

## The Red Letter Day of my Life

by

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I was asked to attend Satyanarayan Puja at 25 Palit Street on 8<sup>th</sup> February 1971. I was told that Puja would start at 6:30 pm and would be performed by someone very special and in absolutely new and unconventional style. I received the invitation from Badalda (Mr D.R. Das) who kept everything in secret and kept me in suspense. I did not cancel the appointment in my medical chamber as I did not get enough notice that I would be absent that day.

However I reached the house of Mr. Das on Palit Street at 6:30 pm and found that everyone was anxiously awaiting someone called “Dada” who would be coming and performing the Puja. Amongst the gossips I picked out certain important comments on Dada which made me very interested to know more about him. The time passed on and by quarter past seven Dada had not yet appeared. I was quite impatient and anxious to return to my chamber as my patients were waiting for me. For the next 15 minutes this conflict continued within me between my eagerness to see Dada and my conscience not to neglect my patients.

Then Dada appeared on the scene. All his admirers and devotees bowed their heads at his feet, one by one. I quietly did the same at his feet and at once became the tool in his hands. Dada started dissecting me very carefully, step by step until he reached my heart. Then I thought I won't give him any more chance of defeating me and I felt I had to leave now against my will as this was my chamber time. Dada addressed me with great affection and assurance that I Possibly could not go now without attending Satyanarayan Puja. So I stayed on for the Puja.

Dada asked me to come in the Puja room with a piece of paper (blank tablet paper) in both my hands and to sit down with my eyes closed. Dada was by my side all the time as my only friend, philosopher and guide. Suddenly I heard some whispers in the name of God three times. The Mahanam entered through my ears and then circulated in my brain and reached my heart and stopped there. My whole body became stiff for a few moments and tears filled my eyes. Dada asked me to read the content of the paper in my hands. Then I realized before I read the Mahanam that it had appeared on the paper written in red ink by invisible hand and that Mahanam had already entered in my heart. After I read the words they disappeared. It was really the Red Letter Day for me.



But this was only the beginning. During the fortnight after the memorable day many more things happened for which I have no explanation. The only feeling is the pervading experience of Ananda or bliss, which I have been sharing along with others in the evergreen company of Dada.

February 22<sup>nd</sup> brought me undreamt of happiness which came automatically in the company of Dada. I received his miraculous telephone call and reached him at once. He promised me his company the next day when I was scheduled to visit Tatanagar to attend a Music Conference. Throughout my journey in the train and at the time of the music performance I was frequently enthralled with Dadaji's fragrance. How to explain all these demonstrations of Dada's affection? Dada to me is the king of that unknown blissful kingdom of which we have no perception. Science would never reach the border of that kingdom of Eternal Love, Bliss and Happiness.

## Dadaji as I Know Him

by

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Know thyself and nothing would remain unknown to you. This was the preaching of the Vedas and Upanishads of Ancient India. This 'Knowing' was regarded as attainment of Supreme Knowledge. But we, who are always absorbed in becoming bookish theoreticians, have hardly found any time to pay heed to know our own selves. We are acquainted with the happenings of lands beyond seas and shores but have failed signally in knowing Atman (The Soul, inner Self, individual Life-principle) and have become dissatisfied, both physically and mentally. This is the crux of the problem.

Disturbed individuals want to know the easiest road toward happiness. One who abounds in wealth believes peace as a commodity which may be sold or purchased and makes comprehensive effort to purchase it. Consequently, there are many people who pose as saviors of those people searching for happiness. They receive offering in cash and kind, and promise Mukti (spiritual liberation, freedom) for them in lieu of payments received. These persons known as Gurus have themselves become good businesspeople as they are successful in erecting vast mansions and building up huge bank balances.

But Dadaji has started a crusade against this so-called Gurubad (Guru business). According to him everything that we see around us has emanated from that Supreme Being. This Supreme Being resides in every thing, animate and inanimate. The object of human life is to find out that innermost power within. Hence in the true sense of the term self-searching is the Sadhana of each individual. In this work of self-searching, nobody but one's own self can become the Guru or the leader toward realization of the Self.

Getting a Mantra is nothing but awakening of the Soul from slumber. This can only be achieved when one can get it from within and not through any outside agent like a Guru. The wearer of the shoe knows where it pinches. So it is 'I' who shall best understand the path I should follow to attain happiness and peace. Hence one incomplete person can never become the Guru of another incomplete human being.

This is exactly what Dadaji says to all of us. **“Don't run after a Guru, run after knowing your Self; therein lies the whole secret. You have immense power; use it to awaken your self from that great slumber.”**

When a person fully knows who he or she is, or when the attainment of Atman Jnan is complete this earthly body becomes the real abode of Almighty. He can then perform such actions which belie all earthly knowledge and dwarf all worldly calculations. Dadaji often performs feats to signify the Omnipotence of the Supreme Will. The ease and abundance with which he performs them shows the existence of Absolute Power in him.

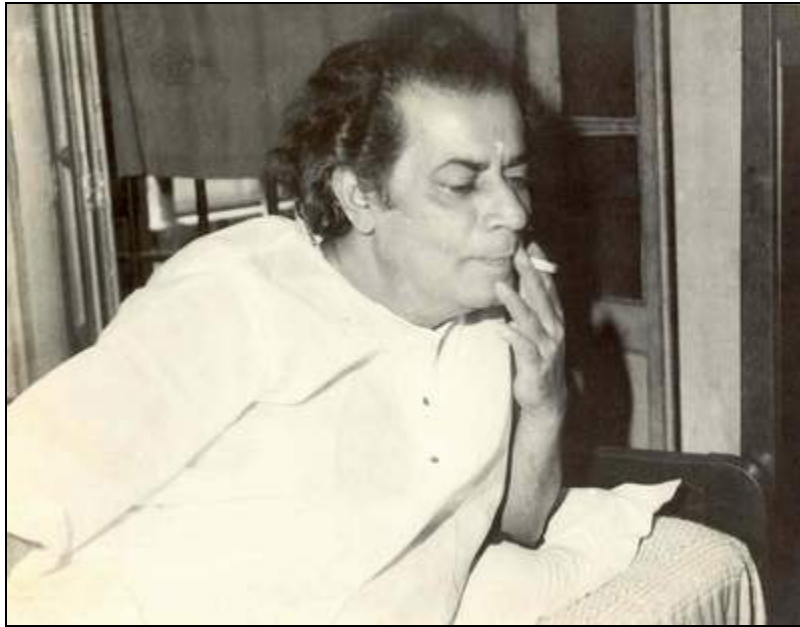
Why does Dadaji do all these things? Only to show to those who do not believe that there are things in heaven and earth that cannot be explained by imperfect human knowledge. There is a line beyond which no Science can move but it is possible for human being to plod over there by realizing Self.

A cynical journalist who came to challenge this in a chilly winter night at Lucknow was well served by Dadaji when to the utter amazement of that gentleman, Dadaji offered him the cigarette brand he used to smoke while in London, manifesting it out of nowhere before his eyes. Lucknow was severely hit by a tremendous cold wave this year, but to show to that journalist that god could make and unmake things, Dadaji declared that Lucknow would experience only

moderate temperatures until Dadaji left for Kanpur. Everybody there had the immediate feeling of a sudden rise in temperature.

A Chief Secretary of a State Government, Vice Chancellor of a University, a number of well-known teachers of science failed to explain causal connections of Dadaji's actions and admitted in writing their own personal accounts that inexplicable are the ways of Dadaji. Inexplicable are the ways of God.

The whole world is today at a crossroad of values, materialistic values on the one hand and spiritual value on the other. The gate toward attainment of spiritual values will be open by complete surrender to Him. This will lead to self-realization. This belief is what our Dadaji propounds. I do not claim that I fully know Dadaji, but this writing is a token of reverence that I bear for him.



Dadaji

## The Perennial Stream of Nectar

by

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After the Pujas on the 16<sup>th</sup> October 1970, I paid a casual visit to the residence of Dr Saroj Kumar Bose, a friend and colleague living at Bangur Avenue in a northern suburb of Calcutta. I found a hanging portrait, on the wall, which I came to know was that of Sri Ram Thakur, a great spiritual saint. In this connection, I heard a great deal about the mysterious spiritual power of Dadaji. Dr Bose offered me a book in Bengali called *Dada Prasangey*. I hesitated to take it as I did not know the contents of the book. When I found that it was a collection of articles regarding the great spiritual power of Dadaji written by very distinguished people including scientists, doctors, professors, etc., I readily accepted it and made up my mind to see this great man.

It was the 18<sup>th</sup> October 1970 and as directed by Dr Bose, I went to Esplanade and patiently waited for the bus of Route 37. I was disappointed to learn that buses on that route were not plying as there was a sudden busmen strike. I was thinking what to do when a Garia bound bus appeared. I, my wife and daughter boarded it and thought about some alternative programme if we would fail to reach Dadaji's place. We got down near Anwar Shah Road and found one solitary taxi in the stand. I was afraid that the taxi might not agree to have passengers for a short distance. To get a taxi in time, and particularly for a short distance, is a rare event in Calcutta. Strangely enough, the cabman was agreeable to cover the distance and we reached Dadaji's residence at 188/10A Prince Anwar Shah Road. I was surprised by the sudden turn of events and wondered: What does it signify?

We found that several devotees had already assembled. The extremely charming appearance of Dadaji lying half-reclined on his bed compelled the attention of everyone. He had a piece of saffron colored cloth around his waist. The room was almost filled up with people and we somehow managed to squat near the side of the door. All were silent and listening to the words of Dadaji. After awhile Mrs Bose appeared and introduced me to Dadaji, who asked me to move forward and sit just in front of him.

A long discussion was going on regarding Guru (spiritual preceptor). According to Dadaji, a person cannot be a Guru. Our Guru should not be sought in the world outside. He is always with us and he lies in the innermost part of our being. WE have to get our initiation from that Guru within and not from any outsider. I could not fully comprehend this discussion as I come from a very old and traditional Brahmin family and we have our own spiritual preceptor. I did not go to Dadaji to be initiated. In the course of his discussion Dadaji said, "**He cannot be reached with the help of mind or intellect. He is our nearest and dearest one and is always with us.**" Abstruse ideas are expressed by Dadaji with remarkable simplicity and clarity.

The hesitant mind of a so-called intellectual like me could not be free from doubts on the very first day. I started arguing with Dadaji. I was fully aware of my rational mind but rationality has some limit. Our methods of induction and deduction may not be our safe guides everywhere. Suddenly Dadaji had a copy of the Bengali book *Dinalipi Shradhanjali* (a collection of appreciative articles written by several devotees regarding the spiritual powers of Dadaji) brought before him and then he offered it to me. He just moved a finger over the blank page of the book and strangely enough my name was written on it by some invisible and. I was stunned and my flippancy was silenced at once.

Dadaji asked me to have Mahanam but I was not ready for it. I was vacillating as I was tied down by conventions. Dadaji asked me, "**If the Supreme Being who is within you gets initiated, I think you will agree.**" I was speechless, as words seemed superfluous now. I went into

the prayer room of Dadaji along with my wife. There I asked him some questions to which he readily replied.



Both of us sat before the portrait of Sri Ram Thakur (Sri Satyanarayan) and bowed down to it. I heard the holy divine words (Mahanam) in my ears from some unknown source and I found also the same holy words on a piece of blank paper I was holding written in red ink by some invisible hand. After I had read those holy words, they strangely disappeared from the surface of the paper. Then I felt a strange and mysterious feeling. I was quite oblivious of my surrounding. Though I was conscious, yet it was not the consciousness of the humdrum daily life. I was elevated to a higher level of consciousness and was breathing in a quiet, serene and peaceful atmosphere, “far from the maddening crowd’s ignoble strife.” I do not remember how long I remained in that way.

When we came out from the prayer room it was reported by the people outside that it was about half an hour. Then Dadaji blessed us touching the through with his fingers, which had a strange and sweet fragrance. The entire place was full of that sweet fragrance and our bodies also retained that fragrance for a long time. All the assembled people departed one by one. We were asked by Dadaji to wait for sometime.

After a few minutes we came outside of the house a taxi was found running. We were three in number and four other people were with us. Strangely enough the taxi driver did not grumble at all to take the seven passengers in his car. The unusual coincidences were rather puzzling to me. On the very first day of coming in contact with Dadaji my mind was full of joy and surprise.

Since then I have been coming into contact with Dadaji and have always been deeply moved by his spiritual power, which baffles all attempts of analysis or explanation. The world we live in is full of sorrows and sufferings, failure and frustrations; in almost every field of life there is nothing but maddening despair and anarchy. In such a context of bitter experience, to get the company of this God-intoxicated saintly person is a great blessing and a comforting solace. Dadaji says, “He (pointing to himself) has neither any ability, nor authority.” Dadaji never uses the word “I”. He is the living symbol of self-denial and self-effacement.

Dadaji is equally pleased with all and everybody gets joy and peace in his company. Though he is a family man he has forsaken everything by virtue of his complete non-attachment. Yet he is our own Dadaji, deeply intimate with all from a teenager to a septuagenarian. He is strongly armed with his spiritual powers, yet he says in reference to himself, “He is helpless and powerless; he has not yet realized Him, perhaps never shall he have that fulfillment.”

Dadaji is quite free from all petty conventions and prejudices. He says, “Don’t be a slave to mere customs and conventions. Don’t try to argue and analyze matters; there is nothing supernatural. All is to be found in the innate character of Swabhava, the original natural state. Living life in a natural state fully attuned with God,” Dadaji says, “this is the only way. Truth can only be lived. Nothing can be attained unless the petty distinctions between ‘you’ and ‘I’ are overcome. Everything is void until you come back to the innate character of the original state.” How the profoundest realization has been made fully articulate in the simplest language. Most of us are lost in our sectional thinking in our sick, hurried and divided aims, while we are far away from the composite vision of life.

When Dadaji had gone to Cuttack, Achyutananda Saraswati came to him everyday and read out passages from Patanjala Yogashastra. Dadaji remained unmoved and unaffected. On the last day, Dadaji called him near and asked Achyutananda to put his ear on the breast of Dadaji where he heard the divine words: Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna. Tarak Brahmanam

in one side of Dadaji's breast and heard in the other side the musical accompaniment of Khol, kartala, etc. Thus he got his spiritual guidance and blessing from Dadaji.

Dadaji can be physically present in different places at the same time. Dadaji's power of multiple manifestations has been known to many of us. On Sunday, the 26<sup>th</sup> October 1970 at 9:26 am, Dadaji announced, "They are all coming from Orissa." I could not follow the context, but noted the time. Then at about 10 am, Basanti Mishra and many others came from Orissa. Many of them received Mahanam. One of them got it in Oriya language, one in English, and an illiterate lady heard it in her ears.

In 1960 we had gone to Delhi and we visited Mathura and Brindaban from there. My wife says very often that she might have seen Dadaji somewhere, possibly in Brindaban. Once on hearing this, Dadaji said that it might have been so and the next moment he talked on the phone with Mrs Banerjee, a barrister's wife. He asked her, "How long ago did I go to your place and have a cup of tea?" Dadaji then put the receiver to my wife who heard the reply from the other end, "You came here just 3 or 4 minutes ago." But Dadaji was all the time from 5 pm to 8:10 pm (when he had the talk over the telephone) at Dr Bose's place on Bangur Avenue.

On another occasion Dadaji was sitting silently at Animesh Babu's place at Lansdowne Road. After a few moments Dadaji asked Dr Saroj Bose to have a talk with his own son over the phone. Dr Bose did so and came to know that Dadaji had talked with his son over the phone just a few minutes previous, although somehow Dadaji had the phone conversation without any mechanical help (telephone) as he did not touch the receiver at all as we observed sitting next to Dadaji. In the words of Dadaji, "It is also possible but it is nothing as it is something non-essential in the world."

I have heard from Balaram Mishra (Engineer, Orissa Government) a miraculous story. Gopal, a son of Balaram, had been a non-believer and skeptic. He was not eager to have Mahanam, rather he was unwilling regarding initiation. Afterward when Mahanam at Calcutta, perhaps on the 25<sup>th</sup> October 1970, he visualized Dadaji in his half-reclined position as Narayan laying in His Anantashayan position with hooded snakes overhead. Then he went away to Orissa. On the 27<sup>th</sup> October 1973, Gopal smelled the sweet fragrance of Dadaji's body; then on 1<sup>st</sup> November, that sweet fragrance came out of all the skin pores of Gopal's body.

Major Mishra, a brother of Balaram, was also a non-believer in God. His whole body also emitted the same sweet fragrance. This sweet fragrance (Angagandha) of Dadaji indicates his unbodyed presence. Such incidents have been repeatedly noticed by many people. Such miracles are present not for any demonstration, as Dadaji is not a magician, nor a miracle peddler. These are only to shake off the doubts of the faithless and skeptical people. Very often Dadaji tells his devotees, "I am always with you." Once he said at Animesh Babu's place, "Though physically present near you, I may be also present somewhere else also, your Dadaji, Amiya Roy Chowdhury says that do not try to test the Supreme Being; do not try to understand Him with the help of your mind or intellect. Ever follow the Truth, then and then only you are in communion with Him."

The birthday of Dr Bose's daughter falls on the Jagddhatri Puja day. On that auspicious day Dadaji offered some bhoga (fruits, sweets and some cooked food to Sri Ram Thakur (Sri Satyanarayan). The electric pump of Dr Bose's house was out of order. He had already sent for the mechanic, but the pump started automatically as soon as Dadaji reached the house.

On the Kali Puja day Dadaji performed the Puja in a very unusual way at Jatin Bhattacharya's place in Behala. The Puja was performed without the usual materials; there were no Karana (wine required in Tantric Puja), no sacrifice, and no arati in this Puja. The Puja of Sri Satya Narayan became the Kali Puja. Dadaji remained alone in the room with closed doors for one hour and fifteen minutes while all the time the assembled devotees joined in non-stop singing of holy songs.



Edward Rice

After the Puja was done, the whole room was full of sweet smell of incense and the floor was flooded by fragrant holy water. An American magazine publisher, writer and photojournalist named Edward Rice (1918 - ) was present. He was deeply moved by this Puja and partook of the Prasada.

On the 15<sup>th</sup> November 1970 I went to Dadaji's place at Anwar Shah Road. I took the mounted portrait of Sri Ram Thakur with me and put it in the prayer room of Dadaji, as asked by him. The portrait (see image below) was wrapped in a piece of paper and tied with a thread. At the time of my departure, Dadaji moved his fingers over the wrapping paper. Then I removed the covering paper and smelled the deep fragrance of sandal wood over the glass of the portrait. In the course of conversation, I referred to the miraculous experience of Anjali, a cousin of my wife.

Anjali, who lives in Orissa, had never seen Dadaji. She knows something about him from the letters of her elder sister living in Calcutta. One night she dreamt a strange dream. Dadaji came to her and asked her to receive Mahanam. She was in doubt as Dadaji was dressed like an ordinary Bengali gentleman and not like a Sannyasi (sage). Some weeks later she came to Calcutta and had her first meeting with Dadaji on the Mahastami day. Anjali was stunned and stupefied as the dream figure of Dadaji and Dadaji in person were identical. When he heard her story Dadaji exclaimed, "You are blessed people, so also am I."

The various miraculous stories regarding Dadaji's supernatural powers are too many to be fully narrated. On 19<sup>th</sup> November 1970 at Animesh's place we were listening to the words of Dadaji. Suddenly he became absolutely silent; after a few minutes he had a talk with a gentleman on the telephone. Dadaji asked him to go to his sister's place immediately as she was on her death bed. Later at 7:57 pm when Dadaji said, "She has passed away." The brother of the dying sister was asked by Dadaji to meet privately with him later on. Then Dadaji asked for the tape recorder and a recording of Tarakbrahmanam (Hare Krishna, Hari Krishna, etc) and other holy songs were played while those gathering sung along. What was irrelevant at the beginning became fully clear at the end.

The dying lady on her death bed told her brother she was pining for Dadaji in her last moments of life. Dadaji responded to her and appeared before her in his invisible form giving peace and consolation to the departing soul with divine songs and blessings. Thus she received liberation after her long suffering. Later Dadaji consoled the mourning relatives over the telephone that she had been suffering for a long time and now she was quite relieved of her painful existence and her soul was also liberated.

Once Dadaji told us the story of Bhakta Raghunath and Mahaprabhu Chaitanya\* to illustrate that God is always there for His devotees. Raghunath drew a portrait of Mahaprabhu in

Mahaprabhu - Maha means great, Prabhu means God. Lord Sri Krishna Chaitanya also referred to as Gauranga or Nema Pandit, who appeared 500 years ago (born 1487) is so called. He was a forerunner of Dadaji as was Sri Ram Thakur. In fact, Mahaprabhu unequivocally asserted he would be coming twice again in quick succession, in progressive ascendancy of manifestation.



Sri Satyanarayan Portrait at Dadaji's home  
(also referred to as Sri Ram Thakur)

a secluded place. After some time Mahaprabhu Chaitanya\* noticed that Raghunath was no longer a regular visitor. He came to know that Raghunath was getting his company before the portrait. Raghunath was expelled from Mahaprabhu's circle and he ordered Haridas to tear off the portrait and to throw it into the sea. Raghunath could not disobey Mahaprabhu and so lived under a tamarind tree at a distance of a few miles away. Haridas used to go to him every Saturday. Raghunath was very eager to hear of Mahaprabhu. Once Haridas told him that he would see the Master after as many years as the leaves on the tamarind tree. On hearing this Raghunath was thrilled with the ecstasy of joy and started weeping and laughing at the same time, which made Haridas very bewildered. Then Raghunath said, "Well no matter, after 10,000 or 20,000 years it is quite certain that I will meet my Master." On receiving the report Mahaprabhu sent for Raghunath the very next day. God is always for His devotees.

Once, after the death of her husband, an elderly widow came to Dadaji's place because she was very embarrassed to have the property left by him. She is a pious lady and has no temptation for worldly matters. Dadaji consoled her and asked her to go on her own way with non-attachment.

After some days, Dadaji made an extensive tour of Northern India. Unfortunately I could not accompany him. His famous meeting with Dr Gopinath Kaviraj will be published elsewhere. In the last week of December 1970, Dadaji's visit to Burdwan is a notable event. I was fortunate to accompany him this time. The professors of Burdwan University and many distinguished persons of the town met Dadaji. Sri Banerjee (University Registrar) had an elaborate discussion with Dadaji regarding many spiritual matters. Sri Satyanarayan Puja was performed one evening and many devotees received Mahanam in the presence of Dadaji.

It was Sunday morning the 27<sup>th</sup> December 1970 when we were all sitting before Dadaji including many local professors. While sipping tea from his cup, Dadaji said, "I would like to have a drink. Can't this tea be made into wine?" Saying this he covered the cup with the saucer and after a few moments his hot tea was converted into cold Scotch whisky. All of us were astounded and we tasted a few drops which left a burning sensation in the throat. When the cup was exhausted, Dr Salil Mandal, our host, washed the cup with water and tasted the water, which had the same sweet fragrance of Dadaji's Charanjali (holy water). On the same occasion tea Dadaji changed into coffee before our eyes. Shortly thereafter out of nowhere Dadaji brought a rarely found packet of foreign brand cigarettes (State Express 555) and handed it to Sri Banerjee. Such things Dadaji makes possible; this is nothing as it is of the worldly level. All these miraculous events are only to shake off the doubts of the skeptical.

When people come to Dadaji their hearts become replete with peace and joy. That is his great magnetic attraction. Usually he does not introduce any complicated theoretical discussion. His talks are generally very simple and quite intelligible to ordinary people though they deal with the deepest Truth. That is Dadaji's great charm. He says, "Fundamentally, there exists only one Being and that is within you. No penance is required to realize Him. To come in communion with Him, you need not go against nature by self-repression; you need not do any undue torture to the body."

However, once Sri Jagadish Pal asked Dadaji about the difference between prakasha and bikasha. Dadaji's profound explanation with copious quotations from the scriptures was not quite clear to many of us, including an elderly Principal of a well-known college. Then Dadaji elucidated the point in a very lucid way, "When the introspective mind deeply contemplates God (Krishna) and comprehends the divine mystery, then it is bikasha (budding forth). In the next stage, when the mind loses its own identity and becomes fully submerged in Divinity and is in full communion with Him, then it is prakasha (blossoming)."

Frequently long distance calls come to Dadaji from all over India from people wanting contact with him by phone. Famous Indian film stars call asking Dadaji to come to Bombay. He quietly declines those offers. Though he was born in a very rich aristocratic family, Dadaji has no worldly attachment. He never accepts anything from anybody. He has been always speaking against Gurubad, which is nothing but a method of exploitation, a kind of zamindari, a shameless expression of the acquisitive instinct and a veritable money-making industry. Many people have tried to tempt him with laks (100,000s) of rupees but he always remains unperturbed.

Those worldly temptations cannot save us from death and at the end of the story all of us will be carried to the burning ghat for cremation. None of us can escape the trial of destiny and all of us have to undergo the repeated ordeals of birth and death.

A conversation was going on between Dadaji and a very famous film star of West Bengal. Dadaji asked her, “Will you marry me?” She replied, “I am always agreed. I have dedicated my life and the life the next world to you.” This proposal of marriage seemingly absurd and incredible has some deep significance. Our ordinary marriage is generally a crude arrangement for physical union. True marriage can be possible only with One, i.e. God. The person who is fortunate to have that communion will never suffer from the pangs of separation, nor will he or she have any anguish within, being one with the Supreme Being, the ultimate source of being, intellect and joy. That stage is Brindabanlila.

Many people have varied experiences regarding Dadaji’s Angagandha (sweet fragrance coming out of his body). Once we smelled the deep fragrance of sandalwood on Dadaji’s check, while simultaneously the fragrance of jasmine flowers was coming out of his feet. Sometimes we have smelled that fragrance while at home or walking along the street. This fragrance is the indication of Dadaji’s invisible presence in a subtle way. Once a vastly learned scholar went to see Dadaji and had a talk with him. He tried to explain the significance of this fragrance, but could not offer any satisfactory answer. Strangely enough, while returning to his suburban home that evening, he smelled the same fragrance in the train while it was in motion.

I have neither the power nor the audacity to explain the great spiritual powers of Dadaji. Yet I have witnessed that countless people have received peace and joy after coming in contact with him and many theists and agnostics have been completely changed under his influence. Repeatedly Dadaji asserts, “You cannot reach Him with the help of your intellect.”

Dadaji is not with the intellectual but with the humble and devout. Long ago Mahaprabhu Chaitanya brought about a miraculous change by flooding the country with his message of love and affection. In our shallow and superficial age our minds are always disturbed or distracted and we rootless people are so many floating non-entities. The great change of the countless devotees of Dadaji is simply unique. He is Dadaji to all, from the little children to the venerable aged. All eyes, full of love and reverence are upon him and he is equally pleased to all. His appearance among us is highly significant, as he has given guidance to the faithless and the faltering. He has come among us as that Divine Will, though as Dadaji says pointing to himself, “He has neither ability nor any authority in it.”