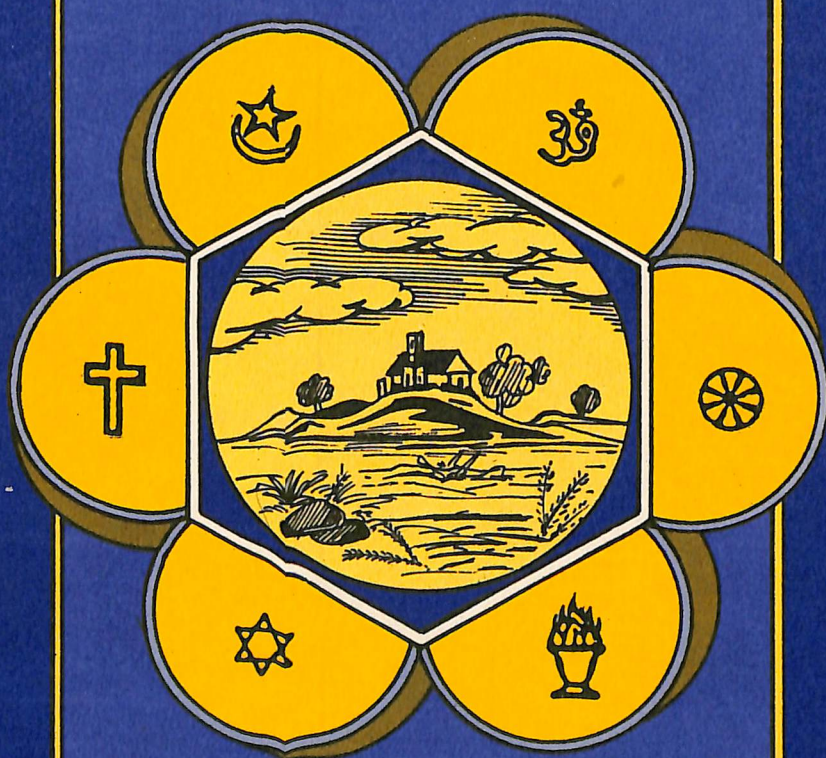


# MEHERABAD THE HILL OF CELESTIAL LIGHT

(Being the Treasure Chest of Memories of Good old days  
spent with Hazrat Meher Baba and His Dear Ones)

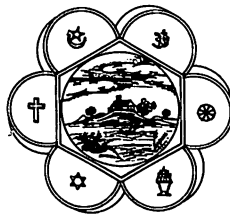


A. R. ABDULLA



# MEHERABAD THE HILL OF CELESTIAL LIGHT

**(Being the Treasure Chest of Memories of Good old days  
spent with Hazrat Meher Baba and His Dear Ones)**



I am not come to establish any cult, society, or organization; nor even to establish a new religion. The religion I shall give teaches the knowledge of the One behind the many.

**Hazrat Meher Baba**

Published by :

**A. R. Abdulla,**  
member,  
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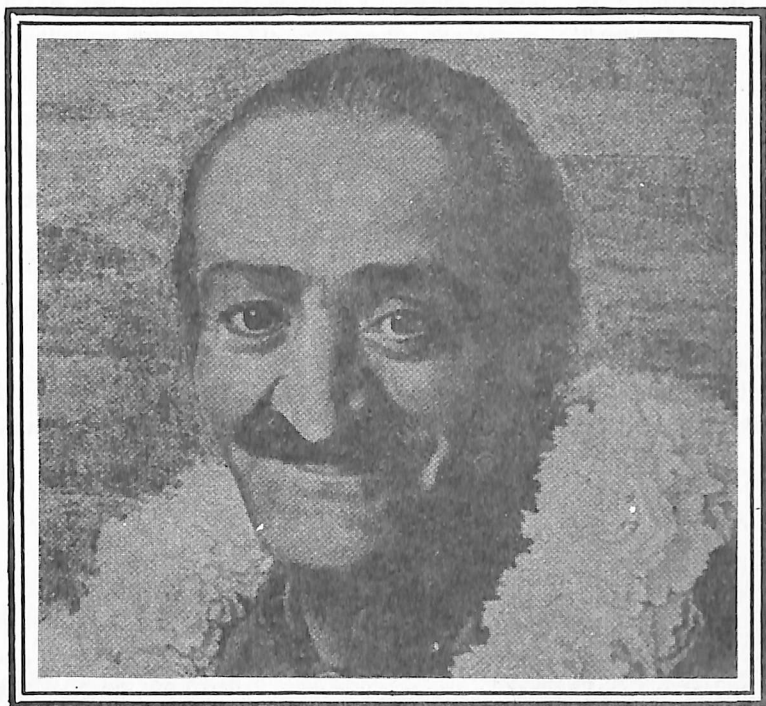
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*By the same author :*

1. Spirituality & Married Life.
2. Spirituality & Miracles.
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( conquest of light over darkness )
4. Blessings of Islam.
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I am not come to establish any cult, society, or organisation;  
nor even to establish a new religion. The religion I shall give teaches  
the knowledge of the One behind the many.

Meher Baba.

With Lot of Love  
Yours obediently  
S. Bhandari.



## **AUTHOR'S FOREWORD**

In this book, I have faithfully and vividly recorded those incidents which directly relate to Hazrat Meher Baba, His devotees, near and dear ones.

I am convinced that certain incidents would not have occurred and experiences undergone had it not been for His 'nazar or blessings'.

There are many other episodes which are outside the theme of this particular book of anecdotes which if included would become an autobiography. I am therefore reserving the unpublished material for the next book.

I am hopeful of completing it in the following years, with the coordination of my friends, well wishers, and ardent seekers who are anxious to read and know more about spirituality.

The book would be entitled "The Pilgrim's Quest".

I now earnestly request my publishers to widely distribute this book to enable the readers to write to me for the specific spiritual subjects which they are anxious to read, so that they would be included in the proposed book.

A.R. Abdulla

Sybil Mansion  
Near Convent  
Swami Vivekanand Road  
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2nd October 1993





## ANECDOTE I

I was coming down the Meherabad Hill, along with my late father Ramjoo bhai.

He looked at the distant rail track, where pilgrims were getting down from the stationary train.

He immediately drew my attention that many years ago while he was coming down the hill along with Hazrat Baba, he said to him that some day the train will halt here.



Meherabad, the Hill of Celestial Light

## ANECDOTE II

I got married on 11th Nov. 1942, Hazrat Baba had come with the members of the Mandali. Everybody including the nearest relations paid close attention to him, thus the bride-groom was quietly forgotten. Baba was indeed in a good mood. He was occupying the adjoining hall in the main bungalow and was unconcerned regarding guests and invitees gathered in the pandal (Shamiana) outside. He told the devotees sitting around him about the destruction of the 3/4th of the world. In the following years it was clarified through a detailed circular. However during my talk with some of the Mandali, a close Baba devotee from Australia felt that the great upheaval will occur due to geological changes but others felt that it would be a spiritual transformation; conquest of light over darkness; but some positively felt right from the beginning when they entered Hazrat Baba's fold that the great changes on our planet are bound to take place thus making room for New Humanity.

After the dinner Baba and Mandali left for their destination.

His visit was a memorable event for his dear and near ones.

### ANECDOTE III

Once a very young Swami came to Pimpalgaon Baswant, a small town near Nasik quite famous for its grapes. He was looked after by one Mr. Kamat, a govt. officer. He was introduced to me at Nasik. He looked into my face and said that by achieving mind control I could do wonders. I did not bother, but he kept on talking about his powers etc.

I particularly mentioned to him about Baba and he expressed keen desire to meet him. I asked him to give his latest photographs, which I duly posted to brother Adi K. Irani along with my introductory letter. Soon I received a reply to tell him to come after about couple of months.

Swami was happy. He afterwards left for Sakori. Stayed there in a dark room and did meditation. From there in due course of time he reached Meherabad to meet Baba.

Baba was pleased to meet him and he stayed with the Mandali at Meherabad. He was given strict instructions about his future activities and discipline to be observed during travels.

The Meherabad congregation was soon to take place and the young Swami was right there on the dais to recite "Parvardigar Prayer". However afterwards, while he was travelling from place to place he did not follow Baba's orders. Collected disciples. Boasted about his powers and ultimately got entangled with his female devotee.

The Swami who advised me about the necessity of controlling mind, himself lost his and thus disappeared into oblivion.

I always in moments of solitude reflect within and remember Baba for His mercy and kindness, that although we live our ordinary lives governed by his instructions and without any paraphernalia to draw attention but indeed we are blessed than the self appointed Swamis, Bhagwans, God-men, Pirs and Peeranis. "All that glitters is not gold".

A close Baba devotee told me that Baba once said that he is taking the Mandali and devotees blind folded on the spiritual path so that they may not be lured away by the powers and glitterings of the planes of duality.

Their sole aim is to realise God and thus whenever hoodwink is removed by the master they will see the Light of God.

Hazrat Baba's devotees who stood by his side through thick and thin had firm conviction that whatever Baba told them about spiritual journey was real truth.

## ANECDOTE IV

At Jabalpur, I was working as a manager of an Indian company, having branches in key cities of India. My company selected a beautiful bungalow for their office. It was for the state of Madhya Pradesh. The room in the front portion was my office.

Once the owner, Mr. Abass told me that his late father, Janab Tyebali Suleimanji had invited Baba to his place of residence. Many invitees came to have Baba's Darshan. He further said that Baba was seated in the same room and exactly at the same place, where presently my desk and chair was placed.

It was really astonishing to hear about this. It revived my memory. I remembered that in 1939, I came to Jabalpur. Baba instructed one of his elderly Mandali, shri Masaji to show me a few places of the town. I had sweets with him in a small shop. I purchased a couple of beautiful earthenwares with hand carved designs, which are still retained in a glass show case at Satara (Maharashtra).

I still remember that I passed along Ghantaghar, not knowing that Baba had shown me much in advance, (1939) that Jabalpur was going to be my Head Quarters from 1967 to 1977 and I was going to reside close to Ghantaghar that beautiful structure. Also the main town and the sweet meat shops reminded me of my frequent visits to Baba centre at Raja Sagar Marg and many happy evenings spent with Baba lovers and sometimes partaking of sweets etc., in nearby shops. This sounds incredible but one has to experience it to believe.

The ten years spent in Jabalpur were full of activities. I was regularly speaking in public functions and often felt that Baba had sent me to Jabalpur for certain purpose. Once I addressed a gathering on the nearby hill and the programme was also broadcast. Some followers of Acharya Rajaneesh of Pune participated since it was a public meeting. They were as usual wearing saffron coloured robes and lockets.

After my talk, they came to me and extended invitation to visit Pune Ashram and further said that their Guru often told the same thing, which they heard from me. I did not go to their Ashram.

Indeed Hazrat Baba's Nazar and Love for me is unbounded.

## ANECDOTE V

It was in the same bungalow at Jabalpur, once an elderly Hindu gentleman, clad in simple dress visited me. He stood at the threshold, did Namaskar and said that in the morning he had been to the temple to pray to his Deity. Perhaps Lord Krishna and was directed to see me and convey the purpose of his visit. Saying this he quietly left. I reciprocated.

I till this day can't forget the incident and Baba's Grace and Love.

## ANECDOTE VI

In 1938, I spent my holidays at Talegaon Dhabade, a well populated village near Poona, where my uncles were managing the business, namely Meher Rice & Flour Mills.

Originally the business was started by my late father Shri Ramjoobhai with Hazrat Baba's blessings as far back as 1925.

At Talegaon, I suddenly became unwell, possibly due to bad water consumed by me earlier while starting from Nasik. In those days, there was no filtration plant at Nasik. Almost every year many souls were carried away by cholera and typhoid.

My fever started rising and would not touch normal. The local doctor a qualified physician treated me with best possible attention.

He finally confirmed it was typhoid and was quite correct. The fever was alarmingly rising. When it exceeded approximately 29 days, a well-known physician Dr. Coyajee of Poona was requested to visit Talegaon. He came, examined me and praised the local doctor for his proper attention.

He gave him further instructions and about the line of treatment to follow and seek assistance if necessary.

However the fever was persistently high and my maternal uncle, Haji Abdulla, village Munsiff lost his patience and informed Baba that it was a 42 days typhoid fever, sure to kill the patient. He thus bypassed my father and directly informed Hazrat Baba, because he felt that Ramjoobhai will not bother to disturb Baba as he had already accepted to abide by His Divine Will.

Baba, afterwards left for Talegaon with a group of mandali. He stood by my bed-side and asked me "WHO AM I". I replied "Baba". Afterwards he left for Meherabad/Ahmednagar.

After his departure, the fever started receding slowly until it touched normal after 42 days. I started getting new skin. My handwriting changed.

Afterwards Hazrat Baba called me to Ahmednagar where he was living in a bungalow. He told those gathered around him namely my father Shri Ramjoobhai, Khan Saheb Sarosh and others that I was dying but he literally lifted me from that certain death.

During my subsequent stay Baba told me a few things about my life and future course of conduct, and also gave me certain instructions to discipline my life.

By his grace I continue to follow the instructions till today. I am now in my seventy second year. I am really fortunate to remember Him and write this article. If He wills, He can altogether change one's life.

It may be understood that God realization is not a matter of one life but it is a process well described in "GOD SPEAKS" and "DISCOURSES".

There are many spiritual organizations in India as there are persons claiming ultimate knowledge. But except something of temporary relief from mental persuasions and tension they do not make a person absolutely confident of his 'true being'. Some bring out of body experiences but in the end it is back to the same mental state. The same old world and its problems. A life long struggle within the sphere of duality and the person lives a subjective and conditioned life ever aspiring consciously or unconsciously for the light to reach him.

True salvation or God-realization is not possible without the help or Grace of a living Sadguru (Perfect Master) or unconditional surrender to the Saheb-e-Zaman because spiritually speaking you are then tied to the God-man beyond time and space and Hazrat Baba said that some day the jiv-atma must become the shiv-atma.

## ANECDOTE VII

At Lonavla (Maharashtra), once Baba took His devotees to show them Tata Hydro Electric Power House at Khopoli.

The group included Dr. Abdul Ghani Munsiff who explained to the foreign devotees about the importance of the place.

I was there at that time, but was not included in the group. Instead Baba instructed me to read the Discourses written in English.

At that time I had just passed IVth English exam, and was not at all qualified to understand such a difficult spiritual literature. I tried my best and the word "CONSCIOUSNESS" became a hurdle for me to progress further. When Baba returned in the evening, his first question was whether I read the 'DISCOURSES'. I replied : Yès Baba. "I tried my best". He further said whether I understood anything. My reply was : "very little".

In future, time again unfolded the secrets, that some day I would be addressing public meetings and explaining about Baba's teachings.

He sowed the seeds in my dormant consciousness which after many years blossomed into intuitive knowledge which thrilled my listeners inasmuch that in a crowded public meeting at Jabalpur, a scholar and gold-medalist came to question me, but after the talk, he did not come forward, instead told his friends that he was profoundly satisfied.



## ANECDOTE VIII

Baba also extended deserving attention to the game of cricket.

Some of his lovers were good cricketers. Late father of Bro. Niket Kale of Jabalpur was a good player who excelled in batting.

Once he told me that he took great pleasure to hit the ball to the boundary line which sometimes rolled down the hill as the cricket field was on the top of a plateau in Panchgani, a hill station in Maharashtra.

Once I was playing cricket at Meher Retreat, Nasik. Baba saw and came out to join us. I tried my best to capture his wicket but it was all in vain.

The next bowler was a gardener's son by name, Murlidhar Kharpas. He was a good leg break bowler. He too failed to get the wicket. Baba praised his good bowling. Within a short time, he was included in the Nasik High School team as a front-line bowler.

I too played matches in the district. Also I was fortunate enough to play cricket with Pendu Kaka at Meherabad, a well known devotee of Baba.

## ANECDOTE IX

I was sitting before Baba and he unexpectedly asked me : "WHO AM I", thereupon I immediately searched my heart and the intuition prompted me to reply, "You are the SUPREME BEING".

Truly; since childhood the very thought of Baba enabled me to confidently row the boat in the darkness of worldly life.

The distant Celestial Light coming from Meherabad Hill instilled in me courage and filled my heart with love thus strengthening my conviction that ultimately the shore will be reached.

I must say here that without the gift of love bestowed on me, the journey in the ocean of life would not have been worth while and as such I am inspired to share my joys with my readers for all time to come.

Time and space are immeasurable. They together make an unending melody like a beautiful hilly waterfall. Any effort to contain them within once life span is to strive for dreamlessness in dream. Such is the hangover which is difficult to shake off.

Past, present and future, they are three segments or aspects of an experience called time which in itself is a reflection of Reality. In order to get either intuitive knowledge or even realize this mystery one should make sincere efforts to reach the centre without slightest mental reservation since circumference is equidistant from the centre. The master is the centre. Going to Baba, remaining in His presence and seeking Him from cradle to the grave should be our sole concern.

Even if today we can't have his physical darshan or deedar; he is not away from our hearts. Look within and you will find Him.

## ANECDOTE X

During infancy, Dr.Bivalker of Lonavla suggested some treatment since I had blue eyes which was unusual. The doctor was right and as I grew up, within a couple of years the colour of the eyes turned to normal. After some years my aunt took me to Meherabad. In those days Baba always enquired about the welfare of the family. He instructed my aunt to wash my eyes twice a day to prevent eye infection.

The above incident reminds me that how fortunate were those people who could get such opportunities to meet Baba and discuss about so many things in a family way.

Baba demanded strict obedience to his orders and yet he was kind and loving to pardon those who failed to do so.

## ANECDOTE XI

We were living in a nice house at Nasik. The entire ground floor was occupied by us. It was known as Chakrapani Bhuvan. In recent years, it was demolished being the result of rapid urbanization.

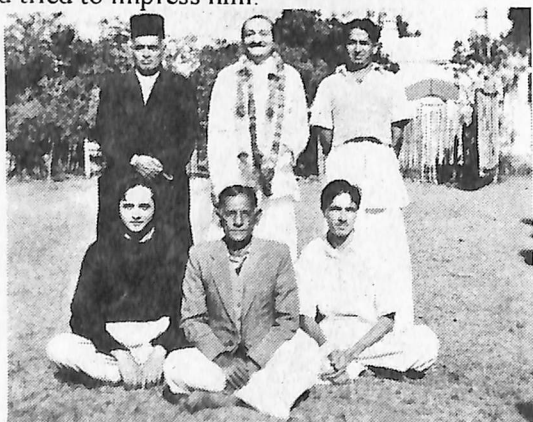
My maternal uncle, Ahmed a young man and a restless person by nature was quite eager to offer unasked for advice as also suggestions regarding personal and business matters.

In those days Nasik was Baba's Head Quarters and His devotees often had the rare fortune of having their place visited by Baba. Sometimes His visit would be unannounced which took the inmates by surprise. For instance, suppose a person was found taking green chillies or hot pickle, He might say "Don't eat hereafter" and in obedience to his order, the person would give up eating his favourite thing from that moment.

On one such occasion, Baba visited our place and Ahmed no sooner realized the situation, left quietly the place from the rear door. Afterwards I asked him about his strange behaviour. He quite frankly admitted that he was bound to receive some orders and as he was unfit to obey him, he had to beat a hasty retreat.

After many years, Ahmed saw Baba's car at a petrol pump in Satara. He came close to the car and did "Adaab", respectfully saluting Baba.

He told Baba that, "Nowadays, I am following the teachings of Lord Zoroaster". Baba smiled and afterwards told some of his dear ones, how cleverly Ahmed tried to impress him.



A group of devotees on Meherabad Hill with Hazrat Meher Baba. Ahmed is standing on the right.

## ANECTODE XII

The New Life of Baba brought about many changes and those who were used to the old ways, were awoken from deep sleep because the order of the day was "Each one for himself and God for all".

I started my small business at Nasik, to sustain my family. I was hiring out tractor for ploughing fields in the district. The business did not yield any profit and it was gradually sinking. I started dealing in old automobiles, oils and autoparts but it would not click.

Once I went to Poona by road. It was a desperate bid to fix a deal. While going towards Poona, suddenly a car from the opposite direction passed by. It was to my utter surprise, I saw Khansaheb Sarosh driving the car and Baba was seated next to him. It gave me great relief. I felt, "He has not forsaken his near ones even in New Life".

The downward trend continued and the situation became worse. One day I was in the shop along with my younger brother. The business presented the picture of helplessness and hopelessness. My senses had become so dull that I could not realize the importance of the event.

Bro. Aga Baidul suddenly came and showed me the rubber bag used for fomentation. He wanted to get it vulcanized since it leaked. I immediately sent my younger brother Meherahmed to the nearby vulcanizer but he found it irreparable so I returned it to him.

The next day my elder brother Dadoo told me that he saw Baba in the car on Agra road and then I suddenly remembered that Baba was passing through Nasik on Mast tour in his New Life, and when Aga Baidul came, his car was quite close to the shop. I said to myself how unfortunate I was to loose such an opportunity of timely service.

I profoundly felt that no matter how lost one may feel but he is always there to awaken you from the deep sleep of ignorance.

## ANECDOTE XIII

Once I was sitting before Baba. I was holding an open History Book. Baba looked at the page and pointed to the picture of Baba Sri Nanak Dev. He said to me in his sign language about the greatness of the divine personality. At that time I could not realize the importance of his esoteric words, except that Baba always expressed great love for Divine Beings.

After about twenty five years I was posted as a manager of a British factory in Punjab and destiny enabled me to visit the Golden Temple where I remained for sometime and felt the spiritually charged atmosphere of the holy place and also partook of the delicious 'prasad'.

I also got the opportunity to visit some places of pilgrimage namely 'Anandpursahib and also the 'Takhat' the sacred place on Mandi road, where one of the Gurus stayed for some days.

The visitors interested in seeking light and guidance, often consulted the Holy Book. As it was customary, attendant himself suggested me to read the message after he opened the Book. I pointed out to a particular line and requested him to translate for me. Surprisingly it answered, "follow your Guru implicitly".

After about few years, I came to Jabalpur. It is an important spiritual place. Baba Sri Nanak Dev visited this town and himself built the Gurudwara.

It is in Jabalpur, when a Sardar Sahib who was a gold medallist of the Punjab University and was a scholar of history delivered a talk to the Rotary Club on the Life & Teachings of Baba Sri NanakDev, and the senior members requested me to propose the vote of thanks.

The reaction was rewarding. The speaker, audience and the fellow rotarians, all were extremely pleased to hear the spiritual substance of my brief speech which even the learned speaker forgot to emphasize.

Come what may, He is with you. Baba Sri Nanak Dev said, when my five loved ones gather together and remember me, I am always there".

## ANECDOTE XIV

After staying in Jabalpur for nearly ten years, I returned to Bombay. Prior to my departure I wanted to pay my respects and as such I visited the dargah (Shrine), situated adjacent to my office compound. Actually there were two graves inside the tomb and I also visited another tomb situated close to the High Court. It was a sacred spot for many devotees who visited throughout the year.

Subsequently during my visit to Satara and Poona, I met a Hindu gentleman who was a qualified doctor and yet a mystic in disguise. He suggested me to see certain Muslim saint in Pune city. When I called upon him, he was not in good mood and said that normally he would not have given me audience but for the sake of his mystic friend. He spoke in resounding voice and emphatically said that some two persons of mine came from Jabalpur recommending him to give me something.

It was a sort of subtle communication he had. He replied "that if I am given anything, I will loose mental balance and will start tearing clothes and still further. I would start jumping in the air."

During my subsequent visit he was quite affectionate. Offered me tea and lovingly told me about the saint dressed in white robe whom I might see but should not ask for anything. This could happen to me while doing invocation suggested by him.

I lovingly heard him and departed. My youngest brother Easa was with me. Incidentally Easa was amongst the twins born on 23rd December on Christmas eve. Hazrat Baba named them Easa and Mariam.

Afterwards we had a jolly good lunch at Dorabjee's restaurant and returned to Satara in a very happy mood.

I regret to write here that due to pressure of duties and inconvenient factors namely lengthy invocation, language difficulty etc., I could not comply with his instructions.

Once my near relative had a chance to meet him in Poona. He enquired from him about my progress. He could not reply to him, as he was unaware of the details of my meeting.

After some time, I again met the saint in Poona, as he had come to attend certain marriage. I approached him and respectfully conveyed the greetings. He sweetly replied that :

"You have the blessings of Hazrat Ghaus Pak", the great saint of Baghdad held in reverence throughout the sufi-circle and regarded as monarch of all saints and guide to the wayfarers.

All this I write here to tell my readers that Hazrat Baba's contact brought me in touch with saints and wayfarers.



## ANECDOTE XV

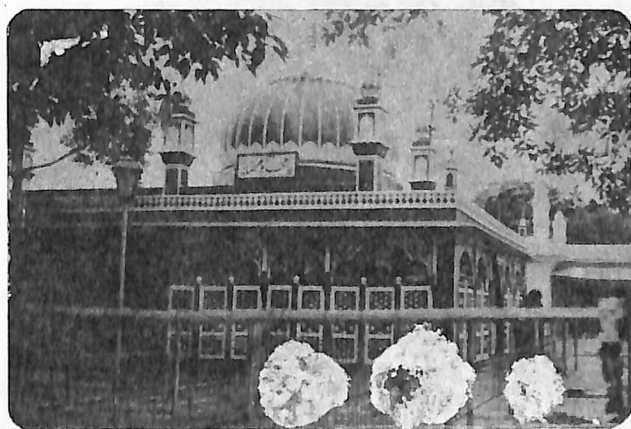
A few years back, I had been to Kalyar Sherif, the tomb of the great Aulia (The Perfect Master), a Jalali Saint held in high esteem by saints, sufis and wayfarers.

I was standing near a tree famous for its red berries (Gullar fruit), facing the shrine. I prayed to the Great Master, whether I was able to concentrate on him. Meanwhile a Mast, divinely absorbed person approached me and offered three gullar fruits. They were semi ripe. I had a great temptation to eat them and also share them with my wife, but I put them in the front pocket of my shirt, as they were sacred gift from Hazrat.

While leaving for Delhi, I purchased a colour postcard of the shrine and unmindfully put it in shirt's pocket. After sometime when I took it out, the white juice had spread on the lower portion of the card forming into three white round patches. In one of them appeared a faint image, but I did not notice it.

My son-in-law Md.Siddik who had earlier met Hazrat Baba at 'Guru Prasad' bungalow during the New Life phase, spontaneously said it was 'Meher Baba'. Afterwards I showed the postcard to my younger brother Meherahmed, an expert professional photographer, who without hesitation confirmed, it was 'Meher Baba'.

I have preserved the fruits in an air-tight bottle which always remind me about the memorable visit to Kalyar Sherif and blessings received in disguise.



The shrine of the great master Hazrat Sabir Kalyari., Dehradun Road., Kalyar, (U.P.)

## ANECDOTE XVI

In Poona, the seat of Hazrat Babajan was under a neem-tree and was not far away from our place.

She was sometimes seen going in a tonga to Bundgarden. There she alighted assisted by the devotee and sat under a tree watching the beautiful view of the river and blissfully receiving the cool breeze blowing across the wide stretch of water flowing over the bund.

Many families also visited this beautiful spot.

I right from my childhood had love and reverence for such great saints. Once we had been to meet the family of Bhau Sadashiv Patil of Kasbapeth, Pune. We were treated to tea and enjoyed the home made sweet and salty preparations. My elder brother took the permission of aunt to see the circus which was on the outskirts of the city. I accompanied my brother but were disappointed to see that the show was cancelled due to sudden dust storm followed by heavy showers, thunder and lightening. The circus people were seen running with a Kangaroo, which was a rare sight for we children, since it was an uncommon animal. The tonga-horse, in which we were travelling suddenly started going out of control. I silently prayed to Hazrat Babajan and the agitated horse became calm, thus we safely returned to Bhau Sadashiv Patil's place. On our way, we could see the havoc caused by the storm which uprooted trees, bending electric poles and damaging overhead wires.



Inside view of Hazrat Babajan's Durgah Shrine. In the background the trunk of famous neem tree. In the photograph are the mujawar (caretaker) and the author.

## ANECDOTE XVII

My wife, the second daughter of Baba's dear Dr.Ghani met Hazrat Babajan when she was a child. She accompanied her mother along with her sisters. Hazrat Babajan gave some pieces of sweets to each one of them except her who received five 'pedhas'.

## ANECDOTE XVIII

Dr. Paul Brunton visited my maternal uncle's place who was a Hon. Magistrate in Poona. He was directed from Ahmednagar to meet him who would arrange his meeting with Hazrat Babajan.

The visitor was dressed in a white suit wearing a typical British solar hat. The humorous side of this visit, according to my elder brother is that my uncle first suspected him to be a British Agent.

My uncle sent him with a guide to Hazrat Babajan's place. Brunton latter wrote that even an hidebound rationalist like him was unable to speak anything and further did not disclose to anybody about his inner experience which he received when Hazrat Babajan held his hands and looked into his eyes. It remained a closely guarded secret with him.

It is reported that Paul Brunton's ex-secretary who had left him, visited Guru Prasad and sought Baba's darshan and blessings.

Brunton's earlier quest was to seek yogis and faquirs possessing extra ordinary occult powers and who could demonstrate to him some feats, convincing him about the existence of such wonderful persons.

In the latter period he devoted himself to solitude and meditation, and finally settled in Switzerland.



Hazrat Babajan's durgah (shrine), a distant view from the road.

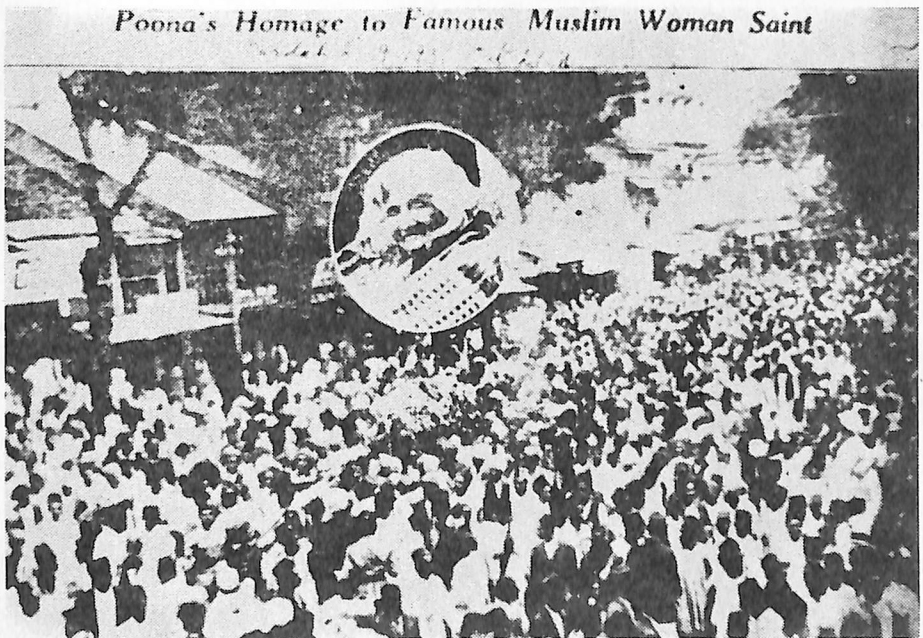
So far I remember, Hazrat Babajan left her physical body in 1931.

She was laid on the raised couch at her regular place. This enabled the stream of devotees to pay their last respects in an orderly manner. The entire arrangement was excellently made by one Janab Jan Mohamed, an army contractor who was highly devoted to the great saint. She was like Hazrat Rabia Basri, the renowned sufi saint of Basra.

In the night I too went with my aunt, Mrs. Ameena Abdulla Haroon Jaffer to have the last deedar. I stood very close to the couch. Her face was lustrous and her hair were silvery white and shining. A devotee sitting by her side kept on fanning.

Many educational institutions remained closed. The next morning a huge crowd of devotees from far and near joined the funeral procession. It literally looked like a sea of humanity.

The ladies and children of our family along with Mother Gulmai watched the procession from the nearby house facing Main street.



The last journey of the great sufi master Babajan . ( The Rabia Basri of Poona)

## ANECDOTE XX

Mussolini invaded Abyssinia not knowing that some day he would return to dust, unsung and unwept.

The Illustrated Weekly of India, published photographs of the horrors of man-made calamity. Baba's affection sometimes encouraged me to speak. I said, "Baba, how long this war will go on." He silently conveyed through alphabet-board. "It will not stop".

Now in 1993, the human sufferings in the particular African region have not yet ended. Unless humanity realizes the importance of mutual tolerance, spiritual understanding, love and brotherhood, the search for peace will ever remain elusive.

I had a keen desire to read the discourses of Sadguru Upasani Maharaj in English language. I could not obtain the book of my choice. Gradually due to hurry and bustle of life I forgot about the book.

In due course of time, I was appointed manager of my company's branch in Delhi and thus I got an opportunity to visit some historical places, including Jamia Masjid. After moving with the guide, I descended the steps of the great mosque, a building of sheer magnificence. As I reached the road, I saw a man sitting on the other side of road selling old books. I at once approached him and picked up a book. I was happy to see, it was the book written in English, consisting of more than four hundred pages, not only containing discourses but also the life of Shri Sadguru Upasani Maharaj.

The ways of great Masters are strange and beyond our comprehension.

## ANECDOTE XXII

During one of the congregations at Meherabad, Baba ordered a delicious lunch to be cooked and served to the visitors. It was dhansak, a dish of fried rice and spicy dal.

He came to the dining hall and personally conveyed to the diners that none should waste food and nothing should remain in the plate.

I don't know whether anybody could understand its full implication. Within few a weeks I read in the newspaper about the devastating Bengal famine.



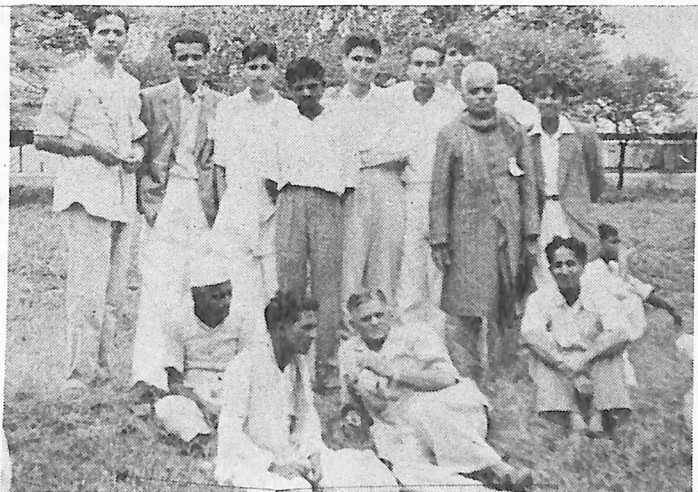
It was a congregation at Meherabad and during the post lunch session, we were all happy to see Baba seated on the dias, while Bro. Eruch perfectly explained to us a few things which Baba conveyed, by his sign-language, as he had already given up the use of alphabet-board.

After sometime Baba began to give a Discourse on SPLIT I (Ego). Bro. Eruch had difficulty to explain to us about the new subject, however he did his best and Baba often corrected him. Then he looked at the audience and told them that as they were finding it difficult to understand, He would give this discourse during His next advent after 700 years. Now the Book 'GOD SPEAKS' is quite sufficient for them to study and understand comprehensively.

He further ordered them to go out, wash face and splash water into their eyes to drive away sleep and tiredness besides helping themselves to a cup of tea.

Frankly speaking, I was also feeling drowsy possibly due to a heavy lunch and had a craving for a cup of hot tea. In such a frame of mind I understood that Hazrat Baba was giving a discourse on 'SPLIT EYE' but it was actually "SPLIT I" (EGO).

If Baba wanted he could have given hundred such discourses but humanity must wait for, till the global consciousness reaches a higher stage.



A bunch of happy devotees on Meherabad Hill.

## ANECDOTE XXIV

East-West gathering held at Guru Prasad, Poona was a unique occasion. It was an important phase of Hazrat Baba's Universal Work. It was bridging the gap between East and West.

Many old and new devotees and admirers flew to India as also a large number of devotees from different parts of the sub- continent.

While a foreigner entertained the gathering by his spiritual song which conveyed that the world was like a ball in Baba's palm. Baba interrupted and added that it was like a rotten fruit.

In the morning session I was sitting far away in one of the back rows. I said to myself why not concentrate on Baba. I did it for sometime and experienced that golden rays were emanating from him.

I turned my head to ascertain whether it was due to reflection caused by electric bulbs or tapestry but it was not so. I again concentrated and saw the beautiful golden rays.

After sometime Baba told the gathering that people try to understand him in their own ways.

It was announed that those who were leaving Poona, may come next morning to have his darshan. I said to myself that in this big crowd, where do I stand. I should now get away and pack-off. Next morning, I rushed to "Guru Prasad" and had Baba's Darshan and embraced him. He particularly instructed me to stay till the entire programme was over.

Oh! Omniscient Hazrat Meher Baba your love and kindness is infinite. It is too difficult for we stupid and weak in flesh to comprehend your Universal Mind.



"ABDULLA", literal meaning is  
'SLAVE OF GOD',

writes

hitherto unpublished anecdotes  
to enlighten the readers regarding inner  
working of

**Hazrat Meher Baba**  
and other Great Masters.