

Part VII

Extraordinary Experiences

It is impossible to include all the miraculous events and supernatural manifestations associated with Dadaji. This section presents a few of the extraordinary experiences had by those who have met Dadaji, and even by people who have just heard about him. Occurring in all parts of the world, in every imaginable circumstance, Dadaji insists, "These things are extraneous to Truth. His Will alone prevails."

In Dadaji's Presence



There was a famous 158 year old man named Bhagawan Ramdas Paramhansa Annatyaji (photo at left), who had tremendous Tantric and Yogic powers. People said he was the incarnation of Lord Shiva. He could do anything he wanted or wished to do. One day Ramdas came to Dadaji's house with several of his disciples. Dadaji was in his usual simple attire of a cotton Lungi and t-shirt, casually smoking a cigarette and talking to a small group of people in his room in the second floor. Somebody informed him, "Ramdas is coming to challenge you!"

Dadaji didn't pay any heed at first, then he said, "Is it? Ramdas has come to me? Is he coming? I am feeling very nervous. What should I do? What will happen? Shall he give me a curse? Will I be converted into a mouse? Will I be converted into a cat? What will he do with me? Oh God, is there somebody who can save me? He is a very big man, a very big saint. He is God Himself. I am a simple householder."

"Ramdas, come up!"

Ramdas was a man who got very furious for very small things. If somebody upset him, for example, if somebody didn't bring him water a second after he asked for it, he cursed them. This very old Yogi came upstairs and stood in front of the door to Dadaji's room. Dadaji said, "Ramdas, remember you have come to the Ocean. You are simply a drop of water. You are nothing. The things for which you have come, the things which you did in front of my house, never do them again! By the way, come here."

Ramdas was standing in the doorway to Dadaji's room. He tried to move but discovered he was stuck. It was as if his legs and feet were rooted into the floor. The Yogi was moving wildly trying to release himself, but he was totally stuck there.

Dadaji looked at him and said, "Walk! What is this farce? What is this matted hair you have?"

Leave it!" And as Dadaji pointed his hand toward the Yogi's head, his entire Jata (matted hair) fell off and landed at Dadaji's feet.

Then Dada said, "Now, enough! Come!" Instantly the old Yogi's legs and feet became free, and he sat and offered his Pranam before Dadaji. The Yogi was so moved, he was stunned, almost as if he were in a trance, he couldn't speak, he couldn't weep, he couldn't laugh, he couldn't do anything. Then he started muttering Mantras which are usually said before Lord Krishna, as he touched Dadaji's feet. Dadaji said, "Wait!" It was well known that the Yogi had been strict vegetarian since his childhood, never having taken meat or drink. Dadaji extended his hand, and from nowhere appeared an egg. He said, "Eat this egg." And, like a scolded child who does things automatically the Yogi obeyed, eating an egg for the first time in his life.

Dadaji asked him, "What's the use of keeping this body for 158 years? You have not attained a single thing, because you have not got the Prema within you. You don't have Love. You don't have Prema. You have not got anything. There's no salvation for you now. You'll be here in this world another year and a half. During this time try to be your normal self. You'll have to go after one and a half years. You'll have to come back again to this world. And, don't do all these Tantra and Yoga things because these are things which will end your life."

The old man fell at Dadaji's feet and offered his Pranam.



One time in the early years, Dadaji went to a famous Viswanath Temple. The priests told him that Lord Shiva stayed there. Dadaji said, "Is there only one place where Lord Shiva stays? He's not anywhere else?" It was early in the morning and traditionally someone rang the temple bell to awaken Lord Shiva. Dadaji started clanging the bell and went on ringing it until the priests came out and asked what he was doing. "Your Viswanath (Lord of the Universe) is like a man, I am trying to wake him up. He's Lord of the Universe, but he seems to be sleeping. I am giving the alarm to wake him," Dadaji said. He then went to the well-like place where the Shiva Lingam idol was supposed to be. Putting his hand down in, the idol was nowhere. Dadaji then got up and put his foot in. There was a great commotion and huge cry as people rushed trying to see who would dare to do this to Viswanath. They told Dadaji he was cursed and within twenty-four hours his leg would be paralyzed and he would die.

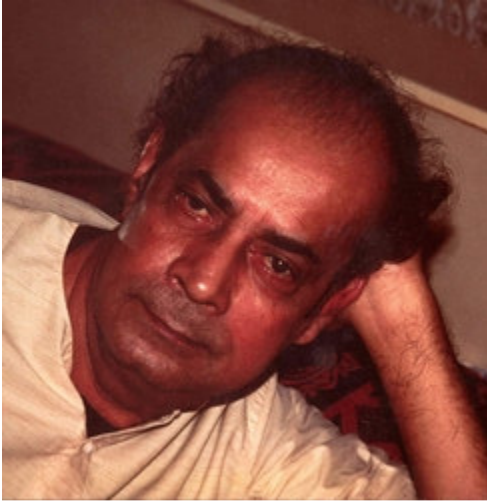
The news spread through the town like wildfire, and reached the ears of the great scholar in whose home Dadaji was then staying. Dadaji's host did not dare to say anything, and the next morning a large crowd of people gathered in front of his house. Dadaji came out and everyone was looking very closely at his leg to see if it were paralyzed. Dadaji said, "Unfortunately nothing has happened to me. Curses have no effect for the Protector is within you. The Doer is within you, what He wishes will be. His Will prevails, not the will of any human being."



At a large gathering in Orissa, India, in 1972, a 107 year old Sannyasin, Swami Brahmananda Paramahansa from Orissa, entered the room with staff in hand and sat on the floor before Dadaji. Dadaji was talking about the unassailable Supreme Will. He instantly looked straight into the eyes of the Sannyasin and beckoned him to come nearer. The old man obeyed like a child, his sturdy egoism gone, his scholarship and eminence as a writer, his fame and renown as a great Siddha ascetic, his incontestable Lordship over a legion of his disciples, disappearing. Dadaji said to one man nearby, "Let me first of all put an end to him, then I shall negotiate you." Dadaji passed his finger tip from the chin of that ascetic up to the lower lip and thrust something into his mouth like tiny particles of Sandesh (Bengali sweet) which he ate. Placing his concave palm before the gaping mouth of the ascetic, Dadaji thrust something into it, which the Swami also ate.

Then Dadaji most unceremoniously pulled the ascetic by his head and delivered Mahanam to him and let him see that Mahanam written in Dadaji's palm, even as all around were looking on. The hall was still. A few seconds and the ascetic started reciting scriptural verses for five minutes, while his right hand waved and his body trembled. Someone questioned him about the pertinence of the verse. But, there was no answer. At long last came the reply from quivering lips, "This is the Primal Religion." Someone asked him of his experience and the old man replied sharply, "Can vision of Brahman (Divinity) be expressed in words?"





Dadaji 1985 Calcutta

After a serious cataract operation in 1985, Dadaji was being attended by a team of three top physicians in his home. One day while the doctors were there a Sadhu came to the house. Dadaji was told the Sadhu was waiting downstairs, but the doctors insisted that Dadaji not see him due to the difficult recovery he was having as a result an adverse reaction to medication. Upon hearing this, Dadaji made such a pitiful face and said, "A Sadhu Baba has come and I can't meet him? I can't get a hold of his matted hair? These doctors didn't find any other time to come? They have chosen this particular day? I can't meet that Sadhu Baba down there?" Dadaji got up from his bed and looked down over the railing of the circular staircase. He spied the Sadhu standing below waiting and said quietly, "Arey Ram! He has got matted hair....such a big Jata. But these doctors are here now...."

Dadaji appeared extremely frustrated and had a glint in his eyes as he looked down on the Sadhu. He said in a low voice, "Hey, Sadhu Baba. I can't meet you today. You come tomorrow. I won't leave you. Come in front of me. You have come to become Sadhu? Come tomorrow. Doctors are here today, so you are saved. Otherwise I would have liked to have tugged those matted hairs of yours!"

The Sadhu was so terrified at Dadaji's face, eyes and words that he immediately left. Later Dadaji was not feeling well again and said, "Sadhu Baba is gone. He won't come." Someone asked, "Won't he come tomorrow?" Dadaji said, "Once he has gone out of this house, he won't come again for the second time. But, these doctors don't find any other time to come...." Vishudananda, a great Tantric, visited Dadaji in Calcutta. Dadaji warned him to beware. "When you get hold of and utilize spirits to do jobs for you, they do it very unwillingly. A time comes when they master you. You become their slave. They harass you in a very bad manner and even kill you ultimately." The Tantric was quite old and Dadaji said, "Even today, I am telling you to beware of all these things (Tantric practices). Stop doing all these things. There is still time. Because these things will kill you."

Vishudananda paid no heed to what Dadaji said. The next morning when Vishudananda went into the bathroom, a group of his devotees were waiting near the door. After half an hour they heard strange sounds like someone choking, coming from the bathroom. They thought their Guru was talking to Lord Shiva, to God. So, they remained sitting outside the bathroom door for another hour. Being afraid, they broke open the door only to find Vishudananda strangled to death.



A very famous Tantric, who had developed many Tantric powers and could do many things like make objects move about with his stare, came to challenge Dadaji. In front of Dadaji's house there was a Neem tree. When Dadaji came out, the Tantric with one signal of his finger split the tree in half. Dadaji said, "This is all you can do? Why don't you ask the so-called spirits to put the tree together? Why misuse your power? In fact all there is One, otherwise there would be no Power. In His Name you have been doing these things? But, He is also great, see what He can do." At the mere signal of Dadaji's finger, the tree rejoined and became whole. The Tantric fell at Dadaji's feet crying. Dadaji said, "You should beware even now. Don't do all these things. This Tantra is a very harmful practice." After a couple of months, very early one morning at around three-thirty, this same Tantric came banging on Dadaji's door asking Dadaji to save him from the spirits. Dadaji asked him what was the matter and the Tantric said, "I don't know, but

bricks are falling on my head and the clothes cabinet keeps coming at me and hitting me. I am not being allowed to sleep, to sit, to stand, anything." Dadaji took him into a room alone and from that time on, the man was free. He immediately started living a normal life and Dadaji gave him money to start a business of his own which is now doing very well.



In 1978 a renowned journalist, who was a great devotee of a famous south Indian Guru, Satya Sai Baba, heard about Dadaji and he came to Dadaji's house in Calcutta to prove to the public that his Guru was the Supreme and that even Dada would bow down to his Guru. The journalist was telling Dadaji about all the miracles that his Guru had performed. One of the main things was called Vibhuti, which is the miraculous manifestation of a fine blackish-gray colored ash. Dadaji told the journalist, "Ash? What is there in ash? If you interpret that ash as something for deciding the God in someone, well here it is...." Dadaji stretched out his hand and turning his palm downward ash of various colors started sprinkling, then pouring out of his hand. The stream of rainbow colored ash continued until the baffled journalist shouted for Dadaji to stop.

Then Dadaji asked the journalist, "Did you meet Abhi (Dadaji's long time companion and famous actor)?" He replied, "Yes, I have met Abhi." Dadaji continued, "Abhi has gone to Hong Kong for some film shooting and he has promised to bring back a Lungi for me, a silk Lungi. Well...I can see Abhi now, he has just come back. He has just reached his house in Bombay from the Airport. And....yes, he has got the Lungi. You can contact him on the phone now and see."

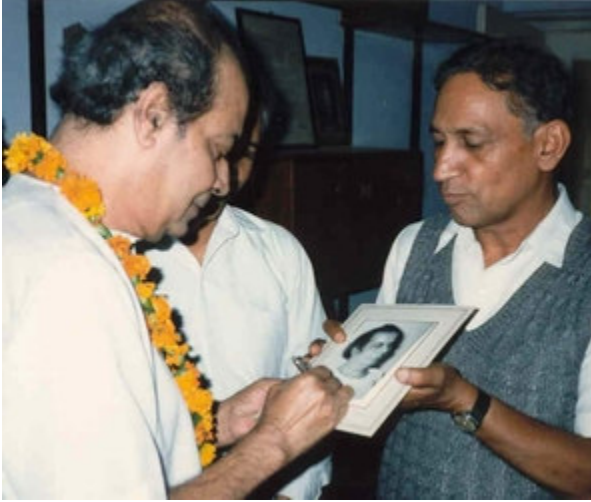
The journalist placed a call to Abhi in Bombay (1,500 miles away). Abhi confirmed that yes, he had just arrived from the Airport. The journalist said Dadaji had just asked him to call and ask Abhi whether he brought a silk Lungi for Dadaji. Abhi replied, "Yes, I have brought a silk Lungi from Hong Kong." Dadaji said, "Is it not possible to fetch it immediately? Well, here it is!" He reached to the phone receiver and pulled on a very thin thread sticking out of one of the holes in the receiver itself. Dadaji continued pulling it until the entire silk Lungi (two and a half yards of silk) came out.

The journalist shouted at Abhi, "A silk Lungi has just come out of the phone receiver! Dada is asking you to search your luggage for the Lungi you brought from Hong Kong." Abhi searched his luggage and couldn't find the silk Lungi....it was in Dadaji's hands in Calcutta. The astonished journalist said, "I am finished. If I stay here another five minutes I'll go mad." Dadaji was invited to come to Bombay for the wedding of the daughter of the same famous journalist who saw the extraordinary appearance of the rainbow colored ash and silk Lungi. The journalist had also invited his Guru Satya Sai Baba. When the Guru was informed that Dadaji would be at the marriage, he said, "When Dadaji, the Elder Brother of the universe is present, there is no need for me to be there. When Dadaji is there, everything is there."

Dadaji arrived at the house where the marriage was to be held and came in casually. He said, "Oh, what a fool I am. I didn't bring any present for the bride." The journalist said, "Dadaji, you have come, what more does she need?"

"No," Dadaji said, "it was bad of me to forget it." He walked up to the bride and offering her his hand, he asked her to pull on a thin silk thread coming out from under one of his fingernails. She pulled it until she held a gorgeous Benares silk Sari in her hands. Her father was so struck by this occurrence that he immediately removed all the photos he had of his Guru in his house. Then, leaving the guests and wedding party, the journalist went to Abhi Bhattacharya's house and asked for at least a dozen of Dadaji's photographs, which he then had framed and put in his house.





Dada signing photo for Dr Puri 1986 Chandigarh

One highly respected university professor, Dr. Puri, was a great devotee of this same Indian Guru, Satya Sai. He had many pictures of this Guru in his house. In fact, his house was full of pictures covering all available wall space. One day after hearing about Dadaji, the professor came to meet him in a private home where Dadaji was visiting. Dadaji extended his hand and out of nothing manifested a large photograph of Sri Sri Satyanarayan. Dadaji handed the picture to Dr. Puri and asked him to have it framed and put it in his home. Dadaji had never been to visit the Dr. Puri's house. Because the professor had so many pictures of his Guru on the walls, he wondered to himself where he would put it.

Dadaji smiled at him, saying, "Don't worry, the place is fixed." The professor and his wife went to sleep that night with the photo of Sri Satyanarayan on the table next to their bed. Upon awakening in the morning they discovered the photo of Satyanarayan framed and hanging on the wall of their bedroom. In the night, a large photo of their Guru had been removed from its frame and replaced with the photo of Satyanarayan. The Guru's picture was folded neatly, wrapped and placed on the night table. They found a note next to it saying, "I have not done anything. Dadaji."

His Divine Fragrance

During a visit to Dadaji, Dr. S.K. Bose asked, "What is Karan Deha?" Dadaji told him to smell any part of his body. The man found that different parts of Dadaji's body were emitting different Fragrances. The whole room then became full of Dadaji's Fragrance.



Dadaji was talking with a small group of people gathered in his room in his house in Calcutta one evening in 1972. Due to power failure they were visiting by candlelight. Dadaji touched the candle flame a few times then let physicist Dr. Lalit Pandit smell his fingers. Each time there was a different fragrant Aroma. Dadaji told him to smell different parts of his body and the physicist found a different Fragrance at each spot. Dadaji said, "That is the real Vanshi Dhvani (sound of the Divine flute of Krishna calling people to Him)."



In 1973, a small group of people were together informally chatting with Dadaji. Many of them noticed his hand twitching slightly. He called Mrs. Pandit, wife of a physics professor, to come and asked her to extend her hands to receive a gift from the Lord. With a very slow motion, keeping his open palm clearly in everyone's sight, Dadaji brought his palm in touch with the woman's hands and instantly appeared a small sea shell medallion engraved with the picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan mounted in a delicate gold setting. Dadaji told her to wear it while her husband was away on a business trip abroad. Before Dr. Pandit departed, he went to see Dadaji, who told him, "The Lord will be with you all along." When he landed at the Rome Airport, he had some time between flights and he got a cup of coffee. As he sat down to drink it, Dr. Pandit remembered Dadaji's parting words and immediately was engulfed by Dadaji's Fragrance. He later learned that at that very time, Dadaji was telling his wife and others present with him in Bombay, that he was seeing the professor sitting in the Rome Airport enjoying a cup of coffee.



On another occasion Dr. Pandit and his wife were extremely honored that Dadaji agreed to have lunch in their home while he was visiting Bombay in 1974. About three hours before he actually arrived, their house became filled with His Fragrance. It was particularly strong in their bedroom, where they kept the large framed portrait of Sri Sri Satyanarayan and two small pictures of Dadaji. They found the picture of Satyanarayan was profusely dripping with thick, red, honeylike fragrant Nectar. A pearl-like drop of the sweetly aromatic Nectar also appeared on a picture of Dadaji. After many years the Nectar on the pictures remains strong with His Fragrance.



Dr Pandit sharing his experiences at Utsav 1985 Calcutta



One young man from Calcutta, Gautam Mukerjee (left), son of Dadaji's physician, was given a beautiful bunch of roses. He told his mother, "We will not put them in water. We will put them in the refrigerator and tomorrow offer them to Dadaji." Gautam used to go directly to Dadaji's house each day after his college classes, so he asked his mother to take the roses to Dadaji when she went the next day. But, she forgot to take them and was feeling very guilty. When the young man came to Dadaji's house directly from college and asked his mother about the roses, she explained she had forgotten them and he said, "Never mind."

Still, she was feeling very guilty for not bringing the roses. All of a sudden, just where mother and son were sitting and in that place only, the strong Aroma of roses lingered. Dadaji looked at them both and said, "Doctor's wife and doctor's son, is it OK? The thing you have offered, and I have taken it. OK? Pleased? Do not be unhappy."



During one evening gathering in Dadaji's home in Calcutta, many long distance phone calls were coming from Australia, Europe, England and various parts of India. Each time the phone would ring, Dadaji would tell everyone the name of the caller and where the call originated. Then he would ask someone to pick up the phone and verify the information. During a conversation with someone in Bombay, Dadaji motioned for Dr. Lalit Pandit who was present to come near to him. He then touched the receiver with his finger and immediately the professor heard the caller excitedly saying, "Dadaji, the phone receiver is emitting the aroma of your Fragrance!"



In 1986, Judy Maltese and Ann Mills were shopping in a large department store in Los Angeles, California USA. Ann went over to a perfume counter and smelled a sampler perfume. It smelled like Dadaji's Fragrance (Dadaji was in Calcutta). She asked Judy to smell the bottle of perfume and both agreed it was Dada's Fragrance. Together they checked the other bottles of this perfume called "Iris" and all smelled like Dadaji's Fragrance. Ann bought two bottles, gave one to Judy and intended to send the other bottle to a friend. That night when she arrived home, Ann opened the bottle of perfume with the wonderful anticipation of smelling His Fragrance, only to find it was the scent of "Iris". She opened the bottle she purchased for her friend and it had the "Iris" scent, too. She called Judy, who checked her bottle of perfume and found it was also the common scent of "Iris".



Judy Maltese



Dr. Donald Maclean (right) of Rockford, Illinois, who met Dadaji after reading the first edition of the book "The Truth Within", wrote of his experience. "There is something I want to share with you. Early in the morning of June 27, 1988, I awoke suddenly from a very colorful dream, and right away became aware of a deep, rich Aroma and I felt a presence of Dadaji, although I did not see him. I sat up in bed wide awake and enjoying the experience. This lasted fifteen minutes, but I stayed awake a long time."



On many occasions in 1985-1986 during her one and a half hour commute to work through heavy Los Angeles traffic, Judy Maltese would turn on either the air conditioning or the heater, and her car would fill with Dadaji's Fragrance or Dada's Aroma of roses. She would be overwhelmed by Dadaji's presence, although she was in California and he was in India.



In 1984 at the home of Doris Anderson (right), Ann Mills was talking on the phone with someone who called to inquire about Dadaji's forthcoming visit to Portland, Oregon USA. Dadaji was then in London. While Ann was talking on the phone, she noticed the strong aroma of Dadaji's Fragrance. After the phone call, she looked around to find the source and discovered three large spots of strongly aromatic Nectar had appeared on her Tibetan carpet that she had recently hung on the wall in Doris' home. (Editor's Note: To this date January 2006, Dadaji's Nectar is still visible on the rug and still has Dadaji's beautiful fragrance.)



Dadaji was staying at the home of Mr. Dipu Bhadra and his wife Elizabeth (left) during his visit to Brussels, Belgium, in the summer of 1983. Before Dadaji left for London, Mr. Bhadra asked Dadaji to leave him a sign. After Dadaji returned to London and the next morning when Mr. Bhadra woke up, Dadaji's Fragrance was very strong in his bedroom. Looking around, he discovered a drop of Dadaji's fragrant honey-like Nectar on the bed frame above his head.



In 1985 when Dadaji arrived at the Airport in Denver, Colorado, Tom Melrose presented him with a red begonia flower in a glass vase. Dadaji offered it around to those present to smell the flower expecting a beautiful scent, however it had no aroma. Dadaji passed his fingers a few inches above the flower and on one of the petals appeared a drop of Nectar that emitted Dada's Fragrance. Dadaji just smiled and handed the vase around again for all to enjoy. For many days the flower and fragrance remained fresh and strong. Everyone who came to see Dadaji enjoyed it, especially the children.



Tom Melrose and Dadaji 1985 Boulder Colorado



In 1982, Ann Mills was going to bed late one night in her home in Hood River, Oregon USA. Feeling a little lonely, she was thinking about Dadaji, who was then in Calcutta. When she entered her bedroom, the strong aroma of His Fragrance filled the room. She looked around the room and found many drops of fragrant Nectar along the edge of a cotton bed cover. (Editor's Note in 2006: The nectar on the bed cover continues, a fragrant reminder of Dadaji's omnipresence.)

The next morning she took a picture (left) of a framed Satyanarayan picture on a wall above a bottle of Charanjali and some pictures of Dadaji she had placed on a cabinet in her room. When the picture was developed it revealed a bright golden light shining from the Satyanarayan portrait, with pink and blue light suffusing the image. The wall was actually white and at the time the photo was taken the light in the room was only natural daylight.



April 1997 by email to Ann Mills from Ann Gertano: I had an opportunity to spend a half hour or so looking through the site (www.dadaji.info) and I am so happy about it! I thought the thing about Dada's fragrance was very interesting. I have experienced a fragrance since 1981 during times of pain and difficulty. I had always thought it was a hallucination of some sort. The scent is always the same and matches the description of rose/sandalwood. Except in my case, I have known nothing of Dadaji until today. I find that my general spiritual beliefs do match his message! I wonder!



August 1998 by email to Ann Mills from David Kwan-Kleber, Aloha, Oregon: I had a couple of unique experiences reading *The FRAGRANCE of the HEART*. What happened when reading the book was that on two separate occasions, I was surrounded by a sweet floral aroma that had no basis in physical reality. I am a person who is very difficult to move off of baseline perceptions. It certainly was a pleasant (though unnerving) experience.



December 1999 via email to Ann Mills from Daniel Mammone, Melbourne Australia: First time I read *THE TRUTH WITHIN* was on the internet. That night the room was filled with His Fragrance. I had to get the books! Having read most of *THE TRUTH WITHIN* and *FRAGRANCE OF THE HEART*, I have only warmth in my heart, which was once very bitter. I'm only 20 years old, a full time university law and science student, but longing and searching for the Truth was something that I did more than my studies....since I was young I knew that my upbringing in the catholic church wasn't the way or what He intended...it was when I was 18 that I first came across your internet page, it was the most important and enlightening moment in my life...surprisingly it is two years later that I actually ordered the books...but I already had what I needed to know at that time, it was within. After reading the books I realize the truth really is within. As my life takes its ups and downs, it doesn't really get to me, it does to the point that as a human with emotions, life gets to you, however knowing he steers the ship in whatever situation I am in is a huge help.



February 2006 email to Ann Mills from Pramod Nair, Reykjavik, Iceland: I received CDs and books. Thank you for a wonderful gift. I could not wait to read and I started reading from the time I got home from my work. I had a wonderful experience of Fragrance in my car; my son Advait 5 yrs old, was asking me about the nice Fragrance we got in the car for quite sometime.



Ann's dog, Roy

June 2005 – In La Center, Washington, one afternoon Ann Mills was reading a book and resting at home. Next to her lay her pet Cocker Spaniel named Roy. Ann noticed Dadaji's Aroma and wondered where it was coming from because it didn't disappear quickly as usually happens. She found Dada's Aroma permeated Roy's paws where it remained for months. Roy was a very gentle, sweet soul and most devoted companion who always preferred to be right next to Ann, or awaiting her return. His big brown eyes often had the loving & penetrating look of Dada's eyes.

Charanjal*

One day a man brought a tightly capped bottle filled with plain water and handed it to Dadaji. Taking the bottle in his hands, Dadaji gazed at the contents. A line of white turbidity gradually spread in the water from one end of the bottle to the other. Dadaji rotated the bottle slightly in his hands, two or three times, and every time the fresh whiteness appeared in the water. Dadaji then returned the bottle to the man and asked him to remove the cap and inspect the water, which he discovered had acquired a sweet Aroma and taste. "How does your science explain this?" Dadaji asked. "Can human mind comprehend everything?"



One day in 1972, Mrs. Jayaprakash Narayan brought a bottle of pure water to Dadaji. He placed it before the picture of Sri Satyanarayan for a few moments and then took it into his hands. The plain, clear water started changing its transparency in Dadaji's hands until it became opaque milky white. When she opened the bottle, the water had turned to Charanjal. It tasted sweet and very fragrant.



Dadaji with bottles of pure water he turned to Charanjal 1977 Calcutta



Dadaji asked a university professor to bring a bottle filled with boiled water for his son. The bottle was brought within a half hour. Dadaji took the sealed bottle in his hand and gazed at it for a few seconds. A thick cylinder of white coloration appeared at the center of the water in the still sealed bottle. Dadaji allowed it to diffuse and then he gave the bottle to the professor and asked him to open the bottle and smell the water. The professor found it aromatic. Then Dadaji asked him to smell the water again. The smell had distinctly changed to another sweet Fragrance.



In 1984, Ann Mills was visiting Delhi and was in her hotel room alone. She was thinking it was unusual because no one in the whole world knew where she was at that moment. Becoming suddenly quite thirsty, she poured a glass of water from a pitcher on the table in her room. Taking a drink, she discovered it was Dadaji's fragrant Charanjal. Being very thirsty she drank it all, despite its strong Aroma. The pitcher being empty, she rang for room service and requested the pitcher be filled. It was returned full of water and she poured another glass which was plain water. The next morning, pouring a glass of water she discovered it was again Charanjal.



Ann Mills 1984



* Charanjal - Lit. Charan means feet, Jal means water. Originally water with which Lord Narayan has been bathed, denigrated into the water supposedly sanctified by the touch of a holy person's feet. Water which by Dadaji's touch, directly or indirectly, becomes transformed into milky, deliciously perfumed liquid; known for miraculous healing powers and the transformation of Consciousness it brings about gradually. Related to the flow of Integral Consciousness or Ganga.



Mo Stevenson and Dada - Utsav 1986 Calcutta

In 1986, Mrs. Linda Wright who lives in Oregon USA, was telling her friend, Moses Stevenson about meeting Dadaji and her experience of Mahanam and the fragrant Charanjal water Dadaji had given to her. She explained that she used a only a drop each day as Dadaji had instructed, and when the water became low she simply added pure water to the bottle and it transformed into strongly fragrant Charanjal. Being quite interested in Dadaji, Mo asked if she might have some of the Charanjal. Linda took a clean bottle and poured some Charanjal into it and as she handed it to Mo they both immediately noticed that the new bottle of Charanjal had a distinctly different sweet Aroma and taste.



July 2005 via email from Mo Stevenson: I must share with you the profound miracle wrapped in your message and photos of Dadaji you sent to me. I was contemplating the need to replenish my Charanjal. I prayed and did a ceremony asking for Dada to transform or grace the pure water added to some of HIS Blessed water that is ever so Fragrant and Divine. I asked for the Grace of God to transform this to the ever so SPECIAL Charanjal. At first I felt I had ruined some of what little I have left of HIS Charanjal. I left the project reflecting on what I had done and asked for. I felt deflated in some way. A few hours later, I went to my beautiful container that held this new experiment and OH MY GOD.....it was Dadaji's Fragrance...I can't tell you what JOY I felt. Later that day I get on my computer and there is your email with pictures of DADA and the most lovely note from you. You are ALL WAYS connecting me to HIM... I have connection with Dada that always seems enhanced with your gifts to me by remembering HIM and your LOVE for us ALL. I am so grateful for you and your LOVE of DADA. We are ONE in that.



Mr. Gautam Mukerjee told about his Charanjal experience: There was a dog, a stray dog of course, that used to stay only near our office in Calcutta, and we used to give him food regularly. One day when we arrived at the office, we found the dog was paralyzed. He couldn't move and he was crying out in pain. Because the dog had been living there near the office for nearly two years, we all used to love him.

My boss who thought himself to be quite above the rest of us was there. And as soon as he saw the dog, he looked at me and said, "You have somebody called Dadaji or something. I have heard you talk of some water that can cure even the dead. Dadaji can even bring back the dead to life." I replied, "Yes, that is true. That's true, but it is not for all." My boss said, "O.k., if your Dadaji, as you say is everywhere, why doesn't your Dadaji come and cure this dog? You love this dog. I love this dog."

I said, "See this is no ground for judging, this is not the way of judging Dadaji. Dadaji has not come here for doing these things, restoring life or doing these things. This doesn't prove he is God or he is not God, or he is something beyond mind or he is within mind. This is nothing. Still, I believe that Dadaji is here. And the water need not always be fragrant to be Charanjal. I believe even plain water that is also Charanjal because this is also Dada's creation. Anyway, I'll try it." So in front of everybody, about twenty office people were there, I took a glass of water and I just remembered Dadaji, and I gave the dog some of it to drink. He was feeling thirsty. I think he was lying there for a long time without food or water. The dog drank that water and I sprinkled that water on his legs.

It was a matter of only two minutes and the dog all of a sudden tried to get up, and succeeded in standing up. He was trembling a bit, but he stood there. I sprinkled this water once again and the dog all of a sudden stretched his legs out. I clapped my hands once and the dog just behaved very playfully, very happily. He ran back and forth, came to me and licked my toes, jumped up on me and looked very grateful. My boss was so baffled. Dadaji was not physically present there and the water was not fragrant, not Charanjali as such, but the dog was cured.

He is Everywhere

One woman, who had never met Dadaji, related an experience that happened in 1970, the night after her husband Mr. H.N.D. Mahapatra experienced Mahanam in the presence of Dadaji. In a dream she saw a very handsome man with a radiating figure, along with a supernatural figure standing along side her bed blessing her. A mystic Aroma enveloped her. The next morning when she got up and took a glass of water, she experienced the same Aroma emanating from the water. Later, upon meeting him she recognized in her dream she had experienced Dadaji, His Fragrance, and Satyanarayan.



One night in 1970, Dadaji appeared to Mrs. B.K. Mokerjee in a dream. She had heard of Dadaji from her sister in Calcutta, but had not met Him. Dadaji appeared in her dream and asked her to receive Mahanam. After some weeks passed, Mrs. Mokerjee came to Calcutta and met Dadaji in person. He appeared exactly the same as he had in her dream. When she told Dadaji about her experience, Dadaji said, "You are Blessed."



January 1997 via email to Ann Mills from Sande Nitti, Skokie, Illinois USA: I like so many other seekers have read enough books to fill a small library, I have never read anything as profound or stated with such simple elegance as Dadaji's inspirations, truly leaves nothing to be said and nothing more to seek. I'm sorry I did not have the opportunity to meet Dadaji, strangely I have had several vivid dreams of him since I began reading LOOK WITHIN. I appreciate the efforts of Ann Mills, Peter Meyer-Dohm and others have made in relaying his message and their first hand accounts. LOOK WITHIN is the most excellent book I have ever read. Dadaji leaves nothing else to be said.



On the day after receiving Mahanam in the presence of Dadaji, a man sat with his wife in front of the image of Goddess Kali (above) for their daily worship. She saw

in the picture of the Goddess a divinely graceful person blessing her with His hand raised. She asked her husband to look and he was stunned by the sight, saying, "That is Dadaji." The next moment the figure of Satyanarayan appeared in their view. A little later the figure changed to that of Vishnu, then the figure of Kali returned.

Right: Sri Satyanarayan alter in Dadaji's Calcutta home



In 1970, Mr. Sachin Roy Choudhury, went on a business trip during which he encountered ill treatment from an officer. He was feeling small and in his mind complained to Dadaji about what was happening to him. Immediately, Mr. Choudhury saw Dadaji standing just

behind the irate officer. Dadaji consoled him with the words, "Go ahead, I am with you. Why should you feel like that?" The effect was instant. The officer changed his behavior and Mr. Choudhury was able to complete his business without further difficulty.



Although Dadaji was in Calcutta and Mrs. B.G.N. Patel was in Columbus, Ohio USA, one day in 1977, she saw him appear in a bright light with his enchanting smile on his radiant face. As she tried to offer Pranam, Dadaji placed his hand on her back and told her that the One she was searching for resides in her heart. Again about two weeks later, late one afternoon while Mrs. Patel was sitting on her bed remembering Mahanam, Dadaji appeared to her in radiant light. Dadaji placed her grandson on her lap and asked her, "Are you worrying about him?" She had in fact been worrying oppressively. She tried to touch Dadaji's feet, but he disappeared gradually into dimming light. When she looked at her grandson he was smiling at her and the room was full of Dadaji's Fragrance. A few days later after mailing a letter to Dadaji she returned to the house and found Dadaji's Aroma emanating out of her grandson's head.



One day in the early 1980s, while Dadaji was walking in London with Mr. Parvitar Singh (left) and some others, Dadaji told them to wait and he walked to the top of a nearby knoll. He stood there alone for some time, then without explaining anything rejoined them to continue their walk. When they returned, Mrs. Singh told how Dadaji had come alone to the house and after a brief visit and conversation left. It was confirmed that this visit coincided with the time Dadaji was observed to be standing on the knoll during the morning walk.



One day in 1970, Dr. S.K. Bose was present at Mr. Das Gupta's house where Dadaji was visiting. Dadaji placed his hand on Dr. Bose's head and remained silent for one or two minutes. Then, Dadaji said, "With 32 persons I have talked over the phone in the meantime. You can ring back and verify." Among the 32 people Dadaji mentioned, Dr. Bose's wife was one. Dr. Bose dialed her and similarly phoned the other brothers and sisters who all confirmed they had talked with Dadaji at exactly that time.



Several times in 1969 and 1970, Dadaji said to Dr. B. Sarkar, "Check up by telephoning that I am present in Dr. Maitra's home, and I am also present at Mukerji's home, and I am also present at Ghosh's home." It is thus observed and confirmed on many occasions that Dadaji is simultaneously present at a number of different places. Asked about this, Dadaji laughs and says, "Such things do happen, don't they?"

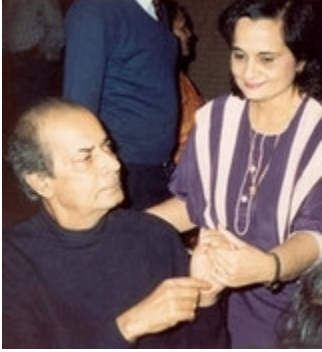


Dadaji's physician Dr. Mukerjee is a heart patient. One morning he lit a gas stove and was putting a pan of water to boil. While he set the pan on the burner he felt a pain surge in his chest. Immediately everything was dark in front of his eyes and he fell toward the hot stove. He couldn't see, he couldn't feel anything. Dr. Mukerjee heard Dadaji's voice distinctly saying, "Remember the Mahanam. Say it! Say Gopal Govinda, say Gopal Govinda!" He uttered Gopal Govinda and the darkness left. He could see and the pain was gone. Later he went to visit Dada, who said, "Is it o.k.? Am I always with you?"



In Los Angeles in 1977, Usha Raja, a woman devoted to Dadaji was involved in a court case. Dadaji came to LA in 1978 she told him about the case and her lawyer said it was a weak case. The next day Dadaji said, "Don't bother about your case. It will be okay. You will win the

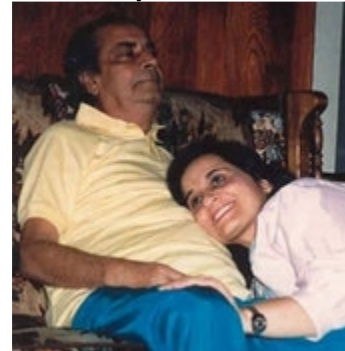
case." Dadaji came to LA in July 1979, Usha told him her case would be heard in August. Her lawyer was ready to proceed. Dadaji said, "Usha, I think time is not yet. It's going to be another one and one half years." She told her attorney it would be delayed. He laughed and said he was already on a beeper and her case would proceed within a week. They waited and the day the case was to start they received a letter from the court saying the case would not be heard. It took another one and a half years. While the case was pending Usha's attorney insisted it was weak.



Dadaji and Usha Raja 1987

Concerned, she called Dadaji in Calcutta and told him. Dadaji said, "Don't worry. I am with you." In 1980, when Dadaji came to LA, he said, "Another two months and your case is going to be on." She told her lawyer. He laughed and said, "I think it's a matter of time and it's going to be after another year." After two months the court date was set. The day the case began when Usha opened the door and entered the court room she saw Dadaji sitting up on the judge's chair. He was laughing. She laughed and her lawyer asked why. She replied, "I can see my Dadaji." He thought she was acting crazy and laughed at her. The first day of the trial did not go well. At 5 pm her lawyer said, "Usha, why don't you call your Dadaji and find out what's going to happen?" Later she called Dadaji. He said, "You don't bother, I am bothering for you." The trial went for five days and every time Usha opened the door to the court room, Dadaji was there in a different colored Lungi, to welcome her, telling her to sit down and overseeing the testimony. On the fifth day of the trial Usha smelled Dadaji's Aroma and she saw Dadaji in the court room. This time he was wearing an orange Lungi, a lovely lotus was under him, with water shimmering around and stars above. A extraordinarily beautiful vision. He had a big stomach at that time, his cheeks were rosey red, and he was laughing. Usha started feeling so good and getting strength. He said, "Today it's done." At lunch time Usha asked her lawyer if it was the final day and he replied, "No, we have to wait for the jury to deliberate." He wondered how she happened to ask and she told him that Dadaji appeared to her in the court room that morning and said it was done today. The lawyer thought she was crazy.

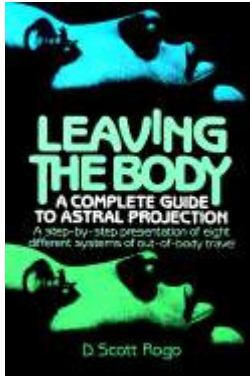
At 2 pm the court session started and the judge dismissed the jury saying the case would be settled. At 3:30 pm in the judge's chambers a settlement was reached. Finally Usha's lawyer believed Dadaji and told the judge, "Before anything happened in the case she told me step by step what would happen. She just told me today at 12 pm this would settle today. She believes in a guy from Calcutta and calls him Dadaji. She has his picture." The lawyer and judge saw Dadaji's photo and insisted when Dadaji came to USA they wanted to see him. Usha Raja won the case and she called Dadaji to tell him. He just laughed and laughed.



Dada & Usha 1987 LA



Via email January 2006 - In my dream dadaji appeared as a 25 years old strong man. he was dressed in white kurta, with black, long hairs, and black eyes. because of the light that was shining, his skin was almost white. When I come to his room, he was sitting in a wooden chair, very relaxed. he asked me why have I come. "I come to enlighten me." He was laughing and said: "You want only words, but you afraid to live." At that moment His form change in Krishna, Jesus, and back to His original form. At the same time, my body start shaking. I was drag from one side of the room, to his chair. He was gone. – J. S. – Solvenia



Leaving the Body

by D. Scott Rogo

Rogo is of the most widely respected writer-journalists covering the field of parapsychology. Read pages 80 – 81 excerpt below.

Dr. Karlis Osis of the American Society for Psychical Research and Dr. Erlendur Haraldsson, a psychologist from the University of Reykjavik in Iceland, visited India in the early 1970's hoping to document the feats of the great Gurus. They heard astounding stories of miraculous bilocations and were able personally to investigate two such reports. The first concerns Satya Sai Baba, southern India's most celebrated Guru and alleged wonderworker.

While attempting to document his purported miracles, the two psychologists heard that on one occasion in 1965 Sai Baba had been "seen" in the city of Manjeree in Kerala, while at the same time holding company with some of his followers at his Ashram miles away.

Ram Mohan Rao, director of a technical school in Manjeree, claimed that Sai Baba had suddenly appeared on his doorstep, stayed with him and his house guests for quite some time, and then departed. Osis and Haraldsson were eventually able to locate eight witnesses who had been present at Rao's home when Sai Baba appeared. They were also able to document the fact that Sai Baba was at his Ashram at the same time.

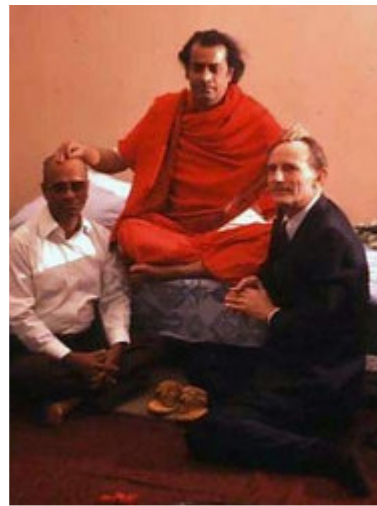
The case weakened, however, by the fact that none of the witnesses at Rao's home had ever met Sai Baba before his unexpected visit. They recognized him only through pictures they later saw; so the visitor could have been an impostor posing as the Guru.

A more evidential report concerns Dadaji, a lesser known holy man who formerly was a prominent singer and businessman. Osis and Haraldsson were eager to investigate Dadaji after hearing the following story. Early in 1970, Dadaji was visiting some people in Allahabad, a city 400 miles from his home, when he suddenly announced that he was going to the prayer room of the house. When he emerged some time later, he said that he had been in Calcutta and claimed to have visited the home of a devotee's sister-in-law. He urged the group to contact the woman and verify his story.

His followers did so and found that, at the same time he had secluded himself in their own prayer room, he had indeed been seen in Calcutta. The woman's family related how Dadaji had initially materialized in the room of their daughter, who was herself one of his followers. She recognized him immediately, which shocked and surprised her no end. His sudden and initially transparent appearance caused her to scream, which alerted the rest of the family of his arrival.

His figure was seen by several of the family, including the head of the household, who had been a total skeptic until he saw the mysterious figure sitting in the girl's room.

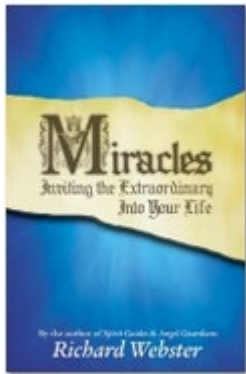
Osis and Haraldsson tracked down several witnesses to the case, including Dadaji's hosts in Allahabad and the family in Calcutta. All the evidence was mutually corroborative.



Dadaji (center), Dr Osis (right) 1974

Editor's Note: Osis and Haraldsson visited numerous ashrams, swamis, and psychics hoping to find persons who could take part in out-of-body experiments. They found frequent claims of OBEs reported about Dadaji, however he refused to participate in experiments.

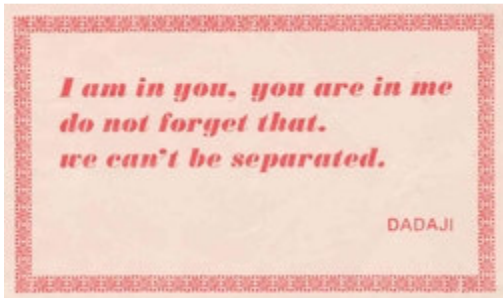
When Dr. Karlis Osis came to Calcutta, he had Dadaji experiences in the form of Satyanarayan appearing in the Grand Hotel where Dr. Osis was relaxing at noontime. He also experienced Mahanam and Dadaji's Aroma in several places when he did not expect it, and later in America also. Dr. Osis had another experience in Dadaji's house in Calcutta, when he received a watch from nowhere, manifested by Dada, and it was then transformed when Dadaji, with the touch of his finger, erased the name under the glass and another name appeared, "Satyanarayan & Co." with Dadaji's name.



Miracles: Inviting the Extraordinary Into Your Life by Richard Webster

Pages 14 -15 Followers of Satya Sai Baba attest to the fact that he is able to bilocate himself. Two researchers from the American Society for Psychical Research, Karlis Osis and Erlendur Haraldsson, visited India on a number of occasions to investigate these claims. They were skeptical about some of the claims of Sai Baba, but were impressed with the bilocation skills of another mystic, Dadaji. In 1970, Dadaji was visiting some devotees in Allahabad. At the same time, he bilocated to a home in Calcutta. Roma Mukherjee, daughter of the household, was reading a book when Dadaji appeared. Initially, Dadaji was almost transparent, but the apparition quickly became more solid, and Dadaji asked her to bring him a cup of tea. Dadaji drank this, and smoked half a cigarette, before disappearing. Bilocation is a rare phenomenon, but one that can certainly be classed as a miracle.

Manifestations of His Message



In 1971, when Mr. G.D. Hazra sought a message from him, Dadaji said that the Lord blesses and it is the Lord only that leads and guides people. Dadaji asked him to prostrate before a picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan and hold blank pieces of paper as he repeated the Lord's Name ten times. After a minute or two, he found a message in English, beautifully handwritten on the paper in red ink.



In 1972, Dadaji came to Mr. R. Goenka's residence to perform Satyanarayan Puja. At the end of the Puja when a message was wanted, Dadaji asked for a plain sheet of paper. When eight pages were given to him, Dadaji blew his breath over the pages and immediately handed back the eight pages on which a message had appeared in English written in red ink.



One day in 1973, Dr. J.B. Bhattacharya approached Dadaji to find a solution to some obstinate questions noted down on a piece of paper and kept in his portfolio. Dadaji, without caring to know about Dr. Bhattacharya's questions, led him to an outer room where the man, holding blank pieces of paper against the floor with his hands, lay prostrate before a picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan. Two or three minutes elapsed and he found three pages of answers to the questions written in red ink on the paper he had been holding. The language in which the answer was couched, shined with clarity and precision.



Prior to the publishing of Volume III of "On Dadaji" in 1973, the editor, Dr. D. Chattopadhyay requested Dadaji for his message. Dada asked for a blank piece of paper and holding it remained silent for a few minutes. The following message appeared written in red ink.

Immortal Sayings of Dadaji

Divine Name is the only path.
The mortal being can never be a Guru by any means.
God, Himself, is the only Guru.
Patience results in strength.
Bliss comes through energy.
Wisdom leads to virtue, moral excellence.
Complete surrender to Supreme Being leads to emancipation, realization, salvation.
Divine Grace will descend spontaneously as soon as you will be bereft of your ego.
When your heart will be void of anything, then and then only, the Divine will fill your heart.

A message of Truth manifested by Dadaji

How fortunate are people! Why, Maya itself is their fortune, their treasure trove. No, not the ill conceived Maya of the illusionist. Maya is manifestation, and all manifestation is Self expression of Ananda. Maya is the protocol of the Infinite in its joyous spate (outburst) into finitude. The invariable constant of the entire pageantry of manifest existence, it is the brick and mortar of the circorama the world is. It is the necessary bill of exchange for the concretisation, individuation of the Infinite. It is Maya that gives form to the amorphous, defines the indefinable and sustains the self-identity of all discrete existence. It is your hidden treasure, unacknowledged, though inalienable and ineffable. If you deny it, you deny yourself and that impetuous denial reaffirms it unflinchingly.

Your earthly sojourn is not to expiate for any original sin. The world is not a purgatory, a vagrancy home. You came here not as a convict. You came here as an explorer, a conqueror, trailing down the avalanche of joy on the bedrock of tranquil Existence, Self-poised. This Treasure Island displays before you the Vrindavan Leela, the bi-polarity of attraction and distraction....the attraction of the basal essence of all Existence (i.e. Mahanam within), and the distraction of passive Nature....of which you came here to drink deep.

The mind merged as a mirror, a transfixing apparatus of the Infinite with its principle of limitation, of heterogenisation of time and space. In fact, the mind is self-asserting joy of the Infinite. The functional potency of the mind is Maya. Where there is no mind, there is no manifestation, no felt Consciousness. The mind and Maya are, therefore, necessary in order that you may relish the Rasa of Vrindavan Leela.

Your child may tell you some day, "Papa, I hate the children's swimming pool. Why, it is bondage. I must go to the lake." Would you agree? You have to use specks. You might take it into your head to throw them off and exclaim, "Its all Maya. Others have nothing to do with it."

Would you look saner for that? The newly wedded bride has been inducted into the father-in-law's house. She has to conform to the norms of discipline of the house in order that she may have any title to the company of her husband or else her very existence will be in jeopardy. But, the child grows into an adult and the children's pool is not; the normal sight is restored and the specks are shelved; and the bride grows into a housewife and the husband is at her beck and call without any formality. What you call Maya is then the mode of your enjoying potency, the principle of your growing maturity, of your progressive realization of the joy of life through the antinomies (fundamental contradiction of two apparently equally valid principles, i.e. good and evil) of the Lord's Love-rapport with you.

Maya then, is of a piece with you....your be-all and end-all. You are in her motherly lap in life and death. It is your cradle, your springboard, your coffin. If you deny her you deny me (Satyanarayan) too, for she is my inalienable potency, my mode of Self-expression, which is in no wise exotic to my ineluctable (unavoidable, inevitable, unchangeable) Nature. The moment you try to reject her, she turns into nescience (ignorance), the deluding potency, a stifling hallucination, the greatest blasphemy one can conceive of. In reality however, she is your Mother, the principle of manifestation. While I, as Father, am the principle of conservation. She is my Eternal Grace unto you. But, you have disgraced her and are wallowing in the stagnant pool of sundered phenomenality, defeating my design for having you to drink of Vrajarasa (taste of Supreme Love).

Be then of good cheer amidst the encompassing flow of my Grace. What need you reject of the world? What need you restrain? Don't you disgrace me by restraining your senses? Don't you ostracize me by observing fasts and other austerity of body and mind? Why should you at all care for Yamas and Niyamas? Be in a state of nature, finding my Grace all about you. Work and duty are beckoning at you. Brave them, embrace them and be with them without any egotism and consequent sense of success or failure. If all is Grace, have they any meaning, any pertinence?

If you make me an other, you shut out my Grace and find fault with everything about you, including myself. But, I am your Nearest and Dearest. I am that I am. I am your essence. My Grace is your enveloping Mother and I as fortitude and equanimity am your Father. Make a bridal of we two in your life. And, at long last you will awaken to the Consciousness that we are but One inseparable Integer. I, myself, am the Maya. The entire world is me. What then do you care for any Guru? You don't require any, for He is within you as Mahanama. And, no human being can ever be a Guru. Shake off all mental obsessions and trappings and be with me in the Eternal dance of ecstatic Existence. I cannot be achieved. I am your residual Consciousness in deep slumber, which is inextricably woven into your being.

Dadaji is Truth and Love personified. If you look upon Him as a person, you miss Him. The Infinite is in rapturous manifestation beyond all dimensions through Him, the greatest vehicle of the Divinity the world has ever witnessed. Not to see Him, but to be seen by Him is the profoundest Grace human life on earth can conceive of. Omiyam Brahma Tadvanam (The Supreme is to be worshipped with love.)

--- Sri Sri Satyanarayan