

My first encounter

Swami arrived at my house on a nice and sunny summer afternoon, he remained for ten minutes in the doorway. Everyone was awe-inspired. I couldn't help repeating in my head: "Babaji is here, Babaji is in my house! This is incredible. My God, how beautiful he is!"

As a matter of fact, all those present could not say a word before this handsome twenty-one-year-old boy radiating the Divine. We went on the terrace to observe this 'rare bird' fallen from Heaven. I was surprised to feel so at ease with him, like an old friend whom I hadn't seen for a long time. I showed him the paintings I had made of my spiritual master. He looked at them for a long time. He told me that this master had offered him a great statue of Krishna while he was visiting Mauritius. This comforted me: if my *guru* had offered him a statue, then he must be a good person.

Once he left, the only wish I had was to see him again soon. This was the start of a series of interviews and meetings where we would sing *bhajans* and devotional songs. He asked to do a *yajna* at our house, and we did it in the fireplace. During *yajna*, all participants throw a mix of grains, herbs and rice into the fire while saying "*svaha*".

During the *yajna*, I suddenly found myself in India, sitting on the floor and repeating "*svaha*" and throwing rice into the sacred fire. At the end of the ceremony, I went to Swami and asked him:

"Tell me, did we know each other in a past life, in India, where we did *yajnas* together?"

"Of course, many times!" He spoke these words with a beautiful smile, as if it was the most natural thing in the world.

"Really?" I queried him.

At that moment somebody called him and he left me standing open-mouthed and speechless.