

Who is He?

by

Manjusree Das Gupta, Calcutta

Usually 1st April is a day which has a peculiar significance. It reminds us that there is every chance of becoming a fool. But we had a most fortunate day on 1st April 1970. My son Bappa brought such auspicious news that changed our entire family and our lives were transformed into a heavenly world. Bappa told us, "Let us go to such a man whom you have never seen in your life." We thought, who what that man? We went to Dr Anil Maitra's house at about 8 pm. There was nothing to question, but only the urge to answer the question "Who is he?"

When we were going upstairs I heard the sound of conch and also bells and other sound which are generally used at the time of Puja. Then when we were passing the first floor we smelled a unique kind of fragrance we never smelled anywhere. And, when we entered the flat of Dr Maitra, we experience the aroma even more intensely.

At the same time I became rather impatient to see "the man". The room in which he was sitting was crowded. We saw that there was no sign of any conch or other instrument. With great astonishment at last we saw our very beloved one about whom my son had told us. Immediately I felt that he had been calling me from time immemorial, as if known to me centuries after centuries. As soon as I greeted him he spoke to everyone saying, "Look, this lady friend infused some scent on my feet." I smelled a unique scent of sandal, not ordinary sandal but laced with roses. Then he rubbed the sweat of his forehead with my saree. That fragrant wetness on my saree lasted more than a week, moreover with the heavenly scent as well.

At the first sight of him I did not feel for a moment that I was an unknown person to him. He asked my husband Mr. Animesh Das Gupta to sit by his side. It appeared that we are all known to him for a long time. We also did not feel his attitude embarrassing. He asked us to return and witness Satyanarayan Puja the next day. Of course then we understood that he is our beloved Dada. Our feeling at that time was that we all belong to one family.

I spoke to my mother-in-law and other members of my family about our meeting with Dadaji. Accordingly we went to witness Satyanarayan Puja next day. This Satyanarayan Puja was not an ordinary and traditional Puja. We felt, seeing Dadaji, as if Satyanarayan Himself is adoring Him. That Puja was wonderful! A few indications of this Puja are given in the second volume of the book titled *Dada Prasagna*. My son received Mahanam from Dadaji and the flame of that eternal Mahanam has been charged by our son to each and every member of our family. On different dates we had the fortune to have this Mahanam. Thereafter we used to visit Dadaji every evening at the house of Dr. Anil Maitra.



A week after, taking the permission of Dadaji, we went to visit U.P. for a short journey. Dadaji told us affectionately, "I would always be with you, you will feel." Saying this, Dadaji placed his hand on the matchbox and immediately a small photo of Sri Sri Thakur (left) appeared in his hand. He gave it to my husband and advised him to keep it always with him. Though we became acquainted with him only seven days previous, yet we became very much moved seeing how he is such a well-wisher. The words of Dadaji are true like the Vedas. We felt much heat in the train when we were proceeding to U.P. Immediately we smelled Dadaji's fragrance and we did not feel fatigued even after so much tension from the heat.

We only became tired later during the time of traveling from Panipath to Chandigarh by car. In that scorching heat we remembered Dada for he told us, "I will be with you." Weith great astonishment we noticed a patch of cloud was floating along with our car like an umbrella as if it

was carrying out the orders of Dadaji. When we reached Chandigarh we heard a terribly hot wind was blowing even a few hours before our arrival. At our arrival the temperature diminished through the grace of Dadaji. Thus we felt that it is true that Dada really escorts us. When we came back to Calcutta we heard that Dadaji had told others that so long as we were in U.P. the temperature would not be extremely hot as is typical.

Dada came to our house for the first time on at our request on 27th May 1970. Dadaji was received with the sound of conch, garland and white lotus. We have kept the photo of Sri Sri Satyanarayan which Dada gave us in our room. Dadaji heard the music of *Ramiava Sharanam* song while sitting by us. When we talked about the Puja, Dadaji told us, “Listen, sitting here is this not possible?” At that very moment it was settled that Satyanarayan Puja would be held in our house on 30th May 1970. It is simply impossible to give the description of the Puja. Dadaji also supports this view. Unless one experiences this it is not possible to understand.

On 3rd June 1970 Dada asked my sister-in-law Gita, “Would you lend me Rs. 500 just now?” As soon as Gita agreed, he clapped in joy and said, “That’s alright!” Who knew what these words signified? There was another feeling again, he reminded how dearly he loves us. He has wrapped himself entirely within our family. At the end of the evening my husband found Dadaji standing near his head and chanting, “Narayana, Narayana.” My husband was echoing Dadaji. Just at that moment my husband’s eldest brother rushed in and said, “There has been an accident, mother has fallen down in the bathroom.” Mother-in-law was laid on the bed. She had a femur fracture on the left leg. Fortunately she was saved from a serious accident. Mother herself told us, “Someone unseen caught my head when I fell, otherwise my head would have been smashed.” Narayana Himself caught hold of my mother’s head, while also standing before my husband and chanting His own Name. On that day the preliminary medical expenses were Rs. 500. Then we understood the reason and meaning of Dada asking for Rs. 500 before.

Many may question when Dada knew the accident would occur why he did not prevent it. We never asked this question of Dadaji; we only have the feeling that he is the incarnation of love and mercy. It is by his grace and kindness that my mother was saved and her broken leg was cured. Before this incident Dada predicted to us that an accident would occur but he assured us not to get frightened as he would be with us. Still then we did not ask anything further of Dadaji because we felt that so long as he is there with us there is nothing to fear. He will think of his intention. Many such events often take place. It is not possible to narrate them all, but among them I am mentioning only two.

In our family there is a tradition of Lakshmi Puja for a long time on the day of Kojagari Purnima. It is very strange that the same Puja was performed in this year also, but without any priest. In the evening all the arrangements for the Puja were placed before the Sri Sri Satyanarayan portrait. Dada told us, “If we can propitiate Narayana (Truth within), then all the deities, in your language, would be automatically satisfied.” Dada sat in our drawing room in Calcutta. We were singing devotional songs of Rama Nama. The Puja room was kept closed at the instruction of Dada. Simultaneously, while sitting there with us, for five minutes Dadaji appeared in the house of Mrs. Dey in New Alipore. After an hour he told us, “Let me know by telephone what happened in the Puja room.” There in New Alipore Dada also sat inside their drawing room while the doors of their Puja room remained closed. After an hour, in both distant places the doors of the Puja rooms were opened. The rooms were enveloped with Dadaji’s familiar heavenly scent and divine smoke. My son Bappa rang Dadaji by phone and said, “There were divine marks of a child’s fingers in all the dishes of Prasad. He left signs of His Presence.” Hearing this Dadaji said, “It happens, but Dadaji knows nothing.”

16th October is the birthday of my son Bappa. We requested to Dada that he bless him. Every year we celebrate this day with pomp and grandeur. But after meeting Dadaji we have experienced that this celebration is nothing but a show, out and out. So we invited Dadaji alone this year to bless our son. On that day milked rice was offered to Narayana. Dada came in the afternoon. He asked my son Bappa to bring the pot of milked rice which we had kept covered.

When the lid was removed it was found that an unusually big Sandesh (sweet) was there inside the pot. Dadaji was smiling quietly. The sweet fragrance of the Sandesh and that of Dadaji's body seemed to us the same. We realized that these two are his blessings. Then Dada sliced a big cake. The same fragrance of Dada was in the cake; there was no smell of the cake itself.

Dadaji says, "This aroma is His divine music of the flute which reminds us of His Presence." Joydev (the famous Vaishnave poet) smelled this aroma and became mad in His Love. That music is always echoing in the breast of Dadaji along with Tarak Brahman Nam. This fact was corroborated when one day Dada asked my daughter Gopa to place her ear on his breast and to listen to the music. But unfortunately a person cannot hear it due to age long superstitions.

I have failed to narrate my feelings as I am rather unfit for the magnitude of the task. But this much I can say: Who is He? Truth Himself!



Dadaji arriving in Bombay 1971

Dada – The Friend, Philosopher and Guide

by
Professor Arabinda Bhattacharya

Lord Krishna. How fortunate. He should have advised Arjun and all others who endorsed to mould their lives according to the mores advocated by the Gita, to go to the self-styled, self-luminous Gurus to get properly packed and stamped for prompt delivery to the Supreme Being. Couldn't He realize that by advising devotees to give up everything going by the name of Dharma, He was ruining a very profitable and thriving business?

Business it is that the modern religious Gurus are after. Otherwise why should one Guru expect his or her disciples to send a portion of their income every month while a few other Gurus' almost insist on their disciples' bringing offerings in cash or kind to them? Like the notorious pardon sellers of the Middle Ages, these self-appointed agents can absolve any sin for a few bits of coin. Dada condemns this pernicious practice of exploiting the religious fanaticism of the common people. Indeed, what have the self-styled mundane Gurus to offer their disciples? In their glamorous attire they look conspicuous in gatherings of people, they have little knowledge of the religious scriptures and a long list of do's and don'ts concocted from the man-made Shastras.

When a brilliant story teller tells a child some cock-and-bull stories about Madagascar, the child will believe it for the simple reason that the child has never visited or heard anything about Madagascar and because the story is brilliantly told. The same is the case with these mortal individuals calling themselves Gurus or priests who make a show of their prowess to produce God gifts packed as and when desired. Their unassuming, God-fearing, superstition-ridden disciples or parishioners gaze in wonder, listen to their lectures and return home convinced that their Guru or priest holds all the tickets to salvation.

Dada always advises people to keep clear of such religious fakes. Who is a Guru, after all? Guru is the guide, the true friend who never leaves His disciple in his or her eternal pilgrimage to the abode of the Supreme Being, his or her इष्ट देवता (adorable one). The Soul undergoes the pangs of birth and death millions of times, but Guru is always with a person. Guru never deserts a disciple. स पूर्वेषामपि गुरुः कालेनान वच्छेदात् (पतंजली) (He, the Guru, not being cut off by temporality, is also the Guru of all who came before us.)

When at last the goal is reached the eternal path finder loses him or herself in the entity of the Eternal being. Who else but God Himself is capable of effecting this ultimate fusion? God is the Guru, God is the Coveted One, and all else who bawl out the address of God in cleverly chaperoned gatherings are but pretenders.

People who have come in contact with Dada are often disappointed when they find that he quotes no tenets from scriptures, binds no one to any hard and fast rules of conduct, and above all, never speaks of himself as a superior being. They are wonderstruck at some of the things that Dadaji does from time to time. He seems to be able to make himself present everywhere at the same time, to read the thoughts of everyone and to predict anyone's future with the accuracy of an electronic computer.

Whatever he touches emits a wonderful fragrance. Tea becomes wine, wine turns into milk. From airy nothing Dada produces sweets, medicine or pictures of Ram. These are neither Bibhuti nor Juggleries; in fact these are not even rare feats performed by Dada by virtue of his supernatural talents. Dada is blissfully unaware of any of these talents being present in him. The

only presence he is aware of is that of God. He is one **धीमां पश्यति सर्वत्र, सर्वच मध्ये पश्यति**. (He, the wise one, sees everywhere and sees everything within.) His hours are spent in the joyful company of God, and he has completely surrendered his will to the Will of God. If it pleases the Omnipotent to use Dada as a medium to communicate with people, Dada can do nothing about it, nor can he claim any credit for himself. To Dada the 'I' is not an optical illusion manifest through a mirror. It is the 'I' that is universal, the eye that sees everything, the one self that has broken itself up into fragments to build up every living organism. To Dada **वासुदेव** (Vaasudeva, i.e. Krishna) is everywhere.

Herein lays the hypocrisy of the so-called Gurus of today. The present writer is a very base, selfish, ego-centric creature posing to be a commentator in spite of his serious mental perversion; yet even he is often tempted to thrust a soldering rod into the ears of those religious careerists to make them bleed into the realization of the one and the only way to salvation, which is **आत्मानं विद्धि** (know Thyself or the Soul):

**श्रद्धस्व तात श्रद्धस्व नात्र मोहं कुरुष्य भीः.
ज्ञानस्वरु गगवानात्मा त्वं प्रकृतेः परः ॥ (अष्टावक्र गोता)**

*My boy! Have faith, do have faith. Don't you be in delusion in this regard.
You are verily the soul, God of the essence of consciousness beyond materiality.*

Have faith, and don't get confused. You are above creation, you are the Lord, and you are the Self. Now my dear friend, whom would you approach to find out who you really are? Could a stranger tell you anything more than what you know or may find out about your own self?

How, then, one may ask, will it be possible for one to realize the Eternal Self that is in One? Dada advises, "Keep on repeating the Name of the Lord, the seed that has been sown in your heart: Mahanam. It is a wonderful key that makes every door open of its own accord." No other effort is needed, for, in the **ब्रजधाम** (region of Vraja or Vrindavana, the domain of divine amour, divine love) which is verily the body, there is no doer.

Dadaji and His Image to Us

by

A.K. Chatterjee, W.B.C.S.

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In spite of my ignorance and folly I do not feel any hesitation to give out my thoughts about the realization that I, along with my wife and three children, acquired by Dadaji's great magnetic touch. From my boyhood I was given to understand that God would surely come to this pain-stricken world when it would need Him. With this idea I visited many saintly people who told me that my salvation might come if I could get in touch with such persons. It will be a lie if I say that I do not get the blessings of them at all. But in spite of that I did not get that real thing which I was pursuing throughout my life.

About two months back a close relative of mind requested my eldest daughter Anjana Chakraborty (wife of a Senior member of Indian Audit & Accounts services now posted in Bombay) to accompany him the following week to meet and visit our beloved Shri Shri Dadaji. Three days after the invitation was extended she saw a vision in the dead of night of a very handsome person with curly hair and bright eyes, resembling Shri Shri Gouranga Mahaprabhu, with a smiling face. He touched her shoulder and with a sweet voice said that Goddess Kali and Lord Sri Krishna are one and the same. Instantly she saw vividly that the image of the Goddess Kali was being converted into the image of Lord Sri Krishna and visa versa. Then that handsome person gave her the Mahanam. On the next morning my daughter Anjana forgot the Mahanam but remembered the vision. After this vision she was feeling a great thirst to meet Dadaji. Accordingly she went to see him the next day. She was astonished to see the ever-smiling face of Dadaji, who was no other person than that one whom she saw on the previous night in her vision.

When Anjana touched Dadaji's feet she was getting a sweet fragrance filling her heart with a peculiar inspiration and joy which can not be described in words. Dadaji in the course of his talks again repeated that there is no difference between Goddess Kali and Lord Krishna as both are the same and one. This utterance of Dadaji thrilled my daughter to hear heart and her whole person became as if electrified.

The next morning she again went to visit Dadaji and experienced Mahanam in his presence. This name is the same Mahanam which she has been cherishing in her bosom. Even now when she sits quietly she feels the image of the Mahanam coming out from the innermost part of her bosom and it fills her whole existence with a thrill. My wife on hearing all these experiences became charmed and requested my daughter to take her to Dadaji. She also got the Mahanam by the kindness of Dadaji on the next morning when she first visited his place. She had the same feelings as her daughter about Dadaji. Dadaji asked her to attend Sri Satyanarayan Puja the next evening.

The Satyanarayan Puja and its unique character as I had been told by others very much attracted me and I did not lose any time to go to see Dadaji the very next morning. I was charmed at seeing him and as I touched his feet, that moment I forgot the world. It gave me a peculiar inspiration and joy which I cannot express in words. After this I got the Mahanam which is ringing within my ear, and I feel frequently, many time throughout the day that Mahanam is being resounded within me. I remember Dadaji's unique words, "There is no need to sit down especially for Mahanam because our body can never be impure at any time or on any occasion. The Mahanam can be done at anytime, at any place at any mood." This unique practice has been my source of energy and spiritual solace. I feel it the source of my ultimate bliss as well.

We were all asked by Dadaji to attend Sri Sri Satyanarayan Puja on 20th February 1971 at Howrah. On that day there were great disturbances everywhere and Howrah came under curfew.

With Dadaji's blessings, I along with my wife and daughter Anjana reached the place safely in a car without meeting any disturbances along the way despite of the fact that trains and buses and other public vehicles were all withdrawn from the road. At about 5:30 pm, Dadaji went into the room of the Puja and bolted the door from inside. We who were assembled there began to sing "Ramaiva Sharanam" song in a chorus of voices. When Dadaji came out of the room in silken attire, he looked like a Sri Gouranga Mahaprabhu. Anjana who was also singing the holy song saw a vision that in the bolted room Dadaji was on the cross like Holy Jesus Christ and the image transformed into Dadaji again.

When Dadaji was in the bolted room I heard the sound of conch shells and ringing of bells in spite of the fact that there were no conch shells or bells in the room. After Dadaji came out of the room, I went into the Puja room where there were sprinkles of scented water and heavenly fragrance all over. The room was also full of incense smoke, though there was no arrangement for offering incense. At once I bowed down and soaked my handkerchief with the fragrant water that was on the floor. It was amazed and yet I was immensely happy.

When I came back to the hall where Dadaji was sitting I was given a few drops of water



which was so sweetly scented and had a taste of coconut water. I cannot describe how delicious it was and how much I liked it. I knew that the water offered for Puja had been plain tap water and it was converted during Puja into the sweetly scented water; and the coconut water which had been offered in the Puja room was converted into thick milk with unique taste and fragrance.



On our return home from Howrah to Lansdowne Road the road was empty, but our vehicle which was following Dadaji's car was never stopped by anyone. It was all due to Dadaji's blessings and kindness; we returned home safely at 9 pm.

On one occasion my wife and youngest daughter were feeling that they would not get Dadaji's blessings as they could not visit him often. The next day, 18th February 1971, Dadaji with all his kindness came to our house to inquire how we were all doing. That very day we all inhaled that unique fragrance that comes out from the body of Dadaji.

Another occasion my younger daughter was called by Dadaji over the phone somehow (before the days of mobile phones) when he was walking on a green field and he asked her to visit him to get Mahanam. She was so astonished to get such a sweet call, to hear the same voice and inhale the same aroma through the telephone receiver. Dadaji thus fulfilled the cherished dream of my younger daughter Avradita Banerjee, who happens to be the wife of an officer belonging to the West Bengal Civil Service.

One cannot draw conclusions about Dadaji and his ever-enchanted image; instead one simply enjoys opening one's heart to him. We are bound by time and space and hence I will conclude this account with a narration by my son Amitava Chatterjee who is an ardent student of science and mathematics, now completing his Masters Degree:

On the night of 25th February 1971, I accompanied my elder sister Anjana and her husband to Howrah station to see him off on the train to Bombay. On the previous day Dadaji had told my elder sister: “You will realize the next day to your hearts content as to who is your Real Husband.” As soon as the train Bombay Mail steamed away from the station, my elder sister and I heard the sweet voice of Dadaji uttering the words: “Jai Ram.” And the place where we two were standing became effervescent with the unique fragrance which emits from Dadaji’s body. My sister felt throughout her walk on the train platform that Dadaji was walking with her side by side all along. The experience was so magnetic that she remembered the words Dadaji said the previous day.

On return from the station when I went to my bed I could not sleep due to disturbances in mind for the examination I would sit for next morning. When I was in the midst of this thought, I had that charming aroma and felt the soft touch of Dadaji who said: “Jai Ram.” With this I felt much relieved and slept. My elder sister who slept in the upper floor of the flat experienced the same thing, heard the same voice and inhaled the same aroma.
--- Amitava Chatterjee

It is impossible for me to express my realization on Dadaji. One cannot judge him by senses, mind or intelligence. In a word Dadaji can only be called Lord Eternal. His performances are beyond comprehension. Let us bow down to Him; let us pray and enrich our soul and lead on to a better world to be sanctified by the advent of Dadaji.

A Sublime Profile

by
Professor Baby Bose

*From Heaven, Oh Dada,
You have brought us living nectar.
We bow to you, Oh Dada.
We offer you our garland of love
Accept it and bless us, Oh Dada.
The heart that throbs in Ram,
The love that flows is Ram;
You have unlocked the doors of our hearts.
We bow to you, Oh Dada.
We love you, Oh Dada.
Give us your blessing, Oh Dada,
We bow to you, Oh Dada.*

Dadaji, as Appears to Me

by
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It is hardly a month since I had the privilege to be in touch with beloved Dadaji. He is humble and unconventional in his dress and words. A few of his miracles which are, indeed, amazing, impressed me the most. His spiritual power and concept of universal brotherhood brought me nearer to him. Dadaji is a fountain of flavor and generates impulses from one soul to another. He heals mind and body, too, at times.

Dadaji shows how to pray and seek Truth. It is not prayer which is outmoded but our ways of praying. It can be deep therapy as well as prayer in the true sense. Dadaji says, "If we value the efficacy of prayer, then it should be counted as a vested interest." Pray means according to Dadaji, the entire surrender to one's inner Self. Moreover Dada is dead against so-called Gurubad and religious superstitions. I, being a student of science, must admit Dadaji's tremendous power which I also know is not acquired (by spiritual practices or rituals). If we say this is supernatural then it is not fully explained; it is more than that. No words are sufficient to explain it.