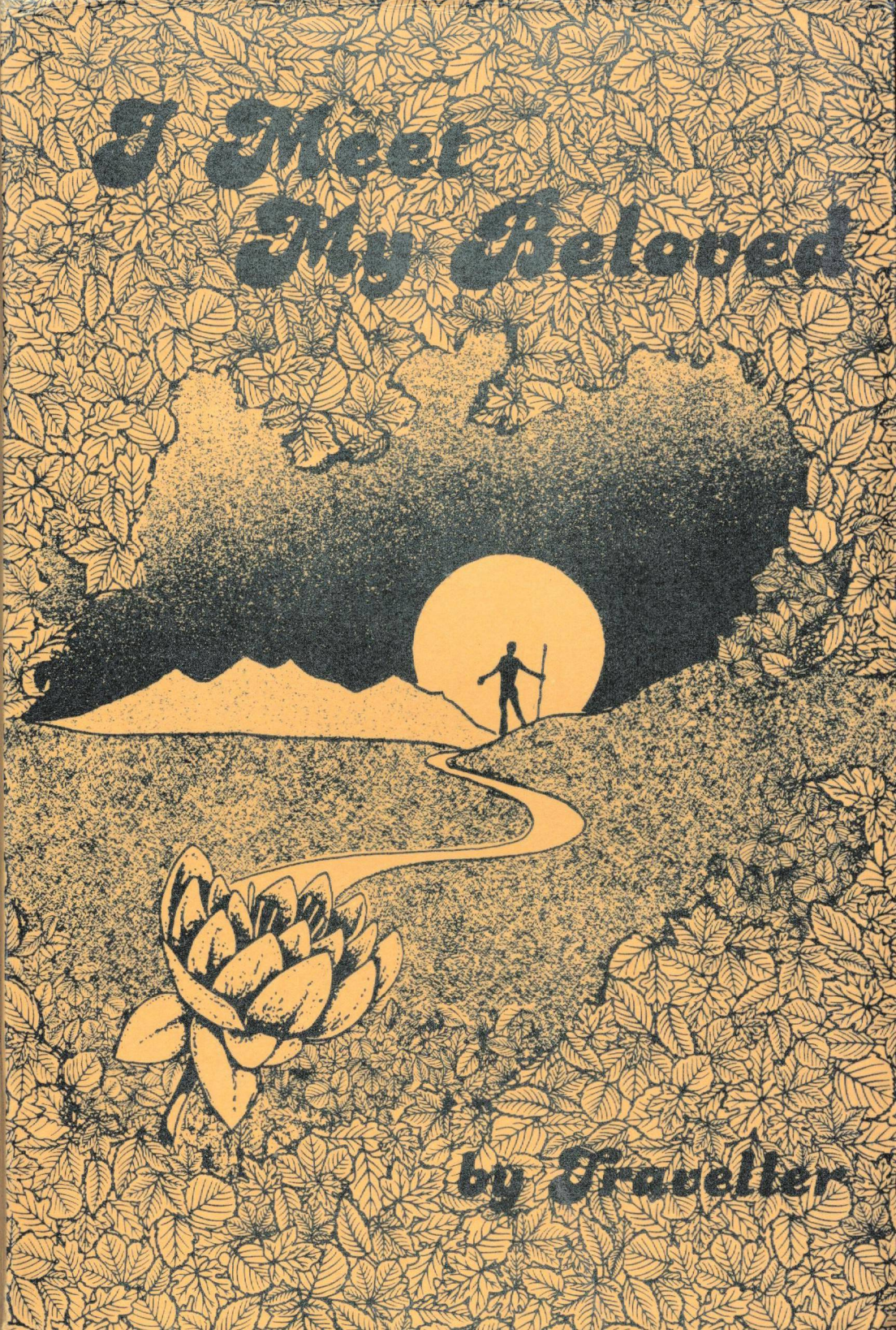


Meet My Beloved



by *Traveller*

One who begs this or that from God is not a devotee, because he wants service from Him. A devotee is one who asks God to utilize his services at His feet. Devotion is service to God.

I meet my BELOVED

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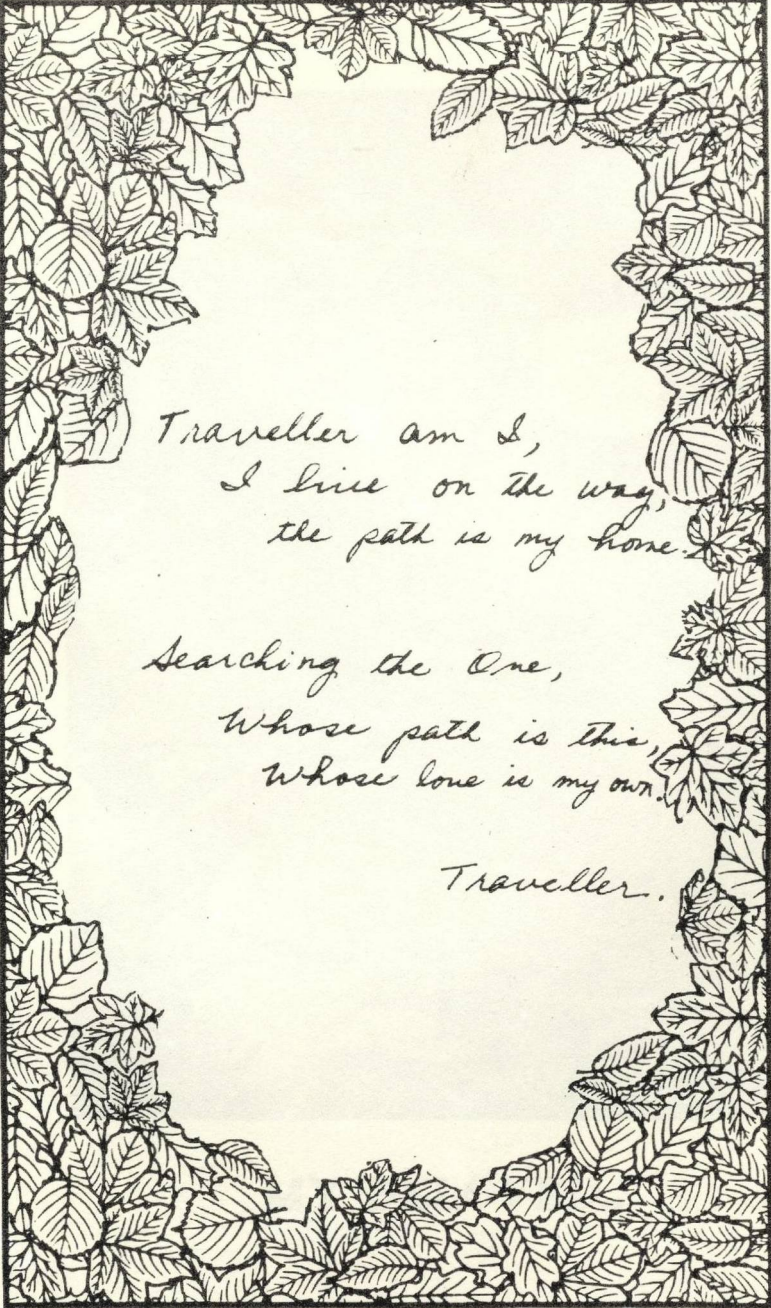
I MEET MY
BELOVED

BY
TRAVELLER

SUPREME COMMAND

Those who perform Sadhana twice a day regularly, the thought of Parashara Purusa will certainly arise in their minds at the time of death; their liberation is a sure quaranter. Therefore every Ananda Margi will have to perform Sadhana twice a day invariably; verily is this the Command of the Lord. Without Yama and Niyama, Sadhana is an impossibility; hence the Lord's command is also to follow Yama and Niyama. Disobedience to this command is nothing but to throw oneself into the tortures of animal life for crores of years. That no one should undergo torments such as these, that everyone might be enabled to enjoy the eternal blessedness under the loving shelter of the Lord, it is the bounden duty of every Ananda Margi to endeavour to bring all to the path of bliss. Verily is this a part and parcel of sadhana, to lead others along the path of righteousness!

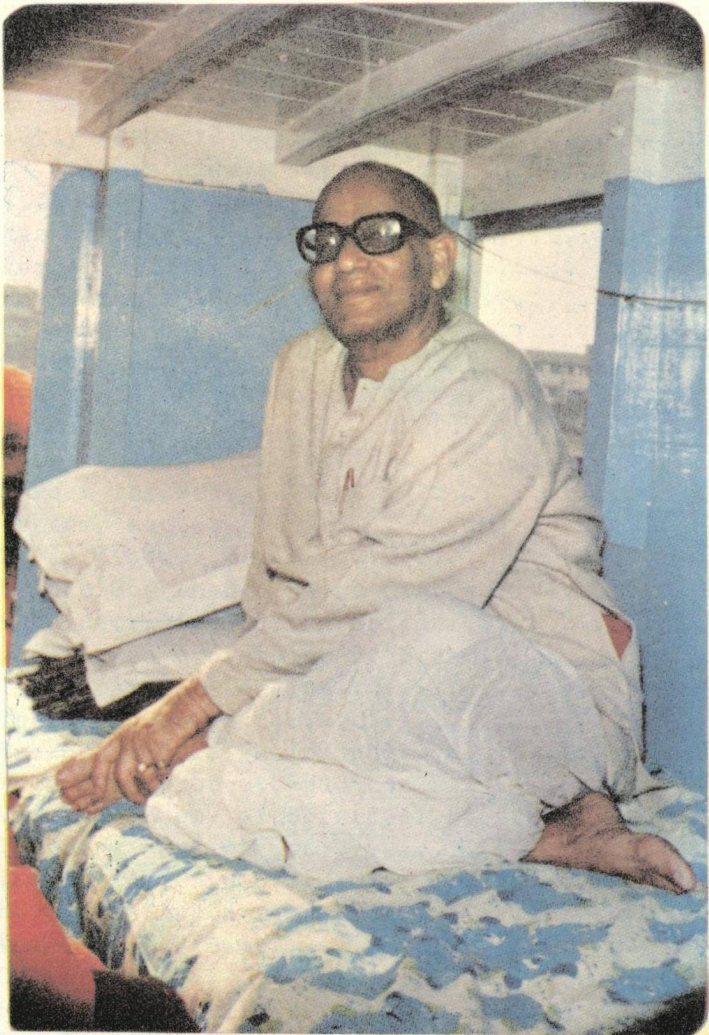
Shrii Shrii Anandamurti



Traveller am I,
I live on the way,
the path is my home.

Searching the One,
Whose path is this,
Whose home is my own.

Traveller.



MY BELOVED..

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PART I
STORIES AND LETTERS

PREFACE

On the eve of Ananda Purnima * , May of 1983, the author began his six-month detention. During this span of time he was inspired to write about his experiences as a devotee and worker of Shrii Shrii Anandamurtiji (lovingly called BABA). During this period stories and letters were sent to some brothers and sisters outside and those were compiled to form this book.

The subject matter of this book consists of stories, which have some spiritual or moral teachings to impart. The stories have been classified under different sections. The first part contains author's letters and personal experiences with his lord and gives an insight as to how lord works for the benefit of HIS children. The importance of the institution of master in spiritual Tradition cannot be minimised. Lord has the highest place in human-life.

Apart from the stories about the Beloved, there are number of didactical stories, which not only impart moral teachings, but are also entertaining. The author has made a good selection, as stories appeal to different types of persons. There are stories for children, for brothers, sisters, mothers, grandfathers etc.

6.07 morning

* IN 1921, on the full moon day of the Bengali month of Vaishakh (equivalent to the full moon day of the month of May) the author's spiritual Master, Shrii Shrii Anandamurtijii, was born. Every year this auspicious event is celebrated by thousands of devotees and is popularly called "A'nanda Purn'ima'".

2 My Beloved

The second part contains letters and spiritual philosophies, an understanding of which can make a spiritual aspirant's (Sadhaka's) life more meaningful, and his/her Sa'dhana' more productive.

The author hopes that readers will enjoy reading these stories and benefit from them. They will also know about his Beloved Shrii Anandamurtiji, Whose spiritual and social philosophies have taken the world like a storm and offer a new hope to the suffering humanity.

During this period stories and letters were sent to some brothers and sisters outside and those were compiled to form this book.



Toronto, Canada

May, 1989

When life becomes dry, He showers His kindness, when all the charm of life is lost, His love flows within through songs and melody.

Lord needed to tune my heart, He thus selected this place in Canada for this purpose. Remember, He had passed seven years in jail, when I was in forest. Now in this Drama, the roles have changed. Let Him fulfill His desire.

Every act of His has a great purpose behind it, which is only revealed later. This is His mysterious way.

We have not come to Him for any other reason except to get His devotion. What we need, what we want in this mundane world, that He has already granted. It is our birthright ... to get His Devotion. He has to give it to us!



EARLY CONTACTS

My Master had not yet revealed Himself to me. I was so curious, searching eagerly for one to whom I could offer my life.

When I met Him in the beginning, seeing Him in ordinary civil dress and hearing Him give highly sophisticated, philosophical and scientific talks, I could not at all understand Him.

Much disheartened, I went away thinking, "Why did I come in touch with these people?"

But when I arrived in the place where I was staying for the night, I felt in me such a strong desire to go back and meet Him again, right away. But it was not possible for me to go there at that moment, because it was almost midnight. So I sat and meditated.

I had such a long and peaceful meditation that night.

I woke up very early the next morning and after bath and meditation, went back to His place again. When I reached there, the place was almost deserted except for one person standing near the gate. No one else had thought of coming at that time ... my eager heart had brought me so early.

The person near the gate approached me and caught my hand saying, "Master told me to bring you to Him. He said you would be coming now so I was waiting for you.

I asked him, "How could He know I was coming so early?"

"Come in," said the man, "You will find out."

"Very strange!" I thought. I never had such experiences before.

When I entered my Beloved's room, I saw him sitting on a bed smiling at me. I immediately prostrated on the floor and paid my salutations to Him.

After I had done this, He started telling me

all my thoughts, my desires and the things that I had done in the past.

"He is reading my mind!" I thought within myself.

He then told me, "You know, keeping the sermons of great people under the pillow will not do. You have to materialize them in your life."

I could not help saying to myself, "What is this that He is now talking about? This is all useless talk!"

The moment these thoughts entered my mind, He right away looked at me straight in the eyes and then I remembered that several months ago I had noted some quotations from the Gita and Yogi Aurobindo's book and kept them under my pillow to read and follow. But I had completely forgotten about them now.

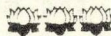
I was so overwhelmed by what He said, that I started weeping and asked, "Baba how do you know all this?"

He replied "Your mind tells me."

(A remarkable reply ... the very thoughts of my mind, moments before.)

I realized that not only could He read my mind, but He also knew what I had forgotten. I placed my head on His feet, crying and begging for blessing.

He touched my 'Trikuti' (the center part between two eyebrows). I was in a deep flow of spiritual happiness. My heart found the One it was looking for.



MY BABA IS ALWAYS WITH ME

An incident in May, 1960.

Though I felt I had already surrendered myself to Him on my very first contact, yet after my second and third visits, I started to have some questions within me, just what the human mind always does with its little intellect.

"Baba knows whatever He wants to know when He is thinking of me or anyone at certain moment. But does He always know everything about everyone? Does He always remain in touch with all minds at all times? Is this possible?" This doubt was still in my silly mind.

So once when I was travelling with Him by train on our way to attend 'Dharma Maha Cakra' (DMC) at Saharsa in Bihar (India), I decided to find answers to my questions.

A few other devotees were also with us in the same compartment of the train. Baba was talking to us. But I was absorbed in my own thoughts in one corner of the compartment.

When the train started to move, I thought "If Baba is always in contact with my mind, just at this moment, He will look at me." That very moment, Baba looked at me!!!

Again I thought within myself, "Maybe it is just a coincidence." "If He really is always with every mind, then just at this moment, He will look at me again."

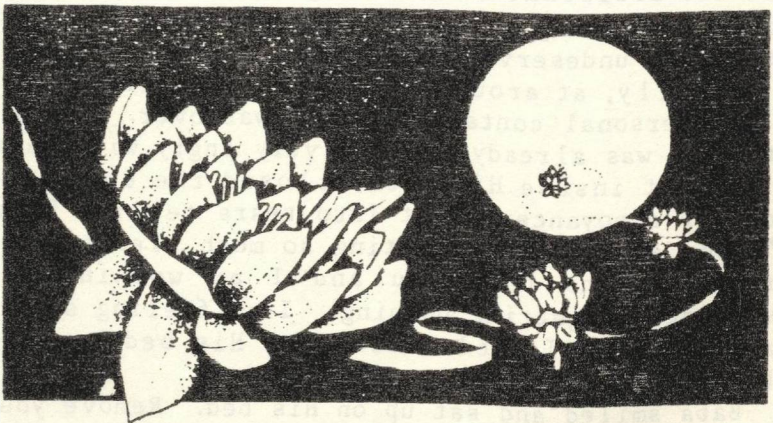
At that time, Baba was talking particularly to another person. But the moment the question entered my mind, Baba again looked at me and smiled!!!

I looked back at Him with pleasure, confusion and surprise. I was sure he knew everything. But my clumsy mind was not yet quiet.

I thought again, "Maybe He was just a bit attentive towards my feelings." So I gave a gap of about ten minutes and then tested Baba again if He would look at me or not.

And just then, Baba looked at me and said, "My child, why are you thinking in this way?"

I looked at Him with a devotional heart. Though ashamed by His question, I was so satisfied. "My Baba is always with me. I always have a companion !"



WITH BABA IN BOMBAY, 1965

Sometime in 1965 or 1966, I was with Baba on His visit to Bombay. There was DMC* at Nagpur, an important city in Central India. Many brothers were getting Baba's personal contact and Baba was giving them different types of spiritual realizations. Everyone coming out of His room would be filled with a devotional flow; some weeping with joy, some intoxicated and some in a blissful trance.

It had started at around eleven o'clock in the morning and by one o'clock in the afternoon, Baba was still busy. I was getting worried as He had not eaten His lunch yet. At the same time, deep inside me, I was feeling so much pain.

I kept on thinking, "How fortunate these people are that Baba is blessing and giving them so much spiritual feelings and I, I am with Him, working as His assistant and working constantly, but He is not blessing me. Everyone is blessed and I am the only undeserving person.

Finally, at around 1:20 in the afternoon, the last personal contact for noon was over. By that time, I was already feeling very angry with Baba.

I went inside His room, closed the door, and out of annoyance, burst into tears telling Baba, "Look, everybody is getting so much blessing and realizations from you and I am working and working and getting nothing. I am feeling so dry and empty!" I knelt down near His bed weeping bitterly.

Baba smiled and sat up on His bed. Remove your wrist watch, loosen your hip belt, sit in 'Siddha'sana' and start meditation," He ordered.

I sat accordingly.

He then touched my head with His hand and suddenly I felt a strong jerk from my 'Mula'dha'ra Cakra' (the lowest point of the backbone); the second jerk at 'Sva'dhista'na', the third at 'Man'ipura' (navel point). With every jerk, my entire body would jump up several

inches from the floor. When the jerks came to 'Man'ipur Cakra', a strong sound burst out of me, "Hooooommmmm," and was overwhelmed with the instant pleasure I was having.

And then Baba again pressed my 'Trikuti' with His finger and said, "Now it is time for work, if you go higher you will not be able to work. Later again you will get it. Go bring me food. I am hungry."

The moment He touched my 'Trikuti', all the jerks stopped. I wept with joy, and did 'Sa's't'a'nga Prana'ma' (salutation fully prostrated on the ground) to Him. Then I went out to bring my Baba His meal. I was already so happy by then.

* A big spiritual gathering



RANCHI JAGRATI 1960:

In the early 1960's, I was staying in Ranchi 'Jagrati'. It so happened that I committed some mistakes. I was very new and did not know what to do. When I read one of Baba's books ('Carya Carya') I came across fasting as a form of punishment. In those days there was no rule on fasting four times a month. Even the two times that was prescribed was with liquid, juice and sweets, unlike today's full fast system without liquids or solids.

I decided to fast to punish myself. After fasting for three days (only taking water), I thought, "How do I know that I am all right now? Before I become very weak, I should go and meet my Lord," deciding thus, I went to Jamalpur to see Baba.

I arrived in the evening after a day's journey by bus and train. The moment Baba saw me, He stopped and said, "Look, punishment is for rectification and not for destruction. From now on, you will not take any punishment in the form of fasting without my permission, understand? Now, go and first take your meal and then come for the field-walk with me."

All my agony was gone. I remained standing with folded hands, and Lord went home. No-one except me understood what it was all about.

How much loving care! No scolding for a mistake! Son meets his Father and all his pains are washed with Lord's loving sympathy!!!



PURNEA, BIHAR, 1960

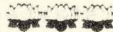
Sometime in 1966 in Purnea (a town of Bihar), we were sitting with Baba and enjoying His company. After His lunch, He told a story about His childhood days which gave us so much spiritual insight.

He said, "When I was a child, I stayed one summer with my relatives in the city. The summer-noon was too hot, so we, the children, were not allowed to go out in the streets. We used to wait until the elders would rest so that we could sneak out.

In the town every noontime, one person would walk by our house singing in a melodious voice these few lines:

HARI TOMA'R KHA'I TOMA'R PARI
 (Lord yours I eat, yours I wear)
 TOMA'RI GHAR TOMA'R BA'RI
 (Your house, your land)
 TOMA'R R'STA'Y CHALI PHIRI
 (In your roads I walk, move around)
 TOMA'Y CHINI NA' HARI TOMA'Y CHINI NA'
 (Only you I know not, Lord, only You I know not).

When he walked by our house, we would go after him in the street, forgetting the restrictions of our elders just to hear his sweet, melodious voice repeatedly. People used to call that man Pa'gla' (an innocent mad)."



PRACA'RA IN TINSUKIA, 1962

In 1962 I was doing 'Praca'ra'* work in Tinsukia (Assam, India). A very rich person offered one of his houses for my stay. I lived there and was able to utilize all facilities of the house, but for my food, I had to eat in the cheapest food-shop as the money I had was very little.

I made all efforts to contact professors, clubs, and even tried the door-to-door approach. They all listened to my lectures and discussions and appreciated what I said but no one came to learn yoga and meditation.

I was very disheartened and thought that I was just not fit for His work. So daily in the evening, I would close my door and cry to Baba bitterly.

Even after seven to eight days of trying hard, no results had been obtained, so I again cried a lot.

Then I bought a train ticket for Jamalpur (about 2 days journey by train) and left Assam to see Baba. I arrived in the afternoon at Jamalpur.

The people in the 'Ashram' told me that Baba had talked to them about me twice that morning and had said that I would be arriving anytime. No one knew of my arrival as I had left suddenly for Jamalpur without giving notice to anyone.

When I met Baba in the afternoon, He asked, "How are you? Are you okay?"

I gave my 'Pran'a'ma' and said, "Yes, Baba."

Baba then smiled and started talking in such a way as if explaining something about field work. "You know," He said, "When you go for 'Praca'ra' work, sometimes you will find that out of 10 places, you will be able to do good work in 8 or 9 places. Sometimes, it can also happen that out of 10 places, there will be good work in only 1 or 2 places. At that time, do not close the door and cry in your room. Do more effort,

understand? Only crying will not do, get my point? He looked straight into my eyes.

I replied softly, "Yes Baba."

I knew He was always watching me, even while crying in Tinsukia, thousands of miles away from Jamalpur.

* Yoga preaching and propagating humanitarian thoughts.



BABA IN JAMALPUR

I remember once we were talking to Baba in Jamalpur and we asked Him, "Baba, we are so tiny and small and Brahman is infinite, how can we fight His mighty 'Avidya'ma'ya' and concentrate and meditate on Him?"

Baba laughed, and said, "Right you are! It is a fact it is beyond the capacity of the unit mind to hold Him and take Him in the mind. Your duty is to sit and meditate. This much you can do and must do. The rest only His Grace can fulfill."

"Mantra mu'lam guruva'kyam,
 (The seed of 'Mantra' is the word of 'Guru')
 Puja mu'lam gurupadam,
 (The only thing to worship is 'Guru's' feet)
 Dhya'na mu'lam gurumurtim,
 (The source of 'Dhya'na' is 'Guru's' image)
 Moksa mu'lam gurukrpa."
 (The only essence of 'Moksa' is 'Guru's' Grace.)

A human being can attain something in the spiritual path through the effort that he or she makes but His Grace is the essence of all, this is what I realized. How His Grace affects us, I do not know but one must have sincere effort and strong determination.

"Phalishyatiti vishva'sa siddhir pratham laksanam." The first step in spiritual success is determination -- that I will achieve success. One who has it cannot neglect spiritual practice and would always think about it.

One should use the second lesson (by which one ideates that everything is Supreme Entity - 'Brahman') always so when sitting for meditation, mind will find it easy to meditate. Songs help a lot in concentrating the mind.

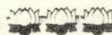
Toronto, Canada

June, 1988

Physically, I am feeling weak. They have repeatedly ignored my appeal for vegetarian diet, letting me fast for days and allowing me to lose an average of 2 to 3 pounds per week.

I was taken to the health care unit where they took several X-Rays to find out any special problem in me. They found out that in 10 days, I had lost another 3 pounds. The doctor recommended that I should be given proper vegetarian food so that I can eat. After sometime, they complied with this request and gave jam, peanut butter, yoghurt and fruits.

I also had a desire to walk in the open, fresh air, on the grass. One day the guard allowed me to walk alone on a grassy field.



MYSTERIES OF THE FOREST

In the Giita, there is a 'Shloka' which says:

"Ananyaschintayanto ma'm ye jana'h paryupa'sate
Tesa'mnitya'bhiyukta'na'm yogaksemam
vaha'myaham." (Ch.IX - SH.22)

'One who takes shelter unto Me with one-mindedness, I bear all his basic requirements and necessities.'

This 'Shloka' remained in my mind since my childhood.

After I met my Master, an intense desire to fully realize Him grew in me each day. Through the different instances that I witnessed and experienced while being with Him. I knew He had full knowledge of what went on in each one's mind including mine. I also knew that if He so desires, He can fulfill anything He wishes. But in my heart there was a deep longing to fully realize Him and along with this desire, a question came up. "How can He help me, if in His name alone I wait, and make no effort?" So to still my heart, I left the Ashram for a hilly, forest area taking only one blanket with me.

Barefooted, I found it so difficult to walk on rocky forest area. But despite the difficulties, I went ahead thinking of Him, singing, and at times drinking water from any stream that I came across.

I started out in the morning and by afternoon I was very tired. I stopped to meditate and then again went ahead.

Around dusk, I felt very exhausted and hungry. It was almost winter, so I was also feeling cold. Most of all, I was worried about where I would spend the night. I was all alone in a deep forest and it was my first time to be in such an environment. The thought of climbing a tree to safeguard myself from hungry animals came to my mind. While engrossed in these thoughts, to my

utter surprise, I saw a sage standing in front of me about 10-15 yards away. I could not believe it.

Smilingly he invited me. "Come child, I knew you would come today. Come to my place." And he took me some distance, into the deep forest.

The place was surrounded by very big trees and I could hear a stream flowing nearby. There was a small shed with only a roof. There were no walls, the floor was a bit higher than the ground and a fire was burning in the middle.

He asked me to bathe in the stream. I was worried about the cold but found the spring water quite warm. After bathing, I returned to the shed but found that sage had gone somewhere. So I sat near the fire and meditated.

When I finished my meditation, I saw him preparing big, thick bread with flour (called 'Chapa'ti', a local bread which is circular, about 1/3 inch thick and about 9 inches in diameter) and a little chutney (salted, sour mixture with pepper). He gave it to me on a big leaf saying, "Kha'o beta' (Eat, my child)." I was thankful to him but I could eat only half of it.

I asked him if there was any tiger in the area. He said, "Sometimes they come, mostly wild bears come. But they never cross the stream. They come, stay awhile and then Lord sends them away."

The night was cold even with my blanket on so I slept near the fire that night. It was warm enough.

In the early morning, I woke up, bathed and meditated. The sage was already up. I paid my salutation to him and asked permission for departure.

He said to me, "Lord will fulfill your desire."

I was very grateful and happy. But after walking for sometime, again the thought came to my mind, "This was just a mere chance, let me see how He feeds me today?"

My feet started to ache after a while and my

entire body was tired due to walking on the rocks and up and down the hill. When noon came, I became so hungry that I started eating some tamarind leaves which I found in the forest.

It was dusk again and I was once again worried about shelter. I had reached the end of the forest but there was still an abundance of trees and bushes all around.

In search of shelter, I started walking fast. Just when it became almost dark, I saw a temple. I thanked the Lord and took shelter in it. The temple was completely ruined but I was able to fix a roof for myself in one corner.

I thought of lying down and resting first before meditating. I was so tired that night and felt even more cold. After resting for awhile, I decided to meditate lest I fully fall asleep.

Then I heard someone asking, "Who are you?" And I saw a person standing near the broken door.

I said, "I am just a 'Yogi' passing the night here." Then he asked me what caste I belonged to. (In India there are many castes, some are high, some low, some are even considered untouchables).

I replied, "In the temple of the Lord how can there be castes? I am just a child of God."

The person was very satisfied. He replied, "You must be a holy person. Please come, take food in my home. I took a vow this morning that until I feed a holy one, I will not eat. In the evening I felt like coming here to pray to Lord Shiva and He has brought you to me."

I found out that his village was a few kilometers away from where I was. I thought, "If I decide to stay over here, this is how my Master would arrange to supply me with food everyday."

I wanted to go back to my Master's place and with the help of the person who brought me food,

I got directions to the train station. There were still some doubts in my mind, but I felt I had to go. So I walked for sometime until I found the railway line. I followed it to catch a

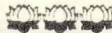
train going to my destination. At that point, my feet and body were already almost rejecting my orders to move. Then I saw a train coming. There was a bridge where the train had to pass and I waited near it, thinking mentally, "If Lord makes the train stop, I will ride in it." And lo, who would believe that the train stopped in front of the bridge giving whistles. I ran and got into a compartment and the train started again. I was very tired and soon I fell asleep.

It was a shuttle train and when it reached the main station, my fellow passengers woke me up, saying,; "You have to change trains here."

When I arrived at my destination, it suddenly occurred to me that I had gone across the hills, had travelled around the mountain range by train without any money. I was so surprised because no one asked me for a ticket!

The next evening when I met my Master, He was sitting with other devotees. I was afraid, rather ashamed. I prostrated before Him giving my salutations. When I sat down, My Master looked straight into my eyes, smiling mysteriously, and saying, "Bujhechho?" (Realized?) I had not told anyone about the events of the last two days. I had just returned and met Him.

I replied with folded hands, "Yes, Baba."



FOREST MEDITATION

I remember those days, when I had gone to quietly meditate in a deep forest for a year and half. Before I left I sent a prayerful note to Baba.

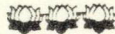
To frighten me, a "Chandra Chura" snake (a very poisonous snake) would come and sleep near my head every night.

Once, a few persons came to sing 'Bhajans' (spiritual songs) and stayed overnight. When they saw the snake in the early morning, I told them that the snake came every night. They could not believe and suggested that I leave the place right away as it was too dangerous to stay there. But I persisted and remained there and the snake did not come anymore after that night.

On the first night of my midnight meditation, I was on a big flat rock. To stop me from meditating, two bears came that night. They came, stayed nearby and left.

Another night, a tiger roared from behind. But my Master seeing me determined to continue my practice, took all the wild animals away. They never came back thereafter.

These are the precious memories of my forest meditation.



BABA CARES FOR HIS CHILD

In the late 60's, I was too busy working for relief and missionary duties and had less and less time for spiritual practice. A strong feeling to pass sometime in quiet meditation again came to me.

One evening, I wrote about this desire to my Master and started for the forest, for meditation, I knew a place by the side of a hill. It was full of trees and had two streams, one had warm water and the other cold water.

For my sustenance, I decided to go to a neighboring tribal village, once a week for food. My place was about an hour walking distance from the tribal village.

The place I found had a very old, old Shiva temple. For a long, long time it had been the home of different creatures and animals. I cleaned the temple and took shelter in it.

In the evening, I was thinking of my Master and wondering about all His miracles. Then a desire came to my mind, "If I can only get some milk daily," an extraordinary desire in such a place.

The next day in the early morning after my arrival, a very old person came. He approached me while I was doing my meditation. When I finished, he spoke, "Jai Shiva Shambho (Victory to Lord Shiva)."

He looked at me smilingly and said, "I dreamt last night that Lord Shiva had sent his person here, so I came to see you. I used to come here a long time ago when I was still young. Now I cannot walk so well. It took me one and half hours to come here. You are the blessed one of the Lord !"

We talked for some time. Then he bathed, did some prayer and gave me some food. By noon, he left for home.

In the afternoon, I was walking around enjoying the natural beauty and getting acquainted with the environment when I saw a powerfully built

young man coming quickly towards my place. I thought, "Who is this?"

The person came straight to me, touched my feet with respect, and said, "I heard that you have come here so I brought food to last you for some days. I would like to stay for a day or so, If you permit, and would like to build a cottage for you."

I thanked him and said, "You can stay, no problem. Thank you for your kindness but right now I do not need a cottage."

He said, "'Sadhuji' (means O sage), for a long time, we have not seen a real saint. Only an elevated saint can live here. Long ago, a devotee of Yogi Shyamacharan Lahiri 'Maha'shaya' stayed here and built a memorial for Lahiri 'Maha'shaya'. This is the temple that devotee built."

"Now God is happy to give us a holy person. So sometimes, we would like to come, if you do not feel bad about it. We will use the cottage that I build.

I was surprised at the change of my status. Suddenly I had become so high and elevated in their eyes. How come?

He showed me the memorial of Shyamacharan Lahiri. I was so happy to see it in such a remote place. I liked Lahiri Maha'shaya.

The man brought sufficient food for several days. He stayed with me that night. He said about himself, "I am just an ordinary farmer. I have a young son and a daughter. People consider me a gang leader of notorious persons but I am not really that. There are some rich and privileged people here who take advantage of poor farmers and exploit them. So, out of anger, I let my cattle eat their crops at midnight. But, I never harm good people. Due to this, people fear me and call me gang leader. But since I have seen you, I am getting a strong feeling to change my life. Give me teachings, I will not do any wrong deeds henceforth."

He had symptoms of paralysis and I found out that he had strong constipation. I taught him preliminary meditation and yoga process to cure constipation and prescribed some diet for him. I told him that if he did what I taught him, within a week his constipation would be cured. "Meditation, this diet and 'A'sanas' (Yoga postures) would completely remove your paralysis problem for ever," I said.

He told me many things about the forest area. There were lots of snakes, monkeys and deers in that area. Small tigers came out sometimes. Wild bears could be seen often. Nobody dared to come in the area after midday. Some tribal woodcutters passed through that area in the forenoon only. He said, "People of our village are blessed by God to have you here. Once, I want to kindly bring your feet to my house."

He cooked in the evening, He had brought some earthen pots for cooking. I told him that I could not eat in the night. He urged me to taste his food and he felt that maybe I was hesitant to eat the food he touched. To remove his wrong feelings, I tasted some.

He also brought a lamp with him. By the time I finished teaching him and talking to him, it was midnight.

At midnight, I went to meditate outside on a rock, about 200 yards from the temple. He could not believe how it was possible. Alone! In the dead of the night, in the forest! It was a time for bears and tigers to come out and look for water. He knew their habits as he also liked to hunt. He wanted to go with me to give me protection but I stopped him saying, "You sleep, I will be back in half an hour or so." And I left.

Strange was that night. While I was halfway in my meditation, the bears came and passed by the temple. They were fighting or playing and the sounds they made were terrible. They came close to the rock I was sitting on. I could feel their

stunned surprise, "At such a time, how come a fellow is here?"

They stayed near the rock for a while and then they went away. I was trying to concentrate and put my entire feeling on prayer but my heart was beating fast.

That night, I had a long, good meditation. When I returned, my new friend was anxiously waiting for me in the temple. He was still awake. He looked at me with big, open eyes.

Since then, I could feel that his feelings towards me had changed. He surmised that I must be some "super one". He worked very hard the next day to complete a shed. He always wanted to do something for me -- giving some water to drink, cleaning my place, anything to please me.

In the afternoon, I asked him to go home and see his family as they may be worried. He did not disagree. He paid his salutations to me and went home.

In the night, I heard several tigers roaring in the mountains but as usual, I performed my meditation on the rock. In the early morning I was still meditating and felt a deep flow of bliss. This used to happen to me often during my forest days.

When I opened my eyes, I saw an aged person about 55 years old, sitting by the temple. He bowed to give his salutations and I also greeted him with folded hands. He was a very humble, quiet and gentle person. He had brought something for me. He had 'Luchi' and 'Puri' with vegetables cooked with purified butter called 'Ghee', pure cow's milk boiled at home, and some fresh fruits. He did not talk much. He just asked for blessing and then waited until midday to feed me.

When he left for home, my gang leader companion arrived with his young son and some more young men. They finished the cottage and cleaned the area. They also came to see my "night meditation". It was a very strange thing for

them. They told me that the man who had come earlier and brought food and milk was the landlord of that area, a very rich and good person. But they wondered how he could have made it so early. It meant he had to cook the food very early in the morning as it took an hour and half to reach the temple from the village.

From that day on, the landlord used to come every morning with milk and freshly cooked food for me while I lived there. He used to bring the food in a bag over his head. Later, I found out that the old man I met on the first day and who dreamt about me, was the one who informed the landlord that I was staying at the temple. Through the landlord, my desire for milk was fulfilled. I desired and Lord materialized.

In those days, whatever I desired would immediately get fulfilled. I could tell exactly who would be visiting me that day as the thought of that person would flash in my mind several times before he arrived.

Once, I was taking a bath when repeatedly the thought of the landlord's son flashed in my mind. (The eldest son of the landlord became very close to me. He was a Master of Arts, highly educated and moral. But even with his high education, he preferred to stay in the village and look after the affairs there, as no one else in the village knew how to handle modern cultivation.)

After my bath, I just felt like calling out the name of the landlord's son. So I called him. He came out from behind some big trees and astonishingly asked me, "How did you know that I had come?" He had come earlier and was meditating there. The place where he was meditating could not be seen from my bathing place. I said, "I just knew that you would come."

Another day, I saw in my meditation a plane crash and fall in the sea. One monk in orange robes was in it. He and a few others were the only survivors. I told the landlord's son about

it. When he visited me a day later, he informed me that the radio and the newspaper had announced that accident. Amongst the survivors was a monk (when I returned to my Guru a year later, I came to know that he was one of his disciples who was returning from his journey abroad on his way to see Lord.)

One morning, I had a desire to eat some good sweets. The same day, at noon time, one person arrived and he offered me some 'Pera', an Indian sweet made out of condensed milk and mixed with sugar, a very tasteful sweet.

One of the four young persons whom the gangleader brought to see me had just finished his high school examination. He came to ask for my blessings. Hesitatingly, the boy told me that he had failed in English before and expected to fail again this year.

I asked him, "What is the passing grade?"

He said; "Forty." Spontaneously, words came out from my mouth, "Don't worry, you will get forty in English." The following month, his test result was announced; he got exactly "forty" in English.

One family heard about the passing grade incident and they came one morning. The young girl of the family came too and expressed that her husband had left her and she did not know where he went. She begged for my help. I felt embarrassed. I had never before encountered such problems. So to give a solution to the situation right away and to console her crying, I told her, "Your husband will come home in three days, don't cry," and I prayed to my Guru with all my heart, "Please help her, Baba."

I was astonished to find out later that her husband returned just on the third day. They came to thank me the day after his return.

These incidents made me very respectable among ordinary folks. But all these were mysterious to me. I knew my Guru was displaying His miracles.

The landlord's son developed a habit of always coming to me for some advice. One day while we were walking, he told me, "Sadhu Baba, (this is how I was called there), an opponent in my village has illegally occupied some of our cultivable land and to keep possession of this land, he has erected a small temple on it. We filed a case but lost in court. We have appealed in the high court and the hearing is next week.

He explained to me the real situation and gave me the facts. He wanted advice as to whether to fight the case or give it up. He was hesitant to fight as already God's temple was standing on the land.

I said,; "Stand for justice. Don't you know Tagore's version?" (He was a learned man as I have already mentioned and knew a lot about Tagore).

"Anya'ya jekare, a'r anya'ya ye sahe"
(One who commits an immoral act and one who supports it),

"Taba ghrina' jena ta're trina sama dahe"
(Let your rage burn them both like dry straw).

"Don't worry," I said. "Go, you will win the case."

He touched my feet with respect.

After one week, his father arrived. As usual, he came early morning and told me that they had won the case in the high court. Jokingly, I told him, "Bring some 'Rasagullas' (a costly and very delicious Indian sweet made out of pure and fresh white cheese, boiled in syrup) for me." He opened his bundle and in it were a lot of fine 'Rasagullas'. Another surprise!

I ate the 'Rasagullas' with pleasure but in the evening fell very sick. I had high fever and pain and by morning, I could not get up. More strange was that since then, nobody came to visit me or bring food for days. I knew it was a punishment given to me by 'Gurudeva'; I should

not have asked for 'Rasagulla'. It was as though I, was asking for a reward for my act, as if accepting a bribe.

On the evening of the fourth day (or third day), when I was unable to even move my head up, I prayed to my Guru, "Baba ! I will never do it again, please have mercy on me this time."

And lo! When I was praying and crying on my blanket, a tribal man arrived. Never at that hour had anybody come before.

He asked me if I needed anything. I requested him to give me some water and if he could give me some lemon. He expressed his anxiety for me and said that he just felt deeply to see me that day. When he left, I fell asleep.

In the early morning, his son arrived with a few pieces of lemon. He said that his father had arranged for the lemons the night before. He was sorry he could come only in the morning, he should have come earlier. I could not understand who was responsible for the deep concern they had for someone whom they had never known before.

In the morning, I was quite well! Fresh! My Guru just waited until I realized and apologized for my mistake. That day again someone brought food to me as usual. When the people found out what happened to me and my recent illness, all were apologetic.

After that incident, during the cold winter, An unusual desire crept in me. "If I could only get some hot tea with milk and ginger!" But it was useless to think of it in such a place.

One late afternoon, a lame person came, touched my feet and said that for a long time, he had a desire to see me. That day he decided to visit me. It took him about 5 hours to reach my place as he came from a distant place and he could not walk properly. I asked him to stay and rest and gave him food to eat.

Then he said somewhat hesitatingly, "Sadhu Baba, if you permit, I wish to prepare some good tea for you with ginger. I have brought fresh

milk in my bag. I have a cow."

I thought, "Now I should go back to my Guru, I am disturbing Him so much. He has to send even a lame man for my tea! It is too much!"

But after that I stayed ther for several months more. The gang master and his group all learnt meditation and were totally changed. They all became good and gentle persons to the surprise of all.

Slowly, I became restless to go back to my 'Gurudeva'. Everyday, I would cry, "Baba, please call me back!" But how? Nobody knew where I was!

It was 'Gurudeva's birthday. Full moon day in the month of May. His birth time was 6:07 in the morning. Actually He was born on Vaisha'khii Purnima, the full moon day of the Bengali month of Vaisha'kh, generally falling in the month of May.

That early morning, when I was about to wake up, I saw Baba standing in front of me and raising his right arm straight towards the path leading to the village road.

I jumped up. The red sun was about to come out. I quickly bathed and started my 'Guru Puja' (worship to 'Gurudeva'). When I finished my worship, a young boy arrived. He gave some sweets which I offered to 'Gurudeva' in my worship.

I told the boy, "Today, I am leaving this place to go to my 'Gurudeva'." They all knew I had a Guru but did not know where and who, except for a very few whom I had taught meditation and they were not supposed to tell anybody.

In the meantime, the landlord arrived. Hearing about my program and plan to leave, he was stunned. He took me to his house and fed me. Then after a while, I said goodbye to him and left.

I had to go to a nearby town by bus to catch a train to my Guru's place. I had no money and did not ask anybody for it. No one asked me about it

either.

The young boy (who had earlier learned meditation) and who was with me since morning accompanied me to the road where I could catch a bus. It was quite a long walk but the boy never left my side.

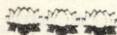
When we arrived at the road, I urged the boy to go back. I felt a bit embarrassed because I knew I did not have the money to pay for the ticket and was planning to request the bus driver to take me without money. But the boy refused to leave me.

When the bus arrived, he signalled it to stop. I went inside the bus towards the front area. The bus left. I looked outside and saw the boy giving me his salutations with folded hands.

At that time, I was really worried. I could not say anything to the conductor before getting on the bus and except for a blanket, I had nothing to offer him.



I had to travel for several hours by this bus to the railway station. As we were approaching my destination, I was worried what to tell the conductor if he demanded fare from me when the bus stopped. So, I went to him ahead of time to explain my situation and he said, "Sadhu Baba, your disciple paid your fare."

I burst into tears, "O Baba, how much you care for your child at every step!"




A POEM FOR BABA 

I saw Him in a dream,
in a dream I made His acquaintance,
In dream I loved Him,
in a dream I called Him,
Lord, full of Love!
I do not see Him with my eyes,
I see Him in my heart's mind,
In that beautiful meeting,
all sorrows disappear;
In dream I am alive,
in waking, I forget...
If a dream is so sweet,
let it be a false imagination...
Don't awaken me, don't awaken me!

**YOU KNOW, IN MY FIRST
CONTACT WITH HIM,
HE TOLD ME,
"I AM NOT YOUR GURU,
I AM YOUR BABA."**



Toronto, Canada

August, 1989

I have almost recovered the weight I lost. Now they give proper vegetarian diet. After a lot of troubles, has blessed me with non-smoking room-mates. Now, the guards and inmates are more kind to me. Seeing my room - a small, Ashrama-type, with flowers and His picture, they wonder at me when they see me in tears in meditation. They are surprised seeing me in lotus position for so long at a stretch. My Asanas and Tandava time is something unique for them.

Before this blissful situation, He made me pass an extreme situation - rude and hateful dealings and humiliations of officials and inmates! Now, it is alright. All His grace! But blessed is the pain that reminds us His name every moment.



EARLY 1960S

"A GURU IS ONE WHO CAN TELL ABOUT YOUR PAST, WHO KNOWS THE PRESENT STATE OF AFFAIRS AND WHO CAN BUILD YOUR FUTURE !"

It was in the early 1960. I was not yet a monk and was very new. My Master in those days was very open and expressed Himself to all. We could go to His door, and knock freely and He would be the one who opened the door, dearly asking us to come in and take a seat. One could see Him working in His small garden with a worn-out T-shirt on.

In those days, He used to go only for evening walks. Many disciples would assemble to go for field walk with Him. Everybody wanted to be close to Him. Thus, generally, visitors would be divided into three batches. The first batch would go with Him from His house to the field. The second batch would go in advance and wait for Him at the "Tiger's Tomb" in the field where the Master would go after His 40-minute walk and sit there for 30 to 40 minutes. The third batch would wait at a distance in the field and would join Him from the field back to His house in Rampur Railway Colony quarters.

Every batch would consist of 4 persons. The first batch had to come back after He reached the Tiger's Tomb. But the second batch would always enjoy a double privilege of sitting with Him and also of being behind Him where they could hear Him talk during the return trip home.

That evening, I was fortunate to be with the second batch. The batch had 4 persons: Myself, *Acarya Pashupati from Bhagalpur, one brother whom Acharya Pashupati had taught meditation and another brother named Panna, about 22 to 23 years of age.

That time, I had just arrived to visit my

* a spiritual teacher

Master from a long distance. In Ranchi, the city where I came from, I had met a devotee named Nagendra who was undertaking magistrate training. One evening, when I went to visit Nagendra, he told me, "Look, it is written here -- "A Guru is one who can tell about your past, who knows the present state of affairs and who can build your future." I did not understand its real inner meaning. It became clear on the day of the field walk with Baba.

Nagendra had also arrived in Jamalpur and was present in the field walk but he was in the third batch. In that same batch, there was another gentleman from Bhagalpur who was a police officer.

When Baba sat in the field, the 4 persons from the second batch sat around Him. The first batch of people went back. Suddenly Baba asked the young man brought by Acarya Pashupati, "Do you repent for the wrong deeds you have done?"

The brother replied, "No Baba, I am okay. I do not do wrong deeds."

Baba became very grave and in a serious tone, He asked, "Who has brought him here?"

Acarya Pashupati was sitting behind Baba. He replied in a humble voice, with folded hands, "Baba, I brought him."

Baba became soft and said, "Why did you bring him here? What was the reason?"

Acarya Pashupati remained quiet. Baba then looked at the person and started telling the place, time, the nasty actions and the date when he did those degraded deeds.

When Baba finished telling 4 to 5 events, the person fell down on the ground and started trembling like fish out of water, crying bitterly and praying to Baba, "Baba, please save me! Baba please save me!"

Baba became quiet. after a few moments, Baba asked the brother to sit in front of Him. Baba then extended both His feet and told the brother to place His Feet on the chest. The person

placed both of Baba's feet on his chest and he took a deep breath.

Baba asked, "What happened? Is your chest pain gone?"

The person replied with tears and sobbed. "Yes, Baba."

Baba then told everybody present, "Both the lungs of this person are filled with water. Tuberculosis has reached its third stage and doctors have given up hope. At this stage, he met the Acarya who told him, "If you go to Baba and learn meditation, Baba can cure you. So he has come here to get his TB cured and now he is trying to hide the facts from me."

Baba asked him. "Isn't it true?"

The person was bitterly crying. He replied, "Yes Baba."

Baba looked at him and said, "How much bread have you eaten the day before last night? You have forgotten, but I remember. I know each and every pore of your body. Whatever is happening in this entire planetary world is present in front of my eyes, and you are trying to hide from me?"

The brother was weeping and weeping. Baba then became soft and lovingly called to him. "Don't cry, don't cry! Come, sit near me."

He went and sat by the left side of Baba. Baba started consoling him placing His hand on his back. Baba then said, "Now, I have cured your TB. Tell your doctor you have no more problems. From now on, you are a new person. God has placed the eyes in front. Forget the past. Look ahead. Promise me from today, you will be an ideal person in the society."

The person promised. Baba blessed him, then said, "You know, nobody should waste time thinking about the past. Look towards Him and go ahead, you will reach the goal."

BEFORE GOD THERE ARE NO CASTES

After some quiet moments, He looked towards Panna, and asked, "What is your caste, Panna?"

Panna replied, "I am a Rajput, Baba." (India has so many high and low castes. A Rajput belongs to the warrior class. They possess vanity of vigor.)

Baba said, "What? Rajput? Stand up, hold you ears and do 'Tik-Tik'." ('Tik-Tik' is a form of self-punishment by standing up and sitting down).

Panna realized his mistake. He started doing 'Tik-Tik', holding his own ears with both hands. He then said, "Baba, I am sorry, I am a human being."

Baba said,; "Yes, yes, you are right. We are human beings. All right, sit down. See, God has no caste and all human beings are His children. How can they have any caste?" Then He again asked Panna, "Panna, can you tell me, what your so-called family caste was 30 years ago?"

"Baba, I am only 22-23 years old," replied Panna. "How can I tell about 30 years ago?"

Why not? If you know and possess vanity of today's caste, you should then know also events at least 30 years ago. Okay, you go home now and sit in meditation and tomorrow come again and tell me what you saw!"

Panna bid his respectful regards to Baba and left for home. When he was gone, Baba told us his past history. He was a good 'Sadhaka', a good spiritualist and practitioner of yoga in his past life. He was born in a so-called Bhumihiar family (those who possess a lot of real estate property). They were very rich. He and a friend had a very good and big business. Once they had an unexpected large profit. The 'Sadhaka' (now Panna) thought "If I can get rid of my friend, I can have the entire profit to myself." Thinking thus he took his friend to a riverside and quarreled with him. While quarelling, he became angry and he stabbed his friend to death. After

he killed his friend, he had intense repentance and jumped into the river and committed suicide by drowning. Because he gave up his life with a desire to better himself, so, now again, he is born as a spiritualist. "Now he says he is a Rajput. See how baseless this caste system is?"

It was already time to return. Baba said, "Let us go. It is getting late."

On the way back, the third batch accompanied Baba. We also did not want to miss Him, so we just remained a little behind Him.



BABA RECTIFIES POLICE OFFICER

The police officer who was in the third batch started talking to Baba. He said, "Baba, we must be strong moralists. The cardinal principles should be propagated in every place." Baba answered, "Yes, you are right."

But the officer repeated several times his statement.

I thought, "He must be a strong moralist! I was starting to feel low with myself. "What a bold and strong moralist and devotee this person is!"

After the police officer repeated his statement several times, Baba stopped by the roadside beneath a tree and asked him, "Do you know the meaning of 'Asteya'?"

"Yes Baba," replied the police officer. "It means not to steal from others."

"To take bribe, is this 'Asteya' or not?" Baba asked.

"Yes Baba, it is very bad," replied the police officer. "We should not take bribes."

Baba was standing with both hands on His hips and He said, "Bring out the 62 Rupees you have in your book pocket. Bring it out!" The man took out exactly 62 Rupees from his book pocket.

Baba said, "This man has taken a bribe of 100 Rupees this morning. From this money, he took his meal, paid his train fare to come and see me and now only 62 Rupees are left. And he is talking of morality! Spit here on the ground and lick it with you own tongue. Spit!" Baba ordered him.

The man spat on the ground and bent to lick it, but Baba stopped him and said, "Okay, okay, stop now. Promise me, tomorrow you will return the bribe to the person you accepted it from and never again will you accept any bribe."

The officer promised with folded hands and with tears in his eyes. Baba told him then, "I bless you. You will not have problems for providing

ordinary clothes and food to your family. Whenever you feel you have problem, let me know. I will help you."

The big, bold officer was now weeping like a child. Baba started walking and said to him, "Do not think about the past, God has placed the eyes in front. Look forward and forget the dark past. You are a moralist now."

Then abruptly, He changed the topic of conversation and started asking him about his family. Baba knew their names. He became so simple and close to Baba.



BODY IS AN EXPRESSION OF BRAHMAN

It was sometime in the early part of 1963. I was teaching yoga in Assam and Tripura areas. On the request of devotees in Tripura, we arranged one DMC (Dharma Maha Cakra, a great spiritual gathering when our Master would be physically present and personally participate and give discourses to devotees.). The master had just landed at Agartala (capital of Tripura) and He was brought by car to the place, which devotees had arranged for His stay.

Mr. Gopiballabh was the District Secretary for the devotees in that place thus he was the guardian of our Master during His stay in Agartala. When Lord arrived at the house, Gopiballabh was standing with a garland to welcome Him. As he put the garland on the Master and paid his salutations, the Master asked him, "How are you?" While walking in with the Master, Gopiballabh replied, "Nice Baba." Baba looked at him and stopped in the hallway and said, "I can see you have gout in your knees and it pains you in the night."

With folded hands Gopiballabh confirmed Baba's words with a nod. Then, Baba prescribed a certain food diet to relieve him of the pain. Amongst other things He told him not to eat 'Da'l' and 'Sa'g' (leaves) at night. He then bowed down, touched both knees of Gopiballabh with His hands, pressed them and said, "Now, go, it is all cured."

Gopiballabh fell at His feet, "Baba how come you touched my legs!" (In Indian tradition, elderly and holy persons do not touch younger's feet).

Baba said, "Your entire body is an expression of Brahman."



THE SURAT MILLIONAIRE

It was sometime during mid 1966. There was DMC (Dharma Maha Cakra) at Surat (a city in State of Gujarat in India).

I was travelling with Lord as His personal assistant. When we arrived in Surat, our stay was arranged in the house of a very, very rich man of the city. He had also learned meditation.

The outer gate and the entire floors of the house were covered by new, white velvet carpet. The owner had done all this in preparation for Baba's arrival. He was a very rich person.

Upon arrival, Baba was taken to the house by devotees. I entered a bit later with His suitcase and bed linen. Upon entering His room, I saw the district-in-charge of the mission in His room, an old lady who came from Bombay and some other devotees. The woman offered a glass of cold juice to Baba.

Baba said, "Mother, I cannot drink anything here." she said, "But Baba I brought this from my house." Baba said, "Please keep it, I will drink later."

It was too hot in the room so one devotee went to put the fan on.

Baba said, "Stop it, I do not want to use even a penny coming from this house." We were all stunned.

He then told the district-in-charge, "My son, do you not have a little space in your house where your father can stay? Why did you bring me here?"

He replied humbly, "Baba, Though I am a poor person I could have kept you with me. But the 'Dadas' (monks) said that it is better if you stay here as the owner had expressed a desire to have you here. So I just agreed."

"Go and arrange a small place for me, I will stay in your house. I am suffocating here," Baba said. "I can't stay here even for a moment."

The district-in-charge went out. I also went

out to talk to him, as I did not know what had happened before my arrival.

Then I saw the rich owner. He approached me and asked, "Will Baba take a bath in hot water or cold water?" I was a bit surprised, "How can he ask about hot water in this burning heat?"

Instead, I replied, "Please wait for sometime." Then I went in the room again where Baba was.

After sometime, we left the house with the district-in-charge. In the district-in-charge's house, Baba stayed in a hallroom with only a partition for privacy. It was a small place but Baba was very happy. We stayed there for three days.

The rich person wanted very much to meet with Baba but no one allowed him to do so. At last one day, when Baba was coming out, he was standing with folded hands in one corner. Baba stopped before him, touched him affectionately and asked, "How are you?"

He said, "Well, Baba." After this, he became intensely eager to meet with Baba.

The problem arose in my mind as to how to control this intense desire of his to meet Baba. So I asked Baba, "What did you do to him that he is now mad to see you?"

Smilingly, Baba permitted the rich person to see Him. Baba said, "Bring him, but you also remain present."

The rich man knelt before Baba with folded hands. Baba very affectionately asked him, "Do you know that you have collected this wealth by sucking the blood of thousands?"

"Yes, Baba."

"Is it not a very bad action?!" asked Baba again.

"Yes Baba."

"If I stay in your house, will people not say that Baba supports this sin?"

"Yes Baba."

"Do you want your Baba to be blamed?"

"No Baba," very humbly the man replied.

Then Baba said, "I give you my word. Go and change you nature. When you will change, I will come to your house."

With happy heart, the man left after giving his salutations to Baba. When he was gone, Baba told me, "You know this man is a multimillionaire. He has several silk companies and thousands of workers working for him. He has built his property by sucking their blood. I cannot stay in his house. I told him that I would come if he would change. But if he changes his nature, his wealth will be gone. He will not be able to change his nature and I will not be able to go to his house."

Lord is righteousness.



THE RICH CONTRACTOR

During His stay at Ranchi between 1967 and 1969, Baba showed many miracles to teach us the way of life and the essence of devotion. The year 1969 was declared a 'Sa'dhana' year when Baba demonstrated 32 kinds of 'Sama'dhi' on different occasions to different spiritual devotees.

In the latter part of 1967 or the beginning of 1968, one interesting event happened at Ranchi. There was a very rich contractor but he was getting old. Anyhow he managed to take initiation through one senior monk. After many requests and pleas, he was allowed to go for personal contact with Baba. (In personal contact, a devotee remains with the Master alone and can talk freely and Baba gives many spiritual realizations to some aspirants.)

When the rich person entered Baba's room at the Ranchi 'Jagrti' where Baba used to give general contacts, he paid his salutations to Baba and then he put forth a small packet before Baba saying, "Baba, this is for you."

Baba asked, "What is it my boy?"

"Baba only 25,000 Rupees, please use it for any purpose."

"I am happy that you children are mine," replied Baba. "You keep this money with you, I do not need it."

No, Baba, please accept it. Just use it for your children in the mission," he again insisted. Baba said, "You take the money and go. Who told you to bring this thing here?"

He replied, "Nobody Baba, I just brought thinking to give it to you."

"Who is at the door? Come in," Baba called. There were several workers at the door. They entered when they heard Baba calling them.

Then the old man took his packet and slowly left. I arrived when he was out. Baba smiled and told us about his details.

"This old man has applied for a very big contract. He came to offer me 25,000 Rupees saying it was for me or my mission. I told him to take it and go away. After this offering, he wanted to request me for blessings that he might get that contract which would bring him a huge amount of profit. Anyway, he would get that contract and also earn that money. But the fact is, he will never enjoy that money. This man is married to a good woman and has a young son too. But this man is also engaged with another beautiful woman. His family does not know it. When he gets this contract, he will meet an accident and his backbone will be broken. While he is in the hospital bed, this young lady will trick him, get his signature authorizing her to draw his amount. She will get all his profits and other balances and fly to another country. She is a crooked lady. Thereafter, this man will remain an invalid throughout his life and his good wife will take care of him.

Why do you people send this type of persons to me?"

We were silent. How could we know what is in whom?

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PREACHING YOGA PHILOSOPHY

While in Jamalpur, in the middle 60's, I had once gone out to a nearby town Bariarpur to preach yoga philosophy. I was very young and new to the mission. When I arrived at Bariarpur, a meeting was arranged in which many aged and learned persons were present. Some young people were present too. Most of the people there had conservative ideas in accordance with old Hindu tradition.

In the course of the discussion, the topic of 'Shikha' and 'Sutra' came up. (The members of the upper class in Hindu society keep a few extra long hairs in the middle of the head at the back portion and use a thread to declare themselves holy and elevated.) I gave my reasoning and logic against its validity mostly using scientific theories on Anthropology and logic but the aged people had memorized many Sanskrit 'Shlokas' and they quoted them to corner me.

If I said anything against these 'Shlokas', it meant I would have to be declared a non-believer of Hindu code of religion. I did not want this to happen, thus I talked of scientific theories and logically reasoned. But they were many, so in the end, I was nicely cornered.

Then one young person stood up and started rebuking the aged veterans declaring their personal defects, ill behavior, loose habits and mean mentality and supporting all my points very strongly. He was also from the same place where the aged people came from. He knew all their weaknesses.

Due to his strong declaration, the learned veterans slowly left the place. Some of the people who stayed behind, later came to me to learn yoga and meditation. They arranged for my stay, food and return journey.

But I was very much humiliated, as I personally could not answer those people back due to lack of my adequate Sanskrit knowledge. Thus, when I

returned to my Guru, I was sad and I told Him, "Baba, until I get full knowledge and realization, I will not go to preach." Baba replied, "But isn't it, someone stood up in the end and helped you?"

I looked at Him surprisingly, thinking in my mind, "That means He was seeing me every moment." But externally I insisted, "Baba, how can I do your work until I fully realize and gain the knowledge?"

He replied, "One who has passed high school can teach the children, one who has passed post graduate schooling can coach high school. You can teach up to what you know. Until you fully realize, until then, all of humanity should wait for you?" I understood His idea, but still replied crying, "Baba, I am not fit for the holy task. I will defame you by my shortcomings." He said, "Go and do the work given to you. It is my headache to think about you."



LORD PROTECTS - WHO CAN KILL ?

He really took care of me in so many ways and on different occasions. I remember, in the early 70's when I had to hide from the government authorities due to the declaration of emergency in India. I was near Tejpur town in Assam, staying in one devotee's house. After two days in that house, I noticed one person very attentively watching me. I became suspicious and decided to leave the place. But my hosts said, "No problem, there is absolutely no problem here. Please just stay."


Up to late in the night we sang devotional songs and had spiritual discussions. At about 1:00 a.m., when all had left, I went to sleep. Then at about 3 o'clock in the morning, I suddenly heard Baba clearly calling me by my name and telling me to leave the house immediately.

I woke up and saw Him clearly directing me towards the door. I went and called the master of the house, my host, and asked him to take me to the railway station. He came quickly.

Within 20 minutes, the train would leave. If we had walked, we could never have made it. But to our utter surprise, when we went out, a rickshaw was standing just in front of the house, as if he was especially called by us. Who could understand the mystery?

We took the rickshaw and just when we arrived at the station, the train was whistling for departure. I ran and caught the train.

When I arrived at Gauhati, I received the news that at 3:30 a.m., thirty minutes after I had left the house, the police raided the house searching for me. They harassed the people of the house for news about me, but no one in that house knew where I was!

There is a proverb in India - "Ra'khe Hari ma're Ke? Ma're Hari ra'khe ke? (Whom the Lord protects who can kill? And when He wants to take away, then who can protect?) This is why He is called "The Master of Creation."

VANITY - ENEMY OF SPIRITUAL PROGRESS

It was long ago in Tripura. I had gone for 'Praca'ra' work. It so happened that I was able to arrange a lot of meetings in colleges, clubs, schools and I was very busy with work. One day I suddenly realized that I was left with only 64 naya' paisa' (Indian currency 100 N.P. = 1 rupee is 10 cents U.S.) I was in the town of Agartala. I was eating in very cheap places. Then the day came when nothing was left even to buy cheap food. I became really worried. It was a time when money was not even being asked from the devotees. So I requested the secretary there to lend me Rs. 40 for fare and miscellaneous expenses up to Silchar (in Assam) and promised to send the money back.

The Secretary gave Rs. 10 right away and promised to bring the rest in the evening. He also sent me some food from his house for my meal. In the evening, he did not bring money but brought money order slip of Rs. 40 sent by Aca'rya Baban, a member who was working at the Tripura border. The member had read about me in the newspaper, knew about yoga 'Pra'cara' work and sent the money order for this cause. I was relieved.

Then at about seven in the evening, another brother working in Tripura state arrived at Agartala to meet me. He also heard about me through the newspaper. He donated Rs.60. The next morning, an officer of high rank from the military arrived with a big vehicle. He was an old devotee. He found out from another person that I was in Agartala and he came to meet me. He donated about Rs. 70. I was very happy.

With my financial condition improved, I was able to go to different parts of Tripura and cover all the important towns. I felt really proud that I had covered the entire Tripura state. With such a pride and happiness, I went

to meet Baba. When Baba asked, "Have you covered all the towns of Tripura?"

I immediately replied, "Yes, Baba."

In my heart, I felt much puffed up.

Then Baba asked, "Have you gone to Sabroom?"

Alas! This was the only town I did not go to.

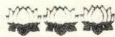
With this question, Baba smilingly looked at my eyes which were filled with ego. Ashamed, I said, "No, Baba. I have not gone there."

Baba said, "Just now you said you had gone to all the towns." Then looking at others and smiling mysteriously, He said, "He is full of ego that he has covered all towns of Tripura but forgot that I know he did not go to Sabroom (a Tripura-Bangladesh border town).

Baba again asked, "Do you know the persons who gave you money for your work in Tripura?"

Actually, I never knew them personally before. I said,; "No, Baba."

Baba then said in general, "You know, the greatest mistake a person can make is when he thinks that "he has done" the work. Look some persons, whom he did not know gave him money. Others arranged for his meetings and he has the vanity. Vanity is the greatest hindrance in spiritual progress!"

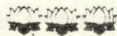


When I was new and had gone to the field to preach His divine mission, I used to sing,

"When you had none as yours,

"I" was then loved by you.

Now that you have everything with you,
I have been forgotten."



THE LONG HAND OF GOD

It was around the second half of 1962. Before I left for the field, Baba called me along with some others and said, "Tour programs should be followed strictly. Up to 103 degree temperature, you should follow your tour program. I shall help you." We also received some guidance and blessings from Him and then we left for the field.

In that trip, my program was to go from Tinsukia to Lumding and then to Silchar (places in Assam - state in Northeast India). When I arrived at Tinsukia, I went to stay with a brother named Jashoda. The night was cold and I was a bit surprised when Jashoda did not take me to his home but instead took me to an office. I did not ask the reason why but I felt uneasy inside. Later, he brought me some food in the office itself. I told him later that I had to go by train to Lumding at 3:00 A.M.

I also knew that the money I had was not enough to cover my fare to Lumding. I needed 5 Rupees more. But I hesitated to ask Jashoda for the amount. Instead I was planning to tell the ticket inspector that I did not have the full amount for the ticket and if he could let me go without it. If he would not allow me to go then I was planning to beg on the way (in India a monk can beg from others for donations).

At 2:30 A.M., Jashoda arrived at the place where I was staying to take me to the station. I felt happy that he was able to make it at that hour. He took my bag and brought me to the railway station. We both walked.

When we reached the station, I requested him to go back home right away as I did not want him to know that I was short of 5 Rupees for my ticket to Lumding. But even at my request, he would not listen and instead, he took me to a particular compartment in the train where a seat was already reserved for me by one of his friends. I was

surprised.

Jashoda then gave me a ticket for Lumding which he had purchased beforehand. He then put my bag on the bunk, paid his respects and then went home. I was so thankful to Lord for all that I had now.

When I arrived at Lumding at about 2 or 3 P.M., I developed fever, headache, pain and uneasiness in my entire body. I was scheduled to go to a meeting arranged for next day at Silchar which was a night's journey from Lumding station. I knew that the night train to Silchar was always overpacked. If advance arrangements were not made, one had to travel standing for the entire night with too many people packed in the compartment. As I was lying in our 'Ashram' I started thinking that I would not be able to stand such a tedious journey with my physical condition. I thought of cancelling the journey, but repeatedly the thought of the meeting which had been arranged and announced, and Baba's words, "Follow your tour program up to 103 degree temperature", filled my mind.

I did not have such a high fever but much pain and uneasiness. With this conflict in my mind I noticed that it was already 8 P.M. and in thirty minutes the train would leave.

Finally, I could not overlook Baba's words and I started for the station. Just when I had bought the ticket at the station and had arrived at the platform, the train started to whistle and the guard signaled for departure. I had absolutely no time to think.

I started putting my bags in a compartment through the window and went to the door to enter. But a military man was standing by the door and he would not let me in. I was holding the doorside rods, hanging outside with my feet already on one step at the door. I requested and begged the military person, "Kindly just let me stand at the door. I will not come in. I will change compartments at the next station. I am

also sick, please consider. There is no time in any way to do anything else now." But my pleas were all in vain. He held me by the chest and pushed me out. The train was already in motion and I was hanging on only to the door handle. I thought that when the train would speed up, I would not be able to stand the strong cold wind and would certainly fall and die. Thus, I tried to retrieve my bag through the window. But the military man also closed the window before I could retrieve my bag. So in the end, I had to withdraw my hands and jump on the platform. I felt helpless and frustrated as I watched the train leave with all my belongings. I just stood there bewildered and mentally uttering, "Baba, this is how you help me !"

I did not know his eleventh hour surprise yet !

At the end of the platform, before the train could finally leave the station, it suddenly stopped. I was so surprised. Nevertheless, I wasted no time and ran to get my bag. When I returned to the compartment, I found 4 young persons beating the military man right and left. I told them, "Never mind, let him go. I will just try to get another place." But the 4 young persons said, "No, no, 'Swamiji' (I was in orange, monk's dress at that time), you come in. We will arrange a seat for you."

And they gave another blow to the military person saying, "Go to your military boggie! You have no shame! Coming in the public compartment and disturbing others!" He left quickly. They took me in and gave me a seat in that packed compartment and I made my journey that night.

After visiting many places according to my tour program, I returned to Jamalpur. As soon as I arrived, people in the 'Ashram' told me, "Baba was talking of you and has said that the moment you come, you should go and visit Him." I took a bath, changed my clothes and went to meet Him. When I saw Him, I immediately gave my 'Pran'a'm'

to Him.

He said, "The hand of God is very long, isn't it my son?"

I did not understand the meaning of the question but answered, "Yes Baba."

Baba then asked, "Have you ever met those four persons who helped you in Lunding station?"

Then I understood the sense of His first question. I said, "No, Baba."

Baba said, "You know God loves and helps His children."



IN JAMALPUR, 1960

In the beginning of 1960, a devotee of Baba arrived in Jamalpur to be with Him for a few days. He was a young boy of 19-20 years. Another family had also arrived there to stay for a few days at the 'Ja'grti' in Jamalpur.

One morning, Mr. Devotee got up a bit late. The couple asked him to come and take breakfast with them. Breakfast was 'Puri', fresh yoghurt, warm 'Jilebii' (a delicious Indian sweet, crunchy when warm, and very tasty), warm 'Sing'a'ra' (a salted snack prepared with special Indian spices) and beaten rice. It was a most attractive and tasteful breakfast on that cold morning.

Mr. Devotee said, "I have not meditated yet." But the couple requested, "Come, Dada (beloved brother) let us eat nicely while it is still warm. After eating, you can meditate properly."

He did not want to go into a controversy over such a fine breakfast. So he joined them for breakfast.

Then Mr. Devotee thought to wash his clothes, take a bath and then meditate properly. While he was still washing his clothes, Baba arrived at the 'Ja'grti', only with 'Lungi' on and an umbrella in hand. It was only 7:30 in the morning. Baba never came in 'Lungi' before and never before 9:00 A.M. Surprise!

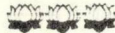
Everybody went running to Baba's room. Mr. Devotee too. Baba asked everybody, "Have you meditated? Have you taken breakfast?" Everyone had meditated. Some had taken breakfast, others not yet. Without looking at Dada, Baba said to others, "Ask this boy (pointing to Dada). Has he done meditation? But he has taken breakfast already."

Tears rolled down Dada's cheeks. He begged for punishment. Baba said, "Is 'Ashram' for 'Sa'dhakas' or is it for goats?" Dada said crying, "Baba I will fast the whole day, give me more punishment please."

Baba replied affectionately, "No, you cannot fast. If you fast, how can I eat then? Don't fast, but promise me, never do it again."

Mr. Dada promised with folded hands.

Baba said, "Look, for you I can't even do my household work peacefully, I have to run here so early." Mr. Devotee (it was me) cried.



MIRACLES HAPPEN EVEN TODAY

In the latter part of 1967, I was travelling with my Guru as His personal assistant. We flew from Patna to Delhi on our way to Bangalore in South India. We boarded a Foker Friendship plane at Patna. My Master was sitting at the window seat and I was at His left side (it was a two-seater row).

When the plane took off, one air hostess, around 21-22 years of age, suddenly bowed down, touched my Master's feet and then stood in front of us with folded hands.

The Master looked at me with severity. It is unusual in India for a lady to touch a male in a public place, especially in a plane! I was astonished too and could not figure out what to say.

Saving me from distress, the air hostess herself made her appeal. With folded hands and with a humble voice, she made her request, "Baba, my mother is a widow. I have four brothers and sisters at home. All are younger than me. I am the only bread winner in our family. I have some pain in my knee. At times I have to limp while walking due to this pain. Next week, our final medical test for permanent appointment in this service will be held. If due to this defect, I get rejected, Baba, all my family will starve. Baba, please bless me."

Baba's face looked so full of pity! He told her, "Mother, get an address from him (pointing to me) and order the medicine. Apply it to the knee joint. Your knee pain will be cured."

Then turning towards me, He said, "Give her the address of Sukumar" (an 'Acharya' in the town of Jamalpur. Baba had taught him about many natural remedies and medicines). The hostess thanked Him cordially and left after getting the address from me.

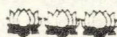
After she left, Baba said, "The interview test is next week. To order the medicine and to apply

will take time. Call her."

I pushed the button. She returned quickly and asked Baba if He would like to have something to drink. "I called you," Baba said, "because you only have such a short time to order the medicine and apply it. So, can you bring something colored now?" She left to search but returned empty-handed. "Baba, we have no colored material available."

In my bag I had a thick, red string. I took that out and gave it to Baba. "Would this do Baba?"

He said,; "Yes it will do." He took it with both hands and while placing it on His chest, He uttered some 'Mantra' and gave it to the air hostess saying, "Before you go to bed at night, dip this string in a glass of water and drink that water. Keep this thread very carefully in a suitcase. Don't lose it. There is no need to order the medicine anymore." With deep gratitude, she paid her salutations to Baba and then left.



VOICE TO THE DUMB

After visiting Delhi and some other places, we arrived at Bangalore. When the spiritual gathering in Bangalore was over, we returned. At the airport, we were waiting for the plane. Baba was sitting in the departure lounge. Devotees were sitting on the floor around Him, waiting for the departure. Volunteers were guarding Baba against the rush of people when our Master suddenly called a little child of 7-8 years, standing at a distance and looking towards Him with curious eyes. He could have been thinking, "Who is this person in white dress sitting on a chair and around whom saffron monks are standing with folded hands and sitting on the floor?"

According to Indian custom, saffron-dressed monks are given a higher position in all respects. The parents of the child were sitting behind the boy. On Baba's call, the child slowly went to Him, with broad, open eyes looking only towards Baba. Touching his throat, Baba asked, "What is your name, my boy?" And the child replied. When his parents heard him speak, they almost flew from their chairs and went running, falling on Baba's feet and praying, "Baba, kindly bless our son with his voice. This is the first time in his life that he has spoken. He is our only child and he has been dumb since birth. Baba, please have mercy on us."

"I have already given him voice today," affectionately Baba spoke to them. "It will now be your responsibility to see to it that the child becomes an ideal person in the society."

Just then the departure of the plane was announced. Baba and I proceeded to the plane.

We arrived in Delhi after a fifteen day journey. We took the same Foker Friendship plane from Delhi to Patna. After the plane took off and the snack service was over, the same air hostess came smilingly to us. Without any hesitation, she bowed down and touched Baba's

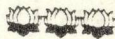
feet and placed her hands after touching Baba's feet on her own head taking Baba's blessings. Before we could even speak. She said smilingly, "Baba! The medicine you gave cured me in three days. I have passed the medical test and got permanently appointed, by Your Grace."

"I am feeling very glad to hear this news, " returning her salutations with folded hands. Baba said further, "God's blessings be with you."

She bowed down her head and touched the floor, paying her salutations to beloved Baba.

Baba told me once, "Say to God only one thing, that is -- "Tomariiccha' karo he purna, karuna'maya swamii." (Only your desire make thou fulfill, O merciful Lord).

Though it is hard to say this with all frankness, it is the only way that He should be called. He is the Creator playing with His creation. Let Him do His play. By attaching ourselves to His world, we get only pain. It is better to cling to Him only and do His work. Please know that except Him None is really ours.



OCCULT POWER IS LIKE ICE CREAM AND CAKE (RASOGULLA' AND SINGA'RA)

It was towards the end of 1968. It was Sunday noon. Devotees from different parts of India had started gathering at Ranchi. Preparation for January 1, New Year's day, was on the way.

Doctor Ramesh, a sincere devotee of my Master and also a good physician then posted in a Ranchi government hospital, was present in the gathering.

One monk, Dada R. who had come from Himachal Pradesh (North India), and a brother, M. Sundaram, from Kerala (South India), were present. Brother Ramlakhan Ram of Ranchi proper, many other devotees and myself were also there.

By noon, the rooms and the hallway were all filled with devotees. Many sisters who had arrived from different places were also present. My Master talked about "occult power". He said that often, in the spiritual path and while practicing yoga, people would seek occult powers. But these occult powers are like 'Rasagulla' (delicious Indian sweet) and 'Singa'ra' (spicy, salted preparation for snack in India) or ice cream and cake. When you get the 'Rasagulla' or ice cream and after eating it for sometime, you become dissatisfied and have a desire for 'Singa'ra' or cake. After you finish it, you then desire chutney or tea or coffee. Till you do not get it, it is precious to you but after you get it, you are not satisfied with it. Thus one should not at all desire for occult powers. One should only look forward to the attainment of the Supreme Entity.

Only by pure devotion it is possible. If you are His devotee it means you are His close friend. When the king is your friend, the guards and the generals will automatically pave your way to the king.

All of a sudden, the master looked at Dada R. who was sitting in one corner of the room and

suffering from acute pain in the abdomen."R...Ananda," He called. Come here, come here, sit in the front." R. went and sat in front of Him.

"What is your problem? Are you feeling very much pain?" the Master asked.

"Yes Baba when it pains, it is unbearable," Dada R. replied.

Baba leaned forward and placed His one finger at the back of the head of a devotee who was sitting by the side of Dada R., in the front row and said, "Look and see the inner part of R.'s body and say if you see something unusual."

The person looked at R. but did not give any prompt answer. Baba then said, "Look downward go towards the stomach and see." Then the man said, "Yes Baba, now I am seeing a very big black wound, a big, round wound in his intestine."

"Ramesh, talk to R. and tell me what it is," He said.

Mr. R. said, "I feel like vomiting and I am in pain whenever my stomach is empty. And once I have the pain, even if I eat, it does not go away. I vomit after eating, then it subsides. Almost all the time, I get this pain."

Dr. Ramesh said, "Baba it is duodenal ulcer."

"Yes, you are right," Baba replied and then asked him again. "How long would it take to cure it in your medical science?"

"Baba, about 2 months," replied Dr. Ramesh.

"Come here, R." Baba called him nearer and with his left palm He touched the place where the wound was and gently turned His hand around it. Just then, R. took a deep breath.

Baba asked, "What happened?"

"My pain is gone, Baba," replied R. with big, open eyes. Baba then again touched the back portion of the head of the devotee and asked him to look at R.'s inner body once again. After a few moments he replied, "Baba, I do not see the big wound anymore but I see a circular black line."

The Master said, "Yes, I have cured his wound. and R., if you perform 'Asanas' (yoga postures) daily and observe fasting rules, this line will also go away soon." And He prescribed him some 'Asanas'.

"Look Ramesh," Lord said, "I cured it in a few moments and medical science would take a few months. A time will come when medical science also would be able to cure these things in a short time. Should one practise meditation for these things? One must not. One's aim should be only to attain devotion. These are very ordinary things as compared to devotion."

My Master then asked one brother, Mr. M. Sundaram, who had come from Kerala (South India), to say something in English on devotion as people from different places were present. Sundaram was a professor of Philosophy and a good English speaker. He stood up about eight feet away from Baba and started his fluent English speech. We were charmed by his words. Baba was looking at him. Then He raised His right hand towards Sundaram and closed His first finger and old finger together and brought down His hand on His lap. Just at that moment Sundaram abruptly stopped talking.

Baba acted as if He knew nothing. Looking smilingly towards Sundaram, He said, "Speak, speak, why did you stop? Come on, speak." We were looking at both of them. The eyes of Sundaram were rolling around, as if he was experiencing something inexpressible.

Baba then looked at him, raised His hand again and separated His two fingers. Sundaram cried in a loud voice ---"Ba...B...a" and he jumped and fell on His lap and started weeping.

Baba lovingly placed His hand upon Sundaram's head and with consoling words said, "See the power to speak is endorsed to you by the Supreme Entity. Why do you have the ego that I am a very good orator, I have charmed the audience? Don't keep this ego. Think that He has given you a

portion of His capacity and He is using this body of yours. Be calm, you are a good boy, do not cry. I just wanted you to know that whatever you have, belongs to Him and whenever He wants He can take it away. Thus always use it for His cause with His ideation."

The entire room was silent. at the end of the room, near the door, at the back of everybody, one brother was sitting. His name was Ram Lakhan. Baba called him affectionately saying, "What is my Ram Lakhan thinking? Baba does not love me as much as He loves others as I am of low caste. Isn't it? Why are you thinking so? Everyday when you come here, you think like this, isn't it?"

"Yes Baba," with folded hands, and humble face, Ram Lakhan answered.

"Baba gives demonstrations through other persons and never through me as I am of low caste. This is your thought, right?" Ram Lakhan nodded his head with hands folded on his chest and with humble regard for Baba. Baba asked him to come and sit in front of Him. (India has many upper and lower castes. The title or last name of Ram Lakhan is "Ram". It is considered as very low caste in the so-called caste system of the Hindus).

Then Baba recited a 'Sanskrit 'Shloka', "Sama plusina' sama masakena, sama na'gena, sama abhistribhilokaih"

He said, "For the Lord, there is no discrimination. A white ant, a mosquito, a big elephant or a serpent or this entire universe are same to Him. All are His children. He does not have any caste, how can His children have caste? One who believes in caste system does not believe in God. Never think like this from now on."

Then Baba told him to sit in 'Siddha'sana'. Using His 'Dukkhaharan' (the power which takes away pains) 'S'akti', He touched the 'Mula'dha'ra' 'Cakra', then the 'Svadhista'na', then the 'Man'ipura' and then the 'Ana'hata'

'Cakra' (the middle of the chest), with His small canestick, and Ramlakhan went into a trance. Baba asked two devotees to take care of him and then He left for His noon meal.

Before He left He said, "It would take 2 hours for Ramlakhan to go back to his normal mind from the trance stage. Now he is enjoying the blissful presence of God in him. When his trance ends, he would have some pains in his body joints. Give him simple massage and slowly it would go away.

This is the first time he is in a trance and of a high stage, so he will experience these little joint pains. That is why one should practice 'Asanas' and follow good food habits regularly to avoid such things in the higher stages of meditation."



BANKIPUR CENTRAL JAIL

This incident happened when our Baba was in Bankipur Central jail in Patna (capital of Bihar state in India). One of His devotees had spent around 4,000 Rupees (Indian currency) for his illness. The doctor had been treating him for a year but could not cure him. He decided to go to Baba with the hope that Baba would bless him. He had heard that many had been cured by him.

Devotees were permitted to meet Baba in jail in His cell, in small groups. This particular devotee also had the chance to go to Him. But he wondered how he could present his physical problem to Baba, in front of others. Baba himself was virtually on fast, taking only two cups of yoghurt water during the entire 24 hours.

Physically, Baba had become so thin. (The doctors were surprised how he was able to survive with only 2 cups of yoghurt water. He started taking this as His only food when He was poisoned in jail on the 12th of February, 1973, and no judicial inquiry as demanded by His devotees, was ordered to find out the facts of the poisoning. So He continued fasting for 5 years and 4 months until the day of His release in August of 1978).

In view of Baba's weak physical condition, the devotee was hesitant to speak about his own problem before Him. But he had especially gone to see Baba for this reason, so he knew that if he missed the chance he may never get another visit for months, as many were waiting in the request list. So internally he begged Baba to answer his prayer.

Baba looked at him and said, "No, you have to say it yourself." The man then got the chance and with folded hands said, "Baba, I have been suffering for a long time now." And then Baba said, "I know, you have spent more than 4,000 for this illness already, but the problem is, I am

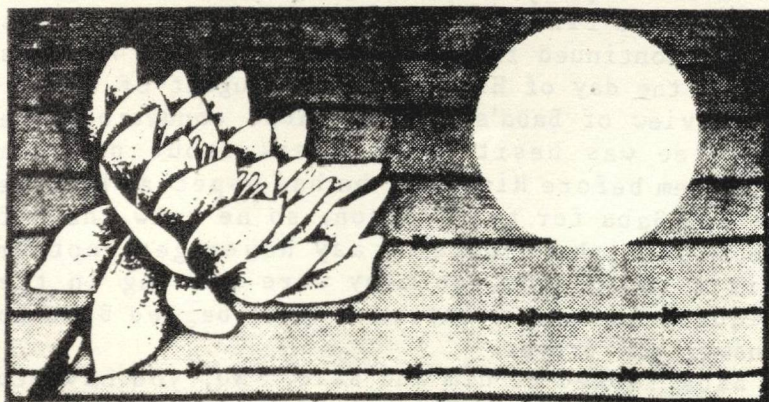
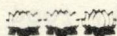
this illness already, but the problem is, I am not a doctor, so what can I do?"

The person prayed, "Baba, you please say something, please."

Baba said, "You see, I am not a doctor and you are asking me about this disease, what can I say? One thing you should do, is to tell your doctor that he should treat you for liver trouble, not heart problem. Yours is a liver disease and you will be cured."

Baba then looked at another devotee and said, "See, I am not a doctor and he is telling me to say something about his disease, what can I say? You tell me!" Then Baba looked at that man again and said, "Don't worry, just tell the doctor what I told you, this time you will be cured." Within a month after that incident, the devotee was cured.

Baba loves people so much that whenever a person calls Him with a cry from the heart, He fails to keep Himself off and responds to the call.



THE STORY OF GAYANANDAJI

I will now tell you a story about our brother Gayanandaji of Kathmandu, Nepal.

He was then working as a supervisor in the accounts Section of Nepal National Bank. He had to look at accounting figures continuously for long hours in the office.

Once, he started to get acute headaches in the evening. After sometime, when he came home from the office, he would just lie down flat due to the headache and could not even open his eyes, neither practice evening meditation nor eat anything.

This continued for sometime. He tried his best to get available treatment but nothing happened. His condition came to a stage when even working in the office was unbearable. So Gayanandaji had to take three months leave from his job.

He went to a naturopathic treatment center in Nepal. He was treated there for 2 1/2 months. His health improved but still the acute headaches would come in the evenings. Now he had no alternative left. He had 7 children to be brought up and all were still young. If he did not return to his job, there was no way he could maintain them. He needed money badly for family expenses too. He had loans in the shops and only one month leave was with pay, 2 months were without pay. But how could he overcome the extreme headache problem everyday? It became even more severe when he looked at the figures.

Finally, he decided to return to his job. He had no choice. For his family and children, he had to. But he thought, "Before going back to work, I will first meet Baba once, as after I join the work I may not be able to get any immediate leave."

Baba was then in Patna (it was sometime in 1970 or so.) While Gayanandaji was leaving for Patna, two other devotees from Nepal, one Gopalji, another Bhubanji, requested him to convey their

salutations to Baba. He agreed.

When he arrived in Patna, he got a chance to go for a walk with Baba in the evening. Baba went for field walk daily, once in the morning and once in the evening. He went by car from His residence to a quiet place or to somewhere outside the city area.

That day, Gayanandaji went with Baba and was in the car's front seat. It was evening and his intense headache had started. It bothered him a lot. He could not even think properly about anything in particular.

When the car was passing through town, Baba asked Gayanandaji, "How are you Gayananda?" Gayanandaji paid his respects to Baba and replied, "I am anyhow okay, Baba." He had extreme headache but did not want to bother Baba with it. Baba was in the rear seat. After awhile, Baba again asked, "How is Gopal? Did you meet him while coming?" Gayananda replied, "Baba, Gopal has given his salutation to you. Baba, he is okay."

After a few minutes again Baba asked, "How is my Bhuban Buhari?" Gayananda again replied, "Baba, actually I forgot, Bhubanji also requested me to convey his salutations to you. Baba, he is okay." Due to the headache, nothing was coming in his mind.

Baba then smiled and said, "What happened? My Gayananda is forgetting so much nowadays!" Saying so, Baba started to press the back of Gayananda's neck with the two fingers of His right hand and for a few seconds held it.

Right then and there, the moment Baba removed His fingers from the neck, the headache of Gayananda was completely gone. Thereafter, he never had any headache.

No conversation of any kind about it and the blessings were poured down by the kind Father to His needy child. This is the true relation between a Guru and His disciple. The disciple is dumb and the Guru is deaf. One can't speak by

mouth, the other can't hear by ears, but the thought of devotee's heart is always heard by Beloved Guru.

(Gayanandaji told me this incident when I was with him in 1977).



THE STOMACH TROUBLE OF GIRIJANANDA

Girijananda had been suffering from stomach problems for a long time. When I met him during the late 60's, I saw how acute his pain and stomach disorder was.

After a long gap of 12 years when I again met him in Asuncion (Paraguay), I found him much changed, healthwise, as well as in his dealings and his thinking.

I asked him, "How is your stomach now?" He replied smilingly, "Baba cured it." And then he told me the details of the incident.

Girijananda and several other devotees were present in Baba's room in Calcutta (in the year 1971). During that time, Girijananda was having severe pain in his stomach and his face revealed the pain that he felt. But Baba seemed not to care for what he was feeling and instead he was talking about different welfare projects of the organization. Girijananda was feeling very sad inside.

Then without even looking at Girijananda, Baba called him. "Girijananda, come forward." (He was standing behind other devotees). "How is your stomach?" Girijananda replied, "Baba it pains much."

Baba said, "Why do you complain of pain? Pain will be there. One who has stomach trouble and eats 'Singa'ra' and 'Pakauri' (some very tasteful Indian preparations, fried in oil and prepared with much spices) will have pain." Girijananda like to eat the food that Baba mentioned and that very day itself he had eaten them.

Then Baba said, "I can see that you have been suffering from this trouble for over fifteen years." Girijananda said humbly, "Yes Baba." Then Baba called him nearer, saying, "Come, today I will cure your problem."

He took His stick and with the other end of it touched Girijananda's navel area. Girijananda

strongly felt a violent jerk of a nerve from the navel to the upper part of the abdomen. Then a foul smell came out of his body. Everybody became aware of the nasty smell.

After awhile, the jerking of the nerve stopped and the smell disappeared too. Then Baba said to him, "This nerve was the cause of all your troubles. I have set it right. Your problem is gone. Now go, you can eat and enjoy."

Girijananda told me with a smile, "You know after that I did not have any desire to eat those kinds of food and now I am free from all my stomach problems ever since His touch."



OUR BABLU HAS MAGIC IN HIS HANDS

The childhood nickname of the Baba was Bablu. His elder sister lives in a village of Burdwan district in Bengal, a few hours drive by car from Calcutta. she is very aged.

Long ago she expressed a desire to see Baba and so she fervently wished and asked Him to arrange so that she could either go and meet Him or he would come and meet her. At that time Baba used to stay in Patna.

Many ups and downs occurred after His 'Didi' (elder sister) informed Him of her desire, long time passed, during which Baba was imprisoned for seven years. His mother had passed away. Most of all, His 'Didi' who had the desire to see her "Bablu" lost her eyesight.

Then Lord came out of prison in 1978 and finally was brought to Calcutta and a house was built for Him. His 'Didi' had already become totally blind by then.

One day in 1979, the Lord told Svarupananda, (principal of A.M. Degree College), "Svarupananda, my 'Didi' once wanted to see me; go and bring her. I want to fulfill her desire."

Lord was then in His Calcutta residence. Svarupananda took a car and went to the interior village in Burdwan to bring her. When he arrived he told her that Baba had sent him to bring her to Calcutta by car. His 'Didi' was very glad. She asked,; "Who has sent you? My Bablu? Very good, so nice of Him. I wish Him to be happy and all the best, but I don't need to go any more. Just tell my Bablu I am so happy that He remembered my desire; I feel so glad about it. About eight or nine years ago I had told Him this and He still remembers. How is He?"

"Baba is now in normal health;," Svarupananda said. "But mother, you please come with me. He told me to bring you with me, how can I return alone? You please come, you won't be disappointed."

Didi would not agree but Svarupananda would not return without her. Finally Svarupananda convinced her to go with him to Calcutta.

When they arrived at the Lord's house, Baba was out. Didi was made to stay in a room near Baba's room. Baba returned at noon and entered Didi's room. She was sitting on her bed. Hearing His call, "Didi, you have come!", She got up from the bed, extending her arms toward the sound, to touch her Bablu. As Baba came near her, she took hold of His shoulders, then slowly His arms and finally she took His hand in her hands and started pressing it with affection ... and amazingly she found she was seeing Him. She was astonished. She said, "Bablu, I can see you! How nice! You look so good, so young; I can't believe you are sixty years old. You look so handsome."

Baba spoke of various things and told her to rest and He went Himself to take a bath and take His meal. When Baba was gone she couldn't see anymore. She wondered!

In the afternoon Baba came to her room as before. She again touched His shoulders, then arms and finally took His one hand in her palms, and with elderly affection she patted His hand and again she could see Him! They talked for sometime, then Baba had to go out and as He went, she could not see anymore! She then called to Svarupananda and told him, "Svarupananda, our Bablu has some magic in His hand! Whenever I press His hand I can see Him and everything else too!

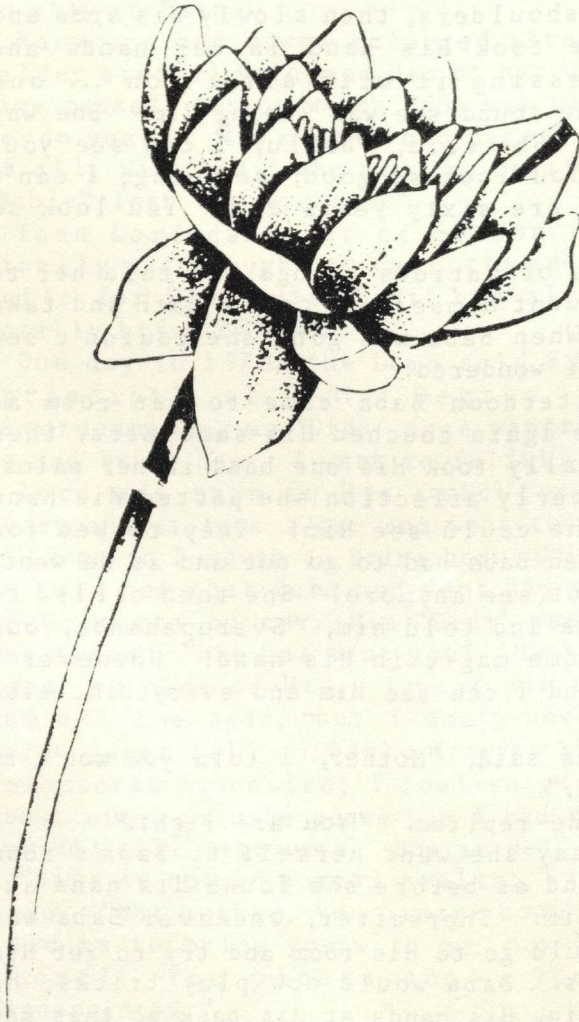
Svarupanada said, "Mother, I told you won't be disappointed."

"Right," she replied. "You are right."

The next day she went herself to Baba's room with help and as before she found His hand and could see Him. Thereafter, whenever Baba was home, she would go to His room and try to get His hand in hers. Baba would now play tricks; he started keeping His hands at His back so that she

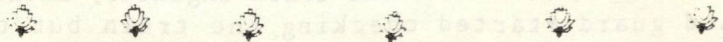
couldn't find them. But she would manage and grab His hand in hers and right away she could see His glorious face and everything else around her!

After staying for two days, Svarupananda brought her back to her house. Her desire was fulfilled.



Once, I

requested Him to say something
for me before departing for
my field duty. After repeated
requests, Lord said, "Remember
always, these days will not
remain."



LORD CARED FOR HIS THREE DAUGHTERS

My Guru, our Baba, had gone to Tatanagar for Dharma Maha Cakra (DMC), A big spiritual gathering of His disciples. Acharya Chandranath Kumar was there and Baba stayed in his house. Chandranathji was working as sergeant major in the year 1960.

When DMC was over, all went to the train station. Baba was already in the train going to Jamalpur. He was sitting near the window facing the station where the train platform was. A heavy rush of devotees stood in front of His window with folded hands.

The train blew its departing whistle. Guards signalled for departure with a green flag but the train did not mové. The train engineer, mechanic and guard started checking the train but they could not find any defect with the train.

Many devotees who were already seated in the train by that time slowly went down to see Baba again who was sitting near the window of His compartment. Baba was smiling. All were surprised and wondering what was happening.

After fifteen minutes or so later, three women approached the platform with a triangular saffron flag of the mission in their hands. They looked so worried and were in a hurry. Seeing Baba, they ran to His window. Looking at them, Baba said, "You have come, hurry up, get into the train, it has been waiting for you. Don't make such mistake again in future."

Then Baba told the disciples, "Tell the guard the train will now move. Tell the others to go back to their seats."

All were surprised!

The three women were new in the city and by mistake, took the wrong bus going to the railway station and so they ended up in another place. They were with their families during DMC but the

rush of devotees to the train station was so much that they were separated from their families. Their families thought that somehow they would be reunited later at other stations. They were from a village, simple-minded, and had a strong belief that Baba was there to take care of them.

When the families saw the three women coming with the flag so late, they were so surprised and sorry for their negligence. But their faith in Baba worked.

Baba had not forgotten His three daughters who were new in this place, were coming from a village and whose husbands having left separately, forgot to leave money for their trip. They were all in tears at Baba's kind care.

The guard was then informed that everything was all right and the train left without any problem.



A Friend

**is one who stands first
when all the world turns
away.**

A friend

**is one who cannot bear
separation.**

**"He prayeth best, who loveth
best,**

all things both great and small.

For the dear god who loveth us,

He made and loveth all."

BLESSINGS TO A POOR DEVOTEE

A very poor person in Muzafferpur district in Bihar (a state of India) learned meditation from one Acarya (teacher of yoga). He was from Muzafferpur City, working with the Legal Aid Department.

It so happened that a big assembly of all spiritual members was going to be held at Monghyr town where Baba would be physically present. To go there from Muzafferpur, one had to take a train and then catch a steamer to cross the river Ganges.

This poor devotee had no money for that purpose. He was so poor, that he did not even have a proper roof over his house.

One day just before the function, it rained heavily. The devotee was sitting in a corner of his room. The entire room was wet as the roof leaked in different places. He was crying to Baba bitterly. He could not even afford to go and see Him while everybody else could go. And here he was just watching water drop in his room and spoiling it all.

With painful heart, he was crying bitterly when suddenly he heard, "Why are you weeping my boy, see I have come to you." He looked out, and to his surprise, saw Baba standing before him with smiling affection.

He could not believe it! He had seen Baba only through His picture. He bowed down to touch His feet. He gave his 'Pran'a'ma' (respectful salutation) to Baba and when he got up he found that Baba had disappeared.

His heart was filled with a blissful flow, at the same time, he felt sad because he could not even offer a seat to Baba.

The next morning he decided to go and meet his 'Acarya'. While he was preparing to go, his 'Acarya' arrived. His 'Acarya' told him, "I have decided to take you with me to see Baba in Monghyr. Come with me."

The devotee then told everything that had happened the day before to his 'Acarya'. They were both overwhelmed with devotional sentiments.

They arrived in Monghyr in the evening. The next day, when the chance came for the disciple to see Baba, Baba told him, "You took so much trouble to come and see me! I already met you at your home. Did your 'Acarya' bring you with him? He loves you very much, doesn't he?"

The devotee replied, eyes filled with tears, "Yes Baba, you are so kind."



IS BABA FOR ANANDA MARGIIS ONLY ?

Several devotees and workers were present one day in the Lord's room at noontime. All of a sudden, the Master asked one worker, "Can you tell me, is Baba for everybody or only for Ananda Margiis (members of Ananda Marga - a socio-spiritual organisation)?"

"For everybody, Baba," replied the devotee.

"Why do you say so?" asked Baba again. There was no reply. What could he say to prove it?

Then suddenly the Lord changed the topic and asked the same worker, "Why did you cut your joint hair?" The worker was puzzled. He could not remember if he ever cut his joint hairs as it is against 16 points (physical, mental and spiritual points of discipline).

"I never cut my joint hair, Baba," said the worker.

"What, speaking lies before me?" the Lord said gravely. "Two years before, in your village house during the summertime, at noon, you closed the door of your room and you cut all your joint hair and then wrapped it in a piece of paper. Then you looked out through the window and finding nobody around you, you threw it beneath a tree. remember?"

With folded hands, he replied, "Yes Baba. Then, I did not know about 16 points." The worker remembered the incident when Lord explained the situation.

"You thought nobody saw you. a bird was flying there; that bird saw you and told me and I came to know about it," jokingly the Master said. All smiled at this.

Baba asked, "What tree was that?"

"A'mra" (a tree with sweet-sour fruits in India).

"Is that tree still alive?"

"Baba, I don't know."

"How can you know? You have left home 2 years before. That tree died last year. The bird who

told me also flew away. The tree has died but still I remember. It is not possible to hide anything from me."

Then the Lord said further, "I noticed one day you had gone for a job interview. It was a very hot day. When the interview was finished you went home walking such a long distance under the sun. After bath, you requested your mother for food. She gave you food and while you were eating she asked, 'Did you get the job?' You replied with pain, 'No mom.' Hearing this, your mother started rebuking and accusing you so much that it became difficult for you to eat. She told you, 'Such a strong young man, sitting and consuming food at home. Can't even try to get a job and make a living.' And she said so many humiliating words. With face down you anyhow finished your meal. You were so hungry. After that, you went to your room and cried the whole day praying God to help you. The whole day you cursed yourself and felt your life was useless. Your pillow became wet with tears. On that same day I decided to make you a worker for humanity and give you respect and love in your life. Don't think that you have just come by yourself. You have been called."

As the Lord was speaking, tears were flowing down the cheeks of the devotee. He knew now, "Someone was with him all the while whom he did not know before."



THE POWER OF KIIRTAN

This is an incident when Baba was in jail before the Emergency was declared in India, in 1975.

In Raipur, in the Central Province of India, there was a person who purchased a house in a quiet suburban area. It was a big house, new, but cheap. He lived there for a few days until he noticed many 'strange happenings' in the building which drove him out of the house.

Then he decided to rent it out but nobody could live in it for more than a few days. After 3 or 4 days, the tenant would experience the same troubles he experienced and out of fear, they would vacate the house.

The owner was so sad. It was a newly purchased house; he had purchased it from his savings but it turned out to be a haunted house. He contacted several occultists, spent a lot of money on them but they could not solve the problem. Finally, he came across some 'Acaryas' of Ananda Marga and requested them to help him but they too could not solve it. But through them he came in contact with one senior 'Acarya' who advised him to go and meet his Guru, who was then in jail in Patna (Bihar state in India). But to meet him, the person had to learn meditation and be a moralist.

He liked it. He learned to meditate and wanted to meet the Master too. In those days, when Baba was in jail (he was released in 1978 by the Patna High Court, declaring him innocent of all the concocted charges against Him) only 5 persons at a time were allowed by the jail authorities to visit Him in His cell and thousands of devotees from around the world came for His 'Darshan'. So for an outsider to get such a chance would take a long, long time.

Anyway, after a few days, he got the chance to go to Patna to see Baba. While he was inside the cell of Baba with others, he felt ashamed to talk

about his mundane house problem while others were there for spiritual development and peace. But in his mind, he wanted so much to say something about his problem.

After sometime, Baba smilingly looked at him and said, "Even if you don't tell me, I can still hear your thoughts. Yes, I can see that there is an evil spirit in your new building. You do one thing. request the spiritual people to gather in your house and perform 'Baba Nam Kevalam' 'Kiirtan' continuously for 24 hours, sunrise to sunrise, and in the last hour of the 'Kiirtan' (dancing while singing and chanting God's name, sometime accompanied by instrumental music), all should move through every room of the house, making a full circle in each room."

The man was very happy to get this advice without having to ask Baba directly.

He returned to Raipur and told the senior 'Acarya' all what Baba had said. The 'Acarya' invited many devotees, some of the relatives and friends of the owner came too. He arranged for proper food and other needs for all of them and 'Akhanda' 'Kiirtan' was started ('Akhanda Kiirtan': a non-stop 'Kiirtan' for 24 hours).

In the last hour of the 'Kiirtan', they started going from one room to another and giving a full circle inside each room. When they reached the last room, to their surprise, they saw a poisonous snake standing with its head up at the entrance of the door. But the people chanting the spiritual songs were almost in a trance-like state. They did not care for the snake's presence and they entered the room passing the snake.

As soon as they had made their full circle the snake slowly left the room and went away. The 'Kiirtan' ended and it was followed by group meditation. Since that time, the troubles in that house have disappeared.

'Kiirtan' not only brings about spiritual growth of 'Sadhakas' but also removes mental agony and evil spirits. Doing 'Kiirtan' with

devotional flow removes mental tension and brings
a blissful flow within.



THE STORY OF ARCHANA

This incident also happened during the time when Baba was in jail. It was personally narrated to me by the sister concerned in 1977.

Her name was Archana. She was from England. She was initiated by a lady 'Acharya'(called Didi) on her way to India from Australia. She had a desire to learn and know something about spirituality. The Didi told her about Baba and asked her to meet Him in India.

But when Archana arrived in Delhi, she met an old and saintly person, whose behaviour impressed her very much. She remembered Baba and she thought, "How can a saintly person be in Jail?" So she abandoned her plan to see Baba and went to Nepal instead. After awhile she returned to Delhi to meet the old man but he was not there. She toured India and returned again to meet the good old person but he was not available. Her time and money were running short and she had to prepare for her return journey. But she thought, "I must learn something to share with my countrymen." And then she thought of meeting Baba and thus arrived in Patna.

On the first day of her visit to Baba during all the 30 minutes she was with Baba, He never talked to her. On her way out she paid her respectful salutations to Baba and said, "Baba I have come to meet you and I am going now."

Baba also greeted her with folded hands, doing 'Namaskar' (respect to the Divine within you) and told her, "Come again please." She was happy Baba told her to come again. When she was out, others told her that she could not get a second chance to see Baba as many others have been waiting for a long time and that she might get a chance later after the waiting list ends.

But the next day, she approached the jailer and got the permission for the visit again. On this day amongst other visitors, a father and his daughter were there.

Baba blessed the father and gave him some candy in the mouth with His own hand and told him to give the rest to his children and family. The father had brought the candies to be touched and blessed by Baba.

The daughter was sad, thinking, "Baba gave 'Prasad' (blessed food or candy) to my father with his own hand and I am ignored." Baba looked at her. She was crying.

Baba took some candy from her father's hand and called her nearer. He gave some candy to her in her mouth and asked, "Are you satisfied now my little mother?" She nodded "Yes" and wept with joy in the heart that her Baba had responded to her inner call.

Baba told her, "I gave candy to your father to give you also, I am also giving you one." Baba smilingly looked at her father and said, "She thought that Baba does not have as much affection for her as for her father." All smiled at His words.

That day also, Baba did not say anything to Archana. In the end, while coming out, Archana said to Him, "Baba, 'Pran'a'ma', I have come to meet you." Baba gave her salutations with folded hands and said lovingly, "Please, come again."

She was wondering, "Why does Baba not even talk to me while I am here and requests me to come again!"

When she told this to other sisters and brothers outside, they said, "But you cannot get another chance. Already you were fortunate enough to get permission twice."

The next day, she again applied to the jailor for one more chance to visit Baba, and she was again granted permission. Many foreigners who were waiting for permission to see Baba were surprised at her luck.

On this third visit when she was with Baba, for half the time Baba did not even look at her. She was feeling sad and depressed knowing that if Baba did not talk to her again, it would be

almost next to impossible to get another chance to visit Him.

But just then Baba asked her, "What is your name, my child?" She replied, "Archana', Baba."

Then Baba inquired about her 'Acarya's' name (one who had taught her meditation) and from where she had come, where her home was. She replied to all the questions but felt mad inside thinking, "Why did I come to see this person? After three days he is asking me these simple, general questions and it seems He knows nothing of me."

Baba kept quiet for awhile and then told her, "Do you remember the old man who used to give you ice cream everyday when you were a child?"

She was surprised. For awhile she was bewildered, then she remembered that when she was still small, an old man with white beard and smiling face used to give her an ice cream bar free whenever she would go to him. He had a shop in the corner of the street where her home was !

She replied with astonishment, "Yes Baba."

Then Baba started telling the names of the streets around her house and inquired if she still remembered them. She was so astonished to find that Baba knew all the streets around her house and He even named a few streets that she had forgotten. She only remembered when Baba named them.

Then Baba asked her, "Do you remember that in your childhood, when you fell from the tree, an old person saved you? Do you know who that person was?" She remembered the accident and said, "Yes Baba, but I do not remember who that person was!"

Baba smiled at her and asked, "Does your Baba know you my little child?"

She knelt down before Him with folded hands and said, "Yes Baba!"

Then Baba told her, "Go and learn something from the Kathmandu Training Center (in Nepal) and share it with your countryman (the thought she

had, before coming to Baba).

Then Baba asked her to come closer. When she was near Him, He placed His hand over her head and she felt a current pass through her head and she felt very heavy. Baba told her, "When you return to your room sit for meditation."

Just then the jail officer said, "It is time for them to come out." "She wanted to stay longer with Baba. It was her last chance now. She prayed to Baba, mentally, "I want to stay for awhile more with you Baba." The officer repeated his request for visitors to come out. Then Baba inquired from the officer, "Is their time over, do they have to go just now?"

He replied, "Yes Baba."

Baba said, "Well, if it is so, then all have to go." And just then heavy rain started (it had been cloudy since the morning). The jail was such that after going out of the room all had to walk to the gate in the open. Thus, when the rain started everyone including the jailor had to wait in Baba's room for a long time until the shower subsided.

Baba mysteriously smiled at Archana' and said, "Is your desire fulfilled?" Archana also smiled and said with folded hands, "Yes Baba."

Baba then looked at the jail officer and said, "These children have come to see me from a distant country. Give them some more time."

Later, she returned to her room. There she meditated for about 3 hours. It was very blissful. She had never experienced anything like it before.

At the end of her story, she told me, "Do you know why Baba did not talk to me the first two days? To let me know that I had cancelled my journey to Him twice."

KEEP HIS HAND IN YOUR POCKET

When the emergency was over and Baba was released, one 'Da'da', an 'Avadhuta', was on his way to meet Him. His train went via Jamalpur on its way to Patna. In Jamalpur, he was sitting near the train window and a brother saw him and recognized him due to his orange dress. The brother gave his 'Prana'ma' and then asked, "Da'da! (elder brother), are you on your way to see Baba?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Kindly convey my 'Prana'ma' to Baba. I am unable to go. I was His childhood friend." He then mentioned his name to Dadaji.

When Dada arrived in Patna, he sat with Baba along with many others. One day passed but the Dada did not get an opportunity to say anything to Baba. The next day, while sitting with Baba, Baba asked him, "Which route did you take to come here."

Dada replied, "Baba! I came via Jamalpur." And then he remembered and said, "One brother from Jamalpur gave his 'Prana'ma' to you Baba." With folded hands Baba received the salutation.

Baba then asked, "What is his name?"

Dada said, "Baba he has very little hair on his head and he said he was your childhood friend but I have forgotten his name though he told me his name."

Baba replied, "See, I have spent my childhood days in Jamalpur, so I have many childhood friends there. They are now all aged and have less hair also But what is the name of the person conveying the 'Prana'ma'?"

Dada could not say. Then Baba told him. "Come nearer, touch my toe." When Dada touched Baba's feet, Baba asked, "Is his name R.K. Mandal?"

The Dada replied, "Yes Baba, Yes Baba."

Then Baba smiled and said, "Look, his hand is very powerful, the moment he touched my feet, I

remembered the name. All of you should keep his powerful hand in your pocket."

Everybody laughed.

Then Baba said, "He had given his 'Prana'ma' the day before yesterday at noontime, right?"

"Yes Baba," he replied.

Baba then said, "And now after I reminded you, you are giving me the news. You know, the moment he conveyed to you the 'Prana'ma', I received it right away. I am mentally always with you. Anybody who thinks of me, at that same moment, I come to know of it."



FULFILLING PSYCHIC DESIRE OF A DEVOTEE

It was the last part of the 80's. I had left Philippines for United States. One devoted sister from Philippines, Jogeshvarii, had been of much help to the mission all the time. She had a strong desire to see Baba but did not have enough finance. I helped her getting the amount she needed, but when she went for His 'Darshan.' I had already gone to the States. When she returned from her visit to Baba, she wrote to me of her overwhelming thoughts.

She was walking with several other devotees in Baba's garden in Calcutta. Baba was not paying attention to her. She was sad due to this. While walking in His garden, Baba was present along with several other devotees. She thought in her mind, "Maybe, Baba does not know how much I am working for the mission." The moment she thought about this, Baba suddenly stopped and looked at her and said lovingly, "Why do you think like that my child?" She was very much perplexed, but at the same time she felt happy inside.

Then she went to Ananda Nagar where there was a New Year's Day function. Thirty to forty thousand people had gathered there. When the function was over, most people left but several thousands remained. Though her return flight was confirmed (she had to return that day by noon), inside her she had a strong desire to be near Baba alone, even for awhile before her departure. But it was next to impossible.

In the morning, when Baba was about to come out for His daily field walk, thousands had gathered near His gate. Volunteers were trying to control the crowd. Jogeshvarii was standing way behind, thinking she had no hope left at all and feeling so depressed.

Then Baba once came out of the door but again went inside towards the other side door of His house. All the volunteers ran to the other door for proper guard duty; all the devotees ran to

that side too, thinking He would come out by that door.

Meanwhile, Jogeshvarii slowly walked towards the opposite side of His house thinking, "Anyway, I can't get my desire," and crying in heart. She was alone on the other side of the house now. And lo! suddenly Baba again came out by the side door where she was standing. Everyone was at the other door.

Baba walked with Jogeshvarii for several minutes smilingly asking how she was, if she liked Ananda Nagar? And then He said, "Does Baba care for his children?" With tears of happiness, she replied with folded hands, "Yes Baba." She was amazed, her desire to be near Him was so easily fulfilled! She was overwhelmed! By that time, everybody came to know that Baba was there. Volunteers and all the devotees came rushing. All saw Baba walking on the road with her! He plays in such an ordinary way!



PURNIMA A SWEET LITTLE GIRL

Purn'ima' is a pretty, little, good, sweet girl. She is simple, clean-hearted, jolly and always has a smiling face. Everybody loves her. Baba loves her deeply too. But she does not know it. She is always scared. Even in dream she feels scared, she is so gentle. I don't think anybody has ever seen her shouting with anger.

Once this devoted girl went to see her Master. Sisters are not allowed to be very close to Him, not even brothers during meetings. Moreover, the volunteers would always be alert in guarding against the rush of devotees.

Purn'ima' had a deep desire to touch His feet. But it was an impossibility, especially for quiet, gentle and a simple girl like her. So she was depressed inside.

One day during general sitting with devotees, the Master came and stood near where Purn'ima was sitting. He was given a seat there. He sat keeping His feet down. Usually, when He sits, He puts up His feet on the bed. But that time, He kept His feet down. Purn'ima's hands automatically fell on His feet. She kept her hands on His feet for a long time. Her desire was fulfilled. And then the volunteers saw her touching His feet and told her to remove her hands. But what of it? Lord had already fulfilled her heart's desire and by then a devotional flow was already in her. This is the mystery of God. He works silently through a devotee's heart.



BE AN IDEAL PERSON

Once, one 'Dada' was on his way to see Baba from the Philippines. From Bangkok, he took an Air India flight for Calcutta. He had already ordered a vegetarian diet. It so happened that his flight was on the day just after fasting. The vegetarian food served on the flight was tempting. The smell was also inviting.

After eating a little of the vegetables, the 'Acarya' noticed that it had onion in it. Onion is prohibited to be eaten by an 'Acarya' (yoga teacher). But he was so hungry and the taste was so good that he could not give it away. He thought, "Anyway nobody is watching me. If I give it away I would miss the meal." So he ate it.

In Calcutta, he met Baba the next day. Several 'Acaryas' and other persons were also present during the meeting. Baba was discussing some points with the workers.

Then Baba turned to the 'Acarya' and asked him, "How are you? When did you arrive? Is everything well in the Philippines?"

He replied, "Yes Baba."

Then Baba again asked, "How was the meal in the plane?" The Acarya became quiet. Then he replied, "It was all right."

Baba said, "Yes if nobody is watching you, you will even eat onion in the vegetable. Why did you eat it?"

Then Baba asked him, "Was somebody watching you my boy?"

The 'Acarya' begged for punishment. Baba told him, "In future, don't do that. Be an ideal person."

SAVING A DEVOTEE IN PHILIPPINES

Jesus said, "Not even a hair of the person could be touched whom the Lord wants to protect." Lord is one and the same. But He reflects His glory via different media in different times at different places. Electricity is the same but through different bulbs it reflects its presence to us. Only the most powerful bulb can emanate light at its full capacity and highest power and be looked upon as equal to the highest one. The role of 'Sadguru', the real Master, in our life is the same.

In the early 80's, one sister, Kiran, was then in Manila, the capital of Philippines. Her husband Abhaya and she were both disciples of my Master. Abhaya was an architect and a moralist.

Once, the company he was working with, asked him to use low grade materials in place of good materials which he had included in his design of a building. It was a multi-million construction project and by using materials other than what had been specified in the plan, the company would come to a huge profit. It would, however, go against public welfare as the building may collapse if the right materials were not used. Abhaya disagreed with the proposal and refused to collaborate with the company and as a result he lost his job.

Coupled with the loss of the job, the landlord of the house in which they were living in Manila decided to rent the house to his relatives. As a result, he would not extend the lease to Abhaya and Kiran. With such financial difficulties triggered by the loss of the job and the difficulty of finding another house with low rent, Abhaya decided to send Kiran and their daughter, Jaya, back to the place where Abhaya's parents lived.

To reach the place they had to travel by boat from Manila and the whole journey would take overnight. The date and the schedule of

departure was fixed.

The day before the journey, however, Jaya fell sick and Kiran too was very sick. Still they decided to undertake the journey. That day itself, Abhaya was supposed to buy the tickets at the boat station. It was the last day for buying the tickets as after that the boat would be fully booked. It was the start of the summer season and all the students were going home for the summer vacation.

Kiran and Jaya waited in the house while Abhaya went to buy the tickets. But in his hurry, he left the money for the tickets in the house. Thus when he reached the boat station, he could not purchase the tickets as planned. He had to go back to the house to get the money and by the time he reached home it was already five o'clock in the afternoon and the boat office had closed. When he went back the following day, all the tickets had been sold and their reservations cancelled.

The journey had to be postponed to a later date.

I knew they were to go on that ship. The next day, all over the country, newspapers, radio and television announced the tragic news. The huge boat on which Kiran and Jaya were supposed to go had sunk in the ocean causing death to more than a thousand passengers. Moreover, most of the casualties were women and children. That was the greatest sea tragedy in 11 years.

Hearing the news, I went to their house to meet Abhaya. I was then staying about 80 kilometers away from Manila. When I arrived at their house, I saw Kiran, though thin and sick due to fever, smilingly greeting me and telling me about the entire event.

"I was just saved by the Master," she said.

She told me, "I was so ill and could not think of going but hoping to relieve Abhaya from further problems, we decided to go, but Baba saved both Jaya and me."

I was so relieved seeing them smiling and alive. I remembered several instances when Baba saved His devotees. I told her one incident.



KESHAVANANDA SAVED FROM TRAIN ACCIDENT

It was in the early part of 1970. Baba was in Bankipur Central jail in Patna (capital of Bihar state in India). The government of India had put Him in jail in 1971. During the period when "emergency" was imposed in India by the government, the court sentenced Him and some of His devotees to "life imprisonment." After the emergency was over in 1977, an appeal was made in Patna High Court. The judge acquitted Him and all the others declaring that "He is innocent of all charges against Him."

He came out of Jail in August, 1978. During the period when Baba was in jail, He showed many, many miracles.

Once, one of His devotees, Keshavananda, was scheduled to go to Delhi from Patna. He reserved his seat with the Delhi express train. The day before his departure, he met Baba in jail, told Him his program for Delhi, and obtained His blessings.

Keshavananda's train was supposed to leave the next morning at 8:00 a.m. On that day, at around 7:30 a.m., just when he was about to leave on a rickshaw for the railway station, Ramananda, a devotee, came running to him saying, "Baba wants to meet you before you leave."

Keshavananda was surprised. Just the evening before, he had gone and met Baba. Baba knew the train was scheduled to depart at 8:00 a.m. and it was already 7:30 a.m. Though the jail was not far from his place, to go to Baba that morning meant almost to miss the train.

Thus he told Ramananda, "I just met Baba last night and He had already given me His blessings to go. He knows all the details of my trip. I must leave now and attend this meeting; it is very urgent. To go via the jail means I will miss the train. There is hardly any time now."

Ramananda replied, "I don't know. He Himself sent me to tell you that you must meet Him before

you leave."

Keshavananda took the rickshaw and went as fast as he could to meet Baba. Upon his arrival, the jailer gave him a pass to see Baba in His cell. Keshavananda went to Baba, and prostrated before Him.

Baba asked lovingly, "Are you going now?"

Keshavananda replied, "Yes Baba, at 8:00 A.M. my train will leave." Baba said, "Okay, okay, I just wanted to see you. Go quickly, the time is very short."

Keshavananda rushed to the Patna train station. It was not far. But upon arrival he found that the train had just left. He became upset and felt very angry with Baba and thought, "Why did He call just to see me? I had such an important meeting in Delhi." Greatly annoyed, he left the train station and returned to his room.

There is a station called Lughnow between Patna and Delhi, about 8-hours journey from Patna. That Delhi-bound express train in which Keshavananda was scheduled to go, collided with a mail train from Delhi on its way to Lughnow. About 10,000 people were seriously injured and many were killed. That was the most serious train accident that ever happened in the history of the Indian Railway. All the front pages of different newspapers were full of pictures and details of the catastrophe. Radio stations announced a continuous news update of the train accident throughout the day.

When Keshavananda heard it, he was stunned!

The next day, he went to meet Baba with a newspaper in his hand. As he prostrated before Baba, Baba said, "Keshavananda, you did not go! Very good, very good. Have you heard the news of the accident?" Keshavananda showed the newspaper to Baba.

Baba then looked straight into Keshavananda's eyes and with a mysterious smile asked him, "Are you still angry with me?"

Keshavananda burst into tears and putting his

head on Baba's feet. He replied, "No, Baba!"



THE HAUNTED TELEPHONE

This is an incident that happened to Haratmananda in South America. At that time, he was staying in a country where emergency was imposed due to the disappearance of some high officials of the government. The military and police were looking for suspects responsible for this offense.

Haratmananda just arrived from Argentina with one brother. He did not yet know the prevailing conditions in that place and went out for a walk with that brother at night. Suddenly, a van full of military personnel, stopped near them, huddled them in the van and took off.

It was a closed van. They could not see anything outside; both of them were put at the back of the van. They were in that van for several hours. Later, they found themselves in a jail in separate rooms. No questions, no talk. Suddenly they were taken to a cell.

The cell was too cold. No bed or clothes were provided.

In the morning, Haratmananda developed fever and cold. At noontime he was brought amidst some violent, abusive and rough persons, who started laughing and shouting at him. They looked as though they were going to tear him apart. Then he was brought to an officer's presence who looked at him and laughed in a way as if he had just caught his prey.

Haratmananda was again brought to a cell where another fellow was also there for the same reason. The food they gave him was all non-vegetarian. (He is a pure vegetarian. as a monk he is prohibited to eat any non-vegetarian food.) He passed his time crying.

After a day or two his cell mate was released. Haratmananda thought that the officials may have found him more suitable for their needs rather than the other prisoner.

It so happened, however, that Haratmananda was

talking to that cell mate of his and he found out that his sister happened to be the friend of one sister named Rukmini, who had been taught yoga meditation by him. Thus Haratmananda requested him to inform Rukmini about his condition and whereabouts.

Several days passed. Haratmananda passed the days with only water, sometimes with a little bread. Almost on fast daily and with cold and fever, he could not bear it any longer. He cried bitterly to Baba saying, "Baba, please do something, I can't bear anymore. If you will not do something I will have to eat anything that they give me."

That day, he was taken to the officer-in-charge, who was decided to give him the final charge sheet. When Haratmananda was standing near his table, suddenly the telephone of the officer rang. The officer talked for awhile to someone. He could feel by the officer's expression that he was feeling embarrassed about the talk. The one calling him seemed to be his superior so he could not ignore him.

After the talk, with a grave face, he sent Haratmananda to his cell. Haratmananda felt that the telephone conversation was about him.

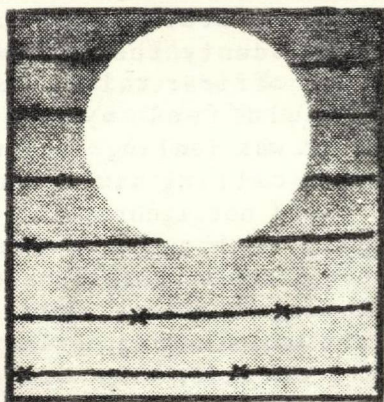
In his cell, he was standing, holding on to the bars and looking outside, when suddenly he saw sister Rukmini coming with a bag in her hand. She had obtained special permission with the help of higher authorities to give him vegetarian food in jail. She brought with her lots of fruits, bread, cheese and milk. That same afternoon, Haratmananda was released.

During the time when Haratmananda was in jail, no one knew where he was or what happened to him. All were worried on account of his sudden disappearance. When he came out, he went to meet Baba in Calcutta. Baba was with several others when he met Him.

Baba asked him, "How did the haunted telephone ring, do you know my child?" It reminded him of

the incident on the last day in the officer's room when the telephone suddenly rang.

Then Baba said, "Paramapurusa has to take care of His devotees, sometimes He has to take special steps."



THE STORY OF ANANDA

I write you the story of our beloved Ananda and how he got his new form.

His real name, we do not have to mention. I first met him in the beginning of 1981 on my way to California from New York. With me were one brother and a sister. We stayed in his house to pass the night and to get some donation for gas of our car.

We found his entire house full of dirt and old materials. We cleaned a portion of the ground floor and this made him so happy. The following morning I taught him 'Asanas' (yoga exercises) and gave him some spiritual guidance.

He said, "What had not gained in seven years I got in these few hours of your stay."

Ananda gave us food, money for our car journey and we parted.

One or two months after that visit, our Baba, started giving 'Dharma Samiks'a'. People from all over the world, in thousands, went to Him. Baba met each one of them personally and individually, saw their entire past and present and according to their psychophysical condition and needs, prescribed them yoga exercises ('Asanas') and meditation. Baba cured troubles of many people. Whosoever went returned with a new life and mind.

The thought of Ananda was constantly coming to my mind while I was in the 'Ashram' in Los Angeles. The thought of him so thin, weak and almost without normal social status, so far as his physicality and mental tendency were concerned, bothered me.

So I called him long distance, persuaded him to go to L.A. and prepared him to go to India to meet Baba. He had never seen Baba. He would not dare for such a long-trip. I insisted and assured him of all the proper help and arrangements and after repeated requests, made him agree to go. Ananda was sent with four other

brothers to India, one of them, a brother named Kamalakanta agreed to take care of him during his entire journey.

Ananda went to India to get 'Dharma Samiks'a' from Baba. When he returned from India after about a month, he was almost in a collapsed state. For three days he could not even get up to eat or take a bath. I used to feed him by force at his bedside.

But he got his 'Asanas' from Baba. He was so happy after seeing Baba that even in his weak state he would try to perform his 'Asanas' anyhow. I was really amazed at the change that took place in him.

Later, I had to leave for Europe. While in Europe, I called him. He said, that he was again going to meet Baba with his dearest little Purn'ima', a devoted girl, who also wished to see Baba. He passed by me with his granddaughter and when he was with me, I noticed how regular he was in doing the 'Asanas' Baba had prescribed for him.

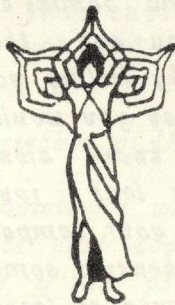
At his age of 72, he was performing the 'Asanas' almost perfectly like a boy. I was so impressed.

After sometime, he again met me while I was in Toronto West Detention Center. I was amazed to see him so chubby, healthy, full of flesh, with smiling face and shining with glory. He said that the acute back pain which was killing him daily before, was almost gone. He could eat well now, digest well, run and walk for long distances. He looked as if he was in his fifty's. The 'Asanas' and meditation had changed his life. Baba provided him with a new form, a new body and with a good, happy, healthy spirit. I hugged him and thought, "Where is the Ananda I met just a year before?"

"A Guru is one who can tell about your past, who knows the present state of affairs and who can build your future." This is what happened with our Ananda.

Now he says, "Baba has taken away all my past. I am a new child."

And Ananda? He is in his new life. what Baba did to him only he knows. If anybody tells him to eat and he has not performed his 'Asanas' yet, he would annoyingly reply, "I have not done my 'Asanas' yet, how can I eat?" His Baba has given him new food through 'Asanas' and meditation which has changed his psycho-physical strata and has provided him with inner food, so he does not care for other food before his spiritual food.



Toronto, Canada

My beloved Brother Ananda,

Deep affection and good wishes to you. After a long time, I was really happy to see you. I have been praying to Baba all this time to make you healthy and happy. He has already fulfilled it. I hope He would make you happier still through the company you have now.

Look, when you were at your big house, you had your friends and relatives, but no one was really yours. Your health was so down, you were physicaly so weak and you had to take care of yourself. Now God has graced you. People are there to really love you and take care of you.

I know my dealings pain you sometimes. But please know that had it not been for my pressure to send you for 'Dharma Samiks'a', sending one brother to assist you and then again sending you to see Baba by letting you go with your beloved daughter, today you would not have been so happy and healthy. I know, alone it would be hard for you to stand the long journey, so both the times, I arranged for your company. See you are so kindhearted that whenever something is given to you with some pressure or force, you feel pain and misunderstand in the beginning. That is the reason, you feel that I am rough outwardly. You know, Baba told me that real love is like a coconut, outwardly it is hard and rough. Please break and pass through this hardness, it is full of sweet meat and water. I just want you to know, I really care for your feelings, needs of the present and worry for your proper future arrangements.

*I hope, you will not misunderstand.
Here are two stories for you to read.*

THE REAL NEIGHBOR

There was once a businessman who was going to a place with some money to buy goods. He had to cross a vast deserted land to reach his destination. Along the way, some robbers attacked him, wounded him fatally, took away his money and left him to die. After sometime, another rich man who came from the same place he did, passed by there. When he saw him wounded and crying out in pain, he just avoided him and went another way. Some preachers passed by the same way. They saw him but did nothing to help him. They too walked on.

The person prayed to God for help. He really needed help and was unable to move alone. Soon after that, another person was going for his personal urgent work and passed by the same path. He saw the man, washed his wounds, gave him food, and took him to a place where people were able to give him treatment. This third person paid all the expenses of the man and then went for his urgent work.

Who was the real neighbor of that man?

You know, it is immaterial whether a person is known to you or lives next door or lives in the same town as you live, if that person does not care for you, that person is not your real neighbour. The one who cares and really loves you, who feels for you, thinks of you — is your real neighbor. I hope by the blessings of your loving Baba, now, you are with your real friends and companions. These are really your own neighbors. Stay with them and you would realize what I say. I am telling you the truth from the heart.

FOUR FRIENDS

Once upon a time, four friends who lived in a village went to cut wood in the forest to sell in the market. On their way, they met a sage who was meditating near a riverbank. They stayed for awhile and prayed to the saint to bless them in their life. The saint looked at them affectionately and said, "My boys, you are looking for wood? Look, ahead of you, after this forest, there is another forest which is full of sandalwood trees. If you can go there and cut the sandalwood trees, you can sell the wood at a good price. After the sandalwood forest, the journey will be a bit rougher but straight ahead you will find a mountain range which is full of silver. It is pure silver and highly valuable. and when you go even further, across that mountain range, you will find a fine river valley where plenty of gold is lying all around. You will find a big gold mine there too. Even the sand of that river valley is full of gold. Go my boys, do what is needed."

The four friends gave their 'Prana'm' (salutations) to the saint and went ahead. When they arrived at the forest, they found that it was really difficult to cross as it was thick and dense. One of the friends decided to return. He cut the ordinary wood and returned. The three proceeded.

The end of the big forest was full of fragrance as sandalwood trees grew in abundance. One friend became very happy. He thought, "Now I can sell them little by little and become rich." And he started cutting down the sandalwood to sell. The other two went ahead.

When they reached the end of the sandalwood forest, they were amazed to find a long mountain range full of silver. The third one took off his clothes and started collecting the silver. He was now a rich man. The fourth boy went ahead. He remembered what the saint had said.

After a long journey, he crossed the mountain and came near a valley. There was a river flowing and so many beautiful birds were flying everywhere and there was plenty of gold everywhere. He sat down, thought for awhile, and then returned without taking anything.

He went back to the saint who was all the while waiting for him. The boy fell at his feet with devotion. The saint asked if he had gone to the golden valley. The boy said, "Yes."

"Why did you not take the gold, it is all yours! Go and get it and be rich and enjoy life."

The boy cried holding his feet. When he was able to stop his weeping, he begged the saint, "Please give me the treasure, which after finding, you have given up all others, and are now passing this secluded life. I do not want gold."

The saint smiled. He put his hand over the boy's head blessing him and saying, "My child, you are really worthy, you have understood the myth. One has really to forego the mundane treasure to be enriched by God's glory. Where your heart is, your wealth is there." One needs to put his heart and soul in meditation to achieve realization of one's Self." Blessed are the ones who understand it.



My brother, please do not mind it, sometimes one goes by his own strength and sometimes we need the assistance to overcome our bondages. Only desire will not do, effort too is needed. In the spiritual path, it is very essential to have good company, proper guidance, blessing of Guru and individual practice. I thus tried to get you the proper company. Baba, you already have, the proper Guru. He has blessed you through Dharma Samiksa'. See the Asanas helped you so much. Now you have become almost young and strong. The guidance I tried to give, but sometimes it is too quick for you due to short time and you find it a bit difficult to follow. But in every guidance, you have achieved good results and happiness, though in the beginning it was painful and harsh — like a coconut! So please understand. Your old house and old companions were your bondages and obstacles. In many ways you will understand now as you stay with these new (but really your very old children). Don't you feel as if you and they have been long, long related — life after life?

Hope His blessing will bring you peace.



Toronto, Canada

September 22, 1989

He is the best caretaker. The only thing is, that His ways are always mysterious. You know, Rabindranath Tagore wrote about His nature.

"Ye katha' tumi balite ca'o se katha' to tumi bala na'."

The thing you want to say, that you do not speak

"Tomare ja'te sahaje bujhi, ta'i karo go chalana'."

Lest we recognize you easily, so you make these tricks

Lord told me a story regarding some events in Tagore's life

Rabindranath's father, the great Devendranath Thakur, was Tagore's guru. When the father died, it was also the physical departure of his Guru. So Rabindranath became very sad. To engage his mind, he spent more and more time with his wife. Rabindranath was then young, only about 37 or 39. His wife Mrinalini Devi was very, very beautiful, kind and helpful. When Rabindranath started his Vishvabha'rati University, his friends and relatives inspired him but when it was being established, he needed financial assistance for the professors. Then they all backed out. He was in acute trouble; how to make payments! This was the time he wrote the poem, "Yadi tor da'k shume keo na' a'se, tabe ekla' calore." (If by hearing your call, no one comes, then you walk alone to the destination.)

During these events, his wife sold all her ornaments and helped him with his needs. She came from a rich family and had sufficient ornaments. Thus, Rabindranath had special feelings for her. Then shortly after his father's death, his wife also left the world. In her death, he felt bewildered. In her memory, Rabindranath wrote the book of poems - "Sona'r

Tarii" -- (Boat of Gold). At this stage, he tried to console himself with the company of his youngest son. He was a loving, handsome child. But soon this child also left him. At the death of his youngest son, Rabindranath wrote a poem for God, expressing his gratitude towards god for giving him understanding and realization --

"A'mi samsa're man diyechinu
 (I gave the world my mind)
 Tumi a'poni se man niyecho
 (You yourself took away that mind)
 A'mi sukh bole kukh ceyechinu
 (I wanted pleasure I got pain)
 Tumi dukh bole sukh diyecho
 (You, in the form of sorrow, have given pleasure).

When one after another these strong attachments, the three nearest and dearest ones, were gone, Rabindranath gave all his heart and mind to the spiritual path. He attained up to 'Savikalpa 'Sama'dhi' in his last days. Rabindranath wrote --

"Ja're tumi ca'o go dite, asiim premer bha'r
 (To one, you want to give endless love's responsibility)
 Ekeba're sakal parda' ghuca'ye da'o ta'r
 (Completely all curtains you remove from his/her)
 Na' tha'ke ta'r ma'n apama'n lajja sharam bhaya.
 (Not let remain his/her fame, blames, shame, hesitation, fear)
 Ekla' tumi samasta ta'r vishva Bhuban maya.
 (alone you become everything of his/hers, in entire world).

SHAKUNTALA

You know, attachment is natural while living in this world. I will you a story told by Baba ... In the spiritual sense, meetings and separations, happiness and sadness ... these events are always happening to everyone and everywhere. As spiritualists, we may feel detached from these events but as human beings in this relative world, we are affected.

There was a sage named Kan'va who lived alone in the forest. He loved to help people very much and took it upon himself to go to town, bring the sick and helpless people back to his forest home and take care of them. Many people in town knew about this sage.

One day, a mother came to the forest with her baby girl named Shakuntala, and left the baby under the care of the benevolent Kan'va. With deepest affection, Kan'va raised Shakuntala until she reached the age of marriage.

During this time, a king named Dusyanta came to take Shakuntala as his queen. When she was preparing to leave, Kan'va was finding it so difficult to let her go. He was thinking to himself that as a sage he was free from the feelings of attachment but at that moment, he was feeling strongly attached.

Baba asked, "Why was he having those feelings?" And He said, "Because though he was a sage, he was living in this relative world, under the bondage of 'Prakrti'."

As such, we 'Sadhakas' are doing 'Sadhana' (meditation to be freed from bondages) but actually, it is not possible to deny the bondage as long as we are in this relative world. So, affection is natural but we need to fight it, to overcome it and put it under control.

THE STORY OF MADALASA

During His discourses, my Guru would often tell us different stories to explain certain difficult philosophical points and their inner sense and would ask us to answer some questions in the end. Once, He told us the story of Madalasa which had actually happened.

There was a king in Koshal. One day the king went hunting in the forest. While chasing a deer he went deep into the forest. There he saw a beautiful, young girl. The king desired to marry her. To meet her guardian, he searched around and saw a cottage. An old sage was meditating inside the cottage.

When the sage finished his meditation, the king approached him and after paying his regard he said, "I am the king of this kingdom. I saw a beautiful girl here. Is she your daughter?"

The sage nodded.

"I want to marry her. I would like to make her my queen," said the king. "I request your permission."

"It is happy news for me that the king himself has come to marry my daughter. But I have to obtain her consent," replied the sage.

He called Madalasa and told her the details. Madalasa said, "It is happy news to me that the king likes to marry me. But I have a condition."

"What is that condition? Please tell me," asked the king.

"I would like to take care of the education and bringing up of the children born out of our marriage. Nobody will be allowed to interfere in the bringing up of my children. The day anybody interferes with this affair, I will leave your palace and go for my spiritual practice."

The king happily agreed, "I have no objection. Mother will take care of her own children, what can be better than that?"

So they got married.

Madalasa went with the king to his palace.

after sometime, they had a son. The son was named Vikrant.

Everyday, Madalasa would sing a song while rocking baby in his cradle to make him go to sleep. The song was:

"Shuddhosi buddhosi niranjanosi,
Samsa'ra ma'ya', parivarjitosi;
Samsa'ra svapnamtyajamohanidra'm,
Ma'da'lasa' ulla'samuva' caputram."

The meaning is "You are a pure entity, you are all knowing and transcendental, this world is a hallucination, thus give it up. The world is a dream in the sleep of attachments, give up this attachment. Madalasa is speaking this happily to her son."

Everday, several times, Madalasa would sing this to her son. When the child grew up, he left home in search of a spiritual Master and to practice meditation.

Soon after, the second son was born. Madalasa sang the same way to him. When he grew up, he also left home and went for spiritual search.

Then the third son was born. His name was Alark. When the third child was born, the king thought, "Madalasa trained the previous children such that both left home for spiritual cause. Who will handle the kingdom when I am gone?"

Thus the king approached Madalasa humbly and said, "Madalasa, I have a request. Kindly give me this child to educate and be brought up to handle the kingdom. Who will take charge of the throne otherwise? I am getting aged."

Madalasa said, "You have all the right to bring up the children as you like. I have no objection. He is your son. But according to the agreement, please allow me to go today."

The king was very sad. He loved Madalasa so much. But Madalasa wouldn't stay now. She left the palace for her spiritual pursuit. Before leaving she gave a small brass locket and told

the king, "Please tie it to Alark's arm. When he is grown, tell him that his mother left it to him. When he is in extreme danger and has no other way out, he should open it and see inside."

Alark grew up according to the king's training. Shortly after, the king died. Before his death, he tied the locket to Alark's arm and conveyed his mother's words to him.

After the death of the king, Alark became extremely notorious, characterless and whimsical. Every subject was scared of him. Nobody liked him. All prayed to God to help them get rid of him.

In the meantime, Vikrant, the eldest brother, had achieved realization in the spiritual path. One day, he saw in his meditation that his younger brother, Alark, was torturing people very much. He thought it was his duty to save the subjects, as he would have been the king if he did not leave kingdom. With this view, he approached an honest king from a nearby kingdom, explained to him the details and asked his help if he can attack Alark's kingdom, defeat him and save the people from further torture.

The king agreed. He attacked Alark. Nobody liked Alark, so his soldiers did not resist properly and were soon defeated. Out of fear, Alark ran away. He went deep into the forest for safety.

In the forest, when Alark had no other way out, he remembered his mother's locket. It was tied to his arm. He opened it. In it was written on a paper, "Never desire for any company. If you cannot stay without company,; desire for good and holy company."

Alark thought, "How can I live without company? Better I try for noble company."

Searching...searching... he went far away and in Birbhum (district of Bengal) he met a saint called Asta'bakra. Alark stayed with him. He used to ask questions and the saint answered them. These questions and answers formed what is

known as 'Asta'bakra Samhita'.

In this form of question and answer, and through the guidance given by Asta'bakra, after some years, Alark achieved spiritual enlightenment. His entire lifestyle and thoughts were changed and he was now an ideal person, a noble, self-controlled, spiritually elevated, just and kind man.

After achieving this state of mind, he wanted to do something for the saint. As part of the offering for his spiritual achievements, Alark wanted to please the saint.

The saint said, "Yes, you should do something for me. I want you to go back to that king who defeated you. Your elder brother is waiting there for you. Take charge of your kingdom and rule it ideally. This is all you must do as an offering to me."

Alark did not have any desire to return to mundane life. He did not like managing the kingdom's affairs, but on Guru's order he went. His elder brother and the king were happy to see him. Alark was a saintly person now. The king who was managing the kingdom returned it to Alark. Alark again became the king of his kingdom and ruled it so piously that the people respected him next to God.

After the story, Baba asked a question. "Who was the most inspiring ideal for the common people amongst these three persons, Vikrant (the eldest brother), the honest king or Alark (the youngest) and why? Out of the many answers, the correct one was "Alark." He was the most inspiring ideal for the common people because common people commit mistakes and go down and become degraded. But their lives are not hopeless. Alark showed that even then one can become good again. The honest king and the saint, Vikrant, only did their duty as they should. But common people are represented through Alark.

KALPA TARU

Here I would like to tell you one story that the Lord told me once. This is known as the story of 'Kalpa Taru'. 'Kalpa' means thoughts, desires, imagination. 'Taru' means a tree. Thus 'Kalpa Taru' means 'Desire-fulfilling tree'.

A man was going through the forest. He became very tired and exhausted after a long walk. To take some rest, he sat beneath a big tree. While he was resting, he felt thirsty and thought, "If I get a glass of water now, I would drink it." Just then, to his utter surprise, he saw a glass of water by his side. He drank the water. He thought, "This is very surprising indeed. Now, if I get some food, I can eat. I am already feeling so hungry." Just then, he was astonished to see a plate full of delicious food. It was very tasty. After this he felt sleepy. And thought, "If there was a bed, I can rest awhile and lie down." And just then he saw a comfortable bed behind him. He was surprised at all this. He went to bed and lay down. Then he started thinking. "It is a forest area. What if a tiger came while I am sleep?" And lo! just then he saw a tiger coming. Then he cried bitterly and said, "O God! please, please save me." The tiger went away and the man was saved.

This man did not know that he was sitting under a 'Kalpa Taru' -- the desire-fulfilling tree. We are all sitting under 'Kalpa Taru's' banner. So we have to be very careful in desiring. He might just fulfill our desire and if it is harmful then we may undergo painful reactions.

Our Lord is the desire-fulfilling tree, 'Kalpa Taru'.

Please tell Him to place Himself in your mind and heart and remove everything else. Only the thought of a realized personality, and the vibrations emanated from His body can guide our minds to the holy path. That is why in 'Dhayana' only His posture is imagined. During 'Puja', if any other thought comes, offer it to Him in 'Guru Puja'. Possibly do 'Guru Puja' (if not in public place) by keeping His picture in front and opening the eyes, looking at Him, uttering the 'Mantras' aloud with feelings, so that you can hear your utterances and then offer Him anything else that comes in place of His thoughts. This is the best and easiest way to get rid of worldly hindrances.



GARA-BARA, GARA-BARA, GARA-BARA SAIN

Once upon a time, there were two friends, the prince and the general's son, Kotha'l. One day they went to visit other countries riding a flying horse. going, going, going, going, they went very, very far, flying in the air.

When dusk came, they started worrying where to land and get shelter for the night. They noticed that they were in the middle of a very big jungle. Dusk was fast approaching and it was becoming dark. The horse could not see anything in the dark so they had to land in a deep forest.

To their surprise, they saw a palace in that forest. They decided to spend the night there as the forest was fearful, dense and unsafe. They entered the palace and found that it had many big rooms. The rooms were filled with a variety of things. There was a lot of food - cake, bread, cheese, milk, ice cream, sweets, vegetables, fruits. They also noticed that with all the nice food in the rooms there were no living beings in the house.

Kotha'l said, "Prince, this is a monsters' house. They come in the night, enjoy all these foods and leave before morning. Let us take shelter quickly and hide. We are only two, we cannot fight with them. They can see well in the dark."

The prince was very afraid so they started looking for an empty room. They took the horse with them and closed the door tightly. They decided that both should not rest together. One would guard, with sword in hand while the other rested. The prince took guard duty until midnight and midnight until morning was Kotha'l's turn.

When it was Kotha'l's turn to guard at midnight, suddenly they heard what seemed to be a heavy storm blowing outside - so-wn-so-wn--so-wn-- as if big, big things were moving very fast in the air. And then they heard dhap, dhap, dhap,

dhap, dhap. It sounded like huge, heavy bodies dropping on the building and walking all over the floors.

The prince was alert, he asked, "Kotha'l, what is happening?" Kotha'l replied, "Silence, don't make any sound. The monsters have come! Now they will have their feast. If anyhow they find out that we are here, they will kill us.

Kotha'l stood near the door of the room with sword in hand. After sometime, they heard a very heavy person outside their door. They heard the heavy person say, "Gara-bara, gara-bara, gara-bara sa'in... Gara-bara, gara-bara, gara-bara sa'in." Then Kotha'l replied from the room, "Dha'pis dhupis phutis pha'in, tabe to gara-bara, gara-bara sa'in." Hearing this, the monster outside went away.

After an hour, again they heard heavy dhap, dhap, dhap, dhap, dhap sounds outside their room. The prince could not sleep, he too was awake. One very rough and heavy voice said from outside, "Gara-bara, gara-bara, gara-bara sa'in. Gara-bara,; gara-bara, gara-bara sa'in."

Then Kotha'l replied from the room, "Dha'pis, dhupis, phutis pha'in, tabe to gara-bara, gara-bara sa'in." Again the monster outside went away. This way, four times, one after the other, the monsters came and asked the same thing and with Kotha'l's reply went away.

When the dawn came, they could hear the sound of so-wn--so-wn--so-wn-- as if heavy, big things were flying away in the air. Kotha'l whispered to the prince, "They are going away."

In the morning, when all had left, the prince and Kotha'l came out of the room with their horse. They saw the mess the monsters had left behind. The food was gone. Kotha'l said, "Prince, let us go now. The servants of the monsters will come later to arrange things. Let us leave before they come." And they flew away with the horse.

While in the air, the prince asked Kotha'l,

"Friend, please tell me what they said last night and what you replied that made them leave?"

Kotha'l smiled and said, "They said 'Gara-bara, gara-bara, gara-bara sa'in' which means 'rice is boiling, it is being cooked, my food is there inside'. (When rice is being cooked, gara-bara sound comes up from the pot)."

Then the prince asked, "And what did you answer them?"

Kothal said, "I replied, 'Dha'pis dhupis phutis pha'in, tabe to gara-bara, gara-bara, gara-bara sa'in.' It means, First you plough the land, then sow, then reap and bring rice home and then you can get rice boiled for your food.' They understood that there was no food for them inside the room. So they left. I talked to them in their language (monster's language) and they took me as one of them. "

The prince asked, "Where did you learn this language?"

Kothal replied, "My mother taught me this when I was a child. This has saved our lives today. Otherwise, the monsters like to eat the soft flesh and blood of young boys very much."

After a long journey to different countries, the two friends returned home.

Baba explained the moral of this story to us. He said, "Some people want to get the result right away without much effort. No, it is not possible. First act properly. Give some time for things to work out, only then you can expect a good result."

NEITHER HAVE I TALKED NOR WILL

A king had three queens. Unfortunately, all the three queens had a problem: They could talk only through their nostrils which produced twang (a nasal sound). So the king was very ashamed to bring them out to talk to others.

Once he had to go out for a few days so he instructed them, "If one of my friends comes, entertain him, give him what he wants but do not talk or give him any reply."

When the king was gone, one of his friends, a king from another country, came to visit him. The queens received him and arranged for his needs and stay.

The king asked them, "Where is my friend?" The older queen thought, "How odd it would be not to reply." She forgot the king's advice and she said, "Ra'nja mansa'in ba'inre genchen," which meant, "The king has gone out." (Actually, in normal tone it would be like this, "Ra'ja' masai ba'ire geche," all the n's were due to the nasal sound produced by the queen because of her nasal defect.

With the first queen's reply, the second queen said, "Ein, didin, tuinjen Kantha'n banlin?" (It means, "Sister, how come you talked?") Then the youngest queen said, "A'min Kantha'n banlion ni a'r balbaon na'" (I have neither talked nor will).

The king came to know about their problem and smiled.

Baba told us this story to teach us, "You should think properly before you speak something."

JHAK JHAK JHAKANG TRAIN

My Master is very humorous. At times He is so much at home and close to devotees that they would even forget that the "Godly Person" is there! He will mix with devotees in such a simple and friendly manner and tell them very humorous stories. He tells the stories so nicely that everyone listening would burst into laughter.

Once He told the story of jhak, khak, jhakang train. (When a steam engine train moves, it makes the sound, jhak...jhak...jhak... and if the two trains collide it is jhakang.)

He said, "I had a distant relative working as a station master in a small railway station. Once an accident occurred at that station. The supervisor came to investigate. During that time, the British were running the railway in India. The investigating officer was an Englishman. The station master did not know how to speak English properly. So, he told the supervisor how the two trains (coming from opposite directions) collided.

He said, "Sir, sir, this train jhak, jhak, jhak, jhak" (Baba showed us by hand motion how the station master showed by moving his left hand from left to right, indicating that the train came from that direction). "And this train, sir, jhak, jhak, jhak, jhak," (showing with the other hand another train coming from the opposite direction.)

"Sir, this signal la'l (red signal, pointing out the outpost signal), that signal la'l (red); I sir, la'l flag (red flag shown), la'l flag; all around sir, la'l la'l (all around red and red). But sir, no stop, no stop! Jhak jhak jhak jhakang train!" (Showed the collision of the trains by claspings both palms.)

The investigating officer smiled and submitted the report accordingly.

My beloved great little one,

Lord blesseth you. I am so happy to read your nice letter. So many cordial thanks to you for writing me. Please give my love and best wishes to your mommy and daddy and you please take my loving affection and good wishes. I pray to Baba to keep you on His lap. You know one day I offered you and your daddy to Lord in my meditation and I saw Him lovingly take your dad on his right lap and was pat his back with affection. You were sitting on Baba's lap too and your mom was smilingly sitting on His lap looking at His face. Please keep your health okay and sit to pray with daddy daily, okay?

Are you more than four now? You asked me for a story. I have sent several children's stories for you to your mom. Please tell her to give you.



SEVEN IN ONE BLOW

There was once an "ordinary person" who earned his livelihood by sewing. It was summertime and the flies were disturbing him while he was sewing. To stop them from disturbing, he struck them back and found seven flies killed at one time.

He thought, "Look, I am not ordinary. I can kill seven flies in one blow! To popularize himself, he wore a belt which he made himself and on it, it was written, "SEVEN IN ONE BLOW!" Whosoever looked at him was startled.

There was a forest area near his place. A giant lived in it. Once, when this man was hunting in the forest, the giant saw his belt with the writing, "SEVEN IN ONE BLOW" and thought, "Oh, this fellow thinks himself a great hero, wait." The giant called him and said, "Come and fight with me, let me see how you can kill seven in one blow."

The man now had a problem. He racked his brain and said, "Before I fight, I would like to see if you even have the same strength as me. Let us have one test." "Both of us should throw a stone and see whose would go farther."

The giant threw a piece of stone and it went very, very high in the sky and then came back. "Your stone came back but look, I will throw mine but it will go farther and never come back." He caught a bird and threw the bird. It flew away and never came back.

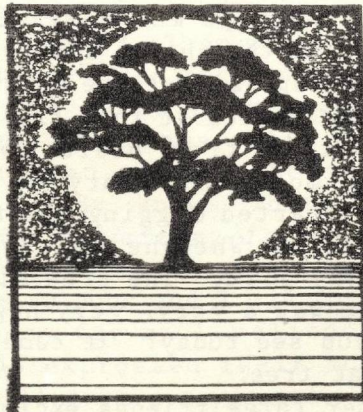
The giant (physically strong but mentally weak) was surprised. Then the man took a piece of cheese from his food bag and told the giant, "Look, here is another piece of stone, you too take a piece of stone and let us see who can squeeze the stone to get juice out of it." The giant tried his best, but no juice came out from his stone piece, while the man squeezed the cheese and juice leaked through his fingers. The giant was again surprised. After that, he did

not wish anymore to fight, rather the giant regarded the man as a "strong" friend.

While walking in the forest, the man saw a cherry tree. He asked the giant to get some fruits for him as they were in a very high branch and he couldn't reach them. The giant took hold of the branch and pulled it down for him and told him to hold and pick the cherries. When the man was holding the branch, the giant let go off the branch and the poor man suddenly found himself high up on the tree. The giant could not figure out what happened. The man said, "Didn't you see the big tiger staring at us? He might jump at us, so I jumped to the top of the tree as fast as I could. Come hurry up and jump to the top of the tree."

The giant ran and with his fat body tried his best to climb the tree. But the man said, "No need to come anymore. Seeing me on the tree top, the tiger was frightened and ran away. I could see the tiger from here. Let us now go." And they jumped down.

Since then they became very good friends. The giant was astonished at his power of jumping to the top of the big tree with such speed!



THE FERTILE BRAIN

There were four friends in India. One from South Indian state called Madras (now called Tamil Nadu), the other from Central India called Gujarat state, the third from Northern state of India called Punjab and the fourth from Eastern part of India called Bengal. They made money by deceiving and cheating others.

Once they heard that there was a huge fair at Allahabad, so they took a train to Allahabad to make money there. The train journey was long. To pass the time, they decided to tell each other their own stories, as to how they became cheats. And they agreed upon a condition, that each will have to believe the story of the others and accept it as true. If one denies it one will have to pay Rs.500 to the person telling his story. All agreed and they started telling the stories.

First, the man from Madras started. He said, "You know in South India, people like tamarind very much. It has a lot of brain matter and good for the stomach too. People grow tamarind trees even in their yards. My grandfather also had one very big tamarind tree in the yard of our house. This tamarind tree used to bear fruits of pure gold. So my grandpapa was very rich. When my father grew up, he thought of a very big business and needed huge capital but the tamarind tree was not bearing many fruits at that time so my father thought, "If this tree bears gold tamarind fruits, there must be plenty of gold at its roots." So he started digging the tree. It was so foolish of him. When he dug the tree out, he did not find any gold. The tree died. But you know, the tree was a very, very huge tree. The Indian ocean you see today? It came out from the digging of that tree.

All the other three friends exclaimed..."Oh! so great! Then what happened?" The man from Madras said, "Then my father had no more income. My

grandpa did not leave any capital, that tree was his wealth. So we became very poor and when I grew up, I could not get proper education or get a job, thus I am earning my living by fooling others."

Everyone expressed concern. "Oh what a sad thing! Really so painful. The son of the gold tree owner is poor today."

The man from Gujarat started his story. He said, "You are quite right brother, I know this fact. This Indian Ocean came from digging your father's tamarind tree. My father told me about it. And in that water my father's swans used to swim. My father had very, very big swans. They looked like warships by the thousands. When they used to swim in the Indian Ocean, they looked like a thousand warships moving in the ocean. Because of this, all other countries were afraid of attacking India.

During summer, all these swans used to fly to Northern India. There they used to lay their eggs. Out of these egg shells, the present great Himalayan mountains came up. This way due to my father's swans, India was protected from the Northern side by the Himalayas and from the Southern side too. My father was then a well known person in the country." All the other three friends exclaimed, "Oh how great! Really such a great family! Then what happened?" The Gujarati replied, "Then once, a cyclone came from the sea and the swans flew away. But it was wintertime and the swans could not go to North India's Himalayan range. So the swans flew somewhere, nobody knows where. They never returned. While waiting for these swans, my father kept a lot of transactions pending. We slowly became so poor and I was forced to take up this work today for my livelihood." The other three friends expressed their sorrow, "Oh how sad, the son of such a renowned person, is poor today."

Then the friend from Punjab started his story

too. He said, "Yes, I know about that Himalayan mountain. It is the greatest mountain in the world. Near that is our state in the North. My grandfather had many, many cows, very good quality cows. Each cow used to give 15 to 20 quintals of milk (100kg = 1 quintal) daily. We had thousands and thousands of cows of that type. It was impossible to keep all the milk daily so the milk used to flow down and out of that excess flow of milk five rivers were formed. The five rivers you see in Punjab today were all made out of that excess milk. (Punjab means land of five rivers, Panja means five and a'b means water. There are five rivers in that state. So it is called Panjab). We were flowing with milk and honey. All the other friends then exclaimed, "Oh, oh, oh, what great wealth! And then what happened? The Punjabi friend replied, "And then my grandfather died and my father took over the whole work. He was the son of a rich and kingly person, so he relied upon his workers and employees solely and just took it easy. The workers finding my father easy, started neglecting their work and did not feed the cattle well. Slowly the cows started milking less. The workers became greedy and immoral. They started mixing water in the milk.

They mixed so much water that slowly, all the five rivers of milk turned into rivers of water that you see today, and we became poor. That is how I took up this business." All said, "What a tremendously sad fate. The son of a millionaire is poor today...Oh!"

Everyone had to support the other's story as per agreement or else they had to pay Rs. 500! Then they asked their Bengali friend, "Now brother, please tell us about yourself.

The Bengali friend said, "My friends, I feel so shy saying my poor story in front of the millionaire's sons because my father was an ordinary clerk, working in a British firm. But my father had a very sharp mind, his brain was

very fertile. So his employer used to like him a lot. Whenever his boss would go somewhere, my father would be requested to go with him, as he relied on my father's fertile brain very much. Once my father's employer was going hunting in a forest. My father was also requested to go along with him. In the forest, the employer ran after a deer and tried to shoot it, but could not and in that effort all his bullets were used up. He was ashamed to go back without any catch. He went to my father and said, "Please tell me, what can I do? All my bullets are gone but I must kill this deer else it is a shame for me." My father had a ready wit. He saw some cotton seeds lying around there. He picked them up and put them in the empty shells of the cartridge and gave them to his boss saying, "Sir, try this, this is going to kill the deer definitely."

The boss did not believe my father but depending on my father's advice he shot the deer. Many cotton seeds wounded the deer and the deer was killed. The boss was very happy with my father. But unfortunately or fortunately, it so happened that one of the cotton seeds hit and penetrated my father's brain due to careless firing of his boss. My father's brain was a highly fertile brain and immediately a big cotton tree grew on my father's head. His boss gave him a pension and he did not have to go to his job any more. Out of the seeds of cotton that grew on the tree on his head, he started a cotton plantation. All the cotton farms you see today in India were all planted and possessed by him.

He also started giving advances and loans to others to help them produce their own cotton too. He became very wealthy and people started going to him to borrow money.

My father was a kind-hearted, generous and simple person. He never forced anybody for payment but at the same time, he could not say no to anybody. Whosoever would ask from him, he would immediately loan them the money and simply

noted it down in his account book. In this way, he loaned out all his money. With lack of cash, slowly the farms were also taken away and so we became poor. When my father died, one day, I decided to take a look at his account books. While doing so, I found out that your father had taken Rs. 500 loan from my father promising that if he could not pay back, his son would have to pay (he said pointing to his friend from Madras). And your father had also taken 500 from my father (he said pointing to his friend from Punjab) with the same promise that if he could not pay, his son would have to pay. And your father (pointing towards the Gujarati friend) had also taken Rs. 500 with the same condition. So each of you should give me Rs. 500 now.

They were in a dilemma. They could not disagree as per agreement. So each had to pay Rs. 500. Taking Rs. 1,500, the Bengali friend said, "Brothers, let me keep this amount safely. You go ahead, I will meet you later. I have done my business already."

(Be careful before making an agreement!!)



THE CAR RACE

There were two friends. Both of them had racing cars. They never raced with each other but often they would talk about it and both would say, "My car is better than yours. If we race, I will easily beat you. Your car would lag behind." And the other friend would say the same thing smilingly.

One day, one of the friends was going for a drive in the country. The sun was hot. While driving up the road, he saw an aged person riding his bicycle up the hilly road. He stopped his car and wanted to tow the bicycle rider up the hill. He said, "I have a rope in my car. I can tie it to the front of your bicycle and I can tow you." The old man refused the offer. But the young friend insisted saying that it was so hot, it would take a lot of physical effort to pedal a bicycle uphill. And that he can easily tow him without any problem. Still the old man refused saying, "No, you would go fast and I cannot stop then." The man said, "No, no, whenever I would go fast just ring your bell and I will slow down." So finally, the old person agreed and tied his bicycle to the rear bumper and the man started towing it.

It so happened that his friend passed by with his car. When he saw his friend (towing the bicycle), he said to him, "Come brother, today let us have the race. The road is empty and I will defeat you." His friend said, "No, no, not today. I cannot do it today." His friend then insisted on the race saying, "Your car is no good. It has the engine of a scooter. You cannot go fast, so you are avoiding the race." Saying this way repeatedly, he insisted on the race. His friend then joined the race forgetting altogether about the man on the bicycle tied behind him. He was going at full speed with the bicycle towed at the back and chased by the friend's car.

A police car saw them race by and tried to catch them but could not due to the high speed of the cars. He then called his officer at the police station saying, "Sir, come and see for yourself. There are two cars racing at high speed, at 140 miles an hour, and I can't catch them. And the tragedy is that in between the two cars, a man with his bicycle keeps on ringing his bell. It seems he has overtaken one car and ringing his bell to overtake the other one. Please come and see." The officer replied, "Are you crazy? A bicycle with a man ringing his bell to overtake the racing car?" The policeman replied, "Sir, please come and see yourself. Unbelievable!"

The poor man was constantly ringing his bell to stop the car while being towed away at such a high speed. But who listens to him! Can you imagine how pathetic his situation was!!



SHIPWRECK

Once there were three friends. They went fishing in their sailboat far away from the shore. Suddenly, a cyclone came and the boat was swept to an unknown island by the big waves. The friends managed to survive. The boat was wrecked and they had no way to sail back.

They did not even know where they were and there were no other living beings on the island. Two of the friends became impatient and wanted to go back to their homeland, but the third one inspired them to make the island their home. Slowly, they started a new life for themselves on the island.

One day they found a peculiar-looking stone near a cave on a hill. They tried to rub it with another stone to make fire. But the moment it was rubbed, a big giant appeared before them. They were so scared. The giant said, "I am the owner of this island. I am happy to have you here as my guests. I will fulfill one desire from each of you. You can ask me anything you want."

One friend said immediately, "Please take me back to my home," and at once, he was back in his home country. The other one said, "I want to be back in my country in a palatial building full of riches." And he found himself in a palace in his homeland with all the wealth he desired. Then the giant asked the third friend, "What do you want?" He said, "I want both of them back here." At once the other two friends were back on the island and the giant disappeared with the stone.

SAT BHAI CHAMPA JAGORE

Long, long ago, there was a very rich king. He had many elephants, many horses and a huge army with skilled soldiers. His treasury was filled with gold, silver, diamonds and many other precious gems. The people in his kingdom were happy.

The king looked after his subjects like his own children, and they in turn respected and loved their king. But the king was very sad. As the king and his queen did not have a child.

Many physicians were consulted, and many offerings to God were made, but they remained childless. So the king was sad. In a melancholy mood, the king called his Prime Minister one day and said, "Dear Prime Minister, you please look after the kingdom and the subjects; I will now go to the forest. I can't bear seeing this palace without a child."

The Prime Minister begged, "O king, kindly do not talk like this. If you go away, we cannot live without you. We will also go with you to the forest. You are still young. Please accept my advice and get one more queen. You will surely have a child with her." The king agreed.

The whole kingdom rejoiced when the king married a beautiful, young girl. She became the small queen, the second queen ('Chota Rani').

This younger queen was so sweet, smiling, simple and sympathetic that everyone loved and liked her. The elder queen accepted the younger queen in the palace with smiles and affection but inside she was not so happy. The younger queen served the king and the elder queen in every way. She used to obey the elder queen like her elder sister.

In course of time, the younger queen became pregnant. After so long, Lord blessed the kingdom. The king was very happy. The poor were fed. Everyone in the palace rejoiced. The king told the Prime Minister, "This is all due to

you."

When the time of delivery came, the younger queen went to the elder queen and said, "'Didi' (elder sister), I do not know what to do during delivery, you please tell me what I should do!" The 'Duyo Ra'ni' (elder queen) said, "'Sister, do not worry, I will do whatever is necessary for your delivery. Leave everything to me. The 'Suyo Ra'ni' (younger queen) was satisfied.

At the time of delivery, the 'Duyo Rani' (elder queen) said to the younger queen, "I have to blindfold your eyes, cover your ears and your face with a big pot, because you should not see and hear what is going on during delivery. The simple, younger queen happily agreed. She delivered a handsome, healthy baby boy. But the elder queen took the babe away, dug a hole near the garbage place in the backyard and buried the child there.

After that, she placed a dog's puppy near the younger queen and showed her, "This is your newborn." The younger queen was so sad, so ashamed. The king felt even more sad. The king could not sleep. The king and the younger queen passed their day with heavy and painful hearts. The puppy was given away.

Again, in course of time, the younger queen gave birth to another boy. This time also the elder queen did the something as before. She replaced the babe with a kitten and buried the child under the garbage place in the backyard.

In this way, the younger queen had seven boys and one girl in seven years. Each time, the elder queen would tie the eyes, close the ears and cover the face of the younger queen with a big pot, so that she could not see or hear anything. She kept a hole near the garbage place in the backyard where she could bury the child and cover it with mud, place garbage over it and she showed a new-born puppy to the younger queen.

The young queen was very sad and ashamed. She

was looked down by everyone. The king was all the more depressed. Though some of the people had doubts in what was going on, no one could talk against the elder queen. All were scared. The Prime Minister kept silent too.

At last, the old queen told the king, "If you keep such a condemned person like the younger queen at home, then I will not stay. It is a disgrace to the palace." The king had affection and pity for the younger queen, but what could he say after so many happenings? So, finally the younger queen was sent out of the king's palace and was given a cottage outside the palace but within the courtyard of the king.

The younger queen had to collect firewood and carry it to the palace. In return, she was given her necessities. This was the arrangement made according to the elder queen's desire. The king could not deny it. The people now called the younger queen wood-collecting queen.

The days passed by when one day, the elder queen went out in the backyard for a stroll and also to see how the wood-collecting queen lived.

She saw seven, big and beautiful flower trees of 'Champa' flower and one tree of 'Pa'rul' flower. All the trees were filled with many, many beautiful flowers and their fragrance filled the entire place.

The elder queen was astonished to see such nice trees with so many nice flowers.

The elder queen went to get some flowers for herself. She wanted to give some to the king and put some in her hair. When she approached the trees, and tried to get a flower she suddenly heard a girl's voice coming from the 'Pa'rul' plant. It said, "Sa't Bha'i Champ'Jago Re" (O seven brothers Champa, wake up!) Then the seven 'Champa' plants asked, "Kena boan Pa'rul da'ko re?" (Why does sister Pa'rul call us?). Then the Pa'rul plant asked "Bara Ra'nii phul nite esechen, phul diva kina?" (Elder queen has come for flowers, should flower be given or not?) The

seven 'Champa' plants replied, "Na' divo, na' divo phool sarge uthuk da'l, a'ge a'suk ra'ja, tabe divo phool." (No, no we will not give flower; first let the king come, then we will give). And just after saying this, all the stems of the plants became straight and stretched up to the sky beyond reach.

The queen was surprised hearing the plants speak! She went to inform the king. The king came himself. The moment the king extended his hand to pick a flower, he suddenly heard the 'Pa'rul' plant speaking, "Sa't Bha'i Champa Ja'go Re (Seven 'Champa' brothers, wake up). Then the 'Champa' plants asked, "Kena boan Pa'rul da'ko re?" (Why sister Paurul, do you call?" The 'Pa'rul' plant said then, "Svayam Raja esechen phool divo kina' (The king himself had come, should we give flowers?)

The seven champa then replied, "Na divo na' divo phool, sarge uthuk da'l a'ge a'suk ka'th kura'ni ra'nii, tabe divo phool." (No, no we will not give flowers, let the stems reach up in the sky, first let the wood-collecting queen come, then we will give flowers). And just after saying this, the stems of all the plants went straight up in the sky.

The king was astonished, "What is this? The plants are talking? And why would they only give to the wood-collecting queen, the younger queen?"

The king immediately called for the younger queen. When she came and went to pick a flower on the king's request the 'Pa'rul' plant again said, "Sa't Bha'i Champa Ja'go re." (Seven brothers champa wake up). Then the seven 'Champa's' asked, "Keno boan Pa'rul Da'ko re?" (Why does sister Parul call us?). Pa'rul replied then, "Svayam Ma' esechen phool divokina." (Our mom herself hath come. Should we give flowers or not?) All the seven 'Champa's' happily said "Divo re divo phool charane lutak da'l" (Oh yes, yes, we would give, we would give flowers, let all the stems bow down and touch her feet). And

all the stems of all eight plants bowed down at the younger queen's feet.

The heart of the younger queen was filled with vibration; but she could not say anything. She picked a lot of flowers from the seven 'Champa' flower plants and one 'Parul' plant and handed over to the king a basketful of these flowers with affection and regard.

The king was touched, his heart was filled with feelings. He called his Prime Minister and told him about all that had happened. The Prime Minister just bowed his head and cried but did not say anything.

In the evening, when the king went to his room, he found the elder queen lying on her bed very, very sick. He immediately sent for the best physician. The sickness was terrible. When the queen turned her position on the bed, sounds of bones breaking could be heard, as if her bones were being broken to pieces.

Many doctors came but they could not cure her. Her sickness became even worse. When she turned left, again there were many sounds. "Mar, mar, mar, mar." It was such a serious bone-breaking sickness, as if all the bones were being broken into pieces. The king became very worried, all the people in the palace were very worried. "How can this bone-breaking disease of the queen be cured?" In the morning, the queen talked to the king.

She said, "O king! I can't bear this anymore, I want to die, please give me some poison." The king broke into tears and said, "Kindly do not talk like that. Anything needed to be done to cure you I will do. I will bring all the best physicians of my kingdom. Please don't worry. You will be cured soon."

The queen said, "If you can do one thing for me, then only can I be cured of this unbearable pain." The king said, "Just tell me what it is that can cure you. Anything that can cure my beloved, I would immediately do. Please say what

can cure your disease?"

The queen said, "If you can immediately cut down those eight flower plants and pour the juice from those plants over me, then only I can be cured."

The king said, "O, only this! It will be done. And the king at once ordered that the eight plants be cut down and brought before him.

The person who was to cut the plants, approached a 'Champa' plant, to cut it. But suddenly, the plant spoke in a polite voice -- "A'ga'y keto niiche keto madhye keto na" ("You cut at the top, you cut below but please do not cut in the middle.") "Madhye a'che ra'ja'r chhele ka'tle pa'be na." ("In the middle there is a prince, if you cut there, then, you will lose him.")

The man was surprised.

As told by the plant, he cut the top and the bottom only. Then from the middle part of the plant, a handsome, young prince came out. He resembled so much the king. In the same way, when he cut the other six 'Champa' plants, they too said the same thing and he cut at the top and the bottom only. Six other princes came out. When the man went to cut the 'Parul' plant, it said, "A'ga'y keto, niiche keto madhye keto na" ("Please cut at the top, cut at the bottom, but do not cut in the middle.") "Madhye a'che rajar meye, ka'tle pa'bena'." ("In the middle, there is a princess, if you cut there, you will not find her.")

The man was astonished at this. He cut the top and the bottom of the 'Parul' plant. From the middle part, a beautiful, young, little princess came out. She looked very much like the younger queen.

The man brought them to his home, gave them proper food, clothes and affection. The eight children told him everything. The man informed the Prime Minister and the Prime Minister said, "Wait, in proper time, all will be resolved."

And he kept them in his own house.

Meanwhile, the woodcutter brought the juice of the trees to the king and all the pieces of the trees too. When the juice was poured on the queen, she woke up. Then she closed the door and when she was by herself, she took out the dry, jute stems from under her bed and told her personal maid to throw them away. (Jute is a particular plant whose stems when dry very easily break. The elder queen had placed these under her mattress so when she turned in her bed, the fragile jute stems broke into pieces causing the sound.) The elder queen was very happy.

The Prime Minister called the king personally. Then he brought the children to him and the man who had cut those plants. Everything was explained to the king. The king also felt very close to the children, but he could not say anything. He exclaimed, "How can a woman give birth to animal babies?" The point struck the king.

The children said, "Please call our mother. She has not seen us yet, and we want to drink her milk too." The Prime Minister went to bring their mother, the younger queen. She was collecting wood in her torn, dusty clothes.

When she came near the children and the king, seeing the children, her heart was filled with inexpressible joy. She thought, "Had I borne real children, they would have been so big now."

Meanwhile, seeing her, the children ran and hugged her calling, "Mom, mom, our poor mom!"

Their mother burst into tears with joy, affection and surprise. Out of deep affectionate feeling for her children, her breasts were filled with milk again. The children sucked her milk and then they told the king, "Give proper clothes for our mom."

The king was so happy, seeing this scene. His heart was about to burst with pleasure. He went to the younger queen, begged apology for himself and asked how it all happened.

The younger queen told the details. She told what happened during her deliveries. Everybody understood the details, what and how the elder queen had tricked the younger one.

The man who cut the plants also disclosed the trick of the sickness of the old queen, as he was the one who supplied her with the jute stems on her demand.

The king and the Prime Minister then disclosed all the facts and punished the elder queen in the presence of people.

(Evil is always doomed in the end.)



BALAKA AND MADHUSUDAN

At the outskirts of a village, there lived a very poor woman. She had a son. When the child became of school age, she had to send him to school. But to go to school, the child, Balak, had to cross a small forest. Balak cried to his mother, "Mom, you bring me to school daily. I cannot go alone in the forest. I feel afraid." And he started crying.

The mother was very sad. She was very poor. She said, "Balak, if I bring you daily to school, when will I get the time to collect wood and sell it to buy something for your food? You see we are so poor!"

But the child continued to weep and said, "No mom, you please accompany me. I cannot go alone in the forest. I feel so afraid!" Then mother said, "You do one thing, my child. You have an elder brother named Madhusudan living in this forest. You call him and ask him to accompany you to school and back. He will tell you many stories too." (One of several names of Lord Krishna was Madhusudan).

The child believed his mother and went to school. While entering the forest he started calling aloud, "O Madhusudan Dada, O my Madhusudan, please come!" But no one came. Then he became more afraid and again cried aloud. "O Dada Madhusudan, please come!" "I feel so afraid. Mom told me you would come when I call. Please come, Dada (beloved elder brother)."

And just then, he saw a very handsome young boy, elder than him, lovingly smiling and walking towards him. He said, "Dear Balak, I am sorry. I was engaged and so came a bit late to you. From now on, everyday I will come on time for you."

Madhusudan held his hand and both went across the forest. They were talking, smiling and Dada Madhusudan told so many good stories to Balak. Balak was very happy. When they crossed the

forest, Madhusudan said, "Dear Balak, now you can go alone, I have to go. I have many things to do." And he left promising to come again after school was over in the afternoon.

At home, Balak told his mother all about Madhusudan and she was very glad. Hearing this, the mother cried quietly. Balak wondered why his mother had to weep. Since then, everyday, Madhusudan Dada brought the child to school and back.

One day the mother of the headmaster died. The headmaster called all the students and said, "My mother is dead. In her memory, I am to perform a ceremony. I will need so many things. I am to feed the people of the village on the occasion so, I am requesting each one of you to please bring me something according to your capacity so that the function could be properly held." Everybody promised something. Balak said, "I have to ask my mother and will tell you tomorrow."

When he reached home, he told his mother all about this but she said, "Balak, we are so poor, we have nothing to give. Please ask you Madhusudan."

When Balak told this to Madhusudan while going to school, he said, "Tell you headmaster, all the milk needed for feeding the people, you will supply."

Balak told this to the headmaster. The headmaster was very happy. It was difficult for the headmaster to get milk for so many people. Hearing Balak's offer, he thus invited many people for the feast. On the day of the function, Madhusudan gave a small pot of milk to Balak for the headmaster. The small child brought it to the headmaster. Seeing such a small pot of milk and so many invited guests to be fed, the headmaster became very mad at Balak. He gave the pot to the other children asking them to empty the pot and to give it back to Balak. But out of anger he started beating Balak

severly. "Why did you do this to spoil my mother's death ceremony? Now what shall I say to so many invited guests?", he asked.

Soon the children came running, "Sir, sir, a miracle! All the big pots are filled with milk and still there is milk in the small pot. The milk has not lessened. The more we pour the more the pot gets full."

When the headmaster saw this, he was amazed. He took Balak in his arms and begged pardon and asked, "Tell me, who gave you this milk?"

"Why? Madhusudan! He lives in this forest. Everyday he brings me to school. He is very good," replied Balak.

"Can you please show me?" asked the headmaster, "Where is he?" Balak happily agreed. They all went to the fringe of forest. Balak started calling aloud. "O Madhusudan, please come. My master wants to see you." No one came. He again called. No one came. Then Balak started crying. He called with deep feelings. "O Madhusudan, Dada, you please come or else they would say that I tell lies." Still nobody came. Then all of them heard a voice from the forest saying, "Balak, I cannot come now. Your headmaster is not fit to see me. Tell him to go back. Only a simple, pure child like you can find me."

The headmaster wept, hearing the voice. He said weeping, "Balak, you are blessed, God has been with you. I am now to prepare myself for Him."



Toronto, Canada

July, 1989

Dearest Brothers and Sisters:

I pray to Lord to bring you closer and closer to Him and fill your heart with His devotional flow. His flow of love, His devotion makes life blissful. It makes every thing joyful and charming. The more you realize Him the more you enjoy the world as in realizing Him, you get rid of worldly attachments. And when you don't have attachments, you don't have fear of loss and this gives you peace. Here you profit and lose nothing. You like spiritual stories? I am sending several, please read them.

You wrote that they all individually need you and you feel for them all. About this, I am writing a story.



A LOIN-CLOTH AND A RAT

There was a saint in a forest. He had a disciple. Once he told his disciple to take care of his 'Ashram' (a place of meditation) and went away for a pilgrimage.

The disciple stayed behind. Everyday he would hang his 'Langota' (loincloth) to dry after bath and a rat would come and gnaw on it and tear it. So he went to a nearby place to beg for a new piece of cloth.

Someone advised him to keep a cat to catch the rat. The rat problem was solved but he had to now go daily for the cat's milk. A wise person advised him to keep a cow for milking, so that he did not have to beg daily for milk and he could have some for himself too. Thus, he asked a rich person for a cow. Now he had no problem for the milk but he had to take care of the feeding, milking and arranging for the fodder of the cow. To get the fodder, he started asking around for it. A sympathetic person advised him, "Why don't you keep some persons and cut the jungle trees and cultivate the land? This way you will have fodder for the cow, food for your men and you will live happily. The men would look after your cow too!

He followed the advice. Now he had a cow, calf, men, cultivation, houses for their stay, storeroom, kitchen. The men needed their families too and they came. Soon the whole arrangement became quite a complicated job for the disciple to do.

One intelligent person advised him, "Please marry and have a wife. She will look after all your things and you can peacefully meditate." It was a good advice so he got married and eventually had children. Now he had a well-established place with a house, children, workers, cattle. His relatives also came and settled down.

After sometime the saint returned from his

journey. He could not find his Ashram in the area of the forest where it was before. He asked the people if they knew where his disciple was. He told the name. The people showed the saint where the disciple was staying with his family. When he entered the house, the disciple recognized him and did 'Pran'a'm' at his feet. The saint asked, "What is all this?" The disciple said, "All thses came about because of the loincloth." He then told the saint the whole story.

The saint said, "Whatever has happened is now past. Now, come, get up. Leave all these and follow me."

The disciple was amazed. He said, "Lord, my wife, mother, relatives, they all love me so much. They will die out of sorrow if I leave them!" The saint said, "Is that so? Then you do one thing. I will give you a piece of a root. Keep it under the tongue in your mouth and go and lie down. You will see, hear, and feel everything but will remain lifeless due to this root. See what happens." The disciple did as he was told. At noontime, when he did not arrive for lunch, all started looking for him and found him almost dead in his bed. All assembled around him and started crying aloud. The disciple was touched. He thought, "How can my Master ask me to leave them? They cry for me so much and love me so dearly!" In a short while, the saint came and asked what happened. The saint then checked the disciple's body and he said, "He still could have his life back by my grace but one of you has to give your life force to him and die in his place."

When the saint said this, immediately almost everyone left the place. The brothers and sisters gave some reasons and left the place. The wife said that the children were young and that she had to look after them else they will not survive so she has to live and that whatever has happened is God's will, and then, she too

went away slowly. The mother was crying but she too had to care for her other children as their wives were about to deliver babies and needed her presence, so she could not accept the condition. Everybody left the disciple.

Finally, the saint took out the root from his mouth and the disciple got up and said, "Master, pardon me, I was hallucinating. Come let us go!"

This is the normal relation in the world. He told us to do what is needed and reasonable and not to be overcome by emotions. You need to be clear about the relationship with the world. Don't just be guided by false attachments.



THE BUNIAN TREE

There was a man walking on the road under bright sun. As the day was hot, he got tired from walking. So he rested under a big banyan tree. The shade of the big tree made him feel cool and he lay down. While lying down, he saw that the tree was very big. The shade was nice and there were birds on the tree. But the tree's fruits the man noticed were very, very small in comparison to the size of the tree itself. They were just the size of a marble. He thought, "God is so funny. He made such a small fruit in a big tree like this banyan tree! Had he made the fruits bigger, the birds as well as the travellers could enjoy the fruits while resting under its shade." Thinking like this, he fell asleep. Suddenly a fruit fell on his forehead from the tree. He woke up scared and sat down with folded hands. He said, "Thank you God! You did not give big fruits to this tree else today my head would have been broken."

This is how we misunderstand His creation. He has a good reason for everything.



EVERYTHING IS FOR THE BETTER

There were two friends, the Prince and the general's son. Both were very close friends. Once they went hunting in the forest. They tried the whole day to hunt but in vain. They tried returning quickly but the Prince met an accident and his left finger was cut off. It was so painful. The general's son showed sympathy for his pain but told him: "Don't worry, whatever God does is for the best." The prince became very angry at this. He said, "What?" My finger is cut and you say God did it for the best! You are making fun of my condition, Go away! I don't need your company." And he ordered him to leave the place.

The general's son was so sad but what could he do? He had to obey the prince; he tried to appeal but the angry prince was really upset and mad at what happened to his finger. It was already gone! They parted and went separately.

Before reaching the end of the forest, the prince was caught by a gang of dacoits. The robbers had vowed to their goddess that they would offer to her some wealthy person's son as a sacrifice in return for blessing them with success in their robbery. They were thus very happy to find a Prince as their offering for the goddess. They took the Prince to their leader who was preparing for worship. Before offering the prince, they bathed him. After this, he was brought to be beheaded before the Goddess's idol. This was their ritual.

When the prince was brought to be killed, the gang leader noted that blood was coming out from his cut hand. He said to his followers, "He is a deformed person. A wounded and incomplete body cannot be offered to the Goddess. This would not bring success."

So the prince was rejected as a sacrifice and was set free.

When the prince was free, he praised God and

thanked Him that by taking away his finger the God had saved his life. He regretted for saying wrong things to his friend. The next day, he went to his friend, begged for apology and narrated, what had happened, in the forest. The general's son was happy to get back his dear friend.

"God does everything for our welfare."



THE SNAKE AND THE SAINT

There lived a very ferocious and poisonous snake near the roadside of a village. It had bitten to death many persons and animals. Everyone one was afraid to go that way for fear of the snake.

Once a saint was passing that way. The villagers warned him not go that way, "A poisonous snake lives there. It will kill you, please don't go that way", the villagers told the saint.

But the saint did not care and walked that way. He saw the snake coming towards him to bite him. He took some water from the 'Kamandalu' (a water pot) in his hand and threw it over the snake, while uttering some 'Mantra'. Immediately the snake calmed down. The saint then told him not to bite and kill anymore. The snake wanted to become a disciple of the saint. The saint said, "Well, I will initiate you when I come back this way after my trip. Till then I give you some moral teachings to follow. Never bite anybody from today," said the saint and he left.

When the people saw that the saint was not bitten, they became very curious and went to look for the snake. They noticed that the snake was not coming to bite anymore. The children took this chance. They started throwing stones and bricks at the snake. The snake became almost dead. Badly wounded, it entered its hole. Since then whenever the snake would come out, the children would hit it badly and wound it severely. The snake was almost starving in its hole. It was wounded all over the body.

After some months, the saint returned. Not finding the snake, he inquired from the villagers, "Have you seen the snake that used to live here?" The children ran shouting, "Yes, yes, it is here inside the hole." The saint called for the snake. With great trouble the snake came out and paid its regards at the

saint's feet. The saint asked; "What is all this? Why are you so badly wounded? What happened to you? With a weak voice the snake replied, "This is all due to following your teachings. You told me not to bite anybody. Since then these children have been throwing stones at me." Now I can't even come out for food. I am dying Master." The saint said, "Oh, I told you not to bite. Did I tell you not to "hiss"? From now on if anybody comes nearby, hiss, but don't bite."

After imparting initiation to him the saint left. The children as before, came running to hit the snake. Now the snake raised his head and hissed! "Run away, run away, O my God, the snake is up again," shouting aloud, all the children ran away. Since then the snake lived peacefully. Neither did others hit him nor did he bite anybody. Thus please remember. HISS but don't BITE. Do not harm anybody but show threats when needed.



THE STORY OF BAMAKHEPA

There was a saint in Ta'ra'piitha (in Bengal, India) named Ba'ma'khepa'. He was a practitioner of Tantra and a great devotee of God. He used to call God as "Ma' (mother) Ta'ra'" (one who can liberate, Ta'ra' also means STAR). He used to live in the cremation ground on the outskirts of the forest, near a river. A temple of "Ma' Ta'ra'" was built by his disciples near the place and a priest used to live there. People knew about the spiritual power and elevation of Ba'ma'kepa.

Once some college students from a town went to see the saint. They arrived at noontime. As they sat in the temple yard, they saw Ba'ma'khepa eating his meals on a big piece of leaf near the river, sitting on the sand and with him were three dogs also eating food from the same leaf. The saint was almost naked, black, fat and bulky. After meals, he cleaned his hands with some leaves and sand, wiped his mouth and started going near the temple.

Seeing his manners, the students murmured, "What a nasty chap he is." The priest overheard and said, "Boys, don't talk that way about him, he is a great saint."

The students commented, "Yes, a great saint and he has these manners!" By this time, Ba'ma'khepa' had already reached the temple. He sat near the students and started looking amusingly as if he was looking at strange beings! Suddenly He asked one boy, "What do you see that is present here?"

"Yourself, us, the priest and dogs," said the boy.

Then Ba'ma'khepa' touched his head at the back and asked again, "What do you see now?"

The boy was surprised. He saw different types of creatures in place of his friends. He saw a scorpion, a cat, a dog. Only Ba'ma'khepa, the three dogs and the priest and one more person

looked like human beings. Bamakhepa removed his finger and asked again, "Now say, what did you see? The boy told what he saw.

The saint then explained, "Look, if you are to die now, you will take those forms as per your mental state. These three dogs were good people in the past but for some mistakes they had to take this form. Again, they will resume their human form in the future birth.

Never hate anybody for what they do and what they are outwardly."

The boys paid their regards to Ba'ma'khepa. This is how a great personality helps us in realizing the essence of life and our relation with God.



WHERE IS GOD ?

There was a king. In his court, the king noticed that his Prime minister was late everyday. at times, the Prime Minister would arrive even after the king had already arrived. The king felt bad about this. But he did not want to injure the feelings of the Prime Minister. The Prime Minister was a very religious and pious man. He was helpful to the king and to the public as well. People respected him a lot. So the king did not wish to go against the opinion of the general public. But he did not like to tolerate the Prime Minister's habitual laziness either.

So, one day, the king's court had already started but as usual, the Prime Minister arrived late. The king was in a bad mood. He asked the Prime Minister, "Why do you come so late to the court?"

The Minister said, "Your Honor, I miss the time due to my meditation and worship of God."

The king said, "Well, I don't care what you do, but if what you say is true, then you have to answer my three questions. If you answer satisfactorily then whatever you want would be given. If you cannot answer then you will be beheaded."

The Prime Minister understood that the king was really annoyed with him. He said, "Your honor, I will try my best to answer your questions."

King asked, "Where does God live? Facing which direction does He sit? And what does He do?"

The Prime Minister understood, the king was not only asking for answers, he also wanted proofs. The questions had to be answered with proof! How can he prove that God exists?

The Prime Minister said, "Your Honor, I pray for 15 days time to give the answers. Please grant it!"

The king said, "All right, you will have this time and within this period you need not come to

the court. But if I am not satisfied with the answers you give I have no alternative but to have you beheaded." The Prime Minister paid his salutation to the king and returned home with a heavy heart.

At home, he was always in deep thought. How to satisfy the king with answers! He was so sad and worried that he remained always in his room and did not even take his meals. Several days passed, his younger daughter noticed this.

She asked him, "Father, why are you not eating these days? You look so sad and worried. What is your problem? The Minister tried to avoid her, saying, "Don't worry, my daughter, I will be all right. It is just some official problem."

The daughter insisted and said, "No papa, you have to tell me. I will try to help you. I have never before seen you like this. You don't even eat and you look so sad. You have become weak already. You have to tell me what is the problem?"

The father said, "Don't worry about me. Anyway, I am already old, and how long do I have to live in this world? I just wish you to remain happy."

The daughter felt pain and she said, "What has happened to you? You seem so depressed and disheartened? Please tell me, what is the problem? Else, I also will not take any food from now on until you tell me your problems. I can't bear to see you like this anymore."

Her father then had to tell her. He said, "Look, it is a problem which cannot be solved. The king is annoyed with me. I worship God and sometimes I arrive at the court late. So out of anger he asked these three questions: Where does God exist? Facing which direction does He sit and what does He do" I have been granted 15 days time to answer. But how can I satisfy the king with my answers? The king won't accept just any answer. He wants proofs. And if I cannot give satisfactory answers with proofs, I would be

beheaded as punishment. But if he is satisfied, he would give whatever I ask from him."

The daughter said, "Is this your problem? And for this you are not eating for days? You and your king both are like two kids. Forget about this little problem. It is no problem at all. You come and take your meal, I will answer these questions. I thought your king was intelligent. Tell me what should I ask for you from your king after the answers?" The old minister smiled at his daughter's talk. She brought him food and fed him.

On fifteenth day, the king sent his men with a vehicle for the Prime Minister. When the men arrived, the daughter said, "Father, you rest, I will go and give answers." The Minister said, "No, no, this cannot be, the king is adamant. You don't worry, let me go to my fate."

The daughter said, "Papa,; you are uselessly worrying; just see how I satisfy your king. I won't let you go; you have to stay. I will go." And she went with the men to the king's court. The king was already waiting with his court when the daughter arrived. With due respects to the king, she said, "Your honor, I am the daughter of your Prime Minister. My presence is enough to answer your questions. For such simple questions, my father need not answer. Please ask your first question.

The king looked at her amusingly and asked, "Where does God exist?" She replied, "Please order for some milk for the answer."

The milk was brought. She then churned the milk and when the cream came to the top, she asked, "Can you please say, Honorable king, where the cream was in this milk?"

She then said, "The cream is present everywhere in the milk but cannot be seen under normal conditions. Only when it is churned properly will the cream come up and can be seen. So it is with God. He exists everywhere in this universe, but one who can properly churn his/her mind with

the thought of God, can realize Him." She then gave another example to emphasize her point. "As there is oil in the mustard seed but can be found only by crushing it properly; as there is fire in wood but can be found only after properly rubbing it together; as there is current in water under the sand of the riverbed but can be seen only when the sand is removed by effort, also God is present in each and every particle of this universe. To realize Him one has to open his intuitional eye by concentrating on cosmic thought and through proper use of knowledge, meditation and spiritual practices. One has to control the attitudes of the mind."

The king was very satisfied and he then asked the answer to the second question, "Facing which direction does he sit?"

The daughter requested to close all the doors and windows of the courtroom. It became almost dark. She then asked for a matchbox and she lit a matchstick. With the lighted matchstick in her hand, she asked the king, "Your honor, which direction is the light going?"

The king said, "In all directions."

She then said, "God also sits facing all directions all the time. He has no limitations."

By now, the court was already impressed by her answers, and so was the king. She asked the king, "What is your third question, your honor?"

The king asked, "What does God do?"

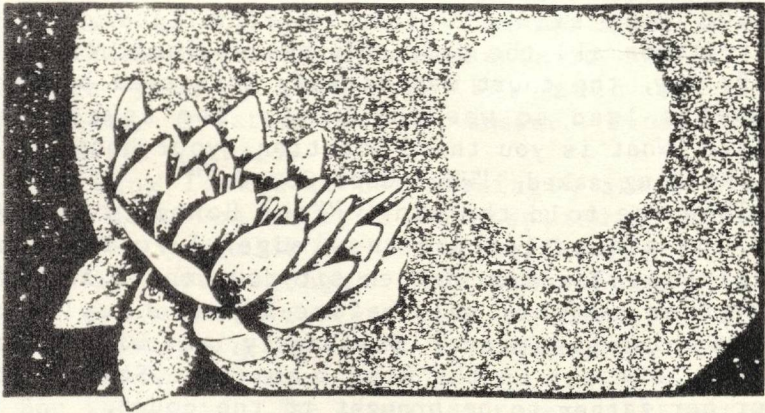
Then she told the king, "Your Honor, you are asking a question for knowledge, I am the one replying. You should then sit down and I should be given a higher seat before I give a reply to your third question." Smilingly, the king came down. She sat on the king's throne. She asked for her father to be brought to the court.

When the Minsiter came, he was so afraid and worried, thinking all the while, "The king must be very angry." And he was worried as to what might have happened to his daughter. But when he arrived, and saw her sitting on the throne and

the king in a lower place, he was bewildered. He looked around and could not figure out what was happening.

The daughter asked him to sit on a chair, and he said to the king, "Your Honor, this is what God does. He generates (creates, constructs), operates (maintains, cares for) and destroys. Once who is great today will go away. One who is unknown, will come up. This creation, operation and destruction is His work. This is what He does."

The king was really satisfied with her answers and said to his Prime Minister, "Honorable Prime Minister, I am really pleased by your daughter's answers. You may ask anything you want. From now on, I will provide for all your needs and would like to grant you full time for you meditation and worship. You need not take any more trouble in coming to court to work daily. God bless you."



LAHIRI MAHASAYA

There was a saint in India named Shya'ma' Charan La'hiri. He was known as La'hiri Maha'shaya. Today I will tell you how he got His Guru.

He was posted as a forest officer at Ranikhet, a small station of the Northern Railway in India. His duty was to see to the proper transportation of logs from that station. But transportation would pass by that place only a few times a week to carry logs so he had ample free time.

He was young and very fond of hunting. One day he went far into the forest with his gun to hunt. It was getting dark and he started back as fast as he could. Suddenly he heard someone calling him by his name in his mother tongue (he was from a Bengali-speaking family).

"Shya'macharan, O Shya'ma'charan." He looked towards the sound and saw an old, fair-complexioned person standing on a big rock and calling him. He was surprised how the person knew his name and calling him so naturally in his mother tongue. Shyamacharan went near him.

He was a very aged saint. He had a lantern with him and he asked Shyamacharan to follow him inside a nearby, big cave. Inside the cave there were two deer skins, one big and one a bit smaller.

The saint was known as Ba'ba'ji. Ba'baji asked Shya'ma'charan, showing the smaller deer skin, "Shya'ma'charan, do you recognize these things?" Shyamacharan saw the deer skin, some ashes from burnt firewood and a pot of water (Kamandalu of the sages).

He replied, "No". Babaji asked him to sit on the deer skin. Shya'ma'charan sat down. Then Babaji touched the back of his head and Shyamacharan saw a vision of his past life.

This was the place where he used to meditate about 30 years before and the Ba'ba'ji was his Guru (Master). This was his seat of meditation

in his past life'... Babaji removed his hand and said, "Shyama'charan, I knew you would come; I waited so long for you. Now you go home. Come tomorrow morning with an empty stomach." Shyamacharan bowed his head at the Guru's feet and went home.

In the early morning he came back. Ba'ba'ji gave him a pail of oily drink and said, "Drink it and go stay near the river. I will meet you there." Shya'ma'charan drank the fluid and went near the river. The entire day he vomitted and passed bowel several times. Then he understood why Ba'ba'ji had ctold him to stay near the river. In the evening, Ba'ba'ji came and aksed him to take a bath in the river and go back to the cave.

When Shya'ma'charan went to the cave after bath, the cave was filled with the nice smell of "luchi" and "ha'lva", a very delicious Bengali cake and sweet and also a medicinal food for dysentery. Shya'ma'charan was surprised where all the food had come from.

Ba'ba'ji told him, "Sit down and take food."

After he took the meal, he felt good. Then Ba'ba'ji taught him the meditational process. He stayed with him until he learned it. Then Ba'ba'ji told him, "Go now, practice it daily at home, and whenever you need me, call, and I will come to meet you."

Shya'ma'charan was overwhelmed with joy and surprise. Alone in his small quarters with the door closed he would practise the process and perform the exercises taught to him, on a blanket on the floor. His friends noticed the change in him. He did not like to play cards or go for hunting anymore. Instead he passed his extra time in practice. They wondered what he did behind the closed door of his room.

Shya'ma'charan told them everything that happened to him. They laughed and said, "You had just been hypnotized. You believe all these things things?"

Shya'ma'charan tried explaining to them how much pleasure and benefit he got out of it. They just said it was the hallucination of his mind.

So one day they said, "Well, if all what you say is true, then call your Guruji once in our presence. He promised you he would come whenever you call and need him." Shya'ma'charan agreed.

They all sat in his room and Shya'ma'charan meditated and called his Guruji. There was a knock on his door. All were astonished. But Ba'ba'ji was not pleased.

He told Shya'ma'charan, "Shya'ma'charan! Did I give you all these things to make fun of me? From now on I will come by myself when I feel you need me. You don't have to call me." Shya'ma'charan fell at his feet. Guruji blessed him and left.

After that incident, Shya'ma'charan got transferred from the Ranikhet station. In his later life he achieved realization along with his worldly duties. He was a realized saint in family life.

Two instances of the special help he gave to his devotees, I will mention here:

Once one of his devotees was going to meet him. Laniri was in Varanasi (Benares) and the devotee had to catch a train at Howrah station in Calcutta for Benares. He was a bit late in arriving at the station but he had an intense urge to catch that train to meet his Guru. Howrah is a very big station. When he arrived at the station, the time for the train to leave the platform was almost approaching. It would take him sometime to get the ticket and run to the platform. He ran as fast as he could to the ticket counter.

In the meantime, the guard had shown his signal, the train whistled for departure but the train did not move. The mechanic started searching what the problem was but they could not figure out what it was.

In the meantime, several minutes passed. The

devotee got his ticket and ran to the train. He had no hope to catch the train but he was crying in the heart to catch it. Just when he put his bag in the train, the train started moving slowly.

When he arrived in Benares and met Lahiriji, Lahiri told him, "Can you not come to the station a bit on time so all the passengers do not have to wait for you?"

The devotee understood his mistake. Due to his intense urge to catch the train Guruji had to take trouble to detain the train for him.

The second incident happened on another occasion. One of the devotees and disciple of Lahiri Maha'saya had problems with his supervisor in the office. His supervisor had heard of Lahiriji and knew that his junior was a disciple of Lahiriji. The supervisor always made fun of his employee saying that all things he had learned were false and a foolishness and weakness of the mind.

The devotee was much pained in the heart, but what could be done! His supervisor did not like him because of his strict moral standing and principles.

One Sunday he was able to convince his supervisor to come with him to meet his Guru, Lahiri Maha'saya. When they arrived, there were already people sitting around Lahiri Maha'saya. The devotee introduced the supervisor to Lahiri Maha'saya.

Time passed quickly. Then Lahiriji said, "Close all the doors and windows and sit for meditation." The room was a bit dark now. A few minutes later Lahiriji asked all, "Look, do you recognize this woman?"

They all saw a beautiful young woman standing in the room but none knew her. The supervisor was quiet. Lahiriji asked him, "Do you know this lady?"

He replied "yes". Lahiriji then became grave. The woman disappeared slowly. Lahiriji spoke to

the supervisor. "Don't you feel it is immoral to have an affair with another woman when you have a wife? If your wife knows, how would she feel?"

He said to the disciples, "See,; he is a gentleman but he goes to this woman hiding from his wife." The man promised to change his ways. Lahiriji blessed him. Thereafter, the supervisor never misbehaved with his employee and had respect for Lahiri Maha'saya.



A VERY RICH AND SPIRITUAL PERSON

A long time ago there was a very great king, who was highly spiritual, a great devotee of God and respected by people as a realized person (who knew and had attained the truth.)

Hearing of him, once, a sage went to meet this kingly devotee to learn some spiritual knowledge from him. When he arrived at the king's place, he was honorably greeted and brought to the king's resting room. The saint saw that the king was resting on a fine soft bed and was being fanned by beautiful women. All around luxurious commodities were present. Amidst all these comforts and enjoyments, the rich king was comfortably lying down on the bed. The sight and thought itself gave a repulsive feeling to the sage.

He thought, "What can I learn from such a materially minded person? The holy king got up at the sage's arrival, greeted him with respect and requested him to rest and feel free to order anything he wished. The king understood the feelings of the sage, smiled inside his heart and let him rest first. All facilities for his stay and needs were prepared.

At dinner, there were delicious and tasteful preparations of different varieties. The room was lighted properly in honor of the sage. The king and the sage sat for dinner while other women and helpers served the food.

The arrangements were made in such a way that a heavy, sharp and shining sword hung with a very thin string just above the chair of the sage. If it fell it meant death for the sage. The string was so thin in comparison to the heavy sword, that it seemed that it would snap at any moment. With great attention the sage took his seat for dinner. Then he noticed that a fresh piece of meat was also hung above the table. It was full of blood. He also saw that a drop of blood was about to drop any moment from the piece of meat.

It was so positioned that if the blood dropped, it would fall on the sage's plate. The sage was a strict vegetarian, so the thought of fresh blood dropping on his food came to his mind. But much more than that was the extreme fear of the heavy, sharp sword hanging with a thin string straight above his head.

The meal was served. The king and his people were humbly requesting the sage to take some more food and not to hesitate. The sage was eating but all the while, from the corner of his eye he was watching if the blood would drop on his plate. Every moment, he glanced to see if the sword was still there.

In such a state, the royal dinner ended and the king requested the sage to please come with him so they could sit and talk for awhile. The sage got his breath back and he immediately got up from his chair, cautiously looking at the sword above, and left with the king. When he left, the helpers serving the food exchanged smiles.

The king asked the sage, "How did you like the taste of the food?" The sage said, "Well, good enough." The king asked, "Was there any particular taste you liked most so that it can be prepared again tomorrow?" The sage said, "You are asking me the taste! My mind was always on the sword hanging over my head and on the blood that would drop on my plate. So I don't remember any taste." Then the king replied, "See, only for the fear of the sword dropping and the blood dripping on your plate, you could not enjoy a delicious meal. How much more if you get the pleasure of God realization which is far, far more heart thrilling and blissful? One who attains that happiness, the taste of all pleasures in the world becomes like taste of vegetables cooked without salt. And seeing me with some mundane materials you just thought that I was attached to them."

The sage apologized for his mistake and asked for spiritual knowledge and guidance.

RAMAKRISHNA AND HARISH GHOSH

Sri Ramakrishna was a holy person. He used to pass a simple, gentle life. While in worship, during meditation, he used to forget all about other things. Sometimes he would cry in God's name. At other times he would act like a child. People used to call him Pa'gla Thakur (mad God). He could see the "ins" of people's hearts and desires. Many devoted disciples used to come to him daily to obtain guidance and to feel his holy presence.

At that time, one Mr. Girish Ghose, was a prominent playwright and actor of Bengal (India). He was from an aristocratic family. Along with the high merit of art and drama, he had also had bad habit of drinking and other vices. One day He decided to see Ramakrishna. He had heard so much about him.

When he arrived at Ramakrishna's place at Dakhineshvar in Calcutta, he saw Ramakrishna sitting with many others and talking to them. Girish Ghose sat at the back. He saw the simple looking, introvert Ramakrishna and thought, "This is Pa'gla Tha'kur!" Girish Ghose was surprised and thought, "Does he know everything of others hearts?" Smilingly, Ramakrishna looked at him and told, "Yes, yes, I know."

"My goodness," thought Girish, "then he might also know about my drinking habit and other vices. He might tell it to others!"

And he left the place for his home.

On the way home, he constantly thought of Ramakrishna only. What a miraculous person is he! As evening approached, Girish Ghose felt an intense desire to go back and meet him again. So he went again and found Ramakrishna alone, dancing in his room, raising hands upwards and almost naked. Seeing his condition through the window, Girish Ghose thought, "My goodness, it seems he also drinks a lot." All of a sudden, Ramakrishna approached him and said, "Yes, yes, I

drink a lot, would you like to drink also?"

Then Ramakrishna said, "Sura'pa'n karine a'mi sudha'kha'i jai ka'li bole (use of wine will not do, divine nectar I drink in Lord's name). "Would you like to drink it?" Again he asked Girish. Girish Ghose said, "Can I have it? Would you please give me this?" Ramakrishna said, "Why not, come, come."

And he touched the head of Girish Ghose and Girish went into a trance. Since then, Girish Ghose changed his lifestyle. He left drinking and all other habits and became a strong devotee of Shri Ramkrishna.



September, 1989

Toronto, Canada

Dear Big Brother,

My cordial love and good wishes to you and your family.

Here are some stories about ideal family life and some topics on Baba's philosophy which I am sure you will like.



A GURU CHOOSING HIS SUCCESSOR

There was a highly elevated saint living in an 'Ashram'. Many sacrificing devotees lived with him in the 'Ashram'. Some of them also became monks in the 'Ashram' and gave up all worldly attachments. They were always engaged in their spiritual practices or in serving their Guru, the saint. The saint had some disciples who were householders too. They used to visit him at times and follow his directions.

One day the saint called all the devotees, both the monks and the family holders. He said to them, "Look, I am now getting aged. Soon I have to leave this body. Before I go, I want to make one of you in-charge of all my disciples and 'Ashram' in my absence. I will soon make the decision and let you know who that person will be!" Hearing this his disciples started giving full attention to their work. Some would practice meditation for long hours. Some would attend to the saint's calls and serve him as well as they could at all times. They were thinking and wondering who amongst them would be the fortunate one to become the saint's heir.

Days passed. One day, again the saint called all his devotees together. Amongst all the monks and the householders, he chose one who was a householder to be in-charge and have the authority over the 'Ashram' during his absence. He was a family man with wife, children and a job. Apparantly everybody showed satisfaction at the saint's decision but internally the monks and renunciates staying in the 'Ashram' with the saint were not happy. They thought that may be due to old age, the saint's mind was not functioning properly, else how could he make a family person as in-charge of the renunciated ones!"

The saint understood their thoughts. Thus after a few days, the saint called his disciples staying in the 'Ashram' and said, "I am thinking

of reconsidering my decision regarding the the person to be incharge during my absence. Today I will give a test to all of you staying at the 'Ashram', so as to finalize the decision. Go and all of you bring one cup each."

When they brought the cups, he filled the cups fully with oil and told them, "Each of you take your oil-filled cups in hand and go around the town and come back. But be very careful. Not even a drop of oil should fall from the cup."

They left for town with their oil-filled cups. When they returned after going around town, the saint asked them, "Did anybody's oil fall?" Some of them said, "Yes", they had failed to prevent it from falling. Some said "no." The saint then asked them, "Tell me, what did you all see in town?" The replied, "Oh Master! How could we see anything? All the attention was to prevent the oil from falling down. We did not see anything."

The saint then told them, "Look, only for some oil you failed to see anything in the town. But this family man whom I have made in-charge of everything during my absence is so sincere that even after his household work, job and worldly responsibilities, everyday he is regular in his practices of meditation and daily in meditation he used to cry praying me to give him a chance to give service to others. And you fellows have gathered here, show renunciation to the outer world and inwardly day and night you desire my chair when I am gone. You think that due to my old age, my mind is not properly functioning and how about your brain and mind? Fools! Do not think that God does not know what is in your heart! You have renounced the world for attainment of spiritual goal, not to occupy a chair!"

They all understood their mistake.

THE ELEPHANT AND FOUR PERSONS

A big elephant was passing by the street. Four persons were sitting in a room and one of them saw the reflection of the elephant in a small mirror hanging in the room. He told his friends, "Look, look a big thing is going," he had seen only the trunk of the elephant. The next friend immediately went to see. He saw the reflection of the ear in the mirror. Then the third went to see. He saw the body of the elephant in the mirror. Then the fourth friend went to see and he saw one of the legs.

They started a discussion about what it was that they saw. They went out and asked a person on the road, what it was that just passed by. The man replied that it was an elephant. One of the friends said, "Yes, yes, I saw the elephant, it was like a big thick rope (he had seen the trunk). Then the second friend who had seen the ear on the mirror said, "No, no it was like a big plate." The third said, "What are you talking about! I have seen it clearly, it was like a wall." and the fourth one who saw one leg said, "You are all crazy, the elephant is like a thick pillar."

The man on the road smiled at their ignorance.

This is how people of different religions having different experiences of the Omnipotent God express themselves about Him. The unit mind cannot grasp His entire vastness. When the unit mind tries to know Him, slowly it merges into Him, like a grain of salt which tries to measure the depth of the ocean. It finally merges in the ocean. In the process of this merger, the unit mind experiences the blissful reflection of the Lord's glory and also attains the higher mental expansion which enables the aspirant to know the presence of cosmic effulgence in each and every particle of this cosmological world. With the glory of the Lord, the unit mind too gets glorified. This is the reunion with the origin.

OF FISH AND FISHERMEN

Three fish used to live in a pond with their families. Once some fishermen were passing by the side of the pond. They talked amongst themselves and said, "Let us fish in this pond tomorrow. There are lots of fish in it."

The fish in the pond heard it. They held a meeting to decide what should be done! One of the fish, called, "A thousand intellect" said, "I damn care. I know a thousand ways to trick them, let them come. Let us see how they get me!" The other one, named "A hundred intellect" said, "I perfectly know 100 ways to play around. If they come from this way, I will go out of that way, if they approach from that way, I will go up and down and come out another way. I won't worry. They can't get me." The third one called Ek Buddhi (one intellect) said, "You all are great. I have only one intellect, that is prevention is better than cure? I will go to another pond tonight before they arrive in the morning." Others smiled at him, "Poor fish Ek Buddhi!!"

When dusk came, Ek buddhi went away to another pond with all his family members. The next day, the fishermen came. In order to avoid waste of their time, they put their nets in all the different parts of the pond at the same time and caught the Thousandad-Intellect and the Hundred-Intellect fish with their families. They hung the fish on a long stick and carried them on their shoulders. When they passed by the pond, Ek buddhi saw that Thousand-Intellect and Hundred-Intellect fish and their families were being taken away by the fishermen. He thanked God and said, "Lord, your mercy is on me that you have made me plain and simple, thus I am saved today. See the condition of the tricky fish! They are being carried away with their entire families by the fishermen!"

TRUE DEVOTEES

A great devotee of Lord Krsna, Saint Na'rad, once asked Lord Krsna, "O Lord, I don't understand why you don't give liberation to those yogis who are meditating and only thinking of you day and night, being alone in the forest and giving up their family life. They are your great devotees." Lord Krsna smiled and said, "Na'rad perhaps you are right. But to be sure, once you should go around the earth and meet different yogis and spiritual practitioners and find out if they really love me and feel for me that I may bring them to my kingdom of liberation."

Na'rad went forth to visit the yogis.

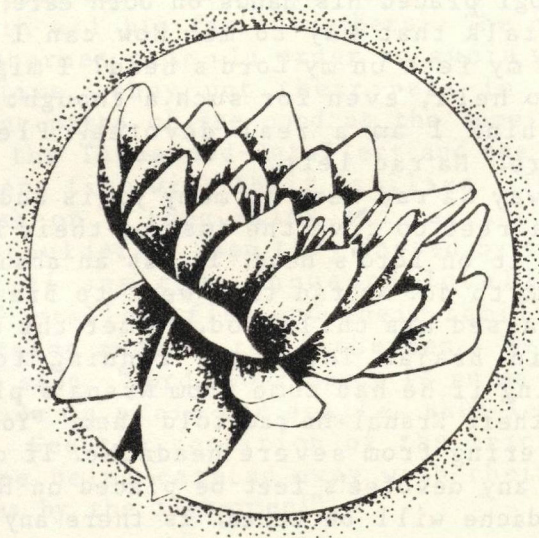
Na'rad saw an old yogi who had been trying for liberation for many years. Na'rad said, "O great yogi! You must be a great devotee of the Lord. I have come to you because the Lord has a headache, and the physician has told the Lord, that if the dust of the feet of any devotee of the Lord can be placed on his forehead, then his headache will be cured. So I am here to get dust from your feet so that it can be placed on Lord's head.

The yogi placed his hands on both ears, "Please do not talk that way to me. How can I put the dust of my feet on my Lord's head? I might have to go to hell, even for such a thought! And I don't think I am a real devotee. Please try elsewhere!" Na'rad left.

This way Na'rad went to many yogis and saints. No one agreed to give the dust of their feet for placing it on Lord's head. It was an absurd thing for them to do. Na'rad then went to Braja where Krsna passed his childhood. He met the boys and girls in Braja. They came running to Na'rad inquiring if he had come from Krsna's place and how is their Krsna! Na'rad told them, "Your Krsna is suffering from severe headache. If only the dust of any devotee's feet be placed on His head, the headache will be cured. Is there any devotee amongst you whose feet's dust I can carry and put

on Lord's head?"

They told Na'rad to wait for awhile and immediately they put the dust from all their feet on a piece of cloth and handing over that cloth to Na'rad, they said, "Na'rad, we don't know if there is any devotee amongst us. But if there is any, the dust from his feet is also here. Please go quickly and place it on Krsna's head so that our beloved can be cured of His pain." Na'rad told them, "What are you talking about? What fools you are! Don't you know that if you are not a devotee and your feet's dust is placed on the Lord's head, you have to suffer the consequences and go to eternal hell?" They replied, "Na'rad, please don't worry about us. Please go quickly and place this dust on our beloved Krsna's head. If luckily anybody amongst us is a devotee, then our Krsna will be cured. We do not fear to go to hell or heaven, if we can but see Him just happy and healthy." Na'rad then understood how deep a love they had for the Lord. They were the real devotees.



WHAT IS DESTINED WILL HAPPEN

In India, two brothers lived in a village. The elder one went for spritual practice in the forest. After a very long practice, he acquired occult powers and returned to the younger one and said, "Look what I have achieved through practice." He crossed a river without getting wet, using his powers. The younger brother called a boatman, paid 10 cents, crossed the river by boat and said to his elder brother. "What you have achieved during these years of your practice is worth 10 cents."

Disappointed, the elder brother returned again to the forest and meditated stronger. One day, while sitting under a tree, a crow passed stool on his head. He looked furiously at the crow and his anger was such that it burned the crow. When he saw what had happened he thought to himself. "I have attained much power by my meditation!"

He went to a house in a nearby village. There he demanded food and rest. The lady of the house replied, "Please wait. My husband has just arrived and I am serving him food. After his meal, I will serve you too." The sage was so annoyed at the indifference of the lady. He replied, "Don't you know who I am?" The lady then turned to him and calmly said, "I am not a crow that you can burn me. Please wait. I shall serve you after my duty." The sage was so astonished at her reply. He inquired how she came to know about the crow. The lady said, "If you want to know the answer, you have to meet my Guru; he is a shoemaker and sits in front of Banares Temple."

After his meal and some rest, the sage walked until he found the Guru. He was then repairing a pair of shoes. The sage said, "I want to learn the truth from you." The Guru replied. "Please wait. By the time I am through with this shoe, my house will catch fire and I have to manage that, thereafter we shall sit and talk."

In a short while, a man came rushing informing

that his house was burning. They ran to save the house and the belongings. When it was all over, the sage asked, "When you knew that the fire will occur, why did you not arrange something earlier to save your house?" The Guru replied, "If you want to know about it, you have to meet my Guru who is working as a basketmaker near the graveyard."

The sage wanting to know went to the graveyard and found an aged person making bamboo baskets. Upon his arrival, the basketmaker said, "You have come to seek the truth. Please wait. Just now, my only son will arrive from school and go out to play. He will then break his hand and I have to bring him to the village doctor to cure him; thereafter, we shall talk."

Soon, a handsome lad bringing some books came home and after some refreshments went out to play with a friend. After a while, one boy came running to inform that while climbing a tree, the son fell and broke his hand. The basketmaker ran with the injured boy to the doctor. After some time he came back with his son.

The sage wondered at this incident and asked, "When you knew this would happen to your son, why did you not take steps to prevent it?" The basketmaker replied, "Only my Guru can reply. You must meet him. He is the King's manager at the port."

The manager was busy loading a big ship when the sage arrived there. Seeing him the manager said, "My disciple has sent you? Well, I can tell you the mystery of the truth after my duty. Just wait. After the boat leaves, it will soon face calamity and we have to arrange rescue for the survivors. Thereafter, we shall sit and talk."

The ship was fully loaded with valuables and shortly after its departure, there was a big storm and news came that the ship was badly damaged and sank. All tried to rescue the survivors after that. In the night, the sage told the manager, "I am bewildered, Please tell me,

when you knew that all this will happen, why did you load all those valuables?" The Guru replied, "What is scheduled cannot be altered. You can only do your duty and try your best to manage after that. Only he who has conquered the power over nature can alter it and when one acquires that power, his mind becomes universalized beyond perception of pain and pleasure, weal and woe, a balanced state unaffected by any stimuli. This unattachment enables one to enjoy overflowing bliss."

The sage could not grasp the idea and replied, "But if I know in advance, I can surely escape from a calamity"•The Guru smiled and said, "I can see that on the ninth day from now, you will have a chance of being hanged. Can you escape it?" The sage was quick to reply. "Yes I can."

The sage then started to go deep into a forest where he thought he will be alone and safe until the ninth day had passed. After some days, while he was resting, he suddenly heard a woman crying. Curiously, he followed the sound and found that some persons had killed a man and were taking all his belongings. A woman was crying. Seeing the sage, the men ran away. The woman then told the sage that her husband was killed and all their belongings were snatched from them by the robbers. She requested the sage to accompany her up to the city. The sage took pity on her and accompanied her. The girl knew the route and by dusk they reached near the city. The sage then wanted to return. The woman started doubting him. She thought, "Why did this man hesitate to come to the city." So in her confusion, she suddenly cried aloud. People ran to her rescue and caught the sage. The King was informed and the police found clear evidence of a dead body. On the statement of the woman, the sage was deemed to be one of the robbers. There was a trial and he was sentenced to die by hanging after three days. The sage realized that it was the ninth day, just as the Guru had predicted.

The sage was indeed innocent but who could believe him after all the proofs given. Besides, there was no one else who could testify for him except the woman. He was just helpless.

Before his death, as per custom in the kingdom, the king asked the sage, "What is your last desire? It shall be fulfilled." The sage then requested to meet with the holy manager. Thereupon, the king sent some persons to kindly bring the manager.

When the manager arrived, the sage fell at his feet and asked, "Master, you are right. What is scheduled cannot be altered." The king wondered what the sage meant and asked the manager what was happening. Everyone knew that the manager was a highly elevated soul and a perfect man. The manager then told details to the king and also told him to forgive the sage as really and truly, he was innocent of the crime. On the Guru's request, the sage was saved.

The sage then became the disciple of the manager, took a vow in life to realize the truth in heart through meditation, become a perfect being who would do the duty promptly, would not neglect the society and would boast with useless pride and vanity. The Guru taught him, "Within the pain of bondage lies the prophecy of freedom."



THE STORY OF KING JANAK

"A REAL GURU IS ONE WHO KNOWS YOUR POTENTIALITY AND YOUR HEART'S DESIRE GIVES YOU BLESSING TO REALIZE THE TRUTH AND FULFILLS YOUR DESIRE."

There was a noble king in India named Janak. Once he had a dream and was very much perplexed by it. To clear his mind, the king called all the learned persons in the kingdom and announced, "One who can answer my question will receive whatsoever he wishes otherwise all of you will have to stay in my court until I get the proper answer."

Many learned men arrived. The king asked, "Is this true or that was true?" And to the question, some replied, "This is true." The king then asked, "What is this?" and no one could give a proper reply. Some also said, "That was true." The king again asked, "What is that?" And they failed to give an answer. So they all had to stay in court trying to find out the correct answer.

Months passed and still no answer could be found. In the meantime, it so happened that a saint named, As'ta'bakra was passing by that kingdom. He heard of the meeting and thus went to visit the king in his court. The saint was black-complexioned and his body was humped in eight places, he thus had a very ugly appearance. Seeing him in court, all the learned men present there except the king laughed at him. The saint waited awhile then also laughed at the people and started to leave.

His laughter caused the learned men present to be very angry. They complained to the king. "How discourteous this man is. How he laughed at us all and without even showing regard for the king, he is leaving. Steps should be taken against him."

The king then came down from his seat and asked the saint, "Please tell us why you laughed at

us?" The saint replied, "I heard that you have called an assembly of learned persons but instead I am finding that only skin dealers have gathered here so I was going away." All became even more furious and asked the king to put the saint to task for such an insult. The king politely asked the saint, "Why do you say so?" The saint replied, "On my arrival all these men laughed seeing my curved body and black skin. They could not see that this man also has a heart and mind and pure soul within. How learned are they?"

Everyone became ashamed. The king took the saint in, gave him a seat, washed his feet and then asked him to reply to his question. "This is true or that was true?" The saint smiled and replied. "Neither this is true nor that was true. The witnessing entity behind both is the only truth." The king asked, "How is that?" Then the saint smiled again and said, "King, you are referring to your dream, is it not?"

The saint was a highly realized, spiritual person. He could see the inside and outside of every person. He told the story of the king's dream to the court. One night the king had a dream that his kingdom was attacked by enemies. He fought to the utmost but he was defeated and was caught. His hair was cut and his head was painted white. He was ordered out of his kingdom. He walked barefoot and guards accompanied him under instructions that he was not to be allowed to stop anywhere or to eat or drink anything before he crossed the border of the kingdom. The king had to walk day and night barefooted without food or water and with his head painted white. People from the houses by the roadside saw him as he walked. In the hot midday sun, his head was burning. His feet were covered by blisters because of walking on the hot sandy road, and his thirst and hunger were unbearable. But the king had to walk on.

After several days of travelling, he reached the border of his kingdom. The guards returned

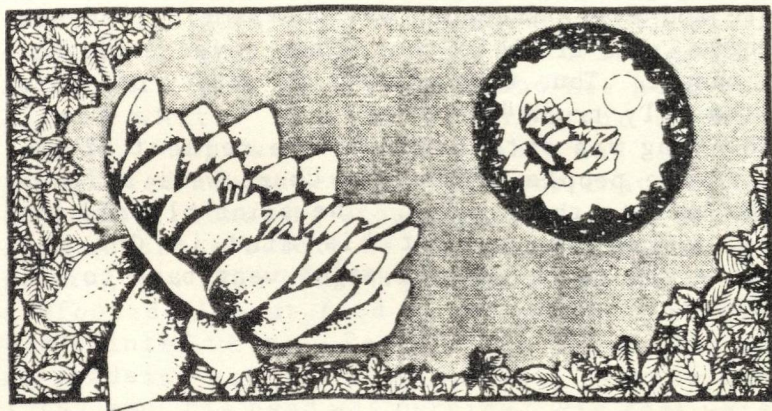
leaving him alone there. The king was dead tired and felt weak, thirsty and hungry. Then he saw an old woman sitting near a cottage. He asked for some food but the poor woman replied, "I have nothing except a little half-burnt rice in the cooking pot as I have already taken my meal." The king was so hungry he begged her to give him even that. The old woman brought the food on a big leaf and gave it to the king. When he was about to eat the food, an eagle snatched it away from his hands and the food fell on the sand. Just at that moment, the king woke up and found himself sweating on his bed, in his bedroom in his palace. The king then had this question in his mind - "Which was really his true condition? The present waking state or the dream state?"

The king looked at the saint and said, "That was my dream! Now I wish to know which is the real the truth?" Then the saint said, "You see, when you were dreaming, this kingdom and this state of kingship was gone from you. Now that you are awake, that state of dream is gone too. But in both the states, your consciousness, the witnessing entity behind your every action, every state and every thought, was the same! It never changed. The truth is that which never undergoes any change. Thus that witnessing entity of yours is the only truth."

The king was satisfied. On the request of the saint, the people present in court were allowed to go back to their homes. The saint blessed the king, asked him to put his mind in God and realize the truth and the saint went back to his place.

This is the relation of a real Master with his disciples. A true Master does not look at your present status, nor does he see your body or wealth. He cares only about the inner potentiality of your mind, the inner desire of your heart. If you, in depth of your heart, are sincerely searching for the truth, His blessings will make you realise it.

To get such a personality, what can one do? One has to create a strong urge, a sincere yearning to get Him. And by the strength of his intense desire, the Lord will bring the aspirant to the proper Master.



PART II
SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHIES

SAHASRARA, THE HEAD CAKRA

'Sahasra'ra' is the crowning glory of man. It is the meeting place for all his spiritual efforts of many lives. Until the final stage of liberation, it is the cemetery of his preconceived ideas, patterns of behavior, standards of conduct, lists of priorities and sense of values.

One may, if fortunate, have the help of the Master to transfer his energies upward to the 'Sahasra'ra'. But it must be done by the initiate on his own. The Master will not help if the initiate's effort is insufficient.

Certainly no religion can do it for you.

Once there were two lands, one called the Land of Bliss, flowing with milk and honey, the other full of strife and unrest, and called the Land of Woe. They were separated by a swift, wide and dangerous river, and those who sought to cross that river, lost their lives in the attempt. One day there came a man, who, because of his love for the people decided to try to place a rope from one bank to the other. He reasoned out that even if he lost his life in the attempt, it would not matter, because if he succeeds, others could use the rope to help themselves to cross the river safely.

And so he tied one end of the rope to a tree and started to swim. The river was very wide and rough, and when he was about halfway across, some hunters on the banks of the Land of Woe, seeing the splashing, thought it was a great fish and shot their arrows, mortally wounding him.

Nevertheless, with one last and great effort he managed to throw the noose of his rope around the stump of a tree before he sank below the waves.

When the people saw what had happened, they began to worship him as a hero, saying, "He did

it to save us, and so he is worthy of our adoration and love." And although they worshipped him, only a handful attempted to cross the river, and the others thought thus, "Even though the rope is there, and we cannot drown if we cling to it, but the waters are cold, the river is wide and very much effort is required to cross the river."

And so in course of time, the rope was almost forgotten and became covered with weeds and entangled in the fallen branches of old trees so that it hardly resembled a rope at all. But the worship of the hero continued, and monuments and buildings were erected in his memory and people sang songs of adoration to him, and prayed to him because of His great love for them. Second, third and fourth generations of men came into being and their leaders, men of learning, preached of the hero and how he had died to save them but they never spoke of the rope across the river, for by now, it had been forgotten altogether.

Consequently, a great confusion arose by reason of arguments and teachings and oratory and finally many superstitions came into being; so that only a very few were able to discern the difference between folly and the truth.

Also much discussions took place among them and they quarreled and fought, and those few who were able to discern between the truth and falsehood were persecuted and reviled. So the Land of Woe became more stricken with sorrow and unrest than it already was.

Finally a body of learned men arose and they cried, "Why this strife?" All that is needed is to worship this hero as God, and to believe that he died to save others, and lo, when we ourselves die we shall go to the Land of Bliss with no trouble at all. For although our bodies cannot float across the river while we are alive, our souls will float across it when we are dead. Moreover, so great was his love and power and

heroism that whatever we ask of His spirit, He will surely give.

When the people heard this, they were overcome with joy and showered honors upon the teachers saying, "Great is their wisdom for they have shown us an easy way. Simple indeed is it to worship and pray and to ask our hero to save us when we die, so now let us eat, drink and be merry and make the best of our sojourn in the Land of Woe.

But meanwhile, the Spirit of that hero looked upon his loved-ones with sadness as he listened to their petitions and prayers. And into their ears he whispered: "My loved-ones you do err, for verily, I lived to save you, but you have forgotten the rope which I placed across the river between the lands of Woe and Bliss. For to that end I came and for no other. Because of my love for you, my spirit is close with you, and I will comfort and cheer you and help you in your adversities, But I cannot carry you across the river, if you only pray and implore. You must make your own effort to get across."

But although the hero spoke to them in this way, yet they only loudly uttered their prayers and petitions only to hear the small voice of his spirit and so they remained in the Land of Woe.

Today, there are far too many devotees anxious only to pray and petition the Masters, but are not prepared to do hard work of using the rope to go across the river. The world needs heroes who will take the rope to go across the dangerous river to the Land of Bliss, thus showing the way by THEIR ACTIONS that there is a PATH OF BLISS that with courage and persistence this path to get across can be taken. Everyone must make the journey by himself. We call it the Path of Initiation and it must be trodded ALONE with GOD as a companion.

THE FOUR STEPS OF SPIRITUAL PATH

These are the four steps in Spiritual March:

1. 'Yatama'na' - To make effort. The aspirant is trying all means to overcome the 'Vrittis' (attitudes or propensities of the mind).
2. 'Vyatireka' - After awhile, one of the disturbing attitudes of the mind gets fully controlled bringing confidence in the aspirant's mind.
3. 'Ekendriya' - Slowly, the aspirant is able to regulate other attitudes, but one 'Vritti' (one mental attitude) remains fully beyond control. It disturbs most, causing even frustration. Sometimes, the aspirant takes it with such a despondency that it seems like there is no hope left. But there should not be any worry. The Guru, the dispeller of darkness, is there. His help is to be sought. After a lot of cries, mind rests.
4. 'Vashiika'r' - Now, the mind gets rest. When this painful state is crossed and mind gets fully controlled, it is called 'Vashiika'r'.

THE EIGHTFOLD PATH OF BUDDHA

Baba said in one of the sittings with His disciples, "You know, common people are guided by intellect or experience or by inborn instinct and inborn faculties. The octopus knows that the crab is its food. The snake knows that the peacock is its enemy and the peacock knows that the snake is its enemy. This knowledge is acquired from where? From experience? No. From books? No. It is an inborn instinct.

In the case of some other animals, they acquire knowledge through experience. Some developed animals acquire knowledge through training like the dogs, horses, monkeys. But in the case of the human being, there is a subtler knowledge called, "INTUITIONAL KNOWLEDGE". Whoever has this intuitional knowledge is 'BUDDHA' in Sanskrit. His instruction to the common mass is known as 'Asta'nga Magga' - eight fold path. Actually the word is 'MARGA', meaning path. 'ANANDA MARGA' - blissful path, 'ASTANGA MARGA' - eightfold path.

'MARGA' is a Sanskrit word. In Prakrit language, it is called 'MAGGA'. Sanskrit language was spoken by the Aryan people from about 15,000 years ago to about 5,000 years ago. Nearly for a period of about 10,000 years. Prakrit language was spoken from about 5,000 years ago to about 2,000 years ago, i.e., for a period of about 3,000 years. In Lord Buddha's period, distorted Prakrit language known as Pali language was the common language of the people, just as Latin had two different offshoots - one Oriento and demi-Latin (French and Italian) and the other, Occidento and demi-Latin (Spanish and Portuguese). In the time of Lord Buddha, the common language was Demi-Prakrit.

So, these eight instructions are - 'Samyak' 'Darshan', 'Samyak' 'Sankalpa', 'Samyak' 'Vak', 'Samyak' 'A'jiiva', 'Samyak' 'Vya'ya'ma'

'Samyak' 'Karma'nta', 'Samyak' 'Smriti' and 'Samyak' 'Sama'dhi'.

First is 'SAMYAK' 'DARSHAN'. In Sanskrit, 'DARSHAN' has got two imports. One is to "see" with normal eyes as everybody sees, another is to visualize with inner eyes, with intuition. Suppose you see a man stealing something. Externally, you have seen the man stealing. He should be punished. But if you apply your inner vision, intuitional seeing, you will find that the man was without food for four days. Thus, under circumstantial pressure he had to steal and then instead of punishing him you would try to remodel the Socio-economic structure of the society, so that one is not compelled to steal under pressure of circumstance for being hungry for several days.

Baba said, "This is why when I started Ananda Marga, I wanted that the entire humanity should stand upon the strict code of cardinal principles, human values and spirituality. and when I saw everything internally, I came to the decision that there are so many loopholes in the human society. Human beings came here about ten lakhs of years ago but have not been able to form a well-knit social order, for the humans of the entire world. That is why I created the socio-economic philosophy known as PROUT (Progressive Utilization Theory) by which we can remodel the social order so that nobody is compelled to resort to immorality for want of food, clothes or other necessities of life.

Now 'Samyak' 'Darshan' means that whenever you are to see anything, your vision should be inner vision. so instead of thinking "that the person is a sinner", just find out the reason that made him a sinner. 'SAMYAK' means 'to do properly.'

The second is 'SAMYAK' 'SAMKALPA'. The thinkers and logicians said in the past, "Man is a rational animal." But as per Ananda Marga, man is not an animal. "Human life, existence is an ideological flow," Plants have lives but they are

not animals because there is no mobility in them. animals can move and their mental faculty is more developed.

The fundamental difference between animal and human beings is that human being moves towards spirituality and for an animal, there is no spirituality, only eating, drinking, sleeping, working and dying. Human life is an ideological flow, and there lies the difference between humans and animals. Thus what should a man do? He should decide at an early stage what is the aim of his life. the sooner it is done, the more one gets scope to materialize it. 'SAMKALPA' means determination, so 'SAMYAK' 'SAMKALPA' is firm determination. "I must be successful in my mission. I must adhere to the principles of my life." This is the second instruction.

The third instruction is 'SAMYAK VA'K'. 'VA'K' means expression of motor organs should be for the welfare of others. An ant is moving. One may or may not kill it. Why should you kill it? Do not kill it. For an innocent person, do not use a bad word. So there should be proper use of all the efferent organs.

The fourth instruction is 'SAMYAK' 'A'JIIVA' - proper occupation. You may earn money by stealing, by anti-social activities. It is not 'SAMYAK' 'A'JIIVA'. You must not earn going against the interest of good people. The word OCCUPATION actually means, "Keep your vitality, be engaged in a job." It also means psychic occupation. Physically, you may not harm anybody, but mentally you may be harming, thinking bad thoughts. One should be pure-minded. Here all your sensory organs should be properly controlled.

Then the fifth is 'SAMYAK' 'VYA'YAMA'. Proper exercise. You see, for the development of physical body, there are so many types of exercises - instrumental, non-instrumental exercises. But one secret you should know. If exercise is done only for the development of

physical body and the mental body is neglected, those physically strong people will become intellectually bit deficient. And if it goes on generation after generation, the cranium itself will become smaller and as such, the brain will also be smaller in size resulting in less intellectual faculty.

And if exercise is done for psychic development along with physical exercises, and there is no spiritual practice, then those psychically strong persons would use their intellect to fulfill their mundane desire depriving others. They would be no better than a plant. So there should be 'SAMYAK' 'VYA'YAMA' - proper exercise of physical body, psychic body and also of spiritual body. This is the fifth instruction.

The sixth one is 'SAMYAK' 'KARMA'NTA'. You should remember this thing in your private life, family life, social life. In each stratum one should properly accomplish the work in proper order. The seventh one is 'SAMYAK' 'SMRITI' - 'SMRITI' means memory in English. Suppose you saw an elephant. It creates an inner psychic projection of an elephant in your mind. If after years you again see another elephant, then from your mind, the projection of the first elephant seen will be reconciled with the second one seen at the moment and you will say, it is an elephant. But if you are not able to recreate the elephant in your mind, you will say, "I have forgotten." This capacity of remembering is called 'SMRITI'. What is 'SAMYAK' 'SMRITI'? Suppose a person wounded your sentiment unnecessarily. Try to forget it, else it would bring you agony, mental pain. But if you have learned something good, try to retain it. This is 'SAMYAK' 'SMRITI'. The best thing you should always retain in 'SMRITI', in your memory, is the idea of love for Parama Purusa ... name of the Lord ... You must not forget it even for a moment. When you are established in this state it is called 'Dhruva' 'Smriti', this state or

mental condition is known as 'Dharma Megha Samadhi', This is the seventh stage.

The last instruction is 'SAMYAK' 'SAMADHI' - means suspension of mind. If you always think of money, your mental ectoplasmic cells would one day get converted into money. If you think of the bad qualities of your enemy, one day your mind would acquire those bad qualities. That is why a spiritual aspirant should never see the adverse side of others. Everybody has faults. Judge and look at other person's merits. You should progress towards godhood and as a result of this ascription of Godhood, finally your mind would be suspended in GODHOOD. It will become one with God. It will attain salvation, the goal of all humans. This is the eightfold path. Every good person should know it and do accordingly.



THE SEVEN SECRETS OF SUCCESS

My Master always stressed on will power and the individual's determined and sincere efforts. He says that the lines of the hand can be changed by will power and sincere effort. He tells us repeatedly about practical approach, about practice and not just about theoretical aspects. He says that the process of spiritual attainment is 'TANTRA'. 'TAN' means, to expand and 'TRA' means that which liberates. Thus 'TANTRA' means, that which brings liberation by expansion of mind. In 'TANTRA', 99 percent is practice, only 1 percent is theory.

My Master said, "What is TANTRA?" He explained that TANTRA has two aspects - 'A'gama' and 'Nigama', like the two wings of a bird. 'A'gama' is the philosophical aspect and 'Nigama' is the practical cult.

Lord Shiva gave the systematic process for the practical approach of spiritual attainment and He named it as TANTRA. About 8,000 years ago, in the land of India, Parvati, the spouse of Shiva, asked Him, "What is the secret of success?"

Shiva replied,

"Phalisyatiiti Vishva'sah, siddhirprathamalakshanam'.
Dvitiyamshraddhaya'yuktam, tritiiyam gurupujanam'.
Caturtho samata'bha'vo,paincam indriyanigraham,
Sasthainca pramita'ha'ro, saptamam naiva vid'yate."

Shiva said, "There are seven secrets of success."

"I must be successful in my mission." This firm determination is the first requisite factor of success. How is this firm determination to work? In acceptance of my ideology and making efforts for spiritual success, if philosophers condemn me saying that I am a very bad person, let them say so. If due to my mission, a portion of society appreciates me, it will not affect me, let them appreciate or condemn me. And for my ideological life, if the Goddess of Wealth comes

and stays with me, it is good. If she quits me forever and I suffer poverty, let it be so. If because of what I do for my ideology, the God of Death comes to take me, I don't care a bit for it. And if because of my ideological mission, if I am to live here for an indefinite period, I am ready to live here. You know life becomes boring if one lives at one place for a long period. But I am ready for that monotony for the sake of my ideology."

There are three categories of human beings: The third category of people will not accept any responsibility and hardship for fear of being defeated and undergoing troubles, the second category are those who undertake the task, but when they face opposition and difficulties, when animal force comes and harasses them they give up the task right away the first category, the best people are those, who take the responsibility and say, "Once I have understood and accepted the duty, I will achieve the goal, I will get the work completed... before that, I won't take rest." This is the first requirement of success according to Lord Shiva.

'Dvitiyam Shraddhaya' Yuktam'. A person must have 'Shraddha' for his ideology. 'Shrad' means recognized status of veracity and 'DHA' means "movement towards it." That is, when an ideological goal has been accepted, all my feelings, propensities should move towards it with respect. This is 'SHRADDHA'.

'Tritiyam GURU PUJANAM' ... One must have reverence for the GURU. What is Guru? 'GU' means darkness, i.e. in psycho-spiritual sphere and 'RU' means dispelling entity. That is, one who dispels darkness from my psychic and spiritual body - is GURU. You must have respect for the GURU.

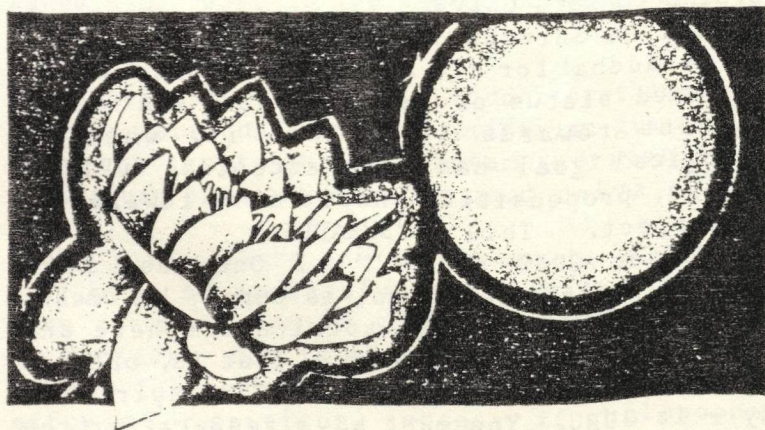
The fourth requisite factor is that you must have a feeling of equality of love -- 'Caturtho Samata'bha'vo' --your mind should always be in a balanced condition, in equipoise. You must not

suffer from inferiority complex or from superiority complex.

'Paincam Indriyanigrahah' -- you must have self-restraint. Without self-restraint nothing substantial can be achieved. Remember this factor. It is the fifth requirement.

'Sasthainca Pramita'ha'ro' - The sixth factor is a balanced diet. You must not eat much or very little. But the food should be good for your mind and spirit. Meat, fish, etc. may be good for the body but not for the mind and spirit. There must be a careful selection of food. 'Pramit' means balanced, 'A'ha'ra' means food.

And the seventh requirement, Lord Shiva said, "Saptaman Naiva Vidyate" -- There is no seventh factor. After that success is a certainty. Baba said finally, "All should remember these seven secrets of success."



GURU PUJA

'GU' means darkness and 'RU' means dispelling entity or personality. So GURU means the personality who dispels the darkness from the minds of spiritual aspirants.

In Ananda Sutram, it states that "Brahmaeva Gurureka Na'parah." Brahma or God is the only one who could be Guru, no other second entity. Now the secret of 'Brahma', His macropsychic and cognitive secrets, are known only to Him, and unless and until He expresses Himself through some physical form, how can His secrets be known to others? That is, Brahma Himself is the GURU. There cannot be any second Guru. His secrets are known to him only and He expresses Himself through a frame, a form.

Now, generally, people say that the form is GURU but the form is not GURU. GURU is expressing himself through that form. Understand? Now what is 'Brahma'? There are three main functional expressions of 'Brahma' or, 'Paramapurusa'. He is the Supreme Progenitor, all are His progeny. As the Creator, He creates everything; as the guardian, He retains and nourishes everything from plants, animals to human beings, everything. Everything is in the environment of His creation. He is the only Generator. He maintains and activates and things remain and develop as He wishes, so He is the Operator. When He withdraws everything within the nucleus of His existence then everything becomes one with Him (in various forms). As Generator, as Operator, as Destroyer, He is GOD. The word GOD is made by taking the first letters of the three terms. Thus, 'Brahma' means God.

We call that GURU as Baba. Probably earlier, it was APPA. Both meaning Father, the Creator. Whether we wish it or not all are bound to follow His will.

We eat our food and it gets digested by our energy, Our hair grows by our energy through the

digestion of the food we have taken. The same is true with all other beings. Apparently, it looks like things are being done by our individual power, but in reality all are being controlled and handled by Him. So let Him handle His things. When we have accepted Him as Baba and He has accepted us as His beloved children, let Him fulfill His desire.

He is present in every being, in every element, This fact can only be realized only through His sweet will. And He will shower His blessing only upon the mind which wants Him and Him alone. To achieve that state one is to divert all the mental propensities towards Him and Him alone. And this is only possible by intense love for Him. This alone would make it possible to recite the 'Mantra' wholeheartedly, call Him in the mind, in Dhyana. By this path alone union is possible. And, if this love is lacking? That is one thing. It is our brithright to ask Him to give us this intense love - devotion. This He has to give, it is ours.

I cry to Him, to keep me at His feet, to give a little of His blessings. Nothing else can help us apart from this. It brings peace of heart, joy of mind. Let us all love Him and Him alone. Till His physical form is present, we must care it with utmost loving affection. What more could we do? It is a glorious chance given to us.



POEM BY BABA

Tumi tha'ko a'mar ka'che ka'che
 Bhaya pele phaya ta'riye dio,
 Pa'per dhulo la'gale ga'ye
 A'pan ha'te muchiye dio
 Tumi tha'ko a'mar ka'che ka'che
 Bhaya pele bhaya ta'riye dio.
 Samsa'rete keo nay a'pan
 A'sha'bharasa' toma'r caran'
 Na'mti buke ds'o go likhe
 Na'mer pa'gal kariye nio
 Tumi tha'ko a'mar ka'che ka'che
 Bhaya pele bhaya ta'riye dio.

You remain always close to me,
 If I become fearful, drive the fear away,
 If the dust of sin falls on my body
 Wipe it off with your hand,
 I have nobody of my own in this world
 My only hope is your feet
 Write your name on my chest
 Make me mad for your name
 You are always close to me.

September, 1988

Canada

He loves to play hide and seek. Baba told me once in the mid 1960's (from Tagore's writings).

Ja'ni ja'ni go tava chhalana'

(I know your tricks, Lord).

Je katha' tumi balite cha'o

(that which you intend to say)

Se katha'to tumi balana'

(you do not speak that).

Toma're jate sahaje chini

(lest, I recognize you easily)

Ta'i to ato liilar chhal

(so, you play: do your liila).

Bahire tomar hashir chhata'

(outwardly smiling expressions).

Bhitare tom'r ashru jala

(inwardly, eyes filled with tears).

REWARD IN PUNISHMENT

You know, though He feels pain within, He has to take hard steps for our benefit. We fear Him, well, it is but natural. No one likes to undergo pain so we fear Him for the suffering that we may undergo because of His punishment. But, this in fact is a blessing. "A'gha't se je parash tava sei to puraska'r". Rabindranath said, "To punish me, you have to touch me, then only can you hit me and that you touched me, is the greatest reward I get." Fearlessly we can just love Him, and that is what He wishes. Because we go to Him always with "balloon faces", gloomy, and worried and full of fearful expressions, so He feels sad. Sometimes, He even has to hold our chin by His hand and lifting our "balloon face" upward asks us to smile saying, "Can you smile a little? You look so nice when you smile." And when we smile, He becomes so pleased.

Why are you scared, sad or depressed that you have done mistakes?

JUDGE YOURSELF FIRST

Let me tell you a small event. Once some priests of Jerusalem brought a woman in front of Jesus Christ while he was sitting in the temple and said that she needed to be stoned as a punishment to her as she had committed the sin of adultery. Jesus said, "If that is so, the one who has committed no sin should be the first one to throw a stone.

One by one, everybody left, leaving the woman behind. Jesus then asked the woman, "Is there no one to condemn you now? I do not condemn you either. Go home and do not sin anymore."

This is the beauty of Lord's love. March ahead to attain Him. The purpose of our birth is to love and find Him. From the moment we decided to change and march for Him, our new life started. Thinking of the past garbage is not the human goal and duty.

POWER OF LORD'S NAME

Once a person in Hindu society committed a sin and the priests condemned him to death by drinking boiled, hot silver. Out of pain and agony he decided to end his life by drowning himself in the river.

Maha'prabhu Chaitanya saw him and after hearing the man's story, he said, "Is that the only reason why you want to give up this precious human life? Look, I will give you the best remedy. You just take the name of Krishna two times. 'Ek Drsna na'me sarva pa'pa ksaya haya' (In once taking Krsna's name, all sins would be gone). 'A'r na'me krsna prem Hride upajaya' (Taking once more Krsna's name, love in the heart would evolve)."

Such is the simple, plain remedy and judgment

of the Lord. Lord Krsna said in the Giita'...

"Apiichet sudura'cha'ro, bhajate ma'm ananybh'ak
Soypi pa'pa vinirmukto, muchyate bhavabandhana't."

(Even the most wicked person, if he calls Me with one-mindedness, he or she too would be released from all sins and would cross the bondage of the worldly life).

It is the greatness of a devotee to see the qualities of others and faults of one's ownself. But in self-analysis, do not ignore the higher self within. Do not always think about the junk, past mistakes. This inferiority complex will hamper the glory of life and make the mind pessimistic. Lord does not like it.

Baba said, "If a person has 6 good qualities and 4 bad - a good person. If 6 good and 3 bad - a very good person. When an error is committed, is that to be thought of in the mind always? Didn't the Lord give eyes in the front? Past is past, future is bright, so look to the front. He is 'Darpa Ha'ri', 'Darpa' means ego and 'Ha'ri' means one who takes away. Ego of ours is His food. This He does not tolerate.

MONKEY AND THE SNAKE

Do you know the story of the monkey and the snake? A monkey caught a snake by its head and then it looked at the snake. The habit of the snake, you know, is to bring out its leaping tongue every moment. The monkey did not like it. So he rubbed the head of the snake on the ground and again looked at it. Again as a habit, the snake brought out its tongue and again the monkey rubbed the head, until the entire head was gone. That is how the Lord rubs us.

BABA'S GARDEN

Good or bad, we are His creation. In a garden, there are a variety of flowers and fruit plants. The creator endows each one with its own beauty and identity. If a beautiful plant has many nice flowers, good stems and fine leaves, does it not bring joy to the owner? Now, if a certain branch of that plant is weak, a bit sick, if the leaves in that branch are pale, flowers are insect-bitten, tell me, what would the owner do? He would break off the branch from that plant and throw it away to keep the plant beautiful. Now, while breaking that branch, the plant would feel pain, but does the owner intend to pain the plant? No, out of love, to keep the beauty charming, to save it from further problems and for the plant's welfare, he breaks off the defective branch. While breaking the branch, He also feels the pain in Him. Here lies the depth of His affection.

Will the owner ever uproot that beautiful flowering plant from the garden and throw it away only for one defective system? Never! When the flood or natural calamity comes which might crush that plant, the owner would put the plant in a flower pot and keep it inside his own house to save it.

Is it the symbol of hatred or love and care?

On one occasion, when you were uselessly sad, seeing Him talking and looking at others, feeling low that you are not loved, He at once smiled at you, made you happy and said, "Is it not my duty to remove your sorrow? Can you imagine the unparalleled loving concern for the child! He did not feel vexed or say, "Why do you demand special attention? Don't you see I am so busy and working with so many?" Nor did He remind you of your duty as a devotee or disciple -- to only love Him, keep patience, etc. But He simply fulfilled your need, responded to your cry and said what His duty towards you is! Can you

imagine it anywhere else?

His philosophy and His life are identical and that is why He is God. We do not dare Him for His powers, we are just sold to Him free of cost due to this unfathomable loving care.

Where else would you get it? Who would remember only His duty towards you and would ask nothing out of you, would be glad just to get you near Him?

A STORM IN RANCHI

I was then with Him at Ranchi... It was sometime in '67 or '68. Once a heavy rain and storm lashed at a Ranchi town. In the newspaper it was published that one house collapsed in that rain. We did not read that part, so we did not know.

In the evening, as usual, Baba went out for field walk in his car with His driver Dilip (you know the name of the driver of Krsna's chariot was Daruk and the name of Baba's driver now is Dilip). Vishnudeva and one devotee who came from outside were with Him. Baba directed Dilip to drive to the house that had collapsed. They wondered how come! Baba was going to those streets. He stopped at that house, gave 1,000 Rupees to the affected family just saying, "I read in the paper about your problem, please accept this little help," and they left. The person did not even know who He was!

When somewhere a flood, earthquake, fire or any disaster comes, Baba would be the first one to call, inform and instruct us about it, even though there is a special department called Universal Relief Team and Relief Section with hundreds of workers at different levels working for it.

He helps silently. He does not express Outwardly unless it is urgent to let you know, feel and understand something for your own benefit.

FARMER AND THE WORKERS

Once a person hired some workers in his farm with the agreement to pay one silver coin per person per day. At noon, he met some more people looking for a job and engaged them too. At about 5 p.m., he found a few persons standing on the sidewalk sad and worried because they did not find any job for the day. He told them, "Go and work in my farm for the rest of the day and earn for the family." And they went to work.

Now at the end of the day, the owner of the farm ordered his cashier to pay one silver coin to each of them. Hearing this, the one working since morning expressed his grievance, "How come we worked since morning under the hot sun but we are getting the same payment as those who came to work much later?"

The owner replied, "Look, they also need money for their families. They could not get work the whole day. I gave you what was agreed upon. Do I not have the liberty to use my money as I please or are you taking advantage of my simplicity?"

So why should you have grievance of what you are? Does He not have the scope to fulfill His choice by creating as He pleases? Big, small, tiny, large, different expressions are His own chosen and useful creation.

WRIST-WATCH AND CLOCK-TOWER

Once, a small wristwatch was in the handbag of a lady. The lady would at times bring it out and see the time. When the small watch saw a very big tower clock in town, high in the sky, the wristwatch expressed its feelings. "I am serving only one person. If I could have been placed like that tower clock, I would serve so many."

The lady said to it. "Well, you will have your chance." And when she put the wristwatch high up near the tower clock, it was lost out of

everybody's sight.

God puts us in the place which best fits us. Do not blame yourself or feel low. You are His important and beloved one. As He wishes, so you are. This is our satisfaction.

RAM PRASAD AND HIS DAUGHTER

Baba often quotes a verse of devotee, Ram Prasad, of India.

"Man gariber kii doas a'chhe
 (what fault does the poor mind hath?)
 Tumi bajiikarer meye shyama
 (You are the magician, Mother Shyama).
 Jeman na'cha'o temni na'che
 (As you make, so it dances!)"

Ram Prasad once was working on his fence outside the house. He had a daughter.

One day, he needed much help to complete the work, but did not call his daughter as she had to cook and work on other things too. But after awhile, he saw his daughter joining him in his fence work. She was laughing and talking while helping him. Together, they worked hard to finish the fence.

At midday, Ram Prasad went to bathe and asked her to go and cook quickly as it was getting too late for lunch. After bath, when he sat to eat, he found so many preparations. Wondering, he asked his daughter, "How could you cook so many in such a short time?"

She replied, "Why, I was cooking since morning. You came so late today." Ram Prasad said, "What? Were you not working with me all the while?" She said, "Papa, you never called me today and I was busy cooking and doing housework since morning. I never went to you."

Then Ram Prasad broke into tears. He knew the Lord played with Him in his daughter's form.

This is how the Lord plays His silent role with

us. He loves us so much that He just enjoys helping us and fulfilling our needs. Ram Prasad said...

"A'mi jantra tumi jantree
 (I am machine, you are machine man)
 A'mi ghar tumi gharani
 (I am house, you are dwelling in)
 A'mi ratha tumirathii
 (I am chariot, you are charioteer)
 Jeman chala'o temni chali
 (As you drive so I move)
 Panke baddha karo kari
 (You tuck the elephant in the mud)
 Pangure langha'o giri
 (You make the lame cross the mountain)
 Ka're da'o ma' Brahma pada
 (To some you give eternal state)
 Ka're karo adhoga'mii
 (To some you let them go degraded)

Baba says, "Liila' mayer liila ye je, liila'r mohan mela'." It is His divine play.

LOVE - OUR BIRTHRIGHT

Sin and virtue, good and bad. These relative terms are unable to affect His flow of love. To Him, "Sama plusina', sama masakena, sama na'gena, sama abhistribhilokai." A white ant, a mosquito, an elephant and the entire world are equal to Him.

Baba told me once. See the children remain carefree. A child feels worried when he feels hungry or needs something but the child is carefree because the child knows, "I would go and tell mom to give me food and I would get it." Father would always supply the needs. We, His children too are to be carefree. Do you know why? Because (in his language), "Taba agaman hoyeche ajike, taba agaman hoyeche." Because our Father hath come! That is why He tells us to be

like little children. "Ami shudhu hesечи necechi geyechi. Ca'nder a'lor sa'the bha'va korechi." So now sing His songs, dance the kiirtan and laugh and smile.

Remember, Lord has said in devotee's voice, "Panke kamal phutaye rekhechi, da'lguli ta'r chirona'."

Devotee knows that there is dirt within. It is the "Panke". mud, but the lotus, the beautiful flower with fragrance which floats over the water, its roots come out of the mud from the bottom of the pond. You have a glorious soul, your devotional flow for Him. Just tell Him -- Dalguli ta'r chirona' -- Do not tear off its petals, O my kind, gracious Lord." And you know, He is very obedient in this respect.

Once Baba told me,

"Je kare a'mar a'sh

(One who desires me)

Ta'r a'mi kari sarvana'sh

(I destroy his/hers everything)

Ta'teo je na' chna're a'sh

(Even then one who does not give up the desire)

Ta'r a'mi hoi da'sa'nuda's

(I become his/hers servant of servants)"

Baba told me in Jamalpur, "If you ask something from God, He may or may not give it, but if you ask for love towards Him, devotion to Him, He will immediately give you because it is your birthright." Here the Lord is under your command. You ask and you will get it. This is the authority of the devotee over the Almighty.

Toronto, Canada

September 11, 1983

Dearest little brother,

Cordial love and best wishes to you. After waiting for a long time, I got your affectionate letter. Everyone is mentioning your sincere and hardworking ways. Good boy of the Lord! His blessings be with you! You are very right .. "Knowing Lord, speaking directly about yourself to Him makes a lot of difference of feeling in the heart." Please bear in mind that whether you know it or not, He remembers you all the time, every moment. To just understand it, you need to meditate long.

How the Lord cares for His devotees in a mysterious way, I will tell you in the following story.

LORD KRISNA'S PLAY IN MAHABHARATA

Lord Krsna was with the Pa'ndavas' side in the fight of Maha'bha'rat. The five Pandavas were great devotees of Lord Krsna, Amongst them, Arjuna was always close to Krsna. Krsna drove Arjuna's chariot in that fight between the Pandavas and the Kauravas. Arjuna was married to Krsna's sister, Subhadra'. Out of this marriage, Arjuna had a son named Abhimanyu.

During the Mahabharat fight, Arjuna's son, Abhimanyu, was only 18 years of age, but he was a great warrior. One day, when Arjuna was fighting in one far side of the battlefield, all the Kauravas jointly, with stalwarts like Drona, Karna and others, attacked Abhimanyu with a large army and encircled him in such a way that Abhimanyu was made to fight alone against so many renowned warriors.

According to the war rules then, a warrior should be attacked only by one opponent. But the Kauravas were immoral. They attacked with nine

strong warriors against one young Abhimanyu and in this immoral attack, Jayadratha, one strong warrior of the Kauravas, killed Abhimanyu.

In the evening, when all came home, Arjuna found everybody gloomy and quiet. "What is the matter?" he thought. Arjuna did not know yet that Abhimanyu had died in battle. When at last he heard about it, he became so sad and emotionally upset that without thinking he promised, "Before tomorrow's sun sets, if I don't kill Jayadratha, I would burn myself in fire."

Hearing such news, the people in the Kauravas' camp jumped with joy. They made all arrangements so that Arjuna remained away from Jayadratha at any cost saying, "If Arjuna dies, victory is in our hands in one day." They knew that Arjuna was the greatest warrior amongst all and Lord Krsna was present always in his chariot.

The next day, when the fight started, Jayadratha was kept behind all the soldiers guarded by strong warriors, far away from Arjuna. These brave and skillful warriors were known as Na'ra'yani sena' (the soldiers from Lord Krsna's kingdom. Lord Krsna was a relative of both the Pandavas and the Kauravas. So before the war started, Arjuna from the Pandavas' side and Duryodhana, from the kauravas' side, both went to ask Krsna to join their side. Krsna said, "On one side I will be alone and will not touch any weapon and won't fight at all; on the other side, several thousands, well-skilled, brave warriors called Na'ra'yani sena' will be there. So select which one you like!" Arjuna selected Krsna right away to be on his side. Duryodhana was happy to get thousands of skilled, brave soldiers, brave fighters and thought Arjuna to be a fool to select an unarmed, single person who would not even fight in the war!)

During the entire day, Arjuna tried his best but could not even get near Jayadratha. The sun was already setting. All the Kauravas were jumping with joy, shouting that Arjuna would have

to fulfill his promise and burn himself in fire. They immediately arranged for firewood to let Arjuna burn himself right there. The Kauravas were laughing, enjoying and taunting the Pandavas. "Hi, Krsna, the God, is on their side! He is such a big hero that he will not even fight in the war! Look, Krsna is saving them already!! The devotee of God will win! Krsna would do a miracle ... Ha! Ha! Ha!!!"

The poor Pandavas were weeping. They mourned and they were sad. In the meantime, Krsna was sitting and smiling. He looked very amused. People asked him, "Why do you still smile? Our best one is going to be burned alive. Who would fight the rest of the Kauravas? We cry and you smile!" Krsna smiled mysteriously.

Before going, Arjuna came to touch Lord Krsna's feet. As he was going to the fire, Krsna said, "At least, take your Gandiva and arrows with you (Gandiva was the name of Arjuna's bow). If you have to burn yourself, burn with your weapons. A big hero and warrior, making such big, big promises! Go with your weapons!"

Arjuna was even more sad at the teasing of Krsna. But he respected Him so much. Arjuna took his Gandiva bow and arrows and went to the fire. Everybody went to see Arjuna burn. From a distance Jayadratha also raised his head and stretched his neck long enough to see Arjuna.

Then suddenly Lord Krsna told Arjuna, "Arjuna, look, there is Jayadratha, and see behind him, the sun is coming out of the clouds." The sun had not set as everybody had thought. "Immediately sever Jayadratha's head with your arrow," And Arjuna shot an arrow severing Jayadratha's head. People saw that the sun had not set yet. The full, round red sun was still visible. By Krsna's maya (Liila, hallucinating power) the evening sun got covered for some time by the clouds.

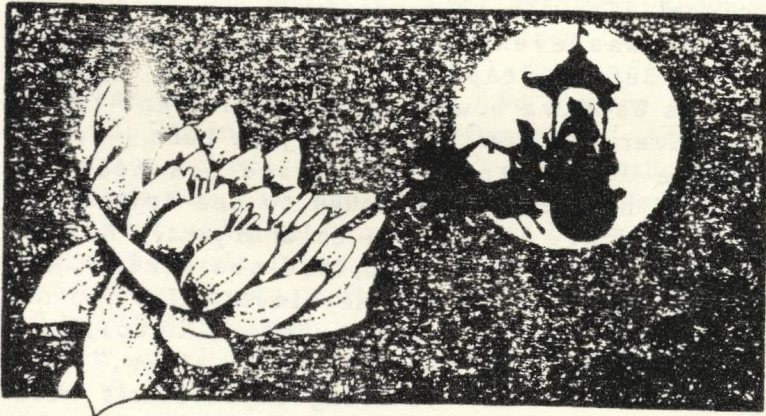
Then they understood why even while going to the fire to burn, Krsna asked Arjuna to take his

Gandiiva bow and arrow with him. All the Pandavas fell at Krsna's feet, weeping with joy, begging pardon for their wrong thoughts and doubts in the mind. Krsna, as usual, was sitting and smiling mysteriously. Arjuna was saved.

This is how the Lord plays by His Liila, the eleventh hour surprise! He likes it very much. If you will notice, Baba's smile is always mysterious. He is the greatest player. He always plays with us.

Did you like the story? You are a good boy of the Lord! He loves you. He fulfills your wish through a dream and asks openly about your welfare. Do not worry. He is with you. Take care of your health and meditation. Please read His books, a few pages daily. I am just okay.

Your brother



Toronto, Canada

October, 1983

Beloved One,

He said, "The devotees are really intelligent." Where do you keep such a nice intelligence in your little mind? I am so thankful to you. Your kind thoughts gave me such help and happiness here. By the time you receive this letter, I may not be here anymore. I just wish your happiness and health and that you be in His flow always. If ever anything happens, please just go to Him and get to His work. He is a personal Father, do not keep any other feeling about Him.

You know, in my first contact with Him, He told me one thing that has always been giving me life. He said, "I am not your Guru, I am your Baba (father)." We do not know God and what He is but we know what is Father! And He is our spiritual Father. I cry to love Him. If one can cry even once daily for Him, that person is blessed.

I think about you. Please forget all and think of Him and His work alone. In meditation, please do 'Bhuta Shuddhi' and 'A'sana Shuddhi' for at least 20 minutes, after that, do 'Ista Mantra Japa'. 'Ishvara Pranidha'na' (without allowing other thoughts) should be done for 40-45 minutes each time daily. Be particular with it, please. and in 'Dhya'na', you can so happily talk to Him. Do 'Pra'na'ya'ma' before 'Dhya'na'. Tell this to your mother also. Please tell her that being in this mundane world, it is but natural for a kind and devotional person to feel pain for others but it is a known thing that nobody is immortal in this world. Whosoever has come will have to go. Who has become immortal by body? How much love may one person give to another person? Everyone will one day go away leaving you crying in pain. Only one Beloved Entity can ever give a

blissful flow, in love and realization. That is why we must keep 'Samyak Smriti' — proper memory, constantly keeping His idea in mind. It is verily to be done through 'Ardha Ishvara Pranidha'na' (taking 'Ista Mantra' with every respiration) and second lesson. Please give all effort to practise it (when driving, do not close the eyes while in this half 'Ardha Ishvara Pranidha'na', else you will bump on the road, okay? I will tell you a story here.

DEVOTION - ONLY HUMAN OBJECTIVE

Once, a Mining Engineer of the Mines Department of India got transferred to an interior place in Central India. The place where he was previously working at that time was not far from Jamalpur where the Master lived.

Mr. Engineer, used to visit Him often. Now, in the far place where he was newly assigned, he could not visit Baba as often as he used to. It took him 5-6 days journey back and forth. So he decided to request Baba to help him so that he could still remain near Baba.

With this thought, He went to see Baba in Jamalpur. He got a chance to go for field walk with the Lord in the evening.

There were four brothers in the field walk so he did not get a chance to talk Baba. When the walk was over, Baba started to go back to His house in Rampur Railway Colony quarters with them. The engineer was feeling restless, he wanted to request Baba but he was worried as to what others would say hearing this personal little problem! But in his mind he was already mentally approaching Baba and requesting Him several times.

At last, Baba's quarters was very near. He knew that Baba would depart from them, leaving the road and entering the lane for His quarters. There was a little shade at that junction point of the two roads near His house. Baba stopped

there. All paid their salutations to Him. During all that time, the entire one and half hours, Lord had not spoken a word to Mr. Engineer. suddenly Baba went near him and while holding his arm said, "Never ask anything from 'Paramapurusa'. If ever you have to ask something, ask for devotion. Understand?"

Mr. Engineer said, "Yes Baba," with a most humble voice and with hands folded at the chest. "Yes, never ask anything from 'Paramapurusa', said Lord again. "If ever you have to ask something from Him, ask for devotion. Say, what did I tell you?" The engineer repeated what Lord told him, "Never ask anything from 'Paramapurusa'. If ever you have to ask something from Him, ask for devotion." Baba said, "Yes, now you have understood. Remember this point. 'Paramapurusa' knows better what to give and when. My little boy, go and rest." Baba said this bringing His face close to the engineer's face and touching his cheek affectionately with his hand. Nobody knew, no one understood what was the reason behind except the Lord and His engineer child.

Soon after that, Mr. Engineer went and joined wholetimer training. Do you know who he was? He is our Cidanandaji, now at Davao Training Center of Yoga. Tell you mom, she will tell you. She has seen him.



Toronto, Canada

October 10, 1989

Lord blesseth you! How can I express to you my feelings in my heart! Only you all please feel it with your kind hearts.

By the time you get this card, only Lord knows where I would be. But wherever I may be, it would be within him and on his lap. So do not worry please. You feel pain for my situation, that is my pain too. If only I know that you are all happy and jolly, 80% of my painful heart would be relieved. He told me once, "These days will not remain!" And you know, "Within the pain of bondage, lies the prophecy of freedom." (Ram Tirtha).



October, 1989

Toronto, Canada

Beloved ones,

How are you and others? I am sure the Lord is taking care of all of you. Are you feeling disturbed and restless? Do not feel like this. It will take away peace and happiness. Drive it away thinking, "Everything is all right, nothing is wrong, what is the problem? He is there to resolve if anything is to be done for something! When I have Him, what and why should I worry?" Isn't it He said, that He is there to remove the sorrow? So just jump and smile and take things easily. Fear is the greatest enemy, it is such a troublemaker and the more you think of it, the more it increases. Remember always that whatever you lose will remain at your "Beloved's Feet." Nothing gets lost in His realm. You know, because we love our affectionate ones, so we feel pain feeling their suffering. But if the creator wants His child to suffer to be closer to Him, it is a matter to be rejoiced by the wise as this is the main thing one should be blessed with. Let the past be burnt, a newborn flow cover your hearts and bring Him with a loving flow and happy arrival. Cry but only to get His presence in the heart and mind. Sooner or later, one by one, everybody is bound to depart. Who can stop? Let Him fulfill His desire. Let Him enjoy His play. But claim your right! The devotional presence of Him in your "self". Here you command Him and order Him in prayer.

I hear you are sad! Remember, "These days will not remain."

Lord told me once. "If you ask from 'Paramapurusa' anything, He may or may not give you. But if you ask for devotion, He will immediately give because it is your birthright." You just ask and see.

OH BABA MINE!

Oh Baba mine, thou art so dear,

Oh Baba mine, thou art so sweet

Oh Baba mine, thou art so deep

Oh take me in thine loving arms

And give me all devotion to thee.



WHAT DO WE MISS WHEN WE LACK DEVOTION ?

In Sanskrit, there is a 'Shloka' which says,

'Bhaktir bhagavato seva', bhakti prema svarupinii,
Bhaktih ananda rupashea, bhaktibhaktasya jiiivanam.'

'Bhakti', devtotion, is to serve Him amidst His creation. devotion is just to love Him (no asking this and that). This devotion brings the flow of bliss in devotee's heart. Devotion is the sumum bonum of devotee's life.

We have to love Him. Why? He is the Supreme Progenitor and we are His children. He knows best about us. He cares for us well. We do not need to remind Him of His duties towards us. He knows well what is best for us. When we were born, we did not know that we would feel hungry. He kept the sweet milk ready in the mother's breasts. If a child is suffering from stomach problems and asks lots of sweets from the mother, even if the child cries, the mother will not give sweets to that child to harm him further.

What do we miss if we do not call Him and get close to Him?

It is like a mother who has a very, very big house where the child is staying. The mother also lives in the same house, in a room and she takes care of her child properly. She is very rich. She has ordered her assistants to give what is needed for the child. The child is immersed in the enjoyment of the mother's wealth and busy in the day to day life. The child passes in front of the mother's door several times a day but so busy in his own world, he has no time to meet her. The child has everything! What is then missing?

When once, the child withdraws itself from the activities of the world and enters the mother's room and says, "Mom, I have come." The mother eagerly gets up on her bed, with affectionate smile looks at the child and says, "My child, you

have come! Come!" And she extends her hands, holds the child's arm and puts on her lap and kisses the child on the face." This affectionate touch, this loving kiss, this cordial sweet call of the loving mother to her child, the child misses when the child has no time to go to her and remains engaged in worldly duties. But whether the child comes or not, the mother does not stop her care for her beloved child.

Those who say, if you do not worship Him, you would be punished, put to the eternal hell, are not His devotees. They are His critics.

THE ESSENCE OF SURRENDER

Just surrender, start to feel His love and flow within you. What is this surrender?

Once I was with my Guru, walking with Him in a big field in Jamalpur. When evening came, I asked Him this question, "Baba, what is the real essence of surrender?"

He replied, "Suppose you are walking in the forest by yourself. Suddenly, a tiger comes and attacks you. Your duty will be to run as fast as you can. Even then, when you see that the tiger is catching up with you and is about to get you, then you say to the Lord, "O Lord, whatever capacity you have given me, I made use of that, now you do what you can."

"And then suddenly you will find that someone has shot the tiger and you are saved. This is the proper way to surrender. Utilize the faculties and abilities in your possession and then let Him handle the rest."

Then He said that if one asks devotion from Him, He has to give it because it is the birthright of everyone to love Him. Other things, He may or may not give, but devotion He has to give. And the special thing is that the moment one asks for devotion sincerely, He will immediately give it.

You try and you will see.

Toronto, Canada

October, 1989

By the time you get this letter, I will be out by Lord's wish. I am expecting to leave very soon.

I told Him to give me His birthday gift as He wishes. He always wishes the welfare of His child -- Shiva means welfare. So what happens is for the best.

One thing which I need, I received from Him. He came so close to my heart. I was far away before, now I am closer. It is His birthday gift to me which I received through His love and care.

I needed it, everyone needs it. We came only for this. He fulfills child's needs!



EPILOGUE

My Master is still in His physical body, guiding, loving and spreading His Bliss to millions all over the world.

For details about His life, teachings and mission, please contact Mr. Kirit Dave', 4339 Cesano Court, Palo Alto, California 94306, U.S.A., telephone (415) 949-3371 or Dr. N. Cantara, 31 Real Street, Alima, Bacoor, Cavite, Philippines.

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And to my Lord, I offer myself.

Traveller



He is far, far away from him who thinks Him to be remote; and He is nearer than near to him who thinks Him to be close. The man who has eyes to see, who has known Him even a wee bit, knows that He abides in his very sense of existence, in his very heart's desire, as the Supreme Radiance. To seek Him, to attain Him, it is not at all necessary to run from one place to another.

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