

Autobiography

"I want to dive among words that have not yet been written. I want to shape those worlds infused with love and silence, and build a bridge between you and them. What words you read does not matter, only the place they take you to is important." Sara

My childhood

I was born on September 7th, a few hours before the exact time Spica used to rise in the horizon some 15000 years ago, as the main star in the constellation of Virgo. Its appearance in the firmament used to signal the time of the harvest. She is the mother goddess of antiquity, she who nourishes the children of Earth with her body. With the rising of this star, also known as the virgin's spike, Christianity also marks the virgin's birth. That is why most of the virgins who are refound are celebrated on this date. It is hard to deny that Christian religion is solidly based on ancient pagan beliefs.

My mother is fond of telling me how, when I was young, I would ask her "Mother, how can I love all the people in the world with such a tiny heart?"

My uncle tells me that when I was just a baby and they put me to sleep in my crib, if my mother went out, I would start crying. He always asks the same thing, "How is it possible that you, being in the second floor, and your mother in the floor below, you immediatly knew she had gone out to have some fun and you started to cry right away? If she decided to stay, you would sleep quietly. As soon as she went to the door, you would start crying. How did you know she was going out?"

When I was 7, I had my first communion. During the year preceding it, my mother had signed me up for Bible studies. The truth is that I almost never attended lessons. When the day of the celebration came, I almost did not know any of the prayers. First communion was above all a tradition and an excuse for a family gathering. I remember the town's priest, in Burgos, where my mother's family comes from, met with us on the day before to practice the ritual we would perform on the following day. There were six of us altogether, all girls, so each one of us got one prayer assigned in a specific order. I was very excited because of the party that was to take place after and because of all the gifts we would receive. What I did not know then is that it would be at the church where I would have an experience that would forever be engraved deep in my heart. Quite literally, I felt Jesus inside of me. A profound peace and love surrounded me. How did I know it was Jesus? Because he revealed himself inside of me in the same way fire warms up a hand when it gets close to a flame. You see it and you feel it. However, right then I did not experience this in a conscious way.

When I was 21, I finally remembered what had happened and I realized what I had experienced on that day. This is something I never understood. Why did I not process what had happened to me in a conscious way? Why did it feel as if nothing had happened? Nobody in my family had ever talked to me about mystical experiences, which I had constantly. That is why. Because nobody ever spoke to me about these things, and nobody was able to identify the signs I gave them concerning my mystical

experiences, it was as if none of this actually happened. Because in the belief system around me did not recognize mystical experiences, my own mystical ravings were never seen or pointed out. Because of this, it would not be until I turned 21, when consciousness finally rests in the body, that these memories came to the surface and I became aware of them.

My teenager years

All my mystical and spiritual experiences that were my companions during childhood were tucked away during my teen years. This was due to the process of evolution during those years. In childhood, our inner world is built, but during our teenager years it is the exterior world that is put together. So, the fact that these experiences go unseen during the teenager years is related to the fact that they were not made conscious during childhood. Since no one points them out or makes them evident, only at the time when consciousness takes its seat in the body, around the age of 21, these can be processed and recognized when memories come to the surface.

Then, as if a light switch had been turned on, around the age of 20 I began practicing meditation. I felt a profound inner calling. I had many experiences I did not understand. Because I did not find answers anywhere around me, I began researching in books, as well as joining meditation and personal growth groups.

Experiences of unconditional love

I had many conscious experiences of the unconditional love of the SELF. At first, I did not understand what this all meant. I did not know whether it came from the outside or the inside, from heaven or from someone else. I remember I had a boyfriend at the time. Oftentimes, I would feel he was not good to me, but because I loved him, I remained with him. One day, when I was walking in the woods, I sat on a rock. I was simply focusing on my breath, when a deep Love began to emanate from all the pores of my Being. The love I felt embraced the entire world. This experience made me realize that our nature is Love. Thus, I would always love the one who was my boyfriend at the time. Whether he was good for me or not was a different matter altogether. I understood that he was not, and a few months later I left him. This experience was followed by many more. Oftentimes, I had a hard time understanding what was happening. Where did this love come from? I deepened and intensified in my meditation practice. Something was compelling me to do it. This love was my Inner Being, the SELF, my true nature as it was awakening. So, what is the SELF? The SELF is Love, Intelligence, Creativity, Joy, Peace, Consciousness, Silence, Compassion, and more. These are the perfect qualities that reside within ourselves, and which we all are meant to realize in this world. Many people call this god.

Spiritual Guides

Oftentimes I would feel a strong urge to take specific actions compelled by an invisible guide. Actually, this is how I began to practice meditation. When I was around 20, some family situations combined with my personal choices up to that time were making me feel emotionally defeated. The veils of illusion were dropping like the leaves abandoning the trees when autumn arrives. I entered in a deep state of inner turmoil that led me to sever my ties with all these bad habits and set forth on a new path. All this, combined with all my spiritual experiences which I did not understand, would set the

stage for an inner storm that at times was too much for me. Then, one night, I had a dream. I was climbing a very steep mountain, on a very difficult path, and suddenly, I tripped and started falling into the void. But then, a hand held me tight and I was able to hold on to a rock in order to keep climbing. That morning, when I woke, an inner voice together with a strong urge compelled me to sit, close my eyes, and keep my attention on my breath while I breathed with my belly. Later on, I would find out this is a basic technique of Kriya yoga. This voice is the manifestation of the spiritual guides that accompany us all in our life's adventures. They speak to us, they teach us, they guide us through our intuition—in other words, through our heart. Little by little, as I was getting deeper into my practice, I began to perceive this voice like a torch that casts light on the path I was walking.

Past Lives

Sometimes, memories would come to me. These were the memories from former lives. I remember one life when I was my current mother's mother. In a different life, my current sister was my husband. Life after life, we usually relate with the same groups of people. The reason for this is that souls group together into families and they generate karmic bonds through the various reincarnations. However, I had particularly recurrent memories from one specific life, and they became more intense the more I deepened my practice. I would see images of the places I had inhabited, of my relationships, and above all, my spiritual practice. I had been initiated in the Tantra way in Old Egypt, and I was helping a warrior to fulfill his mission. I had a very strong spiritual connection with him, but I loved him as a man as well. He was a very advanced being spiritually. I would help him get his various bodies energized through sacred sexuality. He was my Master. This relationship would be the springboard on which I would attain cosmic consciousness through Tantra. It would sow the seed in my soul towards spiritual realization by way of personal relations. It was an extremely important life for me. I made great progress. Our soul returns to this world many times, with the goal of learning and perfecting itself in order to reach enlightenment. When a soul progresses greatly during one lifetime, that which it learns is stored in its astral body. However, when we are reborn, although all this learning remains with us potentially, we need to walk through the same steps again. This may seem very inconvenient, because in the same way we can advance during one lifetime, we might get stuck in the next one. There are many reasons for this, some of them are astrological—the position of stars at the time of birth. At times, the cosmic alignment favors spiritual advancement, and those who immerse themselves into the practice are able to reach higher realms. At other times, the alignment of the planets and the galaxies slow down spiritual progress, to the point that, no matter how much effort you put into it, progress might be slow. So, that life I lived 2000 years ago represents a very important point of reference for my soul, and being able to remember it, it became a very important personal guide.

The Voice of My Master

When I finished college, life blessed me with a wonderful trip to the roof of the world—Tibet. This would turn out to be a very important trip for me. For the first time in my current body I was able to hear again my Master's voice. How was this possible? Up until then, it had been just a memory. The sound of his voice was accompanied by one of the most beautiful memories of my life from 2000 years ago. We were making love on a boat adrift in the sea of Galilee, as we entered into a deep state of Union. Everything was Silence, Love, Peace, and Bliss. This memory surfaced while I was staying in one

of Tibet's main power centers in Lhasa—Jokhang's temple. As soon as I got inside, I fell into the deepest part of my being. Tears began to cover my face until I could just not see anymore. I was barely able to walk, and the words "When are you coming back?" kept drumming inside my body. The temple was filled with pilgrims carrying their offerings to the half-lit chapels housing the various Buddhist deities. They were offering pastries and yak butter candles perfusing the space with a strong fragrance. I got away from the crowd's bustle and I sat at a terrace in front of a door to what I assumed was one of the temple monks' rooms. Right there, in front of a spectacular view of the Himalayas, I shut my eyes and I danced with my memories. Every now and then I would open my eyes, fixed on the mountain I had right in front. It was as if my Master had become a stone giant.

Meeting My Master

The next year, when I was 25, something came full-circle within myself. It was the inevitable result of spiritual practice. Summer was approaching and my guides were urging me strongly to get ready for a trip to India. I did not understand why India, or even more importantly, with whom and what for. The prospect of buying a ticket to India and getting myself there with no specific goal in mind was not a very exciting one. Right around that time, I sought security and order in my life above all. But that little inner voice had always guided me well, so I took myself to a travel agency and I bought a plane ticket to Delhi, the capital of the Indian subcontinent. I planned my trip for two months. As the departure date got closer, I spoke to everyone around me about my plans, hoping I would encourage someone to come along, but it was to no avail, so I gave up on trying to convince anyone. Then, very close the departure date, two women I knew from a personal growth course told me they had planned a trip to India. I was shocked when they said they would be traveling on the same days as me! The three of us were flying with different companies and on slightly different dates, so we agreed to meet in Varanasi. One of them was taking an organized group trip there, that's why we chose Varanasi. I had never heard of Varanasi, but that little light inside of me pointed me in that precise direction.

I spent the three first days all by myself, until I met with one of my friends. When I first arrived to India, I was really taken aback. I got to the Indira Gandhi airport in Delhi in the morning and I took a taxi in order to get to the house of a yoga teacher who had rooms for rent. On the way there, I could feel the intense and humid heat that made me sweat all over my body, and then I felt how a very strong love started to push through my heart. It was as if that land were speaking to me and welcoming me in. Along the way I could see people sleeping on beds out in the open. These were the untouchables, who have no right to a decent living. That is one of the cruelest aspects of life in India.

After I got to my room, took a shower, and after a good night's sleep, I went to the train station to buy a ticket to Varanasi. The trip would last 13 hours, and I would be traveling in a sleeper train. When I got to the train, I sat inside my compartment. I had a coin wallet in the pocket that embellished the left leg of my pants. Then, a kid sat right next to me with his father, and right away felt that something was touching my leg near the pocket. I looked down and I saw the father's hand sliding inside my pocket with the clear intention of stealing my wallet. I did not think twice. I hit his hand to get it out of the pocket, and then he got up in a huff with his kid and left. Luckily, I was able to recover the wallet, but this incident made me be more aware things around me. The trip turned out to be a very nice one. I met two French women that were going to Varanasi as well, and we had a very interesting conversation that lasted all the way to bedtime.

The next day, around 10AM, we arrived to our destination. Monkeys everywhere on the lookout to snatch some food from any passerby, cows walking in the middle of the crowd, together with the traffic chaos combined into a wonderful orchestra that somehow fit together. Every now and then I would see groups of people carrying bodies of the deceased on their shoulders. They were headed for the manikarnika ghat, the most sacred crematorium in India. Many people in India, when they feel their time is coming, move to the Sacred City in order to receive the ritual of cremation by the shores of the most sacred river in the world. I got myself settled in the hotel and, like an oasis in the morass, it shielded me from all the intensity around me.

On the third day, one of my friends arrived, and two days later the other one arrived as well. This last one told us that her travel guide knew of a spiritual master and that, if we so chose, she could ask for permission to arrange a meeting with him. Apparently, he was very sick, and right then he was meeting with a larger group, so we were asked to wait. In any case, two days later we were given permission to meet him. The first thing he said to me was, "I was waiting for you." Right after this meeting I understood the purpose of my trip. I stayed with him for two months.

Master Babaji Kalyan Jay Singh

His given name was Kalyan, which means blessing. Babaji's mother used to tell that when he was just a boy, he was sitting in a field, when a cobra appeared right behind him, with its head flaps outstretched and its body straightened up. After a while, she got back down on the ground and left, leaving little Kalyan unharmed. Kalyan was a quiet boy who would stay up at night watching the night sky and the stars. When he was barely 8, he left in order to go live with the ascetics, and he became enlightened at the age of 20. Then his father told him that the time had come for him to marry. Babaji Kalyan expressed his disinterest in marital matters, but seeing his father's stubbornness, he agreed to go along. After he married, he fathered 4 children. When his father passed away, he inherited a silk sari shop near the Golden Temple to Shiva just a few meters away from the manikarnika ghat. In the 17th century, Kalyan's family converted to Sikhism with the blessings of Guru Gobind Singh. Some people believe that this tradition had been inspired by God, some others believe it is a blending of Hinduism and Sufism. It is monotheistic, it rejects the caste system, and its main principles are humility and helping others. Kalyan followed the family tradition out of respect to his father's wishes, however, after he had kids of his own, he gave them a choice. "Do what your heart wishes," he told them. When Babaji's eldest son turned 16, he left the shop in his hands and left. He came back 15 years later. He spent the first five years in a cave in the mountains of Risikesh, the following 15 in Puna, at Osho's ashram. The last few years he spent at Shri H.W.L Poonjaji's ashram in Lucknow. After Poonjaji passed away, Babaji Kalyan went back to regresa Varanasi, where his teachings would reach the hearts of more than 3,000 disciples.

First Meeting with the Master

The first time I saw my Master, the group of people that had come to spend a few days with him at Muskan's behest occupied the entire shop. When I arrived, he offered me to sit right next to him while he kept talking happily to some members of the group. Others were taking among themselves or looked at the silks and saris that embellished the shop, thinking of buying some souvenir. As soon as I sat

down, I noticed a very special feeling of warmth in my heart. I am not talking about the heart chakra located near the thymus in the middle of the chest, but the heart that beats between my lungs under my left breast. This warmth was made of pure love and respect for humanity. A genuine love that inspires service and devotion for the other. A kind of love that frees you from any selfish goal. A kind of love full of softness and sweetness.

When I left, having gotten permission to come back on the following day to begin practicing next to the Master, this love still beat strongly inside of me, accompanied by deep feeling of recollection and interiorization. It was the beginning of my instruction.

The Teachings of the Master

In the silence of my heart, I was able to hear these words again, "You are here to pour god's love on the world." Everything was Love. Then I understood that 4 year old girl who would ask her mother how she could love everyone on this world with such a tiny heart.

Every morning, when the city had not woken yet, we would go to the Master's sari shop, and right there, among other things, we would practice Tantra yoga exercises. One day, when our bodies were sufficiently purified, Babaji Kalyan made the kundalini raise through my entire spine. Many people believe that in order to be initiated in Tantra, sexual contact with the master is a must but this is not necessarily so. A Master can show you the way in many ways, according to your needs, the situation, and the level of consciousness. I received the transmission of Tantra's essence in absolute silence. It was like making present a memory.

All of us students, as Kalyan used to call us, were staying at the Mona Lisa Guest House. This guest house, located in front of the Ganges at the Pandey Ghat, was nothing out of the ordinary. It was a simple, austere, cheap place. What I mean is that it was not a place held in special esteem by travelers, and it did not appear in any of the popular travel guides. In time, Master showed us that there was a special geometry right in that house, at the Golden Temple and the very spot where the Mona Lisa had been built. That was the only reason. The funny thing is that we all ended up staying at that place without having received specific instructions to do so. After two weeks, a Basque woman began to show up every morning. She was a person with lots of pent up emotions. Her mother had just died of cancer, and there was a lot of pain in her heart. One day, the Master told her, "This afternoon, bring me that woman." I understood something was about to happen. When we arrived at the shop, the Master asked us to sit down and told us, "Very good, wait up." A few minutes later it began to pour outside like it does in Varanasi during the monsoon, but the monsoon had been over for a while. It was a downpour that lasted for just two minutes. During this time, I was able to see how the rain was washing the woman's bodies and was freeing her up from her pain through the water that fell from the sky. When it stopped raining, the Master said, "It is over," and he did not say anything else. We got up and left. Something deep had changed inside of her.

Sometimes students would show up and stay for a few days with the master. Varanasi is a city with lots of cars, and if you encounter bad traffic, you can get stuck there for hours. When this happens,

forget about your destination. Before leaving, students would go say goodbye to Babaji and he would tell them the exact time they needed to leave to catch the train on time. Some times he would ask you to leave half hour ahead of time, some other times, two hours ahead. People would always be on time and we never had to wait long to catch the train.

Arranged marriages are still a very widespread tradition in India. The bride's family usually would provide a previously agreed-upon dowry, and she would go live with her husband's family. I remember some women would come to Babaji's shop with no money to buy their wedding dress, and how Kalyan would help them out. Some others would visit because they were sick or hurting. He would provide relief and in some cases even cure them. I myself experienced the healing of minor chronic afflictions.

Babaji did not speak much, and the few things he spoke to me still reverberate in my heart. Some of these I am still assimilating. It is as if his words comprised an entire book waiting to be opened just at the right time. One day he told me, "At this time there are seventeen (or was it seventy? my English back then was pretty basic and I am not quite certain which one he said) enlightened beings on this Earth."

Some people belong to the light, others to darkness, and yet others, to both.

Kalyan used to say that he had two days of birth. Oftentimes I would ask my Master in the silence of my mind, "Who are you?" I got many answers at many different times. One of them came during Christmas, "I am the Master Jesus." Babaji Kalyan was in constant communion with the Christ (through Master Jesus), that is the being in charge of giving the new codes to humanity—of the new spiritual teachings that will take human beings to a new evolutionary stage. He has manifested himself through various beings such as Jesus, Krishna, or Babaji.

Another one came when we were in Varanasi, when he said "I am the Guardian of Shiva's golden temple." This temple is one of the most important pilgrimage sites in India. It represents Shiva as the god of light and ruler of the universe. It is said that it was in Varanasi where the first of the 12 jyotilingams appeared—the columns of light and fire through which Shiva shows his supremacy over other gods. This pillar of fire shattered the Earth's crust and it blew towards the sky. This is doubtless an indication for a power site where both telluric and cosmic energies appear. According to Diana Cooper, author of the book "2012 and Beyond: An Invitation to Meet the Challenges and Opportunities Ahead", Varanasi is one of the 33 cosmic portals on Earth. The author says that in 2012 these portals opened up in order to irradiate Christic energy over the planet.

Every day right after practicing Tantra yoga, my Master would offer us chai, the traditional Indian tea. It is made up of black tea and several spices such as black pepper, clover, cinnamon, cardamon, ginger, nutmeg and anise. To this mix you add sugar and milk, and you're done! The imbibing of the chai was a very important moment. It is the eucharist, or the drinking of the divine energy.

After the chai, we would give massages to our Master. One time, while we were massaging his legs, he told me “one day I will let you touch me.” Right then I felt that a door opened up to his subconscious. I started to feel a strong feeling of rejection towards my Master. I knew that this was just an illusion and so, focusing on my heart, I would repeat to myself the words “I love this rejection unconditionally.” With this mantra I would keep massaging his body while trying to make love and sweetness stronger than the feelings of rejection. However, this feeling was very strong. Although I was able to withstand it and did not react to it, I was able to understand a great many things. Perhaps the most important one is that one must be very humble, and if something overcomes us, it is important to acknowledge it and accept it is too much for us, little by little.

Perhaps, after I explain this anecdote, someone might be saying, "If a man is enlightened, how is it possible that he has a subconscious mind? The answer is in understanding that, even when a man has reached enlightenment, he keeps being a man. He keeps inhabiting a physical body. Even so, as a soul progresses down the spiritual path, its ability to embrace the subconscious and disassociate itself from it becomes stronger and stronger. Let's imagine that consciousness is the visible part of an iceberg. The subconscious is the part no one sees. Generally, the submerged, unseen part is much larger. The function of the subconscious is to help us survive. Why? Because it houses all those painful experiences that we have not been able to transcend. That is why we forget many episodes of our lives—this helps us survive. However, these painful memories are kept stored in our subconscious, waiting for the right time to be released and transcended. When the soul conquers the whole subconscious, which is to say, when consciousness sheds light on the subconscious, this stops being “subconscious,” but even so, it does not go away Why? Because we still have a physical body.

However, when a master becomes enlightened and conquers his own subconscious, this benefits humanity as a whole. Why? Because of the collective subconscious. In the same way we all have our own “personal subconscious” that stores all our experiences, there is a collective subconscious as well that stores Humanity's memories. Every time someone releases a personal memory, it creates a resonance in the collective subconscious. This is the true importance of Jesus' sacrifice at the Golgotha. By forgiving all those who mistreated, doubted, and hurt him, he freed Humanity from negative karma. The same thing happened to Osho when he went to the US and he was put in jail and poisoned. That poison should have killed him in a few months, but, even though his health was fragile, he was able to survive a few years more. The point is that, with this, he freed, just as Jesus did, humanity from negative karma.

I arrived in Varanasi in early August, when the monsoon was on its way out, and the heat was relentless. During the first few weeks, it would rain quite a bit during the afternoon. The river Ganges would cover the ghats (steps leading to the water) and people would bunch up in the confined spaces they had for bathing, wash clothes, or washing themselves. As September got near, the rainy weather began to subside and the level of the river got lower. Once the mud was gone, the stairs that crisscross the city began to show up, as well as many of the temples built at the shores of Mother Ganga, and which had been submerged during the rainy season. All of a sudden, the ghats were teeming up with life. The boat builders set up shop once more; the washers went back to their rickety shops; the chai shops were open for business once more. It was as if the city regained life and left its defining narrow streets in order to breathe again. Slowly but surely the date of my return back to Spain was

approaching. When the time came to leave, I understood that, even though I was going to be physically separated from my Master, my learning was to go on—and so it was.

The Master's masters

On the beam in front of the tatami where Babaji spent most of his days and where he taught, there were pictures of preeminent masters. Babaji used to say “These are my Masters.” So, in order to comprehend the teachings and initiations I received from Kalyan, it is important to know who were his Masters. There was a picture of Osho, master of the Tantric way; one of Ramana Maharshi, master of Advaita Vedanta; one of Papaji, disciple of Ramana Maharshi; and one of Lahiri Mahasaya, disciple of Mahavatar Babaji, a master who was not woman-born, famous for his teachings of Kriya yoga that later on was brought to the West by Paramahansa Yogananda.

Osho

It is known by sanyasins, Osho's students, that he left an energy field in his ashram at Pune with the intention of turning that place into an initiation site. After Osho passed away, Kalyan traveled every year to Pune in order to take care of and keep up this energy field. I was myself able to observe and experience this site when I spent three months in it. Osho made great contributions in the spiritual world. One of the most important ones was that he updated and planted the seeds for Tantra's rebirth. For this he created the active meditations through the compilation of old techniques from various traditions, from Buddhism to Sufism, combining mostly dance, movement, fire breathing, and sound.

Osho, previously known as Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, was born in Kuchwada, Madhya

Pradesh, India, on December 11th, 1931. Since he was a boy, he displayed a very rebellious and independent spirit, refusing to accept beliefs and conventional wisdom, openly questioning all traditions and religions, preferring to experience truth by oneself instead.

Very early on he felt drawn towards meditation. When he was 14 he had his first satori, and when he turned 21 he attained his final enlightenment. Afterwards, he got a degree in philosophy at the Sagar University. After nine years teaching philosophy at the University of Jabalpur, he quit in order to give talks all over the country, exposing political and religious leaders, putting beliefs and traditions into question, suggesting that people should take responsibility and free themselves from all conditionings that are preventing them from growing and fully developing their own potential.

his message, direct and unfettered, stirred up a lot of controversy and uneasiness in all spheres of power, especially because he stressed that true religion must be based on one's own experience and the expansion individual consciousness, not on adherence to doctrine, church, or rituals.

Towards the end of the 60's, Osho began to develop his Dynamic Meditation techniques. Osho would say that modern man is so full of prejudices and repressed emotions that, adding this to the anxiety and stress associated with modern lifestyle, he needs an inner cleansing process in order to be able to relax and enter into a meditative process in order to connect with his own divine source.

In the early 70's, the first western seekers gathered around Osho. In 1974 the first commune was established in Poona, India, and Osho deepened in his work, adding meditation to modern western therapies. This community soon became the largest and most innovative personal growth center in the world.

From 1981 to 1985, the commune moved to the US, where Osho's disciples created an eco-city in the Oregon desert. The success of this experiment, together with Osho's criticism of the US government and church, resulted in hostility and actions by the authority. Osho was arrested and illegally put in jail for twelve days in an attempt to discredit him publicly. Finally, when it became impossible to prove any of the charges raised against him, Ronald Reagan's government deported him from the US under technical immigration allegations, because his visa had expired. After he was arrested, his health quickly deteriorated. According to the testimony by several doctors, during his imprisonment in the Oklahoma penitentiary, Osho was poisoned with thallium.

During all his life, Osho spoke about all relevant aspects for the development of human consciousness. From Sigmund Freud to Chuang Tzu, from George Gurdjieff

to Gautama el Buda, from Jesus to Rabindrath Tagore, distilling from each one the key ingredient for modern man's spiritual search. His talks about yoga, Zen,

Sufism, Buddhism, Christianity, Tantra, Haidism, as well as others dedicated to the study and understanding of the great western and eastern mystics, have been recorded and published in hundreds of volumes and translated into thirty-two languages.

What he advocates for is the birth of a New Man, a humanity free from beliefs and prejudices than break up the individual. His vision embraces a positive attitude towards life: the human qualities epitomized by Zorba the Greek—a happy, sincere, spontaneous human being, who lives and celebrates the pleasures of day to day life, free from guilt and hypocrisy, and by Gautama Buddha—a being that represents the flowering of the intrinsic spiritual potential inside us all, the inner wish to reconnect with our spiritual essence. This human being who carries a full existence in harmony with his human nature in full consciousness of his spiritual nature was named Zorba the Buddha by Osho.

Osho left his body on January 19th, 1990 due to an advanced state of physical ailments caused by the poisoning.

Osho explained that his name came from the term coined by William James "oceanic," which means "dissolving in the ocean." "It is not my name," Osho said, "it is a healing sound." (text from www.transformacion-interior.com)

Sri Ramana Maharashi

Sri Ramana Maharashi's core teachings lie in the atma-vichara, meaning self-search, which derives from the seminal question "Who am I?"

Ramana Maharashi, nee Venkataraman, was born in 1879 in a small town in the southern India near Madurai, on the day of Arudra Darshanam, a festival that celebrates Lord Shiva's incarnation as Nataraja, the God of the Cosmic Dance. When he was being born, a nearly blind woman nearby was heard saying that the newborn was covered in light.

When he was twelve, his father passed away, and he went to live with his uncle in Madurai, where he would briefly join the American Mission institute. He had never shown any interest in spirituality or read any religious texts. However, on July, 1896, when he was 17, he experienced something that would change his life forever. One afternoon, for no apparent reason, he suddenly felt overwhelmed by a strong fear of death. Years later, he would describe it this way,

“A great change in my life happened approximately six weeks before I left Madurai forever. It happened quite suddenly. I was just sitting in a room on the first floor of my uncle's house. I rarely was sick, but on that day, although I was feeling fine, I was overcome by an intense and sudden fear of death. Nothing in my health justified such a reaction, and I did not try justifying it or finding out what caused it. I just felt I was going to die, and began to think what to do with that. I never thought of talking to a doctor or my elders or friends. I felt I had to find an answer to this problem by myself, right then.

Fear of death directed my mind to my inside, and I told myself in my mind, not uttering a single word, “Now death has come. What does this mean? What's dying? This body is dying. Right then I went through the process of death. I lied with my limbs stretched and still, as if I were in rigor mortis. In order to have it be more realistic, I made my body resemble that of a dead body. I held my breath and closed my lips so no sound would come out, so that not even the word "I" could be uttered by me. “Well,” I told myself, “this body is dead.” It will be brought to the cremation field, burned and reduced to ashes.

But, with the death of this body, do I die as well? Am I this body? It is silent and still, but I can feel the full strength of my personality and even the voice of the "I" inside of me, separate from it. So, I am the Spirit that transcends the body. The body dies, but the Spirit that transcends it cannot be touched by death. This means that I am the Immortal Spirit.” This was not a tenuous thought, but a clear projection through my entire being directly perceived, almost without thinking. This "I" was something very real, the only truth in my present state, and all conscious activity connected with my body was based off this "I". From that time on, this "I" or "Itself" focused on itself with great fascination. Fear of death went away for good. This self absorption continued to operate uninterruptedly from then on. Other thoughts would come and go like musical notes playing, but the "I" persisted as the foundational note that underlies and harmonizes with all other notes. If the body was busy speaking, reading, or doing something else, I was firmly focused on the "I."

This feeling of experiencing death brought about a radical change in Venkataraman's interests and life outlook. He became tame and peaceful, not complaining or seeking revenge for being treated unjustly. Later on, he would describe this state:

“One of the characteristics of my new state was a change of attitude towards the temple of

Meenakshi. Before, I used to visit every now and then with my friends to see the images and put the red mark on my forehead, and I would go back home mostly unchanged. But after I awakened, I would visit almost every afternoon. I would go by myself and sit still for a long time in front of an image of Shiva or Meenakshi or Nataraja and the seventy-three saints. Just being there, waver of emotion would fill me up.”

Soon after, Venkataraman left home in secret. He went to the Arunachala mountain, the abode of Shiva, after feeling a strong call. There he would live in several caves.

The cave where he was to live in the longest (17 years) is called Virupaksha, and is located on the south-west side.

When his uncle found him, he went to fetch Ramana, but he was not able to take him back. Later on, Alagammal, his mother, would go get him as well, but Ramana remained silent and informed her through written note that it was destiny making the decisions. So, his mother left, it would not be until 1916 when he would go live with Ramana for the rest of his life.

There, Alagammal would receive an intense spiritual instruction. Right around then Ramana had a small group of devotees and his mother began to cook for them. Also, Ramana's younger brother moved in with him and became his sannyasin (spiritual student). In 1920, his mother became ill. Ramana would spend long hours next to her. In 1922, Alagammal passed away reaching her enlightenment at the time of death through her son's effort and grace. As tradition dictates when someone becomes enlightened, Alagammal's body was not cremated, but buried. Because no one was allowed to be buried in the hill, she was buried at the foot of the hills, on the South side. From this, Ramana, compelled by a strong inner calling, finally settled there and opened up his ashram.

In 1949, Ramana was diagnosed with sarcoma on his left arm. In spite of intense medical care, on April 14th, 1950 it was clear the end of his physical body was approaching. At night his devotees, sitting outside on the porch outside the room especially built to house Bhagavan comfortably during his sickness, began to chant spontaneously "Arunachala Shiva". When Ramana heard this, his eyes opened and they glinted. He then offered a brief smile of undescrivable tenderness. From the corners of his eyes flowed tears of happiness. Then, one more breath, and that was all. Right on that instant, at 8:47 PM, what looked like a huge star slowly crossed the northwestern sky towards the top of the Arunachala mountain. (Text taken from www.sriramanamaharshi.org)

Lahiri Mahasaya

Lahiri Mahasaya was born on September 30th, 1828 in Varanasi. Lahiri was a family man who worked as a civil servant at the Army Engineering Department during British occupation. When he was 33 años, in the fall of 1861, when he was working as an accountant for the Danapur government, the office manager called him in to notify him he would be reassigned to Ranikhet, in the Himalayas.

Since the official duties of his new post were not very burdensome, he spent many hours wandering in the surrounding hills. When he heard a rumor that great saints were offering blessings throughout the region, he felt a deep desire to go meet them. During his trek, in the early afternoon, he was surprised to hear a distant voice that was calling his name. He simply kept climbing the mountain Dronguiri, and suddenly he realized he would not be able to go back down before darkness descended on the jungle.

Finally he arrived at a small clearing surrounded by rock walls scattered with caves.

On one of the rocky overhangs, there was a young man standing, smiling, reaching out with his hand as if to greet him. "It was I who called you," he told him as he invited him to rest in a cave where there were a few wool blankets and begging plates. "Do you remember this seat?" the yogi asked him pointing towards a folded blanket in the corner. Lahiri said he did not remember that place. Then, the yogi got closer and struck him lightly on the forehead, freeing the seeds of his sweet memories of a former life in which the guru Babaji was his Master. Lahiri began to remember that life as he hugged his feet in tears. Babaji told him that he had been waiting for over three decades after karma's magic wand touched him and he left. Although Lahiri lost track of his Master, he did not lose track of him, waiting for the right time.

Then, Babaji sent Lahiri to drink oil out of a bowl and lie by the river to purify himself. Even though it was a bitter cold night, Lahiri began to feel a comforting, warm feeling from inside. After a few hours lying on the rocky shores, surrounded by the elements and threatening animals in the middle of the night, Lahiri felt free of fear. The unbound strength that had just been created inside of him made him feel unquestionably safe and protected.

When midnight came, a yogi went to fetch Lahiri. It was time to receive his initiation in Kriya Yoga. Babaji stretched out his hand and a fire surrounded by fruits and flowers appeared. This was the Homa, the traditional Indian sacrificial ceremony through sacred fire.

Thus, Lahiri Mahasaya received the liberating yogi technique.

Later on, Lahiri sat down on his old blanket. Babaji passed his hand over his brow and Lahiri entered in a deep samadhi for 7 days where he reached the Cosmic Spirit—or cosmic conscience. That's when Lahiri begged Babaji to let him stay with him. "Your job is to take kriya yoga to the honest seekers. You must guide them so that they see that the high achievements of yoga are not out of reach of the common man. Even in the world, the yogi who performs his duties faithfully, without personal attachment or intention, will safely walk down the path of enlightenment," he said. Then Lahiri set forth on his return trip.

When he got to his office, his friends received him with joy because they believed him lost in the jungles of the Himalayas. Soon a letter from the central office arrived. Lahiri was to go back to the office in Danapur.

Little by little Lahiri Mahasaya began to teach the science of kriya yoga. In Varanasi there is still his ashram where kriya has been preserved through his family line.

Mahavatar Babaji

"The northern slopes of the Himalayas, near Badrinarayan, to this day benefit from the live presence of Babaji, guru of Lahiri Mahasaya. The reclusive master has preserved his physical form for centuries, perhaps millenia. Babaji's mission in India has been to help prophets accomplish their special designs. This makes him worthy of the name of Mahavatar in the scriptures.

The Mahavatar (Great Avatar) is in constant communion with Christ. Together, they send out healing vibrations and prepared the spiritual salvation techniques for this time. The work of these two enlightened master -one with his body, one without it- is to inspire nations so that they give up self-harming wars, racial hatred, religious extremism, and the ill effects of materialism. These, like a boomerang, return to those who hurl them. Babaji is well aware of the tendencies of modern times, especially the influence and complexity of western civilization, and is aware knows that it is necessary to spread yoga's self-liberating practices in the West and East." (Paramhansa Yogananda, "Autobiography of a Yogi" 1946)

Thus, Mahavatar Babaji or the Christ are the teachers who pass on the knowledge, the new code for Humanity's evolution. That's why they are masters of masters.

What is Kriya yoga?

Kriya Yoga is an advanced technique for spiritual evolution that is part of Raja Yoga's ancient science, and it is mentioned by Patanjali in his Yoga Sutras, and by Sri Krishna in the Bhagavad Gita. The Kriya technique is shown only to the initiated ones, but its basic purpose and features are described by Yogananda and Kriyananda in their autobiographies:

"Kriya Yogis mentally circulate their life energy up and down, around the six spinal centers (medular, cervical, dorsal, lumbar, sacrum and coccyx), that correspond to the twelve zodiac astral signs, the symbolic cosmic man. Half a minute of energy revolution around the spinal chord achieves a subtle

spiritual progress; this half minute of Kriya equals one year of natural spiritual progress.”
(ParamhansaYogananda)

“Kriya Yoga directs the energy along and around the spine, gradually evening out the turbulence in the chitta. At the same time, it strengthens the spine's and brain's nerves to make them able to receive cosmic energy and consciousness. Yogananda declared that Kriya is the supreme science of Yoga.”
(Swami Kriyananda)

Christic Initiation

After I left Varanasi, I kept getting deeper in my practice under my Master's protection. My energy field was still deeply connected to his, and his teachings were still flowing intensely. That Christmas, I did not go to my traditional family reunion. I sat to meditate, I listened to the voice of the mountains that surrounded me, and with the strength they provided, I fasted for six days. In these meditations, I traveled with my family members, I filled them with a loving light, and they spoke of important matters in order to make peace. On the fifth day, during Christmas Eve, I received the Christic initiation that I will sum up with these words: “Love each other as I have loved you.” This is the awakening of the high heart that makes us one with the Fountain—compassion and service to others. It is a love that brings human relations to a higher and more refined level.

I got to my mother's house in early December. Right around then my Master was getting worse physically. Since our energy fields were in complete union, I could feel his delicate state perfectly. That's when I met Marc and Susana, my mother's neighbors. Susana had just given birth to Enzo. Marc had cancer and he was going to undergo surgery on early January, right around Epiphany day. I spoke to them about meditation and they asked me if I could teach them. That's how every afternoon we would get together in order to practice the exercises. One day, Marc's body began to shake. Marc was very afraid. He did not want to die and not see Enzo grow up. Susana would just not stop fighting. She fought so much that Marc had almost no strength left. Then he became calm. Fear had left his body. He hugged Susana and told her, "Stop fighting for me now. Give me back my strength. I will take care of you."

The Power Sites

A few days later, I felt Babaji Kalyan was nearing death. His sickness was winning. I bought a few flowers and brought them to one of the most important power sites in Andorra—the Virgin of Meritxell sanctuary, whose name means “midday's light.” That's where I felt the grief for the first time. In the same way people have an ethereal body, made up of channels where energy circulates and congeals around chakras, the planet has its own network as well. These places are connected both to earthly energies and cosmic ones, and that's why they function as vortices for consciousness initiation and expansion.

I arrived at the sanctuary and began to meditate. I prayed for my Master's life. What I did understand yet was the link between what was happening to Marc and what was happening to my Master. Kalyan was able to hold to life and survived that ordeal.

When I arrived on the day of Marc's surgery, I happened to go back to Barcelona, since they had called me from work. Right around then I was a substitute teacher at the French School in Barcelona. On the day of the surgery, I got in a deep meditation. My Master was very close to me. Suddenly, we went

over to the operation room. I was able to see that the cancer had spread all over Marc's body, and there was nothing that could be done about it. Then, like a puppet master, my Master's hands began to control the ones of the surgeon and began to operate through him. After surgery, Marc lived for six more months. A few days before I went back to India, he left his body. A week later, my Master would do so. After a while, I was able to understand that I had been given that extra time. Today I am grateful for it.

My Master's Death

That summer, I went back to India to visit my Master. One of the things he said to me when he saw me was "I'm a perfect Baba except because I'm a true Baba". That's when I understood that the reason for which destiny had got us together had been completed. The time to follow my own path had come. My last visit was a farewell. So, I decided to travel to southern India to see Yolanda. After I visited the ashram in Amma y and spent a week there, we went to a beautiful hotel by the beach, with four rooms that faced a nice porch with views of the ocean. When we arrived it was just us two there. A few hours later, the remaining rooms filled up. An Italian couple, a mother from Barcelona with two teenage daughters, and an older Italian man who was doing charity work. The relation amongst us flourished right away. It was all harmony, and between laughter and conversation, we would share food and bathed in the ocean.

Every morning you could see the fishermen coming back on their boats, selling their fares right there as the villagers approached. In Allepey, which is the name of that town, nature enveloped everything in harmony and balance, and every morning, facing the sea, I would practice the kriyas my Master had taught me.

After four days, I got the news that my Master had left his body. Just a week before I had said goodbye to him. The news was very shocking. I did not want him to go. I cried and I kicked all around me. Then Yolanda looked at me and told me, "Master is feeling very well right now." I stopped crying. It was like getting whipped by a stick as in Zen Buddhism (keisaku) which is used to bring the disciple back to his center during spiritual practice. Right on that instant, I could see him again. Everything was happening as it was supposed to. I shared the news with all my hotel friends and I proposed them to do a ceremony, and they all agreed. And I mean all of them, including the hotel workers and an Indian couple who came along and brought flowers. It was as if there was nothing more important for them in the world.

Surrounded by this great love, I received the Great Initiation, the Mahamudra of Tantra. When we were done, we brought the flowers to the sea and, as if a nod to this, two dolphins leapt in the horizon with their skins gleaming with the sun rising majestically over the sky.

On the following days, I felt my BEING in complete, ecstatic communion with the universe. I could feel a deep union with all and every one of nature's elements. I was part of that ecstatic dance that moved in perfect balance and harmony. I lived in perfect synchronicity with all. Inside of me, everything was silence, peace, and joy. I was just another piece of a larger system, quietly dancing to the rhythm of the universe. I felt I was making live to all the beings. I felt the waves in the ocean, the stars in the firmament, the sand on the beach, and the heat of the sun dancing in a profound harmony that filled me up with joy. Saint Teresa of Ávila calls this the sacred marriage.

On the following days, my Master gave me messages and instructions from the bardo. He was beginning his great travel.

After this, I went to Osho's ashram in Puna. Babaji Kalyan had lived for five years in this ashram, and although he was a master just as enlightened master Osho, he would always say Osho was his master. He would say the same of Sri Ramana Maharashi, whose ashram I visited four months later. All the masters also share teachings and initiations. Later on, I went to Lahiri's ashram in Mahasaya as well.

When I was in Puna, my Master came to see me three times. This signal came from a different plane each time. Then, one day he told me he no longer would be able to communicate with me. He gave me his last bits of information and advice, and he said goodbye with the same love and sweetness I remember when I had first met him. This was a very important point. It was the Last Initiation about the nature of death. And that's why I always say, "He did it so well we don't even miss him." When a part of your own life ends, it is because another one is beginning. To die is to be reborn. To die is to let go of those things that you no longer need, in order to make way for new, plentiful blessings. That's why living in detachment is to be alive. To live in detachment is to fully live that which you have in your life and let go that which is not. I really never missed my Master. He is inside of me for all Eternity.

My experience at the Puna ashram was wonderful. It is like a small world that allows you to experience normal life in full consciousness. In order to live at the ashram, you need to volunteer at something. You work every day, six hours a day, in the assigned area of expertise according to the resume you fill up with your abilities and knowledge. The main areas are: editorial; the personal growth center where they provide all kinds of energy and body therapies, personal growth workshops, and meditation classes designed by Osho; the main café in the main square; the welcome center; the bookstore; the art department for events. Additionally, it is mandatory to attend each day the evening meeting, a night event where one of Osho's talks is screened right after live music meditation. The rest of the time can be spent to go to meditation or other events.

After a few months at Osho's ashram, I went back to Varanasi. Every morning I went to meditate at the Master's shop. One night, when I was having dinner, I met Shir. He was interested in meditation and I invited him to come in. During 21 days we practiced on the place my Master had spent his last days. We were filled with many blessings at the beginning of our relationship. We performed a tantric ceremony and founded our love on this wonderful path which framed and turned our joint adventure into a school for constant growth. It was a beautiful relationship—that's all I can say about it. Four years later, we felt our time together had come to an end. With the same love we had met, we performed a farewell ceremony. During the ritual, I saw through Shir all the men in my life, from my father to my Master. I felt a lot of gratitude for everything Shir had given to me during all this time. I felt a lot of acknowledgement and love. It was one of the most beautiful moments in our relationship. The closing is as important as the opening. During the ceremony, I literally felt as if a door was closing. It was wonderful, and I thank him for it.

"Love is an illusion of the mind as well," my Master told me once. These words referred to the fact that the desire to be in a couple's relationship is nothing else than the desire of the soul to return to the origin, the desire to dissolve in the state of union, the cosmic consciousness, our true nature. However, what is this union? It is the meeting of the inner polarities. The meeting of our inner man and woman.

Saint Teresa of Ávila called this the Sacred Matrimony. It is the state of sainthood.

Couple's relations are the reflection of the cosmic creative principle. Our desire to find our twin soul is the unconscious desire to reach cosmic consciousness—the cosmic creative principle. Tantra teaches you how to become a perfect lover. Not just sexually, but above all emotionally. To penetrate impeccably in the mystery of relationships opens the door to transcending these. It is the

materialization of the cosmic creative principle, or cosmic consciousness. When we reach this spiritual realization, we become liberated from the desire to be in a couple's relationship. We no longer seek falling in love with the outside, because you are permanently in-love.

The Master's Family

Sometimes, we would arrive at the shop and Kalyan had not arrive yet. The store was shut by a metal sliding door similar to the ones in Spain. It was at the end of an alleyway filled with other shops on both sides, all with their metal doors. A cement store occupied the entire right side. That's where an untouchable used to sleep with Babaji's permission. Sometimes, I would see him sweeping the shop's floor or running an errand for Kalyan. He was an alcoholic and did not have any family. Before passing away, Kalyan left orders for his son so that he would arrange for a proper cremation, and he died a few weeks after Kalyan. It was really fascinating to see two men at opposite ends of the same string, and above all, my Master's boundless compassion.

We would receive my Master's teachings at his home, to be precise, in the shop on the first floor. In India, it is traditional for a family to live all in the same house. When the children get married, their wives move in with the new family. Everyone has their own space, and according to their caste, their accommodations will vary, from living all together in one single room, to having each their own room. When we arrived in the morning, Kalyan would sit on the cotton tatami at the end of the shop, surrounded by shelves decorated with his colorful saris, while the rest of the family was sleeping still. That's where we received his teachings. As day went by, his family would begin working on the daily duties. His granddaughter would walk by to fetch her pink bike and go to school; his two sons would go to the front of the store to deal with customers that would come to buy the popular silks from the Holy city. Every now and then, a procession of people would go by bound for the golden Temple, singing mantras dedicated to Shiva

and other gods of the Indian pantheon. Babaji Kalyan was heard blessing them in a low voice.

A few days after I arrived at the shop, I understood that Kalyan's wife was not fond of us students. Sometimes, we would see her go by with a stern, unfriendly look on her face, however, she was never disrespectful. Guests are sacred in India, and Kalyan was the family patriarch. Soon, I became aware of the fact that no one in his family recognized his being a holy man, and enlightened man. How can one being see someone else is enlightened if they themselves are spiritually asleep? That's why, simple as that. My Master's soul had chosen this to be so. Everything happens for a greater reason.

However, right then, I found this whole situation very shocking. Why did a holy man marry and have kids? This does not happen very often. Masters are free of desires. One day, I asked his eldest son whether anyone in the family had received Kalyan's teachings? He just answered that he took yoga lessons somewhere else. I was speechless. Little by little I began to understand. Not all masters have come to be in the spotlight. Don't they say that those who change history work behind the scenes?

When Kalyan passed away, and I returned to Varanasi, his son told me this: "A few days before he died, my father asked me to sit by him, and told me he would depart shortly. I told him not to talk to me of such things. Then he told me that I chose so, I would be able to tend to his students. Suddenly I felt a strong light that flooded my whole body and penetrated every cell in y body." He had just received his Christic initiation. I believe there is no doubt on that day he understood a little more about who his father really was. His wife, on the other hand, entered in a profound state of samadhi. I went to visit her. She was all dressed in orange, and had given up normal life. She looked at me and began

to cry profusely. I believe she became aware of who her husband was after he died, and what he did with his students. I hugged her and massaged her feet just as we used to do to my Master. From that time, I visit her every year.

The Following Years

After my Master passed away, I kept traveling to India every year. I learned new things on every one of my trips. That's how I met Haidakhan Babaji, Mahavatar Babaji and his disciples, Sri Yuketeswar, and Paramahansa Yogananda.

2014

Like every night I spent in Varanasi, I went down to have dinner at the Mona Lisa restaurant, which belonged to the same owner as the guest house where I was staying. That night, the restaurant was choke full of people, so when an Italian girl asked for a table, Pandiji, the owner, asked me if I cared to share a table with her. Her name was Silvia, and she told me she came from an ashram in the Himalayas, in a town named Herakhan. She told me that place had been founded by Haidakhan Babaji (1970-1984), a non-woman born master, who had materialized inside a cave near the town looking like an 18 year old. She never met him, but one day, when she was washing in the river near the ashram in Herakhan, Babaji and Master Jesus appeared to her and she felt a strong light filled her entire being. She told me had come to Varanasi because of her vision of Babaji had told her he was here. After this, I told her the story of Master Babaji Kalyan, and I said that if she wanted, she could come do the yoga exercises with me during the morning at my Master's shop.

Many people are interested by meditation, tantra, and yoga. Whenever someone would show an interest, before I invited them over at Kalyan's house, and in order to show respect for his family who opened the doors of their home to us, I would teach them the exercises on the rooftop of the guesthouse where I was staying. That's what I did with Silvia. I told her that if she wanted to come, first I would teach her the exercises we did, and if she felt the call, she was welcome to join in.

When I taught her the exercises, I was impressed. She had the same level of Christic initiation that I myself had received with my Master! That's how Silvia began to come over every morning.

At the same time, I met a boy from Mallorca. He was also interested in meditation.

I proposed him to come over, and told him I needed to teach him the exercises before he made a decision. He proposed to practice the exercises at an ashram that was near the guest house, and I agreed to this. This place was Lahiri Mahasaya's ashram. When we went in, I saw a huge statue of Mahavatar Babaji in one of the rooms. That's how I learned the story of the first Babaji, who lived from 1861 and 1935. On that day, I understood that my Master's teachings, those of Kriya yoga, and the Initiation Silvia had received shared the same source: Christ.

Right then I felt the strong synchrony of having met both Silvia and Joan. The first one had spoken to me about Herakhan Babaji, the second one, about Mahavatar Babaji and Lahiri

Mahasaya's lineage. What I was not expecting is what came afterwards.

I already explained who Mahavatar Babaji was. Well, then, Herakhan Babaji was a reincarnation of Mahavatar Babaji.

To be continued.