reason in his mind for meeting Krishnanathji. He wanted to know, how is the one who he had come in search of to Prayag. Is she secure and happy? If he came to know of her well-being, then his remorse of having been the cause of her pain might have lessened. However, due to some important reason

Devnath had to return to his village earlier and come alone before Padmanath. Yet he invited Padmanath insisting that he visit him and gave him the address.

The person Padmanath wanted to know the well-being of was spending her time happily in the Ashram of Devnath. She was looking after the Ashram management. Sometimes she thought, 'I had dreamed of being the Swamini of just a small family, but God showered such grace that like Gokul I received a huge family. To hear the name 'Mother - Ma' my ears used to thirst, now so many mouths call me 'Ma'. My wilted life has so blossomed again by the company of the saints here.' It was a fact. There was a remarkable change in her. Observing the impeccable character of the Nath yogis and their pure behaviour, the throbbing hatred she had for such yogis was totally destroyed. The doubting mind in Prayag, had been calmed by Madhuramai and her mother as she came from Prayag. Now she had become one with them. Like sugar in milk, she had mingled with them. She had become the elder sister of Madhuramai and the dear maternal aunt of Bhamati. Everyone in Sevashram used to call her Didi. That day she was preparing to go to the Kumbha Mela. That is when Bhamati called from outside, "Mausi.... Mausi...[maternal aunt]

"Coming now child. There is so much work, I will just finish and come." Didi said.

"No, no come first. I want to show you something." Didi came out, then Bhamati showed her a big painting kept on the table. On it was written - 'Saptasuro ki Mahfil' [The symphony of the seven notes]. In the painting some birds and animals were standing in a row. First was a peacock decorated with twinkling feathers, next to him a loving eyed cow was standing, after that the bleating 'mein mein' goat, and next to it a flying crane, and then a black cuckoo and a sturdy horse. Finally, an elephant with its trunk raised up.

Didi looked at the picture carefully but could not understand the significance. She asked, "What is the connection of the seven notes with these animals and birds. You should get your brain examined by your maternal uncle, to check if something has gone wrong."

"Really? But see you will have to accept defeat, my uncle will certainly understand the meaning of my painting.

"Yes, your mausi is ignorant, but if you explain she does have the capacity to understand but of course for that you have to have the art of explaining...."

"What art is there in that? You do know that I go to Omkarnathji to learn music?"

"That I know but I did not know he is also an artist."

"Oh, he is not an artist it is your niece here who is one. He had said that man is a part of Nature, he has learnt the art of living from those around him. All of man's art are a gift of Nature alone. From the Omkar that he is born with, he discovered the source of music within him and the animals and birds around him gave him the idea of the seven notes. This is the peacock- his kekeraw forms the Shadj i.e. -Sa, the cow sound- rishabh- re, the note of the crane - gandhar- ga, the sound of the goat- madhyam- ma, ....understand?"

"Alright so the cuckoo has given the pancham note- pa, and the horse- dhaivat -dha, and the elephant has given the nishad- ni?"

"Oh! Very good Maasi, how do you know the names of the notes?"

"Because in childhood I too had done some study of music. I used to go to a singer with mother. What I had heard then, I recalled. She always said, "Kammu has a sweet voice. But it was not in my destiny....let it be."

"Is that right? So, I was saying why don't we keep all the notes as pets in our Ashram? We will teach them, when which note is to be sung, then we will teach them Bhup Raga and ask them to sing, then peacock, cow, crane, cocckoo, and horse, will together sing Bhup. Isn't it a good idea?"

"The idea is very good, but this cow-goat concert should be performed, not here but in your own home meaning in your - in laws home. Why punish us with their sweet music?"

Didi said and laughed in a musical manner ascending and the descending notes! The soft note of Bhamati's laughter also got mixed with it.

At that very moment, standing outside, Padmanathji hearing the musical laughter in the ascending and descending notes, became pleased and thought, "after so many years this melodious laughter is heard. Kammu was just nine or ten years old, at that time she used to sit on the swing and laugh like this. As the swing went up to the sky her laughter would be in a tinkling ascending note, but later....it was as though her laughter was choked in her throat. Her whole life went out of tune, then how can there be a music in the voice?" That's when Kisan saw him and said, "Nathji, when did you come? Why are you waiting outside? Come in."

"No, no, there seem to be some ladies inside. It will not be proper for me to come inside."

"Yes, but they are not some alien women, they live in the Ashram. Our Bhamati mai and the lady who looks after the Asram our Kamala Didi."

"Who?"

"Kamala Didi. She is from Bengal. That is why we all call her didi."

"The name is the same and she is from Bengal" Padmanath understood she is the same Kammu.

"Come on, to go to Devnath's room we have to pass this way. We will give him the information that you have come, we will take prasad in the Ashram and then go to Paras Baba."

"Who is this Paras Baba? I have come to meet Krishnanathji."

"He is the same, who I call Paras Baba. You just come...."

"No, no. First, I will take his darshan. Bring Devnath there, but before that do one work..." saying that Padnmanath took out a paper and pen, wrote something on it. With the mere remembrance of Kammu, from his mountain of self-control a small drop of love fell out. That now took shape in the writing on the paper. As he wrote he thought, "I, depending on the principles of a wrong path, used her body for the practices, still the little Kammu is hiding in my heart. Unknowingly maybe, but my vital force was entangled in hers, otherwise to determine her well-being why would I make such efforts?"

"Kisan give this letter to your Didi."

"Do you know her? Then why the letter? Then meet her personally."

"No. I have to leave immediately, on a travel for a long distance." Saying that Padmanath walked away briskly. "One cannot understand these Jogis." Kisan mumbled and went in. Bhamati was in her Didi's room. Didi was on her way to the kitchen. That is when Kisan gave her the letter and while giving it he said, "There was one Nath Maharaj. He is the disciple of Paras baba. He has given this letter for you."

"For me? Why?"

"That even I do not know. He told me to give it to you. I have given it."

Kamala started thinking 'who might have given a letter for me? Who would know me here? How would he have got the information of my whereabouts?' As she was thinking she opened the letter, the handwriting seemed familiar, and she started to read the letter in her hands. In it was written:-

"After so many years, hearing the tinkling laughter of Kammu pleased me. The sky of the mind cleared. Someone, although unknowingly, had made her life hell, if possible, forgive him." As she read tears welled up in her eyes. After many years she too recalled his reassuring touch. The loving touch that conducted patience and strength to a girl who had come from a hut into a mansion. She was mentally replying to his letter and saying, "You do not know but the one who was in

despair due to you and detested you, her vital force was also entangled in you. She never ever thought of any other man than you. And now I have no anger left against you. What was to happen happened, it was written in my destiny I suffered that. Now I have understood that we are ourselves the reason for our misery and happiness. You also got the benefit of satsang [company of saints]. By the grace of Gurudev you too have adopted the Nath tradition. Your Kammu has truly become very happy today.”

Everyone was getting ready to go to the Kumbh Mela. She too was planning to go. To tell the truth, she had no great interest in meeting saints and sadhus or take the darshan of Mahakaleshwar. If she had any desire, it was to meet Guru Gorakshnath because Krishnanathji had said, “The darshan of such a glorious personality may not happen again. He has shown the right path to so many like that jogi of yours. He has taught the pure sadhana and saved so many women from becoming the object “mahaprana” of that improper technique. You had asked why was Brahmagiri called the Mountain of gold? So, listen not by just anyone’s siddhi, but by the touch of the feet of Guru Gorakshnath and other such beings who resided on it, every particle on that mountain has become sacred and gold imbued. Therefore, to take his darshan you should necessarily come.”

That is why she had become enthusiastic and was to go along with them, but after this letter she lost that enthusiasm. She thought, “If it is destined, I will get Gurudev’s darshan, but I will not go now, because in case I meet him? Krishnanathji had once said, “The one walking towards the ultimate bliss, may walk on any path, their aim is the same. All paths take you to the same destination, who knows when you might meet him.”

Right then Bhamati called “Come on Mausī, you are coming, aren’t you?”

“All of you go ahead. It is better for me to stay here,” gently wiping her tears Kamala didi said.

## Lesson 17 – Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam (The world is one family)

Every nook and corner of the city of Ujjaini was filled with devotion. On the banks of the Shipra river, devotees and saints and sages had assembled. The whole atmosphere was resounding with the call of “Alakh Niranjan” ‘Jai Mahakaleshwar’ because in the Amaravati sacred region the Kumbha Mela was being celebrated.

When Gods and demons did the churning of the sea, first a black venom appeared, then fourteen gems came, and at the end Dhanwantri himself came with Kumbh[pot] of nectar. The son of God Indra, Jayant, quickly snatched the pot of nectar and darted speedily off, so that the demons do not get the benefit of nectar. But the demons started chasing him. They started pulling the pot from him. In this tussle the pot fell twelve times. At that time Guru [Jupiter], Surya [sun], Shani [saturn], and Chandra [moon], had protected it. These four locations are on earth. These are- Tryambakeshwar, Ujjaini, Prayag, and Haridwar. On these locations, nectar drops had touched and in the memory of that event Kumbha is held in these four places.

When Jupiter enters the Aquarius sign of zodiac, then this Mela is held. There is great importance of the movement of the Sun through the signs of Aries, Libra, and Capricorn. When the Sun is in the sign of Libra and Jupiter in Scorpio then the Mela is held in Ujjaini. This year that holy occasion had come, and to celebrate that Ujjaini had got prepared and was decorated. The ascetics, sadhus, saints, yogis, and sadhakas come here in the hope of getting the benefit of the touch of these nectar drops, on a no-moon day when the Ida, Pingala are balanced and the Sushumna grants joy, to get the ultimate- progress of life. They come and bathe in the holy waters of the Shipra river. They stand in the waters of the river and chant.

This year also there was a large gathering of Nath Siddhas. As per his word Gorakshnath was also present. Bhratruharinath had made special arrangements for an independent place for him to stay. Today in front of the same hut there were many a Nath-followers waiting to hear Guru Gorakshnath, whose nectar like words were verily like the Sanjeevani mantra for them.

Gorakshnath closed his eyes for some time and contemplated his Guru. He paid his homage and said “Aadesh” to his Guru and then opened his eyes and with his loving gaze looked around the audience and commenced his lecture.

“O Nathpanthis [followers of Nath tradition], with your darshan I am immensely happy. Today with us are our Guru Brothers, students and their students also. Avadhutas, das, yogi, and devotees, sadhakas, saints, all good people are present in large numbers. Just as in this Kumbha mela all other holy places have merged into the Shipra waters, similarly in front of me have gathered many holy people from the country and abroad. A hearty welcome to you all! I bless you that the Kumbha of nectar in your inner heart remain ever full. May all the people gain from the drops of nectar. May they get the guidance to walk the path to immortality. May our path like the Kumbha include all.”

“Sadhakas, our mission is expanding. Today, respect dwells in the heart of society for the Nathsiddhas. This is a matter of great satisfaction. As satisfying as that may be, we have to exercise that much more caution as well. I have been mentioning this again and again. This is so as, when the mission expands its sincerity diminishes, there might even be the danger of frivolity touching it. That is why all of us need to be even more vigilant. Our priceless sciences should not be given to unworthy people. The reason being that if such radical powers fall into the hands of persons in whom there is a lack of Satvaguna and a predominance of Rajoguna along with

Tamoguna, they can be destructive. Thus, our tradition which is the way it is today, should remain so in the future, well organised, well controlled, and closely knit.”

“Never compete with anyone else. In each one there is always something good. Therefore, instead of looking for the defects in other paths, try to ascertain their merits and adopt them as well. Extend the boundaries of your mind to the horizon. Keep your behaviour impeccable. As you talk so you walk. Thought- Word and Deed should all be aligned. The one who is a hypocrite cannot gain any respect in society. His word is not honoured.”

“Stay mindful, do not create divisions, speak words sweet like nectar  
If the one facing is full of fire, Avadhu, you become water.”

“Sadhakas, there is one more thing I would like to say. Our Universe is being woven continuously like a spider’s web, in such a web if any one fibre is pulled or broken the entire web gets destroyed. If a brick is removed from the foundation of a house, the whole house shakes. If even a single screw gets dislodged from some machine, the machine is rendered useless. Our universe is also like that. Here insects-spiders, animals-birds, plants-trees, rivers-mountains all exist supporting each other. Their existence is interdependent. Consider all of these as the various parts of the Ultimate Supreme Self, they are all connected. If any one of them is disturbed, all others have to bear the consequences.”

“But humans are forgetting this. On the strength of his intellect, he is at war with the One who bestows the intellect. He is trying to bring Nature under his control. He is unable to grasp that if the limbs of one body start fighting with each other, how pitiable will be the condition of the body. The condition of nature will be the same and so will the condition of man. Keep in mind therefore, that we need to remain friends and not enemies of Nature. We do not have to conquer it, we have to belong to it.”

“There is one more calamity to come. The attacks that are now happening give pain to the body and mind, at the point of the sword facing each other. But in the future, attacks are going to be horrifying, because man himself will be unable to understand them, he will not even know that he is being attacked. It will be a hidden warfare. It will destroy our culture. It will be destructive to our soul. *It will come decorated in the garb of pleasure and enjoyment, Due to which man will forget his true nature and become devoid of Satvaguna.* He will remain constantly engrossed in indulging his senses and that will make him selfish, forgetting humanity. Thus, Sadhus we will have to become even more conscious. For the welfare of man, and to preserve humanity and love between fellow beings, we will have to impart a simple technique.”

“O Nath brothers, now the last but most important is that in the future we will have to live as ‘the fish of Manu’. Like at the time of ‘dissolution’ the fish of Manu had carefully kept within himself the seeds of each and everything for the re- creation of the world, we will have to preserve the seeds of Satvaguna carefully within us so that in Satyuga which follows Kaliyuga they may appear once again.”

“Sansar- mundane world is one wheel. It keeps relentlessly rotating. What is at the top today is down tomorrow. As soon as Kaliyuga is over- Satyuga will be born from its womb. Many will sacrifice man’s inherent humane-nature in Kaliyuga and yet many will uphold it in the very same Yuga. As this sansar is moving on the basis of duality. There is a confluence of good and evil here. Although there still will be a few persons with Satvaguna in Kaliyuga. These need to be looked for and in them to maintain the same every effort will have to be made. As the effect of Kaliyuga

spreads, darkness will be seen everywhere. People will become intellectual and argumentative. That will result in reduction of the importance of emotion and the door to their heart will shut down. In the cacophony of logic, the voice of the inner voice will not be heard. Husband-wife, brother-sister, father-daughter, Guru-disciple- the purity of such relationships will get erased and what will remain is only the relationship of man-woman. There will be no relationships, what will remain are only those dancing on the rhythm of anger, lust, arrogance and jealousy. Couples of men and women entangled in the noose of desires. The animals have a regulated mating season. Yet woman-man will be so engrossed in pleasure seeking that they will not consider time or age.”

“That is why sadhakas, we will have to find the right people with a pure character and take them to the final destination through a simple path. By giving them the simple sadhana of the repetition of the Saguna [God with form] and then take them to the Nirguna Nirakar [formless consciousness] and the ultimate Alakh Niranjan state. In the name of religion who shout ‘Jehad’ will have to be taught not to fight by just the book the Vedas and the Kaneb. God is only one. He is formless, pure, invisible, beyond the senses and intellect. He is all pervading in every particle. Meditate on that ultimate.”

“Jogi meditate on the ultimate- Veda-Kaneb.”

“O Naths, our outer apparel depicts our inner state and reminds us of it, but all those wearing this apparel are not Naths. The true Nath is not a Nath based on his apparel but is dependent on how he behaves with others, and the largeness of heart that he demonstrates.”

“Our tradition is not a narrow one that endorses any particular dress form or only particular practice. It is one that embraces all like the sky. Category, Caste, Creed, Religion, Country, Language, Gender, are not of any consideration and there is no differentiation based on Wealth-prosperity, Position, Honour- fame, only the one who is genuinely in search of Self realisation and the entire mankind is addressed by this royal path. This is the Nath tradition. This includes not only Rishes, Munis, Jnanis, and religious preachers, but all the workers who have experienced the divine joy and would like to reach it to the public at large, such as artists, musicians, dancers, sculptors, and scientists.”

“Like for the entire universe there is only one earth, one water, one air, one sky and one sun, exactly like that this is the one universal path to the bliss of The Self for the entire mankind. It pervades the Universe. The one that considers the whole universe as one family.”

“Nath brothers, what more is there to say? All of you are working in an excellent manner since the beginning. May Adinath-Uma, Shiva-Shakti continue to inspire you. Shower you with grace. May your work be successful. May all get the darshan of the sun within.”

“Alakh Niranjan – Adesh – Adesh”

## Lesson 18 – Ghati Ghati Gorakh (Every moment – Gorakh)

Today is Guru Poornima. The Siddhashram was decorated from all sides to celebrate the sacred festival of the life of the Guru-disciple. The grand arch at the gate at the entry to the Ashram, all the rooms of the Sadhana Bhavan, the large gallery where bhajans and kirtans, lectures are held, the Dhuni, Paatradevata, Trishul, the statues of Adinath, Matsyendranath and other prominent Naths- their sacred places, all such galleries and spaces were decorated with multi coloured flowers and garlands. The red-yellow petals of the marigold which blossoms twelve months of the year, with dark green mango leaves that enhanced their beauty, were looking as though they were tiny bottles of fragrant, turmeric and vermillion, with emerald that was set in Kundan [highly refined form of gold].

The important temples had become fragrant with the combined perfumes of Shefali, Anant, Jasmine. The black shining compact Pindi of Aadinath was decorated with the white-orange flowers of Shefali. A network of Bilva leaves was designed on it. Everyone was going to get the benefit of worshipping his feet and listening to his nectar like speech. On the shaft a big white flower of Anant [Gardenia white fragrant flower] had been put. Today was special because Guru Gorakshnath was himself going to come. Many Nath followers and devotees from far and wide had come.

Ashram grounds had been spruced up and decorated by beautiful rangoli [designs on the ground made from special powders]. The stage in the Ashram was draped in orange and fragrant flowers. On the right of the stage, Padukas made from marble were placed, which were mounted on a deep blue velvet Swastik. On the left a deer skin was placed as seat for Gurudev.

Now all were awaiting Gurudev. It was midmorning. It was drizzling gently and sometimes the sun would separate the veil of clouds and the rays of the sun would descend to earth. It was filling all with joy. From a distance the call of ‘Allakh Niranjana’ could be heard and Krishnanathji who was waiting at the entry gate immediately moved forward to greet Gurudev. Welcoming Gurudev in the traditional way he greeted Gorakshnath with love and respect, and walked him to the stage.

The audience rose to their feet and bowed to Guru Gorakshnath saying “Aadesh Guruji, Aadesh!” Gurudev accepted their greeting and went ahead to the stage. He placed some flowers on the stage and bowing to Vyas Muni went up to take the seat prepared for him. He looked at the audience with a compassion filled gaze and then closed his eyes. In a sombre voice he remembered Adinath and Matsyendranath and commenced the recitation of the Gurugita:

“ ओम् अस्य श्रीगुरु गीतास्तोत्रमन्त्रस्य, भगवान सदाशिव

ऋषिः ।

ननाविधानि छन्दांसि । श्रीगुरु परमात्मा देवता ।

हं बीजम् । सः शक्तिः । क्रौं कीलकम् ।

श्रीगुरु प्रसादसिद्ध्यर्थे जपे विनियोगः ।

गुरुर्ब्रह्मा गुरुर्विष्णु गुरुर्देवो महेश्वरः ।

गुरुदेव परं-ब्रह्म तस्मै श्रीगुरुवे नमः ।

अखण्डमण्डलाकारं व्याप्तयेन चराचरम् ।

तत्पदं दर्शितं येन तस्मै श्रीगुरुवे नमः ॥

ब्रह्मानन्दं परमसुखदं केवलं ज्ञानमूर्ति,

ब्रह्मातीतं गगनसदृशं तत्त्वमस्यादिलक्ष्यम् ।

एकं नित्यं विमलमचलं सर्वधीसाक्षिभूतम् ।

भावातीतं त्रिगुणरहितं सद्गुरु तं नमामि ॥  
न गुरोरधिकं तत्त्वं न गुरोरधिकं तपः ।  
तत्त्वं ज्ञानात्परं नास्ति, तस्मै श्रीगुरवे नमः ॥  
ध्यानमूलं गुरोर्मूर्तिः पूजामूलं गुरोः पदम् ।  
मन्त्रमूलं गुरोर्वक्त्रं मोक्षमूलं गुरोः कृपा ॥  
न गुरोरधिकं न गुरोरधिकं न गुरोरधिकं न गुरोरधिकं ।  
शिवशासनतः शिवशासनतः शिवशासनतः शिवशासनतः ॥”

After reciting the praise of the Guru, Gorakshnath said, “Oh sons of Guru, today is the day of Guru Poornima. It is the day of worshipping the manifest form of the inner Guru. It is also known as Vyas Poornima. Maharishi Vyas was among the first Gurus, he was the Knower of all three times. All the sciences and knowledge in the world has come from his speech.”

“Vyas itself means the ‘ability to spread’ The power to balance. The power that balances all the three gunas and teaches the skill of living life. That teaching is granted by the Sadguru to his disciple. There is a difference between ‘Guru’ and ‘Sadguru.’ You must have heard that Bhagwan Dattreya had twenty four Gurus. How was that? Taking the good points and letting go of the bad points. They were only his Gurus. In the mundane world in every field there is the need for a Guru. We should always remain grateful to them. However, Sadguru is different from them. He is the one who shows us our own True Self. Sadguru is the one who takes you to the Truth.”

“Sadguru is no person, it is a power. It is a principle. This is beyond name and form meaning beyond the body. The natural tendency of man is to tie it down to this world. The attraction towards the physical creates the desire for the gross body. The Sadguru liberates one from this desire by the power of his grace, and opens one’s wings which were closed until today. Takes one from the gross to the subtle. From the physical to the transcendental. He bestows the power to rise from the earth and fly into the sky. For this however, we have to become a true disciple. We have to forget our ego, and self-importance about the knowledge attained in this world, respect, position, wealth, prosperity, all have to be renounced and one becomes merged with the feet of the Sadguru.”

“At the time of the Upanishads, the disciple took Samidha [dry sticks representing all his desire] in his hands and went to the Guru. For the fire sacrifice, wood from some special trees is burnt. These are known as Samidha. Even today this tradition continues in some Guru Ashrams. Samidha is a mere symbol. Through this the disciple expressed to the Guru that he had come to the Guru for performing the Jnana Yagnya. In that sacrifice, burn all my defects in the form of Samidha.”

Gurudev accepts the Samidha and checks whether they are is totally dry or not. If they are wet, the Guru understands that the mind of the disciple is still entangled in the world. He then gives the disciple some appropriate initial sadhana of performing fasts etc. and asks him to return after some years of practice. If the samidha is totally dry he asks the disciple to stay with him. He initiates him. That disciple who is hollow of ego like the bamboo and dry of desire like the dried samidha is accepted and his spiritual upliftment commences.”

“The Nath yogi Sadguru takes his disciple through Mantra yoga, Layayoga, Hatayoga, and Rajyoga to beyond action into the Shiva state. While living in the body he is liberated from life. He unites, Sadguru, Sadhaka and Paramatma. He is the bridge that crossed both the physical-transcendental, the temporal-eternal shores of the life flow. With his one hand he holds the feet of Paramatma and his other hand stabilises his disciple. When the disciple becomes capable of meeting the Paramatma, the Guru himself makes this happen.”

“The full moon of the Ashadh month is fixed to be the Gurupoornima. There is a hidden message in this. It mirrors the state of both the Guru and disciple. Ashadh month is in the monsoon. In these days the skies are most often covered with clouds. The life of man is also similar. He is caught in the pleasures of objects. It is surrounded with the clouds of worldly pleasures. That is why he is in darkness. Yet, within him there is such a happy full moon shining that the outer atmosphere cannot touch it. Sadguru is the name of that full moon.”

“Sadguru is the outer form. From the point of view of the Sadhaka, Sadguru is the Parabrahma. It would be difficult to see the sun of Self and bear the bright radiance directly, therefore Sadguru takes the gentle cool form of the moon. The Sadguru absorbs the immense light within himself and radiates the cool moonlight to the disciple. In this way he becomes the bridge between the sun of Self Knowledge and his disciple.”

“Sadguru, takes one more responsibility. With sympathy he thinks of the capacities of his disciples. He too had experienced the stage of being a disciple. Therefore, he knows. He can thus forgive his disciples. If seen in the right way, the Sadguru is greater than Paramatma. Parameshwar is just, he weighs sin and virtue. The result is exactly according to the action. Sadguru on the other hand is like the mother who lovingly picks up her child who had been playing in the mud. Being devoted to him, obeying his orders is our strength. O sadhakas that is why always say, ‘mine is devotion and his is the power’. The strength we are granted is directly proportional to the intensity of our devotion. The devotion to Sadguru is itself our strength.”

“Today is the sacred day of worshipping the feet of our Guru. We will pay homage to the Padukas placed here by worshipping them. Then we will place them in the temple. This is the physical, name-form, limited tied in the bonds of time, symbol of the infinite, formless Sadguru. This is the darshan of the Beginningless-endless Guru principle.”

“These two feet are of Shiva-Shakti, of Purusha-Prakruti. Like two lips speak one word these look two but are indeed one.”

“Like two eyes - one vision. Two ears one sound.  
Two hands one action. Two feet one motion.”

“Behind every duality that is prevailing, there is but one power. Accordingly, this Self existing power has two feet. In between them there is the shape of a fish. It is the symbol of the vital force residing in us. The fish live in water, but to breathe they put their heads out of water, we too similarly take breath from outside us through the two nostrils.”

“There is one more meaning to this. Sadguru Matsyendranath, our founder Sadguru, took birth from the womb of a fish, it is the mark of his memory.” Saying this much Gurudev stood up. He began the worship of the Padukas.

All sang the regular prayer:

Devanagari

“ अगम अगोचर नाथ । तुम परब्रह्म अवतार ।  
कानों में कण्डल शिर जटा । अंग विभूति अपार ।  
सिद्ध पुरुष योगेश्वर । दो मुझको आदेश ।

हर समय सेवा । करुँ सुबह - शाम ।  
आदेश । आदेश । आदेश ।”  
इसके पश्चात श्रीगुरु लिंग की जयजयकार की गई ।  
“ ओम् नमः शिवाय । शिव सौ....हं हंसाय ।  
श्रीगुरु लिंगाय नमः ओम् ।”

Gorakshnath was himself also chanting the same mantra and offering a flower each time. There were two big plates filled with them- gold Champak flowers. These flowers are very dear to Nath Yogis. This flower has been so named for its qualities. The five qualities - purity, softness, richness, oneness and radiance are the similarities between gold and this Champak flower. But in addition, a gentle fragrance is emitted from each of its petals which is not present in gold. This fragrance reminds devotees of the golden qualities. They are therefore called gold Champak flowers.

On all the four corners and in the centre of the Padukas, Gurudev offered the sixteen petalled red lotus. Then he placed white Kailashpati flowers on the Pindi, these flowers have a Pindi like structure and a hood like that of the cobra in them. After this Guru Gorakshnath sang the praise of His own Guru Matsyendranath.

Then he offered Tulsi leaves dear to Vishnu, between the Padukas placing his head on them, he paid homage. After completing the worship Gurudev took his seat again. Every one present offered flowers on the Padukas and went and took their seats.

Looking at each one lovingly, Gurudev said, “O, Nath brothers, today I would like to tell you about some important matters. In the minds of the common public our tradition has gained respect and love. The mission is expanding and as happy a matter this might be, it also increases the responsibility attached. This is so because when anything spreads it starts to lose its depth. When it meets unworthy people, its purity diminishes. To avert these dangers, we should all be alert. Our behaviour should be clear like a mirror. Our talk and work should be aligned. If any arrogance enters it, it will be harmful to us. Our sadhana will go waste. A situation may come when there is neither this world nor the next.”

“O fortunate beings, the birth of a human is got by the fortunate beings only. Make it blessed. Just think, with what intricacy and skill the Creator of the Universe has composed our body Veena [musical instrument.] The art in its structure is amazing. This is not a lifeless wooden Veena. This is a conscious, alive Veena. Based on the pillar of the Jeevatma with four bodies, their four stars, nine chakras[centres] of power with their keys, five essences and seven elements, fifty two alphabets to make music. Heart and head, mind and intellect are the two rounds connected with vertebral column which gives the experience of natural samadhi and creates the divine music of joy. This Veena, is priceless and magical. In order to make contact with the outside world, Bhagwan has connected the five senses to it. To protect it and to keep it connected with the vital force it has been wrapped in soft skin.”

“One more speciality of this is that Naadbrahma [Creator of sound] has inserted a global sound in it while making it. Inhalation and Exhalation form the ascending and descending notes by the flow of breath and this vibration is resounding constantly.”

“O sons of immortality, understand that root vibration, root melody, that Omkar and preserve and look after this body Veena, through whose medium you can experience the Omkar. “

“Neither should you over indulge in it nor should you torture it. Bear in mind that if we over tighten the strings of the Veena they will break, and if too loose no music will emerge. Keep balance and stay centred. Renounce extremes. Keep the mind and intellect aligned. This is true Yogasadhana.” Make effort to keep your food intake, your entertainment, your thoughts, and your entire life style under control.”

“There is one more important matter if we want to destroy our defects, we should not have enmity towards them. Instead, we should make friends with the opposite good qualities and imbibe them. Instead of fighting darkness light the lamp of knowledge. You will get the skill to light that lamp from the Sadguru. O sadhakas, the musician who plays on our life’s Veena is also residing in our own hearts. Entangled in the world we forget to connect with our global musical note. Do you know who strikes this musical note once again? Who acquaints us with our own true form? Our Sadguru! Only Sadguru! The Guru alone awakens us. He is the one who explains to us that your existence is like a drop of an ocean but has the inherent power of becoming the ocean. Thus, recognise your own power. Our root note is Omkar!”

**Devanagari:**

“ॐम् सबदहि सबदहि कूंची । सबद भया उजियारा ।  
कांटा सेती कांटा घूटे, कूंची सेती ताला ॥”

“Omkar is the source of all words. It is the unstruck sound. The Uma Devi we worship also resides in our heart in the form of this unstruck sound. “A” “U” “M” uniting to form Uma. The essence of Omkar is inherent in that power. When by her grace we reach the source of Omkar then we know the secret of the Universe. Om is the lock and Om is the key.”

“The lock of Om opens with Om alone. It opens with the Soham sadhana. “Who am I?” without getting the answer to this question, one is not aware of the Self within and hence cannot know the Absolute Consciousness -Paramatma. There is no other way to know him. The Self is the door to enter the Absolute. Just know that one, and automatically the key to know That which is all pervading, is obtained. Breath is that KEY.”

“Know your breath. Meditate on it. Get to know for whom this breath is happening? Whose remembrance is the incoming breath and outgoing breath doing? Who is it worshipping? Reflecting on this go within with your breath. Go within right up to the depth of where it reaches, at whose feet? Then come out with it. In this circumambulation, in this journey, in this uninterrupted circular movement, there will be one such moment when you will merge with the ‘Sah’. “Aham” will unite with its divine source. This experience will amaze you. As you will be there at that time but the “Aham-Ego” will not. There will only be the ultimate, immaculate existence!!! Sans ego, without a shadow, without smoke the ultimate light! There, the answer to the question “Who am I?” Will become naturally known. The magnificent darshan of being in every atom will happen.”

“In the presence of the Sadguru this happens spontaneously. The heart unites with the heart. Both become One. That every instant the extinguished lamp in our heart gets lighted with his light of Knowledge. A lamp is lighted with another lamp. With this union that knowledge becomes activated in the heart of the disciple which cannot be expressed through words in any text.”

“The empty vessel of the disciple is filled with bliss. For that the disciple has to become completely empty and surrender at the feet of the Sadguru. His heart should be filled with love and faith. Inside -outside, just totally that sentiment.”

### Devanaagari:

“निहिचा हुवै तो तेरा निपजै, भया भरोसा मेरा ।  
परचा हुवै ततपिन निपजै, नहीतर सहज सवेरा ॥  
अवधू सहजै लैणा सहजै दैणा, सहजै प्रीति ल्यौ लाई ।  
सहजै सहजै चलेगा रे अवधू, तो बासण करेगा समाई ॥

“When the vessel is full, and the ultimate pure Existence is known, then all is Known. That Existence has no name. Not Ram not Khuda. Nothing that can be seen with the eyes-no form. It is beyond the senses.”

“Alaksha” means that which cannot be made into our goal. That is just one wordless, void sky. It is only an experience. A taste of the imperishable. It is Prasad. Beyond religion or tradition.”

### Devanagari:

“हिंदु आपै राम को, मुसलमान खुदाई ।  
जोषी आपै अलख को, तहां राम अछे न खुदाई ॥  
हिंदु ध्यावै परमपद, जहाँ देहुरा न मसीद ॥”

“O sadhus, each of you has the potential to know God.”

“Gorakh says there is a garden everywhere, the one who seeds it can own it - this means that in each of us there is a garden.”

“There is one state in which there is no Guru, no Disciple. What remains is only Love and feeling of devotion.”

“There exists the Formless, Unimaginable, non-dual, Existence. It is not gross, not subtle. What remains is the Omkar note. That Omkar starts to glow. Sound becomes full of light and light resounds. Light resonates, and sound shines. The bells dance in the feet of light and light shines from the anklet bells.”

“It is unfathomable how the waves of sound and waves of light synchronise and transform. With the Guru and disciple, the same happens. Both fly in some such sky that has no support, which has no pillar. They live in a temple that is not made of bricks and mortar but is pure consciousness. There a flame is there all the time, without oil or wick.”

The Almighty has constructed the universe without any support and lighted it without oil or wick. The situation of the Guru-disciple is just this. Where there is Gorakh there is Matsyendra. Where-fish-there Gorakh. This is what is the love of Guru and disciple.”

### Devanaagri:

“घटी घटी गोरख, घटी घटी मीन ।  
टापा परचौ गुरु मुषि चीन्ह ॥”

Only the unstruck sound is manifest. It has no source. It is not dependent on anything. There is just one flame, that too without a wick and without oil. Sons of Guru, pay attention. Take care of your garden.”

This speech evoked from the heart of Guru Gorakshnath resonated in the hearts of all.

Gurudev was absorbed in the inner Self and singing,

“ उपजै न बिनसै, आवै न जाई । जुरा न मरण बाके बाप न माई ।  
अणत गोरक्षनाथ मच्छिन्द्र ना दासा । भाव भवति और आंस न पासा ॥  
घटी घटी गोरख, घटी घटी मीन ।  
घटी घटी गोरख, घटी घटी मीन ...”

The worship of the Nirguna Padukas was completed. The routine of the lighting a flame of the prescribed herbs was followed. The audience who was blissful and totally absorbed by the wonderful speech of Gurudev started to do Tratak {exercise of staring unblinkingly at a flame] looking at that flame.

They commenced staring at that calm unflickering light of the flame with a one-pointed gaze. Krishnanathji gave the message to Gurudev and returned to his seat and commenced the Tratak. But in a few moments his eyes closed. He became absorbed in meditation. He could see the form of Gurudev moving further and further away from the ashram gate. Many a time before, Gurudev had visited the Ashram and many times Krishnanathji had given such a message to him. But his mind had never before become so agonised. “Will I be able to see him again? Would he have established these Nirguna Padukas in the ashram with some special purpose? While bringing the Padukas on the way, how naturally he had said that the life of man is a few moments only. If not today, tomorrow he will merge into Time. But the formless beyond time is infinite.”

These words of Gurudev had filled the mind of Krishnanathji with doubt. He was wondering what Gurudev was trying to convey through those words. In the meditative state, he saw what Gurudev was trying to convey. Shree Gorakshnath was walking majestically when suddenly the earth around him rose and slowly and her hands of mud embraced and engulfed Gurudev. The form of Gurudevji became invisible. But in a few moments, it separated from the physical gross form and its transparent shape became visible. As he looked, that transparent shape merged with the waves of the ocean.

Shree Krishnanathji was flummoxed and started thinking, “O Gurudev what kind of strange event is this? Where are you?” At that moment a ball of light started to throb right in front of him and in it a thumb size image of Gurudev in his lustrous form could be seen. Then with the waves of wind it flew off and started to increase in size to the extent of enclosing the entire space. Then it crossed infinite space and became one with the void. Earth, Water, Fire, Wind, Space, Void..... No void...Great void.

Experiencing this divine form of Gurudev Krishnanathji was awestruck. In his inner mind the language of the Gods spoke, “Om Him Shreem Gom Gorakshnath Vidyamahe. Shunya putraya Dhimahi. Tanno Gorkshaniranjanah Prachodayat.”

‘Gorakshgayatri’ hearing this invocation, Krishnanathji was in a state of wonder and repeatedly asked himself, “From where did these words arise? From space or from the inner mind? From the music of the waterfalls or from the vibration of the arteries? From the valleys of the mountains or from the cave of the heart? From the atoms of and subatomic particles of outer space or from the vibration of these five breaths? From the lotus of the naval centre or from the thousand petalled lotus? Or has it descended from that, which joins these two lotuses and unites the sun-moon breath process, the continuous movement of pran-apan?”

The Gayatri mantra kept on repeating itself, listening to which - the sound waves became light waves and sound transformed to light. Then from that light an extremely radiant image formed as if the energy which had merged with the void became manifest again.

Sitting in the lotus posture, well-built form, beautiful, lustrous, compassionate large eyes with curly hair on the head, sporting a silver crescent- seeing this stupendous image Krishnanathji in an overjoyed and enthusiastic voice exclaimed, “This is our Gurudev! Guru Gorakshanathji! Means...means he is right here. But where.... where Gurudev?”

The answer came from his inner mind, “Where, wherever you look.” Then those divine rays descended. The throbbing ball of radiant light became soft like moonlight, its silvery pleasing lustre spread to all corners. Taking the form of a meteor it incarnated on earth. It came into the environment of Siddhasram also. Krishnanathji experienced that pleasing touch and opened his eyes. On opening his eyes, the vision of the meditative state became invisible. Yet, a miracle happened- in the eyes of everyone who was doing tratak on that flame, Krishnanathji saw the meteor descending into them and Gurudev’s joyful face of blessing in their hearts. Gurudev was saying,

“Ghati, Ghati Gorakh, Ghati Ghati meen. Ghati Ghati Gorakh Ghati Ghati Meen”

Very slowly the flame subsided. Everyone folded their hands and started to recite the prayer,

“ ओम् परमज्योति तेजःस्वरूपिणी नमामि ।  
ओम् परमज्योति तेजःस्वरूपिणी नमामि ।  
ओम् परमज्योति तेजःस्वरूपिणी नमामि ।  
सौऽहं... शिवगोरक्षनाथ... शिवगोरक्ष... शिवगोरक्ष...  
शिवगोरक्ष... शिवगोरक्ष... !  
आलक्ष... आदेश... आलक्ष... आदेश... आलक्ष... आदेश... !  
सत् नमो आदेश, गुरुजी को आदेश ।  
शैलीशृंगी सिरजटा झोली भगवा वेष ।  
काननकुंडल भस्मलसै शिव-गोरक्ष,  
शिवगोरक्ष, रक्षा करों आदेश... आदेश ! आदेश !!”  
॥ श्री शिवगोरक्ष ॥

## Glossary

|                |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
|----------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Aarti          | Hindu religious worship with lamps lighted with ghee or oil.                                                                                                                                                                          |
| Adimaya        | Primordial Illusion                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
| Alaksh/Alakh   | That which cannot be aimed at / targeted at                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| Alakh Niranjan | Alakh- is Alaksh as given, Niranjan is blemishless!                                                                                                                                                                                   |
| Arghyadaan     | Offering of water to the divine at the time of worship                                                                                                                                                                                |
| Aadesh         | Command or order                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
| Ashwatha       | Ficus religiosa also called Peepul tree. Considered sacred. Has a large canopy of leaves to provide shade the weary traveler.                                                                                                         |
| Audumbar       | Cluster Fig tree                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
| Annadatri      | Lady of the house offering food                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| Atmarup        | One who is absorbed in the Self                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| Angiya         |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| Akshay         | Imperishable                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
| Ayoni Shambhav | Wombless birth.                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| Ashtapadi      | Mountain                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| Avadhuta       | Mystic beyond ego consciousness.                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
| Abhishek       | A type of Hindu worship where various types of liquids are used to bathe an idol.                                                                                                                                                     |
| Bindu          | A dot or point                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| Brahman        | The Ultimate reality.                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| Brahmavetta    | Knower of the ultimate reality.                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| Bhabhi         | Brother's wife                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| Bhog           | Material enjoyment / offering of food to the Gods in rituals.                                                                                                                                                                         |
| Chirantan      | Immortal                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| Chauthaniya    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| Charchand      | To enhance something [literally four moons]                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| Chamunda       | A female Hindu Deity [at the Chamunda Hills in Mysore Karnataka]                                                                                                                                                                      |
| Dharma         | Religion, Code of conduct, right action, duty, very nature.                                                                                                                                                                           |
| Daal Chappati  | Cooked lentils with spices, and wheat dough rolled and baked into fine discs.                                                                                                                                                         |
| Dharamshalla . | Traveler's inn                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| Daalvada       | A fried item prepared from ground pulses with some spices.                                                                                                                                                                            |
| Darbhasana     | A flat seat of dried special grass.                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
| Didi           | elder sister                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
| Dushkrutam     | Bad Deeds                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
| Dvitiya        | Second day of the bright half of the lunar month                                                                                                                                                                                      |
| Ghat           | : pot, vessel, receptacle.                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| Guna           | Qualities, properties, tendencies, attributes, divided into three categories- satva- light good and pure / Rajas- activity, for fulfilment of mundane desires / Tamas -inertia, sloth, indolence and ignorance, intoxication, stupor. |

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|--------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Gunja        | Abrus precatorius- a small plant bearing a red and black berry used as the jeweler's smallest weight. It is also of the shape of a tiny Pindi.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
| Gyaan daan   | preaching disciples or people free of charge.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| Gyaani       | The one who knows Brahman.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
| Havan        | Offering to the fire                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |
| Jeeva        | Conditioned consciousness due to ego.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
| Jiji         | elder sister.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| Kundal       | a type of earring usually of ivory, rhino horn or baked mud worn in the tragus [small ear in front of the ear] usually large ring like.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
| Kuncha       |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| Kaal         | eternal Time                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| Kamandalu    | A vessel with a handle carried by yogis or sanyasis for water and other liquids.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
| Kalaa        | A type of art, talent, anyone type of artform.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
| Kingri       | Musical instrument carried by Naths                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| Kund         | A pond or a vessel for lighting a fire.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
| Kunchee      |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| Maharaj      | Used for a man of reverence.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| Magh         | Month, usually in December.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
| Mokshadayani | The giver of liberation- from the cycle of birth and death.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
| Mai          | Mother                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| Nagtree      | <b><i>Couroupita guianensis</i></b> , known by a variety of common names including <b>cannonball tree</b> , is a <a href="#">jmn0wk tree</a> in the family <a href="#">Lecythidaceae</a> . It is native to the <a href="#">tropical forests</a> of <a href="#">Central</a> and <a href="#">South America</a> , and it is cultivated in many other tropical areas throughout the world because of its beautiful, fragrant flowers and large, interesting fruits. Fruits are brownish grey. There are medicinal uses for many parts of <i>Couroupita guianensis</i> , and the tree has cultural and religious significance in <a href="#">India</a> . |
| Padukas      | Sandals made of wood generally with a single knob between the great and middle toe. Nirguna Padukas – are oval shaped.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| Pativrata    | Chaste married woman.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
| Peepul tree  | <i>Ficus religiosa</i> or sacred fig is a species of fig native to the Indian subcontinent and Indochina that belongs to Moraceae, the fig or mulberry family. It is also known as the bodhi tree, pippala tree, <b>peepul tree</b> , <b>peepal tree</b> or ashwattha tree (in India and Nepal).                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
| Prasad       | Offering of food to the Divine and then served to everyone in all rituals.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
| Paramatma    | Supreme Lord.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| Param Shakti | Supreme power.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |

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|-------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Pallu             | End of the saree which is draped over the shoulder and usually has a matching design to the border.                                                                                                                                    |
| Pattika           | [sharp nose likened to it?]                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| Roti              | Rolled Indian bread in round form.                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| Sadhaka           | The Seeker (of spiritual pursuits)                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| Sadhana           | Spiritual practice. [Various types of penance, meditation prescribed for spiritual advancement.]                                                                                                                                       |
| Sansar            | Mundane life full of material desires and their fulfilment as well as the cycle of birth and death.                                                                                                                                    |
| Shiva Shakti_     | the male and female principles of the Lord involved in Creation, Maintenance and Destruction of the Universe.                                                                                                                          |
| Sukrutam          | Good Deed                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| Sati              | term used for a chaste married lady, who would climb the funeral pyre with her husband in case he predeceased her.                                                                                                                     |
| Shaili            | 9 yard thread of black wool worn by the Nath yogis.                                                                                                                                                                                    |
| Shrungi           | The thread has a Rudraksh as a symbol of Devi[shakti] and two inch hollow tube made from deer horn                                                                                                                                     |
| Shreepeeth        | The locations where Primordial Shakti is found in the form of a Goddess.                                                                                                                                                               |
| Siddhi            | Miraculous powers eg. over the five elements, and other such, attained through intense sadhana.                                                                                                                                        |
| Shivadi kreem     |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| Satva, Rajas      | explained above.                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| Tamas             |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| Tatva             | Principle, essence                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| Tilak             | a special red colour powder applied between the two eyebrows on the Agnya Chakra.                                                                                                                                                      |
| Tripurari Umapati | Descriptive word for Shiva.                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| Yatiwar .         | Highly evolved souls living on earth                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
| Vruttidaan        |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| Vishkanya         | Poison girl, were young women reportedly used as assassins against powerful enemies. Their blood and body fluids were purportedly poisonous to other humans mentioned in the ancient Indian treatise- Arthashastra written by chnakya. |
| Vishvambhar/      | Universal manifestation of the divine.                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| Vishvarup         |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| Vasava shakti     | Power of Arrow                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
| Yati              | Perfected yogi.                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| Yuga Purusha      | Person of great spiritual vision responsible for a unique change born once in an era                                                                                                                                                   |
| Yatra             | Spiritual pilgrimage, usually done on foot.                                                                                                                                                                                            |