



Bábá Loves All

Āc. Dhruvananda Āvt.

Yogendra

BÁBÁ LOVES ALL

A COLLECTION OF
STORIES, DREAMS AND POEMS

BY AC. DHRUVÁNANDA AVT.



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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 on one hand His grace is the greatest mystery and on the other, it is revealed in the simplest of everyday occurrences.

Many people -- family márgiis, wholetimers and especially the past and present trainees of Sweden training center -- know that a printed story is no substitute for the inspired dharmashástra of Dádá Dhruvánanda. The inspiration lies not in how he tells the stories but rather in how he himself exemplifies those very fine qualities expressed within them -- devotion, surrender, full faith in Bábá and more.

The stories in the first part of this book he selected for their inspirational and educational value. They are roughly arranged in chronological order, but many stories from one person were kept together. With a few necessary exceptions, names and places have been included for historical interest and accuracy. In many of the stories, the words of Bábá are expressed in quotation marks; however, these should not be treated as literal quotations but rather as the spirit of what Bábá said. The dreams and Dádá's poems in the second and third parts, respectively, add a more intimate dimension to what is a very simple and personal book.

The Editors

The credit lies with his persistence and the publishers who have not given up on them. I especially thank the following people: Ac. Shrawadhakumáradá, Ac. Tadhbhavanandajii, Ac. Dhyaneshánandajii, Brijit Kiráná Ac. and Brijit Anandá Ac.

Author's note to the second edition

The first edition of *Bábá Loves All* was written in only five or six days. It could have been bigger, but I could not take more time for it then. In that edition there were stories of some senior márgiis and non-márgiis close to Bábá who were also in close contact with me. I also included some stories from my personal experience. By the middle of 1990, I already had the plan to write another book with the rest of the stories I know; but due to my bad health, that project was barely started when Bábá made His departure.

For this edition, I decided to withdraw all my personal stories so they could be published separately. This decision was based on one

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Bábá is so great. In otaḥ and protaḥ yoga, He is connected with each and everybody so it is surely impossible to fully describe His merits in words. This book is not 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, to 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 Bábá.

The stories in this book are fact. Most of the persons concerned are known to me and told me their stories directly. The experiences of the people who are not personally known to me, I collected from reliable sources.

Devotees like to hear stories about Bábá 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 my thanks to them all, especially the following people: Ác. Shraddhánandadádá, Ác. Tadbhavánandajii, Ác. Dhyaneshánandajii, Brcii. Kiraná Ác. and Brcii. Amaliná Ác.

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dádá's expressed wish that I would compile my experiences into one volume. That book will be published simultaneously. To make good the deficiency left in this volume, I have added more stories told to me by the people who have felt Bábá so strongly in their lives. Ác. Vijayánandadádá had encouraged me in December 1990 to publish these additional stories soon -- "before they can be lost from your mind." For this suggestion, I give him my deep thanks.

I chose this title because Bábá was always helping everybody -- non-márgiis as well as márgiis. He even felt pain for those suffering under negative pratisaincara as a result of their own actions. The philosophy of Neo-humanism is not expounded in this book, but the experiences of the devotees written here prove that Bábá Loves All.

Author's note to the second edition

The first edition of *Bábá Loves All* was written in only five or six days. It could have been bigger, but I could not take more time for it then. In that edition there were stories of some senior márgiis and non-márgiis close to Bábá who were also in close contact with me. I also included some stories from my personal experience. By the middle of 1990, I already had the plan to write another book with the rest of the stories I knew; but due to my bad health, that project was barely started when Bábá made his departure.

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Dedicated
At the loving feet
Of
Our most REVERED Bábá

PREFACE

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PREFACE

In this visible, crude world, all that we are perceiving, all discernable conceptions, we receive through our five *jinatedriya* or sensory organs¹; and we are receiving reflections of all these through the five fundamental *tanmátras*². *But not everything in this manifested universe is perceivable. There are many things which are so subtle they can not be apprehended by our senses. Ks'iti, Apa, Teja, Marut, Vyoma*³, -- only these can be known by the sensory organs. The unseen, unfelt, exquisitely subtle things -- these our organs fail to receive, these the *tanmátras* fail to transmit even; thus the mind has no chance to perceive them in its usual way.

However, the mind can grasp many things directly, without the help of any organ, when it reaches a very subtle state. Proper intuitional practice can make a mind very subtle, and so the sincere practitioner can see the unseen and know the unknown with intuition. Material science, on the other hand, regards more information about matter which is received through material instruments and physical senses.

Three forces are always working in this universe -- static, mutative and sentient⁴. The static force takes an entity toward crudification and death; the mutative force has more vital force and brings dynamism; the sentient force brings aesthetic development and pushes it toward the supra-aesthetic stratum. These forces work both in the visible sphere and in all the invisible layers of mind, though not in the realm of pure consciousness. All three are working everywhere, but the relative degree of each one is proved by the appearance of the object or the performance of the entity.

The spiritual practitioners develop the sentient quality of their minds and make their minds clearer and clearer, purer and purer. They

- 1 They are *caks'u, karn'a, násiká, jiihva* and *tvaka*, more commonly called eyes, ears, nose, tongue and skin.
- 2 *Shabda, sparsha, rúpa, rasa* and *gandha*, or sound, touch, form, taste and smell.
- 3 The solid, liquid, luminous, aerial and ethereal factors, respectively.
- 4 Termed *tamah, raja* and *sattva*, respectively.

develop their intuition and expand their mental jurisdiction until the last moment when they reach the culminating point. Their progress continues as long as they are visualising Parama Purusa and reaching up to Him. The spiritual path is a mysterious path, and those who have not started the journey will not understand the secret which the spiritual aspirants know. Parama Purusa is also a very enigmatic entity, beyond material knowledge, beyond the vision of the materialists.

When, by sincere spiritual practice, devotion grows in the mind of a spiritual practitioner, only then Parama Purusa Himself kindly comes into the reach of the aspirant. He is omnipresent, omniscient and omnipotent, so He can do everything for His devotee. But this is hard to understand for the person who is not on the path of devotion or spirituality.

Bábá said, "I was a mystery, I am a mystery, and I will ever remain a mystery." His devotees know that it is true. Because they have tried to know the mystery, God, the most unfathomable entity, kindly brought Himself before His devotees in physical form and revealed some of His cryptic qualities. Having seen a glimpse of His infinite mystery, they could not leave Him, and they could not stop singing His glory; and so they sing His song, "Bábá Náma Kevalam."

For the devotees, Bábá is the pole star of their lives. Bábá is the life of their lives, the soul of their souls. Without Him, without His ideation, without Him in their vision they are like fish without water.

Dhyánamulam' gurumúrthi, pújámulam' guru padam
Mantramulam' guru vákyam', moks'a mulam' guru krpá

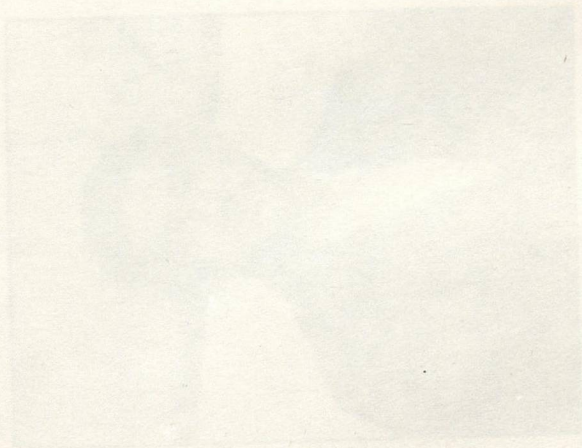
The most mysterious personality, the Supreme Consciousness, who came on this dusty Earth with His grace, appeared before His devotees to show them a glimpse of Brahma and to liberate them from *Bhavaságara*, the ocean of *sam'skára*. We, His devotees, want to see that *Táraka Brahma*, Shrii Shrii Ánandamúrtiji, day and night, in our work and in our dreams. We want to worship His feet forever; we want to follow His word for all time; and we want to do His *dhyána* in all the moments of our lives. He is our final shelter; He is the Supreme Guru of this universe.

Devotees of our beloved guru, Shrii Shrii Ánandamúrtiji, have in their lives seen the divine and omnipotent qualities in His presence and in His actions. This small book gives only a few examples from a few devotees. To know Him more one must read other books by His devotees and those books written by Himself.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

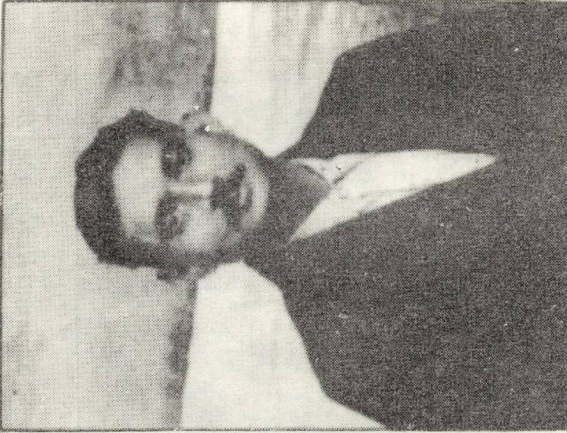
The Divine Entity, who came before us in physical form as Táraka Brahma, has left his physical body in this mundane world. The Supreme Consciousness, Parama Purusa, who is guiding and leading us on the spiritual path as our Father, Mother, Teacher and Friend, inspiring us day and night, helping us with His hard and pauseless work and teaching us to make one universal family, has suddenly withdrawn Himself from His physical form. Still He is before us. He is a living entity. He is the pure consciousness living in all moments in our hearts and reminding us of His teachings. He is encouraging us to go ahead on our path which we have chosen -- the path of "*Átmamoks'ártham, Jaggdahitayaca*" (Self-realisation and Service to Humanity). Though He has withdrawn the physical body, still His devòtees perceive His physical form all around them all the time. He is the immortal entity and ever visible. On the occasion of His great departure from physical shape we offer our deepest love, gratitude and homage to Him. We will always be for Him, work for Him and keep in our minds that His mission is Him.

STORIES





*Shrimati Abharanii Sarkar,
Baba's mother.*



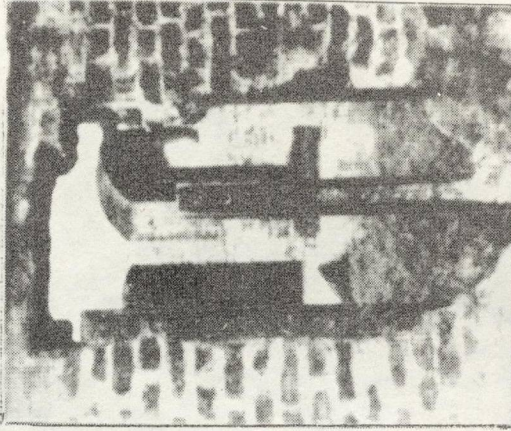
*Shrii Laksmiinarayan Sarkar
Baba's father.*



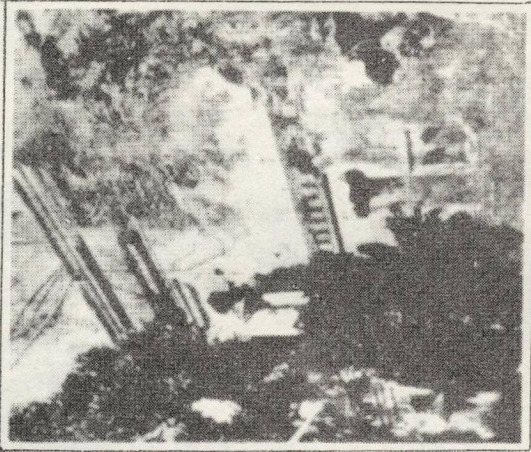
*Shrimati Hiraprabha Bose,
Baba's eldest sister.*



*Kumarii Bijalii Prabha Sarkar,
Baba's younger sister.*



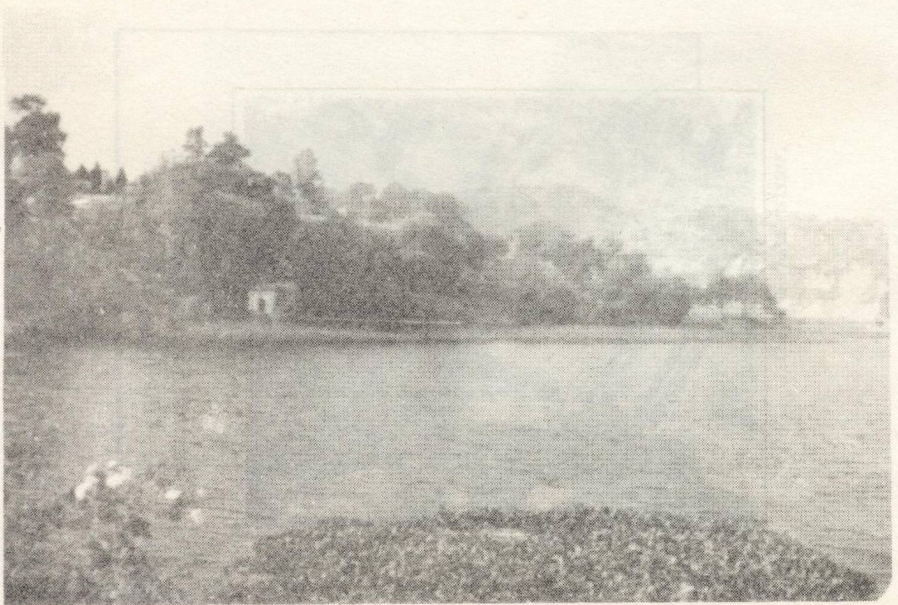
*The passage at Rampur Colony
through which Baba would go to
Jagrti every day.*



*Ancestral house at Bamumpara,
Burdwan, Bengal.*



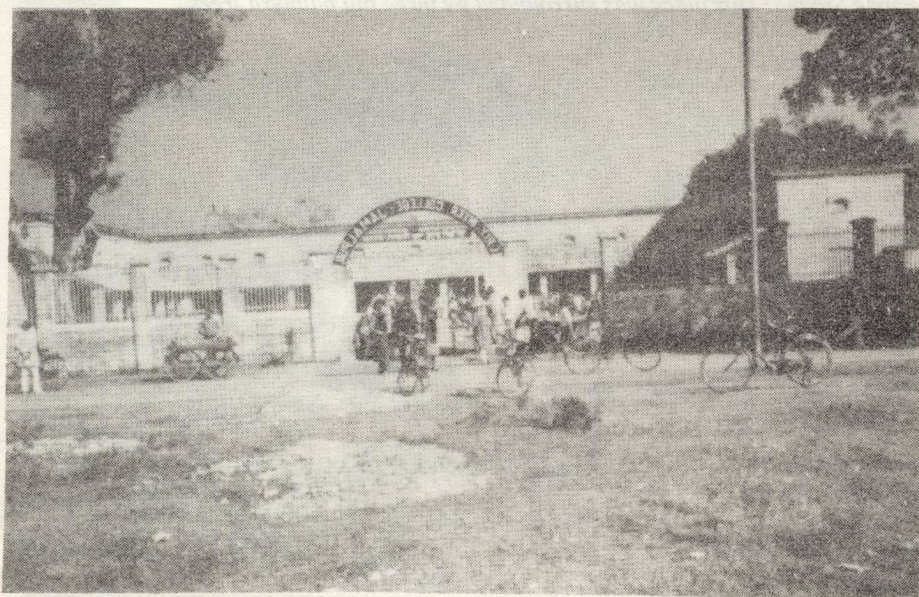
This is the hill beside the Jamalpur reservoir where Baba used to sit and play flute while a student of standard VIII.



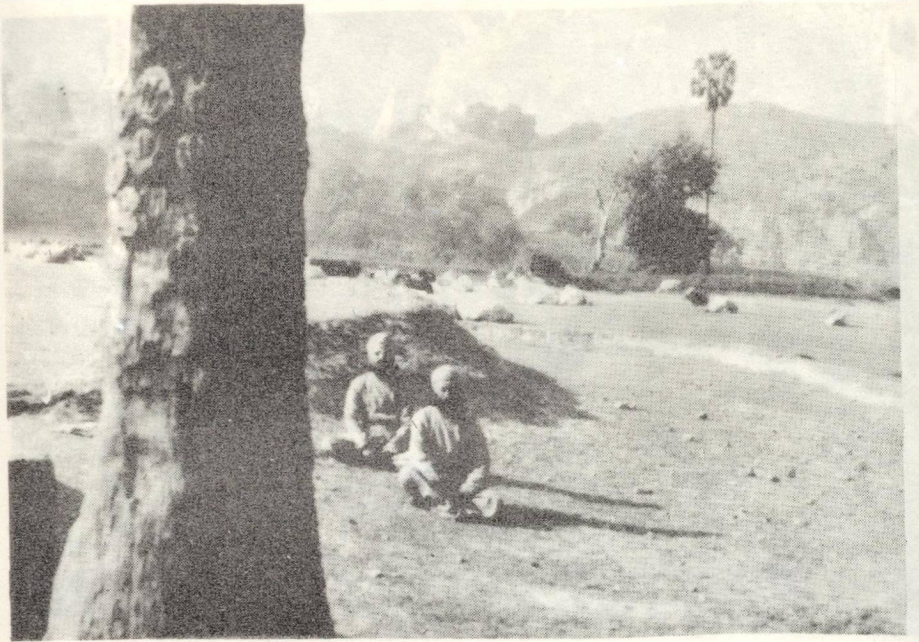
The site where Baba used to meditate on a small jetty attached to the hill while a student of standard VIII and IX.



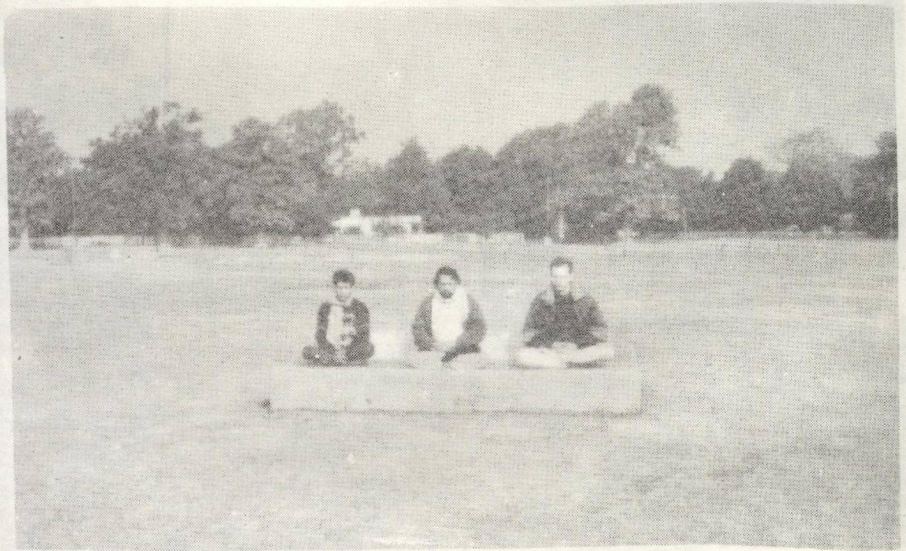
The old tamarind tree beside the reservoir where Baba used to sit and meditate while a student of standard IX.



The famous Railway high school where Baba studied and passed the matriculation examination.



The holy site where Baba used to sit for meditation after 9th standard examination. This is the holy place where the famous Nath yogii Praviira Nath became Siddha. This place was surrounded by three big palmyra trees.



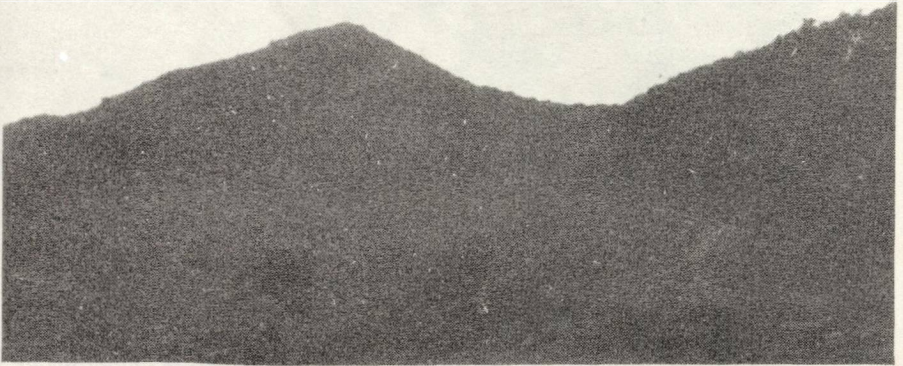
This is the famous Tiger's Grave in the big field where Baba used to sit during His evening walks with the visiting margiis. Actually this was His most favourite place for meeting the devotees after the site pictured on top of this page.



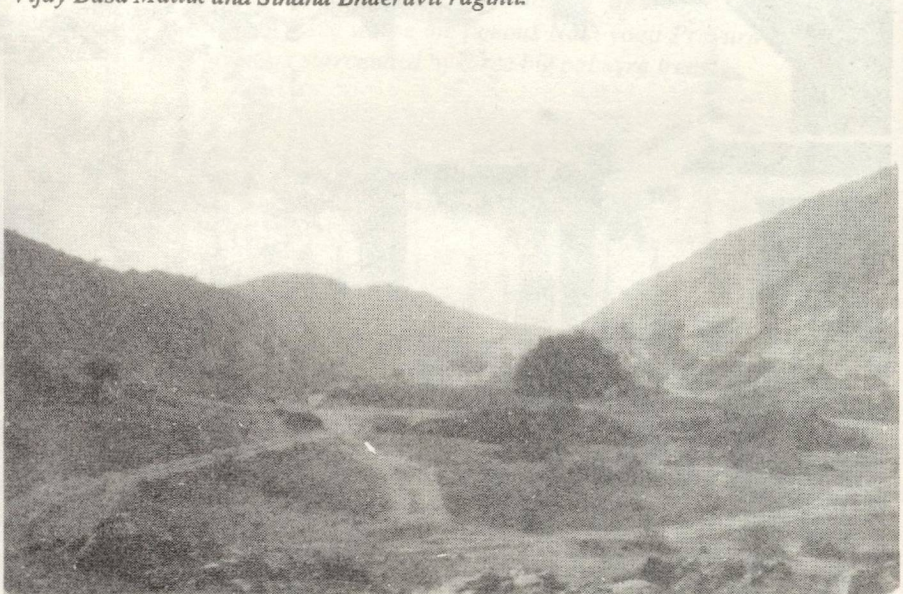
The famous water spring from which Baba used to collect water to drink. Sometimes while seated in the Tiger's Grave, He sent persons to collect water from this spring. The water spring is still there and lots of people gather water from here even today.



Jamalpur railways quarters at Rampur colony where Baba lived during the last days of His official career. From here He signed from His service and went to Ananda Nagar.



The summit of the Jamalpur hill where Baba used to meet many sadhakas and eminent social workers. Baba mentions this hill in His short story on Viresh Vijay Basa Mallik and Sindhu Bhaeravii raginii.



This is the famous Death Valley of Jamalpur where Baba used to go and sit under the tamarind tree. Baba had a number of mystic realisations here in His younger days. He used to pay frequent visits to this Death Valley in His youth.

In 1963, not long after I was initiated, I attended a social service camp in Indas village in the Biirbhum district of West Bengal. There I heard this story from the senior Acáryas:

A young boy was meditating as he waited for the train in Kirm'áhár station in Biirbhum district. There was also one *avidyá tántrik* waiting there. When the boy had finished meditation, the *avidyá tántrik* approached and began talking to him in such a way as to convince him of the benefits of *avidyá tantra*. The boy was strong-minded, and he told the man that he already had the best guru. The *avidyá tántrik* felt insulted, and, as he sat on the train, he became more and more angry. By the time he had reached his destination he had resolved to kill the boy. That evening he sat in his special *ásana* and directed his mental power toward the boy many miles away. The boy was sleeping on his cot, and the *avidyá tántrik* could see him, but his mental force could not touch the boy -- it was as if a shield surrounded him. Then he saw that at each of the four corners of the bed stood the beautiful figure of a person wearing spectacles. Again he tried to strike at the boy with his mind 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 *avidyá tántrik* visited the boy's home, told him of the previous night's events and begged his forgiveness. The boy asked him to describe in detail the figure which was protecting him. The boy listened to the description; then he told the *avidyá tántrik*, "This is my guru, *Ánandamúrtijii*."

* * * * *

About the same time, I heard the following story from Vijayánandadádá. In 1963, he was working in Calcutta (Calcutta). One high school teacher had heard about *Ánanda Marga* and was quite interested. He came with his seventeen year-old daughter to see Dádá for more information. After he had listened to Dádá, he wanted initiation. Dádá told him, "You have been practising mesmerism. You will have to stop that before I give you initiation." The man responded that he wanted to keep both practices. Dádá would not agree, so the man left disappointed.

Still the man had the desire to learn. He and his daughter soon came again. However he still refused to stop the hypnotism, so Dádá still refused to initiate him. The teacher was very offended, so he gathered himself together and tried to mesmerize Dádá. But his power had no effect on Dádá; Dádá remained calm and quiet. Rather, the teacher began to feel some reaction himself. His daughter saw that his eyes became strangely bigger, his hands started to tremble, his mouth opened and started expanding, and he began to utter unintelligible sounds. In the same moment, the owner of the house passed outside the room, and he too saw the same things.

After some time, when the man came back to normal, he asked Dádá, "Why did you do this to me?"

Dádá replied, "I didn't do anything to you. I just sat here. As you were applying your force on a Vidyá tántrik, it could do no harm. Rather it reacted on you." With the meditation which Bábá has given us, if we practise it sincerely, no hypnotist, no Avidyá tántrik can harm us. Our mantra and our faith in our guru will automatically protect us."

* * * * *

In the beginning of 1964, I was posted at Láheriásarái, Bihar. There, some márgiis and workers told me about one woman from Darbhanga district. She had been initiated into Ánanda Márga; and she had much faith in Bábá and was sincere in her practices. Unfortunately her husband did not like her practising yoga and ordered her to stop. But she did not want to stop and so continued her practices despite her husband's persistent interference. Her husband was so enraged that she regarded her Guru more than him that he finally poisoned her. However, the poison could not kill her or do much harm at all. Instead, rather, the husband soon went mad and required medical treatment. Afterwards he was very repentant, thinking that his insanity was the result of his own wickedness, and he never offered any opposition to her yoga practices after that. The woman felt sure the Guru had been protecting her and supporting her determination to be a good spiritualist. She felt His grace very deeply.

* * * * *

In late 1964 I was posted at Jámálpur, the place where Bábá spent most of His life. There I got to hear many stories from the Márgiis and non-Márgiis who had known Him so personally.

When Bábá was just born, His family named him Arun'a because He had been born at dawn. The first miracle was not long in coming.

The family had gathered around to see him take his first drink of milk. They were starting to feed Him like any newborn, one drop at a time, when suddenly Arun'a took up the whole cup in his little hands and began to drink like any fully-grown person. His family was too astonished for words. His grandmother came the closest to understanding. She said He was not like a baby, but instead was like a "bur'á", or an 'old man'.

Afterwards Arun'a received the name Prabhátrainjan, the name which was later to become known to millions. As a young boy, He lived at Jámálpur's Keshavpur ward with His father, Laks'miináráyan, His mother, Ábhárán'ii, and His sisters and brothers. He used to like to wander in the evenings in the hills east of Jámálpur. In those days, the hills were thickly forested; many wild animals, including tigers and hyenas, lived there. Woodcutters would go there in the daytime to earn their living, but they generally left the jungle well before dark. One such woodcutter was a neighbor of Laks'miináráyan Sarkar. One when day he was working in the woods, he thought he heard the sound of a large animal passing some ways away. Looking around cautiously, he was shocked to recognize little Prabhátrainjan; his neighbor's son, riding on the back of a tiger.

Though these stories are very familiar to most Márgiis, to many they may seem too fantastic to be real. Nevertheless, they are true.

* * * * *

Once I went to Bamunpará, Bábá's original home in Burdawan, West Bengal. There I talked with some members of His grandparents' families. One thing they told me was that, "Never in His childhood was Prabhát taking meat or fish or eggs. He never wanted to. He could not even tolerate seeing fish being cut."

Devotees who are not familiar with the Indian culture and social structure may not be impressed by this story at first. I should explain that members of Bábá's family were not expected to be vegetarian. No one instructed the little Prabhát about the proper sentient diet. Working on His own inner knowledge, He had to defy the traditions of His father's family, while still showing respect for His elders. That He, as a little boy, could do this, shows again what a unique child He was.

* * * * *

It was a great privilege to be near Bábá's family, especially Bábá's mother. She was a very loving and respectable lady. One day I wanted to know something about Bábá from her. She said, "You are

His disciples, He is my son. You, the disciples, know better. I know nothing about Him." Still I requested her to tell at least something about Bábá because she was His mother. She told me not to tell Bábá.

First she told me how one day while Bábá was leaving Ranchi by car with some márgii brothers, including His bodyguard and His driver, the car was passing a big jungle, and Bábá suddenly asked the driver to stop the car. He opened His door and hurriedly entered the jungle. The brothers were surprised and quickly followed. They could hear someone crying loudly, "Bábá, Bábá, save me, save me!"

Bábá moved towards the caller, and the márgiis heard Him say, "Leave him! Leave him!" They found that the caller was a man surrounded by live snakes, but at Bábá's command the snakes immediately left. Then the man ran to Bábá and threw himself into Prostration (*sás't'áunga pran'am*). Bábá rebuked him saying, "You have done many crimes and now you are getting punishment from nature! You shouldn't be excused! But now I am excusing you. Will you do such crimes again in this life?"

The weeping man replied, "No, no, Bábá, I won't commit any more crime. I will do good." The man left, and Bábá and the astonished márgiis returned to the car.

Bábá's Sam'skrta teacher loved Him very much because He was so intelligent and eager to study. The teacher's wife was also close to Bábá's mother. They were good friends, and the teacher's wife frequently visited Bábá's house. On one occasion she was telling Bábá's mother how she had been absent at the time of her mother's death. "Oh! I am so unlucky that I was not with her when she died. If I had at least one chance to see my mother, then I would be very happy."

Bábá heard this and asked His mother, "Má, you ask her: if she sees her dead mother, will she become afraid? If she wants, I can do that."

When the lady heard Bábá's proposal she immediately agreed and said, "Yes, I am eager to see my mother." Then Bábá called her into a room and asked again if she would be afraid if her mother appeared physically in the room. She replied that she would not. So Bábá gave her the chance then and there to see her late mother. He caused the woman to appear, seated on a boat. After some time Bábá asked her if she had seen her. She replied, "Yes."

"Now you are satisfied?"

"Yes," she replied.

"So now you may go," Bábá told her kindly.

Once Bábá's mother said to me, "Dhruvánanda, all my sons are very intelligent. You can test them. Now Bubu is here (Bubu was her pet name for Bábá), He is extraordinarily intelligent. If I ask Him anything which He learned in His boyhood then He will repeat it without missing a word." To demonstrate her point she asked Bábá to recite one lengthy poem to me. Bábá began to recite one very long poem. When He finished she commented, "You see, in boyhood He learnt it, and He remembers everything word by word! My sons are very intelligent!"

Many times she would say, "Dhruvánanda, 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 she said a similar thing to a márgii brother from Jámálpur named Rámchandra. He asked her to tell him something about Bábá, but she did not say much. "Regarding Bubu I cannot tell you many things. But I can say that when so many people come from so far to see Him, surely there is some god-like quality in Him."

Once Bábá approached His mother, like the obedient son He was, to ask her permission to attend a DMC. "Má, General Secretary is asking if I will address the DMC. May I go?"

His 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 Bábá always respected His mother very much and worked only with her permission and, at the same time, Bábá's mother was taking very good care of her son who, although grown-up, would not demand food from anybody.

* * * * *

At Jámálpur there is a senior márgii sister named Pratibhá. She was very close to Bábá's mother, and she told me the following stories:

Once Bábá's mother went to visit some relatives, so she left Bábá in charge of keeping the house and looking after His younger brothers. She left adequate food for several days. Bábá advised His younger brothers to eat only the fruits and other raw foods, "because raw foods have more vitamins."

When she returned, she saw that most of the vegetables had not been eaten, and she asked the children why they were fasting. "No, we

are eating", they replied, "but Dádá said fruits are better, so we are only eating fruits."

Bábá's mother thought, and Pratibhádevii and I agreed, that Bábá's main purpose in not cooking was not to have more vitamins but to save time for more important work.

* * * * *

A similar story comes from about the same period in Bábá's life. All the children in His family helped with the chores around the house, but one day Bábá's mother noticed that it was always Kanáidá, Bábá's second brother, going out to do the shopping. Though he was doing a good job, Bábá's mother got the notion that Bábá should also sometimes go. She said, "Bubu, why don't you ever go shopping? Why is your brother always going?"

Bábá said, "I am ready to go. If you want to send me, send me." Bábá's mother sent Him to the market with some money, a list and the instructions, "Try to buy good quality things." When He returned, she was quite pleased with the different items; but when she asked for the change, He said, "Oh, but in order to buy such things, I have spent all the money which you gave me." The next day she sent Him again in the same way, but this time she said, "Try to save money." Bábá returned later and was able to bring back much change, but when Bábá's mother saw the goods, she was very dissatisfied with their cheapness. The next day Kanáidá went to the market, and Bábá went back to His own work.

One can understand these stories better if one knows a comment Bábá once made to the workers: "You know, when I was in class VII and VIII, I was already drawing up all my plans for the ERAWS¹ department." So Bábá's wise use of time during his youth had very big effect later on.

Bábá's mother performed worship each day, but according to common Hindu practice and not to the Ánanda Marga process. Pratibhádevii told me that Bábá's mother would often see Bábá mentally during her worship. One day Bábá's mother asked Bábá, "When I do woship, why do I often see you?" Bábá replied, "Má, perhaps you love me very much, that's why you see me."

1 Education, Relief and Welfare Section of Ananda Marga Pracáraka Samga (Central).

Bábá's youngest brother, Mánasdá, was also very close to me. One day, I and some other márgii brothers were asking him about Bábá. He told us how Bábá would never expend any amount of money for Himself. The salary from His job was all deposited in His mother's hands, and she used to give Him a very small fraction of it. But even that much Bábá did not expend. He never purchased anything in the market; all His food was from home. After many years, when the ERAWS started to do relief work, Bábá gave donations to the organisation out of this money he had saved. In 1965 I was working at the Ánanda Márga school at Jámálpur, and one day at the opening ceremony of a Children's Home, Bábá proposed to start a nursing home and gave me a substantial donation to begin the project. This very much inspired all the márgiis, who said they would also give donations. I began the nursing home, and Bábá continued to give donations in different places, and márgiis were also inspired to give donations for schools, homes and relief work.

Bábá did not misuse a single paise of the small allowance 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.

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Nrpen Chattopádhyáya was a non-márgii living at Rámpur Colony, Jámálpur, where Bábá too had lived at one time in His life. Shrii chattopádhyáya was the editor of a Bengali magazine. Some márgiis told me that he could tell me some stories about Bábá, as they had been schoolmates and playfellows before. When I met him, he told me how Prabhátdá¹ was very courageous in His childhood. Sometimes on holidays He and the other boys would go to Jámálpur Mountain, just east of the town in the Rájmahal Range. They would climb the hill and enter the forest. If the other boys felt a little scared, Prabhátdá would say, "Come! Come with me. Don't be afraid. When I am with you, don't be afraid." Especially on the holidays, they would move far into the forest. On the way He would tell them different stories about the history and geography of the area. "One day He showed us one place and said that the famous sage, Rs'yashrunga muni was doing meditation here." He further said that even from His childhood, He was showing the depth of his knowledge.

1 In Bám'lá "dá", a shortened form of "dádá", is often put at the end of a man's first name to show affectionate respect. Many non-márgiis of Jámálpur called Bábá "Prabhátdá" out of true love and regard for Him.

One day I was doing collection for the Children's Home at Jámálpur's Rámpur Colony, and I came to the house of a non-márgii who was acquainted with Bábá. His impression had also been of the depth of Bábá's knowledge. He said, "Never in my life have I seen such a scholar of Sam'skrta!"

* * * * *

Bábá was always intelligent and conscientious. Even from His childhood, if He saw a defect in a person, He would find a tactful way to change his/her character for the better.

At one time in His student life, Bábá was staying in a hostel. One boy there was known to be very greedy, and he never shared any of his special food with the other students. The other boys were always eating all together whatever nice food came from their homes, but this boy never gave anything though he certainly had plenty. One day some of the students told Bábá about his character: Bábá advised them, "One time when he is out, go and take whatever he has, but be careful to make it look like some little animal came and ate everything. If you do it one time, it should be enough." When the boy came back, he was quite dismayed to have lost all his food, but because it had been done in such a way, he could not say anything. However, afterwards he was always careful to share nicely.

* * * * *

This following story I also heard when I was working at Jámálpur. I think many people might have heard it by now, but for those who don't know it, it is worth repeating:

When Bábá was working as a sub-head in the accounting section of Jámálpur Railway Workshop, He was well-known for His ability to read palms. He had given thorough instruction in palmistry to two of his colleagues -- Shyamal Sen and Tapan Kumar. Additionally, He had made a name for himself by his ability to tell the past, present and future without even seeing the palms. In those days most of the railway officers were Englishmen, and they also knew about Mr. Sarkár's talent.

One day, one officer approached Him. Distressing news for him had just come from England. His wife, who was supposed to come to India soon, had become seriously ill. The doctors could not diagnose her ailment positively, but they thought they would have to remove her kidney, a very major operation at that time. Seeking reassurance this gentleman came to Bábá. Bábá told him, "There is no need to worry.

No major operation is needed. She can be cured by a simple operation." He felt much relieved.

When his wife had recovered, she joined him at Jámálpur. Out of courtesy and appreciation, he invited Bábá to a tea party to introduce Him to his wife. His wife was very much surprised when she saw Him. She said, "This is the very doctor who advised the other doctors not to perform the major operation. On his advice I was saved." Now her husband was surprised: Mr. Sarkár had not taken any leave. How could He have gone to England, and as a doctor? The Englishman realized that this was no ordinary man, but a great personality, a great yogii, who was just keeping Himself hidden as an ordinary person.

At the time when I was principal of the Ánanda Marga school at Jámálpur, a lady came to meet me to discuss the admission of her child. Eventually the discussion came around to the topic of Bábá. "You people come from far and wide to see your Bábá, while we, His neighbours, don't recognise Him," said Mrs. Sen of Rámpur Railway Colony, Jámálpur. "Though I don't know much about your Bábá, my eldest son had one experience with Him, though he isn't a márgii. My son is a devotee of the goddess Kálii, but he had the habit of following your Bábá, tagging along at some distance behind Him and the group of márgiis when they went out for a walk. My husband and I would sometimes tell him not to do this, but he continued to follow your Bábá up to the field near the hill. One day when he came back we reprimanded him, saying, 'What have you found in Him?'

"My son replied, 'Today I have found a great thing in Him; He is not a man, He's Náráyan'a. I saw Him stand in the field in His white effulgence, holding His shaunkha, cakra, gadá and padma (conch, wheel, cudgel and lotus.)' So from my son's experience I understand that your Bábá is not an ordinary man; He is something great."

* * * * *

Pratibhádevii came first to Bábá to have her palms read; He solved her problem without looking at her palms or asking any question. Later, in 1962, she came to Him as a disciple and a devotee. Her whole family -- her mother and her children -- are devotees of Bábá. She told me many stories that suggest how He always knows what is in our minds.

From earlier in her life, Pratibhádevii had the habit of performing áрати -- a ritual of waving candles and incense before the

altar. Once when she had just returned from the áshram, one of her daughters said to another, "You see, Mother's prejudices still haven't gone. She still does all those rituals."

Pratibhádevii replied, "For you people to tell me this is too much. It isn't that one has to give up everything when one is initiated into Ánanda Marga. It's not like that. I can still do áráti if I like."

The next day she went to general darshan. That day Bábá spoke on "Pújá, Arcaná and Stuti" (Worship, Ritual and Eulogy). He said, "Just imagine if you were a god and someone brought a hot candle close to your face and waved it around -- you would complain and say, 'Oh, it's burning me, it's burning me!' And would you not feel afraid? Yes, you would feel afraid. The deity also feels uneasy. And, for you, a big bunch of incense is unbearable. The deity will also be troubled by the smoke. If you feel much discomfort, the deity also will feel uncomfortable."

Pratibhádevii whispered to another sister there, "Didi, I was doing this thing also. Just yesterday I did."

Then Bábá said to her, "Yes, I am talking to you. Why did you do this?"

"I won't do it again, Bábá," she said "You see, I am catching my ears."

* * * * *

One day, one dádá was singing for Bábá. Pratibhádevii told him afterwards, "Dádá, you people are lucky, because you get to sing so much just in front of Bábá." The dádá said, "Why don't you people ever sing?"

"If my luck is good, I can sing before Bábá," she said and went back to her house.

It was a Sunday, so Bábá would come again that afternoon. Mentally she prepared to sing one Hindi song: "Tum Dáni Ho... (You are kindhearted and generous; I am a poor beggar)." She even checked her pronunciation with one sister, Godábarii, from Rewa, M.P.

Bábá came that afternoon, and the dádás were singing. Then Bábá asked in the local language, which was both His and Pratibhádevii's mother tongue, "Are there any more singers?" Pratibhádevii started to sing. Then she sang another song in Bám'gla, "Yár Lági Tor Parán Kánde... (For whom your heart is crying, that is God)."

After Bábá left, the dádá came up to her and said, "So you see, your luck is good!" But both of them knew that it was not luck at all, but His gracious love.

At one time, Pratibhádevii was feeling much pain because Bábá was spending much time with the dádás, and she and the other sisters had to wait outside. Everyday she was thinking that she would complain to Bábá, "You opened the door to dádás and not to us." But she never told Him this. One Saturday, she really planned to tell Bábá, "What mistake have we made?" But before she could, Bábá passed right by her and asked, "How are you today, little girl?"

She said, "Everything is alright, Bábá." Then Bábá went in. Then she decided to tell Him when He was leaving, but again she couldn't. Then she told her daughter, Jhumu, "Today also I did not tell Him. I will tell Him next Saturday."

The next Saturday, again Bábá called the dádás first, and she and another sister were standing outside in the corridor. She said, "Are we the capable children of Bábá that He will call us? Bábá calls those who are fit." Immediately after she said that, one dádá came out and said to us, "Bábá is calling you."

When they went in and sat in the room, Bábá said, "You see, before Paramátmá there is no question of fit or unfit."

Pratibhádevii understood Bábá's message, but at first she could not understand how Bábá knew so fast. She thought someone had reported her words to Bábá. She was very embarrassed and wondered what Bábá would think of her.

After Bábá left, she was talking to the sister, saying, "When I was talking to you earlier there, which dádá heard and reported us to Bábá so fast? What was the need of telling Him?" The sister only smiled.

Once when Bábá was in Bombay, Pratibhádevii and her family went there too. Pratibhádevii bought a garland from the market which she wanted to give to Bábá. She took it to the place where Bábá was staying. Many people had already arrived, so she was standing in the rear. She held up the garland and mentally told Bábá, "I want to give this to You personally. If You personally do not accept it, then you'll see some fun begin."

She was standing there like that, but whenever Bábá's attendant, Ác. Rámthanukijii, came by, she would duck down and hide. (Customarily Bábá's attendant would simply take the garland on Bábá's behalf and give it to Him later.) This was repeated many times. She would stand and address Bábá mentally when Rámthanukijii couldn't see her, and sneak away when he could.

But when he did finally catch her, all he said was, "Do you want to give this garland to Bábá? Okay, come. You can give it to Him." Pratibhádevii could hardly believe her ears. What made His attendant behave differently that day? Joyfully she went up and put the garland around Bábá's neck, then did pran'am at His feet.

When Pratibhádevii's youngest daughter, Purn'imá, was four or five years old, she would sing before Bábá, "Tumi ho mátá, pitá tumi ho (You are the mother, You are the father)". Everyday she was singing, and Bábá was listening. One day Bábá said to her, "Ácchá, ácchá. Well, well, I am satisfied. Now let us talk a little." But she kept singing. The dádás took her to the kitchen and gave her some sweets. Still there she kept on singing.

One day she said she would give garland to Bábá. She prepared the garland and went to give it to Him. She said, "Bábá, I'll give You a garland."

Bábá said, "Well, you can give it to me," and reached to take it.

But she said, "No. I'll put it around your neck myself."

Bábá said, "But how will you do that? I am sitting up and high, and you are quite little."

She said, "Oh, Lord! What's this, what's this? Everyone gets to give You garland and not me! Bábá, You must take it."

Bábá said, "But how will you reach me? I am up and high."

She answered, "Bend down Your head." Then Bábá bent His head, and she put her garland on Him.

Then wagging her finger she said, "I'm telling You that You have to wear that all the way home. Don't take it off here." Bábá wore His garland throughout the rest of darshan. As He was leaving, it was still around His neck, and He was holding it with both hands.

Pratibhádevii had not been at that darshan, but another márgii sister came to her right afterwards and told her, "You see, Bábá loves your daughter. Purn'imá told Him that He would have to go back with it, and Bábá was going with it."

Pratibhádevii was wondering, if it was true. Then she ran to His house, where people had been waiting for Bábá. Some were still around outside, and she asked if Bábá was wearing the garland when He came home. One of His family members said, "Yes, He came with it. We noticed it, because He doesn't usually wear a garland when He comes home. Today He was, though, holding it with both hands."

Pratibhádévii's mother is also a márgii and a devotee of Bábá. One time she had to go to the hospital because she had broken her leg. All the time she was being carried there by stretcher, she sang kiirtana, and her children and grandchildren sang kiirtana also.

She had to undergo surgery the next day. Afterwards, she still felt very, very weak and dazed, and she told her grandson, Shambhu, that she was dying. He sat down for meditation then and there, and in his meditation he saw Bábá standing by the head of his grandmother's bed. He forgot his fears, and when he later told his grandmother what he had seen, she also was no more afraid. She made a strong recovery.

Pratibhádévii told me one story she had heard about how to serve God. In the Indian tradition, the first food is reserved for the god. But that should not be a reason not to give food to a hungry person. We sometimes make prasád for Bábá, and others do the same for their deities, and before this portion is offered, we usually don't give the food to anyone else. But sometimes this is followed so blindly, people do not really follow the spirit of the practice.

One day, one márgii brother of Calcutta invited Bábá to his house on the occasion of his son's naming ceremony. At first Bábá said, "Why do you people disturb me? Where can I go?" But as the brother was requesting earnestly and repeatedly, Bábá finally agreed.

When the day came, many people were cooking all kinds of food at the márgii's house. Then one old man came to the house and said, "I am very hungry, please give me some food to eat."

One member of the family said, "Now you go somewhere else for food. After twelve o'clock, come back here. If you come here after twelve, we'll give you many kinds of food."

Again the man said, "I'm very hungry; please, give me something." They repeated their previous argument, "We're telling you, if you come back after twelve, you can have much food." But the old man did not go away; he stayed waiting by the door. Then they gave him two rupees, "Here. Go and buy something in the market for yourself." The old man went away.

At one o'clock, the dádás went to meet Bábá and bring Him to the brother's house, but Bábá would not open the door. After calling some time, A'c. Rámánandajii went inside. He said, "Bábá, they have come, and they are waiting for you." Bábá made no response. Dádá went out. Then Bábá himself came out, and all the márgiis ran up saying, "Come, come!" and the host himself came forward.

Bábá said, "Why have you people come? Whom do you want? The two rupees you gave, those two rupees you take. Are these the two rupees?"

Then everyone was surprised and felt that surely it was Bábá who had come in the form of the old beggar.

We can hope here that Bábá wanted to show that service to the poor is service to Him. Maybe, that is why He did this. From that day she heard this story, Pratibhádevii also followed the same thing. First she offers the food mentally to the Lord, and then next to the poor people..

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Ác. Haraprasádjii was a márgii since 1950 and a family ácárya too. In 1989, his daughter was married to Bábá's son, Kim'shuk. He said that Bábá had said that his daughter's future had been selected thirty years before, though she herself was only twentysix or so. I asked Haraprasádjii to tell me of his experiences with Bábá, and he told me many good stories. In these stories, there are many examples of how Bábá brought devotees to Him in miraculous ways, and how Bábá spread His miracles through His devotees. The touch of Bábá brings profound and beautiful changes, not just to those around Him, but also to the many others around them.

In 1948, Haraprasádjii joined the Jámálpur Railway Workshop. Though he did not work in the Accounts section himself, he often went there on his break time to see his friends. He was not much acquainted with Prabhátdá, as everyone was calling Bábá then. Then one day Bábá called him over to ask about one co-worker from Haraprasádjii's boarding house who had been absent. As He was talking to him, Haraprasádjii noticed that He was looking at his forehead for quite some time. He asked Bábá, "What do you see on my forehead?"

"No, it's nothing. Whatever has happened, don't think about it. Let the past be the past." Then He told him, "You have already committed suicide." And He told him a date in the near future when he would die.

Haraprasádjii couldn't understand why He said that -- "What was this about suicide?" Then Bábá said, "There are three things you think about too much. Out of these three things, I'll tell you about the second and third. As for the first, I know, but I want you to say it for yourself."

After saying that, He said two things that were on Haraprasádjii's mind, and everything He said was correct. Then regarding his death,

Bábá said, "You don't have to worry about it. Since you have come in touch with me, I'll do the necessary arrangements."

Haraprasádjii thought, "If at all my death is ordained, what can He do? He looks like just an ordinary, simple man in His shirt and dhoti. What power could He have that could save me? Anyway, I have no anxieties about death."

Then Bábá told him one date and said that on that day, at such and such time, in such and such place, "You will meet me."

They were supposed to meet in a place near Káliipáhár'. On that day the office work ended at four, and Haraprasádjii was going home. As he was going back, the idea of his death was churning around in his mind. "Perhaps it could be true. After all, He told the two other things correctly." In this way, he reached the boarding house with his mind ill at ease. Generally at night he never went out, and he had forgotten that he would have to go for this appointment. Then that evening, he left the boarding house without telling anyone. He did not even know why. Following a vague desire, He went to the railway institute. He saw Bábá there; He was reading a newspaper in the reading room, but He didn't look up. Then Haraprasádjii realised that this was the person who had said that they would meet that day. Then he thought, "I won't go. I'll wait to meet him by day. It's already around eight or eight-thirty. I'm supposed to meet him on the mountain at night, but I don't know anything about him or his character. I haven't told anybody where I am going, and the hills are covered with dark forests, so anything could happen." Thinking this he left.

He thought he was going to the boarding house, but suddenly he saw that somehow, without his own knowledge, he had gone straight to the place of the appointment instead. He arrived and saw Bábá was already there.

It was May 18th, probably 1950. It was Vaeshákhií Púrn'imá. In the sky, clouds were covering the moon, so sometimes it was dark, sometimes light. From the top of the hill, Haraprasádjii could see the lights of the colony in the distance. He felt afraid. He thought, "Why did I come? What am I doing here?"

The first thing Bábá asked him was, "Why do you have such a desire to follow the spiritual path?" Haraprasádjii hadn't told Him anything about this yet, but he had thought about it. Then Bábá led him down to the field, to a place where there were three palm trees. There they sat down and Bábá started to give the yogic explanation of the Giita. In one hour Haraprasádjii learned the whole Giita very easily; he felt that everything in his heart became clear.

Then Bábá started to talk about casteism, and He gave the different arguments against casteism -- "God has no caste, and we are all His children. All five children of one father have the same caste. If you yourself are the child of the Supreme Father, then all are the children of the Supreme Father. All the creatures of this Earth are His children, so have a brotherly relation with all things. If you want to do His meditation, you'll have to break all feelings of castism and leave the vanity of your caste."

Then Haraprasádjii said, "I have no such dogma of caste in my mind."

So Bábá said, "Okay, then sit in padmāsána, follow what I tell you and try to think in the same way. First, take the sacred thread off from around your neck."

When He said this, Haraprasádjii felt his first misgivings: "Maybe He thinks I have a weak mind, but He still can't harm me due to my sacred thread. As it is here maybe He cannot harm me, but if He takes it, maybe He will be able to hurt me. Nobody knows I'm here. If He kills me here, no one will know." So he said, "I give you my word. I'll take off this thread, but not here."

Then Bábá said, "Now what nonsense?" Then He gave different logical reasons to convince him. Finally He exclaimed, "What things you are thinking!" Then He touched his head and moved it slightly. His touch went through Haraprasádjii like an electric current, and all his doubts and suspicions were washed away. The next moment, without hesitation he took off his thread and put it in His hands. Bábá took it, chanted mantra and threw it away. Then He gave him the process of sádhaná. After getting the *mantra*, Haraprasádjii got into such a state that he lost his senses, and he knew nothing of what passed.

When he regained his senses, it was midnight. He saw Bábá sitting in front of him in padmāsána. Then Bábá said, "Let's go back, and I'll take you to your lodgings," and He led him back. Haraprasádjii felt that he himself was God. Whatever he saw, he felt that it was the expression of God. No other feeling was there. As he walked, he could see everything clearly -- even things far away. Bábá took him to the boarding house. He saw that the others were asleep. They had kept some food for him, but he could not eat. He went to bed, but he could not sleep. In his mind was only this feeling that he was God. He was pacing around the room like a madman. He could not understand what was happening. Sometimes he would go and do dhyána on the roof. He spent the whole night like that.

In the morning his friends were joking with him, but he was not able to respond. Only tears would come from his eyes. He would write down what he wanted to say, but he was not talking at all. He wasn't feeling any appetite. He was not feeling sleepy. He was absent from the office. Two or three days passed in this way. Everyone was wondering what had happened to him. After some time they thought that he swallowed something strange and somehow went crazy. Many people were concerned about him, especially the fathers who were hoping to get him as a son-in-law.

One of these gentlemen was trying to get help from Haraprasádji's friends at the boarding house. One day there was Satyanáráyan'a pújá, and he invited all of the boarders. The main reason for this was to bring Haraprasádji there; otherwise they never all went out together. The other boarders all went, and they tried to make him come too, but he only replied, "I am Náráyan'a, and I can accept the pújá from here."

After all had gone, Bábá abruptly appeared. He came from downstairs. He said, "Let's go up." They went and sat on the roof. Bábá said, "As long as I am here, no one will come here, and you can ask whatever you like with an open heart." Bábá asked, "Are you having any trouble? Tell me."

Haraprasádji told Him, "No, no; no troubles. Rather immense bliss. I am sinking in that bliss. It's only when people disturb me that I have trouble." Then Bábá asked several things, and he answered. Then He gave him second lesson. When Haraprasádji did pran'ám, his head bent down low. Then Bábá put His big toe on the crown of his head and pressed. A big force entered his body like an electric current. Again he became somehow overwhelmed by joy and bliss.

After giving second lesson, Bábá left. Instantly after He left, all the lodgers came back with much fuss and noise. The cook, who had been there the whole time, told them, "One gentleman came to see Haraprasádji and talked with him for a long time. He went upstairs, and they talked together very nicely, with no difficulty." Immediately they went out to look for this gentleman. Somehow they hadn't seen Him go out, and they could not figure out where He had gone. They made some inquiries on the street, but they could not trace Him.

Soon, at the suggestion of the other boarders, Haraprasádji's family took him back home to rest; and he was not allowed to go out at all. After one month he went back to Jámálpur, still like one wandering around in a haze, though not as blissful as before. Now he

was more grave. He was thinking how to meet Bábá. He could not find Him when he went to the Accounts Section at the office. He did not know where He lived.

Bábá had written down *Yama* and *Niyama* by His own hand, and it was in Haraprasádjii's pocket. Then one person in the boarding house, Ks'udirám Sen, took this paper without Haraprasádjii's knowledge. He thought, "This is the handwriting of someone in our office. It is Prabhátdá's." All the boarders took this paper and confronted Bábá in the office and reprimanded Him in harsh words. They thought He had been doing some experiments on Haraprasádjii with some tántrik power. They used very strong language, but Bábá only replied quietly, "Don't be upset. Bring him to me one time, and he will be okay. He'll be the same as he was before, without any difficulties. There's nothing wrong with him."

"Bring him again to you?!" they scoffed. Haraprasádjii never learned exactly what happened next, but afterwards all the boarders were out to get Bábá.

On the other hand, Haraprasádjii was restless to see Him. Then one day he saw Him near Jubilee Well in the evening as He was going out. Bábá saw him too, and He called him. They walked to the field and talked together. Haraprasádjii had come alone, and no one had seen him leave the building. But there was one boarder, Sádhan Dey, with whom he had been very close, and this boy was watching him like a bodyguard. Somehow he saw them together. He told the others, "I saw him. He was with that Prabhátdá again."

When Haraprasádjii came back, the boys at the boarding house said, "We'll have to give Prabhátdá a good lesson, one he won't forget." They were thinking of beating Him. Sádhan Dey was like a thug. The others said, "Beat him badly," and he replied, "Okay. I'll kill him and finish him off." He took a dagger with him. He went out in the evening and waited, pacing, near the Jubilee Well. He saw Bábá coming. Bábá, too, saw him from a distance and called him by name: "Hello, Sádhan. How are you?" Then Bábá made other polite inquiries. He started to ask about many of his relatives by name, even going some generations back. He asked about his family's home, which is most likely in Noyákháli, Bámgladesh. He was asking about the dialects there and other such chit-chat. Sádhanjii was thinking, "He knows everything about all my relatives, each and every detail! Is he like my relative too?"

In this way, Bábá led him out to the field, near the tiger's grave. Sádhanjii had planned to kill Him that night and leave Him there. The

dagger was in his waistband, and he was thinking about it and fidgeting with it. They had been walking side by side, and he was worried that it would accidentally brush against Bábá and Bábá would understand what it was. So he was trying to move it around and hide it. Bábá understood; He said, "Why are you fidgeting?"

"No, no, it's nothing," Sádhanjii said. They continued on, and Bábá was talking about this and that. He was saying things about Sádhanjii's family that even Sádhanjii didn't know. Then, in the field, Bábá told Sádhanjii to sit, and then He gave him initiation.

Afterwards, it was about twelve or twelve-thirty at night. At the boarding house, everybody was saying, "Surely he has finished him off by now and is on the way back." At about twelve or twelve-thirty, he walked in just as Haraprasádjii had done after his initiation, just in the same condition. When they saw him, they all were worried, and no one said anything. Then someone said, "What, Sádhan, aren't you talking anymore?" But they got no answer.

The two of them, Sádhanjii and Haraprasádjii, started to do meditation together. They also became Bábá's field companions, going everyday with Bábá to the tiger's grave. This was too much for the other boarders. One in particular, Nityánandajii, harassed them very much. He was in charge of the kitchen at that time. Knowing them to be vegetarians, he mixed fish into every dish. He said, "Either eat it or leave this boarding house." His behavior was quite bad. But Bábá took care of even this matter for them.

One time Bábá was together with Haraprasádjii and Ác. Kisunjii. Kisunjii was working for the Bihár Military Police and was in charge of the office at Jámálpur. Bábá said to him, "Select twenty-five or thirty strong and stout men from your force and go with Haraprasád to his boarding house. Just go inside and go around and come back. You don't need to do anything; just show yourselves."

They did exactly as Bábá had said. Just as everybody was eating, one by one all these big men came in and went upstairs to Haraprasádjii's room. Then they came down and went out. As they were passing by, all became silent. Nityánandajii changed his behavior, and his mind changed so much that he eventually took initiation and later became an ácárya.

After Haraprasádjii started doing meditation, something happened to him; what, he doesn't know. If Bábá gave him some power or not, that he also doesn't know. But in his office, people respected him very

much -- even the elder people. They thought, "This young man does something. Surely he has some power inside."

One day one gentleman came because his son had gone to work in Chaibasa but he wasn't getting any information from him. He was writing letters, but he wasn't getting any reply. He was crying in his home. He came to Haraprasádjii and asked him to give him some information.

Haraprasádjii said, "Your son is working there; I am here. How can I tell you anything?"

"No, but if you can just tell me something, I'll be happy."

So just to console that man, Haraprasádjii said, "Well, maybe he has written to you, but it has been stopped somewhere for some reason."

After that the man went back to his house, and the same afternoon he saw a letter from his son had come.

After some time, again there was no letter. Again he came to Haraprasádjii, and said, "Again no letter is coming. What should I do?"

This time he replied, "Maybe he's suffering from some sort of illness or has some physical trouble. Maybe he's taking some leave to rest at home, and as he's coming very soon, he's not writing."

The man went back that afternoon and saw that his son had arrived home. Twice, what Haraprasádjii had said, had materialised, so this person thought that he had some due to meditation. He was very happy, so that day he bought a package of sweets and brought them to the boarding house. Haraprasádjii said, "What have I done? I didn't know it would turn out as I said. I have done nothing." The other lodgers, however, were happy to get the sweets; they started eating enthusiastically.

Then this gentleman was telling other people about what had happened, just by the by. Another person was waiting to get a promotion, but it had been held up for some time despite all his efforts. So the first man told this man to at least talk with Haraprasádjii. He came and asked for help. Haraprasádjii said, "Okay, write a proper application and submit it here in the hand of your higher authority and send a copy to his higher authority in the head office." He also mentioned a few other people he should write to, but he didn't feel that he gave any advice that anyone in the office couldn't have given.

Two days after submitting the application, the man's immediate supervisor called him and told him to tell him his troubles. Before this he had received no response at all. This time however, the officer

looked at his personal file and said, "No need to send a letter to the higher-ups. I'll give you the recommendation from here." The man got his promotion in one month. He was surprised because he had been trying for six or seven years, but after Haraprasádjii's guidance, it came right away. He also brought a packet of sweets to the boarding house, and again the other lodgers were very happy.

Then Haraprasádjii thought, "Is it true that some power has come to me? I'll have to experiment on my own." He thought he'd go the field where Bábá went at night and start the experiment there. He thought, "I'll see what happens about my transfer. But if I go to the field and do this kind of experiment, and Bábá by some chance sees me there, He'll scold me." So he went to one area of the field where Bábá never goes; and he concentrated his mind on this particular subject. Then suddenly, surprisingly, Bábá arrived like a storm. He said, "What are you doing? I gave you a power, and you are misusing the power. I'm withdrawing that power." Since then this sort of thing has never happened to Haraprasádjii again.

Regularly in meditation Haraprasádjii was asking Bábá, "Why this? And why that?" When he was sitting there, he was seeing only the light, much light. He saw this regularly. Then one day he told this to Bábá. Bábá said, "Don't pay attention to these things. What is going on, just let it be. You do your part."

At one time, Haraprasádjii had much desire to be a monk, but Bábá did not want this. Haraprasádjii was upset and was sulking, and he went to an area near the Himálayas. He was travelling and travelling and contacted thousands and thousands of monks. But not one that he found could satisfy his mind. After he came back, Bábá was displeased with him. He would not talk with him. He was going to His office and working there in front of Him, but He was remaining silent. But He wasn't forgetting him; He was still taking information about him from others. Then He told someone, "I told him not to become a monk. I told him not to go there now, because if he went, then he could suffer from hilly diarrhoea." Haraprasádjii remembered that he had heard that from Bábá. He also remembered that he had been affected by that disease so badly, he just about died.

When Haraprasádjii was still working at Jámálpur, Bábá told him to start pracár in his hometown of Krs'n'anagar; by this time he was already an ácárya. He went regularly and started a unit there. One

brother, Sukhendrajii, or Sukhenjii for short, even took training and became an ácárya. When Haraprasádjii was transferred to Calcutta, he gave Sukhenjii the responsibility for Krs'n'anagar. One advocate there, Vijay Ráy, came to Haraprasádjii for initiation. Haraprasádjii taught him something but sent him to Sukhenjii for the actual initiation. Because Sukhenjii was still a new ácárya at that time, Haraprasádjii gave him some guidance regarding the details of Vijayjii's meditation.

After Vijayjii got this lesson, there was such a change in his mind that he was wanting to leave his home. He was the only wage earner in the house, so his family saw that they would be in a miserable state if he left. To control him they brought some medicine from a fakir. They fed him these roots, and afterwards he became completely deranged. Then they kept him in the house, so that he could not wander here and there. When his friends saw his condition, they went to Ác. Sukhenjii. He was afraid, and he could not do anything. Then he gave them Haraprasádjii's name and said, "Go to him in Calcutta." They went and told him, "Come back to the village quickly."

He said, "I can't go just now. I go back every Saturday. On Saturday I'll go and meet him." In the meantime they went to his parents' house and pressed his father to make him come home quickly. When he arrived Saturday evening, his father told him, "Go see this person. His friends are coming again and again." But he said he would go the next morning as he had just arrived. Mainly he wanted to speak to Sukhenjii first, and find out everything that happened; it would be not good to go without knowing. But because of this delay, Vijayjii's family decided to call in the police from the police station to arrest Haraprasádjii.

Early that morning Vijayjii's maternal uncle came with three or four others to Haraprasádjii's house, and they took him with them to Vijayjii's house. Haraprasádjii was thinking, "If I don't at least meet Sukhenjii once, it will troubles." Then on the way he met Sukhenjii and brought him along.

When they reached the house, he saw that many members of the family were gathered there and lots of policemen. Thirty or forty of Vijayjii's friends, all of them attorneys, were there too. When he arrived Vijayjii was sitting on the veranda and others were standing around him; Vijayjii started to cry, "Haradá, I can't take any more. Make me free.

Haraprasádjii replied, "I have not held you. You are free. You are in your house. You are with your father and mother and others. Where does the question arise about making you free?"

The boy's mother was saying, "No, you people have done something. You make him free. He cannot take this meditation. Make him free."

The ácárya said, "I left him. I made him free. He is with you."

"You have changed his soul!" the mother accused.

Then the boy said, "Má, take this house in your name. I'll also give you the insurance money." All these things were in his name. His mother thought his soul was changed -- Haraprasádjii's soul had gone in him, and his soul had been taken out -- so she had been thinking that Haraprasádjii would enjoy all the property. They weren't saying anything to Sukhenjii, who initiated him, because they thought Haraprasádjii was the main person. Haraprasádjii told her, "Your son is in full possession of his senses. Just now he's telling you the particulars of signing over the insurance money. How could he tell these things if he didn't have his own sense?"

"I don't want to hear these things. Because of this, I'm not sending for my daughter-in-law. Since your soul is in him, how can she come to him? So she has to remain elsewhere. So make him free, or else I'll hand you over to the police."

"You will not get any benefit from arresting me. You all should be immediately arrested and handcuffed and taken to Ranchi Mental Hospital. Maybe you people aren't sick, but you're talking about soul changing... if the souls were changed, then I couldn't do anything either! Souls cannot be changed, not in living people. If he dies, after his death this soul-change is possible. But before that it's not possible!"

But they did not listen to this reply. Then this boy said, "If you look at his face, when you talk with this person, you all will become like me." He was crying as he spoke. Immediately all turned their faces away from Haraprasádjii and talked to him that way.

Haraprasádjii said, "I am a child of this town. You all have seen me since my childhood." He said to the maternal uncle, "Saelendrajii, you have know me since my childhood. I have been in so many plays and dramas with you."

"Yes, brother, I understand everything," but he too kept his face turned away. "Why are you turning your face away? Talk with me face to face! We are not keeping him in our custody. Your nephew is with you. You people are taking care of him. Why are you coming to us?"

But again they said, "Free him."

"There's nothing I can do!" he replied and left.

The police were thinking on what charges they were going to arrest him -- on "soul-changing"? They were all looking at each other, wondering what to do. There is no law written about soul-changing, so the police couldn't touch him. They were also afraid that if they touched him, they too would go crazy. The thirty or forty attorneys were all dumbfounded. Haraprasádjii walked slowly away. When he was well away, some of them threw some half-bricks at him. But not a single one touched him; they all passed to one side or the other. But he did not even stop to notice them and went ahead.

At the tea-stalls along the road, where all the old men sit, people were waiting to see what would happen. As he passed, they all whispered and pointed, and he knew they were talking about him. He did not stop to talk to anyone and just went on his way.

Then he went back to Calcutta. After two days, his friends brought him there. They had heard from Sukhenjii that there would be DMC at Ámr'á, in Birbhum district, West Bengal, and that Haraprasádjii would also go there. So the friends had told his parents they would take him to Ámr'á, cure him and bring him back. They brought him to Calcutta and left him at Shraddhánanda Park, Calcutta, and then went to Haraprasádjii's office to tell him. Meanwhile this brother started singing and dancing in Shraddhánanda Park, and people were gathering there to watch.

Haraprasádjii took all the Krs'n'anagar people to the house of one Márwári youth named Vishvanátha Saráp. He was a good devotee. Though it was night when they went to him, he gave them all a place in his house and took care of them. Regarding Vijayjii, he thought, "Maybe this person is in samádhi," and he took much care of him. The next day they went to Ámr'á.

They arrived after Bábá arrived. There was a big set up there. All the márgii brothers stayed in a big hall together. When some márgiis asked Him to cure Vijayjii, Bábá called everybody who had come from Krs'n'anagar. Everyone went. He also called Haraprasádjii, and he also went. Bábá said, "How are you people usually doing meditation, you sit before me now."

They all sat for meditation, but after a minute or so everybody but Haraprasádjii got up and left. When he stopped, he saw that he had assumed the same condition Vijay Ráy had been in, whereas Vijay Ráy had been quite cured.

Haraprasádjii left the room in that same condition. He realised he was seeing everything in the world floating before him like a picture -- what was happening and where. Two other Ácáryas were standing

by the door outside. They said, "You seem to have much power. Give us something." Āc. Haraprasādjiī could not answer because he was in bliss. Then he sat in the hall and around him was a big gathering. Everyone was saying different things and asking, "Well, what's happening here?" and "What's happening there?"

There was a gentleman from Bānkurā. He was a leader of an organisation. He was also initiated into Ānanda Mārga and had come there, but he had still some caste prejudice. He had a thick sacred thread around his neck. He was lying in the hall, covering his whole body and face with a wrapper. Other people were singing and dancing, but he was remaining aloof. The mārgiīs told Haraprasādjiī to wake him up and make him get up. He said, "Okay, he will get up, but you all sit here and play music. A dance will be started here."

When the music started, Haraprasādjiī thought in his mind, "Let Mr. so and so, dance a little." Instantly that gentle man's wrapper fell to the bed and he sat up. Then he raised his hands and started making hand gestures towards the sky. Then he stood up and started dancing. He had a big belly and a big moustache. With such a figure, he started dancing. Then he went out of the hall into the open air. He was by occupation an attorney. An attorney from Krs'n'anagar challenged him to a dancing competition. One would say, "This is the dance of Bānkurā," and the other would say, "Well, this is the dance of Krs'n'anagar!" And the dance continued vigorously for at least one hour. Both were sweating. Then the fat man became tired, and the others brought an end to the dance. Then they came into the hall to gather behind Haraprasādjiī again.

In that area there was a very rich man, and he was always taking wine; some of his friends came to his house to drink. He had set up one tea-stall near the DMC site. Haraprasādjiī was moving around, and still he was able to see all things. As he came near the tea-stall, the man offered him a glass of warm milk, full of cream. Haraprasādjiī said, "I don't need it, because I am getting everything I need and, by that, my stomach is full. Just here before you are some 'hungry children, going naked. Give them this milk."

He said, "No, I have brought this for you, so you have to drink it."

"No, I'll not drink this milk. Feed the hungry children. Their lives should be saved; they should drink."

The man set the milk on the table. A big wind came, and it fell to the ground and was wasted. This man returned to his house and

brought another glass of milk full of cream. He caught Haraprasádjii's hand and said, "You must take this milk."

Haraprasádjii said, "I'll take it on one condition -- you will have to follow my advice."

"What is that?", he asked.

"In your house your cupboard is full of bottles of wine. If you promise that you'll leave wine, then I can take your milk."

"No, don't ask me to promise that." Then he tried to open his hand to release Haraprasádjii, but he could not. It was as if his hand was stuck. Then he started to cry and sat down. He was sobbing, "What have you done? What have you done?"

"Nothing has happened. Everything will be okay in time." Then Haraprasádjii said to Sukhenjii, "Take this person and teach him meditation."

Then Haraprasádjii asked one little child that was near him, "Can you do some work for me? Can you go in this gentleman's house -- there on the table are many bottles -- can you bring me the bottles?"

The child answered, "He's my uncle."

"Yes, well, do it for him then, and bring the bottles here." said Haraprasádjii.

He brought all the bottles from the table, and he threw them away. The child was afraid, because he knew his uncle could beat him when he was angry. But though he saw the child bring the bottles, this time this man could not say anything. But he felt hurt. He didn't complain; he just cried. He couldn't understand what was happening in his life.

Haraprasádjii went to have bath in the Mayúráks'ii River, though there was very little water and very many people were there. He was still in the state of bliss and when he ducked under the water, he stayed under; he doesn't remember how long. Everyone was looking for him. They knew he had gone in to bathe. There wasn't much water, but still they could not find him. After a long time searching, they found him and brought him up. If he had been in a normal state, he would have probably died after one minute. But it was more than a few minutes and he was feeling fine. In fact, he felt he was just taking bath in the Brahmic ocean.

They brought him out of the river and laid him on the bank. There was one boy from Darbanga named Mádhava. They put Haraprasádjii's head on his lap, and he was massaging him. Just from

getting this one touch on his leg, he too was dancing and singing the whole night in spiritual intoxication. As for Haraprasádjii, there was mud on his body and clothes; he was going around looking like a mad man, but he was in too much bliss to notice.

In the morning, at breakfast time, they went back to the hall. There they found that gentleman of Barkura sitting to one side, eating slowly. Then Haraprasádjii mentally told Madhava, "You feed everybody."

"And," he added, "mix up everything."

Madhava jumped up and started to take food from one person and give to another; from one person's pot he put into another person's mouth. Then from one pot near the Bankura gentleman, he took and put into his mouth. Then others started to do like this too.

Meanwhile that gentleman suddenly started crawling to Bábá's room. When he got there, he cried out to Him, "I am a great sinner! I am guilty. Save me!" He took off his sacred thread and threw it away. Then he caught hold of Bábá's feet, and Bábá embraced him.

When Haraprasádjii was walking on the roads of Ámr'á, the goats and cows grazing in the fields stopped eating and came to him. The goats would jump on him. He felt they were expressing their pain to him. To Haraprasádjii, it was as if they were talking, and he was understanding. Some bulls also came near. They were saying that as they were old and could not work well, their masters were neglecting them. They were afraid they would be sold to the butcher. Haraprasádjii called the owners of these animals. He told them not to mistreat their beasts. Sheep were coming also, and trying to lick him. The villagers were perplexed.

At the same time, the *tulsi* (basil) plants and other plants were brushing up against his legs as he walked. At the time, many new Ánanda Márgiis were very fanatic, and they were uprooting the tulsi and throwing it away, because tulsi is treated like a goddess by Hindus. So the plants were also telling him their sorrows. He told the márgiis not to do like that. He said further, "Don't treat these plants like this. Accept their merits also." I know now that this basil has much medicinal value and it cures many diseases, so we should protect them. Consider these things; don't spoil these things. And for those who are treating them as Náráyan'a or Manasá devii, stop their worship and make them understand."

The DMC finished, and it was time to go back. As they were going, all the mean-minded people -- all those who call themselves high castes but having no standards, those who are selfish and corrupt -- were going away and hiding to save their threads. As the márgiis crossed the Mayúráks'ii River, many people gathered there to see them. Many were crying, but those who had done wrong were slipping away out of fear. All along the route there were many people on both sides of the road. They had heard about what had been happening, so they were mostly interested to see Ác. Haraprasádjii.

Then they came to the station, and the train was late. There was one old Brahmin there. He was very rich and very old. He was buying his ticket. Something came into Haraprasádjii's mind that this man would die in a few hours, so he said to the márgiis, "Tell him he does not need to buy a ticket. Rather he should go back home."

When they gave the message, the old man asked, "Who is saying this?"

They said, "It's him over there, and whatever he says comes true."

The man was not pleased and said it was nonsense. But still he did not buy the ticket, and he went back. Haraprasádjii told the others, "Get his address. You'll chèque -- he might die before he reaches his house." Some went to his house later, and they found out that he had reached his home and died.

While they were still waiting in the station, many people, mostly Muslim farmers going to look for work, came and sat near Haraprasádjii. He told one ácárya, "Give them all náma mantra, because we don't have enough time to teach them more." All fifty or sixty of these men learned silently and started to practise immediately. Then the train came, and they all left.

On the train, the márgiis noticed one worshipper of the deity Kálii in his red dress. The márgiis were laughing and enjoying the thought of bringing him near Haraprasádjii. So they invited him to take a seat next to Haraprasádjii. The Kálii worshipper said, "No, I have come for begging. I don't need a seat. But after they insisted, he sat and there was some conversation. Then he started to make some sound like "Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo", as if he had some trouble, as if he had a burning sensation in his body. He came down and sat near Haraprasádjii's feet and started to massage them. Haraprasádjii exclaimed, "What are you doing? You're a sannyásii!" But the sannyásii forgot about his begging and his meditation. Haraprasádjii told him, "You should practise this mantra in this way. See how it is."

When he started to practise, he sprawled out and started to roll on the floor of the train. "What have you done with me?" he said. And he started to cry and clutch Haraprasádjii's feet. He said, "I'll go with you. Wherever you go, I'll go with you." They persuaded him not to do this and left him at his station.

Then at Kátoyá station, they saw two monks of one Matha in saffron dress with their staffs. They got into the train. The márgiis smilingly made room for them: "Swamiiiji, please sit down." They gave two seats for the two swamiiijiis, one on either side of Haraprasádjii. The monks were looking at the passengers. Everyone was smiling, and they were wondering what was happening. Then after some time this force that Bábá had given Haraprasádjii started working on them. They kept looking at Haraprasádjii as if he was just some kind of crazy goat, but still they felt some restlessness in their bodies. Then abruptly they sat at his feet.

He said, "No, no! What are you doing?"

But they said, "No, let us sit here." And they too started to massage his feet. They also started to cry.

He told them, "Learn meditation. Everything will be okay. No need of crying."

At Navadviiip station, all the márgiis got off and went by rickshaw to the ferry-ghat. All along the road they were shouting the slogans, "Ánandamúrttijii kii jaya!" and "Bábá nám kii jaya!" over and over again. They crossed the river and went their separate ways to their homes. After coming home, Haraprasádjii's spiritual intoxication lasted for maybe another fifteen days.

Haraprasádjii's father had much antagonism towards gurus in general, because he had seen his brother's gurus, and they were taking so many things, eating well and taking things back with them when they left. For this he would not accept any guru. Suddenly he changed. He said to his son, "You are following these practises and enjoying much bliss. Can't there be something like this for us?"

"Why shouldn't there be? Yes, you learn." Then Haraprasádjii initiated his father. From that day on, the father would not accept his son's pran'ám. (Even the proper respect from son to father is one of the most important elements of Indian society.)

One day, Bábá said at Jámálpur, "Harajii has really done something big now. A long time ago, Lord Buddha gave initiation to his father. The second person to do this was Harajii."

Sometimes in those days, Bábá was becoming Kalpataru. When He was becoming Kalpataru, He would ask people what they wanted, saying, "Tell quickly." Many people were telling different things, but Haraprasádjii's desire was to bring thousands and thousands of people to the path of sághaná. He started by saying lakhs and lakhs, but Bábá didn't accept this. So then he said thousands and thousands, and then hundreds and hundreds. Finally Bábá said, "Okay, that will be. You can bring hundreds of people to the Marga."

While he was telling me about the past, Ác. Haraprasádjii said to me, "That time I was much nearer to Bábá. Others were fearing him, but I didn't fear him. What I wanted to tell Him, I told to His face. Once He told me, 'Hara, I am not mysterious to you, I am not mischievous to you, but I'll be mysterious to you forever.' That much He told me, and I am seeing it now."

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One day, I was at the house of a Mágina brother, Jiitendrajii. I asked him to tell a Bábá story. He said he could tell me of the experiences of one non-mágina, Dhanagopál Cattopádyáya.

Dhanagopáljii 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 'Prabhátdá'.

Dhanagopáljii was often repeating the name of Krs'n'a. Even during the rest break in the office, he would close his eyes and remember the name of Krs'n'a. One day as he sat during his work break, repeating the name of Krs'n'a, he heard a sweet voice say in his ear, "Hello!" Immediately he opened his eyes and saw that Lord Krs'n'a was standing before him. He rubbed his eyes repeatedly in astonishment, but the form of Krs'n'a did not disappear. Krs'n'a was smiling. After some time Dhanagopáljii realised that this entity was actually Prabhátdá. After this he was initiated to Ánanda Marga.

Though Bábá has the spiritual power to control anybody's mind, He more often preferred to convince them in a normal, though very psychological way. Once Ác. Haragovindajii told me how he met Bábá while he too was working in the Jámálpur Railway Accounts Section.

In the beginning, Bábá and he would have long discussions about astronomy, Sam'skrta and many other things, whereby Haragovindajii was learnt many things. Only later did Bábá start talking about spirituality. Haragovindajii was soon convinced and took initiation from Bábá. Later he became, a family Acárya.

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Sushiiljii came originally from East Bengal (now Bámgladesh). He joined the Jámálpur Railway service in 1953. He stayed in a boarding house on Munger Road, where he met Sharat Sarkár, a márgii. Sharatjii often talked about his guru, Shrii Shrii Ánandamúrtijii, saying, "He is so wise and virtuous. He knows many things, and he can do many, many ásanas at a stretch." Though Sharatjii was a middle-aged man, he was very regular in his practise of ásanas. Sushiiljii had much respect for Sharatjii, as well as some desire to learn yoga.

Whenever Sushiiljii had a problem at work, he would go to consult Sharatjii in the accounts section. In this way he came in contact with "Prabhátdá". One day Prabhátdá stopped him and asked his name. Sushiiljii answered and added that he was from Noyákháli District in East Bengal. Bábá asked him where in Noyákháli was his home. Sushiiljii said that it was near the main police station. Then Bábá asked him to tell Him the name of the different deities worshipped in the area, adding, "Is there not a goddess there called Vidyeshvarii T'hákur?"

Surprised, Sushiiljii replied, "Yes, there is a goddess there called that."

Bábá asked next, "In that area, is there not a place called Ámis'ápár'á?"

Sushiiljii was even more surprised and said, "I know I've heard that name. My mother told me that her maternal uncle's house was there. She said the place was known for the worship of the goddess, Bár'háhi T'hákur."

Bábá nodded, "Yes, Bár'háhi T'hákur is there." And in this vein Bábá explained many things to Sushiiljii, so many that now he cannot remember them all. But even though he was very impressed by this conversation, it wasn't until after his own initiation that Sushiiljii understood that Sharatjii's great guru and Prabhátdá were one and the same person.

One time, after Sushiiljii had been a márgii for some years, he went out on field walk with Bábá and only one other brother. After

sitting on the tiger's grave for a while, Bábá got up to leave and they did sás't'áunga pran'ám. Sushiiijii did pran'ám first. He was wearing a shirt and a dhoti, and in his shirt pocket there were some papers and some money. As he got up, a one-rupee note fell out and started to blow away in the wind. He ran some distance to try to catch, but failed. By the time he got back, the other brother, Diliip Bose, had done pran'ám and was standing again.

Bábá asked, "What happened, Sushiiijii?"

He said, "Bábá, a one rupee note fell out of my pocket and blew away in the wind."

Bábá replied, "Oh, áchá." Then after they had walked a few steps, Bábá asked, "If a beggar gets the money, is it okay?"

He said, "Yes, Bábá, then it's okay." Then Bábá told the two brothers to go ahead a little bit, while He stayed behind, and then stop and wait. After a little while Bábá came up to them to ask, "Sushiiijii, have you lost two rupees or one?"

"Only one, Bábá."

Then Bábá said, "But I demanded two rupees. But we should not demand extra from nature. So again you go some distance and wait." They proceeded and stopped. By that time Bábá was coming up to them again.

"Now you see," He said, "this beggar was such a fellow. The whole day he did not get anything to eat, but as soon as he got this money, he went to buy *tári* (cheap liquor)."

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Ác. Deviichándjii would come to Jámálpur very often. Once he came to see Bábá, but he was attacked by diarrhoea. Somebody brought medicine for him, but he said, "No, I will not take any medicine that Bábá Himself does not give." Again, the other brother said, "Take it," but he said, "No, not if Bábá does not give it."

They reported it to Bábá. Bábá had been coming everyday to the áshram, but from that day He stopped coming. He prescribed one medicine -- the sap of banyan tree leaves should be given with bátásá (a type of sugar candy). The dádás brought some to this Deviichándjii, but he still said, "No, I will not take it. If Bábá comes and feeds me, then I will take it."

Again the dádás reported it to Bábá. Bábá said, "Okay, it's best just to put him on the train." So the dádás took him and put him on the train back to his home together with someone to take care of him.

When the train reached the next station, he sat up. As the train proceeded along, he started feeling much better.

He was a professor at Sabar Agricultural College. He started thinking, "For three days I wasn't able to sign in at the college because of this sudden illness. I went for my guru's *darshan*, which I missed. First I'll fill in my attendance and then go home." But when he got there, they said, "But your signature is already here for the past three days." He was very surprised. "Who made my signature? It looks like mine. Maybe Bábá has done it."

Deviichándjii became sick another time and was admitted into Darbhanga Medical College. He was thinking, "I am alone here. Who'll take care of me? If somebody could stay with me and bring things I need, it would be very nice."

Just then a boy of about ten or eleven years came in and said, "If you need any help, I'll come and help you."

Then Deviichándjii said, "Sometimes you can wash and dry my clothes, and sometimes bring me some water. Also sometimes, you can clean my bed." The boy came everyday to do things, and Deviichándjii paid him six paise for every hour he worked, which were very good wages for a child in those days.

Deviichándjii recovered. On his way home he went to Jámálpur to see Bábá, and he got to go on field walk. He sat near Bábá. Bábá said to him, "So, Deviichánd, now you have much money."

Deviichándjii was surprised when he heard this. He thought, "I haven't been spending much money. I haven't gone against the principle of *aparigraha*. Why is Bábá saying this?" So he just sat there silently and felt very nervous.

Then Bábá said, "Take back the money you gave to the boy in Darbhanga Medical College. Count it and see if it is all there." Deviichándjii was amazed.

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Ac. Mohanánanda Avt. was initiated and became a wholetimer in 1964. But even before initiation, he happened to meet Bábá at Howrah Station. At that, time he was a college student. He and Bábá had been on the same train coming to Calcutta. Bábá was coming for DMC, and in the station, many márgiis were waiting with garlands, shouting victory slogans. Matiláljii (Mohanánandajii's laokik name) understood that some great person was arriving, and, as it was his habit, he felt the desire to give pran'ám. There was much crowd and fuss, and Bábá was going ahead, eyes half-closed, apparently not seeing all that was

happening around Him. Nevertheless, this student moved forward to touch Bábá's feet. He did not know it was not permitted, and when one ácárya grabbed him back, he was surprised and confused. He was also very disappointed.

Once he became a wholetimer, it was very easy for him to get Personal Contact. His P.C. was short and very blissful, but when Bábá told him he could go, he said instead, "Bábá, I want the dust off Your feet." Then Bábá smiled. When He smiled, Matiláljii heard a mental sound, like a flash in his mind. It seemed that Bábá asked, "What? Is it because at Howrah station, you could not touch my feet though you wanted to?" He realised Bábá had seen him at Howrah Station despite the crowd. Bábá gave His permission; then he took the dust off Bábá's feet.

After some time working at Ánandanagar, Ác. Matiláljii had the chance to go to Jámálpur and go on field walk. He was in the group that would escort Bábá from the tiger's grave back to His quarters. They were four people waiting at little distance from Him, and Matiláljii was telling the others that he had not seen Him for a long time, not since P.C. "I wonder if Bábá will remember me or not. He didn't even ask my name then. I wonder if He knows it."

Then they saw that Bábá had left the tiger's grave and was coming back. Then as they approached Him, He asked him, "Isn't your name Matilál?" So Bábá showed him that what He does not ask, He still knows; He doesn't need to ask anything.

In 1966, a DMC was held in Patná. Ác. Mohanánandajii and three other dádás from Ánandanagar received permission to attend the first day of DMC. Their journey was a long, hard one, and the trains were very crowded. They had to stand all the way to Gayá. When they reached Gayá, it was early morning, so he and two of the other dádás got down to do half-bath and buy some food for breakfast. The train started to leave without them, and they just managed to jump into a reserved compartment before the train left. They couldn't go to their own compartment from there, so the other two dádás went to sit down. Mohanánandajii wanted to enjoy the sunrise and the fresh air, so he stayed standing in the doorway, holding the handrails on either side.

As he had not slept all night, he began to feel drowsy and started to sway forward sleepily. Suddenly his head banged on an electric pole outside the train; he was knocked unconscious. Fortunately, his hand went rigid around the railings, and he stayed just hanging on the train. The other two dádás found him and brought him inside. His whole

body was blue. They sprinkled water on his face, and slowly his consciousness returned. However, his senses were impaired, and his memory was almost completely gone. He could not remember what had happened or where he was going or why. He kept asking many, many questions, but he could not understand the answers.

Then, once he understood that he was on a train, he asked where they were going and they said they were all going to Patná to get Bábá's darshan. "Darshan" he could not understand, but when they said "Bábá", suddenly a great wave of affection entered his mind and body with great force. Immediately dhyána started. He told me later, "Never in my life, before or since, have I experienced such dhyána." It went on for thirty minutes. Then the dhyána finished. Then suddenly in his mind appeared images of his whole journey from Ánandanagar to the very moment he was sitting there. He could remember everything. He opened his eyes and sat up. He felt as if he had been put back together; he even scolded the other dádás for getting his clothes all wet.

He explained this event by saying that the powerful vibration just in Bábá's name brought back the balance in his mind and body.

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Ratneshvarjii and his family live in a small village in Sáhársá district. They are all very good devotees, and they had much contact with Bábá in the early days of Ánanda Márگا. Ac. Mohanánandajii stayed with them during part of the Emergency period in order to recover his health. They took care of him with much love and respect, but more than that, he remembers the stories Ratneshvarajii told him about Bábá.

Every year the márgiis of Sáhársá finish their cultivation early, so that they can go and see Bábá at the first opportunity. They don't worry about money; once their basic necessities have been fulfilled, they don't think about more. They just think about going and seeing Bábá. One time, some márgiis went to Jámálpur with Ac. Kedárjii. After two or three days of general darshan with Bábá, Kedárjii told them, "Now let's return to our homes."

But Ratneshvarajii said, "No, I want to stay two or three days more. I don't have to go back now; you people can go without me."

Kedárjii said, "We have enjoyed our time here, but now it's time to go back and look after our home affairs also."

But Ratneshvarajii insisted, "No, I want to stay here." So he stayed for Bábá's darshan for three more days. The funny thing was

that in those three days he could not see Bábá even once. Whenever he went out to take his meal, Bábá would come within the exact time of his absence. If he took his meal at ten o'clock, Bábá came at ten. When he went out to eat at twelve, Bábá came at twelve. Again while out at ten, again Bábá came at ten. Then he thought, "Maybe I have made some mistake. Maybe for that Bábá is not giving me darshan. Or else how is it possible that Bábá always comes at the exact time when I'm going out for meal?" Then he cried, and in his meditation he begged Bábá's forgiveness, "Bábá, if I have made any mistake, please forgive me for that. Please give me Your darshan."

The next day after this, he got His darshan. Bábá was in a stern mood. He said to Ratneshvarajii, "How do you expect to get my darshan? You have disobeyed the directive of an ácárya. Kedárjii told you to go back, and you said, 'I will not go.' You have disobeyed the instructions of an ácárya, and he is my representative. For that, I was not giving you darshan. However," and Bábá softened a little, "you asked my forgiveness. So now you have got my darshan, haven't you?"

Then Ratneshvarajii vowed before Bábá, "From now on, I will never in my life object to or disobey the order or advice of any ácárya -- family or wholetimer." And he kept this vow.

Ratneshvarajii was a senior member of the village council, and many times they could not take action against offenders without his presence. One night he was called to go and attend a meeting. It was already late, and he had to walk at least a mile to get there, so at first he refused. The council members had to call three times before he finally agreed to come. He told them to go ahead, and after washing his hands and feet, he got dressed and went out.

By then it was around midnight. He had gone a little way on the footpath through the fields, when he saw a snake on the path, reared back and swaying its head from side to side. He thought, "Now what's the matter with it?" Then he circled around a little to the right and came back to the path some ways ahead. After he had proceeded a while, he saw the same snake in front of him, moving its head from side to side. Again he went around to avoid it. A little ways ahead he saw the same snake again. Then he thought, "This snake is really bothering me." So he took up a clump of earth, thinking to throw it at it, but when it saw him do this, it immediately ducked down and slithered away.

Just as he was coming to some houses, he heard a voice say, "Who?" Then suddenly some people quickly surrounded him. They started to beat him with sticks. He cried out, "Bábá, Bábá!" and then fell unconscious. Some villagers who had been sleeping woke up upon hearing his cries. When they came out, the attackers fled.

The attackers were robbers who had come to rob one house. When they found him there, they started to beat him. The villagers who had heard the shouts came and recognized him. They brought him to their home.

In the morning when he got up, he could find no mark on his body; there was no pain either. Even after so much beating, there was not even a trace of blood or bruise. He thought, "This is Bábá's blessing; He has taken all my sufferings."

After two or three days, he and some other márgiis went to see Bábá. They went and sat in darshan. At first Bábá was completely silent. Then after some time He said, "Ratneshvara, when you are advised not to do something, why don't you listen?"

Ratneshvarajii tried to remember who had told him not to do something. He especially tried to remember if any ácárya had told him not to do something or if Bábá Himself had said something. Finally he said to Bábá, "If anybody tells me anything to do, I do it. If anybody tells what not to do, I don't disagree; I obey."

Then Bábá said, "Try to remember correctly. Someone told you not to do something, but you did not obey. You went ahead and did it."

Ratneshvarajii thought about all the ácáryas, respected people and especially Bábá and what they had told him. Then he said, "No, Bábá, I can't remember."

Then Bábá said, "If you see my back, can you remember?" Then He showed His back, and they saw on it the marks and welts of many long sticks. Then Ratneshvarajii remembered that on the night that he had gone to the council meeting, one snake had been there, shaking its head. That had been a warning not to go on. Because he had disobeyed, he had been beaten, but by His spiritual power, Bábá had taken everything away.

After he told this story to Mohanánandajii, Ratneshvarajii started to cry out of his love for Bábá.

During the Emergency period, when Bábá was in Bankipur Central Jail, Ratneshvarajii had gallstones, and an operation was needed. He did not know much about such things, and he could not

believe that one could have their belly cut open and still be alive afterwards. So he told his son, 'If I am dying, it doesn't matter; let me die. Bábá is locked in prison anyway.'

His son is educated, and he understood that his father does not know much about modern science. He took charge of the situation -- finding a good hospital, arranging money to help pay for the operation, reassuring his father. When all was arranged, he told his father, "Come, I'll take you to the hospital to be admitted."

As they were going, Ratneshvarajii was thinking, "Can I live through this operation? Maybe I'll die." On the the day of the operation, he was remembering only Bábá, thinking pleadingly, "Bábá, save me from this operation." After the operation, the nurses brought him back to his room, and he continued to sleep. Deep into the night, he saw that Bábá had come to him.

Though Bábá was in jail then, he clearly saw Him near. He was sitting near his head, stroking the place where the operation had been performed with His right hand. Then He said, "Ratneshvara, you should not be worried. Your surgeon has done his work very nicely."

Ratneshvarajii was surprised. "Bábá, You have come here?"

"Yes. At the time of your operation, you called me, so I came."

Then Ratneshvarajii started crying. Bábá said, "Don't cry. My Ratneshvara will be cured very quickly."

"Will I not be able to go back to my village?"

"You'll go back very soon. It was such a good operation, you'll be released in seven days, though it usually takes longer." After Bábá had consoled him like this, He took his hand and said, "Now I'll go."

Ratneshvarajii asked Him, "Where will You go?" Bábá replied that He would go again to the prison. Ratneshvarajii cried, "You'll go to the prison? You give us so much trouble! You can come out of jail, and You can do everything. So why do You sit in that jail and create problems for Your devotees? We've had so many meetings and processions to get You out of jail. And so many times I have brought thousands of people from my village just for these things. To bring You out, we have stood up to so many lathi charges. But You can come out whenever You want! You've come out, but now You'll go back inside and give us so much trouble. I'll not let You go back!" Then he caught hold of both of His hands tightly. "In no case will I allow You to go."

Then Bábá said something very interesting. He said, "You see, Ratneshvara, why have I come to this world? I have come to establish Dharma."

Ratneshvarajii said, "Yes, Bábá, that's right. You have come to establish Dharma and to deliver the *dharmic* (righteous) from the hands of the sinners."

"Is it not that I am Dharmaguru?"

"Yes, Bábá, You are Dharmaguru."

"Then, tell me, being Dharmaguru, should I do any *adharmic* (unrighteous) act? Should I do any wrong thing? Does it look good for a dharmaguru just to do this?"

Ratneshvarajii said, "Nò, it isn't good. It's not possible even."

Then Bábá said, "So you tell me, if I don't go back to prison tonight, what will happen? In the morning, when the jailers don't see me in my cell, the guard of my cell will lose his job, and His foreman will lose his job, too. In the same way, the jailer, jail warden and superintendent will all lose their jobs. But they were not the ones who arrested me. My grievance is not with them. By whom have I been arrested? By Indirá Gandhi and her officials and her spies and her friends. They are the guilty parties. But they will still be in power if I leave jail tonight. They will remain comfortable in their posts. So why should all the innocent people lose their posts? If they lose their jobs, their children who are studying in school now will be in trouble. Food will become a problem for them. So all this injustice will happen due to me, if I don't go back. So, being Dharmaguru, should I do this?"

When Bábá had said all this, Ratneshvarajii fell silent. He was so convinced by Bábá's words, that he could not say anything to Him. He could not tell Him not to go to prison. He became like one dumb. Then he saw that He was no more there.

From this story we can see that, though Bábá is all-powerful, that doesn't mean He can simply utilise His power for His own benefit. He always acts for the benefit of all.

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Vimal Chandra Mitra was a non-márgii living at Jámálpur and occasionally I would visit him. Once he asked, "How is the progress of Ánanda Márga?" I told him that our work was progressing well throughout the whole world and that no one can stop Bábá's mission because He is so powerful. Vimaljii replied, "You are a missionary worker so you have to say these things, but even though I am not an Ánanda Márgii, I believe it fully. Can I tell you a story about Bábá?" Of course I said, "yes."

- "A young man who worked in the Jámálpur railway workshop had been convicted of a murder which occurred in Kiul about an hour

and a half from Jámálpur by train. The court had sentenced him to death by hanging. The family appealed to the High Court, but the conviction was upheld. Somehow the family knew of Bábá and had faith that He had some power. Bábá was working in the accounts section of the railway workshop, and as He was leaving His office the family of this convicted murderer was waiting at the gate. They implored Bábá, "Do something for our son; save his life."

Bábá said, "I am an ordinary man. How can I do this thing? It is not possible." Again and again they appealed to Bábá, but Bábá was adamant that He could not help them; and finally the family went away. On another day, the whole family came again to the workshop gate to appeal to Bábá and again Bábá said there was nothing He could do. Even so, this family still kept their hope in Bábá and came a third time to meet Him as He left work. This time Bábá 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 Kiul by any means. He was acquitted.

When Vimaljii heard about this matter, he approached Bábá and asked, "You say that every action has reaction, that Prakrti doesn't excuse anybody and that if the reaction for bad actions is delayed it becomes greater. So what happened in this case? You know he committed the murder, so where is the punishment?"

Bábá 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?"

In such cases, Bábá never distinguished between márgiis and non-márgiis; if one has great faith in Him and depends on Him, He feels compassion and gives the necessary help.

Vimaljii once said to Bábá, "Throughout the world, You have created such a big organization, it seems like You have thrown a big net upon the world. When You leave the world, who will take care of this organisation?"

Bábá replied, "Before leaving this world I'll give such a vibration that this organization I have made on this Earth will flourish for thousands of years and continue to help humanity."

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I heard a story from Ác. Prabuddhánanda Avt. about a man named Shambhunáráyan' Roy, from Chuncur'á District, Hooghly. He was the store accountant at the Jámálpur railway workshop. One time there was to be a farewell party in the office, so his colleagues asked him to go to Calcutta to buy some things for the party. When he brought the things from Calcutta and told them how much he had paid, some of his co-workers doubted his word. Perhaps he had made the mistake of not getting receipts from the various stores. They began to harass him, insinuating that he had pocketed some of the money; but in truth he was a good man.

Bábá knew he was an honest person. When He saw this gentleman's situation, He could not ignore his problem. He approached the group, and to the others he put the question: "If you doubt this man, why did you send him? Why didn't you think of this earlier?" Then Bábá started to tell the names of all the shops Shambhunáráyan'jii had gone to and which items he had bought at which shop. Then He said, "So if you doubt him, go and verify his statements. He has not made any money in that way." At this, all the others became silent, and Shambhunáráyan'jii felt he had been saved from a possible disgrace. He was also surprised, "How could this person know all the details of my trip? I hadn't told anybody anything!" From that moment he felt much respect for Bábá.

After he retired, he became a strong supporter of the Forward Bloc party. Nevertheless, when much later a worker went to Chuncur'á to do pracár, Bábá told him., "In Chuncur'á there is one gentleman named Shambhunáráyan' Ráy, who is a good man. You can talk with him." Then He told the worker how to find him. When the worker met him and talked about Ánanda Marga, he was very impressed by Ánanda Marga's philosophy. He took initiation, as did several members of his family. Now two of his sons are avadhútas of our organization.

While Bábá was in prison, Shambhunáráyan'jii once thought, "Before Bábá went to prison, there was Ánanda Marga pracára in only a few countries, but since He's been in prison, the organisation has reached seventy countries. How is it possible?" Some curiosity about this developed in his mind.

When Shambhunáráyan'jii first met Bábá after He got out from prison, He greeted him by saying first: "Shambhu, do you think that only the Ánanda Marga work for Ánanda Marga? I also have workers outside Ánanda Marga, through whom I get my work done."

In the very beginning of Ánanda Marga, one particular day many márgiis saw Bábá in different parts of Jámálpur at the same time. At the next general darshan one márgii asked Bábá, "On this day at this time did You go to Rámpur?" Bábá said, "yes." Another person asked, "Bábá, did You go to Keshavpur at this time on this day?" Bábá said, "yes." Bábá also said that He was in Munger Road at the same time. The márgiis asked, "How is it possible, Bábá?" and He replied, "Physically I was not there, but my mental body appeared at all these places."

One of Bábá's non-márgii colleagues from the Jámálpur railway workshop was quite sick and needed hospital treatment. The Mokamah Christian Hospital was the best hospital in that area, but he knew it was very difficult to get admitted if one was not a Christian. He told Bábá about his situation, and Bábá advised him, "It is not a hard thing. If they are creating a situation to compel you to become a Christian, become a Christian. But afterwards if you don't like it, then you can give up Christianity." The man took the advice.

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Vimal Mitra grew up with Bábá and, when he was older, went to work with Bábá in the Jámálpur Railway Workshop. Bábá helped him to get the job. At the office, Bábá collected a small group of progressively-minded people and gradually explained to them many things regarding life and spirituality. Vimaljii remembers that when they were all sitting in the office together, they became the eyesore of the office in the beginning -- not only of the Jámálpur office, but also the head office in Calcutta, the Railway Board in Delhi and the Central Government. But Vimaljii and Bábá's other followers did not know that at the time.

There was a fortnightly confidential report going out under Bábá's name, telling what He was doing or not doing and His activities in general. Many CBI people were coming from Delhi on different pretenders of one posting or another. One came as a fitter, and they said he was coming to this factory from that factory. They came as officers and engineers, but really they were the detectives of the CBI. They were coming there to know the facts about P. R. Sarkár in as much detail as they could. Their work in the railway was only for show. So they were coming and after making the necessary inquiries, they were going away. But almost all of them ended up giving positive reports. Though they came with the desire to see Him dismissed, they

could never make any allegation. Vimaljii remembers seeing after a while many come, just give salutations and go back.

One incident was like this:

One time, one gentleman came and met the office superintendent. He expressed his desire to meet Mr. P. R. Sarkár. Then the superintendent sent an office boy with this man to take him to Bábá. He came and first did pran'ám and then said, "Excuse me. As I'm in this service, I am only doing my duty. But I consider myself lucky that I have come to do inquiry about You. As I was sent, I have come to know about You. By Your mercy, please accept me. I am surrendering."

None of Bábá's group understood what he meant. After he had gone, they asked Bábá. Bábá never went out to make inquiries about these people, because He already understood who they were and why they were there. Just sitting there He knew everything.

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

In 1960, Shaunkarjii'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 Dr. Sudiir Sen of Jámálpur, who had prescribed drugs such as chloromycitine capsules, camoquin, coramine, etc. When the fever showed no signs of coming down, Shaunkarjii became apprehensive and started mentally asking Bábá for His blessing. Just at that time Bábá sent a message to Shaunkarjii, 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. Bábá also wanted Shaunkarjii to meet Him in the office the next day. When they met, Bábá inquired if Gaotam's temperature had come down, and Shaunkarjii nodded his head.

Tárápada Mukhárjii, the elder brother of Shaunkarjii, 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 Shaunkarjii to draw his pension. It was an extremely hot day, and he began feeling tremendous stomach pain. To add to his problems, the treasury office was very crowded, and the treasury officer was not a kind man. Shaunkarjii was feeling helpless and could not decide what to do. He started thinking of Bábá for guidance. Just then something miraculous occurred. Tárápada Mukhárjii, who had been in great pain just a minute before, suddenly stood up and went straight to the treasury officer. Strangely enough, this unsympathetic man without delay handed over all the relevant papers and duly complied with all the forms of respect. 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. Tárápada Mukhárjii again started feeling pain. Shaunkarjii, feeling helpless, again remembered Bábá. 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 pay order from Shrii Tárápada Mukhárjii's hand and brought him the money in the twinkling of an eye. Shaunkarjii understood immediately that all this had happened due to Bábá's grace. The next day, as Shaunkarjii entered the office, he overheard Bábá telling Gopujii and Vimaljii, "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 sent him my good will." When Bábá saw Shaunkarjii entering the office He asked him, "Shaunkar, did you finish your errand?"

Some time later Bábá was living at Ranchi, and an ácárya was going from Jámálpur to Ranchi to have His darshan. Shaunkarjii told him to convey the news to Bábá that Tárápada Mukhárjii was suffering very much and had been most uncomfortable for the last few days. In spite of continuing treatment by Dr. Sen, he had developed serious complications. The ácárya reached Ranchi at about 11 a.m., and Bábá called him at once and asked, "How is Shaunkar?" The ácárya said that Shaunkar's brother was seriously ill. Bábá told him to inform Shaunkarjii that his brother would survive only two or three days more. The ácárya came back to Jámálpur on Saturday and told Shaunkarjii what Bábá had forecast about his elder brother. Shaunkarjii became highly disturbed and rushed to the doctor who had thoroughly checked 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 Shaunkarjii not to be so nervous.

Tárápada Mukhárjii expired on Tuesday at about 8 a.m., three days after Shaunkarjii had received Bábá's message. Shaunkarjii was relieved to see his brother's suffering was finished.

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

Shaunkarjii replied, "I am brave."

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

Some days later, on a hot summer night, Shaunkarjii was sleeping in his room with the windows and door locked and the ceiling fan 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, Bábá said to his colleague Gopujii, "You know, Gopu, Shaunkar is a very brave man."

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

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

As Shaunkarjii was very close to Bábá, he would sometimes put different questions to Him, in order to learn many things. One day, he asked, "Is it possible for Your Sadvipra Ráj to be established?"

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

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

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

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

- "Would you like to see it established very quickly?"

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

- "Would you like to have Sadvipra Ráj right now?"

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

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

Shaunkarjii kept silent and could not reply. "Why are you waiting?" Bábá asked, "Tell me the names."

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

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

"Why are you waiting?"

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

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

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

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

These are only a few of the many and varied experiences of Shaunkarjii with Bábá. Though he is not a margee, he loves Him as deeply as any other sincere devotee of Bábá.

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Vinay Sinhá was the nephew of Shaunkar Mukhárjii. Everyday he, Vimal Mitra, Vishvanáth Jáná and another person would sit with Bábá. Vinay Sinha wanted Bábá to read his palm, but Bábá refused. He asked again and again, so finally Bábá told him to ask Vishvanáth Jáná to do it. Bábá had taught Vishvanáthjii everything about palmistry. When Vishvanáthjii looked he saw so many bad things in Vinay's past, he felt ashamed to tell what he had seen.

Then Bábá said, "You can't tell these things he has done -- this and this," and He described everything Vinayjii had done. To Vinay Sinhá, He said, "So, now do you feel it's time to take punishment?" Vinayjii felt shame that he had been exposed before so many people.

Then Bábá gave him a slap or some similar punishment. Bábá had exposed it as indirectly as He did only because they were all office mates. Vinayjii left with a downcast face. For a few days he did not join the group, but then he came back as before.

Vishvanáthjii later told the others, "I could not tell, because I felt shame, but Bábá told everything that was there"

Later Vimal Mitrajii said to Bábá, "In this, way you exposed him in front of everybody."

Bábá replied, "He had one sin, and he wanted to be liberated from this sin. I made him free from it."

Vinay Sinhá later told Bábá, "You've solved all my problems." But Bábá did not solve all his problems immediately. In the beginning, Bábá did not say anything to him; he himself was wanting to show his palms. At first, Bábá would not tell him directly, "This is your sin, and that is your sin." But when he kept coming and asking repeatedly, Bábá had to tell.

Another time, Vinayjii came to Bábá in a very worried state to have his palm read. Bábá, however, did not want to do any palm reading. Instead he recommended that Vinay go to Shyamal Sen, who also had learned everything about palmistry from Bábá. Vinay did so, but he was not satisfied. Then Bábá relented a little. He said, "His son has had a dream, and in that dream, he saw the death of his father."

Then he asked Vinayjii, "In the place where the child sleeps, there is a photo of Vivekánanda hanging, is there not?". "Yes, well this boy has very good sam'skára. With the proper environment, he can become great. But in this dream he did not see the dream of his present life's father. He saw the death of his past life's father." With that, Vinayjii's anxiety disappeared.

Once one accountant in Jámálpur Railway workshop was being transferred, and his colleagues held a farewell party for him. During this party he received a garland. He, in turn presented it to Bábá out of true respect and affection for Him. Many people were hoping to get this garland after Bábá had touched it but He gave it to Vinay Sinha.

Vinayjii was very happy to get His garland because he had had this very desire for a long time. Bábá told 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 Prabhátdá. He had wanted Bábá to fulfill 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.

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Jiitenjii was also an employee of the Jámálpur Railway Workshop. He joined Ánanda Márga in 1955. He often had the opportunity to go walking in the Jámálpur hills with Bábá and hear His sweet and educative talks. One evening, at the end of the walk, Bábá was returning to His quarters. Two other devotees were walking, one on each side of Him, and Jiitenjii was following just behind. As they approached His quarters, suddenly Bábá said something about Jiitenjii to the other brothers beside Him. Jiitenjii did not hear what He said, as he had not been paying attention, but he did overhear one of the devotees tell Bábá, "Bábá, Jiiten is walking just behind You." Bábá said, "Is that so?" Then He turned His head around to look at Jiitenjii and said, "Fortunately I have not said anything bad about him behind his back." Afterward, as he was considering this, Jiitenjii understood that Bábá had given him an important lesson about not saying anything negative about a person in their absence. Since then he has always made his best efforts to follow this lesson. He told me, "In general, I never tell anything behind someone's back. If it is necessary to tell such a thing, I tell it in front of them. Bábá always told us to see the good side of people, and we should try to follow it."

Jiitenjii doesn't like to spend so much time talking about Bábá's miracles; he believes it is much more important to understand Bábá's ideology. Still, when I asked, he told me of some incidents which helped remind him that Bábá is always taking care of us.

Once Jiitenjii, his wife and their two children were leaving from his father-in-law's house and travelling to Rámpurhát' station to catch the train. They were going by buffalo cart. The road was narrow, and there was a very deep channel to one side of the road. Ahead of them there was a person on a bicycle coming straight towards them. When the bicycle reached just in front of the cart, the buffaloes spooked, swerved from their course and headed towards the channel. The sides of the channel were very steep, and the buffaloes' feet were almost over the brink. If they went just a little further, they, the cart and all would go over the edge; and the fall would be so far, there would be no chance of survival. Jiitenjii and his family all saw the danger they were in, so in that moment they remembered only Bábá. As soon as they thought of Him, the buffaloes, thought to be dumb beasts without knowledge or intellect, suddenly changed their direction like magic.

To the passengers, it seemed that somebody had turned them straightaway. Though they had come close to falling, the buffaloes found again the correct path. Jiitenjii said that this was the first realization he had in his life that Bábá is always with him.

His second realisation actually came from an experience his wife had. One time, Jiitenjii's wife went to her father's house for a visit, taking their youngest daughter, Sukrti, with her. At that time Sukrti was seven or eight months old and had just learned to crawl. The house they were visiting had just been built then. It had two storeys, but the passage on the second floor had neither an outside wall nor the customary iron railing. There was just a hastily-built bamboo fence, which had gaps in it that any child could easily fall through. Both her father and mother warned Jiitenjii's wife about letting Sukrti go upstairs unattended. But, as Jiitenjii says, "What will happen, will happen." At one moment, the little girl silently went upstairs and no-one noticed. Then she fell through the railing to the ground below. Right where she fell was a big stone. But somehow she did not fall on it. She missed it by literally a hair's breadth; her body was lying up against the stone. A sound came from outside, and hearing this, Jiitenjii's wife and the family thought, "What's that?" and then immediately, "Where's Sukrti?" Then everyone ran out and saw that she had fallen.

Sukrti's mother took her on her lap. Everyone around was crying. But her mother was not crying. She was just staring off into space. The others started thinking, "She's not crying. Maybe something has happened to her." So they started shaking her lightly by the shoulders to rouse her. But what Jiitenjii's wife was seeing, just outside the door, was Bábá standing with a smiling face, giving blessing with upraised hand. She saw only this. The child was lying unconscious on her mother's lap; her whole body had become blue. Still her mother had eyes only for Bábá. After much shoving and shaking, she at last turned her eyes from the door. Later she told only her husband about her experience. Though the child was unconscious for three days, Jiitenjii and his wife were not surprised when she regained consciousness and became normal. They knew it was Bábá's ever-present grace.

When Jiitenjii first came to Ánanda Márğa, he used to say, "I will never call Bábá for anything for my own personal benefit, and I will never tell Him anything about what I need, because He is giving us spiritual teachings. He is showing us the path for liberation. Besides,

He is omniscient, and also He is sometimes testings His disciples." But Bábá has many different types of tests, and it is hard to know beforehand what He is testing for.

When Jiitenjii was living at Keshavpurarea at Jámálpur, his quarters were very close to Bábá's. Once his wife was attacked by a disease like cholera. One homeopathic doctor, Dr. Dásgupta, lived not far away. Jiitenjii called him immediately. Many márgiis, ácáryas and friends of the family came to help.

By that time it was evening. Jiitenjii went to Bábá's quarters. After coming home from the office, Bábá was usually busy with His practises, but Jiitenjii wasn't aware of this. He did not even to think about it because he was so self-absorbed. He started calling for Him outside His house. Bábá's mother came out, and he told her he wanted to see Bábá. She replied, "Bubu just came back from the office and He's washing up. Then He's going to do His evening practises, so He cannot see you now. Tell me what you want to talk with Him about, and I'll give Him the message."

So he said, "Tell Him that Jiiten came and that his wife is sick. Tell Him only this."

One or two hours later, Bábá sent some flowers to Jiiten's house with the instructions that they should be placed under the head of the patient. His wife recovered soon after.

Jiiten appreciated Bábá's kindness, and he was happy that his wife was better. Still for some while after, the pain in his mind did not go away. He was thinking how petty he was -- that he went to Bábá for such a small, mundane thing. But now he thinks he understands why it happened. He said, "It is my personal opinion that we cannot make any boast. Sometimes we feel very brave and strong and say 'I will not ask for anything', but Bábá will test us sometimes. When the test comes, we are bound to become self-centred and bound to ask Bábá for what we want."

When Bábá was in Patná jail, Jiitenjii went to see Him twice. One time, his wife went with him. In those days she was almost always sick. In Patná jail, Bábá was giving darshan group by group. He would ask the names of each person as if He could not see them clearly. Indeed, His eyes had been damaged by the poison and He Himself would tell others how He could not see. However, devotees know that in fact He sees everyone, but still He was asking the names of everybody and who came from where.

When Jiitenjii's turn came, Bábá asked, "Who are you?"

He said, "Bábá, it's Jiiten."

"Oh, Jiiten. From where have you come?"

"Jámálpur."

"Ácchá, ácchá. How is the news from Jámálpur? Good?"

"Yes, Bábá." Then Jiitenjii told Him some news regarding His brother, Kanájii's, health, and Bábá gave him some instructions to take back to Kanájii.

Then Bábá asked his wife, "Who are you?" His wife gave her name. Then He asked, "Where is your home?" He had asked Jiitenjii where he was from, but He asked her, "Where is your home?" When she replied Jámálpur, He said "Jámálpur? No, no, tell me correctly. Where is your home?" Then He said smilingly, "Don't you know where your home is?"

Jiitenjii was concerned about his wife's health and thought, "He means that soon she will be going to her eternal abode."

After Bábá had been released from prison, they went to see Bábá again. At that time his wife was very sick, but still they went. Many devotees had gone to the Patná jágrti to see Bábá. For the two days they were there, whenever there was darshan, Jiitenjii's wife was able to sit up in front of everybody. At Jámálpur, she had barely been able to eat anything, but in Patná she was eating very much. She joked, "Here I can eat so much. I'll just stay here."

About a year after Bábá reminded her where her home really was, Jiitenjii's wife died. He received a telephone call from the hospital at three o'clock in the morning. Ác. Haragovindajii, his daughter Kálii, Jiitenjii's eldest daughter Nanditá and another girl were at the hospital at the time. When Jiitenjii arrived he saw that his wife had left her body. But it seemed to him that in her face, there was a supreme peace. He asked Kálii and Nanditá about the manner of her passing.

They replied that at about two in the morning she started singing kiirtana continuously. Then she said, "Kálii, Chavi, don't you see anything? You see, Bábá has come. Bábá is standing here near the head of my bed. Don't you see Him? Look, look, Bábá has come. Do kiirtana, do kiirtana." And as she did kiirtana on and on, slowly, peacefully, her energy ebbed away.

Bábá tells us, "That which is your supreme goal, that you must get." Sometimes in her illness and pain, Jiitenjii's wife would say, "What kind of Bábá are You, who doesn't understand His child's sufferings? I don't regard You as Bábá!" But it is clear that she said

these things only in a huff; really she loved Him. Bábá showed her, "Yes, I am your Bábá. See, I give you shelter on my lap."

Soon after Bábá told Jiitenjii's son-in-law, "Tell Jiiten to remain busy in his work. Tell him also that his wife is sheltered on my lap."

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Shriinandanjii is a very sincere devotee of Bábá. When he was still quite a young man, he took a position with the government tax department -- a branch noted for its corruption. He, however, was honest. Though he was receiving much pressure from his superiors, he refused to accept any bribes. Instead, he held on firmly to Bábá's ideology and Yama and Niyama, and in the end he was victorious -- a victory he attributes to Bábá.

Whenever he got the chance, he would go and see Bábá. Then one time, Bábá was sick for two days. Shriinandanjii had not known this and had not gone to see Him. On the third day he went. As he was late, he did not go to Bábá's quarters; instead, he proceeded directly to the tiger's grave. Bábá came from the other side with Naginadá, Sushil Kumar, Harisádhanjii and Haribanshajii.

Bábá reached his destination and sat on the grave, facing south. When Bábá sat down, Shriinandanjii took off Bábá's left slipper and began to massage Bábá's foot. Another brother took off the other one and was massaging the other foot. It was dark, so Bábá's face and form were not clearly visible. Everyone was silent. Bábá Himself was silent for about five minutes. Suddenly Bábá started to chant, "Hari bol, hari bol, hari bol..." Naginadá was aware of what this meant and immediately he said, "Bábá, Bábá! You promised me you would not say 'Hari bol'."

Still Bábá did not stop. He kept repeating, "Hari bol, hari bol...", but the sound was not clear. The sound of it was such that the atmosphere was very frightening, particularly for Shriinandanjii because he had never faced this type of thing before. After His chanting ceased, He began making gulping sounds in His mouth and throat. It seemed as if His neck was shrinking and bending. Bábá suddenly said this much: "To my ashes...you people..."

When He had said only this much, Naginadá caught Bábá's waist tightly. He said, "Bábá, we'll not let You go," and all started to cry. Shriinandanjii was afraid that very soon He would leave His body. Continuously the words "Bábá, we'll not let You go" were coming from Naginadá.

Bábá said, "Your work is finished. Leave me now."

Naginadá replied, "Then make me free, Bábá. The márga is just in its infancy. No, we'll not let You go. How could we possibly leave You?"

Bábá answered, "I have done all the necessary arrangements. Everything will be alright." Everyone was crying and waiting. Then Bábá said, "Now, before you leave me, whatever you want, you can demand from me." Then Bábá took the role of Kalpataru (The Wishing Tree). He had done it before.

Naginadá said, "For the next fifty years, this day will be kept as Kalpataru day, and we'll observe it every year."

Bábá said, "Tathástu." (So be it.) Then He said, "Kalyánamastu."

Abruptly Bábá asked, "Who has misutilised this Kalpataru?" Nobody replied. Then Bábá said, "You people catch hold of the big toe of my left foot." Shriinandanjii already had His left foot, so he was the first to grasp His toe. The others caught on to His other toes. Then Bábá said something, partly in Hindi, partly in Sam'skrta. Shriinandanjii understood some of the Hindi: "Your work is finished." Then He spoke more words in Hindi and Sam'skrta, then again and again He repeated "Kalyanmastu."

Then He said, "Give me water." Quick as a flash, Shriinandanjii went by bicycle to a shop five or six hundred metres away. There he bought a bottle of lemon water for one rupee, and hurriedly brought it back to Bábá.

Haribanshajii went also, going to a nearby house where an English family lived. When he got there, he found the gate was locked. Without thinking, without even trying to knock, he jumped the wall and entered the courtyard. There was a big dog there, and it caught him, but it did not bite him. The Englishwoman came out. She couldn't know what his intentions were, so she was nervous and worried. There was water in a silver pitcher. Without asking anything, she gave him the pitcher and one tumbler, and he returned to Bábá.

As they were about to give Bábá the lemon water, He said, "No, give me water." So they gave Him the water from the silver pitcher, and He took three or four swallows. Then Shriinandanjii said, "Bábá, drink the lemon water also."

Bábá replied, "Wait a little bit." Then He said, "Put me into padmāsana." They took His feet and did as He asked. Then He told them to leave that place. They walked a little way away. Bábá was in dhyána for about ten minutes. Then He said, "Come, take me out of

padmāsana." After they did so, He said to each of his limbs, "Life, be established."

Then again all sat like before. He said first, "Who is this? Kisun?"

Shriinandanjii said, "Yes, Bábá."

Bábá asked, "When did you come?"

"Bábá, I was here from the beginning."

Then Bábá said, "Do you know, there was no bloodflow in seven-eighths of my body? But it is not good that you people saved my life and kept me alive. Your work is finished." But He spoke lightly.

They brought Him back to His house. On the way, it did not seem as if he had had any trouble. They came to His house, and He went up the stairs. From the top of the stairs, He turned and said, "Namaskár, Subhaamastu, Kalyánamastu."

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Jiitenjii told me also of one incident which happened before 1959. The organisational work was going on in the áshram in the railway quarters. The General Secretary, the Secretary of the Acárya Board, Ac. Jitendrajii and Shrii Bindeshvarijii, as well as some other people were present that day. Bábá was coming to the áshram everyday in those days.

On that day, Bábá was sitting on His seat, and they were waiting for Him to speak. In which innerworld He was engrossed they couldn't tell, but surely His inner journey was wonderfully blissful. Enchanting Hari Nám kiirtana was coming from His mouth. Bábá was absorbed in this song of Shrii Hari.

At this moment, Bindeshvarijii asked the-then G.S. to cover Bábá's mouth with his palm, because he thought that when Bábá is absorbed in the Hari kiirtana, He could leave His body. But who would dare to stop Bábá's mouth? All were perplexed as to what to do or not to do. Then Bindeshvarijii himself quickly stepped up and covered Bábá's mouth. Then Bábá's mouth stopped moving the Hari kiirtana stopped. Bindeshvarijii stepped back a little and stood near the wall of the room.

Suddenly, Bábá's aura began to glow reddishly. To Jiitenjii, it seemed as if His aura was going to rain sparks on them to turn them to ash. They all were trembling with folded hands. Then Bábá pointed to Bindeshvarijii and said, "Catch him." Bindeshvarijii lost his senses and fell down. Some people caught him and took him out to the corridor and laid him down there. Bábá asked the G.S., "Why did he touch me?"

Why didn't you stop him or tell him not to touch me? This should never happen again."

Bábá soon returned to His original mood. He accepted their *sás't'áunga pran'am* and started to go to His quarters. Bábá was living in Keshavpur area then. As Jiitenjii also lived at Keshavpur then, many times he had the privilege of accompanying Bábá at the time of returning. After this incident also, he accompanied Him towards His quarters. On the way, Bábá asked him, "Well, can you tell me why Bindeshvari put his hand on my mouth?"

Then Jiitenjii replied, "His thought was that in the flow of the ideation of Hari náma, maybe You would leave the body."

Bábá was silent some time after hearing this. Then He said, "My whole mouth is burning."

Jiitenjii's head bent down, and he felt pain in his mind. He said later, "I felt that I, myself, was guilty. There is so much dirt in the mind, and He washes us clean and carries the burning feeling Himself. Oh, Gracious Entity, please excuse me."

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Niirenjii is a good márgii brother of Jámálpur. His sister-in-law was suffering from meningitis and was admitted to the Jámálpur Railway Hospital. It was a good hospital and the doctors were taking the best possible 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 Patná Medical College Hospital (PMCH). Niirenjii then went to Bábá to solicit His advice. Bábá instructed him to go to His P.A.. The P.A. heard the story and also told Niirenjii that his sister-in-law should be transferred to the PMCH. Niirenjii went a second time to Bábá for advice.

"Did you ask my P.A.?" inquired Bábá.

"Yes, he also told me to go to the PMCH."

"Then you follow this advice."

Niirenjii kept silent. Bábá asked, "Will you do this?"

Niirenjii said, "Bábá, our financial condition does not permit us to take her to the PMCH."

"Do you want some help from me? Bring me a red flower from the garden." Niirenjii did this. Bábá 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, Niirenjii rode on his cycle to the market and purchased an amulet into which he put the 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 doctors expressed their amazement and sought an explanation. Niirenjii explained that the red flower was from a great spiritualist. The doctors admitted, "Yes, this is working now, not our medicines." The patient was not a márgii, but by Bábá's remedy she was cured. This kind of grace we have seen in the case of márgiis and of non-márgiis alike.

Pratibhádevii told me one story about a márgii brother from Patná:

The wife of this brother was badly burned in an accident. Though she spent a long time in Patná Hospital, she didn't recover. The doctor said she should return home; so she was sent back, and the treatment was continuing in her home.

Her husband was the only márgii in his family, and he was always busy with Ánanda Marga work. Some people thought he wasn't taking proper care of his family. Neighbors said to him, "If your guru is God, why isn't he helping you to take care of your family?" Márgiis were also telling him that he should tell Bábá. But he remained silent.

"What will I say to Bábá?" he thought, "Bábá knows everything. Bábá is the all-knowing entity. He is antaryámii (omniscient), so why should I tell anything?" In this way, he continued his work.

Then one day he went to Calcutta to give some reports. Bábá asked him, "Is all your news good news?"

The brother said, "Bábá, You know everything. I can't tolerate this any more. In every moment people are criticising. Please do something. Keep her or take her, but do what You like."

Bábá was silent for a moment; then He said, "Just go back and everything will be alright."

When he got back, he saw everything ready for a cremation. His brother told him, "Your wife was badly burned before, and now she must be burned again on this pyre."

This márgii brother was surprised. Was this "alright"? He went to the place where the body of his wife was and started rubbing it with oil and crying and calling out to Bábá, "Oh, Lord! O ocean of kindness! O ocean of mercy!" Tears were streaming down his face, and still he kept anointing the body with oil. Suddenly his wife opened her eyes. She said, "Do you see? There are many people standing near my head." But the brother kept singing his song to Bábá. Then his wife said, "These men have horns. They have big teeth, too. Now an old man is coming with a stick and telling the others to go. Not all

have gone ... there! He raised his stick and told them to go away, and they went." Then the wife started to recover.

This sister's hands had been joined together as result of the burning, and the doctor said she must have an operation. Her husband was busy with his work and had gone to a seminar. The doctor needed blood for the operation, so her husband came back to donate blood. Then the wife said, "But the old man with the spectacles is telling me not to have the operation. He's saying, 'Don't have any operation; just massage with oil. Then it will be cured.'" They brought her back to her home.

The sister did not know Who this gentleman with the spectacles was, but her husband recognised Him. When she became well, all the family were amazed and took initiation. Then when they all went to see Bábá, the wife recognised Him, exclaiming, "This is the man who advised me not to have the operation," and she fell into a faint. The family was doubly amazed -- she was in Patná, Bábá was in Calcutta. How had He known her troubles and come to save her? But her husband understood and was grateful for Bábá's grace.

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Rasamaya Dás was a very senior márgii of Jámálpur. He lived with his family in the áshram, but he was working for the Jámálpur Railway Workshop. Before his initiation, he already had two daughters and one son, but all three children were born deaf and dumb. After his initiation, all his children were born without any physical or mental defect. However, one of his younger children, a daughter, died when she was just a child. The day she died, the whole family was grieving deeply and mentally asking Bábá what had happened. The mother actually felt like dying. She was mechanically feeding the other children, her mind absorbed in grief, when she heard a knock at the door. When she opened it, she saw Bábá standing there. She was amazed, and she could not think what to do or what not to do. As her hand was sticky with rice, she did not reach to touch Bábá's feet. She just stood there motionless.

Then Rasamayajii came and saw Bábá there. He quickly offered Bábá a chair. Then Bábá advised them kindly, "You should not grieve so much." Then He said to Rasamayajii's wife, "Little girl, don't feel so bad about your life. Still you have much work in the world. You have to take care of your other children."

Then the thought came to them to bring some water in a pot to wash Bábá's feet. This they did, and then all the family shared the water and drank it. At that moment, they felt the whole house was

filled with the fragrance of sandalwood, and all the pain disappeared from their hearts and minds.

During the Emergency period, the jágrti at Jámálpur was under police guard. Those márgiis who still came together for collective meditation were going to Death Valley in the Jámálpur hills. For many years, the government had been doing dynamite blasting in those hills from time to time to get rock for state construction projects.

Once Rasamayajii and his whole family were there with Rámchandrajii, the Bhúkti Pradhána (District secretary). One of the deaf girls was walking a little separately. Suddenly there was a blast of dynamite, and a large rock came hurtling down right towards the girl. It fell just next to her instead. The márgiis all felt that, as they were trying to sincere be in their practises even in troubled times, Bábá was helping them. They went ahead with their dharmacakra and made prasád. This they shared also with the construction workers, who had come down to them to say, "It is surely the grace of God that your daughter is saved today."

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Harishaunkarjii, a márgii brother of Chapra district, Bihár, worked as a railway clerk in the Jámálpur railway workshop and had much contact with Bábá. He had a deep love and respect for Bábá, but at one point in his life as a sád'haka, due to less meditation and increased pressure of work, some doubt crept into his mind about sádhaná and about Bábá.

Once he went on a business trip to Dimápur, in Nagaland, during the summer. One night, he was sleeping in a bus. 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 Bábá mentally, thinking, "Bábá, what have You done? Couldn't You take care of Your child?"

Then he heard Bábá's voice inside rebuking him, "Why did you sleep so carelessly?"

Again he thought, "Yes, Bábá, I may have been careless, but You could have taken care." Just at that moment an old man was walking past the bus and said to Harishaunkarjii, "Don't just sit there like a fool, go to the station quickly."

Without understanding the reason for this unsought-for 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 claiming, "This is my bag," and the people around them were debating about 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. The 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 márgii 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 see how Bábá was taking care of him and had made quick arrangements for his benefit; his previous faith returned to him.

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One day in the Jámálpur school it was almost tiffin time, but Vishvanáth Mukhárjii, the father of my student Jayadeva, had not yet come with his son's tiffin. Just then he came, riding his bicycle in a great hurry. "Today I would have come earlier," he said, "but I was sitting with Prabhátdá, and something amazing happened."

"I had put the tiffin box on his desk. Then as we were talking, Prabhátdá suddenly stopped and stared at the desk. He said, 'On this desk I am seeing a tragic image.' Then everyone became curious and asked, 'What are You seeing?' He said, 'Someone is working on a boat at a dock; he is the relative of one worker here. He falls, and I see his death. But please don't tell your colleague this. Just suggest that he inquires after his relative's well-being.' After I heard this I didn't want to give my son this tiffin, since it had been near this vibration of death. So after dropping Prabhátdá's suggestion with my co-worker, I went to fetch another tiffin for Jayadeva."

A couple of days later Vishvanáth heard from his co-worker that his relative had died in a dock accident. This is another example of Bábá's antaryámiitya, the vision which penetrates through all matter and any distance.

Maheshjii, one brother from Bicchicanchar, Monghyr District, told me one small experience he had with Bábá's antaryámiitya.

He and his family were rather well-to-do farmers, and naturally they always had good supplies of paddy and rice on hand. Once, one Acarya came to his house and told him, "I need one quintal (100 kgs.) paddy for my Children's Home. Can you give it to me?"

Maheshjii replied, "My father [a non-márgii] will get upset. Take a half-quintal, but when you come next time, I'll give you the rest."

But the Acarya said, "No, I have too much work to do, and I won't have time to come back. Please give me the whole quintal now."

So this brother took a half quintal good paddy and mixed it with a half quintal of dried-out paddy with withered grains. This he gave to the Acarya, who was very happy to get it.

Four or five days later he went to Patná to see Bábá and sat up in front in general darshan. All the people who had just been attending the Bhagalpurr seminar came also. Bábá started His talk. Then, in the middle, He stopped and made the comment, "If, instead of good paddy, you give dried-out husks, Parama Purus'a will not be dissatisfied. Rather He will be happy." After that He continued with what He had been saying before.

As it had been only a few days before, Maheshjii understood what Bábá was talking about. He was also glad that he was the only one who understood what Bábá was talking about.

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

After some days he came to me in a very happy mood, "Dádá, you did not give 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 Patná for free 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 had to go to the jail hospital. When I talked with them they wondered why I had not followed my original plan and asked me how I knew something bad would happen."

He and I came to the conclusion that it was Bábá's grace I had not given him the recommendation he sought, even though he and I were so close. This is an example of Bábá's indirect approach when helping His devotees.

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One day, I was standing on the road with some márgiis and non-márgiis. There was one man, Sádhan Bandyopádhyáya, a non-márgii who was working in the same office as Bábá. He had a deep love and respect for Bábá. He was talking with some márgii brothers and was asking one, Anil Bhattachárya (also called Gabádá), "Can Prabhátdá remember me? Can I see Him in the jail? Can you make the arrangements?"

When Sádhanjii asked me if Bábá would remember him, I said, "What are you saying? He knows everything." Sádhanjii then said he thought he was the one who had received the most benefit from Bábá at Jámálpur. I asked, "What do you mean?"

He replied, "There are different incidents related to myself and Prabhátdá." I asked him to tell me about them, one by one.

He told of one incident, when he was a stenographer at Jámálpur Railway workshop. To get a promotion he appeared in one examination but failed. The following day Bábá asked him if he passed or not, to which he replied he had not. Bábá suggested he should sit again but Sádhanjii was pessimistic and said, "I have failed. I don't want to fail again." Bábá encouraged him again and finally Sádhanjii asked Bábá, "Shall I pass? If you say I will pass then I will reappear." Bábá told him to come to Him in His office with a red flower. "You will show me the flower and then sit for your examination." Sádhanjii 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 -- Prabhátdá's voice. Prabhátdá was not there but His voice was telling Sádhanjii exactly the words to write. He finished his exam, and of the entire group of examinees, only he passed.

Once when Sádhanjii 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 something, he went to Bábá. Right

away Bábá asked him, "Oh, you want to know something from me? That's why you have come."

Sádhanjii replied, "Yes, Dádá."

Bábá said, "Yes, you have missed something," and He told him those things he had missed, for which Sádhanjii was very grateful.

During the time that Bábá was in jail, Sádhanjii's wife had an accident and sustained very substantial injuries. She was taken to a very good doctor at Jámálpur who did his best, but there was no improvement in her condition. He decided to send her to the Jámálpur Railway Hospital. Sádhanjii was well-known at Jámálpur as a public servant; he and his whole family regularly donated blood to the hospital. The doctors there knew him very well. But, alas, they said that they also might not be able to cure her, and she might die. After he heard this, he left the hospital compound very distressed. At the gate he heard something and felt someone put a hand on his shoulder, telling him to go back, not to leave now. He had been thinking to go out to the fields where Prabhátdá went out for walking; but now this invisible hand was on his shoulder, and the voice he was hearing was Prabhátdá's. The voice was telling him to return to the hospital and give blood. He returned to hear that blood was essential, that she could be saved with a particular blood group. Many of Sádhanjii's friends and relatives wanted to give blood, but the doctors said this time a different blood group was needed. The family members asked the doctors to test their blood groups, but the doctors replied that since they had given blood before, their blood groups were already recorded. Still they insisted that they be tested again. The doctors finally agreed, and the tests showed that they all had the necessary blood group. Those who had donated blood earlier had a different blood group. Sádhanjii jubilantly exclaimed, "This is a miracle of Prabhátdá. Which science cannot do, Prabhátdá did it! Many times we have given blood, but this time it's been converted into a different blood group. How is it possible?"

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Ravinjii, an elderly márgii of Jámálpur, told me that one evening he was sitting on the tiger's grave with Bábá, and Bábá decided to test the márgiis. In the vicinity of the tiger's grave there were many palm trees. Bábá asked them to go one by one and touch a particular palm tree. They all did it, and Ravinjii thought Bábá was testing their courage on this dark night. Then Bábá asked them, "Did you take second lesson before going?"

Each replied, "No, Bábá."

Bábá said, "Don't forget to take second lesson before starting any work."

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One evening Dasharathajii was sitting with Bábá on the tiger's grave, and Bábá asked him to look at the hill to the east. Bábá said "What do you see?" He replied that the whole hill was bathed in golden light. Bábá asked, "Where is the light coming from?" Dasharathajii saw that all of the light was coming from the nail of Bábá's big toe. Bábá pointed to the toenail of His other foot, and Dasharathajii saw that golden light was also coming from that toe. Bábá said that three-quarters of the light was coming from one big toe and one quarter from the other big toe. "This light comes from the toenails of the Sadgurus", He said. Then Dasharathajii remembered some verses from the Rámáyan'a:

*Guru pada nakha mani gana jyoti
Suminata divya drsti hiya hoti.*

This means: From the toenails of the Guru shines the divine light like the light of a thousand jewels. Those who do His dhyána with deep faith in Him will by His grace receive the divine sight; only they can behold this light.

After that, Dasharathajii was wanting to see that light again, but Bábá never fulfilled that desire. Dasharathajii later said, "He is not like any ordinary guru or like some magician who makes displays whenever and however somebody wants. He is such a guru that at the right moment, according to His own will, He will give realisation to the deserving persons." Truly He is like that -- divine; but He hides Himself. It is difficult to recognize God; only the devotees can recognize Him.

In one general darshan at Jámálpur in 1965 or '66, Bábá did a demonstration on Dasharathajii. In those days, almost all of the demonstrations were performed on him. This time Bábá touched his trikuti with His hand and told him to see Bábá's past life 3,500 years before. Dasharathajii said, "I see that You are very handsome and decorated with ornaments, a crown and earrings." Then Bábá told him to go back 7,000 years and see His life. Dasharathajii said, "I see that You are not attached to any worldly thing, and You appear as a divine being."

When the darshan was over and Bábá had left, I was talking with Ác. Vijayánandadá, and he told me "Dhruvánanda, previously I was wondering -- was Bábá also like Shiva and Krs'n'a? Today's demonstration answered my question."

One time when Bábá was doing a demonstration on Ác. Dasharathajii, He had him see the past life of a famous political leader. In his previous life, this politician had been a good sád'haka. He had done much meditation, but towards the end of his life some thoughts started coming to his mind like, "Oh, why am I doing so much meditation here? What have I gained? I could be a very rich and powerful person and enjoy life and have much influence on society." Though he made no efforts to attain those things in that life, the sam'skára had been created and not burnt. So in his next life he was born in a very wealthy family and came to a position of much influence. Unfortunately, due to the company he was keeping, he developed many bad habits and became very corrupt. As a result, when he died he was reborn as a dog. This shows not only that one can fall from the spiritual path at any time, but also that once a person begins to degenerate, his decline can be very rapid.

In another demonstration at Jámálpur, Bábá touched the back of Dasharathajii's head, as He was sometimes doing, and told him to see one boy living in the Arctic. Dasharathajii saw the boy catching fish with a hook. Then Bábá told him to see the mental plate of that boy. Dasharathajii said that his mental plate was very white and clear. This meant that he was very sentient by nature. Then Bábá said that if this boy starts meditation, he will progress very quickly; He will attain realisation very soon.

Dasharathajii was a trainer and examiner at Jámálpur and later in Várán'asii, 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 pracar meetings, and on one such occasion he was accompanied by Ác. Haragovindajii. Haragovindajii had a good knowledge of Sam'skrta, Bám'gla and philosophy, but generally his oratory was not good. Dasharathajii was thinking, "He is not a good speaker; how can he attract the people?" However, when Haragovindajii began to speak, something amazing happened. The people enjoyed his speech so much, they were clapping and cheering. On the other hand, when Dasharathajii spoke, the crowd showed very little appreciation.

Dasharathajii realised that precisely the opposite occurred from what he thought would happen and that it all depends on Bábá's help. If He wants to take work from anyone, He can.

Dasharathajii learned a similar lesson one time when he was Bábá's representative for DMS in Gayá. Shortly after he had given the DMS speech, I entered his room and he told me the following story: On the first day of the DMS programme when he was going to the pandál to deliver his lecture, all the márgiis were calling out "Parama Pitá Bábá Kii Jai, Ánanda Marga Amar Hay". He felt some pride since he was Bábá'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 this talk he did not feel happy, and the following day before the main DMS speech, he did much *dhyána* and surrendered before Bábá. During this talk he felt the words were coming automatically as if from a movie reel. "I surrendered before Bábá, and He helped me today," he said to me afterwards. Ác. Shraddhánandajii came into the room, and Dasharathajii repeated the story to him. Ac. Shraddhánandajii said, "Yes, I noticed yesterday that the talk was very disjointed, and today it flowed well."

One day, before starting meditation, Ác. Dasharathajii did *sás't'áunga pran'ám*, and in this position he fell asleep. After some time he awoke, the sound of Bábá's voice from inside his body calling, "Dasharatha, get up, get up!" Then he sat up and started meditation.

Before Dasharathajii became a márgii, and for some time after he was initiated, he had the habit of taking *khaeni* (chewing tobacco). One night he had a dream in which Bábá appeared looking very dissatisfied. Bábá performed the gestures of those who take *khaeni* -- rubbing the tobacco in His palms, patting it and then putting in His mouth. Then Bábá shook His finger in a scolding gesture and asked, "Will you continue to take this?"

Dasharathajii replied, "No, Bábá", and vowed to never take it again.

The next day when he went to work at the high school, another teacher, a non-márgii, offered him some *khaeni*. Dasharathajii refused. The teacher was very surprised -- they had often shared *khaeni* together in the past. He pushed Dasharathajii to take it. Again he refused. Then the teacher asked, "What's the matter? Why won't you take it today?"

"Last night my guru appeared in a dream, very upset and with red eyes, and he scolded me for taking *khaeni*. So I promised never to take it again." And he never did.

It shows that the Guru will always guide and rectify his disciples, even through dreams.

A non-márgii once requested a blessing from Ác. Dasharathajii. Dasharathajii 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 him to give him initiation. Ác. Dasharathajii told him he would have to abandon all his feeling of caste superiority and cut off his pigtail and sacred thread, since these things were based on dogma and not needed for spiritual practise. The man did not agree, so he was not initiated. Dasharathajii 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 a blessing is not bad, but sometimes it is best not to interfere with Prakrti." He decided to take punishment and fasted for three days. Later, he told Bábá he had given the blessing and did not feel good about it. Bábá 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."

At one time, Dasharathajii was the assistant headmaster of a high school. Due to some mix-up, his salary had been held up for several months. He asked the headmaster to write to their higher authorities on his behalf to have the money sent quickly. The headmaster agreed, but every time after that when Dasharathajii asked if it had been sent, he said, "No, not yet." Dasharathajii was getting a bit fed up with this. Then one day in his meditation, he pictured himself putting a fountain pen in the headmaster's hand and dictating a bit of the letter to him. When he went to school that day, he found the headmaster busy writing something. The headmaster called out to him, "Today I am writing about you!" Dasharathajii understood then what had happened.

Later when he saw Bábá, Bábá said, "Spiritual power should not be utilized in this way."

Once Bábá remarked in the presence of Dasharathajii, "When Dasharatha does pran'ám to me, my body becomes cool. But when some other people do pran'ám, I get a burning feeling inside." It depends on the good and bad sam'skára of each individual. Some people are offering all their mental purity and devotion. Some others

may be offering all their negative sam'skára. But Bábá accepts everything, both good and bad.

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One day, when I was at Jámálpur, Bábá gave personal contact to an engineering student from Pilani University. After everyone's Personal Contact was over, the general darshan started. I saw that this boy was also at the general darshan.

Bábá called Ác. Dasharathajii near Him and put His thumb on the back of his head and His other fingers on his sahasrára cakra. Then he said, "Dasharatha, see the past life of this boy." Dasharathajii saw one woman standing near Triven'ii in Alahabád. This woman took a diamond ornament from her nose, ate it and died. Then Bábá said that she commit suicide because her character had been very bad and she was repenting. Bábá told that people who commit suicide usually don't become human in their next life. God gave them that human life, so they have no right to kill themselves. So according to the natural process, she was not supposed to get human life. But before she commit suicide, she prayed to God, "Oh, Lord, I have the desire to be good, so can You help me to become a good person in my next life?" God responded to her appeal favourably, so in this life she came as a human being, found the path of Dharma and joined Ánanda Márگا.

In a general darshan at Jámálpur, Bábá indicated one márgii brother and said that in his past life he had been a cow, 'goru' in Bengali, and in the life before that he was a guru. Bábá explained how such a degeneration, from guru to goru, had occurred. As a guru, he had a small áshram adjacent to 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 áshramites. He suggested to the guru they bring the cow inside the áshram compound, hide it and enjoy the milk. The guru agreed, and for supporting this theft he was reborn as a cow. Bábá said he had to get a big punishment from Prakrti, but his previous sam'skáras for spirituality have quickly brought him back to human form, and he has found the spiritual path.

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Rámchandrajii was a young and sincere márgii brother from Rámpur, a village adjacent to Jámálpur. Usually he would attend general darshan each day, but on one particular day he was absent, and Bábá repeatedly asked, "Where is Rámchandra?" On that day, Rámchandrajii had attended a religious meeting of a religious group

which was very much opposed to Ánanda Marga because of our challenge to dogmatic Hindu social practises. Rámchandrajii went to the meeting to find out about the ideology of that religious group, but instead most of the meeting was devoted to criticising Ánanda Marga. It was the habit of the group to spend much time criticising others. Their attack on Ánanda Marga was particularly vitriolic since the Marga started at Jámálpur and at this time it was rapidly gaining popularity. Rámchandrajii was annoyed to hear this criticism, but as he was the only supporter of Ánanda Marga present, he remained silent.

The following day when he came to the jágrti for general darshan, Dasharathajii told him Bábá had been asking for him the previous day. Then Bábá called Rámchandrajii to His room and said, "You did not like their criticism. Let them say what they want; they are simply wasting their time and energy. One day they will become tired, and they will stop it. Ánanda Marga cannot waste time in criticising others. We have much to do and we should simply move ahead ignoring the detractors."

When Bábá left Jámálpur for Ranchi, Rámchandrajii would often go to Ranchi for darshan. On one such occasion, he heard some passengers on the train criticising Ánanda Marga. Rámchandrajii did not say he was a márgii but he said, "As I know Ánanda Marga, your criticisms are not correct."

The person responded, "You don't know it well then", and at that Rámchandrajii said no more. Actually he made little effort. Later at Ranchi he accompanied Bábá on field walk, when Bábá suddenly turned to him and said, "Rámchandra, are the topics of our seminar classes not enough to convince the general people?" Rámchandrajii understood that Bábá was indirectly referring to his lack of proper effort to convince the people on the train.

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One evening after Bábá's field walk, one worker who had accompanied Him came in and told me the following story:

It was perhaps 8:30 p.m. and had already become somewhat dark when Bábá was walking to the field. As He and His group were walking along and talking, they passed another group of men who were standing not far off. Suddenly, a low voice growled out from the other group:

"Who is there?"

"Who are you?" returned Bábá in exactly the same voice.

"We are policemen," said the voice aggressively.

"We are gentlemen," said Bábá, equally strong.

At this the policeman became calm and quiet and didn't bother Bábá's group anymore. Bábá always knew the proper psychological way to satisfy people in any situation.

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On 30 December 1966, the evening before Bábá left Jámálpur for Ánandanagar, there was DMC. That evening some márgiis said to me, "Tomorrow Bábá is leaving Jámálpur, but I did not feel today's DMC was any more special than other DMCs." I replied, "I think tomorrow morning in general darshan you will see much difference."

At the end of the general darshan the following day, Bábá gave namaskár, and all the márgiis -- brothers, sisters, children -- began to cry. In my mind I saw the image of Krs'n'a leaving Vrndávan, and it was indescribably painful for me. Feeling the agony of separation, I wept. Bábá left the jágrti compound, and soon all the márgiis had gone also. As Bábá was not present, all were anxious to leave. The áshram felt deserted and hollow without Bábá. 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 at Jámálpur the birds were no longer singing and the flowers no longer blooming. I later heard from those accompanying Bábá to Ranchi that, when He reached the outskirts of Jámálpur, He stopped the car and gave His namaskár in the direction of the town.

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Kapildev Singh was a non-márgii living near Bábá's quarters at Ranchi. He heard the márgiis saying that Bábá is Antaryámii, so he decided to test Bábá. "If He is Antaryámii, then He knows everything," he reasoned. One day, as Bábá was going from His home to His office, Kapildev approached Bábá from behind and gave namaskár. Immediately Bábá turned and returned his namaskár. In this way, Kapildev got his answer. Later he told us, "Certainly Bábá is Antaryámii, I have understood."

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Shrii Balendu Bhúsan of Bihar, was a very good devotee and an active worker for the Marga. He held a high post in the government service, and he had his own car. One day Bábá told him that he should not drive any more. He tried to follow this advice, but still he found it necessary to drive on some occasions. Shortly afterwards he had a car

accident and died: Bábá remarked, "When I tell someone not to do something, they should definitely not do it."

Bábá had told one márgii sister that she should never go out in the night-time, as the night was a constant threat to her. I, myself, had already seen one occasion when Bábá Himself had to come to save her from drowning while she was boating on the Ganges one evening. Still, even after this, incident she did not sufficiently heed Bábá's warnings. Once she was in Bombay, and she went out in a car at night. There was an accident, and she fractured her skull. When the news was reported to Bábá, He was irate and said to all present, "When I tell my workers to do something, I tell as president. But when I tell anyone not to do something, I tell as Ānandamūrti. So when I tell anything in the negative, one should not do it. If they do it, there can be very bad consequences." Bábá gave this advice clearly several times, and, in each situation, depending on whether the person followed the advice or not, the positive or negative result was clear to see.

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Shrii Shivanandanjii was a márgii brother of Khagria district in Bihár. He was an advocate and his wife, a lecturer in the Monghyr women's college. One day Shivanandanjii felt heart pain, and after some time he died of heart failure. When ácárya, Āc. Ramtanukjii, brought this to the notice of Bábá, He said, "Shivanandan could have asked me for help when he felt there was something wrong with him. He did not even approach me mentally."

One day, Bábá was giving a discourse at the jágrti at Ranchi. One sister had come from Orissa. After Bábá finished His talk, He left the jágrti to go to His car. As He was leaving, the sister started crying very much. Bábá heard and, turning to her, started scolding her severely. "You foolish girl," He said, "You didn't understand anything. Today's discourse was all for your benefit."

The situation was that her brother had gone for WT training, but she wanted her brother to stay at home. Though both were good devotees, her brother had more the spirit of sacrifice and truly wanted to become an WT, while she could not make up her mind.

Many of those who have sat before Bábá have had the experience that Bábá chose His topics exactly for them; many have felt His discourses touch their innermost minds and answer internal questions. But on this occasion, this sister's intention was so fixed on taking her

brother back, she did not hear His message, though Bábá spoke directly to her.

Later that day, I mentioned to another devotee that this was the first time I'd seen Bábá show so much anger towards a woman. The same afternoon, when Bábá was taking lunch, this same devotee was present and asked Bábá if what I said was true. As I was just in the next room, Bábá sent for me.

"Did I scold a girl today?" He asked, "Was I very harsh?" When I replied "yes" both times, He asked, "What did she look like? Can You describe her?" After I had described this sister, Bábá said, "You know, many times when I scold my children I don't see their faces, because if I see their faces, I can't scold them anymore."

Then He asked, "Do you think she was very hurt? Can you call her?" Somebody went to the place where she was staying, but she was taking a nap at the time. Bábá said, "It's alright. She can come tomorrow morning before I leave for Delhi."

The next morning, the sister came, and Bábá asked her, "Was I very harsh with you yesterday?"

The sister said, "No, Bábá."

"Did you feel hurt?"

"No, Bábá."

"If I scold you now, will you feel hurt?"

"No, Bábá. Everything You told me was correct."

One márgii brother who was accompanying Bábá to the gate after general darshan said, "Bábá, those who don't follow Yama and Niyama are not good márgiis."

Bábá stopped and became very serious. "Do you follow Yama and Niyama? Then He asked was the money in your pocket obtained by honest means, or was it a bribe?" The márgii was silent. "Why did you accept this money?" Bábá demanded. "You are a hypocrite. Do you realise your mistake? Should I not punish you?"

The márgii was almost crying and replied, "Yes, Bábá, I should be punished."

Bábá said, "This time I can excuse you, but you must promise not to do it again." The márgii promised, and Bábá told him not to use the money for himself but to use it to help the poor.

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When I was at Ranchi, one márgii doctor had received the post of assistant civil surgeon. One time he expressed to me his desire to be a civil surgeon. "If Bábá could make me a civil surgeon, then my life would be happy." I saw that soon after that he became the civil surgeon. But I saw a change in him, also. He was not the same good devotee as before. From this I understood that devotees should not ask God for ordinary material desires. Bábá Himself says this many times in His books.

There was a márgii brother who worked diligently for the ERAWS department; he had a large family and many daughters. He often worried about arranging marriages for his daughters. Although the Ánanda 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 Bábá, "How can I arrange so much money? Let me win a big lottery." After some time he won the first prize in the Bihár state lottery. He invested the money in a fixed deposit account, and, with the interest, managed to support his family and arrange the marriage of his daughters. After this I heard from other workers and márgiis that he was not so active in the organisation as he had been previously. His mind was diverted towards material concerns and the interests of his unit family.

Many stories in this book talk about mental appeals to Bábá for help, but we must be careful that what we demand does not attract our mind towards the material world and thus hinder our progress.

One large márgii family of Bihár was distressed when, shortly after his marriage, their son became crazy. All the members of the family were well-educated, and their son was an engineer. The family, hoping that Bábá would help their son, came to Ranchi. Bábá called the brother-in-law of this boy along and myself into His room and said, "If they take dowry and go against the Ánanda 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, Bábá 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 Ánandanagar where he worked in the engineering college, and his wife taught in a primary school in another state. After some time, he became quite sane again.

In Caryácarya, Part Two, Bábá has said that if an Ánanda Márgii is invited to a marriage ceremony where dowry has been given, they may attend but not consume any food or drink. Ravinjii was well-known for his weakness for food. Once he was invited to a wedding where the parents of the bride had paid a large dowry. Not long afterwards Bábá asked in general darshan, "Did you attend this marriage?"

"Yes, Bábá."

"Did you eat there?"

"Yes, Bábá."

"Did you ask about dowry?"

"No, Bábá."

"Why not?" Bábá asked.

Ravinjii replied, "Bábá, if I had made the enquiry and come to know that dowry had been paid, then perhaps I would have had to miss my meal."

Everyone laughed, and Bábá said, "You see this cunning boy has such a weakness for food -- in the future you will inquire first."

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One day in 1967, Bábá paid a surprise visit to the Ranchi children's home. Bábá 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 respects. Bábá said, "If the standard is not good, I feel pain." Later He gave the superintendent some sweets to distribute amongst the children. From this, we can see not only how Bábá wanted a good standard to be maintained, but also how He could come to understand a situation in a very tactful way without causing any worry or disturbance, in this case, to the children. He could not visit all schools and homes, but by one simple example He guides the progress and development of all.

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Bábá had a very good sense of humour and produced laughter with His different stories. One day He was visiting Ánandapur High School. Shrii Prabhasing was the headmaster, and his father was also

present that day. The father, though not a márgii, was very glad to see Bábá. He told Prabhasjii that Bábá was a "phulbábu", meaning a man with smart dress and carriage. Prabhasjii passed his father's comment on to Bábá.

"What kind of phul is he calling me?" asked Bábá, "Is it the Bá'm'gla 'phul' or the English 'fool'?" Everybody laughed. Everyday, Bábá created much humour in this way. Those who were with Him especially at dinnertime were often able to enjoy His humour often.

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I heard from some workers accompanying Bábá to Lucknow, of an incident that occurred in the airport there. Bábá was sitting in the airport surrounded by márgiis and non-márgiis, when suddenly a child of about five or six years approached and touched Him. The child then went back to his parents and started talking to them. They were completely astounded, as this child had been born dumb. All the márgiis present there felt that it was Bábá's grace.

When I heard this I recalled a familiar sam'skrta shloka from my childhood:

*Mukam' karoti vácálam
Paungum' launghayate girim
Yatkrpá tamaham' bande
Paramánanda mádhavan.*

"If Parama Purus'a gives even a little grace, the dumb become eloquent and the lame can cross mountains."

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Many times I heard from Bábá that people have no reason to be vain, because everything they have -- their intellect, their beauty or any other good quality -- comes from Paramátman. Once an assistant teacher in my school told me that he had much ego about his own courage. As a tantric he was no doubt brave, but he had ego about this, as he himself admitted. One new-moon night he went to the cremation ground for tantra sádhaná. He saw a body still smoldering and sat near it for meditation. Before starting his sádhaná he saw the 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 Bábá. Then the body went back into the coals. In this way he came to understand the limits of his capacity and his need for Bábá's help.

Many have heard Bábá say that ego is the food of Paramapurus'a. I know, both from my own experience and from other's, that it certainly is His food.

One day when Bábá and some márgiis were out walking, a downpour started. Though Bábá had an umbrella, the márgiis were not happy that Bábá had to walk through all the puddles on the street. One very big, strong brother suggested that Bábá should not walk, rather he would carry Him on his shoulders. Bábá declined sweetly, saying "No, no, it's too much for you. No, I am alright." The brother mentally compared his powerful frame with Bábá's slight one. He assured Bábá it would be no trouble. The márgiis also were very eager for Him to accept the offer. Finally Bábá agreed. The brother got set and started to pick Bábá up, but he couldn't. He tried again, and he failed. Bábá was so heavy that he could not take Him on his shoulders and stand. After failing a third time, this brother understood that it was one of Bábá's miracles -- that even His slim body could not be lifted by a healthy, young man if He did not wish it. The brother also understood the point Bábá was trying to make.

Didi Nirliptá's previous name was Nirmalá. Even before she became a WT, she was doing much work for Bábá's mission, and at one time she had gone to the Philippines to help there. One evening she was walking alone on a road which wound through a dark forest. She wasn't worried because she knew she was a very brave person. Then suddenly she heard a voice call her name, "Nirmalá, Nirmalá." From somewhere in the shadowy depths of the forest, someone was calling her name again and again. She was very afraid and could not go on. Then in her mind she began taking Bábá's name over and over again. The calling stopped and, she felt courage rise up in her once more and, she reached her destination safely.

Before joining Ánanda Marga, Jatáshaunkarjii had been an avidyá tántrik and many of his previous practises required considerable courage. He felt some ego about this and frequently thought of himself as a brave man.

In those days Bábá would go to the tiger's grave each evening accompanied by group B, would remain there with group A and return with group C. In each group no more than four people were allowed. One night Jatáshaunkarjii alone was in group A, and he was waiting for Bábá to arrive at the tiger's grave. When Bábá approached with group

B, they were surprised to see a body lying on the ground in a faint -- it was Jatáshaunkar. The márgiis revived him, and he stood up. Bábá asked, "Jatáshaunkar, 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 never a good thing.

Sushiiljii told me about a time when he had had Bábá's field contact with Jatáshaunkarjii and a few others. They were all sitting together on the tiger's grave and talking about this and that. Then suddenly Bábá asked, "Jatáshaunkar, do you remember the past?" and He became very grave. Jatáshaunkarjii just looked down without saying anything. Everyone else became silent, and the atmosphere became very tense.

Then Bábá asked, "Do you feel shame when you remember those things?" Jatáshaunkarjii was still silent, and no one else dared to speak. Finally Bábá said, "Now you should lick everybody's feet." Jatáshaunkarjii did not say anything but did as Bábá said. Still no one dared to utter a word.

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Ác. Samanvyánandadá told me that once when he was a new ácárya he had the thought, "If Bábá is really Antaryámii, then He'll give me field contact." He was on his way to Jámálpur from Piirpan'aeti at the time. But when he got to the Jámálpur jágrti, the groups had already been made, and he could not put his name anywhere. Still with hope in his mind, he went to where B group was waiting, a little ways in front of Bábá's house. When Bábá came out and approached them, He pointed to Dádá Samanvyánanda and said, "Only he'll go with me today in the field. The rest of you can go back to the áshram."

When he got the chance to go alone to the field with Bábá, Dádá became very happy. He understood that Bábá had answered his mental question and solved his mental problem.

One day Bábá was walking on the roof of His house at Ánandanagar. Many márgiis were watching from below. Samanvyánandadá was there, and he saw a large white aura surrounding Bábá. He told Ác. Amulyaratanjii and Ác. Cidghanánanda Avt: what he was seeing. When they looked, they also saw this aura.

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Ác. Kuldiiipjii, a well-known family ácárya of Bihár, told me one day how Bábá had taken away his doubt. Another family ácárya had

stopped his meditation and left Ánanda Marga and was trying to persuade Kuldiipjii that he should leave also. "Bábá has lost His power," he argued. Kuldiipjii was not convinced by this, but he began to doubt whether Bábá was still as powerful as He had once been. With this question in his mind he went to Ranchi to see Bábá. One day, in general darshan, Bábá told Kuldiipjii to sit in padmāsana and touched his anáhata cakra with His stick. Kuldiipjii saw Bábá sitting in his anáhata cakra, and He was brilliantly red, so much so that it was intolerable. He felt that every cell in his body would burst and be scattered throughout the universe. After a few minutes he again became normal. Kuldiipjii told me that then he understood how much power Bábá really has, only He does not display it.

Bábá performed a demonstration on Ác. Parameshvaránandajii, in which He told him to sit in padmāsana and concentrate on his múládhára cakra. After a short while Bábá asked him to say what he could see.

"Bábá, I see You sitting on a lion"

"Now concentrate on your guru cakra," Bábá said.

Dádá said, "Now You are sitting on a hundred-petalled lotus in Barábhaya mudrá."

Then Bábá told him to concentrate on his sahasrára cakra and to say what he could see. "I see a great white effulgence filling the whole universe," he replied.

Bábá told him that originally He was that divine effulgence, but now He has come to the Earth and is sitting on the lion in the múládhára cakra.

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At the beginning of his worker life, Ác. Iishvarakrs'n'ánandajii was finishing his training at Ranchi. When it was time for him to do SPT and collection in the villages, he came to a village in a tribal area where the people were harvesting their annual potato crop. He was approached by a man who offered to introduce him to many other people. Thinking this was a good opportunity for pracar, Dádá eagerly followed the man.

The man left him in the courtyard of a large building, which soon filled up with people. A priest appeared carrying a large sword, and the atmosphere was full of suspense. Suddenly, Dádá became aware of what was going to happen. During the time of their potato festival, it was the custom of these people to offer a human sacrifice. They were

very happy indeed to see an apparently impoverished stranger (Dádá was dressed according to the rules of SPT) wandering about their village. They stripped him of his lungi and tried to force him to drink intoxicating liquor. Dádá was struggling and resisting them, and in this dire moment he was remembering Bábá. He mentally asked Bábá, "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 broke out amongst the crowd. One of the spectators had come from the field with a sack of potatoes. When he discovered someone trying to steal it, an argument started. The crowd was polarised, and fighting began. In the ensuing confusion a tall man appeared, took Dádá's hand and led him out of the building.

Meanwhile, Bábá had been asking central workers the whereabouts of Iishvarakrs'n'ánandajii. Dádá returned naked and shaken to the Ranchi office. The other dádás gave him clothes, and the whole incident was reported to Bábá. Bábá instructed His P.A. to give Dádá the food which had been prepared for Him.

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In early 1970, a boy named Tapan from our children's home at Jámálpur was kicked in the stomach by a horse as he was crossing the road outside the jágrti. 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 Dr. Barat advised us to bring the boy to the dispensary. Neither myself nor Ác. Gun'átiitánandajii had much money, so I sent him to the doctor with Tapan, and I went to a nearby márgii's house to seek help. I asked the márgii to go quickly by cycle and collect money from the márgiis and bring it to the doctor's dispensary. Afterwards, as I was going to the dispensary, I was thinking of Bábá and asking Him to save the boy.

Gun'átiitánandajii had meanwhile reached the doctor's office, and the doctor told him that he didn't think he could help. He advised Dádá to take Tapan to the hospital, but the hospital was far away. The doctor asked where the father was, and Gun'átiitánandajii replied that the boy's guardian was coming. Dádá was very worried that Tapan might die, and he was mentally asking Bábá to save him. There was the additional worry of Ánanda Márğa's reputation. At that time, our image was suffering under the slander of the government and certain defectors. If Tapan died, Ánanda Márğa would certainly be condemned for it.

When I arrived, the doctor had still not started to treat Tapan. I told him that I was the guardian and I would take full responsibility for his treatment. Dr. Barat asked, "Do you have money?" I said, "yes." Then he started to treat the boy with injections and medicines. After some time, the doctor could see there was no blood in the urine, so he concluded that Tapan would be okay. The boy's eye movement returned, and we took him back to the jágrti. After some days he was quite well again. Everyone who had seen his condition felt it was only by Bábá's grace that he lived.

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When Bábá was in Patná Medical College Hospital, Shashi Rainjan, a well-known márgii from Patná, was returning to Patná with his family. The last part of the journey involved crossing the Ganges by ferry. At this time, the river was in full flood, and the ferry reached a point where it could not proceed further toward Mahendra Ghát'. The passengers became frightened; and a large crowd was gathering on the bank of the river. Shashi Rainjan was ideating on Bábá.

News of the situation spread throughout Patná, and one márgii informed Bábá. Bábá instructed some márgiis to go to the ferry by motor launch, taking food supplies for the children and a message to the captain. In the message, Bábá gave specific directions for navigating a course to the ghát'. Soon all the passengers were safe on shore. Shashi Rainjan came to see Bábá and said, "Only by Your grace were we saved."

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Bhágavat Pande was a good márgii brother of Miirat in Uttar Pradesh. On one occasion, he was going to Gazipur to address a meeting there. On the way, he was shot and killed on the road by the communists. When the police found his body, there were no traces of blood on the ground, but it was obvious that he had been killed by gunfire. The police identified him by the papers in his pocket and informed his family.

The family was grieving his loss very much. One evening they were all sitting in their house with some friends -- both márgiis and non-márgiis. Night had fallen, but no one had moved to turn on the lights, so they were sitting in total darkness. Someone remarked, "Bábá did not take care of Bhágavat." Then they noticed a light coming from another room, which had been dark just seconds before. Everyone went to investigate, and there they saw Bábá bathed in light with Bhágavat standing beside Him. Bábá 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 was very much heartened by this, and the figures of Bábá and Bhágavat vanished.

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During one Holi festifal (Spring festival), a márgii doctor of Uttar Pradesh was celebrating in the street with colours when a stranger wearing peculiar clothes approached him. "How is your practise?" he asked.

"The practise is going very well," the márgii replied.

"No, no, not your medical practise," said the stranger, and placing his fingers on his nose in prán'áyáma position, he continued, "I mean your spiritual practise. You are enjoying life, while your guru is fasting for so long in prison."

The márgii 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 practise, 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 márgii brother tried to follow him, he said, "You cannot go as fast as I," and he disappeared.

Gayatriidevii comes from a large family of márgiis at Jámálpur. She herself was initiated when she was twenty-two or twenty-three. From the very first time she heard Bábá's name, she had a strong feeling for Him. From the day of her initiation, she knew that He was God. This feeling was so strong that she began to see the world in a way different than usual.

Six or seven months after she was initiated, she went to DMC in Monghyr. As she was entering the hall, she saw some sannyásiis standing with their hands held high. They had long beards. Around their necks, there were many rudraks'a (prayer) beads, and all were wearing clothes of the same colour. Their wraps fell down to their knees -- they wore deer or tiger skin, or something similar to these. Each one was carrying an ewer of water. There were about ten or twenty sannyásiis. All stood in one line. At the time though, she did not mark them very attentively. It did not concern her much; she thought only that many regular sádhus were initiated in Ánanda Marga. Later she looked for them, they were nowhere to be seen. Nor had anyone else she met seen them.

Some ten or fifteen years later, she was with a group of people listening to Bindeshvarijii telling stories about Bábá. He said, "Before starting Ánanda Márga, Bábá gave initiation to many people and to many sadhus and monks. They don't do sás't'áunga pran'ám. Instead they do pran'ám like this," and he raised his arms high, "These days they still come, but they remain invisible." Then Gayatriidevii remembered what she had seen in Monghyr.

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When Bábá came out of Bankipur Central Jail in 1978, He began to give general darshan once again. At one darshan, I saw that Bindeshvarijii, a strong devotee of Bábá, was also there with a garland to give to Bábá. Bindeshvarijii was quite aged and suffered from some illness, so Bábá's P.A. took the garland on Bábá's behalf. Bindeshvarijii was not content with this, since he had much desire to touch Bábá. He thought he was dying, so he was also mentally appealing to Bábá to save his life. As Bábá was leaving the darshan hall, He said, "Bindeshvari has some trouble: he feels he will die soon, and he wants me to save him." Other devotees said, "Bábá, please help him." Bábá replied, "This is the third time I have saved him." Bábá instructed a márgii to bring him a red flower. Bábá took the flower, then handed it to Bindeshvarijii saying, "Now everything will be okay."

I also heard Bindeshvarijii tell about the first time Bábá had saved his life in 1955. He was suffering very much from stomach trouble, and his life was quite unsettled and restless. One friend of his, Naginajii told him about Bábá and how great He was, and tried to convince him to take initiation. Naginajii was very determined that Bindeshvarijii should be initiated, and even talked to Bábá about him. Then Bábá told him that Bindeshvarijii's life was to be very short, saying, "What's the use of initiation when the aspirant is going to leave his body in four months' time?" But when Naginajii insisted and showed his determination, Bábá initiated Bindeshvarijii.

Bábá then told Naginajii to take Bindeshvarijii to DMC at Bhagalpur. So they went, despite Bindeshvarijii's health and the worries of his family. At DMC, Bábá told the sádhakas not to be afraid of anything, but Bindeshvarijii felt very afraid of Bábá's fearful appearance. In the middle of his overpowering fear, he felt Bábá take him on His lap. While on His lap, he felt himself leave his physical body. Bábá then brought him back to life and, he felt that Bábá injected some force into him in the meantime. He realised that Bábá had given him a new life in order to let him continue his spiritual

development. Afterwards it was decided that he would enjoy physical life so long as he felt Bábá's grace.

In this new life, he found himself flowing always in the ideation of the Supreme, one result being that whatever he thought of with that ideation manifested. He cured his uncle's diseased eye by touching it. He cured a lady -a TB patient in a similar way. Even when he had the small desire of blackening his hair, he could do it with just a touch. Then one time in anger he threatened a bank clerk, and that person later developed TB. Then he took a vow never again to speak to anyone in anger. He knew the whole time that these supernatural powers were really Bábá revealing Himself through him.

* * * * *

Ác. Jinanájainánanda Avt. had to leave his office for three weeks, but he could not find anyone to look after it for him. He was quite concerned. When he returned, some non-márgiis told him that every night when he had been gone, someone had been entering his office and sitting until three o'clock in the morning reading books. Dádá asked them to describe the visitor. The man they described looked just like Bábá. Dádá felt sure Bábá had come to watch over his office for him.

When I was working at Ranchi, I heard a story from some márgiis about one márgií who was away from his house for some time. It was common knowledge that he was gone, so naturally some thieves soon heard about it. They went one night to break into his house. But as they got closer, they heard the sound of kiirttana coming from his house. The next night, the same thing happened, and the next. Every night they heard kiirttana coming from the empty house, so they never dared to enter.

When he returned, one of the thieves came and told him the whole story. The thief wanted to know what had happened. The márgií could only think that Bábá had taken care of him.

* * * * *

When Ác. Nirgun'ánandajii came for training at Várán'asii, 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 quicksand. As he struggled to get out, he sank further into it. He knew he was drowning and thought, "Bábá, is this the best use of my life for Your mission?" Meanwhile the shraman¹, Ác.

Ḳashiishvaránandajii, 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 Nirgun'ánandajii 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 Nirgun'ánanda trapped in the mud. He had swallowed much water, yet somehow they managed to resuscitate him. He knew Bábá had saved his life, and he resolved never again to think of his mother. In the moment of crisis it was Bábá, and not his mother, who had saved him, and he realised that this life was for no other purpose except His mission.

DREAMS

DREAMS

Dreams about Bābā are very special. Dreamers are always happy to receive Bābā in their thoughts, conversations or warm wishes. Some people worry because Bābā never appears in their dreams. I say that they who think more about Bābā and develop more faith in Him. If one develops such a devotion on Him, they will see Him during the day and see Him in their dreams. Bābā gives them the necessary guidance, even from a distance.

Several people have told me their dreams. As much as possible, I will repeat them in their own words.

Ac. Hoofānānānanda Avt. wanted to share his dream to show how Bābā was always guiding His disciples.

"Since 1985 I had had a stomach ailment which nothing could cure. Whatever I ate — spicy, hot, sweet — I would soon afterwards feel weak and dizzy and have much stomach pain. My only relief came from one medicine from a doctor in Bombay, so I was going to Bombay every two months.

At the start of 1989, I was spending the New Year's Days at Anandnagar. After DMC, I stayed on longer at the request of Ac. Devānānānanda Avt., who is very close to me. Finally, on the 14th of January, I started the trip back to my posting in Bangalore. The train started in the evening. To alter medication and everything I went to sleep.

"When I was asleep, I saw Bābā in a dream. He'd come to me and asked me how I was. I said, 'Bābā, during Dharma Samikā's, you didn't prescribe āsanās for me, so now I have ulcer trouble and I don't know what to do.'

"Then Bābā asked me, 'What āsanās are you doing?' I told Him, and then He said, 'Okay, what āsanās you want to do, you do, but do this mudrā also. Then He told me the name of one mudrā I had never heard of before. I was too embarrassed to ask Bābā how to do it. What would He think of me? As an ācārya I should know.

"Immediately I looked in Caryācārya and the famous ācārya diary, but I could find no such mudrā. Then I returned to sleep and asked, 'How will I do this mudrā? I cannot find it written anywhere.

Dreams about Bábá are very special. Devotees are always happy to receive Bábá in their thoughts, conscious or unconscious. Some people worry because Bábá never appears in their dreams. I say that those who ideate more on Bábá, depend more on Bábá and develop more faith in Bábá have dreams of Him. If one develops one's devotion on Him, they will feel Him during the day and see Him at night. Bábá gives them the necessary guidance, even from a distance.

Several people have told me their dreams. As much as possible, I will repeat them in their own words.

Ác. Jinánánjanánanda Avt. wanted to share his dream to show how Bábá was always guiding His sádhakas:

"Since 1985 I had had a stomach ulcer which nothing could cure. Whatever I ate -- spicy, sour, sweet -- I would soon afterwards feel weak and dizzy and have much stomach pain. My only relief came from one medicine from a doctor in Bombay, so I was going to Bombay every two months.

"At the start of 1989, I was attending the New Year's DMC at Ánandanagar. After DMC I stayed on longer at the request of Ác. Devátmánanda Avt., who is very close to me. Finally, on the 14th of January, I started the trip back to my posting in Bangalore. The train started in the evening, so after meditation and everything I went to sleep.

"When I was asleep, I saw Bábá in a dream. Bábá came to me and asked me how I was. I said, 'Bábá, during Dharma Samiiks'á, you didn't prescribe ásanas for me, so now I have ulcer trouble and I don't know what to do.'

"Then Bábá asked me, 'What ásanas are you doing?' I told Him, and then He said, 'Okay, what ásanas you want to do, you do, but do this mudrá also.' Then He told me the name of one mudrá I had never heard of before. I was too embarrassed to ask Bábá how to do it. What would He think of me? As an ácárya I should know.

"Immediately I looked in Caryácarya and the senior ácárya diary, but I could find no such mudrá. Then I returned to Bábá and asked, 'How will I do this mudrá? I cannot find it written anywhere.'

"Bábá smiled and replied, 'Yes, it is not there. That's why you couldn't find it.' Then He taught it to me very nicely.

"When I woke up the next morning I was feeling much better. When the next Ekádashii came, I observed fasting without water for the first time in a long time. I had almost no problems. Since then I have been observing fasting properly without any problems. Now I feel that the mudrá was really nothing. Everything was only His grace."

Basántii, a sister who came for training from Brazil, told me the story of how one dream of Bábá helped her through a difficult experience:

"When I was working in Venezuela, there were no other LFTs or ácáryas, and I was missing the *satsaunga*. I felt alone and frustrated with Bábá that He wasn't taking care of me. Finally there was RDS in Columbia, seven hours away by bus. I had to miss the first day, and the next day I couldn't leave until the afternoon. At the border area I was too late to change buses, and there were no more buses until the next morning. There were also no buses back to Venezuela. It was a very dangerous, *tamasik* area; I had no money, and there was no place to stay anyway. I was crying inside, and thinking "Bábá, what to do now?" Then a woman I had met on the bus told me I could sleep in her friend's house. Now most of the people around there, including this lady, were Guajiros -- tribal people with a reputation for being very violent. Still, there was no option, so I took *Guru Mantra* and went with her. Her friend wasn't home, so when her husband came to meet her they decided to take me to their house. I was afraid because his vibration was very *tamasik* (he was a butcher), but again I had no option. I took a long *Guru Mantra* and went with them.

"We drove way out into the jungle to a lonely house. It was seven o'clock at night when we arrived. Outside were many pigs, dogs and chickens. The house itself had no floor, no water, no lights and no furniture except hammocks. There were many people -- men, women, children -- all staying in the same room, and none of them understood Spanish. They were all surrounding me, talking about me in their own language.

"The lady gave me a hammock to sleep in. I took a picture Bábá out of the book I was carrying it in (it was *Bábá Loves All*), and put the picture next to my heart. For some time I could not sleep, because I had not eaten all day and I was scared and cold. Then suddenly I fell asleep and started dreaming that I was at *Ánandanagar*. Everybody was running, going up and down like crazy, looking for where Bábá was

giving darshan. Finally I found Him. When I entered the room, only sisters were there. Everybody, including me, was in white sari. The vibration there was very strong.

"There was one place near Bábá, and I could sit there, but I was clashed with Him and went to sit far away. Physically Bábá looked younger, like in some of His older photos. He was so handsome, looking at me and smiling. In His expression, I felt that He was telling me, "Did you see? When you really want to, you can find me, and I'm always with you." He was telling many shlokas. Suddenly He gave Varábhaya Mudrá and I felt such strong energy coming to me. Everybody in this room was completely in bliss with shining faces. Bábá went out. but nobody could move, except me. I went out because I wanted to do sádhaná. I went into the next room, and two LFTs were there doing blissful sádhaná, but I went out again because I wanted to be alone in that moment.

"I woke up just at daybreak. I was not feeling fear, hunger or cold anymore. I felt blissful, feeling that I had just spent the whole night in Bábá's company.

"The lady came and showed me a lake where I could take a bath. Afterwards she brought me to the bus depot. Five hours later I reached RDS. Then I started crying, feeling so sorry that I had doubted Bábá. How could I think that he would forget me even one moment? But while crying, I was still completely in bliss."

Another trainee from Brazil, brother Kaelasa, dreamed of Bábá at a time when he was facing some clash in his training:

"I was at Tiljala waiting to see Bábá, but I felt so much inferiority complex, I felt sure Bábá would never look at me. Though I was in line with all the other people waiting for Him, I just kept my head down. I heard all the others start calling `Bábá, Bábá!' and `Parama Pita Bábá Kii Jaya!' so I knew He was coming, but still I didn't look up. Then all of a sudden I realised that I was seeing Bábá's feet right in front of me. Slowly, slowly I looked up. When my eyes met His, He raised His hands and gave me namaskár. I started crying with joy."

In waking and dreaming, Bábá appears to us in many ways, according to the needs of His devotees. After her first trip to see Bábá, Sister Padmá returned to Berlin Sector with much physical and mental clash, "by His grace" as she herself said. Then, to release her from her mental turmoil, Bábá came to her in a dream:

"Bábá was walking in front of me in a jolly mood, swinging His cane. 'Like Charlie Chaplin,' I thought, for my mind was still engrossed in worldly thoughts.

"However, at least I was following Him. I was just a half metre behind Him, and we were walking in step -- His left foot, my left foot, His right foot, my right foot. But though it was like we were clowning around together, I couldn't get into the spirit of it. To me everything was just ordinary.

"He was turning His head a little bit now and then, and out of the corner of His eyes, He was looking to see if I was following or not. I could see Him smiling, like He was teasing me. I understood that we were playing some game, but still for me everything was dead serious.

"We walked into a big old marble house and entered a big hall, where He suddenly stopped. He turned to me and said, 'Here there should be darshan today, but nobody else came, and according to the rules, as you are a young lady, we should go out from here to where other people are.' I accepted this silently, and we started our 'follow-the-leader' game again. We left the room and continued through other big, high-ceilinged rooms.

"I was very close to Him. I saw clearly every detail of Him while I followed Him, step-by-step. Suddenly, like a curtain was lifted from my mind, I understood it is Bábá whom I'm walking with, and I'm very close to Him, and He is always checking from the corner of His eye to see if I'm with Him or not. And I was shouting, 'Bábá, but it's You, Bábá!'. And in that moment he disappeared, and I could see Him in the distance like He was in the air. There was a bright light all around Him. The room disappeared. He was giving namaskár to me, I understood it was my Guru standing there!"

Later that year, this sister came to training.

Sister Shivánii has been a márgii since her childhood, and she often dreams of Bábá. The other sisters in training center always liked to hear her dreams. Two dreams they found particularly inspiring:

"It was Bábá's Birthday, and I was preparing the Dharmacakra place nicely for the celebration. I was thinking how to collect some flowers to make a garland and doing other arrangements. Then suddenly when I looked towards Bábá's picture, and He was really there, sitting, smiling, watching me in my preparations. Quickly I came and knelt at His feet to give pran'ám. His face was completely effulgent. Then, like on a picture screen, from His Trikuti radiated the image of Shiva, then that of Krs'n'a, then of Shiva, then Krs'n'a, first

one then the other, over and over again. I watched in awe as Bábá sat there blissfully, the king of the universe. Then the images stopped, and Bábá still remained there in His form. I was crying 'Bábá, Bábá, oh Bábá' and was doing pran'ám again. I looked up at His face, and He was smiling so attractively, like the most charming entity. His eyes were wide open, and He wore no glasses. We were gazing deeply into each other's eyes. Bábá kept on nodding His head, then shaking His head, smiling, playing with me so sweetly. Telling me with His beautiful eyes, 'Yes, I am Parama Purus'a. I am with you always, and I love you. I am yours.'

"The other dream happened not long before Bábá left His body. There were three nights in a row when I had amazing dreams. This came on the second night.

"I was walking along, and someone came and told me, 'Bábá has left.' I was walking on, feeling depressed. I was thinking, 'What'll we do? How will we survive?'

"Then I heard Bábá's voice, 'Why do you think like that? Don't you know that now I am with You more than ever.'"

People are more eager to have Bábá dreams now that He is no longer physically present. A few days after Bábá's Maháprayan'a, Bhaskaránandajii came to my sickbed at Tiljala to tell me his dream:

"Last night, the whole night I was dreaming of Bábá. He suddenly started materialising at Lake Gardens. I saw His face and His eyes. I started feeling that it is not proper for me to be standing in the garden here; it is indiscipline. Suddenly Bábá asked Keshavánandajii to call me. I went to Him, and I caught hold of him. Still Bábá was not fully materialised, so He was angry and said, 'Why did you disturb me?'

"Again He dematerialised and rematerialised in the sky. He took out a sort of laser gun and told me that he was going to finish all the immoral elements of the society. When He started firing, every blast turned into millions of Trishulas and Sudarshana Cakras. Bábá told me to watch how they avoided moralists and destroyed only immoralists.

"Then He again took me and brought me first to Lake Gardens, then to Ánandanagar, and then to many different places. I was in ecstasy and was doing kiirtana all the time.

"Again I saw Him begin to be in an angry mood. I said, 'Bábá, You can never be angry and hard like this.' He smiled, and I jumped

and embraced Him and kissed Him. He hugged me and said, 'When your work will be over, I will take you to the eternal Vrndávan.'

Shortly after Bábá had left his physical body, one trainee brother, Keshava Brc., felt confusion and some doubt as to whether he could really be a worker for Bábá's mission. To help him Bábá came to him in a dream:

"We were walking together like father and son along a winding path encircling a big vacant lot. Along the path there were many projects. Bábá was very enthusiastic and, with wide gestures, He was showing them and telling me all about the details. In the way He was talking, it all sounded really beautiful. I could tell He was seeing everything as complete, but with my eyes I could only see half-finished, half-broken buildings and scattered construction materials. This made me very sad. Sensing my feelings, Bábá turned His smiling face to me and said, 'Don't worry -- everything will become like I was saying. Just go on, do what you can, and I will take care that everything unfolds in the right way.'

"Then I woke up; and although at first it did not seem directly related to my doubts, when I later remembered the dream and told it to some of the trainees, it gave me the strength to go on. After some time I knew again that it is our love for Bábá and our desire to work for Him that counts. It doesn't matter where we are on this ladder to perfection: if we are sincere, if we put ourselves in His hands, He will help us to materialize His thoughts; He will bring us closer and closer to Him."

WE LOVE YOU

Oh, Supreme Entity,

We cannot bind You by our imaginations and imitations,
You are completely free from all barriers.

POEMS

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, 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, Anandamurtiji!

Our beloved Baba,

Our beloved Guru,

We offer our deepest love and reverence
On Your holy birthday.

WE LOVE YOU

Oh, Supreme Entity,

We cannot bind You by our imagination and limitations.
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, 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, Ánandamúrtijii,

Our beloved Bábá,

Our beloved Guru,

We offer our deepest love and reverence
On Your holy birthday.

ÁNANDA PÚRN'IMÁ

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's my Bábá'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 Bábá's birthday.

BIRTHDAY OFFERING

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

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

We have heard the news of Your victory.
It is reaching the ears of all
and believers are rejoicing and
I congratulate You from my inner heart.
Oh, I am offering
We congratulate You on this Earth
We want to sing about Your great victory
I am caught by Your divine love

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 playground
are vanishing day by day.

I want to be in the spiritual playground
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 YOUR ADVENT

Who are You who has come today
Filling us with Your divine light
Placing a seat in our hearts?
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 would 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 were coming
Today You are playing Your flute
Filling the hearts of Your devotees,
And that flood of sweet joy
Is spreading to the horizons 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.

O foolish mind, how much do you understand
From Your 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 the light.
See the Lord in your heart, the source of all power.

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 all, their collective beauty.
They are ready with their sweet smell
For the service of humanity
They were sleeping divinities
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 passers-by of this Earth.

They have come to the Lord's garden,
Growing with His care.
They are rendering their service by Bábá's grace,
These divine children of Bábá.
In Bábá'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 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 into 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 shore.

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

But in the last moment,
As I remembered my Bábá,
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
Bábá 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 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 Mahábhárata.
Five Pándavas defeated one hundred Kauravas.
The Lord Krs'n'a 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 civilisation.
The Earth will be the kingdom of happiness.

THE ROSE

I saw the bud blossoming
Into a beautiful glittering
Multi-coloured rose.

It had the beauty
To satisfy everybody.
It had the fragrance
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 twilight.
It was gone
For the worship of God
With all its material beauty
And inner merits.

God must take this flower
In His bouquet.

(In memory of Ac. Abhedánanda Avt., P.A. to Bábá, who dedicated his life in the fight against adharma at Anandanagar 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.
Krs'n'a tolerated the insolence of Shishupal
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 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 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 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 Ratnakar, a man-killer, an infamous robber.
But what did he become? Do you know?
Yes, He became a great poet, a great sage.
How so, do you know?
Yes, by the loving touch, by the grace of the Lord.

You see, Aungulimál was a big robber,
A man-killer, terror to men, 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.

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

NILAKAN'T'HA

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 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 Parama Purus'a in this universe.

(In commemoration of the 12 Feb. 1973 poisoning of Shrii Shrii Anandamurtijii in Bankipur Central Jail. 'Nilakan't'ha' or 'Blue-Throat' was first used for Lord Shiva, who drank poison to save the world, colouring His throat sky-blue.)

A DREAM

A terrible, fearful dream it is.
Thousand and millions of dead bodies are lying.
Some living people 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 shore much before
With surrender to God.
The roaring sound of the mid-ocean
For me is not a terror.

I have 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.

*In the memory of Ac. Abhedananda Av., P.A. to E.S.S., and Ac. Suddhivanda
Av., Ac. Abodha Brc., Ac. Bharata Brc., and Ac. Pradhana Brc. who dedicated
their lives to the fight against adharma at Anandnagar, March 5, 1967.*

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.

DADHIICI

Oh, five Dadhiici! 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 front line 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 Parama Purus'a.
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.

(In the memory of Āc. Abhedānanda Avt., P.A. to Bābā, and Āc. Saccidānanda Avt., Āc. Abodha Brc., Āc. Bhārata Brc., and Āc. Prabhesa Brc. who dedicated their lives to the fight against adharma at Anandanagar, March 5, 1967.)

BE READY, MARCH AHEAD!

Don't be gloomy
Don't sit down
Don't be clashed out
Stand up!

Start your journey
Remember Bábá'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 being,
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 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 Bábá:

*Ye kare ámár ásha tár kari sarvanásh
Tabuo ye kare ásha tár hai dásanudás.*

'Those who want Me get much trouble; I take everything from them. But if they still desire Me, I become a servant of their servants.'

There is a story about Krs'n'a and Nárada travelling in the hot summer sun. They reached the house of a rich man and asked him for water. He refused and told them to go away. As they were leaving, Nárada asked Krs'n'a, "As this man is so mean, what will happen to him in the future?" Krs'n'a said, "He will become more wealthy." Nárada was confused by this. A little later they approached a small hut and found an old woman, a devotee of Krs'n'a, living there. She welcomed them, made them comfortable and offered some buttermilk which had come from her only cow. When they were rested, they left. Again Nárada asked, "She was a good woman and a devotee, what will happen to her in the future?"

"Her only cow will die," Krs'n'a replied.

Nárada was dissatisfied. "Such crazy things You do, I can't understand. This 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?"

Krs'n'a replied, "Dear Nárada, this woman loves me so much, but still she is attached 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. Bábá says that the intellectuals believe the spiritual path is like a razor's edge:

*Ks'urasyah dhárá nishítá dúratyayá
Durgamapathastad kavayo vadanti*

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, "Sáp haiyá kát'áre bándá, ojhá haiyá jhár'a" -- '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 an ordinary father, He plays hide and seek with His children, but when we call him He has to come and take us on His lap. Bábá has said the clever devotee is like a kitten, not like a baby monkey. The monkey clings to its mother as she swings through the branches, and there is danger of it falling off. The kitten, however, depends completely on its mother to catch it in her mouth and bring it from one place to another. The clever devotee is like this.

God is so busy caring 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. Clever devotees will do the same. They will cry for God; and if they depend totally on Him, He will surely help.

Surrender is the secret of success. Bábá 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, day and night, but we must come out from under the umbrella of our egos 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 Parama Purus'a will, by their devotion, snatch His grace from Him.

BOOKS BY SHRII P. R. SARKAR

Shrii P. R. Sarkar, more widely and popularly known as Shrii Shrii Anandamurtiji, is the illustrious preceptor of Ananda Marga; the author of more than two hundred books; the composer of over five thousand songs popularly known as Prabhata Samgiita; the propounder of a new socio-economic theory called Progressive Utilisation Theory (PROUT); and the exponent of the theory of Neo-Humanism. A summary of His works is given below:

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