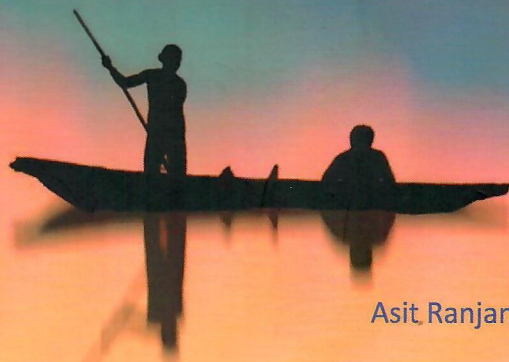
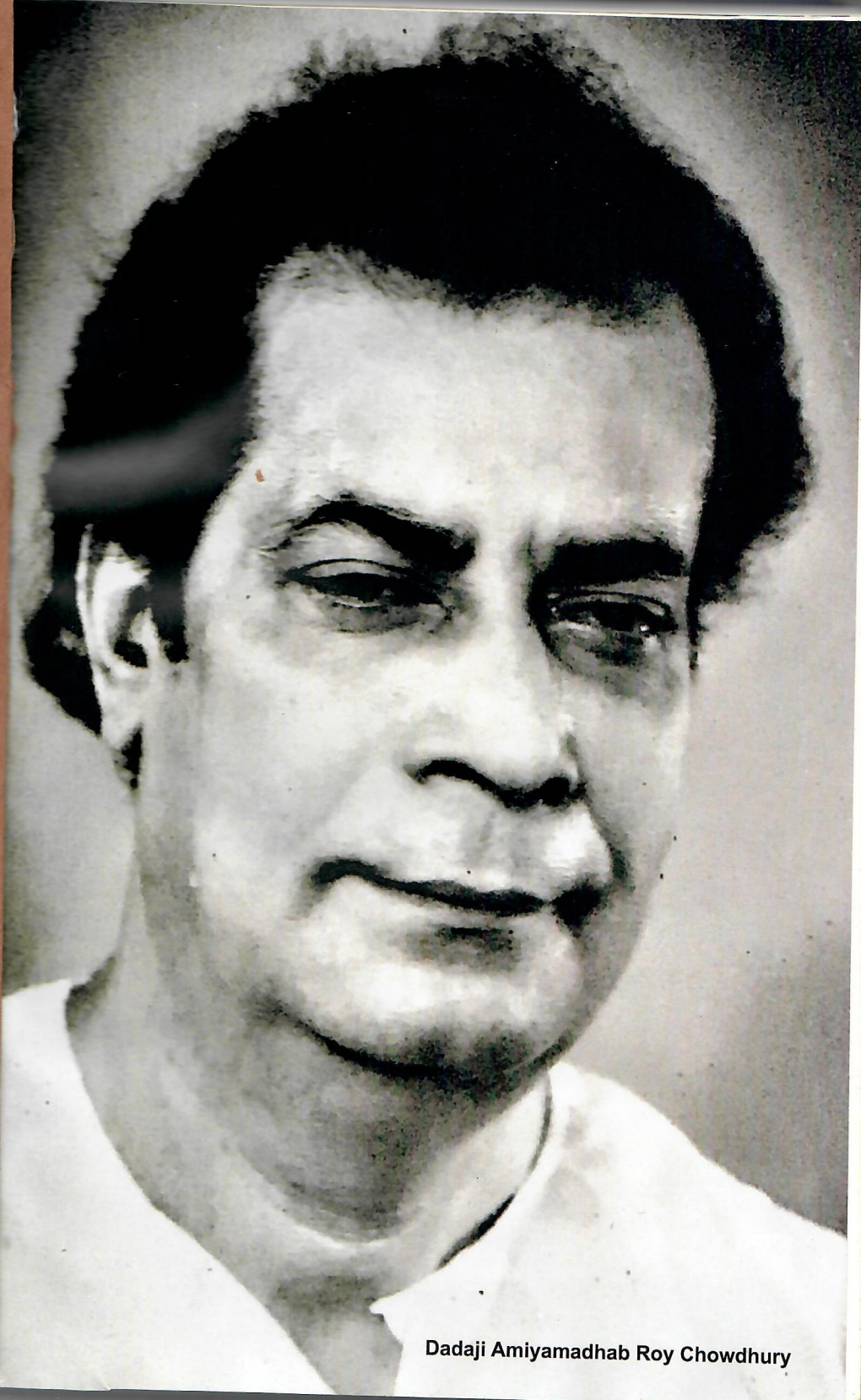


— Dadaji Amiyamadhab Roy Chowdhury —

Truth Eternal



Asit Ranjan Chatterjee



Dadaji Amiyamadhab Roy Chowdhury



Truth Eternal

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Asit Ranjan Chatterjee



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Dadaji's Message

1. Humanity is One. Religion is One. Truth is One.
2. The God you are searching for resides in your heart.
3. God is within you as Name. God and Name are One.
4. The mortal being can never be a Guru. God Himself is the only Guru.
5. Complete surrender to Supreme Being leads to Emancipation, Realization, Salvation.
6. Don't worry! Keep patience and let God do the rest.
7. Just remember God, do your work and enjoy yourself. That's enough.
8. Truth cannot be expressed, but only lived. Truth harbours no injunctions, inhibitions or taboos.
9. No methods, no wrestling with mind, meditation, kundalini, pranayama. No "I'm doing". All these things are full of ego.
10. Wisdom is knowing you are only an actor. Ignorance is when you think you are not.
11. By cultivating the habit of patience and by remembering Mahanam with love, we move toward God-realization.
12. His name is your real being – you are His temple.

Contents

Sl. No.	PARTICULARS	PAGE
	Prologue	9
	Section – 1	
1.	Life Divine - Asit Ranjan Chatterjee	13
	Section – 2	
2.	O Luminous One, Revealth Thyself - Asit Ranjan Chatterjee	25
3.	My Dadaji - Anju Walia	34
4.	Dada Anecdotes - Debranjana and Debjani Sengupta	44
5.	Dadaji - Our Soulmate and Ever-joyful Companion - Swapna Dutta Roy	48
6.	In His Remembrance, In His Refuge - Rini Das	56
7.	Dadaji, The Absolute - Lipika Chatterjee	58
8.	The Supreme Consciousness - Shaman Kwatra	86
9.	Love Personified - My Experiences with Mahâprân Dadaji- Amitabha Bhattacharya	97
10.	Dadaji - Infinite Love – Personified - Uttam Datta Chaudhuri	105
11.	Dadaji - the Elysian Splendour - Arpita Raadhiya Saha	112
12.	A Childhood in the Blessed Shadow of Dadaji- Arnab Neil Sengupta	158
13.	Dadaji - Divine and Divinity - Kartick Kumar Misra	165

14. My Experiences with Ever-loving Dadaji - Dilip Kumar Sarkar	173
15. All is Possible in Dadaji's Refuge - Rabindranath Dutta	178
16. Omnipresent Dadaji - Dr. Shefali Bhattacharya and Mona Bhattacharya	180
17. Dada Pranam - Mitali Chakraborty	186
18. My Initiation to Mahanam - Susanta Kumar Das	192
19. Hail Dada - Shoma Goswami	195
20. My Life Experiences with Dadaji - Laxmi Dey	200
21. Memoirs of Your Holy Retreat - Shikha Mukherjee	206

Section – 3

22. Dadaji, A Miracle - Dr Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan	219
23. Many Are Called but Few Are Chosen - Harindranath Chattopadhyay	222
24. My Experience with Dadaji - Jayprakash Narayan	228
25. Dadaji, Man of the Age - Khitish Roy Chowdhury	232
26. Dadaji and Dr. Gopinath Kabiraj- Prof. (Dr) M N Shukla	238
27. Shri Dadaji, The Possessor of Supreme Faculty- Dr Amal Chakraborty	246
28. Into the World that Abhors All Gymnasium- Dr Srinivasan 250	

Section – 4

29. Dadaji, Truth Absolute in Human Form- Abhi Bhattacharya	265
30. Letters from Dadaji	268

Prologue

Asit Ranjan Chatterjee

‘When thou commendest me to sing, it seems that my heart would break with pride; and I look to thy face, and tears come to my eyes.’

–Rabindranath Tagore (Geetanjali Verse II)

I innately nursed a desire to bring out a book on Dadaji. Indeed, many years back Dadaji had asked me and my wife Lipika to pen our myriad experiences – a first-hand account of what we saw and heard in His presence. But I was unsure. There were many books and articles on Dadaji authored by renowned men of letters. I wondered if I had anything more to contribute and was further held back by an apprehension of whether I could measure up to this task. But over the past few years I was gripped with an intense urge to finally take the plunge. As Dadaji always said, He gets His work done at the right time, as human beings we just need to be patient.

This book is a humble attempt to familiarize the reader with Dadaji's life and His messages by mirroring memories of my close association with Him for over two decades and those of others. It is not an attempt at scholarly analysis of Dadaji's philosophy. As Dadaji used to say, “To understand is to stand apart”.

The book also includes some previously published letters of Dadaji and articles on Dadaji by eminent personalities.

I am beholden to everyone wholeheartedly contributed and enriched the book through their writings and to Shri Prateek Dutta

(Dadaji's grandson) and Shri Amitabha Bhattacharya, IAS (Retd.) for putting me back in touch with many of them. I am grateful to Dadaji's daughter-in-law and my beloved Smt. Madhumita Roy Chowdhury for kindly allowing me to reproduce some pre-published materials. Smt. Ruby Bose, through her constant encouragement and profound guidance, helped the book to gradually take shape and has been my pillar of strength. I am also indebted to Dr. Sabitri Roy for sharing many of her experiences and also that of others. She has diligently maintained a diary covering two decades with Dadaji which is a treasure-chest for future generations. Sri Rabindra Nath Dutta also invested his valuable time and efforts in maintaining a close contact with the publisher in Kolkata while I was stationed in Mumbai. His sincerity and devotion is really commendable. Many thanks to him.

Some of the corileups have been transtaled from Bengali to English by me with the consent of the writers. I have trid to maintain the spirits that the original wrideup contained.

Special words of thanks to my wife Lipika, daughter-in-law Arpita and son Arijit for constantly egging me along, giving suggestions and painstakingly doing the proof-reading. My grand children, Anindita and Abhijit, enthusiastically supported me to fill in my digital shortcomings.

I hope the readers would get a glimpse of Dadaji's divine life, His message of eternal Truth, universal love and brotherhood and His affection, protection and care for all those who came in His contact.

JAI DADAJI

SECTION - 1

Life Divine

'He it is, the innermost one, who amakens my being with his deep hidden touches'

—Rabindranath Tagore

(Geetanjali verse LXXII)

Life Divine

Asit Ranjan Chatterjee

The Bengal province in British India saw significant social, religious, literary and artistic reforms through the nineteenth and early twentieth century. The sustained spell of dark superstitions gradually started receding by virtue of new socio-religious movements that tried to pull the people out of the grip of credulous faiths and blind dependence on religious prejudices and dogmas. The Hindus had got divided into various sects and were far removed from their *Sanatan Dharma*.

Dadaji was born on 13 January 1910 in an affluent family in Fultali, a village in the district of Comilla, now in Bangladesh. His parents, father Dr. Haranath (nee Mohinimohan) Roy Chowdhury and mother Smt Saratkamini Roy Chowdhury (Devi) fondly named their new born child as Amiyamadhab (fragrant nectar). Few months before the birth of Amiyamadhab, both Haranath and Saratkamini had visions in their dreams that God Himself was soon to be born as their child. This was followed by another unique event. One afternoon a saint called on Saratkamini and conveyed the same message. After that he bowed and left forthwith. In due course, Amiyamadhab took birth amidst great joy and cheer.

Dadaji had four elder siblings - Shri Ashutosh Roy Chowdhury, Smt. Suruchi Roy Chowdhury (Sarkar), Smt. Lilavati Roy Chowdhury (Sinha) and Smt. Prabhavati Roy Chowdhury (Majumdar). His family was well known in Comilla. Dr Haranath was a distinguished medical practitioner and was an affable and endearing person. Amiya's grandfather, Raja Ram Sharan Roy,

was a respected Dewan of one of the twelve Bhuiyans (landowners) during early part of British suzerainty over Bengal. The family, although wealthy and socially well connected, had an esoteric lineage. Earlier, two members had renounced the worldly pleasures and left the family for spiritual pursuit. One of them became an initiated follower of Prabhu Jagadbandhu (renowned Hindu saint 1871 – 1921). Even before Amiya was born, eminent national and religious leaders like Chittaranjan Das, Mohandas Gandhi and Prabhu Jagadbandhu among others frequented His family home.

As a young child Amiya used to sleep with His mother while Haranath was in the habit of sleeping alone in a separate room. One morning Haranath told his wife that Amiya, then only about four years old, kept him awake through the night explaining the meaning of various *shlokas* in the Bhagavad Gita (Hindu scripture). As He grew a little older, about the age of eight or nine years, His parents invited Alek Baba, the famous naga sanyasi (naked saint), to seek blessings for Amiya. But despite hours of searches the boy was nowhere to be found in the village. When disappointed parents were about to bid adieu to the great sanyasi, Amiya suddenly appeared before them out of the blue. As was the courtesy, Haranath and Saratkamini asked Amiya to prostrate before Alek Baba and seek the Sanyasi's blessings. To their utter dismay, He stubbornly refused. Instead, the child asked the Sanyasi why he had long matted hairs, was not wearing any clothes and whether through long years of penance he had succeeded in his pursuit of realization of God! He then added that it would be better for the Sanyasi to give up his body, now that he had grown very old. His parents were completely taken aback by what they thought was childhood recalcitrance and commanded their child to seek pardon. But Alek Baba forbade every one from being stern to Amiya, respectfully bowed before the child and left. He was never seen again.

Durga Puja, an annual Hindu festival held in September-October, used to be celebrated with great festivity and pomp at Dadaji's ancestral home. In those days there was a common ritual to sacrifice a goat at the altar of the deity. In 1918, when Amiya was just eight years old, He objected to animal sacrifice and firmly told His father that the practice must be stopped. But Haranath's elder brother, who was the head of the family, refused to oblige. The thought of skipping a key religious ritual made him anxious and this soon translated into nervous rage. He got furious with Haranath and clearly stated that the tradition will continue. That night both Haranath's elder brother and the family priest, Banga Thakur, had dreams of Goddess Durga. The Goddess warned them that great misfortunes were to befall the Roy Chowdhury family if Amiya's wish was not honoured. After this incident, the age-old ritual of animal sacrifice was permanently stopped in the family.

From His infant years Amiya harboured a cheerful and energetic disposition. He was sent to the local primary school at the age of five. But instead of attending school, He liked to spend His time larking in the mango orchards with His friends and playing mischief with neighbours. However, to everyone's surprise, He used to top the grades in his class every year! In standard four, He fell out of his teacher by giving a new explanation of a passage from a poem by the great Bengali poet Madhusudan Dutt. To drive His point home, He quoted the original verse in Sanskrit from the Hindu epic Ramayana written by sage Valmiki. He got double promotion to standard six but was not inclined to continue school further. Whatever be His formal education, in later years, to make His mother happy, He worked as a lecturer in Sanskrit in the Comilla Victoria Government College for a few months.

Truth Eternal

Shortly after He left school, Amiya, for the first time, met Shri Shri Ram Thakur (Ram Chandra Chakraborty, Indian mystic and spiritual leader - 1860-1949). Ram Thakur had, however, seen Amiya at His *rice ceremony* (a Hindu ceremony where the baby is first fed rice when she or he is five to seven months old). Thakur seldom ate anything in His entire life but seeing Amiya he muttered, "I have feasted upon the Baby of eight months. It's honey, honey dripping from all the limbs. Anyway, I ate my fill." They met again three or four times in future. Each time, on seeing Amiya, Ram Thakur would erupt in a joyous chant, "Hari Bol, Hari Bol" meaning 'chant the name of God'.

When Amiya was just seven years old, His father left his mortal body. Before breathing his last, he made a final bow to his son, muttering "Narayana, Narayana" meaning 'the Lord'. Within a few years, the family's pecuniary conditions deteriorated and Saratkamini moved with her children from one place to another before finally taking a temporary haven at her brother's house. From here, at about the age of nine or ten years, Amiya travelled alone to the remote corners of the Himalayas and met sages and saints to explain the futility of their ascetic and ritualistic pursuits. He succeeded in bringing some of them back to the main stream of worldly life. Thereafter, sometime around 1922, He and His mother moved to His eldest sister Suruchi's house in Agartala in Tripura and stayed there up to 1924. During that time, He often used to set out for unknown destinations on his own and met several saints leading a life of penance and successfully brought them back to family life. Many people used to warn Him about threat to His life from tigers and other fierce animals in the wild but He would just laugh and say that no tiger would devour Him since He had never eaten a tiger. Once Amiya fell severely ill in a remote jungle far away from human habitat. As He lay on the ground like a destitute – forlorn, sick and hungry-



Dadaji at young age



Truth Eternal

a woman appeared out of now here and for days took care of Him by cooking and feeding Him and gradually nursing Him back to health. The woman was none other than Annapurna (Parvati, wife of Shiva, who reappeared on earth as goddess of food to prove to Shiva that the world is not merely an illusion or 'maya').

As per Bengali calendar based on Vedic lunar months, Amiya was born on 'Poush Sankranti' - the last day of the Bengali month of Poush (29 Paus, 1316 BS, Thursday). Every year on this day, His mother would make *pitha*, a rice cake filled with coconut and *gur* (jaggery). It is a delicacy in Bengal and eastern states of India. Even during His long disappearances into the remote mountains and forests far away from home, Amiya would always arrive in person to partake of the *pitha* made by His mother for her beloved son. Years later in 1967, on a Poush Sankranti day, Amiya was away in Pushkar whilst His mother was in Kolkata. She prepared *pitha* and kept them in His room, covering the *pitha*-filled saucer to protect against dust, mice and insects. Next morning, upon opening the cover, she found an empty saucer without the *pithas*! On many other occasions, there are records by various people of Dadaji's simultaneous presence in physical form at far-away places that defy human understanding of the laws of Nature.

After a few years Amiya returned to Fultali with His mother. As already mentioned earlier, He seldom stayed at home. Varanasi (then Banaras) at that time was a hub of Hindu religious scholars, thinkers and yogis and a center of Vedic discourses. In this exalted congregation of scholars, saints and religious preachers, young Amiya fearlessly proclaimed that no human being could ever be a Guru (preceptor) - God is the only Guru. With the passage of time Amiya came to be known as 'Kishori Bhagawan' (teenager God). Here He came in close contact with Dr. Gopinath Kaviraj

(1887-1976), a Sanskrit scholar and philosopher. Dr Kaviraj was bestowed with the honorific title of Mahamahopadhaya for his work related to Hindu *shastras* or scriptures. This title is bestowed on the best of Mahopadhaya scholars by the Government of India (by British Raj pre-1947 and before that by the kings of ancient India). Dr Gopinath Kaviraj was also awarded Padma Vibhushan in 1964. Amiya, also known as Kishori Bhagawan, made deep impressions upon Dr Kabiraj by offering profound yet simple explanations to complex questions pertaining to Hindu scriptures. During this time, He used to participate in various religious discourses with renowned Hindu scholars like Swami Pranabananda (1896-1941, founder of Bharat Sevashram Sangha), Swami Vishuddhananda Saraswati (1905-1995) and others. More often than not that these discourses ended with the yogis retreating in the face of strong and insuperable interpretations of scriptures by Kishori Bhagawan. Dr Kaviraj could not accept the defeat and humiliation of scholarly community very kindly and dissociated himself from Kishori Bhagawan, that is, Dadaji. According to the opinion of Dr Nanilal Sen who had thoroughly researched on the life of Dadaji, this separation took place sometime between 1922 and 1929. In later years Dr Kabiraj realised his mistake and harboured in his heart deep respect for 'Amiya baba'. Two other remarkable incidents took place about this time. One Aswaini Roy had been declared dead and when arrangements were underway to take him to the crematorium, Kishori Bhagawan granted the man a fresh lease of life. In another incident, during a religious discourse organized by a congregation of the Yogi community in Varanasi, as one of the participants was about to leave the place, Kishori Bhagawan asked him to wait for one hour. He warned the yogi that he would die of snakebite if he left at that point of time. The other yogis called upon their yogic powers and reassured the yogi that he need not fear and could

leave forthwith. The yogi left the congregation and while on his way back home was indeed bitten by a snake that lead to his untimely demise. By the end of the 1920s Amiya returned to His mother at Fultali. Some biographers believe that He stayed in Varanasi till the late forties and used to live in a mosque at Pataleshwar area, however, there is no concrete evidence in support.

As He grew into adulthood, Amiya began to develop His gift for music. He started participating in various Hindustani classical music competitions and always came out as the winner. From 1929-1944 He was associated with All India Radio in Kolkata (then Calcutta) as a distinguished vocal artist and advisor of art and music. He was also well known in the world of theatre and movie industry. At the peak of His fame, Amiya slowly started withdrawing Himself from the professional world of music and started exploring other vocations. He first worked as a successful manager in a famous commercial bank for a good length of time before switching to a life insurance company of fame as a top manager. He became well known amongst the elite class in Kolkata with His distinct aura, fascinating dress-sense and a fleet of colourful imported cars. Whilst He was living a charmed life in Kolkata, Amiya was also reportedly seen in Varanasi engaging in religious discourse with scholars and saints on interpretation of Vedic scriptures. He explained His dual presence at different places at the same time as nothing unusual, that the concept of Time and Space did not really exist in the universe. During this time, He would also often leave for Uttarkashi (a holy town near Hrishikesh in North India) and remote areas of the Himalayas to convince yogis and sadhus to give up their false path of *tapasya* (penance) and *tyag* (renunciation) and return to normal life. He told them, "Why are you here? For Truth? Show me truth. Truth is within. Go home."

Before the partition of the country came about in August 1947, Amiya sold His share of the ancestral property in Fultali and shifted to Kolkata permanently. He bought land in Sodepur near Kolkata and after partition got His relatives, who crossed over as refugees, settled there. In 1946, Amiya Roy Chowdhury married Amita Dasgupta, eldest daughter of Shri Subhendu Dasgupta, amongst much pomp and grandeur. The wedding was attended by almost all the celebrities of Kolkata of that time. On the third night of His marriage, after the bridal feast, He mysteriously disappeared from home. He came back after two years for a brief time to leave again. Amiya and Amita had three children. The eldest daughter died at a very tender age. Second daughter Ivy was born in 1955 and His son Abhijit was born in 1958. After marrying, Amiya sold out two of His palatial houses and built a residence in Anwar Shah Road in the southern part of Kolkata. In 1950 He purchased a shop in Kolkata's New Market, then most sophisticated and posh shopping hub in downtown frequented by rich and fashionable elites. He named the shop Ivy Stores. From about 1955 he started living permanently as a family man and lived the life of a common householder.

In 1954 the acclaimed Indian movie actor Abhi Bhattacharya first met Amiya Roy Chowdhury with a request to finance his upcoming movie. Although Amiya showed interest, they were not to meet again until 1971. From the late 1960s through the mid-1980s, Amiya started meeting small gatherings of people at private homes and came to be fondly called 'Dadaji', meaning elder brother in Bengali. Accompanied by Abhi Bhattacharya and Roma Mukherjee, He travelled to various parts of India during 1970s to spread His message – Odissa, Uttar Pradesh, Mumbai (then Bombay), Gujarat and Bihar (1972), Chennai (then Madras) in 1973, Punjab and Delhi (1977). In 1978, Dadaji started His annual journeys to the West, travelling to England, Europe and

the United States of America that continued until 1984. He carried His message of Absolute Truth and attracted all seekers of Truth – common men and learned people alike - including Scientists, Philosophers, Noble Laureates, Heads of Churches, Economists, Doctors and Novelists. Similarly, in India, Dadaji continued to spread His message of Absolute Truth and universal love to mankind. He was against all institutional religious orders and explained that no human being can be a Guru or a religious teacher. God is the only guru who resides within every individual in the form of two names "Gopal Govinda". People from outside and within India used to assemble in Kolkata and take part in the annual Shri Shri Satyanarayana Mahotsav that used to be held during the Durga puja festival. Dadaji sustained His family through His earnings from the toy shop, always paid for His own expenses, did not allow any organization to be built around Him, collected no money and refused all donations and gifts.

From 1987, Dadaji gradually started seeing lesser and lesser people. His behaviour sometimes became unpredictable and erratic and most of the time He would keep quiet with a far-away gaze in His eyes. In this way He shed all those who came to Him to serve their own self-interest and ensured that only those stayed who loved God from their hearts. On 7 June 1992 Dadaji left His mortal body. Earlier in the day He had told His family that He would be leaving them in a few hours. Around 4.40 pm India time, Dadaji asked for tender coconut water, drank it, smiled, reclined on His bed and stopped breathing. His son Abhijit and daughter-in-law Madhumita were away in Mumbai and took the first flight back to Kolkata next day morning. Dadaji was cremated in the afternoon of 8 June.

Many people have been witnesses to supernal happenings while in Dadaji's company. I would like to recount my experience

Truth Eternal

on the night of 7 June as I was sitting near His sublime body laid on an ice-slab. Even in the sweltering summer heat and humidity the ice did not melt even slightly. By about 1 a.m. in the morning there was a sudden storm accompanied by heavy downpour. I went to the adjoining room to close the windows. To my surprise, there was not a drop of water entering the room although there was heavy rainfall outside! In the morning I left for my residence. As I stepped out of Dadaji's house, I noticed that the house was drenched in rain and the road in front was water-logged. However, all the adjoining buildings and surrounding roads were bone dry. There was no sign of after effect of storm or rain anywhere, nor was this reported by anyone! I imagined in my mind that it was perhaps Mother Nature weeping last night while bidding adieu to her benevolent master.

SECTION - 2

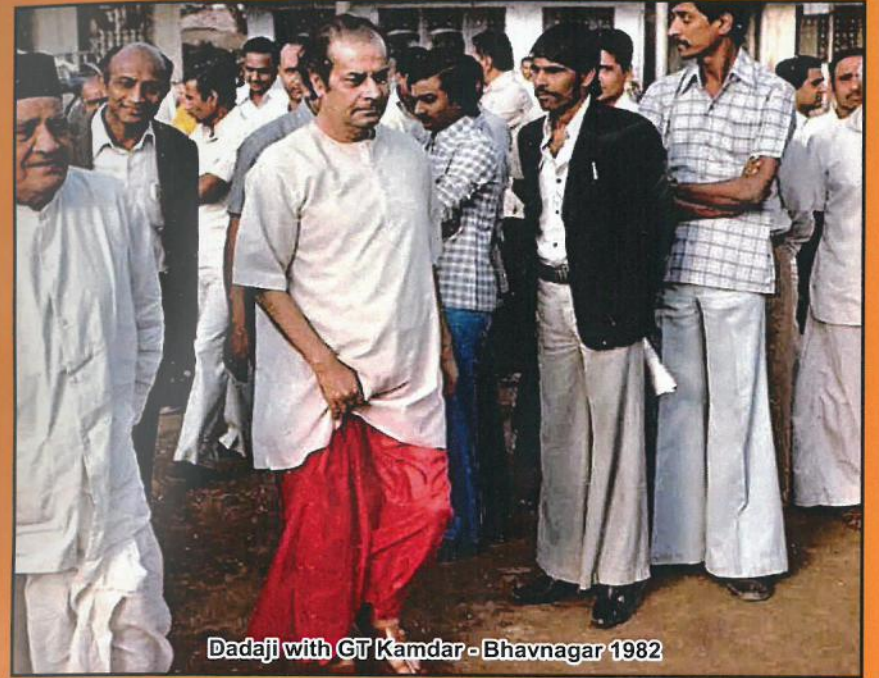
Experiences with Dadaji

(His Leela)

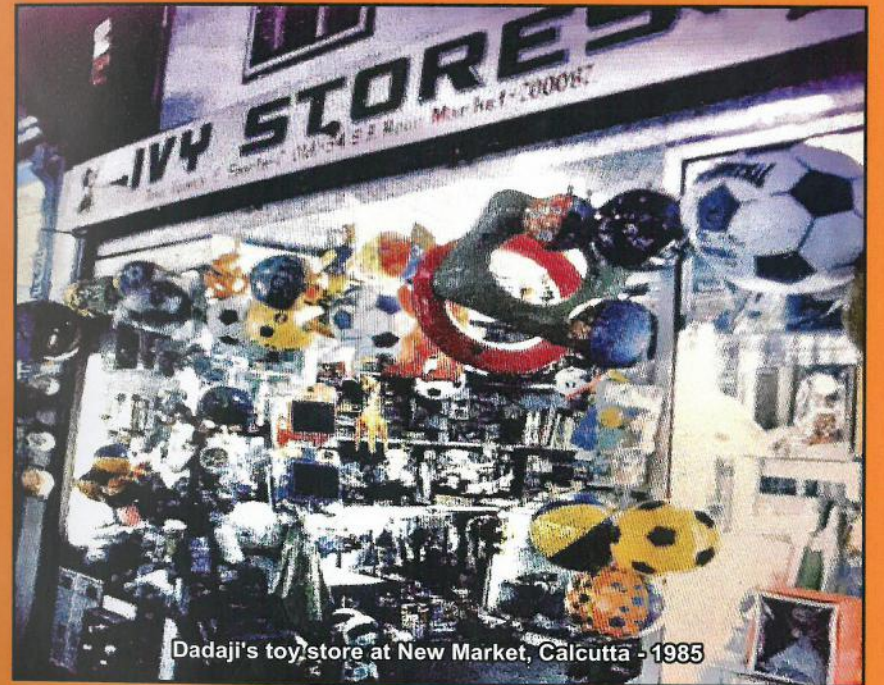
'O thou lord of all heavens, where would be thy
love if I were not?'

—Rabindranath Tagore

(Geetanjali verse LVI)



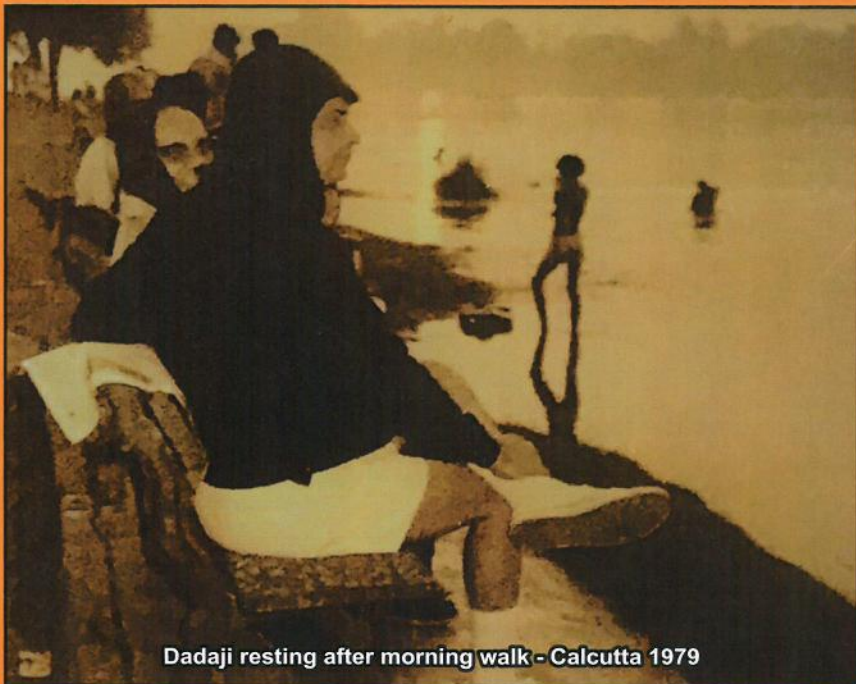
Dadaji with GT Kamdar - Bhavnagar 1982



Dadaji's toy store at New Market, Calcutta - 1985



Inside Air India flight to Los Angeles - 1982



Dadaji resting after morning walk - Calcutta 1979





O Luminous One, Revealth Thyself

Asit Ranjan Chatterjee

9 May 1969 was my mother's 21st death anniversary. My wife Lipika and I were relaxing on the terrace after our dinner hoping to catch some cool breeze in the gasping summer. With a heavy heart I was thinking about that fateful day twenty-one years ago when at the tender age of twelve, I lost my mother - the anchorage of my life. The vast canopy of the dark sky studded with innumerable twinkling stars sparkling like diamonds hung above us. There was nothing much to talk about. Gazing up at the sky we realized how small we are before the prodigiousness of the Creator of the cosmos. We wondered if we would ever be able to see the Master of this vast creation in our directionless life.

Suddenly, an intense and sweet fragrance engulfed us – something we had never experienced before. There was no wind blowing and also it was quite late in the evening, so it was quite improbable that the fragrance was coming from an adjacent building. Still, we walked all around the terrace curiously but could not determine the source. We remained spell-bound and speechless but our hearts were fluttering with an unknown excitement not with standing the mundane stacks of brick and mortar that defined the city around us. Hardly did we realise then that this divine fragrance would be our dearest companion for the rest of our lives. We also did not realize that amongst the galaxy of stars above us, the brightest one chose to shine the light on the path lying before us in the journey of life. Dadaji's unheard voice must have said at that time, "Have little more patience my son. I am with you always."

My elder brother and my sister-in-law had already received the Mahanam from Dadaji and we came to know about Him from them. We became very keen to meet Him and gathered details about His whereabouts. On learning that He visits the residence of Sri Animesh Dasgupta every Thursday we tried to meet Him there on a Thursday evening but failed to meet Him as he did not, unfortunately, pay a visit on that day. But lady luck smiled on us as we visited again on the next Thursday. By the very first look at His celestial appearance it seemed that I knew Him for ages, I was familiar with His discerning and penetrative look and His inviting and mystic smile was also not new to me. The entire room was filled with the same fragrance we had experienced on our terrace! We pleaded for the Mahanam and He advised us to visit His house the following Sunday.

Next Sunday, 25 May 1969, we visited Dadaji's residence at about 10 o'clock in the morning with great expectations. He gently guided us to the Thakur Ghar (prayer room) and handed each of us a chit of white blank paper and asked us to prostrate in front of a portrait of Shri Shri Satyanarayana and pray for the Mahanam. He left the room closing the door behind. We do not know how long we remained in that position with our eyes closed. I heard a voice whispering the Mahanam in my ear. Lipika also heard the same along with sounds of kosakusi (copper vessels used for offering water to deities). We opened our eyes when Dadaji touched us. His whole body was glowing with inexplicable radiance that was beyond the comprehension of mind. He asked us to unfold the chits of paper we were holding in our closed palms. We found the Mahanam written on the papers in glittering red ink! On His advice, we came out of the Thakur Ghar and took our seats amongst other devotees in the adjoining room. We found to our utmost surprise that the chits of paper

in our hands had turned blank again leaving no trace of any writing on them. It was like getting swept away in a flood of light after awakening from a deep slumber. Dadaji told us that it was Shri Shri Satyanarayana Himself who graced us with the Mahanam. This Mahanam is being chanted non-stop by Him within us. It was incumbent on us to always remember the Mahanam and chant it silently while engaged in our day-to-day life. I realised :

True, my soul is immersed in joy that I can't imagine;

Luminous Truth is awakened

And consciousness lit from where it all begins;

'Am now decked in nectar!

After receiving the Mahanam, a floodgate of joy opened and my life started sailing gleefully in the gushing stream of Supreme Bliss. Life became more and more meaningful and full of purpose. Dadaji held my hand tightly and gave me the strength to withstand and overcome life's toughest challenges. He became my *saarathi* (charioteer). Dadaji used to visit any of His follower's residence every evening to have discourses with His devotees. We sat before Him as avid listeners to the priceless discussions that followed and used to get swept in fountains of joy and thrill.

Great scholars, philosophers, scientists, writers, noble laureates and men of letters and wisdom across the world have made extensive studies and observations on the life and philosophy of Dadaji for extended period of time and their experiences and the fruits of their research were published in well circulated journals, electronic media and also in the formats of books. With my trifle knowledge and limited wisdom, it is never possible to describe the limitless and incorporeal existence of Dadaji as a mortal being. Even now, long after He relinquished His physical body, we still experience His supernal presence in our lives

showing the light and leading the way. His all-embracing love is still the Polaris in our lives.

During my close association with Him, I had the fortune to experience many of His miraculous manifestations.

There are more things in Heaven and earth..... that are dreamt of..... (Shakespeare)

One evening, a few months after I was initiated to the Mahanam, as I returned from office and stepped into the second-floor lounge, I got a captivating fragrance engulfing me all over. I found Lipika standing there with overflowing ecstasy and her face was lit with beaming delight. She excitedly led me to the Thakur Ghar (prayer room). I stood flabbergasted! There was a framed picture of Lord Vishnu on one of the walls and the floor just beneath the picture was washed with droplets of water displaying a homogeneous formation of ten fingerprints which represented the posture of flute-playing Krishna standing with legs crossed. A sweet unknown aroma filled the entire room.

Dadaji is omnipresent and immanent. This meant that He knew everyone's inner desires and prayers even without them telling Him. Our every activity and lapses are known to Him. An interesting episode would perhaps explain this better. During the summer of 1972 Dadaji was scheduled to leave for Bombay (now Mumbai). I went to the Howrah Station along with some of the His followers to see Him off. I had a plastic basket in my hand for carrying it to the compartment of the train. The basket was full of high-quality mangoes. I got intensely tempted and decided to buy some for myself. However, I was not sure if I would get the same stuff in my neighbourhood market. Anyway, it was time to take His leave. As I touched His feet, He handed over the basket to me and, with a mysterious smile, said, "Take these mangoes with you. These are of very good quality."

In another incident, one winter morning, I had been to Dadaji's house and was sitting in front of Him, deeply engrossed in the conversation He was having with His old friends, Dinesh da and Jatinda. He would be laughing and having light chats while the very next moment He would switch over to serious religious discourses. I lost track of time in such joyous company when suddenly He turned towards me and asked me to return home forthwith. So, I had to leave with a heavy heart. When I reached home, Lipika breathed a sigh of relief. My elder sister and brother-in-law had arrived from Jamshedpur without any prior notice and there were not enough arrangements to entertain the unexpected guests. Feeling helpless, she earnestly prayed to Dadaji to send me back and, indeed, how could He not answer to her desperate prayers!

Dadaji had reposed in me all the tax-matters related to His business and also that of His own and other family members. He used to tell everybody that I was His tax consultant and He was in 'safe hands'. Let me narrate two incidents that would prove for certain that actually, as ever, the reins were in His hands. He was the real doer and I was the fortunate commander.

Income tax authorities sent a notice for scrutiny-assessment at a time when Dadaji was touring the USA. I was not confident to attend the case-hearing as some important details were not available with me and decided to seek adjournment. Same night I got a call from Dadaji. He advised me not to seek adjournment and conveyed all the information and facts I needed for the case and also gave guidance on line of argument. Well armoured, I appeared for the hearing and completed the case smoothly and satisfactorily.

The second incident also relates to an incometax matter. The case involved an appeal before the Income Tax Tribunal for Ivy Stores, the toy-shop owned by Dadaji. I was very concerned

about the case as I felt it did not have merit as far as we were concerned. One of the Tribunal Members kept directing pointed questions at me to which I struggled to come up with a legitimate counter argument. I was fumbling and was almost at the point of admitting that I had no case to defend. The member told me aggressively, "Mr Chatterjee, if you don't have explanations to offer or cannot argue your case, you may please leave, we are writing our judgement." I was shattered and was earnestly calling Dadaji in my mind. Suddenly, I saw Dadaji standing behind the bench of Members and signalling me to carry on. I do not remember anything after that. When I came back to my senses, I saw that the concerned Member was looking at me as if he was in a shock, and the note-sheet lying before him was filled with arguments along with citations for warded by 'me'! Needless to say, Dadaji won the case.

Before I took up legal profession, I served in the general insurance industry for many years. On a monsoon day in 1974, I visited a factory for risk-inspection along with one of my colleagues. I had to climb a wooden spiral staircase surrounding a chimney. The staircase, exposed to the atmosphere and ill-maintained, was almost in a dilapidated condition. Hesitantly, I climbed up the stairs. As I was standing on a platform taking notes to assess the surrounding risks, it suddenly gave way and I had a forty-feet free fall on the concrete ground below. Just before hitting the ground, I got Dadaji's body-fragrance and felt like landing on layers of piled up foamed cushions! I sprang to my feet almost instantaneously. My colleague and factory staff rushed to me in panic but I was standing there without a scratch! The factory manager rushed me to a doctor and I was diagnosed with just a hair-crack on my left shoulder. It was my son's birthday that day. I picked him up from his school and proceeded towards home for the gala party that was arranged in the evening.

Dadaji used to go for morning walk to Rabindra Sarovar every morning. Prof. Suresh Acharya, Nikhil Roy Chowdhury and I used to accompany Him. I used to reach Dadaji's residence by about 4.30 a.m. and He would, without fail, join us by 4.45 a.m. He never used to talk while walking. One morning He came out little late, at about 5.00 a.m., and took the usual route. While passing through the Lake Gardens area, He suddenly stopped in front of a shanty by the roadside and went inside removing the plastic curtain that acted as the door. The surroundings were most dingy and untidy but we could hardly expect more. We stood outside perplexed at this unexpected event. A person came out of the shanty and said that his mother was very sick and Dadaji asked him to wait outside. Dadaji came out after about five minutes and resumed his walk silently as usual. After the morning walk, we used to occupy a particular bench by the lake where some of Dadaji's followers also used to assemble. He would chat with them while resting on the bench. When asked about the morning event, Dadaji told us that thirty-five years ago He had committed to that lady that He would be by her side during her last hours. I wish Dadaji would grace me with the same fortune during the dernier moments of my life.

All the above incidents in my life happened before others – in someone's presence. I shall now narrate two of my own intimate experiences which I find hard to explain in any worldly terms.

After about one and half years of my coming in touch with Dadaji and becoming familiar with His philosophy about Truth Absolute, I still could not rid myself of the superstitions that I had accumulated over the years. This conflict of the past and the present was really tearing me apart. Further, I was having peculiar visions concerning my near and dear ones. But there were no sequences of the visions I was having. I was afraid to tell Dadaji about my disturbed and almost deranged mental state. One evening I went to Shri Animesh Dasgupta's house with a firm

resolve to tell Him everything. Alas, I got no opportunity to talk to Him. As the discourses came to an end and I was preparing to leave, He looked at me and said, "Get hold of the root instead of hanging on the branches of the tree." It made no sense to me of what He said and I became all the more confused. In the middle of that night, as I was fast asleep, I woke up by a mild touch on my head. As I opened my eyes, I found Dadaji standing beside me. I hurriedly got up and tried to call out to Lipika but He asked me not to wake her up. Dadaji sat on the chair before the study table in my room and began explaining what he had said in the evening. After He finished, He got up and walked out of the room. I hurriedly followed to unlock the main entrance door but could not find Him anywhere. I stood there wondering if it was all a dream! But He had indeed left a veritable sign for the ever-doubting mind – His unmistakable body aroma! The omnipresent Absolute Truth came as my saviour in the dark of the night so that I could rise to a new dawn shorn of age-old baggage of doubts and superstitions.

On another occasion, I visited Dadaji's house in a scorching summer evening. There was a power-cut in the area and Dadaji was sitting on His bed sweating profusely. A hurricane lamp on the bed-side table dimly lit up the room. I collected a handfan from the adjacent room and tried to provide some relief to Him. We were chatting on various topics and the conversation led to yoga and spiritualism. Dadaji sat upright on the bed from His reclining posture and said "Are you talking about Yogasana? Does anybody know anything? Do you want to see?" He got up from the bed and closed the doors of the room before taking His seat again on the bed. He started demonstrating various asanas. I was completely dazed. Finally, I saw the incredible! Dadaji's eye-balls were medially fixed between the eye brows. Shri Shri Satyanarayana was sitting in padmasana on a lotus flower just above Dadaji's naval cavity. I saw that in the region of the middle

of the chest, Dadaji Himself was standing with a raised hand in the blessing posture and I observed that my dear and near ones who departed from this world long ago became visible one after another for some time in His shoulders before disappearing again. Images of Sri Krishna, Vishnu and many other gods and goddesses were appearing and then fading away in His chest. On His forehead, two hands and the ribs flashed images of eruptive volcanoes, huge ocean waves, lofty mountains, innumerable stars – some bright and some dim, sun and moon in the sky. I could also hear soft tunes of captivating music and the air was filled with sweet unknown fragrances. I do not know for what stretch of time I remained in that state until Dadaji touched me and brought me back to my senses. I found that electricity had been restored and I was swept in a flood of light and fragrance. By His grace, I could observe the creative and destructive reality of the Absolute! Words invented by humans can never express what is beyond man's perception. Sri Krishna had revealed His 'viswarup' to Arjuna in the Mahabharata. After centuries, Dadaji chose me as the fortunate one. I am truly blessed.

It is almost common knowledge that ordinary water turns into Charanjal (fragrant water having healing qualities) when kept in the Thakur Ghar by the sheer touch of fingers of Dadaji. I want to share a personal experience of such divine incidence taking place even without Dadaji's physical presence. My son, Arijit, was posted in Chennai and had applied for a higher post in the same organisation. An online interview was arranged as he was recovering from a knee surgery and hence could not travel. On the day of the interview he isolated himself in a closed room with a glass of water beside him on the study table. His interview went off well. After the interview was over, he sipped water from the tumbler. To his astonishment, the water had turned into Charanjal! That was Dadaji's way of communicating his promotion even before the official confirmation came.

My Dadaji

Anju Walia

I stay in England. I visited Kolkata (then Calcutta) for the first time in 1977. My sister and my uncle Mr. Gyan Walia lived there. My uncle was Dadaji's devotee. My sister came to now of Dadaji from him. During my visit they told me about Dadaji, Abhi-da (Indian movie actor Abhi Bhattacharaya), Rubidi and others. More I listened, I became more and more curious. Finally, it was on a Sunday morning in May 1977 that I went with my uncle to Dadaji's house in south Kolkata. The room was filled with His devotees. Dadaji was sitting on a cot and smiling. I sat down on the floor amongst others. I noticed that Dadaji was time and again looking at one woman after another. "How weird," I thought. Of course, I was full of my mind. The clock ticked away as I sat there, observant and a little bemused, when suddenly Geetadi announced that it was time for Dadaji to retire upstairs. It was 12 noon. As all devotees touched His feet and took His blessings by turn, I also joined them. But Dadaji didn't pay any heed to me. As I turned back, a bit disappointed, my uncle came and introduced me to Him. Dadaji hugged me with a great smile. And I thought to myself, "What a hypocrite!" As my mind was playing havoc, I heard myself saying, "Dadaji can I come again to see you?" He smiled and said, "Yes, any time."

After that there was no looking back. The lid of the nectar pot had been opened for me. I wanted to be in Dadaji's presence every day. Each morning I would visit Him during the rest of my stay in Kolkata. Days passed by and soon it was time for me to return to London. On 4 June 1977 my uncle and I went to Dadaji's place. My uncle told me, "As you would be leaving

soon, why don't you ask for Mahanam?" I said, "He knows everything." That day Dadaji took me to another room, gave me a small rectangular piece of blank white paper and asked me to prostrate and pray with folded hands before the framed photo of Shri Shri Satyanarayana. After a minute or so He asked me to open my palm and look at the paper. Lo and behold! The blank paper that I held in my palm was now having two words in Urdu inscription in glittering red ink! Alas, I didn't know how to read Urdu. I looked at Dadaji and He said, "The is the Mahanam 'Gopal Govinda'. Remember this." As soon as He finished speaking, the Mahanam vanished from the paper I was holding in my palm! Thus, I got Mahanama directly from Dadaji. Poor me, I did not understand how lucky I was at that time.

My son Sanjay used to study in a school in Mussoorie, a picturesque hill Station in Dehradun district in northern India. In the summer of 1977, he fell seriously ill. My parents and sister could not reach me despite several attempts. Finally, I got the news from my brother-in-law in the evening. Next day morning I went to Gyanda's house and we both then went to Dadaji's place. After sometime I mustered enough courage and asked, "Dada, may I go to Mussoorie?" He asked, "Why?" After hearing me He said, "Oh, would your son get well if you go?" Instead, He asked me to visit Parimalda's and Ushadi's house in the evening where He would also be going. There were many devotees at Parimalda's place in the evening. After sometime, Dadaji looked at me and asked intriguingly, "Mussoorie...hmm...where is it exactly?" At that time Gyan-da broke into laughter and said, "Dada, why don't you tell her that you've already visited her son?" Dadaji was ecstatic with joy like a small child! We came back and got a call from my mother. She said that there was no need to go to Mussoorie – my son was perfectly hale and hearty! Dadaji had taken me under His wings.

My father lived in Delhi. In the summer of 1977, he fell down during his stroll and broke his leg. He was in his eighties. The doctors needed to have an ultra-sonography done before surgery. I went to the ultrasound room along with my father. Within a few minutes of commencing the sonography, I suddenly saw Dadaji on the monitor. He was wearing a long *mukut* (crown) and had His arms stretched on both sides as if He was dancing. I gasped, "How come, Dada?" He said, "Ami erokomi thaki tomader songe (this is how I stay with you all). Once the ultrasound was over, I immediately called up Rubi-di and my sister, Shaman, and told them what just happened! Many years later, in 2002, I narrated this incident to our Guru bhai, Dr. Peter Meyer Dohm, in his house in Germany. Peter's daughter had lost her husband to cancer. I asked him how he felt. He said, "Dada told me not to worry, he is with Him." The same night Peter saw exactly what I had seen in the hospital – Dadaji wearing a long *mukut* with both arms stretched as if dancing.

In the autumn of 1977, I fell ill and got admitted to a hospital in Mussoorie. Shri Shri Satyanarayana Utsav took place in Kolkata every year during Durga Puja in October. I was having an indomitable urge to attend the Utsav. I got myself discharged but it was impossible to get air or train tickets in the holiday rush. My brother took me to the railway station, bought an unreserved ticket and requested the TTE (traveling ticket examiner) to allow me to travel in a reserved coach. To my surprise, the TTE allowed me to board! Indeed, it was none other than Dadaji who was taking me to Kolkata. As the train slowly chugged out of the station, I couldn't believe that I was actually going to attend the Utsav celebration, it was a dream come true! However, the dream soon turned into a nightmare. I was young at that time and a silly man sitting across kept staring at me. I started ignoring him but that didn't deter him. Finally, he came up to me and asked,

"Would you like an ice-cream?" A few Bengali teacher-training students were travelling in the same coach. They came to my rescue. They had a coup to themselves and offered me to share the coup with them! That's how Dadaji ensured a safe and comfortable journey to Kolkata for me. This is how I attended my first Utsav at His beconing, it is indescribable in words – I had never seen or experienced anything like that before. Dadaji has been taking care of me every day and guiding me in every step of my life even today.

In November 1977 Dadaji asked me to return to London with my children. I was shattered. I was upset. Dadaji looked at me and said, "Will you come to Kalimandir? I'll get married to you." He then smiled and continued, "Don't worry, I'll come to London." Night before the day we were supposed to leave, my sister had a dream in which Dadaji told her, "Aaj Anju nahi jayegi (Anju will not go today)." It started raining heavily in the morning and the weather increasingly got worse. We got worried. My sister called up Dadaji. Before she could say anything, Dadaji said, "I already told you in the night that she'll not go today." That's when we realised for the first time that when someone sees Dadaji in his/her dream, it's real. This realisation got strengthened time and again over the coming years. In the evening I went to Gyanda's place. As we were chatting, someone knocked on the door. It was Ranu-di who came to see me along with a couple of her friends. We were pleasantly surprised. Ranu-di liked to keep to herself; she usually didn't mix or speak with anyone. She said, "Dada has sent me. I told Dada, 'I don't know why, but I like Anju.' To which He asked, 'Do you love her more than me?' Then He told me that you are here and that I can come and meet you."

Balbir was having problem with his business partner for some time. We sold our house in 1977 and he shifted to his brother's

place in London. He even took up a job for a temporary period of time. As He had promised, Dadaji was visiting England for the first time in June 1978. In May we started looking for a council house (public affordable housing) in Milton Keynes. There is usually two to three years wait list. I felt miserable. And then the unthinkable happened. On 12th May, the day after we submitted our application, we got a call from the council office asking us to collect the keys of 54 Milton Keynes! That's how we got our new address where me and my husband Balbir have been staying ever since.

In London, Dadaji stayed at the house of Surinder, Mrs. Paul Sing's sister. He was accompanied by Abhi-da, Rama-di and a friend of my uncle who was also a devotee. We went to the airport to receive Him. Dadaji asked me, "Who is your husband? Ask him to get the car." Once Balbir got the car, Dadaji sat in the front and Kulwant, Mr. Patel from Mumbai and I sat on the back seat. On our way all three of us got intense 'anga gandha' (body aroma) throughout the drive but my husband did not experience anything.

While I was in Kolkata, I used to see some devotees running errands for Dadaji like bringing Him fruit juice. For example, Manadi would make fruit Juice and bring it to Him, while someone else would get him tea. I considered them fortunate and yearned to do something similar for Dadaji. The day He arrived in London; we were all seated in the hall in the evening. Dadaji looked at me and said, "Bring me my *gangee*." I did not have any clue. Nervously I rushed to the kitchen and told Rama-di that Dadaji was asking for His *gangee*. Rama-di explained that 'gangee' was the Bengali word for vest. She asked me to go upstairs and open Dadaji's suitcase. It was on the top. I brought it and handed over to Dadaji who wore it. That's how He fulfilled my long nurtured inner wish without my saying anything.

Next day was a Sunday. That day also we went to London to be with Dadaji. In the evening, while taking our leave, Dadaji said, "Don't come tomorrow. Come on Tuesday." When we went on Tuesday, we heard that Rama-di had a near fatal car accident on Monday. We went to the hospital and saw Dadaji was standing outside the room with Abhi-da behind Him. Seeing us, Dadaji said, "What will I do? She is the only daughter of her parents. If something happened to her, they will kill me." I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Then He asked me if I would stay in London and prepare food for Him as Rama-di was in hospital. He asked Abhi-da, Balbir and me to go to the market and get some fish. I didn't know how to prepare fish in Bengali style. Abhi-da became my guide and said, "You have to cook with one drop of oil." From that day I stayed at Mrs. Paul Singh's sister's house. Dadaji used to have rice for lunch and *roti* (Indian bread) for dinner. I would keep the food tray in front of Him but avoid looking at Him. I would be always keeping my head down – *mere Dada ko Nazar na lag jaye* (nothing ill should bode on my Dada}. Dadaji smiled and told Abhi-da, "Learn 'baigan bharta' (a north Indian delicacy made from eggplant) from Anju, then we can proceed to our USA trip."

Dadaji would visit Rama-di at the hospital to check on her. It was an unbearable sight. Rama-di's eye balls had come out in the accident. Dadaji would fondly ask her, "Rama, 'besi kastho hochhe?' "(are you suffering too much from pain?)" Dadaji used to take a small siesta after lunch. That is the time when I used to pick up Bengali cuisines from Abhi-da. One day Abhi-da was going out in the afternoon. He asked me to go to Dadaji's room and press His feet. He said, "There's nothing to be scared of." I was amused. I didn't have any feeling of fear. I remembered my first meeting with Dadaji a year back in Kolkata and smiled

Truth Eternal

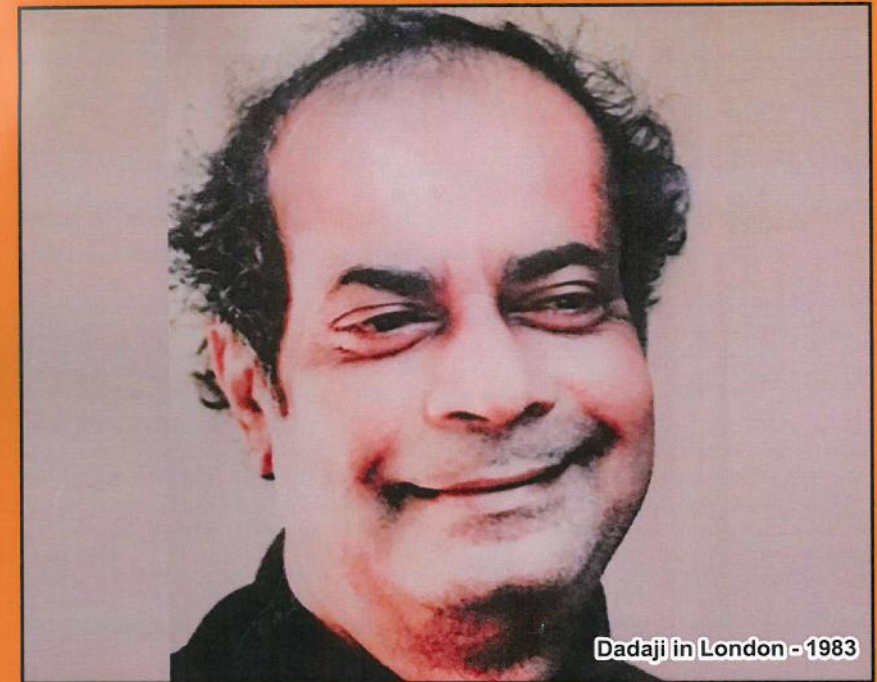
to myself. Dadaji had taken control of my mind. Until now I am living every day of my life with His supreme grace.

Dadaji wanted to visit Dr. Khaitan in Germany. Along with Abhi-da, Harvey Freeman and Kulwant, He very graciously also took me along. We had a morning flight. When breakfast was served, Abhi-da refused. Dadaji called the air hostess and asked, "Can you please give him a big drink?" Abhi-da had his glass of whiskey. Harvey wondered why Dadaji offered drink to Abhi-da but not to Kulwant or me. Dadaji smiled and said, "How do you know that they are not drinking already?" We stayed in Germany just for a day. Dr. Khaitan and his family were perfect hosts. They had made lavish arrangements for our stay. People gathered in Dr. Khaitan's in the evening to meet Dadaji. Amongst many eminent personalities, there was Dr. Peter Meyer Dohm. That was his first meeting with Dadaji. Peter later told me that on that evening Dadaji had called him and said, "I have come here only to meet you."

Back in London, one fine day Dadaji said, "We'll go to Milton Keynes. There will be *puja* (worship) there". In the puja room there was just one table and Shri Shri Satyanarayana's photo. There was no carpet or other furniture in the room. We placed food on a *thali* (plate) and water in a tumbler in front of Shri Shri Satyanarayana's photo. Separate vessels containing the same food were kept alongside. After that we closed the door from outside. There were many visitors in the hall along with few representatives of newspaper companies. We chanted *nam gaan* (devotional song). Dadaji was sitting in the hall and sipping whiskey. After an hour Dadaji asked me to open the door of the puja room. There was nectar all over the floor and two hand impressions clearly visible. The entire food in the thali had been eaten and the water in the tumbler had turned into *charanjol* (fragrant water with healing properties). Many visitors who had



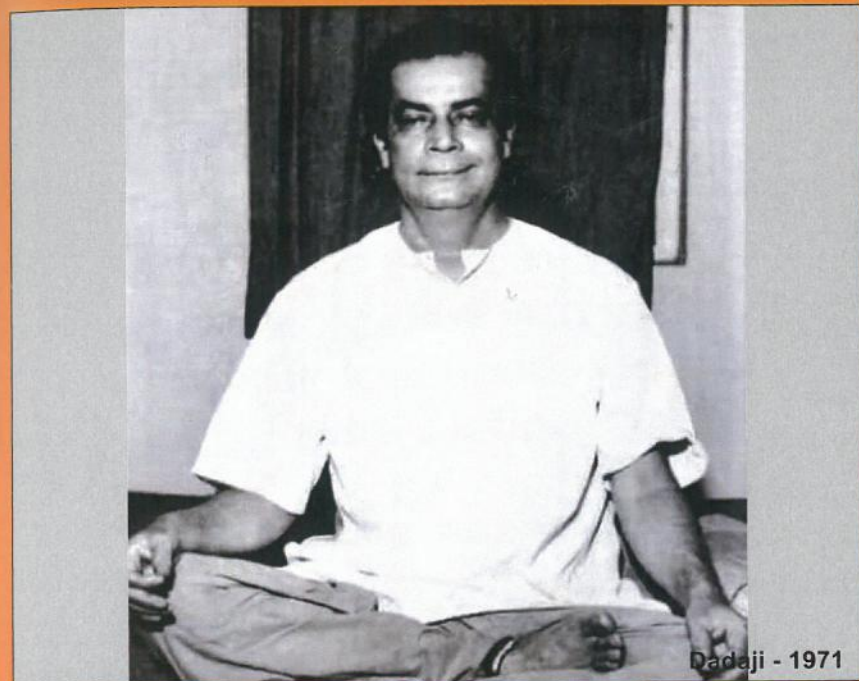
Dadaji arriving at London - May 1983



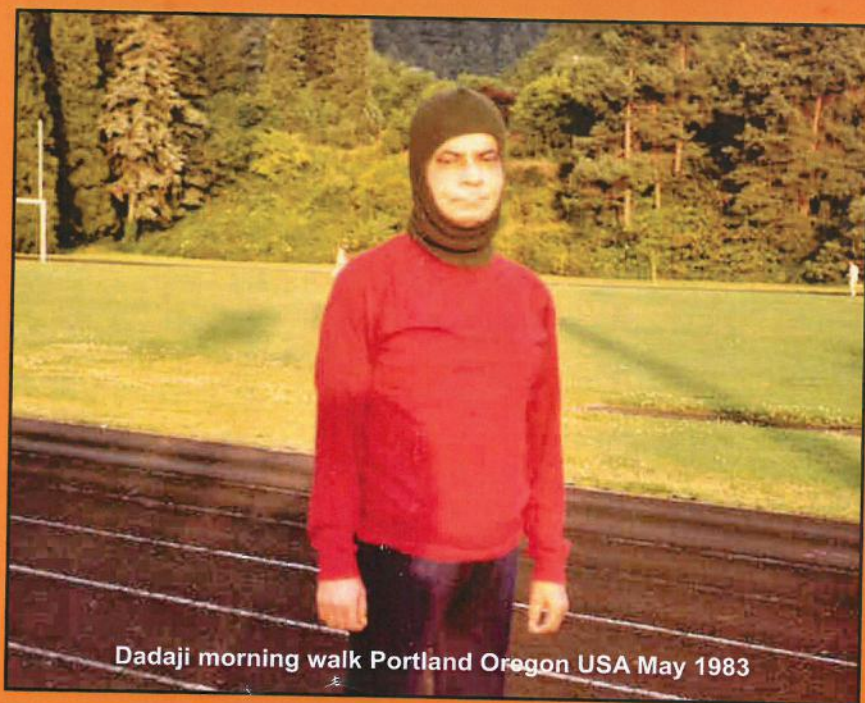
Dadaji in London - 1983



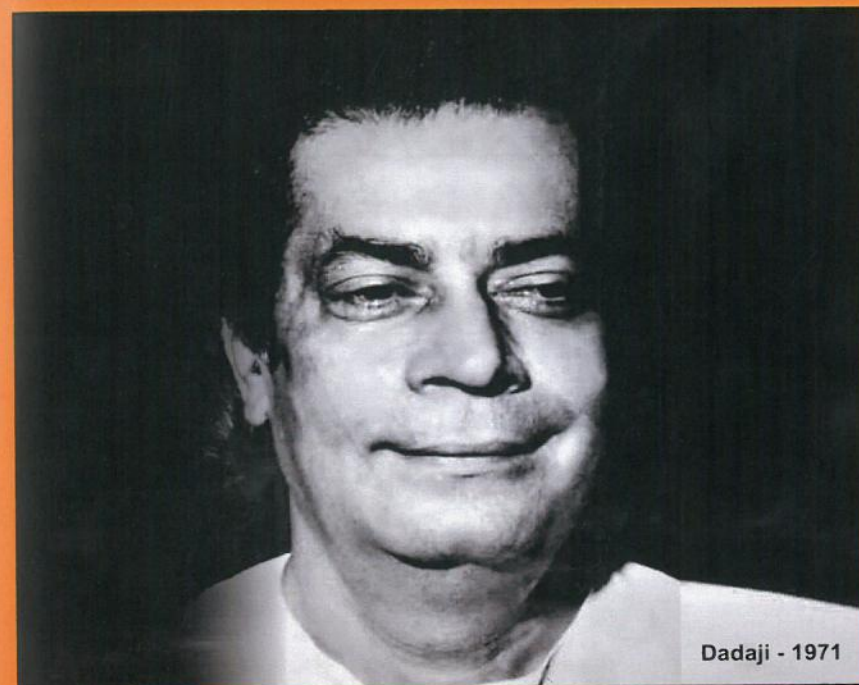
Dadaji speaking to audience - Portland Oregon, USA May 1983



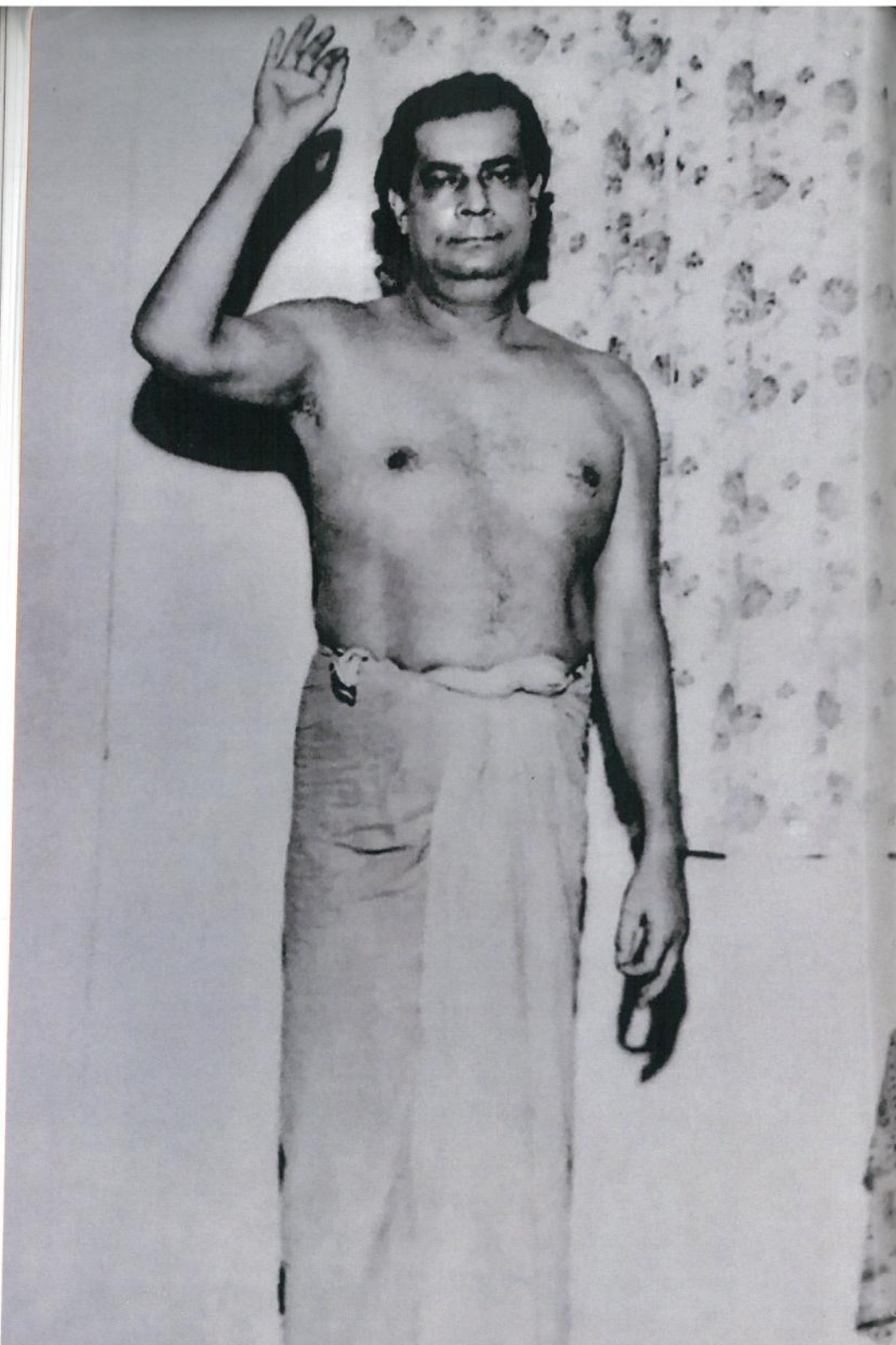
Dadaji - 1971



Dadaji morning walk Portland Oregon USA May 1983



Dadaji - 1971



Truth Eternal

come for the first time were flabbergasted. Some had brought food and other gifts for Dadaji which He politely refused. When we turned to Surinder's house in London at night they said that they were getting fragrance of nectar from my head. That fragrance remained in our house for more than a year.

Few days later, Dadaji, along with Abhi-da, Dr. Kumar and some others, went to the hospital where Rama-di was admitted. He asked the doctors to release her. The doctors refused as she was not medically fit to be discharged. But Dadaji would not listen. Finally, Rama-di was discharged against a written undertaking by Dr. Kumar. She came home in bare feet without even a slipper. Dadaji asked me and Dr. Kumar to take Rama-di upstairs and clean her up. There was dry blood everywhere and it took a long time to clean her up. After that I gave her a bath. Upon lying down in the bed, Rama-di started shivering vigorously. I rushed downstairs and informed Dadaji. He came upstairs and asked me to put the heater on and get her some hot milk and two hot eggs. Dadaji was now and again saying something or the other to Rama-di and each time she was getting extremely upset. I was worried and conveyed my concern to Abhi-da. He started laughing and said, "Don't you know? This is the medical treatment Dada is giving her." Sure enough. Within two days Rama-di was on board a flight to the USA along with Dadaji and Abhi-da!

For two years, 1989 and 1990, annual Utsav was held in Ivy's (Dadaji's daughter) flat in Kolkata. On one such occasion, after the Utsav Chanda, and I returned to Dadaji's house in the afternoon along with Dadaji and Boudi. We were very tired. Boudi went to sleep in the Satyanarayana room and Dadaji retired in His room. Chanda and I also dozed off in the adjacent TV room. After some time, I felt a nudge. As I opened my eyes, I saw

Dadaji gesturing me towards Him. He asked me to follow Him and we quietly slipped into the Satyanarayana room where Boudi was sleeping. He furtively went towards an earthen pot full of *narkel narus* (a delicious Bengali sweetmeat delicacy made of scraped coconut and jaggery). He asked me to stretch my hands and kept putting as many *narus* as He could on my open palms. He also took a few and then we sheepishly came out of the room taking great care not to wake Boudi up. Many ages back there was a famous '*mackan chor*' who the world knows as Shri Krishna. Through His act of stealing *narus*, Dadaji gave me a glimpse of His Krishna-Leela.

After 1990, Dadaji gradually went into self-retreat. He started meeting less and less people and spoke minimally. During one such visit to Dadaji's house, He went to bed after lunch. In another room I was speaking with Abhi-da. For last few weeks I was having nagging chest pain which was not going away despite medicines. Suddenly we saw Dadaji was standing at the door. I went to Him. With one finger He started poking at my chest. He said, "jaa (go)". After ten minutes I realized that my chest pain had gone!

I shall end by narrating one incident. On 13 January 1992 (Dadaji's birthday), Chandra (Mrs. Chandrakala) and I flew back to London from Kolkata. One day in March, when Chandra was attending to patients in hospital, she heard Dadaji telling her to go to an empty room and lie down. Once there, Dadaji told her, "Listen, you will come to Bombay (now Mumbai) along with a girl by Singapore Airlines and then you may come to Calcutta (now Kolkata). Date will be decided by Anju". I checked with Balbir and he was fine for me to travel to India. Chandra and I took a morning flight on 7 June. We were both feeling little unwell. This was also the first time that I was traveling to Bombay

first instead of to Calcutta. We reached Abhi-da's home at 12 o' clock at night. Seeing us, Abhi-da said, "Dada chole gelen (Dadaji has left)". We thought Dadaji had come to Abhi-da's house and left before we reached. Then he clarified that Dadaji had left his physical body. We were infuriated and exclaimed, "How dare He go?" We didn't feel like crying at all! Three of us just sat there and kept speaking for a long time. Next day, as the news spread, lot of calls started coming to Abhi-da from movie actors and other people. Many were upset and crying. When I told this to Dadaji, He said, "No, no, they are not crying for me. Why do you want to go to Calcutta? There's no need-no *talibali* (hypocrisy, false pretense, showing off)." Chandra used to say, "*Dada jaane ke baad mein mithai batungi* (I'll distribute sweets when Dadaji is gone)." There was a box of laddus in Abhi-da's house. Dadaji told Chandra, "Why don't you distribute sweets now that I am gone?" After the funeral, Chandra and I went for a walk and brought home samosas and jalebis and three of us heartily enjoyed the snacks. We stayed with Abhi-da for ten days. One day, when Chandra and Abhi-da had gone to the bank, I went into Dadaji's room and sat quietly in front of His photo. I don't remember how long I was sitting there. All of a sudden, Dadaji was there in front of me! He said, "Don't touch me. Go and open the door." I said, "But Dada, no one has knocked at the door." He again asked me to open the door. As I opened the door, I saw Chandra and Abhi-da standing outside!

As I had said before, everyday of my life is filled with His grace. At this age I am having some health issues. They are Dadaji's Prasad. He is my every breath and beyond.

Anju Walia is a homemaker. She lives with her husband in the United Kingdom

Dada Anecdotes

Debranjana Sengupta & Debjani Sengupta

Debranjana's story

I and my family were introduced to Dadaji by an acquaintance at the beginning of 1971. Within a short span of time we became very close to Him. We were then staying at Ranchi and frequented to Kolkata two-three times a year. Whenever we happened to be in Kolkata, we made sure to visit Dadaji and enrich ourselves in multifarious ways. Meanwhile we were blessed with the Mahanam under circumstances which can hardly be explained in words.

Our life continued in its routine when something unimaginable happened. One morning, as I bowed before Dadaji's photo, I noticed the word "GOD" clearly written on His photo. I gazed at the photo for some time in absolute bewilderment and showed this to my wife and son! The writing on the photo was there for quite a few days before it faded away gradually. But the watermark of the writing is still there even after so many years.

We, the followers of Dadaji, consider Him to be none but God Himself and we strongly believe that He is always with us even if He is not present in His mortal body. The above incident is a manifestation of His Supreme Love.

It was sometime in 1977-78 when we were still staying in Ranchi. One day I noticed some white patches inside my mouth. The dentist diagnosed them to have resulted due to frictions from sharp edges of teeth and might indicate a pre-cancerous stage. We went to Kolkata and narrated our ordeal to Dadaji. He said,

Truth Eternal

"I don't see anything. But consult a doctor and take medicines." The dentist extracted the concerned tooth and prescribed vitamin-A tablets. After few days, when I went for a check-up, he was surprised to find that there was no trace of the white patches inside my mouth!

On another occasion, I was not feeling well for some days and consulted a local doctor. After thorough clinical examination he looked worried and advised me to consult some cardiologist in Kolkata. We went to Kolkata and met Dadaji first. He hugged me tight and stroked my chest all through and said that I had no serious problems to be concerned of. Ah, what a relief! Dadaji's bliss showered upon us like innumerable rays of sunshine and it is not possible to recount every incident. I shall just pen down one more incident that may appeal to the reader's curious mind.

Once I was escorting my wife Gauri to the Ranchi Railway Station at about nine in the evening. There was power outage and it was drizzling outside. As we were approaching the station, the auto rickshaw we were riding in hit the road-divider in the dark and turned turtle. Gauri was thrown under the rickshaw from the impact. I started screaming in alarm when I heard Gauri saying from beneath the auto, "I am fine." She was not hurt at all and her unbroken pair of glasses were lying intact on the road neatly folded by her side! This is what our Dadaji is! His grace engulfs us in protective sheath every moment. When Gauri went to see Dadaji in Kolkata, He started stroking her shoulder with great affection.

Debjani's story

On a summer evening of May 2014, we were having dinner when Deb suddenly felt a gripping pain in his chest. I thought of rushing him to a hospital but before that I called up Rubidi.

Ila was with Rubidi and she informed her about Deb's condition. Dadaji advised us through Rubidi to take Dev to a hospital. He asked me not to worry and that Deb would get cured and come back home. The doctors in the Emergency Department of the hospital decided to put him on ventilator. However, on my request, they contacted Dr. A. K. Sarkar who, instead, advised for forced infusion of oxygen to the patient. Doctors in the hospital said that it was a case of heart-failure and the patient was sinking fast. After three-four hours in this condition, we were released and asked to return home. It was 2.30 a.m. and while we waited outside for a cab at that dead of night, a white Ambassador car appeared out of nowhere and the driver agreed to drop us at our home. We knew from some other followers of Dadaji how a white Ambassador played the role of a savior while in distress!

The Peerless Hospital advised that Deb needed to undergo a coronary bypass surgery to overcome a massive blockage in the artery. Dr Sarkar advised us to go for the procedure at the Belle Vue Clinic under Dr H. Mahapatra who was the Head of the Department at that hospital. We visited Dr Mahapatra and he decided to do the surgery after three days. But the following day Deb started getting spasms of acute chest pain and Dr. Mahapatra directed us to get him admitted immediately. He had a massive heart attack next day morning. The hospital asked us to arrange for eight bottles of blood for the surgery, which we did by Dadaji's grace. The procedure took six hours to complete. When I entered his cabin, I found the doctor standing beside Deb with a sublime smile on his lips. I felt that Dadaji actually was standing there. I knew our ordeal was over and Deb would recover soon. He is doing fine till now by His grace. Dadaji later told us that Deb could not have departed then since He had many duties to assign to him.

Having reached the last leg of our lives we consider ourselves very fortunate to have come in contact with the Absolute. Good and bad times befall everyone in this world and each one of us has to bear prarabdha with patience though Dadaji shares our sufferings to a great extent Himself.

I strongly believe that we would be able to sail through the rest of our lives by always remembering Dadaji in our hearts. I have but one regret - I cannot proclaim publicly that I have seen the Absolute and He has spoken with me as well.

Debranjan Sengupta retired as Regional Manager Eastern Zone from Rhone Poulenc India Ltd. After retirement, he also worked as HR manager in DTDC and as Marketing Consultant for a firm in New Delhi. Debjani Sengupta is a homemaker. They currently stay in Kolkata.

Dadaji - Our Soulmate and Ever-Joyful Companion

Swapna Dutta Roy

This is an attempt to put down my thoughts about a great soul of whom I cannot script anything even in my wildest dreams. I wonder, even after passing of so many years since I met Him first, that God came to me on His own and I did not have to seek Him through penance or conscious effort. This is because it is a two-way relationship. He perennially existed from the time even before the universe came into being – “I am in you and you are in me. We cannot be separated.” This explains why we address Him as Dadaji – our dearest elder brother.

Let me start from the beginning. In the early nineteen seventies, my son got seriously ill with high temperature and rashes all over the body. There was no sign of relief even though he was being treated by the best pediatrician in Kolkata then. Although there had been intermittent remission of fever but rashes did not go away altogether despite being put on different medications. The treatment appeared to have reached a dead end and the exasperated doctor advised us to consult some other doctor. My son was becoming weaker by the day. My husband, Nikhil Dutta Roy, and I were clueless about what to do next and felt very helpless. At last we decided to consult a known astrologer in Hazra Road who had prepared my son's horoscope.

The astrologer said to my husband, “Mr. Dutta Roy, I had already predicted this and marked the time in his birth-chart. However, let me consult the almanac.” While he went inside to fetch the almanac, a gentleman dressed in formal jacket and trouser entered the room and told my husband in a commanding

Truth Eternal

tone, “Why are you so worried? And why are you here?” His tone bore a clear intonation and accent of then East Bengal (now Bangladesh). When my husband explained the purpose of his visit, he asked, “Where do you stay?” Upon knowing that we were staying at Prince Anwar Shah Road, the gentleman replied back, “Anwar Shah Road! And you are here to consult about your son's horoscope?” He pulled out a pen and a small sheet of paper from his pocket, scribbled a name and address on it and said, “Go, take the child to Him and let him touch His feet. He is known as Dadaji. He is a well-groomed person always emitting a divine fragrance from his body with far stretched looks. But don't offer money to him. He already knows when you are going to him.” He scribbled his own name, address and phone number in another paper and asked my husband to keep him informed about our impression about Dadaji. He then went out of the room. My husband tried to follow him immediately but he seemed to have vanished in thin air. Dutta Roy also left the place immediately and walked back home. As he reached home, I told him how the condition of our son had miraculously improved that day. He also described in detail whatever had happened at the astrologer's place. Gradually our child came round completely and we forgot about the gentleman whom my husband met. Human memory – how feeble it is!

One Mr. Sen was a very good friend of my husband and was very closely connected with us. We used to address him as ‘Dada bhai’. Once, when he was travelling to Bhadreswar, he met a well-dressed gentleman as a co-passenger who was accompanied by a group of seemingly aristocrat ladies and gentlemen. It so happened that one of his companions had not arrived even though the scheduled time for the train to start was almost over. He touched his little finger with the thumb and said that the train would not start till the other companion would board.

The companion, a lady, reached after about half an hour. As soon as she boarded, the train started and astonishingly reached the destination on time. This well-dressed gentleman was none but Dadaji. When Dada bhai touched Dadaji's feet before disembarking, He touched his chest with four fingers in His usual gesture of blessing. Dadabhai experienced a shock-like sensation and his body got filled with an unknown aroma. After Dada bhai narrated this incident, my husband said that he had heard of Him and His address was already with him.

On Sunday, 10 May 1970, we visited Dadaji's residence to see Him. He was sitting on a bed and talking to people sitting on the floor around Him. We were over-awed by His luminous presence and His kind but piercing eyes saw through us without uttering a word. I was unable to look at His eyes straight. Dadaji was discussing the futility of conventional puja (deity worship). My husband, unable to comprehend, asked, "Whom do we worship then?" He said in reply, "Do you want to see what is true puja? Come to Asit Chatterjee's house next Saturday."

We were completely over-whelmed and before leaving I took my son to touch His feet.

What we witnessed next Saturday defied all our conventional knowledge of performing pujas. It was both amazing and confounding and can hardly be described in words. The puja room was full of fragrant water flooding the floor, honey was dripping down the photo of Shri Shri Satyanarayana and coconut water in a tumbler turned into nectar. It was noteworthy that the puja 'happened' inside a closed room with nobody physically present inside. All the while Dadaji was reclining on a divan in the hall outside where devotees were singing naam gaan (devotional songs).

The concept of real puja thus got firmly planted in our hearts and we came out of the purview of conventional pujas that usually require fasting and involve rituals like offering of fruits and flowers, lighting of incense sticks to 'purify' the air along with chanting of *mantras* (shlokas from scriptures). It is about fifty years now that Dadaji has freed us from all inhibitions and superstitions.

I gathered many breath-taking experiences during the long period of our association with Him.. Normally I would get up quite early in the morning and get ready to go to Dada's house. His enchanting and divine beauty, His body fragrance and the aroma-charged atmosphere surrounding Him attracted me very much and I could hardly stay home. I used to go upstairs on the first floor and more often than not found Dada confined in the Thakurghar. He would come out after a while and stand in the attached balcony facing the sun. It was impossible at that time to keep staring at His glowing contours for long. Dada would stretch His folded palms and accept the offerings of the first sun of the day and then return to His room and relax on His bed. He would look gory and reflect the sight of a lotus fully bloomed. I might have the treasure-trove of many births to witness Him in such a frame. After taking His seat on the bed He would like to drink a glass of water and I would be ready with one. After drinking water, He used to get back His composure. With my desires still commanding my mental plane, I nursed a longing to offer some food to Him but could not muster the courage to tell Him so. However, one morning I visited His house with some home-made cottage-cheese but dared not to ask him to consume it. So, I silently kept it in front of the picture of Shri Shri Satyanarayan in the adjacent room. Then I went inside Dada's room and took my seat after touching His feet. After a while He said, "I have eaten up fully. Just have a look." Thus

saying, He opened His mouth and I saw with absolute awe and joy that His mouth was full with the cottage-cheese I offered, though He never left the room even for once during the period I was there. This turned me flabbergasted and spellbound. When my husband, Nikhil Dutta Roy was posted as the Depot Superintendent in the Paharpur Depot of his office, a conspiracy was hatched to implicate him in a case of theft of 32 costly pumps which were under his charge. He had an untainted office record so far. He got nervous and narrated the incident to Dada in details. Dada did not say anything. But strangely enough, the officer-in-charge of the depot received a telephone call from a person disclosing his identity as Dadaji directing him to conduct investigations at the Indian Oil Depot for the stolen pumps. All the pumps were eventually recovered from there, the culprit was identified and Dutta Roy was relieved from blemishes and mental anguish. The episode regarding my mother-in-law getting the Mahanam is both striking and amazing. She came to know of Dada from us and was pestering my husband for long to take her to Dada. She fervently hoped to be graced with the Mahanam. Hence my husband took her from Habra, where she was staying, to Dada for a number of times but Dada hardly paid any attention to her. On another visit, she turned out to be more fortunate. After the congregation thinned out and every one had left for the day, Dada asked Dutta Roy as to the identity of her and when told that she was his mother, Dada called her near. He covered His head with the fringe of her sari and told her, "Look at my forehead and listen." My mother-in-law was quite old at that time and failed to observe His forehead though she heard the Mahanam perfectly in her ears. She was really very sad for not being able to see the Mahanam. Dada asked her if she had heard the Mahanam to which she nodded her head indicating that she heard the Mahanam alright. Dada told her that what she

heard was the Mahanam and she must memorize it. The most amazing thing happened after she went back to Habra. After a week came a frantic call from her asking my husband to visit her at the earliest. My husband just rushed to Habra to meet her. She exclaimed to say that she finally received what she missed out. She dreamt one night that Dada was standing in front of her. He was wearing a pair of 'kharam' (wooden slipper), sported a white bear and His head was touching the ceiling. He said, "you have been disturbing me too much lately. Now look here." Thuss aid, He lifted the lamp and asked her to look at His forehead again. She saw the Mahanam 'Gopal Govinda' clearly shining on His forehead. Her utmost desire was thus fulfilled by Dada.

Once we decided to go to Mussoorie and sought His permission. He said, "Go. You will find me in Hrishikesh" After about a fortnight of travelling to various places in Mussoorie, we reached Hrishikesh. We searched for Dadaji almost everywhere in Hrishikesh but did not find Him. The last stop of our tour was a visit to Bharat Muni's ashram. As we came out of it, we saw a very tall man, bare-footed, sporting white beard and wearing a spotless white dhoti anda white shawl, was staring at me with a smiling face and far-reaching eyes.

We left Hrishikesh with a heavy heart, greatly disappointed in not being able to find Dadaji. After boarding the train, we realized that the person we saw outside the ashram was none other than Shri Shri Satyanarayana! We had failed to realize that Dadaji had appeared before us as Satyanarayana. After returning to Kolkata when we visited His house, Dadaji looked at us, smiled and said, "What, you could not recognize me?" How could we if He did not intend so? However, we realised that creation, existence and destruction - all can happen merely by His momentary wish. This became clearer when my daughter was born.

I was in a matured stage of pregnancy when Dutta Roy was required to go out of station on a business tour. He was reluctant to leave me alone at that stage and confided to Dadaji about his desire to stay. Dadaji said, "Don't go. Your presence will be required here." Very next day, at about four in the morning, my labour pain started and I needed to be urgently moved to the hospital. But there was a bandh or curfew on that day due to which there was least vehicular traffic on the road. After waiting for some time, we somehow walked to the main road and to our great relief found a taxi. The driver agreed to take us to the hospital and my delivery went off smoothly. During our journey we could not find a single vehicle on the road. It was as if the driver was waiting just for us!

On another occasion, Dutta Roy was accompanying Dadaji back home in a taxi. After reaching home, Dadaji asked him to pay the taxi fare, but he did not have the money. He had just one rupee in his pocket. Very hesitatingly he conveyed his predicament to Dadaji. Dadaji, bit in anguish, took the one-rupee coin, closed his fist and tossed it a few times and then handed over whatever was inside his fist to the driver. Without looking back, He immediately got down and walked straight inside His house through the closed main entrance door. The taxi was filled with fragrance of Parijat flower. Dutta Roy was totally puzzled and asked the driver if he got his full fare. The driver, equally bewildered, nodded and asked, "Who is He?"

Dadaji knew that Dutta Roy was an honest and timid man. As if to put him to test, He told him that He would entrust in his safe custody a sum of about one or two lakhs of rupees (one lakh is equal to one hundred thousand). Dutta Roy got extremely scared and stopped visiting Dadaji for nearly ten days. One night he had a dream that he was sitting on a hand-pulled

rickshaw and Dadaji was pulling it. Next day he went to Dadaji's house and pleaded with folded hands, "Why are you increasing my guilt?" Dadaji said in reply, "You must know for sure that dreams relating to Him are always true. I am He; I am the Truth; I am your driving force. I know you very well. I am extremely happy. Don't you know that Sri Krishna also drove the chariot of Arjuna?"

We knew for certain that Dadaji was the Purna Brahma, Narayan, the Creator. Once He had come to our house in Jamshedpur. It had been raining incessantly and Dadaji's feet got wet as He got down from the car. I wiped His feet dry with my saree *pallu* (loose end of the saree usually draped over shoulder). The saree instantly became aromatic with His body aroma. He then asked me to smell His feet again. This time, His feet had a different aroma - it could change at His Will!

The exuberance of younger days is gone, but I know for sure that Dadaji is embracing us all the time wherever we are. With Him in company, I always feel happy and secure. He is incomparable in the whole universe.

Interestingly, we could never trace the well-heeled gentleman who gave Dadaji's address to Dutta Roy at the astrologer's chamber.

In His remembrance, in His refuge

Rini Das

It is about twenty-eight years now that Dadaji has left His mortal body. By now I have turned into a matronly woman from a bubbly youngling. At that tender age, I could hardly understand and appreciate the deep mark of magnificence He left on my mind. I just got swept away by a strong feeling of adoration coupled with awe and wonder. His penetrating looks and sweet smiles had drawn me most to Him.

I was very fortunate to be blessed with Mahanam on the very first day I saw Him at His Prince Anwar Shah Road residence. I had accompanied my parents who also got Mahanam on the same day. Dadaji showed us the photograph of Shri Shri Satyanarayana and asked us to pray for Mahanam from Him. We followed the instruction. I heard the Mahanam and also saw it written in red ink on a sheet of paper that I carried in my hand. He advised us to recite the Mahanam mentally for five times. I touched His feet and came out of the room and found that the piece of paper had turned blank as usual which meant that I have to memorize the Mahanam for the rest of my life. The splendor or magnificence of Mahanam is that, through constant remembrance, a pathway is created to tie one with God in a way that it can never ever be snapped. I have not followed any religious rituals ever in my life nor He directed us to abide by any ritualistic practices. All He wanted us to do is to remember the Mahanam always - almost with our every breath. Dadaji said that the Mahanam originates from the moment the embryo starts breathing inside the womb and it goes on ceaselessly without even our knowing it consciously. Our duty is only to remember it and

Truth Eternal

nothing else. Adherence to any ostentations would only negate the purpose and utility of Mahanam in our life.

It is also not necessary to have a priest or clergyman for performing the puja (worship). The puja room always remained shut during the progress of the puja so long Dadaji was physically present amongst us. Even now in the absence of His physical presence, the puja room remains closed. We continue to sing from outside of the puja room 'Ramaiva Sharanam', a song which He taught us. This process completes the puja. The strong gathering of followers in such congregations always confoundedly watched His marvelous manifestation. What greater miracle can there be than seeing ordinary tap-water getting converted into Charanjal (scented medicated water)? Dadaji during the span of His life never glorified Himself claiming as the doer of all these miracles. On the contrary, He always liked to describe Himself as a person destined to end up at 'Keoratala' (a crematorium). When anybody sought His help for redressal of any distress one was in, He always asked to seek help from Shri Shri Satyanarayana and not from Him. The 'I' factor never ever surfaced in His whole life. But in a letter to Pratima Chowdhury He wrote that there was another Dadaji other than Him who was the 'Pran Govinda' (the Absolute). That is how he gave Himself up to His dear ones and revealed His little secrets through unending rasa leela.

In these hard times I pray that Dadaji gives me the strength and courage to steadfastly tread the path He had shown and nurture and treasure that I got from Him.

Rini Das retired as Associate Professor of Philosophy from Maharani Kashiswari College, Kolkata.

Dadaji - The Absolute

Lipika Chatterjee

*'Oh, when I look back now
That summer seemed to last forever
And if I had the choice
Yeah, I'd always wanna be there...'*

(Brian Adams – Summer of '69)

Summer of 1969 was indeed blessed for us. It was in May or June that year that my husband Asit and I first heard of Dadaji from our nephew Anjan Chatterjee, son of my elder brother-in-law. In following weeks, as we kept hearing more and more about Him, our curiosity kept growing. In the meantime, my brother-in-law and his wife visited Dadaji and both were blessed with Mahanam. One evening Asit and I visited the residence of Shri Animesh Dasgupta to meet Dadaji. At the very first sight I felt as if I knew Him for a long time. He sat there speaking with the people gathered in the room and I was awed and besmitten by His captivating countenance and divine presence. Dadaji asked us to visit His house in Prince Anwar Shah Road in South Kolkata on the following Sunday morning.

At Dadaji's residence, after offering *pranaam* (greetings) I seated myself on the floor amongst others. Dadaji touched on various topics and stated that a man can never be a Guru (preceptor or initiator of Truth) to another man. Guru is immortal and is not subject to the karmic cycle of birth, death and rebirth. The Life Force or Mahanam residing inside our body is the real Guru – the source of our existence. Absolute Truth cannot be revealed through whispering of incantations in one's ears. Dadaji

handed over two small pieces of blank papers to Asit and me and guided us to another room. The room was called Thakur Ghar and had a large photo of Shri Shri Satyanarayan placed on a wooden throne. Dadaji asked us to sit before the photo and pray for Shri Satyanarayan's grace. He went back to the other room and shut the door while leaving. As I prayed for Shri Shri Satyanarayan's grace, the room got filled with an unworldly aroma accompanied by sounds of *kosha kushi* (copper utensils used in Hindu pujas). I felt like drawn to a separate universe and lost sense of time and existence. I came back to senses by a touch of Dadaji who was now standing behind us. He asked us to look at the pieces of papers we were holding tight inside our palms. As we unfolded the papers, we found the name "Gopal Govinda" written in Bengali in glittering red ink. Dadaji asked us to read the Mahanam carefully and memorize it. Soon after, the two words disappeared and the papers turned blank again. Dadaji told us that there is no difference between the giver and the seeker – both are one and the same.

Dadaji had a distinct body aroma that no one around Him could miss. It is incomparable to anything in this world. Many people have also seen honey-like substance dripping from His hands at times. One day the whole family gathered round the dining table for a sumptuous lunch of 'Khichri' (a popular Indian dish made of rice and lentil). Suddenly the entire room got filled with Dadaji's aroma. Next day when we visited Dadaji's residence, He smiled and said with a twinkle in His eyes, "What, you have taken khichri without offering me?"

Dadaji always said, "Remembrance of Mahanam amongst day to day worldly activities is the only path to realise the Absolute Truth". He also said, "We are powerless; we can do nothing. He is the only doer." This means that He only makes us remember

the Mahanam! That is, He only remembers Himself through us. Actually, the whole universe is One and this world is His *brajaleela* (playground) to realize and enjoy His love. Sometimes, and this can happen anytime anywhere, we are suddenly engulfed in His body aroma. This is Dadaji's way of reminding us of the constant chanting of Mahanam within us and that He and we are never separate from each other. It is due to the influence of 'Maya' (the world of Nature) that we tend to forget this simple truth.

I was suffering from a chronic abdominal pain that needed urgent medical intervention. I was also feeling mentally low for not being able to go to Dadaji due to my illness. After I recovered, we eagerly visited Animesh Dasgupta's place to meet Dadaji. He was sipping on soda. When I presented myself before Him, He said with a mystic smile, "You see, I have been suffering so much from an acute stomach ache for the last few days." Dadaji used to say that it is our duty to bear *prarabdha* (causal effect of the cycle of karma) with fortitude bearing in mind that God also suffers along with us and at the same time He gives us the strength to bear the burden of physical or mental sufferings. Another day we saw Dadaji having evening snacks and tea while reclining on a divan. Suddenly His face writhed in pain and He placed His palm before His mouth. A tooth came out on his palm. Dadaji said that He had to sacrifice His tooth to provide relief from unbearable pain to a person who loved Dadaji from his heart. That was the price He had to pay to Mother Nature to respect her rules.

Shri Shri Satyanarayan Puja (worship) used to be held in Dadaji's followers' houses occasionally. Dadaji always said that man cannot perform a puja of the Absolute. The Absolute performs His own puja and no ritualistic practices are needed for that. The puja room was devoid of usual ingredients like incense sticks or

flowers. A tumbler full of drinking water, a bowl of tender coconut water, khichiri, fried vegetables and few sweet dishes were kept inside the puja room. A *diya* or burning lamp was kept alongside and all windows were bolted from inside. Dadaji used to lead the master of the house or someone else to the pujaroom and made the person sit in front of the image of Shri Shri Satyanarayan. He would ask him / her to pray and then came out of the puja room shutting the door from outside. 'Naam gaan' or devotional songs were performed by other followers outside the puja room for about an hour and a half with Dadaji seated amongst them. After completion of naam gaan Dadaji would bring out the person from inside the puja room. Dadaji's whole body glowed with radiance and on many occasions, honey dripped down the body of the person who sat inside the puja room. The water in the tumbler would turn into *charanjal* (fragrant water with healing properties), the coconut water would turn into a thick nectar, khichri and other food items would bear tiny finger prints and the puja room itself would be drenched with charanjal. Honey would be dripping from Shri Shri Satyanarayan's photo and on many occasions tiny foot prints were found on the wet floor. Even after Dadaji left His mortal body, similar experiences keep occurring during Shri Shri Satyanarayan puja at Dadaji's residence and other places.

Naam gaan was more or less a regular feature in Animesh Dasgupta's house and I was fortunate to lead on several occasions on Dadaji's bidding. Madhumita's (Dadaji's daughter-in-law) parents and her elder brother and his family stay in Mumbai. In 2018 her mother passed away and we were called to attend the Shri Shri Satyanarayan Puja she organized for the *Shraddha* (a ceremony performed in honour of a dead ancestor). I was greatly indisposed with acute breathing problem and Asit was also not keeping well. However, we decided to attend the Puja. After

closing the puja room, we all sat in the adjacent room for the naam gaan. Satyajit (Madhumita's elder brother) started playing the naam gaan recorded on a cassette. However, after a few minutes the cassette player suffered a technical glitch and stopped playing. Madhumita requested me to try to sing. I remembered Mahanam and with great apprehension started singing. Surprisingly, I could complete the full naam gaan smoothly. When the door of the puja room was opened, we saw finger prints on the khichri and the water in the tumbler had turned into *charanjol*. The *ashon* (a floor mat for seating) was folded on one corner. Madhumita later said that it was her earnest desire that I should perform on the occasion and Dadaji fulfilled her wish.

I was fortunate to attend a puja at Shri Sachin Roy Chowdhury's house. I had an astounding experience. Dadaji came out of the puja room and sat on a divan. He was wearing a lungi and His upper body was bare. Suddenly I saw the name 'Ram' appearing on His chest in red letters in Bengali script and then disappearing and reappearing again. This continued for quite some time. When I met Dadaji the following day, He beckoned me to narrate my experience to all the people in the room. I remember another divine experience at Dadaji's house one Sunday morning. We were all waiting for Him in the room on the ground floor. After some time Dadaji came down and stood at the door smiling. He called me near Him. An unknown aroma was emanating from His body. He said it was the fragrance of parijat (celestial flower of heaven). Years later I had the fortune to experience this fragrance again at a puja in Geeta Sinha's residence.

Dadaji visited our house on the evening of 16 May 1970 for Shri Shri Satyanarayan Puja. As we were eagerly counting down to the auspicious day, I developed an intense desire to prepare the *shinni* (puja offering made of milk, wheat flour, sugar and

bananas) but I had never done that before. The day before the puja, Dadaji, as if He had read my mind, called me near Him and gave me instructions on how to prepare shinni! There was a large gathering on this occasion and many people narrated that they had observed a blue ray of light coming out of Dadaji's forehead after the puja. Dadaji had given us a photograph of Shri Shri Satyanarayan and advised us to place a tumbler of water every day in front of the photo. We got the photo framed and it was delivered a day before the puja. I kept the photo on my study table without removing the paper wrapper covering the photo. As Dadaji was leaving after the puja, He entered our room and scribbled something on the wrapper with His fingers. He once again advised me to place a tumbler of water in front of the photo every day.

Next day, after removing the wrapper we found to our astonishment that the word "Om" was written on the glass of the frame in red sandal and honey. The whole room was filled with a beautiful fragrance. That divine writing stayed on for years. In addition to the photo of Shri Shri Satyanarayan the puja room also had pictures and idols of Narayan, Vishnu and other Hindu deities. As I entered the puja room, I noticed two small footprints engraved on the floor and filled with water just below the picture of Lord Vishnu on the left wall!

Once we were travelling to Shri Saroj Bose's house in Lake Town for Shri Shri Satyanarayan Puja. The car in which Dadaji was travelling was in front of ours. It was day time and the peak summer heat and humidity were unbearable. Those days there were no air-conditioning in cars in India. Suddenly I saw Dadaji stretching His hand outside the car and gesturing towards the sky. Immediately a cluster of clouds appeared from nowhere and covered the sun providing shade to our cars throughout the

journey. It started raining thereafter providing great relief to all of us. After we all settled down at Shri Bose's house, Dadaji pointed towards me and said, "She is a radio artist." I felt very embarrassed but the Supreme Will in deed became real when after many years I actually got opportunity to sing in Kolkata radio. After the puja, as I bowed down to touch His feet (common Indian gesture to show respect to elders), I found imprints of lotus bud on top of His feet along with a heady fragrance of lotus flower.

On another day at Dadaji's house, He gave me a picture of Himself wrapped in a piece of paper. It was raining heavily outside and I wondered how to take the picture back home safely. However, as I came out, the torrential rain stopped altogether and I could get the picture home without being soiled.

Following Dadaji's advice, every day I kept a tumbler of water in front of Shri Shri Satyanarayan's photo. Along with that I also kept some sugar on my own but didn't tell Dadaji about it. One day, He asked me to stop giving sugar as He had developed diabetes! So I started giving *chhena* (cottage cheese) instead of sugar. I had to go to school quite early in the morning. After returning home I used to take out the chhena from the refrigerator and place it before Shri Shri Satyanarayan's photo. On several occasions I found deep finger prints on the chhena as I brought it out from the refrigerator indicating that He had already taken it.

I was passionate about taking holidays and travelling to different places. In 1972, during the Durga Puja festival in October we planned a tour of Kashmir. As much as we wanted to take Dadaji's permission, we were unsure and apprehensive and had an inner fear that He may not grant our wish. I found an alternative solution. Instead of asking Dadaji directly, I made submissions

before the picture of Shri Shri Satyanarayan. Dadaji was not keeping well at that time and was staying at the residence of Dr Madhusudan Dey. One evening we went to Dr. Dey's place. As I touched Dadaji's feet, He was full of smiles and told me, "So, are you ready for Kashmir?" Humbled, I did not know how to react! He continued, "Go, you'll get good weather now." After completing our tour of Kashmir, we went to Amritsar and Shimla. The day before our return journey from Shimla, I found five thousand rupees (nearly seven hundred US dollars) missing from my purse. It was lot of money in those days. We searched over and over again at all possible places but in vein. Quite distressed, I fervently prayed to Dadaji for help. That day evening, as I opened my purse, I found five thousand rupees back in it but in different denominations!

On one occasion of Shri Shri Satyanarayan Puja at Dadaji's house, His wife (addressed as Boudi, meaning elder brother's wife in Bengali) was leading the naam gaan. I saw a person clad in loincloth with a white shawl wrapped over his body standing in front of Dadaji with folded hands. He resembled Shri Ram Thakur. Dadaji immediately sat up with folded hands from His usual reclining posture and wore a distinctive smile. They kept gazing at each other. After a while Dadaji nodded a little and the person slowly turned back and left the place without uttering a word.

I went to Dadaji's house quite early on a Sunday morning and was waiting in His bed room. After a while He came out from the adjacent room and stepped into the balcony. Facing the sun, He brought together His palms and opened them as if to accept some offering. He then sipped something from His palms and came to His bed room where I was waiting. His whole body was glowing with radiance! He remained seated in a composed

posture as if submerged in a different realm away from this world. It seemed to me as if Gobinda Himself was sitting in front of me. After some time, He asked me in a hushed voice to fetch hot *rasagollas* (famous Bengali sweet) worth just five rupees from the nearby sweetmeat shop. He inquired if I had five rupees and sure enough, that day I was carrying only that much of money in my wallet!

Madhob Pagla (mad Madhob) was a saint and close disciple of Sri Sri Ram Thakur. His actual name was Gopal Chandra Mukherjee and he lived in Varanasi (then Benares). He was an ardent devotee of Lord Krishna, also known as Madhav (Madhob in Bengali). Dadaji stayed with Madhob Pagla during His years in Varanasi. On Dadaji's advice I visited the place during my trip to Varanasi in 1972. From the main gate a courtyard led to a small rectangular room. There was a grave on one side of the courtyard. The room had two doors and a wooden cot inside. Dadaji told me that Madhob Pagla used to lie on the cot while Dadaji lay on the floor. Madhob Pagla had earnest desire to visit Badrinath for a darshan of Lord Badrinarayan (an avatar of Lord Vishnu) but that was not possible due to his physical debility. According to Bhagavat Purana Lord Vishnu, in his incarnation as Nara and Narayana had undergone great penance in Badrikashram (present Badrinath) for the welfare of all living entities. One day while Dadaji was having His regular dinner of *muri* (parched rice) and chanachur, a dark-complexioned person opened the gate and slowly walked up to the door of the room. He stood silently outside the door in front of Dadaji. Dadaji handed over His half-consumed dinner to him. The person became overjoyed and left the place as silently as he came. Madhab Pagla was taken by absolute surprise with the turn of events. By Dadaji's grace he finally had his darshan of Badrinarayan!

Dadaji had also instructed us to meet Shri Gopinath Kaviraj, a leading figure in the field of Indological studies who was staying then at the monastery of Ma Anandamayi in Varanasi. He cordially welcomed us when we told him that we were asked by Dadaji to seek his audience. He told us that once we had been graced with the company of a person like Dadaji, we did not have anything to worry about. Our only duty is to lead our lives on the ways Dadaji had shown us. His words should be treated as divine nectar and to be followed without a question.

I was fortunate to travel to Bhubaneswar and Puri with Dadaji in 1972. The group that travelled with Him was quite large and we booked a full compartment in the train. After reaching Bhubaneswar, there was a massive gathering of people in the evening. Shri Shri Satyanarayana Puja was organized on 12 and 13 March which was attended by many people including the then Chief Minister of Odisha, Shri Biswanath Das, judges of the Bhubaneswar High Court and prominent industrialists. After two days we travelled to Puri and met the Shankaracharya of Puri at Govardhan math (one of the four principal monasteries founded by Adi Shankara for preaching of Advaita Vedanta in eastern India). Sometime after arriving, Dadaji took Shankaracharya to an adjoining room. Dadaji told him something and then gave him a sweetmeat to eat, which happened to materialize from thin air. Then He lifted His palm before Shankaracharya and showed him something. We presumed that Dadaji revealed the Mahanam to him. They remained seated in the room for a while and then came out into the hall where we were waiting. Dadaji stood still while Shankaracharya started reciting verses from Scriptures in adoration which continued for about twenty minutes. After lunch, we went to Shri Jagannath Temple (Jagannath, or lord of the universe, is considered a form of Lord Vishnu). Dadaji stood in front of the

three deities of Jagannath, Balarama and Subhadra and kept gazing at them for some time. Some members of our group saw a blue ray of light emerging from the forehead of Dadaji and merging with the deity of lord Jagannath. From Puri we returned to Kolkata.

Rabi Bose was an ardent admirer and follower of Dadaji. His daughter Nandita was staying with her family in a residential bungalow allotted to her husband by the Government of India Mint, Calcutta. Occasionally they used to experience frightening and ghostly sights while using the washroom at night. They came to know that the maid of the previous occupier had committed suicide in the washroom. After learning about their ordeal Dadaji decided to visit their residence. A picnic was organized at the bungalow and some of us were invited to join. After that day, no ghostly experiences ever took place. Ostensibly, the suffering spirit got salvation. When we were having lunch, Dadaji noticed that my mother, a widow, was eating vegetarian food as per Hindu custom. He asked her to resume taking non-vegetarian food as she was very anemic. Later, in Rabi Bose's house one evening Dadaji called me near Him and whispered in my ear, "Your mother is a pure soul. When it will be time for her to depart, I shall personally take her with me." Dadaji always said that only a mother could love selflessly and no one should cause any pain, physical or mental, to one's mother and thus invite an induced destiny. Dadaji Himself took great care of His mother and nursed her personally when he was completely bed ridden during the sun-set years of her life. He always tried to keep her in good cheers.

My sister-in-law had a similar experience when she had travelled in a group to Bhubaneshwar along with Dadaji. The house they stayed was haunted and they spent a horrendous night having

uncanny experiences. Dadaji visited the house next day and everything became normal thereafter.

Many times, we went to Dadaji's place keeping our son alone at home but always kept worrying about his safety. One day after returning home we found that our son was fast asleep and the room was filled with His fragrance. Next day, our son, then barely three years old, narrated that Dadaji was playing with him all the time while we were away!

Jatin Bhattacharya had a family tradition of performing Kaali Puja (worshipping of Goddess Kaali) at his home every year. One year he arranged for Shri Shri Satyanarayan Puja in the evening of Kaali Puja. On the puja day we accompanied Dadaji to Jatin Bhattacharya's house. After Satyanarayan Puja, while leaving, Dadaji paused for few moments in front of the idol of Goddess Kaali. We all saw tears rolling down the cheeks of the fictile idol!

I had a great desire to listen to Dadaji singing a song. Mahalaya is celebrated every year at the end of Pitri Paksha, a sixteen lunar day period of Hindu calendar when Hindus pay homage to ancestors. It also marks the beginning of the much-awaited annual festival of Bengalis – Durga Puja. Almost every Bengali wakes up at 4 a.m. on Mahalaya day to listen to the recital of Mahisasura Mardini in radio. On one such Mahalaya morning my husband Asit got ready to go to Dadaji's house and asked if I wanted to come along. But I was feeling very sleepy and stayed put at home. In my dream I saw Dadaji singing raga I man and the dream lasted till the song was over. When Asit reached Dadaji's house, he found Gopal Maharaj, an acclaimed Khol player, present there. Dadaji sang raga Malkosh for about an hour and a half with Gopal Maharaj accompanying Him on khol. Asit had never heard such lively rendition of Hindustani classical

music before and he was left spellbound. I too had my dream fulfilled in my dream!

One evening we went to Gupi Bose's house where Dadaji was staying. He was not keeping well and when we arrived the attending doctor was drawing blood from His right hand for pathological testing. Some scientists from abroad had also come to meet Dadaji with the intention to find scientific explanations to His so-called supernatural abilities. After the blood was drawn from His right hand, Dadaji smilingly asked the doctor to draw blood from His left hand too. The doctor was somewhat puzzled but he agreed to oblige Him. This time, instead of blood, the syringe was filled with thick sandal paste and the entire room was pervaded by its fragrance! Everyone present in the room – the doctor, the scientists and others – were left bewildered by what they saw that defied any scientific explanation.

Amita Roy Chowdhury, Dadaji's wife, was lovingly addressed as Boudi (wife of elder brother in Bengali). Boudi was a distinctive singer herself and first met Dadaji at a music conference. This meeting led to their marriage. Dadaji used to spend long hours in the Thakurghar and that seemed very unnatural to Boudi. One day, out of curiosity, she pushed the door slightly open and was struck with awe. She saw that walls and the roof had disappeared and Dadaji was engulfed in a sea of light. He was sitting in *padmasana*, His body transcended physical form into something limitless and His head was piercing through the sky. That was how Dadaji revealed His true self to Boudi.

I would like to narrate another incident which shows that Dadaji is immanent in all of us. My elder brother-in-law and his wife had gone out of station on a holiday leaving their four-year old daughter Nandita under my care. Few days after they left, Nandita fell sick with high fever accompanied by bouts of dry

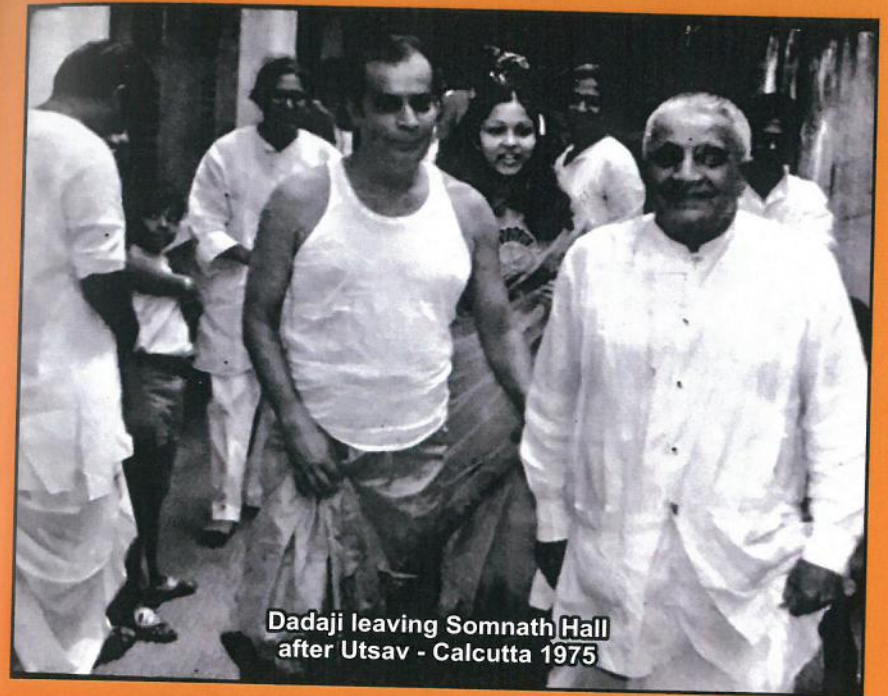
cough that kept worsening despite administration of medicines prescribed by doctor. One afternoon, I got really scared when blood came out with her sputum and she was almost choking with a spate of cough. There was no one around and I was feeling helpless. Suddenly the doorbell rang and as I opened the door, I saw Dadaji standing there with Geeta Dasgupta. Without saying anything He just walked straight towards the room where Nandita lay on the bed. This was His first visit to our house but He knew every corner of it! Dadaji sat on the divan and called Nandita near Him. Then He asked me to fetch him a cup of tea. By the time I came back, little Nandita was sitting beside Dadaji and giggling in a happy mood. Her ailment had completely disappeared!

Holi, Indian festival of colours, is celebrated in Spring to signify victory of good over evil. Once we visited actor Abhi Bhattacharya's house in Mumbai (then Bombay) just after the Holi. There was a photograph of Dadaji lying in a reclining position placed on a bed. We noticed that the entire bed was covered with red *abir* (also called *gulal*- coloured powders used to smear each other to show love and camaraderie during Holi) and the room was filled with beautiful fragrance. Abhida said that it was a spontaneous manifestation of His love. Dadaji had once told us long ago that to see real Holi one should visit Abhi Bhattacharya's house. One day Abhida was eating a *vegetable chop* (street food of Bengal). Half way through he felt that he was being selfish and should share this delicacy with Dadaji as well. So, he put the remaining portion of the chop on a saucer and placed it before Dadaji's photo. After about an hour Abhida saw that the chop was almost consumed fully with a small piece left for him to eat as His *prasad* (also called *prasada* or *prasadam* – a religious offering that is normally consumed by worshippers after worship).

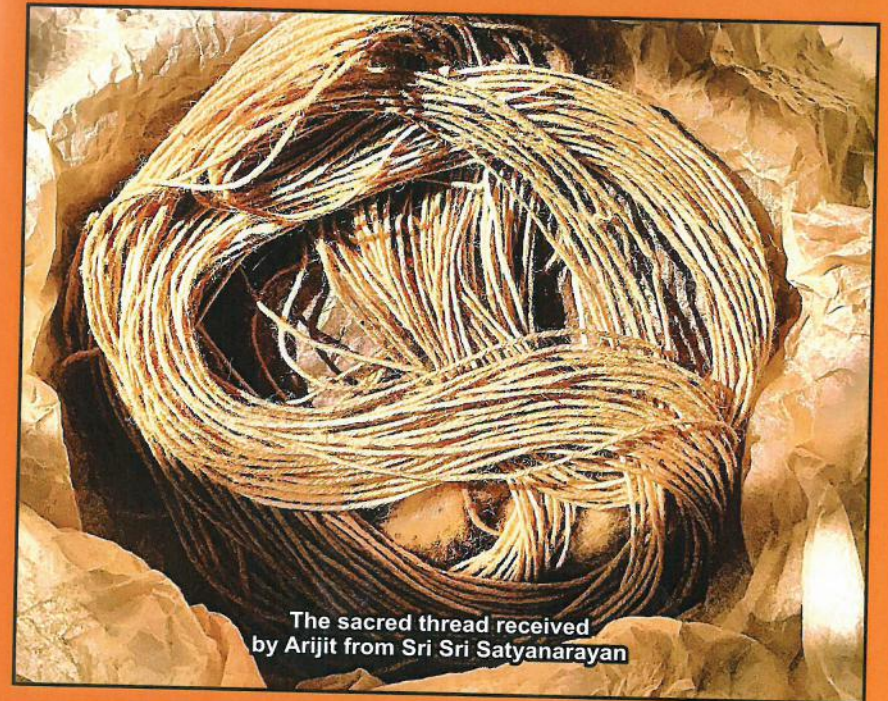
Truth Eternal

One evening we were returning home after a social visit and Asit was driving the car. Our son, Arijit, then hardly four years of age, was sitting at the back-windowseat. There were no seat belts in cars in those days. As my husband negotiated a sharp turn at the intersection of Sarat Bose Road and Southern Avenue the door of the car flung open and our son got thrown out of the car. A car screeched to a halt barely a meter from where he was lying on the road and a crowd gathered immediately. We rushed to the spot and found that he just had a few bruises on his arms and legs! As we brought him back to the car, we were engulfed with Dadaji's body fragrance. Arijit later got Mahanam from Dadaji at the age of thirteen.

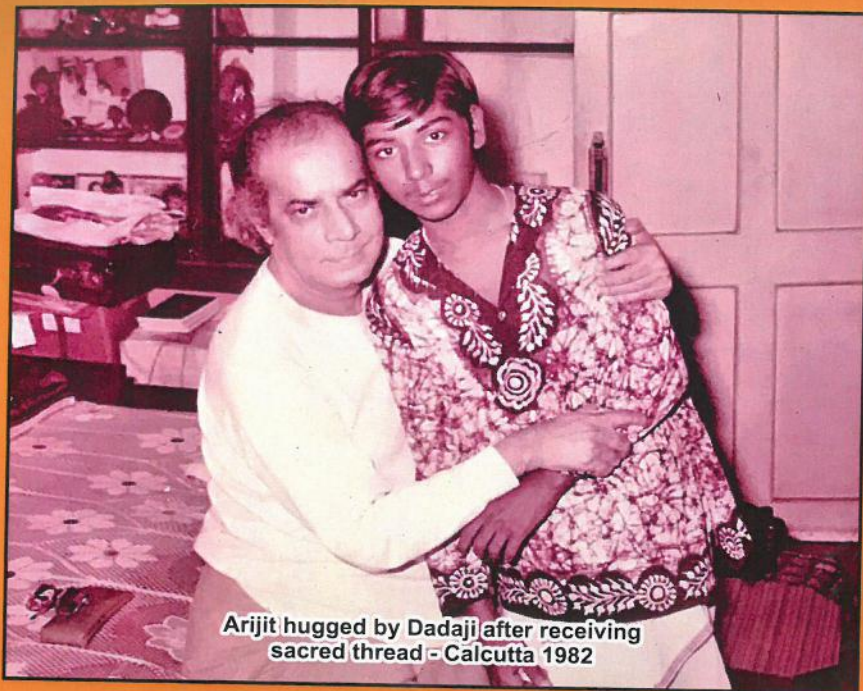
Hindu Brahmin boys go through *upanayana* (a sacred thread ceremony) at their adolescence. In this ceremony the concept of Brahman is introduced to the young boy and he becomes qualified for life as a student or Brahmachari, as prescribed in the Manu Smriti (one of the post-Vedic *Dharma shastras* of Hinduism). For almost one-year Asit had been requesting Dadaji for His permission to perform Arijit's upanayana but He never paid any heed. Suddenly one day in late November 1982, Dadaji called Asit and advised him to arrange for the ceremony within seven days and to bring Arijit to Him in the morning of the appointed day before any social or ritualistic function. On the day of the upanayana Dadaji took Arijit to the Thakurghar and came out almost immediately shutting the door behind. He kept talking to Asit and Rabi (Rabindranath Dutta, one of Dadaji's ardent followers, who went to click photos) for almost twenty minutes. He then got up and went to Thakur Ghar and came back with Arijit. Asit and Ravi present in the room found that Arijit's kurta was smeared with honey and some droplets of honey were still visible. The whole room was filled with Dadaji's body aroma. Arijit later



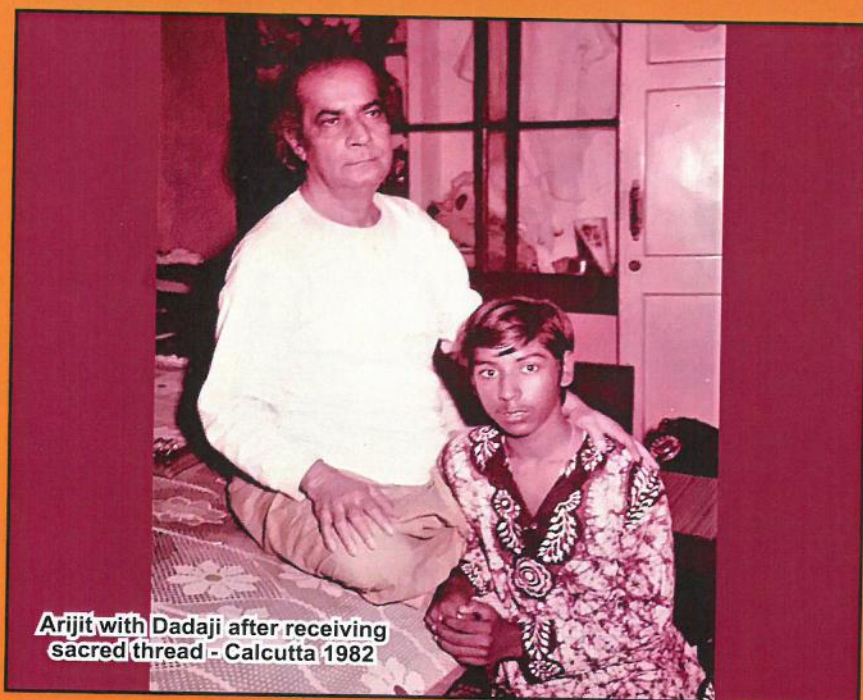
Dadaji leaving Somnath Hall
after Utsav - Calcutta 1975



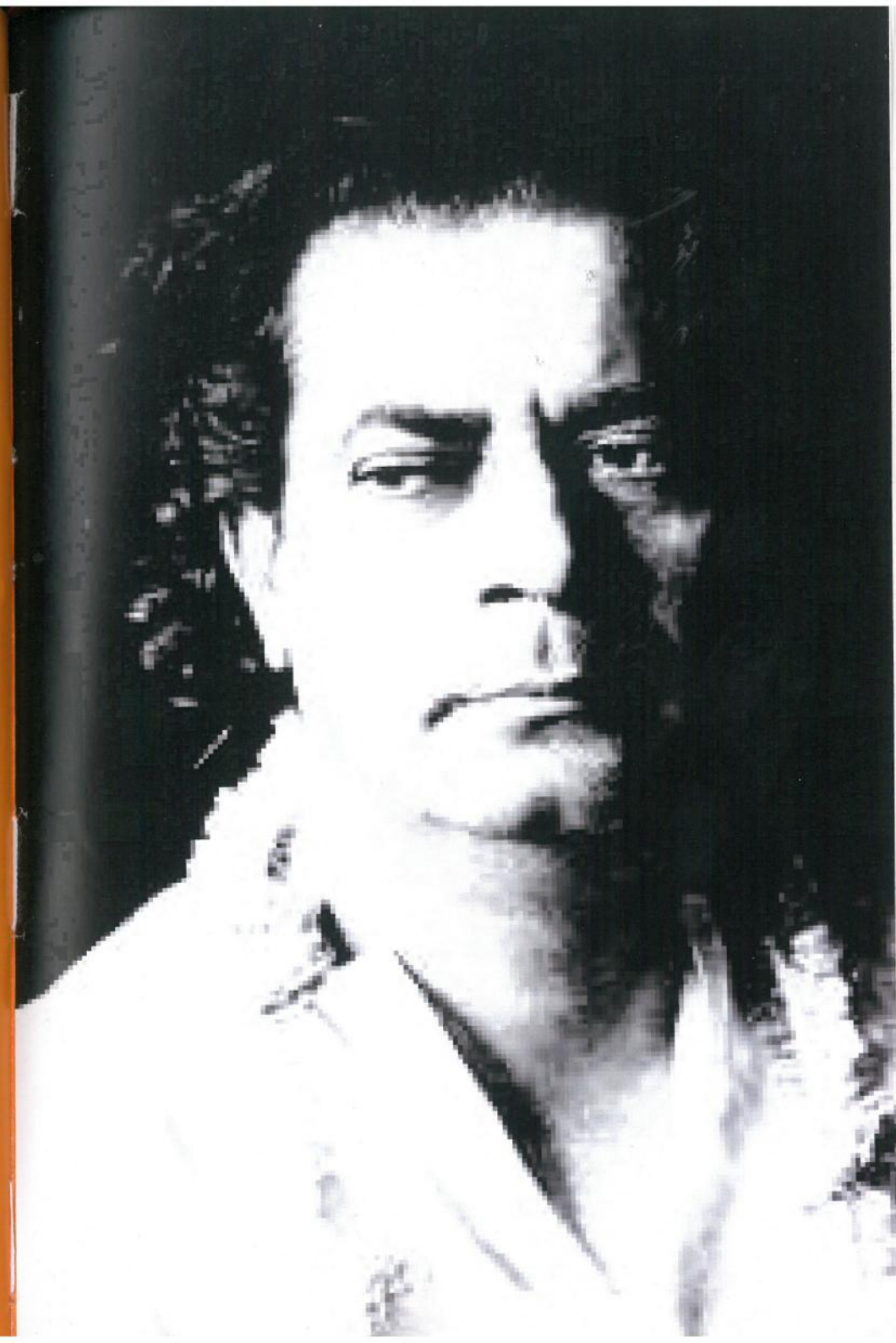
The sacred thread received
by Arijit from Sri Sri Satyanarayan

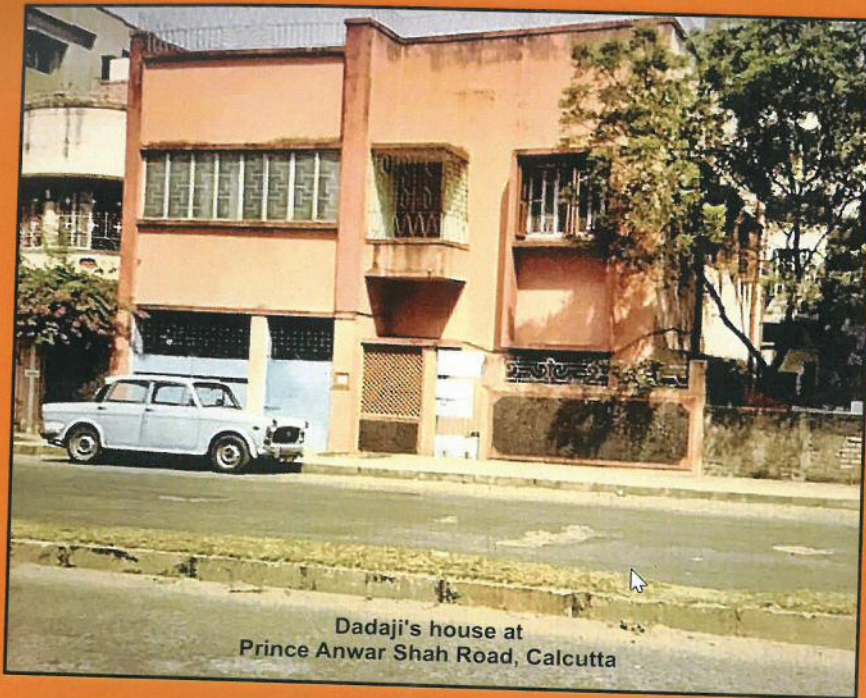


Arijit hugged by Dadaji after receiving
sacred thread - Calcutta 1982



Arijit with Dadaji after receiving
sacred thread - Calcutta 1982





Dadaji's house at
Prince Anwar Shah Road, Calcutta



Dadaji's house at
Prince Anwar Shah Road, Calcutta

Truth Eternal

narrated his experience inside the Thakur Ghar. He said that Dadaji asked him to pray to Shri Shri Satyanarayan. After some time Dadaji ran his thumb upward from the bottom of his spine and asked him to open his palm. Dadaji handed over a coiled sacred thread that was wet with honey-like substance and bore Dadaji's body aroma. He asked Arijit to preserve it safely and not to allow anyone to touch it. The divine aroma continues to emanate from the sacred thread even today.

In 1985 we planned to go to Nainital, a hill station in north India, during the Durga Puja holidays in October. When Asit sought Dadaji's permission, He was hesitant and discouraged us from going out of Kolkata. However, Asit kept imploring and after some pause Dadaji asked us to visit Delhi instead as He would also be there at that time. We planned the vacation covering Agra, Delhi, Jaipur and Mussoorie. After reaching Delhi from Agra we went to meet Dadaji at Charanjit Singh's house at Safdarjung Enclave where He was staying. There was a congregation of many people and we waited in the hall room for Dadaji. After an inordinate delay Dadaji finally came upstairs and sat Himself in the hall room. He spoke scarcely and seemed lost in deep thought. For a length of time He kept gazing at me. From there we returned to the Indian Army guest- house at Dhaulakuanw here we had put up. After a light dinner we retired to bed. Next day, 30 October, we had to leave for Jaipur early morning.

Many years ago, Dadaji had given me a pendant with Shri Shri Satyanaraya's image engraved on it and had asked me to wear it with a chain all the time. In the morning we got ready and just before leaving, I noticed that the pendant along with chain was missing. We searched for it in every nook and corner of the room but in vain. We also looked under the bed but it was now here to be found. With heavy hearts Asit, Arijit and

I boarded an auto rickshaw to take us to India Gate from where we were to catch a bus to Jaipur. It was early in the morning and the road wore a thin blanket of fog. The rickshaw was moving in considerable speed when suddenly it toppled on its left and turned turtle. Asit, who was sitting on the left, and I, in the middle, were thrown out on the road. I lost consciousness for a few minutes. As I came back to sense, I saw Asit was lying on the road with blood streaming down his face. I also had injuries on my right leg, shoulder and arm. Arijit and the driver were relatively unhurt. They finally managed to stop one of the cabs passing by and we were rushed to Ram Manohar Lohia Hospital. Asit was bleeding profusely and needed eight stitches on his forehead. I had a deep cut just below my right knee and a large swelling on my right shoulder. The attending doctors also gave me medicines to relieve my pain and I started feeling drowsy after some time. However, Asit's condition started deteriorating quickly. His body was getting stiff and cold. Doctor's failed to get an x-ray of his neck as he was unable to move or turn and was in considerable pain. His cervical spine had dislocated and doctors started losing hope. Earlier, Asit had instructed Arijit to call up our dear friend Col. Manoranjan Goswami who stayed in Janakpuri in east Delhi and also asked him to go to Lt. Col. Debnath Dutta's place (Dadaji's son-in-law) and inform him. Debnath rushed to the hospital with Arijit and Col. Goswami also arrived soon thereafter. They requested the doctors to start treatment without further delay and finally Asit was shifted to the Emergency ward as no private rooms were vacant. He was admitted under the care of Dr Reddy. Around eight o'clock Debnath tried to speak with Dadaji over phone but was informed that He was still asleep. That was quite unusual as Dadaji was an early riser. Anyway, he left a message for Dadaji about Asit before hanging up. Dr Reddy carried out physical examination to test Asit's neurological responses. Asit was

not able to feel any touch or prick. That fateful night, Debnath sat by Asit on a make-shift stool like an angel from heaven. It was a night of unimaginable ordeal. As hours ticked on, a long saga of tug-of-war between life and death unfolded before his eyes. Asit lay in a semi-conscious state unable to speak properly and continuously frothing from the mouth. Throughout the night, Debnath and Amitava Das steadfastly kept wiping the froth from Asit's mouth and kept comforting him to the best of their ability.

Next day around nine o'clock in the morning, Arijit saw Dadaji entering the hospital accompanied by Abhi Bhattacharya and Mr Singh. He and Debnath rushed towards them. Without speaking with anyone Dadaji climbed the stairs and walked straight to Asit in the ward where he was in. Dadaji inquired how he was feeling and rubbed His hand on Asit's forehead, face, chest and limbs. Before leaving, He assured all that everything will be fine. There was a man in the adjacent bed who was brought in the previous night with a stab injury. Throughout the night he was groaning uncontrollably in considerable pain and agony. As Dadaji was standing there looking after Asit, the poor man became very quiet and all signs of pain gradually receded from his face. Sometime after Dadaji left, he passed away peacefully. I was lying on a bench downstairs half-asleep when Debnath came and told me that Dadaji had come and was about to leave. I hurriedly got up and as I approached the staircase, I saw Dadaji coming down. He looked at me and without pausing raised His hand in a reassuring gesture. I instantly knew that Asit was out of danger by His Supreme Will.

In the afternoon, my two brothers-in-law and my youngest brother arrived from Kolkata. A nurse from the hospital had called up my sister-in-law (Asit's elder sister) the previous evening and requested them to rush to Delhi. Arijit had given her contact details

at the time of filling up the admission form. Following Dadaji's advice Asit was put on a neck traction and was shifted to a private room with better amenities. I stayed with him as his attendant while Arijit stayed with Col. Goswami's family. After about a month, around early December, Dadaji sent a message through Deepak Burman, Asit's school friend and a follower of Dadaji, to plan for his discharge from the hospital and return to Kolkata. The attending doctors were not ready to discharge Asit. His arms were weak, he could not move his legs and could remain in a seated position only for a few minutes. He was in no condition to travel to Kolkata. After great persuasion, they finally agreed to discharge him against an indemnity declaration signed by me. The doctor-in-charge who was also the hospital's head of neurology, said that never in his career he saw a patient surviving from such severe cervical spine injury. It was nothing but a sort of miracle! We arranged our return journey within a day. On 14 December 1985, on a cold, foggy winter morning we boarded a train to Kolkata.

I have been blessed with love and affection from so many wonderful, noble people that I came across in my life's journey and I shall remain forever indebted to Debnath, Col. Goswami and his wife Jaya, Shri Amitava Das, Shri Subrata Ghosh and Shri Dutta, the manager of the departmental store within the hospital, who would unfailingly meet Asit every day and inquire about his health and selflessly help Arijit and me with whatever we needed.

After a month or so since we came back to Kolkata, one day afternoon Dr Niranjan Bhattacharya came to our house without notice. He was one of the top obstetrician-gynecologists of India and an ardent follower of Dadaji. After inquiring Asit about his health, he asked him to stand up. I panicked as the

doctors in the hospital had warned us against trying to even make him sit for long duration, leave alone stand or walk. But Dr Bhattacharya reassured me and gradually helped Asit to sit by the edge of the bed. Then he asked him to hold the front window grill of the window with both hands and try to stand up. As he tried to lift himself up, Asit's whole body started trembling. Dr Bhattacharya kept encouraging him and with great effort he stood up for a few seconds and then slumped back to the bed. He was visibly exhausted. Dr Bhattacharya then revealed that he was sent by Dadaji with clear instruction to make Asit stand that day, else he would never be able to stand again. Rest is the story of his journey to recovery, slowly but surely. Asit gradually reclaimed his life and even drove around the city in his car! All the medical professionals and those who know us, consider this a miracle. I call this the manifestation of God's love and His Supreme Will.

During my son's birth I suffered third-degree retroversion of uterus during labour. Thereafter I had severe recurring pain on my back and waist for many years. Gradually it became worse and one day, I think it was in 1980, I started bleeding profusely. I got worried and wanted to inform Dadaji. That day evening, Asit and I went to Dadaji's house and found Dr. Niranjan Bhattacharaya also present there. Before we could say anything Dadaji asked Dr. Bhattacharaya to examine me thoroughly. The examination revealed that I needed to undergo urgent hysterectomy. Dadaji advised me to get admitted in Jodhpur Park Nursing Home the same night and asked Dr. Bhattacharya to prepare for surgery next day. I was in great pain after surgery and could hardly sleep throughout the day and night. Day after the surgery, at early morning I was lying on my side facing the door when I suddenly saw Dadaji was standing there. His whole body was radiating

in dazzling white light and being unable to withstand the sight, I closed my eyes. I felt Dadaji was massaging my whole body to give me relief from pain. By the time I opened my eyes He had already left. Endometrial biopsy confirmed that I had uterine cancer.

For almost a fortnight after the surgery I felt like throwing up whatever food or drink I had. One morning Dadaji called me over phone and asked, "How are you?" Those three words acted like a magic wand and immediately all my physical sufferings and discomfort disappeared. "Will you not offer me something to eat?" He said. I prepared *shinni* and kept it before the picture of Shri Shri Satyanarayan. After a few days I went to His house. Seeing me He said that He was very pleased with the offering and that was what He exactly desired of me to do.

In 1982, I had to undergo a life-threatening surgery. Several months ago, I started getting a swelling on the left side of my neck. It grew bigger in size over time. One morning while returning from the morning walk with Dadaji and some of His followers at Rabindra Sarovar, He called me near and asked, "Since how many days are you having this?" He then advised me to consult Dr. Samiran Mukherjee. Dr. Mukherjee carried out a procedure to take out the accumulated pus-like fluid from the gland. However, within a few weeks the lump resurfaced and the condition worsened accompanied by increase in pain. Dadaji was not happy and advised the lump to be surgically removed. Once the surgeon gave us the date for surgery, Dadaji took upon Himself the responsibility to find a 'good' hospital. Day before the surgery, Asit and I reached Dadaji's house in the morning as per His instruction. He came out and sat on the rear seat of the car beside me. Dadaji started navigating and giving directions to Asit who was at the wheel. On our way Dadaji was sweating profusely from heat and humidity. I felt sorry and miserable for Him. Dadaji

asked me if I was feeling nervous. How could I feel nervous when He was sitting next to me and had taken full charge of my destiny! After about thirty minutes of drive, He asked Asit to stop before an inconspicuous two-storied building in a narrow lane behind Padma Pukur tank. A board outside proudly announced - 'Elite Nursing Home'. Dadaji went inside and inspected every room. Then He went to the terrace where there was a small room with asbestos ceiling. Adjacent to this room was the nurses' station and the operation theatre was right across the terrace. Dadaji gleefully selected that room as the "best room" for my stay. The surgery took place next day morning and Dadaji came in the afternoon to see me. My recuperation was unusually fast with no post-surgery complications. When I was leaving the hospital, the head nurse told me that Dadaji used to call up every day and inquire, "How is my daughter?"

Dr. Mukherjee, who was present in the operation theatre, later told us that it was a highly complicated surgery in medical terms. In fact, the day before the surgery he and the surgeon consulted other specialists as the tumour bore telltale signs of throat cancer. However, on the day of the surgery, the tumour, which was earlier almost the size of a tennis ball, had reduced to the size of a marble as in a marble game. At the time of surgery, as soon as the surgeon made the incision, the entire lump just came out on its own like a magic! None of the doctors had ever experienced or heard of anything like that before. He also mentioned that it was normal to get a little deformation of the face from these surgeries but I had none!

I visited Dadaji's house after a few days. As I entered His room on the first floor, He smiled heartily and hugged and kissed me merrily and moved his palm all over my face and throat. Then He said, "You were not destined to survive."

From my childhood I was not able to take much physical strain. This meant that I was dependent on domestic helps to run the household. Once my maids had taken leave for a couple of weeks and the stress and workload of teaching as well as cooking and attending to other household chores started taking a toll on my health. One evening Asit happened to visit Dadaji's house. As he was leaving, Dadaji handed him a container with food and said that He was sending dinner for me. The container was filled with aromatic Bengali pulao, a cabbage preparation, mutton curry and chutney. Boudi later told me that after many years Dadaji had entered the kitchen and prepared all the food Himself.

Sometimes Dadaji used to give audience to His followers at the residence of Dr. Anil Maitra. One evening famous vocalist Smt Bijan Ghosh Dastidar came to meet Dadaji. Dadaji was very happy and He asked her to teach us the naamgaan. One evening we were singing a song which had verses –

Krishnakeshava, Krishnakeshava, Krishnakeshava pâhi mâm

Ramaraghava, Ramaraghava, Ramaraghava raksha mâm

(Lord Krishna is within me / Lord Rama is my saviour)

Words 'Rama raghava' referred to king Rama of the Indian epic Ramayana. Dadaji intervened and asked us not to use the word 'raghava' (lineage of Raghni) since the word Rama here meant the Absolute.

When I was nine or ten years' old, I went to Puri along with my parents. We visited the Dhabalgiri Shiva Temple from Puri. The temple was crowded with devotees and our parents went inside whilst I, along with my two younger brothers, waited outside. I was feeling sad as I also yearned to go inside and offer puja. A man in white cloth came by and said that my parents

had sent him to take us inside. With great care he took us inside the temple, ensured that we could offer puja without any hassle and accompanied us back to the spot where we were waiting earlier. After a while, our parents returned and inquired about the puja basket and garlands in our hands. Upon hearing everything, they were very much surprised as they had not sent anyone to take us inside the temple! My father searched for the man as described by us but failed to locate him. After many years I recounted this anecdote to Dadaji. He smiled and said that it was indeed He who came to fulfil my wish.

I have already mentioned about the incident when Dadaji lovingly cooked food for us. That was not a one-off incident. There were several other occasions when He showered us with gifts – be it a gorgeous silk saree for me, an SLR camera for Asit, basket full of premium mangoes and money to buy Arijit a bicycle. I must mention here that Dadaji never accepted money or gifts from anybody, either for Himself or for His family.

When Asit was hospitalized in Delhi for a month and a half, our home in Kolkata was under lock and key. As I had recounted earlier, our date of return was uncertain. Our train reservation was confirmed through special quota on health ground just the evening before we boarded the train. During our absence, a close friend and his family came to visit us. They were not aware of our accident and the eventual extended stay in Delhi. As they rang the door bell a male voice from inside conveyed to them that we were out of station and would return on 15 December!

On 7 November 1971 a religious symposium was held in Kolkata to celebrate the birth-centenary of Prabhu Jagadbandhu (1871-1921), a Hindu saint of India who inspired the founding of the Mahanam Sampradaya sect. It was a grand assembly of renowned religious leaders, saints, sadhus, intellectuals and

philosophers from all parts of India. Dadaji was invited to speak in this conference. His vehement opposition to exploitation of mankind in the name of religion and calling the bluff on unscrupulous and misguided men masquerading as religious preachers or gurus had created quite a flutter amongst the exalted cult of Hindu religious masters. In the peaceful waters of one blind leading another, Dadaji descended as a tempest. Mahajati Sadan was the venue of the conference. The auditorium was filled over its capacity. Dadaji entered the stage and took his seat. His body was glowing in divine light almost like a halo brightened His surroundings. Dr. Gaurinath Shastri, the renowned Sanskrit scholar and former president of the Asiatic Society, came and sat next to Dadaji. As it turned out, it was not a chance meeting but one ordained by His supreme Will. Dadaji asked Asit, who was standing nearby, to fetch a book on Dadaji for gifting to Dr. Shastri. As Dr. Shastri turned the pages, Dadaji took the book back, ran his thumb over the cover and again handed it back to Dr. Shastri. Now, as he opened the book, his name appeared in red ink on the front page! By that time a renowned saint was also helped by his devotees to adorn the stage. He was a brahmachari (celibate) and like many yogis, wore long-matted hair. Yogis believe that long hair draws more energy to the brain. They imagine the human body as a tree with the spinal cord as the trunk, the nervous system as the branches and the hair as the roots.

When Dadaji's turn came for speaking, Dr Shastri voluntarily read out Dadaji's message and then continued to speak at length explaining about Dadaji's philosophy which, he said, was the Absolute Truth and the real *sanatan dharma*. Next was the yogi's turn to speak. His disciples asked the women in the audience to move away from the front rows as their guruji, being a brahmachari, avoided all eye- contacts with women. Dadaji

immediately stood up and said that only the Creator, the Absolute, is *purush* (male) and everybody else is *naari* (woman). Pointing towards the yogi, He said, "Why do you have such long hair?" and made a small circle in the air with His index finger. Instantly the knot got undone and cascading streams of hair fell on the floor. Despite several attempts, the hair could not be tied back. Dadaji said, "What a stinking smell it is emitting! What is the use of these? These do not help to realize Him." Feeling humiliated, the yogi said that he would not share the stage with non-Brahmins and would like to leave. As his disciples lifted him, Dadaji got furious and said that Brahmin is one who has realised Brahman (Absolute Truth – the highest reality and the primordial existence) and retorted that if the yogi was in deed a Brahmin, he could well be taken away, else even combined forces of the whole universe would not be able to lift him. Immediately the yogi fell down on the floor with a thump and could not be lifted up despite several attempts. He could be finally taken away only when Dadaji sode clared. The yogi's disciples used to recite Lord's name in his ears. Dadaji said that the name of the Absolute is being continuously chanted inside the heart; there was no use of it being chanted from outside.

Dadaji was keeping a very indifferent health before it was time for Him to consign Himself into His incorporeal self. During this period, He hardly spoke with anyone and became more and more incomprehensible as days passed by. One morning I visited Him. He called me near, held my hand and said smilingly, "Everyone says that I have become demented. Well, what do you say?" Another evening, He held my hand tight without speaking a word. Time ticked by slowly from minutes to hour. I was getting restless since it was time for Him to have dinner and retire for the night. I got my hand released little forcibly at last. This is what I regret even now. Dr. Nanilal Sen, in one of his letters to Boudi written

on 13 July 1991, throws some light on this stage of Dadaji's life :

"I am glad to learn that Dada is much better now. It is just fine if He adheres to His routine activities of food, sleep etc. His present condition of being in the 'beyond mind' state will persist. May be, He would restore Himself to the 'worldly' psychic stance intermittently which we experienced in the morning of our taking leave of Him. Indisputably, He is still in control of everything as ever. He is personating His present condition of indifferent health only to hoodwink the world about His endeavor to set the goings of the external world into order."

In another letter of 25 September 1991 addressed to Sayd Firoz Taj-ul Islam, Dr. Sen wrote:

"I am very concerned to learn about Dada's overall state of health. The nurse on duty must be taking appropriate care of Him providing some relief to Boudi. Dada, however, may not like the presence of the nurse in His room for all times if she is not otherwise graciously fortunate. I am afraid, this may become a source of unrest for Dada. It requires great luck to be in constant association with Dada. This is possible if only He wishes so since He now prefers to stay of His own in a 'beyond mind' state."

Dadaji said that Divine Name and Divinity are identical. Sometimes He played Gopal (Lord Krishna as a child), and sometimes Govinda (Lord Krishna as the supreme father of the universe - the Absolute). As Gopal, He rejoiced us with his light chats and jests. He would be in a playful and zestful mood explaining intricate religious matters in simplest terms. He would not as a rule reveal His real self to those who wanted to boast of their egoism and simply say, "Oh, is that so?" In the same vein, it was not uncommon to find Him seemingly absorbed in a

different and distant world even while talking to us. We would sit in front of Him in complete silence and awe. He would protect us, scold us, guide us as our real father – Govinda. Dadaji was the living manifestation of 'Gopal Govinda.' He is beyond anyone's comprehension and reach. As He used to say, "To understand is to stand apart." Only an egoless self can truly enjoy the bliss of His eternal love. As Dadaji always said, "Empty thyself, He would fill you to the brim."

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The Supreme Consciousness

Shaman Kwatra

On 7 June 1992, I went to Dadaji's house in the morning. I used to go everyday morning and evening. Dadaji was sitting on a wheelchair. I gave Him a bath. He looked just like Lord Shri Krishna. With Dadaji's consent I held His face with both my arms and kissed Him on his temple, cheek and chin. Around 9.30 a.m. people started visiting. Dadaji nodded towards me and asked me to leave. As I drove my way home, throughout the journey I could see Shri Shri Satyanarayana's image on the rear-view mirror. I wanted to visit Him again in the evening but instead stayed at home with my husband and small daughter. They were watching television in the bedroom and I was sitting on the sofa in the living room. Suddenly a whip of cold air blew past me. It was around 4.30 p.m. I was surprised as all the windows were closed. Anyway, I soon forgot about it. In the evening I desperately felt like calling Dadaji. But to my astonishment the land phone had suddenly become 'dead' and I could not call Him. Next day morning, suddenly my phone rang! Someone from the other end said, "Have you heard? Dadaji is no more." I was so shocked that I could not take it. I shouted, "Shut up" and hung up. I rushed to Dadaji's house. His body was kept on a slab of ice and preparations were being made to take His body to the funeral ghat. I held on to Boudi tightly and screamed in anguish. We both cried. Just ten days ago, Dadaji had come to our house for lunch. I still could not believe that He was no more. Boudi was taking out some a kurta and pajama from the almirah for Dadaji. I said, "Boudi, Dada will wear new clothes." I went to Gariahat to buy new dress for Dadaji. However, I was not

Truth Eternal

carrying sufficient money to my surprise, But at the time of making payment, I found a bundle of fifty-rupee notes in my purse. It just appeared out of nowhere! As they placed Dadaji's body in the hearse, I said in my mind, "Dada, you are leaving me at last." Immediately I clearly saw that Dadaji opened both His eyes for a moment. As if He was telling me, "Where will I go? I am very much with you."

Next day I called Abhi da (Abhi Bhattacharya) in Mumbai. He said in a jovial voice, "Hey Shaman, tell me." I was still recovering from the trauma and sounded very despondent. Abhi da cheered me up, "Dadaji is purna Bhagwan, Parmeshwar - where will He go? He is everywhere, He is with us all the time." How true! During that time, every night, till the day of *shradh* ceremony, Dadaji came in my dream. On one such occasion, He told me, "Tell Abhijit that he should not stay out late and come home early every evening as I am not physically there anymore." Next day, when I went to Dadaji's house, I told Abhi about my dream. He conceded that he used to come home late and agreed to return early from that day.

I first met Dadaji on 10 May 1976. I went to Dadaji's house with my uncle Gyanji. There were many people gathered in the hall at ground floor. Dadaji came down after some time wearing a banyan and a green lungi. Gyanji gestured towards me and told Dadaji, "Dada, she is my daughter." "No, she is my daughter", Dadaji smiled and said, and took me in His embrace. His body aroma stayed with me for next eight days.

In 1982, my father wanted to sell his bungalow in Ludhiana. He had taken a hotel in Mussoorie and was in need of cash. One night, I dreamt that people had gathered outside the bungalow and were bidding for it. Then I saw Dadaji standing by the side and observing the proceedings. The highest bid was for one lakh

nineteen thousand rupees. Next day morning, I called my tayaji (father's elder brother) and said that the house will get sold soon and also told him the exact amount it will fetch. Same day evening, my sister called me and said, "Do you know? Papa has sold the bungalow for one lakh seventeen thousand rupees (a handsome sum of money in those days). I was happy. Just after fifteen minutes my brother called me and said that the house had actually been sold for one lakh nineteen thousand rupees— the exact sum I heard in my dream!

In the same year, my mother had called me to Mussoorie. My elder sister Anju had come from London for a few days and she was also there. I booked ticket in Doon Express and reached the railway station at Howrah early. Once the train arrived at the platform, lights had not been turned on yet, so it was dark inside. There was nobody around. Anyway, I boarded the train and reached my coupe with some difficulty. Inside the coupe, I saw an old man. Upon seeing me, he said, "I was waiting for you." Immediately after this, he got down from the train. I followed, but could not see him anywhere on a still empty platform !

Mussoorie was seeing bad weather for past fifteen days. There was heavy snowfall and the road from Dehra Doon to Mussoorie was blocked due to landslide. My parents and sister were worried about my safety. From Dehra Doon station, I hired a cab to Mussoorie. To my surprise, the road was empty and I faced absolutely no trouble during the whole journey. Upon reaching, I saw my mother anxiously waiting in the balcony. She thought it was nothing short of a miracle that I reached without any hassle. The sun was out in its glory next morning and we had a wonderful time together during next eight days that I was there. The day I reached Kolkata, it started snowing in Mussoorie again.

I went to Shirdi in 1986. Shirdi is a famous place of pilgrimage in India. Visitors and devotees from all over the world throng at the Sai Baba temple in Shirdi. We were a group of fourteen people comprising family and relatives and had booked ourselves in hotel Lakshmi Narayan. After checking in to the hotel, I went straight to the temple for darshan. It was around half past two in the afternoon and others decided to take some rest after a long journey. The temple was empty at that hour. As I entered the hall, suddenly I heard a voice, "Why come here when I am there?" I looked all around but could not find a single soul in that large hall. On our return trip from Shirdi, we had a major accident. We were in four cars and all were speeding down the expressway. My nephew, driving one of the cars, lost control and the car took four spins before turning turtle. Astonishingly, no one was seriously injured! When I reached home, I saw honey dripping from Dadaji's photo in my bedroom. There were traces of honey on the adjacent bathroom door as well.

Many years later, in January 1992, one evening in Kolkata I was going to Dadaji's house along with my sister Anju and Dr Chandrakala. Dadaji was not keeping well and was lying on the bed. We seated ourselves on the floor before Him. After some time, I saw that Shirdi Sai Baba was standing behind the head board of the bed, just beside the door to the connecting bed room.

Kolkata and other parts of India were witness to bloody Hindu-Muslim riots following Babri Masjid demolition on 6 December 1992. On that fateful day, my husband Kewal was in a train, returning from a business trip, and I was alone in the house with my little daughter. By evening, curfew was imposed on the whole city and army was deployed in sensitive zones. Phone lines were deactivated. Many of my neighbours had left

their homes and moved to safer places. However, I was completely unaware of the entire situation outside and went to bed at night like any other day. I had a sound sleep and woke up next day morning to the grave news. I was worried about how Kewal would reach home. His train reached the station at 9.20 a.m. and surprisingly, the curfew had just been lifted for one and half hours as if to ensure that he could reach home safely!

For many years, I cherished a desire to visit various pilgrimage sites in India. One of them was Vrindavan, the sacred land of Radha and Krishna. One night, I had a dream that Krishna was sitting on a *jhula* (swing) wearing white beads. He called me and gave me a kalakand (a delicious sweetmeat - white and soft in texture) in my left hand. Finally, in 2019 during Holi (spring festival), I went to Vrindavan-Mathura with a group of friends, one of whom was very close to me. My sister, who stays in Ghaziabad near Mathura, had referred one person who was known to her, for temple visit in Vrindavan.

We reached Vrindavan in the evening and checked in to Krishna Guest House. We had planned temple visit next day. However, my close friend and I set out for the temple by a rickshaw in the evening itself. We met the person referred to by my sister. He stayed near the temple. He was glad to see us and agreed to take us inside the temple. He was a handsome man and was wearing a light blue kurta and white pajama. We bought two beautiful garlands and he carried the basket on his head. The temple was very crowded due to Holi. The deity of Radha-Krishna was behind a curtain. Sewaks (priests) were throwing colours at devotees. The atmosphere was electric. After the crowd dispersed, our guide went inside the barricaded area and threw colours at two of us. It was unbelievable. After some time, we left and went back to the guest house. Our friends were surprised to see us covered in colours and were eager to hear

our experience. We freshened up and went for dinner in the canteen. Food was delicious. At the end came the dessert. Guess what! It was exactly the same kalakand that I had got in my dream many years ago!

Once I was visiting my daughter who lives in Mumbai with her family. A gentleman, aged around thirty-five to forty years, was seated beside me. We started casual conversation. He said that he was from Mumbai and had three school-going children. He had gone to Guwahati in the morning and was returning to Mumbai. During the day he had visited the famous Kamakhya temple near Guwahati, one of the fifty-one shakti peethas and a sacred Hindu pilgrimage site. He said that he was very lucky as the temple was going to remain closed for three days from next day and the priest had taken him inside the sanctum sanctorum to get a closer look at the deity. He took out a small piece of square cloth from his shirt pocket. The cloth was about one inch in size and red in colour, signifying the menstrual cycle of the goddess. He said that I could keep it if I wanted as he had another piece with him. I considered myself extremely fortunate and thanked him profusely. We exchanged our phone numbers and agreed to meet during my stay in Mumbai.

My daughter and son-in-law came to the airport to receive me and I could not wait to narrate this incident to them. They were equally happy and we decided to call him and his family to our house one day. Next day I called on the number given by the gentleman but found out that no such number existed! After a few days, I had a dream that there was a big dining table with fourteen chairs in a large hall. Various Hindu gods and goddesses were seated in those chairs and Dadaji was seated in the master's chair presiding over everyone else. I realized that I was a fool to go around the world in search of pilgrimage sites when the ruler of the worlds was sitting right inside me.

In 1982, Dadaji one day asked me, "Where are you going?" I said "Dada, I am not going anywhere." After that, whenever I met Him, He would mischeivously smile and ask the same question. I was perplexed. In those days, Weston television was popular all over India and Kewal was the largest distributor of Weston television in Eastern India. After a few weeks, we got to know that the company had selected Kewal, along with fourteen other distributors, for an all-expense paid foreign trip to Bangkok, Singapore and Hong Kong. I was entitled to accompany Kewal! I had never been outside India and was thrilled at the prospect. The day before our departure, we went to Dadaji's house in the evening. He asked us to visit Him again next day early morning. Next day, He asked us when was the flight and where would we stay. Then, He asked Kewal to meet a customs officer at 9 a.m. The officer asked Kewal when we would be returning. Then he said, "I will come, order has come from my Lord."

We were fourteen couples and had a gala time. I shopped to my heart's content. Our last stop was Hong Kong. Krishna bhai, proprietor of Weston, hosted a gala dinner for all of us at his home. Next day, Kewal and I went to one of the famous restaurants in Hong Kong and had a sumptuous lunch. When we asked for the check, we were told that the bill was already paid!

After a nine-day tour covering three countries, we returned to Kolkata. Our flight touched down early morning. As soon as Kewal and I stepped out of the aircraft, we heard our names being called on the public announcement system. A customs officer escorted us to the customs declaration area and inquired if we had anything to declare. Thereafter, they loaded our suitcases on the car and we set out for our home still reveling in the VIP treatment meted out to us. We went to Dadaji's house in the

morning and gave Him a pair of walking shoes that we had brought for Him. He was very happy to see us.

One morning at Dadaji's house, Gauridi, Manjudi, I and a few others were discussing about Dada and sharing our personal experiences. Dadaji was upstairs with Haripadada (Haripada Roy, a renowned businessman from Mumbai). After some time, Dadaji came down and sat in the room where we were talking amongst ourselves. He just sat there for five minutes without saying anything and then again went upstairs. Later, Haripadada narrated that during their conversation Dadaji had suddenly got up and said, "Niche Ram kothahocche" (they are speaking about Ram downstairs).

My father wanted to sell the hotel in Mussoorie. When I asked, Dadaji said, "No. You are in heaven. Don't sell. You will be left with nothing." But my father went ahead with his decision. Within a few years, he had to sell his houses in Delhi and Noida and had to move into a rented apartment. My brother was an alcoholic and was admitted in Kailash Nursing Home in Noida. He had acute jaundice and was in deep coma. I called Dadaji and He said, "Tell him not to drink." It was Christmas time. The attending doctors had given up all hopes of his survival. The nurse asked my mother to call Dr Dalmia from Mumbai. Doctors said that my brother was sinking despite their best efforts. I said, "Rubbish." I knew in my heart that he would recover for sure because Dadaji Himself has sent a message for him. My brother remained in deep coma for nine days. On tenth day morning, I opened the book "Look Within" and the page had a picture of Dadaji half-reclined on a divan. I said, "Dada has got up." This is a habit I have for many years. Every day morning after I wake up, I randomly open a page of Look Within. Whichever page opens, it shows me how my day will be.

This time also, there was no exception. As I reached the hospital, Dr Jain, the attending physician, said that my brother had come out from coma and he took me inside the intensive care unit. I asked my brother, "Kuttu, were you with Dada?" He closed his eyes and opened again. The doctor said that nobody should meet him for twenty-four hours. Next day, I took some Charanjal for my brother. He said, "I was with Dada. He took me to Shirdi. I saw that Dada was sitting on the throne. Then He took me to His house in Prince Anwar Shah Road, Kolkata. Devotees were singing 'Hare Krishna Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna, Hare Hare. I do not know how long I was there. After that He took me to a village. There also, I could hear the same song."

Next day, my brother was shifted to normal room and was discharged from the nursing home after a few days. The doctors said that it was a miraculous recovery. I conveyed Dadaji's message to my brother and asked him not to touch alcohol. But he did not listen. On the day of discharge, while returning home from the nursing home, he asked the driver to stop by an alcohol shop and gave him money to buy a bottle of liquor. He could not come out of his addiction and in 2004-05 he was detected with cirrhosis of liver. He was admitted to a hospital. I had a dream that my brother was wearing a bottle green kurta and a cream pajama and was getting up from the bed. Next day morning, I went to the hospital. The doctor asked me to wait outside as my brother had just woken up. After ten minutes, he came and announced that my brother was no more. When we went in, I saw that he was wearing the same bottle green kurta and a cream pajama that I had seen in my dream.

26 was my daughter's birthday and she went to Dadaji's house to seek His blessings. Dadaji told her, "Ask your mother to take

Mahanam." Soon after, I was diagnosed with an abnormal growth in my ovary. It was almost like the size of a strawberry and needed to be urgently removed. The doctor fixed the date of the surgery and made necessary arrangements. However, Kewal needed to go out of Kolkata for a pre-planned business trip. As the surgery could not wait till his return, he was inclined to cancel his trip. But Dadaji said that he could go without any worries. The surgery went off smoothly. Upon discharge, Dadaji instructed me to stay put in my room, not to even go to the balcony. After twelve days, I was informed by the doctor that the biopsy report was negative and there was nothing to worry.

Kewal had bought a commercial space in Chandni Chowk, a prime electronics goods market in Kolkata. Dadaji was not in favour of that decision. Soon after, we started facing various problems in the business and got involved in a serious litigation. I was summoned by the court as the shop was registered in my name. I was to appear before the District Magistrate on a Friday and an adverse order would mean that I would spend at least three days in custody till a bail application could be processed. The lawyer advised me not to appear in person and was preparing appropriate defence. However, Dadaji said, "You should definitely go." So, I reached the court premises at 2 pm disregarding Kewal's repeated pleas not to do so. As soon as I reached, the lawyer came running to me with a big smile on his face. He said, "the magistrate is changed!" As the post-lunch proceedings started, the court attendant surprisingly pulled out my file first from the bottom of a stack of files and handed it over to the magistrate. The learned magistrate glanced through the file, called out my name and then said, "You can go." I was discharged without any argument! Years later, we sold that shop for a petty amount, much below the prevailing market rate.

One evening, around 4.00 - 4.30 p.m., I had visited Dadaji's house. Boudi (Dadaji's wife) was serving tea to Him. As usual, they welcomed me with warm smiles and both put their hands on my head as a mark of their divine blessing. The amount of love and affection I got from them cannot be expressed in words. Many years later, much after Dadaji had left His mortal body, Boudi had been hospitalized due to ill health. My sister Anju and I paid a visit. Boudi was in coma. We sat down quietly by the bed, trying to control the surge of emotions raging inside us. After some time, we got up to leave. As we reached the door, Dadaji told Anju, "Radha ke pronam kore ja" (bow before Radha before you leave). Dadaji and Anju speak with each other even today.

I would like to narrate one more incident before closing. It was 3 January 1996, four years after Dadaji had left His mortal body. Kewal had gone out for his usual morning walk. Suddenly the door bell rang. As I opened the door, I saw Dadaji standing in front of me! He walked in without any word and sat on the sofa in the living room. I was so overwhelmed that I didn't know what to do. I almost shouted to my daughter who was in her bedroom, "Radhika, Dada has come". I wanted to touch His feet but Dadaji said, "Don't touch." Radhika came running out of her room, equally perplexed. I told Dadaji that I was concerned that Radhika was putting on lot of weight at a young age. Dadaji said, "Shob bhalo hoye jabe" (everything will be alright). By the time, Kewal came back. Dadaji got up and walked straight through the mirror on my wardrobe. Through the glass mirror I saw Him walking in a field with a handful of people following Him.

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Love Personified: My Experiences with Mahâprân Dadaji

Amitabha Bhattacharya

Here is a story of an ordinary person's experience with a being who was the embodiment of effulgent love. Sri Amiya Roy Chowdhury (January 13, 1910 - June 7, 1992), who came to be revered as 'Dadaji' (as in the Bengali sense of 'elder brother') from the mid- 1960s, was born in an affluent family in the village Fultali (now in Bangladesh). Despite attaining supreme yogic powers and realising God, He lived the life of a householder. In His younger days, He was established as a reputed singer, composed and set to music the hymn '*Ramaiva Sharanam*', later sung by some of India's renowned singers. He owned a toy shop in Calcutta's New Market.

Dadaji was unique in the sense that He had not set up any *Ashram*, nor designated anyone as His spiritual successor. Neither did He give His photographs to be worshipped. His teachings that no mortal being can be a *Guru* and that God alone is the *Guru* have been widely commented upon and followed. He spread the message of universal love and attacked that cult of *Guruvad* wherein human beings proclaim themselves as *Bhagavan* or Messiah and often indulge in business practices in the name of the Almighty.

Although Dadaji's perennial philosophy attracted some of the most distinguished men and women of that time, it appeared counter-intuitive and radical to those steeped in conventional ritual practices and beliefs. While many were drawn by the stream of 'miracles' that used to accompany Him, many others were equally

critical of such mystical manifestations. Personal accounts of those who experienced Dadaji used to be published in newspapers, journals and books-primarily in English and Bengali - mostly around the 1970s and 80s. These writings by distinguished philosophers and statesmen, poets and novelists, Nobel Prize winning scientists and intellectuals are accessible at www.dadaji.info, a website ably designed and edited by Ann Mills of the USA. The books *The Truth Within-Dadaji* edited by Ann Mills, *The Supernatural Extravaganza - Dadaji* by Prof. Nanilal Sen, D. Litt., *Beyond Dilemma: A Memoir* by Donald Maclean, M.D. (having a chapter on India and Dadaji), *Destiny with Dadaji* by film-star Abhi Bhattacharya, *Dada Movement* by Atulananda Chakrabarti, *The Fragrance of the Heart-Encounters with Dadaji* by Dr. Peter Meyer-Dohm, six volumes of collected essays titled *On Dadaji* and four volumes (in Bengali) by Prof. Nanilal Sen titled *Dadaji Probacha* [recording his day to day conversations with Dadaji] are amongst the authentic works in public domain. Even now books continue to be published on Dadaji. Yet, in the absence of any organisation to spread his message and any spiritual heir, Dadaji is not a familiar name amongst today's younger generation.

At a personal level, I have been hearing about Dadaji since 1973 / 74, while preparing for the civil services examination. But, having been trained in science, inever felt particularly drawn towards mystics and spiritual masters of which Bengal had many.

Sometime in 1977-78, while posted as a sub-divisional magistrate at Tekkali division in Srikakulam district of Andhra Pradesh, I came across a gentleman by name Anukul Bandyopadhyay, who kindled my interest in Dadaji. It is through his initiative that I had my first *darshan* of Dadaji in Calcutta, sometime in August (perhaps 14th), 1978. I had gone there with an open mind, not as a devotee.

Dadaji, reclining on His bed, was talking with a few persons when the two of us entered His bed room. He was perhaps a little tired and wanted the assembled few to leave. We two kept sitting when Dadaji suddenly beckoned me to the adjoining *puja* room in which there was a framed portrait of *Sri Sri Satyanarayan* which I saw for the first time. He tore a small piece of blank paper, handed it to me and asked in which language I would like to have the *Mahanam* (the Great or Divine Name). I was not fully prepared for it and wondered if I would like it to be in Telugu - a language I was learning then. But since I was not sure how long the *Mahanam* would be and whether I would be in a position to read a long one in a new language, I opted for Bengali. Dadaji wanted me to prostrate before the portrait keeping the small piece of paper tucked securely in my closed palm. After a few seconds, I was asked to get up and see the paper. I saw two names of the Lord in red ink inscribed there. He wanted me to remember it and I found the letters vanishing thereafter. When He touched my spine, my whole body got engulfed with a strong aroma. The experience was too sudden and overwhelming for me to have fully appreciated its import then. The aroma continued to be with me and, back home, my mother enquired of its origins.

In *The Truth Within*, the essence of Dadaji's message includes 'God is within, in the form of two sounds of Divine Name. One sound, Gopal, apprises you of the Supreme; the other sound, Govinda, of the beyond. This Mahanam is your real Self.'

The great savant Mahamahopadhyay Gopinath Kaviraj of Benaras, who had known Dadaji for long, was initiated to *Mahanam* in November 1970 at the *Ashram* of Sri Anandamayi Ma, in the presence of a large number of saints, scholars and the public. Kaviraj-ji exclaimed to Dadaji, '...since yesterday I

have been noticing several deities are encircling you.' According to him, 'At the time of initiation Dadaji, by the grace of Almighty, raises the aspirant spiritually to the level of *Pasyanti Vak* from which the *Mahamantra* arises in *Suddha Vikalp* and is realised by the seeker... You should follow the path shown by Dadaji who knows the Absolute Truth to reach the Divine Goal of life...' [a detailed account of the meeting has been recorded by Prof. (Dr.) M.N. Shukla, *On Dadaji* (Vol. III), pp. 31-38].

Revelation of *Mahanam* in the presence of Dadaji has been experienced by numerous seekers of all hues. One gentleman and his wife wanted the *Mahanam* in two different languages (including an obscure one) and saw it revealed in their chosen languages on the same piece of paper. After all, 'language is in our mind'. However, to realise that 'Mahanam is at the root of our respiration' and that 'It is our real Self, the Guru' requires patience and divine grace. I know of one person, harbouring some doubt, got the piece of paper examined at a Test house in Calcutta! His doubt was not confirmed. One scientist, Eugene Kovalenko, for instance, desired that it be revealed elsewhere, not on a piece of paper. His wish was fulfilled.

Soon after my marriage in March 1979, my wife, Mala, was also initiated. Later, she disclosed that she had seen the *Mahanam* revealed in her own handwriting! Since her Bengali handwriting was rather unusual, she had no difficulty recognising it. During this period and till about a decade thereafter, both of us felt immersed in Dadaji's aroma, from time to time.

When my wife was on her family way around mid-1980 (I had been serving then at East Godavari district), her health deteriorated and she was diagnosed to be suffering from hyperthyroidism. One specialist from Kakinada Medical College

prescribed one tablet of Neo-Mercazole per day. Pregnancy with hyperthyroidism does not make matters easy. We went to Calcutta and visited Dadaji's place. Normally, the visitors sat on the floor near Dadaji's bed. However, the moment we entered the room, Dadaji asked Mala to sit on a chair kept nearby although she had no outward sign of pregnancy. On hearing of her condition, He asked us to meet one Dr. D.K. Roy whom we visited at his chambers. On examining my wife, he advised that six tablets of Neo-Mercazole should be taken by her daily. Think of a pregnant lady consuming six such tablets a day! Nevertheless, we followed his advice and in April 1981, we were blessed with a normal girl child.

Around late 1982, the doctors advised my wife to undergo an operation of her thyroid glands - termed as 'sub-total hyperthyroidectomy'. In those days, this was a major operation and Dadaji did not appear to be in favour of it. But prompted by the doctors that included my younger brother Niranjan, we decided to go ahead with it, in early 1983. Then started another ordeal. Her confinement at the Woodburn Ward of SSKM Hospital, Calcutta, kept on getting extended for week after week. Her resting pulse, without medicine, continued to be unacceptably high. Meanwhile Dadaji went out of Calcutta, and after quite a while, returned home just a day (or two) before the date of surgery. I kept Dadaji informed and was asked to call Him immediately after the operation would be over.

A number of senior physicians and surgeons as well as my younger brother were there attending to her. The experience at the Operation Theatre, as we were told later, was the most traumatic. During the operation, my wife's heart stopped completely while the doctors started pushing life-saving drugs. Suddenly, the heart started beating again. She was shifted thereafter to the ICU

to be kept under observation. I came out of the hospital, and from a public phone called Dadaji who seemed to be waiting for it. In the evening I proceeded to meet Him. He was all smiles. Dadaji was an incredibly handsome man, but the divine splendour He was radiating that evening is still etched in my memory.

The next day, I went to see Dadaji again, accompanied with my father-in-law. Dadaji said that He had gone and seen my wife at 4 p.m. and that she was fine. This was difficult even for the most faithful to believe. When I went to see her later at the ICU, I just could not believe my eyes. She was sitting on her bed and even smiling. A few days thereafter, I narrated to her what Dadaji had said. She confided that exactly at four in the afternoon that day (the clock was facing her bed), one attending physician by name Dr. Soumen Mitra came to see her and asked how she had been feeling, and that the moment Dr. Mitra enquired about her well-being, she was miraculously relieved of her bodily pain!

Her recovery was very fast. But then loomed the next crisis. Her vocal cord was apparently damaged during the operation and her voice became virtually inaudible. It was hoped things would start improving, but that did not happen. Doctors appeared clueless. One day, while we both went to Dadaji's place, He beckoned her and started gently massaging her neck. To our surprise, her voice started returning, and soon turned normal. Who would be ready to believe all this? But if one reads the personal accounts of umpteen individuals, this chain of experiences would appear rather ordinary!

Sometime thereafter, when our life had been sailing smoothly, I went to see Dadaji again. On His own, he muttered in Bengali what meant *She will pass away suddenly*. I thought he was referring to my mother who, barely fifty, had been keeping indifferent health. I pleaded for her life indicating all she had faced

including widowhood at the age of thirty-two with four sons to look after. Dadaji kept staring at me. More than two decades later, in August 2007, when my wife passed away suddenly at the age of fifty-two, at Hyderabad (where I was posted), of a silent heart attack, I realised what Dadaji had predicted all those years ago. My wife was fine and the attack, apparently the first, was so sudden and massive that she couldn't even get up from the chair she was sitting on, apparently watching television.

I have narrated only some of my direct and life-altering experiences. Although numerous such experiences have been recorded and published of touching and healing the most difficult of ailments, bringing virtually dead people back to life, Dadaji's manifestations in different places at the same time, materialisation of large objects, changing of weather and of such other happenings that cannot be explained by intellect Dadaji never attached undue importance to, nor took any credit for, them. He would just say with a smile - Divine will can make everything possible.

It is difficult to rationally accept 'miracles' or supernatural experiences, unless one has gone through the process. Miracles also tend to distract one from the core teachings of true spiritual leaders who have always sought to underplay such incidents. For the supreme yogi and the realised soul, such extraordinary incidents often occur even without their prompting. *Ashta-Siddhies*, hovering under their feet without touching them, apparently come to play. Such things used to happen constantly and spontaneously with luminous men of God such as Sri Chaitanya Mahaprabhu, Sri Ram Thakur and Mahâprân Dadaji.

Despite all 'supernatural' phenomena associated with Dadaji, what I remember most is the unconditional love He used to exude all the time. From the great personages of His time to the most common people like us, everyone privileged to have been in His

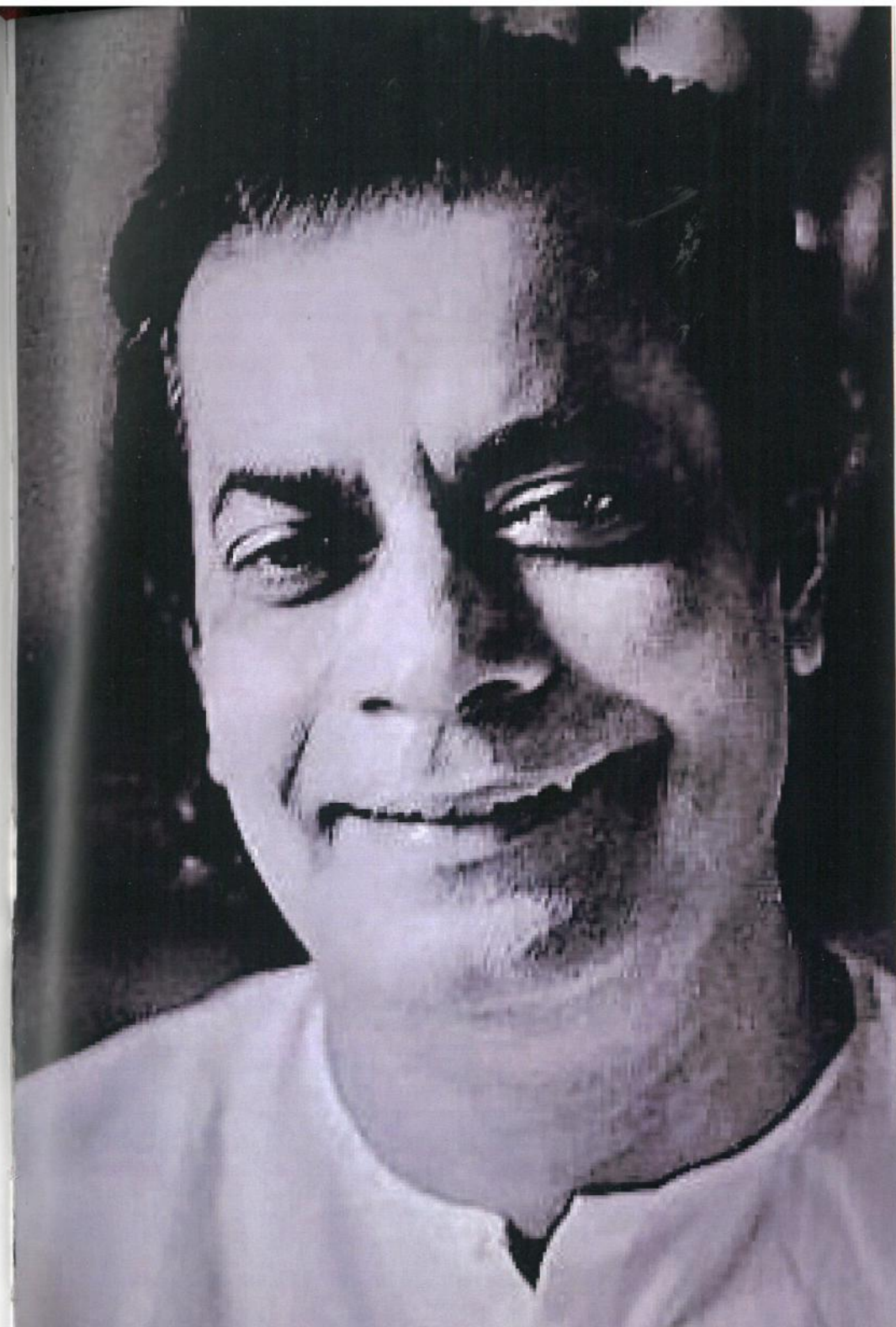
Truth Eternal

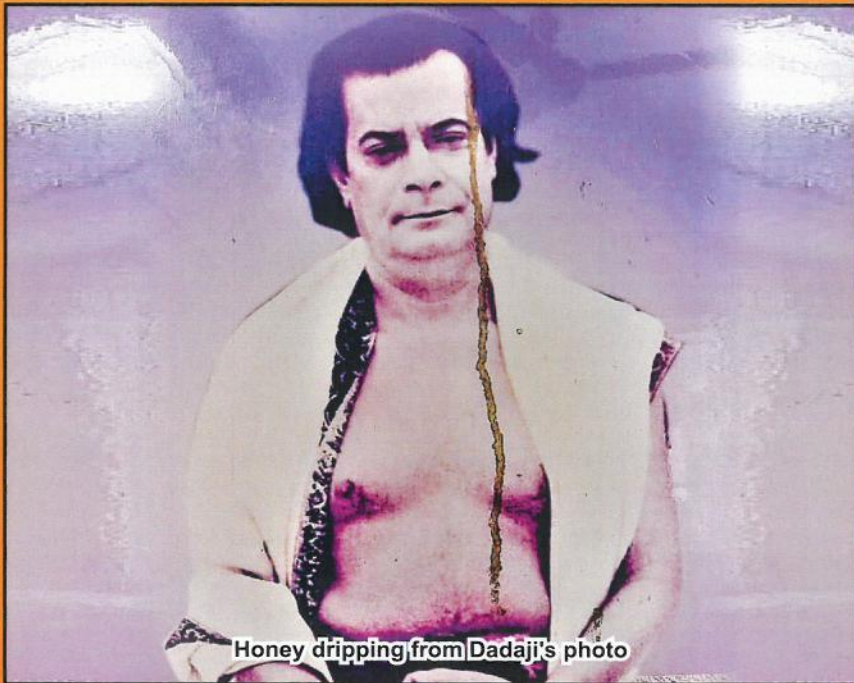
presence was immersed in His radiant love. Stalwarts like Mahamahopadhyay (s) Gopinath Kaviraj and Ananthakrishna Sastry, Jiddu Krishnamurti, Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, *Shankaracharyas* of different Maths and saints of many hues, Jay Prakash Narain, Ramdhari Singh Dinkar, Rukmini Devi Arundale, Henry Miller and scientists of the stature of Linus Pauling, George Wald, Ilya Prigogine, Satyendra Nath Bose and Lalit Kumar Pandit and others had experienced Dadaji's love. 'Eternal Religion is Love, which becomes manifest as one remembers Mahanam with complete self-surrender, Divine Name is the only path. You are free in your spiritual pursuit and need not depend on anyone... Love is the answer. We have come here to make love to Him, to be bathed in His Love and to vibrate His Love through the actions that come our way.'

His tirade against the business cult of human gurus, his relentless fight against superstitions or irrational rituals, divisions of caste, creed or religion, and his insistence that we have come to the world to do our assigned duty with complete dedication (while remembering the *Mahanam*) did not make him particularly popular with some traditional men and even saints. In the process, a few of them sought to humiliate him in every conceivable way.

But Dadaji was steadfast in his mission. During His time, noted journalist Khushwant Singh and others had already made the *Mahanam* public, enabling seekers of truth to pursue their own path and perhaps obviating the need to set up institutions to perpetuate the rich legacy. Dadaji left His mortal remains twenty-eight years ago, but as the universal elder brother, lives in myriad hearts as the personification of divine love and eternal truth.

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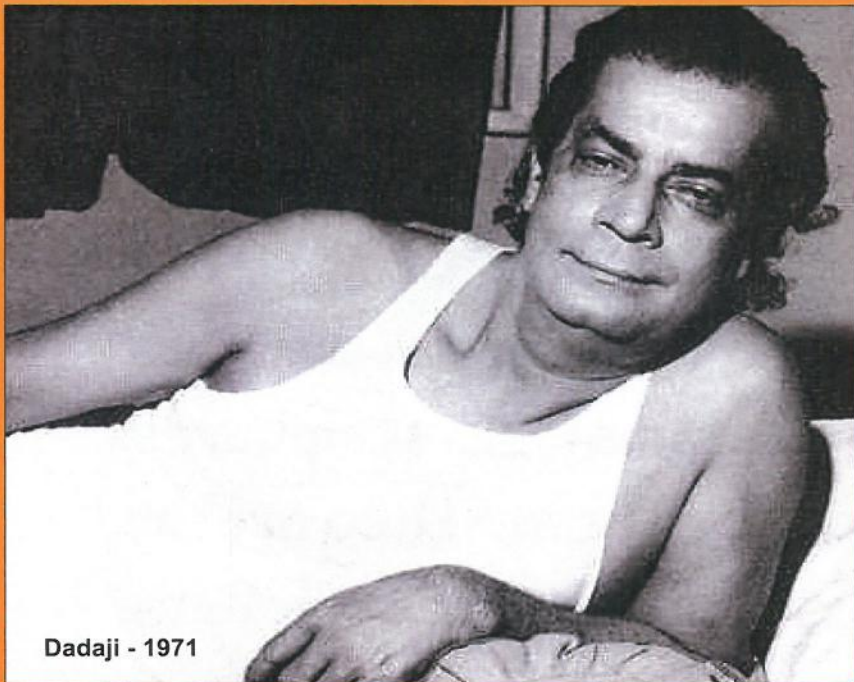




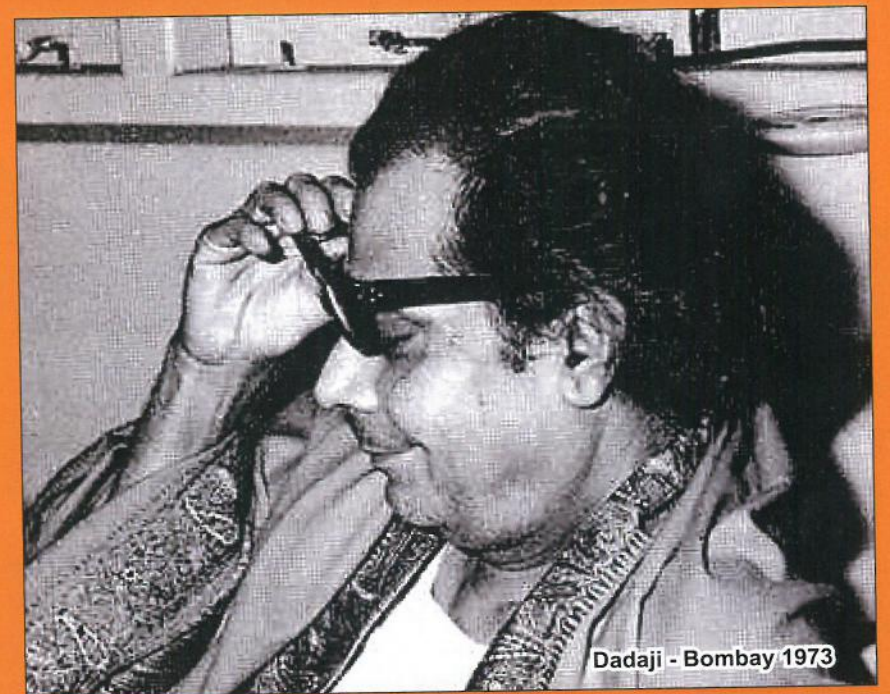
Honey dripping from Dadaji's photo



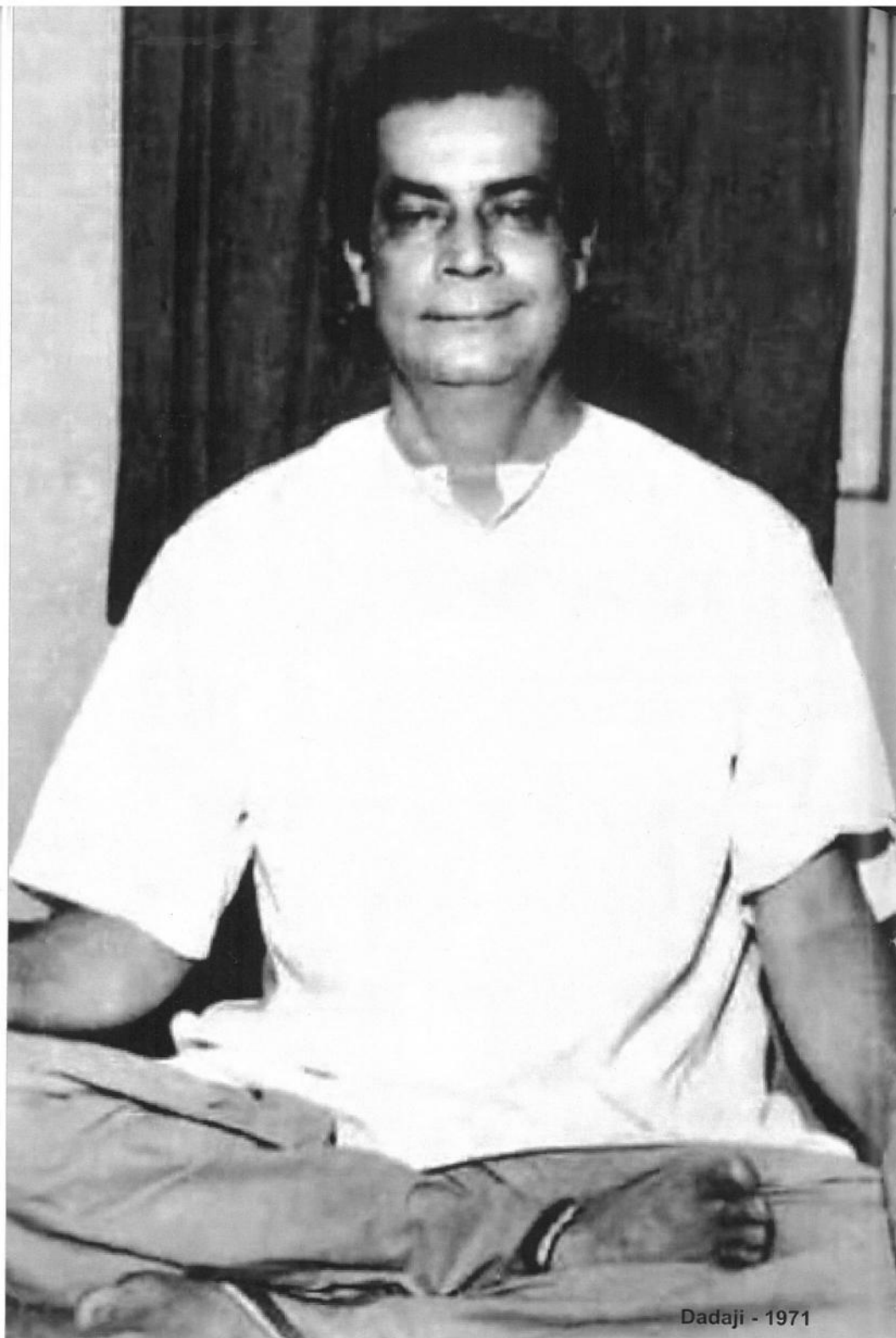
Dadaji at Bombay airport - 1982



Dadaji - 1971



Dadaji - Bombay 1973



Dadaji - 1971

DADAJI – Infinite Love Personified

Uttam Datta Chaudhuri

More than eight years ago, I used to pay a visit to one Spiritual Seeker who was introduced to me by my uncle. Since I had no or little spiritual knowledge, initially I took a keen interest in listening to him. But somehow, I was not getting any vibrations from that gentleman. As is the case, when we fall in love with someone or on some subject out of no conceivable or discerning reason, instantaneously we are bewitched by them. May be, we are drawn to them by the vibrations that initially we get from that person or subject. But once we lose those vibrations, we give a nonchalant shrug and immediately withdraw ourselves.

Once that gentleman proposed a visit to his countryhouse, situated at a far way place from Kolkata. We went by car. The said place lies in a great planisphere of flat, green country, fertile floodplains and rice paddies, whose abundant soils and huge sky stretch out towards the Ganges –a great Eden of water and vegetation. At last, we reached the thatched countryhouse. It had a spacious courtyard and was surrounded by twig fence.

We sat down for a while in the covered veranda and then entered the solo room. It was quite large and all the four walls of the room were covered by photos of all the known Hindu deities - Gods and Goddesses - besides India's leading spiritual masters. As I looked around, suddenly my eyes got fixed on one photo (DADAJI). The size of the photo was slightly bigger than passport size but smaller than other photos in the room. My whole body became motionless.

Slowly, I walked to the portion of the wall where the photo was hung up, may be twelve - thirteen feet above, and I lifted my countenance and became stationary. I had never seen a photo like that in my life. A dazzling but calm, serene, milky white ray of light was exuding from that picture. I started musing how a picture could radiate light like that! I enquired details about the person in the picture from the host.

Host : You don't know Him. We know Him by the name DADAJI.

I : Tell me more.

Host : Oh, yes. He is a great Yogi and He is widely known to Bombay (now Mumbai) Film Industry.

I (hesitatingly) : How do you relate a Yogi with Film Industry?

Host : I do not know exactly. But a Yogi can do anything.

I : Is He still alive?

Host : No, He is no more.

I : Where did he live?

Host : I don't know the exact address. But I have heard, somewhere in Prince Anwar Shah Road, Lake Gardens in Kolkata.

But my thirst was not quenched. Next day, I started browsing the internet and found the 'Dadaji. info' web site created by Miss Ann Mills. It is a treasure trove of information about DADAJI. I sent Ms Mills an email, requesting to send me any book on DADAJI that she had. Lo and behold, within seven days I got a courier from her containing in it THE TRUTH WITHIN along with three compact discs. To me, it seemed as if she had sent everything in her possession to me; without even asking my credentials and that too gratuitously. As internet is helpful to

millions and billions of people all over the world, Miss Ann Mills too is helpful to all the seekers and followers of DADAJI.

Like an avid reader, I finished all the books. A phrase used by the title character in the play Hamlet, by William Shakespeare came to my mind. Hamlet suggests that human knowledge is limited :

*There are more things in heaven and Earth, Horatio,
than are dreamt of in your philosophy [science].*

The age-old concept of spiritualism gathered from childhood, family upbringing, social climate, gurubad, ashram, ablution, counting beads, fasting, vegetarian vs non-vegetarian diet, mediation and Hatha Yoga (mental and physical gymnastics), all sorts of prejudices and inhibition were just blown away as if by a cannon ball fired by DADAJI.

Spiritual wants and instincts are as various in the human species as are physical appetites, complexions and features. When one is equipped with the religious garment whose colour, shape and size most nicely accommodate to the spiritual complexions, angularities and stature of the Individual who wears it, he is blessed. But we are afraid of church, temple, mosque, monasteries, etc. These institutions are regarded as powerful - the mightiest conceivable - and then when it by and by gets into powerful hands, and it is always bound to happen, it means death to human liberty and paralysis of human thought.

DADAJI said, "Truth reveals itself through Love. Love is the essence of Truth. You are free in your spiritual pursuit and need not depend on anyone. You are yourself the creation of Truth." Since long, Truth is being covered by man-made fat which made it incongruous with Its Real Essence. It does become impossible for us to imbibe Truth piercing those artificial lard. DADAJI came

as a Messiah in this world to strip the TRUTH of this fat. But the work of shedding fat was not easy. He too had to earn the wrath of many traditional spiritualists and prejudiced persons. Through His entire Life, He did this job with abundant Love and causeless mercy.

To a layman, DADAJI's activities, appearance and disappearance, His names, His forms, His paraphernalia, His personalities and all things in relation to Him are mysterious. His forms, names, pastimes, attributes, associates and energies are identical with Him. His transcendental energy acts according to His omnipotence. The same energy acts as His external, internal and marginal energies and by His omnipotence He can perform anything and everything through the agency of any of the above energies. Quoting from Shri Shri Satyanarayan's writing, "Dadaji is Truth and Love personified. If you look upon Him as a person, you miss Him. The Infinite is in rapturous manifestation beyond all dimensions through Him, the greatest vehicle of the Divinity the world has ever witnessed. Not to see Him, but to be seen by Him is the profoundest Grace human life on earth can conceive of Omiyam Brahma Tadvanam (The Supreme is to be worshipped with love)."

Now comes the real problem. We all have shortcomings and faults. We are all born with temperament acquired from near or distant ancestors. Unfortunately, we cannot choose our ancestors and often we are saddled with their traits- quarrelsome natures, unmanageable EGO, envy, a tendency to grab what is not ours, doing politics consciously or unconsciously, even making damage to others. The fault, dear Brutus, lies not in our stars but in ourselves that are underlings – Shakespeare put his finger on it occasionally.

The mere knowledge of a fact is pale, and it does not have any relevance until we realise the fact. But when we come to

realise the fact, it takes on colour. It is the difference between hearing about the Taj Mahal and seeing it. In the stillness and darkness, realisation soon begins to supplement knowledge - realisation that I am far away from the real essence of Truth - takes deeper and deeper meaning all the time, and it creeps inch by inch through my veins and turns me cold.

DADAJI, an Infinite Love personified, is a fact. Love exists beyond the five senses. He has come to this world to establish the Real Essence of Truth, to shake us off rotten spiritual concepts and mental gymnastics and bestow causeless mercy upon umpteen number of people out of sheer Love. His Love was in such a state that nectar was oozing out of His body – that many people have seen, experienced and felt with transcendental fragrance – never smelt before. This is the highest acme of Love.

DADAJI never indulged in scare-mongering or ladling false hope. He never threatened or tried to induce anybody to the path of Truth with concepts of hell, heaven, punishment, vice, virtue, etc. He never advised anybody to undergo any so-called spiritual tests like ablution, fasting, counting beads and so on and so forth. No rituals or religious pretensions are needed to realise the Truth. He asked us to just remember the Mahanam - Truth crystallised into letters – amongst our day-to-day activities.

I have never seen or met DADAJI in person. When I came to know of Him, He had already left His body. In my bedroom, there is a framed portrait of DADAJI, seated cross-legged in shambhavi mahamudra, a white shawl draped over His shoulders. One day, I noticed a thick nectar had appeared on the photo inside the glass. The nectar was dripping from the cerebrum (front of brain) to the umbilical cord area. Even after many years, the mark of the Nectar is still clearly discernible.

Readers are requested to go through, if not read already, thirteen letters DADAJI had written to Dr Peter Meyer Dohm, an eminent economist, as well as the three discourses materialised on blank sheet of paper in red ink from Shri Shri Satyanarayan and one discourse by DADAJI also earmarked in red ink. These are priceless treasures and warrant preservation for our next posterity. Just as Black Hole gobbles up billions, trillions of stars in it in the cosmic field, all those letters and discourses, mostly one page long, contain infinite meanings and depending upon our level of consciousness, the real meaning reveals and varies from person to person. In order to grasp the meaning of those one-page letters, Dr. Peter Meyer Dohm travelled multiple times to DADAJI's house in Kolkata and also went to other places, all the way from Germany. Readers can now imagine the depth of those letters. In fact, those letters, although penned here, may be by somebody under the instruction of DADAJI, were all transcendental. The words and their infinite subtle meanings are indescribable. If anybody dares to replace / substitute any word, even formere academic interest, the result will be disastrous.

In one such letter, Dadaji has written, "This is a very special Kali - at once the worst of times and the best of times. There was never before a time in history when people were so much denuded of social, moral and religious obsessions and taboos and Nature of her obsessions of Law." How nicely has He juxtaposed the age of Kali with best of times! It is indeed an opportunity for all of us to break away from the clutches of all sorts of orthodox religious and social dogmas.

DADAJI always used / uses two types of spiritual dosages (may be more, which are beyond my knowledge / domain). Firstly, Mahanam - a direct exposure to Truth. The waves of the vibrations are chanted in a resonant voice through the ears of

the seeker, then are reflected in words communicating the Eternal form of the Mahanam for a moment. Secondly, simply asking us to remember the Mahanam (Truth crystallised into letters) amidst our mundane life and duties. DADAJI said, "Truth expressed is Truth expired. Truth can only be lived with." So, if we read Truth crystallised into letters, we can very much live with Him, even if it is for a moment.

It may so happen that some of us in between might have changed the Doctor and even His prescribed medicines too but He has never refused His chosen few (pay attention to His remark, "You are known to me since long back, you can't remember but I know"). What does it mean? He continues to bestow His unconditional causeless mercy and Love to His chosen few and to anybody whom He wishes.

Whatever DADAJI said, He never made any departure from that either in action, deeds or words. This verily proves His Real Character, Love and Integrity.

The World moves on. But human nature is much the same -ever in need of a little love, a little sympathy, a little understanding. Time past is Time present and Time future. Nothing is free in this world. Whatever we get and will get in this World is out of hard labour only. So, let us all try to imbibe some of his traits in us -even if, it is a speck, so that His ceaseless blessings and Love engulfsus, guides us and blesses us to realise the Real Essence of Truth.

Jai Ram, Jai Ram, Jai Ram

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Dadaji...the Elysian Splendour

Arpita Raadhiya Saha

I met Dadaji in the year 1981 in Mumbai. I and my Maa had gone to Mumbai at the end of August 1981 and we were staying as paying guests in yester year actress Begum Para's apartment who stayed in the second floor of 'Delphin House', Carter Road, Bandra (west). Abhi uncle (the famous Hindi movie star Abhi Bhattacharya) lived in the first floor.

I remember it was 1981 in the month of September...one early evening...

I was going down the stairs and found Abhi uncle's apartment door ajar. And on a divan was seated somebody who looked very, very special and ethereal. He was half-reclined on the divan and there were quite a number of people sitting on a yellow carpet facing him. I was intrigued and went inside. I had heard of Dadaji when I was in Kolkata and had even known of Abhi uncle's association with Him. And I knew instantly that the special, ethereal person was Dadaji. I went straight in and touched His lotus feet. I looked up and gazed into His unfathomable, beautiful, intense, heavy-lidded, dreamy eyes. And instantly I was wrapped into a celestial, divine aroma emanating from Him.

Dadaji took me into His arms and I was swept into a paradisiacal rhapsody. I was spellbound. There was a gloriolate of white golden aureole enveloping him and tears started streaming down my eyes. The effulgent and incandescent luminescence was so profound that I was mesmerised.

I could not utter a word. I sat there staring at Him in awe. Then I saw that there was ambrosia (nectar) dripping from His

Truth Eternal

two thumbs. I was entranced and bewitched. I just kept looking at Him. Dadaji called me again to Him and took me into his arms. It was divine bliss. I wanted to be in His arms forever. I had not even noticed when the crowd had dispersed.

Abhi uncle touched me gently on my head and asked me to come next day. I touched Dadaji's lotus feet once again and slowly retreated out of Abhi uncle's apartment. Before I left Dadaji asked me to come next day morning.

Exhilarated by my celestial experience I returned next morning to Abhi uncle's house with my Maa. Abhi uncle told me and my Maa that Dadaji was calling us in the adjacent room, which was actually the big and sprawling master-bedroom. Dadaji was half-reclined on the bed and smiled at my Maa and me the moment we went in. Maa and I both touched Dadaji's lotus feet and once again I was wrapped in his divine and rapturous fragrance. Dadaji rubbed the divine ambrosia (nectar) dripping from His two thumbs on my forehead and my cheeks. I was enamoured by Dadaji's ethereal and heavenly redolence. I clung to Him not wanting anything in the world but just to be enveloped in His presence.

I do not remember how long I stayed there. But I remember that I and my Maa were handed little pieces of white paper. Dadaji told us that we were to receive the 'Mahanam' and it would appear on that paper in whichever language we wished in our minds. I had imagined in English and my Maa had thought of Bengali and in a flash the Mahanam appeared on the little paper in red ink.

"Gopal Govinda" was clearly inscribed on my paper in English. Maa too had received the Mahanam in Bengali. I was overjoyed and enchanted. Moments later, the Mahanam vanished from the little piece of white paper. There was the singer Vijay Benedict

too who had received the Mahanam. Vijay was my friend and had come with me to meet Dadaji. We came back home after a wonderful session with Dadaji.

And then began the elysian, paradisaal excitement.

Dadaji's aroma was strong, thick and all-enveloping in our room. I went out of the house and started taking a walk on Carter road by the sea-shore but the sublime and deific fragrance was still enveloping me steadily. Maa too felt the glorious fragrance wrapping her into its magnificent splendour. I was thrilled and exhilarated with endearing and entrancing delight. The fragrance was there the whole day and the whole night and I was in a transcendent and empyrean bliss.

The following day, Vijay Benedict came to visit me in the evening and told me about the divine aroma wrapping him all day and all night. I was wonderstruck at recalling my blissful experience too of the splendorous and esoteric fragrance of Dadaji. He even told me that he had driven out to as far as Marine Drive (nearly twenty kilometres) to find out if the divine fragrance would be thither too, but the celestial redolence was still there enfolding him constantly wherever he went.

Vijay : "You will not believe me Arpita but the aroma kept chasing me where ever I went. I drove around crazily here and there after going to Marine Drive but the fragrance kept on stalking me wherever I was."

I told him to relax and said it was Dadaji's blessings and kripa (grace) and that it was not chasing or stalking him. It was that he was in Dadaji's kripa all the time.

Dadaji left Abhi uncle's house to go to some other place. After a few days my Maa and I was returning home from outside. As we were climbing the stairs and reached first floor, suddenly

I was filled with the same heavenly aroma again. I rang the doorbell and Abhi uncle opened the door. I asked him if Dadaji had come. He told me, "No" and closed the door. My mind was in a turmoil. The divine myrrh was still enveloping me in its magnificent deluge. Then I sent our maid, Namita, downstairs to Abhi uncle's place. She told him, "Didi is getting Dadaji's fragrance. She is sure that Dadaji is here." Abhi uncle told Namita that Dadaji had not come.

After a few minutes, Abhi uncle came to see me upstairs. He said, "Come on, who am I to stop you from seeing Dadaji? Dada is beckoning you with His aroma. Please come and see Him. Actually, Dadaji has come this morning and had told me that He did not want any visitors. But you are special...Dadaji has called you with His fragrance. Come with me." I was overjoyed and hugged Abhi uncle and went with him straight to the master bedroom of Abhi uncle's house.

Dadaji smiled at me. And I was lost. I leapt forward and hugged Dadaji and Dadaji held me close. It was on that hallowed moment that Dadaji had called me His "praaneshwari" (beloved).

On another occasion in Abhi uncle's house, Dadaji was talking to the assembled congregation about 'Maa Kali' the Hindu goddess. I was enthralled by Dadaji and was just looking at him, tears streaming down my eyes. I could not comprehend why the tears streamed down my eyes always on beholding Dadaji. In fact, even today I do not know why tears flowed down my eyes whenever I saw Dadaji and even today when I look at the picture of Dadaji the tears just flow freely. It is not that I am sad and hence I am crying. It is because my heart, mind, body and soul are swelled up with the billowing and soaring love for my dearest, dearest, dearest, beloved, precious Dada upheaving within me and cascading me with His resplendent and splendiferous deluge.

All of a sudden, Dadaji's deep voice resonated like thunder with magisterial, esteemed elan and imperial, illustrious panache and He said, "You all worship 'kele thakur' (meaning you all worship the goddess Kali). This is 'kele thakur' sitting before you. Come touch her feet." And Dadaji had pointed to me as 'kele thakur'. I was so dumbstruck by His words that I fell to His feet and would not just get up. And my days with Dadaji began in sun and shower, in the realm of an imperium, euphoric bliss.

Dadaji gave us our own apartment in Mumbai (Andheri East) where we moved in. He used to call my Maa "shundori" and "allhadi" lovingly (beautiful and beloved).

As the years started slipping away, I became aware that Dadaji is lord Satyanarayana. Abhi uncle told me that Dadaji is Satyanarayana and Shri Shri Satyanarayana is actually the zero state residing in Kaivalya Dham. There is no vibration in the zero state. But when He descends into vradham as Krishna there is a celebration there. That when Shri Shri Satyanarayana descends from the state of Bhuma (infinity), He can descend upon the state of Krishna. But others also accompany Him. And prakriti (Nature) too. 'Bhuma' (infinity) is unmanifest, veiled, mystical and orphic. But still, in a sense, it is manifest, obvious, apparent and conspicuous. It is indescribable and indefinable. It is not inert, but it is beyond mind. It opens up into infinity.

I was in a rhapsodic and exultant daze when I heard of all this from Abhi uncle. I came to know that Dadaji rules in every detail of life. A blade of grass cannot blow in the wind without His will supreme. Or, to simplify it, a blade of grass cannot blow in the wind without Him.

Dadaji even told me that, "Amidst universal flux His will alone is indeterminably active all the while." He also said that, "The

doer is within you. Whatever He wishes will be. His will prevails, not the will of a human being."

That Dada is the sole doer. All things happen at His will.

And He also said—

"The supreme will can make anything possible."

"When one goes beyond the mind, one's mind is in tune with the will supreme."

"Do not worry. For worry makes you the doer. He will take care of your board and lodge and other comforts. Leave everything to Him and you will have the best arrangements possible."

"As he creates dangers, He also lays the path of peace."

"Man can do nothing."

Everything that happens in our lives is pre-destined. Dadaji is the pilot of our lives and we have come here at His will to have the taste of His overflowing love.

Dadaji also said, "There is no good and evil, no virtue and vice, no weal or woe."

Friend and foe are the same to Dadaji. Who is good? Who is bad? We do not know. The idea of sin or virtue, good or evil are only creations of the mind. They bear no value.

"You need not concern yourself with them. Do not bother yourself with virtue and vice. They are just mental constructions and have nothing to do with Dada. It will be wrong to assess a person by just one momentary action. It may be that they are driven to the action by the pressure of the mind, intellect, circumstances and the surrounding events. It is always advisable if you can forgive and forget in case, they have done really any wrong. Most judgements of our mind are based on trivial actions

arising out of the force of circumstances. We can make ourselves good human beings if we can adjust to all these events with patience and forgiveness. The mind is blind. The five sense organs show off in five different ways to it. That is to say, it sees nothing and is blind. The mind itself cannot see the things of the world. It has to depend upon the five senses. And they present a babble of pictures to it. The laws of the physical nature impose diverse restrictions on the mind. Thus, the entire spectacle of the world is veiled from the purview of the mind. Where there is mind there is meaning. The mind sees the pageantry of the world but in fact it sees nothing. The mind is itself a penetration of the opposites. It is the matrix of all polarisation and contradiction. What arises from the mind is a distortion of the truth. Is the mind then trustworthy? If you cannot trust your own mind, how can you trust the others'?"

"A snake or a lion is more trustworthy. They will never fool you by saying one thing and doing another. The mind rules the body and thinks that it is the doer. Of itself, the mind can never realise the true power. Finally, the mind will have to surrender and relinquish the illusion of doership. That will be the end of action and reaction. The end of destiny itself."

"One sees in the mind's eye what is already in the mind. The original sin, the original mind function was the creation of good and evil. Dada does not care for good and evil. Human love is based on self-interest. His love is altogether something else. Mental love is worth nothing for the mind is fickle. Today it is after one thing, tomorrow after another. But His love is infinite and eternal. The only good is to remember Him. The only evil is in forgetting."

"Nobody is a relative or a stranger. All are He. Everything, everybody, everywhere – same. There is no difference. Never

pine for anybody who leaves you. There is absolutely no point in worrying so much. Dada is always with you. Remember Him. Everything will be just alright and fine. Your relations are His grace embodied unto you. Be with that grace and have blind faith in Him. Let His will be done. Just remember Him. Everything will be alright."

"Human love is fickle, capricious, unstable, whimsical, fragile, decrepit, feeble, infirm and imbued or saturated with egoism. Remember Him. His love is pure and everlasting. We have come here to make love to Him. To be bathed in His love and to vibrate in His love through the actions that come our way. Love is the only language He understands. Love is the only answer to everything. Love is the divine Himself."

Dadaji...the elysian splendour...

"Mind and senses must be there when we have come with the body. The mind will be purified only when while staying on the fragmented ground, it is illuminated by the light of the unfragmented being. Then what is fragmented and what is unfragmented? What is full and what is void? Intelligence and intuition, all become united into oneness. Right then the mind experiences the swing of devotion. Philosophy means a system of thoughts. A creation of the mental plane. Beyond this there is the divine will. Unconditional. Free of any system or any limitations. Truth is eternal but remains shrouded in mystery. And know that mind and intellect have absolutely no power to pierce the mystery."

Dadaji is blessing us forever with His grace. The Mahanam 'Gopal Govinda' is constantly ringing in our hearts. Without Dadaji's grace nothing can be understood. He goes far away as soon as you try to understand. Is it a matter of understanding? It is a matter of experiencing. All will become one when you

have the experience. It must happen. It has got to happen. Go on doing everything while enshrining Dada in your mind and heart.

“All responsibility revolves on Him. It is not possible to isolate yourself from your self. Only by mind does this occur. The mind has created separation and is itself maya (illusion).” And because of this maya, it is not possible to have a casteless, classless society.

“Do not look back. Look ahead with Him expecting nothing. Only do not shut out His manifestation. Let the future feature Him, who has taken full charge of you. Dadaji is full and cannot accept anything but full. But human beings cannot live up to it. Why not offer also your weaknesses, defects, errors, flaws and frailty to Him?”

Looking at Dada's face - whether you feel strong, tough, zealous, impassioned, avid and enthusiastic or feeble, weak, infirm, decrepit and scared about the future - is a majestic and ceremonious experience. I came to know that until the mind becomes conscious of and gets yoked with Him, we cannot relish the taste of constant bliss. So just yoke yourself unto Him and He will bear the brunt. Efface yourself out and enshrine Dada in your body. Divine grace will descend upon you only if your mind is bereft and barren of ego and your heart is void and vacant of desire. One has nothing else to desire for other than His grace, which makes one's life glorious and significant. Otherwise one is just born to die without purpose.

So, seek His grace and do not worry. “As you have received His grace, you have nothing to worry about. He is with you to guide you to the right path. Leave it to him.”

Grace comes directly from Him. Dadaji is the master. He is the supreme. He is making all the things run. He is the breath within us. He is our life.

And Dadaji is all-pervasive. He is everywhere; in everybody. Then why should we be bothered by the idea of good and evil? It is not a journey. It is a play of Dadaji. A play is also a part and parcel of His manifestation. He is the divine poet; we are His composition. Life is the play of Dada and the birth is His music. This is exactly the relation between Dadaji who is the creator and all of us, His creation.

Do not believe anybody other than Him. Only Dadaji can guide. Only Dadaji can do whatever He likes. Take refuge in none other than Dadaji. Dadaji has often said to take the name of 'Ram'. “Jai Ram”, he used to say. To inhale is 'gopal' and exhale 'govinda'. Gopal Govinda - the celestial Mahanam.

But Prateek Datta (Dadaji's grandson and son of Dadaji's daughter and son-in-law Ivy and Debnath Datta) had told my father years back that one does not need to chant “jai ram” and even “gopalgovinda”. Prateek had said, “Just say jai Dadaji. That will be enough.”

Dadaji has said—

“Do not forget His will. He is doing everything. Just depend on Dadaji. He is in all. All is in Him.”

And live life in tune with Him. Live beyond the realm of the mind. Do not live in wants, fears and hopes. Live in swabhava (in your natural state). Complete surrender to Him makes us fearless.

Love Dadaji. Hazards will take care of themselves.

Dadaji told me, “Make Dadaji your guru and you will find that Dadaji Himself will take you safely to the shore, through the stream of life, tiding all storms, by holding the oar Himself.”

Love Dadaji, surrender yourself to Dada. And the moment you surrender your entire existence to Dadaji, He will be the pilot of your life and will take the vehicle to a safe landing.

Once Dadaji was going to the USA. We had all assembled in Abhi uncle's apartment. Dadaji had asked me to buy a saree for an American devotee. I bought the saree and gave it to Him. Dadaji packed the saree into His suitcase in the evening in front of handful of close devotees assembled in the hall of Abhi uncle's house. And later Dadaji saw to it that all of us took our dinner in Abhi uncle's house.

By then, Dadaji had given me my own car in Mumbai. And though there were a fleet of plush, lavish and opulent cars standing on Abhi uncle's portico, Dadaji chose to sit in my car beside me. I was with my Maa. Madhumita di (Madhumita Roy Chowdhury, Dadaji's son Abhijeet Roy Chowdhury's wife) and my Maa sat on the rear seat. And my dearest, dearest, dearest, beloved, precious Dadaji sat next to me as I drove Him to the airport.

As the flight was in the early hours of the morning, around 2 a.m. we all sat huddled around Dadaji. I gave Dadaji His favourite kaalojaam (black berries) one after the other and collected the seeds in my hands. Dadaji was looking absolutely charismatic in fawn coloured trousers, a full-sleeve polo neck sweat shirt and a black coloured stylish jacket. His pristine face glowed with luminous incandescence and a paradisiac aureole.

The announcement was made for the security check. Dadaji asked a devotee to come with Him. The devotee, a pleasant looking gentleman was so elated, that he took Dadaji's hand and led him forth to the security check. The devotee told us to wait as he would take Dadaji up to the door of the security check and come back within a few moments.

But the few moments turned out to be a fairly long time. Finally, he returned exultant and smiling. He told us that Dadaji had taken him inside the security check zone and thereafter right into the aircraft! He had tied Dadaji's seat-belt and when the pilot announced that the flight was just about to take off, Dadaji asked him to go back. The gentleman was just awestruck. He said, "Dada's play was unique. Nobody saw me enter the security check with Dada. And even when I boarded the aircraft, nobody saw me. Nobody saw me in the plane too. I fastened Dada's seat-belt and felt that I was just in perfect time to reach the stairs of the plane to alight down from the aircraft. But I found that the stairs had been whisked away by the airport authority as the plane was ready to taxi on the runway. I was in a dilemma. The huge door of the plane was still open and I was standing on the edge of it and looking down at the ground that was far away. The schism of the ground and the aircraft where I was standing at the door was abysmal. I took Dada's name and put my foot on the air and began to descend down into nothingness. I was thrilled. I was walking down on the air! I touched the ground lightly and started walking back towards the reception. But in a flash of a moment I found myself in the bustling airport. Can you imagine that nobody saw me? And how I glided into the air like a phantom and suddenly I found myself back in the airport from the ramp of the aerodrome amidst all of you here!"

That is our dearest, dearest, beloved, precious, precious Dada...

There was a young Parsi couple who were devout devotees of Dadaji. One evening, in Abhi uncle's house my Maa and I met them. The lady had tears in her eyes. I asked her what was the matter. She told me that her husband and she had sold off their old flat and were carrying the entire money of the sold property in high-currency notes and was travelling by the local

train to Bandra to meet Dadaji. Her husband had kept the briefcase carrying the full payment of the sold house on the shelf of the local train. At the time of disembarking, she and her husband had forgotten completely about the briefcase and got down from the train without it. Upon realizing their mistake, they thought it was Dadaji's will and without lodging a police complaint had come to meet Dadaji in Abhi uncle's apartment. They went in to see Dadaji in the master bedroom and came out after sometime looking very, very sad.

After a few days, my Maa and I met them again at Abhi uncle's place. Both the lady and the man were beaming with happiness. The lady told us, "You will not believe what happened today morning! My husband and I were travelling by local train to a place on an entirely different route (meaning they had not taken the train to Bandra to see Dadaji). And imagine what happened? My husband saw our briefcase lying on the shelf of the train. He recognized it and picked it up. We got down on our desired station wondering that how could the briefcase be on the shelf of a train that was plying on an altogether different route (that it was not the Andheri to Bandra local of the western line of the suburban railway of Mumbai, but a train plying on the harbour line)! And imagine when my husband opened the briefcase slightly and peeped in? He saw that it was intact with the high-currency notes of the sold house. We knew instantly that the entire money was there.

It was all Dadaji's leela (divine play). We were so shocked and overjoyed that we took a train to Bandra and came straight to see Dadaji. There was nobody here when we arrived. You and your mom were the next to come. And Abhi da told us to wait for some time because Dadaji was taking his afternoon siesta."

When they met Dadaji and came out both were crying with exhilarated happiness and joy. The lady told me that last time when they had visited on the day of the incident, they told Dadaji what had happened and that they knew that everything was His will and that everything that happened in life was pre-destined.

To that, I asked the lady what had Dadaji told her in reply that day. She said that Dadaji had just stared into space blankly and had smiled strangely at both of them and had blessed them. They had gone home believing that whatever Dadaji did was for the best. She continued, "And today when my husband and I met Dadaji, we told Dada about His divine leela that he had played with us. We told Dada how we had found the briefcase stacked with the high currency notes on the shelf of a train plying on an entirely different route. Dadaji told my husband and me that He was favouring us all the while, that both of us are in his kripa (divine grace) all the time."

Abhi uncle told me that Dadaji could create endless galaxies with just a flick of his little finger. He said that if I wanted something desperately then to just tell Dadaji, "I do not know how but you have to give it to me Dada." He said that with Dada's divine grace, destiny dwindles away.

I even came to know that Dadaji never sleeps. But He used to pose that He was in deep slumber many a time. Once a gentleman from Mumbai had accompanied me to meet Dadaji in His house in Prince Anwar Shah Road, Kolkata. He had heard a lot about Dadaji from my Babu (father), my Maa and me and he happened to come to the city of joy when we were also there. We reached Dadaji's house early evening around 5 p.m. I was shocked to see Dadaji sleeping at such an unearthly hour. We waited in Dadaji's room for five hours but He did not move or open His eyes. The gentleman was very upset but he offered

his pranam to Dadaji by touching His feet and we came back home. When my Babu came to know of this, he told me that Dadaji never sleeps – which I too knew very well. And we knew that Dadaji did not want to meet the gentleman and that was why He pretended or posed that He was sleeping.

In 1986, I had fallen seriously ill. My Maa and I had come to Kolkata for a holiday. Actually, I knew that I was not keeping quite alright even before when I was in Mumbai. My appetite was lost but I had shrugged it off. I had a concert in Bokaro (Bihar). I performed very well and came back to Kolkata. On that fatal night, there was an attack of acute, severe and relentless pain in my stomach and it was coming in a paroxysm of spasms.

My Maa and my Babu (father) were alarmed with consternation and were in deep panic. They called for our family physician Dr A.K. Poddar right away. The doctor came immediately and after examining me, he told my parents to shift me to a hospital at once. It was very, very cold in Kolkata being the early month of January. I was driven to the nearby Assembly of God Church hospital in Park Street. I was wheeled into a private air-conditioned room with a television, an intercom and a landline phone. Soon, there were a stream of doctors gathered all around my bed to examine me.

The reports came fast and I was detected with 4% haemoglobin. Upon an x-ray of my stomach, an ultrasound, sonography, an abdominal CT scan and an abdominal MRI (magnetic resonance images), I was detected with a total paralysis of my abdominal organs. The doctors told my parents that I was going to die and only God could save me.

My Babu (father) had told me later that he had planned a totally white funeral for me. He had thought of adorning my body

with a milk-white outfit and had thought of embellishing my casket with white roses, white jasmines and white orchids.

There had been hot, scalding tears trembling on my Babu's eyelashes when later I was alright and he had held me close in an all-enveloping embrace and had told me about the white funeral that he had envisioned for me. Babu said, "It is Dada's exalted blessing that you are alive. That I have my laadli (darling) to myself today."

I was given seven bottles of blood and was kept on the drip for quite some time. My condition had kept deteriorating. But on the tenth day, I was still alive. And on the thirteenth day I remember I was in a slight reverie in the evening. Although I was in a stupefied daze, I recall very vividly that I was reclined on my left side, bent forward and facing the entrance door of my hospital room, when I saw clearly a very, very tall Dadaji entered the room slowly. He was clad in a milk-white robe, with his head covered with a milk-white scarf draping on his broad shoulders. Dadaji looked absolutely radiant, with a celestial corona of a white and gold halo around his pristine face and the same aureole of the white and gold nimbus encompassing him fully. Dadaji walked around my bed and then came to stand at my back. Then He extended His arms and pulled me onto Him and held me close for a long time. After that He scattered small sandalwood sticks on my bed in abundance galore.

I was mesmerised and totally entranced and was enveloped with Dadaji's heavenly, consecrated, hallowed, sanctified and blessed aroma. I opened my eyes and started looking for the sandalwood sticks. The reverie was so real and transparent that I was just spellbound, enraptured and enthralled. I told my Maa to look for the sandalwood sticks scattered on my bed in an endless, myriad quantum by Dadaji. But my Maa could not find

any. I told her about how Dadaji had just come and had held me close to Him for a long time and how He had flooded my bed with the sandalwood sticks in abundance galore.

Maa sang Dadaji's song "ramaiva sharanam" and since that evening my condition started to improve remarkably. I regained health steadily and consistently day by day. I had even regained all my lost weight. But the doctors did not discharge me because they had wanted to keep me in observation and monitored me 24/7. They diagnosed a lump in my stomach that had to be removed. I was terrified. The night before the surgery, I dreamt vividly of all the Hindu gods and the goddesses standing in a row on a white elevated pedestal. I only recognized lord Shiva who was standing in the middle. And on a higher elevated pedestal just behind the gods and the goddesses I saw Dadaji dressed in a milk-white outfit with both His hands up in the air standing behind lord Shiva.

Lord Shiva and all the gods and the goddesses were chanting, "Churi kata choltedebona" (we will not allow any knives and scalpels). And Dadaji standing quietly and smiling his wonderful, beatific smile. The dream was so real, intense, brilliant, vivid and scintillating that I knew in my mind, heart and soul that there would be no surgery whatsoever.

In the morning on the window sill on my right a pair of the most magnificent, milk-white doves with illustrious white combs on their heads had come and stayed for a long time. They were much bigger than normal doves and were very, very healthy and an absolute beauty. Till date, I have never again seen a pair of such incredibly grand, beautiful, statuesque and majestic doves.

They sat looking at me in rhapsodic grandeur.

My sister, Archita, who had come to see me because of the impending surgery in the morning with my Maa and Babu (father) said that they were "Shiv-Parvati" who had come to bless me.

I was wheeled into elevator and then into the operation theatre. I was unusually and strangely quiet as the minutes ticked away. All of a sudden, the doctors and the surgeon came into the operation theatre and told me that the surgery was cancelled. I was absolutely calm and peaceful and recollected previous night's dream that was so real, vivid, intense, brilliant and scintillating. And the pair of the most beautiful and illustrious white-combed, milk-white doves on my window sill.

I was discharged from the hospital the following day. Medication went on for five months and the doctors could not just fathom that where the lump - of the size of a football - had vanished! They stated that my case was a miracle in medical history.

Once, in Mumbai, my Maa and I had gone to see Dadaji in Mr Kamdar's house in Walkeshwar. Dadaji was talking to the large assembly of devotees who had come to meet Him. All of a sudden, Dadaji looked at me and said, "Why are you quiet praaneshwari" (my beloved)? Without thinking, I said, "Are there two Krishnas Dada? One Krishna with Radha Rani and another of the Kurukshetra?" Dadaji looked at me for some time and then said, "Krishna of vradham is very, very good. But the Krishna of Kurukshetra is very, very naughty. So do not bother yourself with the Krishna of Kurukshetra. Love the Krishna of vradham."

I even came to know from Abhi uncle that endless Dadajis could be seen all around the world at the same time.

I remember I had told Prateek Dadaji's words, "Everybody is called but very few are chosen." Prateek replied, "I know that. What Dada said was correct. But it is again His wish, who He

chooses to keep and how. We all are mere instruments. Bejoy da knew that. He was a lover. He was one of the chosen few who had received His grace. Songeeter maddhome Dadake peten. Taayiee gaan niye thakten (Bejoyda could feel the presence of Dadaji through his songs - in his melodic serenades. That is why he rejoiced in Dada's songs). Bejoy Kumar Saha was my darling, sweetheart Babu - my father. He was also a devout devotee of Dadaji and had written and composed many songs on Dada.

Prateek continued, "I am saying, your father knew that Dadaji is the Absolute, the infinite supreme. He was a lover. Path of love and remembrance is the only way to reach Him. Just remember Dada. He is with you. Need not put your mind anywhere else. We are very fortunate to have known His presence in our life. This is a very, very rare and unique birth for all of us. We all are born with so much of fortune to have known Dadaji in this birth."

Now I would like to share something very, very interesting. My father's friend, Arun Pal, and his wife Bulbul Pal, are devout followers of Dadaji. Occasionally Choto Maa (Bulbul Pal) calls me up to enquire about my wellbeing. I call her "Choto Maa". Previously I used to call her "kakima" or aunty. But after my Maa left this world on 27 November 2018 at 5.05 a.m., kakima has become so close to me that I call her Choto Maa. Around two months back, Choto Maa called me in the evening and said that on one occasion, in 1990, she had accompanied my father and her husband (Arun Pal) to Dadaji's house in Prince Anwar Shah Road, Kolkata. Dada had very vividly stated that between the late 2019 and the beginning of 2020 a very calamitous pralay (holocaust) would devastate the whole world where a lot of western countries would suffer the brunt of it.

I was shocked to hear the revelation from Choto Maa. My father and Arun kaku (uncle) were very good friends. Kaku and choto Maa had heard about Dadaji from my father and that is how they got to know Dadaji and were bestowed with His divine grace. May be because it was so late an advent to transpire and occur, my father had never mentioned about it to us, till Choto Maa revealed this to me two months back. That evening in 1990, Dadaji had indeed indicated the advent of deadly corona virus pandemic that is ravaging the whole world today.

I had shared this with Prateek somewhere around the middle of April 2020. Prateek said, "Do not get bothered about the crisis. When human ego rises to unprecedented heights, a little toning down is required. It is good for healing. Crisis will take humanity close to Dada. The humanity has to believe in oneness. There is a lot of distinction on the basis of religion, caste and class for centuries. Mankind has taken things for granted. Everyone wants to return to normal. But there is nothing normal in this world. Take Dada's name always and at all times. Nothing else is required. He is inside of you and no one is as close to you as He is. I am not saying anything special. This is the only truth which people have forgotten. Hence, there are so much of sufferings. This time will pass. Do not worry. This world is His creation. He will handle. We are no one to interfere."

I had attended Shri Shri Satyanarayana Utsav in 1988 in Somnath Hall with my father, mother and my sister Archita. It was a glorious experience. Dadaji had taken with Him a small Indian girl from the USA who was sitting next to me, into the puja room along with an American gentleman wearing a light saffron dhoti and kurta. When the little girl came back from the puja room, I asked her what had she seen. The little girl roved her eyes and said, "I saw Satyanarayana's picture go round and

round...and round and round..." She giggled and hugged me and I was instantly embraced with the strong divine nimbus of Dadaji's fragrance that seemed to be oozing out profusely from her cranium or scalp. I was just dazed and awestruck. The American gentleman in the light saffron kurta and dhoti was in a dazed stupor and trance after he emerged out of the puja room. His eyes were closed and his face was flushed with radiance and he seemed to be filled with rapture.

After sometime Dadaji got down from the divan on which he was half reclined and extended his right hand and tapped the forehead of the American gentleman very lightly. The gentleman opened his eyes and looked at Dadaji in such a way as though he was seeing Him for the first time. He was filled with a strange, exhilarated elation and ecstasy as though he had been to the deistic arcadia - the heaven of heavens - to the apotheosis or the glorification of the Elysium.

The felicity and euphoria within him were so obvious, apparent, distinct, conspicuous, evident, discernible and transparent that I was breathless and spellbound. And in my alluring conjuration and enchantment I did not ask the gentleman what he had seen in the puja. Till date I regret deeply why had I not approached the American gentleman and asked him about his Olympian experience in the Satyanarayana puja.

My first music-album 'Mishti Mishti' had got released from C.B.S. (Columbia Broadcasting Service) that year. After the Mahotsav, I went to see Dadaji in His house. I gave him my music-album I had been carrying quite a few of them with me. Dadaji took all of them from me and put them on top of the brown wooden cupboard facing His bed in His room. I said, "Dada, please make Mishti Mishti a big hit." Dadaji stared as

though into nothingness for a moment and then He looked at me and shook His head.

Dadaji : "If I make Mishti Mishti a very big hit then shob taali baali hoye jaabe" (everything would go haywire).

I was a bit let down by Dadaji's words. I was very, very young at that time. But somehow, I knew deep within me that whatever Dadaji did was perfect.

On my visit to Kolkata that year in 1988, Dadaji had told me to come to see Him in His house every day. I used to look forward to it and went to see Dadaji every morning. Dadaji used to teach me to sing "ramaiva sharanam", Dadaji's song, in His rich, opulent, paradisiac style and ambrosial ostentatious pizzazz.

And I sang it with Him every day.

Dadaji taught me voice modulation. I was just stunned to hear Him modulating His voice with such satiny and lustrous ease. Dadaji taught me melodic gestures. He taught me the 'harkats' which are a number of melodic gestures spanning the musical notes that are put forward to embellish the main melody. It literally means mischief and it is initiated and executed exclusively to refine the melodic designs.

Dadaji groomed me steadfastly for hours on the typical 'harkats, murkis and the khatkas' which are essential for professional crooning and on the ornamentations of the glorious serenata "ramaiva sharanam". He taught me the gilding, enriching and enhancing of the blissful serenata.

Immersed in Dadaji's love, I was open to the light of Dada's nectarine world. I came to know that our lives are not a journey. It is the play of our dearest, dearest, dearest, beloved, precious Dada. A play too is part and parcel of Dadaji's manifestation.

He is the poet. We are His composition. This is exactly the relation between the creator (Dadaji) and His creation.

I was still in Kolkata then and Dadaji was still grooming me on the art of crooning. One day Dadaji told me, "Will you marry me?" I looked at Him dazed, filled with euphoria. I said, "Yes." He told me to get up. He took the long, billowing dupatta of the salwar kameez I had been wearing and hung one side of the dupatta on His shoulder. The other end of the dupatta He placed on my shoulder and we took the 'saat-pheras' around the round centre table. After the pheras, Dadaji took me into His arms and held me close and I was swept into a celestial and supernal rhapsody of elated ecstasy cocooned in the ravishing, paradisaical and divine love of Dadaji and He rubbed the nectar or ambrosia dripping from His thumbs on my full face.

I was completely dazed and captivated in Dada's Olympian love and sheathed within His delightful, ambrosial and mesmeric, redolent myrrh or aroma.

And in my deep mystification, rapturous enigma and celestial quandary I felt myself float into the twilight and auroral zone of the no-man's land.

Between empyrean awareness and seraphic oblivion...

Between beatific speech and deistic silence...

Almost between Elysium, magnificent life and glorious, deifying death...

It was as though I was embraced into the silken repose of nirvana...

As though I was swept over the rainbow into the promised land...

Into the blissful felicity of the majestic and illustrious arcadia...

Into the divine beatitude of the pearly gates of Shangri-La...

Into the holy land of milk and honey...

Into the astral mirage and the aureole chimera of the rhapsodic euphony of fantasia...

Into the dreamy and phantasmal bliss of the idyllic and blissful, alluring, arcadian enchantment...

Into the empyreal conjuration and the thrilling incantation of my beloved Dada...

I was absolutely bewitched in the ceremonial spell of the consecrated, sanctified regalia of Dada and in the laurels of His hallowed spell... Dadaji...the elysian splendour.

In Mumbai, one fine day in Abhi uncle's apartment, Dadaji had looked into nothingness for a few moments. And after staring into the oblivion for just sometime Dada looked back at me deeply with His unfathomable, intense, heavy-lidded, dreamy, beautiful eyes and had told me, "This is your last life in this world praaneshwari (my beloved). You will not be born again."

Then, again He was quiet for some time and lost in an abysmal, glorified deification. And then he looked at me deeply again and said, "This is your last life. But you will come back into this world once again for thirty years to do my work. And after that thirty years, you will not come again into this world. You will merge into me unto eternity and beyond."

After returning to Mumbai after the 1988 utsav in Kolkata, one evening my Maa and I had a tiff with somebody we knew, who was staying in the neighbouring complex. Both Maa and I were so terrified that Maa told me to call Dadaji instantly. I called Dadaji and told him about what had happened. Dadaji told me to relax and then all of a sudden there was a whiff of

the familiar aroma of Dadaji coming out from the earpiece and the mouthpiece of the landline phone. By then Maa had called for her friend Aruna Chakraborty and her daughter Rinku who was my friend from the 'A' block of our building. We were staying in the 'B' block. The celestial fragrance deepened and began flowing profusely from the ear-piece and the mouth-piece of the handset embracing me completely. Then my Maa felt the divine redolence of Dadaji enfolding her and soon it filled our entire apartment with its blessed and hallowed beatitude.

Aruna aunty, who was entering our building with her daughter Rinku, felt the divine, ambrosial fragrance at the entrance of our building. She was so astounded and overwhelmed that she excitedly screamed from downstairs, "Maya...Maya" (my Maa's name). Our apartment was in the second floor.

Aruna aunty: "What is this fragrance enveloping me and Rinku?"

Maa: "You come up. I will tell you everything."

They were just dumbfounded while climbing the stairs to our apartment with the strange aroma that was wrapping them up. They came inside our apartment and found that it was filled with the same alluring, empyreal and delightful aroma. And the source of it was the land-phone, still held in my right hand, exuding and radiating the splendiferous divine and blissful myrrh. Aruna aunty and Rinku offered their pranams on Dadaji's framed photograph on the reredos or the altar in our residence.

The following day was a Sunday. As usual, my father had gone to see Dadaji in His house in Kolkata.

On seeing my father, Dadaji asked him about us. We had not called my father to tell him about the trouble that had taken place in our house.

Father : "They must be alright."

Dadaji: "Praaneshwari had called me up yesterday evening. She told me of a little problem that they had faced. But not to worry. I blew a flower to them in Mumbai. Everything is fine now."

Once Dadaji told me fondly in Abhi uncle's house, "I will give you lots of money", gesturing to show a colossal volume with his two spread out hands. "And I will take you to America", He said.

My Maa had a very, very sweet inclination of sitting in front of the reredos, shrine or the altar where we kept Dadaji's framed photograph and offered Him water and a little sweet on a silver glass and a plate. My Maa used to offer puja after her shower every day and thereafter began her cosy chatter with Dadaji. Her honeyed tête-à-tête would carry on for a long, long time. And sometimes she used to fight with Dadaji, sitting in front of the sanctum or the altar where we kept Dadaji's framed picture. She would go on fighting with Him for a long time. Her sweet fracas and melee persisted. One fine day, when we went to see Dadaji in the morning from our own apartment in Andheri to Abhi uncle's house in Carter Road, Bandra, we found Dadaji laughing merrily at us as we entered the big, sprawling master-bedroom.

Dadaji : "Aai aai shundori. Aar koto jhagra korbi re aalhadi" (come in my beauty. How much more will you fight with me - my pampered, cherished doll)?

My Maa was so taken aback, abashed, startled, shocked and embarrassed by Dadaji's onrush that she was left dazed and inarticulate. Dadaji beckoned my Maa to Him and took her in His arms and held her close.

I remember once I had told Dadaji, "Aamake kripa koro" (please have mercy on me). Dadaji looked at me with deep love spilling from his beautiful, intense, heavy-lidded, dreamy eyes and said, "kripaaai to aachish" (you are living in His grace). Dadaji

used to have His meals in Mumbai from Bappi Lahiri's household. But then it turned very fortunate for my Maa and I when Dadaji announced that henceforth he would be having his meals from our domiciliary.

My Maa and I were overjoyed. We shopped for Dadaji's favourite food items from the Khar (West) market and my Maa used to cook for Dadaji. Every day we would come to Abhi uncle's house laden with food for Dadaji and feed Him with our hands. It was like a glorified apotheosis and a stellar and astral celebration.

Once long back, Dadaji was leaving for the USA for a long time. Boudi (Dadaji's wife) was to stay all alone in the house. She told Dadaji that she was scared to stay all by herself in such a big house. Dadaji casually said that she would not be alone in the house. Recalling those times, Boudi told my father much, much later that many afternoons she could see two cherubic boys in the house. One was quite small and the other just a little bigger. From there appearances they looked like two celestial, seraphim cherubs. Their faces glowed with a supernal, incandescent luminescence and a golden nimbus of aureole encompassed their entire frames. They were even attired in strange, celestial outfits.

When Boudi called the two cherubs to her and asked them lovingly who they were, the smaller seraph said that he was "Gopal" and the little bigger seraph said that he was "Govinda". Boudi was intrigued and enchanted by Gopal Govinda's sojourn in the house. Gopal and Govinda used to visit her every day and run around the house and play hide-n-seek with her. They would tease Boudi, play with her hair, rollick and romp around, frisk in whimsy frivolity in cheery mirth, revel in delightful frolic in uproarious naughty mischief and were full of cherubic pranks. They would regale Boudi with their blissful, blithesome rhapsody

and she was bewitched by the exaltation of their seraphic ecstasy. She told my Babu (father) that she knew that the two seraphim did not belong to this world. It was all Dadaji's divine play. After Dadaji returned from the USA, He asked Boudi, "Hope you were not alone. The two little boys kept you enraptured?"

Boudi could only stare at Dadaji in rapturous delight.

People who have literally walked with Dadaji and even behind Dadaji on the road, on the alley or even a pathway are delivered. And people who have walked on the road where the people who have walked with Dadaji or even behind Dadaji are delivered too.

In 1983, when Dadaji visited the USA, He had attended the ritual or the ceremonial service of the very eminent and distinguished church of religious science in Portland, Oregon. The church had a fully packed congregation that day and Dadaji was invited by the head priest to sit on the pulpit. Dadaji sat there listening to the church choir singing the chorales and the hymns. After some time, He took out a cigarette from His pocket, lit it nonchalantly and began smoking. There was an uproar of noisy furore and cacophonous commotion and chaos from the multitude of people who were gathered in the church. They stopped the on going church service and protested angrily. The mayhem continued for a while and then suddenly a hush fell and abided in the church. There was a startling, velvety silence all around. The head priest along with all present saw Jesus Christ sitting and smoking the cigarette on the pulpit. The entire assembly of parishioners fell at Dadaji's feet to seek his blessings.

My father and my sister Archita had gone to see Dadaji in His house with Karishma, my sister's little daughter, in the year 1990. Karishma's pet name is Puja. As usual, my father garlanded Dadaji and offered sweets to Him on His lotus feet. Dadaji then took Puja on His lap in such a way that her little legs were on

Dadaji's stomach and she was facing Dadaji. For around two and a half hours, little Puja was beholding Dadaji silently. She did not move, nor did she cry. She just kept on staring at Dadaji in ethereal, transcendent wonder.

In early 1992, my father had taken Puja to Dadaji's house. Puja had just learnt to walk then and could speak just a few words. My father touched Dadaji's feet and garlanded Him and offered sweets at His lotus feet. Puja was observing everything very, very delicately. All of a sudden, Puja baby started shouting, "Dadaji, Dadaji" and started running from Dadaji's room to the adjacent room shouting "Dada...Dada...Dada...Dada...Dadaji... Dadaji..." with her two hands held high in the air. She kept running between the two rooms shouting persistently, "Dadaji... Dadaji... Dadaji... Dada... Dada..."

During those times, my father had visited Dadaji in the evening. Boudi had assigned the job of feeding dinner to Dadaji every night and put him off to sleep. One particular night, my father was coming back home from Dadaji's house. He did not have his car with him then. There were no cabs in sight and he started walking in the cool night air. He had walked as far as the Dhakuria bridge (about two kilometres) and suddenly realised that he had forgotten his glasses in Dadaji's house. He was anguished and perplexed and did not know what to do. It was already quite late. My father had a habit of reading about Dadaji every night after dinner. And without his glasses he would not be able to read. He was very sad and was touching his eyes repeatedly. He started walking back to Dadaji's house with the fervent and intense wish that he would tell Abhijeet da (Dadaji's son) to get the glasses for him. He had taken just a few steps and then suddenly he felt his glasses back on his eyes. He was mesmerised

and thanked Dadaji over and over again for His great kripa (grace and benevolence).

Another evening, it was raining very heavily in Kolkata. On that occasion too my father did not have the car available to him and was standing at the gate of our house and earnestly wishing for a cab to come by. But alas there were no cabs. My father was taking Dadaji's name repeatedly and all of a sudden, in a blink of an eye, my father found himself in front of Dadaji's house in Prince Anwar Shah Road! He was stupefied and stunned. But knowing that it was Dadaji's leela (divine play), he went inside merrily to see Dadaji.

One Sunday in Kolkata, my father had just come back from Dadaji's house. He was relaxing in front of our lawn when he suddenly saw Abhijeet da (Dadaji's son) coming in smiling at my father. It was a pleasant surprise! Abhijeet da told my father, "Have come to have lunch with you Bejoyda." My father was delighted and ecstatic and welcomed Abhijeetda in the house. There was a special lunch cooked in the house. After a sumptuous and lavish lunch, Abhijeet da and my father sat down in the living room and chatted for a long time. After Abhijeetda had left, my father realized that he had never given his address to Abhijeetda. So how did he come to our house? His mind was in a turmoil and confusion. He quietened himself down and next day went to Dadaji's house. He met Abhijeetda downstairs.

Father: "How did you come to my house yesterday afternoon Abhijeet? I have not given you my address."

Abhijeetda was taken aback and disconcerted.

Abhijeetda : "I did not come to your house Bejoyda. In fact, it is true that you have never given me your address."

My father knew instantly that it was Dadaji who had come to his house the day before and had lunch with him. My father narrated the full episode to Abhijeetda and told him that it was Dadaji's leela (divine play). He was so enraptured with euphoria that he ran up the stairs to meet Dadaji.

Once my Maa and I had gone to Mr Kamdar's house in Walkeshwar, Mumbai to meet Dadaji. As usual, Dadaji was looking pristine, immaculate, celestial, ethereal, empyrean and supernal. There was a nimbus of white and golden aureole encompassing him radiantly and I saw the gloriole of the hallowed and the deific ambrosia or the sacred, divine and reverential, paradisiac nectar dripping from His thumbs. I touched Dada's feet and He took me into His arms and rubbed the honeyed, deific ambrosia on my full face. I was lost and bewitched in the aurora of His blessed and holy divinity. Dadaji took out the garland of fresh crimson roses and white jasmines that He was wearing and told my Maa, "Go and garland Abhi just now and marry him." My Maa took the garland and went downstairs and told Abhi uncle, "Dadaji told me just now to garland you and marry you." And then she garlanded him.

My father said that Dadaji is a reverence of phenomenal wonder beyond words. Dadaji is the greatest wonder ever known to humanity. Dadaji's love is love personified, love par excellence. There are no words to describe the magnificent wonder of Dadaji. No word has been created in the world to describe the elysian splendour of Dadaji.

Dadaji had also predicted twisting His little finger that He would take Mumbai in a flash. Mumbai would go under the water and very few portions of the city would remain. Only Delphin House in Carter Road, Bandra (west) will be standing in majestic

grandeur. He also said that Kolkata would be a gold mine - the golden city.

Abhi uncle always used to say that "Dadaji's words are Vedas". But today, Saturday 18 July 2020, my dearest Asitda (Asit Ranjan Chatterjee) told me that Dadaji's words are the "new Vedas" for the human kind and the humanity as a whole. Asitda said that the Vedas are ancient chronology (the oldest and ancient sacred texts) but Dadaji's words are the doctrines, gospels and Iglesias of the future.

No words are there in the world to depict, embellish, personify, embody, illustrate and manifest Dadaji. No words are sufficient to delineate, distinguish, elucidate and portray Dadaji - the elysian splendour.

On 7 June 1992, around seven in the evening Abhi uncle called us. My father was in Mumbai then and he picked up the phone. After a minute he gradually put the receiver back and announced, "Dadaji has left His body around 4.40 p.m." My Maa and I were in the bedroom. It took a few moments for the news to set in. Our dearest, dearest, dearest, beloved, precious Dadaji had left His body.

That night I had dreamt vividly and perceptibly of Dadaji in the seventh heaven, dancing with me in radiant bliss. Dadaji was looking much younger. A golden, white aura was encompassing Him fully and He was looking incredibly magnificent, glorious, majestic and brilliantly resplendent. I was dancing with Him like a fairy draped in a shimmering, milk-white outfit of flowing, ostentatious, clinquant and glittery chiffon looking absolutely elated and dazzling. It seemed to be an exhilarated and irrepressible celebration and I was filled with an enraptured exaltation.

My Maa and Babu (my father) went to Abhi uncle's house after a few days. There were a handful of devotees of Dadaji assembled in Abhi uncle's apartment. They were all talking of Dadaji. All of a sudden, Chandrakala aunty, a very special, devout devotee of Dadaji, lifted up her hand to silence everybody. She was a doctor of great self-esteem and used to live in London. Dadaji used to talk to Chandrakala aunty. She said, "Dada spoke to me just now. Remember Abhi, I used to tell Dadaji that the day you die I will have sweets. You pester me such a lot. I am tired of sufficing to all your pranks. Well, Dadaji told me just now, 'So what are you waiting for? Go to the right corner of the bedroom and have the sweets I have kept for all of you there'..."

The few devotees who had assembled in Abhi uncle's house rushed to the master-bedroom and Chandrakala aunty found a big box of the choicest sweets in them on the right corner of the room. Everybody had their fill of the sweets. It was like having ambrosia and manna from the elysian, empyreal and paradisiac world. Maa and Babu were absolutely elated and told me that they had never ever tasted such beautiful sweets. It was just heavenly.

I was signed for a Bengali film by the prestigious Sandip Films of Kolkata to score the music of the movie. The name of the film was 'Pratham Dekha'. There were eight songs in the feature film which became stupendous mega-hit and chart-buster. Everybody told me that it was time to come to Kolkata and said I would be flooded with offers. But I did not listen to anybody. Being very young at that time, I lacked professionalism, impetus, motivation and the correct focus. I stayed in Mumbai. Which was my biggest mistake. I told my parents, "Man can do nothing. Dadaji said that everything is pre-destined."

When Abhi uncle fell seriously ill in September 1992, he was admitted to the Ram Krishna Mission nursing home in Khar (west), Mumbai. My father used to visit him every day. The day he was discharged, my father drove him to his house. The payment of the nursing home had not been done yet, so the accounts officer of the nursing home accompanied them to Abhi uncle's house to collect the payment. My father told us on returning home that Abhi uncle asked the officer to wait in the hall and he went to his bedroom. He returned back within the blink of an eye carrying the required sum of rupees two lakhs twenty-five thousand in absolutely new currency notes. My father was so shocked and stunned that he told Abhi uncle, "You went in and came back in a fraction of a moment with such a lot of money Abhida. You did not even count it."

Abhi uncle beamed at my father and said, "Oh come on little brother! It is all Dada's leela (divine play). He told me that he had kept the money on the shelf. I just retrieved it and did the payment. I did not have the need to count the money. It is all Dada's leela (divine play). He knows exactly how much money was needed to make the payment. He has arranged for everything."

In the late 1992, Abhi uncle fell seriously sick again and was admitted in the same Ram Krishna Mission nursing home. It was around the last week of December and Abhi uncle's condition started deteriorating. My father used to visit Abhi uncle daily. One day, late in the evening my father came and tearfully told us, "I think Abhida is going to leave us." He was afflicted with dolorous and grievous anguish. He said that Abhi uncle's room in the nursing home was filled with the strong, deep and enigmatic aroma of Dadaji and the heavenly fragrance was deepening as the moments slipped by.

On 10 September 1993, Abhi uncle left us silently for the abode of eternity. Dadaji's divine fragrance was thick, strong and deep in the nursing home room where Abhi uncle lay, dead and gone. It seemed to have an astral, celestial and sublime quality. Dadaji had predicted long back that after He would leave the body, He would take away Abhi uncle from this mortal world within the span of next fifteen months thereafter. And, so it happened!

Once Archita and her little daughter Karishma (Puja) came to Mumbai for a long holiday. It was morning and my father had done a lot of shopping of green grocery and non-vegetarian items for them. There was supposed to be a feast in our house that day and my Maa and the two maids were very busy in the kitchen. Puja as usual was jumping around the house, playing with our doggie, Robby. In her fun and frolic, she entered the kitchen and accidentally her right foot struck hard on the 'boti' (cutting instrument comprising a sharp curved blade mounted on a platform - wide-spread and prevalent in Bengal) that was carelessly left lying on the kitchen floor by one of the maids, no anticipating that Puja baby would come running into the kitchen. The child's violent and raging cry of pain rang over the whole apartment. My father, Archita and I ran into the kitchen. My father picked Puja baby up into his arms. She had a very deep gash and was howling with pain.

We rushed little Puja to the nearby Holy Spirit hospital. She was crying out her lungs and was bleeding profusely from the wound. The doctor said that she needed stitches on her foot. My father and sister held Puja firmly. As the doctor began to put the stitches she started yelling out, "Dadaji where are you? Dadaji why can't I see you? Oh Dadaji, please come to me. Dadaji why can't I see you...why can't I see you?"

The baby called out relentlessly, steadily and consistently to Dadaji till the stitches were over. We brought back a sobbing Puja to the house still whimpering Dadaji's name over and over again. But by the grace of our dearest, dearest, dearest, beloved, precious Dadaji, she was jumping around, revelling in fun and frolic and gaiety and joviality again from the evening with a bandaged foot.

In early 2003, my father, Maa and I had driven to Kolkata from Mumbai in our car. Pramod Singh, our driver, had driven us from Mumbai to Kolkata a lot of times. It was actually my passion to drive the long distance of about 1,900 kilometres by road. And since I was the darling of my parents, they reluctantly allowed me to drive. We had stayed for around a month in Archita's baronial house in Kolkata and after our stay we were driving down to Mumbai. We had breakfast at Flury's in Park Street and were on the verge of taking the second Hooghly bridge (Vidyasagar Setu) when my father asked Pramod to take a U-turn and guided him to Dadaji's house. He picked up a thick, big garland and sweets from the market for Dadaji.

It was morning. We all tip-toed into Dadaji's house. Nobody was around. We went straight into Dada's room on the first floor. The light was already switched on. We all stood in a row facing Dadaji's big life-size picture kept on His bed. My father as usual garlanded Dadaji and placed the big box of sweets at Dada's feet on the life size picture. We were all quiet and were looking at Dadaji's picture with folded hands. There was velvety silence in the room. All of a sudden, Dadaji's heavenly aroma started to fill the room. The fragrance deepened steadily and wrapped me within its glorious nimbus. Nobody talked. After sometime, we offered our pranam and walked down the stairs of Dadaji's house and got into the car.

We drove amidst the bustling morning traffic of Kolkata and after crossing the second Hooghly bridge, we drove onto the Kona Expressway. Pramod was the first to talk.

Pramod: "Woh khushboo jo Dadaji ke ghar par milatha, woh abhi bhi gaadi mein hai. Kya yeh wohi khushboo hai jiska zikr aap hamesha karte ho Papa" (the fragrance we got in Dadaji's house is with us still in the car. Is it the same fragrance that you used to talk about Papa)? Pramod used to address my father as "papa".

My father turned and looked at me and said, "Did you too get the divine aroma of Dadaji?"

My Maa spoke before I could reply.

Maa : "I got the heavenly fragrance of Dadaji in His house and it is still with me in the car."

Father : "Even I was enveloped by Dada's redolence in His house and it is still embracing me in the car."

I was enraptured in the blessed incantation of the empyreal myrrh of Dadaji. I told my father that I had felt the glorious, celestial and hallowed aroma in Dada's house and that it was even strong and deep in the car. My father laughed merrily and said, "Jai Dada" in resplendent bliss. He once again said that even he had experienced the aura of the Olympian myrrh in Dadaji's house and that the lambent, refulgent and brilliant fragrance of Dadaji was also enwrapping us all in the car including Pramod.

After sometime, Pramod said, "Papa humne Dadaji ke ghar par Dadaji ko man hi man mein kaha tha kintu hamare baare mein papa se, mummy se, didi se bohot kuch suna. Tum agar sachchi mein ho to mujhe kuch chatmatkar dikhao. Aur tabhi woh khushboo mujhe gherliya tha. Aur ab gaadi mein bhi woh khushboo bohot gehera hai" (Papa, in Dadaji's house I had told Dadaji

in my mind, "I have heard a lot about you from papa, mummy and didi. If you are for real, please show me some miracle." And on that self-same instant I was suddenly wrapped in an extra-terrestrial fragrance. And in the car too, the fragrance is there, deep and strong).

Pramod had heard from us about Dadaji's heavenly aroma many, many times and he was very fortunate and blessed to get the incredible and magnificent fragrance of Dadaji that day.

The gloriolate nimbus of the majestic and illustrious aroma of Dadaji stayed with us in the car for the full four days of our drive back to Mumbai and was even with the four of us when we used to check in into a hotel for a night halt.

I lost my Babu (father) in Mumbai on 29 November 2003. My life took a big turn then. My Maa decided that she would not stay in Mumbai all alone with a young girl (me of course) without my father. So, after some years, we sold off our old flat in Theatre Road (Kolkata) and bought a big flat in Kasba just opposite Acropolis shopping mall. We also sold our apartment in Mumbai and came to Kolkata.

My Maa and I attended Dadaji's birthday every year and Shri Shri Satyanarayana Utsav every year on the Durga puja Mahashtami day. We met a lot of devotees of Kolkata there. I used to look forward to attend to those celebrations. There I saw that the fingerprints of Dadaji were on the raj bhog and the khichdi bhog. Little portions of the sweets offered to Dadaji in the puja would be eaten by Him. And the fragrance of the Charanjali had the same familiar, magnificent and glorious, divine myrrh of Dadaji in it.

From the year 1998, we started doing the 'Dadaji Utsav' in our house in Mumbai every Deepawali (the festival of lights). We

used to play Dadaji's songs from an audio cassette given by Abhi uncle to my Babu (father) and do the Utsav with imperium, regal and splendiferous grandeur.

It would always be a grand and august celebration. Dadaji's audio cassette given by Abhi uncle to my father was absolutely sumptuous, grandiose, exquisite, beauteous, marvellous, sublime and majestic. Before Dadaji's illustrious and supernal serenata began, there was a short and imperial sermon by Abhi uncle.

Abhi uncle: "Welcome all to the world of Dadaji. At the end of this cycle of civilization, God comes in human form now as the universal elder brother, the creator Himself. This is the worst of civilization. So, the supreme being, the one known as Shri Shri Satyanarayana, who alone exists because of this manifested world, comes in human form as Dadaji.

Dadaji came in 1971 here in this Delphin house, Carter Road, Bandra (west), Bombay-50 : Abhi Bhattacharya's house. Well, now not Abhi Bhattacharya. Now Dadaji. His songs, which are as good as remembering Him because no human beings can sing these songs. Dadaji sings from the supreme state, unprepared. It is spontaneous. So those who are lucky, listen to these songs. I do not know how you will follow, but listening to these songs are enough. It takes us from the ego state, to the elevated state of oneness with Him...tuned with him. That is the solution for the human race of mind. Mind that always suffers. Suffers in expectations, but it never ends...endless desires. So, Dadaji prescribes in these songs to bow down to the eternal 'Shri Rama' or 'Shri Krishna' or the source of 'Shri Shri Satyanarayana'. All are same. But 'Satyanarayana' is zero state of Him. He is beyond mind - eternity, infinite. That infinite is in finiteness within us. He is our existence. So, He always asserts in these songs to bow down to 'Shri Rama' - to 'Satyanarayana'. That is the only path. My experience of fifteen years says this."

It is always an extra-terrestrial and elysian experience whenever I play Dadaji's cassette. The phenomenal, exalted and illustrious songs of Dadaji always transcends me into the stellar world of blissful and dreamy enchantment...

into the wonderland of eternal bliss...

into the land of Dada's nectar and ambrosia...

between paradisiacal consciousness and beatific stupefaction...

between alluring enunciation and satiny, velvety reticence...

virtually between the superlunary, Canaan soul and the ineffable catharsis of the Eden of nirvana...

and transports me into the Elysium, Avalon of crescendo and the blissful supernal Zion of cloud nine.

After we came to Kolkata, we continued doing the 'Dadaji Utsav' every Diwali with great magnificence. After playing both sides of Dadaji's audio cassette, we used to sing "ramaiva sharanam." Then "jai ram, jai ram" and then "Hare Krishna Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna Hare Hare...Hare Rama, Hare Rama, Rama Rama Hare Hare." And then "Jai Dadaji, Jai Dadaji, Jai Dadaji, Jai Dadaji, Jai Dadaji." And pray to Dadaji. It was a great ceremonial function for us every year. We performed the "Dadaji Utsav" with a grandiose, ethereal, statuesque, exquisite and chimerical celebration.

On 30 October 2016, our house in Kolkata was lit up with fairy lamps, candles and *diyas* (elegant earthen lamps coloured brilliantly and dazzlingly lit on a cotton wick with ghee or vegetable oil) on the festive occasion of Deepawali. We made a colourful *rangoli* on the floor in front of Dadaji's garlanded picture (*rangoli* is an art form originating in the Indian sub-continent in which illustrious patterns are created on the floor or the ground using

coloured rice, dry flour and flower petals). The purpose of the rangoli is a sacred decoration and is thought to auspicate good omen. We had adorned the picture of Dadaji with the choicest of blooming and blossomed, blushing flowers.

What an enchanting celebration! As usual, we played Dadaji's songs from the audio cassette of Dadaji given by Abhi uncle to my Babu. Then we sang "ramaiva sharanam". After the *aarti* we went away from the puja room and closed the door. After five minutes we came back to the puja room and found that Dadaji had eaten some of the rajbhog, paneer, khichdi, bhindi fry and the laabra (a soft and delicate preparation of five green vegetables). He had also eaten bits of fruits and little dollops from the assortment of the sweets offered to him in the Utsav. My friend Madhumita, her son Ronit and her one-year old daughter Nicika were also present. Madhumita and Ronit's legs started trembling visibly on seeing the heavenly miracle unfold before their eyes. But my Maa, Avantika (Maa's adopted daughter) and I knew that such divine experiences were not new in a Dadaji Utsav.

My Maa and I have been blessed by the Mahanam and have experienced Dadaji's divine and heavenly redolence and myrrh endless times. We have drunk the Charanjol of our beloved Dadaji overflowing with His beatific and empyreal aroma countless times during Dada's birthdays and during the Shri Shri Satyanarayana utsav in Dadaji's house in Kolkata.

The sacred and divine experience in our home on Deepawali that evening had been a divine and gala jubilation galore. I still revel in quintessence, bacchanal and glorified apotheosis when I recall the elysian splendour of that paradisaal evening. Thank you for yourparam kripa (your great grace).

Jai Dada. Gopal Govinda. Jai Ram.

On another occasion, I had offered nine small sweets solemnly to Dadaji after singing "ramaiva sharanam" and touching Dada's lotus feet on His framed picture on the shrine or the altar of Dadaji in our house in Kolkata. After around thirty minutes, I went to pick up the "prasadam" of Dada. And what did I see? Dadaji had eaten five of the small sweets and there were four sweets left on the silver plate offered to Him. We had the four sweets as Dada's "prasadam" and was filled with euphoric resplendence and ceremonious glory.

It was Deepawali once again on 17 October 2017. It was a beautiful evening. It was once again the occasion for divine 'Dadaji Utsav'. There were lots of fairy lamps lit in the house with the ultra-modern LED lights too. We had even lit countless diyasin front of Dadaji's framed picture. We had made arangoli in front of the picture and had decorated the full puja place with fresh, colourful flowers.

We played Dadaji's audio cassette as usual, sang "ramaiva sharanam" and performed the *aarti*. And lo! After the utsav, we found that Dadaji had eaten some of the rajbhog, the paneer (similar to Cambozola cheese), the 'brinjal fry', the 'parwal fry' (gourd), the payasam (payasam or kheer is an exquisite perfumed rice pudding, flavoured and garnished with cardamoms, raisins, saffron, cashew-nuts, almonds, pistachios and a host of other dry fruits and nuts) and bits of the array of sweets offered to Him. Even the coconut water offered to Dadaji had congealed into a *rabri* (thick condensed milk-like pudding) in the silver glass. A glass of plain water had acquired the same, familiar, heavenly aroma of Dada. What happened year before had happened once again! My friend Madhumita and her children were present too. Even today, I am basking in the glory of the epitome of the quintessential paragon of saturnalia revelry. Love you Dada, endless and infinite unto eternity and beyond.

Jai Dada. Gopal Govinda. Jai Ram.

I remember on 13 July 2020, I dreamt of Dadaji's book *The Supernatural Extravaganza* by Professor Nanilal Sen. The book that I have in my possession is a bit battered and decrepit. It was my father's book that had been in his possession since the nineteen eighties. The cover is torn but the two pictures of Dadaji on the front and the back side of the book are intact. Otherwise, the book is fine. The binding is perfect and all the pages are unscathed and flawless. But on the night of 13 July 2020, I dreamt of a brand-new book floating in the azure and cerulean absolute in the zephyr breeze. The book was so luminous and incandescent and brilliantly radiant, lambent and lustrous that I was captivated, arrested and allured by its charisma and pizzazz. I was enchanted by its charismatic, splendorous, irradiant and refulgent dazzle. The glowing, illuminated, effulgent, luminescent and supernal book was mine's to cherish and treasure for endless and sempiternal lifetimes.

Last but not the least, when you realize by His grace that not you but He is the real doer, then you are freed from karma.

Dadaji will find you. You cannot hide. Patience results in strength. Keep patience and let our dearest, dearest Dadaji to do the rest. Those who do not try to understand or assess Him, He holds them firmly by the hand. He remains far away from those who try to understand Him. Do not try to measure the divine wisdom by the yardstick of your limited mind and intellect. Dadaji is available here and now, anywhere and everywhere. Prayers, pujas, donations and sacrifices cannot reach Him. They have absolutely no connection with Him. They are mind functions. And do not make a business out of god.

Dadaji has said that unless one is free from the covers of the mind's compulsions, one cannot come closer to Dada - to

the supreme state (of vraja). Covers of the mind are hindrances to being in that state.

Dadaji: "When one gets aroma, it is the manifestation of His divine will."

It is the heavenly redolence and myrrh that reminds one of Him. Fragrance is the real 'vanshidhwani' (the melody of Lord Krishna's flute calling all to Him). The melodic sound of His flute is His divine aroma. It is all-pervasive, ubiquitous, omnipresent, infinite and omniscient. The magnificent, rhapsodical, exultant, enraptured and blissful divine myrrh of Dadaji is the infallible, unerring and the august and impeccable mark of His presence anywhere. Dadaji is the omnipotent, the all-powerful, the majestic, the invincible, the omnipresent Almighty Supreme.

Dadaji means elder brother and He was born in this world with the mega supremacy and colossal ascendancy this time as Dadaji. In no other eras did He come into this world as He had come this time.

'Dada' also means the thunder - da...da...da...da... - the thunder. We cannot take Dadaji for granted. God is a difficult task master. We will have to do our duty and bear our destiny. He is always with us, at our beck and call, but on His terms - not ours. If we love Him, prarabdha (destiny) withers away. And then Dadaji takes us to vraja.

The body is the temple of Dadaji. So do not abuse it. He resides in everybody as the soul. When the soul (Dadaji) leaves the body, we are considered dead. Truth is infinite and beyond mental grasp. Do not try to understand him. And do not misunderstand him. Love Dadaji. Hazards will take care of themselves.

Dada has said, "I am always with you. You are always with me. There is absolutely no distance between you and me."

He (Dadaji) can extend His love from any distance.

Dadaji said, "I am in you. You are in me. We cannot be separated. I am with you always, whether you like it or not. You will not get a better friend (Dadaji) in this world. There is no escape from Him (Satyanarayana). Either Truth or Kali (destruction). Others will not get this opportunity."

Omiyam Brahma Tadvanam.

Presence of Dadaji in our life

My sister Archita Sikdar's testimony on Dadaji-

Dadaji's presence in our life has been there for many, many, many, many, many years in small and big ways, in fragments, in big leaps and bounce. The instances are heartfelt and beyond explanation. I think one will be led through that inner eye and guidance of Dadaji to feel His presence. Because in all the upheavals of life - from great fear of what is going to happen, what is about to happen, how we shall overcome it - somehow, from somewhere the guidance comes, from somewhere the means come, from somewhere the solace comes. And everything...I...I... cannot explain it...it is inexplicable. Somehow, things get sorted and solved. And later on, when everything is sorted and solved as I just said, we can only sit back and think how so quietly Dadaji has held our hands firmly and has led us through the very, very stormy, troubled waters - through the storms of life, through the battles of life.

And in this journey of good times and difficult times I can feel now that somehow many things do not matter anymore.

Things like who has praised me or who is going to say some ill words about me, how am I going to be judged? Because somewhere Dadaji has put that I should be my best critic. I should be able to judge. I should see the good, the best in others, because frankly none of us are faultless. We all have our own weaknesses and our strengths. We have our faults. And we have our glories too. But at this age, I somehow feel that Dadaji leads us through the pages of life. Life is a book - a story book - to emerge. Emerge from smallest things gradually to bigger things. The journey still remains.

And I can just pray and earnestly wish Dadaji to always be in charge of myself, my inner being, my heart, my people, everybody.

Nothing is ours at the end of the day.

Arpita Raadhiya Saha is a music director, playback singer and an avid English novel writer. She shares her time between Kolkata and Mumbai. Archita Sikdar is a senior teacher in a prominent school in Kolkata and the Head Examiner of English for CBSE.

A Childhood in the Blessed Shadow of Dadaji

Arnab Neil Sengupta

I remember the telephone call very well, on June 7, 1992 from my mother. I was at work in the offices of the consulting engineering company where I was employed then in Calcutta. Dadaji, she said, had passed away, a sad eventuality that we both knew was just a matter of time. As can be seen from publicly available online resources, beginning in 1987, Dadaji's behavior had become somewhat erratic and His health was in decline. But our family's faith in Him was too strong to be shaken by the apparent infirmities of old age.

Nearly twenty years earlier, one bright sunny afternoon in our home in an idyllic north Calcutta neighbourhood, my mother was mesmerized by an article she came across in the Indian tabloid Blitz by its editor, Russi Karanjia. He had written about his encounter with an "un-Godmanly Godman" who happened to be visiting Bombay from Calcutta. From what I remember, Karanjia had described witnessing a number of miracles in the presence of the person whose actual name was Amiya Roy Chowdhury.

After reading Karanjia's first-hand account, my mother, a philosophy professor with an unquenchable curiosity about the supernatural, launched a search for Dadaji's whereabouts in Calcutta. A close friend of my father proved extremely useful in this endeavour. He had known Dadaji when He, as famous singer Amiya Roy Chowdhury, was associated with All India Radio in Calcutta in the capacity of an artist and advisor on art and music way back in the 1930s and 1940s.

Truth Eternal

I cannot recall whether we first met Dadaji at His own home or at someone else's place where He was gracing a private gathering with His presence. However, I remember vividly that my parents and their three young children were scouring a neighbourhood in search of the right address. My memories of that introductory meeting have grown foggy with time, but what I remember clearly is that before long our parents had become regular visitors to Dadaji's home at Prince Anwar Shah Road in Calcutta.

My father and mother both received from Dadaji what we were told was a mantra, delivered to them in the usual miraculous fashion. They saw the mantra appear in ink on a blank piece of paper, and once they had memorized it, the words vanished, leaving them holding the same blank piece of paper. They both refused to reveal the mantra to us since they had been instructed to keep it a secret; at the same time, they made no effort to get their children to undergo the same experience.

From my mother's side, it may well be that we are descendants of disciples of Sri Chaitanya Mahaprabhu, a 15th century saint who started the worship of Krishna with ecstatic song and dance and founded Gaudiya Vaishnavism, the inspiration for ex-Beatle George Harrison and the British pop group Kula Shaker. An all-consuming interest in spiritual phenomena, as opposed to mundane household matters, was a defining trait of my mother's immediate family. Whenever they got together under the same roof, the only exchanges that my mother, her four sisters, one brother and even my grandmother had among themselves would centre around the lives of mystics and saints.

Given this background, my parents' coming into contact with Dadaji was something almost divinely foreordained. One by one, all my maternal aunts received the mantra in due course, and

my maternal grandmother happily handed over, as it were, to Dadaji the responsibility of seeing her two youngest daughters "settled." The oldest of my maternal aunts, who was then a lecturer in economics at Bombay University, surrendered all her life's worries and anxieties to an individual she had never heard about until my mother read the Blitz article. As Dadaji was a frequent visitor to Bombay, the home city of the film star Abhi Bhattacharya, my aunt did not have to come down to Calcutta regularly to meet Dadaji in person.

Despite being residents of Calcutta, we did not visit Dadaji's Prince Anwar Shah Road residence every Sunday, as many others in His circle did. We were occasional visitors although whenever He was present in a small gathering in a private home in central or north Calcutta, my mother made it a point to take us to those events. The memories I have of those evenings are mainly of Dadaji clad in a bright yellow or blue sarong, reclining on a cot in front of a large, overflowing crowd, occasionally puffing at a cigarette and chatting with people who had come from different parts of India to see Him, listen to His words and receive His blessings.

On those Sunday mornings when my mother went to Dadaji's house, often with a humble offering of flowers or garlands, I was usually the one who accompanied her, although sometimes it was the turn of my older sister or brother. Sometimes my father came along. A journalist by profession, he was not very deeply into spiritualism, philosophy or theological debates, but I remember Dadaji was extremely fond of them, just as He was of all the other regular visitors who felt they were not erudite enough to stand up and dissect complex philosophical arguments but understood the essence of what was being discussed.

Since the 1970s, Dadaji's iconoclastic views have been distilled by numerous scholars, scientists, intellectuals and journalists into essays, articles and books in the interest of those searching for the truth. Even so, a few of them are worth repeating here if only to convey the universality of His timeless teachings:

**God is within you; you don't need to seek him. Fulfil your duties, do your work and enjoy your days. Whiskey, cigarettes and love. Then you will feel within what no guru can sell you: the living God, the true God.*

**God is not religious. He cares not for Christians, Jews, Buddhists, Muslims, Sikhs or Hindus. He loves and blesses the atheist also.*

**Wisdom is knowing you are only an actor. Ignorance is when you think you are not.*

**Meditation is an especially highly developed form of idleness. Haven't you got a profession, family, any friends? A normal person, after all, has no time for such things.*

**Give up all outer appearances of religious attitude to realize Him. He decides the right time for an elevation to higher states. Do not force anything; let it all happen naturally.*

**This time of the body is temporary. We are actors and are paid according to our performance.*

Talking about the temporary nature of the human body, for a long time in the late 1970s and 1980s, Dadaji suffered bouts of mysterious illnesses, swinging rapidly between near-death situations and perfect health. During that period, my maternal uncle, who was a surgeon, visited Him a few times to inquire about Dadaji's condition and was greeted with enormous warmth and affection. Still, there was an air of despondency among those

who were following the medical developments with concern. For Dadaji's physicians, the inexplicable volatility of His vital signs was a big challenge.

Many felt His suffering was voluntary, the result of intercession, at times via long-distance phone calls, for people who would have otherwise suffered untimely deaths or life-threatening injuries, but as with so many other things about His life, including the court case He faced, I suppose even those closest to Dadaji could make educated guesses at best. The fluctuating health conditions levelled off after a period of time, lifting the pall of gloom and inaugurating a long period of hectic activity and travel.

One aspect of my visits to Dadaji's house on Sunday mornings with my mother in the late 1970s and early 1980s remains a source of much comfort to me to this day. At some point, tea used to be served with two biscuits, and He would invariably call a young child from the throng of visitors to come forward and take the biscuit. Often it was in my direction that He would wave, but I was too shy to go forward and take the biscuit. At that moment, the adults in the room would prod me to stop being shy or hesitant, saying that it was a blessing I should not pass up.

I do not remember most of what was said and discussed during those Sunday-morning gatherings, but what I can recall is that, now and then, an attendee would stand up and narrate an incredible personal experience. Occasionally Dadaji was called upstairs to answer phone calls from people in the US or Europe; at other times he would stay silent for a long period of time, as if in a trance, his gaze fixed on things seemingly beyond our perception.

It was no secret in enlightened Indian circles around that time that Dadaji was almost perpetually enveloped in a unique fragrance redolent of rose water and sandalwood. Oftentimes waves of the fragrance would emanate from His body and envelop the entire room during spells of silence. These extraordinary sights and sensations were such a common place of gatherings where Dadaji was present that they were not even a subject of discussion among the attendees.

The gatherings in Calcutta's Somnath Hall during the Mahotsav festival every October attracted devotees from around the world. The crowd would overflow onto the road outside as they listened to songs specially composed by Dadaji. Bappi Lahiri, the Bombay-based Bollywood music composer, would invariably be there with his family; his spirited rendering of a selection of the songs still rings in my ears. I remember seeing visitors from the US and Europe, including the most diligent chronicler of Dadaji's life, Ann Mills, who unfailingly came down from California for the event. Abhi Bhattacharya was of course a regular, the man who used to drive Dadaji to His home once the prayers and songs were over.

Afterwards, when the time came to serve specially prepared delicious food to visitors on the first floor of Somnath Hall, I would join others of my age in making the most of this opportunity. Many of those invited to partake of the meal knew very well the miraculous antecedents of some components of the main course, but as with so many other things about Dadaji, the unusual was the usual, the supernatural was the natural.

Despite the passage of twenty-eight long years since Dadaji's soul left his mortal body, old-timers like me need look no further than the unmistakable fingerprints on every special meal offering in his south Calcutta house to remain unwavering in their spiritual

conviction. And, for good measure, to not forget that we don't have to torture our minds or bodies to find God; doing our best in our daily lives is rough enough.

Arnab Neil Sengupta, currently based in Dubai, is a journalist and editor who specializes in the Middle East. He has worked for the Statesman and India Today in India, Al Jazeera in Qatar and for Khaleej Times and Arab News in the UAE. For the first four years of his career, he was a design engineer in Kolkata.

DADAJI : Divine & Divinity

Kartick Kumar Misra

As a thirteen-year old, I was still living in the world of Mandrake the Magician, Phantom, Enid Blyton's Famous Five and closer home, in the magic of the great P. C. Sarkar, when I first met Dadaji. Harry Potter was not yet born. God or Godmen made little sense to me, even though my mother Basanti Misra, was fully immersed in the divine and divinity. Sathya Sai Baba of Puttaparthi was making waves.

It was 1968 or '69. Dadaji was visiting Cuttack as guest of Late ex-Chief Minister of Odisha, Shri Biren Mitra. He was put up at the Government Circuit House. Shri Mitra's eldest son Prem was almost a son in our family, as the closest friend of my elder brother. Knowing my mother's interest in religion and spirituality, one evening he excitedly told my mother that she had to meet Dadaji who was in Cuttack. My mother readily accompanied him from Bhubaneswar to Cuttack. My father, Late Balaram Misra, was posted as Chief Engineer of Balimela Project- over 400 kms away. When my mother arrived at the Circuit House, it was quite late- around 11p.m. - past Dadaji's normal bedtime. But to her disbelief Dadaji had not yet retired to bed. Those with him told her that he had been waiting for a lady from Bhubaneswar. Following their meeting, Dadaji told her he was going to visit our home and stay with us the next day! With my father away from home, my mother was besides herself wondering how she was going to make arrangement for Dadaji and his group, all by herself. Prem Mitra volunteered help and said he would arrange fresh fish from Mahanadi. When the fish arrived the next day,

my mother found that it was not fresh. Of course, Prem had little knowledge in choosing fresh fish. She almost had a nervous break-down. Having no choice, she prepared it in the best possible manner. Dadaji arrived with his entourage. There were additional unexpected guests. Mother was very apprehensive that food would fall short and would not be as good as she would have wanted. But to everyone's surprise, the fish tasted as if it was fresh from the river and there was plenty of food for all, akin to the "five loaves of bread and two fish" miracle of Jesus. It was our first revelation of the glory.

That evening when I returned from play, I found people entering one by one into a room to seek the Mahanam from Dadaji. In the world of sadhus, sanyasis and Godmen, Dadaji offered a completely different uncharted path: no human can be your guru-only God is your guru; He resides within you and you have to only seek Him; you do not require to renounce life or family to find God- just remember Him and love Him; no ashrams, no donations, no cult figure, no photograph of himself to worship; I am only your elder brother to guide you in the right path! This appealed perfectly to me. So, I thought, why not give it a try! I went in with much trepidation. There I found Dadaji standing in his usual attire. In one corner of the room there was a framed photo of an old saintly man who I was told was Sri Sri Satyanarayan. He asked me to fetch a piece of paper from any notebook. I went off and returned with a piece of paper. While standing a few feet away, he asked me to fold the piece of paper, hold it and pray before the photo and then open the piece of paper. On opening the piece of paper, I found the Mahanam written in Odia and in red ink. I was asked to memorize, again fold the paper back and I could leave. I exited the room with my heart pounding and questions in my mind. Was

it some sort of magic ink trick I had read about in Enid Blyton books? How did the letters appear and in Odia! I secretly went and reopened the paper. The letters were gone! I ironed the piece of paper to see if it would reappear under heat. It did not.

My mother invited her brother's wife who was suffering from bone tuberculosis since many years and was in constant agony. Dadaji was told about her suffering. He asked for a glass of water and invoking the blessings of God, asked her to drink the water. It had turned into aromatic milky charan jol. That night she had a strange experience and her pain vanished by morning. She was cured of her ailment.

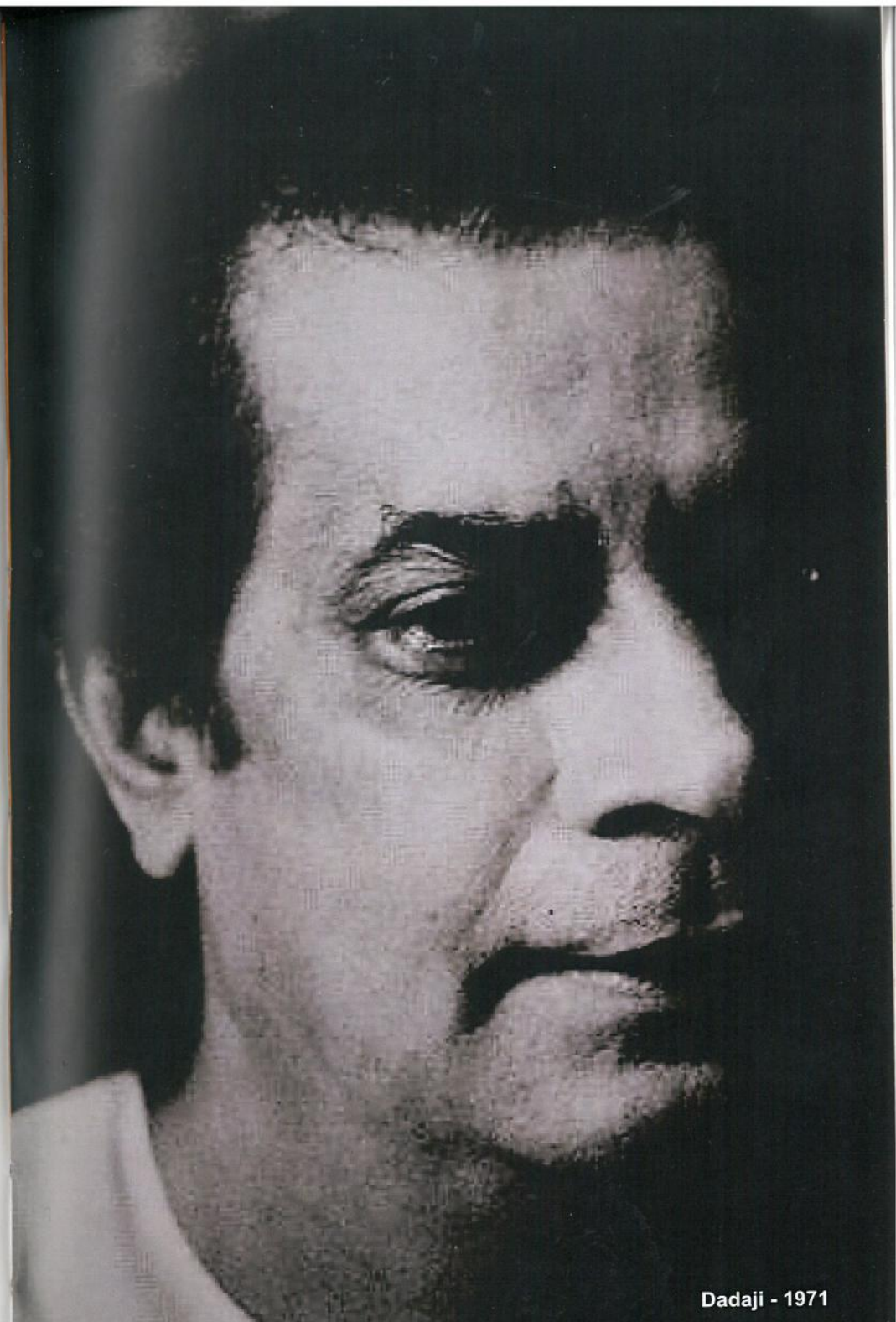
In another instance, my elder sister Dhira (Namita Dash) was sitting in the bed near Dadaji. Shailenda was present. Actress Hema Malini called Dadaji to seek His blessings before leaving for an important film shooting. Dadaji asked Dhira to call my mother Basanti as she was a big fan of Hema Malini but my sister could not move. After putting the phone down Dadaji asked Dhira why she did not go and call Basanti. Shailenda explained to Dadaji that Dhira could not immediately rise and go as she was suffering from acute pain in the tail bone and renowned orthopedic surgeon Dr. Tejaswar Rao of Cuttack had advised her to undergo spinal cord surgery. Dadaji asked my sister to get up and turn around. He pressed and moved his thumb down from the neck down to the bottom three times and playfully pushed her in the stomach saying there is no problem. Dhira fell backwards on the floor and screamed with pain. Suddenly she realized there was no more pain! Later, x-ray and doctor consultation showed that the growth at the bottom of the tail bone had miraculously disappeared!

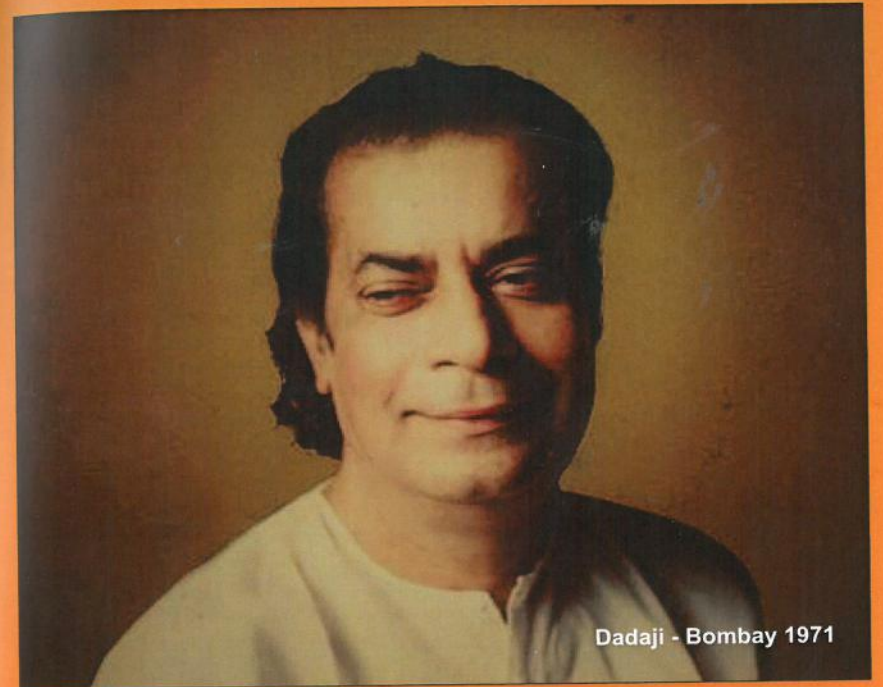
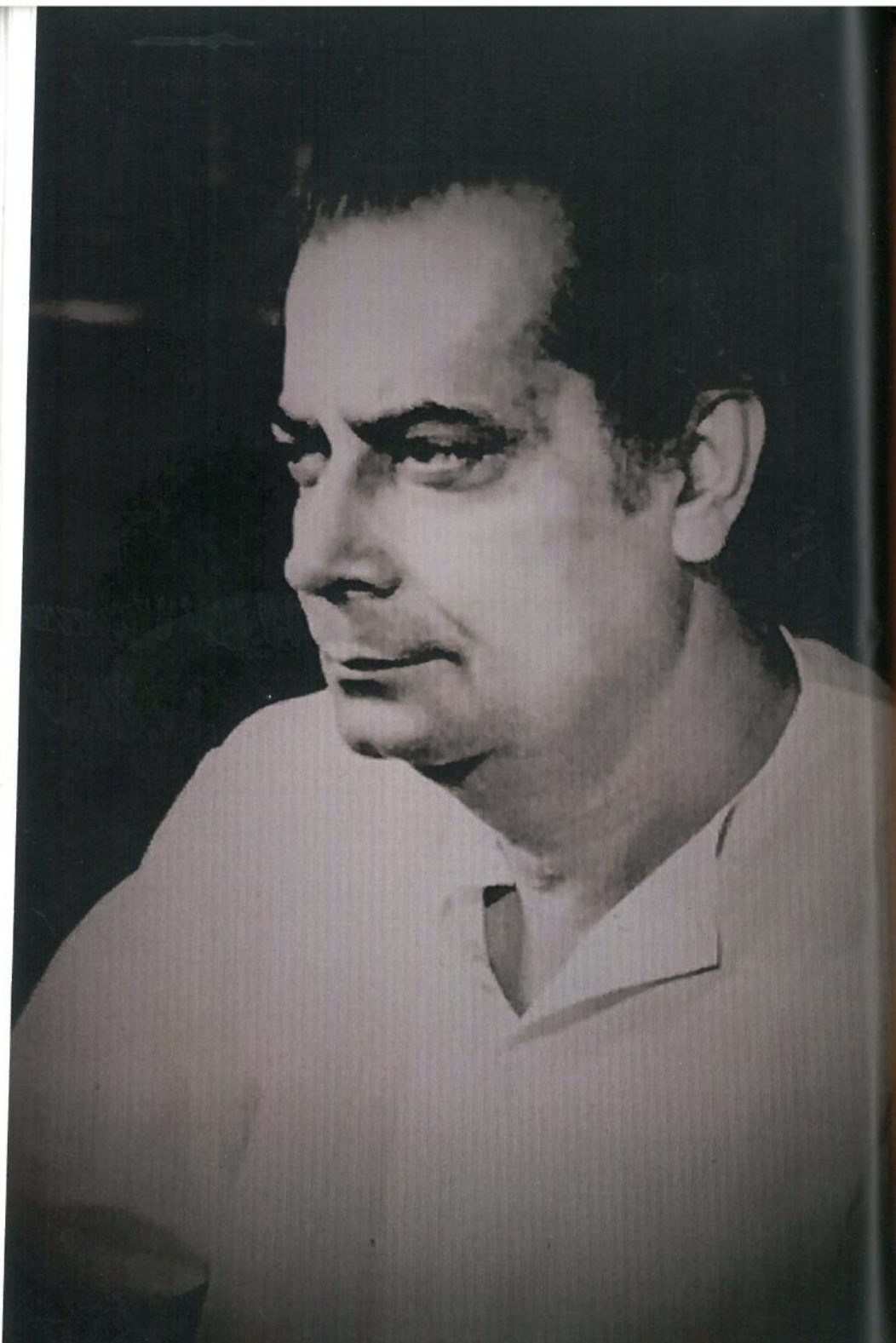
I recall, the night my maternal grandmother suffered a stroke in Balasore, Dadaji was in our house. Like any daughter, my

Truth Eternal

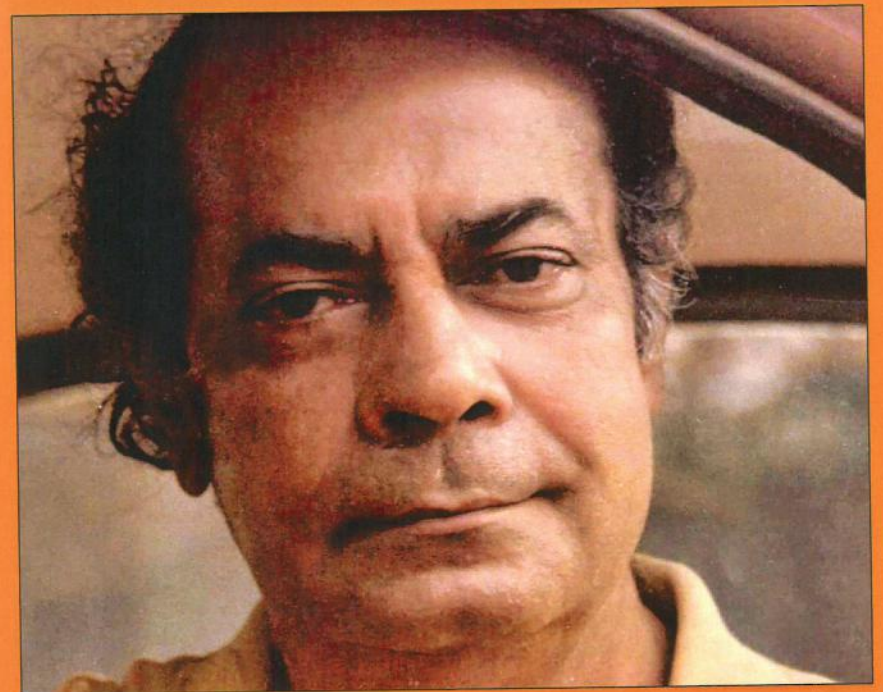
mother and her sisters were crying and pleading before Dadaji to save her life. Dadaji looked away contemplatively and then asked if they really wanted to go against destiny, as she would have to pay a price. He then asked my maternal uncle in Balasore, who was at the other end of the phone, to bring a glass of water to the phone receiver. He twitched his fingers over the receiver and asked him to make her drink the water. It had turned into aromatic Charan Jol, which was fed to her. She went on to live for over a decade but in a completely bed ridden state, developed bed sores and to a point, all prayed to God to end her suffering.

One hot afternoon, my father was at the wheels and we were driving with Dadaji to Puri, to our relative Rai Bahadur Loknath Mishra's house. My mother, Dadaji, my sisters and I were squeezed in the rear seat. I was prone to motion sickness. Dadaji was in his best mood, describing in detail the glorious past of Odisha, how roads were and the route Chaitanya Mahaprabhu took in his journey to Puri Jagannath Temple, as if it was him. His face was radiating with euphoric happiness, when my mother said, "Dada, my younger son Kartick is prone to motion sickness and usually falls sick while riding in a car under hot sun". A mischievous and playful smile flashed on His face. Having been around Him for few years, by now we knew something was around. Before we realized, unbelievably a patch of cloud appeared overhead from nowhere, which we thought was a coincidence. Soon the sun again blazoned. Again, the sunlight dimmed and we noticed a patch of shading surrounding the car and moving with the car! When we looked around, we noticed Dadaji was turning his palm upwards and quivering his four fingers gently in upward and then downward motion and the sun was brightening up or receding in response- dancing to his tune! I reached my destination comfortably with divine intervention.



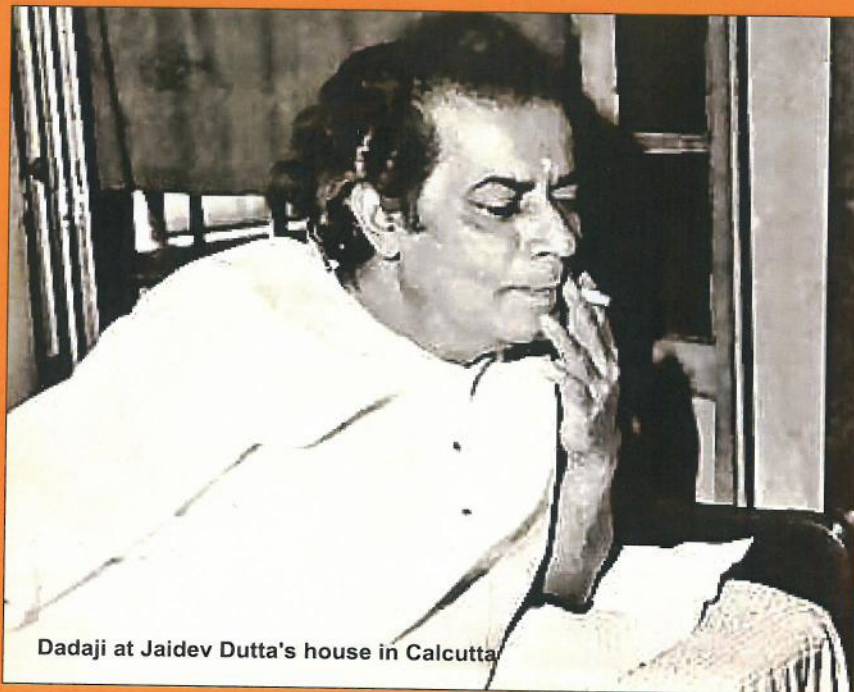


Dadaji - Bombay 1971





Dadaji at his house in Calcutta



Dadaji at Jaidev Dutta's house in Calcutta

Truth Eternal

Few years later, when we received a marriage proposal for my elder sister, Dadaji's aroma pervaded the room as if to bless the match, although He was far away. My brother-in-law, who is a Senior Consultant of American Society of Mechanical Engineers (ASME), recalls that although he never took the Mahanam he did experience Dada's strong aroma at the ring ceremony of Dhira.

I was more fortunate. Dadaji, after according approval to our match, came down to attend my wedding and bless us. The time my wife arrived at our house in Cuttack, there was a power failure. After the customary ceremonies performed at the time of bride entering the house, we were taken upstairs to meet Dadaji. We took many pictures with Dadaji. Unknown to me, my wife was not keen to take pictures with Him as she considered Him another Godman. She had a sister five years after her, who was born with Hydrocephalus problem. After six years of prolonged efforts- prayers, puja and visit by various Godmen promising miracle, they had painfully lost her. To her, Godmen were common. But being a newly-wed, she posed for the pictures. Then she was taken to her room. Next day, Dadaji was delivering discourse in our house. When she came to hear Him, she was completely taken aback. She curiously asked my cousins and relatives around her if there was anyone else by the name of Dadaji or two different persons by the same name because the person she had seen the previous night was completely different from who she was seeing now! She said the Dadaji she was introduced to in the previous night was a tall old man sitting on a chair with bald head, white beard, in short sleeve shirt and pants! She couldn't believe that the man she was seeing now was who we knew as Dadaji! Even today she says she can recall the image and face vividly. Later when the film was developed, all the pictures that were taken

had come except those with Dadaji! She was in awe when she learnt that Dadaji had left telling my mother that she was going to be good for the family- a trait of a Mahatma. For some reason, Dadaji blessed her with the greatest revelation!

I could go on and on about many other experiences I have heard from my parents, most significant among them being the All India Sadhu Sammelan held in Kolkata where Late noted industrialist of Odisha Dr. Bansidhar Panda, his wife Late Illa Panda, Late Dr. H. P. Mishra, Ex- Managing Director of Industrial Promotion and Investment Corporation of Odisha and Late Chintamani Mahapatra, Ex-Chairman, Odisha Public Service Commission were present. Dadaji challenged a decorated Sadhu sharing the same stage to rise from his seat. He could not get up despite all efforts and foul smell emanated from his long Jatta. Dadaji left the hall creating a flutter and to the chant of Jai Ram, after advising them to propagate God's name and not their own. In February 1975, while on a Europe tour, my mother fell ill in Amsterdam. As she was writhing in pain in the middle of the night and was on the verge of waking my father up, she was shocked to see Dadaji standing inside her hotel room. She quickly gathered herself and woke up my father to say Dadaji was in their room. Pain disappeared, as did He. I was then in my final year in Delhi University. On their way back, I flew with them from Delhi to Kolkata. We drove straight to Animesh Dasgupta's residence in Lansdowne, where Dadaji was holding audience. When my mother narrated her experience, those present told us how Dadaji had been asking them how much time would it take by fastest mode of transport for a journey to Amsterdam and back. After some responses, He had told them that He had been

there and back as someone was in pain! It was time to catch our next flight to Bhubaneswar. It was a known practice that once you had informed Dadaji about your flight or train time while you were with Him, unless He asked you to leave, you did not. My father was getting restless as we were past flight time. He kept looking at his watch, sure that we were going to miss our flight. After about 40 minutes past flight time, Dadaji said it was time for us to leave for the airport. When we reached the airport, baggage check-in was being announced as the flight had been much delayed!

My last meeting with Dadaji was in 1990. I had decided to seek a career change by quitting State Bank of India and joining the private sector. I was in a dilemma of choice. I had two equally good offers- from Hambro-Nicco and American Express Bank. I was convinced that I should join Hambro-Nicco, in line with my long-term career aspiration in Merchant and Investment Banking. I decided to seek Dadaji's final opinion. On the day of my joining, I went to his Prince Anwar Shah Road residence. I was told Dadaji was not well and was not in a position to speak. I went into His room, touched His feet, prayed before the large photo of Sri Sri Satyaranayan in His house and made my way first to Amex to personally regret their offer. But as it turned out, the Country Head, Mr. P. K. Chatterjee would not accept my regret and convinced me to join Amex. I ended up declining the Hambro-Nicco offer! Next year, my team became the first team from American Express Bank, India to win the Global American Express Chairman's Award. When I look back, that was indeed Divine Will and revelation.

Like many, I had asked Dadaji how He could perform such miracles. Always His answer was not to attach much importance to them. That he was not capable of performing any miracles. It was only when God Willed, there could be divine manifestation. Jesus performed more than 40 miracles, including healing the sick, changing the natural elements and raising people from the dead. Mother Theresa attained Sainthood on just one reported miracle after her death. In this context, I recall the conclusion of late author Henry Miller in his article after meeting Dadaji, that resonates with me. Was He Sri Sri Satyanarayan, Chaintanya Mahaprabhu or Jesus Christ of the Twentieth Century?

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My Experiences with Ever-loving DADAJI

Dilip Kumar Sarkar

At the very outset, my heartfelt pranam to Dadaji (Amiya Roy Chowdhury) and I pray to Him to give me His blessing for expressing the experiences I have had in His divine presence and also after His leaving the divine body. Dadaji's family consists of Alo Roy Chowdhury (wife), Ivy Roy Chowdhury now Dutta (daughter) and Abhijit Roy Chowdhury (son). I also express my gratitude to Sri Asit Ranjan Chatterjee, one of my Gurubhais who urged me to jot down a few of my experiences after meeting Dadaji. Also, my love to Pratik Dutta, Irene Dutta, both of whom are grandson and grand-daughter respectively of Dadaji and my daughter, Pinky Sarkar, who are the real lovers of Him and encouraged me for this article. My family consists of Kalpana Sarkar (wife), Sandip Sarkar (son) and Pinky Sarkar (daughter).

It is my inner feeling that due to an unknown reason, in the very ancient period, I was perhaps prompted by my ego which separated me from His lap resulting in my consecutive births and deaths and facing the vicissitudes of prarabdhas (unfolding of action and reaction). But He, being our creator and out of His bounden love for His creation, had manifested Himself in the universe to emancipate His whole creations both here and beyond and also me from the bondage of this world. The moment I was born, He gave me diksha with Mahanam and is making love with me twenty-four hours for my well-being. He said, "Mankind is one, Religion is one, and Language is one." He further said just "Remember Him once a day, you will feel He is with you always. No mortal being can be a Guru. Guru is within repeating His Mahanam twenty-four hours a day."

I may now narrate how He has taken me near Him. During the year 1971-72, I used to read a magazine called 'Gharoa' which contained articles about His teachings and His divine looking photographs. I had read a number of articles about Him and felt much attracted towards Him. On a Saturday, 28 November 1972, I had the good luck to go and meet Him at His residence at 188/10A Prince Anwar Shah Road, Kolkata- 700045, West Bengal, India. I had reached His residence in the evening and He was sitting on the ground floor, talking to a few people gathered there. The moment I reached His residence, I got a very soothing aroma coming out of His body. How beautiful He was looking with His star-bespangled big eyes and curly hairs! At the very first look, I felt that it was the time I would surrender to Him, who is my life in this world and the worlds beyond. He directly looked at me and asked, "Who are you? Who has sent you? Why have you come here?" To my best I answered His queries and He asked me to sit down. Still I was inhaling His sweet and strong aroma.

On the same day, I found that three persons, who introduced themselves as followers of Ram Thakur and were staying at Ram Thakur Ashram at Jadavpur, Kolkata, were debating with Him about His teachings. They said that He was distorting the teaching of Ram Thakur and that they had come to challenge Him. At that moment, He was self-poised and strong aroma was again emitting from His entire body. He was asking them to cool down but they turned a deaf ear and continued to defame Him by uttering unparliamentary words. He was reclining on the bed and instantly got up. Sitting up straight, He spoke, "Hear you people do not know where you have come and also you do not know and could not recognize Sri Ram Thakur. Now please go to your home and come tomorrow (Sunday 29 November 1972) after

experiencing who I am (not this body)." They left. At about 9 p.m. He asked everybody to leave. He was very kind to advise me to come the next day.

As instructed, next day morning I went to His house and found that He was on the first floor and strong aroma was coming out of His body which engulfed the entire house. He was looking incomparably beautiful. What experience the three persons had, who had come the day before to challenge Him, was miraculous. They said that they saw Ram Thakur in person when each of them in different places went for toilet. Thakur had said, "Listen, to Whom you had gone today is none other than Me. Respect Him." They were crying and asking Dadaji for forgiveness. He comforted them by saying, "You are my own, do not worry. I (not this body) am with you always." After a few moments, He asked me "Are you ready to receive Mahanam?" I replied, "Yes". He then gave me a small blank piece of paper and advised me to fold it. Thereafter, He asked me to bow down before the portrait of the Lord Shri Shri Satyanarayana and pray before Him for His blessing to give Mahanam, that is Diksha (means Darshan). As advised, I prayed with the folded piece of paper before the Lord Shri Shri Satyanarayana for having kripa on me to receive the Mahanam directly from Him. Instantaneously I was spellbound to hear the two names of the Lord (Gopal Govinda) from within which lasted for a few seconds. Thereafter He asked me to open the piece of paper that I was holding in my hand and Lo! The Lord's Mahanam 'Gopal Govinda' appeared in red colour on the paper and remained for a few seconds. He then advised me to repeat the Mahanam till the time I can remember. I complied with His advice and after a few words with Him I left for my home.

Usually, I used to go to Dadaji's house early in the morning. I would go upstairs and touch His feet to pay my regards. He

used to bless me and my whole body would be filled with His aroma that lasted for a few days. In fact, from 1972, I have seen and experienced innumerable miracles and supernatural incidences which modern science cannot explain. These I had enjoyed in His presence and they continue even after He left His body. I am trying to narrate a few from memory, praying for His grace.

Dadaji performed a puja in a closed room. An asana was kept in front of a portrait of Shri Shri Satyanarayana along with a few dishes containing different fruits, a glassful of coconut water, a dish of bhog cooked with care and a tumbler of plain water. On the appointed hour, He used to enter the room and close the door. Outside, the devotees sang 'ramaiva sharanam'. After about forty-five minutes to one hour, He used to come out, always quite self-absorbed, looking as if coming from somewhere beyond this world. He looked so divinely beautiful that we kept looking at Him with unblinking eyes. The puja room would be filled with fragrant water and divine aroma. Honey would be dripping from Shri Shri Satyanarayana's portrait and He would invariably take a small portion of the bhog.

On many occasions, instead of doing the puja Himself, Dadaji chose a person whom He considered fit as per His divine will, to perform the puja. On one such occasion, the person narrated his experience:

"Dadaji advised me to remember Mahanam with closed eyes after entering the puja room. I sat on the asana and the moment I started reciting Mahanam, I felt that the entire atmosphere of the room changed which was quite different from that of this world. The walls of the room vanished and the sky was visible. I saw flashes of different colours of light moving like waves. The lights had no heat. Then I felt that somebody was pouring fragrant

water on my head. Also, I felt that different heavenly bodies were moving past me emitting their respective aromas."

During some pujas, presence of lord Brahma, lord Vishnu, lord Shiva and some other Hindu gods and goddesses were felt. I had seen and experienced many such pujas and from time to time I used to get different aromas and always felt that He was in front of me – to my right, to my left and behind me.

Almost every day, I used to visit Dr. Samiran Mukherjee's house at Lake Gardens, Kolkata in the morning and evening. Dr. Mukherjee lived with his wife Gauri di and son Gautam. Once, Dadaji had gone to the USA along with His wife (our Boudi), daughter (Ivy) and son (Abhijit). One day, I went to the house in the morning. Gouridi had gone to Dadaji's house. Suddenly, I felt that a strong aroma was filling the entire house. I found that the drinking water in two buckets had transformed into fragrant Charanjali. I took a glass tumbler to drink the Charanjali to my heart's content. The bottles filled with water and kept in the fridge had also got transformed into Charanjali. I opened the tap of the kitchen and found fragrant water flowing through it. I went to the roof and opened the tap of the water tank. To my utter astonishment, I found that the entire water in the tank had become Charanjali. Fragrant honey was dripping down drop by drop on each photo of Dadaji and Shri Shri Satyanarayana. I was overwhelmed with joy thinking how merciful He is!

In Dr. Samiran Mukherjee's house, I have seen many such miracles for several years. We definitely miss His physical presence these days but I am very sure that His divine existence embraces us as always for the rest of our lives.

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All is Possible in Dadaji's Refuge

Rabindranath Dutta

"Empty thyself, He will fill you to the brim" – thus said Shri Ram Thakur (ref. Ved Bani). Dadaji also repeated this on several occasions. This phrase, no doubt, bears a divine connotation. But as many of His followers know, His unbounded bliss transcends the philosophical world to the metaphysical and protects those who seek His shelter selflessly.

My father late Jaydeb Dutta was an established businessman in the Bara Bazar area, wholesale trading hub of Kolkata, dealing in ready-made garments. The family business had spread to as far as Assam and other states in the north-east India. As the eldest son of the family, he led the business from the front. However, over time, his control over the business became a source of recurring family feud until one day, vexed, he decided to step down from the family business.

During the hay days he had selflessly contributed to the greater cause of the large joint family and hardly saved money for himself. He was now worried as to how to make the ends meet with his four young school-going children. Whatever small savings he had, gradually dwindled. He was a businessman all through his life and was passionate about photography. He decided to take up photography as a profession and open a photographic studio. For that he needed to arrange the required capital and also had to find a suitable place. He fervently prayed to Dadaji to show him some light in the darkness. And indeed, 'with God all things are possible' (Matthew 19:26). One day, out of the blue, he got offer for a studio room in a prime location at unbelievably

Truth Eternal

congenial terms. Professor Samarendra Nath Bose, one of the followers of Dadaji, came forward on his own and agreed to lend some money free of interest for buying camera and studio equipments. Another gentleman volunteered to furnish and decorate the studio free of cost! Lastly, my father pawned my mother's ornaments and borrowed some money for investing as working capital. He was now left with finding the final cog of the wheel – a suitable name for his dream studio.

One night he went to bed bemused at the thought of how his cherished wish was like a miracle turning into reality! That night, he had a dream in which Dadaji directed him to name the studio as 'Swayambar'. Swayamvara (Swayambar in Bengali) was a practice in ancient India where a girl of marriageable age chose her husband from amongst a list of suitors. Arranged marriages are still prevalent in India. Even today most young men and women visit photographic studios to get that perfect shot to woo prospective brides and grooms. Thus, the name was both ancient and contemporary. It was also completely disconnected from his previous line of trade and lent my father a new identity.

There was no looking back. Dadaji Himself inaugurated the studio under moderate fanfare and my father turned on a new leaf with His blessings. Over the years, through many ups and downs, Swayambar got established on a firm pedestal. My brother and two sisters are also well settled in their lives. Our entire family is a living example how His grace can help a sinking ship find strong anchorage with unflinching faith in Him.

Rabindranath Dutta is a professional photographer based in Kolkata.

Omnipresent Dadaji

Dr. Shefali Bhattacharya and Mona Bhattacharya

Dr. Shefali Bhattacharya's recollections

The meeting

Dada thy name is synonymous for us, the Bhattacharya family, as the one who shows us the path of enlightenment, teaches us to stay calm during difficult times, helps us tide over the worst of situations as if holding our hands like a beloved father and much more!!

My first memories of Dadaji dates back to 1978 when we learnt through our father, late Rabindranath Bhattacharya, that someone named Shri Amiya Roy Chowdhury was visiting Indore and would be meeting some people here. Mr Abhi Bhattacharya, the famous movie actor (Abhida – whom we were not acquainted with then) was accompanying Dadaji and top journalists and columnists and high-ranking army officials were expected to visit Him. My father felt that our drawing room was too small to accommodate everyone and the meeting was arranged in a big hall at my father's closefriend's house (Mr Vishwambhar Joshi).

The settee (diwan) on which Dadaji sat and the bedsheet used are our treasured possessions. I recollect Dadaji telling my father," My purpose of visiting Indore is over". The divine aroma of Dadaji was experienced by all present and it was for the first time for many who gathered there.

Blossoming of faith

Pujas used to be conducted at Mr. Joshi's residence every day to worship Lord Shri Krishna. It was done beautifully with

Truth Eternal

different rangolis each day and members of our family and others religiously took part in such pujas. It was conducted under the guidance of Mr and Mrs Kishore, sister of movie actor (late) Meena Kumari, who resided in Mumbai. Mr. Kishore and Mrs. Kishore had an aura of glamour and aloofness around them. Mr. Joshi's brother, a big businessman in Mumbai, highlighted to us the importance of attending the puja.

After meeting Dadaji, my father decided to go to (then) Calcutta for Shri Shri Satyanarayana Utsav, which was an annual event during Durga Puja. Thereafter he started losing interest in puja at Mr. Joshi's house but still went there sometimes. Meanwhile, we continued to attend puja at his house. In April 1979, almost a year after meeting Dadaji, on one Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Kishore sent a message that they would like to see my father. My younger sister, younger brother and I accompanied him to Mr. Joshi's place.

Upon reaching, my father was rudely warned of the consequences of not attending the puja regularly at Mr. Jogi's residence. This was the first miracle witnessed by us when suddenly my father started speaking strongly about the mockery and uselessness of the puja conducted by them and told them that it was deceptive, a "tantric puja" and so and so on. Mr. Kishore was shocked at the changed attitude of my father and opted to move away to another room, leaving everyone stunned and amused. Of course, as anticipated, we received a call barring us from attending the puja any further. As such, we too were no longer interested. After a few months every one attending the so-called puja fell out and finally it stopped for good. While reading the book *The Truth Within*, my father realised that this is how Dadaji Himself speaks of the Truth through His followers. Our relations with Joshi family are still warm and close.

The second incidence happened when our parents visited Mumbai during the monsoons to meet Dadaji during one of His annual visits. One day, my father was pick-pocketed while walking through the heavy crowd. He spotted his wallet lying on the road. When he picked it up, there was no money inside but the thief left one precious thing untouched - Shri Shri Satyanarayan's photo. My parents were extremely worried as they were left penniless in a distant city and did not even have money to buy return journey train ticket to Indore. There were no ATMs or mobile phones in those days. In the evening they went to Abhida's place where Dadaji was staying. They were still rattled with what happened earlier that day. Dadaji was giving audience to a sizeable group of people and my parents quietly settled down at one corner. After the gathering was over and everyone started to leave, suddenly Dadaji called my father and introduced him to one gentleman. Without my parents uttering a word about their ordeal, Dadaji asked the gentleman to arrange for my parents' stay and return journey. The gentleman was more than obliged to help. Later, my parents learnt that he was a top official with the Western Railways!

This incidence forged a strong bond with Dadaji and we had unflinching faith that the captain of the ship is always with us to steer us through life's difficulties to a safer mooring. We were in the safe hands of the Almighty!

My mother started taking betelnuts at her workplace and soon it grew into a habit and she was not able to live without it. Our persistent requests to stop were of no avail. Her nutcracker was thrown away but without letting anyone know she bought a new one and kept it in her office. Even if it was just (maybe) half a betelnut a day, she would have it. She developed fibrosis of mouth within one year which was in a pre-cancerous stage. She underwent treatment and was barely able to open her mouth and

had to switch to semi-solid diet. During the Utsav that year, Dadaji asked my mother to walk alongside Him and gave her a small piece of sweet He Himself was having. My mother, like any other woman, wanted to share the sweet with her husband. As she tried to give a small piece to my father, Dadaji slapped her arm. Scared, she ate the whole piece herself. After that incident, my mother gradually started recovering and could open her mouth normally. The treating doctor was surprised at the turn of events which did not have any scientific explanation for her miraculous recovery! The ailment disappeared completely and she lived a healthy life till her last.

Every year during our visit to Kolkata for the Utsav, Dadaji arranged for us to stay with Ivy aunty. Following my father's ill health our yearly visits to Kolkata came to a halt in 2003. After a long gap of twelve years, we went to attend Dadaji's birthday Utsav in January 2015. As Dadaji said, if He calls then only you are blessed to attend the Utsav.

Every year we celebrate Utsav at our place in Indore for three days and feel Dadaji's presence in the form of energy connecting with Him and the bliss following it.

In December 2019, suddenly out of the blue, Babu (Dadaji's grandson) visited us. We were pleasantly surprised and the long-lost memories flooded back. Dadaji is omnipresent - always with us - and words defy me in expressing the joy and changes brought back by Babu's short visit. If Dadaji wishes then we will be blessed again to attend the Utsav. We intend to visit Kolkata and attend the Utsav next year.

Mona Bhattacharya's words

The exordium

I never met Dadaji personally but still if you ask me, I would like to say that whatever is written about Him till date is just

like a tip of the iceberg. For me Dadaji is a divine energy who is there to guide me, whenever I am stressed by the challenges of life. Writing something about Him is not an easy task but I would try to pen down my feelings, thoughts and love for Him.

I come from a family where we believed in idol worship. At my parental house we have a small temple at home, where different deities are kept and worshipped. The idols are regularly bathed and my mother used to offer whatever food was prepared at home. *Aartis* (praising the gods) were performed every day in the morning and the evening. After I became part of *Bhattacharya* family, I still remember my first puja after marriage. For the first time, I saw *Shri Shri Satyanaryana's* picture carved in wooden frame which was placed where puja was going on. I was looking at the picture and thinking, 'Who is He?' While my husband and I were performing the puja rituals, I was more interested in Dadaji rather than in the rituals. As time passed, I started enquiring with my father-in-law (late *Rabindranath Bhattacharya*) about Dadaji. He told me how they met and narrated his experiences and feelings about Dadaji. Sometimes my mother-in-law also used to share details about their visits to *Calcutta* and their blissful experiences.

A mirthful experience

My bond with Dadaji was initially never very strong as I had not seen Him or known Him before marriage. But then I was blessed enough to get some glimpses of His divinity. After two miscarriages I conceived for the third time. Pregnancy was not easy for me as there were many medical complications. After my miscarriages my father-in-law insisted to visit *Calcutta*. In October 2003 we all were very happy to visit Dadaji's home. It was a wonderful trip. We enjoyed *Shri Shri Satyanarayana* puja on *Ashtami* and *Navami* and the delicious *balya bhog* and

prasad. During my pregnancy period my father-in-law gave me a book named *The Truth Within* to read, as I was advised total bed-rest for full nine months during my pregnancy period. I used to read one chapter daily and started realizing that my mind was undergoing a change. I was drawn towards Dadaji and started loving reading *The Truth Within*.

As I continued reading, I developed utmost faith and immense love for Him. During reading, sometimes I could sense a very pleasant fragrance engulfing me. I was not familiar with what was happening and would ask my husband if he had put on some perfume. But as I proceeded with my reading, I came to know about Dadaji's fragrance which many people have experienced in their lives. I was able to recognize that lovely fragrance as Dadaji's aroma. It was such a wonderful experience which I will never forget in my life, and this was my first step towards unflinching faith for Dadaji. I think it was by the grace of Dadaji I was able to overcome all my medical complications during pregnancy and was able to give birth to a beautiful daughter. He showers His divine love to all those people who love him unconditionally. The feeling of pure love cannot be expressed in words, it can only be experienced by surrendering oneself to the Almighty.

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Dada Pranam

Mitali Chakraborty

The onset of winters in the year 1996 opened a brand-new chapter of my life. One of those days, I met Neda-da at a close acquaintance Pulak's house at Sonarpur (South 24 Parganas). Pulak's wife Gayetri took singing tuitions from me. Neda-da eagerly proposed to take us (myself along with my husband Animesh Chakraborty) to some divine person's house, better known as Dadaji, in Prince Anwar Shah Road, Kolkata. He claimed to have introduced Pulak & Gayetri to the same person earlier and they were frequent visitors by then. A date and time for visit was fixed and consequently, one fine day, we had the opportunity to visit Dada's house for the first time. Incidentally, on the same day 'Utsav' celebration was going on in Dada's house and Amulyada (Amulya Chandra Nandi) was leading the 'Naam Gaan'. I, being a music teacher by profession, was completely enamored by the 'Kirtan' and keenly participated with the chorus. After the Puja Room was opened, we were offered 'prasad' and a little later headed back home without comprehending much about the sequence of events that we experienced or having recollected any memorable event that would leave us completely in awe.

Our second visit to Dada's house happened on 25 December 1996, Christmas day, when Neda-da for the first time disclosed to us that Dada was a musical prodigy and talked about HIS significant contribution while in association with the All India Radio, Kolkata for almost more than a decade and a half. On learning about Dada's musical journey, a music connoisseur myself, it suddenly struck me that I must have known him through my

Truth Eternal

music classes I attended as a child. Strangely, the more I gazed at Dada's photos, HE seemed more and more familiar to me. That day my curiosity knew no bounds. As soon as I got back home, I started rummaging my bookshelves to search for my music related books. There appeared 'Sangeet Darshika' compiled by Nanigopal Bandopadhaya (Dean – Bengal Music Collage). This book was handed out to me at Narendrapur Ramkrishna Mission in the year 1974-75 when I was in the 8th grade taking singing lessons. This book contained Dada's photo on a full page with HIS name written below- Shri Amiya Madhav Roy Chowdhury. I was elated. I felt from my heart so deeply for the first time that Dada was with me since my childhood days and all along through my growing up years, youth, marriage, motherhood; but this fact was latent, not known to me at all (suchwas Dada's wish). Later, with Dada's grace, I realized that HE was with me not only since my childhood years, but since I appeared in my mother's womb, all through my journey in life, and will be in life after.

The years passed by and we thoroughly enjoyed our association with Dada. Since we missed the opportunity to meet Dada in physical form, it triggered in us a lot of inquisitiveness to know about HIS past stories from *gurubhais* (brotherhood). We would often listen keenly to Jaiswal-da (N. D. Jaiswal), Jaideb-da (late Jaideb Dutta), Nikhil-Da (late Nikhil Dutta Roy) and Ferozda-Gayatridi (who lived very close to our house in Mallickpur). Learning more and more about HIM was an intoxicating experience. We never missed an invitation to visit their houses when 'Utsav' was organized and with Dada's grace I was expected to lead the 'Naam Gaan' in most of such occasions since by then Amulyada had passed away. My specializations in Rabindra-

sangeet made it easier for me to relate to Dada's universal presence, the One and the Infinite all-pervading Almighty.

I recollect in my early years, while learning music as a student, someone in school asked me whom (deity) did I look up to as GOD. My instant reply was 'Radha', but at the same time I felt that the answer was incomplete. When I started visiting Dada's house on a regular basis (Dada drew me towards HIM, otherwise how could I visit HIM), my belief of being in HIS *sharan* (shelter) grew deeper and deeper. It was then that the school incident crossed my mind, and very strongly did I begin to feel that 'HE' is the answer to that question. With Dada's 'kripa' (Grace) now it is all clear now.

I was married to an orthodox brahmin Chakraborty family. My in-laws maintained a tradition of performing rituals and practicing religious austerities. As a matter of fact, as an obedient daughter-in-law I had to seriously comply with the traditional practices. Since the time Dada drew me towards HIM, I realized the importance of HIS presence in my life; my interests, rather the compulsion of participating in family rituals completely vanished. Gradually, I began to deviate from age-old path followed in the house with ease. To my surprise, my mother-in-law who always took the lead in performing rituals and ensured that I was involved in every possible way, did not even object to my fading interest and subsequent withdrawal from the customary services. She rather insisted that I be on my own and pursue my belief, faith in Dada. Here, I must mention, had my father-in-law been alive during this time, he would not be lenient with my change of interest. I felt Dada is so gracious for HE removed all the obstacles that restricted me from walking the path that lead to HIM. HE not only set me free from getting involved in ritualistic practices but also turned my conservative mother-in law's mind in favour of me. HE is all merciful. HIS timing is perfect.

All was not hunky-dory during this journey. Dada always said that every individual has to bear 'Prarabdha' with patience and fortitude. Soon after, once we had just begun to settle in an euphoria surrounding Dada, many untoward incidents started happening that could have turned us away from HIM. A few months after we started visiting Dada's house, my husband Animesh, known to everybody as 'Gopal-da', met with a serious scooter accident. He got knocked by another vehicle, thrown away at a distance and lost his senses. The commuters passing by took him to a local hospital citing seriousness of the situation. However, Gopal regained consciousness after a little while and on being examined by the doctor, it was found that he did not have any physical injuries from the collision - his body did not require stiches anywhere, nor was there any bone injury or fracture! Everyone was surprised considering what happened and the impact it should have had on him. Moreover, he completed the work for which he had set out for and was back home absolutely hale and hearty.

Somewhere around this time another grim incident took place when Gopal went through a crisis in job front. He was an assistant sub-inspector in Kolkata Police and was appearing for an internal examination that would qualify him for a promotion to the rank of sub-inspector. However, Gopal, along with nine of his colleagues, were falsely implicated in a case which would cost them their promotion or even leave them suspended indefinitely. This would cast a serious blow to his carrier graph and if laid from job, would ruin his family's well being with two small school going children and dependent old handicapped mother. After a series of investigations that followed there after, with Dada's grace all charges and allegations against Gopal were lifted in due course of time and a clean chit was issued to him. Gopal was promoted to hold the position of a sub-inspector and completed his term till retirement. While facing these dreadful situations, the only thought that crossed

my mind was that Dada must have brought us near HIM only to help us overcome unbearable situations that occurred in our lives. Every evening, whenever I sat and did 'Naam Gaan' those days, it felt as if all the jolts and troubles were simply passing over me without effecting my mind. Such is HIS grace. Till this day, I play Dada's songs and sing 'Naam Gaan' every evening sitting next to Dada's 'asana'. This is my daily dose of happiness and fulfillment.

Time and again Dada made us feel HIS presence in our lives and we realized HE is the sole doer. Gopal was diagnosed with diabetes many years back and his health condition deteriorated every passing year. He developed foot ulcers in 2011 and later had to undergo dialysis for one full year in 2013 till he left us in April 2014. In spite of grappling with several ailments, he completed his full term in office and retired as a respectable officer. He cooperated well during his illness and did not trouble us. Now when I look back, I wonder how I mustered the courage to look after my husband who was undergoing dialysis in hospital and at the same time attend to my handicapped mother-in-law who was completely dependent on me. My elder son Debashish, a CRPF officer, stayed at another place and my younger son Subhashish did all the running around. I undertook every challenge with a smile and would always remain in good cheer during these tumultuous times. Who had given me the strength to relentlessly fight back all odds and stay steady and optimistic at the same time? It was HIM. As HE says, HE is the nearest and dearest.

The day my husband passed away, I hid the news from my ailing mother-in-law and performed all my duties towards her just to make it appear like any other normal day. It was not until next day that the news was broken to her by my elder son. Again, I was the one to comfort her and ensured her well-being till she

left us in the same year in December. I believe the only strength I drew while braving this ordeal was my yearning to visit Dada's house every Sunday and singing 'Naam Gaan' in HIS room. At one point of time it seemed that this was the only impetus left in my life.

Life continued to throw challenges at me one after the other in the following years. Family related issues and my son's marital discord seriously jeopardized the peace and harmony of my house for many years even after Gopal's death. In the process, I had to go through grave humiliation, harassment and was left beleaguered at most times. Dada protected us from societal pressures, gave us strength and courage to fight the odds which otherwise would have left me completely shattered. HE did not let me give up.

I would like to end my story by saying that I may not be fortunate enough to meet Dada in person, but I am supremely blessed to have felt HIS presence in every facet of my life. Every evening I sing 'Naam Gaan' to Dada; it makes my day. I look forward to visiting Dada's house every Sunday. HIS leela (divine play) is unfathomable. The same Neda-da, Pulak and Gayatri who introduced me to Dada, themselves turned against HIM and ceased to visit HIS house. After a couple of months of our first visit to Dada's house, one day suddenly Neda-da advised us not to visit there any more to which Gopal retorted strongly and severed all ties with him. Who can visit HIM unless so HE desires? It's HIS kripa due to which we continue to stay in HIS 'sharan' (shelter) for so many years and the only aspiration left in me today is to remain surrendered to HIM in the same way for the rest of my life.

Mitali Chakraborty is a homemaker. She is also a trained singer and music teacher. She lives in Kolkata.

My Initiation to Mahanam

Susanta Kumar Das

On repatriation from the Government of India in 1984, I was posted in Tirupati which is a famous pilgrim centre in Andhra Pradesh. I assumed charge of the post on September 17. Hardly after a week, I received the order from the Government to shift the office to Cuddapah district of Andhra Pradesh on or before October 31. The matter was discussed with the staff and I decided to shift the office on October 31, 1984.

On October 31, after completing all formalities, I was ready to start for Cuddapah with my wife and four-year old son. However, the journey was delayed as Mrs. Indira Gandhi, the then Prime Minister of India, was assassinated the same morning. That day it was raining heavily in Tirupati. After quite some time, we started for Cuddapah, which was around 140 kilometers from Tirupati. In those days, roads were also not good. We reached Cuddapah in the evening and were put up in the Forest Guest House.

In spite of Cuddapah being a backward district, there was a silver lining. Mr. Amitabha Bhattacharya, who was known to me very closely since 1976, was in those days posted there as the Collector and District Magistrate. He was very happy to see us and we met frequently thereafter. Invariably, every time, the discussion centered on Dadaji. He used to describe his experience of initiation to Mahanam and its significance.

One day, he showed me a letter sent by Dadaji to him. There is an interesting story behind it. On a particular day, Mr. Bhattacharya had gone to meet Dadaji at His house in Calcutta

Truth Eternal

and returned to Hyderabad, where he was posted then, the same afternoon by flight. He proceeded straight to his office and found the letter lying on his table. The letter was found to have been written on the same date. Even the address was incomplete. He wondered how the letter could reach his office before he reached there. When he wanted to see the postmarks, it was observed that there were no such marks of Calcutta or Hyderabad. Instead, there was only a faint ink smudge! It remained a mystery. Dadaji's wish can make anything possible.

Gradually, I got quite drawn to the greatness of Dadaji from what we heard from Mr. Bhattacharya. In February 1985, I wrote a letter to Dadaji requesting for His blessings. I was thrilled beyond words when I received a postcard from Dadaji asking me to meet Him anytime after mid-March. I kept the postcard very safely and I used to touch it with my forehead very often, remembering the blessings of Dadaji.

On April 4, 1985, I reached Dadaji's house and paid respect to Him by touching His feet. I then handed over the postcard written by Him. Dadaji looked at the ceiling for a few seconds and asked me to come next day at 4 p.m. So, I reached Dadaji's house again the next day, April 5, which was Good Friday, at 3.40 p.m. and waited on the steps of the ground floor. Immediately, Dadaji asked the servant Bhuban to call me upstairs.

I followed him and paid respect to Dadaji by touching His feet. Dadaji was surrounded by a few of His followers in the puja room, where the photo of Sri Sri Satyanarayan was there. Dadaji asked one of His followers to hand me a small piece of white paper and inquired from me in which language I would prefer to see the Mahanam. My preference was Bengali. Dadaji asked me to hold the white paper with both the hands, touch the forehead with it and bow down before the photo of Sri Sri

Satyanarayan. Once done, Dadaji uttered quite loudly "Jai Ram" three times and asked me again to raise my head and read the Mahanam on the white paper in my hand. The Mahanam was visible in red letters. I read the Mahanam and memorized it as per the instruction and again bowed down before Sri Sri Satyanarayan with the white paper in my hands and raised the head after a few moments and found that the Mahanam had disappeared. Dadaji put His hand on my head and touched my spinal cord for some time. My body was full of aroma and I felt a sense of weightlessness. Dadaji gave me three lockets of Sri Sri Satyanarayan - one each for myself, my wife and my son. Also, I received a bottle of Charanjai - aromatic sacred water. I felt blessed. I touched the feet of Dadaji with my head and took leave of Him.

I came back to Cuddapah within a few days and informed Mr. Bhattacharya of the details. He was quite happy. After a few months, I was promoted and posted to Visakhapatnam. I wrote a letter to Dadaji from there about the problem of burning desires. Dadaji replied saying all these desires will cease to exist one day.

Dadaji has revealed to His followers - "God is within, in the deep recess of our heart in the form of two sounds of Mahanam. At the root of our inspiration is Mahanam and all vibrations of the world are Mahanam. One sound 'Gopal' appraises you of The Supreme, the other sound 'Govinda' of the beyond. This Mahanam is our real self, Guru."

With all humility, my journey in life has been an attempt to realize the above Truth with the blessings from Dadaji.

Susanta Kumar Das retired from the Indian Forest Service as the Principal Chief Conservator of Forests, Andhra Pradesh (undivided). His house at Hyderabad is named 'Dadaji Nilay'.

Hail Dada

Shoma Goswami

Relationship of a grand-daughter with her grandfather is unique! This uniqueness is beyond bounds when it's Dadaji - the universal elder brother of one and all, for those who are fortunate to know Him and blessed to be under His guardianship.

I am one of those chosen ones to be blessed by Him and honoured to have Him not only as "Dadaji" but more as an affectionate grandfather - who loves you, listens to you, guides you, in fact holds you and surrounds you in His loving protective arms.

My unique relationship with 'Dada' began way back in 1984. My daughter was born in June that year while I was suffering from Hodgkin's disease in the fourth stage (cancer of the lymph nodes). I had to undergo radiation with full protection for the baby in the womb. I have no words to describe the mental trauma the whole family was going through.

A healthy baby was born and I had to leave the new born and go for my chemotherapy to Tata Memorial Hospital in Bombay. On returning after a fortnight, the child was reduced to skin and bones, she was allergic to the milk given (lactose intolerance). She went through three attacks of Septicaemia within four months of her life.

During this traumatic period, my father met Dr. Samiran Mukherjee in Calcutta, an ardent follower of Dadaji. He gave my father a small picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan and a bottle of 'Charanjai' (holy water). I placed the picture near the baby's pillow and applied the 'Charanjai' on her body. I was asked to

drink a few drops and apply it on my throat as that was the affected area. I did that religiously, probably, it was like 'a drowning man catches a straw'.

I didn't know Dadaji and had never met Him, but a strange faith and confidence developed in me. Something told me that if at all we (my baby and I) have to escape from the jaws of death, here is the person who will save us.

Here, I have to mention the first miracle that happened in October 1984. My baby was four months old by then, while her body weight was half her birth weight. In the morning while changing her clothes, we noticed her entire chest and part of her stomach had turned black and blue as if badly bruised. The doctor said, this was internal bleeding and we were losing her. Stool was maroon in colour which was sent for testing.

I took the picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan and challenged Him as a mother that if anything happens to my child I shall..... You cannot betray my faith in you. I took the 'charanjal' and kept applying it every 10 – 15 minutes on the bruised area. Within an hour or so the terrible bruise started fading away and slowly disappeared. The stool report was normal. The doctor was completely taken a back!

However, we had to shift her to Jaslok Hospital, Bombay, as nothing more could be done in Pune. In Jaslok, she was called the 'Miracle Baby'. They used to weigh her everyday and based on her body weight, fourth generation antibiotics in the required dose was given. I used to sit beside her and just chant 'Satyanarayan' for as long as I could. I had no idea of what was 'Mahanaam' at that time.

During chemotherapy, one is prone to infection. Here I was shuttling between two major hospitals – Tata Memorial for my chemotherapy and then Jaslok for my daughter, but nothing

happened to me or my child. Again, a miracle – Divine protection saved us.

After a month of treatment, she was discharged and both of us flew down to Calcutta. We were all so exhausted with our battle for survival that although I knew I must go and meet Dadaji who had saved us but I was too weak to move out of the house. About a week later, I came to know that Dadaji was leaving for Bombay. So finally, I gathered the courage to go and meet Him. I must admit I was quite apprehensive about what awaited me.

The drawing room was full of people. I quietly went and stood in one corner. Suddenly, someone told me to go upstairs and sit in the puja room. Dadaji would see me in a while. Along with a few other people, I sat and waited. One by one they met Him in the adjacent room and left. I was told not to go till He called for me. It was past one 'o'clock in the afternoon and I was feeling quite exhausted. Suddenly, Dadaji came into the room in a bright saffron lungi and kurta. He looked at me and said "Wait I'll see you. I am going to the bank and will be back soon."

I was in a dilemma as it was getting late for my baby's lunch and also for me as I was just recovering from the last dose of chemotherapy. There was another gentleman in the room and he told me in a very serious tone that now there was no question of leaving as Dada Himself had asked us to wait. After a good 45 mins, He returned and called for us.

I do not know how to express myself, my nervousness, apprehension... This gentleman bowed down to offer his 'pranam' with great respect while I didn't know what to do! Dadaji looked at me and asked this gentleman, "Your wife?" He said "no" and he started narrating his problems. At that moment, I felt very

disappointed and sad that the person who is supposed to have divine powers and I had absolute faith in Him, was not able to recognise me. These depressive thoughts were just passing through my mind when I looked up and saw a strange smile on His face and He called me to come near Him.

That smile took away everything, my doubts, my disappointment, my worries, etc. I was kneeling with my hands on His lap and all inhibitions disappeared. Normally, one blesses with his hand on your head but He blessed me with both hands on either side of my throat (the area which had the malignant tumour)! I felt a tremendous reassurance, a feeling of peace and calmness as if everything is taken care of. He then asked me to leave and come next day morning.

On my way back home, I was all charged with energy, excited like a child as if I had been awarded with a rare gold medal or something more.

Next day morning around 10 a.m. I went to Dadaji's place with my mother and my baby. Maa had to accompany me as I was not strong enough to carry my child. We were immediately called upstairs to His room. He looked at me and said "Have you brought money with you?" Perplexed, I said, "No". Again, that charming reassuring smile! He took out a small piece of paper and gave it to me, it was a blank paper. He took me to the puja room and told me to bow down before the portrait of Sri Sri Satyanarayan. I bowed down in front of the portrait, closed my eyes with the piece of paper clutched in my palms. Dadaji had His hands on my back. After a few minutes, He asked me to get up and look at the paper. To my amazement, I saw written in red, clear handwriting in Bengali 'Gopal Govinda'. Dadaji told me to read it in my mind, memorize it then fold the paper and come with Him. He blessed my baby and my mother.

He told me to chant the 'Mahanaam' at any time of the day and anywhere. He said 'you are blessed to receive the 'Mahanaam', chanting the same will be your worship, your Pujo.' Thus, I was protected by the divine shield and divine blessings surrounded me.

A new life began. On my way home, I opened the piece of paper out of curiosity - it was blank! The fact that I was the recipient of 'Mahanaam' made me feel very special.

Every year I used to visit Kolkata during the summer vacation and meet Dadaji. One morning during my stay in Lake Gardens, I woke up to a strange divine aroma that I had never experienced before. I asked my mother and grandfather if they had performed their daily puja at home, but they had not. I immediately had a bath, got dressed and was on my way to visit Dadaji!

Hardly had I entered through the main door, I heard Dadaji's loud booming voice calling out my name from His room on the first floor. I ran towards the staircase and as I climbed the steps, my heart was thumping with excitement as if I was climbing the highest peak in the universe!

Dadaji was like a magnet I was attracted to. All my concerns would disappear by His reassuring smile. There was a strange, divine fragrance around Him. It was this fragrance that often summoned me to go and see Him.

Now I am sixty years old and my daughter is thirty-six, we are both hale and hearty with Dadaji's blessings; sailing through the ups and downs of life, remembering Dadaji and chanting the 'Mahanaam'.

Jai Dada!

Shoma Goswami retired as the Principal of a reputed international school in Hyderabad and is presently engaged in advisory capacity as mentor principal for a group of schools. She is based in Hyderabad.

My Life Experiences with Dadaji

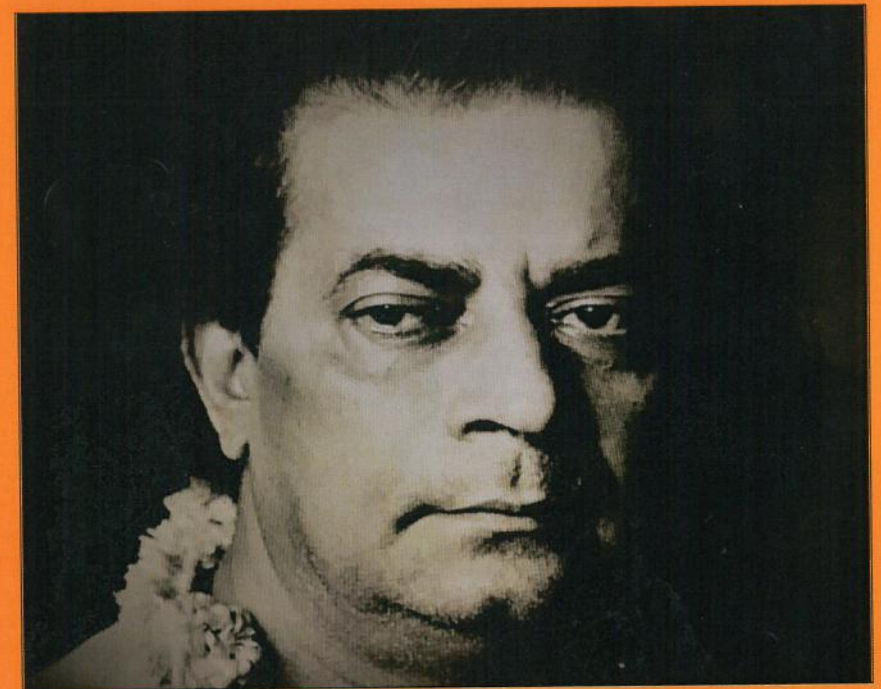
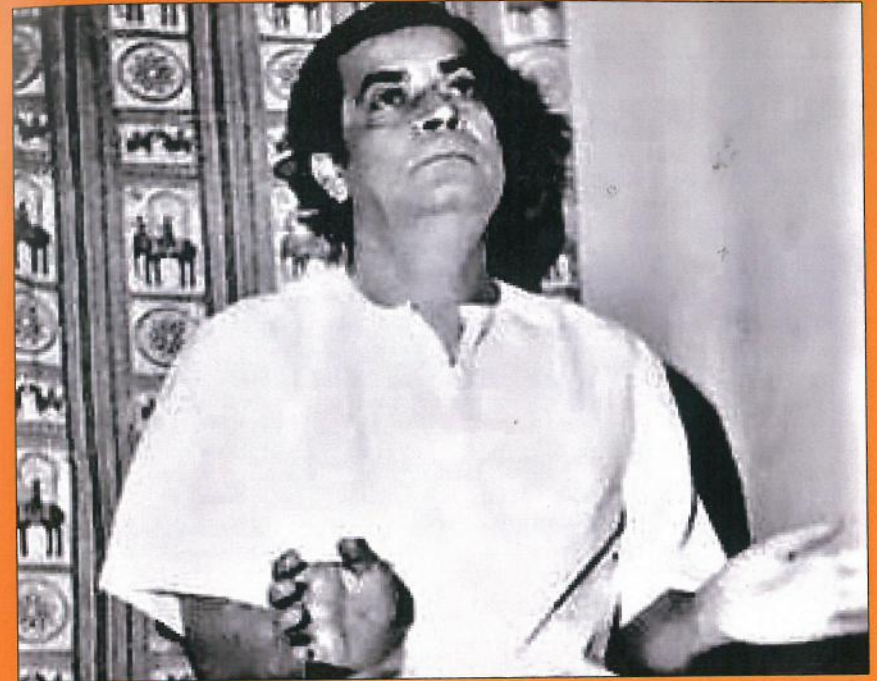
Laxmi Dey

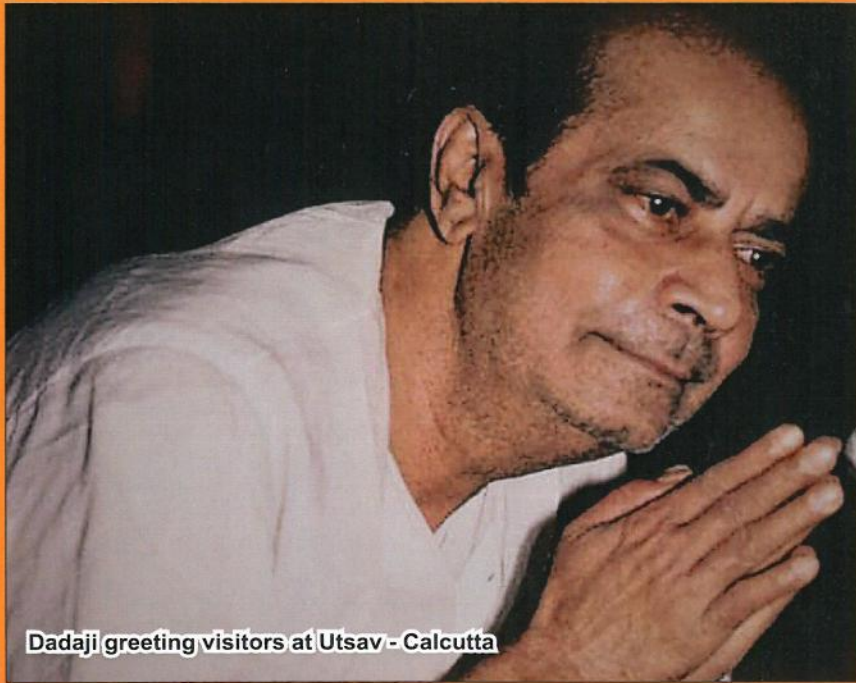
Introduction

Often as an ordinary housewife, I wondered whether Dadaji was only for the famous and intellectuals like Linus Pauling, Henry Miller, our own Dr. Sarbapalli Radhakrishnan, to name a few, where the list is seemingly unlimited. These luminaries were enamoured by a single manifestation of Truth by Dadaji. A miracle would set the ball rolling for them and they would ponder at the esoteric profundity of Dadaji and equalled Him to the Almighty.

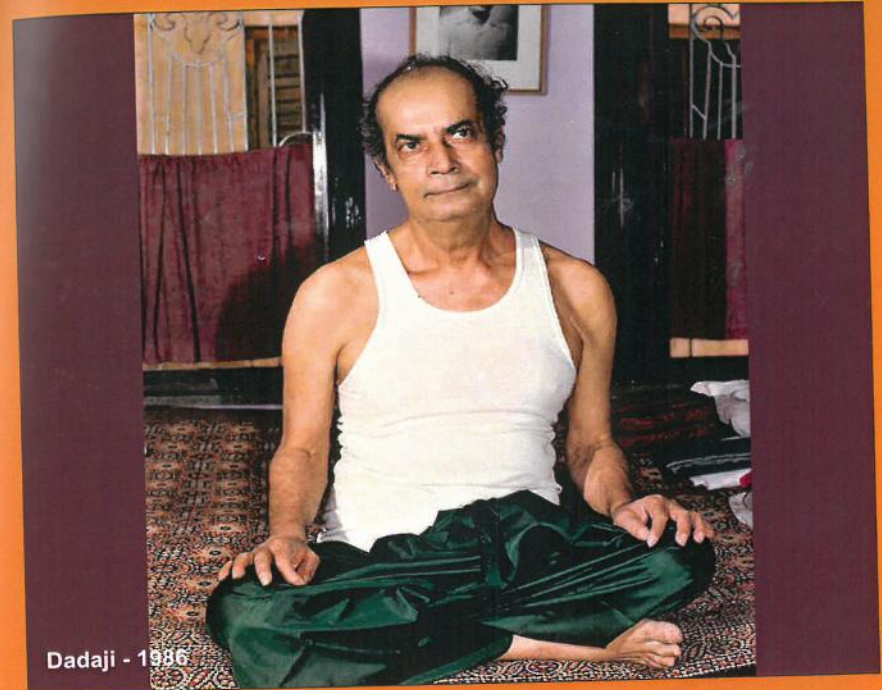
However, mundane human-beings like us had witnessed thousands of myriad manifestations of Him in our daily strife, survivals and chores, which like a huge treasure box, would be lost to oblivion forever if not unravelled to the world, for the last time, at least, by this initiative. It is my endeavour to unravel these pearls of His manifestation, show that the common man was equally near to Him as a celebrity, and for him or her survival He could do the most impossible things at the drop of a hat without even mentioning it.

Before narrating the encounters with the TRUTH, I would like to devote a few lines to His wife Boudi to us, and, Alodi to the rest of the world. If Dadaji was worshipped as Lord Krishna, Boudi was an epitome of goddess Lakshmi. I will share glimpses of her manifestations, along with that of Dadaji, for she was introduced by Dadaji to me, to look after my distresses. She was a more humane form of Truth and taught us the lesson to fight for the Truth as ordinary human beings. Truth cannot be achieved with empty stomachs or by grants but as ordinary human beings earning his or her livelihood.

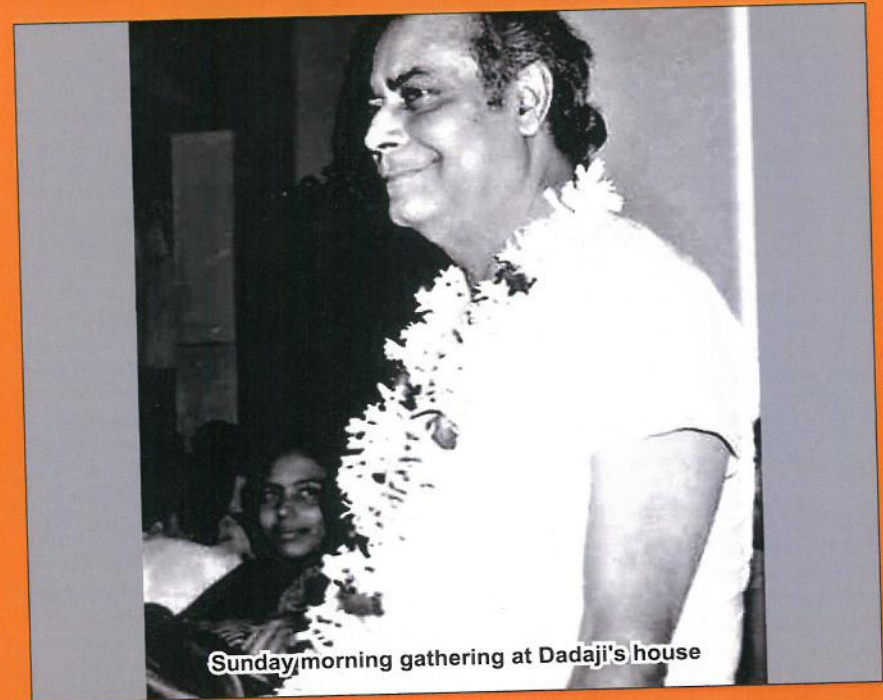
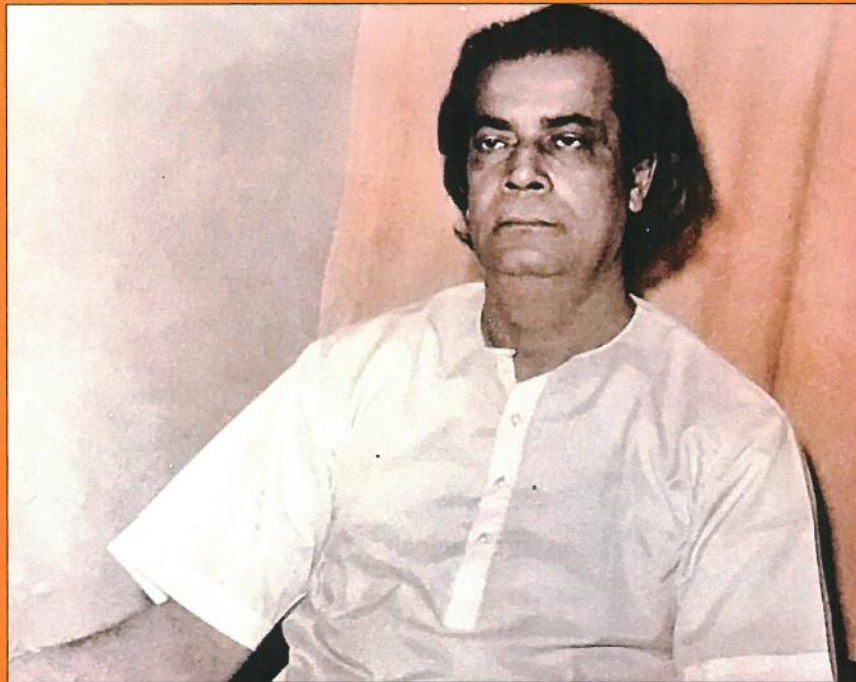




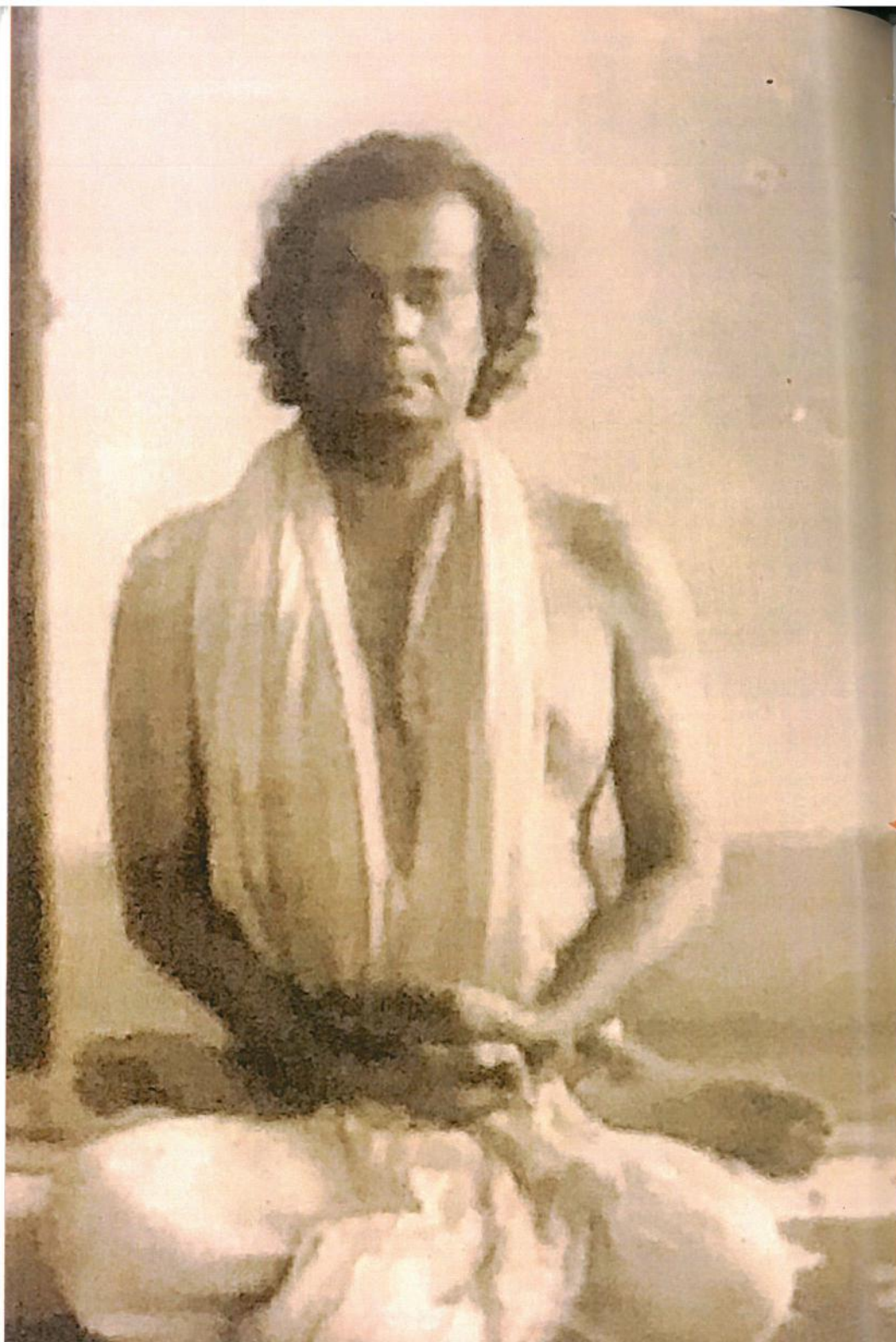
Dadaji greeting visitors at Utsav - Calcutta



Dadaji - 1986



Sunday morning gathering at Dadaji's house



Truth Eternal

Me and my family

I was born with a silver spoon as the scion of Raja Janaki Nath Roy's family of Sovabazar, one of the illustrious and noble families of erstwhile Kolkata. My father Arun Krishna Roy was an aristocratic gentleman and I was his eldest daughter. In 1959, I was married off at a tender age to a well-off business family of Burdwan without my consent, as was the order of the day. My husband Pronab Kumar Dey or Pronabda to many, was an affable and impressionable young man and had tremendous faith on his elder brother.

Analogues of Mahabharat-Soon after my marriage I found out that the family in which I was married was bearing a great wrong done to it. It was a big joint family comprising my husband, his parents and siblings as well as his uncles' families and his cousins. Unfortunately, his uncles and cousins had usurped the rights to all the properties by virtue of an unfair partition deed that was heaped on my husband, his parents and siblings by their shrewd cousins. As in Mahabharata, a blind king cannot be a ruler. Here a blind brother, entered into an unfair agreement with my father-in-law, usurping all his influence and wealth. Dadaji was the first to point out to me in detail the lacunae of the partition deed as if He was there at the time of the agreement. Then who was Dadaji? Was He the Almighty? We shall find out soon.

Tryst with TRUTH

Rendezvous

For long fourteen years, I lived an uneventful married life with my husband, who had no income of his own. The veneer of opulence of our family was superficial, and it hardly hid the skeletons of poverty behind it. I was desperate to break the chains. By then, I had become a mother and my despondency

was palpable. My husband, on one fine morning of April, heralded that certain Dadaji had come to town and that He exuded a sandalwood perfume always. After some persuasion, I conceded to accompany him to a certain Dr. Salil Mondal's house, where Dadaji had come.

14 April 1973 was incidentally the Bengali new year. I accompanied my husband to meet Dadaji. It was a sultry afternoon and the two-storied house of Dr. Mondal, was choc-a-block with people. All the stalwarts from different walks of life had congregated to see a phenomenon called Dadaji. As I was meandering through the motley crowd, my face purblind with the hood of my saree as I was the housewife of an important family of the town, He caught my hand and rubbed the end of my saree to His face and said, "Prem korte shekho" (learn to love). He also added that He had come to Burdwan to escort me to Kolkata as I, along with my family, was no longer safe in the town. On that day, to convince me further that I was at the hands of the Almighty, He performed surya shastra. By a gesture of His hand, He made the April sun disappear from the vicinity of the house, as the other parts of the town simmered in the scorching sun!

His benevolence

When we arrived at Kolkata, we were in abject penury but I had belief that He would take care of everything. My son had left his school in Burdwan, but his admission to a Kolkata school was unsure. At that time, Dadaji was arrested in a false case and pandemonium broke loose. I could not tell Him that my son was not going to school and his formal education had stopped completely. However, when I managed to meet Him once, He assured me that my son would be admitted in the best of schools

in Kolkata. It did happen. My son eventually got admission in the Don Bosco School, Park Circus that year. Here was a family, who secured their son's admission to the best of schools, when they were not sure from where the next meal would come!

As days passed by, after three to four years Dadaji was absolved of all the false charges against Him, and there was a political change in the state. My son fell seriously ill and remained unconscious for fourteen days. His body was ink black. We did not know what hit us. Dadaji told me that my son was afflicted with small pox and we should not go for any medical advice. We believed in Him totally. Gradually my son recovered and after one and half months started attending regular school. It is pertinent to mention that at that time, survival chance from German measles was nil in medical parlance.

Battle of David and Goliath

Before leaving Burdwan, I asked Dadaji where would I stay in Kolkata. He told me that my in-laws had a seven-cuttah house in Kolkata (around 5,000 square feet) that was heavily tenanted, save one room which was vacant. We came to Kolkata and started residing in the same place. The single room had an adjoining kitchen that belonged to the cousins, which became a bone of contention later on.

Dadaji had asked us to challenge the dubious partition deed as a blind person, who was my father-in-law's brother, could not enter into an agreement legally. My husband could not proceed although Dadaji fixed an appointment with a lawyer who could get us the requisite injunction. My husband did not have any income of his own and depended on my father, who backtracked at the end. Dadaji was very annoyed with us. However, He wanted my husband to go with the intra partition with his own brother. A case was registered in Calcutta High Court much to

the annoyance of my father, who thought it would drag on for years. However, as predicted by Dadaji, my husband's brothers came for compromise within three days of sending of the notice.

During partition, Dadaji had advised us to ask for the heavily tenanted Kolkata property in lieu of the share in rice mills, oil mills and other expensive assets, which we obeyed. The cousins, soon after the partition, started harassing us wanting us to leave our house. With support from the local MLA, they started sending goons to vacate the property as we were stranded between the tenants and the common property. They filed a false case in the police court to arrest my husband followed by an injunction and a partition suit in the city civil court. In all the cases they were defeated hands down by the grace of Dadaji. Despite having all the money, muscle power and political influence they lost all cases and felt humiliated. In vengeance, they blocked the main entrance with the help of goons and muscle power. As soon as the result of injunction came in our favour, Dadaji instructed me to break the main wall of the entrance. I, single-handedly with the help of a stray mason broke the wall. The cousins came with goons and threatened me with dire consequences. I did not pay heed. However, they came back with hundreds of goons and ransacked the house.

Tragedy befell on cousins' family as two members of their family died one after another. They retreated, never to come back again personally, but deputed a local thug to supervise the house. However, in some time, the local thug developed a cancerous abscess on his cheek, and mellowed down. In the meantime, we contacted a real estate developer who made a palatial building on our part of the property. However, we continue to live in

the dilapidated joint portion, with asbestos roof, which even the recent super cyclone Amphan, with a wind speed of 150 kms, could not dislodge (Amphan ravaged the city of Kolkata in May 2020). In Dadaji's words, I had to undergo "Draupadi's bastraharan" (stripping of Draupadi) in the process. It was not physical but mental humiliation of the greatest order. My outrage was protected by Dadaji.

In the process of my struggle, I had developed a large tumour weighing four kgs in my uterus. No doctor was ready to operate. My haemoglobin count had gone down to the nadir. I would have died had it not for Boudi who came forward to take all the initiative and risk to get it operated and I could convalesce to a normal human being again.

Conclusion

There are many other miracles or manifestations that I have missed but they are in abundant numbers to establish the Truth.

Joi Ram

Laxmi Dey is a homemaker. She stays with her husband and son in Kolkata.

Memoirs of Your Holy Retreat

Sikha Mukhopadhyay

(Transcript by : Debosmita Mukherjee Majumdar)

Hey Narayan! Hey Govinda! Hey Pranaram!

Oh, the divine reverberation-you are infinite, boundless, and eternal! You are the only supreme soul to the unfathomed universe!

Oh Creator, this mortal body is just a miniscule existence in your entire universe, sheltered under the shadow of your grace, just too insignificant to describe the opulence of your unconditional mercy.

How much do I know about your endless mystery, Thakur? You have put metoa tough test, OP ranaram!

You are the Satyanarayana, always protecting us as Madhusudan Dada in seamless mercy. You are the doer; we are simply instrumental in your work. I am simply trying to recall and narrate your words, whatever you might want be fulfilled.

Joi Dada, Joi Ram, Joi Satyanarayana, Joi Govinda.

Part-1

My parent's long-standing sincere prayer was finally granted by His absolute divinity. One Sunday, Dadaji assured us himself, "I will go to your home on the 2nd of next month."

Truth Eternal

Back home, my family started preparation on wartime basis. Dadaji Himself had expressed His wish to come –it was a real big thing! There was joy abound and peace all around. We were not fullgrown-ups yet, even though I was married by then and mother of a child. It was like a festival in the house; night and daywork going on; the whole house, doors and windows were getting painted.

"Dadaji would sit on our used bed? Never." My father decided to get new bed, new curtains. Shamiana was spread across the yard. My younger brothers and sisters spent the whole day in the hustle and bustle of the festival with great joy. Finally, that happy day came- 2 October, 1973.

No one in our house slept the night before! Where He would sit, what would be the bed spread, where He would rest, where would the seat of the deity look good, accordingly arranged and decorated with flowers. Meanwhile, in the backyard the cooks were shouting, making clay ovens, cutting and chopping vegetables, filling drums with water, everything was on fast pace.

Before dawn, my uncles hurried, "All of you have bath and get ready." By that time, my father was already ready to start for Dadaji's place. At ten o'clock in the morning, here turned with Dadaji. A few more cars came and stopped behind. Dada got out of the car, wearing the usual white vest and orange silk lungi. Mother hurried to Him and put a garland around His neck. The aunts then blew the conch shells and filled the surroundings with the sound of *uludhvani* at that auspicious moment. We all did welcome Him by showering flowers. It was an indescribable moment, a *mahendrakshan*!

All the people in the village gathered around looking at a man with an impeccably gentle yet majestic beauty. Dadaji smiled and

stepped towards our house. Crowds of people around, looked at each other with wide eyes and wondered, "Who is this godly looking man?" We were all floating in the tears of joy! "Dadaji! Dada has come to our house!" My father was holding Him and crying like a child, his mind thinking, "O Ram, O absolute kindness, you have so much mercy! Blessed be my life, Thakur !!"

Many more brothers and sisters who had came under the refuge of Dadaji had accompanied Him to our house that day. Ones I can still remember are Ramadi, Manadi, Gitadi and her niece Gopa, Nanida, Shri Dinesh Tarkalankar, Professor Dinesh Chatterjee and his NRI brother Shri Arun Chatterjee, Rabindranath Dutta, son of the venerable Joydevda and many more.

Putting milk in a new brass dish on the front door and placing it in front of Dadaji, my mother said, "Keep your feet, Thakur!" My uncle grabbed his foot mark on a new white cloth.

Dadaji smiled and sat down on the seat specially made for Him. We sisters were crying then, tears streaming down from both eyes washing away face creams and makeup, but did not care much to complain. As if our groom has arrived! Fully intoxicated with inexplicable joy. Those who were new visitors watched us in amazement.

Gitadi asked for fruit juice for Dada while Ramadi started making arrangements for His lunch. Dada used to have very simple food, which used to be prepared by Ramadi when He travelled. About twelve noon Dadaji had lunch and went for a little rest.

Dineshda told us about an incident.

Mahamohpadhyay Shri Gopinath Kabiraj, whom the Indian scholastic society called the Vedavyas of the modern time,

was then living in the ashram of Ma Anandamayi in Kankhal had become very ill, probably in the seventies. Dadaji went to visit him. Seeing Dada, Gopinath got up in bed and addressed him in amazement, "Amiya Mahanam! You have come!" Addressing all present, he said, "You know, him? He is Mahanam himself, Govinda! Govinda has come to visit me!" Tears rolled down from his eyes.

Dadaji carefully laid him down again. The bright rays of the sun were falling on Gopinathji's face through an open window next to the bed. Dadaji looked up, then asked softly, "Gopinath! Are you suffering the heat of the sun? Will He beg Suryadev to move a little?" Gopinathji was staring at Dadaji's face. Dadaji folded His hands and closed His eyes. His lips murmured silently. Every one watched in amazement a shadow falling on the window. The rays of the sun were gone!

Before leaving, Dadaji materialized a beautiful shawl from nowhere and wrapped it over Gopinathji's shoulders. Then He said, "Will He write your name on it?" Gopinathji silently nodded. Dadaji rubbed one corner of the shawl with his thumb and index finger, and Gopinathji's name got inscribed on the shawl!

At four o'clock in the afternoon, Dadaji asked Dineshda's brother Arun Chatterjee to go to the puja room and sit in worship. My father was heart-broken. He nurtured a great desire to sit for worship in the puja room and had spoken about it at home for the last few days. He even said, "I want to see what happens... will sit without closing my eyes, don't care whatever will happen!! Even if I go blind."

Dadaji, as if reading my father's mind, called him near and said, "You still have a lot of work to do in the world".

In the evening, a family friend of ours, Shri Ashok Mukherjee, came and said to Dada, "Dadaji, I have heard a lot about you. This is the first time I have had the privilege to meet you. You are also from Comilla, I am also from Comilla".

Dadaji smiled, then said, "I'm glad."

Ashokda continued, that when he was very young, he was fortunate to get the mahanam from Sri Sri Ram Thakur Himself, but trapped in the mill of worldly actions, forgot it completely. He sought Dada's help.

Dadaji smiled and said, "You were born with that eternal name. Ram Himself reminded you of that name though you don't remember it anymore. Come with your wife tomorrow morning. Ram will remind you again."

The next morning, Ashokda's wife sat on the *asana* in the puja room. Dadaji said, "Close your eyes and meditate on Him at once." He warned, "No matter what happens, never open your eyes."

Saying this, Dada came out of the room, closed the door from outside and sat on the bed in front of us again. The namgaan continued. It seemed that Dada was all drowned in chanting the Name. At least half an hour later, when the namgaan was over, Dada left His seat and opened the door of puja room and immediately took Ashokda's wife out.

Dadaji said, "Tell everyone about your worship experience."

She smiled and said, "You were sprinkling flowers, water and perfume on me!"

Dadaji smiled, then asked the question to all of us, "What is she saying? Where was He then? Why don't you all tell her?"

We all protested, "How can that be? Dada was sitting next to us!"

Ashokda's wife then went on to describe the miracles happened during the period of worship and started to weep in joy!

Next day, Dadaji left our home and we bid Him adieu with heavy hearts and moist eyes filled with tears of sadness.

Part-2

Dadaji was not available every day. Old age and physical constraints restrained the visiting hours only to Sunday mornings. It was a similar Sunday morning, we dropped in at his place. He sat in His conventional composure, conversing bits of this and that. Suddenly He sat up straight and said, "Let him come to me. Make space for him midway". We looked back at the entrance, there was nobody. Moments later, there was a gentleman at the doorway. Dada affectionately waved at him, "Come, come closer". He obliged, and made his way through the hall amidst other people sitting dispersed, bowed down and touched His feet.

"Do you know who he is"? Dadaji asked us, keeping His gentle, blissful hand on his head. Without waiting for the answer, He said, "Justice J. P. Mitter". Dadaji looked at J. P. Mitter's face, smiled and said, "Your wrist watch doesn't show the right time, it's getting older. If He wants to give you a wrist watch, will you take it?" The gentleman stared at Dada, with the simplicity and innocence of a child. Dadaji sat there and stretched out His right hand forward and a lovely Rolex Gold wristwatch appeared on His palm. The gentleman knelt down to receive that piece

of divine grace. Dadaji said, "Well, it would be nice if your name was written here, what do you say?" Saying this, Dadaji gently rubbed the glass face of the watch and the name "J. P. Mitter" got inscribed on the dial in silvery letters!

Another such Sunday, a middle-aged gentleman and lady came to meet Dadaji. The man was sitting on the floor just below Dada's bed. Dadaji, leaning over, affectionately stroked his cheeks, head, with both hands. Vatsalya found expression and flowed through. The gentleman sat still and looked at Him without a blink savouring the warmth of the holy contact. I still remember those heavenly eyes gleaming, enchanted and painted with childlike simplicity. Overwhelmed, Dadaji said, "He is my friend Nazrul's son. Haven't you heard of him? Sabyasachi." There was a roll of whisper and a buzz of surprise in the room. Kazi Sabyasachi!!

Dada laughed out loud and said, "There was time when I and your father had endless chats, sang songs over cups of tea. Your father had an amazingly honey-stricken voice. You also do recite very well. Do recite one for us."

Kazi Sabyasachi recited Rabindranath Tagore's poem Africa in his full and sublime voice. Everyone was silent, mesmerized and submerged in the magic of his hypnotic voice. Dadaji sat still. Maybe He was listening intently too. The entire house hung in silence for a while, speechless. Dadaji broke the silence and looked at the lady who came and said, "Now let's listen to a song in your melodious voice." He threw a question, "Do you know her or not? She is Dr. Anjali Mukherjee."

I have heard the name; I have heard a lot of her songs on radio. But this is the first time I saw her in person. Anjali Mukherjee bowed to Dada and sang, "Anjali lohomor sangeetey". She sang with her eyes closed, and endless stream of tears flowing

from both eyes left everyone present that day mesmerized by the melody and spiritual devotion. I do not remember for how long I was in that hypnotized state even after leaving Dada's house: thankfully was holding my husband's hand.

I so eagerly waited for the Sundays to come to have a glimpse of His divinity, that could not concentrate on anything for the entire week. One such morning, we went to His house and saw how anxious He was, strolling inside the room, not noticing anyone. We could not understand the matter. Meanwhile Nanida entered. Dada said in a worried voice, "Nani, get the news soon, there is an accident of Chandramadhab's son in Orissa, come quick, get the details of the incident." Saying this, He and Nanida went upstairs. We all came back that day.

Next Sunday, I got the news that Chandramadhav's son was driving a car in Cuttack. A truck loaded with bricks had brake failure and was directly heading for an upfront collision from the opposite direction but astonishingly came to a dead halt when suddenly the bricks fell and obstructed the wheel from moving forward. Chandramadhav's son said that when the truck was almost face to face, he saw Dadaji Himself was standing with both hands raised in the middle of the truck and his car. Dada didn't utter a word about it Himself. But we realized once again that nobody can die when the saviour Himself Wills otherwise.

Days went by joyfully at His presence. Then one day, Dadaji suddenly tripped at His daughter's house and got severe leg and head injuries. He could not walk much since then. Wheel chairs had to be used. He did not speak much and the little He spoke was muddled, incoherent. He became averse to eating and bathing. The first time when I saw Him in this condition, I could not stop myself from crying vehemently. Many had come to see Him.

Dadaji was quiet. Dadaji would tell us often referring Himself as a third entity "He is there for you, who is there for Him?"

One such day, some of our Gurubhais went to see Dadaji. Seeing His condition, one of us murmured in a sobbing voice, "It is very difficult, Dada does not even look at us! He does not say anything! Even His scolding used to soothe our souls". It happened just then. Dadaji suddenly turned his head around and shouted, "Sss-hu-ttt- uu-p-pp-pp". Although we were all shocked at first, I cannot explain how much peace that brought to us. I said to myself, "Oh Lord, this world is entirely your play. We are ignorant, fools, to think that you don't speak, see or understand. We haven't yet understood you, recognize you, Merci!"

One day Dadaji suddenly asked me to sing a song. I am comfortable singing alone at home for my Dada but singing in front of Him? I hesitated... Dadaji looked at my face and said again, "Sing". I started singing, nervous, remembering him -

Ram nam kehte raho, jab tak tanme pran hai...

I finished the song and sat in silence. He was silent too and so was everyone present in the room. After a while, Dadaji broke the silence, "Wherever He is, they sing for Him."

One day, Dadaji was sitting on a wheelchair. I went to Him and touched His feet. Dada looked at me and ordered, "Shave my beard". God save the world!!! How can I do that what I have never done? Yet He said, "Frightened?" I applied the shaving cream with a brush with my trembling hands, and began to pull the razor with great care. Instantly got scolded "Pull the razor properly." I was confused! What to do? I thought to myself, "But it will cut your cheeks!" "Girl, you are good for nothing", saying this, He snatched the razor from my hand and completed the shave Himself.

Dadaji was ill, so I often went to His house in the morning. Boudi, His wife, also was very fond of me. One day, I saw that Boudi was trying to feed Him rice but He would not take at all. Seeing me, she said sadly, "Your Dada has not swallowed a grain for three days. He refused to be fed even after a lot of requests and endless insistence. See if you can." My husband taught me, "Whatever you do for Dadaji, you will always chant Mahanam." I grabbed a spoonful of rice in front of His face and He started eating like a child. After two or three spoonsful, I got little self-satisfied and perhaps proud of my 'achievement'. Immediately I got turned away. As soon as I started remembering Mahanam, He ate all the fish and rice just like before. I realized that He is the divine Himself, so we always need to seek His refuge to stay in the lap of the Lord.

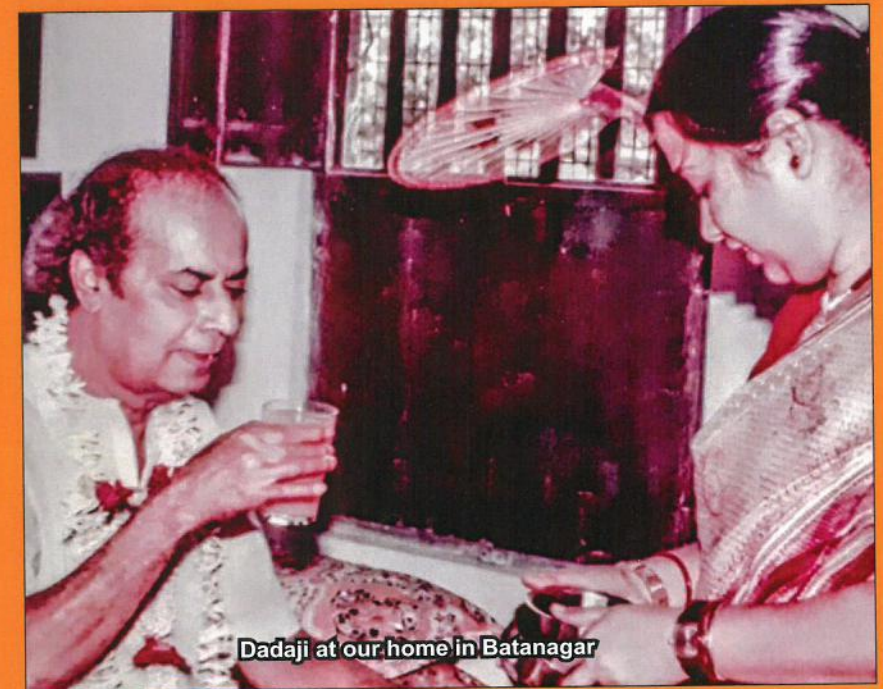
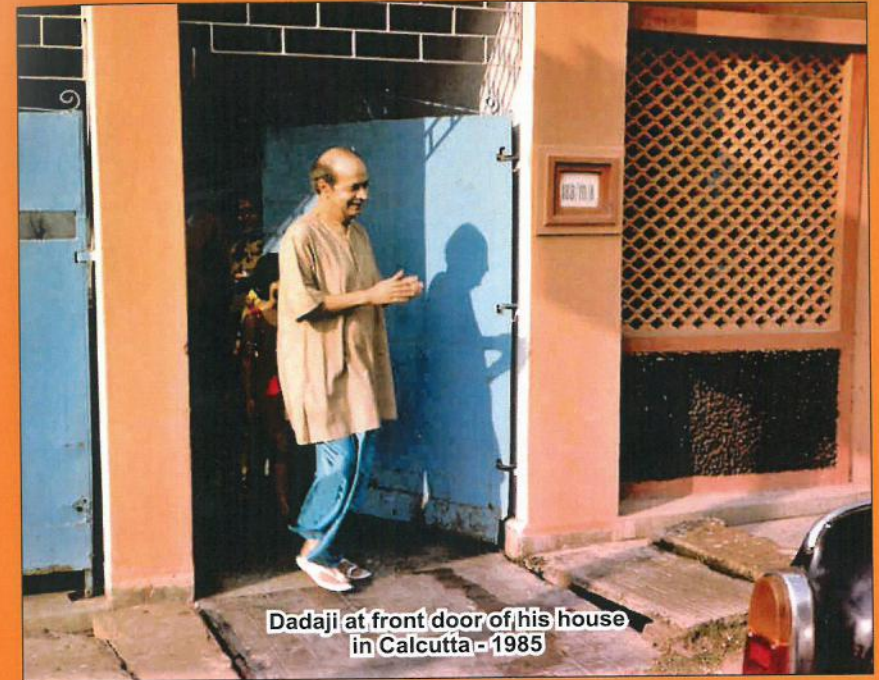
One day, in the same way, Dadaji was not willing to take a bath. He was screaming and crying like a baby. Seeing me, Boudi said, "See! will not take bath at all. Try and see once if you can." I started pouring water on Dada's head with a mug while doing Mahanam. He did not scream but my Gopal was sobbing a little. After taking a good bath, I wiped His head well with a soft towel keeping in mind His injury. My Gopal sat quietly. I changed His clothes and applied talcum powder all over. Boudi handed me a plate of ripe papaya. I held a piece of the fruit close to His mouth with a spoon, He ate and ate well. With just four pieces left, He turned His face away. I went to Boudi and said, "Dada left these four pieces." She smiled and said, "Oh! He had enough of it." I asked, "Can I take this as His prasad?" "Yes, yes, of course," she smiled.

It was a while I could not visit my Dada as I was not keeping well myself. One day, I read in the newspaper that my Govinda had returned to Braj after completing His stay here. The day

Truth Eternal

was June 7, 1992. No one had informed me in person fearing that would lead to further deterioration of my health. Later I heard from Boudi that Dadaji had called everyone in the house to say His last word. He wanted His followers to continue with the prayers and worships of the Lord as they were practicing till date. With these last words He bade farewell to this world.

Joi Ram, Joi Govinda, Joi Gopal.



Shikha Mukhopadhyay is a homemaker.



Utsav guests - Calcutta-1986



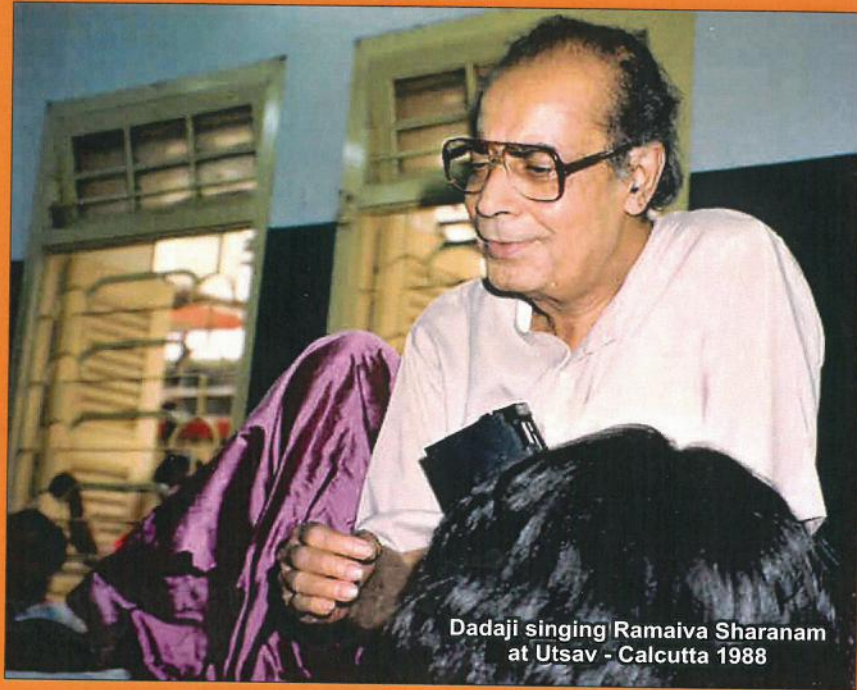
Utsav guests served meal at Somnath Hall, Calcutta-1986



Namgan at Utsav - 1986



Namgan at Utsav-1985



Dadaji singing Ramaiva Sharanam
at Utsav - Calcutta 1988



Utsav at Dadaji's house in Calcutta - 2020

SECTION - 3

Writings on Dadaji
by Renowned Personalities

'Thou hast made me endless, such is thy pleasure.'

—Rabindranath Tagore

(Geetanjali verse 1)

Dadaji - A Miracle

Dr. Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan

(Second President of India, Bharat Ratna, distinguished scholar of comparative religion, acclaimed educationist and philosopher)

For many, many decades I have seen the quizzical world and its ways; and life I have drunk to its dregs; I have planted myself with a song upon the crest of its titanic waves; and I assured myself I was the captain of my ship which have weathered the storm and stress of life and had at long last reached its anchorage. Life seemed like a spectroscope that displayed a multi-coloured pageantry of reality before me. I yielded to their irresistible beckonings, won them and made them of a piece with me.

My soul, however, I did not sell out to them. A thirst for something goaded me from inside. I explored the whole world but in vain; my soul implored the vanity fair for a way to the Pierian spring, to the life eternal. And it proved telling at long last.

The entire experience seems fascinating and gripping like a dream fantasy. The whole of Madras seems to have been ploughed through and through; the titanic talents lie prostrate; the great dictators of men and money are dazed and emotions are running riot among the elite and the laity.

A mighty Nor'easter has shaken the whole of Madras to its roots; the traditional moorings have been cast asunder. And the city, nay, the province itself, seems gliding towards an anchorage, the resurrection of Santana Dharma which brooks no caste, creed and clime.

Madras seems to be the fated scaffolding for preaching the gospel of one world, one language, one human race and one religion.

Not Meeting, but Mating!

It is really a superbly unique experience to meet Dadaji even for a short while. It is, in fact, no meeting, but mating as he explains so often. To see him is an occult vision, to go near him is a soul-stirring pilgrimage and to listen to him is to be bathed in the musical cadences of the Omnific World. His star-bespangled smile is a miracle, the worlds cannot contain or comprehend. And his eyes? Their bewitching beauty, their fathomless depth in stillness, their aromatic incense of compassionate love have no reckonable compeer. Yet he is a man giving out airs of simplicity and normalcy to his very marrow. A picturesque figure, he dons a dhuti or a lungi and a half-sleeved kurta. He wears no matted hair; nor is his body or forehead besmeared or marked with ashes or vermilion or sandal paste. Yet his body constantly emits a variety of fragrances never dreamt of in a perfumery.

Now he is playful, and then he is serene and lost in infinity. He plays with fantastic miracles like a child with toys. And he constantly reminds his audience that he is nobody. It is the Supreme Divine Will that manifests itself as and when it chooses. His insurrection against gurudom is vitriolic in its vehemence.

No human being can ever be a Guru who is but Eternal. And what, indeed, is the necessity of a Guru? The Mahanama is constantly being chanted within my heart. I have forgotten it through Maya which is but my egoism. One has to drain off the last vestige of ego and the Lord will surely make such a one full to the brim with self-abnegating love. The Lord is my dearest and resides in my heart. No manner of penance or ritualism is

necessary to achieve Him. Our only duty is to submit to the Mahanama ringing spontaneously within us and to bear prarabdha with fortitude.

What a new dispensation! My life is the way to immorality! Religion, then, is neither a magic, nor a witchcraft, nor an opium of the people.

The greatest of the spiritualists is he not with standing the greatest of the materialists. Dadaji is a miracle wound up to infinite miracles that defy the comprehension of the greatest seers of all ages.

The above article was previously published in :

1. The Poona Herald, 29 August 1973
2. On Dadaji – Volume IV

Many Are Called, But Few Are Chosen

Harindranath Chattopadhyaya

*(Padma Bhushan, member of Indian Parliament,
poet, dramatist, actor, musician)*

The most extraordinary thing about Dadaji is that he seems an ordinary person, who, however, unlike us ordinary persons amidst whom he remains for hours, wears no mask. He does not pose as a sadhu; he does not roll his eyes up to heaven in order to impress on you and me that he does not belong to earth. He does not need to, anyway. Those who have the intuitive eye can easily see that though he seems ordinary, he is extraordinary. His ordinariness may be called a mask which intrigues so many who come to have his Darshan. Many who have heard of his power of performing miracles come with high hopes to see them performed and, when they do not find anything happening, they return disappointed and even begin to scandalize him. Only a handful come to receive peace and light and strength and the luminous nakedness of interior vision which such a being as Dada can bestow. But the trouble is that we do not really wish to have ourselves stripped of what we erroneously call our individuality. What the peace does, what the light does, what interior vision does is to strip us of our individualism and our individuality. We are accustomed to the darkness; we are afraid of the light which Dada wants to spread to the heart of the seeker. The surest way to gain access to him is through love and not worship. He prefers to be loved rather than be worshiped since worship is at best

Truth Eternal

a wall between the two, who wish to become one. Love ushers in a gradual but permanent intimacy.

Dadaji, in any case, has never claimed to be Divine, a creature worthy of worship. The whole charm of his being's Truth is the colorful personality packed with humanhood that it wears. He does not believe in "gurubad" - which to him is tosh. No human being, he says, can be another's guru - but he most certainly becomes an instrument on which the Divine plays; a way which the Divine treads towards itself through human beings who come into the presence of such an instrument. But even to contact and sense such presence is purely a matter of Grace. Faith moveth mountains - yes, but it takes a mountain to have faith.

Dadaji performs remarkable miracles. Several of us, who are not quite insane or undeveloped people, have been witness to them. I, for one, do not doubt that when a miracle is performed it is performed, not by him who performs it, but by some Power, whose ways are unpredictable, of whom the performer of the miracle is only a tool, become so and not by accident. But why should miracles at all be performed? Dadaji will answer, "In order to prove that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy" - and once that is proved, it becomes easier for one such as Dadaji to hold the hand and lead along a roadway which runs within, of which every miracle is but a milestone on the way at which one does not stop since the goal is past all milestones - and the true aspirant, the authentic traveler never counts his footfall. "Many are called but few are chosen" is what Jesus Christ said. But I should like to put the truth in a different way! Dadaji and his ilk have chosen Him to whom they have called and called. It is the Divine who has been chosen by the Human - and, as we know, He is seldom called and rarely chosen.

I have had the privilege of coming close to Dadaji. I have had conversation with him which have led me to believe that he is an open book with no mystery about him – and the pages of that open book are waiting for those; who love him to write on them. What a privilege, really. And his eyes are filled with tears when we write the word Love on any page of the book you may happen to turn. I have told Dadaji that I have always considered love to be the most precious miracle of all and I, for one, have no doubt that Dadaji is an embodiment of love waiting to give it freely and without stint to anybody who may approach him without preconception and prejudice; approach him with just simplicity and surrender. “Suffer the children to come unto me for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.” Unfortunately, so few retain the innocence, the whole-hearted surrender of a child, free from the taint of suspicion, the corrosion of a self-flattered ego, nervous of being disturbed! The kingdom of heaven is within - and Dadaji walks right into it and floods it with a new light - his own granted to him by heaven itself - the light of simplicity and affection; the glow of spiritual intimacy of which he is an inexhaustible storehouse within his own Within. It cannot be a one-way deal; it is a two-way traffic when two souls set out to need each other in the Wise Pattern of the Composite Lonely One - the Divine Creator - who is ever in quest of unions to crowd His Loneliness.

Dadaji is free from inhibitions - a Great Childhood is always enjoying itself inside his consciousness free from the duality of you and me. He loves color, perfume, music, beauty, humor - indeed he is composed of all these qualities. When he is silent, you can hear music if you have the sensitivity to do so; if you examine his personality closely you will see it is a Kaleidoscope

of colorful patterns constantly changing - like the perfume which keeps on changing all over his body as he reclines and relaxes on a couch - and he has a smile which hides humor born of insight into vanishings and brevities around him which, within the perspective of the Everlasting bear a sense of sad humor - but humor withal!

Do you really wish to plumb, even to a least small extent, the truth of a Divine Instrument like Dadaji? Then, before you enter, leave behind, at the threshold not only the dusty shoes your feet wear, but the slush-covered shoes of your mind. Empty yourself of the prudery and scoff and antagonism - and let that emptiness be such that you do not merely say: “I am empty” - feel and say, “I am full of emptiness” - which is the ripest fullness a human can arrive at. Such emptiness-fullness is the authentic sense of reception. Do not continue to lounge about on a lazy bed in the darkness of your room with your window shut, when broad daylight is waiting for you in the sky. Is it the fault of the sky if you do not open the window to receive the light?

If and when a spiritual Master ever decides to draw any particular being to himself - however forward and obstinate that person may appear to be - heart closed and rebellious - the Master indulges in a subtle technique of bringing him close. It is by slitting the heart by sadness which is the start of a possibility for an entry of light into the heart through the slit - which gradually grows wider and wider with every pain inflicted by the Master, until it opens completely like to a window for a total and triumphant entry of His love, His light, His presence. This technique of inflicting suffering, of making the ego bleed is, truly speaking, the Master's technique of compassion, of intimacy, of deliverance. I have known of at least one such case - the one who had first

come face to face with Dada by way of a so-called intellectual defiance hurled at spiritual humility- returned home and sickened with sadness- phoned to Dadaji, a tremor of remorse in his voice- and at the next meeting with Dadaji submitted to his influence and went back home with a face beaming with joy and a heart relieved of anxiety and refreshed by a new faith, a new hope, a new understanding. The Intellectual, before the Spiritual, becomes the Ineffectual. How can you ever hope with the mind to comprehend that which is beyond the mind? Doubt proves to be a healthy thing only at the stage where it begins to doubt itself. I know it is not at all easy to start with faith, but it is with faith even a scientist starts to wards discovery - and real faith presupposes knowledge. No real Master ever asks you to have blind faith since faith is never blind. But what he does want you to do is tom come without prejudice, without preference - with an eagerness of wanting to arrive at your own hidden self which is the only Guru, he wishes you to recognize and reach. There is a beautiful copper etching I came across during my research on William Blake, the exotic soul, the misunderstood mystic he was, besides being a great poet, a great painter. It was of a ladder set against a black night which seemed to be blacker for the brilliant stars around twinkling inside its hollow - and a lonely man trying to scale that ladder, who, yet at the lower rung, cries out to the sky, "I want, I want". If you really "want" then you will receive. But unfortunately, even to want in the way that man in Blake's etching wanted, it needs Grace. And Grace will come to him who begins to feel the hollowness of not wanting - which is the first stage for the Grace to begin to feel his need.

To sit in judgement over anybody is crass idiocy - leave alone sitting in judgement over one like Dadaji, which is a stark crime.

"Judge not that ye be judged." I have come so close to Dadaji that I am able to talk so freely with him as to tell him that evil things, blended with mockery, are being said about him. He said quite calmly, "Let them. I know all that is being said; but even that is in the Divine Pattern."

And I said to him, "Dada, Christ was crucified." It is the fate of Truth to be crucified.

The above article was previously published in:
1. On Dadaji - Volume III

My Experience with Dadaji

Jayprakash Narayan

*(Bharat Ratna, Ramon Magsaysay Award winner,
freedom fighter, socialist and political leader)*

I had heard of Dadaji's spiritual powers from my younger brother in Bombay and two of my intimate friends. On the 7th of May, 1972, I personally went with my wife at the residence of my friend Sri Parmanand in Patna to have a darshan of, and an experience with, Dadaji.

We went into a room where Dadaji had been reclining on a cot alone. We paid our respect and Dadaji welcomed us. He then explained the significance of our existence. Man, Dadaji said, takes his birth in this world and after sometime departs from this earth. Where does he go? The body is left behind, but the reality of his existence does not vanish. The Ultimate Reality does not, he said, move from place to place. He is ever present, all-pervading and eternal. When we are born, He too comes with us. Dadaji said this body is our temple, because He is in us. He lives in our hearts. The Almighty comes with the mantra. How can another person introduce that mantra to us?

Assured by Dadaji I put a simple question. Intellectually we can accept the fact that God is within us as well as outside us. Since He is within us, it is not necessary to seek Him outside. But how can we have the actual experience of His presence within us, and have the realization of the Absolute? Dadaji kindly replied that He is within you, and He alone will give you the experience. He will grant us the knowledge and experience of His existence.

Truth Eternal

We cannot exist a single moment without His existence within us. Initiation or 'diksha' means 'darshan' or to see. You yourself, Dadaji said, will see and have Brahma-darshan. The Almighty is our Guru, as Guru is eternal. That Guru will give you the mantra. I asked "Who will give? And how? Dadaji affirmed, He will give the mantra and instantly "Will you take it?" he asked. The question bewildered me for a second, as Dadaji had already declared that he does not give the mantra. I did, however, say "We are prepared to receive it." My friend and a lady left the room and we were left alone with Dadaji in the room.

When my wife and myself bowed to Sree Satyanarayana, both of us clearly heard the words which came from nowhere and they appeared in red ink on a small piece of paper I had been holding, affirming the words we had heard. The words, however, disappeared after a few seconds and the piece of paper I had received again became blank.

It was an amazing experience. I do not know how this *Mahanam* came. It was a miracle. God can do anything. We were over whelmed with our experience. We were told by Dadaji that Prahalaad had similarly received the mantra when he went to Narad to get it. I wish I could understand intellectually, but that is not possible. We have to accept it with *sraddha* (respect with faith).

A book on Dadaji was then presented to me. He asked me if he could write my name on it. It was a pleasure and I was going to take out my pen. His fingers moved on a blank paper and my name was correctly written with Dadaji's signature and the date, I had been holding the pen expecting that Dadaji will ask for it. But he did it by his simple touch of fingers.

A Present

Dadaji then asked me if I would receive a present from him. I replied, "I hope it is not a precious thing. I would gladly receive a kind present from you." Dadaji was all along sitting with his upper body completely bare. He put his bare hand inside my kurta just under my neck, and immediately brought out a very good wrist watch with strap and all that, and gave it to me. He asked for it and with the touch of his fingers on the back, my name appeared. By another touch of his finger on the glass cover the name of the watch appeared on the dial. I had never received such a gift in my life.

I did not know that some more experience was still in store for me. My wife carried a bottle of clean water. Dadaji placed it before the symbol of Sree Satyanarayana for a few moments and then took it in his hands. The plain clear water started changing its transparence in Dadaji's hands till the change covered the entire area. When I opened the bottle, a sweet strong fragrance came out, and both my wife and myself were overwhelmed. The sanctified water was a pleasant surprise and we accepted it with gratitude.

We were having the wonderful experience and some talks from Dadaji for an hour. I wanted to continue the discourse Dadaji had kindly been giving us, but as I had a prior commitment, I took permission from Dadaji and left the place after more than an hour with assurance that we will have another opportunity of meeting Dadaji very soon.

In conclusion, I would humbly submit that Dadaji's supreme message to mankind that Truth is one, Humanity is one and Language is one has great significance to our country or rather to the entire humanity. All divisions which have been created by considerations of religion, caste and creed are artificial, and should

be harmonized and rather be eliminated if the people want to show their regard for Truth Eternal where no division and no dissention can ever enter. I consider myself fortunate that I had the privilege of having this noble and universal message from Dadaji whose sole concern is to propagate this simple fact about Truth without taking the position of a Guru. I only hope and pray that Dadaji may kindly grace us again by another visit to this State. Let me on behalf of my wife and myself offer our humble respect to Dadaji and our infinite gratitude to Sree Satyanarayana from whom we received the key to realization of Truth.

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 1. The Indian Nation, Patna, 10 May 1972
 2. On Dadaji – Volume III

Dada – The Man of The Age

Kshitish Roy Chowdhury

(Indian freedom fighter and former chairman of Gandhi Peace Foundation. Prominent vanguard of Sarvodaya Movement in India)

I received the Mahanam; it was a wonderful experience. The Mahanam entered into the recess of my heart through the ears. I had read of Dada's supernatural incidents in books and magazines, and did myself see some of them. Who is this Dada?

More than a month back, one of my good friends rang me up and said, "Do you keep track of your elder Shri Amiya Roy Chaudhury who is now famous as DADAJI?" I had heard about Dada's recent development from members of our family – Dada has become asaint; Divine fragrance is continuously coming out from his body, etc. etc. He unreservedly praised Dada and designated him as the Gauranga of this age. He made some time and took me to Dadaji. An exceedingly beautiful person beaming with divine grace came to my view in a new light.

From the angle of my family, Dada is very near to me. He is the youngest son of my youngest uncle, Dr. Haranath Roy Chowdhury. Our ancestral home was in Fultali village under Comilla district in the present Bangladesh. This middle-class family was quite well-known throughout the district for the ancestral glory. Dada's father Dr. Haranath Roy Chowdhury, was a man of sharp intellect and of enormous courage. He had also wonderful eloquence and the gift of charming conversation. Without him the local gatherings would become dull. As a physician he was dear to all, and his name spread to large areas in and around his district.

Truth Eternal

My aunt was a simple unostentatious lady with her mind always full of religious devotion. We never missed the charming smile on her face.

Dadaji did not pursue the conventional education for long. While discussing he jokingly remarks – "I am uneducated, I am afraid of the educated and the pandits." What is the use of conventional education for one who carries the Divine Light and is himself the example of Sri Satyanarayana? It is often found that while discussing with the devotees Dada's words become unassailable and readily acceptable, as his words and analysis flow from a region of supreme knowledge and intuition.

Dada has a love for music. In his earlier life he was known as a musician of the first order. It was in 1944 when as a detenu in Mymensingh Jail I saw in a Bengali daily the picture of Sri Amiya Roy Chowdhury; the best musician. He was one of the top singers amongst radio artists.

In his family life he was completely detached. Quite often he would just leave his home and go into seclusion. I do now understand why he loved a secluded life. We know the life in seclusion of Jesus Christ; Great Souls love to be immersed in Truth outside the gaze of inquisitive eyes.

We did not meet each other quite frequently, I also chose a homeless life; in pre-independence days most of my years were spent in prison, and after independence I became busy with constructive work. But, whenever I met Dada, I felt the presence of an extra-ordinary personality, a lion of a man. To whatever work he put his hand he made it easy and complete it without much effort. He took a hand in business and brought in enough money. And he gave them away in gifts and charities. When he entered the fields of bank and insurance, he became incomparable.

From the ordinary angle, he had no knowledge of banking, and yet he became a successful manager of one of the best banks of India. In the field of life insurance, he similarly occupied a high position. Any activity, any field, any subject came under his palm, and he could deal with it without any difficulty, without a single frown. These days we learn from Dada that everything is possible by His Great Will. Dada claims no credit nor any authorship. The expression of this Great Will was found in the earlier part of Dadaji's life. It has now become rich with **FULNESS**.

I am inspired to describe Dadaji as the **MAN OF THE AGE**. My earnest belief is that Dada's arrival in this earth has been to meet the historical need of this age. What is that need? It is a rhythmic balance between the worldly and the spiritual life. That essential unity is epitomised in Dada's life as a shining example to mankind. He has a family of his own, and he lives with his wife, daughter and son. To earn his bread, he has to work like all other men. Living within the confines of a family, Dada has been constantly enjoying the limitless Bliss of Eternity. To unravel the mystery of Life while leading a worldly life and performing the daily duties- that is the straight and simple path of self-realisation. And Dada himself is the precursor of that noble existence. Austerity, self-infliction and renunciation- these, Dadaji says, are lapses, as they go against the true Self. The realisation comes with the fulfilment of the Self. The misery of lapses tear and weaken the Self. That is why Dadaji gives a clarion call to mankind of this age- get rid of the lapses, and follow the Self and realise Its fulfilment. This call is unique for this age, and it appeals to multitude of mankind. Creation, Dadaji says, is an expression of the "Leela" of the Supreme Bliss. The One and Invisible extends Himself to many in His "Leela". The idea of monism and the idea of dualism are all merged in this great

confluence of Unity. Dadaji says, "Know thyself and realise the Self. Remove all obstacles which stand on the way to Realisation. Only then will your own greatness appear to your intellect. It will then be realised that each existence is inseparably connected with the Truth." The initiation of Mahanam with its novel method makes the deluded conscious of his own self. When the mind is cleansed with the influence of Sri Satyanarayana, Mahanam then automatically springs out of the inner recess and shows the light to realisation. In the words of Dada, with the evolution of life Mahanam becomes a constant companion and unfolds the Great Consciousness stage by stage. When in the Puja room Mahanam appears to the seeker in the presence of Dadaji, then the presence of Sri Satyanarayana in Dadaji is clearly felt. That is an indescribable experience. To mentally recite and remember Mahanam is not a difficult exercise. In this age, this simple method has been made clear to all men, and this is the Royal road of "Aradhana" or devotion to God. "Namaib Kebalam"- Nam is the only path, the Nam which has been initiated by Sri Satyanarayana Himself breaks down all hinderances by Its invincible force and establishes the Truth. That is why Mahanam is suitably apt for this age for self-realisation. Dadaji's divine powers have attracted a large number of persons of talent and ability. Quite a number of doubtful persons became converted to faith and submitted completely to Sri Satyanarayana. When the miracles happen, Dadaji becomes a witness and says that he has neither any credit nor any authorship for all the miraculous incidents. All these, he says, do happen by that Great Will. These cannot be understood by intellect, and they do happen outside the pale of human understanding and intelligence. Dadaji at such hours is tuned to another sphere and is directly identified with Truth, where there is no distinction in the Limitless: The Great Will then create

the apparently impossible but factually real incidents. When requested Dadaji simply says that they do happen. He is neither anxious about nor interested in these miracles, He does not know how they happen, nor does he want to find the causes, because these miracles are extraneous.

His attitude to these matters is, however, clearly understood when one listens attentively to Dadaji's discourses. Dadaji does not use the First Person "I" in his discourses and teachings. While describing himself, he uses the words "This one" or 'he'. That has a great significance. The ego sense distracts the sense of unity between the cosmic infinite Reality and the Absolute residing within the body. This ego sense is a great hinderance to self-realisation. Small desires and expectations cast a net around us blinding us from the indications of the Great Will. Children of Eternal Bliss move around the wheels of happiness and misery, and this ego sense creates a tragic drama in this universe of Eternal Bliss. Dadaji always warns against this ego sense. About the miraculous incidents Dadaji would invariably caution the fortunate witnesses in these words – "If the slightest thought of authorship peeps in, then 'this person' would be finished. He has to walk on a tight rope, and cannot afford to depart an infinitesimal part of hair's end from the straight path. Dada knows nothing, does nothing. The Great Will manifests itself".

With the disappearance of ego comes the fulfilment, the indivisible unity. The narrow wall of ego breaks down and unites one with the Infinite, and that creates a life divine. Mahanam is the Royal road leading to this Life Divine. Dadaji is completely unified with the Divine Will, the Truth; and that is why miracles happen as soon as the Divine Will creates them. The Absolute, the Truth, has complete control over the elements of nature in this universe

and anything can happen only when He wills it. By His Will the coconut water is turned into thick milk, the 'prasad' comes from space, copper locket is transformed in to a gold one, a divine fragrance issues out of Dada's body. Nothing is impossible for Him. All the elements and great manifestations of nature await to obey His Orders.

Dadaji's charming personality irresistibly attracts all to him. Everyone feels his great affection. He is indeed our Dada, elder brother, drawing every one towards him. He keeps no distance and infuses a self-confidence by his simple presence. His only concern is to introduce the Truth to humanity and to establish It. By his discourses, he helps the seekers of Truth to be on the right path, and to continue the journey towards self-realisation with the aid of Mahanam. A simple mental recital of Mahanam without any ritual, and complete surrender to Him eliminating the ego takes the seeker to his fulfilment, the complete merger with the Absolute.

A large number of persons of talent have been attracted to Dada's magnetic personality and have accepted his Message of Truth. A large family of 'brothers' initiated by Sri Satyanarayana is daily becoming larger with new inclusions from all over India. Well known personalities of India have come under the protection of Sri Satyanarayana. I am fully confident that the days of exploitation of man by man are coming to an end. Dadaji's appearance indicates the birth of a new age. The human society will henceforth be guided by Truth and Love and will establish Sri Satyanarayana in their lives. Everyone is awaiting to welcome that golden age.

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1. On Dadaji – Volume III

Dadaji with Dr. Gopinath Kabiraj

Prof. (Dr) M. N. Shukla

(Professor of Philosophy in Allahabad University and author of several books on Indian Philosophy. Prominent educationist and scholar of Hinduism)

Mahamahopadhaya Dr. Gopinath Kabiraj expressed his desire to meet Dadaji and so Dadaji visited Benares during November 1970. At the ashram of Sri Anandamoyee Ma Dadaji met Dr. Kabiraj and when his long-cherished desire was fulfilled, Dr. Kabiraj clasped Dadaji's hands with great joy.

At the first sight Dr. Kabiraj said, "Amiya Baba (Dadaji), I thought I would not be able to meet you before my death. I was very disappointed when I heard that you did not reach in schedule time." Dr. Kabiraj was seated on his bed and Dadaji took his seat on a chair by his side. Dadaji introduced us to Kabiraj-ji. The arrival news of Dadaji was published in the newspaper beforehand and his program of tour was also circulated. Hundreds of people including many saints gathered in the ashram to see Dadaji. Dadaji was already known to many saints and sadhus and other eminent persons of Benares for many years, but this time his visit had great significance and a far-reaching meaning. This time Dadaji's revolutionary approach tried to establish the fact that the so-called gurubad, age-long superstition and man-made sastras are absolutely wrong and baseless without any bearing on Truth. At the outset, Dadaji raised these points during the discussions with Kabiraj-ji. Dadaji point by point and step by step explained and analysed the issue of Gurubad. Dadaji said: "The mortal being can never be a Guru. Guru never dies. The

Truth Eternal

Supreme Being, i.e. the Self (Atman) dwell in every heart. He is alone our Param Guru – Immortal, Eternal - has no birth or death, no bondage even. The question of bondage is our ego only. Limited knowledge cannot lead to perfection and our so-called worldly Guru misguides and misleads us. The man who has the knowledge of Brahma, has become Brahman Himself and sees Brahma in everybody. Rather, He Himself resides in each and every human being, even in every particle of the universe. How can a man dare to call himself a Guru? Dadaji most emphatically said that this Gurubad is not only a bluff and bogus but also harmful. While Dadaji was talking, Kabiraj-ji had been appreciating heartily at intervals in support of his views and was uttering in great reverence: "Haribol", "Haribol" – this is Truth. One day the whole world will accept this view of Amiyababa (Dadaji)."

In the meantime, Dadaji bent himself and placed his hand under Kabiraj-ji's pillow and drew out a Kashmiri shawl immediately in the presence of all. Dadaji said: "I have come this time not to know anything from you Baba, but for the sake of the Great Will, this meeting was arranged and this is the settled fact. Now, Baba, do you want to see Surya Bijnan (Science of the Sun)? Here it is". With great astonishment everybody saw this, a shawl came out of nowhere. Dadaji smilingly wrapped Kabiraj-ji with that shawl and told him to use it always. Thereafter, he again took one corner of the shawl and said with his usual smile: "Let there be the name: Baba". At once it was found that to suit the color, Kabiraj-ji's name was found embroidered on the edge of the shawl. All the spectators were dumbfounded and bewildered. Perhaps, they had never observed such a thing in their life. Dadaji said: "Don't give me any credit. I have nothing to do with it.

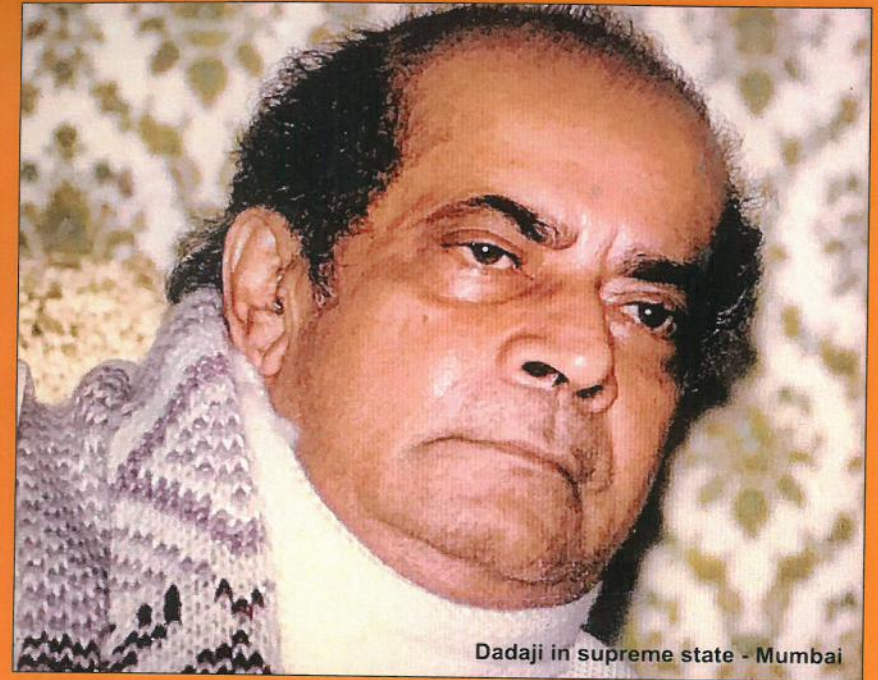
Truth Eternal

It all happens at the Will of the Almighty". Kabiraj-ji was deeply moved.

Then Dadaji quoted from memory many slokas from sastras. Kabiraj-ji frankly admitted that he had never come across them in any scripture. "This is unique, this is Truth", he exclaimed. Thus, Dadaji proved before all the renowned scholars who were present at the meeting that so-called scriptures and sastras are invalid and fraught with errors. The commentators are responsible for this. Dadaji had never acquired any appreciable knowledge in Sanskrit literature or studied the scripture. But when he is in tune with the Infinite (which is frequent) he waxes eloquent in Sanskrit slokas. His object of visiting Benares this time was to establish the Truth and uproot the myth of gurubad. Kabiraj-ji supported him in his mission.

Strange phenomena appeared during the visit. The sharp rays of the sun were shooting in through the window. Kabiraj-ji's eyes found them both annoying and unwelcome. Kabiraj-ji requested somebody present in the room to shut the window. Dadaji with a twinkle in his eye, exclaimed, "Why shut the window, Baba? We'll request the sun to shut out its light. If this (pointing to himself) requests him to do so don't you think he will oblige?" In the twinkling of an eye, the burning rays ceased to strike through the window! This was obviously an example of the obedience of Nature to one who knows the secrets she hides up her sleeves- and the Divine Secret along with it.

In the evening Dadaji again met Kabiraj-ji and there was a prolonged discussion about the many-sided conflicting views of Hindu philosophy. He spoke against age-long superstition and tradition. Next morning, when Dadaji called on Kabiraj-ji, Dr Lina Bannerji and other eminent scholars at his behest were present there. While discussions regarding gurubad, for or against, were



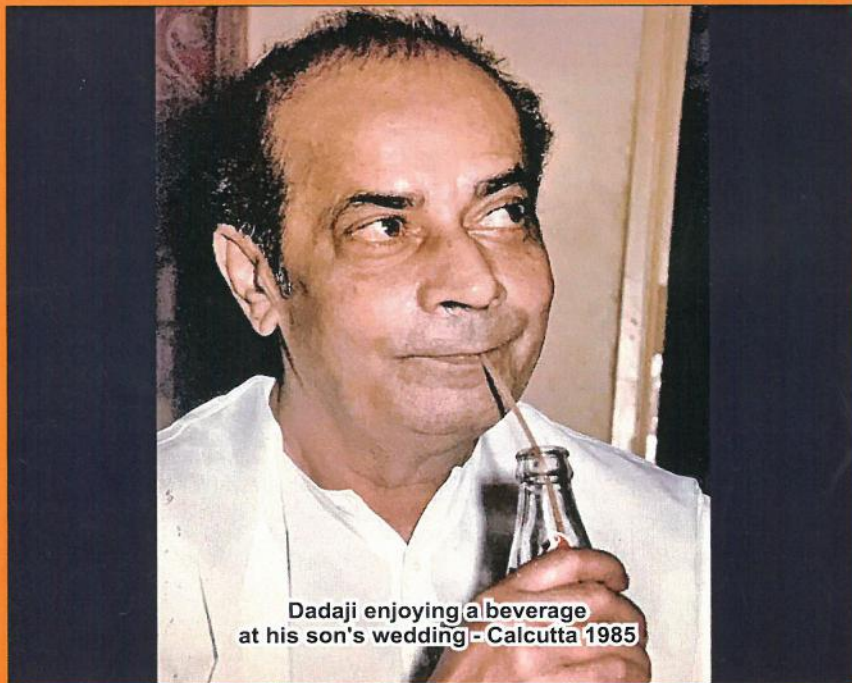
Dadaji in supreme state - Mumbai



Dadaji arrives in Chandigarh India - 1986



Rare photo of Dadaji signing picture - Chandigarh 1986



Dadaji enjoying a beverage at his son's wedding - Calcutta 1985

Truth Eternal

in progress, Dadaji turned to Kabiraj-ji and asked, "Perhaps you would like to possess a Parker pen". Forthwith touching the shawl which Kabiraj-ji had received the day before he produced a Parker and gave it to him! "Use this pen, Baba: it is for you." One voice-that of a great admirer of Kabiraj-ji – remarked, "Kabiraj-ji likes Parker '51 more than any other Parker pen." Dadaji smiled his mysterious smile, took the pen back, rolled it between his fingers, and lo! it was transformed to a Parker '51!!! The whole hall was stunned and struck speechless. But it did not end there! Dadaji took the pen back once more and rolled it again all over between his fingers, and lo! embossed on it appeared Kabiraj-ji's name as clear as daylight. Then Kabiraj-ji spoke slowly and said: "What is there our Amiyababa (Dadaji) cannot do? He possesses supernatural powers beyond the belief and imagination of men! "Why?" asked Dadaji, "Is it not possible, I ask, to create a Benares right here?" Kabiraj-ji said, "Of course, I have faith you can!" and continued, "since yesterday I have been noticing several deities are encircling you. I am fortunate. You have opened my eyes and granted me the boon of a new understanding, a new comprehension of the Truth- real and eternal."

Then followed a series of questions by Dr. Shukla to which Kabiraj-ji contributed pertinent and illuminating answers:

Question- Sometimes people experience the presence of Sri Dadaji at the same time at different places. How does it happen?

Dr. Kabiraj-ji- The real nature of the individual-self or Jiva is Divine; but on account of innate ignorance, the Jiva forgets its true nature and identifies itself with its psycho-physical mechanism. This *dehatmabodh*, or the identification of the self with the non-self, is the root-cause of bondage and of the cycle of birth and death from which the individual self suffers. Dehatmabodh

does not allow the individual-self to realize its real Divine nature; it reduces him to the level of a pathetic pitiable creature. Yet, in due course, by the Divine Grace of the Almighty, as well as Sadhana, Dehatmabodh or the identification of the self with non-self vanishes and the latent Sakti Kundalini (the Divine force folded up in three and half valayas or folds in Muladhar Chakra) rises, giving up in Vakra Gati and assuming Saral Urdhva Gati (straight upward movement). When Kundalini rises from one-third-fourths of the folds, goes up through Susumna and pierces Brahmarandhna, she is known as Urdhva-Kundalini. Pram, which flows through the Ida Nadi and Apan, which flows through Pingala Nadi are equilibrated and enter the Susumna Nadi which is then open. The Sadhak, or the seeker for truth, rises upwards through the channel of Susumna by means of Urdhva-Kuandalini, pierces through the Sad Chakras (Six Centers-the Muladhar Chakra, the Svadhithana Chakra, the Manipura Chakra, the Anahata Chakra, the Visuddha Chakra and the Agna Chakra) and reaching the Sahasrar, realizes the Virat Aham the Infinite pure I- consciousness. This pure I-consciousness means the unfolding of all objective experience within the Self. This is also known as Svatantrya or Sovereignty of the Will, the basic cause of lordship over all things. This Virat Aham or Infinite pure I- consciousness brings about the emanation, the maintenance and the dissolution of the Universe. It is by the Great Will of the Virat Aham that Dadaji is seen at different places at one and the same time. It is on account of that level of spiritual perfection that such things happen. The Nadies and Chakras, as referred to here are not physical but parts of the Pranamaya Kosha- the vital sheath in the Sukhsma-Sarita (the subtle body). In the physical body their impact is felt through the network of nerves and other subtle constituents of the body.

Question- How is one to get rid of Dehatmabodh or identification of the self with the non-self, the root cause of all evil?

Dr. Kabiraj-ji- It is through Sadhna and the grace of God that one gradually gets rid of Dehatmabodh and realizes the true nature of the Self.

Question- But, Dadaji says that complete surrender to the Guru, the Almighty- and the intense love for Him will lead to Him. There is no need of any prescribed Sadhana to realize Him.

Dr. Kabiraj-ji- Dadaji is known to me for a long time and I know the arduous Sadhana he has done. How can surrender to Guru or God and love for Him grow ripe without Sadhana? (At this I looked towards Sri Dadaji for further clarification).

Sri Dadaji- Mantra-jap with love, devotion and complete surrender to the Almighty will lead to perfection and self-realization.

Question- (To Dr. Kabiraj-ji) In the company of Sri Dadaji we experience miraculous things and incidents. He creates desired things at will. A unique aroma is felt around him. How to explain all these phenomena?

Dr. Kabiraj-ji- All these extraordinary events are the manifestations of the Divine Will of the Virat Aham- the Infinite Pure I-consciousness which is even beyond Ishwar Tattva and also beyond the time and space. At that level telekinetic functions take place beyond the range of the senses and there is nothing impossible at that level of perfection. But the manifestations of miracles are also extraneous. That has nothing to do with the spiritual development of the seeker. Such manifestations are meant to make the sceptics and the atheists believe the existence of the Divine force- the Divine consciousness which when it comes

to play, things come forth into being and which is the very self of the individual, the very source, the fons et origo, of the manifestations of the entire paraphernalia of the cosmos. The true seeker need not be concerned with these miraculous manifestations but should follow the Divine Path shown by Dadaji to attain the goal of life- Self-Realization.

Question- Sri Dadaji says that he is not a Guru- he does not initiate the seeker. The Mahamantra comes direct from the Divine Source. What is the process of such spiritual initiation?

Dr Kabiraj-ji- Vak Sakti (power of speech) can be divided into four categories- Vaikhari, Madhyama, Pasyanti, and Para. Vaikhari is the lowest form of Vak Sakti and is manifested in the empirical thought and speech. Consciousness I not experienced at this stage. Madhyama Vak is of higher stage where there is mixed experience of consciousness. At Vaikhari level the trend of mind is towards the Muladhar or the external world, but at the level of Madhyama it turns inwards, towards the Sahasras. Madhyama is the link between Vaikhari (the stage of differentiated particulars) and Pasyanti (the vision of the undifferentiated universe). Pasyanti Vak is beyond Madhyama. It is Divya or Divine Vak. Consciousness is experienced here in a manifest form. Para Vak is identical with consciousness and is Param Avyakt (non-manifest). At the time of initiation Dadaji, by the grace of the Almighty, raises the aspirant spiritually to the level of Pasyanti Vak from which the Mahamantra arises in Suddha Vikalp and is realized by the seeker. This Mantra is most efficacious in bringing about liberation or self-realization. Mantra received through Vaikhari Vak etc. are not so efficacious.

Question- What is the nature of Self-realization?

Dr. Kabiraj-ji- Realization cannot be defined. After attaining a particular level of perfection, Yoga is possible in a moment. It is a matter of immediate transcendental intuitive realization beyond definition and description. You should follow the path shown by Dadaji who knows the Absolute Truth, to reach the Divine Goal of life. Mere intellectual discussion will never reveal the Truth. Practice of Mantra jap with unfaltering faith, devotion and self-surrender, enables the Sadhak to pierce through the Sad Chakras and reach the Chittakash and Chidakash and realize the Self or the Pure I-Consciousness. Therefore, practice Mantra-jap with complete surrender and devotion, to proceed towards the ultimate goal under the guidance of Dadaji who has undertaken the enormous task of spiritual regeneration and welfare of morally morbid, sick and staggering humanity, and is making strenuous efforts, day and night, traveling from time to time in order to lead mankind to Light.

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1. On Dadaji – Volume III

Shri Dadaji-The Possessor of Supreme Faculty

Dr. Amal Chakraborty

(Renowned physician and an ex-professor of Calcutta Medical College)

A long and steady process of efforts in experimentation has unfolded before mankind new horizons of success, assuring them with expectations of a sound life on earth. Yet, vast stretches are still to be trodden till perhaps the scientist or the physician may be able to have a glimpse of that Supreme Faculty, which nurtures the entire system from the minutest atom to the solar orbit with a single perfection. The chain of human achievements, whatever proportions it may reach, is frequently threatened with complete annihilation by the Frankenstein waiting behind the screens. In fact, the balance and harmony of the natural world are conspicuous by their absence in the much-clamored accomplishments of human society, now and then torn asunder with violent upsurges.

I was made to realize this fact only in course of my meeting with Sri Dadaji. An infinite world of Faculty and Wisdom lies concentrated in him, to which our domain of acquired knowledge, however considerable it may seem, appears too meagre to stand on its own support. Sri Dadaji endowed me with the gift of 'Mahanama', strangely enough, a gift which I have been carrying so many years with me but of which I had been totally unaware,- an event, which marks an exception from the conventional custom of "Dikhsa" practiced by the self-styled spiritual men of our country now-a-days. No whispering of mantra from ear to ear, no formal ritual or inhibition to impress a mechanical formula, no intermediary even to take the credit of having introduced me to my Beloved.

Truth Eternal

A simple touch of Divine aroma was the only sacrament to sanctify this physical abode. And then the Mahanama flashed automatically in clear, legible and even audible words thus awakening me to a fresh bloom of this very existence of my life. Still Dadaji repeatedly warned me that he is not even the medium in unfolding this new epoch. The Self or the Soul within is the only Guru or Guide. To remember the Mahanama with love and surrender with discharging the works and duties of this mundane world is the only way to enjoy the Divine Bliss. The only thing which we can practice is neither meditation nor concentration but simply patience bear with the trials of life in course of our incessant struggle for survival.

Shri Dadaji often raises a question to the erudite: "What is a Puja"? The answer is most usually reflective of the traditional idea that God is propitiated on a particular day for individual well-being. Dadaji however throws an entirely new light in his interpretation of Puja which strikes more rational and logical to us. Dadaji stresses more on the practical experience of this rather than burdening the small minds with elaborations of lifeless dogmas and doctrines. As such he blessed me with an opportunity to witness one such phenomenon that can be really called Puja.

On 13 November, 1974, I called on him in the morning and was accompanied to someone else's house near-by. Shri Dadaji explained to me that to be in tune with the Lord Shri Satyanarayana is called Puja. This is possible only when one can leave the physical body and mind of the mundane plane to taste the bliss of the Infinite; Then only the Divine communion is made a reality. Since it is impossible for a mortal body to transcend the ego, Puja in the true sense of the term is never performed.

The room in which I took my seat was otherwise vacant expecting a portrait of Sri Satyanarayana, the Embodiment of

Truth. Dadaji asked me to go on chanting the Mahanama in mind and forbade me to open my eyes. As instructed by him. I went on reciting the Mahanama. I sensed strongly that a variety of aroma was enveloping me from all sides. Soon I felt distinctly of having my head being dipped in a spring of thick Divinely fragrant nectar, which glided over my eyelid so heavily that later it took me hours to open my eyes normally. This happened twice. The space within the four walls appeared to be merged in Infinite. Sparks of effulgent light flashed before my eyes now and then and peculiarly, this light had no heat. My body was growing lighter and lighter. How finite is the world of our consciousness of which we are so proud! Only the veil of ego is lifted and I have been ushered into a new world of Truth, which is locked up within myself because of our frantic search for transient, material pleasures into this sojourn of life.

I heard tingling of bells, sounds of blowing conch, in spite of the fact, that, not a single item was there inside or outside the room. The atmosphere in the room became transformed gradually to establish that no incense, no cymbals, no drums are required to announce that God is being invoked. The quiet surrender of a little child in love and faith alone can bring out an inconceivable transformation in a second in this nature.

As my body had been losing weight, the mind-function remained steady for a long time on a transcendental plane, the consciousness of which I fail to recollect now. Then suddenly I felt that the posture in which I had been instructed to sit by Dadaji was undergoing a change. I kept the tip of my fore-finger touching the tip of my thumb in both the palms touching the knees. Now I found that the two palms are being pronated to meet each other automatically despite my conscious effort to resist any such movement. My forehead too became automatically bent in a

bowing posture and the two palms jointly kissed it in salutation. A few moments later Dadaji brought me back to my normal mental world. Before my eyes, his finger touched the fly-leaf of a booklet named "Dadaji- The Supreme Scientist" and to my bewilderment there ran my name in bright bold letters. Again, he asked me: "I want an article from you containing your experiences. Would you like to have it ready from Lord Sri Satyanarayana?" I nodded yes. He again asked me: "Whether in print, or in type or in your handwriting- anyone of these you ask." I asked for the typed one. Immediately he handed over to me a blank sheet of paper and in less than a second it became full with typed matter in my hand, the second sheet also and the third and the last one too was loaded with typed matter.

Words fail to speak the bliss I enjoyed inside that room. Shri Dadaji blessed me with the opportunity to declare that our relation to the Lord is very dear and near. Moreover, the spiritual life is wound up with the material life so delicately that it leaves no room for intellectual argumentation or physical or mental austerities. Spiritualism is not an escape from the life of Karma. Dadaji has established this truth that spiritual life is incomplete without satisfying the demands of physical life. The mind and intellect, which are His gifts only, should be utilized always with the awareness that they are too small an instrument to measure the Absolute Truth and it is wiser to surrender them at His feet only.

The above article was previously published in:

1. The Call Divine, 1 February 1975
2. On Dadaji – Volume IV

Into the World that Abhors all Gymnasium

Mahamahopadhaya Dr. Srinivasan

(Mm. Dr. Srinivasan was the greatest Vedantist of the age. Dadaji asserted even prior to his Madras tour that Srinivasan was Vali, the monkey-chief, in tretayuga, who was killed by Ramachandra. Dadaji further asserted that Rama gave word to deliver Vali. That promise has now come true. What follows is an incontestable testimony to it- R.L. Datta)

I was born into a gymnasium. Everyman does, in one sense or the other. For, all the world is a gymnasium thriving with gigantic throb under the aegis of either Manu or Moses, Plato and Aristotle or Laotse. Indeed, the muni or the pharisee, the magi or the saman, the pontiff or the quazi has lapped the whole world with a stupendous farrago of ineluctable injunctions. And the land of the Madra people, so eloquently eulogized and adonized by Panini, where I first saw the light of day, was from time immemorial the cradle of scriptural pedagogy, meticulous sophistry and unsagging wrangling. Free life itself was the Cinderella of the curriculum of life; the world around, however astir with bizarre activity, was but a silent cenotaph to the endless network of laws and injunctions buried in the pages of manuscripts zealously preserved and worshipped too in Muths and tols and even in private houses. Indeed, life to us was a high-strung hymnology to gospels and Revelations, a sacrifice to the leviathan of sacerdotalism, an ape-like rehearsal of what was professed and practiced a few millennia back. Emotion was a taboo, doubt a sacrilege and free thinking

Truth Eternal

selling one's soul to Beelzebub. For, our nursery rhyme was to the effect, "Sastram eva pramanam te karyakaryavyavasthitau". We pride ourselves on being "Sastraikacaksu" and "Laksanaikacaksu". The heart bled and rent; the senses pined for a free pasture; the mind moaned and span out outlandish excuses for liberty; but our intellect stood firm like a rock and knew no wrinkling, tethered as it was to the immaculate scriptures. And our way from the cradle to the crematorium was the imperious tunneled thoroughfare engineered by the sastras. Such was the tradition and heritage into which I was born. And, no wonder, I soon grew into a gigantic bibliophile of encyclopedic dimensions, an astute dialectician, a hard-boiled Vedantist, a monolithic architecture of the hallowed scriptures. And fame and renown, celebrity and distinction toed my line like frenzied sycophants. I looked like a mighty savant the world had seldom seen. I threw my gauntlet across the ages to the hoary past and ducked myself into fancying that like Vali, the redoubtable monkey-chief of the Ramayana-fame, I had routed and discredited Rama, Krishna and possibly Chaitanya Mahaprabhu. The ultimate truth leading to salvation and liberation was assuredly in my firmest grip. The whole world seemed to dissolve and dissipate in my gymnasium and the secret keys to the mysteries of the universe and beyond were in my clutch. The gymnasium, then, and I too, seemed to overstep all frontiers; and it dawned on me like an immaculate revelation that I was the Truth, the way and the life. Ah poor souls! The Christian millennium is a midsummer night's dream. It is here and now, in me, the repertory of all human endeavors and achievements. From the gymnasium has shot forth the rainbow of truth and light into the highest altitude and like a canopy across the sky it has taken toll of all existence and

trekked back to its nativity. Like poor Horatio, I could hardly realize that my transcendence would be transcended in no time, that my truth would prove trash in a trice and that my gymnasium would turn into a shabby shed where creatures of the bovine species are penned in.

The scene was laid in the heart of the city of Madras. It was the afternoon of July 15, 1973. All men of light and lead of the city, the topmost celebrities of every walk of life, a galaxy of intractable pundits and sadhus and a vast multitude of the urban populace had stormed into and around a big palatial building. For hours together they had been lying in wait for a man from West Bengal- not a matinee idol, nor a breath-taking magician; but one who is more captivating, gripping and baffling than both. At about 4 p.m. he was expected to give us audience; but the plane was sick with shyness and would not take off; and the pillars and posts of time ran helter-skelter past the appointed hour; for, the hour is the zero hour of launching our offensive against the much talked of miracle-man of Bengal. Well, it is Madras and no exotic wares can have any easy market here. Our excitement ran high as we waded ourselves through hour after hour, having planted ourselves securely in that building. Ah! has the man, the Dadaji alias Amiya Roy Choudhury, evaporated along with the star-crossed plane out of fear of us, or has he been hijacked to some other alluvial soil, fit for fermentation and cooking up all manner of gibberish? Thus, we mused within ourselves, while ruminating the stupendous mass of scriptures we had swallowed. At long last we tried of waiting and dispersed; the man has of a surety fought shy of us; and we have, on our part, lost the opportunity of bagging and hurling down this sworn enemy of Sastras and Guruvada.

But he did come; he came stealthily in the stillness of the night at about 11 p.m. and few could meet him at that unearthly hour. Scriptures admonish one not to encounter a goblin, master of black magic, at dead of night. So, we went homeward and waited there for the day to dawn. He too, possibly having no axe to grind, retired for the night. The knight of the night will lick the dust of the morrow; the zenith had reached the nadir and his days are done- thus we fondly mused.

And the benighted night ended; our benighted night! And the light of day dawned on us, bathing us through and through. The sky was clear, azure; not a speck of cloud; gone were the rains to some distant land; a gentle, coquettish breeze was blowing. And we were face to face with Dadaji. Reclining on a divan, he was smoking cigarette or smoking off his shyness and the sastras. Now he was playful and deliciously vague; a gentle ripple of light glided across his countenance; then he was serene and sequestered and inscrutably obscure. Redolent of the abysmal glassy ocean and of clammy kindliness, his eyes seemed to secrete pure life and pure negation. A presence he was at once lonely and teeming with entourage; and every speck of him seemed to cry a dead halt to our egoistic logistics. But we too are hard-bred titans and we were a legion there ready to strike. So, the offensive was launched; and the league-long rumbling of the surging ocean broke in upon the vibrant silence and deafened the atmosphere; a gigantic avalanche was set in motion from the gorge of the steep precipice of the gymnasium. But his gleaming, over-weaning smile was not smothered. In all ruthless fury raged a hail-storm, benighting the entire room- a hail-storm of the upanisads, the Geeta and other scriptures. How diabolically audacious of him to ride roughshod over the entire cultural heritage

of this holiest land, the sole karma-bhumi under the sun, the land of rishis and divine incarnations! His quixotic insurrection against guruvada and the sastras pluck out the heart of all spiritual quest and reduces it to a festering corpse. We hurled at him the sharpest missiles from the armory of sastras; but they cut no ice. The procrustean bed is not for him. He possibly has no schooling; and, on top of it, he seems to be deaf and dumb; and, to crown it all, his eyes seem glassy and fixed upwards. Are we, then, fighting with a shadow, an apparition that finds nothing outside itself, a monstrous freak of Nature in a deliciously lustrous form? All our logical acrobatics and dogmatic calisthenics were, then, spent in vain! And the sole spectator of our Vanity fair is none but ourselves! But he winks, he smiles, he smokes, he sips and..and he kisses! the corpse is recapturing life; the ruddy gleam on his lips bears an unmistakable stamp of negativity of his integral fulness breaking froth into discrete nothingness; denuded of the void, he was clothed in nakedness of his inalienable nature and his lips parted, to speak indeed, and he spoke a tongue that turned time speechless, space sluggish and all harvest of the intellect a tissue of travesty. It was a few halting sentences and the whole world was stalled.

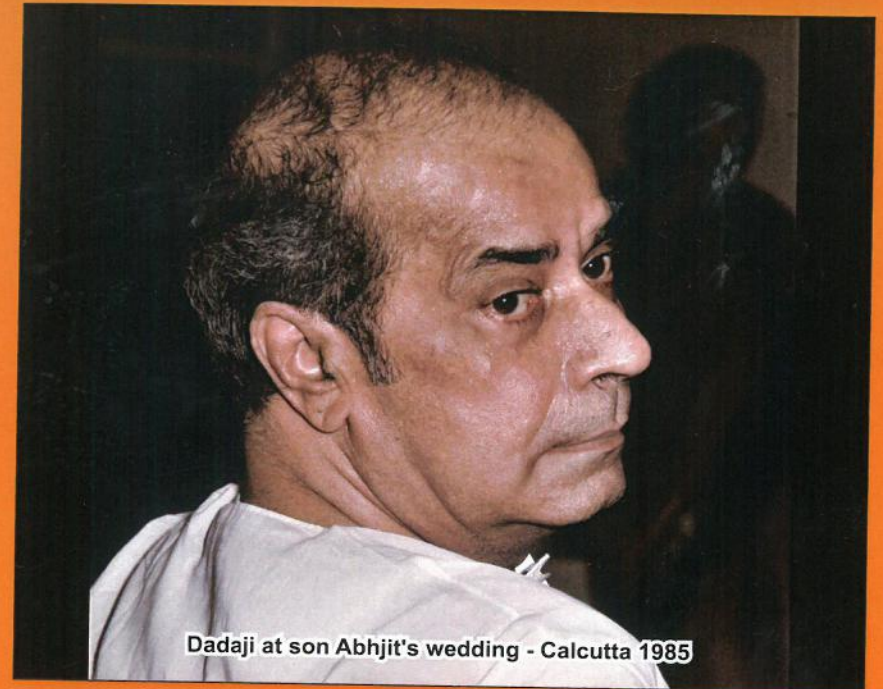
He spoke, He spoke a speech that takes the wind out of the sail of all speech. "Sastras are an abject caricature of the Truth eternal, and egoistic exercise in intellectual wrangling; they have been composed only with a view to protecting the world; you are born a purna-kumbha; and no give-and-take commercialism is at all called into request; you have been ushered into this world along with Mahanama constantly vibrating within your heart; that is the only guru; the supreme being, Satyanarayana is the only guru; the guru is undecaying, eternal and ubiquitous; it is rabid

materialism to take a human being for guru; you are all idiots. Don't try to understand Him. The Truth is beyond the plane of mind and is One. Multiplicity is a mental construction. The world, however, is not an illusion; it is the Vrindavanalila of the Supreme. Nothing is to be shunned or assumed to have the Truth; for, you are all the while in It; that you have forgotten It is the root-cause of all your misery. So, live in It and bear with patience your prarabdha, the vicissitudes of your life. Egoless work is the only penance. Truth harbors no injunctions, inhibitions or taboos. Effort is effete where perfect equipoise of fulness is integral to one's existence. It is prema and prema alone, that attuning elixir of life, that manifests Mahajnana and Vraja. Your jnana can never get a semblance of it". We were dazed; the old world along with its huge ant-hills of scriptures seemed to evaporate. The search-light sparkling from the words seemed to conduct me through the labyrinthine maze of alcoves of the huge library planted within my mind and I seemed to know the self-imposed futility of my entire past life. Yes, thawing of the ice-berg has set in; I recalled to my mind unwittingly that daring line of Sankara: "Avidyavad-visayani sastrani" and the hemistich "Manca gopaya yena syat sristiresottarottara". Well, the sastras are like a dog in the manger! To the Truth am I betrothed eternally! Doing is suffering. To get is to negate the self in equipoise! To understand is to stand apart from the Truth! To rationalize is to hoodwink the basal irrationally of reason! And the emptiness of complete surrender is the fulness of Truth! The granules of my brain seem to be in a riotous revelry; I am drifting past myself; It's time I stage a retreat; for, the anchorage of my life has been snapped off.

But that was not to be. Dadaji took me to the ante-room and shut the door behind him. A picture of Sree Sree

Truth Eternal

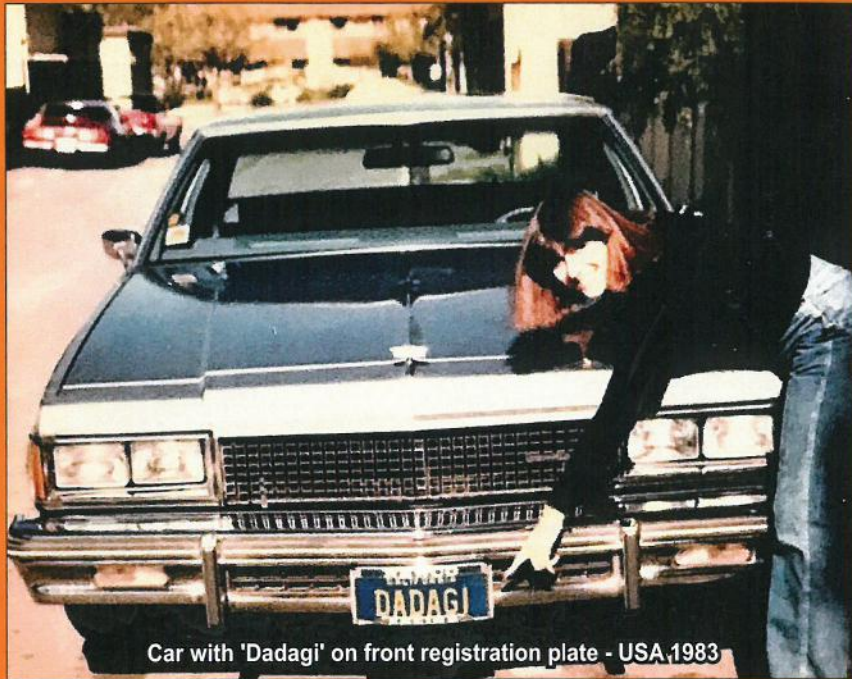
Satyanarayana, the Supreme Consciousness and the symbol of sarvadharmasamanvaya (not of the current type), was there in display. 'That is the symbol of Truth', he exhorted me. 'Pray of Him anything you like', he exclaimed. And the next moment he thundered out in a superhumanly dense voice: 'Look here! Give up wrangling; would you see what is Truth? Look at me and say what you see and hear'. What a convulsive contingency! How I can dare look! My courage and conviction had evaporated leaving me to an enveloping void. And the vision and the audition were imperious in their autocratic advent. Did I really see and hear? The fulcrum of all activity was not. So, it was they who planted themselves into me and saturated my fugitive consciousness in spite of myself. And what was the experience? Dadaji presumably invoked into the room Garuda who covered three sides of the room with his wings; and on his wings flashed forth the letters of the Mahanama and gripped my eyes, while chanting of the same filled my ears from every direction. Dadaji's figure, meanwhile, seemed to assume gigantic dimensions past the brick-and-mortar coverage of the room and soon dissolved into a deluging flood of white, radiant light that encompassed me for a while; and then I had a vision of the four-armed Narayana. The rest is beyond me. I fell into pieces; I became of a piece with Dadaji, the Truth manifest. Was it a dream, a hallucination? But where have my sacred thread and the tuft of hair on my hair gone? It was I, indeed, who offered them at the feet of Dadaji. For, I could do no better. Dadaji pointed out that the sacred thread or the pig-tail did not make a brahmana; a brahmana is he who has been blessed with Brahmanmantra, which no human being can bestow. Anyway, a piece of plain paper was then given to me; I was asked to prostrate myself before Sree Sree Satyanarayana and



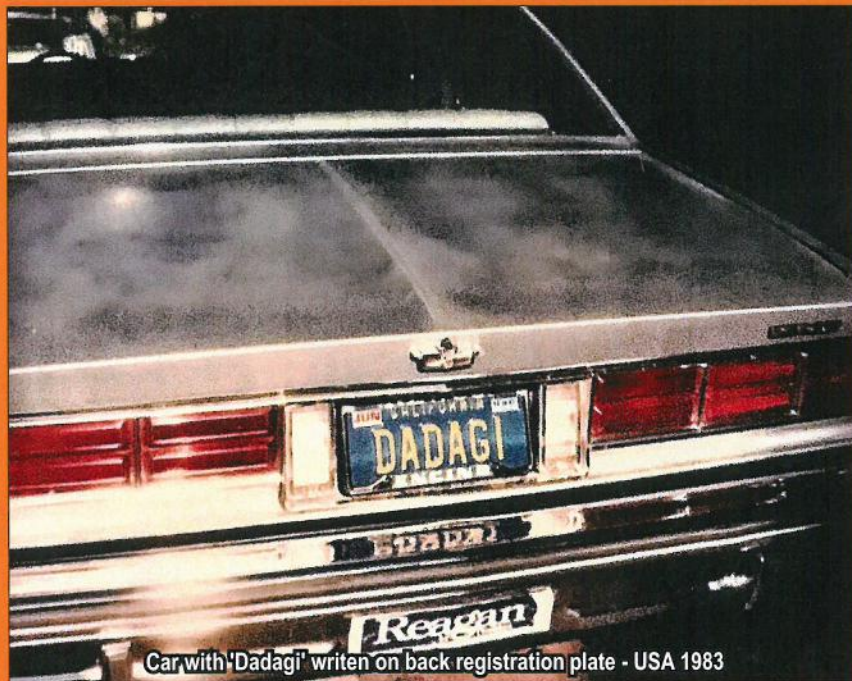
Dadaji at son Abhjit's wedding - Calcutta 1985



Dadaji & Boudi - Disneyland USA



Car with 'Dadagi' on front registration plate - USA,1983



Car with 'Dadagi' written on back registration plate - USA 1983

Truth Eternal

to repeat the Mahanama with closed eyes, while pressing the piece of paper placed on the floor. I did so and, before a minute had elapsed, I was asked to look into the piece of paper. And lo! three Sanskrit verses were inscribed on it in Tamil character. And, wonder of wonders, all the verses were written in the first person, who identified himself in the first verse expressly as Srinivasa, this felled fellow. It was the last nail on the coffin of my ego; and I was dead, being deadly alive in Him, my Dadaji. And then? The valiant heroes a thousand battles fell to a man; the great Mohants, the virulent tantrikas and the mighty miracle-monks followed suit, not to mention the great celebrities of other walks of life. And the entire room and its precincts were overladen with a strong, maddening fragrance diffused from the glowing person Dadaji. He was then, in a leisurely mood and enquired: "I like to be in the company of lovely dames; I can't do without them. I talk to them, fondle them and even kiss them; I ask them to marry me, how do you take it? We could hardly say anything. And he went on: "Do you think you are male? No, no; you are all women; the mind is woman and the soul is the only Man; and He is in eternal amour with women. The basic truth of cosmology empowers me to woo the women-folk. Do you agree?" Assent was a superfluity. We, who were once the guardian-angels of the so-called godmen, are not even tiny idiots in the geography of Dadaji. And yet he would all the while emphatically deny being a guru. He was nobody, no better than any of us, a corpse for the coffin. He was simply an elder brother who could not do without loving all. Can I measure this love, this glow, this fragrance, this ego lessness, this manifestation of miraculous Supreme Will, this fulness in vacuity? Can any other man fathom it? But the query has been finally interrogated and

laid by Dadaji Himself. For, He is the eternal query which no man can ever dare answer. Even the three verses received in writ by me are an insuperable pointer to all logic-choppers. Let me revert to the verses one after another.

The first verse, a gigantic one, runs as follows

Sapta-Sastra-pathodhi-mantha-manisa-labdhamisopi Valivat

Sandi-ghata-vipatana-patuviravano-ridravano bhavat

So'yam Sastrastra-dravinotsekarabhasa-paddhvasta-vadivratha

Prapto' kande drsaiva smitayattgandhatam Srinivasabhidhah

This verse of abject self-adulation fathered on me by some unseen power sounds the very death-knell of the giant that I was and ends with a carol of the poor soul that I am. Let me explain: - Samkhya and Yoga, Nyaya and Vaisesika, Mimamsa and Vedanta are the six orthodox systems of Indian philosophy. The Bauddha and Jaina systems, being heterodox from my standpoint, have been here considered as one. These seven systems are like the seven mythical oceans encompassing the whole world and sustaining it. I, Srinivasa, have churned them all with my sharp intellect as the churing-rod and, like Vali, have won title to immeasurable knowledge and wisdom (like invigorating meat which excites wrangling. The suggestion is that it ultimately turned into poison; for, it was a mental feat. The real churning occurred when the ego was not on the eve of my death everlasting). I grew very much adept (even like Vali, who, while doing Sandhya, humbled the pride of Ravana by drowning him in the seven seas) in explaining away inconsistencies in the sastras and harmonizing them in turning them turtle at the next moment and bristling them with interminable problems. (This alternation of proposition and

contraposition is really the hall-mark of one's pedantry). I routed adversaries of the exalted stature of Ravana and sacred away all my contestants. Sastras are my missiles; and the hectic conceit of the wealth of these missiles blasted away the whole host of my disputants. How strange! that invincible fighter has, all of a sudden, been relieved of his pride and encompassed with divine fragrance (emanating from Dadaji's person) by a smiling look alone. (When nectar was churred out of the ocean, Mohini routed and bewitched the demons only with a smiling glance. But my fate was otherwise; for, it was my complete undoing and sprouting forth afresh as a nava-mandarin).

That leads me to an exposition of the second verse which reads thus :-

Drstam Mahanama srutamapi kila subhram jyotiriksitam

Gauramiya-mandire Narayana-Scaturbhujopi lehitah

Labdha Gopavana-srutirbhinna cid-granthir-Dadaji-prasadata

Aviskrtamca satyam part param Omiyam Brahma tadvanam

This is verily what is known as Vedoddharana, reclamation of the vedas and yajna-samapana, conclusion of the sacrifice. Oh! where do I stand? I am dangerously heading towards the infinite void. That journey, which is a being embalmed in. Being, through the groves of Vraja is depicted in this verse exquisitely. Let us follow its trend: I have been blessed with both vision and audition of Mahanama; my eyes have been bathed in the white radiant Light forlorn. And I have licked with my eyes the four-armed Narayana manifested in the bright body of Amiya. I have at long last been smuggled into possession of Gopavana-sruti (an upanisad which deals with Krisna and Vraja-prema). All the gordian knots

of my mind, all obsessions and taboos, have been snapped asunder. (For, no one has access to Vraja, unless he is clad in the wedding robe of stark nudity). All this is the grand dispensation of Dadaji. And I have discovered the finally ultimate Truth that is 'Omiyam Brahma Tadvanam'. It is Brahma that is beyond the syllable 'Om' and is its sole sustenance.

The 'Om' or the pranava revealed in the upanisads is a distant symbol of the Supreme consciousness and is mor mundanely oriented than otherwise. This sound-symbol is at the root of all material creation and is transcendent only in a limited sense. The Mahanama stands at a higher level and is conversant with the ultimate reality which, however, is beyond all sound, though the ultimate matrix of all sound-vibrations.

It is Omiya, that is, Amiga (as pronounced with 'o' in East Bengal), our beloved Dadaji, who claims himself as a nonentity. And, He it is who is to be worshipped with unalloyed amour. And the third verse enacts the crossing of the romantic vraja, passage through Surya mandala and Gaura-dhama and final offering of one's be-all and end-all with tulasi-manjari. The stages of Mukti and Prapti have been superseded, and now the soul has to face uddhara through complete self-immolation.

The verse runs as follows :

Namamrta-pana-Ksive-Caksusi sravane ubhe
Manastvaccarane mauni raksa Dadaji Mamiya

My eyes and ears have drunk the nectar of Nama and have grown tipsy; my mind, fallen at your feet, has ceased prattling and is silent. I find nothing that belongs to me—neither the senses, nor the mind. They are in an orgy of

afflatus. Oh Dadaji! Oh, nectarine Amiya! The void closes in upon void and my soul is stripped bare. Save me, (Or, don't save me from the death of my all).

I am in tears; I am in hearse; my gymnasium has fled past me; I have been transported into the world that abhors all gymnasium. Do I exist? Or does I-in-Dadaji only exist and will exist forever? Dadaji will not answer. He Himself is an eternal question that is answered in the question itself.

Tarksyahrtamrta-prapta-sarvatmabhi seko'pyaham

Amiyamrta-lubdhaka-karanga-lolatam gatah

[Though my whole being has been bathed with the nectar fetched by Garuda, I have grown fickle like a deer, being greedy of the nectar that Amiya is (or I have been like a perplexed deer before the hunter in the shape of Amiyaneectar)]

SECTION - 4

Dadaji's letters

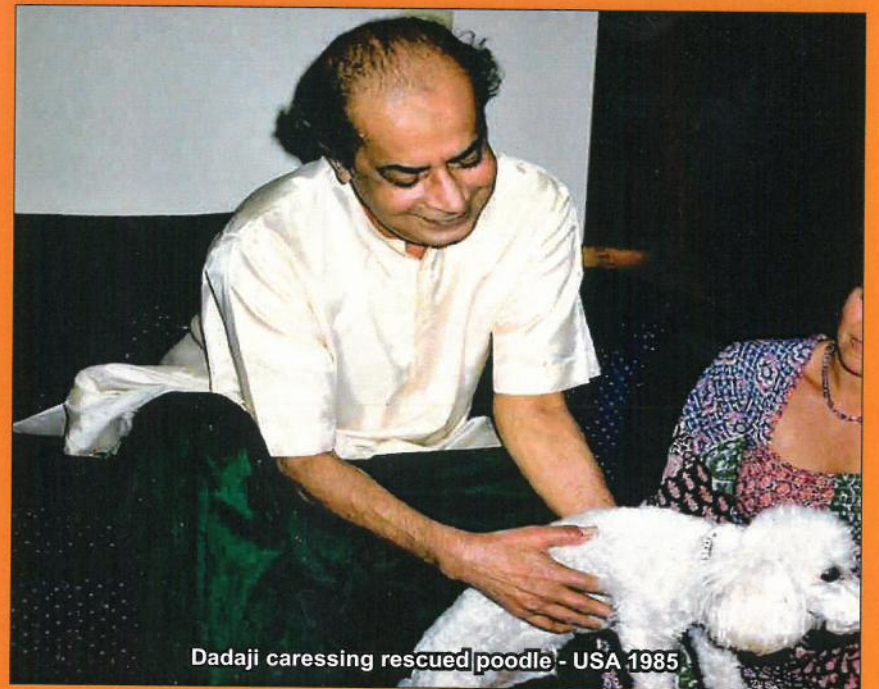
'The traveller has to knock at every alien door to come to his own, and one has to wander through all the outer worlds to reach the innermost shrine at the end'

—Rabindranath Tagore

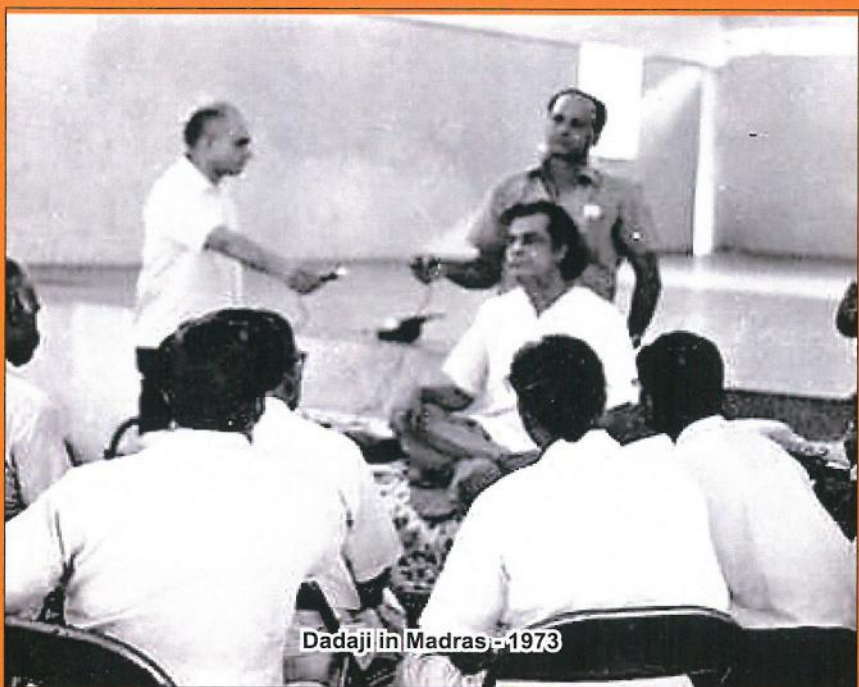
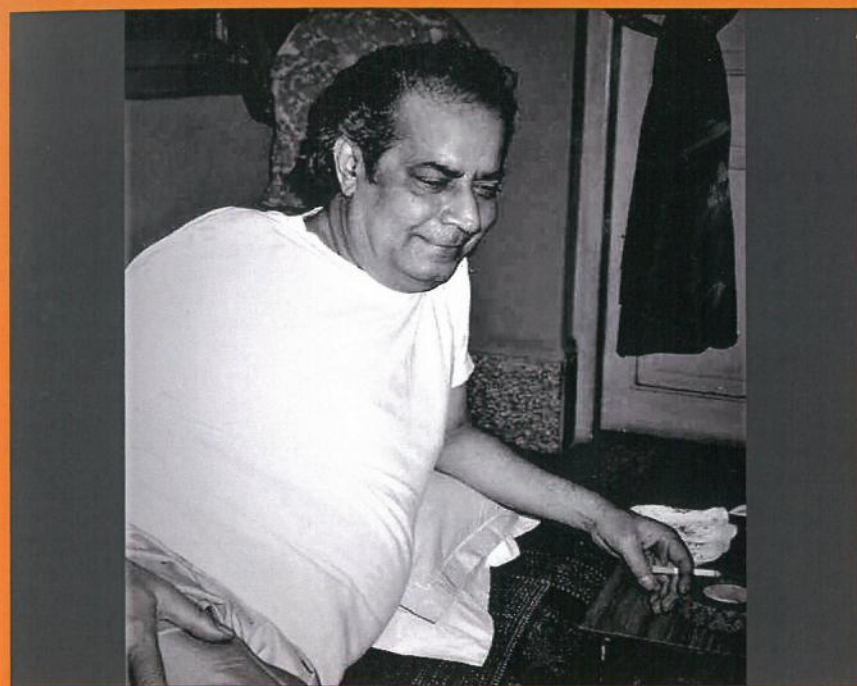
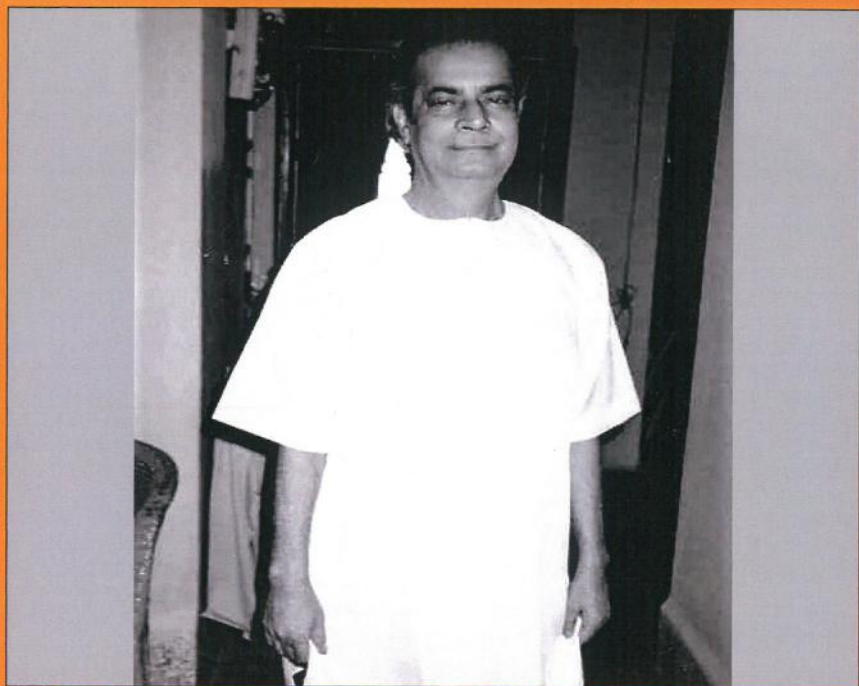
(Geetanjali verse XII)



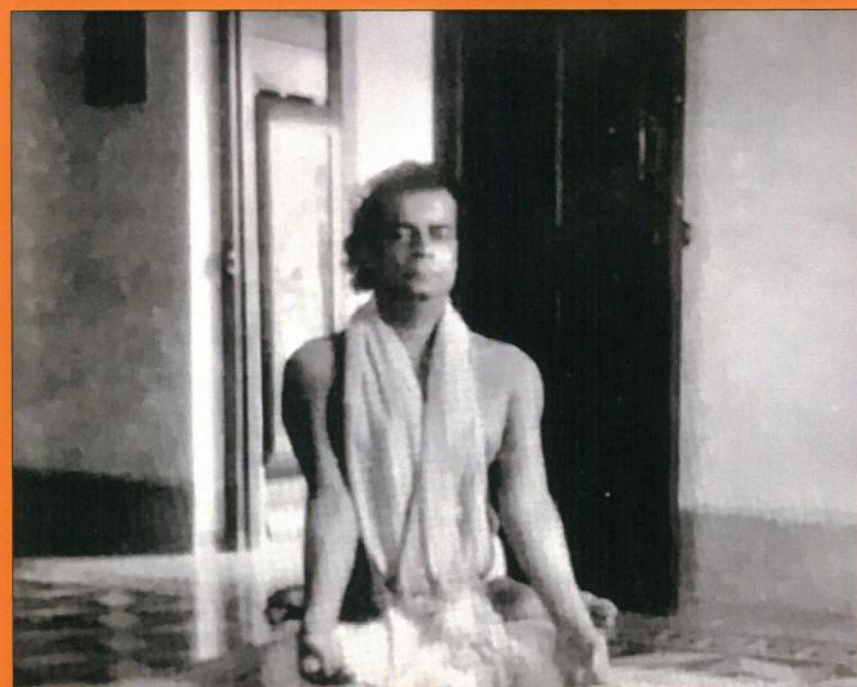
Dadaji at Portland airport with Rôma and Steve Davis - 1985



Dadaji caressing rescued poodle - USA 1985

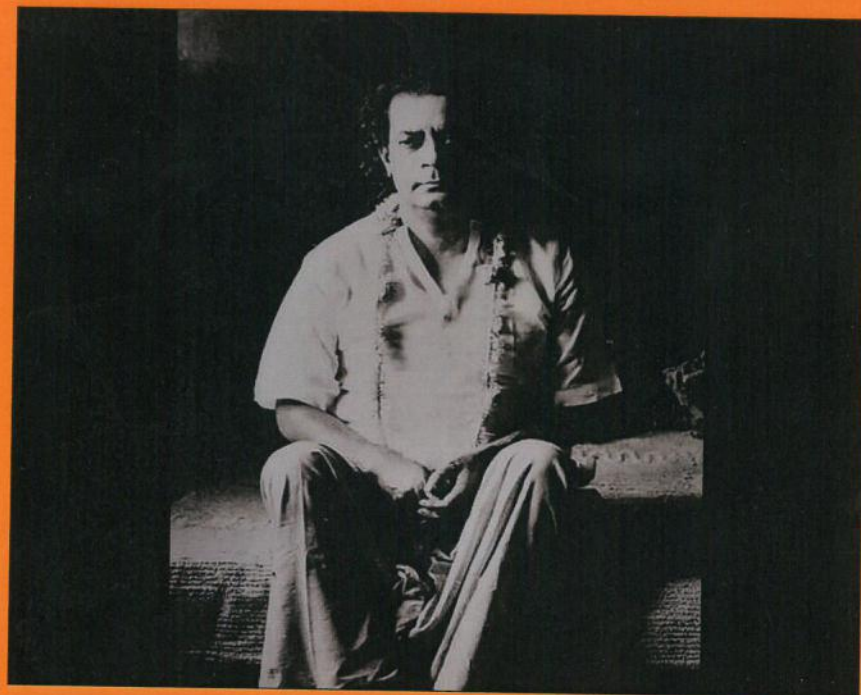


Dadaji in Madras - 1973





Abhi Bhattacharya with Dadaji - 1971



Dadaji – The Absolute in Human Form

(Introduction to Dadaji's letters)

Abhi Bhattacharaya

(Renowned Indian movie actor and long-time companion of Dadaji)

It is my destiny that, apart from being a movie actor, for the last thirty-five years, I have come in closest touch with Dadaji during the last ten years. I have been moving with him throughout the world for the cause of Truth. It is due to my destiny and not for any meditation, ritual or worship. As a result, I am able to write about Dadaji and his message for all mankind. Dadaji means Elder Brother (of all humanity). He moves all over the world selflessly and alone without any organization behind him to establish Truth of Existence, God, Life. To him all mankind is one and there is one Truth. An advent of Divinity takes place every four to five thousand years. This civilization has seen the rise of materialism in a virulent form and so comes the Absolute One with all the creative forces - beyond human comprehension.

Top scientists and intellectuals the world over write about Dadaji and Truth. These testimonies are recorded for the future so that no distortion may be possible. Dadaji does not write himself. He had, however, once written some letters in Bengali and I have collected these and translated them as they apply to and are of great benefit for all mankind, even though addressed to a close devoted sister. His letters point to the truth of existence and living relation of man and God for all time. To understand the letters, one must first know why Dadaji is the Elder Brother for the entire mankind even though he is a family man. My experiences with him all over the world, have enabled me to realize that hidden in his

mundane personality there is another Dadaji - the all-merciful Supreme Consciousness. He prescribes no ritual, no penance. He proves scientifically that God, Truth or Guru resided within us as destiny and body's existence or soul or Atma or Prana, eternally vibrating as Mahanam (Lord's name) which, therefore, is to all human beings is the one root of existence. The body is thrown off when this vibration leaves it. There is no gap of time and space with Dadaji as He is all-pervading. Nothing in the universe can escape him. He knows the mind of man and is the Creator of Destiny. So, he advises in these letters from the supreme level beyond mind in order to alleviate man's condition as the ups and downs of destiny unfold. He is free of all worldly education given in schools and colleges; but the highest of intellectuals, yogis, and scientists of the world somehow turn up to meet him and are baffled in the face of his supreme knowledge. Why? Because He is the Supreme Existence, come first time on earth in human form as Shri Shri Satyanarayana-Truth personified. Dadaji sees everything as one 'He', so he never says 'I'.

Dadaji though present with mind in our mind-world, is always in the beyond-mind infinite state. To us he shows a little bit of mind and looks ordinary and thus shows us that we are in this world of mind to play our roles as destined and no one can avoid this. Prana or soul eternally vibrating as Mahanam, is the existence at the root of respiration holding intact the body. Mind is pushed at birth into the body; so, mind's unfulfilled wants and endless desires move the body with happiness and suffering by turn, till mind comes to Him for His Love and ultimately merges with Him, the ONE. This is the purpose of creation of which man is ignorant. He is the soul. So, we have soul+ body+mind. Man has no existence of his own.

Beyond body, mind and soul is Satyanarayana, the Zero, Para-Brahma, the One-Absolute, the cause and source of creation which is man infested with mind and body as Nature. Mind is limited, individual, emanating also from His power. Beyond body and mind

everything is One, 'He', the Absolute. He thus appears as many controlled by Him. This is Dadaji.

All this may seem unbelievable; but the time is coming when mankind will have to accept this reality. Shri Shri Satyanarayana is Destiny. Now, man has to face the worst of days till large-scale destruction so that he may be born with awareness of Truth and stabilized mind, and eventually be also freed of mind and escape the cycle of births and deaths. So, Dadaji selflessly advises all mankind as an antidote for the destined suffering, "Some how remember Him who is within; remember Mahanam". He and His Name are identical. He is one in all beings. Ignorance of this fundamental truth creates all the miseries. And because He is the one existence in all and since beyond mind there is no language even, so mankind is one, religion is one. All differences are man-made. For the same reason no human being can ever be a GURU." GURU is within; be tuned with Him".

When Dadaji blesses anyone, he touches the chest a little below the heart. It is from this region that the self-revelation of Mahanam arises, the place of residence of the Lord or the GURU. A divine Fragrance is associated with the blessing and touch of Dadaji. This Fragrance can be manifested anywhere in the universe at any time. It signifies that there is no gap, no time and space with Dadaji and that He is omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent. It manifests as a sign of His Love and Grace, to remind us of His presence, to develop in us a consciousness of Him, the Dadaji of beyond body and mind-the Absolute. He is within. So, it is enough just to remember Him as Truth- SATYANARAYANA that alone exists. All forms and objects are perishable, mortal, that only come and go. We are born with a given individual 'I'-sense. The Big 'I' is He. When the body goes off, the mind remains with Him to be manifested again and again in different bodies till it becomes free and is merged with Him-the One, the Absolute Truth, Shri Shri Satyanarayana.

Letters from Dadaji

To Bharatnatyam exponent Pratima Chowdhury

Date unknown

Go through your daily activities. Karma (whatever one does is Karma). Actions and reactions in the mind lead to one's activity. Let the fruit of action be decided and be bestowed by Him (Almighty God); because the result comes from Him. Man has no existence of his own; because his exit from the mortal body is inescapable.

Man, always tries to put down another out of jealousy, contempt, anger etc. But those who depend on God in full faith, none can make them small or harm them. Go ahead with this firm faith. So many, varied problems and hindrances must come; otherwise man won't understand and realize how and why He is the best of all friends and companions and the dearest one who keeps us protected in all calamities and adversities (which are unpredictable). As you have met Him direct, and have received His grace, you have nothing to worry about. He is with you to guild you to the right path. Leave it to Him.

Dadaji

10 December 1974

Dadaji's love for his aaponjon* is very personal and secret; no second man has the right to know it. Yet, this love is so deep as to be opposite to the love which in worldly idiom is styled as "out of sight, out of mind". The greater the distance, the intenser the attraction for him. Though based on the body, this love makes no room for fickleness of mind. On the contrary, this love

Truth Eternal

embodies only the vibrations of the life-force symbolised as the steady, unchangeable Nama. That is marriage. One has, in reality, to be wedded to Him. He Himself sets the stage for His own manifestation. Patience only is required to feel it. You will find that He, as the dearest, is showing you the way through your devoted immersion in all your actions.

Dadaji

**Aaponjon (Bengali) – own person. It is He. Dadaji finds Him in all. So, all are 'aaponjon' to Him, though from the worldly point of view, one who has a basal aptitude to submit to His love, is His 'aaponjon'*

7 January 1975

The Love which you have for Dadaji is not for the physical form. Dadaji is beyond form. If one's love is fixed on Dadaji of human or physical form or body, expectations, exchanges, reactions, hopes, confusions, misunderstandings, disillusionment, tiredness, depressions, ultimately recession, and separation will come to stop the flow. In this Dadaji there is a Dadaji in you, in me and in all beings, omnipresent, at the root of vibration of life. Actually, it is for the taste of this love that human beings are created and come into this world. But human beings instead become slaves of their ignorance and forgetfulness. His love cannot escape the cycle of births and deaths full of miseries. Your actions, betrothed to Him (Dadaji), will elevate you to a state of inexplicable ecstasy into the World of Truth. Your responsibility is to perform your actions (Karma) with full sincerity and honesty. Dadaji is in open manifestation with you all the time. Unless one is free from the covers of mind's compulsions (in relation to one's bodily and external attachments), one cannot come closer to (Him)- the state of Vraja, where physicality doesn't exist. Covers

of mind are hindrances to being in Vraja. So, whom He loves, He does not allow him or her to keep the covers of the mind. Your duty is to have patience only.

Dadaji

14 January 1975

Do you know how Dadaji's letter is like? Even before His letter reaches, vibration or rhythm wafting the touch of His love, reaches the recipient in advance, to be followed by the waves of sound. For, language or concepts of the mental domain are for creatures (human) only. Men fast to those words and proceed in search of what is beyond language and mind. But, that in no way can touch the life-force - (because of the hindrance of) time and space. The worldly life which man leads is covered mostly by a fall of artificiality. And this fall itself has the stance of (or has been posing as) truth to us. When a few fortunate men try to come out of this fall with a disconsolate heart, then the Guru, the Almighty, gets them by the hand and leads them to the world of genuine affection, love and attachment where He exists as the husband, father, son, friend and at the same time Dadaji in one. But His chosen one alone has contact with Him. You are fortunate. The love that you are eager to offer Him, does not come about with one's own wish. It does not come to Sadhus and Sannyasis in spite of all their austerities. Yogis don't get it by Yoga. Common people do not feel this love blinded as they are by illusion (Maya). Your one hand is assuredly held by Him and the other one is left free for the world of action. So, go ahead, with your work; no need for worry. Dadaji is always with you.

Dadaji

23 January 1975

Sincerity and spontaneity of love seated in your heart now gets more deepened by the revelation and touch of Mahanama. His Nama and He are the same. Dadaji can never even dream of offering himself as Guru. But beyond the body there is a Dadaji seated within the hearts of all beings as life eternal (Prana), in whom you too, your body apart, are in identity. That is Satyanarayana and the only Guru. The only duty of all human beings is to have communion with Him, i.e. to carry out all activities of life with Him as the refuge. Mind tends to, if once let loose, let a man run amuck like an unbridled horse. But unless the mind is at rest, man cannot taste the nectar of His love. Taking refuge in Mahanama, the mind comes under the sway of that bridle (Mahanama). Then weal and woe, smile and tear, fame and infame, though tickle the flesh, drop off by themselves. Be with that compresent dearest friend; then there is nothing to fear.

Dadaji

19 March 1975

Just consider how deep and delicious love is. So long as it is manifest, it centres round the body, yet it transcends physical consciousness. Whoever has fallen a prey to such love has courted death (physical), dumping ashes upon the world. That is to say, the agony of the triple torment (i.e., physical, mental and atmospheric) of the world cannot disconcert (i.e. agitate) that lover. A vast field of activity lies stretched before you. Cross it, in His company with patience. Keeping company of men brings disappointment. But, the more one is Immersed in His love, the intenser grows the beckoning of that nectarine World. Unless one is immeasurably fortunate, one cannot get at that much which you have realised at this your age. Man, though become crippled and

placed even at the door of death, forgets to take refuge in Him and being under the sway of birth and death, time and again, falls a prey to Destiny. But you have received His grace, don't worry.

Dadaji

2 April 1975

You are inseparably yoked with Him for eternity; but due to compulsions of varied worldly activities, we are involved in temporary bondage of attachments and forget that tie or yoke with Him. But He, who is beyond all bondages, keeps in embrace His own persons and directs them manifestly to their way of action. So, go ahead fearlessly in all activities of your life. The outcome is with Satyanarayana - do not worry.

Dadaji

22 April 1975

New Year of the calendar is man's creation (in mind is the space-time complex - but He is beyond time and space). Calendar-time is just a cyclic recurrence of time (fixed by mind of man, which cannot generate any new light). But, the day in which the mind is born a new even in this body, is verily the new moment, the beginning of the new year. For, though drowned in worldly activities before, the mud of attachment does not touch him. For, his activities are not marked by the braggings of the 'small I'. And even if the senses run their way, the bridle is held by the Lord Himself (the Designate). The end of being embodied is to realise this birth every moment of it, but man never bothers to get at this truth of life. Nobody feels grateful that He, who is all merciful, continuously showers His grace on His created beings. He always waits to relieve ... Your sincerity will take you to the

course of nature where no sense of poverty in the shape of want has any place.

Dadaji

10 May 1975

We think we will become happy by receiving so many things of life but later we find these do not bring real happiness as expected. So, we are hurt time and again for our ignorance due to time-gap (between the present and the future). So, the Guru (the Lord) always shields His dear child. Take refuge in Mahanama with patience and you will find that what brings good will come to pass in time. Man can do nothing, has no power of his own and cannot get things always according to his expectations. God bears the burden of those fortunate ones who depend on Him. Calcutta is hotter than Bombay, but it does not matter, one gets accustomed. In other words, we get seasoned when we realise that one Supreme Truth pervades the Universe manifesting different colours, forms, tastes as also weather conditions.

Dadaji

24 June 1975

Worldly life is full of stress and strain; the best medicine is to have patience and forgiveness is the highest virtue. Man, always wants God, Bhagwan or Truth to suit according to his mental pictures or image. According to Dadaji, where there is mind, there must be actions and reactions and waves of desires. Satyanarayana is beyond mind and intellect, beyond man's reach, but dearest to all, residing within as pure existence as life. He holds them firmly by the hand who don't try to understand or assess Him. He remains far far away from those who try to understand Him.

Above all, He is all-blissful, all-merciful. Human beings may run away from Him, not want Him; still He is always with them, ever helpful. If one thinks 'I will make an effort to love God' then one cannot reach Him. Dadaji has no saffron robes, no Jata (matted hairs). He is amongst you all as simple and natural as elder brother. If one is His own, one will accept Him as supreme in His natural state of living looking like man. Never trouble yourself with what is happening here and there and with faults of others. Whatever you have received in life, take that as His blessings or grace and the road to peace is opened.

Dadaji

7 January 1976

When love of man or woman is for that Prana, Dadaji, (Existence, Soul or Atma) it is divinely beautiful; because it is not man's love (by fickle mind) that ever fluctuates. His Love is not like the love in the World of mind. For Dadaji, it is difficult to keep His body or to be in His body or human form unless His own destined people come. Though they seem to be staying at faraway places, they are with Him day and night in an inseparable state or union, because He is beyond body and mind. His body will fall off unless He comes with a little bit of mind to move amongst His own destined receptacles. It means, when He comes in human form, He brings His own destined people, to talk to. In His love there is no distinction between man and woman. He is within all as Prana. You may call it love or whatever you wish, it cannot be expressed in words. The moment -you say, "I love my supreme husband" or He expresses He specially loves a human body with mind, the love instantly becomes trivial and frail like waves of the fickle mind's love; but His love is

beyond body and mind an unique, inexplicable love that keeps the heart full of joy unknown to the nearest person. For your present griefs and afflictions of mind, just have patience; then, one day, your feelings will transcend to a finer state which will keep your mind full in various ways with inexplicable Truth, unaffected by worldly tensions while you will be nicely doing your duties. That is the taste of supreme bliss brought by Him. Have you marked your Boudi (Dadaji's wife)? How simple she is like a child, full of love within, beyond the afflictions of wants and demands. That beauty of hers cannot be understood unless one is deeply and inwardly tuned with her. Truth seems to be too hard, but it is blissful. His ordeals commandments, dictations are flawless with this faith, go ahead.

Dadaji

10 January 1976

Actions performed as offerings to Him, the Guru - Parameswara, bloom fully with His glory. They do not reach the fullness of expression so long as there is mind, intelligence and pros and cons about their results. When one feels "I am helpless, my strength fails", He comes to hold the rudder. Mind of man runs like a horse. Every moment millions of thoughts rise and fall in the mind with tremendous restlessness. Again, when this mind says, "Oh Govinda" and takes refuge in Him, it gets calmed down and the heart gets filled with a unique sense of love. Being always in the midst of men with their selfishness, jealousy, hatred, the mind is afflicted with pain; but these afflictions are shaken off like dust through devotion. This Divine touch not only lays the golden path; it also makes the entire process of life extremely refined. The line of new activities, which are placed before you must be followed with utmost sincerity; the valuation and fruits

of your actions are not in your hand. Practise them with patience. To be born as a human being, the greatest and foremost qualification is to learn restraint and patience. He who has destined you for penance of a specified art is all the time with you so long as you are in 'His Sharan', He is there with you.

Dadaji

31 January 1976

Actually, we don't understand what real happiness tastes like, so we remain ever deprived of that taste. Our natural tendencies are to get involved in the cycle of births, deaths and calamities. When we walk daily with the conscious companionship of the dearest, nearest, Supreme Soul, then only is awakened our inner Divine Consciousness. But going without Him or keeping Him away, we always remain in wants, we go in for the heartless love of man, lifeless inert matter that cannot take us near to the love of Krishna or Krishna Bhakti. To Dadaji, real character means to put 'God', Him, at the helm of one's affairs. No one should under any circumstances, shun Him for any worldly interests that is real strength of character strength of mind. Man, falters in life and suffers by discarding Him, but can't do anything without Him. Have faith in Him, unflinching faith. Remembering and depending on Him makes one fearless in life whatever may happen.

Dadaji

25 February 1976

After all, human body is perishable, decaying, and has various problems; but whatever He does is for a great cause, all for good, Whatever He has destined for man, good or bad, is for a great cause. He is ever merciful. Man has nothing else to desire for

than His grace which makes man's life glorious and significant - otherwise one is just born to die without purpose; so, seek His grace, do not worry.

Dadaji

10 March 1976

You must have understood that whatever man does in his daily life with utmost sincerity and remembering Him or His Name, and practising patience, becomes real Tapasya (Penance) which is the highest offering to Him. So, go ahead in your work with Him. You will find He has already arranged right things for you in right time which egoistic man cannot achieve. Future is unknown, unseen, unachieved, not in man's hand; so, man always worries, and dies in uncertainties. He who is Truth is beyond time and space. Man is limited by mind in time and space. But He is steady, all-merciful. He helps and guides those who follow Him in His Sharan (remembrance), dependence on man is unnecessary. Dadaji never looks back, but moves on. To move with Him (Dadaji) is difficult. Certain rulings of His have to be accepted for right living smoothly Truth manifests through genuine hearts (We don't know Good and Bad so He guides those who follow Him). Only do your duty that cannot be avoided the rest leave to Him. Worldly love is tainted with selfishness and false-hood. Today's love will be upset tomorrow when interests clash and differences crop up. So, human love is selfish it is not steady and constant in degree. That is why sorrows and blows and jolts come to cause hurt, making our life burdensome. But, for one who gets the taste or touch of His love, none can stop his or her progress in the blissful path.

Dadaji

23 March 1976

To hold on to man with great expectations or to keep faith in man is to be led into frustration ultimately, because man's mind is fickle, is in constant agony through the impact of mighty waves of conflicts; but within this man He exists as the vibration of existence (Life) and He is steady, unchangeable, wave less, full of constant desireless love, mercy and beauty He is Truth. Trusting in man one ultimately gets jolted and suffers. So, man has to hold Him who is within as Prana-Rama, the eternal existence of every being; without Him we are dead. He gives us jolts so that we can be ready to taste real happiness with Him, to make us free of Maya illusions of mind and attachments. You need not be overexcited with profit nor be depressed in loss; both are His gifts. So, go ahead in His 'Sharan' (remembering Him). Human beings are born in the body with Him from His blissful world to get real 'ananda' or ecstasy by the taste of His Love in this mortal and transient world. But, our superstitious human involvements and irresponsible attitude towards Him in ignorance, do not allow us to come near to Him or to feel His Love for which we get the rare human birth. We ignore Him in pursuit of worldly deceitful pleasures, profits and attachments which please now and depress the very next moment. We waste the precious human births given to us, we cannot give up the superstitions of our egoistic livings in the world and so we forget Him, the Truth. Even when He comes in our presence, we don't realise it. The Nectar-Pot (He) is within, ever wakeful. One's family, father, mother, relatives, friends etc. are created solely to give us the varied taste of His love through them. Instead we get too much attached to them and forget Him and suffer ultimately. It is like enjoying the outer husk of a cocoanut, the tasteless part,

while overlooking the inner substance of the cocoanut which gives the real taste. Practising full faith and devotion to Truth, mind gradually gives up the superstition and gets composed in time to be freed of external illusions. To complete the endless journey of the mind is called the end of Yagna (ritual). Then only Yogeshwar or the Supreme Lord takes man in His Lap - and the mind is freed from the tiring and helpless living in the world that causes endless sufferings.

Dadaji

16 May 1976

To be born with human form in this mortal world has only one happy object, that is to relish the joy of God's Love. But it is the tendency of the human mind only to run under the compulsion of innumerable allurements and attachments. But, even being involved in them what a supreme blessing is this human birth. No other beings, 'Devas, Devis, Gandharvas and Kinnaras who live in another world created by Him, can ever taste this love of Him till they are born as mortal human beings. It is the nature of man's mind to be on the run. Even Sadhus, Yogis, Sannyasis and Rishis cannot check or control the mind by themselves. Only by doing one's Karmas (whatever one does is Karma i.e. actions, activities in day-to-day living) of life with Nama Sharan of the Lord (for His name and He are the same, i.e. remembering the Lord who resides in every being of the Universe) can one get one's mind stabilised. Let mind follow mind's compulsions, dictations you do your work. When you have once met Him (His human form) be certain He has fixed up your destination as designed by Him; what is real and blissful will be

there for you. He has been holding your hand, you don't have to worry - very few can have this fortune.

Dadaji

10 July 1976

Man's life passes through stages of childhood, boyhood, youth and finally, oldage. So, he becomes wise because of his experiences in relation to the external world. Similarly, there are stages of unfolding of different inner potencies which, by time factor, help him to get into the divine Lap of His all-merciful existence. This unfolding of inner potencies of one's mind, does not result from austere meditation or rituals. It is a spontaneous change-over of the minds' unsteadiness into repose in the deep recess of the heart where His eternal existence vibrates within us. Man cannot achieve this by rituals, meditations or by any effort. This comes about through a natural flow of life; not through escapism discarding the natural flow of life. In this experience of natural internal showering of His grace, there comes first an upsurge of feeling and words to express; then the earnestness of mind is stirred up. But gradually the mind gets into a weighty silence; the need to express in words ceases and there remains then only deep silent communication with Him that is inexplicable. And this means being immersed in the unique taste of His joyful state, in the fragrance of His love.

Dadaji

19 July 1976

Man cannot truly love man; the mind attached with the body automatically develops self-interest, attachments, attractions, distractions, wherefrom come tiredness, depressions, differences

till as a result of various trials the mind becomes conscious of, and gets yoked with Him, who resides within as the holder of the body and mind. Till then we cannot relish the taste of constant bliss. But He who is within us is always vigilant on us. He gets moved by our constant repetition of Nama. With His touch your works will be all blissful, joyful. Sadhus and Yogis, want to attain this state by efforts, rituals, meditations, austerities; but they cannot get His love, a real joyful state. Man gets it only through the natural process of living. Even the Yogis who try to get it only by austerity, if they ever get anything at all get only dry, tasteless insipid superstition. You and all who have met Him (Dadaji) have found a natural love in the Worldly atmosphere, and now have been opened fully by His touch for receiving immortal bliss. Man is born, ultimately to get a fraction of this experience. But, having been born with our forms and mind, mind runs to such various directions with unbridled passions for love and hate, loss and gain, and sundry allurements, that there, remains no scope for tasting His love. Worldly attachments, the play of Maya, are very strong. So, in consequence come innumerable problems, unseen, unpredictable unbearable events of life, causing burden and bondages full of sufferings and miseries. Your intensity of devotion for Him is there. Now leave the rest to Him.

Dadaji

25 July 1976

It is wrong if one thinks one's life is fulfilled just by getting His divine contact. Many crooked and narrow-minded men will come to blow off or dampen, the Lamp that has been enkindled by Him in you or in any one. In the beginning you will have confusions and conflicts within yourself; then your relatives, friends

and others from all directions will try to get you floating in worldly pleasures. They judge man by body, physical form (cannot see inner self beyond body) being slave to their own mind's perspectives and images. They lose themselves in the whirlwind of mind's pleasures and excitements in one moment and in the next moment wail and cry in deep despair with life's sorrows and ups and downs. You have to be amongst them to taste the variedness of life; otherwise like Sadhus and Yogis you will become an escapist running away from natural stages of life, scared of men and women around you. Sadhus and Yogis avoid responsibilities of natural life and become escapists, ritualists and achieve nothing. Your integrity lies in your keeping control, and balance and practising tolerance and forgiveness. This will prove that, even though you live amongst this sort of men and women who are slaves of mind, you are different from them. This control and balance cannot and do not come through austerity or hard practices. They come through submission to Him. His touch, the consciousness of His being within, becomes firm, helping us to face Worldly jolts, ups and downs.

As love for Him gains ground, it becomes so deep-rooted and secret that even the next person does not know of it. Amidst hard blows of life and narrowness of man, this love remains unsullied, un-lustful, be it in man or woman. This love for Him is inseparable, irremovable; no external influence, human oppositions or distance can remove it, and separation can't destroy it. It is so strong that nothing can weaken its root. You will feel, year by year, in gradual steps, that He gives you extra life-force vitality with various manifestations.

Dadaji

15 August 1976

You could not catch what I meant. Without attachment nothing great can be achieved in the World, no great creation is possible. In Bengali language, we call it "Asakti" so the word attachment is mostly misunderstood. In its application there can be a difference of hell and heaven. Behind great works of art is the driving force of this attachment or love of creation that brings about Union of the artist and the created art into one identity the Union generates new forms of creation. The interpretation of attachment to work as told in the Geeta is self-contradictory. If there is no expectation for the result of the action or effort to create, then that action cannot bloom in fullness nor can it be an object for offering to the Lord because that attachment less action cannot have put life into it. "Work through complete concentration," Dadaji says. When one is deeply lost in action concentrating on the work, when the action and the actor become one and the sense of the individual self is forgotten, it becomes true meditation, penance. Prior to your dance programmes, you feel jolts of conflicts, concern for the right or wrong approach to the best composing of your actions, but when you are engrossed with concentration in your performance, do you remember to consider the results of your actions? The aim or target is that the performance should be beautiful in all respects. Let it be an offering to Him the Lord. This attachment is called Love. Expectations, calculations of give and take are redundant. There is a pleasure in giving with no question of return; but this is a most difficult proposition. You must not stop here; don't think this is all centring around this you have to expand your vision and consciousness make it your sole motto. You feel pain or concern for a few limited numbers of persons in your circle, but when this feeling will transcend to

humanity in general, then, will the human birth be fruitful and worthy. In pursuit of our activities in life, so much of sorrow, so much of humiliation, narrowness, meanness makes our heart heavy with pain that our progress or movement gets retarded. But, when we become inspired with thoughts of Union with Him, the dearest of dearests, or we get re-in forced by His love's touch, no hindrances can block our way because attachment is for HIM, the nearest and the dearest.

Dadaji

1 September 1976

Whom does man love? By love - I don't mean just physical attraction or getting one's interests fulfilled. True love, which transcends these interests always leads one to think benevolent thoughts. You must have seen various mental tendencies of man, various actions and reactions but when a man loves a person from the heart unselfishly, he stands against all odds to see that his beloved is not harmed in any way. One who can love this way, may be man or woman, it proves one truth that our birth is just for this Truth. Otherwise, all one has are worthless entanglements: lot of wealth gets amassed in banks, responsibilities to guard possessions and wealth increase, and people become constantly watchful of fame and wealth, various ways/methods haunt one to be alert to keep away from any scandals, to avoid being defamed. But, one who loves or can love silently does not allow his love to become known, even to the one he loves. This silent love is Tapasya or Penance. Let not anybody know of this love. If the next person knows of this love this Tapasya becomes ungentuine, loses its integrity, becomes affected. You are now with the Supreme Guru; that is the phase you are in. The safety-locket

of Him you have tied in your heart, will make your journey of life smooth. Wealth, fame, learning, love or lack of love, will not bother you. If you have tasted the love of that immortal, He, He can extend His love from any distance. Few understand or realise it and few understand in spite of blows and counter-blows. But some, after remaining involved for births after births in the net of attachments, ultimately become fed up and seek Him to save themselves from involvements, miseries. "Save Me", they say today or tomorrow, "Oh God, save me". Path and goal are the same in the final analysis.

Dadaji

5 September 1976

There is annual Utsav gathering of Dadaji's Universal brotherhood to prove mankind is one, religion is one as Truth is one so brothers and sisters from all over the world who have tasted His love in Dadaji, the human form of Sri Sri Satyanarayana, attend this Utsav once a year to enjoy oneness of brotherhood, with Him. Universal Love in silence elevates the mind of man from the ego state to a newly born mind. Mother (Durga) festivals or utsavs celebrated conventionally just remain mere farce and entertainment with external fanfare. So, join this utsav to enjoy the meeting of brothers and sisters in His presence. Body and Life (Prana) bestowed on you by God are to be fully enjoyed and tasted. It is futile to account for them.

Dadaji

9 September 1976

When man loves from the heart, He thinks for him, He worries, thinking always for his well-being; still, somehow, some sense of

self-interest remains, no doubt. Because, even a mother who is the World to her children, their greatest nurse and a religious abode, is not free from self-interest. But remember, objectives which we cannot attain with utmost efforts and thoughts of which keep us worrying, at once get fulfilled with His mere touch or wish. That is the test of Supreme Guru. So, leave all your hopes and yearnings to Him. He will get your things done. Do keep His remembrance, you will see how He has smoothly designed your (man's) way. About the case (Conspiracy of human Gurus wanting to defame Dadaji), the question of patience comes again. (Dadaji challenged human gurus calling them frauds exploiting innocent people in the name of God. Truth of Dadaji won. The Conspiracy failed against the Truth personified, the Almighty Dadaji).

Dadaji

26 September 1976

Utsav means His full manifestation to the assembly of the brotherhood of men. Utsav cannot be of man, it is of Truth. Significance of Utsav is to elevate man's ego to Truth in His divine light. Without this human body no other beings and no other World divinities can taste His love. In this body of man resides Govinda so the body is to be treated as His Temple and taken care of. Devatas and Devis do great penances to get this mortal human body for tasting His love.

Dadaji

6 October 1976

During Utsav, (gathering of His Universal Brotherhood) brothers and sisters come from all over the World, its purpose - only

goal - is to rejoice (internal communion) together in His presence. H. P. Roy was here all these days. You will hear details of Utsav from him. Harvey Freeman came from the USA - what a realisation he has of Him, silent, divine consciousness. Dadaji says "Truth manifests itself". This experience Harvey is taking to his country. Abhi-da will tell you further details.

Dadaji

24 October 1976

It is man's habit to criticise and comment; but do not bother; whatever people may say the gossip automatically gets reduced and damped. So, don't indulge your mind. If you indulge, mind becomes more restless and confused patience is the only solution.

Dadaji

3 November 1976

You have written, you don't think of past, present and future. It is a most difficult task - whoever can get rid of this thought cannot be pulled down by punishments or blows. Intriguing time cannot pull him down. Man, nurses' recollections of the past, thinks for the future security, but does not take care of the present and throws away its gifts. But he who can fully relish and utilise his present, without worrying about present, past and future, really enjoys the state of Vraja, His love. Everybody is harsh and comments on Maya, calling it illusions of mind which cause sufferings. But this Maya makes us forget the unbearable blows of life's events, obliterates the impact of so many strains and humiliations of life and we get energy to rise again with old memories brushed off. How many days we can or do live is not important, how we lived or live, is important. Keep it in mind. Whenever there is a movement to uproot the age-old 'Sanskars'

or superstitions there are always great agitations against it. The case against the movement of Truth proves the corruption and mental derangement of the conspirators, the human gurus. Nothing to worry about. As He (God) creates dangers, so He also lays the path of peace. Our duty is to watch His Leela, play of Him, as passive witnesses.

Dadaji

27 December 1976

You should consider as His blessing the event which has upset you, hurt you. Parents with strong hands control and command their children for their welfare; but the children under emotions consider the parents to be harsh. Yet these children, when they grow up, feel that parental control on them was a blessing in disguise. The Supreme Father's love and affection are million and billion times more superior to worldly parents' love, because in it there is no mind, no expectations, no judgment, no narrowness of a relationship of give and take. So, in facing the blows in life from any one, any corner, any sphere of life, be certain that it is only His Supreme Will in operation, man being merely an instrument.

Dadaji

29 June 1977

Received your letter. You are so dear to me. Why such despondency conveyed by your letter? We are born to undergo our individual destiny. One who makes that life splendored in divine consciousness becomes a pilgrim to an inner world and can happily bid adieu at last to this beautiful world. Within you there is a priceless wealth, your companion is Satyanarayana Truth

the Supreme. The work to which you are devoted fully will fill your inner self with that divine splendour. One who is fortunate to achieve it has to tolerate lots of humiliations and pains. You can assess it to a certain extent from my life. These afflictions are all superficial dust flakes that drop off and do not enter inside (mind).

Dadaji

10 July 1977

Those who are my own are always with me. Whatever happens to them happens for their good. May be some time their load of sufferings is very heavy; know it to be certain it is manifestation of His supreme grace (Kripa). You are so dear to Him, in contrast to those who throughout their life remain slaves to their mind and desires and due to ego and self-importance do not even once remember Him, nor can love Him. From the very beginning of your life He has kept you close to Him (without your knowing); so, He controls your destiny. Take care of your body which is the channel for experiencing His love (He only gives us our forms and minds).

Dadaji

18 July 1977

In the context of your letter I will say only one thing that the one you are so upset with is really your well-wisher. It will be wrong to assess a person by his one momentary action. Generally, that is the mistaken way one acts. He who has long been to you like a father, a friend and has given so much affection all through, you must not misunderstand him even if he ever becomes harsh with you; it may be he is driven to the action by the pressure of mind, intellect, circumstances and events around him. It is

always advisable if you can forget and forgive in case, he has really done any wrong. I can understand you are hurt very much. Most judgments of our mind are based on such trivial actions arising out of force of circumstances. We can make ourselves good human beings if we can adjust ourselves to all these events with patience and forgiveness. So, without putting further importance on these events in your mind, you should follow what I said and you will have peace. If you don't follow that, you may in your unguarded moment hurt anyone else in future (in reaction to events that have hurt you). Keep this in mind, remember Him, everything will be alright.

Dadaji

30 July 1977

Jai Ram... I am repeatedly telling you, when you have once got the shelter of Satyanarayana; He (Dadaji) will test you in various ways. So, your duty is not to get agitated when these sorts of events hurt you. There is a saying of Him, {from Bengali}: Whoever seeks me I pull him down (put him in all dire adversities); even then if he does not leave me and still seeks me, I then become his humble servant". ("to pull him down" means to steer His dearest ones out of worldly attractions, which lead to sufferings that man on his own cannot overcome). You do everything, see everything, listen to everything but do not get so deeply involved as to invite sufferings through them. Of course, He will ensure this, you don't have to make any effort for it, just keep Him in your remembrance.

Jai Ram...

Dadaji

Date unknown

You are always in my sight. Dadaji's destiny is such: He is to carry everybody's grievances, responsibilities of the Universe. As you are always internally linked with Him, external storms and stresses will not affect you.

Dadaji

22 August 1977

Man born with body inevitably brings various types of destined sufferings. But we aggravate them further by our mentality, intellect, thoughts, actions and reactions. If we analyse the misfortunes, it naturally comes to our mind to ask whether any way exists to avert or to get rid of them. The only answer is that through all the afflictions of life, only He can live in peace and happiness who can surrender all his fears, thoughts, desires, expectations of loss or gain to the Will of the Supreme Lord. It will be a great mistake to blame any particular person or make anybody responsible for the untoward not fail to brave much greater misfortunes or blows or jolts in the future unknown to you. As you are getting Him, keep peace, accepting this challenge gladly. Do your work with Him.

Dadaji

10 September 1977

Your inner suffering touches me, too. If He is your inner self residing within you, then you do not have any existence of your own apart from Him. Being born with human body in this World is itself "Prarabdha." (destiny). One who has taste for His love wants to be born again and again with human body because this taste of His love cannot be possible other than in this human

birth. A painful blow becomes bearable to a great extent by His remembrance. Just think, what a heavy blow it would have been if you did not have His contact. As He is inflicting blows on you, so is He also giving you the capacity for bearing the sufferings. Otherwise man would go mad. As one tolerates these unbearable situations of life with patience, a time comes when He himself resolves all the problems of life. So, the saying goes off Him (from Bengali) "who seeks me intensely I put him in all dire adversities, and if he still seeks me then I become his humble servant" (He, the Almighty, by His wish and touch takes away the Worldly attractions gradually to bring one to a blissful peaceful state which man cannot realise on his own due to intensity of illusory worldly desires). So, why do you worry? As a challenge you proceed with patience to see your destiny to the ultimate end.

Dadaji

26 September 1977

Being born in this World, we forget the existence of our real best friend, the Lord who is our own and repose confidence in others thus inviting our sufferings and griefs and restlessness. Nearest and dearest is He who is Truth - beyond actions and reactions, beyond death - eternal love - omnipotent. When man is born with body, his mind comes with all the senses and it drives him forcibly and blinds his vision so that he fails to assess things in the right perspective. Man, who undertakes all activities remembering Guru or God will be able to tolerate whatever blows he gets in life. He will find his senses and desires become his friends, giving him the feeling that they have all been beneficial for him, otherwise he would have been helpless in madness of

grief. When we are powerless to know what is stored for us in every moment, it is better to put all confidence in Him who is all-merciful. Sadhu, Yogi, Muni, Rishi even doing hard penance for ages cannot restrain the mind. So, let mind be your friend to take you to natural courses. Then you will feel how much joyful life is.

Dadaji

8 April 1979

Living in this world, in our daily affairs there come anger, sorrows, afflictions. If we indulge them and let them victimise us, our mind will never be free of complaints and we won't be able to go near Him ('Dadaji as Lord and Elder brother'). So, it is profitable to shun those feelings of afflictions and go ahead while under His shelter. God, Guru or Supreme Being or Nama, whatever you may call Him, never takes cognizance of any offence of man, which He could because man never cares to think of Him in appreciation of the gift of all the enjoyable things of life. Instead, He still loves His created beings. Similarly, man must shun all sense of affronts and afflictions brought on him to enable him to feel and realise Him and thereby attain a state of bliss. So, depend on Him alone. Don't worry for my health so long there is a body; it is bound by its nature to be afflicted; no human beings can escape this in spite of all yoga or practice of austerities. Rituals can't get us out of body's inevitable sufferings. Dadaji shows how one must patiently go through the ordeals; so, have patience. Guru or His Name is the sole strength of man in living against all odds and uncertainties. Dependence on Him makes one fearless.

Dadaji

22 April 1979

Dadaji always reminds his brothers and sisters that to live life successfully is also a great challenge. Every moment in different activities of life we are multiplying our problems sometimes consciously, sometimes unconsciously. Results of such actions gradually become unbearable and fill our mind with despondency, sense of insecurity and failure. Worldly affluence and wealth are of no help. Every man should face this challenge individually, in his individual capacity. But he, who can completely depend on the Guru or God residing in one's heart, will find that the Lord carries his burden and eases all difficulties. This human birth is rarest of all births; so, try to live this life, keeping Him in view. No use being concerned about the future. This time your Boudi (Elder Brother's wife) is accompanying me to the western world to make full use of the tour as she withstood extreme hardships all her life with great patience, unfathomable by man, for the cause of Truth and for Him.

Dadaji

6 May 1979

Dadaji always asserts that man will enjoy three-fourths of life and one-fourth he will suffer. But we lose our patience and do not accept even that one-fourth part of sorrows given by Him. Patience is the highest of all penances in the world as Dadaji interprets. Due to emotions or impatience we very often misunderstand our acquaintances and intimates. We curse them and in consequence our mind grows remorseful. So, Dadaji advises "Don't accuse or find fault with others; caution yourself". It means, if one has regard for patience, God Himself in course of time, extricates him or gets him to pass over the untoward

situations that beset life. People have seen how Dada, Boudi and their children have suffered so much for nothing, but had patience Dadaji shows how man should accept or face life, patiently. A time comes for the difficult situations to change. Truth wins, it is established and proved. Whenever you have tumults in mind, try to remember this very often. Man can do this much, the key is with Him, the Guru.

Dadaji

20 May 1979

You have written all your hopes and aspirations in life have ended. Dadaji says this thought also is not in man's hand. You might be knowing how the blind Bharat-Muni having done all sorts of penances etc. had to undergo in his old age bewilderment by getting infatuated with an infant deer (all the acquired merit of austerities vanishing in a moment). Nobody knows how the destiny works till the end of life. So, Dadaji says "Try to live every day of your life in such a way that in the end you have the consolation that you have successfully utilised all the days and years with the gift of body, mind and Prana (life) bestowed by God on you. Numerous thoughts, problems, anxieties, worries, fears etc. are there all around all the time to dislodge us from that goal of being with Him. Three-fourths of our life is spent in those thoughts, problems and worries. So, Mahanam is the safety-shield (guard) which definitely leads us to the fundamental goal. Do you know the reason? Nectar does the job of nectar; poison works like poison. So, depend on Him when it has been your fortune to have once tasted that nectar (Amrit).

Dadaji

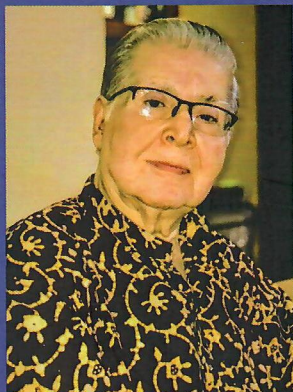
Truth Eternal

2 June 1979

You have written that I am suffering in this extremely high temperature due to power-cut. Yes, but know it for certain that as soon as this suffering is over or gets reduced, another problem will start. So, patience results in strength, there is no other way.

Dadaji

Above letters were translated into English and published in 'On Dadaji Part V'.



About the Author

Shri Asit Ranjan Chatterjee, a finance professional, lawyer and an Associate of the Insurance Institute of India, started his career in early 1960s with the Port Shipping Co. Ltd and retired from The New India Assurance Company in 1997. Later he joined the legal fraternity and successfully practiced law in the Calcutta High Court and lower courts. He was also an income-tax consultant for business houses. Despite his various professional engagements, he tried to take out time to pursue his passion for creative writings. His poems and dissertations on socio-religious matters were published in various magazines and periodicals. In his mid-thirties Shri Chatterjee came in contact with Dadaji and over the next two decades his life found firm anchorage in Dadaji's teachings. He now lives with his family in Kolkata.

About the Book

This book provides a glimpse of Dadaji's (Amiyamadhab Roy Chowdhury: 1910-1992) extraordinary life and aims to spread His message of universal love and brotherhood. The author adopts a narrative style to share his life-experiences and includes accounts of other men and women including world luminaries who came in touch with Dadaji.

The book tries to uphold Dadaji's message of Absolute Truth through sharing of real-life experiences. It is not a conventional book on religious discourse. Dadaji denounced institutionalized religion and has no disciples, students or any monastery to His name.

All religion is superstition. Truth is one. Truth is not an idea or philosophy. Churches, religion and gurus are much easier to follow than Truth.”

- Dadaji Amiyamadhab Roy Chowdhury

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