

Tears of Joy

Compiled by Anna Khandale

Edited by Ann Conlon

An Avatar Meher Baba Trust eBook

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Tears of Joy

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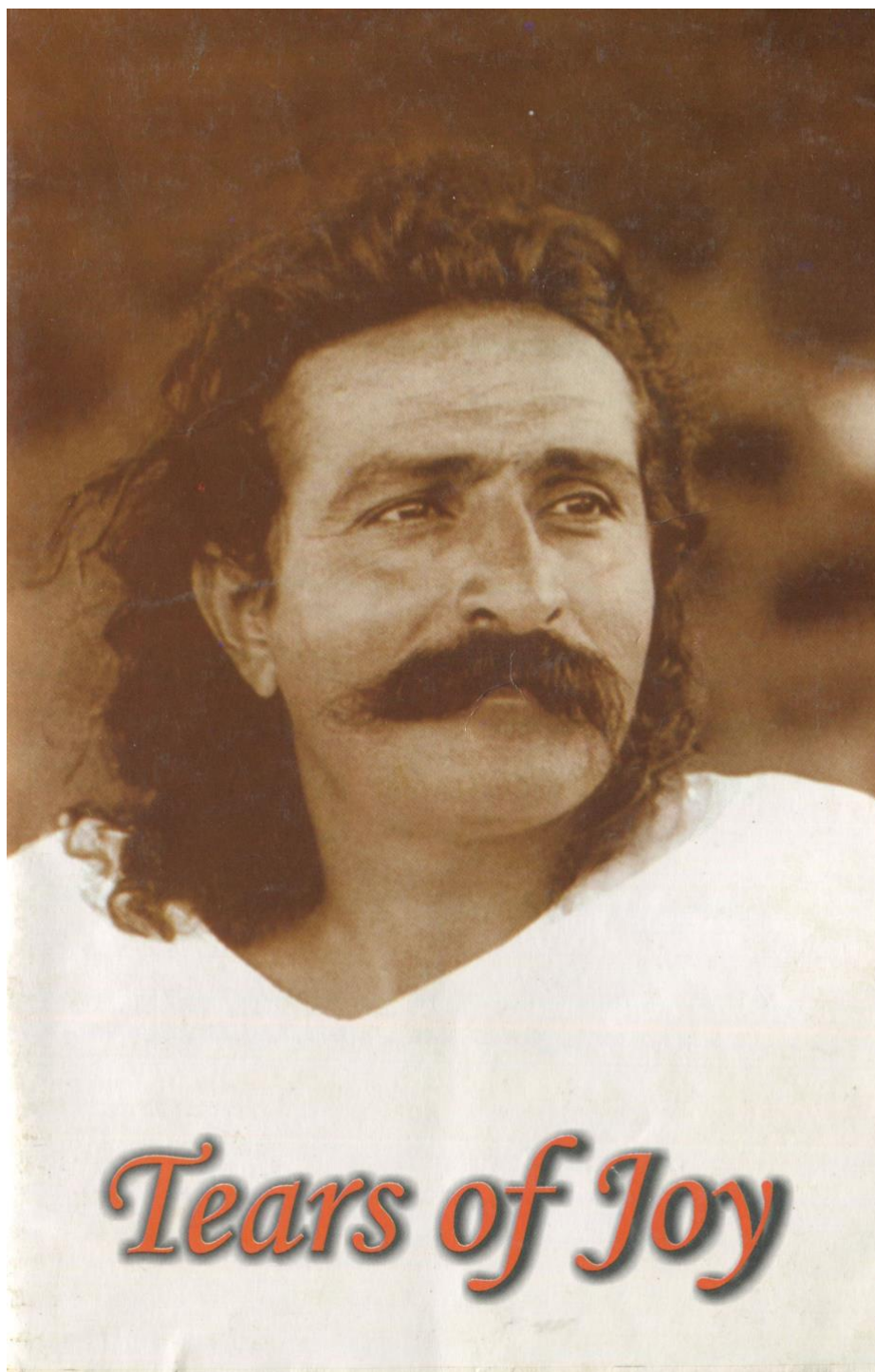
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TEARS OF JOY

Life of three disciples with Beloved

Meher Baba



Compiled By
Anna Khandale
MA.

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WHO IS MEHER BABA?

Who is Meher Baba? - Meher Baba Himself answered this question.

Meher Baba has verily proclaimed: **"I am the Ancient One, the One residing in every heart. I was Ram, I was Krishna, I was this One, I was that One, and now I am Meher Baba."** And in one of His messages He has specifically stated: "I belong to no religion, every religion belongs to me. My own personal religion is my being the Ancient Infinite One, and the religion I teach to all is love for God. I am the Divine Beloved. When my universal religion of love is on the verge of fading into insignificance, I come to breathe life into it and to do away with the farce of dogmas that defile it in the name of religions and stifle it with ceremonies and rituals."

Merwan Sheriarji Irani, endearingly called by His followers "Meher Baba" was born of Zoroastrian parents on February 25, 1894, in Pune, Maharashtra, India. Hazrat Babajan, who was one of the Perfect Masters, kissed Him on His forehead, and in January 1914 made Him realize the Infinite Bliss of God-Realization. It was the state of Nirvikalpa Samadhi. **Then He contacted Sai Baba of Shirdi, who seeing Him exclaimed "Parvardigar"**. He also visited Sadguru Upasani Maharaj of Sakori, Narayan Maharaj of Kedgaon and Tajuddin Baba of Nagpur. These were the five Perfect Masters of the time, according to Meher Baba. Once, with folded hands, Upasani Maharaj said to Him, **"Merwan you are the Avatar."**

Meher Baba's life had so many phases - internal and external - which kept Him engaged in the inner spiritual work of awakening. Meher Baba's main concern was to awaken the hearts of mankind, and give a universal spiritual push so at times He toured parts of India and went to abroad for thirteen times. Meher Baba came to Meherabad on 4th May 1923, and He observed silence from 10th July 1925 till he dropped his physical body in January, 1969. He used alphabet board to converse, convey messages and discourses, but from October 7, 1954 on, He discarded it and used only gestures to express His thoughts. How, in spite of His silence, he managed to cope with the enormous scope of His external work - correspondence, interviews, darshan and sahavas programs, etc. - was a day-to-day wonder!

He once stated: **"If my silence cannot speak, of what avail are words! Things that are Real are only given and received in silence."**

Avatar Meher Baba's work with the Masts (God-intoxicated) is an unprecedented phase of this Advent. Masts - in their intense love for

God, these persons remain so absorbed in their ecstatic state of consciousness that they remain unaware of their physical needs and comforts. The work with the poor, lepers and masts was done almost entirely incognito.

His love dissolved all barriers, and He told to His lovers, **"I am nearer to you than your own breath... I have only one message to give and I repeat it age after age to one and all: "Love God and love all... because God is the innermost Self of all."**

He brought together thousands from East and West at a gathering in Poona in 1962. To these lovers He stated: **"All religions of the world proclaim that there is but one God, the Father of all creation. I am that Father. I have come to remind all people that they should live on earth as the children of the One Father until my Grace awakens them to the realization that they are all one without a second and that all divisions and conflicts and hatreds are but a shadow play of their own ignorance."**

On January 31, 1969, Meher Baba dropped His physical body and His tomb (Samadhi) is at Meherabad (Ahmednagar) India. Increasing numbers of people from all over the world acknowledge Him as their Divine Beloved and their Saviour. They recall His words - **"Believe that I am the Ancient one. Do not doubt that for a moment. When I drop my body, I will remain in all who love me. I can never die. Love me, obey me, and you will find me."**

The Avatar's life is just the excuse He uses to sow the seed of love in humanity's heart. There is no way to approach Him, there is no way to understand Him, except through love.

Meher Baba once said to His lovers: "Your business is to love me, the rest is my business. **I am God in human form, don't try to understand me; my depth is unfathomable. Just love me.**

"The universe is my ashram; and every heart is my house; but I manifest, only in those hearts in which all other than me ceases to live."

PREFACE

It is indeed a great and rare fortune of ours that we are born in the avataric period of the Avatar of the Age - Meher Baba. His Divine Presence as God-incarnate and life as God and Man have pushed the collective consciousness of humanity to a level from where one can get a clear and true perception of the profound spiritual relation between man, God and the Avatar. The divine life of the Avatar, as lived by him amongst all of us, gives the rare insight that enables us to dive deeper into the splendor of his Divine Personality and the method of his working. Avatar's Grace inundates the universe and makes it possible for us to transform our daily lives into a living precept. In the words of Meher Baba:

"Avataric periods are like the springtide of creation. They bring a new release of power, a new awakening of consciousness, a new experience of life - not merely for a few, but for all. Qualities of energy and awareness, which had been used and enjoyed by only a few advanced souls, are made available for all humanity. Life, as a whole, is stepped up to a higher level of consciousness, is geared to a new rate of energy. The transition from sensation to reason was one such step, the transition from reason to intuition will be another.

This new influx of the creative impulse manifests, through the medium of a divine personality, an incarnation of God in a special sense - the Avatar."

In His 'Baba's Call', delivered on 12 September 1954, at Wadia Park: in Ahmednagar, Meher Baba restated what He did in Dvapara Yuga as Sri Krishna:

"Age after age, when the wick of righteousness burns low, the Avatar comes yet once again to rekindle the torch of Love and Truth. Age after age, amidst the clamour of disruptions, wars, fear and chaos, rings the Avatar's Call: COME ALL UNTO ME.

Although, because of the veil of illusion, this Call of the Ancient One may appear as a voice in wilderness, its echo and re-echo nevertheless pervades through time and space, to rouse at first a few, and eventually millions, from their deep slumber of ignorance. And in the midst of illusion, as the Voice behind all voices, it awakens humanity to bear witness to the manifestation of God amidst mankind.

The time is come. I repeat the Call and bid all come unto me."

The 'Tears of Joy', written by noted Meher writer Anna

Khandale, presents snippets from the lives of three great souls - **Gustadji Hansotia, Kaikhushru Jamshedji Pleader, Krishna K. Nair** - who came to Avatar Meher Baba through different spiritual streams. They all had a deep spiritual connection with the Avatar. Gustadji, a soul marked for God Realisation, was passed on to Meher Baba by his spiritual master Sadguru Upasani Maharaj. Gustadji was told by Upasani Maharaj, 'I have made Meherwanji ('Meher Baba') perfect. Now you have to leave me and stick to him.' Kaikhushru Pleader came as a genuine seeker of God and could succeed in winning the Grace of the Avatar. Krishna Nair was brought by brother Jal, who was assigned the duty of finding and bringing befitting boys to Meher Baba for his work. Krishna was then working humbly in a restaurant, and Meher Baba was working on the consciousness of young boys chosen by him from diverse sections of society, irrespective of their nationalities and religious affiliations. Avatar, through them, was shaping the constructive and creative spiritual forces.

Gustadji, Pleader and Krishna came to Meher Baba with different loads of sanskaras and Baba worked on them accordingly. 'Tears of Joy' provides the reader with a rare opportunity to delve into the intricacies of Avatar's work. Living with Avatar and serving him was not at all easy and cozy. Spiritual path is not for the weak and cowards. Vedas say: "Be not in despair. The way is very difficult, like walking on the edge of a razor. Yet despair not. Arise, awake, and find the ideal, the goal." And about the goal; Meher Baba says: "To understand the infinite, eternal Reality is not the GOAL of individualized beings in the Illusion or Creation, because the Reality can never be understood; it is to be realized by conscious experience.

Therefore, the GOAL is to realize the Reality and attain the "I am God" state in human form." 'Tears of Joy' presents profound spiritual perspectives in an inspiring and interesting manner.

Avatar Meher Baba ki Jai!

- Professor J. S. Rathore

Meherabad *

* Former Professor and Head of the School of Environmental Biology at A.P.S. University, Rewa, Madhya Pradesh, India; Professor Rathore also served as Vice-Chancellor of the university, and in 1982 received the Katju Award for sciences from the President of India. He was also awarded Commemorative Medal of Honour by American Biographical Institute. He is the author of Shore to Shoreless, A Voyage Across the Ocean of Existence with Meher Baba (1999).

GRATITUDE

My deepest gratitude to my Beloved father, Meher Baba, the Avatar of the Age, for the blessed opportunity given to me to write on the life of His three unique and outstanding disciples/lovers. They are unique in the sense, they had come to Beloved Baba under different conditions.

My intimate friend late Kishore Mistry had direct contact with late K. J. Pleader. Kishore, therefore wrote the story of Pleader and handed over to me before his passing to Beloved Baba from this world. My loving thanks to my departed dear friend Kishore.

I have taken the help of the classic biography of Meher Baba for the correctness of certain dates and incidents; for which I express my hearty thanks to Shri Bhau Kalchuri, Chairman, AMBPPC Trust, Ahmednagar.

My thanks are also due to late Krishna Nair who shared with me his life with Beloved Baba, which enabled me to write his story.

My hearty thanks to late Adi. K. Irani, late Manija Irani, late Eruch Jessawala, Arnavaz Dadachanji and Bhauji Kalchuri whose writings and talks have become helpful.

I also appreciate the labor of love and spirit of service shown by my friend Ramchandra Gaikwad, Abir Hazra, my son Anant, my granddaughter Manija and Gopal Deshmukh.

Prof. J. S. Rathore has not only written the preface for this book but he has also gone through the whole manuscript and made valuable suggestions and corrections. I express my sincere thanks to him for his labor of love.

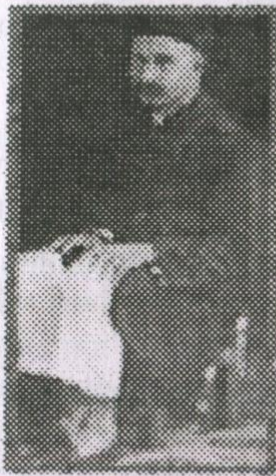
Jai Avatar Meher Baba

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Jan. 31, 2007

Anna Khandale



Avatar Meher Baba



Gustadji Hansotia



K. J. Pleader



Krishna Nair

GREAT SUFFERING AWAKENS GREAT UNDERSTANDING.

SUPREME SUFFERING FULFILS ITS PURPOSE AND YIELDS ITS TRUE SIGNIFICANCE WHEN IT AWAKENS EXHAUSTED HUMANITY AND STIRS WITHIN IT A GENUINE LONGING FOR REAL UNDERSTANDING.

UNPRECEDENTED SUFFERING LEADS TO UNPRECEDENTED SPIRITUAL GROWTH. IT CONTRIBUTES TO THE CONSTRUCTION OF LIFE ON THE UNSHAKABLE FOUNDATION OF THE TRUTH.

I HAVE COME TO HELP YOU IN WINNING THE ONE VICTORY OF ALL THE VICTORIES - TO WIN YOURSELF. - MEHER BABA

THE STORY OF GUSTADJI

His life story with three Perfect Masters and the Avatar of the Age.

- **Anna Khandale**

Gustadji was a special soul. He had the great privilege of serving three Perfect Masters namely Sai Baba, Upasani Maharaj and Babajan, and also the Avatar of the Age - Meher Baba. Baba declared on his death, "My old companion has realized my Real Self at the time of dropping his body." This was quite an unusual statement.

His story has been compiled from so many sources, viz: tales from old mandali, talks given by Adi K. Irani, Eruch Jessawala, Bhauji Kalchuri and Meherwan Jessawala from time to time. Lord Meher volumes written by Bhauji Kalchuri have also been referred to for correct dates and certain incidents. The last incident of his death is taken from the book "Gift of God" written by Arnavaz Dadachanji.

• • •

HIS EARLY LIFE AND CONTACT WITH SAI BABA

Gustadji Nusserwanji Hansotia a Parsi from Gujrat, India, was one of Baba's close mandali. He was born on February 20th, 1880, in the village Hansot in Gujrat state. He was sent to live with his aunt in Mumbai for his education, but he quit the school when he was in third grade. After his father's death in 1905, he started doing a variety of jobs in Mumbai. He worked with one Mr. Meheta a photographer. He also took lessons in singing and playing harmonium. It was during this period that he heard the name of Sai Baba from his music teacher, and also from a friend Homi.

On Homi's insistence Gustadji went to Shirdi for Sai Baba's darshan for the first time. Sai Baba unexpectedly gave a very loving treatment and lovingly enquired about him. Gustadji was deeply

impressed and felt attracted towards Sai. Sai Baba asked him to hand over all the money that he had in his pocket. Thus he had to empty his purse.

Gustadji again went to Shirdi along with one Shri Ardeshir (a tea shop owner of Mumbai) and took Sai Baba's darshan. Sai Baba asked him again to give whatever money he had. Gustadji gave away whatever he had except for the amount he had put aside for his return fare. Sai asked, "Have you given me all the money?"

"Yes, Baba"

"Then how you will go back?"

"I have kept aside my return fare."

"So, you are trying to cheat me, are you? Now hand it over to me."

Thus Gustadji stayed a week and Ardeshir spent for him. Now Gustadji felt more and more drawn to stay at Shirdi. He visited Sai every month, sometimes staying four days and once for as long as twenty days.

In those days Upasani Maharaj was staying at the Khandoba Temple and Gustadji would go to visit the Hindu Master. When Maharaj moves to Sakori, Gustadji would visit him there also.

After some days Gustadji again went to Shirdi with the intention to live there permanently at the feet of Sai. This time Sai did not pay attention to him. He was totally neglected by the Master.

Master did not even look at him when he took 'Darshan'. Gustadji was crestfallen but continued to stay there. He felt quite baffled by the attitude of Sai. Staying there he would take his meal at a small 'cafe' at a cheaper rate and would sleep in the verandah of that cafe with the permission of the owner.

Daily he used to take Sai's darshan and sit there at the rear of the congregation. Gradually he summoned up courage to sit near Sai just to attract his attention but Sai could not even look at him.

One day Sai Baba asked him to give five hundred rupees to him as he was badly in need of money. Gustadji had brought just that amount with him, but had already spent fifty rupees for meals. He, therefore, brought four hundred and fifty rupees which were kept in his trunk and gave them to the Master, Sai counted the money and said that it was fifty rupees short. Gustadji explained that shortage and expressed that he had given all he had. But Sai insisted, "Try your best and bring fifty rupees as I am badly in need of money. I will never ask you again for money."

It is noteworthy that there were so many rich devotees of Sai around but he did not ask them. Gustadji was worried as to how to get the money as he was almost a stranger in Shirdi. He remembered that he had a new costly blanket and he would be able to sell it.

A rich devotee offered him fifty rupees for the blanket although it was worth more than one hundred rupees.

HIS ARTICLES WERE STOLEN

After few days he found that his trunk, bed roll and even his turban was stolen by somebody from the verandah where he stayed. Inquiries brought back nothing. As he was stranger there nobody came forward to help him.

Sai devotees used to bring some prasad of sweets and fruits and they used to distribute it to the devotees. Whatever was offered to Gustadji, he accepted and did not ask for more. He was actually starving and after six months of this subsistence, he was like a skeleton and his clothes were getting ragged.

He used to go to Master but Sai utterly neglected him as if he had forgotten him completely.

Gustadji went to Mumbai in April 1917, with Upasani Maharaj, who was invited there by one of his devotees for attending the foundation-laying ceremony of a medical dispensary for the poor. Merwanji was also invited there by Maharaj. Gustadji had an opportunity to meet Merwanji for the first time.

MERWANJI WENT TO SHIRDI

During the month of October 1917, Meher Baba (then Merwan) was staying with Upasani Maharaj at Sakori. One day Maharaj sent Merwan to Shirdi to see Gustadji. Gustadji was there at Shirdi and had been fasting for months. He was reduced to a skeleton. Gustadji was astonished to know that Merwan had come just to see him. Gustadji started talking about Sai Baba and his greatness, not knowing of Merwan's contact with Sai. He persuaded Merwan to come with him for Sai's darshan.

Merwanji suddenly pushed Gustadji away, crying out, "No time... No time... I must leave for Poona." And Merwanji ran to railway station. Gustadji was startled by the strange behaviour of Merwanji. In later years Meher Baba explained as below –

"When we sometimes hear the strange doings of the Master, we must always remember that they are "above the law" and cannot be judged by ordinary human standards; for whatever they may or may not do, they are working for the ultimate good of not only the individual but for the spiritual benefit of the world at large."

At one time, Gustadji could not get anything to eat for seven days but he continued to sit daily before Sai Baba without any complaint. On the seventh day, a rich devotee of Sai came and expressed his desire to offer a 'Bhandara' i.e. food to devotees. Sai said, 'What Bhandara? Here one is starving and you want to celebrate Bhandara.' Then the rich devotee made enquiries and found that it was Gustadji who was actually starving in Sai's darbar, He then, made arrangements for Gustadji's daily meals.

BURRABABA

One man named Burra Baba, who was then living at Shirdi, would often receive as much as a hundred rupees almost daily from Sai Baba. He was, therefore, able to live lavishly with his large family, whereas Gustadji was deprived directly and indirectly of money, and even had to go without food and normal amenities of daily life, such as clothing and blankets. But there is always a purpose from the standpoint of a seeker of divine life and Gustadji benefited greatly, though not in the way the ordinary outsider might have expected.

GUSTADJI WITH MAHARAJ

Gustadji was present at Shirdi when Sai Baba dropped his body on October 15th, 1918. After Sai Baba was buried Gustadji moved away from Shirdi to Sakori and started living with Upasani Maharaj. He suffered severe hardships under Maharaj also. Once Maharaj lost his temper and beat him with a bamboo cane severely until the cane broke into pieces.

It was in the month of December Maharaj instructed Gustadji to go to Merwanji, who had previously written Gustadji that he had arranged a job for him in Pune.

WHATEVER SUFFERING MAY BEFALL YOU, YOU SHOULD PUT UP WITH IT WITH FULL FAITH IN AND LOVE FOR GOD. ONE MORE THING YOU MUST REMEMBER IS, BE HONEST. BECAUSE GOD IS IN EVERYONE AND EVERYTHING, HE KNOWS EVERYTHING. SO BE RESIGNED COMPLETELY TO HIS WILL. - MEHER BABA

GUSTADJI WITH MERWANJJ

Maharaj ordered Gustadji to obey Merwanji and never to leave Him. Gustadji started working under Merwanji at Pune. He would perform the daily puja and arti in the nearby temple but he had no place to stay. So Merwanji advised him to spend the nights with Babajan on the street.

Gustadji had to attend to every need of Babajan and thus he was unable to sleep during the night as Babajan was also not sleeping. Nights were bitterly cold and Gustadji would carry wood on his head from the toddy shop to Babajan's area to make a fire at night and keep the old woman and himself warm.

After some days Gustadji suggested Merwanji to arrange for a better place for Babajan as it was a dirty road. Merwanji advised Gustadji to take approval of Babajan so that, a wooden platform could be arranged. Babajan, with some hesitation, agreed to the proposal. Merwanji spent for getting the platform made.

Again after some months Gustadji suggested Merwanji to get a mattress so that Babajan would be able to rest comfortably. Merwanji agreed to this proposal also but asked Gustadji to take prior consent of Babajan. She acceded to his request but told Gustadji that the mattress will have to be carried to wherever she goes. Gustadji agreed and mattress was arranged but the very first night it rained. Babajan left the place and walked in the rain, apparently in search of a better location. Poor Gustadji had to follow her with the wet mattress on his head which grew heavier and heavier as the rain soaked it. And that night, Babajan kept on roaming the streets of Pune with Gustadji. However, the mattress became rather too unwieldy to manage and was discarded much to Gustadji's relief.

Gustadji's brother Ardeshir N. Hansotia, who was known as 'Slamson', also joined Merwanji's circle of disciples. During this period Gustadji was allowed to eat only a little of boiled spinach with small amount of dal and rice. He was already reduced to skeleton due to his severe fasts for many months while at Sai Baba's and Upasani Maharaj's ashram, and now, under Merwanji. After some

days Merwanji allowed him to eat regular full meals; however, Gustadji was more interested in performing the arti and puja than in taking care of his body. Merwanji tried to persuade him to eat regularly; but failed.

GUSTADJI - A REAL FAKIR

Merwanji used to go to his aunt Dowla but Gustadji would try to avoid going with him because Dowla masi was aghast at his emaciated condition and would force him to eat.

Gustadji was a real fakir. He was as negligent of his clothes as he was of his own body. He would wear the same faded coat, over a torn shirt and had one pair of patched trousers. Gustadji had the privilege to sing arti of Upasani Maharaj at five o'clock daily in a room where photograph of Maharaj was kept and Merwanji used to sit there at 3 o'clock in the morning. That room was in fact a temple. During 1919, Gustadji, along with Slamson and Nervous, was managing toddy shop.

Late in 1921, Gustadji was called to Sakori by Upasani Maharaj. Maharaj and Meher Baba were seated together and Maharaj solemnly told Gustadji, "**I have made Merwan perfect. From now on, hold on to Him.**"

Maharaj once told to other mandali men, "Merwan now has all that Sai Baba gave me. Everything has been transferred to Him now.... The whole burden is on His shoulders now! He is now Perfect."

GUSTADJI'S PHOTOGRAPH DISPLAYED

Meher Baba occupied the new hut from 27th January 1922, constructed by Sadashiv Patel on Fergusson College Road, Pune. During this period, Baba had Gustadji's photograph displayed on the wall of His hut, and at one time while garlanding it remarked, "To garland Gustadji is, to garland me." This was Baba's way to impress upon all His close disciples to pay respect to Gustadji.

VISIT TO SAKORI

During the month of August 1922, Meher Baba sent Gustadji as leader, with some of His mandali to Sakori. They participated in arti and took Upasani Maharaj's darshan. Maharaj discoursed to them about God-Realization, Divine Bliss and obedience to the Master. He emphasized to them: "Under any and all circumstances, through thick and thin, don't let go of Merwan's feet!"

The next morning, Maharaj served them tea and bread. He would approach each one individually, serving them several times. After the repast, Gustadji and all took Maharaj's darshan and left for Mumbai.

GULMAI TO SEW GUSTADJI'S SHIRT

It so happened that during the month of October 1922 Baba was at Gulmai's house at Ahmednagar. On the holy day of Prophet Mohammed, a disciple, Munshi Rahim brought a white kafni for the Master. Master looked magnificent in it. Seeing Gustadji's torn shirt, Baba told Gulmai to repair it, but Gustadji would not let her. Baba insisted, "Don't listen to him. If you sew for Gustadji, it is tantamount to doing service for me." Then Baba told Gulmai that no one can understand His work.

IT IS A FACT THAT MY HEART IS THE OCEAN OF LOVE. AND IT IS BECAUSE OF THAT LOVE THAT I CRUSH THE BODY, MIND AND HEART OF MY DISCIPLES INTO POWDER. UNLESS ONE TURNS INTO DUST, RESURRECTION TO IMMORTALITY IS IMPOSSIBLE. - MEHER BABA

MANZIL-E-MEEM

During the month of October 1922, Baba was at Manzil-e-Meem. One day he got annoyed with Gustadji, "Why aren't you eating the quantity of food I tell you. Don't disobey me."

Gustadji replied, "That is precisely what I am doing. The one cupful of cow's ghee you have told me to have at 10 o'clock kills my appetite."

Baba scolded him, "This is what upsets me. Don't go on repeating the same thing. Do only what I tell you."

Gustadji was irritated, "I am doing my best to please you. And you know this. I can't understand why you force me to eat more, when I have no desire. If I get ill who will manage the affairs here?"

Baba became more annoyed, "Your understanding is very limited. If I tell you to do a certain thing without knowing its implications and consequences then I am not a Perfect Master. In that case, no earthly good can come out of your staying with me."

Gustadji replied, "I am staying with you as per instructions of Upasani Maharaj, who ordered me to follow your orders."

Baba said, "That is exactly what you are not doing. On the contrary you want me to act according to your wish."

Gustadji replied, "If the situation were really like this, I would have never come to you but, I would have taken you to my house. If

you want to test me - I do not see the necessity of it, as I have already suffered a lot at the hands of Sai Baba and Upasani Maharaj. You are welcome to try this on the novices of this path. Every two or three days you bring up something that causes mutual annoyance. Because of this I am disheartened." Then Baba consoled him: "Actually you are my dark side. Having such a close connection with me, does it behove you to suggest that my orders and actions are meaningless and without any purpose. Even after my 'Experience', Maharaj made me sit in filth. Where was the necessity? I do not intend to test you. I only ask you to obey me implicitly. In so doing you will help me in my work. You will never fathom my actions. Even if I hand you a cup of poison, drink it without the least hesitation. By so doing, you will lessen the burden of my work."

Gustadji felt distressed but kept quiet. Baba referred to him as His "Dark-side". Baba once explained: "'Dark-side' means Gustadji was fully prepared for God-Realization, and the only thing that was needed now was to tear open the veil."

GUSTADJI FOUND A SNAKE

Beloved Baba arrived at Meherabad for the first time on 4th May, 1923. The mandali made the old deserted military camp livable. One day Gustadji lay down to retire for the night, felt a sudden movement under his pillow. When he picked it up, he discovered a snake comfortably nestled underneath. It was ultimately killed.

GUSTADJI BECAME A PROXY FOR BABA

Meher Baba was at Navsari (Gujrat) during the month of July, 1923. A Parsi gentleman came to the place and wanted to take Meher Baba's darshan. Baba was not in a mood to give darshan but the man insisted. So, Baba sent Gustadji in His place and instructed him to pretend to be Him. The Parsi had never seen Baba, so he took Gustadji's darshan very reverently with folded hands and then left happily. This unusual incident coincided with a dream Gustadji recently had.

UNLESS YOU BECOME LIKE DUST YOU CANNOT REALIZE GOD. BUT FIRST YOU HAVE TO BECOME LIKE STONE, FOR YOU CANNOT BECOME DUST RIGHT AWAY. WHAT IS NEEDED IS TO RETAIN HUMAN CONSCIOUSNESS AND BECOME AS STONE, AND WEAR YOURSELF TO DUST AT THE FEET OF THE PERFECT MASTER. - MEHER BABA

GUSTADJI LOST TEMPER

Baba and mandali were on a walking journey and in the month of October 1923, they reached Kasara where they stayed in a Dharamshala. Gustadji's physical condition was the worst; besides being tired from the strain of the journey, his health has not been good. He had large blisters on his feet. As soon as he set his foot inside, Baba told Adi to ask Gustadji when he was going to cook Baba's dal and rice, as it was getting late. Gustadji was on the point of collapsing, and he lost his temper, which displeased Baba. Baba began abusing everyone for their various lapses, and Gustadji in particular for his moaning. The situation grew so unpleasant and unbearable that Gustadji, unable to control his anger, left for the railway station declaring that he was leaving Meher Baba forever and would never see him again.

Soon after, Baba sent Behramji, a disciple, to bring Gustadji back. Gustadji returned and it did not take Baba long to pacify him and made the matter return to normal.

FOOT JOURNEY

During the month of October 1923, Baba, with some of his disciples, started walking from Mumbai to Sakori. Baba stayed behind at a place Bableshtar with one disciple and sent Gustadji with other disciples to visit Sakori. Upasani Maharaj had confined himself to the small bamboo cage for the past ten months. As soon as He saw the mandali, He angrily shouted at them - "Get out! Get the hell out of my hut." The mandali immediately went back. This was how they were treated after walking for about two hundred miles for His darshan. After some time Maharaj did give darshan to Behramji, Gustadji and Sadashiv. Maharaj told them, "You good for nothing people are going from place to place keeping me imprisoned in this cage. Have you any shame? You think that you have obliged me by coming here. Go on doing as you are told by whosoever matters you."

Now go back."

Gustadji and other disciples came back to Bableshtar and reported the matter to Baba. Baba then explained to them the meaning of Maharaj's strange behaviour.

VISIT TO NARAYAN MAHARAJ

During the month of January 1924, Narayan Maharaj was at Mumbai. Baba sent Gustadji and some other mandali to Narayan Maharaj for his darshan. The moment Gustadji entered the hall, Maharaj, with his rich disciples, stood up, giving the clear impression that they were paying respect to Meher Baba through Gustadji.

GUSTADJI BROUGHT GOLDEN RING FROM MEHERA

One day in 1925, Meher Baba accompanied by Gustadji, came to the post office building near railway line at Meherabad where Mehera was living with other women mandali. Baba halted at the verandah and asked Gustadji to bring the golden ring from Mehera which she was wearing. This gold ring was given to Mehera by Upasani Maharaj and she was wearing it. Gustadji approached Mehera and expressed Baba's intention but she was unable to remove the ring from her finger. Mehera's mother also helped her to remove the ring from her finger but it did not come out. Upasani Maharaj had told her not to remove the ring, so the ring was not taken out of the finger for many years.

Gustadji came back to Baba and told what had happened. Baba told Gustadji, "When I told you to bring, it means you have got to bring it. Tell Mehera that I will give her another ring."

Gustadji came back to Mehera. This time, Mehera, somehow could remove the ring from her finger and handed it over to Gustadji. Gustadji came back and gave it to Baba.

Sometime later Baba brought back the ring that Maharaj had given to Mehera and presented her a new heart-shaped gold ring with the word 'Meher' engraved on it. Baba himself put both the rings on one of the fingers of her left hand and told her never to take them off. (Mehera was destined to become the Avatar's chief woman disciple.)

GUSTADJI OBSERVED SILENCE

It so happened in the month of May 1927, Gustadji's room was vacated and living arrangements were made for him on the verandah of Baba's Jhopadi. Baba instructed him to live alone and keep aloof from other mandali. He was not permitted to leave the

verandah except to answer the call of nature. Gustadji was very talkative and would tell the stories of his life with Sai Baba, Upasani Maharaj and Babajan. One day Buasaheb teased him a little and Gustadji became so upset that he went on abusing Buasaheb for over two hours. After hearing about his harangue, Baba too seemed finally fed up with Gustadji and ordered him to remain silent. However, Baba had deliberately created this row to provide an excuse for putting him on silence from May 1st, 1927. Baba explained to him, "The observance of silence on your part will be most helpful to me in my work. Therefore be silent for my sake."

Thus Gustadji commenced his silence and started communicating through hand gestures until his death till 1957.

KASHMIR TRIP WITH BABA

Baba visited Kashmir in the year 1929 and stayed in seclusion in a specially built hut at a place known as Harvan where the body of Jesus Christ was buried in a cave. Baba had put on His patched "kamli" coat on the day when the seclusion was started. Only Gustadji and Buasaheb were allowed by Baba to keep watch around the hut and attend to Baba whenever they were called. On their return journey from Kashmir, Baba was at a place Phalghat where He was given bath in Narmada river by the prem-ashram boys and other mandali. Baba then Himself gave Gustadji a bath mentioning how fortunate Gustadji was to be bathed by Him.

DONKEY RIDING

A white donkey named Champa was brought to Meherabad and on July 8th, 1936 and Baba sat on it. Dr. Ghani was specially called from Lonavla just to hold the reins. It was a matter of great amusement for all the mandali and provided them an occasion of merriment.

Gustadji was fond of horse riding and Baba once directed him to ride the donkey. No sooner had Gustadji perched himself onto its back, than the donkey, instead of moving forward, went backwards!

Gustadji did his best to bring it round, but it stubbornly kept on going backwards and then threw Gustadji off. Laughing everybody there ran to help him.

KNOW YOU ALL THAT IF I AM THE HIGHEST OF THE HIGH, MY ROLE DEMANDS THAT I STRIP YOU OF ALL YOUR POSSESSIONS AND WANTS, CONSUME ALL YOUR DESIRES AND MAKE YOU DESIRELESS RATHER THAN

SATISFY YOUR DESIRES. SADHUS, SAINTS, WALIS AND YOGIS CAN GIVE YOU WHAT YOU WANT; BUT I TAKE YOUR WANTS AND FREE YOU FROM ATTACHMENTS AND LIBERATE YOU FROM THE BONDAGE OF IGNORANCE. I AM THE ONE SO MANY SEEK AND SO FEW FIND.

- MEHER BABA

GUSTADJI ON ANKAI HILL

During the month of August 1940, Baba decided to remain in strict seclusion at Meherabad for one year. On July 30th, Baba sent a group of five - Gustadji, Pleader, Savak Kotwal, Bhabhanand and Papa Jessawala - to stay at Ankai, a mountain ten miles from Manmad, for one year coinciding with his seclusion.

Ankai mountain is a place where Agastya Rishi had done severe penance in the past. Baba ordered all except Papa to observe silence. Gustadji was already observing silence. All were instructed to obey 'Pistol' (a sign for Papa) who was to be their spokesman. Baba directed Papa to look after the others well. Baba told Pistol: "Your austerities on the Ankai mountain (cave) will result in your spiritual progress."

Pistol had his own way of doing things and made so much of a row that it drove his companions to the point of nervous breakdown. He would get up at 4 A.M. and would wake them up just to give him company. As nothing was available there he would send them to Manmad on a daily chore. It was therefore, no surprise that in their weekly report all the four disciples reported to Baba "We are ready to keep silence for eternity and fast unto death - only if pistol is not here." Pistol was really a hard task-master.

Baba replied to them, "stay with Pistol & keep silence for one year."

As per Pistol's orders, they had to observe following schedule:

4 a.m. -	Tea	7 a.m. -	Lunch
10 a.m. -	Afternoon tea	2 p.m. -	Dinner

As they were ordered by Baba to obey Pistol they had to follow this absurdly crazy regime. Nobody was allowed to remain absent at the stipulated time and Pistol would not tolerate even a moments delay.

The four "prisoners of the Pistol" ultimately got fed up with the strange schedule so much that Gustadji had to urge Savak to write a letter to Baba on his behalf, to the effect:

"Dear Baba, "I was with Sai Baba, Upasani Maharaj, Babajan and now I am with you. But I have never come across a Master like Pistol! Affairs here have reached such a state that, either I will have to go

or this Master will have to leave. If you want to save us from this unpleasant situation, the only solution is to free us from the Pistol's clutches - Gustadji."

This letter had the desired result and all were instructed to come back to Meherabad.

WHO IS DUMB?

Gustadji was with Beloved Baba when Baba was out looking for masts on Mukamma Ghat in Batanagar (India). On April 1st, 1948, an interesting incident took place. As Gustadji was also observing silence, Baba was 'speaking' with him with gestures and Eruch was interpreting for Baba. Nearby a policeman was observing this odd exchange and became suspicious. The policeman thought, that some secret coded messages are being passed between Baba and Gustadji. In those days India and Pakistan had bitter relations. The policeman, therefore, asked everyone to accompany him to the police station to which Eruch protested. There was a wordy duel between Eruch and the policeman.

Eruch explained him, "We all are Parsis and this man is dumb and was speaking through signs."

Gustadji could not tolerate this and retorted through gestures: "Eruch, you are always calling me dumb. Am I dumb? Am I not observing silence." But Eruch did not pay any attention to him and continued talking with the police. Baba intervened and gestured to Eruch, "What Gustadji is saying? You first tell me what he is saying."

When police saw that there were two dumb persons not one, he became even more suspicious. Ultimately Eruch, with much difficulty could convince him about their innocence and the man left.

Gustadji demanded Eruch to explain why he was always being called 'dumb'.

"Had I not said that, you would have been behind the bars, in police custody," Eruch explained.

"Yes, it would have been better than being insulted," said Gustadji.

Baba continued goading Gustadji and funny thing was that Eruch had to interpret this provocation. Finally Eruch accepted his successful retreat and asked for pardon. And he assured Gustadji that he would not call him 'dumb' again. But Baba did not want to end their confrontation. He continued to encourage Gustadji to keep on

talking, and Eruch not liking the game Baba was playing, had to interpret His gestures.

At last, Eruch got upset and lost his temper and said something disrespectful to Baba.

After a little while, Baba asked Eruch, "Do you know how much you have pained me?"

By the time, Eruch had cooled down. He answered, "But Baba, I did not mean that. You did not feel so hurt when others have used much stronger language.

"You have no idea how much you have shocked me. Listen this story and then you will know the difference between you and others."

Baba then narrated the following story:

A woman in a village once fornicated with a man who was not her husband. As per the custom of the community, the woman was made to sit inside a square and the villagers began stoning her one by one. When the turn of woman's daughter came, she threw a rose at her. But the rose wounded the woman much more than all the stones combined.

Similarly, others' 'stones' did not hurt me as deeply as your 'rose' had done.

A FUNNY INCIDENT

Once during the month of April, 1948, Baba was at a small railway station near Kolkata. As the station was heavily crowded and it was impossible to get seats in 'Third Class' compartment along with luggage, it was therefore decided that Baba with Eruch and Gustadji should travel by First Class and other mandali by Third Class. When the train arrived, there was the usual scramble for accommodation. The train started and Eruch began arranging the luggage. After a few minutes Baba asked Eruch, "What happened to Gustadji?" Eruch could not see Gustadji in the compartment. He told Baba, "He must be back on the platform." Gustadji was old and also on silence. But Eruch soon realized that the toilet door was completely blockaded by their baggage. So he began shifting the luggage. He told Baba that it was just possible that the other passenger was inside. As soon as Eruch removed the luggage Gustadji came out of the lavatory. Baba scolded Gustadji but Gustadji replied, "The urge to piddle was uncontrollable. Had I helped with the bags I would have soiled my pants." Baba and Eruch had a hearty laugh.

THEY MISTOOK GUSTADJI AS ARAB

Baba was contacting a mast Baitulla Shah in a suburb of Ahmedabad. On the evening of June 11th, 1948, Baba went to contact him. After contacting the mast Baba and the mandali reached a bus-stop to catch the bus. When the bus came Eruch, Baidul and Baba boarded the bus, but Gustadji, who could not walk fast, was seen plodding along. It was time for the bus to start and Baba clapped for Gustadji to hurry. Gustadji at once began running. A small boy was walking towards him. The boy thought that Gustadji was going to seize him and he got frightened. The boy turned round and started running, screaming that a man was after him. Hearing the boy's screaming, a few people gathered and began shouting - "Arabs! Arabs!" - which at that time was tantamount to shouting "Murderers! Murderers!" They mistook Gustadji for an Arab chasing the boy. 10 to 12 men came running and were about to pounce upon Gustadji. Baba signaled to Gustadji to stop. Gustadji stopped running and stood still. As Gustadji was silent he could not reply the questions asked by the people. Eruch and Baidul, therefore, stepped forward and intervened. Eruch explained the matter to them, and they calmed down and Gustadji was saved.

BABA SAVED GUSTADJI

During the month of November, 1948, Baba was on a mast tour in Gujrat state at Junagadh. There Baba sat in seclusion in a room and Gustadji was on watch duty sitting outside. In the middle of the night he had an urge to urinate. At that time he heard the snoring of Baba. It was pitch-dark outside and Gustadji approached the parapet wall. But the moment he was about to touch the edge, he heard the clap of Baba. Baba was clapping continuously signaling urgency. Gustadji rushed back but Baba scolded him as to why he was late. He had given strict instructions to Gustadji to sit outside without making any movement. Gustadji had to control his urge to urinate and sat on the watch duty again.

After some time Baba again clapped and motioned to him that he could relieve himself now. Dawn was breaking outside and Gustadji saw to his astonishment that there was a deep lake just below the parapet wall. Had Baba not clapped at that moment, Gustadji, would have surely fallen into it and probably drowned. It is noteworthy that Baba was fully conscious, even though he was snoring.

NEW LIFE PHASE

Gustadji was also Baba's companion during the New Life phase. Before commencement of the New Life on 16th October 1949, Baba once stated - "I will not at all be responsible for anyone and not even for Gustadji, although he will be with me, because Upasani Maharaj sent him to me. But that too will depend upon whether Gustadji will continue listening to me, otherwise there will be goodbye even for him."

In New Life one of Baba's orders was that His companions should give up their old habits. One day when they were at Belgaum, Baba noticed chalked demarcation lines around Gustadji's bed. Baba asked him, "Why don't you give up your old habits?"

"I don't see any harm in it," said Gustadji.

"But I find harm in it. Why did you do it?"

"If you see harm in it, I won't do it again," Gustadji responded.

CHILD LIKE GUSTADJI

During the year 1952, Gustadji went to western countries with Baba and other disciples. Meherjee Karkaria (disciple) took Gustadji to a shop and purchased a handsome gold watch for Gustadji as per his choice. Gustadji wore the watch during the tour with Baba and moved like a dignitary. He was also wearing a fine western style suit.

No sooner Gustadji returned to India he kept the watch and the clothes carefully locked in a trunk and he resumed wearing his old patched clothes.

It so happened that when they were at Meherazad Baba asked Gustadji - "Have you shown your fine gold watch to Meherwan (younger brother of Eruchji). Now he is here for some days. Don't fail to show him your expensive - beautiful watch."

Gustadji immediately gestured to Baba, "Please Baba - don't say loudly in front of all. I would definitely show him but others must not know about it."

Baba looked around and gestured, "Oh yes, Meherwan, remember that Gustadji will call you alone quietly when no one is there." Baba also instructed Gustadji to show the alarm and the date and all other features of the watch to Meherwan.

After sometime Gustadji clapped and called Meherwan to his room after assuring that nobody was there looking at them.

Gustadji's small room was in fact in a mess, full of all sorts of litter things like boxes and old tin trunks, old newspapers, empty

cigarette boxes and even scraps of paper. He was in the habit of collecting all such rubbish whenever he could get hold of it.

Peeping out he again looked around to make sure that no one was watching and then closed the door and also the window. No sooner he opened the trunk, there was a knock on the door. He hurriedly shut the trunk. When he opened the door he found that Baba was standing there. Baba entered the room and asked, "Have you shown your beautiful watch to Meherwan?"

"No, Baba not yet, I am just showing." Then Gustadji showed the watch to Meherwan in the presence of Baba. Meherwan admired the watch and its alarm.

Then Gustadji quietly asked Meherwan to leave so that he would be able to pack up the watch.

NEW CAR LOADED WITH RUBBISH

Gustadji's habit of collecting scrap papers or empty cigarette boxes or match boxes was well known to all mandali and also Baba. He used to send the old papers to Meherwan's sister, Meheru to sell. Once, while in Satara with Baba, he could not send the papers for selling for quite a long time.

During the period, Adi K. Irani (Baba's secretary) came to Satara for some work with Baba in his new car. Gustadji requested him to carry some old papers to Meherazad. Adi acceded to his request thinking that it would not be much in quantity but to his astonishment bundles after bundles appeared and the new car was filled with rubbish. Adi got annoyed and started throwing the bundles out of the car. Gustadji was crestfallen to see his valuable material lying on the ground.

At this point Baba came there. He enquired as to what had happened. Adi replied, "Baba - he just requested me to carry a few bundles of paper and I agreed. But now you can see, my new car had become a garbage house, so I threw the bundles out."

Baba said, "Since you have agreed to carry them, now you should keep your word." Poor Adi had to pull back the bundles of rubbish in his car and Gustadji was delighted to see his bundles being carried in new car.

BABA PLAYED A TRICK

During the period a funny incident took place while Gustadji was in Satara. One day he was not feeling well and was having

temperature. So Baba played a trick. Kaka Baria, who was at Meherazad, wrote a letter to Eruch, who was with Baba in Satara. Kaka wrote in the letter that he had to open Gustadji's trunk and provide suitable woolen clothes to one Krishna Swami who had come from Dehradun. And he was badly in need of woolen clothes due to cold. On Krishnaji's insistence, Kaka opened the trunk.

When the letter was read by Eruch, Gustadji fumed and danced here and there with anger. Baba was also there and he added fuel to his anger by saying, "How Kaka could dare to open your trunk? Who is he? This is thievery!" This remark of Baba made Gustadji more angry. He started jumping and fuming and told Baba to allow him to go to Meherazad so that he could squeeze Kaka's neck and come back.

Baba was enjoying the drama and then quietly showed the postmark on the letter. The letter was posted in Satara itself and not at Ahmednagar. Then Baba revealed to him that it was purposely done by Him. Gustadji felt relieved and also felt better when he heard that the letter was not written by Kaka. The trick played by Baba had the desired effect on Gustadji who was sick and he felt better.

DEEP CONNECTION OF GUSTADJI

Baba was at Meherabad during the month of November 1950 and was talking with the mandali about his forthcoming '**Fiery Free Life**'.

He asked Gustadji to tell all that Upasani Maharaj had told him. Gustadji restated what Upasani Maharaj had said to him about Baba: "I have made Merwan perfect like me. I have given my charge - whatever was received from Sai Baba - to Merwan and handed over my key to him. Now follow Merwan's orders faithfully."

After that Baba stated, "At present I am bent upon doing or dying. If my body lasts until the end of April 1953, it is well and good. Ninety-nine percent, I feel that my body will not fall and in that case, I will surely think of Gustadji. Indeed his longing, love and patience stand beyond measure."

Baba further stated about Gustadji: "He lived only on water for six months at Pune during 1919. He had no sleep for three years. I had assigned him to sit beside Hazrat Babajan the whole night. Then in the morning he would work in the Toddy Shop. He would purchase vegetables worth one paisa, and that he would simply boil without adding salt."

FOND OF ICE-CREAM

Baba went to America in April 1952, along with Mahila Mandali and (two days later) Adi Sr., Sarosh, Meherji, Nilu and Gustadji. Gustadji was strictly vegetarian and he was very much fond of ice-cream. Taking full advantage of its ready availability in America Gustadji was happy to have ice-cream for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

· GUSTADJI IN TAJ MAHAL HOTEL

It was well-known fact that Gustadji was an ice-cream addict. There is a funny incident about his fancy for ice-cream. Whenever he would accompany dear Baba to Mumbai, he would express his desire to eat ice-cream in Taj Mahal hotel, and Baba would tell him that he would see to it next time as there was no time. This happened many times. In one trip to Mumbai he pestered Baba like anything and Baba ultimately agreed. Baba told him, "Taj Mahal hotel is a very big and a hotel for aristocrat people. You need to wear a costly dress. If you go in this dress they will drive you out." So, Baba asked Dr. Nilu to take him to Taj Mahal hotel for enjoying ice-cream. Baba also advised Dr. Nilu to provide him a decent suit and also, a new pair of shoes. Gustadji was observing silence and also not knowing English. Dr. Nilu was therefore, very reluctant to accompany Gustadji to a place like Taj Mahal hotel, but had to obey Baba.

When they both entered the hotel they found the floor very slippery. Gustadji was trying his level best to walk carefully with his new shoes but still he slipped (on the flooring) creating an embarrassing situation for Dr. Nilu. Dr. Nilu lifted him up and they tried to tread on as lightly as they can but Gustadji slipped again. This happened three-four times, and it was very embarrassing indeed to Dr. Nilu as other aristocrat customers watched them with amusement and dislike.

Ultimately Dr. Nilu decided to come back without enjoying the ice-cream treat. They both came back and narrated the happenings to dear Baba, who laughed and laughed and asked Gustadji, "Would you like to go to Taj Mahal hotel again for an ice-cream treat?"

"No, Baba. No, I will never go there."

After that Gustadji never asked Baba for an ice-cream treat at Taj Mahal hotel. That was Baba's way of removing a deep-rooted sanskara from one's mind.

GUSTADJI'S SPECIAL DAY

Baba was in Satara during the months of February-March in 1956. As Gustadji was old, no duty was given to him by Baba. Gustadji

had a peculiar habit of collecting sticks and twigs and the compound of Rosewood bungalow was full of them. He would collect such litter and dump that in one room. Once a week, he would heat his bath water by burning these pieces of wood. Bath day was a special day for Gustadji. He would begin lighting the pile of twigs and sticks from morning, and the water would go on boiling until noon. He would continue to take bath for several hours, as long as until 5 p.m. He would soap every part of his body thoroughly then carefully - scrub it slowly and dry each part of his body. Nobody was supposed to disturb him during the period of bath.

Even while at Meherazad it was Gustadji's habit to collect scrap papers, empty cigarette and match boxes etc and dump them in one room. He would then use all the rubbish to boil the water for half of the day and would take bath for the rest of the day. Taking bath for him was always a whole day occupation.

"GUSTADJI'S OBEDIENCE PLEASES ME"

Bhauji Kalchuri once narrated the following story: Beloved Baba was at Meherazad during the month of June-July 1957 and Gustadji was also there.

Each morning after inquiring about the mandali's health and welfare, Baba would ask Gustadji if he had seen any dream. Gustadji was always prepared to relate some dream (or make up one) to amuse Baba. Baba would encourage him by interjecting - "And then what happened?" - and again - "And then what happened?" And, Gustadji would go on with his lively narration and hand signs.

On one occasion, while all the mandali were seated in the hall, Baba had some sweets brought for Gustadji, who was sitting on a chair next to Him. Baba asked Bhau Kalchuri to bring a plate and then instructed Bhau to go and complete the very urgent letter, which Baba wanted to send urgently. Just as Bhau was about to start writing, Baba clapped. Pointing to a few crumbs on the floor that had fallen from Gustadji's plate Baba gestured, "Clean it up, or ants will come." Bhau cleaned the floor. Baba then gestured, "Now, go! It is a very urgent letter. Finish that early."

Hardly Bhau had written one or two lines he heard Baba's clap.

"Gustadji wants water, bring it fast," Baba told him.

The other mandali were also seated there in the hall without any work, but Baba had called Bhau, away from his work, to do this menial work. Bhau thought that the old man Gustadji was doing that on purpose just to harass him.

Baba again motioned, "Hurry! Finish that letter and complete it before the boy leaves with the mail for Nagar."

Again Bhau left and started writing the letter. But Baba again called him to clean some crumbs from under Gustadji's plate. Then He motioned, "Have you completed that letter?"

Bhau by now quite irritated, replied, "Baba how could I finish it! You keep calling me every two minutes and Gustadji is just doing nothing and only harassing me unnecessarily."

"Is he really doing nothing? He is doing much more important work than you. The work Gustadji does by sitting by my side here is such that you can never do it, even while working your utmost for me. The reason is that he sees to my pleasure. You are also obeying me, but your obedience does not give me pleasure. However, he is doing this purposefully because he knows that it pleases me. He knows what I want and he does it in order to please me. It is my pleasure that he should eat sweets, which he does. All the while pleasing me he never had a thought that you are disturbed in your work. If he had that, then he would be keeping your pleasure, not mine. He knows what pleases me but you don't! You know he is doing all this to please me. Yet without having any thought for my pleasure, you on the contrary become angry with him. And you think that you are working while Gustadji is doing nothing but sitting here and eating sweets. He really works. Whatever work you do is quite useless. If I do not give any sweets to him and send them to you with him he would do it willingly without thinking. This is called work! So he is doing much more important work than you. Both of you are obeying me one hundred percent, but the difference is that his obedience is giving me pleasure, yours is not."

BHAJIYA TREAT

Baba was at Meherazad and a meeting was held on 29th September, 1957 about the Sahavas of Baba-lovers. And at the end of the meeting tea and Bhajiyas were served. All were given much more than they could eat, but Gustadji collected the leftover bhajiyas and kept them in his room to enjoy them later. When Baba came to know about it, He asked Gustadji, "Do you want to die? If you eat those bhajiyas you will surely perish." Although none knew at that time, this was a hint to Gustadji about his imminent death.

BABA'S PRASAD

During this period Gustadji was doing watch-duty for two hours from 4 a.m. to 6 a.m. As soon as Gustadji would come to Him, Baba

would ask for a bottle of soda water, knowing that Gustadji liked it. Baba would take a sip and hand it back for him to drink. When he' finished Baba would ask for a second bottle, and again after a sip, He would return to Gustadji. This would go on until 6 a.m. and Gustadji would return from Baba's bedside with a glowing smile on his face. This exchange was to be Baba's last amusement with His old disciple-companion.

ONE WHO DIES FOR GOD LIVES FOREVER. REAL LIVING IS DYING FOR GOD. WE MUST DIE TO SELF TO LIVE IN GOD: THUS DEATH MEANS LIFE. THE EGO-MIND MUST MEET ACTUAL DEATH IF GOD IS TO BE SEEN AND REALIZED.

WHY IS IT SO IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND GOD? IT IS BECAUSE YOU ARE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING YOU NEVER LOST. - MEHER BABA

GUSTADJI REALIZED SUPREME SELF

Baba was in Mumbai in Ashiana apartment during the month of October 1957. On 30th October, Baba asked Arnavaz Dadachanji to take the women mandali, Mehera, Mani, Goher and Meheru to a matinee show.

When they were ready to go Arnavaz heard a sound of glass breaking. The water bottle had fallen to the floor. Eruch who was with Baba rushed to the spot and told Arnavaz that whenever glass broke in Baba's presence, news of someone's death followed.

When the Mahila Mandali returned from the movie, Baba broke the news that Gustadji had passed away at Meherazad at 3.20 p.m. after brief illness. It seemed that Baba had intentionally sent women mandali to the movie. After receipt of the news Baba asked all the mandali to leave the room and He was alone for some time. They saw tears in His eyes when they came back. This was one of the very rare times Baba was ever observed to weep when He heard that someone had died. Then Baba commented - "**My old dear friend and companion has realized My Real Self at the time of dropping his body.**" This was quite unusual. Generally He would say that the person who had died had "come" to Him - meaning he had attained mukti (liberation) or would be reborn in a Baba family and come back to Him. Gustadji was observing silence since 1927 as per Baba's orders and he continued to observe silence till the time he became eternally silent.

A dinner party was arranged at Ashiana on 31st October on the eve of Nariman's birthday. Baba did not cancel the party except the ice-cream. Gustadji was very much fond of ice-cream.

Gustadji was cremated at lower Meherabad and now we can see his tomb just near the tomb of Mohammed mast in the first row of tombs of men mandali.

Avatar Meher Baba Ki Jay

2 : PLEADER, AN OUTSTANDING DISCIPLE

- Kishore Mistry, Mumbai

It was in April 1955 when I came to Bombay from Surat (Gujarat) for my further studies in a College, I heard of some close disciples of Meher Baba, viz. Pleader, K.E. Afsari (Raosaheb), the Dadachanjis, Kharmanmasi, Pilamasi, Dina Talati, Karanis, Soonamasi and Khorshed. Along with Panchals (Ratilal & Gulab), I started visiting these disciples of Meher Baba. Their love and sacrifice for Meher Baba and their spiritual experiences carved lasting impressions on my mind and heart.

However, my talks with Pleader and the tales of his profound and amazing experiences made a greatest impact on my life. I resolved to dedicate my whole life to love and service of Meher Baba. I lost interest in my formal education and left it at the intermediate level.

It became almost a daily affair to visit Pleader, who was then staying with Sarosh R. Irani, the elder son of Kharmanmasi. His wife Khorshed and son Meherwan, who was then studying in a School, were also taking loving care of Pleader. Although Pleader did not allow anyone to write down his life story or his talks, he would not object to my taking down the notes.

Pleader would explain Baba's messages and discourses. God Speaks was the last book that was read out and was explained by him. He made me to translate it into Gujarati. He wanted us to be sincere workers in the Cause of Baba. He explained the importance of Baba's work and the responsibilities while carrying out the same. He would say that Baba's messages and discourses are supreme compared to the words given by the God Men in the past. They would touch the hearts of the people because they have come from the very Source that BABA IS. But he warned us against using these words for the sake of arguments when confronted with people of other faiths, beliefs and religions. He also wanted us to be on guard when we seem to succeed in such discussions.

It was only recently, when people approached me for knowing more about Pleader, that I collected my old notes and diaries and decided to pen a detailed account of his life with Meher Baba. In doing this, Kharmanmasi's daughter-in-law Khorshed and grandson Meherwan also provided important information and necessary help. For the messages and discourses given to Pleader by Meher Baba, I have taken the help of LORD MEHER written by Bhau Kalchuri. Keith Gunn, Bill LePage and Prof. J.S. Rathore have rendered their useful contributions in completing this work. I now present for the benefit of Baba lovers the life-story of Pleader, an outstanding disciple of Meher Baba. **He was special because God made him see God. 'Mukti' or Liberation was his destiny and Mukti he got.**

ABSOLUTE HONESTY IS ESSENTIAL IN ONE'S SEARCH FOR GOD,
(TRUTH). THE SUBTLETIES OF THE PATH ARE FINER THAN A HAIR.
THE LEAST HYPOCRISY BECOMES A WAVE THAT WASHES ONE OFF
THE PATH. - MEHER BABA

KAIKHUSHRU JAMSHEDJI PLEADER

Kaikhushru Jamshedji was one of the close mandali of Beloved Avatar Meher Baba. He was better known as Pleader, which means a lawyer that was his father's profession. He was born in 1898, second in a family of five children, to Jamshedji Pleader and wife Veerbaiji. His father was from South India, very capable in his profession but also very hot-tempered. As a result of this temper, he incurred heavy loss of property in his native place. He died at an early age, and Veerbai had to struggle and work hard to bring up the five children. She and the family lived a difficult but an honest life of spiritual values. Of the five, two died as young adults, and the youngest became mentally ill at the age of thirty. However, her third son, who earned his livelihood as a mill worker, died at an old age.

Pleader, after studying up to sixth standard in a school, took up various jobs and lived by himself in very sparse conditions. Later he became a cashier in the Bank of India. Daily he would get up at 4 a.m. and recite God's name, before leaving for work at the bank. After the work, he would visit his mother and sister for a while and would then go to Chowpaty beach to listen to the evening prayers and lectures of the sadhus gathered there. He experienced a strange restlessness and overwhelming desire to see God and attain Mukti [Liberation].

At this point of time he eventually came across with a book *Swami Ramtirth Yogasadhana* which made him realize that he must have a Perfect Master as his Guru in order to achieve his goal of Mukti. This now made him seek acceptance by a Perfect Master. Pleader was now a spiritual pilgrim seeking Liberation. He came in the contact of Babajan, Upasani Maharaj, Narayan Maharaj and Meher Baba. He started visiting them again and again. He met Meher Baba for the first time in January 1928 at Meherabad, and asked for His permission prior to stay with Him there. Baba refused, and Pleader returned to Bombay. On his seventh journey visiting these Masters,

he asked Narayan Maharaj, "Will I ever meet my Guru in this life?" And He replied, "Yes, and very soon." After this, he visited Babajan, who spoke directly to him for the first time, saying, "Allah will destroy all your attachments." From Babajan, he went again to Baba, accompanied this time by Savak Kotwal and Minoo Pohowala. Baba permitted the three of them to stay in Meherabad and spend some time with the mandali and see the activities of the ashram.

The next day Baba called Pleader to Him at upper Meherabad. Baba said to him, "This is your seventh visit to me. What do you want? What do you seek?"

Pleader replied, "I want to see God. Will I achieve this?"

"To do so you must catch hold of a Guru."

On hearing these words of Baba, Pleader was so overwhelmed that he spontaneously and intensely grasped His feet. But Beloved Baba warned him, **"Surrendering at the feet of a Guru is the most difficult thing in the world to undertake. To do so one has to possess unimaginable courage and undergo untold hardships."** Pleader expressed emphatically his readiness to accept all deprivations and hardship. Also that he had no family responsibilities and was completely free from the pull of the world. Baba then instructed him, "Go back to your home and arrange for everything satisfactorily. When you have done so, then return here." So he returned to Bombay, informed his mother and sister of his decision, attended to a few details, and was back in Meherabad within a week. This was just before Baba had moved the ashram and school to Toka in early June 1928.

Initially Baba gave Pleader the duty of teaching the young ashram boys. Then one day Baba said to him, "You should either work as a sweeper or fast for seven months on water. Which do you prefer?" Pleader chose to fast, but Baba advised, "We Masters also work as sweepers, cleaning latrines and that we do internally. You should attend to the external latrines and I will see to the internal. Don't think of anything else except this duty." Pleader still hesitated, and Baba reassured him, "Don't let it bother you. I will give you another duty after some time."

In September the Patel (chief) of the village prayed to Baba for much-needed rain. Beloved Baba consoled him and assured him

that rain would come and it did so shortly after the Patel departed, and it rained heavily and incessantly for four days, so much so that the river became flooded and threatened to submerge the village. The villagers came again, and this time with the prayer to stop the rain. And again Baba assured them that all would be well. Late that night, Baba asked Pleader and Waman Subnis to offer prayers to stop the rain. Later, at 2 a.m. Baba, along with a few persons, walked to the bank of the river, sat down, and dipped His feet in the water. Soon after, the rains ceased and the floodwaters gradually receded.

In December 1928 the ashram at Toka was closed, and all returned to Meherabad. On January 15, 1929 Baba left Meherabad with a group of eighteen including Pleader. He returned to Meherabad after a walking tour of twelve days to various places including Karad, Rawalgaon and Diksal. On February 22nd He began bathing the boys, washing their clothes and sweeping their quarters. Pleader, Jal and Karim were His assistants, although their only duty was to keep hot water ready and hand Him buckets filled with water as He needed them. Later Pleader was sent to Bombay.

Prior to going to Persia in September 1929, Baba stayed in Bombay and Pleader sought an interview with Him. This was granted, and on seeing Pleader again after some time; Baba exclaimed, "What is wrong with you? You looked pulled down in health, and your eyes have sunken. Why is this?"

Pleader answered, "It is because of you. I came to you only for Liberation and that goal is yet to be realized."

Baba assured him, "You are destined for it." But then He explained:

Before Realisation the veil must be torn away and the mind must die. It is due to this veil that every individual mind functions in the gross and subtle bodies. Removing the veil would separate the gross from the subtle; when that occurs, in the subtle state you would be able to see internal things with as much clarity as you see gross objects. While doing all physical activities such as eating, drinking, sitting, standing i.e. while your body is functioning, there is simultaneous progress into the subtle world. When the gross is separated from the subtle, it is like killing two birds with the one stone.

But the veil must be ripped off. Though the veil is thin, at the same time it is very strong. It cannot be slit easily, but it can be rent in an instant by a Perfect Master. If it is torn, the consciousness of the soul at once enters the first plane. When a parrot escapes from its cage, it flies straight into the air without looking back.

But progress comes to a halt at the first plane if the rent in the veil is made through one's own efforts or with the help of a yogi or saint - an imperfect guru. Seekers advance of their own, but it is ultimately useless as they become inevitably entrapped. If a Perfect Master is there to help, He would not tear the veil unless the aspirant is fully ready; then the Master would take him straight to the goal.

Only a Sadguru can free one from the cage of illusion, but three conditions are required - longing, patience and rock-like faith. Nothing is gained without longing. This is all that is needed, but the aspirant should remain restless. For instance, if a man is stung by a scorpion, he constantly thinks of how to overcome the burning, throbbing pain. He forgets about eating drinking and worldly pursuits. He forgets everything and has only one thought: how to make the pain subside.

In the same way, there should be continual longing to be one with God. There should be no other thought except this: I must be one with God today – immediately, this moment! The mind and heart must be devoid of any other thought. Even though many years of suffering may pass, patience should never be forsaken. At first the longing is intense, but gradually it lessens and cools down. This should not be the case; patience must not be lost. It must be persistent. In the beginning there is great enthusiasm and a person is convinced he will soon gain Realisation. But with the passing of time, his enthusiasm wanes.

A person may be purposely snared by the Master and then thrown out! I, too, do such things. But a wise man silently puts up with everything that comes from the Master. One who is unwise becomes impatient and starts grumbling. But Masters always coax the aspirant along and gradually give him a push on the path. Masters always behave like this; it is their nature.

Crossing the path is like a pulling-pushing tug of war. But a wise man does not act in this way. A smart bird that is caught in a

trap does not flap its wings to free itself. It remains quiet and unflustered, waiting for an opportunity to escape. An inexperienced bird flutters and squirms, becoming flustered and injuring itself more.

Think how patient Hafiz remained to have endured the treatment of His Master for forty years! Your steadfastness and determination should be like a steady flow of castor oil when poured.

Pleader was still in the habit of visiting different Saints and Sadhus, and to counsel him against doing this, **Baba said:**

Do not be after gatekeepers or watchmen; catch hold of the Emperor! Never be after His servants; no minister or secretary will help. A King is, after all, a King, and His servants, only servants. Once you have approached the King directly, it is of no benefit to maintain a friendly attitude with His servants. Your friendship with the King might precipitate any situation, but you should stick to Him. Even if you were about to die, you should never let go of His hand.

The Emperor is perfect knowledge. One should forget everyone and everything in His company. One should stop one's previous habits. One should not think of meditating, or repeating God's name or any other type of worship. The most that could happen with any of these practices is that you enter samadhi. Such practices can never make you one with God.

Instead, one should submit oneself to the Emperor's will, having only this thought: Oh God, when will You meet me? This longing must be present twenty-four hours of the day. If the feeling is intense enough, God will surely fulfill it.

To help people is good, but service done under the guidance and according to the instructions of a Perfect Master is the best. Service to half-baked gurus and false saints will throw you into a gutter. You will be left hanging by those hypocrites. If you are unlucky enough to find a false guru, he will accept you and take you into his service. However he will then give you up, and that will cool down your longing! Instead of losing you will accumulate sanskaras, and become disappointed and disgusted.

These false saints cannot give you anything, while those on the first and second planes, and walis and pirs of the fifth and sixth planes, can raise you to a higher state with just one look! But that is

not the perfect state, as these advanced souls are not perfect. At times, even Perfect Masters cannot help those caught in these nets. Therefore, except for the Perfect Ones, do not even be beguiled by the advanced souls of the fifth and sixth planes. Stick to the Emperor and don't leave Him for any reason! I am in everyone; but if you catch hold of Me, you will have the root of all creation in your hands. Then you will not need to go after the branches and leaves.

If you are lucky enough to catch hold of the Emperor, you should never, never leave Him. Go on digging until you find water. Don't keep changing the spot. If you get impatient, by digging two feet here and four feet there, you will never strike water. If you dig only a shallow well, you will get impure water. Only patient, laborious digging will result in your finding crystal-pure water, and for that, you have to exert energy and dig deep.

This path is not easy at all; and if you enter it, you will not find joy here. Therefore I warn, think seven times before entering it! If you are after God, you will have to give up everything - your father, your mother, the whole world. You have to renounce each and every thing. Therefore, ponder well and then take your step. If not, leave this path, and attend to your worldly duties.

Once you fall for the path, don't be afraid of anything in the world. "Who will look after my parents? How about my job? What will the world think of me?" All these thoughts are useless. If you had died, who would have looked after your near and dear ones? Those affected will care for themselves. God takes care of everyone. He is the true sustainer. Once you have entered the path, you should desist from such thoughts.

Try to be a lover of God. If you find out how to love Him, you may go mad. The real lover of God is never influenced by the world or what people think of him. He will not even care for his life. He will remain what he is - totally indifferent to the world, unashamed of anything.

Beloved Baba ended by dictating:

"All rivers flow in Me. I am the Ocean. Stop looking elsewhere and look only at the Ocean. By concentrating on Me, you yourself will become the Ocean. To look at the Ocean means to carry out My wishes at all times."

Pleader was deeply moved by Baba's discourse and earnestly took it to heart.

Before leaving for Persia, on the 15th September 1929 Baba ordered Ramjoo, Padri, Naval, Kaka Baria, Dastur and Pleader to fast on only milk and to share a single room together at Meherabad. But the order was rescinded after one day for all except Pleader, who was instructed to continue the fast under varying conditions and in different locations for the next five years. During those years he would also be in seclusion for long periods, and at other times he was sent by Baba to various parts of India as a 'sanyasi' or monk. As a 'sanyasi' he was ordered to travel with a begging bowl and in the saffron robe of a sadhu with specific instructions to visit various saints and to beg and eat whatever he got from the first three houses. If he did not get anything to eat from those three houses, he was to subsist on wheat flour mixed with salt which in those days was provided free for sadhus and sanyasins in 'dharamshalas' or charity inns.

During the last twenty-eight days of his seclusion that was to end on 15th of September 1934, Pleader remained on water only.

It was during this period that Pleader again had contact with Babajan. She took him with Her in a 'tonga' or a horse-cart for four hours, and whilst doing so consumed many cups of tea. She embraced Pleader, blessed him and said, "Your Guru will enlighten you in both the worlds."

During the month of March 1930, Baba was staying in Nasik. After a few days He moved from Gyas Manzi] to Rustom's garage where Pleader was given a separate room and told not to leave it, and to remain only on milk and bananas. At first Baba visited him at 5 a.m. with a rose on which perfume had also been sprinkled. On the twelfth day, He came at 8 a.m. with two jasmine flowers. Later Baba returned to Meherabad, but ordered Pleader to keep on staying in Nasik and continue fasting on milk, and at the same time assured him, "I am arranging a good place of seclusion for myself and the mandali. When all is settled, I will send for you."

In April 1930, Baba, issued a circular but first time, showed it to the mandali. **It read:**

"Three months after I go into seclusion, I will make Pleader enter the Path, otherwise, he will be free to go anywhere and do

anything he pleases, and Pleader will have no further connection with Me." ..

In October 1930 Pleader was directed to stay in seclusion in the Post Office building at Meherabad, and to continue his fast on milk and observe silence. He was not to move from the room, and Sidhu was appointed to bring him milk and water, clean his urinal pot and see to his needs. He was also prohibited from reading and writing. He was directed to spend his days silently repeating Baba's name.

Baba entered into strict seclusion in the Panchvati cave at Meherabad in November 1930.

One day, whilst in the Post Office, Pleader looked up and saw an exceptionally long black cobra hanging from the rafters of the room. He had orders not to leave the room, nor could he shout for help, since he was on silence. Although thoroughly frightened, there was nothing he could do but stare up at the cobra and remember Baba more fervently than ever. Hours passed when finally Sidhu came, bringing with him the daily ration of milk. Pleader pointed towards the ceiling. Sidhu stumbled backwards when he saw the size of the snake. He got so much scared that for a few moments he could not utter a sound. Then he shouted and Pendu and Chaggan came running to help.

The cobra was curled in a corner of the rafters and it was difficult to lure it down in order to kill it. So Pendu and Chaggan wrapped a cloth around a stick, soaked it in kerosene and lit it. When they thrust the torch toward the snake, it began hissing, spitting its venom, and trying to curl further into the corner. But the roof tiles soon became so hot that the snake fell down. Pendu and Chaggan struck it with a staff, breaking a vertebra. Chaggan then crushed its head. The cobra had landed so close to him that Chaggan, even though he was an expert snake-killer, fainted afterwards. Despite all this commotion, Pleader did not leave his room, nor break his silence, thus obeying his Master to the letter.

Pleader was very high in Meher Baba's esteem. During the conversations between Baba and Gandhi on the ship 'Rajputana' as they traveled to England, **Baba spoke about His mandali in general and Pleader in particular:**

"A Parsi named Pleader has been living only on milk for the past two and a half years. He is quite healthy and happy. Not only does he live only on milk but he is locked up in a room, not speaking with anyone and observing strict silence. He is also forbidden to read or write. Also he is continuously deprived of My company as I am always on tour from place to place. Even in Nasik I did not see him. During this period of two and a half years, I have hardly seen Pleader more than twelve times. Still, when I inquire about him, he indicates that he is happy."

After three years of the seclusion at Meherabad, Pleader was sent to Bombay, and from there was sent on tour to various parts of India, contacting many saints. His one constant aim in all that he endured was the attainment of God-Realisation. After travels, Pleader was once again with Baba at Meherabad. While there he kept on reminding Baba, saying, "According to Your orders, I fasted for three years, I kept silence, I remained in seclusion, but up till now You have not given me the sight of God!" However Baba kept urging him to continue his harsh penance and austerities, although He did not give the other mandali such practices.

But one day, Pleader gave vent, even more emotionally than usual, to his dejection and frustration, and Beloved Baba became fed up with this attitude. He called Pendu to him, and asked Pendu, "How long have you been with me?"

"Since 1922."

"What do you want from me?"

"Nothing!"

"Then why are you with me?"

"To serve You, to see to Your pleasure and do as You order."

Sending Pendu away, Baba reprimanded Pleader, "Pendu has been with me for so many years, and you know how hard he works for me. Still, in return, he wants nothing! You too should create that mental attitude which will bring you, unasked-for, that which you are seeking!" Baba then sent Pleader back to Bombay after giving him certain instructions.

This was not the only occasion when Pleader had complained about not having God Realization and the sight of God as promised

by Baba. Once Eruch described a later instance that stays afresh in mind. On this occasion, Pleader in his complaint, started describing again the incredible hardships which he had had to endure over the years, and that made Beloved Baba move swiftly across the room, and put His hand over Pleader's mouth, saying, "Don't destroy in a moment what you have gained over so many years!" And Pleader calmed down and kept silent. This complaint had become Pleader's constant refrain and he kept on ignoring Baba's advice to create that mental attitude which leads to complete unconditional surrender to the Master. A saint-poet says, 'Do not ask, you will get the pearls. Ask, and you get nothing, not even alms'. Bin mange moti meele, maange meele na bhikh.

Of the many saints with whom Pleader had contact during his journeys, one that had a lasting impact on him was Keshwanand Maharaj of Rishikesh in the Himalayas. He was, as revealed by Baba, a sixth plane saint and one of His spiritual agents. Pleader contacted Keshwanand Maharaj in April 1934. Excepting his own disciples, Keshwanand Maharaj did not allow even staunch and high caste Hindus, including Brahmins and Pundits, to touch him. At the crack of dawn he would bathe in the Ganges even in severe winter, and then - clad only in a loincloth - would go into a trance facing the sun. As the sun moved he would also shift his position to keep on facing the sun. At sunset he would open his eyes, and go begging. He always kept a wooden bamboo staff which he would swing to ward off anyone who would come near with the intention of touching him.

Pleader expressed his desire to meet Keshwanand Maharaj to a guardian disciple. The disciple refused to allow it, saying that Keshwanand Maharaj did not meet people in this manner. At that point Keshwanand Maharaj intervened and allowed Pleader to come to him. He asked Pleader why had he come to him. Pleader then showed Meher Baba's photo, and said, "This is my Guru who has sent me to meet you." At this, Keshwanand Maharaj closed his eyes for some time and then opening them, said, "All right, be with me for six months and I will show you God." Pleader replied, "I am visiting you on the order of my Master, and if at all I am to see God, it will be at the hands of Meher Baba only." Keshwanand Maharaj smiled in approval at this reply.

Some of the most ascetic sadhus who came to listen to Keshwanand Maharaj's discourses said to him, "Pleader is a Parsi who has eaten meat and fish - why is he allowed to touch your body, and not others?"

He replied, "Fools, do you realise who his Master is? And what soul is Pleader? He is far ahead of you all and that is why he is allowed."

While Pleader was in Rishikesh, the river Ganges was full and flowing majestically.. "At that time," Pleader said, "Keshwanand Maharaj was in a state of trance, and I was throwing buckets of the cold water over him. Suddenly he opened his eyes and shouted, Oh Padri (meaning Parsi) what are you doing!? Oh, all right continue to do as you please. Now this Padri will soon be God-Realized. Your Guru will be immensely pleased when He sees you now. You do not require Geeta to see God, your Guru will make you realize that."

After some years Pleader saw the saint a second time and this time he said to Pleader, "Why have you come back? Your Guru wants to give you some big status. If He comes to you and whatever puts in the mouth, eat. Who is the mother who gave birth to such a child? She is really blessed."

During his travels Pleader would sometimes be in Bombay. On one such occasion, he was observing silence and taking water only. He visited his family and found all three, mother, sister and brother in a very miserable state. His sister said that their neighbours were constantly tormenting them with sarcastic remarks about him and his Master Meher Baba. They insisted that he should intervene and make them stop this harassment. He went with his sister to the neighbours and gave them a written note: Hereafter if you harass my family, there will be deaths in your household.

Time passed and Baba came to Bombay, and while there, visited Pleader's family. Baba clasping the arms of the brother and sister walked with them past the open doors of the offending neighbours. But they did not seek His forgiveness, and continued to harass the family. A few days later, true to Pleader's curse, the husband died an untimely death. A couple of days later, the son-in-law died and finally the young son died in a fatal road accident. All the deaths occurred within one month.

When Pleader came later to know of this happening, he came

to Baba very much distressed, "What have I done! Why did I curse them! Why did I express myself in that way!" But Baba consoled Pleader, "I knew that this would happen and that made me walk past their door to give them the opportunity to seek forgiveness. But they were not thus destined. Your curse had to fructify as you had just returned after observing strict spiritual discipline (Tapashcharya)."

Pleader's tours continued, and he became so weak that he was, at one time, brought to a hospital in Bombay. But he did not recover and when Kaka Baria visited him, he wept, so pitiful was Pleader's condition. Baba was informed and He sent a telegram instructing that Pleader, in spite of sickness, should continue his tour to Kashi or Benaras, and beg as usual for his food. However, he was now permitted by Baba to spend two annas to supplement his food. Before setting off for Kashi, he could visit his mother when she breathed her last.

In July 1936 Pleader was in Bombay. He had, on Baba's orders, stayed in seclusion for a considerable period of time in the Panchgani cave, and then in a cave on Mount Abu. Later he went on pilgrimage to Benaras and Rishikesh. He then returned to Bombay, and there he met with Baba after many months of travel. He visited Baba along with Savak Kotwal, and Baba asked both of them to search for God-intoxicated masts and bring them to the Rahuri ashram where He intended working with them.

The Ashram was opened in August 1936, and Pleader and Raosaheb were appointed supervisors, but Pleader, Kaka Baria, and Savak were also directed to travel and search for masts and ordinary mad persons for the ashram. Among the genuine masts that Pleader brought to Rahuri was the mast Mohammed. He was brought on October 4th 1936. The ashram at Rahuri was closed in May 1937, transferred to Meherabad, and Pleader and Baidul continued to oversee the mast and mad ashram.

In March 1938 Baba who was in Panchgani, ordered Pleader to go on pilgrimage to Benaras and remain there for eight months, begging his food along the way, and to fast for a certain period. Kaka Baria was sent with Pleader to Benaras, and he returned alone to Panchgani at the end of March and reported to Baba. Pleader returned to Meherabad in late May 1938, and resumed his duty along with

Baidul as supervisor of the mast and mad ashram. A few incidents of this period involving the masts and Pleader, deserve special mention here.

It was Baba's order that none should spit in the Ashram, and one of the masts, Lal Saheb, had a habit of spitting. After a time Pleader cautioned Lal Saheb, "You have broken His Lordship's order of not spitting not once but ten times. How can this be tolerated? I may also break the order once."

Lal Saheb replied, "Parsi Dada, forgive me for that."

Pleader said that Baba loved Mohammed Mast immensely. Once Mohammed became furious with Pleader in Baba's presence, but Baba immediately checked Mohammed by pressing his hand. In another incident, not in Baba's presence, Mohammed quarreled with Pleader and spoke abusively of Baba. An annoyed Pleader asked, "Why did you use such a foul language for Baba?"

Mohammed, suddenly aware of Pleader's spiritual status, became frightened and said, "Parsi Dada, forgive me."

There was in the Ashram a mast who would sing and dance joyously when Beloved Baba came to the Ashram in the morning. One day this mast created a disturbance and attacked another mast with his foot. Pleader became annoyed at this behaviour and twisted his arm in order to punish him. When Baba came the next morning, the mast, contrary to his usual response to Baba's presence, was silent, withdrawn and gloomy. Baba asked Pleader the reason for this and when he told Baba of the incident the previous day, Baba severely scolded him, saying, "You are a butcher!"

Pleader could not bear this, and requested Baba with folded hands to relieve him of his duties, "I beg for your permission to leave in the manner a servant asks after serving his Master for many years."

Baba gestured in surprise, "What are you asking for! All right, but do this last work for me. Using the masts and mad as actors stage a performance of the play on Raja [King] Gopichand."

This was indeed an up-hill almost impossible task that was assigned by Baba. How could this be done? How could masts, absorbed in their love for God, become actors before an audience? How to expect that mad would learn to control themselves on the stage and act? Yet Pleader wholeheartedly agreed to this strange and

extremely difficult task, and in accordance with Baba's wish, devoted himself wholeheartedly towards its completion. Eruch and Homi were assigned to help him. Daily Pleader would exhort the masts and mad to learn their lines and their roles in the play, and every morning at 5 a.m. Baba would come to see the rehearsals. A stage with floodlights and backdrop was erected at lower Meherabad for the production, and Pleader hired the costumes from Poona.

On Sunday, September 25th 1938, the *God-mad Ashram Special Program* was enacted, and lovers from Bombay, Poona, Nasik and Ahmednagar came to witness the unique performance. The women mandali from upper Meherabad also attended. The entire program of seven parts, including the drama "Raja Gopichand" was enacted by the inmates of the ashram, and the audience was astonished by the high standard of their performance. Some of the audience even thought that they were professional actors.

After the program Baba embraced Pleader on the stage and said, **"Today my work is done, and on this stage of the universe I give you my embrace."** Two days later eighteen of the thirty-six inmates of the ashram were sent back to their towns and villages, and Baba explained that the play and the departure of the inmates were connected with world conditions. He said, "All Europe is preparing for war.... Russia, France & England against Germany, Italy and others."

Some time previously, Baba had indicated to Pleader that the 8th of October 1938, would be a day of special significance for His mandali, saying, "All the sanskaras of my circle members will. be wiped off on that day. All will be free of sanskaras." What Baba meant He alone knew. The mandali as usual continued to go about their assigned duties, and gave little thought to His unusual remark. Another interesting reference to His Circle was that Baba gave to Pleader a complete list of the Circle members duly signed by Him. When he did not find his name on the list, he queried this with Baba and He replied,. "You are not in my Circle. You are under my Will." When Pleader came out of Baba's room after receiving the list of Circle members, the masts caught hold of his hand tightly but he saved the papers being snatched away by masts. Referring to this list of Circle members Dr. Ghani remarked, 'the cat is out of the bag.'

This list Pleader held with him until his death. After his death, Baba instructed Mani to write to Khorshed S. Irani, with whom Pleader had been staying, to return the list to Him. This was on 30th August 1960, and Khorshed enclosed the list in a special cloth bag, addressed to Baba. The bag was further enclosed in an envelope addressed to Eruch, and again in another addressed to Adi Sr. Baba Himself opened the cloth bag, removed the papers, and asked Eruch to send an acknowledgement. This was done on the 2nd September 1960.

It was perhaps during the months of October and November 1938 that Baba instructed Pleader to again seclude himself in the Panchgani cave. Baba was in Bombay, and He told Pleader to recite a certain shloka [sacred verse] during his stay in the cave. In giving Pleader the shloka, Baba asked Eruch to leave the room, and then dictated it to Kaikhushru Afsari, with a warning to Afsari that he was not to repeat it again, not even in his dying moments.

The day before Pleader began his stay, Baba spent the night in the cave. In the cave during the nights he spent there, Pleader encountered snakes about forty times. They would sleep on his stomach and chest, and when they moved, he would wake up in the pitch-darkness to kill them. But in every case the snakes either disappeared or escaped before he could do so.

On 26th November 1938 Walter Mertens arrived at Meherabad, and saw his wife Hedi after a gap of many months. A few days later, on Baba's instructions, Pleader took Walter and Hedi to Panchgani for five days. While there, the couple spent a night in the Panchgani Cave.

The Blue Bus tour began on December 8th, and Pleader was told to bring Mohammed the mast, Walter, Katie Irani and two servants, Lakshmi and Bhami, to Hyderabad, where they were to join Baba. While in Hyderabad, Pleader was sent to contact Mastani Mai, who, Baba said, held the key to all of Hyderabad in her hands. Baba did not go to her Himself, but instructed Pleader to tell her that He was in her city. Later Walter and Hedi were sent with Pleader to photograph her on the street where she lived. From Hyderabad Pleader was sent back to Bombay, and Baba left for Jabalpur.

Baba revealed that Ankai, a mountain near Manmad, was surcharged with spirituality, and after the return of Papa Jessawala

and Kaka Baria from inspecting some caves on the mountain, He ordered five - Papa Jessawala, Gustadji, Pleader, Bhabhanand and Savak - to stay at Ankai in the caves from July 30th 1940 for a full year. Gustadji was already in silence, and Pleader, Bhabhanand and Savak were also ordered to observe silence. Papa (nicknamed "the Pistol" by Baba) was to be their spokesman, and the four were ordered to obey him. Baba directed him to look after his companions well. As the group was preparing to depart, Baba spoke seriously to Papa, "Your austerities on the mountain will result in your spiritual progress."

The stay on Ankai under the supervision of Papa Jessawala proved to be arduous and full of heavy unexpected hardships for the four silent men over and above the usual ones.

Baba commented to the women about the five men during this time:

"Theirs is a hard test... There are no wells or proper shelter for them, and every week things have to be brought from Manmad, ten miles away. Four of them observe silence, and the one who is allowed to speak is the Pistol, and he drives them all so crazy that in their weekly report, the four wrote, "We will keep silence for eternity and fast to death - but only if Pistol is not here!" I replied, "Stay with Pistol and keep silence only for one year." In a way it's good - it is discipline. It is Pistol's nature. Before he goes anywhere, he packs his luggage and is ready seven days beforehand!"

On August 26th Baba directed Donkin to go to Ankai and see how the men were faring. He was to ask them whether they would prefer to stay at Ankai or return to Meherabad. He reported that Papa said that all were happy, that he was caring for them well and that they would of course continue to stay there until Baba Himself sent for them. The other four, silent as they were, could not tell Donkin the real facts.

Finally Gustadji was so fed up with Papa's regime that he had Savak write a pleading letter on his behalf:

Dear Baba,

I was with Sai Baba; I was with Upasni Maharaj; I was with Babajan; and now I am with You, Meher Baba. But I have never come across a "Master" like Papa! Affairs here have reached such a

state that I have to go away, or the "Master" will have to leave. If you want to save us from this sorry situation, the only solution is to free us from the Pistol's clutches!----- Gustadji

Baba was highly amused by the letter, and instructed Vishnu to call the five men back from Ankai. They returned to Meherabad on September 10th and were accommodated in the vacant family quarters. Their orders of silence, seclusion and fast still stood, and Papa was also directed to observe silence with no longer any connection with the other four - much to their relief.

On November 1st 1940, Baba left for Bangalore by train, leaving Pleader in the family quarters still in seclusion and still on silence. At Bangalore, Baba announced that Gustadji, Pleader, Dhabhanand and Savak were to remain in seclusion in the mountains from August 1st 1941 to February 15th 1942. In September 1941, Pleader, Gustadji and Bhabhanand were sent to continue their seclusion and compliance to other orders at Mahabaleshwar. But on the 10th of September, Bhabhanand committed suicide, and, as Pleader and Gustadji were reluctant to stay at the scene of the death, Baba called them to Panchgani on September 19th.

On December 12th 1941, Baba came down Meherabad Hill at 6.45 p.m., and standing near the Dhuni site, said to Pleader, "You will see God."

Baba left for the Kumbha Mela at Allahabad on December 29, 1941. Ten days prior to Baba leaving, Pleader was sent there to make all necessary arrangements.

Pleader left Meherabad in the early forties and stayed at various places in Bombay as a paying guest. But wherever he was, he would go to Kharmanmasi's son Sarosh's house daily for meals. Then in his last years he had a heart attack, and was confined after that to Sarosh's place.

Pleader did not see Beloved Baba again for nearly twelve years. About fifty close lovers, including Pleader, were called to Meherabad on the 1st of November 1952 for fifteen days, and Baba spoke to them about the upcoming **Fiery Free Life**:

"These two weeks are of my final working, and after that will commence the Fiery Free Life. The period is so important that I had to invite the selected few to be with me in order to take part in my

preparations for the Fiery Life.

"Pleader has not seen me for about twelve years, but because of his old connection with me, I have brought him here, by force of internal compulsion, so that he may not miss this great chance."

On Sunday morning November 2nd, Baba arrived in Adi's car from Meherazad. All assembled with Him in Mandali Hall, and He asked Pleader to repeat God's Name in his room for three consecutive days, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th of November, 9 to 11 a.m. and 3 to 5 p.m.

During a discussion in the Hall on November 4th, **Baba turned to Pleader and said,**

"Pleader has become so desperate he cries out, "Why talk about the height of optimism or the Infinite Ocean of Love? I would be satisfied with just a spoonful of it! I do not want the Ocean!" But the fact is, if you get one spoonful, it becomes very difficult to get the Ocean; that very taste would become an obstacle in your merging in the Ocean. A spoonful can be compared with the valley that lies between the sixth and the seventh planes of consciousness. In that stage, you stand facing God. You call Him, but do not get any response, and it becomes very hard to be One with God, the Infinite. So, when I give, I give the Ocean, not a drop.

In the darbar (court) of a Perfect Master, history repeats itself. But the beauty of it is this: that Masters enjoy equally in patience and impatience, and in faith and suspicion as well. This is their leela.

Again it is said that those who think they earnestly long to see God never see Him. It is so. Some think that their longing is limitless. Even accepting the above statement, it can always be said that there is always some kasar (deficiency) in them; for God, Who is equally in us all, is very, very eager and ready to meet us. Therefore, what is required is one hundred percent preparedness. When you come in contact with the Masters, they see that this is done. Even for this, a certain ghadi [moment] is fixed. Sadguru Tukaram says: "It is of no use to be impatient, for the final opportune time is fixed." And I think that My ghadi, the most opportune time, lies in April. So, let us earnestly hope that what I feel may come true, by God's Grace, to be the real ghadi at the end of April for us all."

At 9 o'clock on the 5th Baba tied the sacred thread of the Zoroastrian religion around His waist, and put on a black Parsi cap,

while Kaikobad read from the Avesta for half an hour, and then repeated the one hundred and one names of God. At the end, Baba gave Pleader the cap, and Kaikobad the kusti.

Later in the day Baba agreed that a circular should be distributed giving news of the death of Mehera's mother Daulat on that day. While this was discussed, Pleader asked Baba, "Baba, what is the use of getting circulars printed about those who have expired, for it is said, '*Aap mar gaye, doob gai doonya*' - with our death dies the world."

This prompted Baba to quote a couplet of Kabir: "Discard the body, it remains; preserve the body, it goes. The astounding fact emerges that the corpse devours death!" **Baba continued to dictate:**

"People die in all sorts of ways but it is nothing to be upset about; they are born again and again in different gross bodies. But during one's lifetime, one should do whatever one honestly feels, without getting attached to actions.

Changing bodies between lifetimes is similar to changing a coat. Some die young, such as those who died at the time of the Indian partition; some live long lives. Like Gustadji, they do not change their coats frequently. [Gustadji was in the habit of wearing a tattered old coat with patches, and was reluctant to change his clothes.] But when Gustadji was with Me on the recent trip to the West, he became well-dressed and maintained a neat and clean appearance.

The masti (divinely intoxicated state) of masts neutralizes heat, cold and disease. This is an established fact. Masts do not worry about keeping their bodies healthy, yet they possess strong physiques. It is because in such cases the power of Vidnyan (Knowledge) that vibrates the universe sustains their bodies and looks after them. The infinite power of Vidnyan descends of itself to mano-bhumi (the mental planes) to help such souls. However, if the slightest thought of retaining the body or bodily strength crops up; the reception of this power stops. In a way, the mast is really dead. The same stands true for a Majzoob or Bal-unmant-pishash [meaning a God-realized ghostlike man with childlike habits]. Majzoobs have no connection with this world, and in this sense 'the corpse eats up death.' It is impossible for scientists to know about this power. They have discovered ether, electrons and protons, but they have not and cannot

reach even the fringe of the subtle world.

Vedanta says, those on the gross plane live in anna-bhumi (gross plane); those on pran-bhumi (subtle plane) live in energy; those from mano-bhumi live in Akash (heaven, sky, space); and those from Vidnyan-bhumi live in the Suraj (Sun). One whose soul is united with the Oversoul lives in the Sun, Qutubs and the Avatar live in the sun, but not the sun that you see in the sky. It is an altogether different sun. It is the Source of infinite power, infinite bliss, beauty, sound, knowledge, etc. Every attribute of the Sun is infinite. The infinite Tej (divine fire, effulgence) that exists eternally, first passes through the mental planes, and then through the subtle planes until it reaches the gross plane.

At present those who are in the subtle sphere wear clothes like you. They have their wives and children. They borrow their power from mano-bhumi (mental sphere). They can use this power either for good or bad purposes. Those in the mental sphere borrow their power from Vidnyan-bhumi (Power of God). Those on the sixth plane see God everywhere. They use their power, but it is always for the good of others. A majzoob is after all a king.

But now let us turn to masts again. Masts are God-intoxicated souls. They have drunk the wine of love divine. They are not consciously conscious of their bodies. They do not seek to gain the power from mano-bhumi. But God, of His own accord, showers this power on them and looks after them. So Hafiz in one of His couplets has said:

Drink deep the cup of madness
so that your worries are taken over by others.

The power of the walis and pirs stationed on the fifth and sixth planes is very great, but they use it for the good of others. Those who eternally lead the Life of God are the Saviors of the universe and they live in the Suraj, the Divine Sun."

After the meeting Pleader was allowed to leave for Bombay on the 15th.

At the Men's Meeting of the 29th and 30th of September 1954, **Baba, standing near His tomb-shrine, said:**

"May God one day make him (Pleader) realize that Baba is the only Reality, the Highest of the High, and all else is illusion."

It has been recorded, although the date is not known, that Ravikant Rawal from Surat said to Baba, "Pleader has grown a beard and become a sadhu."

Baba said to the assembly, "None of you should do that." At some other time, speaking on the suffering given to the mandali, Baba said, "I have given so much suffering to him the like of which I have not given to an enemy." Baba repeated this two or three times and when one asked Him of whom He was speaking, He answered, "Pleader."

Pleader's initial urge to see God gradually turned into longing and then he became desperate and restless. But in his heart of hearts he knew for definite that his Master Meher Baba would one day shower His Grace on him and make him realize God. He, therefore, wholeheartedly surrendered himself to Meher Baba and carried out His orders. In doing so he silently suffered physically, mentally and spiritually.

In March 1955 Baba went to Satara, and then in April to Mahabaleshwar. On the way He stopped at Panchgani, and saw Pleader in His Tiger Valley Cave. Pleader requested Baba to remove the longing to realize God, which makes him restless. To this Baba said, "Have I given this longing to anyone else from the mandali?" Pleader replied, "If you remove this longing then I will perform similar duties like the rest of the mandali". Pleader had been staying in seclusion there for several months, and Baba instructed him to continue thus until June, when He would advise him further.

After another very long separation, Baba called Pleader to Ashiana, Bombay where He was staying, on March 13, 1959. Baba began by inquiring about his health. Then He gestured, "Gadekar has gone. I have relieved him."

Pleader replied, "Baba, Buasaheb has also gone. Gustadji too. Do I take it that I too will be relieved similarly?"

Baba replied, "Yours is a different case altogether and that is the reason why I have called you today."

Pleader complained to Baba about sustaining severe pain that he had in the region of the kidneys. No doctor or specialist was able to diagnose and cure it, and Pleader said that it was troubling him greatly. But Baba replied that this was a fraction of the infinite

suffering that He was going through. "I am suffering, but I have to embrace you all and take care of you all, working for the universe day and night."

Pleader said, "Baba, why do You compare me with You?" And when Baba told him to bear with the suffering for another four months, he replied, "Baba, if You are going to give me Liberation it is alright, but otherwise please relieve me. Forgive me for the sins I have committed whilst away from You."

Baba responded lovingly, "Do not say this. You are my heart." Pleader's agonizing pain continued and even increased in severity, and finally in 1960 at the age of sixty-two, he had an attack of coronary thrombosis. He was then confined to bed in a critical condition, yet he remained stoic and unconcerned in spite of his deteriorating body. Many Baba lovers visited him and feeling concerned about his grievous state wrote to Baba about him. Finally Kharmanmasi's grandson, Meherwan, sent a lengthy telegram to Baba protesting that Baba did nothing to mitigate Pleader's miseries nor did he give him the much-promised salvation. To this Baba replied by telegram, "Pleader is fortunate to suffer a fraction of my infinite suffering." Meherwan replied to this that while He could plunge into infinite bliss, Pleader could not.

Baba then instructed Meherwan's father, Sarosh, to bring Pleader to Him at Meherazad, no matter what his condition may be. So with a number of Baba lovers, he was taken by train to Ahmednagar. On the way, as his doctor anticipated, Pleader appeared to have stopped breathing, yet on reaching the station he recovered. He was then taken by ambulance to Meherazad, arriving at 10:30 a.m. on February 19th 1960. He was taken to a separate room, and Dr. Goher attended to him. Beloved Baba saw the lovers who had brought Pleader, and explained, "The disease from which Pleader is suffering is due to my wish, and it is for his own good." Reprimanding them, He said, "You all have been sending letters and telegram complaining of his condition. Do you know that he had broken his promise by not staying with me? Now that he has fulfilled his promise by coming to me here, I will fulfill my promise given to him."

Then Baba called for Aloba to recite this couplet from Hafiz:

**God says that I prosper My enemies and butcher My friends!
And no one has the right to speak against it or question why it is so!**

Baba continued, "Every one of you must have suffered in one way or another, but after being cured, the suffering becomes a dream. Are those pains and troubles still with you? No, they have faded like a dream. What I accomplish by passing through ill health no one knows. I tolerate it eternally and derive pleasure from it. In spite of intense suffering and various pains, when pleasure is experienced, it becomes eternal bliss. Those of my lovers who suffer and experience pain, participate in my pain."

Baba then said that one of the group members is required to stay there with Pleader. Two of the men volunteered, but Baba gestured "no" to them. Kishore Mistry then came forward, and Baba asked about the duration of his leave from work. Kishore replied that he had taken indefinite leave, although in fact he had not been granted any leave, and had been told by his boss that if he did not report to the office the next day, then he should not come at all. Kishore had decided to forgo his job in order to answer Baba's call. Baba expressed His concern over all this, and directed that he should return to Bombay, and He gave him certain instructions to be carefully followed when he did so.

Baba then directed one of the men, Shapur Parekh, to stay with Pleader and the rest returned to Bombay.

Baba visited Pleader several times during the course of the day, passing His hand over his face and kissing him. One day, Pleader, anguished, complained to Baba, "Keep Your promise or stop calling Yourself God!"

Baba assured him, "I will fulfill my promise before you drop the body. Don't worry." At times Pleader would call out Baba's name. On the 21st, Baba sent word to Padri to have a grave dug for Pleader, saying that He would be sending Pleader to stay at Meherabad on the 24th. On the 23rd, Baba called Padri and Dr. Donkin to Meherabad and gave them instructions about Pleader.

The next day an ambulance was sent to carry Pleader to Meherabad. Before leaving, Pleader again cried out, "Carry out Your word, Baba!"

Patting emphatically Pleader's palm with His own, Baba promised, **"Before you give up your body, I will carry out my word. Go to Meherabad where you will receive my grace. Before leaving the body, you will have a glimpse of me as I truly am."** Baba then kissed Pleader's cheeks, his head, forehead, and hands, and passed His hand over his body in love and blessing. Baba stood by and watched as Pleader was carried to the ambulance.

Pleader said, "I have no pain now, Baba. Make me sleep in Meherabad."

Baba replied, "Very soon I will make you sleep in me, and your physical remains will be mixed with the earth of Meherabad."

Pleader showed his gratitude, and the ambulance departed for Meherabad. There, Dr. Donkin did his utmost in giving Pleader the best possible treatment and comfort. On Baba's order, Pleader was kept in a dark, cool room. At 1 p.m. Friday the 26th Pleader called out to Shapur, "Put out the lantern, it is too bright in here!"

Shapur said, "It is daytime and there is no light on in here."

But Pleader complained, "There is a brilliant light on! It is too bright!"

Then Shapur reminded him, "Remember what Baba said about giving you His darshan? Perhaps you are seeing His lustre, His effulgence."

Later Pleader called out, "I have had Baba's darshan! He has kept His promise! Now stay near me until I breathe my last. After I give up the body, when Baba comes, convey my deepest gratitude - for I have achieved the Goal by His grace. Tell Him I am eternally grateful to Him." During his last moments, it seemed as if he was enjoying infinite peace. He passed away at 6:45 p.m. Many years ago Baba had told Pleader that one whose soul is united with the Oversoul lives in the Sun. Those who eternally lead the life of God live in the Suraj, the Divine Sun. Pleader, by Meher Baba's Grace, entered the sphere of Infinite Tej or Divine Effulgence and got united with the Divine Sun.

On February 27th Baba came to Meherabad, and watched as Pleader's body was placed in a casket and lowered into the grave that Padri had kept ready. At the signal from Baba, Kaikobad said prayers, and Baba was the first to scatter flowers on the coffin. Baba remarked

to His brother Jal, "How fortunate he is that he got Liberation."

On the same day, as Kishore was awaiting the train to Bombay on the Ahmednagar Railway Station platform, he was given a letter from Eruch. This contained Baba's instruction to Kishore, that he was to read the letter and acknowledge it on return to Bombay. Kishore was also instructed to see that various Baba lovers (named) in Bombay read that letter, and acknowledged that they had done so. He was also directed to tell all concerned of Pleader's stay in Meherazad and Meherabad, what Pleader had said before he died and of Baba's visit to Meherabad on that day. This was to clear all doubts in the minds of Bombay Baba lovers about the fulfillment of Baba's promise to Pleader.

JAI AVATAR MEHER BABA

**TO SERVE THE GOD-MAN, WHO SERVES
ALL, IS SERVING THE UNIVERSE**

Serve Him who serves the whole universe.
Obey Him who commands the whole creation.
Love Him who is Love itself.
Follow Him in every walk of life.

- Meher Baba

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**3. THE STORY OF KRISHNA NAIR
WITH MEHER BABA**

- Anna Khandale

Krishna K. Nair came to Meherabad in 1983 and rendered his services in Hostel-D, kitchen. So I used to sit with him daily in the night and he would narrate his wonderful experiences with Beloved Baba, for which I had taken the notes. I had already published these stories in my Hindi Book "Maja Meher Ke Saath Me"

Krishna Nair had the privilege to serve the God-man Meher Baba, as night-watchman for many years. Beloved Baba gave him amazing and wonderful experiences which are definitely of help to Baba lovers in strengthening their faith and love for Baba. .

I have, therefore, written these experiences in his own words. He was however, not sure about the precise dates/year in respect of certain incidents. I have therefore taken the help of Lord Meher Volumes, written by Bhauji Kalchuri, for correct dates/year of those incidents.

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I HAVE SEEN HUMAN SIDE OF GOD

(As narrated by Krishna Nair in his own language)

I hail from a village Kallur in Palghat district, Kerala (India). My father died when I was studying in sixth standard. After that I started living with my maternal uncle. I had no interest in studies. One day, when I was in the ninth standard, my school teacher told my uncle that I had failed in my examination (even before the announcement of the results). My uncle whacked me severely with a stick till I was bruised and bleeding. I was so upset that I decided to leave the home. I secretly took three hundred rupees from the purse of my mother (without telling her) and went to Bangalore with my friend Damodar and stayed there in one Rajet Bhavan hotel.

Within four months I spent away all the money I had with me. Thereafter I approached the owner of the hotel who, after hearing my story, permitted me to work in his hotel on a monthly salary.

One day a German Opal car stopped near the hotel and four gentlemen got down. They entered the hotel and ordered coffee. I later learned that they were the disciples of Avatar Meher Baba. One of them was Baba's brother Jal while others were Adi K. Irani and Dr. Donkin. When Jal saw me he enquired "Will you come with us? We will give you a good job and also a good salary." I said "No". Next day they came again. Jal wanted me to accompany them because Baba, as they said, had asked them to bring me. I declined again and did not go with them. Jal came again on the third day and coaxed me ultimately to go with them.

In those days Baba was staying in 'Link's bungalow' at Bangalore. Jal took me to Baba. Baba said to Jal "Tell him not to be scared. He has a connection with me since so many previous births. He should, therefore, stay with me."

"No, Baba. I cannot say 'yes' without consulting my hotel owner, who has given me a shelter since last 2-3 months", I replied. Baba agreed to my proposal. I went back and talked about this development to my hotel owner. He cautioned me saying that these persons appeared to be rich persons of Mumbai and one must be quite careful. But he left the final decision on me.

Thus, in this way, on 19th October 1939, I joined the God - **Meher Baba**.

Baba enquired in detail about my family. He told me that he would be sending thirty rupees per month to my mother. Baba continued to send this amount of money till her death. In this way my life started with my Beloved Baba. I found that Baba's heart was soft like butter but from outside he appeared as hard as steel. It took years for me to understand Him that too to some extent, **Baba is an Ocean of Mercy**. I have experienced both the divinity and humaneness of Baba.

CHATTI BABA

Beloved Meher Baba was at Meherabad during the month of June 1940 and was in seclusion on Meherabad Hill. As per Baba's orders I brought Chatti Baba a strong, stout and tall mast from Bangalore. As I was a native of South India I was conversant with local languages of South India and that helped me a lot to bring Chatti Baba to Meherabad. There was a 'Mast Ashram' on Meherabad Hill and Baba would work with the masts - Chatti Baba, Fulwala Baba, Shariat Khan, Mohammed, Ramashish and others.

I was Chatti Baba's attendant for several weeks. One day Chatti Baba told me that the people of Europe were undergoing terrible suffering. Baba would bathe Chatti Baba with as many as one hundred and fifty to two hundred buckets of water everyday. This bath with bucket after bucket of water would take hours. Just after his bath, Chatti Baba had a peculiar habit of squatting on the ground and scooping handful after handful of loose earth and pouring it over his head. As per Baba's instructions, I used to keep fifteen buckets of earth ready everyday to facilitate Chatti Baba's need. It was while he was pouring earth over his head, one day Chatti Baba poignantly remarked to me, "There will be much of suffering and privation in the world, and number of people will die of starvation but Baba will finally assuage the suffering of the world."

Chatti Baba grew more and more restless. On the night of June 5th, he suddenly rushed into Baba's room roaring out - "Wake up! Wake up!" The next morning he cleaned his room by himself which he had never done before.

Again on the afternoon of June 6th, he entered Baba's room and said, "If not Mysore, I am going back to my village."

On the night of 9th June, he became suddenly violent, noisily leaving his small room, and went directly to Baba's room. He told Baba, "My house has been utterly destroyed! It is on fire! I have come to you for shelter!" He retired in Baba's room during the night and kept on talking feverishly to Baba for a few hours.

Next day Baba explained -

"Chatti Baba has a spiritual connection with France. He was overwrought with despair because of the cataclysm that is occurring in France these days. If Italy joins the war, there will be world war! There will be utter destruction and chaos - just as I want. Then people will feel the hollowness, the emptiness of it all, and turn to God."

DESIRE FOR NOTHING BUT DESIRELESSNESS. HOPE FOR NOTHING EXCEPT TO RISE ABOVE ALL HOPES. WANT NOTHING AND YOU WILL HAVE EVERYTHING. - MEHER BABA

YOU HAVE FALLEN INTO A DITCH

Along with me four more boys were with Baba. One day Baba called us all and asked each one of us, "What do you want? What do you want to do in your life?"

Raju said, "I want to go into business." Kalappa replied, "I want to deal in cooking oil."

Amdoo said, "I would like to drive a 'tonga' (a horse-cart) and earn from that."

Venkoba Rao said, "I want to be a farmer."

Baba said to all, "Granted!" I alone replied, "I want you Baba!" Baba looked at me and gestured, "I will give you God!" But after that Baba smilingly remarked to me, "You have fallen into a ditch! Now you will be in trouble."

Baba kept me and Venkoba Rao in Meherabad and sent other three boys back home, after making arrangements for them, according to their wishes.

I FELL INTO THE PIT

At Meherabad there was a large pit to dump the excreta collected from the 'mast' toilets. One day it rained heavily and the

pit got fully filled with water. Papa Jessawala asked me to empty the pit with the help of a bucket. But while doing this work I slipped and accidentally fell into the pit. I shouted for help from the mandali. Venkoba came to my rescue and pulled me out. Baba came by and saw me covered with the filth. Baba asked me as to why I was cleaning the pit. I pointed out to Papa. Baba was quite upset with Papa. Baba then asked me to bathe sixteen times. He handed me sixteen small stones, to count, so that I would not make a mistake. After bathing I told Baba, that my skin has gone dry and taut. Baba gave me some oil from women's room to be applied on my body. Baba asked me, "Did you feel bad while cleaning the pit?" I replied, "Not at all, Baba."

Then Baba spelled out, "You yourself are full of unclean matter. Do you realize that? Why do you live in such filth? Don't you feel dirty? Start feeling unclean because of the filth of the desires that covers you from head to toe, and begin to clean it as you have cleaned the pit today."

RADIANCE OF HUNDRED SUNS

It so happened that in the month of August 1940, Baba was working with the masts on Meherabad hill at the compound where Golu and Jaloo, Kaikobad's daughters, are now living. The compound includes Baba's cage-room. One can see a small window of the cage-room through which Baba would communicate and one could see Baba's fingers moving on the alphabet board. Those were His cage-room seclusion days and nobody was allowed to see Him. I was on watch duty. I would also bring the meals for Baba, leave the food tray on the floor of the cage-room, and would go away without seeing Him. A bell to be used as a call bell was kept hanging in front of the cage-room because nobody was allowed to see Baba as He was there in strict seclusion. After meals Baba would go inside the cage and would pull a rope to ring the bell and I would know that He had finished His meal. Before entering the compound I would also ring the bell so that Baba would retire inside.

One afternoon at about 2 p.m. I was on watch duty and was sitting outside the compound gate on a chair silently. At that time I heard the bell ring. I wondered as to why I was being called at such an unusual time. No sooner I entered the gate **I saw Baba standing**

near the bath-room and a blazing light stronger than a hundred suns emanating from His body. I was so overwhelmed by its brightness that I lost consciousness and fell on a chair which was kept there in the compound. Baba hurried over to me and grabbed my left bicep so forcefully that it damaged the muscle permanently. The enormous pain brought me back to consciousness. Baba angrily asked, "What prompted you to come inside? Do you want to get burnt? Do you want to die? Do you want to be blinded?"

"Baba; I heard the bell ringing", I said. "Who rang the bell?" Baba asked.

"I don't know Baba!"

In fact the bell was not rung but it was a mystery, how did I hear it?

Then after five minutes, Baba caressed my face and told me not to worry. He also told me, "I forgive you. What has happened has happened. Forget it."

On that very day I was on night watch duty at about 8 p.m. Baba asked me to press His legs as He was feeling pain. Usually I would press Baba's legs with both the hands, but on that day I was using only one hand as my left hand was powerless due to the damaged muscle. Baba asked, "Why are you not pressing the legs properly? What happened to you today?" Then I explained that my left hand has become powerless. Baba gestured to me to remind Him about this tomorrow in the Mandali Hall.

Next day I went to lower Meherabad Mandali Hall with Baba. As per Baba's instructions I narrated the whole story about breaking of my bicep muscle. At that time Dr. Nilu, Dr. Donkin and one other medical doctor from Mumbai were also present. As per Baba's orders they examined my hand and told "Bicep is so strong that it cannot be torn and once it is torn it cannot be repaired." Baba gestured, "You all are barbers."

I came back with Baba at upper Meherabad. That day also Baba asked me to press His legs and the same story of my inability was repeated. He got annoyed with me and motioned, "You are eating like a pig, but not doing any work. You are useful for nothing." "But Baba what should I do? My left hand has become totally useless," I explained.

"O.K. Show me," Baba gestured. Then Baba very lovingly caressed my injured muscle and motioned not to worry as nothing

had happened to my hand. He instructed me to continue pressing His legs. On that day I felt quite relieved and there was a gradual improvement in the condition of my hand. Although it never became normal as before, but there was a lot of improvement in it.

My damaged muscle always reminds me of Baba and I take it as a gift from my Beloved.

JOURNEY TO CEYLON

Meher Baba went to Ceylon on 3rd November, 1940 with a few men mandali. Chatti Baba and women mandali were also taken to Ceylon. A bungalow was hired in Kandy Hill area and Baba contacted some masts in Ceylon. I used to attend to Chatti Baba during day time while at night I had to do watch duty for Baba. Baba used to give bath to Chatti Baba daily but on 11th November it was Chatti Baba who gave bath to Meher Baba by pouring a pail of water over Baba. Chatti Baba was very happy and was laughing and laughing while Baba allowed him to pour ten to twelve more buckets over Him.

On November 17th, Chatti Baba's mood changed and he threw his food along with dishes out of the window. He kept on repeating, "I am a child. I am hungry!" Mandali men tried to feed him but he tossed away the food plates. He asked for two buckets of water and spilled them in the room and sat there.

Baba worked with him on that day. Chatti Baba felt very happy and kept on laughing all the time.

My main duty was to keep night watch for Baba. I had to sit outside His room and was not allowed to move while on watch duty. I had to sit like a statue.

On 29th November, when Baba left Chatti Baba's hut, Chatti Baba got so upset that he smashed the glass panes of the door with his fists. Baba came back to see him, and this time when Baba left, the mast was quite happy.

This was the time when England was being heavily bombed by the Germans and Baba said that the mast's outburst was related to this attack.

At midnight, one night, Chatti Baba began screaming and crying loudly. He threw buckets and chairs across the room and tore

up his bed sheets. The noise disturbed the men but Baba was snoring.

I thought, "What type of God is He? How He could be All-Knowing?" After some time Baba woke up and asked, "What were you thinking?"

"I was wondering whether you are really All-Knowing God or what?"

"What made you think so?"

"Every night I do night watch duty sitting like a statue. A little shift in my position, even the rustling sound of my clothes disturbs your sleep. Today this great mast was shouting at the top of his voice and throwing things here and there but you were enjoying sound sleep as if nothing had happened." Baba gestured, "Keep quiet."

Again Baba fell asleep, but soon He rose and asked, "What are you thinking now? What do you want to know?"

"Baba, I do not understand the reason for Chatti Baba's outburst?" Baba explained, "In Ceylon there will be a civil war after many years. I have done this work through this mast. I have specially brought him to Ceylon for that very purpose. I have taken rest while he was working."

Civil war between Tamil Tigers, separatists and the Sinhalese-dominated Government did break out in the late 1980s, as foretold by Baba. Ceylon, now Sri Lanka, is still under civil war and thousands have been killed.

TIGER IN JAIPUR

I was with Baba in Jaipur in the month of December 1940. One old man would come quite often and warn off the men mandali about a prowling tiger that had killed men and animals at such and such a place. Once I told this to Baba, and Baba directed me to ask Chatti Baba about it. I broke the news to Chatti Baba and he said, "Everyone will be butchered to pieces." I think he was referring to the Second World War but he did not elaborate.

CHATTI BABA'S PECULIAR HABIT

Baba was in Quetta for about a month during March 1941. Chatti Baba was also there, who would roam about all night amidst the inclement cold weather. He remained amazingly healthy, and on top of it, continued his daily bath of one hundred buckets full of ice-cold water!

One day Baba asked me to go and ask Chatti Baba whether he wanted a bath. I did so and at first he laughed, but then agreed. Baba gave him bath. During the bath Baba gestured to me to ask Chatti Baba whether he felt cold - I asked him and he replied, "Cold? I'm on fire. I am burning up!"

I felt puzzled and asked, "You took bath with icy-cold water and yet you say that you are burning!"

Chatti Baba looked at Baba and said, "This fire is burning me."

Baba used to give bath at 6 a.m. every morning to Chatti Baba. My duty was to prepare omelet and 'Kanji' (cream of wheat) for him. Chatti Baba used to take breakfast immediately after his bath.

One day Baba ordered me to keep the hot water ready, but incidentally I was late by about ten minutes on that day. Baba became very upset and was very angry with me. Baba complained to the men mandali that I was eating and sleeping like a pig and doing nothing.

Baba called Gustadji and gestured to him, "I am now so upset with Krishna, I cannot forgive him. You'd better forgive him."

"If you cannot forgive him Baba then how could I?" Gustadji replied with gestures as he was also observing silence.

Baba scolded me, "Why are you always careless? I am paying you ten rupees per month, besides feeding you and sending money to your mother. But you are not attending to your duties properly. Since you are accepting wages, you must work faithfully and honestly." I snapped back, "Do you think, I am staying with you for the sake of wages that are paid to me?"

"Then why do you take money from me? But be warned, that doing my work without any compensation, like the mandali, would still be more troublesome. It requires exactitude. Only the one whose head is ever-bowed at my feet can work like that. You are useless, hopeless and good for nothing. It is better you leave," Baba said.

"If You really think that I am here for money, then I am leaving."

"Where will you go?" Baba asked.

"Anywhere in the country where I can find some work"

"Had you any love for Me, you wouldn't be talking like that," Baba remarked and left. I felt shaken and decided to leave. Chatti Baba began laughing loudly when I started moving toward the door.

I asked the mast as to why he was laughing.

"Where are you going?" Chatti Baba asked. I replied tensely, "I must be going somewhere! What difference does it make to you?"

Hearing this Chatti Baba laughed and said, "Go anywhere in the world but wherever you will go, He will be there. **There is no place where He is not.**"

Ignoring the mast I opened the door to go, but I saw Baba standing there. I told Baba that I am leaving. Baba replied, "Fine, but before going, do one thing. Give Chatti Baba his breakfast."

By the time the mast finished eating, my temper had cooled.

Baba said, "Now you can go."

"But Baba, now I would like to stay," I replied.

Echoing Chatti Baba's words Baba gestured, "Go anywhere, but I will always be with you. I am in you, here, there and everywhere."

EXHAUSTING TASK

Baba was at Dharwar during November 1941. Baba and women mandali were staying at a spacious bungalow, but there was acute scarcity of water. Myself, Venkoba Rao and Kashinath (a paid servant) were entrusted the duty of bringing water from the well, but Venkoba and Kashinath were busy with other duties also, so the task usually fell on me to bring sufficient water from the deep well for forty women. It was an exhausting task indeed but I did it.

"Be angry with none but your own weakness. Hate none but your own lustful self. Be greedy to own more and more wealth of tolerance and justice."

"To gulp down anger is the most courageous act one can perform. To fulfill my wish you have to burn up your desires. It is real bravery to control our temper, and sheer weakness to be swayed by it."

- Meher Baba

BABA'S SCOLDING

Once while in Dharwar, I was fifteen minutes late in bringing water, as I was feeling drowsy and had overslept. No sooner I came, Baba, who was waiting there, started scolding - "I don't want to see your dirty face ever again. How many times have I told you to be honest and regular in your duty, but you don't pay the slightest attention to my words. You are like a stone. Howsoever much one

may water the seeds on a stone, it is of no use."

On another occasion, Baba went for an outing with the women mandali. He had directed me to be on watch at the gate until His return, and not to enter the women's bungalow. At that time there were four maid servants in the bungalow. It so happened that a snake was seen in the bungalow and one maid servant called me in to kill the snake, but I refused to enter the house. When Baba returned one of the maid servants complained against me to Baba and Baba asked me, why did I not kill the snake?

I replied, "Baba your order was not to leave the gate and enter the house."

Baba then asked, "Had there been a fire in the house, would you have gone?"

"No."

Baba corrected me, saying "I would have been very pleased had you followed the order in this way. However, you did not obey for the sake of obeying me. On the contrary, you were irritated by my order not to leave the gate. That is why, although outwardly, you obeyed, but in reality you did not obey me and have instead given vent to your anger. It was on account of your being in such a bad mood that the snake came. Now if you want to please me, find the snake and kill it."

I was fortunate to locate the snake after about 45 minutes search. I found the snake crawling out of a window. I called on Baba and told Him about that but by that time the snake had disappeared and Baba indicated to let it go. This was quite unusual because Baba's standing order to the mandali was that, whenever a snake was seen, it was to be killed. I killed one hundred one snakes during the years I stayed with Baba.

Once we were in Dharwar and one day I encountered a cobra near the bungalow. As there was no stick with me I threw a stone and struck it. The snake, however, escaped though wounded. When I was keeping watch by Baba's side that night, Baba asked why I looked so worried. I told Him about the wounded snake and Baba inquired, "Was it a cobra?" I said it was and Baba said, "Then it must be killed, otherwise it will come back and bite you. Are you afraid?" I replied, "No Baba." That day I was on a night watch duty. At the end of my

duty at 5 a.m. Baba told me to go back and rest, but warned repeatedly, "Be sure to tuck your mosquito net inside your bedding without leaving a gap." My bed was outside under a mango tree. Soon after lying down, I heard the rustling of leaves and I saw the same wounded cobra crawling stealthily toward me. I shouted to Nilu and Vishnu to bring a stick. Because of the tight mosquito netting around my bed, the cobra could not enter and I managed to kill it with the stick. Baba's warning had saved my life. Next day Baba asked me whether it was the same cobra. I replied, "Yes, Baba."

VENKOBA AND POISONOUS SNAKE

During October 1942, Baba was at Lonavla, a place near Pune. Venkoba Rao and myself were on watch duty. I had to keep watch inside and outside Baba's room. Venkoba was in women's compound, but he would sometimes doze for a while during his night duty, despite Baba's warnings. One night Baba sent me to find whether Venkoba was awake or dozing. Reaching there I was horrified to see that Venkoba was in sound sleep and a poisonous snake was right next to him ready to strike.

I struck the snake with a stick. This awoke Venkoba who jumped to his feet. At that very time I heard Baba's clap. Baba asked me about the noise. I explained the situation to Baba, who then called Venkoba and scolded him, "If you fall asleep again, you will be bitten by a snake. I won't save you next time."

TWO MEHER BABA

At Lonavla, one night, when I was sitting on watch duty inside Baba's room, at eleven-thirty Baba ordered me to sit outside and take a round every half an hour. After some time I spotted a large cobra. I killed it, but while killing some noise was made and Baba clapped. I brought the dead snake to Baba and Baba complimented me, "You have done well. The snake will now jump three forms."

After five minutes Baba called me again and motioned - "Talk about something." Taken aback, I did not know what to say. Baba then asked me - "Who am I?"

"Meher Baba," I replied.

"No. I mean previously" - Baba.

"I don't know"

Baba spelt on the board - "MERWAN. I was Merwan. After that I became Sadguru Meher Baba. After that Avatar Meher Baba. There are actually two Meher Baba."

"How is it possible? You are sitting here right in front of me. I am seeing only one Meher Baba, not two" I asked.

"No there are two Meher Baba" - Baba insisted.

"But Baba I have not seen the other one anywhere" - I said.

Baba then asked me to look at the wall with concentration and describe Him what I see there. It was a typical plastered and whitewashed wall.

"Look at the wall and tell me what you see," Baba instructed. I looked but saw nothing.

"I can't make out anything Baba," I said.

"Open your mind and look."

"It's just a wall, Baba. I am unable to see anything."

Baba came and grabbed a lock of my hair, twisted it, and said, "Now see!" Then I saw on the wall an exact replica of Baba's form. The image lasted only a few seconds. Baba asked - "Did you see it?"

"Yes, Baba" -

Baba then explained to me, "There are two Meher Baba. When I take physical form, it is my reflection that descends. That is the Avatar. I do not really come. I am the Beyond-Beyond God."

"When I was Krishna it was really my reflection. I am not that. I am the Beyond-Beyond God."

I asked, "But Baba previously you had taken birth for the Hindus as Ram and Krishna, then for the Christians as Jesus Christ, after that as Muhammad. Now you have come as Zoroastrian. Have you come only for the Parsis?"

"No. Now I am for all. This time I am the One for all, with only one teaching. **What is that teaching? Love me! No prayer. No meditation; only love me.**"

"But we must have something to remember You by."

"You have me in the body"

"And after that? After You drop Your body?" I enquired.

"That is why I say only love me. Loving me is the prayer. Each and everything, from top to bottom is contained in that prayer. **Only love me. This prayer is enough for you.**"

MYSTERY OF A TIGER

Beloved Baba was at Mahabaleshwar during March 1943 and residing at Valley View bungalow. Myself and Venkoba Rao were on watch duty. One night a tiger came near the bungalow. I was frightened, but did not move from my position. The tiger was staring at me and I was staring at the tiger. The tiger roared menacingly. I had a rifle with me. When I was about to take aim I heard Baba's clap, but instead of going inside I continued to stare at the tiger. At that time Baba came out and saw the tiger staring at me. When Baba came there the tiger jumped off the compound and then Baba motioned, "Now shoot." I fired in the direction taken by the tiger, but the bullet got lodged in the trunk of a tree. Baba asked me, "Why didn't you come when I clapped? Were you scared?" I admitted that I was.

"Don't ever be. The tiger won't have devoured you. Then why were you afraid?"

Teasing me Baba gestured, "My burden would have been lessened had he eaten you."

After this incident, Baba instructed me to sit in their hired bus during my watch. I was not supposed to bring the rifle or the long stick, whenever I had to sit inside Baba's room.

I KILLED THE MAD DOG

In 1943 Baba was in Lahore, a place now in Pakistan; for some time, a black dog would visit Baba's bungalow and Baba would feed the dog daily.

On the morning of October 1st the dog went mad and bit Margaret who had to undergo the painful rabies treatment of injections. On that day I was resting after my night duty. At about 7 a.m. Baba called me. He was standing with Margaret. The dog was lying nearby. Baba pointed to the dog and ordered, "Take this dog away."

It was a difficult and scary task for me to capture the dog as it had already bitten Margaret. I devised a bamboo trap and quietly approached the dog. I held its neck with the bamboo trap and tied a rope around very cautiously.

Baba ordered, "Take the dog twenty miles away from here."

I hesitantly replied, "That is not possible Baba, the dog is mad."

"It is my order," - Baba said.

I expressed my inability to transport the dog so far. Baba looked disappointed and then dictated, "O.K., take it 11 miles and be certain to count the miles carefully." Baba went inside without giving me a chance to protest further.

I got on the bike and used a rope to pull it at the same time using a bamboo stick to keep it at a safe distance. I led the dog away. It was an arduous task. Using small pebbles I kept a count of the miles traversed. It took me five hours to bicycle 11 miles. There was a small pond of water and I took the dog near the water to give a final drink before letting it go. As soon as the dog touched the water it died. I thought if the dog was to die why was it moved 11 miles away from Lahore? Why go to all this trouble of dragging it for so many miles? I felt tired and perplexed.

I returned to the bungalow leaving the carcass behind. It was almost two in the afternoon. Dr. Nilu was waiting for me and told me that Baba wanted to see me immediately. By now Baba had walked the entire length of verandah to reach me. "Did you leave the dog?" He asked.

"Yes Baba, but the dog died," I replied.

Baba was very happy, "And you went all 11 miles?"

I nodded, "Yes."

"Did you count 11 miles with the stones?"

I nodded "Yes."

Baba smiled, gesturing - "I am very happy. You have done a good job. Now go and have lunch."

I asked, "Baba what is this? Why did you want me to take that dog eleven miles away?"

Baba gave me a soft kick and twisted my hair "Get out and go! Get out of my sight!" I, however, stopped outside the gate and stood there. Baba asked me why I was still there?

"What was the reason Baba? Tell me please. First You told me to go twenty miles, then changed it to eleven miles. After I took the dog all that way, it died there. If You wanted him dead, I could have killed him here in five minutes. Why did You make me go to all that trouble? What difference did it make where that dog dies? What work were You doing?"

Baba then called me in and asked me to take a stick and draw

a line on the ground. Erasing the line with His foot, Baba asked me draw another line. Then Baba revealed, "In the future, India will be divided into two countries - India and Pakistan. This will be the boundary line between the two." I recalled Baba's words four years later at the time of India's partition when a dispute arose over the exact boundary line whether it was to be 11 miles or 20 miles from a certain point.

STORY OF AMIR

Amir Amin Sayyed was a sweeper's son and Baba brought him from Ahmednagar to Lahore. His sister was working for the women and she had requested Baba to take care of her brother. Baba kept this poor fifteen-year old boy in royal style and I was assigned the duty of serving him. Baba appeared to be very fond of Amir and pampered him a lot. At 5 p.m. if Amir would say it was five in the morning, Baba would say he was correct.

Every Saturday and Sunday I had to escort the boy six miles away for the movies. I had to purchase the ticket for him, but I was not allowed to go inside the movie theatre. I had to sit outside like a servant, waiting for the boy to come out. One day as we were returning after the movie, a truck passed by and raised a cloud of dust that settled on Amir's fine clothing and got into his eyes.

The boy shouted at me, "It's so dusty here, why are you taking me on this dirty road?"

I replied, "But this is the only way to the theatre. There is no other route."

Amir shouted abuses at me until I could bear no more. I retorted angrily, "You bloody little bastard, if I weren't with Baba, I would have cut you into tiny pieces and thrown into the garbage pit. Is it my mistake that a truck passed by and raised the dust? How could I have prevented it?"

Amir went straight to Baba and began to cry. He complained bitterly about me. Baba immediately sent for me and asked, "Why did you take the boy via such a bad road?" I retorted, "Baba he was shouting and abusing me on the road. Am I to build his little highness a special highway?" For the first time, Baba slapped me. Enfolding Amir in His arms He directed him to go to his room.

AMIR IS REAL AMIR

When Amir left, Baba asked me, "What are you thinking?"

"Baba, I am wondering why you did that? I was not at fault. I did not commit any mistake and still you struck me?"

"You hate him because you are a Brahmin and he is a sweeper. To banish this hate from your heart, I have purposely given you this work of serving him. You should be thankful to Amir for helping to eradicate this deep rooted prejudice from your heart. You hate him and you also envy him. He does not hate or envy you. This shows that Amir is a true amir or wealthy man, while you are a pauper."

"Then why is he so demanding?" I asked.

"Were he not so fastidious, how could your hate have manifested? To bring this hate to the surface, I have given you this work. Amir has done his work well. I made him behave like that. If the poison is not taken out, one would die. Amir is benefiting you, but you have no idea of it." Baba caressed me and said, "Don't think about it any further. It was for my work. He is a Muslim and you are a Hindu. There is some work I had to do through both of you. By thrashing you, I did some important work. Now forget all about it."

BABA'S WARNING

Recollecting Baba's Lahore days, Baba once warned me that during the night watch, while I took the rounds of the bungalow, I should be extra careful and always carry a stick and a flashlight. Baba repeated this warning three times and I was puzzled at this repeated emphasis. When Baba saw me at night He again reminded me about those instructions. I knew by experience that whenever Baba repeated an instruction it had a deep meaning. I was, therefore, most careful that night but nothing happened.

Feeling a bit relaxed, I thought that Baba had repeated His instructions only to frighten me and to see how I react! The next night also, when I was with Baba, He once again repeated those instructions. Somewhat irritated, I said. "Baba, You have already told me about that. No need to repeat that again, Baba."

Baba scolded and said, "There is a reason, otherwise why would I waste my breath? Now repeat it to me three times."

So, I repeated three times: "I will be cautious and when doing the rounds I will always carry a stick and a torch with me. I will be cautious, I will be cautious and I will be cautious."

Despite all this, I failed to take Baba's warning seriously. One night when I was taking a round outside I spotted a large black cobra. I picked up sand and threw it toward the snake, making it turn and dash for me. Whereupon, I struck the snake with the stick and killed it. The noise made Baba step out of His room. He inquired, "What happened? Why all that noise?"

I replied, "Baba, I encountered a huge black cobra and killed it." Baba did not say anything. Now I understood, why did Baba repeatedly warn me.

IF CHANJI COMES, YOU WILL HAVE TO GO

Baba wanted to go to Kashmir during the month of August 1944 for contacting the masts. Chanji, Baba's secretary, was ordered to go in advance and hire a bungalow. He was instructed by Baba not to eat boiled potatoes. Baba repeated the instruction three times and said, "And if you eat boiled potatoes, potatoes will eat you." When Baba says something repeatedly it means, something would go wrong. Chanji managed to hire a bungalow which was under construction and six miles away from Srinagar. Since it was not yet ready, Baba and mandali had to stay in Magestic Hotel for a week after their arrival in Srinagar.

Chanji was very fond of boiled potatoes. He, therefore, took the order lightly. When Baba arrived in Srinagar He happened to enter Chanji's room and on seeing potato peelings on the floor He got upset and scolded Chanji sharply. Soon after this Chanji fell sick and down with fever. Chanji's condition grew noticeably worse and his ailment was finally diagnosed as Typhoid. He was admitted to Kashmir Nursing Home on August 20th, as per Baba's orders, where Dr. Daulat Singh looked after him.

On August 24th Mahila Mandali were to be shifted to the new bungalow in Nishat area. Before proceeding to Nishat Baba instructed me to follow in the truck with their luggage and specifically not by bicycle. But after they had loaded everything in the truck, there was no room for the bicycle, so I cycled to Nishat and Vishnu went with the truck. At Nishat Baba scolded me, "Why did you fail to carry out my order? I told you not to ride the bicycle."

"Baba there was no room in the truck. The driver also refused to take the bicycle and I was compelled to ride it," I pleaded.

"And you call that obedience? You should have thrown the bicycle away. Do you value a bicycle more than my words? Is your bicycle greater than my orders? Why don't you obey Me?" Then in cryptic fashion Baba spelled out, "If Chanji comes, you will have to go." I did not understand and Baba spelled out, **"If Chanji improves and comes here, you will die."**

And that very night I was down with fever. Dr. Nilu and Dr. Daulat Singh began treating me. Baba went on a mast tour. My condition grew worse. Civil Surgeon was called but he also expressed that my condition was serious. A telegram was, therefore, sent to Baba and He returned from the tour.

Baba directed to give me 'Kanji' (cream of wheat). He Himself put the spoon of 'Kanji' in my mouth and at that time the telephone bell rang and the news came that Chanji had died. The Civil Surgeon was not happy on 'Kanji' being fed to me and he told Baba that 'Kanji' would harm me and I may even die. Baba gestured, "Keep quiet."

Baba put me on bed rest for ten days and my health gradually improved. After ten days Baba asked me humorously, "Are you still alive?" and all had a hearty laugh.

Despite the best possible treatment Chanji did not improve but died on Friday Aug 25th 1944, at 5.30 a.m. with Baba's name on his lips. He shut his eyes forever to the world, and opened them to see his Divine Beloved in His Real Splendor.

Chanji always used to say, "When I die, I wish it should be in Kashmir - it's so lovely there." Baba had fulfilled his wish and Baba's own words uttered in June of the year were also fulfilled.

Baba Himself attended Chanji's funeral in the Parsi Cemetery and strewed flowers over his last remains. Thereafter a headstone was raised and Chanji was finally given a rest after twenty hectic years in the service of his Lord.

After burying Chanji, Baba left Srinagar immediately for Nishat, and instructed Vishnu to inform Adi Sr. and Chanji's family about his demise. Baba dictated this cable:

'Chanji has come to me forever. He has joined me Eternally and no one should worry.'
- Meher Baba

Habibulla Beg readily agreed to take telegram from Nishat to Srinagar and Vishnu paid him one hundred rupees for expenses. Beg,

having spent ten rupees only, gave back the balance of ninety rupees to Vishnu, the next day. Baba gestured him to keep it. Beg asked, "Why should I keep so much of money when I have spent only ten rupees?" Baba replied, "You have done a very important work of mine. Ninety rupees are no compensation for such an important work. Have some clothes made with the amount."

REPEAT SATCHTTANAND PARAMANAND

Beloved Baba was at Pasarni (India) during December, 1945 and I was there with Him along with other Mandali. One day, while out on a walk, I eyed a young lady and began having undesirable thoughts. I tried my level best to get rid of those thoughts but could not. When I went to Baba for night watch, He asked me what was wrong with me. I told Him about the incident and the undesirable thoughts still persisting. Then Baba went to the Mahila Mandali and brought a slip of paper on which were written the words -

Satchitanand Paramanand, Meher Baba Vidyanand.

('Omnipresent, Omniscient & Omnipotent Giver of Supreme Bliss,
Meher Baba Giver of Bliss of Self-knowledge')

Baba asked me to repeat these words for fifteen minutes a day for seven days from that day. Baba also stood before me and to give the tune and the beat, clapped as I sang the verse. He Himself put me in the room and closed the door. Baba came after fifteen minutes and asked how I felt. I told Baba that the thoughts have now ceased and Baba caressed my face and assured me not to worry.

GHOST YOGI

During the month of February 1946, Beloved Baba was at Meherazad. I used to be on night watch duty in Baba's room. During this period a strange and mysterious thing happened. A spirit used to enter the room, despite the fact that all the doors and windows were tightly closed. I would see a shadow entering into the room from the closed door. The apparition was that of an old man with slightly reddish eyes, a white beard and no legs. He was wearing a white 'Kafni' or robe with a white cloth tied around his head. He had a dignified and attractive appearance and therefore I was not afraid of him. But whenever he appeared, I felt that all my strength had drained off. I couldn't move. The spirit would approach Baba's bed. As soon

as he came near Baba's feet, Baba would snap His fingers and the spirit would then disappear. I didn't say anything to Baba and Baba also did not say anything. Every night the same thing happened, the spirit would suddenly appear and I would feel immobilized and weak. After a few days, I complained to Baba that the spirit was taking away my strength and I am feeling weak and run down.

"What he will do? He is not going to devour you? Why are you afraid of him?" Baba said.

There was a small cottage of Shri Ratanshah Gyara, hardly half a mile away from Meherazad Ashram. Baba decided to shift there. As per Baba's instructions Kaka Baria was to relieve me at 4 a.m. daily. For a few days things seemed to be going on well when, one night at about two o'clock, some one knocked on Kaka's door and said, "Kaka wake up! It's four o'clock." Kaka sprang out of bed, frightened that he would be late and ran from Meherazad to Gyara's cottage. He flashed the torch against the window to indicate his arrival. I came out and asked, "Kaka, why have you come so early?" "Early," Kaka said,, "What's the time? Why did you wake me up?"

"It is 2 a.m. I did not wake you up. I've been here with Baba all the time. How could I have gone to your room and left Baba alone?" I answered. Kaka returned puzzled. The next night the same thing happened. After three or four days of being awakened early, Kaka also saw the apparition. He told Baba that he could no longer do his duty, because the spirit kept on waking him up.

The next day Baba shifted back to Meherazad. At midnight the spirit appeared. Baba Himself got up, opened the door and went out, with strict instructions to me, not to come out. At 12.15 a.m. He came back. He was sweating profusely. I dried His body with a towel. He then washed His face and went to sleep. From that day on, the spirit never returned.

On the third day I asked Baba, "I have not seen that spirit lately. Why hasn't he come?"

"The work is finished," Baba motioned.

"What work, Baba?" -

"Remind me tomorrow in the hall when mandali is present."

I reminded Baba, the next day morning. Baba spelled out to the mandali, "Ask Krishna what was going on every day."

I related the whole story of the spirit. Baba explained, "The spirit was a powerful yogi. But due to some reason he committed suicide and had to lead the disembodied existence of a ghost. He had the power to destroy the whole world within a second. He was that powerful."

"He wanted to be freed, but I was avoiding him. He was coming to me for that purpose. Four days ago I relieved him from that state and gave him a human body. Now he won't come again."

Hearing this, I asked, "Baba look at me. How weak and pale I've become. Why didn't you relieve him the very first day? Why did you let him cause so much trouble?"

Baba smiled and said, "His time had not come. When the time came I gave him the body."

(Baba once explained - When one commits suicide, he or she has to spend the remaining gross sanskaras with the help of his astral body. As the sanskaras are gross such spirits desperately try to come in the contact of a gross-body medium. It takes hundreds of years to spend such sanskaras by these suspended disembodied spirits before they can get a human form. However the perfect Master or the Avatar can relieve them from their suspended disembodied existence by giving them human birth.)

MY BLOOD ON THE WALL

I do not remember the year but Baba was at Meherazad and I was doing night watch duty. Baba's strict orders were that there should not be any slightest movement on the part of the person on watch-duty. Thus one has to sit on a chair like a statue until the time he is called by Baba.

It so happened, that one day when I was on night watch duty Baba did not clap to call me in for a long time and I had to remain seated in one position, consequently mosquitoes were enjoying feast of my blood to their hearts' content. I was helplessly watching the mosquitoes sucking my blood. Those who sucked my blood became fat and because of drowsiness they sat on the wall. When Baba went to the bath-room, I spanked the drowsy mosquitoes on the wall and killed more than forty. The wall became patchy with the spots of blood. I left the place in the morning when my duty was over.

After some time sister Manija, Meheramai and other Mahila

Mandali came to visit Baba. They were surprised to see the patches of blood on the wall and told Baba about it. Baba sent for me. I explained to Baba that it was my blood and how I killed the mosquitoes. The incident made Baba very happy and He 'praised' my 'valour'.

Let Nothing shake your faith in me.

And all your bindings will be shaken off. - Meher Baba

STAY AT NIRANJANPUR

During the month of May 1946, Baba was at Niranjapur near Dehradun. I was doing night watch duty. The standing order to all the mandali was not to make the slightest noise while keeping watch. To fulfill this duty, one had to become like a statue. Mosquitoes, which were widespread in Niranjapur, used to pester me incessantly. One night, when I could not bear their persistent attacks I carefully, without making any noise, slapped and smashed particularly those mosquitoes which appeared to have developed a special liking for my cheeks. It was however enough to disturb Baba who became upset with me. He found an excuse to severely take me to task and started scolding me for half an hour.

I thought, "How Baba can be God? No one who calls Himself the embodiment of Divine Love could get so upset over such a trivial mistake. **Is He God or the Devil?"**

After an hour, Baba asked -

"What are you thinking?"

"Nothing Baba," I replied.

"Tell Me the truth." - Baba insisted.

"I was wondering whether you are God or the Devil," I admitted.

Baba just smiled and said, "Tomorrow you have to come with me. I am going to Haridwar. And listen carefully. Rano will give you tea and breakfast at five in the morning. After breakfast, bring a tonga and we will go to Haridwar,"

After my watch duty was over at 4 a.m., I took a bath and then went out in search of a tonga. Rano therefore could not find me for breakfast and she reported the matter to Baba. By the time I came with a tonga, Baba was upset. He scolded me, "I had told you to go for the tonga after breakfast. Why did you go before?"

"Tongas are not readily available at such an early hour, Baba. I left little early so we would be sure to get one and not be delayed in departing," I explained.

"Who told you to use your brain? Just obey implicitly to what I say. What you did was not good. Never disobey my order."

I had my breakfast and took my seat in the tonga with Baba.

I was still brooding over Baba's seemingly 'devilish' tendencies. I did night watch duty up to 4 a.m. and then went out searching a tonga and Baba still wanted me to accompany Him, without taking any rest. How He can be a God. Such thoughts were in my mind.

On the way a few empty tongas passed by and Baba teasingly remarked, "And you said that tongas were unavailable. Now look how many are there!"

We reached Haridwar boarding a train and stayed in a Dharamshala. Staying inside, Baba directed me to lock the door from outside and then find out the whereabouts of Maujwala Baba. I made necessary inquiries and came back. The place was about four miles away.

Maujwala Baba used to sit in the waters of river Ganga for seven days and on the eighth day he would go back to his hut. He was available in his hut when we reached there. Baba alone worked with him. He was a tall mast, living only on water but he unexpectedly asked for "sev". Baba sent me to buy some. Luckily, I got a ride in a car and brought some for the mast from the city which was about 4 miles away.

Seeing the 'sev' - a salty snack made from chickpea flour, Maujwala snapped, "I don't want this. I want an apple! But never mind, don't worry. You eat it, I forgive you." I did not know that "sev" also meant an apple. Baba, however, checked me from eating it and on the way back He motioned me to throw the "sev" away. Probably 'sev' was a symbolic language between Baba and Maujwala.

NANGA BABA

Baba gestured to me, to ask the tonga driver if there were any masts along the way. The driver responded, "Yes, there is one Nanga Baba, just about 3 miles away. He has been standing on one foot under a tree for years. After six months he switches to the other leg."

But the tonga cannot go there as the road is too rough." Nearing the place, Baba got down and instructed me to tell the driver to wait. The driver wanted double the fare for waiting, which Baba agreed to pay.

Baba had to walk for about one and half mile. Nanga Baba was standing on one leg. The instant Nanga Baba saw Baba approaching, he folded his hands and shouted, "Lord! Welcome... Welcome! Long have I waited to see you! For years I have thirsted for you alone! Today you have come. O Lord, emancipate me!"

Nanga Baba fell at Baba's feet and began weeping. Seeing this I thought, "How stupid I am. Even while staying with God, I was thinking he was 'shaitan'. And here is this yogi suffering in his longing just to see Him."

By standing on one leg, the yogi used to pray to the Sun-God. For food, he used to take some little fruits. He had not spoken for years, but he broke his silence for the first time upon seeing Baba. When Baba was about to leave, the mast again fell at Baba's feet and begged Him, "Please relieve me of this body, there is no purpose in my living since I have now seen God."

After two clays, Baba sent me back to Haridwar to see Nanga Baba and present him with flowers and a cup of water. On reaching there I found a large crowd collected around Nanga Baba's dead body. He had dropped his body that very morning. A devotee of the yogi remarked to me that the day before, Nanga Baba had said, "My work is done; Meher Baba is Lord Vishnu and I was waiting for His darshan. Now the mission of my life is fulfilled and I am going." Nanga Baba had prayed to Baba to relieve him of his body and Baba had answered his prayer.

I bowed down to Nanga Baba, placed the flowers on his body and sprinkled the water over it.

The disciples of Nanga Baba were preparing to come to Meher Baba. But I gave them Baba's message which Baba had already told me to convey to them, that they should act according to the teachings of their master and Baba's 'Nazar' would be on them. As such there is no need to come to Baba.

I HATE THE GIRL

Baba was at Rishikesh during the month of August 1946.

During this period my marriage took place at my native place. Several years before, the following incident occurred while Baba was staying in Dehradun in 1942. I would take a walk every evening before going to Baba's room for night watch. Opposite their bungalow was a girls' school. Four girls used to watch me, and one of them asked me if she could come with me for a walk. I disliked women and would feel quite uncomfortable if they are around.

My disgust was so great that when the girl innocently asked to accompany me, I spit on her face. The girl's feelings were hurt and she complained to Baba. Baba called me and asked for my side of the story. "You have done a nasty thing", Baba reprimanded.

He directed the girl to remove her sandal and beat me with it. He ordered me to bow down to her and seek her forgiveness. When the girl left, Baba asked me why I did that.

"Baba, I do not want to touch any woman; I do not want to have any contact with any woman," I replied.

Baba spelled out "You say you do not want to have anything to do with women, but you will marry and you will have one son also."

"No, Baba, I tell you I will not marry."

"Are you challenging me?" Baba said.

"Baba, I am not challenging you, but I do not want to marry."

"But you will marry," Baba insisted. I now insisted firmly that I had resolved not to marry. "All right, then write it down," - Baba said.

Baba called Vishnu and told him to bring a quill pen. He then directed Dr. Nilu to draw blood from my forefinger. Then He ordered me, "Write in your own blood: 'I will not marry'". Baba then examined the paper and gave it to Vishnu with the instruction to keep the same with him till the time He asks for it again. During the next four years, Baba did not open the topic of my marriage.

MYSTERY OF MY MARRIAGE

Before going back to Niranjapur in July 1946, Baba had given me a month's leave to visit my mother on condition that I should obey my mother.

Baba used to send Rs. 30/- every month to my mother for her livelihood. I went home and stayed with my mother for the first time

since I came to Baba. After four or five days she began pestering me to marry. Despite my protest, she did not stop her crusade. Baba had already asked me to obey my mother and make her happy. I remembered Baba's words and sent Him a letter. A one-line telegram was received from Baba - "Obey your mother's words." My mother was extremely happy to know about Baba's wishes. She arranged my marriage and marriage ceremony was held twelve days later. The very next morning, a telegram came from Baba ordering me to return immediately to Dehradun. Everybody in the family was surprised and confused after knowing the contents of the telegram, but my wife was not upset. She asked me to obey Baba.

I met Baba in Rishikesh. As I entered the room, everyone was ordered out.

Baba asked me, "Are you married? Is your wife beautiful? Does she love you?"

"Baba I was with her for only eight hours," I said. "How do I know whether or not she loves me?"

Baba commented, "She is better than you. She loves you more than you know."

I was sent back to Niranjapur, with instructions not to tell anyone about the marriage.

After one and half year, Baba permitted me to go to my native place and meet the family members. He granted one month's leave but called me back after twenty-five days.

Baba reached Meherazad in the first week of November 1947, after His mast tour. During His mast tour an eighteen year old boy named Chandrabhan, who did the shopping in the bazaar, and who was under Kaka Baria's supervision, refused to listen to me. Foregoing sleep to do night duty, I sometimes would be in an irritable mood. When Baba returned from His journey, He was displeased to learn that, in His absence, I had gotten angry at Chandrabhan and had struck the teenager.

Taking me aside, Baba scolded me disapprovingly, and concluded "Now it is better that you go. I sorrowfully agreed and left for my home in South India.

I WAS NOT IN NEW LIFE

From 16th October 1949, Baba was to enter His New Life

phase along with some selected mandali. I therefore came back from my home again to Meherabad during the month of August 1949 with the intention to join New Life with Baba.

When I was at Meherabad, I received a letter informing me that my wife had given birth to a son. When I was reading the letter, Baba came by and asked me what news I had received. I told Him, and Baba ordered me not to tell anyone. Later, when all had gathered in the hall, Baba asked me "How is your wife and son?" All mandali men started wondering when did I marry and had a son.

Dr. Ghani asked, "Baba, what miracle are you performing here? Without a wife Krishna gets a son?" Baba then asked Vishnu to bring the paper on which I had written in my blood in 1942, pledging, "I will not marry." Poor Vishnu took 45 minutes to locate the paper. Baba held it up and said, "This bloody rascal challenged me that he would not marry! Now he is married and has a son also!" All had a hearty laugh.

Dr. Nilu interjected, "Baba, Krishna married behind our backs, without giving us a proper celebration. We demand a 'Basundi' (sweetened condensed milk) party."

Baba replied teasingly, "Don't look at me, I am not the one who got married, it is for Krishna to give you a 'Basundi' party."

I said, "But Baba I don't have any money." Then Baba arranged Basundi sweets for everyone to celebrate the occasion.

SPIRITUALITY DOES NOT NEED RENUNCIATION OF WORLDLY ACTIVITIES. IT MEANS THE INTERNAL RENUNCIATION OF MUNDANE DESIRES. MERE ASCETICISM DOES NOT LEAD TO SPIRITUALITY. THE INFINITE EMBRACES ALL EXPRESSIONS OF LIFE. - MEHER BABA

BABA'S SPECIAL ORDER TO ME

Later, I was upset when I learnt that my name was not there in the list who would accompany Baba in New Life.

I was in a dejected mood and Baba asked me about the reason of that depressed state. I blurted out: "Baba, you have not included me in the list of participants of New Life."

Baba said, "Who are you to ask me?" I kept mum.

Then Baba asked me to lift the pillow. Two thousand rupees

were kept there. I was asked to take that amount. I said, "No Baba, I don't want money." "Do not talk like that. You just obey me and listen carefully what I am telling you." Then Baba gave me a special order - I was instructed to make a pilgrimage all over India, stopping at famous temples, shrines, Gurudwaras and sacred places of all religions - Hindu, Muslim, Christian, Zoroastrian, etc.- throughout the country. I was told to bow down at the first step of these places and utter the words "Meher Baba". He asked me to commence this from 4 A.M. next morning.

I STARTED ON PILGRIMAGE

As it was Baba's order, I kept mum. Next day early morning I went to Mumbai in Nariman Dadachanji's car and got down at Dadar. It was Tuesday and I went first to Siddhi Vinayak Mandir, a temple of Sri Ganesh. Thus I started my pilgrimage journey after taking darshan of Sri Ganesh. There were no steps from the front side, but there were three steps just at the back of the temple. I bowed down on the first step and took Baba's name. No sooner I lifted my head, I saw Baba standing before me. It was indeed quite amazing. Though for a few seconds, it was as vivid as you see in a television.

Then I went to Agiyari of Zoroastrians, near Princess street of Mumbai. But they drove me out as I was not a Parsi. But one gentleman, who was known to me, came to my rescue. At his insistence I was allowed inside, a rare honour indeed. Here also, I put my head on the first step, took Baba's name and when I lifted my head I saw again Baba standing before me, just as I saw at Siddhi Vinayak temple. Then I went to Mumba Devi temple and there also I saw Baba. Thereafter I went to Kalimata temple of Kolkota. I also went to Gurudwaras and other temples at various places and had similar experience at all these places.

When I was traveling by train to Varanasi I saw Baba sitting in a train going in the opposite direction. Baba turned His face away as if to avoid me. I also went to Madurai, Chennai and almost all the important places of pilgrimage. It is noteworthy that I would see Baba at each place after bowing down at the first step and taking His name.

At the end of my journey I went to Ayappa Temple in Kerala State. There I had to wear black dress as per their custom. I took

darshan of Ayappa for six times but here I could not see Baba as I had seen in all other ninety temples. I became nervous. I was worried that I might have committed some mistake. Here, as per the custom there, every time I had entered the temple I had taken a coconut with me as the offering. But for the seventh time, I went for darshan without a coconut. I bowed down and took Baba's name, but at that very time another pilgrim lifted his hand to strike a coconut but his hand remained still in the lifted position because of the sound of the whistle of the police there. This saved me, otherwise he would have mistakenly struck my head with the coconut. This time I could see Baba as on previous occasions. I realized that Baba did not want us to get bound to any ritual. Six times I had taken a coconut with me but for the seventh time I did not and I had Baba's darshan.

Baba once told me that He was available in all the temples, mosques and places of worship but I had asked Baba as to how we would know that He is available in all such places. That is why I believe Baba had given me this experience. I have now realized that Baba is Omnipresent.

BABA'S INNER GUIDANCE

From the last temple, I returned to my home which was not far away as I am from Kerala. I was quite nervous and did not know what to do for a living. One day I went to a town - Warangal - with my friend. And on his advice, I joined the Police service after executing a five years bond of service after six months of training.

One day my boss, District Superintendent of Police, sent me to his home at Hyderabad with some articles. At Warangal I had also received a letter from Baba's secretary Adi K. Irani that informed me that Baba was currently at Hyderabad.

Baba had hired a bungalow in Jubilee Hill area and was staying there with the mandali. I could manage to get the address and reached there but the choukidar, one of the mandali, did not allow me to see Baba. But when I told him that I am Krishna Nair he recognized me and gave the message to Baba. Baba called me and asked - what I was doing - and whether I remembered Him. I replied, "Yes, Baba. I do remember You. But You don't allow me to stay with You." Then I gave the whole account of my pilgrimage and also of my service in

police department. I also told Him about my five years bond of service. Baba asked me to come to Him provided I was relieved by the Department.

BABA TURNED THE KEY

After my return to Warangal, I met D.S.P., my boss, and requested him to relieve me from the service. He asked me, where I was working previously. I told him that I was with Meher Baba and now I would like to go to Him. He expressed his inability to relieve me but after a while he called me and directed me to obtain a certificate from the doctor. He also phoned the doctor, in my presence and told him to certify me unfit for the service as I was to be discharged. Thus Beloved Baba helped me to get discharged from the service. I then went to Hyderabad and joined Baba in July 1951.

[Note: Before Krishna's joining Dr. Ghani, one of the close mandali, had asked Baba as to why Krishna was not there with Him since long. Baba replied - "Krishna was on the straight track, but he stumbled. Now he has gone on the side track. He is stuck there." "But who changed his track, Baba?" Ghani asked.

"Don't ask that," Baba replied.

After Krishna's joining, Baba declared "Krishna has come again on the track."]

HITTING A DEAD SNAKE

One day a poisonous cobra was seen near their bungalow. Kaka Baria sent for me. I killed the snake. After it was dead, as a joke, Dr. Nilu began hitting it. But as he was doing this, the string of his pyjama trouser snapped and fell down on his feet. Baba and mandali there had a hearty laugh. Baba jokingly said, "Nilu, you had your pyjama fall down when you struck a dead cobra, what would happen, if you encounter a live snake and asked to kill it."

STORY OF ISA

Baba and mandali stayed at Dehradun from June to November 1953. Baba would daily call a fifteen year old boy named Isa, son of a sweeper. It will not be out of place to tell something about this strange boy.

Isa's father and mother were working in the men and women

mandali quarters. One day Isa went out to collect a few mangoes from a mango orchard. He would say "Jai Meher Babaji ki" and throw a stone to bring down the mangoes. If no mango fell, in exasperation he would curse - "Hath teree Meher Baba ki" (Meher Baba be damned!) He went on doing this, but a friend of him informed Baba that Isa was abusing His name. Baba replied, "What is wrong with his abuses? Isn't he taking my name and remembering me."

One day Baba asked Isa, "What do you want to study?"

"I don't want to go to school," he replied, "I want to work, but I should have an easy job. One which can be done sitting on a chair with nothing much to do." Baba asked Kishansingh, being a man of influence there, to procure such an employment for Isa. Since Isa was uneducated, it was rather difficult for Kishansingh to find such a job for him. Baba would ask Kishansingh about it everyday, and take him to task for not carrying out His order. Ultimately Kishansingh succeeded by contacting one of his influential friends, and directed Isa to join duty and to report for work at 11 a.m.

Kishansingh informed Baba about this arrangement. Baba sent for the boy and asked him if he liked the work.

"I didn't go!" Isa replied.

"What made you do that" - Baba asked him.

"It was for Kishansingh to take me to the officer and first introduce me. He did not do this, so I didn't go."

Baba turned to Kishansingh, "What he says is correct. Why didn't you take Isa with you? Take him tomorrow."

Next day Kishansingh drove Isa in his car, to the officer and while he was speaking with another officer, Isa boldly entered his boss's room and sat down on a comfortable chair in front of him. When Kishansingh came in, the man pointed to Isa, and asked, "Who is he?"

"He is the boy I mentioned," Kishansingh replied.

"Are you recommending this mannerless urchin to me? You are my friend, otherwise I would have taught something to this scoundrel!"

Embarrassed, Kishansingh returned to Baba with the boy. Isa immediately complained to Baba that Kishansingh had insulted him. On Baba's reproving him, Kishansingh argued, "He is a most ill

mannered boy, Baba. What could I do?"

"He is ill mannered, but aren't you also?" Baba chided. "Because he is a sweeper, you look down on him. I, the God, permit him to sit beside me, while you treat him contemptuously! I am not saying you should put him at your level, but don't despise him - have love for him."

During Baba's stay in Dehradun, almost daily some episode concerning Isa would take place. The tenacious boy was Baba's means of wiping off the sanskaras of Kishansingh, myself and later Bhauji Kalchuri.

Once Dr. Donkin was talking with Baba while Isa was there. After the conversation Baba motioned that Donkin could now go. He left, but, remembering something, came back. At this, Isa laughed, and when Baba asked him why he was laughing, Isa said, "You told him to go, and he has come back. He does not know the meaning of obedience."

Baba praised the boy in front of the mandali, "See, how clever Isa is! He understands the importance of obedience."

One day Isa's mother came weeping to Baba and said, "Isa lost one hundred rupees while gambling last night. Please make him win tonight." Baba assured her of His help. After she left, Baba had a hearty laugh. He sent for Isa and rescheduled his activities in such a way that he could not find time to go out and gamble. Going to the movies, playing cards and other games, doing japa, and being with Baba for certain time of the day - these were Isa's occupations.

My duty was to take Isa to the movie theatre but while he was inside the theatre, I had to sit outside just like a peon.

BABA EMBRACED THE RASCAL

Before leaving Dehradun (Nov. 53) Baba called Isa and asked, "Are you coming with me to Mahabaleshwar?"

"My parents want me to get married," he said.

"Just tell me whether you want to come with me or get married," asked Baba.

"I would prefer to abide by my parents' wishes and would get married and then retire into a forest and sing your bhajans," Isa declared.

Baba had a good laugh at this and advised Isa, "After marriage,

don't go off to a forest but instead come to me. Will you come?"

"Yes, I will come. That way my parents' wish will be fulfilled and Yours too." Laughing heartily Baba embraced the rascal.

During March 1954 Baba was at Mahabaleshwar. He called Isa from Dehradun. Baba instructed that Isa although he was an outrageously demanding boy, be treated like a prince and Bhauji and myself were given the duty of looking after him. We had to bring his food and place it on the table, clean his plates, make his bed and mostly do whatever he demanded. It was Baba's order that he be kept pleased and "treated as gently as a flower."

Food was being brought for Isa from the women's kitchen but when it was placed before him on the table, Isa would seem disinterested and would not finish it quickly. Once Bhauji asked him, "Isa, please eat your food fast. I have to go with other men a long distance to the hotel for my meal."

To this Isa replied sharply, - "Have you come to Baba for eating or obeying?"

What he said was true. The boy had specially been brought to instill such lessons in forbearance for certain men mandali.

One day Bhauji asked him, "Isa, could you find some employment here or not?"

"What you have to do with my employment here or there or anywhere?" he snapped. "Don't mistake me for a sweeper. I can employ you and your ancestors as well! And remember this: your pulse is in my hands! One adverse word from me to Baba and you would be thrown out."

Isa would somehow succeed in provoking us to the extent that we would lose our poise.

This is how the All-knowing Baba had worked through him. **Isa was in fact a medium for Baba's inner work for uplifting the down-trodden people.**

INVISIBLE WORK

During the month of April 1953 Baba was at Mussoorie near Dehradun. I was doing night watch duty. One day while I was on night watch Baba instructed me, "Find a boy who can keep watch by my side at night. I will keep him for a month."

So I started searching & found a good boy from a wealthy family.

I asked him, "Would you like a good job for a month?"

The boy retorted rudely, "I can hire men like you as servants in my house."

I tried to explain the nature of the work and the importance of the service to the Master. The boy introduced me to his father. The man got angry and said indignantly, "What you think of yourself. I can employ you and your master as well."

I reported the incident to Baba. Baba came with me to observe the boy. Baba watched the boy from a distance for five minutes and then commented, "My purpose is served. Now you need not go to the boy."

MY SUICIDE EPISODE

Baba was at Mahabaleshwar during April 1954 in Agakhan palace. I was doing the duty of night-watch near Baba. I had also the duty of preparing hot water every morning for Baba's bath. One day on account of an unintentional lapse on my part the water got heated a little too hot. When Baba came for bath, He put His finger in the hot water and complained that it is scalding hot. He became upset and angry with me and said, "Do you want to kill me? Are you trying to burn me?"

He did not stop there and He continued severely abusing me, "You are useful for nothing. Why are you staying here? Why don't you go away? You only eat and sleep like a pig. Why don't you die instead of trying to kill me? I would be happier if you died."

On and on it went. His angry mood remained for the whole day and He kept on outpouring angry words. At 4 p.m. he once again said, "Why don't you die instead of trying to kill me? I would have been happier had you died." Baba was relentless and I felt totally devastated.

I thought that if my death would make Baba happy, then I must die. Baba's happiness was supreme to me.

In those days I was not getting sound sleep. Dr. Goher used to give me two sleeping pills daily. One day when I approached Dr. Goher for the pills, Baba was there and He asked Dr. Goher to give me the full bottle of 25 pills so as to avoid the trouble of giving pills everyday.

Since I had decided to die I went to a secluded cliff known as 'Bombay-point'. After selecting the spot I came back to my room. I

thought that if I did not die, it would be a horribly messy and painful thing. So I decided to take first the sleeping pills and then jump. To me it appeared to be the safest way to die.

I took the bottle of pills and swallowed all the pills that were available in the bottle, with the help of water. I think they were not less than twenty, if not more. No sooner I started to walk towards 'Bombay-point', I saw Vishnu master, (one of Baba's mandali) coming towards me. He gave the message that Baba was calling me. I was terrified as I was counting the last minutes of my life. I was not in a position to walk properly. Even then with much difficulty I went to Baba.

Baidul, Donkin, Eruch, Kaka, Kaikobad, Gustadji, Nariman Dadachanji and other mandali were sitting with Baba. Nariman had brought some mangoes from Mumbai. Baba distributed two mangoes to each of them. He also gave two mangoes to me and asked me to eat them without peeling. I told Baba that they were raw mangoes. Baba asked me to cut them into pieces. No sooner I ate some pieces, I started vomiting and the remnants of the sleeping pills were thrown out of my stomach. I could hardly stand and was trembling. I was feeling awfully sick and drowsy. Baba then left, reminding me that I should attend my watch duty at 7 p.m. as usual.

When I came to Baba's room in the evening for my watch duty, Baba asked, "What is the matter? Why you are so pale?" I kept quiet, and only after Baba's repeated questioning I said, "Baba I have eaten sleeping pills."

"How many?" Baba asked.

"Maybe twenty or more, Baba," I replied.

Baba was furious. He then clapped and Dr. Goher came in. Baba told her about my condition and asked her to give me an antidote. Baba handed a bottle of orange soda to me and ordered me to drink. He also gave me two tablets to eat.

During this Mahabaleshwar stay Baba would drink only soda water. On that day He drank half bottle of orange soda and gave the remaining half to me to drink. He also asked me to sit on His bed and press His feet. I was feeling very weak. I could barely sit up, but somehow managed to massage Baba's foot from 8.30 p.m. to 4 a.m. Savak Kotwal came on watch duty at 4.30 a.m. It was quite surprising that Baba also did not sleep during that night. Baba instructed Savak to escort me to my room and put a blanket over me enabling to sleep well. He was also instructed to bolt the door from outside so that nobody could disturb me. On that day I slept comfortably from 4.30

a.m. to 6.30 p.m. without any disturbance. In the evening Dr. Nilu came and awoke me. However everybody was surprised as to how I could sleep for such a long time!

After taking tea when I went to Baba for my watch duty, I saw Baba coming towards mandali. Baba told mandali to ask me, what had happened to me? I was standing speechless before Baba. He repeatedly asked me the question, "Why did you attempt to commit suicide?" After some hesitation, I revealed, "Baba, you told me that if I died, You would be happy. So I thought what more do I want than Your happiness? I can't live without You Baba! So I was left with no alternative except to commit suicide."

Baba then very lovingly kissed me and embraced me. He took promise from me that in future I would not even think of committing suicide.

Baba's ways are beyond human understanding - fathomless. Who knows that by this act, He might have uprooted my deep rooted suicidal sanskaras.

I MUST BE TEMPORARILY CRUEL IN ORDER TO BE PERMANENTLY KIND. I PUSH YOU AWAY THEN I DRAW YOU CLOSE. AGAIN I PUSH YOU OFF AND DRAW YOU EVEN CLOSER. NOW, I PUSH YOU FAR AWAY AND THE NEXT TIME I DRAW YOU BACK TO ME, IT WILL BE TO REMAIN ONE WITH MY UNIVERSAL SELF FOREVER!
- MEHER BABA

I HAD TO LEAVE

In the month of August 1955, I was at Satara with Baba and as usual doing night watch duty. On my way, there was a girl's school. One particular girl requested me to give a marathi Baba book to her and I gave her one. Some of the girl's friends saw her talking to me and decided to have some fun. A love letter written in marathi and addressed to the girl was received at the school. The school authorities suspected me and reported the matter to Baba. Baba explained to the authorities that I did not know marathi. Nevertheless, Baba informed them, "Although I know, Krishna did not do anything wrong, I have now decided to send him home, as you have suspected him."

Afterward, Baba told me, "What has happened is very bad. It reflects poorly on Me. It is better you leave now." I was stunned to hear this decision. For a minute I doubted whether Baba was God. I was weeping. I protested, "Baba, you know that I am innocent and still you are sending me away?"

Baba replied, "You know the story of Ramayan. Sri Ram also knew that His wife Sita was pure but still He sent her away into the forest. So also I know you have done nothing wrong hut I am sending you away for my own reasons. I will always have my 'nazar' on you

and help you internally."

MY SECOND ATTEMPT TO COMMIT SUICIDE

I DO NOT PERFORM ANY MIRACLES. I DO NOT CHANGE THE CIRCUMSTANCES AT ALL, BUT THERE IS ONE THING THAT IS CERTAIN: MY SPIRITUAL STATUS IS SO HIGH, SO GREAT, THAT IF ANY MAN IN ANY DIFFICULTY, IN ANY CORNER OF THE WORLD, AT ANY TIME REMEMBERS ME WITH ALL HIS HEART, THE DIFFICULTY IS IMMEDIATELY SOLVED. THAT IS NOT THE IDLE TALK, IT IS A FACT. I AM THE LORD OF THE UNIVERSE AND THE SLAVE OF MY LOVERS. - MEHER BABA

Thus I left Satara and came to Mumbai. I tried my utmost to search for a job but I could not get success. I had no money. Due to financial stringency I became so frustrated that I decided to commit suicide. I went to a place known as Vajreshwari just about 40 kilometers away from Mumbai. There is a temple of Goddess and hot water springs. It is surrounded by small mountains. I thought that I would jump from the hill and die. It was 4 p.m. when I went there and I thought that it would be better to wait till sun-set. I lay down on the hill for a while. Due to cool breeze I fell asleep. When I woke up it was pitch dark. I thought, it was the proper time to jump from the hill and die. I hardly took three or four steps towards the cliff when I heard the clap. I turned back my head and saw Baba, standing there. After seeing Baba, I fell on the ground unconscious. I did not know what had happened to me. I slept on the hill all alone for the whole night. I got up at 8 o'clock in the morning due to the heat of the rising sun.

Now I remembered Baba's words, "I will always have my 'nazar' on you." How true they proved to be. I realized that I cannot even die without His wish. Now Baba gave me the strength and courage to face the change in my life. All my thoughts of worry and depression have vanished away. I found the life worth living. I returned to Mumbai and gradually all my problems melted away.

BABA'S DARSHAN AT PUNE

I do not remember the month but it was during 1956 Baba gave darshan at Pune in St. Mira High School and I went there for taking His darshan.

Bhauji Kalchuri was curious to know about me and my life at Mumbai during the period just before that.

I narrated him the whole episode of my attempted suicide and how Baba's Omniscience saved me. Then Bhauji narrated an interesting story which I am giving below.

Baba was at Meherazad. One afternoon Bhauji was there with Baba and Baba suddenly asked him to get my address of Mumbai. He did not know my address. So Baba asked him to send an urgent telegram, care of the president of the Meher Baba Center, Mumbai. And he dictated the text of the telegram: "Don't worry I am with you. I will never abandon you. Love, Baba." Baba told Bhau that it was very urgent. But Bhauji found that the boy who usually took the mail to Ahmednagar had just left. When Bhauji informed Baba about that, Baba got very upset and said, "Do you mean you did not send the telegram? I told you it was very urgent. You should have sent it with the other boy." Scolding Bhauji, He tore the telegram into pieces. He kept on rebuking Bhauji for some time and then dictated another telegram for me as follows - "You are dear to me. Have courage. Everything will be all right."

But by the time, the other boy had also left for the village on an errand. Baba scolded Bhauji, "You could have sent it with Aloba. You never take anything seriously. I told you that it was urgent. I can't rely on you. I can't trust you. You don't understand the significance of my work."

Baba rebuked Bhauji for about two hours. Then Baba tried to take some rest, but He was restless and just tossed and turned on the bed. Finally at seven in the evening He got up and asked for rose syrup mixed with water. He took few sips and gave the rest to Bhauji. His mood was now changed completely.

Bhauji wrote down the exact time of the first telegram, the time Baba's mood changed, and the date. It was exactly the same time, when I was on Vajreshwari hill and was trying to commit suicide.

Baba had drafted the first telegram at 3 p.m. and it was the time when I left Mumbai for Vajreshwari. And when Baba's mood underwent a sudden change that was the time He had appeared before me on the mountain. The whole episode, as told by Bhauji, was a revelation to me. I could know how Baba had acted mysteriously and saved my life.

Unfathomable are the invisible spiritual ways of the Avatar of the Age, helping His lovers.

I JOINED NAVY

While I was in Mumbai, in search of a job, I approached a highly placed officer of Indian Navy. During the course of interview I told him that I was with Meher Baba. He knew Meher Baba and therefore gave me appointment in the security section of the Navy although I was not having the required qualification. After some years I was also given promotion.

I maintained my contact with Meher Baba during the years from 1955 to 1968. I used to come for Baba's darshan. Baba told me that I would come to Him at the end.

I came to Meherabad in 1983 after my retirement from the Navy and rendered my services in the store and also Hostel 'D' kitchen for about 18 years.

Note - After sad demise of Krishna's wife there was nobody to look after him. Krishna's daughter therefore took him to his parental village in Kerala state in the year 2001; where he breathed his last on 1-10-2003.

His passing marks the completion of more than 62 years of association with Baba - the Lord of the universe.

Avatar Meher Baba Ki Jai.

Register of Editorial Alterations

Page vi, para 1, line 11, beffiting changed to befitting
Page vi, para 2, line 5, cosy changed to cozy
Page 1, para 5, line 1, heartly changed to hearty
Page 1, para 7, line 3, suggestations changed to suggestions
Page 13, para 4, line 3, reigns changed to reins
Page 13, para 5, line 3, then changed to than
Page 15, para 3, line 10, dual changed to duel
Page 21, para 1, line 4, ful changed to full
Page 22, para 4, line 4, intersecting changed to interjecting
Page 38, para 4, line 4, quarelled changed to quarreled
Page 46, para 6, line 2, similiarly changed to similarly
Page 59 para 4, lines 1,2,4, Kangi changed to Kanji
Page 79, para 3, line 3, instance changed to insistence
Page 86, para 8, line 4, week changed to weak
Page 88, para 3, line 5, Godess changed to Goddess