



The Supreme Friend

Ác. Dhruvananda Avt.

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By Ac. Dhruvananda Axt.



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Dedicated

At the Loving feet

Of

Our most Revered Bábá

Editor's preface

This is not a biography of Bábá, nor is it a biography of Ác. Dhruvánanda Avt. This is a biography of a friendship. As such, we can only expect it to be subjective. The only way to understand the subject of this book is to accept as a fact the unshakable love and faith that makes up its heart. It is not possible here to gain an objective analysis of who Bábá is as an objective entity or who the author is as an independent entity. The three -- Bábá, the author and the love between them -- appear here as they are: inseparable and complete. Indeed, to try to perceive them any other way could only diminish one's understanding of each, for even though the Lord is not dependent on His devotees, He Himself says He feels awfully lonely without them.

The author was a participant in every event and conversation narrated in this book. As he was re telling these stories, he sometimes wondered if would be asking too much of the readers. Would they be willing to accept his perception of events, or would they consider everything to be his own projection? We considered this question seriously, but inevitably we decided to keep going in the most natural flow. Else, where would be the uniqueness and sweetness of this book?

Technically, this book is an editor's joy; it is as simple as the author himself. One point should be mentioned, however. The Romanization of the Sam'skrta, Bám'gla (Bengali) and Hindi words follows Bábá's system of Roman Sam'skrta as strictly as possible.

As with Dhruvánandadádá's other book of stories, Bábá Loves All, names and places are included for historical interest, with a few necessary exceptions. Also Bábá's words and the words of other people are all expressed in quotation marks, but they have been re-created from memory and should be treated as the spirit of what was said and not the letter.

Those already established in devotion will need no encouragement to let themselves be swept gently away by the flow of this book. To those who are still unsure of the deep-flowing waters of constant surrender, consider this a chance to float. Skim the pages as you will, and use them to peer into the mysteries of a life completely immersed in the Lord. As the supreme grace of His friendship unfolds before your eyes, you can better know if now is the time to dive in yourself.

Author's Note

In this book, I am telling some of my own experiences with Bábá. Here are none of the experiences of other márgiis or non-márgiis. Some of my own stories were already published in the first edition of Bábá Loves All, printed in 1988. Since then, someone has asked to have a separate compilation of my personal experiences. Inspired by this, I decided to write in book form all those experiences directly connecting me with Bábá. Since I also thought that it would be better to make one complete volume, I took my own personal stories out of Bábá Loves All as well. So in one way this is a complete volume, but in another way it is not. It is certain that these are not all of my experiences, because I was never noting these things down at the time.

Bábá Loves All will also benefit from this new arrangement. I had not been able to put all the márgiis' and non-márgiis' stories into the first edition. This change makes that possible. Now the second edition of Bábá Loves All contains many new Bábá stories, most of them narrated directly to me by the individuals concerned, almost all of whom are well known to me.

For their encouragement to write this book, I would like to thank Ác. Vijayánandadádá and Ác. Kalyáneshvaránanda Avt., and also Brcii. Vikirná Ác., Janárdana and Keshava Brc. who helped to produce this book, Abanisha whose office was always open for computer work and all the others who helped in many different ways.

Bábá on the Fruits of Sin	60
Bábá On Organizational Methods	62
Bábá's Humor	70
Poems	73
Conclusion	95

Table of Contents

Preface	ix
How Báabá Brought Me To Ánanda Marga	1
How Gracious He Is	4
Báabá's Jámálpur	9
Báabá's Quick Response To A Devotee's Call	12
How Just His Ideation Helps	20
How He Has Saved My Life	28
Sadguru Helps Those Who Defend His Name	31
His Care In Tantra Meditation	34
He Is My Strength	37
His Inspiration In Dreams	41
Talks with Báabá	51
Educative Dialogues	52
Báabá on the Fruits of Sin	60
Báabá On Organizational Methods	62
Báabá's Humor	70
Poems	73
Conclusion	95

PREFACE

The name of this book, *The Supreme Friend*, I selected because I think only Bábá is the one who is ever ready to help me and everyone in all circumstances of life. He brought me to Himself and was guiding my spiritual progress, as well as fulfilling my needs in all other aspects of life. I feel He is the only personality who can help His devotees with all necessary development. I like to refer to Rabindranáth Tagore's "Song for Paramapurus'a":

Amár parán'a yáhá cáy, Tumi táí go táí

E jivane mor keha náí, Kichu náí go

(What my heart wants is You, only You.

In this creation, excepting You, I have no one and nothing else.)

Like a benevolent and gracious Father, in all moments of my life He was guiding me; and I believe that besides Him, nobody could help me in every way as He did. He was doing everything for me; nothing for His own benefit. What can I ever do for Him since I have nothing? When I was not even thinking about spirituality, which is a person's highest need for their real human achievement, He brought me to that path. Beyond this, I found that with only my mental appeal, He would help me in times of need. Surely He is the Supreme Friend.

How Bábá Brought Me To Ánanda Marga

Before relating my experience with Bábá, I would like to tell a little about my convictions before joining Ánanda Marga. Seven or eight years before joining Ánanda Marga, my mother told me that all members of our family should follow a guru in their lives, but I objected and told her it was not essential to accept any guru. Rather, in the temple of Hari with devotion and deep regard we should do pran'ama every morning and evening, and we should do charitable work for the poor liberally. The reason I refused to accept a guru was that I had already come in contact with several priests and so-called gurus, and I was not impressed by their characters. They did not follow Yama and Niyama; they were greedy; and they did not know austerity.

Despite this, seven or eight years later when I heard the name of Ánanda Marga and the news of the arrival of one ácárya, I tried to contact him immediately. I wanted to know about the organisation and its function, and I asked whether anybody could become great by the meditation they were teaching. The ácárya answered that only by spiritual practice can one be great, and he gave examples of different spiritualists. I was convinced by him. I also felt such attraction to the name "Ánandamúrtijii". It seemed as though I had some relationship with Him from some previous time. No other guru or organisation had attracted me in this manner before. Later that day, my ácárya told me about Yama and Niyama. I was more impressed and decided to take initiation. But before taking initiation I began to propagate the name of Ánanda Marga. Within one or two days I took initiation and tried to practise sincerely.

After one month, when my ácárya came back and saw me, he gave me further lessons and asked me whether I would like to meet Bábá. I readily agreed. I heard from my ácárya that Bábá is Omniscient, and this I believed fully; but I think in no other case could I agree that a man can be Omniscient. However, my faith in Bábá as Omniscient has stayed with me all my life and, by His different actions, He has kept that feeling in my mind all this time.

I can give one example of this which happened that first year. From the age of seven I have suffered from serious neck pain. In my childhood and in my adult life I have consulted some of the best doctors in India, allopathic and homeopathic, but none have been able to cure me. Shortly after I was initiated into *Ánanda Marga* in 1963, I attended a fifteen-day social service camp at *Ánandanagar*. Normally I could not tolerate the cold and, without hot water, I could not bathe in winter. At *Ánandanagar*, the weather was cold. There was no hot water for bathing and I had many taxing duties such as night-time guard duty. Yet I had very little pain. This was completely amazing to me; and when I returned to my home one month later, my mother said, "You say your Guru is Great, and now I must believe it."

I went then and received personal contact with *Bábá* at *Jámálpur* in the year 1963. I was inspired by Him to serve humanity, and I promised to be a monk. I still felt some attachment for my parents however, and so mentally I told *Bábá* to make me detached from the members of my family. In this regard I got a great deal of help from *Bábá*. Quickly my mind became strong, and I felt no attraction towards my family. In the year 1964 in one *Ánanda Marga* magazine, "*Pragati Vártá*", I saw *Bábá's* *vánii*:

*"Action makes a man great. Be great by your sádhaná,
your service, your sacrifice."*

It inspired me very much, and very soon I left home. I came to *Calcutta* just in time to see *Bábá* leaving for *Ágartalá* from *Dumdum Airport* after finishing *DMC*; and I went and stood before Him.

Bábá asked me, "I didn't see you in *DMC*?"

I answered, "*Bábá*, I could not reach at the right time due to some circumstances."

From *Calcutta*, *Bábá* flew to *Ágartalá*, and I went to *Ánandanagar* with the intention of becoming a whole timer. I was still thinking that if I was to become a good worker and orator I needed to be highly qualified. Something happened however which changed my mind very quickly. At *Ánandanagar*, when *Bábá* was in His quarters, somebody was going to *Bábá's* room with a glass of juice. He asked if I would like to carry this juice for *Bábá*. I was very happy to accept his proposal, and I went to *Bábá's* room to deliver it to Him. After taking the juice, *Bábá* told me, "If somebody has hundreds of thousands of rupees and if he donates 100, but another has 100 rupees and if he offers one rupee, then who is greater? *Hanumán* is great, but a squirrel is not small." (The tale of *Hanumán* and the squirrels is from the mythological epic, *Rámayána*, in which *Ráma* is God, *Hanumán* is His

greatest devotee, but the squirrels are also his devotees who helped him according to their capacity.) By these two examples, I understood that Bábá wanted to finish my desire to acquire different academic qualifications. So, at Ánandanagar, I lost all my attachments for material things.

How Gracious He Is

My first posting was at Láheriásarái, Bihár as a teacher in the first school of Ánanda Márğa. After one or two months, Bábá was going to DMC at Muzzafarpur, and He was passing through Samastipur railway station. Many márgiis and workers came there to see Bábá. The train stopped for only five minutes, so Bábá remained inside the compartment. All the devotees rushed towards the window where Bábá was sitting. I was not more than one and a half meters from Bábá. Beside me, another devotee was pushing the márgiis in front of him and trying to be closer to Bábá. I felt some reaction to this but did not say anything to him. Rather, I felt Bábá is the all-knowing entity, so it is not necessary to go before Him to show one's face. After thinking this, I went and stood behind all the people.

After one or two months, I came to Jámálpur and saw Bábá in general darshan. Afterwards I approached His Personal Assistant or a chance to see Bábá personally. P.A. told me that as, I had already had personal contact with Bábá, why should I demand to meet Him personally again? I replied that I did not want to tell him why I wanted to meet Bábá and that he should go and check with Bábá himself. Bábá told His P.A. to allow me to go inside. I went in and did *sás't'áunga pran'ama* before Him and sat in viirásana at a short distance from Him. Then Bábá asked me, "Have you learned Hindi?"

I replied, "No, Bábá."

Bábá said, "You will learn it very quickly."

With my hands and my voice, I exclaimed, "Bábá, have I come to learn Hindi or have I come for spiritual progress?"

Then Bábá reminded me of the incident at Samastipur station. "That day at Samastipur Station when you went behind all the people, in that moment I paid all my attention to you and I blessed you, and from that very moment your spiritual progress started. Now come forward and sit near me."

I went forward near Bábá, and He touched His right thumb to my *Ajiná cakra* and all His other fingers to my *Sahasrára cakra* and started giving blessings one by one for each of the spiritual realisations to come in my life, and told me not to tell any of those realisations to anybody. After getting the blessing-I was very happy, and I felt Bábá was surely Aghordánii, like Shiva. (Aghordánii means "one who gives

blessings without hesitation." Shiva is known as Aghordánii because He gave blessings to His devotees very easily.

At the end of 1964 I was posted At Jámálpur. Everyday Bábá used to come for general darshan in the morning and every morning, when He would come, either His P.A. or I would go to open Bábá's room. One morning I saw Bábá had come a little bit earlier. I ran for the key to open the room, came out and saw that Bábá was not there. So then I understood that Bábá could take any physical form anywhere in any moment. Though I had heard this type of story before, this was the first time I saw it personally.

Bábá left Jámálpur in December, 1966 and went to Ánandanagar; and after the incident on 5 March, 1967, He went to Ranchi. At Jámálpur I was seeing Bábá every morning and was enjoying His darshan daily. After His departure I was very sad and felt that I was missing something greatly necessary for me; I felt, I should, compensate only by meditation. I gave permission to other workers to see Bábá but personally I did not want to go because I would then have to come back and again lose His physical presence. Still, one day it came to me to go to Ranchi with all the papers of the Ácárya Board, as the new board secretary was there. As I was leaving the áshram compound, mentally I was telling Bábá, "As I am sick, it will be good for me if people do not disturb me on the way." And in that moment I saw very clearly Bábá appearing before me in Varábhaya Mudrá. I felt something good would happen to me then. I reached Ranchi safely, noting that the people on the train, though not márgiis, had cooperated with me very nicely. When I reached Ranchi, Ác. Dharmadevánandajii asked me, "Did you get the telegram?"

I replied, "No, what type of telegram?"

He replied, "Now you have been posted here. Bábá has created a post for you which is known as EI(3). So you will now be EI(3) and secretary of the Education Board and also you will be the trainer of Post Training Preparatory Course (PTPC) training centre here. I also came to know I would be staying in Bábá's house in His drawing room. So I was very happy to know that again I would get Bábá's close contact and daily darshan.

It was March 1964 when I became a wholetime worker, and for the first time since my young childhood, I had no pain whatsoever. I thought that perhaps Bábá was helping me. This condition continued for eight or nine months. One day in December 1964 at Jámálpur,

Bábá's P.A., Ác. Abhedánandajii, was crying due to severe stomach pain, calling out "Bábá, Bábá". Then I mentally asked Bábá to give me pain so that I could also take His name more. A short time later Ác. Mananánandajii was suffering from a severe headache and crying out to Bábá. Again I asked Bábá for pain so that I might remember His name. I was also thinking that if Bábá gave me pain, I could finish all my sam'skáras quickly. Not long after this I began to get pain in both my knees. I was unable to move at all and could not perform my teaching duties. Bábá put His P.A. in charge of me and told three márgii doctors at Jámálpur to give me treatment, but I got no relief. At the time it did not occur to me that this pain resulted from my previous request to Bábá.

Over the years my condition remained about the same until I was posted to Sweden, where the knee pain became very severe and was complicated with serious chest and neck pain due to the cold weather. Many workers and márgiis who saw my pain encouraged me to ask Bábá for a cure. I replied, "Why should I approach Bábá only for some small physical benefit?"

At one time, however, I was having serious attacks in the morning which meant that I had to take strong allopathic medicine. For the medicine to be effective I had to eat something, but I didn't like to eat before doing satisfactory meditation, so I mentally asked Bábá, "Am I an animal? Is my food more important than my meditation?" After three days the pain of the morning shifted to the afternoon. I was a little relieved by this, but still I was incapacitated by the pain. I said to Bábá, "If I was well, I could do much more work for You." That night I had a dream in which Bábá was sitting in a beautiful house and I was standing before Him. "If I suffer like this, how can I do Your work properly?", I asked.

Bábá replied, "Don't be worried about your sickness. You will always be in my lap." I left his room and, as I was leaving the compound, I suddenly turned back towards Bábá. I had forgotten to do pran'áma to Bábá at the time of leaving. So I returned, did pran'áma and left.

Still over many years the pain was continuing. Though it was sometimes so bad as to make me wish for death, I did not doubt that Bábá was still taking care of me. I had asked Him mentally many times not to ever give me doubt: "Bábá, give me death before You let me doubt." Some senior workers repeatedly requested me to tell Bábá about my pain. I did not like this idea; and as I was resisting, one

senior brother told me, "If you personally do not tell, then I will tell for you."

After some time, in December 1989, I went to India for DMC; but instead of going to Ánandanagar, I went first to Calcutta. At that time Bábá was very sick and undergoing treatment in Woodlands Hospital. The morning after I reached Tiljala, I got the chance to see Bábá in the hospital.

When I saw Him, He told me to come closer. Bábá was lying down, and P.A. hinted that I should bend down my head. I moved closer to Bábá. When I was quite close, He touched my *trikuti* (midpoint of eyebrows) with His thumb and my *sahasrára cakra* with his other four fingers, and said:

"With good health and mind and with smiling face, go ahead and do the work for the society. Do not care about those creatures who do not want the welfare of the society. Work for humanity until your last day on this earth."

After this blessing, I returned to Tiljala. After three or four days, on New Year's Day, Bábá was released from the hospital and returned to His quarters at Tiljala. Ác. Keshavánandajii gave me the opportunity to be with Bábá. Bábá was still sick and was lying on His bed. As I entered the room He asked, "Who is coming -- the governor or commissioner or my little son?"

I replied, "Bábá, Your little son."

So Bábá said, "Then, little son, tell me a story." I was going to tell something about Sweden, when He said, "No, no. Tell me about your health." This time I quickly thought, "When so many dádás are telling me to tell about my health, maybe I can tell something in a different way." So I promptly responded, "In spite of my bad health, more than twenty-five years I have been working in Your organisation. If my health remains bad, I can still continue the work. Bábá, give Your pain to us."

Bábá replied, "You see, not everybody thinks that way. But those who don't think about me, I think about them." Then He said, "I am the family head, so I should take the pain of others."

I replied, "Bábá, You are the family head, but we are the members of Your family; and as family members we should share Your pain."

Bábá said, "Don't interfere in this matter, because it is my duty to take others' pain."

After that He asked me, "The other day in the hospital when I touched your *trikuti* and your *sahashrára cakra*, did you feel any pain?"

"No, Bábá."

"When I bless anybody by touching their *ajiná cakra* and *sahashrára cakra*, I infuse energy into them."

After hearing this from Bábá, I thought that other gurus often gave their special energy to one particular disciple -- Márpá gave his energy to Milárepá, Matsendranátha to Gorakhnátha, Rámakrs'n'a to Vivekánanda -- but our Bábá is so great that He was giving His energy to thousands of His disciples. So I hope that in the future not only one or two great personalities will emerge from Bábá's mission, but rather hundreds and thousands.

Bábá's Jámálpur

One day, I was sitting with Bábá on the tiger's grave. With a sweep of His hand He indicated the eastern side of the field stretching up to the hills, a place with many palm trees. He said, "All this is a *siddha piit'ha*."

I asked, "Bábá, what is a *siddha piit'ha*?"

Bábá said, "Suppose you are sitting in a temple. There are beautiful flowers and incense and frankincense, giving a good vibration for all to recognize. Similarly, if someone does meditation in a certain place and attains higher stages of realization there, that place is charged by their spiritual vibration. The spiritual vibration goes into the very earth. Those places are known as *siddha piit'has*."

Before Bábá was supposed to leave Jámálpur in December 1966, the Ánanda Marga office there made arrangements to make a film showing the scenes of His early life -- how He used to go to the mountains, along which roads He used to walk, where He sat in the evenings. A cameraman came from New Delhi. We organized a group to accompany Bábá, and we set off. Of the *ácaryas*, only Bábá's P.A., Ác. Abhedánanda Avt., Ác. Dasharathjii and I were there. A few *márgii* brothers were there also, including some brothers from Gayá, Delhi and other places.

At that time Bábá was living at Rámpur Colony railway quarters Jamalpur. That day Bábá went straight from there to the Jámálpur Railway Bridge, which crosses over Jámálpur train station. After going a little further, He approached a big field, then turned right and stopped where a mosque stood at the left side of the road. He said, "This is the mosque of Jámál Miiná. From his name, the name of the town has come -- Jámálpur."

Afterwards Bábá started to walk on. He took us to Jámálpur mountain, going by the same route He used to follow in His early life. He came to a large field beside a big reservoir. Following Bábá we all walked down to the lakeshore. Then we came to a hill which formed the west side of Death Valley. There Bábá stopped and pointed to the top of the hill and told us, "When I was in class eight, I sat on this peak every evening, and there I would play the flute." Then Bábá took us

down to a road by the shore where there was a pier going out into the reservoir. Descending some stairs, Bábá walked out onto the pier. He said, "After the period when I was spending time on the hill, I used to come and sit here for meditation." We asked Bábá to sit down so we could film Him there. After letting us film Him a while, He climbed back up the bank.

From there He showed us Death Valley and the hills around it. Then He turned towards the east side of the lake where there was a tall water tank next to a road running north-south. As we walked, we came to a tamarind tree, just near the road. There Bábá told us that this was where He had done meditation when He was in class nine. We spread our cádár (shawls) under the tree, and we filmed Him sitting there. (This was not the same as the tamarind tree in Death Valley, which most márgiis know, where Bábá also spent much time in His childhood and youth. East of that tree is a hill which is higher than the western hill. The highest peak of the eastern hill was also a place where Bábá spent much time enjoying mystical experiences, as He Himself said in His book Prabhát Rainjaner Galpa Saincayan, part six and seven. It is a part of Khirkhiria Páhár', but the local people know it as Kálii Páhár'.)

Then Bábá went directly to the field which lies to the north of the reservoir. He led us into the field, to a place where there were many palm trees and said, "After leaving the tamarind tree, I chose this place for my meditation." Bábá showed us a particular spot where there were two palm trees and indicated the position of a third tree which had died. The three trees formed a perfect equilateral triangle. He told us that the Náth guru, Praviiranátha, also did meditation in this place and had achieved the divine beatitude here. (Later I was informed by Shaunkarjii, who had heard it from Bábá, that Praviiranátha was the fifth guru of the Náth sect.) Bábá said it was a place with a strong spiritual vibration and that we should not enter with our shoes on. "So you people all take your shoes off." Then at our request Bábá sat down, and again we took some film.

Finally, in that same field, He came to the tiger's grave. There He said, "Now in my later period, I am coming and sitting here." He had been going there every evening with as many as four devotees and speaking of spiritual and organizational matters.

There was one thing He didn't mention that day but I heard from márgiis and learned from reading His stories. On the north side of the reservoir, south of the field, there is a big banyan tree. It is not so far from the road, and there are benches underneath it. Here in His

younger days, Bábá would sometimes rest after His daily walk. Two of His interesting stories are linked with this tree; He has written them in Prabhát Rainjaner Galpa Saincayan, part seven and Vicitra Avijinatá. I also saw this tree many times and was many times enjoying its shade. It is a matter of great regret that this tree is no more existing.

Everybody knows that Bábá liked to walk very much, but His style was different from other people's. To me it seems that, even in His early life, He was not just rambling aimlessly, nor was He frequenting busy and lively places. Rather, He was choosing more silent places where He could placidly think about the whole of His creation. Several years later Janárdana T'hákur, a prominent journalist of the Hindustan Standard newspaper, came to Jámálpur. Ác. Jagadiishvaránandajii, Ác. Dasharathjii and I accompanied him to some of Bábá's special places. When he came to see Death Valley and Jámálpur field, he said to us, "A person who has spent his youth in this environment, how could he not be great!" From a materialistic point of view, what this man said is correct, but we know that He was born great, and He had selected the place which was most suitable for Him.

Bábá's Quick Response To A Devotee's Call

When I was trainer of PTPC in Ranchi, one day Bábá told me, "Now we must create workers very quickly and start many schools very quickly because a lot of trainees will come soon. During their training period you will have to pay more attention to them so that they can finish their training quickly. Regarding their food: arranging the money will not be on your head. ERAWS secretary has been given that responsibility."

I was buying the food for the trainees from a local shop on credit. The debt was increasing and I was demanding the payment from E.S. Then E.S. saw that it could not be put off much longer, and he answered that very soon he was going to do a charity programme in which the famous pantomime artist, Yogesh Datta, would perform. I was very happy to hear it, and I was ready to offer some time for ticket selling.

One day, I went to the doctors of Ranchi Medical College Hospital. Some of them bought tickets, and afterwards one of them advised me to go to the students' hostels where, he thought, they would surely buy more tickets. I knew that there were five or six márgiis amongst the students in the hostels. Among them, one, Ramesh, was well known to me. He was the best scholar in the university. I thought I would meet him first, so I went in one hostel and saw on the list of residents that a Ramesh was staying there. But it was not the Ramesh whom I knew; rather it was a completely different person with a completely different character.

When I went upstairs, some students surrounded me and I began to talk. They talked with me a little, then began criticising Ánanda Márگا as a political party. They themselves were much involved in different political groups. I answered that our organisation was not a political party. Then they asked me to give a lecture about Ánanda Márگا in their hall, and I said I was ready to do this. But instead of taking me into a hall they took me into a small room which I disliked very much; it was not properly clean also. There was a bed, and the students asked me to take a seat there; but I gently declined the offer because I saw that it was unclean. I said, "You are all my younger brothers, so you should sit first," but there was no other place to sit

except on that bed. They repeatedly requested that I sit. We continued standing, and outside the door, a large number of students had gathered.

By the exchange of talk I understood their intention was not good. Generally the students of medical colleges are from rich families, and don't have good habits. With new students, new staff or sometimes even strangers they do "ragging", whereby large groups of students will systematically insult, trick or even beat their solitary victim. As my manner was calm and my talk cool and logical, they had no chance to become angry or to try something with me; but I didn't like to waste my time in this way so mentally I told Bábá, "Bábá, I don't want to kill my valuable time here, and I don't want to be insulted by these boys. So You take the necessary steps." Immediately Bábá performed a miracle -- as if I had touched a switch, and light came on to flood a darkened room. As I mentally said those words, I immediately saw a very tall, fair and robust person arrive behind the crowd in the corridor. Like a lion he roared to the students, "You scoundrels, make way for this gentleman to come out!" Silently, like machines, they gave me a path and I came out. I came into the corridor near this beautiful person. He told me, "This place here is mud. Gentlemen should not come here. Please follow me downstairs."

When I went downstairs with him, he told me, "Here is a rickshaw waiting for you. Go to what is the right place for you." With that rickshaw I went back to the central office in Ranchi and told the story to the other workers. Some of the workers asked me if it was Bábá who had been helping me. I replied that I could not say definitely but I understood somehow Bábá had helped me. I thought it might have been one strong person from the administration of the hostel or maybe Bábá Himself in a different form or maybe a highly developed spiritualist, a devotee of Bábá, who could take any form and had come at Bábá's direction to help me.

When I was posted in Ranchi, I had many different duties in the Central Office. At the same time, I was sleeping every night in the drawing room of Bábá's house and everyday I was eating in Bábá's quarters. Generally I ate lunch very late. One day it was already 3 or 4 o'clock when I went to take lunch. I knocked at the gate of Bábá's quarters to be let in. The groundskeeper had other duties besides opening the gate, but generally he would hear and open the gate right away. But that day no one came. I knocked a few more times. I knew the sound could carry all the way to Bábá's rooms, but still no one

came. I knocked some more. I disliked wasting so much time in this way, and I started to wonder if I would have to go through this every day just to take lunch. After knocking still more times I thought, "I'll knock once or twice more, then I'll go, and then from today I'll not take any meal in Bábá's quarters." I knocked once more and immediately the gate was opened. I was much relieved, and when I was immediately taken inside and served lunch, I felt quite gratified. I felt that Bábá was wanting that I should not be disappointed or my deep feelings hurt.

One day I was travelling by train from Bhágapur to Jámápur. While I was doing meditation in the train somebody made a comment about me:

*"Man ná ráunáyá yogii ráunáila kápr'á
Bálbárháiyá yogii hoigela bakrá"*

This is from a poem in Hindi by the spiritualist, Kaviir Dás. He did not write it in a bad sense to insult others. It means, "without colouring the mind the yogi colours the cloth, and by keeping the hair long one becomes a goat." He wanted to say that to become a yogi it is not needed to dye one's clothes a particular colour; rather it is more essential to colour the mind. Similarly, it is not so essential for a yogi to have long hair and beard; it is, however, his expression. Most yogis have long hair, and most monks use saffron-coloured cloth. Wearing long hair and beard has some physical benefit, and the coloured dress is the symbol of a missionary worker or monk. Also this coloured dress keeps in mind the thought that the wearer is a spiritualist. Furthermore, the saffron colour is a symbol of sacrifice. However, sometimes, negatively-minded people who do not understand real spiritualists use this stanza contemptuously, according to their own proclivities. They do not tell it in the spiritual sense.

When I heard this comment in my meditation, I did not like it. Without saying anything to him I told Bábá mentally, "Bábá, I do not like to hear this talk. I want to protest, but I also want to continue my meditation a little further, so if you can do something, somebody can protest this on my behalf." Immediately a protest came from another person in the compartment. The one who had recited the quote in turn replied, "I am not making any comment about you; I am commenting on this monk." Then the one who spoke in my favour said that he had no right to make any such comment without knowing the reality.

While their argument was going on, I opened my eyes and innocently asked them why they were quarreling. The first person

replied, "You are the subject of our quarrel. I told this poem..." and here he repeated the poem, "...about you, and this man here objected." Then I asked him why he made this comment about me. He replied, "Dasharathajii from Jámálpur constituency is contesting the coming election as a candidate of Aungiká Samáj. He is an Ánanda Mágii. Why is he taking part in rájniiti (politics)?"

I replied, "Most probably you do not understand the meaning of rájniiti. I think you understand that the niiti (principles) of kings is rájniiti. But the meaning is not like this. It means the 'king of niiti' or the best principles. This is rájniiti. So to deal in rájniiti the best people should come forward because they follow the best principles. Dasharathajii is a man of principle, so men like this should come to rájniiti. In history you'll see Krs'n'a is an example you can take. He was following the best principles, so He was the proper person to do rájniiti."

The man understood what I had said and begged my pardon and said, "Swamijii, I did not understand. By mistake I made a wrong comment about you. I am sorry for my remark."

From this I saw that with just a simple mental approach to Bábá, that He would respond directly. In my life, in many situations this type of mental approach also brought an immediate response from Him.

In 1970 I was posted as principal of Jámálpur school and had regular contact with the school in Munger (Monghyr), six kilometers away. Unfortunately, the principal of that school became insane, so I brought him to Jámálpur to take care of him in the áshram. One márgii brother who was an advocate recommended ayurvedic treatment, but after some time I saw that it made his condition worse. He began to wander about the town, constantly saying crazy things. The advocate márgii had had a son with a similar condition, and he advised me to keep the dádá in chains. Though it seemed the only course at the time, I still didn't want to do it, so the márgii came and chained him by the leg. The crazy dádá then began shouting out the window, complaining that the Ánanda Mágii had chained him up. His shouting attracted a large crowd, including some people who wanted just this sort of opportunity to attack Ananda Marga. People from the street came to ask me what the problem was, and I simply said that he was deranged and disturbing others. The dádá also supported me, "Yes, yes, I am crazy."

Still, I heard that some people were going to call the police. I went to the house of the advocate márgii, and he assured me there

would be no problem because the dádá was under treatment. Then someone came from the áshram to say the police wished to see me. I returned to the áshram and waited for the chief of police to arrive. When he came, I did pran'áma to Bábá's photo mentally and said "Whatever is good, You do." The police officer asked if I had put on the chain. I said, "Yes". Then he said that I had no authority to do so without the permission of the police. I replied, "This is a children's home. If this crazy man beats one of the children, will you be responsible?"

Immediately, the mad brother said, "He has not put me in chains; no Ánanda Mágii has put me in chains. I myself did it."

The police officer was surprised and asked, "Why did you do that?"

He replied, "If I don't put myself in chains, then perhaps I will commit suicide on the street. In that moment, will the police come to save my life? So for my own security I did it." The officer asked him to write a statement, and he wrote, "I am crazy, and even before I became an Ánanda Mág worker I was crazy, and I request the police to arrange for my medical treatment." The police were satisfied with this, so after releasing him from the chain they left; on their way they warned those who had been trying to create a controversy for us not to make any further disturbance. Then this dádá said to me, "You know, I have given such a statement that will help you and others. You helped me when I had stomach trouble, so I wanted to help you. I also know you did not want to chain me and others did."

This dádá was once again free to roam the streets. I asked him to allow me to put him in a hospital, but he didn't want to go. Instead he went to the market and bought some medicine for himself. I heard from a doctor friend that he had purchased large doses of sleeping tablets, and these were not good for him. I promptly went to the police and said, "Is it good that you set him free and now he is endangering his life?" They simply told me to put him in the hospital. I told them I had tried, but he would not agree to go. By late that evening he still had not returned, and I was very worried. I was unable to take proper care of him; indeed I thought I was becoming half-mad myself. Some márgiis had suggested he go to the central office in Patná where there were more dádás to take care of him, and when I had proposed this to him, he showed no interest.

That night I kept the outside gate and the door to my room open in case he returned later. Shortly after midnight he came into the room and started to beat his head very hard against the side of the bed. I

appealed to Bábá, "One has become crazy; I don't want to become like him. Make me free from him; I have other duties."

No sooner had I finished saying this when the crazy dádá turned to me and said, "I want to go to Patná. Here you are all alone, and there are many dádás in Patná. Will you accompany me on the morning train?" I was very happy to hear this, and the next morning I took him to Central Office.

At two critical moments this insane dádá had completely changed his mind. When I had tried to reason with him, it had no impact, but when I mentally asked Bábá for help, the change occurred immediately. In the necessary cases He always helps.

Another instance of Bábá's indirect help occurred while I was at the same posting. I left Jámálpur to go on tour, and on the way I stopped at the Munger children's home. While there I suffered an attack of influenza. Due to my high fever and the pain in my body I could not leave for my tour. I stayed in Munger to regain my health. While lying there I was thinking much about the children's home in Jámálpur, for they had only enough food for three or four days. I wanted to go for collection, but I was not able, so I thought mentally, "Bábá, they are Your children so You take care of them, as I am not physically capable."

After some days I felt better, and I went back to Jámálpur without any collection to see the condition of the home. When I arrived, the children were glad to see me and asked, "Sir, have you brought any collection?" I said no, and then they told me how during my absence someone had come and brought sacks of beans and rice. I found out the date and calculated that it was the same day when I had told Bábá mentally, "You take care of Your children." Bábá takes work from us when we are able to work, and when we are unable to work, He accomplishes the work indirectly.

Similarly, at another time, I had much pressure trying to maintain the children's home. Though mentally I had not directly asked Bábá for anything, He indirectly arranged through another person. That person was Sádhan Bandyopádhyáya, a non-márgii who had much love for Bábá. Sádhanjii was in the habit of doing charitable works for others and was the secretary of a club which would organise dramas by children as a means of fundraising. One day he had a dream in which Bábá told Him that he should give help to Dhruvánanda's children's home. After one or two days he met me and told me about the dream

and said that he planned to raise the funds through children's dramas. He organised two festivals in Jámálpur, both of which were successful. He was even planning to tour elsewhere in Bihár. However, not long afterwards I was transferred.

In 1984, I attended the summer retreat in Switzerland and then went to Italy for a few days. Often trainees like to carry my shoulder bag when we travel. Generally I give it to them, but I sometimes worry that they might lose it. On this trip one brother, Cidátmá, was carrying my bag. I had noticed that once or twice he had left it unattended in a public place, and I told him to always keep it with him. In Italy we visited the Leaning Tower of Pisa in a large group of márgiis, workers and trainees.

The tower was very crowded; however, I climbed to the top. Some of our party, Cidátmá included, did not reach the top but waited one level below. After taking some photographs I came down, and we proceeded towards the museum. I thought I would put the camera in my bag and asked Cidátmá for it. He had left it in the tower. This bag contained my passport and the trainee's passports as well as all our money. Many of our group ran back to the tower where the gatekeeper told them not to bother to get tickets. "Go quickly. If you are lucky you may find it," he said. As I was walking towards the tower I had a clear vision of Bábá in Varábhaya Mudrá, and right away I understood that I would get the bag back. In my experience, each time I have had such a vision, the situation always came in my favour. I waited outside the tower, and a short while later they returned with my bag.

In January, 1987, I was returning to Sweden from India via Moscow. I was only in transit through Moscow; still the officials required a passport check. I waited in line, and when it was my turn they searched my handbag. Although they found nothing, they still motioned me to take a seat and wait. Time passed, and I asked why they were detaining me. The immigration official did not speak English and indicated that I should wait. Many minutes passed, and twice more I asked why I was being detained. I became quite annoyed, and mentally I asked Bábá, "I don't like the behavior of these people, how can I protest? Can You do something?" After one or two minutes, two more officials appeared and led me into a large administration hall. Another man approached carrying my bag from the aircraft; then came one high ranking official. The official asked me to open it, and he saw all my books, magazines, saffron clothes. Then he closed it saying,

"This man is from a religious group." He asked me to return to the departure lounge, and he himself followed carrying my bag. As we re-entered the immigrations area, the officials all snapped to attention and saluted the man carrying my bag. He began to scold them severely and ordered one to take my bag to the plane and another to escort me to the departure gate. The man escorting me was breathing heavily, and I could see all the others feared this official very much. I felt vindicated and mentally thanked Bábá.

How Just His Ideation Helps

When I was working in Jámálpur, I had initiated one brother, Karelál. However, after some time he was not doing his practices with full sincerity and concentration. Then one day he came to me and said, "Every evening a beautiful woman comes to me with a tray full of gold ornaments, and she says that she will give me all the ornaments if I marry her. Each time I remain silent, and she goes away, and I never see her at any other time or place."

I replied, "Surely you are not doing sádhaná in the proper way that I taught you. I think some avidyá tántrik is applying some force to your mind. The woman you are seeing is not the real woman who is pursuing you. From today, do your first and second lessons very sincerely." A little later I mentioned this conversation to my trainer, Ác. Dasharathajii. He said that I was surely correct about the avidyá tántrik.

Three or four days later, Karelál came to me and said, "From the day I started my practices again with full regard, the figure of this woman never appeared. Also I heard that a woman who lives near me is practicing avidyá tantra; that same day she somehow burned all the hair on her head. It might be that she was the one applying this force."

If one is practicing Brahma sádhaná with full faith in the Is't'a mantra and the Guru mantra, no avidyá can touch him. If they try, the reaction will come back to them.

One day in Begusarái, I was going to visit a márgii brother, Anaunga Mohanjii. I knew one route to his house along broad and busy streets; but that way was rather long, so another márgii sent one child with me to show me a shortcut. But with this shortcut, we had to pass through a colony which was populated and controlled by members of a particular political group, some of whom were almost as bad as criminals. They and their trade union were openly antagonistic towards Ánanda Márگا, so it was better for me to stay on the main streets. However, it seemed that Bábá was setting up a test for me that day.

As we were passing through some back streets, a man approached me with a sword in his hand. Seeing my saffron dress, he asked me, "Are you an Ánanda Márgii?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Still you dare to tell this?"

"Yes," I repeated. The people in the houses around were members of the same group, and this man started calling loudly, "Come and see the Ánanda Márgii here!"

In one or two minutes, many people had come and surrounded me. They started interrogating me.

"Can we search your bag?"

I replied, "Yes, you can."

"Can we take you to a police station?"

"Yes, you can take me."

As they continued, their manner became more and more threatening. I simply ideated more and more on Bábá and spoke naturally. Then the first person started waving his sword, and some of them asked, "Do you know that we can cut you?"

"It is a very easy thing to cut me. I am one person, and you are many," I replied calmly.

"Why are all the Ánanda Márgiis lean and thin?" they asked then.

I said, "If you want to see a big and healthy Ánanda Márgii, come with me to this colony, and I'll show you." As I kept my mind fixed on Bábá, I was able to respond to every question coolly and reasonably. Then a man asked, "Why are so many weapons hidden in the room under your guru's house?"

At that time Bábá was living in a rented house in Ranchi, and we had the central camp office nearby. I said, "There are no underground rooms in Bábá's house, and there are no weapons."

"But I was a wholetimer, so I know about these things," one man lied.

"And do you know that it is not our house?" I retorted. "You can verify with the owner of the house that there are no underground rooms."

Then someone said, "You cannot defeat Ánanda Márgiis in debate." And several said, "Let him go."

I know now that it was the ideation of Bábá that saved me then, as in other times of difficulty and danger.

Another day, on another lonely road of the same town, I was going to meet family ácárya, Ramtanukjii. At that time, the same political group was busily accusing Ánanda Marga of child-lifting in many places around the region, though the reality was that we were helping poor children through our children's homes at their parents' request. That day as I was going, a group of youths and children, led by two or three young men, started following me, yelling, "Child-lifter, child-lifter." In fact, no child was accompanying me that day. I looked back once and saw that they were getting closer. But I did not start to run, and I did not fear. I simply ideated on Bábá and continued on my way at my normal pace. I did not look back again. But though they were running, and I was walking, they could not catch me.

I was reminded of the story of the infamous robber Aungulimála, who was the terror of a whole kingdom. He attacked everyone who came near his forest, and killed hundreds and hundreds of people. Then one evening Lord Buddha intentionally took that route, though many people warned him not to go there. As he approached, Aungulimála saw him from some distance away and called out loudly, "Who dares to enter my forest? But he got no answer. Furious, Aungulimála started to run after Buddha, but he could not catch him, no matter how fast he ran. Exhausted, he called out, "Why are you running away?" Then Buddha answered, "I am not running; I am standing still. You are running. But you cannot catch me, because your mind runs after matter, and I am beyond that." But I know I am not that Buddha; I know now that it was no power of mine which saved me. It was only the grace of my guru.

Despite this incident, when I was returning from Ác. Ramtanukjii's house, I again took the same route. Again the same thing happened; the gang of children and their leaders followed me, crying "Child-lifter, child-lifter." Again I kept my mind on Bábá and walked normally. As I passed one house, a middle-aged man came out and called me over. He wanted to know about me and my organization. The young people stood around outside the house and waited, but the gentleman did not speak to them at all. Our talk continued for some time. The children grew bored and restless and finally went back. By this, Bábá showed me that if you have faith on your Is't'a and devotion for your preceptor, He will always help you when you need him.

A political party always becomes more powerful when its leader takes office; and during the prime ministership of one particular party

leader of India, the party found itself especially powerful. Members of the party who had been quiet about their participation beforehand grew bold. The trademark caps of the party, which had been so unfashionable before, were now being worn by many people. At that time, one of the party's favorite targets for harassment was Ánanda Marga.

One day, as I walking towards one of Jámálpur's main streets, a group of about fifty or sixty men all wearing these hats emerged from another side street. They seemed to be coming from a meeting. We all turned on to the main street at the same time. As their direction was my direction, we walked on together. Then one asked me, "Are you an Ánanda Marga?" When I had answered affirmatively, he said, "Still you are daring to tell that you are an Ánanda Marga?"

"Yes, I was telling, I am telling, and I will continue to tell that I am an Ánanda Marga."

As we continued on, someone said, "Oh, you Ánanda Marga don't take wine or meat, onions or garlic, etc.?"

"Yes," I said, "It's true." Then he made a rather offensive comment about all Ánanda Marga. I said, "If you always wear black glasses in front of your eyes, you will see everything as black. Try to use clean glasses and see clearly."

Without answering this, he introduced the person next to him, saying, "This is the president of our local Congress party." Then this president also made an objectionable remark. I asked, "Don't you feel ashamed to introduce such a man as your president, such a man as will pass any comment without knowing anything?"

We had been proceeding along as we talked. Then we came to a major intersection. There I stopped and said, "Come and let us have a debate now. I want to hear exactly what you find wrong with Ánanda Marga." I felt a strong spirit rise up in me, and I was not ready to tolerate any such base comments from them. As I demanded the debate, they tried to avoid it. To escape from me they started presenting different excuses: "Leave this issue for now. Please, go ahead, and we'll come to your áshram someday and discuss it with you then."

It seemed to me that as they were insulting the ideology, and as I had to defend Bábá's vast and universal ideology, Bábá was supporting my soul from the inside and giving me so much energy that no one was willing to oppose me.

After sometime, that administration introduced the Emergency and leveled a ban against Jamáyeti Islam, RSS, Ánanda Marga and other religious, spiritual and social welfare organisations. Many innocent followers were being arrested on false charges or even without charges. The night the ban was declared I heard about it, but I did not try to escape from the office. For some reason I was not afraid. The next morning, the police came and arrested me. By the afternoon they were encouraging me to go back to my home. "If you do," they said, "we won't put you in prison." I told them that I was not ready to go back to my home, but that I was ready to go to prison.

When in prison, at first I began regretting that I had no opportunities for social service. However, Bábá created such opportunities for me:

In our section of the prison there was a qualified homeopathic doctor. One of the guards was consulting him because he felt thirsty all the time, no matter how much he drank. Even though he had taken much medicine, he was still not cured. When he came at last to me, I simply took the ideation of Bábá and gave him one dose of homeopathic medicine. By that he was completely cured.

Another time, there was one policeman named Pandejii. His wife had been suffering from severe mental illness for a long time. He had to expend much money for her treatment, and, as the police in India do not get much salary, it was difficult for him to maintain both the family and her treatment.

One day he was telling his sorrows to his fellow police officers: "How can I cure her?" Then some of the policemen advised him, "Go before the Ánanda Marga sádhus." He came into the prison compound where most of the márgiis were staying and approached two dádás in the courtyard. They indicated me and said, "Go before him." Then he came and told me his problem.

I told him, "I do not want to give you any medicine because many times I have heard you singing vulgar songs in the guard tower. However, perhaps I can reconsider helping you. Can you promise that you will not sing any more bad songs from today?" When he replied "Yes", I went on saying, "Sometimes I hear you use foul words for the prisoners. If you can promise you will stop, then I can think about your case a little bit." He promised, so thirdly I said, "Sometimes you beat innocent prisoners. If you do not stop, I will not give you any medicine." Again he agreed to stop. I said, "I will watch you for a

week. If you can come back after seven days and say that you have kept your promises, I will try to help you."

After seven days he returned and said, "Sádhubábá, I have followed all your instructions." I replied, "Tomorrow bring me one amulet, and I'll prepare it for her." Never before had I given an amulet to anybody, yet the next day I took Bábá's name, put something in the amulet and gave it back to him. I told him that he should bind it to her arm with a certain colour of string, and that at least twice a day she should touch some water to the amulet and remembering the word "Bábá", drink the water with devotion.

He followed the instructions, and after two or three days he was spreading the news that his wife was completely cured. Though Bábá had not given any blessing Himself, merely the advice of one of his disciples, when followed respectfully, effected a cure.

Later the chief warden of the jail came to me for some medicine for his stomach trouble. I first gave him the condition that he leave all intoxicants from that day. I told him to come back and report to me after seven days. When the week was over and he had come with his clean report, I gave him a homeopathic medicine and said, "With the name of Bábá, take this." After three or four days he came and said, "I am quite cured."

One day after that the prison administrator himself came to our compound. "Who has been giving out this medicine?" he asked.

"I have," I answered right away.

"Good," he said pleasantly, "You keep doing it. I like it."

I think it was not any quality of my own which was helping these people with one amulet or one dose of medicine. As I had the desire to do some social service, perhaps Bábá gave me some special grace. Now, perhaps, I might not do such things, as I have regular opportunities for service work.

After some time, when the Emergency was over and the ban against Ánanda Marga was lifted, I was talking with a social worker named Sádhan Bandyopádhyáya. He told me that his sister had much dread of the night. I told him that I would give an amulet which she should wear on her arm. In this case also, the patient was to think of Bábá, touch some water to the amulet and drink the water, at least

twice a day. After three or four days, all of this sister's fear of darkness disappeared.

I never studied any process for making amulets. I had only the full faith in Bábá, and there was a good result in each case. Ever since then I have believed that even non-márgiis can benefit if they have full faith in Bábá's name.

Before coming to Sweden, I was posted as a floating worker in Nagaland. Generally I would go out in the evenings for pracár and collection, but the bhúkti pradhána of Dimápur, Hrs'ikesh, advised me to avoid going out after dark as it was not safe. One evening, at dusk, I was returning to the school from the city centre, when a man came up and grabbed my arm and my pocket and told me to come and drink with him. There was a bar nearby, and I could see the man was quite drunk. I said to him, "I am a monk, and I don't drink."

"Then you can drink only for today," he replied.

"No, I will not drink even once," I told him. Still he did not release me, and a crowd of people gathered around us. I did not want to hit him and decided to handle him in a gentle way. I took Bábá's ideation, and an idea came into my mind. I gently patted him three times on his anáhata cakra and asked, "Is it good you are disturbing me -- should you do it?"

"No, it is not good," he said and let me go and began to walk away. After a few steps he turned and said, "Swamijji, please excuse me. I have behaved badly towards you."

"It is okay," I said, "Don't do the same with others." The solution to this problem came quickly as I took His name.

Many times I have seen that, with the proper ideation, a good outcome results. One example was when I was with a group of workers, some newly-posted and some with much experience, doing pracár in Lund, Sweden. We had been dancing kiirtan in the city mall, and many people had gathered to watch. Then all the dádás and didis started meditation; but I decided not to do sádhaná just then and sat on a nearby bench. After a little while I saw a boy, about fourteen years old, approaching Didi Vidyá as if he was about to disturb her. He was trying to grab her nose, but at the same time he was watching me. I got up and went towards him. I could see that he had both foolhardiness and fear and also saw that his girlfriend was egging him on.

I said, "Don't touch her."

"I want to ask her what's she doing," he claimed.

I said severely, "I will tell you what she is doing."

"I want to know from her," he persisted.

All the people standing about were silent. The adults there made no move to control the boy so I said, "Is it the discipline of Sweden to disturb others? Is this what they learn in school?" Still he tried to grab her nose, so I immediately took Bábá's name and decided that if he should touch her nose then I must beat this boy. As soon as I thought this, the boy and his girlfriend ran away.

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

It is a fact that in my life as a worker whenever I start a journey I almost never forget to remember Him. In many troubles I have encountered during my travels He has helped me. One day when I had gone to Pátna from Jámálpur to see Bábá, He asked me if I had remembered my second lesson before starting on the journey by train. I told Bábá that generally I remember but that day I couldn't remember if I had. He told me, "Today you forgot." He wants that before starting any action we should remember our second lesson.

How He Has Saved My Life

In Jámálpur, before going to Ranchi, I was ill. Also in Ranchi, I was performing all my duties in spite of my illness. I had been taking medical treatment both in Jámálpur and in Ranchi, but it was not able to improve my condition. In Ranchi, Bábá told Ác. Dharmadevándajii to take proper care and make proper arrangements for my treatment. This he did, but still there was no improvement. Then Bábá advised the General Training Secretary at Várán'asii Training Center to take me and provide the proper medical care and treatment, and He advised me to take complete rest for at least three months. "Don't think about any work, just be free from all duty," He said. The Office Secretary wanted to send me to Várán'asii with either an attendant or else a first-class ticket. I refused both to save the organisation the expense.

One morning O.S., Ác. Pran'avánanda, took me on the motorcycle to Ranchi bus station. Previously for some time I had been suffering from arthritis, but on that particular morning a new trouble, severe throat pain, had developed. It was so severe I could not swallow water. Pran'avánandajii offered me some hot milk, but I explained that any liquid was difficult for me to take. I caught the bus. It was summer, and without food or drink, I was going to Gayá to catch the Gayá-Várán'asii Express. I was very thirsty and very weak.

When I reached the station, I saw a big queue at the booking counter, and my train was supposed to leave in a few minutes. I did not wait in the queue but went straight to the train guard, saying that it was impossible to buy the ticket. He allowed me to go into any compartment and purchase the ticket from him afterwards. I saw that the situation was still not in my favour, because in the last few minutes before the train's departure there was a great rush of people wanting to board. All compartments were full, people were standing and even hanging outside the door on the steps. The train was set to leave immediately so I rushed toward one compartment. With much difficulty I pushed two of my bags inside the door, while hanging outside with a bag in my hand.

The train left the station, and it was gaining speed, but I was so weak that I was having trouble remaining there hanging. The time came when I knew that I would fall down at any moment -- I could not

hold onto the handrails any longer. When I understood my situation, I remembered Bábá, feeling that it was my time to die. Then suddenly, while the train was in full motion, it blew its whistle and stopped quickly, before I could fall. Many people came out from the train to see why it had stopped, which gave me a good opportunity to go inside.

When I went in, I felt dizzy and fell down, and immediately some people caught me and lay me down on a bench. When I returned to consciousness, people were asking me what my trouble was, and I explained. Then they wanted to feed me something, and I tried to explain that I could not eat anything. They insisted. By this time the train had reached the next station. Since they were so insistent I consented to try some cucumber. They brought it and remembering Bábá's name, I started to eat. I noticed the pain in my throat had gone; I could eat solid food.

Later that evening in Várán'asii I was going in the dark to the well for half-bath. I didn't know how slippery it would be and fell down on the concrete. To my surprise, I was not the least bit injured. From this whole journey I understood that Bábá takes care of His devotees and responds to their calls in times of need. I have experienced the same thing on several other occasions when my life was threatened.

One time at Madhuvani Station, I had boarded a train without a ticket because my friends who were buying the ticket for me were not able to give it to me in time. I rushed to the guard as the train began to move, entered his compartment and told him my situation. He refused to allow me on the train and told me to get down from the carriage. The train had been gathering speed meanwhile, and, as I stepped down from the compartment, by mistake I was facing in the direction opposite to the motion of the train. After touching the platform I understood my situation to be quite dangerous. I couldn't let go of the handrail because I would be thrown immediately and my head broken. I was stuck running backwards along the platform gripping the handrail. When the guards' compartment reached the end of the platform I was about to be thrown to my death. I took Bábá's name. Just then three or four people came running, and all of them lifted me up with their hands. Then they asked me why I was doing this. I replied that I had no ticket and had gone to get permission from the guard, but he had refused, and I had disembarked down in the wrong direction. They all told me that God had saved my life, and I myself felt that kind-hearted Bábá had again saved my life.

One night I saw myself in a dream, swimming in the ocean. I went very far into that ocean. Later as I was trying to go back to shore, but I had difficulty returning, as the waves were so big. In that moment I felt my life was in danger, and I said, "Bábá, only You can help." When I told Him this, He appeared in my dream in Varábhaya Mudrá. After some time this dream came true, in the following way:

There was an ERAWS seminar in Midnápúr town. The seminar authority made arrangements for an excursion to Dighá. They arranged two buses, and those who wished to go could go. I went. At Dighá, we immediately went to the beach, which is on the Bay of Bengal. Many workers went roaming through the woods, but some others wanted to go swimming. I also preferred to swim, and I immediately went out into the ocean and started swimming, going far. I reached such a place where people generally don't go because it was past the danger mark. When I tried to return I felt much difficulty, fighting against the waves and unable to move at all towards the shore. I became very weak, and I felt that I should sink and die at that place. Then I remembered Bábá and told Him mentally, "Bábá, if You want to take me back, You can take me." Immediately a very big wave surged and brought me onto the shore in such a place on the sand that I wasn't even standing in water. The water level of the tide was far away from where I stood. So there I understood, Bábá's Grace -- how big and how great it is. I believe He values those who call Him with faith. Also I know if we are in trouble He takes care of His devotees, whether we remember Him or not.

Sadguru Helps Those Who Defend His Name

I heard from Bábá that in one spiritual scripture it was said, "The disciple who speaks against the Guru cannot, in his next life, attain even the status of a two- or four-legged animal. He will be reborn as worm or worse." It is said further, "When there are those who use disrespectful words for the Guru, at that time the devotees of the Guru should not hear it. Either they should put their hands on their ears or they should leave the place or they should protest." After hearing this, I thought if anybody criticises my Guru I'll not keep my hands on my ears, I'll not leave the place, rather I will protest! I have followed that in my personal life; whenever any person criticised or used disrespectful words for Bábá I was invariably severe, and everywhere I was the victor. I can give a few examples of this.

One day I was coming by train from Munghyr to Jámálpur. Next to me on the bench one strong young man was sitting. He saw I was an Ánanda Mágii and started insulting Bábá, insinuating that he was like a cheat or swindler. Immediately, in a strong voice, I told him, "Your father is a cheat." to teach him what it is like to hear an insult against one who is so close to you. I continued, "If you make any rude comment about my Guru, I'll throw you from this running train." I asked all those present, "Is it good to pass any mean comment on the name of a good person? I remain near Him; I know how great and noble He is. But this person does not know Him at all, so I also have the right to say things about his father whom I don't know." All the passengers around me replied in the same voice, "You have the right to say anything about his father and even you can throw him from the running train. We all support you because what he said was wrong."

Something similar happened in a taxi going from Begusarái to Báraonii. Three or four other people were sharing the taxi with me, to save on the fare, but I didn't know any of them. Then one man, a very tall and stout man, made an ugly comment about Bábá. Right away I said, "If you're going to make comments like that about someone without knowing anything about their character, then I'm going to beat you black and blue." For the rest of the forty-minute journey, this man did not dare utter a single word. This type of incident has given me

faith that if devotees have deep love and respect for their Guru and don't want to hear anything bad about Him, Sadguru will always help them to overcome any opposition.

Once, visiting Begusarái, I was heading to the márgii's house where I was to stay. Just before I got there, a group of people saw me and understood that I was a monk from a missionary organisation. They were interested in hearing something about my organisation. There was a public lecture hall nearby. I told them to assemble all interested people there, and I would come in five minutes. I went and left my bags at the márgii's house and returned. Not long after I had started my talk, a monk from another organisation entered the hall. His áshram was just adjacent to the hall. Without hearing anything of my speech, he interrupted me, saying "Your guru is a fraud!"

I asked which organisation he was from. When he answered, I told him that, by his conduct, he was not a worthy disciple of his guru since he had insulted another guru and given me the opportunity to make a rejoinder about his own guru and organisation.

"You are like a frog in the well," I continued, "You have no idea about the vast ocean. Without entering the spiritual laboratory of Ánanda Márga, you cannot say anything about our meditation process. And without coming before our guru, Ánandamúrtijii, you cannot know how great a spiritual master He is."

The assembled audience were all neighbors of this monk. Still, when I asked them, "Is he not a worthless disciple of his guru? He has given me the right to say anything about his guru", they all agreed, "You are right. He is worthless." Immediately he left the place, practically running.

Another day when I was walking along the street at Jámálpur, a group of youths spotted me and made some bad remark regarding Bábá. They were standing some meters away from me, and I told them, "You all wait there. I'm going to you, and I'll beat you." Immediately they all ran away.

Similarly, one time I was on a bus to Jámálpur from Laks'miiserái bus station. A group of teenage boys were there on the bus, and seeing me, they made some sarcastic remarks about Bábá. Such things I could not tolerate, and I said, "You young students, what kind of discipline you have! What will be your future? You are just wasting your fathers' money and becoming unworthy citizens of this

country. Try to be better men." They were all shocked, accepted my scolding and begged excuse for their mistakes. So it has happened many times. Whenever and wherever someone has insulted my Is't'a or Adarsha, I have responded forcefully with strong ideation, and everywhere I succeeded, because Bábá was there helping me.

One night in Kamptul, I went out for a walk in the forest. I was doing my sadhana under the trees. Bábá spent many evenings of his early years in this forest. He was accompanied by one young siddha and he was doing his sadhana some distance away. While he was doing his sadhana, a big storm blowing, and it seemed that the trees over my head would fall down on top of me. I opened my eyes and saw no storm, and not even a single leaf of the tree was moving. Immediately I closed my eyes and again started meditation. After a few minutes, again I felt a big storm and again it seemed the trees would fall. Again I opened my eyes, and again I saw everything to be calm and quiet. Again I started meditation, and for a third time it happened as before. Then I decided that I would not at all open my eyes till I complete my meditation.

My meditation was completed, and I was ready to leave. I wanted my companion, and he came up to me. He asked me if I had left anything in my meditation that night. I asked if he had felt something. He replied that he had felt a storm during meditation. I told him my experience of that night. We wondered about the cause of these phenomena. First he guessed that the world force was trying to

His Care In Tantra Meditation

At one time there were nightly blackouts around Jámálpur during Sino-Indian war. Because Jámálpur is an industrial town, the police patrols were concentrated there. When new moon night came, I felt I should not go to the mountainside for tantra meditation. Instead I decided to go to a village not far from our áshram but even nearer to one márgii's house. Before the evening patrols started, I went to this house and talked with the head of the household. Before he went to sleep that night he said I could sleep alone in his room. Then I was feeling very tired and sleepy, but in that room there was no alarm clock to wake me up in case I fell asleep. I told Bábá mentally, "Bábá, I'll sleep now; I can't help it. Please call me for tantra sádhaná." He helped me wonderfully. A few minutes before the time He appeared in my dream in Varábhaya Mudrá and called me. He said, "Now it's time for you to go out for tantra sádhaná." Immediately I got up and went out for my tantra sádhaná.

One night at Jámálpur, I went out for tantra meditation in Death Valley on Jámálpur hills. I was doing my sádhaná under the tree where Bábá spent many evenings of His early years. That night I was accompanied by one young avadhúta, and he was doing his meditation some distance away. While I was doing my meditation I felt a big storm blowing, and it seemed that the tree over my head would fall down on top of me. I opened my eyes and saw no storm, and not even a single leaf of the tree was moving. Immediately I closed my eyes and again started meditation. After a few minutes, again I felt a big storm and again it seemed the tree would fall. Again I opened my eyes, and again I saw everything to be calm and quiet. Again I started meditation, and for a third time it happened as before. Then I decided that I would not at all open my eyes till I complete my meditation.

My meditation was completed, and I was ready to leave. I waited for my companion, and he came up to me. He asked me if I had felt anything in my meditation that night. I asked if he had felt something. He replied that he had felt a storm during meditation. I told him my experience of that night. We wondered about the cause of these phenomena. First he guessed that the *avidyá* force was trying to

frighten us, but I immediately knew that it could not be that. I said that I thought a big danger would come very soon to Ánanda Marga. In reality, there would be no danger, but people would feel that it was a very precarious situation. Because I saw no threat when I opened my eyes, I felt that in the same way, if the márgiis eyes were open and if they had full faith in Bábá, they would see there was no real danger.

A short time later, a big trouble did come to our organisation. Some members left the organisation and brought charges against the organisation. These defectors helped the CBI and the government demolish the organisation. Sometime, after the departure of these persons, I attended a DMC in Purnia. In one discourse on Dharma, Bábá said that those who deliberately go against dharma become so degenerated that they cannot even recognise themselves. Bábá said, "You know that there are seven lokas -- Bhúh, Bhúvah, Svah, Mahah, Janah, Tapah and Satya -- but in the opposite direction there are also seven lokas. They are Tala, Atala, Vitala, Pátála, Talátála, Atipátála, Rasátála. When degeneration starts these people reach these stages. Rasátála is the lowest stage of these. When somebody reaches Rasátála, he cannot even see his own finger. They are so static that they cannot recognize themselves. So going against Dharma is very dangerous."

From this lecture I understood that Bábá indicated these points about going against dharma in regard to the defecting persons. I felt those who had gone against the organisation would surely be the greatest losers in their spiritual lives. Also they would be defeated in their own battle against Ánanda Marga. Ultimately I saw that my intuition after that night's tantra sáadhaná had become true; the blind-minded people left the organisation, and the conscientious people remained stable. Victory came to Ánanda Marga.

One evening, while sitting with Bábá on the tiger's grave, He told me, "Those who are not tantrik, after 10 p.m. they should not go to that place where the tantriks do their meditation." But in Ánanda Marga many non-tantriks and márgiis also ask to accompany the tantriks. According to a certain rule, the tantriks don't allow them to sit near and keep them at some distance.

One day, one márgii brother, Indramani, requested very earnestly to go with me on the night sáadhaná. I allowed him to accompany me to Death Valley, and then kept him a certain distance away. I advised him not to fear at all, "If anybody comes or if you hear anything strange, keep faith in your I'sta and do your

meditation bravely." I myself went for my own meditation. While I was performing it I heard the very strong roaring of a tiger coming from near the place where Indramani was sitting. I thought about leaving my meditation and going to him, but finally I decided to finish my own meditation and then go. While I was still doing my sádhaná, the sound was coming again sometimes. After finishing my meditation, I went to him and asked him, "Were you afraid, or did you hear any strong sound?"

He replied, "I heard nothing." Then I understood why Bábá doesn't encourage tantriks to bring non-tantriks to those risky places for tantra meditation. If any danger comes to them, then we are definitely the ones responsible, for we are bringing them. He proved His rule to me in this meditation by discouraging me with this mysterious sound. I saw that by bringing them, the tantrik's own meditation will be disturbed. Bábá was in jail in Patná at this time, yet He was guiding me to follow my own rule strictly.

A similar experience happened in Sweden. On the trainees' request, I took some of them with me on the night for tantra meditation. During my meditation that night, I heard a very strange and very loud sound which seemed like a big animal's sound; but I knew there were no big animals in Sweden which could make this sort of fearsome sound. The sound seemed to be coming from close to where the trainees were sitting. They also heard the sound as if it were near them, and they also could not guess which animal could produce such a strong sound. I came to the conclusion that no non-tantrik should come to the place of tantra meditation; it is always a risk for the tantriks to take them. Again I felt Bábá was reminding me not to take this kind of risk since the tantra meditation will be disturbed.

He Is My Strength

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

Here I was confronted with a situation completely new to me. Never before had I had any mental pain, but in the training centre I felt a vibration which was extremely peculiar, and it took me more than one and half months to know the cause. In short, it seemed as if my mind was a void, and that I had forgotten everything I previously knew. The trainees seemed completely indisciplined, and furthermore, they would take everything I did in the wrong sense. It seemed someone had seized my power from inside, and I had much mental pain.

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

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

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

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

The following week, an almost identical sequence of events occurred. I was sick, and I agreed to go to STC to speak but not to eat, and again the monitor of BTC requested to eat in my place. I understood that he had much desire to eat in STC, and unwillingly I said, "Yes, you come." The sister came to know this, and as I approached STC, two sisters came to meet me saying, "Dádá, we have heard that a brother is going to eat here today."

"Yes, I have agreed," I replied.

"Why did you agree? Except for the shraman no brother has eaten here -- it is better that you refuse him".

I asked, "How can I say 'no' to him now without insulting him?"

The sisters said that they would convince him in a nice manner, which they did, and as he was returning to BTC he remarked, "I was expecting this." The next day I could see that the brothers had been affected by this incident. Perhaps they were insulted, I thought. My mind was very weak in dealing with these matters and from the time of my arrival I felt no desire at all to do the work of shraman. I decided to request Bábá to transfer me when I met Him in Stockholm.

During this whole period it was so painful that I felt my yogic heart was dying -- that I was only a living body nominally, and my soul

was finished. I don't cry easily, but in this time I cried much -- both inwardly and outwardly.

When Bábá came to Stockholm, I requested the central workers for a transfer, but they told me that Bábá gave the posting so I should remain as shraman. I told Keshavánandajii and Rámánandajii that I would ask Bábá directly for reposting. After His lunch I went to His room. He was reading the newspaper and asked, "What do you want to say?"

I replied, "Bábá, it is personal, not organisational."

Bábá said, "Will you not give me any rest after lunch? Wait until I've taken a little rest, then I'll talk with you".

Bábá covered his body, and I began to massage His feet. After thirty minutes Bábá said nothing, so I moved to His head, then again to His feet, and finally I kept my head on His feet. After some more time Bábá asked, "What is your trouble? You tell."

I said, "Bábá, a shraman should be a wise and intellectual man. Why have You selected me?"

Bábá replied, "It is not my fault that I have selected you. Didn't I tell you at Patná to study? Do you have any other trouble?"

"Bábá, the trainees are not very disciplined."

"They are young, and you are twice their age. Will they not obey you? Give them the necessary punishment, transfer them to KT or Davao and, if necessary, expel them. We want to make them workers in a nice way, but that does not mean we have to accept worthless candidates. You will do the work," Bábá said finally.

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

Then I wondered, "Perhaps the actions of the trainees are not bad, but Bábá is sitting on their throats or has directed some great spiritualist to sit on their throats causing them to unknowingly speak harshly about Dhruvánanda. Perhaps Bábá is doing this to teach me a good lesson. Maybe, at times, I have thought my mind is strong. Before I left Calcutta, Bábá told me my mind was very strong. When anyone asks me why I don't leave the organisation, I reply, 'My mind is not so weak -- my mind is strong.'" When I thought this, I raised my arms before Bábá's photo and told Him, "Bábá, my mind is not strong. It is not at all strong; it is only by Your grace." Then I did sás't'áunga pran'am.

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

After this, I realised that nobody has the capacity to do anything except by the grace of Parama Purus'a. People give credit to themselves for their actions, so Parama Purus'a must create situations whereby we can realise the source of our strength. From the moment of my initiation into Ánanda Marga, I had full faith that Bábá is Omniscient, and whenever I have made any mental appeal to him in a critical situation, He has helped me. After this, however, my faith deepened; and I realised that although He never said that He is great, still without His will, nobody can do anything.

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

His Inspiration In Dreams

Sometimes I have had very educative dreams of Bábá, and by those I understood that Bábá guides and inspires His devotees even through their dreams. I would like to share a few here.

When Bábá Náma Kevalam kiirtana was just introduced, one avadhúta came to Jámálpur from Calcutta, and then we went together to Munghyr school. We were four workers together that evening, doing kiirtana and sáadhaná. Again before going to my bed, I did some kiirtana and meditation; then I slept. That night I had a very good dream of Bábá.

In the dream I was standing on the shore of an ocean, and from the other side a big ship was coming towards me. A child of five or six years came up to where I was standing and asked, "What do you see?"

I replied, "You see there on the ocean a big ship is coming towards us. And I'll go to the other side by this ship."

The child told me "I would like to go, too."

"O.k.," I told him, "You will come with me."

The ship came nearer, and many passengers were getting off, but we were the only two passengers getting on. The ship set off, and we went inside. But on the way, we saw that the ship was sinking. I told the child, "Don't fear at all. I know how to swim. You will sit on my back and sing Bábá Náma Kevalam."

The ship sank, and I was swimming with the boy towards the shore and we were both singing "Bábá Náma Kevalam". All of a sudden we saw a large aquatic animal coming towards us. I told the child, "Don't fear this animal. I'll climb on its back. If it is dangerous, I can kill it with my dagger." I showed the child the dagger I was carrying. Very easily I climbed on the back of the animal, and riding on its back we went towards the other side. This animal sank, however, and again I started swimming. After some time I faced another animal and climbed on its back in the same way. Again the animal sank. Then while I was swimming, I suddenly found the boy was not on my back. He was drowned. Then, remembering Bábá, I

dove into the ocean and brought the boy back to the surface. Then I said scoldingly, "Did you stop singing 'Bábá Náma Kevalam'?"

He replied, "Yes."

Then I told him, "Now don't forget. If you don't forget you will reach your goal."

Now we found another big ship coming towards us. We climbed on it, and it took us where we wanted to go. I showed the boy, "See, there is a big pandál for DMC. Let's go there." We entered at the back. No gatekeeper stopped us. Passing through the whole hall, we went onto the dias where Bábá was sitting. We could see thousands of márgiis, monks and nuns sitting in the pandál. When DMC was over, everybody left, except Bábá, the child and I. When Bábá asked us, "All have left, but why not you two also?", we replied "We will not leave you; we will go with you."

Bábá told us, "But I have much work. I am very busy. I have to go to different places. Can you go with me?"

We said, "Yes, we are ready to go."

Then Bábá said, "When you have so much desire to go, I'll take both of you." There the dream ended.

Though the ship sank and the two beasts sank, I received other help, and by the song of "Bábá Nám Kevalam", I reached my destination. I was not afraid of the animals; I thought them to be symbols of both external enemies and internal enemies, such as vrttis. My swords were courage and the *Bábá Náma Kevalam mantra*.

In another dream I was standing on a very beautiful island, seeing beautiful birds, trees and fruits all over the island. It was very enjoyable, but still I felt I was missing something. I was not seeing any people there. When I was walking around the island, all of a sudden I saw a wide road appear on the ocean and Bábá's black Desoto car coming to island. The car came just near me and stopped. Bábá was sitting in the back. He personally opened the door and told me, "Dhruvananda come inside and sit beside me. I'll take you with me; this is the only way to go." He took me with Him, and we went away.

One summer, after coming to Sweden Training Centre, one dáda was leaving to go to Timmern LFT Training Centre in Germany. After he left, I realized I could have sent some fresh garden vegetables to Bábá through him because two days later another dáda, Ác. Shaktiishvaránandajii, was leaving Timmern to visit Bábá. I was

regretting the lost chance and scolding myself internally that I could be so stupid. The same night I had this dream:

I arrived outside a hall. Inside Bábá was delivering a discourse. When I heard Bábá speaking, I was again scolding myself, that I am so stupid, now I am missing Bábá's discourse. When I approached the door, Bábá himself came out and gave namaskár to me. I gave Him namaskár in the same way. Then Bábá gave His hand to me and said "Dhruvánanda, catch my hand, and wherever you go, take me and I'll follow you." Then catching Bábá's hands, I was going to different places -- climbing up mountains, going down mountains, climbing onto the roof of a big house -- and everywhere He was following me.

The next morning after the dream I got up and thought that it was only yesterday I was regretting not sending the vegetables to Bábá, and similarly in my dream I was repenting missing the discourse, but Bábá showed me how much He thinks about His devotees. I was scolding myself, but He was consoling and encouraging me with His actions in my dream.

One day I was suffering greatly from my neck pain. This pain continued the whole night. I took medicine, but it was not helping me. That night I could not sleep. In the morning there was still so much pain that I could not do my meditation properly, and was not in any condition to take breakfast. Mentally I told Bábá, "Bábá, I am so tiny, how can I tolerate so much pain?" Almost immediately after telling this to Him, I fell asleep. Then I saw a dream of Bábá. He was coming out of His office at Jámálpur Railway Workshop. He reached the gate, I received Him. I could see a bright aura around Him. I physically became like a child, and catching His hand, I brought Him towards His quarters. In the middle of this dream I felt an electric shock pass through me from my head to feet. I immediately felt so much pain that I woke up and started crying loudly. It was such an unbearable pain. Two other dádás were with me then, and one ran to the telephone to call an ambulance to take me to the hospital. All the trainees assembled before my door. They didn't understand what to do.

It was winter, and the road was full of snow. The ambulance could not come very quickly. By the time it arrived, the pain had gone away. When my pain went away, I got such a strong feeling in my mind: without the help of any doctor I was freed from this serious pain. I felt such confidence that when Bábá is with me, I am not tiny; rather, I am big enough to tolerate any amount of pain.

Sometimes I have dreams that I am flying. One time in such a dream, I had the ability to fly like an airplane at very high speeds. I was flying so fast that I was in danger of colliding with the mountains. I was coming closer and closer. I remembered Bábá, "Oh, Bábá, please check my speed and keep me in the proper direction." I repeated Bábá's name again and again and finally thought, "Bábá, let me get down." Right away I started losing speed, and I landed in a hilly area, covered with forest. I was walking safely on the earth again when suddenly tall, furry, primitive-looking men were rushing through the forest, obviously looking for some prey. They noticed me with big hungry eyes and came towards me. Desperately I tried to hide, but I could not. They reached for me with their long arms and hands with claw-like nails. "Why should I fear," I thought, "Bábá is always with me." So I started repeating Bábá's name and jumped towards them, arms out, threatening them in the same way they had threatened me. Now their faces showed fear, and step by step, they moved back. I began to chase them, and they ran away. I felt relieved. Bábá had saved me. Then I saw Bábá's figure, and I awoke.

In a similar dream, I was standing near a lake, and suddenly I heard a big noise. Soon a few thousand people came rushing towards me, fleeing from the city toward a village. Along with all these men, women and children, big animals like buffaloes were also running. They were being chased by a demon who, upon seeing me, left them and paid attention only to me. With big, red eyes and huge, widespread hands it came toward me. I saw I was in real danger and realised again that I should remember Bábá and that only He could save me. Taking His name I jumped into the lake. I felt sure I could stay under the surface for a long time with His help; and in fact, I stayed under without breathing with no trouble because Bábá was with me. Then I thought, "That demon must have been frustrated by now. It doesn't know about Bábá and how I am protected." So I stuck my head out of the water and could not see the demon anywhere. Then again I saw Bábá's figure.

I like this sort of dream because it shows how, by meditation, the awareness of Bábá permeates even the sub-conscious and unconscious minds. Then even in dreams I know that if I remember Bábá, even if I cannot see Him, He will always help me.

Once I was walking with Bábá in a dream, and on the way, I was telling Him about one márgii who was a doctor. I was saying, "Bábá, he gets up so late everyday. I don't think it's very good."

He said, "Tell him to get up early to do Páincajanya and regular meditation."

Once I dreamt that I was standing on the bank of a pond talking to one person about Ánanda Márğa, when someone came and said, "Bábá is calling you." I continued talking, and the person again said, "Bábá is calling." I was trying to finish my talk quickly, but still there were some things I had to say. When I finished talking I ran to Bábá's room and entered without getting permission from anybody. I did sás't'áunga pran'áma before Bábá, and immediately Bábá said, "Beat him." The other workers began to beat me as I lay on the floor, but the sensation was very unusual -- it was as if I was being beaten with soft flowers. The feeling of beating was there but no sense of pain. Bábá told the workers to stop and instructed me to sit in front of Him. Then He inquired, "Did I beat you?"

I replied, "No, Bábá, You did not beat me."

Bábá smiled and said to all, "I did not beat him. I was not beating him."

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

In May 1989, I had a dream that the training centre's blue van was moving, but no one could control it. It was spinning around and around in the road. Nothing more happened in the dream, but the next day I mentioned it to the trainees.

Just the next month I had a similar dream. This time the van was spinning around like before, but from where I was standing I could see Bábá standing there on the other side of it. Soon after the dream finished, I was woken by a phone call telling me that some trainee brothers had had a bad accident in the blue van. I rushed to the hospital with one márgii brother, Shaunkar, who lives near the training centre. When I got there, immediately one brother said, "Do you remember your dream last month, Dádá? The van was spinning around just like that." Then I told them about the dream I had just had.

Many of the brothers had been seriously hurt, but one in particular, Rudreshvara, was so injured he was not expected to survive. But I remembered how Bábá had been there in the second dream,

watching them. When the doctor performed some miraculous surgery on Rudreshvara and he survived, I knew Bábá had saved His life.

Later I visited the site of the accident. I saw that no more than fifty metres from that place was a small bridge with a sharp thirty-metre drop onto concrete. If the driver had lost control there instead, all would have died. I saw that Bábá had saved all their lives.

In one dream, I was standing in the corner of a beautiful room. There was some sweet fragrance, and I started to wonder where this smell was coming from. I looked around the house, and I found Bábá sleeping in His bed. I went nearer to His feet. The fragrance became stronger. Then I bent down and took the smell of His feet. There the smell was the strongest. I realised the source of all this perfume was Bábá's feet.

Another night, I saw myself enter a big hall with Bábá. Bábá opened the lock, and we entered the room. It was full of darkness. Then Bábá took me to another door and opened it. Immediately much light entered the room, and the whole hall became illuminated. Then Bábá told me that this is the right door which brings the light. If people can open that right door of the mind, then they will see all the light which is already within. It is spirituality which is the right door that people should open in order to enjoy the divine life.

In another dream, many volunteers were on parade. After the parade was over the field commander came before me and saluted. I directed him to give the order to all the volunteers to go to the Dharma Cakra hall. All went there, and I went to Bábá's room by an outside door. When I went up to Him, He told me "Go and hoist the flag of Ánanda Marga and then join the Dharma Cakra."

After raising the flag, I came to the DC hall. While doing meditation with everybody, I felt a very sweet, heavenly music coming from Bábá's room, which was adjacent to the DC hall with an open door between. The music was vibrant and resonant, taking the mind very deep inside. The sound was so beautiful that I opened my eyes to see if there was anything interesting to see. I saw that the DC hall was adorned with different attractive colours. Bábá's room was much more beautiful, with light emanating from it. All were doing deep meditation.

In one dream I saw Bábá was leading a large procession. He was wearing a silken kurtá and dhoti, and His health was beautiful. With a smiling face He was going ahead and encouraging all the márgiis to go forward also.

In another dream, Bábá was speaking: "If there is much pressure of work from Central office, if there is a phone call from Headquarters or from even my P.A. himself saying 'Without proper progress, you will lose your ácáryaship', one should not be afraid of hearing this, because I give so much work pressure for the progress of humanity."

Another time, I and many other people were waiting for Bábá to arrive. I was completely busy decorating His room and His house, finishing all the details and managing the welcoming party. I was arranging everything for Him. Just as the car arrived, I came forward and took Him into His rooms and started to serve Him.

Once I dreamt I was standing on the roadside, and Bábá was passing by with some other workers. He stopped suddenly, and then pointed to most of them and said "I'll make you sadvipras." Then He pointed to the remaining ones, including myself, and said, "I'll make you people dádás."

I said, "Bábá, we are already dádás!"

"No, not like that. I mean something else. I mean special dádás."

Bábá's shraddhánjali ceremony was held in October 1990. I returned to Sweden in December. For some time after my return I was not having any dreams. Then in January 1991, I had a dream in which I went to Tiljala, but I could not see Bábá anywhere. I saw Ac. Shraddhánanda Avt. and Ác. Keshavánandajii, and I asked them "Where's Bábá?" "I don't see Him anywhere." I started crying, and woke up crying.

Three days later Bábá came in my dreams. He was standing very close to me. I asked Him, "Bábá, why have You gone so far?"

He said, "No, I haven't gone far. I have come even nearer."

I awoke and immediately wrote down this poem:

In a recent dream of mine
Bábá was visible and close.

I asked Him
"Bábá, why You went far?"

He answered me,
"I have not gone far.
I have come more near."

"I will remain with you,
I will help you always.
I will be inside you
Like a divine ray.

You have lost nothing,
I am within you.
I will help you always,
Oh, my dear divine child.

Father is always,
Always father,
I cannot leave you alone.
I am always with you,
Your heart is my divine home."

He came nearer to me
And told me to be more close,
And with a sweet smile
Told me to sit on His divine lap.
With a sweet and clear voice
He told me, "I am your divine father."

Then I went back to sleep and had yet another dream. Bábá was giving a garden demonstration, and many ácáryas were there. First He was on the roof showing some plants up there, then He came down. Another avadhúta said, "Dhruvándajii is also ready to garden."

Bábá replied, "Yes, he looks ready to garden. If he wants, let him do also."

In March 1991, I dreamt I saw Bábá delivering a discourse in a big hall. The hall was full up to the door. There was no place at all to enter, but just behind Bábá's seat there was a window. I came and stood just outside of it. When He was through, Bábá gave namaskár to

the audience and stood up. Then He turned and saw me standing there alone.

Bábá started to talk with me in such an expressive way, as if He was simply delighted to see me. He was smiling joyously and laughing and talking with me. And I felt every moment that His smile, His laugh, His gestures were filling my heart and mind with a strong energy. He was making me so spirited as I had felt only once before, when He lifted my heavy mood by joking with me outside His door in Lake Gardens.

Talks with Bábá

Talks with Bábá

Educative Dialogues

Once I asked Bábá, "Why has Parama Purus'a created bad people?"

Bábá asked in return, "Don't you like them?"

"No, I don't," I said.

"By a simple example I will make you understand this," Bábá said. "Suppose Parama Purus'a makes a boundary of goodness and keeps all the people inside. Then all will be good, and none will become bad. None can go out of this jurisdiction. But this is also a problem, for to remain in the bondage of goodness means they cannot know the infinite. Their progress will be stopped. If there is no boundary, people can go where they like, good or bad. Parama Purus'a does not make any bondage of goodness because He does not want to stop the progress of those who desire liberation."

The next two stories illustrate the importance to the sádhaka of the vibration of a place.

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

After field walk Bábá would generally return to His railway quarters, but one day when I was accompanying Him, He wanted to go to the jágrti. As we turned into a particular street my attention was caught by a building -- actually all I could see was a wall with some small windows; the entrance was on the other side. Bábá said, "Don't look to that side -- people drink there." Bábá always advised His

devotees to be careful of things and places which do not give a good vibration.

At one time at Jámálpur, Bábá's, the then P.A., and the áshram manager, Ac. Abhedánanda Avt. and I were staying at the áshram. Bábá was living in His own quarters, but whenever someone had a gift to offer Bábá, they usually left it at the áshram after checking with one of us. Once, however, someone came to Bábá's quarters to give a T-shirt to Bábá. He wasn't home at the time, but someone in His family accepted it on His behalf. The next day He asked P.A., "Who has brought this into my house?"

No one answered, because we actually didn't know who had brought it. Then Bábá said, "I will not use it because it was bought with dishonest money. These things cause me much trouble. But you can donate it to someone in great need." Bábá always followed the social norms and Yama and Niyama very strictly.

One morning at Jámálpur, Bábá was going to office, and two or three ácáryas, including myself, were accompanying Him. On the way we had to cross the Jámálpur Railway Bridge. This is a pedestrian bridge, and cycling is not allowed there. For this reason there are bars set into the bridge at intervals which make it difficult for cycles to pass. As we were walking across, someone came up behind us on a bicycle and started ringing his bicycle bell so we would make way for him. Bábá told us, "Keep walking, but don't give him any room. Cover the whole breadth of the bridge as you walk." We did as Bábá said. The man was still coming up behind us, ringing his bell insistently. Suddenly Bábá turned around and said strongly, "Get down from there. This path is not for cycling." The man stopped and got off his bike without a word. Perhaps never before had anyone pointed out his mistake. Then we continued, and he came along behind us. Here I saw that Bábá was not only strict with the Ánanda Marga rules and regulations; He was a strict follower of governmental rules and regulations.

When Bábá was returning from field walk, He would often drop pertinent advice along the way. One such time that I remember clearly, He told me, "Whenever a complaint comes, it should be verified." Another similar time I was discussing about one worker with Bábá. I mentioned that this worker was not very qualified, educationally. Bábá said, "You know, one should not unnecessarily ask another, 'What is

your qualification (academic degree)?' In the same way, one should not ask someone what they ate."

While thinking about His comment later, I perceived that asking for qualifications might embarrass a person who has less education. Similarly, asking what one ate might be uncomfortable for a person who cannot afford nice food. It is better just to say, "Have you eaten? If not, come, have something!"

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

There was once a márgii sister whom Bábá had advised not to go out in the evening. However, this was not in my knowledge at the time. At the time of the 1967 DMC in Alahabád, this sister had the desire to go to Triven'ii, the place where the Ganga, Yamuná and Sarasvatii rivers meet. She asked Ác. Dharmadevanandajii if he could arrange a boat there for her. He came to me, and we arranged a trip for the three of us plus one didi. It was about eight-thirty at night when we set out.

As we were going along the river, we thought we heard someone calling us back to the bank. Some of us felt suspicious, thinking it was perhaps bandits. Then the márgii sister said she felt He had arrived; then we all became alert and felt that, yes, perhaps Bábá had come to the riverbank by His car and somebody was with Him. We told the boatman to go slowly towards the bank. We were all listening attentively, trying to hear who was calling us. As we drew nearer, we at last felt sure that it was certainly Bábá who was there with His driver and His bodyguard and other márgiis. With this we started heading back in earnest.

On the way, I commented that perhaps it wasn't so nice for them to be calling so loudly so late at night -- what might people think? This sister mentioned my comment to P.A., and P.A. reported it to Bábá. Then Bábá replied that the reason for calling loudly in the night was

very important. He said that the night was very dangerous for her; only because the other dádá and I were there, nature could not take a step. "For example, if you (P.A.) had been there instead, the boat could have sunk today and you both could have died. But Dhruvánanda and Dharmadevananda still have a strong sam'skára to live. Only for this she is alive now. For this reason I had to come and call them."

After P.A. repeated this to the sister, she came and repeated it to me. She told further, "It's true: that night I was feeling a strong fascination for the water. When you all were talking, always I was putting my hand into the water, playing with the water and feeling like I wanted to merge with it."

I know about another incident with the same woman. When she was in a car at night, she had an accident and fractured her head. Bábá was irate when He heard the news and scolded some people: "I have told her before that she shouldn't go out at night, that night is a threat to her. So nobody should take her out at night. She also should be more careful." Later that day He told the workers, "When I tell my workers to do something, I tell as president. But when I tell not to do something, I tell as Ánandamúrti. So when I tell anything in the negative, one should not do it. If they do it, it can have very bad consequences." It has happened this way with many people.

During one field walk when I was alone with Bábá, He started asking me about the state of the márgiis during the Emergency. I told Him that, in general, things were very good and most márgiis were still with Ánanda Marga. Bábá began talking about different people whose dedication to Ánanda Marga had not wavered, including Ác. Amulyratanjii and Ac. Hemácal Prasádjii. He said, "Those who were strong in the ideology actually prospered in the end. Even if they were employed by the government, they received promotions."

Then I told Him about one very active and diligent brother from Madhepurá district named Ranadhiir. He was living with his family in Sáhársá, and had thought to arrange his sister's marriage according to Ánanda Marga's system of revolutionary marriage. His father, though a márgii also, opposed this strongly; and rather than go against Bábá's system, Ranadhiir took his wife and children and went to his father-in-law's house at Jámálpur. There he maintained his family despite much opposition from his relatives back in Madhepurá and his brother-in-law at Jámálpur.

Bábá commented, "With this sort of struggle, I am happy. He is a very ideological boy."

Then I told how this same Ranadhiir was arranging a state-level PROUT seminar. The communists were wanting to break up this seminar, so they gathered several hundred communists outside the seminar hall and demanded admittance. Before they could force their way in, Ranadhiir took the strong ideation of fighting for Bábá, went to door and stood there saying, "No one will enter as long as I am here." Then he blew a whistle, and all the seminar participants started rushing to the door. The communists were scared and fled the scene.

Bábá was very pleased with this story, too. "You see, not only is he an ideological boy, he is a courageous boy."

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

After a few months I was sitting next to this same dádá at Jodhpur Park for Bábá's darshan. Bábá told a story about a bird singing and dancing in a tree. A Hindu walked by and heard the bird singing, "Ráma, Sitá, Dasharatha". A Muslim came by a little later, and he heard the bird singing, "Alláh, Muhammed, Hazrat". A businessman who passed by a little while later heard "lasun, piyanj, adrak" (garlic, onions and ginger). And finally a gymnast heard it singing "dan, baethak, kasrat" (push-ups, sit-ups, knee bends). Bábá said "You see, what the bird is singing, nobody knows, but everyone takes the meaning according to his/her own psychology." Then He said something more which I believe was particularly for me and the dádá sitting beside me -- the one who had said, "He's late. Why shouldn't he suffer?" He said, "Suppose one person has pain in the ear. How can another understand that pain?" I think we both understood that

Bábá said this for our own benefit, and from that day this dádá has always addressed me nicely.

Once at Ranchi, while Bábá was taking dinner, I was present and so was one didi. Bábá was telling her, "My girl, don't look towards the past. If you must look back, look only for a moment to see how far you have proceeded."

On another day at Ranchi, Bábá started talking about diplomacy. He said the best diplomats in the world were Krs'n'a and Canakya, Chandra Gupta's minister. Then He said, "I'll tell you a story about diplomacy:

"In one certain place, there was an infamous robber who was causing much trouble for the people far and near. The people were in much distress. The police superintendent was unable to catch him or his group. So in the higher administration of the police department, they selected another police superintendent for the area, who was known to be very clever and tactful in handling such cases.

"When this new superintendent came to his post, he thought of a good plan to catch this robber. The superintendent was a good man, but he had word leak out through his agents that perhaps he could be bribed. He made certain that this word reached the ears of the robber. He was successful in this. The robber expressed his desire to meet the police superintendent, so the superintendent invited him to a meal.

"Before the robber came, the superintendent gave his staff instructions as to how to treat this guest: 'Greet him nicely, and speak nicely to him. Arrange a good meal for him in one room, and make sure there are maximum sweets. They should be very good sweets, and even if he does not want to eat them, you will push him in a nice way. But don't give him any water. If he asks for water, say, "Oh, water is easily available, but these sweets are so special and fine." Push and push in this way.'

"When the robber came, he was treated exactly in this fashion. So many nice sweets were there that he stuffed himself to the gills. He asked to have some water. The staff said, 'Oh, we'll get you some water, but please, try to finish the sweets first.' When he couldn't eat anymore, the staff locked the door from the outside. The windows there were all barred, and he could not get out. Sometimes people would pass by the room to check on him, and he would ask them for water. Still no water was given. When the police superintendent heard

that the robber was asking for water more and more, he went personally to the room to talk.

"He said, 'You can have water. But first you give me a list of all the names of the robbers in your group.' The robber saw that the superintendent was perfectly serious; he gave the names. Then the police superintendent said, 'I want more details. Where does each one live? What are their secret hideouts?' The robber, desperately thirsty, gave the information.

"When he had the list, the police superintendent sent out many jeeps carrying police in different directions to round up the criminals. After he saw that they were getting good results, he gave permission for water to be brought to the chief robber. In the end almost all were caught and put in prison."

Then Bábá said, "This type of diplomacy is good because it is for the welfare of the people. Diplomacy should always be for the welfare of the people. It should not be used for personal gain. Then it will be a sin."

Once during 1965/66 at Jámálpur jágrti, Bábá told me that Dharmadevánanda would come tomorrow morning from Anandanagar. "He is coming with important news. When he reaches the jágrti, you should both come immediately to my quarters. If, at that time, I am doing meditation, you 'll knock at my door. I will come out and talk with both of you."

Ac. Dharmadevánandajii reached early the next morning as Bábá had told. I immediately went with him to Bábá's quarters and knocked at His door. Bábá came out and started talking.

From this action of Bábá, I understood that sometimes we may have to give priority to work that is extremely urgent and sacrifice time from our meditation.

However, in ordinary circumstances, surely sádhaná is the highest priority and work, the second priority.

In his discourses, Bábá places, in order of importance, sadhana, seva, bath and food respectively.

Once, there was a devotee at Jámálpur. Every day, he would come to the Jágrti and spend much time talking idly with different workers and margiis. I did not like that he was taking up so much valuable time of others. In fact, he was not even doing his household

work or helping his mother and elder brother, nor had any employment.

One day, I said to him, "You yourself are doing nothing and killing the valuable time of the workers."

"Can you give me one job?" he asked.

I started arranging employment and, after talking with one worker, found work for him as a press manager in Calcutta. The salary was 1500 rupees, which, in 1965, was very good.

Still, that margii was not ready to accept this position because Calcutta was far from his home.

Then I proposed that he can be a assistant teacher in our school at Jámálpur, which he accepted. I told Bábá that he was ready to work and Bábá said that he should take the necessary teacher's training.

However, the brother was unwilling to do that. When Bábá heard this, He remarked, "These type of people are worse than dead bodies. Dead bodies just lie on the ground, but they don't eat. These persons are both lying and eating, and doing no work at all."

Once in 1965/66, when Bábá was at Jámálpur, I attended an ERAWS seminar in the town of Munghyr. When I returned Bábá asked me about one Regional Secretary "Is he taking reports from the workers?" I told, "No Bábá, he has had fever so he did not take any reports. On his behalf, E.S. has been taking the reports."

Bábá asked me, "Was he so sick that he could not take any reports at all?"

"No, Bábá," I replied, "He could have taken the reports."

Then Bábá said, "If he could take reports, he should have. One should remember, 'Work while dying, die while working.'"

I think Bábá did not want that even a single moment of our life be lost by our negligence. When we have the capacity to do something, we should utilize each moment for a worthy cause.

Bábá on the Fruits of Sin

When Ánanda Márğa was just starting, most evenings Bábá would sit with the márgiis on the tiger's grave in the field near the Jámálpur hills. When I was in Jámálpur with Him, many times I came to sit with Him on the tiger's grave. Near the grave there is a banyan tree. Once Bábá told me to look at the banyan tree and see how it is splitting in the middle; then He told the cause of that. He said that in its past life, this tree was a man in Muzzafarpur district, and his name was Udit Náráyan' Singh. He was a son of a landlord, and his father was an honest person. He, however, had a strong desire to become the landlord in place of his father. He thought the best way was to kill his father, otherwise it would be many years before his turn came. So one day he killed his father with an axe, striking his father in the chest.

Nature does not spare anybody from the necessary punishment when they commit any crime or any sin. Accordingly this person became the object of negative pratisaincara. Due to his big sin he did not even get an animal life, but instead got the life as a plant. But in the end Bábá said, "He will not have to pass through many other lives now, as I am sitting near this tree. He will get a human life in his next life."

Here I can feel His love and compassion for this tree which is suffering and was supposed to suffer very much.

One Diipávalli day, I was sitting with Bábá in the field. Indicating the Kálii temple on the nearby hill, Bábá asked if I could see the light of the candles. This temple, Bábá said, was built by a very corrupt woman. She had married a rich man and then conspired with her brother to kill him. After the murder, she lived with this brother, and they had a child. They enjoyed the wealth of the murdered husband and flaunted it publicly. When their son was married, there was an extravagant procession with gold ornaments and so on. Not long after the marriage, the son died, and then one by one all the other members of the family died until the whole family line was obliterated. Bábá told me, "Those who do great sin are not able to continue their family line -- they will have no descendants. It is a natural law."

I thought, "If big sinners cannot have children, does that mean monks and nuns are sinners, too?"

Bábá immediately responded to my thought, "No, the case of monks and nuns is different. All people are the children of the monks and nuns."

At the same time, Bábá told another story of a similar type. He mentioned one maháráj who was a big sinner and exploiter in Bihár state. Bábá said, "Due to his sins, he has left no descendants in his generation." Then humorously He said, "Now if you go there, you will see a cow moving about in front of his palace, as if that maháráj's soul was embodied there, continuing the family line in this manner."

Similarly, one day when I was walking with Him, He showed me a jackal and told me this jackal was, in his past life, a money-lender. Due to his mistakes, he degenerated so much, that he got an animal life. From these stories one can understand that, according to spiritual philosophy, every action has its reaction and that nature does not excuse one's sins.

Bábá On Organizational Methods

We know that Bábá was very strict with His organisation, but at the same time He was also very kind-hearted. One day when I was in Bábá's quarters, a worker came to show copies of a newly-printed book to Bábá. Bábá looked at it and found a printing error. He rebuked him sharply for it and gave instructions to make the necessary correction immediately. When the worker had gone, Bábá said to me, "Sometimes people think I am very severe when I scold, but in reality I am severe only outwardly, not internally. I am like a bel-fruit (a wood apple: one kind of soft, sweet fruit in India which is covered with a hard shell and is also very good for the stomach). You see, if I am not hard on the outside then I won't be able to get the work done in a proper way. The bel-fruit is so sweet that if nature does not give it a hard shell then the crows will eat it right off the tree." Then Bábá told me the following story:

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

So we see that in an official capacity Bábá was always very strict, but on a personal level, He was very sympathetic.

When I was a member of the *Ánanda Márga* education board at Jámálpur in 1965, I was given the responsibility of arranging books for the primary section. One day at a board meeting, Bábá asked if I had done this duty. I replied in the negative. Bábá's dissatisfaction showed on His face, and He became rather brusque with me. I felt hurt. After the board meeting there was general darshan, but I did not attend.

Instead, I walked about the jágrti compound. When Bábá came out after darshan, He directed His attention towards me and, with His smile and one or two words, He satisfied my mind completely. The next, day when He came to the jágrti, He called me to His room and asked, "Yesterday you felt somewhat hurt? But what I did, I did for a bigger cause. Is it not so?"

"Yes, Bábá."

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

"Bábá, I am not finding time for the work."

"If you can't find time, then distribute some of your responsibilities to others."

"Bábá, I have given some responsibilities to others, but they are not doing the work sincerely."

"Then change the duty. The board's progress should not be retarded; rather others should be benefitted. See to the welfare of others."

Two or three days after this incident I was able to write enough children's rhymes to fill two books.

At a meeting of the Ánanda Marga education board at Jámálpur we were preparing the syllabus for different classes. The post of EI(2) held most of the responsibility for this, and many experienced school principals were working under this in-charge's supervision. Some time later, Bábá asked me, "Have all the children of your school got all the books as per the syllabus?"

I replied, "Almost all, Bábá, except for some Bengali books which are not available in the market." Bábá told me to write a letter to EI(2) suggesting that he should select other books which are readily available. I asked, "From which post should I write, Bábá -- as a principal or as an education board member?"

"You write as a principal," Bábá said.

After some time He asked if I had received a reply. I told Bábá that I did get a reply; however, the newly selected books were also not available in the market. Bábá instructed me to write again asking, "Do you like to select only those books which are not available in the market?" This time He told me to write as an education board member. Bábá said that, like Him, I should sometimes create drama so as to encourage others to work harder. He said, "Actually I don't become

angry. I put on an act of being angry in order to make the workers work harder. You will have to do this too."

Bábá was a strict disciplinarian. He followed rules strictly and liked His workers also to follow rules strictly. One example of this is from 1966, when I was working at the PTPC at Jámálpur. Generally, ERAWS workers used to come to the Post Training Preparatory Course for ERAWS training before proceeding to their posting in the field. Amongst the brothers and sisters in training there was a sister named Sarjita who had the habit of laughing loudly with another sister. This I couldn't accept because the people living adjacent to the jágrti compound might not take it in a good way. As Bábá was coming everyday to the jágrti, I thought it best to bring the matter to His attention. I did so, and He told me, "Today in general darshan I will speak on the subject of discipline".

In general darshan He began by asking each of His sons and daughters, "Can you tell me the meaning of discipline?" None could explain. "Anushásana is the Sam'skrta word for discipline. What is the meaning of anushásana? *Hítárthe shásanam ityarthe anushásanam*. "Hit" means "welfare" or "benefit". If anyone gives you any advice or a rule for your benefit, then you follow it, that will be discipline. A ten year-old boy may give some advice to an eighty year-old man, but if it is for the older man's benefit, then he should heed it."

Without mentioning any names, Bábá gave some examples relating to people who were present in the darshan. "Suppose someone is standing in the middle of the road with his bicycle, obstructing traffic while he chews betel leaf and gossips with another. This goes against the discipline of the road." (I knew that there was one such márgii brother there who had this bad habit.) "Suppose someone is laughing loudly in the áshram compound. That is also not good."

After the darshan, sister Sarjita came to me and said, "Dádá, you have reported me to Bábá surely. From this day on I will follow the rules."

One day at the PTPC at Ranchi, Bábá and I walked into the classroom while the class was in session. One sister from Bettiah district in Bihár began to cry uncontrollably, "Bábá, Bábá." Bábá became angry and rebuked her, "Don't you know how to maintain classroom discipline?"

When we left the classroom, Bábá said to me, "You see, she is not at fault. I am her father, so she could not keep from crying. But I

am also the president of the organisation, and as such I must see to the discipline of the class."

Once when I was secretary of the Ánanda Marga Board of Education, the ERAWS secretary made a new rule regarding the education section; but I felt this rule was not in the best interests of the education section. As I often had the opportunity to talk with Bábá in those days, I brought the matter up with Him. However, He did not answer directly. Instead He said, "You are the secretary of education Board, so surely you must be thinking most about the development of the education section. If the ERAWS secretary's decision does not help the section, and you cannot change his mind, then go before the general secretary. Then, if the general secretary's opinion also does not favour the education section, then you may come before the president. In this way, do everything step by step."

Once an avadhúta came to the PTPC at Ranchi for his necessary ERAWS training before proceeding to his posting at Ánandanagar. "According to the system," said Bábá, "he should first have taken training here. Are you correct in saying that he has already left?"

"I have heard it, Bábá."

"Go and bring the correct information."

I went and then came back with the correct information. "Was your news correct?" asked Bábá, "Has he gone to Ánandanagar?"

"No, Bábá, he is here. My news was incorrect."

"Then you should be ashamed. Do you feel ashamed?"

"Yes, Bábá."

Then He laughed and said, "If you feel ashamed, then it's okay."

From this I learned the importance of giving correct information and also saw how Bábá would correct us in a very mild and humorous way.

Once while I was the trainer at the PTPC, one trainee-brother left the trainingcourse. When I reported the matter to Bábá, He said, "You should not look only toward the sky, you must also pay attention to the earth. The soil of the earth is very hard. You see, you could have solved that trainee's small problem very easily. He had some money in the bank and was sometimes thinking of that. Only for that reason he has left training." So I understood that we must be very alert in every moment in every aspect of our work. When Bábá used the words, "the

soil of the earth is very hard", I also understood that not all works can be materialised very quickly or in an easy way. We will have to deal attentively with our work, and to some work we will have to give special attention.

A dádá was posted as RS Calcutta and, according to the system at that time, he had to take more training before going to his post. I gave him the money to travel from Jámálpur to Gayá for training and back to Jámálpur. When he returned, I saw that he had expended more money than was usual, and I mentioned this to the central ERAWS secretary. He said he would tell Bábá about it. I told him that I didn't think it was such a big matter to bring to Bábá's notice. The ERAWS secretary replied, "Why not? He is going to be RS so he should be careful."

We went to the field to meet Bábá as He was returning from the tiger's grave. The ERAWS secretary told Bábá about this matter, and immediately Bábá sent for the worker. When he met us, Bábá stopped in the road and began to shout at him, "Do you think ours is a capitalist organisation? We are collecting donations and working hard for our money, so we will have to be strict in expenditure." Bábá told the ERAWS secretary not to give him any travel allowance for his journey to Patná on the following day. "Let him arrange his travel allowance himself." Many times Bábá became hard when His workers spent money in a loose way.

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

Once when Bábá was travelling from Jámálpur to Bettiah for DMC, I was travelling in His car as far as Monghyr. Vivekánandajii, a family ácárya, was in His car, and sat in the back with Bábá, and I was in the front. A small cotton thread was hanging from the upholstery of

the door next to Bábá. Pointing to the thread, Bábá said, "This thread is coming out, and I don't like that even this much should be out of place. I like everything to be tip-top."

One other experience showed me that Bábá does not like to see any looseness in the work. Once I took over the charge of the publications department, but the former publications secretary could not give me one important article entitled "Shudra Revolution and Sadvipra Samáj". He told me I could get it from Jámálpur, but I was unable to get it quickly. A short time later the editor of a Calcutta based Bengali PROUT newspaper, wanted to print the article and had got the necessary approval of the authority concerned; but the article was not in our office.

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

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

Here I also learned that all workers should be careful to keep their offices up to date.

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

Once, when I was the secretary of the Ánanda Marga Board of Education, we decided to give an examination to the students in all our high schools to check the standard of the schools. A committee, including some teachers at Ánandanagar High School, made up an exam, distributed it and then checked the results. One high school in Bihár did not get such good results (though their results on the Bihár State Examination had been satisfactory). I reported this to Bábá. Immediately Bábá called the ERAWS secretary and told him to appoint an enquiry commission to determine both the reason for the poor outcome and the necessary steps for improvement. He told ES to appoint me as chairman of the commission and then selected two other members -- E.I.(1) and Ac. Svarúpánanda Avt., the dean of the Ánanda Marga Degree College in Ánandanagar. Bábá told me, "In 72 hours you will have to give me the enquiry commission's report. The responsible party should be brought before me." Immediately, E.I.(1) and I started our journey. At Ánandanagar, we picked up Ác. Svarúpánandajii and continued on. All along the way we inspected other schools, but still we were catching always the earliest possible trains and buses in order to meet our deadline.

I mentioned to the other commission members that the principal of this school was very intellectual and clever, and we would have to be careful at the time of inspection. "If he gives any file or register willingly, you can pay less attention to that one. Pay more attention to the others." All three of us did that once we were at the school. The principal tried hard to please us in different ways, and especially wanted to feed us before we left. But I kept Bábá's 72-hour deadline in mind, and I knew we would have to finish our work and go back. So instead of risking missing the train, we skipped the meal.

We saw that both the principal and the DS were at fault, so we made both of them come with us and started back. Due to the principal's delay over the meal, we missed one bus; but I was so determined, we took a taxi to catch the train. When we reached the train station, we saw we had missed the train; so we kept going, and with good speed our taxi managed to catch the train at the next station. Then we came to Gayá station. In order to arrive on time we needed to take a certain bus, but that day there was a bus strike throughout Bihár. So we decided to take a truck. By truck we came to Ranchi, just within the time limit. Immediately, without waiting to take a meal or a bath or anything, I went to Bábá's quarters. When I arrived and gave my report, Bábá was very pleased that I had reported to Him in time. He said, "Do work like this -- like a machine."

Then He said, "Okay, you all take your bath and your lunch, and then I will sit with you." In the afternoon, He gave the necessary advice and instructions to the DS and the principal for the school's rectification. They promised that in every way they would do their best to develop the level of the school according to the standards of the AMBE.

As per system, the first copy of any Ánanda Marga publication was to be given to Bábá. When I was still Publications Secretary, Idea and Ideology was published, and the first copy was sent to Bábá. The next day, as soon as Bábá was in the office, He asked, "Where is Dhruvánanda?"

I answered, "Here, Bábá."

He said, "Dhruvánanda, Idea and Ideology should come under the name, P. R. Sarkár. But it says here it was written by Shrii Shrii Ánandamúrti. Did you give permission for this change?"

I said, "No, Bábá."

"Without your permission, they cannot make such changes. Call the Publications Manager."

I called him, and Bábá asked him the same question. He also said that he had not given any such permission. Then Bábá said we should go to the printers, and just then we started out -- Bábá, P.A., the Publications Manager and myself. When we got there the press manager was out, but upon inquiring we learned that he was the one who had given permission. Bábá said we should not pay the printing costs for the cover, because it was their mistake.

Back at the office, Bábá made the comment, "Ánandamúrti does not deal in any material things. Wherever I have discussed mundane things, there is written P. R. Sarkár."

Because humanity was suffering, He had to give social philosophy as P. R. Sarkár. But Shrii Shrii Ánandamúrtijii is something more. He is the embodiment of spirituality.

Bábá's Humor

When I took over the post of principal of the Ranchi school, the former principal had destroyed the old latrines with the intention of building new ones. However, before beginning the construction of the new latrines he was transferred, and the duty fell to me. For the time being the children were going outside the school compound to attend nature's call.

One day I was talking with Bábá in His quarters, and He asked me, "Dhruvánanda, sometimes when I drive past your school on the way to the jágrti, I see the school children outside the school compound doing something. I can't see exactly what they are doing, but they give me namaskár."

I was unaware of this, and Bábá's son replied, "Bábá, they are attending nature's call, and when they see Your car coming they do namaskár from the sitting position.

Then Bábá said, "So, Dhruvánanda, you are giving the children very good Stu-vol training."

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

In January 1988, I went to see Bábá in Calcutta. One day after returning from field walk, He was taking report from the departmental heads near the side entrance of His house. I wanted to meet with G.S., and I walked down along the side of the house, and I suddenly realised that Bábá was still there. I stood quietly beside P.A. out of Bábá's vision. When He had finished talking with the workers He asked, "Is there anybody else here?"

G.S. said, "Bábá, Dhruvánandajii is here."

In a jolly mood, with exaggerated formality, Bábá called, "Assun, Assun! (Come! Please, Do come.) How are you today?"

"I am very well, Bábá."

Then He asked in the same mood, "And how do you like my stories?"

I replied, "Yours are the best stories. I enjoy all Your humorous stories very much."

"Do you laugh alone, or do you tell them to others also?" Baba asked.

"Sometimes I tell them to others," I replied.

Bábá said, "You should tell them to others. Otherwise, if you laugh alone, people will think you are crazy!"

Afterwards Ác. Cetanánandajii came to me and asked, "Why did Bábá speak so politely to you -- 'Assun, assun'? Is it because you were His son's teacher?"

I laughed and said, "No, no, it's not like that. Only Bábá knows how I like to laugh, and He wanted to laugh and make a joke with me." Actually that day I had been in a heavy mood due to the mistakes of some persons, but Bábá's sweet laughter had cleared my mood up completely.

On the last day of that same trip, I was waiting with garland for Bábá. I had not asked for extra time with Him because I was so satisfied with His joking with me. As He passed me, they informed Him, "Bábá, Dhruvánandajii is going." Bábá feigned confusion, "Where is his place now?"

P.A. said, "Sweden, Bábá."

Bábá said, "Oh, yes. You know, my memory has become so bad." Then he recited one long poem in Bengali which I and many present had known in our childhood. It told the story of a little boy who is sent to the market by his mother. On the way he is repeating over and over again the list of things to buy in order to remember everything -- "Dád kháni chál, Masurer dál". Then he sees some kites flying in the sky. "Oh", he thinks, "If only I could have a kite, too." Then he starts repeating the list again, but now everything is mixed-up. Bábá said, "I have become like that boy."

Now I know that Bábá had an exceptional memory. He could recognize people's faces, years after meeting them only once. I could never believe His memory could become bad. Rather I took it as another joke of His, just to create some fun for me.

Ever Glorious and Eternal Entity

The Divine Intelligence, Aashankarshin
Who came on the earth in the human form
Will it set ever from the Earth?
My reply will be never, never, never.

POEMS

Of the five material factors
Which was once created by Him
Which is not that sun
Which rises and sets every day
He is the creator of this universe
He is the infinite and eternal entity
His intelligence is radiating
To all the planets of all the solar systems
His sweet vibration is bringing the gentle breezes
And cooling the hot planets

He is the creator of the universe
He is Shiva and Ka'ma
He is attracting everybody
To give them a place on the divine ship
You are never ill
People may or may not recognise Him
Only he who knows everybody
People regard or disregard Him
He is unharmed by their
But he thinks about each and every
And loves all of them.

He has the power to bring joy to
He took the physical body
He came in physical form only to establish
His divine mission
Now He left it on this Earth
And went to His divine permanent abode

Ever Glorious and Eternal Entity

The Divine Effulgence, Ánandamúrtijii
Who came on this earth in the human form,
Will it set ever from this Earth?
My reply will be never, never, never.

He is not that luminous factor
Of the five fundamental factors
Which was once created by Him.
He is not that sun
Which rises and sets every day.
He is the creator of this universe
He is the infinite and eternal entity.

His effulgence is radiating
To all the planets of all the solar systems.
His sweet vibration is bringing the gentle breezes
And cooling the tired hearts.

He is the nucleus of the universe,
He is Shiva and Krs'n'a,
He is attracting everybody
To give them a place on His divine lap.

People may or may not recognise Him
But He knows everybody.
People regard or disregard Him
He is unaffected by that.
But He thinks about each unit being
And loves all of them.

He took the physical body
Not to keep it permanently on this Earth,
He came in physical form only to establish
His divine mission.
Now He left it on this Earth
And went to His divine permanent abode.

In reality He has not left us,
He is remaining in every heart of His devotees.
He has not left this Earth
He is permanently here in every moment.

His vibration is encouraging
All His devotees
In each moment.
To fulfill His divine mission
He is always guiding
All His sincere devotees
Remaining in the core of their hearts.

O, our dearest Bábá, Ánandamúrti!
We have not lost You
You are always with us.
You are the subject
Of our dhyána, jinána and karma.

We Your children will fulfill
The task given by You,
Time is coming very soon
That all humanity
Will repent and cry
For Your physical disappearance
And pay their deepest regard for You.

You are a tireless and busy traveller,
You have many other works
In this vast universe
So you could not wait long with us,
You went silently
That we could not try to hold You here for long.

O, our dearest Bábá, Ánandamúrtijii
We will never forget Your unbounded kindness
And sweet divine love.

With our deepest sincerity and love
We will materialise the task given by You.

We will utilise the fullest potentiality
Which You have given to us.

We promise to establish
Sadvipra society
On this Earth
As soon as possible.

And always we will pay
Our deepest regard to You
So long as we are alive
And You will remain ever bright and glorious here
Before the whole humanity.

Director of the Universe

Your piercing eyes penetrate every heart,
Remove the darkness of the heart
And bring the bright effulgence.
Your eyes are everywhere in Your creation
On all that is animate and inanimate.
You possess a vast kingdom
But still You are keeping Your watchful vigilance
Over Your whole creation.

In Your cosmic game You are playing with everybody,
But some know it and some don't.
In Your cosmic drama, You are the director.
You give the roles of rich and poor, wise and unwise,
But You love them all,
Changing only the roles in different dramas.

O, the wonderful director
Of all the dramas of this vast universe,
How did You achieve this biggest director's role?
It is beyond our knowledge.
How do You manage to do all Your works
Keeping Yourself as an invisible director?

O, invisible director of this universe,
Come before us from age to age in human form,
We want to offer You garlands of our love
And satisfy our eyes seeing Your enchanting beauty.

Please don't keep us blind or with closed eyes,
Give the chance to all of us
To come before You, to see Your beauty
And to be overwhelmed by joy and bliss.

Nobody Can Replace You

The cosmic entity
And the greatest, universal personality
Who appeared in physical form on this Earth,
Today has withdrawn His holiest physical form,
So long visible here
As a human form
On this dusty Earth.

O, our dearest Father, Ánandamúrtijii,
We know You came here with a vast mission
So why did You give us such a short time here?
Could You not wait with us
Just some time more?
So that Your devotees could enjoy longer
Your physical presence,
And many more could see You
In Your physical form.

O, our most beloved Bábá
Did You not like this dusty Earth
That was created by You,
Or had You no time to wait here
So You silently left
And hurriedly went
To somewhere else
Where You are urgently needed?

Still we have need
For much of Your guidance
Here on this Earth.
Nobody is perfect like You,
Nobody can be the best guide like You.
Who can ever solve any problem so easily in a moment
As You were doing daily?

O, the perfect universal dramatist,
The director of universal dramas,
You could have remained here some time more
Until the formation of sadvipra society,
Your hoped-for, one, undivided global family.
You could have waited and guided us
In Your drama till the end.

We could be very happy
To take part in Your drama
Till the last moment,
And could be overwhelmed
With joy and bliss,
Working in Your company.

O, our dearest Bábá
The embodiment of bliss
We realise that You have not left us,
But still we carry a deep pain
In the core of our hearts
That You have withdrawn Your physical body
From this Earth,
Your form which we needed still.

We know that only Your guidance
Was the best guidance,
And Your love was
The sweetest and purest love
Always giving immense force
To Your devotees.

Can anybody fulfill that need
Which You were fulfilling for Your devotees?
Nobody can replace that.

O, the cosmic entity
Our dearest Bábá
How can it be possible
That a unit being can help so much
And guide like You, correctly?

Here we cannot say anything anymore
Before Your physical form
So we will have to tell everything mentally.
So, our dearest Bábá,
Please listen to us,
Remaining in the core of our hearts
Kindly help and guide us
In every moment.

Our hearts are Your permanent abode
Kindly don't leave this place
For a moment even,
If You leave for even a moment
Our hearts will be desert,
But if You are always present
Then our hearts will be oases,
And we will be ever blossoming, blissful flowers
From Your worldly garden.
We will distribute to each created being
Our love and fragrance
Which was poured by You
Into our empty hearts.

The Divine Sun

The divine and blissful sun which was radiating
His divine effulgence
From the eastern sky,
Where has He disappeared now?

Is it true that the divine sun can disappear
And deprive humanity of His bright rays?
No, it is not possible.

He is playing only
A hide and seek game
Putting a curtain of clouds
Before the sensible and insensible ones.

The sun has always grace
for everything animate and inanimate,
Whether you can see Him or not,
He does His own duty
Whether you understand or not.

He came with His divine rays
And cast them on the Earth
And they left the divine message
That humanity is undivided
Throughout this universe.

His mission must be fulfilled
The time is coming very soon,
People may understand or not,
For mankind He left His boon.

The blind who could not understand Him
One day will worship Him,
And the people who realized and regarded Him
Have become His blissful children.

How Great God Can Be

God created such a light blue sky
Which we like so much,
He made such a vast universe
Which undoubtably awes us.

The high mountain and the wide ocean
Are created by Him,
All the solar systems, galaxies and nebulae,
Milky Ways and black holes are all within Him.

Such a vast creation --
Who can create except Him?
How great God can be
Who has created the universe by ability and imagination,
Who showers the cool rain
And blows the gentle breeze,
Who supplies all the food
For all His created beings.

God who has given the life of all,
Is He not the Life of lives,
Who controls the whole universe
Is He not the Lord of Lords?

He is so subtle an entity
That easily we cannot recognize Him.
If you search by all your efforts
In the core of your heart you will see Him.

Pain Is Worthy Also

Pain is not always pain
If you can tolerate it,
If you can accept it.
Your pain can make you
Even more God-centered.

Happiness or pleasure
Can make a person more extroverted,
A healthy body or mind can engage you in more work,
But more work can make you more mutative
And can give more ego or the 'I' feeling.

Surely pain is not desirable
Because it seizes the valuable time
But it can be worthy also.
If one deeply thinks
He will find that a painful body or mind
Does not run after so much, here and there,
Like a blind and ambitious material mind,
Rather it thinks about God.
That mind believes and depends more on God.

Wealth and knowledge, pleasure and merriment
Can take a person far away from God.
But trouble develops the devotion
Which is the easiest way to reach God.

So we should not fear the trouble,
Smilingly it should be accepted,
And we should think
That the Lord is reaching to us in the form of pain.
Pain can purify you
And can make you more sentient
Which can bring to your mind sooner non-attachment.
Non-attachment brings the people sooner to the temple of the Lord
And those unattached people can sing the glory of God,
And can sit on the lap of the Lord.

The Music of My Heart

The sweet flute of my heart
Is singing Your welcoming song.
The flowers of the garden of my heart
Are happily dancing with Your welcoming news.
The chords of the violin of my heart are tuning my heart
To the sweet melody of the flute
And to the rhythm of the dancing flowers.

They all are singing with the melody
Of happy and chirping morning birds.
A sweet gentle breeze is flowing here in my heart
To remove Your tiredness of the long journey.

O, Unknown Traveller, You are not unknown to me.
Each and every pulse beat of my heart
Is waiting to receive You with its joyful drum beat,
And waiting eagerly to place a throne in the garden of my heart.
You come with Your sweet smile and sit on Your seat
Which is placed in the center of my heart.

Prayer of Renunciation

You are my Father.
As You have made me a monk
Give me the mind of a monk.
I don't want to be caught by the bondage of any material thing,
That which sometimes attracts me.

You are a vast ocean.
By Your pure water You wash out the impurity of my heart.

You make my heart pure
Where You are always present.
By the flow of Your white effulgence
You make brighter the sky of my heart.
And in my ever spreading heart,
I want to love You and Your creation more, in every moment.

I know, sometimes
You keep the human beings far away
Keeping them in illusion.
Again, sometimes with Your Love
You take them on Your lap.
But by breaking the unbreakable bondages of illusion
Who likes to, can come to You easily.

O, greatest Magician,
Why do You give trouble to the human beings
By keeping them in Your enchanting Máyá?

Make all of them free,
Make me free.
What do You gain by keeping us in bondage?
Don't You want to give us liberation?

Those who search for You day and night,
Why do You entice them with the material world?
I don't want to be caught by the beauty of this universe.
I want to see in my heart
That formless Entity
Who is always remaining in my heart
As Shrii Shrii Anandamúrtijii.

Why This Painful Game?

O, my Lord, Ánandamúrtijii,
Thou art the Is't'a and Ádarsha.
Before me there is no difference
Between You and Your mission.

O, dearest Bábá,
The embodiment of Supreme Consciousness,
You came on this expressed world
Only to establish Your mission
To save the suffering humanity.

O, God of the gods,
Our most beloved and dearest father,
We came out for You and for Your mission.
But why did You so quickly go away from us?
Why did You play such a painful game with us
By Your physical absence?

If You have left this mundane world,
Please help us from Your invisible abode.
Please come in our vision and dreams,
Please remain in each moment in the core of our hearts,
And guide us day and night to fulfill Your mission.

Don't Leave Us Alone

O, heart of our hearts,
Soul of our souls,
Our dearest divine father,
Please don't forget
That our hearts are Your permanent home.

Our hearts are a temple for Your stay,
We will try our best to keep them clean forever.
We have not any precious jewels
To build a throne for You there,
But with our deep love and devotion
We will try to set a throne for You.

Sitting on the throne of our love and devotion
You guide and direct us
To do the needful
In our personal daily life
And our collective social life.

O, our dearest and most beloved father,
The Supreme Consciousness,
The embodiment of bliss,
Please help us,
Give us Your necessary guidance
Day and night,
While we're awake, while we're asleep.

O, our dearest Bábá
Please come in our dhyána,
Come in our dreams.
Don't try to go far
Leaving Your little children alone.

Play Your hide and seek game always
Yet please remain before us still
With Your Varábhaya mudrá,
And make us as You will,
Your divine and blissful children.

He Can Appear Anywhere

The immortal and infinite entity, *Ánandamúrtiji*
Has withdraw His physical form from this Earth.

Is it true that really He has left this Earth?

In the ordinary sense it is may be true,

But in the real sense

He can be visible anywhere

In any moment.

Máyá keeps the people away, far from Him,

Yet the curtain of *máyá* does help a person

To see God who is standing very close

Just behind the thick curtain.

God is always big,

Still, still it is difficult

To see Him;

He can be very small before us,

Still it may be very hard

To catch Him,

If we don't have

The true and very sincere eagerness

To get Him.

Strong and sincere love and devotion

Attract Him to come

Before His devotees.

As devotion is service to God,

And devotion is embodied pure love,

As bliss is the personification of devotion,

Then why the embodiment of bliss, *Shrii Shrii Ánandamúrti*,

Will not appear before the sincere devotee?

God loves His devotees,

He cannot remain far from them.

He can be visible in any moment

Before His devotees,

When He so desires.

You Are the Beehive

I am a little busy bee
Collecting honey from Your beautiful garden,
I am moving from flower to flower
In Your beautiful garden,
And when I am intoxicated by drinking the honey
I fall asleep on Your flower.

Your worldly garden is colourful
And amazing before my eyes.
But troubles are also there,
Like cold drafts of air or snowfall.
Sometimes we are the victims of these
And are bound to accept our death.

These troubles and happiness are not permanent.
Still I am a traveller of this journey
From innumerable lives in Your cosmic garden.

O, my dearest cosmic Father,
One day I came from You,
Now I am travelling
In Your wonderful and vast cosmic garden,
Again I will go back to You,
Because You are the shelter for this bee,
You are the beehive.

Open Your Eyes

The sound of waves enters my ear and tells me:

"O, my child, have you forgotten me?

Is it not that you were created from my bosom once upon a time,

But in the changes of time did you forget me?

But I have not forgotten you.

"The nectar which came from my bosom

Which I kept for you, still is not finished.

O, my foolish child, how did you forget me?

Once try to think about your past

From whence you were created.

Don't forget and get lost in the darkness before memory.

Don't sink into the pit of memory.

Try to see where you were created and who was your father.

Try to think, from which distant ocean

This sweet invitation is coming to your ear.

Who is that great person who is calling you

With a sweet and ringing voice?"

Will you not give your response to Him, oh foolish mind,
Who by His love, life to life, through many transformations,

Has been expressing you?

O, stupid mind, why do you sit there idly like one blind?
Open your eyes and see that your affectionate father has come,

Whose call came like the roar of the waves

And whose sweet flute attracts you to His vast heart.

Who is that great entity who is always attracting you,

Outside and inside?

Who is that?

He is your abiding companion and Supreme Friend,
He is that precious jewel of your heart
Which is forgotten from your mind,
He is your own father and mother,
He is your own self.

Vaster than the sky

He is beyond the limitations of the Universe,
He is the treasure of all your knowledge.
Remaining inside and outside of you,

He gives you the glory.

He is beyond colour

And His is the form of bliss.

Though bondageless, today He came under name and form,
Only to come within your grasp
O, foolish mind, open your eyes and see
That vast jewel of the ocean stands before you
With all His vast glory.

Open your eyes and see,

That the companion of your life and death both, *Ánandamúrtijii*,
Has come for you from far away.

He is your father

Whom you had forgotten,

But He cannot remain far

Cannot keep you far from Him.

O, foolish mind, try to see

Who has come to you to be caught.

The invaluable wealth of the ocean

The invisible wealth of the sky

The unseen king of your heart's *Vrnda*van
Has come in form before you, just to be caught.

Conclusion

Like the cycle of creation, the cycle of our lives moves day and night. None but the Supreme Progenitor knows when our cycle will end. As long as we have still not crossed this vast ocean of sam'skáras and have not yet merged into the ocean of divine light, we will remain in the bondage of Mâyá. Is there no way to be free from this Mâyá? Is there any way to cross this ocean of sam'skára? There is a way.

We will have to make Paramapurusa the pole star of our lives. We should not be aimless; we should not allow ourselves to drift. With a strong and determined mind we will have to set a clear course; with a strong and firm hand we will have to keep the rudder steady through all storms and perils to finally arrive before Him. If we continuously press ahead with a strong desire to attain Him, He will give us the energy to reach Him.

On the way, nature can throw out challenges to us, and Paramapurusa Himself will test us. In the face of such opposition, many fears, doubts and hesitations can arise. At such times, we can only surrender to Him.

When the feeling of surrender develops in our minds, Paramapurusa Himself will come forward to help. But what He really wants from His devotees is full surrender. When devotees can achieve this complete surrender, He liberates them from all bondage. In the Gita, Shrii Krs'n'a tells Arjun'a:

*Daeviihyes'á gun'amayii mama máyá dúratvayá
Mámeva ye prapadyante máyá metám tarantite.*

*(All powerful Prakrti is my Mâyá; she cannot be
surmounted.*

But if one takes refuge in me, I save them from Mâyá.)

Bhakta Druva, Prahlád, Miirá -- they all passed through different tests, and all got shelter at the feet of Paramapurusa.

In our times of need, Paramapurusa can come to us in physical form. In Ánanda Sútram Bábá said, "Brahmaeva gururekah náparah." To give the necessary direction for our physical, mental and spiritual

welfare, the Lord Himself comes to us in physical form. Our spiritual development and our merger with Brahma depend on the grace of the Guru. So the great devotee, Tulsi Das, wrote:

*Guru govinda dono khâr'e kâku lagupây
Valiharii un guruko yo govinda deya vâtây*

If Guru and God stand side by side, whose feet should be touched first?

Thanks to the Guru, the God is reached; thus the Guru is greater.

Our Supreme Friend, Paramapurush came today to the dusty Earth, for the welfare of the tormented humanity and for the establishment of Dharma. His presence drenched us with gratitude. His advent is the greatest boon for humanity. After the scorching summer heat of injustice and wickedness, people bathed in His perfect grace and were refreshed. By the *prasâd* of His mercy the lives of human beings on this dry Earth were fulfilled. The star of the far blue sky came to our home and made this Earth a place of pilgrimage. For that, we offer all the love, respect and merits of our hearts as flowers at His feet.

BOOKS BY SHRII P. R. SARKAR

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

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