

SWAMI YOGANAND'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY – A HUGE SHOWER OF MIRACLES.

A SACRED AMULETE FROM THE HOLY MASTERS MATERIALISED AND DISAPPEARED BY ITSELF.

(Note: In the last issue, Dosubaba narrated to us the true story of the miracle at Remiremont that occurred on 26th May 1907. It rained hailstones with Mother Mary's picture-impressions on them.

This time Dosubaba is telling us about Swami Yoganand, whose famous book "**Autobiography of a Yogi**" contains a miracle almost on each page. Of course all those numerous miracles spread over 475 pages can not be described here. He has selected only one, but after an introduction about the book.

A miracle does not occur at random or in fluke. It does follow God's laws. But to us, the ordinary common-sense people, it seems to violate the set of laws which are familiar to us in our daily life. We presume that our familiar laws are the only laws of nature. But what reason is there for that presumption, which has stuck to the so called "scientific" mind with the vehemence of a religious fanatic? No reason is ever given. On the other hand the human-kind has experienced miracles since millenniums. Even the infidel 19th century and the confused 20th century have reported and recorded miracles in large numbers.

The report of Swami Yoganand, coming in the middle of the 20th century, had a stunning effect on the unaware but truth seeking people of the world. It is not a record of a few solitary miracles. The whole life of the revered Swamiji, from birth to death and after, was full of events beyond the normal experience of common mankind.

As is reported in the last issue of this humble Parsi Pukar, "**Autobiography of a Yogi**" has been ranked among the first 100 books of the century's best spiritual, devotional and religious writing, by the Western world itself. The book cannot be brushed aside as a collection of made-up stories, or more bluntly, lies. It rings with such compelling sincerity and truth that you just can't disbelieve the author. Magazines and Newspapers all over the world have sung its praises. It reveals to the spiritually starving humans the unknown continents and dimensions of the mystical world lying beyond our normal intellect and imagination. Thomas Mann a Nobel prize winner in literature wrote "I am grateful to you for granting me some insight into this fascinating world." A German magazine Schleswig-Holsteinische Tagepost, wrote: "**We must credit this important biography with the power to bring about a spiritual revolution.**"

Now let Dosubaba take over - *Editor*)

It was about 9 O'clock on a night in early sixties. I was holding an orange covered paper-back book with the picture of a long haired yogi. I had purchased it for Rs. 5 on the same day from a foot-path book dealer. It was not second hand, but pages and printing were of cheaper quality. Today just now while I am writing this, I have before me a beautiful cloth bound 14.95 dollars volume of that book, "**Autobiography of a Yogi**", with excellent prints on snow white papers. The printing history reveals that it was first published by its author himself, Swami Paramhans Yoganand in 1947, and then from 1974 by "**Self Realisation Fellowship**" ("**SRF**"), a spiritual training center, which was founded by Swamiji himself in 1920. The book is translated in five Indian Languages and eleven foreign languages. They include in addition to eight European languages, Arabic, Japanese and Icelandic. A most impressive record indeed!

On that uplifting night in the early sixties, I casually opened the book and had a swift glance on chapter 1, first page. "**A specific feature of Indian culture is the search for a 'disciple guru' relationship,**" Swamiji had said in the very first sentence. Being very much aware of the advent of **Baheramshah Shroff of the Ilm-e-Khshnoom fame**, the sentence flashed an intoxicating nerve-current in the whole of my being. Guru and shishya; Master and disciple; Ustad and Shagerd! "**Give me a Ratu, a spiritual Guide for both the Worlds**", say the 34th to 39th words of "**Kem-na-Mazda**", the preamble of the Kushti prayer! "**Those whom you love, oh Mazda, are the recipients of this gift: the awakening of divine consciousness in their**

minds through Sarosh" - "At Oi Vohu Saraosho Jantu Mananghahaa Mazda Ahmai Yehahmaai Vashi Kahammaaiehit "

"My own path led to a Christlike sage....", Swamiji's second sentence! I was just stunned. A Hindu yogi... and a sage "Christlike sage".... Christ? My heart had an intense throb. I could not put down the book. Hours after hours passed. I had lost all sense of time. At seven in the morning three fourth of the book was read out - say devoured..... The birth, childhood, youth, mission, shaking up the spiritually starved, death (7-3-1952). (Birth: 5-1-1893). It was bagful of miracles described in a matter-of-fact way, vibrating with earnest sincerity and intense devotion, and conveying, inherently all along, that this is just the truth without the smallest particle of a lie!

Yes! It was the truth, I had no doubt; but was the Yogi right in revealing the age-long spiritual and religious secrets through the events of his own saintly life? I wondered. Was not all this: throwing pearls before swine, as the Bible said? (Math. 7:6). **"Do not throw your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under foot and turn to attack you."**

Surely, Yoganandji must not have written his life-story without the command of his line of Gurus. They, probably, wanted to shake up some of the swine and make them forget their trampling and attacking habits. The date of publication of the book was 1947, two years from Hiroshima and Nagasaki destructions (6th & 8th August 1945). It was a divine call to the Western world, which was lost in an under-developed intellectual search for truth on the one hand and throwing bombs to kill their own kind on the other. A killing explosion required the antidote of a reviving treatment not of indignation but love. They must be told that the world is not just as they see and experience. There is a vast territory beyond - way up-on-up beyond the poorly three dimensions of length, breath and height. They must be told that a single event reflected from the higher dimensions can upturn the tall pack of cards of their 3 dimensional theories and thinking. The Masters perhaps thought, like John 4:48, that **"Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe."** That line is imprinted on the first inside cover page of the book. The Lourdes Spring of St. Bernadette, or 35 years long survival without food and drink of Therese Newmann or the appearance of Virgin Mary and the Holy Cross on roof tops and Church windows were too solitary and too inadequate to stir up this divine-forgotten animal who thinks it came from a monkey and is proud of it. A huge feast of divine truths and miracles was required. And Paramhans Yoganand presented it with great love to the spiritually starved humanity.

Which 'miracle' out of hundreds do I select from the book, for you, the worthy reader of this magazine?

Here is one which touches Yoganandji's birth and his mother. The direct reflection of God's love on this green and watery earth is mother's love. See how it worked on her worthy child.

Before his official initiation as a Yogi through his Guru, Swami Yoganand's name was Mukunda. His parents were the devotees and disciples of a highly advanced Saint, Lahiri Mahashay. The father Bhagbati Charan Ghosh (1853-1942) was a high ranking Official in Bengal Nagpur Railway in the British days. Mother Gurru (Gyan Prabha) Ghosh (1868-1904) was a spiritually evolved soul, who was on this earth just for 36 years.

One morning, when the family was staying in Lahore, the then Punjab, the servant of the house respectfully entered the mother's room and told her that a strange looking Sadhu was at the door; and was insisting to see "Mukunda's mother". The servant's simple words struck some inner chord in Gurru-maa. She was aware that her son Mukunda was to be a great Yogi with a mission. Her Guru Lahiri Mahashay had told her.

She ran to the door. A saint shining with the radiation of Bhakti (devotion to God-Ushta) was looking at her with great affection and respect. "Mai, the great masters wish you to know that your stay on earth shall not be long. Your next illness shall be your last," the Saint said in a melodiously loving voice. Gurru-maa was not at all alarmed. She felt a current of spiritual bliss passing through her. This was a messenger from the great spiritual masters.

"You are to be the custodian of a certain silver amulet," the saint continued. He said that the amulet would materialise by itself in her hands the next day during her evening prayer. She was to hand it over to her elder

son Ananta on her death bed. He should give it to Mukunda one year after her death, particularly when he would be ready to renounce the world and start his search for God. "When he (Mukunda) has retained the amulet for some years, and when it has served its purpose, it shall vanish," the saint said.

It happened as said by the saint. The amulet materialised in Gurru-maa's folded hands when she was praying the next evening. She preserved it in a small box and delivered it to Ananta along with the saint's message. She died with a blissful expression on her face.

14 months passed after the mother's death. Things were happening fast in Mukunda's life. His craving to tread the Yogic path towards God had now turned into a burning Ushta (Us-to burn). Ananta was all along wishing that his brother might become a worldly man. That is why he waited for 14 months after Mummy's death. But he could see the burning ardour of his sweet younger brother for God. One day he did as was told by the mother.

Mukunda was in all tears on receiving his mother's gift and message: tears of sorrow for the memory of a sweet sublime mother and tears of ecstasy for receiving the divine gift and the message. On page 19 of the book Swamiji narrates his intense feelings on receiving the holy amulet.

"A blaze of illumination came to me with possession of the amulet; many dormant memories awakened. The talisman, round and anciently quaint, was covered with Sanskrit characters. I understood that it came from teachers of past lives, who were invisibly guiding my steps. A further significance there was, indeed, but one may not fully unveil the heart of an amulet."

A gift from the Holy masters on the Path of God! It was meant for Yoganandji alone. Therefore Gurru-maa and Ananta did not have that illumination which Swamiji experienced at the very first touch of the amulet. He had already treaded the path of God in many past lives. Those memories flashed. And it gave many a messages and many a commands which he alone understood.

That is why he says "one may not unveil" those secrets moulded into the holy words of the amulet. Here perhaps Swamiji puts into practice, the Bible's command not to throw pearls before swines.

Yet Yoganandji does give a foot note on page 19 explaining what is mantra and how a mantra is embodied in an amulet of words in a holy language.

The amulet was with Mukunda for quite some time. It did disappear on its own, one day, when "it had served its purpose", as the saint had told Gurru-maa in Lahore. I will tell you about the disappearance in the next issue.

- *Dosubaba*

An Avesta Passage on a Yogi's Ashram Door

Encinitas is a beautiful place in California (U.S.A.) with the Pacific rearing on one side and the mountains bulging up on the other. There in a quiet corner is situated a sea side Ashram, a hermitage with 16 large rooms, a central hall, a colourful garden with flowers and streamulets wherein swim small fishes with gorgeous colours, and secluded meditation caves directly over looking the ocean. It was a gift to Swami Yoganand Paramhans by his American devotees and disciples.

On one of the hermitage door hangs a prayer, stated to be from "**A Prayer of Dwelling**" "**from the Zend-Avesta**". It reads:

"May the good and heroic souls of Saints come here and may they go hand in hand with us, giving the healing virtues of their blessed gifts that are as ample as the earth as high reaching as the heavens."

From which part of the Avesta this Prayer must have been taken?

It is from the Manthra-Prayer known as "Tao Ahmi Namaaney", - Yazashney Haa 60. It is also called "Avesta Tandarosti" (the prayer for the health of the body, mind and soul). It also forms the major part of "the Daham Yazad Afringaan", recited in all Afringaan ceremonies, whether for the dead or living. The above is a slightly transformed version of the passage:

"Jamyaaan Ithra Ashaonaam Vanghuheesh Soorao Spentaa Fravashayo, Ashoish Baesheza Hachimanaao Jemfrathangh-ha, Daanudaraazengh-ha, Havre Perezangh-ha".

Its translation and the first-step taavil as revealed by IIm-e-Khshnoom is:

"In this house, country and atmosphere, may Ashaonaam Fravashi arrive for help; they, who are the keepers of the Ashoi-bringing cures, as expansive as all the lands (of Ahura-'Zaam') as far-flowing as the rivers (divine waters of Ahura) and as lofty and exalted as Khorshed (the divine Sun)".

Ashaonam Fravashi" is referred to in the Ashram door as "good and heroic souls". "Ashoish Baesheza" - "the Ashoi-bringing cures" is translated as "healing virtues". "Jem-frathenghha" - is taken as : "as ample as the earth". "Havrey Berezangh-ha" is transmuted as : "as high reaching as the heavens." There is much more mystical science in the passage; yet the hermitage door bears a very good poetic version.

Is it not wonderful?

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MUKUNDA'S AMULET VANISHES AND THE GURU OF UNCONDITIONAL LOVE ARRIVES.

[Note: In the past issue Dosubaba was telling us the wonderful story of Swami Yoganand's miraculous amulet. The amulet had materialised in the hands of his mother, as predicted by a saint, who had visited her under the orders of the spiritual masters of Yoganand's line. As directed, the mother had given the amulet in the custody of her elder son with instructions to hand it over to Mukunda (i.e. the then young Yoganand) a year after her death. This was done. Mukunda got the amulet and kept it with him. Now further. - Editor]

Mukunda got the sacred amulet when he was about 13 years. He was already burning with an earnest desire to tread the path of God and not to do anything else. He was yearning to find a spiritual Guru. He was going around Sadhus and Saints to learn how to find the way. He had met a perfume saint and a tiger swami and a levitating saint (Chapters 5, 6 and 7 of "Autobiography of a Yogi"), but none touched the chord of devotion lying in his heart.

It is very interesting and instructive to observe that the first Saint who touched the chord was **Mahendra Nath Gupta, known as Master Mahashay, one of the main disciples of Ramkrishna Paramhansa**. It was he who was keeping a diary of whatever he saw and experienced about Ramkrishna which was later published as "Gospel of Ramkrishna" with the author's name as just "M." Again, this book by M is ranked amongst the first 100 books of the century's best spiritual writing of the century.

Master Mahashay, like his Guru Ramkrishna Paramhans was a devotee of Goddess, Divine Mother, Kali. As is well known Ramkrishna was worshipper in-charge of the Dakshineswar Temple of Mother Kali.

The meeting between Master Mahashay and the young Mukunda was sparkling with divinity. In his presence, Mukunda fell down in a swoon suffering the pangs of separation from his own deceased mother as also the Divine Mother, whose "child" M was sitting in serene trance talking to the Mother.

Mukunda pleaded with M to ask the Divine Mother whether he found any favour in her sight.

"I will make your plea to the Beloved Mother," assured M.

That evening, Mukunda, sitting in his room in meditation, saw the Mother standing "haloed in splendour" before him telling him.

"Always have I loved thee! Ever shall I love thee!"

Next morning when Mukunda rushed to M, he was already aware that Mother had given "Darshan" to Mukunda. They then went to the Kali Temple and immersed themselves in **Ushta** towards the Divine Mother. ('Ushtaa' means bliss, ecstasy, an irresistible bout of Love towards one's divine Entity.) Look at Yoganandji's words vibrating with Ushtaa :

From him (M) I learned the sweetness of God in the aspect of Mother or Divine Mercy".

Love of a mother to her child is the reflection of God's Love for the whole creation. Do you want to know more about this? Then read the dedication epistle of Dr. F. Chiniwalla's in Nikeez Vol. II, to his own mother, Pirojbhai; it has a quotation from Ashishvagh Yashta and elaborates the origin and power of mother's love. It is so sweet and so lucky to be a mother

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Mukunda was now on the trail of God, but something was still missing still wandering in his search, he

joined a hermitage in Banaras, known as "Bharat Dharma Mahamandal." Its young head was Swami Dayanand, a saint of great spiritual knowledge, extreme simplicity and divine power to a degree. Mukunda had to do a lot of Ashram work, like cleaning, shopping etc. He was not quite happy. He wanted to move faster on the Path of God, but was not sure whether he was on the path at all.

One morning alone in his Ashram room, Mukunda got a desire to open the small box containing the amulet given to him by his mother, Guru-maa. He had often opened it and got solace from the amulet. This time, he opened the box and "lo! the amulet was gone". It had vanished. The saint at Lahore had told Mukunda's mother that the amulet would be with him until necessary; when its purpose would be fulfilled, it would vanish. He wondered. Here he was in an Ashram where other residents were making fun of him for his hurry to reach God. He was not at all happy there. And here was the vanishing of the amulet. Surely something is going to happen.

Mukund decided to pray for the whole right till he got an answer to his anguish. He prayed.

"Merciful Mother of the Universe, teach me Thyself through visions or through a Guru sent by Thee!"

Hours rolled on; no response from the divine Mother. Dawn was approaching.

Suddenly he felt as if he was lifted higher up to some unknown region. A sweet female voice vibrating with Mother's Love "came from every where and nowhere",

"THY MASTER COMETH TODAY", the voice said. Mukunda was overflowing with ecstasy.

"Mukunda! come down! Enough of your meditation. We have to go for some work", came the earthly shout of an Ashram brother, nicknamed Habu. Mukunda was no longer in anguish. He wiped his tear-swollen face and went down. They had to go to a distant market in Banaras.....

From this point, I cannot do better than reproduce here the words of Yoganandji himself:

"Together Habu and I set out for a distant marketplace in the Bengali section of Banaras. The ungentle Indian sun was not yet at zenith as we made our purchases in the bazaars. We pushed our way through the colourful medley of housewives, guides, priests, simply clad windows, dignified *Brahmins*, and ubiquitous holy bulls. As Habu and I moved on, I turned my head to survey a narrow, inconspicuous lane.

A Christlike man in the ochre robes of a swami stood motionless at the end of the lane. Instantly and anciently familiar he seemed; for a trice my gaze fed hungrily. Then doubt assailed me.

"You are confusing this wondering monk with someone known to you," I thought. "Dreamer, walk on."

After ten minutes, I felt heavy numbness in my feet. As though turned to stone, they were unable to carry me farther. Laboriously I turned around; my feet regained normality. I faced the opposite direction; again the curious weight oppressed me.

"The saint is magnetically drawing me to him!" With this thought, I heaped my parcels into the arms of Habu. He had been observing my erratic foot-work with amazement, and now burst into laughter.

"What ails you? Are you crazy?"

My tumultuous emotion prevented any retort; I sped silently away.

Retracing my steps as though wing-shod, I reached the narrow lane. My quick glance revealed the quiet figure, steadily gazing in my direction. A few eager steps and I was at his feet.

"Gurudeva!" The divine face was the one I had seen in a thousand visions. These halcyon eyes, in a leonine head with gloom of my nocturnal reveries, holding a promise I had not fully understood.

"O my own, you have come to me!" My guru uttered the words again and again in Bengali, his voice tremulous with joy. "How many years I have waited for you!"

We entered a oneness of silence; words seemed the rankest superfluities. Eloquence flowed in soundless

chant from the heart of master to disciple. With an antenna of irrefragable insight I sensed that my guru knew God and would lead me to Him. The obscuration of this life disappeared in a fragile dawn of prenatal memories. Dramatic time! Past, present, and future are its cycling scenes. This was not the first sun to find me at these holy feet!

And they loved each other for ever as they did from the remote past. The Guru Sri **Yukteshwar Giri** was with Mukunda till death and thereafter. He guided Mukunda, now initiated as Swami Yoganand Paramhans, at every moment of his life.

This was the mystery of the vanished amulet. The Guru had arrived. The amulet had done its work and was no longer needed. The divine masters, who presented it had now withdrawn it with grace and love. Mukunda was now in the hands of his Guru.

- *Dosubaba*

RATU, USTAD GURU IN KUSHTI PRAYER

"Chithra Moi Daam Ahoobish Ratum Chizdi
Et Hoi Vohu Saraosho Jantoo Manangha-haa
Mazda Ahmai Yahemai Vashi Kahamaichit"

"Kem-naa Mazda" Prayer

"(You oh Mazda will) Show me in this life a Ratu. (Ustad, the Guide) of spiritual Wisdom (i.e. who is in unision with the Mysteries of Nature) for my journey in both the worlds (this and the next);

So, for one (who has met one's Ratu) Sarosh and Vohuman shall arrive; Whomsoever You love, oh Mazda, (has this reward)."

Whenever we do Kushti, we pray for a Ratu, Ustad, Guru, Guide, Guiding Angel to lead us on the Path of Ahura.

It is that Guide, who will bring in our ears the divine Music of Sarosh, the Lord's Deputy for us, and in our mind the Light of Vohuman, the divine consciousness of the Lord.

That is His reward for every one, whom He loves.

And He loves every one.....

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Our first Guru is Asho Zarathushtra. It is He who will send us our own personal Ratu, only when the right time comes.

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