

HARIḤ AUM

Human to Divine

An Autobiography

Shri Mota



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Autobiography

Shri Mota



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❑ **HUMAN TO DIVINE**

Autobiography

Shri Mota

Translated from Gujarati into English

by

Shri Babu Sarkar

A labour of Love and Gratitude Dedicated to Shri Sadguru

Compiled and edited

in original Gujarati

by

Late Shri Ramesh Bhatt

and assisted by

Shri Kamlesh Sheth

and

Shri Prabhudas Jani

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DEDICATION TO THE LORD

*How beloved/dear is my Lord – how shall I express!
He is the cause of all my splendour, my greatness,
He takes care of me in all manner of ways ever,
Whatever and whenever I want He gives me.
I candidly tell my Lord all my feelings,
I keep nothing hidden from Him; he is my true relation,
Except my Lord there is no true Master and Helper,
I never keep Him even for a moment away from heart.
My prop and support in life He alone is,
Without my Lord I cannot be even for a moment,
In everything in life I give importance to my Lord,
Taking refuge in my Lord I do all His works.
My Lord observes everything everywhere,
My Lord alone is my true guardian and saviour,
Whatever my Lord asks me I lovingly execute,
I cannot disobey any of His commands ever.
My Lord makes me dance in so many strange ways,
I do as my Lord bids, bound to carry out His commands,
Without asking my Lord I cannot act on my own,
To what my Lord gives His full consent that alone I can do.
Even by chance I cannot forget my Lord.
How my Lord dwells deep within my being!
Whatever is done by Lord's Grace I offer at His Feet.
I do not keep anything in mind, I offer all to Him.
My whole heart is given to Lord; in serving Him with love
What thrills of delight well up in my Heart!
Those which please my Lord, those which make Him happy,
Only those actions as flowers I offer at His Feet.
How my Great Master moulded me with Love, and transformed
My being's nature to make me a new and different being!
My Lord is my All and All-in-All; I offer my all to Him,
I have nothing I can call my own to offer to Him.
Naturally from within welled up spontaneously,
These verses which now I offer at Lord's Feet.*

- Mota

Hari Om Ashram, Surat

Date : 17-2-1973

DEDICATION (ARPAN)

We are deeply delighted in dedicating this monumental tome A translation of Gujarati - Bhagat ma Bhagwan into English

**Human to Divine - Autobiography - Shri Mota
To
Shri. Harivadan Girdharlal Chhikniwala. (H.G.C.)
AND**

Smt. Sushilaben Harivadan Chhikniwala
of Ahmedabad. A Master of English, professor H.G.C. has taught English in colleges in vallabh-vidyanagar, Patan (N.G.) and Ahmedabad, from 1957 to 1993. He worked in Gujarat Law Society, from 1962 to 1993, till his retirement. His wife became A Tower of Stregth to made his carrier possible in English literature.

He has always remain helpful for translating Shri Mota's Gujarati literature into English. He has translated prose and verse books such as Inquisitiveness (jignasa), Selfishness (swartha), Grace (krupa), The Instrument (Nimitta), Bhava (Bhav), Faith (shraddha). He has also translated "Puja Shri Mota - Life and Work" by Ishwar petlikar and others. He has compiled "Shree Sadguru", original written by Shri Mota and English translated by Late Shri Prataprai Upadhyay. He has also translated subject wise literature of Shri Mota about - Spiritual Science, Life after Death and Sacrament (Prasadi).

He has also translated "Saviour of the Sheltered" (Sharanagata no Taranhar) on Shri Rang Avdhoot Maharaj and a booklet of reminiscences on Vimla Thakar by Prabha Merchant.

Incidentally, H.G.C. belongs to same Bhavsar Community of Gujarat, Which Puja Shri Mota was blessed by his birth, a remarkable coincidence. Shri Chikniwala has lovingly helped in translation of this book-**Human to Divine** by correcting the proofs and offering valuable suggestions. We wish him many years of active service in this new field of life. Hariḥ Aum.

Gurupurnima, Samvat 2066.

Board of Trustees

Date : 25-07-2010.

Hari Om Ashram, Surat.

PREFACE

This book in Gujarati has done five editions and sold ten thousand copies and is still selling - a phenomenal achievement.

Pujya Shri Mota's name has become a byword in every Gujarati home, synonymous with the Divine. Emboldened and encouraged by this the Board of Trustees of Hari Om Ashram, Surat have now ventured upon an English translation of the book titled **Human to Divine** for the benefit of those not knowing or conversant with Gujarati, particularly those living outside Gujarat and the western public. The western world has now become awake to Indian spirituality and the need to learn more from the home of that spirituality - India.

Everyone has come to this world by his own choice. Our life is a biography, which we live page by page and chapter by chapter. The foundation of all this is a influence and impressions (Sanskar) of past several births. Each soul comes into this world to give something. This book **Human to Divine** (Bhagat ma Bhagwan) is a life journey of 'Chuniyo' (pet name) from 1898 to 1976, who became 'Mota' in real life, a transformation of a poor village boy to a great Spiritual Scientist, a Realized Soul who has guided the society in all aspects of life. All simple common men look alike; Shri Mota neither wore a saffron robe nor claimed himself a saint. He wrote several books explaining step by step life journey for self Realization of Spirit. His literature is based on letters & private discussions with individuals on various aspects of life. These books are the principal guides for people on how to behave in day to day life, leading to the realization of the Almighty Lord. The literature is a guide to the devotee on where he stands today and which way to move ahead in his life.

This book - **Human to Divine** (Bhagat ma Bhagwan) is an Autobiography of Shri Mota. We are confident that readers will like this book and appreciate our efforts in translating this large tome from Gujarati to English and be attracted and pulled to the inexhaustible treasure opened, unlocked by Pujya Shri Mota for us all to take away as much as we can.

Pujya Shri Mota is a multifaceted personality worthy of our study and reverence.

We are grateful to Shri Babu Sarkar (Babubhai Chaganlal Barai) of Chennai for his enthusiastic and honest Endeavour for translating this book from Gujarati to English, his colleague Shri N. Padmanabhan of Chennai for his generous & timely help to shri B.C.Barai. Our sincere thanks to Prof. H. G. Chhikniwala of Ahmedabad for proof reading and Necessary, positive suggestions. Our heart full of thanks to Shri Karsanbhai Patel of Surat and Shri Roopsinh Solanki of Limdi, Both of them have gone through the English script to match with Gujarati book. Their valuable, friendly suggestions are incorporated in this book. Our special thanks to Shri Prabhudas Jani of Ahmedabad for his unstinted co-operation & suggestion of a perfect title of this book.

We are at a loss for words to thank Shri. Shreyaskumar Vishnuprasad Pandya of Sahithya Mudhralaya (P) Ltd. for his generous gesture to print Shri Mota's books, to help us to keep our cost and selling price as low as possible. We thank all of them from the bottom of our heart.

The original idea of this book was conceived by Late Shri Sureshbhai Sant of Ahmedabad. Following his idea the Gujarati version was authored by Shri Rameshbhai Bhatt of Ahmedabad by compiling the writings and talks of Shri Mota.

This book is priced at the relief or concession rate to make it affordable for the common man to study own, and stock in his library and gift to many.

We are merely the instrument for the publication of this book. We release this book on the auspicious day of "Gurupurnima"-sacred to all devotees, dedicated to the Guru. With these words we humbly offer this Autobiography of a great Saint at the Lotus feet of the society.

Hariḥ Aum.

Gurupurnima, Samvat 2066.

Date : 25-07-2010.

Board of Trustees

Hari Om Ashram, Surat.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT – THOUGHT PROVOKING

The book 'Bhagat Ma Bhagwan' is a collection of writings of Pujya Shri Mota, which has become his autobiography. A liberated soul's life cannot be understood or grasped by an ordinary man. In some place in his writing he has stated that if any man is apt or fit to write about a liberated or evolved soul's life, it is only he himself. He is the right person. It is because his life is never lived on the surface, but is lived wholly within. He has further stated,

*'Our real life is lived wholly within,
None can understand it, none has any idea.'*

The entire life within is subtle, meaningful and mystical. Shri Mota has revealed his life suggestively and meaningfully, in his book Jeevan Tap,

'A liberated soul's facts of life only he alone can know'
(See Appendix 1).*

His experiences on any subject he alone knows. When such a liberated soul pens his truthful experiences the world is caught in amazement, for these facts go above its head. Many such incidents full of wonders but acting as an inspiration to some of us, he has revealed. Keeping in view this central point this book has been prepared.

This book including its title and division of sections, chapters, as well as its preface, in its entirety has been written in his own words. The words Bhagat and Bhagwan are distinct and separate, yet in a higher sense they are one. Bhagwan or God is an un-manifested entity whereas Bhagat is a manifested entity with a human body, in whom and through whom God manifests through various experiences. Therefore he is a manifested form of the Un-manifest Divine. Therefore can it be truly said that Bhagat or the devotee is superior to or greater than God. Bhagat having a body whatever works he does is all for the sake of God, for he does only God's works. He is One with God and indivisible as a devotee, and Bhagat of highest order. Pujya Shri Mota has written about both these entities which is worth cogitating and ruminating on. 'Bhagat and Bhagwan feeling' is not merely an imagination of mind or an idea. To him it is a living reality. The nectar taste and sweet flavour are indescribable, unique. The hunger, the thirst, the longing, the yearning, the heart-rending desire, the

intense love of the Divine, for the Divine, a little meeting or a glimpse of Him and the intense pangs of separation are such that no worldly love can stand any comparison with it. To an ordinary man all this may sound as a figment of imagination, or mid-summer madness. But all these are absolute truths in the life of a supreme Devotee or Bhagat.

In all these stages there appears to be a duality, division between God and Devotee. But the experiences depicted by Shri Mota in the life of a Bhagat only affirm and confirm Oneness or non-duality between God and His true devotee. And it is no mere co-incidence that the surname of Pujya Mota, Bhagat, has become a part of the title of the book, Bhagat Ma Bhagwan.

The titles of all the fifteen chapters of this book are given by Pujya Shri Mota himself, apt words also his own. Through these chapters we get a subtle and salient indication of the manifestation of the Divine, they act as a road map, a pointer to the ultimate goal. The incidents and the experiences on the path of the manifestation of the divine in and through him are set in the right chronological order. Automatically a glimpse and a vision of the form and manner of manifestation are vouchsafed to us.

God is a reservoir, a repository of various qualities, virtues, and He is Perfect, whole and complete, Absolute, All-in-All. Bhakta Pushpadant in his book Shiva Stuthi has sung, 'If the whole earth be made a large piece of paper and the oceans a large ink pot and Goddess Saraswati were to write Thy Glories, Thy Greatness and Goodness, she would never finish her task. We do observe the advent and emergence of Godly qualities and experiences in the life of Shri Mota even from his birth. Pujya Shri Mota has said, 'that a liberated soul having a human body cannot be ranked on a par with God, he cannot be called God even though he may be housing all Godly qualities and has experienced God's Greatness, Perfection, Wholeness, Fullness, Completeness (Purna) since his life is subject to Prarabdha, that is cause and effect of past lives. He lives and acts within those boundaries. By living divine qualities he has indicated and pointed the way to God Vision even while living in the world. Apart from living those Godly qualities, 'All is God and all happens by the Will and Power of God', attitude should go hand in hand with those divine qualities. He has advocated cultivation of Divine

qualities, emotions and virtues for God realisation and manifestation of the great, vast Divinity, immanent as well as transcendent. In his whole life the above qualities, emotions and virtues have manifested in various ways and forms. In this manner is the truth of the Divine manifestation through the devotee firmly established and conclusively proved.

Even from his childhood different types of humane qualities surfaced in him. While talking about his family's poverty in his early years he never expressed any helplessness or concern. Even at the tender age of seven when he had to work in the fields as a helping hand in transplanting and when he received lesser wages than his just due, he firmly and with dignity opposed and fought the injustice meted out to him by his paymasters. He has noted some-where that any sorrow that befell him was for his own good only for it helped him progress and climb higher the ladder of life. This insight had dawned in him in his eighth year. Even while doing hard manual labour he never shirked or evaded responsibilities and never showed unwillingness. During his student years when he had to work as a peon to help his family he never felt any loss of self-respect or dignity. In this manner had emerged to the front even in his childhood endurance, tolerance, the desire to be of help in fighting family's poverty, courage, common sense, intuitiveness, the ability to read the need of the time, to resist any injustice.

When Gandhiji sounded his clarion call to the youth of the country to join the freedom struggle he was the first to give up his college studies and plunge into the struggle. He has very humbly and casually stated about his sacrifice of seeking a lucrative job after completion of studies to the service of the country which at that point of time in Indian history constituted a heroic deed; he never boasted about it. He was the first to join Gujarati Vidya Peeth and the first to leave to serve the cause of Harijans, the untouchables of India; here too he plunged into it whole-heartedly. His great sacrifice as a youth from a very poor family ranked quite high in the country's history of the time as rare and unique. This has never been reported anywhere yet Shri Mota has merely as a matter of fact, casually mentioned it as a small incident of not much importance but to be simply glossed over. Service anonymous as a paragon of simplicity and humility was noticed even from his early age, which is exemplary.

That he may not be moved to seek any material benefit from this service to his country he vowed taking some Ganges water in his palm to serve without expecting or accepting any monetary consideration. After that when he was offered a teacher's post in South Africa he declined it. Firmness in his determination is a cardinal virtue on the path to God. Pujya Shri Mota while guiding his friends along his spiritual path has emphasised this important quality. Poet and Devotee Dayaram has sung in one place, 'My Beloved dwells in the palace of firm determination.' When he was down with epilepsy and knew his body was hereafter unfit for any work his decision to end his life in the swirling waters of the river Narmada by jumping into it from a high rock gives us a glimpse of his innate power or shakthi, that is unflinching determination. Miraculously the Divine intervened to save his life, for a Divine purpose was cut out for him even from birth.

Among his special virtues were, never be carried away by external appearances, never move forward without solving present urgent problems or issues. In one instance he even met Gandhiji and told him politely all he had to tell about the school matters. Even about chanting God's Name or mantra he experimented before being convinced to continue. He even accepted his great masters like Keshavanandji, Balayogi, Shri Upasani Maharaj merely on the strength of his personal experiences. All these constitute his basic qualities.

After commencing spiritual penance he tried to analyse and understand each step or stage scientifically and even noted the results with a critical mind. In India's spiritual history this method of scientific inquiry is unique and unparalleled. Gandhiji understood him well and so said, 'you will be a great researcher in spiritual science'.

Even while discharging his worldly duties he kept secret and hidden from outward view his spiritual practices, even his colleagues knew nothing about this. Even in life's sorrows, challenges and misfortunes he saw God's Grace at work and he tried to live his life in the light of that Grace. He considered even a cobra's bite as an act of God's Grace, and in spite of his determination not to marry, he surrendered himself to his mother's wishes and Guru's command and got married. He went through a great life-and-death struggle and conflict thereafter to achieve nonstop chanting of his mantra, and reached a high stage in spiritual evolution. And in the

marriage hall during the crucial ceremony he went into a trance or Samadhi. Thus his Guru saved him from the shackles of married life.

The Formless God that was the aim and object of Pujya Shri Mota's seeking was Life itself. The transformation of the baser instincts like liking and disliking, fear and anger, lust and greed, hope and ambition into divine qualities, life free of dualities was Shri Mota's true God. In order to manifest this formless, impersonal God in his life, he had recourse to prayers, self consecration, dedication, chanting, singing God's Name and Glories, meditation etc. all done from the depths of his heart. This is a noteworthy feature of his spiritual efforts. Impersonal devotion includes knowledge and wisdom. From the beginning of his life spiritual till giving up his mortal coils he remained a true devotee, Bhagat.

In his spiritual quest if there is any vision of the Form that he had it was the Form his great Guru. As he advanced further on the path this Form of his great Master yielded place to the Formless. His intense love, awe and adoration of his Master gave rise to many thrilling, awe-inspiring experiences, bordering on the miraculous. Obeying the commands of his Guru was his life's main mission, his heart's delight, overflowing joy, the throb of his heart. Through various metaphysical phenomena God, his Bhagwan descended into His Bhagat, Mota, as power or Shakthi. Pujya Shri Mota has depicted his spiritual evolution with clarity and in great detail. Realisation of Form, mind's peace and silence, release from all thoughts, realisation of the Formless; all have been clearly, vividly delineated. From 1922 to 1939 he has climbed the highest pinnacle of spiritual realisation. Thereafter the mighty river of love and benediction began to flow from his heart enveloping all those willing to be transformed and turn to God.

After self-realisation his life's entire activity was merely a divine *Leela* or sport. His life's great transformation and change he has portrayed in a very simple and easy to understand style. His entire life after liberation has been one of cause and effect that is *prarabdha* of his previous lives linked with the lives associated with him in previous birth. He has undertaken remarkable works, actions, gross and subtle, mysterious and divine in order to turn and lead willing souls towards the Divine, which is the true mission of a

liberated or free soul. There are endless means of cause and effect, as life itself is endless. In this entire universe a liberated soul has such actions arising out of such means to perform, some gross, some subtle, depending on the status of the recipient of his help. All this Shri Mota has tried to explain scientifically in a unique manner.

‘Obligation discharging or debt repayment’, are the phrases he often uses whenever he takes on himself the sufferings of others which is their ‘prarabdha’, the results of actions of their past lives, thus manifesting his benevolent, compassionate image of a true Bhagat. The different sections in this book are so compiled and arranged that this image of a benign and compassionate Bhagat emerges before us. He has clearly indicated the motive behind writing each incident in the book. His delineating the method of journeying on this path of wisdom and knowledge like a school teacher with scientific detail and clarity has made this book an invaluable contribution of spiritual guidance to others. After the culminations of his spiritual practices in his great experience – ‘I am omnipresent – present everywhere’ we note he made over his whole life to the Divine. There was nothing left in him of ‘I’ or ‘me’ – that is a separate entity apart from the Divine. Towards that end in view his whole life and all his activities changed totally for the Divine to work in and through him.

Between the years 1942 to 1945 in order to discharge his debt and repay the obligation of ‘Harijan Sewak Sangh’, he collected donations for the institution during its lean financial period. Even though he occupied no responsible position in the Sangh he did so at the behest of his Master. As a consequence he had to endure great hardship, even police beating. Insult and contempt he willingly endured. But in that stage of his life there was no suffering, he merely tested his realisation by going through all these. It was for him a form of enjoyment doing all for the sake of the Divine. Many incidents occurred to confirm his experience that he was not a human body; he was separate and different from his body.

From this experience of Harijan Sevak Sangh, making it just a means he moved on to other means of discharging debts and made his life a means of higher evolution. He touched divinely the lives of many rich businessmen, famous writers, even ordinary prostitutes. All this took place at the command of his God, Guru and self, all-in-one.

At a later point of time he was visited by a wide range of bodily ailments, peculiar in nature. Most of these were due to Empathy with other beings related to him from his past life. How these diseases occur in a liberated or a highly evolved soul Shri Mota has explained in a rational, lucid and easy-to-understand manner. Even liberation or *mukthi* cannot put a full stop to a soul's upward progress or evolution. Evolution of a soul is infinite, without any limit, i.e. endless. And hence such incidences and experiences occur without his leave and knowledge. (Empathy in a higher sense is the realisation of Oneness with all Life, the state of *Nirvana* according to Buddha).

After oneness with body, oneness of mind, intellect (Buddhi), vital, sense organs with 'related souls' was also experienced constantly by Shri Mota. All the sense organs, subtle as well as gross, are given to man so he may work out the results of his past life's actions and experience them. These experiences definitely indicate a past life. Shri Mota through his unique experiment on his near ones of helping them to go through their spiritual discipline in solitude and silence has taken on himself a large burden of their past, freed them and set their feet on the path to God. In short he has slowly but surely turned and led them towards the Divine. This unique divine mission is not palpable to all. Whatever understanding that he has vouchsafed us on this is clearly spelt out in this volume.

One note-worthy feature of the book is that it indicates suggestively the deeper, hidden causes of the many diseases that invaded his body at various periods of his life. From 1960 onwards for 16 long years painful diseases kept appearing in his life. These were not merely others' diseases taken on him, but were due to intense sadhana and struggle on a higher plane as he has himself acknowledged. They were a kind of reaction on his body of his continuous and intense spiritual efforts. His life-and-death struggles have been revealed in the poetry written by him between the years 1970 and 1975. He has called these poetical compositions as 'bhajans', but this word cannot be given the traditional meaning here. Whom the mind worships or to whom it is wholly given over so that it is one with the object, is the real meaning of bhajans in this context. Through these bhajans or psalms he has revealed the true history of his struggles of

spiritual life as he has himself averred. Here the word sadhana signifies and has to be understood as a continuous secret process or effort to bring down the Divine in his life.

Pujya Shri Mota has clarified scientifically how side by side with excruciating pain of diseases one can also experience soul's Divine *Ananda*, i.e. joy or delight. Both are experienced simultaneously and work independent of each other. All these have been detailed in the section 'Agony and Ecstasy' of this book.

Shri Mota has explained that consciousness descends in three of the five elements namely Space or Sky, Light or Fire and Air. The other two elements, Earth and Water, resist the descent of consciousness. Consciousness therefore stays permanent in the first three elements only. Therefore there is a great struggle or conflict between these groups of elements. Until now (until he last wrote about it) the second group of elements remain unconquered which is the cause of body diseases and decay and even death. Pujya Shri Mota is an optimist and hopes one day these will also be conquered. And he made Herculean efforts, went through many struggles to achieve this victory. (It is interesting to note that Mota's view on this subject tallies with Sri Aurobindo's who made a great effort to bring down the Supramental into Earth, make It work there and transform it).

Men misunderstand and label society's uplift as synonymous with social service. But Shri Mota in a very secret and subtle way has tried to awaken the great God dwelling in society. 'People will not understand God indwelling in society, so I use the word 'society'. In my mind society is God himself'. In thus trying to prove this proposition he has declared how Consciousness is so ready and willing to descend into both Earth and Water, and these elements are also ready to open up to that Consciousness to release their stored up power. Man must adopt himself to these and work hard towards harnessing these powers. Pujya Shri Mota has asserted, 'Nature is nothing else but my ever pervading God who is too willing to open out'. Man must give up his narrow hide-bound life of self seeking, come out of his narrow circles of self-interest and embrace God who waits for him with open arms. Towards this end in view he started mountaineering, swimming competitions and inspired specific research into all branches of science,

for we lack research very badly and are far behind the western countries.

Society uplifting activities he undertook and so planned that he could finish repaying his debt and obligation to the society, carried over from last birth, in this very life. It was a race against time, a time shortening device truly. This is a subtle fact in spiritual life. Both Earth and Water had surrendered to the Divine Consciousness. This fact emerges to the front in Shri Mota's Ichha Mrityu or death at will and by self-will. His last address to the people is his will and testament. 'My body can no longer be of any service to my people.' But bodiless he can still work hard for their welfare in manifesting the Divine in them, in divinising their lives. He has decided to give up his body willingly, cheerfully and joyfully. 'Joyfully' signifies that the Earth element in his body had surrendered to the Divine joy or *ananda*. In his last days his kidneys had failed and water had accumulated in the body. And torrential rains had impeded him from going to the place of his choice where he had planned to give up his body. Without caring a whit for these adverse circumstances his plan of surrendering his body to the Divine Consciousness was perfectly drawn up and executed. It is now evident from this that Shri Mota's death at will has become a victory of the Lord over the remaining two elements namely Water and Earth.* (See *Appendix 2*)

From 1970 onwards he has created a great body of literature – his writings which are unique. In the midst of all these painful diseases, almost unbearable, with great joy and bliss he has written and dictated verses expressing God-head feelings and experiences which are of the nature of scriptures and therefore can be called so. This is an effort which reveals God experience and God realisation which are meant to inspire men to God realisation and God manifestation in their lives. He has composed more than seven thousand pieces called gazals, a form of poetry. Truly has he called himself, 'The Lord's living pen for Him to write with' * (See *Appendix 3*)

Shri Mota has also made open the mystery of a liberated soul's rebirth. We have to understand this mystic thought. After his realisation of his omnipresence – 'I am present everywhere' – Mota has emphasised 'I am not this body but an expression of pure evolved Consciousness.' He will assume a new human body only to manifest and express this

Divine Consciousness. His new body and individuality would be created solely for that purpose. His new birth would be a rebirth of that evolved Consciousness or Manifestation for expression of Divinity. In this story of his birth, death and possible rebirth we get a glimpse of the Divine essence of life and we must keep our minds and heart open to view the whole in this new light.

In 1969 there was a desire to introduce Shri Mota's life and work to the people. R.R.Sheth and Co., decided to publish the book *Mota - Jeevan Ane Karya* (i.e. Shri Mota – Life and Work). In 1968 I was associated with the editing of the book *Mananjali – Bhaavanjali* jointly with Iswar Petlikar. It was a book honouring, paying tributes to Mota and extolling his service to humanity and society. I was given the work of editing important events of his life. Consequently I was also given the work of editing the book *Shri Mota – Life and Work*. It was a collection combining his autobiography and his literary works begun in 1970 which saw the light of the day in 1975. During this period 32 other books of Pujya Shri Mota were published and released. In Mota's life and work nothing of these works found a place. Thereafter five books on Silence and Solitude (*Moun Ekant*) and eight books of *Sat Sangh* (in Holy Company or Holy Association) as also some unpublished letters were brought out. All these volumes contained some very valuable matter. Until 1992 I was occupied with the editing and publication *Sat Sangh* books. Thereafter I had the idea of publishing Shri Mota's life under the title '*Hun Sarvatra Vidyamaan Chhun*' (I am Omnipresent - i.e. present everywhere). In my effort to give shape to this idea I was offered a very warm and enthusiastic cooperation from my close friends – Prabhudas Jani and Suresh Sant, which strengthened my faith that this work can be done. In 1996 Suresh Sant unfortunately departed from this world. Subsequent to his demise while preparing this volume his sweet memory lingered in our minds. Anyone who has observed his devotion to his Guru would have had first hand knowledge of it. In associating his memory with the planning and publication of the book we experienced the sense of gratitude towards him. Thereafter in 1997 on Mota's birth centenary plans were afoot to print this book. In editing other books of Mota, reprinting of his other earlier works

and centenary celebrations time passed on, yet the thought of printing his large volume remained firmly imbedded in our minds.

The last four years of this period were passed in rest without any major activity owing to my indifferent health. Suddenly one day the title 'Bhagat Ma Bhagwan' flashed in my mind. A certain line written by Shri Mota in January 1969 came to my mind, 'Whatever unexpectedly/spontaneously springs from our heart or consciousness is the gift from yon high – i.e. of God.' We had no forethought of how this book would be prepared. Once we got a request for reprinting 'Shri Mota – His Life and Work'; some deficiencies, some errors in editing, in proper arrangement of incidents, chapters, lack of emphasis on Shri Mota's real feelings etc. necessitated this reprinting. We then felt a larger volume like Bhagat Ma Bhagwan would remedy the above defects. Hari Om Ashram Surat expressed its willingness to publish this large tome. And a sponsor came forward to finance it. And so we were now sure it would be published.

Between 11th of April 2000 and 30th June of the same year matter for printing this great book was culled from seventy eight other books. The division of sections, classification, order and arrangement of matter were all done with the active help and cooperation of Shri Prabhudas Jani and Kamlesh Sheth at the holy and sacred place called Pattadi of Shri Dasanudas in Aburaj Annakshetra during our secluded stay there arranged previously. To the great surprise of all the three of us the entire work was done in such a short span of time. In the planning and execution of this project we felt the presence of our Guru's inspiring and guiding force, and compassionate grace, and the combined efforts of all three of us are indebted to that force and grace.

The book's sections, chapters, titles and relevant matter were all put in place, fixed and arranged automatically in Pujya Shri Mota's own words; this book has been divided into fifteen chapters. Like the phases of the waxing moon this autobiographical sketch of a Poorna Purusha or a perfect, liberated soul gets completed in the fifteenth chapter. The final chapter on departure of this Poorna Purusha is in the editor's own words and therefore not numbered, but given the title 'Eternal', signifying Shri Mota's life eternal even after his death.

After the naming of each section the matter in accordance with the title of each section from the first page to the last page was found, fixed and arranged. The important incidents of Shri Mota's life are arranged in accordance with the inner evolutionary stages. Perhaps the section on Sad Guru might be different and exceptional. The source of every incident is marked at the space available at the side of the page at the end of the paragraph, giving the name of the book from which it has taken. Here too there are exceptions. The marriage incident is described in detail. Pujya Shri Mota's inner conflicts and duels and the great inner struggles he went through after accepting life's challenges are not detailed in any book but are in his own words orally uttered. During my period of silence or mouna in the ashram in 1971 the answers Shri Mota wrote and gave to the editor's queries are incorporated in this book.

The souvenir called 'Smriti Granth', brought out during 1973 Ram Navami celebrations contains all these details. Therefore in the index this 'Smriti Granth' is mentioned. So that no doubt should arise in the minds of inquisitive readers is this fact mentioned. During the four years prior to the preparation of this volume and owing to the editor's poor health, he never had any thought he would be able to undertake a task of this magnitude. Some unseen force worked in us and guided us. This has been our experience and conviction and this we consider as God's Gift of Grace.

In the end I would like to add that in spiritual literature, in any spiritual autobiography such a scientifically written volume may be rarely found. Our book is a collection of various letters written by Shri Mota which are now incorporated in this volume in toto. There is no chronological order or continuity in all this, which is a fact.

In the end we express our hope and faith that this book will be of immense help to all spiritual seekers and interested readers.

Ramesh Bhatt

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BENEDICTION

(Gujarati Edition)

A great need was felt for many years for a book on Shri Mota's life and works with information on his life arranged in a sequence or chronological order. In 1975 the book 'Shri Mota – His life and work - was published. A second edition was also printed and that was also sold out. After that for many years a sense of lack of a larger volume was keenly felt. A demand for another edition of the above mentioned book was also felt.

While discussing this with Ramesh Bhatt he came out with a proposal to bring out a larger book on Shri Mota's life – a larger biographical work. Owing to his failing health he could not undertake this arduous task. In this way three to four years passed.

Then suddenly he came forward with an outline of a larger, more extensive volume which he titled, 'Bhagat Ma Bhagwan', which was very much welcomed by all. A resident of Surat out of generosity agreed to pay the cost of printing and publishing. Shri Ramesh Bhatt was very much enthused by this spontaneous offer, and with two other friends Shri Prabhudas Jani and Kamlesh Sheth undertook the responsibility of editing and compiling. After collecting important and relevant matter from 78 books they compiled and completed this colossal task. As the chief editor and his colleagues aver it was due entirely to Shri Sat Guru's grace and inspiring force that this book was completed in a little over two and half months. This is the only larger and more extensive work that covers Shri Mota's life in his own words as also his multifarious activities. This is the only work that corrects and fulfils the lack, omissions, and deficiencies of other works by giving out required and relevant information.

We got money first for printing 1000 copies only. Another friend in Ahmedabad expressed his willingness to defray the cost of printing another 1000 copies. We felt it fit and proper to print as many copies as possible so that people may be able to buy and stock this book in their home library, for we decided to sell this book at a concessional and relief rate, well below our cost price.

For the editing of 'Bhagat Ma Bhagwan' we are grateful to Shri Ramesh Bhatt and his two helpers Shri Prabhudas Jani and Shri Kamlesh Sheth.

Proof reading was done by Jayantilal Jani very meticulously, fervently and sincerely with dedication. We appreciate his sense of duty and dedication and express our gratitude to him for his painstaking efforts. His son Shri Mayur Jani has done the get up, form, cover designing, and we offer our gratitude to him for his whole-hearted service and contribution to our work.

For printing of cover design and selection of photographs of all Sad-Gurus, for publishing we are indebted to Shri Shreyes Pandya and Yagnesh Pandya.

For arranging the earlier pages of the book artistically and embellishing the volume we are grateful to Shri Sudhir Shah of B.S. Shah and Sons and for his kind cooperation. Beginning with editing, collecting and compiling till the publication for sale was done we are grateful to 'Hari Vani Trust' of Ahmedabad. 'Hari Bhav' the monthly journal has rendered us yeomen service by giving full coverage to our book in their magazine for which we express our sincere gratitude.

Above all, last but not the least, the work of editing and compiling was facilitated by Shri Dayanad Teerth (Dasanudas) who put his ashram annakshetra at Aburaj in Patadi – a quiet and secluded, sacred and holy place - at our service for our three editors to work in peace undisturbed. For offering this facility and convenience, for his unbounded sympathy and encouragement we are grateful to him. His contribution is invaluable and we acknowledge it.

In publishing this book of Shri Mota, we experience a sense of deep satisfaction. We believe this book will be well received by the general public.

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THE DIVINE INTENT IN THIS PUBLICATION

The details of my sadhana (spiritual exercises) I have dealt with elaborately in my book 'Jeevan Darshan' (Vision of Life). Those who are interested may read the book. Just as childhood is considered an important period for moulding and shaping of life, so also in spiritual life the beginning period is considered vital for further progress or advance. For this reason the early years of my sadhana I have put down in a systematic order in my book so that the reader may understand all that with ease. Men's nature or character traits are never alike; they are bound to be different or dissimilar. Therefore each one's sadhana will be of a different nature or character from the others'. If a man has done his spiritual sadhana adopting a particular method it is not possible or necessary that another should adopt the same method. It would be a mistake to assume that sadhana can be done by a mere uttering of some God's Name. Remembrance or utterance of the Name is merely a means of purifying the inner being of man. Through this means man's devotion to God becomes firm and fixed, and as you go on it helps you to advance in life spiritual through intensification of your aspiration. The seeker has to understand all this clearly and dive deep within. If that is not done then the seeker will become stranded, not moving any further.

In any battle if a soldier is alert and observant and makes his moves after studying the plan of the enemy then only can he be sure of success. Even so sadhana or spiritual effort is a battle or a fight for life's upward and outward progress and development, and the seeker who remains constantly vigilant comes out of this fight successfully and attains his objective. But success in this field is not so easy to attain. The seeker has to go through many a rise and fall. And the chase and madness for success traps him in his own blunders. Sometimes he may lose his way and travel the wrong road. The road to success is beset with many pitfalls. Sometimes the seeker's over-confidence and egoism, lead to a fall which blocks his further progress and advance.

It is on this account I have sung the importance and greatness of bhakti or devotion and chanting God's Name. By this our ego and ignorance are eliminated, love of worldly enjoyment gets reduced, and you are slowly released from the pairs of opposites like liking and disliking, attraction and repulsion. Thereafter no desire or expectation remains in your life. The mind is free, the heart purified. Just as a river rushes gurgling fast to meet the sea so also our whole being by utterance of the Divine Name, purified of all dross, now rushes towards the Divine to merge into That. Because of this the joy of life we get, the peace we experience and contentment we feel cannot be got or found in this world even by paying lakhs of rupees. They cannot be purchased with money. How shall I explain the world all this? And who will understand?

Therefore I considered God's Name as the central and cardinal virtue of my sadhana or spiritual life. If any were to ask, 'Mota, what have you truly got from mere singing of God's Name?' to this my reply would be what have I indeed not got? What more is there for me now to get?

1. God has taken me up and made me His own, one with Him – His first gift to me.

2. God gave me Manna of love and overflowing joy which I did not enjoy alone but shared with all – His second gift to me.

3. He made a dunce like me write many spiritual books of the nature of scriptures – His third gift to me.

4. He gave me millions of rupees for my social work – for uplift of man – His fourth gift to me.

5. In spite of all my painful bodily ailments I have been able to continue writing spiritual – scientific subjects – His fifth gift to me.

6. I have found a soft corner in the hearts of my beloved ones. And when they know I want such and such a thing they rush to procure it for me, so I get what I want for others' good. I also get their selfless love – His sixth gift to me.

Thus I have given my God nothing, yet He has given me everything I wanted. The greatest gift of God has been His boundless love through which I am enabled to make friends

with all, win their hearts, thus I become the means of giving them God's intense feeling for them. I have tasted the Nectar of His Love, and I dare say no worldly love can stand any comparison to it. When I approached God, the nearer I went to Him I beheld His many splendoured forms which I am unable to express in words. That is why I have sung in this book 'God Hari is the most Supreme Being.'

He is truly called ineffable.

That is the greatest peculiarity and wonder of God. I have here in this book given in brief the great Herculean efforts I made to make God my own or myself His own. When my Sad Guru initiated me in the spiritual life he told me, 'Whatever experiences you have on the path to God, do not keep them to yourself but reveal and share them all with the sincere seekers who tread this path. Even as I have helped and encouraged you so do you in turn help and encourage others'. It is only to help people turn to God that I am telling them my experiences. It is to motivate them. This is my true 'Guru Dakshina' to my Guru – repaying my debt to my Sad Guru.

These incidents that I have written are not for blowing my own trumpets or self-boasting. Just as one plus one is two which is a matter of fact indisputable, so also to write without exaggerating whatever has happened exactly as it happened, faithfully describing it with a Divine motive or intent cannot be termed bragging or blowing your own trumpets. All this had to be written for somebody's sake. To write about the true, bare, natural events occurring in life, and that too to tell these when a definite need or cause has arisen, to us is proper and natural. This is nothing but an expression of life's true events or incidents done with a specific purpose. There is a vast difference between boasting and expression of truth. In boasting there may not be any truth in life – no real occurrence of fact, there can also be an element of exaggeration in it. Whatever I have written – I have written only factually – as and when events truly occurred, not a word have I changed. Not a word can be changed in my writing without altering its original, pristine beauty. This contains strange incidents like the Lord delivering a flower

garland direct into the hands of Sri Narasimha Mehta. And if my dear ones still cleave to me it is because in their lives there have occurred such incidents, which have become the means of kindling their faith in me.

I write about all these matters because by God's Grace I have put into practice all these principles, adopted and lived them in life. I was thus prompted to write. In this path of social service I have moved with men of different natures and tendencies with harmony, sympathy for them, good wishes for them in my heart, cultivating extreme humility in my behaviour and dealings with them. By His Grace I have also been vigilant and watchful to see no egoism ever raised its ugly hood in my behaviour and dealings with men and in work of service to society. It is also not at all true that no injustice was done to me by anybody or I was not slighted or ignored or overlooked in my work of service to society. Yet I kept alive my goodwill and good feelings for them all in my heart with awareness and consciously by His Grace. All this was spontaneous and natural with me. Whatever work I had to do I went on doing silently. And I busied myself with how to be wholly absorbed in my work. That was my central thought.

God remembrance, prayer, singing his songs and psalms were my main occupation during this period. Even so there had to be no laxity in discharge of my duties and my work had to be done perfectly, flawlessly as an offering to the Divine with a constant remembrance that this work also is a part of my spiritual endeavour or sadhana – all this went on simultaneously by God's Grace. Raising my nature and tendencies from the lower to the higher level was one part of my effort and simultaneously the other part in my practice of sadhana, love and devotion and keeping the aim of knowledge, having awareness constantly open for descent of Grace from above went on automatically. By the grace of God I have learnt to live life thus which I now reveal unto you all.

Although the letters in this book are addressed to one particular person it is not as if they are meant for the benefit of that individual only. These letters are addressed specifically to those who are associated with the writer of these letters for their spiritual sadhana, seeking his help and guidance.

Sometimes what is told indirectly can also help a sincere seeker. Whosoever reads these letters feels as if these are also addressed to him for they touch his heart for a particular need. And he will feel joyous, happy even delighted when he is helped even indirectly to progress in life and evolve a little further.

Many amazing and wonderful events are here described in this book, yet it is not at all possible that such events will be repeated in our lives. Yet it is true that such incidents or events do not happen casually or haphazardly without a proper purpose. There should be a definite subtle and secret cause for such manifestation to take place. Only a few rare and knowledgeable souls can and do know their hidden causes. When such out of the ordinary incidents take place the sadhaks understand the truth and the cause of it. If a soul has full knowledge of its cause and accepts it whole-heartedly and in full faith, with all love, then his upward progress is assured.

If a soul cannot understand and recognise opportunities of Grace nor accept them in their true and proper import and perspective and proper sense, then it must be understood that his inner being is not open.

To experience factually the miraculous incidents described in this book is not an ordinary or a mean achievement. In spite of the presence of Grace in our life, if that Grace is not properly understood or recognised, accepted in its true sense, then that soul defeats the very cause and purpose of the advent of that Grace in his life. This is the hard truth whether such a soul accepts it as such or not.

The purpose for which these letters are written is that those souls – my dear ones - associated with me for their spiritual progress – read these letters written with intense feelings for them in my heart, cogitate over them, understand them, sincerely and consciously make great efforts to adopt them in their lives. Truth even as it is cannot play any part in our lives if not accepted with full knowledge and feeling in its entirety. It is my sincere prayer that the sadhak or seeker accepts this wholly from his heart.

The reason why I write this is that there are even today such souls living. Even in this age people do not accept this truth of the matter. If by God's Grace any soul feels keenly about this then so be it; it is good. Now with the full knowledge of this truth I have written all these and allowed to be published.

Keeping in mind the seriousness and the importance of this subject I have permitted it to go to print.

Earlier I did not want to come out into the open and reveal myself, (8-2-1954), in this book I have written some facts about a certain 'Mahatma' or a great soul but that Mahatma is none other than my own-self. I am now in the last stage of my life, and by His Grace I feel I must come out into the open from anonymity, having remained incognito for so long.

Whatever facts that did occur in the life of that Mahatma and are written down here have been witnessed and experienced by some who are still alive today. All this has been written factually without any exaggeration, to serve a particular purpose, which is to meet the demand and need of the time. (28-10-1971).

In my life many metaphysical incidents almost miraculous have occurred, but I have paid no importance to it, nor have I indulged in any self-satisfaction nor pampered myself for it. My God Himself must have arranged these to give a fillip or a push to my spiritual efforts, with this thought I immersed myself in my sadhana more and more. If any such events occur in a seeker's life he should not think too much about this nor get caught in it; otherwise he will be neither here nor there, he will get bogged down or stuck where he is. In spiritual life people give excessive importance to miracles which is not commendable. How far can these miracles take one who wishes to go towards God, the Lord and Master of all? Can we say that we have reached our goal just because a few miracles have occurred in our life? Does it give us any assurance of it?

While on this subject of miracles I would request my friends that if any such miracle or some auspicious event occurs in their life as a result of praying to me, do not give me any credit or praise for it. But give all honour and gratitude to God, for I prayed to Him for your good and welfare. To grant that prayer is in His hands, and He gracefully answers and grants your prayer. And for this sing His Glory only. God has made me His messenger and every message He gives me I convey to you, and this gives me only joy.

– Mota

A FEW WORDS FROM THE TRANSLATOR

Pujya Shri Mota, whose life here we are attempting to translate into English from original Gujarati, firmly and staunchly believed, 'Man is God in Making'.

To write the Life of One who has journeyed from being Man to becoming Superman is indeed very arduous. But fortunately for us he has written his own life in the form of letters to his disciples. Therefore our task is made more simple and easy.

Each Self-Realised Soul uses his own chosen words to express his experiences and his struggles along the path of Realisation. And we have to choose appropriate words to preserve the original beauty of the writing in translation, particularly while translating poetry.

Shri Mota's poetry in the form of couplets, conveys a wealth of meaning and truth, that is not possible in ordinary prose. And to translate that poetry into English in blank verse needs an eye sensitive to the music of poetry. Without the knowledge of the art of poetry, without the skill in writing poetry, this is highly impossible. And it is indeed difficult to preserve the original beauty and the meaning in the translation without knowledge of prosody.

In translation as in original compilation, team work has played a big role. The translator knew the combination of these has resulted in this successful accomplishment of the translation. The Lord with a thousand hands knows how to do His Divine work; nothing can stop Him or withhold Him. A constant flow of His Grace was felt during our efforts to translate this large volume from original Gujarati into English, without which it would have been impossible. I am indebted to Prof. H.G.Chikniwala for his meticulous proof reading and corrections. I am also thankful to Shri Karsanbhai Patel for pointing out omissions while translating from the original, missed by oversight, also to Shri Rupsinh Solanki for some valuable suggestions. Without Shri Padmanabhan's help on the computer this translation would not have been possible, my special thanks to him.

Similar difficulty is felt in translating Sri Aurobindo's books into Gujarati or any other Indian language.

The experience gained by the translator from reading Sri Aurobindo's books he would like to apply in translating Pujya Shri Mota's autobiography.

Pujya Shri Mota once told his disciple, Shri Nandlal, after the latter had joined him for his own sadhana, 'First read Shri Aurobindo's books before reading mine to understand me better.' And the translator has drawn many parallels from Shri Aurobindo's words to help the reader understand Shri Mota better. Pujya Shri Mota used to say, 'Sri Aurobindo Ashram is another Home of mine.' Says an Upanishad prayer-

*From non being to being
From darkness to light
From death to immortality
Lead us.*

But I would like to add from my experience of Pujya Shri Mota and some others.

*From personal to Impersonal
From individual to Universal
Also lead us.*

I am indebted to Hari Om Ashram, Surat for giving me this opportunity to translate the Great Man's life from Gujarati to English. I consider it a rare privilege and honour, and I experience thrills of joy and delight in going in my mind over his life, for I have been intimately associated with Him from 1940 till his demise in 1976. He has helped me in life a great deal and vouchsafed me some rare spiritual experiences. It is our strong belief that the English speaking souls, not knowing Gujarati, will reap great benefit from this translation. If that is so I shall feel immensely gratified that my endeavour, effort and labour of love and reverence have borne some fruit. This biography lays bare all difficulties of a true aspirant of the path and it will help him at critical junctures.

Babu Sarkar

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A NOTE ON THE ASHRAMS

Ashrams are mostly built in very quiet and solitary places, surrounded by greenery, near a river or a lake, or on the seashore, or on a mountain top like most of our temples.

The reason for this is quite subtle and simple. The open spaces surrounding the Ashrams absorb our turbulent thought waves and emotions, and so our mind becomes calm and still, which is the first step in any sadhana. Slowly our violent thoughts subside, leaving no residue. This smoothens and quickens the pace of spiritual progress.

In such an atmosphere communion with the Divine becomes easy and spontaneous. It enhances our intuitive and inspirational capacity. The mind's waywardness is easily controlled and it is enabled to go inward into itself and bring out the divinity within into the open. Peace of mind and silence of the heart are automatically experienced by the seekers, their inner being is helped to awaken rapidly.

This is Shri Mota's explanation of why the Ashrams as also the temples are built in solitary and open spaces, in idyllic surroundings and in the midst of nature's beauty. The mind automatically thinks of God in this atmosphere.

- Babu Sarkar
(B. C. Barai)

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CHAPTER 1

OF A DIFFERENT MAKE FROM ALL OTHERS



*'You are cast of a different mould,
The Lord has a different purpose in your life.'*

Shri Mota

From Narmada Pade





*'Like high and low waves of the ocean,
Life and death are the ever changing phenomena.
But as the ocean below runs still and deep
So is Life immortal beneath these changes.
That is called, 'Brahma', 'Consciousness', 'Soul';
Through different names is the one Eternal known.
Renouncing your separate individuality merge into
That.*

Do as I do'. My Mother commanded me.

Shri Mota

From Narmada Pade



My birth was in Savli in Baroda District on 4th September 1898 A.D. and in Vikram Samvat in the month of Bhadarva 4th Tithi in Krishnapaksha 1954. When my father was alive we were very wealthy and affluent. We lived in a spacious house. But after our family business of textile dyeing collapsed we were reduced to pinching poverty. We had great difficulty in making both ends meet and were put to great hardship even in eking out a bare living or sustenance. We ran into heavy debts, and as a result we had to sell away our big house and other belongings to meet our liabilities and pay off our debts. We left Savli for good and moved to Kalol (Dist. Panchmahal) to settle down there.

My mother would affectionately call me 'Chuniya', short form of my full name Chunilal.

In those early days there were no large cities and the population also was small, modern machinery had not made its appearance then. Manual agriculture was the only occupation available to us. We had to work very hard to survive. And men consumed a large quantity of food as a result of manual labour. I talk of my own self. I was hardly seven and half years old when I had to work at a farm during the season of transplanting of saplings. And I felt very hungry and needed a large size millet (*bajra*) cake and a half during the day. I worked shoulder to shoulder with elderly men, doing as much work as they, for my family needed every pie. But they gave me less food than what I needed to satisfy my hunger. And when I protested they threatened to dismiss me from work. I felt this injustice very keenly. I was paid just six paise a day, less than an anna and half of the old currency. And after fifteen days of hard work they would deduct 10 paise and pay me only 80. But

when I politely remonstrated that I had a right to the balance 10 paise they silenced me by saying, 'You talk too much. Stop blabbering. From tomorrow do not come to work'. This was the so-called justice they meted out to me. I had no means to fight or resist them. However man's real religious duty is to fight and resist injustice. Why had they deducted 10 paise, I boldly asked?

In those days British Regime had not come to our village, there were no police to complain to. And if any one dared to complain against injustice he would be bulldozed and crushed. But in my heart I had firm faith that my rightful due will come back to me. And after I reached home I threw the eighty paise on the stone slab used for sitting, in disgust and frustration.

How to accept and meet that sorrow depends upon one's mental get up, framework and understanding. If real understanding is not in us then man is likely to be overwhelmed and crushed under the weight of that sorrow. He will never be able to go above and beyond sorrow. Men of wisdom alone can understand and master sorrow for they keep before them always the ideal of life. They rise and climb higher in life. Their need of sorrow is greater than mere empty joy, for sorrow lifts them up higher in life. But the general rank and file instead of accepting sorrow manfully and joyfully, and even courageously, blame it on others, criticize others for it and even think and talk negatively. In the end they suffer needlessly all the more.

Sorrow takes one down deeper into one's own self and imparts a deeper understanding of the cause of that sorrow. But very few can think thus deeply and rightly about its cause. They wallow in sorrow their whole lives through. But those who dare to dive deep into the depths of sorrow or suffering come back with new understanding. Even while I was eight years old God

granted me a new insight into this sorrow. Today I dare say poverty is God's rare gift and refuge conferred upon man. I have been conferred that rare Grace and Refuge by my God. I consider my poverty as a blessing in disguise.

The rare human qualities like courage or fortitude are all deep down inside us, embedded unknown to us. But these rare qualities do not sprout and flower for the necessary environment is lacking. On the contrary our environment and surrounding stifle and stunt their growth. Whether it is in our family or society, their atmosphere or influence does not permit the cultivation and growth of these noble humane qualities.

My own experience has been similar. Near our house lived leather tanners who made leather goods and sold them. Leather emitted a fowl smell. We lived in a small house in their midst, with a six feet veranda, on a rent of six annas per month. Our house consisted of a room and a small compound. Whenever any question arose about something regarding our property they would all say in one voice, 'What can we do? What can you do? It is impossible. Let us not bother about it.' These words sank deep into me, made a deep dent on my mind. Their influence upon me was unbeatable, could not be erased. They were a strong barrier insurmountable.

Until my 4th class I was only a duffer in my studies. In the 5th class I was given a mathematical question to answer. But I did not know how to solve it. And I did it all wrong. And the result was my teacher beat me in the open class. I was humiliated before the whole class. I felt deeply hurt. Should I be beaten in front of all the other boys? I decided then and there I would outdo all the rest next time. Why can I not do it? I surely can and will. And in the final examinations I stood first. My class teacher was not prepared to accept, he could not believe

that I had made such rapid progress in such a short time. This only goes to show that nobody can know before-hand how situations and circumstances can change. To believe that we would remain static for ever would be sheer ignorance.

Each soul has to face his share of struggles. And the purpose of this is for his progress and evolution. But no one accepts this challenge with a right spirit of understanding. Then how would this purpose bear fruit in our lives? Then the very purpose is lost.

Later I also learnt that poverty which visited me early in life was a boon and a blessing in disguise. It was an immaculate plan of the Divine to do me only good through this poverty. God has made no mistake. My progress later in life was due entirely to this plan of God to teach me and mould me through poverty. Similarly when in prosperity and affluence a man becomes generous and shares his blessings with others, the same Divine law and plan is at work.

I also remember that on my elder brother's marriage Rao Bahadur Saheb sent his horse carriage with other major items necessary for his marriage. He also sent two horse carriages to take us and our luggage to the railway station about a mile and a half from our home. On such occasions the rich would help and stand by their poor brethren, which was my experience.

Another incident comes to my mind. Whenever we had to go to another village on foot my mother would prepare some food for use on the wayside. She would bake some *chapattis* with dough prepared and mixed with milk instead of mere water. This made them more delicious to the palate and would also keep them fresh for long. Once when I had to go to another village my mother as usual prepared and gave me those *chapattis* (*dhebra in Gujarati*) for the journey. I came to a small

rivulet. I was enchanted by the beauty of the scene. I had a bath in the cool waters before sitting down to eat. But no sooner I had sat down for my meal than four men came upon me from nowhere and demanded I give them all I had. I said I was willing to give away everything I had. I had no money but only food. And this I was prepared to share with them. I was hungry enough and so I wanted some share of it. I could not walk any further without food. In fact I had also offered the very clothes I stood in. 'Take these too if you want to', I said. But of them they did not want.

I apportioned equal shares of victual for all of us and gave each his share. 'All are equal shares. Take any you want.' I said. I was slow in eating. But they consumed their share in a trice. Then one of them said, 'Oh boy, you have not divided our shares equally or fairly, you have taken a larger share for yourself. How is it that we have finished eating while you are still eating?' With that they polished off my remaining food. I could do nothing about it, for they were four and I was only a small boy. 'Take my share and be happy.' I said. Then they asked me where I was going. 'I am going to Malav to visit my father. He is a dyer of clothes.' 'We know him well. He is Bhagat, a true devotee and sings sweet devotional songs. Had we known of this before we would not have robbed you. Anyway we will ask his pardon and be absolved.' I walked off and parted from them. I told my father all about this after reaching Malav. 'God forgive them all for it. What odds if you went without a full meal just for once? It is a small matter.'

I loved my father very dearly. My mother and father never got on well with each other. And I would take my father's side in their mutual quarrels. But my mother could not do without me. She leaned on me very much. I was the only boy in the family who did any domestic

work. And so I was very dear to her. I would often try to correct my mother. 'What you are doing is not right. You abuse my father which is not good. After all he is your husband. He is not bad. He is very dutiful and responsible as the head of the family. And whatever you do for the family is not an obligation, it will not go a waste. When we grow up we, your children, will amply repay you for this'. But she refused to change. She would ill-treat my father very badly. She was very harsh on him. I often tried to change her, but could not make any headway. Poverty is a very bad evil. Poverty is unbearable. 'Let God never allow anybody to suffer from poverty. It is a dreadful thing.' We have to suffer and endure so much. Insult and injustice are heaped on us from every quarter. Those who have not known or suffered from poverty will never understand its harshness and cruelty.

In our village Kalol there were community dinners in which *laddus* or sweetmeat balls were served to the community members. We were too poor to have the luck of eating *laddus*. So we devised a plan. In one of the community dinners I hid behind the community members sitting for the meal safely. One of the boys who were my friends passed on to me a container full of *laddus* slyly without being noticed. As soon as the *laddus* were in my hand my mouth began to water. I was about to bite into one of the *laddus* when the image of my mother stood out before my mind's eye. I could not eat the *laddu* and so put it back into the container almost from my watering lips and mouth.

I went straight to my mother and handed over the *laddus* to her. 'From where did you get these, little lad?' she asked. 'I got it from the community dinner' I told her. 'What a man you are! What a son is born to me? How can you eat stolen food?' She dinned into me. She

would allow none of the children to eat the *laddus*. She gave away *every laddu* to the scavengers sweeping the streets of our village. But the next day she made *laddus* out of millet flour (*bajra*) mixed with jaggery to please our palates. Such was my mother's love.

2

I now narrate another incident of my early childhood. I was studying in a Gujarati school then in Kalol in Panchmahal district. I had not even completed seventh standard as yet but the pinch of poverty was felt very much, too painful for my family. I felt that if I could get some work it might help alleviate this abject poverty to some extent atleast. My father did dyeing work in Godhra, and so to Godhra I went to help him. A certain trader lived in our neighbourhood. I went to his shop straight one day and pleaded with him to give me some work in his shop. 'See my work for some days, and then if you are satisfied keep me permanently.' I added. So he employed me in his shop.

I was given the work of sweeping the premises, apart from sundry other duties. I would get up early, collect the keys of the shop, open the shop, sweep the premises thoroughly clean. The pillow and mattress covers would be smudgy and soiled, left unwashed for days. But my desire was to please my boss, for I wanted a permanent job with him. I would wash all pillow and mattress covers clean, arrange all things neatly, tidily and beautifully so that it would please any visitor entering the premises. I would even bow before entering the shop out of reverence and even place flowers at certain places as a form of worship.

Within a few days my boss was pleased with my work and so kept me permanently. But what was my salary? It was just rupees five per month. But in the

years 1915-1916 it was considered a handsome amount. Thereafter he began to entrust me with more and more responsible work.

The nature of my work was this. Cartloads of grains would arrive daily and I had to weigh these. My boss told me that our weighing scales were correct. But I learnt later they were not correct, but weighed less and so he would get two seers more per every forty seers. 'Others get forty two but we must get forty five seers against forty seers. 'How is it possible?' I asked. 'If you place forty five seers the illiterate farmers will not notice it or know it.' He replied. 'But if I am asked why did I keep forty five?' I asked again. 'You are a damn fool. You do not know the tricks of the trade.' He shot back. 'I agree.' I said, for I wanted to hold on to my job which I might otherwise lose if I argued with him too long. 'Just press the weighing scales thus.' He said showing me how to do it.

Cartloads would arrive every day and I weighed them. But I did not apply the trick in weighing that he had shown me. But my boss believed that Chuniya had learnt the tricks well and was weighing them 'properly'.

But one day a certain farmer had a row with him and he ordered a third person to weigh the goods over again. And that exposed my 'scandal'. My weighing was correct according to the weights I placed, nothing less, nothing more.

He showered on me three or four blows. He began to beat me. If I was not so poor I would have dragged him to the court. 'Beware. Do not beat me. You know I am too poor to take you to court. Otherwise I too would have taken some action against you. I would have exposed your fraudulent practices.' The boss felt chagrined. 'I will not keep you any more', he said. He paid me my wages. I had gone to serve under him for

the sake of my poor parents. I wanted to help them. I began to think that this sorrow had come only for our good, for our ultimate happiness. I could not then know how would our ultimate future happiness be? I walked home and told my mother all that had happened. 'It is good that this has happened and you have come back. Now study hard. After you finish your study you can earn a little more and even acquire some status and prestige. We shall be respectable persons in our society. Since we are poor we are considered to be nobody, not worth to be reckoned with. Study well and you will be respected, we will all be respected.' She spoke in an impassioned voice. Now began my education in right earnest. And from my studies, today I am what you see me. Presuming I was in my previous work I would still be in it, never being able to come out of it and rise higher. It was all God's Grace pure and simple. Without that Grace nothing is possible.

We must think dispassionately about our sorrow. When man has sorrow he is drowned in it, goes down under its weight and is unable to think about it and understand its implications. Again his habit of blaming others for his misfortunes is not good, it cannot take him far. He who ingests and digests sorrow alone can come out of it and move to happiness.

My mother used to grind grains for other families. For grinding a maund she would get just two annas. And she had to go and collect the grain and return the flour. She had to weigh the grain and the flour both. And when she would go to collect corn she was forced to wait for the rich ladies were not free at the time of her calling on them. And she could ill afford to lose time in waiting. She had many other things to do at home. Sometimes she would say, 'Sisters I have much work at home to do, kindly give me grain quickly.' And

she would be told, 'If you are busy go back and come again.' But my mother would reply 'Who is responsible if there is shortage in the flour ground?'. And all this would take half an hour or so. She would return the flour and go back for more grain. This was her daily routine of waiting and working. The poor suffer untold hardships and injustices. Only he who has lived such a life day after day and hour after hour will know its sorrow. Others cannot know.

3

Whenever I ask you to adjust with everyone around you and live in harmony, in sympathy and love for others, with goodwill for all, I recollect the kind of life I lived with all around me exactly as I advise you to do. Even from early childhood I lived a hard life of poverty and privation. The poor are being kicked around and insulted. And this kind of life this being (myself) has lived. At that point of my life I did not have any spiritual inclination, yet owing to some experience which became an intense cause, a burning desire arose in me to continue my studies. I shall also describe the incident that led me to continue my studies. At that time I was studying in a Gujarati school. But I could not continue my studies any further for the pinch of poverty was very keen. At that time we lived in a small rented one-room tenement, with a small sit-out in the front adjoining the main road, in Kalol (Panchmahal District). My father was an opium addict with an additional habit of smoking hooka. He used to keep a fire burning from cow dung cakes on a stone settee. And whenever he desired to have a smoke he would light the hooka from this fire. Since our house was on the main road night watch police would come to our house for a chat and a smoke. And my father had developed familiarity with

them all. Once we had a guest in our house. And so, one of the night police patrols asked my father, 'Hey Bhagat!, who is sleeping here?' My father replied, 'Only our guest.' To which the policeman shot back, 'Why have you not informed the police about it?' To which my father replied 'Only the lower untouchable class like Koli Waghri need to do it. Not me.' At this the policeman lost his temper and beat him hard and dragged him to the police station. I could not bear to see my father beaten so cruelly.

So I ran to one Manubhai who was Rao Saheb and told him about my father's ill-treatment at the hands of the police. He was very loving and sympathetic towards me. My mother used to do domestic chores for him like grinding grain etc. And thus he knew our family well. Even as I told him the whole story I sobbed and cried. It is quite likely his heart was moved and melted in sympathy. He got into his horse drawn carriage and then-and-there went to the police station and asked the constable in charge to release my father at once. The police were taken aback to see a high government officer at the station in the dead of night, but gave excuses about releasing my father. 'Call the Inspector right now. I would like to take this man whom you have beaten and dragged to the police station to a doctor and find out how much injury he has suffered unjustly and cruelly at your hands. I want to make out a case against you all for beating him so cruelly.' He shouted at the top of his voice. 'Here and now I want to take him in my horse carriage'.

Hearing this, the policemen and their head must have been frightened out of their wits, for they released him at once. Rao Saheb was insistent, and he meant business. He did not mince words.

This incident startled me and I began to think in my mind, 'In this world people hate and insult the poor and abuse them. Yet even while we are poor what should we do so that the rich do not treat us with contempt or disdain?'

Our Rao Saheb is respected even by the most prestigious and renowned people of society. What should I do to get that respect from society? For that I must study and acquire knowledge. And due to my burning desire and eagerness and zeal, a way was opened up for me and my path made smooth. Help came to me and all facilities were offered to me. I came into contact with many and I tried to be helpful to all, to please all and earn their love and goodwill. And I succeeded largely in this.

4

This soul's youth was passed in pinching poverty. I started my studies in an English school in Kalol. Owing to my acquaintance and intimacy with the Headmaster I had to visit frequently Kalol's Nagarwada. And as I was a poor boy every one showered on me sympathy and kindness, and helped me to get some work to ease my family's financial straits. They would also give me old clothes, not torn, but quite good to wear; I would never wear them, yet I would not refuse their kind offer. I would accept them with love, wear them before the donors to please them, then take them home and give them to some one poorer than myself who had nothing to wear, not out of pity but out of love.

To be able to overcome and put my poverty behind me I had to study. But wherefrom was I to procure the means for it? It was good that the inspiration had come automatically, followed by determination. This spontaneous desire arising in my heart cannot be a mere

whim nor can it go in vain. This gets us moving, prompts us into action. I had already completed seven grades in Gujarati. The English school had just opened in our town. It depended for its existence on the school fees it could collect. Now how would it waive the school fees in its initial years? However I got admitted into the school somehow. I had to sweep clean the whole school for which I was paid one and half rupees per month. I had to wipe clean all tables, chairs, benches, planks, in short, all furniture. Sometimes I also had to act as a school peon during my study. By God's Grace I always stood first in my examinations. However at this speed it would take me many years to complete my studies. If I could jump a few grades by God's Grace, then I could complete my education a few years earlier than the normal schedule.

About this time a new headmaster arrived, firming up my purpose in my heart, intensifying my prayerful attitude towards him. I cultivated his company and contact. I would also visit his home, buy even vegetables for his house hold, and in some way or other be of some help to him. I would even play with his children. His wife developed some kind of affection for me. She would even give food and shower love on me as her own son. With the passage of time I became a part of their family.

For all these reasons the headmaster of the newly opened Anglo Vernacular Middle School taught me all the subjects and completed the syllabus of four classes in just a year and half. This is a fact, a strange fact.

Whenever a strong desire arises in the heart with an intense longing, then by God's Grace a way is opened out for its fulfilment, our path is made easy and smooth, all obstacles are removed. All was made easy for me in my higher studies, all means and conveniences came

my way. There were many people in my new school. By His Grace I was able to win their love and hearts. I knew that if I had to study further I could do so only if I was able to earn their goodwill and love. Knowing all this I never lost any opportunity to earn their goodwill. With people of varied natures and tendencies I have cultivated only goodwill for them all. It is possible to maintain good feelings for all your acquaintances. It is easy to do so. And I am a living example of this truth. I have never remembered or harboured any injustice or slight in my heart, never even had ill feelings towards such souls. I had only to look after my work. I buried myself with planning and working as to how I could go on with my studies undisturbed, and creating a favourable atmosphere and ground for my heart's desire.

5

One of the teachers in the Kalol's Anglo Vernacular School was Ghanshyamrai Natwarrai Mehta. He had a soft corner in his heart for intelligent, clever students. I would go to his house now and then, and if there was any work to be done I would do it. Owing to this there was a bond of affection between us.

He did not like that a clever student like me should seek a job with a trader. But how could a poor student like me procure money to study further? That was the question before him.

This Ghanshyamrai was called Ghanubhai in short. Ghanubhai felt it would be indeed good if arrangements could be made for his further studies. The poor boy is hard working and obedient. So he will not be a burden on any body, but only helpful and useful. Ghanubhai's aunt Prabha Ben (mausi) at that time lived in Petlad (a small town near Anand), she had sympathy for poor people and would help them according to her means if

they deserved her help, or were worthy of it. If this boy could be placed under her care then he would be helped to find his footing and study till the end to complete his education.

When Prabha Ben (mausi) used to visit his house she would observe my serviceable and helpful nature, and this endeared me to her. I got into her good books. She took me into her aegis. She kept me like a part of her household. I used to help her with her domestic work. Sometimes when food was not fully cooked and it was time for me to go to school, I would just drink 'dal', (something like gravy) and make for school, (This dal is mixed with rice while eating). When I was asked why I drank dal without mixing with rice, I would reply, 'I like dal very much'. After this I was nick named as 'Daliya'.

I was given the charge of family jewellery for safe keeping. Once I was tempted to wear a ring in that jewellery box. So I put it on my finger and went for a stroll. On the way I met a person I knew and immediately his eye fell on the ring. I went back home by a shorter route. I told my mousi the whole story. I did not want to steal, but only to wear it. She uttered not a word but put the ring back in the jewellery box. The chapter was closed. In Baroda also I stayed with her under her loving care. Later she was to become my 'spiritual mother'.

6

While studying in Petlad, I had the good fortune to come into contact with revered Janakidas Maharaj. Leaving the school early after its closure, when I had nothing more to study for the day, I would go to him. I would sweep, clean his place of stay and even wash his clothes; sometimes I would sit quietly before him when he was engaged in a discussion with someone and listen intently in silence. I would never talk to him

for I had nothing to ask. But I loved to listen quietly when he talked. He was a very simple and unassuming person. His life style was also such, simple and unostentatious. One paint dealer of Petlad, Rangwala, had great reverence and devotion for him. It was because of him that Janakidas Maharaj was staying in Petlad, for he had made all arrangements for Maharaj's stay there. He never gave any discourses, nor would he read from the scriptures. I do not know if he ever did so during my absence. When I was studying in the high school I never took part in any sports or games. Whenever I had time and he was present in Petlad, I would rush to him. I never had any talk or conversation with him. Sometimes he would enquire of others about me. 'What is he doing? What is he studying? Where does he stay?' When I was in seventh grade which is matriculation he warned me, 'You will fall seriously ill, therefore finish your course of study early'. The Petlad paint merchant ran a Sanskrit School, and the head of the school used to visit Jankidas Maharaj. On one occasion when the Acharya was present, Jankidasji pointing to me told him, 'Please help this boy to study the whole course thoroughly and quickly, make him up-to-date in all subjects. Whenever he comes to you find time to teach him. This boy stays with some outsider so he may not be able to come at your time'.

In Petlad the Sanskrit School was a little distance away from the residence of the Divan Sahib, and during the ensuing two and half months I completed my Sanskrit studies speedily, particularly the grammar section thoroughly. Since Janakidas Maharaj had warned me by His Grace I completed studying all other subjects with the help of guides and questions-and-answers published on the subjects, quite fast. During this period I had to visit Ahmedabad. My mother and elder brother

were living there at that time. I was at that time staying with Ghanubhai. And exactly as I was forewarned by Janakidasji, I fell very seriously ill. I was as if on the verge of death. For many days I was wholly unconscious. During this period the memory of Janakidasji would come to my mind and I would feel in my heart a great love for him. And this went on for quite a long time and when I had recovered a little, the doctor instead of advising me to continue my studies, only asked me to give them up for good. I could not even write the entrance examinations. But the headmaster of the high school, Shri Ishwar Bhai Patel who was a resident of Sojitra loved me because I was a brilliant student and had covered all portions in advance before schedule. Also I had passed my quarterly and half yearly tests creditably. If Janakidasji had not forewarned me then I would have failed surely. Cultivation of a holy man's company with feelings of due respect had not gone in vain for me, I had gained there by. I learned from this that if you have any love for a holy man even though not knowing its full implications, yet merely sitting in his holy presence, gives us peace of mind and a sense of relief and ease. And the cultivation even for a short period of such company has its own good effects which we feel and experience for some time to come. I used to experience all this and had a strange desire to visit him frequently.

He had also advised me to look up Saryudas Maharaj and seek his blessings by touching his feet. Recollecting all these incidents I conclude that Janakidasji was a realised or a liberated soul.

7

Janakidas Maharaj told me, 'dear boy, you are going to write your examinations; but go carefully'. Saryudas

Maharaj was his constant companion. He was very well known in Ahmedabad 'First meet him before you go to examination.' he instructed me 'Yes, I will do so' I replied and left.

When I met Saryudasji he asked me, 'dear boy, where are you going?' 'To write my examinations, but I have come to touch your feet and seek your blessings', I replied. 'Who sent you to me?' he asked again. 'Janakidas Maharaj.', I answered. To which he replied again, 'Then I have to take good care of you', meaning thereby, I may even have to protect you from harm. 'A man of your calibre taking good care of me is very commendable, indeed a great thing', I said. Then he abruptly said, 'Do not go to write your examinations.' Even so I went to write my examinations. I finished writing all the papers but one, viz., Geometry. Suddenly heavy riots broke out in Ahmedabad. It was not announced in the morning that the examinations have been postponed; if it had been announced earlier many students would not have lost their lives while going to the examination. They went from one place to another, then to another, hiding, moving secretly, dodging the rioting crowds, finally reaching the place of examination, only to find it burning furiously. Then we retreated and went back through small streets and narrow lanes. Saryudas Maharaj had told me, 'Keep my address with you.' And on that day of the burning of the examination mandap he had specifically told me not to go to write the examination. It is my nature to obey the commands of elders. But against this was my desire to pass the examination for I had firmly determined to move forward and progress in life; a poor boy like me has no choice. On the other side my conscience pricked me for disobeying a saint's orders which were for my good. And my mind would have argued that it was after all one paper remaining to be

answered. I was very good in Geometry and I was confident of getting 90 to 95 per cent marks. How could I let go of this opportunity so lightly? Even so curfew had not been declared in the morning to prevent us from going to the examination.

We returned home. If we obey the orders of true saints we would surely stand to gain. Our minds sometimes refuse to accept this truth. If we obey with full faith then we stand to gain even materially.

I would also like to add that it is not easy for any man to have such love and devotion for another. While I was studying for B.A., I developed a longing and yearning – which is true bhakti (devotion). Even while writing answers in the examinations, I would remember him, mentally bow to him and then commence writing answers. And after writing those answers I would mentally ask him, ‘Have I written correctly? Has this question been answered well?’ There was no question of his replying to me. How could he from that distance? Still my mind would feel, ‘Yes, I have answered it well’. I would get in these papers anywhere between 88 to 93 per cent marks. Even today I feel that his Grace worked for me in all these subjects. The Grace of a liberated soul is not confined to a particular place; it works for all in proportion to the intensity of their love for him and faith in him.

Until recently Janakidas Maharaj was with us in flesh and blood. Only twelve years ago he passed away. (1962 A.D.). Up till now he moved about in Petlad and surrounding villages. He was almost wholly unknown. Yet he was a very good lovable soul. He would wear a dhoti, a long over-coat and a small piece of cloth on his shoulders. He would move about freely. And if any known or unknown person greeted him, he would return the greeting with proper respect. And if any body put him

any question he would reply properly. And he would never refuse to go anywhere when called, even to the lowest member of the society. Whenever he was invited for a meal, without making any distinction between castes, creeds or communities he would go to the meanest of the society, even a scavenger or an untouchable. Once he even tested the faith of one of his disciples. Narain Sheth was a staunch follower of his; he would even give his letters to his Guru for reading. 'Narain Sheth, would you do me a favour? You have asked me on so many occasions how best you could serve me to please me. You were prepared to do anything for me even at the cost of your life. Now I want to know how you will please me by doing my work. My devotee, Raghya Bhagat, an untouchable, has come to visit me. I have cooked some food for him and put it in a pot placed in a basket which is hanging by a thread from the wall of my house. Have your bath, and with your wet clothes on, take this Raghya Bhagat to your house, sit with him and have your meal. Narain Sheth replied, 'I must ask my family's permission for this'. 'Then go and ask for it.' Janakidas Maharaj replied. He came back after sometime, crying. 'Maharaj every one is opposed, to it. What shall I do? Can I do it all alone?, Kindly advise me.' 'It is not my business to advise any body. Do what you think is fit or proper. You have been insistent on serving me and even wanted me to order you. So I gave you this work. I shall be pleased immensely because you wanted to do something to please me.' Saying thus he handed the pot to Narain Sheth. He fed Raghya Bhagat, but not at his home. And this failure to serve his Guru and please him pained him like a stab in his heart. He died within fifteen days thereafter. Narain Sheth was very generous at heart. When I was shifting to Baroda for my study I had no money. What was I to do?

He came to my help and gave me seven rupees per month now and then. This money used to come from his brother who was in some government service, through Narain Sheth. I thus received in all from him twenty one rupees.

What I am trying to drive home is keep your mind engaged in thought of or love for God. There must be a continuous effort to hold it there. It will never happen without continuity of will and effort. Or if you have any realised or liberated soul, whether a man or a woman, for whom you have love and in whom you have faith, then associate with him or her and have him or her in your heart. Then your thoughts will slow down in occurrence and intensity. Your mind will stop wandering here and there.

* * *

I had gone to write matriculation examinations. Mathematics was my forte and my favourite subject in which I was at home. There was a particular sum which set my mind thinking hard. My supervisor was a kind man. He did not know me. God perhaps prodded or inspired him. 'You have trod a noble and high road. Your method is all correct' he uttered. It went home into me. I redid that sum and got it all correct. I scored 92 per cent marks in mathematics. Sometimes we get help from some unknown source. In life, when least expected help from some invisible quarter comes to us and our problem is solved. Some unexpected solutions come from within. Such incidents do occur in our life; from some infinite reservoir comes an inspiration for solution of our challenging problems.

I was studying in the high school; my school teacher of Patidar community was very strict in enforcing discipline. 'You will write for five hours on Maha Bharat – the great epic. I shall give you as many sheets of paper

as you want.’ And he simply dumped blank sheets of papers on us. I sat and wrote for three hours, some got up after an hour or so. I sat alone for a long period. No one remained.

I wrote boldly, ‘This book is not a religious book or scripture. It is only a book of history depicting contradictory qualities like love and hate, liking and disliking, etc. It only depicts great hatred among cousin brothers, consequently followed by a war, resulting in blood-shed. This world is also full of these contradictory qualities. And this is God’s intent revealed in this book. It is a revelation of this sort. The last chapter in this book is on ‘peace’. In this chapter Bhishma delivers an Upadesh or a Sermon which is worth noting or reading, which is the essence of Maha Bharat. This is worthy of being adopted by society. But this sermon on peace is again based on these contradictory qualities, and is therefore incongruous, improper and meaningless. It is therefore not acceptable and of not much help to society. If we want to stick a flower to a beautiful picture then the back ground must also be beautiful. If the back ground is not harmonious then it will be valueless, worthless; the picture will not reveal its true beauty. This is something which all of us do understand. Dhrutrastra had such hatred for Bhima that he got him in his arms to crush him to death. But Bhima was made of a stronger stuff like iron and so was saved. Dhrutrastra never had the magnanimity to say that Pandavas after all were like his own children. Many kings, princes and nobles supported Duryodhan in his unjust and unethical claims to the kingdom (Hastinapur), supported him in his cunningness and crookedness, which is another story. Such is the purport of this great epic. I wrote only on these lines.

The next day the head master summoned me to his room. 'Do you want to pass or do you want to fail?' he asked. 'Of course I want to pass.' I replied. 'But you have written so derogatorily about our scripture.' he replied. 'But Sir, I have written what I felt to be the truth.' I replied. 'So you say whatever our fore-fathers have told us is all wrong?' he asked. 'Even that is also true. What they have been telling us is also truth. But we have not understood Maha Bharat in its proper perspective. Maha Bharat is a history of hate and wars fuelling anger and discord. That is not a book of wisdom and knowledge. If you say that this is a book of wisdom and knowledge it is unacceptable. Sir, read it for your self and find out the truth. Do not allow others to influence your mind or thinking.' I talked on boldly and frankly. 'Chunilal, you will be a great man in future, an original thinker' he admitted frankly. (Prophetic words indeed). He patted my back in appreciation. He never scolded me. He argued with me in the beginning, but was convinced later about my point of view. 'I agree with you. But let us tread the path that the world treads. If you walk the different road the world will not understand you and will cause you only distress and trouble. Let the world say and do what it wants to. If the men of the world want to worship Maha Bharat, let them do so. Do as the others ask us to do. If we cross them then they will cut us off like kites. What you have written is indeed true and I like it too. But do not write like this in your examinations' he talked to me frankly and gave me some sound worldly advice.

Kunti, the mother of the Pandavas, was a powerful, sensible woman. She was a woman of wisdom and intelligence. She never involved herself in any scheming or plotting. The background in which she is portrayed shows she does not play a large part in the epic. She is

not entangled in hate and wars. And she even advised her children to keep off political squabbles and intrigues. She treated her sons with dispassionate love, more so her step sons, children of Dhrutrastra. We rarely get such a noble example these days. This is a pleasant interlude in Maha Bharat. Says this book she loved others' children more than her own sons. The story depicts her thus nobly and puts her on a high pedestal. She is the best character in the book. Among the men Bhishma stands out supreme as an impartial leader and an elderly advisor. Bhishma has done some injustice in life to somebody. But Kunti has never offended any body. Based on what the Maha Bharat says this was my line of thinking in my childhood. Liking and disliking are such a brace or a pair of qualities that they can reduce your lust and greed, anger and hate, and also increase it. It can also bring on bitterness or pleasantness. How can it bring both these in life? This is a natural question to ask. As and when the extremes of this pair diminish then it will bring in its opposite, positive qualities, not till then. How harmful are these extremes or the pairs of the opposites is visible in the Maha Bharat. Kouravas plan to kill their brothers (cousins) for the sake of political power. They put them in a wax palace and set it on fire. The whole of Maha Bharat is only a revelation of hatred and enmity between brothers. On this account I consider it an excellent book. No body has depicted this extreme of hate and enmity in any historical treatise. This is well described in this book – how jealousy and enmity destroy our lives as well as the lives of others.

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I remember a particular incident of my Vadodara college days. I had passed matriculation with good marks. I had passed from Petlad High School, and I had

also won a prize for it; so it was now possible for me to enter the college. To manage with as little as possible from the amount received from a donor was my motto - that is to spend the least possible amount. This ideal was ever before me. My study was fixed and settled in the Vadodara College. The next question to be addressed was where was I to stay in Varodara? As that time one Nagar Bhai, hailing from Kalol in Panch Mahal district, had become a 'fellow' of the college. During my stay in Kalol I used to visit Nagarwada frequently, and I used to do errands for many people to help them in their domestic work. As a result I have earned their sympathy and good-will. I therefore humbly requested this 'fellow' to allow me to stay in his room, and I promised to look after the room, its cleanliness, and do any other work for him. Owing to his affection for me he agreed. Soon I was staying in his room. The place at that time was called, 'Residency Hostel'. It lay on the road from the college exactly opposite to the playground where cricket was played. Now there remained the problem of my board. At that time the monthly cost of board was about rupees 23 to 24. It was not possible for me to pay that amount at that time, although any donor would have willingly paid that amount on my behalf. But I racked my brain for a solution, for I had determined to spend as little as possible even in this. In the centre of the city, on the other side of Mandvi, near the Champaner Gate, was a Vaishnav Haveli, a small temple of the Vaishnav community. Once during my young days I had gone there with my mother, I recollected. I found out the temple now. I met the head of the temple, bowed to him and said, 'I am studying in the college. Kindly help to get me one meal a day, 'prasad' offered to God. I shall be grateful to you. The cost of that meal in those days was one anna and a half, ten paise in to-day's

currency. He willingly accepted my request. The food was rich, cooked in pure ghee. Every day in the morning I would leave the hostel and walk along the footpath to the temple, reading a book. I would walk two and a half miles while going to the temple and back two and a half miles on my return. Reaching the temple I would have my bath, then my meal and return walking along the same footpath, reading the book. During the first quarter my plans went off well. But later when this came to the notice of my spiritual mother, Pratibha Mausi, she refused to allow me to continue my practice. She paid for my board. What great love she had for me! I can never forget that, my heart overflowed with love.

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In the hostel where I lived the Nagar community students formed a 'tea club'. Every day I would brew tea for them. I had to prepare tea about two to three times a day. If any of the students had any work to be done I would do it for him. How much affection they had for me can still be found out even today if any one approaches them and enquires about me. Today my dear friends do not feel any self satisfaction while doing their own domestic work nor experience any happiness. Some times they even experience a monotony and disgust. And often being prodded to do the work their minds rebel and get irritated. These indications are a betrayal of lack of application and of interest. What I have gained by living in my own way, working hard for my own satisfaction and joy, to please others by the Grace of God, I now so much desire that you too experience in your life. But you will never gain this experience by being soft, lazy and unwilling to work. You have not to work for others, whereas I had to work for others, besides studying hard for my examinations. Even so I would do errands joyfully and cheerfully. And my colleagues would

help me. Whenever they went to a movie or a drama they would purchase my ticket also. Whenever they went on an excursion or an outing they would take me also along with them. And I was ever alert and ready so that I could be of use to them. Such was my attitude and my activity then.

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'A flash of love spread out in the open sky today', was a poem in our study. All the professors talked too highly and too much about it. For eight days they discoursed on it. I do not know why they dilated so much on it. There was a question on this poem in my examination. I wrote, 'This is not a song based on any factual experience. There is no person to receive this love in this poem. The poet has felt love in his heart and has written about it. It is an abstract love. He has written this poem just to let out his feelings.' I wrote all these after much thought and deliberation. My professor called me and asked, 'what is all this that you have written.' I wrote what I felt was truth, I know the truth. I have not written at random and without knowledge of this subject.' I answered, 'You will fail if you write like this. We will have to fail you.' He answered. 'It is perfectly all right, I am not worried.' I replied.

'Great men like Anand Shankar have been highly impressed and carried away by this poem' he said. I replied, 'the rest of the world may be impressed and carried away, but that does not mean that we too should be swept off our feet. We must judge after examining all the facets of this piece. We must not surrender our mind without conviction. To be convinced after a thorough study is proper. There is no truth of self experience in this poem.' They failed me in this test.

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I did not know Logic. I had studied a little of the subject in the intermediate class. I had also secured good marks. Atisukhsankar was our professor. He was a lovable person. At that time all the professors were good and lovable. First Masani was our principal. Prior to him, Mr. Clark was our principal, he was an English man. He took interest in all subjects and all students. He would side with the students, whether right or wrong. He lived in Residency Hostel where I also lived. It was close to the cricket ground. Once we went to see a drama. From there we were returning to the hostel making a lot of hullabaloo. We ran into a posse of police men, four to five in number. In discharge of their duty they stopped us and even talked abusively and insultingly to us. We retaliated and thrashed and beat them heavily. After returning to our hostel we awoke Mr. Clark in the middle of the night and told him everything. 'What has happened to you, my boys?' he asked. 'Sir we beat the policemen severely. We are telling you the truth of all that transpired. They provoked us first into doing this. We outnumbered them.' We replied.

'Do not bother but go to sleep' he closed the chapter. Late that night a policeman phoned him to say they wanted to arrest the boys who had beaten the policemen, taking the law into their own hands.

'Not at this hour, we will see tomorrow morning' he replied

The next day the policemen turned up at his office. But he pacified them. He managed to save us from a delicate situation. 'He knew the answer that *turneth* away wrath.' (From the Bible)

There was such a bond of love and sympathy between the teachers and the taught, which is absent today. This bond has left an indelible impression in our lives. The teachers went out of the way to help us and stood by us.

I had settled down in my college studies and had made good progress, and my days, one after another, came to pass peacefully, when all of a sudden a bolt from the blue fell on me. 'Rowlatt' act had been passed by the British Raj and Gandhiji decided to challenge it. From his sick bed he decided to offer 'Satyagraha', that is nonviolent and peaceful resistance to it. He decided to train the public in this nonviolent movement on the sixth of April 1920 by observing it a day of fast, prayer and 'hartal'. The people responded magnificently. But that very day serious riots broke out in Punjab and the British rulers came down heavily on the people, beat them and lathi charged them. As news of Punjab atrocities trickled in, the people became angry and agitated. To protest against these atrocities he undertook a freedom struggle and placed it before his people for country's freedom at any cost. In the declaration of freedom struggle he sounded a clarion call for even the young college students to join him. I felt so much for this cause that I thought it was not worth studying any more in the college while the country was burning. If the country's youth do not work for the country then who else will? I felt all this keenly; there was anger and resentment in the air. To me leaving the college meant giving up all hopes, dreams and ambitions I had built over the years, and seeing all these collapse in a heap. My family again was in the vice grip of poverty and I had decided to bring them out of it. My family too reposed immense faith in me and had many dreams about the future. If I gave up my college studies then my joining the Gujarat Vidya Peeth, which was to be opened in Ahmedabad shortly, would be out of the question. Again those who had helped me in my college education also felt that I

should continue with my education. The thought of earning their displeasure was too painful for me to bear. I was not turning away the willing hand that was extended to me in help. But it was now my sacred duty to serve my country at this critical juncture in her history. And I meant no offence to the vibrant and willing hand extended to me in help, nor any hurt to the feelings of others towards me. I felt all this keenly in my heart.

My well wishers argued with me, 'You are doing all this owing to the agitation and turmoil pervading all around you, which is improper and ill advised. You will lose every thing by doing this. Your family too will be left in the lurch. You will then be unsettled and helpless in poverty. They depend on you for support. Will you ditch them now? Your desire to study was born of a noble aim. All that will be thrown to the winds, left in mid air. After all, the dust of this turmoil will settle down and cease after two or three years; till then continue with your education. Thereafter you may do what you want or think fit.' Thus they tried to convince me. To throw away or ignore the advice of our well wishers who only think of our welfare and even work for our well being would be a great folly. By God's Grace even at that time I was conscious of this. There were many self-willed collegians at that time who spurned the advice of their elders and well-wishers, calling them frightened weaklings and cowards. Respect and good feelings towards elders, humility in our behaviour towards them and the feeling of obligation and gratitude towards those who had done only good to us, and have only good in their hearts for us, and tender feeling towards them all, I find conspicuously absent today in these collegians. No doubt a kind of fanaticism had overtaken them. In fact they were caught in some kind of an agitation or excitement,

a vague desire to do something. For these reasons I have seen many collegians turn arrogant and overbearing.

By God's Grace I was aware of the truth that by such arrogance, rudeness and superiority complex, the non-violence of attitude in behaviour and feelings necessary for non cooperative movement, cannot spread to every layer of society. This I could clearly visualize. In spite of all this Gandhiji's tireless efforts to raise the thinking and emotions of society to a higher level will not go in vain which was also clear to me then.

Everywhere there raged storms of high emotions. There was also tension in the air. The warning of my own people not to be caught up and carried away by the whirlwind of these emotions was quite rational, well meaning and quite proper. I could not disregard it. Not only that, my mind and heart deliberated and brooded over it calmly. The memory of my father beaten by the policemen played an important role in my giving up the college studies. At that time I had the feeling that life's currents and flow were carrying me in a new direction. Service to our country is our prime religious duty.

The other countries which won independence must have sacrificed many youths in the struggle for independence. Independence can never be won without offering of young lives in the sacrificial fire (yagna). If the youths of our country will not win independence for her then who else will?

Caught up in the dark mood of the moment my mind wandered in thoughts of the situation. Once I leave my college there will be only darkness all around me. And I had to take a leap into the unknown darkness. There was no one at home who could help me; and taking up any job or service was out of the question. Now I had only one way open to me – to close my eyes

and jump into the unknown future darkness. I thought about all this. Even though I was absorbed in these agitating thoughts I ruminated deeply over and over again, 'Sir, we will no doubt move forward in a new direction, plunge into this new activity, but the days ahead will be full of hardships and difficulties. You may have to starve, for food may be difficult to procure. No one will help you. It would be a mistake to expect help from anywhere, and it would be wrong to accept such help'.

Even if people are willing to help me I do not want their help, I do not seek it. Such was my firm resolve. I should stand on my own feet. O mind, think and ponder on this again. A life of great hardships and difficulties will be your lot. I conjured up the vision of such a future life – a life journeying towards death to embrace death.

Those were the days of such intense excitement and agitation that we students could not concentrate on our studies. Everywhere the same uniform atmosphere prevailed. And the first few students who renounced their college and plunged into this freedom struggle under the pressure of this tensely charged atmosphere were the brightest and most intelligent. Among those who quit college with me was one Shri Pandurang Vadame – who later became Rang Avdhoot. We were the first among the students to join the non-cooperation movement after leaving our college in Vadodara. We were the students who left the college even before Ganghiji summoned a Special Congress meeting in Calcutta to present his non-cooperation manifesto to have it passed later at the General Congress meeting. This then is the history of the boycott of our college education.

And they who had helped me in my education were now unhappy with my decision. I had ruined my life of my own will they thought and felt strongly. Even after

leaving the college I did not give up my good relationships with them. This relationship I continued with them with all love and goodwill, with perfect humility. And they even showed their desire and sympathy to continue their aid to me. But I declined their kindness with a firm determination to accept no more aid or help.

The test of fire is necessary for the perfect moulding and shaping of life. Even to ripen food grains the heat of the sun is necessary in some measure; intense heat is necessary for making bricks in a kiln. Life can be moulded and shaped only by the fire of suffering. And every spiritual seeker has to pass through the ordeal and test of fire for soul's evolution, which is an indisputable fact.

Leaving Vadodara College I managed to join Gujarat Vidya Peeth. I had no money with me. And knowing the situation at home I could expect no help from my family. I tried to eke out a bare living by selling 'Navjivan' a weekly. For every copy I sold I got a paisa, a quarter of an anna in the old currency. I would make as many paises as the copies sold by me. This magazine was brought out every Sunday. And I had to manage for the whole week from the income earned on the Sunday. For many days I could get just one meal a day.

I sold copies of 'Navjivan' only on Sundays. During this routine of Sundays I got just fifty paisa that is twelve and half annas of the old currency. I had to survive on this meagre sum for seven whole days. During those days Gujarat Vidya Peeth classes were conducted in the bungalow of Shri Dahyabhai Ijjatram on the slopes of 'Kocharba'. I lived in the first room of the tenements opposite to Gujarat College. I had to live on just seven paisa a day. While I studied in Gujarat Vidya Peeth I used to do my own cooking. During those days I used

to manage sometimes with a few palmsfull of channa and mamra (red grams and puffed rice, in the American parlance 'peanuts'). I had many relatives in the city in whose homes I would have been welcomed to board. But that would not be proper and commendable for me, for it went against the grain of my resolution.

I chanced to get work as a tutor on rupees thirty five per month. And in those days it was a big sum.

My purpose in writing all these is that however difficult and trying the circumstances of life might be, but if by God's Grace we face life squarely with courage, grit and confidence, solutions to all the problems of life can be found.

10

At the end of June of that year I was admitted to Gujarat Vidya Peeth. But the question that confronted me was wherefrom was I to procure the necessary money? I could with difficulty somehow manage with the pittance I got by selling 'Navjivan' copies. Even at that time the atmosphere in Gujarat Vidya Peeth was not congenial and conducive, nor appropriate for studying. We had to take part in protest marches, often we were visited by VIPs and other leaders of the country, and had to attend lectures and speeches of politicians, all these kept the students enveloped and covered by the tensely charged atmosphere. How was it possible to prosecute our studies and how could it be done? So as an alternative to government sponsored education in colleges, education imparted with Indian Culture and thought was planned by Indian thinkers with feeling for whatever is Indian, with a view to exploiting the new atmosphere of uncertainty and chaos, - a noble idea of course.

With this motive Gujarat Vidya Peeth, a Swadeshi Institution, was founded and the students who gave up government colleges came here for further studies. But those were times entirely unsuited for any study.

The lecturers of different subjects taught us those subjects very well no doubt. Their lectures giving out full information and knowledge were capable of expressing and opening up the heart and core of the subject. Those lecturers' love and sympathy for us and their desire to be of help to us were quite unique. Their desire to help the students had taken concrete form. They only thought how best the students could be given all facilities and the means to study. After sometime the Gujarat Vidya Peeth was shifted from the slopes of Kocharba to Bhulabhai's compound house opposite to Ellis bridge station. Preparations were also in progress for construction of a new building for Gujarat Vidya Peeth.

All this was in progress as usual when Gandhiji again appeared in our midst to give us a pep talk. In fact he dropped a bombshell. 'I believed that you will give up college only to immerse yourself in service of the country, your motherland. There are countless villages in our country. Kindly go and tell the people of these villages all that which is taking place in our land. Tell them the whole truth of what is happening in the British Raj, keep them all informed. Tell them also about the Punjab atrocities. Infuse new life and consciousness in them by working for them. It is for this reason that I had told you to give up your college. You have given up your obsession for one degree and fallen for another degree, thus keeping the desire for a degree alive and burning. My reason in asking you to resign was that you work for the country and awaken it from ignorance. Please ponder over your true religious duty to your country and dive

deep into yourself and think over carefully what I have said. And if you feel it is right and proper then give up this Gujarat Vidya Peeth also and bury yourself in country's work. Your work done from a new direction is the need of the hour for this country, in the present situation.'

Gandhiji's harangue on these lines had its effect on us; it touched and went through to our hearts. His ideas were novel but true. So under the leadership of one Shri Gidwani, 'Swaraj Ashram' was founded. I accepted to be trained in it. After the completion of the training I had to go to Wagra Taluk in Bharooch district. The people of Wagra were of a totally backward class. I encountered many difficulties and hardships in working there. I did not get even a paisa for either postage or travelling or conveyance. I had to work in utter lack of facilities. Money is needed for any work, even social work and there was no way to get it. I just could not get on; I was not comfortable, but handicapped on the contrary.

I returned to Gujarat Vidya Peeth and commenced my studies over again. But it was difficult for me to be admitted straight away. I had now to appear for an entrance test which also I did. Then another condition was laid on me. I had to get a letter of recommendation from Shri Sardar Patel to the effect that I had worked for him in a certain place, which also I managed to get.

When I wrote the entrance test a strange thing happened. A certain question was asked. Now that was a sample question. I had studied and discussed with friends and learnt its answer. When the same question was asked it took me by surprise and I felt happy at heart. I answered it satisfactorily. Thus was I able to continue with my studies.

Now only a few months remained for me to get my graduation. Once again Gandhiji arrived on the scene

and harangued, 'How can you unconcernedly continue with your study, when the country is burning?' My mind was once again shaken and churned. I jumped in excitement. I gave up my attachment to the academic degree once for all. Had I stayed on for three or four months more I could have got it. But I feel no regrets. I had dropped the idea for ever.

All of a sudden came a letter from Shri Indulal addressed to Shri Gidwani, 'If any body has the heart to serve the Harijans then a vast field is open to such willing people. And students from the Vidya Peeth are the most suitable, most wanted and welcome'. My elder brother was already working with Shri Indulal. His health was however poor. At that time it was not diagnosed as tuberculosis. Only his body was weak and sick, the medical report said. Recently Shri Indulal had founded a Harijan Ashram at Nadiad. I was called to work there and so my love for an academic degree was buried and laid to rest for ever.

11

I was the first student from Gujarat Vidya Peeth to join Gujarat Harijan Sevak Sangh. I worked as Shri Indulal's secretary, looked after the Ashram and the school as well as the Sangh's accounts and correspondence (which last I did for a brief spell). Owing to some personal difficulties Shri Indulal gave up his responsibilities in the Harijan Sevak Sangh. The centre of this Sangh's activities shifted to Godra. Running of the two institutions like the Ashram and the School simultaneously by one man, was felt by some as incongruous and incompatible at that time. Nadiad Harijan Ashram was founded by Shri Indulal, while Nadiad Harijan School worked under Gujarat Vidya Peeth. I held the posts in both these institutions as

their responsible head. As the administrator of the Ashram, Shri Indulal decided to pay me rupees sixty five a month. But he was always in financial straits, and so I was not paid this sum always. But in the villages a teacher would always get this amount sooner or later. From the Harijan school run by Vidya Peeth I used to get a salary of rupees fifty a month. 'Such a fat salary paid to a servant or a sevak of the Harijan Sevak Sangh!' This complaint was conveyed to Bapu or Gandhiji. He summoned me to him. 'Can this poor country afford to pay such a high salary to one who has taken the vow of Seva or service to the country?' he asked me point blank. I explained to him my personal circumstances. 'I have no other means or source of livelihood. My elder brother while serving the Harijans under Shri Indulal and doing public political work, contracted tuberculosis and is now undergoing treatment at the hands of Dr. Cook in Mission Hospital in Anand. Apart from this I have other souls to support and look after. My mother and sister-in-law i.e. brother's wife, have to do manual work to eke out a meagre living.' When I explained this to Gandhiji he shot at me another question, 'How can you look after the working of the two institutions at this young age?' By God's Grace I shot back, 'William Pitt the younger was the prime minister of England at the tender age of twenty four.' Gandhiji just laughed good humouredly at my reply. He said nothing more nor asked any question. (Gandhiji was himself a good humorist and even joked at his own self.) After sometime I got an order from Gujarat Vidya Peeth to keep any one post to my liking and relinquish the other. The reason they gave was that I could not do justice to both the posts in the discharge of my duties alone. A double duty and responsibility needed two people and could not be done by one man alone. Three months after this incident both these posts

came back to me for management and administration. The work of cooking for the Ashram inmates, collecting water or arranging to collect, all these were thereafter allotted to me. During the beginning the children had to be taught how to bathe, how to wear clothes, how to get up, how to behave, how to make their bed, how to eat, what manners to adopt – almost every thing. I had to be present all the time to teach these things. There was no one to help or assist me. I had to do it all alone. In the beginning there was a Harijan to help me, then another from the upper class to assist me. But after their departure I was all alone. I had to run the Ashram as well as the school single handed. The situation, which was incongruous and incompatible three or four months ago for me strangely had become proper and appropriate now. Then I was struck by epilepsy. The other men, holding responsible positions with me knew of this situation of mine, yet did not feel in their hearts that this fellow holding two posts is not now able to discharge the responsibilities of both satisfactorily, so it would be good that he is relieved of one of them. I applied to them myself to relieve me of one of these and leave me with the other. Finally the duties and the responsibilities of the Ashram were hived off and those of the school remained with me.

A certain friend, now dead, used often to prod me, 'You are a weakling, carried away by others' greatness or gloss; in spite of your past performance you have been appointed only as a school teacher. You do not feel belittled or humiliated. How can you tolerate this injustice and insult? Many new and raw hands after you have become administrators of the Ashram. You have never even raised your voice in protest. You are such a coward, good for nothing'

I replied, 'Our main business is with our work, wherever we may be placed and in whatever position, whatever the work allotted to us. The rest is of no importance or consequence. What is our main concern is our work, not position or status.'

But my friend was neither satisfied nor convinced.

But the six years of work that came my way were all due to God's Grace. If these were not given to me and Ashram work was allotted instead, then I would not have been able to make intense spiritual efforts and do the spiritual seeking that I did. If I had stayed in the Ashram then I would have been obliged to do only Ashram's works day and night. As I was assigned school work I was free at night, and thus it was possible for me to spend my nights in the silence and solitude of a cremation ground. After my evening meal I would visit at night Harijan quarters and talk with the inmates on Ramayan and Mahabharat, sing bhajans or songs with the students. What I am trying to drive home is that in what my friend saw as an injustice to me was hidden God's good intention for me. My entire stay in Nadiad for six or seven years was spent thus in my sadhana or spiritual seeking which was not a small benefit to me, truly a blessing in disguise. In the injustice that was my lot there was no evil design or intention, at least not so in my case. Perhaps if I had protested, then my superiors would have considered my case, I have no doubt. My mind is clear on this point even today. But I have never felt being ignored or overlooked, so there was no need to write or complain about it to them. Even so as new workers came in new institutions were opened for them. And as they were absorbed so they stayed in their own respective positions and whatever happened was for our own good. Those days we were all inspired and enthused. Every one was buried in his own

work, doing it whole heartedly. No one had any thought of doing any injustice or harm to any body. Everyone was busy minding his work. Where was time for us to think of others at all?

12

After the attack of epileptic fits I took leave from my work to go to river Narmada and spend sometime on its banks to recover and recoup my health. Shri Mahesh Mehta and Bhanu Prasad Pandya were with me during my first visit. During my second visit I was all alone. There is a temple, of Ranchodji on the other side of the Mokhdi Ghat, where lived a sadhu, a mahatma. I used to serve him every day. Here also I had about four to five attacks of epileptic fits. While taking leave of the sadhu I bowed to him and asked his blessings. He asked me to 'Remember and chant God's Name at all times, think of Him constantly in your heart and by this you will be cured of this disease', he assured me. If the sadhu had given me a herb from the woods, I could still have believed him. But I had no faith or belief that I would be cured of my disease by constant Remembrance of God. I doubted if there was any truth in it at all.

This sadhu even told me that after one year a Sad Guru will come to me and help me to evolve in my spiritual life. 'Evolve' and 'Spiritual Life' were just unintelligible words to me then. But at that time I had unbounded zeal for the service of my country, which was the only reality of my life then. And that zeal helped me to stand up to my poverty in life. I had an occasion to visit the bank of river Narmada again. And I had made a firm resolve. An ailment like epilepsy which attacks only sensitive women had come to me and taken hold of me. And I a man, a strong willed man, could not

prevent it from coming to me or beat it back, which was a disgrace to my manliness. Now this life was useless and meaningless to me. And so I decided and resolved in my heart of hearts to put an end to my life by jumping and resting my head in the lap of my mother Narmada.

A little beyond Garudeswar there is a high overhanging rock. I walked back a few steps and then ran fast and jumped over the ledge into the river. I remember very clearly the touch of the fast flowing river on my feet, and the living vibrant picture comes up vividly before my mind's eye. Hardly had the touch been felt by my feet when out of the currents of the water there rose up a strong whirlwind, and lifting me bodily threw me high and far on the other bank. I had a strange vision then. The figure or the form of the vision was not of this world, but ethereal, other worldly and strange. I was miraculously saved. It suddenly dawned on me, 'By His Grace I am meant for something. God has a purpose and a plan for me in life'. I became suddenly aware and convinced of this truth. From that hour my face turned towards God. Thereafter commenced a fiery and fierce churning of my heart and struggles and conflicts of life. I have expressed this experience of mine in the following lines taken from my poem 'Narmada Pade' i.e. at the Feet of Narmada.

*O foolish child, why did you think like this!
Thought you not of your Future?
You are made of a different kind from others
There is a divine plan and purpose in your life.
Many beings in this world come to life and die,
They live like insects in mire,
In that mire sometimes there blossoms a Lotus,
You will shine like the Lotus above all others.
The sacred fire of auspicious deeds lit by you
do continue.*

*Your destination or goal of life is still far away.
Just as my waters flow endlessly,
So flowing, merge your life in the Eternal Element.*

In these days of intellectualism and rationalism it is but natural that no body will accept or believe in such out of the ordinary incidents. They will also not consider it wise or worthwhile to publicize such incidents. But if anyone has factually experienced in life then it would be necessary to place them before the public with affection and humility. It would be sheer hard grained obstinacy to believe that what we say is alone right and what others say is wrong.

The above described experiences carry in them the possibility of truth. What I saw was not certainly a hallucination. Even today its image comes alive before me. Out of that vision I have gained inspiration, more than that, courage, patience, endurance firmness etc, - and other qualities like power or shakti. All these cannot come out of mere hallucination or imagination, emotion or sensitivity of feelings. Mere high emotion or imagination cannot last long nor can it bring about a mutation or transformation in life. After the occurrence of the above incident I came back to Vadodara where my spiritual mother lived, and to whom I have paid a compliment in my book 'To the mind'. On the third floor of her house I had another attack of an epileptic fit and my body rolled down the flight of stairs to the second floor. I was bruised by the bricks, there was also a little bleeding and when I recovered my consciousness a little I had the vision of the Narmada Sadhu, and he told me, 'Fellow, resort to God Remembrance always in the depths of your being. What will you lose by experimenting with it?' All this clearly manifested before my eyes for a few moments. But my mental frame not being in harmony with it, nor receptive to it, I could

not perceive any importance in it. After that when my body recovered somewhat from the bruises, I told all this to my 'spiritual mother'. Hearing all this she was visibly glad and said, 'Chuniya, you're a very fortunate man indeed. Hereafter chant God's Name constantly, while eating, walking, talking, sitting, standing, keep yourself immersed and engaged in it, and you will be rid of the disease.'

At that time I had greater faith in my 'mother' than in the mahatma, or sadhu. And by her manner of explaining all this to me I was convinced. I began uttering God's Name. But often it would stop and my mind reminding itself would start over again. Thereafter I began uttering the Name in all seriousness. But it was not continuous. So I took the help of my Buddhi or intelligence. I talked to it, 'Why will it not work? Why do I forget? My need for it is indeed strong. I must do it.' Thereafter I started uttering for two and half hours a day continuously. I increased this duration by ten minutes every fifteen days. The day I failed to do that I would give up my food and even my cup of tea.

In those days I had to do more than my normal quota of work, so I started getting up earlier to find time for chanting God's Name. But what I uttered at random while talking, walking, eating, bathing, or even working was not reckoned in this fixed period of two and half hours. During this period my epileptic fits decreased in duration and intensity. In the following three or four months the disease left me totally for good.

13

This incident, by God's Grace, opened out for me a new way. My sadhana for evolution of spiritual life thereafter was begun. And after one year I met a Sad

Guru on the banks of river Sabarmati who initiated me in this spiritual life. So the Mahatma's words in this case also proved true.

Thus the exercise of God Remembrance heralded the advent of new zeal, new enthusiasm, new freshness, new energy, new awareness and a new self-confidence that however adverse and difficult the circumstances of life may be, we have within us the power to come out of them all. And because of this self-confidence I could plunge into my sadhana for my spiritual progress. This self-confidence is such a powerful life-inspiring weapon or means, that if one becomes aware of its efficacy in one's heart of hearts, one can never become helpless or desperate in life under any circumstance. In the beginning this faith had not developed in me, but all the same self-confidence in its inchoate form was already there in me. And out of this self-confidence a small fountain of faith had begun to spout.

I was cured of my disease. But my mind began to enquire, 'How was I cured by mere remembrance of God? What is the cause or reason for it?' Behind every action there is a reaction, although hidden from our outer view, or subtle; yet there is a cause, there has to be one; I began to ponder deeply over it.

There was one great soul known as Godadia Maharaj' then, there was also one blind Sage, Gangeswaranandji. There was also Janakidas Maharaj. I had enquired about this of them all. I accosted many. At that time Shri Vidyanandji was very well known. Yet I was not satisfied or convinced by their explanations. 'You chant His Name with faith and if you have an intense feeling for the Name in your heart then it bears fruit and results flow'. Ordinarily this was their stereotyped reply.

While chanting or uttering His Name there is a centre in your being which it touches and impacts. At

the point of impact an 'explosion' takes place – (as in the case of a sound that is at a speed above Sound Breaking barrier). All this takes place in a second or even in a fraction of a second. But where this sound explodes, there are countless brain cells all over the inner space. When this sound explodes it spreads and touches as waves all these brain cells and the nerve centres.

I discovered or invented a theory. Our body is made up of the five elements, - Space, Light, Air, Water and Matter or Earth. From out of these of which our body is created, everything in life happens or comes into being. From Space comes the Word or Sound, from Light comes Form, from Air comes Sensation or Touch – the feeling of smoothness or otherwise, - from Water comes Taste or Flavour, without Water there can be no Taste or Flavour in your food, - and from Earth comes Smell.

Now Space and Word are inseparably linked. Apart from these five elements there are the three qualities of Satwa, Rajas and Tamas, - Virtue and Goodness, Work and Action, Sloth and Ignorance, respectively. Space and Word are interrelated and also immeasurable in their action and movement. Space is absolutely pure and unpolluted, as also Virtue and Goodness. Light and Air travel, move fast, as do Thought, Action and Desire. Action is feverishly restless, always in haste and hurry. Water and Matter (Earth) are of the nature of Sloth, Indolence, Insolence, Ignorance, lack of Will and Initiative. When Word becomes one with our being in its totality then we can be one with Space, move in it freely, which is easy to understand. When Space predominates, Satwa or Virtue and Goodness in us, develops into a larger degree and comes to the forefront in our life's activities and takes control of our inner being. Then Desire or Sloth recedes into the background, and ceases to trouble us; they play a lesser part in our

lives. When they lose their intensity in their workings, the extremes of our nature like liking and disliking, love and hatred fall away of their own. How rationally is the working of these qualities is thus explained and understood! I had worked hard to understand all this. In no book or scripture is all this explained in detail and with clarity. 'How can or does this uttering of God's Name remove the extremes or dualities of our nature?' All these great men I asked – those mentioned above – gave me a stock reply, 'All this is a matter of faith only; this is the subject of the Veds and Upanishads. You are a damn fool to ask these questions!' Their replies did not satisfy me. Whatever we do must be explained rationally as to why we do it. When I sat in meditation on a river bank this knowledge flashed in me. I talked about this to Gandhiji; he was highly pleased with my replies. 'Boy, become a research scientist in spirituality. There have been many scientists in this world but you must become a scientist of this spiritual science. You have discovered a new theory which is a truth. I doubt if this has ever been mentioned in any spiritual book. This is a very rational thought not based on blind belief. Your dissertation on God's Name and God Remembrance explains why it is called a 'Yagna', a sacrificial fire.' he uttered.





*Thinking my life utterly unworthy
Of living any more, just when
I plunged myself into the river,
How gracefully didst Thou rescue me!
Lifting me out of it and rescuing me
From that dark despondency,
What a great glimpse of my unknown
Soul Force hast Thou vouchsafed me!
What a great blessing hast Thou
Conferred on me out of Thy infinite Mercy,
Of many such I can give no count at all,
Thou art truly a vast Ocean of Compassion.
And after being saved from
The depths of the terrible deadly despondency
I knew in my heart of hearts
I am born 'Something' in life to do,
A Divine Will to fulfil.*

Shri Mota

From Anubhav Geet



CHAPTER 2

AH! BELOVED SAD GURU



I am Sai Baba
I am Tajjudin Baba
I am Upasani Maharaj
I am Akkalkot Swami

Shri Mota

Shri Kesavanandji – Dhunivala Dada



ADORATION OF SAD GURU

My Life's Lord and Creator, My life's Inspiration, My life's Soul, My Life's Light, My Worshipful, Reverent Guru Maharaj before leading me far and deep into this spiritual path, told me something, which I still remember to this day, but of which I understood nothing then. But its importance I knew even then. Its inevitable necessity had gone home into me therefore it was possible to benefit from his words. Its voice, its seriousness, its melliflence, its pure selfless love, its pure untainted ego, its pure compassion dripping soul, all that comes up before my mind's eye and heart; and to that very gentle, tender, loving auspicious, pleasing, charming, mysterious image in reverential, prayerful attitude I bow. In my heart may there be Thy Heart and my consciousness through Thy Consciousness be ever prompted to seek, search and follow Thee.

In my life's resolve I place Thy Heart. And Thy Heart's Consciousness and Emotions I keep in my life's resolves and actions; in other words those high emotions and feelings I hold in my heart as one with Thy feelings and emotions.

These my words with concentration and attention, listen with delight.

In the beginning of the years 1921 and 1922 many students carried away by the excitement and emotions of service to the country, plunged into its service. The zeal of those times and the beauty of their emotions and a spark of that inspiring feeling are felt even today in our hearts and eyes. It was a magnificent response. The freedom struggle threw up a challenge to the youth of the country to court dangers and dread. Such was their dauntless courage. And that challenge our young men accepted willingly and responded to. But behind all this was the strength of the emotion of devotion to the country. Those times were teeming with high emotions for the country. The feeling of sacrificing their all for the country ran high in them. They were even ready to give up their heads and lives. When God turns our face against all difficulties and dangers then it would look as if a miracle has happened. Abject poverty of the family still gripped my life. Six to seven souls depended on me for their livelihood.

My aged mother and my widowed brother's wife had to do hard manual work to maintain themselves. In spite of this soul chilling poverty I took an oath with Ganges water in my hand 'As long as I live I will dedicate my life to my country's service.'

At the end of 1921 when I plunged into the freedom struggle I had no idea about God or Godly life. I had never run into a Guru nor accepted one. But he came into my life and forcefully caught me a little later. I would not have gone after him, but he gave me a paranormal experience that changed my life and my direction.

From Ahmedabad city centre while going towards Mangaldas Town Hall, at the foot of the bridge (over river Sabarmati) on the right side, there are a few 'homes' for the sadhus to stay, which are found even today, and there a certain Balyogi had arrived. Many would throng to him. He never gave any lecture or sermon. But he was always in a state of frenzy or ecstasy. At night he would sport like an elephant, jumping and tossing in the waters of river Sabarmati, in gay abandon. Many of his admirers remember him even today. I did not know him nor did he know me. To those who gathered around him he would say, 'Go and call Chunilal from Nadiad'. Once Shri Nanubhai Kantharia of Nadiad happened to visit him, and he heard Balyogi asking people to call Chunilal to him. He returned to Nadiad and told me that Balyogi was calling me. I told him, 'I have nothing to do with sadhus. I have no desire to go to him. Even so I do not know him'. At that time I believed that sadhus are an economic burden on society. I was firm in my thinking. Today however my attitude towards them has undergone a little change. There are a few exceptionally rare souls among them, genuine ones. But I still doubt if a majority of them ever follow and discharge their duties according to the code of their religion. I had replied to the call of Balyogi in the negative for we did not know each other. But what surprised me was that without knowing each other and with no relationship with each other what had prompted him to call me by name and state that I was a resident of Nadiad? It was truly intriguing and piqued my curiosity. There must be some hidden mystery in this and that thought gripped me and would not leave me. To satisfy my curiosity I did make it to Ahmedabad. My poverty

was so acute that I had no money for my journey to Ahmedabad and back. I used to spend only one anna per month for my hair cut. So I took money from Shri Nanubhai Kandharia and travelled to Ahmedabad. Thus by the grace of God, I met Balyogi, for the first time.

Shri Balyogi Maharaj would be awake all the twenty four hours of the day. Like a monkey he would only leap and jump. It was difficult to understand why he was up to such mischief. He would over-feed me. I stayed with him for four days during which I lost all count of time. I had come to him taking a day's leave from my school work.

Every half an hour or three quarters of an hour trays of food would arrive. Sometimes food on silver plates would also come. And so many sweets were in them. What to talk of it all! 'Eat this, my boy', he would press me. But I was full up to my nose, so I would refuse. 'But I can eat no more' I would say. Without exaggeration I can say I would have then eaten more than three *seers* of sweets. Thereafter was served spiced *khichadi* full of red chillies. 'My boy, eat this also now' he said. And I would reply, 'This is beyond me. I suffer from nausea.' The same insistent pressing would go on, 'Boy eat this also.' And I had to eat it. I had no second thought about it. I would walk with him at nights. He would run and I would run after him. He would jump and leap as a monkey. Whenever he jumped into the river I also would jump with him and he would sport like a mad elephant in the water.

For four days it lasted. Suddenly I became aware of the passage of time. Until then time had stood still. I asked his permission to go back home for I had taken one day's leave only. 'Sir, this is an offence and a violation of my service rules. I cannot afford to be so negligent hereafter; I should not have done it at all. It looks as if

I have drunk a large dose of some intoxicating liquor. Kindly permit me to go back home'. But he said, 'go tomorrow'. So I stayed on for one more day. All told I had spent with him five days. It was as if I was under his spell.

I was not one who could be mesmerised, yet I was attracted and pulled towards him. I am not going into the reasons for it. But I could not stay with him any longer. I spent with him five days, and all these passed in a trance-like state, in a state of intense joy and forgetfulness of the outside world. I am calling it a trance now, but at that time I did not understand it. I was absorbed in myself, forgetful of the outside world and of the passage of time. It was not possible to stay with him any longer, so I prayed in my heart that if Shri Balyogi could come to Nadiad and teach me more and lead me further, then I was prepared to learn from him more.

3

By God's Grace I have a firm belief that my Guru Maharaj is a vibrant, living, omnipotent or all powerful personality. On account of my love for him he caught me and took me in to his fold. He came to my house of his own free-will and initiated me. This interesting incident I now frankly lay open before you all. Once I had to go to Meera Khedi in the Dahod Taluq in Panch Mahal District to attend a working committee meeting of the Harijan Seva Mandal. Having purchased a ticket to Dahod by the fast train I was about to board the train when my eyes fell suddenly on my Sad Guru seated in one corner of the platform peacefully and quietly. No sooner had I seen him than I ran to him and prostrated full length before him. I was glad in my heart that he had come, glad to see him again. He ordered me to return the railway ticket at

the counter. I returned the ticket and telegraphed to Dahod to the effect that I would not be able to attend the meeting at Meera Khedi. I was in a happy frame of mind. I prayed to him to come home which he willingly did. At home he would jump in fun and joy and even dance. At that time we lived in Narkhi Pole or street. We lived in the upper room of a house with a separate entrance. He had come to Nadiad in answer to my prayer with intense feeling. On the way to Town Hall from Ellis Bridge, a little to the right at the beginning of it, he stayed in one of the one-tenement houses provided for sadhus. I had the good fortune of spending four to five days with him. While taking leave of him I silently prayed within myself, 'I am unable owing to my limitations of circumstances and situation to stay with you any further. Kindly condescend to come home so that I may be benefitted'. What that benefit was I could not then clearly define but I do remember that I had prayed to him thus in the silence of my heart.

He came with me to the upper storey or attic that was my house. No sooner had he sat down than he burst out, 'I have come to initiate you in your sadhana, your spiritual life. For that I need a very large and spacious building'. I thought within my self, 'Sire, I am a very poor man, and I do not know any rich man, nor have any influence over rich men who would give me such a big place'. He was so upset and angry that I fell back a few paces out of fear that he might hit me. 'You are a perfect ass, you have no brains, you are an absolute idiot', he uttered so many such words. 'I need a large place, which should be in quiet and solitary surroundings.' He added. 'O God,' I thought, 'to get such a place is very much impossible, add to it that building should be in a secluded place. This makes my work harder.'

But he did not stop with this. 'It must be a big building, it must be in a very quiet and secluded spot, lastly it must have a lot of water near by,' he burst out. 'Go, find such a place and come back to me immediately'.

I was utterly lost. Where to find such a place I did not know. It was beyond me. As it was time to go to my school, I took leave of him. He gave me permission to do so. Leaving him in the good care of my mother, I left for the school. While going to the school I had to pass through 'Vahorvad'. I had studied in Vidya Peeth and so had worked for Hindu-Muslim unity. While going to the school I would greet a well known Muslim gentleman, Kasam Saheb, with traditional Muslim words, 'Asalam Alaikum'. And he would return the greeting in the same Islamic fashion. He had got into the habit of waiting for me on the platform outside his house because I would punctually pass his house at a fixed hour on my way to school. This had become a routine with both of us. But my Guru's command for a big house, in a very secluded spot and surrounded by water had put a big weight on my mind today. I entirely forgot to greet my friend today, failed even to observe him. I must have gone twenty paces from my friend's house when a thought flashed in me that I had forgotten to greet my friend. I walked back to his house where he was standing waiting for me, and apologised to him for my lapse. 'You are lost in some deep thought. What is the problem?' 'A great Mahatma has come to my house', I replied. 'It is good.' he said. 'But that is not all, he asks me to do the tasks which are impossible', I replied. 'Kindly tell me in detail what he wants of you', he asked. I told him the whole story.

'Oh Bhagat! Why are you worried? My bungalow on the road to Dabhan, stands in a very secluded and solitary

place and there is also a lake near it called Ram Talavdi; which I would like to hand over to you for your use. Keep your great friend there and take the keys from me now'. I had known that place before. During Shri Indulal's time Harijan Ashram was situated and run from there. And I had stayed there for quite some time. A big bungalow, in a secluded spot, and a lake near by – all as per his requirements – I had managed to find. How shall I express and describe my joy at having found such a place!

At that time I felt a deep urge to go back and prostrate at his feet. But at that time I was conscious of my duty and so immersed myself in my work of the school at Marida Bhagod; and after completion of my work came back home. On returning with a deep sense of affection and gratitude I touched his feet and told him of all that had happened after leaving him. I stayed with him at the bungalow where he initiated me.

This is the result of some past relationship. Neither did I know him, nor did he know me. We are related and tied in a chain of past lives of which we were unaware. On his first visit he stayed for two to two and a quarter months. During his second visit he stayed a month and a half. And on his third visit he stayed a month with me. He was a disciple of Shri Keshavanandji Maharaj and had come to initiate me at the command of his Sad Guru.

4

Now I shall describe what this initiation is. Initiation means changing your life's flow from a particular direction to another. Just as you dig channels to divert and change the flow of water and make use of that water from another direction, so also to change the direction of life's flow to make better use of it is called 'Diksha', or initiation.

At that time I was a thorough dunce but my Guru Maharaj must have understood the potential in me to change my direction. In this path aptitude plays a very important part. You must also have the necessary ground or capacity for it. He must have sensed the hidden store house untapped in me. And he changed its direction by initiating me on that day i.e. 22nd January 1923, Vasant Panchmi day, which was a Monday. This is the day which has great significance. It is the beginning of spring season, when nature dons a new garment of green. Even mango trees sprout flowers. Only he who has cultivated his sight can behold its beauty and charm.

‘What is there in these stones?’ often we hear such questions asked when some one goes to the mountains. But only a trained eye and loving heart can see the beauty of nature.

At that time I knew nothing of initiation. But today after many years I am able to grasp its real beauty. Today I know it is symbolic.

My Guru Maharaj first said, ‘Get your mother’s permission first’, so I went and asked her permission. ‘Mother, a certain Guru has come and wants to initiate me and he wants me to ask your permission’. My mother knew him because he had earlier visited our house. He used to jump, leap and be a nuisance like a monkey which my mother already knew.

‘You blessed fool, where did you find your monkey of a Guru or wherefrom did you get him?’ she asked. ‘Mother, do not talk anything more. He has only said I must be initiated and he wants your permission for this.’ ‘What does this initiation mean? And what have you to do?’ she asked. ‘I do not know anything,’ I replied. ‘You blessed fool, must we do anything without knowing it?’ she asked. ‘Go to him and ask what should you do in this?’, she asked again. So I went to him and asked,

‘Sire, my mother says we should not do anything without knowing. Kindly tell me what I have to do in this initiation?’ He replied, ‘you have to walk on the path of God after I give you this initiation or Diksha.’ I did not know then anything about walking on the path of God. But I told all this to my mother ‘It is alright to tread on the path of God. But what if he makes you a sadhu? she asked. I replied very calmly, ‘O yes, I will become a sadhu’ ‘My foolish son you have no brains. Then, who will look after the family and run the house?’ she asked. ‘I do not know all about that.’ ‘If you are going to tread the path of God, then I have no objection. Do as he says.’

Thereafter he initiated me. He did all that he wanted to. On the first day he told me, ‘Meditate’. I asked back ‘On what to meditate? First you meditate, thereafter I shall follow you and do as you do.’ He asked, ‘so, you do not know how to meditate?’ I replied hesitatingly. ‘Meditation is thinking of one thing with concentration’. ‘Then do so.’ he said. ‘Even that I cannot do’ I replied. ‘My mind always thinks so many things at the same time, pros and cons of everything.’

Thereafter he got a big nail about 8 to 9 inches long and hit the butt end of it on my forehead between my eyebrows, not slowly or gently or mercifully but very hard. I did not know what happened. Had I known of his intention I would have run away. I felt giddy and lost all consciousness. I came back after three days. I knew of this later. But at that time I was unaware of it. As soon as I began to recover my consciousness I bowed to him and touched his feet. When I came back to full consciousness he was massaging my feet. ‘My boy, did you have any thoughts during this period?’ He asked. ‘Not a single thought’ I replied. ‘You hit me with the nail and all thoughts vanished. Not a trace of thought remained’, I added. ‘What was your condition then?’ he

asked. 'Not a single thought crossed my mind' I answered. 'How long did this last?' he asked. 'About fifteen minutes' I replied. He said 'Not so'. 'Then about half an hour to two and half hours' I answered. He contradicted this also. 'Three days have passed in this state of mind's silence' he answered. I was startled and shaken. 'I have done a great mistake' I said. This was my greatest experience. Yet I uttered as above. I wrote a letter to Thakkar Bapa stating that I was unconscious for three days and so could not attend to my school work. I apologise for it.

Guru Maharaj then told me, 'Remaining in this world you have to work, but without being worldly.' 'How is it possible' I asked. 'Put away the world from your mind', he answered. 'How do I do it?' I asked, 'you cannot put it away by mere wishing just because you say it' I added. He answered, 'Cultivate that feeling'. 'What feeling', I asked. He explained, 'Do all for God, dedicating and offering all to Him. The Lord dwells everywhere. He is in us also. The entire world is run by Him. Our very life's machinery is also run by Him. You have to live your whole life for Him, dedicating it to Him'.

I could digest all this easily. I liked the idea and I decided to live my life thus, inculcating the feeling, 'All is God, all my work is for God and dedicated to God'.

This initiation had a deep and lasting effect on me. Out of this intense God-feeling began to manifest within me. And that feeling and consciousness helped me to stand up against all insurmountable difficulties of my sadhana or spiritual efforts. His coming to Nadiad is a living example of his unbounded compassion. And I have never forgotten it all my life.

I have never kept any photographs of his. Even if I desired to have one I had no money to buy it. But

through my heart's intense feeling and love for him I could always manifest his physical form. And I could awaken him in heart, and after awakening him, I could materialise him, and ask for his help, guidance and inspiration. Shri Sad Guru's support born of my love – devotion – knowledge, and from out of it intensity of love and affection; and his grace and power that I could get from him are all truths from a higher stage in sadhna which is indescribable in words. That big building, standing in a quiet and secluded spot, with a sheet of water, Ram Talavdi, beside it, all that is still existent. (Now it is in ruins, as we write this, but still existing). It is a holy place for me. But I have never again gone to that place to enjoy and experience its serenity or purity. Yet I have never forgotten its holy atmosphere by His Grace. I have learnt to experience this intense feeling of holiness more within than outside, more subtly than grossly, on the subtler, higher plane of consciousness.

In Nadiad my Guru Maharaj warned me against trying to know men's inner lives; never get involved in such telepathic reading of others' lives. Once he asked me to hit a passer by with a stone. I had to obey his order. But I cautiously threw the stone gently and it fell a few feet away from that man. He started abusing me roundly. I only said go and see my Guru Maharaj. On my telling him to do so he climbed the stairs to see him. No sooner was he in his presence than he fell at his feet, broke down and wept. He said he was saved from committing a heinous deed. He had done him a special favour and saved him by his grace. The deed was so ghastly that it could not be described in words. After hearing all this I understood the mystery behind my Guru Maharaj's order to hit him with a stone. Instead of analysing his order with our limited mind, it is better to obey with all our heart, mind and soul. Until

continuity of God thought and feeling takes hold of us, the mind only gropes in darkness.

5

When he came next time to our house he wanted me to take him to see a big alligator, a 'Magarmachh', (a mammoth sea animal). At that time I had no money with me. I bowed and touched his feet, and said, 'I am willing to carry out your order; but I have absolutely no money.' 'Then go and ask of somebody', he ordered. I said, 'I am a very poor man, who will give me money? I am so poor, my condition is so bad that you have come to our house and I express my helplessness. I have to come with you free, without paying the fare for both of us. Or you stay put here and I too stay put.' 'That will not do. We need money' he insisted. 'I do not have any money nor have I any jewellery or gold or diamonds so that I can sell them and raise the amount for you. Kindly show me from where am I to get the money. I do not have any,' I uttered.

That day about 8 to 10 people came to that solitary bungalow where we stayed and we got a handsome sum of rupees ninety six, which was strange. We lived alone in the bungalow and did not allow any visitors to enter. Our bungalow was far away from the town. 'Dear boy, money has come, now take me to see the large alligator.'

In Vadodara, in Kamatibagh there are some alligators. Perhaps there may be some in the sea in Khambhat. He would keep on talking about my taking him to see an alligator like a small child. I felt very irritated. 'You keep on bothering me, but do not tell me where this alligator is, in which place!' I told him. He would only say, 'now take me', he would insist obstinately like a child. We came to the railway station and purchased two tickets to Anand.

We arrived at Anand. 'From here we can go to a vast expanse of sea. There are big alligators in the sea. On one side is Bombay, on the other side Baroda, where can be found large ponds and lakes, in which can be found large alligators. And on another side is the temple of Ranchhod Rai. And if you can call Ranchhod Rai an alligator then it is there.' I said. But he would not open his mouth at all, would never say where to go. It would be very difficult to deal with such men if we had to work with them; who or what was he meaning by 'Magarmachh', I did not know. Wandering, thus we reached the big well in Dakor on the bank of river Gomati. On that well sat a man who looked dirty, not well dressed and presentable in appearance. In rain, shine and cold he would remain there. My Guru Maharaj talked with him on various matters strange to me, 'Where do you sleep?' my Guru Maharaj asked, He would reply, 'I sleep in the sky.' He would also say 'Sometimes I sleep in light, sometimes I sleep on earth, sometimes I sleep in air. But as of now I cannot always sleep in the sky.' They talked on in that strain which I do understand today. But at that time it was unintelligible to me. Then he told me, 'He is a 'Magarmachh' or a big alligator.' But I blurted out, 'He is a human being'. However from a liberated soul's point of view he was a 'Magarmachh'. But who would be able to recognize him? For many years he lived in Dakor. His real name was Nathuram Sharma. He recommended me to Nathuram, the Magarmachh, or a large alligator. 'I have brought this boy here because he has no money to come to us. His financial condition does not permit him to travel so far. So if ever he comes to you for guidance, do help him by giving direct replies.' My Guru Maharaj thus put me in his care. I had occasion to visit him thrice. And he gave me satisfactory replies to my questions. But who would

understand his greatness? Mere book reading cannot take us far in such matters.

He was very moody. He would call band players. Whatever money came to him he would freely give away. He would survive on a small quantity of fried food the people gave him. He would never cook. For the rest of his time he would remain indifferent to the outside world, like a mad man. But who would understand he was such a great soul, a wise and liberated being? Even as God remains hidden these souls also remain anonymous. They never allow their real self to be known or exposed, they camouflage it. God created this world, so men get lost in its enjoyment and so never know God's greatness nor seek Him. They forget His very existence.

Such are these great Godly souls. The world takes little note of them, nor does it know of their existence.

6

When he came for the third time to Nadiad, he put me on top of a banyan tree on a little hillock near the bank of the river Shedhi, and said, 'You have to go on uttering God's Name nonstop.' He even came close to me with a stone and said, 'I am going to hit you.' I did not take him seriously. I thought he was merely talking, he will not hit me. Why will he do so? But he actually did hit me very hard. And I slipped from my perch on the tree and began to fall, but managed to hold on to a branch and stay where I was. I told him, 'Sire, you hit me hard and I nearly fainted from acute pain. I would have died because of that'. 'No, you will not die, I know for certain' he replied. 'You simply talk for you do not know my pain which is too severe.' I said. He talked back, 'You will never understand what I am going to say. You will build a beautiful Ashram or a hermitage here at this spot in future

and do great things.’ But I did not believe his words. How could I believe? He had hit me hard and to assuage my pain he was uttering soothing words to console me. I took it all in that limited sense. But much later when I built an Ashram there I recollected his prophecy. When great men utter such truths, and if one is not receptive to them, then it goes above one’s head and the sense of truth or reality is lost. He had hit me with the stone knowingly, with awareness of the inner facts. At that time I was uttering God’s Name. But it was not effective as it was done mechanically, lethargically, without inner awareness, understanding as if in a stupor. This has to be uttered with full feeling, consciously, with whole attention and awareness. I understood the import of his words immediately. In any work done in sloth, indolence, unwillingly and unknowingly, half-heartedly, the results are not satisfactory or pleasing or good. We must do our work with full knowledge or understanding. ‘Why do we do this?’ we must ask. The idea is we must be aware of the aim or objective or the purpose of our actions. I was a man of the world, worldly, and with little understanding of these higher truths. But it went home in me, that if I have to do any work, then it must be done with right understanding, with vibrant, living awareness and consciousness of its aim and objective. All this was driven home into me. Hitting me with a stone was in itself a harmful action, on the surface of it, but it had the salubrious effect of awakening me to a great truth. There was a divine purpose in this act of his.

7

Shri Balyogi initiated me in Nadiad. During his first visit he stayed two months during which he told me that ‘In Sai Kheda there stays Shri ‘Dhuniwala’ Dada, Shri Keshwanandji and it is at his instance that I came

here and initiated you. Therefore go to him and seek his blessings for further progress'. So I made full preparations for my departure in case he kept me there for a long time. I resigned from many institutions, including the Sangh and even summoned Shri Parikshit Bhai from Navsari to hand over my charge to him. Thereafter I left for Sai Kheda. Reaching that place I put my baggage in a room in a choultry and had a bath and made it to my Guru Maharaj, I bowed to him. I did not then understand why people fled out of fear from Dhuniwala Dada I put my head at his feet. And people screamed and warned me, 'Move away, otherwise Dada will break your head'. But nothing of the sort happened to me.

I used to sit near his seat about five or seven feet away from him every day. There was no method or decency in his talks. They were incoherent, inconsistent. I also developed a dislike or distaste for him. I was shocked by his words, and wanted to go back to Nadiad at once, for he spoke even vulgarly and offensively.

But at that moment I had another thought. Shri Balyogi had come to Nadiad and given me some extraordinary experiences of his supernatural powers on many an occasion and out of his good grace had initiated me in my sadhana. And this Dhuniwala Dada was his own Guru. And I had had direct experience of Shri Balyogi Maharaj's secret force or power, living and vibrant in him. And I felt that this Dhuniwala Dada who is the Guru of Shri Balyogi must be even more perfect and omnipotent. He talks so offensively and abusively, no doubt, but there must be a reason behind it. But how can we know that?

But the moment this doubt arose in me, he even spoke to me. And whenever he talked, he would also beat some one. And in his talk he would even abuse

and expose the person he would talk to; but the others would not know of it. Only the concerned person would understand. He shouted at me and told me to observe the faces of all those around in the crowd and watch for their reactions, then remembering their faces follow them to their places and ask them for the details of their lives. But none of the crowd understood that the words were addressed to me, because at that time the thought of the secret purpose in his incoherent and inconsistent talk had come up in my mind. All this became clear to me in a moment then.

After this incident, I would observe the faces of all present in the crowd and watch out for changes on their faces. And every day about five to seven people confirmed what Dadaji had told in the open, was true to the letter; he had said whatever had happened and as it had happened in their lives. And sometimes when they in turn abused him for exposing them to themselves, he would utter every word of abuse that came to their minds.

He would reveal the intimate stories of the personal lives of all who came to him. So there was no question, in his talks, of continuity of events and ideas; for every one's life is different. Some events of life are good while some are bad. Dadaji would expose their lives as they were. To an ordinary layman all this would appear inconsistent, and indecorous. He would use abusive language and even beat unwanted persons with a thick stick. He was on this account misunderstood and not appreciated, which was too natural. One Hindi newspaper would publish adverse reports about him based on these misunderstood facts. One friend of mine, Chunilal Vyas, would buy this paper and without fail send me the articles published against my Guru Maharaj. All these stories published in the dailies cannot express

the real truth about these great men. The secret key of understanding which was given me by His Grace was not available to them. How could they have it?

When I went next time to him he began to rave about a certain Maharaja or an Indian King and his secret relationship with the British Rulers, and the dealings he had with them. When he talked about these matters there was no one in the crowd tallying with his words; the words did not apply to any one present there. I was convinced that he was speaking about a local Indian Maharaja. Yet Dadaji kept up his talking. He was exposing very ruthlessly the unethical and cunning means adopted by the Maharajas to please the English Rulers. He would also describe the political intrigues, scheming and plotting planned and executed by each party in the political games.

He would have spoken in this style for more than an hour when there arrived on the scene the retinue of a Maharaja. A few horses with riders in the front followed by a car and behind that a few horsemen, and behind them a few policemen. A Prince or a Raj Kumar got down from the car and brought along two silver trays, one full of silver rupee coins and the other containing a few gold sovereigns, bowed at the feet of Dadaji and placed the trays near his feet. That very moment Dadaji kicked the trays so hard that they fell far away from him, and the silver and gold coins were scattered all over the place. The police and the king's men cordoned off the area and collected those coins. And Dadaji only spat on those coins in contempt.

He thundered in anger on the Prince, the Yuvraj, 'What have you come here for? What do you want from me?' I am using refined and polished words, because the abusive language he used against the Yuvraj was too

jarring to be uttered or heard. He scolded and abused the Prince, dressed him down and exposed his secret dealings. But the crowd around him could hardly follow him even as I. He told the visitor, 'Your father will have to abdicate the kingdom and you will be crowned the king as his successor.' I learnt later that the Maharaja of Indore had planned a murder. Later there was a trial in Bombay of that famous Bavada murder case. All these Dadaji had foretold before the king.

Even before the arrival of the Prince of Indore on the scene Dadaji had been talking about him, which was for me a revelation and experience from Dadaji. This was a personal direct experience I had about his Omnipresence and Omniscience. As long as I stayed in Sai Kheda, I learnt and experienced directly everything about five to seven of such cases every day. I did go through all these just to convince my doubting brain about the extraordinary powers of my Guru Maharaj and learn directly in his presence.

Many types of men would come to him for fulfilment of various desires, as also taking various vows for fulfilment of their manifold desires. Danseuse or female dancers, speculators, gamblers, sanyasins or monks, scholars and savants, even the sick would flock to him.

At the beginning I would meet and interrogate the sick, and discovered that about thirty percent were cured by his mere presence. I had done some statistical and analytical study of these cases.

About ten to twelve days must have lapsed after my arrival. One day a coconut came to his hands which he flung at me. It hit me on the forehead and created a big lump. Then he ordered me, 'Now go back home, be ever busy in your sadhana, and pray to me for help and guidance, and continue the work that falls to your lot.'

Thereafter I came to Vadodara. My friend Shri

Bhagwat Prasad Pandya was in Dufrin Hospital as an in-patient in the T.B. ward for treatment of Tuberculosis. For many years he had served Shri Thakkar Bapa and was now suffering from T.B. of the testicles. Sri Thakkar Bapa had taken up the responsibility of his treatment and had him admitted in this Dufrin Hospital. I gave him all information about the 'Great Darbar' or the gatherings held by Dadaji. Many sick men were cured of their diseases. I gave him my findings on the basis of my statistical and analytical research. 'Why should you not be one of the fortunate ones to be cured by him?' I encouraged him with some hope. 'Therefore go to him, perhaps you too can be cured. The chances are good', I added.

'If you give me the money I am prepared to go' he replied. But at that time I had no money with myself. So I told him, 'If you do not get cured then I shall reimburse you.' He was satisfied with my assurance. He left for Sai Kheda. And strangely within a short period of his stay with Dadaji he was cured of his disease.

Thereafter he wrote a letter to Navsari Harijan Ashram stating that whatever stood in his name – money, chattels, or other belongings - be given away and distributed among the poor Harijans. Nothing should be kept hereafter in his name. When this information reached Thakkar Bapa he stopped it. Whatever stood to his credit in the Sangh should be handed over to his minor son on his attaining majority. He advised thus Shri Parikshital and put him in charge of it. Thereafter Shri Bhagwat Prasad stayed on with Dadaji till the end. He even gave up wearing clothes. (It could be owing to the peculiarity of his disease.)

In my absence whenever Dadaji spoke about me, Shri Bhagwat Prasad would either note down or attentively listen to him. Whatever prayers I used to say

in the burning ghat (crematorium) at Nadiad he would repeat verbatim, that is word by word, in the same order. One prayer in poetical form I remember very well. One bhajan particularly that he had written down is reproduced below. When I went there later he showed it to me

*Lord, ever keep me in the Haven of Thy Holy
Feet,*

I pray and bow at Thy Feet.

*O, Beloved, ever indwelling in my heart,
Thou Lord of my heart's precious Lotus,
Thou renowned dear and faithful Lover,
I pray and bow at Thy Feet.*

*I open to you my heart's inner feelings,
My mind still remains intransigent, rebellious,
Removing all obstacles from my life,
Take me home into Thee, dear Lord,
And make me mad for Thee only.*

I pray and bow at Thy Feet.

*O, Beloved, I know of no means,
But only the flowers of my heart's agonising love,
And these I scatter at Thy Holy Feet.*

Wherein is a child's strength?

*If there be any it is in his helpless crying;
By that force of crying I want to cross over*

To Thee.

Such was his living and vibrant power of telepathy, clairvoyance and clairaudience. By God's Grace I had met such a powerful and great Guru, one who was omnipotent, omniscient, of whose warmth of closeness, love and support you can form no idea, because your love and devotion for him have not reached its zenith or acme. Until then whatever greatness of your Guru you may experience will go above your head. You have witnessed many incidents in my own life which have

the ring of truth and therefore cannot be denied or glossed over.

Love and devotion to your Sad Guru that should be manifest with conscious awareness for self-evolution I do not see in any of you. Sad Guru is no doubt a means to climb higher the ladder of such evolution. But without love and devotion for your Sad Guru the enhancement of your capacity to make the best use of your Sad Guru for the flowering of the art of self-evolution cannot take place or manifest.

I decided to go one more time to my Guru and offer my respects and reverence to him. At that time he said, 'If one has associated with a holy saint with his whole heart and if one is touched deeply by him and his heart is wholly with him, then however base and sinful that soul may be, at the hour of his death the intense feeling or emotion born of the holy company, manifests forcefully'.

But at that time I felt he was saying all these only to emphasise his self-importance. He was no doubt my Guru, but my mind was then perverted and negative in thought. But I am here going to give you a true example and proof of the truth of his saying. My Guru Maharaj spoke, 'Dear friend, about fifteen miles from here there is a small town and on the way are so many small towns'. And he enumerated them all and I wrote them down. 'Go and see for yourself a man who is about to die. Just see how he talks and what he talks in the last hour of his life before dying. What evil deeds he has committed in life he will himself reveal. Just half an hour before his death see how and how much his whole being has changed! You will see for yourself all this. Then you will be convinced, and understand what a blessing it is to cultivate the company of a holy man, particularly if your heart is touched by it with love and affection for him.

Then my point will be proved and your mind will accept this truth. Seeing helps believing.'

And to the little town I went to see for myself. Within me I thought, since Dadaji has asked me to go to clear my doubts I have to go through the whole experiment and experience. So I started on my journey. After much enquiry I reached the town. I enquired of all, 'Is there anyone here who is seriously ill and on the verge of death?' At last I managed to find a house where he lived. That man began enumerating all the evil deeds he had done, one by one.

I now felt that what my Guru Maharaj had said was absolutely true. Thereafter his whole psychology changed. He began to sing bhajans in praise of God. Thereafter he began to pray to his Guru Maharaj, 'I kept your holy company and gave my heart wholly to it.' Then lastly he uttered, 'Now my Lord deliver me from all this evil.' And with these words he breathed his last.

Thereafter I went round the town and asked of many, 'What have you to say about the man who has just died.' And they all replied, 'Good riddance for us all since he is dead. It is a relief for all of us. None of our women folk was safe in the town.' He was such a characterless man. But what a great change came over him during his last hours because of his association with a divine soul! In what a changed frame of mind he passed on! This has been my direct experience of the truth.

If we can get the association or the company of such a holy person and if we can put our heart wholly into it with love for that man, it proves to be a great blessing and benefit. In our hour of difficulty, worry or anxiety it gives us a feeling of warm comfort and help from an invisible source and presence. It gives an assurance that no rich or an influential man can guarantee.

Thereafter I returned to my Guru Maharaj. He ordered me to continue my stay at Nadiad, and carry on my work. Shri Parikshit Bhai permitted me to carry on my work of the school. I buried myself in my work. If only you are conscious and aware of the purpose and aim in carrying out Guru Maharaj's commands, is there any advantage or meaning worth the name in it.

8

During my second visit to Dadaji a sadhu also came to see him. Dadaji had earlier asked him to be rid of lust or desire for sex completely, to become totally free of it. So the sadhu came, bowed before Dadaji. 'Why have you come?' Dada asked. 'Have you done your work?'

'I have completed my exercises for becoming free of lust', the sadhu replied.

'One hundred per cent free are you?' Dadaji asked.

'Yes, One hundred per cent', the sadhu replied with confidence.

'Are you entirely free of lust?' Dadaji again asked 'Perhaps you are still raw, not wholly perfect.'

'No Sire, I am now ripe fully. I am free of sex totally.' The sadhu was quick in his reply.

Every day about 250 to 300 people would turn up before my Guru Maharaj. In the crowd was a little girl. 'Little girl' he called her. She came; there was a stone slab near by on which Dadaji would sit. This platform or slab was broken. There was no roof over it to protect it from sun or rain or wind. This place was far away from the main town. A fire burned permanently near him.

'Little girl, strip yourself and sleep on this platform', Dadaji commanded and the young girl very casually removed her clothes and laid herself down on the cot without any fear or sense of shame.

I was startled and jolted. I congratulated that young girl in my heart. She is truly a blessed soul. (With freedom from lust comes freedom from body- sense and fear and feeling of shame.)

Now Dadaji called out to the sadhu and said, 'Come and sleep beside the girl, let me see you do it'. But he had not the courage to do it. So Guru Maharaj said, 'You are still raw, not baked fully.'

That is why my Guru Maharaj always insisted on experiments. To believe nothing blindly without experience born of experiment was his motto. 'Experiment' and 'Experience' were his key words in any kind of sadhana.

'In the heart of the servers of the country nonviolence of a living and vibrant type is not found. They are not aware of this need for nonviolence. Their lives are full of greed and desire, the basis of all violence. Therefore it is necessary for you to turn your face away from the so called service to the country. It is important to turn your heart and soul to God', he strongly emphasised.

But I have to tell the truth that the awareness of this need had not dawned in me. But my Sad Guru was not the one to let go of me so lightly. He made me see the vice-grip of lust and greed, like and dislike, attraction and repulsion – all the dualities found in the lives of one and all. But even then I could not understand him fully. 'Two bulls fight and lock horns, but in the process the trees are uprooted because they stood between them.' There could have been some prior enmity and mutual prejudice between Shri Sardar Patel and Shri Indulal Yagnik. And the latter as a consequence gave up all the work he had undertaken to do and execute. At that time I had worked under Shri Indulal Yagnik as his secretary in the Harijan Seva Mandal after he had established it. I was the first to join this Mandal after

leaving Gujarat Vidya Peeth. Shri Indulal gave up his responsibilities and walked away for good. Thereafter the reins of this Mandal came to the hands of Thakkar Bapa and Mama Saheb. Thereafter I got the news, the scent, that no one belonging to Indulal's group should be allowed to work in the organisation. At that time I got the shock of my life, and the jittery feeling that had taken hold of my being I do still remember. I also met Sardar Patel and apprised him of the facts of my life. 'Saheb, I was a poor student and was even given scholarship to study. But inspired by the ideal of service to the country I gave up my college to join Vidya Peeth. Once Gandhiji taunted us 'You have given up love for one degree only to be obsessed with another. It is my desire that you collegians after you give up your college, join this work of service to the country, and going to these villages awaken the people there.' After hearing his appeal I joined Harijan Seva Mandal. Even at that time I could have got a job in an Indian State on a good salary. But I had taken the vow of service to the country. So I am not going to give up service to the Harijans even if you do not want me. I shall continue my service on my own elsewhere. God gives us bread and butter, and looks after us and I shall keep alive this vow of service. This is my firm resolve.' After saying all that, I walked out. But the pressure and the grip around me of this situation I felt keenly. But this awakened me to the reality of my Guru Maharaj's warning that even in the field of service dirty politics and mutual conflicts prevailed. Perhaps my Guru Maharaj must have arranged and timed this event knowingly to awaken me to the reality. After this incident the fanaticism of devotion and madness of service to the country by His Grace slowly began to recede. And my heart and face turned from

the obsession of country's service towards God, slowly but surely.

When I visited Dadaji for the first time he asserted 'I am all those great realised souls.' who were at that time alive. He would call out their names. But my mind began to doubt as to how could he be all these great souls at one and the same time? I had never openly expressed my feelings. But in my inner being doubt persisted that this was not probable, not even possible. Thereafter a long period of time lapsed, passed. In my sadhana or spiritual endeavours great resoluteness and steadfastness had also been achieved by His Grace. My efforts had picked up strength and intensity. I also began to be absorbed and immersed in it. During that period the saints, liberated souls whose names he had uttered, often materialised and visited me. In the beginning I would have the vision of my Sad Guru Shri Keshavanandji in the region of their heart, and used to recollect my doubts about his words then. All these souls who materialised in physical forms have given me a fillip or a push along this path. There are some persons alive even today who have been witness of visits by Sai Baba and Upasani Maharaj. But in the case of other liberated souls where no witnesses existed, I have avoided mentioning names and incidences of their visits. Till today I have refrained from talking about their visits even to the closest of the close. Whatever incidents that have occurred in relation to Sai Baba and Upasani Maharaj I have delineated and described.

By God's Grace I met all these great souls personally, and during such materialisations and visits to me, how they were, how they appeared to me to be, what were their manners and behaviour-patterns, their appearances, their manner of talking, their intonation, their dress, etc. I have described in my book 'Sad Guru'

in heroic couplets. (This is a form of poetry) And during my search of my 'Sad Guru' in the Kumbh Mela at Haridwar I had occasion to meet many great souls or Mahatmas, with the help of Balyogi, whom I have also described in my 'Sad Guru.' I have written about these based on the understanding that was vouchsafed to me. I have written nothing out of empty imagination or barren thought; whatever facts came to me I wrote about them as they were or as they occurred. There is not a trace or an iota of exaggeration in them.

When by His Grace I had the good fortune to come into contact with my Sad Guru, what was my attitude towards God, when was my life turned towards devotion to God and how was I able to remain under his aegis with true feelings of love and humility, I have written all these details germane to the above matters, candidly and frankly. Those spiritual exercises, so frightful that they send shivers down one's spine, he made me pass through by His Grace. A brief outline of all this I have given in my book 'Sad Guru' in short couplets. I have never made any mention of my great efforts and endeavours of which there are no witnesses. All those who maintain close relationship with me know of this manner of my writing of refraining from mentioning of facts to which there are no witnesses who can testify to them. When Sad Guru was written I felt that if the intimate details of my sadhana were not incorporated in them then there would be a hiatus or a lacuna in my writings. So what I had until now kept within myself. I now wrote openly for the public to view and know for itself.

A certain Sanskrit Pandit or a scholar would visit Dadaji. He would never ask any question. As I was also present I know the facts about it. Dadaji would keep on talking in Sanskrit as and when he liked to talk. During

the course of the day he would speak out answers to one or two questions that the pandit had in mind. And he would stay one week with Dadaji and during this period all his questions would be answered. He would speak Sanskrit of his own accord, which was simple and easy to understand. Even I could understand a bit of it. His meanings were clear. What he spoke on was philosophy or metaphysics. We understood the elements of it, not everything. He spoke in a very simple style and language. All this he did without the pandit asking a single question. And Dadaji would talk on only to clarify the pandit's doubts, which was his real aim.

I feel Dadaji would have learnt some Sanskrit in his life time. It is not true that liberated souls can speak any language on earth - Urdu, Persian or Latin. But if any one speaks in a particular language he can understand the gist of it, the essence of it all. He can understand and speak the language into which he is born or that spoken by men around him. Many would come to Dadaji, they would even talk on different matters. Dadaji would talk about all the subjects they were interested in.

I particularly remember a couple who visited him. They had taken a vow, that on fulfilment of their desire, they would give a certain sum to Dadaji. But they were short of money. If they pay the full vowed amount to Dadaji they would have no money left for their return fare home. The wife had told him, 'Short or not short we must give Dadaji the whole amount.' But the husband was obstinate. He wanted to keep some money for the return fare home. 'We cannot give less than the vowed amount. That would be improper.' The wife insisted. 'You should have brought more money.' But the husband withheld some amount. When he bowed to Dadaji and gave lesser amount to him, Dadaji shouted,

‘you still have to give me more, the balance is still due from you.’ The wife now uttered, ‘Give him the balance. Did I not tell you that nothing can be hidden from Dadaji.’ But the husband still refused. Thereafter Dadaji took up his thick stick and threatened to beat him. The husband got frightened and gave the balance amount. Dadaji without beating but with the show of anger with a thick stick got the work done.

Seeing this people around him would fall back by a hundred to two hundred feet. He understood the why and the wherefore of this, because he knew time’s unbroken continuity. He was beyond time.

It is commonly believed that such great souls know all the languages. But people exaggerate a good deal in this matter. He understands the essence of the other man’s thought, but not the whole of it.

One man asked inquisitively, ‘When can we know God?’, to which Dadaji replied, ‘When you can sleep and enjoy with your mother.’ The questioner was aghast and taken aback. It was because he could not understand Dadaji’s cryptic remarks. I understood this at once. By this word ‘Mother’ he meant ‘Mother Nature’. We must enjoy Nature not by dancing to her tunes but making her dance to your tunes and playing with her. Enjoy not as a servant but as a master of your Nature. Then we can know God. He always spoke mystically which people could not understand and so were nonplussed by his words which sounded vulgar and jarring to their ears.

After my faith in my Guru Maharaj deepened I desired to take my mother to him. But I had no money, so I decided to collect money somehow. But my mother laid another condition. She insisted on our taking my younger brother Soma Bhai also with us. He was too young and would not understand anything about Dadaji, but she would not listen to any of my objections. ‘I do

not know anything about what you say. You have just to take that little boy also with us'. I desired very much that my mother should see my Guru and so I agreed to her proposal. We had to go to the bank of river Kshipra near Ujjain. We had just enough money to reach Dadaji's place.

Dadajii made no distinction between castes and creed. Food at his place was a simple fare of Roti and Dal. If we had no vessel or plate we had to collect and eat our food out of our cupped hands, for we had no money and could not afford any vessel or plate.

Once Dadaji told my mother, 'Give that man standing there five rupees.' So I gave five rupees to my mother and asked her to give it to him. But she thought how would we go back home since we were short of money? Still at my request she gave the money. Then Dadaji ordered again, 'Go and ask of the other man there for five rupees'. She refused to do so at first, but later gave him. Then Dadaji asked her to get back the amount from him, but now he refused to return the amount given to him. Now my mother's sister's son, on fulfilment of his vow had decided to give away some amount. He asked me what should he to do? Guru Maharaj would not ask or keep any money with him. So he bought some cooked food and distributed it among the poor. Now he too ran short of money to go back home. And my mother kept on asking me how do we return home? She must have raised this question about four to five times that day. Out of anger she asked me, 'If your Guru Maharaj asked you to undress, would you do so.' I just replied, 'I would willingly do so'. I had developed a great faith in him.

While taking leave of him I prayed within myself, 'Take care of us.' At the railway station I asked for a ticket for a town before Nadiad for we were a little short

of the required money. Just then from nowhere came a man who gave me five rupees, the exact amount that my mother had given Dadaji. When I asked him his name and address he replied, 'It is mutual and reciprocal.'

9

The work of service that had come my way in Nadiad was full of benefits only for me, a blessing in disguise. I had the good fortune also to be initiated in Nadiad. Apart from that another incident occurred here which was a landmark in my life. Once I had come to Marida Bhagol from the city and was calling out the students, when one of them remarked, 'Chunibhai, in the field behind the tannery pit of our village, an entirely nude man has stationed himself there. He is absolutely still like a statue and does not show any signs of movement'. At that moment I felt instantly that only a madman or an avdhoot or a highly evolved Godly-man can remain absolutely still. Except in these two states no man can remain absolutely nude. No sooner had this thought occurred to me than I handed over my work to another teacher and made for home. I had my bath, wore fresh washed clothes, washed a small vessel clean, purchased about two seers of milk and made straight to the spot indicated by the student. I found the place. The avdhoot was still there in the same position as mentioned before. I sat down and engaged myself in prayers and bhajans etc. I must have sat there for two hours when he started showing signs of some movements. Thereafter slowly he turned on his side, but only in the other direction opposite to me. Again he lay down motionless and still. Then he turned towards me and opened his eyes.

Thereafter I bowed to him reverentially, 'I shall feel blessed if you will kindly accept this milk from me.' I

said humbly. He sat up, took the milk vessel from me and drank it all in one gulp. I spoke nothing, nor did he say anything, but continued to sit still. It flashed in me that this man is surely not a madman. So I had to come to the second conclusion that he belonged to the great class of Avdhoots or highly evolved souls. At the very thought of it there welled up in me a high-pitched emotion of devotion and love. In this world one can get wealth, fame, name, status, influence, power etc., but to get the contact or company of a living and great realised soul is indeed rare.

I began to reckon it as my good fortune that he had come to me. To help me move on by leaps and bounds, to help me develop my inner sight, to help me progress in sadhana and give me a great vibrant push and God-speed, the necessary force, purification of the senses and intense aspiration, endow on me O! Lord Thy Grace. In my great efforts infuse great speed and inspire me with volcanic desire to enable me to carry on my efforts without a break. My prayers continued thus within myself spontaneously, rather welled up within me effortlessly. I was so deeply absorbed in these prayers that all thought of passage of time was lost.

When I finally came back to consciousness it was evening time. 'Take me to the house of a Muslim.' he muttered. That he spoke in Marathi seemed clear from his words. But what surprised me was that he wanted to be taken to a Muslim house. How was it possible? It was very improper to take him to any body's house in this nude condition.

But I had developed an understanding and adjustment with their peculiar expression of commands and orders, so I could carry out their requests willingly and whole-heartedly. My heart was in harmony with theirs with love and reverence.

The habit of wishing my Muslim friends that I had acquired from Vidya Peeth with 'Asalam Alaikum' with a view to fostering Indu-Muslim unity, now stood me in good stead and helped me this time also.

Going toward Marida Bhagol, in a locality of that place, there lived a Yunani Hakim whom I would greet with 'Asalam Alaikum'. And he would return my greeting with the same feeling of affection. Our lively relationship continued for a long time. Except for this greeting I do not remember if we ever talked anything. I got up from that place and made straight for the Hakim's house. As my luck would have it he was there. I talked to him 'Behind this small water place used by tanners to dye their clothes, is a field, and an 'Oliya', a great soul has come there. He desires to stay in a Muslim house. I have come straight from there. If you can accommodate him in the upper floor of your house I shall look after him well. I shall attend on him and serve him to the best of my capacity and I assure you no inconvenience will be caused to you'. He was willing to accommodate the Oliya.

Thereafter I humbly and affectionately told him, 'You have given your consent willingly, but I must tell you that he is entirely nude. So I propose to hire a horse carriage in which I shall bring him with curtains all around. I shall also get his permission and pray to him to cover his lower part with a jute cloth. Kindly give me a small piece of such a cloth.' Hearing this he was aghast. He must have also become a little agitated. He had no doubt agreed to accommodate the 'Oliya', inspite of his physical condition his un-willingness appeared slowly to melt away, so it seemed to me.

I said, 'I can take him to my house. And I will keep him with all love. Even so behind Santram Temple there is a thicket, where also I can keep him. But his desire

is to live in a Muslim house. So I am helpless, I have no choice. So I have come to you to appeal for your kind help in this regard. Now evening is also coming to a close, soon it will be dark. In this darkness I shall put him in a buggy, fully covered with a jute cloth tied round his waist. No body would notice him in the carriage. As soon as he arrives I shall take him up the stairs to your upper floor. I shall also clean his faeces and his urine in case he does not move out for calls of nature. He looks to me as one of a carefree state. I have kept myself mentally prepared for any eventuality. Such men are very moody and how they will speak or behave is impossible to predict or foretell’.

Listening to this the lines of his face changed somewhat and he said, ‘Bhagat, considering the relationship that has developed between us, and every day as you pass by you sing bhajans and contact Khuda which I have been observing for some time now, and so on your word I give you my word. But I do not want to be placed in any delicate or embarrassing situation. And it is your responsibility to see that I am not forced to drive away one whom you call ‘Oliya’, in the middle of his stay in my premises.’ Before I took up this responsibility willingly and cheerfully and lovingly, I felt in my heart of hearts that this work is indeed very difficult to undertake, such type of souls do not easily vacate their rented homes. They stay put and say, ‘I shall stay here only’, if they refuse to vacate then I will be placed in a delicate situation. Even this thought had flashed in my mind. These ‘Oliyas’ are difficult to gauge. Even so I just wanted to carry out his command with love and devotion and dedication whatever may happen. Then we shall meet that situation, as and when it crops up. By God’s Grace a solution can be and will be found to each and every situation. Yet whatever situation may

arise later we should not be disheartened by the fear of it now, at this moment. To stick to the present with your whole heart and soul and live entirely in it is indeed proper and a true sign of wisdom. Having thought of all the pros and cons I dauntlessly accepted the Hakim's conditions. I surveyed the first floor where I wanted to lodge the 'Oliya'. I also requested the Hakim to remove some of the household chattels that may not be required. I also offered to help him remove those articles and keep them elsewhere. I did not mind staying back half an hour to help him. He declined my offer and said he would get it done himself.

Feeling relieved of all care I gladly went to the place where my 'Oliya' still lay. Seeing the horse carriage he got up. I had covered the carriage all around from the moment I hired it. Seeing a nude the carriage driver was a little wonder-struck. After seating him in the carriage I prayed to him to wear the jute cloth around his waist. He was very silent. And I took that silence as his tacit consent. And so our procession, more like a marriage procession, wended towards the Hakim's house.

Hakim Sakeb was standing outside his house awaiting our arrival. The 'Oliya's' body was stout and heavy. I told him, 'As soon as you alight from the coach kindly climb the stairs swiftly for the worldly men cannot endure such a sight, and it could cause a little embarrassment to the Hakim'. At this he alighted from the coach and climbed the flight of stairs so swiftly in such big leaps that it amazed me. He was stocky in build and heavy yet he was very swift. To this day the memory of that scene still lingers on in my mind.

After reaching the top I made him sit down. After that I prayed to him that 'In an hour or two I shall be back with a mattress for you to sit on, a water pot and a few mud pots for your toilet. I shall also bring some

food for you. I pray that till then you remain seated silent and still.' Thereafter I came back with a water pot, two tumblers, four mud pots, his night meal, and a mattress. I cleaned the empty water pot and filled it with water. With a little foresight I had also brought a broom. I cleaned the room slowly so that no dust should fall on him. Then I spread out the mattress and also the bedspreads, rolled out even small carpets to sit on. Thereafter I took a mud pot half-filled with mud. I had also brought a few bricks. I made an improvised toilet with bricks and mud pot filled with mud so that whenever he wanted to defecate he could do it easily.

He watched silently all my efforts. None of us spoke a word. After this I washed my hands and offered him the plate of his night meal. At that time I had nothing to offer except Bajra Roti or Millet Cake, vegetable and milk. Perhaps he liked all that, for he ate everything with relish. Some pieces of millet cakes dropped to the floor but he picked them up and ate them. I thought he would wash his hands but he did nothing of the sort. So I took away the vessels from his hand and wetting a piece of cloth wiped his face and hands.

At night I thought about how to arrange his night's sleep. Some times he spoke in Marathi and some times in broken Hindi. But I could not understand him well. And I did not have the courage to ask him to repeat his speech. I had the habit of managing to sleep without a mattress or a bed spread. So I expressed my desire to him that I shall bring a carpet or a bed spread. But he would not speak a word in reply. So I gave up the idea. We have to ask these people only once with humility and in an undertone. I had that common sense even then. He sat up till late in the night. I had a great curiosity to know more about him and so sat up till late in the night with him.

I felt from my heart it would be good to serve him in some way. I felt like going near him to press and massage his body and even his legs. I picked up courage and started massaging. I had the opportunity of rendering him service. However, he permitted me to do it just one day only. Thereafter he ordered me to go home and sleep.

Getting up early next morning I went straight to him and offered him a tooth stick but he threw it away. I offered him water from the water pot and an empty vessel for him to rinse his mouth and wash his face. I humbly requested him. But he refused my offer. Twice I used to give him his food and he ate everything I offered but he never made use of the arrangements I had made for his going to the toilet. He would defecate all over the place, and I would clean up everything. I would even wipe his lower parts. In my absence he had defecated more than twice, but had not cleaned his bottom. So I cleaned it now with cow dung and mud. And after collecting his faeces I dropped it in the far away dust bin of the municipality. He would pass urine all over the place, but would not do so in the mud pots I had placed for this purpose. I would not speak a word to him about this. I would even clean up the places where he had urinated.

Thereafter he gave up calls of nature and urinating. This could have been for about three to five days. I have lost count of days now. During these days he would eat and drink water as usual but defecating and urination had totally stopped. Looking at this and his physical condition filled me with wonder. This condition was not brought about by any disease or illness. If that had been so then his consumption of food and water could not have been maintained. And the body would have shown signs of uneasiness or malaise. In certain

cases the body does not defecate for two or three days, but the flow of urine is normal. But his body exhibited no such symptoms of disease.

We rarely talked to each other. I used to spend my time with him in prayer and God-Remembrance and other spiritual practices. In the beginning the intensity and depth of my prayers were the same as when he first came to the field behind the water place, by His Grace. For two days he had talked with the Hakim in my absence, which I learnt from the Hakim. How many days he had stayed at Nadiad I cannot say with certainty. It could be about ten or twelve days. But one day he gestured that he wanted to go back and so I arranged for a horse carriage for him and took him towards Uttarsanda, a little outside Nadiad. Then I bowed to him. And I told him to get down from the carriage. I paid the driver the fare and ran behind him, for he had walked quite a distance, and joined him. I had walked some distance with him when he said, 'Come with me'.

But in a prayerful attitude I said, 'Acceptance of the work that falls to my lot, of the circumstances and situations of life, of my duties and responsibilities, performance of all these with love, devotion and dedication, I consider my real religion. Still if you can gift me with greater progress in my sadhana, or help me progress faster in my efforts, then I am willing to come to you'. He did not reply at once but said after some time. 'Do come to my place.' I replied to him, 'If you fulfil the aim and purpose of my sadhana by Your Grace, take me forward in it; secondly I must have your continuous vision and my heart must continuously think of you all the time; thirdly if unexpectedly, from some unexpected source, I must get to and fro expenses for my visit to your place; if you can accept and fulfil all these requirements then I shall willingly come to your

place.’ Thereafter he walked away and asked me to return home.

After that I returned to Hakim’s place. I re-arranged his upper floor and brought it back to its previous order of arrangement. Hakim Saheb told me, ‘He is a great soul, a big ‘Oliya’. He lives in Sakori, His Name is Upasani Maharaj. He has secretly slipped out of Sakori to see you. You had a good opportunity to serve him. He has immense love for you.’

I told him about his desire to take me with him, and also told him about the three humble, prayerful conditions I laid down before I can go to his place. Hakim Saheb said, ‘you have not done a wise thing. If you had gone it would have been a good fortune and a blessing to you.’ But I have no regrets. Looking at my circumstances at that time what I thought and did appeared to me as right.

10

A long period of time elapsed after this incident. Bardoli Satyagraha or struggle was about to commence. Among the volunteers who were to take part my name was in the list, for I had enrolled myself. And on the day on which I was to go to Bardoli I had a sudden vision of Shri Upasani Maharaj, and I had an intense desire to go to his place. Only today it has happened, and not on any other day. What is the significance? I thought about all this within myself and inquired. Frequently the visions of the Maharaj would occur. I also became aware of the three stipulations I had made to Maharaj. So, if I am now able to get money from somewhere unexpectedly for my to and fro expenses, then I must go. Thus determined, I became gay and carefree. If I get this amount this very day then I must abandon my plans to go to Bardoli and proceed to Sakori, I decided.

Every day while going to Marida Bhagol I had to pass by a Vaishnav Temple and for quite some time I would sing Shri Dayaram's Bhajan while passing the Temple.

*'You are not yet a true Vaishnav Saint,
Why do you then strut in false vanity?'*

This bhajan I used to sing to myself, applying those very words to myself. I used to sing those words while crossing the Temple. I had no intention to malign any other person. A Vaishnav gentleman felt that I was referring to him in my bhajan and personally insulting him. He came up to me and hit me hard on my back with his fist. I humbly explained to him that I did not refer to anybody, not even to him but only to myself in a prayerful attitude. But he took it on himself and refused to be convinced that he was not targeted by the words. He was very agitated and excited.

Now when I felt the urge to go to Sakori and the vision of Shrimad Upasani Maharaj kept recurring and the letter summoning me to Bardoli had come, that very day I passed the Vaishnav Temple again singing my favourite bhajan, when another gentleman came to me unexpectedly and placed rupees forty five in my hands. I was amazed. I asked him, 'Sir, for what is this sum? And why do you give it to me?' He replied, 'Every day as you pass by you sing devotional songs which touch my heart. This has been your practice for a long time which I have been observing for some time now. Even at night when you pass Kakar Khad on the way to Santram Temple and while returning, I hear you sing the same bhajan loudly.

'Everywhere you sing these bhajans and I am moved and touched by this. For many days I have been feeling that I should give you a token amount, but today that feeling became quite strong. Holding this amount in

my hand I was waiting on the veranda of my house for your arrival. And the moment I heard your voice singing that beautiful bhajan, I ran to meet you to give you this amount. Kindly do me the favour of accepting this amount.' I felt within myself that one Vaishnav had beaten me with his fist on my back, while the second man had given me rupees forty five. God's ways are strange. So my going to Sakori was confirmed. Sending a leave letter for absenting myself from Bardoli Satya Graha, I left for Sakori.

Reaching Sakori I deposited my luggage at a safe place, had my bath and went straight to Shri Upasani Maharaj, and bowed to him. He had locked himself in a wooden cage, and he ordered me to sit down near him. I sat down there, and busied myself with various means and methods of sadhana. Five to six hours must have passed when I felt the urge to pass urine. I tried to get up and go out, but strangely I could not get up. I thought that sitting still at one place had caused stiffness of the legs. So I tried to move my legs, but they could not move. They could move outwards and backwards in my seated position, i.e. bend at the knees. Therefore it was not possible that they had become stiff owing to my sitting for long in one position. But then why was I not able to get up? I was puzzled. I decided to push myself backward with my hands. But however much I tried I could not do so. I then felt something had happened to my body, been imposed on my body. I felt no pain in my waist or groins and my body's health was good and normal also. My feet would help me a little to push myself away from where I sat before Baba at his command. But they could not help me to go further away. I could not get up and walk. Another two or more hours must have passed, for I was absorbed in the various means and practices of sadhana.

Thereafter on return of body consciousness the urge to urinate increased its pressure. There was no alternative but to ease myself where I was. But how could I do it at that sacred spot? The question troubled me a great deal, and I had a great hesitation also. Now it was impossible to hold it any longer. Again I tried to forget or lose myself in prayers, bhajans and meditations with increased awareness and efforts. I must have passed about half an hour in this condition; but the desire and the urge came again with increased force. I could not get up or walk but could only propel myself backward a few paces with the help of my hands. I had made all efforts till now, but in vain. How could I urinate in the holy presence of Upasani Maharaj? That thought was also strong in me. Again I tried to absorb myself in prayers and utterance of God's Names. But this time in my deeper consciousness I knew that all this has been contrived by Shri Upasani Maharaj himself. And by his power I am unable to get up and walk. I was not sick nor had my legs lost their movements, they are healthy and capable. Then perhaps Maharaj had a purpose in bringing on that temporary disability in me.

On my becoming aware of the secret and mysterious working of Upasani Maharaj my hesitation and trepidation entirely vanished. I eased myself then and there. And what an abnormal quantity of water flowed out of my body! It was beyond any body's imagination. People who thronged the place began to abuse me, and some even started beating me. Thereafter I started defecating also. And both urination and defecation were so frequent and in such a large quantity that it baffled man's thinking. My clothes were soaked and wet with this abnormal discharge. Nearly four feet of space around me was filled with my body's waste matter. For about five days, I faintly remember, I had neither food nor

water yet such an abnormal quantity of waste matter had come out of my body! My waste matter almost formed a mattress, so it seemed.

People had kept up their hitting me nonstop. 'That scoundrel wants to become another Upasani Maharaj', said one. Another said, 'Lift him up and throw him out.' Some even attempted to do so. But looking at the large chunk of faeces like a mattress their courage failed them. And people rained down stones and brickbats on my body. Shri Upasani Maharaj watched all this fun, but he remained a perfect and silent witness. He said or did nothing. But there was a young girl in the crowd who appealed to and requested the people not to hit me and even tried to protect me and shield me. She could be of fourteen years then. This is still fresh in my mind. This girl was none other than Pujya Godavari Mata, the closest disciple and heir of Shri Upasani Maharaj, which fact I came to know later. I used to receive such a terrible beating at the hands of the public, but my Samadhi or meditation which covered all my senses and mind remained wholly undisturbed and unbroken. On one side was my unbroken samadhi or meditation like the flow of Ganges unbroken, on the other was the beating of my body like the flow of Ganges broken and intermittent. And on the third side the flow of my body's waste matter continuous and unabated. I was a witness to all these facets simultaneously, yet the one pointed feeling of God consciousness or awareness all the time was experienced by me within me, as one and unbroken.

About five days must have passed. (All count of days is approximate; nothing can be said definitely because in Samadhi or deeper meditations the whole time passed as if it were just a few moments only. Such was my awareness of my surroundings). Thereafter Shri Upasani Maharaj ordered hot water to be given to me.

And this routine must have lasted two or three days. My physical condition also remained unchanged. Discharge of faeces and urine in a large quantity continued unabated. After two or three days of this experiment Maharaj ordered a dry baked bajra roti or a millet cake be given to me, which also I remember well today. About eleven days I must have remained in this condition by His Grace when all of a sudden I felt I could get up and walk. So I got up, walked away and washed my body clean of all dirt of congealed faeces and urine. How and where I did all this I am unable to recollect today. Thereafter I got a spade, a large round iron vessel and cleaned the whole place where I had sat before Maharaj. All this I did in a semi conscious stage. I cleaned it all with the spade, with my bare hands and then with water. Then I got a small bottle of sandal wood oil and sprinkled it all over the place. After completing all this I asked Maharaj's permission in all humility and love to return to Nadiad. But he did not utter a word then. After about half an hour he permitted me to go, and while parting said, 'Now this advanced stage of consciousness will remain alive and vibrant in you always.'

About these deeper and subtler planes and methods of sadhana I had no knowledge till then. I only had my awareness of my Guru Maharaj, Dadaji, in Upasani Maharaj. In other words I saw Dadaji's image in Upasani Maharaj, I had my Dadaji's vision in Upasani Maharaj. I had heard my Guru Maharaj utter so many times, 'I am Sai Baba, I am Tajjudin Baba, I am Upasani Maharaj, and I am Akkalkot Swami.' He uttered so many names and in the end also said, 'I am all these at one and the same time'. At that time I could not understand the meaning of it. It appeared to me anomalous and self contradictory. It never entered my head. How was it

possible at all? I asked within myself. At Sakori, in Upasani Maharaj's being I beheld my Guru Maharaj. My intense, living and strong devotion to my Guru Maharaj gave me his vision in Upasani Maharaj and with the awakening of my Guru Maharaj's utterance, 'I am Sai Baba, I am Tajjudin Baba, I am Upasani Maharaj, and I am also Akkalkot Swami.' came the proper perspective, understanding and the appropriate meaning of those utterances.

I returned to Nadiad and to my work.





CHAPTER 3

FOR LOVE OF GOD



*I know Thee only; Thou art the Abode of Delight.
Without having the full fill and taste in my
being, how can I rest?
I shall use all my force; I shall never rest content.
Even if I have to pay with my life, I shall find
That which I seek.*

- Shri Mota





Offering myself at Thy Lotus Feet

let me live my life.

Many and strange are life's vicissitudes,

My life is spent caught up in them.

And when afflicted by life's cares,

I pray from the deeps of my heart.

I desire to be, Lord, only Thy Instrument.

On this path let Thy Supreme Will prevail.

Help me tread this path, elsewhere

I wish not to walk

Keeping this faith in my heart, Lord,

I have come to Thy Holy Feet.

- Shri Mota

Dr. R.K.Desai once told me, 'The disease that afflicted you could not be hysteria, but something more dangerous which was not curable as is plain hysteria or epilepsy'. But by God's Grace I was cured.

The disease which attacked my body usually comes to a sensitive person who reacts very keenly to life's shocks, whose nature feels very much even in small matters. Only such a sensitive nature can become the victim of such a dreadful disease. So, since this body became a victim of that disease his very nature must be very sensitive, feeling deeply the shocks of life, reacting to them very sharply, which automatically proves and confirms the doctor's theory. There were many personal reasons for this disease to come to me. My elder brother suffered badly from tuberculosis. And my monetary situation was such that I would have to borrow money for his medical treatment, and incur debts. I did not like incurring debts. I always desired that I would not have to borrow and incur debts. But my mother and elder brother would taunt and pester me to borrow. I explained to them both that I was as willing as they to treat my brother, but lack of means prevented me from doing so. Yet both these used to call me a miser. He was taken by first class by train to Bhavnagar, for his treatment. From there he wrote letters to all my friends and relations for money and borrowed it. I learnt of this much later. He also borrowed from close relations quite a large amount.

My brother had passed away, gone forever. But the debt remained on our head to repay. And how am I to repay that debt? From the time I joined Harijan Sevak Sangh I was under an oath not to accept any other work. That was my deadly and firm determination. There

was a reason for this oath; my poverty was such that my mother and my brother's wife had both to do hard domestic work in their spare time for some families which was good for them and for others also. But my mother felt, 'My son has studied well and my relations and known friends are too willing to help him to get a lucrative job and settle down in life, still he does not accept any service.' There were possibilities of my settling down in life comfortably. Yet I had no desire, did not want to do any such thing for myself. But owing to my grinding, gripping poverty she would taunt me and tease me so that moved by my family's extreme poverty I might accept a job. That I may not succumb to such importunities I took an oath with some Ganges water in my hands not to accept any lucrative job but only to serve my country – all this with a full understanding of its implications. After taking this vow I have never felt any regret or discontent or any frustration for having missed any opportunity in life. But in this painful and pinching poverty how to repay the debt incurred for my brother's treatment? This thought agitated me and anguished me so much and kept recurring so frequently that I used to become restless and worried. Apart from this there were other psychological factors and considerations. On one side was my extreme poverty and on the other the debt that I wanted to repay but was helpless and unable to do so; and on the third side was my vow only to serve my country. All these engendered within me a serious conflict which had a serious impact and effect on my physical health resulting in the disease, 'Fefru' or hysteria which results from inability to fulfil deepest righteous desires.

At that time I used to work with Shri Indulal Yagnik in Harijan Sevak Sangh. My work was a big round of responsibilities. I had to send money to every newly

started Harijan Organisation, to maintain their accounts, keep up correspondence with them, and look after administration and other work of Nadiad Gujarat Harijan Ashram; apart from that I had also to look after every kind of work of Harijan School started by Gujarat Vidya Peeth that had fallen to my lot. Just as it is in Ashrams today, the administrators' work was not organised or streamlined. They were not burdened with any responsibility. At that time our work was heavy. From every place in Gujarat students would come to our school, they were all young and raw, they did not know how to live, how to behave, how to maintain cleanliness; they had never learnt all this, had not been taught or trained in it, we had to collect our own water, and cooking also was to be done by ourselves. Parikshitalal had not joined this institution as yet. At that time work was heavy and strenuous involving great responsibility. All this sometimes brought on mental tension. To ask Harijan boys to procure water from public wells or even arrange to procure water for Harijans was a very difficult task at that time. A furlong away from Mission Hospital on the road to Dabhan was this Ashram. About half a furlong from there, near Ram Talavdi, was a public well of the Hindus. The Christian well was dug by the Christians for their own use. But by God's Grace we continued to draw water from the Hindu well with courage. But the farmers threatened to beat us if we drew water from their well. Sometimes such incidents would occur. Yet with courage and determination we did draw water from their well. During 1922 – 1923 there was greater prejudice and revulsion among the Hindus towards the Harijans than is prevalent today. There lurked a fear in us that these farmers might do some harm to our boys because of their loud yells and threats. Even in regard to public ponds we had to announce openly that

our Harijan boys were going to have their bath there. A hot water spring gushes out near that pond and falls into it. Because of this some altercations with caste Hindus would often occur.

This added to my mental tensions and pressures which were again responsible for my disease. Many times while riding a bicycle I would have a bad fall due to my epileptic fit. But on occasions when I suffered no major injuries I did not have the awareness to be grateful to God in my heart at that time. But I do see today that my all powerful and merciful Lord with a thousand eyes and a thousand hands always used to take good care of and protect me. By His Grace awakening self-confidence in me I could stick to my oath and observe it.

In Nadiad while walking along the road, I would sing bhajans loudly. On the way I would cross the houses of relatives, of mother's sister, mother's brothers, and other houses. Occasionally I would meet them on the road also. But no one ever stopped me. Even if I ran into them I would just join my hands in greeting and move on, but never stop to talk to them. I was absorbed in the joy of singing.

Even if we are not a full-fledged devotee or Bhagat, we should not give up our communion with God. We must maintain a loving communion with Him. Perhaps one out of ten such communions will bring a response from Him. We should not give up the ritual, for a ritual it is indeed. Self offering can sometimes bring a delayed response from yon high-from the Almighty. In the beginning success does not come at all, only a failure results. Yet God tests us and tries us to see how resolute or steadfast we are. Out of self-interest we must persist in it. And success even in one such effort enhances our faith.

I prayed to God for money just for once only, when my elder brother was struck with tuberculosis. He was kept in a Christian missionary T.B. Hospital in Anand. He was a staunch Arya-Samajist, while the hospital workers were all Christians. And he would pick up quarrels with the staff of the hospital on religious principles. I tried to reason with him, 'You are a patient here, so if we do not rub them on the wrong side but live in peace and harmony with them they will serve us well. But if you quarrel on religious principles only we are the losers. They will not attend on us well, we will lose our money'. He had read the Bible and he would argue with the father or padre and the doctor and say, 'Your Bible stories are all humbug!' As a matter of fact many of our mythological stories also can appear as humbug to others. 'Do you believe in all these humbugs?' he would ask. He was asked to leave the hospital. And I had to spend a lot of money on him to have him treated privately. I had to take him to Bhavnagar by first class. Reluctantly I had to spend a large amount, which I had to borrow. And this became a debt on my head that I had to repay.

And the person from whom we had borrowed began to demand back his money. And this became a burden on me at that time. Everyday a long time would be lost in thinking about this only. Then I asked myself, 'Am I engaged in Devotion to God or am I engaged in Devotion to Debt?' So this is not proper for me. So saying I would throw out my thoughts and busy myself in Devotion to God. The person from whom I had borrowed was my mother's sister who was truly well off. It would have made no difference to her whether she got back her seven hundred rupees or she did not get it back. But my aunt was not the one to forget it. She was such a miserly soul in money matters. There are many others

who would not bother whether the money came back or not, but not my aunt. But my aunt was such that one day when I was going to my school singing my bhajans she stopped me, and abused me badly using choicest words, 'Go and borrow from even a dark faced thief and repay me today itself'. And many people gathered around her to watch the fun. Some even told her, 'Ichha Ben this boy is not going to defraud you of your money. He would surely repay you. Even so he is your own relation – your sister's son. You might as well consider your money as gifted to him, why do you pester and harass him so much? Why do you abuse him with indecent words? He sings bhajans every day while going to school and back. He is such a good boy. And yet you speak so ill of him!' I felt very keenly. It is because I am poor that she speaks to me in such a strain. If I were rich, would she dare even point a finger at me? Or would she utter even a word against me? And in the open market she has insulted me, before so many people? And to speak such filthy words so unbecoming of her! At that time with a pained heart I cried out to my Lord. I told him, 'I am not appealing to you because I have been insulted and abused. But I consider you as my great Lord and Master ever holding a protective hand over my head. Now at this hour you have to come to my aid and save me from this dishonour and disgrace; you have no other choice. Who will give this amount of rupees seven hundred to a poor boy like me? I am a poor boy. And you are my true Lord and Master. You alone can help me. You never let down your devotee.'

I came back home that day. I got ready for my bath. I would have my bath before I sat down for food. I have developed this habit. Just then the postman arrived and announced, 'There is a registered insured cover for you, in your name.' I opened it. And it contained eight

hundred rupees in cash. Someone had sent it from Valsad. There was the sender's address in the letter. I wrote a letter to him asking, 'Why did you send me this amount? On what account is this money meant for me?' I did not know him. He was totally unknown to me. But my address is right, as also my name, 'who told you to send me this money and why?'

Shri Manibhai Jashbhai was the diwan of Petlad. His son's wife lived there. I have studied in Petlad and so knew him. If he sent me money directly I might refuse. So he directed a certain relation in Valsad to send it on his behalf by a registered insured cover. I learnt this later. But truly speaking it was God-sent. God had moved the diwan, prompted him to send it. Now that the money had come to me, I had a hurried bath and went to my mausi. 'Here is your sum of seven hundred rupees.' I said counting out the money. 'See, it is because I shouted at you in the open market that you have shelled out this money. But if you had given it to me straight away without my scolding, it would have been graceful. You would not have given me if I had not taken you to task.' she said.

I replied, 'Mother (Mausi) I did not have any money with me. I am not such a fool that I would defraud you of your money. Only today, just now, I have received this money – Someone has sent me from Valsad. Just look at this postal cover and then you will know the truth.' She had the address on the cover read out to her by some third person. I handed over the money to her and returned home with a happy heart. 'Lord, you do take good care of poor people like me. If you were not there, who would come to my aid? You are truly our first relation!' I said to myself.

I did have faith in God. But it was more a Mental or Intellectual than Psychic or Devotional faith. But this

letter awakened in me faith born of higher Intelligence, i.e. Psychic faith. Thereafter it became a living faith, a reality that God cannot remain without helping his true devotee. There have been many such instances in my life which confirm and testify this faith.

My Guru Maharaj's style of speaking was such that we could not understand him during our first contact. And this prevented us from knowing his inner status. We could not believe his words; even so his exemplary manner of helping me on two or three occasions compelled my faith in him. Once there arose a need for a large amount for a domestic purpose. There is a custom among us in Gujarat, whether rich or poor, to stock or store a year's need of cereals. My mother once said, 'We have to stock one year's need of rice, wheat and millet (Bajra) Kindly get me the money. Thereafter she remained quiet. Poor soul, she had to run the house, she had to feed so many mouths at home. After five or seven days she again broached the subject, she talked in a loud voice. How long could she remain quiet? She lost her temper also. I listened quietly. I prayed to my Guru Maharaj. In the mean time she even scolded me. One day passed thus. On the second day the head of the Vaishnav Temple met me and said, 'My wife is pleased with your singing of bhajans in joy.' That is good', I replied. 'I am obliged to her'. 'That is not the end of it. She has given me rupees one hundred and fifty one for you.' I took the money, thanked him and later gave it to my mother. She was strangely moved into giving this amount. That very lady would not allow me to enter the Vaishnav Temple because of my association with the Harijan Seva Mandal. But what had come upon her today? She used to listen to my bhajans sung in ecstasy and was moved!

Once, my Guru Maharaj ordered me to do scavenging of human faeces. In Nadiad nobody would allow me to do so. Even the municipality of Nadiad would refuse to allow me to do so knowing my status. At that time Parikshital was the secretary of our Harijan Sevak Sangh at Navsari and I asked him to register my name with the municipality there for cleaning of this human filth. He managed to do it for me. But when I went to my Guru Maharaj for his permission and blessing, he refused. 'Now there is no need since you are prepared to do it'. He only wanted to test me perhaps. In the beginning when I started the moun rooms (silence rooms) I had to remove the toilet of the laymen. But now there are others to do it. And they will not allow me to do it.

The purpose of my writing all this is to say that whatever takes place in our lives is only to teach us something new. But we do not accept it and do not learn from it the wisdom and the purpose of their implications. Therefore we do not reap real benefit.

2

By His Grace after commencing my spiritual life and during the first two years I began to see scenes of Madras State in my dreams, and scenes of Himalayas I had seen in my dreams even from my childhood. To which states the scenes belonged I could not know then. But they were of some states in India I felt. But when in 1941 I travelled in this direction (Madras State) every detail became clear. Old memories were awakened.

When living awareness comes into being in dreams, with knowledge, then peace, equality, dispassion awaken in you and remain in you, and when they do not leave any residue of desire, then it becomes clear that the soul is now engaged and has progressed to an extent in

his sadhana or spiritual life. For such awareness and knowledge to take hold of your being and stay there is not possible for ordinary souls like us. This living and vibrant awareness, knowledge of intense and high order can become operative in you in your dream state, and when it does come then only can you experience calm, equality, dispassion, equanimity working and active in your life, bringing in the desired result.

There is another symptom to know whether you have progressed along this spiritual life, and it is the quality of your sleep. As you progress further on this path your sleep undergoes a qualitative and quantitative change. Sleep is then no longer a slumber or stupor marked by dullness or laziness. You sleep but with an inward wakefulness or awareness. When this kind of awareness did come to me, I had no knowledge of the symptoms of advanced sadhana. Sleep is then whole and healthy, undistributed, unbroken, not invaded by any frightful dreams. Others know we are asleep, sometimes we snore also; to others we may look lifeless also. But in that sleep there is an inward awareness. And in the day's activities there is freshness and energy. And I had a strange feeling that I do not sleep. As you progress further sleep undergoes a total change. Only in 1937 this knowledge dawned in me after a great deal of effort. Your sleep could be dense, you might even appear like a dead man, but within you there is this awareness. Shri Nandubhai and others who were close to me knew this. But Shri Nandubhai has first-hand knowledge of this.

There is yet another symptom as one progresses further in sadhana which the Sadhak, the seeker easily can understand. He lives in a double awareness, inner and outer. When he engages himself in outward activities, the external awareness helps and guides him in his

external activities. Simultaneously his internal awareness keeps him tied to his internal work (in maintaining the flow of love and emotion of sadhana) and keeps him engaged and moving along the path.

There is yet another type of awareness, living and conscious, which with awakened watchfulness, penetrates the former with its intensity, depth, subtlety in its entirety. I am writing all this only to make my mind clear otherwise it is one, continuous and spontaneous process. When this inter-penetration takes place then the seeker's efforts ripen and bear fruit. Thus the penetration of one kind of awareness by another brings in a new understanding. When this takes place, then the sadhak or the seeker has the experience of being lead forward by the hand, of being inspired and moved along. He actually knows this. I have never told this fact to any one; for who will understand all this? And who can digest all this?, If any great soul's experiences tally with my findings, then my friends and associates will understand their implications, meanings and analogy. I used to read about this similarity of my experiences with those of other great souls. But such burning and intense desire to understand these experiences I find conspicuously absent in my near and dear ones. Even after setting out the details of such experiences, the awareness of the meanings and importance of these necessary for one's sadhana is still lacking in my friends, which is my sorrowful experience.

When I began having simultaneously these two kinds of awareness, for some time I had a kind of strange feeling. I did not know how to get any clarification about this and from whom to get it? By His Grace I ran into an aged sadhu to whom I told all my experiences, who after listening attentively, explained to me its deeper meaning, significance and implications of them all. He

expressed satisfaction and joy on hearing all these.

One who walks the path to God must reduce his food intake, just like his sleep. I had a hard time trying to reduce my diet. In my very young age I had to do hard manual work shoulder to shoulder with the grown-ups. And my build was strong and sturdy. So my diet was heavy. I used to consume one and a half large size millet cakes or Bajra rotis. After commencing my sadhana I learnt I must reduce my consumption of quantity of food. I had a great difficulty in reducing my food intake to half the quantity, because my stomach had become used to heavy eating, and so initially I felt unsatisfied. And I would always think about my hunger and food. It took me more than a year and a half to adjust to my changed habit of eating.* (*See Appendix 4*)

3

I was not an active member of the Gujarat Harijan Sevak Sangh. Yet the Sangh's General Body and Working Committee Meetings were conducted in my house in Nadiad. I cannot forget the good feeling and good-will they had for me and the high esteem in which they held me. In one such meeting the 'Ever Young' Narsimh Kaka was present. The activities of the sabha and the conducting of the affairs of the Sangh he observed. Whatever the resolutions, they were allowed to pass, and after completion of all important business of the day he dropped a bombshell. 'This way the un-touchability can never be abolished. We have to arrange for a 'Satya Graha' against the Hindus to be offered by the Harijans. We have to ask the Harijans to draw water from the public wells, to bathe in public ponds, wash clothes in them and to enter the temples, which is taboo for them. We have to plan and execute these programmes to set in motion a force against the Hindus for speedy results.

Starting separate Harijan Ashrams, founding separate Harijan schools, offering scholarships to the Harijan students digging separate wells for them will only harden their separate identity for ever and make it permanent. It cannot bring about any integration or a fusion of the two castes.' There was a ring of truth in his words. As he rambled on thus, I had a feeling that we were after all working under Gandhiji's guidance and leadership. And many workers of the Harijan Sevak Sangh were not satisfied with the kind of working and hence had even gone in a deputation to meet Gandhiji in his Sabarmathi Ashram. I remembered all this then. In spite of this Gandhiji advised us to stick to the present arrangements. He also asked us to mix and mingle with the Harijans. And if they faced any harassment from the Hindus then that should be tackled. And if they had any other problem then that should be solved. We should work towards maintaining the means of their livelihood and financial independence. I was aware of all these.

Yet the challenge thrown up by Shri Narsimh Kaka in his fiery speech must be accepted and met. At that moment I decided to resign from the Sangh, approach him and plunge into action as suggested by him. At that time I told you of my thinking on this subject and my decision to resign. (Shri Hemant Kumar). You too were enthused by this proposal and agreed to join me. At that time a great mantle of responsibility was on my shoulders. I had to support many souls. Yet I could not ignore cold heartedly the challenge flung by the long speech of Narsimh Kaka. So, we resigned from the Sangh and the next day packed up to go to Narsimh Kaka's house in Anand. Seeing us arrive he became dumb, wonder struck. We told him, 'We have resigned from the Sangh and come to join hands with you in your programme of abolition of untouchability, and plunge

straight into action. Now you lead us, and we shall follow you. We have come prepared to break our heads at the very place and the very well you may suggest.' Seeing us drop in from the blue heavens so unexpectedly he was struck dumb and stupefied.

At that time Gandhiji was in Borsad after the signing of the Gandhi-Irvin Pact for investigation and study. So Narsimh Kaka after some thought said, 'First let me go to Borsad and get Gandhiji's advice.' Thereafter he proceeded to Borsad and informed him (Gandhiji) about all that had happened. Gandhiji very thoughtfully replied, 'Until the Harijans acquire the necessary courage and strength and are fully prepared for such a plan of action, to force them into such a situation, would only end in disaster, and their sufferings would only multiply. We would not be able to alleviate and ease a bit their consequential hardships. And pushing them into this kind of Satyagraha, this rebellion, would only weaken them and make them more frightened. So pushing them into this pattern of Satya Graha that you suggest would be improper and inappropriate. It would be sheer suicide.' Thereafter he returned to Anand and informed us all that had transpired between Gandhiji and him. 'I am very sorry that now we can do nothing for the Harijans under these circumstances. Any way I am pleased with your magnificent response and appreciate your courage and your willingness to face any consequence and situation.' He was pleased with our response to his difficult challenge.

My purpose in writing all this is that if anybody throws a challenge which involves our courage, manliness, bravery, endurance, then we must not take it supinely or unconcernedly without any response, for this would prove harmful to us. But it is also true that when such incidents occur in life sometimes we have to use

our discretion. To jump at any challenge blindly, without any thought, cannot be called bravery. Even in our sadhana many challenges are thrown up touching our courage. I therefore make this humble request to you all. Ever keep alive and ablaze this courage of life. When such situations arise which challenge our courage and demand a fitting response, never turn your back; by using your courage it gets sharpened. Bravery, courage, manliness, fearlessness, increase manifold. In the early stages of my sadhana if anybody told me that a particular place was too fearsome then I would spend the whole night alone there. I recollect one couplet of Sir Walter Scott.

*For if a path be dangerous known,
Danger's self is lure alone*

That way any place of danger or fear always inspired me to face it and walk through it. For cultivation of courage, bravery, fearlessness such incidents or opportunities are a whetstone to sharpen them. When such occasions arise welcome them with enthusiasm which will be to your advantage.

4

When I was working in the school at Marida Bhagol some Muslim boys used to harass us. I tried to reason and argue with them, we met their relatives, met their parents after obtaining their addresses. They used to trouble us in many ways. Our school premises were on the main road and the classes were conducted in three or four rooms. They used to collect mud in their palms and throw it in the classrooms, create a commotion, make noises and bully our students. Around us were many Muslim houses. To silence these boys we took all the measures that we could think of, but nothing came out of it. We thought that if we fail to take any action

it would mean that we are incapable of meeting the challenge. It would be a blot on our escutcheon, a disgrace to our reputation for manliness. We also met their teachers and even their scholars or kazis. But in spite of all this when no result came out of it, I decided to teach them a good lesson, to give them a sound thrashing. I had planned a scheme before hand to beat the boys, even thought about the consequences. On the next day when they started throwing handfuls of dirt, I pounced on them from behind the door of the room where I had hidden myself so that they could not run away, and thrashed them well with my thick cane stick. I had so contrived that they could not flee without receiving a full beating from me and I fell foul like a wolf upon three or four boys and beat them hard. They raised a big hue and cry. They fled, collected a number of men and brought them to the school. Among the crowd collected there were a number of those men to whom I had already complained about the mischief of the boys. The crowd was inflamed and angry. They were ready to hit me. But I had no fear in my heart. To turn away or silence their anger at once I had to do something very fast; but God showed me the remedy. Immediately I removed all the clothes from my body except my underwear. Seeing me bare my body thus they were taken aback. The anger and agitation that had come upon them slowly began to melt. At that moment I spoke loudly to them, 'You can beat me freely and as much as you want; I have uncovered my body. However let me say that I have already complained about the mischief of these boys to many of you. I have gone to their parents, contacted your teachers and even met your kazis. But nobody ever tried to correct these boys or advised and admonished them to behave and desist from mischief. You see nothing wrong in them, but see

only my fault. Now see all this and kindly give me justice.'

Seeing me bare bodied and ready to face them, their anger slowly melted away. Some of the people were just and fair. They listened to me patiently and even supported my cause. Then the crowd's attitude also changed. They came down heavily upon the Muslim boys, 'It is good you beat them, they will never again attempt any mischief. If they are any more a nuisance, finish them once for all.' Then they all dispersed.

Thereafter the Muslim boys stopped troubling us totally. While going to Marida Bhagol I had to pass through a Muslim locality in which were situated their houses. I could not do much because of my poverty. But I would buy fried grams for a few paisas and give them away to those boys. Soon they became my friends.

If a challenge is thrown up to us which brings us disgrace if we do not answer it then we should not take it meekly or lying down. Neither should we respond rashly nor blindly. We should weigh our strength and our preparedness to face consequences; and after considering the pros and cons, make a proper and appropriate response.

5

In Nadiad, Bokad-Ni-Bavadi (A thorny tree jungle) was well known as a dangerous and dreadful place. When I used to spend my nights there some people planned various means to frighten me and drive me away for good. They even threatened to beat me and kill me. Issuing threats often of this kind they asked me to go away forever. On one occasion three men were in the thorny shrubs, secretly sharing the spoils of some robbery. One of them spied me, another spoke, 'Let us finish that scoundrel so that he may not identify us

(before Police).’ But none of them stirred or moved.

During ‘Satya Graha’ people suffered untold hardships in temporary or improvised jails. Police used to bend double and place a heavy weight on our backs and harass us. They would do all this to get a confession from us, whether right or wrong. The police had tried the same method on me to torment or torture me. I used to spend my entire time in prayer, communion, God-Remembrance, bhajans and meditation. I tried to lose myself in these wholly and deeply. At that time I had developed the technique of fixed staring or gazing (Tratak). When the head policeman tried to force me to bend double, I was prompted from within to give him my fixed stare. He was frightened and left me alone. Later I was transferred to Kheda Sub-Jail.

For any success in sadhana extreme inner strength and courage are very vital. Above all else the spiritual seeker, the sadhak, has to develop absolute fearlessness. And fear is not of one kind only (Physical and Mental). To be free of every kind of fear against what odds the sadhak has to struggle and what vigil he has to keep against possible falls, and the inner conflicts he has to pass through! All this constitutes a strange and interesting history. From the moment I began my spiritual practices, I hardly slept at home. I always slept in a cremation ground. And whenever I was told there was a dreadful or a dangerous place, I would pass the night there. In Nadiad there was such a place called Bokad; there was a thorny shrub wood. I do not know if the place still exists. Many kinds of strange men used to come and wander there. Many crimes used to be committed there. It was a notorious place. There also I would pass some time. Where there lurked wild and dangerous animals like the lion, the tiger or the poisonous snake which would shake the man with fear,

there also I would make conscious efforts, whenever chance came my way, to cultivate fearlessness.

Man is unable to free himself from the grip of social customs, traditions and conventions etc. which again constitute another kind of fear. Again man has fear of certain other men, fear of certain circumstances or surroundings, etc. Whenever opportunities presented themselves to me, by God's grace, I made gigantic efforts to free myself from their grip. At that time I would pass by the houses of friends and relatives singing bhajans loudly and dancing, in which self-delight would spring up in me by God's Grace, and the intoxication of that joy no common man will ever understand. Men weighed down and crushed by the weight of those social customs, traditions, pressures, compulsions can have no idea of such freedom from fear, such inner freedom and joy. They may understand it superficially or intellectually, at best. There are many other types of men who are cowards in their own ways. I do not criticize them, but merely mention this as a fact. However all these are all my personal experiences. Cowardice has no part in sadhana or spiritual life. In this field courage, bravery, patience, endurance, fearlessness, manliness of the highest order, are very essential. Those who do not possess these qualities in strength and abundance should never venture into this kind of spiritual life. I never have taken any step with preplanning or forethought. But when occasions came up to me, then there came to me an awareness to struggle and to strive against these human weaknesses to be free of them all totally. I could stay all alone in those fearful places like the burning ghat, wild forests etc. I had no particular motive to be merely free of fear. I only wanted a quiet, peaceful, solitary and lonely place far away from the noise and bustle of men to carry out my sadhana in peace and joy undisturbed by

other men. And with that motive I chose such lonely solitary far-away places to spend my nights. It was not as if I had no fear of loneliness or solitude from the beginning. But when I became aware of that fear I began to pray, sing His Name etc. Fear is the result of the past habits, thoughts, impressions and conditionings. If they are all cleared or abolished then fear goes. And owing to this deep knowledge and understanding I was able to struggle to be free of fear wholly.

6

Even as it is necessary to cultivate fearlessness, so also it is equally necessary to cultivate humility with full knowledge, devotion, understanding and awareness. In the sixteenth chapter of the Geeta there is a description of the qualities of a true sadhak. The first quality mentioned is fearlessness and the last quality is humility. This according to me is significant and meaningful. Without acquisition and manifestation of total fearlessness and humility with understanding, knowledge and awareness, it is impossible for other qualities to manifest in a full measure and full force. I have never been a member of the Congress Maha Sabha. Yet in the 1930 struggle for freedom I had plunged whole heartedly into it, not merely with a view to finding out whether I had cultivated fearlessness but with the intention of ascertaining how much and what type of fearlessness I had cultivated. I had plunged by God's Grace into this struggle for freedom. The Thakor of Devan, near Borsad, had staged a dirty political betrayal and treachery. He called all the Congress Swayam Sevaks to his town of Devan, arranged a meeting and a lecture at night. Suddenly half way during the lecture all lights were put off and the volunteers (Swayam Sevaks) were beaten black and blue with lathis or thick sticks after being

surrounded on all sides, their retreat cut off. At that time by His Grace I stood up to all the beatings bravely and squarely, uttering the mantra of His Name loudly. I did not budge an inch. There are many eye witnesses to this incident alive even today. Many such incidents took place during this struggle. I courted jail only for the purpose of my sadhana. My mother refused to give me her permission and blessings to go away from home for my sadhana. But when the 1930 struggle commenced I told my mother, 'Our country has given us birth and looked after us well. We have eaten our country's salt. Now it is time we repay our debt of obligation to our country. Now a challenge has been thrown at our country. We cannot remain any more mere idle spectators, when our country is threatened and challenged. Therefore give me leave to join this struggle. Money for family's maintenance and running of our home will be arranged.' Thereafter she gave me leave but not whole heartedly or willingly, but lukewarmly. I had managed to get her permission some-how. I also wrote to Shri Parikshitalal asking him to make alternative arrangement for the working of my office in my absence. My aim in going to jail was to advance my sadhana. I used to observe strict silence in jail, I spoke to nobody. And when you also (Shri Hemant Kumar) joined me I still remained silent and spoke not a word. I used to be wholly absorbed in my prayers, meditation and chanting, and I was also very enthusiastic in performance of jail duties. Many of our men exposed themselves in jail. They used to cheat, plan political schemes. I wondered how these men can ever observe the principle of 'Ahimsa' or non-violence of Gandhiji in true spirit. They had no inner stamina or strength like Gandhiji. They lacked the love and humility of Gandhiji.

We had gone to the jail carried away by the force of our emotions. In my entire prison term every moment of my time was spent in prayer, God thought, meditation, chanting, singing with full awareness, by His Grace. Many of our friends know of this fact for they are a direct witness to it. Awareness of the ultimate aim and objective, vigilance from moment to moment must be ever present in us for the work of sadhana to progress along the right path, in the right direction. The field of action in sadhana demands of us perfect zeal, attention, dedication, order, courage, blazing aspiration, manliness, heroism, all of a very high order, for all these qualities are very important and essential in any sadhana. As your feeling for your sadhana grows qualities of your life mentioned above become sharper, bright, acquiring greater power which we experience. On account of this as we progress further, the terrible struggles and conflicts that we face are matched by our challenging responses. And seeing this conflict come up before him, a kind of daring awakens in the seeker to meet the adverse and evil forces hidden in those conflicts. He becomes more conscious and faces the evil forces that oppose him. By God's Grace he girds up his loins and rises up to meet the challenges unleashed by the evil forces. And he fights with such a fury and frenzy that his supreme courage cannot be compared with that of an ordinary soldier fighting a physical war. Along with this his devotion to and love for God shine brighter and become more manifest.

That emotion of love begets in his heart a feeling of great warmth, presence and support from his Beloved God. And he is inspired only to fight on and make his way through all adversities. And that frenzy which manifests in his life keeps him going without looking back, without caring for results. And out of this fighting

spirit emerge bravery, courage, heroism, fortitude, more sharp, which strengthen his 'Buddhi' or Intelligence. And he experiences manifold increase of the above qualities. Such a brave hero knows no defeat or disappointment. How can there be any failure for him who has in him such high aspirations? When a certain idea takes hold of a scientist's mind that if a particular experiment is conducted in such and such a way then such and such a result would follow. He goes into that experiment wholeheartedly. Such a scientist may or can fail, not once but many times, but he will never give up his experiments. To him there is no such thing as a permanent disappointment or a failure. After each failure he searches for a new method and a new way. From every defeat or failure he tries to discover a new way to success through his experiments and efforts. Similarly in the case a true spiritual seeker he exhibits a greater application, dedication, persistence, by God's Grace. And therefore there is no question of a permanent failure for him. For example, in his plan of struggle for independence Gandhiji met with many failures, but from each failure he came out with a new idea and discovered a new way, and invented a new weapon to fight the British Raj. From every failure he tried to discover the key to success. Out of that so called failure, by God's Grace a solution to success is found. In Shri Aurobindo's words, *'He makes every fall the means of a greater rise.'* This is the true life and history of a real seeker or sadhak.

When I used to go to a frightful jungle (for sadhana) I would keep no means with me. At that time I had no personal effects for my use, had no thought even of food, I would not even keep a glass for drinking water. But I would keep a little money in case of need to pay any one. I would select a place where water flowed freely, for my stay. I would only utter His Name, pass my time

in God Remembrance, prayer, meditation. Five or six days would pass without food. Whenever I felt hungry I would drink water from the water fall. After five or six days a man would turn up with food for me. I would ask him, 'Why have you come to me?' 'Who sent you?' And he would reply, 'I had a feeling someone nearby is very hungry, (near this river bank) so I have brought you this food'. While he was going back I would tell him, 'Do not bring any food in the evening. Bring tomorrow only bajra roti and vegetable. Kindly do not bring any sweets'. He said, 'Your desire or order will not work with me. You will eat what I bring to you'. 'Do as you please. But do not bring any sweetmeat, as I am engaged in my sadhana; so it will not suit me.' I replied.

I thought now, how kind and merciful is my God! He has kept me free from any necessity for thinking, for he has made arrangement for my food also. But now a question arose within me, 'How did this Universe come into being? Who created this Universe?' From our youth we have been taught, 'The Universe has no beginning and no end. It was never born and it will never die. Even aeons ago it was there'. All this is conceptual. To suppose there is a Creator of this Universe will invite another question, 'And who created that Creator?' And ad-lib. So it leads to another conclusion-the Universe and its Creator were Self Created. If a question arises and is not answered satisfactorily then it will come up again and again with many ramifications and torment you. So that no question should arise again and again we must solve it at once, once for all. Then the mind becomes quiet and still. Many never think of finding a permanent solution. You must cultivate this habit of solving all doubts and answering all questions; then the mind grows silent.

Fear can also be called a disease, nay, worse than a disease. First we must be aware that there is fear in us; not only that, it blocks our progress. It does not permit us to move forward for it takes away our grit and resolution and determination, and prevents us from venturing into spiritual life. We must also be aware of its disadvantages or its negative side. We must know the various aspects of fear. We must feel this fear as a sting to be warded off. This evil quality keeps me tied down to where I am, not permitting me to move forward. On the contrary it sometimes pulls us back. Whenever a new situation arises before us and we have to do any new creative work, we are unable to evaluate its true worth. This knot of fear does not allow us to know the real merit of anything or being. There is another aspect to this question. It is of little consequence if we cannot know the facts of any situation. But it is positively harmful if it shows the negative side or the wrong side of a thing or being, or any work to be done by us. For example when I go to a cremation ground at night I see a stump of a tree but I mistake it for a ghost. I argue within myself it is not moving. So it is neither a ghost nor a man. In the light of my torch, I see only a stump. Now my fear has gone. Until now it prevented me from knowing the truth and going forward. First we must feel the pain of fear and become conscious to know the truth. Thereafter we can work to find ways to remove this fear.

This is similar to mistaking a rope for a snake in the darkness of the night.

7

Even at the beginning of my sadhana, by the strength of God's Grace, I had the knowledge to attempt to eliminate mind's attitudes, thoughts, tendencies, the

logic and reasoning of dry intelligence, its arguments, the emotions and restlessness of the vital, the various forms of ego, all automatically. In spite of it there was no progress, so it seemed to me. Yet sometimes I was successful in eliminating it all. Yet I could not take another step forward. And yet I had my Guru Maharaj's orders to evaluate everything not by its external appearances, but by its intrinsic values and qualities, so to eliminate what is visible on the surface, mechanically does not take one far, does not give any lasting benefit. After much hard work over a long period of time I understood its futility by God's Grace. It was not as if there was no benefit at all. It had been possible to penetrate some good qualities, even enter them. But behind every effort to eliminate all those unwanted qualities, the awareness of the purpose in all your actions, its understanding, the real emotion at the heart of your actions at every moment of your effort, and the true understanding of all your effort in their elimination, should manifest, and if all the negative qualities are thrown out at that time, then it is proper and meaningful and productive of some result.

And when such struggles within self and for self do occur, then we are left hanging with excruciating anguish and pain. Then it is a testing and trying period for one, it is indeed a hard testing period for you, it is a period of your examination – of how far have you progressed. And you can come out only by the Grace of His Remembrance and that knowledge of the capacity of His Grace was awake in me by His Grace. At that critical moment from within my heart of hearts I used to call out my Guru Maharaj often and would cry to him, and becoming the humblest of the humble, (with great humility) I would prayerfully call out to him for help

from the depths of my heart. And during the period of my agonised prayer and call I could hear his (Guru Maharaj's) voice clearly, and all of a sudden I would experience his help and guidance coming to me. In the most critical period of my time, at the most crucial and trying moment, I have never had the experience of his forsaking me. He has allowed me to be buffeted and beaten, make all futile efforts, to be overcome and exhausted in my vain efforts, until I reach the stage of utter helplessness, yet with courage, grit, personal manly effort, patience I had struggled till the last, but the result still eluded my grasp. On the other side in my heart, from my heart, there was no let up in my prayer and crying and calling for his help, and when all seemed dark and hopeless, suddenly in a flash, His Help of Grace descended on me, sprouted like a fountain of Grace. And I used to be moved, almost melted, in gratitude for Him, was almost lost in love for Him, and adoration. He was my All, All-in-All in life, the most worthy of trust.

What can be achieved by the secret, inner strength and Grace of God, can never be achieved in any other way, by one's personal efforts. For many years I used to make gigantic efforts, and that too not of the ordinary type, yet it proved worthless and unproductive of any result. But by His Grace in a very short time I got the result and was successful. If any argue that it could be that your prior effort could have brought on the success. I would say it is not so. In any worldly venture, any effort in right earnest, in the right direction, towards that particular goal not succeeding, new and fresh effort can bring in success with the aid of prior effort. But in this field all efforts, by stretching yourself to the utmost, made willy-nilly straining yourself to the utmost, can produce even adverse results.

In the beginning, on what foundation or strength do we build our work? Just as in business in the beginning we need capital or money, the art of doing business, its discrimination or acumen, the knowledge of administration, understanding of its dealings, techniques, the experience gained by daily routine work, so also in our aspiration for evolution of self there is need of capital or power to start your life in that field. In the beginning, from where do we get that capital which is power. This question troubled me a great deal. Just as in business we may have all the means, but if we do not know anyone who can give us that capital then however great our desire to do business we are unable to do so, we are helpless as a lame duck. We cannot put into practice our ideas, our business principles. That was my plight then. But never be dejected, or disheartened and never let go off everything in helplessness, that was my Sad Guru's command and order. At any cost, whatever the price I have to pay, I must fulfil his command; that was my ideal. By His Grace this understanding had dawned on me. And on this account I was saved from the most difficult of situations. At that time my Sad Guru's love would then be my sole aid and support, I would cry for his help with all love and anguish at heart. I would keep my heart and mind, attention focussed on solving all the tangles, problems and hurdles in all my other dealings. My prayers uttered with love and devotion from the depths of my heart, I got answers and solutions to all these burning questions automatically like a fount of water gushing forth from the earth. All this came to me spontaneously as inspiration from the prayers I used to say.

As for me out of my prayers of the type above mentioned it dawned on me, 'O soul, your zealous, dedicated aspiration, your faith in it, your courage, manliness, grit, your care, inspired by these your herculean efforts, your pure intentions, patience, your loyalty in it, your trust-worthiness, honesty, and on your efforts lagging or slowing down, your alertness to re-ignite your efforts, your inner faith in yourself, your gigantic efforts to progress with intense feeling for your quest, your persistence and the continuity of will to go through all that by His Grace – all these are a power or a shakti not of any ordinary type.'

I had found the answer which helped me with courage and uprightness to stand up to all difficulties and face them squarely; manifold courage, grit like a fountain sprouted up within me. And one pointed flow of affection and faith from within my heart and of my heart towards my Sad Guru at the time of such doubts and inquiries came to my aid and stood me in good stead which has been my true and undoubted experience. I have experimented a good deal with trying to wipe out my egoism and even giving it a whiplash and trying to cut down the many heads that spring up as a consequence, by His Grace. I have even cultivated the habit of listening to others by His Grace. I would even listen and obey little children. Only some listening I have kept in mind as an exception to obeying. My above ways of behaviour had come to the knowledge of school children, and when one of them jokingly said while I was going to answer my call of nature, 'Sir, do not go to the toilet now', on hearing this I would return without going to the toilet. I would continue to do my normal work without going to the toilet. But no reaction or harm occurred to me. If anything it taught me self-discipline, or self-control, with inner wakening.

I would even try to understand the response of thought to various forms assumed by egoism. Out of this conscious practice a particular result surfaced viz., equality, equanimity, peace, discrimination, cheerfulness, endurance and tolerance, manifested spontaneously. It is a settled fact that by keeping awareness with knowledge and its aim before you always, your self-discipline and its practice always produce the required divine qualities.

I did not want merely to cultivate those qualities, I did not even know how to do it, I did not have any awareness or idea of how to cultivate them. But by my sadhana's one-pointed practice with the true knowledge of it and devotion to it, it was possible to develop those rare qualities. On their advent in life I felt an unique joy, and out of that came its related self-confidence and faith in myself.

During my seven years of sadhana in Nadiad wherever I went I used to go on singing bhajans. I would refuse to follow some social customs whenever an occasion arose because I did not subscribe to their being good and hence beneficial to the society, and not with the view to transforming the society. Often I could not observe social customs and so the people used it as a tool or excuse to speak ill of me.

I was the only example of a man living with his family and in his home town, in the midst of and surrounded by relatives and working for Harijan Sevak Sangh. The others, Pariksitlal and Hariwadan Bhai lived all alone and were not married, and had no family responsibilities, whereas I was burdened with heavy family responsibilities. Living in my home town and with family and relations I had my share of difficulties. No one's attention has been drawn to it. I was drawing the same salary as the others. But with humility,

dispassion and affection I dare say that my sacrifice was truly great. The other two had no family duties to discharge out of their income whereas I had to do so. I had to endure great financial hardships and with great difficulty I ran my household. But I have never complained about it to anybody, nor has any one uttered a word of sympathy for me. 'Chunilal's responsibility is far greater than ours', such a right understanding I saw in no one. The quantum of salary was self accepted. In spite of having to support a big family I had accepted the same salary as others who lived alone and had no family to support. In other words this situation was chosen by me by His Grace. There were both penance and sacrifice in this decision of mine. And in this understanding was an inspiration and opportunity for evolution in spiritual life. The work that falls to our lot is for our spiritual progress, whether anybody appreciate it or not. Owing to this firm understanding worldly desires never arose in me, worldly tendencies never raised their head. If such a desire or tendency had been aroused then the monster of dissatisfaction would have raised its head and it would have revealed itself to someone or other. All these facts I now lay before you dispassionately, because in spite of your being a close friend you were then not aware of it all. So how can I find fault with the people of my community when they spoke so disparagingly or even derogatorily about me? I would console myself by singing a few lines of the great poet Narasimh Metha

*'When I walk the wrong path
People mock and jeer at me.
When I walk the right path
People say I tread the wrong path.
So what can I do – Sire?'*

I had developed cultivation of humility with knowledge and understanding. Even in the field of service whenever I enjoyed rights and privileges I would give them up and seek a lower status in another position. Whenever I had to work with equals I never claimed any equal rights and privileges. In the school as well as the Ashram I occupied a high position. But I placed a teacher from the lower grade in the position of the senior teacher, an Acharya and chose to work under him. The other teacher was pleased with me and it also gave him a better exposure to learn more in his position. I was transferred to Bodal as the chief administrator. But out of my volition I had requested the management committee to appoint Shri Hemant Bhai as chief administrator. I had requested Shri Hemant Bhai to be my senior out of my freewill. If we learn to give up our rights and privileges with love and allow others to come up with love we shall have nothing to lose. We have to maintain full awareness and see that egoism does not enter in our dealings with others. He who cannot give up his egoism can never enter the portals of high consciousness of spiritual evolution. Egoism is the force of that consciousness working in and through Nature. Whatever our consciousness enters it takes on the form of that object.

That there was no injustice done to me in the Sangh is not true. This world and its dealings are made up of both justice as well as injustice; both were meted out to me. This is nature's law. Injustice may have been done to you, by someone. But keep your goodwill for him ever alive for this is the key to real spiritual evolution. It is quite possible that wherever and whenever injustice has been done to you there was no motive to do you any injustice at all. By God's Grace I have always kept goodwill for all in my heart. I would knowingly ask only

for a lower rank or status. There also the rights and privileges of the higher position, I would definitely take care, do not clamour for enjoyment or raise their ugly head, by God's Grace. Even today my colleagues of the time are a witness to this fact. In spite of working together in the same institution I have never tried to pretend to be wise before them, never ventured to show off myself before them. Rarely has any occasion cropped up when I had to advise my seniors. I have never ventured to show off my superiority and hurt their feelings. By God's Grace I maintained only silence throughout those years. In my work I was equal to them throughout. The only purpose in my writing all this is that my friends do understand all this and live accordingly. I would like to tell only those who do care to understand. Life is not meant to be spent idly or without a major purpose. If life is wasted or spent unproductively then one should feel it keenly like a pain in the heart. One should experience a deep painful stab in it. If we feel a sting or stabbing pain for wasting life then we can be sure that we can walk the path to spiritual evolution. We have so to behave that goodwill for others does not diminish even a whit.

I had to pass through endless privation and hardships, dire financial straits. But out of that adversity I had the benefit and good fortune of forging spiritual evolution. Every situation, every event, every relationship or contact, our responsibility to our fellowmen, our loyalty, faithfulness, honesty, truthfulness, our sympathy, affection for all, and our deep study and application give rise to a kind of singleness of purpose and aim in life which takes us through all vicissitudes, twists and turns of life, the highs and lows, tortuous paths, safely to the other side, the sunshine of life. When I first planted my feet on this path, I had the inner desire and

habit of going into the root of all thought, tendency, one's nature, emotions, feelings, love, inspiration, desires etc., with equality, equanimity, peace, etc. inquiring into wherefrom to obtain the singleness of purpose of life. I discovered all this. Without the singleness of purpose in life there can be no lasting success, there can be no entering into the heart and the root of any matter on account of this and also since I got to the root and heart of sadhana, I developed the habit of watching everything through its individual characteristics and individual qualities. If we cannot become one pointed in our life's efforts and purpose then it is a clear indication that we lack responsibility, truthfulness, faithfulness, loyalty, in a good measure. It is our proper business then to cultivate and manifest them. Without manifestation of that singleness of purpose there will not be any force or life in our spiritual efforts. If we desire to live a life of lofty idealism then this one singleness of purpose must flow like a river in our lives. Without this it is just not possible to take one step in spiritual life. Without that singleness our enthusiasm, dedication, courage, patience, endurance, tolerance, etc., cannot last long, singleness of purpose is their foundation.

9

My work in Nadiad may have been confined to the school, but it was not by any account limited by it. There were many get-togethers or gatherings planned which discussed ways and means of abolishing untouchability. Once on Gandhiji's birthday as per Vikram Samvat calendar, a joint gathering of the well-known people of the place from both the Harijans and the upper caste Hindus was arranged. In this dry fruits were served on plates to the invitees. We sat in a row

side by side, the Hindus and the Harijans, on a carpet rolled out on the floor. Invitations had already been sent out to all well known people of the society. I had personally gone to deliver them. Harijans from various sections attended the meeting. And the meeting was a great success by God's Grace. This meeting was attended among others by Shri Gokuldas Talati (who was addressed respectfully as Bapu by the people of Nadiad) and Phoolchand Shah, and one or two others of the elite class. They had all come in response to our invitation. The next day there was a hue and cry in Nadiad. In the different parts of the town there were sharp reactions to this meeting.

The community people of Shri Gokuldas Talati and Shri Phoolchand Shah decided to ostracize them. But in their community there were many people who supported them. But owing to their taking part in the meeting the community got sharply divided and split into two. These two were well known in their community, men of affluence and status. Yet there was a big furore in their community over this incident. And this had a chain reaction on my community also.

People of my community too wanted to ostracize me also. A big uproar was raised to this effect. But it could not take place. It was due to my humility, goodwill and respect for the elders of my community. It could be in some measure due to the love of Shri Godadia Maharaj for me. Whenever he came to Nadiad he would spend his nights at the cremation grounds where I would also go for my sadhana. On account of this a deep contact between us had developed. And I would visit him frequently. And he too knew that I was engaged in some form of sadhana and had made some progress in it. I would not miss any chance to be of any service to

him. And the people of my community would also visit him often, even as I would visit him. This fact combined with my goodwill for all of my community, could have played a part in my community not ostracizing me.

Shri Parikshital, Hariwadan Bhai and your-self (Shri Hemant Kumar) all worked for Harijan Sevak Sangh. But you had not to work for it in a place where your relatives stayed. Whereas I had to do this work living in the midst of my relatives and community people, and that made my work harder than yours. The untouchables or Harijans would sometimes visit our crowded localities which aroused the feelings of every one of the residents, and we had to endure their anger and displeasure. Also by God's Will and Grace I had to plan and convene meetings for abolishing untouchability, which had to be done in a specific way. Whatever I undertook, however small, I felt inspired to do it in the best possible manner so as to produce quality results. And I would do it whole- heartedly without fear. However difficult the work, I did not hesitate to do it. On the contrary I felt glad that owing to my good luck an opportunity had been given to me to serve the Harijans. The facts of my work in this field no one has understood in its entirety and proper perspective. This I feel even today. I never felt however that my colleagues have never appreciated my work the way they should have. For I always had only one aim, i.e. to go on with my work. I have maintained only goodwill for all those who worked with me in the cause of the Harijans. Even if harmony was lacking among them, - perhaps some mutual aversion too was among them, - I had never known anyone having even a little dislike for me.

At the time of my marriage I had no money. And so I had recourse to praying to my Sad Guru. And whenever I prayed I would get a response so I kept on praying to him. For about two or three days I got no answer from him. Until then I would give no definite answer to my mother. Then suddenly I got an answer from him, 'Why do you object to getting married? After your marriage you will know how deep and strong is your passion or aspiration for spiritual life, how strong is your faith. Whether you want to walk this path to Godhead or not? This will be a test for you, why do you fear? This is an opportunity for you to know your inner self.' I replied. 'I have no money,' He replied. 'Take whatever money you have. If you do not have, then admit you do not have any money.' I replied, 'But in this world you cannot do so.' He replied, 'But if you want to walk along this path then you will have to do that.'

'Three types of men walk the beaten track or rut – the coward, the weakling and a good-for-nothing progeny. And three types of men there are who break away from the beaten track to tread a new path – the poet, the lion-like brave man and a worthy son. We must behave like the latter. If we have no money then we must admit that we have no money and go forward without money. What is wrong in it?' 'But Guruji, we have to travel by train? How do we go about it?' I asked. He replied, 'We shall face the situation as and when it arises. Why do you think about it now? We go as the wind blows and takes us.' Again I asked, 'But how can we board the train without money or ticket?' He replied, 'Enter the carriage and sit fearlessly. We shall face the situation as and when it arises. Perhaps someone may come forward to help you with money.' We sat down in good faith and it all ended well.

When such trying occasions occur in the lives of the devotees, the true children of God, even when they possess no money, the Lord's true followers get the feeling that God has helped them through some body. At that hour I had no money, but my mother asked me to borrow. But who would give credit to a poor man like me? I was working for the Harijans, and my relatives opposed me. They would not help me. When I was studying in the college, the Nagar community boys were my good friends. I had not sent out any invitation to anybody. But when they heard that their old college mate was getting married they turned up with money to help me. I had the feeling then as if my God or my Sad Guru had come to help me.

About three or four people turned up with gold rings for me. I used to manage my household expenses with the honorarium of rupees forty five from which were deducted rupees two and half by the co-operative society. With the remaining amount I used to maintain a family of seven – my mother, my brother's wife, two younger brothers, two children and myself. On this account I had run into debts, which pained me very much. One creditor had abused and taunted me, which hurt me very much. So I decided to pay off my debts with these gifts. Apart from the rings there was also a necklace. I sold all these for rupees two hundred and fifty and paid off my debts.

Someone once asked me, 'Mota, is it true that God honoured and paid the hundi or the promissory note issued by Narsimh Mehta? How can anyone unknown to Narasimh Mehta go to Dwaraka to pay that Hundi or promissory note signed by him? Our people believe and spread such stories blindly.' I replied, 'Believe whatever your mind tells you to believe. But I am telling you truthfully what actually occurred in my life. When I went

to get married I went without a dime. Money is needed in any marriage. My mother ordered me to buy tickets for all who came with us to the marriage. I had no money and I had not the courage to borrow and incur debt. Mother wanted me to borrow, but how to repay the debt? So I went to my wedding without any money. I went to my in-law's house straight away. My cousin on my father's side had brought with him rupees four hundred and fifty and putting that amount in my hand, he said, 'Take this four hundred and fifty, and if you need any more help from me, tell me.' I got some gifts from friends and so I returned the amount to him.

This is a true story. I have not exaggerated anywhere any detail. God had accepted my demand. How the Lord honoured Narasimh Mehta's promissory note people cannot know and so will not believe. It will never enter their head as to how it all works. When a devotee needs help even in worldly matters God sees to it that his work is accomplished.

By His Grace I was aware in life, of life's living ideals. But even before that my mother and brothers got my betrothal performed. In this my concurrence was not necessary, they told me. I had told them how I intended to live and progress in life. I had even given them an indication, however faintly, as to what my ideals in life were, by God's Grace. And to give shape to those ideals I was prepared to plunge headlong into it. That was my true desire. But my hastily arranged betrothal did not agree with it, was incompatible with it.

Yet my mother did not consider my ideals seriously. My words were forgotten. I let the matter rest there. Again the talk of marriage came up in 1926. And again I firmly declined to consider any new proposal for marriage. My mother was much worried and perplexed. But when the pressure on her increased, she lost her

temper and told me, 'I had to grind two maunds of corn and pound pulses and spices every day to bring you up. If you cannot honour your mother's word, how will you be able to honour and follow your Guru Maharaj's words? In the days of old many saints and Godmen were married and lived a householder's life. Marriage was not taboo for them. They were not loath or averse to marrying. I know you sing bhajans and never sleep at home even when you are unwell, but go far away to spend your nights in prayers; all that is a fact. But if you refuse to marry then what will happen to your younger brothers? How will they get married? What will become of us all? Our family prestige and good name can be lost. So you will have to marry for our sake.' I felt her words go home in me, 'To bring you up I had to grind grains and pound other edibles. If you cannot honour my words, how will you honour your Guru Maharaj's words?' Those words pierced my heart like an arrow. There was a ring of truth in them.

I had given up all my personal preferences and likes, but I had not given up my self-formed opinion of my marriage, and this hardened opinion my mother finally taught me to give up. I then showed my willingness to marry and gave my consent to it. But in my intense desire to live up to those ideals I had formulated my daily sadhana; there was no change in my thinking. My mind refused to be influenced or affected by this thought of marriage. I remained as unshaken and as calm as ever. My mind only thought if my marriage is going to come about, my heart is not in it, unaffected; and if my marriage comes about naturally then it will be a test of my sincerity and aspiration of my life's ideals. I can also know how my mind withstands its impact and which way it leans. However hard and difficult the circumstances that tried to prevent me from succeeding,

if my firm and deadly do-or-die resolve with regard to living by my ideals at any cost, is living and vibrant in my heart with awareness, then a life-and-death struggle is inevitable and out of that struggle a new adventurous spirit, courage, heroism, a new light of life will be born. A new life will be given to me. If this marriage comes against my wish then let it come. Our life's burning desire like a creative fire in our hearts ever burns steadily to give a new mould and a new direction to our life's aims and purposes. It admits of no change and burns continuously. It is a truth indubitable like a bright flame ever kept burning by stoking.

Finally my marriage was confirmed. My heart kept telling to itself, 'O child now you will understand the true depth of your ideals'. From the moment I left my home town of Naidad for my marriage I felt the flame of idealism burning bright. I felt my love for my idealism flowing smoothly like a river. Sometimes there were a few moments when I lost all external awareness. At that time I used to sing bhajans within myself to come back to normal consciousness and would resort to God thought or Remembrance, and utter prayers also. I have a faint memory of the officiating priest performing some ritual of a ceremony. Thereafter slowly my outward consciousness began to recede. At that moment I could not sing bhajans, say prayers or resort to God thought. I felt it very odd. My mother particularly did not like it. She would feel that her son had spoiled her good name and family's honour. I had a faint thought that she would be shocked by such a state of mine. Then outward consciousness slowly began to fade. I could not go through my bhajans or prayers to avoid that. Slowly I slipped out into a total loss of outward consciousness. I went into an inward trance – Samadhi. It could have lasted for about an hour. And at that crucial hour the

great idealism in my heart clashed with the compulsions and pressures of marriage laid on me. And this enabled me to understand the inner passions and aspirations of my spiritual life fully. I became free of all care and anxiety. My mind grew silent.

Whenever your aspirations are of a volcanic nature, burning bright and unwavering they can make their own way and break new ground, which I experienced by His Grace then. For my bride's physical death took place within five months of the marriage.

There are some witnesses to the fact that I was in a state of Samadhi at the hour of my marriage. Some of my Nagar friends of my college days had first-hand experience of this truth.

After the girl's death my mother taunted me, 'You killed your wife by uttering some evil mantra.' Shri Thakkar Bapa who used to visit our house once said to my mother, 'Do you not want to remarry your son?' She replied, 'Now he will never listen to me again'. Shri Thakkar Bapa rarely visited any one. But he would stay in our one-room house whenever in Nadiad. Such was his greatness and love.

11

I started my sadhana towards the end of 1921, and in March 1928 I was stung or bitten by a poisonous cobra. Thereafter my uttering of the Divine Name became unbroken, living and continuous. Until then I had to remind myself and take the help of my mind. And to keep myself engaged in sadhana continuously I had to resort to some harsh means. The mind never gets absorbed automatically. If I had not the intense feeling for my Guru Maharaja I doubt if my mind could ever have been broken into it spontaneously of its own. I ever kept his awareness awake and alive in my heart

wherever I went or whatever I did. When such conscious awakening becomes continuous and reaches a high point of intensity the mind becomes quiet and helpful. When our mind is not centred within us it becomes a source of evil. The mind often slips back to its natural position because our control over it gets weakened. It is easy to say, 'Catch the mind and fix it on one point', but it is indeed difficult to keep it tied to one object all the time. Sadhana is therefore very necessary for this purpose. We have to call back the wandering mind to that one object now and then and remind it by knocking its head to come back home.

In both good and bad incidents of life God's Grace is ever present. This is not mere thinking or imagination but a fact gleaned from such incidents. In 1928 the Harijan Ashram at Bodal was to be inaugurated by Shri Sardar Patel. On that occasion I went there with my mother. Wherever Sardar Patel went people thronged in large crowds. And there would be great commotion and excitement. Many people who were staying in one field had tried to kill a snake that morning; but we had dissuaded them from doing it and freed the snake in the field a little away. There was a lot of noise and commotion the whole day. In the night also the crowds continued to make noise, and so to get some peace, quiet and rest I went to another field nearby for my sleep. Shri Thakkar Bapa seeing me sleeping alone came to the place and laid himself down by my side. And Shrikant Sheth seeing us also lay down beside us. And in the middle of the night I felt a terrible pain in my head, and along with it something heavy seemed to enter my head, I felt. I sat up bolt upright. And in my thigh I felt a sharp sting and pain; others also got up with me and offered bitter neem leaves and salt. I had before been taking neem leaves as a part of my sadhana and

was accustomed to it. I therefore perhaps did not feel its bitterness but I felt very giddy and began to lose consciousness. At that time I suddenly remembered some words of Gandhiji, 'If a man is bitten by a poisonous snake keep him awake even by beating him with a stick. It is not violence, but true nonviolence. It is doing him a service.' At that time I determined, let whatever happen, I do not want to become unconscious. If I can keep awake I will surely survive. And I began uttering God's Name with all my might. I began to utter it nonstop. On one side the poison of the snake bite was trying to overcome me and on the other was my grim determination to keep awake at all cost. Between these two forces now there waged a life-and-death struggle. And this chanting of mine went on with great force and vigour continuously. For one moment I experienced what death is. And my chanting continued nonstop. I was taken to some people in the town who tried to cure me of this poison, and then to another town of Asodar in Borsad Taluq. I was finally kept in the mission hospital in Anand. In this great struggle for survival I could utter God's Name for seventy six hours without a break. Thereafter it became permanent and a part of my nature. It became my heart-beat, one with it. Before this I used to utter His Name while talking, walking, sitting, eating, but it was not continuous, all though this had been going on for a long time. I had many a set-back during this period. But after this incident what was very difficult became easy and spontaneous by His Grace. God's Grace ever flows in every good and evil event of life. But our face is not turned towards God with an intense feeling of the heart. So man does not experience His Grace in such incidents of life.

God's Grace through every event of our life inspires and guides us to evolve higher and higher in our spiritual life. When we progress further and further every bad incident is not at all bad or evil but is the Hand of God's Grace placed over our head to keep us ever aware and awake. When one truly experiences this then one knows for certain that the great All Powerful Lord above us is keeping a watch over us to help us when we need Him. This increases one's faith in God manifold leading us to an awareness of His Eternal Presence. Thereafter one remains calm and free of care and worry in all vicissitudes of life. So in every outward incident when we turn our vision inward we will know that a bad incident is not bad at all, but an invaluable and silent blessing. When one truly feels so then new courage, strength, zeal, force, inspiration etc. manifest themselves in our life. Only a true liberated soul experiences and knows all about it.

SECTION 12

12

One yogi told me that to be a perfect Brahmachary, for observance of Brahmacharya, for Brahmacharya to become natural to you, a certain type of discipline (sadhana) must be gone through. When true feeling of adoration manifests in and from our heart, then nature becomes secondary. When such a deep and vibrant feeling manifests in life, our natural and vital desires, and lower tendencies become secondary and do not play a major part in our life's activities. In spite of it a great soul told me, 'Perform the ritual during the hot summer month of Chaitra (April to May) in any solitary place on a hill with water nearby and under the full blazing sun. Your heart is fully in sadhana, so you will benefit much from this discipline which is unique. You will know of this fully later from your personal experiences'.

I accepted this suggestion and went to a place on the bank of river Narmada and selected a barren rock on a hill, to sit on from eleven in the morning till about five in the evening. And I lit a fire three feet away from my seat, nearly one and half feet in height, and two feet broad out of cow dung cakes. And I lit twenty one such fires around me, thereafter I lit another twenty one in the second circle some distance away and the third circle of twenty one fires some distance further away. Totally I lit sixty three fires. It was mid-summer time and I had to sit on this rock without clothes for about five to six hours a day. During those hours I used to enter into a kind of meditation, Samadhi automatically. Whenever I sang bhajans I would slip into this super conscious state.

This body contains so much of waste matter. Just as purification of the body with regard to this waste matter is necessary, so also purification of other vital organs is also necessary, like subliminal or consciousness suddhi or purification, prana or vital suddhi, sankalpa or thought or mind suddhi, etc. Purification of all these is very essential. Each pore of the body has to give out all these types of waste before walking the path to God's Abode. And all these will come out of the body in the form of sweat. Sweating is a natural process gifted by God to man for smooth functioning of the various parts or the organs of the body. This knowledge very few people possess today. A new era has set in, in which man cannot live without air generated artificially, he is uncomfortable without it. Particularly in large cities fans and air conditioners work round the clock to create artificial cooling. And people are accustomed to living in this artificial breeze. It has become an inevitable convenience or facility. Those who are mechanically used to this kind of living do not understand it is detrimental to their health. People do not know this fact and so it does not

enter their head. But sweating of the body, sweating profusely and freely is a natural aid to health.

In this manner, entirely nude, on the burning rock, in the middle of sixty three fires burning around me and under the blazing sun I had to sit between five to six hours every day. A good deal of perspiration would emanate from my body. I believed this is also a form of waste matter given out by my body. During that period in the midst of those burning fires my mind would remain in a trance like state or Samadhi. I would be continuously engaged in prayer, bhajan and God Remembrance. Singing bhajans I used to slip into Samadhi that would last many hours.

I had arranged with two men to crush tender neem leaves soaked in water and bring two bowls of this juice after my day's sitting, in the evening. I had paid money to those two men in advance for this. Getting up from my seat on the burning rock surrounded by the fires, I would wipe my body thoroughly with two towels. I would have no other bath during this period. And these two bowls of fresh neem juice I would sip and empty them. That was my daily diet and drink. I would have no other food nor drink any water. This was my routine for twenty eight days. I believe this is the best form of sadhana for Brahmacharya – for celibacy, not only physical but also mental.

There is no hard and fast rule that sadhana can be done only in a particular manner. If an intense longing with love and with continuity in the will, awakens and manifests in us then no other form of sadhana is necessary. And in order to cultivate that intense longing with love so that it flows living and vibrant constantly like a river, I had practised various methods and means in my sadhana.

(This kind of sadhana is for purification and sublimation of the sex desire – of the vital, which is the foundation of any sadhana)

13

Once I came to a difficult pass and a dead end in my sadhana. I could not proceed further without meeting my Guru. I had been stuck, my progress arrested. I had to unravel a tangle which I could not do by myself without Guru's help. At that time I had no money to reach out to him. I did not feel like borrowing from any one. I could not say if anyone I borrowed from had any faith in my motive for borrowing or not. But I had an intense desire to meet my Guru Maharaj. Such a longing can find its way of fulfilment. In Nadiad a certain gentleman called Shri Amrit Bhai, manufactured and sold a drug, a medicine called 'Amrit Bindu'. All this was in the year 1927. At that time Kumbh Mela' was being held at Haridwar, and this 'Kumbh Mela' was considered the home of all sadhus. I asked Amrit Bhai if he could help me in my objective. I gave him a full detailed account of my need for help. He asked me, 'How can you work for me there? What work can you do for me there?' I replied, "Print about 25,000 to 30,000 hand bills in Hindi and English advertising your patent medicine and give them to me. I shall distribute them.' He liked my idea. He gave me to and fro expenses for my journey. He even wanted to give me allowance for my food. But I declined because there are many free meal centres or 'Annakshetras' in Kumbh Mela for sadhus where one can get food freely without paying.

I took all the advertisement materials and boarded the train. But on the way my pocket was picked, so I lost my ticket and return fare. A train ticket examiner caught me at the railway station. I tried to explain my

situation to him. But he refused to accept my version of facts and took me to the station master. The station master was convinced by my words and ordered my release. Now where to go and stay in such a vast place? For some-time I was lost. I knew one Bhiku Akhandanand. After searching for a long time I found him. He fed me. I told him, 'I have come here in search of my Guru Maharaj.' I completed the distribution of the hand bills in four – five hours time.

If we have any eager longing for God and if it is sincere, it should increase with time. Whenever a terrible calamity or situation cropped up, I would pray to my Guru Maharaj, keeping the image of my Guru before my mind. I have done much of my sadhana in this manner. I could bring his image before me and fix it there whenever I wanted. But this time in spite of all my efforts I made no headway. So I decided to meet him personally at Kumbh Mela, the home of all sadhus. After reaching that place I searched for him without taking a morsel of food or even a sip of water. Sadhus belong to different groups or hierarchy, and I did not know to which group he belonged or where he stayed? I asked everyone where was Shri Balyogi. I got a terse reply, 'There are many Balyogis in this Kumbh Mela.' So I wandered on for days. It was the afternoon of the fifth day. I felt very thirsty, my throat was parched. I could not go without water any further. Four days had already passed. At long last I saw him. He was seated in front of me on the bank of river Ganga. I prostrated to him and wept like a child. 'I used to see you going round often,' he said. Then I said, 'You should have called out to me'. He replied tersely, 'Until you see me my calling you would prove useless and futile'. At that time I did not understand him. I thought him to be cruel and without any mercy. I felt much hurt. I had vowed not to touch

water until I had found him but he does not care for it at all. I told him frankly so. He replied again tersely, 'You are a fool. You will never understand all this. Unless you look up to me I cannot look at you. Otherwise it will become meaningless.'

God is everywhere and is too eagerly waiting for you. But only if we look into His Heart can there be any response from Him. If there is receptivity in us then there is response from Him. Only by experience can we know this. This is what my Guru Maharaj tried to drive home into me.

14

I wonder if any of my colleagues in jail understood me at all. If at all anyone had any inkling of what I was doing it could be only the close associate of Gandhiji in Yaravda, Shri Surendraji who now runs an Ashram in Boriavi. With me in the jail were also Shri Vithaldas Kothari and Shri Shivabhai Patel. Shri Vithalabhai was close to me. At that time I was wholly absorbed in my sadhana observing total silence. In jail I used to spend most of my time in prayer. After being released from jail in the subsequent two days when we were together at some place, I copied those prayers in fair in a notebook of which perhaps these two men may have had some knowledge. In spite of this proof no one knew that I was going far and fast in my sadhana. Shri Parikshitlal, Shri Thakkar Bapa and Shri Mama Saheb knew about the fact of my sleeping in the cremation ground, and they thought I must be doing it with a purpose. But the exact purpose they did not know. In this field of sadhana whatever spiritual practices we may be performing, if we can keep it as secret as possible then it is good for us. If any one comes to know of it casually it does not matter. But we should not feel the itch to tell it to others.

It is quite possible that your God Remembrance can go on side-by-side with your other work. Perhaps you can do five things at one and the same time. I have done this myself. Even so I occupied a position of great responsibility. I was the secretary of All Gujarat Harijian Sevak Sangh. I used to type, talk with people, sing bhajans, and my typing would continue undisturbed. At that time our managing trustee was Shri Naraharibhai Parikh. He would say, 'You are indeed mad to be doing all this at one and the same time. You are bound to make mistakes.' 'I will type and bring it to you in a short time', I would reply. 'If there are any mistakes I shall correct them fast.' However I did not say, 'Only if there are mistakes then correct me'. That would have been improper and mannerless on my part. But I was confident there would be no mistakes in my typing. I took the typed matter to him. 'Chunilal Bhagat, you have done a good job. Are you so concentrated in your work? You sing bhajans, talk with others, answer some of the questions put by the visitors and simultaneously type. Yet there is not a single mistake. You have cultivated extraordinary concentration, I must admit.' He candidly admitted.

Let alone Remembering God, if you have cultivated this one pointed concentration it will spread to other areas of your life. For it is never static. This we can know by personal experience. It spreads to those spheres or subjects in which we have great interest. There is just one limitation in its working. If we have no interest then this concentration does not work or cannot be active in those areas. Interest is the foremost condition. Without that it cannot work. Even the Veds have asserted God is this interest. Therefore this interest is

the vitality of your life. It is the active visible aspect of God. Someone asked me, what is the visible form of God? I replied, 'This self absorbing interest is the most visible form of God'. That interest is the root-cause of your one pointed concentration. Without that nothing is possible, concentration cannot manifest. This deep interest alone inspires us to work. If we are aware of this then it works better. Very few have this awareness, the rest work mechanically. Burning interest alone does your work. If we can give importance to this interest it grows and our progress is also proportionately fast. Very few know this psychology, know this secret. A majority of people never read scriptures. They only listen to Pandits, Sadhus and others, and on this account know something of this subject. But these men do not explain in detail all this to the common man or layman.

I do not claim to have made a new discovery, or thrown any new light on it. But I have lived that life myself. Every night I used to sleep in the cremation ground. I used to go through all my spiritual practices there. And if we can adopt these principles or the results of these practices in our daily lives then their effect is far greater and far reaching in its usefulness. We become more intelligent and more adept in our daily work or action. It activates our brain. It then brings concentration rapidly. After this solutions to all our tough problems come automatically, without much effort. Let me illustrate this with an example. I was working with Shri Indulal Yagnik as his secretary. During this period my brother passed away. Shri Indulal ordered me, 'You will have to go to Dahod and work there'. I was extremely glad. I told him that after completion of twelfth and thirteenth day ceremonies of my brother's death I shall willingly go. My relations prodded my mother to borrow money to perform those ceremonies. Where from do I

get this money? I was not earning even an extra rupee. And how shall I repay that debt in case I do borrow? So I was prepared to carry out his orders only after performing those ceremonies. Shri Indulal said, 'We are soldiers and it is ours to obey.' I replied, 'Truly we are soldiers. But my present situation does not permit me to go at once'. But Shri Indulal burst out, 'Then you had better resign and leave this service'.

So I resigned and joined the high school. The children in the school were very naughty and mischievous. One particular student was very defiant and arrogant. He refused to listen to reason. So I had to thrash him severely. This evoked an angry response from others. They wanted to wreak vengeance on me. I explained the whole situation to them. There was a sadhu there who was sober and impartial and composed. He said, 'what fools are you! You have no brains. It is our good fortune to have such a good teacher in our school.' This produced the desired effect. Thereafter the boys became very friendly with us. We used to go for long walks and talk on various subjects. The boys too took part in these talks. We would talk about Egypt or France or Ireland and how these countries secured their freedom, and what sacrifices and hardships they went through. But I did not talk about God. Then Shri Indulal realised that he had made a mistake in asking me to resign, for he could not get another replacement. He told me, 'I have made a mistake in dismissing you. Kindly come back and resume your duties.' I too wanted to go back. I had no enmity with him, I had not quarrelled with him and so I went back to join him.

If we are determined to find the answers to our problems then we become prepared to face the hardest of difficulties and cross the toughest of hurdles. I was no match in physical courage to the boy whom I

thrashed severely but our duty at that time, our sincerity and loyalty to that duty, our responsibility, and if our determination to discharge that duty is of the right kind, then they equip us with the necessary courage and grit to find the solution to all our problems. But we have to act according to the need of the time. If at that moment I had thought – and hesitated – ‘How can I beat this poor boy so harshly?’ then it would have all been over and ended in a failure. Nothing would have come out of it. If you are ready to act in accordance with your hunch or intuitive guidance then that hunch will come to you again. Otherwise it will withdraw never to return. It is not merely a principle of spiritual science, but also a matter of fact of everyday life. If you do not accept anybody, do not welcome him, then he will not come again.

We went to Dharasana. A great struggle for independence took place there. In Dharsana are many salt pans, where salt is made. There were heaps or mounds of salt there. And a barbed wire fence around them protected them. We decided to raid the place and pillage the salt. The salt belonged to the public. The salt pans were not government property. And forcibly plundering or stealing the salt cannot be called a theft calling for punishment. So we decided to raid those pans but we made a mistake in our strategy or tactics for want of proper knowledge. And this knowledge is very vital in guerrilla type attacks. We were a small group and I was one of them. Every one expressed his opinion. Finally I gave them my suggestion, ‘We will be making a grave blunder if we attack at one point only. We are a force of about two thousand five hundred men. And we plan to start from a particular point and traverse a particular road. It might take a long time to reach the place. And if a few men in the front are beaten badly

then the rest of our force will be demoralised and flee. So let us attack the place from twelve to fourteen different points. This is my honest opinion. Never attack from one point only'. Then someone asked, 'Should we attack openly in this way?' I replied, 'Yes, we shall attack openly in this way. Please draw up a plan and announce that we proposed to attack from all sides in groups of fifteen or sixteen. And we shall declare this openly. What is wrong with this plan of action? A few soldiers guarding the unit will become divided in number and strength.' But no one listened to my advice. We had to march along one and only road. The men in the front were beaten black and blue. The men in the back got demoralised and ran away. Only a handful of sixty to seventy men stood their ground, but failed to achieve their objective. Yet they did not give up. Enduring thirst they sat down firm and resolute. But the women of the Koli tribe were very bold and fearless. They circumvented and crossed the barbed wire fence to bring water to the thirsty freedom fighters.

16

When I first went to my Guru Maharaj I was very disheartened for I could not go through the various means and practices he prescribed for me. It was not merely difficult, but almost impossible for me.

At that time my Guru Maharaj told me, 'Keep your attention fixed wholly in my being. And keep me ever before your inner eye. Thereafter even if you cannot go through any exercise or method it will not matter. Therefore do what you can.' Remembrance, prayer, bhajans, psalms, communion, observance of silence, cultivation of humility, fearlessness and seeking solitude as much as possible, all these I practised and made a part of my life and nature.

I was sleeping in the cremation ground when I had a strange dream which pertained to my sadhana. All dreams are not a reality, and so I gave no importance to it. The same dream recurred on the second, the third, the fourth and the fifth day. And I began to cogitate. The same dream has repeated four successive times. If dreams are not a reality then what is the significance in its successive repetition? Even if dreams are an illusion what do I lose by trying out the command given in my dream on the method of my sadhana? There must be a secret reason for the same dream to repeat itself five times. I felt if instead of giving me the command through dreams it would be convincing if the command came by word of mouth. How can this be done? It struck me it can be done by awakening the Presence and Power in our Consciousness. But how is it possible? He is never before us physically. I used to think of him and try to keep him before my mind's eye many times endlessly every day with the help of imagination. Thus more than a year passed. Thereafter that Presence and Power became permanently fixed before me. When concentration becomes strong and intense then it enters your inner subtle being. After that I benefited much, got much help from that.

Doing various exercises it is not possible for the layman to fix his mind and heart in God-Remembrance for all the twenty four hours of the day, for his aspiration too is not intense and continuous, not of a volcanic nature. So if you cannot go through other means or exercises, you can cultivate psychic contact with a liberated soul then it will become your asset for your use at any time of your choice. And this asset or advantage may not be possible by your individual personal effort to secure. In the beginning I could not understand and did not even believe how this could be

achieved or done. But I did contact a great soul by God's Grace; it was a psychic contact. Perhaps it was my destiny. Be what it may, he called me, caught me and put me on the path to God and guided me towards my goal. By myself I could never have done this. But there burned a great flame of patriotism in me. In spite of my dire poverty I made many sacrifices. My mother asked me not to take to spiritual life. She tried to dissuade me from going after my Sad Guru. 'My dear son, you are giving up everything in life. What will we do? How can we subsist? If you had studied well and secured a good job we would not have faced this problem of making two ends meet. Our life could have been comfortable. We could have even had a house of our own.' But I did not listen to her. I was in the grip of a frenzy of service to the country. There was some foundation for service in me based on my love for the country. This passion for service was awake in me. There was a ground in which this passion flowered and grew. But it was for a different field of activity. Shri Balyogi caught me and turned me in this different direction, led me into this spiritual path. If he had not done this for me I would never have turned to God. In those days I believed the sadhus were an economic burden on the society. Today I realise that they are also a class of people and part of our society, which may look like a dead force and unproductive. Yet many a gem has flowered among them. And by God's Grace and our good fortune if we are able to contact one such great soul, it may be that it is due to our destiny. And that contact flowers into a relationship.

Love of our people for such great souls has not left our culture. It still persists. Many are drawn towards saints. Many would flock to Sai Baba or Upasani Maharaj, albeit with the hope that they will fulfil their intimate desires.

A man may possess untold wealth, yet no one bothers to go to him. He has tangible wealth, yet people do not go to him. They are not pulled or attracted by mere wealth. Whereas the saints may be poor and without money, they may own nothing, yet people go to them. Sai Baba had only a chilam, i.e. a tobacco pipe which he would fill with it and smoke. A fire burnt near him day and night. He would wear his gown for months without washing. He would never wash or bathe for days except when his devotees forcibly gave him a bath.

17

Continuous and nonstop utterance of the mantra took place in my life after 1928, and in 1930 I had the realisation of the 'Silent Brahman or Nirav Sakshatkar', in which unbroken silence and peace enter and take total hold of your inner being. During this period my sleep was light and negligible. I used to be awake all night through. I passed many years almost sleepless. In addition to this I had to work for twelve hours in the Gujarat Harijan Sevak Sangh. All this happened by the Power and Grace of the Lord, automatically and without much effort on my part. No harm or damage accrued to my body's health or its senses on this account.

One who is sloth, lazy, indolent, without any desire for progress in life, insolent, selfish will be alien to this peace and silence. And the ambitious man, the man of action, always thinking of progressing in life, moving forward will have to cultivate a little of this peace and silence of being for self advancement or evolution. And a man who seeks this advanced stage of peace and silence of being must have a volcanic desire and aspiration to attain it.

This type of sadhana or exercise is such that we begin to feel to live a new life altogether, we get a

fillip and a boost in life, we feel a new energy generated in our being, our self-confidence and faith increase, our capacity for working also increases and we exercise a beneficial influence on others, unconsciously at first and consciously later.

Just as you need a trained eye to evaluate gems, so also is the case here. Firmness and determination, certainty and clarity of thinking and judging are all the first symptoms. There is no science or art which exercises such an influence on the gross and the subtle elements in every part of our body. Some sciences enlighten us in certain subjects like the mind, body, metaphysical sciences occultism, etc. But this is the only science which helps to evolve our whole life, such as all parts of our body both gross and subtle, every atom and organ of our body and life. Therefore it is superior to all other sciences and arts.

I have practised and cultivated Bhakti or devotion in life. I have also worked with devotion and dedication to God with Bhakti interwoven with work or Karma. Anyone who reads my works will know that there is knowledge or wisdom in me by His Grace, which is Gnana. This creates a trilogy of Devotion, Work and Knowledge or Wisdom; in Indian terminology it is Yoga of Bhakti, Karma, Gnana. This is also a Grace and Blessing of the Lord, which cannot be described by words, since for a dunce like me to acquire all this was next to impossible. When I was quite young, and later working in Sabarmati Ashram and Harijan Sevak Sangh as a joint secretary I was known as a dullard and a dunce, which is a well known fact. My dress was also such as to portray me as such. I did all this to cultivate humility to an extent so as to reduce myself to a nonentity or no body, as a zero in the eyes of the world. This was a phase in my life when I trained myself to

develop my humility to its summit. It was but natural that I should appear as a fool, and this should therefore not be surprising to others. And that particular feeling also showed itself on my face. So it was just and proper that people should call me a fool or an idiot. I used to laugh heartily when so addressed. Anyone who wishes to walk this path to God should cultivate humility to such an extent that he reaches nothingness. And without Bhakti or Devotion the ego cannot disappear or vanish. Only when Bhakti reaches its zenith does the ego leave for ever. When the ego is absorbed in Bhakti or love for God it leaves us for good. Only then can we be sure that true Bhakti has awakened in our heart. Without the death of the ego Bhakti cannot reach the pinnacle or zenith. There is a strange inverse relationship between the two. A true seeker cannot progress far without elimination or annihilation of the ego. From the beginning of my sadhana I had the feeling that absolute freedom from the ego was the first necessary condition. One must be free of the ego and cultivate humility to its highest pitch where one becomes a nonentity, nobody which is the first vital and inevitable step forward in sadhana. Without this Bhakti cannot blossom in our heart. I had become aware of this even at the commencement of my spiritual life. I have considered it as an act of God's Grace that this awareness came to me early in life. If I had not become aware of this then I could not have made the great efforts that I did. And whatever came to me naturally I did not allow it to go by uncared for, but adopted and implemented it in my sadhana. I made a living and conscious effort that this feeling does express itself in and through my actions in life and I experienced extraordinary results flow out of this life of action.* (See Appendix 5)





CHAPTER 4

EMERGENCE OF SOUL FORCE



*They who experience Thee
In their own way in their hearts
Know Thee only as such in their being.
Thou hast not appeared equally same to all,
Unto that Lord from my heart I bow.*

- Shri Mota





*Life's struggles meet us at every stage of life,
And what manifold guises they assume!
I had no knowledge of their secret subtleties,
Yet through His Remembrance have I been guided
into their heart.*

*When I needed the required skill and knowledge
I was awakened by His Grace and at once given
His Gracious Help.*

*What schemes and moves to adopt, when my heart debated,
All came to me in a flash of heart's understanding.
When the crucial hour of that struggle arrived
Then Thou too Lord, didst come with it, as my Saviour.*

- Shri Mota

While I was serving Harijan Sevak Sangh I used to take a month's leave and go to a solitary and quiet place. I have never wasted my time in any purposeless leave. Even on Sundays I would visit Harijan quarters and take up some activity or other, mingle and mix and interact with the people of the colony. I lived and worked in this field in Nadiad which I consider as a Lord's blessing. At that time one Shri Chunilal Vyas also worked in the Sangh with me. He would always prod and incite me. 'You were the first to enter this field of Harijan service. With Shri Indulal you have undertaken many a responsible work. Nobody can say you are incapable of running an Ashram. You were looking after all the activities of the Sangh's office, its correspondence, its accounts, its administration, its files and other works, and along with it the administration of the Marida Bhagol School of Nadiad. You did all this work alone and single handed. They have taken away the cream of responsible work from you and kept only the small school for you to look after. This is a gross injustice and insult to you. You are such an effeminate weakling. You never oppose it. You are afraid of every one in your office. You lack strength and courage to stand up against this insult and injustice.' As long as he worked with me in Nadiad, he kept up this barrage. Thereafter he was transferred out of Nadiad. Whenever he met me after this he would continue to hammer me thus. But I had already commenced my sadhana, and I firmly believed that all situations and circumstances are for my good only. With this faith in my heart, I used to accept his criticism good humouredly. I never took his promptings otherwise, seriously. Those six years that I had spent in Nadiad I needed to stabilise and establish myself in my sadhana.

And by God's Grace I stayed put in Nadiad without a break.

Since I was doing the work of the school only, I could progress rapidly in my sadhana. As I have written before I used to take a month's leave and spend the entire period in my sadhana by resorting to a solitary and lonely place with water nearby. Whenever I went to such places I never bothered to make any arrangement for my board or food. Whenever I felt hungry I would drink plenty of water, for where I went was a place far away from any human habitation, a place lonely and solitary, full of greenery and nature's beauty. I deliberately used to select such places as there was a very remote chance of my running into any human being. Thus I would go without food for five to six days, sometimes even more. In those days hunger never troubled me, which I consider as God's Grace. I was struck with only one passion. Out of all the methods and means I tried, new ones would emerge and I would busy myself and try to progress further and further through these. No other thoughts ever entered my mind. Only one aim and purpose I had before me. Like an archer whose eye is fixed on its target my heart and soul too had one burning target, one aim and purpose. Even a slight laxity or slackness appearing in my efforts now and then I would feel a piercing pain or agony in my heart.

2

Once I had chosen Chitrakoot, a lonely and fearful place for my sadhana. A Brahmin Pandit would bring me food once every day. During this period I would not talk with anyone who brought me food. So I did not talk a word with Panditji. But when I was about to leave of the place at the end my stay he took my address from me. This Pandit came to Nadiad once. And my

mother gave him the cereals and pulses etc. for him to cook his own food. This is the custom among the Brahmins that they do not eat food cooked by men of other communities. They cook their own food wherever they go. I had told him that I never sleep at home but go to cremation ground to sleep. He told me that he also never sleeps at home. I invited him to join me, if he so desired, in sleeping at the cremation ground. I got busy with my various exercises and he got busy with his. He was learning some 'black magic', which I gathered from his manners and later from his talks. There is a world of ghosts, even as there is among men. This is a reality. And through some mantras he demonstrated how the disembodied spirits can be contacted and called down from above, he explained to me. There is an elaborate final ritual to be performed after which one becomes totally proficient – a sacrificial fire with offerings, to be lit with due mantras, after which one becomes an adept. I replied we have nothing to do with this kind of knowledge or its proficiency. What we wanted was freedom for the country. He replied that with full knowledge of this art we can even frighten and force the viceroy into giving us full freedom by releasing this force against him. At the moment he had not reached the last and final stage which he could reach only after performing this ritual of a sacrificial fire or yagna with proper offerings. And he had come to get money for this from me. I explained my financial situation to him and expressed my inability to help him with money. I also told him I could not collect any money from others which he wanted me to do. So I gave him ticket fare to go to Ahmedabad and bade him good bye.

This 'black magic' too has its own rituals and mantras of which I was given convincing proof by the

Pandit. By this we can experience concrete results. By this art the invisible spirit invoked can assume a definite physical form. If it is possible in that case then why should not such concrete achievement be possible in my pure sadhana for God Realisation? Of course it is quite possible. When this knowledge dawned on me, I felt a new force of enthusiasm enter my being. The Pandit's experiments were of the negative type and not worth trying. But it gave a boost or fillip to my efforts and so I was indirectly benefited much.

I give here, an example of what is deadly determination. Near Palanpur there is a small village called Balaram which is full of nature's beauty i.e. full of greenery. Once I had chosen that place for my solitary sadhana in solitude. During my stay there a Brahmin gentleman would do 'pooja' of Lord Shiv regularly. I would not talk to him anything. One evening he sat down by my side and began narrating his life's story. He had come here for worship of Lord Shiv only for acquisition of wealth. He had made a life-and-death decision, 'Either God Mahadev gives me enough money or I do Kamal Pooja before Mahadev.' This decision to sacrifice his life before Mahadev is called *Kamal Pooja (Lotus worship)*. At that time I did not know the exact meaning of this word *Kamal Pooja*. Therefore I asked him to explain what exactly this word meant. He explained to me, 'If Mahadev does not help me get the wealth I seek then I shall chop off my head with my own hands at one stroke and offer it to the Shiv Ling.' I was very much moved by his do-or-die decision. This kind of firm decision we must also have in our sadhana for attainment of God. God had sent him to me only to show me a living embodiment of such a firm decision. After this my sadhana picked up momentum. After this incident a few years passed, and in the year 1931 I had

to go to Karachi to attend a Congress Session with my younger brother Soma Bhai. We had to pass through Balaram. When I went to the temple of Mahadev we all beheld the head of that gentleman tossing to and fro on Shiv Ling. This sight we all beheld. At that time what he had told me during my previous visit came to my mind. I admired and appreciated his great decision even to give up his life if God did not oblige him with wealth. We immediately fled quietly from the scene. Otherwise we may be caught by the police, interrogated and even harassed. We may even be detained as witness. We were in a hurry to reach Karachi after some sight-seeing in Abu. I am mentioning this incident only to tell you that mere lukewarm determination in this spiritual field will not help. I do not see this firm decision in my near and dear ones, and without this do-or-die decision we cannot achieve our object which is certain.

Unless this kind of a deadly or mortal determination awakens in us no living or vibrant force can manifest in our sadhana, our efforts in this direction will be lifeless and without any verve. Why have we met, why did we go to a Guru, and why did we accept him as a Guru? All our aims and aspirations have been thrown to the winds, vanished into thin air. Therefore awake and arise for your own good. I want to be proud of you, to be known and honoured through you. It is not that I am not known by myself. But being recognised and known through you lend an added joy and beauty to my life. There is an art in being known or recognised and also an art in not being known or recognised. But in this spiritual life we too have a kind of lineage (of a disciple to a Guru as a son to a father). By God's Grace my Guru Maharaj had drawn my attention to this fact; awakened me to that great reality. If by his blessing any body's life can be awakened to a full blown life of self-fulfilment or

self-realisation then truly in my life will I be blessed and gratified. If we can achieve this blessedness, which we so much desire, then it is a positive culmination of our effort. The key to this ultimate happiness is in your hands. Kindly favour me by so living your life that my life too becomes blessed. This is true benediction.

There is a temple in Nadiad dedicated to Santram Maharaj. He was born over one hundred and thirty years ago. He was a nude 'Avdhoot' who lived in dense forests. One man brought him here where the temple stands now. At that time there was a wild growth of thorny shrubs in the place and he stayed in the middle of it. Whenever anybody brought him food he would throw it away. Thereafter this temple was built for him. In 1932 the temple's centenary was celebrated, and about twelve to thirteen lakhs people attended this celebration. Among them were twenty five thousand Harijans. Santram Maharaj had many Harijan followers. I was called to organise and make arrangements for this function. Many Christian padres or priests came to give lectures to these Harijans with a view to converting them to Christianity. I tried to reason with them to give up this effort. But they refused to listen to me. This kind of talks would only create confusion and chaos. Then I reported the matter to the collector who sent a police force to send them away to another place if they wanted to talk and preach. These priests even spoke derogatorily about Shri Ramakrishna. I even tried to call Santram Maharaj to help me. But at that time he was in seclusion and so could not come out. He used to come out once on a particular full moon day and distribute sugar as Prasad or Sacrament.

At that time many sadhus of various sects had come. I requested them to come out and give a lecture. But they only gave lame excuses for not coming out in

the open. I argued that great saints like Narsimh Mehta, Mira Bai, Kabir Saheb, and Gnan Dev used to go to and interact with Harijans. What objection can you have to merely talking to them? There are so many believing Harijans who worship the Cow and Tulsi Plant, who keep their houses and compounds clean and tidy. Can you not come out and appear before them in person, so they may behold you and feel happy? They so much desire to have a glimpse of you. If you do not do so then I shall raise a big hullabaloo or furore against you. They agreed to appear before the waiting mass of Harijans. And how do I organise? They asked me. I had a ready plan. 'All of you come out and stand in a row. The people will file past you in a line and walk away.'

By writing this I am not decrying any sadhu or saint. But in a truly liberated soul there are no prejudices or inhibitions of any kind. And it is not possible that all monks or sadhus are self-realised or liberated. Very few are truly Free Souls. The fact of the matter is that such Free or Liberated Souls are not easy to understand for the common man. It is very difficult for us to understand a worldly soul, then how much more difficult it is to understand or measure or evaluate such realised souls?

3

Many a gross injustice has been meted out to me, yet for all these souls I have had only good-will and love.

As I have already written before while I was working with Harijan Sevak Sangh, even though no one had any inkling of the sacrifices I made even in my poor financial conditions I did not suffer from any sense of lack or miss anything. On the contrary I had only goodwill for all. I have served Shri Parikshit Bhai to the best of my ability, when he sat down for food I would sit beside

him to give him company, I used to make his bed, I used to attend on him when he was unwell, I would fill his water pots with water. What I would like to drive home is that when a man does sadhana with Love, Devotion and Knowledge at heart then love and sympathy flow from him towards all. I am writing all this to draw your attention to the truth that if we deviate from the path, when goodwill and sympathy decline in our being, progress in sadhana also declines and slows down, which has negative effects on your mind. Sometimes we even retrograde, which fact we may not understand at this stage of our life.

After commencement of our sadhana with intense feeling and steadfastness, after some initial advance and progress, a hurdle may crop up that blocks our forward movement and weakens our feelings and will, and our sadhana slows down, which has been my experience. In 1932 after coming out of self-courted jail I went straight to Bombay. Shri Thakkar Bapa was in Bombay at that time. I went to meet him and pay my respects. He ordered me that I was not to court any jail hereafter but work for the Sangh. And an elderly relation of mine, Bapu, also echoed Shri Thakkar Bapa's feelings when I met him in Bandra, Bombay. 'Do not hereafter court jail. Shri Thakkar Bapa is right. I also advise you to follow him.' And I obeyed their orders. I was appointed to the post of the secretary and the running of the Ashram and the School fell to my lot, and the supervision of all the institutions of the Mandal, the administration of the Ashram, supervision of the other Ashrams, the responsibility of the students of the Navsari Ashram, their indiscipline and their misbehaviour, my creative and constructive responsibility, the prevention of the violation of Ashram norms and rules by the frequent visits of outsiders, prevention of misuse of the Ashram,

and the strict watch and vigil of our Ashram by the police from a close range, - took a toll and slowed down the pace of my sadhana as a consequence. By God's Grace I received some inspiration to come back to the continuity of my sadhana; that is aspiration and effort as before. Therefore the activities of the Ashram assumed secondary importance after that.

During my sadhana whatever prayers I said in those days were meant to strengthen my divine feeling and emotions. And the sheer rhythm and music of these prayers are harnessed to express them in my divine emotions. And by God's Grace the continuous flow of those feelings born of intense efforts I turned within myself. And my whole life and being were coloured and influenced by these God-ward feelings.

There could be repetitions in these prayers, but to fix anything in your nature permanently repetition is necessary and inevitable. Repetition is the foundation of perfection and new creation and new manifestation. Repetition is a form of education or learning. Repetition generates a new consciousness and power in our hearts for new creation. Along with this a new energy and freshness are generated. Since new creation takes place repetition is not mechanical but vibrant and full of variations.

This type of prayers charged with emotions of love and communion were composed by me regularly for many years in order to strengthen and fix these emotions in my heart for ever. I used to compose three to four prayers a day; and you have observed me do this in Navsari Ashram (Shri Hemant Kumar) in 1930. These prayers could fill up three to four big bags, so voluminous were my prayer notebooks. Then between 1930 and 1932 the revolution for freedom commenced and I took part in it. Beatings from the police and penalty were my reward.

For non-cooperation, luckily, there was no penalty or fine, for if this had been levied I had no means to pay. I was raided by the police four to five times. And they took away all suspicious matter including my prayer notebooks which in spite of their promise were never returned by the police. But to this day I have never felt any regret, for the purpose of the prayers had fructified and manifested in my sadhana. This leads me to the memory of another incident in my life. Once I had to go to Sarkhej in Ahmedabad to receive the songs to Poet Sagar on the qualities and characteristics of Love and Devotion. Before listening to him I had met him earlier and had had a long talk about the intricacies of sadhana. I sang to him some of my compositions on sadhana. He told me, 'You have in your heart pure and unconditional love of a very high calibre. And I am very pleased with the descriptions of your experiences in the field. But let me tell you frankly that the common man will not understand all this. They will only twist and mangle your writings to suit their worldly desires and needs. Therefore throw all these papers into the nearest lake.' And the next instant without a moment's hesitation I threw them all into the lake. He was stunned and shocked. He had not uttered those words to be taken literally. But to me it was the command of my God uttered through Sagar's mouth.*

(See Appendix 6)

SECTION 4

4

All these emotional prayers do not have the desired effect and cannot produce the desired result. Only when our heart turns wholly towards God in our sadhana and begins to melt and merge in Him, and a deep feeling of painful longing and tender and fond Love for Him awakens in our heart and when any obstruction in our upward progress cropping up gives rise to excruciating

agony, only then can we make do-or-die efforts in our sadhana. When such a prayer uttered from the depth of the heart is charged with sincerity, honesty, truthfulness, loyalty, then its cry manifests so forcefully that only an experienced or a liberated soul only can know. If a truly living and vibrant endeavour does not emanate fully from the prayers that we utter, from the depths of our heart, then such prayers cannot bring in the desired effect or result.

I shall now give you an illustration from my life of how much such prayers have helped me. In the year 1932 Shri Parikshit Bhai, Shri Hariwadan Bhai and your self (Shri Hemant Kumar) were all in jail. At that time the work of the secretary of Harijan Sevak Sangh fell on me, since Navsari Ashram fell in the territory of Gaekwad, a princely state of Baroda, and so all clandestine political work was carried out from there. And so a strict police watch and vigil was kept on Navsari Ashram. A posse of policemen in mufti constantly patrolled the area in front of the Ashram. So, after coming to the Ashram, even though we had to incur the displeasure of our well wishers and endure their opposition, the work of closing down and winding up the clandestine political activities of the Ashram by God's Grace, fell on us. Apart from that the work of conducting the activities of the Harijans of the whole of Gujarat also fell to our lot. I had no personal knowledge of it all. How many Ashrams and Schools had we to manage! We had to render financial help to so many institutions, systematically and regularly. And the circumstances were not conducive at that time.

On one side to discharge our duties and responsibilities that befall us, with all sincerity, faithfulness, loyalty and whole-heartedly, and discharge in the best possible manner displaying enthusiasm, care, attention and order in our living and vibrant and

continuous efforts; and on the other in our sadhana of self evolution to keep alive zeal and maintain unbroken continuity and take that to its highest pitch, maintaining the awareness of it all, is a balancing act demanding our whole attention. Again to maintain awareness in discharge of our duties to the best of our capacity and apply this to our daily life so that a great living effort can be made in this direction, and side by side to maintain intensity of love and continuity of will in our sadhana and harmonise both, demands of us and calls from us a great gigantic effort. At that time there was a continuity of efforts and will with all intensity of feeling, yet there would be a decline from the pinnacle some times, and at that hour the awareness of it would give me a sharp stab and sting of acute pain. Reconciling and harmonising the love of doing the work that comes to our lot with the intense aspiration of our sadhana is an art of a very high order. Our intense efforts in sadhana help us in discharging our duties laid on us, with sincerity, loyalty, honesty and steadfastness.

But I could not endure or tolerate any dullness or decline in the pace of my sadhana. So I used to pray to my Sad Guru very frequently. How prayers help us I have already written to you earlier. Also if our heart is eager to be one with Him and ready to merge with Him with all love and devotion and knowledge, in our prayer, then the one to whom we pray from our heart for help and guidance i.e., our Sad Guru definitely answers our prayers. How he answers our prayers I shall now tell you with all frankness. You know how much I love solitude and the beauty of nature. When I was working in Nadiad I used to take the students during their leave to the bank of the river Shedi near Dakhkhniyo Ovaro. By His Grace there I used to spend my time in prayer, meditation, and other forms of sadhana. Night after

night I used to pass in this manner. Even in Bodal Ashram you have often observed me seated in deep meditation under a berry tree. (Shri Hemant Kumar)

But during the 1932 freedom struggle when I had to go to Navsari Ashram I could not go to any solitary or lonely spot. So with the consensus of the students we decided to visit a spot close to Supa Gurukul. Gathering all the necessary items including food, from the Ashram and putting them in a push cart, we commenced our march to that spot. On the way we had all fun and joy till we reached the place. There we pitched our camp on the sands of the river bank. The students collected fire wood from the surrounding areas. Then we lit a bonfire. The younger students kept a watch over the camp till 10-30 at night. Thereafter the senior students took up the watch.

I used to sit before the fire some times in prayer, sometimes in meditation and sometimes uttering the mantra of His Name. My prayers would continue with the intensity of feeling from the depths of my heart without any stop. After midnight I beheld the form of my Guru Maharaj materialise before me. I was both surprised and startled. And moved by my love and adoration for him I automatically bowed to him. My utterance of His Name continued nonstop. I experienced an unbroken continuity of feeling of love in my being. Sometimes this slackened and slowed down, and then I would feel a deep pain on my becoming aware of it. Even after this intense sadhana my mind and intelligence (Buddhi) had not yet dissolved in Him, of which I was deeply aware at that time.

My mind and my Buddhi or intelligence refused to accept and believe this extraordinary experience of God's Grace. 'My Guru Maharaja has passed away, he is physically no more. Then how can he appear before me?

It is my love and adoration that has assumed this form. But he is not a reality before me now'. But at that very moment my Sad Guru spoke out, 'You fool! I am truly and really present before you in my true original form. I have appeared before you to warn you and awaken you. To take you to greater heights and confirm your efforts in working out your Karma or duties which you have accepted as a means of self evolution has my presence appeared before you, and this experience is granted to you in your own accepted circumstance and situation. God takes up the responsibility of any soul and looks after his Wellbeing (*Yogakshema*) when one in his heart of hearts becomes his faithful devotee. This Wellbeing or *Yogakshema* is not of one kind only. It has many meanings and is of many kinds or types. Every phase of life is meant only for intense longing in sadhana. Do bear this in mind and never forget'. After this he scolded me in harsh words which I cannot write in this letter for they may sound jarring and even vulgar to your ears. He spoke again, 'Still your mind and Buddhi have not dissolved. They may still doubt; so let me tell you for your own good that beneath me at this spot there is a dead body which is a reality as is my personal appearance here.'

While I had been having this great thrilling vision I tried to test myself to see and convince myself that I was indeed awake fully and the vision before me was a reality. That I may become awake and aware and realise the truth of the vision, that my mind and heart accept and be convinced about the reality, this experience was granted to me.

After this vision I was deeply moved. I had accepted the post of the secretary of the Harijan Sevak Sangh and assumed its full responsibility, but I doubted as to how I could run all the associate institutions, administer and

manage them and even meet their demand for money, as a consequence of which there was a misgiving in my heart. But now this doubt had been cleared and my misgiving had dissolved. I was freed of all care and worry. A settled peace took their place.

The vision lasted only a few minutes only. But it had a lasting effect on me. What could not have been achieved by my personal efforts of many births was realised in a few moments of this holy and redeeming vision. But at that moment my mind and brain refused to accept the reality with all my heart. They argued, 'It is not possible. How can it be true?' I rapped my mind, 'I saw it with my own eyes, and I heard his words with my own ears. Whatever he uttered has found an echo of ringing truth in my whole heart. He himself has said that just as there is a dead body in the earth beneath him which is a reality so also his presence before me was an absolute truth.' But my mind continued, 'He not only said so but even drew the circle in the sand with his right leg toe. The students have been playing for a long time now. So if there is a freshly drawn circle will it be visible, otherwise it would have been erased.' This kind of intellectual gymnastics went on for some time. I therefore summoned two elderly students who were doing their rounds of vigil and asked them to see if there was any circle drawn in the sand near the camp fire. They switched on their torches and a freshly drawn circle became visible. Again my doubting mind asked, 'But where is the dead body?' So I asked the students to dig a pit because I had a feeling that there was a dead body below in the earth. If my doubting mind can get some proof of this truth then it can be convinced of this truth. It is necessary for the heart's deep feelings and emotions to secure the loving consent and cooperation of all the organs of the body. Even at that

time my heart had an awareness of a sort. The students dug on; after some time water gushed out after they had dug two feet. Yet there was no sign of any dead body. Now the mind was at its trick again. 'So where is this dead body?' it asked. I had a deep conviction however in my heart. So I asked the students to dig deeper. Another half a foot below there was more water. At last after digging one foot further the dead body of a bird of the genus of a dove became visible.

When Shri Balyogi appeared before me he was physically no more, yet he appeared to me in his original physical form. In spite of his talking to me in detail my mind was still reluctant to accept and believe all that.

When we run into a difficult situation we no doubt surrender to God all our anxiety or worry. But we should not give up our personal efforts and endeavours. If we have any apprehension then our surrender is not real. If we become free of all fear or worry then our faith in and surrender to God are real. We would like to work and struggle without worry, but between this kind of working and struggling and doing the same with worry there is a wide gap of difference.

Questioner: You were burdened with care and worry when Shri Balyogi appeared before you and assured you that God will look after your affairs. Were you at that time engaged in any prayer?

Shri Mota: No, not at all, but Shri Balyogi out of his love for me chose to visit me. His love and care were so great.

Every day I would receive letters from various Ashrams and Schools informing me that there is no food available with them. And I was moved by their plight. Who would give money to ordinary workers of the Harijan Ashrams and their Schools? I used to write to them to borrow money and keep the institutions going.

But who would extend credit to Harijan teachers and lay workers? And that caused me so much anxiety and worry. I told Shri Thakkar Bapa that I cannot manage these affairs. But he calmly replied, 'I have faith that you alone can and will do it. You are a real Bhagat i.e. a devotee. You will be able to run this jaded horse alright. No one else but you can run the show. All our other workers are in jail. And so I have had to entrust all the affairs to you.'

And so I began to worry, and my sadhana's pace slackened. 'How will all these poor people manage their affairs? I am unable to do anything for them. I have no money. How shall I help them and what shall I send them?' Such thoughts tormented me. And my sadhana's force was reduced. I felt this was not good; yet what was I to do? And so I could not pray sincerely. Yet His love for me was so great that He appeared before me in the form of Shri Balyogi. His care and concern for us were truly great. Shri Balyogi uttered with a show of anger, 'Is your father feeding the whole world and looking after it? You do not know to offer and surrender all your affairs and cares to God.'

This kind of manifestation or materialisation by a liberated soul cannot last forever. Those who are linked with him through love and devotion have a relationship with him, a bond of pure love. And so as long as he lives he continues to live on in the astral plane in his subtle body to help and guide them. Thereafter he withdraws forever. He is one with all, and yet separate, just as the Sun and the Moon are one with the earth and yet separate. If all is one with the Universal Consciousness then why are there separate existences of individuals? To those who are linked with him through love and adoration, not of the ordinary type but of a very high intensity and order, he appears in his original

human form in times of their needs. When there was a slackening of my love for and faith in him, he came to me physically. I was thus able to come out of my crisis and back to my original self by his words, by his infusion of new energy and enthusiasm into me. I surrendered to him all my cares and worries and apprehensions. I was wholly unknown in Navsari. I asked one or two banks to lend us money temporarily to tide over the crisis. They told me that they needed a resolution of the working committee. Now all the members of the Sangh were in jail and I was not a member of the Harijan Sevak Sangh. Was I to meditate on the Sangh or on God?

After this incident at the Supa Gurukul I returned to Navsari. One evening after my evening prayers I was strolling along the road leading to 'Chapra'. You are aware that I used to wear small knickers and walk about freely. At that time a car passed by and stopped a little ahead of me. A gentleman got down from it. And no sooner he got down than I recognised him. I ran to him and bowed to him. He spoke out, 'Chuniya, how come are you here?' I told him my whole story detailing all my difficulties. He was a respectable gentleman and a man of letters, Shri Ramanlal Vasantlal Desai. He was the Suba of Navsari District. By his help I became free of all cares and worries. The harassment of the Surat police also ceased.

5

By God's Grace through dreams I got to know some subtle methods of sadhana. So many times through dreams I have known and experienced what was necessary for me; through dreams my Sad Guru has shown me what was useful and helpful for me. These are true facts of my life, others may not understand these truths, nor accept them which is quite

understandable indeed. Through dreams I have been awakened to my subtle faults in my nature with painful awareness. Many wrongs committed by me unknowingly came to my knowledge through dreams. My Sad Guru also awakened in me the art of right behaviour with discrimination and discretion, in my daily living. He has performed many subtle rites on my inner being. By His Grace I was also given the understanding of these exact truths, with their implications and purposes, their perspicacity, and clarity. Therefore is my Guru ever alive and vibrant, guiding me, leading me by his omnipresence or ubiquity. I have experienced such living and viable faith in him. All these are not facts of a mentally deranged being. Many believe this is a humbug, an empty concoction of the mind, or a figment of the imagination. We cannot blame them for this, it is not their fault. If any one understands this through any experience then it is good. What is truth to us need not be so to others, according to me. In certain advanced stages of sadhana such incidents do occur, or are possible, which is a fact. The confirmation of such experiences perhaps may be available from the history of such liberated souls, if at all. Such proofs are necessary only to weak souls, but I do not need any such proofs or confirmations. Anyone who has decided to live by high idealism and has great ennobling ambitions may need the support and prop of such proofs for further advance in his spiritual life. Such confirmations or proofs have many forms and are of many types.

I made myself aware of the fact that 'I was the reservoir full of many lacks, shortcomings and faults' and a depraved soul. In order to come back to my true, pristine, original self, in order to mould myself into a better shape I resorted to prayers with love and devotion,

by His Grace. To appear to the world as you are, that you have to do nothing or cannot do anything about it, and stay where you are without any effort or endeavour to change, would mean the end of your progress and would be the height of folly. By His Grace we have to struggle and put in our best. At the same time we should also continue our prayers from the heart for His Help and Grace.

God's Grace in all respects is indeed a power and a potent force no doubt, is a reality too. Just as in the case of a toddler there is the natural urge to start walking, yet it needs the guiding support of a leading hand to give him a push, so also without any proper guidance and without learning or practice, the inner being cannot awake and arise to do sadhana. It would be improper to believe that he can progress without self effort. As is your learning and training so is your knowledge and understanding in any field or subject. Therefore training and learning are vital in any field of activity.

Of course the possibility of Grace working along with your effort is always there. But that possibility is not a matter of course to be taken for granted. From the awareness of what has to be done or should be done which will become a living reality one with your heart, and from that firm foundation of what is right and proper to be worked out or done by you with a proper attitude and frame of mind, there can and does arise the possibility of self awakening. Ours it is by becoming entirely free of the hold of the ego, by cultivating one pointed, singleness of purpose, so as to make it one with your heart, to do whatever is in our power.

My financial condition was not conducive for me to go to my Guru Maharaj. I told myself, 'This kind of helplessness is not good for me, so let me cultivate psychic oneness with him.' So with love and devotion

and intense longing I contacted him thus. Bhakti is the subject of Prana or the Vital, cogitation is the subject of Buddhi and the mind through these is linked with him. If this link is established then even while remaining afar we can contact him. Our mind, brain and vital can be joined to his inner being and become one with it. And this creates a great advantage and results in a great benefit. I was unable to reach out to my Sad Guru because of my poverty, so I resorted to this device in order to circumvent my financial handicap. There is physical proximity or closeness on one side and on the other there is this inner oneness, which is far above the desire for physical nearness. And this oneness of Prana, Mind and Buddhi is far greater and superior to mere physical closeness or proximity. Even if we cannot do any sadhana nor know how to do it, if we just contact a great Guru psychically, it gives you a great advantage from which accrues great benefit.

In the beginning my Guru Maharaj asked me to do my sadhana through four means i.e. *Moun* or Silence, *Ekant* or Solitude, *Abhay* or Fearlessness, *Namrata* or Humility, with emphasis on the last virtue - to cultivate humility to the maximum extent possible where the ego is eliminated to become a zero or nothing – i.e. is reduced to nothingness, so that whatever intelligent work you may do, it would not show off. Your intelligence is so kept hidden from the public view that people may consider you as a perfect dunce. I occupied the responsible post of a secretary, yet appeared to be very ordinary in worldly eyes.

I taught the students in a very easy way so that they understood everything. I used to write difficult joined or combined words on a card-board and give it to them after selecting them carefully. And the students would write this on their slates three times a week and

memorise it. They used to write and repeat difficult words every day and so understood their spelling and meaning. I used to delegate mathematics to some class monitors, geography to some other so they could teach the class. The boys would write down all this of their own. And so I had a good deal of free time which I utilized for singing bhajans, saying prayers and for meditation. So it is possible to do our own sadhana even while doing other work. When desire awakes in us then ways are automatically found. I used to handle three classes and yet could do all this. Someone had written against me, 'I am only singing bhajans during the class hours'. So an inquiry was conducted. They asked many questions. I replied, 'Now I occupy a responsible post in Harijan Sevak Sangh. If my work has been of any poor quality then point out to me unhesitatingly.' There were many persons present who knew me well. Yet no one dared to raise a finger at me. Someone spoke out, 'the training imparted by Chunilal is unique, unparalleled. Such training is not being given to boys anywhere in Gujarat.' The inspector who had come to test the boys said, 'I gave a dictation of twenty five words instead of ten, all too difficult, yet all were correctly answered. Children's mathematics and geography are all really good.' He praised me much. Shri Thakkar Bapa himself came again and sat in my class. He gave the boys some dictation, difficult words to spell, difficult sums in mathematics to answer, he questioned some about some places in maps (geography). All the boys answered correctly. He was now convinced about my capacity to teach. 'He has taught the students very well'. He finally admitted.

'Saheb the boys learnt all these themselves. They work very hard, they are very clever. I do not have to teach them'. I told him.

Now I do not go to meet or visit a great soul, I have no such desire now. At the beginning, I did so much desire to see or look up one. In 1933 – 34 I came from Navsari to Surat to have a glimpse (Darshan in local terminology) of Shri Upasini Maharaj. But now I have no such desire. I do not mean that I do not visit such holy men or places. But if any occasion arises through any specific cause, then I do not mind visiting. But to have such a desire is also a handicap or a binding. Within us there is a vast and rich treasure. Becoming steadfast in our sadhana we receive right guidance from within. My faith in this regard is very firm. Some strange incidents arranged by destiny guide us very subtly. I shall narrate two such incidents from my life.

While working as a secretary of the Gujarat Harijan Sevak Sangh I did not feel it beneath my dignity to do any mean work below my status. While going to the bank either to deposit or to withdraw money, I got into a bus at the 'Sarva Sakshi Amli' bus stop near the Ashram. No sooner I boarded the bus than I heard a passenger talk to another, 'I got down from the bus at once'. He was referring to some past incident of his life. But there was a flash in my mind and I quickly disembarked. No other thought came to me at that time; my mind did not argue and ask why am I doing all this? I took my bicycle to go to the city. On the way near Vidya Peeth I saw the bus had met with a bad accident and many passengers were badly hurt. Had I continued my journey by bus I would have met the same fate. So I thanked my God for guiding me so subtly. Informing the authorities about the accident I continued my important and urgent work.

Once with four or five students of the Ashram we started on a long journey on our cycles to meet you (Shri Hemant Kumar) and Shri Hariwadan Bhai at Nasik jail. Our group was made up of Shri Makan Bhai the elder, Shri Morar Bhai and Shri Simu Bhai and one or two others whose names I cannot recollect now. It was about Diwali time. We started from Navsari and reached Valsad, then proceeded to Dharampur, after which commenced thick forests. After the recent heavy rains the roads beyond Dharampur had been washed away and many pot holes had appeared on the surface. After we crossed Dharampur evening darkness was about to set in. Head high tall grass grew along the road. We had to traverse along the winding road with many curves. While going along on our cycles I had an inner feeling, 'Let us stop here.' I told the students we shall camp here for the night. We collected some fire wood after cleaning a large place under a tree. We lit a camp fire. By turns we kept a watch for the night. The next day after the Sun had risen high and there was enough light we resumed our journey. Travelling some distance we saw a large, broad and deep pot-hole in the road. If we had continued our journey in the night's darkness all of us would have fallen into this pit. By God's Grace we were all lucky to be saved.

There are many such examples of the sixth sense or extra sensory perception in my life. These unforgettable incidents have strengthened and made vibrant my faith in Him. We have not to go elsewhere to seek help or guidance. Help is within us. Help can come from the blue heavens above or from the bowels of the earth. Help or answer or a solution to any problem can come from any material object. As an English poet once said, 'Books in running brooks', inspiration can come from any running brook as from a book.

Never get into the habit of brooding, ruminating or arguing. All these are different from deliberation with awareness which helps us in our inspirational or intuitive development.

7

Buddhi or Intelligence is a form of God, an expression of the Divine in us. Within our bodies if there is any part or organ nearest to God or Universal Consciousness it is this Buddhi as well as Prana or the Vital. Whatever these touch they assume their forms and take on their colour. These are qualities and characteristics of Universal Consciousness. Buddhi helps us to understand different facets of any material object. Thus Buddhi is the gift of God, an expression of the Divine. Therefore we believe it is a form of the Divine. For Buddhi solves all our problems. Thereafter to say, 'I find solutions to all problems', is not only incorrect but also improper, since Buddhi is the support and base of all beings and things, and of the entire Universe. 'Thou art the Light of my Buddhi and dost solve all problems' would be more realistic. Once my Guru Maharaj, ordered me to go to the cave situated on the left of 'Dhunva Dhar' water-fall, in Madhya Pradesh. The water falls there with such fury and force that bubbles form and float giving it a frightful appearance. I had to reach that cave and climb into it. But how to do it I did not know? I could find no way. Therefore I prayed, 'O God, Thou art my Buddhi and through Buddhi alone can I find the way, you alone can help me. Yours is the order to go to the cave. By Thy Grace is my resolve firm. The means of sadhana you have shown me are the best for me. Your Grace and Mercy are always showered on me. This Buddhi is Thine, Thou Thy self. Thou art the Light of my Buddhi, Thou art the path and the one who shows

the path. Thou wilt surely show me the way, I firmly believe'. I prayed thus to Him. This kind of prayer looked to me so real. But we usually utter that a way has been found by me. But if we say, 'O God Thou art truly merciful. And by Thy Grace a way has been found. Thou alone didst do it', this sounds more real.

One who has become one pointed in purpose, one who cleaves to God whole-heartedly, expressing such feelings, and owing to this one pointed, singular purpose, whose life, mind and body have become still and silent, can alone utter thus. Whatever problem or tangle or question arises in our life it goes into our subconscious and stays there and the Buddhi through the subconscious mind helps to find the solution to all these. And this Buddhi after all is truly God, God's alone. This prayer is appropriate for one who has reached the above stage. The ordinary or layman says, 'I have found the way.' which is incorrect. The right way would be to say, 'Thou art the Intelligence, and Thou again the Light of that Intelligence, the solver of all problems. Thou Lord, Lighten my Buddhi. These experiences have only strengthened my faith in Thee. Thou wilt surely find a way for me out of these mazes.' If one prays like this it sounds more real, it is nearer the truth.

In Jabalpur's 'Dhunva Dhar' cave where I was doing sadhana as per his instruction, once my Guru Maharaj materialised before me. I said, 'You are the Light of Life, but you do not appear so now; so let me behold you as Light'. And he transformed himself into a brilliance of Light, his body and hairs were also transparent as light. I bowed to him. He told me, 'Tomorrow is a critical day for you, so beware.' The next day a lot of water flooded my cave. His words proved prophetic. I kept up my prayers to my Guru Maharaj, keeping his image before my mind's eye. Within ten minutes the water receded.

Once I told my Guru Maharaj, 'You appear so mystical.' To this he replied, 'I do not agree with you, you are mistaken. There is nothing extraordinary about me. All this happens only because of you.' To which I replied, 'Am I doing all this? You are wrong. You appeared personally before me and taught me. It is like putting two plus two together. Now you tell me you did not teach me, only I taught myself. I do not understand your mysterious ways. Kindly explain to me clearly.' He again spoke, 'Your eagerness has sunk into you deeply and gone into your subconscious mind. This burning eagerness and longing are giving you inspiration and guidance from there. You will not accept this, but your love and feeling for your Sad Guru bring him into the middle of all this. And you accept this fact. Your inner being has not sufficiently developed and awakened to accept your own inner guidance and inspiration. You have brought me into the picture. This is a truth which you do not want to accept at this stage. And this is all that you call mysticism. There is nothing else, nothing more to this.'

8

The Aarti at Mathura is truly the best. On the edge of the bank of the river Yamuna there is a heavy stand of scented sticks which a man can lift and wave after lighting those sticks. Only a man who has devotion can appreciate this kind of Aarti which is a form of worship. Others cannot do so. To them it is only a meaningless rigmarole of a ritual which is not religion at all. Many have asked why should this ritual be performed and I have replied to them.

Shri Vallabhacharya has initiated this form of worship. He considered Nature as a form of God worthy of our worship. This is done to the open sky and space; there

is no idol or image there. He understood Nature, appreciated and worshiped it. He had one motive i.e. the public should imbibe this love of Nature, which was his ideal. A common man cannot and does not understand this. But the Acharya's ideal is very clear. This Aarti is done before the river Yamuna and to the river Yamuna. Many congregate at the Aarti, but few understand its true significance. At the time of Aarti all experience an intensity of feeling, but afterwards it is gone. But I would make use of the atmosphere generated by this Aarti, for I had made some progress in my sadhana, for it is based only on such feeling. And I understood its significance. If I had not this knowledge I too would have considered it as a waste of time and money. What does one get out of it? What is its use and purpose? In Mathura there is music of Bhakti, eight times the temple opens for people to catch a glimpse of God. This music is thrilling for it is charged with Divine emotion. It is a real treat to listen to this divine music.

I cannot understand music, cannot sing it. But I appreciate it. And I am touched by its emotional appeal. Even today I love to listen to good music. Once I had a desire to listen to good divine music. I wanted to listen to Srimati M.S. Subbalakshmi for she sang religious songs, bhajans of Saint Meera; she was a great singer and she lived in South India. I told about my desire to Shri Nandlal's mama or maternal uncle, Shri Gopaldas in Thiruchirapally. But he was not a lover of music. He had no ears for music. 'What is there in that kind of music? It's only bawling or droning. Can we call it music?' I replied, 'There is an art in it, there is beauty, you are an elderly person, so what can I say to you?' He agreed he had no ear for music, did not appreciate its beauty. Hence he talked thus about music. 'But I shall try and arrange for you to hear this music of Srimati

Subbalakshmi' I heard her finally at the residence of one of his clients who was a rich man, for all clients of diamond merchants are wealthy. She belonged to Tamilnadu, yet she sang bhajans of Meera in Hindi, although her mother tongue was Tamil, which was truly wonderful. I enjoyed them. They were lively, full of divine emotion. Music was her life. Her husband also was a musician of note. He had learnt it. Between them there was an understanding and harmony. He allowed her to go and sing anywhere and give performances.

9

There is conflict and struggle even in the life of a liberated soul. He is not separate from society. Very rare are souls who spend their whole lives in the isolation of caves in lonely places like the Himalayas. Even he cannot remain aloof from society. With this purpose of investigating the lives of such isolated saints I set out from home towards the end of 1933. I met one such soul in the Himalayas. He lived in the snow. He had only one implement or a tool with which to cut ice and allow inflow of air. In this field after a certain stage of evolution one can acquire control over calls of nature. One can even conquer sleep. I met such a mahatma. I questioned him, 'Remaining aloof from society what do you achieve?' He replied, 'I may appear to be aloof from society. But I am linked to the Universe, one with it. This is not a fallacy'. I again asked him, 'Remaining in isolation what kind of relationship do you have with individuals of society?' He replied, 'Is there no lineage to the body? Is there or is there not continuity of life? So the chain is endless. Is there anything static, or is it subject to change? Life is eternal. Thus the chain of life is endless. Human life never stops or ends at any time. It was there before in time, it is there now and will be

so tomorrow or in future. Our limited mind cannot comprehend this riddle of life. If doubt departs then we can move forward. (It would be good). But our Buddhi cannot accept or digest all this without experience, it cannot be convinced'. I beseeched him to explain all this clearly. 'I am linked not only to this world, but to the whole Universe, seated here there arise many causes (contacts) which produce corresponding effects. (This is called *Prarabhdha* in Sanskrit)'. I replied, 'I still cannot understand the whole import of it. Kindly explain in detail.' He said, 'This world is linked with something which we admit or accept. It is linked to the whole solar system. It is linked with another and a third object. Now do we admit this as a fact or not?' I replied, 'I do not understand much. But we have been taught so, and it has stuck to us. But how are you linked living here in isolation?' 'Just as this world which appears not to be linked, but is actually linked. So if we believe after experiencing then it manifests on the subtle plane. And even while I remain here those linked subtly with me come to visit and meet me. Not only men, but even higher beings like Gods and Goddesses. In this creation there are fourteen subtle worlds which include even that of Gods and Goddesses. There is even the world of spirits or ghosts, I am related to all. What if no cause-or-result effect does take place in my relationship with them? What difference does it make even if such relationship does take place? As long as this human body is there, there will be cause and effect links. Even with a few minutes contact with me a kind of empathy is established between us and he is redeemed or saved. Doubts cannot be cleared by Buddhi. A certain being may appear cunning to all, but he may be good or appear good to me. We can be certain only after gaining experience. Man must remain firm on experience.

Without experience doubts cannot be dissolved. Dry Buddhi can never clear our doubts. Mere intellectualism cannot clear these doubts'. He used to say all this and I as a dunce or a fool used to hear all this. 'There are many liberated souls like you in this country, then why is this country not being helped or saved?' I asked. 'A seed is being sown by this. It does not fructify at once. When the deeply buried impressions come up at their proper time, then one awakes. You also did not believe in this. You believed that these souls are a burden on society. He called you by name, yet you did not go to him. He did not know you, you did not know him. Yet he called you.'

Question: Mota, you said you met the mahatma and asked him whether one who has realised the self maintains his separate existence thereafter or not? What happens to his separate personality or individuality? Does it disappear into a Void?

Shri Mota: After liberation nothing remains of his former personality (individuality). He becomes one with God, nay he is God. He has links with some men, has relationship with them, they love him, have bhakti for him, serve him, have intimacy with and in their difficulties call him, remember him. For their sake he maintains his apparent separate existence or individuality. It appears so. But in effect it is not so. He has become one with the Eternal, the Beloved and the Immeasurable and works for That and with That. Not only that he is seen in certain forms which he can and does assume for the sake of God and man when necessary. We cannot measure him with our limited mind and thought, or understand or prove him with our arguments. He is this or that and only that cannot be positively or definitely said about him. Many learned scholars and intellectuals have tried to define or limit

him. But I am unable to swallow their views and arguments. So I do not give any importance to them.

In fact they have no separate existence after they Merge with the Divine. Those great souls who have gone into the Void appear to have a separate existence only apparently, but actually it is not so. It is due to the intensity of others' love and devotion for that departed mahatma which causes him to manifest as a separate individual. This is only relatively real.

My Guru Maharaj once said, 'I am what I am. My physical form after some time will undergo a change. Afterwards no one will be able to call me or contact me. I shall be nowhere. But when you call me I shall answer your call. And where can I go? I shall ever remain here.' He assured me. I once badly needed to call him. I faced a difficult situation. And a poor man's difficult situation is want of money. At that time I needed rupees one thousand and three hundred only for my domestic expenses. At that time it was a fairly large amount for me. But who would give me such a large amount? So I prayed to my Guru Maharaj, 'This is a delicate and trying situation for me. After all my efforts have failed I am praying to you who are physically no more. Yet I am confident you will appear before me and help me. You will do it for my sake'. I wept while I prayed. After some time he appeared before me and said, 'My son, why do you weep? The Almighty Lord is seated above you to help you. You are not aware of His existence. Therefore order him to do your work for you.' Again I replied, 'Guruji I cannot order God. It is improper.' 'In which case request Him humbly and pray sincerely. Can you not do this? Pray first and then call Him with all your heart and soul. But do not weep. This is improper and not good for you.' He consoled me. After some time he asked me, 'What do you want?' I replied, 'I want rupees

one thousand three hundred only.' He counted and gave me the money in my hand. 'In case you need more take one more hundred.' I took this amount singing God's Name in gratitude and went to my mother. 'Here is your required amount for your expenses'. My mother asked, 'Where from did you steal this money at this hour of the night?' I simply replied, 'My Guru Maharaj gave it to me.' She asked surprised, 'What a story you are telling me!' I replied, 'Mother, you are not concerned with all that. You are concerned with money. Take it and do your work'.

The purpose behind my writing all this is that even after his merging with the 'Illimitable Eternal' when his devotee or follower calls him with all intensity and sincerity of heart, he comes personally to his aid or indirectly helps him by his subtle presence or force. I have told you how in Vilaspur jail they beat others, but left me alone.

Once in jail I had an attack of diarrhoea. I had to make frequent visits to the toilet. The prisoners often adopted this ruse or sham to evade heavy jail duty. So the authorities would not believe me. The prisoners had created this impression. They admitted me in a hospital for a check up and concluded I am a humbug, a liar. I threatened to go on a hunger strike. I shall give up food altogether, for I am right. I suffer from diarrhoea, when a prisoner does not eat then a report has to be made out that he is fasting or unable to eat. I did not eat for two days. The superintendent came to check me. I greeted him by joining hands. I said, 'What can a prisoner do under such circumstances? You have made him a slave. Give him some freedom. Hear him. Otherwise I shall go to Poona for a check up there to convince you that I suffer from diarrhoea. My last resort is fasting since you do not believe me.' He admitted,

'You are right, but since all prisoners adopt this trick, we cannot believe any one.' I agreed, 'You are right, but I am not pretending. I genuinely suffer from this disease'. The doctor examined me and sent a report. Thereafter I was sent to Poona. There too the same procedure was gone through. My Guru Maharaj came to my rescue. They harassed me. How cruel and callous men the jailers were? All of them were hard boiled. Since they would not believe me there was no remedy. But God is merciful. If they release me it is good. Otherwise there is no remedy. I prayed intensely and seriously to God. Then they took me for a medical check up. The doctor said, 'The patient is suffering so much. Why did you not bring him earlier? What kind of men are you?' The doctor upbraided them. Everything went off well thereafter. My body was emaciated. I prayed to my Guru Maharaj, 'I have so much work to do, many schemes to implement and collect and spend on public welfare so much money, you have ordered me to go and join the freedom struggle, not for the sake of the country but to test my stamina and strength of my aspirations for sadhana.' 'Be prepared for police beating to test your endurance power. Never budge but stand up to their beating firmly, fearlessly and with faith chanting God's Name all the time. I shall truly feel pleased with your spiritual progress, for then I shall know your courage is well cultivated, unshakable. You will also know your physical and moral strength and stamina.' The jail superintendent also connived to have me beaten.

There was a Nagar gentleman called Booch. A Thakore of some small Kathiawad State arranged to have this Booch beaten. (Thakore is a petty king of a small state). He arranged to call and invite many Congress volunteers for a grand meal including this Booch. He praised Booch to the skies. 'You are such a good Brahmin

and a patriot. Where can I get the like of you?' I warned Booch not to go. How did such feelings of love come up in this Thakore's heart? I felt something fishy. Until now there was no love lost between them both. In fact the Thakore hated the Brahmin very much. The state police were also under his control staying with him and being looked after by him. 'How do these pious feelings arise in the Thakore for you? Think twice before accepting his invitation. His intentions are not good. Listen for once to a poor man like me' I said. But Booch was a great lover of good food. 'What harm is there in going to him for food? He might at best arrange to have me beaten. We are prepared to be beaten,' he argued. And so we went to the Thakore's place. He fed us all, after that we had our rest. He arranged to conduct a meeting after six in the evening. The police force was present, but kept away from the scene, therefore invisible. There was also an assistant district superintendent of police. He knew about this nefarious design. The Thakore himself had not planned it all alone. The collector and some others had planned this stratagem. The police were to see that no one ever died. The place was beautifully decorated. The national anthem, 'Vande Mataram' was sung (This was pre-independence anthem). At that time all got up out of respect for the national song. I was also called to speak. My speech had not ended when suddenly the police who were present on the occasion started beating us furiously, all the volunteers and the boys. The police were arranged all round the place, so no one could escape. Some managed to run away, some who were standing near me were also beaten up, but they also managed to escape. They started beating me severely. At that time Bachubhai Nagar was the district superintendent of police. He came suddenly and asked, 'Why do you beat this boy so harshly?' I was chanting

continuously God's Name. 'He has no energy or strength left' he added. He lifted me and took me to a choultry (Dharmashala). Then he told me, 'I was sleeping when I saw a light which told me, 'Get up and save that boy, otherwise he will die.' I replied, 'You obeyed the orders of my Guru Maharaj. Rarely would one understand such commands'.

There are many things that our Buddhi cannot comprehend. Yet such incidents do occur in daily life, which are beyond our ordinary thought, beyond our limited understanding.

When I was working in the Harijan Sevak Sangh I set out to meet and interact with some Free and Liberated souls. I planned to visit Jamnotri, Gangotri, Badrinath and Kedarnath mainly, also Tungnath. There is a temple dedicated to a Goddess on the bank opposite to the temple. I stopped at one chatti. (There are two chatties viz.the Hanuman chatti and Janaki chatti). I asked some people about some mahatmas or liberated souls. I learnt from them about a mahatma who practised 'black arts'. They are called 'Aghoris'. I learnt about his whereabouts. A certain shopkeeper told me how to reach his place. There are no beaten tracks, we have to climb by holding branches of trees or plants, there are steep slopes to negotiate, we have to climb many hills, cover many ascents; this is a very difficult journey. He gave me precise directions. There lived this 'Aghori Baba', a highly evolved soul. The distance is about ten to twelve miles to his place.

I made all preparations. I had engaged a porter. I gave him all my money and belongings. I asked him to stay behind for five days. 'You may spend from the money I give you for all your requirements including food. If I do not return within five days then you may take my entire luggage to your home.' I had written

letters to Shri Parikshital and his mother and sealed them in postal covers which I now handed over to the porter with the instruction to post them on his way home in a letter box.

Now I was ready to start my long ascent. I kept with me a large thick blanket, some stock of food, and a flagon of water. The ascent was very steep and difficult, and proved a test for my courage, endurance and daring. Once or twice I even slipped and fell, and hurt myself. But catching hold of the trees I managed to save myself. My faith in God was so firm that I got much help from it. Many gave me a helping hand, support and moral encouragement, sympathy and love. After a great deal of effort and struggle I finally reached the spot indicated by the shop keeper.

The stench of the place was too horrible to bear. So I concluded it must be the Aghori's place. There was a big tree and behind it some bones and faeces. I sat down quietly. Soon it was dark. I drank some water and ate some food from my stock. In one day I had finished my food, for I had to carry a thick and heavy blanket which digested all my food. I busied myself with bhajans, meditation and uttering the mantra of His Name. Past two at mid night the Baba came and sat down quietly. Three more days passed thus. I felt very much famished. But I was used to it. But the Aghori Baba would not utter a word. On the fourth day he spoke, 'Boy, are you feeling hungry?' I answered yes. He gave me some liquid like porridge in a bowl, which emitted a foul smell. 'Boy, drink this. Your hunger and thirst will be satisfied. You will never feel hungry or thirsty.' I polished of the whole bowl and licked it clean. I knew the ways of the Aghoris. I ignored the smell while consuming the liquid. Hunger and thirst seemed to have left me which was a great wonder to me. An intense feeling for sadhana came upon

me. In that joy I remained self absorbed for a long time.

After my return from my Samadhi the Aghori Baba said, 'Boy, settle down here in this place for ever. Whatever your desires regarding your sadhana, they all will be fulfilled.'

I replied, 'I am a poor boy and have come to meet and look up some great mahatmas and seek their blessings, I pray only for this. I do not ask of any one anything. I have one desire only. I seek your blessings so that I may develop receptivity, making it the paramount object of my life's seeking and make it manifest as a living force, so that my life may become truly blessed.'

The Baba replied, 'You will have to stay here forever. I will not allow you to leave this place. For a long time now I am in search of a worthy disciple. However I have not been able to go out to find one. I have a great feeling to make you my disciple which will not allow you to break free of me. You will be pulled towards me. You have come of your own accord, I have not called you, but you have come searching for me. And I assure you all your desires will be fulfilled here.'

I replied, 'The circumstances and situations of one's life that come automatically and our duty towards these and the awareness of their purpose, our life's work and responsibilities (Karma) are all our true religion. I do not know any other religion. My real religious duty at this hour is to imbibe and receive the living force of your consciousness and of other mahatmas living here, experience it in the depth of my heart which is the real purpose of my visit and pilgrimage to the Himalayas. I would like to visit many other places. I have not yet fulfilled my whole purpose and mission of my visit to the Himalayas. My real duty or Karma, my circumstances and situations still hold me and bind me. There is no force on earth which can keep me here against my will.'

‘Let me see how you leave this place? How dare you say so? If you stay back here it will be good for you. You will get all that you want. If you do not give up your obstinacy you will pay with your life. I shall see to it that you do not leave this place’. Baba’s threat was ominous.

I replied, ‘I am not the one to cow down to your threats. Fear has no place in my life, I am free of fear. By God’s Grace and Guru Maharaj’s Blessings I have conquered fear. This fearlessness is the pride, and ornament and jewel of my life, and the inevitable virtue necessary for self realisation and liberation.’

Self absorbed in my bhajans and with all bliss and joy I started my downward journey. The descent took far less time. I came down, had my bath, cooked my food and had my meal. Then I rested. The next morning I was normal. But soon thereafter I had loose motions. I had to defecate too often. There is a rule in the chatties that if a man has diarrhoea or dysentery, he cannot stay there. Therefore I made my bed near a stream, under a tree and after spreading a thick sheet over my bed went to sleep. As long as my body’s stamina permitted me I went far for defecating, afterwards would clean and wash it and wash my hands and feet, and then go to bed. But soon I began to lose my consciousness and was about to become totally unconscious, when a Bengali sadhu came to my bed side and rendered me great physical service.

Approximately eighteen to twenty days must have passed. The Bengali sadhu was always by my side attending on me. From what he told me later I learnt that even in my unconsciousness I used to cry and call out to God with such concentration from within my being that it reached God’s ears, and he was ordered to go and serve me. My faith welled up in me with greater zeal.

My potent Guru Maharaj had saved me from the jaws of death. Slowly strength returned to me and I began to sit up in my bed. I had nothing to pay for the great service rendered by the sadhu, to repay his obligation or debt of service. From my limited resources I gave him a thin blanket and rupees twenty five in cash, after bowing to him in reverence. 'Dear brother, what are you doing? You do not have enough and yet you are offering me so much which is improper. I have been commanded to serve you. That is why I am here. You were far away. Yet I heard a command, 'My devotee is in distress. Go and serve him and help him.' And thus I am merely His instrument in rendering this service to you!'

When I felt sufficiently strong we decided on the day of our departure, we both started walking and talking. All of a sudden the sadhu vanished. I thought he had gone a little far to make water and would soon return and join me. I looked for him before and after, but nowhere was he seen. He had gone forever.

(The Bengali Sadhu who helped Shri Mota was none other than Shri Balyogi who had materialised after giving up his body to rescue Shri Mota from the evil clutches of the Aghori Baba.)

SECTION 10

10

In 1934 I had the realisation and experience of God with Form (Sagun Sakshatkar). I beheld Sri Krishna, not the flute player; it was not a glimpse of His physical form. That Vision was full of Supernal Beauty and dazzling with extraordinary brilliance of a Halo of Divine Light. All around it was a Beauty of a Divine sort. Truly indescribable is that wonderful Vision.

That form was so charming and enchanting to the heart that nothing can stand any comparison to it;

beyond all imagination it seemed. It was a flexible, soft, transparent as a crystal, blue as the azure sky, living Vision of Shri Krishna. It was not static; but moving, playing, walking, sometimes coming near me, sometimes going away from me, sometimes I would experience that entering my body, and touching different parts of my being. I would also feel it working subtly on those parts or organs of my body, sometimes doing the work of transformation and purification. Sometimes it would settle between my eye brows and inside my skull and brain and sometimes it would enter the heart also. My whole being would appear bright golden with a brilliance of Divine Light, supernatural, I experienced higher and subtler and diviner states. I could know myself, such was my condition then. Shri Krishna's supernatural vision was so splendid, charming, smooth, delicate, thrilling that I cannot describe it in words. My whole body felt light in weight and as if floating in air. This had a permanent effect on me, on all parts and every centre of my body. And it still continues to do so, by His Grace. It is not as if I did not experience any opposition or hostile force, obstacles in my spiritual life. That went on as usual. By His Divine Grace, all opposition and hurdles were eliminated.

After the experience of this Graceful and Auspicious Vision in the centre of my very being a great mutation or transformation seemed to have taken place, which later became permanent. And it gradually became a living, full of brilliance reality, manifesting thus in my life.

After experiencing this Vision, with its pleasing and awe inspiring flowering of consciousness, its attraction and pull manifest so wholly that its continuity is never broken. That attraction and pull manifest so intensely that we become absorbed and lost in it. That intensity

of feeling which manifested during this vision with its one pointed and singleness of purpose, thereafter reached its zenith. Thereafter it grew upward and outward. Such a soul with this intensity of feeling on beholding a beautiful scene, nature's beauty, flowing murmuring waters of a river, new green leaves on a tree, a healthy, charming, chubby child, growing even more living and vibrant, slips into an instant trance or Samadhi and feels so blessed by this. The effect of this lasts a long time and manifests in his daily work and relationship in life.

Can Nirgun Sakshatkar be considered one with Sagum Sakshatkar? i.e. realisation of Formless God be one with that of God with Form? The answer is no, not at all. So also Sagum Sakshatkar cannot be ranked as one with Nirgun Sakshatkar, i.e. realisation of God with Form cannot be considered as one with that of God without Form. Both are separate and have to be realised separately. Both are good, for through any of these liberation can be attained. Between these two there is a difference. Nirgun is adwait or non dual realisation. None is superior to the other, some attain to both. Narsimh Mehta and Shankaracharya attained to both. Which to attain first and which later cannot be laid down as a rule. None is inferior, none superior.

The realisation of Sagun – i.e. God with Form means emergence in one's inner being of Soul Force with its virtues.





CHAPTER 5

THE GREATNEES OF THE DUST OF THY FEET



*Love bearing clouds rain down Love,
Who bathes in that is truly blessed.
That is the greatness and glory
of the Dust of Lord's Feet,
With loud drum beats I declare,
Please do harken unto me.*

Shri Mota





*Now neither failure nor success remains,
All is accomplished by the hand of the Lord.
How this soul has now become His Instrument!
I now move as the Lord moves me,
I care not whither I go,
For all is done by inspiration from within.
The Lord is my sole companion every moment,
Apart from Him there is none else in my mind
and heart.*

Shri Mota

Without volcanic aspiration manifesting one cannot go far, your eagerness will have no force. When our eagerness or aspiration becomes one pointed and sincere then our mind, ego, vital and intelligence get absorbed in the object of our pursuit. Without these being aroused the heart cannot be motivated or so absorbed in any subject by itself. By God's Grace I was very sincere in these qualities to experience God. Only when aspiration and eagerness awake can we make living and continuous efforts, and become fully involved. Only after this can the seeker take a head-long and whole-hearted plunge into any subject dear to his heart and go deep into to it. For then all takes place automatically and spontaneously. Only when one becomes in his hearts of hearts mad and intoxicated, mingles and merges with the object of his heart's desire there can manifest a burning seeking with joy and bliss, whose beauty, intensity and delight are all of a unique kind, and indescribable.

In a seeker's upward climb or ascent on this path of self-evolution how many terrifying obstacles and hurdles arise! The qualities of courage, enthusiasm, persistence, daring, heroism, patience, self-confidence, zeal, steadfastness so much needed to face the conflicts and struggles of this field of life should be necessarily and inevitably cultivated with a living awareness with a living vibrant force born of the totality of these qualities so that he is able to face those obstacles and hurdles. He falls, is beaten by the obstacles, breaks down and when even on the verge of death, from heart of hearts, he continuously and without a let prays and pleads, beseeches and cries out to his Lord. And in everything

in life he keeps the Lord ever before him, before his inner eye fixed and firm, living and vibrant.

What is the Form of God that a seeker should always have before him, a reader may ask. I used to keep at that time the Form of my Guru Maharaj as my God, and I used to tell Him and offer Him all my inner thoughts and feelings in a sort of communion with Him. Whatever I did or whatever happened or was done by my physical and other subtle organs and the mind, buddhi, vital, ego and memory. I used to tell Him candidly, holding back nothing, as a self-offering. After this living habit had formed I could keep nothing secret from him. Offering all that to Him then and there I experienced in my heart of hearts a deep peace. After the formation of this living practice a kind of soul to soul relationship is established in the depth of the heart. And a lay man can have no idea of such intimate relationship, built by Remembrance, Prayer, Bhajans, Self-offering, Surrender, turning to the Divine and other practices or habits formed even while doing life's routine work, which is in a large measure due to His Grace. And out of the sacrificial fire of continuous practice, (Yagna) many other methods emerged for my adoption and pursuit.

And getting stuck or stagnated, bogged down in the mire, the great efforts I had to make to come out of that slough, and the great conflict and struggle I had to pass through with full awareness of my life's purpose and with love and devotion, and the subtle actions of the self, within the self that I went through, all constitute an interesting history.

2

The way I have understood my Sad Guru, in fact becoming one with him with love, devotion and full

awareness, mingling, merging and melting with him and into him, and experiencing indivisible oneness at heart, alone can bring about receptivity and pliability in one's life from the first moment. Without manifestation of those qualities self realisation or self evolution is truly impossible in a true seeker's life. This calls for total detachment, freedom from all dislikes and prejudices, from all habits, judgements and opinions. When such a ground has been prepared then only can receptivity and pliability awaken truly. And to cultivate pliability and its true understanding I obeyed my Sad Guru's orders and commands with overflowing love, joy and zeal, with awareness. Truly awakened self- interest to fulfil which we do all in our power, we accept in totality to realise the dearest desire of our life. Our Buddhi accepts that self-interest and desire. There is no exaggeration in this. The way in which I have understood Sad Guru's commands and orders, the objective and the awareness of that objective to prepare and create new grounds, the way I have carried out his orders with love and joy with a definite purpose, and a buoyant heart with love and joy overflowing, they who wish to walk this Godward path, the new seekers, will hardly understand, will never enter their heart and head. Yet the way I have understood my Sad Guru's commands and orders, and received and carried them out I now declare before all without any hesitation and reservation.

Many believe that I am a believer and follower of old, outdated traditions. But in life's struggle to evolve there is nothing old or new, all depends on appropriateness and propriety of your aspiration and the burning, living awareness of the purpose of your aspiration. And this awareness is in truth your life and this awareness by my Guru's Blessings and God's Grace I have kept and nurtured in life. In life the base and

support of all that is related to self-evolution is this living and blazing awareness. And about this awareness I have written in many of my letters to my friends, the seekers, quite frequently. These have been published in a book form. Everything that one desires to know is in these books. Sad Guru and his commands are interdependent words no doubt. But the love for Sad Guru, living and vibrant with awareness, is also necessary. Dedication with a feeling all is His is equally necessary. The Lord is without any Form. (Shri Hari). This whole Universe is just a very small reflection and image of that Almighty Lord. A spark of the Universal Consciousness, just as a ray of the Sun, the million waves of the ocean, which are the part of the ocean, so also one who comes to us from the great heights after experiencing and brings the understanding of it, from unknown and unexplored regions with a new Light, to help us understand the Divine, is the Sad Guru, who manifests in a human body. He is the spark of the Eternal Consciousness. And such a Sad Guru I adored and worshipped as a living Form of the Formless God.

If a sadhu, living in a Himalayan cave tells you such a story then we listen to him quietly. But we would have no proof in support of his story. But that is not the case with me. I used to sing bhajans, say my prayers wherever I was, while working, walking, eating and talking. The witnesses to this are still living even today. Even while working I used to go into a trance, and while singing bhajans Shri R.V. Desai has observed me going into Samadhi and sitting still, silent and motionless. This was during the year 1924 – 1925, which fact he has mentioned in an introduction to my book, '*Pranam Pralap*'. While teaching the students at the Ashram School many have seen me sitting silent and motionless. Going to and spending the night, at a fearful spot was

my regular habit. And what I have written or said is the whole truth and there are many witnesses to this alive even today.

SECTION 3

3

Entering the higher and higher planes of sadhana, when out of its living, conscious, intense, continuity a living flow of aspiration and will is established then out of one's inner being an Aura is formed, which becomes a talisman, a shield for the protection of the sadhak, which thoughts, tendencies and subtle hostile forces which obstruct sadhana, cannot penetrate or pierce through; and along with the living and burning aspiration which awakes within, are not permitted to come out or emerge so that the intensity of aspiration within grows stronger, brighter and more dense around one's self. The above fact in sadhana or self-evolution is also an important secret and a subtle fact in this science which has to be experienced but is hardly known by today's men, if at all it can ever be known by God's Grace.

Without the splitting of the Atom, Energy
cannot be generated,
This splitting of the Atom is the core and crux
of sadhana.*

(Reversal of the word Atom becomes Mota)*

What is real sadhana is explained by the above couplet in its totality. Just as atomic energy cannot be got without splitting an atom, and this energy so produced can be used in various ways to give great results, so also new, creative and original work of every kind and in every field can be done only after discovery of this new force of sadhana, which I have done by God's Grace.

When out of such efforts done with intense aspiration a great and colossal interest is awakened then

out of discoveries of many kinds people are enabled to live an improved and better life. At the root of all life, this living and burning interest is ever present and inherent. This burning interest or desire is of many kinds, works in many fields and is found at all levels of life. This understanding has come to me by the practice of various types of sadhana done with burning interest.

It is not easy by any means to break an atom,

We have to pass through many stages to know this.

This has exactly happened in my life. In order to generate and experience this I had to pass through many difficulties, overcome many hurdles, wade through many depressing failures, face many ordeals, and to overcome and conquer these what a burning desire, eagerness and aspiration I experienced, I have mentioned in many places in my books. How I worked and struggled in my sadhana also I have mentioned therein, as also the results of my efforts and struggles. I have left nothing untouched, no stone unturned, I have written everything in detail and with clarity, touching every aspect with perspicacity.

4

In 1938 I suffered from blood dysentery. I was admitted as an indoor patient in the Vadilal Sarabhai Hospital. I was not cured. So, I had to go to Karachi where with proper diagnosis and treatment I was perfectly cured. Sometime thereafter on Shri Tahakkar Bapa's completing 70 years of age, Gandhiji wrote a special editorial on it, in Harijan Bandhu, wherein he had stated that a fund of rupees seventy thousand be collected for him, which target was not a big amount at all to fulfil. A certain lady had pressed me that I should contribute some amount to this fund.

I had nothing of mine to offer and I did not like to

borrow to subscribe to this fund. That lady taunted me and said, 'If in your heart of hearts you sincerely so desire then money will fall from the heaven to come to you'. What burning interest he has in uplift of the aborigines (adiwasis), the Bhils and Harijans! There is nothing slipshod about it. There is good order and arrangement in it, he is doing it methodically. Frugality, honesty, care, attention, sincerity, dedication – for every cent was accounted for and carefully expended – are clearly marked in his working. Considering all this, his services are not properly evaluated and appreciated, I felt, at that point of time, even in his home state of Gujarat.

The lady's pressure and taunt moved me. I thought if I could contribute any small amount it would give me immense joy. There was nothing which I could call my own. Yet to desire to give some amount to this fund was like asking for the moon. Yet I felt within my being if God's Grace is there then it can be done.*

(See Appendix 7)

Now it so happened, on the new year's day I had to visit with an elderly gentleman and two other ladies, some friends. We went to meet Shri Chagla the ex-mayor of Karachi, at his bungalow. He was doing his Namaz (one of the five prayers enjoined by the Quran for the Muslims). On hearing this we waited a little before getting down from the car to enter his drawing room when my eyes fell on a small packet on the road. In Karachi of those days the roads were so spic and span that no dirt or object was found on the road and any small object would catch your attention. In this regard the mayor Jamshedji's service is unique and unparalleled. Pointing to the packet I told the lady to pick it up. It contained a five rupee note with instructions in Urdu, 'It is for your personal use, use it as you like.' This

amount had dropped from the heaven as the lady wanted it and I donated the amount to Shri Thakkar Bapa's fund.

For one or two years now even though yourself, (Shri Hemant Bhai) and one or two others have regarded me as your Sad Guru, I have never asked any of you anything, which is a known fact. Once I was in a great and urgent need of some amount. I did not ask anyone. It was impossible to manage without it, and I needed it immediately. In the most difficult hour of his devotee (Bhagat) God helps and looks after him in some way or other. This consolation, born of love and devotion to Him, was no mean assurance to me. Out of that faith I had a feeling of great warmth of moral and material support, a guarantee that my Almighty Lord would look after me always. It was only impersonal. But if it manifests in actuality then my need can be fulfilled, for then it will be real, personal and direct. In such situations I have never prayed to God for any material help. In fact I have never done it in any situation. Any critical situation, even the most painful, that comes to us is for cultivation of equanimity and equality, and for us to learn to live with firm faith with a feeling for the situation as God-sent and for our good. So I never paid any attention to it. But my dire need never left me and would not go away on that account. That need never troubled me nor pressured me, would not cling to me. I would remain free of all worry or care which was due to God's Grace.

Once we were walking along the river bank to look up a sadhu. At that time with me were Shri Hasmukh Bhai, Shri Nanu Bhai Bhat and one or two others whom I do not remember now. When we neared the place of the sadhu my eyes fell on a small packet tied in a torn cloth. On picking it up and opening it I found a gold

chain with beads with instruction in Tamil, 'This is for your use.' Shri Hasmukh Bhai sold it in the market and gave the proceeds to me. And by God's Grace my need was met.

5

Once taking a month's leave from Gujarat Harijan Sevak Sangh I went to Madhya Pradesh for my sadhana in solitude in a fearful and solitary place. During this period of twenty four to twenty five days I survived on my own excreta and urine only. My excreta which flowed freely I would consume, and drink my own urine till the last day of my stay. My body's purification was done and went off well, my body was healthy and in good shape. There was no foul smell in my faeces. It tasted like pure cow dung. Owing to intense feeling during the period of sadhana all this is possible. This is in a way similar to Aghori's method of sadhana. And it is not necessary that everyone should do this kind of sadhana.

I had been commanded to do it and so I did it. I would never think of pros and cons, never debate in my mind whether it is good or bad, nor would I ever doubt, whatever might happen. I would carry out the Lord's Commands. I survived on that alone during those days. My agility remained as good as ever and normal.

To this day I do not know how it all worked. I not only survived but there was no ill effect on my body and no reaction. What is more I beheld my God in all this.

6

It was the year 1938, a day before Diwali and the scene Karachi Clifton Beach. I was seated on a rock by the seashore. And the sea roared near me. I was about to go into Samadhi when a fakir appeared from nowhere and awoke me.

'Why are you seated here?' he asked me.

'I am here only to meditate.' I replied.

'No, you cannot sit here.' he answered.

'Why can I not sit here?' I asked back.

'This place is for the gay and the self-intoxicated.'
he said

'I also want to be so gay and self-intoxicated.' I shot
back.

'Go away from your seat.' he ordered.

'I will not vacate my seat.' I said firmly.

'I will beat you.' He said angrily.

'Very well, go ahead and do it.' I replied firmly and
fearlessly, matching him.

The fakir lifted up a big rock and threw it at me. It did not hit me but grazed the hair on my head and fell away. Immediately it struck me that a man who can throw such a big rock with such dexterity so as not to hurt me but graze the hair of my head, is not an ordinary person but a great, liberated and a divine person. So I bowed to him and caught hold of both his legs and soon went into Samadhi. After a long time I loosed my hold of his legs, perhaps he did it himself. Early in the morning I left for home.

(That fakir was none other than Sai Baba himself who taught him an advanced technique of meditation.)

7

By God's Grace you, (Shri Hemant Bhai) know since you were in Karachi with me then, with what feelings of adoration and zeal I would carry out my Guru Maharaj's commands! Of two such incidents you are already aware. While in Karachi every day I would go for long walks along the Clifton sea coast. On one occasion my Guru Maharaj appeared before me and ordered me to walk into the sea. He did not appear personally, but

manifested in my heart and spoke to me in a clear voice. This is not an occurrence of illusion or any madness on my part. He had commanded after manifesting in my heart. I had become aware of his presence and of his command. And with love and devotion and with bubbling enthusiasm I obeyed his command. As I commenced walking into the sea water came up right up to my mouth and with a living feeling of love, my prayers to my Sad Guru continued. I was aware only of that. Thereafter the awareness was gone and the memory of that still lingers in my mind. What happened thereafter I do not know; I was thrown far away on the sea shore. When I regained my consciousness my clothes were only a little wet which means my clothes had dried during my unconsciousness. I woke up later and walked back home. Seeing me in half wet clothes you all had asked me how had it all come about?

Another incident's details are that I used to observe Roza during the month of Ramadan. During the day I would not even drink water, nor even swallow my saliva. Nothing should go down below the throat. After day break I would eat nothing. This helped me to control myself. Like a true Musliam I would take little food at night. About twelve at night I would get up and drink a little water. My food was also light, only some liquid diet. All this was to cultivate self control. At that time Gandhiji had called for Hindu-Muslim unity. And so I developed this feeling for such unity. And like a true Mussalman I would perform Roza for twenty eight days. And during this period I felt I should go to the 'maidan' or open ground and offer Namaz prayers. We lived in Clifton and the maidan was far away in the heart of the city. So my people refused to allow me to go. 'The Muslims may beat you. You are wearing a dhoti. So they will find out you are a Hindu.' But I firmly insisted, 'Let

me go. No harm will come to me. Today I feel a great urge to go.' I ordered the car to be parked in a car park and I went in. I had met Sai Baba twice or thrice before this. People there would sit on their knees and pray. In Harijan Ashram my colleague Quereshi used to do Namaz so I knew how to do it. I used to follow his procedure. Now when they got up, I also got up and when they genuflected, I also genuflected. Many saw this and knew I was a novice. But I followed their procedure faithfully.

Soon it was all over and people began to disperse. At that moment I beheld my Guru Maharaj quite accidentally, yet naturally. With a feeling of gratitude and joy I bowed to him. He patted my back, placed his hand on my head and ordered, 'Undress and go home from here.' I felt within my heart this is the hour of my test. If I miss this then I will lose my opportunity for ever. This was the hour to obey his command with all love and adoration. Now has the time come to become free of all attachment to the body, bondage to this body, to give up all importance of the body, be rid of all fears and hesitations with regard to the body. If I removed my clothes and handed them over to the driver, Bhimji, he would not allow me to do so, but would forcibly put me in the car and take me home. At that time a Malabari gentleman, Kalyanpur who used to visit our bungalow, lived nearby. He had some knowledge of and interest in spiritual life. Perhaps he might understand the need and the importance of obeying Guru's orders and so might cooperate with me. If I can convince him then all will be well. So I asked the driver to take me to Kalyanpur's residence. I told the driver to go home and convey to my host Shri Parsadbhai and others that I had gone to visit Kalyanpur and would return after some

time by myself. The others can have their food without waiting for me.

The car left and I climbed the stairs of Kalyanpur's house. He was there and I met him, I told him, 'the most auspicious occasion of my life has arrived, the Sun of good fortune is about to rise. I have to obey Sad Guru's orders'. I told him the whole story. He was deeply shocked and stunned. 'No, you cannot do this.' he blurted out. I told him, 'Do not be unduly frightened, come with me to the road. A little distance away from your house, I shall remove my clothes and hand them over to you. Take those clothes to my host, Babu's house on your cycle. Tell him my whole story. Ask them not to worry or fear on any account. After walking through the streets leisurely I shall reach home. But when exactly I shall come home I cannot say.' He was pacified.

Thereafter I undressed and handed over my clothes to him. The moment I did this I felt a great thrill of joy and self intoxication in every pore of my being, and its force and intensity were so great that I felt as if I was walking in the air, my legs feeling as if they were above the ground. I lost all outward consciousness in a few moments. I was in a state of Samadhi, a new consciousness came upon me. I do not know how I walked and along what roads of the big city of Karachi. I faintly recollect that at one place an English Sergeant tried to stop me. I gave him such a loud yell that he merely uttered out of fright, 'Sai Baba I'd Mubarak' and saluted me. This is all that I remember. Soon my outward consciousness vanished.

Walking on I reached the Governor's bungalow. There I beheld my Guru Maharaj standing. He embraced me, patted my back and showered all his love on me. This is all etched in my memory clearly.

He even gave me five rupees to break my Roza fast. Thereafter I started walking again. I do not know along which roads I walked, for I had lost all external consciousness. When I was about two hundred feet away from our bungalow from the sea side I got back my normal consciousness. Calling out aloud I asked for my clothes.

Whatever incidents I have written about obeying Guru Maharaj's orders are such as to evoke wonder and awe in the reader's mind. And a lay-man with his limited mind cannot understand and believe these incidents, for they are of such nature. In this case since you were present at that time and can testify to it, you are a direct witness. That is why I have written to you about them. To give a better shape and mould to your aspiration no thought for or against, pros and cons should occur to you, and if with faith, love and adoration we can act then it can play a greater role in promoting or enhancing self-offering in your complete self-surrender.

Obedience to the orders of a Sad Guru with full love, adoration and faith brings its own blessedness or benediction, which is my firm and steadfast belief even today. In true faith there is no room for thought, doubt and apprehension. The force of intense aspiration which helps you to be steadfast, and stand firm on your own ground and keep you fully absorbed, is the force of *shraddha* or faith. This form of faith takes you across safely to the other side. Obedience to Guru Maharaj's orders with love and devotion can generate and manifest this *shraddha* or faith which is so invaluable in life.

When we obey and carry out Sad Guru's orders then there arises in his heart a great feeling of gratification and joy which works our benediction. And this is also a great truth of my life. He was pleased and overjoyed at

my obedience of his commands. And the proof of it all is in the two big baskets he gave me, one basket contained sweet meats of various sorts, and the other different kinds of fruits and dry fruits. Normally we do not go out on Sundays. But that particular Sunday I felt a great desire to go to the vegetable market. But a little girl told me, rather joked, 'I know your Sai Baba will be waiting for you.' And she stopped me from going. That whole day I had the awareness of his presence. The next day, however after dropping my host and one or two others at Scindia Steam Navigation Co., I went to the market. I had forgotten my purse, but the vegetable seller who knew me because I purchased every day from him, gave me on trust. And no sooner had I come out of the market than my eyes suddenly fell on my Guru Maharaj standing there. The moment I beheld him a large fountain of joy and love spouted out of my being. I held him firmly with all my heart. He even kissed me on the forehead many times. He told me, 'Yesterday I waited for you for so long. I had brought two large baskets for you yesterday. But since you did not come I gave them away to the poor people on your behalf. Now pleased with you I have brought these two large baskets as Prasad or Sacrament for you. Kindly take them home and enjoy them.' Since you also were in Karachi with me, you enjoyed those fruits very much. You must still be remembering all that. We even gave away some of it as *Prasad* to others for they were too much for us to consume. In fact the baskets were so large that they could not be put into the car, and so I had to hire a coolie to take them home.

On the day of the occurrence of this incident my host, Babu told me, 'Why do you not call your Guru Maharaj to our house so that we can offer him some tea?' But where he was then and where he stayed I did

not know. And I never bothered to ask all these things of my Guru Maharaj, for it never struck me and I felt no need. 'Go into Samadhi, and when you are about to lose your outer consciousness and one pointed concentration remains in your inner being and just before that also goes off, put your Sankalpa before it, and you will get the answer automatically as to where he lives and is now at the moment. Then bring him here,' my host said. To accept and carry out such suggestions had become my practice. And I was accustomed to it. So I sat down to meditate. And as I was about to lose my external consciousness I placed my resolve before my inner awareness, before going into *samadhi*. Soon I beheld him walking on the sea shore far away from our place in Karachi. I invited him for a cup tea with all love and humility. He just said, 'You want me to have tea, and look I am drinking tea.' And I saw him drinking tea from a cup in my *samadhi*.

Once while in Karachi I undertook a fast of forty days. I had just completed thirty eight days when Shri Godadia Maharaj appeared before me in the middle of the night. I got up at once and bowed to him flat. 'You have done me a great favour by visiting me.' I said. At once he spoke out, 'Is there any need for you to fast now? Hereafter you do not have to fast. Now break your fast before me.' I replied humbly, 'Let it be as you wish.'

With this he disappeared, vanished from my sight. I got up and went to the kitchen. I lit a stove and brewed some tea. I sat down in a chair beside the dining table, poured some tea in a saucer and sipped a little. Then I was struck with a thought, only one more day remains to complete forty days. Why not put off taking more tea or food by one more day? So I poured the tea into the drain, came back and went to sleep.

The next morning I told this story to my host, Bapu. He was the manager of Scindia Steam Navigation. He merely said, 'I cannot comment on your affairs. I am not competent.' Even though I was fasting I went about my normal work as usual. I went with him by car. And at the junction of four roads a sadhu stood up in front of our car and stopped us. He had long hair, and was dressed shabbily; he had a torn blanket on his shoulders. He ordered me, 'Get down from the car' and I got down. My host told me, 'You have no brains.' I agreed with him and said, 'You are right.' He again told me, 'Should you get down when any unknown person asks you to do so?' I replied, 'I have to get down, I am moved to do so. I have to obey.' Afterwards he also got down. I told him, 'you are getting late to your office so leave me here and I shall come back by myself.' But he replied, 'I cannot leave you alone for fear of your being kidnapped.'

Then the sadhu uttered, 'You worthless fellow, you still have a strong ego and feel proud about your resolve to fast. Here break your fast by eating.' Saying this he handed me two packets of food. What a strange coincidence! He lived on the foot path like a nonchalant Oliya, while I lived ten miles away on the other side of the city near the sea shore. There was a great contrast between us. I used to see him some times, but we would never talk to each other, never knew each other. He used to sit straight and unconcerned. What was the link between the appearance of Ghodadia Maharaj and this sadhu, who asked me to break my fast immediately? I had not cooperated with Ghodadia Maharaj and perhaps this sadhu was only completing the other man's unfinished mission. Although only one day still remained I broke the fast by consuming both the packets even though I had fasted for thirty nine days. I said, 'Sire, I

sipped tea, so I believed that I have obeyed and carried out the instructions. So I thought my fast was broken. But what you say is correct. I had no pride or ego about my fasting at all’.

8

Sometimes we cannot imagine but truth might manifest in its totality, but if we are not ready to accept it then it withdraws. Once when Sai Baba met me he gave me a one-rupee Silver coin, ‘Keep this coin, I give it to you. You will keep on getting many rupees. Give it to your mother, let her worship it. It will drive away your poverty,’ he said. I still remember his words which had a metallic ring in them. I felt it was good. God had showered His Grace on us. I sent this Silver coin by registered post to my mother and told her to worship it daily. She did not know Sai Baba, so I said a Sadhu Maharaj has given it to us. Mother never knew its importance or efficacy. So she lost the rupee. And poverty did not leave us.

I have told all this symbolically; what was predicted by Sai Baba came true in my case. But my family’s poverty could not be alleviated, even though I had sent the rupee to my mother with the specific instruction to do pooja to it daily. I did not know who was this person called Sai Baba? I had not even heard the name, because I was always busy and absorbed in my work. I never read any daily newspaper. Every day one Mr. Sharma used to visit us. There was a photo of Sai Baba in his ring, which I would always look at. That day I told him, ‘I have seen a face like this.’ ‘Please wait. I have a larger photograph of his. I have even a locket with his photograph.’ He even had a Rudraksh Mala or a garland in which was a larger size picture of Sai Baba, ‘This very man came to me last night.’ I said. Then he produced

a post card size photograph of Sai Baba from his pocket. 'The same man' I confirmed. 'This cannot be. For he passed away way back in 1918', he said surprised. 'Passed away or not passed away, I do not know, but his face was similar to the one in your photographs.'

Sai Baba had said, 'Do pooja to the one rupee coin.' In this his purpose was to remove my poverty. His purpose was and is ever alive, ever awake. Yet why did it not fructify? Why did not such a great soul's Will and Resolve fructify? There was no proper ground for it to fructify. The best seed cannot grow in the Kutch desert. If you want to plant seeds in the desert of Kutch, you have to dig out fifty feet of sand and refill it with fertile soil. You have then to water the seeds and tend it. Then perhaps the seeds may grow. Even so the will and the resolve of such great souls cannot but fructify. So also if there is no receptivity in us, if we do not accept him with love, devotion, faith and understanding it will not fructify. It is not because there is any fault in him, but the fault is in us only.

I had clearly written to my mother, 'Worship it regularly. It will remove our family's wants, its poverty will go'. But she had no faith in such matters. She used to see me doing and singing bhajans, kirtans, she used to see me become unconscious while I sang these. But she did not understand all this, as she lacked elementary knowledge and depth in such matters, she thought it was all due to Fefru or hysteria. Poor lady, she knew nothing about all this. She had no faith in sadhus or mahatmas. She kept the rupee in a niche in the pooja room. She did not do any pooja to it. She also kept a photo of my Guru Maharaj; since he was nude, she did not like the photograph. He had a disciple called Chota

Baba. She kept his photo in the pooja room. But she did not do any pooja to the rupee.

What is the reason for this sankalpa not bearing any fruit? Some may argue that this kind of resolve is applicable to Truth or Being and not to untruth or non-being. But Truth or Consciousness is in Being and non-being, equally in both, although it is predominant in Being.

My mother did not disrespect the silver coin, only she had no understanding of its intrinsic efficacy. Sooner or later such sankalpa of such great souls will fructify is my firm belief.

Every one worships God in his own way. But in all there is an element of attachment to and love of this world, to some extent or other. While lying down on the beach in Karachi, on the eve of Dewali I had no thought about of Sai Baba, I had not even heard his name. Perhaps I must have been connected with him through my sadhana in my previous birth. This logic alone can explain why he appeared to me in Karachi. But for the photographs shown by Sharmaji I would never have known him by name.

9

From Kanpur I left for Kashi on 13-3-1939, and while returning to Kanpur I met Gandhiji at Prayag railway station and bowed to him. From that moment I felt excruciating pain and it reached its peak from 29-3-1939. It was too intense and unbearable for me. Still my mental poise and peace were undisturbed and I was not depressed on that account. In spite of it I used to joke and laugh with everybody. I exhibited joy on my face. I never gave vent to my sufferings either orally or by facial expression. Yet in spite of it all I used to do my daily work which came to me. Here I had to search for

a bungalow for our stay for many were to come to meet us. I had to make other arrangements also. There was no hindrance in the coming and going of and meeting the people. All this was done by my surface mind without any thought. My thoughts never went anywhere. I had no thought of what would happen tonight also. It is also true that all diseases experience greater intensity of pain at night. This pain even at day time was almost so unbearable that anybody else would have cried out in agony. But my consciousness was going deeper within and my outward awareness had reduced considerably. The inner awareness was almost at its peak. According to instructions given by Sai Baba, something unusual was going to happen on the night of 29-3-1939, Ramnavmi day. One lady knew about this and she was so perturbed about it. But I went to bed as calmly as ever.

About ten minutes to one at midnight I heard two shouts of 'Hari Om', one after another. These two calls were addressed to me, which I understood immediately. So I also called back 'Hari Om'. The man who had called me came up to me. He was entirely nude. The hair on his head was matted or tangled. I got down the stairs. He made me to understand that he wanted to take me somewhere in the middle of the night.

So I climbed up, wrote a small memo for the little girl so that she may not worry about me in my absence and then came down. She had got up once in my absence and worried a little about me. But she had had similar experiences in Karachi and so was used to it. She thought now that all would end well. And she also knew something unusual was going to happen on the night of 29-3-1939 and so she became calm and reassured, and went to bed.

That man told me we had to go to the other side

i.e. to the bank opposite to Manikarnika Ghat where his Guru stayed. His Guru had sent him to fetch me and I was to stay with him. I said, 'I do not mind staying with your Guru for the night, but I should be allowed to return in the morning. If you are agreeable then I am prepared to go with you. My duty and responsibility are towards these young girls. Any other course of action would be a violation of my primary duty or religion, whatever may be the benefit derived from it.' He warned me not to do the meditation as advised by Sai Baba, as it was fraught with great danger and it can even harm you, 'Even before you sit for your meditation there must be someone near you to take good and tender care of you after meditation. If you have your mother or sister near you they can take good care of you for you must be under their care for some time. Otherwise come with us, our Guru Maharaj will take good care of you'. I replied, 'I have to take care of the two young girls with me. I can come to your Guruji after two months.' He flatly refused. 'If you want to come, come right now,' he said. I wondered how did these people come by the secret and confidential instructions given by Sai Baba? Was the meditation really so dangerous? All these questions never bothered me. My only aim was to obey the command of Sai Baba. I climbed back to my room and sat down to experiment and experience the meditation taught by Sai Baba.

Hardly had I begun when I experienced my entire Consciousness concentrated and focussed on a point. Mind, body and the five sense organs and the five internal organs were all separate from the soul or consciousness, so I experienced. I felt in the middle of my head streams of heat flow through it. And my whole body felt its unbearable heat. I almost lost all outward consciousness. I fell down. My tongue was a little burnt.

It still feels dry. I felt a burning sensation all over the body, particularly the chest. The body from waist down appeared to be burnt wholly. This part developed an abscess latter on. The whole body seemed to burn as if with a high fever. The little girl did not know anything about it. She got up in the early hours to go to toilet and found me lying unconscious and she tended me with care. With us was also a music teacher from Karachi who knew nothing about this. The little girl took good care of me. After some time I felt better. The effect of this lasted for two days.

I understood nothing of this. No diverse thoughts came to me. A kind of eternal, unbroken feeling manifested which flowed on like the River Ganges. I knew not where my ship will anchor. Only one aim looms before me. Like the waves of the sea, thrills of joy course through me. Only one sensation I experience, of bliss, in every pore of my being. I now have faith I shall reach my goal and destination. We are wayfarers of the path of joy. And there is no such thing as thus far and no further on this path. This journey is endless. By God's Grace we have to walk on. All happens here based on love, on the foundation of love in my being, by the Grace of God.

10

On the midnight of 29th March 1939 in Varanasi or Kashi I had the realisation of the Formless or *Advait Sakshatkar*. It was as if the light of a million Suns spread all around me and even entered into me. At that time I had the experience of Maha Samadhi or the last or ultimate Samadhi. After coming back from that Super Conscious state I realised that the lower part of my body was burnt for which I took the treatment from the Dean of the Ayurvedic College of Banaras Hindu University, Shri Pathak.

After that experience I felt I had reached and realised Mukti or Liberation. I had the ever present feeling, 'I am Omnipresent' or ubiquitous in all respects and in its totality and that experience still remains with me.

At the same time I had the realisation of God with Form also. But at that very moment I also entered the realisation of the Formless with a quick big Hanuman or Herculean leap. After this experience became established and permanent in my being it became centralised and focussed in its living manifestation and then spread upward and outward. I felt one with everything, one with all and yet separate which I used to feel at the same time and always. The feeling of Empathy of consciousness with all its qualities thereafter began to manifest, which was my true experience. The mother can be said to feel one with her child, but that is born of one's worldly nature or attachment, and so it is not continuous and unbroken. The example of Babar and Humayun can also be considered as a worldly phenomenon born of intense feeling of physical, worldly attachment and that can happen once in your life. Whereas the Oneness born of Consciousness is not worldly or physical oneness or Empathy; that Empathy, Consciousness is ever flowing and eternal. And it is not true that Empathy or Tadamyata is uniform and continuous, can manifest forever, unconditionally. After realisation it may manifest for some time and afterwards withdraw. And for some it may spread to every pore and part of the being and then disappear. And in case of one whose body is not a fit instrument, not properly developed to accept, receive and hold it, this may take a longer time to come about.

Yesterday's morning – i.e. 6-9-1939, atmosphere charged with love can never be forgotten. How many had gathered there! And that too with so much love and joy in their hearts! Such a loving farewell is indeed due to His Grace. And whatever love or honour I get, I offer it at the Lotus Feet of the Lord with all my love and adoration. What can compare with such pure and selfless love of the ladies! But you (Shri Hemant Bhai) have actually witnessed it and known for yourself that in the Ashram I just used to wear only short knickers, appearing like a dunce willingly and knowingly, not looking like having any etiquette or good manners, even in august and serious institutions of Gandhiji shocking the people by calling out names and talking to them so loudly, even evoking contempt and surprise in the people, appearing entirely illiterate to some, the Ashram girls making fun of me, and moving about freely with a clean shaven head, even going to the bank in a torn dress and the cashier refusing to give me money and I having to meet the manager for this, looking like a country clown deliberately, not a trace of intelligence visible on my face, having earned the nick name of a 'donkey' for this, - how come suddenly so much love has been evoked in your hearts and showered on me? How did it all come about?

Sitting with me in the Ashram you had experienced a sense of deep peace and joy, but not as a traveller of this path, only as a layman. So as your working colleague and friend I could have told you all about my life but have refrained from doing so. I am writing all this now with a purpose to let you know all this can happen in a man's life, which is now necessary for you. One who

so appears uncivilised and whose manners invite only disdain and evoke revulsion in the hearts of the young girls and ladies, even unknown people, now to earn suddenly their selfless love and be showered with it!

*The Love bearing clouds appear, showering Love,
One who bathes in it becomes truly Blessed.*

You have directly observed such love being showered on me. What is it due to, and how did it come about?

*This is the greatness and glory of the Dust of Lord's Feet,
With loud drum beats I proclaim to the world,
please harken unto me.*

If we can fix our whole love one pointedly in Him then we can assuredly win the love of the world. So let our love flow towards His Lotus Feet in earnest and without a break.

* * *

After the completion of 'Anushtan' (a special religious ritual for one's wellbeing), that very day you experienced intense love for me and even bowed to me touching my feet, which I did not oppose even though we consider each other as friends and equals, and therefore not necessary. You have had enough training and experience to know yourself with full awareness by His Grace which is one of the reasons for your bowing to me thus. Even so by His Grace my life's flow and direction have undergone a change. I would now like to become His Instrument to turn to this path those who come to me for help and guidance. And you are the first to come to me (Shri Henmath Kumar). I would like to keep Him in the forefront as the main motivating force so that other considerations do not enter and come between us which is my firm faith and belief by His Grace.

Even so the intense feeling of love spontaneously welling up from your heart, so naturally, to bow to me is indeed good. For a long time now we have been friends. All the workings and activities of this path had gone on in my life so silently and secretly. From the time we were together in Sabarmati jail and since I worked as your assistant under you in the Bodal Harijan Ashram you have had a glimpse of my life's activities done silently and secretly, about nine years ago. Even then I had great love for you. In Sirohi where you lived with your mother your health was none too good. There we chanced to live together for three days and your weight increased by one and half pounds to become eighty four and half pounds which for a man like you is not a small thing, considering your poor health. By living with me your health and weight improved. And there are many such incidents in your life apart from this.

In Kanpur I met not a mad man, but one who appears so to the world, a gentleman, named Rajaram, who lives in Nawab Gunj. He must be over seventy years in age. He lives in his own ramshackle of a house, utterly unknown to the outside world. He never accumulates. Sometimes he goes for long walks in the morning or evening. People consider him mad. He salutes the Muslims in their fashion and the Hindus with 'Sitaram'. If anyone offers him money he may accept when in good mood and give it away to the deserving and needy. Sometimes he makes his own tea and mixes some curds with it. If someone offers food he accepts and eats it. He is otherwise unconcerned. He sings bhajans and lyrical couplets. He is a care free, joyful soul with gay abandon. On 22-9-1939 we visited him. We both went in to a deep Samadhi while the others sat waiting. While parting we embraced with love. He had bowed to me

within himself in his meditation which I told Mr. X, but he could not believe it. The next day we went for a casual walk and met him. And again while parting we hugged each other. He tried to bow to me, but I moved away. 'Yesterday within myself I bowed to you, but you did not object to it. Why do you object to it now?' he asked. Such are the ways of the divinely intoxicated souls! We had an insight into his heart's over-flowing love in which we warmed ourselves.

Who would understand such souls and God's Will?





CHAPTER 6

I AM OMNIPRESENT



*Our hearts are joined with the Nectar of Love,
Life is all one, although in many forms.
Welcome is death, welcome heaven,
Welcome any place we may have to go,*

- Shri Mota





*Together we shall remain, together fly off.
Go wherever you want, our consent is given,
Whatever your understanding be of different things,
Let that become a part of your experience.
Wherever we went it was without any desire,
We went far and wide yet were unaffected.
We taste different things according to our
Experience of their nature,
Different natures we know by direct experience,
The whole world belongs to us, our roots are everywhere
Without us there is no existence of any being anywhere.*

- Shri Mota

1

There is no limitation to the life we live. This is our inherent life, our true life. It goes on and on. If we become One with God and become conscious of it then our bodily life may come to an end, but our true life is no longer limited to the body. There is life even after this, it continues. But that is a different kind of life. Even without the body life goes on. There have been such cases. God has no limitations either, even so our life has none. Thereafter man has no separate individual existence after it has merged with the Divine.

2

I have myself cogitated that if a man acquires wisdom and knowledge of the divine, then where is limitation to his life? Thereafter he can have no limitation. If there is any limitation then he has no knowledge, obviously. I thought this out with my own mind and intelligence. I have never discussed this with any scholar, for I do not like any discussion or argument about the Divine and Divine knowledge. But I thought knowledge or wisdom can have no limitation. He has no bondage either. From the scientific point of view he has no bondage resulting from past relationship – i.e. from cause and effect. There cannot be. If there be then he has no knowledge of the self. Self-knowledge can have no bondage. If knowledge has any bondage then it is not true knowledge. How can a free soul have bondage resulting from past relationships? He has relationships but without bondage. If we accept this then owing to the past links he can go anywhere. He is free of all bondage, so it is possible for him. He can have any dealings with any one which we have to accept for he is free of all bondage. I have written about all this in my

book Sad Guru or Nimit clearly. A man of true wisdom has no bondage of or from the past.

So I come to my main point. Knowledge is endless, eternal, beyond space and time. We speak thus, but do we have any experience of this? We talk about x, y, z but we do not know if they have experienced it, we have no proof of it. People assert that they have gone to Mars or any other planet. I too used to talk thus, but now I have stopped talking. I would sit quietly before him. My Guru Maharaj used to assert he had been to Mars. I asked him, 'How is it possible for the two legged being to go to Mars? He can go by a plane or a balloon. But so far he has not succeeded'. He abused me roundly and said, 'There are many solar systems like ours, many worlds, and people from there come to our world, and our people go even to the other worlds.' It is written in the Gita that men of higher life go to some higher regions and men of lower natures go to lower worlds. Perhaps that may explain my Guru Maharaj's assertion that men from other worlds come to ours and men of our world go to other worlds. It is quite probable that beings of a higher type come to this world. But so far in my life of seventy six years I have never heard or read in any newspaper of this phenomenon. About that my Buddhi or intelligence was limited. But my Guru Maharaj used to assert boldly that he had been to Mars. My mind and Buddhi were worldly. They function within duality. They have not attained non-duality. How could they ever reach or go beyond themselves and enter the domain of knowledge? So I thought it is wise to say in my position that it may be possible or may not be possible, and not to commit myself or assert blindly. You can say either it is or it is not. But you cannot assert it is this and not that; for your intelligence has not the power to say so definitely, and you have not attained that knowledge. As

long as it works under and is bound by nature you have no power or authority to say anything about matters beyond your knowledge, this is what I have understood. It is not correct to give your opinion on such matters. It is wise to remain silent. At best you may say, it may be or may not be.

He used to say, 'I went there, here or elsewhere, and I experienced thus.' At that time I did not believe. But I now know that wherever he had past links he visited those men and places which I feel today is true.

Just as I said before, knowledge is endless, so also is ignorance endless. Ignorance is the outcome of human nature. Nimit or the cause and effect of past life need not necessarily be the outcome of knowledge, it can spring from ignorance. But the Gnani's Nimit is born of knowledge for it has no bondage. And so when he is called to act his mission can go beyond this world, even to other worlds. Just as knowledge is endless ignorance too is endless. The men of wisdom because of freedom from bondage and the element of space within them, even though they have a body, can go anywhere. If anyone asks for proof I cannot give, for I do not have such experience. But a man of such an experience will not reveal all this to everyone. He will keep it to himself. Even his near and dear ones cannot know about this. God is present everywhere, ever living and immanent, yet is invisible to us. Even so we live, work, talk and are active through God, yet we do not know Him; so also a Gnani who has reached Godhood works silently and secretly as God. You may live with a man of knowledge for many years yet you may not understand him or know him at all. You can know a Gnani only through love, faith and adoration in him and for him. So we may conclude a Gnani has many causes for actions based on past relationships. But he has no bondage. If he feels

any bondage then he is not a perfect soul or a man of wisdom.

Even so he has no bondage of the body also. Being or non-being belongs to the realm of ignorance of nature. They have no place in the realm of knowledge. So a Gnani has no bondage of the body whenever he has to act on account of his Nimit or past relationship. No one, scholars included, can know this or understand this. I have written all this in 'Sad Guru'. In spite of having a body, he is bodiless or free of the shackles of the body. A common man or a layman cannot understand all this.

Both these factors can coexist in his life, the body and freedom from the limitations of the body. The body plays its own part with its qualities and characteristics and limitations. But the freedom from its limitations, our Buddhi will not be able to comprehend. There is an element beyond the body in him, through which he acts, talks, walks, eats and digests, without which life is impossible. We can explain it with our Buddhi, understand it also. And this element pervades our whole being. This is not bound by nor limited to the body. In the Gnani this element develops and grows to its full potential. Therefore there can be no limitation or bondage of the body for him. And if he is bound he is not a Gnani or a man of wisdom.

3

A truly realised soul sees all the states of time, - the past, present and future – as one. (Therefore is he beyond Time). The man of the world knows the peripherals of his life only. The more he knows about it the greater is his joy of life. Without happiness or joy man cannot live or survive. Man gets some pleasure even from cruelty i.e. inflicting pain on others – the sadist for example. Of course it is a pleasure of a baser type which

is another matter. Whatever be the nature of a human being all his activities of various kinds are undertaken to experience only joy, whether his activities are of a higher or middle or lower order. Every activity undertaken is for experiencing only joy, which is a fact. Only a Gnani can know the meaning of endless seeking of happiness. He can measure this seeking of happiness in both the sentient and insentient beings.

Even though he lives in the present he can know and experience the past and the future simultaneously, because he dwells in the totality of time at the same moment and from the same situation. All this is experienced only after he goes beyond all duality and qualities of life. He experiences the Fullness and the Vastness, the Infinity of life because of Nimit, the cause and effect relationship, and the resulting actions of that relationship. The gross is endless and eternal although ever changing, but the subtle is in the feeling of it. Therefore he experiences the Infinite of the gross and the subtle. He has within him everything which he experiences as a reality. He knows the whole get up of human body. He must have an intense longing and a volcanic desire to discover the subtle element through and by which he experiences the Infinite of life. This experience of the Infinite leads him to experience of identity with each and everything. He feels he is and dwells in all. The gross and the subtle have their own infinite, which is of a different kind in each object and varies from object to object. There is a totality of this infinite. And the human body alone is fit for and capable of experiencing this infinite and oneness with all in consciousness. Any other body cannot experience and realise this.

The feeling of I am in all leads to the delight of life, the joy and the bliss of such existence. He experiences

joy even in intense pain or suffering – not through them.

The very nature of soul or life is joy or delight or *ananda*. This is the ultimate realisation of a self-realised, liberated soul. There are such souls who experience the joy of life even in the severest of sufferings, in their endless pain and suffering. Look at those depraved souls, the lepers, they experience delight even in their suffering. There is joy even in worldliness of life, life of worldliness. That is the joy of very existence or life.

My aim is to help you know that the very purpose of life or existence is joy. But man fails to understand it, therefore he drifts aimlessly. If he can grasp this truth then he can hold on to delight of life, *ananda*.

4

We have to pass through various stages of Empathy or Tadatmyata. We experience this oneness of Consciousness with so many without any reason. Sometimes in this experience of oneness of life we forget ourselves, lose ourselves; one has no existence, a separate individual existence, in any situation or condition, or circumstance. In this state of Empathy he becomes One with all wholly. All appear same. He sees no difference between a man and a woman, for he is That and experiences oneness with That and becomes That. If this can happen to a common man, it need not surprise us if the great liberated or Free Souls become One with someone or other.

Then a question arises – why cannot such a Free Soul experience Oneness with the whole world, all the men of the world? Why does he experience such oneness only with a few souls? When such a question arises within one's self, then we realise that this natural state of oneness comes about with men or women with whom we have inner or psychic relationship from of yore - ,

carried forward from former, previous lives, which may be due to past life's actions, including sadhana done together with them. By experiencing this oneness we have not to enjoy anything in life; it is mainly and primarily to turn the soul towards the Divine, leading him into the stream leading to the Divine. This is the only purpose of Tadatmyata, without this it is not possible to turn others to the Divine. This Empathy slowly purifies, Mind, Buddhi, Chit, Pran and Aham – i.e. Thought, Intelligence, Subliminal – past impressions, the vital and the ego and turns them in totality to the Divine. **(See Appendix 8)*

In this path Empathy is the easiest means and way of progress. If we can come into contact with a saint and are drawn into his vortex and he feels Empathy for us then our progress is assured and made smooth and fast. But when will such Tadatmyata awaken, whether it will awaken early or late cannot be foretold. He is the master and the ruler. It is his law and rule and he knows when to exercise it. So we cannot know when it will start its work. Yet our contact and relationship are all auspicious and work to our good, which is beyond all doubt. That is why by contact and relationship with him, mixing and mingling with him, serving him, following his instructions, we work our own good. All that will be auspicious for us.

When Empathy manifests it would mean that the Lord himself has come down to help us, to lift us to Him, because all the qualities of the Lord are found in him in their totality. Such persons are rare and are not found everywhere, because men cannot understand his Tadatmyata and therefore cannot accept and turn it to their own good. He can experience this Empathy even with animals, wild and docile, even with men and women, which the society will not understand and

accept. But he does not care or worry about society, he lives not for society. He lives for God only and if need be he may experience such Empathy with women for God's work. Our society is not prepared to accept all this. Therefore we are incapable of understanding and appreciating his divine work and mission. But this is not done by any effort or will on his part. It can happen spontaneously and the other person will have a glimpse or experience of it, if he is aware of it. In that state he manifests Godhood, Godly qualities which through him enter our being. Outwardly he may appear to be the same known person but from within he goes beyond all qualities and limitations, crosses all boundaries and circumferences limiting life. In this state of Empathy he has no separate individuality. Only the Divine in him and through him works for he has become one with That.

Without direct experience it is not possible to go beyond all qualities and emotions of life, even more so to understand the state of inner freedom. If you can go beyond these can you experience this Empathy which is a scientific truth. He performs actions and does work of a kind, which are beyond the understanding and the capacity of an ordinary man. His Buddhi or intelligence is extra-ordinarily sharp and superior to those of ordinary beings. It acts as a witness of a very superior kind with qualities of equality and equanimity. He understands every situation well, he understands his own self, knows what to do and when to do and what qualities to employ in his work. He is therefore unperturbed in all situations. He is also wholly unattached.

When Empathy manifests all Godly and Divine qualities come into play in his life. After that only God Consciousness alone remains and works in his life. Therefore he is not only One with God but becomes

God Himself, in whom only divine qualities manifest. He can and will do what he wants to. The element of space is fully evolved in him, and so he can go anywhere and everywhere. He becomes Omnipresent. But a layman cannot understand this. There have been many such incidents, but only a handful can know and understand this. Even after giving up his body such a soul does materialise in case of need. He travels wherever and whenever called by his near and dear ones. But if the other soul is weak in receptivity then it does not work. When God comes to you and you do not recognise or accept Him, what can He do? He will withdraw. Without proper ground and foundation God cannot work for you.

Empathy manifests of its own. While doing sadhana when we advance from stage to stage, i.e. from stage one to two, then to three and four we arrive at the totality of the qualities of Empathy. It is not fully evolved at the beginning. Slowly it increases in its force. It cannot come fast for it is too difficult to hold and master in its use at the beginning.

It first manifests with the lower creatures, then with the higher ones and finally with man. Now there are Gods and Demi-Gods in space. There are also hostile and devilish forces. As a sadhak advances he encounters these forces too. Mere Empathy cannot go far without the aid of discrimination of Buddhi. He has to be careful with these forces so as not to get entangled with the hostile forces. His nature is different from that of the *Asuras* and to convert them into divine is a very difficult task. To convert the worst sinner or a wicked and a fallen soul is indeed very arduous. In space there are both the divine and devilish souls and he comes into contact with them. He works at the same time in many places, which is very difficult for us laymen to understand. This space element is present everywhere in space. And the

man with the capacity of *Tadatmya* is beyond all qualities because of his omnipresence. He is never bound qualities of nature. As long as a man remains in the worldly atmosphere with worldly qualities he is safe, but he cannot come out of it. But once he comes out of it Empathy manifests and grows in him. But mere empathy alone is not enough to go out of the worldly atmosphere, so he has to take the help of Buddhi, even to understand the nature of the object of empathy. But as he rises higher the journey is fraught with dangers, so Buddhi's comes to his help. He maintains his witness nature and his Buddhi helps him to understand whatever is necessary.

5

In the higher stages a sadhak needs to stabilise so he has to stay at any particular stage like a dead corpse. This stage is called *jadavat*. Nothing can touch him in that stage. His consciousness gets stabilised, it makes good use of the opportunity offered. Every part of the being is rested and stabilised.

In the next stage he is like an innocent child, guileless, frank. He asks help from others, he is without harmful intentions. He is full of laughter, is like an innocent child. He is without fear, trusting, without any desire.

In the ghoulish stage he is terrifying, he may shout, abuse and even pelt stones. He is restless. This is *pisach* stage.

In the last Hamsa or Swan stage he is peaceful, calm, helpful and full of discrimination. He asks nothing of any one, is self satisfied.

All these stages a sadhak experiences at different times in his sadhana.

He may reveal his identity with all owing to past cause and effect, but without imbibing the other man's

qualities. Thus he may declare I am Sai Baba, Upasini Maharaj, Akkalkot Swamy and Tajuddin Baba at one and the same time without taking on their qualities. He says so because of his Nimit with them. But in his heart he is as peaceful as ever. He may even appear so to others because of his Nimit. He may appear in different forms of different beings, but he is not those beings. This is a sign that he is a Mukta or a liberated soul. In the Gita there is a description of such souls.

When a realised soul appears before another soul he takes on the earth element to so appear. If anyone loves him intensely he can also have a glimpse of that great soul even though he does not ask for it. For example Shri Ramakrishna and Shri Ramana Maharishi have appeared before some even after their departure from this world. But they cannot carry their physical bodies from anywhere because the earth and water elements are too heavy. But someone asked me is it possible? I said a spirit assumes a body to appear anywhere before his relatives or friends. Then why cannot a liberated soul do it? There are five elements in our bodies; there is no need to ask for proof. It is self-evident.

An Avdhoot sometimes appears insentient or lifeless as a rock. Sometimes he appears as a child although bodily he may not be a child. Sometimes he appears as a mad man, but he is not mad. Only his self-intoxication, joy and gay abandon make him appear so. One cannot compare an Avdhoot's condition with another. His self-intoxication sometimes becomes self-evident. Such intoxication is his title or appellation, an ornament. Even so his steadfastness, cleverness, his gay abandon manifest themselves living and vibrant and forceful when any need (Nimit) arises. In any condition of life he is never shaken or perturbed. He always holds his head high.

Truth or intrinsic value of anything can never be known and established without experiment. By God's Grace all new findings were tested by me for confirmation, conviction and experience. I passed through many such tests and ordeals on this account.

6

By God's Grace I have adopted this peculiar guise. I have met many people who do not have a burning desire to experience God.

Many unstable, lukewarm and mediocre souls I have met who tried to evaluate my work and pass judgement on it. If I had objected or taken umbrage at this I could never have cultivated their company. But by God's Grace I would like to enter into the hearts of all those men, which is possible only through acceptance of their natures. Until I get their cooperation with their love, faith and devotion it is impossible for me to transform and save them. In spite of encountering such difficult and delicate situations a liberated soul never feels frustrated or dejected. My resolve to help clashes with their unwillingness to cooperate and therefore has to withdraw. But by these repeated, unaffected, unabated efforts on my part a kind of relationship is built with him without his knowledge and birth after birth these efforts create an impression in his heart that tries to ignite a little spark of aspiration which will work after a long time subtly. And in the end this resolve will succeed in drawing him into the divine stream, which will be an experience for me of a different type. But if and when such people cooperate with me what they will benefit from this, what benefit they get from this cannot be evaluated in material terms, for that will be something subtle, intangible but of a very high order. By my long intimate contact with my Guru with all love and faith

and adoration I have been able to understand this gem of the truth.

When a free soul uses the predominant space element in his being and spreads upward and outward his consciousness is very active in his divine work. His whole being is sensitized with all the organs of the body. He sends out a living force that is God's. An ordinary man's limited Buddhi cannot grasp this truth. And as far as my convictions and experiences go I dare say with confidence by placing my hands on my chest in a gesture of firm faith and certainty, that I am never carried away by illusions or make-believe. When such a ground has been prepared to receive whole spiritual truth then only can that truth enter our lives to do its work. My Sad Guru was far away from me, yet he appeared thrice before me, talked with me and gave me answers to all my questions on some intricate matters of sadhana and showed me the new techniques of doing sadhana.

7

Once I went from Karachi to Sabarmati Ashram where I had to stay from July to middle of September 1940. I had therefore to return to Karachi, but the date of return was undecided. All of a sudden one day a postman gave me a registered cover. That cover contained currency notes of sixty rupees, with instructions in Urdu for understanding the meaning and the import of which you (Hemant Kumar) went to Shri Quereshi. The letter read, 'Go to Karachi on your birthday and that too by an aeroplane.' In those days a four seater air craft used to fly from Ahmedabad to Karachi and tickets were difficult to procure. But later one ticket was available. And on that birthday I travelled to Karachi by plane.

From the moment I sat in the plane my entire time of travel was passed in a strange and indescribable meditation or Dhyān. It was impossible for me even to imagine or dream of travelling by air. My financial condition would never permit me. And then neither you nor Shri Nandlal would ever think of sending me by air, just to give me an experience, unless inevitable. How did this amount drop from the heaven? Many suspect me of having sent this amount by post to give a false impression about my importance. In the first case I did not have that much money. In the second case I did not know Urdu. In the third case I never went out of Ashram to post this letter at Bhadra post office whose postal mark the cover bore. Truly the money dropped from heaven for me.

There have been many such instances in my life, but I do not want to enumerate them. Such supra sensual events of this nature have manifested in my life by His Grace.

He in whose life such characteristic qualities have manifested can be called a Sad Guru, and such incidents constitute a living proof of this truth. If these incidents which have occurred in my life without number can evoke a feeling of awe and adoration in hearts of my dear and near ones, then we are drawn towards that Sad Guru.

8

Call it a miracle of Dhyān or the form of resolve born of that Dhyān – I give here, an incident of that type which is awe inspiring.

We had to hire a bungalow in Banaras Hindu University where I had to stay with two young girls. Normally they wore very few ornaments. Once they went out and came back home, and gave me all their

ornaments for safe keeping, which like a stupid fellow, I put in my shirt pocket. After some time we went to the famous Viswanath Temple for a glimpse (Darshan) of Lord Shiv. We went through the jostling, pushing crowd to the sanctum sanctorum inside the temple for the Darshan of Shiv Ling. We even stayed sometime inside to listen to the melodious music of Shehnai, and then returned home.

The next day we had to go for a ferry joy ride across the river Ganga. The girls asked me to change my clothes. After putting on fresh clothes I frisked the pockets of my old shirt to transfer all my belongings to the new clothes. I noticed that my shirt pocket had been neatly cut and the ornaments stolen. I felt that the responsibility of the ornaments given to me for safe keeping by the girls, was entirely mine and I felt keenly for my lapse in duty. And when I told about this to the young girls they said nothing as if it was a matter of no importance. They took it so lightly. This I consider as very noble and noteworthy. But I felt a pricking, tingling, sensation all over my body and felt a great agony for the failure of my responsibility and dereliction of duty.

We ferried across in a boat. A friend of those young girls sang some soulful bhajans listening to which music I went into a kind of Dhyana. I soon lost all my outward consciousness.

But just a little before that the thought flashed in my mind, 'Who stole the ornaments?' This painful thought came into my consciousness. And going deeper into this meditative consciousness, I saw all that had exactly happened in the temple and how all the ornaments were stolen. All these flashed through my mind. In that deep state of trance I saw the thief and told him, 'Those ornaments do not belong to me; someone has given them to me for safe keeping. I am a

very poor man and cannot pay for them. You will not be able to digest them. Kindly return them to me.' I gave him the exact address of my residence and also where I shall be in the course of the day. I told him all these clearly in my trance. The whole scene was so vivid and life like and the effect on me so intense that it lingered on for some time in my consciousness through the journey back home. The younger girl felt irritated with my condition which was natural for her. After we reached the other bank the elder girl tried to bring me back to my normal state and after some effort was successful. We reached home thereafter.

The next day the examinations were to be held. The elder girl was in the examination hall. I was standing in the veranda on the upper floor with the friend of one of the girls. Suddenly the friend drew my attention to a man running towards me, gasping for breath and was calling out to me by signs. We went down to meet him.

He came up to me and said, 'Saheb, I am returning your ornaments, please take them back and cure me of this burning sensation all over my body. I can bear it no longer.'

Getting back the ornaments was indeed a miracle of my God, and my heart seemed to melt out of gratitude to Him. I was in no mood to listen to the rest of his speech. I experienced such relief and satisfaction that words fail me to convey my full meaning. But the other person was pleading with me, beseeching me to cure him of the burning sensation of his body. I said, 'This is the work of God. And how did you know that the ornaments belonged to me?' He said, 'From yesterday evening the burning sensation in my body began. And your form continuously appeared before me. And I knew where you resided and where you were then and where you are now. I could see all that clearly.'

‘I wanted to come to your place last night itself, but had no energy. Even now I was unable to come to you, but somehow managed to come with great difficulty. When I started to come I felt I will not be able to make it. But afterwards I experienced such a push that I came here running. And I reached this place in one breath. Now kindly cure me of this burning sensation’.

I also spoke out abruptly, ‘Take a vow that you will not pick the pocket of anyone coming to the temple. If you take such a vow, and observe it faithfully then by His Grace your burning sensation will surely leave you. If a poor man like me who comes to the temple and loses his money or purse or any other valuable thing through your thieving what will be his agony, can you imagine? Therefore kindly promise me that hereafter you will not cut anyone’s pocket or pick his pocket. What hardship he would have to bear if you do so? Therefore promise me you will never pick the pocket of one who comes to have Darshan of God in the temple’. His suffering was so intense that he promised me at once he would never do so again and observe that oath faithfully, ‘Even if I have to starve I will not pick the pocket of anyone who comes to the temple for a glimpse of the Lord.’

I believed his words and felt the truth of it. I prayed from the depth of my heart to my God to cure him. Within a few minutes he felt cured and free of all pain. He bowed to me and left.

From the intensity and depth of this Dhyān or meditation what great truths emerge and manifest! This was my great experience at that time. Before losing outward consciousness in Dhyān if a firm resolve is placed before it or if we can invoke from within then we can know the form which this meditation can take and the secrets that emerge from within, from beneath.

This was my actual experience at that time. In meditation there are greater heights to traverse and newer forms and types to uncover. We have never even begun our learning. From this we can know in which direction we have to travel and how far we have to go.

9

In the year 1941 I was forty-three years old. In the year 1942 my mother passed away. Until 1939 my mother used to cook for all of us. She used to bake Bajra rotis for me, and I would eat food cooked only by her. My mother used to sit by my side and serve me one item after another. And I used to feel satisfied and enjoy my food. Whenever I used to go out at nights to spend time in solitary and lonely places, on my return about five in the morning I would go and lie down beside her. My mother would scold me, 'My blessed son, you have grown old and big like a buffalo and yet you want to sleep near me.' I could not but do it. I would never feel happy till then. We have not yet become aware of the importance of a human body, particularly a mother's body. The subtle qualities of the opposite sex the worldly men will never know nor understand. We have given no thought or importance to it. The touch of the human body has its own benefits and values, namely interaction and absorption of the other's good qualities.

If you touch a man of low or base passions then he will awaken only those passions and desires in you. But if you touch the body of a great spiritual being he will help you in reducing or sublimating those passions and desires. Not only that he will plant his inner being (Adhar) in yours, so your inner being can be purified and turn to God. His every action has a purpose. And he never acts without a purpose. If we can accept this then our progress is rapid. But we have never given any

thought to the effects of such physical contacts or touches.

We have remained in our mother's womb for sometime. We therefore have a greater contact with our mother than we have with others including the father. But if either the mother or the child has no understanding or awareness of this fact then it is a different matter, then the effect is lost. This relationship is like a seed put into our being. Even if we are not aware it makes no difference. Only it will take a longer time to grow. We have remained in our mother's womb for nine months nearly. Man's life's qualities differ on account of this contact. Therefore it is not possible for all men to be alike. I could find no rest or peace until I lay down close to my mother. I used to sleep about fifteen minutes near her, then get up, clean my teeth, light the stove and boil some water. My mother would get up after me and prepare tea. I have been honestly much benefitted by my mother's contact. She has been a tower and a source of strength, and played a great role in my spiritual life.

I wrote a beautiful poem and gave it to her. But my mother did not know and therefore could not appreciate this aspect of my life. She used to go to the temple for God's Darshan, she would not take her food without it. Still she did not understand some facets of Bhakti. I suffered from Fefru, hysteria, and my mother believed this disease was not cured and that my unconsciousness in Dhyan was due to this disease.

I had a deep link with my mother and I was aware of this fact. But if my mother had been a more sensitive or a spiritual soul like Smt. Anand Mayi Ma it would have made a great difference. Ordinary souls will not understand this. A true spiritual aspirant will understand this in its entirety. That is why he feels energy, agility,

the warmth and peace of contact, even if he has worldly desires in him. The peace he finds with his mother he cannot find anywhere else. No one has ever accepted this fact and experimented with it. But my Guru Maharaj ordered me to go through it consciously and I obeyed his command. But my mother would not understand it and would even become angry with me and scold me, 'You blessed son of mine, you have grown big like a buffalo and still want to sleep near me?' She used to complain to all about this so called habit of mine. At that time Shri Mahadev Desai's wife Smt. Durga Ben used to visit our house. She understood my inner life well. She would say, 'O Bhagat, you love your mother very much, but she speaks so harshly about you and against you.' I would reply, 'She is after all my mother, so let her speak as she likes. My love for her would not become the less for it. I shall behave as I like.' But if a mother was aware of all this inwardly then there would accrue great benefit to both. The son has less to struggle in spiritual life because of this inner help. But we have not been taught the inner need of this. Today no one accepts this or understands it.

I sleep close to my mother and if there is inner awareness in me, then only can I be benefitted.

The Tantrik method of worship takes into account this body-to-body relationship.

Let me make my meaning clear about awareness by an example. I wanted to go to my Guru Maharaj. And I wanted to take my mother also. But my mother wanted to take my younger brother Somabhai too with her. When I told her I had no money for his fare she refused to go with me. But I wanted to take my mother at any cost, so I borrowed some money from a friend. But the poor lady did not know about the greatness of my Guru

Maharaj. She was very much upset with his nudity for he wore no clothes. My Guru Maharaj asked for five rupees from her. I said, 'I will give it to you. Kindly give it to him.' But she refused. She had no idea about his greatness. She had no awareness of why he was asking for that money. It was for my sake, for my good. And my younger brother Somabhai too had no understanding or awareness of my Guru Maharaj. He had consumed bhang, a drink made from hemp or cannabis. He was not intoxicated, but he slept most of the time.

There are many categories of human beings and many grades or levels of understanding. But my Guru Maharaj told my mother, 'Cling and cleave to your son', which was his true and last advice. My heart was pleased; surely something good would come out of it.

10

Once in Sabarmati Ashram I had blood dysentery. For rest and treatment I had to go to Karachi. After I had recovered I returned to Sabarmati Ashram. I decided in my heart of hearts to give up my work in the Harijan Sevak Sangh. If any one comes to me of his own accord and if he was ready to journey towards the Divine, and if I can serve such sincere souls, then I shall consider it my good fortune. And with this end in view I decided to retire from my job.

My brother's son Shantibhai had taken up service and was settled. He could take care of his mother and himself. Now there remained the question of my mother and my younger brother. If my mother wanted to, she could stay with him. I told her about my thinking. She told me, 'You have no money to feed the pigeons or sparrows with a few grains of corn. You are in such a small job. What will you gain by giving it up? Are you out to conquer the world?'

She was unwilling that I should give up my work so I allowed a few more days to pass, and then opened and broached the subject again. She finally agreed, 'You must arrange to send me rupees five to six per month.' she said. And I made arrangement for it. She also stipulated, 'When I am on my death bed you must come to see me in my last hour.' I replied, 'I shall willingly come to you then and be by your side. It will give me immense joy to serve you then, which I shall do with all my heart and love. That is my real religious duty. On receipt of such information I shall come running to you'.

Thereafter I retired from the service of Harijan Sevak Sangh. I had to have the institute's accounts audited, and whatever duties and responsibilities remained I discharged them. My service of many years and that too to one institution only was not a small thing by any means, and it was not as if it had not played any part in my life. My resignation from the institution was not felt keenly, nobody felt my absence, nobody missed me. I had worked in harmony with all by cultivating love and goodwill for all who worked with me and under me. Thereafter I used to visit different places. Thereafter you (Hemant Kumar) and Shri Nandlal chose to seek my guidance, help and inspiration in this path of spirituality, and still continue to do so. And since then I have commenced writing letters to you in this regard. And once in two to four months I would visit my mother.

My mother thereafter started living with my younger brother Shri Moolji Bhai in Nadiad. Thereafter I had to go to Banaras Hindu University with two young girls as their guardian and escort. There I received a letter from my brother Moolji Bhai that my mother was seriously ill and passing her last days. I wired to the father of the two girls to come to Banaras for a few days so that I could go to visit my mother during her last days as per

my promise. And he wired back to say I could leave them in care and charge of another and then visit my dying mother.

There was a rule in Banaras Hindu University that if any girl stays in the university campus then an elderly relation or a guardian should be with her during the period of her stay. I could not leave the young and grown up girls in the care and custody of any unknown person. For a responsible guardian or an elderly trustworthy relation was difficult to find in Banaras; I knew no such person in Banaras. The girl's father should come to relieve me for a short while. But he did not, perhaps for some reason he could not.

I gave up food and all other external activities. I only continuously called upon my God through prayers. I have promised my mother to be by her side in her last hour, and I am unable to fulfil and honour that promise. And I am too eager to fulfil that promise. But how shall I, how can I reach out to her? Very often I used to pray and call upon my God thus. It is not as if I do not want to honour my promise. But I am not able to do so by force of contrary and adverse circumstances.

I felt the agony of it all so keenly that I felt it would be better if I can offer up my life and body like the Brahmin in Balaram. I felt such anguish in my heart for I could not get any intuitive and inspirational guidance from within. Every now and then I would call upon my God and pray, 'O Lord what a painful dilemma! I cannot leave these young girls nor can I go to my mother's bed side. But my promise to my mother must be fulfilled at any cost.' Again and again I prayed, 'Thou, Friend and Succour of the poor, protect my honour and fulfil my promise to my mother'.

She has taken from me a promise to be present during her last sickness. She has asked from me nothing

else in her whole life. I am unable to do even this little for her. I am placed in such a delicate situation, and you alone can save me from it and safeguard my honour. My mother will be restless and longing for my presence. She still will be having faith in my promise that I shall come to her somehow. But that faith will now be shattered soon. O Lord, this is a crucial test for me. By none but you can my promise be redeemed. My Beloved God, the Friend of the poor, be merciful and kind and to me. I do not claim anything from you as a matter of right. I have not for you enough devotion and love to ask you to do my work even for my mother's sake. There have been many saints who sang Thy glories and praise. I am not worthy even to be the dust of their Holy Feet. On what authority can I claim anything from you as a matter of right? But at the most critical hour of my life there is no way out of this, except through Thy Grace, for a poor soul like me. O Lord my Father, you are the real doer. I am caught as if in a cage. How am I ever to fly to my mother's bed side in Nadiad? My heart at this hour goes out to her. I feel it as a certainty in my heart. But how can I make my gross or material body present before my mother, although my heart longs to transport my physical presence there? I also feel a burning desire to be there.'

In different stages of sadhana our selfless intentions can and do manifest in certain definite forms which has been my experience by Your Grace. My intense desire to be present before my mother should take a concrete shape or form. And I pray to Thee ardently with my whole being to help me. During the period of sadhana I have never asked for any material benefit, nor prayed for it. By Thy Grace I used to make Herculean efforts to over-come and remove all the obstacles, obstructions that confronted me. And I used to pray to remove those

hurdles from my path, and you did hear my prayers and help me. I can never forget Thy Grace and Mercy all my life. Now in this dilemma, between the devil and deep sea situation, you alone can help me, for none else can. By Thy Grace my resolve and will can become potent and all powerful of which I am wholly aware within. Within Thee is hidden all Power and Force. So Lord, come to my help for you alone can give definite, concrete form to my burning desire to be present before my mother. O my Beloved, Look at me and show me Thy Mercy and Grace, and fulfil my promise and save my honour'.

By being present there I do not want to seek anything for myself. My mother should merely say, 'My son, Chunia has come at the last hour of my life. He has kept his promise', that is all I ask of Thee. That she should feel immense self-satisfaction at the last moment of her life is all my desire, that is all I pray for from Thee. My intense longing was so great, had reached such a pitch that it could be compared to the pang of separation felt by the Gopis for Lord Krishna. With that intense longing I cried out to my Lord with anguish and affection at the same time.

All this went on within me, this commotion of contrary circumstances. I had no other help and no other way out. I did not want any sympathy or consolation from anybody. My Lord of a thousand hands and a thousand eyes was enough for me, he was potent and powerful enough to pull me out of this mire (dilemma) and was a solace enough for me. About three days must have passed thus. During such piteous and loving prayers there came a flash of understanding. The electric light that was burning in my room all of a sudden fused off. From this I inferred that my mother had departed. I did not weep or cry. My heart continued still in its

prayers to my God. By His Grace I was able to know the moment of my mother's death.

I got a telegram from my brother Moolji Bhai that mother had departed from this world.

The intensity of my feeling continued that my physical presence should appear before my mother as a reality and it reached a high pitch, living and vibrant all through this period. My intense longing and prayer was all I was aware of during the entire period. Only my God, my-self and my desire to be present there by my mother's side was all that remained in my heart. My faith in God during the period remained unchanged, unbroken and continuous. My God was powerful enough and he would do what was proper and good for me. My-faith was staunch and firm. Again and again I begged Him and pleaded with Him.

There are many stories in our epics of God coming to the aid of his devotees and saving them. They are mythological only. But many a time He has come to the succour of His faithful followers on the wings of speed, which we have read of and heard. In my own life during the most critical hours He has come many a time to help me, and there are real proofs and experiences of such help received by me. And such experiences are for me an unfailing source of strength and an asset. Relying on that unfailing support I have always lived my life with my head held high and faced all ups and downs squarely. During the conflicts and struggles of my sadhana days, between the forces of the divine and the hostile, I have with courage and unshaken faith been able to stand up, face all difficulties and obstacles and even over-come them. Many such facts of my life are still fresh in my memory. I use to plead with my God, 'O Thou, ocean of Compassion and Grace, you have come to my succour many a time but now is my situation so

critical that if you come to my help now I shall be truly blessed and grateful. But I have no right to compel you. I can only pray with a weeping heart that you are my only support and can help me to fulfil my promise and save my honour. Have Mercy on me’.

Thereafter I received a detailed letter from my brother in which he had written, “Just a few moments before passing away mother had called out to him and had joyfully said, ‘Mooliya, see, my son Chunia, has come, my Chunia has come’, to which I replied, ‘How can he come, he is in Kasi. How can he come here?’ To which mother replied, ‘See, he is here before me, he has placed his head on my feet as a gesture of bowing to me, he is now passing his hands over my body.” This letter ran on thus. I give only the gist of it for that letter is not with me now. God has saved my reputation, fulfilled my promise, and the immense joy I derived was such that no other worldly joy can stand any comparison to it. My Lord is so potent and powerful and the warmth of His love and protection is so all enveloping that I feel truly blessed and gratified.

In my opinion this experience is just not an ordinary one and its worth and value in my spiritual life are beyond all computing or calculation. After reading all this, my friends will at best feel astonished, but no one’s hair will stand on end in astonishment or wonder, and no one will be inspired to plunge whole heartedly. And such a firm determination will also not awaken in you. Yet in my heart of hearts this that my God has done for me, making possible what was impossible, this experience of the Almighty’s power, this act of Grace and Mercy, whatever he has manifested, done and willed for me, is not just an ordinary act, but a true miracle beyond all dualities and qualities of life.

This letter written by my brother Moolji Bhai is with Shri Nandalal carefully preserved. After this experience my head, with love and adoration, with gratitude, with all joy overflowing, bows down to Him. This great prayer emotionally charged and its after-effects lingered on in me for a long time, living and vibrant as if I was in a state of intoxication. The emotion of my prayers and its mood continued for a long time thereafter. What a blessed experience, and what a blessed art of working of my Lord!

This incident I have narrated only with a view to infuse life into those who have come to seek my guidance and awaken new consciousness in them. Therefore try to understand its purpose and meaning aright. And I pray unto my Lord that you may be aware of all the possibilities in this path. I feel that this incident alone has made my life blessed and gratified. This is indeed a big or great incident of my life; what was truly impossible became possible. It is a factual and natural incident that took place in my life, I feel in my heart.

With this in mind I have written in my poem, 'At Thy Holy Feet'. 'The impossible becomes possible by His Grace.'* (*Refer Appendix 7*)

This was not by any means due to mere imagination. I was also physically present and felt by my mother which is also equally true. But I am not concerned whether people accept it as truth or not. I have only to say put it to test, by plunging whole heartedly into your search for Him and burning your boats in mid- sea. Exhibit, manifest such courage, grit, manliness, offering yourself wholly in full faith and adoration, losing yourself wholly, irrevocably in it, then you will understand what force and potency and power are there in this self-offering, you will be in a position

to know all this for yourself. To understand and measure all this mentally or intellectually is meaningless, is worthless.

Therefore my prayer unto you is, if we have met with a definite purpose, then to progress along this path to God, to accelerate our journey, cultivate and manifest honesty, faithfulness, one-pointed devotion in your spiritual adventure. We may physically exist, but are not spiritually alive, I infer from your life's lifeless struggle so far. That this blessed incident of my sadhana inspire you by His Grace to greater efforts and struggles on this path, is my prayer to my God indwelling and immanent in you.

11

One Saheb asked me, 'Is one who has a contact with a liberated soul reborn quickly? Is it true?' This gentleman was very close to me, and so he took the liberty of questioning me for clarification of his doubts. 'The logical brain will ask for proofs. And wherefrom shall I get them?' I asked. He replied, 'I have faith in you and shall believe all you say.'

'If you remain in close touch with one such liberated soul, psychically then your next birth can be soon or quickened. Otherwise the transitional period is quite long. If you still ask me how is that possible? Then my mother is the best example.' Then the question arose as to where and how soon she was born again. I saw clearly as we see in a picture or a TV serial how her soul did travel and through what regions until she was born in a particular house in Kasi, near the Banaras Hindu University. I noted down all that. Finally after much effort I found the street and the house. I sat down on a raised cement platform outside the house. And to attract the attention of the members of the house I began to sing

some bhajans. After three fourth of an hour some one came out to ask what I wanted, why I am seated on the platform and who was I? I replied, 'I shall reveal all that to the head of the family. Kindly call him'. Finally he came. If I had told him the whole story, he would not have believed me. So I merely said, 'A daughter has been born to you very recently. She is a great and powerful person. If you will kindly let me hold her for a few seconds then I shall be convinced and go away thereafter. My Guru Maharaj has ordered me to visit her. I stay on the campus of Banaras Hindu University in a particular house. And if you ask me how I came to know, I have to tell you I saw all this in my dream.' I did not say I had seen all this in my deep meditation, for I would not have been believed. The father gave me the child to hold for a few minutes

I told this story to the Saheb. This is the law of nature. The transitional period of waiting before taking the next birth is indeed long. After the soul leaves the body it hovers round the place of its attachment and stays for some time there. For thirteen days it stays there close to the people he loved and lived with. This is the common experience and belief. After thirteen days a symbolic ceremony is performed for the departed soul. Thereafter the attachment is reduced and it leaves the atmosphere – this world of his attachment, which lasts for one year. Now this interim period is reduced by contact with such liberated souls. Not only that, his next birth also is in a higher status. In this birth such elevation of status of the soul is not possible owing to the impressions of the previous births having to be worked out and the impression or the influence of the

liberated soul has to be absorbed. I enumerated those two benefits to him.

The children may go far away from the mother, yet the mother loves them and passes her hands over their heads. Her love for children is indeed very strange and unique. Her love knows no limits. Her love sees no defects or deficiencies in the children. A mother is a mother, a world mother, she pervades everywhere. Children forget the mother which is true, but she keeps her children pressed close to her heart, which is also true. If mother were not there this world would be without consciousness, energy, interest in life, life force etc. Mother's bouncing love, the nectar of life sweeter than honey wherever there is lack of spirit, wherever there is harshness, manliness or anger, - manifests tenderness, love and sympathy to counteract them.

Wherever there is heartlessness, lack of interest and love, division, diversity, she manifests love peace, sympathy and goodwill for all. Through the divine nectar of her heart she keeps her children full of verve and life, by caressing them with love. Sometimes she even raises her eyebrows, but this is only in the interest of and for the good of the child. In order to help the child cultivate virtues and goodness she has to play such a game. Mother creates life. In order to keep life lively and vibrant, she plays strange sports and games as part of her creativity. Mother's creative power is for igniting the spark of life to lighten the spark of inner being. If need arises the child does even give up the love of the worldly mother for the sake of God or the Divine. Without this, the vision of the true soul of the mother can never be had. We may not be able to understand the inner being of the mother analytically. But by mixing, mingling and

merging with her divine power and love what joy we get by playing with her! Only a perfect player can understand this.

We no doubt enjoy mother's love in life, but that is only for acquiring a higher status, for climbing the ladder of life to reach greater heights. Mother is an embodiment of love and auspiciousness. At the same time she is also an embodiment of terror of mother Kali. Yet if we can make use of this aspect of hers by giving it a good form and infusing life into it for our worship and adoration, then it helps us in climbing higher in spiritual life by taking bigger leaps which may not be possible even with great personal efforts. When we get the help of Mother's power then the force and speed of our sadhana get accelerated. Mother is ever living which is a reality, and this feeling can be manifested through love of our worldly mother. After 1939, after going beyond certain stages, and entering higher levels of progress, I could understand mother's true form and importance by Her Grace. Mother is after all a mother. Mother's love is like a double edged sword. It can help or hurt. She will give you fruits according to your understanding and use of Her Power or Shakti.

Mother does help magnanimously and personally. But that is possible only when with love, faith and adoration we become one with her, become hers wholly. Mother's love is not mere imagination or empty emotion. Just as ours is a real moving, revolving, playing, sporting world, so also is Mother a living entity, an ever present reality. If we work to give satisfaction to our worldly mother just to lighten and sharpen our devotion, then the self-satisfaction she experiences will keep our Godly feelings tender, living and vibrant when we seek Mother's

Refuge and Help in our sadhana. This is my own experience in life.

Life is a great celebration and jubilation, is also a play of the terrible aspect of God. Mother Kali comes to dance, beautifully adorned in every way, and with great gusto moves her terrible feet in rhythm in her dance. Likewise is this world a sport of delight and joy. And he who watches the dance and sport of the Mother becomes blissful and intoxicated, enchanted by her. He who watches Her play all the time becomes mad and is lost forever in it. We have to watch the Mother and not be lost in the play. Mother Creates, Nurtures and Destroys. Mother assumes this terrible aspect for our good only. But she is truly not terrible or cruel. Man out of his limited understanding believes so. But Mother is Truth, Benevolence, Beauty and Grace. Yet we become unhappy at Her terrible aspect and thereby defeat the very purpose of Her Divine Play.

The child defecates and the mother cleans the place and its bottom. But the child cries because it is disturbed. So stupid are we when we become unhappy and angry and blame the Mother for her terrible aspect which is only for our good.

Today no one can become a Mother in the right sense. It is very difficult for any one to become a true mother to such persons like me. The love between mother and child is natural, spontaneous, humane, and other-worldly. In a crowd of thousands the child clings to and hugs the mother. And the mother experiences no hesitation or shame in lifting and taking the child in her arms. If in our life's daily dealings, if such a condition manifests (of pure selfless love) and if our life's very expression becomes transparent or pure, then we can

attain to divine knowledge and wisdom. I have never had mother's love in my childhood days; my mother was hard pressed for time even to suckle us, for she had to do hard domestic chores for others. With great difficulty and hardship she reared us. The truth to tell, we grew up by ourselves.





CHAPTER 7

DIVINE WORK



*In what strange ways He creates unfailingly,
Through past links, my life's mission!
I keep Him tied to heart through love's Remembrance,
Service to anyone in this world never goes a waste,
Then how wilt thy service to the Divine
Ever go in vain, unheeded and unrecognized?*

Shri Mota





*Whatever ye undertake to do,
If ye have a burning zeal for it
At heart in whatever ye do,
Verily ye shall gain, whatever
Be thy work, only good shall ensue.
Thy integrity will shine out bright.
Keeping thy being at the Lord's Feet,
Do whatever falls to thy lot.*

Shri Mota

When in 1942 the Freedom struggle commenced, I travelled by a Scindia Steam Navigation Steamer from Karachi to Bombay and thence by train to Tiruchirapally, where lived Shri Nandu Bhai. He had rented a small bungalow in Kerapatti near Tiruchirapally for doing sadhana in solitude undisturbed.

One night my Guru Maharaj appeared to me and said, 'Why are you still sleeping? So many children in Gujarat are hungry. There is no food with them. Gandhi Ashram is without money. Therefore go out to help them.' I never think or argue but obey. Yet I could not but ask, 'I have no contacts, know no one. I have no knowledge of Bombay; I have never gone there before. I have passed through the city only by train. I have no knowledge of Bombay, I am not known to any body. No one will give me money in Bombay.' He replied, 'Why can you not get money? It is wrong to assume that you can get money only if you know the great or the rich or have influence with them. Keep a target in your mind that you must get a particular amount. And you will surely get it. You need one lakh per year. Never think otherwise or have any doubt. Believe firmly that you will surely get this amount.' So I set out the next day with a firm determination. Now what do I do next? Where do I go? I was determined to get a lakh of rupees. But how do I get it? Shri Nandubhai's elder brother lived in Bombay. He had some love for and faith in me because of Shri Nandubhai. I reached his shop. He blurted out, 'How come you are here? Why are you here leaving Shri Nandubhai alone?' I explained the purpose of my visit to him.

After securing some names and addresses from him I decided on the number of people to contact. I met

them all. They all gave me a substantial amount willingly. The letters I used to receive from friends I would read at home and reply while travelling by the local train. My co-passengers would ask me, 'What are you writing non-stop?' I would reply, 'You may read it yourself.' They would ask, 'What are you out to do?' I replied, 'To collect money for Ashram children' was my reply. 'Come with us' they said and I accompanied them. Some gave me four thousand, some gave me five thousand and some gave me ten thousand. I had to do nothing. One day someone would collect for me, another day another man would come forward. Thus it went on. Then Shri Thakkar Bapa arrived on the scene. 'I have heard you are doing good work and that has pleased me. I shall make you the President, so your task will become easy.' I said I wanted no position or post. I want to collect money without all that fanfare. 'In which case I will not be able to help you.' he said. I replied, 'I do not mind that, for my Lord with a thousand hands, is ever at my back to help me. Give me just a letter of introduction or recommendation. So that I can show that in case I am asked'. 'How can I give you? For you do not hold any post. If you hold a post or a position I can mention that in my letter. You should be either a president or a secretary or a teacher for that.' He argued. I said, 'I did not want to be anybody.'

After meeting him I went to Marine Drive to meet a rich would-be donor. Every year he used to give two to three thousand rupees. I met him. 'I do understand the children are starving. I am prepared to give twice the amount. I also know you do not hold any responsible post. But how can I know you are a genuine person and not a fraud?' he asked me point blank. I was pleased by his reply. The moment our society adopts this norm only genuine servers will remain, the bogus, the fraud

and the swindler will all be eliminated. I was happy that he had tested my bonafides. 'What will you do? I know you are a genuine person. But how will you convince me?' he asked. 'Never mind, I shall do what is best under the circumstances.' I replied. I learnt he knew Shri Thakkar Bapa. At that time he was in Poona to attend a meeting. I went to Poona and straight to his residence. I sent a memo to him, he immediately called me in. he asked me, 'What news? How much have you collected?' I replied, 'I have come to give you a serious feed-back. I went to a donor who gives three to four thousand a year.' He interrupted me with, 'He is a good man, he can give you more.' I replied, 'He asked me a point blank question, 'How can I know you are not a fraud?' He was shocked. 'Did he say so?' Thakkar Bapa asked. I replied, 'Yes, he did say so.' At once he took out his letter pad and in his own hand wrote, 'The bearer of this letter is Chunilal Asharam Bhagat who was once the first secretary of the Harijan Sevak Sangh. He is a thorough gentleman and very honest. He has rendered great service to the Sangh. I request anyone he approaches to give generously as the institution is passing through a very critical period financially. Besides Chunilal is a sincere Bhagat or a devotee.' And below all this he signed his name, Amritlal Thakkar, affectionately called Thakkar Bapa. First he had refused to give me such a letter in Bombay, but in Poona he very willingly gave it. This letter of recommendation I produced before the gentleman who wanted me to prove my bona-fides and he gave me six thousand rupees. And thereafter my work picked up speed. I publish this letter in the Gujarati daily newspaper, Janma Bhoomi.

From this I learnt that planning or thinking or doubting is not necessary in any major work of service, but inspiration works better. I started again in 1961 and

worked slowly but steadily. I started with a resolution of a target of rupees twenty five thousand. I met men who helped me reach this target and my work was completed gracefully.

2

At this time Thakkar Bapa was in Bombay. Over eleven thousand rupees had been collected so far. Some more money was needed to be collected. Someone suggested the name of Shri Mafatlal Gaganlal. I talked to Shri Bapa about this. he said that he had himself personally gone to Shri Mafatlal but had got nothing from him. 'But if you can collect from him any amount I shall give you my kudos.' Shri Khanderia was with me during this visit of mine to Shri Thakkar Bapa. We tried to find out who had the greatest influence over his main assistant, his confidential advisor who could exert pressure on Shri Mafatlal. After meeting many persons known to him we finally got in touch with him. Through his influence we met that assistant-cum-advisor. I explained the entire situation experienced by Harijan Sevak Sangh and appealed to his good sense of philanthropy. And through him we secured rupees one thousand. Shri Khanderia helped me a great deal in it. His help was invaluable. After collecting this amount I met Shri Thakkar Bapa who made no secret of his immense satisfaction and joy.

Sri Nandubhai's elder brother wrote to his Mama Shri Gopaldas that a large collection of fund was possible from Zaveri Bazaar, Bombay's diamond market. He wrote this out of his sweet will and pleasure. He came to Bombay. I telephoned him to say, 'It is not necessary for you to take the trouble, for the balance amount will be collected without much difficulty.' In the evening I met him at his shop. He said, 'Now is the time when money

will come easily and flow into our coffers.' I felt it will be good if he has some experience of fund raising. 'If you need more money I shall willingly take you to a few merchants and traders.' he said. I said, 'Nothing like it. It will be a joint golden effort.' From Zaveri Bazaar Bhuj Seva Mandal, Kathiawadi Harjan Sevak Sangh, Rajkot's Fund on the occasion of Shri Gandhiji's birthday had collected a good deal of money. Mama took me to a number of places, but we could get nothing. He had undertaken this work for my sake out of love for me. Many days would pass when we would get nothing after endless walking and knocking on unwelcome doors. Yet we refused to be disappointed or disheartened. Many people would indulge in loose talk and even criticise us. In the face of it all we maintained peace and calm. Many would even insult us yet we maintained equanimity. Pujya Mama experiencing this failure said, 'I shall give you the balance required amount from my pocket'. But I flatly refused the good offer. Those who wish to do sadhana must willingly and cheerfully go through such experiences to cultivate patience and endurance.

During my collection of funds in Bombay an interesting incident took place. I met the secretary of a particular institution in this regard. He said, 'In a day or two this institution's meeting will be held in which all the members will be present. You can talk to the whole group of members. And if they can be convinced then the whole gathering will favour you.' I attended the meeting as advised by the secretary. After all the items on the agenda were passed he introduced me to the large gathering. He requested the members to listen to me patiently and give me a sympathetic hearing. I said, after the 9th August 1942 incident, all the workers and office bearers were rounded up by the police, and owing to this all the institutions with their students

were difficult to run and maintain. And they faced a financial hardship. And everybody according to his purse promised and declared a certain commitment in terms of money. The President promised Rs.501/- first, so the others followed suit and promised large sums according to each one's capacity.

After two or three days I went to the President for collecting his promised sum of Rs.501/- I sat down before him when invited by him to take my seat. As against Rs.501/- he gave me only Rs.101/- I was aghast. Why only Rs.101/- against his own declared figure of Rs.501/-? He replied, 'If I had not declared Rs.501/- the others too would have declared to pay smaller sums. And your collection would have been too poor. With this purpose in view I wrote down this large amount. After all you have stood to gain on the whole. It was not with the intention of giving Rs.501/- that I wrote down this amount'. I was stunned. This was my first experience of business diplomacy.

With all humility and good will I insisted, 'I want only Rs.501/- I shall not accept anything less, until then I shall come to your business house and sit silently every day as a matter of protest.' Every day I go to his shop at ten and sit down silently I spend my entire time in replying to the letters I receive from friends. Once or twice he even grumbled in an undertone. After the shop is locked and all have left for home I get back home. This is the seventh day. Every day I utilise my entire time in replying to the letters received by me.

The next day he called me to his cabin and asked me, 'What are you continuously writing every day?' I replied, 'I receive many letters from my friends and I send out replies to them then and there. If you would like to read my letters I would willingly give them to you.' A kind of curiosity had been kindled in him, seeing me

write continuously every day. He read my letters and his interest was piqued. He read them through, 'Wonderful! You appear to be a man of wisdom. What you write on spiritual matters to your friends sounds great.

'All this knowledge that you have expressed in such simple language is very commendable. This kind of peaceful protest marked by humility and good will I shall never forget. You used to bow to me every day in spite of my insulting you. I am truly pleased with your behaviour, full of affection and frankness. Your letters have increased my regard and respect for you. I made you suffer for seven days taking your precious time which I deeply regret and feel sorry for. But how could I part with this large amount of Rs.501/- at one stroke? My first intention was to give only Rs.101/- For having taken seven days of your precious time I ask your forgiveness. Your deep humility and affection have moved me to give you Rs.501/- Once again I do apologise for having caused you inconvenience and loss of time.' He handed me Rs.501/- I felt immense joy on receiving this amount, feeling indebted to my God for this. As I prayed to God I felt a thrill of delight and gratitude. I also wept out of love for God. That Grace of God made me feel truly blessed. That incident awakened in me the awareness of His Grace and Power. That gentleman may have attributed to my humility and good will the real reason for giving me the amount, but the real secret of which is the importance and the praise I give to God's limitless Grace. That blessed moment of my life I can never forget. It is no small matter that God appreciated my efforts and responded so magnanimously.

3

It would make no difference to me whether Harijan Sevak Sangh appreciated my work or not. I took up their

work of fund raising as my religious duty, not for the sake of the Sangh or Shri Parikshital or Shri Thakkar Bapa. During such times as now Khadi wearing had come down to almost nil. No one wears Khadi now for fear of inviting trouble from the police. But I have kept up wearing a Khadder dhoti and a cap and roaming in this dress for collecting funds. I willingly and lovingly endured police harassment. I have also been beaten by them. I have also been in police custody. My body has also suffered as a consequence. I have also lost weight by fifteen pounds nearly. In spite of all this I do not desire anyone should appreciate my good work. Shri Parikshital and Thakkar Bapa are both gentlemen to the core. They can never remain without appreciation of good work I firmly believe, which is beside the point.

I have been awakened to the fact that a man of true wisdom will never give up any duty that falls to his lot, his true religious duty in spite of all difficulties and hardships; he will go through them till the end discharging them. He can never remain aloof or away from his responsibility. He takes equal interest in all work at its proper time, as and when such work falls to his lot. If he withdraws or shirks work he can never be called a gnani or an anubhavi – a realised soul or a man of true wisdom. His equality and equanimity and even his Empathy or Tadatmyata are unique and can never be compared to anybody else's. Pujya Thakkar Bapa said that in last year's fund raising there was an under collection of rupees three thousand. So I should not leave Bombay in a hurry, but slowly and steadily go about my work of collection. Some body or other will surely come forward and contribute. I should leave Bombay only after making all efforts to the best of my capacity. I was not to feel disheartened or fatigued. Single handed, without any influence and without knowing anybody, I

had collected such a large amount which was indeed very commendable. Such is the position today. So I have to go about raising money still.

SECTION 4

4

I had been to Jeewanlal Motichand, the Aluminium merchant for collection of money. One gentleman who had been closely associated with Gandhiji for many years and was also a literary figure of Gujarati language, was also present. He could have worked secretly, underground in freedom struggle for had he worked openly, he would have been apprehended by the police. I told Shri Jeewanlal everything about today's financial position of our institutions. 'I have undertaken this work purely as a religious duty with dedication. All my travelling expenses and conveyance are borne by me from my own personal money. Without any monetary consideration or remuneration I have undertaken this work as a Divine offering.' Just then the other gentleman burst out, 'In today's situation the entire country's efforts should be focussed on this one burning issue (of the freedom of the country). Why do you unnecessarily involve yourself in such meaningless efforts?' He rambled on thus in a high pitched emotion for half an hour or so. By God's Grace I listened to him with patience and rapt attention. After his harangue had ended, I appealed to Shri Jeewanlal, 'In this very difficult period money is very badly needed for the running and the maintenance of the Ashrams and other related activities of and for the children. And he who has chosen his field of service out of full knowledge is fully dedicated to his work – reaps benefit from such works; that work is for his real good, best for him therefore.' He wrote a cheque for a large amount and handed it to me. I departed feeling grateful for his contribution.

Later I wrote a poetical piece and sent it to the other gentleman.

*He who truly chooses his life's work for life's
higher evolution,
And offers his self and all to it wholly, in
dedication,
Whatever the field of action that is thus
truly self chosen,
Even through that he verily serves the world
in his own way,
Through which even the most ordinary men
of the world
In their lives attain to some perfection
and excellence.
There is a Secret Power working in our lives
unseen
That makes us dance and play like
helpless puppets.*

To this he sent the following reply

20-11-1942

Dear Brother,

'I received your piece of poetry and read it. I am pleased with it. Karma is the way (Yoga) and the elixir of life, service is the ladder of life, Karma or action is the equipment of life. Man is moulded in life by continuous Karma and service. I agree with your philosophy of life. I write this letter only to convey my inmost feelings that man may even appear to be lost or dead to the outside world, and so he may have no time to look at others, to heed to others or even to halt a moment in his work, so absorbed is he in his work. Yet different men choose different fields for their action or Karma. Whether the field of action he has chosen is appropriate or not, others have no right to judge. That person alone is his best judge, what is required is utmost

humility to be the lowest of the low, and patience and endurance. Such are the true jewels of life.'

Such is the content of his letter which has warmed the cockles of my heart. He accepted truth and revealed humility in his letter. This rare quality of his is a good example for us.

I addressed my words to Shri Jeewanlal and it was his duty alone to reply to me, the other man had no right to interrupt or interfere in the matter. But the high ideals and emotions of the 1942 freedom struggle had moved him to act thus. The understanding of Karma is so subtle that only a liberated soul can understand. Only he can know when to act or speak, and when to keep silent.

5

The amount of fund collected for Harijan Sevak Sangh had almost touched rupees ten thousand. A very interesting incident occurred this week which I would like to narrate to you. I went to a well known and renowned trader. I wrote a chit to the boss giving my name and the purpose of my visit and sent it through the peon. I sat waiting for his reply from 11-30 a.m. to 4-00 p.m. but I was not called inside. Patience has its own limits. Any work cannot wait too long. If I enter without his permission, I thought, he might at the worst refuse to meet me. Even that for me was alright. Even if he shows me the door I shall willingly walk away. All would be well with me. But now I must enter at any cost. With that firm resolve I entered. The peon and the clerk came running after me and shouted, 'Saheb (boss), he has come in without permission.' After hearing this, the Saheb raised his eyebrows and scolded me, 'Are you a country brute not to know that you cannot enter without permission? What is your qualification?' when I

mentioned my qualification he calmed down and offered me a chair to sit. I said, 'Your peon and clerk are right. But kindly listen to me so that I can tell you the facts of my visit briefly. From eleven thirty in the morning till four in the evening I have waited patiently in a kind of penance.' He remained silent and attentive and so I continued with due respect to him. 'In this most trying time the government has imprisoned all the workers and office bearers. There are many Harijan Ashrams in Gujarat including the Sabarmati Ashram. A large girls' hostel is also there. We need a lot of money for the maintenance of the students and payment of salaries to the teachers. We have no money on hand. How shall we feed the students is the burning question. I am not a paid employee of the Sangh. And all my incidental conveyance and travelling expenses are met by me out of my pocket. It is the duty and the responsibility of the society to maintain these institutions in trying times like these. Therefore I humbly request you to help generously. By your kindness I am aware of good manners in behaviour. But when no one called me in for five hours I had to barge in. For this unruly behaviour I ask your pardon.' On hearing speak thus he called out the peon and the clerk and ordered them, 'kindly remember hereafter if anyone calls me or comes to see me, he should not be kept waiting for more than half an hour.' And since I had been kept waiting so long he asked my pardon. His gentlemanliness and good feeling impressed me very much and are unforgettable. He wrote a cheque for a large amount and gave it to me. Sometimes we have to act indiscriminately in life. But all the same we have to have courage, fearlessness and inspiration for this.

SECTION 6

6

They may be prostitutes owing to the force of circumstances, but they may be good at heart and have

a good common sense and understanding. I had no experience of this fact. In 1942 I used to collect money for Harijan Ashram. I lived with Shri Hemant Kumar's sister in Khar, Bombay. Every morning I used to start on my work early. Once I boarded a third class compartment in a local train. Many ladies were seated in that compartment. I sat down in their midst. Whatever letters I received at home I would reply to in the train, thus saving considerable time. After alighting I would go about meeting people and talking to them. During this period I would have no time to reply to letters. So I utilised the idle time during my train journeys writing these replies. There was a lady in the compartment who out of curiosity asked me what was I writing so busily?

'I am writing replies to letters received by me.' I said.

'Do you not get time to write these at any other place?' she asked.

'No sister, I do not get time, for my work of collecting funds for the Harijans does not permit me to write from else-where'. I said politely. I explained briefly the plight of the Ashram and the students after 1942 freedom struggle. 'Where will you go now?' she asked. 'I do not know myself. I go wherever my friends take me. If anybody calls me or takes me to any place I go there. I do not know today where I shall go.' I replied. 'Will you come with us.' she asked.

'Most willingly, what objection can I have? After all you are citizens of India. If you help in this cause it is good for the country. It is necessary that you help.' I said. 'We shall help you.' she replied. She took me to her home, and made me sit down. 'Will you have tea?' she asked. 'O yes, I shall have. But first wash your hands and clean your vessel before making tea.' I replied. She washed the vessel and her hands and boiled tea in front

of me. I drank it. She collected rupees two thousand seven hundred from her colleagues and gave it to me. From their mutual talk I concluded they were sex workers or prostitutes, but with a good heart and understanding of life. Such ladies turn to this flesh trade out of compulsion of circumstances. If we think of them as fallen souls we will be making a mistake. Mentally how many of us indulge in such acts so many times, although not physically. They indulge physically. Mental act is worse than physical. For in mental act Buddhi or the brain slips and falls, stunting the evolution of life.





CHAPTER 8

EMERGENCE OF CONSCIOUSNESS



God himself plays and sports through Nature. I also have to work and get my work done through each one's individual Nature.

- Shri Mota





This (body) is not a statue of clay, but a characteristic part of (Universal) Consciousness. If this feeling is firmly planted in our being and often repeatedly churned within, and if the Power born of such constant thought is made use of, then its help to us is assured, which we have to understand as a truth.

- Shri Mota

1

I seek no self importance. I do not go to any one to seek self importance. I hate fame and name. I do not seek them for my false greatness or to boost my ego. There are many people who know me from the days of old. There are many who have abused me, done me injustice and even insulted me. But I have never taken it to heart. I have loved them all impartially. Even today there are people who admit this truth. My Guru Maharaj asked me to shun all popularity. Everyone in the Ashram used to call Shri Parikshitbhai as Mota Bhai or the eldest brother. People began to call me Mota Bhai. But I forbade it. So they began to call me Mota in short. And I permitted it. The body needs some name for identification that is all. The smaller the name the better it is. There is no greatness in any name. I have never pretended to be great. My God knows this and so do I. I have never allowed men to know my inner being; without Bhakti this can never be known.

Today I love the worst of my critics who talk ill of me, think evil about me. There are many who bear testimony to this fact even today. I cannot remain without loving, I cannot but love. I do not know why. I feel God's characteristic trait is love. He loves all including the wicked. It is not as if He loves only the good. Through this the evil and the wicked can one day be redeemed or saved.

2

The love that you show to this soul is not for the person whom you call Mota, but the Consciousness that has manifested in him, and for that intensely evolved feeling for him, for the emergent feeling of affection for him. So to strengthen that feeling in your heart, awaken your consciousness, your inner being.

You must not treat me as a saint or a mahatma. Sainthood is also a burden and has its own limitations. There are so many wrong notions or illusions attached to the word 'Saint' distorting its true meaning and its true sense. Therefore do not consider me as any saint. I like a pure and humane life, full of love and human consideration. Where there is no love I do not want to be a saint or called a saint. I just desire to remain forever in the River of Love and continuously bathe in and drink of its nectar. The thrill of joy derived from it is beyond all compare. And what can you compare with that love? That is why I would like to behold Love dripping in all mutual relationships from all hearts, by His Grace, everywhere. This is my intense desire. When we have come into this world of relationships, if we cannot love those with whom we are intimately linked, as our own near and dear ones, and cannot do anything for them with love, then we cannot do anything for God. So if we can do something for them with love then only can we do anything for God; if we can cultivate this feeling at heart with living awareness as our life's major aim and purpose and manifest it in our daily living, then we can harmonise our life in this world with life lived for the Divine, which is my firm faith born of experience. Then both can run together without conflict. If a man cannot show such thrilling and throbbing love, then how will he or can he do anything for God who is un-manifest, incomprehensible and intangible? Therefore is He called Ineffable.

I have never told any of my friends, near and dear ones that I am a saint. I am in the right sense a nobody, a nonentity. If a man can know himself through direct perception or experience then he can know others also

thoroughly. In fact the whole world tries to understand men by the first impressions generated by each man – from the surface view from outside. And such understanding of man by man is never perfect and whole. Unless we knew by direct experience and perception every facet of a man's being in totality, his life's continuity, and the core of his being, to pass judgement on him, to form any opinion about him, would be unjust to both the judge and the judged. Sometimes I rap a man for any short coming in his nature, if he is close to me. But I do so only to help him and motivate him to walk straight and fast on the right path of life leading to God, not with a view to criticize him or find fault with him.

Some times with a view to help him understand some relevant truths about spiritual life I might have written sometimes some letters. I do not want that man should believe me or know me in certain aspects only. After we cultivate spiritual insight and have a definite purpose, yet if our mind, Buddhi (Brain), subliminal or chit and vital do not synchronise in harmony in their working, and we do not have any feeling or respect for the one from whom we would like to learn, then we will get nothing out of him, no benefit will accrue to us. I have never asked anyone to do Pooja or Archana to me, or bow down and touch my feet. Every one behaves according to his habits or nature. Even if I had formed any habit nobody has ever tried to know about it, and if any proof can be adduced, there is no meaning in it. Until and unless the heart is not moulded to be receptive, even if all evidence is marshalled in support of the great power or force of consciousness, our intelligence will not be prepared to accept it all. If the heart cannot accept heart's truth, the real characteristic of consciousness, its importance, its knowledge, cannot

enter our minds. (For this our hearts' willingness must be there.)

Where is the need to enquire whether this soul i.e. myself, is a perfect Master or not? What we are concerned with is the end and not merely the means. If a lump of clay can fulfil our objective then it can also be considered our Guru.

4

I would like to shine through you all. Whatever I have written is factual. If God had not given me such loving relationships as you all have been to me, then what could I have achieved all alone. God is the real doer. In your spiritual life's true progress lies the real meaning and purpose of my life. In that is my life's true blessedness, watching your progress will increase my enthusiasm, joy and dedication considerably, speedily, greatly, which is a reality. In proportion as love, faith, devotion, wisdom increase and establish in you, my love and attraction will also increase and multiply. When I behold anything good in others I appreciate it in my heart of hearts and feel immensely satisfied, for I have learnt to cultivate this sense from my early days. That is why when I behold a little good in others I multiply and magnify it many times. If anybody does ever so little for us or if we see a little, as small as a grain of mustard seed, magnify it and enlarge it to make it appear as a mountain in our sight, which the Sadhak or the seeker must learn to do for his own good. Through such means heart can come closer to heart.

There is nothing in me. Whatever comes to you is only for your continuous self-evolution, and my response will depend on your active cooperation, a loving response to your sincere attitude towards your life's major purpose of self-evolution, because I have no duty or work left for

myself to be involved in for any self-gain or fulfilment of any desire. Everything in my life is 'relative', related only to others. Thus can I wax and grow in proportion or response to your love, courage, adoration, faith and devotion you manifest in life, for spiritual search and seeking. So now you will understand what I have said. I say therefore my response will only be an echo to whatever attitude and feelings you show to me.

We act as slaves to our nature in our daily living, working and dealings. But in this life we have to give up this slavery to our nature if we wish to progress fast. We cannot evoke love if we are slaves to nature, for God, for our higher spiritual life. By God's Grace I do write and tell some bitter truths to my friends that I have to for their own good. Thereafter I leave it to their good sense, Buddhi, discretion. There can be no insistence or use of force in this. But when one's behaviour goes beyond a certain limit, and when he refuses to budge or change or give up his hard-grained understanding or behaviour, then I can only pray to God for him. In that case I have to awaken and work through my conscious force. But I hope that this will not be necessary; it should not come to this stage or pass. Therefore it is necessary to do whatever is fit or proper according to our real understanding. We should not run after and create conditions of safety. For in this sense of safety or security is the very root of the seeker's fall.

It would make no difference to me if people think of me negatively or otherwise. But if we as sadhaks or spiritual seekers cannot turn our mental tendencies, our sight and thought inwards, and if our faith and trust cannot be translated into a real experience of conviction, then the seeker should struggle against his mind and thought, and with awareness and understanding, try to turn all these inward constantly. In life as your faith,

trust, love and devotion increase, my mind's attitude and response correspondingly also increase. Without that mutuality it is impossible, which please do understand. By God's Grace all my life's activities are a response to your love only in a 'Relative' sense. It is difficult for me to make you understand all this, drive it home. But as you progress further and further in this field of self evolution you will understand all this by yourself, of this I am sure.

I am no saint. For God's sake and yours do not give me any such title or rank or status. A true saint, as far as I know by direct experience, never has a wrong notion about us, or never misunderstands us. Actually we misunderstand him. We cannot add the title of a saint to their names like the tail of an animal. When we come into contact with a true saint and he tells us anything, it is only to mould us according to our innate attitudes, tendencies which have to be transformed. But if we cannot accept or take it for our own good then nothing comes out of it, his words are forever lost. We dwell in duality. But if the other man is a true saint, although he may appear to live in duality, yet he is truly not grounded in duality, then his life is free of duality. Our understanding and judgement, standards and norms rest on morality. We cannot see unity in diversity; we have not reached that stage yet. The world only sees diversity in unity. But to the true saint the latter vision is an untruth. This does not mean he is amoral. He has passed through all stages to reach the idealistic stage of oneness of all life. Just as you discard a boat after you reach the other shore, so also these true saints give up all morals and go beyond them once they reach the acme of Perfection or Freedom.

*My beloved ones are an inspiration of Love
leading me God-ward.*

*These beloved ones are drops of my selfless
Love for God.*

By the Grace of God, my beloved ones, my near and dear ones are truly my God Himself. May my thoughts and feelings for them ever abide in their hearts, let my thoughts of loving remembrance be ever felt as thrills of joy in them, is my sincere prayer to the Lord of their hearts, residing in their hearts. In other words I feel an inexpressible joy when I think of you or remember you. You will forgive me for saying this, giving this example of comparison. I am only a dry piece of wood. There is no love or feeling or life in me. Only due to your beloved ones' love, awakened consciousness in your loving heart, all this awakes in my heart and comes to life. Otherwise how can this lifeless thing ever move or act? If you prod him or move him, he acts or moves; without such a cause he does not act, move even a step. In such a helpless, pitiable condition what can he do by himself? Yet in exceptional cases if anything can or does move him then it is only a vision of the most benevolent, auspicious God, His hold or true understanding of Him. Only to these touches he responds and acts. If anyone can understand the meaning and significance of life, if he can put his heart and soul into him with a view to bringing out and enjoy his love, keeps his heart full of love and joy, then he (i.e. I myself) can enter into his being to do Lord's work. Otherwise in many ways secretly, silently, subtly, he enjoys the nectar of love and delight through many beings, of which we know nothing or have no idea. He has no world, for the world is dead to him, for him. He has a different world from ours and he lives in that world of his all alone.

The power to bless rests only with my Beautiful, Sweet, Beloved Lord. My power is limited to asking and receiving blessings from Him. My prayer to you all,

bowing to you, pleading with you, begging of you all – is never to forget Him. Keep praying to Him. Surely He is not deaf. He listens to you, hears your prayers. This is just not a poet's empty imagination, but a truth.

My prayer to you all is to kindly show such grace and willingness that in continuous and unbroken prayer your life should pass, and in His sweet Remembrance filled with over flowing love should all your actions be performed. And in all those who have come to me may enthusiasm, joy, courage, manliness, fearlessness, sympathy increase manifold and may you all be sweetly inspired to live forever thus.

I am also made of clay particles. There is nothing in me. I am saying this not out of any humility. I myself do not know what it is truly. If there is truly anything worthwhile in me you feel or behold, it is due to my love for you and pure and holy feelings I have for you. So give up the idea of getting any benefit or advantage out of me. Whatever benefit or gain you desire is within you, nobody else can give it to you from outside. All benefit or gain comes from the Lord only and truly, who is both immanent and transcendent, in the moving and the still. But until we become receptive and prepare the ground wherein we are able to give a proper response from our heart with all enthusiasm and from our heart become open and helpful, till then God's Mercy or any other force cannot touch us or help us.

Elders and parents out of love see more in the children of good qualities than what is truly in them. So also God has bestowed on this being (me) immense love. In every event of life I have had a loving glimpse or vision of Him. Even unknown people have considered him as one of their selves; in fact have treated him as a member of their household and family. Whenever I have been accepted with bonds of love there God has

poured on him great nectar of love. And I have also been taught by God how to use and turn to good that great nectar of love. To receive such unbounded love from all, from every side – is it anything else but an experience of divine love from God Himself? And receiving such love only expands our vision and horizon of life, and our life becomes more and more refined, subtle and sublime. Its values change even as it is transformed. All worldly relationships are a means for experiencing the nectar of love, remaining immersed in it and enjoying it, and manifesting the very purpose of life. I have made such good use of all relationships. Then we can all so live our lives that God's love always descends on us and we can build such a foundation for such descent. When such intense love awakes in us it pushes us forward towards the goal of life. The blessings of the elders truly help and push us further along this spiritual path.

5

I have no desire for another's wealth nor even ask for it. I have neither greed nor ambition for wealth. And I have never harboured any thought of acquiring power. In any being if there is any desire for power or wealth, or pride or ego, and if that desire is active then its characteristics can never be hidden but become manifest to all. When I was in the field of service, my real situation and my tendency are very well known for there are witnesses to this period of my life. The being of those who are slaves of wealth, power, pride, sex desire, ego is of a different type, and easily discernible.

Yes, there is ego in me of a certain kind. There is a world of difference between that pure ego and the worldly ego. The former type of ego is not self-centred. In that selfless or *satwik* ego there is no pride or self-

boasting. This kind of selfless, *satwik* ego is born of true spiritual knowledge and manifests such knowledge. Just as a flower after blooming emits its perfume so also this mellowed ego is harmless and spontaneous. Even so we cannot club the ego of a worldly man with that of a saint or a liberated soul. All this I have written for your understanding.

Without love, faith, dedication and a burning desire manifesting in all those who have met me for their spiritual progress it would not be possible for me to enter in to their minds, vital, subliminal, nature and ego to work through them and for them.

Therefore knowing what I desire of you I have come to your doors with a begging bowl, and am forever waiting still. Till now I have got nothing from you and my cry of begging continuous before you. But my God is real, of which I am sure, therefore I continue to live in hope. Whosoever has come to me by His Grace for spiritual evolution, I have been able to cling to him by His Grace. And none can break this bond and come out of it for millions of births.

If liking and disliking, and other aspects of duality leave us then many other types of bondage also depart from our life. If you ask me, 'How is it possible?' I would reply, have good-will and love for all, have no hatred for any one. Particularly for those whom you dislike have only good-will and love, go before them and embrace them. Meet them often, work for them, it is immaterial whether they want it or not. All this you will do for your own good. When Shri Nandalal first met me and told me, 'I have come to you as my Guru for spiritual guidance.' I told him, 'I do not want to make any one my disciple. I have not come into this world for making disciples. I do not want to be anyone's Guru.' He replied, 'I have come for your guidance and want to progress

under that guidance'. I laid down some conditions which he must fulfil before I undertake to guide him. He agreed to this, 'Willingly will I fulfil all your conditions.' I stipulated, 'Go to him for whom you have the greatest dislike and bow and touch his feet and ask his pardon openly. Serve him. First do this. Bow to him flatly in public whom you hate most, serve him. Then come to me.' He fulfilled all these conditions. Then the other man, moved by all this, embraced Shri Nandalal. 'I give you my loving congratulations. I am greatly pleased with you.' Thereafter I took him into my fold and put him on the path, not till then.

I am no body's Guru. To accept a Guru one's mental frame, love and devotion should be concentrated, focussed with total dedication. If we lack the mental attitude, the will and resolve that are necessary to learn from a Guru then we have first to cultivate them before approaching a Guru. Concentrated and focussed Vision, Sight, Attitude and frame of mind are necessary as also is necessary a fixed major purpose. If these are present only then can the Guru act to help and guide you. Accepting a Guru superficially is entirely meaningless. If we are not prepared or have no proper grounding the Guru cannot help us. If we are prepared with all love, devotion and understanding to accept him with real receptivity then the Guru can respond fully and help us much. Our mind, Buddhi, subliminal, vital and ego must be fully prepared and deadly serious to obtain help and grace from a Guru. So if we think of him intensely, sincerely from the heart and call out seriously and wholeheartedly then his help will assuredly come to us, this is my personal experience.

Worldly love to me is totally meaningless. How will any mental tendency springing from worldly duality, seeking only worldly benefit or gain, lift up any soul to

greater heights? How will it serve any purpose for me or help me or inspire me in any way? Till now whatever came your way you used it as a means for worldly advance in life out of sheer force of habit. Your habit of using all your means was for gaining fame and name, self importance or for any other purpose based on your limited understanding. You have to give up this habit or tendency totally. That is a trap laid by your nature, a delusion, not a reality.

If you are seriously trying to accept me as a Guru, you will not be able to endure or bear the severe tests he will put you through which I am telling you beforehand. I have no other relationship in this world except the one based on true seeking of the divine by those who come to me for this purpose.

I have nothing in this world to feel disappointed about. About what or about whom can I have any disappointment, when you all belong to me or form a part of my own self or a form of my own consciousness? Therefore at no point of time can I feel any disappointment. So do remember or know for sure that those who cling to me willy-nilly or those who wander away and come to me after being beaten or buffeted by the world, and those who will come and cleave to me in future, whatever their mental tendencies and attitudes towards me, they cannot remain aloof untouched, but will surely be turned towards God and made to travel the path to God.

And how you address me and with what feelings or emotions you address me you must bear in mind. What is important is your inner feelings for me to which you should pay full attention. Is it not good enough if coming together with love, with sincerity, integrity, honesty of purpose, with all our strength, courage and freedom from fear and doubt, and our hearts and minds fixed in Him,

with total awareness and all our consciousness, we make a sincere and honest effort to offer our all to Him as our whole self-offering and we remain together to experience oneness of heart and soul?

You revere this being (me). You have to keep this in your heart. Whatever your feelings towards me will help you mould your life into a better shape. In our worldly life too we do care about many or listen to them. But if we have any regard or respect for anyone then it touches the other person, impacts on him and this plays a great part in transforming him and giving him a push in life's progress, increasing his speed or pace. But there is no need to show off that deep respect to the world. Only after you go through all the trials and tests you get the results and you know his intrinsic worth. I am nobody, there is nothing in me. Whatever you see or behold in me is the reflection or the result of your good feeling and regard for me.

By God's Grace I want to behold the consciousness of all those who have come to me, blossom fully, I hunger and thirst for that. This is the only desire of my life remaining unfulfilled, my life's true work and mission, my *Yagna Karma*, or Karma born out of sacrificial and sacred fire. If you can help and cooperate in this serious endeavour of my life then I would say life has been truly lived.

Your relationships with me are for cultivating, founding and experiencing or attaining full evolution of self, wisdom and knowledge (Gnana). This relationship is not meant for any other purpose or use which would mean a waste of life's precious time. If through your relationship with me, your life's aspiration or purpose cannot manifest or reveal itself in your daily behaviour or if inspiration or guidance from within is not forth coming then you must pause and ponder over its causes.

You have to write about me without exaggeration what is truly in me, the certain events or incidents in my life, born out of highly evolved consciousness that cannot be rejected out of hand or denied, quite out of the ordinary, that have occurred time and again, as a matter of fact which experiences occur only after crossing certain advanced stages of spiritual life, which is self-evident. A man with a human body has certain limitations and cannot be perfect in all respects with regard to evolution of consciousness. Knowledge knows no boundaries and its vastness is immeasurable and beyond our limited thought, so if any one asserts he is truly perfect then it is unbelievable and not proper and truthful. I have no two thoughts about my relationship with you all; there is no vacillation about it in my mind.

My mission in life is to harmonise the lives of those who have come to me and will come in future, to endeavour only towards that end. This art of doing and working for you is God's natural Gift of Grace to me. My relationship and behaviour with all cannot be uniformly the same. My behaviour is in consonance with and dictated by the other man's thoughts, tendencies, attitudes, emotions and feelings, even surface inclinations, desires, hopes, attachments, preferences, and I so behave that through these may they be drawn firmly, surely, irresistibly towards God. I have also felt and known, that if any soul through his mind intellect, good impressions, ego and vital turns towards me and becomes one in thought and love with me, then the good seeds sown in him through his contact with me will surely sprout. Such oneness of soul with soul has its own characteristics and features. The greater the intensity of such love the more intense the thoughts and remembrance of the other person or for the other person. What kind of thoughts and remembrance

emanate from such oneness each one has to judge impartially or dispassionately. If our nature sinks deeper into worldly attachments and if we do not see our mentality, tendency rise higher, then we must pause to ponder over probable causes. If any relationship formed with a definite objective does not witness any progress or growth of that objective or purpose then that relationship is meaningless or useless.

By God's Grace if there be any force of consciousness in me and if I conceal it and hide it in my heart, not using it like a miser, nobody can take it away from me or overpower my mind.

6

You believe me to be a perfect manifestation of God which is highly improper. It is not as if I have made no mistakes or there are no shortcomings in me. And I am fully aware of it. I have never reached the summit of perfection nor have I climbed the pinnacle of such achievement. In this path or field it is not as if we have reached the end and we have attained to perfection. This path is endless and we cannot say, 'Thus far and no further.' Some Vedantists assert that at some point of time or at some stage perfection is reached. But how far is this applicable to this field I cannot say. In my opinion I have written what I know to be the truth. Just as iron heated in a fire and hammered into shape loses all rust, so also in sadhana it is so after crossing certain stages. Even so at every stage there is the possibility of a fall by the sadhak. In this spiritual path there are seven stages to cross and conquer. Some have said there are fourteen stages. In the first reckoning until the sixth stage there is the possibility of a fall. In the latter reckoning until the twelfth stage there is fear of a fall. And when such a fall occurs a sadhak can fall back to

the first stage. Whereas people like you and me wander in third or the fourth stage and get stuck there, but a true sadhak when he falls from the sixth or the twelfth stage becomes keenly aware of this fact and after sitting up bolt upright he makes such gigantic efforts or endeavours that he comes back to his former stage without much loss of time. Many times he falls from his high pedestal, but climbs back with the full force of consciousness to his original status. But after crossing the twelfth stage there is no further fall for him. Any worldly soul may talk very highly of a sadhak and believe him to be such or address him as such, yet if in his heart a living regard for him is not there, then such belief or outward respect has no meaning. This kind of outward respect can be also a form of hypocrisy. That is if every moment you act as per His silent gesture or sign and every act is inspired by Him and if within you feeling for Him flows nonstop, unbroken, and His consciousness pervades every part of your being and transforms it even that is not the final stage. There are stages even beyond that. So if you address me as a perfect being still, how can I accept that?

7

This soul (me) has no desire to run away from anybody, nor is there any need to do so. But having accepted a Guru your mind, speech and action must all be in harmony and faithful to him, dedicated to him. It is our business thereafter to be his loyal disciple (Bhakta). If such feeling for the Guru is continuously maintained then it is useful to us and helps us considerably. If we can do this faithfully then it is worthwhile accepting a Guru and going to him. Normally people like you and me even slay or kill a Guru. Have you ever thought of it? Having a Guru for name sake is

of no use and gives us no benefit. I have never claimed any divinity in me. If there is any divinity in me it is all due to that Universal Consciousness (God). I do not want to dishearten you by writing all this. But the real respect and regard for a Guru that can help us in our life's evolution we have to cultivate with enthusiasm, love and dedication without which one should not accept a Guru. Otherwise it is like tying a Guru like a maimed animal, hungry and thirsty to a tether, through which you incur only sin.

8

When we have love for another in our heart then we see only what is good in him. But my stupidity is incorrigible. I first see failings and short comings in the people I love and then admonish them to correct them. So I am like a fly that sits on filth or dirt. What is the purpose then in courting his company? The company of one who can take you or lead you step by step towards God is indeed welcome. Life is to attain perfection. And to have such a desire is indeed rare. And even in this to seek the company of the Holy and the Pious with whole hearted love, adoration and knowledge, and awareness, with full understanding and longing for your spiritual progress, manifesting all this in your life, is even rarer. And the most difficult of all is the understanding and the direct perception of one's inner being.

This soul is in many ways senseless and stupid. He is never stable. Yet many come to him seeking stability. We have the habit of asking the why and wherefore of everything and are lost in it. I do my best to explain and make them understand all this which you may kindly note. I have never called you to me. You have come of your own accord, after understanding all the pros and cons. If you do not like my company you are at liberty

to leave. No one binds you. But if by remaining with me you are still confused, and the mind's ignorance increases instead of decreasing then it is time to take stock of the situation.

SECTION 9

9

I neither want money nor any other thing. I want loving, living, vibrating hearts from anywhere and everywhere. He whose inner being awakens, and whose heart goes out upward and outward, and has a burning, aspiring heart for spiritual evolution, - he who gives me all this, truly gives me, and he is verily near and dear to me. He who can give me all this with all his love, adoration and understanding truly gives me real joy and delight of life, and he who gives me all this truly helps and serves me in my life's mission.

If anyone gives me money or even a costly thing I am not satisfied. Earlier in life I used to ask and collect money for a particular cause. It is not as if I did not know you will take it all wrongly or will misunderstand me. From all this I could understand the type and the working of my friends' inner being, and the depth of their thinking and understanding. By your wrong understanding or misunderstanding what harm can accrue to me? At best you may leave me. But I have no objection to it. By God's Grace this soul has received enough help from others, but I have never made use of it for myself, which all of you know too well.

I crave that you rob and take away my true and genuine wealth that I so much want to give away to you. Why do you not plunder and take away my real wealth. It is inexhaustible wealth and never can be totally emptied. For it is Gift of God's Grace.

*I am only a little servant of the Lord,
what can I boast about it before you!*

O Lord, forgive me for this impertinence.

I only want your mind and heart from all of you. Without heart's love, the heart knows no peace. Heart's love is my true wealth, which I need very much (for my business). With a burning longing heart I have pined for it from you, so that you may be awakened, if at all, to divine life. Have any of you ever experienced any longing for anybody? When such a longing grows more and more intense then the object of our love is infused with life, becomes alive and always remains before our inner eye. Then we lose ourselves and merge into him and experience oneness of our whole being with him – Tadatmya. And if the other soul is also on the same level of consciousness and intense longing then a direct psychic relationship is established in which interaction of give and take takes place, all of which is of a different and higher order. Then the doors of the heart are opened out and a suitable ground is prepared for entering into it. To whom shall I address my grievances? And how will my poor ignorant friends understand all this? Much less how will they accept all this? Where is the question of any disappointment where there is pure and selfless love? He lives in the heart for heart's selfless longing love. Where then can there be any question of worry or regret for him? Yet sometimes this soul becomes impatient. Yet even in his impatience there is a vast patience and peace. And this is without any limit or circumference. This soul is entirely powerless. He does not argue with anybody. He who understands will turn towards God sooner or later and I will not go away empty handed, rather empty hearted.

I cannot afford to allow anyone to go away. If a man comes to me with a particular objective or purpose and lives not faithful to that purpose then what can I do? So also I am your near and dear one, and your friend. But

if you do not listen to me, what I am to do? Kindly ponder deeply over this. If any friend or a near and dear one promises to do something and goes back on his words, then it is my solemn duty to remind him and make him fulfil his promise. In the same manner I have to rap you, remind you and even prod you as my solemn duty. How can I fail in my duty and responsibility? Sometimes I may even have to assume a frightful look, sometimes I may even have to give you a jolt to awaken you. If you run away hither and thither what can I do? At such a time we must all come together with a true feeling of oneness, singleness of purpose, an open and receptive heart, one pointed aim and true understanding of life's goal. If I have to do all this kindly do not feel any regret or remorse. If we understand all this aright we are dynamos of power (Shakti). Then wherefore is this feeling of helplessness or weakness? In our daily life we do what we want to do. Nothing obstructs us or holds us back. Similarly if we want to work for God then in the right manner and the right spirit of love and adoration we can do so. If there is anything that prevents us, it is our own unwillingness, our own selves. If we have met with a definite purpose then by pushing you, prodding you, even rapping you, I have to awaken you.

10

By God's Grace my work is similar to that of a doctor. I have to look into all your ailments and diseases by His Grace. You may ask me, 'Do you see only the weaker side of our life?' Anyway what is good will always remain with you. But what is not good we have to examine, for we have to cure it or transform it into a better form. This is the best service I can render to man. If I can turn all that is in him to good then that is the end of my work. This is considered to be the best service of man by man.

God has given me, a yogi and a fakir, an appropriate mission. When I point out my friends' shortcomings or failings they get irritated or displeased, of which I am fully aware. However, it is my duty to serve them whether they like it or not, in this manner. My love for them prompts me to do this. Their rebellious and non cooperative attitude I try to correct for their own good and in their own interest. It is my sorrow and bad luck that this awareness has not dawned in them for lack of proper understanding.

In this spiritual field we cannot give up any friend. But if he himself is unwilling to stick to us then what can even God do for him? But I cannot give up anybody. By His Grace I have only to call Him and tell Him everything. If after making all efforts nothing is achieved then the course left to me is to turn to God and cry out to him, the Friend of the frustrated failures. If we can listen to God's still voice within us it is good. The beaten and buffeted man must offer his all to God, his love, knowledge, feelings, his victory and defeat – all at God's Feet. He accepts all that as coming from the Lord and cries out, 'may Thy Will be done.'

I do not want to say how much we are under the sway of our nature and mind's tendencies. What hinders us, what holds us back, what stops us, our mind and brain do not accept or understand; I try to explain to my friends all this with love and patience for their own good and progress in spiritual life. Whatever faith and love you have reposed in me, you have to live up to that and work in your life. To show the way is my duty and without doing my duty I cannot rest in peace. All this my friends do not like, and some of them say, 'You are exposing us before others.' They even complain and protest to me. Those who have not opened up their mind, heart and inner eye to me – what shall I tell them?

Yet by His Grace I have not to stop pointing out their faults even if they prevent me from doing so; I continue my work, otherwise the continuity of my love and thought will be disrupted. How can we welcome those whom we do not accept as our own? It is possible then that those men whom we reject may hesitate to enter our being and our heart, which is quite understandable.

There are many shops in the market dealing in different goods and varieties. By God's Grace I have also opened a shop in which we do business of a different kind, the business of a *fakir*. Only those who would like to do business in this item need enter our shop. The true business of a *fakir* is to own everything, but to use it in its appropriate way, without attachment, but with love, dedication and wisdom. If the vessel is empty it can be filled. But if the vessel is already filled then it must be emptied before it can be filled with something better.

11

Those with whom I develop intimate relationships have opened their hearts to me and revealed the inmost secret details of their lives, at some time or other. Those who have come close to me have revealed delicate and secret details of their lives, not revealed to others. They to whom they open their hearts are some who are specially close and confidential. For one does not go about baring his heart to all. If we keep our mind, brain and heart open, then we can understand all these or have a clear idea of them all.

By God's Grace I am ever ready to help you. But if you are thus prepared or ready, if you are truly eager, if you are willing to give up all your accepted opinions, judgements, habits, your comparisons, your measures, if you intensely long to be free of the hold of your lower

nature of mental tendencies, etc., if you have courage, and daring to take a leap and a plunge, then by God's Grace I can work for you, otherwise it is not possible for me to work for and help you. We need two hands for clapping; we cannot clap with one hand.

By God's Grace I do not want anything of you, what I want or ask is only for your self-evolution. Till now God has looked after me and He will look after me in future also. He who has given life will also give us nourishment. Yet we have a self-interest too; may your life grow ever upward, more divine, may you climb the ladder of life higher and higher; and whatever is not favourable to that spiritual evolution – your opinions, your preconceived notions, judgements, - may all that change radically. That is my self interest. Whatever I have to get done through you, I do, but only for your good. When I make this claim of reforming you, I appear as a fool. But you will understand all this later by your personal experience. Only by experience will you know all this truly. I am moved to do all this for you. Yet I can only say that if you believe no man can be perfect then there is nothing wrong in it. If you feel I might do harm to you more than help you, then I ask your forgiveness, and I shall be prepared to do any penance to make amends for it, which kindly bear in mind.

But this is certain that you will not be allowed to live freely according to your present understanding, in your so-called happiness and ease. Even if you feel bad, you will have to be moved out of that self-complacency even by being pushed, if necessary. Even if I have to appear bad in your eyes I have to be prepared for it. There are many weaknesses in me. I even show anger. I cannot bear my friend losing his way in this spiritual life and treading the wrong path. I am intolerant of that. I cannot guarantee I shall speak with restraint or politely.

I have no manners to see that my friends are not pained by my words. Yet you are my relation in life, the only relation. So you will kindly put up with all my harsh words and behaviour. I am compelled to act otherwise, differently from your standard of normal courteous behaviour.

I am tied with you by chains of your love. We are in your hands, at your service. Until true understanding of life dawns in you my love is prepared to suffer and endure for you. So I request you to tolerate this non-descript unwanted runaway, love him and consider him as one of your own, which is my sincere request to you. Kindly give me some room in your life, some convenience whereby I can take away all (your unwanted tendencies of mind and nature). Otherwise I have no right to ask anything of you. Please have mercy on me, have faith in God. He will see to it no harm comes to you. I assure you. I want to mingle with you freely. And kindly take care no prejudice ever enters your heart. God has joined me with you all only for your good, so offer me all convenience and help to fulfil His wish and will. I shall ever be grateful to you and remain indebted to you for this.

12

So much current passes through the electrical wires and lights up many bulbs attached to it. My work is similar to this electrical current. Whatever you may think of me or write about me, whether you show respect to me or not, my work is to supply power and light to you all, whether you are far or near. This secret working of mine I alone know; perhaps if any of you may care, you can also know.

By God's Grace I do not tolerate what is untruth or what is unwanted. Wherever I tolerate and endure it is

only out of sympathy for the other person in order to mingle with him before changing him. A man tolerates another man's failings only when he has some interest or a benefit to receive. I have no personal interest or benefit to receive. This kind of selfish interest arises where there is desire or expectation to gain something from the other. Where there is no attachment, no desire, no expectation, there only humility remains; the worldly selfish interest cannot remain. Two opposites can never remain together, which please note. My only interest is that those who come to me with a particular purpose must be helped in fulfilling the purpose. They must understand this life's major purpose, mould their life's behaviour according to that purpose so that it shines and manifests fully.

But who understands the deep significance of this purpose? People do not care about the evolution of life, nor do they know anything about it, for which they are not to be blamed. If they only understand the innate qualities of life then only can life manifest in all its glory. If one can only appreciate goodness and virtue then also it will manifest as goodwill for all. If only man can learn to appreciate the other man's good qualities then harmony and goodwill and affection between man and man will be established without loss of time and their relationships will reveal an extraordinary harmony and affection among them in their dealings in daily life. The house of harmony is a divine sight to behold.

I have been abused and accused, even insulted by my own people. Many close the doors of their homes on me and even oppose me and my work. Many have had unholy and impure thoughts about me in their mind. Qualities and power that usually manifest in highly evolved souls were witnessed by many in me, yet they could not understand their intrinsic worth. Many

have tried to hurt me and done me injustice. Many have denounced me. Yet my love, regard and good-will for them never diminished a whit. Only to serve them I have stood on my tenterhooks, ever ready to rush to their help when needed. Many have tried to hurt me even though I have helped them, yet I have not given up my obligations to them and continued to help them. Without good feelings manifesting in life we cannot be a paragon of good behaviour. Only when life is infused with this good feeling can our behaviour be perfect and harmonious, free of all conflicts and frictions. Without the weight of this effect of good-will there can be no perfection in our dealings and relationships. Only then can there be an echo of response from the others. In spite of all the insults and hurts God has taught me only to love them which I consider as a Gift of Grace from Him. If a soul does for me even a little then I make all efforts to return that manifold. I never keep any burden of obligation on my head pending too long. This is one of the real traits of my life. That is why I tell my friends to behave and act as I have done in my life. I never have advised anyone to do what I have not done, which kindly note.

By God's Grace there is no room for cowardice in my life. I have never run away from any situation in life. I have never hesitated to tell the truth even to my oldest friend who is known to me for thirty years. The fear he might feel hurt or leave me has never entered any corner of my heart. Love which is harsh sometimes outwardly is inwardly soft and pleasant. This softness of love everyone understands and accepts but when man accepts its harshness willingly, cheerfully, with love and devotion, then only he can know and experience what real love is in its totality, then only he can get real love. I cannot tolerate or encourage any weakness or lack of

good qualities in those who are linked to me through their desire for life's high revolution. I accept and tolerate the negative qualities in a man, just as a Sadhak does accept, only to cure him and free him of them all. It is my religious duty to accept and eliminate such weaknesses in a man. Real religion is not sectarianism. The real meaning of religion is expansion of the soul. And its real meaning is not a collection of words, for nothing is got out of mere words. Religion is a way of life and its heart is in living life the right way.

This soul (me) has no definite kind of life, no order. If only you take care of him with love and devotion can he be helped to live in order and arrangement; he has no separate but a relative existence. Only if you love him and care for him can he have a 'Relative' existence.

*I shall make them my own whom I love,
Only then can I rest in peace.*

By God's Grace I am born and bound only to love. Nobody can move me or shake me from that resolve. Many have attempted to force me to give up, tried their best in every way as I have said before. Yet in spite of all this I kept on loving them, showed them sincere love flowing from my heart. From this emerges joy of life and we can test our courage and grit in life. So instead of abusing, accusing, insulting me it would be better if my enemies and critics took a lesson from my life and looked in to their own lives to improve them.

We will go on making our loud calls for a change of life like a vendor or a peddler who comes to sell his wares at every door. And I have to talk loudly to sell my wares also. Why should people get irritated? What is wrong with my business or my method of doing it?

By God's Grace I do not want to be known as a Guru. When somebody calls me so I get a shiver all over my body. Therefore none of my friends should talk about me to others as their Guru. We are all co-travellers, wayfarers and pilgrims on this path to Eternity. I have already written about what kind of attitude and relationship one must have to a Guru so that it is a great inspiring help in our journey along the spiritual path.

I have never taken on my head the burden of Gurudom. I have never claimed to be a perfect Guru in any way. I have never gone to anybody asking him to make me his Guru. I have never even allowed anybody to think of me as a Guru. By His Grace and Guru's blessings I have been helped to walk along this path which is an undisputed fact. In today's world of scepticism where none believes without tangible proofs, there have been many such self-evident proofs in my life. During my sadhana days I have written many emotional and heart-felt prayers. A major portion has been lost, seized by the police. But a small portion is still available for sadhaks if they want to read. Even bhajans have been written by me with an anguished heart and even sung by me. The reader can know my true inner being of those times from these bhajans and prayers. So whatever I have learnt in my sadhana by God's Grace and Guru's blessings, I now put before my friends with my understanding and inspiration for their guidance, which I do not consider as improper. There is neither any greatness nor belittling of myself in this.

God out of his infinite Mercy has given me the work of a scavenger. There is no better Karma – Sacrifice – in life than this, and even this I am unable to do thoroughly

to my satisfaction. Whatever is being done or has been done is soon washed away. May God see to it that all those who have come to me may remain aware and awake that whatever the dirt or waste or any other covering over their selves there, is removed so that their lives shine forth in pristine brilliance, so that I can relax and rest in peace. Actually I am entirely sleepless and restless over this concern of mine for you. Nobody ever thinks about our concerns regarding your spiritual evolution, which is my sorrow. To whom shall I tell all this story of my sorrow? Therefore so behave in this world that I may have peace of mind and happiness on account of your life lived up to the purpose you have set before you.

Out of our experiences of our Guru, direct and life-like, after we accept him as our Guru, it would be difficult to sort out the subtle and the gross from among them. And for many of them it is even impossible. Sad Guru does not mean just a body with flesh and blood, neither his mind nor any other organ of the body. He is also not outward activities inspired by his own self. God truly is an ever living and ever flowing awareness spreading and enveloping you at all times. As Guru Sankaracharya says:

*To one who is eternally pure and self absorbed,
And present everywhere as a witness,
Above all dualities and the three qualities,
Verily to such a Sad Guru I humbly bow.*

We must hunger and thirst for such a Sad Guru. Such a longing for a Sad Guru never goes a waste. Such a longing is not hollow and without any power. This kind of longing creates oneness of an intense type with the object of longing i.e. Sad Guru. If there is a constant and continuous mutual attraction towards him, then in all the three states - dream, sleep and waking states -

there is intense longing for him. Whatever man speaks I cannot accept at its face value because his daily living and its activities do not tally with what he says and so exposes what he is truly within.

But I have never said that I am a Sad Guru and that you should accept me as such. For all that is a personal matter of each one's inclination and nature. But by His Grace all experiences beyond the dualities of life I have had many a time in my life. During my sadhana I used to live with many. Even at that time I was absorbed in the intensity of that sadhana. But because of our mind and attitude not being aware of it, it was not possible for you to have any idea about it nor could you appreciate it. 'God takes care of everything in a devotee's life.' Such experiences I have had many times.

By God's Grace I have never claimed to be perfect at any time. But of your own accord you have made me your Sad Guru, but if your behaviour is not in keeping with your declaration then by what other means can you express your affection and regard for your Sad Guru? If you have made a Sad Guru out of your own will and you cannot understand his true inherent qualities as a Sad Guru then you might as well drop him from your life. Of course we have no capacity to measure him or understand him which is quite a different matter. Even if you cannot maintain any feeling of respect or regard for your Sad Guru, but if your aim and objective for self-evolution are constant, continuous and run apace smoothly and unbroken, even that will work as well. Yet you are neither here nor there, neither do you care for your Sad Guru nor are you serious about your own self-evolution. And yet you find fault and quarrel with everybody. This is a very petty and mean thing about us and it shows that we are not serious about our own self. I address this letter to one individual, but it applies to

all, man as well as woman, equally. I have written in a manner applicable to one and all, male as well as female. That we may cultivate our vision in the right way and our aim also develops in accordance with that is my burning desire. If you can accept all this, then also your life can progress fast. Even that apart, if you consider me as one of your close ones and love me so, then you should think how to please me and satisfy me. If you have accepted me as one of your own then should it not reveal itself in your behaviour towards me?

By God's Grace I have no desire to compare any one with any body else. My attitude has only been what can we learn from others and how we can reduce and erase our worldly desires, thoughts and inclinations from our life. This had been my burning living attitude during my sadhana days. One who is inspired by such a motive always has no time to think of other things and his mind does not wander. So when I see many people enter into vain talks and discussions I have an insight into their minds filled with useless and worthless thoughts and ideas.

14

*People show me how I must behave,
But themselves know not how to behave.*

People rarely understand how to behave but are prolific in their advice to others. By God's Grace I do not know how to advise. A truly liberated soul is both involved and not involved, is attached to form and non-attached, has desires and is free of desires, is attached and non-attached at one and the same time. He is a man of many facets, with some self-contradictory and opposing facets in him.

Man tries to judge him from his limited standards and norms. To understand him we need a brain over-

flowing with love and devotion. We need to have a heart full of affection and anguish or pain. If we can give up trying to understand him and build a heart to heart relationship with him and be immersed in the joy of that relationship and express all this in our behaviour towards him, then it is truly helpful to us. Such joy and intoxication of a liberated soul very few in the world would understand.

There is no possibility of my pushing any worldly soul along this path. I do not have that power to inspire others because I have no desire to do it. Anyone who wants to walk this path must find out for himself how far and how hard he can persevere in his chosen method of doing his sadhana and how continuous is his perseverance, which he can do only by introspection. He has to know for himself how keen and sharp are his enthusiasm, his burning longing, dedication, application etc. And the result will be according to the efforts he puts in. This sadhak has therefore not to worry about the result. If there is sincerity, loyalty, honesty of purpose with a strong will, then my Lord who is ever anxious and concerned about his devotee's welfare will surely and graciously give him the necessary push and impetus without asking. By God's Grace I behaved in such a way during my sadhana period. I was continuously absorbed in my efforts without any distraction.* (See Appendix 8)

My work is without a definite system or order. I ask you not to copy my manner of working. Very few people have a definite aim and deep understanding of how to work and act. Very few people know about the technique of how we work. Only Godiada Maharaj had understood this secret of my style of working. And that is my misfortune that very few people, nay none at all, understand me.

To know, understand and experience at heart, the art of living of evolved souls is indeed not an ordinary business. If our inner sight is developed then perhaps we can understand them. Everything depends upon how you live idealistically your life. As long as there is life there is movement, direction and force. If we can understand and experience and live up to the ideal then truly we can be said to live, such a life is worth living and lived truly.

I never ask anybody to cultivate my company or visit me and keep me company. I never create any occasion for such close contact. If any one comes to me of his own will then I do not refuse to meet him, and talk to him. If anybody wants to increase or decrease contact or relationship with me, he is at liberty to do so. By God's Grace wherever I have given my heart and built deep relationship, there is no waxing or waning. If people think otherwise judging from my external behaviour I do not mind it, for it does not touch me. If one has developed a subtle sight and his heart has been awakened to secret and subtle understanding then true love can never be hidden from his view.* (*See Appendix 9*)

15

I want to mix and mingle with you, but not in the way you want. This soul (me), has mixed and mingled with many quite naturally by using their individual nature and through that individual nature. Although I may not have been recognised or even appreciated, I have full faith in my work, duty and responsibility. By God's Grace I shall not give up the work that has come to my lot whether you cooperate with me or not. The only delicate part of my work is that I consider myself as your own, to work for your good.

This soul does not believe in imposing himself on any of you because I have no desire to do so. But if you consider me as an object of experiment then you can follow the western system in scientific research where the public encourages and gives all help, sympathy, money, inspiration and other conveniences to scientists to do the research. You can consider me as such an object for research. By God's Grace my experiment and research in this spiritual science have passed many stages and now continue apace. This soul does not care for or ask anything of any body. He does not ask for power or pelf (money). What he asks is your unmixed, pure love, your hearty acceptance, receptivity and cooperation. If this condition is fulfilled then I can enter your life, take part in it and use whatever power is in me for your good.

I am only a beggar. I have nothing to lose. Only he who has can lose. Who loses and loses even himself stands to gain or receive. Now I have to receive something from you and in return I have to give you 'Nothingness'. This is the type of business I have to do. So after much thought and deliberation come to me with love.

I have never asserted that I am perfect. Your behaviour is such that you go on doing mechanically. What you cannot understand of my behaviour with your limited mind and being and logic, you will be able to understand by keeping a loving sight and heart, sympathy, appreciation and faith, and in future when I behave in a peculiar way you will be able to understand the why and the wherefore of it. But if you are not carried away by your tendencies or preconceived notions then when I behave a little oddly or differently to find out how weak is your ground or foundation then it will help me understand your inner being better. If you ask

me why I do not give any thought to my behaviour, I say I behave as I think on the spur of the moment. And if anybody were to ask me the reason for such behaviour I give a reply as it occurs to me then.

16

Remember 'Mota' as much as you can. For 'Mota' is not just a doll or a statue of clay. Just as there is consciousness in any one, there is the same but awakened consciousness in me also. Once you have an experience of 'Mota' in your heart then you will get abundant courage, and thereafter you will never be able to forget or leave 'Mota'. Therefore you carry on the exercises that I have told you and keep repeating the Lord's Name. And continue to pray from the heart and go on experiencing 'Mota'. And through your experience there is a chance that others too might stand to gain.

My request to you is continue with the practices I have told you, with enthusiasm, joy, zeal and quiet. Then you will fulfil the very purpose of our relationship. The power and the importance of God's Name are very great. You may go on with this until it becomes living, one-pointed and established in your being. And as it becomes more alive it becomes more intense in manifestation. At the moment give all importance to this uttering of God's Name, for that is our main and proper business. All else is secondary.

My nature is to care and sometimes it is without care or careless. My request to you is not to misunderstand or feel hurt by such contradictory behaviour pattern of mine. In proportion to your belief in the manifest personality of the realised soul, faith also grows. And so belief is a very important part of this sadhana. It leads to and is the foundation of faith. If you continue this practice and the exercise given to

you and remain wholly lost or absorbed in Remembrance of God, then you will surely experience the joy of it.

17

I cannot say that it is possible to remember or think about God at the last hour just before life goes out of the body, without a long drawn practice. Yet such cases have happened. Three such cases I know of. First is the case of Shri Nandalal's maternal uncle, Mama. He used to sit in Moun or Silence rooms often. But every time he would complain and remark to me, 'Even in this Silence room the world still clings to me. I am unable to become free of it. On the contrary the world in this Silence room is more strongly felt by me. I recollect all worldly matters here, including my business. I cannot think of God at all.' He used to write thus to me every time he observed silence. I got irritated once and wrote back, 'Mama, during your last hour of death you will be able to utter God's Name.' Out of irritation I wrote this but he wrote back, 'Mota, you say so, but I cannot believe it. At this moment I am wide awake, and all my organs of the body like the mind, the brain, memory, ego, life force also are awake and function normally. But while I am dying I may be unconscious and unable to concentrate or focus my mind on God-thought or God remembrance. How can I do it then when I am unable to do it in the waking state? At that time my mind and brain would have shut down. All this I am unable to swallow.' He was a B.Sc. graduate, he was also LL B., first class passed. If he had practised as a lawyer he could have become a judge, so sharp was his intelligence. But at the hour of his death, he had a constant Remembrance of God. He chanted His Name during his last days nonstop. Not only that, he bade everybody good bye, 'Ram, Ram.' Doctors were summoned. They were

surprised. He had no pulse beat, nor heart beat. And at the last minute he only said, 'Ram, Ram.' and breathed his last.

There is another case of a man in Nadiad who had helped in building the Nadiad Ashram and who ran a hotel, Kuberdas. He had a heart attack and for eighteen hours thereafter he kept up nonstop chanting of God's Name, before he breathed his last.

The third case relates to one of my close friends Shri Vajubhai Jani. He had done a course in Relative Study of Religions. During his last days he read the Gita and after completing the fifteenth chapter closed his eyes forever.

*Some mystics not knowing the proper method
of Yoga,
Controlling their inner self through their being,
Turning their aspirations deeply inward,
Awaken their past impressions within their being.
A yearning aspirant who takes advantage
at that hour
Of this awakening with care and caution,
Will benefit greatly thus in his spiritual life.*

By God's Grace this soul does nothing haphazardly. He has developed a technique by which the past deeply buried impressions in a man's subliminal come out so that he can see them for himself through his silence and solitude. He is made aware of them. The above poem indicates that this soul has knowledge about that technique by his God's Grace and he is able to show results of its working. How to take advantage of it or benefit from it, is left to the individual. Whatever had to be proved I have done so by the Grace of God. How to be, to live and remain in life, I never bothered but whatever happens, to become intensively aware of that

and reach out the inner regions of the heart where all this is stored and bring it out, all this is possible. By no other means is it possible to do this awakening, of this I am very sure, except through the silencing of your inner being.* (*See Appendix 10*)





CHAPTER 9

AN UNIQUE FORM OF ADDRESS - 'MINE OWN'



*My Beloved, assuming many forms of my dear Ones,
Give me Thy Divine embrace of warmth and love
Through them, and in a little soft corner of their heart
Give me a small living place overflowing with joy.*

Shri Mota





*I yearn from my heart to enter within,
Not only yearn but make it my work for life.
To fulfil that mission I have worked truly hard,
By His Grace we have stuck to our work,
Even a million works our mission will never complete.
There is no end to our work anywhere in sight,
Eternal is this work of life, limitless.*

Shri Mota

By God's Grace my way of calling my people as my own (Swajan) is indeed very peculiar. Towards them my heart can remain soft and tender and at the same time become hard. And may I have their ethereal vision every moment is my only desire, the only thought agitating my heart.

Mutual benefit and oneness of goodwill and affection is possible when indivisible love between heart and heart is there. Otherwise it is not possible. So without any expectation from the other being I remember and think of the other Swajan as God bids me and teaches me to do on particular occasions. I make some efforts to keep his memory in my heart during such times I keep alive his thought and memory and try to live my life thus, by His Grace, as he bids me to live.

Your letter dated 18-9-1947 has come to me. Just as a newly married wife feels on receiving her husband's letter, I felt the same joy on receiving your letter, though I am not a wife, nor you a husband. Yet I desire to receive a letter from you every day. The sweetness, the longing and the yearning of a loving heart only he understands who has experienced all this himself.

When I write to you by God's Grace and with the help of your love I can mix and mingle with you, I get an opportunity to serve my beloved God in this way, which is a truth, for through you I may be able to contact and reach out other people, which is my burning self-interest.

By God's Grace those who are mine own and have come to me to awaken God-ward feelings in them, my duty is to awaken them, inspire them and ignite a

yearning in them. To struggle towards that goal may God help them and bless them, by hook or crook, by some means or other. And may they seriously think about their life's purpose and goal is my prayer to God. If by God's Grace I get their loving cooperation for their experience of the divine then there is progress in their life. But my understanding and my manner are different. If I wanted to get fame and name, self-importance and self-worship from others it would have been a simple matter for me. This world is of many colours and deceptive. It has not got the power to test and find out, no standard measurement. Many have cheated and swindled her and so nothing comes out of it. My only purpose is to see through His Grace they get enough strength from Him; by awakening them, provoking them, by teasing them, by scolding them, by throwing them into a pit, lifting them high, by pushing them or pulling them, by shouting at them, by all such dual means, by God's Grace I want to turn their gentle and loving thoughts towards me. The real purpose behind all this is to awaken in them the love for the Divine. My prayer unto my God is, may I get your selfless and unselfish love only for this purpose – to turn it to the Divine. When I talk plainly to my own men (Swajan), they are unable to accept it. Holding on to your standards, norms, criteria, habits, customs, likes and dislikes, your limited imagination, you cannot think about your spiritual life and path. There is no standard or base in spiritual life. In this path you have to do terrible penance or have love, devotion and adoration, or the company of liberated souls. The third alternative is to have a burning desire or yearning. Except this there is no other sure means to understand God. Without experimenting by merely analysing or dissecting, it is difficult to achieve or experience. To become free of all ingrained habits of

life demands hard work. And it cannot be achieved by superficial efforts. Wrong notions, measurers and inhibitions, opinions, judgements, imaginations are the motivating forces of our life. All these do not help us in understanding and evaluating the heart of this spiritual life.

After having come into a little contact with you and cultivating your acquaintance a bit, I only ask a few to take loving care of this poor fellow and give him some place in your heart. And do not build any preconceived notions or prejudices about me owing to your love or attachment or infatuation for me, is my sincere prayer to you. I have never allowed anybody to think that I am perfect. I can confidently say touching my heart (with God inside) that whatever little I have acquired is entirely due to God's Conscious Grace, yet that is the truth of my life. God has helped me through His Grace to understand Him and experience Him. He has vouchsafed such experiences to a few. I pray to you through my letter not to think highly of me which I shall consider as His Blessing.

Whatever life remains for me in this body I would like to use it to teach and motivate my dear ones to remember God, chant His Name and prick, prod and push those who come to me on to this path. I would like to spend the remaining years of life in this work, which is the only work now remaining in my life. By this my Swajan will have to move on. This is my destiny in my life by His Grace. If I can awaken the awareness of the greatness and the glory of God's Name in these men, even to a little extent, then I shall feel gratified. According to the nature of each individual who comes to me he will reap some benefit. By God's Grace I have done my duty very religiously, honestly and sincerely. Whoever comes to me is subtly led and turned to the

path of God by me. He who becomes free of other duties can alone cleave to Him and tread this path.

In loving and tender remembrance of mine own I have the vision of God. To this soul everything is dear and lovable. When will the men understand the tender feeling of a mother in the right sense? Man can never touch the heart of a mother or a sister tenderly or deeply. If anybody can do so he is an exception. The heart of a man does not or cannot drip mother's love. He tries to understand and appreciate such feelings through his intellect which is barren, devoid of all love. Love flows like a stream from a mother's heart. That man may be moulded and imbibe good culture. God, out of His Grace, has willed the child to stay in the mother's womb. If God had not ordained thus, the harshness and the callousness of man would have been unbearable. Only when tenderness, softness and compassion are truly understood and appreciated can our countrymen be truly uplifted through culture.

3

In my opinion any great saint or ashram is not different or separate from me. All is one. Who can separate or differentiate? Everywhere and anywhere only my Beloved is seen. Everywhere He roars, plays, sports, laughs, jumps, sings. People take that this is only a show and a guise, but if a man himself is a pretence how can he understand the truth of this Universal manifestation? How can such people ever understand or know God's Divine, vast and playful Love?

What cannot be understood as proper with our desire-ridden mind may be possibly understood by another with a different mind-set. My whole heart is in you all, yet you are unable to obey me in the right sense and the right way. You do not have a heart even to do

this, and you do not understand me. Yet you judge me and in your mind try even to hurt me which you and my God alone know. Yet I have to endure, suffer and beholding all oneness of life I have to go on working and living by His Grace.

As long as we are in this world and of this world whatever happens and whatever we do goes down into our subliminal (Chit) and remains there as an impression to come up later under conducive circumstances. This is the method of five organs of knowledge, like Mind, Buddhi (intelligence), Vital (Prana), Chit (subliminal) and Ego (the idea of I am the doer). The impressions are sure to resurface at a later point under suitable or congenial circumstances at their proper time. This is the law of nature. Such impressions cannot remain suppressed for eternity. Nobody can take refuge in an artificial contrivance or hide beneath a camouflage. You cannot run away from your own actions and reactions. Even if a ghost catches you, you can still become free or can be helped to become free. But if a liberated soul catches you there is no escape, none can save you. Therefore my request to all those who have come to me, is to give up all their attachments, greed at the Feet of God, offer all to Him. This world also is a divine play or *Leela* of the Lord. Therefore any being who lives his life dedicating and offering his all to his Lord will be redeemed and saved and taken into His fold.

4

Do come to me with joy of life, come dressed in garments of love and your heart full of the wealth of faith. I do not have even a torn or tattered quilt. But I have God's Name in abundance. Whatever wealth you take away or loot from that Name will become your own. Rob as much as you can. We have to cultivate this spirit

and strength. Come with an open heart, come with love and simplicity. The temple of my heart is ever ready to welcome you. But remember you have to become a beggar in every way and in every sense. There is no comfort or ease here. You have to slog day and night. You have to constantly think about it, worry about it sleeplessly day and night; you will be caught in it as if in a jail and have to live on hopes. If you are prepared to go through all this with enthusiasm and grit then only come to me. You will not be able to think or go elsewhere even for a moment. If you allow yourself to wander even for a moment then you will pay a penalty, suffer a loss. We have no awareness at all, which is our bad luck. We have to be strong enough to be ever aware of it. Not only that if you are unable to be eternally awake and alive or do not want to be alert and cannot keep the flame of aspiration alive then there is no meaning in entering this path, which I would like to make clear to you. Whatever you reap you earn, and whatever you lose you get back. In this field also there is a trade to carry on. Here every moment you have to give and keep a firm Buddhi with awareness. If you spend fruitlessly or waste even a moment of time, it must cause you the pain of a sting of a scorpion or a snake. An ever awake soul is always happy. A sleeping soul loses something precious of which he is not aware. Both are true sayings. We have to keep awake and see our sacrificial fires of service ever burning. If we remain even a little while unaware, what a big loss we incur!

By God's Grace I do not see such intense aspiration among the people who have come to me, for this purpose. I have tied to my heart those of you who have come to me with the purpose of spiritual evolution and progress. I use different methods to bind different people in different ways, by His Power, which I consider as a

Gift from my God. I do not see the burning zeal in you all which is found in the heart of the Sad Guru which is a matter to be seriously considered by you. One thing is sure that I tie all those souls who are related to me close to my heart by God's Grace so that birth after birth you can remain with me and progress fast.

The truth is you must feel keenly for your life in the world in which you cannot progress. When you feel keenly, then you will also feel a sharp pain. And when you so feel, then how long can its characteristics remain unnoticed? I do not see such keen and sharp pain in the hearts of those who have come to me for spiritual guidance by His Grace which is the cause of so much pain, sorrow and anguish in me. And nobody ever cares to help me out of it for none has any love for me. Everybody thinks only of inflicting more wounds on my heart, of rubbing salt on my wounds deliberately. I have never gone to anybody to invite him for any purpose. Now when you have come to me of your own will why do you not live up to your purpose with understanding? If you cannot with the right aspiration for evolution of life work your way, then you will put the blame entirely on me for your failure of which I am sure. If you have met me for evolution of life and its progress then kindly awake, arise and gird up your loins and move on. Then only our having met for this purpose would be meaningful and worthwhile.

5

By God's Grace I continue to make efforts to train and mould all those souls who have come to me, and I also very much care for them and love them. When I do not behold or experience zealous readiness and yearning in you to be moulded into a better shape, then my anguish and pain have no limits, are boundless. I feel

my heart ablaze with frustration and disappointment. All these dear ones of mine, have come to me of their own will, I have never gone to them to invite them. they have come to me with the specific purpose of spiritual progress, yet when I do not see this purpose manifest in their daily living, and their daily actions are performed haphazardly, shoddily, the stabbing pain I feel in my heart very few people understand. If you have come to me to be moulded and trained, then kindly show me your awareness of it. If you have met me and accepted me with a definite purpose then if there is no continuity in your heart to heart daily relationships and dealings and you exhibit only irresponsible behaviour, then how much anger and irritation you cause me, kindly think for yourself, which is my sincere request to you. My swajan's love for me is my precious possession and sacrament (Prasad), which I touch to my heart, my forehead and my throat. It is like taking holy water offered to God as sacrament.

Now I am dependent on you. It is up to you to accept me and care for me. If you drive me out then this soul is prepared to walk away. But if you prepare a suitable ground for me then I will come and stay with you. All this depends entirely on you. In the beginning he comes to you out of his grace, thereafter to keep him alive and manifest him in your life depends on you only. It is my sincere request to you to understand this fact seriously. To close your eyes and ears and play pranks with him will not help. If you want to be alert then do so now. It will not help to sleep over this matter, you cannot afford to ignore or overlook this matter. If you make the other man wait then you will remain forever in dark ignorance. Therefore my request to you all is kindly awake. You will rarely find one asking of you such

a favour. Therefore please kindle a heartfelt awareness of it all. What more can I say?

6

The aspiration and the desperation to achieve or realise life's goal should not be of the ordinary type, lukewarm or mediocre. Just as maize corn burst in a heated fry pan, so also a Sadhak should burst with the heat of penance of a burning desire for spiritual progress. Such an intense burning desire can be of various types. If it is of a spontaneous type, then it is best and helpful. In this we can experience our efforts being made naturally and easily. Where there is no spontaneous zeal or aspiration then the Sadhak cannot take it lightly and go to sleep. Even so such fiery and burning zeal is found in very few of you and its indications from without are not clearly visible.

But for souls like you and me in whom aspiration for higher spiritual life awakens a little, from the every beginning they should seek the help of Buddhi, so that they can think and understand its secrets, the importance and by using their imagination they can fan ablaze the fire of aspiration in them. Such superficial awakening of aspiration and zeal cannot last long, nor can it take you far, yet it has its own use and is necessary in inspiring you and motivating you. Without such tingling, longing and intense desire we cannot do anything.

Light the fire of zeal, enthusiasm and aspiration and keep it burning brightly, is my heartfelt prayer to all those who have met me and come to me. How long will you sleep or remain lazy? How long will you wander aimlessly? How long will you remain bogged down? Kindly if you think seriously about the type of life you live, then it will be good. Where are you going and where

do you want to go? How many people pause to think about this? And how many people really feel about this with a pain in their hearts? We have to consider all this. What have you set out to do and what are you doing? Kindly examine all this. If you want to live without any order and direction then kindly give up the spiritual life which will be right and proper for you. At least you will be honest about it. You have come out to struggle and fight and you do nothing about it but only retreat. You are doing only the opposite of what you have come out to do. What are you up to? What are you out to do?

May I out of His Grace realise, that the consciousness in my friends is awake and directed towards their goal? O Lord, Ocean of Mercy, Ocean of Compassion and Kindness, Saviour of the poor and the fallen, the Friend and Help of the truly needy, the Lover of His devotee, have mercy on me; by some means or the other move my friends and see they remain living and vibrant at Thy Feet, such is my repeated heart-felt prayer to Thee. They forget their lives' major aim. Then what can you do and how can you help them? So O Lord may you shower your Grace on them so that they ever remain conscious and aware of their life's purpose. If this can be done, then it would be easy for them to be living and vibrant, O Lord of the poor! O Lord! the life we live today is not suitable and proper to reach Thee! May you kindle or ignite in their hearts the blazing fire of discontent. Living our lives in our self-willed way we should feel restless and dissatisfied with our life. We should feel a dislike for whatever stands in our way of our love for you. When we live the wrong way, how is it possible to fulfil the purpose set out by us when we contacted our Sad Guru? Forgetting You in our daily life we behave, covering ourselves with a thick camouflage of ignorance, as if You do not exist at all. Then the fault

lies with us only. We are totally ignorant about our faults. We are such ignorant and weak souls. Therefore do something to awaken us, wake us up at any cost. Fie unto us, we came to You with a purpose and clung to You. But we have thereafter forgotten You. So let us now live up to that purpose for which we chose a Sad Guru. We however do not maintain any heart-felt feelings for our Guru nor do we carry out his instructions with love and understanding. If such is our life then where can there be life and force in our prayers? We do not feel any pain or regret for the type of life we live. Then how can we live a different and better life? By Thy Grace, let us feel a deep sorrow for this type of life. We have proved to be untruthful. We are what we are. You are our saviour, our help and our guardian. So Lord,

'We have proved to be untruthful,

Therefore preserve our honour.'

Such prayers have been welling up from my heart since this morning. Let Him hear this prayer whenever he wants to. But may my God in-dwelling in the hearts of my friends listen to this prayer of mine, is all I desire.

'O my beloved ones, may you be kind and merciful to me, please ponder over the purpose for which we have come together; and if you can live up to that purpose in life then I shall be obliged to you, such is my loving, painful prayer to you all.'

Therefore my beloved ones if you can wake up, then please do wake up. It is good for you. If you cannot give up all attachments and desires of life, then it is vain to desire to walk this path of life. It is wise therefore to give up this desire for spiritual life. If you want to turn to this spiritual life then transfer all your desires for worldly enjoyment into this longing for spiritual life and turn away your face from the world altogether. Without even a little hesitation, with full love, dedication and

understanding, with all joy you must be prepared for this transformation, only after this turn to this new life. You must be prepared to offer yourself as a sacrifice with all zeal and zest, offer your whole head and heart and then plunge fully into it. This path demands that you lose yourself wholly and plunge fully into That.

In this world of self-interests when we have to deal with others we interact and cooperate with others in order to get our work done and serve our self-interest. But in your relationship with me you never behave with such a desire and with such a motive to serve your own self-interest. I pray to the Lord to give you intelligence to understand this truth. Let the fire burning in my heart kindle the fire of desire in you. I pray deeply from my heart, may you develop loyalty, honesty, sincerity for this path.

I depend entirely on my Beloved. He has taken care of all my life's needs. Many a time when I was in great difficulties, when I could get no help from any known friend or relative He has come to my aid so lovingly. At that time my Beloved took loving care of me. And of such occasions I can recount not one or two but very many in my life. It is for this reason that I have great faith and trust in Him.

Therefore I assure you that nothing in your life will remain unfulfilled. All that is to be done or has to be done will be done automatically, if with all love, dedication and understanding we become His fully. So it is very important that with full knowledge and understanding we become one with Him in every way, and give importance to Him alone, to think of Him alone, and have relationship with Him alone; which is the main business of our life. Then only has life any meaning.*
(See Appendix 11)

If we touch a piece of wood then nothing happens to us. If we go near a burning piece of wood and touch it, we will surely burn our fingers. Similarly there is a difference between fooling a worldly man and fooling a liberated free soul. We can imagine the difference in the results of the two actions. The liberated soul cannot help you or save you from the result of your action of fooling him, for the simple reason here also the law of karma works even more immaculately. This is certain. If after cultivating our company you try to fool us or be unfaithful to us or cannot behave loyally or faithfully to us, or if your intentions are not pure, then it is futile to think that appropriate result will not ensue. Reward or punishment is the formula of *karma*. Just as every action (*karma*) has its result, *karma* in relation to a saint also has its own result. If you have accepted me as your Guru of your own will, then you have a duty also to perform.

If a worldly soul has a mother then he behaves with her as a mother. Can he behave otherwise? If a man has a wife can he behave with her as with his daughter? Even so if a worldly man has a Guru, then there is no excuse for him to behave otherwise with him than as his Guru. He goes to a Guru only to transform himself from the worldly to the divine. If you have accepted a Guru then with proper feelings and attitude towards him we have to behave with him, live with him, ever being aware and alert. A sadhak in his heart of hearts has to be loyal, faithful and transparent in his dealings with his Sad Guru, for the simple reason he has gone to the Sad Guru and not the other way round. We worship him with a lamp, camphor and scented sticks; and at the same time we consider him

as nobody and of no importance. We do not show him his due respect. Can all this go without producing a result? If we as worldly souls have been ill treated or insulted by another, then can we endure all this? If we have a son or a daughter who is not loyal to us or faithful to us, who is self-willed in his or her behaviour, then do we fawn on them ignoring all these facts? All this needs to be understood.

We cannot escape the consequences of playing with our own lives. Therefore we have to give up playing the fool with a Sad Guru or even pretending, or being a hypocrite to him. If you want to have a Sad Guru then we have first to understand him fully before accepting him. You will have to find out what he wants of us and then with full understanding of his inner being we have to build relationship with him and behave with him accordingly. If you cannot do this then it is better you leave him alone and go away. Just uttering, 'Guru' 'Guru' all the time but not reckoning him as one worthwhile to be a part of your life is self-contradictory. It is like inviting a guest for a meal, and you do not serve him any food but you partake of a full meal, then what kind of relationship is that? What will the guest think of you? Similar is your behaviour with your Sad Guru. You are unfaithful and disloyal to him. We are not aware that by cheating him we are the only loser. If we had been aware of the consequences then we would not have behaved thus. It is better not to have a Guru or accept a Guru. But if we have accepted one then we have to take good care of him with deep understanding.

Having faith in God there is no question of feeling pleased or happy or otherwise, but when we call out to him we become aware that our inner being is covered with so much unwanted matter. Therefore to manifest Him we have no force in any of the centres of our being.

When we begin to feel keenly for this lack and if we feel it as a sharp pain then when we sincerely and whole heartedly pray to him, we will realise he is ever present and ever ready to help us.

In my life so many such instances have occurred and at such times I have prayed deeply from within my heart and have also experienced a proper response from Him. Now before you all and the whole world I pray give up living like mushrooms or earthworms, like weaklings and live like brave hearts. Plunge into this sadhana fearlessly and whole heartedly, becoming concentrated and focussed in your actions, and thereafter call on Him whole heartedly. You will find Him ever present by your side ready to help you. But you have to arise and become ever alert and active. At the moment we are not interested in doing anything of that sort. Unless some sort of a force is generated in us for carrying forward our sadhana how can we go through the purification of all the centres of our body? In life where we develop some interest and importance in any subject then we turn wholly towards that subject.

Uttering God's Name or *Mantra* is the simplest and the easiest of means. But even this simple means nobody is able to adopt and use to his benefit. We have come out to embrace the whole sky and climb the Himalayas, but we are not able to hold on to a small piece of land of two feet. When I behold your inefficiency and inability I am deeply pained. And we want to do nothing to improve ourselves. But we make all efforts only to gain fame and name and self importance; and yet we keep up the pretence of being very clever. And our ego rises higher than the Himalayas. I am able to see through all this and come to the conclusion that you really do not care about your life. By merely crying, 'Life, Life', nothing will come out of this, nothing will be achieved. To really

understand life one has to go through terrible penance and struggles; but unfortunately I do not see any such willingness and preparedness in any body's life.

While we are not at all prepared for this, your pride and your pretence are such as to make me feel we are truly weaklings of the first order. We want to become somebody but want to do nothing about it. Looking at all that fills me with regret. A man determines to do something, he says so, but I do not see any signs of his doing in his behaviour. He wants to be clean and tidy, yet he wallows in foul smelling mire. Yet in spite of it he believes and prides himself on being pure and clean. When I behold all this I remember my Guru Maharaj. He out of his mercy wanted to give me a thick wooden stick to teach you all a lesson, but like a fool I refused it. He was right in giving me the stick and I was wrong in refusing it. If I had kept the stick with me I could have driven out your false ego by beating it harshly. That stick would have been enough for me. No unwanted man would have come to me and it would have all been good for me. You have come to me of your own sweet will, yet you want to do nothing. You have put on the back burner all transformation of Mind, Buddhi and the other centres of life and you are causing me so much pain and hurt by this. By this you are only degrading your mind and brain. Instead of removing all the filth and the dirt from your life, you are only adding to it. When a man's opinions, judgements and mental preferences weaken a little before their leaving, other similar elements take their place. We have to be very careful to see that in the place of old elements leaving you new elements do not take their place and continue their hold on you.

Therefore what have you come out to do? If you have come of your own, then be alert and vigilant about

what you have come out to do. This business of life's evolution and spiritual progress demands the severest and the highest of efforts. This evolution of life is not like a flower blown hither and thither by the wind for you to pick it up from the road by bending low. It looks as if it is within your grasp, but when you go to pick it up, it flies away. It attracts you with a perfume that is irresistible. You see it from afar yet cannot reach it. You have come to achieve this life-evolution without any invitation from me. And you have submitted yourself to me for moulding your life, and how to mould you perfectly is my business. And when I have asked you to do something, I have never experienced any of you carrying out my orders willingly and whole-heartedly without wavering, which fact is indeed my bad luck. When I behold the play of nature's tendencies, I do not see any throbbing love in you, the power to take firm decisions and the intense desire to progress. I am unable to endure all this. Instead of giving me satisfaction you are only inflicting pain on me. What is worse is you are not aware of this at all. If we have made any being our Sad Guru, then it is our duty by our behaviour and our good feelings to give him full satisfaction. This is our true religion. We want to climb higher and higher in life, but our worldly attitudes and behaviour have not been transformed even a bit. Then what am I to do? This is like breaking my head on a dead hard stone. A man feels as he ought to feel and how to feel. Man's heart is not made of stone. But to change a man's heart from the lower to the higher stage and the manner of changing through some means or the other demand a very firm and strong decision. An electric driller can bore a hole through any hard surface. So everything is possible in spiritual life but only when man is perfectly ready to go through all the efforts, otherwise nothing will come

out of it. By mere talking or empty planning nothing can be achieved in life. This only leads to a waste of time and life. By keeping aloft the high ideal of life and taking one step towards it with bubbling enthusiasm to offer your whole life to it and feeling, the vibrations of your aspiration dancing in your heart, only then can we achieve something, I feel. When the sun is about to rise then the glow and colours of dawn are clearly visible. When such characteristics become visible, then we can assume that our burning desire will take our life forward. We will be able to know from each step that we take forward what is our mental get-up and our attitude towards it all. And by such self-examination of our mental tendencies we will be able to measure ourselves from moment to moment. If we do not adopt this self-examination then we will end up in a fiasco. Life is not a child's fun and play. We are not aware how we are playing with our lives and wasting it. If we cannot be fully aware of it then we are only deceiving and fooling ourselves which you should know by now. We want to enjoy the fragrance of life as of a beautiful flower and yet we are caught up in the foul smelling tendencies of the mind.

By God's Grace, if you are my own people, then you will understand all this burning vent of my feelings and if you can still change and improve your lives after this, then I shall be obliged to you. It will be like an act of God's Grace. If we are not prepared or have not prepared to journey where we want to and on the contrary are only falling lower in life and not even aware of it and drift with circumstances, nor do we make efforts to come up again, then I am at a loss as to what should I think about it all. I judge nothing without measuring its characteristics and its qualities. Therefore be kind enough to awake and arise, sit upright and gird up your

loins. Prepare for a long struggle against your old manner of thinking, judging and forming opinions. This is like walking on the edge of a sword or playing with it and this demands of you brave efforts. And this enthusiasm of yours has many aspects and is full of strength and power. Mere show of valour will not bring about any result. I do not want to frighten you, but at the same time I have to tell the truth. If we cannot muster courage, enthusiasm, care, dedication and attention in what we have come together to do, and do not show even an inclination to do so, then it is better to give up this path of life altogether sincerely. Many laymen come to me casually, and you too can be one such ordinary layman, which would be better for you to do.

By God's Grace I would like to awaken and motivate all those who have come to me by jolting them, shaking them, turning them upside down. Without tilling and furrowing we cannot prepare the ground for sowing the seeds. Without such love and dedication awakening in your heart of hearts for your Sad Guru and without experiencing oneness of hearts with him (Tadatmya) even he cannot sow the seed of spiritual life. In the heart of Sad Guru there is always the burning desire to sow the seeds in you and this intense desire is continuous and eternal. But what can he, the poor soul, do alone? Who understands his helplessness? But by His Grace and with confidence that if any of my near ones exhibits a volcanic desire for spiritual evolution and offers himself wholly without reservation then he will know for himself and experience directly the great help of the Sad Guru and its power to transform him. As of now we have not taken one step forward in our efforts, yet we blame and beat our Guru for our failures. What kind of a judgement are you passing on him? How long

will he endure all this and what will be the result of such behaviour on your part?

8

God out of His infinite mercy creates various situations and circumstances to teach us something new. Each such situation is a kind of Holy Prasad (sacrament). This is an opportunity for us to learn. We have to cultivate such an attitude, to be open and receptive to them. This is possible only when encountering such situations, we cultivate with love and adoration, a living awareness and the dedication of our all for the sake of the Divine, and equality and equanimity, while responding to such situations and circumstances, which will enable us to become our own Guru and realise our own self. If we can do this, then we can become more watchful, vigilant and conscious or aware. In this spiritual life the real beauty is when our awareness becomes more and more awake and sharp, then this conscious awakening can take the place of our Sad Guru.

This kind of awakened consciousness can teach you and inspire you and take you further and further. It fills you with a new understanding and wisdom. It tells you how, when and where to take each step. Such a continuous, living and vibrant conscious awareness is our true, living Sad Guru. Accepting its refuge and guidance with proper love and reverence and adopting it in life there is nothing in life that cannot be achieved. If we have understood the true essence of spiritual life then there is no question of falling back or retreating in life. If this consciousness is awakened in our life, then we can become free of all care or worry or fear in life. This we can personally experience and verify in our own life. Once this stage has been reached, our mind and

brain never waver in doubt nor wander in search of other pastures. In case this happens our awakened mind acting as a watch over us calls us back and awakes us. Not only that we come back with proper understanding to our proper place. This kind of awakened consciousness is our third eye and lifting us up to higher levels, endows us with greater power. This awakening I call real Sad Guru. This is not mere imagination, but a reality to be experienced by the sadhak.

I do not see even a trace of such awareness in my own people, Swajan, while we have come forward to experience divine consciousness. That is why I have to warn you all, 'Kindly awake, be graceful to wake up. You have to show sincerity in the great and colossal task that we have undertaken of our own will. Otherwise your endeavour will collapse like a pack of cards, and you will become the laughing stock of the whole world. I am not worried about that. But we shall only prove ourselves incapable and unworthy of our own selves, which is going to hurt me very much. If we can make continuous efforts and be fully engaged in that then I can rest content. It is as if we achieve a little and go to sleep again. This will only end in a fiasco. What happens to others or what others do I am not concerned about. How we should behave and how we should practice and follow, and go about our business is all that I am bothered about. And it is my duty and responsibility to prod you and guide you and it is only for this purpose that I have to write to you repeatedly.

9

I do not want to frighten you or discourage you, but I have to reveal to you as you are and awaken you to that reality. If I do not see any sincerity, dedication, application and seriousness in the discharge of

responsibility that you have undertaken, then am I to supplicate my hands in helplessness and keep quiet? You forget the road you have to travel and that makes me so angry that if I could I would even strangle you to awaken you up. Actually speaking you have to awaken yourself and sharpen your intelligence. If you cannot and do not do so, then I have no option but to frown on you with red eyes. Instead of taking it aright you throw the whole blame on me. If I had the authority I would pour molten lava on you because you are only deceiving yourself which I cannot bear to see. By God's Grace I have opened my life before you giving out all proofs in support of all I have said. If we go out to serve any body and do not work to his satisfaction will he refrain from sacking us? He will only ask us to go back home. He will not forget or forgive all your mistakes and blunders. Similarly I make it clear that I will not tolerate any negligence or sloppiness in your work. Still if you have any real affection or feeling for me, then you still can be inspired to act and behave properly in your life. Even so you will have to understand for yourself what is your attitude towards me or your faith in me. You have come here to execute your purpose in life. If instead of doing so you only pretend to do so, then what do I do? Therefore I say be kind to me and justify your coming to me.

If you want to turn to this path then in your daily life, behaviour, relationships, contacts and manner of talking your intentions of leading this new life must become transparent and perceptible. If a man has to catch a train then he prepares himself well in advance. Similarly if I can behold such readiness and preparation to journey along this path then I shall truly be overjoyed. If you can with your whole heart, your willingness and behaviour satisfy me then I shall be truly pleased and

happy and lost on you. The reward of one who pleases and satisfies his Sad Guru from his heart of hearts with his whole being is manifold. This is my own experience. I have told you of my experience in detail in Karachi. Nothing comes out of lukewarm, mediocre and lifeless efforts. All of you at least please do not cause me so much mental agony by your haphazard and half hearted efforts born of your weak nature. On one side we commit so many blunders under the sway and influence of your weak nature and carry out Sad Guru's orders in an entirely disorderly manner; and when he upbraids you for it you cry out, 'He is unjust to us.' Therefore think about this deeply. You have given up thinking about your unstable nature, the disorder and the loss incurred by your faulty actions (karma) and then on the contrary you throw the whole blame on your Sad Guru.

I have to tell you the truth and that too very clearly that if you fling filth you will get back filth in a greater degree which is the law of *karma* or nature. And whatever you give will return to you manifold. Therefore think carefully what you should give or not give to your Sad Guru. I have not written all this to frighten you but to warn you and tell you the truth as I know it. What love and respect I ask of you is only for your own good and in your own interest. But you do not care even a little about it. You do not feel it necessary so you are unconcerned about it. If you want to remain with me then we must remain alert and awake every moment of our life. When I do not behold such awareness in those who have come to me and yet only believe that they are on the right path of spiritual evolution then I consider it my sacred duty by His Grace to awaken you even by a whiplash. A man with a real feeling is one who will introspect to find out his own faults in this matter. He will think with a view to finding out as to where does

his mistake or fault lie? For he knows the cause is in his own self. If we do this kind of self-investigation then everything will become clear to us automatically. We have come together for a specific purpose and gone to sleep and the alarm bell has started ringing. Yet we do not wake up. So I have to wake you up by jolting you. Yet you blame the man who wakes you up. What kind of judgement is this? If we have undertaken any duty then there will be a test of our sincerity, intention and loyalty all the time. So if you close your eyes and put your hand to your head in despair, then you cannot move forward. Your excuses that you cannot do will not work, even if you have uttered it in a moment of weakness. Such utterances will only betray your lack of grit and spirit. Just as a businessman will not let go of any amount of credit so also the Sad Guru to whom you have gone and who has caught you firmly will not let go of you however much you may try, or whatever you may say. His loving grip you cannot loosen to become free.

Whatever we have undertaken to do we have only talked vainly about the materials and the means to do it. But we have never shown our readiness and the will and strength to do it, therefore think about this deeply. What we need most is love, and of this there is utter lack. Apart from this so many other things are needed on this journey and we have never got together those things, nay, we have no interest in doing this, no burning desire. Then why have you come out to tread this path? If you say you came in a gush of emotion on the spur of the moment without thinking, then it is time to think deeply now, if you had no time to think then. You cannot travel on this path without proper planning and preparation. Therefore wake up now and collect all the required things. Throw away unwanted things and set your house in order. You still cling to so

many unwanted things in life. And how long will you do so? I am aghast at your stupidity.

Presuming a soul turns to this path and thereafter becoming aware of his limitations says, 'Good-bye to you, I feel I have done a mistake in coming here. I cannot go any further', do you think he can break free? Can anybody walk away from the other man's thoughts and memory? Let us presume that an ordinary man who has love and affection for us, walks away from our life, do you think he will be forgotten or all relationships with him would end abruptly? This is to be thought of carefully. My appeal to you is, if by God's Grace we have met, then give me your whole hearted cooperation. That which is my religious duty devolved by my Lord on me, I have to perform and to heighten and lighten my duty and responsibility may you show enthusiasm, care and dedication like a free flowing river in your endeavour. This will be a real service to me, which service is for your own spiritual progress and for your own good.

I never keep any debt or obligation pending, do not carry it as a burden on my head. Till now you would have observed that anybody who has given me any help with love, zeal and adoration, I have returned all that manifold, discharging my obligation. My Lord of a thousand hands never allows that debt to be pending without requiting. I am never weighed down by any debt of obligation. Giving and receiving go on simultaneously. Now I tell you all openly, whatever we receive we do not return in exchange any other thing, but repay love with love. My God is potent, powerful and perfect enough to help me to so repay and return my obligation. Even if you are not able to render any service to me it does not matter, but your negative and opposing behaviour and thoughts are such as to reveal that you are only blaming me in your thoughts, which

only rebound on you and lead you to your ultimate fall. And this pains me excruciatingly. That is why I try to wake you up and alert you so that you restart your efforts with a proper attitude and frame of mind. I even chastise and castigate you. Often I plead with you, nay, beg of you to have mercy on me. This method of expressing my thoughts to you, you are familiar with. Its real significance I have already explained to you. Let us suppose we take up a job. Do you think your boss will condone your slipshod work? If he did so, he is not a true boss.

10

This path is a little terse and difficult to understand. Yet to the best of my ability I have tried to make it as clear and lucid as possible. I have clarified everything and left nothing vague.

If we want to achieve anything then we have to endeavour and struggle for it. Nothing will come to you straight away. Many people believe that by serving Sadhus and Saints they will get everything, which is an illusion. If you serve a true saint then he may be pleased with your service and may advise you about how to do sadhana. But running after sadhus for guidance in spiritual sadhana, can land you in trouble. I know of an interesting case which I narrate to you.

There was a loving friend of mine. And he had a desire to do some sadhana. Once he met a sadhu and told him about his desire. He made himself my friend's Guru and told him to go along with him to the Himalayas. Only thus could he undertake my friend's responsibility. That sadhu lived in Rishikesh, and my friend agreed to go with him. He did not tell about this to his wife for fear of incurring her wrath, but he told all this to me. He secretly decided to go with the sadhu.

They reached Rishikesh. After two or three days this Guru Sadhu was summoned by another sadhu some distance away. He left without making any proper arrangement for my friend's comfortable stay. My friend was left alone in the lurch. He contracted dysentery. He thought if he could get the help of a Gujarati Sadhu he could be cured. At last he found one. He told the sadhu about his Guru Sadhu's betrayal and his consequential suffering. The Gujarati sadhu told him, he was lucky to come out of the clutches of the other sadhu and meet him. After some time he was cured and so he returned home. He told me the whole story on his return.

On this path such instances do occur. So a sincere seeker should not believe some other saint or sadhu will share his work or lighten his load or help him in any other way. Mere blessings cannot and will not work for the seeker. He has to put in his own efforts. Otherwise there is a chance of some harm or damage occurring in his life. In these difficult times some people here and there would like to walk along this path to a greater and higher realisation. They are prepared to struggle and work for it and also aspire for it, which is truly good. But merely wishing idly will not help, for the simple reason it demands great sacrifice and penance. For this one must possess in a great measure, qualities of courage, grit, patience, endurance, fearlessness etc. and unless these are cultivated, no tangible result can be seen. Just as in mathematics there are principles and formulae so also in this spiritual field there are definite formulae and principles to be applied to get the result. In this world of daily living, sometimes estimates and calculations may work to bring results. But in spiritual life this may or may not work. So a seeker has to form his own judgement based on his experience.

When we have to tell the truth about life in totality and appropriately, we cannot but be frank and forthright without mincing words. All this, the true seeker must be able to understand and digest. But if he cannot do so then he is not a true seeker. Many come to me with the hope that their desires will bear fruit if 'Mota' so wills. Many a time through empathy or Tadatmya, I have told them such things. But it is not in my hands to do this. It rests entirely in the hands of God only. I have never thought of escaping or running away from any situation in life. I have never failed to pray to God to fulfil various such desires of my friends. There are many witnesses to such incidents. And sometimes I have prayed for people in their very presence and so they know that 'Mota' has prayed thus for them. But in all these instances the importance and credit goes to my all powerful and potent God, and not to me.

So many who meet me say, "Mota' we have lived with you so many years, yet nothing has come out of it.' I had to tell them that out of twenty four hours in the day, how many hours have you spared for remembrance of 'Mota' in your heart, how many hours have you kept him living and vibrant in your being? If you introspect candidly then you will not ask me this question for there will be no need to ask. We may meet half a dozen to a dozen times in a year and stay together for a day or two. But that is not enough to produce any result. For this there must be a very keen and burning zeal in your heart of hearts for me without which nothing will come out of this.

11

If the force of God enters your being and takes hold of it and begins to work there, then it will not allow you to rest and relax in peace. Even if you want to or try to

relax and rest you will not be allowed to do so. It will create unexpected and unforeseen upheavals in your life. It can take a full loving hold of your being only when we accept it with love and adoration and full understanding of its working. If that takes place then all your comfort, ease and pleasures of life will disappear totally. It will on the contrary engage you in fiery struggles and conflicts. You will have no peace or ease. It will break up all your cherished desires, dreams and enjoyments. If you have had dreams of enjoyment in life they will be shattered to pieces. Wherever our mind goes - its attachment for wealth, fame and name, its desire for dress and ornaments, applause of the people, all your ambitions for a secure life—it will awaken you to all your weaknesses and free you of them by giving you severe jolts and shocks. Your worldly tendency of judging and evaluating will also undergo a great change. It will help you to return manifold whatever help you receive from others. Your understanding, your habits, your likes and dislikes will undergo a radical change. It will lift you up from living in and through the senses to living a divine life. Your life in the mire of worldliness will also end. And the influence and the effect of worldly contact will not touch in any way your inner being. Your imagination and calculations will also break up. Just as a piece of iron heated in a fire loses its rust and is purified so also in this divine fire all your organs and being of life will be purified of all dross. And this will be a continuous process. If we have accepted the force of His working with all love, devotion and dedication then after going through all the ordeals, we will become His fit and pliable instrument.

12

By God's Grace my Sad Guru was so perfectly capable that had he just willed then by a mere look or a gesture

he could have granted this donkey realisation of an awakened self. But making me pass through all the stages of sadhana he has moulded me perfectly and immaculately. By accepting and going through every circumstance, situation that were created for me, by accepting them with love and cooperating with my Guru, going through all the tests willingly, working my way through, I am today what you see me before you. Therefore my humble request to you is accepting all that comes to you, giving me your loving cooperation for successful attainment of your life's purpose, by creating a fertile ground for your consciousness to flower and evolve you will be helping me to help you, for only then can Sad Guru work in and through you. Otherwise by remaining in false self-satisfaction and pretence will only boost your hypocrisy. We do not want to have a proper attitude and behaviour towards our Sad Guru, we do not even whole-heartedly offer ourselves to our Sad Guru for him to work on us and yet want your Sad Guru to do everything for you. How is that possible? This is downright ignorance and hypocrisy, which please understand. Sometimes we can experience the Sad Guru's subtle working in our being (Adhar), which is a fact. For example this soul has kept one lady, Kantaben, awake day and night for twenty one days. Similarly Sad Guru's shakti or power has been manifested through some other souls also, which we are aware of. But to believe that the Sad Guru will do everything for us without a proper foundation in our being (Adhar) is utterly baseless, not true.

13

Whenever the memory of a *swajan* or a friend wells up within me I offer that remembrance into the sacrificial fire (*Yagna*) at the Lord's Feet. This prayerful

offering of this remembrance of my friends I feel will bear fruit at its proper time, whenever it wants to. And so I leave it there. But in this an equal response from my friends of living and vibrant love is also necessary. But lack of the heart's intense awareness and love on their part prevents fruition of my *Yagna*. How can a true loving and piteous call raised to the Lord ever go in vain? If the purpose is pure and is backed by prayers, where the feeling behind it is also pure and holy, the heart's call to the Lord is loving and piteous, then how could it and why should it fail to bring proper results? If all that does not produce the desired results, then we should ponder that there is something lacking in us.

Whenever my progress in my sadhana was arrested and I felt keenly about it and without solving this difficulty I felt no peace in my heart, during such critical moments a cry of prayer would go out from me to my Lord, and when that also failed to bring any result I would self-examine my Mind, Buddhi, Ego, to see where the fault lay in me, if they were not fully involved in my prayers, not fully concentrated and coordinated. I used to do a lot of self-introspection and examination to focus and concentrate my whole being in it i.e. my prayer to my God. After going through all this I used to experience results of my prayers.

I used to pray deeply from my heart, but at a later stage I gave up seeking results and responses to my prayers, which I thought was proper and correct. I thought I should do my part of my duty, and fully remain absorbed in it, then my Lord would do His part of His duty; such faith, trust and understanding I developed by His Grace.

Often I pray to my Beloved Lord that may you awaken those who come to me so that understanding

dawns in them and they in the right sense and fully accept it gracefully so that it manifests in their life fully.

In future such a time would come when my friends, near and dear swajans would regret that we did not cooperate with the Sad Guru we had found. We could not make use of his services for the simple reason we did not accept him and follow him whole-heartedly. Alas! So unfortunate we are! We could not understand him or appreciate him. He was always with us, in our midst yet we could not visualise his worth fully. Therefore we could not experience his inner being. Similar would be their feelings, I feel. Repenting or regretting at a later date will not be of any help. If we could not understand him or did not understand him while he was alive, how is it possible to understand him when he is no more with us? If we want to understand him then do so now with your whole being fully and properly while he is still alive. Then you can make use of his services consciously for your steady spiritual progress.

I always tell you my dear friends you talk so glibly and so loudly about Love, but you do not have or reveal any love in your heart. Where has the love gone? Has that love evaporated? If you cannot keep any awareness and understanding and do not take even a step forward, then why do you cling to me at all? By God's Grace I do not need any body's support. The refuge of my perfect and potent Lord is enough for me in everything in life.

We have set out to do sadhana for spiritual evolution and progress. But look at our wonderful way of doing it! Our Sad Guru has shown us the means of doing it and even taught us personally how to do it and has guided and inspired us and shown us how to use the means and methods of sadhana. But we have not shown any sincerity or a deep feeling for this path. Dear friend try to make use of the means of prayer in moments of crises

and see the result. While praying, do not think about the result, the result is of no importance or consequence. At the most critical hour pray with your whole being, with sincerity and depth, see the slow awakening within yourself. While calling on Him with intensity you build with Him a link and a relationship. The experience that I got from my prayers I now offer to my friends for their benefit. Anyone who makes use of this technique of prayer will understand its importance, its secret and its method of working. All the great saints have had recourse to prayer. Whenever a difficult situation arose they prayed to God and they have never bothered whether their prayers produced any result. We can find out from our prayers how light, peaceful and quiet we become. We can also know how helpful this system of prayers is in our gigantic efforts and struggles; and the push it gives to our progress which is beyond our imagination. Such is the effect of living, sincere and inspiring prayers. All these facts which I offer now to my friends go a waste. How willing are they to receive it and use it for their benefit? By using this means of prayer our feeling for God or Self is heightened and it increases our adoration and devotion (*Bhakti*) for Him.

14

Whatever I had to tell all of you has already been told. Now I have only to pray to you to do all that you have been told to do with care and attention. Yet if any of you go astray then it is due entirely to your inherent nature. No one else can help you in it. Then becoming aware of it with utmost care and love you have to retrace your steps and see that nothing in you inclines towards it again. Whatever falls to your lot you will have to carry out fully. Until this is done your inner inspirations or intuition will not work. Any seeker who works sincerely

and assiduously and ardently and does his sadhana whole-heartedly can still fail and fall. Yet he offers all his efforts and failures to God with love and dedication, for Him to mend them. And in the end he is saved and meets with success. The true devotee of God ultimately is never lost. He finds himself and succeeds. His patience has no limits, therefore it is truly said that the Devotee surpasses God. The devotee is manifest, but God is not so manifest.

Can your immense love for me ever go in vain? Never! It will never go in vain, how can it go in vain? I am indebted to my God for this great love from you all. This I call God's Grace showered on me. Otherwise who am I? In the eyes of the world I am nobody. I have nothing with me, no wealth, no fortune, no property, no position or status and no power. An unknown man lying in one corner, God has lifted him and given him so much joy, so much happiness, out of His Grace, which is beyond imagination and measure. When I recollect all this, my heart melts with gratitude at His Feet. May God give me strength to return all your goodness showered on me and may I be able to help you in the purpose for which we have come together. Without His Grace I am quite helpless. If I have lost my temper with you sometimes or behaved harshly, forget and forgive me and do not keep it in your heart. Once again I offer my gratitude to my God for I have had the vision of His Grace and my many thanks for it. May God bless you all and work your welfare.





CHAPTER 10

FOR GOOD OF ALL LIFE



*Whatever life I lived in my own dear ones
I have faithfully described.*

*Taking up the burden of their lives
I have narrated all faithfully.*

Shri Mota





*The joy of thinking about 'mine own' in life is unique,
In the memories of life many events are interwoven.
Remembering my Beloved I tell Him,
I live in my heart all alone,
For my own dear ones never cast even a look at me.
My heart ever pining, in endless longing, life passes.
How callous are my dear ones, how so indifferent!
I do not complain about it all to anyone,
My seasoned heart is made only to suffer alone.*

Shri Mota

Many people have to think in many ways about their life's actions or work. While doing a particular work, our thoughts run to so many other works that we have to do. So many unwanted thoughts come in. We come into contact with so many. While doing a particular work we create so many other works. Thus we create a chain of works and problems. And we suffer unduly; carry a burden of work all the time on our head. And we go on increasing and multiplying our works and duties. And there is no end to this doing all the time. All this is stored in the subconscious. But with the liberated soul there are no such problems about his work. He has not to think or plan, like us human beings. He acts spontaneously inspired by the silence within him. He moves with all, but remains unaffected. He may become one with various beings, but is wholly untouched. Nothing clings to him. He is not subject to any influence, any force outside him. In short he is a free soul. He may appear involved yet he is not so.

Someone asked me, 'There is self-contradiction in what you say. Although he may be involved from within he remains separate and aloof. How can he remain totally unaffected?' I replied, 'A man goes to repair high-tension electric wires and he wears insulated rubber gloves. He touches the wires but feels no shock. This is a saving device.' The other man admitted that it was right. This is the state of being of a realised soul. He may move in this world as one of this world, work in the world, for the world, expressing anger, greed, desire, attachment, yet he remains separate and aloof from them all. 'Can you give me a proof for this?' he asked. When a definite cause arises he may reveal all this by his action in your

very presence. It is not impossible. This can be proved by such experiments.

This is an established truth. Sri Ramakrishna Paramhansa was an avatar. How did he contract cancer? So we have to presume there is some prior cause linked to some body's previous life. He has nimit with a particular soul. As regards myself, I do not want to talk about such incidents in my life.

Shri Nandu Bhai knows about it. Letters written on this subject by various people are still available. A certain lady was about to deliver a child and she was in severe birth pains. And I also suffered intensely with her. She had never written to me before about it. When I received the letter much later I came to know about this. Formerly I used to talk about such incidents, but now I do not do so. It is because I have past links with her that I had to share her pains. There is bound to be a past cause or nimit for this. A liberated soul has many such links for Tadatmya i.e. oneness of being, and he suffers accordingly.

There is another reason for it. He suffers more to awaken a divine spark in the other man, particularly where the man is hard grained. The other man is not moved to respond, but this realised soul does not give up his duty, nor does he let go of his hold on the other man. By suffering more for the other man, he helps to turn him to the Divine. He undertakes many such holy and divine acts of which the world knows nothing. He suffers physically only to turn the other man towards God.

His one purpose in suffering and enduring is to help the other man to turn God-ward. His very existence is for such work or mission, i.e. to awaken man to God immanent in him. And this is the greatest service by man (a liberated soul) to man (ignorant soul).

In the book 'Jeevan Spandan', under the heading, 'In the vortex of worldly life', I have written some songs; certain people will be surprised after reading some details about it, because what took place in his earlier life he has himself factually declared. Considering him at his later life those earlier details do not match with what he has lived before.

The most terrible of misbehaviour has taken place in my life. I have given many details of such incidents in my life. 'Mota' has never hesitated in writing all this. But oddly these do not tally with his later life.

When someone asked me about all this I replied to him as below:

I have attempted to describe the lives of those who have lived and enjoyed their life thus. The second point is that all the two hundred and seventy six songs were composed in a matter of seven or eight days. The songs written under the title 'In the vortex of worldly life', were written down extempore as and when inspiration came to me, and the scenes of such life appeared before me. I have written so many songs in this section. All these details have taken place in 'My former life' and I have described them lucidly as they happened. Owing to my different links with different people, at different times, and in different states of life (in my previous births), I have experienced all this as if factually taking place in my life. In the same way have been written my various Ghazals and they are true in their own way.

But this truth will not go down the throats of today's lay readers. I also admitted this truth. But I can in no way give you proof about the above details of my life. Yet when I am in the last days of my life, whether men believe it or not, I have to put before the world the

facts of my life, without caring about what others think of me, which is my true religious duty.

Life is one continuous and eternal movement. Every life is an endless chain. To experience life as if passed like a thread through beads is not so simple and easy for a layman to understand. One who has reached the last stage and lived always in awareness of God then such an embodied soul when definite causes spring up in life expresses his past life that is in relation to others, in this manner. The songs that I have written in 'The vortex of worldly life' came to me by inspiration and I tally this with my life in the 'relative' sense. All these incidents have not occurred in my present life.

The present body and the life in this body have not dropped from nowhere in space. There is a past ground and basis to this present life. For example there is a big tree, but the tree came out of a seed that was sown in the ground. It grew from a small plant, spread its roots far inside. And now this tree extends its life and hides its seeds. Its future life manifests through these seeds in various forms. This fact is easily grasped by one and all. This tree has a past and a future in different forms. Therefore life is continuous in series.

A soul's different lives, in different bodies, at different times and in different circumstances are a matter of research. But to do this we must possess spiritual wisdom. When the brain develops this wisdom fully and some cause (Nimit) arises then that soul discovers truths from past life and has them on the palm of his hand.

Certain details in the songs written in 'The vortex of worldly life' do not belong to my present life. They belong to my past life.

That part is also a truth that the details from the lives of those who have come into contact with me I have revealed in a manner so gently and indirectly so as

not to embarrass them, for I have taken them on myself, as if happening to me. I read out those songs to some of my friends who after listening to me said, 'These details are from our life and you have written having our lives in view'.

This is a novel method of narration. I often prayed in my heart of hearts when these welled up from my heart that may these factual songs awaken those referred to in these songs. This is the truth about my writings. I am not concerned with whatever results may come out of it.

My only desire and my prayer is that those who have come to me should turn God-ward. And whenever occasions arise I recollect them and offer my recollections at the Feet of God, which I have made my regular habit out of my love and adoration for God. This is a conscious and living habit with me. I never allow my remembrance of my friends to go a waste. I never consider it as a waste. Owing to my living and vibrant feeling for my friends my heart is always drawn to them. If my friends turn towards God and move forward then it is a kind of celebration and an enjoyment, and is also a great service to man. It is also an axiom that when a man turns to God all his likes and revulsion, hate and love etc., leave him. Then harmony and goodwill among men will prevail. Jealousy, envy and various other tangles of life that we consider as real are not the ultimate truth, but only a relative truth, according to our stage of life.

Therefore this is my sincere request and prayer to all those who have come to me, not to judge anybody. You should give up this altogether. If you want to judge then, first understand yourself, which is truly in our interest and for our good. If you want to move towards God then all the centres and organs should be engaged wholly in their forward progress, in living efforts. If we

have a sincere desire and if it is not accompanied by a corresponding forward progress then there is something lacking in us or our desire is mediocre, lukewarm. When we have any desire for worldly gain then we move heaven and earth. Similarly when we have similar desire for God we must put in a sustained and Herculean effort.

3

*The float is an inanimate, dead object,
But it has the power to save itself.
Mercury is an inanimate, dead object,
But it has within it the power to cure.
Rare are the great souls, who have vanquished
death,
Today I have come to know the power of
His Grace.
He who is ever willing to embrace death,
Verily dwells beyond life and death.*

I had written this on a piece of paper and kept it aside. Shri Hasmukh Bhai picked up the piece of paper to read it. But I pulled it away from him. I told him I shall give it to him after Gandhiji's broadcast on the radio. Once life was about to depart from Gandhiji but he held on to life just to give us one opportunity. I had written that poem based on that experience. Once I had an occasion to tell about Tagore's death. Shri Hemant Kumar and my-self were strolling in the bazaar of Khar in Bombay. There was no news about Tagore in any newspaper or radio. Yet I was able to tell about Tagore's impending death. I have been able to say such things many a time. I do not want to show my importance in all these incidents but I only want to say that such things are possible in this spiritual life.

During Gandhiji's epic fast urea had increased much in his urine. Before the announcement on 23-3-1943 I

sent my urine for examination through Shri Hasmukh Bhai. Urea in my urine had increased considerably. Gandhiji's very simple and straight forward nature, my loving regards for him, my nineteen years of service in various fields under him and my association with him had caused this simple Tadatmya with him, as a result whatever passed through his body was experienced by me. When in our remembrance there is a trace of desire, then such remembrance had better be avoided. Whenever it comes up we must be careful not to be involved in or carried away by it. We should not fall into this habit, which spells our fall in life. The spiritual seeker must try to come out of this dangerous tendency, which is synonymous with death. If we can keep alive at that time our awareness of the purpose and its living force then it infuses in us great energy.

4

So many painful diseases have invaded this body of mine. What suffering the body undergoes! In spite of this physical handicap the body can climb the Himalayas, if any need arises. Before going to the Himalayas he had an injury on the left leg and the bone had sunk in, making a dent in the flesh. And the leg ached very much. Apart from that I suffered from loose motions. A lady who accompanied me on the journey to the Himalayas doubted after my answering repeated calls of nature, if I would be able to climb the mountain. She felt obliged to warn me about it. I had to convince her by showing her my loose motion after each visit of mine to empty my bowels. Yet by God's Grace I was able to climb. What I mean to say is that anyone else in my position would not have been able to climb.

So many diseases come to me and pass through my body. But who understands all that? Vicarious suffering

is something known to everybody. So after reaching a high stage in spiritual evolution many such experiences come to the liberated soul on account of 'Tadatmya' or Empathy with other souls. Those who are close to the liberated soul or know his inner life will be able to understand whatever manifests through the other man's body. The rest will not be able to understand anything about these phenomena. In the still higher stage this 'Tadatmya' does not work in his life. Sometimes it just passes fast through him with the result the concerned person also does not understand or notice its occurrence.

There are still higher and more divine stages in which Buddhi takes cognisance of this fact and it is not necessary that the mind, the ego, the vital and the subliminal should also take cognisance. Yet these organs are not of the ordinary type and not found in the worldly man.

It is not true that if a realised soul attains liberation through any one of these organs, the other organs remain unchanged. It is wrong to imagine thus. It is written in the Gita that when one organ is developed and becomes sensitive after realisation, it would be a mistake to think that the other organs are not developed. Those who have experienced God may not have all the organs transformed totally. Yet their organs like Mind, Buddhi etc., are not like those of other worldly men.

When great souls attain to God through any one of the organs, it would be wrong to presume that only that organ is covered with divinity. As Krishna says in the Gita, 'Desire unfulfilled leads to anger, and anger leads to loss of memory, and that leads to weakening of Buddhi and that finally leads to total annihilation or destruction.' Just as an action performed from the vital affects all other organs of the body so also cannot

realisation of God through one organ touch and help the other organs also?

Some peculiarities are observed in the lives of almost all the realised souls. If someone were to ask where from come these peculiarities in the liberated soul? The answer is that peculiarities are found in both the worldly and spiritually advanced souls, but there is a difference in both these peculiarities. While the liberated soul is the master of them all, the worldly soul is their servant and slave. Thus peculiarities are found in every soul almost; but in the case of the liberated man there is a purpose in their manifestation, there is a reason also behind it. I am nobody compared to other liberated souls. I have a constant ache in my head, which is due to glaucoma. Even the slightest breeze sends a shooting pain through it. And any touch to it causes me a cutting pain as from a sharp knife. On this account I have to wear a khaddar cap or a turban. It looks odd to others naturally. There is a reason behind it. The others have their own peculiarities.

5

‘We have relationship with a gentleman, Mota, and when anything happens to any of us the same thing occurs in Mota’s body. And this was not once or twice but many times. Otherwise it would have appeared as a coincidence. There was a series of such experiences in our body which were transferred to his body. He could read our thoughts and inner feelings, which is a reality. He would give us a higher understanding of life’s values and inspire us to live or behave with goodwill for all. But we did not give any serious thought to all that; such was his high level of thinking.’

When Shri Hemant Bhai knew this soul (myself) as just a friend (before starting his sadhana) while he was

convalescing in Sirohi, I had occasion to spend three days at Navsari with him. In those three days his weight went up 2 pounds, which was no mean increase for a lean man like him. On another occasion when he was physically unwell he came to see me bringing with him all medicines. After that he gave up taking medicines altogether, and after nearly staying with me for 30 days he put on 10 pounds. His physical condition was very bad when he came to stay with me. He used to feel very weak of which he alone was aware. Today his body is in better health. He can walk five to six miles at a stretch, whereas earlier he could barely walk two furlongs. Around 1938 he developed itching all over his body. Whenever we saw him we found him scratching. But after turning to the spiritual path his itching has left him forever which however came on to my body, which is a fact known to many. While I was in Banaras his itching became very acute. On his account I sent two telegrams one of which was to his doctor. One elderly lady and the doctor cured him of this ailment. But this ailment came on to my body and to this day there is a mark of this disease on my left arm below the elbow. A series of such incidents occurred to me. Whatever I had to do I did as my duty, by God's Grace. I have done this duty for many others who are intimately linked with me.

Once I was in Kerapatti near Thiruchirapalli. I developed intense pain in my stomach and that lasted for three days. My friend's wife was about to deliver a child, in a far away place. On the third day, after her delivery, my pain left me. We checked the actual dates of her pain and found that they tallied with mine.

With whomsoever this soul has come into close contact or is involved by ties of love, he has experienced their diseases or ailments coming into his body and he has endured them with love. His respective swajans or

friends have experienced such transference of diseases and they cannot deny or gainsay this fact. All this takes place naturally owing to my experiencing such empathy born of love (Tadatmya) with all my swajans. His body goes through various experiences of such types. Sometimes such ailments just pass through his body and sometimes they stay in his body for a while.

Once when this soul was living with an elderly lady, Shri Mama and another gentleman lived in Mama's office. In the house was also a little girl who at that time was indeed not grown up. She was then taught by me how to light a country oven and cook. I used to wake her up early in the morning and help her in her above tasks. After cooking she used to have her food and leave for her convent. By 8-30 the food was cooked and ready, and by 8-45 she would stand outside her house waiting for the school bus. We three men used to have our food between 1-30 and 1-45. And I would heat the food again to serve it hot to all. But the others would not like my doing so. They did not mind eating the food a little cold. But I replied, 'I am not doing anything for anybody but only for the sake of my love for all.' I never differentiated between one man and another. I never love one and hate the other; I loved all equally. If my love is sincere then everything will work out satisfactorily.

Once, it so happened, that Shri Mama and an elderly gentleman came early at 11-30 a.m. and another gentleman came home to that old lady's house at 1-15 p.m. as usual. In their talk from the morning they were so lost till then that they sat down for lunch after 1-30 p.m. forgetting to heat the food. What a surprise it was to us all to find the food agreeably hot, fit for eating! The food had been cooked at 8-30 and we sat down for food at 1-30. The food had not been reheated today. The

girl had left for the convent at 8-30 after cooking the food. Physically it was impossible for the food to remain hot till then. This was a surprise and a miracle witnessed by all.

All this is possible in the intensity of God-thought and love. But it is not possible that it should always occur. I have written all this only to tell you what great possibilities lie in this spiritual path. All this is not mere imagination but a factual experience born out of intense yearning for spiritual evolution.

At a certain place a certain gentleman was observing silence in the mauna room. After sometime I asked him to repeat some *mantra*. After ten minutes he started for home. And he was so lost in it that he continued repeating the *mantra* all the way to his house and even after reaching home. He seemed to be intoxicated with it. I went behind him to his house without his knowledge. Once a certain elderly gentleman went into a silence with the result not a thought of any type or on any subject crossed his mind for a long time.

Such experiences have occurred in the lives of those who have come close to me for spiritual progress which has enabled them to realise that there are states higher and above the worldly state they now know so that with awakened consciousness they may reveal glimpses of such states in their daily behaviour and actions if at all they care to reach that stage. If such souls had continued their sadhana with dedication, love and awareness while leading their daily life, they would have discovered their spiritual path

6

We went on a pilgrimage to the Himalayas. The young girl always used to walk with me. Shri Nandlal Bhai used to come behind us a little later as he had to

pack and carry along heavy luggage. It used to rain often, and this soul used to pray in a loud voice for the rain to stop until we reached our destination. There are many who can testify to this fact. And this has not happened in single isolated instances but very many times, so it cannot be branded as a mere coincidence. It has happened more than six to seven times. The rain used to stop on this soul praying. The little girl can give you all the facts of what I say.

I was with them all. On the way the little girl developed some commotion and pain in her stomach. She used to lag behind me while walking, but she did not tell me about this pain. But she needed hot water fomentation for relief. We had a cook with us. Both of us collected small pieces of wood to light a fire. He had a matchbox and he tried to light a fire. But in the cold weather all the matchsticks were used up but he could not light the fire. We were at a loss. And it was absolutely necessary for the sake of the girl to ignite a fire. So we collected grass and twigs and heaped them together and this soul started blowing into those twigs and wooden pieces like a pair of bellows. And by God's Grace at last fire ignited. It was a miracle indeed. All my colleagues are a witness to it. The young girl accompanying me may be questioned for all the details. Again such incidents have occurred in a series, not in mere isolated single incidences. Yet after hearing all this no-body's heart awakes and turns to God. Such is the weakness of the insentient being of man. And yet we blame our Guru for not giving us help and guidance. What justice you meet out to me. Your Sad Guru tries to awaken you. Instead of waking up you continue to sleep. Then how can he help you? If you can keep awake then he can work through you and for you.

This soul was with them all and the place we had to reach was about two and a half miles away. And it was drizzling all the time. There is a lot of difference between the rain on the plains and the rain of the Himalayas. We walked on in that heavy drizzle. And when we reached our destination, surprisingly our clothes were dry. We had no umbrella to cover our heads. And so our surprise was greater. The little girl is the witness to this phenomenon apart from my-self. I have exaggerated nothing in this description. When I am able to publish my letters in future the public at large will know of it all. Till then the little girl can be questioned for verification of facts. The age of miracles is not past. I only lay only one condition that people should not come to me or the little girl out of idle curiosity only. They must also buy a set of books if they want to know the facts.

I was with them on this pilgrimage when the elderly lady's palanquin toppled and the old lady was thrown out. I was far away from the lady, ahead of her and I also fell down. I cried out, 'The old lady's palanquin has fallen, but she is unscathed'. I had to take that fall on myself to save that lady from a great accident. Even to this incident there are witnesses.

Once while climbing the Himalayas that little girl felt very tired and thirsty and her thirst was so intense that she sat down and could not walk even a step. Down the hill, below the sharp edged rocks, a water stream flowed by. At that time this soul prayed to God and prepared to go down for water. He had taken a few steps when he beheld a small boy very near him carrying water, which he gave to the little girl. She drank it to her heart's content. Her thirst was slaked and when she looked back the boy was gone, nowhere to be seen. The way was visible for a long distance as also the path to

the stream. So the boy could not have gone along any of these routes. Then the question is how and where did he disappear? All this was possible by His Grace. But the fact remains water came to that little girl.

If that girl could walk the remaining distance and reach Rudraprayag next morning it would be a miracle, I thought.

The last place of our stay was in the midst of nature's beauty and creepers surrounded our place of stay. The atmosphere and the scenery were unforgettable. That night after the above incident we packed our luggage at 10 o'clock and started on our journey about 2-30 early in the morning and reached Rudraprayag by about 8 in the morning. We were very fresh, no sign of fatigue on anybody's face. That girl had to do cooking thereafter. She was asked to collect the cereals from some houses for cooking. (This served her in cultivating humility). She had walked for six hours to Rudraprayag, sleeping barely four hours the previous night and showed no signs of fatigue which was indeed very remarkable for she had never walked that much in her life time. This is not possible for people like you and me who have no practice in walking at all. Even today that girl cannot walk two miles. So her walking for six hours non-stop is an extraordinary feat. Totally we had covered thirty-two miles in twenty-eight hours intermittently. We had walked actually for thirteen hours. Shri Nandu Bhai has recorded this in his book. The porter whom we had engaged was so tired and sick that we had to relieve him and engage another. And the next day he also ran away without informing us. The first porter who was sick walked with us thirty-two miles in twenty-eight hours. All this I consider an amazing and mind baffling feat.

When we started our Himalayan tour we first stayed at Rishikesh where we stayed at Kalikamliwale

Dharmasala or Choultry. From there we reached Haridwar. Here Shri Nandu Bhai's son Siddharth fell ill, he had loose motions. We had to consult a doctor for this, but there was no improvement in his condition. I uttered by inspiration, 'Tomorrow we begin our journey by foot, but Siddharth is still not alright.' Bhai replied, 'Then do cure him.' What happened thereafter God alone knows. But his disease and suffering somebody else had to bear. This soul had to answer calls of nature many times, for he developed loose motions. He had to go to answer calls of nature many a time, yet he took very little time for each visit. That little girl doubted whether he really had motions at all. So he took the girl once after defecating to show his motions. She was convinced. Even after suffering so much my energy did not diminish even a little and I could climb the Himalayas very comfortably.

My purpose in writing all this is that if a man wants truly to develop spiritually what great help can he not get by praying from the core of his being sincerely, lovingly and with living faith? Prayer is not an ordinary means to reach God. One who prays both with an anguished and joyous heart will surely find a proper response from his God. He will never be disappointed. Such is the power of prayer. Prayer plays a very big part in spiritual evolution. But look at man's foolishness that he never thinks of using this powerful weapon. Even when he prays his prayer is without any force or life. When true interest awakens in him and he begins to feel its necessity and urge strongly then alone can true prayer pour out from the heart. For then the intensity of feeling is at a high pitch. Then your prayer expresses your pain or anguish for God intensely. In everything in life that you do or experience you have to remember Him and call out to Him from the core of your heart.

From prayer a new force and faith manifest from within. You will then understand the secret of sadhana and how to have recourse to prayer. This soul by constantly praying has learnt the creative power of prayer. Such a soul never experiences nor expresses helplessness of any kind to anyone. If we have to tell or ask anything, then it is only to our God we open our heart and ask of Him. Whatever happens, tell Him everything and never allow the mind to be drowned in depression or sorrow. We have to struggle by His Grace to keep our mind in joy, peace and equanimity.

7

Once while this soul lived in an ashram he asked a young girl to cook for the people of the ashram as well as some guests who were to arrive. But the girl was in not physically fit to do the cooking as she was in the middle of her menstrual period. She was a staunch Vaishnavite, which was quite understandable. But by God's Grace quite miraculously her bleeding stopped and she was quite normal before cooking. It amazed all; they were wonderstruck, naturally. Many a times owing to the intensity of Godly emotions such things occur. If devotion awakens in us then such awe-inspiring, wonderful incidents do occur by God's subtle hand of Grace placed over our heads.

This is not a single and isolated incident. While travelling to Badrinath for the vision of God there our little girl happened to pass through her menstrual period. She was also a strict follower of Vaishnava principles. Her grand-mother was with us, and she felt it would be unfortunate to go away without the 'Darshan' of the Lord. God was kind enough to suspend her menses till the visit to the temple was over. Two other such incidents occurred during our Himalayan visit. These cannot be

mere imagination nor can it be viewed as isolated coincidences.

Yesterday, that is on 3-4-1951, an incident occurred which I would like to narrate to you. I was lying down quite awake. 400 feet away the ashram gate was being built. A mason was plastering cement at the entrance standing on a wooden box placed on a bench. Suddenly the box collapsed and the mason fell with a bang. I ran to see him on hearing the noise. I shouted to Shri Nandu Bhai, 'The mason has badly fallen down'. He was seated beside the mason. But surprisingly the mason was wholly unhurt, which I consider as God's good Grace and he continued his work. On another occasion four labourers were lifting a big thick log of wood for construction. Suddenly the log slipped and rolled over the neck, shoulders, back, knees and both the hind legs of one of them. We gave him hot water fomentation for about an hour and half and he was back to work. He sustained no fracture or sprain or a bruise. By God's Grace I was able to protect even labourers working for the ashram construction, taking on myself their pain or suffering. On so many occasions I could know what had happened and what was to happen. Nothing is done by me; all this is the handiwork of my Lord.





CHAPTER 11

LIGHT IN DARKNESS



By God's Grace the great Fire within is ready to digest and consume all. But who will believe and understand all this?

Shri Mota





*Some mystics not knowing the proper method of Yoga,
Controlling their inner self through their being,
Turning their aspirations deeply inward,
Awaken past impressions within their being.
A yearning aspirant who takes advantage at that hour
Of this awakening with care and caution,
Will benefit greatly thus in his spiritual life.*

Shri Mota

Why should I have an ashram? If all of you so desire, then you can be my ashram. If from your heart you become one with my heart and if you become aware why we have met and cling to each other and we can raise the level of our consciousness, if this can result in increasing the space element within us, then we can spread and widen the light within us so as to do Lord's work. What possibilities lie in this internal evolution! Any of my dear ones who can reach this stage can become my true living ashram.

Everyone is endowed with this power. If you can raise the level of understanding of all those who come into contact with you with humility, make them take interest in true religion or spirituality, help them to overcome their liking and disliking, to absorb their mind in remembrance of God, to think whatever happens is for God's sake and by His will and to offer all that to the Lord with love, adoration and understanding, then such a man can become an exemplary ashram.

If I have to create an ashram then by His Grace money is no problem. My Beloved will give me the necessary means to build it. Such has been my experience all these years. But I do not want to build an ordinary stereotype ashram. Just as electricity produced in a powerhouse travels to all places so also if God-awareness manifests everywhere and that awareness awakes in us, then I would like to build such an ashram. I have so far not received any inspiration for this. If the lives of those who have met me can radiate a divine light from within them then it would reveal the beauty and the greatness of His Grace.

I do not like to be worshipped. I am opposed to personality worship as far as I am concerned. That would

be a form of suicide. I would like to absorb into me whatever is in you. By God's Grace the great Fire within is ready to digest and consume all. But who will believe and understand all this?

2

I remember my Sad Guru with all love, adoration and understanding. Expressing gratitude in mere words will be improper, even unsatisfactory and incomplete. If I can light the lamp of love and good-will in all of you just as my Sad Guru did in me then I can discharge my debt to him. It is with this purpose that I built *Moun* or silence rooms. In this there is no lecturing or sermonising. At other places scripture reading may be allowed, but without actually struggling, working hard, wisdom can never be acquired, which is an indisputable fact according to me. We must endeavour and struggle within ourselves to travel God-ward. I have gone to many saints, but they never emphasised personal efforts. They believed in mere blessing and grace. Our society has become weak and spineless relying on empty blessings and grace.

In this world giving and receiving go on side by side. But I have power only to receive, not to give. I have never asked anything from God. When I was ordered by Him to build an ashram I refused flatly. When I borrow or receive money for this purpose and if I am not able to repay that amount then I would be unhappy. In this world giving and receiving are mutual and reciprocal. So after receiving if I am unable to repay then I shall feel uncomfortable and indebted all my life, which I do not like. But my Guru Maharaj assured me, 'Do not worry, my son, you have to do many such noble works of service. They will spring out of this ashram. Therefore go ahead and build those ashrams. I shall

arrange to repay those who help you in some way or other. Repaying is my responsibility. Leave it to me.' Thereafter I started building and making my ashrams. And my Lord with a thousand hands repays my debt so graciously. It is not in my power to return all the help people give me. And it is not necessary that money given by way of help to me must be repaid by money only. God's way of returning or repaying is very strange and mysterious, beyond all human understanding.

And I have experienced so far that whoever has helped me has been repaid and rewarded in some form or other. This is a hundred percent truth beyond all doubt, without any exaggeration.

Therefore I do not worry about repaying whenever anybody helps me. I am certain that God will repay my debt. Yet since I have a separate existence, it becomes my religious duty to do something for them. Therefore when anybody helps me in my *Ashram* work or my philanthropic activities my heart has very tender feelings for him, also I cannot remain without praying for his welfare. I view and accept this world as a Reality. Whatever happens is real. Therefore I cannot but pray for those who help me in my causes. God's ways are very strange and we cannot limit Him by saying that He should return the help given only in a particular way.

3

When great Mahatmas come to us we are unable to understand and accept them in totality. When I was at the very spot where our ashram stands now in Nadiad my Guru Maharaj, Shri Balyogi told me that I would build an ashram at the very spot where I was seated at that time. But I could not believe him, for the simple reason I was very poor and had no money. There was no possibility of building an ashram then. I forgot all about

it as something impossible. In the year 1953- 54 my brother Moolji wrote me a letter calling me for some work, which did not materialise. I decided to go back to my place on the bank, *Dakhkhaniyo Ovaro*, of the river Shedhi. I hired a small cart and put in it a bed, a pillow, cooking vessels, some food grains, etc. for I had decided to spend two or three days there. Suddenly I remembered Guru Maharaj's words that I shall build an ashram there one day. I did not inform my friends Shri Nandu Bhai and Sri Hemant Kumar about this. I had an acquaintance with Shri Kuberdas. We knew each other casually, yet I approached him. 'What brings you here?' he asked me. 'I want to build an ashram here' I replied. 'I shall give you any amount you want.' he told me. 'I shall repay in one or two years.' I replied. He gave me about rupees thirteen thousand.

Apart from him another man who helped me was Shri C.D. Mehta who gave me money for Surat ashram also. I got money from others after one year and so repaid them. The point that I drive home is that even I could not believe my Guru Maharaj's words. If the men of the world cannot believe or understand such a Mahatma's words then it is not to be wondered at. I met many great souls but I could not understand them or accept them fully. Every man's inner conditions are different and he responds to the truths of such great men from that limited condition and so cannot accept those truths in their totality. This has been my experience all along.

4

In Kumbakonam, in South India, on the bank of the river Kaveri, in idyllic surroundings we have an ashram.

Kumbakonam is considered the Kashi (Banaras) of South India. Just as Kumbhamela is conducted in the north so also such a Kumbhamela is held in Kumbakonam, thus it is a famous place in South India. There in beautiful natural surroundings lies our ashram. This ashram compares well with our Surat ashram in natural beauty. Close to the Ashram flows river mother Kaveri. The whole bank of Kaveri is built with bricks. The ashram has its own bathing ghat and a terrace over the river like a bridge over which we sit and have our food and sometimes many sleep on that also. The scenery is truly enchanting.

This state, Madras, I feel and like as my own home. Once I told Shri Nandlal Bhai that South India is very religious. But at that time he could not accept my idea. But later when he understood that this was so, he accepted it. In fact the real seed of religion is in South India. In fact the people of South India are more religious than those of any other state in North India.

When the renaissance of our religion does take place it will be from South India only. As a matter of fact all the great men of various Hindu sects are from South India only.

This state full of natural beauty and with many rivers is a fertile place with many agricultural products, chiefly rice. Bengal is also a fertile state, but the agricultural products of South India are superior.

When I came to this state first perhaps God had a purpose in it. There is no work without a purpose involved in it. When I came here I had a deep feeling that if we could build an ashram here it would be helpful to sincere seekers or sadhaks.

A large amount of money poured in for building an ashram, nearly ninety thousand. But at that time I felt that there was no command from my God to build the

ashram. And so I returned all the money to the donors. But in 1949 I decided that I wanted to build an ashram here in Kumbakonam. And after a lot of searching on foot we found this place, which was to our liking.

I would like to tell you something strange, which may be difficult to believe. In the ashram compound there is the *Samadhi* of a saint who lived here many years ago. He was buried here after his death. I could contact his consciousness. He was not a fully realised soul, which I could gather from that contact. This is a beautiful place indeed. I liked the place and decided to buy it. I even paid a little higher price for it, for I did not want to lose this place.

5

In Naroda an ordinary provision dealer runs my ashram. I told him not to maintain or run this ashram. But he has immense faith in me and so he runs it all alone out of his own money. My appeal to you is this since we eat at home kindly help and contribute some amount for the maintenance of this ashram. In my ashram we serve frugal meals without milk or ghee. Consider contributing to this ashram as an act of service to God, we use ghee only in preparing dough for chappatis or rottis, a bare minimum. But we need other ingredients also like jaggery, salt, sugar and spices. I do not go out to meet anybody. So I do not know anybody outside the ashram. And so I cannot ask anybody for any money from the public. But if you give me money voluntarily then that builds closer relationship between us. Experiment and see for yourself whether this is true or not. Whatever you do for the ashram, will not go to waste. Shri Nandlal's mama once asked me, 'But helping you might hurt our business.' I assured him in writing that his business would not suffer on account of any

help he gave me. He was an LL B graduate. He then helped in building the Kumbakonam ashram. The next five months the sales of the company had not gone down. On the contrary they had increased. Thereafter his son Shri Hasmukh Bhai helped in completing the ashram construction in the next three months. He was such an astute businessman that no customer would buy any diamond if he were not there in his office. Subsequently his customers would not buy from anywhere else even if he were absent. He had established a fund of good-will on account of his business relationship with his customers. This appears as a coincidence on the surface of it. But the truth is if you do ashram's work, which is God's work, then God will look after your work.

In Nadiad Shri Kuberdas looked after the ashram work all alone. He used to visit the ashram twice a week and check the provisions and supply the needed items. He could not look after his personal business much. Yet that also ran very well. I am not flattering anybody to get my work done. My work will go on. It is good my ashrams started late. But I had come into contact with that man earlier. I do not talk with anybody. If my Ashrams had started early, there would have been some difficulty in running them, for I do not ask anyone for financial help. I talk only when people go into silence rooms, rather I brief them. On Guru Poornima day I was in Sabarmati Ashram. After the celebration sweets were distributed among the revellers but no sweet was given to the ashram's poor girls. I spent rupees eighty and distributed sweets among the poor girls. I am too poor to afford giving sweets to my ashram inmates. I practise frugality. And we never allow wastage of food. If anybody donates food we use it carefully. I have learnt from Gandhiji to live economically.

Whatever we get in life does not belong entirely to us. It belongs to God for it comes from God. In this world people help each other and are useful to each other. So we have also to do the same. We can do so by clearing our debt to our forefathers by completing their unfinished work. Similarly we have to clear our debt to the divine with a pure and sincere heart.

Once my Guru Maharaj told me, 'Chunilal, there is a big debt on you to be repaid.' I thought I am poor; no doubt, even my salary is very meagre. But I do not have any debt to be repaid. I told so to my Guru Maharaj, but he insisted that there was a debt on my head. After some thinking I denied again having any major debt. But my Guru Maharaj said, 'Think over it for two days and then tell me.' I thought about it seriously and deeply. I had no major debt to repay. I racked my brains. But I understood nothing. But my Guru Maharaj said, 'Do you eat or do you not? Then for cooking how much firewood have you burnt? How many trees had to be cut down to produce that firewood? So try to plant as many trees as you can.' So I planted many trees, even fruit bearing trees. We eat fruits also and so I started growing fruit trees also. I did so even in my ashrams. Thus was I able to clear this debt of mine to man.

I appeal to all my friends, swajans, to repay your debt similarly. This soul, Mota, loves you, but he has no money. And you give him money. But he does not use it for himself. His own brother is very poor. Yet he does not give him any money, even from whatever money comes from sale of his books. You can ask Shri Nandu Bhai or Bhikhu Bhai about this. This money belongs to God and is used for uplift of society.

In Surat Ashram the embankment on the river is so dilapidated that spending even a lakh of rupees on it will not suffice to put it in good condition, as it is so old. But we have started our repair and restoration work. We do not ask money from poor villagers because they are already over-burdened and exploited. I never go to them for money. But money flows into our coffers for this cause.

With me is a little girl, a graduate who had developed a penchant for composing bhajans. Her father has published them. But when they thought about giving away the books free, I had a thought that if we could find a sponsor who could do the job then she could get more. She netted more than rupees one thousand two hundred and fifty. She has got this amount from a very small book and she can even get more. This is a thankless job yet it has its own merits and virtues. In olden days people used to dig wells and build river embankments. But today people no longer do so because they do not know its importance and worth. *Kurukshetra* is an important pilgrimage centre and this embankment, after its repair will be given an additional life of fifty years or more. We also propose to add iron railings to this embankment to facilitate people who come for bathing. I have no money. But my work goes on without stop, by God's Grace, for He looks after it well.

My Guru Maharaj once told me not to keep anybody under an illusion or in ignorance, but tell everybody the truth about everything which can be verified by experiment. If you ask any doctor or any officer of the health department he will say that the silence of the moun rooms can make anybody mentally deranged. By

the blessings of my Guru Maharaj such a conscious force is generated or has been generated in those rooms that a man can spend his days inside those rooms very peacefully and happily. This is possible because of the conscious force inside the rooms. The most painful punishment given to any man is solitary confinement for he can go mad in it. And this confinement is only for three days. Sometimes when insanity occurs within three days then he is removed from that confinement. These rooms have steel grilled windows to provide light. Yet people get mad.

This experiment is being done from 16-8-1959 here in Surat. In Nadiad it is being conducted for five years and in Kumbakonam for eight years. In another two centres, Naroda and Disha also it is being conducted now. So far no one has been mentally deranged or gone mad. So in the name of my Guru Maharaj I invite and welcome anybody to come and see and verify for himself the truth. It is very difficult to understand the help rendered by the force of Consciousness working in those rooms so subtly and imperceptibly. To live in the solitude of a forest is extremely difficult for the simple reason the conscious force is absent there. Just as we do *Pranaprathishta* (life infusing ceremony) or consecration that is done in a temple, it has also been done here.

8

By just sitting in these moun rooms for God Remembrance (Anushtan) one cannot become God or one with God, but the possibility of this metamorphosis is inherent, which my friends know well. This anushtan according to me involves a hard penance. By constant utterance of a mantra of his Name or keeping alive God-thought with all intensity, love and adoration may instil a want in you for the Divine, awaken a desire for Him.

But very few develop this desire. All my friends and swajans have met me solely for this purpose, but they have to go through this form of penance meticulously and seriously, gradually increasing its duration. Even after this the soul does not become one with God or God himself, which is a fact.

The sacrificial fire of karma is called the greatest of yagnas or sacrificial fires. Every one has some self interest or other in life. Karma should be so performed as to leave no residue of doubt or regret of not having done well. It should be done selflessly and dedicated to the Lord. Performing yagna after spending a great amount will not give you any satisfaction or result. It will serve no purpose. Any yagna must have a purpose of serving others. Money or wealth is a great power. Merit and virtue are also a form of power. To heighten this power within you, God remembrance is the best means or yagna. This fire or yagna we have lit in this ashram. Men who spend time in these rooms have experienced peace and new understanding. Those who have struggled in life but have not experienced any feeling or love for the Divine have felt here a flowering of such feelings and emotions, which is a hard fact. Those in the field of service can try and experiment by sitting in this room for at least two to four days. Without experience this cannot be understood.

This kind of experiment has never been undertaken in India. My Guru Maharaj has shown me this unique and novel method of experimenting. Many of my old colleagues say I have made a mistake in doing this. But I have only to say, please sit in these rooms for at least three to four days before passing any judgement.

If you can awaken this love or feeling for the Divine then in your next birth you can travel along this path faster and more easily. If this can be done then your

next birth can be quicker or earlier. Otherwise the interim period of waiting is longer before the next birth, which I am saying from my experience. Do not believe blindly what the scriptures say. People of good nature are re-born quicker. If a rare realised soul helps us by planting good impressions in our being or if there is continuity in our God remembrance and good seeds are sown in us by this and love for God awakens then also our next birth can be quickened. This is also a science of mathematical calculation. Shrimad Rajchandra has outlined methods by which we can reduce our future number of births and reach *moksha* or liberation faster. At a normal rate an individual takes twenty one births and if sadhna is done with more intensity then one needs seven births to attain liberation and if done with volcanic aspiration it will take only three births for the soul to attain final liberation. He was a great yogi. As in any other science we can prove all this by experiments. But if you have no desire to work or do these experiments nothing will come out of this. We must be prepared to plunge into this by burning our boats or without looking back, till then we cannot expect any result.

I have seen so many pundits who know nothing but who talk glibly pretending to be wise. Einstein discovered the theory of Relativity. But only a handful of men truly understand this. Can we advise Einstein on any matter? Similarly can we advise any doctor with our limited knowledge? We should never show off without full knowledge, otherwise we can become the laughing stock. Unless subtle impressions are implanted in us we cannot attain salvation or nirvana. Such impressions must go down deeply into our mind, brain, ego, vital and the subliminal (chit), otherwise there is no salvation. That is why our great saints have emphasised on God-

remembrance as the greatest of yagnas for it brings a uniformly good result.

Today people spend tons of money meaninglessly to perform a yagna. I tell them that times have changed. Why spend so much of money on yagnas? Spend your money in a way, which benefits the whole society. But nobody listens to me. Not by spending money but by God-remembrance good impressions are planted in the heart of your being, even mere utterance of His Name has its own effects. But if there is continuity in it then anger, lust, greed, jealousy etc., leave you. After that even with a little effort your progress is faster. A heavy log of wood can be easily rolled if you put a stone underneath as a fulcrum and push it with a crow bar, which normally with our bare hands is impossible to do. What is important is will and continuity.

Without subtle impressions being planted in you there is no question of salvation. The company of a saint can sow the seeds of such impressions in you, but they are so subtle as not to be perceptible, as we are still not ripe. But repetition of God's Name brings about in us an awareness of God and a continuity of it. And this gives us another birth in harmonious and congenial surroundings. This Hari Om Ashram facilitates chanting of His Name with freedom from all care and worry. This particular technique is Guru Maharaj's and by his grace the ashrams are being run smoothly.

We may not be able to help you in matters of daily life. But if you bring your specific problems to us, then perhaps some solutions can be found. My God never keeps any debt of mine unrequited. Shri Nandlal on his return from Europe helped me. I thought within myself he has helped me out of love on his own accord, so it does not matter. But my Guru Maharaj told me if anybody gave you even rupees five you have to return

it in some form or other. In this field of love take nothing free, even if it is given without expectation of a return. As a man progresses in this spiritual field his responsibilities also increase. I did not know anything about business. But after much deliberation I was inspired. I told him to purchase Mercury as much as he could. He earned rupees twenty thousand which was more than what he helped me with. So I cannot remain without repaying. It is not necessary to repay in money alone. There are many other ways of repaying a debt.

9

The will and determination (Sankalpa) of saints and liberated souls never go in vain. The educated men of today will not accept this fact. Let us put aside the stories of ancient realised souls; in the autobiography of Gandhiji he has written somewhere that if some great soul wills strongly then the freedom of the country can be secured. In 1942 he started the '*Quit India Movement*'. His close associates questioned him whether this was possible at all? Whatever inspiration and intuition he had proved it to be true. Whenever a saint so wills and resolves it becomes harmonious with the lives and circumstances of the masses. Gandhiji willed and worked for the people of India but he could not get a favourable ground to build on, with the result India got a '*A broken and fissured freedom*' (in the words of Shri Aurobindo). Everyone has his own *prarabdha*, (results to be endured of past births' actions). Even liberated souls have to endure such results born of past birth actions. Krishna met with his death shot by a hunter's arrow, and Rama had to undergo fourteen years of vanavas (life of penance in a forest). Even Gandhiji had to die at the hands of an assassin, through bullets.

My Guru Maharaj told me that I will have to endure the *prarabdha karma* of many souls, good as well as evil. So bear the results that it works only good of those souls. But at that time I did not understand its significance. When I asked my Guru Maharaj, how is it possible to do so? he replied, 'You have so to endure that they are lifted up and helped to journey towards God, they may develop good-will and love for fellow men, and tone down their dualities like love and hate, likes and dislikes.' Within the moun rooms he has time and opportunity to introspect, to understand and change his radical human nature. If a man can observe silence in these rooms for twenty one days at a time and can do so twenty one such times then it will work immense good, if not in this life, then in the lives to come. I am prepared to give this in writing. In the rooms' solitude he has time to discover himself, his weaknesses like anger, greed, lust, fear, hatred and jealousy. He becomes awake and aware with a new understanding and has strange mystical experiences. I have been experimenting on this project for twenty-one years now.

Divine life is very hard to live. But that is the only way to lead a higher life. This worldly life is full of ups and downs, has many falls, ridden by joy and sorrow, good and bad, ever changing, never permanent. We are unable to know ourselves from within. Our mind, brain, ego, vital and chit (Subliminal) have no time to think about ourselves dispassionately. Whereas my ashrams create for you time and opportunity and help you go within yourselves deeply to search for the truth. You spend a lot of money on pilgrimages but to no result. You have neither the necessary intensity of longing nor a proper attitude.

Even after studying a man in all aspects and from all angles we fail to understand him fully. A man may

look cunning as a fox to some, a loving angel to some others and compassionate to many others. If that is so how can we understand or measure a true *mahatma* or a saint? We are not capable of measuring anybody. Let us give up this habit of judging others. Therefore it is better, nay best to know or understand your-self. We need a thermometer to measure body temperature. It is better we love all for that creates harmony. When you talk ill of others and find fault with them I like to beat you with a stick. By loving others distance between man and man is reduced, all differences eliminated. My Guru Maharaj gave me a thick stick and said, 'If anybody comes to complain about others use this stick freely.' But I was a fool not to take it, it would have been better had I accepted it. Even ladies come and talk about others. I advise them to think about themselves. I always tell people, 'you have become extroverts, become introverts first; turn your sight inwards by withdrawing it from outside. You never work from within, you become enamoured of what you see in the world outside. Nature's beauty can elevate your soul and also make it fall, for it works both ways. This beauty has two aspects and it is viewed simultaneously. The choice is yours. If you choose evil you will suffer, it will increase the evil in you'. You cannot change the world. In the year 1919 I undertook and tried to change man but failed. Nobody can change it. My Guru Maharaj once waved his stick at me and asked, 'You lived twenty years with Gandhiji, but how far have you changed in your nature?' I woke up thereafter and changed myself. Those who go out to serve the country quarrel among themselves, particularly for power. Until you know and change yourself, nothing substantial will come out of your life.

What you cannot achieve in the outside world you realise in these moun rooms within a week. And this is

done in a way that is adopted in the world outside. Even when we want to do our personal work we have to withdraw into ourselves, think for ourselves to do it in the best possible way. This is withdrawing into the silence of our being. Without experimenting we cannot understand it.

Day before yesterday one collegian came to me with a request to be allowed to sit in the moun room. He was willing to cut his college classes. But I refused flatly to permit him to do so. I said, 'Here we discourage shirking work. After all work is the food of the soul. And in the moun rooms we learn to do our work skilfully. We can help you in your holidays.' He argued cleverly, 'Suppose, I fall sick, then I have to cut my classes.' This boy lived in a compound house of another friend who had sat in my moun room. He therefore felt inspired to have that experience. I do not talk about all this to anyone. But this is real service to society, better than all other forms of service.

Anybody who goes into these rooms is locked up inside alone. He is given time and opportunity to introspect. Therefore he will be able to know and understand his own self. The perfume of a rose is emitted spontaneously. There is no need to do any propaganda to spread this fragrance. Similarly my ashrams have become known without any propaganda. Man's inquisitiveness is aroused and a sincere seeker enquires into its merits. Inside these rooms a man's thoughts and emotions are elevated.

Some good friends of mine asked me, 'Why do you keep these rooms dark?' I reply, 'When a surgeon operates a patient, the latter is taken to a dark operation theatre with a small light to help the surgeon to operate. Do you question the surgeon why he does so? By my Guru Maharaj's blessings I have learnt this technique. Any fear

we have is not of darkness, but of ourselves, for our subconscious and subliminal are full of it. And when a man is alone all these rush out for they have been suppressed all along. And so fear is heightened and increased. The fear of darkness is not real because after some time our eyes get used to it and see enough light. If I could help it, I would make the rooms totally dark. In Kumbakonam the holes to usher in light are very small and the darkness is denser there. Darkness heightens the working of the brain cells and helps in the purification of the subconscious and the subliminal of man. I have kept this darkness at the required optimum level only for this. I say all this only for the clarification of all those who would like to sit in these rooms.

10

The doctor knows where appendix is inside the body. When he operates on appendicitis, he knows where to apply the surgical knife. In our being there are centres of thoughts and emotions where past experiences are stored as impressions. All these things are beyond a common man's mental grasp. Only a true knower of the subject can understand all this and work on this. In this way he works the good of the other men. In our body there are six centres. But they are very subtle and invisible to our eye. Even doctors and scientists are unable to find these in our human body. The brain cells or nerve centres are thinner than a hair's breadth. They cannot be seen even after cutting open a human body. But they can be seen through a microscope. These cells or nerves are so subtle that they are not easily seen. There are these six centres along the spinal cord. And the cells are the support of these centres. When God's Name is uttered continuously then the brain cells are

activated, after which even the six centres are also activated. They become very much alive. And the body is infused with a new power and energy. Through any yoga, whether of mantra or karma or bhakti, practised continuously, the above six centres are activated and work at their maximum efficiency.

For some, one chakra or centre opens out or is activated, for some others another opens out, for the others the third opens out first depending on his internal nature and development. Every man has three bodies, the gross, the subtle and the causal. The impressions of good and evil actions go down into a man's *chitt* that is his subconscious and the subliminal. And this determines his forward movement. At the time of his death if he can think of God intensely then that good impression is carried over to the next life. A good deal of research has been done on this subject and its mystical power discovered.

We have divided our being into two separate entities namely, *purusha* (soul) and *prakarti* (nature). Purusha is dormant in a man's life and he has to be awakened. When he is awakened, God-consciousness awakes in him and is continuous and unbroken. Thereafter he is the lord and master of prakarti. Where the soul does not act as per dictates of prakarti he is not bound. The purusha decides when to give consent to prakarti's demands and when not to give. Thereafter prakarti's rule ends. In the next birth he has to suffer and enjoy the results of his previous life. The secret impressions sown by the liberated soul in the sadhak awaken in his next life and he progresses fast without much efforts. Experienced and liberated souls have thus discovered the means of progressing further. But this is a secret knowledge not known to us for we do not have the necessary foundation. This knowledge is so subtle that it can not

be conveyed or taught by mere words. But the liberated souls have this knowledge.

In the ensuing birth they lead a royal life for they have lived as lords of nature. They always like to remain absorbed in God-Remembrance only. He is born in a house where there is peace, harmony, prosperity and plenty, which is difficult to attain even by hard struggle. Such people shorten the period of struggle in life and attain to God. There is no other way or means to bring down God's power into your subtle and causal bodies. If this power of God-consciousness enters our being and takes hold of it then we get great help in our next life. The simplest of means for this is God-Remembrance, which awakens our consciousness. If there is a strong desire in us then this consciousness remains living and vibrant. Until it becomes so and is continuous, personal efforts are necessary. This can take us to continuous awareness all the twenty-four hours of the day. To bring about such awareness sadhana is necessary. That is the sole purpose of sadhana, to experience soul's eternal light. There are many quacks in this field. But only when intense desire comes into existence this sadhana becomes natural and spontaneous.

11

My Guru Maharaj once told me, 'Even raising or elevating the level of man's thinking is a great service. You have to interact with the society only with this aim in view'. After being convinced about this I gave up my service to Harijan Sevak Sangh and working with the Congress. I have also been to jail for India's freedom struggle, I have also endured *lathi charge* by the police. Whatever I had done, I have done in public and not in any Himalayan cave away from public sight. My friends and colleagues, who were witnesses to my activities, are

alive even today. Whatever work has fallen to my lot I have discharged it with my whole heart, I have never shirked or refused any work. I have been saying this since I started these moun or silence rooms. I want to make these rooms sound-proof so that the inmates inside are not distracted in anyway. When such conveniences and gadgets are available then I shall do so by God's Grace.

By Guru Maharaj's blessings I have chosen this path or method of service. He asked me to help people to sit in silence. Just utter God's Name, for you can do so most of the waking hours of the day. This way you will develop a liking and interest for this. When I began my sadhana in 1922, I had no liking for this method. For I had direct contact with my Guru Maharaj and so got his help, and thus I began my sadhana *viz.* chanting God's Name.

My Guru Maharaj told me, 'Elevating a man's thinking to a higher level is even a greater service than doing creative work.' At that time I was not mature enough to understand this. But today fifteen years later I understand this well. To behave well and move with love with all those who come to me is also an act of subtle service. Ever since this understanding has dawned on me I gave up my post as the secretary of Harijan Sevak Sangh. My friends advised me that there was nothing wrong in rendering such physical service. But my experience did not permit me to do so. My Guru Maharaj also advised me not to indulge in idle sermons or advices. Just put people into these silence rooms and they will imbibe this new technique and move forward.

My Guru Maharaj again said, 'There are many births, before and after this present birth. So every birth we have to suffer or enjoy the results of the previous birth's actions (prarabdha). And to help those who come to

me climb higher these moun rooms have been created at my Guru's command. I was a poor man at that time. But he told me at that time that I shall build five ashrams in future, which has happened. No other thought occurs to me. My friend and colleague, Shri Hariwadan Thakor once expressed a surprise that even he could not collect so much money with all his influence, whereas by the Grace of God I was able to start five ashrams in a short span of time, even though I was such a poor man. God's Grace can even make a beggar a king. It is very true that God has a thousand hands to help and heal. In the rainy season the pit type toilet is inconvenient to use for the common man, although I am used to it. Someone suggested and gave the money also for a flush type toilet, and he also arranged to install them. By God's Grace we get whatever is needed in the ashram. Even with regard to food we surmount all difficulties. We never waste food nor give it away to anyone. If there is any excess of rice left over, we use it for the next meal. Sometimes we soak it in water and use it for the next meal. We accept even a small contribution from a man who has made money by the sweat of his brow, his hard earned money. To all those who come forward to offer us unasked advice, I say please give us some money also with your advice. When guests drop in unannounced we share food with them and are content with less. People can come and see for themselves. We may be lacking in something, after all we are human beings. Please accept our shortcomings and our good things as they are. Please give us your whole-hearted co-operation and maintain your good relationship with us.

I have served the society long enough. I do not beg for myself from any one. I have the right to ask the society. I could have earned enough, but I chose to serve

and so I have the right to receive from the society. And the society is not obliging me on that account. My Guru Maharaj once told me, 'Tell what is the truth to the society. Never talk abstruse things to the society, because it is beyond the common man's understanding. You may talk of Brahma but the society cannot understand it, is not capable of doing so. The society has not the necessary qualities of renunciation or any study. For this one must be free of greed, ego, attachment and pride, the sum total of it all. Therefore any talk of divinity and wisdom is vain. We are being pushed by the society just as a piece of wood is pushed in the sea. Is not living in the society anything but a service to it? Willingly offering and sacrificing your all will reduce your personal preferences, likes and dislikes, and increase mutual love, sympathy, willingness to work for the society, which is also a form of service to it.

While doing this if we remember God then we can experience uplift or elevation of our being. Even mere utterance of God's Name brings in its own benefits or gains. In the moun rooms, the impressions in the subconscious and the subliminal come up to the surface mind. Man then begins to understand himself, begins to think and act by himself and for himself. It is for this that I have created these silence rooms. This I could do and have done. In the days of old was an era of care culture. But today that is not possible. There is a small lamp in the rooms, which must be lit only when necessary. The greater the darkness the more your brain cells will be toned up. It is not right to believe as the doctors do that darkness is harmful to the human body. This is not based on experience. From 1941 I am experimenting with this idea. Once a patient told me, 'I have never put on even 100 grams weight in my life. If my weight can increase by sitting in these rooms then

I am willing to do so.' I told him, 'For the sake of my love please sit in the room. I am a scientist experimenting in this project.' And I made him sit in his own house on the upper floor. By God's Grace his weight went up by 3 seers (one and half kg.). There is nothing surprising in this. It is not necessary that it should go up with every man who sits in this room. By sitting in these rooms a feeling is aroused in you for the Divine, which is not possible in the world outside. In the Hindu society and religion this feeling is dormant and it needs to be awakened for man's good.

12

Do not indulge in any propaganda about the ashrams. Many of my friends exaggerate it very much on account of their love for me. And this puts me in a delicate situation. Just as in business here also we need real wealth or hard cash, the touchstone of experience. We have to work for ourselves; others' experiences or achievements will not help us. We should not think or judge on the surface. In Nadiad people have had various experiences, which are real. God's Power is endless and eternal. Just as it is said in the Bible, 'I and my Father are one.' When God's Power and qualities manifest He is experienced or realised as a Living Presence. And He manifests through the mahatma. The mahatma does nothing; only God does everything. Just as Sankaracharya has said, 'Water in the sea and in a vessel is the same.' The power of the sea cannot be held in the vessel. Similarly, the full power of God cannot be manifested through the devotee, but the power is still there. Yet when a definite cause or a need arises then such a saint can go beyond his limitations and do His work (God's work). This is factually experienced then. Those who sit in the ashram moun rooms have strange experiences,

which they label as miracles out of ignorance. We can hear on the radio music played many miles away, even so many others hear it simultaneously. This is due to one power manifested at many places at the same time. When your intense feeling for God is centralised and focussed then it becomes a power and manifests, not till then.

By remaining in these silence rooms for a week or twenty-one days one cannot become perfect and manifest the divine. Those who sit in these rooms are all common men like you.

Here any one is welcome to these rooms, whether he is a Brahmin or a Jain or a Muslim or a Christian. Once, an aged man of seventy-five years wanted to sit in these rooms. His eyesight was weak. I dissuaded him, telling him about the hardship he could face inside. But he was very firm and so he went through the experience. At the time he entered the room I told him, 'You will not feel alone. You will feel some presence with you all the time.' We ask for a written note of the experiences of each one who sits in the moun room a day before he comes out. The old man deposed, 'Not for a moment did I feel alone.'

Anyone who wants to do sadhana in his self-chosen way needs silence to do so undisturbed. It is for this reason that ashrams are necessary. That is why I have created these ashrams. Any man belonging to any sect or religion or caste can sit here and derive benefit. In the Nadiad ashram a Jain and a Parsee have sat in these rooms.

People say all this is very difficult for us to do. Mere chanting of God's Name will not give us any result even mere writing a mantra will not help us. All this apart, what is important is to reduce your attachment to the world and its opposite revulsion. If you can do this then

all other methods will lift you up. Wherever you turn you behold His Power at work, but we have to cultivate the vision for that.

Even if you cannot do any chanting or writing of God's Name if you can see His power at work and give all credit to it then you can believe that devotion or Bhakti is beginning to flower in you. Otherwise whatever excuses you may offer will only confirm that Bhakti is still lacking in you. I shall give you an example. A young boy known to me sat in one of these rooms. In all the seven days he spent in this room he hardly slept fourteen hours i.e. two hours a day on an average. I used to sleep in the adjoining room and so could hear him uttering the mantra of God's Name, because I also slept very little. He noted down many excerpts from various books and showed them to me. In spite of sleeping barely two hours a day his health was not in the least affected. On top of this his intake of food also was considerably reduced. Some might argue that it is due to his intense enthusiasm. If some other man had sat in his place he would have known the real cause. Only if there is a proper and fertile ground in you can Bhakti grow and consciousness awake in you.

You are all my swajans and friends and this ashram runs because of your help. Yet I give all credit and importance only to my God and not to you, and I am grateful to Him. He is my Lord with a thousand hands. When I started my ashram in Surat I knew nobody in this place. Yet He did all my work and completed this ashram. He is therefore the Lord of my heart with a thousand hands and thousand eyes, ever watchful over me and ready to help me. So many people, ladies as well as gentlemen, are ever willing to help me and look after me. When our ego is totally dissolved can we begin to see His hand at work; then can we give all importance

to Him for whatever occurs in life. I have met many sadhus and sadhaks but I have not seen such a man till now who saw God's working in their lives and gave credit to Him.

Many events take place in our lives, yet no one gives any importance to His working. Until then one cannot be a true sadhak or a Bhakta, for the simple reason Bhakti or devotion has not sprouted in him. That is why I say reduce to a minimum your liking and disliking, your prejudice, cultivate sympathy and good-will for all, give up thinking and talking ill of others, think only about yourself. Behave so as to invite least hatred and criticism from others. Even if people judge us or criticise us it will not touch you at all. By doing this you will feel a new power, greater enthusiasm and warmth and support of God's love. At that time God Remembrance through chanting or uttering or singing His Name will help you immensely. Therefore keep it up constantly and continuously.

I always tell people that sitting in these rooms you will experience deep peace. By sitting inside you are helped in a strange way to continue this God remembrance. My younger brother used always to oppose me. He called my ashrams humbugs. He could not even live with me. Born to common parents we could not live together because of differences in our natures. Once after his return from Africa he lived with me in the ashram. One could never imagine he would sit in these rooms. But one day he asked me, 'I do not mind sitting inside, but what shall I do inside? Can I write books on children's education? Or shall I write some essays?' I agreed to whatever he wanted to do. But first enter the rooms and see for yourself what you feel inside. I felt overjoyed on his agreeing to sit in the room for twenty-one days. He had obliged me by doing so His chanting and uttering

were constant and continuous for almost eighteen hours a day. In Gandhi Ashram at Sabarmati one lady used to keep it up for twenty-two hours a day and never felt any loss of sleep. One cowherd also kept it up for twenty-two hours without any ill effect of loss of sleep. I used to permit any other allied activity for those who could not utter God's Name even for a short time. But once he enters the room he detaches himself from his mind and at that time he is able to introspect and discover his true self. When after dissociating from the mind, if we can remain concentrated and focussed then we can surely experience peace of mind, which is a truth. There is no question of believing or not believing in this. This is a unique experience worth experimenting on and worth learning.

After going through this experience and uttering God's Name to any extent you can, you will feel their great effect in your daily life in the world. I shall give you two examples of this.

Shri Babu Bhai remained unconscious for fourteen days during which he continued his uttering or Japa even in that state, which was a miracle indeed. He had the habit of sitting in *Padmasan*, which is difficult to do for it involves crossing of two legs, one heel above the other. But this helped him at that time very much.

Once, a little girl sat for seven days in the room. After coming out and going home she was asleep beside her father. During her sleep she kept on uttering 'Hari Om' unconsciously. Her father Shri Uttamchand of Bardoli, began to wonder whether she is truly awake or asleep. He saw her fast asleep. He also started chanting Hari Om and his daughter also uttered simultaneously. Then he woke her up and asked her whether she was asleep or awake. She replied, 'I was fast asleep'. Such is the effect of sitting in the moun rooms that it takes

hold of your subconscious and the subliminal. In the outside world your mind is divided and runs in different directions but in these rooms it is one pointed and focussed. Without any distraction God thought is so concentrated or one pointed that it helps you in every difficulty, sorrow and even disease.

Even at the hour of death or just before death if our mind can turn even a little towards God then it is a blessing indeed. All this is not humbug at all. There is some truth in it of which a common man tries to understand a little. Another man saw something in the moun room, which turned out to be true later. One man saw a certain relation dying, his brother beside that dying person, and being cremated later by him, which occurred after he came out. The whole scene was enacted factually as he had seen it in the moun room. Once the same gentleman who had stayed in Paris for some time saw in the silence of the room, Paris taken over by the Germans, which proved to be true later. Many such instances have taken place in these rooms and the events foreseen tallied with the dates of occurrence. All this has been possible because all of you are related to me by love in some way or other. If that were not so then we could not have maintained such strong ties.

13

Last Tuesday (dt. 4-7-1961) an incident occurred that nearly soiled the fair name of the ashram as well as mine. One qualified eye doctor with one or two foreign degrees sat in my moun room. On seeing my photo in the room his mind went into a dilemma. He believed in another Guru and he debated within himself whether to bow to my photo or not. He remembered an incident in the life of Shri Tulsidas at Brindavan where he beheld

a beautiful idol of Shri Krishna. 'I shall not bow to you, for I am a devotee of Shri Rama. But if I am convinced that you are also Shri Rama I shall willingly bow to you. Therefore hold up in your hand the bow and show me that you are Shri Rama my heart's deity.' Shri Krishna immediately took up the bow and convinced Shri Tulsidas that he is another form of Shri Rama. Now the doctor recollected the whole incident. He prayed to God, 'If Shri Mota has the same power as my Guru then may I behold my Guru in him.' And he had the vision of his Guru in my photo. He even tested to see if it was not his mere imagination. In the end after all doubting and testing he was convinced about this. And he felt very happy about it. And this experience proved very helpful to him.

For the next four or five days he felt very peaceful. Thereafter he was seized by a frenzy of divine emotion and he took no food thereafter, which he admitted was his mistake. On completion of the period of silence he had to be forcefully brought out. During his stay in the room he had even read my letter. When he was led out of the room he caught hold of Shri Ochwavla's neck and beat him. He wanted to bathe in the river Tapi and come back to his room. He jumped into the river.

'Why did you not ask me about it?' I asked. 'Why did you do it?'

'I thought others would not allow me to do so.' He replied.

'But I would have allowed you definitely.' I replied.

While others were praying he jumped into the river to have a bath.

The rest of the story I shall tell in his own words.

'I jumped into the river but my legs could not touch the ground, I was swept away by the current for I did not know swimming. Every now and then I used to come

up. At ten to twelve places water was very deep. At Rander where the river was deep some people tied me with a rope and brought me out. When anybody pulled me out against my will I would slap him because I have served in the army and my anger is also due to my emotional nature. I wanted to jump into the water for I wanted to have a bath but those men would not permit me.

‘All this appeared to me as a miracle and an act of God’s Grace. I did not swallow water nor did I think of coming out when my feet touched the ground in shallow waters. Alternately going down under the water and again coming up I was dragged to Rander where I was in a greater frenzy’.

Thereafter he went back home to Ahmedabad, where also his behaviour was wild. He had to be tied by a rope. He assured his wife that this frenzy was not any madness but due to his uttering God’s Name continuously.

But nobody believed him that this frenzy was a divine emotion. They called a relation who understood something about religious matters. He interrogated him and was convinced about his abnormal spiritual emotion. On his assurance he was untied and freed.

‘My wife suggested consulting an Ayurvedic doctor for my mental condition. A relation of mine was an Ayurvedic doctor at Nadiad and I told my wife let us consult him. But my intense desire was to see my Guru Shri Mota. Nobody would allow me to see him straightaway. So I employed this excuse or ruse. As our horse carriage neared the doctor’s house in Nadiad I ordered the driver to drive straight to the ashram. And my wife had a sudden bout of fear.’

He came to me and revealed whatever had happened to him in the river. He told me, ‘I was fully

aware of whatever was happening, but I did not like people shouting at me from outside my room. I did make a mistake in not taking any food for two days, for that aggravated my anger. But my experience in the river was truly great. God saved me truly. Otherwise I would have drowned, for I do not know any swimming. God has kept me alive.'

'Your faith in 'Mota' has been responsible for saving you. The ashram is an insentient institution, but the more your love for God the greater will be the result'. I said.

'In the world remembering God even for selfish ends does not go without producing some results. From early morning till late night if we do our duty remembering God we will feel light at heart with peace of mind; even our difficulties will get solved.

If we have a friend, who is affluent and well off, and if in our need and difficult time we approach him, he will not refuse his help to us, if we have a loving relationship with him; otherwise not. But we do not have such a good relationship with God. My request to you is to cultivate such deep and loving relationship with God.'

It does not matter if we are caught in the whirl and the turmoil of our worldly life but if we maintain a loving relationship with Him we can still ask His help. This survival of the doctor I consider as a miracle and act of God's Grace. I was told that the doctor was a religious man by another religious man called Shri Punit Maharaj. So I took no precautions. Had I known that he was subject to religious frenzies I would have taken all precautions to prevent any untoward incidents.

Once, a lady sat in a room. She told me everything about her life and its circumstances. So I took all care and precautions about her. We have nothing, possess

nothing. Yet my God is so potent and powerful. He is capable of doing, not doing, and doing otherwise. He takes good care of us. Yet when I am near you, you can tell me your problems.

The main point is to attain your goal. Always remember God uttering His Name. Pray to Him, tell Him all that is in your heart and mind, thus will you turn towards Him and your goal. My Guru Maharaj told me to help man to be by himself alone; then he will automatically think about himself, turn inwards to know himself. Then he can see his own self as in a film. Whatever experiences he has had, whatever he has revealed and offered to God will come up before him.

A certain old gentleman who has helped me much had such an experience of seeing his-self as in a film. He was so aghast that he cried out, 'Shri Chunnilal, stop your magic. I have had enough'. Thus his being was rid of unwanted past impressions by atonement, by offering all to God. It works to his good. Without such an opportunity to be by your-self, this awakening can never come.

In a man's life he has no leisure or time. He has no power to move further. My Guru Maharaj showed me the proper means to help man to awaken. At that time I had no money and I wondered how it would happen? But he told me, 'It is my promise that no debt will remain on your head when you receive money from any man for this purpose.' But I asked him, 'What about the man who parts with his money for my sake?' 'Be without fear or worry. Whoever helps you will be blessed and only good will come to him.' Hearing his words my mind grew peaceful, freed of all doubts.

An incident occurred of this type. Some friends of mine collected money for building an ashram, but I returned that amount for I had no command from my

God to build an ashram then. When I finally got His Command, I built this ashram. Man when he comes out of moun room forgets to continue his practices. If he keeps up his self-study or swadhay then he will progress fast.

14

It you have met 'Mota' then think deeply. Do not go away without doing anything for yourself. My desire to help you is truly intense and I am ever willing. I do not think from my surface-mind when I say so, but after praying to God I offer my help to you. My desire to do so is very sincere and volcanic, but at the same time you should also be ready to come up to receive that help and turn it to good so that you may journey towards God fast.

Now that we have become acquainted and have come closer because of my ashrams, which was not there before, I have developed intense love for you. I always love you unconditionally without expectation of any return. Loving you I have built better relations with God. When I ask of you any help it is only as a service to God, for God's sake. And in return I love you for it.

Otherwise I am a small man without any power or position. If by my actions you can be raised a little towards God then my purpose in life will be served. My Guru Maharaj ordered me that by my behaviour and action I must raise the inner being of man.

I do not know when your being will arise and journey upward. I do not know the future. But if your mind can go deep within itself, keeping your aim firm in your heart, then you will know that I love you deeply. My mission in life is to love you. But my work does not end there. Life is to work in many fields. If life can progress upwards and outwards, then my work can be considered

to be fruitful and gratifying. I do not know when and how will men build such intimate relationship with me and when and how they will begin to love me and appreciate my work.

I have moved with many sadhus and saints. They describe consciousness as beyond words, ineffable. But I asked them, 'how do you pronounce this without experimenting and experiencing?'. They replied back, 'What kind of an experiment?' I could not swallow this argument of theirs. When a man realises his self or awakens his consciousness, then certain symptoms are visible in his life. When such an awakening comes into your life then it cannot be hidden, but becomes apparent to all. The first symptom is capacity to work increases manifold, a brightness appears in the life of such a person, humility also comes into his life, not that of a goat (cowardly), but that of a lion (brave hearted). With that comes non-attachment. Such a man can be involved in the affairs of the world and also non-involved, he can be very loving and tender, and at the same time harsh and stern. He does not care for anybody, for God is behind him, and all his actions. He is ever free of all care and worry. He tells every one whatever he wants to tell frankly. By his very behaviour he reveals he is not greedy for money. He is free in every way. Unless our heart melts with love for him all this will go above our heads.

There was a doctor couple in Nadiad. They used to come to my ashram punctually at six thirty a.m. daily. They questioned me, 'If consciousness is everywhere, then where is the need to search or seek it? After all, all is consciousness. When we speak, when we eat, when we work or talk all is done by consciousness. Then why should we seek it or search for it?' I replied, 'Life is full of sorrow, friction, conflict, pain and buffeting, is it not?

Yet everybody loves and seeks happiness. In spite of all this, if we can create conditions wherein there is joy even in the midst of all sorrow then joy or happiness can be endless and life worth living. We must find out a way of doing it. But our great men saw that it takes away a lot of our time searching for this happiness. They devised a plan to shorten this period of this searching otherwise our whole life will not suffice. Unfortunately we are not serious in our seeking nor are we prepared to go through it till the end. This demands the purification of our whole being.'

Lust and greed are with us from time immemorial. We have to be free of their influence and impact totally. I thought of evolving our consciousness so that peace and happiness can remain eternally in our life. This is a matter of experience, not mere imagination or a fallacy. The man who is prepared to offer and sacrifice himself wholly can attain this eternal happiness. But can all do this seriously and sincerely? With this idea I started these ashrams with moun rooms to help man in his seeking and searching, I explained to the doctor couple.

My Guru Maharaj taught me all this. He said life is as short as the water bubble's. Yet man is not able to think for himself. He gropes in the dark. Therefore create such conditions for a free search. I built these rooms where man can think for himself, meditate on God and remember Him for eighteen hours a day. Your thoughts of outside work and contact will diminish. And the pure impressions generated in these rooms will sink deeply into your subtle being. This work of mine, my Guru Maharaj said, will not be appreciated or understood in my very lifetime, but after my passing away its value will be fully known. I have travelled all over the country, but nowhere have I seen this unique experiment

wherein man can be fully absorbed in this experiment of self-seeking.

15

However great a devotee may be outside his home and however well known, he is nobody in his home. All my relations and friends advised me not to have my ashram in Nadiad. But I insisted on my ashram being in Nadiad. After all my people know me here, know my nature, my behaviour now and before building my ashrams. I get to know my people better. But five thousand miles away we have no contact or relationship. Here we know each other, how we are. Therefore it is better to build an ashram in our hometown.

Today in Nadiad people hold me in high regard and respect. But the other saints were not treated well by their own people at home; they were disowned and disdained. But that is not the case with me.

This therefore I consider as an historical incident in my life. Such was the ill treatment given by their own people to Shri Tukaram, Shri Gnandev and Shri Narsimh Mehta. They were never recognised as their own men by their people. But you have helped me and I am unable to talk much about your love. This seed of love is being sown in you thus. And I am not going to leave it there, even after my body falls away; for life is eternal.

I have been telling you for a long time that I will be born again, but this time I will assume a woman's body. So my relationship with you will grow even more intense in my next birth, and you will be definitely drawn towards me even more than now, of this I am very sure.

If before I pass on to the other world I can sow such seeds in as many human beings as possible, then I shall feel gratified.

If we can sit in these moun rooms with the aim of realising the self, then it is very helpful. But if our behaviour is not in harmony with our aim then nothing will come out of this. A man must struggle and endeavour continuously with awareness, sincerity and faithfulness to experience peace within. If that can be done then our progress is automatic and fast. This might appear as a small first step, but our aim should be always happiness and peace all our life.





CHAPTER 12

AGONY AND ECSTASY



*To help me go beyond and above the limitations of
this body,
These painful diseases have come to me as a divine
means and sacrament!*

Shri Mota





*All the fields of action are truly only life's battles,
And their combined effects on this body are truly
strange and subtle.*

*The body is not capable of bearing their ill effects,
The different consequences of these visit him,
Yet he endures all the unbearable pains of life,
But he allows no trace of these to appear on his face.
Stoically, uninvolved he endures all the pains,
Yet none knows anything about this secret suffering.*

Shri Mota

Do not make or have Gurus mechanically out of habit, which is utterly meaningless. Guru is the most faithful of all beings. None can stand any comparison with him for his loyalty and faithfulness. 'Have you realised yourself? If so what is the proof?' people ask me. Today I am very much alive, so you can verify for yourself. I can prove that I suffer from many diseases. The doctors have examined me in their clinic and they have certified that I have glaucoma in my head, I have corns in the back of my eyes, my throat aches continuously out of infection, I have a burning sensation in it day and night, particularly while sleeping, I have asthma, which is very patent, a doctor has also said that my pulse is very irregular and fluctuating, I have spondylitis at three different joints, which causes me immense pain along the spine and back. I have so many diseases that can be operated on and cured. Yet I move, travel and do my work as any normal being, I talk with you, do my correspondence with all. Yet I endure all this without giving any inkling to anyone of you. Can anyone else suffer and endure all this? Yet with all this I do my creative work.

In Kumbakonam Ashram I do not remain idle. I have written many books, *Jignasa*, *Bhav*, *Nimitt*, *Ragdvesh*, *Kripa*, *Karma Upasana*, and many more such books. Once in Surat I was kept in a clinic for twelve days and I wrote during this period on *Swarth*. Anybody who wants to read them can do so, he will understand all that easily for all these are written in a very simple homely style.

A truly liberated soul can be present with his body anywhere he likes for the simple reason he has developed

the space element in him. He can transfer his body anywhere and remain where he is also. Many departed souls of such saints have appeared physically before others. These men have transcended their bodies. In spite of having a body these are free of the limitations of the body. He goes through all joys and sorrows because he has a body, but he is never caught or involved in them.

Take for example a man like me. I take medical treatment to keep my body fit, for all work or activity can be done only through a body. But who understands the status of my soul or my mind? People know us through our work or karma. By His Grace I have collected thirteen lakhs of rupees and put them to good social service. My body has not been transformed fully. When can it be transformed fully? This is possible only when Consciousness descends into the earth and water elements of the body. Then there will be no diseases in the body.

A liberated soul has the same mind, brain, vital, ego and subliminal as any other being. We cannot differentiate between him and any other person. The only difference is in their enjoyment or suffering in life. The worldly man's inner being has not merged in God, whereas the saint's being has merged with God and he enjoys and suffers as the master of his nature and not as a slave. He is one with Brahman. Call it by whatever name you want. But his soul is one with God, has become God.

Let us say I am a multi millionaire and I have a debt of fifty lakhs. I can easily pay it off. But if an ordinary man had to pay that amount he would collapse. Likewise there is a world of difference between the liberated soul's manner of enduring joys and sorrows

and a layman's. If we understand this then we will know the saint better than we do now.

Another thing that we must understand is that the worldly man goes through life's experiences with his body. Within him he is ridden by desire, hope, lust, greed, ambition etc. at the very core of his being. But a liberated soul goes through, joys and sorrows, with an awareness of the purpose of its occurrence.

Then the question arises, why does he suffer at all? The liberated man is not a slave of his mind whereas the worldly man goes through all the experiences of life as a slave of nature and organs of life and senses. In the case of the liberated man all the senses and the organs have not disappeared, but have been transformed, elevated and sublimated. He is their master, not their servant. He uses his senses and organs as their master, while in the case of worldly man the senses and the organs use him. While the worldly man's thoughts and tendencies are caught up in this world's activities and movements, the other man's being dwells in God. The liberated soul is one with God. His Consciousness pervades the whole Universe and merges with Universal Consciousness. Yet he has a separate existence, which he maintains for the sake of his devotees and his friends.

Even so these great souls having gone into the Void still maintain a separate existence for the sake of their devotees before whom they have appeared in their hour of need. Shri Ramakrishna and Shri Ramana have appeared before some of their followers even after giving up their bodies. And my experience with my Guru Maharaj needs no mention for he has appeared to me times without number.

These people have transcended their bodies even though they have one. I have seen my Guru Maharaj personally and closely in my difficult times; not only I

could feel his body but his body was so ethereal, so full of light and transparent, divinely beautiful. But it lacked the quality of touch. His body would be far away, but he would appear in a divinised body beautiful and transparent and full of light, before me.

3

I do not bother much about my body. Wherever my swajans, my elders call me I have to go for I cannot refuse. And I do so in spite of my painful diseases for they have come into my body with a purpose. And I do not believe that we should not take any treatment. Left to me I would maintain equanimity. Many people believe I am indifferent or negligent about my body. They cannot be blamed for this personal belief. Often they are right in this belief. The reason behind this is their pure love for me. I am unable to explain to them what I experience in my body. So I leave the matter there. But my body carries on its work. We should not neglect our body, I feel.

Since last Saturday I have been having fever. The whole of that night people could not sleep. The following Sunday also passed thus. I am in no fit condition to write to you in detail.

Something has happened to my body, but there is nothing to worry about it. Yet if you have to worry out of love for me or have a sincere feeling for my physical condition, then keeping up that love and awareness if you can pass your time in God-Remembrance or chanting of His Name it would be good. Otherwise it would be a mere waste of time only talking about my health.

This body is not perfectly healthy or fit. I came here last Wednesday to consult a doctor. We must take good care of the body. We may not worry but we should take

proper care at least of the body, which is our primary duty. We can never afford to be indifferent to our body and health, for the body is our greatest means. Therefore we may treat and preserve our body to the best of our ability, but not pamper it in any way. I was suffering from piles or haemorrhoids and so used to bleed much. I had not consulted any doctor about it. But I used to apply vaseline to that area and felt relief. Now the effect of the disease is negligible.

There is no need to worry about this body. But if you are truly concerned about my body then if you can awaken some feeling and pass your time in thought or remembrance of God, then that would be meaningful and worthwhile. Then I shall feel gratified.

4

I have pain in my legs due to cramps. Every night I tie a bandage round my legs but without any relief. I remember my swajan who used to have this pain often. How much pain would he or she have felt! By God's Grace there are people attending on me, but my swajan is alone and has nobody to attend on him. What a terrible pain! I apply pain balm but it gives me relief for just five minutes, and the pain comes on again.

I have come here to consult a doctor. And my relationship with that service minded and good-natured doctor is interesting and worth noting.

Once, Shri Hemanth Kumar and I had been to Chorwad. This place lies on the seashore of Kathiawad (now Saurashtra). Here is a gentleman Shri Harakchand Bhai, brother of the aluminium dealer Shri Jeewanlal. He is a true Gandhian and of a very serviceable nature. He has great regard and love for Shri Thakkar Bapa. He was also a friend of Shri Amritlal Padhiar who has written a number of books beginning with the word, 'Swarg',

just as I begin all my books with the word, 'Jeevan'. Shri Amritlal has built a beautiful house with the name 'Amritlal'. Anybody who wants to do any sadhana will find this place very ideal, for it has all the conveniences necessary for this.

Shri Harakchand Bhai invited me to stay with him for some days. I would have stayed with him for about three days. He had land and farms in Chorwad growing luscious fruits. He had very intimate and loving relationship with the farmers of that place. His wife would cook food for the farmers and he would serve them with love. Once a group of nearly fourteen farmers called on him, at that time I also joined him in serving food to the guests. I have seen joy on his face while feeding the farmers and that is indeed an unforgettable experience.

Once I had an attack of *jaundice*, which worsened later. At that time the Nawab of Junagadh was with him. He was accompanied by his doctor. All insisted on the doctor treating me. But I wanted to go to Tiruchirapalli, so I refused their good offer. They advised me against travelling such a long distance with jaundice, of one thousand five hundred miles. I would have to travel the whole distance by train without a day's rest, which was quite dangerous for a man with the disease. No one can travel in this condition. This was not advisable.

But this mad fellow was not going to listen to them. He commenced his journey. At Viramgaum he had to change trains. And ticket for onward journey was impossible to get. But suddenly my eyes fell on a train ticket examiner, who recognised me. I told him my whole story, including my ill health and my determination to travel towards south. He was from Nadiad and so knew me. He purchased for me a second-class ticket. I travelled in comfort. God's Grace makes all

things possible. I alighted at Bombay and with difficulty got an inter-class ticket to Madras, where I stayed on the railway platform and in the evening took a train to Tiruchirapalli, and then by a bullock cart to Kerapatti (a suburb of Tiruchirapalli inhabited by Christians). It is through sheer God's Grace that I reached Kerapatti in my worst health of advanced jaundice.

Shri Mama and Shri Nandu Bhai advised me and even pressed me to take some treatment for my ill health. But I refused their good offer, and assured them that the disease would leave by itself. Thereafter I shall write down all that I have gone through with this disease. And only after that will I take any treatment. After some days the disease left me. Thereafter Shri Nandu Bhai asked me to write my experiences of the disease, which ran to four pages. Perhaps the papers may still be with Shri Nandu Bhai. He handed over the papers to the doctor. Perhaps he was wonder-struck. 'I shall keep these papers and study them leisurely. Thereafter I will decide on the course of treatment for you. Please, come tomorrow,' he said. The next day we went to him and he prescribed some medicines. Shri Nandu Bhai hired a bullock cart for me to go to the doctor and be back every day. And frequently he saw different symptoms periodically, and changed the medicines accordingly.

One day I had to wait more than half an hour for the doctor before he could examine me. When my turn came I got up and told him, 'Well doctor, I am not in the habit of waiting'. He replied. 'Yes I agree with you. Hereafter whenever you come here walk in without hesitation and I shall examine you and so you can return soon.'

He added, 'Swamiji, there is no need for you to take any medicine. For what ailment should I treat you? Every day your symptoms change.' And after a pause continued

in a serious tone, 'I would like to come to you and talk to you about my personal life, reveal all to you and lighten the load of my mind. I have been thinking about this during the last three days. One of these days I shall come to you and unburden my mind and feel peace within myself. I have never felt thus before. I would like to come and pour out my heart to you.' All this he told before Shri Nandu Bhai.

Then one day about twelve o'clock he arrived at our place. 'I could not help coming to you, could not remain without seeing you. So at last I have come to you.' he said. He told me all the intimate details of his life. Just before he began Shri Nandu Bhai offered to leave the room along with another gentleman to help the doctor talk confidentially to me. But the doctor replied, 'When I have come to open the book of life before you all I feel no hesitation, I need no privacy.' His was a complex life, quite different from others; he had passed through many vicissitudes of life. And he talked on without stopping anywhere. Thereafter he must have felt relieved, for his face seemed to reflect inner peace.

This built an intimate relationship between us, which still continues even today. He has not taken any money for my treatment including the drugs and injections.

There must have been some incidents in his life that weighed heavily on him. Otherwise without previous knowledge of each other he could never have been drawn so closely towards me. Why should a doctor be attracted to an ordinary patient known to him so casually? His talk to me was in the nature of a candid confession. He held back nothing from me for he told me everything frankly. He had emptied his mind and heart without any hesitation. Such a candid opening of heart is very dear to me for the person who so opens out and reveals

his heart becomes my swajan, mine own. He may forget me in the daily fret and fever of life, but I cannot so forget him.

5

The continuous non-stop utterance of the mantra of God's Name, brings on a subtle transformed process of breathing that is different from our normal breathing. This breathing is due to our 'prana' or the 'vital'. But after the realisation of the self the prana undergoes a great change or metamorphosis. After liberation the processes of breathing of the soul is quite different from the worldly man's.

Take my body for example. It houses so many diseases, yet it functions normally. But when doctors examine it they note some abnormalities. But beyond that they can do nothing.

My pulse is very irregular and fluctuating. It varies from day to day. And what could be the reason for it? There are many causes and effects, nimitt. And this fluctuation is due to that nimitt. And the body also responds to those changes in the pulse. This can be explained intellectually and our brain accepts it. There is no exaggeration in it. The body's inner working changes according to various nimitts, and this brings on a corresponding change in breathing and pulse beat, resulting in irregular beats of the pulse. No hard and fast rules thereafter can apply to these bodily changes, for such a soul transcends the body. All this is possible only when the utterance of God's Name becomes continuous and unbroken, not until then.

6

I have written four books beginning with the word *Bhava*, *Bhav Kanika*, *Bhav Renu*, *Bhav Pushpa* and *Bhav*

Jyoti. After I completed these diseases started coming into me one after another and I had to be admitted as an inpatient in the Bhailal Amin Hospital in Vadodara owing to their attacks. The hospital staff made my room very comfortable with all conveniences. The doctors examined me and started my treatment. The hospital nurses and staff looked after me well day and night. After thirty-five days I was discharged. I was given oxygen to mitigate my hard asthmatic breathing. Oxygen was administered to me about four to five times a day. I have to stay at Nadiad, Surat and Fazalpur very often, changing my places of stay every few days. But by God's Grace, oxygen is made available at every place, which I consider as His special blessing on me, and my heart melts out of gratitude to Him. God looks after those who become God's own. What better proof of this can I give to prove my point?

My body's condition is so terrible and painful that Lord's Name and bhajans have become my greatest and only medicine. Now the pain of *spondylitis* at three vertebrae joints is intense and unbearable. I feel this pain in my groins, at the back and in my neck. And it goes on increasing for I take no treatment for it. And so I have to endure it quietly. And the pain is intense and continuous, and unbearable. I compose and sing bhajans during these periods, in addition to taking medicines, which gives me relief. I have also started writing, '*Autobiography of my sadhana,*' giving details of the different means I employed, my inborn nature and tendencies and how I behaved in life.

To help me go beyond and above the limitations of this body these painful diseases have come to me as a divine means and sacrament.

To help the readers understand the significance and the truth of all that I have written, I have composed the

above lines. In spite of all these painful diseases I have offered myself in the sacrificial fire of divine works and deeds with all love and adoration for my Lord. This I consider as His choicest blessings on me. That is why I have been able to go through all these experiences.

7

I have written and sung in various ways how I am able to endure all the pain of these diseases and how I remained absorbed in my God. In spite of all these excruciatingly painful diseases how I interact and move with so many people and talk to them so jovially has been observed by so many people visiting the ashram, without revealing even a trace of suffering, without showing any discomfort or mental depression. This is the facet of Shri Mota's life that comes to their view. Yet on top of it I am always busy composing bhajans and prayers. If people can observe all this dispassionately then perhaps they can understand me better, if at all, by God's Grace. Many of my friends and expert doctors advise me that my diseases can be cured by surgery. But my deep understanding is that by God's Grace if I can remain in living and loving and eternal remembrance of God, then my endurance becomes a living example of such faith and devotion. And there is the other side of my life too. I meet and move with so many people, and travel by car long distances lying down on the back seat with the pain increasing all the while, yet never overcome by the diseases and the pain. And after reaching the other place I get down to talking and enquiring about others' welfare. All this is done spontaneously. Any other man's body cannot endure all this pain without crying out in agony. In spite of the awareness of all these painful diseases I live as a witness detached from the body. This is a living experiment on

my body and when I experience my soul strength increasing to overcome all pain, I know for sure that it is a revelation of God's Grace and Mercy. When I experience all this in a full measure, I know it as the blessing of my compassionate and merciful God. Without his compassion and mercy the body cannot last long. Therefore I have sung in some place:

*So terribly painful are these diseases,
Yet the mind and the senses are all
alert, strong and healthy.*

*All this is due to my Beloved's Grace and Mercy.
Whatever we endure silently is truly
A ladder to climb life's highest peaks;
Suffer and endure thus life's all agonies.*

Again enduring all these diseases, strange virtues and qualities sprout in life. The strength of these qualities and virtues is tested and tried on the touchstone of life to discover our true mettle.

*Enduring thus we test and know our soul-strength,
Enduring thus our being's power is brightened,
heightened.*

Enduring all these pains our patience etc. are tested and tried. In our mind and heart how we maintain peace, calm and cheerfulness and how living and aware are all those qualities, we come to understand. We know from this our soul's inner strength to face all these adverse forces, which I consider as God's true Gift of Grace.

*Enduring all this within, a new ground breaks,
And my Beloved pats my back in kudos.*

Particularly at night these diseases are too painful and intense to endure owing to my insomnia. But by His Grace I remain ever absorbed in my God and sometimes even compose bhajans.

pain. During my period of surgery I dictated to Shri Kantawala a book. And in the preface to that book he has written, 'In his worst health and in extreme pain he has written all this'. I have done all this in the presence of others. This can be done hundred percent. This goes to prove that a liberated soul merged in God is still separate and has a separate existence. I have seen this myself. As regards myself I do not want to say anything. But my Guru Maharaj could do it. While talking to others at one place he used to appear at another place and be absorbed in talking there with some others. I have experienced all this myself. Once while I slept in the Girnar jungle with lions around me, he materialized before me. While I was sleeping alone at a lonely cremation ground in Nadiad he visited me. He has done this many times. While he was alive in his body, I used to experience him his coming to me. What he used to talk to me he would be talking the same thing to others miles away, at the same time, all this a friend of mine has noted in his diary.

While Shri Balyogi stayed in Nadiad in the quarters under the bridge on the right hand side while going from the town hall, he had a festering wound and worms had set in. If any worm fell down he would pick it up from the ground and put it back on the raw wound on his thigh. Looking at this I was a little taken aback. Enough though he suffered physically he did not suffer so mentally. His mind was detached from his body. For many days I brooded over this. Is it truly possible?

I debated within myself. The nature of the soul is joy. In whatever condition he may be placed, a truly liberated soul experiences unalloyed happiness. This is possible only in the dualities of life, possible only in human body.

This sorrow or pain of life awakens in man some memory. But in the life of a true yogi or a devotee or a liberated soul it awakens the memory of his beloved God. It does not allow him to forget God even for a moment. If there were not this pain they would be in a state of intoxication of joy or *ananda*. Just as a man who has consumed alcohol is in an inebriated and joyous state so also a *yogi* remains in a similarly self-intoxicated joyous state. In the latter case of a *yogi* the cause of joy is God. It may be that he has experienced God but God is not in his consciousness from moment to moment. But in extreme pain when God takes hold of and pervades his entire consciousness from moment to moment then the acme of experience is reached and made permanent. This is my experience.

Then the question arises, why should there be pain in life? If God has an existence then from that very existence joy gushes out, for God is Joy Himself. There is nothing else in God but joy, only unalloyed joy. Therefore there is no place for sorrow, we believe but that is not so. In God there is joy as well as sorrow, because that is our nature. We live in nature and so when we experience God through our nature, nature does not vanish but remains with us. Therefore we feel pain, but are not caught or involved in it or overcome by it.

Now I feel pain in my back. This pain due to spondylitis is so unbearable that I have to take tablets for it. I take one but the pain continues, I take another but the pain does not go. So I have to take a third tablet. (*Mandrax tablets*)

Even in pain there is joy. A small child plays in mud or sand; he creates forms out of sand. He does it for joy.

It is easy because it is wet. Then he erases the old forms and shapes, creates new ones. He does all this because he feels the joy of creation. This is not mere imagination but a reality in the child's life.

Similarly we give up our body on death and don another body out of joy, to experience new joy.

This separate individuality is born out of our desire for enjoyment like lust, greed, ambition, attachment, likes, etc. in which water and earth elements predominate in us. There is also the nature of *rajas* interwoven with the above elements, for *rajas* is ambition, enjoyment of worldly things. The bodily senses enjoy worldly objects. There is a particular state between the body and the soul, which brings about enjoyment in disease and from disease. To all my pains I am a witness. Yet there must be a state where there is joy even in disease, which I am not able to explain, at this point of time.

This may sound self-contradictory, but out of pain can come joy. What is the reason for this? When there is pain it overcomes our human nature. And the pain penetrates deeper than joy and spreads to every pore of our being. It catches our brain, mind and heart and upsets bodily functions and movements and weakens them all.

Pain creates disharmony. Yet there must be harmony in life. And there must be joy in that harmony. But I am unable to experience this stage of harmony, and joy in sorrow, but I believe there is this stage.

Somebody asked me, 'why does God give you so much pain?' I replied, 'It is for my good only. When the pain is beyond the body's capacity to bear, I cry out to God. Thus I ever remember Him'. I even told Shri Nandlal, 'If you all so desire I shall give up my body of my own will. I say so but I carry on with pain, which is for my own good. There are certain things I do not say because

they go above a common man's understanding. But all is for my good only. There is pain in every pore of my body and it is beyond the body's capacity to bear and tolerate. I am convinced about it and there is no second thought about it in me.

But by God's Grace I have enough knowledge, study and even experience about it and I have decided to finish my work as early as possible. I do not postpone my work; it is not my habit. Of course I do not know when death will come. But what I have decided and resolved to do I would like to do in peace with a composed mind as soon as possible, for that is in the interest of all.

Again apart from the many diseases afflicting me, age is also creeping over me and my body gets weaker with age, even so I feel very fatigued and my stamina is also ebbing out. So the earlier I complete my mission the better. Otherwise I have no desire to continue life or wait for death to overtake me. To me both life and death are equally welcome and acceptable.* (*See Appendix 12*)





*I cannot forgo my hold on God; I cannot leave Him,
He not only clings to me, but indwells in my Heart.
I have not to bother to call or invite Him,
For He lives in His Home within my being,
No longer have I to embrace Him, or hold Him in my arms,
He is not separate from me; He is ever within me.
My sport with my Beloved Hari within me still continues.
The joy of being with Him is unique, supreme.*

Shri Mota



CHAPTER 13

THE LORD'S PEN



*I am just His pen; I have no wisdom.
If anything flows from it, it is all only His.
I am just a dullard, but awakening creativity
Within my being He inspired me to new vibrant creation.*

- Shri Mota





*Not mine are all these works; but all is due only to
His Grace,
Helping His surrendered servant, He has
lightened my life's story.*

- Shri Mota

Please read one after another all my books that come out after printing. Take another book after finishing the first. Follow this rule until you finish all the books. Thereafter, start reading those books over again. By this you will be able to understand other spiritual and religious books. My books are written in a very simple easy to understand style (because I have no knowledge of scriptural high flowing words). And anyone who has an elementary knowledge of religion can easily understand it.

There was a time in my life when I wrote a novel, but it got lost. So I concluded that this type of literature was not meant for me. Even this type of writing came to me all of a sudden. I did not know the art of writing poetry. But my three brothers, Shri Jamna Das Bhai (my elder brother), Shri Moolji Bhai and Shri Soma Bhai (my youngest brother) all of them knew how to write poetry. So I felt I was the only worthless fellow who did not know how to compose poetry. While studying in the college I tried my hand at writing poetry, but could not make any progress. Thereafter a long time passed and I entered this spiritual field. At that time owing to my love for this new life the door was thrown open for me to write poetry. I wrote my first bhajan with the beginning words, 'Lord when you come to my help, come early.' This was of the nature of a folk song. It was very simple in style and even a common man could understand it. My Guru Maharaj once gave me a piece of advice, 'When you write let it be so simple that everyone can understand it. Do not be scholarly; erase it, leave it out of your writing. Whatever wisdom you have put it aside. But write in a simple way so that even country folks can understand.' This piece of advice

appealed to me and so I started this new style of writing. Whether to call this as true literature or not or whether people recognize it or not I embarked on this kind of writing. I am unconcerned with what people think about my style. I wrote poetry in Anushtoop metre and in the form of Ghazals. I was very much at home in them. And whenever I took up my pen words flowed out for all was ready for it. I never think to write. Words flow by inspiration, and where I have to think before writing I tear off the pages. And whenever people suggest a topic and agree to finance its publication and sell the books, I take my pen and write non-stop. The whole book is finished in a few days. And I have written many books in this manner.

I was no doubt suffering from many diseases, but they never came in my way of writing all these books. One morning the famous doctor from Surat, Dr. R.K. Desai came to examine me. There was some time to go and one gentleman asked me to correct a few mistakes, which I did in two of my songs; then he suggested I write one more song. I lifted my hands in supplication to the doctor, 'Can I take a few minutes?' The doctor said, 'Go ahead; take your time'. Within a few minutes I dashed off another song and gave it to my friend. The doctor cried out, 'your mind is still very alert and sharp; but the two tablets of *CalmPose* that you are taking can make your mind dull.' 'Whether alert and sharp or not, I still can compose ten more songs immediately, provided some definite cause arises that prompts me.' At the moment my body was very sick, more so than before. I was unable even to move about, I could not even get up by myself, could not walk. But my mind, brain, vital, ego and my chit (subliminal) were all sound and healthy, ever ready for action.

If a worldly man continues thinking in the worldly way then he will continue to be stuck in the world and live a worldly life. In this life that he lives today he cannot dream of the higher, greater, nobler and divine life, nor experience the intense longing for such a life here and now. But he must keep before him all the time the aim of such a life. If he can do so then there is the possibility of his living in and acquiring spontaneous, continuous and creative joy of life. Man has been searching for ages for such higher, greater and divine life, and still continues to do so even today.

This soul by God's Grace was given a sudden push to live such a life. And that push inspired him to change living from the worldly to a higher Divine, which is a very interesting story. That is why I have titled all my books with the first word '*Jeevan*', which means Life (Divine Life).

I have never given any thought to literature; I do not want to talk about high-sounding literature. I would like to put before society my thoughts in a simple language so that people may understand them. This is my Guru Maharaj's Adesh or command. I am well educated in Gujarati; Gujarati language and literature was my subject in B.A. and I did my honours also in Gujarati. Until my intermediate Sanskrit was my subject in which I scored 80 percent marks. From this you can infer that I can write in Gujarati very well. In 1920 a Gujarat Sahitya Parishad or seminar was held, which was attended by many famous Gujarati poets. Among the dignitaries who attended was Shri Rabindranath Tagore. During the course of the seminar without mincing any words Gandhiji without hesitation said that our literature should be such that a farmer ploughing

and watering his fields can sing it and understand it; our literature should be written in such a simple easy to understand language. While he was thus talking, Shri Narsingh Rao butted in to say, 'Impossible, quite impossible'. Those words still ring in my ears. From then onwards I felt that I should write in such a simple language. Gandhiji was absolutely correct and his words went straight home into me. Even so my Guru Maharaj's advice and command were to write in such a simple language that even an uneducated villager would be able to understand.

First I wrote my Jeevan Gita in jail. I told my mother, 'A friend has written this in jail and has asked me to show it to my mother to see if she can understand this. Then I should write to him about it later.' And my mother replied, 'Please read it out to me.' I read out to her the first and the twelfth chapters, which she understood very well. She said, 'Tell your friend that Chunia read out to me the first and twelfth chapters and that I have understood it well. She is happy that the book is written in a simple style.' The reason why I told my mother thus was that if at the beginning I had told her that the book was written by me, she would have scoffed at me and said, 'My blessed son how can you write this? What do you know? I do not believe that you have written it.' My mother would not have thought of asking me to read it to her. So I had to employ a trick to make her listen to my work.

My Jeevan Gita by God's Grace has been penned in such a simple style. Even my bhajans are so simple and easy to understand. I have written them in couplets; that is in a two-line poetry, which I do not want to call poetry. What I have written is truth, in a language so simple that even an uneducated man can understand. I do not rank it as any form or any standard of literature.

Let people understand or infer what they like, but if men are inclined in future to adopt and live the life that I had written I shall consider it as God's Grace, for I have written about what I have lived. I have not written out of vain desire to write. A thought came to me that so many people write about their lives. I did not want to do that. Great changes came in my life, the very circumstances of life also changed. I had to pass through many struggles and conflicts. I could write about all that, I am capable of doing it. But I do not want to write about my personal life. But I want to write a sort of a *biography of my sadhana*. And I have done justice to this subject by writing in two lined couplets.

Gazals and Anushtoop are the two arms of my literature. They have so taken hold of my heart that at any time I can write on any subject. I can plunge straight into my writing in those forms. I do not have to think to write in these forms, such is my God's Grace on me.

My style of writing will not find favour with the educated and the literary men of today. But I do not care about it. I am not interested in getting their certificate. Now I do not care about their opinion. I am not showing any disrespect to them by this. All forms, the whole world and the whole Universe are a part of the one God. So how can I show any disrespect to them? Their opinion cannot be God's opinion, for God has not awakened in them. For this reason I do not accept their opinion as applicable to my life. I do not disrespect them for I do not want to rely on them nor live by them. I have given up thinking about others' opinions.

Day by day my body is getting sicker and weaker, nothing can be done about it. I have to bear and endure in His Name and for His sake. I never grumble nor complain, which I consider as God's Grace. How shall I acknowledge to my God His Grace showered on me? In

spite of being attacked by all these diseases I keep on writing bhajans, which is not an ordinary thing. To me it is something extraordinary beyond human understanding. As long as I live no one will know their true worth. But after my departure people will begin to think about it seriously and understand its true significance. Then they would say, 'He used to write bhajans in spite of bearing excruciating pain all the time'. After my death people will appreciate and recognize my true worth. Whether they appreciate or not my God's Grace is so greatly showered on me I am able to do my normal work. He has showered on me strength and power to endure, and inspiration and love to carry on my work, which is no mean thing. I consider all that as His holy sacrament (prasad). My God is pleased with my work. I am able to write bhajans in spite of my physical agony. To do this in the midst of continuous tormenting pains is a sign of His Grace and Mercy without which it would have been impossible. This is easy for man's brain and mind to understand. I have nothing more to say.

3

Through God's Grace many experiments have been conducted in my life. That I have been able to do creative and original work is all due to His Grace. Every day I sing and compose these bhajans. Thus I have been able to write on different aspects of my sadhana of which I alone know.

Abhay (fearlessness), Namrata (humility), Moun (silence of the mind), Ekant (solitude) were my chief means and tools of my sadhana. I took part in the 1930 Satyagraha to test my fearlessness. In spite of enduring heavy police beating by lathis I did not budge an inch. During this time I kept up continuous uttering of 'Hari

Om'. Through such incidents I could cultivate fearlessness, which I could know and discover for myself. During this period I also went to jail voluntarily but with a purpose and for a known cause after considerable weighing of pros and cons. And in the jail to live with the people of different natures, where threats and counter threats are issued, where there is confusion and chaos, where endless arguments take place, where even for a piece of bread people used to fight and beat each other, and at the same time to be fully immersed and absorbed in my sadhana even in the midst of uncongenial atmosphere is no mean achievement. To test and experiment and experience my whole attention I undertook this jail experiment. During my period in jail, I used to observe total silence, write prayers and sing bhajans all the time. In Visapur jail I even wrote my Jeevan Gita by His Grace.

4

By God's Grace whenever I write a letter to any of my friends or swajans I keep him before me, become one with him and then only write that letter. Whenever I remember anyone I think of him intensely, and offer all my thoughts and feelings about him at His Holy Feet with all love.

How Graceful is my God! My letter sometimes moves the other man deeply. You can test for yourself that what I have written to him moves others also deeply, for it is written appealingly and therefore touches every heart. I firmly believe that I have written the letter to my swajan pouring out my whole heart to him. These letters have been published and it is possible that they may touch and move other hearts in future. If that is so then the effort that I have put in has been worthwhile. And I shall feel grateful to my God for this.

My letters move and melt the hearts of my swajans. If that is so then it is good. If my swajans have been moved then it is my greatest service to them. My purpose in life is not to allow them to sleep any more.

Whenever I write a letter to a person it is not meant for or addressed to that person only. By God's Grace whatever I have learnt from my sadhana I have put it down in my letters for all to read and derive benefit from. They are applicable to all those who would like to get some help and understanding from them. My desire is that men after reading ruminates, cogitate over it, churn their being and adopt it in their life and weave it in their behavior with all. Then they would reflect their appropriateness and fulfill their true purpose.

5

I do not know how to explain clearly with the result I create confusion. My writings sometimes lack trenchant clarity and so the inner meaning is not clearly driven home into the reader. The living and knowledgeable dispassion that is necessary for such writing is wanting in me. If that comes to me I shall be happy. But I refuse to be drawn into any argument.

6

In my writings certain portions are as stated above. What I have written fundamentally about sadhana as the foundation and the key to it is entirely different from what others have written and therefore novel. Very little has been written by others giving out specific symptoms about sadhana and prodding the mind to awake. A man may have realized the Divine but he is not be able to express his experience in clear words or with clarity all that he has gone through at different stages of the evolution. For this expression in words is

also an art by itself. The ascent and the approach to the divine and the manner of experiencing the divine vary from individual to individual. And often their writings create controversy and misunderstanding. At that time we have to be vigilant. Apart from being tolerant towards others and maintaining respect and goodwill and catholicity for them, we have to stick to our own method and experience. We have to be guided from within by our own inspiration, which is truly good for us. I have come to this conclusion after my own experience in sadhana. Do not compare what others have written or said with what I have written. Of course this has increased your faith, which is good. I write whatever I experienced in life. It does not matter whether my writings tally with others or not, whether it has similarities with other liberated souls or not. You know well that I have not read any religious literature. It is quite possible that my writings may have some similarities with others on certain issues. Therefore you cannot assume on this account that my writing is not my own or that I have copied from others. Whatever I have learnt from my sadhana I have thrown open to others and request you all to accept this as it is, at its face value. Every body's experiences are not the same. There are many facets to the gem of truth and everybody writes according to his experience and understanding of the different facets of that one truth.

7

Whatever I have written in verse I do not consider as poetry. I have written in two line couplets and I enjoy writing in this manner. I have developed this habit of expressing what I have experienced in these couplets. Whatever I want to write I can write with fluency and clarity on any subject in this style of writing. I have

developed this style and I can express myself forcefully in it. I am unable to do so in ordinary prose. By God's Grace whatever comes up spontaneously I express that in the means best suited to it at the time this comes up in me. This is all that I pay attention to and the rest is taken care of by the style and the means.

My poetry may lack stuff and literary form, I do not even call it poetry, but when I want to express deeply and forcefully then in trying to focus on the inner feeling, this form of writing in couplets comes in very handy. I do not know anything about prosody, the science of writing poetry.

8

About 'Command' I have written a lot. It is Lord's or Guru's order or *Adesh*. Men of today endowed with material intelligence and cunning cannot understand its significance or importance. But those who are sincere aspirants and truly interested in it will find the way to know this, learn it and adopt in life. Those who feel deeply in their hearts are prepared to accept this wholly in their lives. This has been the experience of man from ages. There are different states of such commands or orders, ranging from physical (gross), to subtle and psychic. In the higher and highest stages of spiritual progress such commands come to one. And there are many facets to these commands. I have obeyed these commands at different levels and stages and in their many facets only to fulfil some divine purpose with awareness, love, adoration etc. Obeying these orders with the whole heart full of love and adoration helps us to go beyond and above all the limitations of life, and for this these orders are the best means in our sadhana, a very powerful and potent means. This is the quintessence of sadhana that I have learnt and have written and sung about in different books with a true feeling.

We went to Bombay where we had to stay about ten to twelve days. People would invite us to their places and give us donations also. One particular gentleman took about ten to twelve of my photographs, framed them and kept some on the boxes in the office in a beautiful manner. He asked me to write something on each photograph, a pithy saying or a slogan. I wrote them, only lines in praise of God.

That gentleman took another set of photographs with my saying and signature. I told him, 'Take one more set of those photographs and give them to me. I am not going to preserve them but only sell them for money.' He shot back, 'you are interested only in money. This has become your regular business.' I said, 'I need money and will collect from anyone who gives it to me voluntarily for my social work, and I will sell these photographs also for money.'

One particular slogan was about the nature of the world. This world is not an illusion or *maya*. It is a reality. Anyone who says it is an illusion is speaking an untruth, for he does not understand the meaning of illusion. He deals with the world as if it is a reality. If a man asserts this world is *maya* then the very purpose of existence is lost. He has no right to live, no reason or cause. He does not consider money as *maya* nor any of his near and dear ones nor his possession. He talks only for the sake of talking, glibly. This is sheer hypocrisy. So I wrote about this on one of the photographs. The other sayings on the photographs were of the nature of offering of flowers to God, which would awaken deep feelings within us for Him. One such saying reminds us of our duty to man and God. We have to live in this world whether we enjoy it or not. Therefore, why not live

singing God's Glories, live in His remembrance so that we develop some virtues and goodness, which is not possible without love and adoration of God.

These sayings are of different types. I have lived my life according to those maxims that I have written in which I discovered some truth about my Lord Hari, how He is and how helpful He can be to us. Hari is not a creature of imagination or a thought or an empty feeling. He is a Reality, a Truth, who can be of help to us in our hour of need. He may be formless but He still is helpful in our daily life. He has an Existence although formless. This is not mere imagination but a matter of experience. For I have actually experienced in life. I can say with certainty that if I am able to live or survive with all these diseases in my body it is due to His infinite Grace. I am a man as small and worthless as a straw, without any position or power of speech to mesmerise, without name and fame, without any gift of the gab to impress others, yet have been able to do social service for uplift of man after collecting a large amount of money over a period of many years, which I consider as due to God's Grace. Otherwise who cares for me, and who would give me money?

This book *Bhavajoti* is such that it is written in stanzas of four, six or eight lines. Sometimes four lines are enough to express my feelings, which I have concentrated and condensed in those lines. This is done with a view to awaken love of God in us, so that we are drawn and pulled towards God, we are inspired and guided towards His Holy Feet, so that our attraction towards Him becomes more living. This is my motive behind writing this book. It does not matter, whether anybody benefits by my book or not. Yet in future, if some rare soul with a proper grounding in him, reads

my book and he is enabled to move forward then it will be due to His Grace, which will gratify me greatly.

10

My Guru Maharaj ordered me to do something original in every field of life. In spiritual life the root of all progress is inquisition or inquiry (*Jignasa*) into self to know more about that life. It is a burning desire to experience God. This is the real Guru within you that takes you forward. This *Jignasa* has been revealed to me in all its aspects, in all the ways. And this has taught me everything, taught me how to be original in all activities of life, and different from others. And I have been prompted, inspired and influenced by that desire to express this force of *Jignasa* in words, and hence my original creation in verse of *Jignasa*.

This great scientific treatise has come to me spontaneously because of my impartial self-inquiry. All this flowed out of me without any effort or thought in just a matter of days. This history has been made possible because of my burning desire and enquiry, on the strength of which I was enabled to progress in my spiritual life, and now has been put down in writing. By God's Grace those who have come in contact with me will understand that this history of *Jignasa* has been written in depth depicting its various aspects, stages, levels and forms it assumes. This is the quintessence of my vision of *Jignasa*. Whether they understand all this truly or not, I am quite satisfied with my original creation, which I consider as God's Gift and Holy Sacrament.

I believe that no one has dealt with this subject so extensively and in such depth and detail. To keep alive and vibrant this *Jignasa*, the great awareness and intensity of feeling for the purpose of life and the priority

that I gave to it, I consider as God's Grace. Without these sadhana would be lifeless and dry. Such is the force of *Jignasa* gushing up from within.

This spiritual science occupies the foremost place. In Gujarati no such book on this subject has been published so far. I do not know if there is such a book in Sanskrit, but in Gujarati there is definitely no book.

11

A liberated soul has a body, but the activities and the play of the body are very strange. His body may remain here but he journeys in boundless space. Wherever there is a nimitt or a cause, whenever he is called, he is present there. Only a true devotee or one who has devotion or faith can understand him. Wherever there is nimitt he has to go there. As he is one with the space element in spite of having a body he can be present at very many places and move at different levels at the same time. He may not know any science, but when nimitt arises he can touch any subject which would surprise even the most clever scientists. All this is possible because the space element is predominant in him.

When I had to write about *Sad Guru* it was spontaneous. And whether people believe it or not I have to tell the whole truth. It sometimes happens that men of sharp intelligence and understanding in this world will not be able to grasp the higher truths of spiritual life and therefore will not even accept them. Einstein's Theory of Relativity was understood by very few at the beginning. Similarly the higher principles and truths of spiritual life are beyond the understanding of worldly intelligence.

Now when I am passing through the last days of my life I think I should put before the people all the truths

that I know. And when I commenced writing on Sad Guru words came in a flow spontaneously. This kind of writing on religious and spiritual topics has become my accepted karma or duty. The whole book was finished in a few days. Even when I had to travel and meet many people and talk to them, my work went on without interruption, by His Grace. This style of writing in poetical form has its advantage. It is easy to preserve the memory of important ideas. When ideas come out of the silent mind, poetry offers us a better means of preserving ideas with greater effect. Where I have to write the scripture I developed the habit of writing in Anushtoop form or style. So I adopted this style in writing *Sad Guru* also. One gentleman told me, 'You have done well to write in this style for it suits our tradition.' This opinion comes from a brilliant Sanskrit student, whose name I am withholding; so kindly excuse me. The history of my sadhana is a many faceted one, a little terse and difficult to understand. But some sincere seeker may delve deep into it to discover some rare pearls of wisdom. Again I used to sing bhajans and write them too. Many will not believe this but this is the whole truth.

This body has many diseases in it and when their pain was at its highest these bhajans were being written in a state of extreme remembrance and love of God, which I consider as Lord's blessing and mercy. I have never done anything in this. When God's blessing and grace descend on us then wonderful and extraordinary deeds take place and this is a good piece of evidence and proof of it. During this period of extreme pain I used to sing these bhajans, which is an unusual feat in life, a living example of it. Which soul can do this? Only a sincere seeker can know. Not only that, during the worst attacks of asthma when I have to gasp for breath

I kept on writing which only reveals that God's Grace works even in that state, and this is the best proof of what I say. That this book should have been written when I was totally breathless is no mean or ordinary achievement. In this is the true vision of my beloved God. And because of this Grace working at the worst period of my health I am lost in my love and gratitude for Him. Such Grace only this soul can understand.

12

When I wrote '*Jeevanghadtar*' I depicted in it the different circumstances born of my nature through which I passed. And I have declared openly and frankly all those circumstances and bad habits through which I have passed, otherwise this book is not worth the name or title that I have given it. Reading all my bhajans people may wonder, 'Such was Mota's past-life?' If they so think, let them do so. They will know from this how his life has been moulded from worldly to the divine, what were his life and circumstances in his previous life through which he passed to come to this stage. Now he has offered all that at the Feet of his Lord, and nothing of his old self remains. I have candidly revealed everything to the people. My book '*Jeevan-anubhavgheet*' contains bhajans which are of the nature of '*Auto-biography of my Sadhana*', which is a book containing in serial order the story of my life and its struggles. In order to awaken intense feelings of love for Shri Hari, the different means that I employed and the progress I made, I have depicted and described as milestones in my sadhana and these constitute its history in my life. Whatever steps I took, the obstacles I faced, the conflicts and upheavals I passed through, my habits, my understanding, my wrong opinions, my prejudices born of my nature are fully and faithfully portrayed, as also the Herculean efforts

I made to overcome them. All these again constitute a strange history of my life. And after reaching the peak of spiritual realisation and experiencing a new life, the distant and the aerial view of the past appears very strange. A sincere seeker will understand all this. In spiritual evolution our worldly nature can be both a hindrance and a help to us. This has been clearly described in my bhajans by His Grace.

These bhajans speak of my struggles and the means I employed during my sadhana to experience God, and these also form a part of its history. These bhajans describe my journey from the lowest level to the highest pinnacle, take the reader from my weak human nature to the pinnacle of perfection through various stages of life, by vivid descriptions.

The seeker will get enough material in these books for his understanding. And in case he wants to work his way to God he will get enough help from these books. But I have not written about the subtle means and methods that I employed for I do not want to write about them. Each man has to work out his own way.

My beloved God has helped me so much that I never tire of singing his glories. When I sing His Name, in more ways than one my whole being thrills with delight and my hair stand on end in awe and joy. His very Name rings out from my every breath. The melody of His Name takes away my sleep also but does not affect my health. His intoxication runs through my heart. And if I am alive today it is all due to His Name.

Many people say that I keep repeating the same idea in different words.

My reply to them is, 'God is one. Yet He is called by different names by different people. Can we say that it is a repetition of his name or is it improper?' I address my letters to those who have come to me and are

interested in their spiritual progress. My style of writing is simple, homely and of the country type and easy to understand.

Now that I am passing my last days I am writing all these letters in a lucid, clear style so that nobody has any doubt about their import.

Singing my poetry joyously, my emotions are aroused and expressed forcefully. And my thoughts are expressed in a simple manner. If I write in prose I have to write lengthily which would sound prolix. But in my two-lined couplets, I can express the same idea in fewer words and effectively. Therefore this is very convenient for me.

All the songs or bhajans that I have written form a part of *Autobiography of my Sadhana*. Today it may not sound clear to the reader but a hundred years hence some sincere seeker will find this interesting and easy to understand, for I have written all this addressed to the whole of humanity for their spiritual well being, and not to anyone individual. And in this I find this simple poetry much more convenient than prose. In just eight lines I am able to express a single idea very effectively, which I find difficult and even impossible to do in ordinary prose.

13

What I have written in 'To the mind' (*Manane*) is not imagination. It is not written out of emotion or any force of vain thought. This is only a description of conflict between my heart and my head, my inner struggle.

In order to achieve my aim it would be necessary to keep that aim before my mind's eye for all the twenty-four hours of the day. And if I can do that, then the attainment of my aim is possible. With this desire deeply

inside me I would ask what I wanted by way of help and guidance and keep up my prayer for it. The intensity of feeling would well up from within and I could see it clearly as in a mirror. All this is depicted in the book '*At Thy Lotus Feet*'. This book contains a description of how and by what means God can be attained. What would be the life of a self-realised soul who has won God's Grace? I have described in that book and prayed for such a life. This book is primarily full of such prayers. The prayers were such that all that I wanted from God was before my mind's eye all the time. This book also did another work for me. I used to dream of Himalayas and even felt the urge to go to those mountains even during my sadhana. I used to feel this urge intensely. I decided to publish this book with the blessings of my Guru Maharaj and out of the sale proceeds of the book go to Himalayas. In the year 1923 I needed a very small amount to publish this book, but at that time I did not have this money. But my spiritual mother (mousi) helped me with the small amount to get the book published. I realised nearly rupees four hundred and thirty eight, and with this money I was able to travel to the Himalayas by God's Grace.

By God's Grace after being saved from drowning in Narmada a feeling for praying to God came up naturally in me, and I wrote a long poem praising and singing glory of the river Narmada in my book '*Narmada Pade*'. This book used to be read aloud during walking of Shri Vidyanandji Maharaj from Baroda to Chanod (pada yatra). All the books were sold out during the yatra. It was then priced at two annas only. And Shri Vidyanandji Maharaj handed over the proceeds to me. And this book now has been republished in a new poetical style in Vasant Tilaka Chhand (a metre in Gujarati).

In my poetical writing there is another book, '*Hridaypokar*' (call of the heart). This book contains many of my prayers just as my other books contain. These prayers are my main tool in spiritual evolution. I continue to pray even now for my God is all pervading, living and ever awake. I never bother about when God will give me any return for my prayers. When we get new ideas during our difficulties, then we can know we are not overcome by our problems. Even if our difficulties do not go, but if we can think of new solutions which depend for their success on others, then we can be sure that we are not overpowered by the problems facing us, we still float with our heads above water, which is a fact.

If the difficulties sink into our subconscious then we can be sure that solutions can be found, for the subconscious never allows them to go unsolved.

There was a period in my sadhana when I could make no headway in spite of my best efforts, nor could I climb higher. My progress was arrested. At that time I resorted to calling on my Sad Guru for his help. I wrote a series of prayers under the title '*Keshavcharankamade*' that is at the Lotus Feet of Keshav. I have been greatly benefited by such prayers, which is my real experience.

'*Jeevanpagale*' is a series of poems on sorrow worth reading and conning. It means in the wake of life. I have written about sorrow because my life has passed through sorrow. How I have accepted and endured sorrow in its various forms, I have depicted in it.

I have written a small booklet on '*Bhava*'. In Gujarati the common meaning of Bhava is the world and its dealings, lust greed, desire, anger, hate and jealousy. Nothing of these finds place in my book. What I have written about is love of God, which makes us cleave to God and lifts our hearts and emotions upwards towards God. Bhava really means feelings or emotions for uplifting of consciousness.

In spiritual science the most important factor is Bhava. Someone asked me what is the meaning of Bhava? So I wrote this booklet on Bhava, which the reader can read to know more about it. Just as any disease can be cured by proper and apt treatment so also to change worldly consciousness to divine Bhava is the best cure and treatment. By developing Bhava and making it continuous in our being our mental tendencies get transformed. And if our heart is not there in the study and efforts of sadhana then nothing will come out of it, for without heart our Bhava cannot be awakened.

As nimitt for other works arose I wrote originally on scientific subjects like *Jignasa, Sraddha, Ragadvesh, Krupa, Karma Upasana, Bhav*. All these creative works were possible by His Grace. And that these should have been written during acute pain of my diseases is also due to His Grace.

There are no scientific books on these rare subjects available. Only a true student and seeker will know their real worth and when he expresses his opinion then it is worth noting. On the above subjects perhaps some scattered literature may be available in Sanskrit but to my knowledge it is not exhaustive or extensive. I am not aware if any work dealing with these subjects in their various aspects has been published. In the worst of this body's health these original works were written. And this is a proof and evidence of God's Grace and Mercy on me, which has a ring of truth in it. Many scholars have appreciated and praised my books. To tell the truth I do not know anything about scriptures.

I have written a prayer to be uttered while doing each work or performing each action in the course of the day after getting up from the bed. In the book '*Gunavimarsh*' there is a prayer while performing each action like getting up from the bed, going to the toilet,

making water. Whenever I had any difficulty, whether material or spiritual, family or social, for whatever I undertook to do, whenever work came to me, in short on every occasion, I made use of these prayers in a realistic manner. These prayers have given me solutions, shown me a way out of every difficulty. Otherwise I would have remained stuck. We must cultivate a determined habit of praying on all occasions.

I have also written prayers for marriages, investiture of sacred thread, house warming, *Vastu*, laying the foundation stone and other ceremonies and rituals, which are rebellious in nature and break away from old traditions. When the Bramhins speak in Sanskrit many of us do not understand the significance and the seriousness of the mantras. This sounds meaningless for the couple that blindly goes through it. But I read all this and put it down in simple countryside Gujarati.

I altered the order of the rituals and explained in simple Gujarati the meaning and significance of each of the rituals and ceremonies in a very simple and beautiful way.

Nature is a part of God. How can nature then act against God? Somebody remarked, 'You are misrepresenting facts.' I replied, 'Father and son are one. Yet why does the son oppose father? If this can happens in worldly life, then as God assumes a greater role in our life, nature opposes God, and it increases as we progress towards God. I have written about this somewhere. When my health improves I would like to write more on this. On the path to God nature becomes a stumbling block to our progress. Therefore I would like to write more on this. Let people do their own sadhana, but let them understand the fundamental truths of nature so that they are forewarned and forearmed.* (See Appendix 13)





CHAPTER 14

UPLIFT OF SOCIETY



*All our relationships are not personal,
They are meant as an offering to the Divine,
By His Grace we have lit this Karma's sacrificial fire,
And we have met to offer all relationships
into this Sacred Fire.*

Shri Mota





*In my mind the word 'Lord'
replaces and means 'Society'.*

Shri Mota

My Guru Maharaj said, 'Never be a member of the Congress or any other institution'. I had to take an oath in Harijan Sevak Sangh to serve the Sangh for three years. I refused to take that oath to be member of the Sangh. I said I did not want to be a member of the Sangh. Instead I shall only think and cogitate on God. If you allow me to serve without any precondition I am willing to serve, otherwise I quit. My Guru Maharaj has taught me and ordered me to do this. If we keep the aim and image of Samaj (society) before our eyes, then it exists.

God is without form. Then how do we serve Him? God pervades the whole Universe, the society, in fact every atom of the Universe. In today's atmosphere the word society prevails everywhere. But in my mind society by itself has no existence, I only see and behold God in its place. I therefore use the word society as a matter of convenience. I only serve God, which for me is an absolute reality. I am doing all this work (social uplift) for God. Except doing all for God and offering all to God I have no other thought or desire, no other work.

When the time came to start work for betterment of society I told my Guru Maharaj, 'I will not ask or beg of anybody, but if people give me voluntarily, it will be a debt on my head. How shall I repay?' My Guru Maharaj replied, 'It will be my debt and my responsibility. After all you are doing the work for me and at my command.' I replied, 'I am satisfied, for I have full faith in your words.'

After giving away rupees seventy five thousand of the sale-proceeds of my books for service of society I talk of philanthropy and social serve to you all. My Guru

Maharaj once said, 'Never preach what you have not practised.' Even today my books are being sold and the proceeds are credited to the ashram account. Anybody is free to inspect those books of account to satisfy himself.

Whatever I could do in the field of literature and language I have done. While studying in the college I used to read the Book of Knowledge. And I determined that there should be such books of knowledge, Encyclopaedia, in Gujarati also. And so I started publishing in Gujarati '*Gnana Gangotri*'. At that time I had no money. But now I have embarked on the work with a lakh of rupees. I shall put in more of my money into this project. This book is widely acclaimed. I similarly started for children, '*Kishor Bharti*'. Today nobody will appreciate it. But in future these books will speak for themselves.

3

This country is to be reckoned before your family and society. It is immaterial whether you accept it or not, but it is a fact. If the country were not there, then where would we be? This country exists in every core of our being in the form of love of our country, our patriotism.

The time is drawing near when your thinking about your personal affairs will not help you. If someone were to ask, 'What if we did not think about our country?' I do not want to say anything more. I am not alarming you or frightening you. I am only warning you to awaken you.

I shall tell you a story of bygone days. I was staying in Saila, a small town in the state of Saurashtra. I had to go for a meal with a friend at the palace. We were served in a silver plate. Hot bajra rotis would be served

from another silver plate. By the time I could eat a small piece, another hot roti would be served and the half eaten roti removed. I cried out, 'Why do we do this? Let us finish the roti before we are served again'. But the local prince replied, 'we serve you hot and fresh food. You have to eat that way.' And every roti had a hole in the middle where a lot of ghee or clarified butter was poured. I had to shout, 'Why so much ghee?' The local prince again replied, 'You have to eat it that way.' I asked, 'What happens to the unfinished rotis collected from here?' I was told, 'These would be consumed by the servants in the palace.'

I could not help telling, 'All this wasteful expenditure cannot last long. All this would have to go.' At this the local prince replied, 'What are you saying, Mota?' I replied, 'Saheb, what I am saying is truth'. This happened in the years 1943-44. Since then I have been telling people that all your money will be taken away by a strange enactment of law. Before that happens utilise your money for the good of man (philanthropy). Whatever the donation you give mark your name and address on the envelope, otherwise the income tax department will take away sixty five percent of your donation. We have to preserve these papers while filing our returns. If we have to pay income tax on charitable sums received, then it would mean my death. I do not want to give away this good money to the IT department.

4

This is the age of science. If someone asks me, 'Is there a science of God?' I would reply, 'Of course there is such a science.' I want to tell you the truth. Nature with open arms is prepared to give us bountifully from her large inexhaustible storehouse. She is prepared and

willing to share her secrets with us with a free hand. We are not prepared to receive it because a proper ground has not been prepared for this. After the Second World War a lot of discoveries and inventions have been made. These secrets our scientists have unlocked for us, for humanity's benefits.

This is applicable not only to science but also to God. God is ever willing to open up all His secrets to us, but we are not prepared to love Him, welcome Him and embrace Him. We are only interested in worldly enjoyments like power, position, prestige, wealth, family, status, home etc.

This is the age when science will expand and build new frontiers. And I desire that science should advance in this country and do considerable research. But where is the money for this? If I can collect about thirty-to-fifty lakhs then I would like to promote and sponsor scientific research. But the question is how do I raise this money?

There are so many things to accomplish. I prostrate full length to my God and beg His forgiveness, 'Oh God, you have made me your instrument, but I am helpless; kindly forgive me. I am unable to execute all your commands. I am after all a human being'.

Whatever I can do I am doing. For scientific research projects I need rupees eight lakhs. I have taken up about ten to twelve projects for research, not one or two, namely Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Botany, Medicine and some branches of medicine.

Ford Foundation donates millions of rupees. I am giving just one example, but there are many others like Ford Foundation. There are many in Switzerland, which help our country. Our Jugatram Kaka's Wedchi project (Valod Taluq, Surat District) also has received help from some Switzerland Foundation. Many of our country's

institutions receive help from foreign foundations. I am ashamed. I feel like covering myself with a dark coloured saree (usually worn by widows or women in mourning). In spite of our country having enough means we are looking up to other countries to help us, which is a matter of great shame to us.

We have got enough resources and yet we take help from others. It does not behove us to do so. It does not befit our culture as well. I would also like to create such a foundation. I need about twenty to twenty-five lakhs of rupees for this. But I do not know whether my body will survive till then. But I am determined to fulfil this idea and resolve. One in a million, a drop from the ocean, can help me and give me whole-heartedly, money for this foundation. God has helped me meet such few noble souls who help me generously.

Let nobility and virtue flower in our people and through this flowering if I can do some noble and benevolent works for society, then that would be for me a vision of my living Lord of a thousand hands working for my country. Without His help otherwise how is it possible for a man of the lowest stratum of society to do such great things?

5

Not one paisa of this amount will be spent on my ashrams. If any great thinker writes about me he will say, 'Mota has done great works.'

Every pie collected will remain intact, not a paisa will be wasted of the public money. Only interest earned from this will be spent for noble causes. If there is anybody in Gujarat who has thought along these lines then kindly let me know, for I would like to learn from him. I have given the Gujarat government rupees one lakh and twenty-five thousand for organising sea-

swimming competition. This amount will stay permanently in a bank and only interest earned there from will be utilised for expenses. The administration cost will be borne by the government. This cost cannot be met from my money. After considering all these aspects, I am managing these projects with public money economically.

I do not want to boast about it. I do not want any praise from anybody. People only know to criticise me blindly and loudly. I am aware of this. Even those close to me do so. But I am not worried about that. But this is the truth. I am writing all this so that you may know the truth before giving me money. Mota will manage your money judiciously. Not a pie will be wasted. University Grants Commission, Indian Medical Council, Agricultural Research Council, all say, 'After you give the money, you will have to defray all expenses.' I replied, 'If you want, you may take the money, or leave it. But the running expenses shall be borne by you only.' They replied, 'That is our practice and law.' I said, 'Law or no law, my stipulations are firm and unalterable.' These institutions are sponsored by central government. Not even a paisa is to be used to meet the running expenses.

6

I had decided not to travel much for my body was getting weaker and so it suffered much. Yet on one occasion while returning from Abu I was invited to inaugurate State Bank Officers' Colony on the way for which I had laid the foundation stone. Three or four officers of the bank knew me. So I thought I would spend an hour with them enduring a little more pain.

I spoke on that occasion, 'you as officers of the bank are paid higher salary than other common men. When the country pays you such a fat salary then you must

work more than others. You are educated and so you must feel that you have to work for the country. We worked hard for the country, went to jail and even endured police beating. The police beating awakened in us knowledge about the country. If the country pays you this high salary and yet you do not wake up to do more for your country then it is unfortunate. You do not work to your full capacity during office hours and then work overtime after office hours, which is very regrettable and unfortunate for the country. You believe that this will increase our country's prosperity, which is not true. Your political leaders are misleading you. Let us examine our own behaviour to find out what part you do play to bring about this prosperity to our country?

They were all aghast. They felt that they were going to give Shri Mota rupees two hundred and fifty, and yet he only finds fault with them. I told them, 'whatever money you pay me does not go to my personal account, but every penny goes for some good work of the society.'

This disease of working overtime has spread very far. Workers in farms and even factories shirk work; now ask yourself, if you also shirk work like this, how can the country prosper? This is another form of thieving, dishonesty; and this has to stop.

7

One friend suggested, 'I shall collect for you a lakh of rupees' I replied, 'It is so good of you to say so. I need money for many noble causes.' The friend said, 'You have to conduct a *yagna*.' I replied, 'Please drop the idea, I am not interested in it.' He said, 'You have not to spend a pie, we will arrange and manage the *yagna*. We shall collect from others and give you the money.' I replied, 'Forget all that, I do not want such

money.' The man was sincere in his offer, but I was not willing to take that money, even if he offered me five lakhs.

In Surat ashram some persons came and offered us money. They asked Shri Nandu Bhai, 'Will you accept our money?' I replied, 'We will surely accept it'. They gave us eleven thousand rupees quietly. They did not know us. They had once sat in our moun room. They used to visit the Ashram since the last four days only. I can give you so many examples in which money dropped from heaven. Where they promised three thousand they paid me twelve thousand rupees. Even such incidents take place.

It is true that I am not going to squander money as some of our *sadhus* and *sannyasins* do. Money is God's power and we cannot afford to misuse or abuse that power. It cannot be used for their own aggrandisement or pleasure. Some people believe that God is affluence itself and giver of that affluence. I agree that God is the source of all the affluence of the world. But you and I are not Gods. Man cannot become God. But he pretends to be a God. When he does so, the mischief starts. During *Khumbh Mela* a lot of money is squandered, these sadhus ride elephants, show off their status, eat all sorts of sweets and distribute food and sweets free. A lot of money is wasted, which is not good. They argue that a lot of damage is done during natural calamities such as earthquake. Is that not a waste of money? I would say there is a lot of difference between these two calamities, man-made and God-made. There are reasons for natural calamities. But man-made calamities are the results of his poor intelligence.

It is wrong to presume that God does everything; just as day and night occur, but the Sun never does anything. Nature has its own rhythm, the world's

movement round its axis brings about day and night. Even so what happens in our life is our own doing. But people wrongly believe God does everything. If that were so why should men suffer the consequences of their actions? If God were physically present He would give a resounding slap to man and say, 'You scoundrel, you do all wrongs and blame me for it?'

These black-marketers and smugglers are now being arrested right and left. They all met once and decided to give me twenty-five thousand rupees. I told them to do so quickly, for you will be in trouble soon. I did not utter a threat to them. What I meant was give it to me before you get into trouble. But they gave me twenty-one thousand only. Now I cannot get more from them.

Once the smugglers held a meeting in which the police were also present (secretly). But what could the police do? But I had a feeling that the police would one day question me as to why I receive money from the smugglers? There was one such incident in my life. I was once in a hospital in Surat under observation. I was sipping tea at that time when somebody walked in enquiring about me. I offered him tea as was my custom to offer tea to anyone who calls on me when I am having tea. He started talking in a round-about way and I began to doubt his good intentions, his bona-fides. I had a flash in my mind. I told him, 'you may leave me. The purpose for which you have come will not be fulfilled. If you want to see me please come again with a magistrate's warrant. I will not see you again; your purpose will not be served by meeting me.' He left me never to return. I told the assembly of smugglers and the black- marketers, 'The money you are bringing in is not pure, but tainted. That is not the proper way of earning. The money you give me is not unholy because we make good use of your money. We never use your

money even for our ashrams. We take money from anybody who gives us. *Lakshmi* is our mother and therefore ever pure and holy. Then for whom is She unholy and impure? She is impure for one whose heart and mind are impure, but for others She is not so.' Everybody was overjoyed on hearing this.

At that time there was a celebration on my account in Surat. On that occasion even smugglers used to donate us money. We used to receive these amounts with their names and addresses. Benami (anonymous) amounts we would never receive. Three or four such people had come to give such money. I was at that time in a doctor's clinic. One gentleman came and asked me, 'Why do you receive money from these people?' I replied, 'Why should I not receive their money? What objection should I have to receive this amount? In your sight he may be a smuggler and therefore he is guilty. You can make out a case against me in a court of law and I will reply to you in the court. We have openly invited the public to give us generously for our noble causes. So how can I refuse their money? How am I concerned how he earns it? Gandhiji once took money from a prostitute, which is a historical fact. Just because a man is a smuggler does he cease to be an Indian? It is the duty of every Indian to help his country. It is your duty also. Therefore you may also kindly donate some amount to my cause.' Everybody around me laughed. He left me for good and never returned.

8

After the establishment of my ashrams we have undertaken and completed all the projects on the strength of our faith, which had a metallic ring of force in it. Mother Faith has no doubt been responsible for our success. When faith burns like a fire in us and

generates heat of aspiration then it is potent enough to complete all our undertakings successfully by itself. This is amply proved by this dullard's life.

And I have been enabled to meet so many people by God's Grace, which has helped me to shorten my working time. And this is a strange fact in spiritual science. Perhaps a common man may not be able to understand this; nevertheless, it is a fact of science. When my body is passing through its last days I am writing all this so that the readers may take the trouble of understanding me better, which is my sincere prayer to them all. Men of faith and realisation are able to shorten time and distance and quicken their realisation of the Self. Many great souls have experienced this and can testify to this fact.

If I can by God's Grace make the people who have come to me tread the path towards God then my life would be worthwhile living; this is my intense and living aspiration. But this also demands full cooperation from you all, which a difficult but not an impossible condition to fulfil. Yet whenever their remembrance or memory comes up in me I never fail to pray for their spiritual welfare at those moments. Whenever I send out concentrated and one pointed thoughts about those people they never fail in reaching their subconscious minds, which is a subtle fact of science. Such thoughts never go in vain but will bear fruit in time.

This fact had been established and proven by experience born of experiment.





*How dear is my Lord! Yet He is invisible to our view,
He has taught us the precious Art of Living.
We live with all, mix and mingle with all,
None knows the secret aim of our life,
God is secretly hidden, indwelling in us all,
And our heart throbs to bring Him into the open.
He sports and plays in our lives in many strange ways,
And our life is to play and sport with Him in His ways.*



CHAPTER 15

DIVINE BIRTH



*Many births have we had before this,
Of which all I do know, but you know not.
As the Lord of the Manifest and the Un-manifest
I have neither birth nor death.
Through Nature, by my Power of Will, I am born.*

Shri Mota



In our entire spiritual literature I do not know if anything has been written about inner conflicts and struggles. But all this constitutes an important part of sadhana. Perhaps some where it may have been written but not in depth. Sri Aurobindo has written about it, but I have not read it. Until now we have never heard about any great soul entering and mastering all the five elements of the human body, *namely Space or Sky, Fire or Light, Earth or Matter, Air and Water.*

They may have conquered three elements, but that does not give them full mastery in understanding or expressing the full form of God. No doubt after the mastery of these three elements the souls become free of the attractions and the bondage of this world. In other words they do not fall back into the trap of *maya* or become steeped in worldliness. He remains one with three elements. He is freed of the shackles of this world, which is certain. Such a soul dwells on a higher plane than the worldly. He goes above virtue and sin because of this mastery of the three elements. But his struggles and conflicts continue, they do not end here. I know this much only; beyond that I cannot say.

Ultimately the remaining elements too will be conquered for the Divine, but when will they be so conquered cannot be said definitely. But at the moment the great battle is being fought for their conquest. Our ultimate aim is to know and attain the Divine. If we go against it then how can we know it? Therefore this struggle and conflict for the conquest of all the elements is necessary and inevitable. Whether you are for the Divine or the hostile forces this struggle and conflict are inevitable. But if you are on the side of the Divine then with goodwill and love for all you have to fight on. Do

not give up your fight. Never yield to any weakness, do not become effeminate. Do not bow down to the undivine or hostile forces or elements. In the Mahabharat Sri Krishna approached the king of the enemies for a compromise. He was prepared to accept five villages to settle the dispute of the kingdom. This is an example for us to follow. Go to the other man to meet him half way to avoid any conflict. People might say this is foolish for the other man is exploiting your good nature. Everybody in this world will talk in this way. They do not have any idea of the divine element at work. We want to reach the divine element and live in it, therefore our behaviour should be in harmony with it. Our behaviour must be full of goodwill and love for others. Whatever enmity you may have with the world you must work your way with love and goodwill. One day the enemy will come round and be friends with you.

If anybody is a true devotee, then he can experience the truth of this. Wherever he is he will have the vision of his Sad Guru or God. For when you have to do some difficult work He will give you inspirational and intuitive guidance from within. His presence is felt more keenly after he gives up his body, which will work better than while he was alive. His touch, his contact, his voice even for a short time, will now give us so much better inspiration, guidance, courage and grit to stand up to the challenges of life, which can make possible the most impossible of works.

2

This human body is gross and its functions and movements are also gross. But the root and spirit are within, inside us, which is easy to understand. The inner being is subtle and invisible. Our Brain or Buddhi does understand all this. All this happens from the astral plane

and is called astral phenomena. The question is how does it all happen?

How was our inner world created? We say mechanically that it has no beginning and no end. This indicates the sum totality of the impressions accumulated in the *chit* or the subliminal over the previous births. Nobody knows where and when it all began. And it has no end either. Once we attain Godhood all these impressions are burnt to ashes, and these create further nimitt or cause for 'relative' actions. The men of the world are subtly linked.

Similarly we have astral phenomena. It would be alright to call it subtle activity of the Divine. It is born of the causal because it is without any form. And owing to some lack it entered the subtle. From there it became astral phenomena. This is permanent, for it will never cease to be. These phenomena cover the whole universe. These take on the qualities of the object it touches. Just as consciousness takes on the form of a donkey when it is in a donkey and a dog when it enter a dog's body, so also these phenomena take on the qualities of the object it touches, like Mars or the Sun or the Earth.

Each astral phenomenon takes place in the gross, as a subtle force it pervades the whole universe, without any beginning or end. For convenience we say it was born of causal. But it has neither any beginning nor an end.

Even a liberated soul has a physical existence, which also is due to nimitt or some past cause. His very birth is due to this cause or nimitt. He may take a birth or may not take a birth for he can work without a body. He can even delegate his work to another liberated soul. *This is Shri Aurobindo's idea in the Life Divine.* If all can be accomplished on the plane of the gross then where is the need for him to take birth? When Shri Krishna

was born people felt influenced by His form and the effect of that birth was truly great, which could not have been possible without his birth. The effects of the subtle cannot influence us much; they pass us by. In the subtle many waves come to us but we are not aware of them. Man will not understand them, but it is necessary to do so for they have their own influence on us. It is for this reason that a liberated soul takes birth in a human body.

Having taken on a gross body he has to go through hard sadhana to realise the subtle, for he has to go beyond the gross. But he has not to struggle as much as the other man who starts his journey from the beginning. But he has to go through his sadhana as a revision course. Shri Krishna for example had to do sadhana for a short period in Sandeepani Ashram. Similarly Shri Rama also acquired marital skills in a short time. His father Shri Dasrath did not know his son's greatness, whereas his Gurus Shri Viswamitra and Shri Vashistha knew of it. A perfectly liberated soul has the freedom to be born whenever it likes, which an ordinary soul does not have. These liberated souls rarely avoid taking a birth. Normally they are born as ordinary men and in ordinary families.

These great men often take birth because there is always work to be done by them on this earth. Even so they are linked with so many men by past ties, so they have to take birth, although they can work without assuming a human body. So they prefer to take a human birth. When an ordinary man is born he is not aware of the purpose of his birth, whereas the liberated soul is born with this awareness.

I did not have to call Sai Baba. He came of his own accord, and I saw him. I did not even know his name. Similarly I did not know Shri Upasani Maharaj. After I returned home in Karachi I started telling my people

that I had met an *Oliya*. Among the Muslims a self-realised soul is called *Oliya*.

These people take birth only to keep alive divine feelings for spiritual evolution. They keep alive and burning this flame of aspiration.

After Sai Baba gave up his body the Muslims and the Hindus quarrelled among themselves about the disposal of his body. The Muslims wanted to bury him, while the Hindus wanted to cremate him and build a temple over the remains of his body. The collector intervened and took a *via media* course. He was buried in the Muslim fashion and a temple was built over it. The Hindus were allowed to offer worship to him and do *pooja*. There is no custom of this sort among the Muslims.

I came to know of him as Sai Baba. His antecedents are not known well. According to his own version and public opinion he was born in a Hindu Brahmin family. He was brought up and trained by a Muslim Fakir in Islamic tenets. He was at home among both the Hindus and the Muslims.

I have never been to Shirdi. But the manager of Scindia Steam Navigation Company wanted to observe silence for some-time. 'I like your system of observing silence in a secluded room.' I suggested to him, 'You have a beautiful quiet room in your bungalow. Why not make use of it? You have an attached bathroom also.' But he insisted, 'I want to do it in Shirdi only.' I replied, 'But it would be difficult in Shirdi. We do not know anybody there. Who would give us a room?' He replied, 'Money can buy anything.' And he spent rupees one thousand five hundred only and got a dharmasala's large portion on rent. We were offered all facilities. We also took a cook with us. All together we stayed there for twenty-six days.

I learnt from the people in Shirdi that Sai Baba without rhyme or reason would give away large sums of money to some people. He would give rupees ninety-six to ninety-eight to many people, apparently without any cause or occasion. Perhaps it was due to his nimit or the debt of last birth. Nobody knew from where he got this money, but his generosity piqued the interest of the income-tax department who could get no truth from anybody. There are traders in Shirdi, the second and third generation, who assert that Sai Baba gave them, their ancestors, large amounts, which found a place in their account books. They believe that this was the cause of their prosperity. Thus was I enabled to go to Shirdi through my friend who wanted to observe silence in Shirdi. Otherwise I would not have been able to do so by myself.

3

It is incorrect to believe that the *Vedhs* prohibit ladies from learning those scriptures. Perhaps a lady could have made a mistake or erred sometime, which resulted in her fall. And so they were banned forever; they were declared unfit for this study.

A child stays nine months in the womb of its mother. If the mother were not capable of understanding these *Vedhs* then how will the child be able to understand all these? Which fool has written this, I cannot understand? I am not saying this out of anger to decry the person who banned ladies from learning the *Vedhs*. Once I had to go to Banaras as an escort for a young girl who wanted to study in the Banaras Hindu University. There we hired a bungalow. She wanted to study *Rig Ved* for an examination. There was a paper on different types of poetry and metre, on ascending and descending intonations. To understand this, one has to

learn from a pundit. There are better scholars and teachers in South India in *Vedhs* and *Upanishads*. But in Banaras we were hard put to get a teacher to teach this young girl. Even though we were prepared to pay rupees two hundred nobody agreed to teach this girl. They were staunch adherents of the tradition that women have no right to learn this *Ved*. They believed that the Vedic Mantras should not be recited before ladies nor taught to them. And there was a question on this *Ved* in the examination, which carried twenty-five marks. So there was a possibility of scoring good marks in this paper like mathematics. We met the professor of this subject in the university. He replied to us when we asked him for a teacher to teach his young girl, 'We simply deduct these marks from the paper for nobody is prepared to teach the girls.' At last we met Shri Madan Mohan Malaviya, the chancellor of the university and its founder. We told him, 'You are offering us a subject but not a teacher.' We took a letter of recommendation from him, but still nobody came forward to help us. It is truly said that God helps those who help themselves. Now we turned to God for help. We prayed to Him as the last resort. Finally someone volunteered to teach the girl. We must pray to God only after making all efforts. I bowed and touched His Feet. He not only agreed to teach, but also called us to his house for one whole week and taught her perfectly well. I call all the pundits only coolies, for like the coolies they carry the burden of the books in their heads, instead of carrying it on their heads. Clever in sophistry, that is debates and arguments, they may have book knowledge, but they lack spiritual wisdom.

I have determined that my next birth will be as a woman. For this I have a reason. I want to lift up my country. Even when I was studying I had this desire to elevate my country and make it more prosperous, for without prosperity nobody or no country will show us any respect. Before this as well as now there is no sign of coming prosperity in the atmosphere. Yet I am working and doing all I can for my country's prosperity. But my Buddhi understands that if my country is to prosper and progress then the ladies of this country have to come forward and develop qualities such as courage, grit, enterprising nature, patience, bravery, fearlessness and valour. To create this congenial atmosphere I will have to take birth as a lady so that I can move freely with them and help them. If a free liberated soul can intuitively feel thus then he can be born again in such circumstances. But if he does not so intuitively feel then it will not work.

God sometimes takes a human birth for the welfare of his devotees in particular and the uplift and protection of religion in general. At that time personal desire to be born or not to be born is of no consequence. It is not there at that time. All happens by the supreme Divine Will. All is intuitively willed. Similarly when a free soul desires to come down in a human body he does so without a choice. Here his inner organs like mind and brain do not think one way or the other. Thought does not play any part in such a birth (an existence willed by God).

If I take birth again as a woman it will not be to lead a worldly life and beget children. I shall be very affluent and rich beyond measure. I shall also be very beautiful in my looks so that I can attract by mere

gesticulation, so that people will begin to understand me; and all those who come to me will not be able to go away or leave me.

At that time my words will have the power of lightning. My life then would be different from what it is now. Unless women are empowered like this our country cannot progress culturally and economically. Women must be brave and dedicated if the country is to progress and prosper in all fields. It is wrong to assume that money alone brings prosperity.

With some liberated souls the decision to be reborn is automatic. But all do not take birth again. They remain in space, and are all pervading. They have merged with the Universal Consciousness, yet their existence is there. Since Consciousness is all pervading, these souls too are all pervading.

5

I shall have to wait to take another birth for the simple reason that all those who know me and have come to me will also have to take birth and be with me in the next life also. Obviously I have to wait till then to take another birth.

Until then I shall go to some place or other and contact someone. That other man may not know about it. But I shall derive some joy out of associating with him. One fact is that with the body my soul cannot have that much of freedom and power as I will have when my soul is free of the body. With this body my psychic being cannot enter into you and work there. It can think about you, try to hold you, pray for you, but cannot enter your inner being. But my psychic being after my death will be able to enter into you without your knowing, without your permission, and after entering it can work in you and through you. But if you

have not prepared any ground within you for this working, then it will at least leave an impression and sow a seed in you, which will be a great help to you for future evolution.

All this is possible on this earth. I first thought that I would be born in South India that is Tamil Nadu, for I love this part of India very much. But that does not seem necessary now, nor is it possible. But this is certain that I will have to wait for a long time before being born again.

But today I am declaring to you this fact that we shall surely meet in the next birth also. Kindly keep your heart tied to mine. But you will say, 'But you keep your heart tied to ours'. Whether you say it or not, wish it or not, my heart is ever with you and in you. I do it in my own way, I have avoided telling you all this till now, but now I am opening my heart to you.

Let us assume that there is mutual love between a free and a liberated soul, and a worldly soul. On account of this the former sends out thought waves to the other, and the other is receptive to these waves. This interchange of thought waves between these two takes place often as the other man is also responsive. This is possible because both the souls are in harmony and on the same wave length.





CHAPTER ENDLESS

FESTIVAL OF JOY



*I pray to Thee from my heart,
descend into this body of mine,
Manifest Thyself fully after Thy descent to make it
worthy of the Divine.*

Shri Mota





*Life has no botheration of age at any time,
Endless, eternal, vast and undivided is life.
The body alone has age, and life assumes a body,
Everything happens in life because of the body.
Life is a play of mental tendencies in Nature,
Life overflows with joy of consciousness of existence.
Life is ever one and whole, Life can never be divided,
Life flows on endlessly like the free flowing
Waters of Ganges.
Life is the manifestation of the un-manifested
Love of God,
Life is a gift of the Divine to discover
the secret source of life.*

Shri Mota

To Whomsoever It May Concern:-

I, Chunilal Ashram Bhagat, alias Mota, resident of Hari Om Asharam, Nadiad, hereby declare that of my own freewill and pleasure I desire to give up my physical body. My body is ridden by many diseases and now cannot be useful in public welfare works. There is no hope of any cure for these diseases. Therefore it would be good for all, for me to give up this body willingly and gladly. And I shall do so at the appropriate time I think fit and proper.

My last rites should be performed in a quiet and secluded spot near the place of my death in the presence of six people, do not call many people during the last rites in my order to my sevaks or volunteers.

The last remains of my body should be immersed wholly in the river.

Build no monument or memorial over me. After my demise whatever money pours in, in my name, utilise the same for building school rooms.

Sd. Chunilal Asharam Bhagat alias Mota

Dated 19-07-1976

Shri Mota decided on 19-07-1976 to give up his mortal body which fact he communicated to Shri Nandu Bhai only. He asked Nandu Bhai to inform Shri Raman Bhai Amin about his decision, and ask his permission for giving up his (Mota's) body at his farmhouse in Fazalpur after reaching his place. And if he was reluctant to give permission to do this then they should come back to Surat Ashram for giving up his body. The Surat Ashram is six miles away from Surat city. After reaching Fazalpur Shri Nandu Bhai informed Shri Raman Bhai about Shri Mota's desire to give up his mortal body at his farmhouse. Shri Amin was stunned. But the next

moment composing himself he announced, 'This house belongs to Mota. He can do what he likes here.'

Early in the morning Shri Mota removed his eyeglasses, his wristwatch and golden chain, and gave them to Shri Rambhai Patel for passing on to Shri Nandu Bhai. Normally he would give such articles to those near him for safekeeping, but never to Shri Nandu Bhai. This sounded strange to Shri Nandu Bhai who went to Shri Mota's room.

Shri Mota announced that he would start the process of giving up his body about 4 o'clock that day. Thereafter nobody should touch him nor call his name.

Shri Nandu Bhai said, 'Please wait for some more time before doing so. It is raining very heavily. It might hamper your last rites.'

Pujya Shri Mota told him straight away, 'If you cannot perform my last rites, then throw my body into the swelling waters of the river. This is not a matter of discussion now.'

The inmates of the ashram usually have their lunch at 10 o'clock. Shri Mota that day did not have his meal. The rest had their meal as usual. Shri Raman Bhai Amin went to office and returned at 3 p.m. Shri Raman Bhai Amin's children were at Fazalpur. Shri Mota talked to them, asked about their welfare. Whenever Shri Mota came to Fazalpur the children would meet him and then depart. Today the children departed after meeting him. They were not informed about Mota's decision to give up his body. Shri Mota was sleeping in the varanda. The farmhouse was called 'Hari Smriti'. A marble plaque bearing the name was nearby. Shri Mota called for it, held it in his hand and touched it to his heart and bowed to it. About 4 o'clock he ordered people around him, 'Take me inside the room'.

After being taken to the bedroom he called Shri Nandu Bhai to his room and handed over to him some papers that he had written before 3 o'clock. He had written these pages lying down on his side. Apart from this he also gave him some letters. He talked with Shri Nandu Bhai for five or seven minutes. Then he called five others into his room, 1) Shri Raman Bhai Amin, 2) Smt, Dhiraj Ben Amin, 3) Shri Ram Bhai Patel, 4) Smt. Dr. Kanta Ben Patel, 5) Shri Raju Bhai Patel. Shri Nandu Bhai asked Shri Mota whether they could remove the catheter attached to his body for removal of urine.

Shri Mota replied, 'No, do not remove it. It is my life partner. From now on nobody should touch me or call me by name. If you want to sit outside you may do so.' Thereafter he closed his eyes at 4-20 p.m. Shri Nandu Bhai sat on a stool by his side near the head, and started chanting 'Hari Om'. A little after eight hours he had a feeling that Shri Mota will give up his body finally about 1-30 midnight.

Dr. Smt. Kanta Ben Patel read the pulse beat of Shri Mota at 12-30 midnight. The pulse beat had dropped to 30 – 35. About 1-25 a.m. the pulse beat stopped altogether. About that time Shri Mota's lips parted a little. The information that had to be given to the others Shri Nandu Bhai started writing.

Shri Amin's farmhouse stood on a high rock overlooking the river Mahi. The embankment built around the house had been washed away the previous year. The steps leading to the river from the farmhouse had been widened to two and half feet this year. Previous to this the path leading to the river from the house had been narrow. But now that the path had widened, it was easy to carry Shri Mota's body with two men in the front and two men at the back. His body was given a sponge bath.

No scented sticks were burnt. No sandalwood was available.

Firewood pieces were collected and piled up for a funeral pyre by the workers of the farmhouse. About 6-10 in the morning, his body was finally placed on the funeral pyre (23-07-1976). Shri Raman Bhai Amin lit the funeral pyre. The body was finally reduced to ashes in two hours and ten minutes. The remains of the body, ashes and bones, were consigned to the river with the help of a spade.

The last words written by Shri Mota written on 22-07-1976 were:

1) I express my gratitude to those who helped me or who did my work. May God bless them and return their service with goodness.

2) We have never kept anything secret. We have written everything frankly and in a simple style what the learned scholars, poets have never written before. We have never written by ourselves. We have written at the instance of somebody's suggestion after he agreed to pay for its publication. We have written what in Gujarati literature has never been thought of or written. (Nimitt, Sraddha, Jignasa, Shri Sad Guru, Bhav, Ragdvesh, Swarth etc.). May all credit and praise for this go to God only. We have never written after thinking, all came spontaneously. All these were written in a short time and that too after money was received for their publication.

3) With all zeal we have worked, we have never known any disappointment or frustration, we have carried out whatever fell to our lot, we have executed Guru Maharaj's orders with joy and love.

The last great words penned by Shri Mota on his Guru Maharaj are as below:

‘It is not as if Guru Maharaj is just an ordinary living being. Whenever we need him or he needs us he comes to us assuming a human form and passes by to help us in our difficulties. He never allows any problem of his devotee to remain unsolved or unresolved. The work of the devotee is never allowed to stop or stall.’

Guru Maharaj is synonymous with Consciousness. His art of working is indeed wonderful. It is wrong to believe that Guru Maharaj will do everything for you. Shri Mota has said that whenever we need him or he needs us, if we pray to him in anguish, joy and love he appears before us, in human form, solves our problem, and passes by.

Guru Maharaj is an expression of evolved and realised consciousness. Through these lines Shri Mota has given us an assurance of fearlessness, for a Sad Guru is an ever present reality. These significant and meaningful words of joyous assurance still ring in our ears. It is rare to be such a staunch devotee of such a great Guru. This is the highest stage in spiritual life, the pinnacle of spiritual attainment.

The call to such a liberated and free soul never goes in vain. And his secret art of unravelling all our tangles of life is not easy to understand without his grace and blessing.

This is not the end for all life is endless. Only that which can be completed physically can end.



APPENDIX

1. *Shri Aurobindo has also written, 'My life has not been lived on the surface for people to see.' – page i*

2. *Shri Aurobindo gave up his body at will i.e. Ichha Mrityu like Shri Mota. – page xv*

3. *Apart from him only Shri Aurobindo has written so extensively on spiritual matters. – page xv*

4. *We may mention in passing that Shri Aurobindo and the Mother in Pondicherry slept for four hours between two a.m. and six a.m. There were days when they did not sleep at all. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru also used to sleep between those hours. On fourteen and fifteen of August 1947 day and night he did not sleep at all. The fourteenth night he was awake the whole night with Gandhiji. This indicates the quality of the sleep which makes up for the quantity. - page 144*

5. *Mota's experience of 'Nirav Brahman' tallies with that of Sri Aurobindo who also worked nearly eighteen hours a day without any feeling or fatigue. There were days in his life when he had to go without sleep, sleep on alternate days. – page 209*

6. *We may mention in brief that most of Sri Aurobindo's writings are repetitive, but not otiose or redundant. According to him life is a journey in cycles and therefore repetitive. – page 224*

7. *Shri Aurobindo's words from 'Savitri' corroborate this feeling, 'All can be done if God touch is there – page 277 & 345*

8. *According to Shri Aurobindo the greatest service one can render to man is to lead him and gently turn him to the Divine, which only a liberated soul can truly do. – page 316*

9. *According to Sri Aurobindo 'The time to turn to spiritual life depends on your own aspiration. A sincere*

aspiration always brings its own response; and if there is continuity in the will the result cannot fail.' – page 418

10. *In the mind's silence the Transcendent acts
And the hushed heart hears the unuttered Word.*

(From Sri Aurobindo's Savitri) – page 425

11. *According to Sri Aurobindo, 'To know God is man's proper business.'* – page 445

12. *According to Sri Aurobindo a Guru does not take on himself the sufferings of his disciples. If he does so then it means he takes up their complete responsibility. – page 584*

13. *After his experience of Silent Brahman under guidance of Shri Lele, Sri Aurobindo's memory increased phenomenally. He could compose and memorise 125 lines of his poetry Savitri during the day and dictate the same verbatim at night to his typist. He used to write without thinking and there was no need to correct his words later. – page 620*



GLOSSARY

1. *Bhajans* are songs, psalms, in praise of Glories of God.

2. *Bhava or Bhavana* is an emotion of love or longing.

3. *Dhyan* is one pointed concentration or attention that ultimately leads to Samadhi. Dhyan is born of effort, while Samadhi is spontaneous.

4. *Maya* is God's Power of Creation. While the layman is caught in the mazes of creation, the true seer sees only the hand of the Lord at work in creation.

5. *Sadhus and sanyasins* are mendicant monks whom Pujya Shri Mota considered as an economic burden on society.

6. *Sakshatkar* is a realisation of a state or a stage in the ascent to Divinity. There are two states Nirgun and Sagun. The first is without Form, the second is with Form.

7. *Samadhi* is of two types, the Savikalpa, that is with the seed of thought and Nirvikalpa, i.e. without the seeds of thought. Beyond both is Sahaj Samadhi which is unbroken and spontaneous, resulting in the culmination of the Supreme where all efforts end in ease and life is lived only for the Divine of His Work

8. *Prarabhda* presupposes a prior birth whose actions based on motives bring certain results, good and bad, to be endured in this birth and this birth produces certain action results to be endured next birth. Motiveless actions for the Divine, dedicated to the Divine, grant us freedom and liberation from repeated births born of our human nature in which there is suffering. This liberation is termed Moksha or Mukti or Nirvan.

PRAYER-I pray and bow at Thy Feet

*Lord, ever keep me in the Haven of Thy Holy Feet,
I pray and bow at Thy Feet.*

*O, Beloved, ever indwelling in my heart,
Thou Lord of my heart's precious Lotus,
Thou renowned dear and faithful Lover.....(1)
I pray and bow at Thy Feet.*

*I open to you my heart's inner feelings,
My mind still remains intransigent, rebellious.....(2)
I pray and bow at Thy Feet.*

*Removing all obstacles from my life,
Take me home into Thee, dear Lord,
And make me mad for Thee only.....(3)
I pray and bow at Thy Feet.*

*O, Beloved, I know of no means,
But only the flowers of my heart's agonising love,
And these I scatter at Thy Holy Feet.....(4)
I pray and bow at Thy Feet.*

*Wherein is a child's strength?
If there be any it is in his helpless crying;
By that force of crying I want to cross over To Thee.....(5)
I pray and bow at Thy Feet.*

- Shri Mota

*(Translated from Gujarati
into English by Babu Sarkar)*

॥ HARIḤ AUM ॥

ĀRTI

Aum, give me Refuge O Lord, at the Haven of Thy Holy Feet,
Save this fallen soul, lead him by Thy hand, clasp him to Thy heart.....(1)

Let my mind, heart and speech be revealed by my action,
May Thou unify by Thy Grace, my mind, speech and heart.....(2)

May our heart's love pervade in our dealings with all,
Even where injustice is done, let there only love prevail.....(3)

May we attempt by Thy Grace, to change our lower instincts
Into nobler ones, so we may be worthy of Thy Holy Feet.....(4)

May my mind's thoughts and tendencies of the vital
And intellect's all doubts dissolve at Thy Holy Feet.....(5)

To appear to others as we truly are at heart,
Let our being be open, so others can know us truly and well.....(6)

Give me the will not to do otherwise,
Contrary to what is truly in my heart O Lord.....(7)

Wherever there are Virtue and Nobility, let my heart there abide
May Virtue and Nobility flower and blossom in my heart.....(8)

May the instincts of the vital and the mind merge and melt in my love for Thee
And may my adoration for Thee ever surge, dance in delight and joy.....(9)

Aum, give me Refuge O Lord, at the Heaven of Thy Holy Feet

- Shri Mota

*(Translated from Gujarati
into English by Babu Sarkar)*

FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF SPIRITUAL STRUGGLE / SEEKING (SADHANA MARMA)

1. Continuous and conscious utterance of God's Name with whole awareness by mouth or in mind, with frequent introspection of its continuity and sincerity, and meditation on the region of the heart.
2. Surrender every moment of both good and bad, without reservation, to the Lord.
3. Be ever just a witness of life, maintain self awareness always, avoid building a chain of thoughts; let there be no unwanted continuity of thoughts.
4. Ever observe silence both of speech and thought, and maintain self-surrender to the Lord with whole conscious awareness.
5. Give up all obstinacy, self-centered responses, self opinions, self insistences, except your insistence of God Remembrance or God Thought. Cultivate humility to the utmost. Try to remain thought free as much as possible, maintain mind's whole silence and peace.
6. From your heart's depths pray to Him with all yearning, longing, with pain and anguish, reveal unto Him all your joys and sorrows, and by thus opening of your heart and self to Him, build close and intimate relationship with Him. Allow no thought or worry to agitate your mind. Be ever free and empty of all bothers in mind.
7. Whatever work or responsibility fall to your lot, look upon them as God-send for your good and discharge your duties without grudging but with all love and willingness. All that happens in our lives is for our own good. Behind all such occurrences there is a secret purpose for our own good in Lord's plan or intention.
8. Live within, look within, ever live self aware in your inner word. Never get involved in extraneous matters.
9. Service to man consider as service to God. One who receives service from you does you favour of giving you an opportunity to serve. Lord gives us and we give back to the Lord. We are not doing any obligation to any

body. What then is truly mine in this world? All comes from the Lord and goes back to the Lord. Where is the question of labelling any thing as mine?

10. Whatever you do . talking, working, giving or receiving . do consciously so that it gives a fillip or an impetus to our life's major purpose of spiritual seeking. While reading or writing keep alive this motive, cultivate this practice assiduously of self awareness in all your actions.
11. Seek and search for the origin of all your mental tendencies, the source of all thought. Examine them, observe them as they arise without any attachment or involvement.
12. Lord's Beauty, Art, Loveliness, Grace, Purity in any form that pleases or touches us deeply is a Blessing; whatever noble emotions or response they may evoke in us, we must pray unto Him to awaken those noble thoughts and emotions in us for our spiritual advancement.
13. Do not allow any noble emotion or feeling to go a waste, nor get involved in them, but use them for your spiritual progress. Be dispassionate in such cases.
14. While eating or drinking pray for descent of energy of consciousness into your being, and while easing or throwing waste matter out of your body, pray that all your weaknesses and failings fall of your body.
15. Give up all conceptions of the gross (world), think only of the subtle (self), purify your mental inclinations or tendencies, have only pure and noble thoughts and feelings of love.
16. The Lord resides both in the animate and inanimate. Experience oneness of spirit with all beings.
17. Always see the better side of every being or thing. Never pass judgement on any being, never hastily form or give your opinion on any being or matter. Avoid discussions or arguments. Never insist on your opinions or ideas (as being right or correct), see good in others also, in their motives and actions; show generous and charitable broad-mindedness in your dealings with others. Cultivate love for all freely. You have to transform or

change your nature from its very roots. Keeping that before your mind's eye never become a slave of your nature, go above it; give up all attachment to fruits of actions. The root cause of every sorrow or injustice suffered by you, is in your own self. be certain about it. Heighten your love, faith and adoration for your chosen Guru or Master. Let there be a confluence of trinity desire for what is good (for you), renunciation of what is unwanted and self offering in you. Let there be cheerfulness and joy ever in thy heart. Ever involve the twin qualities of personal effort and Grace (of God). Keep Lord's Remembrance alive in your heart at the beginning, middle and end of every action. Keep your mind ever still and unmoved. Be ever vigilant to keep your mind free of personal likes and dislikes, love and hate, use all your spiritual experiences, awaken them, in your daily living, your relationships. There is no fleeing or running away from any situation in life, however difficult; whatever befalls thee accept it as Lord's blessing with grace. Never compare anybody with anybody else. Favourable or unfavourable situations are figments of imagination. All situations are really favourable to the true spiritual seeker, all truly helpful. Only one silent desire have in your heart. to be a perfect instrument of God, to be ever one with Him.

18. Actions in themselves have no importance or significance. Only true and intense feelings in your heart for the Lord have any value or meaning in life. Cultivate the habit of deep introspection for the Lord while performing any action.

-Mota

IMPORTANT DATES IN SHRI MOTA'S LIFE

- Birth on 4-9-1898 in village Savli Dist. Baroda (Vadodara), corresponding to Samvat 1954 in the month of Badrapad in the dark phase on the 4th. Name : Chunilal, Mother's Name : Suraj Ba, Father's Name : Asharam, Family Surname : Bhavsar.
- 1903: Migration of family to Kalol village.
- 1916: Father's demise.
- 1905-1918: Broken, interrupted education, also hard manual labour to support his family.
- 1919: Passes Matriculation.
- 1919-1920: Years in Baroda College.
- 6-4-1921 : Gives up college education.
- 1921: Joins Gujarat Vidya Peeth.
- 1921: Leaves Vidya Peeth to take up service of Harijans.
- 1922: Frustrated by Epilepsy Fits attempts suicide by jumping from the over hanging rock of Garudeswar into river Narmada, miraculously saved by Divine intervention, cured of the diseases by continuous utterance of 'HARIH AUM' on the advice of a sadhu.
- 1923: Composes two spiritul poems : To The Mind and At Thy Lotus Feet.
- 1923: Initiated by Pujya Shri Balayogi on Vasanth Panchami Day i.e. 22nd January, 1923 Monday at Hajimanzil, Nadiad. Visits Shri Keshavanandji Maharaj his supreme Guru, at Sai Kheda, Madhya Pradesh, under Shri Balayogi's advice, starts sleeping at crematorium at Nadiad and thus Harijan Seva as part of his sadhna, for God's sake or as dedication to him.
- 1926: At the main wedding ceremony goes into samadhi or a trance.
- 1927: After suffering a snake bite at Bodal Harijan Ashram his utterance of 'HARIH AUM' became unbroken and continuous.

- 1928: Publishes "At Thy Lotus Feet."
- 1928: Out of sale proceeds of the book undertakes a pilgrimage to the Himalayas.
- 1928: He advent of Shri Upasani Maharaj at Nadiad, goes to Sakuri near Shirdi, Maharashtra on his advice, for 7 days in a state of samadhi on his own waste matter spread out all around him.
- 1930: The experience of the Silent Brahman of Mind.
- 1930-1932: Years spent in various jails in Sabarmati, Visapur, Nasik and Yavda, not for any service to the country but only for furtherance of his sadhna, endures hardships and police beatings as a test for his courage, wrote a treatise on the "Shrimad Bhagwat Geeta" in a language simple enough for school children to understand - called "Jivan Geeta".
- 1934: Realisation of God with form - the blue form of Shri Krishna.
- 1934-1939: Visits the aghori sadhu in the Himalayas, spends sometime alone in a cave behind Dhoonvadhwar waterfalls in Madhya Pradesh, sits in the middle of 3 circles of 21 fires of 21 cowdung cakes in the hot month of Chaitra (April-May) with bare body for cultivation of Brahmacharya in Karanchi (Then a part of one India). Has vision of Sai Baba of Shirdi who instructs him on the final meditation to liberation or Mukti.
- 29-3-1939: On Ram Navami Day, corresponding to Samvat year 1995 has the experience of God without form, commencement of mukta dasa, with utterance 'I am Omnipresent.' Resigns from Harijan Sevak Sangh.
- 1940: On 9-9-1940 commanded by Sai Baba to travel by air to Karachi.
- 1941: Mother's demise.
- 1942: Quits Harijan Seva Sangh, yet collects donation from Mumbai for Harijan Girl's School of Gujarat. Endures police beatings to experience state above physical consciousness.

- 1943:24th February . experiences transference of Gandhiji's urine infection into his own urine during Gandhiji's long fast (Tadatmya).
- 1945: Pilgrimage to the Himalayas, - extraordinary experiences on the way.
- 1946: Harijan Ashram, Ahmedabad, the beginning of Mouna (Silence) in Meera Kutir.
- 1950: Establishes his first Ashram at Kumbakonam, in South India on the bank of Cauveri.
- 1954: Beginning of Mouna rooms in Kurukshetra in Surat, 28-5-1955.
- 1955: Establishes Hari Om Ashram at Nadiad on the bank of Sedhi.
- 1956: 23-4-1956 Establishes Hari Om Ashram at Kurukshetra in Surat on the bank of Tapi.
- 1962-1976: Commencement of social service work through Hari Om Ashrams. In the field of education, Literature, Bravery in youth such as mountain climbing, sea swimming etc. Declared awards for scientist for R & D work of space science, salt water, Agriculture, medicine etc. Constant travelling in spite of the body being afflicted by many vicarious sufferings. Publishes number of volumes on spiritual science based on his experiences.
- 23-7-1976: Gives up his body in the presence of six people at Shri Raman Bhai Amin's farm house at Fajalpur, on the bank of Mahinadi, near Vadodara. Commencing the process to Abandon the mortal coil at 4-20 p.m. on 22nd July and ending at 1.35 a.m. on 23rd July 1976. Orders by his will not to construct monument or memorial for him, instead to construct school rooms and building with the money collected thereafter.

॥ HARIḤ AUM ॥

हरिःॐ आश्रम में उपलब्ध हिंदी पुस्तिका का लिस्ट

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1. At thy Lotus feet (Tuj Charane)	1948	15. Faith (Shraddha)	2010
2. To the mind (Man ne)	1950	16. Shri Sadguru	2010
3. Life's Struggle (Jeevan Sangram)	1955	17. Human to Divine (Bhagat ma Bhagwan)	2010
4. The Fragrance of a saint (Paraslila)	1982	18. Prasadi	2011
5. Vision of life - Eternal	1990	19. Grace (Krupa)	2012
6. Bhava	1991	20. I bow at thy feet (Tuj charane)	2013
7. Nimitta	2005	21. Attachment and Aversion (Raag dhwesh)	2015
8. Self-interest (Swarth)	2005	22. The Undending Odyssey - My Experience of Sadguru Sri Mota's Grace	2019
9. Inquisitiveness (Jignasa)	2006		
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“ I am Omni Present ”

- Shri Mota

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