

**Reminiscences
of
a Seeker**

Kapil Kumar Bhaskar

Reminiscences of a Seeker

by **Kapil Kumar Bhaskar**

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Foreword

Reminiscences of A Seeker is a unique odyssey of Kapil, whose quest for spiritual enlightenment leads him unwittingly into the dark world of occultism. This true account of Kapil's journey may sound incredible to many with a rational mind but those who have an inkling of the dangers and pitfalls of this world, will find themselves identifying with many incidents narrated herein.

We belong to such a period of time wherein innocent seekers are lured into the snares of wily Masters who befool them easily by playing on their deepest fears and weaknesses.

Reminiscences of A Seeker serves as a perfect guide to those who have just embarked upon their spiritual journey and also to those who hold a deep interest in the mystical arts.

The gripping story of this ordinary man flung into extraordinary circumstances is a sure page turner...the reader will find it difficult to put down the book until the last page is read. The climax makes one wish that the sequel of the book is brought out right away.

A thrilling true account, Reminiscences of A Seeker is a must read for seekers of all age.

Urvashi Warman

(Author, Educationist, Guidance Counselor)

About The Author

Kapil Kumar Bhaskar has been on a spiritual journey for more than two decades. In his own words the experiences he underwent during his sojourn shaped him into becoming what he is today.

After a successful stint as a businessman, Kapil's interest shifted towards spiritualism, reflecting profound divine encounters he had since childhood. He is now a full time **Counsellor and Spiritual Mentor** to those lost and confused on their personal path towards inner excellence. His knowledge does not come from books but from experiences.

Kapil has been inspiring and guiding people through direct interactions and writings; he has penned uplifting articles which have been printed in magazines and journals within and outside the country. His lifelong experiences have now been shaped in book form which gives in depth information and knowledge of the dark side of the white world.

A Mentor with a Difference, Kapil continues his spiritual quest which he says would last his lifetime and maybe beyond...

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Contents

Title

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Foreword

Acknowledgements

About The Author

1 Divine Desire Fulfilled

2 My Journey to My Guru's Abode

3 My Paranormal Encounters

4 How I Met My Tantric Master

5 My Experiences with My Tantric Master

**The Unknown, Mystical World*

**The Promise*

**Out Worldly And Beyond*

6 The Battle Begins

7 I Leave My Tantric Master

8 How I Met My Aghori Master

**Journey To Haridwar*

**Asumath - Aghori Or Sadhu Performing Miracles?*

**I take Initiation from Asurnath*

**Sadhana of Lord Bhairava*

9 Experiences with Aghori Master

**My Friend From Past Life*

**My Heart Opens To True Living Masters*

**Gain A New Perspective About A True Master*

Glossary of Terms Used

!! Om Aim !!

1 Divine Desire Fulfilled

Gurur Brahmaa Gurur Vishnu Gurur Devo Maheshvarah.....

Gurur Saakshata Param Brahma Tasmai Shri Guruve Namaha....

Om Sai Natha....

Humming my prayers under my breath I stepped out of my prayer room in the courtyard, clad only in a saffron dhoti and a light saffron shawl....

The rising sun hid behind the swirling haze of the winter fog.

Icy December winds sliced through the body... I shivered as I walked into the house to greet my parents and seek their blessings for the day.

As I touched my parent's feet, my mother patted my head lovingly, blessed me and said softly, "Son, there is someone at the door to meet you. He refuses to come in."

I asked her, "Meet me? So early in the morning! Who is he?"

"I don't know. He is making a strange request that he wants to meet my eldest child. He is waiting outside for you and looks like a sadhu."

Mystified, I walked towards the door reluctantly...

"Who is there?" I asked curiously. Nothing much was visible in the fog. I peered into the haze trying to spot the visitor.

"Who's there?" I asked a bit loudly.

"It is me," a soft voice called out.

I stepped out and looked at the figure closely as he seemed to be one with the white, foggy morning.

"I am here," he said simply.

The first look drew me towards him like a magnet.

Who was this old gentleman, holding a stick and cotton bag on his shoulder... he was like a swami, clad in a thin, light orange cotton dhoti, a shawl of similar shade and a turban on his smooth, shaven head.

His face had an angelic glow and his eyes sparkled with love and compassion. There was something so captivating about him.

I found myself bending to touch his feet and he blessed me. I folded my hands and said humbly, "Pranaam, How may I help you?"

Time stood still. The cold was forgotten. It seemed as though an eternity passed as he looked into my eyes with a smile playing on his lips.

"Have you forgotten me, Kapilji?"

I was taken aback... he knew my name!

"Will you not invite me into your home?" he asked smilingly.

Embarrassed by my behavior, I hastily led him inside the warm house and offered him a seat. What was it about this swami that looked so familiar to me?

Yes, I knew him!

But where had I met him? And when?

These thoughts raced through my mind as I hurried towards the kitchen to fetch a glass of water.

I stood silently in obeisance as the mysterious swami drank the water. A myriad of thoughts still troubled my mind but it seemed as though I had known him since eternity. His loving and compassionate aura engulfed me completely.

I lowered myself into the chair next to him. "Forgive me. I know you... that much I know... but why can't I remember how I know you?"

"I am here because you called me," he said quietly. "Remember, you could not reach me a few months back when I mentioned where I live."

A strange sensation suddenly coursed through my body. Of course, I knew him!

I became excited like a child as I remembered the incredible incident which occurred six months earlier.

Several conversations had taken place when he used to visit me during my spiritual practices... in his energy body!

"Thank you for coming!"

I took up the thread of conversation where it had ended then. I said happily, “Yes, I remember you and that you had said you knew my Guru. So kindly tell me where and how I will meet him?”

He looked into my eyes and said, “He is the one who has come to your doorstep, to take you by hand and lead you from darkness to light...”

HIM?

Was HE my MASTER?

I gave him a surprised look and blurted, “No, I had asked you for my real Master, I never requested you to become my Master. I think you have misunderstood me.”

He smiled and revealed, “I have come out of my cottage after many years just to say ‘Ram Ram’ to you.” (In Indian rural language Ram Ram also means to give initiation).

I was at a loss on hearing him. There was no joy but a feeling of being weighed down by the failure of not being able to find my true master on the physical plane.

I gave him a surreptitious glance. He looked a simple man, unlike the image of a guru I had fantasized... somebody with a powerful personality, long white hair and long white beard, bright shining eyes and a booming commanding voice, similar to what we have read in books!

Not wishing to reply on the matter of initiation, I asked him how he had reached my place.

He looked at me and didn’t answer.

I immediately realized I had crossed my limits. However, I knew he lived hundreds of miles from my residence as he had mentioned in our previous conversations.

I actually wondered what made him travel in such a cold season and why now...after six months!

Very humbly I requested him to come to the guest room.

I opened the door and gave him a blanket so that he could rest.

With folded hands, I said, “I will arrange for your breakfast.

Please make yourself comfortable.”

I turned to go out of the room and the first thought that came to me was whether he would teach me honestly or cheat me like the other teachers...

No sooner did this thought cross my mind, I heard him say, “I will teach you all that my Master taught me”.

I halted in mid stride - how did he know what I had been thinking?

I turned around to acknowledge his words silently, nodding my head to show I understood and quietly walked out of the room.

I was plagued with doubts, confusions, and fears.

I walked to my room slowly and started thinking. It was two years since I had left my last teacher and now was all alone on my spiritual journey. I had broken all ties with my previous teachers - both the overwhelming Tantric and later the enticing Aghori who had ultimately led me to the path of destruction. My spirit shriveled at the thought of all the blunders I had committed in believing them blindly.

My immature, foolish mind had been totally hypnotized by the dreams they had created of becoming a strong spiritualist with immense power. I was tutored to understand that acquiring spiritual powers and pulling off miracles and magical deeds were the signs of enlightenment.

I was desperate to find my true master who would guide and assist me to emerge out of this quagmire of shallow practices and rituals, which had nothing to do with the actual spiritual growth.

In these two years, there had not been a single day when I had not prayed fervently to find my Holy Master.

In my quest, I had often been visited by inhabitants of the energy world.

Most of the visitations were by sentient beings and I was not sure if any of them were living or whether they came from different dimensions and realms.

There were several Masters who visited me and left a deep impact.

Shirdi Sai Baba....

The day Sai visited me for the first time will remain forever etched in my memory. His tall, well-built frame was in stark contrast with his mellow, soft persona. His eyes were pools of love and compassion. He blessed me that I would be meeting my Sadhguru, my True Living Master soon.

I hung on to this blessing as a dying man would clutch any support to save his life.

Sai Baba's visits were interspersed with visits by none other than Hazrat Khwaja Moinuddin Hasan Chisti or Khwaja Gareeb Nawaz as he is popularly known. Like all Masters who have their unique way of letting their presence known or felt, Khwajaji made himself known whenever he visited me by an overpowering fragrance of roses all around me-whether I was driving a car, sitting at home or busy at my workplace.

The fragrance of roses always preceded the feeling of absolute calm and peace that descended on me. This fragrance was sometimes perceived by my family and friends sitting beside me.

I felt even more blessed when later in life I got the opportunity to 'visit' the abode of Khwajaji's contemporary Hazrat Abdul Qadir Jilani or Gaus Pak of Baghdad as he is known. My spiritual encounter with him happened by the blessings of his living true disciple Pir Saheb, Dr. Abdul Rasheed Khan who was a great help to me.

I was also greatly benefited by a mute Buddhist monk who stayed for seven days continuously with me and took me on some fascinating astral journeys to the hidden mystic abode of the Great Buddhas. Every journey with him was a rejuvenating episode in my life.

I was surprised to have the darshan of Guru Gobind Singhji at Pushkar, Rajasthan during my spiritual practices, when I was with my tantric master...

However, I yearned for a Guru in physical form.

I craved for a living teacher with whom I could talk, have discourse, spend time and just be.

Apart from the above mentioned Divine Masters, there were many other visitors but two visitors who had left a deep impact on me....

One was Swami Yogendra and the other was none other than the old saint who had arrived at my doorstep early in the morning.

I remembered resonating more with Swami Yogendra and not very much by the other saint, although Swami Yogendra chose to stay quiet and the other, who only wished to be addressed as Swamiji, did most of the talking.

The one thing I was sure of was that Swamiji was definitely alive and living on this plane like any of us.

I remembered the day the two had come to me for the first time.

It had been raining heavily on the morning of Guru Poornima, an auspicious day dedicated to one's spiritual teacher. I felt alone and completely dejected, acutely aware of the vacuum in my life. I had no one to call as MY Master, MY Guru.

I completed my daily ritual of lighting the sacred fire of the havan and made my offerings for the day. On completing my prayers I sat quietly, contemplating my plight.

A silent plea went up to the Goddess Mother, "Ma, I know you are angry with me. It has been such a long time since I last saw you. I know I have made mistakes but Ma, I did not

know what I was doing. I did what I was told and I did it with complete faith and diligence... my heart was pure, my intentions were noble...

Ma, I was misled by people whom I revered as my Gurus. Is that my fault, Ma?

I want to rectify any mistakes. For that, I need the right teacher to provide right guidance. I was ignorant and foolish, please forgive my trespasses and help me to move on the right path. Please send me the right Master.”

My silent plea reverberated strongly inside me; it seemed to echo from every cell of my body, from the very core of my being. It was Guru Poornima and I had faith that my prayers would be answered.

It was at that moment that I had a vision of the Swami who came to my doorstep claiming to be my Guru. He was accompanied by a younger looking saint. I enquired who they were. Swamiji introduced the other as Swami Yogendra and himself as only Swami and said, “Today I can see that you really need a Master for the right reasons, so I have come.”

I voiced the questions uppermost in my mind, “Where is my Master? Will I ever meet him?”

He smiled and simply said, “When the right time comes, I will tell you where he is.”

So saying, both disappeared.

They both visited me again after a few months.

This time Swamiji invited me to his abode.

In my meditation, he showed me his place and asked me to visit him. Swami Yogendra as before remained mysteriously silent but his persona emanated a power which left me energized the whole day. I tried to gather more information from the internet about the place Swamiji showed me but could not find it and so my attempts to plan a journey never materialized.

After that, I often felt the presence of Swamiji in my prayers but I never saw him till this day when he turned up at my doorstep, unannounced, out of nowhere...

“Shall I lay breakfast for you?”

My wife Bhavna’s (name changed) voice broke my reverie. I looked up with a start, eyes unfocused at her, her question not quite registering with me. Seeing my confused look she repeated her question.

“Yes, but I will have breakfast with Swamiji.” “Who is this sadhu? Do you know him?”

What was I supposed to tell her? I myself did not know properly who he was. What was I supposed to say –

that I had met him in his physical form the first time?

that he had come out of nowhere to claim me as his disciple?

that I didn't even know his name?

So I intoned hurriedly, "Oh! Just another holy man I know, he has some work with me."

It was time to take a call. Shall I or shall I not?

I shivered at the thought of making a mistake yet again. Alarm bells were ringing in my mind... but at the same time, my heart whispered to have faith. Remembering the occasion of our first meeting, it gave me a small measure of courage to have faith in the process.

I said a small prayer to my Goddess and also to Sai Baba that this time I should not be taking another wrong step.

The question arose in my mind "Is he the one whom Sai Baba guided to me." I took a deep breath and decided to go to him.

I opened the door quietly and stood still for a moment. Swamiji sat cross-legged on the bed, deep in contemplation, eyes closed. I was struck by the calm and peace which surrounded him, his divine composure made him seem almost unreal.

Sensing my presence, he opened his eyes and looked at me with a smile. I told him breakfast was ready and we would converse after that.

After the meal, I asked the one question bothering me, "Why have you come after so many days?" I was also a bit ashamed at the doubts I was having about him.

He looked straight into my eyes and said, "You have come a long way in your practices. Now the time has come for you to decide if you want to go ahead with your present practices or stop where you are. If you take one more step in the same direction and continue to do what you are doing, you will have to leave your house and soon you will become like them.

If you are willing to stop here and give me your word, only then I will take you as my student."

A heavy silence hung between us as the meaning of his words slowly sank into me.

I finally asked, "You are saying you are my Master, then kindly tell me why can't I see or feel that you are my Master?"

“The question you asked me was why you cannot see that I am your Master. *If you had the ability to see in me that I am your Master then you would also have the ability to see everything about me. So you would become my Master rather than I being yours.*” And he smiled...

He revealed, “*It is the Master who comes to the door of his student when the student is ready and the Master knows all the truth of his student.*”

Looking deep into my eyes, he added smilingly, “I also know all that you are going through right now...”

“I can also see that there are guiding Masters surrounding you and they keep visiting you and guiding you always.”

“These Masters get replaced by new Masters with time and your needs.”

“This happens not only with you but with everyone. The only difference is that some are aware of them and some are not. At any given time we are not alone, the Masters are always with us.

I also know that you are battling very hard against your previous masters to maintain the balance in your life which is taking a toll on you. I can also see that they have all the resources to exhaust you completely.”

I realized what he said was true and it was indeed time to come out of the quicksand I was being sucked into. I shuddered at the thought of becoming one of them. It was at that moment I finally decided to quell my doubts and take the plunge... I would either sink or swim... at least I would not remain in a state of limbo...

Taking a deep breath, I joined my hands reverentially and said, “It is time to stop ----.”

His eyes lit up with his innocent smile, “Then make the appropriate preparations, my son.”

The Initiation Ceremony was brief and simple.

I got some flowers, water, turmeric powder, and sweets. I washed his feet with water, offered flowers and sweets to him and anointed the right thumb of his feet with turmeric powder.

He then gave me Deeksha and accepted me as his student. He gave me my guru mantra and made me repeat it after him to ensure that I had the correct pronunciation and intonation. He further instructed me to repeat it only nine times in my prayers and not do anything besides chanting this mantra.

I was shocked! Only nine times a day?

“Guruji,” I protested, “only nine times a day! But I can sit and chant it for thousands and thousands of times a day.”

He looked at me with as stern a look as he could give, “Kapilji, you will do exactly as I tell you, nothing more and nothing less than that. You will experience great difficulty even to complete this chanting nine times. Do as instructed.”

Sulking at being admonished by Guruji, my ego took a beating, but I gloated as I left the room to pour the leftover water into potted plants placed outside the guest room.

He doesn’t know me. I have the capacity to chant for hours at a stretch. Probably he takes me as any of his ordinary disciples who find chanting nine times to be too much.

I will have to tell him. What does nine times mean to me? It’s like telling a high school student to learn the letters of the alphabet! I actually thought he was joking with me. I looked forward to foolishly demonstrate my power to him.

I also felt disappointed. Here I was an advanced, powerful practitioner, excited at the prospect of meeting a powerful Master who would make me do much more than what I was already doing, give me a much tougher and complicated regime... And here he was, giving me a small, simple mantra to be chanted only nine times!

Little did I realize how vain and foolish I was. The power of a mantra or a ritual does not lie in the time spent doing it. It was foolish of me not to understand the power of Guru.

I turned back to tell him about myself, not realizing that there was nothing he did not know about me.

I stopped suddenly upon entering the room.

He was not there. On inquiring, my cook told me he had just left.

I quickly moved to the main gate and looked all around. I went and walked around the road to find him, but could not find him anywhere.

How could he leave like this and where he has vanished? There were so many questions unanswered like Who was Swami Yogendra..... What is my path...?

Dejected, I went back home hoping to see him sitting where I had left him. He was not there. As I turned around to leave the guest room, I saw a slip of paper lying on the bed. Curious, I went to have a look at it.

The paper, an old frayed piece which seemed to have been torn from some old diary, had three things scrawled on it...

My Guru Mantra...

A telephone number...

And a name...

So that was his name!

I held the paper close to my heart and walked back jauntily to my room, lost in my thoughts.

My Master had finally appeared in my life!!!
