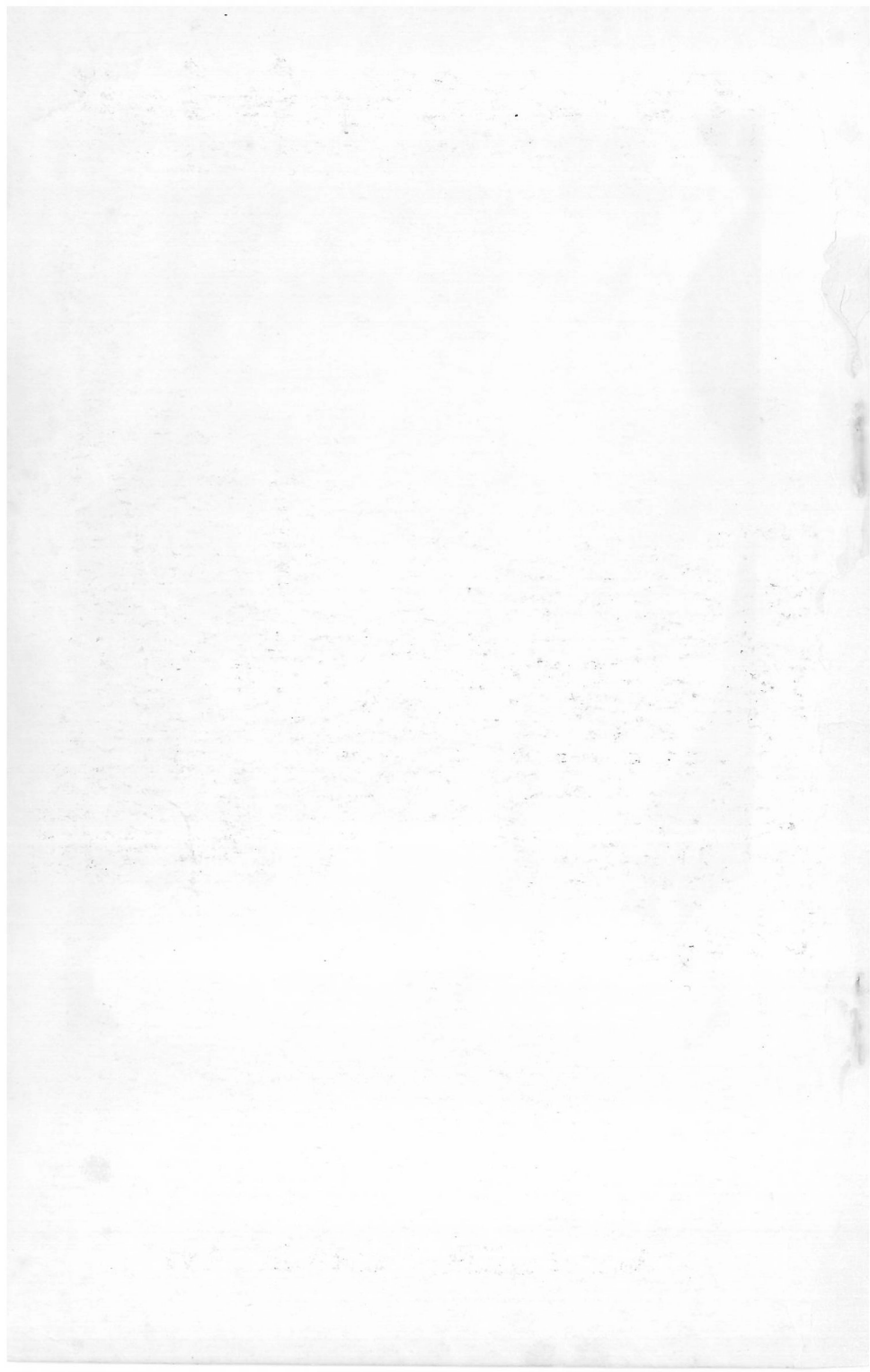


Shradhainjali



Ac. Tadbhavananda Avt.





Shrii Prabhat Rainjan Sarkar

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Shradhainjali

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Dedicated to my Baba

*Who has been,
is,
and will always remain
my commanding Guide
and loving Father*

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Preface

Time is passing and it seems that You are going away from me. Out of sight, out of mind, as the saying goes. But it is not like that. I recollect and remember Your royal walking, mystical smile, the melody of Your gestures and expressions.

I always feel that You are near to me. The deep, sweet, expanding pain of the separation from You, which You have given me as a grace after Your great departure is indeed very costly, because I have lost You.

Let me feel Your presence in every moment in the form of this pain. You are my Guru, Philosopher, commanding Guide and loving Father. Your every memory makes me vibrant and joyous, and I hold it as my most precious treasure.

Once I was talking with Keshavanadji, P.A. of Baba, regarding Baba's habit of lying on the floor, just on the spot where all the workers were standing to bring their good news to Him. P.A. told me that he was previously waiting for the right moment to ask Baba about His lying on the floor, when one day Baba Himself called him and said "You see, Keshavananda, one should usually sleep where maximum people are walking, because this habit will not allow the perverted ego to grow.", while pointing with His finger towards the place on the floor where He used to lie.

Baba's explanation was sweet and touching. A story which I heard many years ago comes to my mind.

When Lord Krsna had a severe headache, Narada, His great devotee, engaged many doctors to treat Him, but Krsna's pain was not subsiding. Once, out of worry, Narada said to Krsna: "My Lord, my every effort to help you is a complete failure. Now You please tell me what I have to do." Krsna said "Narada, if you will apply on my forehead the dust from the feet of one of my devotees, I will be alright." Narada was perplexed, and looking around and was wondering who will dare to give the dust of one's feet to be smeared on the forehead of Krsna." He started travelling far and wide to find the persons to give him their feet dust. Narada was depressed in finding that everybody refused. Everybody was afraid that putting one's feet dust on the forehead of Lord Krsna would make Him feel insulted and punish them severely for their offence.

Krsna then directed him to go to Vrindavan to see if there were any devotees ready to give their feet dust for His forehead. According to the directions of Krsna, Narada with a heavy mind went to Vrindavan. As soon as he reached there he was surrounded by devotees of Krsna, asking him in a cheerful mood the news about their beloved Krsna. He was hesitating, but they were pressing him to tell them about Krsna.

He said "I am sorry to give you bad news, but Lord Krsna is sick. We have tried every possible remedy to cure Him, but He is not recovering His health. He has now expressed one wish, which, if fulfilled, will make Him right." The devotees started impatiently asking him what was Krsna's wish. Narada, still hesitating, told them that Krsna had said that His pain will go away when the dust from the feet of one of His devotees will be put on His forehead.

The devotees replied "Only this much?", and immediately

collected some dust from their feet. Then they gave the dust to Narada, telling him "Dear Narada, we don't know if we are His devotees or not. But if there is at least one devotee among us then our beloved Krsna will be cured, which is our only desire." Narada was stunned at their devotion and sincerity. They were saying "We are simple people. We do not know if our action will bring us to hell or paradise, but we want to do everything to make our Lord happy. Narada, you are also His devotee, but you are rationalizing, and your confused thinking is not allowing you to see this simple truth."

Narada went back with the precious dust, admiring their devotion for the Lord, without caring for their own benefit.

As soon as that dust was put on His forehead, Lord Krsna became completely alright. Then Krsna said to Narada "You are also my devotee, but you are rationalizing, while my Vrindavan's devotees thought only about my welfare." Krsna said "Narada, have undivided love for the Lord, without any mental speculation."

Lord is always for the devotees, and they should give Him undivided love, devotion and sacrifice, without any mental speculation.

Actually I was not inclined to give book form to my most loving experiences with Baba. I wanted to keep them in the innermost core of my heart, without any expression.

Today Baba's physical departure has generated in me the wish to offer Him my loving memory of His company, in the form of a book, as a Shradhainjali. I have collected the bits bits of my most loving moments with Baba and have tried to prepare them as a garland to offer to Him. I have written this book on trains from Calcutta to Ranchi, Ranchi to Benares, Benares to

Delhi, and on the plane to Stockholom. Wherever I could get an aloof and isolated place. I have worked for twenty days in every possible moment, with the ideation that this book should come out by the coming DMS at Ananda Nagar on the New Year's day of 1991.

The first four chapters narrate the great physical departure of Baba. The fifth deals with the Sadhana Shivar I conducted in Ranchi and Varanasi in the immediate aftermath of the departure. The sixth chapter deals with my experiences with Baba in India, and the seventh with my experiences in western countries. The eighth chapter is a brief story of the evolution of Ananda Marga and shows P.R. Sarkar emerging as the leader of the new renaissance. The last chapter is on our mission.

I am very thankful to brother Lokesh from Italy, who has worked with me day and night to bring out this book within a short span of time. His untiring efforts made this project successful. I am also thankful to brother Harsha who has greatly helped us in the technical realization of the book.

Finally, my profound sastang pranam to my Guru, whose deep, elevating compassion and love has inspired me write this book.

I offer this book at His lotus feet.

Author

Baba's Physical Departure

Along with other Scandinavian Margiis and students of the Wholetimer Training Centre in Sweden, I was at the Training Centre participating at Dipavali Celebration, from 15 October to 19 October 1990. The principal of the Institution, Ac. Dhruvanandaji had decided to conduct Akhanda Kiirtan for those five days. The high order of spiritual vibrations of Akhanda Kiirtan in the Training Centre was unfolding our minds and hearts. I was feeling these high spiritual vibrations were working just like a dispelling force, removing the dark clouds hovering over the sky. The sun was playing hide and seek, and by this very hide and seek behind the dark clouds it was reflecting its shining rays everywhere, increasing the beauty of the place.

In this blissful atmosphere my mind was clinging to the past Calcutta Dipavali Celebration, during which Baba traditionally used to give General Darshan ending with Varabhaya Mudra (spiritual blessing). I had so much longing for the physical presence of Baba at this moment, but my limitations were bringing me back to my little world.

On October 19, 1990, I could not remain without telephoning General Secretary (Acarya Sarvatmananda Avt.) to ask him about Baba and His blissful performance in Dipavali Festival. By Lord's Grace, my first dialing got connection with the General Secretary, and he conveyed me with throbbing joy the news about Dipavali's graceful and blissful General Darshan

of Baba. He said that he had never seen such a long and blissful Varabhaya Mudra for three consecutive days, that is Vija Dashmi, Maha Dashmi and Dipavali. G.S. explained that everybody in the huge gathering of Dipavali was crying in joy and dancing in spiritual ecstasy. The whole blissful scene was inexpressible. I became very jealous during this conversation, listening about Baba's blissful performance.

Then I started pondering over the G.S.'s narration and a sweet moment of 1979 with Baba flashed into my mind. It was during one DMC at Bhagalpur, a town of Bihar state in India. According to the system the P.A. (Personal Assistant) would interview the workers and then send them to Baba's room to report the good news. Sometimes Baba Himself would give the P.A. the names of the persons to come in His room and tell the good news. On the spiritual level this was Baba's devotional way to bring maximum persons to His contact.

Fortunately on that day I got the opportunity to go inside Baba's room to tell Him the good news. As soon as I entered Baba's room, He said in a sweet voice "Come near to me" and then started talking about the purpose of human life. His talk was so deep and mystical that the atmosphere in the room became spiritually surcharged.

He explained that when people think in terms of sensual gratification they will take birth in affluent countries to express their senses. After some time, when their lives become monotonous from sensuality, then abruptly a tremendous spiritual current grows in them and they start longing for emancipation and liberation, until they come in contact of Taraka Brahma and their lives become blissful. The whole atmosphere was thrilling and Baba's penetrating eyes were reaching far

beyond my little world.

The memory of this very incident made me wondering why had Baba kept me away; perhaps I was a sinner. The days of the separation were so deeply painful for my heart that they were taking me towards some sort of renunciation. After Dipavali I was very calm, introversal; perhaps the Akhanda Kiirtan was having a multidimensional effect on me. In this mood, a frequent question was coming in my mind: what is the purpose of life and its end?

While in this abstract thinking I had very good Satsang with Acarya Dhruvanandaji, the principal of WTT Centre in Sweden. Our whole Satsang was around Baba and His relation with His disciples. The past lovely spiritual moments with Baba would make us sobbing.

It was October 21 at 7 pm when the telephone started ringing. We were so absorbed in Satsang that we were ignoring it, but finally I was forced to answer to the continuous ringing. I picked it up and heard Krtashivanandaji tremendously weeping. With a perplexed mind I asked "What happened to you?", but instead of replying he was going on weeping. Again I asked: "What is the matter?" and then he said crying that our Baba is no more.

These words made me very aggressive and I replied "You are talking nonsense!", as it was unthinkable that our Baba would leave his physical body in such an unexpected way. I could not bear the shock of such unprecedented news and threw the telephone down, saying that I could not believe that. As I was acting bewildered, Dhruvanandaji immediately took the telephone and started talking. Indeed he could not refrain from weeping. We started weeping and crying just like babies as we became orphans. Dhruvanandaji in his weeping talk was

very aggressively saying that Baba cannot leave like this and he also threw the telephone down. We were just rolling like a fish without water. This situation continued for some time and then the telephone started ringing again.

There were calls coming from USA, Africa, and South America seeking confirmation about Baba's physical departure. In this confused situation we could not reply in a definite way. Moreover, in our overwhelmed mind we had resolved that Baba had not left His physical body, rather He had gone in Mahasamadhi and would come back very soon. We started replying the callers with confidence that although we have heard that Baba has left His physical body, we don't agree on this point. Baba will come back.

Our explanation was shared and accepted by other workers and Margiis. Baba would never leave His body so soon in this critical phase of organizational multidimensional growth in different parts of the world. Countless Philippino, European, American, South American and Australian Margiis were waiting for the day when Baba would visit their homelands, their jagrti and Master Units.

How can Baba leave His physical body and His devotees? My wavering, scattered, perplexed and deeply shocked mind was not sticking to any logic, rather I was becoming more restless to know and to see the fact personally. In my mind there was also another question, that is why would Baba leave before the final implementation of His mission.

We were not prepared to the physical departure of Baba at this juncture, fully engaged in expanding His mission with the sole inspiration of Baba's physical presence. We all workers and Margiis have been working in the organization in various

capacities with carefree, totally depending on Baba.

He indeed made us dependent on Him, because of His supreme love and devotional care. I started feeling: who will love me and who will point out my errors and mistakes? My mind goes back and remembers so many beautiful spiritual events with Baba. Here I pick up two incidents to show how Baba was loving me and pointing out our errors for our all-round betterment.

In the early 1969, there was DMC at Bhagalpur. At 6 pm we were three workers in front of Baba's room. P.A. was inside Baba's room while outside we were discussing and preparing to ask permission from P.A. to meet Baba or to have PC (personal contact) and tell Him some good news.

Our discussion was going on when P.A. came out from Baba's room. We all started placing our request to him to allow one of us to go inside Baba's room to tell Him good news. P.A. briefly interviewed us to assess our capacity to tell good news and to satisfy Baba. P.A. then returned inside the room to obtain permission for one of us whom he had already selected in his mind.

With devotion and surrender I was praying Baba to favor me with the chance to tell Him the good news, otherwise the whole arranged chain of news in my mind would go away. I was really sincerely praying and at the same time Baba was internally responding me and I was confident to get the chance to tell good news to Baba.

After ten minutes P.A. came out and directed me to go inside as Baba has approved my name to tell good news. When I was entering the room, P.A. directed me, raising his finger, not to make Baba angry in any way, and my reply to his

dictating gesture was: "Please don't worry, I will work out with Baba."

As soon as I entered in Baba's room, He repeatedly called me to go nearer to Him, but I was maintaining an artificial distance with the idea that Guru is great and holy, while we are under limitations, so one should maintain distance. Guru possesses macropsychic cognitive faculty and we are under limitation. This very inferiority complex created or imposed by religious dogma has indeed created great obstacles in my spiritual life.

I was praying: "Oh Baba, You know my spiritual impediments". Baba was seeing my problems with his macropsychic eyes. Baba said in a sweet voice: "Come and sit with me", on His sofa. I was shocked and perplexed! How can I sit besides my Guru, on the place which is for Him only. The flow of love emanating from His penetrating eyes took away my fears. Those fears and inferiority complexes I have been carrying for lifetimes together.

Baba told me that I should do more Dhyān and sing different spiritual songs (at that time Prabhat Samgit was yet to come). I was simply shaking my head as if I was responding him freely, but actually I was in a blissful mood. He enquired about the welfare of different Margiis. I replied something, though I really do not know what I was saying. My deputation inside Baba's room with the purpose to serve Him and to tell Him good news was completely reversed. I was sitting with Baba just like a mini-Guru. I remember one story:

There was one guru with a disciple. The disciple was very devoted to his guru. He used to wash his clothes, clean his room, prepare his food and feed him in a very devotional way and then finally offer him to smoke *ganja*. After completing

everything, the guru would come down from his sitting place and beat his disciple maximum. This went on for years together.

One day the disciple was completely fed up and he felt like teaching a good lesson to his guru. He was feeling that, after serving his guru in every respect, instead of getting love from his side, he got only beating, so that once, out of reaction, he prepared food nicely, did not offer anything to the guru and started eating himself; then he prepared the *ganja*, which also he did not offer to the guru, with the intention to teach him a good lesson about his behavior with him during so many years. The guru was seeing the internal resentment of his disciple but he sincerely wanted to liberate him. He got up from his place and lovingly caught his disciple's hand and directed him to sit with himself on his bed.

The disciple was completely shocked and surprised at the effect of his action on the guru. He humbly asked the guru: "Why are you so liberal and blissful to shower your love and grace on me now that I rejected and stopped all daily services to you? Instead of punishing my offense you are showering such sweet love?" The guru said, in a deep and penetrating voice:

"My boy, in the previous years I was beating you continuously because you were entertaining inferiority complexes and thereby differentiating between guru and disciple, which was indeed detrimental for your spiritual progress. My beating brought you to this point that there is no difference between me and you and the dark curtain of maya has gone away from your passive thinking. Now today you are free. Sit now with me and then leave my ashram, travel everywhere and from now on disseminate the values of Dharma."

The same thing I felt when I was sitting with Baba. My fear complexes, my inferiority complexes had been swallowed up by Baba's majestic mystical personality. This macropsychic therapy to eradicate my complexes was over, so He told me to leave because He had got some other organizational work. I was really like a drunken person coming out from Baba's room and searching an isolated place to concentrate my mind on Him.

The more you go nearer to the spiritual Master, the more you get pain. However, this pain is not contracting or taxing, rather expanding. The disciple holds his little 'I' and the guru breaks his limited arena towards the unlimited. This very self centered destruction by the Divine Guru is indeed painful for those who are holding their little 'I', but when a disciple understands that his very pain is actually sweet and expanding, he will pray: "Oh Lord, don't take away this pain. This is a holy weapon given by You to fight against my obstructing little 'I'".

My ardent longing to meet Baba frequently was radically intensifying. I vividly remember those days of spiritual restlessness and my longing to meet Baba, to see Him and to talk with Him without any time barrier.

Perhaps Baba was mystically enjoying my spiritual restlessness and longing. By His Grace, the next day again I was called inside His room. This time Baba was even more unfolding His love and grace. As soon as I entered the room, the same sweet voice called: "Come nearer to me", and then He directed me to sit on His lap. I was hesitant to do so because of my heavy weight. I thought my weight will be taxing for the delicate body of Baba, but He lovingly insisted that I should sit on His lap. I felt that sitting on His lap had taken away from me any remaining fear or inferiority complexes.

I was feeling bold and courageous to sit on His lap, feeling, my Lord is very strong, physically He has got the capacity to bear my weight. At first I started sitting in his lap in a very soft way but Baba's supreme majestic love made me sit freely on His lap. His divine love blasted my everything and made me feel very close to Him. In this spiritual ecstasy I hugged Baba and kissed him. Baba immediately pretended to be upset, saying to me: "Undisciplined!", and rang the bell. His P.A. entered into the room to take me away. He was saying: "Oh, you have disturbed Baba!", but I could not pay any attention to him and went out in search of an isolated place to do more meditation.

I was doing deep meditation. The P.A. went again inside Baba's room. perhaps to change Baba's disturbed mood. Within a few minutes PA came out and told me that Baba had banned me for an indefinite period from meeting Him because of my undisciplined act. I was completely broken by hearing Baba's judgement. This made me even more restless to communicate my spiritual plight to Baba personally. How can a Guru, I was feeling, ban me for an indefinite period? I had been maintaining a distinct gap between disciple and Guru and He broke all these barriers on the first and second day; He gave me intense love, he made me restless, which is most loving and elevating, and now Baba is banning me for an indefinite period from meeting Him?

My longing to meet Baba was increasing more and more, and I was repeatedly asking P.A. to approach Baba to repeal His judgement. In many ways P.A. was enjoying my restlessness and trying to tell Baba about my feelings at the proper time. At the same time I had become more serious in meditation and I was confident that by more meditation one can

bind the Lord.

I could remember that once Baba said: "when a devotee with his or her devotion comes one step nearer to me, I go ten steps towards the devotee." With this promise, Baba has trapped Himself in His devotees' ideation. I was confident: when I became restless, Baba called me and I was sure He would call again, because the degree of my restlessness due to the indefinite ban to meet Baba had increased. The waiting hours with the ideation that Baba will call me were becoming long, but on the other hand the Lord's Grace was giving me strength. By His grace on the next day Baba called me again. I felt that no matter how much I am restless for Baba, He is a hundred times more restless for me. I believe this link between disciple and Guru has no beginning nor end.

On this third day my entering into the room finally dissolved all my fears and inferiority complexes. This time, Baba took the role of a teacher and told me a devotee should desire psycho-spiritual association. I was simply listening to the majestic explanation of the Lord; had I said, "Baba, Your body is not ordinary but the body of Mahashambhuti", then I might have been banned again for more days, so I did not make any comment. Baba's short discourse with tremendous love filled my little world and then He directed me to go. I felt as if Baba's mission of putting me on the right track was over.

I went out with a happy spirit and in an enjoying mood and started talking and discussing with everybody. All my filthy doubts and questions were gone.

Now that Baba left his physical body, I seriously felt: who will love me? Who will guide me spiritually? Who will fulfill the vacuum of Guru's spiritual absence? A second point was

coming in my mind: Who will point out our errors and mistakes and guide us on the right path?

In October 1979 I flew from Delhi to Roma by Air India. I had to stop there one day at sister Gargi's home, whose address was known by everybody. It can be said that her place was a transit station for every worker going from India to South America, Europe and even America and Africa. I was planning that after reaching Roma I would call sister Gargi to pick me up from the airport, but when I telephoned to her residence she was not there. I had another telephone number from Verona (Italy), so I telephoned a Margii and asked him about Gargi's whereabouts. He said she had gone on official tour.

This was really bad news for me because I had only 25 dollar in my pocket. And this little amount was insufficient to take a long journey and to feed myself. It was in the middle of October, and the cold winds from the North Pole were already knocking on the door of European countries. I was feeling a little cold and did not have proper warm clothes. Near the airport there was one coffee-shop and besides the shop there was a bench. In a depressed way I sat on the bench and started thinking what to do.

Dusk was coming, cold was shaking me and the confusion in my mind was not allowing me to take a definite step in taking up my journey from Roma. I felt like making myself warm, and then I ordered a cup of coffee from the waiter who was looking after the coffee-shop.

The system to prepare coffee is very scientific, and coffee was immediately ready, black, concentrated, in a little cup. Slowly I drank it, and right away I started feeling giddy. I felt very good, like being intoxicated with a warm body. I thought

that as I would have to continue warming myself some more hours then I should better drink one more cup. I placed order to the waiter for one more cup of coffee. The waiter must have thought that I was a good customer, so frequently ordering his coffee, because in the dusk time nobody was moving in that area.

I paid for two cups and then drank the coffee. The degree of giddiness, I should say, in the form of intoxication was increasing and I was feeling stout and warm enough to go towards the railway station. I caught the bus, reached the railway station and purchased a ticket to Verona. I was then at pauper but there was at least the hope to reach Verona, and be looked after by the Margiis there. At Verona I called the Margiis from the station but nobody was answering the phone, and made my way by foot towards the jagrti. By the Grace of Baba, with anger and bitter and sweet prayers to the Lord at last I could reach my destination. I was much exhausted, not much physically, rather by mental stress and strain, which was reflected on my body. I took bath, did thereby meditation and became fresh to plan my 20 days programme, after which I had to go again to Calcutta for RDS.

The travel to Calcutta was really very taxing financially, physically, and also mentally because of the tension. But above all this stress and strain I was feeling the attraction of Baba's presence in Calcutta. When I reached Calcutta RDS was started.

We started discussing about many things and Baba was taking the reports from different sectors. Baba suddenly dropped everything and started saying: "Can you tell me which is that country where they prepare a very concentrated, black kind of coffee and serve it in a very little cup?" Baba started this investigation from Cairo sector. Some people said Turkey,

Greece, and Baba was shaking his head left and right, to symbolize that their statement was not correct. Then some workers posted in Africa and South America answered, but Baba kept shaking his head, meaning that their statement was also not correct. My inside was trembling with the idea that Baba would soon catch me. The fear of exposure of my misdeed in front of the workers was predominant in my mind. Suddenly Baba pointed towards me saying "Tadbhavanand' travels all over the world and he knows the place where people make the coffee black, in a concentrated way, and serve it in a very little cup." I was just like deaf and dumb before Baba's question. Baba immediately said that perhaps Tadbhavanand' has forgotten the place and then added that His representatives were reaching His mind and saying that Italia is the place where people prepare black concentrated coffee and serve in a little cup. Baba said: "Is this correct, Tadbhavanand'?" I replied in a dim voice: "Yes, Baba!" as if Lord had caught me red-handed. Adding to the beauty of the whole drama, Baba ended it saying: "Myself, Baba, have got a proper understanding." And then he said: "Ok, RDS is over," and went inside His room.

The beauty of the drama was that He psychologically pointed out my error and also directed me not to repeat such mistakes, and at the same time preserved my prestige before the workers. He created some sort of mystical suspension making me understand that He knows everything. I cannot do anything secretly and silently. His macropsychic eyes are always watching every expression of my life.

I could feel how holding the Lord is full of merit and demerit. The merit to hold the Lord is that I am not alone and every moment He is with me, while the demerit is that He

knows each and every our good and bad expression. So we cannot do anything secretly.

When I left the RDS the other workers started asking me: "Did you do some mischief there in breaking the 16 points?" I was bold enough to say: "Go and ask Baba." In that way I was quite sure that nobody will dare to ask Baba. And today I deeply felt who will love me and who will point out my small errors and mistakes? I was feeling alone without my sweet and loving guardian, who was both commanding me as a guide and loving me as a loving father.

I was hurried and worried to reach Calcutta before Baba's funeral day, which was already fixed on October 26. Unfortunately October 21 was Sunday and all offices were closed, so I could not get a ticket to Calcutta. Somehow I could pass that long night and on 22 I contacted different travel agencies to book my ticket from Stockholm to New Delhi (the capital of India) but unfortunately I could not get any seat in any flight on the 22nd. I fixed my ticket on 23 October with Air India which was the only flight where I could get a seat.

When I had secured my ticket reservation, I started solving another problem regarding my visa. I had applied for a permanent visa for Sweden two months before but received no reply. When a person applies for a permanent visa in any country, one cannot leave that country until the final decision is taken. Actually I was not seriously thinking about my visa at that juncture. Whether I got visa or not was immaterial for me at that moment, as my top priority was to reach Calcutta at least three or four days before the funeral. With the 26th of October in my head, I started verifying about my visa. The first problem was that the concerned lady in charge was sick and availing

fifteen days sick leave. In her place was working another new woman. I contacted her on telephone and requested about my visa application. She said there was no information about it. I explained that I had to go India to attend my most beloved Guru's funeral on 26th.

She was not accepting my request, and the cause was that just one month before I had gone to India to attend Gurukul (Ananda Marga University) meeting. At that time I got special permission on the plea that my 80 years old mother died and my presence at her funeral in Delhi was urgently demanded by my relatives. Of course this was just my plea to gain the sympathies of the respected authorities to grant me fifteen days visa to attend the Ananda Marga syndicate meeting in presence of Baba.

Western people have got objective morality, perhaps due to their affluence. Seeing my genuine appeal, the local immigration office gave me permission for fifteen days without contacting higher immigration officials. It was illicit, but my case was most humanitarian hence they favored me, seeing the gravity of the cause. So this time when my beloved Guru left his physical body will not yield them in any way. My participation in mother's funeral is sensible but Guru's funeral will not have the serious effect like my mother's.

I was quite determined to leave the country whether I got visa or not, but I would try. Again I telephoned and explained her my Guru was dear to me more than my life, many, many times more than my mother. She could not understand my devotional allegiance to Guru many times more than to my mother. My constant insistence forced her to approach higher immigration offices to verify about my visa, which I applied for two months before, but she could not contact the right person, who was in some important meeting.

In our busy engagement the time was passing away. I also had to reach Stockholm, which takes at least five hours by car from our Training Centre and pick up my ticket from the travel agency before 6 o' clock pm. It was already 11 o' clock am. Myself, Acarya Dhruvanandaji, a local Margii named Shankar and six trainees started towards Stockholm with the mission that we all in a deputation should approach the higher immigration office to consider my case. It was a matter of surpassing the local office where my case was dealt. The higher immigration office was 200 km from the local office, Vimmerby, at Linkoping. I requested the local office to allow me to go to the higher office to explain the gravity of the case but the concerned lady told that I should not go there. Anyway we drove towards the higher immigration office in Linkoping. We had already covered 100 km towards the higher office to pursue my matter when I realized that the lady in the local police station had prohibited me to approach the higher office because they had previously favored me giving a 15 days permission without prior authorization. Now if I had presented my passport with the illegal permission by the local police station to the higher office than that office would have certainly badly reflected upon the services of the lady who helped me in a good faith. I deeply thought that in no way I should harm the concerned lady, so we stopped our journey.

I decided to go back to the local police station and to approach the higher authority there. Before reaching the local station I telephoned the lady in charge and enquired about the possibility to contact her superior; but there was no positive response from her side. Anyway I was firm in my mind to go back to the local police station and to find out a viable solution

in this regard. It was already two o'clock and I was becoming worried to collect my ticket in Stockholm before 6 o' clock from the travelling agent and it was not possible to reach in time if I went back to the local station. So we decided that an advance party should go to Stockholm to collect my ticket before the travel agency close, while I would have reached Stockholm later that night.

One party left for Stockholm and myself, Dhruvanandaji, Shankar and two trainees proceeded towards the police station in Vimmerby. Upon reaching there I was surprised to see the trainees' big van parked in front of the police station. When we reached there, two trainees sitting in the van came saying that the concerned visa-in-charge lady was waiting me to give visa. I was very surprised to get such response after a long battle. I immediately went inside the office and handed over my passport to the concerned lady. She immediately went inside as if she was in a mood to cooperate with me and after 15 minutes she came with my passport and handed it over to me. While handing over the passport to me the concerned lady in a bright way said here was my passport as if she had done a great favor to me which was not possible within such a short span of time. Actually in my mind the reply was that she was simply a instrument in the hands of my Guru.

I opened my passport and found that I got permanent visa for Sweden. I paid my best wishes to the lady, who was also quite surprised at how my work was done in such a fast and easy way. The question was in my mind that why particularly on that day I got my permanent visa, when all my efforts to get visa were not getting any positive response. I had already decided to go to India even without visa because there was no

choice. I completely felt that Baba had made all the arrangements. I have always found that whenever there is a genuine need for myself or for the organization and sincere effort, Baba infallibly completes the task with His invisible force.

From the police station I proceeded toward the Training Centre just to do meditation and to take some food, since for the last two days we did not eat anything. On the way, when my mind was a little bit calmer, I felt much mentally and physically exhausted. In the Training Centre I took bath, meditation, and some refreshment and then I saw the watch: the time was already 6 o'clock. My train was at seven o'clock and the station was a little far away. So in a hurried way I had to leave the Training Center for the railway station where I had to catch the train to Stockholm. I could reach in the nick of time and I reached Stockholm at midnight.

Two trainees were waiting for me at the railway station with the ticket. From the railway station we went in search of a cheap hotel to pass the night as there is no jagrti in Stockholm. By Baba's Grace quite near the station I could get a tiny room which could accommodate two persons. As we were bargaining, suddenly we met a Margii who was not very active in the organization due to his musical profession and flying programme in different places. He had seen Baba and he was loving Him so much; often he used to play "Baba Nam Kevalam" on his guitar. He is a very popular guitar player in Sweden. Unfortunately I have forgotten his Sanskrit name. He came forward and offered to pay the hotel charges, but I said: "No, no, I have got money." Later on one trainee named Kailash asked me why I did not accept his money, and I told him that he would have felt some sort of exploitation. But I felt

my reply was not rational. The person came with us and started asking about Baba. I was hesitant to say that Baba is no more, because I was not convinced myself that really, Baba is no more. Then I deeply pondered over this matter and came to this conclusion that I must tell him about Baba's physical departure.

I said: "Brother, I am on the way to India, as I have got information that Baba has left His physical body." He was very much shocked to know this unpleasant news. He sat with us and did midnight meditation and I could feel he had lost something very near and dear. It is a fact that Baba was loved by every disciple whether they were active or inactive in the organization. When the disciples got any personal contact they were invariably feeling close to Baba. It was late at night, he went to his room, with the promise that he will meet me in the morning, but I left early in the morning to reach the airport in time to catch my flight at 8.30 am. At the airport I completed the formalities and went inside the waiting lounge. I started thinking about the whole affair, how Baba managed everything and then again I started praying: "Baba, I want to reach Calcutta on 24 positively."

From Sweden to Delhi airport, my sole mental object was to reach Calcutta at any cost. Our flight landed in Delhi on 24 at 2 am. At the immigration queue I found many Margiis standing, but we pretended not to know each other just to avoid any immigration problem. I went outside immediately after completing all formalities. Moreover I had just one handbag with me, so there was no point in hanging there. Outside I found many Margiis sitting and walking in different groups outside the airport. My effort was to avoid everybody and to find out an immediate transportation to go to the domestic flight

airport, but I could not succeed to go my own way, because Margiis, spotting each other brought everyone together. As we were reaching the domestic airport there were already 25 Margiis. As I said, I was not looking hither and thither, rather my whole focus was to reach Calcutta by hook or by crook. I found that the Margiis could not get any flight, so they all proceeded to the railway station to get a fast train to reach Calcutta. I went to the Central Indian Airlines office which is open round the clock, but I could not get any ticket because the list of the passengers was already released, so there was no possibility to get any seat. I again came back to the domestic airport and approached the airport officer with my application explaining the physical departure of my Guru and my necessity to attend the funeral in time. My request was purely on humanitarian ground. Then one person came forward and told me to please come to him. I went to him and he promised me to arrange the ticket, for which he took 200 dollars. I knew that the rascal was exploiting my helplessness, but I was in such a situation to follow anything silently.

The first morning flight was at 9 o'clock and those waiting hours were so long that made me very restless, but beneath this restlessness the sole objective was to get the first available flight to Calcutta. The rascal who took 200 dollars was apparently jumping hither and thither to include my name in the final list, but I could feel it was not possible. After some time he gave me a computer number and at the same time he returned me 200 dollar in Indian currency, saying, that he wanted US dollars to go to Singapore. Without objecting in any way, at 8 o' clock I proceeded to another airbus platform. There I found that his computer reference had got no value because it had come in the

computer on priority basis. The duty officer was hesitant to consider my case, surpassing the other passengers whose tickets were already confirmed. I met the airport duty officer to consider my case and he told me he would look into the matter at the last moment. Many passengers were in the queue and I was feeling that there was no hope, when finally my name was called and they gave me a boarding card. With me two workers also got a card and we were the last passengers. I was now half mad as I could hardly sleep one hour in three days. I was physically and mentally completely exhausted. It is true, I did much struggle, but the end was smooth. Baba was the only grace which was giving us strength. The plane landed in Calcutta at 11.30 am, and I felt Calcutta as an empty place. Perhaps my mind accepted the physical absence of Baba.

*Calcutta Without Baba
Became a Lifeless City for Me*

I have traveled around the whole globe at least twice, and if anybody asks me which place I like most, my reply is Calcutta in India, Jerusalem in Middle East and Paris in Europe. In India we use to say that Bombay is the place of business, Delhi the place of politics, and Calcutta the place of Indian culture. Calcutta is a place of problems, overpopulated due to refugees from Bangladesh. Practically no administration functions properly. Beneath all these physical problems this city is colorful, representing a cosmopolitan culture due to merging of mongolian, dravidian, austic, negro and aryan races. This place makes the life vibrant. Anyway for me the attraction was represented by my Master, who was living there. I will be always counting the days in any part of the world where I was touring to see the holy presence of Baba. Today I feel the vibrant town with all its material problems became lifeless, because Baba has left His physical body.

I like Jerusalem because it has given birth to three cultures, that is Judaism, Christianity and Islam. I feel some sort of collective surrender which creates some sort of spiritual atmosphere; in other words, the city reflects the tantric culture, vibrant and full of life. I like Paris because it has not got its own art, but it absorbs the art of different parts of the world. If you happen to go to Paris, it looks like a cradle of artists, attracted from different parts of the world.

With an empty mind we hired a taxi from the airport to

Tiljala, the Ananda Marga Global Coordinating Office. In the taxi we were four persons, but everyone was deeply drowned in an inexpressible silence, just as deaf and dumb.

As we entered in Tiljala Global Office we saw hundreds and hundreds Margiis in queue to see Baba the last time. I felt the commanding guide's and loving father's physical departure had made us orphans and guardianless. We all workers and Margiis were totally dependent on Baba and not prepared in any way to see such an unbearable, pathetic scene. Deep silence with collective renunciation was predominant and heart-touching feelings were being expressed from the Margiis. I started remembering when Baba was walking in the garden, paying full attention to the plants and flowers, collected from different parts of the world. The plants seemed to be weeping. Who will now pay them attention? Baba's walking was followed by hundreds and hundreds workers and Margiis who watched from outside, making it more colorful and more sweet.

I dropped my luggage upstairs and went to Baba's house. Every animate and inanimate entity I felt weeping and crying. Baba was kept in an open coffin, decorated with flowers, garlands and petals. In the middle of this colorful decoration Baba was looking as the nucleus of the universe in a deep, mystical sleep. Nobody could accept that Baba had left, seeing Him there lying on His back, the same posture He kept when taking report from us. I did my sastaunga pranam without life in me. The next day I started gathering information, on why Baba left so suddenly. He promised Margiis to visit their places and to implement his mission in His lifetime. I asked some senior Margiis about the circulating voice that He would live up to 2005. He actually never said that, rather He once said that He

would remain 60 years spiritually with us. The Margiis started calculating, and it was coming approximately year 2000. Moreover, once He suddenly said, in His Lake Gardens residence, that His mission has already gone 15 years in advance. If we also deduct 15 years from year 2000, then we get about the same age.

Baba Declared Some Sort of Emergency in His Working System

From 15 October 1990 onward, Baba was working hard. Doctors had advised that Baba should not do any mental or organizational work, rather He had to take complete rest.

Previously, Baba was listening doctor's advice, but this time, he was allergic to any instructions of the doctors, which was surprising, because previously Baba was following the instruction very seriously.

P.A., G.S. and other senior workers were weeping and crying to create external pressure on Baba to stop the excessive organizational work, but He was giving such explanations and stories by which everybody was convinced. For example, once, on 16 October, Baba called all central workers and narrated a story that once upon a time, a person got a thorn in his foot and started crying. He said his relatives called a team of doctors to diagnose the disease of the person. Baba added that without seeing the actual symptoms of the patient, the doctors concluded that the person was bitten by a snake. Baba said, no doctor has diagnosed, simply passed the opinion, without seeing the foot of the person. One doctor out of the team of the doctors came forward to see the plight of the patient. As soon as the doctor saw his foot, he found there was a thorn which pricked in his foot. He removed it without much effort. All the doctors were ashamed for their negligence in dealing with the patient, without diagnosing. Baba linked the story with His heart trouble and said: "Last night, my little chest-pain made doctors showering

himalayan instructions which are absurd. After saying this story, Baba strongly directed workers not to listen too much to the doctors. Baba further said something like "you people are disturbing Baba's working flow". Baba frequently said in a forceful voice: "Don't stand in my way" because work at that juncture was most important. All workers, including G.S. and P.A. were made silent and also became happy that Baba is physically ok. The workers and senior Margiis could not imagine and assess how His cosmic magic personality is putting us in dilemma. The superplay of Baba kept workers and Himself engaged in the work and amidst all this dilemma nobody could imagine that Baba will leave His physical body. Nowadays when we analyze Baba's most busy days, we find that His invisible emergency was aimed at completing His mission and physically leaving this world. For example, he gave Varabhaya Mudra on three days consequently, that is Vija Dashmi, Maha Dashmi and finally on 18 October's Dipavali Festival. This spiritual performance on three occasions was narrated to me by G.S. by telephone on the 19th of October.

On the same day, Baba called senior workers and explained that on Dipavali Festival, the Guru of Jainism, Bhagavan Mahavir, was leaving his physical body and he was surrounded by his disciples. All the disciples were weeping and crying for their guru. He got up and said to his disciples that this is not the time to weep. He added, there is darkness everywhere and you have to dispel it by propagating Dharma. He said you should laugh on this day and illuminate his mission as people illuminate Dipavali Festival out of joy. Baba further recited Ravindranath Tagore's poetry:

*Serpents are spraying
Venomous breath everywhere.
The gospel of peace will resound
As a vain mockery.
Hence at the parting hour
I give the clarion call
For those who are preparing
To wage out fight against those demons.*

After reciting this stanza of the poem, Baba spoke in an active voice, as it was His departing message. Actually Baba was preparing our mind, but He was creating such an atmosphere that everything was still normal and smooth. He initiated 79 persons in higher meditation. (We call it Kapalik Diksha). The system of selection for this higher meditation was based on how much social services one has performed for the welfare of the society, such as opening schools, creating more selfless workers and inspiring many persons to disseminate dharmic ideals. Previously when the in-charge Acarya was preparing the list of persons for higher meditation, then Baba was scrutinizing every minimum particular from the spiritual point of view and at the same time the social service rendered towards the society by each candidate. For example, if in the list there were 50 persons, previously He would have approved 10 to 15 persons, but this time He was not doing any formalities. He was only emphasizing to include more and more persons for this meditation. The in-charges with their best effort could prepare a list of 79 persons, but still Baba was not satisfied. Baba wanted more and more persons should be included in the list. The very motivation and message behind Baba's insistence to include more persons was that maximum persons should get

this higher meditation. Every time he was talking at least four to five hours to initiate the persons in groups.

P.A. and G.S. were weeping on Baba's excessive work which would inevitably tell upon His health, but on the other side, Baba had just reminded them in the previous day's story not to stand in His way in discharging organizational duties. Baba was looking very cheerful, he administered oath to many Margiis and workers who were present there to carry out the mission with great sincerity and missionary zeal. Baba repeated that He would depend upon them. His charming and blissful mood was very joyful and in this mood He touched the forehead of everybody and blessed them with spiritual upliftment.

When I asked the concerned persons, they said the moment was most blissful and joyous and lovely. Everybody was weeping, crying and dancing in joy. Every person was unfolding their heart and mind and cosmic bliss was pouring inexhaustible inspiration.

This is how Baba was preparing to leave His physical body. He talked about *Gurukul* (Ananda Marga University), for which He designated a new humanistic institution devoted for the ancient civilization, culture, anthropology, archeology and other research work. He composed His last song depicting His childrer. determined to build up a University within a short span of time. He ordered G.S. to post 12 workers to open different institutions and at the same time to prepare the ground for a full-fledged University infrastructure.

Baba's two brothers with their families came to meet Him and received His blessing on 18 October (Dipavali). On 20th October, all the family members fed Baba in a very familiar atmosphere and sought permission from Baba to go to their

respective places. Baba was silent for a while and then He said, "You wait and leave on 21st, afternoon." Never before had Baba disagreed when they were seeking permission to leave, but this time, Baba wanted them to remain one day more.

Later on, the family members were saying that nobody could in any way imagine that Baba would be leaving His body on the next day. He was quiet, healthy and cheerful. The family decided to go on 21 October as expressed by Baba. He further asked Keshavanandji, His P.A., if there was any paper pending regarding recognizing a person as an Acarya. He was signing the paper of every person who was becoming Acarya and there were six application forms which Baba signed one after another.

Baba never liked procrastination in any field of action. He frequently asked G.S. and P.A. if there was any work pending which He had to do. The P.A. gave assurance to Baba that there was nothing pending directly in His concern. The cosmic preparation was going on, but nobody could understand the mysterious ways and expressions of Baba. Baba's early daily routine was going on in a rhythmic and undisturbed way.

On 21 October, as usually, He got up at 3.30 am and gave the first bell to call P.A. inside the room. He used to ask every day how P.A. was and how everybody and everything was, and the P.A. would reply one question after another in a positive way like "Baba, everything is fine." After this sweet conversation, P.A. would prepare lukewarm water and go out of the room. After a short bath Baba sat in meditation.

Here a question comes: what meditation Baba (*Taraka Brahma*, who is the meeting point between *Nirguna Brahma*, "unqualified" Brahma and *Saguna Brahma*, "qualified" Brahma) was doing was well known to Him only. Once a

devotee asked Him: "Baba we, all your disciples, do Your meditation and You also sit in meditation, so please tell us, what sort of meditation do You do?" Baba replied in a deeply mystical way: "We do His meditation and He does our meditation, means we meditate on Him and He meditates upon us." This was really a very sweet reply. Baba said, "I remember my every disciple in my mind and see if anybody has not done meditation properly due to organizational pressure of work; then - Baba said - I meditate on behalf of them to complete their unfinished lessons." Baba, the most loving master, was the abode of love and the embodiment of sacrifice.

Once another devotee asked Baba, "Your discourses are so sweet, elevating, comprehensive, scientific and to the point that everybody likes them, even non-Margiis." Baba replied that when He has to address any spiritual congregation, He brings all the minds collectively in His mind, observes the diversified taste of everybody, then He consolidates the feeling and thinking of all and finally selects such discourse which will suit everybody. The devotee became silent while listening to Baba's mystical explanation.

Again I am going back to 21 October morning, between 9 to 10 am. Baba used to shave and simultaneously listen to salient point of the global reports. That very morning dialogue, a sweet dialogue between Guru and disciple in organizational matter, was washing out our mental complexes and filling the morning with blissful loving grace in the form of His talk, pointing out the history of different parts of the world.

In this morning sitting there used to be always 40 workers in charge of different departments to brief the whole global report to Baba. Baba's room door remains closed while He is shaving and at the same time calling one after another all sector

workers to listen their work-done report and point out what strategy they have to follow to expand our mission in those places. At the same time, He would give the songs, some discourses on language, philology, and many other multidimensional expressions. One cannot imagine how Baba was doing different activities at the same time. It was completely incredible for us, but for a cosmic mind it was normal daily routine. Once a devotee dared to ask Baba, how He was expressing so many things at the same time. For example, if a person becomes angry, it takes some time to become normal again, but for Baba, every expression was quite normal and natural. In one moment He was becoming angry and the next moment He was showering His infinite love and grace. The devotee was wondering how it can be possible, and Baba explained it in a most loving and smiling way. He said He had kept so many chambers in his mind. For example, one chamber is for songs, another chamber is for rebuking, third chamber is for discussing the philology of language, fourth chamber is for showering His love, and He listed in this way an incredibly large number of chambers to express various things at a time, which an ordinary person cannot comprehend.

We could only understand that every faculty of knowledge is existing within His mind as an open book. Nothing is hidden, everything was within His reach! The reporting goes on up to 12 am.

After reporting He used to walk in the garden, where thousands and thousands of plants, flowers, and other flora and fauna were brought from different parts of the world. Baba's garden is just like a miniature world where you can find a great variety of flora and fauna, a garden and bird sanctuary. Many

birds where brought from different parts of the world and their morning singing in different melodies vibrates the whole surroundings of Baba. I was feeling that everything was arranged to communicate their prayers to the Lord. Baba in the morning was walking in the gardens and asking about the welfare of the plants and birds, transmitting life to the whole atmosphere.

Baba was never paying any attention to His own comfort. We had to take a stand to make Him follow doctor's advice to take food at proper time etc., lest it would tell upon His health. Baba listened just like a little loving baby, followed the instructions one or two days very sincerely and strictly, but on the third He would create such circumstances to break all the rules which were binding Him artificially. He would keep everybody engaged, so that nobody could disturb his normal expression. We sincerely tried to keep Baba in some medical routine, but we found that directly or indirectly He would break these limitations and would declare Himself blameless. We could realize, we limited creatures cannot bind the Lord in any limitation; I think that for an unlimited entity limitations would be disastrous.

On 21st October morning, there were some persons for personal contact, which was the only last work remaining for Baba to finish. When everything was over, he sat for breakfast at about 1.30 pm. Keshavananda, P.A., told that at breakfast He never used to take milk, but this time He demanded a cup of milk. Immediately Keshavananda served him.

After breakfast He said to P.A.: "Is there any worker outside to tell good news to Baba?" Fortunately, although at that moment all workers had gone to the adjacent building to have

their lunch, there were still three persons in front of Baba's room. Two workers were working near Calcutta, and were frequently meeting Him. The third one was from Dhanbad, far away from Calcutta. He had not met Baba for at last 6 months. P.A. was waiting inside to tell Baba about the three persons. Baba said: "Okay, send one person." So P.A. went outside, but immediately the bell rang and he returned inside. Baba asked, "whom are you sending?" P.A. said, "Baba I am sending the Principal from Dhanbad Ananda Marga School." Baba again asked, "why did you select him?" Keshavanandji explained the first two workers were meeting Him regularly, but the third worker could not meet Baba for the last six months. Baba said to P.A. that his selection was very good.

P.A. came to tell the Dhanbad Principal to go inside Baba's room, to tell Him some good news. As soon as P.A. went outside to direct the person to go inside Baba's room, again the bell came. So the P.A. returned back to Baba's room, still without calling the worker inside. Baba said to P.A. to tell the worker to wait outside for some time and also directed him to go out since He was thinking seriously. P.A. was confused and surprised about Baba suddenly saying that He is thinking seriously, something which He never said before. Anyway the P.A. came out and told the worker to wait. After five minutes, Baba called P.A. and told him that everything was fine and that he should now send the person.

P.A. looked at Baba, and His face was shining confident and peaceful, as if He had taken some great decision. P.A. came out and told the worker to go inside Baba's room to tell Him good news. Keshavanandaji, P.A. of Baba, later on said to me that Baba's serious thinking was most certainly the moment when He took the decision to leave His physical body.

Otherwise why should have He suddenly said He was seriously thinking?

So, after those five minutes of serious thinking, P.A. went into Baba's room and found Him shining, blissful, peaceful, as if He had taken a very important decision. The Dhanbad worker remained with Baba at least one hour telling good news, during which Baba was also telling him how he has to lead a sannyasi life and explaining how human life as a definite mission is capable to serve the human society. At 3 o' clock sharp the worker came out from the room, and Baba called P.A. Baba said: "Keshavananda, I want to take deep rest." According to that, Baba was now resting and Keshavanandji came out of Baba's room. Keshavanandji's mind was quite perplexed and confused: why did Baba first say that He is seriously thinking and now He is saying that He wants to take rest, something also which He never uttered in His life. Keshavanandji was also internally confident that Baba's health was quite normal and fine. After five minutes Baba again called P.A. and He said He has got a chest pain. Keshavanandji immediately went out and called G.S. Within a few moments everybody was running hither and thither. The residential doctor was called and fixed the respiratory machine. Shortly after another doctor also came.

Baba's situation became serious. Two persons were sent to bring the topmost doctors of Calcutta who were looking after Baba to diagnose Baba's serious condition. Things were organized within 20-30 minutes, but within this period, Baba had entered Mahasamadhi. Doctors tried their level best to bring Him back, but all efforts were in vain.

After 30 minutes the team of doctors declared Baba's physiological death. Nobody was believing nor prepared to

listen to this statement. Everything was in turmoil.

An emergency meeting was called. Workers and Margiis reviewed the whole situation. In this meeting, two decisions were taken. The first decision was to issue a press release about the physical departure of Baba and the second was to preserve His body on His sleeping place with the hope that Baba might come back at any time from Mahasamadhi. Apparently the decisions were looking contradictory to each other, as on one side it was issued a press release announcing the physical departure of Baba and on the other hand the body was kept intact on Baba's bed itself for 24 hours in hope of His coming back from Mahasamadhi.

The first decision was taken on the basis of a team of doctors' declaration of Baba's physiological death. The decision to preserve the body was out of the devotion of millions of disciples all over the world, in hope that Baba might come back. Nobody could believe that Baba would leave His body so suddenly without any preparation. His majestic spiritual personality was so dominating, commanding, attracting, blissful, graceful, and loving that it was impossible to think about His sudden physical departure. He used to say "I was a mystery, I am a mystery, and I will remain a mystery."

Today we recollect His past performance beyond human comprehension. He was indeed a mystery, from beginning to end. He said five days before His physical departure that when He was in His physical body, Baba was guiding us on the physico-psychic level. The energy which He was infusing in the workers and in the mission was molecular. The speed of the mission would be enhanced after His physical departure. He would then guide us from the psycho-spiritual level and the

mission would move with more than atomic energy speed.

Today we definitely feel His more penetrating and powerful presence everywhere. The workers and Margiis waited 24 hours but Baba did not come back, so on 23rd, at 3 o'clock, a further decision was taken that Baba's body should be kept in a glass freezer. The same should be open for everybody's final glimpse. The cremation date was also fixed on 27 October. Thousands and thousands Margiis from all over the world were pouring to Calcutta to pay their last homage to their beloved Guru. I could see thousands and thousands of people. Margiis and non-Margiis alike were standing in the queue hours together to pay their last devotional homage. The whole atmosphere was thrilling. I asked G.S. and P.A. why did they not start weeping and crying with the other workers and Margiis. This would have definitively prevented Baba's going into Mahasamadhi. I remember He said once:

*You all are my symbols
You all are my mini-Babas
World knows me
by your conduct, by your actions
I am not this physical body
This body is not me
I live in your hearts
You also live in my heart
Only devotion
can demand my physical presence*

I have seen many times that when Baba was not talking or stopping work because we were not doing our work properly, then our simple weeping was melting Him and forcing Him to do what His devotees wanted. G.S. and P.A. replied that there

was not an iota of forethought that Baba would leave in such a sudden way, leaving us in dilemma. If they (G.S. and P.A.) would have understood His cosmic planning, definitely we would have started weeping, crying and rolling on the ground and this would have definitely prevented Him from taking such a decision.

Many Margiis and workers were also asking me why Baba did not give any last departing message, nor did He say anything about the organization to G.S. and P.A., who were remaining 24 hours with Him at His disposal. My humble reply to this question was that Baba was not an ordinary guru who would have left his will or given some last instructions about the organization. He was a *Taraka Brahma*, the tangential point of *Nirguna* and *Saguna Brahma*. If He would have said anything at the time of His physical departure than that would have become a dogma. This dogma would have made it difficult for us to evolve a pragmatic approach and a pragmatic collective leadership to disseminate Baba's comprehensive ideology in the different parts of the world. So He observed a complete universal silence, as He had already philosophically given everything together with a proper training to evolve an active approach to accelerate the evolution and revolution from the present situation of the world.

Baba concentrated His whole energy to build up His children according to His wish. He did not bother about what the world was saying against Him, but His sole motivation while remaining aloof and isolated from the world was to create persons capable of bringing the future world on the right track. He and His mission were branded anti-national and CIA servants by the communists, pro-Russia and pro-China agents

by the capitalist people, anti-God by religious fundamentalists and anti-Hinduism by Hindu fundamentalists. All this because His mission was against caste, creed and color. The leftist political parties branded Him as a fascist who wanted to bring the rule of Ananda Margiis. The vested interests branded Him as murderer, but everything was false and concocted, because His towering personality, His universal spiritual philosophy and ideal socio-economic theory were an eyesore for the exploiters' interests.

Now, what He left to carry on His mission and to serve the human society is composed by the following elements and it is now up to us to carry it out until the final implementation:

1) Multi-dimensional and omni-comprehensive socio-economic philosophy

2) The build-up of a most powerful global organization in every nook and corner of the world with an effective infrastructure.

3) He left more than 1500 sannyasi, sannyasin and senior Margiis able to disseminate the ideology in a befitting manner.

4) He created a congenial socio-psychological atmosphere to propagate His mission in all parts of the world.

Baba used to say that it is easy to create Presidents and Prime Ministers, but it is a very difficult task to create Yogis and Yoginis who will be capable to initiate a socio-spiritual renaissance. This very socio-spiritual renaissance will exert a value oriented moment, and therefore this value oriented moment needs persons with true dedication and renunciation to shoulder such a gigantic responsibility. Baba has done everything to satisfy this need. He brought thousands and thousands of people from all over the globe in His contact to

understand the spiritual culture and prepared them to initiate a socio-spiritual synthesis all over the world. He never tried to submit long articles to scholarly papers and magazines; He never tried to introduce His personality in the academic world; rather He, in a simple way, created a strong system which is open to the whole world.

In the beginning, people came in His contact for their spiritual longing, as they could see a most effective towering personality. In this phase the people were very few because the spiritual life is very difficult to understand and to accept, but when His mission will openly reflect what He did before the world, I believe, thousands and thousands of people, physically strong and mentally developed will participate, seeing the comprehensiveness of His socio-spiritual ideology and the urgent need to eradicate the problems of this age.

It is also a fact that all great masters and past preceptors with their hard labor had left a system to carry out their gospel in the world. For example, Buddha came and organized a strong mission and fought against the dogmas which were prevailing in India. He prepared His disciples to carry out his mission. After His physical departure He left at least 50 to 60 disciples to carry on his mission. Only after his death his gospel was propagated and spread all over the world. Jesus Christ left his twelve disciples to carry his mission and only long after his physical departure Christianity became one of the biggest religions of the world. Mohammed left 4 - 5 disciples to whom he gave full training, and they carried the mission of their master everywhere. Today the Muslim religion has also become a leading religion in the world.

Ramakrishna Paramahansa left only seven or eight disciples, among whom only Vivekananda was dynamic enough

to carry his guru's message everywhere. At the time of his guru's death, he was traveling all over India as a mad person. He realized he was surviving only due to his Guru's love as guidance. He finally went to Madras and there he found that a congregation of all world religions was taking place in the USA. His supporters and sympathizers collected some money and sent him to one of that conference to represent India and Ramakrishna Mission. His first lecture was thrilling and was appreciated from every corner of the audience. One lady took a photo of him at the time when he delivered the lecture and it was found that in the picture, instead of him, there was his guru's image. He was only a media and the guru was speaking through him.

So it is quite clear, all past masters and great preceptors came, created a system, gave an ideology and left their disciples to carry out their mission to the betterment of the society. Invariably their missions were implemented after their physical departure only. They never came in contact with many persons; rather they trained their disciples to carry out their mission.

In the same way Baba in an aloof and isolated way created thousands and thousands of disciples and fully equipped them to expand the mission with the effectiveness of his socio-spiritual ideology to the whole world, which verily is on the brink of a socio-economico-politico-cultural crisis. A new ideology with a new vision and direction which can combat the destructive tendencies on one side, and to eradicate the taxing socio-economico-spiritual problem and thereby to establish a new order of society on the other.

Baba has given everything. His absence has created a tremendous vacuum for those who have met or simply seen

Him and worked under His loving and compassionate guidance, but for all other people, His unparalleled ideology and mission will be an inexhaustible inspiration. More and more people will come in the contact of Ananda Marga and will understand the greatness of Anandamurtiji and His vast contribution to the world. So let us come together with one voice and carry out His mission in a vast way so that that society can be saved from any further catastrophe.

This is a most crucial time in the whole human history which needs the attention of the people who have really dedicated their everything towards the betterment of the society. I believe Baba's physical absence replaced by His macropsychic guidance will guide us in every step of our lives.

*The Day of
October 26, 1990*

The last but crucial decision came, as whether His body should be cremated or buried or kept in samadhi. Many controversies came, many persons cited past examples when great past masters and preceptors were buried for spiritual reasons and therefore Baba's body should be kept in samadhi.

During this controversy we opened Baba's social codebook in which He had mentioned that cremation is the best among all existing systems of disposing dead bodies. This social code, anyway, was not easily applicable for Baba, because all these codes laid down by Baba are for limited human beings, while Baba was beyond all relative limitations. After considering all pros and cons, the Central Committee of Ananda Marga Pracaraka Samgha finally decided that Baba's Body was to be cremated, as Ananda Marga would not follow any past and outdated dogma. Baba had always fought against any sort of dogma because it is arresting the human progress. Baba has not come only for India, therefore His ashes should go to every nook and corner of the world. Baba was loving every single disciple, the whole humanity, the whole creation.

From the moment of death onward, up to October 26, thousands and thousands of His devotees had gathered in His Tiljiala familiar residence at Calcutta. A platform five feet high was erected in the middle of the yard in an artistic way in the form of a Bhairavi Cakra, a tantric symbol evolved by Lord Sadashiva. An iron fence was installed at a distance of 20 feet from this gigantic Bhairavi Cakra, as a protection against any

emotional eventuality at the time of cremation. Thousands and thousands of his devotees were witnessing this most fateful occasion with a continuous stream of tears on their cheeks. Everyone was sad and immersed in grief for their most beloved Guru, Whom they always kept in their thoughts, in their heart, in their deeds and in their every expression.

At 11.45 am the bier being carried from Baba's residence moved slowly towards the Bhairavi Cakra. Nobody was ready or prepared to see such a pathetic scene. Who will console whom, everyone was weeping, crying and sobbing. Eventually the bier reached the platform, and at this moment the dazzling face of Baba became visible and devotees started crying and calling: "Baba, Baba!" The body was decorated by the countless colors of flowers and garlands and in the middle of this decoration, Baba was looking like the nucleus of the entire cosmological order. The bier was gently handed over by senior devotees of Baba to the persons on the platform, designated to cremate the body. When the body was on the Bhairavi Cakra, covered with a Bhairavi Cakra sheet, at that moment the body of Baba on Bhairavi Cakra was the focal point for every one. Kaoshikii and Tandava dance were briefly performed. This was followed by two Prabhat Samgiit songs. The atmosphere was deeply spiritually surcharged, filled with divine glow. Brief meditation and Guru Puja was performed.

When all the ceremonies were over, non-stop Kiirtan was continuing. Slowly the flowers and garlands were removed from Baba's body, and then it was lifted and put on the pyre. At this moment His whole body was visible. All Margiis got up with folded hands reciting Baba Nam Kevalam in front of the body of Baba, Who will always remain Guru, Master, Philosopher, Commanding Guide and Loving Father. The pyre

was prepared with Sandalwood. At that very moment, the black clouds over the sky had started becoming dim and the sun had started peeping out now and then. The sweet cool air started fanning the Lord's pyre. G.S., P.A. and Baba's son Kinsuk took the burning bunch and lit the pyre.

The whole Tiljala was reverberating with the crying of "Baba, Baba, Baba", which continued for many hours. Many fainted at the sight and were taken care of by doctors. The flame was so gentle and soft, not ready to touch the delicate and spiritualized body of Baba. Pure ghee and incense were poured on the pyre and within a short span of time, the flames majestically engulfed Baba's body. The wind started blowing from one direction to another. During the whole day, the atmosphere was silent and peaceful, the birds of Baba's Sanctuary Garden around Tiljala kept silence, and even the trees merged their identity in the serene silence. The pyre burned for a long time and everybody remained there observing, reciting Baba Nam Kevalam. At about 5 pm, everything was burnt into ashes. The ashes were collected in many silver urns and carried in a ceremonial way from Bhairavi Cakra back to Baba's residence. The ashes will be sent in a honorable way to different parts of the world. Thousands and thousands devotees remained in Tiljala, to hold the memory of Baba and to become sure that His blessing and everlasting love will remain with everybody. On 28th Shraddhainjali was organized in the memory of our beloved Guru in the main hall of our Tiljala jagrti.

The hall and the outside were fully packed with devotees. Everybody wanted to take part in the Shraddhainjali to give his/her profound respect and homage to their Guru whom they loved more than their own lives. Many Prabhat Samgiit songs were sung, and then collective meditation ending with Guru Puja was performed. Three persons briefly spoke in Bengali,

English and Hindi in remembrance of our loving master, and the final farewell in the form of Shradhainjali was offered with tears to our beloved Father. At the end of the ceremony it was announced that a grand memorial will be raised at Tiljala and Ananda Nagar, the headquarter of Ananda Marga, to keep Marga Guru's memory everlasting. It was also decided that instead of DMC, there will be DMS at Ananda Nagar.

After 4 days, Acarya Shradhananda Avt., a senior Avadhut of Ananda Marga who has worked in various capacities of the organization was unanimously elected as the new Purodha Pramuka and President of Ananda Marga.

Sadhana Shivir Programme

All ceremonies related to Baba's physical departure were over on 28 October 1990, when the final *Shraddhainjali* (homage) was offered to our Master. It was decided to hold the *Sadhana Shivir* programme in every part of India, divided in two phases:

The first phase was from 9 to 11 November and the second phase from 16 to 18 November. The organizers and representatives for conducting these spiritual retreats were nominated by the Central Committee. The objective of these spiritual retreats was to fill the unexpected vacuum created by Baba's physical absence. For every Margii, brothers and sisters, Baba was, and will remain as the object of their adoration: philosopher, commanding guide, loving father and a goal of life.

Nobody was prepared to bear such an unexpected shock. It was indeed unthinkable for every Margii in the world. For this spiritual retreat I was also opted as a Central representative to conduct this programme in Ranchi and Varanasi respectively. I was not prepared to conduct such a spiritual retreat at that juncture, rather I wanted to get away from Tiljala, to find some isolated place, to reconcile and repair myself from the tremendous shock of Baba's physical departure. True, man proposes and God disposes, and I had to change my secret programme towards *Sadhana Shivir* (spiritual retreat). I was in no way interested to go anywhere but to some extent I was internally inclined to go to Ranchi and Varanasi as both places

were according to my liking. The location of these places is quite different from the modern hussel and bussel of the cities and towns, being situated in the lap of nature. I accepted my assignment to these places with an empty mind, and when I reached Ranchi on 9 November by train, Mr. Sudhansu was awaiting me to drive me from the railway station to his home. Without taking bath or any morning duty we were deeply engaged in Satsang.

He was with Baba during His last 20 days taking dictation on Hindi grammar. He said, this period of 20 days with Baba was a most blissful working time. He narrated me Baba's working speed was multiplied as if there was some sort of emergency. Baba was tremendously working until His physical departure. Sudhansu was all the time weeping and sobbing, as summer rain was pouring down according to the tropical climate. This whole Margii family was so much devotional that there was always a healthy competition to be near Baba. Sudhansu, ever since he was a student, was an ardent devotee of Baba and totally engaged in the multifarious Ananda Marga activities whenever he was having little surplus time. He narrated many stories of his experiences with Baba and during *pracar* work. I just pick up one story in referring his devotion to the mission and to Baba.

Once Baba gave him direct responsibility to organize a meeting in different educational institutions. Particularly, Baba said he should organize a big meeting in Benares Hindu University. He was fascinated to get a direct instruction from Baba. Accordingly, he selected a family Acarya to speak at the conference. The work was indeed very big for him, but having Baba given him direct responsibility, he was feeling very easy. From Patna, capital of Bihar state, he went to Benares Hindu

University, according to the directions of Baba. There he met the superintendent of the university hostel to ask his support in organizing a meeting on spiritual values of life in the university auditorium. He that saw the theme of the conference was interesting, and they agreed to fix the programme after 20 days.

Sudhansuji, forgetting his own education, directed all his energies to organize this programme in an successful way. Intensive postering and leafletting was done inside the university campus as well as outside the university. His mission was to meet the intellectuals and to mobilize the students in order to make the conference successful. He was very determined, and was approaching very socially conscious people in the university as well as conducting systematic publicity. The speaker's name was sufficiently popularized. Every necessary formality and arrangement was made in advertising and in preparing the place for the conference. He was also confident that the senior Acarya who accepted the invitation to address this conference would satisfy the audience with his fluent philosophical oratory.

Finally the day of the conference came and Sudhansuji was awaiting the speaker arrival, but he was not coming. He was becoming first restless, then impatient and angry about the irresponsibility of the speaker who promised to come. He started seriously thinking how to tackle this situation as every arrangement was fully made and many young and intellectual persons were expected to participate. Finally, seeing that the speaker was not coming, he became completely confused. He considered whether to approach the concerned authorities to cancel the program. At the same time some power was pushing him to sit under the shadow of a tree and contemplate the whole affair. He sat down and felt that he could not go and tell to cancel the program, now when people had already started

coming and sitting in the meeting hall. His mind was confused and his heart was bleeding. While sitting under the shadow of a tree, he started contemplating and praying to Baba to save the situation.

A current of inspiration flocked in his mind and felt as if Baba was pushing him to go and stand before the audience. He felt that he just had to go and stand, and Baba would speak through him. With his unfathomable conviction and self-confidence he proceeded towards the conference hall with the strength of his Master. He stood up before the audience and humbly but with confidence told the audience that he was going to speak. He found that the hall was fully packed by an elitarian audience, so he reputed it better to speak in English. His knowledge of the language was not particularly good but nonetheless he announced that he was going to speak in english. First of all he explained that the expected speaker was not there and he would be speaking on behalf of him. Then he began his talk in English.

He spoke for one and a half hour surrounded by pin-drop silence. The audience was spell-bound by listening to the young man demonstrating an eloquent philosophical depth. When the lecture was over, the superintendent of the university hostel expressed with a shower of thanks his congratulations and admiration. Many persons came forward to know more about Ananda Marga and to learn its system of meditation. He promised to send a proper person to initiate them, and prepared a list with those interested which later handed over to the local Ananda Marga in-charge.

When he left the university and started pondering about the whole happening, he was indeed amazed: how on earth could he speak in such non-stop fluent English and to get that wonderful

response from the elite audience? He realized that the whole show had been played by Baba only. This miraculous expression in the university made him a more ardent devotee of Baba. The next day, he left Varanasi to meet Baba at Ranchi, to tell the whole situation to Him personally, with the internal feeling to get more blessing to carry out His mission in other institutions. When he reached Ranchi, the very day Baba called him, and told him in a smiling way, that he had made all the audience in Benares University spell-bound. Baba added: "Tell me the gist of your speech." He said: "Baba, I did not know what I was saying, but I felt that some force was working through me" Baba smiled, gently moving His head left and right in a mystical gesture, in response to the statement of His devotee. He requested: "Baba, I want to remain with You in every moment." Baba blessed him accordingly. Sudhansu narrated me his many experiences, which, if compiled, would make a little book. This is one story of one simple Margii. There are hundreds and hundreds of such Margiis who have had a certain spiritual proximity with Baba.

After our satsang, we had our bath and morning duties and a short meditation. We also had some sort of a brunch, because time had already passed in our satsang. The jeep sent by the Rector Master Acarya Parameshvarananda was waiting outside to drive me to Ananda Shiila Master Unit, where Sadhana Shivir venue was fixed.

Our jeep on the way to the master unit was overloaded with workers and there was also Dada Shankar, a senior family Acarya. We reached Ananda Shiila at about 4 o'clock after travelling 30 to 40 km from Ranchi. The master unit is spread over 106 acres of land with a big-tree forest, on south and west, surrounded by small rivers. The place is really very suitable for meditation. The ashram buildings constructed here and there

looked like stars shining in the vast sky. The ashram is vibrant with children homes, schoolboys, local full-time workers, wholtime trainees, and many laborers working at the farm. Acarya Parameshvarananda, a very lean and thin Avadhut endowed of course with bubbling energy, is posted as the Rector Master. He remains always vigilant to look after the huge establishment and all other activities. The master unit, having dairy farm, biogas plants, fruit-gardens and a good farming, is virtually a self-sufficient economic unit. Baba once said that a great rishi named Bhirgu did great penance on the bank of a little river nearby, where he finally got realization. This makes the whole place more tantric and charged for those who want to devote more time for the spiritual practices. The surrounding natural scenery and the spiritual atmosphere definitely make it an ideal place for a wavering mind. Rector Master Acarya Parameshvarananda is also an excellent devotee of Baba. Sometimes we had much jealousy about him, because Baba often used to perform spiritual demonstrations on him.

I remember once we were in front of Baba in Ranchi jagrti and a demonstration was being given on Parameshvarananda. Baba started touching his different plexes and he was seeing Baba in Varabhaya Mudra on all his plexes and finally He blessed him with the Vishvarupa Darshan, the vision of the universal form of Baba. He said that upon seeing the Vishvarupa, he fainted and fell down. He was indeed given divine eyes to see the Lord, because it was not possible to see such vision with limited human eyes. He has had innumerable such spiritual experiences and can enchant any person by telling Baba stories. If anyone goes there, he or she will be definitely overwhelmed by his experiences with Baba. Actually my attraction to go to Ananda Shiila was to have Satsang with him

and with the senior Margiis of Ranchi who lived for a long time with Baba. I should say that I had a very good time in the beautiful ashram.

There is another brother, whom I want to mention, whose name is Sadhana Surayananda, a high soul, trainer of wholetimer training center, having a sweet understanding with the Rector Master in expanding the all-round development programme and to preserve the vibrant elevating spiritual atmosphere.

The Margiis had started pouring into the Master Unit to attend Sadhana Shivir. In the early morning at Panchajanya on 10 November there were already 200 Margiis. More Margiis were coming in groups. In the afternoon, during my class, the gathering had reached 250 persons, in spite of the fact that the Margiis from the inland portion of Ranchi district and from the neighboring districts did not still know about the program, while whoever heard about it was rushing to the place just to listen more and more about our Master. The retreat was becoming most devotional. Margiis were doing long kiirtan with a stream of tears rolling down their cheeks. Many senior Margiis who were in close association of Baba and His mission opened the treasure box of their experiences with Baba. I could understand how Baba was maintaining close relation with each and every of His disciples. Baba was loved by one and all, whether they could understand the philosophy or not, because they were tied with the bounds of eternal universal love. The Central Committee has now constituted a board to collect the experiences of Margiis and to bring them in book form. These individual spiritual experiences will be a spiritual treasure and asset for the future generations. Let me mention a few Margiis who have been with Baba since last 1956. They have seen many

ups and downs of the organization, as well as countless examples of Guru's role as a constant guide. One of the most senior family Acarya is Amul Rattan Sarangi. He is a retired first class officer who worked in different administrative capacities in the government of India. He was considered a most honest Ananda Margii officer wherever he worked. He became Acarya in the year 1957. He was in Sadhana Shivar in Ananda Shiila, and his constant sobbing in remembrance of Baba is still ringing in my ears. He is a great devotee of Baba. He related many of his experiences in the form of stories, which were so inspiring and deep. After listening to his vibrating experiences, instead of giving any sort of class, I diverted my whole energy towards devotional talk only. I could feel the audience was not in a mood to listen to any philosophical exposition, rather they wanted to know more and more stories about Baba.

For example I repeat here one story out of the many which Acarya Sarangi narrated. Once, he and some Margiis were going to meet Baba at Jamalpur by his car. They were crossing Mokama, a small town in Bihar, on the way to Jamalpur. This route to Jamalpur is very short but also very trafficked. Near Mokama, as they were crossing a road, suddenly a woman with a baby hit Sarangi's car. She fell on the road and the baby got some injuries, getting partially unconscious. Seeing the accident, all the neighboring villagers came with sticks and stones to attack the car passengers. Sarangi and the other Margii came out and started consoling the lady, but the villagers became more vocal and aggressive, and were in a mood to damage the car and beat the Margiis. Sarangi was internally saying: "Baba, save the situation." As the situation was getting tense and beyond their control, that very moment a tall person holding an empty jug was crossing the road and saw the event. The tall person in a courageous way intervened in the matter and

started saying: "What happened, what happened?" The attention of the villagers was diverted towards him instead of these unfortunate Ananda Margiis. He immediately saw that the baby was in no danger and then, in a rebuking tone, told the villagers that they were becoming violent and furious for nothing, that the accident was not serious, and that these things can involuntarily happen on such busy roads. He pacified the village mob psychologically and directed the two Margiis to drive the couple to the nearest hospital. The Acaryaji followed the directions of the tall person and went to the neighboring hospital. The hospital authorities demanded the police report, so the Acarya drove them to the police station. The police officer was knowing Sarangiji as he was working as district civil officer. Though Sarangi was not knowing him, the police officer said: "Mr. Sarangi, why are you bothering so much? Give her one or two rupees and they will manage; the accident is not so serious." He acted according to the direction of the police officer and gave her 10 rupees. It was indeed much money at that time, but Acaryaji gave her out of compassion and mercy, and she was happy to receive it. After setting the things with the lady, they proceeded to Jamalpur, and from Jamalpur town they directly drove to the ashram to meet Baba.

Baba suddenly pointed out his finger towards Sarangi saying, that there are two roads: One is long but very safe and other is shorter, but full of traffic and unsafe. Baba further directed that while returning he should go by the long road only. Both Margiis very deeply touched to receive Baba's directions. They were quite clear that Baba saved them when the accident took place. They felt the tall person was one of Baba's invisible "representatives" to tackle the situation. On the other hand if they would have not got the directions from Baba, perhaps the

villagers would have attacked them on the way back as a retaliation. Baba clearly suggested to be cautious and not to go by that way. They both, while listening to the sympathetic explanation of Baba started weeping. They felt that Baba had taken much trouble to send His representative to tackle and solve the problem. In his speech, he weepingly said, "who will love us, who will guide us in every moment of our life?"

He inspired everybody. There was another old woman named Chandramani Devi who is a great devotee of Baba. Her whole family including her grandchildren are staunch Margiis. Some 20 years ago, her second son, Ramesh, who is now an advocate, was seriously sick. The sickness continued for twenty days with alarming fever. The team of doctors already declared that the boy would not survive. She was much depressed, and awaited his death. The next day, without any previous program, Baba suddenly reached Ranchi. Didi Chandramani came to know that Baba had suddenly arrived and was staying with some Margiis.

Although she was extremely tired by looking after the boy day and night she decided to go and feed Baba. She was very concerned about who might look after Baba. She told the other family members that she was going to look after Baba, saying that the boy would pass away within one day and she should not fail to serve Baba. She immediately prepared some rasagulla sweets and rushed to the place where Baba was staying, to feed Him. As soon as she was entering the house and gave her salutations to the Lord, Baba asked her: "How is Ramesh?" With a perturbed mind she said: "Baba you know very well." Baba simply shook his head. 30 minutes later, Baba said: "You have brought rasagullas and they were very sweet and delicious." Baba pointed out with His finger that with such and such rasagulla she should feed Ramesh. He did not mention the

illness, but a silent internal communication was going on between Him and His disciple. According to the directions of Baba, she sent two rasagullas with detailed instructions to feed Ramesh. Internally she was knowing that the boy was nearing death and was not capable to swallow anything, but anyhow she recommended to her daughter to put a little piece of rasagulla in Ramesh's throat.

The devotee mother did not go herself to see her dying son, as she was more inclined to hold and serve the Lord. Her daughter pushed a little of rasagulla into the dying boy's mouth and started watching. It worked just in a lightening speed. Dying Ramesh, after 30 minutes, started opening his eyes and looking hither and thither. The daughter of Chandramani Devi rushed to Baba's place to convey the news that Ramesh was recovering, but the mother was unassailed and said: "When Baba has given rasagulla personally to Ramesh, than no force on this earth will swallow him." When she went inside Baba's room to feed him, again Baba repeated in a smiling way: "How is little Ramesh?" This time His devotee said: "Baba, you are taking care of him, and I am taking Your care." Baba said: "That is the best way." The whole day Ramesh was getting better and better and could eat both rasagullas. The third day, Baba left Ranchi to Jamalpur and left his devotees in deep devotion and in the pain of separation. Didi Chandramani came back to her place and saw Ramesh was fine. She started deeply weeping and saying, "Baba, have You just come to save my little Ramesh? You took so much trouble to come over here." Though Baba apparently came to meet all Margiis, perhaps His mission was just to give two rasagullas personally to the dying son of His devotee. Chandramani Devi told various such loving stories to the Margiis. The retreat was highly devotional and His devotees

were unfolding their heart to express their most loving experiences with Baba.

As I told you there were so many senior Margiis who were telling their deep experiences with Baba. Here I am referring to another Margii, Mr. Ramesh, who told about many of his experiences with Baba. I simply take a small story out of many, just to demonstrate his devotion towards the Ista.

In his young age he learnt meditation, and his wife was against him. Perhaps she was thinking that because of meditation he would go away from her. It has to be mentioned that his wife and his two daughters were also present at the retreat, but the doctor was very outspoken, saying that his wife, who was his greatest obstacle, never cooperated with him in going to meet Baba. The doctor was always forced to surpass her in this matter. Now she has become a very good devotee of Baba. Mr. Ramesh, a well-known doctor, is a great devotee of Baba since 1958. His faith and love towards Baba has never deviated. He was unshakable. He met many obstacles and oppositions from the family, but he never bothered and kept meeting Baba at any cost.

In those days there were a few Margiis who had cars, so there was always competition among the Margiis to drive Baba in their car, and by this way they were getting ample scope to talk freely with Baba. In 1962, there was a DMC at Arrah, a town of Bihar state. Dr. Ramesh was working as a medical surgeon in Patna. He drove his car with his family to attend DMC. He had a tremendous desire to drive Baba in his car. When he reached Arrah, he found that Baba was riding a well-decorated elephant in a big procession. Some Margiis were driving their car behind the elephant waiting for a possibility to drive Baba in their car. Dr. Ramesh could spot that the most

appropriate time to get a chance to drive Baba was when He would come down from the elephant, so he was driving his car in the middle of the procession, just in front of the elephant, with the hope that Baba would come with his car. He had already dropped his family away and kept his car just ready for Baba. After some time Baba expressed His desire to come down from the elephant. Dr. Ramesh, with his longing eyes, in the mood to invite Baba in the car was struggling. Baba was knowing the devotee's deep inner desire to drive his master. As soon as He came down, He started asking, "where is my Ramesh, where is my Ramesh?"

He, in a spiritual ecstasy, answered crying: "Baba, I am just here, waiting for you." Baba, breaking all rules of discipline, went straight towards Dr. Ramesh's car and sat in the back seat. Dr. Ramesh was so happy and felt that his mission of life was fulfilled. He felt that Lord is for devotee, and He can break any rule, any discipline, any bondages to respond to the inner call of the devotee. Baba and Ramesh while driving, discussed many lovely things about the procession and Baba's riding the elephant.

The Margiis' expressions made Sadhana Shivar more and more devotional. I could see Margiis were embracing each other with deep devotion as if by embracing each other they were healing the deep wounds left by Baba's physical departure. I was personally cured by this Sadhana Shivar, and now I was more confident to conduct the Benares Sadhana Shivar in a more effective way. On the fourth day, the Margiis we were just melted and forgot to go back to their homes. So during this fourth day we had only devotional talk about Baba. Afterwards, I proceeded to Calcutta to pick up my things, and one day later, on 15 November, I went to Benares to conduct Sadhana Shivar there. It was four years since last time I went there, and when I

got down from the three-wheeler, I was amazed, extremely amazed, to see the gigantic newly constructed ashram. Four years ago, I was wandering in the Himalayas to visit Kedarnath, Rishikesh and Haridwar. I saw many ashrams at the foot of the Himalayas which were indeed the traditional spiritual culture of India. In my heart there was a desire to have a big ashram with flower garden and big, big trees. When I reached Varanasi ashram, I felt my dreams were being realized by the dominating personality, Acarya Nigamanandji, under whose inspiration the gigantic ashram was growing and the huge establishment was maintained. The Sadhana Shivar was organized within the ashram compound, with sufficient space to accommodate at least 300 people.

On 16 November evening, the Margiis had started coming and the next morning, the hall was full with 250 Margiis. Prabhat Samgiit and regular Kiirtan were on full swing. The devotion was increasing and I could feel, everywhere, that Baba had released some special spiritual vibrations from His cosmic abode to heal His children's pain of His absence. I gave many talks and afterwards there were many workshops, which opened our hearts and minds and inaugurated a new collective avenue to generate a tremendous spiritual and devotional flow. I was astonished and amazed to see the devotion, the love towards the mission and the zeal to expand His mission

Many Margiis expressed their feelings and their deep relation with Baba. I could feel that Baba was not only for workers and Margiis but for one and all. His unconditional love deeply flooded all with inexhaustible inspiration. Nobody felt alone, rather an important part of the universal family. Confidence and courage in absence were only His blessings.

Acarya Dashratji is a great devotee of Baba. Countless times Baba conducted spiritual demonstrations on him. He has devoted his every expression to Baba and His mission. He was examiner of WT's. His sweet behavior and simple living, immersed in Baba's devotion is an example and a great inspiration for all Margiis. He narrated many experiences, one of which I am telling here.

He was an orthodox Hindu of higher caste and worshipping the family deity when he got meditation directly from Baba. With great conviction, he became very regular in meditation, but his family created many problems, saying that he was becoming non-Hindu. With such a tough opposition, he was somehow managing to perform his meditation.

Sometimes the traditional collective familiar God worshipping was disturbing him. Gradually this influence was dragging him back into his old tradition. He was in a tremendous conflict. Neither could he leave Baba, nor leave his family's traditional worship. So Dashratji was suffering a lot, but he was unable to tell his problem to Baba. The suffering was increasing day by day and he was seriously thinking to leave one of the paths to restore his peace. But he was not sure which way to go. If he went towards his family traditional worship, he would secure his family's trust and confidence, but on the other side, he was uncertain about his possibilities to realize higher values of life. If he followed Baba, he had to sacrifice his family. He was inside a great dilemma. At that very moment, Baba called him and directed him to sit in front of Him and to do meditation with Ista Mantra. He followed the directions of the Guru. Baba could understand the tremendous suffering of his disciple and simply touched his forehead and told him: "Do more deep meditation!"

He was in deep meditation. After some time Baba said:

"Open your eyes," and then said He had solved half his spiritual problem by his constant meditation and He would take away the other half. Baba directed him: "Go my boy, my blessings are always with you."

After two days, Dashrat came again to the ashram with a dazzling and shining face, touching Baba's feet and saying that Baba had taken away his problems and now he was capable to take a decision. And that decision was to work for His mission, even in front of the many challenges of life. He said: "You are my everything, I got you, whom I wanted very much." Baba picked up his devotees from different parts of the world. Their participation with the advent of Lord Anandamurtiji was indeed a historical need.

There was still another senior Acarya, whose name is Pratapa Ditya. He was enjoying a very high social status in his community at Gorakpur, a town in Uttar Pradesh. He was from the very beginning inclined towards spirituality, but was unable to find a proper path where he could understand the philosophical side and the spiritual practice. In his spiritual research he met an Acarya and had a long discussion about Baba, His philosophy and His mission. He was rationally convinced, and as he was inclined, he was accordingly initiated.

In the early days in Jamalpur he was the youngest Acarya, always trying to get the attention of Baba. This Acarya told many stories during Sadhana Shivir, and explained how he was trying to expand His mission in the heart of opposition. Six years ago, he decided to leave Ananda Marga, Baba and his meditation, because he found it impossible to follow Ananda Marga in this present situation where materialistic values are everything. His decision to leave created a tremendous reaction in him, but he was hesitant to tell his problem to anyone. He

internally started thinking that if Baba wanted to save him, He would create some circumstances to bring him closer to Baba. Lord's wish prevails when a disciple breaks His heart calling his master for rescue.

The next morning, he got a telegram from Calcutta, telling him to reach there by any available transportation, for a very urgent matter. He was inspired by the fact that just after deciding to leave Ananda Marga and its meditation he got a telegram to reach Calcutta. He felt some cosmic plan was unfolding and he had to go. The next day he was on a train to Calcutta.

When he reached he found the P.R.S. (Public Relations Secretary) was very sympathetic. He gave him some tapes of Baba's discourses to transcript in Hindi language. He was not internally prepared, but now he was there. P.R.S. wanted to detain him for some time and he was hesitant to respond. P.R.S. pushed him to meet Baba. Baba penetrated his mind two times, and after that he felt very light. He felt that like the absorbing paper sucks the ink, in the same way Baba sucked away his negative thinking from his mind. He became very happy, and after two days, again he wanted to meet Baba. This time Baba said: "Are you still here?" Baba said to P.R.S. he should remain in Gorakpur and work locally. He was internally quite satisfied that Baba had solved all his problems. He came outside and P.R.S. said, according to Baba, that he had to leave for Gorakpur to work there locally. He left next day to Gorakpur in a delighted mood and positive mind. All his filthy and negative thinking had stopped and a new phase of inspiration came after a simple meeting with Baba. Baba was alive for those who were depending on him. The Sadhana Shivir of Benares was of great success. Margiis felt the healing

and became determined to carry His mission with great inspiration. Ananda Shiila and Benares Sadana Shivar were a boon for me. All my mental rust was washed away by the innocent Margiis' devotional flow, assembled from different parts of Bihar and U.P. State. I have clearly seen that no force on this earth can stop the mission of Baba. I have seen the devotional flow of the Margiis and their determination to carry on His mission in the present situation of crisis. I felt that we should have frequently such spiritual retreats, to regenerate devotion, inspiration and precious zeal to work.

My Experiences With Baba in India

In my 25 years of missionary life I have been working most of the time in south India, two years in Bihar and the rest of the time outside India. I also spent thirty months in jail in connection with the self immolation of Acarya Divyananda in 1973, in protest against the government which poisoned Baba in jail the same year. For another fifteen months I was behind the bars in the year 1976, in connection with the emergency imposed by the then Prime Minister Shrimati Indira Gandhi. Our Mission was banned and all the workers were imprisoned. All property of our Mission was confiscated or destroyed.

I have divided my spiritual experiences in two phases: one in India, when I was frequently meeting Baba, and another phase when I was away from India, though every two months I was meeting Him at global RDS. I am very sorry not to produce the exact date of my spiritual experiences, because I did not keep any record. Moreover, I was not interested nor ready to reproduce any of my personal spiritual experiences with Baba. Time has changed and our Master has now left His physical body. Baba's physical departure has made me deeply think more and more about Him. I remember the melody of His gestures and smiles, His walk, His understanding of His disciples' spiritual plight. The more I think about Baba, the more my heart weeps and cries, and in this mood I remember many incidents with Baba, which spontaneously emerge in my mind. I feel I now have to collect all these tiny bits of my memories with Baba and try to prepare some sort of garland to

offer Him, unfortunately without dates, which I really do not remember. This is my offering as a memorial garland in homage to my Baba, with all my profound love, devotion and surrender.

In the early days of my missionary life in 1966 I was posted in Goa as Diocese Secretary. I found Goa was a very beautiful place. Its dales and vales surrounded by the ocean were exerting a strong fascination, creating a sort of madness in me. I was and I am a blind lover of nature. So perhaps, according to my nature, Baba posted me in a tiny green island to make me forget the lovely silent ranges of Himalayas where I used to wander in search of natural beauty in my younger years. Yes, my Master has done everything for me. I had not much familiarity with our ideological *pracar*, rather I was feeling that the nature of my work was making me a parasite of the society. So there was uncertainty about myself. My in-charge provincial secretary Acarya Karmeshvaranandaji had given me a minimum amount of money to reach Goa and some little surplus money to survive for at least two or three days there. When I reached Goa there were not Margiis, and I was in a difficult situation as to how to pass my days and nights. It was full moon time, the green hills' shadow was reflecting on the Ocean in the middle of the night. The sea tides were just searching the moon to have its glimpses, in a tantric spirit. With such a beautiful scenery, I wanted to have a room in front of the beach, so that I could look and look at the new world to which I was recently acquainted. The problem was how - I did not have any money. I remembered the senior Dadas had told me that Baba helps His disciples in every walk of our missionary life. With this hope and confidence I searched the place and fortunately I could get a cheap room in a hotel without any advance payment. My room was just in front of the beach. I felt Dada's words were true,

and that Baba had fulfilled my first mission in getting a room to enjoy the natural beauty of the place. I was really surprised at how I could easily get such a cheap place, which was also very close to the beach. Perhaps I was looking young, smart, well dressed, or, being the region recently liberated from Portugal, the people were having some sort of objective morality to trust people. In any other place of India they would have never trusted me. My first day was passed properly, but on the next day my worries were increasing. The problem of how to live without money started knocking at my psychic world. These worries started also stealing my fascination towards the vast lush natural beauty. I could not take any food up to midday because I was at pauper. Hunger started disturbing me, and there was no way to avoid the problem. Circumstances forced me to meet the manager of the hotel and request him to feed me breakfast, with the payment to be made at the end of the week. The manager was kind enough to issue me seven breakfast coupons. The menu of the breakfast was one *dosa* with *chatni*, crushed coconut with water and two *Varas* prepared out of pulses. The breakfast was the only meal in 24 hours. I was drinking a lot of water to subdue my hunger. Circumstances were forcing me to create some sort of Margii, but the shyness to spread the hand was arresting my outdoor movement, so that I remained almost two days indoor. Tremendous psychic clashes were forcing me to do or die. Slowly my ego was breaking down and I had started more depending on Baba in this adverse situation. In this situation I was feeling some sort of inner silent inspiration had started touching my mind to go outside and to meet the people. I slowly started meeting people and I received a good response. The pressure of circumstances brought me some good results in contacting the people, and this made me a little bolder, increasing my movement outside. I was

feeling weak, due to the scarcity of food, and on the other hand the end of the week was coming, and I had to make the payment of the breakfasts, according to the previous arrangement. I was feeling that the situation was not allowing me to pay him in this first week, so I again approached the manager of the hotel to explain him my inability to make the due payments, as I did not get money from my Boss, for whom I was working as a business promoter. There was no choice for the manager but to say me yes. My *pracar* work, or say my public contacts were gradually increasing. In one public contact a person became sympathizer, and gave me the address of the Chief Minister of Goa, Mr. Bandodhkar, (who today is no more), and advised me to contact him, because he was known as a generous person, open to new spiritual ways.

The next day I did a very good meditation and prayed Baba to please see my situation, which was behind my control, and to grace me. I had become more sincere to have more and more public contacts. I went to meet the Chief Minister of Goa. At ten o' clock I left my place to reach his residence. It took me almost one hour to reach, and I was somewhat tired, but I was determined to do some substantial work. According to the directions I finally reached his residence at about 10.45 am. The place was simple, guarded by two policemen from the outside. I told one of the policemen to make an arrangement for me to meet the Chief Minister. He started saying that time was not proper for me to meet him, as he was preparing to go to his office. I emphatically said that I had come from far away, from Benares, to meet him. Actually Baba put the word Benares in my mouth. The very statement that I was coming from Benares made him think. He went inside to meet the P.A. of the Chief Minister and informed him about my coming. The P.A.

instructed the guard to tell me to send my full particulars. I prepared a note saying that I was a Yogi coming from Benares to meet the Chief Minister and I sent it through the same guard. After a few minutes the P.A. came out to take me inside the building. Inside the house the P.A. introduced me to the Minister as a Yogi from Benares. He was happy to receive me. The Chief Minister was not much educated; he was a simple person also but the richest person of the state. It was even said that he was one of the richest persons of India. The Assistant left the room and he started talking with me in a broken English, but at least we were able to communicate with each other with the help of gestures and so on. I gave him a simple introduction about Yoga and Meditation. I do not know whether he understood anything or not, but he agreed to learn meditation. I felt Baba was working with me to create some base. The Minister was a bulky person, and it was a bit difficult for him to sit on the floor, so we sat on two chairs and I explained the meaning of the emblem and gave him the basic process of meditation. He was happy to some extent, but was also extremely hurried to go to attend his official duties. He went inside his residential office and brought an envelope with some money for me, which I refused to take, as I had given the charity of my ideology to him on that day. I was supposed not to take anything from him on that day. This refusal of his voluntary donation made him even more convinced that I was not a fake person, but a genuine Yogi. He expressed his desire to invite me on the next day for breakfast. He then left the place directing his P.A. to make the necessary arrangements to drop me at my place. I really felt that, after a great struggle, Baba had started opening His grace towards me. I was impatiently waiting the next morning as my financial situation was alarming. I had been taking food only once a day for the previous ten days. I

was feeling weak, but Baba was infusing bubbling energy into me even in this flow of crisis. Early next morning I went to his residence according to our agreement. This time the guard did not check me and waved his hand to allow me in. I went straight inside and sat with his P.A. After a few minutes the Minister came and we had breakfast. In his busy schedule he could not entertain me for a long time and returned to his residential office, and immediately came back with the same envelope which he had presented me the day before. We bid Namaskar to each other and the P.A. escorted me up to the gate, directing the driver to drop me in my place. The driver carried me to the hotel. The manager had seen me coming in the car, so he was confident that his dues of two weeks would not be lost. I went straight to my room and opened the envelope, finding 1300 rupees, a large sum at that time; this was the first donation I received. I paid 200 rupees for all the expenses during my 12 days at the hotel.

The day after I left Goa for Bangalore, as my superior wanted to meet me to give me the latest organizational instructions. Bangalore is the capital of Mysore, where we got an Area Office for the southern Indian states. I reached from Goa and deposited the unspent money to my in-charge, according to the system. I remained there two months and later on I was transferred to Bihar. I could feel that on one hand Baba was putting me in tremendous struggle, and on the other He was helping me in any adverse situation. His grace made me more and more inspired. Now I feel Baba's compassion, love and constant care in every walk of life. Baba used to say that when we go for *pracar* work (propagation of ideology), He looks after our full security. One meets adversities in the initial stages, but in the end becomes victorious. I understood we have

to work with great patience, sincerity, devotion, faith, dedication and sacrifice.

In the year 1966, I was posted in Bihar as a provincial secretary. My provincial Head Office was in Patna, the capital of Bihar state. The old provincial office was in a very small place, and as the number of cadres was increasing it was becoming difficult to accommodate all the persons. I wanted to arrange a nice and big house for our growing activities, but a large sum was needed as advance payment. I was quite helpless, but in my helplessness I was confident that I would get the money, though I was not knowing from where. My budget was also increasing, but not my money. So naturally I was deeply thinking how to arrange the money for the house as well as for the current establishment expenses. I was somewhat depressed and afraid that the good located house would slip away from our hands. During my deep thinking, at 4 p.m., two middle-aged women entered in our crowded office. The women were very sober and devoted. I was a little in panic as to where to accommodate them, being my office already very crowded.

In the meanwhile one elderly woman said she has got a relative in the town, where they were going to pass the night. She introduced herself as often coming to the office to help the previous Dada (provincial secretary), and I said in a humorous way "Mother, you should maintain the tradition." We had at least one hour of talk and just before she left the place, she came close to me and put a wrapped bundle under my wooden bed. She said to me that she had placed something under my bed because she felt that I wanted things urgently.

A little after she left the place. I was surprised and could not understand the meaning of her sentence. I imagined that she had left some sweets beneath my bed. In India people never go

to an ashram with empty hands, they always bring something. So I was thinking she had brought some sweet for us, but since the room was crowded she discreetly put them under my bed. I was least interested in the sweets and my mind was in different problems.

After dinner, I pulled out the little wrapped bundle to distribute the sweets among all workers. As I opened it I found two bundles, one made up by hundred rupees notes and the other by five rupees notes. I was quite stunned and happy. Stunned at how the women could imagine our urgent need to pay in advance for getting the house and obviously happy because Baba solved my problem. I counted 3500 rupees. Actually I needed 2500 as advance payment and something else for the establishment. With surprise I started enquiring about the woman and came to know from one senior LFT that she was doing the same also with the previous Dada. The cause of her becoming so generous was that some years before she had been seriously ill and there was no hope for her to regain her health.

She was not Margii at that time but some of her close relatives were devoted Margiis and they used to tell her about Baba and His majestic spiritual personality. She was having a soft corner for Baba and at times she started weeping saying, "Baba, I am not your disciple, but you are the Lord of all." After three days, she had a dream in which a white dressed sober person came to her and holding her hand said "Get up, this place is not for you to sleep!"

After some time she slowly became fine. It took nearly 6 months to recover completely. She was very much ardent to see Baba, but her relatives had told that to meet Baba, she had to take a meditation lesson. She was therefore waiting for a person to give her initiation. After one month she learnt meditation and approached the Margii to see Baba somewhere. There was a

Dharma Maha Cakra in Patna and she could somehow reach there. When she saw Baba, she found He was the same person who caught her hand and dragged her away from the bed, saying that she should not sleep much. That was the turning point of her health. She felt, that Baba was a great Master, and then she became an ardent devotee of Baba.

So whenever there was any activity or spiritual function, she was the first lady to shoulder the responsibility. After arranging the new office, I proceeded to Ranchi to attend the reporting in the RDS. I found Baba very blissful. I got a chance to go with Him in evening field walk; the sky was very clean and stars were shining everywhere. Baba while walking, started speaking about the science of astronomy. He was speaking about our galaxy and the position of our solar system and other planetary systems. The subject was so deep and complex for us to understand and we were simply saying, yes, yes, Baba without understanding anything. He said that the celestial bodies in the cosmos create some sort of an effect on the human psychology. When Baba felt that we were not understanding the gravity of the subject He stopped, saying "let us go back."

I was a little bit worried that Baba did not ask me about our new office and its sudden advance payment. As we reached Baba's house there was light everywhere. Baba was going inside the house, but He suddenly turned back and asked me how many persons were living in our new place; Baba further asked how could we make the arrangement. Baba indeed emotionally touched me, but unfortunately I was not knowing the name of the woman who gave me the money, I was newly posted in Bihar and I was not much familiar with the Margiis.

I was in an odd situation, not knowing the name of the lady who helped me and it indeed reflected on my efficiency. Baba

called me, told me to touch the right toe of His foot and directed me to remember the name of the woman, but nothing was coming in my mind. Then I became fully concentrated, and one name flashed in my mind, and I said that to Baba. Baba said simply many times, yes, yes, yes while going to His room, and further said she was a good woman and devotee. Later on I checked the name of the woman. I was completely surprised by how, touching Baba's right toe I could tell the name of the woman.

I could feel Baba was the starting and ending point of our ideation and thinking. By His simple touch He vibrates our whole cell structure. He was, He is and He will always be the all knowing powerful master.

In 1968, there was an election in different constituencies in Bihar; some Margiis were also contesting and they were sure to win the election. I was also supporting their campaign by supplying persons and material, but when the result of the election was released, their confidence crumbled against the very low voters' support. I was completely frustrated to see that, as I too was expecting some positive result. My mind started thinking in a negative direction that it is not possible for good people to win elections even when they are openly supported by God. With this negative mind I purchased a ticket to go to Nepal and enjoy wandering in the Himalayas and to do some intensive meditation. So I had a ticket and a little money, and I felt that there was no need of more money because if Baba so wished, he could make every necessary arrangement anywhere. The next day I was about to leave by bus from Bettiah, a town of Bihar, to Kathmandu when I received a telegram from Ranchi telling to reach there along with maximum Margiis for a retreat in presence of Baba. My mind was now divided in two, whether I should go to Nepal or to Ranchi.

According to my previous arrangement, everything was ready for Nepal. Incidentally Khubalal and other Margiis came and told me that they also had got information to reach Ranchi for a special retreat. I was in a fix about what to do and the Margiis also started pressuring me as they were knowing the state of my mind.

I was seriously thinking that since I got that telegram that very day when I had decided to go to Nepal, than some force was working behind me. I finally decided to drop my Nepal programme and to proceed towards Ranchi along with the other Margiis. The same day we started our journey, and we reached there early in the next morning.

I found the Ranchi jagrti was in a new inspiring flow. Everybody was singing Baba Nam Kevalam and dancing in a circle. The scene of Kiirtan was sweet, melodious and vibrating. Hundreds and Hundreds Margiis were singing Baba Nam Kevalam and dancing in a rhythmic circle. This recitation of Baba Nam Kevalam was quite new to me and to other Margiis who had not been in Ranchi. Baba was knowing the problem of my mind, and he sent a message that myself and some important Margiis from Bettiah town should go inside Baba's room. We immediately rushed towards Baba's room, entered and sat in front of Him. Baba watched towards me with penetrating eyes as if He was surveying my negative mind. Khubalalji, a senior and devoted Margii and one or two more were with us. Khubalal started reporting the situation of the election but Baba was not paying any attention as if the past had got no value for Him. Baba was in a blissful state of mind. Khubalal then started saying to Baba that our own Margiis opposed our candidate and Baba as Guru should give them appropriate punishment. It was some sort of overacting for a

disciple to suggest the Guru to act according to his own limited thinking, but Baba was listening unassailed.

Khubalal was repeating the same words many times, requesting Him to punish the defaulters. Baba was simply saying "leave it, leave it, leave it", but Khubalal was determined to get a definite reply. Baba finally said, "Khubalal why should I give punishment personally?" Baba said He had already empowered Prakrti to give everyone punishment according to their actions. Baba further told Khubalal that in this case Prakrti had kept punishment in their pockets. He directed us that we should not worry about those little things. Baba dispelled our mist of negative thinking with a simple convincing logical explanation. Baba would wipe out any point making the devotee's mind cynical with small educative parables and explanations.

We all were satisfied by Baba. When our mind was free, Baba asked how we liked the Kiirtan of Baba Nam Kevalam. He particularly pointed out towards me. I spoke in a blunt way: "Baba, there are already many Kiirtan, such as Hare Krsna, Hari Rama and so on, so our Baba Nam Kevalam will create more controversies." Actually, I was feeling shy to sing Baba Nam Kevalam while dancing in a circle. Baba again asked me how did I like it. I then said in a mechanical way, "Baba I like it very much." Baba than said "Then you are victorious." He further said: "when the elephants walk in a royal style paying no attention anywhere, the street dogs start barking at them, but the elephants never pay any attention to them and go on walking according to their noble style." Baba said we need not worry, we just have to follow what Lord says, and there lies the victory of His disciples.

Baba's presence and His magnetic personality took away

every negative thinking from us. We came out and started singing Baba Nam Kevalam in blissful joy.

There was one qualified doctor in Bettiah, who was utilizing some psychic powers, and due to this he was becoming very popular. Once I happened to be in that town, and the Margiis told me about this doctor who was exploiting the people by applying his powers. We wanted to see if he really had any powers, and after a discussion we decided that we should test his capacities. But internally I was reluctant to go, thinking that if he really had some power and applied it on us, we would be completely exposed. Since Baba once said that the avidya tantrikas who apply their psychic power cannot do anything against those who are doing tantric meditation, I felt reassured and told the Margiis that we should go there and see if his psychic power worked on us or not. Anyway we could not go there without any reason, so we decided that one person should pretend to be sick. One Margii named Ram Chandra took this responsibility and in a group of four person we went to his clinic.

We found him sitting alone in his room on a very luxurious chair with arrogant eyes. As soon as we entered inside he started constantly gazing at me. I took the name of Baba and also started constantly gazing on him. After a few minutes spent fixing each other in the eyes, he suddenly jumped off the chair and started running all around his big room, pointing his fingers at me, shouting and screaming that I was applying my mind on him. All Margiis were seriously watching the whole scene. After a little the doctor came closer with folded hands and asked us to please leave his clinic because he could not stand before us. This made me a little aggressive and I asked him why he was stupidly applying his energy and he with folded hands said,

"I will not do it anymore." His face was completely pale and he looked as frightened as if some ferocious animal was attacking him, but actually I did not do anything, I simply responded to his constant looking at me with the name of Baba. When he was very humble and trembling and requested us to please leave his clinic because he could not stand before us, then we left, and the Margiis started laughing and jumping, saying that really, our simple Baba Nam Kevalam without applying any other force is most powerful.

Once I was just walking with Baba and He said, that if by any chance we would happen to initiate anybody who is an avidya tantrik (that is, one who is misutilizing his psychic powers) then the acarya should tell him to take an oath not to apply his psychic force on any person. Only then the Acarya should give initiation. Baba again repeated that these psychic powers cannot do any harm to any acarya or to any Margii who is doing his/her twice a day meditation regularly.

Baba was looking towards me and I felt He was speaking also in the reference of Bettiah incident.

One evening, in Calcutta, I was in the Jodhpur Park office and Baba was in His Lake Garden residence. Suddenly, I got a message that myself and the Chief Secretary of Delhi sector should go to Baba's residence immediately. I did not put on my uniform properly, folded my long turban and kept it under my arm and went outside to find a rikshaw. After some searching we got one and after sitting on it we started talking about why Baba was calling us so late, figuring out various possibilities. We reached after thirty minutes and it was already midnight. We went upstairs and just in front of Baba's room, we found the G.S. He was very angry and with abusive language he said that

Baba was also very angry because we did not remain in Lake Garden and left the place without seeking the permission from G.S. Anyway he opened the door of Baba's room and we went inside. As Baba saw me He immediately scolded me for not wearing the uniform properly. I readily answered that I had washed my clothes and they were still wet when I was urgently called. Baba said "accha" (affirmative), and then in a very confident voice He said, "Oh, you have washed your clothes!", and started shaking His head. He said "when you were leaving Jodhpur Park and started looking for rikshaw I was watching you, and when you both sat in the rikshaw I was also with you, and when you started talking in rikshaw I was listening to what you were saying, and when you entered in my room, at that time I also was seeing you." I was completely stunned; what else would Baba tell me now! Actually I did not wash my clothes, my whole statement was false, in fact when I entered the room I left my clothes outside. Baba immediately said, "should I order you to wear your clothes, which are just near to you?" I was completely shocked, wondering how could I have pretended the whole thing in front of Him. I had no time to wear the uniform, but I could have spoken in a better way. Actually I was never wearing my uniform properly, but always in a haphazard way. So Baba brought out the point that I was not wearing my uniform properly and regularly. I realized my mistake, and told Baba that I would never again report such distorted information and that I would always wear my uniform regularly.

So this shows that Baba was knowing our every expression of life and any distortion in speaking the truth was never appreciated. In such cases He would create such circumstances to make the person realize the error and correct it.

In my early missionary days I was deputed at Ananda Nagar to take educational relief work training. We were ten trainees. Ananda Nagar was not so much developed and it was a hot summer season. There was not electricity and of course there was water scarcity. Above all these physical problems I was afraid of the poisonous snakes. There was a voice that Baba told that there were many dangerous snakes at Ananda Nagar but they would never bite one of His workers. So we had a direct boon from Baba, but still there was a constant fear in my mind about tropical poisonous snakes. I would never venture outside after dusk lest I could meet a snake. Actually this was a sort of a phobia which I could not overcome, even though Baba had given us assurance that nothing would happen.

We used to sleep on the floor, all ten in the same big hall. After one night spent there, early in the morning we started folding our beds and putting them on one side to clean and prepare the place for collective meditation. As I was folding my blanket, I found beneath my bed a three-foot long snake lying dead. I jumped away out of fear, and everybody assembled and started discussing how the snake reached there and why it was dead. We started investigating how it died, and quickly came to the conclusion that the snake entered my bed during the night and while turning in the sleep I killed it. I started trembling uncontrollably: why didn't the snake bite me? Then Baba's assurance came to my mind, and my fear calmed down. From that day my fear gradually disappeared. I felt if any unwanted thing occupies the mind of a spiritualist, and he or she sincerely wants to get it away, then Baba creates the circumstances to take it away once for all. I was then completely secure that every moment Baba was with me and that I could remain at Ananda Nagar freely, without any fear.

Once in 1970 there had been a Dharma Maha Cakra in Ranchi. When DMC was over, there were still about 2000 Margiis. At that time Baba was arrested on some false concocted murder charges. We thought we should make demonstration to transmit our feelings to the government that Baba's arrest was senseless and against human justice.

We had a discussion with all senior Margiis, and our legal secretary Acarya Ramtunukji said that we should not have any demonstration because anything like that would provoke the police and the government, making it still more difficult to bring Baba out. He said, he would find a legal way to bring Him out.

On the contrary, we workers wanted to have a demonstration, because the legal ways were not enough to bend the government. Our legal secretary became very angry and left the room, saying that we wanted to keep Baba in jail for a long time to enjoy complete freedom without His commanding guidance.

This remark was really biting, but we felt that we were also having responsibilities to discharge. We organized the demonstration, and there were at least 3000 Margiis participated. This demonstration turned into procession which finally reached the place where Baba was kept in domiciliary arrest. There we had a demonstration and delivered lectures against the injustice of the government against Dharma Guru Shrii Shrii Anandamurtiji.

There was some sort of uncertainty in our mind whether our approach was good or not, because of the negative opinion of our legal secretary. In our heart we wanted to have our decision confirmed or rejected from Baba only. We, the persons who were leading the demonstration in a deputation approached

the jail in-charge to get permission to communicate with Baba. After a long struggle, the in-charge allowed us to talk with Baba through the window of the cell. We were hesitant to set forth the matter to Him, but Baba Himself said that when we wanted to have any procession we should not ask suggestions from doctors or advocates, because they will not give proper advice. The doctor will say don't go in procession, the police will charge and inflict you serious injuries. Then the very spirit of the demonstration will go down. If you want to go to the advocate he will say don't indulge in such demonstration, you will be put in jail and you will be involved in complicated legal cases.

Baba said not to ask them anything; if you get injured than go to the doctor, and if you have any legal complication then go to the advocate. This exposition given by Baba was indeed a great joy for us. We were just liberated from our advocate's appraisal. Here one can understand how Baba was dealing with all things in a simple but effective way.

After Bihar I was posted as Area Secretary in South India. One Amavasia day, the new moon day, I had to do my night meditation in a burial ground. I was at that time in Bangalore, where our south India area office was. The next day I was supposed to reach Coimbatore so I took the night bus with the hope that somebody will be at Coimbatore school where I could do my night meditation. Actually that was the last useful day for the meditation, so there was no question of postponing. Next day I reached Coimbatore by bus and went straight to the Ananda Marga school to find out if there was some Dada who can accompany me in night meditation, as I did not know the place. There I met Acarya Citsvarupananda, but he was a little bit sick, and apart from that he had already completed his night meditation.

I asked him if he could accompany me, but he replied that he could not because of his sickness, and any overexertion would make him more sick. Therefore I planned to visit the place in daytime to explore the place and find a proper way to reach in time and safely. So during daytime I went and found a very nice cremation ground at some distance from the town. I had to walk by foot one and a half kilometer. At midnight I started going towards the cremation ground to perform my meditation. From the end of town to the cremation ground the distance was about half kilometer. The road was narrow and on both sides there were plenty of small bushes. As soon as I reached the outskirts of the town and continued going towards the burial ground, a black dog came out from the bushes and started making a peculiar sound, crossing the road from one side to the other. I was taken by surprise. I stopped and started watching the movements of the dog. The dog went into the bushes and then I again started walking towards the burial ground. To my surprise the dog is again coming and sitting in the middle of the road. I felt that something was going to happen. Unconsciously I uttered: "Hmmm", and the dog got up and went on one side. Again I started walking towards the burial ground because it was the last day of the mediation, and if I did not do it, I would have had to fast for three days without water. Whatever might happen I had to to meditation on that night only.

I also remembered once Baba was saying that when His Avadhut go for night meditation, He will send sometimes His "representatives" to see how we were doing meditation. So I thought that this dog might well be the representative of Baba to test and watch my performance and boldness. So from the backside my fear was dragging me and on the front side was

Baba's representative. So I was in a big fix. I stood in the middle of the road and started praying, "Baba what should I do? Should I go and do meditation or should I go back and do fasting for three days?"

I was completely in crisis and turmoil. I was simply praying and I was not getting any internal response and as unwillingly I dragged myself to the burial ground, again the same dog came and sat in the middle of the way. Again I did my "Onmkar" and the dog went on the other side. Again I started thinking very seriously, but at this moment, I completely surrendered myself to Baba and reached His unfailing response.

The moment I surrendered the dog was gone, and at the same time I became bold enough to face any consequences. Then I reached the burial ground. My mind was still somewhat preoccupied by the strange black dog blocking my road at different places and now again I saw the black dog, there, in the middle of the burial ground. This time, however, with boldness and manliness I emitted a loud Onmkar, and the dog ran away I don't know where.

I did my meditation and it was one of the best which ever I had enjoyed, with such a concentration and bliss from Baba. I continued for at least one and a half hour. When I was coming back, I was feeling as the whole world was shaking at my walking. I felt how, when the fear is replaced by the surrender and by His Grace, the meditation becomes excellent and His Grace flows everywhere. I have seen and now also I am seeing that Baba is guiding me in every walk of missionary life.

He is no more physically with us but his psycho-spiritual association is actually becoming more powerful.

Once we were going to Ranchi for RDS, and we were waiting at Madras railway station. Madras is always crowded by

passengers going to different parts of India. One of our younger sannyasi was walking outside, when some mischievous boy took away his turban. He came to me weeping and narrated that somebody had taken away his turban. I was really very angry to see such a disrespectful action committed by some youngster, also considering that we were in the most religious country of the world, where people traditionally have much regard and respect for sannyasis. In a very angry mood I went out, calling the culprits in a loud voice: "you bunch of badmash fellows, how you dare doing such nonsense with such a young sannyasi!" Perhaps they were some atheist or communist who were allergic to the very sight of a sannyasi. I was creating such a drama that practically every person present at the station took my side against the rascals. I boldly went forward and caught the ear of the gang leader and bowed him to touch the feet of the sannyasi. I warned him never to repeat any such action. They were nearly forty young persons in his group, and all of them remained silent, realizing their mistake. I was fascinated that all the train passengers supported me in this right cause but in my heart I felt this was all Baba's play.

At Ranchi, during RDS, Baba said that when one stands with moral force than the immoralists, even if they are more in number, cannot stand any longer, because the moral force is more powerful than any corrupt force. Baba pointed out towards me saying that we should be more bold to combat any injustice. I felt Baba was referring mystically to the incident of Madras where I took a strong stand against an injustice, in which He certainly helped me.

In 1976 the emergency was imposed in India by then Prime Minister Indira Gandhi. Our mission was banned. Many

workers were put behind the bar and others went underground. I was one of the underground worker travelling in different places without sannyasi dress. We were doing organizational work silently, without uniform, but there was tremendous vigilance to arrest the workers of Ananda Marga. We, those who were maintaining the links of the organization, were meeting at pilgrimage places where thousands of people from different parts of India were gathering, making it difficult for Indian Intelligence to catch us.

When Baba was in jail, the organization banned and the workers behind bars, I was feeling it was not possible to work. I started to wander through different places of India outside the Marga, to see some elevated sannyasis. I went to Rishikesh, Haridwar and some important place of U.P., but I could not find any interesting persons. Then I went to North Champaram, a place of Bihar state. In the village I was staying with a sympathizer of Ananda Marga, and there lived also one sannyasi, who used to remain naked, wearing only a lungota. His whole body was black. I heard him singing in Bhojpuri language for the whole night. Since twelve years he was only drinking milk without eating anything; his health was very nice and he looked bright. He used to laugh so loudly that I was feeling as if even the birds were attracted by the melody of his laughter. I was to some extent attracted by his personality, and approached him.

As soon as I reached near to him, he indicated in a demanding way to sit beyond a circle he had drawn. I sat according to his direction. I felt he was a very elevated soul, always laughing and shining, and I asked him "Swamiji, why are you not doing any social services?" He said to me "What social services?" in an aggressive way. I said just like opening

schools and children homes. He started laughing loudly, and said that I wanted that a bird who is flying from one branch to another, one tree to another, one forest to another, enjoying the full freedom in the lap of nature, be kept in a cage.

I was very surprised by the interesting reply of this sannyasi who was feeling rendering services to the humanity was the same as to trap a free bird in a cage. Anyway I was somewhat impressed by this personality, simple and totally dedicated to his spiritual services. Service to God was everything for him, and I felt he was correct to some extent. Anyway I was not convinced and had the desire to get an appropriate explanation from my master, but alas, He was behind the bars and there was no chance to meet Him.

I got this clarification in 1978, when Baba came out from the jail. He conducted one class in which He said there exists capitalism in the physical sphere, and also in the psychic and spiritual spheres.

He said we have to remove the physical capitalism by implementing the humanistic socio-economic theory. And the high souls who are remaining away from the society having their ashrams and leading an isolated life should be brought in the society to serve the humanity. This intellectual and spiritual capitalism is corrupting the society. Baba pointed out this thing towards me; perhaps I had some attraction for the wandering sadhus of India living in an isolated way away from society. In reference of to Baba's explanation I will mention some more experiences during the emergency period.

Once I was in Allahabad and I happened to meet a sannyasi. He was very tall and lovely looking and I wanted to talk with him, but he said it was his meditation time. I was interested to see the process of his meditation. He collected many dry pieces of cowdung and made a circle with them. He

set fire to all those pieces, sat in the center of the circle and started doing long pranayam. I was quite surprised! Maybe he had some dogma in his mind, or maybe he was performing some adviya tantra practices, still I do not know, but while I had to stay far away because of the dense and suffocating smoke, he did pranayam for at least 45 minutes. I was thinking that he would become junk and down by the smoke, but to my further surprise I saw that he was shining, his eyes were red and he was lost in ecstasy. I started feeling that India is really a mysterious country and I wanted to know more. Gradually this wandering style started influencing my psychological attitude.

Once I was at Rameshvaram, a pilgrimage site in Madras state, with Acarya Cidanandaji. Cidanandji was my guru and I was his disciple. Since it was difficult for two sannyasi to remain in a small ashram, we decided that only Cidanandji should wear the uniform, and I would be his disciple serving him. So in this way we were able to accommodate in the ashram during emergency period. In daytime, Cidanandji used to go in the ashram to study sanskrit and I had ample time to move here and there like a vagabond. Near the ocean there was a little temple and in front of it there were gigantic trees. Under one of these trees one sannyasi was standing on one leg. At first I did not pay any attention, but after one hour, on my way back again I saw this sannyasi, still standing on one leg. I asked the priest of the temple why this sannyasi was standing in such position. The priest explained me that he was doing penance for last 12 years. When he completed twelve years and he would invite thousands of people and feed them. So he was becoming popular in the area, especially among such sadhus who are holding spirituality in a dogmatic way. I was wondering how he

was doing his morning duties. He said he used a strong stick, but would do everything in a standing way. I was a little bit inspired to see his determination to stand twelve years on one leg. I went near to him and found he was mentally very strong and also physically stout. Unfortunately I was not able to communicate because he could speak only dravidian languages, but I felt he was simple and honest in his approach. Before I got the clarification from Baba, in 1978, by meeting these sannyasis my style of thinking was also becoming strange and I was strongly thinking to become a wandering sannyasi for the time being until Baba's eventual release. Anyway my master was watching every single movement of mine. We had an underground meeting in Tripati Pilgrimage as usually after two months. The meeting was over and myself and Krtashivanandji were going towards Calcutta via Vijavaara railway junction. There we parted; he went his way and I stayed one night in a railway retiring room with the idea to meet a senior Margii who was living in this town. He was a manager at the United Commercial Bank of India, Vijavaara. He was a good Margii and moreover I had a very good relation with him. I felt to meet him next day and to brief him on our underground activities. Also I was expecting some funds from him, to deposit into our South India common pool for maintaining our activities and to use myself for travelling. Anyway, man proposes and God disposes, and also, as I said, Guru's psycho-spiritual association was holding us, during each moment and movement.

Early in the morning I telephoned to Mr Malik Arjun, the bank manager, saying that I was in a railway retiring room, and would be reaching his place very shortly. I was not knowing that he had made a secret pact to get me arrested and save himself. In exchange for this, the police department would have

prepared a positive report on him that he was no more Ananda Margii. As soon as I telephoned he was very warm to me and invited me to his place. His place was not so much far away from railway station, and I went there by walking. When I was about to reach, I found some four or five persons were standing and watching the marriage function which was going on in the nearby street.

I directly went to Malik Arjun residence. He brought two chairs outside his veranda, which was strange because I was expecting him to take me to his family, where we would have talked in a familiar atmosphere, but alas, my whole thinking was turned down by his strange behavior. After five minutes, rubbing his hands, he started saying he had to go somewhere, and had no more time to talk.

As I left the place I saw him waving his hand towards the six person who were standing at the street corner. I sensed some movement there and thought to run away. But then I was also fearing that they may shoot me, because the previous two days I read in the newspaper that Vijavaara police had shot down many persons when they were running away. I decided not to run, otherwise they will kill me, so better be arrested. When I reached the corner all six person surrounded me.

I asked what the matter was, why were they surrounding me. They made me silent by showing me their identity card. They were police and intelligence officers, so I had to submit to them.

They made me sit in a car and drove to the police station. I was kept in remand for 20 days which was most painful and I do not want to tell about it. After 20 days when they failed to get anything from me then they sent me to Rajmandari Central Jail. I was considered there as a political prisoner and got a first class

status. I was having an independent room which became for me like a cave of Himalaya. I started doing maximum meditation and could also get my sannyasi dress.

I was doing meditation at least ten to eleven hours daily. Those 18 months in Rajmandari and later on Hyderabad jails changed my whole psychology, which had been influenced by the wandering sannyasis of India. I wanted to travel along the feet of Himalaya, the dales and vales of India, contacting many sannyasis and spiritual persons. Baba allowed me to have a little experience about spirituality outside Ananda Marga, and then, as I started thinking more about the wandering spirituality, Baba pulled me out and kept me in a jail to do more and more meditation and realize His gigantic mystic personality. The whole jail became my ashram. Of course my freedom was curtailed, but my whole approach towards the spiritual pursuits took away every negative and limited thinking. That is why I said that my Guru's invincible force put me into a jail, where I turned my room into a Yogi's den in the lap of Himalayas.

Once myself, Ac. Karunananda and some Margiis from Mysore, Karnatika State, south India, went to night sadhana. We had to go far away from the town to reach the burial ground, so one Margii, an engineer, drove us to the place. The burial ground was in a big forest, a very dark place, so we directed the Margiis to sit in one place to do meditation. I went to one side of the burial ground and Karunanandji to the other, after fixing one particular meeting place. I was not having a torch so I was just walking in the forest to find out a proper place.

It was a Muslim burial ground, and while walking I suddenly fell down into a graveyard at least one and a half meter deep. It was very difficult for me to come out and I was

completely drenched in sweat due to fear. Neither I could call anybody nor could I come out. If I called loudly then the neighboring Muslim people would come and they would surely create a big problem for me, but I could also not leave the grave without help. So there was no way out. I started to dig some stairs in the mud and after 45 minutes of struggle I came out, praying to Baba all the time. Naturally I was completely dirty. I went a little bit further where there was a little creek, I cleaned myself and on that place I did meditation.

I was very angry with Baba, because whenever I went for night meditation, I was having some problem. Even many Avadhut were refusing to come with me because they might also face some problem. I was already late one and a half hour and Karunanand and the other Margiis were impatiently waiting for me, asking themselves what happened to me. When I reached there, everybody was angry. I showed my legs, completely scratched and bleeding, and narrated my situation. They were very impressed by what had happened to me. As we were discussing about my plight, two birds suddenly came in front of me, fighting with each other. I excitedly told the Margiis to catch the birds but everybody was stunned, and within no time they disappeared. Everybody was laughing in a suppressed way about my expression. Here I have to say that I have seen minutely that Baba was putting me in struggle, but at the end of all this struggle I have found his unlimited Grace.

Once myself and a senior worker who came from South India were going to attend Dharma Maha Cakra at Sitamari, a town of Bihar. This senior worker was very clever and cunning and at the same time very extroversal. Whenever he would come to me, he would always say that he had got no money, and I had to look after him. He left the organization some years ago.

He was intelligent, smart in convincing the people and quite cunning. So I was thinking that either he was really not having money or he was simply exploiting me. Anyway we had to go to DMC so I said I would pay his ticket and look after all his expenses. On the day of DMC we were usually having a procession and an open conference. Some people were in the procession and myself and this worker were deputed to conduct the public conference.

Anyway, in the procession some disturbances took place and there was a violent clash. The police intervened and many of us were arrested, as well as people from the other side. Baba left the place the same day for Muzaffadpur without conducting DMC which was canceled for security reasons. The police was also saying that the situation was very tense, and they would not allow any meetings. So naturally we had to cancel the program and Baba went away. Myself, this senior workers and ten more workers were arrested by the police. When we were in police custody, the in-charge officer started saying that whatever we had got in our pockets was to be deposited to him. This worker became nervous, and started moving here and there until suddenly came to me and told "Tadbhavanadji, I have got some money with me, and as it is quite a sum, I don't want to declare it all as my own. Can you please keep half of this money with you?" I was thinking he was having maybe one thousand Rupees, and I asked him how much money he had got. He said he got 3000 Rupees. I was surprised, as when we were coming from Patna to DMC he was pretending he had got nothing, and now he was having 3000 Rupees. I was angry with him: "why have you lied to me?" He immediately started saying that was not the time to discuss these things. Anyway I took 1500 Rupees and kept in my pocket and

then we declared the money . Next day we were released and got everything back. When we were going to Muzaffadpur I asked him why he was hiding the money, and he said that the money belonged to the Ananda Marga school, and in it there was also a little of his own money, which he did not want to spend because at his place it was very difficult to get donations, and he had to keep some money for security reasons. I was not convinced by his logic, but anyhow he was exposed before me forever. So here we can see how Baba exposes the ambiguity of any person.

Baba used to say to the workers "there should be harmony between thinking, speaking and doing. Those who are not maintaining such rhythm will not be capable to carry my mission." It is a fact that after ten years of missionary life he left the organization. Baba used to say that workers should become simple, and a simple mind is capable to do great work for the suffering humanity.

Once myself, Kripananda Avt. and Vibhashanada Avt. (the latter is no more in the organization) went to do night Puja in Allahabad. Allahabad is considered one of the best tantric places, that is spiritual places of India. In the middle of the night we went far away to do meditation on the bank of the river, where there were many cremation grounds. We decided that first Kripananda was to do meditation. It was summer season so the cool breeze of Ganges was soothing and myself and Vibhashananda were sleeping on the bank. After one hour of meditation Kripananda came back, awakened me to go next for meditation, and told me that on the side on which he performed his meditation he was disturbed, in the sense that he was hearing strange sounds and whisperings, as if many people were staying there. I took a stick in my hand and told him I

would go and see what was there.

I went there; the cremation ground was very frightening, deeply silent. I sat in the centre of it and started doing meditation. It was just blissful. I did not hear any whisper or anything, and after finishing my meditation, waving my stick in a joyous mood I returned towards the place where we were camping.

As soon as I reached it, I hit with the waving stick the leg of Vibhashanandji saying "It is your turn now!" He jumped three feet high in the air, with his eyes still closed, and started beating and biting Kripanandji. There started wildly beating each other, shouting "Ghost, ghost!". They were crying so much that even the dogs of the nearby villages started barking. I was laughing so much that my stomach was aching with pain. They were rolling, beating, one above the other, sliding towards the Ganges, and still were not opening their eyes. When they were just about to fall into the river, I ran and caught them, still laughing, and shouted at them to open their eyes. They opened their eyes, and were looking so exhausted as if they had been attacked by hundred people and robbed of every belonging. Then they sat quietly, and saw that they were having many injuries and cuts which they caused to each other. I asked them why they behaved in such a crazy way, fighting and crying without even opening their eyes. They said that the moment I touched Vibhashanandji's leg they felt as if ten avidya tantrik demons were attacking to kill them.

The psychology was that Kripananda's mind was already afraid and when Vibhashananda fell on him he fought for life, while the other was doing the same. Still I was laughing, and said to Vibhashananda to go and do meditation. He refused saying that he was afraid and promised to talk with Baba and tell

Him that Tadbhavanada had applied his mind to disturb their night meditation. In spite of Kripananda and myself trying to persuade him, he did not do his meditation and went to the DMC place (DMC was held there the day before).

At the next General Darshan Baba talked about food, sleep and fear. He said that these instincts, if left free, will devour a person. Baba said that when one gains control he or she can live with a little food, little sleep, and can also gradually eliminate the fear instinct. If one keeps these instincts loose, one will become a slave and life will become a hell. I felt that Baba's precise talk perhaps was also referring to our previous night incident.

I found that in every walk of our life, in every expression of ours, Baba was guiding and directing with His immense compassion and love. Baba's company was always an inexhaustible inspiration for us.

My Experiences Outside India

It was the end of September 1978, when I was ordered to proceed to Western countries for the propagation of our social and spiritual philosophy. Acarya Pranavanandji, a seniormost Avadhuta of the organization was assigned the duty to prepare all the necessary documents of the workers and to deal with all the formalities needed to send workers abroad. Naturally I had to follow his directions and there was no reason to contradict any instruction, because he was well experienced in this regard, while I was not knowing anything about going abroad. I had my passport deposited to him, and he purchased the ticket and finished all the formalities. Those days there was no need to get visa for Scandinavian countries and Germany, so it was easy to enter in Europe, provided one had a return ticket and some money.

The date of my departure came. Pranavananda called me and imparted the last elaborate instructions on how I had to go. Though he himself never went outside India, he gave sound explanations to convince the workers to leave India and go abroad. I went to him, and he was very happy that I was going abroad. He gave me the passport and said I had to land at Stockholm, Sweden. The Margiis had already been instructed to receive me by Krtashivanada, who was already in Europe. I took my passport and the ticket. It was a return ticket by Aeroflot, Calcutta-Bombay-Moscow-Stockholm. Then he gave me some money to show at the immigration. This money amounted to three U.S. dollars. I was surprised for this, but I

did not say anything, for two reasons: if I told anything he would become angry and answer in an unpleasant way, and to avoid a useless fight I remained silent. The other reason was that I was feeling that money was not needed, as all the necessary arrangements were already made for me at the destination. He then bade me his good wishes and went back to his work.

My flight was in the evening from Calcutta, and I had a full day to organize all my things. Whatever money I had in Indian currency I gave to the other workers. I did not purchase any warm clothes because by living in Calcutta in September I was not inclined to think about cold weather. I was having only my Indian summer uniform, and nobody advised me in this regard. In the afternoon I did *sastang pranam* to Baba and received His blessing. I went out of Baba's room internally crying, thinking that Baba had thrown me away from Him, without knowing when I would meet Him again. I was quite confident that my journey would be safe, though I was not having money and warm clothes.

I proceeded to the airport with a strange mind, as leaving India, where I was much attached to Baba, was a new and sad experience. At the airport I most carefully dealt with all formalities, with which I was not acquainted, having only travelled by domestic flights with Baba a number of times. My flight landed at Bombay after three hours, and I came to know that the then Prime Minister of India Murar Desai was also on his way to Moscow in official tour. His special Air India flight was delayed for technical reasons, and my Aeroflot flight was ahead his one.

Early in the morning my flight reached Moscow, and there was a huge concentration of policemen and dignitaries to receive

the P.M. of India. When my plane landed in Moscow some policemen escorted me through a private passage to the airport hotel where I had a reserved room until my next flight. I felt my movements were being watched by the Indian government, because otherwise there was no point to escort me up to the airport hotel. 45 minutes later the car of Murarji Desai passed in front of the hotel towards the centre of Moscow. I thought they were keeping me out of his way, and I was amused to imagine the Minister's reaction if he had seen me in uniform, an Ananda Marga monk in the communist Soviet Union.

I would say that these were all cosmic games which Baba played with His devotees. He used to say that the Lord cannot remain without His Liila, and His Liila is to play with His creation, and particularly with His devotees. As I mentioned it was the end of September, and the Siberian cold already covered Moscow with snow. It was 12 degrees below zero and my thin summer uniform had started denying to resist before the Russian biting cold. But there was no way out. Here internally I started abusing Pranavanandji that he did not tell me about the cold and pushed me out without any arrangement. But an inexhaustible inspiration was holding me and maintaining my bubbling spirit to carry His mission. I remained two days in Moscow's big airport hotel. I had a nice room on the sixth storey, warm and ventilated, and I was doing day and night maximum madhur sadhana. I was feeling an internal inspiration that Baba was giving me a transit time to revive myself by more meditation for the onward journey. I could not get proper food, except some cheese and bread, but it was sufficient for me, as my mind was not towards these things, but fully concentrated to reach my final destination.

After two days I flew to Stockholm, completed the formalities, and by Baba's grace the immigration officer simply

watched my return ticket and did not ask any show money. Had he asked I could have shown him three dollars, and would have been probably deported back to India. But when the Lord stands behind His disciple, then no force can disturb him or her.

As soon as I went outside, one Margii named Krsnadeva, who was waiting for me with his wife, saw me in uniform, came and gave Namaskar. I was very happy to find a Margii so far away from India, and then he drove me to the jagrti by car. It was early afternoon, but already dark because of the latitude. I was tired, and I slept until 10 pm. After I got up I was feeling a little hungry, but nobody offered me to eat, and I did not felt to go to the kitchen by myself. Next morning the LFT showed me around the jagrti, I took bath and did meditation. The LFT went outside to do some postering for a conference, and I again did not have breakfast, as nobody told me. I was thinking that as in India the families and the workers offer full hospitality to each other, in the west they were doing the same. I started understanding that in the west it was different, that individualism was predominant, and eventually I also did not take lunch, as I was feeling it was uneducated to take food and disturb the arrangement without the presence of the people of the house. I also did not have money to purchase something to eat independently.

By the grace of Baba it so happened that one Indian person, a journalist who fled during emergency and married a Swedish woman, from which he divorced six months later, was looking for a place to stay. Somewhere he met the LFT, who brought him to the jagrti. I started openly asking him about the local system and customs. He explained me everything, and told me not to expect Indian-style hospitality, but to go to the kitchen and help myself. Together we prepared a nice dinner and fed

everybody in the jagrti with Indian dishes. After four or five days I left for Iceland, where we had a nice programme, and successively returned to Stockholm, where Krtashivanadji was waiting for me. I narrated him my adventurous journey, and he heartily laughed about my show-money. He said Pranavananda treated him nicely and gave him 300 dollars as show money, and I replied that perhaps he was a special person for him, while I was not. So I pulled out my three dollars and deposited them to Krtashivanadji, out of resentment for Pranavanandji.

Here I do not blame anybody for these small things, rather it was a divinely arranged plan to put me in a situation of struggle, and at the same time to make me understand that it is not any individual who is helping me, but it is my compassionate Guru who takes care of me just like a baby. He was putting me in struggle, but in the struggle He was making me successful, and this success due to His grace was adding to my confidence and devotion. For workers Baba and His grace are everything.

When I started working in Europe with Krtashivanandji, at that time Acarya Karunanand was Sectorial Secretary (S.S.). He worked as S.S. from the beginning, and every Margii was knowing him. Our pracar and seminars in different countries of Europe started creating some problems for him, in the sense that the various wings of the organization started growing, and his previously concentrated effort was getting decentralized. There were minor conflicts coming in our working system, but he was after all the Sectorial Secretary, and when every two months we were going to India for reporting he used to express many complaints about us. Baba was conducting this reporting and at the same time listening to our points of conflict, after which He was giving His benevolent ruling.

Our organizational fight was becoming in many ways

beneficial, as in the end Baba was giving many instructions, and those very instructions were a very important guideline to expand our multidimensional and complex organization. At every RDS Berlin Sector was bringing forth many complaints, and Baba was forced to express Himself on the matter. Once there were nearly 20 workers attending the international reporting, and Baba started telling a story.

He said in Egypt there are many water ponds, and in these water ponds many crocodiles are dwelling. On the bank of the ponds there are big trees, and on those big trees live many small birds. The crocodiles in the pond eat fishes and other small animals, and because of this some pieces of meat get stuck between their teeth, causing them great pain. The crocodiles then go out of the pond and keep their mouth open. The birds are attentively watching the crocodiles, and as soon as they see them opening their mouths, the birds rush into those mouths and start eating away the bits of flesh stuck between the teeth, relieving their tremendous teeth pain. After having eaten away everything the birds fly back to the trees singing and jumping with joy, having eaten plenty of delicious food. The crocodiles also close their mouths and in a graceful way go back to the water in a blissful mood. This routine goes on continuously among crocodiles and birds, and everyone is happy with this coordinated cooperation.

"I will not say who is a crocodile and who is a bird in my organization", Baba continued, "but the spirit of the story is that who is or who is not holding power in the organization is an immaterial point, because we should evolve Neo Humanistic coordinated cooperation, and not subordinate cooperation."

We were amazed to hear a most educative parable removing our limited conflicts which were not reflecting coordinate

cooperation. Baba was dealing with every small organizational matter with educative explanations, which are now becoming living testaments for the future generations.

One time I was going to India carrying some irregular bureaucratic documents which came into my possession in a peculiar set of circumstances. I was flying via Moscow with another Acarya who was keeping these papers with him. At the Moscow's transit passport check I was standing ahead of him in the line with some persons between us. I quickly passed, but when Dada's turn came there was some misunderstanding and confusion, the policemen decided to search him and saw these incongruous papers. The conversation which followed ran like this:

"How is it possible for you to have this?"

"That does not belong to me, but to an Indian friend of mine."

"Then how is it possible that you are keeping it with you while your friend is in India?"

"But my friend is not in India, he is here."

So they called me back and posed the same embarrassing questions. In my mind I was repeatedly intensively taking Baba's name, and in a bold way started fighting back. "Don't you know that we Indian people are supposed to have these things? Didn't they teach you? Is it a result of your communist thinking that you find faults everywhere?" Actually I was saying a lot of nonsense, but they were spell-bound, and instead of checking the relevant matter, which would have put me in trouble, they were just gazing at me with awe. Without even watching it, they gave me back everything in an apologizing way: "Oh, yes sir, of course you Indians can have that."

If you ever happened to pass through a passport check in a communist country, you may consider this event almost as a miracle. Actually, it is just Guru's grace, which gets expressed more clearly when we reach the limit of our ordinary capacities. At that moment He has to intervene more directly to help us marching ahead.

On one occasion I was nominated as Central Representative to conduct Ananda Marga Global Conference in South America, Argentina. I called by phone the Sectorial Secretary of South America to send me the ticket. Ac. Nirgunananda, S.S. of South America arranged everything, but I had to go to Frankfurt to pick up my ticket on that day itself. I was worried about how to go, having got some difficulties with my passport, and it was impossible for me to enter in Germany. The urgent duty to go to South America was on my shoulder, so I did meditation and sitting in meditation I thought "Baba You have nominated me as Representative for the Global Conference, and there is no time to complete all formalities. So I put all the responsibility on You to look after me and ensure my arrival at the conference on time."

I took a train for Frankfurt at midnight, and in the same compartment there were two more passengers. We had to reach Puttgarten, Germany's ferry arrival, at about 2 am. I was sleeping very quietly in the train, as if Baba had given me complete assurance. In the morning at 4.30 I got up with the worry of the border check, and immediately asked the other passengers where we were. They replied that Puttgarten was already a long way behind us. Actually everybody was surprised that this time the police and custom officials did not check our compartment. I have crossed that border more than 20 times, and there had always been police control, but not this time.

I again felt that Baba was helping me at every step. When I reached Frankfurt, took my ticket, boarded on the plane and reached Argentina in time. S.S. asked me how could I make it so quickly, and I answered that only for Baba's grace I could reach on time.

This year, July 1990, I was again nominated Central Representative to conduct Ananda Marga Global Convention in Melbourne, Australia. I was informed about it 20 days before, but it took a long time to get the necessary documents to get visa from the Australian embassy in Copenhagen. Anyway, I got them just in time. The concerned lady of the issuing office was a little angry at us doing things in a very hasty way, because she wanted five or six days at her disposal. So I filled up countless forms in the embassy, and I was asked many silly questions, such as when did I become wholetimer and so on, almost like a criminal interrogation. I was also slightly angry, since my visa was sponsored by the Australian Margiis, and she had no reason to create problems. She was frequently asking the same silly questions, to which I replied according to the best of my memory, but one question provoked me, and that was what was my parents' age at the time of my birth. I replied laughing that when my father and mother generated me I did not think to take a note, and the woman also started laughing. I felt I succeeded to break through her bureaucratic attitude, and by Baba's grace, within one hour I got visa.

When I went back to my office I received a call from Ritbodhananda Avt. that I should come in sannyasi uniform, as Margiis wanted to receive me at the airport. I wanted to go in civil dress, as I was irregularly staying in Copenhagen, fighting with the government for a legal status recognition. I was afraid

that if I would go in sannyasi uniform they would spot me at the airport and create problems. On the other hand, the Margiis and workers in Australia wanted me to come in uniform, so I closed the door of my room, started contemplating the whole situation, whether to follow the instructions of the acting S.S. or not, for security reasons.

Then I thought that whenever I have taken any missionary work with sincerity, devotion and faith on Baba the thing went all right in every respect. As this was also a most important missionary work, and Workers and Margiis wanted me to go there in uniform, then I must go, holding the invisible grace of Baba. I purchased a cheap ticket by Thai Airlines, and before going to the airport I did maximum meditation, and in a devotionally surrendered way I gave my Australian journey to Baba to look after. As I did that I felt completely secure internally.

I wore my full uniform, took various books and my sleeping bag, and said to Kamal, the LFT in Copenhagen, to proceed to the airport. We went there, he got my boarding card and completed all my formalities, and as time was short I went straight to the immigration counter. There was no passport check. The security staff checked me without asking any document and I proceeded towards the departure lounge. In the meantime, two Thai Airlines' airport officers came and asked me by which flight I was going. I answered that I was going by Thai, and they in a pleased way offered to escort me to the plane, to my surprise and wonder. We entered together in the plane and they asked me to sit in seat number 2, just near the cockpit, in the first class compartment. I was ready to tell them that I had got an economy ticket, but I felt it was their deliberate arrangement, so why should I intervene. So, all first class hospitality was at my disposal, the best vegetarian food etc.

There were two questions in my mind. One was why had Baba done all this, and the second was why these Thai people had given me such honor and hospitality. The reply to the first question was, when I have gone out of way for Lord's mission with only His grace to implement my adventurous program, everything was done by Him. The second was that Thailand is a religious country and perhaps they thought I was a Buddhist monk from India. During the night I enjoyed a very good meditation and atmosphere, but then I started to think about the next portion of the journey, from Bangkok to my final destination.

I reached Bangkok in the morning, and I was assigned a seat on the next flight. That seat was in the last row of the last compartment, just near the toilets. I was wondering why Baba first put me in the best first class seat, and then He put in the worst possible place in the large Jumbo plane. My mind started wavering, and I started lecturing my mind, saying that a sannyasi should not have any attachment with any good or bad thing. Rather the mind should be above all relative things, above pleasure and pain. My mind was not listening to my lecturing and argumentation, but was considering the immediate fact that the place was actually a bad one, that I would be disturbed by the passage of the people and so on. When I failed to convince my mind with lecturing and arguments I started singing Kiirtan in a low voice, for at least 30 minutes. Just like magic, this previously unpleasant place became simply blissful for me. So I felt that all is Baba's grace. The mind moves according to the grace of the Lord.

Again I started thinking what will happen in Melbourne airport. When my flight landed there and I passed the immigration formalities, I was pleased to hear two young

officials saying "you are welcome in this country", but immediately after I was put in a queue and kept there standing for 45 minutes, until my turn came and they started searching all my luggage. In my sleeping bag they found a small insect, and immediately started investigating about it, concerned as they are about non indigenous flora and fauna. The corentile officers came to study the insect, a large number of people was mobilized, and finally the higher boss himself came, saw the insect and said "Oh, it is nothing!". After that they allowed me to go. The Margiis were waiting outside, I narrated my little adventure and everybody was laughing.

Now let me summarize my journey from Copenhagen to Melbourne. Many things happened, but all were controlled by my Guru. Any common persons will also face the same things, but they will not analyze them. They will think they are natural, but a spiritualist who is depending on the mercy of the Lord will analyze everything in the light of spirituality, and through this very spiritual analysis things becomes meaningful. Behind the whole travel there was Guru's play. He wanted that His disciple be not attached by any action or its effect. Verily, the work as well as its result is in the hands of the Lord alone.

Shrii P.R. Sarkar
The Leader of The New Renaissance

Shrii P.R. Sarkar, whose physical departure occurred on 21st October 1990 has created a tremendous vacuum for those who knew Him and His multifaceted personality. For them He was Guru, Philosopher, Educationist, Commanding Guide and Loving Father. On the other side are His contributions to art, literature, science, agriculture, economy, education, ecology, philosophy, medical science, languages, history, sociology, psychology, ethics, practical spirituality, and so on, which He has given during His lifetime. His advent with a global mission was a historical necessity. In the past few years there was tremendous interest to know about Him and His mission. Millions and millions are now coming in the contact of His mission in every part of the world, and a bright future lies ahead.

His birth, childhood and school days were unusual and full of miracles. I have got no capacity to write about and assess the early days of such a great and towering spiritual personality. I am dealing only with His organizational face, which I have seen, realized and worked for, under His guidance.

The Central Board of Ananda Marga Pracaraka Samgha, in Calcutta, has already taken the project to write about His biography.

Shrii P.R. Sarkar was born in the year 1921 on the day of full moon of May, which is considered in India an auspicious day, having seen the birth of Lord Buddha.

Baba once said that when He was six years old, He was

seriously thinking about the world problems and its solutions; when He was twelve He was quite clear about what He had to do. When He was eighteen He started working in an isolated way to start His mission. He added that He had to wait until after the Second World War so that the collective psychology of the people in the world could be changed.

His first step towards the spiritual upliftment was the initiation of Kalicharan Bandopaddhati, at Kashi Mitra Ghat on the river Bhagirati in Calcutta on the day of Sravani Purnima in the year 1939. At that time Baba was a student in the Vidyasagar College in Calcutta. Unfortunately, because of the death of His father, around 1940, He was forced to end His university education and returned to Jamalpur to support His family by working as an accountant with the Indian Railways, until 1967. In the early 1954 He had initiated a group of persons in the spiritual path. At that time people had different opinions about Baba. Some people were saying He was an astrologer, others a great palmist, some were saying He was a great intellectual, some a great philosopher, some were saying a great humanist, some were saying a great honest moralist, and some were considering Him a great spiritualist. Anyway, He was the focal point in His working branch.

Many disciples, whom He initiated personally, were sending Him letters saying "my Guru Maharaj" or with others honorable spiritual names, He used to reply to those letters personally, and at the end He used to write "yours, Baba". His disciples did not like it, because it was a much used term in India. Children used to call their fathers Baba. Therefore His disciples wanted to give Him a more dignified and highly honorable name, but Baba was still replying to their letters as "loving Baba".

Once His disciples gathered and requested Him that as Baba was a overused word, they wanted to use another appellative for Him. Baba's simple reply was: "I was your father, loving you as children, I am your father, and I will continue to love you just like my own children." This Baba's most compassionate expression, accompanied by loving gestures made them so delighted and close to Him, just like with a most loving father.

Gradually the disciples were increasing, and it was becoming difficult for Baba to initiate them, therefore He created a few family Acarya to initiate the people. These Acarya started initiating the persons.

The system was that those who were newly initiated by the family Acarya were given the duty to create at least five more Margiis to be allowed to have the Darshan, the personal contact with the Guru. These newly initiated persons were not knowing the Guru, because Baba's photo was not released to them, but only Acarya were keeping it.

One person from the same office where Baba worked was initiated by one Acarya. He knew he had to create some new Margiis if he wanted to meet his Guru, and knowing that Mr. Sarkar was a nice, honest and spiritually inclined person, he thought that he was an ideal candidate to learn meditation. He approached Him and said "Babu, I have learnt a very effective and scientific meditation, and I wish that You should also learn it." Baba said "it is fine, but you should convince me." He then spoke for ten minutes, and Baba saw his sincere desire to offer a service to others. Then He replied, "now I am completely convinced, but please give me some time so that a most appropriate time will come when I will learn meditation." In those days Baba used to conduct small spiritual congregations with a few disciples. The program was already circulating

among the disciples, and Baba's work colleague had also been invited there to meet the Guru.

Baba was sitting on a wooden dias and this person was coming with great curiosity to meet the Guru. As soon as he entered in the room he saw Baba sitting there and stopped in the middle of the door. Without knowing what to do, he was just wondering what his colleague was doing there in the place reserved for the Master. Baba then called him inside, telling "Yes, it is me". His perplexed state of mind was eliminated by the compassionate invitation of Baba, and he went forward and sat before Him. When He sat he was immersed in a state of deep bliss emanating from Baba's smiling and shining figure.

Once another young person learnt meditation, and his Acarya had directed him to meet Baba in a particular building. Following the directions he reached the first floor, and Baba was on the veranda, wearing a towel as He was going to take bath. Unfortunately the water was not reaching the first floor, as the people downstairs were having many taps open. Baba was actually waiting for someone to go downstairs and close the taps, so that He could take bath. Baba saw the boy coming, who said to Him: "Bhaiya (brother), I want to meet my Baba. Can you tell me where is He living?" Baba answered "I will bring you to your Baba, but first please go down and close the taps so that I can take bath. Then I will show you to Baba." The boy went down and closed the taps, and from the road shouted "Bhaiya, is the water coming?". Waving His hand Baba said now it was coming. The boy then asked Him again to tell where Baba was, and He told him "don't worry, go up and have some sweets, and after I will show you." But then the boy did not come, maybe he was still eating sweets, and Baba left for the office.

Twenty days later there was Dharma Maha Cakra in Monghare. This young boy was wearing the VSS dress, in charge of security in front of Baba's room. When he saw that Baba and the person he had addressed as "Bhaiya" were the same he was shocked and confused. Baba looked at him, took him by the hand, and they returned into the room, where Baba told him "your Bhaiya is now your Baba" and spoke with him for at least half an hour, while he was completely drowned in spiritual bliss.

This story shows how much Baba was familiar and loving with His disciples in the early days. This familiarity and free mixing with all was making everybody extremely dedicated in expanding His mission all over India, in the form of finding more and more sincere persons interested in the spiritual path. Margis were constantly increasing, and there came the need to constitute an organization.

Baba called His disciples and discussed with them and sought their suggestions and opinions on which name should be given to the new spiritual movement. Many people proposed different names, while Baba was listening silently. For example, one name was "Pusti Marg", which means the path which is spiritually nourishing. Baba was watching the sincerity of the disciples, and after having listened to all their suggestions said "after your constructive suggestion I now give the name *Ananda Marga Pracaraka Samgha* to our organization. After giving the name, in Ranpurkaluni, Jamalpur, Bihar, on the 19th of January it was held a Dharma Maha Cakra to celebrate the occasion.

The mission was slowly expanding. From 1955 to 1959 the family Acarya and a few wholetime Acarya were propagating Baba's ideology in the whole India. All those who were going for pracar were financially helped by Baba Himself.

Many intellectuals were attracted, and it was felt the need to have a new platform for the intellectuals to express their opinions.

In 1958 Baba constituted the "Renaissance Universal", which He devoted for the intellectual expression. As Baba's strategy was to expand His mission, according to the socio-psychological conditions of the people of the world, He then felt that only spiritual service is not going to solve the many problems of the society. There must be something more, to ensure the minimum guarantees of life to all. Therefore He, in 1959, gave a new socio-economic theory, the Progressive Utilization Theory, or PROUT. He maintained that the existing socio-economical theories could not solve the problems, and there was an urgent need to evolve a new socio economic theory based on the spiritual values of life.

The organization was expanding, and there was a need that the dedicated wholetime workers, whose sole mission is to carry the ideology in India and all over the world. Then He initiated the young Acarya in Sannyasi order "Avadhut" in 1964. Baba wanted a healthy society be established, and so the dedicated persons, the sannyasis should come forward to shoulder the responsibility to propagate the ideology. He gave the definition of sannyasi as "one who will have only the universal family, and not any small family", and to the family persons He said they would have both the small and the universal family.

The organization was always expanding, and for that there was a need to establish its headquarters, which were placed in Purulia district, West Bengal, India, in 1963. The selection was done because that was the most poor and deprived place in India, and verily in the whole world. In this very area it was

started a new branch of Ananda Marga Pracaraka Samgha, the Education, Relief And Welfare Section, "ERAWS". Under this wing of Ananda Marga there are multifarious social activities, such as opening schools, institutes, children's homes, tribal welfare centres, homes for old helpless people, and so on.

The educational system of Ananda Marga started becoming popular, and there was a need to have an independent educational board, to guide and administrate the Neo Humanistic Education policies and programs. In 1964 the Ananda Marga Board of Education was formed.

It is a fact that in almost every society the women have been oppressed. Baba used to say that men and women are like the two wings of a bird, and a bird cannot fly with one wing. Baba said that women should have a due place in the society, and accordingly He constituted the Woman Welfare Section, in 1965, and said that women should not lag behind in any respect. In every religion also women have been considered second class persons and were not allowed to perform spiritual activities. Baba said "how can the society go on with the men only, without a coordinate cooperation? That way there is no scope to build a healthy society."

In 1966 women started being initiated in sannyasi order to carry the spiritual activities among the women. The mission was expanding everywhere, and was becoming complex and deep-rooted. At the same time the vested interests had started their heinous tactics to arrest the growing popularity of the mission.

A question may arise: why such a philanthropic organization, dedicated to the service of humanity, started facing the opposition of vested interests? Here I have to say that the emergence of Ananda Marga became an eyesore for the vested interests, whose exploitative activities were being exposed by

Ananda Marga.

History shows that every noble and powerful movement has to pass through the ordeal of many phases: non-recognition, suppression, oppression, repression and, finally, recognition. Ananda Marga is not an exception. It is verily unfortunate that those whom history placed on the pinnacle of eternal glorification were tortured, humiliated and even put to death. But they never submitted before the oppressive order, rather whatever they did, was ultimately crowned with glory and success.

As I mentioned, the opposition started. From 1966 to 1977, the phase of suppression was launched by the vested interests. At first they started attacking our workers. In 1967 the head office of Ananda Marga was attacked by the communists on March 5th, during the first tenure of the United Front (Communist) Government in West Bengal, and five dedicated monks were murdered in broad daylight. The Court, after prolonged trial found 19 persons, including the block developments office guilty of the crime and sentenced them to various prison terms. The Court also indicated that the district administration (also controlled by the communists) was an accomplice in the crime.

In 1968 the Ananda Marga Congregation at Cooch Behar in West Bengal was attacked by the communists, on August 29, during the second tenure of the United Front Government, and another dedicated worker was assassinated. The police, instead of the real culprits, arrested the Ananda Marga cadres on framed-up charges. The Court found them innocent.

These are just two examples among hundreds of attacks. At the same time it was started a tremendous malicious propaganda against Ananda Marga. The capitalists started saying that we were communist agents, because of our social service and

philosophy. The communist branded us as CIA agents. Hindu fundamentalists started saying we were anti-Hinduism, because we were directly challenging their dogmatic tenets of caste and creed, which have been disintegrating Indian society for centuries. Other religions started saying we were anti-God, because we started exposing the religious dogmas and the blind injunctions which stopped the coordinated progress of men and women. The political parties, leftists as well as rightists, were calling us fascist.

We are not Russian or CIA agents. We are not anti-Hinduism or anti-God, nor anything else, except humanists dedicated to serve the suffering humanity.

The vested interests and different government agencies started a tremendous campaign to malign us, but this also could not arrest the growing popularity and expansion of Ananda Marga. They started using extreme tactics and methods of operation, like arresting workers on false and fabricated murder charges. In the end our Guru Himself was arrested in 1970 and in 1971. He was incarcerated for seven years.

The oppression continued with a most heinous conspiracy to liquidate Anandamurtiji in the jail. The jail authorities in Bankipur hired three notorious murderers from Hazaribagh, a town of Bihar well known for its high criminality. The first one went to the jail during one night, approached His cell and looked inside, and saw a dazzling light shining from every corner of the room. He could not see anything and ran away. The next day the authorities found P.R. Sarkar still alive. Another "skilled" murderer was then called. When he also went there at night he saw many figures of Baba standing on the wall and talking to each other. He was confused and scared, and he too ran away. Again the authorities found their prisoner was

safe and sound. Then another ferocious murderer was hired, and when he reached the cell at night found it empty. In the morning again the authorities were baffled to see Him alive.

This information was divulged by a prisoner who had the duty to look after the baths and saw the murderers moving at night near Baba's cell and who later became a devotee.

When Ramanandji went to meet Baba, He told him to reassure the Margiis that He was quite safe and no force could harm Him. Finally the government, in agreement with the jail direction, decided to poison Sarkar through the jail doctor.

On 12th February 1973 Baba was poisoned in Bankipur jail, but the Government was not knowing He was a great Master who could swallow any poison without being affected. From that day, for five years, four months and two days, Baba fasted in the jail, taking only two cups of buttermilk every day, demanding a judicial enquiry. Anyway His physical body was strained; His eyesight deteriorated and His heart and stomach became weak.

After the indefinite fasting announced by Baba, ten Members of the Parliament went to Bankipur to request Baba to stop His fasting. These M.P. said to Baba that indeed the Government had tried everything to kill Him, and failed. Now, if He continued fasting, that would ultimately go in favour of the enemies, because they would never accept His request and were just waiting to see Him fast to death. Being honest and sincerely concerned persons they were paying Him to save Himself for the sake of humanity, which needed His guide.

He, in a very sympathetic way, replied "I am a Dharma Guru. I cannot return on my decisions." He cited a Sanskrit sloka meaning: "Let intellectuals appreciate or depreciate me, I do not bother. Let wealth come or go, I do not bother. Let death knock at my door, and take me or not, I do not bother. But the

step which I have taken will go forward. It will never go back." The M.P's, with folded hands, said they were understanding, but they requested that at least He should increase His liquid portion. He answered "I cannot." Deputations from all over the world came to request Him to break His fast, without success. His own elder sister, with whom He spent most of His childhood, also came and requested Him to stop. He reminded her that in His whole life He had always maintained His word, and she could not ask Him to break it. Anyway He said that she would be the first person to feed Him after He would be released. Indeed, when that day came, He reminded her and took from her His first food outside the jail.

No oppressive methods by the vested interests and the Government could stop the progress of the organization.

Finally the repressive methods were adopted. On July 3rd, 1975 the government of India guided by Prime Minister Indira Gandhi invoked emergency powers and curtailed all civil liberties. One of the very first actions was the ban on Ananda Marga. All the workers were put behind bars. All the property of the organization was confiscated. The Intelligence Director of the Government of India went to Bankipur jail to meet P.R. Sarkar and see His reaction. He said "Mr. Sarkar, your organization is now banned." Baba said that when He would go out He would found another Marga, another organization. "But you cannot go out." he replied. Baba said "If I will not go out I will stay here, and will implement my mission alone. You can keep me behind the bars, but you cannot arrest my thought and ideology. It will go from house to house, from person to person, and it will be implemented."

It is a fact that when Anandamurtiji was in jail His organization expanded like never before and became a

worldwide organization. In a few years Ananda Marga was registered in 180 countries. All oppressive, repressive and suppressive methods and techniques applied against Ananda Marga and its propounder were futile and vain, and the organization continued to expand by leaps and bounds.

The ban order is revoked on March 22nd 1977, when an unprecedented electoral tide sweeps the then government out of power. Again Ananda Marga workers start to consolidate their activities. Patna High Court pronounces P.R. Sarkar innocent and acquits Him of all charges, which are defined as "openly prejudicial and unsubstantiated".

The Marga Guru comes out victorious on August 2nd and breaks His fast at His residence in dignity and glory.

Anyway, the opposition continued, as malicious as ever, but now the people were starting to really know Ananda Marga, and the organization continued its worldwide expansion.

He further gave a new socio-spiritual philosophy, the Neo Humanism, which explains the various sentimental afflictions of the human mind which give rise to dogmas such as nationalism, racism, sexism, etc. He said that through proto-psycho spirituality human beings have to evolve rationality and establish proper spirituality.

He gave new revolutionary scientific theories, such as that of Microvita, which is breaking through ancient controversies about the creation of life. He gave the new philosophy of Sama-Samaj-Tattva, on social equality. He composed 5018 Prabhat Samgiit with creative new ideas in melody, rhythm and language.

His books on comparative studies of philology amounting to 8100 pages have attracted the amazed attention of the elite of Indian scholars.

Today He is no more physically with us, but His mission, His comprehensive ideology are now here. His mission can fit in any situation.

Let us now briefly analyse what He has given to the world.

He spoke about *education*, which should be integrated and should explore the physical, psychic and spiritual fields. The ultimate aim of real education is the complete freedom, while the present education diverts from morality and becomes monotonous.

On the subject of *culture and civilization* He explained how human culture is one and indivisible. The superficial variations from place to place create sentimental legacies, and He said that we should ignore those external differences which are now dividing the human society, and attach paramount importance to the fundamental similarity which unites each and every human being. He said also that the civilization is one, and should not be compartmentalized. Civilization does not mean the increase of industrialization and physical comforts and luxuries based on material achievements. He said that the material progress should go side by side with the spiritual values of life.

On *sociology* He demonstrated the existence of different psychological classes which dominate the collective psychology according to social cycles. These classes are not based on economic factors, but on inborn propensities and acquired tendencies in the individual psychology.

He said human society is one and indivisible. A dynamic existence of human beings is one which moves systaltically onward in perfect harmony with one another. Human beings are

divine children. Both inferiority and superiority complexes are detrimental. They all belong to one family, the family of the Supreme Consciousness. Human life is an ideological flow.

In *economy*, He introduced new theoretical concepts as well as countless practical means aimed at the implementation of a decentralized economy based on cooperatives and block level planning. He added psycho-economy and people's economy sciences to make the field more comprehensive.

On *politics*, He said it should be based on social ethics, and this very social ethics should get inspiration from spiritual values of life. The political movement should be based on a regional approach with an universal spirit, and in no way this universal outlook should be jeopardized by narrow geo-sentiments and socio-sentiments.

He gave a new concept of *leadership*: the *sadvipras*, who will dedicate themselves for rendering social services to humanity. They will be de-classed individuals (in the psychological sense) dedicated to social services and spiritual practices. They will also educate the people against the immoral forces which become impediments in the natural flow of social cycles.

On the *woman* issue, as mentioned, He used to say that men and women are the two wings of the bird of human society. A bird cannot fly on one wing. Therefore coordinate cooperation is a must in every field of activity, while subordinate cooperation leads society to self destruction.

In *history* He introduced to concept of cyclic rotation of the social psychological classes along the flow of the social cycle. He gave practical solutions to minimize the exploitation of the ruling classes and to set the flow of the social cycle towards its natural rotation.

On *Nations and States*, He said that in the course of time they should merge in federations or confederation to a one world government on the basis of:

1. *Common philosophy of life*
2. *Same social and civil codes.*
3. *Common constitutional structure*
4. *Availability of the basic of life*

On *human history*, He explained that the economic forces are not the guiding factor of history, but there exist six factors responsible for the human evolution:

1. *Spiritual philosophy*
2. *Spiritual cult*
3. *Social outlook*
4. *Economic system*
5. *Scriptures*
6. *Preceptor.*

In *biology* He explained that evolution is guided by micropsychic longing for the Great, and not by a random transformation of genes selected by survival factors. The passage from the psychic longing to the actual genetic mutation is effected through subtle physico-psychic entities which He calls Microvita.

In *physics* He said that the basis of the atomic structure is not constituted by the subatomic particles discovered by modern science, but is the result of the union of billions of Microvita. In other words, Microvita are responsible of the evolution of the whole universe. He has also given many practical indications on how to operate directly on the Microvita.

On the topic of *social evolution and revolution*, Prout (Sarkar's *Progressive Utilization Theory*) contains the methods of evolution and revolution necessary to bring about a change in the social order. The methods depend upon the circumstantial factors of place, time and person. P.R. Sarkar said that revolution means a complete change - complete transformation in all aspects of human life, that is in physical, psychic and spiritual strata.

On *Tantra and Yoga* He systematized the whole process of tantric meditation and introduced and codified the intuitional science for the higher spiritual transformation. According to Him Yoga is not an isolated approach, rather integrated, that is from physical to psychic, and from psychic to spiritual.

On *cognitive science* He demonstrated the vast field of Microvita by which one can propagate higher ideas to eradicate the static forces. Carbonic thinking means an increase of negative microvita and simultaneously an increase of exploitative imperialism.

If we compare the personality of P.R. Sarkar with the contemporary philosophers, thinkers, economists, sociologists and so on, we immediately notice that each one of them has

dealt with one topic, one faculty, while P.R. Sarkar has dealt with virtually all faculties of human knowledge. Therefore Ananda Marga as a mission is a real alternative way for the whole world. It can fit anywhere and everywhere.

Shrii P.R. Sarkar will be acclaimed as the pioneer and leader of the New Renaissance, the coming spiritual and social transformation into a healthy society where everybody will feel secure and free to practice and express the higher values of life.

Our Mission

We are on the treshhold of a new juncture in which we will have to discard the skeletons of the past and welcome the new dawn. The matter-centered ideologies have alreedy crumbled down in the eastern block, including the father of communism, Russia.

The people are opening towards political and economic democracy, and this very rejection of the matter-centered ideas of communism has diverted towards the self-centered ideology of capitalism. The capitalism is already facing its inherent internal and external contradictions. In these contradictions there is an internal fight between have and have-not. The rich are exploiting the poor. Concentration of wealth, corruption, immorality, and monopoly of the media are rampant. The external contradiction is based on the exploitation of the poor nations, developing as well as undeveloped, by multinational corporations, guided only by profit motivations. Monopoly of media has boosted economic and psycho economic exploitation. Today the whole capitalist world is moving towards a tremendous recession, and thereby towards a great depression. This depression will not be only economic, it will be economic, cultural and psychological, and will be indeed disastrous.

The interim period will be monopolized by religious dogma and alternative movements, and within a short span of time the intelligentia and even the common people will understand that humanity cannot remain confined to the shackles of narrow sentiments. Today we clearly see the middle east, the hub of dogma, is breaking down, moving towards uncertainty, perhaps

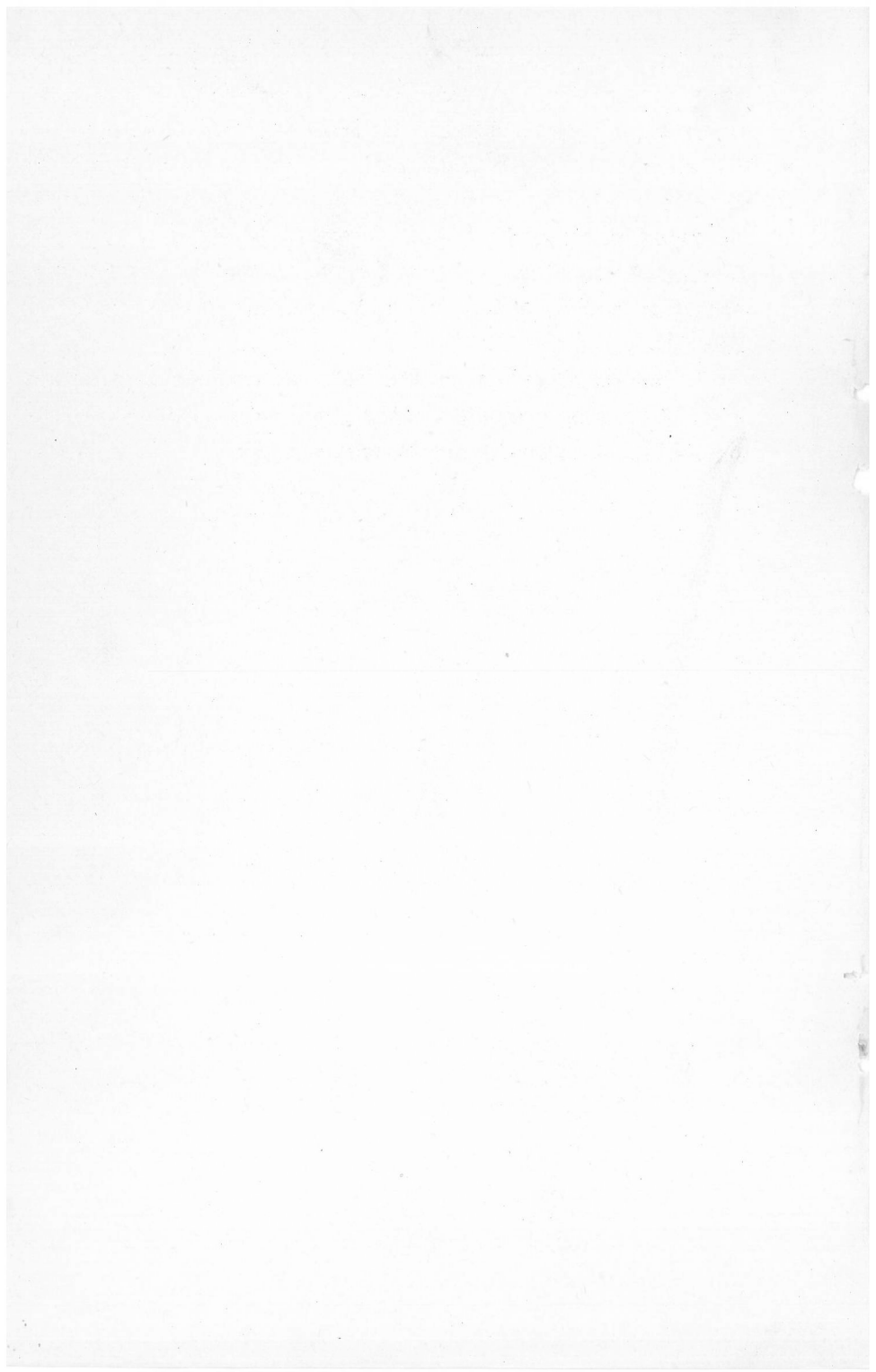
towards a third world war. India,, due to its variety and diversity of languages, races, and religious sects is moving towards regionalism and civil war. Dogma-based ideologies cannot solve the growing socio-economic and spiritual problems.

The whole flow is marching towards God-centered ideology, where socio-spiritual syntheses will have its due place. Ours is a value-oriented movement determined to wipe out the ideological and leadership crisis. This crisis has made the life of the people boring and monotonous, and a tremendous cynicism is present everywhere. Therefore at this critical juncture, when our master has left His physical body, though guiding us from high spiritual levels, has given us a great responsibility to shoulder. He has given a most comprehensive and multidimensional spiritual philosophy which ideally fits to the need and circumstances of the world. He has, with His tremendous organizational capacity, created a global organization with strong infrastructures. Multifarious activities are being organized by the mission to wipe out any socio-economic, cultural and spiritual disparity. He personally trained thousands of spiritually orienteds cadres to shoulder the gigantic responsibility of disseminating the socio-spiritual ideology in every nook and corner of the world. Thousands and thousands of people are coming in contact with our mission. A psychological preparation is going to project our mission as a global alternative way of life. He has created tremendously favorable socio-economic situations to educate the collective social psychology. Therefore there is no time to wait. Lord Anandamurtiji's advent was and is an historical need, as well as our participation to His mission.

Let me tell that our mission is radically different from all

concepts of philosophy, economy and social thinking today present in the world. It is not a mere change which has evolved as a result of human mind evolution. Its economic and social environment is a revolutionary concept of life, altogether different from all past and present ideas. It is a change which is independent from the cyclic changes brought about by the passage of time. It does not preach or practice anything which is not fresh both in approach and practice. It is a revolution in every aspect of life.

Now the time is ripe. We have to march in a pragmatic way. His psycho-spiritual guidance will be always with us, and we will be victorious in our dharmic struggle.



About the author

The author Acharya Tadbhavananda Avadhuta is a senior monk and an ardent disciple of Shri Shri Anandamurtiji whose Shradhainjali he has written in this book. He worked for his mentors' mission for nearly 24 years with great zeal and dedication. He held different high positions in the organisation with excellent achievements. He is a rare combination of devotion and dedication. He has written a few books on social and spiritual subjects.

His friends, co-workers and monks remember him for his high spirit, enthusiasm and speed of work.

This book was written to pay homage to the great spiritual master Shri Shri Anandamurtiji who left his physical body on the October 21, 1990.

It has numerous thrilling stories on his experiences with his mentor and also of other disciples of Shri Shri Anandamurtiji which are highly educative and elevative.

It contains information as to how Shri Shri Anandamurtiji had meticulously worked to raise the moral and spiritual standard of his loving sons and daughters.

It also contains information about the way Shri Shri Anandamurtiji worked hard almost 22 hours a day all these 35 years and in the course suffered immense physical tortures and hardships for the suffering humanity.

