

How Master Came to Me ?

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Master came to me very silently. When he had come to me I did not notice him like as my Master. I had casually read a review on his book “REALITY AT DOWN”, written by Dr. K.C.Varadachari in a Sunday edition of “THE INDU” in Jan/Feb 1955. Master had knocked at the rusted door of my heart, but I was too engrossed in my own play to hear the knock of the OLD MAN.

I had to taste some unpleasant fruits along with my pleasures. I had discovered I had to pay for my imagined pleasures a disproportionately high cost which was gradually turning into a constant source of pain, spoiling the very pleasure which I earned after hard labour. In fact, the cost was as costly as a portion of my life. Life was taking on the appearance of a big misery. But the habits of seeking pleasure persisted as ever. I did not then know that Master was supporting my life and He was pervading me in all pains and pleasures.

I wrote to Master to know whether he merely talks about Yoga and whether he is ready to guide a sincere seeker like me. Master replied with extreme refinements and subtle beauty, “I do not want to speak about myself because due to speaking about himself Mansoor (The great Persian mystic of earlier century) was sent to the gallows..... Please read it carefully and decide for yourself..... I am ready to guide you or anybody who sincerely craves for Realisation..... This treasure of spirituality which my Master has placed with me as a trust is for the sake of distributing among all of you..... Please rob me of it.....” Master was already trying to remove my grossness and had manifested Himself to me : but then I was blind as a bat.

Unlike other books of Yoga, I found original expressions about the Yogic experiences in the books written by Master. I decided that He was the really

practical man having actually realised the conditions which he has attempted to express through words in his books. The topic about transmission interested me deeply. I wanted to have a taste in experimentally. I decided to cooperate with the Master to the fullest extent possible for me. I started to develop a strong desire to see the Master physically. But along with that desire, a thought was always trouble me that as long as I was not cooperating with Him fully by following his instructions it would be useless to meet Him personally and that as long as I did not make myself fit to receive His transmission he could not be of any help to me in the practical field of spirituality. In fact, though I had decided to go to Master town in May/June 55, and I have informed him of my intention my above-mentioned misgiving coupled with some bodily ailments prevented me from making that trip. Master was already making me conscious of my impediments in seeing Him and He was also removing them.

I started to pray silently and earnestly. Day and night for months together, I was continuously thinking of Him. Then, suddenly his transmission started to work miracles in me. This paper will become very lengthy and, I am afraid, even irrelevant, if I write about my spiritual experiences and my feverish attempts to take up the Sadhana as directed by the Master. At last, silently and without notice, I found myself in the house of Master at Shahjahanpur (U.P.) one fine day in the month of October 1955. He took pity of my condition and took up the work of transforming me completely. I saw that Master was with me but my desire-based limitations had limited Him as my sweet Babuji in the human form.

In spite of all the intensity of my spiritual experiences and the rapid changes in my personality due to His transmission, it took about six months for me wilfully and consciously acknowledge Him like my Master. The Master as already comes to me but the coverings of conceit and vanity prevented me from seeing Him as He is ! Master is always there with me but He is so show-less and simple that one does rarely see Him !! In fact He is pervading everywhere. He is really within the reach of everybody. But people do not really want to reach Him, excusing themselves with the thought that He is unattainable; and instead, get stuck up in their own amusements. As Urdu poet says,

“AT every stage, some got tired and drop out.
What could those helpless do, having failed to find Thee out.”

May Master grant us constant alertness so that we may not stagnate at any stage in the spiritual journey and may He keep us moving on.