

Part IV On Dadaji

11 Dadaji: A Love Story

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Photo right:
Ann and Dada in Houston Texas 1986



Volumes have been written about the early years with Dadaji, the miracles, the manifestations, the years when he was revealing himself, seeing thousands of people and speaking about Truth. In this article, I'll share some personal experiences I've had with Dadaji in the later years. Years when Dadaji appears to suffer physically and on occasion, shows mental confusion. Years when Dadaji becomes exclusive, yet draws a few genuine God lovers to him. Years when he reveals himself more directly than ever before. Years when he prepares us for his departure. It is a personal story, a love story. As only Dadaji could design, it blends the mystery of the Divine and the human experiences in this world. As Dada once said with enthusiastic certainty, "He is such a Lover!" That He is. And, as brothers and sisters in Truth, His Divine Love can be shared as we remember Him while playing our roles in His World as we see His Hand at play in the joys and sorrows of our lives.

Reflections

October 1987. Alone, I settled in for the long Pacific route flight from Los Angeles to Calcutta. Once again I felt the tingling anticipation of seeing Dadaji but this time, after what happened during Dada's summer visit to the USA, it was mixed with great deal of apprehension. My luggage consisted of an unmanageable 60 kilos of the first printing of "The Truth Within" and a small carry on.

Thoughts of Dadaji, Amiya Roy Chowdhury, are constant. Mysterious and elusive, I can never catch him as much as I try. Various memories of Dadaji during the previous six years of traveling with him in the US and abroad float through my mind, eliciting raptures akin to those described by various saints and mystics.

Then I recalled a brief comment Dada made the previous fall when we were sitting together in his home. "Next time you will come alone." Dadaji's casual remark reassured me I would see him again. As close as he had embraced me in his work, I never knew how long he would let me stay. Most people come to Dadaji, experience Mahanam and, with very few exceptions, they return to their normal daily lives. Thereafter, a gradual, effortless, inner transformation and growing awareness of Truth occurs. If they come again, it is only for brief visits to pay their respects and to sit in Dada's presence. He does not collect devotees.

The long flight gave me hours to reflect. Since hearing Dadaji's name in 1979 my life changed dramatically again and again. One major shift after the next left me drifting, my belief in free will and individual responsibility shattered. It's often observed that those closest to Dadaji endure the most extreme suffering. Some call it testing. I don't know. Throughout the years, nothing and no one remained constant except Dadaji. During times of suffering, His Love was my only sustenance, refuge, strength and joy. His subtle but undeniable presence in my life was a daily beacon of Truth enabling me to withstand confusion and difficulties, which I gradually

became aware, Dada, himself, created. And, although it seems contradictory, somehow Dada's love and presence sustained me through the most painful experience of my life, which was his own behavior during his visit to the USA in July, 1987.

When Dada arrived in America for his annual visit in the summer of 1987, I had just finished a ten month marathon effort to compile and publish the first printing of "The Truth Within." Driving to the Portland Airport to meet Dadaji as I had done for so many years, I was stunned to realize I felt uneasy. I had a deep sense of foreboding and a strange sorrow. My feelings made no sense, but were undeniable. It was confusing. Logically, I should have been feeling even more elated than usual. The book was at the printer and would be arriving by express mail within a few days. I had been enthusiastically anticipating the glorious moment I would hand Dadaji a book. Now, I felt a deep inner dread. However, I had to go to the airport, drawn unavoidably as a moth to a flame.

His plane landed. As usual, Dadaji, Roma Mukerjee and Abhi Bhattacharya were the last to disembark. Dadaji emerged from the gate. Oddly dressed, he wore an old dark blue pinstripe Western style business suit, rust colored turtleneck sweater, plain blue socks and white sneakers. No colorful silk Lungi, glimmering white Kurta and sandals, his customary attire which made him stand out in any crowd and draw all eyes to him. Roma gestured for me to go to Dada. He looked straight at me with eyes I had never seen before, vacant eyes. In a flat voice, he said, "Not now." He walked past me. It was not unusual for Dadaji to totally ignore me in airports, he'd done that often over the years. But, this time I knew something awful was happening.

Many times I've seen Dadaji smoothly ignore or rudely reject certain people in various ways for unknown reasons, myself included. In July 1987, Dadaji presented my hardest trial when throughout his seventeen day visit he totally rejected me. In previous years I spent hour upon hour, day after day with Dadaji while traveling. In 1987 Dadaji and I exchanged no words. Occasionally he gave me a scorching scowl. That was it, and that was the least of it. Dada did and said things which contradicted his message. I felt betrayed, horrified and didn't know what to do.

It was little consolation to learn that from the time Dada left India, during his vast sweep across the West, he alienated all but a handful of people. I heard disturbing details about Dada's behavior in London and Belgium, that he appeared mentally confused about where he was and that he was asking for money from a few of those closest to him. Although he asked nothing of me, I was shocked, I couldn't bear the contradiction between Dada's message and what I was hearing and seeing. I decided to stop production of the book and leave. I would go camping in the mountains and align myself with the Truth within. Hadn't Dada said, "Don't believe him (Dada) also. He is nobody." But, my plan was not His Plan. Dadaji flew to Los Angeles. And, to this day I don't know how, but although "I" had "decided" to go camping in the mountains, after seeing Dada off at Portland Airport, I found myself, with Kathy Kapps, driving 1,200 miles to Los Angeles....to be with Dadaji. The book stayed in production. "A person has no power to dictate to life. His Will prevails."

In hindsight, Dadaji's 1987 tour of the west was a masterful drama directed and acted by the Supreme. Just as he designed his own betrayal, arrest and exoneration described by Abhi Bhattacharya in one of his letters (Part IV, 3.) for purposes of Truth, to spread his message, and to shed those clinging to him for whatever reasons, on his summer tour Dadaji manipulated egos to demonstrate to those very close to him that Truth is within, not to be "found" with any person, even Amiya Roy Chowdhury. Gradually, over the last few years, he has seen fewer and fewer people. Long before, he said, "There was no plan of mass contact." "I will become exclusive." "Slowly I will desert everyone." To this end, Dada, in his Supreme expression of love, appeared disoriented, angry, rejecting, and abusive. This was totally different than he had ever behaved in the past. In his final major international tour, Dada shook those closest to him to the core, but still kept a few near him. And, in the midst of it all, loving Dada drew a few genuine lovers of God into his fragrant embrace and they had a taste of his love. Dadaji, the ultimate Enigma!

In Los Angeles, Dadaji was the same. He wouldn't speak to me. The books arrived. Naturally, I wanted to personally show the finished work to Dadaji. After all, he had asked me to

write it. But, he still wouldn't have anything to do with me. I couldn't believe it. Finally, I gathered up my courage and went into Dada's room. I found him talking about money to someone. I handed him a copy of "The Truth Within." Looking irritated at my interruption, he nevertheless took it and told me to leave the room. With that one move, he severed my ego from the book.

Based on what appeared to be his worsening mental confusion, the remainder of Dadaji's USA tour was canceled. Some said he was getting old. Others said his odd behavior resulted from deteriorating vision in both eyes. Some said it was a result of complications an aborted cataract operation done in his home the previous winter. But, actually Dadaji was shedding people, and during his remaining days in Los Angeles, he continued creating havoc with those close to him and, at the same time, gracing newcomers with love, fragrance and illumination. Abhi, who has seen and withstood a lot over the years, just laughed and said it was all His Leela.

Three months later, sitting on the plane headed for Calcutta, the final image of Dadaji, painfully etched forever in my mind, came to me bringing tears. In his pinstripe suit, he sat all alone at Gate 64, Los Angeles International Airport, awaiting his 7 am flight to New York. I sat across from him trying to be close, yet far enough away to avoid his wrath. Still in shock, I couldn't take my eyes off Dada. Never in all the years had I seen such a sight. Dadaji, sitting alone in an airport. Always there was a joyful, loving crowd come to see Dadaji off to his next destination. Now it was just Dadaji and me. The few who had come with us somehow all drifted away for the moment.

I couldn't bear to see Dadaji sitting there by himself, so I cautiously moved to the seat next to him. I wanted to say what I thought would be a last good-bye, but I hesitated trying not to cry. Finally, I leaned close to Dada's ear and said, "I love you. Good-bye." He said, "I want you. I love you. You are, you are. I am always with you." I was dazed, yet relieved. The others traveling with Dada appeared and they boarded the plane. He was gone.

On my way to Calcutta to attend my sixth Utsav celebration at Dadaji's invitation, I wondered what reception I would find.

Dadaji's Welcome



Dadaji on his balcony waiting for Ann Mills to arrive from USA

I arrived at Dada's house in the Calcutta suburbs early in the afternoon and assumed he would be taking his afternoon nap. Prepared to wait downstairs for his call, I was surprised to see Dada had been waiting for me out on the front balcony of his home. After I entered on the ground floor, I was told by his wife to go on upstairs to Dadaji's room. I hovered at his door momentarily, then went in.

Dadaji was reclining on his bed, his whiskers looked about four days without a razor. I went for his feet, touched them with both hands and forehead, and was flooded with gratitude for a moment of refuge in total surrender. He immediately pulled me to him and when I looked into his beautiful dark brown eyes, so full of love, I was Home. Dada said he'd been waiting up for me and seemed agitated that it had taken so long for me to get there. He said, "So many people come, but He only waits for you." Inside I shrank back as I always do when he says such things. His words are endearing, but His Love is for everyone, it has no name. He continued, "You are Something. You don't know. From the beginning, you are Something."

Dadaji asked if I'd eaten. Yes. Nevertheless, he went to his cabinet and reached for two boxes of Bengali sweets. He opened and offered them saying, "Eat." He yelled to a servant to bring tea immediately. My heart felt so full I thought it would burst. It was difficult to keep my

composure. Tears from His deep well of Love overflowed, the burden of last summer eased a bit. Dadaji said, "Everyone wants your book. You brought?" The two heavy suitcases of books were brought up to Dadaji's room. Clearly overjoyed at seeing the copies of "The Truth Within", Dada told one man present to purchase one for 300 rupees. Against my wishes, Dada insisted the rupees go to me. Then Mrs. Mukerjee, wife of one of Dadaji's physicians, came and Dada gave her a book for her son in exchange for 11 rupees, which he insisted I take. (He anticipated I would later need the rupees for photos for the second edition of this book.) Later, I learned the 11 rupees had a deeper significance. Dadaji had recently talked a lot about the number 11 to Gautam Mukerjee. The reference was to the final stage on the wheel of life, 11 approaching 12, the point of all union into Oneness. Gautam told me the following story.

There was a very poor Muslim man, Yaseem, a mason's helper, who earned his livelihood carrying building materials. Making very little, he and his family lived close to starvation. At that time, Dadaji was not as he is now. He was a simple householder before he became known as Dadaji. Few people knew about him. However, Yaseem had known Dadaji for many years because he used to live on Prince Anwar Shah Road, also. When Dadaji said, "He is within. He sees Himself, but through our eyes. But, they're His eyes actually," Yaseem understood who Dadaji was right from the beginning.

Everyday when Dadaji was in the house, Yaseem used to bring some vegetable, a small fish, or something for Dadaji. And, he used to give it to Boudi very quietly, because whenever Dada caught him bringing something for him, he would scold him. "Yaseem, why do you spend money on me? You have to fill your own stomach, you have a family of your own to support. But, you use money on me like that." Yaseem was so fond of Dada that he would rather starve himself, so he would bring some little thing for Dada. And, he used to bow down before Dada. For the Muslims this is something that should not be done because they are supposed to bow down only in front of the holy Koran. Dadaji used to poke fun at him, saying, "What would your community say if they found you bowing in front of me?"

Yaseem said, "I know that you are Allah. I know, I have seen you. I don't care for what my community people would say or if they would throw me out. I don't mind, because I have seen Allah, my Creator."

As people came to know more about Dada, many of high position and affluence came to him. They were surprised to see Dada mixing so freely with this poor man. These people told Dada, "It's not proper for a person like you to mix so freely with Yaseem." Because whenever Dada used to see Yaseem, he would run to him and embrace him. He was very fond of Yaseem. Gautam continued, "One year when Utsav was to be held at Dada's house, he called Yaseem and said, "You have to give 11 rupees and not one pice less, not one pice more than that. Just 11 rupees you have to give me. Otherwise the Utsav will not be held."

For a poor man like Yaseem, 11 rupees was a fortune. "Never mind," he said, "yes, Dada, it will be done." And, he left the house.

People sitting in front of Dadaji said, "Why are you asking him to give 11 rupees? You can have as much money as you want for Utsav. We would like to donate."

Dadaji said, "I don't want donations."

They said, "No, but we would like to make this Utsav a very big one. We'll celebrate with great pomp and show."

Dadaji said, "Where there's show there's no Satyanarayan. That's not Utsav. But, the 11 rupees is of great importance. For reasons you will come to know in due course."

Yaseem continued working hard, but he couldn't get the money. There were only two days left. Ultimately, he decided he would sell off all his belongings, everything that he and his family had. Early in the morning before his wife and children woke up, he took his broken utensils, all their worn clothing, everything, to sell in the market. He couldn't find any suitable buyer, because who would pay for such things? Suddenly, Yaseem felt someone knock into him from behind. He looked back to find an old man who said, "I would like to buy these things. My price is 11 rupees. I'll just pay you 11 rupees. Nothing more, don't ask. If you are agreeable to that, give them to me." And, he took out 11 rupees.

Yaseem was so happy, he jumped up and down. "I don't want anything more. This 11 rupees I wanted." He took the money and immediately ran to Dada's house. Dadaji accepted the 11 rupees and said, "Okay, now you go home." Dada told the other people gathered, who were very

rich, "Now, he's a saint. You offered to give up a part of your belongings and Yaseem has parted with everything he had. He has sold everything he had for Him. This is complete surrender. This 11 rupees can't be measured, because it is everything he had. What you were thinking of giving was only part, not full surrender."

After some time, Yaseem came running back to Dadaji, saying, "Allah, what have you done?" Dadaji just smiled his enigmatic smile. Yaseem had been afraid to go home, wondering what his wife would think and what his children would say. But, when he went to his house he found his wife beautifully dressed in a new Sari. The children came running. "Why did you stay out so late? You sent us all those good things and now you are so late."

Yaseem said, "When did I send the things?"

His wife got very angry. "Why are you pretending? You sent such a big fish, so many vegetables, new clothes, utensils, so much money....all these things? Now we are in a position to establish ourselves. We don't have to starve anymore. You've given us so much. Why do you pretend?"

Yaseem asked, "Who came here?" He learned it was the same old man who had given the 11 rupees.

Thus, Gautam explained the value of the 11 rupees Dada asked a copy of this book.



Mrs Mukerjee, Ann Mills and Dr Mukerjee in their home in Calcutta 1986. Gautam and Ann below.



Dada mentioned to Gautam that this picture of him shows Supreme State



Gautam Mukerjee and Ann Mills 1986 Calcutta

Tender Moments

Shortly after Mrs. Mukerjee took the book for her son, Roma Mukerjee arrived and Dadaji told her to take me to a Chinese restaurant for dinner. When we returned, I went in the room next to Dada's to rest and fell asleep on the bed. When I awakened, it was early evening. I peeked through the open door into Dada's room and saw him sleeping. I went back to sleep, too, and woke up at around 2 am Drifting in a twilight state, I heard Dada call, "Damri! Damri!" (Dada's affectionate term, meaning "big hulk of no use".)



Dada on morning walk with Ann Mills in Portland Oregon park 1983



Los Angeles 1987 on his early morning walk with Ann Mills

I went into his bedroom and in the semi-darkness he reached out and took my hand. I knelt beside his bed and he took me in his arms, my head rested on his chest. He patted my back softly and said how much he loves me. We talked quietly for some time, reminiscing about special times we shared in our years traveling together. With particular fondness, Dadaji recalled our early morning walks in a beautiful wooded park in Portland, Oregon. In the pale Calcutta moon light I could see a contented smile on his face. After awhile I moved to kneel at the end of his bed and lightly rubbed his legs and feet. He quickly went to sleep. I covered him and went into the next room. At 5 am, I was awakened by a hand on my shoulder. I looked up to see Dada standing there, appearing disoriented,

as if coming out of a very heavy slumber. I guided him to the bathroom and someone came to help him get ready for his morning walk. After he returned, I sat with him in his bedroom as he completed his morning routine: drinking a cup of hot milk protein drink, later his breakfast of fruits and dry toast, later still his tea and half a cigarette. I had tea. Dada was quiet and much of the time in a Self-absorbed state.

Casual Conversations

After some time, I was taken to Dada's other house a few blocks away and installed in a room on the third floor. Dadaji called me to come the next morning at 8:30. He was out when I came, but Professor Doctor Peter Meyer-Dohm had just arrived from Germany and Abhi Bhattacharya was there from Bombay, so we visited, comparing notes on Dadaji's masterful housecleaning of people the previous summer. I learned some people who had been with Dada for years denied him, destroyed his photos and told tales of trickery and greed. Some, Dada brought back to him, and they found no recriminations, only His Love awaiting them. We agreed that regardless of appearances, even though he seemed mentally confused, no one could deny Dadaji was in full control.

When Dadaji arrived home he hugged Peter warmly, and after I touched his feet he hugged me and said, "As long as you are here, I am okay." He was dripping with perspiration from the scorching Calcutta heat, and I helped him take off his Lungi and Kurta. He reclined on the bed and said, "Too tired. Cannot talk. So many people, hundreds, they bow down to Dadaji." He went into Self-absorbed state and I was filled with raptures of Love beyond description. Dada's attention returned, he said, "Life, you are my life. You do not know. So long as you are with me, I am all right. Do you take meat?" I said yes, and he told me where I would have lunch and dinner. He sees to every detail. Directly and indirectly, Dada provides exactly what is needed at the proper time. As Peter Meyer-Dohm once said, "Dada is with us all the time. You can trust in His help all the time. Even if He is not in consciousness at the time. We are too much

concentrating on our consciousness, looking for signs of His Presence. He is doing all from inside."

During this visit Dadaji often told me to sit on his bed at his feet or at times next to him. He often pressed or massaged my arms gently saying, "I love you from the beginning." "From my heart, He loves you. Everyone loves you." "You are a nice girl. Nice. Nice." He went on and on, "Excellent, you are excellent." I felt uneasy at Dada's praise and transferred it where it belongs saying, "He is excellent!"

Delhi 1986 Remembered

Every time I travelled with Dadaji, only he knew my itinerary and he didn't discuss it until the very last moment. Still, he asked, "When do you go back?" "Whenever Dada wishes," I said laughing a bit, amused that he pretends there is a choice. "Am I to go to Delhi?" Typically immediately after Utsav, Dadaji leaves to visit Delhi and Chandigarh in Kashmir, northern India.



Last year, in 1986, he told me I would go with him. Tom Melrose and I, among others, were there when Dadaji took a bad fall off a three foot drop onto a concrete driveway, hitting his head on a concrete wall. It was particularly odd that it happened, because on two occasions just before he actually fell, I had entered the room just as Dadaji was heading toward the doorway with the unprotected drop. As if interrupted, he looked surprised that I was there. He threw his arms around me and gave me a big hug, then turned around and went back down the hall into his room. In hindsight, it was almost as if I'd interrupted him in what he intended to do. A short time later, when I was occupied elsewhere in the house getting his sunglasses cleaned, he walked through the now empty room, out that doorway and fell. Hearing the commotion, Tom Melrose and I rushed to his room just as a tiny Indian woman was helping a bleeding and moaning Dadaji back into his room. Everyone was stunned. A doctor was called immediately. He took Dadaji's blood pressure and announced he was dying. Dadaji's elbow was gashed and bleeding, he had a bloody abrasion near the top of his head.

He yelled in pain when anyone even tried to touch him. (Dadaji is extremely sensitive. I remember one time in Boulder, Colorado, when it took Tom Melrose over an hour to remove a small band aid covering a tiny cut on Dadaji's ankle, because every time Tom would lift the band aid the slightest bit, Dadaji would show such agony.) I was standing at Dadaji's feet, observing him as he lay on the bed. With inner vision, I saw Dadaji as boundless, glowing, golden white Light radiating in every direction. Encircling him far into the infinite distance were beings of all description from universes and realms beyond our awareness. I was enthralled. Yet, simultaneously my mind was preoccupied with the fear he was dying. I knew it had to happen some day, but now? This way?

Another very famous Delhi physician, Dr. Gupta was called. It took a long time for him to arrive and in the meantime everyone left Dadaji's room and we were alone. Dadaji insisted I massage his neck and showed exactly how he wanted me to do it. I began to rub his neck and it seemed to give him some relief. Finally Dr. Gupta arrived, calm and professional. Dadaji was obviously delighted to see him and showed full confidence in his care. Dr. Gupta has known Dadaji for years and doesn't consider him an ordinary patient. Dr. Gupta said it appeared to be a concussion and he gave a soothing ointment to be rubbed into his neck. Dadaji was to rest in bed. Dr. Gupta seemed as unconcerned, as he was devoted. He left saying he would return later. Dadaji insisted I remain with him around the clock.

Two days later we were scheduled to return by air to Calcutta. Under the circumstances, I couldn't imagine him making the flight. He appeared in such pain. Initially, his appetite was fine. But, I noticed something. I mentioned to someone, within earshot of Dada, that everything looked all right as long as he didn't begin vomiting, an indication of complications with a concussion. Immediately Dada began vomiting. Later, when the doctor told Dadaji if he continued vomiting

he would have to go to the hospital for a cat scan of his brain, Dadaji stopped vomiting. Dadaji's suffering throughout this ordeal appeared so real it was difficult for everyone to watch. Nevertheless, he began to exercise almost immediately, walking back and forth in the hall, steadying himself by holding onto someone initially, but soon walking alone. If anyone else



Dadaji the day after fall in Delhi 1986

had taken such a fall, if they weren't dead, they would be hospitalized for days and recuperating for weeks.

While all this was going on, the house was packed with people. An article in the largest newspaper in India had announced his visit and throngs of people came. They hoped for even a glimpse of Dada. Occasionally Abhi would open the bedroom door and people standing in a long line at the doorway would take turns doing Pranam, the traditional greeting offering one's self in respect. I watched in wonder because just before Abhi opened the door to the people, Dadaji transformed from an weak, moaning invalid, into a radiantly beautiful being. I noticed he also made certain his feet, offered in the direction of the doorway, were uncovered and visible to those doing Pranam from across the room.

The two days were filled with the mundane and the miraculous. I was grateful I had the experience of being a mother, because tending to Dada's personal needs came naturally. I heard his every breath and knew the moment he was awake or asleep or needed something. Extraordinary moments continued. One time, Dadaji was sleeping and I was sitting cross legged on the floor in front of him listening to his breathing. My eyes were closed. Suddenly, I saw a vision of a radiant young Dadaji appear and extend his hand to me. I took it and together we crossed through to at least eight different realms of existence. Upon entering I was struck with the vision and the total knowledge of the makeup of each realm. It felt quite normal, although awesome. As the vision faded, I became aware of the room, opened my eyes. Dada reached out his hand, took mine and squeezed it affectionately.

Dadaji was fit for travel in two days. I watched his elbow heal as if it were filmed in fast action. He insisted we take the evening flight to Calcutta as planned. Dadaji, Tom and I arrived at Calcutta's Dum Dum Airport late in the evening. The requested wheelchair wasn't there and a furious Dadaji briskly walked the long distance across the concourse from the plane to the airport. He was livid. Sitting in the back seat of the tiny, rusty and rattling Premier car being driven to Dada's house in the smokey blackness of the Calcutta night, I was near collapse. Tears came to my eyes, I wondered what I was doing there at all. It was too overwhelming to figure out. Inside I just gave up. Dadaji instantly stopped his angry ranting and took my hand gently. I was flooded with love and marveled once again at how he knows what I'm thinking and provides what is needed. He relieves, when I realize I, myself, can't do anything, when I recognize I am helpless, when I give up.....then surrender just happens. Dadaji says, "You just try to surrender. But, you can't surrender even. He is doing everything."



Dadaji leaving Delhi for flight to Calcutta 1986 within days after his serious fall

We can only speculate why Dadaji would take such a bad fall. A few weeks later I had a startling experience which may shed some light as to why, in small part, it happened.. After I returned to America, I was in San Francisco, California, helping Kathy Kapps move from one apartment to another. Carrying a heavy, awkward box I walked out of the front door onto a

cement porch. A stairway led to the sidewalk where the truck was parked. Standing at the top of the stairs looking down I had an inner vision, a mental movie, of myself losing my footing, falling down the stairs, hitting my head on the cement siding and falling unconscious on my back on the cement walk. I was immobilized. Then, somehow I knew I wouldn't fall and simultaneously I knew there was an association between the vision and Dadaji's fall in Delhi.

Dadaji, a Mirror

A year later, I sat with Dada, asking if I would go to Delhi after Utsav, and he said, "No, Delhi is not good. You must go back and wait for me to come. I'll come for my eye. You must stay with me in Los Angeles."

"I can't live without you," I said.

"You must stay with me," Dadaji said.

"I can't do a thing except as He wishes me to do. Correct or not?" I asked.

Dadaji said, "Correct!"

As it turned out, Dadaji canceled his Delhi trip at the last minute for reasons unknown. The next day in the late afternoon Dada summoned me. It was hot and humid. Dadaji was reclining on his bed in a Self-absorbed state. A few others were there. I sat a few feet in front of him, I watching a small green lizard clinging to the pale violet wall near the ceiling of Dadaji's room. The thought crossed my mind, how fortunate the lizard, to live in Dada's house and be in Dada's presence daily. Dada said, "Why are you sitting there?" He indicated with a nod of his head to sit close to him near his feet. "When I can see you I'm happy," he said. He wanted my full attention. I realized, he was mirroring my true feelings, when I see Dada, I'm happy.



Dr Nanilal Sen lecturing Ann Mills at Utsav 1988



Dr Sen, Ann Mills with Dada at his Calcutta home 1988

There was talk of more books on Dadaji. Abhi said he has just about finished transcribing 17 years of tape recordings which will be translated into English and published. Also, Dr. Nanilal Sen is completing a diary of his many years of daily conversations and experiences with Dadaji. Although he would humbly deny it, Dr. Sen might be considered the expert on Dada's message. I mentioned I hoped to do a pocket-sized, condensed version of "The Truth Within." Dadaji began talking in Bengali, gesturing enthusiastically. I sat fondly gazing at his perfect feet.



Dada pulled his feet back, then gradually, very slowly inched them toward me. All the while he continued to talk to the others. I watched his playfulness out of the corner of my eye, laughing inside. Direct conversations and mental conversations occur simultaneously with Dadaji. Being with him either alone or in a group is a mysterious, multi-dimensional experience because there are always countless interactions at various levels going on. Add to that awareness, the multitudes who are

experiencing Dadaji by His Fragrance and presence throughout the world and it arrests the mind. He is with everyone, all the time, I thought, I want to massage his feet. I watched as Dadaji continued to slowly move his feet toward me until his toe touched my knee, signaling for me to massage. He continued talking and talking in Bengali as I massaged his feet, ankles and legs. I reflected on how, since his summer blitz, so many were saying how helpless they feel now. Dada's often repeated admonition, "You can do nothing," has become our personal reality. Dependence on Him being unequivocal, the question of who is doing what doesn't arise.

Dadaji got up from his bed to get a small box of Indian sweets someone had brought him. He offered them around then set the box on the small table near his bed. Later, when Abhi picked up the box to put it away, I noticed Dadaji reach out and very precisely pick up a tiny crumb of a sweet that remained on his table! Impossible, according to eye specialists, who say Dada's eyesight is severely diminished due to a cataract in his left eye and no lens in his right eye, and hemorrhages resulting from diabetes in the back of both eyes. Yet, I catch occasionally glimpses that Dada sees everything, down to the tiniest crumb.



Judy Maltese, Lydia Lawrence, Dada, and Ann Mills in his Calcutta home 1988

Utsav 1987 Begins



distance by train from Orissa even though both were extremely ill. One young man just had surgery a few days before, the other elderly gentleman was suffering from an extended bout with a debilitating influenza. Both came, regardless, because Dadaji said, "You must come."



Dadaji arrived looking beautiful and radiant. He wore a pale mint green silk Lungi and pure white Kurta. His eyes were full of love; his skin was smooth and glowing, his cheeks rosey. He gave some a special smile, a tender embrace, a jovial slap on the back, a loving look. Everyone beamed, their faces reflecting inner illumination. This is Utsav. Dadaji gradually made his way to the divan at the far end of the hall, people garlanding him and touching his feet in Pranam all the way. Ignored were posted signs reading, "Please Do Not Touch Dadaji's Feet." After he was seated, people continued to kneel before him and touch his feet. When everyone was finished, I bowed before Dadaji, touched his feet and sat just to the right of

his divan. Shortly I was overcome by raptures of His Love. Uncontrollable tears streamed down my face. Dadaji said, "He's making love to Himself."

Dadaji reclined on the divan, his head propped on his left hand. His eyes revealed the beyond state. Singers began their traditional songs in praise of God. I listened to the words of the song, "Hari Krishna, Hari Ram," and thought it was all wrong, it should be "Hari Dada. Mentally I was singing "Hari Dada" when Dadaji motioned for me to come near him. He said, "Hari Krishna is not correct. He is beyond this." Shocking everyone, Dadaji told the singers to stop and never sing "Hari Krishna". After an awkward pause, they sang "Ramaiva Sharanam Song", which Dadaji wrote and composed, and the traditional "Jai Ram." Dadaji reclined with a satisfied smile.

Raptures and Revelations

Occasionally Dadaji talked to various individuals sitting nearby. His voice was soft and gentle. He gestured for me to come close and he whispered in my ear, "He loves you. I want to marry you." "I'm ready," I replied, but inside I felt uneasy. I thought the Divine Marriage was a fait accompli; what was Dada up to now? The thoughts dissolved as I looked into his eternal gaze of Love. Overwhelmed with immense feelings, I had to rest my head on his pillow. I was feeling embarrassed at being enraptured before the huge crowd gathered in the hall. With a broad, satisfied smile, Dadaji pulled my face up from the pillow and slapped me affectionately on the cheek. Through joyful tears I laughed at his playfulness.

Dadaji went into Self-absorbed state. The feeling of sitting with Dadaji during such times is difficult to describe. Glorious. Awesome. Sublime. Humbling. Peaceful. It's Utsav, the inner illumination of Truth, what we all long for: Oneness. We experience it with Dadaji in person, whenever we become deeply absorbed in Him. Dadaji's attention returned and he leaned over to me. I rose to my knees and leaned into the divan, our heads touched briefly. Looking straight into my eyes with a piercing gaze, he said, "Dada is Guru." I was shocked!

All I could say was, "Dada!" I thought to myself, now you have said it plainly and emphatically, for the first time. Many times Mr GT Kamdar, the "Salt King" of India, who has been with Dadaji for years, sat next to him and tried to get Dadaji to say, he is He. Dadaji wouldn't be caught. He playfully engaged in dialogue with Mr. Kamdar and others, giving glimpses but nothing more. No doubt some will not understand Dadaji saying, "Dada is Guru," and may find it contradictory to his message. Ontologically, "da" refers to the One, Who appears being immersed in Name and bestows Name on all. That, Dada does. Whatever you might find confusing about Dada or his message, simply let it be confusing. As you read and reread this book, you'll discover Dada working within to resolve all apparent contradictions and remove all confusions about Truth. As he says, you just remember Name and leave the rest to Him.

All Bow Down before Dadaji

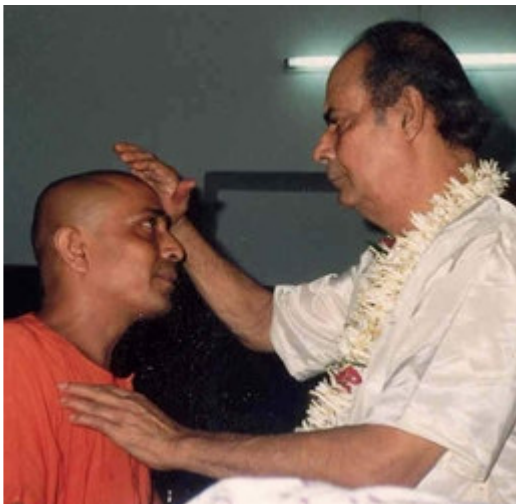
A young Sadhu, with shiny shaved head and brilliant orange clothes, entered the hall and made his way through the crowd to Dadaji. His face beamed with devotion, love and surrender as he touched Dadaji's feet and fully prostrated on the floor in Pranam. As the Sadhu rose and knelt before Dada, his eyes full wonder and his hands still touching Dada's feet, Dada blessed him. After many Pranams and Dada's blessings on his head and chest, the Sadhu sat with legs crossed in front of Dadaji.



Sadhu offering Pranam to Dada at Utsav 1987

Later, I heard how Dada called this Sadhu to Utsav from where he lives at the Bholadiri Ashram in Benares. He was sleeping one night and he heard Dadaji very clearly calling him, as if trying to wake him up, saying, "You come to me. Come to attend Utsav." He traveled to Dadaji's house and asked Mrs. Mukerjee, who answered the door, if there was going to be an Utsav. She said, yes, it would begin the following day. The Sadhu replied, "Yes, that's exactly what Dada said." When the Sadhu had tried to see him years before, Dada told him, "After 12 years, do not come now. I will call you."

Boudi, Dadaji's wife, later confirmed that from the early morning on the first day of Utsav, Dadaji was telling her someone from far off would be coming to him. He was constantly after Boudi to see if that person had arrived. Dadaji told Boudi, "Dadaji is not only your husband. He's the Husband and Father of the entire universe."



Dadaji's Loving Compassion

I noticed Mr. Misra, the young man who just had surgery a few days back, sitting some distance back in the crowd motioning his hand weakly, trying to get Dadaji's attention. He looked very ill. Sweating profusely, his facial expression showed pain and his eyes were glazed. Dadaji came out of his Self-absorbed state, looked at him with compassion, and gestured for the young man to come to him. Dadaji reached down the fellow's shirt front, then opened a button and reached further down. Dadaji appeared in the Absolute State. Then he touched the young man lightly on his back and said, "No doctoring now." Making certain the fellow understood, Dada



Dada helping Mr Misra

again said, "No doctoring, and don't bother!" Mr. Misra returned to where he was sitting and I watched a rapid transformation as he became calm, peaceful and appeared stronger. Within minutes he was fully absorbed in the music, smiling and rocking gently from side to side. Dadaji talked at some length with Peter Meyer-Dohm about Truth. He was in his old form.

Gesturing emphatically, he forcefully denounced the Guru business. "No person can be Guru. Ashrams, institutions, all money making business. He (Dadaji) cannot give you anything, cannot take from you anything. Whatever He says is correct. No one can challenge (Dadaji) in the world. You do not know to whom you are talking. All bow down before Him. All saints and sadhus."

The elderly gentleman I spoke with earlier, Mr. Chintamony, came up to offer his Pranam to Dadaji. He appeared extremely weak. Dadaji gave him a concerned look and touched him on his chest as he had Misra's son. A look of relief and newfound strength appeared on his face as he was healed by Dada's loving touch.

Playful Dada

The thought came to me that Dadaji wanted a drink of water. Typically, there is a capped whiskey bottle filled with boiled water for him nearby. I whispered to Peter that Dada might like some water, I was feeling shy and hoped Peter would do the honors. But, he just put the bottle up on Dadaji's table. I knew that wouldn't do, someone always opens it and hands it to Dada. I waited for an opportunity and when he finished talking, I asked Dada if he would like water. Dada nestled his head to mine and whispered, "Only if you give it to me will I take."

Dadaji was playing with me, but I didn't know it yet. I removed the rubber band holding the cloth over the bottle cap, opened it, handed the bottle to Dadaji just as I had often done in the past. Ordinarily, in typical Indian fashion he takes the bottle, holding it some inches above his open mouth, and pours the water, swallowing it in large gulps. This time, however, Dadaji took the full bottle and started to put it up to his forehead! I quickly reached for the bottle, fearing he would pour it down the front of himself with all the people in the hall looking on. I nervously put the bottle to his lips and he took tiny little sips like a small child. I began laughing inside, remembering what Dada said earlier, "Only if you give it to me will I take."

I watched the Sadhu sitting in lotus position, his eyes closed. I wondered what he was experiencing with his shaved head, saffron robes, and beads displaying his "spirituality". Just then the Sadhu appeared overcome with emotion, trying with difficulty to hold back his tears. The music and singing continued, people joined in or not as they were inclined.

I puzzled over Dada's asking me to marry him earlier. I wished I'd said, "It's done." Within seconds, Dadaji gestured for me to come close and he said, "I want to marry you." Naturally, I said, "It's done." He said, "Praka! (No less!)"

Who's the Lover?

Dadaji was sitting on the divan with his legs crossed. The Sadhu came up and did Pranam again. Many were singing the "Jai Ram" song and the Sadhu joined in as he began massaging Dadaji feet, while resting his head on Dadaji's knee. This went on for some time. Then Dada reclined and the Sadhu massaged Dadaji's legs, his hands moving in tempo with the music, his body rhythmically swaying with the music, his eyes filled with tears of love. Dadaji was in the Absolute state of loving compassion that embraced everyone. This is Utsav.

Observing the Sadhu massaging Dadaji with such immense love, I recalled a story I heard that morning. Twenty years before, as a boy, the Sadhu came with his parents to Dadaji. The child's legs were fully paralyzed and he couldn't walk. He was brought in a taxi and his weeping parents carried him to Dadaji. Dada took him into the next room and asked the boy to remove his outer garments. After looking at the child, Dada gave him a slight push on his back and said, "You go and walk." When his parents took the boy away, he was walking so well it was impossible to know he'd been fully paralyzed. The boy was transformed. He wanted only to be with God all the time, and according to his destiny he became a Sadhu. Now he massaged Dadaji's legs at Utsav, in front of hundreds of people.

The massage continued and after some time Dada reclined fully, resting his head on the pillow. The Sadhu began to massage him with such enthusiastic vigor I wondered how Dadaji could bear it. Eventually, Dada became so still, I wondered if he would fall asleep. Of course, that was only my mind, I knew the scene had been perfectly orchestrated, a destined event set by Him. Eventually, Dadaji sat up, looking All-powerful and radiant, and motioned for the Sadhu to stop. It was past noon by now. Dadaji received Pranams from those crowding around, then made his way out the door to his car.

His Love Story Continues

As you can see from this account of Dadaji's summer visit to USA, my arrival in Calcutta, remembrances of Delhi in 1986, and the first session of the Utsav gathering, life with Dadaji is unpredictable, challenging and awe inspiring. In the remainder of this article, I'll highlight what happened during the last few days of my stay in Calcutta, and share some of the events that occurred when Dadaji came to Los Angeles for eye surgery in November 1987.



After the morning Utsav session the following day, Dadaji told me to go with Roma Mukerjee (left) for lunch and to her house for afternoon rest. Roma served Dadaji for over 20 years, and her house is full of photos of Dadaji. I felt right at home. While showing me her modern western style kitchen, she told me about an incident that occurred many years before when her family found themselves short of food and money. She called Dadaji at his home on the opposite side of Calcutta and told him of their plight. Suddenly, vegetables started coming from the dining room ceiling, cabbages, carrots, potatoes, cauliflower, falling in abundance on the floor. I asked her if they ate them. She said, "Yes, of course!"

Roma showed me to a bedroom with a small single bed where I would rest. Pictures of Dadaji were everywhere in this room also. Excitedly, she insisted I wear one of her Sari's to the evening Utsav.

I lay down to rest, the intense afternoon heat tempered by the ceiling fan. Dadaji's presence surrounded me. Thoroughly content, I was filled with wonderful thoughts and beautifully gentle feelings. Gradually, without conscious intent, I began noticing my breath in a way never before experienced. Simultaneously, with inner vision and inner awareness, I both observed the Light and became the Life Force initiating the inhalation. A momentary pause occurring at the full inhalation was a void of peace that transformed into the deepening surrender of a full exhalation. A void at the end of the total exhalation gathered orgasmic force and initiated another inhalation.

Although my breathing remained slow and steady, the cycle continued, gathering a gentle momentum of energy. Time stopped. Mahanam, the source of life, overtook my consciousness, although no words were associated with the wavelike ebb and flow of energy manifesting on each breath. With the inner eye it appeared as a flowing Light in my heart moving upward over the top of my head, pausing in a void, coursing down to the base of my spine, pausing in a void, then up to my heart and continuing in this pattern over and over and over. It can inadequately be described as a Divine Orgasm. Flooded with immense rushes of Love, tears overflowed. After

what seemed like an eternity, the divinely orgasmic experience began to recede. Tears stopped. Awareness returned. I felt totally peaceful in my body and in the world.

Thoughts began. I hoped Roma would pick a pretty Sari for me to wear. Just then, Roma burst into the room with a joyful smile, carrying the most beautiful Sari I'd ever seen. Bright, deep red, heavy silk bordered in black and red with wide panels of gold thread. "It's my wedding Sari and you must wear it to bring me good luck!" she said. I was speechless. Just when I'd experienced consummation of Divine Marriage, I'm presented with a wedding Sari! Roma insisted I wear some of her gold jewelry; so there I was, going to Utsav looking as much like an Indian bride as a tall blond American could. Roma insisted on taking a photo.



Ann Mills in Roma's wedding sari 1987

When we reached Somnath Hall Dadaji had not arrived. Still in a state of rapture, I made threaded my way through the crowd to sit in the one remaining open place near his divan. Dada arrived and crowds of people pushed forward trying to touch his feet and do Pranam. He settled comfortably on his divan, reclining for a long time in the Self-absorbed state. Dadaji gestured for me to come close. I whispered in his ear, "I love you." He said, "I know that."

The Bhajans continued intermittently. Occasionally Dadaji sat up and talked to those nearby. Hours passed. As he prepared to leave, I knelt before him in Pranam and he drew me very close.

"Are you satisfied?"

I felt like a blushing bride. "Yes."

His dark eyes penetrated mine and he asked again, more forcefully, "Are you satisfied? You understand?"

"Yes!" I replied.



Dada saying, "You are my wife."



Ann (right) filled with emotion after her experience

For those who will never meet Dadaji in person, I want to share that I never experienced Mahanam as others have as others have described in this book when Mahanam mysteriously appears written on blank paper in Dadaji's presence. During the first year I was with him, I gathered my courage and asked for Mahanam twice. He said, "No need." Since then, He has given awareness of Mahanam on many occasions as I go about my daily life. Awareness of

Mahanam is the natural result of remembering God with loving surrender. It can't be forced, so don't bother trying to make it happen. Awareness of Mahanam comes, like Dadaji's Fragrance, when you least expect it. And, like His Fragrance, you'll know it without a doubt.

The next morning before going to Somnath Hall for the morning Utsav, it occurred to me that I would love to garland Dadaji with flowers. I had never done so, although Dada had garlanded me many times with flowers others had given him, as he usually passes on his garlands to someone else. I asked Gautam Mukerjee if he would bring a garland for me to present to Dadaji. He agreed and I sat in the back of Somnath Hall waiting for him. As I waited, Robin Blake told me what happened to him earlier when he went to the table in the hall where "The Truth Within" was available. Dadaji had not yet arrived, but when Robin opened a book, Dadaji's Fragrance came out of it. Since then I've had many phone calls and letters from readers throughout the world who are having similar experiences.



Dadaji arrived and people lined up to do Pranam. Everyone finished, still no garland. Just as I gave up the idea of the garland and arose to go up to Dadaji, Gautam walked in with the garland. It is an Indian custom for the bride and groom to garland one another. I was a little nervous, but it felt good in my heart as I walked up to Dadaji and kneeling before him placed the flower garland around his neck. His eyes captured mine in an eternal embrace of Love as he removed the garland from his own neck and put it around mine. He kept me kneeling before him for a very long time as he talked about many things. I remember he said, "Dadaji is Dada." "You are my life." "He is always with you. He loves you and His Blessings are always with you." And, many times he said, "You are, you are."

The next day, Utsav being over, I was sitting with Dadaji in his room casually talking with Abhi and some others. Even though Dada was irritable and acting absent minded, the hours passed pleasantly. At one point when Dadaji came out of his bathroom, he nodded his head in my direction and asked, "Who is it?" I replied, "Ann." Confirming my Utsav experience, Dada said, "No. My wife."

Dada, our Beloved

The details of my personal relationship with Dadaji are unique, however, His Leela, His Divine Play, the Story of Love he has with everyone is, in essence, identical. As our various stories unfold in His world of action and reaction, joy and sorrow, health and illness, wealth and poverty, etc., through his abiding, unconditional Love, our Bridegroom, our Husband, Dada, lifts the veils on his brides to awaken us to God within. Betrothed to Him, we become aware of God's eternal presence in everything and everyone we meet during our sojourn in this world. We realize, in truth, He is our ultimate Provider and holds full responsibility for lives. Eventually we realize the futility of trying to usurp His Power, regardless of how the attempts are camouflaged as "free will", "individual responsibility", "personal choice", "mind power", "religious intercession", "spiritual achievement", and so forth. Try these if you like, but ultimately, you will realize you can do nothing. And, ultimately, you'll discover that full dependence on Him, moment to moment regardless of what is happening, actually provides the true love, Self-confidence, security, genuine wealth, courage, mental clarity, emotional equanimity and inner peace you long to find.

Even though, in essence, our love stories with Dada are the same, each one of us also has a uniquely personal relationship with him, whether in person or through books. It is a mistake to assume what one person experiences with Dada is possible or necessary for another. He can't be bound up by any program. And, since he isn't interested in groupism, and in fact challenges so-called "spiritual" and "religious" groups, we have no prescribed procedures to form an

exclusive group and eventually end up abusing the message of Truth. He knows human nature and refuses any attempt at institutionalization of Truth. Dada reminds us it is far simpler. We live Truth. We can share moments recognizing His hand at work in our lives; we serve to remind one another of Him, of the Truth within; and importantly, in the meantime, we simply go about enjoying our daily lives.

As Dr. Nanilal Sen wrote in a recent letter: "Dada is dead against groupism and factionalism, though His followers in pursuance of their latent drives, harbor such things amongst them in amplitude. You see your Dada is not my Dada. We all make our Dadas in our own images. In fact, we have not seen or met the real Dada except for a select few in their secluded moments of forlorn consciousness. Anyway, there is, however, a meeting point which might make two persons kindred. The waves of His love for you and me might mutually mix and mingle and touch both of us, though a bit differently. That is what is real groupism is all about. Beyond that, it is perverted egoism and casuistry."

Why does Dada Suffer?

Three days prior to my departure from Calcutta I became quite ill. Although under Dadaji's doctors care, dehydration and extremely low blood pressure brought me to the point where I knew I couldn't take the long flight back to America. The doctor called Dadaji, who gave instructions about what I was to eat and told him "not to bother". Within hours I was remarkably improved and the next day I was on my scheduled flight.

Although I never ask Dada, on many occasions he has healed me. One time was particularly dramatic. I was in California talking by phone to Dada in Calcutta. Suddenly as I shifted position something in my knee went out, locking my leg in a ninety degree angle of stabbing pain. I didn't say a word to Dadaji, but my mind was racing about how I could get off the phone and fast. He continued casual conversation, not letting me off the line. After a few minutes of excruciating pain he said, "Are you all right?" I said, "No. My knee." He changed the subject and asked, "How is your son?" I struggled to answer. "How is your daughter?" I detected a wince in his voice and instantly, at the very same time, my knee was healed. I was so stunned I blurted out, "Dadaji, you healed my knee!" He said, "Correct." I asked, "How did you do that?" He laughed and said, "When I see you I will tell you everything." I laughed and he laughed; we both knew Dadaji would never discuss it further.

A frequently asked question is, "Why does Dadaji suffer? If he's He, the embodiment of Satyanarayan, Truth and Love personified, why does Dada suffer when others are healed?" I posed the question to Dr. Nanilal Sen, who responded:

"Many people are deluded into thinking Dadaji has suffering because He cannot ward it off. Far from the truth. He does invite suffering on Himself. It is real suffering. Even then, it is make believe phenomenon. This world we live in is governed by causality, action-reaction. Everyone has to suffer the reactions of one's actions. Why should Dadaji be an exception? He must play a normal man in every respect. One law for the commoners, and another for the King? This is sheer autocracy. Some saints and Godmen are said to throw suffering back to surrounding Nature or even high above to the outer space. But, the reaction only puts on more fat, and though deferred for the time being, comes back on the person with greater virulence. The law is inexorable. Moreover, it is direct cruelty to Nature. For, Nature is, as though stagnated, polluted and strangled by such senseless action. Dadaji, however, brings a change in Nature through love. When He relieves others' sufferings, He has to work in two ways. When His Will to relieve suffering is in perfect communion with the Will Supreme, He does not suffer. But, when that is not, when it is simply His Will, He has to suffer. And this suffering is a great blessing to Nature.

"We, human beings, can have rapport with Dadaji through all our senses. But, Gods and demi-Gods are deprived of that. They have to be born herein in order to relish His Love. That is why human beings are called the greatest creation. But, Nature, which belongs to this world, and which, being an embodiment of laws, has never transgressed His Divine Will, is denied that rapport for no fault on its part. On the contrary, it suffers for our misdeeds. Of course, air, water,

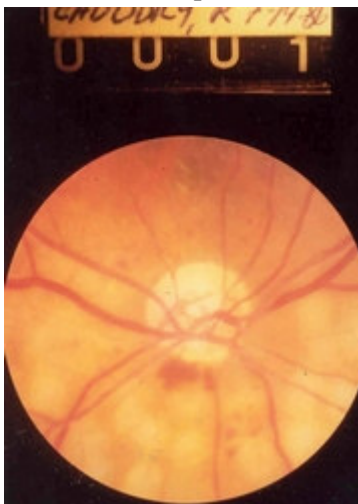
earth, the rays of luminaries can touch Him; so also the fragrance of flowers. But, Nature's essence are the laws, which may be conceived as its senses. Only when He submits to them, it becomes possible for Nature to participate direct in His Leela. That is how Nature is relieved of the agony of suffering caused by us and the anguish of divorce from His Love. He suffers physically when He takes the physical suffering of others. But, when it is mental, He suffers psycho-physically. When, in order to effect rapid changes in the world, He enters time-process and accelerates its operation, He appears as lacking in normal powers of the senses and mind, as a moron, a cretin, a lispng idiot for some time. And, when He has to extend longevity of a person by warding off death, He has to pay something, generally an healthy tooth, to Nature. That happened in the case of Dr Bibhuti Sarkar (see Part IV, 3). So, He suffers only because He is Love unconditional, Absolute, and Infinite.

"So, even Dada has to suffer. He has to create suffering for Himself to awaken us to the fact that His Nature does not spare even the Creator. And then, by Himself suffering, He relieves the age old pangs of suffering of Nature and fulfills its yearning for participation in the joy of His Leela. His suffering also forms a triangle: the suffering Dada, the Witness Dada, and Dada as vacuum, i.e. Existence lying in state upon Existence.

"Do I succeed in making my point clear? It is one of the, rather, it is the profoundest secret of Creation through overflowing Love. Dada once exhorted us to the following effect, 'If I do not submit to Nature like you people do, why would she come to me at all? She will verily ostracize me.'"

Laser Treatment and Cataract Surgery

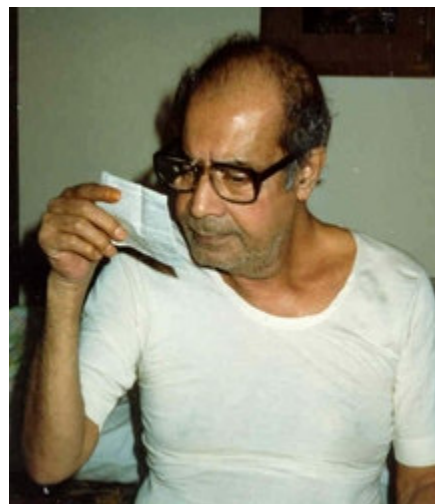
In 1986, when Dadaji went to Boulder, Colorado, Tom Melrose arranged laser treatments to eliminate hemorrhages in the back of Dadaji's right eye. These successful medical treatments were further enhanced with a contact lens and high power glasses, to compensate for the lens removed in an operation in his house the previous winter.



Inside Dada's eyeball
Boulder Colorado 1986



Eye exam before laser surgery
by Dr Roberts

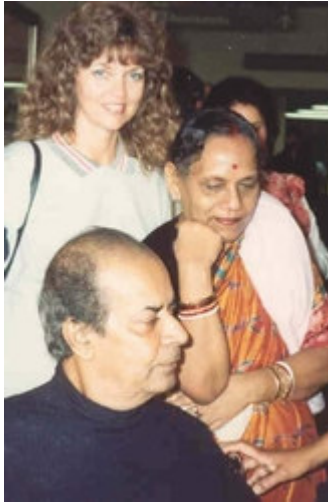


Dadaji reading after laser surgery and
new eyeglasses - 1986

Yet in the ensuing months, Dadaji's vision appeared to deteriorate further due to a cataract and hemorrhaging in the back of his left eye. This precipitated his trip to Los Angeles in late 1987, arranged by Mr. and Mrs. Harish Jambusaria, for further laser treatments and cataract surgery. Before Dada's third eye surgery (1st in Calcutta, 2nd in Boulder) could take place, doctors had to be certain his diabetes and blood pressure were under control.

During this time, Dadaji had doctors' appointments and tests. He also met a few people and talked on the phone to people all over the world. Dadaji's eye surgery was performed successfully at Doheny Eye Clinic, University of Southern California. He was fitted with new glasses at the clinic also. Dadaji's recovery in 1987 from complex eye surgery at Doheny Eye Clinic in Los Angeles was remarkably fast, amazing attending physicians. He was fitted for

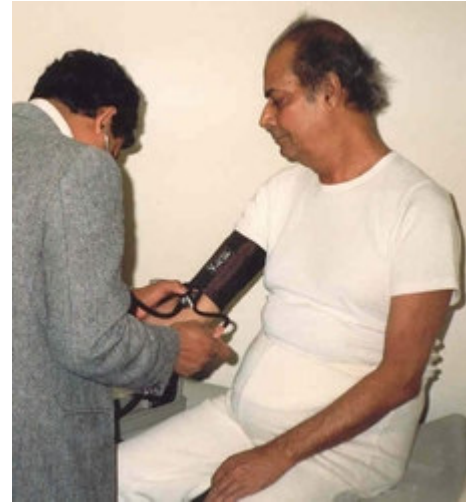
glasses. With the improvement of his vision came improvement of his mental state, a great relief to everyone. He appeared less confused and irritable as he had been off and on since the previous summer.



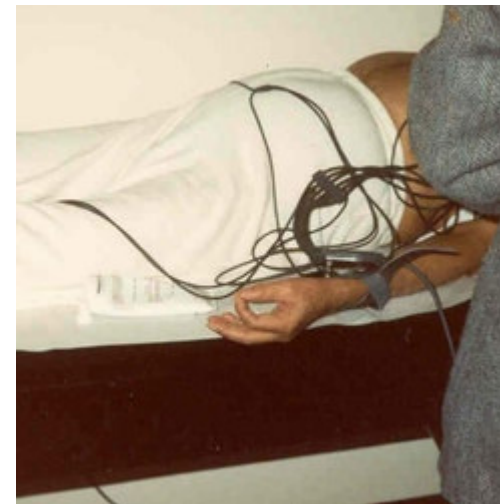
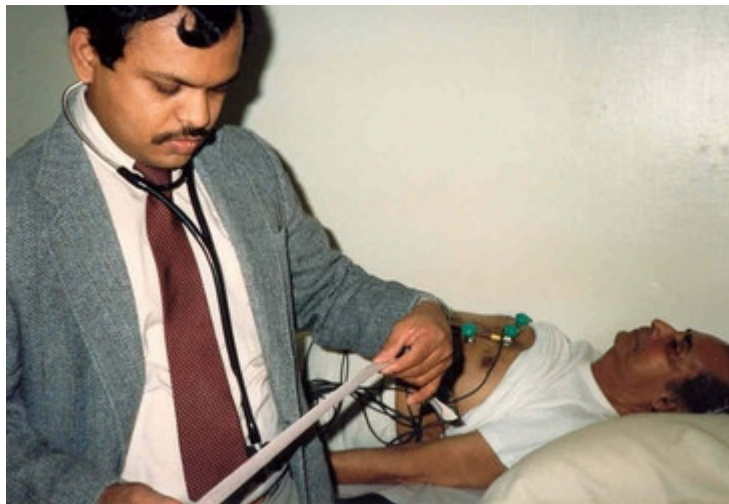
Ann Mills, Dada and wife Boudi arrive at LAX 1987



Dada greeted by Tony Cureton



Dr Shah examines Dadaji prior to 3rd eye surgery 1987



Boudi, surgeon and Dadaji at Doheny Clinic 1987



Optometrist exam



Ann and Dada view their photo

Prior to Dadaji's arrival in Los Angeles, I suffered a variety of physical ailments including an aggravation of an old injury to my neck. Soon after he arrived, while Judy Maltese, Lydia Lawrence and I were sitting with Dadaji, he did three healings on me by the touch of his hand. I'll never know the full ramifications of His extensive interventions that time.

Remember and rely fully on Him

One day Usha Raja brought a young woman to meet Dadaji. The beautiful woman started crying as she did Pranam to Dadaji. A look of loving compassion filled Dadaji's face and he said, "It's all right. You'll understand who is you....what you are. You are Something. From inside (he gestured to her heart), automatically you'll know. You just take one book ("The Truth Within") and you take that Mahamantra, that Mahanam."

Dadaji has no time for those who come for miracles, self-interest, or to debate philosophy. He draws a few genuine God seekers and their deep longings for God are fulfilled. Thereafter, in times of immense joy His Presence is increasingly felt. And, in times of difficulty, when everything is given over to Him, His Compassion powerfully and undeniably transforms whatever mental (egotistical) obstacles create suffering. These are not just empty words, not just an intellectual exercise. It works. When the going gets rough, Dada advises, remember Mahanam. He creates the problems, let Him solve them. He does. Quickly and in ways we can't imagine, let alone carry out.

Living in Truth with Dada is not fatalism; it's full participation in one's life in total trust that He is directing our role in His Leela, His Love Story. Gradually mental modalities, based on the belief that "I am the doer", dissolve and are replaced by total dependence on His Will, based on the recognition that, "He is the Doer". While actively doing what He presents, ego attachment lessens and a very real inner Self-confidence develops. Truth can't be searched, studied, practiced or learned; it can only be lived. Day to day remembrance of Him, doing what is given leaving and the results to Him, is the only way.

We all occasionally find ourselves feeling separate, worried and fearful about various life problems, which become blown out of proportion by mental and emotional charges. Inevitably, with Dada, we realize we can't really resolve anything by our own efforts, no matter how hard we try, no matter how sincere, how selfless our motives. But, when we sincerely acknowledge we can do nothing, that our life is totally in His hands, He brings us into His embrace of Love. What we view as problems are resolved, with our active participation as He guides from within. I've been in the worst imaginable situations, which turn out to be His blessings that serve to eclipse my ego and precipitate full surrender. At these times, with inner vision, I've seen Mahanam as the warp and woof of existence, permeating this world. For the moment, by His Grace, a veil was lifted and I bathed in His Radiance. So many extraordinary experiences like that with Dada. You will undoubtedly have them also.

Beyond Appearances

Like many others, I've wrestled with the paradox of Dadaji, as Mr. Amiya Roy Chowdhury, a Calcutta householder and businessman, displaying the human qualities we all share, and as Dadaji, the Absolute, displaying Supreme Love and supremacy over nature and destiny. All he does and says is intentional. We may not understand what we perceive, because our range of vision is narrow. Dadaji as Amiya Roy Chowdhury displays the full range of human behavior and experience. Thus, he shows by example how to live in Truth in this world; how to patiently suffer our Prarabdha, the destined physical, mental and emotional unfolding of our lives. Of what help would it be if Dadaji appeared above human qualities and above the destined activities of this world? What could we learn? We can't get out of this world even if we try.

Escaping through meditation or mind control, living in poverty or trying to create prosperity, following church rituals to perfection, running away to so-called "spiritual" retreats or communities, all are temporary efforts of the ego. Dadaji as Amiya Roy Chowdhury shows how

we can live naturally in this world and still be aware of the Presence of God moment to moment. I've shared details of what it's like to be with Dadaji on a daily basis. What he does fascinates me; I watch him closely. However, I'm always drawn to take the broader, more impersonal view of His Play. Dadaji shows by example that we've come to this world with a mind, emotions and a physical body that cannot be forced through rituals into an artificial construct of so-called spirituality, enlightenment or sainthood. He demonstrates daily, in a myriad of ways, especially through His Fragrance, that the Omnipotent, Omnipresent Guru, God, Dada, Truth is within. From the point of Oneness, from the Root of Creation, Dada's words and actions reflect his message of Truth. Although Dada will ever remain a mystery, we can learn how to live in and enjoy this world by what he said and by his example.

Not only does he show us how to live in the world, but also, Dadaji is assuming an unfathomable burden for humanity. His fall in Delhi was not accidental and we can never know the reasons behind his diabetes, diminished physical vision, and various other ailments he displays. They cannot be dismissed simply as aging and disease. They relate to the transitional period we are in now, as individuals and as a world community.

From a number of reliable sources, I include some of what Dada has said about the shape of things to come and how Dada will leave. There will be great devastations caused by natural calamities, diseases, pestilence, and wars. The population will be reduced by half. No world war, however, which has been and is being staved off by His Love. Those who are rooted in Him will remain unhurt. Bombay will be devastated by a gigantic tidal wave and cyclone. New York will be standing empty, like Mohenjodaro. California will go into rubble. The advancement of science will be stalled. Within forty to fifty years from now, there will be no Christians, Jews, Hindus, Moslems and the like. The Eternal Religion will hold sway over the entire humanity. Dada will wrap up His Leela soon after the devastation begins in 1993. He will go, without public knowledge, to some secret place, incognito, bearing a different name along with some of His associates, possibly twelve. Dada will be no more on this earth some time between 1998 and 2003. As He is unpredictable and given to changing His plans, it's hypothetical as to what will actually happen.

Dadaji came to establish Truth. We can't guess how he suffers for us. In a world full of religions people are fighting over God, money, and power. Although incomprehensible to us, he assumes the blindness, mental confusion and conflicts of humanity to pave the way for our awakening to Truth. As His Love Story comes to its final conclusion, the birth of Eternal Religion bringing a new age based on Dadaji's message: "Truth is One. Humanity is One. Religion is One. Language is One. Almighty is One. Reality is One. A person can do nothing. You just remember Him, do your duty to your work and your relations, and enjoy Him. That is enough."



Dadaji in Boulder Colorado USA 1986