

# RE-MANIFESTATION OF SHRI LAKULISH:

*a commentary by Swami Kripalvanandji  
(from a discourse given on 2 July, 1977) \**

The title of this historical Bhajan is Prakatya (Re-manifestation of Shri Lakulish). I have called it historical because one historical fact is shown in it. The murti ['form,' a statue or sculpture of a God or Goddesses] which appeared is Dadaji. [Editor's note: Dadaji is a name Bapuji used to refer to his guru, which means "dear grandfather."] Really the truth is covered by an untruth. This mūrti is that of my beloved Gurudev. We can say historically he appeared on this earth about 2,000 years ago. According to the Puranas his appearance was as far back as 5000 years ago.

In the woods, in the place of natural beauty of ancient India, the study and practice of yoga was done by one individual in such a depth and detail and in a way not done anywhere else in the world. This great master was a great Maharishi, a great yogi: later on he was recognized as an incarnation of Shiva himself. The last incarnation of Shiva was the 28th incarnation -- Dadaji, Bapuji's Guru.

You may ask, "If he was born over 2000 years ago, how could he be my Guru?" There have been such yogis in India who have been able to keep their bodies in such original condition -- that is called the divine body: this body is unchangeable, indestructible, immortal. The great master, having such a body, can leave that body whenever he chooses. The scriptures in India tell how to recognize the liberated master. They say that one who goes beyond birth and death is a complete yogi.

Everyone is born, and no one can stop that, but the death can be stopped. If birth is one end of the life, then death is another end: if death is one end, then immortality has to be another end -- this is scientific law. If the condition between birth and death could be sustained and maintained, it can be done for all time. Why do such yogis have such an attraction to the body? They are not really at all attached or attracted to the body. They try to know the most secret Ātmatattva (the ascent of the soul to the highest extent). Death and disease stand in the way of the fulfillment of that desire and that is why the search remains incomplete.

There has been another practice in India. The Ayurvedic doctors made a medicine of sulfur and mercury. By taking this, one becomes immortal. If the body can stay long enough, it gives the facility for the yogi to know the secrets of the final and highest truth. One who has attained the divine body is a perfect yogi. One becomes established in samādhi [a state of consciousness that lies beyond meditation: the final limb of yoga] only when the life energy within becomes steady and remains within. When this energy reaches to the top chakra, the 1000 petaled lotus, the yogi enters into samadhi. He is very much like a child in the mother's womb (where is no breathing at all). If all the doctor's of the world were called to examine such a yogi , they would say that this is a dead yogi. But he is not dead -- he has reached immortality. So, whenever he decides after that time, he can come to life again.

He enters into samadhi state after this time in a natural way where he remains in the

breathless state -- this is called sahaj samadhi (supreme samadhi). He is constantly in samadhi.

Such a saint does not come into the society to serve the society. Do you think that when the day comes that the sun comes down and enters everybody's home? No. It is not necessary. By being thousands of miles away he brings the light to everyone. Such a yogi sitting far away can give to the entire world what he wishes to give.

There are many who say, "In India there are so many yogis and yet India is so poor!" But they should not forget that at one time India was one of the most prosperous countries in the world. The rise and fall is equal for everyone. For that reason India is going now through one stage. The prosperity that India once experienced may some time prevail in America because the spiritual side can also properly spread in a prosperous country. When India was prosperous, the spiritual side bloomed in that country. Now America may get that turn. What is America? India is one room of a house, America is another room in the same house. The whole world is one residence and we are all one family. I may point here, here, here, and here (pointing to various places on his body), but it is all one body. Such a body has been attained by my beloved Gurudev. I am so fortunate that I have seen that divine body. That is why I have been able to be on this path.

In the murti of Dadaji there are many different secrets. It is not just a statue of stone. It is a secret book of yoga. In order to understand it, you will have to do yoga sadhana (practices that lead to self-realization).

Now this murti was in the ground. It was found 110 years ago in the earth. The way it was found is described in the bhajan. Kayavarohan is the name of the tirtha (place of pilgrimage). There are many sacred places of pilgrimage in India but this is of super-most importance. There about eight to ten such high sacred places in India. In such tirthas, the master has been born and lived his life. That location is famous for innumerable years.

In India, there are 4 yugas (ages) described in the scriptures: Sattva Yuga -- Age of Truth -- is the first one; last is the Kali Yuga -- Age of Darkness. Kayavarohan has been famous in all 4 yugas. That tirtha is very spiritually powerful. It is a very important tirtha. Lord Lakulish was born there. The name Kayavarohan means 'to descend into the body.' One who can descend into the body is called Yogi. One who can descend into the body and can attain new divine body is the true yogi. So Bhagvan Lakulish, after attaining his divine body, spread his message all over India.

His very brightest disciples continued to maintain the place for at least 1500 years. Yoga was spread all over India from Kayavarohan. It was the main center for yoga. We can easily imagine that this murti entered the ground so that the the secrets of yoga would be preserved. [JBDC NOTE: During various invasions into India, many murtis were defaced or totally destroyed.] In the last 500 years or so, this tirtha was forgotten. No pilgrims came, as if it had lost its power. The lamps of its fame had become faint.

In the murti of Lord Lakulish, the most powerful secrets of yoga are hidden. In India,

there is idol-worship, but India is not an idol-worshipper. India is the worshipper of Truth. So they are not worshipping the stone, they are worshipping the Truth.

This murti has come to this scientific country of America. It is necessary to find the secrets of it. When someone from this country becomes a perfect yogi, he will look at it with tears from his eyes and he will recognize it as Truth. This is a country of science, so I have complete faith that it will happen here.

One day an innocent farmer was going to his farm. He was a devotee of Lord Shiva and was uttering, "Shiva, Shiva," as he worked in the field with his bull-ox plow. That day, Lord Shiva wanted to come out of the earth. This farmer went to the field to plow. As he was moving forward the plow stopped at one spot. He looked down at the spot and felt that something was there. He removed the plow and placed it on the side. The farmer felt around and thought that what was in the earth was a murti.

He brought an instrument to dig with and started digging on all sides. The statue of the Lord was in front and the lingam right behind him. As he was digging, the farmer was filled with great joy in his heart. The murti was uncovered. It was so heavy and big that no one individual could move it. It was not made of ordinary stone but from a meteorite, stone coming from a star -- celestial stone! He was extremely happy and started thinking what he should do next. He felt that it was a beautiful murti and he had great faith in it. He looked all around and saw flowers on the vine. He picked the flowers and placed them at the feet of the murti. This is considered an action of devotion to God through the murti. What is that devotion?

That devotion is a very special attitude. It can be explained in a simple way. Suppose there is a \$100 bill. And there are other blank papers on which they are going to print that bill. One paper on which the stamp of \$100 is placed is worth \$100. The other paper of the same kind, same size is almost worthless. Is there gold in the note? No. There is trust or faith that there is \$100 in it. That same kind of trust is placed in the murti. The stamp that was placed on the bill is accepted by all. In the same way that the stamp has been accepted, the murti has been accepted by all the yogis.

This devotee, the farmer, left flowers at the feet of the Lord. Then in order to express his joy, he walked quickly toward his village. The place where this Kayavarohan tirtha is located is a very small village. But at one time, it was a large city where thousands of pilgrims would come daily. Business men, pilgrims and travelers from many other countries would come there. That was a city of great prosperity. When Lord Lakulish himself was present, great kings from all parts of India would come to bow down at his feet. Everywhere he was revered. There were innumerable branches of yoga. He was the one who was the knower of perfect yoga. Such a big city, due to the effect of time, has become very small. Today, through the government of India, archaeologists of India are digging up the past history. They are finding layers and layers of cities that have been buried for thousand and thousands of years. Kayavarohan has one speciality -- wherever you dig, you find lingams, murtis and other artifacts that are very important to archaeologists.

The farmer went into the village and told everybody that a great murti had been found

in his field. This news spread all over the village. Everyone went in a large crowd, singing with drums and cymbals. The surrounding towns soon heard and in a short time, thousands of people had collected. Everybody saw the murti and were overwhelmed. Only when you see the original murti will you understand. It is very beautiful!

The statue of Lord Shiva was set in a chariot and brought into the village. It was then established in a small temple. People came from all around for darshan (vision/sight). After two or three years, all became quiet again. People felt that this was a most unusual murti and yet nobody was able to do anything about it.

Coincidentally, I was called into Kayavarohan one day to give a spiritual discourse. I never used to go anywhere for a one day lecture. I don't know why but I said yes that I would go. I arrived there and gave the talk. I was told that this village was another Kashi (another great place of pilgrimage and highest of educational centers). The flow of Sanatana Dharma (Eternal Truth) was there. I was surprised to hear that this was considered another Kashi. The most surprising thing was that my birthplace was only 10 miles from it and I didn't even know about it. I wanted to go all around the village for darshan in this tirtha. Four or five leaders of the village came with me and told me about the historical importance of each place that they showed me. I was greatly surprised listening to that history. My guides were very intelligent, they saved the best for last. After showing me hundreds of other temples (those found in excavation), they brought me to the temple housing the murti where Dada Gurudev was established. I entered the temple and looked at the statue. There was no end to my surprise that in front of the lingam was the image of my own Guru.

When I had been at his feet I was only 19 years old. He had lots of love for me and I loved him very much. Whenever I was disappointed in some way he used to take me to his chest and hug me. But at that time his body was different. He had entered into the body of a old swami. At that time I could not imagine that a soul could enter into another's body. After some time, I became a swami and was in the Himalayan mountains. There is one pious tirtha called Rishikesh. There were many pious yogis who lived there. I was a new swami dressed in a swami's clothing.

One day I went far away on top of a small hill to cut the branch of a particular tree to make a toothbrush. As I started cutting the branch for the brush, I saw an individual walking down from the hill. He had a little cloth wrapped around his waist. I didn't pay attention because there are many sadhus (saintly people) who move in that land. As I was cutting that branch I heard the sound from behind me, "Swami." I looked back. That voice I had heard was of my Gurudev who I had met when I was 19 years old. The body I saw was different than when I had seen him before. This body in front of me now was just like the one in the murti of Bhagvan Brahmeshvara -- a divine body. There is such power in that body that it can take any form and can enter into a dead body. The body before me was about 18 years old. I could not understand because only my Gurudev used to address me as "Swami." When I looked at him, he smiled, his eyes twinkled. I felt that this was my Gurudev. I forgot to bow down to him. I hugged him. He stroked his hand over my head and my body and I just kept on weeping. Then I remembered that I had not bowed down at his feet.

"Gurudev, please excuse me," then I bowed down at his feet. Gurudev was wearing clothes only on the waist and the rest of his body was bare. It was winter time and my body was covered with lots of woolen clothes. How could I even give my clothes for him to sit? He sat on a stone.

Once before, I had asked him, "Gurudev, how does a divine body look?" He replied, "Sometime you will be able to see it." Then I asked, "Gurudev, is that a divine body?" He said, "Yes, this is a divine body." I asked, "Gurudev, how many years old is it?" He answered, "My son you will have to find that out later." I asked, "How will I be able to find out?" I never imagined that someday I would have the opportunity to see a divine body.

When I first saw Bhagvan Brahmeshvara in Kayavarohan I thought that I would faint. It impressed deeply on my mind. The tears rolled from my eyes. I thought I'd collapse. I took support from the wall. Gradually, with the support of the wall, I prayed, then laid down flat on my stomach, straight out, in pranam. The leaders of the village who accompanied me were greatly surprised. They asked, "What has happened to this swami?" After a few moments I stood up. My residence in Kayavarohan was only about 500 feet away from that temple. It had taken me about four hours going around, having darshan of the different temples. I was tired and it was also time for my meditation, my sadhana. I arrived at my residence, took a bath and entered my meditation room. I sat on my meditation seat and as usual, I prayed to the Lord. At that very moment, a great spark of meditation took place and suddenly I attained a stage that I was attempting to reach for some time. The history of the village according to what the leaders had told me appeared before my eyes in the meditation. I felt as if I was seeing the true happening. Such an experience is not very difficult. If a true meditation experience was given to you, many of you could have such experience and then know that what I say is true.

Then my mind went into a deep state of consciousness that almost the entire history of Kayavarohan was painted before me. I saw Kayavarohan as a magnificent city. Lord Lakulish was there. In that land there hasn't been just one yogi, but many yogis. Vishvamitra, Atri and Bhrgu are some of the most famous. At the end of the mediation I received these words, "My son, you will re-establish the glory of this tirtha." I said, "Gurudev, this tirtha has been forgotten about about for five to seven hundred years . . . how can I do this great work? I am a sannyasi of non-possession. I have been moving from one town to another. I haven't established an ashram anywhere. I'm not in contact with any rich person. In order to establish the glory of this tirtha it will take millions of rupees. I myself cannot do the work. If you are giving the blessing then I will begin the work nonetheless." I did receive the blessings. I was filled with joy. My mind could not come out of meditation. There is a discipline in yoga that after a fixed time in meditation you must come out, because meditation works on the nerves. If you tire the nerves too much you will go crazy. So rest is necessary. With great difficulty, I got up from meditation and laid down on the bed. The meditation started again. I thought that I would have to meditate all night but after a short time, I feel asleep.

There was only one disciple of mine, a woman, in the whole village. I was only called there as a well-known speaker. I had no other relation with the village. In the morning,

the village leaders came to me. I told them to call all the most well-known gentlemen of the village. In a few minutes, they arrived. Among them was the main one. I told him, "I am thinking of building a large magnificent temple. But I'm not going to build it in the middle of the village. I am going to build it outside of the village because there, I will find the proper surroundings." He was greatly pleased.

When they heard from me that I was wanting to build a magnificent temple in Kayavarohan, they were all very happy. I did not have a simple paisa (one hundredth of a rupee) and yet I was saying that I was going to restore this sacred place of pilgrimage to its original glory. I was not well-known as a yogi in those days. They were thinking, "It's all right, he will bring some money from outside the village and we will collect money from here and he will build the temple." After that, almost nine years passed, during which time I did not take that work actively in my own hands. I had firmly decided that I would start that work only after completing my samadhi. The leaders suggested that it would be good to start some work. So I started one committee. After a few years the foundation stone for the temple was laid. Slowly the construction of the temple started. I was feeling in my own mind, "How will this work be completed?" Because I was a swami, I had no money and I was not in touch with rich people. Somehow, the whole temple was erected.

Then came the time for the Prana Pratishtha (putting life into the mūrti). This is done with a special ceremony that lasts for four days. About 25,000 people participated. By that time, I was known everywhere. In India, they do not call someone Yogi easily. In America, the disciple of a disciple of a disciple is called a yogi. There is a reason for this -- there has been a hunger for it in America. I have trust that American people are not foolish. I know you know how to fill your desires. The start is always like this. Eventually, whatever is false will fade away.

At the end of the Prana Pratishtha, a most unusual incident occurred. The accident was that there was another tirtha situated close to Kayavarohan. There was a large festival that is celebrated only once every 18 years taking place there. About one hundred thousand people attended in one day. The people going there found out about this new maha tirtha from a pamphlet and they started coming to Kayavarohan. In a few days it became most famous. Then I really felt that the blessings of the Lord had descended. Today, many come for darshan. Every Sunday, one to two thousand come for darshan and the number is increasing. It's fame is spreading everywhere. My fame is spreading also. That is why I left there to come here (America). This sādhana is not such that I can be surrounded by lots of people. Money, fame or any kind of propagation is not the purpose of my coming to America. I have come here to see my grandchildren who have been saying, "Bapuji, Bapuji, Bapuji." I have been attracted to that. It is your miracle that has attracted me.

In India it is said that when a disciple becomes better than his Guru, then only can that Guru be considered a true Guru. For many years my travel has been going from one room to another in the same house. This is a great big miracle. "Bapuji, Bapuji, Bapuji!" You have made me get up from my sadhana and come here to America. In Kayavarohan, kripalu (grace) came and then the disciples of Bapuji. As soon as Kripalu came, then Dadaji started spreading his glory again.

In those days, the means of spreading the messages were not as fast as today. Today the whole world has become like our home. I feel that the glory of Guruji will again spread throughout the world because there is a hunger for truth. America will definitely receive it.

I thank you all because in your name I was able to continuously remember the name of my Guru today. Now I am completing the discourse.

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