

EXPERIENCES WITH BABAJI.

Selected extracts from my diary 2015 -2016

Understanding -

'Faith in the Divine is first of all an act of humility in the presence of the mystery of the Universe'. Gora Devi. Fire of Transformation.

Leonard Orr - His book on Babaji - Have read this online -

At the beginning of the text it said that whoever reads this has already made their first contact with Shri Babaji. In many cases, it continued, this would be followed by more vivid and obvious contacts in the form of visions and / or manifestations.

Introduction -

It is difficult to know where to start in this story of events that follow. I live in the UK and would like to think of myself as a free thinker, and am not a member of any organised religion or other organisation. I am not agnostic but have a deep interest in and am open minded about the wonder and reality of Life. My understandings have been greatly enhanced by the books I choose to read to explore and develop a greater understanding and appreciation of everything.

My first serious study was helped by reading the 'Conversations with God' books by Neale Donald Walsch, when they first appeared, and the subsequent volumes in the long series that followed. In one book he recommended some further reading, and so purchased 'Autobiography of a Yogi', which, on further study, seems very important as a first approach for many Westerners to begin to understand and appreciate the wisdom of the East. It was a real eye opener for me, beside having had feelings and great respect about the philosophy and wisdom of the East for many years.

I had never heard of Babaji before reading Yogananda's book. I do remember sometime in the late Nineties searching for more information on the internet and came across a short video, which have not seen since, of a man called Babaji dressed in blue, standing on a parapet over a river, apparently putting food into two new visitors mouths. I had at the time no idea what I was looking at or what, or where this was going on. But it was my first introduction of Haidakhan Babaji filmed I guess in about 1980. I had not then made any connection with the Babaji in Yogananda's book and the man in this video, so sadly pursued it no further.

Move on to January 1st 2015. Where were you on this day? I, quite unexpectedly found myself in Glastonbury UK to see the new year in, and on new years day wandered down the main street into a giant book shop. There must be something here to grab my attention I thought, but what, amongst the thousands of books displayed on the shelves? Looking around one book was spotted way up on the top of a book shelf. I had recognised the man's face and name on the

cover after all these years. It was titled 'I am Harmony', a book about Babaji, by Radhe Shyam. A wonderful book in so many ways.

I later found that the owner had only just put this book up there above the top shelf before I came in to the shop. It was meant to be, and even now writing this there are tears in my eyes of intense gratitude for having been given this new experience of Babaji. The question I am sure we all ask in great humility is - why me?

At the time I of course had no idea of the journey this would take me on over the coming months. It would lead to some incidents that challenge the very nature of physics itself, and the perceived understandings of our lives as we think we know it today, especially here living in the Western world. This is so profound for me that I have not discussed the following experiences with anyone to this date.

Having since recently read all I can get hold of other peoples experiences of Babaji, published in books, in journals and online, this has encouraged me now to put my own experiences down in writing as best I can for those especially interested in such spiritual matters, in the hope that it will be of service in some small way.

Through the sense of smell -

Babaji - Sidhis - demonstrations like materializing smells.

I have read many times of this exotic perfume that Babaji emitted in his recent incarnation 1970 -1984. But as yet have not read of any detailed description of what the fragrance smelt like, whether it was of a constant type or differed at times.

Much of the following experiences are olfactory, using my nose. I have had little experience of perfumes, and genuinely find it difficult to find the right words to describe in any exacting way each particular scent. You will see that for me they appear to be alive with many layers which change, in terms of my description, not only in strength, but also in type, flavour, all tied in with my memory identification recall.

The Visits -

The first two or more of these visits were sadly not recorded, chiefly because I was wondering what on earth was going on. The experiences were real, not dreamt or imagined, but it took several visits for me to understand that Babaji was trying a new way to communicate with me. It was only much later on that I came to understand that such things are possible and that others have had Babaji experiences of their own, in different ways, since 1984.

The following is a list of some of my own experiences which often occurred late at night in bed.

12/1/15 - Around 11.40 pm

Awoke from sleep by the smell of smoke, something like cedar wood burning. This was followed by the scent of orangey spice? The experience lasted for about 30 minutes. Fascinating.

19/1/15 - Around 11.45 pm

Awoke from sleep. I experienced a very strong spicy fruit scent in the air close to me. It is hard to describe, but I was reminded of crushed orange peel with some added spices, of intense concentration. Through breathing it in I had the recognition and knowing that Babaji was communicating with me again. The scent lasted for at least 10 minutes before gradually fading. It was a wonderful experience.

Incredibly and unexpectedly, I was to receive the same communication for the next two nights at the same time, for a similar duration. I was profoundly moved.

3/2/15 - At around 0.40 am I was wakened by another communication from Babaji. First a strong pervasive perfume recognisable from previous experience, and it was followed by a new odour which I could not clearly identify, of burning, was it burnt almonds? Like perhaps from the fire ceremony? Again quite unexpected, bewildering but very moving.

15/2/15 - Woke up around 3.30 am. sat up and was almost immediately engulfed by a strong sense of burning wood. Was this sandal wood? A complete guess having not smelt any before. The experience only lasted for a few minutes. It was a cold winter's night yet I had woken up and realised my chest was wet with perspiration. Most unusual, and later had to change my clothing.

2/3/15. 10 pm. Have just read page 46 of book 'From Age to Age' stories of Haidakhan Babaji by Giridhari Lal Mishra.

Quote - 'This modern scientific age has produced atom bombs with unimaginable lethal power, but there has been no investment in a device to stall a bomb and stop it's devastating, ruinous energy. Babaji is the soul source of that immense potential to create, to build, to annihilate, and, in equal measure, to stop short the annihilation, a potential invested in Him as a manifestation of Shiva'.

I had just finished reading this poignant passage, whilst sitting quietly in bed, when once again became aware of a sudden strong orange scent, which lasted briefly. Babaji confirming what I had just read. Wow !

10/3/15. 0.30 am. After having re-read Babaji, meeting with the truth, by Dr Shdema Goodman. Yet another intense fragrance was experienced lasting some minutes. Joy.

13/3/15. 11.40pm. I was chanting 'Om Namah Shivaya' trying to go to sleep, when once again I experienced a very strong orange blossom mix type scent for about 10 minutes. Joy.

16/3/15. 11.40pm. Have felt very tired today, after lots of walking. On the point of falling to sleep chanting 'O.N.S'. This intense scent that appeared I did not recognise, it was so different. Was it some sort of sweet spice? It came twice with a distinct gap in between, probably to wake me up and take notice. Be alert ! Thank you Babaji.

17/3/15. This same strong scent appeared for the first time during the latter stages of my morning daily meditation, just for a short while.

18/3/15. Not sure of the exact time, but late at night, I had been re-reading 'I am Harmony' by Radhe Shyam. Had put the book down and was chanting to myself 'O.N.S' before sleep as usual, when once again there appeared a very strong sweet scent. It reminded me of condensed milk mixed with vanilla essence.

20/3/15. This evening after 10pm, again re-reading 'I am Harmony', yet another intense scent appeared. This one reminded me of cooking fudge, a very strong sweet smell which lasted for several minutes.

22/3/15. At about 11.50 pm in bed just a shot of strong scented perfume, just to re-mind me.

24/3/15. This evening I was re-reading 'Babaji Message from the Himalayas' by Marie Gabriele Wosien. At around 10.15 pm have experienced yet again a perfume followed by sweet food smells, lasting for a few minutes. Just there but not in strength. Thank you Babaji.

10/4/15. 1.25 am, unable to sleep chanting 'O.N.S'. I was engulfed with a very strong perfume that lasted for some time until I eventually fell asleep. Thank you Babaji.

16/4/15. Woke up at 3.35 am to a very strong perfume, a new one to me, so intense but dark and difficult. I was thinking and imagined that it must be like a funeral pyre burning away, burning flesh and wood at the same time. (something which I have never had personal experience of). I wrote in my note book at the time it seemed quite apt as I had been thinking of making some major changes in my life recently. Thank you Babaji.

One night, again whilst reading a book about Babaji using my bedside lamp, I became aware of a cast shadow passing swiftly from left to right over my head.

Babaji is with us always, and it seems in all ways. This book was full of personal recollections of Babaji. I was profoundly moved.

It seems that Babaji wants us to know He is there watching over, for again I have experienced fleeting wafts of exotic scent whilst chanting, meditating and reading related literature. I have even experienced, on one occasion, a shadow moving over my closed eyes whilst meditating through the Chakras colours.

The Caravan experience -

For many years I have practiced my personal method of daily meditation sitting in an old caravan. It is quiet, private, and situated in a sheltered spot. There is a handle on the inside that ensures when it is lifted in the 'up' position that the door is locked, and you push it 'down' to open it. A simple foolproof design.

Now I say this because one morning, a year ago, not long after I introduced repeating Babaji's name into a part of my meditation, that something very unusual happened. Picture the scene, my eyes are closed, I had earlier noticed a breeze outside, it is not concerning me in my meditation. However I later became aware and heard a rapid squall of wind outside the caravan, which suddenly turned into an explosive force that immediately blew open the door of the caravan!

I stayed calm, eyes shut, and completed my meditation; but afterwards took a look at the door and realised it would have been impossible to blow open in such circumstances without it having been opened from the inside, as described above. Then there was the sudden squall itself, it seemed to come out of nowhere, and incidentally, such natural phenomenas are very rare here where I live.

So, what did I make of this experience at the time? I pondered and the more thought given, soon realised it must be a powerful message from Babaji, one of his leelas (if that is the right word).

Later on, the more I have read about how Babaji works, especially from those generously donated experiences documented and related by his devotees, it seems that there must be a clear symbolic message here for me The Door is now open ! Things have changed. Thank you Babaji.

The case of the the appearing Frog -

This is an odd story. It started with a visit to see my grandchildren, and in their back yard we found a female frog stuck inside a pot of water. It was far away from an appropriate environment. So I took the female frog back with me and placed it in our pond at home. We used to have frogs years ago, but sadly they disappeared probably having been eaten up by an incursion of grass snakes. So I wanted a male frog to keep her company. Not easy to find where I live just like that. Anyway, a few days later, I was off with my dog for our daily walk, and

had only just turned the corner of our driveway to go up along the pavement beside the main road, when low and behold there was a male frog, just sitting on the pavement, quite still. As if he was waiting for something, quite un-frog like, and come to think of it, I have not seen any frogs close to our house for years, and especially not ever close to the road. It was all so unexpected.

On picking it up, confirming it was a male, reversed and walked back to my house and dropped this new acquisition into the pond in the hope he will meet up with the female, and start a new dynasty.

Now some will say, oh it's just a coincidence, but given the things I have been experiencing in recent times. Well I will leave this one up to you to decide.

The case of the Walking Stick -

I have had the pleasure of watching as many You tube videos of Babaji as I can find, and at some point recently I wondered what has happened to his famous walking stick, and as one does, thought what a wondrous thing it would be to hold. No more than that really, just a thought.

Now, as it happens, there is a favourite spot of mine, a wooden seat situated on a hill in our local nature reserve. So on the longer walks with my dog, we often stop there for a rest. The reserve is kept clean and tidy and it is unusual to see objects just lying around. But one day not so long after my thought about Babaji's walking stick, I found a freshly cut walking stick apparently waiting for me beside my favourite seat. It wasn't quite so straight as Babaji's, there was a distinct angle bend in this one, kind of fitting I thought for me. So I held it close, thought of Babaji and then placed it in a hidden spot down the bank of the hill where I can see it, as a reminder of what is for me must be another gift. Very humbling to think about.

21/5/15. 10.44 pm.

I have just had an unbelievable experience that defies known physics in our current understanding of things. Having just completed reading of 'Babaji - message from the Himalayas' by Maria Gabriele Wosien, a treasure trove. Enjoying the moment I opened the cover to look closely at the printed image of the younger Babaji looking very powerfully straight at me. I intuitively picked up on an idea, in gratitude, to focus sharply on his face, especially his eyes, and say thank you.

By concentrating deeply, whilst at the same time chanting 'Om Namah Shivaya' to myself, something quite remarkable began to happen, his image changed. The peripheral vision appeared to mist up, and on blinking I clearly saw flashes of the older more mature Babaji. There were differences in proportion and angle of view, yet the eyes appeared to remain the same.

So a rapid change took place between the older and the younger Babaji. Imagine a flip chart or seeing the first flicker movies. This was the effect I was experiencing. But it was more than these words can describe. The effect was in three dimensions. There were suggestions of a third image in the flickering which suggested movement from side to side, with a slight turning of his face. I became aware that the more I concentrated upon his eyes the faster the changes.

The effects became brighter too, more intense in contrast and illumination. This incredible, totally unexpected and wonderful experience lasted for just a few minutes, until I stopped for reflection on what had happened. Thank you most sincerely Babaji for this new communication.

It took a while for me to truly understand and appreciate the implications of the olfactory and now visual contact with Babaji. Please understand that myself having had no previous Ashram type experiences to relate to, where perhaps for others such happenings are known, valued and encouraged. On one's own it really is a revelation. Believing is seeing !

Yet you know how one's mind can work, with the Doubting Thomas effect, did I really have this quantum experience? Was it just my imagination? So at little later at 11 pm I picked up the book and with great respect tried again. In the same manner this picture of Babaji within a minute moved, flickered and changed just as before. I knew then that this method of communication was now open to me at any time and would continue to happen, if I was in the right zone. Wow!

On going to sleep afterwards I felt that there was a definite hot spot on my forehead. In all humility, something must be happening. Thank you Babaji.

22/5/15 I experienced the same results again, except the background began to significantly glow, a very bright white light, which enhanced the three dimensional effect.

Since this first visual experience through one image of Babaji, I have tried the same approach with other images of him to great success. They have to be images of Babaji looking at you, and it seems that copies of original colour photos work very well. This has included photos displayed online, even one displayed, on pause, in a video. Quite remarkable.

Then one day something else very significant happened -

The images of Babaji often change in a fraction of a second, a blink of the eye. Even me blinking can sometimes encourage change of what is seen. I suddenly but clearly saw for a fraction of a second, a close up an old picture of myself in the same pose, of about the same age 30 +, pictured in the same black and white style image of Babaji; as can be seen inside both the books by M.G.Wosien and 'Babaji, Gateway to the Light' by Gertruad Reichel.

I have no fear when communicating in this way, but this act of supplanting my face over Babaji's made me jump, for a second. Then I remembered his words 'I am like a mirror in which you can see yourself.'

The visual experiences continue to this day -

I have had now regularly experienced Babaji in this visual way. It is wonderful every time. I don't expect anything, it would not matter what happens.

Occasionally there has even been a whiff of his scent at the same time as I'm silently chanting. One has to get into the right zone for the greatest benefits.

Over time, many more images of Babaji have appeared which seem to cover the whole period of his recent incarnation. His expressions can change from smiling to respectfully serious, with a wide range of haircuts, set within the original picture itself. The images can change at different speeds, sometimes extremely fast, layering rapidly one over the other, back and forth in time. The scale can change slightly, as also the direction of his view, but essentially Babaji's eyes are the central focus for me whatever happens.

There have now been a number of occasions in which my image has intertwined /overlaid with Babaji's picture. At least once another image of me now in my 60's has appeared.

12/7/15. In my notes on this night amongst the thirty or more images that flashed before my eyes, one appeared that of a very very old man, totally out of context with the others of Babaji. Followed by a waft of scent. Who could it have been? One can only guess.

I have read about Quantum physics, the ideas about the holographic universe and possibly how our brain functions like a hologram; but am still unclear exactly how this vision works. Is it happening on the surface, book or screen, or inside my head in the time it takes to see?

I don't know, and perhaps one should not dwell on the how, but focus on the promise contained in the gift itself. 'The more I know, the more I realise that I do not know' is my current reality. And apparently when devotees went to ask Babaji questions that were concerning their minds. Often up close to him, their thoughts all went away, as each was surrounded by his bliss. So, with that in mind I just enjoy the moment and try to focus on the present as it is actually happening. 'Om Namah Shivaya'.

11/9/15. In the middle of the night around 2.30 am awoke to go to the bathroom. Chanting 'O.N.S'. back in my bed. Almost immediately on shutting my eyes saw a myriad of tiny stars. Instantly alert, this was followed by a strong Babaji scent, something different than before more of a peach aroma than citrus. But this would hardly describe the intoxicating and complex nature of this scent.

It lasted just a short while, a passing call as it were, and very much appreciated. Thank you Babaji.

21/9/15. I had asked Babaji for a scented sign, and once again he honoured me with a visit at 2.30 am. It woke me up. How to describe such a wonderful scent, it's complicated, take orange peel and squeeze the juice as a base, then perhaps add some mango, mixed with other spices, for it had many layers and depth in the aroma. There were two shots of it, one after the other for a short passing time. Wonder full ! Thank you Babaji.

10/1/16. 10.30 pm. I had been reading the e-book 'Babaji the Unfathomable' a treasure trove of stories. On page 65 is a colour photo of Babaji in green, He is not looking directly into the camera, but I loved the image and chanted silently 'O.N.S' and focused as usual on his eyes, and as before there was quickly a number of changes seen, all in pace with my chanting. But here with this particular picture of Babaji, who at the time I guess must be about 32 yrs old the images changes radically.

For Babaji started to age quite a lot, not in His hair colour, but just His face, maybe to even equal my own current age now 65. I found the changes to be so moving. It was a powerful experience to have, and of course greatly appreciated. Thank you Babaji.

15/2/16. I continue to experience the changing presence of Babaji through a number of His images in books and on line. As long as I am able to focus on His eyes, wonders happen. Tonight I finished re-reading 'Autobiography of a Yogi' and was saying thank you to Yogananda as I focussed on His portrait on the front cover. Like with Babaji, I naturally began to silently chant 'O.N.S', and almost immediately, and quite unexpectedly, I received Yogananda's own blessing / recognition by experiencing His changing portrait for several minutes. This was immediately followed by me then moving to my favourite picture of Babaji, and again received His blessings, which included Babaji's eyelids closing briefly. A particular message for me to inwardly digest I think.

I had recently looked through again - 'The Holy Science' by Sri Yukteswar, He who of course featured heavily in Yogananda's book. In an excited frame of mind, I thought to say thank you to Yukteswar as well and focused on His portrait inside His book. Again I am honoured to say that whilst chanting 'O.N.S'. His image flickered and glowed several times to a certain degree. Please note I was not expecting anything to happen, for several reasons, this is the only close up portrait of Yukteswar I have ever seen. Sometimes I am lost for words in my appreciation of what has happened, the implications are out of this world !

The First Dream -

2/3/16. I had spent the evening reading again 'Bababji, Gateway to the Light' by Gertraud Reichel, enchanting, and silently wondered if Babaji would ever appear in my dreams.

Well sometime later that night, in my sleep, something happened. I awoke in the middle of the night and immediately wrote down my dream experience. (This is something I have rarely done before). The dream centred on Haidakhan itself (where I have yet to visit). Somehow I was with Babaji sitting on the terrace. It was all very normal, I was feeling calm as if I had been with him for some time.

'Pass me that small bag of rice'. Babaji said. 'What this one?' 'Yes' He said. Babaji then told me, in my mind, that this little bag was very valuable, it being over 2,000 years old. The bag on close examination was made of hand woven linen cloth with a string tie, and was once a golden silver colour, but was now very dark and faded. On opening, the bag contained dry rice grains mixed with some other seeds. Babaji carefully removed two of the grains and added them to a large vessel of other grains including rice. I thought it might be for a Yagna ceremony?

Then Babaji said to me 'Go and sit on the side of the Gautama Ganga river and stay looking at the tree (sited in the middle of the river) until further notice.' I found a sort of seat carved into the bank, and watched and waited as instructed. Then I remembered something of the significance of this spot to do with Shiva and Shakti. But it was the female side that I was now to experience. For Shakti suddenly appeared at the foot of the tree some distance away shrouded in a mist. She appeared to have been bathing in the river and was now drying her hair.

So I am watching this scene evolve before my eyes, whilst at some point I became aware of being clearly awake in bed at the same time, because of Babaji's strong and recognisable scent. This was followed by another scent immediately afterwards, quite different, it appeared to be bitter and dark in both scent and colour, which I thought might come from a burning scented stick?

At this point I knew I was awake, with eyes closed, and should pay good attention to what was happening. It was becoming clear to me that I should focus intently on Shakti. I began to chant 'OM Shakti' slowly whilst watching the scene unfold in the mist around this sacred tree.

I am not afraid, saying to myself, being then somehow forewarned that something was going to happen to me, and then immediately felt a strong rapid spiralling vibration moving up from my feet to me knees. It stopped and then reverberated up inside my body. This was followed by a pressure sensation at

the top of my head (the crown chakra?). All this was happening whilst focussing on the scene in front of me. How long I chanted 'OM Shakti' whilst watching the tree, the mist and now the sensation of Shakti, not the vision, I do not know, for sleep took over this whole experience, until awakening at 3.30 am to write down what had happened. Wow, quite amazing. Plenty to think about. Thank you Babaji!

I later found out that - On completing his ministry Babaji left behind him 'Haidakhande Shwari Mata' the Divine Mother of Haidakhan as his Shakti (consort).

The Second Dream -

11/3/16. Recently I have begun to dream of being at Haidakhan in the present, just glimpses, nothing more. Of course have thought about going there one day, playing the journey out in my mind for some time, and when the timing seems right will hope to do so. But last night I was there in present time. A man came up to me, I sort of recognised his face but could not put a name to it at that moment (On reflection he looked like Sri Ramana Maharsh ?) Anyway he had a wonderful smile, and offered me a cushion and motioned for me to sit down under the Pipal tree on a terrace. He said 'Where were you on July 14th 1983?' Of course I said 'I don't know, it was a long time ago', and give him an approximate answer, married, with children, home etc. Then he said 'Wait here and see'. I somehow knew what he was preparing me for and said to myself 'I understand the true nature of reality, that it is all happening in the Now Moment, so given the opportunity, I can be anywhere at any time'. Wow, I thought. Something very special is going to happen.

And so it did. I closed my eyes and chanted 'O.N.S'. and then, when it felt right, opened them to see the terrace full of devotees, and there at the far end sat Babaji. He caught my eye and beckoned me over to him. I walked over slowly, sensing this very special moment, bowed in front of him, and went down on my knees and touched his feet. Babaji placed his hand on my head, and I received a brief but powerful sensation of energy.

Internally I asked Babaji if I might look into his eyes and stood up refreshed and was totally absorbed in the vision of his face beyond any words can describe. Then stepped back as if time had stood still, for the crowd around me seemed not to have noticed my presence at all, bowed again in true thankfulness of this Darshan experience, and returned to my seat under the Pipal tree.

Looking back on the scene on that day in 1983, the vision faded, and I was back again in my own time beside the man with the wonderful smile, who appreciated the sheer joy of my experience! The vision faded away.

The memory is of sheer delight for me. Bhole Babaji Ki Jai.

In the morning on awakening I wrote this story down exactly as had been remembered. The date of July 14th 1983 intrigued me. I felt somehow it had to be checked to see if Babaji really was at Haidakhan on that day, just out of interest. Well, luckily there are some good records of his movements around that time. Apparently Babaji had been sick on July 9th but was better on the 10th (ref Gaura Devi) and was definitely recorded as being there on the 11th, and 17th for the Harela -the official beginning of the rainy season, a 5 day festival.

It is recorded that on July 25th Babaji had returned from his trip to Vrindavan. So, unless others more knowledgeable can come up with more precise details, it looks very likely that Babaji was at Haidakhan on this particular 14th day of July in 1983, as was cited in my dream.

12/4/16. 1am. Woke up suddenly by that incredibly strong and powerful, what I now call a 'funeral pyre smell'. The smell of burnt bodies and burnt wood is for me choking and very demanding. The odour was so strong I left my bedroom to go to the bathroom. A few minutes later was back in bed and started chanting 'O.N.S'. to settle back to sleep. The scent appeared once again just as strong, but had no choice but to breathe it in. Dear Babaji what is this all about? I am not frightened of death. I know about the MahaKranti has begun as you predicted, and that you must be inundated. How can I help?

13/4/16. 11.40 pm. After last night's heavy scent of what I have called a funeral pyre. Tonight I was surprised once again. I had just been to the bathroom, and on my return back in bed, started to chant 'O.N.S'. to get back to sleep. Almost instantly I received another new scent. This one was almost indescribable. I wrote a record in my notebook, it said - at the moment all I can come up with is the 'sweet smell of death', a sweet version of what had been experienced last night. It lasted for several minutes before fading slowly. Thank you Babaji, but what does all this mean ?

From Autobiography of a Yogi.

P 124 - 'What one does not trouble to find within will not be discovered by transporting the body hither and yon. As soon as the devotee is 'willing' to go even to the ends of the Earth for spiritual enlightenment, his guru appears nearby'.

It is good to read of the possibilities, but I never expected what happened next -

The Meetings -

Meeting no. 1 - One day in October 2015, it was in the morning, and as usual I took my dog for a walk. We turned out of our drive and walked left along the pavement beside the straight road going up the hill.

In the distance was the figure of a man walking towards us on the pavement. We don't have many people walking along this road generally. Most I know, but here was someone I had not seen before, so watched him approach with interest. I am now in the habit of silently chanting 'Om Namah Shivaya' in particular when off walking, to quieten my mind and focus on the moment.

You know, sometimes, when you see something, that it can appear to be familiar, but you don't quite know why at the time. Well I began to notice this man, there was something about his walking gait, the way he moved that reminded me of someone, and I was curiously interested.

The man came closer and I could see He was like an Afro Caribbean, He had a round smiling face, with dark eyes and of average height. In that respect, nothing remarkable or unusual one might say, just a chap going about his business.

But, there was more. The way he was dressed was odd, in a funny sort of way. As nothing matched, really nothing matched, it all looked as if it had been thrown together. He wore big heavy boots with ankle socks, old fashioned long 'Karki' military type shorts, a 1970's type 'tank top' style short sleeved jumper over a shirt.

He had very dark black hair, and was walking with a swinging gait. He looked content with his lot, as He came closer to me.

Now it was not a warm day and my immediate thought was the poor chap has no coat on, it's cold. I was remembering an old school friend of mine who came from Jamaica and he always complained of the British weather and how cold it could be, so he always wrapped up well.

What I am describing here to you is all happening in seconds, even while I was silently chanting to myself ! Something was stirring in me, a recognition perhaps. You see, and this is where I would appreciate if you could bear with me, I was alert to something, it was the familiarity, the connection if you like, between the mannerisms, possible characteristics, behaviour of dressing as well as movement, that was unconsciously ringing bells in my mind. This man was like all those many videos I had so enjoyed watching Babaji, in all his ways of movement, attitude, even dress sense.

We know Babaji came with nothing and relied totally on gifts donations from everywhere, so inevitable we can see a real mix of dress styles. Which of course is of no matter, it makes His point in so many ways. So I was not making any judgement about this mans appearance, or Babaji's appearances as can be seen on film and in photos. It was just I was sensing something, making a connection, as it were, all in just a minute or two, as this man moved towards me.

It was something about His mannerisms, His gait, His mixed up clothing, and then His smile. His eyes were ringing bells in my mind. It all happened so fast, in seconds. With my dog bedside on a lead, I quite naturally stepped out of His way into the road as we passed. Said 'Hello'. He smiled back, swung His arms, and passed me by.

In many ways it was an everyday event, one chap passing another, saying Hi. But, and this is uncanny afterwards, I remembered Him, I was thinking about Him, even though still chanting O.N.S. Then it occurred to me in a moment, surely not, was that Babaji ? Could this be a Leela ? No, it's just my mind playing tricks, but there was something, an undeniable presence. What was it?

So I quietly thought about this brief moment in time, a lot over the next two days. It all seemed so mysterious because the image of this man returned in my mind, and as it did so He got bigger and bigger. This was not just a man of average height any more, He grew into a giant 'strutting his stuff', as we say here in England.

Now I won't go into details, but I'm sure like so many, there is a lot going on in my life at this time, facing new challenges etc. And this year Babaji has been the centre of my focus as regards my daily studies, both in reading, writing and studying him online. Babaji has become a part of my daily meditation too.

I know that I have an imaginative mind, it has been very useful in my creative life, and of course considered the possibility - Hey you are just making all this up ! You know about coincidences etc. But inside I know there is no such thing as coincidences, all are opportunities with a possible meaning. It just depends whether we are in the zone, as it were, to pick up any signals. However, I thought about the incident then let it be, for the time unresolved.

Meeting no. 2 -

Then, a few days later I saw Him again, but this time I was driving with my wife in the car. We were off to town travelling from our village, and I saw the same man, now dressed in trousers, but still with no coat. It was cold and He was marching along the same road towards the town. I noticed Him, but that was as far as it went as we passed.

Then, not so long afterwards, we returned towards home, and there He was two miles on, but this time I had the opportunity to take a good look because He seemed to be 'strutting his stuff' again, swinging His arms out in a very exaggerated manner and He appeared to be singing at the top of his voice. Obviously, in a very happy mood. His head was held high and He had a big beaming smile.

Now, I would suggest, that if you saw a person behaving like this in such a spontaneous way you would stop and look. Well, on a country road, on his own, He looked out of place. It was very unusual, and again memorable for being so. I noticed Him clearly, our eyes met and we passed, I in my car, He on the pavement. Unfortunately I was not able to hear the words He sang because of the traffic passing and the fact my wife was talking to me at the same time.

Once again this incident stuck in my mind. For I have seen Babaji appear on film to behave in a fun loving clown like manner. 'Be happy He said, if you're happy I'm happy too'. And I must admit I had not been so happy recently, I wanted to be, but the latest project of mine had become frustrating. It was not moving forward as it was planned to do, and because of that, things had been weighing on my mind. Especially knowing, that in my readings of Babaji, and His experiences with other devotees, it is the 'ego' that has been at the centre of His attention, and now it seems to be at the centre of my attention also. What to do !

Anyway, that was how I was feeling at that time. I ruminated once again about this second sighting, now more certain that in some way I should be paying more attention to these two incidents. Call it intuition, for I had a growing feeling they were not accidental, and that they contained meaning for me.

Stay alert. I thought, and so I did. For the next stage was to ask Babaji - 'was it you?' I was beginning to think it might be. At the same time, so many questions came up out of the mind, which I am sure you can imagine. How could this be possible, in reality, or in Maya?

Here dear reader, please bear with me as I take a diversion in this story. I have mentioned reading all the books I could get hold about the life of Babaji, there are I think 10 at the last count. Well one day, a while ago, after having read 'Babaji, Message from the Himalayas' by Maria Gabriele Wosien, a wonderful book, I turned to His picture inside the cover once again, and as has been described above, focussed on Babaji's eyes, whilst silently chanting 'O.N.S'. and then asked Him direct 'was it you?' I waited a while as the now familiar changes of His face appeared to me, changes in profile, body shape as His face became more rounded with age. Always looking serious, but sometimes with the hint of a smile, with a suggestion of movement of His eyebrows, slight facial changes of expression. Changes in the direction of His eyes, which appear to be looking away, and then suddenly back to you.

The whole experience lifts His image right off the page. He becomes a 3D vision moving rapidly in a hologram before one's eyes.

Anyway, did I suddenly see the fleeting vision of that Afro Caribbean rounded face, as my answer, superimposed on top of Babaji's face? It all happened so quickly, in a fraction of a second. I was left with such a tantalising and fleeting

memory. Then I said to myself do I need evidence really? Would not my belief be sufficient? This is not a game of effects that I can daily experience if I choose, it is something far more profound to observe and digest.

With that thought in mind I moved on, and I think asked Babaji at some point, it may have been in my daily meditation - 'Can I please see you again?'

Meeting no. 3 -

Some days passed, and then one day as I had been working inside writing letters etc, stopped work at 3pm as I had enough staring at my computer screen. Looked at my dog and spontaneously thought lets go for a walk!

Now, I have to say I don't do this very often at this time of the day, so this was unusual and unplanned. Within ten minutes we were off, dog lead in hand, heading down the drive as usual and turned left up the road. I was already chanting 'O.N.S'. to myself, and had just turned the corner to look up and see who, but Babaji in the same human form. As if it had all been stage managed to the second. He was not 50 yards away, walking towards me.

It was so unexpected, it took my breath away for a second, but I continued silently chanting 'O.N.S'. We drew closer. Now the pathway along this road is very narrow, only room for one. I knew the last time we met that I had moved out into the road and let Him pass on the inside.

This time, I think I ventured to move in the same direction, but I think He beat me to it. The memory is a blur. It all happened so fast, so unexpected. Be alert I thought afterwards. He looked happy again. 'How are you?' He said. 'Fine thanks'. I said 'and you?' He smiled generously. We passed quickly. I looked back as He strutted away swinging his arms.

I continued chanting to myself and that was it. That was definitely it, so normal between two people. Looking back He was still dressed in those odd clothes, and without a coat, as before. But this time all I really noticed was His face and the sound of His voice.

Could I ever have really been mistaken? This was a gift, one of many I have received from Babaji this year. In such humility as I can muster I have to ask Why me?

Reflecting on it afterwards, I thought about my dog, who only being a youngster at 2 yrs old is apt sometimes to bark at strangers, especially men in a playful sort of way. In neither of these two incidents did he utter a sound or pull away on his lead while passing. In reality for a brief spell I had forgotten that my dog was there. On reading recently other devotees stories since, I am beginning to understand other possible and deeper meanings to this experience. For example

the passing by each other game. Babaji deliberately moved out of my way, He let me through to walk my path, which in this incidence, was more than common curtesy between two when they meet on a narrow pathway.

It was about 'staying in the Now Moment', enjoy life, stop planning, but oh it is so hard to change ones' programmed mind, but am sure I will recognise so much more, that can be gleaned from this incident, in time.

Meeting no. 4 -

Some days later I was driving in my car towards home when I saw Him again. He was walking along the pavement beside the main road. Babaji looked just the same in dress and manner, except this time He was carrying a woven square carrier bag with looped handles, but as He swung it I could see it was clearly empty. He was carrying no baggage! And this phrase stuck in my mind for days, even now.

I think we must all carry too much baggage, and as Eckhart Tolle says 'staying in the now moment is the only way to live'. So we have to leave our baggage behind, it serves no purpose to be so burdened. This I think was Babaji's final clear message to me, and I have not seen Him in this form since.

Bhole Babaji Ki Jai.

These meetings have stuck in my mind ever since, and late one night lying in bed, after having read a wonderful article on the life of Muniraj, after his passing, and as with Yoganada I decided on the spot to say thank you to Muniraj as well.

I chose a close up picture in this article of his face, and focused intently chanting to myself. As with the others Muniraj honoured me by creating some flickered images of himself. It was another great gift to receive.

I decided there and then to ask Muniraj the question - Was this roadside experience created by Babaji? (please note I am not in the habit of asking questions, except what has been mentioned doing with Babaji, so was not sure if I could / would be able to receive any answer or in what form from Muniraj). I waited, eyes closed, in deep attention, and saw a vision. - The room I was standing in was unknown to me, it's patio doors were open into a garden. A young unknown man stepped into the room from outside and handed me a message. On opening it there was just one word - 'Yes !' That was it. Thank you so much Muniraj . What an experience this all has been, on so many levels.

I know this is probably a lot to ask for others to take on board and believe such things can be possible. I was reminded of this when reading 'Babaji the Lightning standing Still' by Yogiraj Gurunath Siddhanath and quote the following -

‘When a person says he has had direct experience of Babaji, it is his word against the belief of the people. There is no way to prove or disprove such a situation. Only the person in his heart knows what he is saying and Babaji meets out the final Karmic Justice’.

In conclusion -

With that in mind, my thought would be please try these ways for yourself, and see if they work for you. I hope you will be overjoyed.

Namaste!

Bernie.UK