

101 BABA STORIES was written by Acarya Shamitananda Avadhuta, with editorial assistance from Vinaya

Those interested in learning about BABA STORIES or meditation techniques may contact
F.O. Box EA-129, Emmaus, PA 18049
Tel. 212-419-1191

STORIES

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by
Ac. Shamitananda Avt.

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Those interested in learning about Ananda Marga, its service work or meditation teachings, may contact P.O. Box EA-129, Ermita, Manila, 2801 Philippines, Tel. 521-4191.

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These stories have been edited to preserve the simple quality of the encounters they represent. They are not intended to be proof of anything extraordinary or beyond the ordinary. These are ordinary encounters and we hope will bring you some joy.

For my Baba

The real names of the people in these stories have been changed because we felt the stories were being shared and their characters, which is shared in these stories, was often, it is a translation from the original.

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The real names of the people herein have been omitted because we felt the stories to be more important than their characters. Baba is quoted in these stories; most often, it is a translation from the Bengali.

-Editor

INTRODUCTION

When I was with Baba, several times He asked me, "Why don't you start writing?" I couldn't imagine why Baba said that to me or that I would ever express myself in that way. One day when He asked, I told Him that I didn't know how to write. He became a little annoyed with me and said, "Just start!"

That was several years ago. Recently I have been inspired to share some stories about Baba--things which I was privileged to witness over a period of time in Calcutta. The best way seemed to be through writing this book.

I don't know if I deserved so much of Baba's unexpected attention and grace, but because everyone has so much joy in hearing about Him, I feel compelled to share some of that love with others. Everyone has his or her own experiences with Baba, some a lot grander than mine.

This book is written in a simple and straightforward way. To say anything about Baba, to describe Him or define Him is impossible. But His interactions with us, His devotees, are so special to us that we want to hear even the simplest incidents again and again.

After my acarya training in 1971, I was sitting in Baba's room with many other devotees. I had been curious about Baba's handwriting for a long time; in my youth I collected autographs from famous athletes, and I had a secret desire to have Baba's signature on something. Baba was talking about the qualities of Parama Purusa, and He quoted this shloka:

Asitagiri samaṁsyát
Kajjalaṁ sindhupátre
Surataruvara shákha'
Nishitapatramurvii
Likhati yadi ghiitvá'
Sáradá sarvakálam
Tathápi tava guṇánámiisha
Páram na yáti

It means that even the Goddess of Wisdom, using the Himalayas for an ink tablet, the ocean for a container, a huge tree-branch as the pen, the entire surface of the earth for her paper, and writing for infinite time, cannot begin to describe Parama Purusa. He was explaining this shloka in detail, and suddenly asked for a paper and pen. I offered my diary; He took it and wrote some words from this shloka inside, and returned it to me with a knowing smile. Throughout my life He has given me so much in these small ways.

This shloka is an appropriate beginning for a book like this.

I hope you enjoy these stories.

Six months after I was initiated, I went to visit my older brother, who was a soldier stationed in North Bengal. I was sixteen years old. On a full moon night, I was sleeping in my brother's tent; it was completely quiet outside, except for the occasional, "Stop, halt!" of the guard nearby.

I slept. I saw Baba standing before me, looking steadily at me. I had never seen Him before, but there He was in my dream, a short figure with glasses, white dhoti and shirt, just looking at me. I looked at him. For a long time, it went on like that. I awakened and moved around, then went back to sleep. Again, the same vision appeared to me. Baba stood before me, gazing steadily at me. I was overwhelmed with emotion and began to cry.

When I woke up, Baba had disappeared and my pillow was soaked with tears. In my morning meditation I decided to see Him and to go to acarya training. When I finally saw Him, He was exactly as in my dream.

I went to see Baba in Ranchi before going to acarya training. On Sunday, before General Darshan He was giving personal contact. I was in line after six other people; my heart trembled with excitement to finally see Him.

I entered the room and did Sastaunga Pranam. Baba asked me to rise and suddenly began to scold me. "What did you do?" He said. He told me about two naughty things I had done as a boy in the last few years, things that no one knew except me. He even mentioned the day and place precisely. Then He said He would beat me. I said, "Okay," but I was afraid and closed my eyes. He brought the cane down gently on my palms and said, "You are my little boy,

how could I beat you? I love you always. I am your Baba. I have waited for you."

I was overwhelmed with emotion and I wept. I went to acarya training with a heart full of joy.

3

After Baba came out of jail, we had His birthday DMC in Calcutta. We organized a General Darshan at "Vivaha Vasar" just next to Dhakuria Bridge. Baba came and gave a very sweet, heart-touching discourse. Afterward we requested His permission to do Guru Puja.

Usually during Guru Puja we close our eyes. But that day I just couldn't. I did Guru Puja and I saw that Baba was wiping tears from His eyes. I also began to cry. I realized that for us, for all of humanity, Baba wept.

He utilizes every moment to create a new human society. We should have the same feeling and work to our maximum to establish His mission.

4

One afternoon in Calcutta I went with Baba for Field Walk. The driver stopped the car at Babughat near the Hooghly River. It was a hot, sunny day. Baba's bodyguard Suvir was holding an umbrella over Baba's head. We three walked back and forth near the bank of the river. Baba told many stories about how people's last names, such as Mukherjee, Banerjee, etc., came into being.

After almost twenty minutes He stopped, faced me, and said, "Do you know, when someone's brain is not

developed, what should he or she do?"

I replied that I didn't know. He answered, "He or she should do dhyana (meditation) on that person whose brain is very, very developed." He smiled widely and asked if I understood.

"Yes, Baba," I replied.

5

One day in Calcutta, a devoted Margii sister (R) bought a bed for Baba with the determination that He would come to her house. She decorated it in the same way it would be for darshan. The whole room was full of pictures of Baba. She internally prayed every day for Baba to come, if only for a moment.

After a month, one day at General Darshan Baba said to His personal assistant (PA), "I want to go to R's house tomorrow."

When the PA gave her the news, she couldn't believe it. She burst into tears and ran home to prepare for Him.

All night she cleaned and decorated the room. At 3 a.m. she started cooking; at noontime she was decorating the stairs with white flour-paint (alpana). Suddenly her son shouted, "Mom! Baba is here!"

She ran outside to the car and cried, "Baba, Baba," and held His hands, guiding Him slowly up the steep flight of stairs. "Baba," she said, "I give you so much trouble, to climb these stairs."

"No," Baba replied with a smile, "I climb stairs every day in my house, don't I?"

Baba entered the room and sat on His bed. R could not speak. She sat at His feet, looking up at Him.

"You have decorated this room so beautifully," He said. R was speechless. Baba asked questions, and she couldn't answer. Finally Baba said in a kindly voice, "I know why you cannot talk."

After almost ten minutes her mind finally came back to this world. She asked Baba to please eat all the things she had cooked for Him. But He said He had to go back, and she should bring the food to Him at His house. Later, Baba ate the food, remarking that it was very delicious.

6

Baba was giving the special blessing of Dharma Samiiksa every day at the Jodhpur Park office. He started with the acaryas and then the Margii sisters and brothers. He said that people could only get Dharma Samiiksa if they did some work. Sister R hadn't done much work, so her name was crossed off the list.

When the days for DS were almost finished, one day Baba inquired about R. Where is she, He asked, and why was she not coming for DS? He said to call her immediately. The dada went outside where R had been waiting every day. Baba gave her some special asanas and medicine for a sickness she had been suffering from. Her joy knew no bounds.

7

Dada S used to live with us at the Panditya Road office. One day he was doing asanas, but not massage. I asked him why he didn't do the massage and he replied that he didn't need it.

We went for reporting, and Baba caught him. "S! Why don't you do massage after asanas? It is very important!" Baba said.

8

I used to massage Baba quite often. One night I went to Him after 10 p.m. and was massaging His feet as He slept. Suddenly Baba woke up and told me to finish massaging and go to bed, but not to go back to the Jodhpur Park office. I walked out of Baba's room and saw Dada R there sleeping. It was winter, and very cold; in India we don't have central heating. I couldn't bring myself to disturb Dada's sleep.

Baba had once said, "If I tell you something to do, you may or may not do it; but if I tell you not to do something, never do it." He had told me not to go to Jodhpur Park, so I was stuck. I shivered with cold, and longed for my blankets at the other office. Mentally I was getting annoyed with Baba and blamed Him for my predicament.

After fifteen minutes suddenly Baba's door opened and He came out, shouting at Dada R. "Stupid, you are sleeping!" He said. "He is shivering with cold and he needs blankets; I told him not to go to Jodhpur Park. Get him some blankets at once."

Then Baba smiled at me and closed the door.

Dada R gave me several blankets and, thinking about His grace and love, I went to sleep. I woke up a little late, and I heard a sound--dhop,dhop--in Baba's room. I asked Dada what it was. He said that Baba was doing tandava. I was surprised. Recently I had wondered if Baba did tandava and kaoshikii; I doubted that He did. Dada R said that Baba did tandava, kaoshikii, and asanas very regularly.

I returned to the Jodhpur Park office where we all waited for Baba. We stood in two rows, and Baba walked down the middle. Suddenly Baba stopped just next to me and faced sister R, who was standing next to me.

"You know," He said, "I don't only do tandava and kaoshikii, but I also do 150 push-ups every day!" He smiled with a twinkle in His eyes and left.

9

One day after fasting I got up early, and after sadhana I went directly to the kitchen to get some lemon water and breakfast. I was usually very regular about asanas, but the day before had been hot and I worked hard, so I became very weak after fasting.

We went to give our reports, and Baba came. I was sitting at the back. Suddenly Baba called my name, asking where I was. I replied, "I'm here, Baba." He asked me if I had done asanas before breakfast. I said no. He asked why not, and I said that I was very weak after fasting the day before.

"I also fasted yesterday," said Baba, "and I also became tired during asanas. But when I started, soon I felt better. If I can do it, why not you?"

I resolved not to miss doing asanas again.

10

Dada P was working very hard on the new buildings at Tiljala. One day when Baba was giving Dharma Samiik-sa, his turn came. Baba closed His eyes and said, "P, are you doing first lesson properly?"

"Yes, Baba," he replied.

Baba said, "In the last two months you have not repeated your Ista Mantra. Your mantra has been 'sand, bricks, cement'! Right?"

"Baba, you are giving so much pressure to construct the jagrti in a few days. What can I do? I can't even concentrate on sadhana."

Baba told him to do lots of kiirtan before sadhana. Dada said that he did kiirtan but the result was the same. Baba was quiet for a while, then said, "Before starting sadhana you should take the same determination as Lord Buddha. Remember this: Vishva yadi cale ya'y ka(n)dite ka(n)dite; eka' ami vasa rava samkalpa sadhite. It means, 'Even if this universe disappears crying, I will sit alone until I realize my Self.'"

11

I went with Dada N to Baba's room at Lake Gardens; I massaged Baba's feet while N massaged His hands. Baba stopped us and said, "You know, the day before yesterday, this boy (N) was thinking in the bathroom, 'Baba is showing miraculous things to people, Baba is giving the experience of different flower scents to others; I think I am not fit for it. Baba doesn't care about me.' Isn't that right?"

Dada N was nervous and said, "Baba, I did think that, but I promise I'll never think these insignificant things any more."

"No!" Baba said. "You have the desire, so I have to fulfil it." Baba told him to smell His right foot; he smelled the scent of jasmine flowers. Then Baba told him to smell in back of Baba's left ear; he smelled roses. Then Baba asked him to smell the fingers of Baba's right hand; it

smelled like sandalwood.

"Are you satisfied now?" Baba asked. N started crying. Then Baba told me to smell N's left hand. It smelled like flowers. Baba told Dada N that he shouldn't harbor small desires; we should have a very big desire, to have Parama Purusa.

12

Dada G is a family acarya in Calcutta. When I had opened a school there, he spent a lot of time with me. We used to eat together quite often. He had some problems with his stomach, and didn't eat mung dal. I tried to tell him it was all right to eat it, but he persisted in his idea that he shouldn't.

After a few months Baba was giving Dharma Samiiksa. Dada G's turn came. Baba told him that he should eat mung dal every day, and his stomach would be better. Dada G looked at me, and we both smiled.

13

When I was posted in Calcutta I had to open a school. I went every day to find a building but it was very difficult. Whenever I got a building, the next day the communist party people would threaten the landlord, so out of fear they wouldn't rent to us.

Almost seven months passed, and I couldn't find a building. I went every day to the Jodhpur Park office to give a progress report. One day I was talking to Dada M. "Baba is angry with me," I said. "I didn't open the school. I think Baba will never see my face." Dada M told me not to worry.

"Baba is everywhere," he said, "so if you see Baba physically or not, it doesn't matter."

The next day Baba started His garden program. Baba came and the DPS was reading the names of people to attend. Baba said, "M will stay away. Except him, everyone can attend." Someone asked Baba to please allow M to join. He replied, "No, he doesn't need Baba's physical presence. Baba is everywhere. M can stay here alone."

Dada M realized what had happened, and he repented. Since then he always wants Baba's physical presence.

14

At DMC in India, there is always a huge gathering. When Baba comes to the front, there are always a few devotees who stand up, cry and shout, "Baba, Baba!" It is very difficult to stop them. They will dance and cry in front of Baba and everyone. Finally the security people will come and stop them.

I was thinking, 'They are devotees, but really this is too much. Maybe they are pretending to be great by showing something.' This was in my mind for a long time. I was really annoyed with them for disturbing everybody.

After DMC in 1980, Baba was leaving the Jodhpur Park office after taking reports. Before getting into the car He asked me, "How was the DMC?"

"The DMC was nice, but those naughty brothers and sisters were disturbing everyone during your lecture. They should stop it; I didn't like it at all, Baba."

Baba was serious with me. He said, "They are very devoted and good Margiis. When they see me, they cannot control themselves. They get samadhi, so they forget everything and begin to dance and call out. You should not

think badly about them, understand?"

I felt ashamed and decided not to think in that way again.

15

Dada A was walking near our Jodhpur Park office one day, and a car stopped nearby. The man in the car asked him to accompany him to Sodpur to meet his guru. Dada was reluctant, but he went.

Dada went to the room where the guru stayed; many disciples were there with sweets and flowers, waiting to see their guru. As soon as Dada walked in, the guru told him to sit nearby. The guru said, "Anandamurti and me, we are both gurus in the same category, and our mission is almost the same. Why don't you tell your guru to come join us and work together?"

Dada replied, "You said you are both in the same category. Can you show me the Vishvarupa (cosmic vision of the Lord) right now? If so, I believe you."

The guru said he could, but later. Dada smiled. "You said that we have the same mission, but what is your ideology? What are your plans and projects?" The guru was unable to reply in a way that satisfied Dada.

When Dada returned, we were all discussing it and wondering who should tell Baba. I got the job.

In the evening I went to Baba's room to massage Him. After some time He asked me, "Do you have any news to tell me?"

I replied, "Baba, I have a story." Baba was curious. I told the whole incident, and Baba smiled.

He said, "Tell them if they want they can join Ananda Marga; but it will be very hard for the guru to follow Sixteen Points."

16

One afternoon I went with another dada to massage Baba. I was massaging Baba's feet while the other dada massaged His hands. Baba called, "You come here and massage my hand."

As soon as I touched the fingers of His right hand, He cried out and said, "Yesterday one boy (dada) was massaging my hand. He didn't know how to massage, and he almost broke my finger. I have had so much pain since then. But I didn't tell him about it; he would get hurt mentally, thinking that he had injured Baba. You also shouldn't say anything about it."

I took Guru Mantra and very carefully started massaging His finger. After awhile Baba fell asleep. He slept almost an hour, and then woke up and took my hand and began to massage my fingers. He smiled and said, "By your grace, I got cured today."

I started crying and said, "Everything is happening by Your grace, Baba."

17

Just after Baba came out of jail, He started giving General Darshan every day at noon. One of those days, He gave a discourse on sadhana. He said that there are different procedures for sadhana, and He mentioned Vishes Yoga, a particularly advanced form. After His discourse,

He said, "All yogas and meditations are useless if you do not have innate love for Parama Purusa. Without this innate love, everything is dry. Those who already have innate love for Him, they are fortunate."

We were all thinking, 'Do we have innate love?' Then Baba smiled widely and said, "You all have innate love, so do not worry."

18

One day when I was massaging Baba's feet, he said, "You know, a boy came from Europe and spent some time here in Calcutta. After observing many things he told me, 'Baba, you are great!' I replied, 'How can I be great? I am only five-foot-two!'"

Baba then asked me if I thought this was a good reply or not. "Baba," I said, "it was 100% perfect."

19

Dada S came late to DMC. We had all gathered in the reporting room. Baba came and asked why Dada S was late; Dada replied that it was because of a bad train connection. He was posted as Diocese Secretary in Agartala and principal of the primary school. Baba asked, "Is your school healthy?" He answered, "Yes, Baba." ("Healthy" means there should be at least fifty children).

Baba asked, "How many students are there?" "Three hundred," Dada replied.

Then Baba asked, "Is your children's home healthy?" (In this case, "healthy" means five children). "Yes, Baba," Dada replied.

"How many children?"

"Ten, Baba."

As Diocese Secretary he is also supposed to supervise the printing press and newspaper. Baba continued, "Is your printing press running?"

"Yes, Baba." Baba looked very serious, as if He was not pleased. He pressed on.

"Is your newspaper published daily?"

"Yes, Baba."

"What? You made everything healthy! You're not giving me any chance to scold you! You will be transferred from the post."

Everyone laughed, enjoying the drama. Baba re-posted Dada S to the job of editor for the same newspaper. We could see by the twinkle in His eyes that Baba was very pleased, indeed, with Dada's work.

20

One day in reporting, Baba said "I am extreme in everything." I thought about it and watched Baba's activities. Dada P and I got the responsibility to organize the DMC at Midnapore. Baba came, and the next afternoon Baba was supposed to go to the tent to give General Darshan. But he wasn't feeling well, and many people were waiting outside his house.

Baba came out and told everyone, "I have a problem with piles (hemorrhoids) so I could not come earlier. Let us all go to the tent for General Darshan."

The next day after DMC, we all came back to Calcutta.

I went to massage His feet. Baba asked me how I liked the DMC. I said it was very nice. Then Baba said, "Tell me something."

I was waiting for that moment. "Baba," I said, "You said you are extreme in everything. It's true. You are also extreme in simplicity."

Baba looked at me with curiosity. "You are right," He said. "I am extreme in simplicity. With those who are simple, I am very simple. With those who are complicated, I am very difficult. But tell me what you are thinking."

"Baba, at the DMC, when you were going for Darshan, before getting into the car you told everybody that you were late because of your piles. I was thinking, 'This is Baba's simplicity.'"

Baba just smiled.

21

I was the organizer of the DMC and I was feeling sad because people didn't come according to our expectations. Baba was upset with me for poor attendance and other reports. I was very sad. I decided I would not sit in front or show my face to Baba at this DMC. So I sat in the back so that Baba couldn't physically see me.

Baba finished His discourse, and after many Margiis requested, He agreed to let us do Guru Puja. Someone started. Suddenly Baba said to the PA, "Stop. Where is S? Call him and he will lead the Guru Puja."

Dada R looked for me and found me. I went to the stage and led Guru Puja, crying all the way through.

22

During DMC, Baba was taking reports from all the workers; I was fanning Him. Baba asked the workers one by one the names of the villages of the district. Everyone began to look through their papers to find the answers. Suddenly Baba leaned forward. "What are you doing?" He asked.

Someone said, "Baba, we are trying to find the names of the villages."

"Why do you depend on papers?" He asked. "Why can't you remember without looking? You see, I can remember everything without reading and writing. Being my sons and daughters, why can't you do the same?"

Dada P stepped forward. "Baba, if you tell us the secret, we also will know everything without reading and writing."

"But why?" asked Baba. "Why don't you know everything without consulting charts? If I know, you should know also." Baba smiled broadly at all the workers; we hoped that someday He would teach us His secret.

23

I was the organizer of the Sambalpur DMC. We found a nice house for Baba, and we rented a gas stove. But the stove was in the car, and the brother who rented it forgot to take it into the house.

Before Baba arrived, we needed to make everything ready. We figured He would be very hungry by the time He arrived. Everyone went to the airport to receive Him; I stayed behind and became very upset because the stove was nowhere to be found. Due to me, Baba would not eat at the proper time. Didi K was supposed to prepare the

food, and she was very perturbed with me. I hopped on a motorcycle and sped off to a vegetarian restaurant to get some rice, dal, and vegetables. I felt very bad and wondered if Baba would be angry.

For some reason, Baba did not request His meal until just after I returned with the food. Didi K served the food to Him and He was very happy with it. In these small ways, He saves us when we sincerely want to do the right thing.

24

Dada S had not had any progress in his reports for two months, and he was very worried that Baba would be upset with him. He was warned by his higher authority that Baba would be angry about his lack of progress.

We went to the Jodhpur Park office, and Baba came to take our reports. Another dada was telling us that he did so much work in the last two months that Baba would be very happy with him.

The reporting started, and Dada S's turn came. His higher authority said, "Baba, he is worthless, he didn't do anything in the last two months."

"No, he did a lot of work," Baba said. "He is a very good boy and he works hard."

Then the other dada's turn came. He proudly showed Baba the work he had accomplished. "Nonsense!" Baba scolded, "You didn't do any work in the last two months." Baba continued to scold him right and left. We were reminded of the time Baba had told us that Parama Purusa cannot tolerate ego; but if someone has devotion and surrender, his or her life will be blessed no matter what they do.

25

For several days Baba had been incredibly busy with organizational work. He didn't even have time to eat at the proper hour. I went for Field Walk with Him. He didn't talk for a long time but finally when the car stopped and we began to walk, He said, "If instead of twenty-four hours, the day becomes forty-eight hours, I can do much more work. What do you think?"

I said, "Baba that would be nice; but it's up to you."

Baba smiled and walked on.

26

Another day, I went for Field Walk with Baba to the South End Park. We started walking beside the lake. People were bathing in the lake and looking at us, pointing and talking.

I thought they were looking at Baba and commenting. "Baba," I said, "they are looking at you."

"No," He said, "they are looking at you. You are the one dressed in orange, with the turban and the smart-looking dagger. Criminals are afraid of you, and moralists are happy to see you. Isn't that right, Suviiir?"

Baba's bodyguard replied, "Yes, Baba."

There is one senior dada I used to praise constantly; he seemed to have many qualities, and I liked his way of working. I talked about him all the time.

One Sunday Baba was giving General Darshan. I sat just next to Him. Baba asked me to sing a Tagore song which means "Today I will go ahead saluting you, in the midst of worldly work, my Lord."

After the song, Baba gave a discourse on the word "kiirtan." He said kiirtan ('krt' plus 'anat') means to praise only Parama Purusa, no one else; 'krt' means 'to praise.' He explained that there are a great many people and things in the world to praise. But kiirtan means to praise only Parama Purusa. After finishing His discourse, he looked at me with a serious face and asked, "Do you understand?"

"Yes, Baba," I said.

Several thousand Margis had gathered for New Year's DMC at Ananda Nagar. The only source of water was a river near Baba's house, but the river had dried up. Everyone was wondering what to do; we couldn't do anything without water, and so many people were there. Within 24 hours, suddenly water started coming down from the hills and the river filled up. For the whole DMC period, the river was full; then slowly it dried up again. On DMC day Baba asked, "How did the river get so full?"

"By your grace, Baba," someone replied.

Baba smiled. "No, by your grace, Prakrti is compelled to act," He said.

At another DMC, a similar thing happened. It was the summer season, and the temperature was 110 degrees. It was so hot that Baba couldn't come out for General Darshan. Everyone was suffering so much from the extraordinary heat.

On the afternoon of the second day, suddenly it rained and everything cooled off. It remained warm and breezy for the next few days, until DMC was over. Baba came into the tent that afternoon to give General Darshan. "The weather is much nicer now, isn't it?" He said with a smile.

One dada came for Dharma Samiiksa suffering from a gastric ulcer.

"Why didn't you tell me before about your stomach problems?" asked Baba.

Baba went on to say that this dada had eaten too many deep-fried foods five years before. There was a shop near his house and he had gone there every afternoon and eaten a lot of deep-fried vegetables. Baba said that he had gotten this disease because of his greed, and Baba was very angry with him.

Then Baba took the cane and touched Dada's navel point with it. Baba told several people to smell that place; we did, and it smelled terrible. Baba said that this smell would come from his navel point for four days, and no one should stay with Dada during that time.

"After four days, he will be completely cured," said Baba.

I saw this dada recently, and he was 100% fine.

At one time, one of the brothers I had initiated was Baba's cook. He was a simple boy and I loved him very much. But for some reason, the PA was always angry with him and scolded him constantly. I saw this boy crying often, and I became annoyed. I avoided the PA and wouldn't talk to him.

One evening I went on Field Walk with Baba. I sat beside Him in the car, with Dada T in the front seat. As soon as the car started, Baba looked at me. "You know," Baba said, "the PA is a very nice man. He works hard and takes care of many important things. He is a very good man. Is it not?"

"Yes Baba, he is a very nice dada," I replied. I realized that I should not harbour bad thoughts about Dada, and I made a concerted effort to befriend him. When we were closer, I requested him not to scold the cook so much, and to give him more love.

A new dada came for reporting. He was posted at the district level and was supposed to open a school. But as hard as he tried, he couldn't manage it. Baba was very serious in the beginning. But then he turned to the in-charge and said, "This boy is not fit for district level responsibility. He is fit for sectorial level. Transfer him to sectorial level."

We were all surprised; he wasn't fit for district level, how could he handle sectorial level?

In the evening when I was with Baba, He said, "You know, this boy (the new dada) can do better supervisory work than executive work, so I changed his posting. Am I right?"

"Yes Baba," I replied. "You are always right!"

33

Baba gave the Sadavrata program in October of 1981. I was posted as District Secretary in the Dumdum area in Calcutta. After months of work, I was able to open a primary school. Baba was glad to hear that.

Next to our school there was a branch office of the Communist Party of India (CPI-M). They harrassed us all the time, because they hated Ananda Marga.

Because Baba had given the Sadavrata program and because the need was so great, we had to have mass feedings near our school. I called all the local Margiis to help me. They collected rice, vegetables, and other foods and cooked all day at the school. Around 400 people came for the distribution; these were very poor people from around the area and the railway station. It was very hard work, and I got a fever that night.

The next day two dasas came to my sickbed and told me I was under severe punishment; Baba had removed my acaryaship from me. The dasas had been sent to inquire as to what happened that day. I told them that we had distributed food, and that some people from the neighborhood had helped us. I wondered why I was under punishment.

I found out later that these people were from the Communist Party and that they had the intention of contaminating the food, and then blaming it on Ananda Marga. After a month, when I had gotten reinstated, I went on Field Walk with Baba.

"When you were doing Sadavrata at your school, I was also there," He said. "I always take care of those who work hard, with sincerity. But not everyone is honest. You

must be careful." From that time on Baba told us that only sadhakas should serve the food at Sadavrata.

34

After Baba gave the Sadavrata program, every unit distributed food at least once a week. It was Thursday in Calcutta and we had organized the program at Baba's house in Lake Gardens. We invited the poor people in the neighborhood, and all afternoon there were always at least sixty people inside the gate.

I went to Baba's room. He was very happy. "You see, when the poor are eating, it is so nice. It is not only that they are enjoying the food; those who are serving them are enjoying it even more. It gives us so much happiness to feed the hungry. In this way, it helps spiritually as well. It helps your sadhana. So I introduced this Sadavrata program. How do you like it?"

I said, "Baba, I feel so much happiness when I give food to others."

Baba was quiet for awhile, then said, "You have to provide food, shelter, medicine, and clothing to every person on this planet, right?"

"Yes, Baba."

I returned to the Sadavrata and watched the last group of people eating. I remembered His every word, my heart full of love.

I had finally found a place for my primary school, and there were several children coming every day. It was a difficult area--communist belt--but at least we had started, and the school was going nicely.

Two times, I had been stopped by groups of men on my way to and from the school; they threatened me, saying that if I didn't close the school and get out of the area, there would be big problems for me. I wanted to tell Baba about these incidents, but I didn't get any opportunity. One day after school ten men came into the school and threatened me again. They said to close the school and get out. I tried to explain something about Ananda Marga to them, but to no avail. Finally, they left. I was beginning to feel nervous about the whole situation.

One night I was returning from Baba's house; it was a five-minute walk from the railway station to my school. Suddenly around fifty people surrounded me; they had sticks, torches, and knives, and many of them were drunk. They started shouting at me. One of them said, "Kill him right now, the bloody monk!" Another said, "How do you dare to come to this area and open a school? Today we will stop everything, then you people will realize!"

I was shaking all over, repeating my mantra and remembering Baba. I thought that at least at the last moment of my life (for I was certain this was it) I should remember only Baba.

They were getting more and more agitated by the moment. Suddenly a young boy emerged from the crowd and came over to me. He turned to the mob and shouted, "This monk is simple and innocent. I know him very well. Why are you disturbing him? Let him go right now."

Strangely enough, the crowd was silenced. They looked at each other, and one by one began to leave. I turned

and the boy had also disappeared.

By the time I got to the school, I was crying. The next day, I went to Baba's room. When I entered, Baba asked me how I was. I said I was okay.

"I heard that you had some problems yesterday," He said. "What happened?"

I told Him the whole story, and that for a long time those people had wanted to kill me.

"Nonsense!" said Baba, "Who can kill you? No one can kill you if Baba wants to save you. They cannot touch even a hair on your head."

I was crying; the whole thing had been terrifying for me. Suddenly Baba looked at me with tremendous affection and held my hand. "Do you remember the boy who came forward to save you?"

"Yes, Baba. I remember the boy, but I had never seen him before."

Baba just smiled.

36

I had been sick for several months; every night I had a fever, and I had become very weak, with a lot of chest and intestinal pain. The doctor had said that all my symptoms were due to intestinal problems.

One day I went to the Jodhpur Park office. Baba was taking the reports of all the workers. Suddenly He called, "Where is S?" He was in a very serious mood. I was scared. I said, "Here, Baba."

"Come here at once. Why did you not tell me about your illness?" Baba closed His eyes for a second. "There

are several spots in your chest," He said. "You have tuberculosis. Why did you not tell me before?"

"Baba, I didn't know. The doctor said it was intestinal problems."

"What?" said Baba. "They have misdiagnosed! These doctors don't know anything. This is very serious. If you don't take care, you will die within two months."

Baba turned to Dada V and said, "S has to take complete rest for several months. He needs good medical treatment and proper food. Can you take care of him?"

"Yes, Baba," Dada replied.

But as soon as Baba said that, I reacted internally. No! I thought, I cannot do that, resting several months is too much for me. Baba looked at me and started scolding me. "This body is very important for your spiritual practice," He said. "So you have to take care of it. You should not neglect your health for any reason." He went on. "It is too much for S to take rest for a few months. But I am Baba, so I have to do something." He scolded me a while longer.

Finally He told me to take off my shirt, and to cough. I did so, feeling a lot of chest pain when I coughed. He touched my navel point with the cane. It was vibrating there. Then He touched my heart area and my throat; each time the stick vibrated. He told me to cough again; this time it didn't hurt so much.

Baba smiled at me and said, "Stupid boy--for your negligence, I have had to do so much. Now my S will be cured completely." He turned to Dada V and told him to make sure I ate at the proper time and took care of my health.

The next day Baba asked me, "How are you feeling, S?"

"Okay, Baba," I replied. After that day I began to work with new speed; my sickness was gone completely. Everyone told me that I was very fortunate to get Baba's special blessings.

37

After the summer retreat in 1983, I left with Dada S and Dada R. After an hour or so, I was sitting in the back seat and suddenly decided I wanted to sit in the front, so Dada R and I changed places. I began to tell some Baba stories, feeling drowsy and nodding off now and then. Suddenly I saw a huge truck in front of us, coming straight at us. I said, "Baba!" and that's all I remember.

I opened my eyes with excruciating pain in my whole body. I was in the intensive care ward at a hospital. Two dadas stood in front of me; one almost fainted seeing my condition. I had been unconscious for ten hours. All I remember was going into space--no pain--only bliss. I was going into another world.

My whole body was connected to various tubes, and when I came to consciousness, the pain was unbearable. My lung was punctured, my ribs broken, and my leg was shattered. It hung in front of me like something foreign. I was in surgery for several hours as the doctors tried to put all the pieces of my leg and foot back together.

Apparently the doctors had very little hope that I would live. The news reached Calcutta and the GS went to Baba. "Baba," he said, "there is very sad news. S has had a very big accident and the doctors say he will die."

Baba shook His head and quietly said, "He had a very big samskara, and through this accident it is finished. Who said he will die? He will be completely fine. Don't worry about that."

That same night the GS called me at the hospital and told me Baba's words.

For the next 38 days I was in the hospital. I heard that Baba was inquiring about me three times every day. It was a very painful time, but slowly I recovered at least to the point where I was out of intensive care. They fixed my lung and put a steel rod into my leg to hold the pieces together until they could join naturally. I was 85 pounds when I left the hospital. After months of physical therapy, I regained the use of my foot and leg.

The doctor told me that the bone in my ankle was dead, and it would be rare for it to heal; he said after many years it might be okay. I still needed two more operations to take the rod and screws out of my leg.

Finally I was able to go to see Baba. He was on the way to Field Walk one day and stopped near me. "Oh, such a serious accident! Oh, so much pain, so much pain." All the pain was in His face. I was crying. "Do not worry," He said, "Soon you will be all right. After your operations, you come and see me."

I returned and went to the doctor. Looking at the x-ray and examining my leg, he was astonished to see that blood vessels were growing in my ankle and that I had almost full range of motion in my knee. "You are very lucky," he said. "Nature is helping you. This is very rare."

I called India and told GS, who related the news to Baba. Baba smiled for a long time.

One evening I was with Baba in His room. Baba asked me, "How does N like my songs?"

Of course, I answered in the affirmative.

"He is a good singer," Baba said. "I requested him many times to compose some new styles of songs, but he never listened to me. He didn't do it, so I had to!"

We had opened a kindergarten/primary school at Maniktala. It was very difficult to find a building in Calcutta; finally we had to settle for a place that was previously a shop--it was like a garage.

One day Baba went on Field Walk and asked His driver to take Him to this school. He told the PA to wait for Him, and He walked up to the school door alone. The teacher had never seen Baba before, and he thought Baba was one of the parents who had come to visit. He told Baba to sit down in the corner, and Baba graciously complied.

A few minutes later the PA came in, and the teacher became very excited and attended to him with a great flourish, leaving Baba to sit in the corner.

Dada A, the principal of the school, arrived and was bewildered. He rushed to Baba's feet and was so nervous he didn't know what to do first. Baba smiled and inquired about the students, then quietly took His leave. Dada was in a state of shock--both ecstatic and dismayed that Baba had suddenly come to this humble school.

I was touring in Central America when I heard that Baba had started composing songs. I had loved the songs of Rabindranath Tagore all my life; when I heard the first songs of Prabhat Samgiita I liked them, but my attachment to Tagore songs was very strong. Anyway, I thought, surely Baba cannot sing.

I was suddenly called to Calcutta. The day after I arrived I went to His room. I did sastaung pranam, and Baba told me to get up; I sat in front of Him. Baba started singing! He sang "Bandhu He," and it was the most beautiful thing I had ever heard.

He smiled at me and asked, "Do you like this song? Can I sing nicely?"

"Baba," I said, "You sing more beautifully than anyone I have ever heard."

"Do you like Prabhat Samgiita?" He asked.

I answered yes but internally I was thinking how much I liked Tagore songs.

"You know," said Baba, "Tagore songs are now old and monotonous. In a new age, in a new time, we need new songs. Is it not?"

"Yes, Baba," I replied, and I decided from that day to learn Prabhat Samgiita. Today I love Baba's songs above all others.

At DMC, Baba was taking reports from several workers. One dada's turn came, and Baba said, "When are you going to cover every village of this world with offices?"

Dada replied, "In two months."

"What?" Baba shouted. "I cannot wait for two months!"

"Okay, Baba, one month."

Again Baba scolded him. Dada brought the time down to fifteen days, and Baba still wasn't satisfied. I was thinking, 'why is Baba playing like this? It isn't possible to cover every village in fifteen days.'

Dada reduced the time to one week, then two days. Finally, Baba extracted a promise from him that he would do the work in twelve hours.

Of course, Dada wasn't able to do even one percent of what he had promised. I kept thinking about it and wondering why Baba was giving these impossible targets.

On Sunday we all assembled for General Darshan. Baba came, and started talking about laziness. He said there are three kinds of laziness--physical, mental, and spiritual. Physical laziness is when we want to do something but we put it off. Spiritual laziness is when we postpone our lessons until 'later.' Mental laziness, Baba said, is a "lack of proper planning."

For example, someone has to catch a flight at 7 a.m. He gets up at 5 a.m., does his bath and sadhana and leaves for the airport in a rush, forgetting one of his bags. Finally he arrives at the airport and misses the flight.

Baba went on. "But what I will do is get up at 3:20 a.m., finish my spiritual practices, and leave for the airport at 5 a.m. I won't miss either my bags or my flight." He smiled at Dada J, who was always missing flights. "I know

it is not possible to cover all the villages in one day or one month, or even one year. It may not even be possible in twenty years. But I give pressure and scold in order to make your mind ready for that. If your mind is 100% positive, then it might be possible to materialize this work in less than twenty years. I scold you to remove your mental laziness." Baba turned to me. "Do you understand?"

"Yes, Baba," I replied in amazement.

42

It was Dada U's turn for Dharma Samiiksa. Baba asked him, "Why don't you cook twice a day? You cook lunch and then eat the same food at dinner."

"I am so busy all day, Baba. I get tired so I don't cook in the evening."

"But because of the heat, the food often gets rotten," Baba said. "You should cook twice. And why do you use the same pot without washing it properly?"

Dada was ashamed, and bowed his head.

Baba smiled. "You can make rice and dal together, because that is easy to cook. Now, when are you going to invite me to eat with you?"

43

One day a dada who was posted far from Calcutta came for reporting. Suddenly Baba turned to him. "Do you remember a few days ago, when you were sitting in a Margji's house and eating lunch? The mother served you food, giving you very pure ghee with rice."

Dada was thinking, 'how does Baba know?'

Baba went on. "When she went into the kitchen you thought how much you wanted more, but you didn't want her to think you were greedy. But you took more anyway. You know, I was sitting just next to you. I felt pain to see that my son is so greedy."

Dada bowed his head.

44

One day during Dharma Samiiksa Baba didn't come to the Jodhpur Park office because He didn't feel well; so we all went to His house.

A few people passed through Dharma Samiiksa, then it was Didi P's turn. Baba started shouting at her. "What did you do?"

She couldn't remember anything, and felt very nervous.

"You have stomach problems, right?" Baba asked.

"Yes, Baba."

"For a whole year, you haven't been using a tongue cleaner."

"But Baba, I couldn't find one."

"You are neglecting the most important thing," He said. "You thought that using a tongue cleaner is insignificant. But because of this you have stomach problems. Toxins are going into your stomach. Use it every day, understand?"

"Yes, Baba," Didi replied.

One night after DMC all the workers went to Baba's house and had dinner and went to sleep at around one a.m. I couldn't sleep. There were two or three dadas waiting outside of Baba's door. I had a very strong desire to massage Baba, but I thought surely I wouldn't get the chance. One by one the dadas went in and came back out in less than a minute. Finally the PA called me, saying Baba wanted me to go in at once.

When I went in, Baba was smiling. The room was full of mosquitoes, so I fixed a mosquito net around His bed. It took a long time to get the last mosquito out, but finally I did, and began to massage His feet. Baba slept quietly.

I left at around three a.m., commenting to Dada J, "When Baba sleeps, He looks like a newborn baby--so sweet!" Dada J told Baba later, and He just smiled.

After Baba came out of prison, He was staying at a house in South End Park. There was a Margii family--very good devotees. Their oldest son had gone to acarya training and the mother had been crying day and night.

One day I went with Baba to Field Walk. This boy's mother was standing next to the car. The driver started, then Baba told him to stop. The mother had huge dark circles under her eyes; she just stood there looking at Baba.

Baba looked at her. Her pain was reflected in His face. "Don't worry, my daughter," He said. "You see, I had to go through so much pain in the jail. They tortured me, they poisoned me. I know you have gone through a very big storm. But it will pass. You will be fine. May victory be yours."

47

One LFT sister from the U.S. was doing a lot of sadhana and work. She felt that she had done so much work, that when she reached India Baba would give her a lot of attention.

She went to see Baba and, as usual, He went for Field Walk every day. She stood in front of everybody so Baba would see her first. But Baba didn't look at her at all. Every day the same thing happened, and finally she returned, disappointed. She was very close to leaving the mission for several months, and then she decided to go back to India.

The first day she was there, Baba stopped and smiled at her, saying, "How are you, my daughter?" Every day He stopped and talked to her. Her heart filled with love for Baba. Two weeks later, she went to acarya training.

She later told me, "When I went the first time, I had so much pride and I expected so much from Baba. The next time I went with full surrender, and no expectations; Baba gave me everything."

A couple of months after Baba came out of jail we had a DMC. A few of us were called to His room, and He was talking about many things while getting ready to go to the DMC. Baba told me to bring His shirt, so I did. He put it on, and I noticed a big stain on it. I said, "Baba, this shirt has a spot. You should change it; here, I'll get another one."

"No," Baba said. "I have no time to change."

"But Baba, you should change. It looks bad--everyone will see."

"Bring me the mirror," Baba said. I did so.

"You're right," He said. "But I have no time to change."

I asked Him again to change His shirt, and He stood up and recited Buddha's sloka: "I have no attraction for those who praise me, and no repulsion for those who insult me. I am beyond all these." Baba said this in a very serious way and the whole atmosphere of the room changed. Finally He smiled at us.

"Baba," I said, "How can I be like you?"

He took my hands and sweetly told me, "You are all mini-Babas. Just keep doing work and sadhana."

Baba was in Delhi. One night He was eating His supper and suddenly called the PA. "Tell everyone that if they are doing only sadhana, their sadhana will be useless. Those who are doing a lot of work, and therefore have less time for sadhana, I will do sadhana for them; I will be with them."

50

My first posting was in Midnapore, a three hour drive from Calcutta. One Margii brother asked Baba, "Will you come to our Midnapore, Baba?"

"Surely!" Baba replied.

Time passed by, and He didn't come. This brother told me many times that he was sad--Baba said He would come, but He didn't come.

Ten years later Baba went to Midnapore for DMC. He gave a lot of attention to this Margii brother.

"See?" Baba told him, "I told you I would come!"

51

After my acarya training I came back to Ranchi, where Baba was staying. I stayed at the guest house, around two miles from Baba's house. In a few days I had to leave for my posting in Midnapore.

Everyone was studying and resting; I was doing meditation on the roof and crying. I was worried about two things, and thinking, 'How can I be an acarya with these things bothering my mind?' I felt so restless, and cried out to Baba in my mind.

A jeep drove up to the house and Dada P got out, calling my name. "Baba is calling you!" he shouted.

I went to Baba's room and did Sastaunga Pranam. Baba told me to get up and sit in front of Him. He said, "My boy, two things are bothering your mind, right?"

"Yes, Baba."

"You are also thinking that it will be hard for you to do your work in the field with these things bothering you. Right?"

"Yes, Baba."

He squeezed my cheek with His fingers, then held my hands and looked at me with so much affection. "Don't worry, my dear son, you will be free from these problems. Be happy and go to the field and work hard for our mission."

52

One day we went for evening reports. Baba was discussing soundwaves and spiritual waves. He turned to one dada and said, "Where is N?"

The dada replied that Dada N was at Ananda Nagar. Baba said, "Do you know what he is doing right now?"

"No, Baba."

"Close your eyes and concentrate."

Dada did so, and he heard Dada N's voice singing "Tamam Vina."

Baba said that through spiritual practice you can hear sound tanmatras from thousands of miles away, and that you can also see what is happening on the other side of the world.

"You need only practice sadhana very sincerely," He said.

53

Dada S had felt bad because he had never had the chance to be very close to Baba.

One day we were sitting with Baba, giving reports of our work. Me, Dada K, and Dada S were sitting in front. Suddenly Baba started to fall backwards. Dada S jumped up and caught Him with a big embrace. Baba turned to him with a big smile. "You saved me today!" He said. "Now how do you feel?"

Dada just cried.

54

Baba was giving DMC in many places in India, usually travelling by plane. That night He was going to Bombay from Calcutta. The West Bengal Government had banned tandava but I was determined to conduct it, knowing Baba would want it.

Baba was sitting on a chair surrounded by devotees doing kiirtan. I secretly organized a tandava demonstration with two other brothers, even though I couldn't get permission from any of the other dadas.

The two brothers began doing tandava. I had given them the skulls to use and was conducting them. Suddenly several policemen jumped us; two of them beat me with their rifles. Baba looked at me, and I looked at Him as all this was going on. I didn't feel anything but love for Him.

The police dragged us to the van and took us to jail; we were released the following day. It was in all the newspapers. I saw Mr. R, who had flown with Baba to Bombay. He told me that as soon as Baba came out of the plane,

the first thing He said was, "S did a very courageous thing today." Mr. R told me Baba was very glad.

55

Just after Baba came out of prison, He was giving small darshans in the evening. The PA would push His wheelchair out onto the veranda and He would talk with us.

One thing I had been thinking about was psychic ability--to be able to read other people's minds. I thought at least by this time, after so many years, I should be able to do that. Perhaps I was missing the secret.

That evening Baba starting talking about knowing other's minds. "It is not difficult," He said. "You need more sadhana. Then you can see many things in this world, just sitting here. You can perceive what others are thinking. But that is a problem sometimes. If you see people's minds and tell them, they'll be frightened of you, right?" He laughed.

"Don't worry about it. You will acquire this ability later, when you have some control over your mind."

Baba looked at me and smiled.

56

I had been wondering about ghosts; I was very curious about why some people thought there were ghosts, but our philosophy said they don't exist.

One evening Baba told us that sadhana is of two kinds: Vidya and Avidya. Vidya sadhana takes you to perfection

and Avidya takes you to darkness. He said that any kind of sadhana will give you some mental power. It is up to you to use it properly. Avidya Tantriks always misuse their psychic power and try to destroy others. He said that Avidya Tantriks, merely by using their minds from a distance, can cause bones, bricks, furniture, etc. to fly around. People will then be afraid and leave their houses; then the Avidya Tantriks can take over that place.

"What is the solution?" Baba asked.

We all just looked at each other.

"Just go there and break their concentration," He said with a laugh. "If their mental concentration is disturbed, they can't do these things."

57

After the Sadavrata program started, I had stopped in at the Copenhagen office for a few days on my way to Mexico. The LFTs cooked nice vegetarian food and invited people from the street. But they couldn't find anybody who needed food. Finally they convinced one man to come, and we were all satisfied that at least we had fed one person. But when he left, he insisted on paying!

After a few months I returned to Calcutta and told Baba this story. He laughed and said, "You know, there they need psychic and spiritual help much more than physical help."

Once one dada went to a village close to Calcutta for pracar. He had to go to the latrine in the field, and couldn't find any water for bathing. When he got back to Calcutta, he was told that Baba wanted to see him immediately. He hesitated—he was dirty and sweaty and his clothes were soiled. He thought Baba would hate the sight of him.

Baba just smiled at him when he walked in. "Though you aren't clean, you are still my son," He said. "You are always the same to me. I may scold you but I can never, never hate you." Baba patted his back and looked at him with love.

We were at Tatanagar for DMC. I was conducting the brother's kaosikii and tandava demonstration. One very chubby brother was in the front row for tandava. We began doing tandava and suddenly the string on his shorts broke. He was jumping like anything, holding up his pants with one hand. Everyone began to laugh—even Baba couldn't help it. Baba stopped the tandava to save that brother's prestige.

Then Baba said, "His tandava was very nice...only the rhythm wasn't so good. And there was no balance. And the jumping was pretty bad...otherwise, it was very good!"

Everyone laughed, including that brother, who is a great devotee of Baba and didn't mind at all.

We were having Baba's birthday ceremony at Tiljala Global Jagrti. We all waited for Baba to come, but nothing happened. Suddenly we heard a big commotion outside, and everyone ran out. Baba was leaving in His car!

Dada G, a family acarya, threw his body down in front of Baba's car. Everyone surrounded the car saying, "Baba, please don't leave us."

Finally, after a lot of drama, Baba relented and came back to give darshan.

I discovered later that Baba was leaving because no one had invited Him to the celebration. Here we were, running around making so many preparations, and no one had bothered to invite our Baba to His own birthday party!

Dada A went for personal contact. He had been disturbed for a long time-- crazy thoughts about Baba kept coming into his mind. He was thinking, 'What to do? How to stop it?' No devotee wants to think bad things about Baba.

After a while, Baba said to him, "So many crazy thoughts are coming in your mind, right?"

"Yes, Baba."

"Thinking crazy things about me is no problem," He said. "You can think anything about me; I'll take care of that. But don't think badly of others, understand?" Baba looked lovingly at him, and Dada started crying. After that he never suffered from those thoughts again.

Just after my avadhuta initiation, I went for sadhana in the cemetery in Calcutta. It was raining a little, and everything was dark and muddy. I started doing sadhana. A bird flew next to my ear again and again. I thought maybe it was some ghost or something and I was afraid. The ants were biting me also, and my back was burning.

The next day we went to Baba's room. After talking to the others, Baba turned to me.

"Last night the ants were biting you and a bird flew by and scared you. You thought no one saw, but you know, I was with you. I was watching you all the time." Baba smiled. "You are still a little nervous, but you'll be all right."

I was posted in Calcutta and I was struggling to find a place for a school. Finally I found a building but I needed 3,000 rupees (about \$300)—a lot of money in India. I became very restless to get the money, but I was too shy to ask people for help.

I was crying inside, asking Baba to help me find a solution. One evening I went to massage Baba. He said to me, "Money doesn't come only by system. Money comes through love and close relationships between people. You have to be close to the Margiis, so they feel that you are a part and parcel of their families. Then naturally they will help you."

The next day one Margii came up to me and asked why I had been looking so worried lately. I told him about the school. He gave me the 3,000 rupees there and then.

Later Baba said, "You worked hard for the school, and Parama Purusa arranged everything for you, right?"

"Yes, Baba," I said.

Baba smiled.

64

One day we all went for reporting at the Jodhpur Park office. Dada D was fanning Baba from the side, and we were sitting in front. Baba asked Dada D, "What were you thinking ten years ago when you were massaging my feet?"

"I don't know, Baba," Dada replied.

"Don't you remember? While you were massaging, you were thinking that Baba's feet and hands are very soft, and that you wish Baba would make yours soft also."

Dada D was ashamed. "Yes, Baba," he said. "A long time ago I had that desire, but not now."

"You are a devotee. If you have a desire, I have to fulfil it."

"No, Baba, I will never think about that anymore, I promise!"

Baba touched Dada's palms with the cane and then told us to check. We all touched his palms; they were extremely soft.

Baba's mood became very serious. "Why have such tiny desires? You should have a very, very big desire—only to get Parama Purusa. If you have a desire for gold or jewels, you may or may not get them. If you do get them, it is only temporary, so what is the benefit? Best is to desire Parama Purusa. Isn't it foolish to ask for small things?"

"Yes, Baba," we all said.

Baba went on to tell a story:

One so-called guru had the desire to have a sandalwood smell coming from his body. He got it, and he became very famous. But after a while he forgot Parama Purusa and became selfish and egoistic. He bragged about his power to everyone. Soon the sandalwood smell disappeared and he began to smell like cowdung. All of his disciples left him, thinking he was a liar and a fake.

"Under no circumstances," said Baba, "should you ask for anything less than Parama Purusa. If you get Him, you get everything."

65

Baba said there are three types of capitalists: physical, psychic, and spiritual. Those who accumulate a lot of physical wealth are usually called capitalists.

He said psychic capitalists are those who have so much potentiality (in art, music, literature, technology, etc.) but do not use it for social welfare. Baba looked at Dada J. Dada K said, "Baba, Dada J is a psychic capitalist. He has so much talent, but he doesn't use it." Baba smiled.

"The problem," Baba said, "is with spiritual capitalists. They don't care about society. They do sadhana only for self-realization. Many of these capitalists live in jungles, in caves. How can we bring them to the society?"

Dada V said, "If we snatch their possessions, they will have to come and get them."

"No," Baba said. "They don't care about physical belongings. They want only liberation and salvation. There

is a solution..." He smiled. "If you can bring them to me, I will scold them. Then they'll be active for the society."

Everyone laughed.

"This question will be answered later," Baba said.

66

Baba's niece is a sweet little girl. When I got the opportunity I would ask her many things about Him. One day she said to Baba, "Uncle, you should not fast today. You are not well."

"But it is fasting day," Baba replied. "My children all over the world are fasting today, so I should fast also."

I went to her and said, "Can you tell Baba that I love Him very much?" She agreed, but I thought surely she would forget. She didn't.

"Uncle," she told Baba, "Dada S says that he loves you very much."

"Really?" Baba said, smiling. "Tell him that I love him very much too!"

She came and told me, and I jumped for joy. Baba's niece enjoyed a lot of sweets that day.

67

I used to be a devotee of Krsna and of Shiva. In my village often there would be dramatic plays about their lives. There was a song that was often sung in which Krsna would be praised, but indirectly--through or about someone else. I was still singing that song after many years.

One day Baba came back from Field Walk and sat outside with us. He was explaining a certain song of Prabhat Samgiita. He said that it is directed to Parama Purusa intimately, one-to-one, not "via media." He pointed to the sky and smiled, looking at me. "100% directly to Parama Purusa, not via media," He said, and went inside the house.

68

Baba used to have one of us read the newspaper to Him every morning. There was a system--first one, then another. We would read the headlines; sometimes He would ask us to read the whole article to Him.

One day I went to read the newspaper to Him. He was lying on the bed with His eyes closed, resting. I was reading the English daily newspaper; I didn't know English very well, but I read anyway. Baba opened His eyes and said, "You know English so well--I didn't know that!" He closed His eyes again.

I was thinking, 'Oh, Lord! You know very well how much English I know!' Then I started reading the Bengali newspaper. By that time Baba was soundly sleeping, so I skipped over some parts, wanting to finish because He wasn't listening (I thought). But every time I skipped over a part, Baba would suddenly say "Why are you avoiding that part?" And again He would be soundly sleeping, snoring away.

I came to a word--"yugma." I read it like it sounds. Baba sat up and said, "It is pronounced 'yugga'--not 'yugma.'"

"But Baba," I said, "since my childhood I have been taught to pronounce it "yugma."

"You have been taught the wrong pronunciation," He said. "Those who wrote the books do not know. Like the word 'padma' is pronounced 'padda'--it is the same with 'yugma.' Right?" Of course I had to agree.

69

Flights were very cheap from Calcutta to East India (Agartala) in those days. Usually we had to travel by train for at least three days; but the fare was so good, and it took less than an hour to get there, so I decided to fly. In 24 hours I went, finished my work, and came back with fruits and sweets for Baba from the Margiis in Agartala.

I was outside. Baba asked the PA if I had returned yet. He said no; Baba said he should go and check. When he came downstairs he saw me and told me Baba wanted to see me. I didn't even wash my hands and face yet; I just ran to His room and threw myself at His feet. He was very glad to see me, and was saying to the PA, "He went to Agartala and returned like a storm!" and laughing.

Baba asked about news of the Margiis in Agartala, and about the political situation there. Honestly speaking, I don't know so much about politics, so I kept mum. Baba went on to tell all about it. Afterward He told me, "You should have knowledge about everything in the society. You understand?"

Baba smiled and rang the bell for the PA, asking him for some water. The PA brought coconut water; Baba refused. Then he brought yogurt-water; Baba refused that

also. Finally the PA brought Him some water. Baba drank it slowly as if it was the most delicious thing in the world. "You know," He said, "When you are really thirsty, simple cold water is the best drink. It is so tasty and sweet that you cannot compare it with anything."

"Yes, Baba," I replied, enjoying so much the sight of my Baba and His simple pleasures.

70

Dada N was singing to Baba whenever Baba asked; he was very good, and a well-known singer. So the rest of us rarely got the chance. I had in my mind for a long time that I'd like to sing to Baba.

At the Midnapore DMC Dada N was not available. One night everyone was asleep; it was after midnight. Suddenly the PA called me to go to Baba. Baba was sitting on the bed, and asked me to sing a song. I started singing. Baba closed His eyes. I kept singing until I had sung five songs. All the time Baba sat, listening with His eyes closed. He opened His eyes and smiled at me with so much love. "I didn't know you could sing so sweetly! You worked hard, singing five songs; now you go and rest."

Baba went to sleep and I left, fulfilled and full of bliss.

71

We were in the reporting room, and my turn came. I didn't show very much progress, and Baba started scolding me. I started crying, because I never had that much scolding from Baba before.

Baba saw that I was crying and said, "He is a good boy, he always smiles. But he is very soft. If he isn't hard sometimes, how can he accomplish anything?"

Another day soon after that Baba told us that if we want to really do something good for society, we have to be very hard externally, but very soft inside. He said the wood-apple is so hard outside, even the crow cannot break it; but inside it is very soft and sweet. "You all, my children, should be like that," He said. "If you are soft outside, bad people can exploit or cheat you."

72

Baba had been touring all over India and giving DMC in many places. After the last DMC, He returned to Calcutta, and I went to His room and massaged His feet. He looked so tired. He asked me to massage His arms. I did, and He was relaxing, saying "Ahh, ahhh..."

"You know," Baba said, "when I was working hard, touring so many places, I didn't feel any pain in my body. But today, when I started to rest for awhile, suddenly I felt so much pain."

Within a few minutes Baba slept. After almost two hours, He woke up and took my hands in His. He started massaging my hands, saying, "Due to your good massage, I was able to sleep today. You did so much hard work for me, I should also do something for you."

One day Baba told us a story. There was once a landlord who had two cars, one white and one black. He advertised for a driver.

A man came to answer the ad and the landlord questioned him. "Which car do you want to drive?" he asked. The man replied that he'd like to drive the white one, because the white car is easy to drive at night, and safer because it shows up in the dark. The landlord dismissed him.

The second man answered that he would like to drive the black car, because it would not show in the night. The landlord dismissed him.

The third man came, and was asked the same question. "Sir," he said, "I have no choice. Whatever you will require, I will do. I will always obey your order." The landlord hired him on the spot.

"Do you understand what it means?" Baba asked us. "The third man was smart and devoted, so he got the job. In spiritual life, if you want to be too much an intellectual, poking your nose here and there, you will never be successful. Rather, if you have complete devotion, you will attain victory at every stage of your life." Baba smiled at us all.

Baba was giving Dharma Samiiksa. Dada P had been sick with cancer for a long time. He had become very weak. Baba scolded him like anything for not informing Him about the disease. Dada P said that he didn't get the opportunity to inform Baba. Baba became furious. "Do you want to die?" He shouted.

Baba touched Dada's navel point with the cane, then

his heart and throat. Then He said, "Now you go and start working."

Since that day Dada was completely cured.

75

Some days Baba was not feeling well and so we went to His house for reporting. One day a fly entered His room and was making a lot of noise. Baba said, "Somebody surely didn't take a bath today. Who is it?" Everyone was silent. "My room is very clean; flies don't enter here. Who didn't bathe today?"

Finally one dada came forward and said, "Baba, I didn't bathe today because there was no water at the office."

Baba was annoyed. "Then where did everyone else bathe? Very bad, very bad. You go and take a bath right now." Dada left and the fly went with him. Baba often uses these small opportunities to teach us all.

76

One young dada had been suffering from gastric ulcers for a long time. He took a lot of medicine, but all the same he became very thin, and always had terrible pain in his stomach. All the doctors advised him not to fast at all. But he had to fast four times a month; he was wondering what to do. Finally he decided not to fast. But his stomach pain only increased.

That dada's turn came in Dharma Samiiksa. Baba asked him, "Why are you not fasting?" He said the doctors had advised him not to fast. Baba said, "I know your problem, not the doctors." He told Dada to fast very strictly

four times a month, and gave him several asanas to do. After a couple of months, Dada was completely cured, and decided always to follow Baba's advice first.

77

Dada K sings very nicely. Before Baba started composing Prabhat Samgiita, He used to ask Dada to sing now and then. One day Baba told him to sing a song, and he began singing "Tamam Vina."

Baba sat with His eyes closed, listening to the song. Dada kept repeating the first two stanzas again and again; he couldn't sing the last one. He tried, but he just couldn't do it. I was sitting next to him and kept pushing him, trying to get him to sing the last verse, but he couldn't.

Baba opened His eyes and smiled at Dada K. "Everything is controlled by Parama Purusa," He said. "He is controlling every particle of this universe. Everything depends on Him alone. If He wants, He can stop each and every movement in this creation. He is also controlling your vi-shuddha cakra. If He wants, you will not be able to sing the last stanza, no matter how you try."

Baba looked at Dada K. Tears rolled down Dada's cheeks. Baba shrugged, "I don't know anything. Parama Purusa did it."

78

As usual, we went for a noon meeting at Jodhpur Park. Baba came. As soon as He started taking reports, Didi K told Him with sadness, "Baba, your relative has died today."

"I know," Baba replied. He was silent for a while and then said, "Those who come, they must go also. No one can be here forever." He recited a poem of Tagore's that says, "No one will remain forever, nothing will remain forever; with happiness you should go ahead, go ahead."

Baba told us that so many big buildings, so many big cities and projects we have made on this planet. The Taj Mahal's maker is no longer here, and the Taj Mahal itself will not remain forever. So there is nothing to be sad about; we should just keep doing our duties with happiness.

Baba then continued taking reports.

79

One day in reporting, Baba told us that we shouldn't have any ego. He said that Parama Purusa can tolerate anything--even big mistakes, but He cannot tolerate even a little ego.

Baba looked at one dada who was supposed to have convinced one person to be a wholetimer in one week. "This boy was telling everybody that one wholetimer was nothing--he could create ten wholetimers in a week," Baba said. "But Parama Purusa was laughing at this boy's ego. He couldn't make even one."

Baba showed His angry face. "Don't you understand that Parama Purusa is doing everything through you? How can you have so much ego about yourself?"

Dada bowed his head and kept mum.

Dada S likes to read books. He wants to be a great intellectual, and constantly reads. One day Baba was not satisfied with his report, and said, "By only reading books day and night you cannot do anything constructive for the society. You must work hard to serve the people. Do you want to be a bookworm in the next life?"

Baba went on scolding him right and left. Finally He told Dada, "Do more social service, more sadhana, and be happy always." Dada changed a lot since that day.

DMC was happening at Ananda Nagar. We were all bathing in the small river close to Baba's house. Dada Y forgot to bring body soap, so he thought it would be okay to use laundry soap just once.

We went to give reports. Baba looked at another dada and asked, "While taking a bath, what soap should you use?"

"Body soap, Baba."

"Should you use laundry soap for your body? Is it good for your health?" Baba asked.

"No, Baba."

Dada Y understood and was grateful for Baba's indirect attention.

Baba often speaks about Vidya and Avidya Tantra. He says that Vidya Tantra is more powerful than Avidya Tantra. Avidya Tantriks always degenerate because they misuse their power for selfish reasons.

I was posted at Midnapore, and went to a village Margii's house for pracar. I arrived at noon, and saw a monk (dressed in red) leaving the house. I asked the Margii brother about it. He said the monk had come for begging, but after seeing me had fled; he didn't know why.

After a few days, I went with another dada to the cremation ground at midnight for Kapalika Sadhana. As soon as we arrived, two people ran away; we could see with our flashlights that they were wearing red clothes.

After a long time I went to Calcutta, and was talking with Baba. I told Him about these two incidents. He told me that Avidya Tantrikas are afraid of Vidya Tantrikas, and when they see a Vidya sadhaka, they cannot tolerate his vibration and they run away. "No Vidya sadhaka should be afraid of anything," Baba said. "No evil force can hurt them or disturb them. So my boy, don't worry about any kind of evil force in this universe."

There is one dada who is very intellectual, and he used to think that he knew more than anybody else. When Baba gave the "Baba Nam Kevalam" kiirtan to be done before sadhana, this dada didn't like it; he said it was for devotees, and he didn't like to sing and dance in front of people. He never did kiirtan.

One day we came for reporting, and Baba requested us to do Avarta Kiirtan. This dada had to do it; he couldn't

avoid the situation. Before Baba left the room, he looked at this dada and said, "I think you like kiirtan very much, right?"

"Yes, Baba," Dada replied.

"Kiirtan is very good for you," Baba said, and left.

In the evening I went to massage Baba, and he asked me about this dada. I had to reply truthfully, "Baba, until now he didn't like kiirtan at all." Baba told me that from that day he would like it a lot.

The last time I saw this dada he was singing kiirtan all the time.

84

During reporting time, Baba was taking reports for only about 45 minutes, and spending the rest of the time teaching us and telling stories. One of those days, Baba was annoyed with one dada. When Baba asked for his report, he just looked out the window and didn't answer.

"What are you doing looking at the sky?" Baba said. "What are you thinking?" Baba was really furious. "This boy didn't do any work for the last three months," He said. "He didn't even try." Baba said that if you take the target to be first in the class, at least you will make it to second. If your target is second, at least you'll be third. If your target is third, you will fail. So your goal should always be to become more than first; then you will be first. What you have to do tomorrow, try to finish it today; and what you have to do today, do right now. Then you can accomplish a lot in a short time.

Brother A came for Dharma Samiiksa. Baba wasn't very happy with him. Baba said, "It was raining until the afternoon; after the rain stopped, what did you do?"

This brother was scared; he didn't want to be exposed in front of everyone.

"Why did you not realize that Baba was watching you?" Baba turned to us. "Do you know what this boy did? He called his friend and went to a little hut where no one was staying. There they both smoked marijuana." Baba told exactly the village and the location of the hut, and that while they smoked, a frog nearby was making a particular sound. This brother bowed his head in shame.

Then Baba smiled and said, "I don't know anything; that flying frog came and told me."

I had heard from many people that Baba knows many languages; I was thinking, 'how is it possible?'

I went for reporting with one dada from France. During reporting suddenly Baba's mood changed. He asked what was the French pronunciation of the word 'restaurant.' Dada V said something, then Baba asked the French dada if he was correct. "Almost correct," he replied.

Then Baba pronounced it very differently, and turned to the French dada and asked, "Is this correct?" Dada replied that it was 100% perfect. Baba started telling us about the French language, and He spoke in French to Dada for a long time. Finally He turned to us with a smile and said, "When I was in school, I studied a little French." He stood up and was ready to go. I was standing nearby with folded hands. Baba suddenly took hold of my hands

and said, "My S knows French even better than me!" He smiled widely and left.

87

Mr. X was a government servant working in the Intelligence Branch (I.B.) in India. He always used to collect reports about Ananda Marga and submit them to the government.

He took initiation from one dada and was collecting more information about Ananda Marga without Dada's knowledge. Finally his whole family was initiated, and he got a promotion for his fine intelligence work.

Baba was in jail in Patna. To get more information, Mr. X went to see Baba. He was sitting just next to Baba's bed. After a while, Baba called him closer, and took his hands. "You did so many nasty things," said Baba. "You must remove all the dirt from your mind right now, then you will be happy."

Mr. X started crying. From that moment his life completely changed. Later the whole family became very good devotees.

88

After a long struggle, I had finally opened a school. I couldn't get any LFT for a teacher, so I appointed a local teacher. I knew he was smoking cigarettes secretly, but I didn't say anything.

I came for reporting to the Jodhpur Park office while the teacher took care of the school. My turn came, and

Baba asked me, "Do you have LFT teachers in your school?" I was hesitating to answer. Baba looked at me with a serious face and said, "Why do you allow your teacher to smoke? Why don't you stop him?" I was thinking that I should tell Baba that he didn't smoke in front of the children; but He took the words from my mouth.

"Shameful!" He said, "He is smoking in front of the children in the classroom!" Baba told me to dismiss the teacher immediately.

I went to the school, and the teacher left. The students complained that the teacher had been smoking in the classroom that day. I fired the teacher and within a few days two LFTs came to work at the school.

89

In those days Baba used to give General Darshan twice a week, on Wednesdays and Sundays. He came to the Jodhpur Park office to take our reports, and afterward He would give General Darshan. One day, I was behind the dais, fanning Him. After kiirtan Baba started giving discourse. It was very hot, so I was fanning very strongly; Baba continued for more than an hour, and I was absorbed completely in fanning Him. After darshan, when Baba had left, I saw that my right palm had blisters all over it.

In the evening I went to massage Baba. I didn't show the blisters to anyone, but just entered Baba's room and did Sastaung Pranam. Baba called me close and took my hands. He started massaging my right hand and said, "How did you get this?" I was silent.

"Today you took so much trouble for me!" He said. "Do you have pain?"

"No, Baba," I replied. He touched my palm very softly. That evening He didn't let me massage Him, but instead asked me to tell Him some stories. I told Him some ghost stories, until He fell asleep. I then left, feeling full of His blessings and love.

90

A year after I had been in a near-fatal car accident, I went to see Baba in Calcutta. It was Sunday when I arrived, and there was no space in the hall. The workers were sitting and standing near the door.

Baba started His discourse. They let me stand in the corner by the doorway and watch. After His discourse, Baba told one brother to sing Prabhat Samgiita and Baba closed His eyes and listened.

I couldn't control myself; after one year I was seeing my Baba. I started weeping. Suddenly Baba looked at me and then closed His eyes again. Three times, He looked at me this way, with a very penetrating glance, and each time I cried more deeply from my heart.

Baba returned to His room, and soon the GS came downstairs. He told me Baba had asked about my health and had said that I would be all right, and that He was glad to see me. My heart filled with joy.

At Midnapore DMC, I was taking care of Baba's food. Baba sat on His bed and the table was in front. I brought Him a glass of water, and was holding it at the top. Baba shouted at me, "Don't you know any social norms?" He said. "When offering a drink, hold the glass by the bottom, not the top." I was nervous and brought another glass; Baba smiled at me and started eating.

The next day I was again serving His food. Brother K was a very good devotee there. He cooked for Baba, and had a desire to see Baba eating; but there was no scope for him to enter Baba's room.

Baba started eating; there were many bowls with different kinds of vegetables. One was a little bit dark. Baba asked me what it was, and I told Him I thought maybe it was eggplant with neem. He said perhaps it was bitter gourd. I disagreed; Baba said to call the cook.

K was waiting outside the door. When I called him, he couldn't believe it. Baba asked him what it was, saying that it must be bitter gourd. K replied that it was eggplant, cooked in a different way. Baba said, "See, I don't know anything about food. You know so much about it."

Baba started the plant program, whereby Margiis from all over the world brought plants for His gardens. From New York Sector, brother A went to see Baba and took a few plants; whenever He went for field walk, Baba would give a lot of attention to this brother.

Brother X from the same sector went to see Baba and didn't take any plants. Baba didn't look at him once for a whole week. Brother X was a good singer, but Brother

A didn't know anything more than the first line of "Bandhu He." One evening Baba came back from His walk and was sitting inside the gate on the porch. Brother A was sitting along with other devotees. Baba asked, "Do you know Prabhath Samgiita?" Brother A was nervous, but he went ahead and sang the first line of "Bandhu He." Baba then interrupted. "You can sing so nicely," He said. "Very good, very good."

Finally after a week had passed, brother X arranged for some plants to be given on his behalf. That evening, Baba asked him to sing, and he cried through the whole song.

93

Dada S was thinking that he was more intelligent than most people. He was very proud that he read so many books.

Four of us went for reporting. Afterwards, Baba asked Dada S a simple question about geography, and Dada couldn't answer. "Why do you read so many books if you can't answer this simple question?" Baba asked. Dada kept mum. Baba teased him. "Intellectual!" He said. "He wants to be an intellectual giant! You'll get nothing unless you do sadhana, understand?"

Dada understood.

I was touring in Mexico, when I was called to Calcutta for RDS. I went to Baba's room, and he asked about New York Sector. I told Him about our projects, particularly Sadavrata. Baba said that we should do most of our Sadavrata in the Third World countries such as Guatemala, Mexico, etc. and that the U.S. and Canada need more psychic and spiritual service.

While we were talking, I said, "Baba, it is very hard for family Margiis to get up at 5 a.m. to do Paincajanya."

"The family Margiis should go to bed early," He said. "Then it will be very easy for them to do Paincajanya. I introduced Paincajanya so that everyone can enjoy more spiritual bliss. Understand?"

Dada K and Dada M both had leg pain at the same time. They were bedridden and suffering a lot. Baba was coming to the Jodhpur Park office every day. Once He came to the door of the room where both dadas were staying. Baba told Dada K about some medicine he could take, but He ignored Dada M.

Dada K was cured after a few days, but Dada M continued to suffer. He was annoyed with Baba, thinking he had been neglected. After a few days Baba stopped near them and said, "Pain may be the same, but different persons have their own samskaras to remove in different ways. Understand?"

Dada M understood and thanked Baba.

96

One dada came for Dharma Samiiksa, and Baba asked him why he didn't wash his mouth after eating mangoes the day before yesterday in the afternoon. Baba said that the mango threads were still in his teeth and could cause a toothache.

Dada promised he would be more careful in the future.

97

We were playing in the courtyard of Baba's house in Patna. It was noontime, and Baba called a few dasas to His room. He said that He reintroduced tandava in 1971 after about 7,000 years ago in Shiva's time. He said the dance is for males only, so the women were feeling left out. "So in order to remove their pain, today I am introducing kaosikii," He said.

Baba taught them, and held a competition. They then emerged from His room and taught us. That was the first day of our kaosikii practice.

98

When Baba first gave kaosikii, it spread all over the world. I was in Bengal, where we were teaching the Margiis. Baba came to know that I was demonstrating tandava and kaosikii many times a day. I went on Field Walk with Him, and He said, "It is nice to teach dances like tandava and kaosikii. But every time you should charge at least a half kilo of milk to maintain your health!" Baba smiled and turned to His driver. "Am I right? Don't you think S should charge milk every time he teaches?"

"Yes, Baba," said the driver.

Once I brought some very nice mango trees to Baba. I was very careful with them because I knew Baba wanted them. Each tree was about eight feet long; there were nine of them. The bus company was creating problems, but finally I arrived with the trees intact. Baba was very glad.

After six months, the GS called me and told me that Baba was asking for me. I went to His room and did Sastaunga Pranam. "Can you bring some plants from Allahabad?" He asked.

"Yes, Baba," I replied. Then He started explaining to me what plants He wanted, where I could get them, etc. He told me the exact nurseries and then asked me if I understood everything. Then He told me to bring one or two extra of each variety, because during the 24- hour train ride some may die. Then He turned to the PA. "S can bring very good plants. You see, last time he brought such nice mango trees!"

Baba's love and compliments made my mind very happy and I left for Allahabad immediately. I found everything just where Baba had described.

One evening Dada D and I went to massage Baba's feet. The last few days had been very intense, with a lot of reporting. Baba said, "How did you like RDS?"

"It was very nice, Baba," I replied, "We have a lot of speed and inspiration now."

Baba laughed. "Have you seen the steam-engine trains?" He asked. "When the train is slowly leaving the platform it says, 'Yato deve tato nevo (the more you give,

the more I take). Then when the train picks up speed it says, "Ka(n)ca te(n)tul, paka te(n)tul (raw tamarind, ripe tamarind)." Baba said this very fast--it sounded funny. He went on. "After a few hours, when the train gets out into the field, it says, "Yacchi yavo, yacchi yavo (I am going, I will go)." Baba said this very slowly.

"The workers are like that, right?" He said with a smile. "During RDS it is 'Yato deve tato nevo'; while leaving it is 'ka(n)ca te(n)tul paka te(n)tul'; and when in the field, forget all speed and say 'ya---chi---ya---vo'; no speed!" We all laughed. "Am I wrong?" Baba asked.

"Baba, you are right!" we said, laughing very hard.

101

One day Baba was talking about human psychology. He said it isn't necessary to read a lot of books; when you do spiritual practices, eventually you will understand people. He said people with very thick skin often have criminal mentality.

One dada said, "But Baba, I have thick skin. What to do?"

Baba laughed and told him that if he did more sadhana his skin would become thin. Baba went on to say that many people are what we call "shuchibai" or picky. They are always saying "don't do this," and "don't touch that." Baba said that these people's minds are full of dirt, and that is why they think everything is dirty. He told this story:

Once a devotee of Rama passed by a tree and heard a bird singing in its branches. He heard the bird singing, "Ram, Sita, Dasharath." (Sita was Rama's wife, Dasharath his father). He felt happy that the bird was singing the Lord's name.

Then a Muslim man passed by the same tree. He heard the bird singing, "Allah Khoda Hazrat." He felt glad that even the birds were singing the praises of the Muslim god.

Then a boy came by. He was thinking that no one liked him because he was only a lowly waiter at a hotel, serving onion and garlic to everyone. But then he heard the bird singing, "Garlic, onion, ginger," and felt happy.

Next a wrestler came by. He had heard that if one does a lot of physical exercise his brain will become dull. But then he heard the bird in the tree. It was singing, "Push-ups, sit-ups, knee-bends."

Baba laughed heartily and said, "You see, the bird was singing only bird song. But each, according to his own psychology, heard what he wanted to hear."

These stories are the personal experiences of the author with his Spiritual Master and Guru, Shrii Shrii Anandamurti. Written in a clear and straightforward style, yet with a beautiful charm, these stories teach us wisdom, self-discipline and, most of all, reflect the true meaning of BABA, which means "most beloved."