

**BABA
LOVES
ALL**

AC. DHRUVANANDA AVT.

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A COLLECTION OF STORIES, DREAMS AND POEMS

BY AC. DHRUVANANDA AVT.

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Published by Ac. Anandeshvarananda Avt.,
Chief Secretary, Seva Dharma Mission.
Berlin Sector.
Ananda Purnima, 1988.

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This book is for the devotee since only he or she can fully appreciate the love and beauty contained in its pages. The cynical reader will certainly find much to doubt and he or she will see only a series of coincidences. The pure in heart, those who have much love for God, know that His grace is, on the one hand, the greatest mystery and on the other hand, it is revealed in the simplest of everyday occurrences.

Many people, wholetimers, family margiis and especially the past and present trainees of Sweden training centre know that the printed story is no substitute for the inspired dharma shastra of Dhruvananda dada. It is not so much that he is a master story teller in the technical sense, rather it is how he himself expresses the very fine qualities which he illustrates with his stories - devotion, surrender, full faith in Baba and so on.

The stories in the first part of this book have been selected for their inspirational and educational value. They are mostly arranged in chronological order. Names and places have been included for historical interest and accuracy, however, it has been necessary to withhold the names in several cases. In many of the stories the words of Baba are expressed in quotation marks, however these should not be treated as literal quotations but rather the spirit of what Baba said. The dreams and poems in the second and third parts respectively, add a more intimate dimension to what is a very personal book.

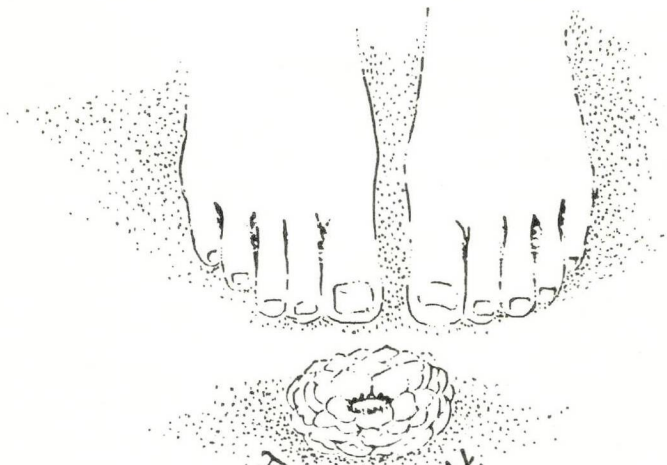
Editor.

Author's note

Baba is so great. In otah and protah yoga He is connected with each and everybody so it is surely impossible to fully describe His merits in words. This book is not a history or a biography; nor is it even a comprehensive collection of the experiences of many devotees. Nowhere in this book have I written about His enormous contribution to literature, to spiritual and social philosophy, neo-humanism and to the overall collective welfare of humanity. I am sure the time will come when many devotees will write about Him and His great works. This book is only the experiences of a few devotees in their personal lives under the silent love and care of Baba.

Devotees like to hear stories about Baba and many have inspired me to write down these memories and publish my poems. I have not planned this book. The credit lies with His persistent devotees, I give thanks to them all, especially the following people, Ac. Dhyaneshanandajii, Shraddhananda dada, Ac. Tadbhavanandajii, Brcii. Kirana Ac. and Janardana Brc.

To Baba'



*Dedicated At
His Lotus Feet*

On the occasion of His 67th. birthday.

CONTENTS

Preface	1
Stories	3
Dreams	51
Poems	55
Epilogue	82

PREFACE

During my early adolescence, before my introduction to Ananda Marga, my mother was encouraging me to take initiation from a guru. I told her, "These gurus are not sincere, they are businessmen trying to get something from others. We don't need to take initiation from any guru. It is better that we offer pranam to God each morning and evening and do charitable works to help the poor." My mother and I were already doing this and I had faith in God and the desire to do social work. It was my habit to challenge the established dogmas of idol worshiping, casteism, etc. and I had met many priests and gurus and was not impressed by them.

Eight years later when I heard the name Ananda Marga from a friend I was immediately attracted. After a few days I met with an acarya and asked him, "By meditation, can one be great or not?" He replied, "Only by meditation can one be great," and he told me about yama and niyama and I was quite satisfied. Then he spoke about Anandamurtijiji and I had no doubt at all in my mind that He was not like the gurus I had previously met. The earlier misgivings about false gurus and exploitation did not arise in my mind. I had full faith and a strong desire to be initiated.

I was sincere in my spiritual practice and after about six months some acaryas began to encourage me to become a wholetime worker. Nothing was further from my mind - no doubt I liked the work of Ananda Marga but I still had attraction for my family. I could appreciate the greatness of the Marga but the mind was not ready for the life of a sanyasin. My acarya then advised me to get Baba's personal contact. I was pleased with this idea and went immediately to Jamalpur. When I sat before Baba he told me to place my hand on my chest and promise three times that I would leave my home. Even though many acaryas could not convince me, I promised before Baba without hesitation. When I came out from His room I thought, "Baba wants me to sacrifice for the greater cause and as I have promised then I must do it but not for some time yet." I told the ashram manager in Jamalpur that I would go to my home and return later.

When I reached my home I knew my mother would be very upset to hear of

When I reached my home I knew my mother would be very upset to hear of my decision, still I resolved to do it and informed my family and friends. Everyone tried to discourage me for my mother's sake. I appealed mentally to Baba, "As I have promised You, then You must make my mind so that I can forget all attachment for the family and join as a worker in Your mission." Gradually I felt all attachment leaving me and my mind became free.

I left my home and went to Calcutta where I briefly saw Baba in the airport as He was going to Agartala. Then I went to Ananda Nagar and after some days Baba also arrived there. One afternoon I was walking towards Baba's house and an acarya was also going there with juice for Baba and he asked if I would like to give it to Baba. Of course I was very happy for the chance and while I was in His room, Baba said two things which I took as hints to me that I should quickly become a wholetime. One thing that was causing delay was my desire for university study. I thought that I couldn't be a good pracaraka if I didn't learn something first. In His room Baba said, "Hanuman (the monkey devotee of Ramchandra) is bigger but the squirrel is not small." Then He said, "If a rich man who has lakhs of rupees donates 100 rupees he is not so great as the man who, having only 100 rupees donates 1 rupee." So I decided to forget about higher education and reasoned that if someone wants to learn, they can learn anywhere. Then I took some necessary training at Ananda Nagar and went to my posting as teacher in Laheriasarai school.

This is how Baba made me His full time worker. I was completely inspired by His personality, philosophy and also a recent Ananda Vanii - "Be great by your sadhana, service and sacrifice." I am very happy that Baba has drawn me into His mission because here I have the chance to engage fully in working for the benefit of others. On my spiritual journey, no obstacles have been to great. He is always guiding me like a loving father.

STORIES

Early in 1964 Baba was going to Muzaffarpur by train for DMC and on the way the train stopped at Samastipur station for 5 minutes. I came along with many margiis and workers to see Baba in the station. Baba did not leave the train but was sitting next to a window and all the margiis crowded around this window. I stood about one and a half metres from Him and I could see Baba very clearly. Then I saw another worker pushing margiis to go closer to Baba and I felt some reaction. I did not say anything but I thought, "Baba is the all-knowing entity so I don't need to come close and show my face to Him. Baba knows I have come so I should offer the chance to the margiis to see Him." So I quietly went to the back of the crowd.

A few months later during the school holidays, I went from Laheriasarai, where I was posted as a teacher, to Jamalpur to see Baba. I told Baba's P.A. I wanted to meet privately with Baba but I would not tell him the reason for my request. I asked him to tell Baba that I wished to speak with Him but I wouldn't tell the cause. Baba agreed so I entered His room and did sastaunga pranam and sat beside the wall, some distance from Baba, in viira'sana. Baba asked, "Have you learned Hindi?" "No Baba, I have not learnt Hindi," I said. "You will learn it very quickly," Baba said. In an expressive way with my hands I asked, "Baba, have I come here to learn Hindi? I have come for some spiritual realisation." Baba replied, "The day you were standing behind all the margiis in Samastipur station - in that moment I paid my first attention to you. In that moment I blessed you and your realisation started. Now come closer to me." I came very close to Him and He placed His thumb on my trikuti and His fingers on my head. He gave three blessings for spiritual realisation and told me, "These are your secret things, do not tell it to others."

After this I thought Baba is aghrdanii, like Shiva, that is, one who without hesitation gives blessings for the welfare of others.



When I was a relatively new margii I heard the following story - unfortunately I have forgotten the names of those involved.

A young boy was meditating as he waited for the train in Indas station in Biirbhum district. There was also one avidya tantrika waiting there. When the boy had finished meditation the avidya tantrika approached and began talking to him in such a way as to convince him of the benefits of avidya tantra. The boy was strong minded

and told the man that he already had the best guru. The avidya tantrika felt insulted and as he sat on the train he became more and more angry. By the time he reached his destination he had resolved to kill the boy. That evening he sat in his special asana and directed his mental power toward the boy, many miles away. The boy was sleeping on his cot and the avidya tantrika could see him but he could not make his mental force touch the boy - it was as if a shield surrounded him. Then he saw at each of the four corners of the bed that a beautiful figure of a person wearing spectacles was standing. Again he tried to apply his mental force but failed. Then he understood that this boy was not an ordinary boy and that he was protected by a great power. The following day, the avidya tantrika visited the home of the boy, told him of the previous night's happenings and begged his forgiveness. The boy asked him to describe in detail the figure which had protected him and understood that it was Baba. He told the avidya tantrika, "This is my guru, Anandamurtijiji."



It was a great privilege to be near Baba's family, especially Baba's mother, Thakurma. She was a very loving and respected lady. One day I wanted to know something about Baba from her. She said, "You are the disciples, He is my son. You, the disciples, know better. I know nothing about Him." But anyway I requested her to tell at least something about Baba because she was His mother. She told me not to tell Baba.

First I heard from her that one day while Baba was leaving Ranchi in the car with some margii brothers, including his bodyguard and driver, the car was passing a big jungle and Baba suddenly asked the driver to stop the car. Baba opened His door and hurriedly entered the jungle. The margiis accompanying Baba were surprised and quickly followed. They could hear a loud cry, "Baba, Baba, save me, save me!" Baba moved towards the caller and the margiis heard Baba say, "Leave him! Leave him!" They found that the caller was a man encircled by live snakes. But with Baba's command the snakes immediately left. The man then ran to Baba and threw himself in sastaunga pranam. Baba rebuked him, saying, "You have done many crimes and now you are getting the punishment from nature! You should not be excused! But now I have excused you. Will you do such crimes again in this life?" The weeping man replied, "No, no, Baba, I will not do any crime. I will do good." The man left and Baba and the astonished margiis returned to the car.

Baba's Samskṛta teacher loved Baba very much because He was very intelligent. His wife was also close to Thakurma. They were close friends and the wife of

the Samskrta teacher frequently visited Baba's house. On one occasion she was telling Thakurma how, at the time of her mother's death, she had not been present in the house; "Oh! I am so unlucky that at the time of death I could not see her. If I had at least one chance to see my mother then I would be very glad." Baba heard about this and asked His mother, "Ma, you ask her, if she sees her dead mother will she become afraid? If she wants I can do that." When the teacher's wife heard Baba's proposal she immediately agreed and said, "Yes, I am eager to see my mother." Then Baba called her into a room and asked her if she would be afraid if her mother were to physically appear in the room. She replied that she would not. So Baba gave her the chance there and then to see her expired mother. He made the woman appear, sitting on a boat. After sometime Baba asked her if she had seen her. She replied, "Yes". "Now are you satisfied?" "Yes," she said. "So now you may go," Baba told her.

Once Thakurma said to me, "Dhruvananda, all my sons are very intelligent. You can test them. Now Bubu is here. (Bubu was a petname for Baba) He is extraordinarily intelligent. If I ask Him anything which He learned in His boyhood then He will repeat it without missing any word." To demonstrate her point Thakurma asked Baba to tell one poem, one lengthy poem, to me. Baba began to tell a very big poem. When He finished Thakurma commented, "You see, in boyhood He has learnt it and He remembers everything word by word! My sons are very intelligent!"

Many times Thakurma would say, "Dhruvananda, you are a disciple, you and the brothers know Him well. As a mother I cannot recognise Him but He has some power because thousands and thousands of people are coming before Him, so there is some power surely. But I do not know what that power is. You know more, devotees know more."

Once Baba approached Thakurma like the obedient son which He was, to ask her permission to attend a DMC. "Ma, G.S. is asking if I will address the DMC. Can I go?" Mother agreed and also said, "I would like to meet your General Secretary to tell him that Bubu will not ask personally `give me this food and that food', or tell when and what to give. So you be sure to serve Him." So Baba was respecting His mother very much and was doing the work with her permission. And at the same time Thakurma was taking very good care of her child, who, although grown up, would not demand food from anybody.



One day I was at the house of a margii brother, Jitenbabu. I asked him to tell a Baba story. He said he could tell me of an experience which had happened to Dhanagopal Chattaraj, a non-margii.

Dhanagopal was a clerk in the accounting section of the railway. He often suffered from stomach trouble, and it was his habit to take a walk by the hills every evening to take fresh air. Every evening as he returned from his walk he could see a light moving towards him. As this white effulgence came closer and passed him, he saw that it was none other than Prabhatda.

Dhanagopal was often repeating the name of Krsna. Even during the rest break in the office, he would close his eyes and remember the name of Krsna. One day as he sat during his work break, repeating the name of Krsna, he heard a sweet voice in his ear, "Hello!" Immediately he opened his eyes and saw that Lord Krsna was standing before him. He rubbed his eyes repeatedly in astonishment but the form of Krsna did not disappear. Krsna was smiling. After some time Dhanagopal realized that this entity was actually Prabhatda. After this he became initiated into Ananda Marga.



At the time when I was in charge of the children's home and school in Jamalpur, I met a lady to discuss the admission of her child. Eventually the discussion came around to the topic of Baba. "You people come from far and wide to see your Baba, while we, His neighbours, don't recognize Him," said Mrs. Sen of Rampur Railway Colony Jamalpur. "Though I don't know much about your Baba, my eldest son, who is not a margii, told me about one experience he had. My son is a devotee of the goddess Kali, but he had the habit of following your Baba, tagging along at some distance behind Him and the group of margiis when they went for field walk. My husband and I would sometimes rebuke him for doing this, but he continued to follow your Baba up to the field near the hill. One day when he came back we rebuked him, saying, 'What have you found in Him?' Then my son replied, 'Today I have found a great thing in Him; He is not a man, He's Narayan. I saw Him standing in the field in His white effulgence, holding His shaunka, cakra, gada and padma (conch, wheel, cudgel and lotus).' So from my son's experience I know that your Baba is not an ordinary man, He is something great."

Vimal Chandra Mitra was a non-margii living in Jamalpur and occasionally I would visit him. Once he asked, "How is the progress of Ananda Marga?" I told him that our work was progressing well throughout the whole world and that no one can stop Baba's mission because He is so powerful. Vimalbabu replied, "You are a missionary worker so you have to say these things, but even though I am not an Ananda Margii, I believe it fully. Can I tell you a story about Baba.?" Of course I agreed.

A young man who worked in the Jamalpur railway workshop had been convicted of a murder which occurred in Kuil, about an hour and a half from Jamalpur by train. The man was sentenced to death by hanging so the family appealed to the High Court but the conviction was upheld. Somehow the family knew of Baba and they had faith that He had some power. Baba was working in the accounts section of the Jamalpur railway workshop and as He was leaving work the family of this convicted murderer were waiting at the gate. They requested Baba, "Do something for our son, save his life." Baba said, "I am a very ordinary man, how can I do this thing, it is not possible." Again and again they appealed to Baba, but Baba was adamant that He could not help them and finally the family went away. One another day the whole family came again to the workshop gate to appeal to Baba and again Baba said there was nothing He could do. Even so this family still kept their hope in Baba and came a third time to meet Baba as He left work. This time Baba said, "Move the case into the Supreme Court."

This they did and in the Supreme Court new evidence arose which suggested that the accused was present at work on the day of the murder and could not have reached Kuil by any means. He was acquitted.

When Vimalbabu heard about this matter he approached Baba and asked, "You tell that every action has reaction, that Prakrti doesn't excuse anybody and that for bad actions if the reaction is delayed then it becomes greater. So what happened in this case? You know he committed the murder, so where is the punishment?" Baba replied, "What can Prakrti do to me? For this person I took some punishment - a nail entered my foot and a few drops of blood came out. To save his life I did it. What more can Prakrti do to me?"

From this we can see that whether a margii or a non-margii, if one has great faith on Baba and depends on Him, He feels mercy and gives the necessary help.



Vinay Sinha was an accountant in the Jamalpur railway accounts office and when he was transferred from there his colleagues held a farewell party. During the party he was offered a garland on behalf of all. He accepted the garland and then said he wanted to give it to Prabhatda. Although he was not a margii he had great respect for Baba. Baba took the garland but among those present there was another man who knew Baba had some power and had wanted to get something from Him for a long time. Baba asked him, "Would you like to have this garland?" He was very happy of course and Baba instructed him to wrap it in a red cloth. He did so and kept it in a box which he would regularly open because it was a symbol of his love for Prabhatda. He had wanted Baba to fulfil certain desires and as long as the garland was in his home his desires were gradually satisfied. One day after all these desires had been fulfilled, he opened the box and found the garland had disappeared.



One of Baba's non-margii colleagues from the Jamalpur Railway Workshop was quite sick and needed hospital treatment. The Mokamah Christian Hospital was the best hospital but he knew that it was very difficult to get admitted if one was not a christian. He told Baba about the situation and Baba advised, "It is not a hard thing. First you become a christian for the period of treatment and when you are well again then you can become a hindu." He took the advice.



In the very beginning of Ananda Marga on a particular day many margiis saw Baba in different parts of Jamalpur at the same time. At the next general darshan one margii asked Baba, "On this day at this time did You go to Rampur?" Baba said "Yes". Another asked, "Baba, did You go to Keshavpur at this time on this day?" Baba said "Yes". Baba also told that he was in Monghur Rd. at the same time. The margiis asked, "How is it possible Baba?" and He replied, "Physically I was not there but my mental body appeared at all these places."

I had a personal experience regarding the same phenomenon in 1965. Baba would walk to the jagrti each morning and when He arrived either myself or His P.A., Ac. Abhedanandajii, would bring the key and open the door for Him. One morning I was surprised to see Baba approaching the jagrti so I ran to fetch the key and open His room but when I returned I saw He was not there. I understood He can appear anywhere at any moment.



One day I was sitting in a dispensary talking with some margiis and non-margiis. Among them was one Shaunkar Mukharjii, a non-margii, who worked in the same office at the table next to Baba's. He had a deep reverence for Baba. He used to enjoy hearing many things from Baba and often had that chance. The following story he told in 1975.

In 1960, Shaunkarda's son Gaotam was suffering from typhoid and his fever rose to 106 degrees Fahrenheit. The boy was very uncomfortable in spite of being under the treatment of a doctor Sudiir Sen of Jamalpur, who had prescribed drugs such as chloromycitine capsules, camoquin, chloramine, etc. When the fever showed no

signs of letting up, Shaunkarda became apprehensive and started mentally asking Baba for His blessing. Just at that time Baba sent a message to Shaunkarda through one of his colleagues telling him not to feel perturbed and not to change the doctor since the boy was suffering from typhoid with a secondary infection of malaria and the correct medicine was being administered. Baba also wanted Shaunkar to meet Him in the office the next day. When they met, Baba inquired if Gaotam's temperature had come down, and Shaunkar nodded his head.

Tarapada Mukarjii, the elder brother of Shaunkarda, was a retired railway employee and a pensioner. He suffered from chronic gastric ulcers and both of his legs were partially lame so it was difficult for him to walk long distances. He faced great difficulty to draw his pension money from the Monghyr treasury. One summer day he went with Shaunkarda to draw his pension. It was an extremely hot day and he began feeling tremendous stomach pain. To add to the problems, the treasury office was very crowded and the treasury officer was not a kind man. Shaunkarda was feeling helpless and could not decide what to do. He started thinking of Baba for guidance. Just then something miraculous occurred. Shrii Tarapada Mukharjii who had been in great pain just a minute before, suddenly stood up and went straight to the treasury officer. Strangely enough, the unsympathetic man handed over all the relevant papers, duly complied with all respect and without further delay. Now the problem was to draw the money from the State bank where there was an equally big rush. There was no alternative but to stand in the scorching sun. Shrii Tarapada Mukharjii again started feeling pain. Shaunkarda, feeling helpless, remembered Baba. Unexpectedly, an unknown person approached them. "This gentleman is very sick," he said, "how can he be expected to draw the money." Then he took the payorder from Shrii Tarapada Mukharjii's hand and brought him the money in the twinkling of an eye. Shaunkarda understood immediately that all this had happened due to Baba's grace. The next day as Shaunkar entered the office, he heard Baba telling Gopu and Vimal, "Yesterday at about 11 o'clock, my chair shook all of a sudden and I felt that Shaunkar must be in some trouble. Shaunkar loves me, so I prayed to God on his behalf to help him." When Baba saw Shaunkarda entering the office He asked him, "Shaunkar, is your work finished?"

Some time later Baba was living in Ranchi and an acarya was going from Jamalpur to Ranchi to have His darshan. Shaunkarda told him to convey to Baba the news that Shrii Tarapada Mukharjii was suffering very badly and had been most uncomfortable for the last few days. In spite of continuing treatment by doctor Sudiir Sen, he had developed serious complications. The Acarya reached Ranchi at about 11 am. and Baba called him at once and asked, "How is Shaunkar?" The Acarya told that Shaunkar's brother was seriously ill. Baba told him to inform Shaunkar that his

brother would survive only two or three days more. The Acarya came back to Jamalpur on Saturday and told Shaunkarda what Baba had forecast about his elder brother. Shaunkarda became highly disturbed and rushed to the doctor who had thoroughly checked over the patient just the day before. The doctor assured him that there would be no danger for at least the next three weeks. He also expressed his annoyance and advised Shaunkarda not to be so nervous. Shrii Tarapada Mukharjii expired on the Tuesday at about 8 am, two or three days after Shaunkarda had received Baba's message. Shaunkarda was relieved when his brother's suffering was finished.

Once Baba had some fun with Shaunkarda. One day in the office He asked him, "Shaunkar, are you a very brave man?"

Shaunkar replied, "I am brave."

Baba remarked to another in the office, "You see Vimal, Shaunkar is very brave."

Some days later one hot summer night, Shaunkarda was sleeping in his room, the windows and door were closed and the ceiling fan was on. Suddenly he felt somebody pull on his leg, compelling him to sit up. He was very afraid.

When he reached the office the next day, Baba told to his colleague Gopu, "You know Gopu, Shaunkar is a very brave man."

Shaunkar replied, "No I'm not brave. I'm not at all brave."

In this way, Baba had some fun with him and took a test of his boldness.

As Shaunkar was very close to Baba, sometimes, in order to know many things, he would put different questions to Him. One day he asked, "Is it possible that your Sadvipra Samaj will be established?"

Baba replied, "When the time is right, it will be established."

Then Shaunkar said, "I'm not so sure that it will ever be established."

Baba asked him, "Oh? Why do you think that?"

"Well," he replied, "it is such a big undertaking."

"Would you like it to be established very quickly?"

"Yes, I'd like to see it become a reality very quickly."

"Would you like to have Sadvipra Samaj right now?"

"Yes, I'd like to have it now."

Baba's expression changed and He gave three raps on the table. "I am now ready to give you Sadvipra Samaj, but first you must tell me the names of five moralists from your workshop." (There were 15 000 men in his workshop.)

Shaunkar kept silent and could not reply. "Why are you waiting," Baba asked, "tell me the names."

"I'm thinking who those five might be," replied Shaunkar.

"Just give me the name of one moralist from your workshop and I will give you Sadvipra Samaj." Still Shaunkarda gave no reply.

"Why are you waiting?"

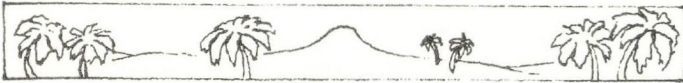
"I can't think of anyone who might qualify," said Shaunkar.

Then Baba explained, "Now Shaunkar, you can understand why I am not bringing about the Sadvipra Samaj today. At present I am creating those moralists who will assume the positions of leadership in the new Sadvipra Samaj."

Shaunkarda was a very close and reliable colleague of Baba's and he loved Him very deeply so many people wonder why he did not take Ananda Marga initiation. One day I asked Shaunkarda this question and he told me that once he asked Baba to initiate him. But as per His system, Baba declined and referred Shaunkar to an acarya. Shaunkarda did not want initiation from anyone other than Baba and has therefore never become an Ananda Margii.

Once Shaunkarda went to Ranchi for Baba's darshan. As he was not a margii, he was not allowed by the volunteers to enter into Baba's quarter so he stood on the road outside. Baba was returning from His field walk and saw Shaunkar. Very lovingly, He called him and asked him to sit in the car. Baba took him to His quarter and told him that he was His guest. Shaunkar enjoyed his stay there and at the time of departure received as a present from Baba a paperweight and a tumbler which Baba had personally used.

These are only a few of the many and varied experiences of Shaunkarda with Baba. Though he is a non-margii, he loves Him as God.



Niirenbabu is a good margii brother of Jamalpur. His sister-in-law was suffering from meningitis and was admitted to the Jamalpur Railway Hospital. It was a good hospital and the doctors were taking the best care of her, but in spite of all their efforts, her condition deteriorated daily. The doctors had given up hope of curing her so they advised the family to transfer her to the Patna Medical College (PMC) hospital. Niirenbabu then went to Baba to solicit His advice. Baba instructed him to go to His P.A. The P.A. heard the story and also told Niirenbabu that his sister-in-law should be transferred to the PMC hospital. Niirenbabu went a second time to Baba for advice. "Did you ask my P.A.?" inquired Baba.

"Yes, he also told me to go to the PMC hospital."

"Then you follow this advice." Niirenbabu kept silent. Baba asked, "Will you do this?" Niirenbabu said, "Baba, our financial condition does not permit us to take her to the PMC hospital."

"Do you want some help from me? Bring me a red flower from the garden."

Niirenbabu did this, Baba took the flower and then gave it back to him saying that he should let the flower touch the body of the patient.

Feeling great joy, Niirenbabu rode on his cycle to the market and purchased an amulet into which he put the red flower. Then he proceeded to the hospital and put the amulet on the body of the patient. Within a few hours her condition was rapidly improving. The doctor's expressed their amazement and sought an explanation. Niirenbabu explained that the flower was from a great spiritualist. The doctors admitted, "Yes, this is working now, not our medicines." The patient was not a margii, but by Baba's medicine she was cured. This kind of grace we have seen in the case of margiis and non-margiis alike.



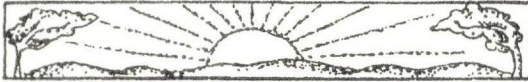
Harishaunkarjii, a margii brother of Chapra district, Bihar, worked as a railway clerk in the Jamalpur Railway Workshop and had much contact with Baba. He had a deep love and respect for Baba, but at one point in his life as a sadhaka, due to less meditation and increased pressure of work, some doubt crept into his mind about sadhana and about Baba.

Once he went on a business trip to Dimapur, in Nagaland, during the summer season. One night he was sleeping in a bus and because of the great heat, he removed all his clothes, except for his short underwear, and put them into a bag which he kept under his head. When he woke up in the morning, he found that the bag containing his clothes and valuables had been stolen. Finding himself in this predicament, he addressed Baba mentally, thinking, "Baba, what have you done? Couldn't you take care of your child?"

Then he heard Baba's voice inside rebuking him, "Why do you sleep so carelessly?" Again he thought. "Yes, Baba, I may have been careless, but you could have taken care." Just in that moment, an old man was walking past the bus and said to Harishaunkarjii, "Don't sit there like a fool, go to the station quickly." Without understanding the reason for the advice, or waiting to ask questions, he rushed to the station. Reaching there he found his bag in the hand of a man whom he immediately approached, demanding his bag. Then an argument started and a large crowd gathered. Both men were telling, "This is my bag," and the people around them were debating as to which of them was the real owner. Both of them were able to correctly list the contents of the bag, for the thief had already had a chance to see what the bag contained. Then Harishaunkarjii struck upon a question which the other found impossible to answer, "In the bag is a camera. How many pictures have been taken and

what is their subject matter?" On the basis of this question, the people determined that the margii brother must be the true owner. So he got his bag back.

Since many people had also come to know that he was in possession of a large sum of money, he wanted good protection and the station master provided him that. From this incident he could understand that Baba had made quick arrangements for his benefit and his previous faith returned to him.



In my worker's life I have seen that many times Baba gives us direct help, at other times indirect help. Sometimes we understand it, sometimes we don't.

In Monghyr District there are two children's homes, one in Jamalpur, one in Monghyr. I left Jamalpur to go on tour and on the way I went to Monghyr to visit the children's home. While there I suffered an influenza attack. Due to high fever and pains in my body, I could not leave on tour. I stayed at the children's home to regain my health. While lying there I was thinking much about the children's home in Jamalpur, for they had only enough food for 3 or 4 days. I wanted to go for collection but I was not capable, so I thought mentally, "Baba, they are your children so You take care of them as I am not physically capable." After some days I felt better and I went back to Jamalpur without any collection to see the condition of the home. When I arrived the children were glad to see me and asked, "Sir, have you brought any collection?" I told them no and then they told me how during my absence someone had come and brought sacks of beans and rice. I found out the date and calculated that it was the same day as I had told Baba mentally, "You take care of Your children."

From this we can see that when we are able to work, Baba takes work from us and when we are unable to work, He accomplishes the work indirectly.



One amavasya night, I was doing kapalika sadhana in Jamalpur Death Valley with Ac. Anishanandajii. I was sitting in meditation under a tree. After I started meditation, I heard the wind blowing at gale force as though a great storm was approaching. I opened my eyes and looked up — the tree was standing calm and quiet. Again I closed my eyes and again I heard the great wind ... the sound coming from the tree made me think it might topple over. But opening my eyes again, I saw the tree standing

motionless. Three times the same thing happened. I finished puja and returning home with Anishanandajji, I related my experience to him. He said he had experienced exactly the same. Then I started to analyse the significance of this. I came to the conclusion that a big storm would break on the Marga, but if the sadhakas opened their eyes, they would realize that it is nothing harmful for them. Shortly thereafter a group of workers defected and, in complicity with the government, tried to destroy the organisation; Baba was arrested and the emergency was imposed by the Indira Gandhi government banning Ananda Marga. In the final analysis none of these things could damage us.

On another occasion when I went for kapalika sadhana in Jamalpur Death Valley, I was requested by some margiis to allow them to come with me. Advising them to stay in a certain place, I went some distance away to do my sadhana. During sadhana, I heard a tiger roaring. The sound was coming from the place where I had left the margiis, so in the middle of my sadhana I was also thinking about them. This roaring continued for some time, however, I finished my meditation, then went back to them. I asked whether or not they had become afraid because of the tiger's roaring. They said they had not heard any tiger roaring. Then I realised that the sounds were coming from inside my body. I knew that non-kapalikas should not go into the graveyard late at night so I understood that Baba was teaching me a lesson — creating a strange situation to teach me not to incur unnecessary risks by disregarding prescribed safeguards. At this time Baba was in jail and though He was not near me physically, still He was giving His guidance. I cannot tell this story more clearly because it contains elements which concern only kapalikas, but kapalikas will understand it very easily.



One day Radheshyamjii, a margii brother from Monghyr District of Bihar, came to me for a letter of recommendation for personal contact with Baba. Though he was a good margii, and he and I had good relations, still, for some reason, I did not want to give it to him and I refused. I sent him to another avadhuta but he also refused him. When he didn't get the recommendation from either of us he was very sad and went home.

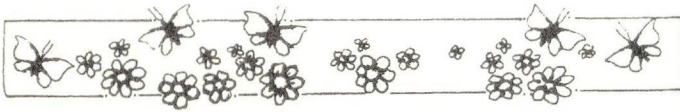
After some days he came to me in a very happy mood, "Dada, you did not give me the permission and that has proven to be a boon for me."

"How so?" I asked.

Then he explained, "I had the chance to go to Patna without paying in a truck of an

acquaintance who was going on business. Before I came for the recommendation it had been fixed that I would go with them. On that day the police were searching for some robbers and mistakenly opened fire on my friend's truck. Some people were injured and were admitted to the jail hospital. When I contacted them they expressed their wonder that I had not followed my original plan and asked me how I knew something bad would happen.

The margii brother and I came to the conclusion that it was Baba's grace I had not given him the recommendation which he sought, despite his closeness to me. This is an example of indirect help to a devotee.



One day I was standing on the road with some margiis and non-margiis. There was one man, Sadhan Banerjee, a non-margii who was working in the same office as Baba. He had a deep love and respect for Baba. He was talking with some margii brothers and was asking one Anil Battacharya, also known as Gaba Dada, "Can Prabhatda remember me? Can I see Him in the jail? Can you make the arrangements?" When Sadhan dada asked me if Baba would remember him. I said, "What are you saying? He knows everything." Sadhanda then said he thought he was the one who had received the most benefit from Baba in Jamalpur. I asked, "What do you mean?" He replied, "There are different incidents related to myself and Prabhatda. "I asked him to tell me, one by one.

He told me of one incident when he was a stenographer in a big Jamalpur workshop. To get a promotion he appeared in one examination but failed. The following day Baba asked him if he passed or not to which he replied he had not. Baba suggested he should sit again but Sadhan was pessimistic and said, "I have failed, I should not fail again." Baba encouraged him again and finally Sadhan asked Baba, "Shall I pass? If you say I will pass then I will reappear." Baba told him that he should come to Him in His office, and bring a red flower. "You will show me the flower and then sit for your examination." He did accordingly and in the exam he wrote very quickly, not knowing what he was writing. He was listening to a voice dictate to him, Pabhatda's voice. Prabhatda was not there but His voice was telling Sadhan exactly the words to write. He finished his exam and of the entire group who sat for the exam, only he passed.

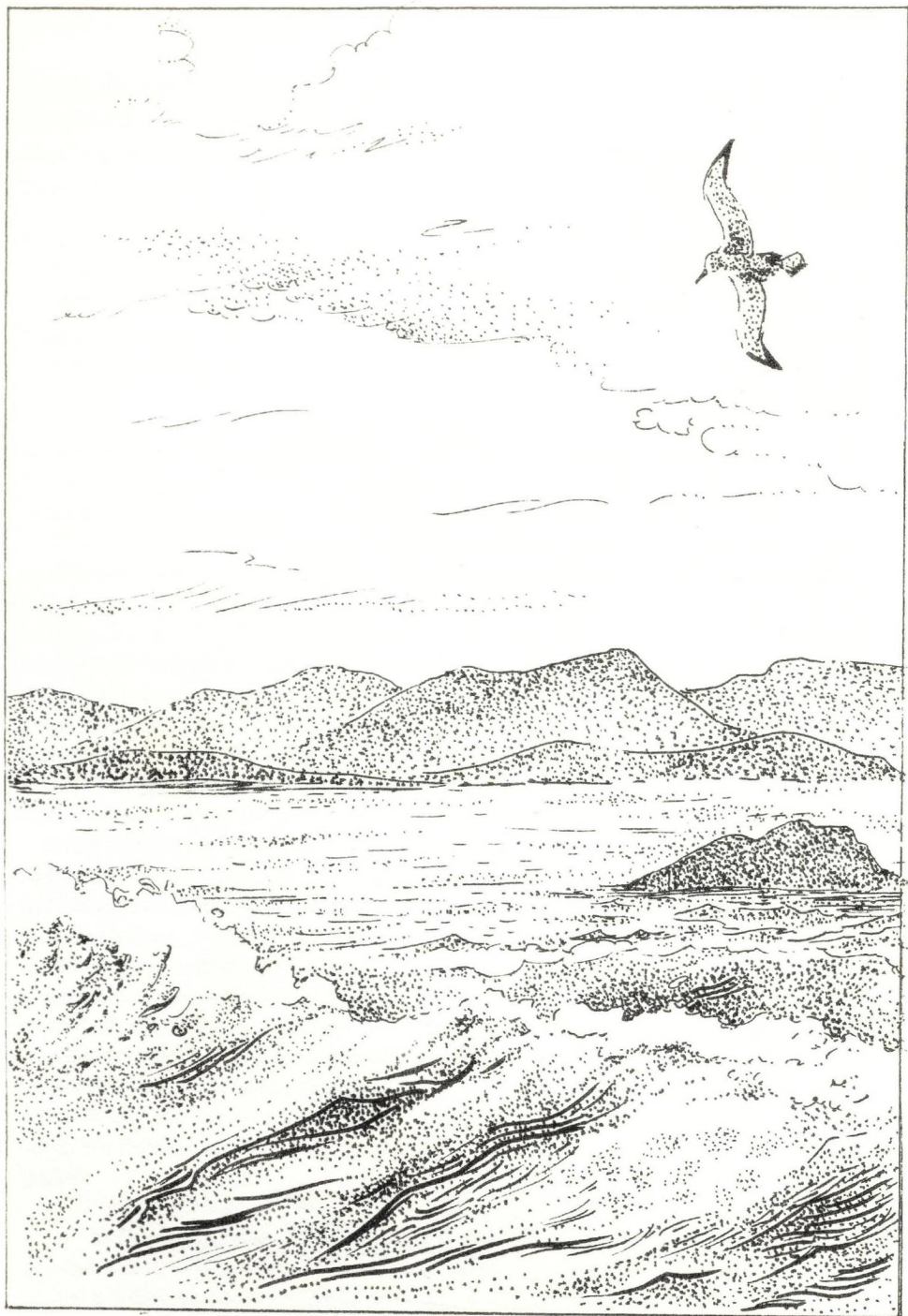
Sadhanda had the habit to do charitable works for others and was the secretary of a club which would organise dramas by children as a means of fundraising. One day he had a dream in which Baba told Him that he should give help to Dhruvananda's

children's home. After one or two days he met me and told me about the dream and that he planned to raise funds through children's dramas. He organised two festivals in Jamalpur and was planning to tour elsewhere in Bihar. Shortly afterwards I was transferred.

Once when Sadhan was taking notes of a very important meeting he thought he had missed something. He had made the best notes but thinking he had missed 2 or 3 things, he went to Baba and Baba asked him, "Oh! you want to know something from me? That's why you have come." He replied, "Yes dada." Baba said, "Yes, you have missed something," and He told him those things he had missed for which Sadhan was very grateful.

During the time that Baba was in jail, Sadhan's wife had an accident and sustained quite substantial injuries. She was taken to a very good doctor in Jamalpur who did his best but there was no improvement in her condition. He decided to send her to the Jamalpur Railway Hospital. Sadhan Banerjee had some reputation in Jamalpur as a public servant who had donated his own blood and that of his family to the hospital. The doctors there knew him very well. But alas, they also said that perhaps they would not be able to cure her and she might die. After Sadhan heard this he left the hospital compound in a distressed condition. At the gate he heard something and felt someone put their hand on his shoulder, telling him to come back, not to go now. He thought he would go and walk in the fields where Prabhatda went for evening walk but this invisible hand was on his shoulder and the voice he was hearing was Prabhatda's. Now the voice was telling him to return to the hospital and give blood. He returned and heard people say that blood was essential, that she could be saved with a particular blood group. Many of Sadhan's friend and relatives wanted to give blood but the doctors told them that although they had given blood in the past this time a different blood group was needed. The family members asked the doctors to test their blood group but the doctors replied that since they had previously given blood their blood groups were already recorded. Still they insisted that they be tested again. The doctors agreed and the tests showed that they all had the blood group which was needed. Those who had donated blood earlier had a different blood group. Sadhan jubilantly exclaimed, "This is the miracle of Prabhatda which science cannot do, Prabhatda did it! Many times we have given blood but this time it is converted into a different blood group. How is it possible?"





Ravinbabu, an elderly Jamalpur margii, told me that one evening he was sitting on the tiger's grave with Baba and Baba decided to test the margiis. In the area of the tiger's grave there are many palm trees and Baba asked them to go one by one and touch a particular palm tree. They all did it and Ravinbabu thought Baba was testing their courage on this dark night. Then Baba asked them, "Did you take second lesson before going?" Each replied, "No, Baba." Baba said, "Don't forget second lesson before starting any work."



The next group of stories illustrates the importance of the vibration of any place for the sadhaka.

Each evening in Jamalpur, Baba would walk in a particular field which was on the east side of Jamalpur town and was bordered by roads to the north and west, a lake in the south and mountains to the east. In one part of the field there were many palm trees and the tiger's grave and nearby there was a golf course and a shed for shelter. One evening I was sitting with Baba on the tiger's grave and it began to drizzle. The sky was full of clouds and although I had an umbrella I feared the rain would become heavier so I encouraged Baba to take shelter in the shed. Reluctantly Baba consented. No other person was in the vicinity but as we came nearer to the shed Baba said, "Let us go back, the vibration of this place is not good."

On another day in the same field Baba indicated the general area of the palm trees and said it is a siddha pitha and had a good vibration. I asked, "Baba, what is a siddha pitha?" "Where a person gets the siddhis (occult powers)," Baba replied and then gave the following illustration. "When you worship and use flowers and incense it creates an atmosphere and vibration that others can recognise as good when they enter that place. When a sadhaka sits in meditation in a particular place, that place becomes charged with spiritual vibration and when somebody gets siddhis then that place becomes very powerful and vibrated."

In 1966 when Baba was planning to go to Ananda Nagar we first wanted to make a movie of the significant places of Baba's life, including the meditation places around Jamalpur. When we came to film the field mentioned above Baba showed us a particular spot where there were two palm trees and indicated the position of a third tree which had died. The three trees formed a perfect triangle. In His early days, Baba was accustomed to doing His meditation out of doors on the hills and fields of Jamalpur and the place of this third tree was the last place where He habitually did His

outdoors meditation. Baba told us that we should remove our shoes before entering this triangle since it was a siddha pitha and that Praviirnath had got his siddhis in this place. We understood by this that spiritual places should be respected. Later I was informed by Shaunkarda that Praviirnath was the 5th guru of the Nath sect.

After field walk Baba would generally return to His railway quarter but on one day when I accompanied Him, He wanted to go to the jagrti. As we turned into a particular street my attention was caught by a building - actually it was only a wall with some small windows and the entrance was on another side. Baba said, "Don't look to that side - people drink there." Baba advises His devotees to be careful of things and places which do not give a good vibration.



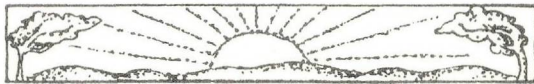
The first jagrti of Ananda Marga was in Jamalpur and the land upon which it was built was perviously in three or four sections with different owners. Baccu Singh was the owner of one section and as he hadn't paid his land tax for some years, the government auctioned the land and Ananda Marga bought it. Sometimes in India to buy land is one thing but to take possession of it is not always simple. Legally Ananda Marga owned the land so plans were made for a jagrti building and a ceremony was arranged to lay the foundation stone. Baba told Dasharatda, a respected family acarya of Jamalpur, to invite Baccu Singh to the ceremony. Baccu Singh was not at home when Dasharatda called so he left the invitation with the family members. Baba told him not to visit the house of Baccu Singh a second time. Then Dasharatda heard in the market that Baccu Singh said he would break the head of anyone who would dare to make a building on his land.

At the ceremony to lay the foundation stone many margiis were present and Baccu Singh also arrived with a band of his supporters armed with sticks and bricks. Fighting broke out and one of Baccu Singh's supporters came towards Dasharatda with a big sword. He held the sword above his head with both hands and was poised to bring it down on the head of Dasharatda. Dasharatda could not escape so he took Baba's name and waited for the blow. As the man tried to bring the sword down his arms remained rigid above his head - he was unable to move and Dasharatda escaped.

Later Baba said, "Dasharat, what was going to happen to you in the fight?" He said, "Baba, my head was going to be severed into two pieces but by Your grace it did not happen." Baba said, "In this moment I turned his arms into stone."

This was the first fight of Ananda Marga.

Once I asked Baba, "Why has Paramapurusa created bad people?" Baba asked, "Don't you like them?" "No, I don't," I said. "By a simple example I will make you understand this," Baba said. "Suppose Paramapurusa makes a boundary of goodness and keeps all the people inside then all will become good and none will be bad. None can go out of this jurisdiction. But this is also a problem, for to remain in the bondage of goodness, means they cannot know the infinite. Their progress will be stopped. If there is no boundary people can go where they like, towards good or bad. Paramapurusa does not make any bondage of goodness because He does not want to stop the progress of those who desire liberation."



In one general darshan in Jamalpur in 1965 or 1966, Baba did a demonstration on Dasharat dada. In those days almost all of the demonstrations were performed on him. This time Baba touched his trikuti with His hand and told him to see Baba's past life 3 500 years before. Dasharatda said, "I see that You are very handsome and decorated with ornaments, a crown and ear rings." Then Baba told him to go back 7 000 years and see His life. Dasharatda said, "I see that You are not attached with any worldly thing and You appear as a divine being." When the darshan was over and Baba had left, I was talking with Vijayananda dada who told me, "Dhruvananda, previously I was wondering - was Baba also Shiva and Krsna? - today's demonstration answered my question."

Dasharatda was trainer and examiner in Jamalpur and later in Benares so he had a good knowledge of philosophy and was also quite experienced in public speaking. He would often go to the villages to hold pracaar meetings and on one such occasion he was accompanied by Ac.Haragovinda dada. Haragovinda had a good knowledge of Samskrta, Bengali and philosophy but generally his oratory was not good. At this particular lecture he was to speak first and Dasharatda was thinking, "He is not a good speaker, how can he attract the people?" However when Haragovinda began to speak something miraculous happened. The people enjoyed his speech so much, clapping and displaying great satisfaction. On the other hand, when Dasharatda spoke the crowd showed very little appreciation at all. Dasharatda realised that precisely the opposite occurred from what he thought would happen and that it all depends on Baba's help. If He wants to take work from anyone, He can.

Dasharatda learnt a similar lesson one time when he was Baba's representative for DMS in Gaya. Shortly after he gave the DMS speech I entered into his room and

he told me the following story. On the first day of the DMS program when he was going to the pandal to deliver his lecture, all the margiis were calling out "Parama Pita Baba Ki Jai, Ananda Marga Amar Hay". He felt some pride since he was Baba's representative and when he took his seat and began to give his talk he found the words were not coming easily and the ideas seemed disjointed. After his talk he did not feel happy and the following day before the main DMS speech he did much dhyana and surrendered before Baba. During this talk he felt the words were coming automatically as if from a movie reel. "I surrendered before Baba and He helped me today," he said. Ac.Shraddhanandajii came into the room and Dasharatda repeated the story to him. Shradhanandajii said, "Yes, I noticed yesterday that the talk was very disjointed and today it flowed well."

One day when he had finished meditation and guru puja, Dasharatda did sastaunga pranam and in this position he fell asleep. After some time he awoke to the sound of Baba's voice from inside his body calling, "Dasharat, get up, get up, puja is over."

Before Dasharatda became a margii and for some time after he was initiated, he had the habit of taking khainii (chewing tobacco). One night he had a dream in which Baba appeared looking very dissatisfied. Baba performed the gestures of those who take khainii - rubbing the tobacco in His palms, patting it and then putting it in His mouth. Then Baba shook His finger in a scolding gesture and asked, "Will you continue to take this?" Dasharatda replied, "No Baba," and he never again took khainii.

A non-margii once requested Dasharatda for a blessing. He was not so eager to do it but upon repeated request he agreed and a few days later the blessing was materialised. The man who received the blessing asked Dasaratda to give him initiation. Dada told him he would have to abandon all his feelings of caste superiority and cut his pigtail and sacred thread since these things were based on dogma and not needed for spiritual practice. The man did not agree so he was not initiated. Dasharatda began to feel that he had done the wrong thing by giving the blessing. "Prakrti punishes and rewards according to one's actions," he thought. "To give blessing is not bad but sometimes it is not good to interfere with Prakrti." He decided to take punishment and fasted for 3 days. Later, he told Baba he had given the blessing and he did not feel good about it. Baba said, "The tongue should be controlled and should not tell everything. I won't give you punishment as you have already done it. You should be careful."



One day in Jamalpur, Baba gave personal contact to a margii who was a student of Pilani university. Later that day during general darshan, Baba told Dasaratda to see the past life of the boy. Dasharatda said, "I see a woman standing by the Ganges at Allahabad and she has eaten something and killed herself." Baba said, "She committed suicide because her character was not good. She thought that she had not properly utilised her birth in this life as a human being. She was repenting and decided to end such a bad life. As she took her life she asked God that if she should get a human life again then He should make her a better person." Baba went on to say that those who suicide generally don't get human form in the next life. God gives human life and none have the right to take away that which belongs to God. In this case Baba said, "She prayed to God at the last moment to be a better person and so in this life has got not only human form but also the path of spirituality."

In a general darshan in Jamalpur Baba indicated one margii brother and told that in his past life he had been a cow, in Bengali 'goru', and in the life before that he was a guru. Baba explained how such a degeneration occurred from guru to goru. As a guru he had a small ashram and adjacent to it was a large field. One day a beautiful milking cow was feeding in the field and one of the disciples seeing the cow thought it would give much milk for the ashramites. He suggested to the guru they should bring the cow inside the ashram compound, hide it and enjoy the milk. The guru agreed and for supporting this theft he was reborn as a cow. Baba said he had to get a big punishment from Prakrti but his previous samskaras for spirituality have brought him quickly back in human form in this life and he has found the spiritual path.



On 30. December 1966, the evening before Baba left Jamalpur for Ananda Nagar there was DMC. That evening some margiis said to me, "Tomorrow Baba is leaving Jamalpur but I did not feel today's DMC was more special than other DMC's." I replied, "I think tomorrow morning in general darshan you will see much difference." At the end of the general darshan the following day, Baba gave namaskar and all the margiis - brothers, sisters and children - began to cry. In my mind I saw the image of Krsna leaving Vrindavan and it was indescribably painful for me. Feeling the agony of separation, I wept. Baba left the jagrti compound and soon all the margiis had also gone. As Baba was absent, all were anxious to leave. The ashram felt deserted and hollow without Baba. For me it was very, very painful as I had had such close contact with Him. It was as if my heart was broken. I felt that in Jamalpur the birds were no longer singing and the flowers were not blooming. I later heard from those

accompanying Baba to Ranchi that on the outskirts of Jamalpur he stopped the car and gave His namaskar in the direction of the town.

To compensate for the loss that I felt I began to do more sadhana and more frequently. Sometimes workers and margiis from Jamalpur would go to Ranchi to visit Baba and they encouraged me to go with them but I refused. I had already experienced tremendous grief from being seperated from Him and I didn't want to visit Baba in Ranchi as I would only have to leave Him again to return to my post. At that time I was secretary of the Acarya board but when Dasharatda returned from one trip to Ranchi he informed me that P.A. was to have the additional post of Acarya board secretary. I decided to go to Ranchi to hand over all the papers to the new in-charge. As I was leaving the jagrti compound in Jamalpur I clearly saw Baba in a vision in varabhaya mudra and I said to Him, "Baba, as my health is not good it would be very nice if people don't disturb me on the journey." Even though the third class compartment was quite crowded, the other passangers were very cooperative and treated me as a friend. When I entered the Ranchi office, dada Dharmadevanandajii who was the then ERAWS secretary asked me if I had received the telegram. "What telegram?" I replied and he informed me that I had been transferred to Ranchi as secretary of the Ananda Marga board of education. I was also informed, as part of my duty was to take care of some of the affairs of Baba's household, I would live in Baba's drawing room and take my meals in His house.



Kapildev Singh was a non-margii, living nearby Baba's quarter in Ranchi. He had heard the margiis saying that Baba is God so he decided to test Baba. "If He is God then He knows everything," Kapildev reasoned. One day as Baba was going from His home to His office, Kapildev approached Baba from behind and gave namaskar. Immediately Baba turned and returned his namaskar. Kapildev got his answer and told to us, "Certainly Baba is God, I have understood."



Family acarya Balendujii was a very good devotee and active worker for the Marga. He had a high post in government service and so he had his own car. One day Baba told him that he should not drive anymore. He tried to follow this advice but still

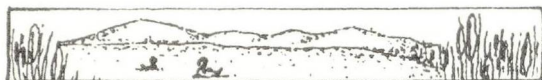
he found it necessary to drive on some occasions. Shortly after, he had an car accident and died. Baba remarked, "When I tell something negative one should definitely not do it."

I was in Allahabad in 1967 for Vaeshiki Purnima Mahacakra and one evening I went boating on the Ganges with another dada, one didi and one margii sister. We were at the place called Tribenii, where the Ganges, Sarasvati and Yamuna rivers meet. We were all talking but the margii sister had become inattentive and vacant. She was beginning to feel more and more attachment with the water and she had the desire to merge with the river. Then we noticed someone calling us from the bank. We couldn't see who it was and suspecting robbers we proceeded slowly toward the bank. Then we could see Baba standing there and a margii who was with Him commanded us to come ashore immediately. When we returned to Baba's quarter, He said, "This evening was very dangerous for this sister. If these two boys had not been in the boat she would surely have drowned. She lives only because of their samskaras to remain alive. For this reason I had to come. I told her much before she should not go out in the evening. She should remember this."



One day in Ranchi I went to the medical college with the intention of raising some funds for the ERAWS department. I collected first from the doctors and one of them advised me to go to the students also. So I proceeded to the college hostel. On the first floor some students engaged me in conversation, during the course of which I learned that some of them were involved in political groups and did not like Ananda Marga. They proposed I should give a speech in the hall of their hostel and I agreed. They said they would lead me to the auditorium, but instead took me to a small unused room with a cot. They asked me to sit, but I refused in a psychological way saying, "You also should sit, I don't want to be the only one to be seated." So we all stood. The room and the corridor outside were full of students. They were putting question after question to me and I was replying. I understood that they were trying to harass me for I knew that in India most of the medical students come from rich families and had the very objectionable habit of "ragging" the new students and sometimes even the guests. Their intention was to "rag" me, but my demeanor and replies to their questions were such that they were not getting any scope to do so. Nonetheless I felt that my time was being wasted and did not feel they would let me go soon, so realising my inability to solve the problem intellectually, I remembered Baba, telling Him mentally, "I have failed, now You take the case and do as You wish." Immediately a

tall man of very striking appearance appeared in the corridor behind the students and rebuked them in a rolling voice, "You naughty scoundrels, make way for this man, let the gentleman through." His words had immediate effect. Instantly the crowd parted and I came out unhindered. The man told me, "Gentlemen do not come here, this place is mud." He accompanied me out of the building and told me to take a rickshaw. "No one will dare say anything to you while I am here," he added. Here I experienced His immediate help just at the time of need.



From the year 1966 I have had much physical suffering. In '68 when I was very sick in Ranchi, Baba advised me to take complete rest for at least three months. As per His advice, I was going to Benares to take rest in a sanitarium. As I was very sick, the office secretary, Ac. Pranavanandajii, offered to give me an attendant and a first class ticket. I did not accept because I wanted to save the money of the Marga. Pranavanandajii drove me on the motorcycle to the bus stop. That day I had so much throat pain that I could not swallow even liquids so I had not eaten or drunk anything all day. From Ranchi I caught an express bus to the Gaya train station.

In the booking office there was a big queue. I could not purchase a ticket so I went to the guard and explained my situation. He assured me that he would give me the ticket on the way. The train was completely overflowing with passengers. People were hanging out the doorway and standing on the step. I managed to push some of my luggage inside with my foot and holding the rest in one hand, I held on to the train with the other hand and stood on a small empty space on the step.

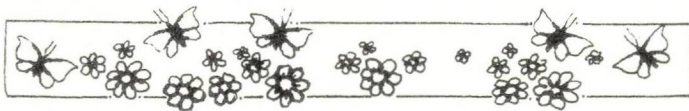
It was an express train. It reached full speed and my body was so weak that I felt, "I cannot hold on any longer, at any moment I may fall and it will mean my death." Just then the train stopped in the middle of the countryside where there was no station and no reason for it to stop. Many passengers came out to take some fresh air and I took the opportunity to go inside. When I got inside I said to the people around, "I'm sick, I will faint, catch me." I fell, they caught me and lay me on a berth. When I regained consciousness, they inquired as to my trouble. I told I was suffering from so much throat pain that I had not taken water all day. They insisted that I eat something, so I gave some money to one and told him to bring cucumber. He brought it and taking Baba's name I was able to eat it quite easily, even though that morning I hadn't even been able to take water. On that day my life was saved by His grace.

Later the same day in Benares, I was going in the dark to take half-bath at the well. It was very slippery but I didn't know, and I fell down onto the concrete. I was very surprised to find that I was not injured. During the whole journey I felt that Baba

was taking so much care of me. Even though there had been no attendant with me, He was my invisible attendant, helping me in every way.

For one or two months I was principal of the school in Madhubanii. I visited a nearby unit to conduct a seminar and inspect the unit. I wanted to stay and give more classes but one brother who was accompanying me, Ravindra, was anxious to return to Madhubanii. Unwillingly I agreed to catch the earliest train. At the station I waited on the platform while the margiis went to buy the tickets. I sat nearby the guard's compartment. My ticket had still not come when I saw the guard signal for the train to start. I ran up to the guard, entered his compartment and commenced to tell him of my situation. He was not willing to listen to me and meanwhile the train began to move. He refused to let me remain on the train. I felt insulted and resolved to get off. I did not pay attention and stepped off the moving train facing in the wrong direction. I still had my grip on the handrail of the carriage and I was running backwards along the platform. I thought I would fall off the end of the platform at any second and be killed. I took Baba's name and suddenly three people appeared running to me and caught me. They asked, "Why are you trying to kill yourself?" I told them the situation and they said, "God has saved your life today, otherwise you would surely have been killed." I knew Baba had again saved my life.

Shivnandanji was a margii brother of Khagria district in Bihar. He was an advocate and his wife was a professor in the Monghyr women's college. One day Shivnandan felt heart pain and after some time he died of heart failure. When family acarya Ramtanukjii, brought this to the notice of Baba, He said, "Shivnandan could have asked me for help when he felt there was something wrong with him. He did not even mentally approach me."



We know that Baba is very strict with His organisation, but at the same time He is also very kind-hearted. One day when I was in Baba's quarters a worker came to point out to Baba a mistake in a newly printed book. Baba rebuked him sharply for the printing error and gave instructions to make the necessary corrections immediately. When the worker had gone, Baba said to me, "Sometimes people think I am very hard when I rebuke, but in reality, I am hard only on the outside not on the inside. I am like a bel-fruit (wood apple - one kind of soft sweet fruit in India which is covered with a hard shell and is also very good for the stomach). You see, if I am not hard on the outside then I won't be able to get the work done in a proper way. The bel-fruit is

so sweet that if nature does not give it a hard shell then the crows will eat it right off the tree.”

Then Baba told me the following story:

“I was working in the railway office at Jamalpur and received the assignment to investigate the accounts of another employee who had been suspected of some illegitimate dealings. The man learned of my investigation and knowing that he would lose his job if his activities came to light, he approached me and asked me not to expose him., as he had a family to feed and could not afford to lose his job. I told him that I could not consider his request for I would do everything essential to fulfil my duty properly. Nonetheless, when I handed in my report and the man lost his job, I helped him by giving some money from my own pocket to support his family for a week, and during that time I arranged another job for him.”

So we see that in an official capacity Baba is very strict, but on a personal level, He is very sympathetic.



When I was a member of the Ananda Marga education board in Jamalpur in 1965, I was given the responsibility of Bengali books for the primary section. One day at a board meeting, Baba asked me whether I had done this duty. I replied in the negative. Baba became dissatisfied and rebuked me before all the members of the education board. I felt hurt. After the board meeting there was general darshan but I did not attend. Instead, I walked about the jagrti compound. When Baba came out from the darshan He directed His attention towards me and with His smile and one or two words He satisfied me. The next day when He came to the jagrti He called me to His room and asked, “Yesterday you felt somewhat hurt? But what I did, I did for a bigger cause. Is it not so?”

“Yes Baba.”

“You have been given a big responsibility. If you neglect it, the board’s work will suffer and the students will be affected.”

“Baba, I am not finding time for the work.”

“If you don’t find time, then distribute some of your responsibilities to others.”

“Baba, I have given some responsibilities to others but they are not doing the work sincerely.”

“Then change the duty. The board’s progress should not be retarded, rather others should be benefitted. See to the welfare of others.”

He satisfied me by showing the reasons why He had rebuked me.

Two or three days after this incident I was able to write many rhymes for children.

At a meeting of the Ananda Marga education board in Jamalpur we were preparing the syllabus for different classes. The post of EI 2 was mostly responsible for this and many experienced school principals were working under his supervision. Some time later, Baba asked me, "Have all the children of your school got all the books as per the syllabus?" I replied, "Almost all Baba, except for some Bengali books which are not available in the market." Baba told me to write a letter to EI 2 suggesting that he should select other books which are readily available. I asked, "From which post should I write Baba, as principal or as education board member?" "You write as principal," Baba said. After some time He asked if I had received a reply. I told Baba that I did get a reply however the newly selected Bengali books were also not available in the market. Baba instructed me to write again asking, "Do you like to select only those books which are not available in the market?" This time He told me to write from the post of education board member. Baba said, that like Him, I should sometimes create drama so as to encourage others to work harder. He said, "Actually I don't become angry, I put on an act of being angry in order to make the workers work harder. You will have to do this too."



Baba is a strict disciplinarian. He follows rules strictly and likes His workers to follow rules strictly. One example of this was when I was working at the PTPC in Jamalpur. Generally, ERAWS workers used to come to the Post Training Preparatory Course (PTPC) for ERAWS training before proceeding to their posting in the field. Amongst the brothers and sisters in training was a sister named Sarjit who had the habit of laughing loudly with another sister. This I couldn't accept because the people living adjacent to the jagrti compound might not take it in a good way. As Baba was coming every day to the jagrti, I thought it best to bring the matter to His attention. I did so and He told me, "Today in general darshan I will speak on the subject of discipline." In general darshan he began by asking each of His sons and daughters, "Can you tell me the meaning of discipline?"

None could explain. "Anushasana is the Samskrta word for discipline. What is the meaning of Anushasana? *Hitarthe shasanam iti anushasanam.* 'Hit' means welfare or benefit. If anyone gives you any advice or rule for your benefit, then you follow it, that will be discipline. A ten year old boy may give some advice to an 80 year old man, but if it is for the older man's benefit, then he should heed it."

Without mentioning any names, Baba gave some examples relating to people who were present in the darshan. "Suppose someone is standing in the middle of the road with his bicycle, obstructing traffic while he chews betel leaf and gossips with



another. This goes against the discipline of the road. I know that there is one such margii brother here who had this bad habit. Suppose someone is laughing loudly in the ashram compound. That is also not good.”

After the darshan sister Sarjit came to me and said, “Dada, you have reported me to Baba surely. From this day on I will follow the rules.”

One day at the PTPC in Ranchi, Baba and I walked into the classroom while a class was in session. One sister from Bettiah district in Bihar began to cry uncontrollably, “Baba, Baba.” Baba became angry and rebuked her, “Don’t you know how to maintain classroom discipline?” When we left the classroom, Baba said to me, “You see, she is not at fault, I am her Father, so she could not keep from crying. But I am also the president of the organisation and as such I must see to the discipline of the class.”

Once an avadhuta came to PTPC Ranchi for his necessary ERAWS training before proceeding to his posting at Ananda Nagar. I told Baba that he had come and already proceeded to Ananda Nagar.

“According to system,” said Baba, “he should first have taken training here. Are you correct in saying that he has already left?”

“I have heard it Baba.”

“Go and bring the correct information,” Baba said.

I went and then came back to Baba with the correct information.

“Was your news correct?” asked Baba, “Has he gone to Ananda Nagar?”

“No, Baba, he is here. My news was incorrect.”

“Then you should be ashamed. Do you feel ashamed?”

“Yes, Baba.”

The He laughed and said, “If you feel ashamed then it’s OK.”

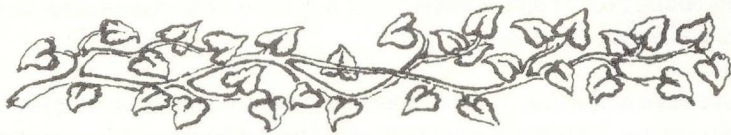
From this I learnt the importance of giving correct information and also that Baba corrects us in a very mild, humorous way.

Once while I was trainer at PTPC one trainee brother left training. When I reported the matter to Baba, He said, “You should not look only toward the sky, you must also pay attention to the earth, the soil of the earth is very hard. You see, you could have solved that trainee’s small problem very easily. He had some money in the bank and was sometimes thinking of that. Only for that reason has he left training.” So I understood that we must be very alert in every moment in every aspect of our work. When Baba used the words, “the soil of the earth is very hard”, I also understood that not all works can be materialised very quickly or in an easy manner. We will have to deal attentively to our work and to some works we will have to give special attention.

Baba's youngest brother, Manas dada, was also very close to me. One day I and some other brothers were asking about Baba. He told us how Baba would never expend any amount of money for Himself. His salary from work was all deposited in His mother's hands and she used to give Him a very small amount. But even this Baba did not use. Baba never purchased anything in the market; all His food was from the home. After many years when He started to do relief work, Baba gave donations to the organisation. In '65 or '66, I was working at the Ananda Marga school in Jamalpur and one day at the opening ceremony of a children's home Baba proposed to start a nursing home and gave me a good donation to begin the project. This very much encouraged all the margiis who said they would also give donations. I began the nursing home. After that Baba continued to give donations in different places and margiis were also inspired to give donations for schools, homes and relief work. Baba did not misuse a single paise of the small amount given to Him by His mother. He always thought of the Mission first and never of His own needs. This supreme example must inspire us to forget ourselves and to work more and more.

One margii brother who was accompanying Baba to the gate after general darshan said, "Baba, those who don't follow yama and niyama are not good margiis." Baba stopped and became very serious. "Do you follow yama and niyama? Was the money in your pocket got by honest means or was it a bribe?" The margii was silent. "Why did you accept this money?" Baba demanded. "You are a hypocrit, do you realise your mistake? Should I not punish you?" The margii was almost crying and replied, "Yes Baba I should be punished." Baba said, "This time I can excuse you but you must promise not to do it again." The margii promised and Baba told him not to use the money but to give it to the poor.

A dada was posted as RS Calcutta and according to the system at that time he had to take more training before going to his post. I gave him the money to travel from Jamalpur to Gaya for training and back to Jamalpur. When he returned I saw that he had expended more money than was usual and I mentioned this to Ac. Dharmadevanandajii, the central ERAWS secretary. He said he would tell Baba about it. I told him that I didn't think it was such a big matter to bring to Baba's notice. Dharmadevanandajii replied, "Why not, he is going to be RS so he should be careful." We went to the field to meet Baba as he was returning from the tiger's grave. Dharmadevanandajii told Baba about this matter and immediately Baba sent for the dada. When he met us Baba stopped in the road and began to shout at him, "Do you think ours is a capitalist organisation. We are collecting donations and working hard for our money so we will have to be strict in expenditure." Baba told Dharmadevanandajii not to give him any travel allowance for his journey to Patna on the following day. "Let him arrange his travel allowance himself," Baba scolded. Many times Baba has become hard when His workers spend money in a loose way.



There was a margii brother who was a hard worker for the ERAWS department and he had a large family including many daughters. He often worried about arranging marriages for his daughters. Although the Ananda Marga system of marriage does not permit dowry, he thought that he would not be able to find suitable husbands for his daughters if he did not pay a dowry. Sometimes during meditation he would ask Baba, "How can I arrange so much money? Let me win a big lottery." After some time he won the first prize in the Bihar state lottery. He invested the money in fixed deposit and with the interest, managed to support his family and arrange the marriage of his daughters. After this I heard from other workers and margiis that he was not so active in the organisation as he had previously been. His mind was diverted towards material concerns and the interests of his unit family.

Many stories in this book talk about mental approach to Baba for help but we must be careful that that which we demand does not attract our mind towards the material and hinder our progress.

One large margii family of Bihar were distressed when, shortly after his marriage, their son became crazy. All the family members were well educated and the son was an engineer. The family hoped that Baba could help their son and came to Ranchi. Baba called the brother-in-law of this boy and myself into His room and said, "If they take dowry and go against the Ananda Marga system of marriage will Prakrti spare them? The parents of this boy have silently taken dowry - they will have to suffer for this." Later that day in general darshan Baba exposed the whole situation and said that if the parents wanted to make the boy well again they would have to give him the opportunity to do much service for humanity. The family sent the boy to Ananda Nagar where he worked in the engineering college and his wife was teaching in a primary school in another state. After some time he became quite sane.

In Caryacarya part two, Baba has said that if an Ananda Margii is invited to a marriage ceremony where dowry is given then they may attend but not consume any food or drink. Ravinbabu was well known for his weakness for food and once he was invited to a wedding where the parents of the bride had paid a large dowry. Some time later Baba asked in general darshan, "Did you attend this marriage?" "Yes Baba." "Did you eat there?" "Yes Baba." "Did you ask about dowry?" "No Baba." "Why not?" Baba asked. Ravinbabu replied, "Baba, if I had made the enquiry and come to know that dowry had been paid then perhaps I would have to miss my meal." Everyone

laughed and Baba said, "You see this cunning boy has such a weakness for food - in future you will enquire first."

Baba once said to me, "I don't want any work pending for tomorrow." Baba always rises early and is busy the whole day until after midnight with His spiritual and social works. In every moment He is alert in all of His affairs and He wants that all of His sons and daughters should also be very alert in all of their affairs.

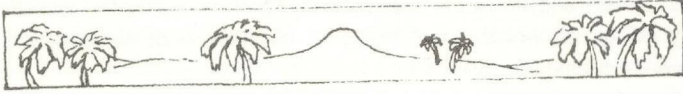
One day I was accompanying Baba from the jagrti to His house after general darshan. Many margiis were standing about and just outside the jagrti gate beside the wall Baba indicated a small plant and asked what it was. I replied, "It is brahmii shak, Baba." (Brahmii shak is a green leafy plant with a bitter taste which is known to be good for developing the memory.) Baba told me to taste it and I confirmed that it was bitter. Baba told me to plant it inside the jagrti compound near the well. I replied that I would do it after taking Baba to His house but He insisted it be done immediately. Baba left only when some margiis had commenced the work. I think Baba wanted to indicate not only the value of brahmii shak but that wherever possible any work should be done immediately.

One experience showed me that Baba does not like to see any looseness in the work. Once I took over charge of the publications department but the former publications secretary could not give me one important article entitled "Shudra Revolution and Sadvipra Samaj". He told me I could get it from Jamalpur but I was unable to get it quickly. A short time later the editor of a Bengali Prout newspaper 'Natun Prithibii' wanted to print the article and had got the approval of the concerning authority. But the article was not in our office.

When Baba came to know that this very important article was missing from the publications office, He became very angry and rebuked me strongly. "You are the secretary, you are responsible for such things and I don't want to hear any excuses." My feelings were hurt and I thought to myself, "I will not enter into His room for at least 7 days." But immediately my mind revolted against this thought: "He is my Father, why should I not go to Him?"

So while Baba was taking dinner I entered into His room. Baba started the conversation saying, "You know Dhruvananda, I don't like always to rebuke my children. If I always rebuke them, then their personalities will not be developed. I rebuke them only when it becomes very essential. For example, suppose the daughter-in-law of a family is preparing the food. One day she forgets to put any salt, the next day she puts too much salt, the next day too much chilli, the next day she is eating during the preparation. Eventually after she has made many mistakes, the mother-in-law will feel the necessity of rebuking her. I do in the same way."

Here I also learned that every worker should be careful to keep his office up to date.



Once I was travelling with Baba in His car to Bettiah for DMC. Vivekanandajii, a family acarya of Jamalpur, sat in the back with Baba and I was in the front. A small piece of cotton thread was hanging from the upholstery of the door next to Baba. Pointing to the thread Baba said, "This thread is coming out and I don't like that even this much should be out of place. I like everything tip-top."

I was with Baba in His room in Ranchi one day and He said, "Dhruvananda, I am missing something from my shelf. Most probably the person who cleaned the room has misplaced it." Nearby Baba's bed there was a shelf where He kept an assortment of necessary items e.g. shaving set, torch, matches and so on. He continued, "Anything which I keep I will find very easily. I keep everything in a fixed place so that I can find it even in the darkness. If I have put a key in one pocket then I will put my handkerchief in the other pocket so that the key should not fall out when I remove the handkerchief. You see I have a system in everything."



On one day in 1967 Baba paid a surprise visit to the Ranchi children's home. Baba asked the children what they had eaten that day and learned that they had had very little nourishing food. He came to know the whole condition of the home by discreetly questioning the children. The standard of food, clothing, washing facilities, etc. was not good and when He returned to His office He called the superintendent of the home and told him that the standard should be improved in all aspects. Baba said, "If the standard is not good, I feel pain." Then He gave the superintendent some sweets to distribute amongst the children. From this we can see not only that Baba wants a good standard to be maintained but also that He will come to understand a situation in a very tactful way without causing any worry or disturbance, in this case, to the children. He cannot visit all schools and homes but, by one simple example He guides the progress and development of all.

When I took over the position of principal of the Ranchi school, the former principal had destroyed the old latrines with the intention of building new ones.

However, before beginning the construction of the new latrines he was transferred and the duty fell to me. For the time being the children were going outside the school compound to attend nature's call.

One day I was talking with Baba in His quarters and He asked me, "Dhruvananda, sometimes when I drive past your school on the way to the jagrti, I see the school children outside the school compound doing something. I can't see exactly what they're doing, but they give me namaskar." I was unaware of this and someone else replied, "Baba, they are attending nature's call and when they see Your car coming they do namaskar from the sitting position."

Then Baba said, "So, Dhruvananda, you are giving the children very good Stuvol training."

I laughed, Baba laughed and all present laughed. I was embarrassed and resolved to build the new latrines as quickly as possible. I told this story to the secretary of the education board and he offered to help me but I was transferred before the work was finished. I have seen in many cases how He takes work in a humorous way.

Baba has a very good sense of humour and creates laughter with His different stories.

One day He was visiting Anandapur high school. The headmaster was Prabhasjii and his father was also present. The father, although a non-margii, was very glad to see Baba. He told Prabhasjii that Baba was a 'phulbabu', meaning a man with smart dress and carriage. Prabhasjii passed on his father's comment to Baba.

"What kind of phul is he calling me?" asked Baba. "Does he mean f-o-o-l?" All present laughed. In this way Baba creates much humour every day. Generally, the people who are with Him at dinner time enjoy His humour very much.

In January 1986 I went to see Baba in Calcutta. One day after returning from field walk, He was taking report from the departmental heads near the side entrance of His house. I wanted to meet with G.S. and I walked down the side of the house and suddenly realised that Baba was still there. I stood beside P.A. out of Baba's vision. When He had finished talking with the workers He asked, "Is there anybody else here?" G.S. said, "Dhruvanandajii is here." In a jolly mood Baba called, "Come, come, come." Baba asked, "How are you?" "I am very well Baba". Then He asked, "How do you like my stories?" I replied, "Yours are the best stories. I enjoy Your many humorous stories very much." "Do you laugh alone or do you tell them to others?" Baba asked. "Sometimes I tell to others," I replied. Baba said, "You should tell them to others otherwise if you laugh alone people will think you are crazy!"



I heard from some workers accompanying Baba to Lucknow of an incident that occurred in the airport there. Baba was sitting in the airport surrounded by margiis and non-margiis when suddenly a child of about 5 to 6 years of age approached touched Him. The child then returned to his parents and spoke to them. The parents, who were not margiis, were astounded as their child had been born dumb and this was the first time they had heard him speak. Everyone felt it was Baba's grace. When I heard this I recalled a familiar samskrta sloka from my childhood:

Mukam karoti bacalam
Paungum launghayate girim
Yatkrpa tamaham bande
Paramananda madhaban

Paramapurusa by even a little grace can make the dumb speak and the lame cross mountains.



Many times I have heard from Baba that people have no reason to be vain, because everything which they have - their intellect, beauty, and all other good qualities, come from Paramatman. Once an assistant teacher in my school told me that he had much ego about his own courage. As a kapalika he was no doubt brave but he had ego about this, so he himself said. One amavasya night he went for kapalika sadhana to the cremation grounds. He saw a body still smoldering and sat near it for meditation. Before starting his sadhana he saw a glowing red body rise up out of the fire and move towards him to catch him. Seeing this he was so afraid that he was compelled to surrender mentally to Baba. Then the body went back into the coals. In this way he could understand his own capacity and Baba's help.

Many have heard Baba say that ego is the food of Brahma. I know from my own experience and that of others that it certainly is His food.

Before joining Ananda Marga, Jatashaunkar had been an avidya tantrika and many of his previous practices required considerable courage. He felt some ego about this and frequently thought of himself as a brave man. In those days Baba would go to the tiger's grave each evening and would be accompanied by group B, would remain there with group A, and return with group C. In each group no more than four persons were allowed. On a particular night, only Jatashaunkar was in group A and he was waiting for Baba to arrive at the tiger's grave. Baba approached with group B and they were surprised to see a body lying unconscious on the ground - it was Jatashaunkar. The margiis revived him and he stood up. Baba asked, "Jatashaunkar,

are you very brave?" He replied, "Previously I thought I was very brave but now I know I am not." He understood that ego is not a good thing.



Ac.Kuldiipjii, a well known family acarya of Bihar, one day told me how Baba had taken away his doubt. Another family acarya had stopped his meditation and left Ananda Marga and was trying to persuade Kuldiipjii that he should also leave. "Baba has lost His power," he argued. Kuldiipjii was not convinced by this but he began to doubt whether Baba was still as powerful as He had once been. With this question in his mind he came to Ranchi to see Baba. One day, in general darshan, Baba told Kuldiipjii to sit in padmasana and touched his anahata cakra with His stick. Kuldiipjii saw Baba sitting in his anahata cakra and He was brilliantly red, so much so that it was intolerable. He felt that each cell in his body would burst and be scattered throughout the universe. After a few minutes he again became normal. Kuldiipjii told me that now he understood how much power Baba really has only He does not display it.

Baba performed a demonstration on Ac.Parameshwaranandajii in which He told him to sit in padmasana and concentrate on his muladhara cakra. After a short while Baba asked him to say what he could see, "Baba, I see you sitting on a lion." "Now concentrate on your guru cakra," Baba said. Dada said, "Now you are sitting on a hundred-petalled lotus in varabhaya mudra." Then Baba told him to concentrate on his sharasrara cakra and to say what he could see. "I see a great white effulgence filling the whole universe," he replied. Baba told him that originally He was that divine effulgence but now He has come on the earth and is sitting on the lion in muladhara cakra. "This is my nrsimha form." Baba said, "The lion is my carrier because I will have to apply brute force to control the brute people."



At one time in the beginning of his worker's life, Ac.Ishvarakrsnanandajii was doing some training in Ranchi. When it was time for him to do SPT and collection in the villages he found himself on a particular day in a tribal area where the annual potato crop was being harvested. He was approached by a man who offered to introduce him

to many people. Thinking this was a good opportunity for prakar, dada eagerly followed the man. As he sat in the courtyard of a large building, the space soon filled up with tribal people and a priest appeared carrying a large sword. The atmosphere in the building was full of suspense. Suddenly, dada became aware of what was happening. During the time of their potato festival it was the habit of these people to offer a human sacrifice. They were very happy indeed to see an apparently impoverished stranger (dada was dressed according to the rules of SPT) wandering about their village. They stripped him of his lungi and were trying to force him to drink intoxicating liquor. Dada was resisting them and in this critical moment he was remembering Baba. He mentally asked Baba, "Have you brought me to Your mission to give my life in this way. Surely I could die for a better purpose." Suddenly the situation changed and fighting began to break out amongst the crowd. One of the spectators had come from the field with a sack of potatoes. When he discovered another person attempting to steal it, an argument broke out. The crowd was polarised and fighting began. In the ensuing confusion a tall man appeared and took dada's hand leading him out of the building. Meanwhile Baba was asking the central workers the whereabouts of Iishvarakrsnananda. Dada returned naked to the Ranchi office. The workers gave him clothes and the whole incident was reported to Baba. Baba instructed His P.A. to give dada the food which had been prepared for Him.



In 1970 I was posted as principal of Jamalpur school and had regular contact with the school in Monghyr, 6 kilometers away. Unfortunately the principal of this school, who was also a whole time worker, became crazy so I brought him to Jamalpur and was taking care of him in the ashram. On the suggestion of one advocate margii brother I arranged ayurvedic treatment but after some days I saw his condition was worsening. He began to wander about the town, constantly talking about crazy things. The advocate margii had had a son in similiar circumstances and he advised me to keep the crazy dada locked in chains. At the time this seemed essential but still I didn't want to do it so the advocate brother came to the ashram and chained his leg. The crazy dada then began shouting from the window, complaining that the Ananda Margii's had chained him up. His shouting attracted a large crowd including some people who wanted just this sort of opportunity to attack Ananda Marga. People came from the street to ask me what the problem was and I simply told that he was crazy and disturbing others. The crazy dada also supported me, "Yes, yes, I am crazy," he said. I learnt that some people were going to call the police, so I went to the house of the advocate margii brother and he assured me there would be no problem because the

dada was under treatment. Then someone came from the ashram to say the police wished to see me. I returned to the ashram and waited for the chief of the police to arrive. When he came I did pranam to Baba's photo mentally, and said "Whatever is good, You do." The police officer asked if I had put on the chain. I said "Yes". Then he said that I had no authority to do so without the permission of the police. I replied, "This is a children's home, if this crazy man beats one of the children will you be responsible?" Immediately the crazy brother said, "He has not put me in chains, no Ananda Margii has put me in chains, I myself did it." The police officer was surprised and asked, "Why did you do that?" He replied, "If I don't put myself in the chain then perhaps I will commit suicide on the street. In that moment, will the police come to save my life? So for my own security I did it." The officer asked him to write a statement and he wrote, "I am crazy, and even before I became an Ananda Margii worker I was crazy and I request the police to arrange for my medical treatment." The police were satisfied with this so after releasing him from the chain they left. Then the crazy dada said to me, "You know, I have given such a statement that it will help you and others. You helped me when I had stomach trouble so I wanted to help you. Also I know you didn't want to put me in the chains, others did it." Those people who wanted to make trouble for Ananda Marga, and had called the police in the first place, were also warned by the police not to create any disturbance.

Once again the crazy dada was free to roam the streets. I asked him to allow me to put him in hospital but he didn't want to go and instead he went to the market and purchased some medicine for himself. I heard from a doctor friend that he had bought large doses of sleeping tablets and these were not good for him. I immediately went to the police and said, "Is it good you have set him free and now he is endangering his life?" They simply told me to put him in hospital. I said, "I want him to go to hospital but he won't agree." By late that evening he still had not returned and I was very worried. I was unable to take proper care of him, indeed I thought I was becoming half-crazy myself. Some margii brothers suggested he should go to Central Office in Patna where there were more dadas who could care for him but when I had suggested this he was not persuaded.

That night I kept the outside gate and the door to my room open in case he returned later. Shortly after midnight he came into the room and started to beat his head very hard on the side of his bed. I appealed to Baba, "One has become crazy, I don't want to become like him. Make me free from him, I have other duty." No sooner had I finished saying this when the crazy dada turned to me and said, "I want to go Patna. Here you are all alone and there are many dada's in Patna. Will you accompany me on the morning train?" I was very happy to hear this and the next morning I took him to Central Office.

At two critical moments this crazy dada completely changed his mind. When I had tried to reason with him it had no impact but when I mentally asked Baba for help the change was immediate. In the necessary cases He always helps.



In early 1970 a boy named Tapan from the Ananda Marga children's home in Jamalpur was kicked in the stomach by a horse as he crossed the road outside the jagrti compound. We brought him inside and I could see his condition was bad - his eyes were open but they were not moving. I sent two boys to fetch the doctor but they returned to say that doctor Barat advised to bring the boy to his dispensary. Neither myself or Ac.Gunatiitanandajii had much money so I sent him with the boy to the doctor and I went to a nearby margii's house. I told the margii to go quickly on his cycle to collect money from the margiis and to bring it to the doctor's surgery. Then as I went to the dispensary I was thinking of Baba and asking Him to save the boy. Gunatiitanandajii meanwhile had reached the dispensary and the doctor told him he didn't think he could help and advised him to take the boy to the hospital. But the hospital was far away. The doctor asked where the father was and Gunatiitanandajii replied that the boy's guardian was coming. Gunatiitanandajii was very worried that Tapan might die and he was mentally asking Baba to save the boy. At this time the image of Ananda Marga was not good due to slandering by defectors and government propaganda and dada was concerned that if the boy should die, Ananda Marga would be blamed. When I arrived the doctor had still not started to treat Tapan. I told him that I was the guardian and that I would accept all responsibility for his treatment. Dr.Barat asked, "Do you have money?" "Yes," I said. Then he started to treat the boy with injections and medicines. After some time when Tapan passed urine the doctor could see there was no blood and he thought he would be OK. His eye movement returned and we took him back to the jagrti and after some days he was quite well again. Everyone who had seen his condition felt it was by Baba's grace that he lived.



One day in 1970 I was travelling by train from Bhagalpur to Jamalpur and I started to do my meditation. After some time another passenger passed a remark about me by way of quoting some poetry from Kabir. The meaning was: "Without colouring the mind, the yogi colours the cloth and growing the hair becomes a goat." I didn't like this comment and I wanted to respond but I also wanted to continue my meditation. So I continued as if in deep meditation and said to Baba, "I want to continue my

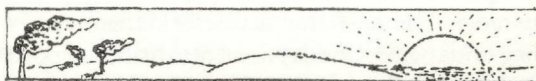
meditation but someone should challenge this person." Immediately another passenger began to speak in my favour. "Why do you make such a negative comment about a monk?" he asked. Soon the two were locked in heated argument. I finished my meditation and asked innocently: "Why are you quarreling?" The man who made the first remark said: "You are cause of this. I made a comment about you and this person doesn't like it. Your Ananda Marga is a spiritual organisation so why is it involved in politics? Why is Dasharatbabu standing for election for Angika Samaj?" I asked him, "Do you know the Samskrta or Hindi word for politics? -It is rajnitti." "Yes," he said. "Then perhaps you know the meaning of rajnitti as the principles of the kings?" He said "Yes". "This is not the correct meaning," I told him. "Rajnitti is raja of nitti, or king of the best principles - that is, those who are established in moral principles are fit for politics. It is not for the corrupt people. You know Ramchandra was known as Purusottama and he was an ideal king, so rajnitti is fit for him. Dasharatbabu is educated and a moralist and he is fit for politics." This man understood his mistake and begged excuse, and again I saw how quickly and precisely Baba helps in both big and small cases when we approach Him mentally.



Bhagavat Pande was a good margii brother of Meerat in Uttar Pradesh. On one occasion he was going to Gazipur to address a meeting of PBI (Proutist Block of India). Before he got to the meeting he was shot dead on the road by communists. The police identified him by papers in his pocket and informed the family. The family grieved for the loss of Bhagavat very much and one evening they were sitting in their house in total darkness talking with some other people, one of whom said, "Baba did not take care of Bhagavat." Then they noticed a light coming from one of the rooms which, like the rest of the house, had been in complete darkness just seconds before. Entering the room they saw Baba standing there bathed in light and beside him was Bhagavat Pande. Baba asked, "Why are you people so sad? You think you have lost your son but he is not lost, he is with me. When he was shot I immediately sheltered him and not a single drop of blood spilled from his body." The family were much consoled by this and the figures of Baba and Bhagavat vanished.



At the time when Baba was in Patna Medical College hospital, Shashi Rainjan, a well known margii from Patna, was returning to Patna with his family. The last part of the journey involved crossing the Ganges by ship. At this time the river was in full flood and the ship reached a point where it was unable to proceed further toward Mahendra Ghat. The passengers became frightened and a large crowd began to gather on the bank of the river. Shashi Rainjan was ideating on Baba. News of the situation spread throughout Patna and one margii informed Baba. Baba instructed that some margiis should go to the ship by motor launch and they should take food supplies for the children and a message from Baba to the captain. In the message Baba gave specific directions as to how the captain could negotiate a course to the ghat. A short while later all the passengers were safe on the land. Shashi Rainjan came to see Baba and said, "Only by Your grace we were saved."



During one holi (spring festival) a margii doctor of Uttar Pradesh was celebrating with colours in the street when a stranger wearing peculiar clothes approached him. "How is your practice?" he asked. "The practice is going very well," the margii replied. "No, no, not your medical practice," said the stranger and placing his fingers on his nose in pranayama posture he continued, "I mean your spiritual practice. You are enjoying the life while your guru is fasting for so long in the prison." The margii was very surprised that this total stranger should appear before him and talk about his guru. He invited him to his house and offered him food but the stranger replied, "I am also fasting. You should do more spiritual practice and you will also become great like your guru and be able to observe long fasting like him." The stranger then seemed impatient to leave. As the margii brother tried to follow him, he said, "You cannot go so fast as me," and he disappeared.



When Baba came out of Bankipur central jail in 1978, He began to give general darshan once more. At one general darshan I saw that a good devotee of Baba, Bindeswaribabu, was also there and he had a garland to give to Baba. Bindeswaribabu was quite aged and also suffering some illness, so Baba's P.A. took the garland on Baba's behalf. Bindeswarijii was not content as he had much desire to touch Baba,

also he thought that he was dying so he mentally appealed to Baba to save his life. As Baba was leaving the place of darshan he said, "Bindeswari has some trouble, he feels he will die soon and he wants me to save him." Other devotees said, "Baba, you help him." Baba replied, "This is the third time I have saved him." Baba instructed a margii to bring him a red flower. Baba touched the flower and handed it to Bindeswari saying, "Now it will be okay."



When Ac. Nirgunanandajii came for training in Benares, he would often think of and talk about his mother. He still felt attraction for his family and would sometimes think about returning to his home. One day he went to bathe in a pond near the training centre and he became stuck in the mud. As he struggled to get out, the further he sank into it. He knew he was drowning and thought, "Baba, is this the best use of my life for Your mission?" Meanwhile the Shraman, Ac. Kashiishvaranandajii, was searching for him and could not find him anywhere. Suspecting he may have gone to bathe, he sent some trainees to the pond. They could not see Nirgunanandajii and were about to return when one of them noticed bubbles rising to the surface of the water. They searched for the source of the bubbles and found the body of Nirgunanandajii trapped in the mud. He had swallowed much water and somehow they managed to recussitate him. He knew Baba had saved his life and he resolved never again to think of his mother. In the moment of crisis Baba and not his mother had saved him and he realised that this life was for no other purpose except His mission.



Before coming to Sweden I was posted as a floating worker in Nagaland. Generally I would go out in the evenings for pracar and collection but the bhukti pradhan of Dimapur, one Hrsickesh, advised me to go out as little as possible after dark as it was not safe. One evening at dusk I was returning to the school from the city centre when a man came up and held my arm and my pocket and told me to come and drink with him. There was a bar nearby and I could see the man was quite drunk. I said to him, "I am a monk and I don't drink." "Then you can drink only for today," he replied. "No, I will not drink even once," I told him. Still he did not release me and a crowd of people gathered around us. I did not want to beat him and decided to handle him

in a gentle way. I took Baba's ideation and an idea came into my mind. I gently patted him three times on his anahata chakra and asked, "Is it good you are disturbing me - should you do it?" "No, it is not good," he said and let me go and began to walk away. After a few steps he turned and said, "Swamijii, please excuse me. I have behaved badly towards you." "It is okay," I said, "don't do the same with others." The solution to this problem came quickly when I took His name.

Once I was coming from Nagaland to Bihar to attend an education seminar. En route I stopped in Jamalpur where I was invited by the principals of Jamalpur and Monghyr schools to attend some cultural shows they had organised over a period of a few days. I explained I was going to the seminar and could not stay. Nevertheless I attended the first day of the program in Jamalpur and then left for the seminar. The seminar in charge came to know when I had left Nagaland and was surprised that I had not yet arrived. I arrived on the second day of the seminar and on the journey from Jamalpur I had severe neck pain. I took medicine but the pain persisted. At the seminar some workers were helping me with massage and heat, however one of the seminar-in-charges made a remark which I overheard, "He is late, why shouldn't he suffer." I said nothing then but some time later I wrote him a respectful letter pointing out his unnecessary comment.

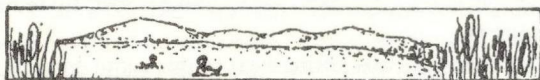
After a few months I was sitting next to this same dada in Jodhpur Park for Baba's darshan. Baba told a story about a bird singing and dancing in a tree. A hindu walked by and heard the bird singing "Ram, Sita, Dasarath". A muslim came by a little later and heard the bird the singing "Allah Mohamed Hazrat". A businessman who passed by a little while later heard "lasun, piyanj, adrak" (garlic, onions and ginger). And finally a gymnast heard it singing "dam, baithak, kasarath" (push-ups, sit-ups and knee bends). Baba said, "You see, what the bird is singing, nobody knows but everyone takes the meaning according to their own psychology." Then He said something more which I believe was particularly for me and the dada sitting beside me - the one who some months before had said, "He's late, why shouldn't he suffer?" Baba said, "Suppose one person has pain in the ear. How can another understand that pain?" I think we both understood that Baba said this for our own benefit and from that day this dada has always addressed me nicely.



Many times I have seen that with proper ideation a good result eventuates. One example of this was an occasion when I and a group of dadas and didis, some of whom were newly posted and others who were old workers, were doing pracar in Lund,

Sweden. We had been dancing kiirtana in the city mall and many people had gathered to watch and then all the dasas and didis commenced meditation but I decided not to do sadhana just then and sat on a nearby bench seat. After some time I saw a boy of about fourteen years approaching didi Vidya as if he was about to disturb her. He was trying to catch her nose but at the same time he was watching me. I came towards him and saw that he had both courage and fear and also that his girlfriend was encouraging him and pushing him onto didi. I said, "Don't touch her." "I want to ask her what she is doing," he claimed. In a severe voice I said, "I will tell you what she is doing." "I want to know from her," he replied. All the people standing about were silent, the adults present made no move to control the boy so I said, "Is it the discipline of Sweden to disturb others. Is this what they learn in school?" Still he tried to catch her nose so I immediately took Baba's name and decided that if he should touch her nose then I must beat this boy. As soon as I thought this the boy and his girlfriend ran away.

Later I learned that in Sweden it is an offense to beat a minor and that I could have been prosecuted had I even hit him once. However, I did not have to resort to physical means, taking His name was sufficient.



When I travel anywhere I always remember to take Baba's name before I set out and I have seen that Baba takes much care of me in every journey. The following are two cases of how he has helped.

In 1985 I attended the summer retreat in Switzerland and then went to Italy for a few days. Often trainees like to carry my shoulder bag when I travel. Generally I give it to them but sometimes I worry that they will lose it. On this trip one brother, Cidatma, was carrying my bag. I had noticed that once or twice he had left it unattended in a public place and told him to always keep it with him. In Italy we visited the leaning tower of Pisa and in our group there were some margiis, workers and trainees.

The tower was very crowded, however, I climbed to the top. Some of our party, including Cidatma, did not reach the top, but waited one level below. After taking some photographs I came down and we proceeded towards the museum. I thought I would put the camera in my bag and asked Cidatma for it. He had left it in the tower. This bag contained my passport and the trainee's passports as well as all our money. Many of our group ran back to the tower where the gatekeeper told them not to bother to get a ticket. "Go quickly, if you are very lucky you may find it," he said. As I was walking towards the tower I had a clear vision of Baba in varabhaya mudra and immediately I understood that I would get the bag back. In my experience, each time

I have had such a vision, the circumstances have always come in my favour. I waited outside the tower and a short while later they returned with the bag.

In January 1987, I was returning to Sweden from India via Moscow. I was only transiting through Moscow, still the officials there require transit passengers to go through a passport check. I waited in line and when it was my turn they searched my handbag. Although they found nothing, still they told me, by gestures, to take a seat and wait. Time passed and I asked why they were detaining me. The Immigration officer did not speak English and indicated I should wait. Many minutes passed and twice more I asked why I was being detained. I became quite annoyed and I mentally asked Baba, "I don't like the behaviour of these people, how can I protest? Can You do something?" After one or two minutes another two officers appeared and led me into a large administration hall. Another man approached carrying my bag from the aircraft. He asked me to open it and saw all my books, magazines, saffron clothes and closed the suitcase saying, "This man is from a religious group." He asked me to return to the departure lounge and he himself followed me carrying my bag. As we re-entered the area where the immigration officers were, they all snapped to attention and saluted the man carrying my bag. He began to scold them severely and ordered one to take my bag to the plane and another to escort me to the departure gate. The officer escorting me was breathing heavily and I could see that he and all the others feared this man very much. I felt vindicated and mentally thanked Baba.



In 1979 I was posted to Sweden training centre as Shraman. This was my first posting outside of India and the day before I left Calcutta I spoke with Baba during his breakfast and later on field walk. He said, "Your mind is strong so I am sending you to Sweden training centre. You will have to create a better environment there." Then, regarding discipline of the trainees, He said, "Khawabe hati bhoge dekhbe bagher cokhe." 'Let them eat like elephants but in discipline, be strict like a tiger.' Two days later I arrived in Copenhagen and was immediately confronted by an official who said that since I had a return ticket I would have to go back to India on the next flight. I disputed this and argued with him for some time, thinking, "What is happening, Baba." Finally a woman came and told this man that he was incorrect and I could return any time I wished. Next I proceeded to the Immigration counter where I was once again detained because I did not have sufficient money. I told that someone was waiting for me and on their verbal guarantee I entered into Scandinavia. One week later, I reached the training centre in Ydrefors.

Here I was confronted with a new situation in my life. Never before had I had any mental pain but in the training centre I felt a vibration which was completely peculiar and it took me more than one and a half months to know the cause.

In short, it seemed as if my mind was a void and that I had forgotten everything I previously knew. The trainees seemed completely indisciplined and furthermore everything I did they would take in the wrong sense. It seemed someone had seized my power from inside and I had much mental pain.

Some examples will illustrate the situation. I heard Baba was coming to Europe and that He may visit the training centre so I bought some nice food for Him and kept it in a cupboard in my room. One morning I was eating breakfast with the trainees when I overheard one brother say, "He is keeping cashew nut in his room to eat later." Actually I have no weakness for food and this comment hurt me, however I said nothing. Again some days later, another brother remarked during breakfast, "He takes white beans," referring again to the cashew nuts.

On another occasion the trainees came to know my birthday from my passport and they made a cake for me. When they brought it I could see that it was completely burnt so I said, "I'll not take even a small piece of this cake, I have no wish to celebrate my birthday, you eat it." All of the trainees looked and smiled in such a peculiar way that it seemed all were acting as if guided by the one instinct.

After some time I began to point out their behaviour and mistakes to them and in all cases they would beg excuse and say they did not know they were acting or talking in this way but if they had done so they certainly apologised. I doubted them and thought they were hypocrits.

On another day I was very sick with throat pain and the monitor of BTC (brother's training centre) told me the sisters were requesting me to go to STC (sister's training centre) for dharmacakra. I said my health was bad and that I couldn't talk or eat but the sister's said, "Until dada comes we will not stop kiirtana." So I agreed to go and speak but not to eat. The monitor of BTC asked if he could eat on my behalf. The rule is that only the Shraman may enter, conduct programs and eat in STC - no other brothers - so I said "No". I went to STC, gave dharmashastra and returned to BTC.

The following week an almost identical sequence of events occurred. I was sick and I agreed to go to STC to speak but not to eat and again the monitor of BTC requested to eat in my place. I understood that he had much desire to eat in STC and unwillingly I said "Yes, you come." The sisters came to know of this and as I approached STC, two sisters came to meet me saying, "Dada, we have heard that a brother is going to eat here today." "Yes, I have agreed," I replied. The sisters asked, "Why did you agree? Except for the Shraman no brother has eaten here - it is better that you refuse him." I asked, "How can I say no to him now, without insulting him." The sisters said that they would convince him in a nice manner, which they did and as he was returning to BTC he remarked "I was expecting this." The next day I could

see that the brothers had been affected by this incident. Perhaps they were insulted, I thought. My mind was very weak in dealing with these matters and from the time of my arrival I felt no desire at all to do the work of Shraman. I decided to request from Baba to be transferred when I met Him in Stockholm.

During this whole period it was so painful that I felt my yogic heart was dying. That I was only a living body nominally and my soul was finished. I don't cry easily but in this time I cried much - both physically and mentally.

When Baba came to Stockholm, I requested the central workers for a transfer but they told me that Baba gave the posting so I should remain as Shraman. I told Keshavanandajii and Ramanandajii that I would ask Baba directly for reposting. After His lunch I went to Baba's room. He was reading the newspaper and asked, "What do you want to say?" I replied, "Baba it is personal, not organisational." Baba said, "Will you not give me any rest after lunch. Wait until I've taken a little rest, then I'll talk with you." Baba covered His body and I began to massage His feet. After thirty minutes Baba said nothing so I moved to massage His head, then again to His feet and finally I kept my head on His feet. After some more time Baba asked, "What is your trouble - you tell?" I said, "Baba, a Shraman should be a wise man, why have You selected me?" Baba replied, "It is not my fault I have selected you. Didn't I tell you at Patna to study? Do you have any other trouble?" "Baba, the trainees are indisciplined," I said. "They are young and you are twice their age. Will they not obey you? Give them necessary punishment, transfer them to KT or Davao and if necessary, expel them. We want to make them workers in a nice way but that does not mean we have to accept the worthless candidates also. You will do the work," Baba said finally.

I returned to the training centre where the trainees wanted to know if I had succeeded in getting my transfer. I began to think deeply about my predicament, trying to understand the cause of my mental suffering. Have I given pain to anybody, I wondered. Then I remembered that one day I had been very hard with one worker in Nagaland. At first I thought it could be the reaction of that but "No," I said to myself, "he did the mistake." Then again I thought, "I get pain from the actions of the people around me but when I confront them I feel that they don't have any bad intention to hurt me." Then I recalled a story from the Ramayana about Taraniisen, the son of Bibhisan, who when fighting Ramchandra would always remember Ram before aiming his arrow. So it was difficult for Ramchandra to kill him. Finally Ramchandra asked the goddess Sarasvatii to sit on the throat of Taraniisen and make him speak badly about Ramchandra. In this way Ramchandra killed him.

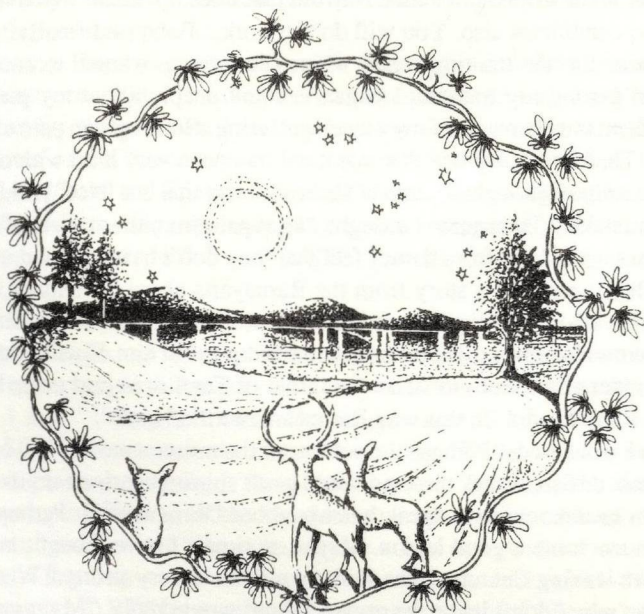
Then I wondered, "Perhaps the actions of the trainees are not bad but Baba is sitting on their throats or has directed some great spiritualist to sit on their throats causing them to unknowingly speak harshly about Dhruvananda. Perhaps Baba is doing this to teach me a good lesson. Maybe, at times, I have thought my mind is strong. Before leaving Calcutta Baba said my mind was very strong." When anyone would ask me why I don't leave the organisation I would reply, "My mind is not so

weak - my mind is strong.” When I thought this I raised my arms before Baba’s photo and told Him, “Baba, my mind is not strong. It is not at all strong, it is only by Your grace.” Then I did sastaunga pranam.

From that moment my whole situation changed, my pain was gone, the vibration of the training centre was completely different, the trainees were showing proper respect and I felt I had the capacity to control and administer thousands of people.

After this I realised that nobody has the capacity to do anything except by the grace of God. People give credit to themselves for their actions so God must create situations whereby we can realise the source of our strength. From the moment of my initiation into Ananda Marga I had full faith that Baba is God and whenever I have made any mental appeal to Him in critical situations, He has helped me. After this, however, my faith deepened and I realised that although He is not telling that He is great, still without His will nobody can do anything.

After this period had passed, and I had had no mental trouble for more than six months, I developed the desire for more pain and I asked Baba to give me pain. Immediately I got it and again I heard similar comments from the trainees and I began to do deep meditation and keep my mind fixed on Him. For one week I tolerated this pain, then I asked Baba to withdraw it and He did so. Now I have the habit to approach Baba every six months to ask for mental pain and it helps me much in my spiritual development.



DREAMS

All these dreams show that if one has a deep faith in Baba the mind is always strong and there is no scope for any fear. Even the subconscious levels of the mind, where the dreams come from, are so saturated with thoughts of Him, that fear is being conquered. To remember Him in desperate situations always guarantees His help.

Long before, just after Baba Nam Kevalam kiirtana was introduced, one avadhuta came to see us at the Monghyr Ananda Marga primary school, where I was posted. The three of us practiced the new kiirtana for about an hour in the evening. In that night I had a dream which appeared to me very long.

First, I was standing on the shore of the sea. Looking across the sea in the direction of the coast on the other side. In the distance I saw a big ship coming closer. Suddenly, a child appeared asking me what I could see. "I see a ship coming from the opposite side, and I want to go to that side," I told him. The child replied, "I would like to go also." I said, "Yes, you can come with me. When the ship reaches here, we will go on board." After some time, the ship landed and all the passengers alighted. We entered and soon it started for the other side. On the way, I realised that the ship was sinking and I told the child: "You see, the ship is sinking, but there is no danger, as I know how to swim. You will sit on my back, and we will sing Baba Nam Kevalam kiirtana." The child agreed. I had a dagger in the belt around my waist. I showed it to the child, "You see, I can protect us even from dangerous animals. I am not afraid." Soon a huge aquatic animal, of frightening appearance, came in our direction. With the dagger in my hand, I jumped on the back of the creature and made it carry us towards the opposite coast. But like the ship, the animal sank after some time and I had to continue swimming. I noticed another big animal. Again I jumped fearlessly on its back and commanded it to carry us across the sea; it drowned also and I had to resume swimming. After a long time, the child suddenly fell off my shoulder, sinking into the sea. Immediately I remembered Baba and dived into the deep sea. I found the child, brought it back to the surface, and asked, "Did you forget Baba Nam Kevalam kiirtana?" "Yes," replied the child. "You should not forget." I rebuked, "You should not forget. It is only because you forgot that you fell off my back and almost drowned." And the child promised not to forget anymore. "Okay, now we can cross the ocean." There was no more trouble. Another big ship took us on board and brought us to the other side.

Then we saw a very big pandal (a tent-like hall) and I asked the gate keeper whether there was any DMC. "Yes," he said. We went inside and saw thousands and thousands of people sitting, including many workers and avadhutas. I went in front with the child, and we sat on the dias near Baba, who was giving His discourse. After

some time, DMC was over and everybody left. Baba was still sitting and we also remained. He asked, "All have gone, but you have not gone?" We both replied, "No, we will not go. We will be with You." "But all have gone," said Baba. "Let them go, we are not going to leave. We will be with You. Take us." Baba replied, "Yes, I will take you." Then I woke up, seeing a dream, and not a DMC.

I was on a very beautiful island, walking amidst exotic flowering plants and trees, loaded with fruits. The birds were singing sweet tunes. It was a paradise. I was walking and thinking, I am alone here, there is not a single person here, except myself. What should I do? How can I leave the island, how to cross the ocean? Walking further, I saw a broad road, coming through the ocean with a car moving towards me. I recognised it as Baba's black Desoto. The car came closer and closer and stopped beside me. Baba opened the door and said with a smiling, shining face, "You should know, I am the only person to take you and this is the only road. There is no other alternative. So you come and sit with me." And just then He took me next to His side and we crossed the ocean.

Once I dreamt that I went swimming in the ocean. Enjoying the water, I swam far from the beach, crossing even the danger-mark from which the big waves made it difficult to go back. I was trying hard to return, but the waves were too high and strong. I got tired, so tired that I felt half-dead, thinking that surely, I will die now. I lost all my energy and my efforts to go back were in vain. So, I felt, "This is my last moment. I can remember Baba." At that moment Baba came to my mind, "Baba, I will die. Whatever You like, You do." And now I saw Baba reaching in varabhaya mudra and a wave came and it took me up to the shore. Then I woke up and found myself in my bedding. I was very pleased with this dream.

Some time later I was attending a summer ERAWS seminar in Midnapur, and we went on an excursion to Digha on the Bay of Bengal. Some of the younger brothers were fond of swimming and jumped into the sea. I joined them. While they remained close to the beach, I went far from the safety of the shore. Suddenly I was amidst huge waves, and the previous dream came to reality in every detail. Then Baba really had saved my life.

Sometimes I see in dreams that I am flying. One day in such a dream, I had this peculiar ability to fly like an aeroplane at high speed. I was flying so fast that I felt the danger of colliding with the mountains, which came closer and closer. I remembered Baba, "Oh, Baba, please check my speed and keep me in the proper direction." I repeated Baba's name again and again, and finally thought, "Baba, let me get down." Suddenly, I was losing speed and I landed in a hilly area, covered with forest. I was walking safely

on the earth again when all of a sudden, tall, furry, primitive men were rushing through the forest, obviously looking for some prey. They noticed me, and with their thirsty big eyes, came towards me. Desperately, I tried to hide, but I could not. They reached for me with their long arms and hands with claw-like nails. "Why should I fear?" I thought, "Baba is always with me." So I started repeating Baba's name and jumped towards them, threatening and attacking them with extended arms. Now their faces showed fear, and step by step, they moved back. I began to chase them and they ran away. I felt relieved. Baba had saved me. Then I saw Baba's figure and I awoke.

I was standing near a lake and suddenly I heard a big noise. Within one or two minutes a few thousand people came rushing towards me fleeing from the city towards the village. Along with all these men, women and children, big animals like buffaloes were also running. They were being chased by a demon, who, upon seeing me, paid all of his attention to me, and forgot about the others. With big, red eyes and wide-spread hands it was coming towards me. I felt I was in real danger, and realised again in the dream that I should remember Baba and that only He could save me. Taking His name I jumped into a nearby lake. I was sure that I could stay under the surface for a long time, with Baba's help. And really, without any trouble I remained inside the water for a very long time not breathing because Baba was with me. Then I thought, "Now the demon must have been frustrated and have left. He does not know about Baba and that I am protected." I took my head out of the water and could not find the demon anywhere. Then again I saw Baba's figure.

A few years ago, a small but very inspiring event happened to me, which is also linked with the topic of 'dream'. It was amavasya, the day of my kapalika meditation. In general on amavasya, I never sleep before going out to a certain place for my puja in the middle of the night. But on that evening I was not staying in my ashram, but with a margii family. We had talked for some time and after they went to bed, I remained alone in their drawing room. I had a strong desire to go for puja but I was feeling very tired.. As there was no alarm clock in the room, and no one was there to wake me in time, I addressed Baba mentally, "Baba, I am very sleepy, but I want to go for kapalika puja. I have to take rest, please call me today." In the night, when the puja time came, Baba appeared in my dream in varabhaya mudra and told me that it was time to get up for meditation. Immediately I awoke and went for puja.

Once I dreamt I was standing on the bank of a pond talking to one person about Ananda Marga when someone came and said, "Baba is calling you." I continued talking and the person again said, "Baba is calling you." I was trying to finish my talk

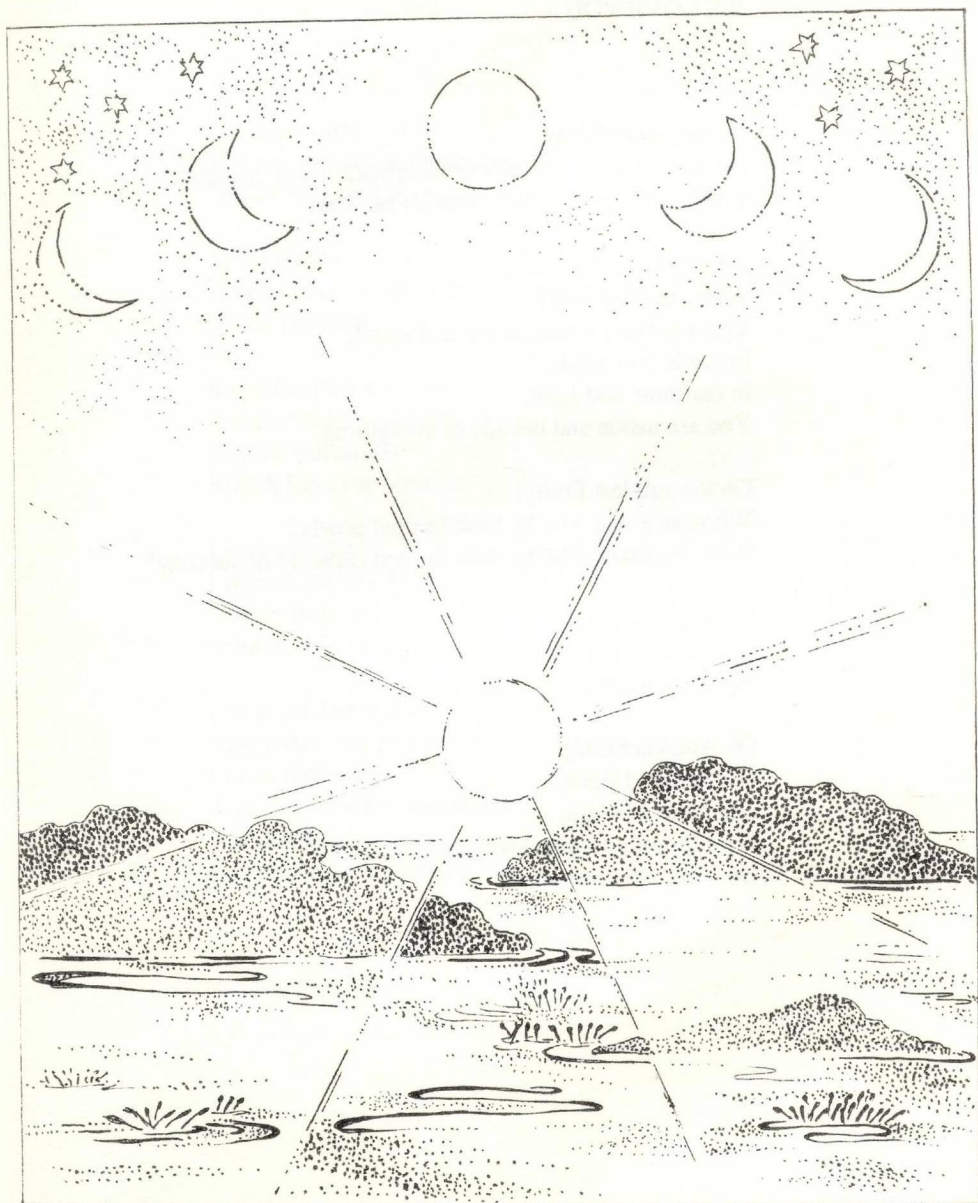
quickly, but still there were some things I had to say. When I finished talking I ran to Baba's room and entered without taking permission from anybody. I did *sastaunga pranam* before Baba and immediately Baba said, "Beat him." Other workers began to beat me as I lay on the floor but the sensation was very unusual - it was as if I was being beaten with soft flowers. The feeling of beating was there but no sense of pain. Baba told the workers to stop and instructed me to sit in front of Him. Then He inquired, "Did I beat you?" I replied, "No Baba, You did not beat me." Baba smiled and said to all, "I did not beat him. I was not beating him."

From this I understood that if one accepts one's punishment happily then a beating does not give mental or physical pain but rather is the affectionate caress of the Lord.

One morning I suffered from serious neck pain, which started in the night. I took strong medicine, heat and massage, but the pain continued. In this condition I was telling mentally to Baba, "How tiny I am - how much can I tolerate." Falling asleep I saw myself like a child catching Baba's finger and walking in the street in front of the Jamalpur Railway Workshop. I saw Baba in a bright aura. All of a sudden I felt an electric charge entering from the top of the head, passing through my body to the toes. Immediately I woke and the pain became much stronger. I started crying out from the almost unbearable torment. Another *dada* phoned the hospital for an ambulance which was delayed due to snow. Meanwhile the pain decreased and I thought, "I tolerated tremendous pain without the help of a doctor. When I am with Baba I am not tiny."

One day I was working in the garden of STC (Sister's Training Centre). Seeing the gourds, I remembered that I wanted to send one of them to Baba, but had forgotten it. I thought "I'm so stupid. I could not send one of these fresh vegetables to Baba through *Shaktiishvaranandajii*, who is going to India." This gave me mental pain the whole day. In the night I dreamt that I had arrived at a certain place to see Baba. But Baba had just finished His *darshan* and again I scolded myself for being so stupid as to miss Baba's discourse. As He left the building, I saw Baba smiling, giving *namaskar* to me and saying: "Come take my hand. I will follow you." So I took Baba's hand and we walked along the street, on the roofs of the buildings and over the hills. I was very delighted. When I awoke I reflected on my mental pain from the day before and thought "we may think much about Baba but sometimes we don't remember that He is thinking much more about us."

POEMS



WE LOVE YOU

Oh Supreme Entity!
We cannot bind You by our imagination and limitation.
You are completely free from all barriers.

Oh all pervading Entity!
Who can bind You?
You are everywhere, in big and small,
In crude and subtle,
In darkness and light.
You are inside and outside of everything.

Oh the subtlest Entity!
Who can arrest You by their limited power?
Who can know You by their limited capacity of subtlety?

Oh Supreme Being!
Oh Saviour of distressed humanity!
We love, admire and adore You.

Oh Anandamurtijii
Our beloved Baba,
Our beloved Guru,
We offer our deepest love and reverence
On Your holy birthday.

ANANDA PURNIMA

The happy day
The rejoiceful full-moon day
Which brought the master of the universe on this earth.

This glorious full-moon day
Will be ever bright in the human history
of this universe.

It is a happy birthday
It is my Baba's birthday
It is the purest day
Which has ever been.

I love this day
I rejoice on this day
I enjoy this day
Which I will never forget

Let us all dance today
Sing today and play today
Let us remember
This brightest full-moon day
It is the holiest day
It is our Baba's birthday.

BIRTHDAY OFFERING

Oh Baba!
Today on Your birthday
I shall worship You
With my devotional flower.

Today I shall wash
Your lotus feet
By the flow of tears.

I shall enshrine You
In my heart
On the throne of love
On Your auspicious birthday.

On this auspicious moment
I am offering
All the time merits of my mind
At Your sweet feet.

A DEVOTEE'S WISH

I cannot express the languages of my heart
A great longing is growing within me
To be closer to my Lord.

The beauty of the material world
is becoming very pale.
My desires in this material play-ground
are vanishing day by day.

I want to be in the spiritual play-ground
And follow my leader.

He is the master of this universe.
I want to be a player
on His divine team
For the rest of eternity.

Oh Lord, master of this universe,
I want to have permanent membership
on that team.

I will not rest,
I do not want salvation.
Here are my salutations,
I congratulate You from my inner heart.

Be with me, play with me,
Take me with You.
I don't want to be alone.
I am caught by Your divine love.

WE CONGRATULATE YOU

Who are You who has come today
Filling us with Your divine light
Placing a seat in our heart?
We were waiting so long for You.

We were waiting in the dark prison
But still the flower of our heart
Has not become dry.

We understood that You will come
Yes You will come, surely You will come.
So sitting lonely, very silently and secretly
We made garlands for You.

We heard Your anklebells
And felt that You are coming
Today You are playing Your flute
Filling the hearts of Your devotees,
And that flood of sweet joy
Is spreading to the horizon of the universe.

We have heard the trumpet sound of Your victory.
It is reaching every corner of the universe
Announcing that vice will be demolished and
Exploited humanity will be saved.

Oh Liberator of the suffering humanity
We congratulate Your advent on this earth.
We want to sing the rejoicing song of Your final victory
In the new day.

A WAY TO THE LORD

We are the minutest particles in this universe,
the poor people of His creation,
only when we forget our Lord.
When we remember Him we are big.

He is the source of all qualities:
property, prestige, name and fame.
Are these your own?
No, these are the gift of the Lord.

Oh foolish mind, how much do you understand
from you materialistic outlook?
Enter into the spiritual laboratory,
analyse yourself to realise the truth.
Open your eyes of knowledge and see it.

Oh foolish mind, do not boast of your merit,
try to know the source of your power.

The time will come when you will realise
the hidden source of your qualities.
Remove your darkness, surrender the ego,
become subtle, more subtle,
come into light.
See the Lord in your heart, the source of all power.

BE CAREFUL!

Can you really identify a person
By their external outlook or activities?
Perhaps you do to some extent
By the simple attention of the careless mind.

More correctly you recognise another only
When you penetrate inside their mind
With your deep psychological or intuitive mind.

Sweet poison and bitter medicine
are both available in the world.
A person lacking the capacity to understand this is unfortunate.

Knowingly addicted to sweet poison
is a big weakness and blunder.
Unknowingly addicted
is foolishness and a blunder.

Dear reader, be careful.
Don't be caught by those treacherous and cunning fellows
Who cheat and befool you with their sweet smile and talk.

Be very alert with those good-looking, hypocritical,
cheating and dishonest fellows
Who are criminal from inside,
gentlemen from outside.

Please be careful.
Try to discern the honest, simple straightforward
and courageous people.
Offer them your inner support.

GROWING SADVIPRAS

Buds are blossoming
Opening their petals
They don't like to remain closed anymore
They feel they are for others.

The garden is very beautiful
Many varieties of plants are there
They came from different parts of the globe
All gathered together.

Each and every one has its individual beauty
and collective beauty.
They are ready with their sweet smell
For the service of humanity.
They were sleeping divinity
but now they are awake.

They were little Banyan seeds
Now they are growing Banyan trees.
To be very large and to give shade
to the passerby of this earth.

They have come to the Lord's garden
Growing with His care
They are rendering their service by Baba's grace.
These divine children of Baba.
In Baba's divine mission
They are His growing Sadvipras.

HE IS ALMIGHTY

He appeared with His bright effulgence
On a bright full-moon day
With His advent
Darkness on the earth is dispelling.

Sinners and exploiters are facing troubles
To tolerate this strong effulgence.
They are screaming against
the radiant divine light.

They close their eyes in the light.
They hide their faces and move in the darkness.
These bats and owls fly everywhere
in the darkness
And hide in holes with the advent of the dawn.

These birds of darkness
Are the exploiters of humanity.
They fear the idea of Neo-humanism.
But Neo-humanism will march forward.

Neo-humanists will go forward
With their rhythmic galloping steps
And with their chorus of marching songs.
Their leader is the infallible One
Their leader is the divine being
Who has come to establish the new era on earth.

He is the pioneer of the real human society,
His victory is sure,
He is almighty.

HE HELPS ALWAYS

Standing on the shore
I enjoyed.
To enjoy more I jumped upon the waves
Of the roaring sea,
And floating up and down, no doubt
I was overwhelmed with joy.

But what happened?
I was carried out by the waves
Far beyond the danger mark of the deep sea.

I got tired
And was trying to return to shore,
But there was no strength in my body
to return to the shore.

Finially,
I was going to drown
In the depths of the sea.

But in the last moment
As I remembered my Baba
He responded to me immediately.
A strong wave of the sea
Brought me back onto the shore.

I understood that He was watching
And waiting to help.

THE BRIDGE

On an island I stand seeing the heavenly beauty
of this beautiful garden.
Fruits are hanging and flowers are moving
in the gentle breeze.
Birds are chirping in a sweet melody.
I am amazed -
Still, I feel lonely.

I was searching for something
I am waiting for someone,
And I want to leave this island,
But I am surrounded by ocean.
An unknown attraction from the other side
Is drawing my heart.

After a long wait,
Baba came to me.
He took me over the sea
Into the kingdom of infinite beauty.

COME INTO MY HEART

Oh my Lord!
Kindly come into the garden of my heart
Which I have prepared for You.

Thousands of colourful and scented flowers
I have planted
I am picking these flowers
To offer at Your divinely coloured feet.

I am making a colourful garland
Which is for You
And fits only You.

The garden of my heart
Is the shelter for Your rest.
Please don't forget to come here
I have been waiting long for You.

THE VICTORY

I am moral force.
I am a moralist soldier,
I fight against the immoral.
I don't know how to bend before the immoral.

I am a moralist soldier.
I don't like partiality.
I don't like inhumanity.
I won't tolerate the upper hand of the sinners.

I am the moral force of the Almighty.
I must be victorious in the war of vice and virtue.
The Almighty is with me.

I am the moral force for the bigger Mahabharat.
Five Pandavas defeated one hundred Kauravas.
The Lord Krsna was with them.

Oh human being! Come with me!
Become the soldier of moral force.
The Lord must help you.
You will become the victorious one.
Five moralists can defeat one hundred immoralists.

I am the moral force.
Oh human being, become one with me.
I don't know how to compromise with immorality.

I am a soldier of the Almighty.
We will bring a bright new era on the earth.
It will be the era of moralism and spirituality.
It will be the era of real human civilization.
The earth will be the kingdom of happiness.

THE ROSE

I saw the bud blossoming
Into a beautiful glittering
Multicoloured rose.

It had the beauty
to satisfy everybody.
It had the smell
to give joy to me and to every heart.

It dropped on the earth
with its full beauty.
It offered itself smilingly
for the worship of God.

It left the earth
like the sun of the twilight.
It was gone
for the worship of God
with all its material beauty
and inner merits.

God must take this flower
on His bouquet.

(In memory of Abhedananda Avt, P.A. to Baba, who dedicated
his life in the fight against adharmā at Ananda Nagar in 1967.)

ONE HUNDRED TIMES

Judges have forgotten their oaths
Which they took in the name of God
for real judgement.
The ministers have forgotten their oaths
Which they took in the name of God
for the service of their country.
The leaders are breaking their words
Which they promised before the people
whom they serve.

All are indulging in corruption,
Law breaking and injustice.
Swinging cudgels against cardinal human principles.
They are destroying the minimum human characteristics.
They are becoming devils.

How long can it be tolerated?

Not so long.
The Supreme Father can't endure this injustice for long.
Krsna tolerated the insolence of Sishupal
a hundred times only.
But not more.

The days of the corrupt men's high-handedness
Will be abolished very soon.
The Lord of the universe will take His ultimate step
When the time is ripe.

Stop all your corruption! Save the humanity!
Remember, He will not allow your injustice.
He is coming in the form of Rudra very soon
To smash all corruption on the earth.

THE CHORUS OF VICTORY

If the wild thorny bushes were cut off
And the land cleared
We could plant a beautiful garden
Enjoyable for all.

If a dirty dress was cleaned properly
Then one person could use it
and wear it cheerfully.

If the big logs were chopped
and put into the fire
It would give heat to the people
Who are suffering from freezing cold.

If the garbage of society was burnt
in the same way,
The society could be more healthy
For the living beings.

Is there anybody to do that?
I hope that there are many
To take the duty of burning
the decayed and useless things
and to bring instead
Something beautiful, fragrant and joyful.

Oh pioneers!
Soldiers of the new era.
Let us go forward
Let us march ahead
With the chorus of victory
to reach our goal.

We will be successful
We will be victorious
As God is with us.

HOW THEY CHANGED

It was a river.
In all rainy seasons it was flooded.
It was a curse for mankind.
It was a killer of men and animals.
It was a plant destroyer, it was the river Damodar.
Now it has been changed.
By the scientists and engineers.
Now its potentiality is channelised
Now there is a dam on the Damodar.
It gives electricity to crores of people.
It keeps water in the big lakes, it produces fish for people.
Now it irrigates corn for mankind, now it is a boon for mankind.
It is the river Damodar, which is now blessed by men
Which is now blessed for man.
It is not the destructor Damodar
It is the kind-hearted Damodar channelled by man.

There was one Ratanar, a man killer, a famous robber.
But what did he become? Do you know?
Yes. He became the great poet, the great sage.
How so, do you know?
Yes, by the loving touch, by the grace of the Lord.

You see Angulimal was a big robber,
A man killer, terror to man, even to the king.
He was changed from an animal to a Buddhist saint,
By the loving touch of Buddha, by the grace of the Lord.

Kalikananda, you see is another who changed from robber to man,
man to sadhaka, sadhaka to great soul.
Different entities are changed from a curse to bliss.
How is it?
It is by the touch, by the grace of Taraka Brahma.
The Supreme Father, the Lord of the universe,
Shrii Shrii Anandamurtijii.

ALL WILL COME OUT

An intolerable cold wind is blowing,
Everybody is freezing,
All are covering their bodies with warm clothes,
All are keeping the heaters on.

But the time is coming soon
When the cold will disappear.
The sky will be free, the sun's rays will smile,
The gentle breeze will blow, flowers will bloom
And the birds will dance and sing.

And those who are on the inside now
Will all come out from their closed rooms,
Come out in the open fresh air,
To happily enjoy the freedom
In the loving lap of nature.

NILAKANTHA

The decayed ages are passing.
The pioneer of the new era has appeared on the earth.
How much longer can He tolerate the vice, the injustice?
He is ever ready to face all the obstacles.

He knows how to walk on the thorns
He knows how to cut the jungles
He knows how to make a path
He knows how to make a paradise.

He is accepting all the troubles
And going ahead with a gentle smile.
He accepted the poison in the prison,
Digested it and smiled.

He is not crying out from His pain,
Not shedding tears before you and me.
He has an ever smiling face
Which can accept the pain of us all.

He has come to establish the glory
Of Paramapurusa in this universe.

A DREAM

A terrible fearful dream it is.
Thousand and millions of dead bodies are lying.
Some living persons are walking around,
Trying to recognise faces
But it is difficult.

All of a sudden the scene changes.
The horrible picture disappears.
Sweet music starts from the eastern horizon.
The dreadful night is over
The sun of the crimson dawn welcomes everybody.
A gentle breeze is blowing under the open sky.

All are starting a harmonious chorus
With a very rhythmic supra-aesthetic dance.
Gods are showering flowers on their heads
And tears of joy flow from every eye.

The environment of the earth changes completely,
All are enjoying the bliss.

A FEARLESS JOURNEY

I have started my journey
On a stormy ocean.
My boat is very small,
But I am not a fearful man.

I left the bank much before
With surrender to the God.
The roaring sound of the mid-ocean
For me is not a terror.

I have the faith that He is with me
From beginning to end.
He is dancing in my heart
With His absorbing roaring sound
And rhythmic steps, which are each moment
Giving me enough strength.

In each of His dance steps
My heart delighted to struggle more,
In His every step,
He gives me more faith and tells
That victory is sure.

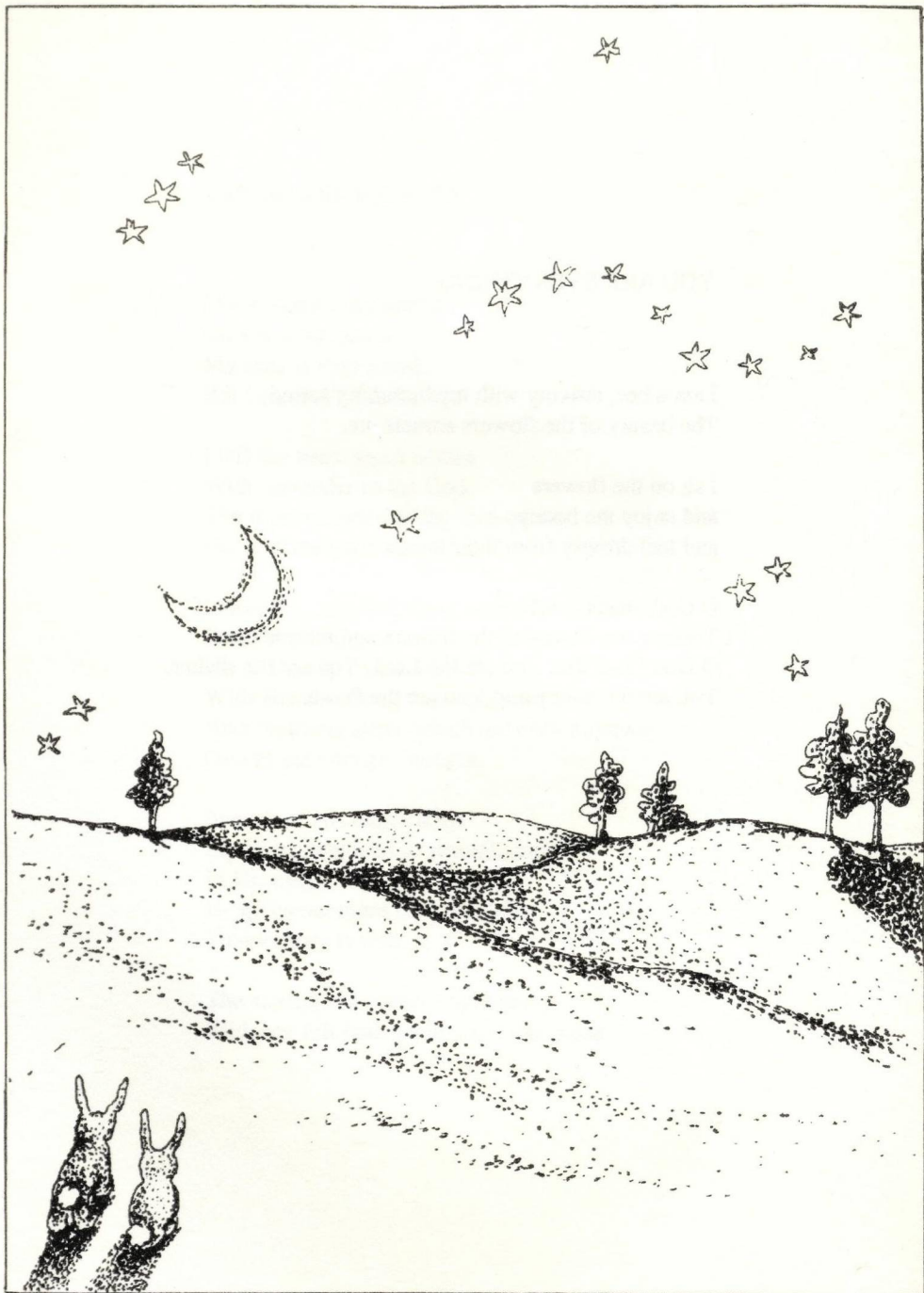
The stormy sea cannot frighten me.
With my full faith I will cross the ocean.

YOU ARE EVERYTHING

I am a bee, moving with my humming sound
The beauty of the flowers attracts me.

I sit on the flowers
and enjoy the honey,
and feel drowsy from their intoxicating nectar.

O God, thank-you!
You are the creator of the flowers and their nectar.
O God I feel that You are the Lord, You are the shelter.
You are the honey and You are the flower.



DADHICHI

Oh five Dadhichi! Where are you now?
You left us on the earth
And went to the place of bliss.

You are courageous,
You were real spiritual soldiers,
In the frontline of the battle
You could not wait for a big battalion
To come to your support.

Others are still much behind.
They are ready to follow you.
They are waiting for your signal.
When the time will come
They will march forward.

But it is to your credit
That you are in the front of the fight
to change human history.

You are the blessed sons of Paramapurusa.
He has given you the garland of victory
In the front line of the battle,
For starting the establishment
of Sadvipra society.

We all congratulate you
From our hearts
You will remain glorious throughout history.

BE READY MARCH AHEAD!

Don't be gloomy
Don't sit down
Don't be clashed out
Stand up!
Start your journey
Remember Baba's voice:
 "Struggle is the essence of life"
Struggle is the proof of life
It is the source of spirit.

Dear volunteers
Get up!
Be ready!
March ahead with vigour
Cold, frost and snow
Will melt away and vaporize.
Go ahead at a galloping speed
Do work for your divine mission;
Spring is reaching your door
You will play in sunny days.

TO CATCH HIM

Oh human beings
It is impossible to know God
by intellect.

He is far beyond the capacity of intellect.
Nor is He visible to the eye.
He cannot be caught by the ordinary capacity
of the organs and nerves.

Develop your intuition more and more
Make your mental jurisdiction bigger and bigger.
To know the unlimited One, make a barrierless mind.
Develop unfathomable love for God.
Our logic and reasoning will not bring Him before us.
Only intuition and devotion can help us to see Him.
From inside and outside of us.

We humans cannot see even the nearest things
without the help of light.
The blind can see nothing, even with the light.
Likewise God is not visible without your intuition
without your spirituality
without your devotion.
He is almighty, He is all-pervading.
He can come to you if you are really searching for Him.
Continue your journey to catch Him.

EPILOGUE

On the path of spirituality people often face much trouble. The path is long and the journey is hard and God tests us so much that sometimes devotees can become discouraged. I have heard the following poem from Baba -

Ye kare amar ash tar kari sarvanash

Tabuo ye kare ash tar hoi dasanudas.

Those who want God will get much trouble. He will take everything from them but if they still desire Him then He becomes a servant of the servants.

There is a story about Krsna and Narada travelling in the hot summer sun. They reached the house of a rich man and asked him for water. He declined and told them to go away. As they were leaving Narada asked Krsna, "As this man is so mean, what will happen to him in the future?" Krsna said, "He will become more wealthy." Narada was confused by this. A little later they approached a small hut and found an old woman, a devotee of Krsna, living there. She welcomed them, made them comfortable and offered buttermilk which had come from her only cow. When they were rested they left and again Narada asked, "She was a good woman and a devotee, what will happen to her in the future?" "Her only cow will die," Krsna replied. Narada was dissatisfied, "Such crazy things You do, I can't understand. This old woman loves You so You kill her cow, and the mean man who wouldn't even give us water, You make him more rich. Where is the justice in that?" Krsna replied, "Dear Narada, this woman loves me so much but still she is attracted to one thing, her cow, and when it dies she will love only me. The rich man is far from me and will get more wealth and become further from me. For him to come close to me will take some time."

So we can see that God will take everything from those who truly want Him. Baba says that the intellectuals believe the spiritual path is like a razor's edge -

Ksurasyah dhara nishita duratvaya

durgama patha stada kabayah badanti

but for the devotee the path is strewn with roses. Surely God tests us in many ways but if we have the strong desire to know Him then He will come in many forms to help us. There is a Bengali saying, "Sap haiya katara banda ojha haiya jhara, God will come as a snake to bite you and then as a doctor to make you well." In His play it is sometimes difficult to understand how He gives us trouble and how He helps. Sometimes, like

a common father, He plays hide and seek with His children but when we call Him He has to come and take us on His lap. Baba has said the clever devotee is like a kitten, not like a baby monkey. The monkey clings to it's mother as it swings through the branches and there is the danger of falling off. The kitten, however, is completely dependent on the mother to catch it in it's mouth and bring it from one place to another. The clever devotee is like this.

God is so busy for His whole universe, perhaps He is not thinking directly about you each and every moment but in the necessary cases He must come to you. A mother who is busy may temporarily forget her baby, so if the child needs something it will cry and the mother must come to care for it. A clever devotee will do the same. They will cry for God and depending totally on Him, He will surely help.

Surrender is the secret of success. Baba has said that God keeps everything for everybody. Sometimes one may feel he or she has nothing while others have got much realisation. But God is not partial, He is showering His grace on us all, every moment of the day and night but we must come out from the umbrella of our ego to be drenched in this rain of His grace.

By logic and reasoning it is not possible to know why He has given something to one and not to another. He works according to His whim. Those who have much love for Paramapurusa, will, by their devotion, snatch His grace from Him.



