

Passage from *Play of Consciousness*

Read by Ben Williams

Baba writes:

I once read an authentic account of the death of a saint who was a man of knowledge and was always absorbed in meditation. He had foreknowledge of his death, and when the time came, he gathered everyone around him, asked them for their blessings and forgiveness, and then thanked them. After that he bowed to the four directions, to the five elements, and to his Guru, the giver of wisdom. Last of all, he thanked and honored his body, the walking, moving, speaking temple of God, given by God, in which he had completed his spiritual journey and had seen God.

With folded hands he addressed his body: “My beloved body, by your grace and help I have reached God. I thank you. I have often inconvenienced and frightened you. I have made you go through so much anguish and torment on my behalf. But no matter what I did, you always helped me. Truly, I am in your debt. O my dear body! You endowed me with a quick and perceptive mind. Through you I attained the *nirvikalpa* state in meditation, the highest state of all. So, my dear friend, I shall always be indebted to you. Knowingly and unknowingly, I wronged you many times, but you always helped me and always did everything you could for me. Whatever I did to you, you never gave me anything but your friendship and your companionship in return. But for you, I could not have done good *sadhana* and could not have reached God.” Having said this to the body, the saint merged with the Absolute.

And then Baba continues:

If you really understand your body, you will fill it with yoga, love, and meditation.¹

¹Swami Muktananda, *Play of Consciousness: A Spiritual Autobiography*, 3rd ed. (S. Fallsburg, NY: SYDA Foundation, 2000), pp. 270 –71.



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