

# MOVING WITH COSMIC WILL

*A Story of  
Spiritual Struggle  
and Experiences*

by  
Ac. Shantatmananda Avt.

**MOVING WITH COSMIC WILL:  
( A Story of Spiritual Struggle & Experiences )**

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and Ananda Marga  
PAG-ASA Home Subdivision  
Trm. No. 6, Diversion Road  
Buhangin, Davao City - 8000  
PHILIPPINES  
Tel: 2410279  
2410303

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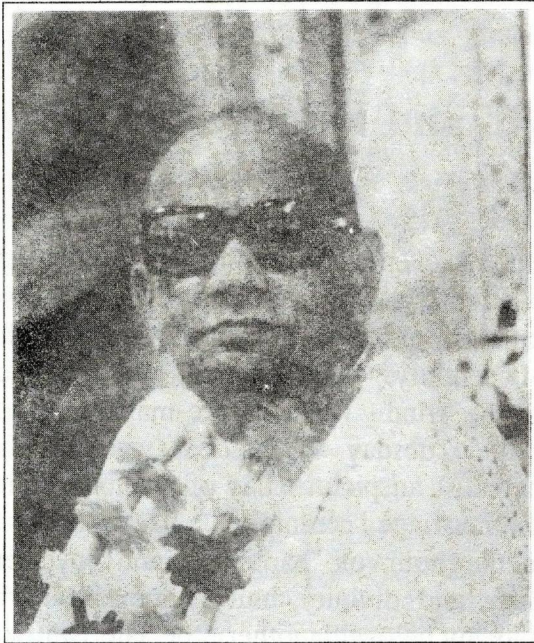
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## INTRODUCTION

MOVING WITH COSMIC WILL is a brief account of a series of struggles in my spiritual life. I understand that the whole pattern of my life is well planned by **BABA**, and I just move accordingly. There is a cosmic message in every instance of struggle - that is my experience. Ananda Marga has become the path of my movement, verily the direct or indirect experience of my direct contact with Him. My struggle in the field of actions is the expression of my experiences.

Very often, in Retreat, I have been told to tell something about my experiences in Ananda Marga or **BABA** stories. It has always inspired me to recollect and talk about those who are leading a spiritual life and trying to glorify the face of mankind by sadhana, service and sacrifice. I hope the study of MOVING WITH COSMIC WILL will inspire you to struggle and achieve your goals. With love,

Shantatmananda



***Shrii Shrii Anandamurtijii***

also popularly known as beloved-BA'BA'

***DEDICATED TO***

***My beloved Master  
Shrii Shrii Anandamurtijii  
My dear worldly father,  
Shrii Ramanugrah Prasad  
And beloved mother  
Smt Vasumati Devii  
Who are no more living  
In physical form .***

# PART I

## CHAPTER 1

### Birth and Family Background

The sentient evening was full of musical vibrations as the red round disc of the sun quietly moved towards the western horizon, taking shelter in the lap of night. It was a time of serenity. The women were rejoicing and celebrating the Hindu ritual of pre-matrimony day.

It was the Tuesday of the last week of July 1943, perhaps the most auspicious day of the lunar calendar for the solemn marriage ceremony. I was born that very evening in the hour of "happiness and joy, beauty and bliss, serenity and divinity, unity, love and harmony for humanity" as my beloved mother, the late Smt Vashumati told me when I was about nine years old.

It was my uncle, Shri Jaymangal Babu, who was married on the day of my birth. My mother told me that she experienced a powerful vision of joy as she gave birth to me. I was the youngest of five brothers, each with their own family, making one very big family.

I grew up with much care, love and discipline throughout my childhood. My father, the late Shri Ramanugrah Singh, was a very simple, generous and loving father. He was so kind to children that they used to address him as "Lala **BABA**", meaning dearest grandfather or beloved soul. He was a farmer, and he raised his children with honest livelihood and sincere care.

My mother was a very pious and compassionate lady. She was illiterate, but most conscientious and beloved to one and all in the village of about 1000 houses. She was very spiritual and spent most of her time in housework, taking care of children, farm assistants and any beggars, monks or needy people. Every year she would visit holy places, *sannyasins* and other dedicated souls. Sometimes nuns from a domestic order used to visit us from Gaya and Hardwar (religious sites in India). She was blessed with great visits from visitors singing folk songs and devotional songs of Shiva and Krishna. She was a devotee of Shiva.

She did not take food before 3 p.m., before finishing all of her allotted duties of housework. She was a leader, and had special character in her love for children. She was ever in the forefront of any religious or social function. Other mothers often brought their newborn children to her, and she would teach them the art of massaging the infant. Even the old people of the village would come to her with their physical problems - nervous tensions, bone and muscular ailments. She never charged any fee. She had great integrity and feeling, was very sensitive, and full of love.

I remember she used to get up at 4 or 4:30 a.m. She would wake me up and start to sing the songs dedicated to Lord Shiva. I learned a lot of songs in those days in her company. She was my mother and my guru (spiritual teacher). I did not know if I could have survived without her until I reached the age of 16. She poured all of her love and affection onto me, as my father died when I was 5 or 6. Naturally, as the youngest child, I received the most love and care. It reflected on my own character

deeply. I was a very shy and silent boy even in my school days and, to some extent, still today.

After the death of my father, she took the guardianship and managed everything very efficiently and affectionately. She never let any of her children feel deserted or empty. The other children were all married at their proper age, and her daughter-in-laws helped her in the house. In later life, she used her free time to travel according to her choice; often I would accompany her on these pilgrimages. She had a great trust and faith in me.



## CHAPTER 2

### Early Childhood

Although I lost my father in early age, my mother and elder brothers did not allow me to feel the gap of his absence. The constant love and keen attention of my mother made me more soft and sensitive. I used to share with her my time in prayer and songs at 4 in the morning and in the afternoon when she used to go to the temple of Shiva close to our house. I was sent to primary school in Karahari village, adjacent to my village. The teachers were quite familiar to my parents and my brothers. But, I did not like to go to school voluntarily, as I saw a big bamboo stick ever ready in the hand of my teachers for beating.

I did not like the teaching system of those days; it seemed to be very hard, and waited for any excuse to mete out punishment. It created fear in my mind, and after a few days of regular attendance I started missing school regularly every two or three days. My mother and brother would think that I had gone to school, since by evening after school was over I was back in the house. But I used to hide in a bush halfway to my school. When I saw my other friends coming back from the school, I also came home a few minutes ahead of them without letting them see me. Once my teacher by chance met my brother in the nearby market, and asked him why I was not attending school. My brother replied in wonder,

"How? He is very regularly going to school and there is no problem."

But my teachers, Ram babu and Vishvanath babu, could not tell him a lie. They told him "No, he is not attending school since the last three days." That same evening was very crucial for me. As soon as I came, my brother asked me: "Are you going to school, and where do you go after you leave home in the morning?"

I was exposed badly and I had a very hard time to hide the truth. I could not stand before the serious red eyes of my elder brother. I told him "No, I did not go to school and I hid myself in the bush until I came home". He gave a slap on my cheek. I cried. My mother heard it. She ran to rescue me. I jumped in her lap. She loved me and comforted me. I got relief in her sweet shelter, and then my brother forgave me. I promised never to miss school, and never did so ever in my entire school life so far as I can remember.

I was always feeling a vacuum for my own sister as I did not have one. But my brothers' wives and uncles' daughters - Asha, Hemanta, and other cousins like Girija, Savitri etc. always used to play with me and were making me happy. I was very fond of football and flying kites. I had to help my mother, brothers and their families in the house, in their domestic work, by taking small kids out to play so that they could work freely in the house. We had domestic animals - cows, oxen, buffaloes - and I had to feed them and take them to graze in the field with other young kids from the neighborhood.

When I used to study in the light of a kerosene lamp, all the young children who were going to school joined me. I used to help them in their studies, and solve their problems. They were very happy. They were all younger

than me. Slowly, slowly in the company of those children I developed a very keen interest in social service, by taking care of many young children of our house and of our neighborhood families. If someone was sick, my mother sent me for medicines. Even the grandfather, uncles and aunts used to come and request me to go for medicines. I did not delay and went happily, even in the hot sun of the summer. I do not think I ever rejected any request of any elder in my early life as a kid. I was a very simple and obedient boy.

When I went to the upper primary school from lower primary, I had a lot of friends. I always maintained the idea of friendship from my side in every need and in every deed. I had friends from all castes, lower and higher Brahmins, Kshatriyas, Shudras and Vaeshyas, Muslims and other communities. I had a great love and respect for them, and I also elicited the same from them. My heart was full of love and sympathy for each and every individual, in pain and in pleasure. But my family members were very strict in following the caste system.

Once my brother hired a servant to assist him in taking care of the cattle. The boy of sixteen was from the scheduled caste. I was perhaps ten years old then. He used to take the cattle to graze, and I also used to go with him as I was getting a good friend to play with after school in the field. He had his own plate and glass tumbler to drink from. He was provided a separate bed, and the poor boy was very jolly and friendly to me. Once he had his meal but did not have enough water to drink. I fetched water for him from the house in a big cup. I poured water in his joint palms and he drank it to his satisfaction. I saw a small quantity of water left over in the cup. I did not have any sense of the water being

impure because of his use. So I drank it. My mother was just approaching me. Seeing that I was drinking the same water which was served to the servant, she was unhappy and scolded me: "Why did you do so?"

I replied, "No, this water is not touched by him, so it is still pure." She did not hear any of my logic and a *suddhikaran* ceremony was held in front of the Shiva temple. The Brahmins were called. They did purifying rituals, allowing me to swallow a ball of Ganges sand and Ganges water. They were served good clothes and money. It was a very unpleasant experience of my childhood.

Once again it happened that one of my Muslim friends, who was very close to me in school, came to give me some guavas. He felt thirsty, and I brought a big jar of fresh cold water. He himself did not touch the jar. He bent down and I poured water in his joint palms to drink. I remembered the previous situation concerning our servant, for which I had to swallow sand and drink Ganges water. Anyhow, this time my friend himself saved me from that sort of unpleasant situation.

There are many such incidents in my early life which made me very conscious of the irrational caste system, and the necessity of it going away from the society. When I was ten or eleven years old, my family arranged a big social function to get me initiated in Vedic order called *Yajinopavita* (sacred thread ceremony). I remember what a very hard time it was for me to follow the rigorous discipline. For a month I could not eat salty or cooked food, except for beaten rice, sweets and yogurt offered by my relatives in *yagya*. You had to wrap your right ear with the sacred thread whenever you went to the rest-room. My whole head was shaved, with a small round patch of hair left over the crown of the head called *choti*

*tiki*. I was initiated in *Gayatri Mantra* but hardly knew the meaning of the *mantra* then. Thousands of rupees were spent in rituals and in feeding the people of my caste for three days.

Once it was a very cold winter night. I was with my mother and one of my elder brothers, Devendraji. I was wearing my shirt and pant. My mother insisted that I wear a sweater, as it was very cold. I replied to her "No, I am fine with this cloth." She insisted further and so I removed my shirt altogether, confirming to her that certainly I was not cold. She became surprised and worried about my future, lest her little son would become a *sannyasin* (renunciate). I was laughing, but soon I obeyed my mother and she became happy.

When I was in secondary school, in the final English literature exam, we were asked to write an essay on the purpose of life. Most of my friends wrote about their ambitions of becoming a doctor, engineer, professor, and so on. I was confused for a while after reading the question paper. Suddenly an idea flowed in my mind and I wrote about my future goal to be a selfless servant of society. When I got involved in Ananda Marga I realized everything, how I was being prepared for this from my very childhood by an unknown force, by God in the form of my Guru - my **BABA!**

I was obedient to not only my mother and brothers but to all who were senior and elder to me. While taking rest after farm duty, my brother used to call me almost every day to massage him for half an hour. I used to assist him sometimes going into the field to get water, or cleaning heaps of wheat from the field. My teachers I always loved and respected. Once before the pre-final test in matriculation, I spent one or two months in a hostel very

close to my house. Every morning I used to willingly wash my teacher's clothes.

Once my cousin was sick with cholera. It was a very bad infectious disease then. He was vomiting and many were fearful for his life. I was there with him at night. I did not fear, and I told his wife not to worry, as she was crying. She was very loving to me. With one of his brothers I went to the hospital and stayed with him until he became normal and was discharged from the hospital. He was so happy to see my dedication and service.

In 1960 my elder brother was very worried about the marriage of his daughter Savitri. She was a few months older than me. She was a student of secondary school in final year. Since two years my brother had been searching for a suitable match for her. The demand of dowry was so high, it was beyond his capacity to pay, and thus he always returned home hopelessly. I was watching how great the stress was on my brother because of his daughter's marriage. I too was getting reacted with all sorts of negativity and suffering, although I was still a boy in my sixteenth year.

One of my primary school teachers, named Saraju Babu, lived close by my house. He used to coach me and Savitri also sometimes voluntarily. He was kind and very close to me. Through me he knew all about the struggle going on in my family for the marriage of Savitri, the first girl of my elder brother and in the whole family. He had his sister's son of the same age, 17 or 18. He was also in the final year of secondary school. He led my brother to his sister's house. He indicated and convinced his brother-in-law to conduct the marriage of his son with the nice girl Savitri, my niece, for a reasonable dowry. After two months the marriage was conducted in my home

town. The whole village was surprised at how this small boy (myself) linked and helped to establish such a very delicate business of life with so much ease and comfort. My brother, his wife and all of my neighbors were so happy. My mother was so blissful to me and to all.

## CHAPTER 3

### A Cosmic Plan

There is a cosmic plan for every human being. In many cases, due to our ignorance and ego, we cannot know it or we may not know it. Very often it is realized after a long time and under different circumstances. I passed my Secondary Board Examination in 1st class. I wanted to continue my further studies in a College, but I was quite confused about which subject I should choose to study - Science or Arts. I was a science student, but I also had a very keen interest in literature and history. My family's economic condition was not so sound because of the death of my father; that I realized from the very beginning. My mother's attachment was another great bondage for me to break. My mother's intention was for me to be near to her, and to continue studying in a local town - Hazipur or Muzaffarpur in North Bihar. She wanted me to lead a family life. But I was the last child, and so loving to her that she did not like to impose her will on me. It was a great blessing for me. Generally Indian parents are authoritative and they marry their children sometimes against their will, mostly taking dowry for their sons. I convinced my mother to let me be free from marriage and allow me to study further. My other brothers also did not force marriage on me. In my place, the marriages of the first and second sons of my eldest brother were arranged. I enjoyed their marriages very much - the music, dance, food and other interesting



programs. Many people felt very strongly about this - how my younger nephews were married and not myself. Anyhow my mother and brother both helped me in this respect to satisfy the persons concerned.

I also had a very deep feeling about my mother's life. She was in her sixties or so, but very strong and active. Then, when I passed my examination, I thought of going to Ranchi, in South Bihar to a very far off place for studies. One of my close friends, Ajit Kumar, had been a student of St. Xaviers College. My cousin brother, Mr. Sacchidananda, his mother and sister Asha were all studying there. He was an employee in the general post office and a student at Ranchi College. His wife and sister both were students at Ranchi Women's College. In the same year (1961) a new college was opened in my home town of Bhagwanpur. The founder was my close classmate's grandfather, known as Mokhtar Sahib. My friend's name was Avadhesh Kumar. He was from a very rich and respected family of the village. My mother and brother also wanted me to study here only, so that I could help them in the house and in the field work. I was also helpful to all in the family and in the neighborhood. But, I had a very strong desire to go to Ranchi. I did not know why. I talked to my mother first about this, and she did not feel fine about the idea. I did my best to convince her that I will be with my brother Sacchidanandaji, his wife and sister Asha and they would take care of me. They also approved of my idea, and were ready to keep me if I really wanted to come there for study.

The time was passing. All of my friends were busy filling out their application forms for various colleges, far and near for further study. One night a very strong desire broke the boundary of my limitations and family

attachments. I decided to go ahead to Ranchi. I packed my small suitcase with my few belongings. My late brother Rajuji gave me Rs. 100 for travel, and my mother too. She was tearful, not knowing what I was doing, where I was going, and why I was going. Everything I needed was there in my home town, but still I was going so far. For the first time in my life, she was very concerned. I did not console her. She knew me very well. I too knew her very well. She was unconsciously trying to help me to free myself from her attachment, and I was also doing the same unconsciously. It was all cosmic planning. I did not desire to be parted from my mother and other family members, but it all happened within a few hours.

In the neighborhood all were sleeping - my elders, uncles, aunts, cousins, friends, relatives, children who were so loving and friendly to me. I did *namaskar* (salutations) to my mother, touching her feet, and to all of my elder brothers and their families. My mother blessed me with tears and grief, and so also did my brother's wife. My brother brought me to the railway station - a seven minute walk from home. The train arrived and halted for two minutes, and then started to move. I did my last *namaskar* to my brother, Devandraji and others. In the morning I reached Patna, the capital of Bihar, which was once the glory of India in Buddha's time. It was known as Pataliputra 2500 years before.

I took a state bus from Patna to Ranchi in the morning; it was June, 1961. It took 12 hours from Patna, moving along serpentine curves by beautiful lakes, national parks, thick forests and coal mines, gold mines, through the cities of Dhanbad, Hazaribag and Giridih, crossing beautiful rivers and valleys at an altitude of 400

feet above sea level, and finally reaching the town of healing climate - Ranchi -where Yogananda had his headquarters.

When I reached there, a very heavy rain was pouring, flooding the roads and pathways of Ranchi. Nobody knew about my coming. I started sobbing in my mind. No man was at the bus station at Ratu Road. The few rickshaw pullers had old hoods over their rickshaws. I came out into the rain with my suitcase on my head as a protective umbrella. I told one of the rickshaw pullers to drive me to my brother's address. He agreed, and proceeded slowly in the heavy rain on Harmu Road, not far from the Ratu Road bus stand where my brother was living. He did not know the address, so he wanted to confirm it. He entered a school of exercises for Marwari students, very close to my brother's place. They were moved to see me in trouble. One of them knew my brother. He directed the rickshaw puller to the correct place. I reached there late at 10:00 p.m. in heavily pouring rain. It was a big surprise but nevertheless a happy meeting with my brother and sister Asha. I was just a boy of eighteen, and they loved me, cared for me as everyone used to do at home. I had dinner and we talked about many things until late night, and then slept until next day morning.

## CHAPTER 4

### Advent of Lord Shrii Shrii Anandamurtiji

In **Bhagavad Gita**, Lord Krishna had declared the purpose of His advent on earth:

*"Yada'yada'hi dharmasya gla'nirbhavati bha'rata  
Abhyuttha'nam adharmaya tada'tma'nam  
srja'myham  
Paritra'n'a'ya'sa'dhu'na'm vina'sha'ya ca dus'krta'm  
Dharmasamstha'pana'rtha'ya sambhava'mi yuge yuge."*

**"Verily whenever there is a decline of Dharma and the predominance of adharma, then I manifest myself. For the deliverance of the devotees and the destruction of the wicked, and to re-establish Dharma, I come into being from age to age."**

According to this, He does not come on the earth just to initiate an ordinary change in the human society. When every aspect of society becomes stagnant, losing its dynamism to move for the collective welfare and happiness, then a major force is needed. Even the many benevolent people (*sadvipras*), saints and *rishis* cannot help to move the social chariot anymore on the line of Divine Principle (*Dharma*); at this point, a total chaos is created. Humanity stands still on the crossroads in a

confused state, unable to take any lead in the right direction.

In that state of pandemonium, the tide of woes goes high, touching the heart of humanity and **finally stirring the mind of the Cosmic Consciousness**. It is a unique hour of change, called *Yogasandhi* - the phase of transition. At this most critical and yet most auspicious moment in human history, *Maha Sadvipra, Tarak Brahma*, Supreme Consciousness, comes on the earth as a human being, with His own mission, with His own *samkalpa* (or purpose), to re-establish dharma in society.

A new chapter of history begins, creating a new event, a new wave of life, a great surging in the entire existence of human society. A cosmic vision starts reflecting itself in a cosmic society. The dwindling hopes and aspirations of the grieving millions are rejuvenated. A divine momentum starts moving the human society from darkness to light, from ignorance to wisdom, from imperfection to perfection, from limitation to liberation, and from illusion to divinity. The society becomes polarized into specific camps, as a pactless struggle ensues against immorality, exploitation and injustice. His clarion call, and His divine grace are constantly guiding the virtuous forces of *sadvipras*, to promote the welfare of humanity.

Seven thousand years ago, humanity witnessed the first advent of *Taraka Brahma* in the form of Lord *Sadashiva*. He initiated a new order of human society, unifying all well-wishers of humanity on the one side and waging fight against all those who were opposed to His mighty mission of collective welfare and happiness in general. He accelerated the speed of human society in all directions. With His introduction of *Tantra*, yoga, music, marriage,

medicine, song, dance, and science, humanity started vibrating, His mission gave an aesthetic taste to the people of that time to understand the purpose of life - to be one with the Supreme lord.

It was after a great gap of 3500 years that *Taraka Brahma* came as Lord Krishna. And now again, after a great gap of another 3500 years, when society was in doldrums, the advent of *Taraka Brahma*, Lord Anandamurtiji brought a new phase of all-round social spiritual transformation, initiating an unprecedented event in human history of the twentieth century. Lord Anandamurtiji came on this dry earth, on the full moon day in May, 1921, for the rescue, relief and liberation of mankind from trifarious problems - physical, mental and spiritual.

Born with the worldly name of Prabhat Rainjan Sarkar, **BABA** endeared Himself to all who came in contact with Him. He transformed their lives, gave them parental love, and guaranteed them liberation on this path. Everybody started calling Him **BABA** - Supreme Father. **BABA** saw the fast degrading (oppressed and suppressed) spirit of humanity. On every front, the society was being attacked by the powerful hands of immorality. He could not tolerate seeing the tortures and tears of mankind. **BABA** propounded Ananda Marga in 1955, with its clear goal of "self-realization and service to humanity", or "*Atma moksarnam jagat hitaica.*" In 1958 He founded Renaissance Universal, and gave a clarion call to the intellectuals of the world to unite to establish a cosmic society. Then Renaissance Artists and Writers Association was founded, projecting a new value of "Art for Service and Blessedness" in human society.

## CHAPTER 5

### Introduction to Ananda Marga

My brother, Sacchidananda Sarasvat was a very simple, honest and very idealistic person. He was helping his wife and her only sister Asha until her marriage in their education. He was working in the general post office and studying in the evening college of Ranchi. We got along just fine. I saw his economic condition to be very poor but very honest living. We had all grown up in the family, in the same village from my childhood. I was simple, soft and shy. I could not stand before any elderly person with an uncourteous manner, nor could I talk before them. I never expressed any reactions to my elders in any way. I always obeyed humbly with due respect, love and regard.

I started helping him to fetch water in the morning and evening, doing shopping, any housework in his absence. At the same time I was very worried about my studies. I applied for admission to St. Xavier's and Ranchi Colleges. Both places offered me admission. I started calculating the yearly expenditure of my studies in Ranchi. It was beyond the capacity of my mother, as I was also very sensitive to the economic situation of my poor mother. Already drought had caused a very poor production of crops, the only hope of a farmer's family.

I started thinking not to join college and to give some tuitions, in order to maintain myself and earn some money so as to start studying in the next year's session. But this was very painful and crucial for me, while on the

other side the constant memory of my mother was making me so very homesick. However, I was very determined to reach my goal. My brother Sacchidanandji helped me a lot to find tuition jobs.

He first introduced me to a family acharya of Ananda Marga for tuition work. He explained to him about my sudden departure from the village to Ranchi for further studies. My acharya was very glad, and expressed his desire to help me. He told me, "Right now I need your help to coach my only small daughter, Karuna, if you have time."

I replied in the affirmative, to teach her every Sunday. He was very thankful to me and we came back home together. After reaching home, my brother informed me about his active involvement in a new religion or society called Ananda Marga. I think he was not well-informed about the new organization. According to him, my acharya was no doubt a man of great knowledge and action. He was a very fearless, bold and sincere person. He had a tremendous influence over the intellectual communities of Ranchi town and neighboring cities. But he did not believe in Hindu religion and God. He did *sadhana* taught by a Bengali guru. He had married a Bengali woman and he did not follow any Hindu rituals and customs.

These remarks made me scared, but I was a rational person and always attempted to sort things out with patience. I did not like to be very close to my acharya. He was employed as a field officer in a life insurance corporation and he always stood first in his business in the whole division of five districts. He was ever busy, but cheerful, punctual and smart, even at this age. His wife was very kind and simple to me. Her only daughter,



Karuna, became my student. She was very small, maybe seven years old at that time, but over-intelligent and full of action and life. I was myself a student. So she did not vex me like other previous old teachers who used to teach her at home. I did very well with her, and her mother and father both were very happy with my sincere labor and way of teaching her with great pleasure and satisfaction.

Once my acharya talked about Ananda Marga and a super-personality's advent on the earth called **BABA**. But still I did not like to be a very close associate of my acharya because of fear of losing my own way of life and religious pursuits. My mother's great devotion to Shiva and Krishna was very deeply settled in my mind. I did not like to accept another **BABA**, whom I did not know at all. Anyhow, he gave me a book called **Ananda Marga Primary Philosophy** (in Hindi). I read half of it and after two or three weeks gave it back to him, as I found it difficult to understand many things. My honest comment was that it seemed a bit hard to understand.

He then gave me a simple book called **A Guide to Human Conduct**, by Shrii Shrii Ananda Murti. It was really very easy for me to understand, and I went through it very secretly without my brother knowing about it. But still it did not impress me much, because all the points and observations mentioned in the book were quite fundamental in my life from childhood. Although I was young, yet I had gone through **Balmahabharat**, **Ramayana**, **Sukha Sagar**, and many books on Ramakrishna. I had known about Mahaviira, Buddha and many great saints like Mira, Surdas, Kabiir, Nanak and Caetanya right from my early childhood. I remembered "Hanuman Calisa" - not eating on any day without first

taking full bath in the morning and half bath before any meal or going to bed.

I had been with my mother to many holy places in my childhood, and I enjoyed the trust, confidence and faith of all my family members, relatives and friends. Honesty and simplicity were the great assets of my life. I knew many songs related to Shiva, Krishna and Rama. I did not go to cinema or any place without the permission of my guardians. So far as I can remember, I might have seen only ten movies in my whole student career and thereafter never. Thus I had a very strong discipline in my life and it was not easy to impress me with other thoughts or ideas.

In the meanwhile, unknown to me and to so many devotees awaiting their tryst with the Lord, this silent movement, Ananda Marga, had been launched from a small room in **BABA**'s very modest railway quarters in Jamalpur. It now began to spread far and wide in India, as a force of challenge for any regime of immorality. Its objective was to establish a cosmic society on the cosmic principle of Dharma, and it began creating a very powerful movement in the entire human life. In 1959 **BABA** introduced a very radical concept of socio-economic-political philosophy called PROUT (Progressive Utilization Theory) to ensure all human beings with the minimum necessities of life, and make them free to march ahead towards his/her goal of collective welfare and happiness. PROUT became the hopes and aspirations of hundreds and thousands of suffering people of India. It grew into a powerful movement, and into a political party - as P.B.I. (Proutist Block of India), and later on Proutist Universal in the whole world.

## CHAPTER 6

### Karuna - An Unknown Guide

I started becoming quite familiar with the family of my acharya. Now I became a regular teacher to Karuna, as I did not take admission in any College. Also with the help of my brother Sacchidanandaji, I got to know another good man named Laxman Mistri, a postal contractor. His two small sons also became my students in Upper Bazar Ranchi. In that way, I started passing my life almost independently, and at the same time was doing very hard work to help my brother's family. But occasionally I was very unhappy at having to waste my valuable study years due to economic reasons. Also, sometimes I started thinking to myself very seriously as to why I had come here? Why not get admission in my village, in the new college which was very economical for me. Why should I not go again back to my village to start a fresh session?

All these thoughts were very pinching to me, and I could not resolve them appropriately. A year passed, and I took admission in the Ranchi College of Engineering. I also got a scholarship of twenty-five rupees per month from the institution. Now, I started doing very hard work, balancing my studies, teaching, and helping my brother's family. A boy of eighteen now having so many responsibilities - this I could not have imagined. I became very popular in my college among my new friends.

I continued teaching Karuna and also other students while teaching Karuna. Once a vaccinator came to

vaccinate my acharya in the morning. Perhaps it was a holiday. I was busy checking the homework of Karuna. My acharya was sitting in his chair. He gave permission to be vaccinated. The sharp needle pricked the under layer of skin of his right arm. He was very healthy. He expressed pain in words, "Oh! It is very painful!" The small baby Karuna and myself heard it. She could not help remark to her father, "Oh, father, you are fearful of a small needle's prick; how are you going to fight against the immoralists of the world?"

I was listening to Karuna, and then started thinking about this bold remark of a tiny girl to her father. I did not say anything to her. I was teaching her with great love and sincerity. I became more contemplative. I thought she was really wonderful and a divine child with extraordinary understanding. She did all the homework given to her in all the subjects. Sometimes on minor mistakes of any kind she would feel sorry and say, "Okay, tomorrow I will do it right. Please excuse me." Her mother was always sitting at the door of the veranda where I would be teaching her. She would sometimes serve me a tumbler of water or milk or lemon juice. She was always concerned about her school duty and time. Karuna did not miss her school on any day without reason. I did not know how God was planning my future for a great mission indirectly through this small girl.

Once again my mother sent a sacred thread on the occasion of *Chath* festival. It is a festival celebrated in East UP and Bihar, with a lot of rituals. My mother used to fast 48 hours on that day, and she used to offer bananas, oranges, sugar cane, coconut and a lot of sweet cakes called "*thakua*" to the sun god in the evening and in the dawn. Anyhow I got that blessed sacred thread from

someone who came from our village. I was wearing it around my neck. When I came to my acharya's house, Karuna came and I started doing my usual teaching. All of a sudden, she saw a red round thread around my neck, hanging half visible and half beneath the shirt. She put her hand in my neck and pulled out both the sacred thread (*yajinopavit*) and the new red colorful thread together. She was in her most innocent mood and playing like a small child with me. Of course she was a child, but I became offended. She passed a remark with a smile: "Oh, what are these threads to do with you? It is simply a symbol of superior caste, and in reality we (her family) do not believe in caste. Humanity has no caste, and God has none too."

It was a very deep penetrating arrow piercing the depth of my heart. It went straight to the level of my consciousness. I became very imbalanced, and I showed my anger to her. Her mother, sitting close by, was observing all this, vexing me and making me more annoyed. I was silent and not happy. Whether she realized this or not, I do not know. But her mother was very unhappy to see me in grief. I told Karuna in a serious mood, "Well, if you vex me, I will not come again to teach you." She became serious, and so did her mother. Her mother scolded her as to how she could have lost all her wisdom and displeased her teacher. She ran into the nearby garden on the campus. She plucked some flowers and ran to her room. She made a very beautiful garland, and within a few minutes she ran again to me and placed that garland around my neck, begging me to pardon her. I smiled and forgot my pain. Somehow, it was becoming quite clear in my mind that this was all a Cosmic plan which was being expressed

through different medias. I became more thoughtful and ponderous on the remark of Karuna. She became my true tiny guide, unknowingly.

## CHAPTER 7

### Initiation

Almost a year passed in keen observation and study about the character and action of my acharya. Such a man of tremendous will-force and lightning activities, balancing everything of life, I had not seen so far. Even in the freezing winter one could not see him indoors. Ever engaged in meaningful work, treating men, women and children alike, a very firm and free man with optimistic and inspiring nature. Anybody could approach him for help. Generally unemployed young people used to visit him, and he would solve their problems within a few days. I never saw him taking extra rest. He had his scheduled life and always maintained it. He was very loving to his wife and daughter, Karuna. Very often he used to address his wife as his "precious jewel" and his daughter Karuna as "bitia" (meaning beloved daughter).

The little Karuna became my sole guide in disguise. I became very much interested to know the practices of Ananda Marga. In spite of the fear of rebuke from family and other friends, I could not resist the irresistible call of my conscience. Nobody was there to convince me or bring me to my acharya. I was since one year very close to him but very free at the same time.

"When the student is ready, the teacher comes." Where there is a will, there is a way. I started feeling agony, pain and restlessness without initiation. It was October, 1962, as far as I can remember. I came to teach

Karuna, and my acharya was there. I felt myself very fortunate. I expressed my desire with utmost love and devotion to my acharya. "I want to be initiated." He was very happy to hear this from my own mouth. I took appointment for the next day evening.

I came to his residence. I waited and waited until he came, but it was too late. I was most humbly told to come in the morning. The month was getting cold. I walked to his house, and was only five minutes late. He had just left before I reached there. His wife conveyed to me that he had been waiting for me, and that I did not come in time, and that he had to go. She requested me to come again tomorrow after 3 p.m. I did not get disappointed. I took it as the test of my patience and devotion. Every moment was passing with new hope of getting initiation and practicing meditation, just as my acharya, his wife and Karuna all did. That auspicious time had arrived!

The next day I reached his house before 3:00. My acharya was waiting for me. He was wearing a simple shirt and lungi. I took my bath as usual. Then, there were no 16 points. There was only *yama* and *niyama*. My acharya explained about *yama* and *niyama*, then called me in his small room called initiation room. On his wooden cot, a blanket was arranged. My acharya took his own seat. He closed his eyes for a while and then took oath from me before *pratika* and within 20/30 minutes he poured in me the vibrative spiritual force of Lord Shrii Shrii Ananda Murti - **BABA**. In the end, I offered myself in *Guru dakshina*, for the Lord's mission before my acharya. Thus I became Ananda Margi, but maintained secrecy from my brother and his family. Although every day, his wife, sister Asha and he himself were joking with



me "Are you going to be Ananda Margi?" I always assured them that I would not take initiation, and that I did not want it for my safety.

After initiation, I did not miss my sadhana any day, I was doing it in secret at around about 11:00 p.m. every day. My brother, his wife and sister were also students, as myself. They had two rooms in the house. I used to sleep on the veranda on a wooden cot. After dinner, by 9:30 or latest by 10:00 p.m. they used to go in their rooms, study and then sleep afterwards. By 11:00 p.m. they were invariably asleep in order to get up early in the morning.

It was the 27th day of my initiation and continuous practice of *sadhana*. My brother's family, including sister Asha, all went into their rooms and were studying. It was 11:00 p.m. in the night. I thought that they were asleep. There was no light in their room. Now, it was my time to do *sadhana* in darkness, under the mosquito net. I had earlier read much about Ramakrishna and Vivekananda. Many pictures of Ramakrishna showed him dancing in ecstasy (*samadhi*) on one leg, raising the hand up in a special gesture. Also he gave *samadhi* to his dearest disciple, Vivekananda many times. Ramakrishna's childhood was an alluring example for me. I wanted to be an ideal man of society. I wanted to feel what is called *samadhi*. I wanted to experience the ecstasy of great saints - Raman Maharshi, Ramakrishna, Kabiir, Caetanya and Mira.

It was that day that the Lord (**BABA**) blessed me by that experience of *sadhana* within 27 days of my practice. His grace on an ordinary child was really beyond words. It was all His *krpa* (unconditional blessing) and nothing else. Even life after life, the yogis and devotees practice

meditation, but hardly they enjoy the last nectar of bliss (*samadhi*).

I was certainly blessed. I sat in *sadhana* and after few minutes was lost in the ocean of Cosmic Consciousness. I started floating in the ocean of love and bliss. I did not know the world around me. I was floating in the world of beauty and white effulgence, without any external resistance. From being in *siddhasana*, I fell on the ground, apparently (as I was to learn afterwards) with legs and hands locked, rocking on the ground with a tremendous expression of force within. I did not know that I was on the ground or in the house of my brother. I was really in a state of Cosmic communion beyond any description.

But, what happened just thereafter turned my whole inner state of happiness into a state of agony and pain. My brother, his wife and sister Asha heard me falling down, uttering "hum, hum" while laughing and crying, rolling left and right on the ground. They all thought I was possessed by a ghost, the bad spirit which was supposed to be living very close to the rented house on the hill next to a tamarind tree.

The brother forcefully dislodged my legs and hands, my sister pressed my mouth, and brother's wife poured a bucket of cold water on me. It was late in the night. I felt a great pull downwards, drenched in water, light on, surrounded by all my family members. When I opened my eyes, I was at a loss to understand what had happened to me, and why they all were surrounding me. I then realized that I had been doing *sadhana* and that I was beyond consciousness.

There were questions and questions, all about what happened to me. "Did you pass by that tree this evening?"

When you came home? Did you learn *sadhana* from the Ananda Margi, K.N. Sharma? You must tell us the truth or it would be hard for you to be here." I found it very difficult to tell a lie. The truth cannot be suppressed by a hundred lies.

I took the side of truth and expressed, "Yes, I have become Ananda Margi. I took *diiksha* (initiation) from Kedar Nath Sharma, an acharya of Ananda Marga." It was very hard for me to face them. But I promised, "Well, please do not worry, I will not do *sadhana* any more." They searched to see if I had my sacred thread. It was there, as my acharya did not tell me anything about it, to take it off or keep it on. Anyhow, the news spread in my brother's friends' circles and to my other relatives living in Ranchi, as well as far away in my village to my mother and all my neighbors. My struggles started. The *samadhi* brought suffering, and in future it became more condensed and unimaginable. But I bore all by His grace and kindness, by the grace of my Lord Anandamurtiji.

## CHAPTER 8

### Ecstasy and Involvement in Ananda Marga

Now it was very difficult to stop doing meditation twice or thrice a day. I started composing songs of devotional experiences. Though I had not seen **BABA**, yet I knew about Him. My first song was "*BABA, tumi sahara bhavasindhu me Hamara' Majadha'ra me para'hum jaldi karo kina'ra'*", meaning:

**"O Lord, You are the only shore (shelter) in the shoreless sea, I am in the middle of the whirling current, please rescue me soon and bring me on the shore."**

I sang this song before my acharya and he was very happy. I now changed the venue of my *sadhana* from my brother's house to my friend's hostel. The schedule of my college made me very frustrated sometimes. From early 6:00 a.m. I was attending classes and continued until 9:00 or 10:00 p.m. at night, with only a midday break. As there were not sufficient teaching staff members at the Engineering Institute in Ranchi, they had to hire engineers from the Heavy Engineering Corporation, a company engaged in a giant steel project for the government of India. Once my acharya told me about group meditation in Hesal (on Ratu Road), 3 miles from

my residence. I was so eager to know other family acharyas and Margi brothers and sisters of Ranchi.

It was Sunday evening, the day of *Dharmacakra* or group meditation. I went with my acharya. He used to give rides to many persons that day, to all those who did not have transport to Ratu road. It was a very big *jagriti*, but not completely constructed. They were using the ground floor for *dharmacakra*. At around 6:00 p.m. hundreds of Margis assembled in the big hall. On the dias, there was the photo of **BABA**, beautifully decorated by the local Margis, who had also cleaned the hall all around. Many Margis were beautiful singers, singing songs in Bengali and Hindi. My acharya instructed me to sing my song newly composed for **BABA**, mentioned before. It created a tremendous vibration in all the margis present. They wanted to know me. My acharya introduced me and spoke highly about me. It was His greatness. During *dharmacakra* I could not control my spiritual vibration and started crying and expressing different sounds with laughter and tears. It was all very strange to me, but at the same time very difficult to control myself.

After *dharmacakra* was over, one of the old Margis named Anantramji requested me to help his daughter, Pushpa, in her studies for an hour, as she was preparing for matriculation exam. I could not say no. I had to find time in the evening and after some time I did my best to help her and his two sons Umesh and Ramesh. Soon I became a part and parcel of the family of Shrii Anantramji, his younger brother Ramlakhanji and their families including parents and other relatives. They all became very close to me. Sometimes they also used to send their children for getting coaching.

There were four family acharyas at that time in Ranchi. It was an extraordinary event that four local acharyas were together, doing tremendous work for the Lord's mission. My circle became very big and true love and affection was so deep, that I started forgetting my native town, my mother, and other friends in the village. I started doing *pracar* amongst my friends.

I had a lot of good friends everywhere in town, studying in the colleges, since I had been there for a year now. One of my close friends was Brajnandanji, at the Ranchi School of Engineering, from Nalanda side. He was very orthodox, but simple. I do not know how we became very close friends. He was doing *japa* and I was doing Ananda Marga *sadhana*. He was a very unsocial and unmixing type of person. He was mostly alone but happy. He used to cook his own food most of the time, eating raw sprouted grains, fruits, milk and boiled vegetables. Also he had a big tuft of hair (called *choti* in Hindi) on the central part of his head. He looked like a Brahmin priest, although he was not a Brahmin, among the modern engineering students.

My friend was very much scared to hear about Ananda Marga, just as I had been in the beginning. Since I did not know much about **BABA**, I did not talk much about Him, but only about my acharya. Sometimes he would share his food with me and his thoughts also. I was also praiseworthy of his doing spiritual practice as per his understanding. I did not like to impose upon him what I was doing, but I saw there was a true craving in him for the Lord's experience and *sadhana*. He was married in his childhood and was very much loving to his wife.

One day, after evening class was over, we came back to the hostel. I requested him that I want to do my

*sadhana*. He prepared for me a special seat with a blanket on his bed, and then I started singing a few songs which I had composed. Soon, in the twilight of the evening's silent hours, my mind went out of bodily consciousness. I started swimming in the air of bliss. It was so nice. I forgot all about time, space and person. I had only one uniform feeling that I am enjoying the state of happiness which has no end. I remained more than an hour in this transcendental state, and then slowly returned to normal consciousness. It was late. I had to reach home. I was fearful of my brother and his family. My friend, Brajnandanji, wanted to know the details of my experiences, but it was beyond the word's reach. I was very calm and relaxed, with half opened eyes. I requested him, "Please, let me go, it is too late. I will see you tomorrow."

Every day I was growing in the glowing spirit of the path of bliss - Ananda Marga. Morning, midday, night, all were passing with quick pace. My individual struggle was also at its apex. I was feeling guilty for not helping in the affairs of my brother's family. I did not have much interest in study, yet I was not inactive. Rather I was much more involved in the social activities of Ananda Marga. My annual exam of the first year was coming closer. I convinced my acharya that it would be better for me if I would be away from my brother's place. My brother was also convinced and for the time being I started living with my acharya, teaching Karuna, and doing regularly *sadhana*. After some time I got to live in the school hostel and then felt very free to do more work for Ananda Marga. I used to visit my brother and his family very frequently, and balanced everything very nicely.

Now, I was quite a free person to do my *sadhana* openly in my room on my bed, including *asanas*. It attracted a few of my friends, but also it created terrible reaction in others. But the great thing that happened was that my friend, Brajnandan one day came to me and requested me to take him to my acharya. He wanted initiation on that very day. Already other friends of my College had got initiated by my acharya. The circle of Margiis started growing in my College. Just then, another Margi student came to get admission from Bhagalpur called Madhusudan Mishra. He was from a very strong Brahmin family, and I got a lot of support when he came there.

He was under great clash with his family members. Later on he left school for a job in Gomia Explosive Ltd., where his brother was employed. Anyhow, I could not resist the spiritual thirst of my friend, Brajnandanji. He wanted to get *diiksha* (initiation) at any cost. The evening sun was gliding slowly slowly into the western horizon with a mild red glow. The birds were going back to their nests. My friend had a full bath and was ready in mind and spirit. He wanted my guidance. He knew that before *diiksha* his long turf of hair must be cut off. We reached together at my acharya's residence. My acharya was also ready, waiting to give spiritual guidance to this deserving student.

It took very little time to explain to him about Ananda Marga and the importance of *sadhana*. Just for a second he came to me and wanted my help to cut off his tuft of hair. At his request I took his blade from his hand, and taking my *guru mantra*, I cut off the tuft and threw it in the dustbin near the corner of the house. He then got initiation. That day we felt so much closeness, and we



maintained that brotherly relation until I finally left forever. Now we used to participate together on BABA's birthday or any important program.

We started regular group meditation in the hostel and started going to visit Chutia unit, which was almost entirely made up of *sadhakas* from my institution. Thus every week I was attending three *dharmacakras* - Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday - at different places. Acharyas Harishankarji, Ksittijii, Maheshwarjii, Brahmadevaji, and my own acharya, Kedar Nath Sharma, all gave precious guidance and contact, which made me more strong to fight dogmas in the society at a young age.

## CHAPTER 9

### Visit of BABA to Ranchi

As I remember, it was just after initiation in 1962 that **BABA** came to Ranchi. But while I was knowing much about my acharya, I knew almost nothing about **BABA**. I was knowing something about Ananda Marga but not about Lord Anandamurtiji. **BABA**'s gentleman photo used to hang on the inner wall of my acharya's house. Once his daughter Karuna told me about Him, as the Guru of her father who lives in Jamalpur (Bihar). In any case, I was informed about His coming. I did not pay so much attention to this news, and it seemed to me that college and other students (I was coaching) were of more importance.

A great clash started in my mind. How could I go to see **BABA**, leaving aside my work? But as per my word given to my acharya, I went to a certain place in Ranchi (I do not remember) and saw 200-300 persons waiting with flowers to welcome **BABA**. I also joined them. **BABA** came in a car with Prabava Mukharji, the then General Secretary of Ananda Marga. Both seemed to be of similar age to me, and very gentlemanly in white sober dress in very humble form. The Margis started greeting **BABA** by shouting "*Param Pita BABA Ki Jai - Ananda Marga Amar Hai, Mahava Manava Eka Hai!*" (Victory to God. Ananda Marga is immortal, all human beings are one, etc.).

Anyhow, I followed the crowd to the residence of Balendujii, a mining officer, where **BABA** was to stay. As soon as **BABA** came out of the car, a mob of 50 Margiis all started rushing to touch the feet of **BABA**. The one VSS officer was quite unable to control the crowd and **BABA** was quiet, looking somewhat tired due to the pull and push of the Margis. Anyhow, with a strong hand, the crowd came under control and **BABA** came inside the house. I was told by other acharyas, perhaps Kshittiji, to wait for P.C. (personal contact).

But, I did not feel good about the crowd surrounding **BABA** and making him uncomfortable. I did not feel fine. Also about **BABA**, I am embarrassed to say that I did not feel much attraction, for me to stay overnight. There were a few young students who were waiting for personal contact. I also sat but not with real devotion in me. After 3-4 hours had passed, and I did not get my turn, I did not feel disappointed. I came home and I did not go again to DMC.

But again after a few months there was *Ananda Purnima*, the birthday of **BABA**. I received the program. This time my love for **BABA** was automatically increasing. At the end of DMC, **BABA** gave *Varabhaya mudra* (the hand gesture of bestowing bliss and fearlessness). I was briefed by senior Margis about that most auspicious moment and not to miss watching Him. I was ever alert. After **BABA**'s discourse, *Guru puja* was performed to Him, and He Himself chanted the *Samgacchadvam mantra* (prayer of group meditation). In the end, **BABA** raised His right hand in a special *mudra*. It was just beyond my imagination - the very strongest influx of light beam emanating. It made me so exalted that I went into *samadhi*. I started jumping on my seat up and down in

sitting position with tremendous sound, tears, and shaking of the body in every direction. After a few minutes I opened my eyes and **BABA** was not there. He had already left the dias for His residence.

**BABA** was to leave Ranchi for Jamalpur. I spent much time in the *jagriti*. My acharya brought a newly initiated young singer, Shashijii, from Ranchi, Uppar Bazar. It was noon. **BABA** came to give the departing *darshan*. We were all assembled in the big *jagriti* hall. **BABA** came on the dais with folded hands, bidding *namaskar* to all Margis assembled there. He sat and the songs started. I remember that I also sang my composition to Him and so did Acharya Kshittiji. Everybody was vibrating. Then came the turn of that young Margi who was a professional singer. He had so much devotion for **BABA** that he took the ideation of Krishna leaving Brindavan for Mathura, desolating the hearts of the *gopis*. The young artist started singing - *sunā sunā lage Briraj ke dhama, gokul ko chhora cale ghanshyam*. (Now Brindavan is deserted as Lord Krishna is leaving for Gokul.)

The song touched the sublime level of human hearts, making everybody weep profusely. It was a very tremendous scene; no one was in his/her own consciousness. There was the flow of eternal bliss, and we all were merging into it; no one could see where is **BABA**. He was Himself in very sad mood. When we came to know that **BABA** was leaving the hall, we ran after Him. Many fell down in the cleared harvested land in front of the *jagriti*, rolling down trying to reach Him. My position was very delicate. That day I did not feel so much personal pain for Him as much as the love generated by Him. For many days I used to shed tears in

love and think of Him all the time, remembering that sublime occasion of special grace and bliss.

## CHAPTER 10

### Personal Contact With BABA

Now, my love for the Lord was upsurging in mind. I wanted to get His sweet contact. I wanted to see Him from the nearest point. Also, this was no longer a hidden factor from my local Ranchi family and my distant home, my mother, brother and relatives and friends. I had very vast and nice relationships among the families of Margiis. I brought many friends of my school into Ananda Marga. The annual examination was over. A few days before, I had received the recommendation letter for p.c. (personal contact with **BABA**) from my acharya. I took the train with one of my Margi friends, Achutananda, who belonged to Motihari, and we traveled to Jamalpur.

It was the month of May in 1963, that I embarked on my first visit to Jamalpur. On the way, no other thought except the ideation of meeting my Master, my Guru and my Lord, was in my mind. I reached Jamalpur Railway Station, and asked about Rampur Colony *jagriti* of Ananda Marga. It was not very far. Ananda Marga had started getting opposition, at that time, from the fundamentalist Hindus as well as from the Government because of the threat posed by PROUT. I think **BABA** Himself prohibited any propaganda for Ananda Marga and Him, in Jamalpur. This was very strange; outside of

Jamalpur, in every big city Ananda Marga was growing, but not in Jamalpur.

By His grace we came to Jamalpur *jagriti*. Acharya Abhedanandji was the Personal Assistant (P.A.) of **BABA** and *ashram* Manager. It was 3:00-4:00 in the afternoon. We all did *namaskar* to him and told him our purpose in coming to Jamalpur. He had a glorious personality - his face shining in the glow of *sadhana* and service. He showed us the rest-room and bathroom and gave us other necessary guidance to make our stay comfortable in the *jagriti*.

Also, I gave the letter from my acharya for p.c. with **BABA**. A few other brothers had already arrived from different places. My number for personal contact was ninth, and was scheduled for next day morning. I was very happy meeting and talking about Ananda Marga with the other Margi brothers. Only four rooms had been completed and a school building was under construction. The next day morning I was ready for my personal contact. **BABA** used to come to the *jagriti* at about 9:00 a.m, and then go to office after *jagriti*. There was a small restaurant belonging to a Margi brother very close to the *jagriti*. All Margis from outside the city used to have food and breakfast tiffin there. My friend requested me to have breakfast quickly before **BABA** came. I was not prepared for breakfast. But he insisted to me, and so I followed him. At our request we were served curd-beaten rice and *peda* (an Indian sweet *burfi* in round shape). We finished within ten minutes.

We walked to the *jagriti* very quickly. Lo! We saw, **BABA** was already stepping into the *jagriti* with respected Dada Dasrathji, a very close disciple of **BABA**. We ran fast to the *jagriti* and took our seats on the veranda.

**BABA** went inside. The schedule for personal contact started. I was waiting for my turn after 8:00 a.m. But I was called first from inside. The acharya on duty at the door of **BABA**'s room called my name. I was taken aback in great surprise. I forgot everything which was thinkable to reply to **BABA**. Simply, I ran to the room.

The door of divinity was opened. My Master was there in extremely jolly and exalted mood. I did *sastang pranam* (prostration). My Master told me to sit down and asked me about my journey from Ranchi and also about my acharya and his family. I replied to everything like a five year old child. I did not see **BABA** as a very fearful and scolding Entity. To me He was my most beloved Father, my Guru, and every chapter of my life was open to Him. I did not fear at all. He was smiling and talking with me about the work in Ranchi also. Just after the mutual conversation was over, He closed His eyes for a while and, touching my spiritual eye, made me unconscious for some time. He said, "You are a nice boy, you have not done any major mistake, punishable. Be an ideal boy and do great work."

He then said "Are you going to stay until DMC?" (*dharma maha cakra*). "Yes, **BABA**," I replied. Then **BABA**, in very jubilant mood, told me to depart and send the other person inside. I was vibrating in spiritual flow and took my seat and did *sadhana* for an hour.

The next turn was that of a lecturer at the Patiala Polytechnic. He became a wholetime worker afterwards. But **BABA** started beating him with a stick and scolding him. Why, I did not know, nor did he tell about it at all. Nobody could ask also. The sound of beating was so severe that many personal contact candidates waiting outside were in a fearful condition. Anyhow, it was very



beautiful to get His touch in Jamalpur. I requested permission from Dada Abhedanandji to go for a field-walk with **BABA**. Dada Dhruvanandji was the in-charge for field walk arrangements. He arranged my trip in a group, going from **BABA**'s house to the vast field where **BABA** used to walk and talk about so many things.

The proper time of field walk came at night. We were three Margi brothers in the first group. After 9:00 p.m. **BABA** came out. We followed Him through the small busy market road of Jamalpur. It was strange to see how **BABA** was walking on the narrow road without any touch of any person in that crowd. He was moving in a unique style. When we reached the bridge over the railway line, the moon was shining sweetly in the sky. **BABA** turned towards the sky and started telling us about the position of different stars in the galaxies. Also he asked me personally about *Gayatri mantra*'s meaning. I replied, "**BABA**, I do not know it well." **BABA** was kind enough to explain in detail, until we reached the big field near the tiger's graveyard.

Then I remembered my past, how I was given this *Gayatri mantra* in my childhood by my local family guru, without being told its meaning and importance. Then **BABA** explained, it was good for one to be initiated in the Tantric system. The second group of Margis was already waiting to welcome **BABA**. We were told to return to the *jagriti*. We followed the instructions of the dada. After reaching the *jagriti*, we slept in the ideation of **BABA** in happiness and bliss. After four-five days there was DMC in Monghyr. A day before D.M.C. in Jamalpur, **BABA** served us food in the evening. We enjoyed the spiritual bliss during the three days of DMC. Every day - morning

and evening - was **BABA's** general *darshan* and talk, and spiritual ecstasy.

## CHAPTER 11

### Clash Among Family and Friends

The DMC was over. We gave a grand farewell to **BABA** in high spiritual and devotional esteem. The same day I travelled to my home. After a long gap of a year I was returning home. The attraction and love of my mother and beloved brothers, their families was growing very high in my mind. Also I would be seeing many of my friends in the village, those who were in other colleges of the state, returning for summer vacation. My train reached Bhagwanpur Railway Station after twelve hours of tiring journey via Monghyr, Samastipur and Muzaffarpur. I was very happy after arriving at the railway station in my village.

My home was only a seven minute walk from the railway station. As soon as I crossed the railway station, and reached the hub of the nearby market, my friends (high school friends) met and greeted me in love, hugging each other. It was so nice! After a few minutes, I reached home. I hugged my mother and touched her feet in salutation. She blessed me in tears. I did not have the sacred thread then, as I was Ananda Margi and had thrown it off long back. My nature and character was fully known to everybody in the house and the whole of my neighborhood. I was held in high love and affection by all the communities in the whole village.

In the night my mother asked me why I did not have on my sacred thread. I told her about my conviction in Ananda Marga, and that spiritual practice does not require it. She was a very innocent lady. I couldn't convince her. Then I came to know that all my elders, uncles, brothers and relatives of that village were hostile and very critical of me. She was crying. It made me very sad. Even my close friends became unfriendly because of Ananda Marga. My mother was suffering. She was living in the village, and every day she had to undergo suffering because of me. When I came, there was a meeting in closed circles, in my elders' house about my "anti-religious" activities, my not following the caste system and my not believing in God.

I was the chief subject of discussion in my village at that time. I, who was once regarded as the most gentle, now became the most controversial person. I consoled my mother and told her not to worry. I would organize a meeting and call my acharya from the local city, Muzaffarpur, to clear all the doubts of my relatives and family members. The next day I felt very isolated. I did not like to talk to anyone. My brother asked all about Ananda Marga, and my giving up the sacred thread and doing something new beyond our Hindu society. I tried to convince them, but in vain. Yet I felt so much strength and decided to fight alone, and to portray myself as a true Margi.

I went to Muzaffarpur. I met the local acharya, Shri Sakal Deojii, a very reputed advocate in Kedarnath Road. He arranged for another family acharya (a very high official working in the railway office), Shri Shyamnandan Shrivastava, to come to our village. I organized his program for my village. After two-three days, on

Saturday so far I remember, he came at the proper time. I had invited most of my relatives. After food in the evening, the meeting started. Shrii S.N. Shrivastavaji gave a very convincing talk in Hindi, giving instances from many Hindu scriptures too. My young friends were silent. But the older people gathered there found it were very hard to listen to the words of the acharya. They went on arguing and arguing without any fruitful results.

Nobody came forward to take initiation. In the same night Ac. Shyamnandan returned to his residence in Muzaffarpur. Now that meeting in fact put more exposure on Ananda Marga and on me. Now, even in the fields, those who were working were talking about me: how I used to be such a nice boy and after going to Ranchi someone turned my will into the wrong way, talking derogatorily about my acharya, K.N. Sharma - how he had harassed many revolutionaries in 1942 and now wanted to be a saint. They were talking like this. A few of my close friends became sympathetic and I made them Margis, but others became very indifferent to and critical of me.

It was very hard for my mother to live in such circumstances. Although I told her, "They are not your real relatives. No one can give you even a pint of salt free. No one can help you in trouble." She knew all these realities of life, but due to fear of society she was depressed. She was also fearful that I would be a *sannyasin* and leave home.

After a month of regular talks with my mother, I convinced her secretly to be a Margi. On the pretext of holiday in Ganga as she was going there very often, being very near Hazipur town six miles from home, I followed her. She had absolute faith and trust in me, and I had the

same in her. Before meeting **BABA**, she was my everything, I can say. In Hazipur, I knew one acharya, Shrii Suryanarainji, an advocate, a family acharya. He was kind enough to initiate her. I do not know whether she was given the first lesson or *nama mantra*. She had all her life been a devotee of Shiva. She was all the time singing divine songs dedicated to Shiva, addressing Him as **BABA - Bhole BABA, Mahadeva BABA**, etc. She used to get up at 4:00 a.m. every morning and spend one hour daily, singing and praying throughout her daily life until the end of her life.

One interesting thing happened also during my presence in the village. My grandmother died due to old age and sickness, maybe at the age of ninety. I led the funeral from the house with other young persons. She was my most beloved grandmother. She used to love me all the time - as long I was there in the village. The normal custom of the Hindu religion is to recite the name of Rama while moving with funeral. I taught all who were with me to say:

*"Param Pita BABA Ki Jai,  
Shrii Shrii Anandamurtiji ki Jai."*, etc.

It was new to them. The mourners did not appreciate these new slogans. After they returned from the funeral, the *shraddha* was to be performed after twelve days, to conduct rites for the departed person. According to Hindu custom, every male adult Brahmin has to shave his head and change to a new sacred thread. I did not shave my head, and already I did not have the sacred thread. It caused a terrible reaction among the elders in the family.

They wanted to boycott my family due to my being Ananda Margi.

My mother became the victim of all onslaughts and dirty criticism from every corner. She used to stand and request me to obey the elders in tears. I was young, soft and humble; I always had been very gentle and very simple to them all the time. But this time I was the same in misunderstood form. I was very hard in my conviction, tough in my ideology, sincere in my practice. I was young in age but very old in understanding. I left home, leaving my mother behind in the village and went to Ranchi, having stirred the whole village in the name of Ananda Marga. My absence must have cooled down the wave of hostility for some time. Now I did not want to go again to my home town and see my close friends and relatives once again, who were hostile to me and my mission.

## CHAPTER 12

### First Ananda Marga School at Ranchi

I came back to Ranchi and continued my college studies as usual, and plunged into the activities of Ananda Marga with tremendous speed. I started composing and singing many devotional songs in *dharma chakras*. The organization established a section called Education, Relief and Welfare Section (ERAWS) in 1963. A vast tract of land was acquired in Baglata (in the Purulia district of West Bengal) for the practical materialization of this Mission's noble objectives. A band of dedicated *sannyasins* started moving to taking care of the new mission. The growing mission required a number of dedicated wholetime workers. I had already seen a few of them in 1962, in Ranchi and Jamalpur.

Ranchi being the hub of the organization, Margis and acharyas started thinking to open a primary Ananda Marga school in Hesal *jagriti*. But it was difficult to get a teacher of appropriate spiritual and social interest. The general eyes of acharya and Margis were on me. But I did not have time from my college and other commitments to Marga. The late Anantramji, Ram Lakhanji, Ac. Harishankarji and Ac. Satyanarainji started preparations for the opening of the school. It was the winter holiday of December. The new session was to commence from January. I did not go to my village, as it



was very far from Ranchi and because of the very bad experience with the orthodox people.

When I was approached for starting the school, I did not say no. I agreed and came to stay in the *jagriti* for the time being. I got pamphlets and leaflets printed with the help of Margis and distributed them to the surrounding houses. I got a very inspiring response. Within a few days I had 31 students and I started teaching alone. This continued for months. Then a new principal called Randhirji, a wholetimer dada, came to take over. I was with him for a few more days to introduce him to the guardians and the students. He was very happy to see how I had managed everything so nicely.

Many Margis thought of giving me money for the time I had given to the school. But I did not accept any reward for that. I thought it was my duty to the Lord and mankind, and did it to the best of my ability. I was very glad that such an opportunity had been given to me to serve the society. Now, that school is a well functioning junior high school. But very few may be knowing the history of its humble beginnings.

## CHAPTER 13

### Discontinuation of College

Already from my childhood the present education system was boring. I always did very well in my college career, but somehow I did not have much satisfaction. The engineering education was expensive and needed considerable attention and concentration. But I did not have time to study my subjects well, as I was fully engaged in the activities of Ananda Marga. Most evenings I was going to *dharmacakra*, giving tuition to Margi children, etc. The teachers of my college were mostly part-timers coming from large organizations and corporations in the vicinity. So we were attending classes late in the night. Mentally I did not like it. Also, I was not interested in having a government job. In my final second year, I sat in the examination against my will. Everything went all right except mathematics. I secured 70% marks, enough for a first class, but I failed in mathematics. I had already decided that if I fail, I will not sit in the next exam, but will do service for humanity. I thought that it was Lord's will, and I must do this work. But mentally I was not happy due to that failure. Finally I resolved in my mind not to continue, and willingly I discontinued my further studies.

I spent much time in Ranchi, giving tuition to Margi children and a few non-Margi children also. Although they were non-Margis, yet their parents were honest and respectful persons. They loved me very much. I did not

like to go home, and thought of dedicating my life for Ananda Marga. It was now the beginning of 1965, the year in which BABA started W.W.D. (Women's Welfare Section), for the all-round development of women. One of my Margi friends, Mr. Madhusudhan Mishra, came to Ranchi to see me from his brother's place in Gomia, where he was employed. He was in a tense struggle with his family due to Ananda Marga. They wanted him to marry and take dowry. Because of that clash actually he discontinued his studies, as he was poor and could not get any active support from his family. I wanted to take a brief break from Ranchi. He gave me the idea to come to Gomia with him for a while. It is a very nice place and a few Margis are there. There are many interested persons too. Also he was getting very heavy opposition from his brothers, and my presence would give him strength to fight against the ignorance of his brothers. I agreed on that point and we both went to Gomia, a coal-mining belt of Bihar State. It was just 2-3 hours from Ranchi.

We were very happy as we were very strong in our principles and practices. In the evening of the same day we were in Gomia. His brothers greeted me, and many other non-Margi friends also were happy to see me. Actually, I was not reactive like Madhusudan. I gave everyone chance to talk and listened at extreme length. When they were tired, I used to talk very gently and practically; what is happening, what one should do in this life. After a few days of my living with them, taking care of them, cooking food and helping them in their work, they developed a very positive feeling for me. They started appreciating me and slowly slowly became less critical of Ananda Marga. Madhusudan was very happy

to see such early positive results. We were going for walks and talking to many non-Margis in the nearby village. I had brought my bicycle with me, which was of great help in my movements.

One day we wanted to see the factory. It was really very interesting. Its administrative office was in the open flatland, but the factory's major productive units were in the forest on top of the hill - it was so nice to do meditation there in the night, especially on the full moon day. The factory was producing explosives and fertilizers; although it was polluting the air due to ammonia, nitrogen and sulfuric acid gases, but it was the only factory in that town. So the poisoning impact was felt in nearby areas but away from it there was still pure air and water available. Anyhow my friend was very much eager to get a job in the factory, but due to medical reasons (high blood pressure as I recall), he could not get a job there. He was totally dependent on his brothers. When I went to see the factory with him, a number of unemployed persons were waiting near to its offices and looking for the daily wages work. Every day they used to take some workers and employ them temporarily.

My friend saw a vacancy for a chemical operator. He was known to the official staff of the factory. He got information that just then there was an interview without any application needed. "If I can take a chance, there will not be any loss to me," I said to my friend. Let me try. An Indian officer from Madras, Mr. Sheshadri, was taking interview. My turn came. He asked me a few formulas of chemistry regarding preparation of sulfuric acid, ammonia, nitrogen, etc. He also asked a few questions in calculus. By **BABA's** grace, it was all known to me and I replied to him without any hitch. Then he was very happy

and asked me my whereabouts in detail. I told him that I was simply visiting my friend and was a student of Diploma Engineering at Ranchi. He convinced me "Well, you have a good chance. Why don't you try for this position? The prospectus and future in this firm are better than becoming an overseer."

I was actually not interested in any job other than to do work for mankind through the mission of Lord. But I had perhaps some *samskara*, the unfulfilled desire of a post to do some service. I remember in Ranchi many times I had tried to get a job during the one year I did not attend college. But wherever I tried I met with failure. Now, the Lord wanted to burn that *samskara* of getting an experience of service under that firm. It was a British firm on conditional contract with the Indian government. I liked its management and concern for the labor far better than most of the public sector outfits. While it was very hard work, there were a few things which I appreciated very much: the bonus system, medical aid, entertainment arrangements, cheap food supply, better salary and even overtime compensation. Also living quarters and other facilities were provided. The same day the company took my photo, made an identity card for me and gave me a joining letter from the next day. It was a wonderful thing which happened to me within one hour, which my friend could not understand. When we came home, my friend explained this miraculous event to his brothers and many other persons living in that big building of various apartments.

The next day I went to work together with the brother of my friend. They were very old and confirmed employees of that company. I went to the hillside factory called packaging department. Now I was introduced to

many other persons working there. Soon I became friendly to most of the persons. Everybody was happy with me. My officer in charge was also briefed by senior officers about me, without my knowledge. I did fifteen days work in that packaging house. Soon afterwards I was told to go to Number 6 on the hilltop establishment, the controlling chamber and the main station of the entire explosives establishment. It was a very risky job there. Any miscalculation and mishandling could explode the whole firm and take the life of many workers. But there was very strict supervision and experienced people were working there.

When I reached there, I told them that I was new, and had been working only two weeks in Number 3 packaging house and that now I was sent here to learn more under their supervision. Most of the workers were very nervous and at a loss to see me there, because no new worker was allowed to come there so soon after working for only two weeks. They were not so happy. They resented my presence, and did not coach me or help me to learn the work. I was mostly watching by myself, as whenever I would ask they would tell me in negative: "Do not ask. Just see simply. You have come today and want to learn everything. We have been working here for eight years."

I was always mum, watching. My officer used to come many times a day to supervise the work. He was seeing me watching the work of my seniors and knew that I was trying to learn. He used to tell the seniors to help me to learn the work quickly. Before him, all would say "Yes, yes, why not." But actually no one wanted me to be there with them. I got frustrated. Also the other reason of my frustration was the shift duty of the company. First it was

seven days from morning 7 am to 2 pm. Then it was seven days from 2 pm to 10 pm, and after that seven days of night shift from 10 pm to morning 7 am. I did not like the night job, having to stay awake the whole night without sleep and coming home in the morning and sleeping after breakfast. The greatest frustration was due to missing my regular practice of sadhana.

I started feeling very empty and isolated, although all the officers were very friendly and tried to help me on every occasion. But after some time I became too unhappy. Just then one acharya named Sushilji came to visit me. He initiated a few persons who were ready to learn sadhana due to our contact. The acharya brought the happy news of DMC in Patna on the eve of **BABA's** birthday, called Ananda Purnima. Also he told us so many interesting things about Subash Chandra Bose and his whereabouts, his relation with **BABA** and his spiritual practices. I was so amazed to listen to all these wonderful things that I decided to go to DMC and see **BABA**. But how to go? It was a problem now due to my job.

## CHAPTER 14

### Call of the Lord to Join His Mission

My visiting acharya was ready to go to Patna. He wanted me to come there to attend DMC. I offered him money for transport and saw him off at the railway station. I called my friend Madhusudan. We sat all together and discussed everything about going to DMC. But, I expressed my desire that I may not come back to Gomia again. I did not feel happy anywhere. This job was also unpleasant for me. I got as much money as I would have got being an engineer and overseer after a year. But, what should I do?

Actually the Lord was pulling me towards Him. It was very difficult to escape Him, and not heed His call. With every passing day I was becoming more and more excited about the approaching DMC. Finally in my mind I decided to go to DMC and dedicate my life to Lord and His mission, as I was not able to feel any happiness in a worldly job. Also, I did not like to go to my native village to see my mother, as now the village people were hostile to me due to Ananda Marga. I did not have any desire to live like a family person. My mother was the only subject of great attraction in my village and everywhere. It was too difficult to forget her. The more I was going deep towards **BABA**'s mission, the more her love and affection were coming in my way. But once I read the saying of Ramakrishna: "For God's sake, even mother or father



can be left." That was also giving me encouragement to go ahead for a life of serving mankind. For some time I was confused, and it took me a few more days to resolve my dilemma.

Finally, one week before DMC, I wrote an application to the office to grant me leave for three days as I wanted to visit my mother who was sick. But my leave was not granted. The officer in charge was surprised as to how after only one month his new employee was requesting leave. He asked me to wait for at least six months. Then, he said, I would have sufficient money with a bonus in October and then it would be nice to go home to help my family. I explained to him that my mother's condition was very poor. She was old and sick. My brother had sent me a letter from Ranchi. So I had to go. He did not advise me to leave, since I may lose the job and then it would be difficult for me to get another such opportunity. But I was determined very seriously. For the last few days I was preparing flags for Ananda Marga with banners, etc. My officer's request failed before my resolute determination and, keeping my application on the table of his secretary, I completed the morning duty of my last shift and left in the night for Patna to my beloved Guru, Who was calling me in disguise since long.

Before getting into the train, I told everything which was in my mind to my friend, Madhusudan, so that he could brief his brother - that I was really going to see my mother as she was sick and that I might not be able to come back. But his brothers were doubtful about my sudden journey. They knew that one of the acharyas who had come had certainly talked about the DMC program. They felt that this is why I was going; sadly, my friend could not go due to the opposition of his brother.

When I reached Patna and came to the gate of the DMC hall, my acharya and one wholetime worker were waiting for me at the gate. As soon as I entered the gate, both of them conveyed to me the news: "You are wanted by **BABA**, we have been told to take you to Him quickly." I told them, "Please let me keep my bag in my room and then we will go." They replied, "No, no. It is the order of **BABA** that that boy (myself) is coming and he should directly come first to me, before he goes anywhere." I had no option. I followed my acharya to **BABA**'s quarters. There was a VSS guard at the door. **BABA** was informed about my arrival to see Him. I got approval, the door was opened, and I entered in a highly devotional and excited state.

I saw **BABA** in a radiant glowing form. He was smiling. I prostrated immediately, lying down and touching His lotus feet. He called me close to Him and ordered me to sit down. He asked me, "How are you?" I could not reply. Only a fountain of tears burst out from my eyes, as I remained sitting for a while seeing Him alone within and without. He was silent and a bit grave. I broke the silence: "I do not feel fine anywhere, neither at home, nor outside, neither in studies nor in job. You must give me permission to work for the mission." He became very soft and compassionate with His big smile and composure. He said to me, "You know yourself better. What should I say to you? You think it is the best, so you must do this." It was thus a clear permission from my Master. I got up and then I smiled. No tears now, I was only feeling full of love and ecstasy. I came out, giving my *sastang pranam* to **BABA**, and went straight to post office and wrote a telegram to my office: "Mother seriously ill. Coming late two weeks or so."

I enjoyed DMC and the holy presence and all discourses of **BABA**. When DMC was over, I came to the Ranchi *jagriti* with many new whole timer candidates. My training started from there to Patna and finally it was conducted in Varanasi, Sagra Chawk.

## CHAPTER 15

### Resignation From The Job

During my short training period of a few weeks in Ranchi, I had to go to Gomia to finally resign and then return to continue my training. Dada Satyananda Avt. was then in Ranchi as our caretaker. I got permission from him to go to Gomia, and the next day I was to come back to Ranchi. I started my journey and after 2/3 hours I reached there in the evening. I met my friend, Madhusudan and his brothers. They were very happy to see me again. They thought I was going to continue my company job. But they were astounded to hear that I was going back to Ranchi to be with my brother and continue my studies. I explained to them that I have to tender my resignation and that they should help me. They told me it would not be wise to leave the job. It was very hard to get a good job and by God's grace I had got it. "Please do not think of going anywhere," they pleaded with me. I told them that actually I have come only for one day and that tomorrow evening I must return to Ranchi at any cost. I was told that in one day it would not be possible to resign. It took generally two/three days to be free of all formalities of the office in the process of resignation. I did not know about all of this, as I did not have any prior experience of service and resignation.

The next day Madhusudan and myself went into the manager's office and requested the secretary to give me the requisite resignation forms. They all thought me mad,

but at my repeated request, they gave me the form full of names and officers and their respective departments. There were about forty to fifty names. I did not know all of them. I only knew my officer in charge. But I had to get signatures from all of these officers as they were indirectly the officers responsible for all the employees working there. My friend was all the time beside me to help. Early in the morning he brought me to the main gate, where all the officers were arriving for work. It was surprising that most of the officers came that day. Their names were on the paper in my hand, and when I requested them to sign as I was resigning from the job, they did it without asking any questions.

Then finally I went to my direct in-charge and the last man, the General Manager. Both spent a lot of time trying to convince me to continue with my job. I was arguing that I have got a new job in Ranchi and my family lives there so I must go. They were telling me: "This job is better than any government job and you have a very bright future and chance to travel abroad for further training after a few years." They gave me much time to think again and again. There I came to know how the General Manager was so interested in me. Really he was nicely briefed by my in-charges about my good work. But I was not born for worldly commercial duty for myself. I was having only one mission and still have the same, to serve and love mankind. Ultimately his every effort to convince me went in vain. I stood firm on my point.

At last I put my paper on his table in front of him. He was not happy. With a heavy heart, looking me in my eyes, he signed on the resignation paper. I thanked him for this, and with respect I left his chamber. It was very late, 3-4:00 p.m. There was only one train in the evening,

leaving at 6 or 7:00 p.m. I took my belongings, bicycle, books, clothes, etc. and reached Ranchi late in the night. The next day I met Dada Satyanandji and offered everything to him. Also after my resignation a few days of my salary was paid from the company. It was nearly Rs. 150. I took only a few rupees - the fare for Varanasi and 2 shirts, pants, towel and got free from all possessions. Now, I had nothing of my own; I became a man of the mission, just ready to move according to the will of Lord. My every act became His act, and so my every will became His will. I started moving according to His will and wish.

## CHAPTER 16

### Training Center in Varanasi

In my childhood I had learned much about the most ancient spiritual seat of Varanasi. I had a very deep *samskara* to be there and spend time in meditation. The Lord fulfilled my latent desire of past lives, and now I came here in Sigra Chauok, a double story building within a large compound and a very big shady tree near a well. The owner was Mr. Lal Saheb - the landlord, and it was part of his palatial building. Dada Prakashananda Avadhuta was General Training Secretary. I came here with other co-trainees and joined my Margi brothers already under training. I think we were totally twenty-five or more.

I was so much internally happy to see how the Lord is ever merciful to grace me everywhere. We all used to sing songs and vibrate the whole building in devotional flow. Getting up in the mornings at 4:00 am and staying up until 11:00 pm at night, we were all the time in spiritual flow. Doing *asanas*, *sadhana*, cooking food, going to the river, collecting vegetables, and other shopping were our daily routine. *Sadhana* was the prime practice of our life. At least two hours in the morning and two hours in the evening, an hour at noon and an hour at night before going to bed were spent in *sadhana*. The rest of the time was spent in studying, writing and working.

We did not have sufficient food most of the time. These were just the beginning days, and economically it was very hard to manage. Sometimes we were forced to live on a very poor quality of rice and almost water-like vegetable soup, with only salt. It was very interesting at the time of serving meal, for a few of us used to cry and call the attention of the server: "Please save some solid food for me!" Actually we used to cook one big pumpkin or a few eggplants or potatoes, say one or two kilos, in a large amount of water for around twenty-five persons. So there would be very few solid pieces of vegetable for each person, there being mostly the vegetable water. So every trainee was concerned to get sufficient food. Even sometimes it was very hard to obtain green chilies. For breakfast, for months together, we were given broken wheat called *dalia*, and molasses. Sometimes we used to alternate by having *chana* (chickpeas) and molasses.

But internally everyone who was sincere in their practices, was vibrating. I was composing songs and leading *dharmacakra* very often. At that time there was no experienced trainer-wholetimer to teach us. We guided ourselves along with one who knew a bit more and we helped each other. But soon after our batch completed training, a trainer was posted to that center. Dada Dashrathji, a family acharya from Jamalpur, took our examination and among many others I also graduated. Then my General Training Secretary conveyed to me that I was posted to Karnataka State, Bangalore, in South India. Before going to my field posting I was told to get personal contact with **BABA** in Jamalpur. We were overjoyed to be able to see **BABA** after a long absence.

We were two new acharyas who were given uniform from the Training Center, and my trainer brought us to



the Varanasi Railway station. He bought us our tickets for Jamalpur and with great love and affection he saw us off at the station and went back to the Training Center. The afternoon train, I think Bhagalpur bound, touched Patna and the next day morning we came to Jamalpur Station. It was my second time in Jamalpur. This time I came to visit **BABA** as His worker in the uniform of an acharya, ready to go to the field. However I was still very young and mentally getting fearful, thinking how can I go there and do work as I do not know the local language, neither Kannada nor English, very well. But again, I used to mentally surrender all the time as it was not my worry when I have dedicated my life for the Lord's mission.

The next day in the morning, **BABA** came to the *jagriti*. I was given the chance to get personal contact with **BABA**. In great spiritual ecstasy, I entered the room and did *sastang pranam* (prostration). **BABA** with great love and affection called me to sit down and come close to Him. Now **BABA** started asking me where was I posted. I replied that I was going to Bangalore in Karnataka State. **BABA** then asked if I knew the language of that state. I told Him, "No **BABA**, I know nothing." in a very innocent tone. **BABA** became very kind to me. He blessed me, touching my forehead. "You don't worry. Language will not be a barrier for you. Wherever you go people will love you and get convinced without much talking." I kissed **BABA**'s feet. He was supposed to give P.C. to other acharyas, but again, he was so much concerned about me that He told His Personal Assistant that I must go with one old Margi who was visiting **BABA**, Mr. Ladli Prasad, to Madras. I came out of His room in tears and a highly spiritual state of mind. I spent one day

more with other old family Margis in the *jagriti* and enjoyed their company and spiritual association.

Then I followed brother Ladli Prasad to his destination in Madras State. It took two days and he took very special care of me. I changed my train for Bangalore there and after seven to eight hours the same day reached Bangalore city. I had the address of a temple in Malleshvaram called Viranna Ashram, where I met my senior acharya, Dada Cidanandjii, and others.

## CHAPTER 17

### First Activity in Field

I had heard many stories of surrender of mind to God and Guru. He takes care of everything. He speaks for you, works for you, and you just wonder at Him. I was very much expecting these types of events in the field, as I was not well versed in language and I did not have any experience of how to work in the public.

My senior acarya called me to the Belgaum district of South Karnataka. After living ten days in the Bangalore *jagriti*, I went to see him in the house of one Margi family newly initiated by him. She was a woman of very pious nature. She was worshipping Krishna. Her name was Manutai and she worked as a matron in the K.G. high school in Belgaum. As soon as I arrived, she and her old female relative took care of me like a mother. It was my first home feeling after having left my acharya and other Margi families in Ranchi and becoming a *sannyasin*. I started feeling that **BABA** was always taking care of me. We were with that family for two days and my senior acharya made a program for me, giving me only ten rupees. I had to work in six districts of South Karnataka, a very wide and distant area. But when he showed me on the map, they seemed near by and I did not ask many details of the area. Also he gave me only one address in each place as there were not many Margis.

There was a block named Chikodi in Belgaum district. I was given the nearest address of brother P.N. Madival

working in the excise office there and living with his family. I reached there the next day by bus. His office and house were very close. He was surprised to see me, a very new and young dada. I was also very happy to see him - a very simple man from the Karwad district of North Karnataka. I took bath and did *sadhana* nicely with him in the evening. In the morning we also had breakfast together. He went to his office at 10:00 a.m., telling me to be at home and to not mind having meal alone at noon as he may not come for lunch.

I went to do *pracar* work (contacting the offices and public institutions). I had nice contact with a few advocates and fixed a meeting with the Secretary of the Bar Association. Also I had good contact with an executive engineer of the Electricity Board office. He gave the time of 5:00 p.m. on another day for my giving a lecture. The topic of the lecture was concentration of mind. They were happy to see a young *sannyasin* coming from Varanasi, a most ancient and holy city of learning in India. But it was a great problem for me, as to how to give a lecture in English the following day. I came home at noon, did *sadhana* and waited for his family to call me for lunch. At one-thirty his seven year old son called me for lunch. He spoke in Kannada: "Uta ma'rbe ku". I did not understand. I understood in Hindi that I have to ride off on a camel. I was surprised. How could a camel come here? It is an animal only of Western U.P., Harayana, Punjab and Rajasthan. I did not go down and again waited to confirm what he was saying. Again he came up and repeated the same thing. I was very curious to see where the camel was in the compound. But when I came down I saw that the food had already been served

and they were waiting for me. I laughed within, and washed myself and started eating.

His wife was also sitting under the curtain and watching me to check if I need anything again. I was still having some food on my plate, when she asked me if I needed anything more. I replied "No, I am okay, thank you very much." She did not know Hindi and I did not know Kannada. So we were not understanding what to do. She thought Dada needs more and put quickly another plate of rice. Now I saw her face and expressed that I was okay and did not want anymore. But slowly slowly I shared a bit more from the freshly served food and then went out to wash my hands. I decided that very moment to learn some basics of Kannada so that I could understand something. His daughter Shoba came home from school. She was nine years old and learning Hindi in school. She taught me Kannada and I started teaching her Hindi. Thus for three days, both of us could learn so many things to express ourselves in need.

## CHAPTER 18

### When BABA Spoke For Me

Now I started preparing to face a great problem before me: how to lecture before intellectual audiences. I prepared the whole night and wrote down some fifteen-twenty points on concentration of mind. I was mentally crying and praying to **BABA** to help me express myself before the people. Brother Madival knew that that evening Dadaji had to give a lecture in the office of an executive engineer. He assured me that he would accompany me to introduce me. He came just ten minutes before 5:00 p.m.. We both marched together to the office. I had my daily diary with me and all the important points noted to help me in my lecture. All the employees came into a big hall. I took my seat with a table in front and nicely decorated with flowers over the beautiful cloth. Brother Madival also sat beside me to introduce me to them. When I saw everything in order and that they wanted me to talk, I kept my points open over my diary and started taking the ideation of **BABA** my beloved Master. Within a second, I forgot myself and everything around me. I must have had my eyes closed for not more than a couple of minutes, I hope. They must have wondered as to why I am closing my eyes and going inside. Perhaps they thought I was tired of moving around so much.

But just then I stood up, and with a very bright look at the audience, I started speaking (after a two-minute

introduction by the Margi brother beside me). I forgot that I had the points on the table to see and speak from. It was a very forceful and continuous flow of words coming from my mouth. It continued for thirty minutes and then automatically stopped, concluding the lecture. I sat in a very delighted mood, feeling the high voltage electrical energy charged in my whole being. The audience appreciated by applauding for a minute. When I asked them to learn meditation, more than eighty people showed interest, and for the first time I initiated some persons in my very first visit to this area. After this I traveled onwards.

During my stay there, I also initiated high school teachers and a few advocates, a printer, and started a group meditation center in the house of P.N. Madival. Thus I got self-confidence for the future that my Master is ever with us, and He does everything for us when we surrender completely to Him.

Then after Chikodi I moved to Hubli Taluka. There I met the sister of Manutai of Belgaum, a retired school inspector. Her daughter Usha Thite was graduating in medicine. Her other sister had an adopted daughter, Sandhya Marathe. She was only eight to nine years old but was a very famous dancer of Dharwad district. I initiated her, and also her mother and father. Thus the whole family of Manutai became a Margi family. Later on I initiated her brother, his wife and other relatives also. They took care of me and I did not feel any trouble. Without asking, they were giving me money and all assistance that I needed. I used to live with them like their own nearest relative.

At the same time, our Dr. Umabai Koppikar, a theosophist and Margi mother also gave me tremendous

love and care. I used to stay with her three to four days and do very hard work. I was in tremendous speed. During that time, I initiated many college students and very reputed persons of that area in different groups - mostly doctors, advocates, public officers - men and women both. I never took rest at my place until 10 or 11:00 at night. If I saw anyone potentially useful for the mission and having a good heart and mind, by **BABA's** grace s/he must be initiated. Thus everywhere I went, I gave a talk or did personal contact and initiated people and organized *dharmacakra*. They used to get a very quick and strong realization in their *sadhana*. A small girl, Sandhya Marathe, and her friend Chandu, also eight years old, started to do *sadhana* very regularly, and even heard the unique sound of *omkara*.

In a few months I initiated hundreds of Margis in various places and whenever I felt the need of anything, the Lord provided me very easily through many unknown persons. One time I went to Bijapur. I went in the night and did not know where to stay. I approached the District Congress office and the president of the District Congress Party. He gave very quick attention to my needs, and a special house and shed attached to that building was given to me. Once the Vice President of India, Mr. B.K. Jatti, came to Bijapur and stayed there. I was in need of money to go further, and did not know what to do. One day the president invited me to take lunch with him. He took me in his car and I thought on the way that unless I initiate him, I could not take food. What happened after reaching his home was that he asked me about what one should do in meditation. I told him to give me twenty minutes time and I will give him all necessary guidance and instructions. He very gladly took



initiation, removing his religious symbol *lingam*), and became a good Margi. After we had meal together, he gave me sufficient money to cover my transportation and other needs.

After a few months, I was sent to Mysore diocese and I spent a good deal of time initiating hundreds of young boys and girls, including many officials of different denominations. Thus the whole of Karnataka was humming with the song of *Samgacchadvam, Samvadadvam* (Let us move together, let us sing together) - the prayer of Ananda Marga Mission for collective meditation.

## CHAPTER 19

### First Dharma Maha Cakra in Karnataka

My senior acarya, Dada Cidanandajii, was taking care of the capital of Karnataka, Bangalore, the beautiful and air-conditioned city of India. Hundreds of Margis were going to weekly *dharmacakra*, and another dada was touring and initiating more people in other distant districts. One more acharya, Rajiiv, was there, and together he and I added great speed to our mission work. Before I came, they were working hard for generation of funds and creation of Margiis. It took six months time to be able to generate funds to send the air ticket for **BABA** and two persons in Jamalpur and for other local expenditures.

**BABA** was very glad to accept the invitation of Karnataka Margiis and workers. It was, I think, in 1966 and I do not remember the month. We hired a very big place and contracted with a hotel to feed about four hundred Margiis in Bangalore. Margiis from neighboring states like Andhra Pradesh and Tamil Nadu also were invited. We all assembled on that auspicious day to receive **BABA** at the Bangalore local airport. We were three hundred-plus Margiis with flowers and garlands in our hands. Also the elderly mother of Viranna Ashram who gave us room in the temple was present for receiving **BABA**. She was nearly eighty years old and was everyday asking about **BABA**'s visit to Karnataka. She was really a

true mother to us. She used to collect rice, beans and wheat four times from her son's family and bring to the temple to give us. Thus we were living at the mercy of the Lord, without money or with very little money. After 8: a.m. she would visit us in the temple and give us *prasad* and always talk about **BABA**. She did not want to die without having the *darshan* of **BABA**.

At last **BABA** arrived at the airport. We were all in great spiritual momentum, shouting slogans and singing the songs of joy at **BABA** coming to our state. The moment **BABA** appeared out of the plane, He did *namaskar* to all Margiis standing in a long queue. When **BABA** approached the line, from both sides the flowers and garlands were showered on Him. The P.A. took care of all with great devotional gestures. **BABA** was walking in between the two rows. When He came to that mother, He stopped and asked her, "How are you mother?" in her language. She found the Lord for whom she had been praying for so many years of her life, asking every *dada* when He is coming. Now, He was there just in front of her. She realized Him and became lost in Him. She fell down in *samadhi*. Her sons and few sisters by her side took her from the line and she remained unconscious for nearly forty minutes before she came to the *Dharma Maha Cakra* (DMC) place.

A group of medical students from Manipal came to attend DMC with one of their lecturers. I was given the duty to assist these young boys to get Personal Contact. The concerned acharyas used to recommend candidates for P.C. who were following the moral codes of *yama* and *niyama*. One of the medical students, Prakash, was recommended first by his acharya, Rajiva, to get PC. I was at **BABA**'sdoor to allow the people in and out of His

room. Prakash did not appear serious and his conception of P.C. with Guru was different. He also had his own imagination about a Guru being in saffron with long hair and beard. I think he had already reacted seeing **BABA** as a plainly clad gentleman in white *dhoti* and *kamij*, His usual dress. I opened the door and he went in. He did not even do salutations with normal courtesy, I heard afterwards. **BABA** asked him his name and his acharya's name, and told him to do more *sadhana*. He was sent out within two to three minutes. I had to open the door. The boy Prakash was extremely reacted. He started shouting amongst his friends, "We were fooled. We wasted our time. **BABA** is not a Guru, He is a very ordinary person. Let us go back. I am very much disappointed."

The second student was his friend Subash from the same college. He was a boy of good virtue and character. When he went inside, he remained with **BABA** for half an hour. When he came out, his face was blooming like a radiant lotus. He was beyond his own bodily consciousness. He started speaking in a loud voice, "I got my Guru. I got my God. **BABA** is *Parama Purusa*, the Supreme Lord!" He could not step properly on the stairs going down to the ground floor, so he fell down and many Margis helped him to lie down in the hall under the fan. After an hour he regained consciousness and then he again sat in deep meditation for an hour. This dramatic event of Subash created another kind of reaction in his friends. Prakash himself got a great surprise and wondered to see this condition of spiritual trance in his friend. Now, everyone started believing Subash and not Prakash. Then many other Margiis also got P.C. with utmost satisfaction. Afterwards many became very active Margiis and did a lot of mission work and service to

humanity, and still they are doing a lot. At 2 or 3 a.m. **BABA** asked me at the door, how is the boy Prakash. I told Him "**BABA**, he is greatly reacted, but Subash has gone into *samadhi*. This has changed the whole situation" Then **BABA** was smiling. He said to me again, "See if Prakash requests his acharya to see me again; he may be allowed."

I went down to see Prakash. He was beginning to say to his acharya and other acharyas and to me that "Please, it was my mistake. I did not get P.C. in the real sense, you must allow me to see **BABA** again." But nobody was listening to him at all. When I told his acharya about **BABA**'s intuition about him, Ac. Rajiiva again sent him to **BABA**. This time, Prakash was with **BABA** for half an hour and came out with tremendous change in his outlook and face. He joined his friend Subash and others and talked about his realizations. Later on he flew with **BABA** to Kerala and Bombay. I heard that in Kerala when **BABA** was being driven by a Margi, Prakash forgot to put on his shoes and he was running alongside **BABA**'s car bare-footed. **BABA** had told me about him after his first disappointing PC. "If he likes to come and see Me, let him come. If he does not, do not say anything to him. The door of Ananda Marga will be ever open for him, whether he comes after three days, after three years or after three lives.

## CHAPTER 20

### Vision Of BABA

In Dharwad I had initiated a woman somewhat under 50 and very much devoted. She was cooking food for me and taking care of me like my mother. Whenever I visited her, I invited her to be with **BABA** whenever He would come to Bangalore. She came all the way from Dharwad to Bangalore with three to four Margiis. At the time of DMC, when **BABA** gave *Varabhaya Mudra* to all Margiis present there, she fell into *samadhi*. She could not see **BABA** in His ordinary form. She saw Lord Vishnu on the bed of a mighty serpent with hood over His head like an umbrella. She was in deep spiritual vibration. When I saw her before leaving Bangalore, she expressed her feelings to me.

The DMC was over. Three strong Margis from Dharwad Brother G.B. Ichangii, Mr. S.R. Patil and Mr. Kattimath - had got P.C. Brother Ichangii got the nicest experience with **BABA**, with so much love and affection. Brother Kattimath's P.C. also was nice, but brother S.R. Patil got much scolding, the reason being best known to him and the Lord. But on the whole everything was very inspiring. When brother Ichangii came home, his little girl Shakuntala started telling him about **BABA**, how He dresses, about His putting glasses on His eyes, and all the details about how He came to Bangalore and about the function and meeting of Margis in Bangalore. This attracted the attention of S.R. Patil, an engineer and

Margii of great spiritual potential. He has translated thirty-eight books of **BABA's** into Kannada language. Brother Patil took an interview with the little girl Shakuntala and asked her many things about **BABA**. She replied in a very calm and quiet manner. Then brother Patil asked about the past saints of Karnataka and South India, and she told so many things about herself, that she was one of those saints, and that she had done spiritual practice in many places in India - how she had died and her past grave and her association with great saints.

She knew me well as I used to come very often for lunch, meditation and supper also with her father. Her father was a very devout person from the Lingayat community. There were thousands of temples and monks from that society in South India. When I initiated him, he removed the religious symbol of the golden linga from his body. This was a great challenge to the order. My visit was a great wonder for the Lingayat Community. When brother Ichangjii got P.C. he started actively doing *pracar* in Dharwar district everywhere. His active involvement brought a great reaction from his community. But he was a very reputed devotional and intellectual man too. Then his small daughter started telling about **BABA** after his personal contact - that **BABA** alone is *Sadguru*, He alone is the Supreme authority to initiate anybody in *Brahma Sadhana*. No one else has that power. His mission is universal and through His mission only, humanity can get peace and happiness.

When these messages were conveyed to brothers Patil and Ichangii, it spread like wildfire in the forest. Thousands of people started to come to her and ask about Ananda Marga and Anandamurtijii. Once I was there and one ex-minister visited her. He asked about the

present Guru. She told about **BABA**. Then the minister asked her how he could meet Him. She pointed towards me: "First see this acharya who is sitting behind you and then you will see Him." Thus many became Margiis and many got reactions also, especially the monks of the Lingayat order. The little girl is now in her thirties and she lives alone in a temple people made for her in Kakeri village of Dharwad. But now she does not get that vision, I have heard. Her father Ichangjii is still an active Margii and so is brother Patil.



## CHAPTER 21

### Another Vibrating DMC in Mysore

I did hard work in Mysore diocese to increase the number of Margis. By His grace I was able to initiate nearly three hundred persons, mostly students of the medical college and other colleges. They knew that **BABA** was coming to Bangalore, and had also sent an application for DMC from Mysore a long time before. **BABA** was knowing the devotional urge of the people of Mysore district. Many came from Mysore to Bangalore, but still a large number of students could not go as they had classes and practicals to attend.

While the Bangalore DMC was going on, the district secretary, brother Ananda Singh prayed to **BABA** for DMC in Mysore. His whole family were Margiis. **BABA** gave approval. Now, just after the first day of Bangalore DMC, I had to run with Ananda Singh back to Mysore. Already the hall and hotel for DMC were arranged with the help of the municipal president and other influential Margiis. Seven days before **BABA** came to Bangalore, we had been doing hard work with the entire family of Ananda Singh. **BABA**'s stay was arranged in the house of Ananda Singh itself. When the DMC was over in Bangalore, **BABA** came by car to Mysore, a city of gardens and beauty. It is a royal city, ruled by the previous King Jaychamraj Wadier. Still his palace is one

of the historical places in India. **BABA** was received by hundreds of Margiis at the house of Ananda Singh.

Ananda Singh's wife had heard that **BABA** likes the milk of a black cow. They had a black cow, but she had stopped giving milk one or two months before. We had arranged nice milk from an outdoor milkman. But when **BABA** was inside, she simply took **BABA's** ideation and left to milk the cow. The cow stood gently with udder full of milk. The wife of Ananda Singh wondered to see this divine play. She milked the cow and offered it to **BABA**. He gladly took that milk and fulfilled the desire of a devotee.

The house of Ananda Singh became a divine temple. Hundreds of Margiis were in spiritual flow moving around to get a glimpse of **BABA**. General *darshan* was arranged in the downtown DMC hall. It was late in the evening. Ananda Singh wanted to share the *prasad* (blessed food) with all. But it was not sufficient for serving 150 persons. Still he was kind and humble. He surrendered to the Lord, and requested the Margiis to sit down for food. They all took their seats and food got served on every plate. The Margiis had food to their utmost satisfaction and still there was something left over in his house. He realized the Grace of **BABA** and all Margiis thanked him before departing.

The DMC was going on. A large number of Margiis were present listening to the spiritual discourse of **BABA**. Young students comprised more than fifty percent of the people in the hall. I estimated that over two hundred students were attending the DMC and twice-a-day general *darshan* of **BABA**. **BABA** was extremely pleased to see such a DMC where maximum students were present. When He came home to His room, He asked His P.A. to

call me. I got the chance to see **BABA** again. I entered the room, and after doing *sastang pranam*, I started massaging **BABA**'s feet. **BABA** started praising me "Oh, what good work you have done. So many young students in DMC -a very unique thing. You have done good prakar. Now try to organize them." I kept mum and lastly told **BABA** that I will try to organize them by His grace. **BABA** was happy, and I also was happy. We all gathered again to see **BABA** off at Bangalore Airport for Kerala.

## CHAPTER 22

### Kapalik Sadhana

I was on my tour program in Dharwar District of Karnataka. It was the new moon night, the night of doing *kapalika sadhana*. I was staying in a student hostel. I did not find any cemetery within walking distance, so I decided to walk to a very big field of the university. I was new and I did not like to tell any student why I wanted to go to the cemetery in the dead of the night. Simply I told them that I will be going for an hour outside to a lonely place to do my meditation. I took my stick and bag of apparatus and started out with this purpose. I reached within twenty minutes the vast field, away from the din and bustle of the running cars and taxis of the city road. In the center of the field there was a cement pole. I decided to sit near that pole and do *sadhana*. It was maybe 12:10 a.m. in the night. I sat for a while and watched for a suitable place. While I was moving, an unseen bird pounced over my head with a terrifying sound. I became very afraid, and started watching up and down and all around me. But I could not see anything. I was constantly repeating my *ista mantra* and *Guru mantra*. It was my first fearful experience. I waited for fifteen more minutes and did my *sadhana* very nicely with complete surrender to **BABA**. I did not hear anything afterwards and came to the hostel and slept soundly.

One time I was in Mysore district in the house of Ananda Singh. That was my Diocese office and every month I used to visit the Margiis of Mysore City. Again it was the new moon day. But it was the rainy season. For three days continually, the rain was pouring and flooding the whole city. I was in Shivaji Nagar area. I decided to do *kapalik sadhana* one day before the new moon day (*Amavasya*). But the rain did not stop even for half an hour. I changed my mind and decided to do it the next day. The same pouring of rain continued day and night. I decided to do it on the last day at any cost. The rain increased even more, and was at its greatest intensity, with even the trains now not running. The flooded roads were under knee-deep water and it was raining non-stop. I waited and waited but in vain. At midnight, there was all around pitch black darkness prevailing. The frequent lightning and thunder sounds were frightening me. But what to do? I had no choice other than to perform my night *sadhana* in these circumstances. I borrowed an umbrella from the daughter of Ananda Singh. She requested me not to go out of the home in this situation, and to do *sadhana* in the room only. She did not know about *kapalika sadhana*. I told her "Okay, do not worry. You go to sleep and I will see. If it has not stopped, then I will do here only." She started reading.

I got a good chance at 12:30 am to go out silently. I took my towel and apparatus. There was a cemetery not very far from the colony. It took me twenty minutes to reach there in knee deep water. Now I reached the burial ground. Everywhere there was water. It took me another twenty minutes to search for a place to sit for meditation. It was also raining constantly. In the long run, by the Lord's grace, my stick touched muddy ground, while

everywhere there was knee deep water. I thanked **BABA** I kept my umbrella open and did sadhana in the rain and extreme cold, at the mercy of the Lord. I reached home at 2:00 am. I found Prabha, the daughter of Ananda Singh, still continuing her studies and waiting for my arrival from outside. When I opened the gate, she saw my fully drenched condition from top to bottom. She gave me another towel to dry myself. I thanked her and said I was very sorry to give her trouble. She was very happy that I was at home, and then I slept very late in night.

## CHAPTER 23

### Bombay DMC

After Bangalore, I was transferred to Bombay in 1968 after three years of working in Karnataka. I had become very much attached to the people of Karnataka. I started speaking Kannada in DC, and sometimes also with mixed English. I had toured and initiated thousands of persons in the whole of Karnataka. Now I came to Bombay, a very new place for me. At that time our *jagriti* was in Juhu beach. The land was donated by Didi Padma, a local sister. I took charge of SDM for the whole state and went to Poona and Sholapur on my tour. I got very popular support from local Bombay Margiis like Lakshmidhand Anandji, Oberaiji, Shyam Sunder Goenka, Vijay Agarwal, Samantjii, Subash Naik, Narain Saneyi, Munshijii, etc. At Poona, with the help of one engineer Bhaleraojii, I performed many initiations and formed a unit to start collective meditation.

I then moved further to Sholapur. There also I got very positive support and new persons got initiated. Brothers Haridas and Karkare of Sholapur requested me to contact Mr. Pataskar, the Vice-Chancellor of Poona University, and also another great intellectual and organizer of a local organization, Mr. Sahasra Buddhé. I thought of BABA and on my way back to Bombay, I paid a brief visit to Poona. I stayed in Ganesh Khind, with a Margi very close to the university and phoned from there to the secretary of the Vice Chancellor. I requested him

to allow me to talk to Mr. Pataskar, saying that I was a yogi from Varanasi and wanted to talk to him. He was kind enough to give me an opportunity to talk with him. It was all **BABA**'s grace. For five to six minutes I talked on the phone and introduced myself. He gave me an appointment to meet him in the afternoon at 2:00 pm.

I hired a scooter and went to the university and waited near his office to see him. He was informed about my coming and was also getting ready. After five minutes he came and we both went to his house in his car. He was a very learned man, but very simple also. I took another twenty minutes time to explain about Ananda Marga. Actually **BABA** wanted him to be initiated by me. He became ready to do meditation. Then he took me in his personal room and arranged blankets for initiation. After half bath, he sat before me. I saw the so-called sacred thread on his shoulder. I ideated on **BABA** to explain about it and tell him to take it off before initiation. He did by the Lord's grace. He followed all the details that I described at initiation. In the end he had no reaction but great exultation. We sat for twenty minutes in meditation after initiation. The next day, Mr. Sahasra Buddhe was also initiated in the same way but after a long argument. Other dadas continued to visit them after I had been transferred from Bombay.

As soon as I came to Bombay from Bangalore, I heard about the forthcoming DMC program in Bombay. My joy knew no bounds. I was thinking in my mind that wherever I go, **BABA** gives me chance to see Him, since I could not stay near Him due to working in very far off places. The Bombay Margis arranged very nicely **BABA**'s quarters, the DMC hall and all necessary arrangements. At that time **BABA** was stressing the **PROUT** newspaper



and the necessity of having our own printing presses. Unless our own press and newspaper were established, **BABA** would not come to DMC. I did not know this as I was still quite a new dada and the DMC committee had invited **BABA** for DMC. They accepted on this condition for the DMC. **BABA** came to Santa Cruz airport and more than seven to eight hundred margiis welcomed **BABA**. Anandji, Munshijii, Madanlal Dhingara and Shyam Sundar Goenka were the main figures in the organization at that time.

While coming from the airport, **BABA** asked Anandji and Munshijii about our press and newspaper. **BABA** is all-knowing, and when He could not get a direct reply He said that they were giving Him a great problem. **BABA** decided not to come to DMC hall and give general darshan. It was a four to five day program. The first two days, **BABA** was unhappy and so were all the present Margiis for the entire Maharastra state. It was a great problem for Anandji, Munshijii, and Dhingaraji. They promised **BABA** to do it right away, and the money for an automatic press was collected and brought in the same day. The invoice was shown to **BABA**'sPA. Then **BABA** asked, where is the newspaper. Again they had to run at tremendous speed to fulfill the task, which they had promised **BABA**. It was a great wonder that within two days press and paper both started working in Bombay. **BABA** was very pleased, and He was kind enough to bless the Margiis in DMC.

During DMC, I was given the duty to assist in the PC work of new Margiis. I was at **BABA**'s door. A good number of Margis were traveling in time for PC. There was a new Margi from Goa. He was well built physically. His chance came to meet **BABA**. I explained before

entering how one should do prostration called *sastang pranam*. After he did *pranam*, **BABA** started telling him about his past mistakes. He did not feel right to accept this information, as he thought **BABA** could not know just everything. He also had a very big ego. Then **BABA** started punishing him. He was crying very loudly for more than ten to fifteen minutes. One could hear it from outside; so many candidates for PC also got afraid of **BABA**'s scolding. At last he surrendered to **BABA** and he came out with tearful eyes and in a happy mood. **BABA** told him "I am there even where the sun's rays cannot penetrate." He promised **BABA** to be an ideal person.

## CHAPTER 24

### Field Work Up North

I was doing *pracar* in Harayana state. As there were only a few Margis and that too only in the capital city, I wanted to extend AM work by opening new units and centers. In one interior city of Narnaul, there was a very poor family. He was a so-called untouchable to the society (but in Ananda Marga we do not recognize these caste distinctions), and serving a higher caste family, cleaning their toilets and bathrooms. I gave a conference and he expressed his desire to learn meditation. His daily duty in this small town was to repair and polish the shoes, and his wife used to do toilet cleaning, carrying the toilet on her head and dumping it some place. It is considered to be very dirty work in India by higher caste people. I spent time to visit his home the next day, and then only I could teach him *sadhana*. He was very hesitant as to how a *sannyasin* can visit the house of an untouchable. I requested him not to think anything at all along these lines, and that I would not charge any money or anything.

It was noon time. I arrived and knocked at the door. He was there. He had already bought some fruits from the market to offer me. It is the custom in India to give something to saints or *sannyasins*. I told him to take full bath and come for taking the lesson. I sat with him in his quiet room and initiated him. He felt very fine. He

called his young son to learn *sadhana*. I initiated his son also. Then he offered the fruits and was willing to serve me *chappati* (wheat bread) and vegetable. He expressed his desire for me to have lunch if I do not mind having in his house. I told him "I am a *sannyasin*, free from all castes and prejudices. I am devoted to God, and God has no caste. We are all one and in the same family." I had nice tasty food in this devoted sweeper's house and enjoyed his family's company very much. They were very happy on the occasion and did *sadhana* regularly thereafter.

We had a school in Gardhwal City (a district of the Himalayas), but many of the neighboring blocks had no Margiis. Once, I was given duty to do social service in Srinagar block, city of Gardhwal district. It was summer holiday for all educational institutions. I had not gone before to the extreme north, beyond Dehradun and Haridwar. I thought it would be nice to do the Lord's work, but I was a bit nervous as there were no Margiis and I did not have sufficient funds to maintain myself. However I now knew, from travelling a lot in different parts of India, that **BABA** always helped me everywhere. I made my tour first to Haridwar. There we had a few good Margiis. I explained to them my wish to do social service in Joshimath and even alone. They were very kind to arrange a small amount of funds for me. It gave an inspiring aid to my conviction and hope.

I took a small bus from Dehradun, as a big bus cannot go to the high altitudes of the Himalayas on that road. It took me thirteen to fourteen hours to reach that town. It was during the rainy season. I went in the rain and when I got off the bus, it was night time in the town of Srinagar, so beautiful with pure air, Ganges water, and

full of ups and downs. I had a very thick blanket to cover my body, another to spread on the ground and extra wraps to use for evening or morning walking. I received information that the bus cannot go further to Joshimath or up north, as the bridge over the Ganges was swept away because of the rush of water. Now hundreds of pilgrimages were held up on both sides of the city. Neither could we cross nor could they come over to this side.

Anyhow, I thought that this was the Lord's will and decided to stay in the same town to start my work with the flood victims in neighboring villages and city hospitals. But it was a problem for me as to where I should stay. I went to many free lodging places for *sanyasis*, but they were in very bad shape: no light, and the *sadhus* living there were smoking cigarettes and hashish, etc. I met one person in the street from the city hospital and he gave me the address of an official in the city. I rushed to that place, but it was locked and the neighbor told me that he was on holiday and was returning in two weeks. It was a small house with projected veranda. I was very tired from the fourteen hour bus ride and wanted to take bath and do meditation for relaxation. I was also getting extremely cold. But no water, unless I opened the door. I requested the neighbor who knew him. He managed to open the house and take a bucket of water from his house. There was no toilet or bathroom in his house also. Anyhow, he directed me to a water pipe for the public in the forest not very far from the house, a fifteen minute walk. I followed his instructions and it was night. I took bath in loincloth rapidly and came back to the verandah, my home. I did meditation covering my body with the

blanket. I got a tremendous vibration and feeling of **BABA.**

The next day I started contacting hospital authorities and the media to talk about my purpose in visiting the town. I spent seven days on the verandah, and gave many conferences in the city and initiated many new persons from the hospital and villages. I did social service in the hospital and for the flood victims of the villages, bringing fruits and bread. As I did not have much food to continue for more days, I did what I could, and all the villagers and hospital officers appreciated my sympathy for the affected people pleading for my humble service. I gave this news to the media and they also printed it in their newspaper. I was happy and so were many Margiis in Delhi, Dehradun, and Haridwar.

## CHAPTER 25

### Life, Death and Samskara Demonstration

Soon after I came from Bombay, again a DMC program was held in New Delhi. Always I was blessed by **BABA**'s visit to a new place, wherever I went. Once in his temporary residence in Delhi, **BABA** was surrounded by more than one hundred Margiis. It was the year of 1969. It was the afternoon program, and **BABA** was giving a short discourse on the similarity of *samskaras* and vice versa. Two Margiis sitting in front of **BABA** were called to sit near Him. **BABA** said that He was going to make their psychic vibration of a similar nature. After a second, both persons sitting apart joined together, hugging each other and wanting to merge into one. They remained like that for some time. **BABA** spoke of how they wanted to be one, because of the similarity of their mental waves.

Now **BABA** wanted to do a demonstration showing different mental vibrations or *samskaras*. He spoke about infusing hatred in them. Just as **BABA** finished speaking, they all got separated and were now even ready to fight against each other.

Next **BABA** demonstrated the highest spiritual bliss. **BABA** touched one of the Margiis and told him to concentrate his mind on a certain *cakra*. He fell into deep *samadhi* and fell down to the ground. **BABA** called a doctor who was sitting there. He asked him to examine

that person's body and determine the pulse and heartbeat. The doctor could not identify his pulse anymore. **BABA** asked him if according to medical science he would be declared dead. The doctor answered yes. **BABA** told him that the Margi was in a state of cosmic bliss beyond the range of relative consciousness. If left for a long time thus, he would die without getting liberation, which He could not allow. So **BABA** said that he would return to consciousness after thirty to forty minutes. At that time, **BABA** said, he should be given a glass of warm milk to enable him to move without any problem. The Margis took care of him when he regained consciousness, and all Margis present were shouting, "*Param Pita kii jai*" (Victory to the Supreme Father).



## CHAPTER 26

### Persecution Starts

Ananda Marga had become very popular in North India. Its social philosophy was spreading quietly everywhere in India, and finally got entire exposure by the formation of a political party by Margiis who were very interested in the social and economic upliftment of humanity. The in-charge was Mr. Sashi, also a Congress M.P., and his office and residence were in New Delhi. This brought the ruling party, the government of Indira Gandhi, into a very potential encounter, not because of our numerical strength but because of our spiritual and ideological force. Ananda Marga had its own socio-economic philosophy called PROUT which discusses in detail the minimum requirements for people's living, and positive progress in their living conditions by decentralizing economic power. The world regions are to be divided into self-reliant socio-economic units or regions, wherein local residents would carry out local economic development and reap its benefits, without outside control and grabbing of locally developed resources and capital. PROUT also advocates the formation of a world government (a single global government) under the proper guidance of dedicated moralists and spiritualists called *sadvipras* who would work for the collective welfare.

When the government became fearful of the popularity of Ananda Marga, its secret wing, the CBI, was

directed to start penetrating and breaking up the organization by any means possible. At the same time the ruling party of West Bengal, the Communists, became much worse even than the Congress Party. So Ananda Marga became the victim of both governments at the same time. However in no case did **BABA** compromise with any factions of the State or the Center. He accepted the challenge and continued His forward march. The 1969 DMC in Cooch Bihar was disturbed by political miscreants. **BABA** was arrested but released on bail afterwards.

As Ananda Marga had started to grow and expand, so did the opposition to it from the government and communists, who now regarded Ananda Marga and especially **BABA** as a major threat to their aspirations to maintain control of the Indian society and people. Both the government and the Communists were maligning Ananda Marga and **BABA** in the media as well, and were plotting to eradicate Ananda Marga. In 1970 an internal explosion occurred in Ananda Marga. The government, in its effort to crush Ananda Marga, convinced a few dadas to betray **BABA** and provide support to the government, by making false and fabricated charges against **BABA** in order to crush the organization. A few workers left and sided with the hostile government, and even started harassing other innocent workers to leave or be arrested.

Now the situation was very explosive all the time. It started getting worse every day. Many CID agents and spies were coming and trying to get into the DMC hall in the guise of Margiis and even in **BABA**'s day-to-day visits and walks in various places. Once I was in Patna to see **BABA** in Patliputra Colony as it was the headquarters of

Ananda Marga at that time. Hundreds of workers and Margiis were all the time at the headquarters. One CID whom I didn't know came there and was trying to get some information. He was detected by some dadas. Some of the security personnel of Ananda Marga challenged that man. He fled to the neighboring colony and hid himself. Out of fear and while running, he fell and was injured. He was bleeding when he reached his government office and he gave a false report of assault by Ananda Marga workers. Soon a band of armed police came and were monitoring the headquarters.

We were going to attend the noon visit of **BABA** in the *jagriti* in Patliputra. Before getting into the *jagriti*, on the way myself, Ac. Kalyaneshvaranandji, another Dada and a Margi were arrested and taken into police custody. In the night we were brought to Bankipur jail and kept in barracks with criminals, with no space to sleep, near an open urinal and toilet. The next day our advocate filed a counter case against our arrest. We protested in the jail, demanding to be separated from the criminals, since we were political prisoners and had not been sentenced in any case.

The jail authority gave orders for us to be kept with other political prisoners in a separate ward. Then we started cooking separately, doing *sadhana* and meeting other jailed teachers of the Bihar State Union of Teachers who had been on strike. It was a great nuisance to go to the toilet in the morning and evening, sitting over the running flood of night soil under a nasty smell and with flies all over the body. I spent three months in that jail and was only once brought into court without appealing before the magistrate to explain my situation. We were

proved innocent and released, and then we continued our mission work.

In 1970, AMURT (Ananda Marga Universal Relief Team) was started to help the destitute and refugees in times of man-made disasters and natural calamities. Thus Ananda Marga soon became a very powerful movement and took the shape of a new Order, ready to fight against any suppressive and oppressive force of the immoral government's political forces.

The ruling Congress Party, Communists, religious fundamentalists, capitalists all came to know that Ananda Marga is not a conventional classical movement, but is a very radical, dynamic and divine mission, which could certainly frustrate the devilish designs of Congress, Communists and many other vested interest sections of society which have been confusing and exploiting humanity to serve their own selfish purposes. By now they realized, this is not a religion confined to the temples, but is a very potent force to change the entire archaic order of the past into a new order of one human society and cosmic society. **BABA** has not come to build temples, He has come to build a new society.

The ruling Congress Party head and prime minister, Smt Indira Gandhi, took serious exception to Ananda Marga and imposed a ban on it, forbidding any government employee to be its member, fearing that it had political motives under the garb of religion. The ban by the government of Indira Gandhi was challenged in the Supreme Court by two senior Ananda Margis who were senior central government employees. The court judgment came in favor of Ananda Marga, following a stay order. This moral defeat of the government brought it to a direct enmity with Ananda Marga.

## CHAPTER 27

### Nine Months Underground

A storm of spiritual crisis in the minds of a few ambitious workers was distracting us away from fighting against the immoralists. However the majority did not get disturbed by this external and internal explosion of Ananda Marga. I was in Delhi. One of the workers who was close to me told about his decision to quit the mission as he was confused about the bad news and allegations of the government. He asked my opinion. I told him, "I am not at all confused as I have not seen anything bad happening with my own eyes. I have the same spirit of work before or after all these mishappenings everywhere." He left the organization and joined the group to decry the mission with other Margiis. One of his good friends was in the Allahabad School of Ananda Marga working as its principal. He also left with his friend, but he informed the police and CID to arrest me, as I was not afraid of anything happening.

I came to visit Allahabad in the house of a Margi in the morning, and I had just taken bath and was meditating. The state CID had been searching for me for seven days, to arrest me in the house of the Margi. His wife told the CID in civilian dress that no dada was there, and that her husband had also gone to his village. Actually her husband was hiding in the house the whole day. As soon as I reached the house, I was told to go away quickly in any form as there was a twenty-four hour

watch of the CID around his house in rotation from the local police department. It was true. As I was meditating, he again rang the doorbell.

His wife went and saw the same man again asking for me. She said that no one was at home that moment in the house. However, the CID saw from the window my red *lungota* hanging on the wire for drying in the courtyard. He realized that she was telling a lie. The Margii brother was hiding on the first floor in a small cell. He came and directed me to leave from the back door of the house along a drain where no one would suspect anyone to be. I dressed myself as an ordinary *sannyasin* wrapped in a black blanket. I did not use my lungi, but wore a yellow lungi like many other *sannyasins* roaming the streets of Allahabad and Varanasi.

**BABA** was there to save me. A rickshaw was coming from the opposite side. I told him to take me to Sobatiyabagh, and he drove me there. I knew a strong Margii, an advocate, and I used to go to his house for DC very often. He was in the High Court. His wife knew me and so when I knocked on the door she opened, and I went in at once. I told her about my situation. After two hours the Margii brother came and saw me doing meditation. After that we met and discussed together what was happening to me. I spent three to four days there, and then one night I went to the railway station dressed as an ordinary monk and traveled to Lucknow to stay underground with another Margi, Kalicharan Yadav. He kept me for a month in his house. I used to spend my whole day at his farm outside the village and at night would come back to sleep in the house.

There also the police and the CID came searching for me, as they had got news from Kalicharan's relative who

worked with the police and used to give them all information about Ananda Marga. The day he got the news, Kalicharan took me on his bicycle sixteen miles away to the house of his friend, a non- Margii in an isolated village where no car or jeep could come searching. It was very nice. I spent one month in disguise teaching the children of his family. I got very attached to the entire family. But there was much searching in Lucknow and Kalicharan was worried about me. I was also willing to change the place. So, I requested his friend to give me a ride on bicycle to the railway station for Gorakhpur.

Luckily I got the train and I changed at some junction to get the Gorakhpur train. I reached Gorakhpur and immediately got a bus and reached Bansgaon, an interior village where there were Margiis very close to me and also very brave. I stayed with a strong Margi, but not as an acharya. Every night we had *kirtan, sadhana* and **BABA** stories - very vibrating days. I cannot forget Dineshvarjii and his family and the other Margiis who helped me in the days of crisis. Then again from there I moved to Basti district and there spent most of my time roaming in different villages and staying in temples and huts of local monks. Thus again, everything became normal for some time and I started working, mostly in Punjab, Delhi and Jammu-Kashmir.

The non-compromising attitude of **BABA** was polarizing the society into two camps: a newly emerged Ananda Marga socio-political force versus all corrupt exploitative forces in general, including the government itself.

## CHAPTER 28

### **BABA's Arrest and the First Self-immolation**

Finally, the government succeeded in its scheme to remove **BABA** from the public. **BABA** was arrested in 1971 in Patna, Bihar, by the CBI (Central Bureau of Intelligence), given as He was the potential danger for the government. The government charged Him with conspiracy to murder some of His disciples, by the CBI. One of the senior workers was tortured and lured by the CBI to become approver in that case under the protection of the government.

**BABA** was arrested in 1971 at His birthday DMC time, in Patna, just when he was going to catch a plane from His Patliputra colony. Most of us were in Varanasi at the airport ready to receive **BABA**. The news of His arrest was a shock to all Margiis. The DMC was converted into a DMS and as I remember, Dada Shivanandji became **BABA**'s representative. It continued every year twice, at Ananda Purnima and again at New Year's, until **BABA** was released in 1978.

In prison, **BABA** was grievously poisoned by the jail doctor under instructions from Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, and was put under constant tortures for nearly eight years in Bankipur Jail, Patna (Bihar). We were struggling from every side to secure His release. But all efforts failed. We demonstrated before the government



in the capital, New Delhi, and got arrested for two to three weeks for disobeying Rule No. 144. Again we were in Patna contacting all MLA's of Bihar state, but to no avail. The chief minister of Bihar was Mr. Gaffou, a Muslim Congressman and yes-man of Indira Gandhi.

The government had hoped that by imprisoning **BABA** they would demolish Ananda marga. But the lovers of humanity started dedicating their lives to this mission, became nuns and monks, and led the movement in every corner of the country and abroad. Ananda Marga became a powerful force within many countries of the world, such as Canada, Australia, Philippines, Germany, Hong Kong, and USA.

The government could not understand how this was happening while **BABA** was in jail. They had placed Him in a cell without any ventilation or fan, and isolated from His other disciples also accused with Him in the same case. Now when Ananda Marga still continued to spread with even greater speed. they decided to eliminate Him, and staged a heinous plan for the jail doctor to administer poison to **BABA** in the garb of medicine. When **BABA** was poisoned on **February 12, 1973**, we became very nervous, and spread news of the evil designs and motives of the then Indian government of Indira Gandhi throughout the globe. Still the result was not favorable. **BABA** knowingly let the poison be administered to Him, and absorbed it by His spiritual force. The government had not reckoned with their master-plan being foiled. **BABA** now demanded a judicial probe into His poisoning. When the government ignored His demand, He started fasting and that put the government under tremendous pressure both from within and outside India.

But the evil Indian government continued in its persecution. At last in 1973, one of our most beloved dadas, Ac. Divyananda Avt., took a personal decision to threaten and impeach the Bihar and Central government by immolating himself on **April 9, 1973**, before the Patna Secretariat East Gate. We had been close friends for many years, but especially I was all the time with him since November 1972 until the last day of his immolation. Then Dada Divyananda challenged the Indian government. Now the news of potential self-immolation was in all the newspapers. In the meantime two other dadas sat on a fast to death before the secretariat to draw the attention of the government to their concern for their Master, **BABA**.

Then, myself and Acharya Divyananda once again sat before the Governor's residence, but he did not come to see us. Then we abandoned all such processes of contacting and meeting the officials for help. The legal battle was proceeding on a very serious scale. The top-most advocate of Bihar High Court, Nageshvar Prasad, was representing the defense of **BABA**. In his arguments he actually exposed the full motives of the government to crush Ananda Marga and kill Anandamurtijii (**BABA**) for political reasons.

Anyhow my duty was to be at Patna Secretariat Gate with pamphlets and leaflets, to distribute to the public and answer all questions about Ananda Marga and the tortures on **BABA**. Dada Divyananda and myself used to be in the tent to look after the two dadas who were on fast unto death. After a few days the government started searching in earnest for Dada Divyananda. Divyananda went out of the city to hide himself in Patliputra Colony. I was all the time living in the tent. The police intensified

the search and also stayed near us the whole night long. On the eighth of April, I was sent to address a public conference in Motihari in North Bihar. On the eighth night at 1:00 A.M., I came back to Patna. Divyanandji's self-immolation had been widely publicized, and hundreds of Margiis came to Divyanandji to prevent him from doing self-sacrifice.

We all tried to persuade him to withdraw his word, but he was ever determined like the Himalayas. I saw him three days before his immolation. He was not taking any food. He was all the time in deep *sadhana* and *samadhi*. His face was like a blooming rose, radiating beauty and fragrance. He smiled and told me, "Shantatmanandji, we have been together for many months. I cannot forget your co-operation and work for **BABA**. Now, I don't feel like taking anything of this earth, not even water and air. I wish to become one with **BABA**. My sacrifice will certainly do some good for the Lord." I had tears in my eyes and I did not like to talk very much when I saw him in deep spiritual ecstasy.

The day of his self-immolation, Divyanandji put on a new uniform and came out at 4:00 am on the **9th of April, 1973**. At every gate of the Secretariat, batches of police were on guard. They had been alert for a month, but that night they never slept. When I arrived at 1:00 am, the police questioned me: "Where is Divyananda? Are you hiding him in the tent?" I told them, "You are the police and it is your duty to search for him. If he is here, please arrest him." There was a heap of dried firewood kept in front of the tent to show the government and the public that the self-immolation was imminent. I used to get up every day at 4:00 am to attend nature's call in the outside field.

As usual I went out and within ten minutes while returning I saw one taxi come near the gate. I was not sure if Dada Divyananda was in it. But after five minutes while I was approaching the tent, the big white flame, rising to the sky surprised me. Divyanandjii was sitting towards the Eastern gate in *padmasana* on his blanket with his uniform all wet with gasoline. In the lap of the rising flame I saw him reciting, "BABA HO! BABA HO! BABA HO!" Just then he fell down, and then I saw the police spreading sand and using sticks and buckets of water on his body to save him. They were very much afraid themselves as soon as they saw the fire and Divyananda inside. They ran into the compound, back and forth, and came to him. By this time all the Margiis sleeping in the night were scattered everywhere. The public assembled to see the dead charred body of a great soul and his dedication to his beloved Master. I ran to Patliputra Colony and saw everybody running to the Secretariat. I came back to the tent in grief. **Divyanandjii in His final message had impeached the Indian government in the name of the highest order of yogis.**

At 7:00-8:00 am in the morning the police arrested me and other dadas in batches and kept us in Phulwari Sarif camp jail for nine months on the charge of murder. In the jail we fasted for fifteen days and then again for twenty days, protesting the poisoning of BABA and also in support of His own continued fast to demand a judicial enquiry into His poisoning case. At last we were freed by the court, as the police failed to prove our guilt. During the nine months in jail many dadas and other Margiis (over 300) got arrested and came into the same jail. We had nice collective *sadhana*, classes, conferences and *satsang* every day. We did not have much problem with

the jail authorities in the Camp Jail. They were friendly and allowed anybody to come and see us in jail.

## CHAPTER 29

### **BABA's Samkalpa - Banning of Ananda Marga**

I was always active, with **BABA** and as well as away from **BABA**. I never wanted to relax even when nobody was seeing me. The organization was taking more speed and growing in many countries overseas and also in many remote places in India also. Margiis were more responsible and the jail was becoming the pilgrimage center for Margis, as they were coming from all over the world to visit **BABA** in jail. The authorities had wanted to kill Him, but they failed in their attempt after poisoning Him.

Margis, non-Margis, international organizations were all petitioning to the Indian government concerning **BABA's** fasting and the tortures meted out to Him. Then four members of the Parliament approached **BABA** and requested Him to break His fast, because His life was important for His mission and humanity. But **BABA** made the historic statement, "My life is less important than my ideas. They (government authorities) want to kill me because they are afraid of my ideas. If I die, then my death will be for an ideal. Democracy without morality cannot survive. In India, there is no dharma, morality and humanity. Here democracy cannot survive." **BABA** then appealed to the MP's to save India, save

humanity, save dharma and to please protect His objective when He is gone."

The general election of 1975 proved unfortunate for Prime Minister Indira Gandhi. She won the elections by using government funds and by all sorts of corrupt practices. The Allahabad High Court gave a verdict against her misuse of power, and barred her from political activity for six years. It was a debacle for her. In the interim period of twenty days, she declared national emergency in India without any apparent cause of internal or external threat to the country. Certainly all opposition parties were uniting against her, and Ananda Marga was the most potentially dangerous organization for her in her mind. India was now under dictatorial rule; many opposition parties were banned and their workers put in jail. After a few days, Ananda Marga was also banned.

That day I was travelling from Bombay and going to Allahabad. I got down in Raigarh (MP) to see one Margii. I did not know that Ananda Marga had been banned, as I was in the train. Next day, at 8:00 am I was reading the papers in that Margi's house. A band of police and CID came searching for that Margii to arrest him as he was very popular and a lecturer in the Polytechnic Institute. He had gone into the field when they knocked on his door. I was there and opened the door. The police in plain clothes were surprised to see me there. It was my first visit to his house. They asked me the whereabouts of that Margii and left the message that the District Magistrate wanted to see him. They left and I realized that now Ananda Marga was certainly banned, and that I should leave this place. Within ten minutes, I took my bag and got a rickshaw and went to the railway station. There was no train or bus at that time. I was

helpless. I went to a corner at the extreme end of the station and was sitting thinking of **BABA**.

I saw after a few minutes a jeep full of police coming in search of me. They saw me from a distance in orange dress and ran towards me. I did not get frightened. I also started moving towards them. They were four to five persons. They took me with them in a jeep and brought me to the magistrate. While going they accused me, labeling me as a dangerous person of Ananda Marga. All *avadhutas* are very dangerous, they said. I asked them if they had a warrant against me. They became very angry and told me, "You are arrested under M.I.S.A (Maintenance of Internal Security Act), a new act enacted by the government." Under M.I.S.A., anybody could be arrested without any cause and be arrested and kept behind bars for any period of time. Anyhow, I was put before the deputy magistrate and he was a very nice man. Actually the officials also did not want to follow and carry out such wanton acts. But they were bound by discipline.

The magistrate told me "I am sorry to say that last night Ananda Marga was banned and therefore you have been arrested. Please do not mind as there are many important people in the district city jail for the last few days. You will be with them, and I will give you the first class grade of political prisoner." He added that the Emergency may not last long, that hopefully it would end by October, after four months. I did not think of four months or four years. Anything was possible during this period, as it was not a matter of human conscience or dignity. It was a subject of individual whim and abuse of power. I complained to the magistrate against the sub-inspector and the police for their misbehavior towards me.



He scolded the inspector and commanded him that I should be treated properly and sent to jail today itself.

But the whole system was in a great mess. The police and police officers - none of them were behaving normally. It was the reign of the police, and they were doing whatever they wanted to do. I was put in custody overnight, without food and water. Next day morning I was lodged in jail.

During Emergency, all the properties of Ananda Marga were destroyed or confiscated or sealed by the government. Thousands of workers and Margiis throughout India were arrested and tortured just for being Ananda Margiis, under the Maintenance Of Internal Security Act.

During our imprisonment and through all the tortures all the Margiis stuck firmly to our ideology with total loyalty, devotion, and faith in **BABA**. All of us survived these ordeals because of our strong spiritual strength. Indeed, many are the unforgettable experiences of Margiis of how **BABA** helped them. As **BABA** himself said on **August 3, 1978**, "**I would like to speak much to you...but when I see you my heart becomes full and I cannot say much. Otherwise I would like to hear from you all, each of your stories, what you have gone through during the Emergency.**"

All this time **BABA** was fasting, since the judicial probe demanded by Him into His poisoning was not carried out by the government. In fact, this test and trial of Dharma continued until His release, for over five years.

## CHAPTER 30

### My Long-Term Imprisonment

In the jail, I could meet many state leaders and their followers who were against Ananda Marga before. They were from Jana Sangh and RSS (an organization of Hindu fundamentalists). I was alone. I took bath and did meditation and relaxed for some time, after two days of harassment. I was in the same barracks with twenty other people. They observed me very closely and wanted to come closer to know about Ananda Marga. In the evening, I was walking outside in the garden and two elderly persons called me to say something about Ananda Marga. I had a very good time, giving nice talks and holding discussions among very intellectual and political cadres of the Jana Sangh and RSS for the first time.

It was a great surprise to them that Ananda Marga was really the path of real *dharma*. Its philosophy was very clear and comprehensive, very universal and dynamic. They all became my good friends. On *Ekadashi* (the fasting day), the next day I did not take any food, water, fruits, milk or anything. It further made them wonder that I did not eat garlic or onion in my food on the previous day. It was all striking them very effectively how Ananda Marga was really the path of righteousness and truth. They were talking and giving slogans in their evening prayer about *Sanatana Dharma* (Eternal Dharma) but they did not follow this in practice. They watched me

very closely, and without any words, my conduct made them all my good friends.

After three days we were transferred to the Central Jail of Raipur, 200 miles west of Raigarh. There I met two other family acharyas, one dada of a local Ananda Marga school and about thirty local Margiis from Raipur and other districts. There were three barracks and everywhere Margiis were living with other political prisoners - about 300 in number. As we were strict vegetarians, the jail authority had to cook our food without onion and garlic. The prisoners became quite friendly to us after a few days. They named our food as Ananda Margii vegetable, dal (pulse) soups and they would never share food with any non-vegetarian people. I started a regular class and group meditation every day. Although the Margis were very poor, yet their mental stamina and spirit were high, because of this inner strength acquired by their *sadhana*, and of course by **BABA**'s grace. They were simple and always surrendered to **BABA**. It differentiated them from other party members, who were worried, weeping and losing heart, and writing to the government to release them on the condition that they would not have any contact with the organization which they belonged to before. Many businessmen and family persons used to ask me about their future. After some time, they also started doing some *kirtan*, *bhajans* and Hindu worshipping of Rama, Krishna, Hanuman, etc.

We Margis were always peaceful, contented and smiling all the time, and following our sixteen points very strictly. It attracted many people; they joined us and we became best friends. Many famous political leaders were with us and they all became sympathetic to Ananda

Marga. I taught classes to them for months together on PROUT and Ananda Marga. I also wrote many poems, songs, stories and dramas and organized cultural programs collectively with great satisfaction. I became one of their best friends and so anything coming from their houses as food materials, they used to offer me first. In India if a *sannyasin* is with family men, they will give much regard to him.

But the only trouble was the inferior quality of rice, beans and oil. My liver was not so strong and the adulterated and unhealthy beans started creating problems for me. There was high pressure from the government to crush Ananda Marga. So even though they were friendly outwardly, but they could not favor or do their proper duty to us. Some Margis approached the jail doctor for me but they would not cater a special diet for me; then for a few days they gave milk full of water. Sometimes they served spoiled rice, no fruits, not even lemons. I had been suffering poor health right from the beginning. After six to seven months, my teeth started giving me pain due to pyorrhea. The doctor advised me to remove all teeth as the pyorrhea would spoil the other teeth also gradually. I thought that since this was a rest period, I should do it now. I was in first class and the government would help provide me with dentures.

It took two to three months to extract my teeth in the local general hospital in Raipur. The policeman put me in handcuffs with a long chain, and took me to the hospital, sometimes in the van, sometimes walking as it was a walkable distance. Even while urinating or going to toilet, the chain was on my hand and one policeman was always following me. But, I did not feel hatred or humiliation. I was quite proud, as I was convinced of my

principles and practices. The public also started feeling sympathy. Our character in all the jails of India (as everywhere Margiis and workers were arrested) proved highly impressive. The false propaganda of the government that Ananda Margis were criminals and anti-national met its waterloo. Still, nobody outside could talk about Ananda Marga and **BABA**. Even many non-Margiis were arrested under suspicion of being Margis.

Anyhow by and by I got rid of my teeth, but no dentures were provided to me. I was toothless for nearly one year. Now I could not take any food and no liquid diet of nutritious nature was given to me. So my life became very tortuous and I continued to become weaker. All the joints of my hands started getting black round spots because of lack of blood. My hair started turning white and my body started languishing. But I was very alert mentally.

All the leaders had been in jail without getting much chance to be in the public and spend much money, but nevertheless they won the elections, just because the sympathy of the public was with them. We were all released. A great crowd of five thousand to eight thousand people came to the Raipur jail gate and as soon as I got out, they lifted me on their heads and carried me around, dancing and singing and rejoicing, throwing flowers all around. After two to three days I came to our Ananda Marga Calcutta headquarters. Our office was still locked up by the government. A few dadas were there in one opened room and they could not recognize me. I was like a skeleton. After a few days I was sent to Patna to Ac Keshavanandji, who helped to fix my dentures there. Our Margi doctor, Dr. Ramesh of Ranchi helped me a lot. Then Dr. Sandhujii of Bombay also kept me at least

a month, treating me to help me recover my health. I came back to Patna with very little improvement.

**BABA** instructed from the jail that I should now be in charge of our global training center at Varanasi. Trainees started coming, but I did not know how to collect money, and who will give me money just after Emergency. But mentally I was ready. Dada Shradhdhanandji and Keshavanandji inspired me. I was sure of **BABA**'s grace. Only one Margi from Meerath (UP) near Delhi, brother M.P. Singh, a very devoted Margii and I.A.S. officer, solved my problem. If at any time I was late to approach him, he was so sincere that he used to send someone without fail to help me. After some time again, I was told by Keshavanandji and Ramanandji that I was to start a new LFT training center in Kathmandu. It was a very hard task. By His grace and one French Margi's co-operation, I carried out this task satisfactorily.

## PART II

## CHAPTER 31

### Meeting My Mother in Sannyasi Uniform

No doubt, the seed of spirituality in me was sown by my mother with extreme care and love. But she did not know that the same son would go out of her sight forever, making her cry for her whole life. She had a great hope to see me with nice worldly possessions with my family. She always supported my wish not to marry whenever each occasion came in my life and I objected. That is why her grandson was married when he was younger than me. When I was a child, she always stood by my side with great understanding. I too was ever with her, helping her everywhere.

When I left home for Ranchi, it was with her full support, and she sent me money by selling her property for me. But the Lord had a unique mission for me. I got initiation in 1962 in Ranchi. I came home in summer vacation to see her in 1963. She cried and cried as I had become a Margi and left off doing the so-called rituals of the Hindu religion. But she was a very simple person and of deep divine faith. She realized my point. I took her secretly to a family acharya, Shrii Suryanarain Babu, an advocate in Hajipur, Vaishali (Bihar). He initiated her. Thus she had a strong spiritual yearning in her and she was blessed by **BABA** through initiation. I thought my first mission was fulfilled as my most beloved mother was



until now. It is for the first time now that I am writing about her initiation.

She became very grieved when the whole village people became hostile to me due to my involvement with Ananda Marga. I did not come back from Ranchi after 1963 to see her. In 1965 I came from my job to attend DMC, and there I was accepted in the *sannyasi* system after I had resigned from my job. My proper training into wholtime training started in Varanasi. Thereafter, after I was posted in South India and continued to do my missionary work elsewhere. I had sent a declaration letter to my mother about my having become a *sannyasin* in Ananda Marga. When she received this declaration, she fell on the ground fainting, half-dead. The family cried and the whole neighborhood assembled to know what happened to her. But she did not die as she had a very strong vision and love to see me once again in her lifetime. All men, women and children cried when they learned about my suddenly leaving home and becoming a *sannyasin*.

Just within a week, she organized herself with her elder brother Shrii Devendrajii and came to Varanasi. She found the Ashram in Sigra Chauk after a great struggle in the rain. I was no longer there. I had left for Jamalpur and then for my new posting in South India, Bangalore. My trainer, Dada Prakashananda, was telling me about her pitiable condition and constant tearful eyes. But he hid all the details of her suffering from me. After a very long time I came to know about this. Lastly she searched for me in the temples of Varanasi and many other religious places without ever getting sight of me, and then went back home in tears.

It was 1969 as I think, and there was DMC in Muzzafarpur, near my hometown. My house is just sixty minutes away by car or by train. At that time, Muzzafarpur was one of the very strong units of Ananda Marga. I started thinking of how to avoid my mother and brothers and even my friends at DMC, as they would be searching for me everywhere. I did not want to avoid DMC either. But **BABA** gave me strength. I decided to go attend DMC and if possible I would visit my mother. My village is just a five to seven minute walk from the Bhagwanpur railway station. When I caught the train I had full faith that my mother had not died and that I would see her before her death. My visit would give a very positive understanding to the whole village, and Ananda Marga would be better understood.

Then something happened. My train halted for two minutes at Bhagwanpur Station, where I used to come walking every evening while I was a student in the village. I had a very small bag and one attache case. It was May 1st, 1969, and a very hot season in India. It was after midnight. I got down from the train. I mentally did *namaskar* to my home town. The great neem tree nearby the station was still standing as before, at the east and west junctions of the town. I followed the road to the east and started walking with great joy. I forgot that I was a *sannyasin*. I was still the same tiny child before my mother - hugging her, touching her feet and loving her with my whole being.

After a minute, I was in front of the big palatial building of my friend Bhushan Prasad. He was sleeping outside with his brother, Nanda Kishore - once my classmate. I approached very gently. The gate of his courtyard was open. It was maybe 1:00 a.m. in the

morning. It was a very hot night. I stood by the cot of my friend and spoke very softly: "Bhushan, Bhushan, get up, I want to see you." He could not recognize me. It had been nearly eight years since we last saw each other, but within a moment he recognized me. Oh, he was so happy, I can't express it in words. While I was talking, his brother also got up. He saw me in orange and soon recognized me. He drove his motorbike to my mother's place, a stone's throw distance from there.

The news spread like wildfire. All of my family members and neighbors - old men and women and children -all started running to see me. My mother was too old to walk but she got into such a high spirit to see me. My elder brother supported her with his hand and her stick to walk to my friend's house. Nobody could wait at home, and after a few minutes there was no place in my friend's house to sit. It was my first time after eight years that I could see my mother. She was really very torn and in a dying condition. She did not have strong vision because of her old age and the constant suffering of my leaving home. The moment I saw her I touched her feet and like a child I hugged her. She was crying and crying. Then, she was in deep silence. So was I for many minutes. Everybody was sobbing. No one I saw there was without tears. I prayed to **BABA** to give me strength to face my mother and all the friends and relatives standing before me.

All of a sudden I opened my mouth: "How are you, my mother?" In tears she replied, "How am I, can't you see? I am your mother, you are my sweet son. Why have you forgotten me? Is it the path of God that tells one to forget one's mother or father? Mother's position in religion is more than Heaven. So also is the importance

of birthplace. Why have you discarded me? Did I ever neglect you in my life? You were the last, the youngest son of my lap. My love was boundless for you. How could you forget me?" These words were piercing my hard heart and I only replied, "You are right, let us go home." A big crowd was following me. I was taking the arm of my mother, walking, and everybody was seeing my extreme love for my mother, just as I was loving her in my childhood. It was just five minutes afterwards that I reached home.

The news spread so widely everywhere that I did not know how the people started gathering around me. I did not sleep nor did anybody else. I was massaging my mother and it made my sister-in-laws laugh. They started behaving with me as they used to in my childhood. My brother's wife used to always oil and comb my hair after bath. As I was the youngest child, I received so much love from them, I can't express. I requested my mother to let me be free to use the rest room and then have my bath and do my meditation. My mother at once asked all to let me be free to finish my morning duties. This took one hour, and people were waiting outside. Although it was early in the morning I saw more than two hundred people there around my house. I was so happy to see my old uncles, aunts, cousins, friends and small babies unknown to me. No one was against my path and my principles. Once they were so hostile, but now they were very friendly. They were happy to visit my old mother and the village people and my family members. I convinced my mother about DMC. She must give me permission and I will come back again to see her. I requested her to bless me on my path. She started crying. My in-laws were trying to force me to stay at home and to

give up the life of a *sannyasi*. My brothers were neutral. Ultimately my mother gave me her blessing: "Be happy, do the best. Always remember me also."

I went to attend DMC without the least attachment for anybody, including my mother, relatives and friends. It was all **BABA's** grace. After DMC I again came back home. My sister-in-law had retained my briefcase. I spent one day with them again and my mother helped me to go ahead for my mission work. After that I did not see her again in my life. The next time after ten years again when I was passing through my village due to some organizational work, I suddenly appeared and spent the night with the *Bhukti Pradhan*. I was so happy to see that Ananda Marga was growing in my town. In the morning suddenly I appeared, and the same thing happened this time also. But this time everybody was confirming me of the death of my dear mother. She had been spending the rest of her life sitting in the Shiva temple, and mostly in silence. I calmly took in the news of her death. I met my friends and family members as before, nicely. I even went to see personally many of my old relatives who were too old to walk, and they too received a good understanding about my mission. Now, even though they are not Margis, but they always have good sympathy for the Marga.

## CHAPTER 32

### My First Visit To BABA In Jail

In my mind, I had decided not to visit **BABA** in jail, though from throughout India and the world, Margis used to visit **BABA** regularly in jail. I was getting day-to-day news about **BABA**'s ill health and the torturing inflicted by the government in their attempts to kill Him forever. But I was thinking, how can I stand before **BABA** seeing Him in that dying condition. Anyhow, I decided to visit Him. I came from Kathmandu (Nepal) after starting a new LFT training center. The matter was very urgent, so Gurucharan and his wife Shiila sold some of their things and bought an air ticket for me. I came right after two to three hours from Kathmandu to Patna and informed Ac Keshavanandji about starting a training center there. He and Ramanandji both informed **BABA** about the good work done by me in Nepal. But **BABA** wanted me to personally to convey this news to Him. When Ramanandji and Keshavanandji told me that now **BABA** wants me to see Him in jail, I knew I couldn't refuse it.

He knew my mental problem. He wanted to clear my vision, as I was thinking that **BABA** was in helpless condition. The next day morning, I gave my name among the first group of workers. I went inside the cell of **BABA**. I saw **BABA** in really very bad state like a small baby on His bed. I started crying. Ramanandji informed me that

**BABA** was unable to see or speak. He was using alphabet chart to reply. But when He heard that I was there, with closed eyes He spread both His hands and signalled me to come very close to Him. I did accordingly. He touched my face and head with both His hands and I conveyed the news about the training center in Kathmandu in His ear. He heard it and gave me another signal to be very very close to His face. He opened His mouth and instructed me: "I am happy about the work you did. Now, you should not waste your time here. You have to go abroad, to Africa, immediately." With these words of **BABA**, I was then posted as Sectorial Secretary of Nairobi Sector.

Until now **BABA** was not speaking. Now **BABA** spoke to me. It was a great wonder for me. I started laughing and I heard a voice in my heart: "It is all **BABA**'s play. No one can arrest Him. It is He who will give the solution and cure for all problems." I was happy, and there were no tears in my eyes. **BABA** with His eyes closed found *prasad* (blessed candy from beneath His bed) and offered me and other dadas. At the same time, another dada who had broken his leg prayed to **BABA** as he could not walk. **BABA** immediately caught the dada's leg with His hand and whispered something mentally. I saw that dada now has a good walk and he is in perfect condition, no limping, rather he is running.

## CHAPTER 33

### BABA's Release From Jail

I was not anxious to work abroad. When **BABA** asked me to go abroad to work, I had to prepare myself for it, not knowing that **BABA** Himself was soon to be coming out of jail. The legal battle was at its peak. It took some time to prepare my passport and other necessary things for travelling abroad. It was August, 1978. The Patna High Court gave a verdict of acquittal to **BABA**, and He came out. I was there in Patna. Thousands upon thousands of Margiis assembled on that auspicious day, dancing, singing kirtan and rejoicing. The doors of Bankipur Jail, closed for years, opened. His majestic Cosmic plan took a different mood. Now He wanted to see His children outside of the gate. The hot weather of Patna transformed itself into cool weather with black clouds creating a shade on the earth. The gentle drizzling of rain saturated the sweating crowd, eagerly waiting for hours to see the Lord. At last He gave His *darshan* in the car. On both sides of the road the general public was standing, sitting, running on their balconies and terraces. It was a scene beyond any description. That was our day, a day never to be forgotten, the triumph of *dharma*!

**BABA** was driven by Ramanandji, His P.A., to His house in Patliputra colony. It started raining, but the Margis did not leave. They wanted to see **BABA**, and **BABA** wanted to see them. The nearby park was



occupied by the Margis, and a big hall was hired for the spiritual congregation. **BABA** came in a cheerful mood, although very weak physically and in a wheelchair. He gave a discourse followed by *Varabhaya Mudra*. The ecstatic crowd of thousands cried for the Lord's grace and blessing. They did their *Sastang Pranam* to **BABA**, prostrating to Him in the muddy water. I was there amongst them with tears in my eyes and joy in my heart.

After that I came to **BABA**'s quarters the next day, and **BABA**'s regular routine of field walk started. I got chance to go with him. He gave me a very broad and bright smile and spoke so many things, I could not remember. But still I remember one thing He said: "Oh Shantatmananda, did you see the glory of Dharma? Dharma protects whomsoever protects Dharma. (*Dharma raksati Raksatah*). All efforts to crush Me and My mission by the demonic forces could not succeed in the end. Truth is ever-victorious ultimately (*Satyameva jayate*). I said to Him, "Yes **BABA**! I have seen with my own eyes." Then after getting His blessings I came to Bombay and sent a telegram to Germany about my flight. I then flew to meet our Sectorial Secretary (SS) of the Berlin Sector, Ac Karunanandji.

I had only \$24.00 in my pocket. Germany was getting hostile to Indian *sardars* (Sikhs). I was in civil uniform. There were eight or ten Sikhs with me. At Frankfurt Airport all Indians except me were taken out. At the immigration counter I was asked about the purpose of my visit. I told them of my short visit to see some friends, and then going farther onwards to Ghana in West Africa. They saw my ticket to Ghana (Accra), and so they allowed me to go on. One LFT brother, Karna, was waiting for me at the exit gate. I came out with my bag.

I was not in uniform. He recognized me, saying, "Are you dada?" I laughed. He understood. He took my bag from my hand and brought me to the Mainz *jagriti*. There I met many other brothers and sisters and spent my time with them in joy and zeal.

## CHAPTER 34

### An Unknown Guide In The Belgian Winter

It was necessary for me to obtain a visa for Ghana before going there. It was very hard to get this in Germany. One dada had tried before but could not get it. So he went to Belgium and there he got the visa. I went to Bonn, the capital of Germany, to approach the authorities for a visa. I did not get the chance, but then I got a 48-hour transit visa for Nigeria, as I had the ticket for Ghana. I came back to Mainz and waited to go to Brussels. On the weekend of every month, there was held collective meditation along with *akhanda kirtan* (continuous chanting of the universal *mantra*, *Baba Nam kevalam*, while dancing) for the Margis living away from Mainz.

One LFT sister, Bhanumati, came to attend the program. Next day she was asked by our office secretary to take me to her place and then assist me to take the train going to Brussels. She took me very gladly in her car and we shared many common feelings and experiences of *sadhana*, service and **BABA**'s mission. She was kind enough to take proper care of me in her house, and next day she was ready to take me to the railway station for Brussels. She gave me enough money for the passage, the visa and for local expenditures in Brussels, as the money given to me in Germany was not sufficient to meet all my necessary expenses. I had the address of Ananda Marga

office and the name of an LFT (local full-timer), Bhisma, who was the in-charge then. The train arrived at the station right on time. I was a bit nervous about traveling alone.

It was a very strange thing for me to be in jacket and boots. Also I was feeling some sort of cultural shock. But I left myself in **BABA**'s hands and got into the train, bidding *namaskar* to Bhanumati. It took five or six hours to reach the city of Brussels. What I found was that nobody was speaking English. I became very nervous as to how to communicate to the people to find out the address of the Ananda Marga *jagriti*. When the train reached the last stop in Brussels, I got down and started wondering and thinking where to go next. It was a very confusing system for me - a big European city for a man from a small village in India. I began to ask many people about the address, asking them which exit to take. Nobody was particularly sympathetic to me. At last one man was going out of the station and I requested him to help guide me to the main road in order to catch a bus to the *jagriti*. He was very kind and he directed me very gently.

Now I was on the correct road, and after much struggle confirmed that the bus was going on the same route as the location of the *jagriti*. But still I had fear as to how to know the exact stop and where to get down. But anyhow I got myself onto the bus. After twenty minutes I started asking people about my address. No one seemed favorable. They did not speak English. The bus was stopping and moving according to the route. But I was crying mentally, not knowing where I was going. It took over forty minutes and I was becoming desperate as I was thinking, perhaps I am going ahead of my

destination. I went to the driver. It was getting hard for me to talk with him. All of a sudden, one nice sister spoke to me, saying, "May I help you?" I turned my eyes towards her and I showed her the address of Ananda Marga. She smiled, and like a very long-known friend directed me how to reach there after the next stop. I followed her instructions and I was there. I remembered the Lord and His saying, "Never feel you are alone. He is everywhere to help His devotees in weal and woe."

But the door to the *jagriti* was closed. I was getting tremendously cold. I had a jacket on my body but still the winter was overbearing. I was very thirsty too. Also I was looking for a rest room. But I did not see anything except the road and a tall-standing building without any balcony. I was standing on the steps of the door, ringing the bell without any response. It was a very big house with many apartments. Everyone had his/her own key to the apartment building, and nobody was there in our *jagriti*. It was about 4:00 p.m. I waited and waited and could not tolerate the thirst. I went to a store and requested a woman to get me some drinking water. She gave me water in a paper tumbler and I drank it to satisfy myself. It was getting dark. I changed the little German money I had into local money and bought a candle and matches. Again I came back to the steps and sat and waited. One lady came and opened the door to the apartment building. I wanted to get in too, but she closed the door behind her. I rang many times, but no one would open the door. That LFT brother was not there; as it turned out he had gone to town to do some printing work.

Another person came and he also opened the door. I requested him to let me be inside, as I am a monk of Ananda Marga and I want to go to my office on the first

floor. He opened and I went inside. It was very dark and I lit a candle and searched for the room. It was locked and there was no way to get in. It was becoming quite impossible to face the cold. I was also restless to go to a rest-room. I could not see any way to solve my problem, and I was getting more and more nervous. I did not know whether Bhisma was really here or had gone out of town. He had been phoned from Germany, and so I was in great confusion because he was not here. Meanwhile on the ground floor, one woman was going out to walk with her cat. I requested her if she knew about that LFT person. But she did not like to talk, and without giving any reply she left.

Again I sat down and tried to do some meditation. It was about 8:00 p.m. in the night. To get out would be simply a matter of life and death. Nevertheless, I decided to come out, and opened the door from inside and stepped out onto the road. I was looking to see if the LFT brother was coming. I did not bring my blanket with me, as I had thought of coming out just for a minute. Another gentleman entered the building, not knowing that I was wanting to go inside, and he closed the door behind him. I started banging on the door, as the ring failed to bring any response. Now I was left under the wide starry sky in freezing cold. I was in a very pitiable condition. I was crying within. I was thinking the winter and cold of the inside of the house was still better than the freezing and killing cold of the outside. I was blaming myself for coming out of the apartment building.

It was about 8:30 pm. I felt myself to be at a breaking point. I thought of **BABA** and surrendered my mind, saying, "It is all Your will. If you like me to suffer in this way, no one can save me." Suddenly I opened my

eyes. A tall man in orange and half-white uniform was approaching me. I forgot my agony and pain. I thanked the Lord. The LFT (Bhisma) saw me standing at the steps of the door. He ran with folded hands, bidding *namaskar* to me, and giving excessive apologies for letting me wait outside for a long time. He had the key. He opened the door and we went inside and entered the room. There was no electricity, as he could not pay the electricity bill. The candle solved the problem. First I asked about the rest room. It was outside, attached to the apartment. But I did not know this. I got free from the rest room, but I was tired and wanted to wash myself. But the water was also disconnected because the bill was not paid. I sat on the sink of the kitchen and its tap was running. I managed to pour a few cups of water very carefully over my body and got relief. Then we both did *sadhana* after *kirtan* and had dinner - mostly fruits and bread.

The next day he accompanied me to the Ghanian Embassy and got my visa after twenty-four hours. Then he brought me to Cologne, a very big city in Brussels, to meet a Margi. There I gave a small conference in the night and initiated one person. I spent two more days there and then he brought me to the Holland *jagriti*. From there again I went to Berlin, and from there back to Germany and the Mainz *jagriti*. I spent some time in the downtown area and gave a conference at the university. I initiated eleven boys and formed a group meditation center, thanks to many local brothers and sisters who helped me a lot during my visit to their places. After one month of staying in Europe, I got my plane to Nigeria and then to Ghana, to our Ananda Marga headquarters, to start work.

## CHAPTER 35

### My First Trip to Africa

I boarded the plane at Frankfurt Airport in Germany, after a month of living there. After nineteen hours, my plane reached Nigeria, Lagos International Airport. I saw a strange difference between Europe and Africa - the naturally rich country but yet in a poor state, with plenty of people, happy and cheerful. The climate was extremely hot, reminding me of North India or Madras in summer season. I negotiated with a taxi cab to drive me to Surulere, to one Nigerian Margi sister, Easter. It was night. Armed robbery was very common in Lagos. Anything could happen there to anybody. I was afraid of being alone in the taxi with the driver and his friend. No taxicab driver there will be alone, without his friend or wife. At midnight he drove me for an hour, without finding my destination, and he wanted to take more money from me. Then he wanted to drive me back to the hotel near the airport. I did not agree with him.

Even in the night, people were walking, quarreling and drinking at restaurants and hotels. I resisted him, and asked him how he could drive a taxi if he could not locate the address I wanted to go to. So he again searched for the house of that sister. I was very much scared by his behavior, and was in doubt, feeling he wanted to cheat me. When we reached our destination, I paid him 30 Deutschmark, German money. I carried my suitcase and climbed the steps to her house. and rang the bell twice.



She was asleep, but woke up and in her night dress came to see me. She was six feet tall and barely awake. I asked her if she was Sister Easter. She replied, "Yes, I am". Do you know Dada and Didi?", I asked.

"Which Dada or Didi?" she asked. "I know only one priest and nun, both white. He has left his pair of shoes in my house. Tomorrow morning they are going to Benin State on tour." I then got mental peace and she showed me a place on the veranda to sleep for the night, and tomorrow morning she was to inform them about me. Immediately, I begged pardon for disturbing her and slept.

Next morning she was very kind and sent for Dada and Didi, living in Oshodi area. I did my bath and meditation with very limited water in a small bathroom. When Dada Anainjana and Didi Manisha came, I was very happy. We had breakfast together, and I went with them to Oshodi to spend a day. I had only 48 hours transit visa which could not be extended, but there was air disruption in Ghana. So I was bound to overstay for an extra day. I got the first flight to Accra, and went right away to see Ananda Marga *Bhukti Pradana* and President, Mr. Shankar Freeman, the Headmaster of Ebenezer Secondary School, Mamprobi, Accra.

I waited for him for an hour in his school. One Margi sister teacher, Mohinii, from Trinidad, took care of me when I met Shankar; I was extremely glad. He was really a very jolly, ever laughing, very smart, active and tireless person. He brought me to the newly acquired *jagriti* near Corlegonno Civil Hospital, and there I met our office secretary, Dada Giriisha, from America.

Ghana is a country of love, peace and hospitality. It is a very spiritual country. The people of Ghana are very soft, gentle and well educated. They are of rejoicing

nature and respect their guests. They are neat and clean. Even a baby will take bath three times a day. Before going to bed in the night, bath is a must. I went into very remote places and villages of Ghana and I found that the people are quite different in nature and character than in other African nations. It is the first country which fought for independence and got independence in the whole of Africa. Also, it thought of the freedom of other nations and of the concept of one African nation, and struggled hard for this goal under the leadership of Kwame Nkrumah.

## CHAPTER 36

### Ananda Marga In Ghana

I made my best effort to spread our mission everywhere in Ghana. Within a year, all the regions of the country had Margiis and *dharmacakras* - in the north, south, east, west and Volta regions. We did social service intensely to serve the people in need, distributed clothes, food, and medicines, etc. Also, we started schools and homes to help the poor children. The response of the local chief and villagers was so good that in our village, Nkunyatai in Volta Region, the primary school of the Christian Mission was closed. I took much interest in the community, and all the villagers built the building for our school by community labor. They also paid small money to pay the teacher's salary. I was always going to visit them.

I had already been in very delicate health because of long-term jail during emergency. Just after my release, I had started touring in India and Kathmandu (Nepal), spreading my mission. Now I was in the land of poverty and crisis - Ghana - but it was a very sweet crisis. I loved it. My crisis really became my friend, due to close contact of the Margi brothers and sisters of Ghana. In Accra, for a long time I did not get many vegetables like in India, but the green papaya every day became my best medicine. After one year, my liver became very strong and I started eating palm nut soup, peanut soup and yam, cassava, curry beans, plantain, etc. One thing was very plentiful in

Ghana and that was fruits - bananas, oranges, pineapples and mangoes.

Once for two weeks in Accra I had to live without sufficient water. My two LFT trainees would go with buckets for a mile to fetch water. In the villages, ladies had to walk three-fourths of a kilometer at dawn to collect water from the river. Many times I had to bathe myself with two-thirds cup of water and be satisfied with this in the remote villages. Sometimes I had to walk ten/twelve kilometers on foot because of lack of transport. Many times I had to wait twelve hours for the bus. Once I traveled the whole day on a goods truck, and in the evening I could not get a boat to cross the river. So I had to spend the night with the fisherman. I was surprised to see the hospitality of his family and children who came to serve me fresh cooked fish and bread. I explained to them gently that I do not eat fish, but I had oranges and bread. I thanked them from the core of my heart. They gave me a clean bed sheet and mat, and the whole night they were talking about India and my mission. I always used to carry with me matches, soap, milk powder, sugar, bulgur, etc. to give them. They did not get even milk or sugar in the villages. But even then, they were happy, living a life of love and unity with their families.

I cannot forget the many Margi brothers and sisters of the whole of Ghana who would forever be helping me by any and all means. Sometimes they would see me on the road and run to me calling, "Dada, Dada". I would stop and talk with them and then travel onwards. If I had any load, they would take it in their hands or on their head and bring me to the bus station or *jagriti*. Even while going for a walk I used to go into their homes. I

did not have to tell them about my problems. They knew me and my problems very well. They would force me to have a meal, and give me money for my train reservations.

I used to give advice on natural medicines to many Margis or non-Margi friends. Once the wife of a Margi had severe dental pain. I went into the bush and brought the bark of a tall tree. I advised her to boil it with salt, and gargle with that water two/three times a day. She did it and was cured. One of the police inspectors, a very serious Margi named Dharmapal, became a famous herbalist due to my inspiration. Now he has a very beautiful nursery of local herbs and plants, and people from many different places come to see him. Even the civil surgeon's wife of the local hospital was cured by him in the Volta region.

One man from Kafarodua in Eastern Region came to know that I had knowledge about some natural medicines. He had tremendous high blood pressure, and was himself a poor man and could not afford expensive medicines. He was supposed to take sixteen tablets each day and it was difficult for him to buy them. I went to meet his brother whom I had initiated long ago. He saw me at the bus station waiting for the bus to Accra. He asked me if I am Dada, the teacher of his brother. I said yes, and he followed me right from there itself. I kept him seven days in *jagriti* and took proper care of him, using only diet, meditation and *asanas*. He became quite well, and later on he became the *Bhukti Pradhana* of Eastern Region.

Once we went to do social service in a village called Kwameyanu, forty kilometers away from Accra, with Shankar Freeman and other Margiis. After reaching

there, the chief of the village came to welcome us. He was suffering from eyesight problems. I thought of **BABA** and found a small plant, bringraj, and showed him how to use it around his eyes. He got much improvement. Later on, he donated forty acres of land for us in 1978, and now there we have a famous project run by AMURTEL.

## CHAPTER 37

### Missionary Work in Ghana

In Ejura, Kumasi District, Ananda Marga activities were started. One Margi bank manager was there. I conducted a medical camp. I had some homeopathic medicines, and the chief announced in his village the distribution of free medical aid to all. I came there and the chief himself came to inaugurate my first public social service. More than two hundred people were in line from morning at 8:00 a.m. until late evening 8:00 p.m. I distributed 2/3 packets of homeopathic medicine to all the people, as I did not have sufficient medicines. But it did wonders. Many got cured of their sickness by those small sugar grain tablets. It was all **BABA's** grace.

I was wanting to have a big piece of land to do agriculture service. Ejura is the best place for agriculture. An American farm of fifteen square kilometers is there. I requested the chief for this land, and he was very kind to provide land for Ananda Marga. Now that land serves as a Master Unit for Ananda Marga in Ghana for the Nairobi Sector. We had always two retreats in a year. The two retreats were locally organized by Margis, and more than 120/130 people used to take part. They were very serious about cultural programs and social service. At every retreat we did social service and performed dramas, etc. We always initiated a lot of people in all the retreats we organized.

I continued my tour, initiating people and also training boys for our future activities. Many dedicated their lives, and now they are *avadhutas* and *acharyas*, both boys and girls. The whole expenditure of my training center mostly was assisted by one Margi whom I initiated in his town. His name was Aditya, who had visited **BABA** in India. He bought land for **BABA**'s quarters, and also helped many other *dadas* and *didis*. I did not tell him many of my problems because I was everywhere surrounded by problems. It was my way of life. I used to get malaria very often. I was not fully cured then also. Sometimes I had to travel for the mission, and I did it gladly just because I felt so very comfortable among the people of Ghana. In weekly *dharmacakra* the hall was always full to its capacity. Thirty to forty Margiis used to do *kirtan* and meditation, and then social service. These were the regular weekly programs of Ananda Marga in Ghana.

The country was bankrupt economically. There was no foreign exchange to import anything from outside; transport was poor to nonexistent. There was no way to transport the local products to the public. It was a state of virtual starvation. I was badly affected by these sorts of problems. The whole nation was on the verge of collapse. But the civilian government of Mr. Liman was helpless and did not know how to solve these problems.

All the public organizations and religious groups of the nation wanted to show concern about the present situation of the country. They organized a conference, and Ananda Marga was also invited. It was Saturday. The conference was in the British Council Hall. The Ex Chief Justice was chairing the conference. Many Margiis and myself, and all the groups of different denominations



- Hindu, Muslim, Christian, Buddhist -were there to give their opinions about the growing economic crisis, and how religious and social organizations could help to make life better for the people. They had prepared long speeches, and on the dais they delivered these speeches to the people.

I was nearly the last to speak, without any file or prepared speech or any notebook or paper. The Chief Justice, among so many Christian fathers and priests, did not know that I would have anything to say. But after two/three hours I was now the only person remaining whose turn it was to speak. The Coordinator of the Conference asked me if I would say something. I said yes, if there would be time for me. He requested the Chairman to allow the Ananda Marga monk present to say something. I was the last speaker.

I stood up, thought of **BABA**, and started my talk with very strange comments, which created great suspense in the hall. I remember a few sentences: "There is no economic crisis in Ghana. It is a rich country with all the precious materials like gold, diamonds, bauxite, full of rivers, forests, sea, fertile lands, cocoa, hills, plains, etc. But, why are the people poor? A country of such huge natural deposits cannot be poor. So, I have seen only one crisis in Ghana, and that is character crisis: the selfishness, and no collective sentiment; this has ruined the country. Before it is too late, all the social organizations and religious organizations must change their way of working and attitude for selfish pleasure. Humanity is the expression of divinity and in collective well-being is the prosperity of the society."

My talk was appreciated by all the organizations present at the conference, and they called me later to

prepare a common constitution of such a collective mission. Twice I went to see what was going on with them. I saw that it was mainly a theoretical program with little concern or sympathy for the people. I left then so as to do something concrete for mankind. By the Lord's grace, I did, and they also knew it. Out of that meeting one Buddhist vice president and three more of their strong followers became very good Margis. One of them, an Advait, even dedicated his life as an LFT, living in the Ananda Marga *jagriti* and died in Accra. May Lord bless his cosmic soul in the cosmic world. All the Margis got highly inspired to listen to the strange analysis of mine for Ghana's crisis, which was the truth and is still the truth.

## CHAPTER 38

### Dream of DMC Disappointed in Abidjan

It was October of 1979. **BABA** was willing to give His blessings to the devotees of the world. The protocol of DMC from every sector was given. One of the acting Sectorial Secretaries of Nairobi Sector, a Filipino dada, proposed DMC to be held in the Ivory Coast (Abidjan) in West Africa. I was Sectorial Secretary at that time. Abidjan was economically quite stable, but not many Margiis were there. Only Ghana was having a large number of Margiis for holding DMC. But just for economic reasons, the DMC was fixed for Abidjan. I received the program date along with the world tour of **BABA** in all the sectors. I marched towards Abidjan to check that all the prerequisites for DMC were there. I found only two Margiis there: a French boy, a student in the Medical College, and a sister, Kamal, also a student. I became very nervous as to how to hold DMC in this situation. Who can help me to support such a big congregation, and also share the activities involved in fixing up the total program. Also there was no one to whom I could express my feelings. I thought of **BABA**. He will do it Himself. Let us concentrate our minds and everything will be okay.

I decided to hold a conference in public, on television and on radio, with the help of Rajarshi and his

girlfriend Gayatrii, then not a Margi. He was a very devoted and spirited boy. He was ever ready to help me with tremendous speed. Gayatrii was also very active, small but intelligent. Both became my translators. Now I geared up the speed of action, and within twenty days created hundreds of Margis. I called a meeting of all our dadas and didis. That time there were only five to six dadas and three to four didis. They all came. We invited all the Margiis of West Africa and a few places in East Africa. We did not have Margiis in South or North Africa, then.

From my first conference, a new local person, John Santos, came forward for initiation. I gave his spiritual name as Yogesh. His sister and his whole family became great devotees. Still he is a very good Margi, doing a lot for **BABA's** mission. Then there was John Basco, a student from Abidjan University. Then again more persons - teachers and businessmen - came forward. A DMC Committee was formed to share the responsibilities. A few dadas and didis helped me a lot two to three days before the DMC program. Didi Ananda Sharda and the new Sectorial Secretary, Dada Srdhasativenanadji, came from Europe to replace me. Then I got transferred to Global Basic Training Center as trainer. We worked hard. The whole of Abidjan City was vibrating. I initiated Ghana Embassy's second Counsellor and with his support arranged the stay for **BABA** - in the very splendid house of a diplomat then on vacation. Again for DMC, we arranged a very big hexagonal house of the cultural department of Abidjan. Also for the stay of Margiis, a complete building, comprising many separate apartments, got arranged for five hundred dollars.

So, before the final program, everything necessary had been arranged. How it had happened, still I cannot imagine myself. That small sister Gayatrii gave her whole month's salary to pay for accommodation for Margiis. And many new people also donated voluntarily. But still, many things were lacking. Only **BABA** was knowing. Margiis from Ghana, from Nigeria, from Zambia started coming, and the streets of Abidjan started vibrating. I cannot state my feelings and grace of **BABA**. We all went to the airport to receive **BABA** with garlands in our hands. Just one day before we communicated with the P.A. (Personal Assistant) of **BABA** in Jamaica. **BABA** was then in Jamaica. Something wrong had happened. We could not communicate regularly from Abidjan. **BABA** had only three days to leave for India, touching Africa on the way. It is very hard in Africa to get clear communication. I remember in Ghana I had to book my call seven days before calling overseas. The DMC was called off because we did not communicate to P.A. He thought that we were not ready. He did not like to take any risk with **BABA**. Then he thought I was new and that there may not be many Margis. How could we do such a tremendous job of DMC function?

Thus we were at the airport in a long line for a long time in vain to welcome the Lord. One person I designated for telephone calls. The final answer came on the phone. "You people did not communicate to us daily about the program. So DMC at Abidjan is postponed." We then thought **BABA** would be coming to Accra, Ghana. All the Margiis immediately left for Ghana. I remained myself in Abidjan to find out if any other change may come. But nothing came as our hopes of holding DMC either in Abidjan or Accra faded away. We

had pain in our hearts and tears in our eyes, as the Lord did not come. The flowers in my hand withered away, and finally in a gloomy mood we all returned. Then in Accra all the Margiis spent three days in a retreat-like program, and then they went to their homes with love and devotion in their minds and in their hearts.

## CHAPTER 39

### HIS Blessings in Bombay

Since coming to Africa, I had missed many RDS's (Review, Defect, Solution) of organizational meetings of all Sectorial Secretaries of the globe. I knew **BABA** was not happy with me, and so I managed by His grace to buy the plane ticket. What happened, one Ghana Reserve Bank secretary was walking in the morning at 6:00 am near the Ananda Marga jagriti in Accra. Ananda Marga is very famous in that building. Mr. Johnson was a great scholar and *tantrika* (also in *avidya* practices). His wife was a secondary school teacher and friend of Shankara Freeman. She had rented out the third floor of her building to Ananda Marga for a long time. I stayed in that building for five years.

So, that Ghana Reserve Bank secretary was a very important figure. He walked over to our office in the morning and expressed his desire to learn meditation. He gave his office telephone number and address. I approached him one day, and after office hours he was initiated. Since then very often I used to go to him, but I never asked anything from him. He always used to enquire if I needed his help any time. "Now, the time has come," I thought in my mind, as I had to go to India. I was not feeling fine, as **BABA** did not come to Africa. So, when I came back from Abidjan, I went straight to him and told him about my possible tour to India for a month in December, 1979. I requested him to help me if he

could, to solve my problem. He asked me to write an application from our organization. My office secretary, Dada Giriisha, nicely wrote an application and submitted it.

Meanwhile a sudden economic summit in Dakar drew Mr. Johnson's attention and because of that he left my ticket problem, and it was unsolved. His assistant was a lady, Miss Priti. She was a very nice lady. She used to see me with her boss. In his absence, I approached her. She took my case very seriously. She phoned personally to the secretary of the Foreign Exchange Department to approve my application to purchase an air ticket in local currency, even though I was a foreigner and as such was not authorized to buy my ticket in local money. It did not take much time. Within one day, the whole thing was finalized. Now, I had to arrange for a few thousand cedis local money. I tried a lot but in the end I did not have sufficient funds to come back to Accra.

I flew to Bombay. The next morning, the *bhukti pradhana* of Bombay, Mr. Sandhu (of Sandhu Pharmaceuticals), informed us that **BABA** was coming in a few hours and we must go to the airport to receive **BABA** in good number. I was very happy to hear this news. I ran to the airport. I saw hundreds of Margis already had arrived there waiting for **BABA's** arrival. The plane touched the ground. When it took position and the passengers were getting out, **BABA** also, with many Dadas, came out of the door. We gave nice slogans and nicely welcomed **BABA**. Shyam Sundar Goenka drove **BABA** to his house, and we all followed. The next day I was thinking to go to Calcutta for RDS, as the train would take forty hours or more. I spent time hearing stories of **BABA** - everything that happened while He was on tour



overseas. But early in the morning Dada Keshavanandji informed me that **BABA** wanted to meet me. He said I should have my RDS papers ready and also all reporting documents. I was not at all prepared for this instant call. Whatever I had I took with me within a few minutes and ran to His room.

I did my *sastang pranam* to Him, and then He started asking me about Africa's work. First He asked me: how many blocks are there in your sector. I did not remember. I gave a figure of less than the exact number to **BABA**. He became very annoyed and then asked no further questions. He started scolding and punishing with nearly fifty tick-ticks. I was very tired and did not feel fine. Now, due to so many ticks my legs became difficult to move. I came to Dada Ramananda's room and was taking rest in tears. I was thinking, why **BABA** has started RDS only with me, and in Bombay. It was not the Headquarters. It was not the RDS time. There were no Sectorial Secretaries present here. Why did He take my individual RDS? It means simply, He wanted to scold me and punish me. I was really unable to understand and thinking all the time about it. I did not feel like sitting or talking with anyone.

It was 3:00 in the afternoon. Dada Nityasatyanandji was also with **BABA** on His tour. **BABA** told him to bring me to His room. He came at 3:00 p.m. with the message that I was wanted by **BABA** immediately. I told him, "No, as I can't walk, how can I go?" He assured me he would support me to walk to Him. I told him, "No, He has given me punishment this morning. He took my RDS while I was not prepared. It is not the place of RDS and also no one (other SS's) are here. Simply He wanted to scold me. So I don't feel fine." Dada was very surprised

to see me, how really I was grieved. But this was my external reaction. I know that **BABA** is always right and is doing or will be doing all the time the right thing for my welfare and happiness.

I followed Dada Nityasatyanandji limping into **BABA**'s room. As soon as I entered, I saw that **BABA** was covering His face with a white cover. I advanced two or three steps, and then He removed the cover from His face and started smiling and saying, "Come on, come on, my child. Yes, I know, you are very angry with me. I have given you punishment. Is it not so?" I did not say anything to him. He knew I was really angry. He continued further: "See, sometimes I am very hard. But am I really hard? No, I just do a drama. I like it. When I say to my sons, "stupid, haramjada, suar ka baccha", and to my daughters, "badmas, churail", these are Indian abusive words used very often in the house; mother, father or elder guardian uses them. It is all in this way. I feel fine creating drama. So, you must not mind it. Also, we have an organization. It needs sometimes scolding for some reason. I am the organization; I have to do like this. Do you not feel that it is necessary for the organization?"

And that time I felt very sorry to express my sadness to **BABA**. I was massaging His feet and hands. I was feeling how Lord is more serious to make me painless and happy. In fun, but with love, I told **BABA**, "**BABA**, may I crack your fingers?" (a twisting type of massaging we do sometimes). He said, "You cannot. It is not the dharma of the finger to be twisted left and right." Then He took my hand and taught me how to massage the fingers. At the same time, He massaged my head, teaching the method of doing the right thing. By

this time, Dada Nityasatyanandji and Dr. Pathak, who was also with **BABA** on His overseas tour, joined in the massaging of **BABA**.

**BABA** started telling them, "Do you know, this boy (Shantatmanandji) is a very nice poet. He writes nice and even long poems." I was very shy before **BABA**, while He was telling this openly to Dr. Pathak. Then He changed the topic from me to Kalidas; his poetic character, his works and the beauty and excellence of expression in his writings. Like this He talked about many scholars of the past history of India, including Ravindranath Tagore.

Now, it was after 6:00 p.m. in the evening. He gave us a very long time to be in His contact and to receive His blessing. I was so much blessed, I felt. He scolded me in the morning and He loved me in the evening. If no scolding, no love! If He would have loved me only without scolding, I might have not felt as much of it. After bitterness, sweet is really sweet. But after sweetness, sweet is not as sweet. Then **BABA** flew to Calcutta. I went by train. RDS started, and I was free. No RDS for me. I had already had my RDS in Bombay. It felt so beautiful that it is ever with me as a spark of inspiration in my life.

## CHAPTER 40

### His Grace At Nairobi And Lusaka Airports

After New Year DMC in January 1980, I flew to Nairobi (Kenya) on my way to Accra. Already Dada Pranavanandji told me of possible problems as I did not have the onward ticket or a return ticket. As I was new abroad, so many regulations and rules were not closely known to me. I had no money to extend that ticket in India. One hundred dollars was not enough to extend my ticket up to Accra. I could not do anything to solve my problem. I thought of **BABA** and flew to Nairobi. At the airport, the immigration stopped me. He wanted me to show the onward or return ticket. I told him, "I do not have ticket to show you. "How much money do you have?" I showed him my total money. He said, "This money is not sufficient to stay in Nairobi even one day."

Then he requested me to wait in one corner until he was free from the passenger check. After an hour, he came and he arranged for me to be deported back to India by the first plane. I requested him to allow me to stay for a few days, as I am from a spiritual mission and I had money with a gentleman named Mr. Bector, who was in the President's office. He was the father of Naresh Bector of Canada. The Immigration officer did not want to hear anything. Another friend of this immigration officer came to me. When he asked my problem, I

explained it to him. Again the first man came and demanded from me fifty dollars to stamp my passport with the entry permit.

I told him, "Just now you told me that the money which I have is not sufficient for even one night. If you take \$50, will you not create another problem for me? It would be nice if you can help me. I am sure I will not be any problem to your country." This made him think for a while. He then asked me, "Why do you have long hair and beard?" I explained in a few minutes my mission in Africa, and my concern for humanity. His other two friends joined the conversation. It was a good conversation. They became very pleased. He took my passport and stamped it for one month, and also came out to help me to call Mr. Bector, who was surprisingly still in his office although it was after 5:00 p.m., for what reason he himself did not know. I realized **BABA's** grace. He received my phone call and came to pick me up to take me to his home. He was not a Margi, but a good man, an *Arya Samajii*. I spent nine days in Nairobi in great clash, as his son Naresh had already left for Canada. There was no money for Ananda Marga in the bank and no Margi to help me. At last I left for Lusaka, buying an air ticket with one hundred dollars one way and taking the same risk as in Nairobi.

I flew in great psychic clash to Lusaka (Zambia), hoping that one of my assistant workers, RS Dada Shilabhadrananda, may be there to receive me. He had requested me to visit Lusaka for a few days. But at the airport there was the same problem. The immigration officers wanted me to show an onward ticket or return ticket to India. I could not show anything. The money I had now was only \$24.00. After detaining me for an hour

in one corner, they came to clear me. "You will be deported to Nairobi", the immigration officer told me.

I requested him, "Please, already I was in Nairobi, and you should not deport me." He did not like to hear this. He brought me into his personal room. It was very cold. I was in civil dress. The immigration officer was a young man. He saw me as a simple traveller, without money and sufficient warm clothes. He asked me, "What are you doing?" I replied to him, "I am a professor of yoga and teacher of meditation and of the philosophy of yoga." "Do you know Vivekananda?" he asked. "Yes", I replied. Then I explained my philosophy to him for twenty minutes. His other friends also came together. A very good conversation again was held in this small room. He asked me, "Can you sleep here overnight without sufficient warm clothes?" I told him, "Yes, I can."

He was happy. I gave him my passport and he asked me how many days I wanted to stay in Lusaka. When I told him maximum ten days; he stamped twenty days or one month, I do not remember. He brought me outside and showed me the place where I could see some Indian men to ask for a ride, as the town was very far from the airport.

Luckily I met one Chaganbhai Patel of Gujarat, a local businessman. I told him my problem. He told me to wait and he called his Zambian friend to give me a ride to the Indian temple in the city. First we went to the Muslim temple and then to the Indian temple, as the Muslim priest was very surprised and disturbed to see my orange uniform. He directed the driver to the Hindu temple and so the driver drove me there. I told him, "Thank you so much for this kind help." He returned happily to the airport.

I entered the Hindu temple. There were two persons still doing something late in the evening. I appeared before them and both did *sastang pranam!* like we do to **BABA**. I took the ideation of **BABA**. I told them I am from Varanasi, India, and am touring Africa. I did not know where to stay. Mr. Nathubhai Patel was very kind to arrange my stay with the learned priest of the temple, Mr. Shastriji and his wife. I gave them *prasad* (blessed candy) from **BABA**. Mr. Nathubhai left for his home and I waited with Shastriji to spend the night. He was a very simple and generous person. He requested me to have some dinner. I told him as it is too late, it was not necessary. I would take bath and sleep. But, a monk in a family house cannot sleep without food, he said. You are travelling everywhere, and you must bless my house by having something. I told him, "Let me have bath, a few minutes of meditation, and then meal." They were happy. They warmed the chappati (Indian bread) and offered it to me with vegetable and sweet. I took my meals and thanked him and his wife a lot, and slept for the night.

## CHAPTER 41

### Visit to Zambia And Return to Ghana

I had only the address of one Margi brother Dalpatji, in Mophilera, only one address in the whole of Zambia. I did not refer to Ananda Marga in the Hindu temple in Lusaka. I told them that I am a monk of Seva Dharma Mission, Varanasi. The next day in the morning there was *Shiva Ratri*, a Hindu festival related to Shiva. I was invited to address a conference after their rituals in the temple. Actually that was a temple called Swami Vivekananda Temple, a part of the Hindu temple. I saw more than one hundred people participating in the function.

On request, I gave a discourse about Shiva and His teachings to humanity. It impressed them very much. After the meeting was over, they wanted me to stay forever in Lusaka, and do *pracar* of Vedanta, yoga and meditation, to all the cities of Zambia. They said they would do everything for me. Next day they brought an air ticket to Indola as there was no local airport in Mophilera. It was a small place and they gave me the address of another Hindu community secretary who would take care of me there. But I told them that first I would go to Mophilera and see my friends, and then think about such a serious matter later on. Also I told them about my



commitment to the people of Ghana, and that I had to be there in the last week of January to attend a retreat.

They all agreed, and I was glad to realize how **BABA** is working. So I went to Indola, a bigger town close to Mophilera. One Gujarati sister, wife of Chandubhai Patil, came with her son and another sister to receive me. I was driven to her house, did meditation and had lunch. In the evening, she drove me back to Mophilera to brother Dalpatjii's house. He was not there, having gone to see **BABA** in India. His other brother Chandrakant and Prakash took care of me and I spent nine days with them. There I came to know that our RS, Dada Shilabadrananda, had been deported to South Africa. I kept mum, thinking only about the Lord and His work.

I had no money to fly on to Accra. When some other friends of Chandrakantji came to know me as an Ananda Marga *sannyasin*, they decided to help me. Then again I came to Indola to stay for four more days at the residence of the same sister. I did not have money to buy an air ticket to Accra, which cost nearly \$500.00. I did not like to tell about my problems to Sister Shanti. She was a woman in her forties with three children. She was a very well-known social worker, taking care of her husband's factory, and was the secretary of the Radhakrishna Temple in Indola.

The Indian community there was divided into two groups, and her brother was the secretary of another group, going to the other Hindu temple. Anyhow, she phoned him to come to her house to see a *sannyasin* from India. He did not know that I was an Ananda Marga *sannyasin*. As soon as he came the next morning, he saw me in my *avadhuta* uniform, and he understood that I was

a *sannyasin* of Ananda Marga. He had very negative information about Ananda Marga. But his sister did not know about Ananda Marga. When he came to me, I introduced myself. When he heard I am from Ananda Marga, he did not allow me to talk any further.

He left the house, telling me, "I am sorry, swamijii, I know Ananda Marga, and I do not want to do anything for you." It made his sister very sad. She was very unhappy to see such behavior by her brother. I simply told him: "May Lord bless you. I am a monk and for a *sannyasin*, the whole universe is his house and family. See, you deny me but your sister loves me." Then out of reaction, she wanted me to utilize my time in the best way. She organized a regular program for four days in four different houses.

One day she organized a very beautiful conference in the Radhakrishna Temple. Again I experienced **BABA's** grace. In every meeting fifteen to twenty people came, and I spoke much about Shiva and Krishna. They would offer money, and that sister used to collect it. In the night she would open the envelopes and tell me about the collection. I told her to keep with her all the money. On the fourth day, in the same way, 600 K, equal to 600 dollars, was collected in a closed envelope. She bought the ticket for me. She gave an extra \$100 from her side. I initiated her young son, her second eldest son, and her husband. I came to Accra before the retreat. It showed how the Lord is always working for us. His grace is realized by one who surrenders to His mission.

## CHAPTER 42

### Spiritual Wave in Bamako (Mali)

I had met a French sister named Anick Turner in Abidjan, when we all had assembled there for DMC, and **BABA** did not come. She was doing Buddhist meditation then, and smoking a lot. She had visited India twice and sponsored a few Buddhist children in monasteries in Tibet. She was employed in the Ministry of Information, in the government of Mali. She was a very sociable and influential woman. She had interest in music and used to play the flute. When she had seen me, she had come to ask about Ananda Marga. I explained the philosophy to her. She was very much interested to learn meditation. Our Didi Maniisha had initiated her later on, in the motel where she was staying. She had invited me to Bamako (Mali), the African country near the great Sahara Desert - a very poor and dry country.

Now, from Accra I wrote a letter expressing my interest to visit her, and she welcomed me. By **BABA**'s grace, the Air-Mali Manager, when I approached him, learned meditation and gave me a cheap ticket to Bamako. I sent a telegram regarding my arrival time, and she came with her American woman friend to receive me at the airport. It was my first visit, and it was also quite a new phenomenon to introduce Ananda Marga to that country. It was difficult, according to State rule, to do

anything without the recommendation of the President. I was a bit worried. But that sister, Anick (her spiritual name was A'nandi) was very dynamic, and knew the strategy of working in that situation.

She gave me a beautiful big house to stay in and she used to cook food for me. She was very much concerned about my comfort. She made a very interesting program involving the top levels of foreign dignitaries, diplomats and world bank authorities, EEC president and many other embassy staff. I spent one month with her and she did so much for **BABA's** mission that I cannot forget her.

Once she arranged a program with the German ambassador. I was invited for dinner, along with fourteen embassy staff, diplomats and their families. It was a cultural program; there were fourteen different national dishes on the table, representing their respective countries. She informed me about this grand conference, arranged as a dinner party. At the appointed time she drove me to the ambassador's house. Many persons were there, and many were still to come. After 8:00 p.m. almost all had come. There were a variety of juices on the table to choose from, according to one's choice. I took orange juice, and everyone took as per their choice.

Then they all sat in front of me to listen to my message and ideas. I contemplated on **BABA**. He blessed me to convey to them the prime need of love peace and unity. I touched on the point of cardinal human values, associated with progression from inception to spirituality to establishment in divinity. The means to achieve that goal of love, peace and unity, I explained to them, was spiritual practice. They were given time to ask questions.

By His grace, all were satisfied in their minds after getting answers to their questions.

In the end, we came to the dining table. I had to choose any four items from everything. I took as per my need and all from every side started serving themselves and eating. After an hour, we all came back to the conference chairs to start the cultural program. Both the Ambassador and his wife were musicians. He was playing the violin and she was playing the piano. One other noted musician there was a flute player, and the rest were all listeners. I sang a song in Hindi and translated it to them. They were happy. The program continued without a break. When it came to an end, it was 1:00 a.m. in the morning, but we were still very fresh. Music is the blessing of God, which enchants all delicate hearts of the people. We were rejoicing, and in a very delightful mood we returned home.

After a few days many persons were initiated: the EEC President, a world bank manager, a music teacher and many others. Many sisters were given *BABA Nama Kevalam mantra* and they were afterwards frequently visiting me. At the end of my visit to Bamako, I was willing to go further to Libya. But I received a telegram requesting me to return to Accra. Sister Anandi, the President of EEC in Bamako, the wife of the World Bank manager and many other persons helped me economically to buy my ticket for Accra. Thus, by the Lord's grace I was able to do some work in that friendly country. By His grace, everything is possible.

## CHAPTER 43

### Bringing Two New Seekers

When I came back to Accra from Bamako, one Didi came from Abidjan (Ivory Coast) to Accra with a French boy. He was not a Margi. He saw a yoga poster in Abidjan and became interested to know about it. So he went to see the local Margi, Rajars'i, and there he saw Didi Nidya. The boy had a friend in Ghana, and he was on his way to Accra. Didi was also waiting to get a chance to proceed to Accra. She requested him and he accompanied her to Accra. Then she left him in my training center and *jagriti*. I did not initiate him for a few days. Simply he was living with me, studying and sometimes attending the classes for the LFTs. I had three to four trainees at that time.

All of a sudden, one day he expressed his desire to practice meditation. I initiated him. His spiritual name was given as Divya'tma. He was a young person, perhaps twenty-one or twenty-two, and very dynamic and eager to do something good. I do not know how he changed completely and became a good Margi. We had a crisis regarding food. But he did not mind, and soon he became a very dedicated trainee. I made him my Office Secretary and also farm secretary. He was sent to a 104-acre plot of land in North Ejura. There we planned to build a *jagriti* with clay, as there was a cement crisis in

Ghana. He endured a lot of hardship with me for years, and built the *jagriti* on the land. The local chief was very happy. I initiated many Margis and he became the good friend of all the Margis in Ghana.

Now it was April 1980, I had been in Ghana then for nearly three years. One Margi brother, Amal Kumar, was working in Takoradi, in Ghana. He was a very serious and sincere Margi. His character impressed many people. Amongst his friends there was a man named Mr. K. Adufo, a timber businessman and contractor. He was a well read and very reputable person. He was over fifty-five years old. His wife was a secretary in a tobacco factory, where Amal was working. Every employee working in the tobacco factory used to get free packets of cigarettes weekly. But Amal was not smoking. So he used to give to some of his poor friends. He was a most obedient and honest person, free from bad habits. That is why the wife of Adufo used to talk to him about Amal and he got interested in what this young boy was doing, as he was a young boy free from all sorts of evils. Accordingly he was explained the yoga philosophy of Ananda Marga. He became very much interested.

He wanted to come with Amal to Accra to see me, but Amal had no vacation. I was anxiously waiting since four months to initiate him. Then, unknown to me, both planned to visit me in Accra, while I made a sudden program to go to Takoradi. I reached Amal's house on the same day evening. He was so surprised and was very happy to see me, as the next morning they had planned to come to Accra. He immediately took me to Adufo's house. He was home and decided to take off from his business, and he then spent hours with me. I initiated him, and he generated a great faith and love for BABA

and His mission. He gave his house to Ananda Marga to use as a *jagriti*, and moved to another rented house.

Then Adufo went to see BABA in India, and he enjoyed BABA's very close association. BABA always addressed him as "Mylittle boy", and gave him flowers on His birthday to take to Ghana. While he was there, a military coup occurred in Ghana. He came home, and was immediately called up by the military authorities to show his business records and credibility as an honest person. He remembered BABA. Even though the documents he had were mostly not completed, yet he was not arrested and he realized His grace. He was the only man who used to help me economically to solve my problems. Later on he donated a million cedis (local money) for BABA's quarters in Accra.

I was traveling far and wide in Ghana. Once I was in the Northern part of Ghana and coming to visit my farm in Ejura from Tamale, more than one hundred miles away. It took me the whole day to journey half the distance due to lack of transport. I spent the night on the banks of a river in a fisherman's house, and the next day resumed my journey. Again at one place, thirty-five miles away from the Ananda Marga farm (Ejura), I got stuck. It started raining like anything from 12:30 until 6:00 pm. I was waiting for the bus. It was raining and raining. Just by the roadside of that local small town, a big gathering was carrying out the funeral and mourning of the chief of that village, who had died the previous night.

Some time before I had heard about the rituals of that community. It appeared to be very strange and fearful to me. The people of Ashanji region are also very militant and aggressive. They had also fought against the British in the past. In that community, when any



paramount chief dies, the chiefs under the paramount chief have to kill as many as they can and bring the heads to the chief who has died. The belief is that their chief is always a chief. The chief is always surrounded by his subjects. He never travels alone. So when he dies or travels to heaven, he should not go alone. He must be followed by taking many souls with him. Thus the death of the king is kept secret by the community, lest they will kill many and bury them together. Now the Government of Ghana was imposing curfew in the night to warn the people about any mishappenings on such an occasion.

I was waiting for the bus and it was raining. One old man came to me. He asked me if I am a stranger and waiting for the bus. I told him, yes. Then he warned me not to wait here and to go to the police station, as in the night this place was not safe for me. I became very much uncomfortable, and asked him why. He told me that as the chief of this town has died, according to the rituals of this community, they may kill several persons before they take the dead body for burial. I remembered the strange story of the past, told by a Margi. I could not help myself. Only **BABA** was with me, and I was ever ready to move according to His wish.

It was six o'clock evening. I was at a loss to understand what to do or not to do. I was all the time ideating on **BABA**. Just then the rain stopped and people started to again move about. But again, suddenly the rain started heavily. At the same time one bus going to Kumasi (Ejura) came and I ran to get in. The driver and conductor both helped me to get into the bus amongst the fighting masses. I was half wet. But I realized **BABA** had blessed me once again through the driver and conductor, otherwise it would have been difficult for me to get onto

the bus. I thanked the Lord. After thirty-five miles more and two hours, I reached the house of a Margi. I told him the story, and he too thanked **BABA** for saving me from that critical situation.

## CHAPTER 44

### Leaving Sweet Ghana Forever

Almost five years now I had spent in Ghana. It was my first overseas posting as Sectorial Secretary, and then as in-charge of the Global Basic Training Center. During that period, I was able to spread His mission in most of the West African countries. But Ghana remained the nucleus of my activities. The people of Ghana became for me among the most beloved people. They loved me and gave me all possible assistance to spread my mission everywhere. I had not left any district untouched by my visit, and created Margis everywhere. I walked to many interior villages sometimes on hot days, sweating but also enjoying the natural beauty of Ghana and the purity of the minds and hearts of the people. They were ever open, simple, soft and sweet.

So when I was re-posted out of West Africa to Cairo Sector in November 1983, it was very natural for them to feel a lot regarding my departure. But they were wise, and had great understanding of **BABA**'s mission. I was also feeling too much about their love and care, which made me feel one with them. They made a program in Accra *jagriti*. It was a working day. It was very hard for the distant people to come, due to poor transportation. It was the evening of the last meeting with them. We started with *dharmacakra*, songs, and music,

and afterwards the expressions of their long saturated experiences of living and working together. It was very late in the night when we took food collectively, and many people brought different kinds of gifts. The music was still vibrating until midnight.

I bade my last *namaskar* to all, and the same they did to me. A few had tears in their eyes, a few were silent, a few were smiling and a few were sobbing. I was there with folded hands to see them off. Finally I gave a parting slogan: "Param Pita **BABA** Ki Jai!" Victory to the Supreme Father. Next morning I took the bus to Togo and then to Nigeria.

It was **November 1983**, and I had not been to see **BABA** since January, 1980. So when I was transferred to Cairo Sector, I wanted to buy a ticket to India via Athens. But I could not manage it from Accra. The money in Accra I handed over to my replacement. Some money I had before was spent for my replacement ticket from Nairobi to Accra. Now I was in great trouble to arrange my airfare. But I did not feel any uneasiness and thought of the Lord's grace above all. He would certainly help me. I moved by bus to Togo, and spent seven days there and met Margis who were very hospitable.

Then I traveled to Nigeria. Just as I was coming out of customs, at the airport, one Indian gentleman did *namaskar* to me. I did the same to him and asked him about himself. He said, "I am Mr. Mahboobani, an industrialist in Lagos. Sometime you must visit my house." He gave me his business card and his telephone number. I went straight to Palmane to the Ananda Marga rented *jagriti*. I started meeting a few well known local Margis. It was very good to see them after a long time. They were helpful as usual, although I did not give any

extra pressure for my urgent problem. I was waiting for a sudden grace of the Lord to come. I did not know any other person who could help me.

More than a week passed. Then I remembered that gentleman, Mr. Mahboobani, who had met me at the airport and given me his address, and asked me to contact him sometime. I phoned him, and got an appointment in the evening after 6:00 pm. He had already informed his wife and only son to look after the swamiji who would come in the evening, in case of his not being there.

I reached his house and rang the bell. The door was opened, and I was asked to enter. I went inside and took my seat. He was not there, but his wife and son both took care of me. He came at about 7:00 pm. I requested permission to do my *sadhana* in his house. When he came, he was happy to see me, and we both spent time in spiritual talk. He was not knowing Ananda Marga, but he requested me to initiate his only son of six or seven. The son was very lovely and simple, and of good character. The mother especially got much pleasure to see her son in the company of a *sannyasin*. They were very religious people.

Then we had dinner together. I explained to them about my mission to go to India. He wanted me to stay in Nigeria, because Nigeria was apparently very rich due to petroleum. I told him that I must go to see my Guru (Master), since I had not seen Him for three years. He took it very seriously, and wanted me to find out the air fare. I told him that it was nearly 12,400 Naire (Nigerian money), but that I had already some money collected from Togo, and needed only \$1000. He told me to please come after three days, and the ticket would be with his

wife. I got a ticket by Swiss Air via Athens and Bombay, and back to Athens as per my wish.

I went to his house after three days in the evening. My ticket was ready. His wife gave me the ticket. I waited for him again for two hours. I did my meditation. The son also again sat with me for fifteen minutes in meditation. When Mahboobanjii came, we had dinner collectively and visited his next door relative, Mr. Lalji, and I initiated him also. Thus, I did good prakar and **BABA** helped me to get a ticket to India, which I did not think possible. It is all His sweet grace.

## CHAPTER 45

### Meeting BABA

I traveled to Athens for eight to nine hours, as I remember. I was tired. I got a taxi and came to the *jagriti*. I met Dada Raghunath, the office secretary. It was very nice to see Athens. It is a very calm and quiet city, and has an easy-going life. I got the opportunity to attend a workers' organizational meeting. I met many *dadas* and *didis* after a very long time. I felt very much homely, especially with Hiranmayanandji, Krshnapremanandji. Both had been in India very close to me, one in the Varanasi training center and the other in jail during the Emergency in Raipur (MP). But I wanted to see **BABA** and attend the New Year DMC. I already had the ticket with me and had also got 120 plants - flowers and fruit - to bring with me to Headquarters, which was compulsory. I took some ten special plants for **BABA**, including one beautiful coconut plant. The coconut plant was not fitting in my suitcase. So one *dada* trimmed it to fit in my suitcase, not knowing that it was not the right way to trim the coconut.

By His grace, I did not have any trouble reaching Bombay, and then by train went from there to Calcutta. I submitted all the plants to Didi Karuna and took the personal plants for **BABA** in His Lake Garden house. **BABA** went for field walk. I got the opportunity to see

Dada Asiiimanandji and submitted the personal plants to him for **BABA**. He was quite busy because of some other dadas who were also submitting various items to be listed. He told me that just now **BABA** might be coming back from field walk, and asked me to go down to the gate to see **BABA**. What a wonder!

The moment I got down from His chambers, He was entering the staircase. Now I was on the last step of the staircase and He was at the foot of the staircase. What a divine occasion. I had the years of accumulated desire to be close to Him, and to do *sastaung pranam*. He knew my mental condition. He gave me the opportunity. I prostrated at His lotus feet. A security man raised me up. He Himself caught my arm. He patted my cheek with a smile saying, "Oh, Shantatmananda!". It has really been a very long silence from you. How are you? You may be tired. Take rest. See you again!" I was blessed! In a trance I went out, did meditation, and waited there with other workers to file my reports.

The Lord is ever concerned for the proper treatment of every action of His creation. Generally human beings are not enough concerned about so many things around them or beyond themselves. When my personal plants were presented before Him, He was happy, but only one plant, the trimmed coconut, made Him extremely unhappy. He started shouting, "Who has trimmed this coconut plant? The one who has brought it must come here and all the Central representatives too should be here." I was called to His chambers. He was in His T shirt and lungi. I saw all the dadas of the Central office and Didi Karuna were standing before **BABA** and He was giving a detailed knowledge of the treatment of the coconut and its related plant families, like the palm



trees, etc. At the same time, He was explaining about bananas (the plantain family and their treatment). saying that if you can cut the bananas on the top it will grow, but if you will cut the coconut plant from the top, it will die. The coconut derives its vital energy from the fruit and bananas from the root. (I do not remember correctly exactly what **BABA** said at that time.) So, trimming the coconut from the top means killing it. Now, it will not survive. Its green leaves have started becoming pale.

**BABA** asked me, "Who did this?" I said to **BABA**, I did not know how to fix it in my suitcase, so one dada in the office unknowingly has done this." Then again for more than thirty minutes, He gave a lecture in a very serious mood. I was crying within my heart. I made **BABA** unhappy. All the time I was thinking, and became so much depressed that I did not like to talk with anybody. At last, Didi Karuna said to me not to worry and that she is going to take care of it. It will not die. I realized how He is so deeply sad for that plant, just like for a human being. Really for God, all are alike, living or non-living, as everything is His creation. That instance still is in my memory afresh and will remain forever. His love is for all equally without any discrimination in the whole creation.

## CHAPTER 46

### A German Boy in the Plane

After meeting with **BABA** in Calcutta, we all went to attend DMC in Ananda Nagar for New Year's Day. I spent my days in the blissful flow of the Lord and His twenty thousand devotees from throughout the world. After a week, I again came to Tiljala. I got my new posting in New York Sector as Trainer for the Global Basic Training Center for local full-time workers (LFT)s, like in Ghana. But I did not have a visa for USA, so I spent some time in Jamaica, in the Ananda Marga school. I did not do much work there except school work. I got a Mexican visa there, and again went to India for world (RDS or) review. Then again I went to Athens and borrowed money for my airfare to Mexico. After two weeks I reserved my seat on Aeroflot, a Russian plane going to Mexico City.

I was in transit for twenty-four hours in Moscow. The next day afternoon, the plane took off from the Moscow International Airport. It was a very long route, touching Germany, Bulgaria, Cuba, etc., nearly sixteen to eighteen hours. I had booked my vegetarian meal, but they did not have any dish on board for me. I had previous experience of travelling with Aeroflot. So I had taken fruits and cookies with me.

When the food was given to me, it was non-vegetarian. I saw one tall German boy just behind me in the rear seat. I requested him if he would like to eat

more from my dish and he answered in affirmative. I passed my plate to him. I took fruits and juice. The juice was also not sufficient as I remember. But the hostesses were kind to give me a few good apples. I had it whenever the passengers were served with a meal. Sometimes I gave fruits to that German boy also. We met and talked together in the transit lounge in Luxembourg just for a few minutes. The next day morning the plane arrived at Havana Airport in Cuba. I was completely tired from the long journey. I went straight to the bathroom. It was a very small airport. So the transit hall was full of people. As soon as I became free from the bathroom I started searching for a place to do meditation. It was the best and only process for relaxing from my tiredness. I found a seat on the bench. I sat in one corner of the bench and started doing *sadhana* for nearly an hour. The plane halted for two hours. When I did my *Guru puja* and opened my eyes, I saw that German boy in front of me.

He asked me about my purpose of going to Mexico, and what I do in India. I explained to him in short about Ananda Marga, and I think it might have been a very effective reaction as I was explaining to him just after my *sadhana*. He was very simple in nature and in his dress also. He wanted my address in Mexico, in case he would like to visit me. I did not take his address. He had been observing me since we flew together from Moscow, as he was very close to my seat. Something had happened to him when he boarded the plane in Cuba. After some time he gave me his address in Mexico. He was going to attend the marriage ceremony of his friend. I reached Mexico Airport. The immigration authorities gave me a very hard time. Meanwhile he did *namaskar*

and left for his destination. After a long time the immigration authorities were convinced when they saw two young boys, Mexican Margis, waiting to receive me. He was happy that I was really invited by the Mexican people, and I had no intention to go to U.S.A.

I went with the two Margi boys to Puebla, eighty miles away from Mexico City. I spent one week there, and then went to Cuernavaca for doing some missionary work. I met one Indian Margi and a few local Margis there who helped me to organize a public conference. Then a small local retreat was fixed for the following week. I came back to Puebla. When I reached the Puebla *jagriti*, I saw the same Germany boy waiting for me. Also I met there one German dada, Mokshananda Avt. He had been talking about Ananda Marga to that German boy, named George. He wanted to initiate him, but the German boy said he wanted to wait until Dada Shantatmananda came back. Moksananda could not initiate him. This indeed was a very strange matter for him as both were from the same place.

When I came there, I was surprised to see George in Puebla. We both were happy to see each other. He was now seeing me in my orange uniform. He met in the *jagriti* an Australian sister who was touring Mexico and America. She also, I think, gave much information to George about Ananda Marga. I did not like to initiate him in Puebla. There was a retreat in Guatemala and Dada Mokshananda was going there. He wanted that George accompany him to Guatemala. He asked him if he is ready to go with him. George did not agree, and requested him that he will be with me. I did not like to force him to go or to stay. It was just his own free will. He was my guest, and it was my duty to look after him if

he was with me. Anyhow, dada left for Guatemala. I did not like the atmosphere in Puebla and did not want to stay. So I took a risk, and even then George wanted to follow me. So we both went to the bus station, and bought tickets for Cuernavaca and reached there.

One Margi sister Sumitra was very kind enough to arrange for us to stay in a small house belonging to her friend. One Margi, Punyatma, was living alone in that house. It was very dirty and took much time and labor to make it nice. She helped me to fix everything in order and it became the ideal place, without rent, to do Lord's work. I did not mention initiation to George for a few days. I was doing my duty and my *sadhana* four times a day. I was cooking food and we both were happily sharing together. After two or three days, he expressed his desire to learn meditation. One day in the morning, as I remember, after my *sadhana*, I initiated him. He started doing *sadhana* with me. He was not able to sit properly in lotus because of his legs being very stiff. He did his meditation in an easy posture. Soon he started sitting for more than half an hour, then an hour, and then even more than one hour, like me. Then I taught him *asanas* also.

Now we were only two in the *jagriti* all the time, to do everything together. He became my best friend and faithful younger brother. I started a class on philosophy. He took much interest in all. He did not know much about Ananda Marga. I did not like to tell him all at once. Punyatma asked him how much he knew about Ananda Marga and **BABA**. He told her, nothing. He knew only Dada, that's all. But after four days of *sadhana*, fasting day came. I told him that I fasted four times a month, but if he liked, he could have lemon water

on fasting day. He told me that he would also try with me and in the evening he would see. The whole day he fasted with me. I sat telling him different stories of spiritual experiences and in the evening we went out for a walk together. In the evening after meditation also he did not like to take anything to eat or drink. He followed me in spirit. We went to the supermarket in the same evening of fasting day and purchased fruits, lemons, yogurt, etc. The next morning after our daily *sadhana* and *asanas*, we broke our fast with lemon water and bananas, and again apples, papaya, bananas, yogurt, coconut, raisins, sugar, etc. It was so delicious that it inspired him to do it regularly. He then again did fasting on the full moon and the new moon days. I started my LFT course with this single person, without telling him anything about Ananda Marga or LFTs. He started growing in spirit very nicely. He started understanding me very closely. He became my friend and brother at the same time. He started typing my office work, personal work, newsletter, and everything I assigned to him. Then some boys from Puebla came, but they did not do well and were not meant for training.

I had to organize two retreats in Cuernavaca. Each one was very successful, even without the help of other persons. Only George (I named him Jagdish - the Lord of the Universe) did everything with the help of some local few newly initiated Margis. After some time he visited his friend in San Francisco, USA and started getting job. He always helped me. I later toured in Mexico with him in many states, doing *pracar* and opening new centers of Ananda Marga. Thus soon within one year he became the most famous and favorite person to all Margis in many states of Mexico. He was sitting in full

lotus posture easily now and teaching people yoga classes by himself. He became very well versed in Ananda Marga social and spiritual philosophy. He became my wholetime friend in sorrow and in happiness.

I toured many states of Mexico with Jagdish, vibrating and creating a new wave of spirituality everywhere. I realized the importance of Ananda Marga having its own *jagritis* in Mexico. Although Ananda Marga was ten to twelve years old and there were a few Margis in Mexico, yet they were not active and we did not have any of our own *jagritis*. I had in my mind to buy a house for *jagriti* and for **BABA**'s quarters. But I could not get my visa extended. Luckily before leaving Mexico to go to India, the same day my visa for Guatemala was approved and waiting in the Guatemala embassy in Mexico. I phoned to find out the situation and got the surprising good news to collect my visa. It was late, so the next day morning I collected my visa and accompanied one dada going to Guatemala.

It was my first trip to Guatemala. It was a very interesting green valley, beautiful, cool and calm. We had there a rented *jagriti*, and I remained there for one or two months. Jagdish started working with his friend in USA and helping me. I did not get a nice atmosphere in the *jagriti* to train and teach LFTs. So I rented a very fine apartment in Lona, one of the cities, with the help of one brother optician named Samlagan, (of Indian origin) from Georgetown, Guyana. He and his family were very helpful to me. Four boys came for training from USA and Canada. Jagdish started working to pay for the *jagriti* rent and other expenditures for me.

Now, I started talking about Ananda Marga and its universal system of setting up a unique global order in order to form a Neo-Humanistic society. I talked about **BABA** and His blessings and goals for humanity. He was by now quite a matured Margi to feel **BABA**'s grace in the field while moving with me. I expressed the importance of opening a new center of Ananda Marga in Mexico, which I could not do due to my sudden departure to Guatemala. Once he told me of his desire to visit India and **BABA**, and I was happy. But I expressed my inner vision and desire to buy a house for **BABA** and *jagriti*. He accepted it whole-heartedly. We were in Guatemala that time. He was to leave for Mexico and USA, but it was his task to buy a house and see the possibilities in Cuernavaca. Mexico City I did not like because of the extensive air pollution. So Cuernavaca was the ideal place, being only forty-five minutes drive from Mexico City in Moveos State. Before leaving he wanted my blessings for his wish to fulfill the task for the Lord's sake. I said to him, "It is already done. You will simply go and it will not take much time. I am sure, you will do it. **BABA**'s blessing and grace are always with you."

I saw him off at the bus station. He reached Mexico after thirty-six hours. He moved around the next day morning in search of a house for the *jagriti*. Just then he found one old woman, *Negoti*, along with some other persons, intending to sell her house. It was a double apartment, a big stony building, which I could only see after practically two years. She became interested in Jagdish's mission, and changed her mind from the other buyers. They were ready to pay more, but she did not like to sell her house just for money. Her mind felt something very special when she negotiated with Jagdish. He was



realizing the grace of **BABA**. He also realized what I had told him in Guatemala was coming true. He made a one thousand dollar down-payment and negotiated an agreement with her for delayed further payments, with the help of some local Margis. He sent me the receipt of the first down-payment and loving letter about **BABA**'s grace on him and my statement before his departure from Guatemala. I read the letter and cried in my mind. Jagdish then worked for eight months to himself pay the total amount, nearly \$20,000. After completing that task he came to Canada, as I had already come from Guatemala to Canada. He spent two weeks with me in the Master Unit, and then went to India to become a monk.

## CHAPTER 47

### BABA Saved Me From Death

The volcano of Pakaya was smoking day and night in Guatemala. It was a tourist site. Once I organized a picnic party of seventeen. Margis and Dr. Gopal drove us to the nearest point. Many brothers and sisters could not climb to the top. They were left to rest and to join us on our return. Dr. Gopal, and his son, Gopal's mother, Ananda Deva and Mahaprema's son climbed to the top. The rest of the volcano was on the other side of the mountain near us, at a distance of twenty yards. There was a very strong heat and noise. All the time it was throwing out stones and lava from beneath. It was very wonderful and amazing to see from so close. After some time we decided to do *sadhana*. It was about 1:30 or 2:00 pm. We sat at different places on the mountain. I also took my seat. But it seemed to me that the burning fire was trying to burst out of the surface. I could not tolerate it. So I changed the site. Now it was very pleasant. We enjoyed the open world of purity, one thousand feet high from the ground. But after awhile the heat waves of the volcano started to disturb me. Anyhow I finished my meditation and saw others were already trying to eat something which they had brought with them. I was invited by Gopal, his son and his mother to join them. I was hungry too. We had started at 8:00 am in the morning and it was now 2:00 pm in the afternoon.

We had a satisfying lunch and decided to go down earlier, because the other brothers and sisters were on the route waiting for our return. By the time we reached them it was 4:00 pm. Then we all collectively walked to the village where we had left our van. Many other tourists also joined us on the way. But we forgot the right path to get down to the bottom of the hill. We took the wrong way. We were on top of a hill about 400 or 500 feet high from the ground, without any pathway. It was a very sandy and steep way to come down. We all decided to walk from the same route carefully.

I often used to think about death and its situation. **BABA** wanted to give me a glimpse of death. But I did not have fear of it. Just a few feet down, and I was walking carefully. But I lost my balance. Instead of leaning behind, I leaned in front and lost my center of gravity. I started first running uncontrollably at tremendous speed. All the Margis saw me running so fast. Why, they could not understand. Then within a second I started rolling down from the top to the foot of the steep hill. Nobody could do anything. They were simply crying. I was in shoes and complete uniform with turban and while rolling was fully conscious. I was knowing how I was rolling like a round ball and going to hit a tall tree at the bottom of the hill. Also on the right side was a big rock, and I was thinking to save myself from that rock. I was just at the mercy of the Lord. I was smiling internally, thinking that when the rock or tree will dash me, I will die. I wondered what all these Margis who accompanied me would think; they will get much pain and suffering. It was all for the good, but what to do? Nobody knows about one's future. They were very close

and lovely to me. They were always loving and serving me like their own family members.

When I dashed against the tree, I forgot my own existence for a while. I found myself still and my turban off my head lying beside me. Sister Mahaprema and Hiranmaya ran to see me safe. I had a very small scratch on my hands and nothing else. I was in good shape and energetic. I soon got up myself and joined them to proceed onwards. They were still holding my arm to prevent any possible further calamity. I felt it a great support. The Lord was ever with me to protect me. I did not die. I reached the *jagriti* and took bath at night and did *sadhana* as usual. The news spread amongst the Margi circle about my accident. They were sorry but happy that I was in the hands of the Lord, and that He saved me from death. I thanked **BABA** for giving me chance to serve more and more the suffering humanity.

Just after two weeks, the smoking volcano became very wild and erupted into red flames in the sky, killing many people in the surrounding village. A national emergency was declared to evacuate the villagers within a few hours to a place of safety.

**O BABA, Thou belongst to me.  
I can't be far away from Thee.  
Cycle of lives and lives, You know.  
I was with You, You tell me so.  
Let me not forget Your feet divine.  
It is my humble prayer and plea.  
You know well, I can't swim the ocean.  
How can I please You without devotion?**

## CHAPTER 48

### Training Center Becomes A Cultural Center

I did not have visa for USA, so I was moving my training center from place to place. First I started in Mexico, then again in Guatemala. I got a tremendous response in Guatemala. A few local trainees were there; then three from Mexico and four from USA and Canada, and also one from San Salvador came. It was a very nice session. Every day we had *kirtan* (collective spiritual chanting), *bhajans* (devotional songs), meditation and *asanas*, etc. As it was in the center of the town, it attracted a lot of public scrutiny. So, monthly on every full moon day I organized a cultural program of music, dance, poetry, songs, stories, dramas and other creative festivities for all. Every Thursday a group of middle-aged ladies from Satya Sai Baba Satsanga temple used to visit me. Sometimes they used to cook sentient food also. Most of the time myself or any experienced trainee used to cook sentient and delicious food for all. Anybody visiting me was not allowed to go unserved with *prasad* (blessed sweet) or food according to the time of visit. People were also starting to come to *dharmacakra* in the evening, every week. Thus the training center became the prominent public cultural center in the hub of the city.

The social service programs - giving food, clothing and medicine to children and needy old men or women

were the regular features of Ananda Marga in Guatemala. Once one Didi from USA came to visit the Ananda Marga school. She was amazed to see the bi-weekly collective meeting (*dharmacakras*) going on so regularly with maximum attendance and extreme devotion. The people of Guatemala are very simple and safe. They are very devotional too. Within three days she initiated twenty sisters. She never initiated so many sisters in USA within three days. So she was very much inspired to see the character of the people of Guatemala. There were eight to ten sisters in the Mexico Women's Training Center with Didi Karuna, all from Guatemala.

Once a very deep devotional vibration was aroused in *kirtan*. We were more than thirty Margis and two didis also. When the *kirtan* touched the level of devotional height, I forgot my own existence. Then I was dancing in a very automatic rhythm. My movement became circular. Slowly, slowly my mind was going up and up until my ego became very much sublimated in spiritual consciousness. I gave a lightning jerk to the dancing sister and brother and fell on the ground, in a transcendental state for more than forty five minutes. When *dharmacakra* was over and I came to consciousness it was late. They all served themselves food, *prasad*, and I felt all the time very delightful in the training center for many days.

The people were very kind. A few persons who used to visit me always brought enough vegetables, fruits and grains, etc. Thus, after eleven months of living in Guatemala and the neighboring cities, I became very much familiar with the people around. I opened many other centers in other cities too. Thereafter I got the visa for Canada, I then moved and stayed in Canada for nearly

two years. My Training Center moved with me to Canada.

I went far in search of Him,  
But in the end I found Him in me -  
My most beloved, dearest One,  
The life of my life, in me.  
His grace is the only way.  
He is the supreme father -  
Everything In All.

You are a mystery,  
And will remain a mystery.  
You have expressed Yourself  
In Your own history.  
The world will move round  
By Your will.  
The wheel of time  
Follows Your whim.

You came all by Yourself,  
And by Yourself You go.  
Everyone feels Your call.  
You are the only guide I know.

## CHAPTER 49

### Cosmic Grace in Canada

I had a very sorrowful farewell party in Guatemala before I left for Canada. That day I realized their love and compassion for me and my mission. In everyone's eyes, I saw tears and sobbing hearts. We had a big three-hour *kirtan*, last farewell discourse and collective dinner. Then they had brought their gifts and I was obliged to take them. I could not imagine their deep feelings and relationship at that moment.

The next day I took the plane to Toronto. A Canadian brother LFT of Indian origin, Sudhir, was surprised that I was at the Toronto Airport. I got a taxi and reached the rented *jagriti*. He alone was doing everything there. The *jagriti* was under renovation. After three days, I visited the capital of Canada, Ottawa, to see brother Kiirti and his wife Gaunga. I spent a few days with them and they took very nice care of me. Again I came back to Toronto to start training work. I did not find many Margis. I was feeling very isolated, just the opposite of Guatemala. Slowly, slowly I started moving and visiting the Margis, like Dhanjoo Ghista and his family in Burlington and Ranjan and Parvati in Hamilton on the weekend. Also I started contacting some non-Margi friends in town and making my circle larger. But it was slow and dull. In summer vacation, Tarak, the son of Dhanjoo, became my first LFT in Toronto. He spent



three weeks with me. He was a very simple and innocent boy. He was very sharp and intellectual too. He learned all the basic philosophy of Ananda Marga and Prout. It gave me much pleasure and he became very close to me. I was cooking twice or thrice with him. He was a most disciplined and obedient boy.

Then again I had a good chance to attend one regional retreat near Hamilton, attended by thirty to forty Margis. The *jagriti* in Toronto was not a suitable place for the training center. Brother Kiirti and his wife Gaunga, Madhu, Sudhir, Dhanjoo, etc. all were feeling very urgently to rent an independent house for the Training Center. But the rent of the house in Toronto was beyond the capacity of any individual Margi to pay. I did not like to force anybody, and so I continued in the Toronto *jagriti*. But, I had an idea to buy a house with property for the Training center and Master Unit, and *jagriti* cum **BABA's** quarter at the same time. But it was not proper to discuss altogether with the limited number of Margis. In the retreat we were all together and they decided to buy a house in place of renting a house, as buying a house would be cheaper for our own permanent establishment, because every month we were paying not less than \$1000 rent plus extra expenditure of food and utilities. So it would be better to buy a house on down-payment (say for \$12,000 to 15,000) and pay \$700 to 800 per month. They all liked this idea. A time was fixed to look for a house in Toronto. I was doing my best through newspaper and real-estate agents to find the house. Sister Gaunga came especially for this purpose from Ottawa, and did hard work and ultimately we found a house. It was at a cost of \$130,000. They invited other Margis to look at it and if they liked we could negotiate. One day in the

afternoon all important Margis were in Toronto. We visited the house owner, a lady. She agreed to sell, but after some time she changed her mind and wanted \$150,000 plus \$10,000 for legal fees.

This sudden change in the mind of the owner made me also change my mind. All the Margis present there thought it to be a very expensive deal. I became very much reacted and requested all the Margis to go to their homes, as it did not seem proper for us to deal with her. Then Kiirti and Gaunga offered the basement of their house for starting the Training center for the time being. The same day, with one LFT, Varun, from USA, I left with Gaunga for Ottawa. Then came another trainee Diwakar, from USA. Both were my second batch of trainees in Ottawa. But my internal desire to start an independent large Training center cum *jagriti* and MG quarters was ever in my mind. Because I found Ananda Marga had no real base or its own center in the whole of Canada, and a Margi house in the long run could not serve as a center of Ananda Marga. So it was quite necessary to work to have our own center. The plan of the Master Unit has been given by **BABA** long time ago. So I motivated Kiirti and Gaunga to continue their efforts to find land with a house, a bit away from the township of Ottawa. I had heard many times **BABA** talking about Quebec in Canada. So I kept searching with Kiirti and Gaunga very regularly and seriously. The Lord knows the inner urge of devotees. I was ever praying to Him to bless us in this divine adventure. When my LFT Diwakar saw me in great struggle for the Training center and general Ananda Marga center for Canada, he also got the divine inspiration. One night he told me he wants to help with a certain amount. I told him to wait, and when the time

comes I would tell him. He was a very honest and sincere trainee. He fulfilled his promise by sending a check of ten thousand dollars for Ananda Marga, which Gaunga deposited for Ananda Marga in Ottawa.

It was **October 1987**. Diwakar's contribution gave an inspiring call to all the Margi brothers and sisters of Canada to come forward to have our own permanent center. I continued my efforts with Kiirti and Gaunga. I too deposited my own money for this noble cause. Brother Kiirti had holiday on Saturday. We decided to go and search for the land. But it was raining. His small baby Niiti was also accompanying us. We went far away, an hour's drive eastward into Quebec. It was evening. We saw a real estate office, but no one was there in the township of Buckingham. On our return we found a beautiful log house which was closed. First Kiirti and then I ran from the car to look at the interior of the house through the window. It was wonderful. We could not see the basement. But he was an architect, and could figure out the plan of the house. He liked it and I also shared the same intuition.

We were also very tired of searching for house and land, since July 1987. The cold winter had just waited to fall onto the earth. We wanted to finish our deal before the first frost of the November snowfall, as it would be very difficult to see the surface of the land for nearly six months in West Canada after December. It was the Lord's will above all. His direct grace was there. We left our telephone in the Buckingham real estate's office. He called Kiirti in the night at 10:00 pm, to show the house and to move if we are interested. It was Sunday. We went again with Gaunga, as she was also an architect. She saw the house and liked it. Then we went for

negotiation. The price was \$57,000 for 88 acres of land and the house. It was a very beautiful place with hills, mountains, forest, plains, and river. Both ends had an approaching road and access without any problem. Also it was in a good community of thirty-forty houses around. There was a small beautiful town called St. Andrew/Avelin, five minutes drive from the house. Legally also it was safe for negotiation, free from the agricultural zone, so finally Kiirti and I went and finalized it. Although they increased the price by \$3000 more, we agreed to close the deal by paying \$3000 more rather than struggling with the cold. Kiirti did so and it took two weeks only to submit the required papers from Ananda Marga. We took a mortgage from the bank of \$38,000 at a monthly payment of \$432, plus electricity, heat and insurance, etc. We informed other Margis to let them see it before finalizing the deal. But they let their trust in us. When everything was okay, they came to the retreat and they were extremely happy.

I had not informed the Sectorial Office or Central Office, India about our struggles. I always try to accomplish the task first and then report after when it is accomplished. On a few occasions I gave hint to Dada Shankarananda in New York about my constant struggle to establish a master unit in Canada. Now one sectorial representative went to India for reporting. Every month we have a system to convey the progress of the sector to the General Secretary personally. So while report was going on, **BABA** asked suddenly about a Master Unit in Canada from the New York sectorial representative. He telephoned to Ottawa to Kiirti. By that time, we were proceeding with legalizing our deal. We informed the central office and just after ten or fifteen days the

registration papers were signed. The Sectorial Secretary was very happy to know that just within six months of my arrival, such an important task was completed in Canada. All the Margis of Canada were very very happy. Now this Center is the vital source of inspiration to one and all of the sector. Afterwards **BABA** made a general system to start training centers on Master units for both brothers and sisters.

## CHAPTER 50

### **BABA Fulfills My Desire To Do Pranam**

It had been almost two years since I visited India and my Master. I was feeling a big desire in my heart to see Him at any cost, after this task was done. I knew that it was all His grace and credit to get this task done. But, I did not have enough money to buy the ticket as I had used up all my money to buy the Master Unit. I tried to book my flight to India but there was no way out, as I did not have the US visa. So I could not travel by any place. Also almost all airlines had no vacancy as it was December and Christmas time, and everything was fully booked. I was getting disappointed. Kiirti and Gaunga had already booked their flight by KLM. But Kiirti did not get a holiday. He was employed. So he had to postpone his journey until the last week of December. Now it was a good chance for me. I did not know it but Gaunga told me that if I am ready I could pay the money and go. Thanks to Kiirti, and also to my LFT, Jagdish, who was with me, I could collect the money to pay the airfare. I has already shifted from his house to the Master Unit one month before, on **October 17, 1987**. On the afternoon of 28th of November, 1987 at 5:00 pm they came to pick us up to go to the Montreal Airport. The plane was to go at 7:10 pm. It was a great risk, with two

small kids and a lot of luggage, as she planned to stay for eight months in India.

But we were late. The plane was waiting only for both of us. They saw us running with children and luggage. The airways authorities helped us. We boarded onto the plane. The next day, very safely and happily we reached New Delhi. Next day after a night's rest we proceeded to Varanasi. From there I went to the training center and she went to Calcutta by train.

After a week I left for Calcutta. I met and joined many other dadas who were waiting for reporting. Once **BABA** called us. The General Secretary was introducing all the dadas present before **BABA**. When my turn came, **BABA** himself told, "Yes, I know. He has come from Canada." I was so happy to hear from **BABA**'s mouth about my coming to visit Him. But still I was waiting to do my *sastang pranam* to Him, but no opportunity arose at that time. Afterwards we all came out to do our daily work.

It was becoming very hard to go to see **BABA** personally compared to twenty years ago. Now there were thousands of workers throughout the world working, and the mission has become very complex in its structure and functions. Always there were new workers dedicating all for His mission and in the service of mankind. My nature is to be behind, not to fight for the front and seize the opportunity for myself. I was always dependent on Him and now also my every moment was passing by His sweet grace. I am ever trying to be content with my limitations.

Again the General Secretary called a meeting of all dadas. I was there far behind and away from the front. **BABA** also came to meet with us. He started asking questions about philosophy. He was always imparting to

us the hidden knowledge or truth through demonstrations and experiments. He asked certain questions which many could not answer. Then He asked the trainers of the different sectors. Dada Sugatananda, a trainer in Jamaica, (in New York Sector) was near **BABA**. Dada Haratmananda our Sectorial Secretary was there. **BABA** asked him to reply and he mentioned my name. I became very nervous, as I never try to answer **BABA**'s questions. I was there only to listen, not to speak. But now I was asked to face **BABA**. I mentally spoke to **BABA**. "It is hard to give an answer to your question. But, I am sure You want me to come closer to you and fulfill my desire, which was latent in me, to do *sastang pranam*."

I did not hear much about the question. First I went, crossing the packed room to **BABA** and did my salutations to Him, prostrating with arms fully stretched out. My mission was fulfilled by His grace. He asked me a question. I replied to half of it, and I stood there while no one could reply. At last He Himself answered and gave us the true knowledge as He does most of the time to us.

When the meeting was over, I was very happy and spent three months visiting a few places of India, but mostly staying with **BABA** in Tiljala Ashram in Calcutta. Again I came back to Canada to continue my training work.

**I can't forget that auspicious day  
When I met You at doorstep straightaway.  
It was my deep desire to touch Your divine feet,  
But O Lord! You gave me the chance,  
You took me in Your arms.  
What a wonderful meet!**



## CHAPTER 51

### My Second Trip to Guatemala

When I returned from India to the Master Unit in Quebec (Canada) at St. Andre Avelin, it was the 29th of February, 1988. As I remember, the whole of Quebec was shining in a snow-white blanket. You could see the tall cedar trees, still bright green, but the maples and the oak trees looked all dried and leafless, as if standing in a very gloomy condition. When I came to the Training center in the van of Kalinath, the husband of a very dedicated sister of Montreal, I was wonder-struck to see that the whole house was covered with a hard layer of snow, up to four-five feet, without any way of entering the house. Thanks to Kalinath and his young son, who shovelled snow for more than two hours we could enter the home. We opened the letter box and found one small note for me. Finally we could go inside the house. I went inside the house and put a heavy rug on my body to warm myself. I requested them to take tea first and then leave, but they were in a hurry and left soon.

I read the note. It was from an artist-sister from St. Andre, my neighbor. She was not a Margi. She wrote to me: "Dear Dada, I have an interest to know about yoga. I phoned several times without any response. If at any time you are here, please give me a call at such and such telephone number." I immediately gave her a call. She was there in her house. But I told her that no car could come into my compound due to the snow, and so it

would be difficult for her to come over. She told me on the phone that she was going to ring a friend of hers whose job it was to plough the snow to clear the passage. He would charge \$20.00. It was necessary for me. I gave her my approval. The man came with his big snow-plough, and within fifteen minutes made a very big passage for parking of cars. I paid him the money. He took only \$10 from me. I thanked him very much and then he left.

Afterwards her neighboring sister came. Her name was Elise. She was a very kind woman. She helped me a lot to cut the grass in summer with her lawn-mower, and taking me to Ottawa if I was in need to go. She introduced me to her boyfriend, Mr. Park, who helped me in gardening. At the same time I met another sister, Fransina. She introduced me to Mrs. M. David, another sister and a nurse, then on vacation due to heart trouble. She stated visiting the Center and got initiated by Didi. Within a month Mrs. David became very healthy due to practice of primary meditation and simple *asanas*. She was always a great help to me. Later on she also got initiated by Didi. Now she is called Madhumati - her spiritual name and Fransine is Pritii. Thus I got to know a few good families who are still very helpful and serious in meditation.

I started gardening, doing hard work with my hands, planting more than twenty kinds of vegetables. Thanks to Kiirti, Jayanti, and Madhumati who helped me all the time in gardening, we had a very nice harvest. I sent nearly nine items of vegetables to **BABA** in India, He was extremely happy to see the three types of potatoes (ordinary, red and yellow), big cabbage, different types of

chilies and herbs, etc. I was very happy to get the news from Dada Asiimanandji and Keshavanandji.

Later on I invited all the local families of my neighborhood to give them a vegetarian meal. So many people came; they had very delicious dishes of pilaf, dry rice, beans, vegetables made with spices, chappati (tortillas made with wheat flour), and different types of vegetables. So many non-Margi families were also very friendly to me. In any need I always went to them, and they helped me without any reservation.

One sixty-five-year old mother in our neighborhood called Jeanne D'Arc Xavier became a nice Margi (Jivakala) and was all the time helpful to me. She is very sincere in *sadhana* and service. But I wanted to apply for permanent residence visa for Canada. According to the immigration authorities, one must go out of Canada to apply for that. I liked Guatemala. So I went there and applied. But unfortunately I did not know the system of Quebec immigration rules and I did not have the papers showing Quebec residence. So I did not get the permanent visa for Canada. But I was happy in Guatemala doing the Lord's work.

I first touched Mexico for ten days to see the  *Jagriti*  in Cuernavaca, which we had bought two years before but had not seen. I lived there for two days and it was really so nice. We have a very big building where more than fifty persons can stay together without any problem. Thanks to the Lord and brother Jagdish who did such noble work for the mission of Ananda Marga.

The Margis of Guatemala were very happy to see me for the second time in **November 1988**. They started coming to *dharmacakra*, and it became again a very large center of activities during my stay there.

## CHAPTER 52

### Burning of Sam'ska'ras

As usual, again I started my Training Center in the *jagriti*, as it was a very big building and no RS (Regional Secretary) was posted there. A few local boys were living there, so I also decided to be there. Anyway it was so economically hard for me to rent another house for this purpose. The trainees started coming from Haiti, US and Mexico. Everything started moving nicely. Gopal, Vijay, Shivabandhu, and later on Yuktatma, Arundatti, Dayit and Radhaxmi, Mahaprema and Caetanya and many other Margi brothers and sisters were regularly coming to *dharmacakra*, and after *dharmacakra* we used to eat together for lunch. It was a very strong family feeling. When I was for the first time in Guatemala two years earlier, I wrote a book called *Neo-Humanistic Stories*. This time I wrote a small booklet called *Thought of Thoughts*. So I always had a good time in Guatemala. Also in my mind was the goal to get a permanent place for Ananda Marga, as we did not have any of our own establishment in Guatemala. **BABA** had graced my desire to have such a concrete establishment in Mexico and in Canada.

Now, in March 1989, it was the time for Guatemala. But it was very difficult to express this idea to SS and to all the Margis. They were poor and not able to maintain even a local *jagriti*. But **BABA** had in His

mind to bless the Guatemalan people, a very unique country in Central America, being the hub of Mayan civilization, and a green and colorful country. Still in the whole of Central America and South America, the only place where one can see everywhere the colorful existence and simplicity of the indigenous masses spread is in Guatemala.

Dr. Gopal and his brother, Dr. Vijay, were both very devotional. I felt very comfortable to express my thoughts to them about it being the right time to acquire a big piece of land for a Master Unit. First I was alone in thinking about this, but now Gopal and Vijay both started thinking about it. My idea took on momentum. Keeping this goal to get a Master Unit, we started searching and contacting people and places. In that very search, once during Easter holiday we went with Gopal's family and children and his brother Vijay very far from town. He had a nice friend having a lot of property in his father's name. We made an arrangement to visit during that holiday. It was a very big establishment and a beautiful place. But it was very far and there was no nice communication. It was in the remote interior, so we spent two days enthusiastically enjoying ourselves with all the family members and his local friends. Already his friend had had a very serious car accident and had been hospitalized for a long time. His one small daughter had died on the spot, and his wife had sustained serious injuries. He was saved by having a serious fracture of the leg.

One day we went to see a tract of land amidst forest and mountain and with a waterfall. It was however in the bush and very difficult to approach without a path. Dr. Gopal, Dr. Vijay, myself and two of Gopal's young

sons marched together to the spot. A dead tree was hanging to the ground touching the slope of the mountain. They carefully crossed it and went to the spot of the waterfall. I also did the same. We were very much enjoying the natural beauty of the creation. They had their bath in that fresh and clear mineral water. I did not want to bathe, and I was simply observing the high steep mountain, tall trees, thorny bushes and twittering of the birds all around us. Grazing on the fresh green grass outside were two horses belonging to his friends .

Returning downhill from the waterfall, Gopal, Vijay and the children very carefully climbed down. While they were getting down, suddenly it flashed in my mind to jump from a hill mound to the ground, which looked sandy to me. It was not more than seven-eight feet high from the earth. I told them to let me jump to the earth. They did not like the idea and offered to help me, to first get down on his shoulder and then on to the ground. I did not like that idea. I again removed my sandals from my feet. I became bare-footed. I had no experience of fracture in my life. I had seen hundreds of such disabled persons everywhere. Also I did not have any experience of serious burns. That samskara was now getting matured in the cycle of my life. Anyhow I ignored the help of Gopal and Vijay and jumped from the top of the hill to the stony ground, which had sand on the top. What a wonder, I remained stuck to the ground. My right foot was fractured, and I could not stand.

Thanks to Gopal and Vijay, I was carried in their arms and then on the back of the horses to the station. His wife and mother and one of our didis were all very concerned and tried their best to treat me in vain. Within a few minutes, my foot was swollen like anything with

pain. Then and there we packed and marched on to Guatemala City. In this way Dr. Gopal took me to his hospital where he was working. They took an x-ray of the foot. But it was Saturday and the radiologist was on holiday. Dr. Gopal could not see the line of fracture clearly. On Monday the radiologist saw the x-ray film (plate) of my leg. He declared to me it was a compound fracture and needs plastering and two months of rest. I had never experienced such pain before, nor had I ever been incapacitated.

I had read a proverb in a book, that "Misfortunes never come alone." Dr. Gopal decided to cast my leg in his house, but he could not obtain the plaster. Still, however, he insisted that I stay in his house. Luckily there were no LFTs in the *jagriti*. During the day, nobody was in the house except Gopal's mother, and the house assistant lady doing work outside in the garden. The following day his younger boy, Govinda, whom I liked the most, came from the school. He was only seven years old. He went into the meditation room, which was full of books and some dried clothes. There was a small playhouse for the children made of wood. There were also matches on the table behind the photo of **BABA**.

I was on the veranda sitting on the chair with my leg in plaster when, all of a sudden, a big fire broke out in the meditation room and started spreading fast. That small boy was fighting to douse the flames by himself. He was jumping and getting nervous as to what to do. When I saw the smoke and flames, I forgot myself. My uniform was also burning on the wooden chair. It was surprising to see the courage of the small child fighting against the fire. How I reached the room so quickly I still do not remember perfectly. I caught the hand of Govinda and

pulled him out of the room. I took one of my crutches and started using it to put out the burning materials. I was quite unable to move, and I remember standing at one point, and using my hands to bring the fire under control.

I then noticed that my right foot was oozing like coal tar. I was happy to see Govinda safe. Now I sat down, and then mother and the house assistant came in. The whole drama had finished within ten minutes hardly. The doors were opened to let out the smoke. The fractured leg compounded by the burnt foot was very painful. Now plaster could not be applied on the leg. Homeopathic medicines were applied on the burnt skin. It took me more than two and half months to even move on one leg. It took two months mostly to put my fractured leg on the ground. Both of the injuries were healing together. A chiropractic doctor gave me a weekly massage to ease the nerves of the foot. Now I am okay by **BABA's** grace, and am even doing my *kaoshiki* and *tandava* regularly.

**I left everything on You,  
My burden of life.  
I realized after a long time  
You do all Yourself,  
I am simply flying like a kite.  
I am very light and feel delight  
With You, I move like Your shadow.  
But You are the real supreme light.  
I left everything on You,  
My burden of life.**



## CHAPTER 53

### Master Unit in Guatemala

It was true that I broke and then burnt my leg, but certainly my spirit was very sound and safe. I did not feel disappointed due to a series of sufferings in my life. Because from the very beginning, I had been welcoming suffering as my best friend. Also my Master has expressed the same in *Ananda Sutram*, "Sufferings are friends, not foes, to establish one in one's goal." So I accepted these sufferings in that spirit.

All along, I was thinking of a Master Unit. I felt quite sure of our acquiring it, although how it could be done, I did not know it on the material plane. I have always had a burning experience that He does all what we wish for Him and for humanity. I was inspiring Gopal and Vijay to do the best to establish a Master Unit in Guatemala. Once I went in the same condition in car and jeep to see a piece of land belonging to his friend, but I did not like it, as it was out of the community, without water, electricity or proper road for transportation. So the struggle continued. Dr. Vijay had one patient, a woman. She had three acres of land which were very nice, and she wanted to sell it. She offered to sell us for fifteen thousand quesoles - nearly \$5000. She also agreed to 3000 quesoles downpayment. We went to see the land, and did medical service to the community there. They were very happy.

Now, I wanted to prepare a few important Margis to involve them in this project. Brother Vishvabandhu was one of the most important persons to be involved, because he was already working in some community projects in Guatemala, and he had the spirit of public welfare. Also I talked to one old Margi who recently came from USA, brother Yuktatma. He wanted to help me. I had to now brief Vishvabandhu on all the projects of Master Unit. Didi Mamata had already bought a piece of land for a sisters' Master Unit. **BABA** had also not started giving much stress on this point.

Vishvabandhu was a very practical person and suggested that we call a meeting after *dharmacakra* in his house. Many Margis were there. He expressed the idea and importance of the Master Unit, and the need for participation in this project. He was right in his vision. Then I was asked to express my feelings and I expressed, in His ideation, the very comprehensive and broad vision of His mission. **BABA** wanted us to develop master units as model communities, where local people can take control of their own economic needs by using local resources and utilizing the capital generated for local service projects. This could help solve not only the problem of third world development, but also of economic recession. I was getting so many ideas and inspiration from **BABA**.

Within a few minutes, they decided to buy the three acres of land from the woman known to Vijay. We collected the downpayment of 3000 quesoles in the *dharmacakra* itself. Then we went ahead to finally talk to the landlady. She now requested 10,000 quesoles first and 5,000 after three months. I decided to drop the idea to buy from her. I started looking in the newspaper about

advertisements for land. There I found one for four acres. I rushed to see, but again the owner did not like to sell. By then everyone had developed the collective psychology to buy a Master Unit, so every Margi was ready. I was moving with my burns and broken leg everywhere with the help of so many Margis. At last we found a very suitable beautiful site full of green trees, fruits, flowers, drinking water, and one house with kitchen, in St. Juan, only one hour's drive from the city and half an hour's drive from the present Ananda Marga *jagriti*. We negotiated for the plot and it was reasonable although it was only four and half acres, not five acres. We paid the owner within three days. We all contributed, thanks mainly to brother Vishvabandhu, to pay the major portion of money for **BABA's**Project.

It was **October 1989**, and the Sectorial reporting was going on. Suddenly **BABA** became very serious regarding Master Units. He wanted a Sectorial Master Unit in Central America, a poor region. He did not approve Ananda Kanan, in Missouri, or the 88 acre Master Unit in Canada to be the Sectorial Master Unit. He wanted to know about any master unit outside of U.S.A. and Canada. The dada representing New York Sector was in great trouble. He phoned our New York Office. The Sectorial Secretary was himself in the office. Then he phoned me of this sudden development that **BABA** wanted at once to get a Master Unit in Central America. Just three days back we had finalized the deal, and the document was now with the advocate. I told him to send the good news to **BABA**, for a minimum five acres was needed and it was almost five acres.

When the report was given to **BABA** He became extremely glad. He posted a new Sectorial Master Unit

Secretary, Ac. Shubhacimananda, for the Guatemala Master Unit. Just after two days He gave the name of that Master Unit - Ananda Maya! When the Margis of Guatemala came to know of this, their joy knew no bounds. They then all realized the urgency of having the Master Unit. They became so emotional that they collectively bought another acre of land adjacent to that land in order to make it more than 5 acres. It was the grace of the Lord, they realized. They are now busy in the proper development of the Master Unit.

**BABA's** target was to cover the whole world with Master Units, and new workers are being posted everywhere. In my mind, I was very happy to be a party to the accomplishment of the Lord's mission. Soon, Master Unit Secretary Dada came. He visited the site, was very happy and I took leave of him for my further mission in Africa and then back to India. It was to take me two years to again visit my Master in India.

## CHAPTER 54

### Herbal Medicine and Last Days in Guatemala

In 1989, regular social service was the main feature of Guatemala, and it still is today. I had in my mind to give some permanent type of relief to the people of Guatemala. We already had schools and homes for poor people. I had an interest in naturopathy and plant medicine due to reading **BABA's** book on natural medicine and yogic treatment. I had already practiced some herbal medicine in Africa ten years before. I found Guatemala the best site for herbal plants and tremendous scope for doing some good work on medicinal lines. Once I was with Gopal and Vijay, visiting his friend, a herbal doctor and botanist. I found a neem tree on the hillside road. I requested him to stop the jeep and plucked some branches and veins of that tree. I tasted it and it was Indian neem. I wanted to make proper use of this in Guatemala. So, I discussed with his friend, a botanist and herbalist, at length about its various uses, like for skin diseases, diabetic problems, malaria, mumps, parasite problem, germs, blood purification and as liquid spray for plants as a natural pesticide.

Anyhow this gentleman was very much excited to hear all these benefits of the neem tree. They did not have any idea about the medicinal value of neem. Recently the government was planting them in the parks and on the roadsides. They have now come to know its

positive impact on environmental purification. The botanist had a very big herbal industry. I explained to him how to make use of neem in capsules or as powder or in cream. I gave him a formula for cream with 3 to 4 more different ingredients, all natural. First he experimented with capsules. He was himself committed to manufacturing and selling it to the Ananda Marga doctors, Gopal and Vijay. After one month, the capsule was ready.

There was an old woman of fifty. She had a bad case of skin disease on her legs. She had been going for treatment to several doctors in vain for the past one year. She came to the naturopathic doctor, who was one of the friends of Dr. Vijay. He bought some neem capsules from Dr. Vijay. He used them on that woman. It was a miracle. Within fifteen days, her legs became alright. The effect of neem created a storm in the circle of naturopathy doctors. There was a medical conference in the regional hospital of Dr. Gopal. More than fifty doctors from various regions were there. Many medical students were also there. I was also invited for the conference. The woman who was cured by neem was also there to certify the facts of this wonderful plant. It was a very nice conference.

I was given a chance to speak something about nature cure and herbal medicines. I spoke twenty-thirty minutes about herbal medicine and microvita (a new subject for them) and their future influence on medicine. They were very impressed. Dr. Gopal mentioned to them about my inventing different types of medicine in Guatemala. The neem capsule was a tremendous contribution to the people of Guatemala. Later on the neem cream also did very well for the people.

Unfortunately, the greed of money haunted the manufacturers' minds. We had no legal security. It was in the factory's name. He was charging Vijay for the medicine and also selling to the other doctors against his commitment. I did not feel fine. After a meeting in the regional hospital, the Director of the hospital gave me a diploma of medicine, which I left with Dr. Vijay. It is still there. I wrote many formulas of natural plants medicine, and prescribed many natural medicines to the people who were suffering which resulted in nice cures. **BABA** gave me the vision and inspiration for such new things to me. It was all His bountiful grace.

I spent a pretty long time of eleven months in Guatemala. It had been two years since I saw **BABA**. I was all the time thinking to get scope to go to India. But due to the Master Unit, I was very busy. Also all the money needed was saved for the Master Unit. I did not tell my problems to Margis regarding going to India. I had a very nice friend from Guyana. His whole family was very close to me. He was an optician and was running a nice business. He had promised me to help me at the time of need. When the Master Unit was acquired, I then turned towards my problem of how to go to India. He was very kind enough to provide me \$1000. Also a few Margis voluntarily helped me to get my passage okay. Now, I was mentally free to move forward.

But, spending two long periods of time in Guatemala gave me a very close relationship with Margis. They made a program to give me a farewell party in Vishvabandhu's house and in our *jagriti* also. The DC room of Vishvabandhu was full. Margis from distant places also came to express their love and affection. I

used to cook food for all the Margis after DC in the *jagriti*, every week. That day, however, Vishvabandhu and other sisters were all in the kitchen. We did collective *sadhana*. They expressed their feelings of living together with me and doing work for Lord's mission. I spoke least, as it was difficult to express my feelings in words. A few had brought gifts to me. I accepted all with deep love and regard. We had collective pictures taken, and later with a few Margis in small groups also.

I was brought to the airport by Radharani and Ranjit. Just a few weeks ago, I had conducted their marriage according to Ananda Marga system. I arrived at International Airport at 6:30, and yet so many Margis were there waiting to see me off. Gopal and his family were all there. It was a working day, and I did not think that they would be so early at the airport. All the Margis stayed on until I went in for immigration check-in, and gave my last *namaskar* to them.

**I cried in vain,  
I cried in pain,  
And called You again  
In tears and grief,  
In the deepest dark night.**

**With the glow of beauty, You came.  
It was so sweet,  
It was so charming.  
Oh I lost myself in Thee,  
In Thy endless love,  
In Thy endless joy,  
O my Beloved Lord.**



## CHAPTER 55

### Back With BABA

It was the end of the year, maybe the final week of December, 1989. I had not seen the fresh beautification of Tiljala *jagriti*: the fountain and flowers, mini zoo (the house of birds of the world) and big circular sandy orbit for ostrich (called cavel bird in Bengali). But when I reached the *jagriti* campus, many *dadas* were inside in silence and sad mood. They saw me and conveyed me about BABA's ill health. Actually in the same morning, BABA was hospitalized apparently due to heart problem. It was really sad to know about BABA. But, soon in the evening we were conveyed about His improving health. We were very happy. Every day His health bulletin was fixed on the *jagriti* notice board for all workers to know. The doctors advised his PA not to create much gathering around BABA as, according to him, He needed proper rest. But ultimately, BABA could not take any rest as He ever wished to be with His children. A few workers went to see BABA and they got permission too. I did not go, as I followed the advice of General Secretary and doctor not to disturb BABA in hospital. I was sure that, BABA would come and I would get enough time to see Him.

The organizational work started as usual - morning, noon, night - all the time. We were very busy. A fresh brutal assault by communists on Ananda Nagar was the daily news for us. They wanted to smash Ananda Nagar

forever. Now Ananda Nagar had become a city of bliss in the real sense. The quick transformation of rural and desert-like Ananda Nagar to green valleys and beautiful communities incensed the communist government of West Bengal. They vowed to turn Ananda Nagar to ruins. Ananda Nagar was now 110 kilometers in area. It has its own hydroelectric system, water tanks, industry, and alternative energy sources. It was planned as a nature city of balanced and self-sufficient economy zone, an ecologically balanced city with different research institutions in agriculture, horticulture, floriculture, sericulture, pisciculture, etc. It was all new for me.

We were fighting legal battles against the Communists to protect it. The DMC was fixed. **BABA**'s health was not satisfactory. He had to be in hospital. His representative, Ac. Vijayanandji, addressed the mammoth gathering of *Dharma Maha Sammelan*. The communists were very much surprised to see the zeal of Margis. They could not do anything. But it irritated them and they planned seriously to finish Ananda Marga as soon as possible. However, Dharma had other ideas.

We came from Ananda Nagar DMS and afterwards **BABA** also came to His Tiljala house. He was not allowed to do much work. A personal Margi physician was all the time living in the *jagriti* to look after **BABA**'s health. GS dada was taking all the organizational reports. But gradually **BABA** started asking about Master Unit progress in the world sector-wise and giving new ideas for Master Units. He started calling workers personally and blessing them to do the best for humanity. One day I expressed my desire to see **BABA** to his PA, Keshavanandji. He conveyed this to **BABA**. Then **BABA** conveyed to Keshavanandji, "He is going to stay for some

time in Calcutta. So, it does not matter. I will certainly see him." I was very happy. Then I realized that I should not make haste for going back into the field. Although I did fix my papers and air ticket, nevertheless, it took four months and I left India in April, 1990.

I had to go to Jabalpur in February, 1990 in Central India to attend a religious conference. More than 10,000 people and thousands of saints were to congregate there for two weeks on the banks of the *Satlej* River. It was sudden information and the General Secretary recommended me along with another Dada, Agrebud-dhayanandaji to accompany me. I reached Jabalpur and contacted the *Bhukti Pradhana* (District Secretary) of Ananda Marga. The next day we went to see the conference site. It was a very huge area with thousands of tents and different sects of saints there, like Kumbha Mela in Allahabad or Haridwar.

The organizer of the conference was a monk named Shyamlalji, a young Ph.D. man in saffron. He did not like Ananda Marga being in that conference. But his Guru, Ramchandra Shastry, a very old man in his 75th year, approved and did not see any harm in taking the help of Ananda Marga in that conference. Ananda Marga was to start free medical aid and free drinking water supply to the public. At last Shyamlalji had to obey his Guru. Ananda Marga tent was the first tent next to the main entrance gate. He did not like to give us a place in the center. But it proved beneficial to us. All the public coming from the main gate would see our tall flags hoisted high in the sky and the long banner of Ananda Marga Yoga Society and relief activities around the wall of the tents. They started visiting us. It was the only center where young boys could see the purpose of their

life, learn about yoga free of charge, and get guidance in meditation. As they started coming, we now started giving initiation to hundreds of youths. Also after a few days, Didi came. She also initiated many sisters.

Now, our *Bhukti pradhana*, brother Naikjii and other local Margis wanted to get an opportunity for Ananda Marga to address the conference for half an hour. Pandit Shyamlalji did not like it. But again, his Guru allowed us to address the gathering for ten minutes, as there were 1000 other monks speaking around the clock from morning 8:00 am until midnight.

I came on the dias. I saw more than 10,000 people around me. I took **BABA's** ideation and started speaking about Shubhasya Shigram and Shubhasya Kal Haranam: the good actions do quickly, and the bad actions postpone even until the end of life. I gave an instance of Hindu scripture Ramayana, of the action of the demon King Ravana. He had planned many good things for the people and himself, but he did not do them. But he abducted Sita, the wife of King Rama and tortured saints and many virtuous people in his kingdom. He even fought against the God Rama and ultimately got defeated. At the time of his death he realized the fact of doing good immediately, and delaying bad action until the end of his life. All the masses and monks of various temples and communities were very pleased.

Then pandit Shyamlalji himself came to me while I was near the big pandal and praised Ananda Marga and me. He apologized for his misunderstanding and assured me that Ananda Marga would always be welcome to offer its service to the public at that Mela in the future. I presented him with **BABA's** book **Namami Krsna Sundaram**. He was very glad to receive that book, and

with folded hands we did *namaskar* to each other and parted from there. Thanks be to the Lord who gave me such an opportunity to meet those people and convey the message of the Lord to them.

I came back to Calcutta. **BABA** was ever busy twenty two hours a day. Still the target was Master Unit and creation of dedicated persons for the service of humanity. In Jabalpur, I initiated many potential persons and two AMPS units were formed under the local guidance of the principal of Ananda Marga school. The local Margis were highly inspired due to that program. I was worried about getting a chance to see **BABA** personally. Even then I was very much content and did not like to disturb **BABA** and His program for me.

One day PA called me into **BABA**'s quarters. I straightaway went there and started doing meditation. There were a few central workers to see **BABA** because it was their day to day work. Still the fight in Ananda Nagar was going on very crucially. The press and media representatives of many newspapers were coming to Tiljala for press conferences. Thereby intellectuals were getting a true understanding of Ananda Marga. Even Sunday, **BABA** used to give general *darshan* (visit) to all the Margis in His visiting hall. Also while walking in His garden we all used to get **BABA**'s *darshan*. I was always happy. Once in general *darshan*, I was sitting very close to **BABA** with other dadas. I was fixing my eyes on **BABA**. After some time, He turned towards me and started gazing at me for a few minutes constantly. That very sweet look made me self-contented. Yet I was very eager to see **BABA** and do *sastang pranam* to Him. That chance I did not get until now.

At last **BABA** called me His room. I did *sastaunga pranam* in lying posture, and He addressed me, "Come closer to me, my Lord, my Guardian, and my supreme Lord." Again He told me, "Are you my Lord, my guardian, or Supreme Lord?"

I said to him, "No, **BABA**, You are my all."

He said, "No, you have to tell me, who are you in one of three denominations."

After a second I told him, "I am the Supreme Lord." He was very happy. Then He wanted some good news about the field work. I explained to Him in brief what was happening in Guatemala and conveyed *namaskar* from all Margis, and He was very pleased. Then He told me to sit straight. I did the same. He touched my forehead and crown of the head (*sahasra'ra*) with the two fingers of His right hand, and blessed me with Sanskrit *mantra*. I do not remember it now. Lastly, He told me "*Paramapurusa* (Lord) whenever He calls, come at once in happiness."

I came out happily after doing my *sastang pranam*. He fulfilled my desire to see Him and soon I got my USA visa in Calcutta, and within two weeks I planned to travel to USA.

## CHAPTER 56

### My First Retreat In America

It had been a long time since I had attended a retreat in North America. My *samska'ra* (unexpressed desire) to attend retreat in USA was getting matured.

I had a fresh passport from Bombay. I went to the US Embassy in Calcutta for the visa. I was in full Ananda Marga uniform. Everybody standing in line there was very much surprised to see me. I do not know if they might have seen any Ananda Marga *sannyasin* directly standing in line to apply for US visa. They were silent. My turn came. At the counter a few questions were asked. "Why are you applying from Calcutta, if the passport is from Bombay?"

My answer was simple. "I am a monk of Ananda Marga. Calcutta is my headquarters, so I felt it appropriate to apply from here."

"Why are you going to USA?"

"I am to attend a conference in July, so I am going", I answered him. Then after an hour the final authority called me for brief interview. He was kind enough to ask almost the same things and granted me visa for one year. I was very pleased. I bought my air ticket and came to New York.

A long time ago in 1984, I had been posted to Ananda Kanan. But I could not get the opportunity to come over there and start GBTC work. Why I did not come here it became clear to me when I got the visa to

US. "He does all and everything moves according to His will." He had His mission to be fulfilled through me in Mexico, Guatemala and Canada. When everything was okay in those places, now He wanted to send me here to Missouri (Ananda Kanan). I reached the John Kennedy Airport in New York. One Indian immigration sister helped me to nicely fill up the immigration forms. Then the authorities saw my invitation letter from Ananda Marga, and readily gave me entry permit for six months. I came to our Sectorial office, and there met the Sectorial Secretary (SS) and the Office Secretary (SOS) and a few other dadas. I was happy to see them.

After five days I came by bus to Ananda Kanan. I saw Ananda Kanan in solitude, in serenity, in peace and happiness. It is really a place of peace, a garden of bliss. After two days, Sudhir and Vimala came to see me for the first time, bringing Indian sweets with them. They live in Ananda Kanan and take care of it. Then one LFT named Karuna Deva from Guatemala, whom I initiated three years before there, came here for training. He started giving regular classes. A few local Margis came to attend weekly *dharmacakra*. I was happy to see them. It gave me much homeliness. They are living in Ananda Kanan.

The huge establishment of Ananda Kanan is a unique project of Ananda Marga in New York Sector. It is a beautiful retreat center where Margis (300 to 400 in number) come and enjoy spiritual bliss. There is a very big house for BABA, two dormitories for Margi brothers and sisters, one family dormitory, and three cabins for living together with children. All buildings are well furnished and equipped with all necessary amenities. There is a very big kitchen for feeding 303 to 400 persons.



It has also a library and office to work in. There is also a pond for boating and a house with kitchen for regular living of dadas. Thus Ananda Kanan is a very calm and quiet place to live in spirituality, peace and happiness.

The summer retreat was fixed from 1st to 7th of July. I was very happy to see all the Margis, dadas and didis of USA for the first time here. Meanwhile, a new organization called Seva Dal was formed in India whose main mission was to render all types of service to the entire humanity everywhere. I was called at the end of June to be in India. It was a great problem for me. But because **BABA** was calling, and I would rather again enjoy His divine grace in Calcutta, I marched to Kansas City with a sister, Lilavati, and then one brother bought a greyhound bus ticket for me. I reached the Sectorial Office and started waiting for Sectorial Secretary (SS) who was still in India, to bring the final news for me. It was 25th of June. I was ready to leave the office for the airport.

Two African Margis who were known to me ten years before were working in New York City. I got their address. I called them and they came by taxi. They were taxi drivers. But everything changed. Dada Haratmananda came at about 2:30 pm. He gave me the final news to stay here until further information. Then I realized **BABA** was giving me training to be alert all the time to go anywhere at His call without any second thought. It was all He who changed my program. My Ghana brothers relaxed and ate something in their Sectorial Office home. We talked for a long time and I gave them much Ananda Marga literature. They were as happy to see me as I was to see them.

It was the 29th of June. From 1st July there was Retreat in Ananda Kanan. One sister Satyavarii drove me to the place of a devoted sister **Jharana**, with Didi Shiila and Chandra. Again thereafter Sister Jharana took me and two didis in her car and started driving to Ananda Kanan.

Everything was going nicely, as we were very happily moving in the car. Sister Jharana and Didi were both driving with maximum precaution and care. It was June 30th in the morning. Almost the whole night we drove. After an hour's rest at 3:00-4:00 am at a filling station, we started again at 5:00 am.

After an hour's drive, at about 6:15 am, all of a sudden the car started going out of control at high speed. Thank Lord, no car was following behind nor was any car ahead of us. I started simply calling loudly the name of **BABA - BABA! BABA! BABA!** Constantly, the sisters were also doing the same. We were quite at a loss to do anything. The dancing car could not obey the command of the driver. It went running left and right on the left side of the road, and then jumped on to the grassy level of the field, and stopped automatically. My shouting also stopped with the halt of the car. Nobody received any injury. Sister Jharana told me, "**BABA** loves you very much. Because of that we are all saved!" I thanked the Lord for saving us, and by His grace we came to Ananda Kanan safely.

On July 30, 1990, most of the Margis, dasas and didis had arrived from far off states. Some came with tents, some took shelter in the dormitories, according to their choice. Even Margis came from Canada where I had spent much of my time before. I was extremely happy to see them. On August 1, until late night, the

Margis were coming in and the duty in-charges were very busy to help them. Some were going to give them rides from Willow Springs, and some from Springfield, and once one dada even had to go to Kansas City to bring another dada. The DMC hall and the grassy field were all dressed in a beautiful manner. By evening everything came in order, and the smooth speed of retreat started accelerating. On the 2nd morning, maximum Margis - around more than 200 in number - had assembled.

I was told to give an opening speech after *dharmacakra*. I did so by the speech, *Uttistha, Jagrata, Pra'dya Vara' Nibodhata*. Arise, awake and move forward until you reach the goal. I felt very happy to express my feelings through that lecture to the American Margis. I was introduced by Dada Sarvabodhananda. I was enjoying the company and the collective spirit of love and togetherness. Once again I was given a chance to say something after *dharmacakra*, as *dharmashastra*. By His grace, I spoke about the essence to do great work for the mission of the Lord; it is a very rare opportunity in human life. Only love and devotion can win over the grace of the Lord and without His grace nothing can be achieved in this life. I was happy to hear the appreciation of many Margis after that.

I was glad to meet all dadas and didis and their experience expressed in the retreat. The review of the growing mission and all-round development impressed me very much, thanks to the Margis of US who are advancing the mission of our beloved Master. There was a big open market for shopping, and book stalls arranged by dadas and didis. With everyone congregating around these stalls, it was just like an Indian bazaar in Ananda Kanan. There was a regular feature of cultural programs in the

evening, like dances, music, small dramas, songs, stories, etc. It was an inspiring *satsaunga* pervaded by **BABA's** vibration

**My Lord, my Lord,  
I want to sing Thy song.  
I don't heed right or wrong.  
My Lord, my Lord,  
You are my life, You are my love.  
You are my goal all above.  
You are my mother,  
You are my father,  
You are my wealth,  
And You are my wisdom.**

## CHAPTER 57

### My Duty for New Master Unit in Dallas

**BABA** was very serious about Master Units. He was asking us to cover all the regions of the New York Sector. We then had sixteen regions covered in our sector, by dint of hard labor and local Margis' involvement. We had a meeting at the retreat with the concerned regional Margis. I was to assist Dada Divyajyoti, Regional Secretary of Dallas Region as he was new. I explained to the Margis from Dallas, in workshop classes, my experiences in starting Master Units in Canada and Guatemala. Two Margis from Austin; brother Dhyanesht and one brother, Ashok (a student of Austin University), gave me a good response and invited me to visit anytime if I was free. The target for Master Unit was so immediate that I did not like to wait for some time. Although there were two LFT's after Retreat ready to stay for training, I gave this duty to Dada Shamitanandji and the day retreat was over on Sunday, I travelled with Purushottama and Sumita, the wife of Ravi Batra. After ten hours of constant driving, we reached the Dallas *jagriti* and took rest after *sadhana* as I was fasting that day. While going from Ananda Kanan in the car, I explained to Purushottama also about **BABA's** attention to Master Units.

He was really very much inspired. Dada Divyajyoti also brought a book of Veteran Land Trust Corporation,

with the information of saleable lands and their details. It gave me many ideas, and saved us a lot of time as far as searching for the land. I made my tour program of Dallas plus Austin for ten days. I took the ideation of the Lord and left everything on Him. I was quite new to the USA, and did not have much familiarity with the Margis. But, it was the master task of our Master and we must do so by His grace. Brother Purushottama was ready the next day at noon to take me for the search of the land. I broke my fast in the morning and selected a few sites to look at based on the Veteran Land Trust Book. There was a county called Hunt in the north of Dallas. It was nearly fifty five miles from Dallas, an hour's drive. We went there together and reached the sight. It was a very nice site, flat, black soil, 2-3 houses on the adjacent lands, sharing a common border on both sides. It was just on the county road, a couple of miles from the highway, and close to a beautiful town known as Commer. It was in area more than ten acres and the total payment for the land was \$12,000 over thirty years, nearly \$110 per month.

We wanted to see some more pieces of land. So, continuously for three days we went on searching the area for four to five hours daily. But the first piece of land we saw was the best. We did not like to waste our time. We discussed with Ravi Batra about the possibility of buying this land. But he was of the opinion to buy near Dallas. We tried without any progress. It was very expensive and I did not like to give any economic burden to Ravi as he has already been carrying a heavy load of responsibilities of Washington PU Office. But there was no one except him in Dallas to think of it. I spent eight more days, and on the last day Dada Divyajyoti came. I had already

decided on the first piece of land. The money for the purchasing procedures was going to involve nearly \$6000.

It was Sunday. I informed Dhyanesh about my visiting him on Sunday evening at *dharmacakra*. He informed some more Margis and other friends to come over to his house. When I started with Dada Rasadeva to Austin, a heavy rain started pouring down all the way to Austin. We reached Dhyanesh's house at 7:30 p.m. Three old Margis who I had met at the Ananda Kanan Retreat were there. We had a nice *dharmacakra*. I was asked to say something about my experiences in Ananda Marga. I told them what I had in my mind that time about my real experiences in my early Margi life. They felt very inspired.

Then after *dharmacakra* we discussed for 20 to 30 minutes about the Master Unit. I explained to them about money, and that the beginning expenditure would not exceed more than \$1000. The land was cheap, in a good township, and only an hour's drive from Dallas. Dhyanesh was really hundred percent ready, and I was inspired myself to see his devotion and love for **BABA**. He has an Indian wife, Yamva, and three small girls. Next day he took me to the University to introduce me to some of the boys who might be interested in yoga. He used to give yoga classes. I went with him. I sat in a vacant room in peace and did my meditation there. After one hour, he came to call me to give a lecture on yoga to his newcomers. I gave a very short talk on yoga and they were very happy to see an Indian monk in saffron among them.

After the meeting was over, I met brother Ashok. We were listing the names of Margis for contribution for the Master Unit. Dhyanesh asked Ashok for a minimum

donation of \$100. I was with Dhyanesh. He told him it does not matter. He was going to give \$500. It was something I did not even think of. I realized only **BABA** was doing His work Himself. I had come here just as a medium, and He was doing all by His sweet will. I thanked the Lord mentally, and got so much excited as we now were going to get the Master Unit without fail. I came home, did meditation, and had dinner with Dhyanesh and his family. In the same night at 1:00 am, I left for Dallas, as in the morning at 10 a.m., I was getting a ride to Ananda Kanan from a Margi couple.

I came early in the morning at 7:00 a.m. to our Dallas *jagriti*. I explained to Dada Divyajyoti about the money, and that he could submit Ananda Marga papers to the Veteran Board Inn for Registration of land by paying only \$1000. He did all the paper work and it took only ten/twelve days to finish the legal aspects of the purchase. Just in time on the 18th, after ten days of my tour to Dallas, I came back to Ananda Kanan and conveyed the news to the Sectorial Secretary's office in New York and to Dada Shamitanandji. They were all excited to know how all of this happened within ten days. I was knowing that He alone had done His work. Later on in September Dada Shamitanandji went to India and he personally conveyed to **BABA** all about the development of the Master Unit. All the remaining regions were covered, except Boston region. Thus, after Canada, Guatemala and Mexico *jagritis*, it was my fourth adventure to struggle and acquire a Master Unit by His grace.



## CHAPTER 58

### My Garden Products Please BABA

I like gardening, especially vegetables and flowers and herbs. When I was in Ananda Kanan and in Canada, I did it in a very beautiful way. I was extremely happy to send some of the produce of the garden to **BABA**, and **BABA** liked them.

This time when I came to Ananda Kanan (USA) on **May 6th, 1990**, I did not see anything except bushes and grassy land. I knew that I would be staying for some time, as my posting was stationary. Also it is my nature to be independent or self-sufficient for something which I can do to help myself. I saw some gardening equipment lying here and there. I needed only a hoe and a small scoop. I selected a piece of land behind the big kitchen. The tractor was out of order. Only my will and hands were in good condition. It was just on the 7th of **May 1990**, that I started digging the land for many days regularly in a small area. It was very hard and rocky. Tall grass was everywhere. I cleared an area of 20 x 20 feet square feet and then requested one dada to bring me some plants of tomatoes and green chilies, cabbage and broccoli. Also I prepared the ground for the occasion. He was kind enough to bring me cabbage, broccoli, chilies and tomatoes. In May after the ground was ready, I planted them, and then regularly I had to water them and do weeding.

At first they did not respond very well. So I started putting ashes on their roots in small quantities. Slowly and gradually they started spreading their roots in the ground. I started nurturing them like small children. Then there was a constant rain for many days. They could survive. But, all the okra seeds died in the ground. I do not know yet why. After a week, I read in the newspaper that 32% of the Missouri farmers' seeds rotted in the ground due to heavy rain for many days. After some time at the end of June, I saw some flowers, tomatoes and chilies, although according to local people I was late in planting them.

On another piece of land again I started, on the other side of the blueberry garden. It was a very hard struggle as there were a lot of stones in the ground. In June Dada Jitadevanandji and I ploughed the land on the other side, so it made preparation of the ground easy for vegetables. I started planting green beans, butter beans, green and hot chilies, eggplant and cucumber. Also I planted bitter gourd, as both Vimala (the wife of Sudhir) and I liked bitter gourd. It is she who gave me the seeds of bitter gourd. I planted them at two sites, one next to the blueberries and the other by the side of the first dormitory in the flower garden. The constant high temperature and heat did not allow them to grow easily because of lack of moisture in the soil. Also the soil was so hard that it could not hold their roots inside nicely. I used to give them water; but sometimes I could not give enough water to them, as I had to constantly give water to the blueberry plants.

But thank Lord, after some months some rain finally saturated them. They became green, and beans started growing. It was a single row of a dozen trees. In

August, we harvested the beans very often in small quantities for our kitchen purposes, as well as cucumber for a month or so; cabbage and broccoli also gave a good response until now. Green chilies, hot chilies and tomatoes were also being produced. I froze more than 20 pounds of tomatoes and chilies (green), as every day we were getting vegetables from the garden. My eggplants were very responsive, as was the bitter gourd. We were always getting fresh vegetables.

Finally I sent some of the vegetables from the garden to **BABA**. Dada Shamitanandji took them with him. When **BABA** saw the thin long blue beautiful eggplants and long green chilies in flat and oval shapes, He was equally happy. I had sent hot chilies too with other vegetables. I heard that **BABA's** PA, Dada Keshavanandji had it cooked for **BABA's** meal, and **BABA** was very much satisfied. I was informed by Dada and Sectorial Master Unit Secretary by letter about the happiness of **BABA** for my small garden products. I have been giving the garden products to the Margis visiting me sometimes. Now I am also drying herbs for tea and medicine, for all those who need and want to have them.

## CHAPTER 59

### Spiritual Experiences

Whenever I dreamed or dream of **BABA**, it became or it becomes the divine dream. Many times in my life I have had such dreams. In that state of divine consciousness, the mind does not stay with organs, rather it floats into the ocean of bliss. That blissful state has no physical resistance. The breathing rhythm becomes smooth and goes in the pulsative state of *Ista mantra*. It means in that state whenever I dreamt of **BABA** my breath was flowing, but it was not an ordinary breath. It was only the rhythm of *Ista mantra*. I do not know how long my mind remained in that state of bliss. Only when I woke up, found myself in delightful mood, and furthermore, my *mantra* was going on instantaneously, and automatically

Many times during *sadhana* also, the mind gets detached from the body. Then too, as when waking up after **BABA**'s dream, my mind did not like to come down on the plane of physical consciousness. But the force of *samskaras* after a few minutes brought it back and then I became very normal again. I felt heaviness of my body, unlike before when I felt very light. All my hairs would stand on end, expressing the feeling of exaltation. Simply I cannot say how blissful I feel in that state of higher Cosmic Consciousness. Such experiences are always felt

every now and then by me and many Margis brothers and sisters everywhere.

So it is good to go to bed after half bath with light stomach, and sleep in the ideation of **BABA**, repeating *ista mantra*. It makes the mind free from all worldly influence and gives the experience of divine consciousness, of real peace and of real bliss.

Once when I was in Bangalore in 1965 or 1966. I was doing my evening meditation in a temple of Viranna Ashram. I was alone at that time. After 4:00 or 5:00 am, I used to do *sadhana* until 6:00 or 7:00 a.m. Ananda Marga was given one room in that temple, the first center of Ananda Marga in Karnataka.

While I was in meditation, my mind started rising up and up. I was knowing at the same time how my mind was getting detached from my lower physical body and converging up in my spinal channel. The more it was going up, the senses were becoming weak. At one stage, then, there was only the flow of mind, which I was feeling, but through the body. I was very straight automatically, and my breath was merged into the rhythm of *Ista mantra*. I was like that for quite a good time, enjoying cosmic bliss in my higher level of consciousness.

But, one strange thing I realized afterward. My whole body felt heavy. I wanted to shake my leg and I could not do so. It was like an elephant's weight and it remained for a few minutes. Slowly slowly my mind started sliding down to the level of relative consciousness. Then I again started experiencing everything on the material plane. My organs got back their lost life. The mental energy started flowing through every cell, and it felt quite different. Then I was realizing the feeling of

higher states of mind, in the stage of cosmic happiness and bliss.

Many times in the past I have heard the sweet and gentle sound of the drum. Even in Ananda Kanan, it is very common to listen to it. First, it started in Africa, so far as I remember and then continued everywhere, especially in my morning meditation. When it started first, I was confused and misunderstood, thinking that the drum beating sound came from some place. But later on, I confirmed that this was not the case and it became a regular phenomenon. Generally when my mind gets concentrated depth, I start getting the sound from my left ear.

When I hear it, it seems that somebody is playing the drum very far from my existence, and the very slow and sweet rhythmic sounds are touching my mind through the ear. It remains for sometimes. Again I forget it, and then it becomes slowly, and slowly a bit louder, but never so loud to hear as if it came from around me. I have heard about such experiences in the life of Margis and other *sadhakas*. The great saint and spiritualist, Kaviira of the sixteenth century had mentioned about the hearing of the drum sound in *anahat cakra* ceaselessly.

Many times in *sadhana* or in wakeful state of mind, early in the morning, suddenly I started visualizing blue pearls and sometimes dark blue pearls. I was gazing at them in my mental eyes for many minutes. They appeared and again disappeared. I do not know much about this vision, but I have read about this in the spiritual biography of Ac. Muktananda.

While doing meditation, many times it has happened that I smell the beautiful scent of incense.

Sometimes I become confused and get up to know if someone is really burning any incense. But then I did not find any around me and realized that it may be my own experience of *sadhana*. It was not very frequent and very occasional.

Many times, **BABA** has explained about such common happenings on the path of *sadhana*, and said that one should not understand these feelings or experiences as the goal of *sadhana*. He has said all these phenomena are the dust of the earth. I never gave any importance, nor do I do so now. The only goal of life is to please *Parama Purusa*, Lord, the living God, called Guru, with body, mind and spirit. All gains and achievements are of no value if love is not generated and humanity is not served. So, by serving Guru, one can get God and everything. So it is said,

*"Dhyan mulam' gurumurti  
Puja mulam' guru padam  
Mantra mulam' guru va'kyam  
Moks'amulam' Guru krpa'.*

**Guru's form is the only subject of meditation.  
His lotus feet are the subject of adoration.  
His word is the mantra, and  
By His grace alone, one can get liberation and  
salvation.**

## CHAPTER 60

### I Sang a Song For Him

I used to compose songs and poetry from my very childhood. When I got initiation, the latent fountain of devotion and love for the Unknown started flowing from within. I did not know my Guru or was told almost nothing about Him. After a month, I composed a song on **BABA**. In India, **BABA** is a well known term. Lord Shiva is ever known as **BABA** and so are saints, the father or grandfather. All are addressed as **BABA**.

The song which I composed after my initiation was the song of surrender. The song of devotion. Even in my very childhood, cinema songs did not dominate my mind although I had the easiest way of viewing any cinema at the nearest proximity of twenty or thirty minutes. My parents' house was by Bhagwanpur Railway Station, only twenty minutes from Hasipor or thirty minutes from Muzaffarpur.

Anyhow, in our magazines, many Hindi songs and posters were composed and printed, also in Canada, Ghana or Ananda Pus'pa, Ananda Manjari, etc. Whenever DMC was held in Ranchi, I used to sing my compositions for **BABA**. But I did not know if **BABA** liked it or not.

When I went out of India, to Africa, there also I use to compose and send sometimes my compositions to *Ananda Loka* or *Projina Bharati*.



Once in 1979, when **BABA** came to Bombay from His overseas tour, I also arrived a bit earlier, and **BABA** was in the house of Sectorial Secretary Goenka. After the review of organizational work, **BABA** called me and asked, "Do you compose nowadays or not?"

"Yes, **BABA!**" I said, "Sometimes, I do.

"What is your latest composition?"

I said to Him, "I do not have my articles with me, they may be somewhere in Africa in my office.

He insisted to me that "No, you must search in your diary. I want to listen to one, just now." I went hurriedly to my room and started searching if I had any composition. I found one and ran to **BABA** again. I told Him, "Yes, **BABA**, I have one."

"Good. You sing for me," He expressed to me in jolly mood. Then I started. I could not remember all the songs in Hindi, but again it was on devotion and love for the Lord. I remember the meaning of the first line, "If one has love and devotion for the Lord, the Lord will certainly bless him/her, anytime, anywhere." I saw Him in very deep and thoughtful mood. In the end, He appreciated me much and encouraged me to write more.

Once again He called me to listen to some of my songs. He told me to write on exposing dogmas. I wrote and sang for Him. He was happy and it made me very happy. Thus, He encourages all of His children to express their feelings before Him. Later on, in 1983, He exposed Himself as the greatest artist and musician, songwriter, poet, story writer and dramatist, by presenting a new flow and direction in the field of art, by composing **Prabhat Samgiit**, more than 5000 songs of the New Dawn.

## CHAPTER 61

### An Intuitional Expression in Sweden

It was May-June of 1984. I was in Sweden for some time in the training center with Dada Dhruvananda Avt. While I was there, Ac. Hiranmayananda Avt. also came to examine the trainees. One more dada, Ac. Citibodhananda, came for a few days on his tour. Thus we were four dadas together and living very happily in the training center. Once a very strange thing happened. Dada Hiranmayananda had a book on palmistry and signature writings, which tells or foretells about the person's character and many details.

He asked me if I know how by the hand writing of persons one can tell something about them. I told him that I know nothing much about such things. But I had a chance to see one book like that in India while I was in jail during Emergency, and just for five minutes I had looked at the book. I had made a little study about palmistry too. We all four got together and started discussing and expressing our knowledge on the subject. Dada Hiranmayanandaji was just reading the book and trying to learn more about the truth of some predictions of many prominent people. I am very close to him and he is very dear to me. He started insisting to me more and more to express something about a person's writing. I did not know what to do.

Then unknowingly, by the way, I told him, "Yes, you give me the signature or a few lines of writing of any person you know, without telling me his/her name." He just then put before me the signature of a person. I saw it for five minutes. Then I started telling about the person. It took me more than half an hour to tell about the signature of that unknown person.

He wondered and wondered as according to him, I told ninety percent truth about that person. He did not tell me the name of that person. This created a strong interest in the minds of Dada Dhruvananda and Citibodhananda. Dada Hiranmayanandji could not resist putting before me another name of an unknown person in the form of an earlier signature. I started talking about that person, and in the same way he accepted the truth which I conveyed to him about the signature. Now, he put before me two different signatures without letting me know about the signature, and I told much about him in a different way. He was wonderstruck to know how I knew so much.

Now Hiranmayanandji and Citibodhanandji put before me their own writings unknown to me. Again I told in detail about them. It took me about two to three hours. Afterwards, I stopped suddenly with the request that I will not tell anything anymore. I felt very exhausted, but I did not express this to them. Dada Dhruvanandji went to take class at Didi's place. He told them about my knowledge of handwriting reading. They all wanted to know about this. I requested them very pointedly that I knew not much and actually Dada knew more than me. But the truth was and is very simple. I knew nothing and still do not know anything about prediction and foretelling.

The spiritual goal of life is to love the Lord and serve His creation in His ideation. I had no desire to acquire any occult powers, nor have I any interest now. That was a sudden instant occasion to express and I do not know how I did it. But it was not fine for me. I felt very sad and empty for many months. Again the same dadas a few times requested me to tell something about the handwriting reading, and I did not do it again. That was my first intuitional expression and then I forgot everything. That too is **BABA's** grace!

## CHAPTER 62

### BABA's Mahaprayan

It was **October 21, 1990**, Sunday, 11:00 a.m. in Ananda Kanan, Missouri, USA. I was with other dadas busy in organizational work. Suddenly a call came on the phone from Germany. Dada Shamitanandji took the phone. It was just the news of great grief. "**BABA** is in *Mahasamadhi* - deep sleep with no response of pulse in His body." Dada gave us this unusual, unbelievable news in our ears. He sat at the phone and started calling again to India. The news was confirmed about His *Mahasamadhi*, and we were told to inform the whole sector about this without any delay. I was sitting in meditation without concentration, thinking about my beloved **BABA**. "Really, He is no more! Will He go, without saying any word to us? Shall I believe this?" Once again, the telephone rang from my room, a call from India. It was the third confirmation about His departure.

In a second, my body in meditation received a strong spiritual vibration, storming me left and right. A very loud sound was gushing from my mouth - "**BABA** Ho! **BABA** Ho! (O, my beloved **BABA**, O my beloved **BABA**!)" A constant flow of tears was springing from the depths of my heart, meeting my feet. I was twisting myself around in my seat and feeling to fly in the sky. I was pressing my will force to balance myself, as I was also having my consciousness as to what is happening in me.

But, it was very uncontrollable. After some time, I lay down and slept for awhile.

I was feeling, "He is ever living. His physical departure does not mean the death of His eternal being. He was ever with us, so He will be ever with us. He is not a body. He is that immortal spirit, which is ever living. He has given us a Mission of the Cosmic Society and bestowed the path of love and service to the entire mankind. He does His work in different ways. He was helping us and blessing us in His physical body all the time. Now, He has broken that physical unity, just to help us more effectively in spirit. Who knows - His physical absence can constitute a very deep divine edifice of Cosmic Society within a range of time, beyond human calculation and imagination.

**How come You went away  
With no words, on Your way?**

**Why You thought of this,  
To put me in a great risk?.  
It was hard, very hard to believe  
That You were going soon to leave.**

**You left me in tears,  
In sorrow and fears.  
I don't know how to say -  
How can I live without You,  
Enjoy and play?**

**Tell me, tell me! Break Your silence!  
Open Your eyes, express Your smile.  
I am waiting and will be waiting**

**For Your sweet reply.  
In my heart, You will say,  
And I will then obey.**

Everything with **BABA** and His mission, and His dedicated children occurs as per his plan. **BABA** took His physical form away from our beholding, as per His wish, as I found out from the experience of Acarya Aksayanandji with **BABA**. In 1979, when we purchased a house in the Lake Gardens locality of Calcutta for **BABA**'s residence, Aksayanandji expressed to **BABA** that we should have a bigger property with a garden around the house for **BABA** to walk in the fresh air. **BABA** then made him sit in *siddhasana*, touched his *ajina cakra*, and asked him what he was seeing.

Aksayanandji told **BABA** that he saw a big house (with two parts, eastern and western) surrounded by beautiful trees and plants. He saw **BABA** walking under the trees along a narrow path. He saw so many *dadas* and *didis* in the front room of the eastern wing. When **BABA** asked him to go inside and open the door to a room, He saw **BABA** lying on a bed. Then **BABA** asked him to go upstairs, and he saw a marriage ceremony being performed. Then **BABA** asked him to again go inside the house later in time, and describe what he saw. Aksayanandji said that he saw that all the *dadas* and *didis* were weeping and nobody was replying to him. **BABA** told Aksayanandji to keep this spiritual demonstration to himself for the time being, and to go do *sadhana*.

Years later, in September 1990, when **BABA** came out from the hospital, He asked Aksayanandji to say something. He told **BABA** that what He had shown by demonstration, had now come true exactly. He could

verify all the features of the house, even the fountain and the lift. **BABA** said to him that he was forgetting one feature and that he should try and recollect it. Aksayanandji could not recollect it, whereupon **BABA** told him that when the time comes, he would remember it, and said:

**"Whatever happens, I planned long before; whenever I take a *samkalpa*, that must happen, no one can stop it".**

The next month **BABA** removed Himself physically from our presence. A few weeks later, Aksayanandji went to Madras to conduct *sadhana shivir*. As he gave a talk about **BABA**, he suddenly remembered the missing element of his vision that **BABA** had referred to. Yes, after **BABA's Mahaprayan**, all the dadas, didis and Margis just wept and wept in **BABA's** house. We spoke little, and just looked at each other and wept. **The dream had become a reality.**



## CHAPTER 63

### I Think of Him - My BABA

I think of Him because He thinks of me. He brought me here, in the vast universal projection from His eternal and sweet self. Now, I am there around Him in the circle of love, ever in Him. How can I forget Him?

In the whirling current of the Ganges River, I went to bathe. I was a tiny child then; my tender legs could not stand firmly on the bottom. I fell flat on the swift wavy bed. He again lifted me up then in His sweet arms, on to the bank. He gave me love. How can I forget Him? I think of Him.

When once there was a storm of confusion in me, and there was an explosion of affliction at the same time, when I was sinking in the sea of sorrow, then He appeared, my sweet savior, my sweet self, my most beloved, my nearest soul; how can I forget Him? I think only of Him.

In the world of ignorance, when I had to take the blows of brutality, the onslaughts of humiliation, I did not know what to do. Then He made me resilient; He equipped me with the weapon of love, mercy and grace. He made me smile, laugh and move inward towards Him.

In the solitude of serenity, I went for Him on the top of the mountain. I saw the flaming volcano, erupting lava and stones, day and night. I sat in deep meditation and the burning mountain became calm. When I opened my eyes, the twilight was evenly surrounding me. Then I started rolling like a piece of stone down from the top. My eyes were open. He was there in my mind, in my spirit. At the foot of the mountain, a tall tree struck me with a small bruise and a gentle hurt. Even in misery, He thinks of me. How can I forget Him? I think of Him.

On the sandy shore of the sea, when the full moon was playing hide and seek in the sky with white clouds, I was there in His thought, in His ideation, going deep in His beauty. Still I remember the dancing waves of the ocean, reflecting that smiling full moon in its heart. He was filling my empty heart with the nectar of eternal joy and happiness. Was it not a divine benediction of His unto me? I cannot forget it, so I think of Him.

In the deep silence of dense forest, a gentle wind was blowing with charming fragrance. The evening sun was glowing red on the western horizon. The thrilling joy of His sweet memory held me up in the world of divine consciousness. I was there in Him and He waited long for me. How can I forget this? So, I think of Him.

I had a longing to sing a song for Him, but I was shy. I did not know how to sing for Him. He came to me during evening meditation. I was lost in the lake of love. When I opened my eyes, an effulgent sweet light appeared. I heard a sound: "You sing so well." How can I forget this? So, I think of Him.

In the green valley of spring, when the earth was smiling, amongst countless blooming flowers and buzzing bees, my whole existence was in mirth. I was in a flow of bliss without beginning, without end. I know it was not my achievement but His sweet grace, His divine wish. How can I forget it? I must think of Him.

I saw You laughing  
    in sweet smiles,  
I saw You talking  
    in wonderful style.

You went hundreds of times  
Straight within my mind.  
You loved me and kissed me,  
O Lord of tranquility

I saw You laughing  
    in sweet smiles,  
I saw You talking  
    in wonderful style.

I miss You, I miss You  
Where have You gone?  
Will You come back soon,  
In my heart's tomb?

I saw You laughing  
    in sweet smiles,  
I saw You talking  
    in wonderful style.

**The End**

## THE COSMIC WILL

*Who can fathom,  
The depth of the cosmic will,  
Neither you, nor I  
When the wind of His grace blows  
It lifts you so high.*

*Then you dance  
In Divine Ecstasy  
You enjoy, the nectar of bliss,  
In cosmic love you live  
In cosmic love you die.*

*Ac. Shantatmananda Avt.*