

Part VII

Extraordinary Experiences

Extraordinary Materializations



After the occasion of a Satyanarayan Puja in the home of Mr. and Mrs. A.B. Nair, as Dadaji emerged from the Puja room, His Fragrance enveloped everyone in the room where a small group of people were gathered. Mrs. Nair came to Dadaji and offered her Pranam (greeting of respect). Dadaji withdrew his hand after blessing her and then held his open palm before her. On it appeared a silver, oval-shaped locket with the picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan printed on one side, the other side being smooth and concave. After several people had a close look at the locket, Dadaji asked for it back. At the touch of his hand the silver locket was transformed into gold. Again the locket went of his hand the silver locket was transformed into gold. Again the locket went around for inspection. Dadaji again took the locket back and asked if the lady wanted her name on the locket, to which Mrs. Nair readily agreed. He held his thumb on the concave side of the locket for a few seconds and gave it back to her. Everybody present saw her name newly engraved on the locket. "Wouldn't you like to wear it on your neck?" Dadaji asked. And out of nothingness he produced a golden chain for her.



During an informal gathering Dadaji picked up an ashtray and said, "Is it possible to transform an object like this into another object according to science?" A physicist said, no, not according to any known physical means. Later that evening, Dadaji materialized on his bare palm a silver locket. After he examined it, Dadaji touched it again and the silver transformed to gold.



In 1972, Dadaji asked Mr. R.N. Goenka whether he would like to receive a present from Him. Mr. Goenka agreed and Dadaji produced from nowhere a locket made of a lacquered finish. Dadaji then appeared to have second thoughts and said, "He should give you a silver locket." With a touch of his finger turned the locket into silver. Even this appeared not good enough and Dadaji then said, "You should have a good locket." By his touch the locket turned into gold and with another touch of Dadaji's finger Mr. Goenka's name was engraved on the back.



In 1970, a very old gentleman, Mr. R. Patnaik, upon hearing about the arrival of Dadaji in Bhubaneswar in Orissa, India, came to pay his regards. He had completed writing six volumes of the Ramayana, but could not complete the last portion of the seventh one due to a paralytic condition of his wrist. Mr. Patnaik expressed a desire to receive Dadaji's Blessings so that he could complete it, and he had brought the incomplete manuscript with him. Dadaji sympathetically asked for the manuscript, took it in his hands and placed his fingers at the place where the writing stopped. Immediately Dadaji's Fragrance filled the atmosphere, everybody noticing it and feeling the change in the room's environment. Dadaji then returned the book to the gentleman and asked him to open the last page. Mr. Patnaik found that his cherished ideas and thoughts were written in his own handwriting and language with the same ink as the original manuscript and the remaining volume had been completed.



One day as physics professor Dr. Lalit Pandit was about to leave, Dadaji took him out on the balcony and said, "The Lord will give you a present, will you take it?" Dr. Pandit naturally agreed. Dadaji stretched out his hand into the air outside of the balcony window and instantly brought it back and handed the professor a large package containing a fine cloth material for a

suit to be made. Upon returning home Dr. Pandit's wife told him she had just recently seen that particular type of cloth and had a strong desire to make him a suit.



One afternoon in 1970, while taking his customary afternoon tea at his home Dadaji said, "I would like to have a drink. Can't this tea be made into liquor?" Saying this, Dadaji covered the cup with the saucer. After a few moments, the hot tea was converted into cold scotch whiskey. Dada asked, "Is there any difference between tea and wine?" All those present tasted it. When the cup was empty, the hostess washed the cup with water, then tasted the water which had become sweet, fragrant Charanjal. On the same occasion, Dadaji changed a cup of tea into orange juice and another cup of tea into coffee. After awhile Dadaji manifested out of nowhere a package of foreign brand State Express 555 cigarettes for Mr. B.K. Mokherjee.



During an early Utsav celebration in the 1970s in Calcutta, Dadaji manifested a china plate (left) with a painted portrait of Sri Sri Satyanarayan (symbol of the Creator of Truth) for a young woman.



In 1972, Dadaji was having tea and he asked Mr. K.L. Gambhier what he would like to have, tea or some drink (liquor). The gentleman politely replied he had already taken tea. Dadaji had been stirring the half-full cup of tea with a spoon, his fingers passing over the brim of the cup. Then, suddenly Dadaji extended the cup to the man and asked him to drink it. To his utter surprise, it was a thick milk of sweet and highly flavored Nectar. The lady of the house was also surprised, as she herself had served Dadaji Darjeeling tea with the usual two drops of milk.



One Sunday morning in 1970, Dr. B. Sarkar and a number of people were gathered at Dadaji's house in Calcutta. They were discussing miraculous cures by a famous saint in Benares that had happened in 1943. The saint was known to produce certain things by some invisible power. Dadaji, laughing at hearing this, got up from the bed and brought a mug full of water from the bathroom and started pouring it into a glass. The water transformed into strong alcoholic liquor and the room became full of the aroma of the liquor mingled with the lovely Fragrance of Dadaji. Dada offered a sip of the liquor to everyone present. (Note: Dadaji is known to have been in Benares, India during 1943-1944.)



In 1970, while visiting Mr. Ghosh in Lucknow, India, a man offered Dadaji two marigold flowers. Dadaji received them and returned the flowers, which were instantly converted into two roses. An eminent scientist was overwhelmed when Dadaji produced a tree out of a handful of earth and asked him to taste the fruit from it. Dadaji asked the wife of a scientist to come forward. He stretched out his hand and touched the outside of her blouse just above her breast bone. No one could see anything happen. But, when Dadaji asked her to pull out the chain which she was wearing around her neck under her blouse, she was visibly amazed to find a locket on it. All present saw that the locket bore the familiar portrait of Sri Sri Satyanarayan. The woman admitted she had only been wearing the chain. "How does your science explain this?" Dadaji asked.



In 1971 when a Mr. Gosh came to meet Him, Dadaji said, "Do you want to see where He resides?" Dada placed his hand on Mr. Gosh's chest over his shirt, and instantly brought out an oval-shaped silver locket about three inches in diameter. The image of the bust of Satyanarayan

was on the locket. After everyone present had examined it, Dadaji said, "Can it not be turned to gold?" No sooner had his fingers touched the locket than it was turned to gold, smaller in size and the portrait of Satyanarayan was a full-figure image. Dadaji then said, "Let your name be inscribed." Instantly, at the touch of his fingers the following words were clearly inscribed, "To Tarun Kumar Gosh. Dadaji." Ghosh said, "My name is Tarun Kanti." The inscription immediately changed from Kumar to Kanti."



On one occasion in 1973, Dadaji went to the residence of the Governor of Madras, Mr. K.K. Shah. Before a distinguished gathering Dadaji explained the difference between miracles performed by Yoga and those which take place by the Will of Sri Sri Satyanarayan. He took off his upper garments and out of nowhere materialized a Rolex watch in his bare palm. Dadaji presented it to Mr. Shah. Dadaji then rubbed his finger on the glass and immediately the name of Sri Sri Satyanarayan was inscribed under the glass on the dial. He asked for the name of the Governor and by a similar touch Mr. Shah's name and the name Dadaji were instantly inscribed on the back of the watch.



In 1984 a skeptical American journalist, Ms. Jan Mitchell, came to interview Dadaji for a major Oregon newspaper. In the course of the interview, Dadaji said, "He wants you to have something." Then he started rubbing the top of her head, until within moments a gold watch appeared. "How does this happen?" Dadaji asked her. Before she could reply, He asked, "What kind of watch is it?" She looked at the dial and read a Swiss brand name. Dadaji said, "Anybody can do that, some kind of magic." Dadaji took the watch back and rubbed the watch glass once with his finger. He handed the watch back to her, saying, "This is from Satyanarayan. What does it say?" The reporter read the words, "Made in Dreamland, Sri Sri Satyanarayan," inscribed on the dial under the watch glass.



Journalist Mr. C.S. Pandit came to meet Dadaji and write an objective account. After a brief introduction, Dadaji surprised him, with the top half of his body bare and the lower half covered with a Lungi, Dadaji suddenly touched the journalist's chest with his fingers and in his bare palm instantly materialized a beautiful pen. Dadaji said simply, "It is not a miracle. It is a manifestation of the Blessing of Sri Sri Satyanarayan in this form."



In 1973 Dadaji said to Dr. Gopinath Kabiraj, "For the sake of the Great Will, this meeting was arranged and this is the settled fact. Do you want to see Surya Bijnan (Science of the Sun)? Here it is." A shawl came out of nowhere into Dadaji's hands and he wrapped it around Dr. Kabiraj, telling him to use it always. Then Dadaji looked at the corner of the shawl and said with his usual smile, "Let there be the name, Baba." At once it was found that his name was embroidered on the edge of the shawl. "Don't give your Dada any credit. He has nothing to do with it. It all happens at the Will of the Almighty." Dadaji then asked Dr. Kabiraj, "Perhaps you would like to possess a Parker pen." Forthwith, touching the shawl the man had received the day before, Dadaji produced a Parker pen and gave it to him. "Use this pen, it is for you." Someone else said, "He likes Parker '51 more than any other Parker pen." Dadaji smiled his mysterious smile, took the pen back, rolled it between his fingers and it was transformed into a Parker '51. But, it did not end there. Dadaji took the pen back once more and rolled it again all over between his fingers and Dr. Kabiraj's name appeared clearly embossed on it. Dadaji said, "Don't give me any credit. I have nothing to do with it. It all happens at the Will of the Almighty."



Mr. S.N. Ghose, editor of a major newspaper in Lucknow came to meet Dadaji as a skeptical reporter in 1970. He was witness to the following events. Dadaji converted a glass of tap water into wine and those gathered tasted it. He brought an unusually large cake of sweetmeat

from nothingness in the twinkling of an eye, and it was distributed to be eaten by all present. Mr. Ghose took a piece of the cake home and three days later it was still fresh as before. Dadaji presented him with a package of foreign brand cigarettes unavailable in India, manifesting it from nowhere. Dadaji said, "I believe these sort of events cannot satisfy you. You have an inner life, an urge and quest for the Eternal Truth. Am I wrong? You see, I have not read much, I do not know any scripture. You believe me what I say." Dadaji went on to quote eloquently and fluently, verse after verse, from scriptures, sometimes unknown, and interpreting them in a completely new way. Mr. Ghose became convinced of Truth when he received Mahanam in the presence of Dadaji. Yet, Dadaji reminded him, "I am nobody. I am your Elder Brother only."



In 1978, Dr. and Mrs. William Klein from Washington DC, USA, had the opportunity to meet Dadaji in New Delhi, India. Dadaji was reclining informally on a bed as those gathered sat on the carpet in front of him. After some informal conversation lasting almost an hour, Dadaji sat up and asked Dr. and Mrs. Klein and Dr. R.L. Dutta to stay with him and sent the remaining visitors to wait in an adjoining room. Dadaji pointed to a large framed picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan and said, "For Him nothing is impossible!" He then gestured toward the window and the three of them saw it grow darker outside. It had been a clear sunny day in Bombay. Another gesture from Dadaji and they witnessed rain falling on one side of the compound outside and bright sunshine on the other. As Dr. Klein thought in his mind this could be a coincidence, Dadaji materialized a gold watch (right) on his bare palm, while he was almost completely naked. After Dr. Klein had put the watch on his wrist, the original brand name on the dial disappeared and there appeared instead, "Sri Sri Satyanarayana, Made in the Universe." On the chain Mrs. Klein was wearing under her blouse there appeared a golden locket embossed with a picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan. Then, upon their asking, Dr. and Mrs. Klein received Mahanam and were engulfed by the Divine Aroma that constantly emanates from Dadaji's body.



Changing Weather

Early in 1970 at Lucknow, the editor of a major Indian newspaper, Mr. S.N. Ghose, was introduced to Dadaji. Dadaji smiled and said, "Oh, I see, you are an expert editor of that big newspaper. Of course, there are many other reporters here. All of you may think that I am a great magician. Is it not so? You have come to see a few miraculous events. But, my dear brother, let me say frankly that I am a very helpless man. I do not know anything and I do nothing. What happens is only at the Will of the Almighty, just believe it. This much I know only." It was then a severely cold day and even with warm clothing, those gathered were feeling chilled. Dadaji said, "People of Lucknow this time suffer from severe cold. Well, what do you say, can't this severity of coldness be reduced?" Mr. Ghose looked at Dadaji with contempt, only later realizing that Dadaji understood his skeptical attitude. Within a few moments everyone felt a quick rise in temperature which remained as long as Dadaji was at Lucknow.

The sharp rays of the sun were shooting in through the window and Dr. Gopinath Kabiraj was finding them both annoying and unwelcome. He requested somebody in the room to shut the window. Dadaji, with a twinkle in his eye, exclaimed, "Why shut the window? We'll request the sun to shut out its light. If this (pointing to himself) requests Him to do so, don't you think He will oblige?" Instantly the burning rays ceased to strike through the window.



One day physics professor, Dr. O.P. Puri, was taking leave of Dadaji. He was going on a motorbike and was delayed in his departure due to heavy rains. While waiting outside under cover for the rain to abate, Dadaji came out and took him back inside the room. Gazing at the darkened sky through the window, Dadaji said, "Yes, it is raining heavily." Then he touched the window pane with his one hand and the man's shoulder with the other hand, saying, "But, you go home." The rain stopped instantly and only started again after Dr. Puri reached his destination.



During a Puja held in 1970 at the residence of Mr. B. Mitra, suddenly a heavy rain shower started even though there had been no previous sign of impending rain. Hundreds of people did not leave their seats, in spite of the downpour. Dadaji also remained seated and smiling. After awhile, Dadaji said, "Oh rain, be kind and please be off from here." The rain stopped at once.



In October 1986, there had been two weeks of extraordinarily heavy rains in Calcutta, causing much flooding and inconvenience. Tom Melrose, Ann Mills and Mo Stevenson were arriving from America at the Calcutta airport to attend the Utsav gathering and Mrs. Munjit Singh and Mr. Parvitar Singh, who were to go meet the foreign visitors, were telling Dadaji that unless the rains stopped it would be impossible to get to the airport and back. Dadaji smiled and told them they had to leave immediately as the plane was due to arrive. They were still greatly concerned but went to the car to find the rains had stopped completely and the sky was clear blue. Dadaji came out on the second floor balcony of his house and looked down on them and said, "Is it okay now?" It did not rain again during the week hundreds of people came to the Utsav celebration.



A few fortunate people accompanying Dadaji in a procession of cars to the Malabar Hill residence of Mr. Deshmukh in Bombay had the extraordinary experience of an incident which also took place in the field of the Kurukshetra long, long ago. The historical event that occurred at the death of Jayadratha, was described in the Mahabharata as was one of the wonders of the world. On this particular day in 1971, while riding along in a car, Dadaji reminded those present of this incident saying, "Is it not possible to repeat the incident of Jayadratha Badh?" He asked the procession of cars to stop. Smiling, he said, "Look, on the right side, there is the Arabian Sea." The atmosphere of the sky suddenly became darker and darker like the deep blue water of the sea. It was 11:00 in the morning and the moon and stars were clearly visible in the darkened sky. Curiously, at the same time on the left side of the sea the sun was shining brightly as usual. One side of the sky was dark and the other side bright at the same time. It lasted for a few minutes. Dadaji said simply, "So the events of the Mahabharata can be repeated even in this age at His Will alone."

Supernatural Phenomena

In 1972, Mr. A.D. Mani took a photo of Dadaji and asked him to autograph it. Dadaji said he would not do so and pointing to himself said, "This is a useless body. Why do you want my autograph?" He then asked somebody in the room to bring a book titled, "On Dadaji". He opened it and blew his breath over the first page and Mr. Mani's name appeared, followed by the name Dadaji and the date. Dadaji then took out a small photograph of Sri Satyanarayan and said, "You have this instead of my photograph."



In 1970, while visiting Lucknow, Mr. M.P. Jain went to visit Dadaji. Dadaji gave Mr. Jain a warm reception and lightly patted his forehead. The people sitting in the room saw that a miniature image of Sri Satyanarayan (left) then appeared on Mr. Jain's forehead. He ran to look in a mirror and saw the image of Sri Ram Thakur (Satyanarayan) on his forehead.



Mr. Gautam Mukerjee tells his experience: Both Dadaji and Ram Thakur are the same. Dadaji didn't visit Ram Thakur very often. Ram Thakur was a very quiet sort of a person, but whenever Dada went Ram Thakur used to jump up and recite the Mahanam loudly. He knew Dada is the Name, He is That. He is the Name and the Named both, in person. Ram Thakur felt very happy upon seeing Dada.



Ram Thakur
1860-1949

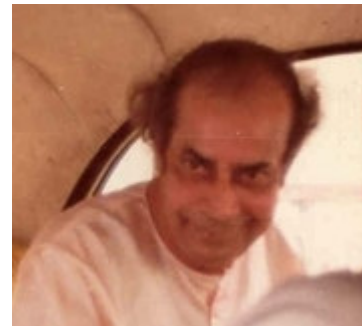
One day photographers asked to take Ram Thakur's picture and he said, "This body is meant to perish. Why take my photograph? What's the use of running after this body?" They persuaded him and he said okay. When the film was developed, three different pictures came out. One was a picture of Satyanarayan. The second was Kaivalyanath. The third was of Ram Thakur as he actually appeared. Dadaji says the first state is Krishna. That is Prema (Supreme Love). After that is Vrindavan Leela (Divine Love Play), where there is sorrow, joy, happiness, unhappiness, all with Him of course, not with the world. That's why they say He plays, He is playful....the joy, happiness, quarrels, all these things. Kaivalya is the stage after Vrindavan Leela, where there is some sort of vibration, of course, some sort of feelings, but not to a great extent. It's much calmer. And, Satyanarayan state is the Absolute state, where there is no vibration, no good, no bad, no evil, no joy, no sorrow. That's the Supreme State where it is Zero.



Mr. R.N. Goenka walked into Dadaji's room one day in 1972 and sat down before him. Dadaji presented him with a book titled, "On Dadaji", and asked him whether he wished his name written on the fly leaf. Before Mr. Goenka could take out his pen, Dadaji's fingers moved on the blank page and the name appeared on it in red ink, correctly written, along with Dadaji's signature and date.



In the early 1970's while riding in a car without a telephone, Dadaji often said he has just made telephone calls to numerous places. "Isn't it possible to phone from the car?" He would ask. After becoming silent for some moments, Dadaji would say, "Note the time, I have just called five places." Upon arriving at the destination, it was confirmed that Dadaji made five calls simultaneously to various places at that time. On asking, Dadaji would say, "A wish rose up in Him. There is no credit or authority of this one (indicating himself). It just happened."



One day in 1970, Dadaji was riding in a car in Calcutta and he whispered in the ear of Doctor Bibhuti Sarkar, "Your home has been called on the phone." Later, Dr. Sarkar learned at that precise time, his wife had received a call from Dadaji. After he and Dadaji arrived at their destination, Dadaji once again leaned over to him and whispered, "I have just telephoned Roma Mukerjee, who has received a certain letter and she has just now finished the reply. You can phone her now to find out. Dr. Sarkar called Roma and asked, "Did you receive Dada's phone call?" She replied, "Just now Dada phoned and asked what I was doing. Where is Dada?" Dr. Sarkar said, "Dadaji is right here. Did you receive a letter to which you have just finished the reply?" Roma replied, "Yes, but how did you come to know that?" To which he replied, "Dadaji told me. That is why I wanted to confirm it with you."



During a 1969 train trip to Allahabad with a group of those close to him, Dadaji all of a sudden said, "Mahakal (Eternity, here meant as great danger) is standing in front. It is necessary

to stop the train." Within a few minutes the train slowed to a halt. During the next hour the engineer and mechanic despite much effort could not discover why the train stopped. It was the middle of the night and everyone was extremely worried. After nearly an hour Dadaji said, "Now the train can start." When Dadaji indicated the danger was past, the train started up immediately.



Mr. Gautam Mukerjee told about his experience: Many people have their own view of Dadaji, for me he is always playful like a small child. Whenever I offer Pranam (traditional greeting of respect given to an elder), I just give soft pinch and shake his feet a little. He used to love it very much. He relished it quite a lot, and would smile and laugh gleefully whenever I used to do it. One day several of the people who used to come to Dada were not very happy about my Pranam. So they told me, "You do this thing to Dada and he feels very annoyed. You are hurting him. He might get hurt and then we'll hold you responsible." They said it in such a way that I felt very bad and, of course, I was feeling guilty.

Dadaji used to come downstairs around nine in the morning to the large room on the first floor of his house where people would gather. That day he didn't come down until eleven-thirty. When he came down, he sat there looking directly at every person who had told me all these things about my Pranam. Dadaji looked at me and said, "It has been more than 24 hours since you did Pranam to me. Come and do Pranam." I couldn't control my tears, so I just went up to him and without touching his feet even, I just put my head on the divan and came away. Dadaji had a very pained expression on his face. He smiled a pained smile and said, "I didn't relish your Pranam today. I am not happy about this Pranam. Don't worry for people who are jealous of you. Have I told you anything? You will come just now and do the Pranam as you do it. And, if you don't do it, I won't accept Pranam from any of these people. May we do that Pranam again?" I offered my Pranam the playful way I usually did and Dadaji was again very happy.



One day in 1970, Dr. B. Sarkar had been invited to go with Dadaji to attend a lunch at Roma Mukerjee's house. Together they left Dadaji's toy shop at New Market in Calcutta, to drive to another location in the city. There was only fifteen minutes before they were supposed to be there for the luncheon engagement, and they had to negotiate a difficult crowded area where there was always a traffic jam. Dadaji said, "More delay won't do." He was driving the car and as if he were deep in thought, Dadaji asked which way would be the quickest. Right after saying that he said, "See where we have come." Dr. Sarkar was stunned to see that they had then and there arrived at their destination.



A woman, who was very fond of Dadaji and whom he called his mother, used to make cheese for Dadaji each day. She lived a long distance from his house. One day Dadaji said to Gautam Mukerjee, "Henceforth you will bring the cheese from her house. You will walk the entire distance, but you will bring it." On several occasions, after the woman handed the young man the metal container of cheese, he noticed that as he walked to Dadaji's house, the container became lighter and lighter. Halfway there, it was so light it felt as though it was empty.

When Gautam arrived at Dadaji's house, he observed that Dada was not talking to anyone gathered there. He was sitting with his hand covering his mouth. Not speaking directly to him, Dadaji said, "I am feeling very hungry. Give the cheese immediately. It is very late!" Gautam handed the cheese container to Dadaji, who opened it and said, "You have stolen the entire thing! You have eaten the entire thing!" The container was totally empty, with just a few crumbs of cheese remaining.

Dadaji was still not looking directly at Gautam and still had his hand covering his mouth as he said, "He knows that Dadaji eats nothing else in the evening except his cheese. Why does he have to steal this thing? You could have asked me, I would have given it to you also." Dadaji would not let him see his face fully. Getting suspicious, Gautam reached for Dadaji's hand and pulled it away from his face, saying, "Open your mouth." Dadaji playfully tried to turn away and

keep his mouth closed. "You have to open your mouth!" Dadaji reluctantly opened his mouth which was full of cheese.

It happened several times and Dadaji used to tell the young man's father Dr. Mukerjee, "He's coming with my cheese and he'll get wild at me. I'll take the cheese. Don't say anything. Don't laugh. Make a very grim face. You shouldn't let him know that I have done this." His father watched as Dadaji somehow ate the cheese out of the container his son, Gautam, was carrying in his hand some distance from Dadaji's house.

This continued to happen and everyone used to laugh at the embarrassed young man. Even Boudi (Dadaji's wife) used to say, "See this container is absolutely empty." One day the young man finally said, "Dada, I am not going to take false accusations when you are calling me a thief. I will eat the cheese and then I'll be called a thief. So, if you try this again, I will eat the cheese!" One day when Gautam was to take Dadaji his cheese, he and his father and mother overslept their customary afternoon nap. Mrs. Mukerjee got up around 4:15 p.m., and she shook her son and husband saying, "You rush immediately to Dadaji's house." Gautam was quite concerned as it was very late and he feared Dadaji would be waiting for his cheese. When he finally arrived at Dada's house with the cheese, it was at that very moment Dadaji woke up from his afternoon nap. A lady was there and in front of Dadaji she said to Gautam, "You are very late today." Immediately Dadaji said, "It is my fault. I forgot to wake him up."



In the early 1970's Dadaji was often very playful and was usually in a very jolly mood. However for some days while the case against him was in progress (See Part IV, 3.), he was continuously in a very nasty mood, very serious, very quiet. He spoke very rarely. At that time, those close to Dadaji were not accustomed to seeing him in such a mood. Mr. Gautam Mukerjee found a photograph showing baby Krishna being scolded by his mother who was pulling his ears. Krishna was looking at her and crying. Gautam felt desperate about Dadaji's dark mood, took the photo to him, saying, "This is your photograph in one of your previous births. I hope you recall how your mother used to pull your ears when you were very naughty. You are being very naughty and very moody now. I think we have to bring someone like this lady here, who can pull your ears and bring you back to your own Light." As soon as Dadaji heard this, he started clapping joyfully and laughing.



Mr. Gautam Mukerjee particularly liked Dada's appearance in a certain group photo. He took it to a studio and asked the photographer to crop the photo and make a separate picture of Dadaji. He had great difficulty reproducing the image of Dadaji alone and touched it up himself. The resulting picture did not resemble Dadaji and Gautam was annoyed and dissatisfied. The photographer apologized, would not accept payment and gave him the picture anyway. Gautam had it framed and kept it hidden behind a curtain in his home.

One day Dadaji was at his home talking with a young woman and told her the exact floor plan of



Actual photo described hangs in Gautam Mukerjee's home

Dr. Mukerjee's house (although Dada had never been there). He said, "You'll find all my photographs and photographs of Satyanarayan there. "Later that day when she accompanied Dadaji on his first visit to the Mukerjee's house, she confirmed Dadaji's description of the house was accurate to the last detail. All of a sudden she said, "There is another photograph. There should be a photograph behind a curtain." Without being told, she went directly to the picture hidden behind the curtain and brought it to Dadaji. Dadaji smiled at Gautam, who protested, "Why did you bring it? Keep it away. It is not Dada's photograph. It does not resemble Dada."

Dadaji said, "Why? I see nothing bad in this. It's a beautiful photograph. Put it in front of me and you all leave." They left the room for about three or four minutes. When Dada called them back, he had transformed the photograph into a beautifully perfect and radiant likeness of himself. Dadaji was very mischievous in the early years. In the home of Dr. Mukerjee and his family, who have all been close to Dadaji for many years, there were many photos of Dada on the walls. Often when they used to go out, they would return to find the photo's moved and rearranged, although nobody was in the locked house during their absence.



There was a king cobra snake that used to guard Dadaji's garage. Nobody knew where it came from and it was very poisonous. It used to live in his garage and everybody used to advise him to kill the snake. But Dadaji said, "Why? Why kill the snake, he has come here for a greater purpose. He won't do anyone any harm."

The cobra used to be there in the morning and Dadaji used to say, "Please come out, I have to take out the car." The snake would simply come, go very near to just touch Dadaji's feet and then go out into the garden. Dadaji would then take his car and the snake would not come back the whole day. As soon as Dadaji returned his car to the garage, the cobra returned also.

One day Dadaji was visiting a second house he owns near his residence. He was having a second floor constructed there and everyday he visited the Dr. Mukerjee family living on the first floor there. Dadaji customarily took his afternoon tea there. One day, he expressed concern that the bricks and sand used for the construction might be stolen. "Is there no one who can guard these things at night?" Dadaji was quiet for some time. Later when he was leaving the house a dog was waiting outside. Stretching out his legs the dog came very near Dadaji, as if he were offering Pranam at Dada's feet. All sorts of sounds were coming out of the dog's mouth as if he were saying something to Dadaji. Dada stood there absolutely calm and said, "OK friend, you need not worry now. I assure you, you have got Mukti. You remember the Mahanam that is all. And, don't worry." Dadaji turned to the person next to him and said, "He is a great devotee."

The dog looked up at Dadaji so happily as if he didn't know how to express his joy. He was licking Dada's feet and licking Dada's toes. With his paws he was trying to play with Dadaji. Then Dadaji again patted the dog and he said, "Friend, you'll do me a favor? Will you come regularly and guard these bricks and sand which are lying there?"



The dog, just as if he understood each and everything Dadaji said, looked at Dada and went over near the bricks and sat on the sand. Everyday, until the entire construction was finished, that dog came at exactly the time Dada came to the house. The dog would sit at the entrance to the house until Dadaji came out.

He would let Dadaji pass, come and just lick his feet and stand back as Dadaji got into his car. And from there the dog would go and sit by the sand and bricks until the morning. At six-thirty the dog was fed and he left for the day to return later when Dadaji arrived for afternoon tea.



Some people were gathered to hear Dadaji speak informally in a private home in Calcutta. While Dadaji was talking in his fully absorbed state, a bat flew into the room. So many people were there but the bat chose only Dadaji and started flying in a high, wide circle over where he was reclining on a divan. The bat continued circling and gradually its path became smaller and smaller and lower and lower, flying over Dadaji only, no one else. Some people brought a tennis racket to drive the bat away, but Dadaji sat up and signaled for them to wait. Again he reclined on the divan and stretched out his legs and feet as if he were asking someone to offer Pranam. The bat came very close to his feet. The circle became very small as the bat flew just above Dadaji's feet. Four or five times it circled extremely close to Dada's feet and then it died on his feet. Dadaji picked up the dead bat, took it out and covered it with some soil.

Miraculous Healing

One day in 1969 a group of people accompanying Dadaji were getting into a car. Dr. B. Sarkar, who was accompanying them, got his fingers smashed shut in the car door. Upon releasing his fingers from the door, Dr. Sarkar was in unbearable pain and someone ran to fetch ice. Dadaji said, "Searching further will not do!" He touched Dr. Sarkar's fingers and the pain vanished. On Dadaji's hand there appeared a black mark, but he remained indifferent.



A very devoted lady joined a group sitting around casually visiting with Dadaji. Her eyes were shining with love for him, although she visibly tried to suppress signs of acute pain in her knees that she had been patiently bearing for more than two years. Dadaji blessed her as usual with an embrace and told a doctor of medicine present, "Look how much I am suffering, my daughter here has such pain. Please take her to the next room and examine her knees." The doctor came back after sometime and reported the lady had a kind of arthritis for which medical science has no cure. The doctor said, "She has to live with it. Only your Grace can do something for her." Dadaji told her, "Oh, my girl, I feel something. You know how the Father suffers when his daughter is in pain." The lady began crying tears of love. Dadaji continued, "Your Love itself will make your trouble go away gradually. It can go away instantly if you want, but I think it is better to keep some of the pain and let it go slowly. You see, to bear Prarabdha (destined unfolding of life) with patience is the greatest virtue, the greatest penance. Prarabdha must be dissipated by bearing it." As the lady was bowing to Dadaji to take her leave, suddenly Dadaji got up and gently moved his hands along her legs. The next time she came, she was eighty percent over her trouble and she seemed to glow with inner love.



Dadaji 1988 Utsav – Bhappi Lahiri on right

One day in 1973 at the home of Abhi Bhattacharya in Bombay, a deeply devoted woman named Mrs. Lahiri (Movie Music Director Bhappi Lahiri's mother) was sitting before Dadaji. Her facial expression revealed she was very nervous, confused and uncomfortable because she was running a high temperature and had not been feeling well for some time. After a few moments of silence, Dadaji put his empty hand on her heart, withdrew it producing a capsule from nowhere and asked her to swallow it. After Mrs. Lahiri's son sang a beautiful devotional song, Dadaji felt the temperature of her body and asked the son and husband to do so. The fever was gone, and her face beamed with a smile, as she said, "I feel all right."



One day in 1969 at his house, Dadaji extended his hand and produced from nowhere a bottle of medicine. The next moment Dadaji told Dr. B. Sarkar, "Is there something in your pocket? Just take a look." Upon putting his hand in his pocket, Dr. Sarkar found a bottle of medicine. Dadaji merely said, "It is okay. Take a spoonful daily of what you have received."



One day in 1970, Dadaji was talking to Mrs. B. Sarkar by phone and he told her to put out her hand next to her phone receiver and a tube of medicinal ointment appeared in her hand.



In 1970, one day Mrs. K.C. Neogi called Dadaji saying her husband was not feeling well. Dadaji told her to bring a cup full of water near the telephone. Then he asked, "Do you get the Fragrance from the cup?" She replied, yes, as the water had turned into fragrant Charanjali. Dadaji instructed, "Give him this water to drink and also apply some on his forehead." By the next day the man had fully recovered.



Dr Kumar greets Dada at London's Heathrow Airport 1983

Dadaji lit a cigarette and just then the telephone rang. Before answering, he told the group of people, "This call is from London, from the wife of Dr. Kumar." The woman, herself a physician, was frantic with worry as she explained to Dadaji, her husband was suffering from acute heart pain and several members of the distinguished fraternity of Harley Street physicians had come to examine him and suspected a severe heart attack.

Dadaji smiled and said, "Why do you worry? All of you doctors are fools. There is nothing wrong with his heart. It is only some wind pumping against the heart that is causing the pain. Just give him some Charanjali and phone me after half an hour." In exactly half an hour, Mrs. Kumar phoned again to say that the pain had disappeared. Dadaji laughed and told her, "The doctor is a beautiful girl, married to Him. So, a wish arose in Him that took care of him." Two days later the doctor himself called Dadaji from London. He was in a panic as specialists examined him and suspected stomach cancer. Dadaji shouted into the phone, "All you doctors are such utter fools! He says there is no cancer, not even an ulcer. You get all the tests done and phone tomorrow." The next day a call came to say the stomach was fine and the doctor was again in perfect health. Dadaji was so playful during all this, enjoying His Leela like a child.



One morning Dr. Lalit Pandit, a physics professor from Bombay, visited Dadaji. A few days previous the professor had suffered and extremely high fever and a doctor had been summoned in the middle of the night. When he arrived at Dadaji's house, the professor found Dadaji sipping a cup of tea. Dadaji welcomed him with a knowing smile, shook the half-full cup of tea a little and handed it to him. It was no longer tea, but a sweet fragrant liquid. Within a few hours all remaining weakness had disappeared and Dr. Pandit was perfectly fit.



Dr Pandit 1982 Utsav



In 1986, Mr. Steve Davis, who had come to see Dadaji each summer for many years in Portland, Oregon, had developed severe back problems as a result of an earlier motorcycle accident. The pain had become so extreme the doctors advised him to stop working. However, he owned his own company and it was financially imperative that he continue to work or his business would fail. When Mr. Davis came to see Dadaji he did not tell Dadaji any of these problems, feeling fortunate to be in Dadaji's presence.

However, Dadaji called Mr. Davis into his room and in private looked at his body as if it were transparent. After a few seconds, Dadaji lightly touched his back in a few places, again looked intently at Mr. Davis' body and touched him lightly again and told him to go and not to worry. Within hours the pain was considerably reduced and within days he was working a full schedule without any pain or difficulty at all.



Dadaji and Steve at Portland International Airport 1985



In 1974, one day the son of a Dr. Lalit Pandit was suffering with a very large and painful boil on his thigh. Dadaji called the boy to come to him and he gently moved his finger around the boil. Within hours the boil subsided and disappeared.



A young woman close to Dadaji was in the last days of her pregnancy when she was informed by her physician the unfortunate news that her baby was dead. The best doctors in Calcutta were called to examine her, and all agreed that there was no hope because there were no life signs from the fetus. The worried woman called Dadaji and he emphatically told her, "No, not possible. The child is fine, leave it." All the doctors continued to warn her that if the dead fetus were not removed immediately, she would also die. All tests continued to show no life signs and the doctors refused to take responsibility if she did not follow their advice. Dadaji told the doctors, "No, in 72 hours she will have a baby boy and everything will be perfect. You doctors don't know anything. The baby is resting. You don't see anything. Everything is okay." Exactly as Dadaji said, 72 hours later the young woman delivered a perfectly healthy baby boy.



Doris Anderson and Dada 1985

When Dadaji visits Portland, Oregon USA, he stays in the home of Doris Anderson. In 1985, just before Dadaji was to come, Mrs. Anderson developed skin cancer on her face.

Doctors were treating it conventionally but it was extremely painful and growing rapidly. They said she would have to have surgery. When Dadaji heard about it, he laughed out loud and told her not to bother about it. Wondering whether or not Dadaji understood her and still feeling concerned, she once again explained the situation. This time Dadaji told her, "Bring a bottle of pure water."

Mrs. Anderson brought a bottle of plain water and gave it to Dadaji. As he held it in his hand for a few minutes it turned milky and fragrant. He told her, "Take one drop each day and don't bother." She took one drop of water and within a few days the cancer began to heal remarkably fast. A few more days and it was gone entirely and has not returned.



Mr. A.K. Sarkar testified Dadaji's presence saved his life at a critical moment. One day in 1977, while at a meeting he suddenly felt a stabbing pain in his chest. It knocked the breath out of him and he was on the verge of collapse, when he seized a glass of water nearby him. The water was suddenly transformed into a liquid of the sweetest Fragrance (Charanjali). He drank it and the pain gradually subsided, as if someone were lifting a heavy weight off his chest. A few months later Mr. Sarkar was admitted to a hospital for a lengthy checkup. On the day he was to be discharged, his condition suddenly deteriorated and he suffered a severe heart attack. Doctors were in attendance, the prognosis was dim and all relatives were informed the man was dying. The man later related he perceived his Spirit was out of his body, a bit confused. A flood of Light enveloped him and Dadaji was there pushing him back into his body.



One day in 1970, Dadaji warned Dr. M.K. Maitra, "My wife (referring to the physician's wife) will soon be attacked with paralysis. Be watchful and don't forget to report to me when she has the attack. Otherwise, it will have a very serious repercussion." On the fateful day, Dr. Maitra was away on an urgent call when he received a message that his wife had been attacked by paralysis of the legs. He tried to phone another physician but somehow the call rang through to Dadaji, who instructed him to come to his house "immediately. Together Dadaji and the physician went to attend Mrs. Maitra. Dadaji entered the paralyzed woman's room and asked for a glass of water. He then put drops of water on her legs, sprinkled the rest of the water on all sides of the room, closed the doors and windows and left the woman alone. After about half an hour, Dadaji proposed to the family they should look and see what the woman was doing. Upon opening the door, they found the room was filled with His Fragrance. Dadaji asked the woman how she was feeling. She said, "For about half an hour you gave slow massage to my legs and now I am completely cured." Dadaji said, "I was not in your room. I was with the rest of the family members for the past half hour."

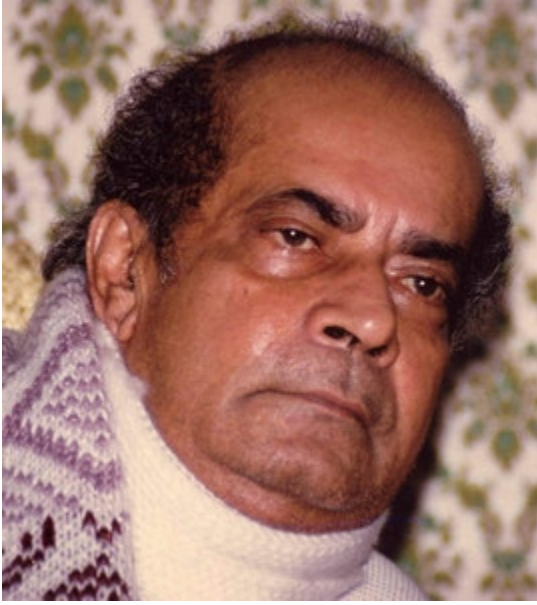


Manju 1982 Calcutta

One day in 1970, Mr. U.P. Basu, a famous lawyer in Calcutta called every five to ten minutes at the residence where Dadaji was expected to arrive. Upon his arrival Dadaji was informed and he called the attorney who told Dadaji that his only daughter, Manju, was about to die. Medical science could do nothing and he asked Dadaji to save her. Dadaji instructed Mr. Basu, "Quickly, bring a cup of water near the telephone receiver. See if you are getting the Aroma." Mr. Basu replied, "Yes, an extraordinarily strong Fragrance." Dadaji advised, "Apply it on your daughter's tongue, eyes and chest. Phone me back after ten minutes." Dadaji appeared silent and serious, his dark eyes staring into the beyond. Then he said, "The Staff of Death is standing right here. Can't you see? Standing right in front of us, He, Ram, is also present."

Dadaji telephoned the attorney to inquire about the girl's condition and was told there had been forty percent improvement, but the danger was still not over. Dadaji once again assumed his Self-absorbed state, staring straight ahead with unblinking eyes. "Look," Dadaji said, "there was no more time left. The girl had been saved from the blows of one disease, but right at the next moment another disease was attacking her. Her blood pressure shot up tremendously. The Staff of Death was standing there. Leaving the body and going to her was strenuous, on account of leaving it thus in front of everybody here."

A phone call came saying the girl was again near death. Dadaji told Mr. Basu, "Put your hand against the receiver. Have you got something? Go, rub it on the girl's tongue. Beware, don't tell it to anyone!" Then Dadaji said, "Have you started giving oxygen? She will sleep now. There is no need for any more medicines. Tell the doctor to take her blood pressure." The blood pressure was reported at 160/120. Dadaji angrily said, "Go, see properly!" Then Dadaji asked a



Dadaji in self-absorbed state 1985 Bombay

doctor sitting there with him what the proper blood pressure would be for the girl. The doctor said 128/80 would be best. Dadaji said, "It shall be so!" After a short time, the doctor attending the girl reported her blood pressure had come down to 128/80. Dadaji laughed and said, "This also happens." Slowly Dadaji's feet lost their customary pink color and started turning bluish. The next day, Dadaji was unwell. He said that this time he had to suffer. Dadaji told that one other time at Benares upon seeing a person's dead body being taken, suddenly there arose in Him the Wish that this cannot happen. He asked the people carrying the body to the cremation grounds, "What are you doing? Put down the body and see." They saw that the man had not died, but was breathing. Dadaji said with a smile, "But, at that time nothing happened to this one (meaning himself) for pushing away the Staff of Death. This time however, it did take some hold. I shall have to lose a couple of teeth this time."



One night physicist Dr. Lalit Pandit of Bombay was awakened with severe stomach pains. While he was tossing around in bed, he was engulfed with Dadaji's Fragrance and saw a beautiful blue light on the ceiling of the bedroom. He enjoyed the extraordinary experience for about half an hour. The pain having vanished, he then fell fast asleep. The next day when he went to visit, Dadaji asked him, "How do you feel now?" He continued to say he himself had a most uncomfortable night. "See His ways. One man becomes all right and another becomes ill!"



One morning when Gautam Mukerjee, then a young college student, and his mother went to Dadaji's house, they found he was fast asleep. He had asked everyone not to disturb him. It was very unusual for Dadaji to be sleeping at that time of the morning, as it was around 9:30 am. A lot of people were gathered downstairs in his house waiting for Dadaji. At last he came down at 11:00 am looking very tired. Dada called one man, who was a well known scholar, to come near and asked, "How is it that I was sitting....all of a sudden I find I am not there? Perhaps you people would say that I am asleep. I told people that I was asleep. How does this happen and why does this happen, I don't know. Can you explain it?" Dadaji then looked at Gautam's mother, the wife



Mrs Mukerjee, Ann Mills, Dr Mukerjee
1986 Calcutta

Dr. Mukerjee, Dadaji's physician, and said, "Today you are going to become a widow." He then looked away and said, "If you leave everything to Him, He has to come to your rescue. You need not even call Him because the surrender is so great. It has become His responsibility then to come to your rescue." The casual talking continued for some time, then at five minutes before noon, Dadaji called Gautam and asked him to offer Pranam. As soon as the young man did Pranam to Dadaji and was returning to his place in the room, Dadaji said to a scholar sitting near him, "There's a saying in Bengali, it is said that

Krishna himself said, those who have faith in me I give them a lot of trouble. I give them endless trouble. In spite of that if they have faith in me, I am their slave. I am not only their slave, but a slave of their slaves." Dadaji paused, indicated Mrs. Mukerjee and her son, and said, "This is the family for whom this is applicable. I am the slave of their slaves. Understand?" The scholar was puzzled by what Dadaji said and also because it was highly unusual for Dadaji to ask someone to come and offer Pranam. Dadaji continued, "You want the answer? The answer is coming." Immediately Dr. Mukerjee arrived. As he entered the room the doctor appeared very black, as if someone had poured black ink over him. For weeks prior to this day, Dadaji told the doctor's wife and son to send the doctor to see him. When Dr. Mukerjee arrived at Dadaji's house, Dada would shut the door in his face or he would give him a solid scolding, asking him why he would dare to come to his house. The doctor went home feeling like crying and said, "Why do you play the fool with me? Dadaji dragged me in front of everyone gathered and scolded me so strongly." He felt very badly, yet it happened again and again. Dadaji would not speak a kind word to the doctor.

However, when Dr. Mukerjee arrived this day, Dadaji called him and made him sit in front of him. Dadaji hugged him and said, "I have given you a lot of trouble. I have hurt you mentally a lot during the last two weeks. But, you understand why? First you go and meet Boudi (Dada's wife), because your Boudi is very anxious. She's waiting for you." When Boudi saw the doctor she jumped up and said, "You are alive! Today as soon as I got up, your Dada called me and said, 'Today the doctor is to die. Doctor should die today. Let us see what happens.' And, I



Dadaji and his wife, Boudi 1987 Los Angeles

I have not even been able to cook. Now I'll go cook. You are alive, nothing happened." The doctor brought Boudi to the room where Dadaji was, and in front of every-body he told what happened to him that morning as he was riding in his car on a very busy road in Calcutta. Dr. Mukerjee said as he was crossing an intersection the brakes failed on a tram that was coming straight toward him at full speed. The tram crashed into his car dragging it a considerable distance, then it somehow tossed it ahead and crashed into the car again dragging it still further. Dr Mukerjee said he could feel somebody

holding him tightly in the center of the back seat of the car. As the car was hit and dragged and thrown about, his body did not move as someone was holding him so tightly. By all accounts he should have been crushed or thrown out of the car. At least, he should have been thrown about the inside of the car, but he didn't move at all. He could feel very distinctly that he was sitting in someone's lap and he knew Dadaji was holding him as the car completely crushed around him. When the vehicles came to a halt the doctor emerged without a scratch and began treating his driver. A photographer acquaintance who witnessed the accident said, "You are here?" The doctor said, "Yes, this is my car and driver." The witness said, "It's impossible. I have seen it myself, it is impossible to survive this." The driver was taken to the hospital. The doctor finished his story and Dadaji smiled saying, "Is the driver still there?" The doctor left Dadaji's house and went to the hospital. When Mrs. Mukerjee and her son arrived home the maid said, "Didn't you meet the driver?" Puzzled, Mrs. Mukerjee asked, "When did the driver come here?" The maid replied, "He came here half an hour ago to meet you. He's perfectly hail and hearty." Later it was determined that at the time Dadaji had asked, 'Is the driver still there?' the driver regained his senses and felt so well that he left the hospital.



Gautam and his father Dr Mukerjee 1986

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Satyanarayan Comes for Us

In 1972, Mr. Narain Paramananda of Patna, India, was dying of cancer after having recently received Mahanam in the presence of Dadaji. He did not display a touch of sorrow, a word of lament, a thought for the future of his family, or consolation for his old parents. He spent every moment singing God's Name and reciting the Mahanam with his eyes fixed on the picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan. He did not like any interruption and was irritated when he was asked to take fruit juice. To him each moment was too precious to miss the Name of God. The last breath went with the Nam, his mouth sending it out and remaining open after the last utterance. The sweet Aroma of Dadaji's Fragrance emanated from Mr. Paramananda's body as Sri Satyanarayan, Himself, came to receive the Soul of His Own. Dadaji at that hour was in the midst of a group of admirers. At about the time Mr. Paramananda was dying, he was giving that silent, detached look into the beyond. After a few minutes, at the exact time he died, Dadaji suddenly uttered, "Well, he has left this world."



Sri Sri Satyanarayan



Dadaji

After the death of an old doctor known to Dadaji for many years, Dadaji told the widow and her eldest son that elaborate religious rituals were meaningless and at best a picnic in the name of the departed. He told them to sit in a specially prepared, empty room on two small square carpets on the floor before a large portrait of Sri Sri Satyanarayan. Full plates of specially prepared foods were placed in front of the portrait. Dadaji told them to close their eyes and remember Mahanam. They were left in the room alone and the door was bolted shut. All visitors were gathered in adjoining room with Dadaji, who was reclining on a divan. After about fifteen minutes, Dadaji asked a physics professor to unlock the room and examine what had occurred. He found the room was full of Dadaji's Fragrance, the floor was wet and sprinkled with fragrant water, the picture of Satyanarayan was dripping with aromatic honey-like Nectar, and the plates of food had been partly eaten and distinct finger marks were obvious. Dadaji asked, "Can a person do all this? It is He, Who is all, but you do not see!"

Dadaji: The Truth Within

Dadaji's message is simple. Truth is One. Almighty is One. Humanity is One. Religion is One. Language is One. God is within as Mahanam and available to you the moment you remember His Great Name, Gopal Govinda.

Dadaji's message is practical. You fulfill your life purpose by living a natural life, doing your work and enjoying everything and everyone as His Creation. The relationship between the physical and the spiritual is so close that it is impossible to enjoy one without the other. He is in you and all around you. Your Nearest and Dearest, He is chanting Mahanam within you 24 hours a day, giving you life.

Dadaji's message is revolutionary. It strikes a death blow to organized religions. Religious institutions the world over have become big moneymaking businesses exploiting innocent people and promoting divisiveness that often leads to conflict and war. Dadaji loudly denounces and challenges all those who claim to be intermediaries to God and Truth, including Gurus, priests, Swamis, saints, and ministers. Dadaji emphatically says you don't need self-proclaimed spiritual guides, who live in luxury at the expense of their followers. Dadaji does not support or encourage religious rituals, worship, prayer, penance, meditation, offerings or sacrifice. He says God is not to be approached by mental or physical practices and cannot be found by visiting temples, mosques, churches, holy shrines or places of power.

Dadaji's message is liberating. There is nothing to do and no place to go to realize God. He is in everyone, everything and every place. You can do nothing. You are helpless. Whatever happens to you in this physical world is subject to Divine Will. The Supreme Creator is doing everything and without Him even the smallest particles in this universe have no power. Initially the idea that you can do nothing and have no power may be the most difficult to accept. But, upon realizing it and becoming totally dependent on God, you are free to do your best, enjoy yourself and leave the results to Him.

Dadaji's message makes sense. Truth takes on its original meaning. Ideas and concepts about the source and purpose of life that have been misinterpreted and abused are clarified. Dadaji says, Truth cannot be expressed, learned or realized, it can only be lived and experienced.

Dadaji's message resonates in our hearts. The essence of Dadaji is Love. By remembering Mahanam with love as you live and work naturally you are one with God, you realize and feel His Presence and you enjoy His Love in a deeply personal way. This is worship. Peace of mind, trust and faith evolve with remembrance of Mahanam. With Mahanam confidence and strength grows and you are able to face life's challenges and difficulties with patience and equanimity. Remembrance of Mahanam, without selfish intent, as you go about the duties of living and leaving the results to Him is true meditation. With remembrance of Mahanam your ego surrenders naturally to Him. This is renunciation. Mahanam permeates the world and as such is His ever present Grace to us. Inner revelation and even the remembrance of Mahanam happen according to His Will. All we have to do is to want Him sincerely and try to love and remember Him. Mahanam leads naturally to deliverance, salvation, liberation and realization. Dadaji says, "Just do your work, remember Him and leave everything to Him." This is the way to Truth. And in this way, Truth is your Existence and Truth manifests Itself.

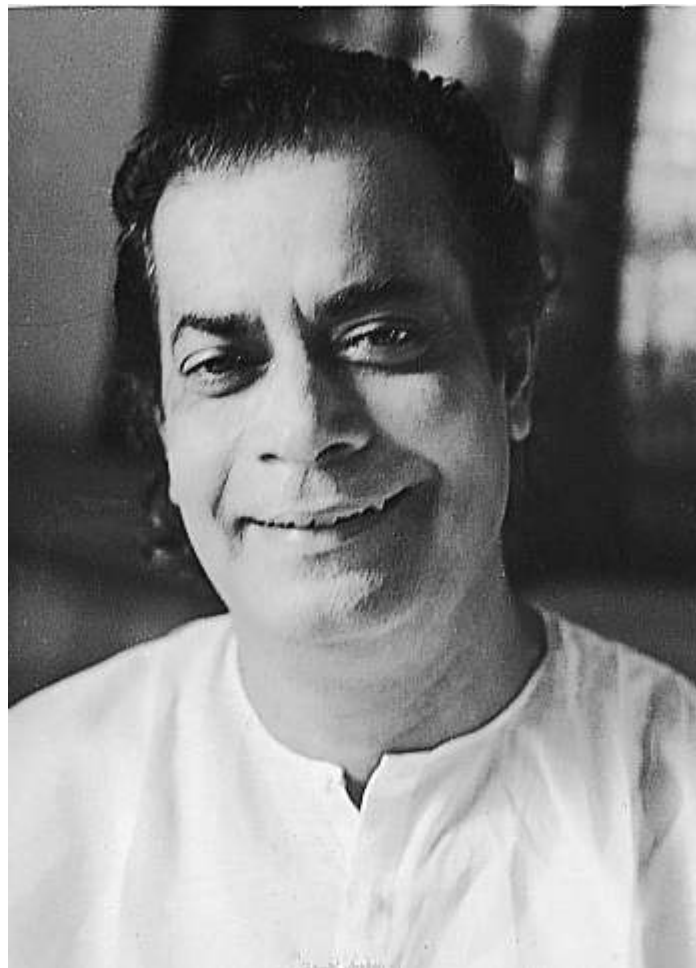
Dadaji's life reflects this message of Eternal Religion. He is a householder with a family, wife, children and grandchildren. He leads a natural, unassuming and simple life. Yet, Dadaji possesses Infinite Supreme Wisdom far beyond the reach of the human mind and intellect. He is Supreme Love Incarnate. Dadaji lovingly reminds you of the Oneness of Truth with His

Divine Fragrance. He refuses gifts and money, allows no followers or organization, and emphatically declares he is not a Guru, guide, religious leader or teacher of any kind. He is Dadaji, Elder Brother to all.

Dadaji says anyone who thinks he's anybody is full of ego. Dadaji has no disciples, students or followers. And, very important to remember, Dadaji has not appointed anyone to succeed him, to assume his role, or to perform a particular mission after he's gone. Beware of and avoid any persons who declare themselves specially instructed or ordained by Dadaji to do His Work after Dadaji is no longer directly present with us. Dadaji comes only once. How can there be a second Dada?

Truth, our Guru, our Guide, our Dada is within each and every one of us. Truth reveals itself naturally, gradually, step by step. Inevitably, minds come to Truth, because that's the way He designed it. Truth manifests Itself. Truth spreads throughout the world as we remember Him naturally and remind one another of Dadaji's simple message that Truth exists in the natural course of everyday living.

Dadaji, the living embodiment of Satyanarayan, awakens us to Mahanam, to the Truth within. That is, whether we meet Dada in person or through a book such as this. And, the time approaches when the whole world accepts Eternal Religion. Dadaji's Love, Divine Fragrance and His revelations of Truth within as Mahanam usher in the Golden Age of Truth.



Dadaji