

Gururaj. Amazing. Now that would make one very, very happy. Beautiful. Beautiful. I've still got another stack to go through. I'll talk about that tomorrow. Good. Shall we start off with questions?

Questioner. Guruji, obviously the relationship between the guru and chela operates on many different levels and the type of relationship depends mainly on the level of awareness of the chela. Could you tell us how your relationship with Pavitranandaji changed over the years that you knew him and how we can develop our relationship with you while we are still not fully aware of our own inner selves?

Gururaj. You are very clever. (General laughter). What my dear son was just trying to say is, tell us something about Pavitranandaji. (General laughter) Okay, what shall I do meanwhile? Twiddle thumbs. But Amrit can always pick it up on the tape. Nevertheless, a guru always responds to an earnest request. He must never disregard it or otherwise how can he show his love? And if the request is reasonable then there has to be a reasonable response and if the request is unreasonable then what does one do? Still have a reasonable response. (Gururaj laughs) Let's meditate. (Gururaj laughs)

It's so much fun really. Love, Life and Laughter, always our principle and you'd be surprised that in every situation there's so much humour and even in a tragedy, there's comedy. Even in pathos, there is an outbursting, a flowering. You know some of the greatest poetry in the world was written because of a deep hurt, a deep suffering and it flowered into the beauty of a poem. Most of them were written that way, because the sufferings produce in one a great depth. It makes one search deep down within oneself and that very suffering is the vehicle, the medium to take one very, very deep and from that depth, that subtle depth you just burst out, burst out into a beautiful flower. And then the words just come, the words just come and formulate themselves. That's how I write poetry. What is written is written, I don't go over it again. Otherwise it becomes too stylised. It becomes limited and then the mind goes into the poem and not the heart because you are fiddling with words then. But when those words just come out spontaneously and allow the words to formulate themselves and the words take a secondary place while the feeling and depth takes the first place. Very beautiful. What's happening? Is he still bathing? I think we should start, he can always pick up the bit on the tape. Fine.

Now, Pavitranandaji means 'He that finds bliss in purity'. Now this is a fairly common name. You have many Swamis that take on this name or is given that name by their guru, because the guru observes a certain quality in the chela and confers a name. Now when a name is conferred upon a chela and the chela uses that, then what he has to do at least he must be ready to do it, he has to divorce himself totally from his past life. A total divorce from his past life. In

other words he has been reborn. You can take the instance of Valmicki, you might have heard the name the great composer of the Ramayana, one of the greatest epics in the world. Valmicki was a thief, a daquito, a plunderer, looter, murderer. And then one day he was caught and on his way to imprisonment, he met a guru. And this guru just said two words to him. Now Rama, he wrote the Ramayana, the story of Rama is Ramayana. Fine.

Now if you use the words, specially in Sanskrit, in English it doesn't go too well, if you reverse the word, it becomes Maru, Maru, Maru which means kill, kill, kill. And as he started repeating this word Maru, Maru, Maru, it changed to Rama, Rama, Rama, Mara, Mara, Mara, Rama, Rama, Rama, Rama and he became, through that one word, he drew so much power onto himself that he became one with Rama, to whom, Rama to Valmicki was the symbol of Divinity and as an expression and as the love for that Divinity he wrote the Ramayana. So here you will observe that right from a looter and murderer the man became a Saint because it is only the Saint that could be able to capture the essence of Rama.

In the case of Pavitranandaji it was not so bad. A very good noble sincere man, a cultured man, educated man who lectured in philosophy, who did farming, and he had spent most of his conscious days in trying to serve humanity. And then as he was progressing on this path, there was this yearning in him to know the truth. When he reached the brink of truth and yet the last hurdle was so powerful, and in his case the hurdle was the attachment to his family, his wife, one son and two daughters. To overcome this hurdle, he battled for many years until the attachment just receded away and he took upon himself renunciation. Now remember this key word renunciation, because there is going to be a twist to the story. Fine. So he renounced his way of life. He found a master whose name was Brahmananda. Now do not confuse Brahmananda with the Brahmananda that is a guru, of some guru floating around here in the West. It is also a common name. Brahmananda means he that finds Ananda in Brahma. That's what it means. Good. Like here we have so many James's and Johns and Jacobs and Alberts like that, so these names don't really matter. And being with his guru, he found the final meaning of the word non-attachment. He found the final meaning of the word non-attachment and renunciation.

So he too then plunged into activity. But his activity was of a different nature. His activity was of Jnana Yoga, total analysis, analysis, analysis all the time. And as soon as he came upon a philosophical precept and delving deep into that precept, he would come to one conclusion, not this, not this, this is not the answer. And every time he said not this, another question came up. And this process went on for years in his life until he reached the final stage of self-realisation where 'not this' became everything. He found all this in that which is 'not this'. It was during that period while he was progressing - he had not reached his ultimate goal yet at that time, - it was during that period where I met him. The

meeting was totally undramatic. He was invited to someone's home in Bombay. Good. Now as a student in Bombay, I had to provide for my own education and what I did was worked in film Studios. I was an Assistant of the Director, of the Scriptwriter, of the Producer. Of course starting sweeping the Studio floors first which is a very honourable job, noble, because it provided me with a noble honest living and so that I could pay my fees. Fine. But being what I am they call me a very likeable chap, (General laughter) people took a liking to me and whenever some of these film stars and things and people and directors and them used to go out on some function, they always used to want me to be with. And I enjoyed the best of both worlds. Good.

So, this home that Pavitranandaji was invited to, was the home of a Film Financier, a Film Financier who was very interested in philosophy. Film people are not all bad people. Good. And Pavitranandaji was there and this Financier had invited a few film stars also. And I was in the company. We sat down to a lovely meal. Fine. I looked at Pavitranandaji, I call him Swamiji, I'll use that word, I looked at Swamiji, he looked at me, something just happened. Something just happened; a spark was set forth that communicated. And not a single word was spoken. Not a single word. I had no questions to ask, I was too wrapped up in the electricity of the moment. I don't know if many of you might have experienced this, that you want to ask so much and yet you can't speak it. It happens to a lot of people. Fine. But this thought, this man played on my mind all the time during my studies, during my activities in work while I was studying, in the background Swamiji was there. And whenever I thought of Swamiji very intently, that same electrical feeling, the same electrical shock was felt, permeating the body through every cell. I thought here was something. Good. And I very patiently waited for vacation, so that I could go and see him. Vacation came; it was quite a problem finding out where he was because he used to go from Ashram to Ashram to Ashram. He had studied at many various Ashrams, but he would not align himself to one particular Ashram. So that impressed me very much because here was a man who was a Universalist and I had the same inborn tendencies of universalism, instead of dogmatic creeds, instead of the sects. Fine.

I found out that he was in Myovati that's in the Himalayan hills, near Almora. That's the name of the place in the Himachal Pradesh, that's what it's called. Good. So I went there and to reach that place where he was, the train only took you to a certain distance and there was a forty-mile walk. But fortunately I did not have to walk, I took a donkey ride, the first one, quite exciting. Quite exciting because in the end the backache that was produced wasn't really felt. I walked into the Ashram and they were all having dinner, those Swamis. It's an Ashram where the retired Swamis live. They've done everything, you know they've finished their work and Pavitranandaji was a visiting Swami there. I had to go and see the head of the Ashram. He looked at me and I looked at him and he just said, "Why did you come?" And I said, "I came because I wanted to come". Now that was quite an answer from a small boy to a big man like that. I just wanted to come.

I felt I had to come, so I came. I did not tell him that I came to look for Swamiji. I stayed there a while. I was too afraid to approach Swamiji, to have a talk with him. The fear was not because I was in awe of the man, the fear was that would I be intruding, would I be intruding.

And yet from childhood, as most of you know, there had been that inner yearning in me wanting to find what Divinity is all about. From the various gurus and Swamis and people I met all along, they told me about Divinity, but not what Divinity is. I do not blame them because it is beyond description. But what I found in meeting all these various Swamis and gurus, that they were speaking to me from entirely an intellectual level, from the mind level. You will experience this yourself and most of you have perhaps, that when a person speaks to you of personal experience, it has a totally different effect. You appreciate the words that come from the mind, fine, because all the words has to have a channel of the mind and the vocal cords, but even those words that are not totally understood, something strikes home in the heart and you say you know, this is true. I do not really understand it too well yet, but this is true. We find this in reading some of our Scriptures, where we don't totally understand it but a feeling wells up that this is true. Fine.

So meeting Swamiji, for at least twelve days I think it was, not a word was spoken. The head of the Ashram said you can stay here if you want to a little while, there's a lot of work for you to do, being very young. Now all those people that I had met previously could satisfy my intellectual curiosity, but none of them could extinguish the fire that was raging with me night and day, I was being driven mad, not in the literal sense of course. Good. So, the head of the Ashram said 'Yeah, you can stay for a little while there's a lot of work to do, wood to chop, help in the kitchen and you can help in the press. You can do this and stay for your vacation if you want to'. Fine. It was about ten, twelve days later Swamiji asked me for something. First time he spoke to me. And you know what he asked me; at least it was a rebuke he said 'Those papers lying around there on the floor, why aren't they picked up? Pick them up'. That was the first words he uttered to me. Beautiful reception from my guru. (General laughter) And the idea I had within my mind was this that ah he's going to recognise me immediately and embrace me, "Ah my son at last you've come home. Those papers lying there, pick them up".

Thinking back on that, I knew what was meant not only the papers. Pick yourself up. That is what I interpreted it to be afterwards when greater understanding dawned. From that, I used to do various things for him. On other vacations I used to find that he's elsewhere and I used to find out where he is and I used to go there. And I'd say, "Swamiji, I'm here, can I be of any service to you?" So he says "Oh, so you've come again, have you?" Okay. Fine. Like that. Like that. And I used to follow him around. Anything he wanted, I used to do, because my whole idea was this that by serving him, I

will develop a most needed quality that I need very much. It was this, that I was very arrogant, arrogant, egotistical, brilliant student, the winner of so many awards in this, that and the other, producer of the best plays, all the nice girls following me around. I was quite a boy you know. (General laughter) And that produced an ego and arrogance in me and yet that inner search was there, that inner fire was raging, raging, raging and to me too I said 'Not this, not this, not this. There must be something else some higher power and I want to find it. What is it that could give man total peace? That could give man total integration. That could make man a whole man and not a fragmented man'. Good.

Because if you exhibit qualities of egoism, arrogance, a feeling of superiority that you're the cat's whiskers, that is fragmentation. That is not wholeness. Now I felt here that by serving a man like Swamiji, it could produce in me humility. And by finding that humility, true humility, I would lose the arrogance, I would lose the ego, I would cease being a big shot. Good. So I followed him around and whatever there was to be done, if he had to bend down to pick up something, I would rush to pick it up for him and I'm sure he was having an inward smile. He was smiling, he was testing me. Now then I suggested, you know meditation is such a nice thing, I wouldn't ask him, I dare not, meditation is a nice thing I wonder how it works, because I had done various other forms of meditation. I remember a time when I was eight years old and I met a guru, a wandering monk that passed the village that I lived at. And after speaking to him as an eight-year-old boy he gave me a practice. Now this is a very, very profound practice but if I tell you of it, you will laugh. And yet it's only later that I found it to be so profound. This wandering monk tells me that what you do is this. Take as much paper as you can and every spare moment you have, apart from doing other things, you draw circles. Draw circles. Now that sounds stupid doesn't it, to keep on drawing circles. And I asked him 'Why? Why must I draw circles?' You know I had that arrogance from that time already. I asked him, 'Why must I draw circles?' He said 'You mind your own business, you don't need to know'. (General laughter) 'You don't need to know, you just keep on drawing circles, that's all. And when I pass this way again, I don't know when, when I pass this way again you show me what you've done'. So I kept on drawing circles and circles and circles.

I'm sure if I had all that paper on which I drew those circles, we could wall-plaster this whole place. Afterwards I found out what it really meant that he wanted me to perfect drawing a circle. Now do you know what it means to perfect drawing a circle? Do you know what great stability of nervous energy it produces? Do you know what great power of concentration it produces when you can draw a perfect circle, free hand of course, no compass? It was a wonderful practice for me in gathering mental energies together. And by gathering the mental energies together, my search to extinguish this fire raging could become more one-pointed. And that is how the search became stronger and stronger and

stronger. Now I've been through various kinds of experiences and of course perhaps one day they would all be written about. Good.

So, I was, when I met Swamiji, I was fifteen. Meanwhile before that time I had roamed around, even from the age of four, I ran away from home searching for God. That's quite odd for a boy of four, nevertheless it was there. So meeting Swamiji, he would give me no practice whatsoever. Vacation passed. Many times I used to bunk college to spend some time with him. I used to go back to college and then back to him. Now being in the position that I was with all, during my part-time work I did, I was associated with very, very wealthy people, Film Stars and Producers and Directors and there, connection to their families, so there was not a single vacation where I would not be invited to someone's home. 'Come and spend a vacation with us, or we are going on such and such a holiday come with us as our guests'. I was a pet boy, loved, liked by everybody. Good. But I would not go, Swamiji was more important to me, nothing would tempt me. And over and over and over again, whatever time there would be away from studies, I would be with Swamiji.

And after totalling up all those period of three months and two months, and one month or one week or two weeks, after all that period, it was over eight months that passed totalling all those times, all those days, over eight months had passed and we were taking a walk in the garden. And just out of the blue without any rhyme or reason or forethought, he said, "Let's meditate". I said "Meditate, I know nothing about meditation. I have done my practices but now what do you mean about meditation?" He said, "Come here sit down, you ask too many questions". We sat down to meditate. He was sitting opposite me and I was sitting the same way cross-legged and I closed my eyes. Two hours passed and when I came out of meditation, it seemed as if it was just two minutes, two seconds. It was beyond time, time was not known or recognised and two hours had gone by. And when I opened my eyes, everything was covered in gold, a golden haze around me all the time and even up to now, everything here in this room is covered in gold. A golden haze is just everywhere, everywhere, everywhere. And that golden haze is not only external but it is internal as well in the sense that it forms a complete whole. So there is no differentiation. This is the combining force seen in tangible colour. This realisation of oneness with the universe is seen in tangible colour, in see-able colour, observable colour into a oneness.

So therefore, that realisation, that unity consciousness can also be seen in its grosser aspect. I had that experience, I opened my eyes. Swamiji was sitting there and of course he was sitting in front of me and opening my eyes I looked at him, he looked at me and he just smiled. So I said, "What happened now, why is all this covered in gold?" He says, "Oh, I don't know" (General laughter) Imagine having a guru like that. "I don't know". Some years later I found out, you know these gurus are funny people, they teach in so many different ways, in so many different ways as is required by

the particular pupil. They can be soft and gentle and so ever loving and they can be so hard you know. I remember one morning I had to get up at four, that was the time we got up and I overslept and I was awakened with a cane on my backside. Yeah. Bang, bang, bang. "Come on, come on, what's this? What's this? It's four o'clock already". They function in a very funny way but in retrospect I find that it was not funny at all. It was teaching me discipline. You have to get up at four and why not at four. Why must it be ten past four? The path to Divinity is not child's play or to dilly-dally around. One has to have that discipline, that onepointedness, that earnestness, that desire, that sincerity, that yearning, that fire raging and burning. Yes.

So I appreciated that only afterwards of course, that those bangs on the backside were good. It was teaching me discipline. So when I asked him about this experience, why is everything in a golden haze, he said, "I don't know." Now afterwards I knew what he meant by that. He meant this, find out for yourself. A guru is a guide. Now find out the meaning of your experience and by you finding out the meaning of your experience by yourself, you will realise what the meaning is and not just know from the mind level what the meaning is. So I mean any teacher will tell you this, even a primary school teacher. When you teach the child, you don't teach the child, you make the child learn. That is proper teaching. Good. So this experience persisted and from then on, our conversations were mostly on a philosophical level. The greatest thing, and in the philosophical talks when I discussed these experiences and this total joy and total happiness, when I questioned him further and goaded him further and further, and when he started, he had all the love for me in his heart, but he would not express it. So that I would know he loves me. But I felt all this great love there. But he did all those things for a purpose. He did all those things for a purpose. Good. And then later he started giving me some explanations little by little by little. I said "In all the search seeking illumination or self-realisation why has it just come so suddenly? Have you done something for me?" He says "No, I did nothing for you". Have many of you seen his photograph? We must bring it up here. Yes tonight let's have a prayer. I don't know if all of you know that on Tuesday we received a telegram telling us that he has passed over. Some of you that are new to the Course might not have known this. Fine. So he says, "No, I have not done anything really". Illumination comes in the flash of a moment but one has to prepare the candle and the match and the time goes in the preparation. Once the candle is produced and made and the matches are made, to strike the match and light up is quick, is quick.

So all the practices that we undergo is nothing but preparation. For when illumination comes, it will come in a flash. And the golden haze that surrounded it all and still surrounds it, is just an expression of that innerness that has been realised. Fine. So I went back to my studies and I used to visit him at every moment, every opportunity and our discussions had always been on a philosophical level. One thing he found was this that to reach self-realisation great

intellect is not needed. But he wanted me to develop a fine mind that could go into deep philosophical analysis. And that was the reason why he used to talk to me of philosophical problems and various philosophies and he used to put me on to reading matter. "Read this and when you come back again" - he used to give me half a dozen titles of books - "When you come back again then we discuss these things I want to see how much you have understood from it." So I read according to his directions. But a funny thing happened to me that whatever I started reading, nothing told me anything anymore. Everything that was read was just a reaffirmation of what is known inside. No book could teach me anything anymore, perhaps only show a different angle to the same thing. That I have seen Rome, I have seen London but these various books and things and Scriptures only show me that look you can reach Rome or London from different roads. That's all.

So I realised, I knew that with self-realisation, knowledge comes from direct perception. Now I as a student, my studies were in English, in Commerce, Accountancy. I started life off as an Accountant and then went into business. Fine. But real knowledge of truth came from direct perception. The mind was not required to experience that joy and that bliss which is Divinity itself. So when someone comes to me, an illiterate person, and says, "Guruji, I haven't studied anything, read anything, how can I ever know about business?" I say, "Don't worry about that. You don't need a clever mind or a stupid mind to know that which is within". Fine. So, but Swamiji had a different purpose. He knew all along why he wanted me to have some knowledge of books as well, to corroborate the experiences that I have had. You see this worked in my case in a reverse fashion. Many people gather all this knowledge and then come to a realisation. I came to a realisation first and started gathering knowledge afterwards, book knowledge at least. Good.

Then, now since childhood, now this is very difficult for me to speak about because when I speak about Swamiji, I have to speak about myself and I never like to speak about myself. Nevertheless, to my Teachers, I can I suppose, I would never speak about this in a big public lecture. Because teachers are my family, myself, part and parcel of me as I am an extension of all those gurus I have. Good.

Now I, by nature from very childhood in that search for Divinity, search for God, that all consuming flame, I wanted to have nothing to do with the world, I wanted to have nothing to do with the world and I was always an advanced boy. When I was twelve, all my friends used to be seventeen, eighteen and my thinking was of that level too. When I was seventeen, eighteen, all my friends were twenty five, thirty and my thinking was of that level also, always at an advanced living, an advanced age. Fine. And I wanted to have nothing to do with this world. I found the deep beautiful peace and joy and satisfaction inside me at the age of fifteen. What do I want to do with the world? I could be there in some monastery or some cave and just be immersed in joy. What a life? How beautiful? Why go into this strife and turmoil and



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observe and see around me all the conflicts and so-called evils and people warring one with the other, people warring within themselves and to see this and observe the suffering. What do I want that for? Let me exclude myself, seclude myself. I wanted to be a monk.

Now the greatest thing which Swamiji did for me and it took quite a while to slowly and slowly convince me that a monk's life is not for you. You have to teach. That is your Dharma. That is your mission in life. That is why you were born. And it took a lot of convincing. In other words, a lifestyle that my mind was set on from childhood, a pattern was created sort of and that whole thinking process had to be reversed. So I said "Swamiji, if you say so, I will do it. But one reservation, if I don't find it too nice down there, I'm going to come back up here". Of course that was said very jocularly. I would never disobey my guru. If I disobey my guru then I would not be a chela. You know the story of Milarepa where he met his guru and his guru made him build a house. And when he came back from his trip, he said "No, this is no good, break it down". And another house, and like that this chela, was made, Milarepa was made to build fourteen houses. Every time one was built, it was pulled down; another one was built it was pulled down. Like that. But in the process Milarepa became self realised. You see? So the gurus are funny people. They know what applies to who. And that is why, that is why I have learned that you can't have one bottle of medicine to cure every disease. You can't have a mass movement where only one formula is used to make people grow and advance. It has to be something individual. And the guru's relationship with the chela is a personal individual relationship. They can be thousands of miles apart but there is this connecting link, when formed, will always, always be there even after the body is discarded, that link is never discarded. It is indelibly imprinted. It is there. A psychic subtle vibrational link will always be there. Fine.

So then I say 'If I go down there, what do I do?' He says, "Do what others do. Get married have children, you know find a job or start a business or whatever you want to do. But the most important thing is gain experience, gain experience of the householder's way of life. Because you are not going to teach neither monks nor monkeys. You are going to teach householders and by teaching, it means you are going to bring to them a wisdom, a profound wisdom perhaps that comes from deep within, seeing that you have gained this from direct perception, so channel it directly to those that want to learn". See. Fine. So, I came down to the plains and it was by circumstances that I landed up in South Africa and yet my connection with Swamiji was there all the time. So spending this twenty, twenty three years in South Africa, every year two years I used to go and visit him. The contact had always remained.

Then I got involved in such a business that brought me to Europe many, many times. This actually is my eighteenth trip to England, eighteenth trip. For BMS work and IFSU work, this is my third or fourth, fourth. The other fourteen were

business trips. And it is very easy as far as airfares are concerned to go back to South Africa via India, to have the round trip it works out cheaper. A businessman always thinks that way. Good. Fine. And so every year two years I visited him and the contact was maintained. I spoke to him about things I was doing and he was very happy. He was very happy and he told me one day that all this must soon stop. He told me the last I saw him before now, that was four and a half years ago, he told me that all this must soon stop, all your business activities must stop. I say I suppose so, perhaps it will stop. I was deeply involved in all kinds of business and when a man tells you all this must stop.

Now you think how are you going to stop this just like that? It's going to take some years to wind up things. I came to the realisation that all through my personal life there's always been some finger pushing, some finger pushing, some finger that made me run away from home when I was about thirteen, fourteen. Although having a very wealthy family, I went to study and paid for my own studies. There were certain things in family life which I did not like, not nice to talk about them.

So all the time there was the finger pushing. The finger pushed me to a Western country where I could study Western customs, where I could study Western people, where I could study the householder's way of life. The finger pushed so much that I could combine and have knowledge of the entirety of Eastern tradition as well as Western traditions and I could combine both. The finger was pushing all the time. Now I was born with a congenital heart disease and I was supposed to be dead many, many years ago as a child. But life is eternal. I lived and preserved the body somehow or the other. But I took on so much work upon myself, working twenty, twenty-two hours a day it became a bit difficult and the heart started feeling the strain. The heart started feeling the strain. So here I was slapped in hospital for a heart operation. So immediately all business activity ceased. You see how the Divine finger pushes. You see how it pushes? So full stop immediately. Sorry, no more business. Or else it would have taken me years and years and years and perhaps got more and more involved and I would have not had performed my Dharma. Do you see? Good. Fine.

So, that is how IFSU was started. Meanwhile the connection with Swamiji was there all the time by correspondence, by regular visits. And the only reason I couldn't go sooner was because of the operation I had and then this task, I would not call it a task, it's the wrong word, this pleasure of forming IFSU and getting it off the ground, to as far as it is today. And I can very well assure you that the progress made up to today, you will not recognise the immense development that will take place within the next five years. I know that. I can see that. Fine. And then finally Swamiji was in an Ashram and he was about to turn eighty-five this year in September. About a year ago, a year, year and a half ago because of age he started getting ill. So his son, his son has a farm and went to fetch the father to his farm. Swamiji

would not live in the house, so they built him a place on the farm, a few hundred yards away from the son's home. He would see nobody; he was in total silence all the time. And the little house, one room with bathroom facilities and things, they had a hatch built where three times a day his food was put in and if he felt like eating, he ate. And if he did not, the breakfast would be changed for lunch and lunch would be changed for supper and like that it went on. Then the son wrote to me and he says "Swamiji is fast slipping away and he seems to be very ill and I do not think that he could survive much longer". So I felt it my duty to fly down to India to see him.

Now when I went down he was bed-ridden, he could hardly get up and walk. I was there with him for a day and then something just suddenly happened where he just got up and felt strong and well and well, as well could be for a man of eighty-six, eighty-five. I used to take him for little walks and I spent ten days with him on this trip. My intention was to stay there for as long as possible until he was ill, but seeing him better, I asked him if I might go and see a few places in India that I had not visited. There were a few gurus and Swamis including Rajneesh and Sai Baba with whom I had been in correspondence, Dadaji and a few others that I wanted to visit. So I asked Swamiji, "I want to go and see them if you would give me permission". So he says "Don't waste your time, you don't need to see those people". I said, "Look, I have made appointments". So he said "Okay, you have come. After four and a half years there's been a lot of changes in the country, more corruption and more good things and all kinds of things have been happening, so go for a holiday, go and see these places". So I went and visited these various other Ashrams and gurus and Swamis and perhaps one day I will tell you of my impressions of them. But I do remember Swamiji's words that "Don't go and waste your time." That means a lot, think about it.

So in the conversations with Swamiji, he told me something, he says, "Don't call me your guru anymore". I said, "I beg your pardon". He said "Don't call me your guru anymore, you are my guru". The utter humility of the man, the utter humility of that man, of that Godlike man. I say "Yes, but it is through you that I embarked on this path". He says, "You have met many people in this world and I was just one of them. I was part and parcel of that Divine finger that was pushing you". What a man, when you think of these words, tears could flow from one's eyes. He says, "You're my guru, I'm not your guru". Now when he had renounced the world, he found that renunciation of the world is not the answer. He had donned the ochre robes. And if you see his photographs, he dresses in ordinary; I think he had a brown shirt on. So I asked him Swamiji, he says, "The secret lies in renouncing renunciation". He says, "I wear these orange robes, what for, to show people that I'm a renunciate? What do I need to show people for? Renunciation is of the heart, of the inside, where you have found the oneness of everything. And when you find the oneness of everything, what is there to renounce? What is there to renounce when you have found the oneness of everything within you?"

That was a significant thing he said to me. The second significant thing he said was this that "I am so glad you came to see me. You have come to release me". At that very moment I knew that this was going to be the last when I'm going to see my 'father'. And so it has come to pass. But having gone through these deep spiritual experiences, there is no joy and neither any sorrow within me. Because once man rises beyond joy and sorrow and in that land of bliss, then who comes, who goes, who is born, who dies? Everything is just but life. Even this body when it's discarded, it disintegrates into its original elements, fire, water, air, earth, ether. It goes back into those pancha-tantras, pancha tatvas, into its original elements. There is no death. And people that reach even a little bit of, some kind of realisation will find that they stop clinging to life because clinging is not necessary. All is life. All is life.

The great beautiful thing that developed between me and Swamiji was this, that I felt totally at one with him. A total oneness. There was no separation. I felt as if I am living in his body and he is living in my body. It's a beautiful experience. A beautiful experience. Here lies, here lies the proper culmination, the totality between guru and chela. When that is experienced then God is experienced. Yes. And that is what is meant by me always saying, "The external guru is there to awaken the internal guru within you, for the internal guru and the external guru is of the same essence, of the same essence". For that power that energy that flows and that is forever there, that is that 'Isness' will always be there. The link forever remains, link not in the sense of two separate entities but a link that interpenetrates and is an integral part of that Divinity which is within us. And that self-realisation that dawns in the chela is the awakening of the inner guru, the inner guru that functions not on the mind level, not on the thinking level, no intellect involved, but just an opening of the heart that encompasses everything else. And so last Tuesday, a telegram comes from South Africa that Swamiji passed away on Thursday at six forty five.

Now this is quite uncanny, I don't know if that's the right word I'm using, but my plane was leaving from South Africa to come to London at six forty five on Thursday and Swamiji passed over at exactly that time. We got onto the plane - Angeli, is she here? - Angeli accompanied me on this trip and somehow I just wanted to be alone. And the way, Angeli was supposed to be with me and look after me and see that I had my tea and pills and things like that, like Usha and Savita and all of those people see to the little needs I have, expression of their devotion and love. But somehow things got mixed up and she got a seat far away from where my seat was. Good. The engine started up at quarter to seven, six forty five and then just died down again. Over the mike there was an announcement made that there is something faulty with one engine, presently it will be fixed up. So it gave me a chance to sit and meditate. And the plane only left an hour and twenty minutes after the scheduled time. So at the moment when Swamiji was leaving this gross physical body and

becoming merged into that oneness, I was meditating there in that oneness. It was very beautiful and I felt an indescribable peace within myself through the whole journey where the sixteen hours of flying time just seemed so quick, so quick, just totally unnoticed. And my mind, the thoughts automatically were with Swamiji at that time. When I got here on Friday, Amrit found me to be very pensive, that's the word he used. What does the word mean?

Voice. Indrawn.

Gururaj. Indrawn. I don't why but it was just like that. And that is very briefly the story of my relationship with Swamiji. It developed in me a great humility, a great sense of self-surrender. And to surrender to something higher than myself, it started that way in the beginning where I could have the sense and the feeling to surrender to something higher than myself in order to become one with that which is higher and then service and devotion. In the mornings at one of the Ashrams, now Swamiji was very fond of his Hookah, you know what the Hookah is the Indian pipe and I used to make it for him. You put in tobacco, a piece of coal on top of it and just water in the bowl which acts as a filter. And the tobacco is mixed with 'Gur', molasses, to give it sweetness and I used to light his Hookah for him. And of course before I used to take it to him, I used to have my few puffs.

Ten past one, dear me! Do we have to eat again? So that briefly is the story. There were many, many humorous incidences, many tender incidences, many strict stern incidences where he used to bawl me out you know. But they were all for my unfoldment. It was all done with so much care, so much love, so much awareness that I, as a boy could not understand at that time but looking back in retrospect, I knew exactly what each incident was supposed to mean and what the effect should be and should have been and was. Okay. See you later.

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