

Supernatural Manifestations

by Dr Bibhuti Sarkar

How limited our knowledge is becomes clear when on seeing a supernatural occurrence we are unable to arrive at any conclusions. Seeing magic a person is astonished; on being hypnotized a person loses power of discrimination. Psychologists postulating the unconscious mind, carry on investigations trying to collect a variety of facts and explain in different ways various events that, on standards of common experience, cannot be understood with standard ideas. Everyone attempts to discover the causes by relying on the touchstone of the intellect.



But the supernatural events that take place have not so far yielded to this touchstone. Events occur, yet, often nothing about their causes can be understood. Still these occurrences are not mere apparitions. How and by what power these supernatural events keep taking place in front of ones eyes cannot be understood without coming in close touch with Dada.

One comes across several persons commenting in various ways on these happenings. That they do happen, they are unable to deny. They cannot be made to disappear by force. But it hurts their intellectual pride to accept them wholeheartedly. We can thus understand why they feel too shamefaced to simply accept them.

From time to time they comment in the manner of the clever and the knowledgeable saying, “Oh yes, Amiyababu (Dada) does perform these; but in the spiritual world all these have no value”, etc. It seems as if those who pass such comments are well versed in the ways of the spiritual world.

For a long time we have been quite used to hearing that on receiving Ashta-Siddhis (eight esoteric powers), the Siddha (adept) is bound to suffer a downfall eventually. In social get-togethers all kinds of religious and philosophical doctrines are discussed; time is passed pleasantly looking into these miracles and fragrance of Dada. One hears superficial persons, who have not the least seriousness in them, passing unnecessary remarks. Some speak thus, “Yes, Dada is certainly able to do some things; but then why are we not able to do so?” Again, on hearing someone experience they say, “How can we believe it unless we ourselves have such an experience? In this field it is not possible to believe another’s statement.”

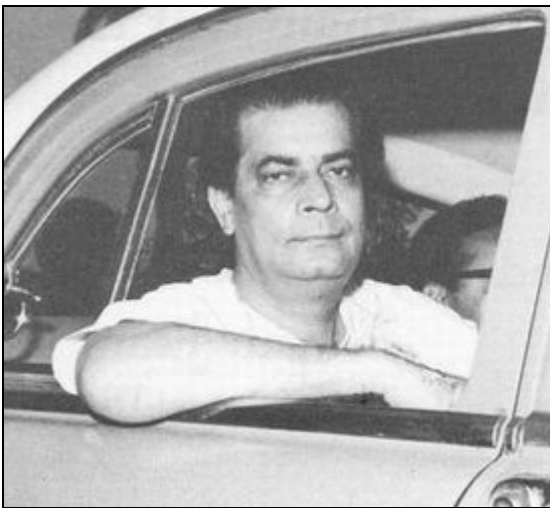
These persons are neither believers, nor non-believers. They neither trust, nor are they able to distrust wholeheartedly. For, in front of their own eyes they have seen all these miracles of Dada. They are unable to lightly dismiss these as magic tricks; all are, in fact, sitting in Dada’s room. Suddenly Dada brings forth a very large fragrant Sandesh (Bengali sweet) in his hand out of nowhere and says, “Give a piece to everyone.” Everyone is given a piece of Sandesh to eat.

This kind of occurrence takes place many times every day. Several times he has materialized strips of medicine tablets for many persons who have taken them home and used them according to Dada’s instructions. One day Professor Nirmal Singh came to Dada with a foot infection. Dada told Dr Shankar Mukerji to examine it right then. When Dr Mukerji had finished examining Prof Singh, at once Dada started placing in his hands ointment, bandage, etc, of a foreign make, one after the other as if obtaining them from an unseen hand and told him to do a proper dressing. When Dada brings forth these things it seems that someone is putting them in his hands. But there is no one around to give these things. By a mere wish Dada does all this; and in a very simple and quiet manner. There is not the slightest change in Dada’s deportment, as if nothing is happening. Through what Supreme Power he does all these miracles with such easy playfulness; this is difficult to appreciate without witnessing it. Prof Singh has received Dada’s limitless grace in this manner many times. His only comment was, “Fantastic!” On another day, on a Sunday morning, Prof Singh received from Dada’s hand a large bottle of medicine. It

was a tonic. Also, for Prof Singh's son and daughter Dada materializes various medicines from time to time.



On December 30, last year (1969), Dr Raghunath Mitra from Allahabad), his daughter Bithi, Prof Rathin Mitra and Mrs Dhar were going in Mr Sushil Chakravarty's car to Mr Nirmal Mitra's house at V.I.P. Road. At the time of getting into the car my fingers got caught in the door as it was being shut. I felt unbearable pain and Prof Rathin Maitra at once opened the door. When he got busy arranging for some ice Dada said, "Arey! Searching further will not do." And then Dada merely touched my hurt fingers and right away my pain vanished as if nothing had happened. But on Dada's hand there appeared a black mark. Dada remained indifferent. The car was going one Acharya Prafulla Chandra Ray Road. Suddenly Dada told Dr Mitra, "[Will you smoke a nice cigarette?](#)" Right away he gave him a foreign cigarette packet taken as if from an invisible hand.



Sitting in a car or without touching a telephone, Dada often says that he has just made telephone calls to two places or four places. We have experienced this kind of even many times. I had to go to Mr Parimal Guha's house on an evening towards the end of November. On the previous day, a Wednesday, while discussing arrangements for taking Dada, Srimati (Mrs) Renuka Guha said that on Thursday she will send the small car to Bibhithi-da's (my) house. To take Dada was to be my responsibility. On Thursday, till about a quarter to five in the evening, I did not hear anything from Dada. At last, a little later, Srimati Renu Guha phoned to inform me that she had sent the car.

I told Mrs Guha that I had till then got no information about the whereabouts of Dada.

She said, "That I do not know, it is your job to bring Dada. I am only sending the car." But soon after that Dada phoned me and said, "[You take Rathin and go to Guha's house. I shall come in a different car.](#)" After the phone message I started waiting for the car. After awhile I saw that Dada himself had arrived in his car. He told me to get inside the car. As I did I told him, "Dada Renu-di is coming with the car. Nobody at home knows that I am going with you." Dada said, "[Is that so?](#)" Then phone up to Renu." I said, "It will be possible to phone only after reaching Rathin-da's Academy of Fine Arts." Dada replied, "[Why? Isn't it possible to phone right now from the car?](#)" I said, "Why not, everything is possible." Dada laughed calling me a rogue. Then after remaining

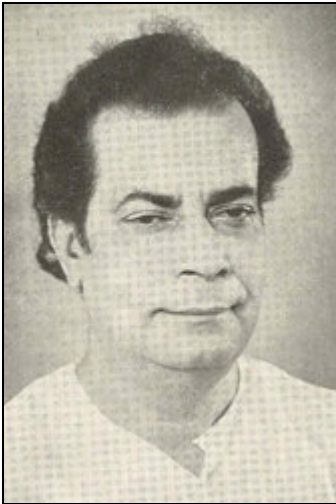
silent for two minutes he asked me to note the time. I noted that it was ten minutes past five. Dada said, "Phone calls have been made to two places." I asked, "Why to two places? Dada replied, "You will be able to know on reaching Renu's house."

On reaching Renu's house I learned that Sri Parimal Guha had received Dada's phone call at ten past five and Dada told him, "I am going with Bibhuti. There is no need to send your car." At that time Renu had gone to Dr Anil Maitra's house to get some copies of Dina-lipi (book of daily writings) written by her. She too had received a phone call from Dada at precisely the same time telling her not to send her car to Bibhuti as he was taking the latter along with him. Then did it become clear why Dada had phoned to two different places. (Note: This was in 1969 before cell phones were developed.)

On the 21st January 1970 at 7:30 pm at Dr Anil Maitra's house Dada suddenly caught hold of my hand and said, "Look, Dr Sudhir Kumar Nandi has been telephoned." And true enough; the phone call had been made without touching a telephone instrument. How many such events keep taking place daily? If an account were written of all these events surrounding Dada it would fill two volumes, each one the size of the Mahabharata (epic).

What is the need for all these events? Why does he do all these things? On asking Dada, he says, "A wish rose up in Him. There is no credit or authority of this one (pointing to himself). There is no loss or decay for this one. Do you think it is your Ashta Siddhi (eight acquired yogic powers)? It just happened. It happens or doesn't, what does it matter?"

On the 7th January 1970 an extraordinary Satyanarayan Puja (worship of Truth) took place at Dr Anil Maitra's house. That was his son's birthday. On 8th January there was to be Satyanarayan Puja at his house. But that day suddenly Dada told Dr Maitra and Maharani (Dada addresses Dr Maitra's wife as Maharani and Gopal's mother). "Place some sweet preparations in that room where the picture of Satyanarayana is kept. Today Puja will take place immediately." Dr Maitra brought some sweets and placed them near the picture of the Lord and thereafter shut the door of the Puja room.



Dada remained silently sitting for some time quite absorbed in himself. Just after a few moments the same extraordinary aroma started flowing out of the Puja room. Dada started gently smiling in a most charming manner. It is impossible to describe that smile. It is not the smile that expresses that Brahma is Truth and the world is illusory. It seems to express rather that all is Truth; Brahma is Truth and the world of His creation too is Truth.

Dada said, "Go and do Pranam (pay obeisance) in that room." On going in there we noticed the same familiar pleasing, soul stirring, extraordinary fragrance and fumes filling the entire room. Feeling purified I remained standing in the room. Where then is heaven? That moment it appeared that we all experienced together as if He has Himself descended for the sake of His devotees. In the entire body there was a wave of joyous trembling. Wonderful was that experience. A song of Rabindranath Tagore came to mind, "Marite Chahi na ami e sunder bhubane" (I wish not to die in this beautiful world). How incomparable is the world how beautiful and pure? Dada has shown us; as if the fever of pain and sorrow has become feeble, made powerless by the waves of joy; as if the enchanting side of life has been openly revealed.

The atmosphere of Satyanarayana Puja at Dr Anil Maitra's house was so radiant that describing it in language it appears will belittle it.

On one Sunday morning at Dada's house in Calcutta there was some talk of the miraculous cures effected by a saint. In Benares a village woman was suffering from appendicitis and a gentleman had arranged for the required operation. But the woman refused to undergo the operation and instead got cured by going to some saint. The doctor in charge of her wanted to see that saint, who used to produce certain things by means of some invisible power. The doctor went to the saint and was enchanted at seeing his power. Out of curiosity he told the saint that on account of the war (1943-44) he was unable to get a permit for foreign alcoholic liquor. As soon

as the saint heart this he brought forth a bottle of a foreign liquor. (It is now known that Dada stayed at Benares for several years during this period. – Translator)

Dada laughed at hearing all this, got up from the bed and brought a mug full of water from the bathroom and started pouring water from the mug into a glass. The water got transformed in the glass into strong raw alcoholic liquor. The entire room became full of the aroma of the liquor mingled with that lovely aroma of Dada's body. Dada extended the glass of liquor to everyone present. Everyone took a sip of it.

Dada said, "This too happens! What do you know then? Why should one take wine, hashish, drugs for getting Him? Are all these necessary to reach Him? That is all completely false. If you feel like taking wine, by all means do, but not for His sake."

On another occasion Dada was told that there was to be a Kali Puja (worship of goddess Kali). He shut the door of the room in front of the idol of Kali, just as in Satyanarayan Puja and a wine bottle was also placed inside in accordance with the ideas of Tantra. On completion of the Puja Dada opened the door. It was noticed that the whole room was filled up with the familiar exquisite refreshing fumes and aroma of Dada. The coconut water has thickened into Kheer (a sweet rice and milk pudding) imbued with the wonderful well-known fragrance of Dada. And the wind in the bottle had been transformed into coconut water. When Dada had gone to Allahabad this time the same manifestation had taken place there too.

When once Dada performed Saraswati Puja (worship of Saraswati, goddess of learning) everyone told him that if Pushpanjali Mantra (mystic formula recited with an offering of flowers) is not chanted Saraswati Puja cannot take place. Dada said laughing, "Look I am an ignoramus, I do not know all this. Won't the Puja take place without uttering Mantras? Okay, if it is your wish, place a pen and notebook near Saraswati." A pen and notebook were accordingly placed near the idol of Saraswati. Just after a few moments Dada instructed that the notebook be brought back. It was observed that the entire Mantra had appeared in the notebook written by an invisible hand.

It is not possible to say how many such events keep taking place; it appears that nothing is impossible. Twice while going to Kalyani in intensely hot sunshine a cloud appeared from somewhere and kept company with our car. None was touched by the heat of the sun, in all that heat no one perspired the least bit. The person at whose place at Kalyani there was to be the Puja was greatly concerned about the trouble to us on account of the hot sun and the heat. So when he saw that we had neither perspired nor felt tired due to the sun, he was nonplussed. He remarked that all is possible through Dada. Sun or rain is nothing in front of him.



That Dada can be present simultaneously in four or five places is not all; he can also take others with him through space and time in an instant. We have experienced that in the case of Kalyaniya (blessed) Roma Mukerji (lower left corner in photo). Roma's father has himself described this occurrence. Dada and I had been invited to lunch at Roma's home in Calcutta. When Dada started from his toy shop at New Market it was 11:45 am. The lunch was scheduled for 12 noon. Dada said, "More delay won't do." He himself was driving the car. At that location there was always a traffic jam. To go from New Market to Gomesh Lane it should normally take 10 minutes. Appearing to think all this through Dada asked which way would be the quickest and instantly upon saying that he said, "See where we have come?" "Oh mother!" I exclaimed as I saw that we were at Roma's doorstep itself; even though at first I could not grasp we were actually at our destination.

What is the significance of this account of Dada's supernatural manifestations? Can we grasp it if Dada does not himself explain it? Have we the understanding capacity? Those who ridicule all this, display only their own ignorance. Is the object of all these manifestations to produce faith in the Supreme Divine Power? Are all these supernatural events trying to bring the non-believers towards God? To turn the atheist into theist? For what Supreme purpose does Dada display these miracles?

Dada says, "The nineteenth and twentieth century science is Kali's last chapter." Science, having reached its pinnacle has in this age mastered many applications of atomic energy and is

producing unimaginable achievements of the technological age, going into outer space, and going to the moon. Trying to learn to apply the skills of science, there is the hope in the near future of opening the road to learning the secret of life and death. In such an age Dada is daily manifesting so many supernatural events that on thinking about them one is bound to be perplexed. One hears people talk of these in terms of a popular phrase, "they are here as if Dal Bhat (simplest common persons' food of rice and lentils)." In short it looks as if Dada's miracles are easy like Dal Bhat for him. Without taking the slightest time Dada displays these miracles in an extremely simple and spontaneous manner. Dada says, of course, "What happens in the presence of crowds? Your coming is enough. A wish arose, so it happened, time to time."



Dada is a householder, a family man, moving about Calcutta and the world in the midst of wife, son and daughter. He talks, gossips, laughs, pokes fun and right in the middle of all this he produces fantastic miracles.

There is some purpose behind each miracle. But we are unable to grasp it. Many people unable to come to terms with them foolishly comment that these are nothing but magic tricks.



I have already described earlier some of the miracles of Dada that I have personally witnessed. Here I shall describe some more. On a Saturday, while going to Nirmal Mitra's home in a car, Dada put his mouth into my ear and said, "Bibhuti, your home has been called on the phone." Later I learned that he had, in fact, at that precise time made the phone call from the car. After that in Sri Nirmal Mitra's house, with no telephone nearby, Dada just put his mouth to my ear, remaining silent for awhile and then said, "I have telephoned Roma. Roma has received a letter from Bithi and had just finished answering the letter. Bibhuti, you phone up Roma to find out."

Accordingly, I phoned Roma Mukerjee. As soon as Roma answered my phone call she asked me with pique, "Jaithamoshi (father's elder brother), why did you not take me to Nirmal's home?" I asked, "Did you receive Dada's phone call?" Roma replied, "Just now Dada had phoned and asked what I was doing, and the next moment Dada rang off. Where is Dada?" I said, "Dada is right here. Did you receive a letter from Bithi to which you have just finished answering?" Roma, "Yes, but how did you come to know that?" I replied, "Dada told me. That is why I wanted to find out from you." Roma asked, "How did Dada know about it?" I replied, "In the same way he knows all!"

The same day, by putting his mouth to my ear in Nirmal Mitra's car, Dada again phoned to Mr. Ganguli's house and talked to his daughter. A little while earlier she had gone down to post a letter and had been talking to a lady downstairs. Dada had seen all this transpire while sitting elsewhere in the V.I.P. Road residence of Nirmal Mitra and told about it there. Mr Ganguli phoned his home soon thereafter and verified all this from his daughter. When Dada told Mr Ganguli that his daughter was not at home, Mr. Ganguli said, "No Dada, she is at home." Dada said, "But I am seeing that see is standing downstairs." Later we learned that the matter had been exactly as Dada had described it.

Dada is everyday saying things like this and enjoying His Play. Several times he says, "Check up by telephoning that I am present in Dr Anil Maitra's home and am also present at Bela's home (referring to Bela-di, Siddheswar Mukerji's wife)." Again he sometimes says, "Phone up Hiten's (Hiten Ghosh) house that I am present there also." It is observed thus that Dada is

simultaneously present at two or three different places. Surely, there must be some reason why Dada is manifesting in this manner.

One day as soon as I arrived at Dr Anil Maitra's home Dada told me, "Bibhuti, go out for five minutes." I immediately went out of the room and after shutting the door remained standing outside. Dr. Maitra said, "What Bibhuti-da, why are you standing outside?" I told him that Dada had instructed me to stand outside after shutting the door. Dada called me in after five minutes.



On going inside I saw that Dada was dialing some number on the telephone. Giving me the receiver he asked me to talk. I did not know with whom I was going to talk, saying, "Hello", I heard my wife talking. Hearing my voice she said, "Where are you?" I said at Anil's home." My wife said, "Dada has come here just now and made a phone call from here and after that asked me, "Will you go to Anil's home?" I told him, "Some cooking is still left to

be done, Dada." Dada said, "Okay, Anil will come and take you. Bibhuti is sitting at Anil's house. Anil will come." After that my wife saw Dada driving his care to the end of the road. Yet Dada was all that time sitting near me at Anil's house. Dada said laughing, "What! Such things do happen, don't they?" I said, "That they happen I have seen. But why did you go to my home?"

Dada said, "Just on seeing you I saw that in your home there was a possibility of Renu (my wife) catching fire from the stove. That's why I immediately went there. Having seen through that moment I again came back." I told Dada, "Won't it have been enough to caution Renu right from here?" Dada replied, "The telephone is not reliable, that's why I instantly went there." Saying this he remained smiling.

Several times I witnessed Dada giving medicine or Charanjai (sanctified fragrant water) over the telephone (it manifested for the person on the other distant end of the telephone call). That was seen in the case of Manju Basu. Besides that day Leela Ma (Mrs K.C. Neogi, Dada's senior aunt-in-law, who addresses him as Dada) told Dada on the phone, "Your senior uncle-in-law is not feeling well." Dada told her to bring a cup full of water near the telephone. Then he said, "Leela Ma do you get the fragrance from the cup?" She replied that indeed the water had turned fragrant. Dada said, "Give him this water to drink and also apply some on his forehead." Leela Ma told me the next day, "On taking Amiyababa's (Dadaji's) Charanjai he (her husband) had recovered. At the time of taking the water he asked me why there was such an aroma in it." She told her husband, "Amiyababa's doing!"

One day in his own house Dada extended his hand and produced apparently from nowhere a bottle of tonic medicine. The next moment he told me, "Bibhuti! Is there something in your pocket? Just take a look." I found in my pocket a medium sized bottle of medicine. I exclaimed, "What is this Dada!" Dada replied laughing, "Quiet. It is okay. Take a spoonful daily of what you have received." Earlier also Dada had given me medicines several times in this manner.

Sitting in a different house Dada once told my wife over the phone to put out her hand next to the telephone and she received through it an ointment. We are amazed on seeing again and again these manifestations of Dada. The unbelieving mind! Still, whether science can explain them or not, on account of our ego we dismiss them dubbing them as magic tricks. But how often are we deluded because of our ego!

Our Dada is all-merciful, however. His bountiful grace keeps descending on our heads with all these supernatural manifestations. Just by remembering Dada we receive the touch of his love on our foreheads. We experience that He is always with us. The familiar fragrance comes streaming in as soon as we remember Him. Even without remembering Him, that heavenly aroma engulfs us from time to time to remind us that he is always with us. In this way we are cautioned at the time of danger and saved as a result. Dada is our constant companion. In sleep and in waking, omnipresent Dada stays with us.



There is no ending to an account relating Dada's miracles. For over a year now Dada has been openly manifesting thus. On a Sunday Dada was sitting at Dr Mrityunjaya Ray's home. There was a forecast of a cyclonic storm in the day's newspapers. Dada raised his hand as if giving an instruction to Nature with his forefinger. He seemed to be seeing something. Dada said, "See, the storm has been turned away into that direction." The next day we saw in the newspapers that the cyclone had indeed turned its course.

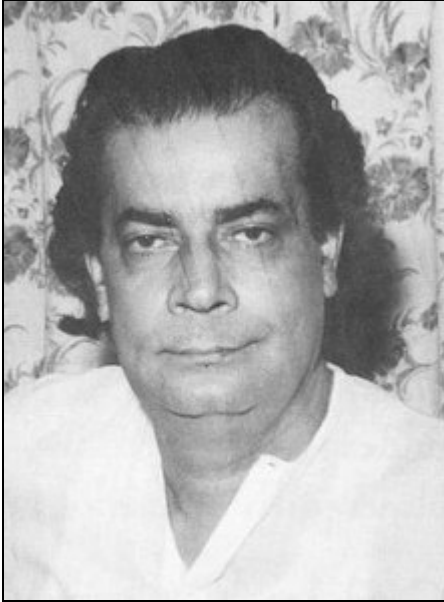
Tuesday, the 3rd of February 1970 is another historic date. An extraordinary manifestation, like the Yama Nachiketa encounter of Kathopanishad, was shown by Dada. Nowhere in history has there been a mention of anything like this. But those who witnessed it have been dumbfounded wondering how such a thing is possible. In the Kathopanishad we find that Nachiketa had gone to Yama in search of Supreme Knowledge. But with our Dada nothing at all is required. Without our asking Dada keeps giving us this Supreme Knowledge. Those who are seekers like Nachiketa bathe in the showers of Dada's grace and are blessed with the Supreme Knowledge.

The event happened as follows. From the house of a famous lawyer Vipanna Palak Basu, telephone calls were coming every 5-10 minutes to intimate that his only daughter Manju was fast dying. Dada had still not arrived at Dr Anil Maitra's house. As soon as he arrived Dada was given the message and he immediately telephoned to the house of Vipanna. Dr Madhusudan De said as soon as he picked up the phone, "Now Manju is about to die any moment. She is under oxygen. Please save her; medical science is failing. No medicine is working. Manju should not die on my hands." Manju was then traveling the road of death.

Father's only beloved daughter! There was a shadow of sorrow on the entire household. Merciful Dada instructed on the telephone, "Bring quickly a cup of water near the telephone. See if you are getting the aroma." Dr De said, "Yes. Extraordinarily strong fragrance." Dada said, "Apply it on Manju's tongue, eyes and chest. Phone me back after ten minutes. Don't fear I am there." Dada left the telephone and with unblinking eyes kept looking to the front, appearing silent and serious, and then said, "Bibhuti, the staff of Death is standing right here. Can't you see? Standing right in front of us? He, Ram, is also present." I said, "Why also He, Dada?" Dada smiled lightly and said that he would tell me later.

Dada, without waiting for a phone call from Vipanna or Dr De telephoned to inquire about Manju's condition. Dr De told him there had been forth percent improvement in the condition of the patient in the last few minutes but the danger was still not over. Dada put the receiver to my ear so that I could hear Dr De. Dada told Dr De to phone back again after some more time. Dada once again stayed in the self-absorbed state looking in front of him with unblinking eyes, with a match box in his hand ready for lighting a cigarette.

To my mind it appeared as if Dada had gone to Manju leaving his body behind. Later I learned that my assessment had been correct when the next Sunday Vipanna related to me in detail the entire series of events. He said that Manju had told him, "I am unable to breathe" and had become totally helpless. She lost all external consciousness. Then it appeared to Vipanna's mind that Dada had come and was standing in the courtyard and many gods and goddesses were garlanding Dada, worshipping Him.



Dada told me about the same time, "Look, Bibhuti, there was no more time left. Manju had of course been saved from the blows of one disease but right at the next moment another disease was attacking her. The blood pressure had shot up tremendously. The staff of Death was even then standing there. Leaving the body and going to Manju was strenuous, on account of leaving it (Dada's body) thus in front of everybody."

I asked him, "Dada did you give a push to my right shoulder?" Dada replied smiling, "The giver only gave it. Have you understood?" I said laughing, "Why this anger on me?" Dada replied, "It was not anger. That was your destiny. What is Supreme Knowledge? You have seen that in fact." I remarked to Dada that he had actually thrown off Death. Dada suddenly turned and again telephoned Vipanna. At the other end, mad with worry, Vipanna was picking up the telephone receiver to telephone Dada. Dr De was standing near Manju totally without a clue as to what to do next. Manju was again near expiring. Dada then told Vipanna, "Put your hand

against the receiver. Have you got something? Go put it on Manju's tongue. Beware, don't tell it to anyone!" At that time Dada had been laying his hand against my forehead.

Dada continued, "Have you started giving oxygen? Manju will sleep now. There is no need for any more medicines. Tell Dr De to once again measure her blood pressure." Dr De measured the blood pressure and reported that it was 160/120. Dada told him angrily, "Go, see properly!" At this end Dada asked Dr Maitra what proper pressure would be in that state. Dr Maitra said 128/80 would be best. Dada said, "It shall be so!" After a little while Dr De informed Dada that now Manju's blood pressure had come down to 128/80. Dada laughed and said, "This also happens." There was at that time an extraordinary heavenly smile on Dada's face.

We learned that at the other end of the telephone conversation Manju's condition kept changing. Dada was at this end relating to us the progress in detail. Dada was saying, "Manju's eyes have now become stone still. She is unable to breathe. Doctors will call this state as death."

As the staff of Time, putting on the form of Death wished to take away Manju, Dada was attacking it severely, not allowing it to touch her. Without his permission the staff of Death cannot touch his devotees; that is what we had witnessed. In the abode of gods also such an experience would be difficult to get. We noticed that Dada had absorbed into himself the entire poison from Manju. Slowly Dada's feet lost their customary pink color. Slowly they started turning bluish. It appeared as if Nature wanted to take her revenge. But merciful Dada silently accepts such attacks of nature for the sake of devotees.

The next day Dada was unwell. He told us that this kind of event had taken place earlier also but this time he had to suffer. Dada said that at Benares seeing Ashwini Ray's dead body being taken, suddenly there arose in him the wish that this cannot happen. He asked the people carrying the body to the cremation grounds, "What are you doing? Put down the body and see." They saw that the man had not died but was breathing. "But at that time nothing happened to me for pushing away the staff of Death. This time, however, it did take some hold. I shall have to loose a couple of teeth this time," Dada told us smiling.

What death is we do not really know. That day Dada again had given us Supreme Knowledge. He proved through the incident that a person does not go anywhere. There is merely a change of state. Death is not our ending. It is merely a companion on our journey. It will walk according to our wish. We shall not walk according to its wish. We shall move forward keeping death behind. Then we shall not be travelers in Time. "Mahakal" (Eternity) will be our companion then. The reason is that the law of Time, i.e., the source of Time, right at our birth averts death and shows us the way of becoming Mrityunjaya (Conqueror of Death).