



ADI DEV
The First Man

*ADI
DEV*

The First Man



Written by
Raj Yogi Jagdish Chander

Translated from the original Hindi by
Shanta Trivedi, PhD

Edited by
Robert Shubow, J.D.

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SELECTED WORKS BY THE AUTHOR

Divinise the Man
The Future of Mankind
Moral Values, Attitudes and Moods
Observance of Brahmacharya
Peace of Mind and World Peace
Raj Yoga
The Real Gita
Spotlight on Purity
The Supreme Father of All
The Way and Goal of Raja Yoga

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Raj Yogi Jagdish Chander is a highly respected scholar, a profound student of Hindu scriptures and yogic texts, who has published many works on these subjects, works which have cast a new light on the origins of Hinduism. He currently resides in New Delhi and is chairman of the Literature Department of the Brahma Kumaris World Spiritual University.

THE TRANSLATOR

Mrs. Shanta Trivedi was a leader in the Family Planning movement in India when it began in the early fifties. After earning a PhD in Education at the age of 55, she began to train secondary teachers to work throughout India, and held the post of principal in several well-known academies. She currently resides in California, and teaches a course in Educational Theory at Stanford University.

THE EDITOR

Robert M. Shubow is a poet, actor and playwright, as well as an attorney who practices law in California.

CONTENTS

EDITOR'S PREFACE.....	7
INTRODUCTION.....	13
FOREWORD.....	15
Part One..... The Chariot of God	19
Part Two..... The Supreme Personality	47
Part Three..... Life in the Godly Court	165
Part Four..... Day of the Daughters	211
Part Five..... Sayings of the Father	255
EPILOGUE.....	274

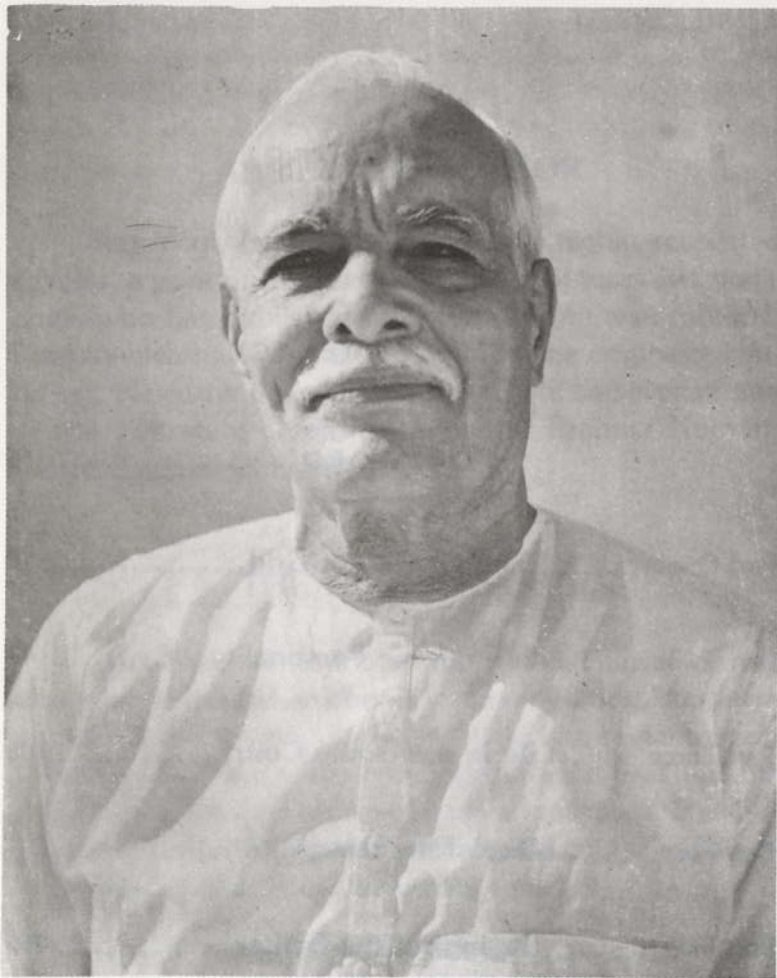
Editor's Preface to the Second Edition

At a spiritual gathering I recently attended, someone expressed the view that the worst attribute of religions is to claim a monopoly on truth. "All paths lead up the mountain," he asserted, repeating a notion which has become a contemporary cliché. Indeed, many in the audience nodded their assent, and some were so rankled when a contrary view was expressed that they walked out of the convocation. These people were sincere and well-meaning, but at the risk of raising similar hackles in the reader, I must point out a few of the dangers inherent in that very ecumenical-sounding but in fact closed-minded outlook which has become so popular. I do so here because the question is of the essence in understanding the book *Adi Dev*.

Allow me to explain by using an analogy. If you were in a car arguing with other passengers as to whether red lights mean stop or go, you would readily perceive that your life might depend on arriving at the correct answer before the next intersection. You would also recognize that only one answer could be correct.

If one passenger argued that red meant go, and another protested that red meant only to slow down, you would be able to deduce that both could be wrong, but that both could not be right. Yet even if you possessed the correct information that red meant stop, you would be tolerant of their views, at least to the extent of understanding why they were so concerned that what they thought to be the truth should be acted on: because your lives depended on it.

Nonetheless, for all your tolerance, you would not give up your position, not only for your own sake but for theirs. You might offer the suggestion that the car stop before the intersection and watch what happened to other cars which went through: would the ones which sailed through red lights get hit or ticketed by police? Which decision seemed to provide the most safety? Sooner or later you would absorb



ADI DEV BRAHMA.

enough information to make an intelligent decision. In the Bible, this position is recommended with the words, "By their fruits ye shall know them".

Such is the position I ask the reader to adopt in regard to the ultimate spiritual questions in general, and in regard to *Adi Dev* in particular.

I posit that our situation vis-a-vis these important matters is parallel to that of the riders in the car. There must be an objective answer to every question regarding reality, questions such as:

*Is there a Supreme Being or isn't there?

*If there is a God, does He/She have an individual existence, or is It simply an omnipresent force?

*Are human beings souls inhabiting bodies, or only material entities with epiphenomenal consciousness?

*Is time linear or circular, predestined or open-ended?

*If we are souls, do we undergo rebirth, or do we experience only one lifetime?

*Does the law of karma (action and reaction) operate to ensure that everyone sooner or later gets his just desserts, or is the universe unjust and mere chance?

*Is there an absolute scale of values, of right and wrong?

*Is human perfection possible to achieve, and if so, is there a clear way to go about it?

The answers one gives to all these and related questions will determine how one lives one's existence, how one copes with each experience life offers. It stands to reason that it is of the greatest importance to know the correct answers.

Though it is impossible for mutually contradictory answers both to be equally true, many people would reply that the point is moot because there is no way of knowing the answers; that it is a matter of tradition or faith, of guesswork rather than knowledge.

Yet we know more than we think we do. Human reason, when applied rigorously to these problems, can go very far; and when lucky, may even find itself aided by intuition and revelation as well as by experience.

For example, in regard to values, nearly everyone --and every religion-- would agree that tolerance is a virtue, as is peacefulness in general. That people do not practice this virtue does not affect its truth content. Moreover, we could compile a whole list of similar behaviors which all societies and ethical theories would have no trouble agreeing upon, although some would go further than others in enforcing them. Anger, for instance, when it spills over into overt violence, is universally condemned. But clearly a religious person would strive to sublimate the impulse on the level of thought itself before any harm is done to the self or others. The same would apply to greed, arrogance, lust, sloth, jealousy, hatred, or any of the other vices. And on the positive side, all would accept that love, tranquillity, benevolence, cooperation, honesty, circumspection, modesty, and reliability are virtues we would prize in our companions and ought to strive for in ourselves.

There is also clear evidence regarding each of the other questions, though there does exist some room for variation. In regard to the question of whether we are souls, for example, one could cite an overwhelming amount of evidence, from recorded out-of-body experiences to meditative states of self-realization to scientifically confirmed cases of children remembering their past lives; and even the very logical nature of the question itself (that is, philosophers agree that consciousness can never be reduced to purely material terms). It should also be noted that though some scientists refuse to believe in the soul, they do not do so on scientific grounds, and

have never been able to disprove its existence. Indeed, scientific thought has now arrived at a point where even the most materialistic of neurophysiologists have conceded that they cannot explain mind on the basis of brain circuitry alone.

Even the form of the soul has been worked out logically by philosophers coming from as different a set of starting points as Descartes and the ancient rishis of India. The soul being incorporeal, it can only have the non-extended form of a euclidean point; that is, a spark of light perfectly infinitesimal, yet able to record every experience within itself. Nodding in agreement are the ancient Egyptians, Pythagoreans, Essenes, and early Christians, including St. Augustine. And in India, we can count such profound thinkers as Ramanuja and Madhwa. It is also the experience of many ordinary people who have come back from near-death episodes.

On the same principles, the Supreme Soul, if such a One exists, must have a like form, albeit with power and other attributes (love, bliss, intellect, peacefulness, among others) which are infinite. Experience teaches that every soul is unique, some are more elevated than others. Logically, then, there must be one which is highest of all. That one, whether He be termed Allah or Jehovah or Shiva, is the same Being whom all souls worship as God, and to Whom even atheists turn in times of great trouble.

God's existence has been demonstrated philosophically over the centuries in a number of ingenious proofs, such as the famous ontological argument of St. Anselm (which many philosophers still consider valid), but it is unlikely any of these have ever altered anyone's prior beliefs. Beyond the realm of logic, however, is that of experience. And many people have indeed been transformed by what others refer to as "mystical encounters", but which may be understood simply as an intellectual (some would say telepathic) link with the Supreme Soul. This is called Raja Yoga, and is the real foundation of all religion. In the spirit of science, it is open to the reader to experiment for himself, to send out thought-waves toward the Supreme and await a close encounter of the ultimate kind. It is on the basis of

such experience that this is being written.

It stands to reason that when people become confused about their relationship to God, they will run into great difficulties. Today the world as a whole has run into great difficulties; should we not wonder whether we may have become confused about the nature of God? Since the great majority of people either believe in no God or in a God who is omnipresent --which in terms of logic comes down to the same thing-- it is reasonable to consider that this may be the source of the confusion. If God does exist, it stands to reason that He would have to descend personally to this corporeal realm and rectify the confusion. Since if we already possessed the correct beliefs, He would not have to come, it is also obvious that some of His teachings would contradict widespread beliefs; but those teachings would of necessity always be on the highest ethical and spiritual plane, always aiming at the transformation of the lives of His students, so that with behavior royal and pure as gods, the souls who learned from the Great Teacher would be able to revitalize the world after the present corrupt and oppressive societies had destroyed themselves.

Adi Dev is the story of the first phase of this historic event. Read it with an open mind. Your decision as to the reality of God's present activities on Earth as told in this book may be the most important one you ever make.

R. Shubow
Diwali, 1982

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

A Divine Biography

Within the covers of this book is woven a unique life story. It is a story full of heart, a simple revelation of unparalleled importance. Read it carefully. The story you are about to begin is really a double biography, because within the body of the man who earned the name of Prajapita Brahma (the Father of Humanity), was not one soul, but two. This is the actual true story of the incarnation and descent of God, the World Father, into the corporeal world.

In reading this, many people will be surprised, and some will scoff; there are so many who are atheists or who have misconceptions as to who God is, what He comes to do, and when; and yes, there are people without a shred of faith. But if you, the reader, will only reserve judgment until the account has been read and the facts digested, then the truth will penetrate your heart and mind, and you will be infinitely the richer for it.

In the beginning, this is the story of an ordinary man, and yet an unusual man. A successful self-made businessman, a family man, a pillar of his community. His many friends all called him Dada (Elder Brother) as a sign of endearment. Even his business acquaintances grew quickly to respect and love him, and to call him by this name. But after the descent of God into his body, he was given a different name, one befitting his new role: Prajapita Brahma, or Adi Dev, the first deity. He is remembered by the sweet name of Brahma Baba, or simply Baba (Father).

It is of course no mere accident that God chose the body of just this man, out of the billions of people on earth to

select from, to become His instrument. God is All-Knowing, He is perfect. So if He selected Brahma Baba as His chariot, there must be reasons, many reasons; reasons contained not only in the present life of Brahma Baba, but in all his eighty-four births throughout the cycle of time. God has revealed to us the past and future lives of this soul, and it is thus clear how wonderful an individual Brahma Baba really is.

But leaving aside the story of those 84 lives, let us concentrate on Baba's present life, which was in many ways the least of all of them—until God entered his form—yet still a life shining with the glow of integrity and humility, even to the most casual observer. Truly, he is a fitting instrument to serve as the corporeal medium of the Highest Soul of all.

Above all, Brahma Baba's uniqueness was not merely in possessing the highest virtues—it was in his ability to bring out those same virtues in the souls with whom he came in contact. He had the quality of acting as a catalyst. Even just by reading his biography, we ourselves may be filled with such divine qualities; our own lives can become purer and more peaceful. For Brahma Baba presents us with the inspiring spectacle of a man who proved it is possible to become perfect, to become master over the mind and emotions, to take charge of one's own destiny. It is a priceless story, indeed, one which shall be repeated again only after 5000 years have passed away.

—Jagdish

FOREWORD

Many biographies have been written about "special" people, those who have achieved success in one endeavor or another, or gained some variety of worldly power. This book is about one who achieved quite another sort of success. It is the story of a man into whose life there came the greatest wonder of all time, an occurrence of such extraordinary magnitude that it brought about sudden and total transformation—not only of the life of one individual, but of everyone who came in contact, and soon of the whole world! The absolute surprise of this event, the mind-boggling implications, are something which no thinking person can ever shake off, or for that matter, would ever want to. We are speaking of the arrival of the One Incorporeal God into the physical world. Why God chose to come when He did, and where, and how He is even now going about His task of creating the eternally famous Kingdom of Heaven, the answers to all these questions and more are a part of the story we have to tell: the story of Prajapita Brahma, Adi Dev.

By offering his life completely to God—surrendering his body, mind, and wealth—Brahma Baba received in turn everything which God has to offer, and certainly there is no treasure to compare with that one. And as God's wealth is unlimited, and His generosity unequalled, He is making the same offer of His inheritance to all His children who love Him, and wish to partake of this Godly gift. He brings the gift of Knowledge, of Truth, and the key to eternal happiness. He has come to rid us of our vices and our weaknesses and to make us into kings. He has come to replace the present sorrowful world order (rather, disorder) with a world of happiness, paradise on earth. And when God sets out to do something, you may rest assured He does not fail. This is thus a unique moment in world history, the only time throughout the entire cycle of time (kalpa) when God is active on Earth so if one

misses the opportunity now of establishing a loving relationship with his Supreme Father, there can be no greater tragedy.

God is of course bodiless. He is a Point of Light, a Divine Star, Who dwells in the Supreme Abode, beyond the bounds of the physical universe. This region has many names: the Soul World, Brahmlok, Nirvana, Shantidham. It is the original home of all of us, before we came down and took bodies to play our roles in this cosmic drama. God alone never undergoes the process of birth and rebirth. Even when He finally arrives to perform His miraculous deed of transforming the world from Hell to Heaven, He does not take birth in the ordinary manner. He does not enter a womb, which would put karmic chains upon Him. He would never have to receive a mother's care, or an education at the hands of human beings. He would never have to undergo the experience of death. Rather, God takes a body on loan, the body of a man who is already at the age of retirement, so as not to interfere with that man's life. He takes and uses an experienced individual, an honest and God-loving individual, and perhaps most of all, a very intelligent individual—one who could appreciate the meaning of God's words, and act upon them.

But who is this unique soul, who serves as God's medium? Why has the whole world not yet heard of him? The fact is, that the Kingdom of God is presently being established in an incognito fashion, in a quietly burgeoning worldwide movement, a gathering of souls committed to wiping out their own vices—all traces of greed, anger, attachment, arrogance, and lust—and thus becoming harbingers of the coming kingdom of peace and happiness. The world to come will be characterized not only by external calm, but by the natural soul-consciousness of its inhabitants, completely virtuous, united, non-violent individuals: in a word, deities. By becoming such now, under God's own tutelage, such souls, among whom you, the reader, may also number, are actually bringing about the goal for which they are striving. But the details of

this involve the very deep points of the philosophy of karma, which we must delve into at a later point.

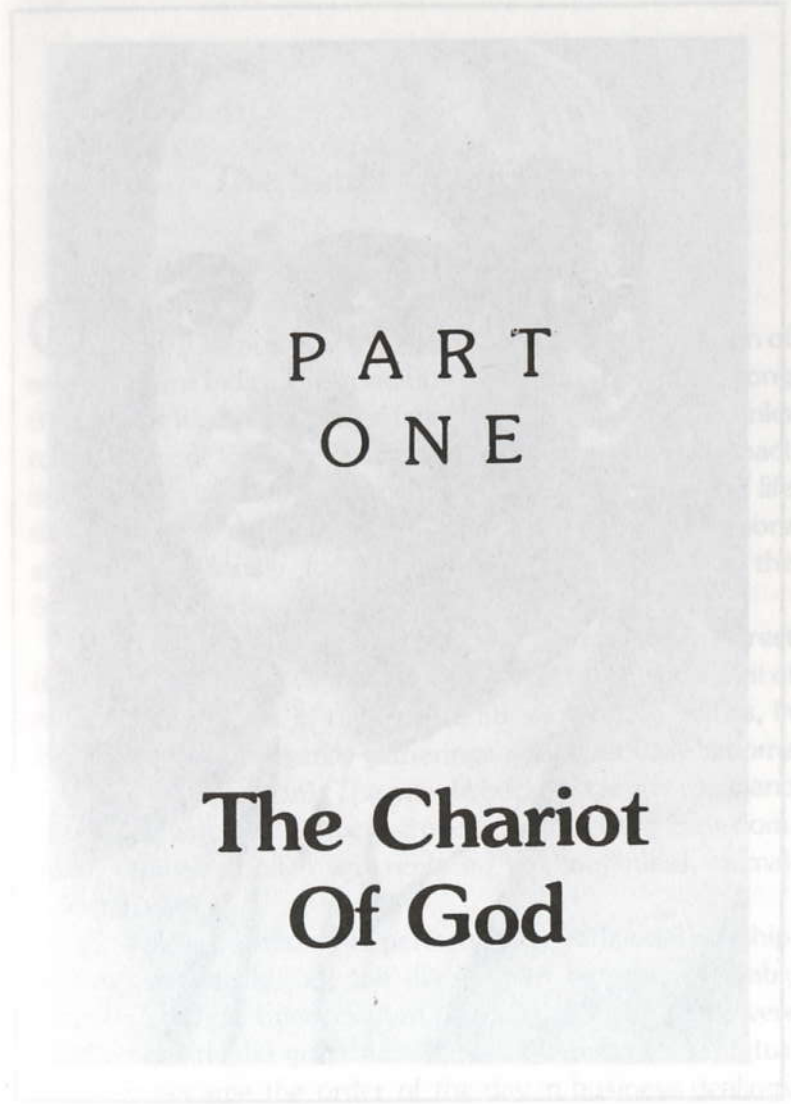
This world to come is the same Golden Age which the earth experienced some 5000 years in the past (for time is a circle), and out of which the many legends of gods and goddesses sprang up in the different cultures of the world which succeeded that heavenly period. It was the period before the fall of man into vices. It is the very same kingdom of God yearned for so fervently in the Judeo-Christian tradition.

The pendulum had swung in these 5000 years from that perfect land of deities to the present corrupt and hellish world of human beings at war—with themselves and each other—beings who have, in their sorrow, called out to God to come and purify them, to bring about liberation and salvation. God, the Supreme Soul, has responded to humanity's desperate call—and at this very moment the final preparatory work is being done before the gates of heaven open, and hell is swallowed in its own thermonuclear fire and brimstone.

Here, then, is the account of the man who became the chariot of God, the first ascended angel, and who shall soon take birth as the first deity of the new world. Of all this, we are witness and proof with our own eyes.

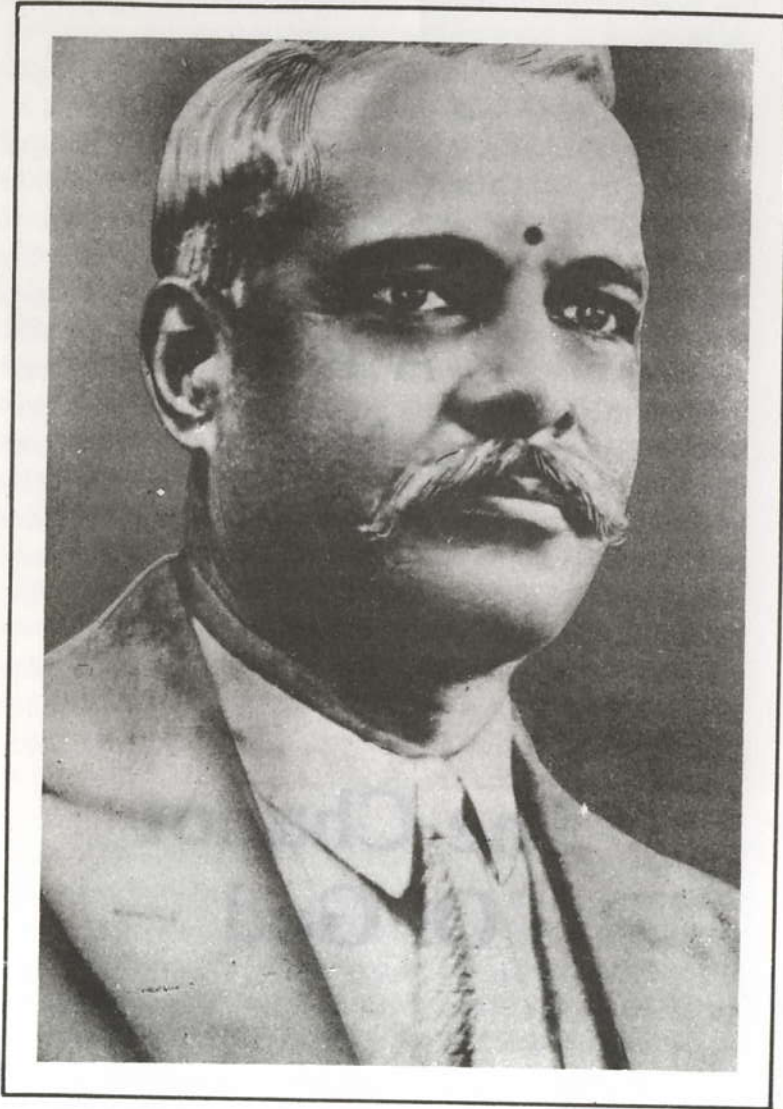
Most wonderful of all, perhaps, is the insight which we have been granted into the personality of the One Incorporeal God, Shiva, whose very name means the Supreme Benefactor, the completely selfless server. For Shiva Baba has come to create the Kingdom, yet He shall not enter it Himself. He is the Seed of the human world tree—but He does not taste of its fruit.

The lives of many, many persons have already been transformed by meeting God in His corporeal manifestation, and even greater numbers of souls are now receiving His introduction in more subtle fashion. Even one who merely reads this biography can come into the orbit of God's blessing, and receive the gift of true peace and super-sensuous joy.



PART ONE

The Chariot Of God



DADA LEKHRAJ. As a devotee, before becoming the medium of Shiva.

The Sindh Community

Our story begins nearly 50 years ago, in Sindh, a region of northwestern India. The condition of religious practice among the Hindus had degenerated from its once-high level. Thanks to the influx of foreign missionaries, and the sustained impact of Western attitudes upon their civilization, the quality of life there began to change, indiscernibly at first, and then more and more obviously, for the worse. The whole fabric of the Sindhi culture was unravelling.

Their food and drink, for instance, once of the purest (sattvic) type—fresh vegetarian meals prepared in the spirit of devotion and eaten in ritual remembrance of the deities, in large, yet close-knit family gatherings—had gradually become impure (tamopradhan). The people became carnivorous, and habits of quick, inattentive and uncontrolled eating grew dominant. Refined nobility was replaced by thoughtless, animalistic behavior.

People continued to perform their traditional worship, at least outwardly, but the ceremonies became inevitably emptied of their once exalted meaning. Men's minds were filled now with the greed for money, the hunger for status. Trickery became the order of the day in business dealings; anger exploded within the contours of every relationship; and the very content of people's speech shifted from subjects of piety and spirituality to that of their new cravings and worldly desires, their hatreds and their lust. New customs developed, of buying useless and expensive items purely for show, and

of holding costly celebrations of many kinds for vain and selfish ends.

These customs ate away at the whole of Indian society, a society which was the oldest and firmest and deepest of any in the world. That more modern growths on the human tree were also undergoing similar disruptions was more understandable, because they did not possess the same leavening of time and cultural wisdom, but now the very seat of human achievement was being shaken. It was a sign, although not recognized, that the entire world was entering its final paroxysms of unrest before the process of renewal could begin.

Who was there to guide the people back to the path of wholesomeness? Not the legions of corrupt, unprincipled politicians; nor the British rulers, who were bent on exploitation, rather than upliftment, of the populace; nor the native royalty, who were trapped within their own costumes, now more ludicrous than laudatory; nor the sincere, but limited social and political reformers, who strove for the freedom of India from the British, but had little to offer toward achieving freedom from corruption and vice.

What about the religious leaders? The priests, pandits, and preachers were engaged in the collection of money by deceiving the people. They gave no knowledge which could bring peace of mind, good character, or pure life to the families who looked to them for counsel. Rather, they had become mere readers of scriptures, performing senseless ceremonial ministrations. Many even passed themselves off as God, or convinced the gullible followers that God was everywhere. Such doctrines successfully destroyed the intellects of the people, removing their aim and object, banishing all higher purpose in life. If we are already part of God, what is there to strive for? Why become perfect, if life is but a dream? Such

trains of thoughts were the natural result of the corruption of religion, and so the life of the people was derailed.

Outwardly, they prospered. The men of the Sindh community worked hard; and grew rich; but peacefulness and order were missing from their lives. The long-held values of their fathers had been trampled under the merciless boots of a false progress. There was passion and suffering where there had once been calm. The quality of life became measured by externalities. The social environment became a hell of vice.

The position of women was particularly degraded, especially after marriage. Mothers were treated as mere domestic servants, and as playthings whose only purpose was to satisfy the sexual desires of their husbands. Even if the man was clearly of an inferior sort, a drunkard, an eater of meat and fish, and degraded by the lust for sex, still, according to custom, it was the wife's duty to consider that "the husband was God." He was her "guru." Divorce was out of the question, as was standing up openly against his base behavior and ideas.

To reinforce this masculine tyranny, women were excluded from getting an education. A wife had to cover her face with a veil, she lived her life imprisoned within the four walls of her husband's home, a lifelong servant in his family's midst, her hours taken up with the drudgery of cooking, cleaning, washing clothes for the clan to whom she was in bondage. And the women suffered. They knew quite well that they were prisoners, and that the males held all the keys.

Women had no right to engage in religious preaching, nor were they entitled to become renunciates (*sannyasis*) and remain in celibacy. For them there was no escape from the life sentence of marriage.

As the days of Kaliyuga (this final era of unhappiness before the cycle of time is completed and happiness restored on earth) moved into deepest darkness, the bondage of all souls everywhere increased. Not only the world wars of ever increasing violence, and the civil wars and oppressions, the

genocides of minorities, the physical ravishment of the environment, were growing like a cancer on the planet, but the root of all these symptoms in every soul, the bondage to Maya (ignorance of reality) was growing in fierce and dramatic fashion. It was the inner bondage to one's own uncontrollable changing tendencies, the fluctuation of extroversion and depression, passion and sorrow. And as action inevitably follows thought, so the souls were now conducting themselves even more selfishly, more hatefully, more stupidly than ever. Around the world, humanity lay in this bitter sleep of ignorance. Not a ray of knowledge could be seen. This was the darkest period of all in the Night of Brahma, the midnight of history, the eclipse of God.

A Common But Special Personality

In this bewildering atmosphere, there was one individual of the Sindh community, in the city of Hyderabad, who was distinctly different from all the rest. He was called by the sweet name "Dada," his full name "Dada Lekhraj." Though by birth he was an ordinary man, still there were many special qualities in him, qualities apparent though indefinable, even on first glance. When present among a throng of a hundred people, he was recognizable at once, thanks to a delightful, indescribable attractiveness, a charisma which surrounded him like a glow. One felt even from afar the love, the humility, the heart-felt sincerity of his nature. Even more, one felt the strength; and there was the unforgettable, magnetic attraction of his eyes.

His face was broad and commanding, his forehead high. His snow white hair he kept close cropped; he was always clean, fresh, simple. His ways of living, his gentlemanly manner, his true devotion, won him friends and admirers

wherever he set foot. Darkness and depression were unknown to his soul.

Dada's winning nature endeared him to the whole community of Sindhis. He had often proven to be a rock, a symbol of solidity and dependability in the shifting sands of an unstable world. Though born in a middle class family, Dada rose quickly in his profession by dint of hard effort, honesty combined with cleverness and focused intellect, to achieve a position among the wealthy and become one of the richest men in India. Even more unusual, he was one of the few men with whom everyone was satisfied: his family, his friends, his neighbors, his business contacts. It is a rare individual who is truly dear to others, not merely useful to them, and who in turn has an equal amount of love for them. Such a one was Dada Lekhraj.

Many who knew him even slightly have said they experienced that Dada was somehow their kin, or that the desire arose in their hearts to be closer to him, or that the thought occurred: how fortunate it would have been to be related to Dada or to be born into his family.

Beginning of Worldly Life

Dada Lekhraj was born in 1876 in Sindh in the Kripalani family, who were devotees of the Valabhacharya sect of what is called, wrongly, the Hindu religion (wrongly because 'Hindu' refers to the geographical location—by the Indus River—not to the religious beliefs; the true name of the religion is the *Adi Sanatan Devi Devata Dharma*, or the Ancient Original Religion of Deities. The deities fell in the course of time, and now the people worshipped their former selves. Who made them deities in the first place? That remained a mystery for thou-

sands of years, until God arrived to reveal that He Himself was responsible, and that now He is creating the ancient gods and goddesses again. Of course, neither Dada nor anyone else had any idea of all this at the time of which we are now speaking.)

Dada's father was a schoolmaster by profession, but his son decided early not to follow in his father's footsteps. He began his own career as a small merchant of wheat, and he saved all he could from his meager earnings. When he had set aside sufficient funds to embark on a more ambitious enterprise, he entered the diamond trade. Almost by instinct, he developed great expertise in discriminating the value of different gems. In a very short time, his reputation grew, and his business became more and more profitable. Rajas and maharajas of the native states of India, as well as the British Viceroy, in time became his clients and his friends. The King of Nepal and the King of Valaipur treated him as a special honored guest. He was invited to all court functions, and afforded utmost respect—not merely because of his brilliant diamonds, but because of the brilliance they felt within him. In this connection, one of Dada's daughters-in-law, a woman named Radhika—now Brahma Kumari* Brijindraji—who was a member of the king's circle in Bombay, and is now the person in charge of the Brahma Kumaris Godly University in that area, writes the following recollection.

"The kings who came in contact with him had so much trust in him that they gave Dada permission to enter their palace at will, without waiting for an invitation or even informing the king beforehand. Other businessmen had to give their articles to the king's representative and wait for a reply, but when Dada came, the Rajmata—the Queen Mother—herself

would call him in to show the diamonds to her daughters and daughters-in-law. All those who lived in the Rajmahel (royal palace) of the kings knew of Dada's religious faith, his pure nature and conduct. Many times, kings used to tell him, 'It is God's mistake that He made us kings but not you, because all kingly qualities and powers are in you.' In fact, God had not made a mistake, because those kings were kings in name only, kings with a single crown, while God was to inspire Dada to make such spiritual effort that he would earn divine kingship and a double crown: the corona of purity as well as the golden head-dress of the emperor of the world.

"The respect which the kings gave to Dada was unprecedented. They sent him special invitations, and gave him a specially reserved seat of honor in the court, to which he was led as soon as he entered the palace. Once we all (Dada's family) were staying by invitation with the king of Valaipur in his palace. There was to be a great court function that day. When it began, Dada was sitting in the gallery opposite the king. The king saw that Dada's family were not with him (Dada's wife, Jashoda, had decided to receive the *darshan* of a visiting saint, Shri Nathji, and to come to the celebration later). The king had such respect for Dada that he ordered the proceedings halted until his family had been gathered, and the king sent his prime minister with a special invitation to call upon his family. When we arrived, the king greeted us with a tremendous reception; a band appeared and music played for us, and we were ceremonially installed in our place of honor in the gallery. Later the king even arranged for a carriage to be sent for our use to make another visit to Shri Nathji, since he knew we wanted to spend some time with him. The driver of the carriage remarked to us that we had received an honor he had never seen accorded to another guest. The functions of the court were simply never stopped like that."

Dada had not a great deal of formal education, but by study on his own he had achieved a fine command of the

*The initials "B.K." will appear quite often throughout this book. They refer to the title of Brahma Kumar or Brahma Kumari (a son or daughter of Brahma) and is given to all who recognize that our God Father has descended in the body of Brahma, and who have been reborn in the Godly Knowledge.

Sindhi language. He also studied philosophic and religious texts written in Hindi. He was well versed in the Gurumukhi and Guru Granth Saheb scriptures. In addition he was a fluent reader of English. Moreover, Dada possessed the special art of letter writing. His style was brief and accurate, yet filled with images that stood out from the page and engraved themselves on the reader's mind, concepts uniformly noble and inspiring. He had a refined appreciation for literature and art, a taste for the captured moment, for the realization, for the glimpse of truth memorialized in any form. Even in his business career, it was by his special insight that he used to create new designs in jewelry. Never did he copy the work of another.

Unique Devotion, Keen Sense of Discipline

From his childhood, Dada was a great devotee of Narayan. He was so fond of remembering this deity king—whom he thought to be a form of God—that he used to keep Shri Narayan's picture in his hall of worship and in his bedroom under his pillow; he kept it in his vault in his office and in his pocket, so that whatever he did and wherever he was, he could see the figure of that divine personage.

In the bazaars through which Dada passed, color pictures were sold of Narayan, shown in a supine posture. In the picture, Shri Lakhshmi, his queen, is shown serving him, massaging his legs like a maid. Dada did not like this picture. He thought it an abomination that women were at present considered inferior. Surely such a monstrous idea could not enter the mind of a deity. Dada felt that the capacity of women was not one iota less than that of men, and it was a crime for them to be treated less than equally. His feelings about this reached such a peak that he sought out and found the painter

of the offending pictures and commissioned him to re-paint them to show the equal elevation of the divine couple. Dada had no idea at that time that in his next birth he himself would be that very Shri Narayan whom he had worshipped for so long.

Not only was Dada's devotion sustained through time, but in every circumstance he maintained his faithful posture fearlessly. Whether in the midst of a business deal, or in some domestic function, when the time came to perform his worship, he never missed the opportunity. He excused himself from others, if necessary, but never made excuses to himself. Even while travelling, he read the prescribed chapter from the Shrimad Bhagavad Gita. Dada believed in the Gita implicitly and unequivocally. In describing Dada's faith and his worship, his daughter-in-law, B.K. Brijindraj, writes as follows:

"The maharajas, the wealthy clients, and the business leaders with whom he was in contact used to visit Dada as his guests, and their arrival often coincided with the time Dada had to do his puja (worship); but Dada would not postpone or cut short these religious activities. Moreover, he would not compromise his living style. His way of eating, for example, was sattvic (pure). At Dada's dinner parties, no alcohol or cigarettes would ever be allowed. His VIP guests were unaccustomed to such simplicity and absence of hedonism in their dining habits, and they used to joke that 'Dada's parties are certainly without flair.' Dada would reply with a gleam in his eye and a slight laugh, 'Shall we spoil our religion for your sake? You only give us paper notes, and in return we give you true diamonds.' They used to laugh, hearing this."

Dada was also fond of going on pilgrimages. He visited Thandura, Amarnath, Prayag, Vrindavan, and Kashi. He often invited wandering sadhus and sannyasis to be his houseguests overnight. He enjoyed conversing with them on their religious understanding. Always, Dada was bursting with life. He was a happy man. He had great faith in his own gurus (religious

teachers) and he used to spend thousands of rupees to invite them, hold receptions for them, and keep their extended company. He gave tremendous importance to the commands of the guru. B.K. Brijindraji has several illuminating reminiscences in regard to this.

“In those days (before God’s coming), Dada had great faith in his guru. Once, the guru came to his house with a big crowd of students. Dada welcomed them all with great love. He had so much devotion and concern for their happiness that he ordered boxes full of bottles of rosewater, and in the morning and the evening the scent was sprinkled about the rest rooms. Dada himself used to sprinkle the rosewater, and he would light an incense stick as well. He worried lest the guru be disturbed during his period of rest. Not even a stray dog should interfere with the guru’s sleep, he felt. Dada paid someone especially to perform the duty of guarding the guru’s rest. Though there were no mangoes in season at that time of year, still Dada hunted ceaselessly until he located some, because he knew the guru liked them. He always brought the mangoes, without fail, though they cost him a small fortune per fruit.

“Dada obeyed even the slightest command of his guru, regardless of the circumstance. Once, on the occasion of the name-giving ceremony for his grandchild, to which many famous personalities had been invited, Dada suddenly received a wire from his guru that there was some urgent work for him, and to come soon. Dada said to his wife Jashodaji, ‘Call off dinner and prepare my clothes, because I have to go.’ Jashodaji could not believe it. ‘How can you go away on such an occasion?’ Dada then said, ‘To hear words coming from the guru is like hearing words from the Lord of Death. If Death comes, could I tell him to wait by saying that today is the day of the naming of my grandchild?’ After this, Dada went inside.

“Jashoda gathered the family and we made phone calls to all friends and invitees, explaining that Dada had to leave

town suddenly for some special reason. And what had been the guru’s ‘urgent work,’ as it turned out? He wanted Dada to give ten thousand rupees to one of his students who had lost all his money gambling!”

The stories about Dada’s charitable activities could be multiplied, for there was no donor more selfless—although he had a strong competitor within his own family. One of his uncles, Mulchand Arala, an ivory merchant, was famous as a donor to the poor, completely without attachment to his own money. Often Dada would go to his uncle’s home and sit beside him, and together they would hand out their money to the lines of people who arrived in need of help. In this philanthropy, Dada was a full partner with his uncle.

Scaling the Final Heights of Devotion

Dada’s religious devotion and his righteous tendencies of mind were so mature and so powerful that whatever the occasion, the fire of virtue could be felt to burn within his every act. When his daughters and nieces got married, he held for each of them a ceremony called “Paharamani”—in which clothes and household items would be given to new in-laws—but Dada gave them diamonds, ornaments of gold inset with precious stones, and other beautiful jewelry worth tens of thousands of rupees. In addition, he gave a copy of the Shri-mad Bhagavad Gita, within a temple made of silver, as his special gift, so that bride and groom could have greater holiness and devotion in their lives, the best insurance of a happy marriage. He used to call his guru also at the time of such a marriage ceremony, and the occasion would be transformed into a satsang (a religious gathering), concluding the marital event on a note of spiritual exaltation.

Now, Dada was a millionaire, and a member of an old and well-established family. Having attained such status, it was expected that he would marry his daughters into equally wealthy and renowned houses. Instead, when it came time for one of his daughters, "Puttu" (a name of affection by which she was called), to marry, he chose for her a young headmaster of the local school, whose name was Bodhraj. The schoolmaster came from an ordinary family, while Dada's daughter was beautiful, intelligent, devoted, and brought up in complete happiness. Dada could have had the pick of the most eligible bachelors in India for his daughter to wed, yet he himself greatly respected Bodhraj because he was a religious man. Puttu had picked up much of the wisdom of her father, and understood the value of having a spiritual man for a husband. In fact, the headmaster had earned the title "YogiRaj" within the community, thanks to his untiring love for meditation, and that is why Dada took this step, despite the criticism he knew he would encounter. He wanted to assure his daughter of an atmosphere of continuing devotion after she left his house. Dada knew that having money without inner peace would only lead to ruin, while even if there were no money, a peaceful household would always be a haven.

A great uproar commenced in Dada's family when he announced the match. It became a topic of controversy in every gathering. Why had Dada spoiled the family dynasty by marrying his daughter to such an outsider, one who acts more like a sannyasi (renunciate) than a householder? In the end, though, everyone realized Dada's decision was best. For Dada's wife was herself a fervent devotee of Shri Krishna (the first crown prince of Satyug—the Golden Age—whose name will change to Shri Narayan upon his marriage. Hindus believe Shri Krishna to be God, due to errors which crept into the Indian scriptures written 2500 years after Krishna's birth. Krishna is indeed divine, but he achieved his status after a previous life of study with the Supreme Soul, and the achievement of total

victory over his sense organs and his mind.) The members of Dada's family were all devoted to high ideals. Their possession of great wealth had not corrupted them. In fact, Dada had not the slightest desire to partake of sensual pleasures.

The occasion of the marriage between Puttu and Bodhraj has been depicted for us by one of the eyewitnesses to the event, B.K. ManoharIndraji, who is now a main teacher in Madhuban, Godly University headquarters. "I had seen Dadaji and his family many a time. One of Dadaji's houses was near my house. One of Dada's sons, whose name was Narayan, studied with my brother. When the marriage of Puttu and Bodhraj was announced, I was invited to attend, and of course I did. One of the specialities of the occasion was that there was no shouting or sounds or voices or earthly worldliness at all. It felt almost like a vision, as if the marriage of a goddess and a deity. It was like an oasis of peace in the midst of Kaliyug. I was very much impressed by that scene. The thought arose in my mind that I did not like the ordinary people of today, people who were full of passions and ego, but I did like very much the pure life lived so gracefully by the family of Dada."

Graceful, and seemingly always in motion: that was Dada Lekhraj. He had his diamond shop in Calcutta, but also conducted much business in Bombay. He owned houses in both cities as well as a residence in Hyderabad. At all three places, he lived at ease as the head of his princely family, a man at the height of his powers. And he was happy.

It was the custom in India for men with religious inclinations as powerful as Dada's to go away to the jungle and live as renunciates. But though Dada's devotion to God was deep and unwavering, he never entertained the idea of leaving home for the seclusion of a vanprastha ashram (a kind of religious hermitage where devotees often spent their retirement years).

At last, when Dada turned sixty years of age, his wife Jashoda said, "Now we ought to go away, to some lonely spot and accept the vanprastha life."

Dada thought this over. "Wait," he said. "I have earned so many hundreds of thousands of rupees; let me double the amount of our savings, and then we shall become vanprasthis." Dada was very clever in earning money, and his idea was to work for two to four years more and then to give his great wealth in donation to the needy, and to spend his final years in devotion. But as the proverb states, "man proposes, God disposes," for suddenly, something happened in Dada's mind. All worldly attachment dropped away, He began to receive indescribable experiences within himself. Dada from that point on wanted only to be left alone. He spent his time in contemplation and thinking.

The Grace of Divine Knowledge

One day, while Dada was sitting in the back hall of his bungalow with a group of fellow disciples of his guru, he began to get another strange experience. He recognized these unique inner sensations now as the onset of a spiritual encounter, but still he knew neither their cause nor purpose. Yet there was an exquisite sense of heightened perception, a new clarity of mind and vision. A powerful intuitive grasp of reality was growing in him inexorably. He went to his own room to get away from the company of his visitors. As he sat alone, absorbed in the incomprehensible manifestations of a new level of being, he was filled with a divine intoxication. Waves of unutterable bliss surged upon him, drenching him in ecstasy. He had gone beyond all consciousness of his body, he was

pure soul, pure light, afloat in an ocean of bliss. Then a revelation: a vision of the four-armed form of Vishnu.*

Dada thought the appearance of this vision had been given by the grace of his guru, so when the experience was over, he went joyously to the guru and lovingly described the entire experience. But as he was talking, Dada realized by the guru's blank reaction, by the stereo-typed feelings and emotions which the guru expressed, that this man had no knowledge of what he had just passed through, and that to give such an experience was wholly beyond the guru's power.

And so, Dada's mind turned toward the Supreme Father, the Supreme Soul, the Incorporeal One. He realized at last that there is only one Satguru, and that is God Himself. Only the One God can be the giver of grace, the bestower of divine perception and divine intellect. Any human who calls himself God, or claims that God is omnipresent, is perforce an imposter. It was God who had sent him that shimmering vision of Vishnu; Dada felt that clearly. What he still had to know was: why?

SHIVA

—and the Destruction of the World

Some days later, Dada went to another locale on business, and he took the opportunity to stop over with a friend. He was walking through the grounds of the friend's palatial

*Vishnu is the combined form of the Emperor Narayan and Empress Lakhshmi of the Golden Age, who are the highest human beings ever to walk the earth. The symbolic combination of male and female represents the fully integrated, perfected personalities which human beings will have again in the next Golden Age.

residence, when he suddenly remembered a spot where he had used to come to practice devotion. Sitting there now, among the groves of trees, Dada let the cool breeze touch his face, and he again became detached from worldly matters. He was remembering God. And once again, he felt himself becoming light, leaving his body far behind. He understood that his previous experiences were not flukes, not mere flashes which would cease and leave him as he was before. Rather, a seed had been planted, and it was growing, continually growing inside of him. He was being ingeniously prepared, through a series of successively deeper revelations, to receive the full truth, the absolute knowledge of Supreme God, to receive the total, shattering impact of Truth, and live. Dada gave himself up to the gentle Master whom he knew was guiding him to this final realization.

Dada remained for some time in this place, and every day he went to sit there among the trees and think about God, and he would have new revelations on every occasion, divine experiences of many varieties, pieces of a fantastic jigsaw puzzle which he knew it was his task to put together. Deeper and deeper Dada sailed, outward bound on the Ocean of Knowledge.

During this time, Dada wrote a number of extraordinary letters home, from which it was evident that something amazing, something unprecedented, was happening to him. Either he was going mad or—was it possible?—he was actually receiving revelations from God! B.K. Brijindrajji writes about this period:

“Dada wrote in one of his letters, ‘There is an abundance of wealth, abundance of wealth. I am trying to get it, trying to get it.’ In the next letter he wrote, ‘got the key, I got it, I got it!’ In this manner he wrote five letters to us. During those days, Dada received such divine experiences that his letters seemed to vibrate in our hands; we could feel his exalted condition. In

the end, he wrote, ‘Whatever was to be attained, I have got. Now what remains to be achieved?’ ”

Finally, the day came. Dada received a double revelation by which the jigsaw puzzle fell into place: first a vision of Jyotirlingam SHIVA Paramatma (The Supreme Soul, whose eternal form is a Point of Light), and then, a terrifying vision of the destruction of the modern world.

The vision of Shiva clinched his understanding of his own identity. The Supreme Soul is a Point of Light. His children are made in His image. Thus all of us are truly just such tiny forms, sparks of conscient light. Only we, the children, take bodies and play out our roles on the stage of the physical world, while Shiva remains in His eternal form. And by taking birth and rebirth, we forget ourselves, while Shiva knows the entire cosmic play. He watches as, life after life, the souls decline, their energies decrease and they begin to act viciously toward one another. Then, before the end, He comes, to lift His children to perfection once again. But what kind of end is it which is about to come, and what sort of new beginning?

Dada witnessed in his vision the destruction. He saw that very powerful bombs had been manufactured and were being fired, there was a war between America and Russia. He saw guided missiles with warheads of such devastating potency that whole regions of the earth were burnt up in a moment. Gigantic fireballs, cities in flame, unbearable storms of fire were raging everywhere. Dada understood that these were the same weapons used 5000 years ago in the great Mahabharat War, which are described in the ancient scriptures as fire arrows—Brahmastras and moosals—and that this same war was about to be re-enacted. Dada saw that by this war, Europe and America would be entirely destroyed.

When he received this vision, America had not yet dropped the first atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Russia and the U.S. were then friendly countries, and Germany and Japan were united against them. But in the vision which

God presented to him, it was clear that these two countries would be enemies, and the world war which they would start would be the last. For there would be no one left even to bury the dead. A world of corpses. Silence on the face of the waters.

As a result of this destruction, the souls who became so suddenly disembodied would fly upward in their millions, like a swarm of fireflies in the cosmic night, upward to the soul world, the Supreme Abode. Only a tiny handful of people would remain alive on earth.

Dada saw that not only had the population of Europe, Russia, and America been devastated, but that destruction had also struck in China, Africa, India, the Middle East. In those areas, death came slower, through wars and civil wars, culminating in an awesome wave of natural catastrophes: floods and tidal waves, earthquakes of unbelievable magnitudes, volcanoes erupting, storms of every kind wreaking havoc on the scarred face of the earth. Dada began to tremble uncontrollably upon witnessing the scenes of this great worldwide destruction. Humans and animals were running wildly about, trying to save their lives, to escape from the jaws of death. But there was no escape. The fire devoured them all.

And now, great rains were pouring down, waves of rushing water filled the streets, covering the houses. Somewhere, buildings toppled in a tremor, vast cuts opened up in the ground. The people were swallowed up by the angry earth. On all sides the uproar was shattering. The wail of pain and horror, the rivers of blood and pus, the panic and the desperation, and then, the final death. The silent aftermath. Dada, who had never in his life shed a tear, was weeping now. "Oh, God, please stop this, please stop this!" he cried. "What a terrible destruction! Please, now show me your other side, your beautiful form."

Withdrawal from Business

Everything was changed now for Dada. He could not apply his mind to the diamond business any more. It simply held no interest. He decided to wind up his affairs, and so he travelled to Calcutta. He had owned his shop there for so many years, and yet now it all looked so strange to him, so meaningless. He walked down the aisles of his jewelry warehouse, looking at the trays full of glittering diamonds, millions of dollars worth of gems, gleaming symbols of the greatest wealth, which men were known to kill and die for, and he felt that they were simply stones, worthless hunks of mineral. He shook his head. "This is a meaningless business."

Dada approached his partner. "Please give me freedom from this business," he spoke quietly.

The partner's jaw dropped. "How is that possible?" he replied. For the partner was well aware that Dada was the moving force behind the firm's success. It was Dada's mind, Dada's personality, even more than the diamonds themselves, which glittered such that customers desired all he had to offer. If Dada leaves, the partner thought, there will be many difficulties. He asked what reasons lay behind Dada's decision, and how much of a share he would ask to be bought out.

Dada gently consoled the man. "I am leaving because I need to be free. I feel that this business is a lie, and so I am going. I have received the message from God that this Kaliyug world will be destroyed, so I want to use this money in Godly service. I will not ask to go through all the accounts. Just make the settlement as you think fair."

Dada wanted to get back to his meditations as soon as possible, but the partner wanted to go through the books together with him, so Dada agreed to stay. However, their accounting was soon interrupted by a knock on the door.

We mentioned before that Dada had an uncle, Mulchand Arala, known to everyone as Kaka Mulchand, who was a great philanthropist. Dada had given him a promise that his vow of feeding the people who came to him would be continued. Dada used to cooperate in the work of dispensing donations. Just then, as Dada was beginning to clear accounts with his business partner in Calcutta, a messenger came into the office with a wire from Sindh that Kaka Mulchand was ill. Dada left immediately, without checking the accounts. Whatever letters and figures that the partner's lawyers gave him, he accepted as true. Dada sent a wire home which had the following meaning: Dada got God-realization and the partner got the temporary royalty of worldly wealth. Then, Dada boarded the train to visit his sick uncle. Dada's family were thoroughly confused. They couldn't believe he'd really sold the business, just like that. What has happened to Dada?

When he disembarked in Sindh, Dada Lekhraj was a completely changed man.

Realization of the Process of Death

Kaka Mulchand died before Dada was able to reach him. But some days later, he received a vision. While sitting alone in his office, Dada saw the moment of Kaka's death. He saw the soul take its leave of the body, exiting through the forehead. Life energy, rising like mercury in a thermometer, moved up from the toes and concentrated in the head. Then in an instant the soul departed. Thus, Dada understood the processes of death. Only the body died, he saw clearly. Not the soul.

Within a week of the vision of Kaka Mulchand, Dada received yet another revelation. This time he saw the deity

Vishnu once again, who spoke these words: "I am the four-armed one, you are that." Afterwards, other visionary figures appeared: Shri Krishna Jaganath, Badrinathji and Kedarnathji, one after another, each saying the same thing. "You are that." Dada reached a state of great happiness because of these revelations. But how were they to be understood? He began thinking deeply about them.

During this period, Dada's guru showed up. Since Dada still was not quite sure what role the guru played in all these extraordinary experiences, and since the guru seemed the best human teacher he could rely on in such matters, he continued to treat him with the same respect as before. Dada spent 25,000 rupees for his reception. He arranged a large gathering. Many people were sitting there. But the way Dada sat in their midst, the way he got up, everything he did, in fact, was now completely different. Dada's body had not changed, but it was clear that his mind had become detached. The soul of Dada was receiving power from some unworldly source.

B.K. Brijindraji, who had the good fortune to be there, writes about what happened the night of this gathering: "The guru was lecturing, and Dada got up to leave. Never before had he done such a thing (for it was a sign of disrespect). My attention was drawn to Dada. I knew that something very powerful must have taken hold of him to make him act this way. I sent Jashodaji, his wife, to speak to him. Then I got the idea to go after him also. I went to Dada's room and sat down near him. Jashoda returned to hear the guru's lecture. I will never forget what happened next."

The Most Important Moment in the History of the World

"I saw that the eyes of Dada had become completely red, as if a red light was glowing inside him. His whole face had become red, and even the room was now illumined, with a reddish, otherworldly glow. And then something began to happen inside me, too! I felt bodiless! How can I describe it? I was there and yet I wasn't. I was simply light. My mind felt clearer than it ever had been. I heard a sound from above. It was as if, through the mouth of Dada, *Someone else* was speaking! That voice was so very quiet at first, then it grew louder and louder. It was stunning. Not frightening, but simply —awe-inspiring. The voice spoke thus:

*Nijanand Rupam Shivoham Shivoham
Gyan Swarupam Shivoham Shivoham
Prakash Swarupam Shivoham Shivoham
Nijanand Swarup, Gyan Swarup, Prakash Swarup*

(Translation:

*I am the Blissful Self, I am Shiva; I am Shiva . . .
I am the Knowledgeful Self, I am Shiva; I am Shiva . . .
I am the Luminous Self, I am Shiva; I am Shiva.
I am the Form of Self, the Form of Knowledge,
the Form of Light.)*

"To this day, I cannot forget that voice, nor that scene. The atmosphere was electric, more than real, and my condition of feeling as if without a body is still alive in my memory. As soon as Dada opened his eyes, he started looking around with great wonder. Whatever he had seen, had jolted him to the core of his being. I asked him, 'Baba, what are you looking at?' He said, 'Do you know what that was?! It was a Light! It was a Power! And there was an altogether new world! There was someone, far away, there were many, they looked like stars,

and when the stars came down, they became princes and princesses! The Light and Power said to me, 'You have to make such a world.' But he did not show *how* that world was to be made. How shall I be able to make such a world?"

"Who was that speaking to Dada? It was the Highest of the High. I had witnessed the entrance of the Supreme Father, Supreme Soul—Shiva—into the body of Dada."

Dada fell into deep, deep thought. He immersed himself in the work of solving the mystery of this unparalleled event. 'Who was that? What kind of power could give me such visions, such knowledge, such self-realization?' Gradually he unravelled the logic and the implications of it all; the secret was unveiled to his astounded intellect. Yes, it was really so: God, the Supreme Soul, Shiva, Himself, had entered into his body. It was God who had revealed the truth about the coming destruction, and of the establishment of the heavenly world which would then follow. And it was God Himself who had given the sign that he, Dada, was to be His medium and the engine for creating such a divine world.

The True Gita is Re-Created: The Song of God is Heard Again

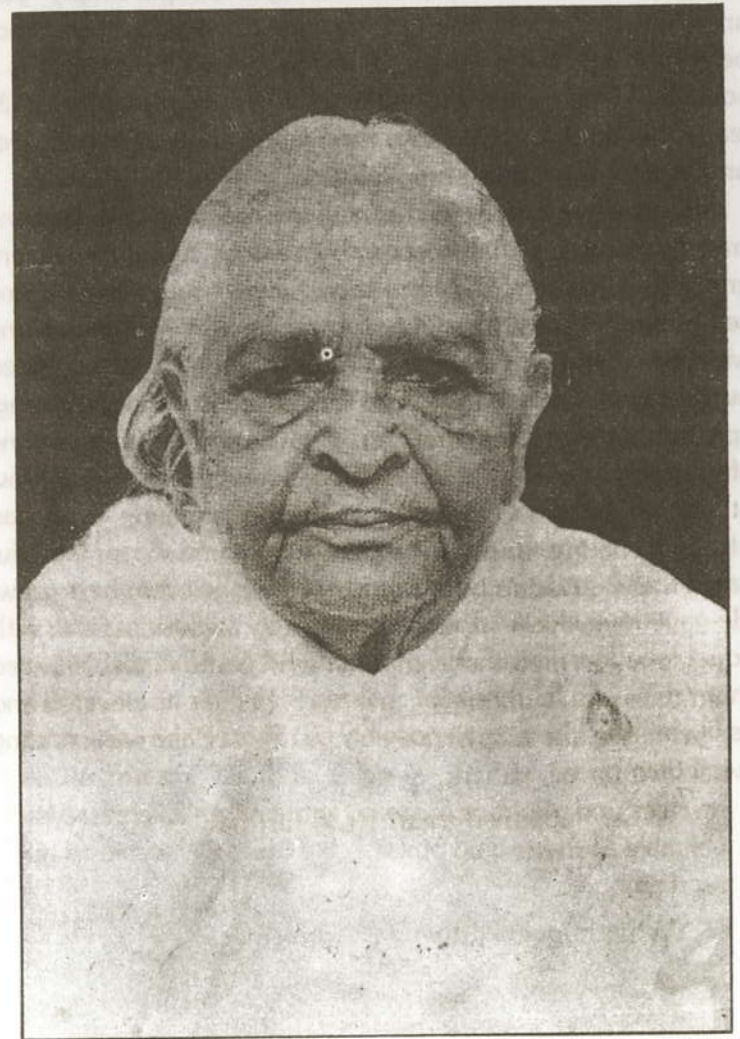
The flood tide of realization surged once more. Now Dada had the experience that the Lord—Bhagavan—was giving Gita Gyan—His Song of Knowledge—inside him, in a secret and indiscernible way. The inspiration of Godly knowledge was increasing within him constantly, and at the same time, Dada was becoming stabilized in his new consciousness, experiencing ever more deeply the delightful taste of self realization. His intellect was moving faster now, too. He began

to churn over the idea, what are the real Mahavakyas (Great Sayings) in the Gita of Bhagavan, and what is the deep meaning?

He received divine wisdom in response to all his questions, and he understood firmly that the Gita was the only scripture in which God Himself speaks His Great Versions. But now Dada realized that the Bhagavad Gita, as it is presently read, is in a distorted and much diluted form due to errors and additions which crept in since it was first delivered orally by God 5000 years ago. The Gita scripture did not get written down until 2500 years later, after the fall of the deities who were created by hearing it in the first place! But now that Shiva was giving his Godly Knowledge again and making him realize its implications in practical form, the written Gita which Dada was reading every day became less and less relevant, until he became detached from it entirely. Of what use was that old scripture now that the real Gita was being sung to him by God Himself? Dada had the experience that he was Arjun, and that God had entered the chariot of his body, to quench his thirst for knowledge.

Bhagavan Himself, in order to keep His promise, had come again in secret form to fulfill the desires of His devotees. Dada felt that now at last he had the accurate knowledge of the self, of nature, and of God. He knew that his perishable physical body was simply one of many vehicles in which he had ridden, the last of a series which began with Krishna. And soon this world of sorrow would be replaced with a world of happiness once more, and he would be reborn as the baby Krishna, destined to rule in Paradise. He was the first man, *Adi Dev*, he was being re-created in God's image; when the job was complete, he would be set down into the Garden of Eden. He, Dada, was the original Adam!

Once he had heard the secret voice of God, Dada began to give this knowledge to all his friends and relatives. When he revealed to them that they were souls, they melted in joy, experiencing God's Love as it poured directly from Dada's



BRAHMA KUMARI BRIJINDRA.

eyes. It was an experience so powerful that they were mesmerized. And Dada himself was utterly intoxicated with the wine of self-realization. He used to say to people simply "you are a soul." That was enough. He wrote it also, so it would not be forgotten. "I am a soul, Jashoda is a soul, Radhika is a soul . . ." Thus he used to make all the members of his family learn this lesson—that "everyone is a soul"—over and over until it became firmly fixed in their minds.

As others came in contact with him now, they became transfixed. Men and women, rich and poor, all felt the experience. As if the light of their life was awakened, they became self-realized. They experienced themselves as light. Along with this came peace of mind. Their desires, their vices, dropped away. They began to lead pure lives, pure in eating, drinking, speaking, acting, and thinking. In a remarkably short time after entering Dada's body—which God continued to borrow at regular intervals in order to teach mankind—God had utterly transformed the lives of all who came close. He educated these souls untiringly, and even as their numbers grew, He gave love like a father, a completely selfless parent, with equal love for all, patient, merciful and just. He also showed them rules and methods for making their lives as elevated and as valuable as they could possibly be. Shiva Baba was creating living diamonds.

What happened then? Read further.

PART TWO

The Supreme Personality



SHIVA. Divine Point Source of Omniscient Light, Universally Recognized as God.

A Short Aside to the Reader . . .

“Dear child, consider yourself a soul, and remember Me.” In these words, Shiva Baba, the Highest of the High, sums up His teachings. But behind this simple phrase lies a limitless treasure of Knowledge and experience. Each day, therefore, Baba would descend anew from the Incorporeal World to explain another aspect, another unseen implication, and most of all, He would exemplify His words in very practical ways, so that the lessons became indelibly engraved into the minds of his “sweet children.”

People everywhere are familiar with the expression “God is love.” But how many have had the unparalleled good fortune to experience His limitless love directly? By entering the body of Dada, He showed what it really means to be Father. God raised His divine family with such meticulous care and attention that even the simplest soul could understand immediately that here, indeed, is the Ocean of Love.

When Shiva entered Dada’s body, he renamed that soul whose chariot He now shared, with the name of Prajapita Brahma. All those who heard the Knowledge which Shiva spoke through Brahma’s mouth became the mouth-born progeny, or Brahmins. And so, no matter what age they were, old mothers or teenagers, all who recognized Him became His “sweet children.” They took the name “Brahma Kumars and Brahma Kumaris,” the pure sons and daughters of Brahma.

They gathered to him like needles to a magnet, and they stayed. And so an institution was created, out of the love

of souls for God; an institution of purification, a sacrificial fire, a Yagya. And the Yagya grew and grew, as more and more souls heard and understood. Their hearts simply melted to grasp the nature of the process which was going on: the world was actually being transformed before their eyes. It began with one soul, that of Prajapita Brahma. Soon 400 moths had dashed headlong into the Flame. Today, there are 100,000 Brahmins whose minds are firmly turned to Baba, who are purifying their natures, their sanskaras, (innate tendencies or personality), and who are channeling Baba's incredible vibrations into the material world, secretly affecting Nature itself, causing the present Iron Age to finish, and paving the way for an Age of Gold, heralding the re-appearance of the Royal Dynasty of the Sun.

The story of the birth of the Yagya is told in the following pages largely through the words of those who experienced those ecstatic days themselves: those who witnessed Baba's arrival, who surrendered to Him, and who underwent the testing by "fire" which made the young company invincible.

The story, of course, is not yet complete, for the Final scenes have yet to be played. Now the time has come for Baba to be hailed and recognized by the entire world. The face of every atheist will pale, the mind of every devotee of every bodily religion will boggle, and the truth of the present moment will be clearly visible.

And then the fireworks will start. World War III, the Final War, the Great Mahabharat War, will be launched. The terrible, swift sword of nuclear destruction will separate us all from these worn-out bodies, and we shall rise again in our subtle form, to the visionary planes, and meet with our Creator to be judged. After that, our loving Father, Shiva Baba, will guide us on our final homeward flight, to Shantidham, the World of Peace.

Take heed while there is time. A ticket to the Heavenly World awaits you. Your Father calls. Will you become His once again?

An Extraordinary Satsang

Dada had stopped going out. His family, friends, and neighbors, young and old, used to sit near him and listen to the deep knowledge he imparted about the soul. There was tremendous power in his words, and as his listeners churned over the extraordinary ideas in their minds, they became lighter and happier, suffused with an otherworldly glow.

In a short time, the word spread to more distant relatives, and they also began to appear in the house. They felt immediately the charged vibrations in the atmosphere, vibrations of warmth and love and power which could not issue from a human being, and they gradually comprehended that Dada had become the corporeal medium which was being used by God to disseminate His Highest Knowledge.

Baba gave special attention to women, because women were greatly oppressed by the social customs, and He gave them the encouragement and power to overcome restrictive conditionings and to realize their full potential. Both men and women who came to see him received visions, sometimes of Shri Krishna and the future establishment of the Golden Age, and sometimes of the forthcoming destruction of the impure world of Kaliyug, The Iron Age.

The story of these visions spread rapidly. Soon everyone in the city had heard that if you sit in satsang with Dada, you will get a divine vision. Many came to see if it was true.

The newcomers did receive extraordinary and blissful experiences, but they thought that Dada was responsible.

They did not realize that the Supreme Father Himself was behind this phenomenon, and was speaking to them through Dada's mouth. Even Dada himself in the beginning wondered how these visions came about. Only later was it clear who was performing in such a miraculous manner.

Among those who came to satsang* was Rukmini, a lady from a very wealthy family. Her father-in-law was a local notable. Rukmini was very unhappy at this time for her husband had just died. Her friends persuaded her that she might find solace at Dada's gathering. Hesitantly she went there and sat before him and listened, and immediately a change came over her. Dada's manner and his words filled her with new courage. She went home in a profound state of happiness, and she advised her family to return with her the next day. "Let us go to see Om Baba,"** she said. "He has secret powers. There is nectar in his speech. He has given me peace. His head shines with a divine aura. And there is such power in his drishti (the look which is in his eyes) that even a disturbed soul feels blissful in his presence."

By seeing what a transformation had come over her, Rukmini's relatives became interested. One of her daughters, named Gopi, went to the next satsang with her. And immediately upon seeing "Om Baba," she felt that she was in the presence of God. The Supreme Soul had come secretly into the body of Dada, but to a true seeker, He could not remain secret for long.

Gopi experienced many visions, including the realization of herself as a pinpoint of light. She felt that she had become a gopi indeed (a lover of God), and she had found the One for whom she had always sought. Today, she is known as

*A satsang is a spiritual gathering.

**Dada was called Om Baba in the beginning, because whenever he sat and chanted the word "Om," his listeners went into trance. Later, God gave him the name Prajapita Brahma, because through him, the world would be renewed.

Didi Man Mohini, a name of spiritual endearment which Baba gave her, and along with Dadi Prakashmani, she is one of the main pillars of the Godly University which SHIV BABA has created.

Knowledge Leads to Samadhi

So many men and women received exalted experiences at Dada's satsang, which came to be called Om Mandali, that it is impossible to recount them all. But the following recollection of Sister Hirday Pushpaji is illustrative.

"Since childhood, I remember that when I used to hear news about a marriage among any of my relatives, I experienced unhappiness, yet I had no idea why I felt that way. And as the day of my own arranged marriage approached, I found myself constantly weeping. The desire to lead a spiritual life, always latent in me, came closer and closer to the surface of my consciousness.

"At last, when the day of my marriage arrived, I felt as if it were the day of my death. But there was no escape. Fortunately, my husband proved to be of a spiritual nature, and he had no feeling of lust in his mind. Not even in his eyes was there a trace of vicious attraction. And so we lived together peacefully. When he became ill, I took care of him faithfully, like a nurse. But never in my life entered any idea of sex lust between husband and wife.

"Despite medical treatment and complete attention, my husband's condition worsened. So, he left his body, six months after our wedding. My parents became depressed. I also was unhappy, for a short time ago I had been a carefree, unmarried girl, and now people would look upon me as a widow. My brother had died young also, and my parents had

not gotten over that shock yet. He had been the star of their eyes. Now they were even more downcast. Looking at their despair increased my own unhappiness. The news of our grief reached many people in Hyderabad, for our family was wealthy and well-known there. Eventually, Baba came to hear of our story.

"I had already heard much about Om Baba — how those who went to his satsang found peace of mind and even experienced visions. So one day I went there. I watched him carefully, and I saw that what they said was true; sublime peace poured out from him. Just by being in his presence, I felt happier suddenly. Baba asked me, 'Who are you? Do you know who you are?'"

I said, 'I am an unhappy woman.'

"Again, Baba asked, 'OK, tell me whether the world is full of happiness or unhappiness?'"

"I said, 'The world is full of great unhappiness.'"

"Baba said, 'Sit down.' He made me sit near him, and he drew a picture of a human being, showing the soul between the eyebrows. He explained it simply. 'Look, this body is made of the five elements of matter. It is destructible. But the soul which is inside it, possesses mind, intellect and impressions or personality tendencies. The soul is conscious, eternal and indestructible. Daughter, these two things are separate. The body dies and is burned; the soul is not burned. It goes from one body to another. Now tell me which you are of these two. Are you the body made of the five elements or are you the soul?'"

"I was stunned. A curtain had been lifted from my eyes. I said, 'Baba, according to your explanation, I am a soul.'"

"Baba replied, 'Daughter, the nature of the soul is peace. Peacelessness is the nature of prakriti (the physical elements). By identifying with those elements, you become peaceless. Now tell me who said, 'I am an unhappy woman.' Are you an unhappy woman or are you a peaceful soul?'"

"Upon hearing this, I lit up. 'Yes, I am a peaceful soul!' I experienced the truth of Baba's words. Baba said, 'Take your intellect away from the consciousness of the body. Be bodiless. Establish yourself in your eternal immortal form: the peaceful soul. See who you are. Do you see what form you have?'"

"As Baba spoke, I went into another state of consciousness. I forgot this body altogether. I saw myself as a dot of light, flying up and up, into realms of limitless joy. I sat for nearly two hours in that state of natural samadhi.

"When I came down again, Baba called me and asked, 'Who are you?' I said, 'I am a soul.' Baba asked again, 'Now are you happy or unhappy?' I said, 'I am one peaceful, happy soul. There is no one as happy as I am.' Baba asked, 'Is the world happy or unhappy?' I said, 'It is happy.' Baba laughed and then said, 'All right, remember, remember and make today's lesson your own. Tomorrow I will teach you another lesson.'"

"At that moment, without thinking, I started singing a song:

*You spoke one word and I was awakened,
my heart has arisen from the deepest sleep.
I know who I am now, a soul in a body,
from this house of matter I know how to fly.*

*In one single moment, you made me a yogi,
you took me up to the highest home.
I am the soul, this body is matter.
I am eternal, this body must burn.
By giving me Knowledge, you sat me on a
high throne;*

*You showed me the way to purity.
You sat me on a high throne,
You showed me the pure path,
You awakened me from the deepest sleep.*

"I had been weeping when I went to see Baba, but now I was going home laughing, in divine intoxication. When I arrived home, I told my mother the story of what had happened. She could see that a change had come over me. I looked at her sad face and said, 'Why do you weep? The soul is indestructible, eternal. You are that peaceful form.' My mother felt new energy on hearing this. Her despair momentarily evaporated. She told me to go every day to hear Baba speak Knowledge, and then, to tell her all about it when I came back home. One day soon after, I told Baba about my mother and her unhappiness. Baba said, 'All right, I will come to see her.' That very moment, Baba got up to go. He came into our house and met my mother.

"As soon as her eyes alighted on him, she went into a trance, realizing her self's true nature. She had a vision of the four-armed deity, Vishnu. A beautiful expression of peace came upon her face. She stayed completely engrossed in meditation for a long time. After coming down again, she smiled so sweetly at Baba, and he gently explained Godly Knowledge to her."

In this way, many persons received lasting peace of mind. They experienced that Bhagvan, the Lord, had come to dispel the dark tyranny of unhappiness, and to establish the true religion of inner peace.

Social Reformation

In those days, it was the custom in Sindh that when anyone died, the women of the family were to wear dirty, black clothes and spend their days in ritual weeping. Hirday Pushpaji's mother was caught in this same web of tradition, but after experiencing Baba and the Spiritual Knowledge which he showered on her, she was able to thrust aside those burdens

of social restraint. She overcame her shyness and her sense of limitation and broke once and for all with all the backward, dehumanizing customs to which Indian women were subject. She threw out the dirty clothes she had been wearing, and began to live again in freedom and happiness. How else should a self-realized soul be feeling?

So many women became so deeply impressed with Baba's liberating message that together they found it easy to adopt these reforms. Overnight, they changed their outlook radically, and sent shock waves through their families by displaying so much personal power over their own lives. It was an unheard of development in that custom-bound land.

On the other hand, there were also women who had come under western influence previously, and had adopted the habit of wearing fashionable European clothes and ornaments, jewelry and make-up. They had also adopted the western proclivity toward hedonism, and spent much time in satisfying the tastes of the tongue. In the wealthier households, servants did all the cooking and other domestic service. These women were truly living lives of leisure, and were the envy of much of the community. But now, many of them also came in contact with Baba, and they realized that they had gone too far in the wrong direction. Fashion was not freedom, and indulgence did not bring happiness. Nor did others' envy bring any satisfaction. Those who realized the deep truth which Baba spoke, gave up their attachment to finery and idleness. Their dress became simple once more, and they joined with the servants to do the household work. They again acquired control of their eating habits, with Baba's guidance and spiritual might.

The people of Sindh were amazed at the results, and a general feeling of respect for Om Mandali grew up in the community. Habits and social customs which were recognized to be bad—but which no one had been able to change for centuries—were eliminated by this gathering with a single flash of the shining sword of Knowledge. Personal problems which

people had been unable to curb throughout their lives were conquered with Baba's help. No wonder, then, that the fame of Om Mandali spread far and wide, and many families began to send their daughters there for satsang.

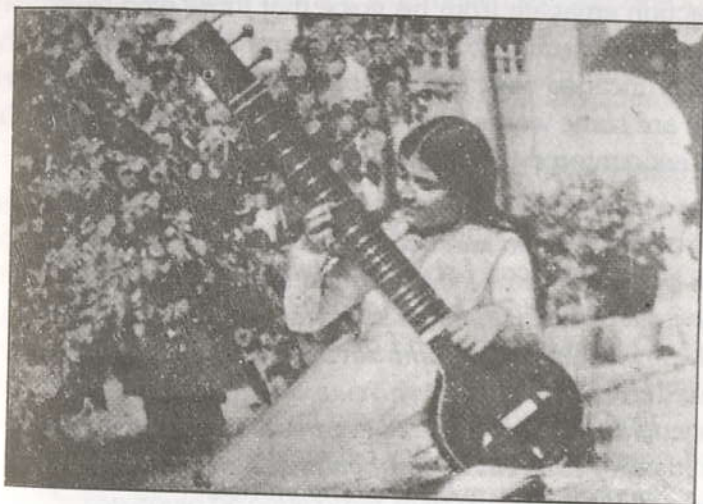
Om Radhe

Out of the increasing numbers of people who took advantage of this Knowledge to improve their lives, one girl stood out from all the rest. She took Baba's message completely to her heart, she wedded herself totally to God, she surrendered her every thought to His direction. Because of this total dedication, she transformed herself into one of the world's extraordinary personalities.

Her name was Radha, and they called her Om Radhe. She seemed a veritable goddess, not merely because of her long, flowing black hair and flashing eyes, but because of her virtuous and powerful personality. She was awesome in demeanor, yet discrete and merciful at the same moment. Her intellect was legendary, and she was able to digest Baba's Knowledge as no one else could, to revise it in her mind, and to bring out its many subtle implications.

In college also, she had always been first in her class. Now she was able to mobilize all her intellectual resources in the service of God, and she became Baba's right hand in the work of upliftment of society. Om Radhe was also one of the sweetest singers in India. A special kind of divinity seemed to animate her voice.

From the moment she first heard Baba speak Knowledge, her mind began dancing with joy. And it never stopped, throughout the rest of her life. In comparison to that bliss, she recognized instantly that all the sensual happiness the world



Om Radhe with Sitar (Jagadamba Saraswati).

had to offer was without taste or merit. Here was the true nectar of life.

She determined immediately to adopt a life of celibacy and yoga, and to devote herself to world benefit. Om Radhe saw that Baba was not an ordinary human being, but a different order of personality. Why else did his forehead shine like a jewel, or divine intoxication flow from his lotus eyes, or such attraction emanate from his voice that those who heard him chant "OM" would go into ecstatic trance? Om Radhe sang like an uncaged bird, and her songs were balm to the heart. Here are some words from one of her early songs, when she first encountered this institution.

*O friends, what shall I show you?
And how can I show you what I saw,
What I saw in Om Mandali?
O friends, how can I describe such joy?
The voice of Om
like an arrow pierced my mind,
and calm and quiet I became,
and all my troubles, all my stories,
all my sorrows died away.*

Before Om Radhe had begun to come to satsang, or had ever met Baba, for that matter, her presence had been pre-cognized. Jashodaji, Baba's wife, once experienced in a vision, for example, that Radhe would be Empress Lakhshmi in the future, and that she, Jashoda, would give her the Kingdom. Once Radhe had arrived and surrendered, the meaning of that vision became clear. For Radhe quickly became a storehouse of Godly thoughts and energy, and so her name was changed to Jagadamba Saraswati, the goddess of Knowledge, the world mother, for her secret role would truly be that. Her qualifications for the role were matchless

Family Reactions

Dada did his best to interest his own relatives in taking Shiv Baba's inheritance, believing that "any good work of charity should begin at home." Especially now that people from all over the country were arriving to behold the divine phenomenon of God's descent, and receiving countless blessings from a second's contact, why indeed should Dada's own physical relations not prosper as well from this event? He could not let them pass up such good fortune without making an effort.

Dada's wife and daughter-in-law had always been religious minded anyway, and had always had the highest respect for Dada, who during his entire life had never swerved from the path of integrity and honesty. They knew without a trace of doubt that *someone else* was regularly taking over Dada's body and speaking through his mouth. And the power which that other personality was exerting was so intense and blissful, the guidance offered was so high and noble, the language so poetic, the ideas so liberating, that it was clear to them that this Person could be none other than He, Shiva, the Supreme Soul.

So, they did their best to follow His directions. They practised establishing themselves in soul consciousness. They made continuous efforts to integrate in their minds the various points of Knowledge. They constantly worked on improving their level of virtue and detachment. Finding them well set on the right path, Dada's attention turned to his older daughter.

Before Shiva Baba's arrival, he had married her into a wealthy Sindhi family. Now, after acquiring divine Knowledge, he felt he had made a mistake tying her down into a relationship involving sex lust. Even though he had been ignorant of the necessity for celibacy at that time, he felt that he was the

cause of her downfall, and therefore his duty was to show her the path of purity. He succeeded in this, with the help of God.

Here is what this daughter, who is known as Dadi Nirmal Shanta (she is today the zonal head of Bengal and Eastern India, serving from the Calcutta branch of the Godly University), has to say about the experience:

“Before becoming God’s instrument, my father’s life was really already full of princely decorum and devotion. So Baba gave me in marriage to a person who was wealthy and of great prestige, the Mukhi* of the city.

“There was nothing lacking in my father-in-law’s house, as far as worldly happiness was concerned. Before I was married, when I still lived with Baba, I was also happy, and completely carefree. Baba never allowed us to feel that anything was lacking, and he brought us up with great love and attention. I did not realize how much until later. Yet I had never had any attraction for puja or worship. I had everything, so what should I pray for? But once the Supreme Father, Shiva, entered my father’s body, everything changed for me. There seemed to be no more love and attention coming to us from Baba. Of course, when I went to visit him, I felt that he was more gentle and loving than ever, but it was different. Now he was intoxicated in divine love. The whole world had become his family. I could not speak to my parents as before. Now they made me hear God’s Knowledge at every opportunity. It was disconcerting, and I didn’t understand at first that it was all because of their concern for my welfare. They wanted me to follow this highest path, not to miss this golden opportunity. But at first, the truth of it all passed me by, I only saw that they had become different, and more distant. Yet one day the reality of what was occurring finally registered in my mind.

*Mukhi means the most politically influential person in the city.

“A festival was being celebrated, and Baba invited me for dinner. When I got there, I saw a number of girls and mothers listening intently to the Knowledge, while another group was enjoying a dance. It was not an ordinary dance, they seemed in a state of deep concentration, and I went closer to investigate. At first I didn’t like the dance they were doing, but then I stopped watching the movements of their feet, and began to inspect their faces. They wore a look that I had never seen before, but that I recognized instantly—a look of absolute, otherworldly bliss. They were in a trance, completely unaware of the world around them. What scenes were they seeing in their mind’s eyes? And how could they all be so attuned to each other’s movements?

“The dance became more intricate, and it soon dawned on me that actually these women had a great deal of talent. In fact, not even professional dancers could have moved with such grace and skill. They never used to dance at all. How could they be doing this so perfectly now? I knew they were not in an ordinary state of consciousness, but I had no idea that internally they had been transported to Satyug, to heaven, and that they were dancing with Shri Krishna himself. For the moment they were living in the future, in their next lifetime in the Golden Age. It was this extraordinary vision, conferred by God, which gave them the power of such a dance. On their faces I saw peace, love and a unity with God. I felt the energy, the sense of grace, the power of purity which charged the atmosphere.

“When the dance appeared to be over, I asked one of them what she had experienced. But I saw right away that she was still deep in that consciousness, far beyond sound and not yet able or ready to leave that happy place in order to explain. It must have been difficult for her even to speak. In a slow, barely audible voice, she said, ‘I will tell you tomorrow.’ I had a tremendous desire to hear what she would say. So I went to Baba and told him to send me the car tomorrow and I would

come. Baba said, 'All right, daughter, let us see tomorrow.' I didn't feel happy with his answer. I said, 'Baba, why do you speak like this?' Baba said, 'We have the idea to send the car, but let us see what happens tomorrow.'

"I had been brought up with such total solicitude, receiving everything I had asked for, that I was unprepared for this response. Baba had never spoken to me before in such an ambiguous manner, and in my ignorance, I took it to be an insult. Before, if I had told Baba to bring down the stars from heaven, he would have done so. Now he was hesitating even to offer me the use of the car. I got very angry, and left the house. But Baba followed me, put me in the car, and drove me back to my father-in-law's house, making sure I arrived safely. Yet I felt he was just trying to patch things up, and as I got down from the car at my destination, I said in a huff, 'if you don't send the car tomorrow, I will not come.' I remember very clearly what Baba said then, because it struck me to the quick. His eyes were laughing though his voice was subdued. 'Daughter,' he said, 'would you really know what is going to happen tomorrow?' I responded, 'Whatever happens tomorrow, we will see tomorrow.' And I went inside.

"I fell asleep almost immediately, but around two or two-thirty in the morning I awoke with a start. A flood of light filled the room, unearthly light. I knew it had no physical source. In the midst of the illumination was Baba. At first I could not believe what I was seeing. When the vision faded, I closed my eyes and tried to sleep again. I told myself that because of my talk with Baba earlier that evening, he had come into my mind in such a powerful way; that it was nothing more than a kind of dream. Yet after a little while the room was once more inundated with divine light. It was beyond belief. But I forced myself to sleep again. It was too much for my mind to comprehend. And yet there was to be no escape from the truth. For a third time, Baba appeared, and this time Shri Krishna was standing beside him. Baba spoke to me in the

sweetest tone I had ever heard, 'Daughter, wake up. You have to do the work of world upliftment.'

"His words were like arrows which pierced my heart. I felt transformed in a single instant. 'Baba,' I spoke in reply, 'You really *do* have God within you! I did not recognize you. I will do whatever you ask.'

"I fell asleep again with blissful feeling spreading throughout my mind. By morning, the visionary scene had repeated itself many times over in my consciousness, and I felt I should go immediately to see Baba. But as soon as I tried to get out of bed, I began to feel such tremendous bodily pain that I fell back, helpless. I remembered Baba's words: 'Daughter, whatever happens, let us see.' The words rang in my ears, he had known the future, he had known! I fell deep into thought, all my pain forgotten. All I could think of was Baba, that God had actually entered my Baba. All the Knowledge He had spoken to me so often, I tried to recapture it now. I had taken it all so lightly. We could not recognize Him in His true identity, being in an ordinary human form. Such power, yet we could not recognize it. . . .

"At sunset, Baba himself came to see me. When he came in the room, I began to shed tears of love. I could not control myself. I was filled with repentance and recognition. I embraced him. 'Baba,' I said through my tears, 'now I have recognized you, now I will do what you ask me to do.' From that day, I had entered a new life."

Dada In Kashmir

After serving to bring transformation to so many people in so short a time, Dada felt the need for seclusion. He took the family to Kashmir. Meanwhile, those who had been coming to

satsang continued to meet together to meditate and to discuss the Godly Knowledge. Baba regularly sent letters, one per day, to those who had been awakened. They would read the letters aloud, and then discuss the treasures which the words contained. The spiritual insights which Baba conveyed so poetically brought supersensuous joy to those who heard and understood. It was incredible how powerful mere words could be. Those who received Baba's Letter of Knowledge (Vani) considered it an invaluable gift, and those who heard would take notes in order to be able to savor the divine sentences over and over. These souls were truly the original Gopis—the lovers of God—written of in the ancient scriptures. Thanks to Baba's Knowledge, they felt their lives had taken on new meaning and value. Life had been empty and dry before, but now it was valued as dearly as diamonds. They walked on the air, they moved in the light, they lived in ceaseless intoxication.

While in Kashmir, Dada spent most of his time in solitude, thinking deeply about the information which God was delivering through him. What were the ramifications, the hidden implications; how could one cut through all the layers of karmic residue and experience the fullness of the treasures Shiv Baba had to offer?

The self is consciousness, non-physical, a point source of illumination. I, the self, control my thoughts, my power of decision, my proclivities. To think of myself as a bodily being is illusion, it leads to disharmony, to sorrow. Rather, I am eternal, I must detach from bodily attractions in order to truly experience myself in my eternal form. I must take my mind to the Silent Home of Souls, Nirvana; I must focus my thought waves upon Shiva Baba, the Ocean of Peace. Immerse in His divine attributes. . . . So Dada re-educated his mind to comprehend from every perspective the meaning of contemporary events and eternal verities. He was able to see the whole world process clearly.

Dada wrote many letters, and he spoke to many people eager to hear the spiritual knowledge. And he himself, the man, made herculean efforts to inculcate the teachings, to purify himself completely, to attain perfection, according to the commands of God.

Dada's daughter, Nirmal Shantaji, writes about an incident which occurred during this period in Kashmir, which followed upon her own visionary experiences. "I had gone with Baba to Amarnath;* we were on horseback. While we were on the road, a storm struck. Many people turned back, but Baba went ahead. 'We have to reach our goal,' he said. Despite the downpour and the opposing wind, Baba's determination remained firm. He had always been extremely adventurous, was not afraid of any type of hardship, and never, never got confused.

"At last we reached Amarnath. Baba was dressed in very ordinary clothes, but the pilgrims, upon seeing him, immediately took him for a maharaja (great king). It was because his manner was so naturally royal and dignified. Baba asked the guards of the place how the Shivaling made of ice had come into being. At first, they were reluctant to reveal the secret, but thinking Dada to be a king, they finally told him everything; how the freezing water dripped from a hole in the ceiling of the cave, and drop by drop built up the ice into a large stalagmite. So much for the "miraculous" appearance of Shiva's image. How much more profoundly miraculous the secret arrival of Shiva Himself into the forehead of Dada."

Meanwhile, back in Hyderabad, a regular satsang had been established in Dada's house, even in his absence. The Knowledge was so impressive, bringing together the essence of all the world's philosophies and religions, and so calculated to bring out the best in a human being, that even casual

*A famous pilgrimage spot in India. A cave is there containing a giant Shivalingam made of ice, which is traditionally supposed to be of magical origin.

listeners were changed by coming in contact. Soon Shiv Baba's message had spread throughout the community.

All who attended the satsang found their lives transformed. They gave up the eating and drinking of impure things. They gave up temper tantrums, slothfulness, dependency, lust and status seeking. For those who understood this Knowledge realized that, at this time, they were able to earn income for the next 21 lives in the future. Making money now, for this one life, was not nearly so important as providing security for the next two and a half millenia. And their futures could be assured so easily—simply by shedding their vices! Who would not jump at such a deal? Only God could offer such a generous business arrangement. . . .

It was also said in Hyderabad that those who came to this satsang received self-realization without making any effort, and that visions were bestowed by God on everyone who came there. So people were naturally attracted there, and the number who attended dramatically increased. Nearly 200 persons were soon arriving on a daily basis.

The program generally was arranged as follows: the satsang began with the singing of a song. Baba would send the songs from Kashmir, very beautiful poetry, which would be rendered into music. All the women loved to sing together. Then the daily Letter of Knowledge was read, and following that a lecture was given on that topic. By imbibing these points ever deeper into the intellect—points about the nature of time, the laws of Karma, the powers of the soul, the qualities of God, the method of yoga, the truth about the ancient original religion of deities, from which Hinduism is derived, the coming of the new world and the destruction of the old—the minds of these women became stable, buoyant, powerful and clear.

People who came to observe were amazed. How could simple mothers speak so authoritatively, in such an elevated manner, about such high topics? How could they speak with such depth of understanding about abstruse subjects which

foiled the intellects of even the greatest scholars and pundits? Those who saw and heard could not help recognize that a Godly power had been responsible, making the weak strong and the dumb to speak.

It was a turning point for India: never again would women submit to the burden of masculine oppression. The yoke had been broken, and a new mold, for a new culture, had been created. From the beginning until now, Baba has placed the Urn of Knowledge on the head of girls and mothers, making them primarily responsible for the dissemination of the Godly wisdom. And this responsibility has been accompanied by a continuing flow of divine power. The product is a world wide community of men and women working together with a unity unknown in the world of today—a divine family already 80,000 strong, and daily growing, preparing the framework for a truly harmonious and happy world.

All this began at Shiva Baba's satsang, where the shy learned to be assertive, and the arrogant learned humility; where the greedy found satisfaction and the angry found peace; and most importantly, where all found the One for whom they had been searching: Baba.

But though the lectures were beautifully delivered, and the Knowledge was unique, still these topics were also dealt with elsewhere. "Control Over Passions" and "How to Make the Mind and Senses Obey" were familiar goals to Indians. What separated this satsang from others, however, was that those who came to hear a message also *experienced* that message. They found themselves suddenly bodiless, flying up to Shantidham (Nirvana), being filled with light and might, or travelling in time, to the Golden age, and living for a moment as a deity. It was so extraordinary that people would leave speechless, afraid to talk about their experience for fear that no one would believe them.

When Dada returned from Kashmir, his eyes sparkled to see so many new souls present at satsang. Strangers were

there from far off; persons who had not even heard about Baba or Om Mandali, but who had been sitting quietly at home when suddenly one evening the whole room filled with divine light, and a voice spoke, telling them, "I am giving Godly Knowledge; you must come and hear." The voice even revealed the address. On the basis of such astounding, unasked for revelations, they had come to Om Mandali. "You have called us here," they said. Dada was amazed at all this. It was more of Shiv Baba's work, he understood.

Those who came were not sorry. Meeting Baba was an unflinching rewarding experience. His head shone visibly with the light of purity and self-realization. His eyes were filled with spiritual might. It seemed as if rays of light were streaming out of them. To be in his presence was to be soaked in peace. The coolness of Baba's mind and senses made others also cool. In comparison to other men, he seemed a diamond among stones.

Dada's bearing was so royal, and yet his dress and style of living so simple, that one could well imagine him a god in exile, secretly winning again his ancient kingdom of the world. It was no wonder he attracted so many good people to him, who found at last not merely a teacher, but an example of how to live a pure and successful life, a lotus life, in the muddy pond of the Kaliyug world and yet above it, attached only to God. As one intoxicated soul was heard to sing, "I am being swung in the swing of wisdom, in God's sweet swing of love. I have lost all fear of people. My dearest Friend is with me now."

It was not just adults who received this exalted experience at Baba's gatherings. Even little children were lifted into realms of supersensuous bliss, enjoying visions of Satyug, the heavenly world to come.

Many of those children remained with Baba from those early days until now, growing up in the service of the Godly institution, continually experiencing the joy of being near to the Lord. One sister, B.K. Hirdaya Mohini, who is presently zonal head of the Delhi area branches of the Godly Spiritual

University, was such a beneficiary of God's blessings in her childhood. Listen as she recalls her experience. . . .

"When I was nine years old, or nearly that, I first met Baba. Not that I was interested in religious matters then. Hardly. I was an active child, busy running about in various childish intrigues, playing games with my friends, and no one ever suggested I practice yoga. I could hardly sit still long enough to be taught what any of that was for.

"But one evening, Baba was invited to hold his satsang at the house of one of my friends. After persistent invitations by them, he finally consented, and held a series of gatherings there, meetings which were full of songs and dancing, as well as various lectures. My mother was keenly religious, and so naturally she attended every session. I went along also a couple of times, but only for the opportunity to dance and play and jump around.

"But one day a curious thing happened. While sitting in the satsang, I suddenly went into a stage of deep concentration. Some force pulled me into that condition. Someone magnetic and powerful and immensely attractive seemed to bring me deeper and deeper away from bodily existence, into regions of incredible unworldly sensation.

"I was told later that the women who sat near me thought I had gone to sleep, but after seeing me sit for a long time without moving, they realized I was in the midst of a samadhi experience. And yet how little they knew! I had entered another world! A world beyond this world! It was like Alice in Wonderland, yet so completely free of anything even remotely fearsome or threatening.

"I was in a large room, decorated so finely and beautifully that it is impossible to describe, for nothing in the world of today compares to it. There was the most attractively inlaid gold and diamonds and jewels of every color, and shimmering fabrics, and tremendous starburst chandeliers of perfect

white diamonds, and glorious idyllic scenes of flowing rivers and luscious gardens outside the windows.

"In that beautiful room, most attractive of all—in fact, attractiveness incarnate—was the handsomely dressed and decorated figure of the ten-year old Prince Krishna. He was beckoning me with a gesture, as if to say, 'Come, lets play!'

"When I came down from this vision, and returned to normal consciousness again, I opened my eyes and saw a circle of women sitting all around me, peering intently at me, and I got suddenly frightened and began to cry. I thought, 'what has happened to me that these women should stare that way?' But my mother calmed me down, and asked me with great love to tell them what I had seen.

"Oddly, I found that was not easy. For, who *had* I seen? Later on, I knew the child-prince to be Shri Krishna, but at the time of my experience, I had no idea who this beautiful, royal friend could be. I had never before paid any attention to statues of Krishna, and though I had heard his name spoken of, I had never taken any interest. So I could only relate my vision in a very uncertain manner, describing a lovely, happy child, dressed in the clothes of a maharaja's son, in a palace more elegant than any I had ever seen or imagined. The child seemed to know me. He was calling me to play, to dance with him.

"I described it all very poorly, but my mother, who was well-read in the scriptures, recognized the image of Shri Krishna. She brought some bhakti paintings of Shri Krishna which were commonly known, to see if they were similar images. But the trouble was, the painters who had made those pictures, never having experienced such visions themselves, did not portray the deities with any accuracy. Krishna was so much more lovely than their representations; those pictures were thoroughly artificial and uninteresting. So it was difficult for me to say, on the basis of such paintings, that the one I met was Krishna. Yes, there was a great deal of external similarity,

the type of clothes he wore, the surroundings of gold, and the fact that he held a flute in his hands. This last detail finally convinced me, and so I said yes, this was the one I saw, but he was far more beautiful."

Such visions were given to many children in those days, as well as to their elders. It was a time of overflowing miracles, of never-ending happiness, of ecstasy upon ecstasy, and as more came to take their share of the treasures, the level of feeling rose ever higher. It was like being in a rainfall of light and love. A spiritual bomb was exploding, and the radiation could be felt in ever wider circles. Whoever had a spiritual inclination, whoever felt even the slightest love of God stir in his depths was rewarded with a sudden fantasia, a journey through the cosmic cycle; here was an irruption of God's power into the corporeal world such as has not been known in history. The incredible became the commonplace. The impossible became possible. The body was forgotten; time gave way to eternity; and ignorance was replaced at last with Truth; Truth with a shining capital T.

What was left for God's growing family to do but sing? And this they did. They created uncountable numbers of intoxicating melodies, pouring their overflowing hearts into a mold of music. The work of Baba's children is the blissful song which is always on their lips or in their hearts. A song of Baba, a song of happiness, a song of attaining perfection, a song of liberation from the stifling ego, of union with the Infinite One, the Ocean of Love.

Baba would walk so lovingly among his children, when the satsang was over for the day, and his pure and fatherly vision would fall on all around him, and the warmth could be felt, the sense of belonging, of having made it to home base, where one was safe forever. Safe and secure. When he spoke so sweetly, "Oh child," it was as if bouquets of flowers sprang up in the heart, and the cage of flesh was left behind; the soul flew like a liberated bird to the highest heavenly abode and

sang for the purest joy that any being could imagine. "Oh, Baba!" cried the soul in return. "Oh, Baba"—the words were on the lips of all, and tears of happiness would fall from grown men's eyes like ghee upon a Shivaling. Every single person there, whether civic leaders or little children, experienced one thing: the Father of all souls, the Primogenitor of the world, the One who teaches true religion, is standing in our midst.

Even those who had never met him before, those who came to satsang for the first time, felt such a transformative experience, that they automatically considered him their father. The hardest hearts melted in his presence. Here was life, here was happiness, here was power. Outside was the world of death. Here was peace, here was undiluted truth, here was courage. Out there was poisonous speech, delusion, and moral cowardice. Out there, all one could do was pray. In here, one found the answer to all prayers. Here, in person, stood the Purifier, Baba.

*Tired of wandering, through a suffering world,
weary of the wheel of life,
longing for a homeward flight,
I happened to stumble here, to Om Mandali.
Now the soul sweetly sings,
flying to the world of light;
I have died the living death, and I am free.
Now I know the aim of life,
now I have found my home
and now at last, I have met God.
Each morning I bathe in the Ocean of Silence,
I drink nectar from the cup of Truth.
I walk in the path of happiness,
and my feet never touch the ground.*

Such were the intoxicated responses of those whose lives were forever changed by meeting Baba. Rich and poor, the famous and the indigent, sat side by side in equanimous

brotherhood and spiritual grandeur. It was a simple satsang, and yet it seemed a royal court somehow, the court of Indra, the famous deity of Indian mythology. Indra was the god of rain, and Shiv Baba brought a rain of Knowledge, a rainfall of beauty, a hurricane of power, and an Eye of Peace.

All wore white clothes there and it sometimes appeared to be a congregation of graceful swans, those who picked up only pearls, birds of purity, beings of light. Those women who had been so caught up in fashion before felt a greater beauty in their simple, shimmering white saris. The outer simplicity allowed the inner beauty to become all the more strikingly apparent.

High thoughts, sweet speech, brotherly vision, pure intentions: these were the elements of a knowledgeable personality, these were the results of Baba's impact on the soul. They had imbibed the spirit of purity, inspired by Baba's own life, by the power contained in his every act and gesture and word. The old life of desire, of lust, of egotism seemed filthy to them now, seemed poisonous and animalistic. By drinking the nectar of Knowledge, their lives had become new and shining once again. A unique joy permeated them all. And it was not difficult for them to decide to retain that thrilling sense of elevation and happiness at all costs. To live the life of a yogi, in celibacy and inner silence, to remember God and to fill the mind with his attributes, to live the life of a householder yet as a lotus flower, in the world yet not of it, this was the golden determination of all. We shall lead a pure life, they vowed, and remain out of the mud of mental instability and body consciousness.

The satsang continued to grow, and with the increase in numbers, a formal structure was needed. Varieties of classes were necessary for the people at different levels of spiritual development. The Knowledge had to be revised and organized into books, so that it would be available to the public. All this took administrative leadership and money. Therefore, it was

the will of the Supreme Guru, Shiva Baba, that Brahma appoint someone to be in charge, and that Brahma should donate all of his money to the furtherance of God's spiritual academy.

In October, 1937, Om Radhe and eight other women formed a trust committee for the new institution, which was called the Prajapita Brahma Kumaris Ishwariya Vishva Vidyalyaya—the Godly World Spiritual University. Om Radhe took charge of administering the institution, and she became the leading teacher, as per Shiva Baba's wishes. Thereafter, Brahma Baba gave away the entirety of his worldly wealth and property to the trust committee. He gave charge of all the university's affairs into the hands of the women. His sole task now was faithfully to fulfill the role of being God's medium, and to take responsibility for being a complete example of surrender to the will of the Highest.

Om Radhe took over the reins firmly and smoothly, operating the university on a day-to-day basis, applying the Godly principles of economy and simplicity, yet making sure that every visitor felt perfectly at home. She remained detached in her part of administrator, employing her own well-developed powers of judgment and discrimination, combined with her innate gentleness and cooperativeness, to make sure that all who worked in the institution continued to function harmoniously and happily. She herself always remembered that it was God's work she was performing, not her own. The Knowledge which she taught to others, and on the basis of which she had attained her personal fulfillment, was given directly by the Supreme One, she was only His instrument. Her duty was to be ever obedient to God's wishes. And because she succeeded so perfectly in maintaining this consciousness, she became loved by all. They called her 'Mama'—even her own mother began to call her that. Shiva Baba called her Jagadamba—World Mother, and He informed her that all the temples to Ambaji, all the devotional (bhakti)

pictures, were her memorials. Mama worked non-stop to fulfill the prediction contained in those words.

The Godly University was an abode of peace and harmony, but the outside world was assuredly not. The fledgling school ran into opposition almost immediately from outside. The main objection was God's insistence on purity. Husbands did not take well to the idea of their wives becoming celibate. Fathers were nonplussed at their daughters' decision to forego marriage. A tremendous tumult began to build around the issue. It was all right if men wanted to take up lives of renunciation, but for women to do so—this was something extraordinary, and many men could not tolerate it!

Of course, Baba foresaw all this, and so, at the very beginning, he told all who wished to attend his satsang, whether they were young girls or married women, that they must bring with them a written letter of permission from either father or husband or guardian. Once permission to attend the Godly school had been granted, those relatives would be bound by it, and difficulties avoided.

However, it was not so simple. Many husbands flatly refused to sign such letters. They felt that they were lord and master over the wife, that a wife is a chattel, a domestic servant and a sexual plaything, and they were not about to give up their rights to such a valuable object.

Others saw that this gathering was changing the lives of those people in other, subtler ways, which threatened the materialistic basis on which the household had been used to operating. It was embarrassing to some families for their daughter to be seen wearing a plain white sari all the time, and eschewing the very status symbols which the father worked so hard to attain. Having a religious person in the house deflated the pompous atmosphere which many were accustomed to. Their conscience would prick to see a brother or sister follow the highest code of conduct, while they themselves engaged in a life of decadence.

So the difficulties mushroomed, as Baba's spiritual children became firmer on the path of purity. Boys also encountered problems with their families, who expected grandchildren but would not get them. And why were these sons not eating their mothers' cooking any more? Why did they insist on such pure diets? The families did not, could not understand. Despite the best efforts of Baba's children to explain, this knowledge would not fit into most people's intellects. Yet, at the very same time, they were pleased at the transformation they observed, in so many respects. Those who followed Baba's directions became responsible, active, honest, thrifty, peaceful, understanding, thoughtful, forgiving, detached and lovely. It was unbelievable how many virtues they had acquired, as if from thin air. Children who had had the habit of sleeping until noon were now arising at 4 a.m. for meditation; those who had been indolent and jobless were now working and achieving independence. Their families watched incredulously. How could a person be so down-to-earth, and at the same time talk about divine revelations, world destruction, meeting God—in short, use the language of crackpots and dreamers? The two by right should not mix, and yet they did, with eminent harmony. Something very strange was going on, indeed.

Still for all its strangeness, those who came even a little closer had to admit that it did make sense. And if the families were open enough to speak with Baba personally, then the objections were gradually overcome. The experience of Sister Hirday Pushpa is illustrative of the kind of thing which happened:

"One day, Baba told me to have my parents sign a permission letter. The note read, 'We give permission to our daughter willingly that she may come to Om Mandali to drink the Nectar of Knowledge from Om Radhe, and for her to donate that Nectar to others also!'

"I requested my father to sign the card. He asked me what was taught at the satsang, and I told him. My father was a meat eater, and he drank a lot of wine. There was not an iota of

religiousness in him. He got very angry as soon as he understood me. 'I will not sign anything like that,' he shouted.

"I was perplexed. I went to my room to think. What would happen now? Baba wouldn't let me come to satsang without permission, and my father would not give it. I felt that I could not live without continuing to see Baba and to drink in his Knowledge. I would be like a fish out of water. I prayed to God to help me.

"The next day I went to see Baba and told him my trouble. He smiled as if he had already heard my prayer and considered it. He told me to invite my father to come and meet him. This excited me. I smiled again, for the first time in days, and ran home to tell father.

" 'Baba has remembered you,' I told him. 'He asks to see you.' Hearing this, my father softened somewhat, for Dada Lekhraj had a high reputation in the community, and one did not lightly turn down an invitation to meet and confer with such a wealthy and established personage. My father was also well-respected in Hyderabad, and he could not, out of respect, refuse this call. Together we went to see Baba.

"They talked in a very friendly way. Baba asked him, 'Do you know why your daughter comes here? The peace that you see in her life today, how did she get it?' Baba gave him a little knowledge and then asked Om Radhe to explain at greater length. 'You are a conscious soul,' she told him. 'This body is a temple. Does one give offerings of meat in a temple? Do you ever give gifts of wine to the deities?'

"My father listened and he could not help but agree. He began to repent of his sins of eating cow flesh, and of drinking wine, and even of his anger. That, too, was a sin, Om Radhe convinced him. And the idea took hold of him that he was a conscious soul, an eternal being, living in this temporary temple of the body. Baba's vibrations cooled him completely, lifted him to a new level of awareness. He went back home transformed.

“When he arrived at the house again, he began throwing his bottles of wine out into the street. They were expensive bottles of French wine. His brother saw what he was doing and ran to stop him. ‘Brother, why are you throwing away this good wine? Give it to us if you don’t want it!’ But my father replied, ‘This sin which I have left behind, should I pass it on to you? I can’t do that!’ Since that day, my father has been a vegetarian, and has never touched another drop of alcohol. Not only did he sign my permission card, but he wrote letters for every member of the family, giving permission for all to attend. And then he wrote one for himself. ‘I have given up wine,’ he laughed, ‘but I think I have acquired a taste for this Nectar. Why can’t I indulge myself in this?’ He was very happy, and a weight seemed to have been lifted from our entire family. Such was Baba’s magic.”

Om High School

Whole families were now joining Baba’s congregation, and they wished that arrangements could be made so that their small children could also receive an education there, both in terms of ordinary knowledge, the skills of reading, writing, and arithmetic, as well as the spiritual knowledge and environment which only Baba and Baba’s children could provide. Practical arts were also taught, such as carpentry and sewing.

Baba had also had this idea, from the very beginning. For if little children could be raised on the principles of purity and virtue, great benefit to the world could be accomplished through them. So the plans went ahead and were quickly effected.



Children’s school class.

A boarding school called "Om High School" was opened for the children, using Baba's own new house for the facilities. Different ages of children came, and the older ones helped to teach the younger. The mothers were put in charge. They made beds, draperies, and uniforms for the students. A dispensary was provided. Cooking and dining rooms were set up. Increased bath facilities were built. The children were brought up like princes and princesses, with every convenience. Tenderness and discipline were happily combined for the optimal effects. The work of the school went forward on the basis of the highest kind of love.

When the number of students grew, the classes were separated. There was one for boys between the ages of six and ten, another for girls aged eleven to fourteen. The program on a typical day went something like this:

5:00 a.m. *The children arise. Light exercise and a walk followed by a meditation on peace.*

6:30 *Bath and Breakfast.*

8:00 *Studies begin.*

10:30 *Recess. Fruits given for a snack.*

11:00 to 1:00 *Classes continue.*

1:00 p.m. *Lunch and rest.*

3:00 *Classes in Spiritual Knowledge, followed by songs and conversations.*

5:00 *A milk break, and an evening walk.*

7:30 *Dinner.*

8:30 *Informal talks and counsel, about how to attain the best qualities in oneself, the importance of purity in food, how to handle the everyday problems of life, and other points of knowledge which the children asked about.*

10:00 *Samadhi.**

10:30 *Sleep.*

*Samadhi is a stage of meditation where the soul experiences self-realization.

Physical health was not forgotten amidst all this attention to spiritual wellbeing. The children were involved in an active program of exercise to keep their bodies strong and robust. Plenty of sunshine, and varied kinds of play activities kept them stimulated and in a high state of consciousness. Wearing their uniforms they would enjoy their morning drill on the sea beach at Clifton, where Baba often took them. The uniforms did away with the girls' consciousness of being female, with its social constraints of submissiveness and weakness, and great efficiency and power of organization was attained. More importantly, they learned how, while performing their intricate drills, to remain established in the remembrance of God.

Sometimes Baba took them specially to the beach in the early morning hours, not to drill, but rather to sit in silent meditation. Sitting each some distance apart from the other, perched on lonely sand dunes or rocks jutting out by the surf, in the dawn's clear light, secluded with their Supreme Father, these souls in young bodies reached an understanding of their own eternity, made contact and remained in loveful silent communion with Shiv Baba for long, blissful periods.

While gulls wheeled overhead on the quiet beach, they would gently go into a state of trance, flying higher than the birds could even dream of, Swans of Knowledge returning to their high home beyond the world.

When the children returned to the school, they would take part in karma yoga, cleaning up their rooms, making their beds, mopping the bathrooms, washing their clothing. They kept everything spotless. Visitors found it a joy just to see the immaculate habits these children had inculcated.

When it was time for meals, they used to come quietly to the dining area, and sit in a line to take their food. Until all had received their portions, no one would begin to eat. They observed silence while dining, so as to be in God's remem-

brance, and thus ate slowly, digested their meals well, and did not overindulge.

When it was game time, they participated fully and happily, whether it was hide and seek, or musical chairs, or badminton—and sportsmanship was the real point of the exercise. It was a virtue which came easily in that atmosphere.

At sunset, it was time to meditate once more, and the children were ready for it, sitting peacefully on the verandah and filling themselves with the Supreme Father's light and might. When a certain record was played on the loudspeaker, the children knew that it was time for bed. And while the song played, the little future princes and princesses relaxed, lay down and gently slept in pure light consciousness, a deep sleep of total restfulness. They slept until another record woke them up in the early morning hours, and then they rose joyously from bed to begin a new, creative, wondrous day, a day in the company of Baba.

Inspection Tours

In a short time, the word got round that Om Mandali had opened a boarding school for children. Rumors about it flew about the educational community of India. Some said that the teachers of Om Mandali had turned the children into saints, other reports said it had made them into zombies. The educators wanted to see for themselves, and to be sure that they would see the school as it really was, they made their visits unannounced. Local headmasters, administrators of several educational institutions, and several famous educators dropped in for these surprise tours of inspection. And they went over the facilities with a fine tooth comb, looking for something to criticize. The quality of the children's food, the

method of teaching, the correlation of worldly and spiritual education, the morale, the test results, all were carefully evaluated, and the observers came away astounded.

The teachers of Om Mandali always thanked these observers for coming, and encouraged them to come again in their unannounced fashion to measure the children's progress. They had nothing to hide, and they were happy to be able to give these people food for favorable publicity.

The educators who came were awed by the school's success, but at the same time they were worried that it could not last. They suggested that the school should register with the government in order to become eligible for economic help, because how long could the Om Mandali treasury bear the burden of such an economic drain?

But the visitors were told not to worry, that this was God's own institution, and God is the Giver of everything, so the school would never be lacking. The people could not understand, but neither could they argue with success. Often, when these people showed up, the children would be deep in meditation, and some were even in the midst of a trance experience. The visitors watched in disbelief. They found themselves affected by the powerful atmosphere also, and became quiet and peaceful. When the children came down, they told about what they had seen, describing the wonders of the Golden Age, and the visitors were touched by what could not but be the truth, coming from the mouths of little children.

The extraordinary maturity of these children amazed all who met them. How could such youngsters be so independent, have so much self-discipline, get along with each other so harmoniously, be so devoted to study—and how could they sit so long in meditation? Was it possible for there to be so many saints in one place? Could there be something about the locale, or the method of instruction? But their teachers were not even professionals! And why was the atmosphere so peaceful, why was everyone so friendly? How was it possible

that there were no conflicts? The educators dug deeper, searching either for a hidden scandal or a secret key to this incredible success. When they finally asked straightaway about the children's remarkable maturity, one teacher gave the answer in this way:

"Of course the children who came here were all different. Some began as trouble-makers, some were too hyper-active, some too aloof and closed off. Many had bad habits, and caused us troubles. So we went to Baba to ask his advice. 'These children harrass us, Baba,' we told him. 'What should we do about them?'

"Baba was very firm in his answer. 'Don't ever beat them,' he said. 'To beat them is to do violence. This is a great sin. Instead, make them understand about the harm or loss which each of their mistakes entails. Show them the bad trait which they have, and teach them what advantage they will gain if they get rid of it. This must be explained to them gently and well. If any of their demands are proper, you must be careful to fulfill it. You will win their hearts by love and by understanding, and then they will do as you suggest. You must also explain to them that by doing a certain kind of thing, they are performing a sinful act. The fruit of every sin is received on earth, or else at the bar of Final Judgment, but it cannot be escaped. The laws of karma are precise and unremitting. When they firmly grasp this truth, then they will be anxious to improve themselves. But do not beat them or mistreat them. Love them!'

"Baba used to say further, 'These children have left their homes to come here, so they have made a kind of sacrifice already. This should be respected. Their intellect and their organs of action are not yet completely developed. Yet in some matters they are superior to adults. If you see them as souls and talk to them like that, they will feel rapport, and they will understand immediately. Still, if they do persist in some unworthy activity, then cut down on giving them some of the

things they like to have, and they will improve. For example, do not allow a troublesome child to talk to an individual whom he likes best. Tell him, so long as he does not improve he cannot speak with this person.' And indeed this technique yielded quick results; the errant child would return to normal very soon."

The Yogis Take an Exam

The work of the Godly institution went on; men, women and children, by the hundreds, were tasting the Nectar of Knowledge, and finding it an intoxicating brew. Through the power of yoga, they discovered the strength to transform their personal lives. That, of course, was the heart of the problem, a problem which was soon to grow to vast proportions: for those who attained such constant happiness and elevated character proved a threat to the limited egos of those around them who could not shake off their vices.

The province where God had chosen to descend was a wealthy one. It contained more than its share of prosperous businessmen. Many of those businessmen travelled far and wide, to conclude contracts in the international market. They were away from home for much of the year. This left their wives free to pursue whatever activities were of interest to them. If a wife showed religious inclination, of course a travelling husband was happy to encourage that, feeling that such an attitude implied the wife would be faithful, would maintain the household carefully, and would spend her free time doing worship in the temples, thus avoiding temptations. It never occurred to the husbands that their wives might do even more, that they might actually put true religion into practice,

changing their diets, their habits, the company they kept, and most significantly of all, maintaining purity of mind and action.

Eventually, the day arrived when the husbands returned. A ship full of these travelling merchants and industrialists disembarked one afternoon. These were men weary of the battles of commercial dealing. Some came home victorious, having landed lucrative contracts or sold full inventories of their goods. Others had been less successful. But one thing they all shared: they were yearning for the women they had left behind. Their minds were filled with the prospect of rest and comfort and sexual pleasures.

Their thirst for carnal dalliance was not to be quenched, however. For during their absence, their wives had met and fallen in love with God, and were now faithful to that One Supreme Husband, the Husband even of these husbands. The womens' dedication to purity was firm. They refused to give in to any form of persuasion or harrassment.

The result was predictable. Their husbands' anger rose to violent proportions. They shouted, they slapped their wives, they beat them with straps, they prevented them from going out, they sealed them off from all contact with Baba or Om Mandali, vainly trying to erase the influence which the Spiritual Father had had on them. But these wives were not the submissive playthings they had left behind. They had become strong. How can a powerful soul tolerate a weak soul's attempt to subdue her? Could a man whose only advantage was physical strength succeed in making a shakti, a woman filled with God's might, surrender to the sword of lust? Impossible.

So the struggle of brute force against the power of the spirit built up to a climax. Each woman had her own battle to win, some had an easier time of it than others, some had to endure torture, but they relied on God's help and through it all they kept on singing.

*"I am Shakti, I am peace,
I am always a step beyond,
illusion and attachment I destroy.
I play the Flute of Knowledge
so all can hear, and know, and live in joy.
Such sweet and blissful music
makes unhappiness depart.
So the world will become a garden,
we souls will all be free,
free of bodies or of body-consciousness."*

Even in the midst of their husbands' vituperations, these women would remain cool and humble, stabilized in God's remembrance. They would reply sweetly, "O soul, you are my brother, and I wish only for your benefit. I want to turn this abode into God's temple, not make of it a brothel. How can you wish otherwise? If you and I maintain a divine and godly nature, then this house will be like heaven. My love for my husband has not diminished. It is only that now I understand who you are. You are a soul, and so I love the soul, not the body. You must also. It would be disrespect for you to do otherwise.

"You are the eternal son of the Supreme Father, and I am His daughter, so let us walk together on the path of true religion, the path of purity, and keep our minds focused only on One. I shall continue to perform all my worldly duties with even greater effort than before, carry out my household tasks with efficiency and devotion. Work that I never did before, I will do, to such an extent that if you want to spit, I will not hesitate to hold my hands to be your spitting bowl. But you must not prevent me from going to Om Mandali. We children of God are cleansing our souls, burning the passions and vicious tendencies from our minds forever. Do not place an obstacle in our way, for we are under orders from God. Do not put before us any idea of sex. Our Father is Pure and Bodiless,

and so we are becoming the same. Please recognize the time. The Iron Age is about to end. A Golden Age is being created anew, and you also may take your birthright to be a part of it. Cooperate with us, be a yogi, let us make our lives pure and beautiful as a lotus flower.

“Please, I thirst for purity, I beg only this of you: pure life. Birth after birth we have been involved in the pleasures of the senses, but now for this one last remaining life, for the short years which remain before destruction, let us be pure, let us be holy.”

The womens' words were lovely, well-considered, and strong. But it was like pouring ghee into the sand. Their husbands' ears were closed. They became like raving animals, like addicts who needed their 'fix,' they could not live without satisfying their craving for lustful relations. When they saw that they would never again have their way with these women, some of them became totally enraged. A curtain fell upon their intellect, and they attacked. Mercilessly they beat their wives until they bled.

It happened that several women were assaulted on the same evening, and the next day they escaped to Om Mandali. It was unnecessary for them to tell what happened, because it was plain from their appearance.

Their faces and bodies were bruised and blackened, there was blood on their clothes, and some cuts were still open and blood was oozing out. Their clothes were torn. Their husbands had taken away their jewels and dresses and the money which was their personal wealth. The women had been driven from their homes.

The younger girls at Om Mandali who saw the way these wives had been mistreated decided then and there never to marry, but to spend their lives in purity. They now understood the wisdom of Baba's great counsel: “O Children, lust is your greatest enemy. Lust, anger, and attachment are the doors to hell.” Now, after seeing how women were beaten like animals,

they lost all desire for indulgence in vices, and would not have accepted marriage even if Baba gave permission.

Meanwhile, the violent husbands banded together, and the flames of their hatred of God fed on one another. They were joined also by the fathers and grandfathers and brothers of numerous girls who had adopted celibacy. Those relatives were determined that the girls should marry and allow intercourse. The men formed a group called the Anti-Om Mandali Committee, determined to force Baba to stop recommending purity at his satsang.

Representatives of the committee went to see Baba. They presented three husbands who demanded the right to have intercourse with their wives. The men were meat eaters and wine drinkers, recently returned from business trips abroad. They had badly beaten their wives after being denied sexual favors. One of them had even filed a law suit demanding his conjugal rights. The matter had stirred up such furor in Sindh that many community leaders got involved, siding with the husbands. Some of these leaders were also present at the meeting. They said, “Baba, you must tell these women that they should have sexual intercourse with their husbands.”

Baba replied, “I am only giving away the nectar of spiritual knowledge. How can I tell anyone to indulge in lust? If they do not wish to come to this satsang, then it is their own choice. But sex lust is condemned in the Gita—the supreme scripture—as the door to hell. Should I give false advice? My own daughter observes celibacy. Who gave her the order to do that? Who gave me the order, for that matter? We are all obedient to the same one: God, the Supreme Father.”

Baba went on to explain his position. “These are not my commands. I am only a servant, an instrument of God's service. So how could I order anyone to do anything? No one is under my control. The One who gives orders to them gives orders to me.”

The people left but their opposition had not ended. In fact, they stepped up their campaign against Om Mandali. Ignorant people were stirred up. If women start observing celibacy, they worried, how will the world go on? They of course had no idea that there is a pure world, a period of time lasting 2500 years, when human beings are so filled with divine power that they can and do reproduce non-sexually. This is the period called Satyug and Treta Yug, the Golden and Silver Ages, and the people who live at that period are rightly referred to as gods and goddesses. Not even the slightest impure thought arises during those ages. Such a time has long passed of course, and no trace remains except in mythology, yet now Shiva Baba has descended to create once again the New World.

The Anti-Om Mandali party was powerful. Its members were rich, and had strong ties with government and community leaders, which they now used for their own ends. They hired intimidators to go door-to-door, telling families that they would be ousted from their caste if they allowed their daughters or wives or mothers to go to this satsang. These devils frightened the people, and when that didn't work, they abused them, and they even beat up a number of persons who raised objections to such tactics. The mayor and civic leaders were pressured to bar Om Mandali from the city. The "Anti" Party had friends on the boards of the local newspapers, including the major one, the 'Sindh Observer.' Soon vehement editorials were being published against Baba and his satsang.

Those men who had supported Baba in the past became frightened of this burgeoning movement, and quietly withdrew their support.

Those businessmen who had been coming to satsang themselves on a regular basis, and who had written letters of permission for their daughters and daughters-in-law also to take part, men who had publicly praised Baba's work, now



THE ANTI-OM MANDALI PARTY.

feared loss of business and social ostracism, and so they kept away

Not only that, but many even joined the opposition, becoming officers of Anti-Om Mandali. Even the Mukhi, a well-known local personage, who was a relative of Dada, and long an open admirer of him, stopped coming to satsang. He began to half-believe the rumors which were spreading and became fearful of the violent threats which were being made against any who dared to speak up for Baba. Soon he also joined the Anti-Om Mandali Committee, and its members, realizing the coup they had achieved, made him its president.

Only a few days before, Baba had seen the Mukhi and given him a gramophone record as a present. The record contained a beautiful song, one verse of which went like this:

*O God, take me away from this world of sin
to some far, far, far-off place where there is peace.
I cannot live in this vicious world for even a
moment more.
Take me away from these cunning, lustful, selfish,
worldly people, of deceptive speech and hateful vision,
take me to where the deities dance, the Golden Age.*

The record was meant to be an aid to the Mukhi, for keeping the memory of Supreme God fresh in his mind. The song was rendered beautifully by the singer, but when people came to know about the record, they whispered maliciously to Mukhi, "There is black magic in this record. Never, never play it, or there will be a terrible effect on all of you. Do not touch it either. We will call a magician to examine it and find out what kind of magic is in it."

Mukhi believed all this was true, so he said, "All right, call the magician." They got hold of one who had a reputation for knowing the method of getting rid of ghosts by pressing the hand of the one possessed, and many other secret arts. He

came and performed an exhaustive examination. Finally, he gave his diagnosis.

"Oh, yes, there is much effect of black magic in this record. You are all fortunate that nobody has touched it yet. Otherwise, there is no telling what could have happened to you."

Upon their hearing this, people began throwing stones and bricks at the record so that the magic inside would be destroyed. They kept on until the disc was smashed into a thousand pieces, and the magician told them that the evil had fled.

Such was the deteriorated mental condition of the people of India, subject to the worst and stupidest of superstitions. Truly their intellects had turned to stone. And yet, there were at the same time others whose minds were being filled with God's direct teachings, absolute truth, and whose behavior was becoming divine. This was the real magic, the transformation of character magically produced by Shiv Baba, who turned vultures into swans, and hateful souls into loveful ones. So the misguided people who attacked the record album were correct in thinking it contained magic, but it was the beautiful magic of Knowledge.

One of the observers of the demented assault on the record quailed, "O God, what an unfortunate land has India become! Not only has the Ancient Wisdom been forgotten, but even common sense is lost!" A curtain of iron lay upon the intellect of man. Ignorance and blind faith in scriptures had led them astray, so that an institution as noble and pure as Om Mandali could be mistaken for an evil force.

But then, it is a fact of life that if an individual opens a shop to sell real diamonds beside a shop which sells fake diamonds, people will believe his diamonds are also false. Even if he gives every assurance possible of the truth and value of his gems, people will have no confidence. It is a rare individual who will be able to depend on his own intellect and use

impartial judgment, and thus to buy a diamond from this man. And so it happens when the Supreme Father arrives to give away the diamonds of Knowledge. How many can discern the one true merchant from the many false ones?

The entire household of Mukhi was in an uproar. The Mukhi himself was fear stricken. He was Dada's brother-in-law, yet suddenly a barrier of prejudice fell between them. Dada's daughter, Nirmal Shanta, had fled her father-in-law's house several days earlier, during a family quarrel. Now she would not go back.

When the news began to spread about the broken relations between these two personalities, others quickly took sides. Those who had long held secret grudges against Dada Lekhraj now came out of the woodwork to join forces with Mukhi. One such person was a wealthy businessman who had once asked Baba's help in a personal matter and was refused.

What had happened was this: his son had died, and afterward there was a quarrel with the daughter-in-law as to the proper division of property. The daughter-in-law lived nearby, and she often came to Baba's satsang. The man thus asked Baba to put pressure on her to give up the fight for the property. Baba said no to such a request, first because it was a personal matter with which he thought it improper to interfere; and second, because the woman had a legal right to the property, and she ought to get it. But the businessman, who had been an old friend of Dada's, had not dreamed that his request would be refused. His anger over this had never diminished.

Now both of them, the Mukhi and this businessman, worked actively in Anti-Om Mandali, pouring money into that group's coffers in order to achieve a single objective: bring Om Mandali to its knees.

Their strategy was to frighten the families of those who attended the Satsang, to spread false rumors about Baba's teachings, and secretly to pressure the government into pro-

hibiting Om Mandali from operating. The strategy worked well, and soon many households were keeping their daughters under lock and key. The more superstitious ones, and the more worried husbands, put 5 and 7 locks on the door, and kept the women under strict surveillance. Often they even deprived them of food, and there were cases of women being chained physically to their beds and beaten, day after day, until they would agree to give up this desire to attend Baba's satsang. Despite the merciless torture, the women did not submit.

The Battle of Good and Evil

Prophets, saints, and sages, innovative scientists, philosophers and artists, those who have brought humanity its greatest messages and who embodied the highest ideals, have always had to suffer. History is replete with such atrocities. And when do such messengers and great souls descend? At those critical moments when the old concepts no longer hold, when the prevailing systems have become bankrupt, when a limited perspective must give way to a new vision. Yet the visionary is rarely treated with decency, for he threatens vested interests, established identities, and power structures. So the hardships and calamities repeat themselves in predictable patterns.

Such now was the case with Baba. What he taught threatened the most vested interest of all—the ego. Baba made it clear that the soul must learn to detach from the flesh, and to live in the highest dimension. He showed that lust was a crime, and the primary cause of the world's downfall. Now God was ordering His children to conquer lust, to destroy all their weaknesses, bad habits and body consciousness, and to

become His angels once again. Shiv Baba was hurling the ultimate challenge at Satan (meaning the five vices of lust, anger, greed, attachment and ego) and so, of course, Satan responded with every weapon at his command. The battle was on.

Only a hundred years earlier, in India, people had thrown rocks at Swami Dayanand Saraswati for his plain speaking. He exhorted people to be righteous, and in return he was bullied, threatened, and finally poisoned. Likewise, people had welcomed Jesus Christ by hanging him on a cross. The prophet Abraham before him was severely opposed for his demand that people give up their remembrance of idols and worship one God. When Buddha counselled people to discard the distinctions of caste and to live according to principles of right conduct and right understanding, he was met by angry jeers, and even his own relatives opposed him. When Mohammed began preaching about righteousness, he was oppressed so violently that he was forced to flee his home in Mecca to save his life.

Again, the line of great souls of India who were made to suffer for their sermons is long and legendary. Guru Nanak was arrested and put to forced labor. Teg Bahadur had his head cut off; Mira had to drink a cup of poison. Another sage had his skin peeled off; yet another's children were cemented alive inside a wall; every saint has had to suffer in a thousand other ways. And of course, though most of these saints lived long ago, there is also a very recent martyr, who in this century led India to independence, preaching and practicing non-violence, truth, and celibacy. Mahatma Gandhi's fame is worldwide. Yet he was shot dead by an assassin's bullet.

Anyone who cuts a new path must be prepared for criticism and hardship, for people are loathe to change their ways. Whether a scientist like Galileo, or a political dissident like Solzhenitsyn, no one who upsets the accepted paradigm will have an easy time. Charges will be hurled, and abuses thrown, and one must not be delicate

Perhaps the most difficult test for a harbinger of new ideas is to see his own friends desert him. Society's memory is short, and the good that one does is soon forgotten, the obligations which are owed go unmentioned, and at the same time, the smallest mistakes are pounced on as if they were serious offenses.

Worse yet, there are always demagogues, expert talkers, the orthodox, the powerful, and the prejudiced, who for selfish purposes can twist the minds of the ignorant masses, and make them believe the most horrendous and blatant lies.

Such was the pattern of oppression which now befell Baba and Om Mandali. And yet Baba did not flinch. He did not get angry. He did not even consider fighting back. But the work of teaching, of disseminating God's message and God's pure vibrations, went on as usual. And Shiv Baba continued to descend each day and speak the Muri, the Flute of Knowledge, bringing joy to all who heard. The school kept operating also, and Mama ran the institution as before, with firmness and great gentleness.

The people of Hyderabad expected that Baba would react more strongly to the threatening events which seemed about to overtake him. But they were disappointed. They did not understand that Brahma Baba was not responsible for this institution. He had been simply a householder and a businessman. He had never been a scholar or a guru, nor did he claim to be one now. These teachings of purity and complete celibacy did not spring from his own mind, and at first he had been more surprised than anyone about them.

After all, how could one expect ordinary householders, married men and women, to become celibate? It was unheard of. Men who wished to attain such heights of renunciation in the past had run away to caves or distant jungles. Could two people of the opposite sex really hope to remain together and still banish all thoughts of lust? Neither Dada Lekhraj nor anyone else could have imagined that such a thing was possible.

It would take divine power to achieve such a result on any widespread basis.

Now, of course, it *had* been achieved. Many couples were living in purity together, and many more women were determined to do so despite all obstacles.* Who gave these souls such power: The people of Hyderabad did not know it, but God Himself was at work, enabling the spirit to win a last and decisive battle over the flesh, the result of which would be the creation of paradise on earth.

The harrassment of the women went on, yet they did not give in. This also was cause for amazement by the people of Sindh. For the women of Sindh had *always* submitted to the will of their husbands and fathers. It baffled the mind even to think that these poor girls could stand up to such established figures of power. Women who had been forced to wear veils over their faces, who had been trained their whole lives to remain silent and submissive in the presence of menfolk, and to stay at home like caged birds—such women were suddenly invincible, filled with spiritual might. They discoursed more eloquently and deeply than any guru, teaching the highest knowledge of all. Where did they get such force, such intellect, such inner strength? They put up with physical abuse, beatings, starvation and public humiliation, yet they did not budge from their principles. Whose power was behind such a phenomenon?

Outside people saw Baba only with their two physical eyes. Their third eye was closed. So they were unable to comprehend that the Supreme Father Shiva had descended in Baba's physical frame and was teaching His own profound and absolute Knowledge.

Thus, these people remained helpless in the grip of their debased proclivities and rigid habits. Baba was also helpless, but he was helpless in the grip of God. He used to quote a

* Today, the Godly University comprises over 100,000 members, including over a thousand married couples, who are all "brahmacharis", living celibate lives. Many of these are westerners.

Sindhi proverb, "Vat vende Brahmin Vathho," meaning, a Brahmin going along the road minding his own business got captured by someone. For that is what happened to Dada Lekhraj. He was going happily on the road of life, in charge of a successful business and a large family, when the Supreme Soul stopped him, and began to use his body to teach the value of purity. Thus did Dada become God's unexpected instrument.

The opposition meanwhile stepped up their activities. They hired toughs to go out and follow people who visited the satsang. When they thought they could get away with it they cornered these people and threatened them with death if they were caught going to Baba in the future.

When Baba heard about this tactic, he shook his head gently. He was not angered, nor did he feel they were really malicious. "These people do not know the Supreme Father, that is why they are full of animosity and opposition. They are suspicious that I am doing all this by myself. They have no idea that I am also bound by a Godly bond. The Supreme Soul has no body of His own, so He uses this one to show the pure path; but those people do not see the soul, they see only this body. How can you blame them? It is not their fault."

The fault lay with the scriptures, Baba explained to us. "Those books appear to support lustful action. It is written, for example, that Brahma was enticed by Saraswati; that when Shankar saved Mohini, he became enamoured; that Shri Krishna stole the clothing of the Gopis. By listening to such false stories—which are only to be understood symbolically—they have naturally come to the conclusion that sex lust must have existed since time immemorial. And yet, in the supreme of all scriptures, the Bhagavad Gita, it is explicitly stated, 'sex lust is the greatest enemy.'" This profound statement has been utterly forgotten, ignored by the pundits and scholars alike.

Yet the gurus know it. That is why they run off into the jungles, away from the allure of women. The Christians know

it, for they say lust is the original sin. And so Catholic priests are also celibate. The Buddhists know it, and so their monks strive constantly for purity. The Jews also demand sexual restraint from their people, and orthodox married couples live according to strict rules which limit lustful relations. Yet though the world is well aware of the meaning and value of purity, they are too weak to accomplish that objective, and so they hide from the truth, preferring to rationalize their own misconduct, and to force anyone who makes them see themselves as they really are to leave their midst.

To his followers who wanted to speak out against the persecutions of the Anti-Om Mandali group, Baba said, "Those who speak ill of us are our best friends." And in fact, though it may not yet have been apparent, Baba's children were being tested and strengthened by this challenge, after which they would never again be delicate or fearful. Only those who had been through the fire could hope to stand firm when it was time to deliver God's message to the world at large.

And it was a hot fire, indeed. The pressure from Anti-Om Mandali soon increased yet another notch. Not only were the girls beaten, but now they were being forced to eat pig's meat. The men of their own families took cruel pleasure in thus torturing these impudent females, forcing the impure flesh down their throats. Those families which were more gentle would call in a magician to do the dirty work. One magician specialized in removing the "magic spell" from a woman by forcing her to lie spread-eagled beneath her own bed. He would pin her hands under the legs of the bed, and then he would sit on top of the bed and laugh at her. Other magicians copied this method, adding to it the infliction of other tortures as well.

These magicians would keep the women thus spread-eagled and bound for days on end, continually demanding that they renounce the path of purity. Sometimes relatives would

come in and beat the girls' fingers with heavy wooden handles which were used in the kitchen for crushing nuts and seeds. Now their daughters' fingers were being senselessly crushed in this same way.

Yet the girls who were thus abused still kept their faith with God. They could be heard singing through their tears.

"Over the whole world, He rules.

The universe is His.

The Supreme Soul has come to make us pure.

*When everyone was sleeping, in the dark night of
the soul;*

*When everyone was weeping in the painful web
of vice;*

*When the passion of Satan had made us drunk
with pride;*

*Then the King of kings descended,
in Dada's forehead He arrived.*

*The light of the world has come
to light the lamp of Knowledge."*

You may wonder why anyone should have to suffer so much just because of the wish to observe celibacy. Especially since this virtue is lauded in religious celebrations around the world. There is praise for the Virgin Mary, as there is for the purity of saints and sages. Plato extolled the virtues of celibacy. Adam and Eve lived in perfect, innocent purity in the Garden of Eden, and it was when they ate the apple of physical desire that they were forced to flee from Paradise. Likewise, all the gods and goddesses of Hindu tradition are said to have gone from beautiful to black by sitting on the pyre of lust. Thus was their world sovereignty lost, in a period universally recognized as "The Fall of Man."

In India, virgin girls are worshipped, but once they marry they are treated as servants and forced to put veils over their faces, a clear indication that they have lost their

treasured purity. The virgin deities Jagadamba and Saraswati are held in the highest esteem. People come to wash their feet, in adoration of their achievement of purity.

And yet, when it came to putting all this into practice, when girls told their families that they too were now becoming goddesses by practising purity of mind, speech, and action, they were met with fear and hatred, and their own relatives began to beat their hands with axe handles and to tie them up with heavy chains.

"O man! In the intoxication of your physical organs and your senses, you act so brutally that you lose all power to distinguish right from wrong, truth from evil. Remember that one day your body will return to dust, and you will eat the fruit of your impure acts. So why inflict such pain on these souls of the weaker sex?"

"O man! Intoxicated with your wealth, you live a life of sensuality, and you look at the poor with hatred. Indeed, you suck their blood. But just remember, a day will come when everything you own will fall into the dust - your house, your diamonds, your gold, your life - all will mix into the dust. How many days are left to you? O man, realize your self before it is too late."

Thus did the women sing, song upon song of purity and truth, holding a mirror up to those who feared to see what devils they had become. A shudder ran through the whole community of Sindh. Something so powerful and so extraordinary was going on that it was incomprehensible to most of them. Yet they would never be the same, regardless of the outcome of this confrontation.

To avoid seeing the reality of events, many people rationalized their own behavior, until wrong seemed right. They said to each other that those who listened to Baba and became celibate were mad. But who were really the madmen? Those who had found peace and happiness by taking to the path of purity and remembrance of God—or those who, drunk

with bodily pride and lust, were capable of beating their own wives, daughters, nay, even mothers, to within an inch of their lives?

The irony of the situation was not lost on Baba nor on his children. Those in the darkness of ignorance thought the enlightened ones were crazy, while those persons who had attained enlightenment felt much the same about the ones in darkness. Yet before long it would become clear who was whom and what was what.

One sister who was then a teenager living with her family tells how she was locked in her room each morning to prevent her from going to Baba's Satsang, and when they saw that her determination to forego marriage was a firm one, they began to lock her up for longer periods and to starve her. When she still held out for celibacy, they started to beat her with a strap.

It was a true test for such a young girl who was accustomed to giving her family complete respect. She did not wish to disobey them even now, but the commands of God were of even greater sanctity. "I will go without eating," she told them, "and you may beat me every day if you wish, but I cannot live without the Nectar of Knowledge, so please permit me to go to Satsang." When they saw that their tactics were of no avail, her family called in a magician. He recited incantations over her and forced her to drink enchanted water. But she smiled at him very gently, "How can your human magic oppose God's magic?" The witch doctor understood that he was defeated, that her love was truly attached to the Highest Father, and at last he desisted from his attempts.

The parents let up a little, and she tried again to live a normal life at home. But now the relatives and friends were watching her with a different kind of look in their eyes, as if she belonged to another species. In the evenings, she would sit quietly in one corner, enjoying peaceful samadhi, a state of transcendence. But this somehow triggered anger in the others.

They thought of ways to create difficulties for her every time she sat down to meditate, either by giving her tasks to perform or by harrasing her and poking fun at her spiritual efforts. And when she would sit by herself to read the Murli, the Flute of Knowledge, their outrage knew no bounds. It was as if they construed her study of the Godly discourses as a personal attack on them. And so the beatings would begin again.

What kind of people are these, she wondered. What kind of world is this? What kind of age? She began to sing:

*“Oh, Maya, you colorful mirage,
why do you make people dance?*

*You get them drunk on the pleasures of sense,
til the intellect is completely spent,*

Oh, why do you fill them with anger and lust?

*Oh, Maya, you trap the best of people,
You make them forget their own form.*

*You trap them in their costumes,
and make them forget from where they come.*

You grind them in the grinding wheel of sorrow.”

In the Shrimad Bhagavat, a popular Indian scriptural work, there are many stories about Prince Krishna, who is there referred to as “the Lord.” Krishna is always depicted as playing a flute. He plays it so beautifully that the Gopis, the milkmaids, go mad with love and run away from their homes to be with the Lord.

“I was remembering then those stories of Krishna,” the sister later recalled. “I used to read them in my childhood. When the Gopis fell in love with the Murli (the Flute) of the Lord, their families tried to prevent them from running away to be with the Flute Player. Often I used to wonder how a Gopi could have heard the beautiful Flute of the Lord, and her husband not have heard it. Or was it that they closed their ears, that they did not *like* hearing that Magic Flute? Now I suddenly realized the secret contained in that ancient story: it

referred to none other than this very experience I was living through. The Flute of God was not a musical instrument, but rather the Flute of Knowledge. On hearing it, I was filled with supersensuous joy, and yet these relatives prevented me from going off to listen to more. Nor could they hear the other-worldly music themselves.

“I saw myself as a Gopi of Knowledge. The hidden meaning of the entire scripture was suddenly revealed to my eyes. It was the secret memorial of Shiv Baba’s descent, and our falling in love with the Ocean of Truth and Purity. Such understanding enabled me to tolerate all the hardships and abuses which were inflicted on me, and still keep on smiling.”

But things had not reached bottom yet in that household. Her mother was determined to marry her off, and arranged to find a husband for her. But steadfastly she refused. “Marriage is a useless, degenerating thing if it involves lust,” the sister explained. “The marriage of my mind has been consummated with God. Where is there room for anyone else?”

Hearing this, her relatives became furious. They beat her with such brutality that she nearly lost consciousness. Her body was covered with welts. Then they threw her in a dark, damp cellar and tied her with an iron chain. As a last measure, they beat her hands with a crushing pole. Then they locked the door and left her in the total darkness. She received no food, day after day, but was left alone there, bound hand and foot in that cold black dungeon. “But for me,” she recalls, “that dark room was shining with light. After two or three days went by, I did begin to feel hunger, but my faith and yearning for God had increased so much, that the physical world barely affected me. “Still, I began to tell Him in my mind that He should come now to protect me, He had waited long enough. ‘Oh, God, keep up my prestige among these people. Let me not give in to their tortures. You must come now and free me from this bondage.’”

"Then I began to experience complete separation of myself from my body. I left that dark room entirely, and was transported to another time. Shri Krishna stood before me. He was playing his famous flute, and the music was excruciatingly beautiful. He moved with extreme grace. I had never seen anyone so lovely. I felt completely overjoyed. And then Krishna spoke to me in a soft, sweet voice. 'Now your bondage will break very soon. So be fearless now that I have appeared in this form.'

"During this experience, I felt the instant alleviation of my hunger and thirst as well. And my body was no longer weak. I felt great power within. My soul was recharged."

Soon thereafter, her relatives came and opened the door to the cellar. They had incarcerated her there for three days, and they were certain that the physically frail young girl would be willing to agree to marriage, or anything else, in order to be released and fed. They came down the dark steps with flashlights and shined them in her face.

"Now tell us what you have decided," the father spoke. "You will agree to marry. Right?" I shook my head. "Now give up your obstinacy. Just say 'I will not go to Om Mandali any more, and I will agree to marry!'"

"What are you saying?" I replied. "Have you still not recognized me? Can you not understand? My devotion to God is not something you can frighten out of me. You cannot suppress true love. Even if you take my life, I do not mind. I will gain entrance into Heaven, so why should I be unhappy? I am established in the remembrance of Shiv Baba, the Supreme Husband. So kill me if you wish, but please do me one favor. Take my dead body to the gate of Om Mandali."

They stared at her in amazement, they didn't know what to do. They went back up and began talking among themselves. Finally, somewhat in despair and somewhat in anger, they returned. "Is your mind not yet changed?" they asked again. "Will you really not say 'yes'?"

"I am not such a weakling as you take me to be," she answered. "I have learned to be patient, I can tolerate these atrocities, because I am not alone here. God is with me. And He has made me strong. But you must beware that you have to suffer the effects of your behavior, because my protector is Almighty God Himself. I feel so much pity for you, as by not knowing God, you increase the burden of your sin more and more."

They unchained her and let her come up. But while she was showering and changing her clothes, they continued to confer. Men from the Anti-Om Mandali Committee came over. They convinced the father not to give in to the "demands" of his daughter. They appealed to his ego. Did he want to be a laughing-stock? Would he want it said that he could not control his own daughter? If he failed to dissuade her from going to the Satsang, it would be a defeat for the whole group, for the whole city. And the "evil influence" of Baba would grow. As the men spoke, the father's resolve became hardened once more. He lost his perspective. The feelings of his daughter no longer mattered. He fooled himself into thinking some higher principle was involved, though if asked he would not have been able to say what it was.

Finally, he strode over to his obstinate daughter and again demanded that she agree to marry. He was ready to slap her if she refused.

"Of course I agree," she smiled. "But find me a husband who is established in the soul's true religion. He must not be an eater of meat or a drinker of wine, or one who keeps bad company. He must not be passionate or lustful. Find me such a husband, like the husband of Sita, find me one who is like Ram and I will gladly take his hand in marriage."

Her father did not know how to respond. But he felt he was being toyed with. "You will marry whomever I say!" he shouted. He whipped himself into such a frenzy that soon he was beating his daughter again with his fists. She was knocked

to the floor. He called his sons to come in and tie her in chains again.

There is a famous poem about the women of India. As the daughter was being carried back to lie in the darkness, she sang softly a verse from this poem:

"Really, the woman of India is great. She suffers every unhappiness yet says not a word. She carries all the burdens. She is patient as the earth. Her body is as stubborn and strong, and her mind as pure, as the ancient Ganges. Not only that, she takes upon herself the punishment for the crimes committed by others, she eases the miseries of all who are in her care. Truly, the woman of India is the image of sacrifice; in the face of that sacrifice, the whole world must admit defeat."

She was incarcerated again, and this time they let her lie there for two months, giving her only enough food to keep her alive. And she was also subject to daily torture and abuse. At last, her elder sister returned from England, where she had been studying for several years. She was shocked by what she saw, and made the family release her sister immediately. But even after that, the family remained abusive.

There is another Indian ceremony which the daughter now understood. The devotees make idols of goddesses and worship them for a period of days, but then they drown those same statues in the water. It memorializes the fact that though people bow to purity, they cannot tolerate it for long when it appears among them. For in such a mirror they must see how degraded they have become, how spiritually deformed.

It has happened all through history. Shankaracharya, the founder of the Sannyasi religion, had to fight to avoid marriage. Only by creating a ruse did he fool his mother into giving permission for him to live in purity. He was wading in a lake one day, while his mother was sitting on the shore, and he pretended that his leg was caught by a crocodile. His mother appealed to God to help her son, but Shankaracharya cried

out, "I have heard God's voice. He says you must permit me to live in purity, and only then will he save me. Hurry!" She agreed, of course, and Shankaracharya was then released from bondage.

Pressure was likewise exerted on Gautama Buddha to remain in his palace and not renounce his princely life of pleasure. But despite his father's effort, the son could not be deterred from his spiritual destiny. One day, Gautama simply left and did not return.

So it happened here. The daughter could no longer remain in the family home. Without taking anything, not a single suitcase, she left and went to live in Baba's house. And though he did not encourage this kind of thing, under the circumstances he would not turn her away. He gave her shelter, and she was welcomed as a hero.

Other women came also, likewise involuntarily. Many wives were literally driven from their homes by sex-crazed husbands. And Baba took all of them under his wings, where they found protection and peace at last. They found where they belonged, their true home on earth, their real family—the divine family of God. There is an old proverb which goes, "For one who has no other support in the world, God is the only support and companion." Now Shiv Baba was demonstrating that truth in practical form.

The women blossomed in Baba's abode. They became teachers and true world servers; they lived in constant bliss, thriving in that holy and loveful environment, leading the priceless life of purity

Fire!

Time is circular, like an endlessly repeating loop of movie film. Each showing of the film lasts 5,000 years. We souls are the actors as well as the audience. The filmscript itself has four distinct parts, and moves from a story of great joy to one of great sorrow. The world begins as a wonderland, the fulfillment of every dream. Castles of gold and diamonds, rivers of milk, a world of gardens and games and laughter, a royal kingdom more elevated and noble than Camelot, full of more delights than Xanadu. It is a world of pure human beings, innocent of disharmony or any vice. It is truly a Golden Age.

The population is quite small, less than a million inhabitants at the beginning, and we are sovereign over the entire world. There is no one else. We grow quite old and never experience a day or even a moment of illness or unhappiness of any sort. When it is time to leave our bodies, at the ripe age of a hundred fifty years, we receive a vision of our next life and the happiness it contains, and we leave in peace for a new existence.

Gradually, the world gets older, the population increases, and a new dynasty takes over from the Dynasty of the Sun. Ram and Sita take their places on the throne, replacing Lakhshmi and Narayan. After eight generations and 1250 years, the Golden Age has come to its peaceful conclusion, and now begins the Dynasty of the Moon, the Silver Age.

The empire has by now grown greatly in size, but it is still united. There are many smaller kingdoms within it, each lesser king offering complete loyalty to the ruling family. There is still happiness, and no war, no quarrels, no sickness, no bad fortune. But the world is just a little older, the degree of our purity is slightly less. And so it passes, in a stately dance, one generation following another, until 12 succeeding joyous births

have been taken, and another 1250 years have passed by on the cosmic clock.

Something untoward happens then. We souls begin to lose our sparkle and our divinity. We begin to be attracted to one another physically. We lose the consciousness that we are immortal souls. We fall into vices.

The deities fall, and when we do, the earth is violently affected. Earthquakes and floods destroy the kingdom, washing away all trace of it. The people scatter, and it takes them years to begin rebuilding what was lost. And even then, it cannot be done. For the ability, the knowledge, the purity, have all been lost.

And so we begin to do penance, to find out from deep within ourselves what went wrong, and how to set it right. From a deep unconscious memory trace, we recall the One who had created that world of deities: It had been God, the Incorporeal Supreme Soul Shiva. And so we build temples to Him, we invoke Him to return, to help us re-create our paradise once more.

But it is too difficult to remember a bodiless Spirit. And so we begin as well to build temples to the deities: to Lakhshmi and Narayan, then to Ram and Sita. And later to many others. We have forgotten they are naught but our former selves. The worship in time grows more and more adulterated. This is the Copper Age. Even now, after the Fall, India is still fabulously wealthy, but in comparison to what had been, it has nothing. And now the customs begin to harden while foreign armies steal our treasures. India gradually becomes a backwater. Rituals keep up the memory of the glorious times now past, but nothing new is being created. The Sannyasi cult keeps alive the tradition and value of purity, and scriptures keep the people mindful of right rules of living, pure diet, meditation, etc., but the knowledge of God has been lost, and so the people continue gradually to decline

It is a time for other peoples to arise and take center stage in the World Drama. For during the destruction following the end of the Silver Age, the continents had split apart, and many tribes had begun to develop, each with knowledge of a little piece of the puzzle of the world cycle. The continent of North America rose from beneath the oceans, and waited for its own Indians to come and settle there.

The first great prophet, Abraham, arose at this time. He saw the people of India worshipping deities, and he knew that this was wrong, that only the Supreme God Father should be worshipped, none other. So he headed west toward a promised land of his own and began what became both the Jewish and Islamic religions. He built a temple to Shiva in Mecca, where Mohammed later worshipped. And he established sovereignty over Canaan, which became the home of the Jews. The deities had been called "the Elohim," but now that plural word began to be made to refer to God alone.

Egyptian culture also recalled the dynasties of the ancient deities. In fact, they too called themselves the gods of the sun. Their pyramids were representations in stone of a point-of-light radiating downward from the sky.

The city-states of Greece began to appear, and great thinkers there discussed the nature of reality. Yes, there had been deities at one time ruling the earth, they understood. The Greeks began to worship them as well, and they wove many stories about those elevated ones, whom they called the gods of Olympus. The Greek philosophers developed many theories regarding the soul, the cosmos, and God. Some were remarkably accurate, some far off the mark. The value of purity was still recognized, though by the time of Plato, it was already conceded that only a rare and wise person could attain that state.

The power of the souls declined steadily. The Greeks fell, and the Romans took their place. The Hebrews had produced many great prophets and a short-lived kingdom of

significant spiritual power. But decline set in there as well, and was increased. Their religion began to harden into legalism.

Another prophet descended. This was Christ. He galvanized many into a new manifestation of spirituality. In time, the budding religion took hold of the falling Roman Empire and rode to domination of all of Europe. This religion mistook a bodily being for God, just as the people of India had mistaken the deities for the Supreme Father, but the Christians had other knowledge which was quite accurate, notably that concerning the coming of a Day of Judgment, and about the Kingdom of Heaven to follow. They waited for Christ to come again. They did not realize that the part of "the Son of God" was over, but the part of God Himself was yet to come.

In time, the peoples of the world had all received their prophets. Population began to increase dramatically, as did the wars and other vicious actions. Under the guise of religion, people forced each other to submit to domination. Whole nations were looted and pillaged and the inhabitants forcibly converted.

So began the Iron Age. There were auspicious-seeming moments, such as a renaissance in Europe, when art and science began to flourish there, as well as exploration of the world. But the intention was profit, and as their greed expanded, so did arrogance and anger. Atrocities committed upon conquered peoples became even more commonplace.

Science began its triumphant movement. The knowledge of the soul was lost almost entirely, but now the knowledge of the physical world expanded to enable tremendous growth of empires. Firearms and other weaponry advanced; urbanization followed industrialization; the corrupt kings began to be replaced by democratic rule, the rule of subjects over subjects.

India had been conquered first by the Muslims and later by the British. Finally that ancient land began to wake up. Mahatma Gandhi led the Indians to independence from

foreign rule, but not to independence from vices. That task would require the intervention of God.

Wars meantime became even more widespread and brutal, while people loudly declared that they were progressing, evolving to some higher level. The truth was they had been in decline for nearly 2500 years, and were about to burn down the entire earth.

Nuclear weapons were developed, and the nations of the world became obsessed with possessing these destructive devices. Evil was coming to a climax in the world, and at the same time the power of God was making itself felt in a secret way. Who would have believed that He descended in this terrible time in an out-of-the-way place, teaching people to be pure? And that those teachings would transform the Universe? But so it was.

And just as people were in the process of setting the world on fire, so the impure souls of Hyderabad were attempting to burn down the house of God. When they saw that the harassment tactics were not working, violent action was the next attempted step. They were caught in the grip of anger, which burned them like a raging fire, always spreading, growing hotter by the minute, impatient to destroy.

Ironically, these people of Anti-Om Mandali were set upon destroying the only institution finally capable of bringing them happiness. In a world at war, God was teaching the way to peace. But unable to grasp this deeper truth, they attacked. Their plan was to commit arson upon the building where Baba's Satsang was held. Since they had not succeeded in preventing the women from going there, they would at least burn down the house where they gathered.

Yet they were afraid of Baba, too. Deep down they knew what divine power issued from him. So they waited to carry out their nefarious plan until a day when Baba was not present. Then they called together their forces. A great crowd

gathered and surrounded Satsang Bhavan.* They shouted vulgar expletives and began to throw stones. They broke windows and tore down gates.

Second by second, the crowd was growing more wild, until it went completely out of control. More and more people joined the mob, wielding sticks and other weapons. They began to make efforts to get inside the house. But the powerful little mothers, the Shiv Shakti Army, stood courageously in the doorways, and these groups of two or three women successfully held their posts. Not a single vandal was able to get past them. And the look in these women's eyes was so strong, so terrifying, that they backed away.

Instead of rushing in, then, they set fire to the house from outside, hurling torches through the windows from all sides.

The arsonists did not care that in the house were many daughters, wives, mothers, and other relatives of *their own families*, who would be burned alive in the conflagration. Their minds were numb with anger, and they had been reduced to something lower than animals. The leaders of the crowd attempted at the last minute to prevent them from going through with the deadly attack, but it was too late. The mob was out of control.

Fortunately, one observer rang up the police when the torch throwing began. They came quickly and dispersed the crowd, while the fire brigade put out the blaze.** Damage had been done physically, but the institution had only been strengthened spiritually. People tried in a thousand ways to destroy Om Mandali, but they were powerless. The incident of the fire, as well as others, has been described in the Mahabharat scripture.

*Bhavan is Hindi for "building."

**This incident occurred on June 21, 1938. Om Mandali members reported to the district magistrate, and filed a signed complaint. But the official was a relative of the Mukhi. He took no action on the matter.

Through all of these events, Baba remained free of worry. He was ever the detached observer. "We are only the servants of the Father; He will make everything all right. Many tests will come on this path, but if we keep firm faith in Baba, in the world drama, and in the self, we shall be victorious. The boat of Truth may shake, but it does not sink."

Inspired by Baba's example, as well by the intoxicating Nectar of Knowledge, the brothers and sisters, even the youngest, went forward fearlessly, and achieved detachment from the world. They were experiencing daily the truth and the practical value of Baba's teachings, and in so doing, they had become far wiser than their years.

The Pandavs and The Kauravs

The meditation hall of Satsang Bhavan was ruined by the fire. So the gatherings were moved over to another building named "Om Nivas." There the work of the Godly institution continued as before.

Om Nivas was a very large bhavan, and for a time it housed not only the Satsang, but the children's school as well. And Baba also lived there. The atmosphere was quiet and clean, exuding divine vibrations. The study and inculcation of the Highest Knowledge went on at a fast pace, with excellent results.

One day at 5:30 a.m., the young girls who lived at Om Nivas went out for a bus ride with their teachers. Such field trips were a common part of the school's routine. But on this occasion, while the girls were out, the followers of the "Anti" Party arrived and surrounded the building. A classic confrontation was about to ensue.

The Anti-Om Mandali committee had been considering ever since their attempted arson what approach might have better success. The attack with torches had backfired, and people of the town had come down on them for their unbridled violence. So they came up with a new tactic: they would imitate Mahatma Gandhi, who was even at that time making famous the use of non-violent picketing in order to win India's independence from Britain. To use such an approach in these circumstances, against a spiritual gathering which was harming no one and itself teaching the highest ideals of non-violence, was a brazen mockery. But the committee felt they could gain popular support from such a ruse, and force Om Mandali to give in to their demands.

To gain maximum effect, they used their power to persuade the leaders of the Panchayat, the local government, to lead the picketing, in order to give the event an air of credibility. They also made sure the newspapers would pick up the story.

So at 7 a.m.,* when the brothers and sisters of the divine family arrived for Satsang, to hear the Flute of Knowledge, they found a large crowd of people blocking the entrance road. Om Nivas was surrounded on all sides by picketers. In front were the Panchayat members and the leaders of Anti-Om Mandali. Many businessmen stood among them, and there were women there as well. On the sides were large numbers of paid demonstrators and general mischief makers. At the main gate, fifteen or twenty individuals lay down across the road, blocking the entrance to vehicles.

Those of Baba's children who arrived at 7 a.m., mostly mothers and adult men, stood peacefully in a single line opposite the demonstrators. They did not attempt to move past them or in any way to provoke those people. Non-violence

*This incident occurred on August 7, 1938.

would be met by non-violence, just as violence had previously been met by non-violence.

This first group of Baba's children was soon joined by a second. The young girls who had gone for a morning bus ride returned. When they saw the pickets, they got down from the bus and also stood in line among their fellows. They looked with love at the demonstrators, sending them vibrations of peace and harmony. They wanted only to go inside, to hear the words of God, and to learn how to live the highest kind of life.

The demonstrators refused to let them pass, telling them to go back home. The pickets greatly outnumbered the brothers and sisters, and their demand to end the teaching and practice of purity sounded absurd even on their own lips. How could such an injustice be committed so openly? It was a scene out of the Gita: on one side was the Kaurav Army—the forces of the anti-religious, the immoral, and the unjust; on the other side was the Pandav/Shakti Army, the forces of purity and holiness. And inside, observing the two sides lined up for battle, was Arjuna, the first among pure souls—that is, Brahma Baba, and with him was God Himself, Shiva Baba, who counselled that this confrontation must go on. Evil must be defeated, publicly as well as privately.

The battle seemed one-sided. Compared to the great number of Kauravs, there were but five Pandavs to uphold God's side. Yet help was coming from within Om Nivas. The women inside began to sing:

*O Man: What are you doing with your time?
Where do you want to go?
From which country have you come?
Where were you before you came upon this earth?
Your childhood is over, youth slips away so fast,
old age brings you to the end—
after that, what happens? Do you know?*

*Do you know where you are going?
Do you know from where you came?
What are you thinking while you stand there?*

*You who do not know even a little of the truth,
why do you oppose God's Knowledge?
You are filled with pride of wealth and power,
but you do not in fact have either.
The true path can be shown by only One.
So understand the meaning of each act which you
perform.*

*Don't waste your time.
O Man, what future are you seeking?
What income are you making?*

*O Man, join your intellect with God,
take the endless treasure which your Father offers.
Don't forfeit bliss for the false allure of Maya.*

The picketers heard the songs, and there was nothing they could say. The mothers sang in such a sweet array of voices that even the hardest hearts had to admit their gentle beauty. And the little girls who stood in the line outside, wearing their uniforms and shining with yoga power, who could look at such souls and see an enemy? Who could look these mothers in the eye and denounce as evil their desire for purity? Who could tell these brothers that their wish to remain celibate was wrong?

Both sides stood their ground, the pickets because they were under obligation or were being paid, the brothers and sisters of Om Mandali because nothing could keep them from being with God.

Time passed. Soon the whole city became aware of this confrontation, and crowds of curious onlookers arrived to observe. Everywhere the question was debated: who shall win this battle of wills?

As the news of the picketing spread throughout the town, it reached even the ears of those girls and women who were locked in their rooms by their families. And somehow, even those who were locked in with ten locks found a way to escape. Using all of their tricks, and with Baba's help, they managed to get out of their houses and run to Om Nivas. One of those who escaped her house arrest was Gopi, who was the granddaughter of a famous businessman. (The story of Gopi's visions was told earlier.) Now she ran to join her sisters in need.

When Gopi arrived at the scene, her grandfather was standing atop a platform, delivering a speech to the gathered crowd. He loudly praised the picketers for having the courage to keep their daughters locked away, despite the seeming harshness of such a measure, since "it was for the girls' own good." With great pride he announced that he himself had locked away both his daughters and his granddaughter, incarcerating them with 13 locks inside a room of his house. He boasted that even if they made superhuman efforts, they would not be able to come out. In the midst of these boasts, his granddaughter suddenly appeared before him. She smiled sweetly. The man's jaw dropped; his eyes seemed to pop out of his head. This was too much for him. He was taken completely by surprise, and before he could think of anything to say, the onlookers had recognized Gopi, and they began to laugh uproariously. The embarrassed businessman slunk away in humiliation.

The day turned out to be a hot one. As time wore on, the pickets began to tire. They drank gallons of soda water and iced tea. Some took beer. Occasionally, one of them went over to offer a drink of some sort to the school girls in the opposite line. Many of those girls were very young, and it was clearly hard on their bodies to stand in the sun for hours on end. But the girls refused to accept any food or drink from a lustful person. They stayed in meditation, and the day passed

quickly for them, though time dragged on for the picketers. Eventually, the Kauravs' resolve began to weaken.

The picketers tried to save face by telling the young girls they could go inside. But Baba's children refused to budge until the picketers had removed themselves. The demonstrators realized that the girls would stay all night if need be. And the crowd was now siding with those heroic little females. Slowly, the number of picketers decreased, as one by one they crept away. At last the leaders told them all to go home. The battle had ended for the day.

It was a victory for the Pandav/Shakti Army. Wherever there is God, there must be victory. But this was only one small battle in a protracted war. The next day, the lust-obsessed picketers returned. They had decided that this time no matter what happened, they would let no one enter Om Nivas. Thousands of curiosity seekers turned out to watch. But the second day ended much like the first, with Baba's children holding their ground and outlasting the demonstrators.

The Mukhi and his henchmen were desperate to defeat these unlikely warriors of purity. Thus, on the third day, they came prepared for violence. Tension mounted as the day progressed. The picketers dressed in black, the Pandavs wore white. The demonstrators tried to provoke the Pandavs into doing or saying something which could be used as an excuse to start a fight. But Baba's children would not rise to the bait.

On orders from the "Anti" Party, thugs began to infiltrate the crowd of onlookers, roughing up those who sided with the Godly army. Finally, the Sindh Government Officer intervened (which he should have done three days earlier) and stopped the picketing from continuing.

Some of the wiser heads in the city finally started saying that Anti-Om Mandali had gone too far, that they should not harrass small children. Well-known individuals wrote articles condemning the group's tactics, denouncing especially the use of force.

Under pressure, the District Magistrate took court action against the trouble-makers, under Rules 112 and 107. But five individuals from Om Mandali were also cited under these rules. One of the five was Dada.

The charge against the five was “disturbing the peace,” which was preposterous under the circumstances. A mob had laid siege, unprovoked, to Dada’s house. They had thrown stones and attempted to set the building on fire. No member of Om Mandali had ever raised his voice in retaliation. They did no more than stand in their own doorways to protect the premises.

Such is the injustice which prevails in the present Iron Age. Innocent victims of blind animosity are punished along with the perpetrators of the harm.

Of course, the “Om Mandali case” was appealed. The decision* was written by a high court judge and members of the judicial commission. They stringently criticized the district magistrate’s decision against Om Mandali and his flimsy arguments. The opinion concluded that the law had been wrongly applied.

Om Mandali had simply been working according to its religious beliefs, in a peaceful manner, the opinion stated. It was the others who had broken the peace. And if the lower court’s ruling were allowed to stand, the opinion noted, then social reformers everywhere would be severely threatened. In short, the government finally admitted that no crime had been committed by Om Mandali. They had been unjustly harmed, and were innocent of any wrong doing.

*This decision was handed down on November 21, 1938.

God: The Destroyer of Obstacles

For the sake of restoring a peaceful atmosphere, Baba re-located the Satsang to Karachi. Om Mandali informed its members that they would be allowed to stay at the new location only if they brought specific letters of permission from the heads of their households. A number of brothers and sisters obtained such letters right away, and moved to the new city to be with Baba. Eventually, most of Baba’s children had found a way to get there.

Baba made all the arrangements for their stay in Karachi. He purchased five bungalows in a secluded and peaceful area. The bungalows were named Baby Bhavan, Boys Bhavan, Prem Bhavan, Radha Bhavan, and Om Nivas.

The school was re-opened almost without a break, and the daily programme for children went on much as before: but now they awoke earlier at 3:30 a.m.; sat in peaceful Samadhi for an hour; then discussed the deep subjects of God’s Knowledge. Worldly subjects began after breakfast.

One day, the children’s yoga power was put to the test by an accident. Many of the young girls were travelling by bus, when a tire blew. The driver lost control and the bus turned over. Nearly all the girls were injured.

Passersby ran to the scene. They expected the children to be shrieking, moaning, crying for their parents. But, the girls made not a sound. They did not even weep. No sign of slightest anxiety could be seen on their faces. They had automatically gone into deep meditation.

When people asked how they felt, they answered simply, “I am a soul; I am peaceful.”

Ambulances took them to the hospital. Some were given first aid and released. Those who were more seriously injured were admitted for treatment. One young girl even had an arm severed in the accident but was quite calm and unaf-

fect. The doctors and nurses were amazed at the extraordinary mental balance of these children. Not a trace of unhappiness crossed their faces, nor did they utter a single complaint.

One girl, the least injured, went to tell Baba what had happened. He, too, remained completely calm and detached. "All right, daughter," he said, "whatever was destined has happened. I am coming to the hospital."

First he went to the scene of the accident, then on to the hospital, where he greeted all his children, checking their mental state as well as their physical condition. By his smile, his sweet words and loving gaze, he brought happiness to all of them. Baba saw that each was soul-conscious, peaceful and unconcerned about pain. They had acquired much yoga power in a short time.

This occurrence was published in the newspapers and became a topic of conversation throughout India—how even small children, by practicing Raj Yoga, could suffer great pain without losing their equanimity.

The Opposition Strikes Anew

Meanwhile, the women who had been unable to follow Baba to Karachi languished in their homes. They could not bear being separated from the Bestower of Knowledge. But their relatives forbade them to leave Hyderabad for even a short visit to Om Mandali.

These "Gopis" (lovers of God) began to meet together to meditate and to discuss the deep points of Knowledge. Letters often came from Baba, and they read them aloud to one another, taking courage from his gentle wisdom. But their feelings ran deep, deeper than any outside person could sus-

pect, and they often wept together for their plight. To wait 5,000 years to meet God, only to be cruelly separated from Him by ignorant relatives, was a tragedy which plunged them into sadness.

One day they could take it no longer. Fifteen women got together and decided to break their bonds. They hurriedly packed a few clothes and left for Karachi.

The women wrote to their relatives when they got there, "We have all reached here safely. Do not worry about us."

But for the Anti-Om Mandali Party, it was the last straw. They were determined to put an end to God's work. The families of those whose daughters and wives had flown to Baba met with the heads of the "Anti" Party, and they decided to strike immediately. First they raised a large fund with which to pay off various officials, to create a favorable climate for their attack.

In their hearts, these families knew that their daughters had been justified in leaving, though they couldn't admit it to themselves. The girls had suffered abuse for months on end without giving in to anger. Yet they never stopped thirsting for Godly Knowledge and for a pure environment to live in. They never lessened their devotion to God. And now they were liberated. But they had left without permission, and it was a blow to the egos of these family heads. They sought revenge upon the only target they could think of.

The "Anti" Party began by bringing pressure on the Ministry of Sindh, made up of both Hindu and Muslim officials. The Hindu ministers were instructed to pressure the Prime Minister.

They met with him and said they would resign immediately if he did not order a prohibition of Om Mandali. If these Hindu ministers resigned, everyone knew, the ministry itself would be broken.

The Prime Minister could not issue such a prohibition, though, for he knew it would not hold up, and it could backfire on him. But he could look the other way while the "Anti" Party used its own means of "prohibiting" the spiritual group.

The "Anti" Party next approached the editors of the Karachi newspapers. They used the carrot and the stick, seducing them with offers of money while subtly threatening to undermine their advertising revenues if they refused to side with them. Soon the papers were under their control.

False and malicious articles began to appear about Om Mandali. Editorials suggested that they be boycotted and investigated by the authorities concerning various made-up accusations.

Baba's children also came under harassment from hired thugs. On several occasions they were physically beaten by such people. But the brothers and sisters remained undaunted.

Finally, a major lawsuit came to trial. An irate husband had sued to demand his conjugal rights. The entire community had taken sides over this case.

The "Anti" Party hired a well-known lawyer to prosecute the case. They focussed their efforts on ridiculing Om Mandali in court. Their prime target was Om Radhe, the young administrative head of the institution. If she could be made to look foolish—or worse—on the witness stand, a great deal would have been accomplished.

Om Radhe was a young woman, inexperienced, and unused to speaking in public. Yet she was made of steel, a model of perfect virtue, and of course she was completely loyal to God and His medium. She represented the practical demonstration of the power of Godly Knowledge. How would that Knowledge fare against the coercive power of the state?

Would she falter under cross-examination? Could they make her say things she didn't mean? Could they put the institution in a bad light? Many were eager to find out:

It was a curious scene which took place in that courtroom in Hyderabad. No one among the onlookers or officials were prepared for what would happen.

Five sisters, including Om Radhe, received passes to the court. When their car arrived in front of the judicial building, police protection was required to keep the crowds of people under control. It seemed as if everyone in the district had showed up for the event. Even the police inspector and most of the local government heads were present.

The sisters were escorted into the main courtroom, a large hall which was completely filled with people. Not even standing room was left in the gallery. Most of those outside would never even get a glimpse of the trial itself. The court had not yet come into session, and the noise of the crowds was deafening.

As soon as Om Radhe and the other sisters entered the hall, however, silence fell over the gathering. All eyes focused on these liliesome forms in angelic white saris as they strode calmly and fearlessly down the aisle.

Their every movement was watched and weighed. These people, who claimed to be studying under God Himself: how would they hold up under scrutiny and pressure? How powerful was their magic? The onlookers wondered at the brightness of their faces, the radiance of their foreheads, they sensed the light and might and love which emanated from their total being, and they wondered: is it possible that what they say is true? Has God Shiva incarnated in the body of Prajapita Brahma? If so, will God protect them in their hour of need?

The sisters were serene as they waited for the scene to be played, they understood this world is just a drama, a vast cinematic epic of defeat and victory. And they knew the beginning, the middle, and the end of this world drama—a 5000-year play which had been repeating for eternity. With God's Knowledge as their shield, they remained detached from the event

before them, merely theatre-goers having come to see the show.

“Why should we have been afraid of anything?” Brahma Kumari Prakashmani, one of the sisters present, recounted later. “We bore no ill-will toward anyone. We had received from God the greatest gift anyone could imagine, and we were only on His service. We spread complete peace and tranquility throughout that courtroom.”

The judge gave them special chairs to sit on. He seemed entranced by Om Radhe’s appearance. And indeed her personality shone like that of a goddess. Her demeanor was absolutely royal. In her sparkling white sari, she looked so innocent and noble, so completely out of place in a modern courtroom—that it was as if she had just landed from the sky.

The proceedings got underway, the lawyers acted out their parts, presenting their various motions and sundry formalities before the court, but it all seemed unreal, merely a prelude to something of real significance. The light in the courtroom took on unearthly hues, the atmosphere of divine power was so tangible one could feel the energy upon one’s skin.

Time became unreliable. It must have been a good deal later, but it seemed only a moment had passed when Om Radhe was called into the witness box. Then the following dialogue took place:

Judge: “First you must take the Gita in your hand and say under oath that you will tell the truth.”

Radhe: “What is the oath and what is to be spoken?”

Judge: “Take the Gita in your hand and say, I believe God to be omnipresent, and whatever I say will be the truth.”

Radhe: “Judge Saheb, I see that you are present. But I do not know if God is present here. I am not able to see God with these physical eyes, so how can I take an oath that I see God in

your presence? I only see your soul in the form of a judge. So if you agree, I am prepared to take this oath that I see a soul in the form of you, Judge, as present, and whatever I say will be the truth.”

Upon hearing this strange answer, the people in the court exclaimed in surprise. Many started laughing. Some approved of Om Radhe’s remarks and showed their joy by clapping. Some said aloud, “True, true,” or “she is right.”

The judge had never encountered such a situation before. He became a little angry, and pounded on his gavel. “Order, order,” he declared. The crowd quieted once more.

Judge: (looking at Radhe) “I am not God, so you need not take my oath. To take this oath in the name of God is the rule of the court, and we cannot break it.”

Radhe: (humbly and quietly) “Judge Saheb, you have said to tell the truth. In truth, I do not see that God is omnipresent. In fact, I see in everyone’s mind there is anger, greed, even lust. Where I am not able to see God, how can I take a false oath?”

Judge: “This is a court. This is not Satsang. You need not give Knowledge to me. Here this is the rule of law; if you break this law, you will be tried for insulting the court.”

Radhe: (fearlessly) “Just as you are not able to tolerate an insult to this court, I am not able to tolerate an insult to the Supreme Father of the world. Even in the Gita, Bhagavan has said, “Whenever there is the darkness of irreligion, I descend.” Then how is it possible that God could be omnipresent in this world? The Supreme One is Knowledge, Joy, Love personified. He is the Ocean of peace and stability. In all others, there is today the domination of vices: anger, greed, lust. There are storms of passion and utter mental instability. There is peacelessness and ignorance. So how can the Supreme Father be present in everyone?”

The Judge did not know how to reply. Silence filled the courtroom. Om Radhe had spoken with such authority and such obvious love of God that no one could oppose her, or even wish to. Even the Anti-Om Mandali representatives who were present seemed touched by her words. But the judge was bound by the law, and so he had to act accordingly. At last, he said, "Regardless of what you believe, the rules of the court must be obeyed. There are no exceptions."

Radhe: "Judge Saheb, I will not take a false oath under any circumstances."

Judge: "Still, I am going to give you time to think it over. Then I will ask you once more."

Radhe: "I have already thought over it."

The judge was in a quandary. He sized up the young woman before him, and he decided that she could be frightened into taking the oath, so little did he understand. He ordered the bailiff to place handcuffs on her. The burly officer approached Radhe with his handcuffs; she stood fearlessly and faced him. The people in the hall held their breath. Could such a goddess really be subdued?

At the last moment, the judge ordered the officer to stop. He saw the threat was no use. The officer retreated to the back of the hall as the audience applauded.

The judge gave up the idea of taking the oath from Om Radhe. She had won. God had kept up the prestige of Draupadi in the council of the Kauravas.*

But now the examination began in earnest, and the judge himself led the questioning.

*Indian scriptural reference to a kingly court scene in which Draupadi, wife of the five Pandavs, was having her sari unravelled by the people and God sent down an unlimited sari to her so that she would not be publicly stripped.

Judge: "Why did you girls leave your homes and run away to Dada?"

Radhe: "Judge Saheb, have you ever read the Shrimat Bhagvat scripture? When the Lord played His flute, why did the Gopis run to Him intoxicated? Why were not cases filed against them in court? The flute referred to in the scripture is actually the same Flute of Wisdom which we are hearing through the mouth of Dada. It is the incomparable knowledge of God.

"Let me ask you, Judge Saheb, if a man leaves his family and takes sannyas (religious vows) why is no legal case ever filed against him? In the eyes of God, men and women are equal. Now God has put the urn of Knowledge on the heads of women. So when we mothers have the opportunity of attaining purity and wisdom, naturally we cannot refuse. Why does not everyone rejoice over such new found purity and elevation? Why are these questions put to us? The answer is clear, Judge Saheb. Whatever difficulties have been put in our path, whatever hardships and abuses have been inflicted upon us by our own relatives and friends, are all a reaction to our purity."

The judge continued to put the sharpest questions he could think of to Om Radhe, but she turned back all the points with forthright and knowledgeable replies.

Judge: "What kind of 'eye lotion' does Dada apply to your eyes?"

Judge: "Judge Saheb, have you read the scriptures?"

Judge: "Yes, I have read some."

Radhe: "Then you must know that Godly Knowledge (Gyan) is indeed described in just such a term. There is a song which begins, 'Gyan Anjan Satguru Diya Agyan Andher Vinash.' (When the Satguru, the Supreme Soul, applied the lotion of Knowledge, the ignorance and darkness of souls was destroyed.)

It is just that lotion of Knowledge which God is now dispensing once more.”

Judge: “How many children has Dadaji?”

Radhe: “Judge Saheb, we do not look to Dadaji. Our revelations come from the Supreme Soul, who happens to have descended in his body. So you tell me, how many children does God have? Can any human being count them? He is the Lord of the three worlds. All souls are His children. Not only am I or those who attend this Satsang His children, but you, Sir, are also His child.”

The judge wrote down all these answers to his questions. At the end, he said nothing, but simply excused the witness. But as Om Radhe returned from the stand, the gallery began again to applaud her. Before leaving the courtroom, all the sisters took respectful leave of the judge, inviting him to meet Baba on some future occasion.

As they exited from the hall, they were besieged by newspaper reporters who rushed up to ask more questions. The sisters replied to all of them with cordiality and depth. Then they stepped into their waiting car and brought that scene to a close.

“Next morning,” recalls Dadi Prakashmani, “we returned to Karachi. There we reported everything to Baba. But before we had ever reached him, he had learned of everything through the newspapers. Now he was in the silent witness state, completely free of care, and he smiled sweetly at us. That smile told us more than any words how we had done, and how we must continue.”

A Sadhu's Poor Judgment

Baba's children were blossoming like spiritual flowers. They went out happily on their first forays in Godly service. But the enemies of Om Mandali had not given up. In their frustration, they fell to even meaner ways of preventing Baba's message from spreading. They succeeded in terrifying one sadhu, T.L. Vaswani, who was then drawn into their party. It was a tactic at which they excelled. Here is the story . . .

It took place in Karachi. T.L. Vaswani was a well-known sadhu who had opened a school called “Mira's Witness.”* There he held a regular satsang. He had been approached on several occasions by members of the “Anti” Party, who whispered false accusations about Om Mandali. Sadhu Vaswani believed the accusations, as he had heard no reports from the other side, and those who had condemned Om Mandali were considered reputable people. Taking the slander for truth, the sadhu agreed to join in picketing against Baba's children.

One day Baba asked one of his faithful gopis, Sister Chandramaniji, to visit the sadhu and talk about our spiritual perspective. She went with several others and asked the sadhu to please visit Om Mandali for himself before picketing against it.

“Ask the experience of those who come to Satsang,” the sister counselled Vaswani. “Do not judge us on the basis of hearsay told to you by prejudiced people. It would be wrong to create an uproar without knowing the truth.”

He listened carefully, and he agreed they were right. He was impressed with these young women who spoke so straightforwardly and with such conviction, whose behavior bespoke the kind of training which could only be called “religious,” in the original sense. These women were following *dharma*, the

*Mira was a famous devotee.

path of righteousness. But what about their beliefs? The sadhu questioned Sister Chandramani about the Godly Knowledge.

She explained with great clarity many points which are considered mysteries by Hindus. The key to the scriptures was revealed, and a logical, integrated picture of reality emerged from the cumbrous maze of vedantic speculation. Vaswani was astounded.

Then the other sisters spoke of their experiences at Om Mandali, of their visions and realizations, and of the achievement of purity. They explained the high aim of the Knowledge which God has revealed, and how the world is now being transformed as a result of His divine activity.

The sadhu became very happy. In fact, he was so overjoyed when the sisters invited him on behalf of Baba to come sometime and visit Om Mandali, that he jumped up and said, "All right, I will come with you right now!"

He made ready to accompany the sisters in their motor car, stopping only to tell his followers where he was going. But some of them were closely allied to the "Anti" Party, and they objected immediately. Nonetheless, the sadhu headed for the car where the sisters were already waiting for him.

His disciples quickly created an uproar. They surrounded the car before it could leave the driveway. "We will not allow you to go!" they shouted at him, as if he were the disciple rather than the teacher.

"Do not be afraid," he responded gently. "I am coming back in one hour."

But the students feared that if he went to Om Mandali, he would be awestruck by Baba, and he would remain there and join his Satsang—and then what would happen to all of them? They sensed the situation was critical, and they would not move out of the way. In the end the disciples succeeded in forcing Vaswani to change his mind. He got down from the car to placate his followers. Before going back to his house, he said to the sisters, "Tell Dada that I am keen to meet him, but I

won't be able to come just now. I will surely come some other day, as soon as possible."

But his students, along with the businessmen of the "Anti" Party, began immediately to work on him, and soon his old doubts about Om Mandali returned. He began to believe again the lies which he was told about the Godly institution. He completely forgot the joy which he had felt in the presence of the Brahma Kumaris, and their high aim and unique Knowledge.

The Sadhu Vaswani was a good man, but he was weak. His false friends manipulated him to such an extent that the next week he joined in a mob attack on Om Mandali. Thousands had gathered outside Om Nivas (the main building), whipped into a frenzy by slanderous tale bearers. They hurled themselves like mad animals upon the property, ripping up the gardens, smashing windows, and even using a battering ram to break down a wall of the house. As they began to pour through the breach in the wall, the police finally arrived and drove them away. Many were arrested, Vaswani among them. The police took him away in their van.

Tribunal

Vaswani was a sincere devotee of Krishna. He was well-meaning, and he had great faith in the Gita. People had sold him false ideas about Om Mandali, but if he had come even once to see Dāda and hear him explain his principles, he would never have picketed against the spiritual university. He would have been pleased in the extreme with Baba's work.

But now, because of his picketing and arrest, the atmosphere became surcharged with hostility. The "Anti" Party took advantage of the situation to fan the flames even higher.

They put pressure on the Sindh government to issue a prohibiting order against Om Mandali. The Hindu officials gave in to the pressure and began in turn to threaten the Moslem members of the coalition. The Hindus declared they would resign if no order was issued. Should they resign, the government would fall.

But the chief minister responded courageously in a speech to parliament. He said straightforwardly, "The Hindu members of the ministry have given us notice they will resign, but we are not going to be pressured by such threats. Everyone has a legal right to worship God according to his own belief. Under which law can Om Mandali be prohibited?"

He reminded his listeners that the great spiritual movements of the past had always begun with very few people, and that the great leaders were often persecuted. Such was the case now with Dada. The minister said clearly that whatever rightful demands were made of Dada had been met, and in reality it is the hate-ridden Anti-Om Mandali party which, if anyone, ought to be prohibited. This speech was delivered March 26, 1939 in the Sindh Parliament.

At the end, however, when he saw that his ministry was being broken over the issue, his brave front was shaken and he had to compromise. The government appointed a fact-finding tribunal.

When the composition of the tribunal was revealed, then the true state of the world's justice became clear. Only friends of the "Anti" Party were included on the panel.

One of the members was the chairman of the *Sindh Observer*, the newspaper which from the beginning had taken the side of the "Anti" Party. The others had similar ties.

Baba's children requested that more impartial members be appointed. In addition, they asked that efforts be made to quiet the local atmosphere before undertaking the investigation, and that Rule 166 which had been imposed should be with-

drawn, so that Om Mandali members could meet among themselves and could see a lawyer.

Baba's children asked for the right to have an attorney present at the hearings, because the sisters of Om Mandali were ignorant of the law's rules and procedures. They also asked that the tribunal be given authority to call witnesses. The sisters suggested also that it would only be fair for the tribunal to reveal beforehand its method of operation and scope of inquiry.

But the government took no notice of Om Mandali's suggestions. All were refused. The sisters were not allowed to employ an attorney. A very oppressive atmosphere was created. Om Mandali's representatives were not even to be allowed to talk among themselves at the hearing. So in the end, Om Mandali declined to be present when the tribunal convened.

Many members of Om Mandali had written to the tribunal individually that they wanted to come and explain the ideas and action of that organization. But though they belonged to prestigious families, still none of them was called as a witness.

At last, without hearing anything from Om Mandali or receiving any evidence from those who supported its work, the tribunal rendered an *ex parte* decision: the members of Om Mandali should no longer be allowed to stay together. The tribunal recommended all the members be forced to separate immediately.

It was indeed a strange decision which caused an uproar the government was not prepared for. The recommendation was strange not merely because the members of Om Mandali were like one large and close-knit family, bound by ties of unbreakable love, but because Om Mandali was actually composed of whole clans as well as unattached individuals. Many families came as a group to the daily Satsang. Should these households be forced to scatter? Should wife be separated from husband? Should a son be made to live apart from his

parents? The tribunal was unconcerned with these human realities, and was clearly biased against even the most elementary rights of those who belonged to Om Mandali.

Even the press came down with scathing criticisms of the tribunal's opinion. And many educated persons wrote letters to the editors protesting the injustice. "Everyone should have freedom of religion," began one letter by a local VIP. The letter was sent to the governor. It discussed the law under which Om Mandali was asked to disperse, and clearly showed that the law was meant to apply only to subversive, troublesome political groups; it had nothing to do with a spiritual institution like Om Mandali. Clearly, the members of this organization were peace loving religious and social reformers. "They ought to be encouraged, not made to disband," the letter concluded. But where is justice in the present world? Not heeding even the high court's opinion, the frightened politicians oppressed the Godly Satsang to save their ministry.

Om Mandali was not informed of the content of the tribunal's deliberations. They were refused a transcript of the hearings; or even a summary. They could not learn who had been called as witnesses nor what was their testimony. And, in addition, no reasons were given as to why the decision came out the way it did, nor on what charges it was based, nor what proof. In short, Justice had been murdered.

When the first storms passed, though, the situation improved itself. The Chief Minister, having done what he had to in order to pacify the forces of the "Anti" Party, advised Om Mandali informally that they could keep four or five bungalows located nearby each other, and that if they maintained a low profile, they could go on with their Satsang. The protests and pressures would die down in a little while, the minister consoled them, and the government had no intention of actually taking any steps against Om Mandali.

The Father acts to please the children, so it was done as they wished. The Godly University settled down once more

into its work, and Shiv Baba continued to come into His medium's body each day to deliver the Supreme Knowledge. Everything continued flowing smoothly. Even the morning bus rides to Clifton Beach with the children continued as before. They walked in blissful silence in the dawn of the world, by the side of the Ocean of Love. Who can hope to oppose Almighty God and win?

Yet the people of the "Anti" Party, who had come up to Karachi from Hyderabad in order to destroy Om Mandali, still did not give up. They stirred up whatever sort of trouble they could. But they had taken their best shot with the tribunal, and it had not phased the Godly work. Now their energy was waning. They saw that they could not stop these people, that Baba's children were filled with unshakeable love for Knowledge, for purity, and for the service of uplifting the world. The antagonists got weary, and one by one returned to Hyderabad.

They had achieved nothing except a waste of their time and money, and enmity with God. The anger they had vented upon the mouth-born progeny of Brahma (those who were re-born after hearing the word of God through Brahma's mouth), came back upon them a thousand-fold, in the form of depression, anxiety, guilt, and even physical illness. More subtle karmic consequences resulted as well.

But still they thought that one day Dada's money would run out—"he cannot keep on spending and spending forever to take care of all these women and children," they told each other. "And then, all those people will crawl sheepishly back to their families." This attitude showed that their ignorance was still intact. They could not understand that Om Mandali was not founded or maintained by any human being. This was not simply another worshippers' (bhakti) group or religious academy. This was God's own World University, founded by the Supreme Being Himself. And for the Almighty Father, could money be an object? Even the idea is preposterous.

Yet the antagonists latched onto the base hope that Om Mandali's funds would run out, and they did their best to make sure this happened sooner rather than later. They had an editorial run in the newspaper suggesting that no one should donate to the organization. They did not realize that Om Mandali had never asked for money in the first place from anyone. God's work is based on sacrifice, on yoga, and on faith. How could an economic boycott affect it? Its work now expanded peacefully.

Meanwhile, the parents who had taken their daughters back home either forcibly or by court order, began to relent. They saw that they could not make the girls accept any of the things on which their life was based—neither meat-eating, nor expensive clothes, nor cinema, nor marriage. The girls simply continued in God's remembrance and refused to participate in impure or wasteful activities.

Worst of all, their presence upset the parents' own enjoyment of vicious pleasures. But it was not guilt so much as love that finally won out. They asked themselves why they should deprive their daughters of the best spiritual education, as long as the girls were determined to follow the spiritual path anyway? So gradually they gave their children permission to return to the Father's Academy.

Baba welcomed them home, and took care of them as always without fee. For was he not their father? These lucky children had three fathers—a father of their physical body; a spiritual father, Brahma; and the Supreme Father, Shiva Baba.

Even now, the leaders of the "Anti" Party kept up their malevolent activities. One day, they began a new campaign of pressure, using even more dishonest tactics than ever. They called up the mothers of the daughters who had gone to stay with Baba, and told them a string of horrible lies about the Spiritual University, one worse than the other. The gullible mothers began to fear again for their children's welfare. Those

who did not believe the slander were frightened into compliance with the callers' wishes by threats of expulsion from their caste, physical brutality, or ruination of the family business.

The mothers were told to call back their children once more. "But we have already given our permission in writing," the mothers replied. "They can produce these letters in court."

The "Anti" Party callers responded, "We have another plan in mind. And if you don't do as we say, you shall suffer for it." The threats worked.

In a few days, they brought the mothers to Karachi, and dropped them at the gate of the wealthy and well known Shiva Ratna Mohtaji, one of the elders of the city. The mothers were told to sit at his gate and begin a hunger strike until he agreed to help them "rescue" their daughters.

Old Shiva Ratnaji became upset when he heard what was going on at his gate. He called the mothers inside, and had them tell their stories. They acted very humble and, prompted by an "Anti" Party member who was with them, they told a false story about Om Mandali, and how they needed Shiva Ratna's help in getting their children released. Would he call Dada and get him to send back their girls?

Shiva Ratnaji believed the women's story. He called up Dada then and there. Dada was quite friendly, and promised to have the girls sent there right away.

"We went because Baba told us to go," recalls Brahma Kumari Manohar Indra, who is today one of the leaders of the Godly University, but who was just a young girl at that time. "We saw that Shiva Ratna's house was like a palace. When he looked at us, his eyes were red with anger. He asked us no questions, but simply ordered us to return to our mothers' houses."

When other people had gathered in his hall, he pointed to the young Brahma Kumaris. "These girls have harrassed their mothers," he charged, pointing at them dangerously.

“We felt as if a devil was throwing stones at us,” Manohar Dadi remembers. “On seeing all their anger, we just went and sat in the car. But at that moment, a voice spoke clearly in our souls. ‘O Shaktis of God, do not be afraid of these people. Give them Godly Knowledge. You are the instruments for redeeming them.’”

So the girls went back inside, and stood before Shiva Ratna Mohtaji. “We want to talk,” said little Brahma Kumari Manohar Indra.

“What is to be talked about?” he replied gruffly.

“Babaji, do you know where you are sending us?” the little Brahmani asked him. “I wish you to know what kind of life we are living here at Om Mandali, and why we are not ready to go home. I have only one desire from you, that you should be satisfied. We do not have any desire for gold or silver jewelry, nor for any of the wealth of this world. We wish only to lead a life of purity and holiness. These relatives of ours prevent us from attending Satsang at Om Mandali. They object to the very purity which is the essence of spirituality. Instead of encouraging us to satisfy these highest aims of life, they harass us at every step.

“When they take us from here, they will beat us mercilessly, and other elders will join in this. It has happened often enough before. Will you be able to tolerate that you have caused such harm to us by sending us back into their clutches? We have done nothing to harm you, Babaji. Don’t you know they make us eat impure food by force? They take us by force to see dirty films, they do everything to corrupt our minds. When we are sitting quietly in meditation on God, they push us from behind, or pull our hair.”

As Mohtaji listened, sympathetic feelings gradually began to seep into his mind for these girls. “All right,” he interrupted, “I want to ask you one question. I have heard that you say ‘no’ to marriage. Is this true?”

Sister Manohar shook her head and smiled. “Babaji, it is not like that. We do not say ‘no’ to marriage. Even Rama was married. Shri Krishna also did marry. Babaji, the only thing is that we do not want to marry with a lustful person. We desire to marry only with such persons who have ‘broken the bow’* and who have attained mastery over their sense organs.”

Mohtaji was clearly surprised by this reply. “What bow? The *Atma Sakshatkar* bow (the Bow of Self-Realization)?” he asked.

“Yes, sir,” she nodded.

Upon hearing this, Mohtaji’s face suddenly lit up. He positively shone with joy. It was as if he realized the reality of these girls’ devotion to God. It was not a game they were playing, it was not mischief. They were actually living the highest life a person could aspire to.

“Now I understand,” he said. “Your ideal is the most worthy, and your desire to fulfill it is great indeed. I am very pleased to meet such girls, with truly elevated minds and personalities. You are truly goddesses. All right, I have understood the facts now. No longer shall atrocities be inflicted upon you. Do not be afraid now.”

Then Mohtaji turned to the mothers. “You are lucky enough to have such peaceful, yogi daughters. Do you actually beat such pure spirits? Do you make them eat impure foods against their will? They are pure, divine daughters. They are goddesses incarnate. Beware now, no more harm shall be done to them. You may take them home with you now, but whenever they want to go to Satsang, you must give them permission.”

The mothers stood nervously, afraid the girls would tell Mohtaji that they had already given them blanket permission in writing. For the mothers had lied to him, and said that their daughters had run away from the house. But the girls remained

*A scriptural reference, meaning, having achieved self-realization.

quiet. They did not reveal the true nature of the situation, even though they could have.

The young Brahmanis returned to Hydrabad, to their family homes, but things were no longer as before. The girls had acquired such inner strength that they could no longer be opposed. They kept their dietary regimen and other principles, and spent their time giving Knowledge to relatives, friends, and neighbors. They taught the new method of meditation also, and many people had extraordinary experiences.

The girls also cooperated fully in the housework. They gave their families absolutely nothing to complain about. Everyone now stood in awe of them. Finally, they were given tickets to return to Karachi to board at the Godly University. Their karmic bondages had been cleanly cut.

In order to rectify all the misimpressions in people's minds about the Godly University, due to the many slanderous stories which had been spread, and to educate the public as to what had really happened during the episode of the tribunal, a book was published, entitled *Is This Justice?* The book gave an accurate chronology of events, plus the basic points of God's revealed Knowledge, so that no one could say they were not told of the real import of all these events.

The book, along with other spiritual literature was then given to hundreds of influential people so that they would not be prejudiced against Om Mandali on the basis of an evil sea of rumors. But it is not easy to overcome the impressions in people's minds, especially when they are fearful and superstitious, and especially when opposing parties continue to pollute the atmosphere with lies. India was truly in darkness in those days. How far the ancient land had fallen from its pristine and prosperous heights in the days of Krishna!

And today, of course, the whole world is in deep darkness, even as God's message spreads secretly to His children in every country of the globe. As it says in the Bhagavad Gita, the mother of all scriptures:

**"Whenever there is irreligion and unrighteousness,
In Bharat (India), I incarnate
to re-establish true religion."**

And so God has unobtrusively appeared upon the world stage, and though He has clearly explained His identity and His mission, because He has come in an ordinary body, and because He has not performed flashy magic tricks, only a few out of millions have recognized Him. But at the end, when the truth of His words and His work are apparent to all, then there shall be great repentance by those who opposed or ignored Him, even as there is bliss for His loyal helpers. Which role will you choose for yourself, dear brother?

The Highest Education In The World

As things calmed down again in Karachi, the work of the Spiritual University went ahead full speed. Baba taught ever deeper Knowledge to His growing family of children, teaching through example even more than through precept. And with the power of yoga, the souls who had faith in God were going ahead remarkably, attaining stability of thought in every situation which the world might serve up for a test. Here was the indisputable truth and the unimaginable greatness of God's imperishable jewels of Knowledge.

"You have entered *murjiva janam* (the living death)," Baba taught us. "This is the first lesson on the path of progress. Your worldly relatives have broken all relations with you. You

are already dead to them. When the soul takes new birth after death, he no longer remembers the scenes or the relatives of his past life. In the same way, though you are alive in the same physical body, you are dead to worldly ties. Here you have received a new birth.

“So do not remember the old relations. Now you have taken refuge with God, you are God’s direct children, so remember only Him. You are twice-born. You are Brahmins of the mouth-born dynasty of Brahma, so your intellect should be linked only with One. If attachment to others persists, you cannot claim your Godly birthright, the highest heavenly freedom will remain beyond your grasp.”

Parents learned to see their children as their brothers and sisters; children lost their attachment to their physical parents and connected only to Shiva Baba. Men even looked upon women as brothers, not sisters, for all are simply souls who take one kind of vehicle after another (one life you may be male, the next you may be female). With this brotherly vision, all sensual temptations were mastered, and the mind was free to rest in God.

For some, of course, the battle was more difficult. Yet Baba’s counsel was infallible. “Children,” he said, “be first victorious over your sense organs. Many times bad or unclean thoughts will arise in the mind due to old tendencies (sanskaras). You must try to make them pure through knowledge and yoga. But from now on, no bad actions should be performed. If you do action which goes against the knowledge, you will suffer hundred-fold punishment. Before, you were ignorant, but now you know your true self and your true duty. You have the true aim and effort. So both the rewards and the risks are greater.

“Do not look at anyone with evil eyes, do not utter false words, do not listen to evil things, work without attachment, and establish yourself in the remembrance of God. Take only pure food and always have a smiling face and a pleased mind.”

Baba taught us royalty in every aspect of our lives. This is what separated our practice from ordinary religions. We were not worshipping God, but rather were learning to become worship-worthy. “Religion,” Baba reminded us, “is might.” Someday our internal power—the power of silence—would overcome external power—the power of science—and we would rule the world in unlimited peace, happiness, and prosperity. That time is now so close one can feel it easily.

No part of life was off-limits to the need for purification. And Baba had teachings to offer about each act. Take sleep, for example: Baba inculcated in us the method of making the dreams pure and the sleep restful, by sitting in meditation and remembering God before going to bed.

Many times, Baba would visit the bungalows at 2 a.m., when the children of the Yagya* were sleeping, and he would point out to some of us who went with him the faces of the sleepers, “Look, from their faces we can say these have slept after remembering God, their sleep is pure, but see the faces of these others who are lying in the unconscious state of *tamonidra* (impure sleep).”

By teaching us how to control our sense organs, and how to transcend attachment to objects and unholy habit patterns, Baba enabled us to achieve rapid purification of the mind.

“If your decisions are not pure,” Baba taught us, “bad actions will take place through the organs of action. So make the mind completely pure. The more you remain in the remembrance of God and are intoxicated in that state of loveful remembrance, the mind will become more and more purified.

“If, before the coming world destruction, you have not made your mind completely pure, then you will not come into the Golden Aged world (the period of greatest paradise condi-

*A yagya is a sacrificial fire. This institution was often referred to as the Yagya of Knowledge.

tions on earth), and you will be born into the Silver Age instead. Now in this present Age of Becoming the Highest Possible Human Beings, be the spinners of the Cycle of Self-Realization. Hold fast to the cycle, so that your evil tendencies will be destroyed.”

Baba was a constant source of inspiration and wisdom to those who lived in the Yagya. He taught the subtlest secrets of how to invoke in the self divine attributes such as introspection, lightheartedness, balance, tolerance, humility, patience, perseverance, and will power. High energy and happiness flowed through everyone like a live electric current. And we were accumulating more reserves of that precious power each day, with every moment of meditation.

Baba and Om Radhe, whom we call by the affectionate names of Yagya Pita and Yagya Mata, (Mother and Father of the Yagya), made complete arrangements for the food and lodging of the Brahmans who lived there. Every need was fulfilled. Baba's children experienced even greater happiness than they would in heaven, because God Himself was taking care of them directly. His selfless love is indescribable, nothing in this world can be measured with it.

Those who lived in the Yagya had won the most golden opportunity in all of history. In the past, a few souls had the chance to spend time at the side of Christ, and there were some who wandered India alongside of the Buddha. Others have chanced to know the other notable pure souls of this great world drama, from Abraham to the many gurus of the contemporary period. But here, in Om Mandali, these most fortunate souls were able to grow up with God Himself as their Father. Shiva Baba played not one but three roles with them, as He still does today. He is Father, Teacher, and Sat Guru, the Giver of Complete Spiritual Knowledge. Shiva and Brahma were their two Fathers, and both provided such love and guidance as only those who experienced can comprehend. (Of course, Brahma and Shiva come even to this day from the

Subtle world in order to give the return of our love, and together they hold special meetings with us—and this most blessed meeting is open to all who walk the path of purity—although now the time of such corporeal visits is nearing the end. Now it is we who must ascend to the Subtle regions for this auspicious rendezvous.)

Baba often took the children to the ocean beach. They had great parties there. He always thought of new games for them to play. And if anyone got hurt, Baba made sure complete medical attention was given. Baba performed the part of mother as well as father. As the devotees are fond of singing: “O God, You are our Mother and Father, and we are happy thanks to your grace.” The truth of this ancient song was finally experienced in full, by the luckiest human beings on the planet earth.

*O my friends, since I have come
to the shores of the Ocean of Peace,
a breeze has been blowing constantly
of happiness and love.*

*O my friends, since I have come
into the gates of Om Mandali,
I have kept company with only one
Beloved—God.*

*Now what riches have I got!
I got the secret mantra to control my mind,
and in a moment I was master.*

*I got the eye of vision, and in a moment
I was transported to heaven.*

*Ah, my friends, I have danced with Krishna,
I've enjoyed that rarest luck.*

*False pleasures, false griefs have left me now,
and only the sweet and even balance
of the peaceful mind remains.*

*The nectar of Knowledge gives new life
at every moment. Who could live without it?*

*O friends, I have been sold
into the hands of God.*

I belong to Him alone.

This body and mind are His, not mine.

*Ah, since the day I found Om Mandali,
I have died to the pleasures of this world,
and I am alive as never before.*

It is the moment of my happiness.

* * *

“Assassinate Brahma!”

The Yagya—the sacrificial fire in which the horse of body consciousness is sacrificed—grew ever brighter. Om Radhe, in charge of the institution, developed her divine qualities to the highest pitch and brought them out as well in others. She was a perfect mirror, reflecting each soul’s final stage. If ever anyone performed some wrong action, Mama would seem not to notice. “One mistake doesn’t justify another,” she said simply. “Getting upset is a mistake, so how can I do it?”

Some souls occasionally got caught up in worrying about their own defects. “This is body consciousness,” said Mama. “Don’t worry—just observe the faults and then remove them. Replace defects with virtues. Never compare yourself with others,” she reiterated, “except with Baba. This brings about fast progress without either depression or arrogance.”

Mama’s main quality was introspectiveness. She took seriously the words of Shiva Baba, “Turn within and I will burn your sins.”

Mama received many loving names during the course of her tenure at the Godly University. Shiv Baba Himself pronounced her the original Saraswati, goddess of Knowledge, and Jagadamba, the Mother of the world. Others called her Mateshvari* or Yagya Mata. But the name which has stuck is the one of simplest love and trust: “Mama.”

The personalities of Brahma Baba and Mama were too pure and powerful to be opposed directly. But the forces of the “Anti” Party still simmered with anger, and they concocted one last, terrible scheme by which to end the work of the Yagya once and for all. Their plan: assassinate Brahma Baba.

A committee of “Anti” Party members went out to one of the mountainous regions of India to locate the most experienced and bloodthirsty assassin they could find. One name they heard most often among their underworld contacts was that of a legendary warrior, a Sikh bandit of a remote tribe who was wanted for murder in several states.

They found him after much difficulty. The man was very dark, tall and lean, with hard muscles from a lifetime of trekking barefoot in all weathers through the Himalayan slopes, fighting with knife and sword and handmade spear. He wore only a loin cloth and a turban, and a long, gleaming blade which hung at his side.

The “Anti” Party members made him an offer, and the bandit accepted. He accompanied them back to Karachi. There they showed him a picture of Brahma Baba; they drew him a plan of the house where Baba lived and carefully they circled in red ink the room where Baba was known to stay. The bandit was to break in, run up to Baba’s room, do his dirty work, and then bring back evidence of his success to a pre-

*Mother Goddess.

arranged rendezvous point, where he would be paid. A car would then escort him back to the foothills of his own region. The bandit smiled without humor. He retired to his pallet to sharpen the long curved blade of his man-killing sword. He would wait for a dark and moonless night to do his work.

The Godly University had long ago made preparations to prevent unwanted intruders from entering its grounds. There was a brother who nightly walked the perimeters of the yard, keeping an attentive eye out for suspicious persons. A sister was also posted at each door, and a guard remained on the second landing as well. In addition, Baba was hardly ever alone. He usually dictated letters well into the night, so that at least one sister was present helping him at his desk.

But one night, a chain of inexplicable occurrences brought about a lapse in the Yagya's security. One of the school's cars came in with a flat tire, and the brother on guard went to the shed to help get it repaired. The sister at the door was called away from some reason to the kitchen. The girl on the second landing had gone down to fetch dinner for Baba, who that evening was working alone in his room.

It was on that night, with even the starlight veiled by impenetrable clouds, that the bandit chose to strike. He arrived at the very moment the premises were unguarded. He crossed the lawn, pried open a front window, and slipped silently inside.

The bandit quickly oriented himself. Finding the stairway, he lunged up to the second landing. There he wheeled right, facing the door of Baba's room. Sword at the ready, he turned the knob and fiercely strode inside to slay the one he sought.

Brahma Baba looked up from his papers. He had been preparing points on the power of purity, to be included in a new book on Godly Knowledge. He was collecting points culled from the morning's discourses by Shiv Baba. When he saw his unannounced visitor, Baba realized everything imme-

diately. Yet he did not react. He was without fear. Not even an involuntary movement arose in his body.

Brahma Baba was so completely sacrificed to God that he had not the slightest concern for his own bodily welfare. If Shiv Baba wishes to continue using this poor, old body for His medium, he reasoned, then He will see to it that the vehicle survives. It is His responsibility, not mine. And with that thought Baba looked mightily and mercifully at the Sikh bandit. He smiled a divine smile.

But the bandit did not smile back. In fact, he did not even see Baba sitting in front of him, though they were less than five feet apart. For as soon as he had entered the room, the bandit had been engulfed in a golden miasma.

Blinded by the unearthly light, the bandit stumbled. His will to destroy began to weaken. Waves of blissful vibrations overpowered him. He lost the sense of his body entirely. He felt as if he had died and ascended to Nirvana. All memory of his original purpose was washed away. The sword dropped from his hand.

The dazed Sikh groped his way out of the room and into the hall, awash in new sensations. At last, the sister returned with Baba's dinner, and spotted the intruder. She sounded the alarm. The bandit was quickly brought downstairs. But Baba gave instruction for him to be treated well. The bewildered warrior was informed that he had arrived at God's own abode, and that he could repent for his past sins by living a life of purity. The Sikh was very happy to hear this; he smiled broadly, like a child. They gave him food and sent him away with the instruction to remember God and to be non-violent. The Sikh swore that he would, and strode off toward his mountain homeland.

The next day when the "Anti" Party learned what had happened, they simply stared in disbelief. They made no further attempts of that kind.

World Service Begins

The Supreme Being, the One who is the Form of Light, God the Father, Shiva, continued to descend each day from the Dimension of Light into the corporeal world. He entered the body of Brahma and spoke through his mouth, revealing ever deeper truths to the souls lucky enough to recognize Him. He urged them to consider themselves as souls, He explained how to regain our exalted stage of being angels.

But God had not taken the trouble to come to Earth simply to uplift a few people in remote India. He came for all the world. And so, when His first-born children became strong enough, He began to send them out to give the word to others. Eventually the news of God's coming must reach the entire population of the world— for all souls are God's children, and deserve a chance to take their inheritance.

Of course, many would refuse what God offered. Because the All-Powerful Lord chose to use the body of an ordinary person, rather than a president or king or even a saint or guru, those with weak intellects assumed that Brahma Baba was really the founder of the Yagya. They believed him to be the guru of the Brahma Kumaris. Because Shiv Baba could not be physically seen, they refused to believe in His existence, despite the fact that He spoke directly to humanity every day in words of such great elevation and poetic majesty and truth that no human being could match His oratory.

In ignorance, they showered abuse on Brahma's head, yet the work of God went on according to the pre-destined plan. And now Baba's children took on an ever greater share of the responsibility, for they were anxious to establish Heaven, and then to go and live there, lifetime after blissful lifetime.

The outreach service began in earnest 5 or 6 years after the founding of the Yagya. One day, Shiva Baba said through Brahma to the mothers and sisters who were gathered round,

"Now you have become mature and you are filled with Godly power. You must return to your own physical parents and relatives, and to all those who did harm to you, and you must fulfill your obligations to them. You know the proverb that charity begins at home."

Baba gave further counsel to be aware of six things while away on service of worldly relatives:

1) Your mental state must be complete, you must be established in soul consciousness so others may experience a divine revelation. Do not create the illusion that you are their daughter or sister. They must realize that a Shakti, an almighty angel, stands before them.

2) You should appear so awesome that they will not dare to hug you out of attachment.

3) You can eat fruit or milk or pure food; don't take anything else.

4) Because you are a child of the Godly dynasty, you cannot accept any of their money. The food and money of others have a great effect on the mind.

5) By giving them the Supreme Knowledge, you have to change their understanding of life, and imbue them with the high inspiration to lead a pure and divine existence by making them realize the greatness of your own life.

6) Be in an intense state of remembrance of God while giving His introduction, and they will be awed, and eager to know more, and to experience the same bliss and power. Then they will also come to Satsang.

The Homeward Pilgrimage

The sisters in their white saris, with faces shining, returned to Hyderabad from Karachi, taking with them the Godly message. Each went to her own family home.

Six years is a long time to be separated. Nor had they written home except occasionally to explain some of Baba's teachings. When they returned now, they did so without informing their families beforehand.

For the most part, their relatives had long ago assumed that these girls would never willingly come back. So when they saw them, they were stunned.

One sister, Manohar Indraj, was seen approaching her old home by her youngest sister, who ran inside and told the people in the house, "The one who lived here before!" she shouted, "the one who was going to Om Mandali, the one who went away is coming!" The younger sister did not remember her name, for she had been but a small child when Manohar Indra had left.

The family could not believe it. Suddenly the house was in an uproar. The mother, whose name was Lakhshmi, came out of the kitchen. When she heard who was on her way, she ran outside to meet her daughter. The ties of love still ran so deep.

They met on the steps of the porch. Her mother's eyes were wide with surprise. She wanted badly to hug her daughter to her chest, but resisted. "I stood in silence," Manohar recalls, "A minute must have passed. Tears came to my mother's eyes. I remained at peace."

"Do you know who is standing at your door?" Manohar asked her. "Do you recognize us? We are the powers of Shiva—the Shiv Shaktis. I have become the daughter of Brahma. I am your daughter no longer. But we are sisters, both children of the Supreme.

"God has given us this message to carry to His other children: In a few years' time, this iron-aged world will be destroyed, and the heavenly order established in its place.

"Mankind suffers today because of evil actions and impure thoughts. Now is the time to earn rebirth in the land of happiness, by making the inner effort of transformation. Will you go on the road to heaven?"

Manohar's mother was amazed. By this time, the rest of the family also stood in the doorway listening. They were awestruck at the change that had taken place in this daughter. She had returned as a Yogini, a goddess of Knowledge, a soul of great spiritual power. The family felt the truth behind her words. Their sleeping souls were suddenly awakened.

"Yes, I will certainly come to the heavenly world," her mother said; tears of love dropped from her eyes. "You must take me with you."

"She led me slowly into the house," Manohar recalls, "She went ahead and I followed her. She observed my manner of walking, by looking behind her, and she was filled with surprise, as if she felt that royalty was present. She looked around for a place for me to sit. First, she spread out a bedspread and said, sit here, and then she put a cushion on the chair and said, sit here. But each time she reconsidered. For these seats did not seem good enough to her. But I just sat on the ground and began to establish myself in soul consciousness.

"Within a few minutes, a crowd of relatives and people from the neighborhood had gathered around me. I spoke to them for one hour. Profound effects could be felt. Baba's deep truths resonated in the deepest parts of their being. At the end, they were eager to hear more.

"I stayed with them for a number of days. During that time, many neighbors, relatives, and friends came to hear the Knowledge. The atmosphere was like a satsang. They asked questions, and the answers they received gradually fit together

and made sense to them. With the practice of yoga, their minds became more clear. The wrong ideas people had held about Om Mandali were dissolved.

"Many came back individually to go further into the Knowledge and meditation. They had powerful experiences. I kept my intellect united with God while speaking to them, and so I was successful in opening up the lock of their consciousness. I was also careful to eat only fruits, and to accept no money from these persons."

One day, after considering deeply the change in her daughter, and the quality of the Knowledge, Manohar's mother said, "I will also come with you into the Yagya. I will see your ashram, and hear Knowledge from Baba, and I also hope to experience wonderful things."

Manohar felt both surprise and happiness. This was the same person who had once protested unrelentingly her going to Baba's satsang. Now she was eager to come and join the group, to listen to the Knowledge and be transformed.

* * *

While on the road, Manohar's mother expressed one wish. "I have done a great deal of devotion, but I have not attained self-realization. Will you help me to get a vision of God? I have heard that in your institution, people quickly obtain such revelations. Until I have such an experience, I cannot have faith or trust."

Manohar replied, "No soul can make you realize God, except God Himself. He is the only Bestower of divine wisdom. If it is in your destiny that such a thing should happen, then it will happen. If you have done such high type of worship in your previous birth, or if you have done noble actions, or if your nature is such, then you will surely get a divine vision."

They arrived at the Godly University, and two days later, Lakhshmi had a profound experience of realization. One

of the teachers, a great yogi named Dhyani, was going over the first lesson of spirituality with her. "You are an eternal, indestructible soul; you are not the body. Forget this physical body. It is because of coming into the consciousness of the body that these fluctuations of mind overtake you. If you simply leave those mental habits of instability behind, you will be reborn into the Golden Age."

Thus explaining, Dhyani asked, "What is the name of your body?"

"My bodily name is Lakhshmi."

"Oh? Once you were the true Lakhshmi.* But later you forgot your real form. Now is the time to become true Lakhshmi once more. Awake now, know yourself and become true Lakhshmi."

Upon hearing these charged words, the woman experienced an influx of wondrous power. She attained the bodiless state of consciousness; and while stabilized in that blissful condition, she received a divine revelation, the fruit of her previous births' devotion.

Lakhshmi saw a palace of gold on the surface of the sea. There was a resplendent court within, and seated on the royal thrones were Lakhshmi and Narayan, both enchantingly beautiful.

While narrating her experiences afterward, Manohar's mother said, "My mind was telling me I should enter the court, but I did not have the courage to do so because I felt that I am impure and unstable."

Thanks to this vision, she gained faith in Baba's teachings. After a week on the campus of the Godly University, she expressed the desire to remain there all her life. "The atmosphere here is so exquisitely pure. I have immense peace of mind." But Baba did not give her permission to stay longer.

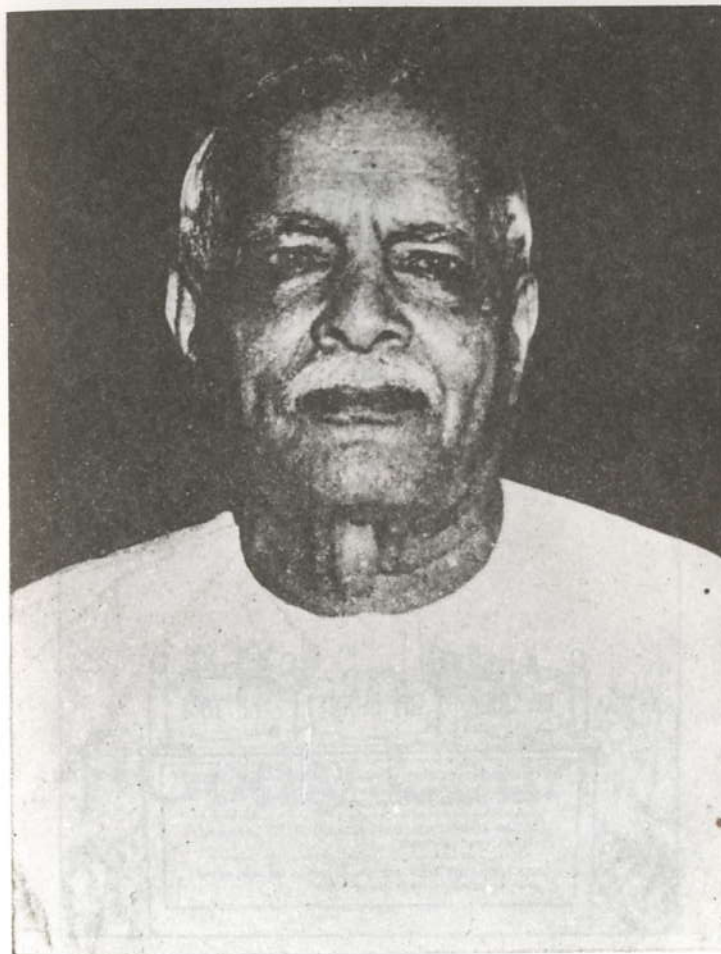
*The Empress of the Golden Age.

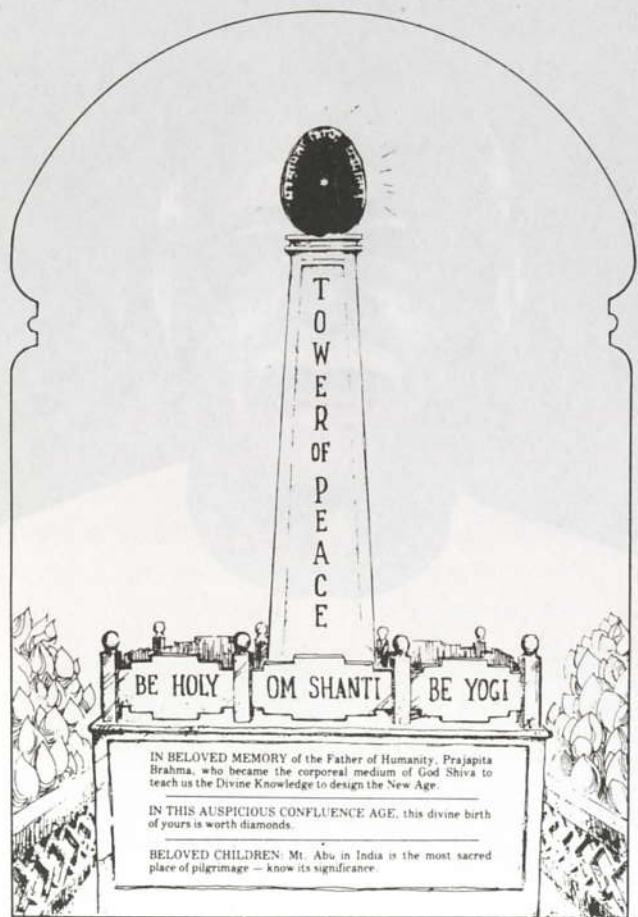
Manoher went to Baba and asked him why. "You were harrassed and driven out of the house," Baba replied. "Otherwise, why should you have left? You were young and dependent on them. These people did not allow you to live as you wished, and that is why you have come here. But your mother is older, it is her own house and she can do what she likes. So tell her that after going home, she may give Knowledge to others and make her own home like an ashram."

Hearing this explanation, her mother returned with the firm decision to fill her home with a divine atmosphere.

True stories such as this could be told of the families of each of Baba's many children. It was a time of revelations. Baba was handing out his visions wholesale.

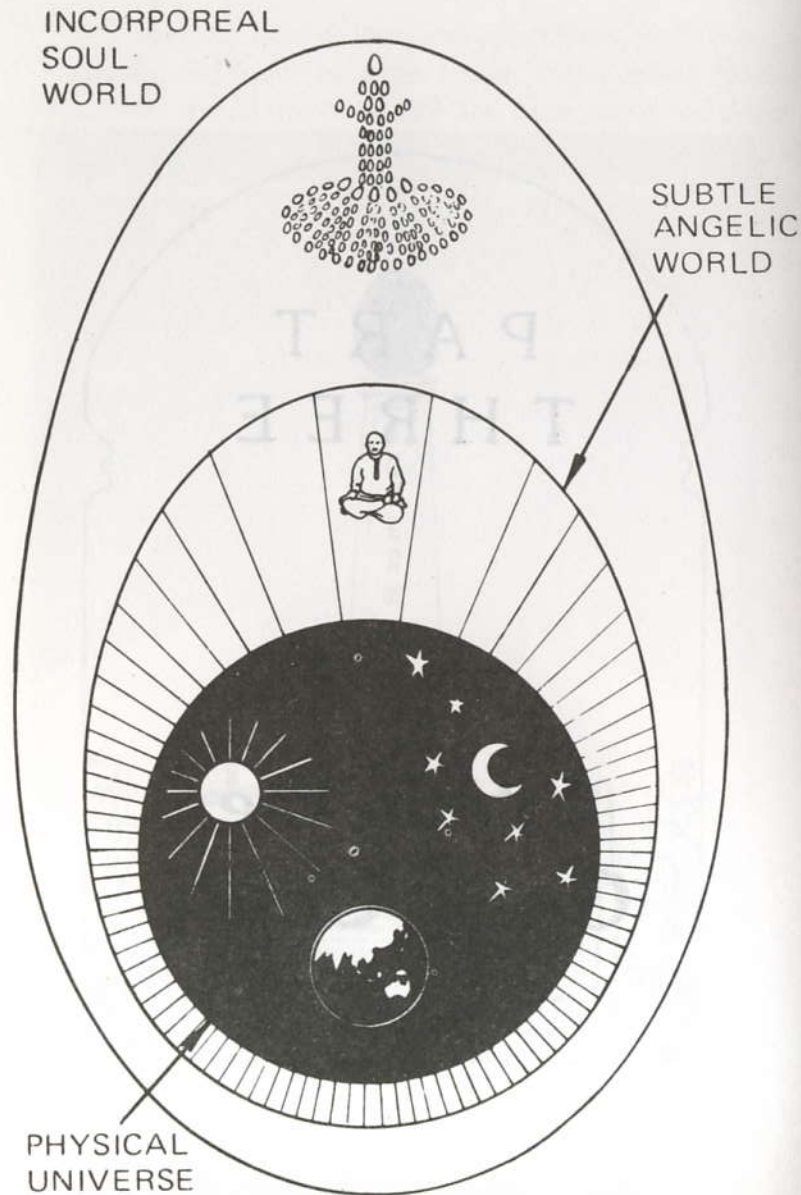
And so, the numbers of Godly students grew and grew, and their inner stage went higher and higher.





PART THREE

Life in the Godly Court



THE THREE WORLDS. A Map of the Universe.

Nearly 300 sons and daughters of this Yagya stayed in those five buildings. They were persons of varied backgrounds, ages, castes, and economic strata. For such a variety of souls to live together, day after day and year after year, is no small thing. In the outside world, even families of three and four people have difficulty managing to live in peace with one another. But Baba's children flourished without friction or quarrels.

The members of the "Anti" Party convinced themselves that it would only be a matter of time before schisms arose in the group. But they were wrong. Even when money was short, the bond of faith between the children and the Father never broke. The community survived all storms because it had not been created by a human being, nor did it exist for any human ends. The Supreme Being in Person had established this Yagya, and His power protected it.

Under the canopy of Shiva Baba's love, His children went on clearing their *sanskaras*, creating diamond-like personalities for themselves. Baba and Mama donated constant inspiration, unshakeable enthusiasm, clear guidance, and the unfaltering example of their own lives.

Trance

God has explained to humanity that the structure of the universe is tripartite. Beyond this physical dimension lies a vast illumined region called the Subtle World, which itself is

composed of three layers, where various kinds of visions are experienced by many souls. Shiv Baba uses this realm as a sort of half-way house once He has descended from His Incorporeal Abode, during those hours when He is not present in the body of Brahma Baba on Earth.

Beyond the Subtle World lies the infinite World of Light, the Brahm Tattwa, which the Buddhists call Nirvana. In this expanse of golden red light, our Father resides for most of the cycle of time, in a part of that world called *Paramdham*, the Highest Home. This is the true home of all human souls, where we dwelt before we ever took birth, and where we shall soon return, to total peace, total silence. Shiv Baba teaches us to go there now with our minds, and to sit lovingly beside Him. This is meditation. Soon every Raj Yogi experiences himself as a radiant, conscient point of light, awash in an ocean of peace and bliss, light and power. It is in this way that God makes man in His own image.

Some of the students were granted the gift of going into trance to receive a special message from Shiv Baba in the subtle regions. These souls, mostly women, were known as "trance messengers." Shiv Baba showed them fantastic scenes of the Golden Age, of the royal court and the elegant, bejewelled apparel of the deities. He told these daughters to make such dresses as they had seen, and wear them so others could see and understand the reality of what was to be. Thus their understanding of the truth matured.

Occasionally, Shiva Baba would inform these trance messengers about certain students who still had bad *sanskaras* (traits) which they tried to hide. Such students thought that no one saw them, that no one knew the impure thoughts which went on in their minds. But when the trance messenger daughters revealed their secrets to them privately, they realized the incredible fact that Shiva Baba is privy to all our thoughts and actions.

The trance messengers received revelations of the punishment which would be meted out for bad actions during the Final Judgment. When hearing the lurid description of this punishment, Baba's children made mighty efforts to improve themselves. And they succeeded.

The trance messengers also brought back revelations of Brahma Baba's many births, as well as visions of Brahma in his final, perfect form. Gradually it sank into people's intellects that this Prajapita Brahma and Jagadamba Saraswati were the very souls who were famed in the scriptures with so many legends, who were revered as Adam and Eve, Adi Dev and Adi Devi, the Father and Mother of the world, all because of the sacrifice, the untiring service of mankind, and the highest degree of inculcation of divine qualities which they were achieving now.

The Secret of the Second Brahma

The subject of trance holds great interest for many souls, despite the fact that Shiv Baba has informed us that this experience does nothing to cut one's sins, and is no barometer of one's stage in yoga or one's closeness to God. Neither of the present administrative heads of the Yagya, both of whom are clearly the highest caliber souls, are trance messengers.

But Baba uses the messengers to bring new information to His children, information which could not be so tellingly revealed in any other manner. The experience of one messenger, B.K. Hirday Mohini, is illustrative. This is how she recalls it:

"One day, Baba announced a new program. For one full week, we were all to observe complete silence—both of speech and of mind. That meant no ideas or thoughts. Perfect stillness within.

"We began immediately, all 300 residents of the Yagya working as before, but silently, in total introversion. The atmosphere seemed utterly angelic, and all the children, robed in peace and purity and light, moved as gracefully as deities.

"Two or three days after this program began, the vibrations were so high that all were in a state of bliss. I was sitting one evening with another sister, in the process of going deeper into soul consciousness, when I received the grace of divine vision from our God Father.

"I entered the subtle dimension, expecting to view as others had, scenes of the Golden Age, visions of Krishna and Radhe, or their later roles as Narayan and Lakhshmi. But instead, to my amazement, I was suddenly facing Brahma Baba. He was stunningly attractive. I could not understand how Baba could be present in the physical world, and also there in subtle form. What was the secret behind this angelic Brahma?

"I couldn't answer this question, so when I returned from trance I went to ask Mama. But she seemed not to know, either, and said I should relate my experience to Brahma Baba. Amazingly, he also seemed uncertain. At last he said, 'Daughter, Shiva Baba may be trying to explain some secret. If you enter into trance and see again this other Brahma, you should ask him to introduce himself.

"That day passed. The next evening, I was trying once more to be soul conscious when I felt pulled suddenly out of my body into the subtle world. This time I stayed in trance continuously for seven days.

"When Brahma Baba's image appeared to me, I did as Pitashri (physical Brahma) had bade me do. I remember asking him, 'Can I be lucky enough to receive your complete introduction?' He answered in an angelic mode, 'Daughter, I am *Avyakta* Brahma (subtle, or non-material Brahma) the complete form of the same physical Brahma that you know!

"I met him many times after that, and that *Avyakta* Angel made clear more of the secrets of Godly Knowledge. He taught me the true nature of that subtle world which is beyond the moon and sun and stars. I learned how it had been created out of pure thought. I also viewed the Incorporeal Soul World, and there was given a vision of the Highest of the High, the Point-of-Light, Supreme Soul Shiva. From there I travelled through scenes of the great destruction of the present imperfect world, and thence into the divine world of Satyug, the Golden Age. I heard the language we shall speak there, felt the shimmering material we shall wear, observed the daily routine we shall follow, and witnessed the customs of the royal court of the gods. I marvelled that all this splendor and happiness was for us.

"When I returned to see angelic Brahma, I comprehended how this could be the perfect state of Pitashri, and that Shiv Baba must also be present with him."

It was through angelic Brahma that our Supreme Father Shiva gave new and special names, during this period to all His surrendered children. Such names are no longer given, but trance messages still are brought back regularly. Here is one of them:

**Divine message of most beloved *Avyakt* Bapdada
from the subtle world
through Sister Gulzar on June 6, 1980:**

As I entered the portals of the subtle citadel of most beloved Bapdada today in the early morning hour of nectar, Ah! what a panorama it was! Just imagine: Baba in an overwhelmingly busy posture, the World Almighty Authority in a very cheerful and charming disposition, surrounded by an air of powerful vibration. That was how I observed Baba from quite a distance. And lo! As I advanced—I gradually felt myself becoming a bodiless, powerful entity until I was face to face with Baba in the spiritually intoxicating form of the Shiv-Shakti, like the Father!

This powerful stage was of short duration. Ah, whenever I am reminded of that exceptional experience now, I actually find myself surrounded by that very same panorama again.

At long last, Baba smiled and His sweet words flowed forth: "Lovely child, even this momentary experience will help you in the practice of being in your subtle stage. I rejoined: "Really, Baba, it was as if I was experiencing the practical physical form of the ultimate stage today. It was the stage of the Master World Almighty Authority. It was very fine."

Baba then whispered in my ears: "Daughter, you have to maintain this powerful consciousness constantly, day in and day out. Very soon, a storm of tension will start raging throughout the universe; at the time of such tension, by your attention, you must perform the task of erasing tension. Tension will cause prices to skyrocket; it will cause wounds of mental sorrow and physical suffering, and will ignite a conflagration of torment in men and nature so that the people will stumble blindly for satiation of their transcendent desires, seeking happiness that proves a mirage, only to face final disillusionment in every field of life—political, ethical and material.

"But," Baba said, "the result will be a huge revolution. With one stroke, the world will be transformed. How will it happen? Men have now become over-indulgent and unscrupulous in grabbing their worldly, vicious pleasures. For this they have sold their character and sacrificed their principles. Even so, ultimately their excessive demands remaining unrealized, and their burgeoning carnal cravings failing to satisfy them, they feel exhausted as if drowning in a whirlpool of adverse circumstances.

"Then will come an inner awakening; and they will turn their faces away from worldly desires to the hope and wish for attainment of the Ultimate. But this inclination toward the Divine will not be abrupt and immediate. They will first pass through a stage of search for something more tangible and substantial, after realizing their inability to acquire happiness through the previously tried methods. 'There must be something new, some new path, for the attainment of happiness and peace of mind,' they will ponder. In the end when even

this effort fails, will come a sincere realization in their minds, 'Yes, Oh God, You alone are our only succour and salvation, our final destination and goal.' This will be the culmination point.

"The realization, on the one hand, of God the Father being their only support and solution to their problems, and the breaking down on the other hand of all their hopes and desires of the vicious world will spread a world-wide vibration and general atmosphere of total abandonment and unlimited renunciation all the world over.

"This single realization will control and overpower the entire atmosphere of tension created by worldly desires and focus the world's complete attention on one entity alone, GOD, in no time, just as the fragrance of a very powerful scent will spread all over the area in a second. Thus, the soil of all souls will turn soft with this impact of renunciation of vices as well as regard for God. At such a time, you children are to be instrumental for sowing the seed of Knowledge of God the Father in them and bestowing upon them instantly the fruit of their recognition of the Supreme Father, with love and sincerity. This will be the time when you need this very powerful stage of World Almighty Authority, like the Father. This will enable and empower you to bestow upon all souls blessings and boons as the fruit of their newly acquired faith."

Saying this, suddenly Baba dived deep into the Ocean of Thoughts. It seemed as if Baba was concerned about something significant. After a while, I queried, "Baba did you go on a round somewhere?" His response was "Yes."

Baba was concerned with the contrast between the present stage of the children and the final stage. Some children are still playing the game of see-saw with 'tension' and 'attention.'

"You must convey the message to the sweet children: Now, when you are making endeavors to represent your perfect form before the world for the glorification of Baba through your Maha Yagya (great festival*), you must keep in mind the aim of transforming the atmosphere of the world with deep understanding befitting

*This Maha Yagya was held in February, 1981, in New Delhi, India.

the grandeur of the forthcoming festival. Of course, Bapdada has great pleasure in observing the great enthusiasm and zeal of service in the children, and said that for the future as well, remain constantly as happy and fortunate and full of all treasures of joy, continue to dole out such treasure of happiness to others, march ahead and you will continue to progress rapidly."

* * *

Yoga Fire

During these days of silence, the residents of the Yagya ate only fruits. They remained in yoga for the entire day, from 3 a.m. to 10:30 in the evening. At 6 a.m., Shiva Baba would descend from the Soul World and deliver through Brahma a discourse known as the Murli (the Flute). Then Baba's children would think deeply on those points all day. This was called the *bhatti*, or furnace, because just as bricks or earthenware pots are made strong by being fired in the kiln and just as gold is purified by heat, or as the shape of iron is transformed when heated to red-hot and then hammered by a smith, so also these yogis burned the impurities out of their own minds in the supreme fire of yoga. By such deep powerful continuous remembrance of God, they experienced detachment from their bodies and body consciousness. They felt themselves to be lighter than air, like angels. They acquired the power of silence.

Karma Yoga

The children of God were gradually becoming more and more like their Supreme Father. Deeper and deeper they

plumbed the hidden implications of Godly Knowledge, they absorbed their father's qualities, and they passed the tests of life.

Even the discipline of the daily round added fiber to their spiritual muscle. The general program of the day went like this: a recording of an inspired song—such as "Awaken Oh My Brides"—played over the loudspeaker to wake them up in the early morning. Thus the importance of remembering God would be imprinted as their first thought of the day.

Before arising from bed, the yogis made a resolve such as, "now by discarding the sleep of ignorance, I must completely awaken the soul, as I do my body." Sitting up in bed, they would pass some time in meditation, followed by light physical exercises. By 5:30 a.m., they were ready to gather for class to hear Baba's Flute of Knowledge play another intoxicating melody.

After class, they ate breakfast and then began the work day. Some washed clothes in the laundry; some worked in the kitchen; others did office jobs; and some repaired cars or did carpentry. Every task was performed in loving remembrance of God.

Books on Godly Knowledge were sent to thousands of individuals by mail each day. Many children worked long and hard at writing, typing, printing, and binding these volumes. The work of book production was done completely by the Yagya residents, with untiring zest. Their days went by so quickly for them that dinnertime always arrived as a surprise.

The meal was eaten in Baba's remembrance usually in silence. It was followed by rest and relaxing conversation, or for other individual needs. Just before dinner, the yogis filed into the hall for another group meditation, when trance messengers would go into the subtle realm to offer the food first to God. Only then would the yogis partake of the food themselves. After dinner, there were other classes they could attend on whatever topics of Godly Knowledge interested

them. Mama and Baba themselves used to lead these classes, offering their own churnings on the essence of what God had taught that morning. Afterward they would all sit once more in yoga.

With the remembrance of Shiv Baba planted firmly in their minds, the Brahmins went quietly, contentedly, to their beds. Resolving to improve on the morrow whatever defects they had noted in themselves that day, they slept in pure and peaceful sleep, in the lap of their loving Father.

The Godly Court

Sometimes "court" was held at night. This was an event which could have succeeded in no other gathering. For in order to employ this powerful tool of character restructuring, all participants must have total faith in the arbiter, and the arbiter in turn must be totally detached and fair. Here it was God Himself who presided.

The court proceedings were informal. If some individual had committed any wrong action, he would simply tell his mistake to Baba and Mama in the presence of everyone, and announce a strong determination never to repeat the error. Or if one had seen someone else make a mistake, he would tell it for the purpose of uplifting that soul and bringing him back to the proper path. There were never any recriminations or hard feelings. There was only the motivation to help each other toward perfection.

Baba and Mama had the best interests of all the children at heart. They explained easy methods to avoid making mistakes, and tricks to change old habit patterns. They also fulfilled requests. By asking for things in the presence of all, and likewise by admitting their mistakes in the presence of all,

the children found that no strain or stress or guilt was experienced by anyone, and they were able to transcend egotism. Rumors of favoritism were also put to an end. There were no dark secrets, no suspicions.

A loving family atmosphere was created. The court was not at all an oppressive or frightening affair. It was considered by all to be a profound learning experience. It provided a "moment of truth," a liberation for all the Yagya children from the habits and guilts which might otherwise have led to lasting sorrow. The court, with its catharsis of self-purification, was the essence of freedom.

Here is a song made up by one of the children, expressing the feelings of all:

*At this time of the world's dark night,
You came from the world of light,
to perform the great task of ridding the world of sin.
This time is the best of all
in the Drama of the Rise and Fall,
with Your help we're crossing to the farther shore.
You've turned our bad luck into good,
Your words are the sweetest food,
Your judgments are restoring our deityhood.
Oh, God, You are the Highest on High,
The Creator of the pure New World.
Father Shiva, You've come to Bharat at last,
and by changing our lives
You are spinning the Cycle again.*

Baba's Inspiring Example

Not only did Baba provide every facility and comfort, but by his unshakeable, gentle strength, he instilled strength in

the children. By seeing his untiring and ever-happy face, the others took heart and renewed their energy. Though the road they travelled together was steep, though many difficulties came, no one ever gave in to hopelessness, or weakness.

Baba's friendship was the greatest treasure. Though he was old in years, he was the most playful yogi of them all. He worked long hours, efficiently performing every type of service, including the most menial work. This spirit of service, of humility and dedication became the practical ideal of everyone. He taught souls how to cooperate. And always, in the midst of work, his intellect kept churning the Godly Knowledge, so that wisdom multiplied and remembrance became constant and natural. He demonstrated the method of complete soul consciousness.

The Lessons of Labor

Sometimes Baba would go to the kitchen and help prepare the food. He would give *yoga-drishti** and speak sweet words of Knowledge, "Daughter, if you cook in remembrance of Shiva Baba, there will be power in the food. Consider that you are preparing this meal for Him. This is Shiva Baba's imperishable Yagya. Keep that in mind as you work."

If someone was sewing without the help of a machine, which could be laborious, Baba would come to lighten the atmosphere. His presence made souls happy. And he never ran out of Jewels of Knowledge. Baba said, "Spiritual daughter, while you do your work with your physical organs, remember God with your intellect, and thus earn an indestructible income. By remembering Shiva Baba, you are becoming entitled

*A donation of power through the third eye.

to wear the royal gowns of Satyug in the future, so make the effort of remembering Baba as you sew."

If someone were washing clothes, Baba would go to him and say, "You are washing the clothes of the body; Shiva Baba is the Unlimited Washerman, Who makes pure all degraded souls. Do remember then, child, wash your soul along with the clothes." Baba made them understand that they were the luckiest of souls, the very stars of luck. They worked for the highest-paying Employer of all, and worked on a subtle level which before they had not even known was possible. Yet the bliss of using the body in God's service, while staying in His remembrance, is the sweetest bliss of all.

When Baba took them out for a walk, he would say, "Look, along with this physical pilgrimage, go also on the subtle pilgrimage. Stay in remembrance of Paramdham (the Silent Home of Souls). O, my invaluable jewels, you alone in all the world know about this *avyakta* pilgrimage."

At about that time, Shiva Baba sent another message also, one which was soon to test them all.

God's Command: Serve India

August, 1947: it was declared that India would be partitioned. Many Hindu families fled from the newly-created and mostly Moslem Pakistan. Baba explained to the children that though Mahatma Gandhi and the Congress Party were making efforts to win independence and to establish Ram Rajya (the Kingdom of God), in reality, Ram Rajya could only be established when each male and female were pure like Ram and Sita, when they became the highest human beings, following the highest code of conduct, having broken the chains of anger, lust, arrogance, greed, and attachment, thus laying the foundation

for a heavenly kingdom. Baba used to say that the Congress and other parties would bring political independence to India, but not happiness or prosperity, because no effort is being made to establish the highest conduct and purity. Baba told us in advance that Hindus and Muslims would beat and kill each other because of their religious intolerance. People today have become devils due to their aggressive, impure minds; in short, they have become anti-God.

When the killing started, it came as no surprise for us, nor were we frightened. Baba had published his warnings in a book and sent the book to kings and influential individuals both within and outside of the country. He also had open letters published in the newspapers. But society did not believe those forewarnings. Most Hindus fled Pakistan for India after the partition, but the Godly Yagya stayed on in Karachi. And the Muslims never tried to harm them. Some Muslim officers occasionally came to ask questions, but they were never offensive. They were happy to be introduced to Allah.

One of their questions was, "What is the work of this institution?" They were told that all the people here were servants of God, remembering God alone, practicing detachment and purity. "Muslims," we told them, "say that God is Pak Parvardigar, (the Pure Supreme Being) but you do not become Pak (pure)—you have only taken the name Pakistan (Pure Land). Now it is the God's command that you actually become Pak." On hearing such words, they smiled in agreement. They would say, "Tell us what service we can do for you. You are fine people. It is our duty to serve you because you are worshipping God and you are Pak."

Returning to Bharat

Two or three years had passed since the relatives of the Yagya members had migrated to India from Pakistan. They did not know the whereabouts of Om Mandali, and used to hear that the Godly University had been shut down by the Moslems, and the members had scattered.

When they discovered later that Om Mandali was still in existence in Pakistan, they wrote letters asking that the Yagya be brought back to India. They were afraid that perhaps the Muslim Pakistanis would attack the institution. But on the contrary, they protected it, they considered it quite pure and holy. Some of the relatives of the Yagya children persisted in inviting the spiritual gathering back to India. One day, Shiva Baba, speaking through Brahma Baba and later through a messenger daughter, commanded that the Yagya should now be moved back to India, because the people of India would be most able to take advantage of this Godly Knowledge. Shiva Baba informed us that "there is a bigger field for service there, and much testing also."

At last, in 1950, the children prepared to leave Karachi. When the Muslims of Sindh came to hear of this they tried to persuade them to stay. "We will give you better facilities," they said. "You will not experience any unhappiness here. Why are you going away then? If you stay here, there will not be any unholy acts done in this country. We will take care of all of you in every way. You are of God; you have no connection with the politics of the Hindu or the Muslim."

But the yagya children had the Godly command to go to India, so they made arrangements for passage by steamship from Karachi to Okha. They sold the buildings they had lived in.

Still, important people tried to dissuade them from going. Allah Bakhaji and Bulam Hussainji (Past Chief Minister

and Vidhi Mantri) and Dr. Chopathram Gidivani, among others, came by. They were pleased by the Knowledge. "You stay here," they said. "We will all help you." But they were told that it was God's command, we must go to India for service.

There were 400 yagya members in those days. When their luggage was piled at Karachi port, a crowd of people gathered. Muslims and Pathans helped the 400 white-clad yogis to embark. The local people felt as if their own close relatives were going away. Everyone was sad. The many Pakistani people who came to say farewell, showered a rain of flowers over the Yagya members, who responded with a rain of flowers of their own, showered on the loving people who watched as the steamer started.

It was a heart-rending scene. Yet, the yogis felt like swans flying away to another season. One Brahmin said the steamer was the ship of truth, and they were crossing the ocean of the world. During the trip, the captain and others were quite helpful. They often used to say, "Show us what service we can do." Spiritual classes went on according to schedule. The Flute of Knowledge played as always. Even the captain took advantage of it.

Pandavs on the Field of Battle

At last the yagya members disembarked at the port of Okha. From there, they went by train to Mt. Abu. The whole mountain is a pilgrimage place for saints and sages, and here alas is Prajapita Brahma's secret memorial: the lovely temple of Dilwara. Ensclosed in this shrine are two statues of Adi Dev, the first created deity. One idol is black, one white, representing Brahma Baba's transformation from impurity to perfection. In the temple's inner walls are 108 niches, each

containing the statue of a yogi in meditation. An atmosphere of solitude and silence prevails.

Their bodies are shown naked to indicate that they had reached the state of soul consciousness. A large diamond is in the heart of each one, to indicate their constant love for Shiv Baba. Each has an open third eye, to indicate the possession of the Supreme Knowledge. The reason there are 108 such yogis is because out of all the souls in the world only that number will fully destroy body consciousness and thus conquer death. The mind-boggling truth is that the entire temple of Dilwara (which means the One who steals your heart) echoes the very events which are taking place right now! It was utterly intoxicating for Baba's children to visit this beautiful place—and see themselves in marble, memorialized forever. No one else in the world could possibly understand.

Mt. Abu is famed in the scriptures as the site where God Shiva descended. But who would have believed that Shiva Baba was here at this very moment! At His command, the Yagya settled here for its final phase of work.

A great poet, Shuklaji, met Brahma Baba shortly after his arrival, and the following poem is the result:

*So much praise there is for Abu!
How beautiful a place.
The light of Knowledge burns there,
and illusion is destroyed.
For Shiva descends at Abu, with a gift
for every soul.
He teaches true religion here,
and Satyug is conceived.
At the end of every cycle,
the Gita is re-sung.
Through the Knowledge of the Bodiless Father,
One rises rung by rung.
One who does not know Shiva,*

cannot know himself;
 one who does not understand,
 what can his life be worth?
 This is my own experience.
 Whatever I have heard,
 I make you hear.
 What I have seen,
 I write.

Speedily, God's work went on. In the Mahabharat scripture, it is written that the Pandavas had stayed in the forest for 12 years and remained in secrecy for one year and only then did they come out for battle. The Yagya had been in Sindh for 13 years (from 1937 to 1950), with 12 years spent in isolation from outside people, and then one year spent in practicing profound penance, or tapasya. In this way, they made themselves immune to negative influences, becoming constant yogis. Then at last they came out in the open to conquer Maya. The time of the Gopis was over. Now they were each a Ganges of Knowledge, deep and Purifying Rivers of Love. Thus did the children of God begin their super-human task of raising India and the world once more from degradation to purity. They sang in joy of the challenge ahead:

*We are the transformers of the world
 and we teach Raja Yoga.
 Once our palaces were made of gold.
 We had one kingdom, one religion,
 a world of happiness.
 Join us in building that world again.
 We are the transformers of the self,
 and we teach Raja Yoga.*

The Godly World University

Moving the institution from Karachi to Abu was no small matter. How was the new location decided upon? There is an interesting story here, offered by the University's present administrative head, B.K. Manmohiniji, known affectionately as Didi.

"I had very wealthy relatives in India. They wanted me to leave Pakistan. And Baba also wanted me to go and serve India. So when I received an aeroplane ticket and an invitation from my relatives, I flew to Bombay with some other sisters.

"My relatives came to receive us at the airport with garlands of flowers for us. But Baba had told us not to accept any worship, and garlands are offered only to completely pure gods and goddesses. While we were certainly making efforts to attain such purity, we had not yet done so. Thus, we refused the garlands, explaining Baba's counsel to them. We were careful to follow all of Baba's advice and commands while on this mission. At last we reached their home. They had prepared two nice rooms for us. In addition, they had kept another room free where we could meet with people who wanted to study the Godly Knowledge and learn the art of meditation.

"That very day, people began to come for that purpose. The same people who had years ago battered our bodies and assaulted our minds with abuse, and who had tried in every way to stop us from going to Om Mandali, those very people were now anxious to hear the Knowledge, because they were impressed by our lives. We were happy especially to teach our relatives, for Baba always said that 'charity begins at home.' 'A Brahma Kumari is one who can uplift both her father's and her husband's family.' Thus we were pleased that our relatives were following the counsel of God.

"We stayed there for two months, constantly occupied with service. Often, our relatives offered to take us sightseeing in Bombay, but we declined. The present world simply had no taste for us. 'We'll take our outings in Paradise,' we told them. 'There we'll live in palaces of gold and silver. We'll fly in wonderful airplanes powered by atomic energy and steered by the power of thought. All the people will be happy there, so it will be a joy to meet each soul. Here it is hell. Why do we wish to see the sights of such a cruel continent, this India of Kaliyug?' As a poet has written:

India has lost her faith.

Her worship-worthy deities are worshippers today.

Her ancient purity seems but a dream,

for today we all are beggars.

*Sensual pleasures have dragged us down,
subjected us to death.*

Bodily pride, the serpent's illusion,

one bite of poison and the mind was destroyed.

Now some say all are God;

and some say there is no God;

*you hear as many stories as there are mouths
to speak,*

but no one knows a thing.

"No one knew a thing," Didi continued, "until Shiva Baba gave us new eyes. Now we know of the heavenly world. So what is there to desire in this illusory Bombay?" They soon gave up attempting to persuade Didi and the others to indulge in sightseeing. The sisters' next test concerned food. Their hosts used to bring a variety of gourmet dishes for them at every meal. But instead of yielding to such temptations, they each made two rotis (flatbreads) with their own hands, and ate them with plain vegetables. "After dinner," Didi reports, "we sang a song of God. So we set a good example for the people we were staying among. They saw that none of their valued

possessions or pleasures attracted us. Our renunciation awed them somewhat. They did not understand that we experienced joys they could not even dream of. They wanted us to stay on with them, but eventually we prepared to return to Karachi. It was time to go, now that we had given our simple message. Someone stated it well in this song:

*O bright soul, remember Father Shiva,
take the birthright that is yours.*

*The present time is the Confluence Age,
the meeting of the children with God.*

*Shiva has come again to this world,
and through the lotus mouth of Brahma,
He sings once more the song of truth.*

Soon we shall witness the end of the world.

The Terrible Day waits with gaping jaws.

It is the final moment for everyone.

So Baba is teaching us all.

*The Shiv Shakti/Pandav Army is blowing the
heavenly bugle.*

*With the leadership of God Himself,
war has once more been declared, death to weakness,
death to vice, death to death itself.*

Evil shall be destroyed,

and the Pure World brought to life.

"We returned to Baba, having established very good relationships with many people in Bombay. Some time afterward, our relatives sent a letter inviting us at their expense to move our whole community back to India. Baba sent a telegram back, 'Invitation can be accepted only from those who have desire to hear Knowledge, and who wish to conduct themselves according to God's rules.'

"They accepted. They requested us to relocate wherever we wanted. So another sister, B.K. Lilavatiji, and I went to inspect various buildings at Poona and Ahmedabad, but we

could not find a place where 250 to 300 people could stay well together. A number of important people helped us in this search, and we made many friends for the Godly University (One guru, Siddhanandaji, helped us greatly, and later came to visit us when we were established at Abu. On taking his farewell, he said, 'I always believed that if women and men stayed together they could never remain pure. This is the first time in my life that I experienced it is possible. For as many days as I have lived here, not for a single day was I conscious of woman and man, but it was always the soul which I saw, and always souls in great spiritual consciousness. Even after staying with Karma Sanyasins, the vision of my mind's eye was never so pure.')

"At last our search brought us to Mount Abu. Some of our relatives were with us. While trying to find a house with Sister Rukmaniji, I happened across the vacant residence of a king, and I liked it. The place was called Brij Kothi. From a worldly point of view, it was not very beautiful, but as soon as I saw it I remembered some of Baba's words, which drew me to the conclusion that this was the right location for us. Years before, Baba had said, 'Children, at the end you Brahmin children will be going to a mountain and doing penance there, and you will be staying at the residence of kings.' Baba's words came strongly to mind, until I was convinced that this Abu is the mountain he referred to, and this residence our destined home. 'At the end,' Baba had said, 'while meditating on a mountain, you will leave the body.'

"I hurried to Ahmedabad and made a telephone call to Baba in Karachi and asked for his advice about Brij Kothi. Baba gave permission immediately to acquire the place, as if it had been preplanned in his mind to occupy that place and he only gave us the opportunity to find the house on our own because he trusted our yoga power, and he wished us to be able to do service. We were extremely happy. Everything happens according to Drama."

Baba sent a very able brother, Vishwa Kishore, to go to Abu and acquire Brij Kothi. Vishwa Kishore (a name Baba gave to him which means World Prince) was one of the most famous jewelers of Calcutta before he came into the Godly Knowledge. He was Brahma Baba's nephew, and he had immense love and respect for Baba. Baba had educated him thoroughly in the jewelry business.

When the Supreme Being took over Dada's life and he quit his occupation, Vishwa Kishore had wanted to renounce his worldly calling also. "I shall follow Baba," he decided. But when he spoke to Baba about this wish, he was told to wait, to keep on working. "At the proper time, you will be advised to surrender completely to God."

Vishwa Kishore was a man who had the secret of staying happy under all conditions. Whatever Baba suggested, he was ready to do. Some years later, he got the inspiration to offer himself in this Godly Knowledge Yagya. It was an inspiration from within, not influenced by Brahma Baba. Since then, he and his whole family have devoted themselves entirely to the University.

Brother Vishwa Kishore was experienced, thoughtful, decisive, faithful and honest. He successfully negotiated for the house and grounds.

Madhuban!

Though busy in a hundred projects, Baba used to write letters with his own delicate hand, and with great love, letters which were so delightful that one would feel like reading them again and again. Those letters were invaluable to the people who received them and proved to give purity to the soul and radiation of power throughout the body. He remained in

Karachi to continue this service to countless thirsty souls around the world, while the senior children went ahead to Abu to prepare the new residence.

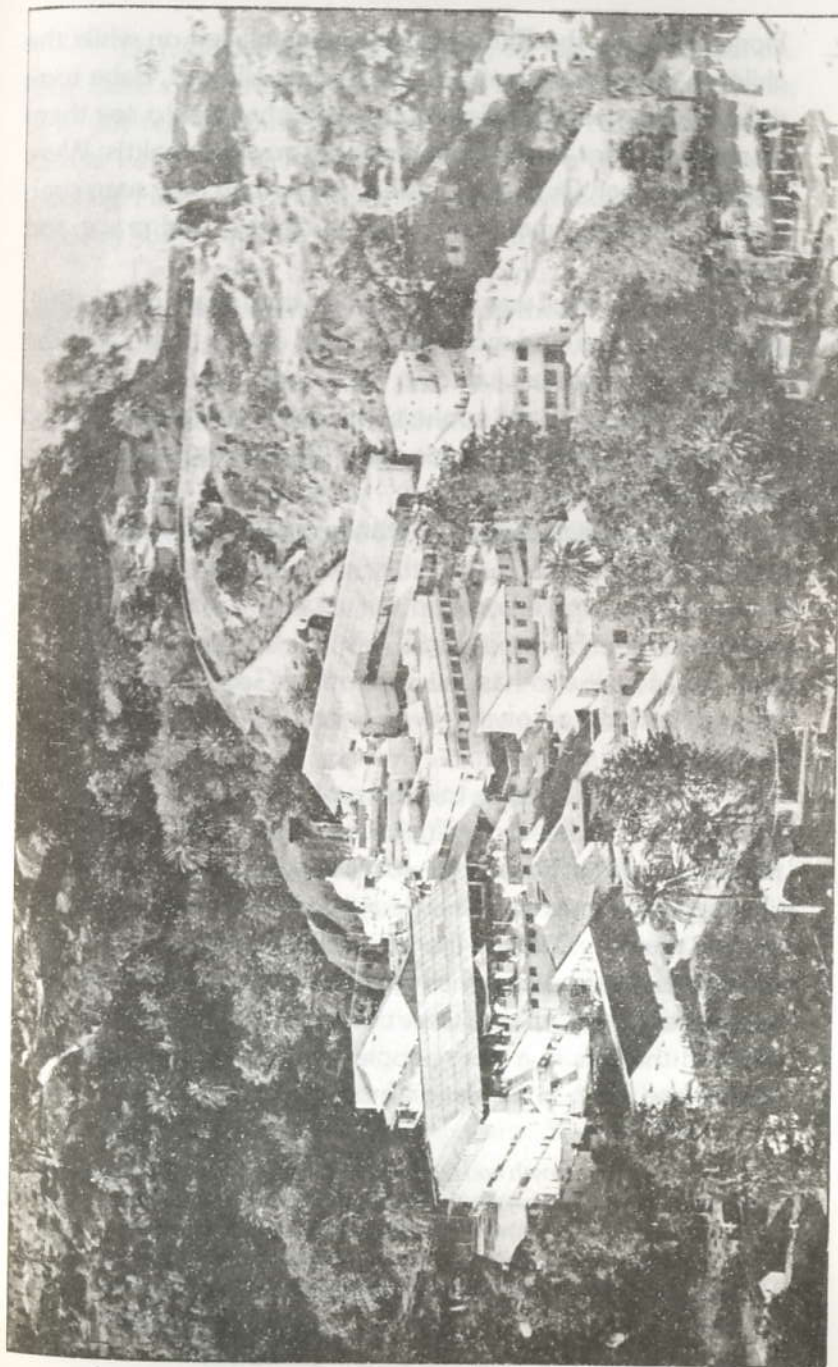
B.K. Manohar Indiraji, who was among those who had left straightaway for Abu, recalls an incident which occurred weeks later, on Baba's arrival. "When I first got to the new residence I had seen a large snake in an upper room. I became fearful we had selected the wrong place for the Yagya. So when I met Baba at Okha Airport, I whispered to him, 'Baba, there is a snake in the place that we have bought.' I considered it my duty to tell this to Baba.

"Baba replied with an understanding smile, 'Daughter there is no harm in it. What serpent is going to harm us? We have to fight only against the serpents within.' Baba of course referred to lust and anger, and the other vices. I felt happy again, and realized anew that Baba himself had selected this place."

But why? What made Baba select Mount Abu for the Yagya? He explained in the ensuing days that 5,000 years before, the first deity, Brahma, had done his penance here, along with the first goddess, Saraswati. On this mountain were the memorials to that momentous event, the most beautiful temples in the world: Dilwara, Ambamata, Adhherdevi, Kumari Kanya and Achalgarh. These temples tell in marble the story of a group of heroic yogis who conquered death through their union with God, and who emerged from their cocoon of meditation as pure and perfect souls, who had earned rebirth as royal princes in the Dynasty of the Sun.

So on one side, the memorials of the Yagya remained here from the last cycle, and now the event was being re-enacted live. On this very mountain, we would once again become Sun Dynasty Kings, of the lineage of Vishnu.

The Yagya members were soon well settled in Brij Kothi, which they renamed "*Madhuban*"—The Forest of



Honey.* Daily, the Flute of Knowledge played on while the children grew ever stronger. When time allowed, Baba took them walking on the hills. People who chanced to see them stared in wonder at this white parade of graceful shaktis. Were they dreaming? Or was it a vision? Never had they seen such women, climbing mountains with such zest and grace and energy.

Baba himself was more than seventy years of age. Still, he walked faster and more surely than any of them, as if the heavenly kingdom lay just over the ridge. They rested on the top in meditation, Baba spoke some jewels of Knowledge, and then simply by the look in his eyes, the shaktis would go into deep trance.

Sometimes, dancing in trance with closed eyes, experiencing in their minds that they were dancing with Prince Krishna, they would come to the edge of a cliff. Those who watched would become fearful, but this was unnecessary, for how could one who has the support of God fall down? And, indeed, nothing untoward ever occurred. The bliss of their lives remained unbroken.

Many times Baba told everyone, "Go in groups of two or three, go on different hillocks, and sit in meditation, churn the Knowledge in your mind. Just as cows chew their cud, just like that, think over the Knowledge you have heard and hold it in your memory." When the white clad Brahma Kumars and Brahma Kumaris sat on the high mountain tops, from below it seemed as if white clouds were covering the peaks. When they climbed the hills in a row, people on the road thought white birds were flying in formation in the sky.

*Another ancient myth had come alive. In the Hindu scriptures, Madhuban was the garden where Krishna had played as a child, and where he received his education. And now Shiv Baba revealed that Brahma Baba in his next birth would be that very Krishna. And here in the real Madhuban, he was receiving his education for that role directly from God!

Outside people think religious life means renunciation. But Baba's children knew they had only thrown away junk, and got real happiness instead. There was no sense of self-denial here. Rather, Baba's children were on a permanent holiday. How often after morning class it would be announced, "Today, Baba will have a picnic with the children."

"Dear sweet children," Baba would say to them, "we shall go on the mountain today and sit there in remembrance of Shiva Baba. We shall tell deep and lovely knowledgeable stories also, and after that, Shiv Baba will give the children *prasad* by His own hand. Children, this is a family satsang as well as the God Fatherly University. You are all very dear children of God, separated for many births, and have met at the end of the Kalpa (the cycle of time), so the Ocean of Love will feed you all with His Own hands and will give you joy. He is without physical form. He has no body of His own. Because of that He has taken the body of this Brahma Baba on loan. He will give with these hands the *prasad* of the Yagya with great true love. Even the deities pine for the *prasad* of this Yagya."

"Children, you are very lucky that the One God feeds you with His own hand and educates you. It is a stroke of the greatest fortune that Shiva Baba, the Creator of the three worlds, comes from far off Paramdham (The World of Light) and teaches you! The One for whom the Sannyasins are searching in the forests, for Whom the gurus sit in samadhi in caves, the Father of Christ and the Inspirer of Moses, the One whom devotees are trying to find at the places of pilgrimage, at Mathura and Kashi. Earning for even a moment of His Darshan (vision), devotees are prepared to cut off their heads,* and kings to renounce their kingdoms. Such a dear Father

*This refers to a bizarre devotional practice at Kashi where the devotees would hurl upon a blade held over a well, severing their heads in a misplaced effort to cut their sins. It is a body conscious practice; in soul-consciousness, one cuts off his own sins such as ego and remains in the body as a pure soul.

comes and teaches you, He talks to you with love, He plays with you, He is your Friend. Blessings upon you who have made your luck so bright and shining. There is a famous song about meeting God in this life, but for worldly people to recognize Him in this ordinary human body is difficult. There is a veil over the people's eyes, they believe in nothing but the physical."

Baba saturated us with love. Every word he ever spoke caused an uprush of well-being. He set out for the picnic and we hurried to catch up. With a gleam in his eye, he turned around. "Children, are you remembering Shiv Baba, behind whose back you are walking? If you stay in yoga, you'll earn millions with every step!"

Further on, he would stop. "You children walk ahead, and I will come behind you. The cowherd is always behind the cows. I must keep you from getting lost."

Then, when the way became tricky, he came to the front again. "The guide must show the way, and the pilgrims walk behind him."

While holding the hand of one of the little girls, he gently asked, "Daughter, whose hand are you holding? Is it of Shiva Baba or Brahma Baba? Daughter, never stop holding this hand. Do you know where you will be led by holding this hand?"

At the next moment, he asked another, "With whom are you walking?" He got the answer, "With Baba." Baba replied, "Yes, Dear, but do you remember what you are inheriting from Baba? Walk on in the joy of getting that inheritance, for Shiva Baba is teaching you children Raj Yoga, and He wants to make you King of Kings."

Again he would start walking with great speed. Once, after going far ahead of the rest, he said, "Look what a grand shakti battalion this is! You are so far behind. The young have become old!" Then he explained, "There are two engines in

this body. One of them is the soul of Brahma, the second is the soul of Shiva Baba, and so this body of Brahma walks fast."

Sometimes he would deliberately take the children on a hard road up the hill. Many mothers who were old and could not climb would say, "Baba, Baba, stop, why do you take this way? There is no place even to hold on. There is only a round slippery stone. Where shall we put a foot?" Then Baba would hold out His hand and give them His support.

By becoming the support of every heart and mind, even in so small and practical a way, God brought them into His remembrance. When some of the children were out of breath, they called out, "Baba, that is enough! Please do not go further! Dear Baba, let us stop on this rock." Sometimes he gave in to them, so they were pleased. "See, Baba is listening to us." Sometimes Baba did not believe them and they used to laugh, "See, Baba does not listen to our talk." There was playfulness and love in every action; in every conversation there were divine feelings for each other's welfare.

On one side was study, and on another, examinations. The Yagya children did their *tapasya* (penance) on Mount Abu, just as Parvati did *sadhana* before marrying Shiva.* Study, yoga, transformation, service: every act was for the upliftment of the soul. Difficulties were also there, to keep them on their toes. On this subject, B.K. Vishwa Ratanji, a Madhuban resident, recalls:

"Brij Kothhi was near a cemetery, in a lonely area. It had been vacant for a very long time before the children came. The people of Abu said that there were ghosts living in the house, which lay outside the city limits and near the forest. There were serpents and other animals in the vicinity.

"Such things did not create any fear in them. If a snake passed into view, they watched it with detachment. 'We belong to Shiva Baba,' they thought to themselves, and we are

*A legend from the scriptures.

not harming this creature at all, so why would it do harm to us?' Many times ghosts used to come but because of the power of yoga and purity, they could not remain. Eventually, the ghosts were forced to find another place. For here were goddesses still growing in strength, learning to conquer the world-wide ghosts of lust, anger, greed, ego, and the other vices. They kept their minds in union with Shiva Baba, the Bestower of Victory. Through this union, they became invincible. They felt no fear of lustful people, who were more poisonous than venomous serpents, so how could they feel afraid of lonely places or slithering snakes? On the contrary, they felt more able in this lonely atmosphere to become stable in powerful yoga. Yes, they liked this place very much.

"In those days, after the war, wheat was rationed in Abu. Very little wheat flour was available. There was still some millet and corn flour, and some low quality rice, but even that was not in sufficient quantity. The strange taste of the heavy mineral water on the mountain, and the dry, thin air were further tests for the Yagya children. Many of them came from wealthy families and had never experienced physical discomfort. Now they learned tolerance, economy, and accommodation to circumstance.

"They passed the tests of hunger, thirst, and climate. They had already become small eaters, but one day the real test came. Shiva Baba gave the order for them to eat only rotis and buttermilk for 15 days. Even the sick children had to eat the same. Several souls questioned how the ill ones would be able to live on only that. Would it not make them more ill? But the sick ones accepted the food without even thinking about it, and with complete faith that whatever was given by Baba is 'Brahma Bhojan,' the greatest medicine of all. And shortly the health of each one had improved. From this episode, the lesson got deeply engrained that by eating according to Baba's command, much benefit is always gained. To think there could be harm from doing as God says is the greatest

mistake possible. From then on, no matter how adverse the conditions seemed, they found advantage in them.

These spiritual progeny of Brahma had discovered that blame and praise, victory and defeat, gain and loss, hunger and thirst, heat and cold, poverty and prosperity, all the pairs of opposites, are merely tests which come to a yogi in his life. Through remembrance of God and limitless faith, one can meet all situations with a laughing face.

Destroyers of Attachment

There are so many bondages in the lives of worldly people. They suffer from attachment to their home, their city, to relatives, to food and drink, to custom and habits, to wealth and prosperity. By abolishing these, benefit is gained for many births.

The aim of a yogi is to sacrifice, to destroy all attachments, to be able to bend his life according to his will. To remember God and be worryless: this is the only way. With this perspective, the mouth-born Brahmins readily adapted to their changed environment. Only a few fell away. This was the "Beggary" period of the Yagya.

For a short time, their poverty continued. Just as there is a chapter in the Shrimad Bhagavat which tells that while the Pandavs were in the forest, one day Draupadi's urn of constantly flowing provisions seemed to run dry. There was only one leaf of spinach remaining. But then God performed a miracle. And it happened now in real life. Later it became clear that these tests had brought the determined children into an even closer union with their Father, while the weak were impelled to leave. Just as when a boat shakes in a storm, many people on the boat get frightened and jump in life boats. So

God gave this rude shock to the Boat of Truth, so that some people, given to fluctuations of the mind and to sense pleasures, people who had entered this Boat of Truth not for reaching the goal but out of attachment to other yagya children, would see these shaky conditions and depart by themselves. The captain of the Boat of Truth was God. And He knew what must be done to keep the ship afloat and the crew powerful. Laughingly He guided His loving children across the ocean of the world, and so the children sang:

*One whose wire of the intellect
Is joined with the Creator
Will never know defeat.
The light of my soul is burning bright,
And the wick cannot be snuffed
By any storm.*

The Conquest of India

When their Godly study first began, the children of the Yagya thought there was nothing further in the world to do. "We have got God, we are perfecting our natures and preparing to leave the body. This is our only work. We experience super-sensuous bliss. What more should we seek?"

But after coming to Abu, according to B.K. Chandra Mani Ji, zonal head of service in Punjab, they started getting signs that a new act in this divine play was about to begin. The curtain was going up for an extraordinary new scene. "Baba began to teach us how to acquaint doctors, lawyers, judges and businessmen with this Godly Knowledge. At that time there were no professional people in the Knowledge, so we understood that Baba was going to send us out to serve the

people of India. Baba used to say, "Daughters, you have the Knowledge; it is very wonderful. In fact, it is invaluable. It has been lost for a long time; when you make others hear it they will become pleased, and they will thank God. Daughters, with this Knowledge and yoga, you little girls will be able to defeat even great and important persons: those persons who today believe themselves to be God, or believe the soul to be the Supreme Soul, you will be able to make them bow to God. You alone have become the instruments for awakening the men and women of the earth from deep sleep. Children, don't you hear the loud cries of the worship of devotees? If you go into solitude and sit there, you will hear your devotees calling on you: 'O Mother of the World, Oh Goddess—we your children are calling you for so long! Defeated by Maya, we have come to your door. O Giver of Light, O Mother, now ignite our extinguished light of Knowledge! End our darkness. Grant us visions! Have mercy! All our pilgrimages have been for naught. O Mother, save your children from drowning in this river of sin. Lift us up, hold our hand. Hear our call, and help us.' "

The children of the yagya listened, and they understood what they must do: they must go out, village by village, city by city, lane by lane, in service of the devotees of God. They must renounce their most precious Madhuban, their Yagya home.

* * *

A struggle ensued between Love and Knowledge. "Shall we really have to separate from our dear Brahma Baba and Shiva Baba? We belong to Shiva Baba, the Ocean of Knowledge, for Whom we left the world and turned our faces away from our families. We faced abuse and trouble. We lost the taste of our own people. Now shall we be deprived of hearing

the Flute of Knowledge face-to-face? And shall we have to stay away from Baba who is the star of our eyes, the support of our heart—for days or weeks or months or even years? No, no, no! We will not accept this proposition.”

Such was their initial shocked reaction. But in the next moment, a voice in the soul replied, “O Gopis, surely you have been brought up in the Love of God. You have sacrificed everything for Him. Through the Father and His old chariot, you have received incomparable happiness. You mustn’t keep it only to yourself. After getting such a treasure, won’t you give anything to others? Will you not relay the message of the secret arrival of God? You must deliver that gift to the world. Or must God with this old body walk from lane to lane and city to city to wake up those people who are sleeping in the depths of ignorance? You are the Gopis, you have recognized God. Will you not introduce that Dearest Beloved to others? Is it the aim of your life to live deeply in bliss yet leave the suffering souls of the world without Him?” Thus went the war inside them.

But could Baba be defeated? His inspiring counsel won out. “Children, you must flow as Rivers of Wisdom, irrigate the dried up land of India. The time of secrecy is finished, you must awaken the sleeping people.

This is the Royal Imperishable Sacrificial Fire of Knowledge of Rudra in which the Horse is sacrificed. After coming out of this yagya, you horses will go around the world. This is foretold in the scriptures. You are the creation of this yagya. So now you must go into the world and blow the bugle, ring out victory in all directions. That is the gift given by God to you. By your blowing of the bugle, the people of India will awaken, and then they will sing your praises.”

Again, Baba said, “Children, I have come to establish the family of divine souls. Other religious leaders established their own religions, and then the souls of that religion came down from Paramdham to take bodies. Thus every religion’s

numbers have increased. But the re-establishment of the divine religion of deities is a different sort of work from theirs. All the souls of this divine religion are already here on earth, but they have forgotten themselves and have become degraded, so you have only to do the work of awakening them. Get them to remember their original religion and also their dynasty. We have to give them the aim of becoming deities and goddesses, children of the Satyugi divine world of one government, one religion, which is being established.

“You souls who serve the fallen, by making them pure you will become kings in the new world. I love such serviceable children. I love you all, but I especially love the soul with Knowledge, because one with Knowledge makes others also Knowledgeful. So whatever you have achieved, give it to others.”

In such a sweet way, Baba inspired us for Godly service. The hearts of the children shouted from within that we should go to our country and beyond, and serve in accordance with this sweet bondage of Godly love. In those who found separation even for a moment unbearable, a voice rose up in their hearts, “let us show the world our loving God and Father, and then only we shall rest. We must bring this message to the entire world:

*Our joy was lost in passion’s game.
We were in sorrow until God came.
Now the karmic debts have all come due,
And death is ever facing you.
But God is here to show the way
To the life divine, the Golden Day.
Have pride of the soul, not the body.
Remember God and the Godly study.
In happiness you should always be,
Oh sweetest flowers of the Kalpa tree.”*

The Outreach

The seed had sprouted and become a healthy plant. Its once-tiny buds had blossomed into flowers. Now the time came in the Yagya when from the flowers emerged the fruit, the living, spiritual fruit which was to nourish a starving world. Thus writes B.K. Dyaniji, who is on Godly Service in Ambala:

“By the study of Godly Knowledge, humility, love, purity, joy, non-attachment, sympathy and benevolent feelings should develop naturally in the life of human beings. Baba’s children had become the first samples, the proof of Who was teaching.

“The taste of virtue is addictive. Those who met the senior sisters wanted the same victory over the senses in their own lives. Baba’s children had transcended the world. They could not be pulled back into it. It was not just the white dress and simple life; the mind and body were at peace. No ripple of desire marred the surface of the cool waters within. No dust of lust fell on the mirror. Three hundred women from different families had risen above the limitation of the flesh, had discarded their conditionings toward ‘femininity,’ had erased both passion and jealousy from their personalities. They had all relationships with only One.”

Just as ocean water is changed into vapour by the heat of the sun and goes high up in the air and takes the form of clouds, to clash against the mountains and pour out upon the fields, making the earth green, giving sustenance to all creatures; in the same way, Shiv Baba, the Sun of Knowledge, had heated the drops of the ocean, the children of the Yagya. They had risen as clouds filled with divine power, hovering over Mt. Abu. Now they were sending showers on India, a land burnt by passions. They brought the sweet rain of peace and happiness and silence.

The sisters learned the arts of public speaking, of writing, of drama. Soon, pamphlets and brochures were being published and distributed on an ever larger scale. Letters were sent to important people. Finally, the world began to notice the existence of this remarkable group of beings.

Actually, the writing projects had begun much earlier. For example, during the period of harassment of the women by their husbands and families, Baba had them write letters to various officials. One such was a letter to the State Commission for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, addressed to the Minister, R. Piggot, on the 23rd of July, 1938. The letter detailed how a young girl of fifteen had been locked by her relatives in a room for four days and denied food. Her brother beat her cruelly. Thus it was put to Minister Piggot: “Let alone cruelty to animals, what will you do about cruelty to human beings? If your institution does only the work of preventing cruelty to animals, then another institution should be established which can prevent cruelty to human beings.”

Mahatma Gandhi, Rabindranath Tagore, and Chakravarty RajGopalacharya all received letters, telegrams and even complete Murlis.

Baba sent a wire* to Mahatma Gandhi during one of his fasts, stating, “Dear Gandhiji, fasting and community non-cooperation are the forms of Hatha Yoga. You can achieve complete independence only by the Power of Godly Knowledge and divine self-realization. You can achieve victory over scientific power by spiritual power. The present time is the time of darkness of religion. Now God is again establishing the ancient religion of the gods and goddesses. This is the period described in the Mahabharata.”

Baba gave the message of the descent of God, the establishment of Satyug and the destruction of Kaliyug to political leaders, scholars, and common people. He explained

*This wire was sent on May 5, 1939.

it also to officers of the British Government. Baba even wrote one letter to Elizabeth, wife of King George of England.* In that letter, Baba's divine message was clearly explained. It read, in part as follows:

Dear Sister:

Along with this letter I am sending you a lecture on self-realization. Many men and women here have achieved self-realization and divine vision. They have seen that in the very near future a great calamity is coming on earth. At that time, only those who had established themselves in a state of soul-consciousness will be able to withstand that destruction and will save themselves.

Spiritual power is higher than any scientific or any other physical power and is capable of achieving victory over those powers. During the world war which is coming, great sorrow will overtake those who are not making efforts for spiritual realization.

Do keep yourself informed about all these things, and know that our divine independence is coming in the near future.

Against our non-violent army, people are making quite a great row. Dear sister, you must make an effort to attain self-realization, and also achieve divine independence from all the world

Thus Baba had the message sent around the world: understand the soul and be pure. He used to give special attention to mothers because he said there is great injustice done to mothers. They have been always images of sacrifice. When a girl gets married and goes to the father-in-law's house, it is almost like dying and taking another birth. She forgets her old relations and is united with new ones. She does what her husband and in-laws tell her to do.

*This letter was sent on March 16, 1939 by Om Radhe.

Likewise, to imbibe Godly Knowledge, a human being must die to his old life and be reborn. He must become united only with God and act only in accord with God's wishes. So it is very easy for girls and mothers to take the Knowledge, because they have no pride of wealth or status. They have been educated to break relationships with one family and join them with another.

Baba often used to say that society and Sannyasins have given a very low status to women. They force them to hide their faces behind a veil. Men consider women to be a lower type of creature; and a husband, if he wishes, can beat his wife and expel her from the house. He can marry again also, while a woman cannot. A widow's lot is pitiful. In former days, a woman was forced to burn herself alive on her husband's funeral pyre.

Sannyasins leave their homes, making their wives into widows, then teach that the husband is god for the wife. So Baba was anxious to raise the status of womankind. He wrote a letter to the Minister of the state of Guwalior, Rahi Rajawade, who was president of the All-India Womens' Association,

"Dear Friend:

The husband is considered guru and god for the wife. But only one who is passionless and completely pure can be called a god. Are the men of today passionless? Are they pure? The guru is said to make one realize the self and the Supreme; but the men of today are trapped in the pride of the body. So it is clear that men today are not worth being called either guru or god. You are a mother, it is in your power to become like the goddess Laxmi, and to make human society drink the blissful nectar of Knowledge. Dear Friend, awake! Know thyself. Otherwise, you are throwing your life into a ditch . . ."

An international religious conference was held in Colombo in 1939. Representatives of all religions attended. The sub-

ject of the conference was 'How to Establish Peace in the World.' Baba sent a wire to the religious leaders who had come there, and also wrote a letter,* part of which reads as follows:

"... So long as every person in the world does not know that he is a soul, does not act in soul consciousness, it is impossible to establish peace in the world. In reality there is only one religion and that religion is of the soul. The religion of the soul is purity and peace. Because of the many religions today, there is much quarreling. . . . So long as a human being is devoid of self-realization, he is not a human being, but rather a demon in the guise of a human being, and so long as he is demon-like, can there be peace? I am sending you a treasury of the jewels of Godly Knowledge. Please think them over . . ."

Baba wrote letters to the kings of Jamanager, Jodhpur, and Mandavi. He invited people to come for a 'weekly course,' offered by the University. Books were given away. But out of thousands only a rare person understands this Knowledge and is able to practice it. This is mentioned even in the Gita. Baba knew that most would not believe or comprehend him, as only those who lived in the last Golden Age would be drawn to the next one (the deities comprised .01% of the present world population!), yet he continued writing since every soul has at least to receive the word before the final curtain falls.

Invitations to attend the University were sent to people of all religious backgrounds in every country on earth. A typical letter went something like this:

Dear Soul:

By studying the invaluable literature that we enclose with this letter, you will be able to understand that God, the Supreme Soul, has descended into the body of an ordinary

*This letter was written on August 1, 1939, and sent on the same day.

man, whom he has named "Prajapita Brahma." Through him, He is doing the work of ridding the world of passions and vices, just as he did 5,000 years ago, and He is re-establishing a divine world of complete peace and happiness. The Gita epoch is now repeating, and soon there will be atomic war and world-wide devastation, the very holocaust described in the famous Mahabharat scripture.

If you study this Godly literature with attention, you will be able to know the beginning, middle, and end of this world. You will be able to know the present also, and you will be able to realize your God Father as well. It is necessary for you to keep in mind that this world is an eternal Drama which repeats every 5,000 years. You also are one of the actors of this great Drama.

At this University, imperishable jewels are being given away free. Come and take advantage of this priceless Knowledge.

Such letters were sent to the Governor, Chief Minister and other ministers of Sindh, and also to the Mayor of Karachi. Along with the epistles went a book, "The Great War of Mahabharat," and also a painting of the world cycle.

Lord Wavel, Viceroy of India, and his wife received this literature. This wife of Lord Wavel wrote back, "Thank you for your pure thoughts." Politicians in Washington, London and other capitals were sent similar packages.

On the second of May, 1947, a letter went out to Elizabeth and King George VII, along with a picture of the Kalpa Tree.

It was written like this:

Dear Soul in the form of King George:

This world is an endless drama which repeats every 5,000 years. You are an actor in this great drama. Do you know that 5,000 years ago you acted the same role as the King of England, in that same body at the same time and with

the same name? And that you will act the same role again after 5,000 years?

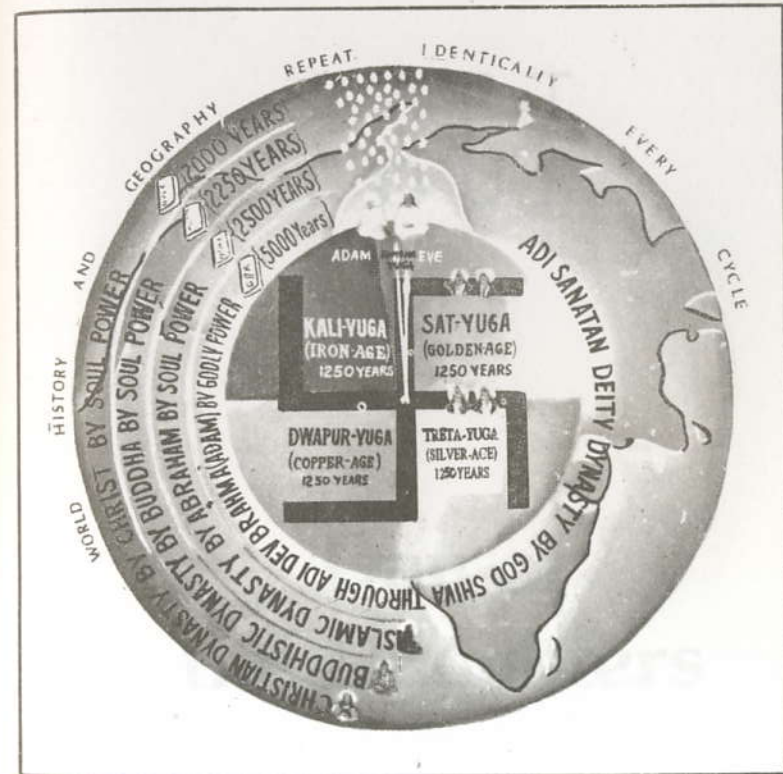
In this eternal, endless drama, the present age is coming to a close, and the age of gods and goddesses will soon begin. We are now in the Confluence period, when a few souls are rising again to their original perfection, while others are falling to their lowest degradation. Soon the Kingdom of Heaven will be established on earth. Perhaps western countries believe that with the atomic bomb, they will be able to conquer the world, but this is a great illusion. The truth is that you invite your own destruction. Following that, the Satyug Kingdom of the world will be in the hands of Shri Krishna.

At the present moment, God has descended in India, but in a secret form. He has borrowed the common human body of Brahma, and they have together recreated the Ancient Sacrificial Fire of Knowledge. On the basis of the divine Power of that Yagya, peace will be established. The British, who have brought about the partitioning of India, have already sowed the seed of enmity, and their idea is to watch the war between two cats. Nobody is to be blamed, because the world drama is repeated every 5,000 years. The elements of disunity in India must be destroyed, along with the western countries. After that there will be complete purity, happiness, and peace on earth. We are sending you some literature in which these secrets are clearly explained.

The letter to King George and Queen Elizabeth was written in golden lettering on a golden piece of paper, with clear pictures. These letters were very simple and to the point, but the royalty of the Iron Age, caught up in the pride of power, had no interest in meeting God.

Further letters were dispatched to Muhmad Ali Zina, and the kings of Valaipur and Nepal. One epistle was delivered to President Truman, along with a number of books and an invitation to the Godly University.

The books were also sent to libraries in various foreign countries. And so the fire spread. All this effort may have seemed without result, but it was not so.



The WORLD DRAMA CYCLE, depicting the Four Aspects of Human History.

The Guru's life was a life of service and sacrifice. He was a man of peace and love, who sought to bring about the betterment of the world.

In the Guru's life, we see a man who was not afraid to stand up for what was right. He was a man of courage and conviction, who was willing to give his life for the sake of his people.

We are now in the Confluence period, when a new world is being born. We are now in the time of the Guru's return, when the world is being brought back to its original perfection.

So, the Kingdom of God is being established on earth. The Guru's life is a life of service and sacrifice, and it is a life that we can all learn from.

But the Guru's life is not just a life of service and sacrifice. It is a life of love and compassion, and it is a life that we can all learn from.

The Guru's life is a life of peace and harmony, and it is a life that we can all learn from. It is a life that is full of love and compassion, and it is a life that we can all learn from.

For the Guru, life was a journey of discovery and growth. He was a man who was always learning and always growing, and it is a life that we can all learn from.

The Guru's life is a life of service and sacrifice, and it is a life that we can all learn from. It is a life that is full of love and compassion, and it is a life that we can all learn from.

So, let us learn from the Guru's life. Let us learn from his love and compassion, and let us learn from his service and sacrifice. Let us learn from his peace and harmony, and let us learn from his courage and conviction.

The Guru's life is a life of service and sacrifice, and it is a life that we can all learn from. It is a life that is full of love and compassion, and it is a life that we can all learn from.

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PART FOUR

Day of the Daughters

Four Lives in One

“I took four births in this very life,” writes Sister Sunderiji. “One was the common birth which everyone experiences. After that, my parents brought me up, I grew older, and got married. This I consider my second birth, because for a girl, marriage means a break with the old life. There are new ties. The house, atmosphere, duties, everything changes. The care-free days of girlhood, of independence and purity, come to an end, and a submissive life full of worries and responsibilities begins. She has to give up so much. Ordinarily every woman passes through these two births, but in addition to these two, I passed through two other births.

“First I was reborn into the Godly Knowledge. Baba became my only attachment then. ‘I have nobody else except God.’ In order to maintain this feeling, like a faithful wife, I kept only Baba, my Supreme Husband, in my remembrance.

“This dying of old impressions and *sanskaras*, the incultation of purity and virtue, and a new way of relating to men was very, very difficult. The world had still to be lived in, and yet totally forgotten. This is no small achievement. It is called with good reason the living death. *Sanskaras*, hardened after many lives, had now to be rooted out of the soul in one second. Yes, the difficulty was considerable, but the tremendous feeling of cleanliness, of holiness, made it all worthwhile. Every Brahman experiences this life of supersensuous happiness. But the fourth birth that I took, hardly anyone has gotten such.

SHIVA. Divine Point Source of Omniscient Light, Universally Recognized as God.

"It was literally a divine experience. God, the Bestower of Clear Intellect, the Creator of Divine Vision, thrust me into a future existence in the Golden Age.

"One day, Shiva Baba simply told us to remain in our room for a few days, to eat only fruit and milk, not to speak to anyone and to remain constantly in powerful yoga. I was quite happy to do just that, since the bliss of meditation was my greatest joy.

"So I sat and faced the Sun of Knowledge, and I blossomed like a sunflower. I had nothing to do but remember God. He became my entire life. All my own *sanskaras* merged in this remembrance. I became oblivious of this world. I was alive, but I totally forgot my name, my age, my form. I no longer recognized other people. There was only God. And then the transformation happened.

"I experienced myself as a little girl in a divine royal family of the future Golden Aged world. I understood the language there, which was completely different from any which now exists. I was a soul of exquisite purity. I did not know even the *meaning* of desire. Anger and greed were incomprehensible. Such extreme purity emanated from every soul in that world.

"My eyes were the same, but the mind through which the soul was seeing was changed. During this period, I saw everyone with divine vision. God, the Knower of the three aspects of time, gave me for a short time the power to see my brothers and sisters of the Yagya in their future forms in the Deity Kingdom. I knew their names and their status. When they asked me who I was, I told them my divine name, revealing that I was a princess of the future world, and I told them my residence and age.

"I informed them who the king was, and told them about the kingdom. When people asked about themselves, I described the form which was revealed to me, whether they

were princes, maids, or friends. For a month and a half I retained this consciousness.

"During that time, I ate very little, just like the divine princess whom I had become. I took only two or three spoonfuls of milk per day. All were wondering how I could survive with so little food. But I did not experience any loss of ability or power.

"During those days, my worldly relatives had come to meet me, but I could not recognize any of them. When this part of the play was over for me, for many days after that, I did not remember my own name or the names of any relatives or other Brahmans. They had to teach me all over again about myself and the present life. Eventually, my memory returned. As the effect of the extended divine vision gradually wore off, I regained fully my connection with this present form. When they told me that for a month and a half I had been a royal princess, I could not recall a single thought, or even imagine what I had seen. I only knew that for some time I had been lost somewhere. Where I had been, I did not know. This I consider my fourth and strangest life—which I had for a short time through the divine power of the Supreme Father. Because of this, a new change came into my life.

"After taking four births, after living so long in the pure atmosphere of Madhuban, I was not prepared for the hellish world which still existed outside its gates. It was so strange, this world of body conscious people. I saw too clearly the confusion and sorrow in their faces. Sitting in the train, I watched the world pass by, and realized how polluted and despoiled it had become. I wanted only to return to Baba's lap. Is it not better, I wondered, to stay in the Yagya and not experience this impurity? But I knew we had to go for service."

As a poet has written, "O God, see to what condition this world is reduced. You have made the sun, the moon, the sky and they remain as ever. But the man you have created, see what he is, how changed, how strange he has become! He

has sold his self-respect for a little pleasure. Now deceit is all he knows. The devotees of Ram and the followers of Abraham wrap themselves in cloaks of pretense. How blind they have become! Their black tricks have sucked the life from India. Bharat is a cemetery. O God, see to what extent the human being has changed. If we had not quarrelled amongst ourselves, if we had not fought wars, then this beautiful play of divine creation would not be in ruins today. If we had not quarrelled, so many thousands would not be homeless, and so many children would not be orphans. O God, see how much the human being has changed. O God, see what has happened to Your lovely creation. What sort of men have we become?"

Completing the Sacrifice

The Brahma Kumaris were now on the move, travelling to different states and countries on missions of divine service.

On one occasion, an individual who was impressed by the lessons he had received, tried to give one of the sisters a roll of money. She refused it. "According to the command of God," she told him, "we cannot accept an outsider's money. First you must make an effort to be pure." The man was amazed. Who refuses money? The sadhus accept it quickly enough. The swamis never turn it down. The more he thought about this, the more baffled he became. Their minds are really unattached, he concluded. They have completed the sacrifice. These are very high souls. He was impressed by the pure life of these sisters in white. When he returned to his home in Ahmedabad, he wrote a letter of thanks and also sent an invitation to the sister to come to Ahmedabad. In response to that invitation, Dadi Prakashmaniji went and taught.

Soon Didi Manmohiniji and Sister Rukmini went to Kandala on invitations from friends and relatives, and on the way back they drew up a complete Godly Service Program. B.K. Santariji, Satiji and Prakashmaniji, and B.K. Anand Kishorji and Chandrahasji had gone on invitation to Calcutta. B.K. ManoharIndraji and Gangaji were wanted in Delhi. B.K. Kamal Sunderiji was called to Poona. Thus, the children spread to the north, west, south and east. After 14 years of preparation, the spiritual army made its spearhead drive into the world, and the experience was wonderful.

Meeting Nehru and Indira Gandhi

Sister Sitaji tells what happened when she first went for service: "We had been so long in isolation from the outside world that we no longer had any idea what it was like. We didn't even recognize the money which was in circulation there. I had not held any money in my hand since I had come into the yagya many years before. We received everything we needed without even asking, so money was quite unnecessary. Baba took care of all our needs, and He made our life always sweet and full. But now that we were going out on service, we had a problem, for we had to re-learn how to deal with the impure world.

"I remember once when two of our divine sisters went out for service, and they had to give eight annas to a carriage driver. They could not decide which coin should be given to the man. There was in circulation in those days a new coin of one rupee and also an eight anna coin, and both were of the same size. One was slightly thinner, so they gave that one to the driver. These things were quite funny to us, but soon

enough we became quite adept at dealing with this world, while not allowing its peacelessness to influence us.

“After leaving the most spiritually elevated environment in the world, you can understand how drastic was the experience for us. At first, when we were told by worldly people that they were unable to conquer their passions, we used to feel amazement. We could only pity them, for we had the great luck of being showered with Godly love and Knowledge, and so had naturally and automatically attained purity and simplicity.”

B.K. Gangaji writes about her first journey by train, that ‘while sitting there, all our thought waves ran to Baba. The ride was at first so disorienting. After great effort, by controlling the waves of my thoughts, I started speaking about Godly Knowledge to some women who were sitting next to me. They experienced peace immediately, and they invited us to their house. The Knowledge had a great effect on them—as well as on me. Baba’s words took form in my memory: ‘When you teach this Godly Knowledge to people, you will experience exquisite joy and all will look upon you with respect.’

“Later, I stayed with the relatives of Sister Manohar Indraji. They had expressed a desire for me to come and give them Knowledge. I told them at the beginning that I get up very early in the morning, and after bathing, I sit in remembrance of God; so if there were a separate room for me it would be good. In addition, I told them I would make my own food, and that I did not eat impure or highly spiced food. ‘So if you also eat Sattwic food while I stay, so much the better.’ They arranged all this as I requested.

“So while I stayed there I lived according to Godly rules, my daily program helped them to organize their own lives better, and to stay in the remembrance of Baba. They also learned to offer food to God before eating, which destroys greed and instability. I showed them many such things that were helpful on the path of purity. They were very much

impressed; but still one illusion remained for them: they felt that to put these rules into practice was very difficult.

“While I was staying at their house, I expressed a wish to meet Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru and Indira Gandhi. They laughed at me. ‘How can you meet Nehru? He gives an interview only for very important things. Otherwise he does not see anybody. He has great responsibility. He is the Prime Minister of India. He is a king without a crown. If he takes time to see anybody and everybody, when will he do his work?’ Thus, they put down my impossible idea. This was my first time in Delhi, and I did not know the roads. But taking refuge with God, I started out alone. Baba had given me a gramophone record and some literature to be given to Nehru as a gift. Thus, I was going to give the message of God according to the inspiration of God. How could I fail? And when I reached their offices, I was admitted without difficulty. First I met Indira Gandhi. She asked what kind of service the Godly Yagya was doing for India? How many mothers live there? What sort of Knowledge do you give? I delivered the Godly message and invited her to come and visit Mount Abu. Afterwards, I met Nehruji. I gave him the record and the literature, and invited him also to meet Baba in Mount Abu. Moreover, I explained a number of deep secrets about the present time and the necessity of purity.

“In Delhi near Red Fort in Chandani Chowk, there is a famous temple named ‘Gurushankar Temple.’ I delivered two or three lectures there. The secretary of the temple gave me a separate room for my stay, and I met many people who were eager to discuss the Knowledge. I made them sit in meditation, and watched as Baba gave them extraordinary experiences. A few women who received revelations went to tell their families. But their relatives responded, “You are a simpleton. Someone must have played a trick on you. Is it so easy to get revelation of God? Even after doing long penance, our greatest sages and saints have not experienced such revelation.”

“Out of fear of magic, these women were not allowed to come back to the temple, and those who persisted were beaten. Some of the husbands came to see what sort of black magic was being performed. But when they felt the vibrations in the atmosphere, they changed their attitudes. They went back home with a high opinion of the Brahma Kumaris. Those who did not come personally remained under their illusions about us.

“I stayed at the temple for nearly two months. The numbers of persons coming for Satsang steadily increased. The priests of the temple saw that our meditations attracted more people than their devotional services. They realized we were putting our preachings into practice! Fearing that we would put them out of business, they agitated members of the temple committee, who informed us we were not allowed to stay there any longer. I got ready to leave, but the people who had been coming to Satsang protested the committee’s action, and persuaded them to extend me a further invitation. We continued the Satsang, but I decided to change my residence anyway.”

A Peaceless Peace Conference

Yagya Mata (The Mother of the Yagya) received an invitation to attend a religious conference on world peace in Rishikesh. Sisters Manmohini, Santri, Ganga, and Brother Anand Kishore were sent to take part. Sister Santri writes, “Many foreign representatives had also come. We sisters had given lectures also, but after two days of the program, a quarrel broke out amongst the others in attendance. The reason was a dispute over whether Hindi or English should be spoken there. If those who hold peace conferences fight and

quarrel amongst themselves over such trivial matters, even to the extent of throwing chairs at each other—what else can it be called except darkness of religion? Today, having lost the twin religions of purity and peace, all were prone to anger, jealousy, hatred, etc. The first lesson of religion is that we are all souls and peace is our religion and our nature. So this conference only went to prove that real religion had been lost. That is why God Himself had finally to descend.”

“Swami Shivananda, who had organized this conference and was himself a peaceful man, spoke with us one day. He asked about the health of the Yagya Pita (Father of the Yagya, Brahma Baba) and said, ‘Really, by uplifting so many women to such levels of purity and purpose, he has worked wonders.’ Later he asked, ‘Do you not ever quarrel amongst yourselves at Abu?’ “No,” I replied. “We have learned to see each other as souls, and to display patience and tolerance. We do not see each other’s vices, but only virtues. We live with detachment as well as love.

“Shivanandaji said, ‘Wonderful! I myself have tried very hard to bring women together for spiritual upliftment. In my attempts to do so three or four times, I was not successful. They quarreled among themselves. When I hear of you that three hundred mothers and girls have stayed together for fourteen years, it is truly remarkable. Tell Dada to send me some mothers, too, through whom I can start classes.’ Then I told him that our work is being led by Shiva himself, that Dada is merely an instrument. No one but God could make our lives so high and noble.”

During this period, service also accelerated in Delhi. A large, regular Satsang grew up there. But after two months, the sisters wanted to go home. Just as small children do not like to go out and do business, the children of the yagya missed their Baba. They had no real desire to do this service of teaching. So Baba had to fill them with concern for the welfare of other human beings. Baba used to say, “Children, all souls

who are on this earth are your brothers. You have to become the support of the unsupported. You must make the whole of India divine. Rivers do not stop at one place, but they go on from city to city. They quench the thirst of souls for peace and happiness.”

After hearing Baba's forceful lecture, the sisters sat down and made a project for Godly Service. Baba's main attention was on the capital of India: Delhi. Baba said that from there the Satyugi Dharma (New Age government) will start.

Around this time some brothers and sisters of the Delhi Satsang had written a letter to Yagya Mata and Yagya Pita. They said they were “dying for satsang, and the Brahma Kumari sisters have left us.” They requested of Baba that the Brahma Kumaris should be sent back. So Baba again inspired His children to go. This time, not only were permanent morning and evening classes begun, but lecture programs were arranged throughout the area.

“We went to the Kumbha Mela,* too, and lectured there,” Sister Gangaḥi recalls. “People believed that by taking a bath in the water, the soul got purified. No one seemed to understand that you must bathe the soul in the water of Knowledge to purify it. The soul must become drenched in divine qualities. To think that by merely dunking one's body in the Ganges, one becomes pure, is blind faith.

“But the mass ritual continued, and the mobs grew larger, fighting over who should be allowed to bathe first. A bridge collapsed under the weight of bodies and many people drowned. Still, no one learned a lesson, and the nonsensical ceremony went on.

“These poor souls thought the soul to be immune to action, and therefore made no effort to change their *sanskaras*

*A gathering of Hindu devotees who come together by the millions to bathe in the River Ganges, in hopes of purification.

to conquer their inner weaknesses. They entrusted that work to the Ganges only.

“After seeing the pitiable condition of the mind of the simple hearted people of India, we felt sympathy. How could we liberate them from the fetters of their nature worship? They were destroying themselves in this blindness. So much time and money and energy is wasted in celebrating this useless Mela, while millions of people have not enough to eat. Even the government of independent India encourages these Kumbha Melas, because they bring in more money by the pilgrim tax and by running railways. No one seems to understand. And meanwhile, the ignorant masses surge through the streets like an ocean. We realized now the importance of our serving the people of India. There was simply no one else to do it.

“Religion had become a business. The chains of the false gurus held the people fast. Sorrow burned in every heart. To redeem His unhappy children, Shiva, the Supreme, had come to earth.”

The Establishment of Centers

A permanent Godly Service Center was established in Kamla Nagar in Delhi. Brahma Kumari sisters, who had gone to Allahbad began a center in Kanpur. There Baba Harvilas-ray, a famous industrialist and a member of several large religious institutions (e.g. Arya Samaj, Gurudwar, Aahlu Valia Samaj, etc.), heard the Godly Knowledge with interest. He gave part of his own bungalow to these sisters to establish Godly Service there.

Just before this, B.K. Hirdaya Mohini and B.K. Shanta Mani had gone on invitation to Lucknow, and there also a

center was founded. Thus, on invitation, many permanent centers were created, supported voluntarily by the students themselves. The classes grew rapidly.

The Price of Immortality

Understandably, the first thing anyone who took knowledge wanted to do was to run to Mount Abu to meet Baba. The Father of All Souls was on earth, so what were they waiting for? Can there be any better or greater thing to do for one's upliftment? In order to retrieve His long-lost children, the All Powerful Lord of the Three Worlds comes to this earth—"Can we not meet Him face to face?" new students would demand. "Our Father, Whom we have called birth after birth with loud cries, for Whom we were searching in temples, and at pilgrimage places, in caves, in forests, and in the depths of the heart: now when our dearest Father has come, how can we remain without meeting Him, even for an instant?"

But the sisters used to reply, "You cannot see Baba now. Only those can go who observe celibacy; those who do not eat in restaurants, those who are vegetarian, and eat no onion, garlic, or eggs; those who have made their vision and *sanskaras* pure; and those who have acquired firm faith in Godly Knowledge. It is the command of Shiva Baba that only those good souls who understand and make efforts for purity can come to see Him."

"What is a good soul?" they asked.

The sisters replied, "Those who conduct themselves according to the directions of God. His orders are to be pure in mind, speech, and action, and to be united with Him in yoga. The most important thing is celibacy. On the basis of that, we can get control over all the other passions; on that basis, the

soul can experience the bliss of Godly life. One who acts according to his first principle, and whose food and dealings are pure, he is the obedient child of Shiva Baba, and he alone can meet Him. Only when you have attained that stage can we take you there. You see the body still, instead of the soul. You have a bodily intellect. Thus, you will only be able to see the body of Brahma, you will not be able to recognize or understand Father Shiva. It would be a crime to take you in this condition to Bapdada (Bapdada means Father and elder brother, referring to the combination of Shiva Baba and Brahma Baba), and if we take you, we will be punished."

The devotees continued arguing. "Sister, does Baba punish? Sister, it is our request that you take us there, perhaps our decision to give up vice will then be made irrevocably."

The sisters responded, "Determination becomes firm by Knowledge alone. Knowledge will be retained in the intellect only when a person observes the rule of celibacy, and protects himself from bad food and evil company. So first observe these rules. How much can you wish to experience the supersensuous happiness of meeting the Father, if you will not even give up drinking the poison of lust? How can that viceless God meet you as you are? If you do not forsake the causes of unhappiness, it is clear that you have not understood Knowledge. If you are impure, you cannot go, because it takes only one vulture among a flock of swans to ruin the charm of the meeting for all. I do not want to make you responsible for polluting the pure atmosphere of that place. When you have filled your intellect with nectar, then only we will take you to that greatest of all fathers. Otherwise, we would be partners in the crime. So quickly become a swan, and pick up only pearls, then fly to meet your Baba."

Some devotees made effort, and some gave up in disappointment. They felt it was just too hard for them to live according to such high ideals. Others were ready to renounce their old life immediately. "We are ready to do everything in

this birth for God. Lust is the door to hell. Is it impossible to give this up? If we get God by giving it up, then we give it up from this moment!" Still others spoke like this: "Sister, we are firm Brahmans. Our food and drink are pure. There is change in our *sanskaras*. Our relatives and our neighbors are witnesses to that, so you had better take us along with you. We will put it in writing that we have complete determination. Now we're dying to meet our Father, so let us go."

And such firm lovers of God were taken straightaway to meet Bapdada.

The Bodiless Connection

Those who got permission to visit Abu were overjoyed. They sat in the train and kept their stage very high, just thinking about the incredible meeting which was soon to take place. 'We are going to meet Brahma Baba,' they thought to themselves. 'And Saraswati Mata, and above all, Shiva Baba Himself.' The euphoria they experienced was unique, and grew even more intense as they drew close to the legendary Madhuban. When the train stopped at Abu Road, they looked up at the mountains which lay before them, and they knew that Baba was waiting for them up there. They felt their oneness with Him even before meeting, as if they were just going home to their Father. Already, they felt an endless flow of happiness. At last they reached the mountain top. The Yagya buildings stood before them. Baba had already been given the message that visitors were coming, so they were welcomed joyously. Baba used to tell the Brahmans in charge of these matters, "My own children, who have been separated from Me for so long a time, have come. Take care of them. See that no discomfort comes to them. Maya has made them

unhappy for birth after birth, and they are tired. Now they have come to get rid of that fatigue, so they should receive both external and internal peace. Please give them every comfort, physical and subtle."

That ultimate moment came when the new children were brought into the presence of their two Babas. The atmosphere was charged with might. Madhuban residents were overjoyed to see their new-found brothers and sisters; they understood the thoughts which had been going through their minds, the questions which were finally being answered. Before coming here, the new children were apprehensive: how would God enter the body of Brahma Baba? Would we recognize His entrance? What will it be like to sit in front of Shiva Baba? The questions churned on, but now, in the moment of truth, all thoughts dissolved. For the vision of God overwhelmed them. Using Brahma's eyes for windows, Shiva, The Father of the World, met His eternal children, His souls who were smaller than the tears of joy which fell from their faces. Some could not resist going up and touching Baba and Mama. Ah, such sweetness in their limitless love! The fatigue and pain of many births fell away. No awareness of the body remained. And then the soul truly experienced the meeting with the Supreme. It is an indescribable experience, a total melting of the mind. There was consciousness of neither earth nor sky. Only the soul and God, enwrapped in joy, in boundless love, in infinite peace, in silent, powerful communion.

Slowly, the soul would come down again from that miraculous height. But the memory of the experience remained. And the single desire to be in that stage again and always. But now, the thought arose, we have to meet our other sisters and brothers. That thought alone enabled the soul to stay under control somehow . . .

When describing their experiences, many new children used to say, "We felt the touch of peace. In Baba's eyes we felt the power of God, and it was revelation; it was like electric

power, but this current sent thrills of love through the mind. We felt as if a shower of light was being poured on us. All evil tendencies were washed away. Weightlessness, angelic light, divinity, were all experienced. And the mind became exalted in holy rapture on the heart throne of the Lord. Ah, to stay here always. For this is Life, is Life, is Life!"

The Song of God

Early in the morning, Baba spoke the Murli to the congregation of Brahmins, yet each soul felt the divine music played only for him. The Flute of Knowledge explained reality, massaging the intellect and cleansing the mind. Baba spoke about the nature of the soul and about Himself, of the three worlds, and of the three aspects of time. He spoke—and still speaks—with greater authority than all the saints, sadhus, mahatmas, jagadgurus, rishis, munis, popes, rabbis, politicians, kings and ayatollahs. He speaks as the Supreme Almighty Authority. Being ever free from vice, the Eternal Ocean of Love, the Director of the Cosmic Drama, His every word is Truth. His counsel is given for our good, and He will stop speaking only when He has completed His self-assigned task of making us pure. Then He will take us home.

Shiva Baba is not a human being. Yet He speaks with such natural and complete pure love, that when He says, "My children, My sweet children," we feel immediately our original and eternal bond with Him. His look, His voice, His words, His love bring tears of exquisite happiness to the eyes. And whether we know Him or not, whether we believe Him or not, He knows us well. He knows us to be His. He has come here on earth only out of love for us, to benefit us, to lift us from our

degradation and to make us pure and happy. This is God's aim, and He does not fail.

The children used to show Him a weekly list of the bad actions they had done, because making such a confession to God is unburdening. From His discourses it is clear He is without enmity, He is fearless, He is beyond death, forever incorporeal. He shows Himself to be clearly different from Brahma Baba, in whose body He comes. His expressions, His speech, His light, His love—all are unique. His actions and His words are indisputable proof of His identity. And by His fruits—His angelic children—ye shall know Him.

Night Class

"At night when Baba and Mama used to sit with everyone," writes B.K. Pushpashanta, "it was a scene worth seeing. They were aglow with purity, and in between their eyebrows you could perceive the shining light of the soul. They smiled gently at us and a universe of meaning was revealed. A wonderful thing was happening on earth, and so many millions of people did not even know."

"When God came on this earth and distributed good fortune," goes the proverb, "many got there late, and many slept on in the sleep of ignorance." How true that is!

When these two divine beings came to the class, their way of walking, their vision, their vibrations, were felt immediately. First of all, Mama would say, "Are you all sitting comfortably?" She meant: are you stable in mind, speech, and body? Are ideas, decisions, alternatives disturbing you? Do you take care, after coming to such an ideal Father, not to get caught in a web of harmful thoughts? "This life is invaluable. Do not pass the time in wasteful thinking. If you want anything,

let us know. You are in the house of your own Father. Do not feel shy, speak up. Those who want 'salvation' (special privileges), raise your hands."

When these matters were taken care of, she would say, "Alright, if you have done anything which is biting your conscience, let it out. By telling it, you will become lighter. We can show you how to deal with it. Then in the future, that kind of Maya will no longer exist for you. If you keep it to yourself, it will go on increasing, and one day it will be suicidal. . . ."

Then when Bapdada came in, all eyes turned to watch. His way of walking, sitting, gesturing was a class in itself. Silence filled the classroom. He looked at the children and asked, "Mama, have you asked the well-being of every child? Look, children, you have come to the house of Bapdada—do not be shy about asking for happiness. Shiv Baba's whole treasure is for you. All of you must have whatever you need for your health and comfort. This body is very valuable, because by being in this body, you can remember Shiv Baba and get rid of all bad habits and earn eternal wealth. So take care of it. Yet, do not be attached to it. You have both to forget the body and at the same time to take care of it."

Baba did not wish the children to suffer. He gave them only one hard task: always to remember Shiv Baba and be virtuous. "It requires special labor to remember Shiv Baba, but it is no hardship, because you do not have to sit in a special position, you do not have to fast or do pranayamas (breathing exercises). Simply remember Me, and your sins will be burned away."

When the class was over, the music began.

"Sangam Yug! (The Confluence Age)

How beautiful a time!

The Father of fathers is meeting us here,

For a journey beyond the sky!

How great the day! To fly away!

*With bodies light as flowers, we are flying in the air!
Leaving the earth, the moon, the sun, even the stars,
behind!*

Onward to Paramdham!

*Faraway Paramdham, far far away World of Light,
The Unlimited Home, from where all souls have come
Where our Point-of-Light Father resides!"*

The overjoyed souls tasted unparalleled love, such strong emotion that they could not help but sing! They left the class refreshed, then went to bed, to sleep in peace.

No one could understand where the time went. Too soon the moment came for saying farewell to the new children, their visit over. Baba and Mama used to come to the hall. Everyone would take Toli (a gift of sweets) from Baba and say good-bye. In the background a song played which had become traditional on such occasions:

Do not forget the days of childhood

And do not weep after laughing today.

Baba used to say, "Are you listening to the song? What is it saying? You have found youth again, because you are God's students. This student life is the best. The song says, 'Do not forget. . . .' While taking Knowledge, do not leave Shiv Baba to get involved in Maya, and do not fall into the quicksand of desire."

A Delicate Scene of Farewell

"Leaving Madhuban" remembers Sister Shilu Indra, presently serving in Bombay, "was the hardest thing of all. Who would voluntarily depart from God?" Tears fell from every eye. But Baba and Mama whispered gentle inspiration

to each child. Mama would hug the sisters and Baba would pat the brothers on the back and say, "All right, Son, are you going?" They laughed and cried at the same time.

The smaller children used to hide in cupboards and beneath the beds until they thought the train had left. When they were found, they just said, "No!" and they refused to go. If they spied Baba, they would run and catch his hand and plead to stay.

"Oh, sweet children," he laughed. "You are Baba's children. Baba is only sending you for service. You have to give the introduction of Shiva Baba to other children. You can give greater service than these elders can. Do not ever be angry. Do not quarrel with anybody, and keep your conduct such that all should say that these are really children of God. Become great Pandavs, and come back. You are true mahatmas (great souls) because you are all chaste. You will inspire others to be pure."

Hearing Baba talk in such a way, their faces brightened, and they happily agreed to go. Everyone sang a last song together, then Baba and Mama waved good-bye with handkerchiefs until the departing children were out of sight. The travellers left in high toxication. Only when they were on the road, they began to wonder again: why ever did we leave...?"

Invitations

A Vedanta seminar was held in Amritsar, and two sisters were invited to speak, along with a number of sadhus and sannyasis.

"We travelled third class on the train, even though they would have paid for first class tickets for us," recalls B.K. Rukmini. "When we arrived, they had trouble finding us,

because they expected us to get off from the first class section. When they found us, they took us to our lodgings, and offered us lavish food. We accepted only milk and vegetables. This impressed them, because the sadhus generally asked even for more than they got. Our hosts offered to wash our clothes, but we told them we would do that ourselves, as well as whatever other work or cooking was required. They liked that very much, since the sannyasis made them wash their clothes for them and massage their feet, too!

"At the seminar, we two sisters were invited to sit on the platform, and the audience wondered who we were, what we would say. At last, Dadi Janki was allowed to lecture. The other speakers and all supported the Advaitist philosophy, that is, that God is everywhere, and this entire material world is illusion. But Dadi Janki delineated the difference between God, the soul, and matter. She spoke clearly and beautifully about the Supreme Soul, His qualities, His three acts of Creation, Destruction, and Sustenance of the world, and His need to borrow a human body to speak through. Many felt that God could not be a tiny point of light. Is He not infinite? Janki Dadi revealed that He is infinite in virtue, in Knowledge, and in power, but it was not necessary for Him to be infinite in gross size.

We all know that many of the greatest human beings have not been physically impressive. The emperor Napoleon was quite small in stature; Mahatma Gandhi looked weak and frail; and many women, who are widely considered the weaker sex, have proven to possess more spiritual power than even the greatest of men. Indeed, Shiv Baba often stated that Mama was able to reach her highest stage much faster than Brahma Baba did.

Janki Dadi's lecture stunned the crowd into silence. What she said seemed clear and obvious, but the organizers of the seminar were horrified. The gospel of omnipresence had

been breached in the presence of its most ardent supporters. They saw this as an affront.

In retaliation, the organizers prevented Sister Rukmini from speaking, though she had been listed on the programme. Many in the audience complained that this was unjust and they wanted to hear what she had to say.

The next day a large number of those people gathered spontaneously at the sisters' lodging and another seminar took place. Baba gave birth to many new children that day.

Brahma Kumari Janki and Rukmini were invited to stay with several local families. They split up so they could do more service, and soon had organized two sets of ongoing classes. In a short time, despite vehement opposition by the gurus, a permanent service center had been established.

The Rising Sun

In 1954, service began in Japan. An invitation had come to attend a world religious conference. One of the subjects of the conference was "The Descent of God." Dadi Kumarka, presently the administrative head of the Godly University, dropped the bomb on them:

"To establish real world peace every individual must first have a peaceful mind. The individual is the measure of society. A man can attain peace of mind only when his actions are good, because the basis of happiness and unhappiness is the activity of the individual, and the basis of action is the mind. The soul is caught in a vicious circle. To get out, one must create a virtuous circle. This is Raj Yoga, by which the thoughts are harnessed to an aim and object that is both elevated and irresistible: the goal of becoming a deity.

"With this goal squarely in focus, the intellect detaches from the present world. The restless mind slows down, no longer caught up in the rush of material desires. One becomes aware of subtler thought waves, emanations from the Supreme. Making contact with the pure mind of Shiv Baba, the soul gains power over harmful habits. The soul takes responsibility for itself. Merged in love for Baba, reinforced by the firm faith in its own guaranteed victory, the soul passes one test after another. In the end, nothing on earth can shake it."

What does all this have to do with peace on earth? Dadi told them not to worry about peace on earth. That is God's responsibility. All we have to do is establish peace in ourselves. "The only cooperation God wants is that we become pure. This we can only do by staying in His remembrance. To remember Him, we first must know Him. And so He must descend and introduce Himself. This He has now done."

The gathering reacted in amazement. Dadi went on to describe the method of God's incarnation, the role of Brahma, the circular reality of time, the soul world from which we have come—and to which we shall shortly return. "These are the last days in the history of the world."

Anand Kyshore, one of the senior brothers of the Yagya, spoke next. He explained that the atom and hydrogen bombs were made for world destruction, that they would proliferate until every population center was in range of such incinerators. The final world war cannot be prevented—because it is through that war that the present diseased world order would be obliterated instantly and mercifully. The Supreme Father will then take all souls back home, and peace will reign upon the earth.

Only then can the New Age begin. Populated by souls who had previously transformed themselves, they possess the power to live in utter harmony. For the next 2500 years, no

quarrel will erupt on earth. No accident or illness will befall a single person. As much sorrow as there is in the world today, so much happiness and more will be present there. This is God's majestic creation. It is why He is worshipped forever.

Many in the audience were sophisticated intellectuals, and they would have put down Anand Kyshore's words as fluff and fairy tales—except for the authority with which he spoke, and the light which shone around his face. Those who thought deeply about the subject concluded that these strange people from India made a good deal of sense. They began to question the visitors more closely.

"Are you pure vegetarian?" asked the conference chairman.

"Yes, we take only pure food, cooked in the stage of yoga. We consider meat and other impure things not properly edible by human beings," Brother Anand Kyshore answered straightforwardly.

"Why do you consider meat improper?" The questioner persisted. "Today, animals and birds are increasing in such huge numbers that if people do not make use of them for food, they will overrun us."

"The population of humanity is also increasing," smiled Anand Kyshore. "Does that mean we should start eating other human beings? We do not eat one another because we recognize that a person is not just flesh, but soul. Inherently we know it is wrong to harm, let alone kill, another person. A man about to be killed can express his terror in words, but birds and beasts cannot. If they spoke our language; they would ask you, 'Why do you kill us and eat us?' How would we reply? It is injustice, it is crime, it is cruelty. It is sin. To make anyone unhappy is sin. To kill anyone is a crime, from the point of view of the principles of action. It remains a crime even if the government condones it."

The listeners were quiet now. The brother's words had reached them.

"All right," someone spoke up finally. "Perhaps you are right about animals. But how about fish? They are only fruits of the sea just as other fruits grow on earth in the fields."

Anand Kyshore nodded gently. "You have witnessed the dying moments of a fish. You know the desperate sound of its breath, you know its agony. Men have found many excuses to eat them. There are many things available for people to eat, far better than fishes . . ."

The brothers and sisters did a great deal of service in Japan. They discovered a religious sect which employed an oval-shaped stone as an object of meditation. The sect members had no idea of its significance. They considered the stone to be holy, and thought that by concentrating on it, a bridge was built between the soul and God. Sister Ratan Mohini asked them why they chose such a stone, but they had no idea. They said it was traditional, it brought them peace. Baba's children were surprised by the existence of such a symbol here, for this was clearly a Shivaling, an image of the Supreme Soul, identical to those which are worshipped in temples all across India. Sister Ratan Mohini taught these thirsty souls to build a bridge not to God's stone image, but to God Himself. They were very happy to learn such an eminently rational form of meditation.

"The Japanese organized meetings for us, created opportunities to lecture and teach meditation, and printed our literature in translation. Their newspapers announced our presence widely," the travellers later recalled. They also visited Hong Kong, Singapore, Malaya and other areas, remaining out of India for one year. When they returned, the news of their foreign trip was published in the newspapers of Bombay and Madras. The *India Express* contained a feature story. The Brahma Kumaris had gained respect at last in their own land.

God Speaks to the Communists

A wire was sent to Krushchev while he was in power, and during one of his visits to India, he received a book of Godly Knowledge and an invitation to Mt. Abu. Other communist leaders were also graced with the revelations. During this period, the king of Saudi Arabia was likewise contacted.

In December, 1955, an International Industrial Fair was held in Delhi. It was the first of its kind in that city. There was a television studio there as well, and one of the senior teachers of the Yagya presented a televised lecture explaining the meaning of world history. Thousands of people saw this program and asked for further information.

The Spiritual University arranged a booth at the fair, where Baba's teachings were displayed in pictorial form. Experienced sisters and brothers were present to offer further explication. This was the first experiment in holding a spiritual exhibition. It was a complete success.

"We pointed out to the government," noted Brother Ramesh, whose idea it was to arrange the exhibition, "that if the population of India goes on increasing at the present rate, then despite the efforts being made to lessen unemployment, the problem will become unbearable. So it is necessary to start family planning and eliminate promiscuity. In order to awaken in the minds of the people a commitment to celibacy, spiritual Knowledge should be given in the schools and colleges. In this way, the future generation will not only accept celibacy willingly, but their characters will be such that India will be free of theft, corruption, poverty, and violence. A harmonious society can be built.

"Ours was the first institution to draw the attention of the government to the importance of family planning and celibacy. We pointed out how much money is spent to halt crime, and yet the jails are full, the crime rate is rising faster

than ever, the lawyers have multiplied, and the courts are jammed. If we simply made people more tolerant, more virtuous, more pure—in short, more Godly—we would immensely improve the welfare of the nation and have to spend only an infinitesimal fraction of the present budget.

In the same way, the government states that it wishes to prohibit the use of alcoholic beverages. But they know that people will merely return to making wine by the native method, and by bribing the officials they can protect themselves. So alcoholism cannot be prevented by prohibition. However, through effective spiritual education, the people would realize the necessity of uplifting themselves.

"The government also says it wants to uplift the backward classes. This is good. But the methods they propose will at best fill their belly, but not their soul. As long as the wealthy people wish to retain their undue privileges, and to drink the blood of the poor, the inequities will continue. But if they realize that the poor are souls also, just as they are, and that they are equal sons and daughters of God just as they are, equally subject to the law of Karma, we may convince them it is in their own interest to behave better. We can awaken a brotherly feeling in them, and bring integrity back into society.

"Thus, in many ways we demonstrated the importance of Spiritual Knowledge. We also demonstrated that people of all backgrounds and religions revere the same ideals. All we are doing is going the next step,—of actually putting the ideals into practice.

"In reality, there is only one religion. It is comprised of brotherly love, non-violence, self-control, celibacy, and a child parent relationship with God the Father. But today the government has thrown aside its religious basis. This is one of the greatest mistakes it could make, severing its own roots, cutting off its own life-blood. Mahatma Gandhi knew how crucially important it was to take the support of the Gita in the struggle for political independence. Today, in order to establish spiri-

tual self-sovereignty, the government must go even beyond the Gita. The Gita is the supreme scripture, the best guide for people of all religions, because it contains many of the great words which God Himself spoke when He descended on earth 5,000 years ago. Once this fact is proved with supporting evidence, then the followers of other religions will accept the wisdom contained in the Gita. Then the government will have no trouble organizing an acceptable educational system to bring purity back to India. We advised that an impartial commission be appointed to investigate further this entire topic. We, on the other hand, would offer proof beyond doubt that the Supreme Soul spoke the Gita and gave to mankind the knowledge which is contained there."

And so, the message spread. "These people have common sense. They're not blind followers." Businessmen and professionals were becoming Raj Yogis. Physicians were recommending meditation to their patients. Politicians discussed the surprising concepts which were pouring down from a mountaintop in Rajasthan. But how many knew Who was really up there?

Saraswati

The service centers were thriving, but they needed to be refueled. The new children wanted inspiration. Who best exemplified Bapdada's teachings? Mama. Everyday, more letters poured into Madhuban, requesting her presence in some distant center. "Ma, O Ma, very sweet Mama. When are you coming? We have been waiting so long. Bringer of peace, sing your awakening words, fill us with hope for a new life. Our divine mother, we are but stars, bring us the light of the moon."

At last, in November, 1956, Jagadamba Saraswati left Madhuban, bound for Kanpur. The Power of God, His highest Shakti, emerged from the Godly ashram. The primal goddess was walking once more through the streets of Bharat.

When Mama came to Kanpur, a grand reception was held. She spoke to large crowds in her daily morning classes, encouraged new students, answered questions at press conferences, and offered guidance in private meetings. Mama showered love on all she met.

Her speeches were published. The articles about her in the papers brought souls running from all over India to meet her. All who did so came away refreshed, amazed, and permanently changed. Indeed, they had never met another like her.

The following poem expresses one poet's loveful feelings for Mama:

*O Mighty Jagadamba, Mother of the world,
you carry the torch whose flame is Godly Knowledge.
Always elevating every soul,
you are the destroyer of the darkness of vice.
Troubles all vanish, peace comes to the heart
when you arrive with your gentle, pure smile.*

*Hail, Sweetest Mama, Hail to thee, Jagadamba,
you bestower of delightful thoughts.
Always in yoga with Supreme Shiva Baba,
God's victorious child you are!
Come and awaken us to the new Day of Brahma!*

*How the souls at the Confluence dance!
Daughter of Brahma, our own Saraswati,
you carry the Light in your eyes!
You gave us the nectar of Truth undiluted,
you opened up Heaven's high gate.*

*Hail to thee, brightest goddess,
unknown yet so famous,
you have taught all of purity's joys.
O Mother, be with us,
accept the deep homage of all.*

More beautiful even than Mama's words was her silence. At one gathering Mama was about to be introduced from the rostrum, but as the moderator turned to look at her, he was so moved by the angelic presence which he saw before him, that he simply stopped in mid-sentence, transfixed. Mama walked to the center of the stage, and there she stood in glowing silence. Her eyes touched every soul in the audience. That which cannot be described by words, the bliss of union with God, Mama described with shining, awesome eloquence with just a look. The crowd was hushed, entranced. They could not believe what they were experiencing. Mama's glorious presence was transforming the auditorium into a cathedral. Tears of love dropped from every eye. The moment was unforgettable.

Do you not desire God? her eyes were saying clearly. He whom you have long been calling: He has come. Do you not wish to receive Him? Do you not wish to be pure? Do you not wish to be happy? Would you really rather live in the dirt of vices than in the light of God? Mama's soul was shining in her forehead for all to see, and was speaking through her eyes, with so much love and so much power that finally the eyes of those in the hall whispered, "stop, it is too much for us. We are not yet ready to walk so far in the City of God."

Then, for those who could not fully understand the silent language, Mama's lips began to sing. So wonderful were their waves of sound that joy filled the atmosphere at once. Her melody was like cool water flowing through a desert.

Something happened inside the souls who listened. Those eyes, that voice, made an indelible impression on them. The news of what occurred that remarkable evening spread

across India. And whether they knew it or not, the souls who were lucky enough to be in that audience, had never received such true love in all their lives, not for 5,000 years. Afterward, Mama received invitations from many cities to come and sing her sweet song. So Mama went to Delhi for the benefit of the people.

Mama arrived in Delhi by train. Many yogis came to the station to meet her, all clad in white. Sweet laughter and smiles were on every face. The strangers on the platform wondered what sort of great personage was arriving. Why were so many people gathered here, and why were they so happy? The Brahma Kumars, to answer their questions, handed out some literature about Raja Yoga, and told them of the qualities of Mama. The happiness of the yogis was infectious, and soon everyone on the platform was smiling, even if they didn't know why. They also began to wait eagerly for Mama's arrival.

Soon the train pulled in and the people gathered closer together, each hoping to be the first to see her.

Mama stepped into view, her face shining. The waiting people were not disappointed. Their happiness turned into bliss. The emotion there on seeing beloved Mama is indescribable. This was truly Saraswati, the World Mother, the Giver of Boons. She is the same one renowned throughout eternity, whom painters depict as riding upon a swan. Even the onlooking strangers felt the pull toward God which her magnetic personality exerted.

Though Mama had warned them not to, the yogis had brought her garlands of flowers to symbolize their love and respect.

"What is this?" Mama asked, as they came forward with the garlands. "I do not want these flowers. I want living flowers. You are the flowers. Once you were thorns, but now you are inculcating every divine virtue, aren't you? You are the garland of flowers of Baba's garden. Now tell me, are you ever-fragrant?" Saraswati peered into their hearts as she spoke.

“Yes, Mama,” they answered at last. “Baba has made us into flowers.” Mama laughed happily at this.

Everyday during her stay in Delhi, more religious seekers arrived to meet her. They came from long distances, in a steady stream from early morning to night. Mama received them tirelessly, giving each soul what he needed. She cleared away their doubts. She offered support. Saraswati, the expeller of fear, made them feel as if she was truly their mother. In the compass of her love, they were safe.

Little children came, too, and Mama always had a riddle for them. “Look, a traveller from a far, far off land has come to this foreign land. Nobody’s eyes recognize Him, but He is recognized by the hearts of all. That Traveller has come only for a few days.” When Mama had raised their curiosity, she asked, “Who is the Traveller?” She explained that the Traveller is God, Shiv Baba, Who has come from the Incorporeal World trillions of miles away to this little planet. We cannot see Him with these physical eyes, but our mind experiences the power of His words, the Supreme Authority with which He speaks, and the Knowledge which He has of the Creation. He proves that He is the Seer, the Knower of the three aspects of time, and He is the Master of the Three Worlds. He is SHIVA.

Sometimes she would laugh, “People believe that God is the Ocean of Knowledge and the Ocean of Peace, but they do not know that He is also a businessman. There is no other businessman like Him. His wares are imperishable, no one has such commodities. But He does not give all these for nothing. He is very shrewd.

“He says, ‘Give Me your vices, give Me your mind, and then I will fill up your whole bag with treasure.’ But the Travelling Salesman stays here only for a short time, soon He will be returning Home. Only a few days are left. Then this decrepit world is going to be burned. So why not trade in your useless sense pleasures for unending bliss? You will never find another



Jagadamba Saraswati (Mama) being greeted in Kanpur. On the left is Dadi Prakashmani (Kumarka). On the right is Didi Manmohini, current administrative heads of the Prajapita Brahma Kumaris World Spiritual University.

such deal. Will you strike a bargain with Him? If you do not do it now, when will you do it?"

Mama electrified her listeners. When it came time for her to leave, they made every effort to keep her longer. She promised to go back and tell Baba how wonderful were His children of Delhi. Perhaps then Baba would even come himself. Only with the hope of such an event did they let her go.

Baba's children in Delhi wrote letter after letter to Baba, imploring him to come. At last, the Ocean of Love, Shiva Baba, and His medium, Brahma Baba, accepted the invitation. When they heard the news, such a wave of joy broke on the beaches of their minds they could barely contain themselves.

Baba wrote from Madhuban before arriving: "Sweet, sweet long lost children, because of His love for the children, Shiva Baba has to leave Paramdham and come to this world of Maya. He has come to make us wealthy with Knowledge. Baba cannot refuse His children, so He must come to transform Delhi from a city of sand into a city of God. The chariot of Shiva Baba will also have to come. But remember one thing: Whom are you calling as a guest? Once you have known Him you must be ever pure, because He has come to rid this world of its bad smell, to make it fragrant with purity, so you will have to remain within all the rules of most elevated conduct. You must be constant yogis. Baba has also said, 'Children, do not bring flowers to the station, and it is not necessary for many children to come to the station. You must not waste your money, use it all for World Upliftment, for giving Baba's inheritance to others. Children, I am neither a saint nor a mahatma; I am only your Baba, so what is the purpose of bringing flowers? Father only wants to see you children as His fragrant flowers. Maya should never bring dryness in your life. The scent of virtue should be evident in your demeanor, so that people will understand whose children you are.'"

Only those who observed celibacy were admitted to the meeting with Baba, they must also have been observing purity of food and drink, and faithfulness to Baba in the intellect. This rule was in effect for the sake of the children, since one who is not pure cannot recognize the presence of God. Shiva Baba is secret. One cannot see Him with these physical eyes. Those who have not yet opened their third eye of Knowledge would not be able to know that in the body of that common man, this invisible God descends. Such a blind soul could easily harm himself by doing bad *karma* toward the Highest. Brahma Baba came in ordinary dress, plain white, without decoration. And what decoration could have been beautiful enough and priceless enough to befit the King of the Universe?

Each morning, the class was filled with souls who wished to hear Baba's Murlis. Every day a deeper secret was revealed. The power emanating from His presence burned off the layers of psychological sediment which had encrusted the soul. They felt lighter, they saw things more clearly, their burdens were lifted. The mind remained stable, open, detached and quiet. The paper tigers of desire lay in ashes, and the Phoenix of pure love had risen from the flames. They had arrived at the living core of life. "Ah, let it always be like this! How could we have ever come down from this throne of purity, for there is no wine to compare with the nectar of God!"

Most amazing of all, this rarified experience was available to all. One need not leave his home to live in forest or cave, as the sadhus and sannyasis do. Baba has said in one of His divine Murlis that the karma sannyasis leave their house and business and live in the forest because they think it is impossible to stay with a woman and still conquer sex lust. But this is completely wrong. One who has tasted the Godly nectar will never give it up for poison. We are creating a new world—not running away. "You must stay in your homes and families and conduct your lives with the power of yoga."

Remain pure while living in the world, Baba counselled, and the world will be greatly obliged. God comes not to push you out of your house, but to make the house into heaven. You have called the Father, you have shouted out, "Oh, Purifier, come!" At last He answers, "Children, I have come. Now give up these passions, put an end to that dirty business. You are souls. In the beginning you were pure, so your true nature is purity. Why should it be difficult to be established in that original state? But until you are soul-conscious it will be impossible. So consider yourself to be a soul and live in remembrance of the One Father. Then you will receive the power to remain pure, automatically."

Day of the Daughters

Was it an accident that most of Baba's children in the beginning were women? Or that he put women exclusively in charge of the Yagya? Of course God does nothing by accident. Many reasons can be adduced. For one thing, it was a question of physical safety. If it had been brothers who first went out into the world to announce Baba's revolutionary spiritual teachings, they would have been attacked and killed. Coming from the mouths of young girls the Knowledge seemed less threatening, and even Baba's enemies were forced to act with some restraint.

It cannot be too strongly emphasized how much opposition arose against the Spiritual University. Baba spoke truthfully and clearly about the diseased state of life in modern India, the corruption which affected every soul. The truth was painful.

Moreover, by demanding purity of every one of His children—something never attempted by any religious move-

ment in history—those obsessed with sexual desires felt their very identities threatened. As indeed they were. Baba was intent on causing us to disidentify with our bodies, He made us transcend the false ego structure in which we had been trapped. On the whole, the male ego was a greater enemy than the female.

Yet even more importantly, Shiv Baba had by His very Presence challenged the authority of every guru—not to mention all the scholars, priests, philosophers, and scientists in every corner of the world. Baba had announced Himself as the Supreme Almighty Authority.

He was not simply a high soul. He is the Supreme Soul, the one and *only* God. No one had ever said that before. Even the gurus who claimed to be God were careful to qualify it by saying that God was in everyone. Were they all wrong and Baba right? Should the entire body of Indian scriptures be thrown out the window? Who would dare say such a thing? Usually it was a young girl sitting peacefully, dressed all in white, sweet and demure, with eyes that could sear the soul of an evil man.

Shiva Baba is the gentlest Being in the universe. Yet simply by His now-proven existence, every soul who came in contact was forced suddenly into making the most crucial and difficult decision of his life. For if Baba *was* God, then one should instantly surrender to Him. On the other hand, if Baba was *not* God, then he was committing a great sin by making such a claim, and ought to be opposed. Shiva's descent thus divided humanity into two camps: those who loved God and those who did not.

Very often, Father Shiva spoke about His very special son, Christ. Christ had performed his role on earth in total purity; he had reflected magnificently the virtues of his Father. He had even instructed his followers to pray only to "Our Father Who art in Heaven." Instead, though, Christians made the mistake of assuming the Father and the Son were one

soul, rather than two. Christ's role was different from Baba's. His job was to establish a religion, to draw more souls down from the Soul World so they could play their parts on earth. Just as God the Father was now sharing a body with Brahma Baba, in the same way Christ had entered the body of Jesus. It was Jesus who suffered on the cross, not Christ. That pure son of God left the body early, and went on and took rebirth to help guide his fledgling religion into maturity. Many more secrets about Christ and the other religious founders have been revealed by Baba.

For most of recorded history, men had dominated women in religious as well as worldly matters. Baba had come to bring that state of affairs to a close. So He put His authority into the capable hands of females: it was the day of the daughters. The switch of roles had a remarkably therapeutic effect on all of Baba's children, with women in front, and the men working powerfully behind the scenes. Mutual respect was fostered, and purity more easily maintained.

The daughters learned to deliver the lectures, to sit on the *gaddi* ("the guru seat") and lead meditation. They were given the authority to read the Murli in centers around the world. It was daughters who went into trance to visit Baba in the Subtle World.

These women learned to tolerate adversity, and to remain unaffected by praise, which is even harder. Their performance was so astounding, that based on what they accomplished in the last Confluence Age 5,000 years ago, women have been idolized even until today.

In early pagan rituals, virgins were sacrificed, in an echo of the sacrifice of fragility and vice which Baba's daughters had made into the Yagya.

Another symbol of womanhood is the cow. Not only are such animals still sacred in India, but even at the foot of Mt. Sinai while Moses was receiving his divine inspirations, the

Hebrews worshipped the Golden Calf, representing the purity of virgins.

Even in the West, women have been the traditional keepers of the highest human values. Purity, chastity and modesty were always terms of praise bestowed on that fair sex, who for that reason were placed on pedestals until modern times, when they along with men tumbled down into the mud of vice. Today it is no longer even admitted that lust is a sin. This is the measure of how far we have fallen. Now it was women who were once more taking their rightful place on the pedestal of Baba's heart.

The brothers also performed nobly on the battlefield, however, and so are memorialized in a host of scriptures. Since they gave up their monkey-like desires, they are remembered in the form of Hanuman, the monkey god who served the Lord. In the Ramayana, it is told that God required an army of monkeys to help Him defeat the evil Ravan. In the Mahabharata, the story of the five heroic Pandavs is recorded. They were only a handful but they defeated the world, with the help of God. Now the real Pandavs were defeating the evil army of vices within themselves, and thus transforming the earth.

One brother who refused marriage because he wanted to be pure was locked into a barrel of rats. His angry father left him there for days, but Baba's child did not give in.

Another brother from a small village was publicly tormented for spreading Baba's message. He was tied up, blindfolded, and placed backward on a donkey. His face was blackened, and he had to suffer the jeers of the community as he was led through the town in shame. All the while though, Baba was with him, making His child experience the bliss of Heaven. When they took off the young man's blindfold, he was smiling contentedly.

Another brother, Nirwair, who now holds a major post in Madhuban, was brought up as a Sikh. He had been trained

as a naval engineer and was serving in the military when he recognized Baba. He wanted to be free of that violent life immediately, but the Navy refused to discharge him. There was a border war going on at that time, and he was sent to the front. Before he left, Baba told him, "Don't worry, you won't get hurt."

Nirwair's faith in Baba was total. One day he leaped up in the midst of an enemy attack, intoxicated with the Knowledge that he would not be hurt. A hail of bullets was fired from the other side, but not one touched him. Brother Nirwair was shortly released from the service. His officers thought he was crazy.

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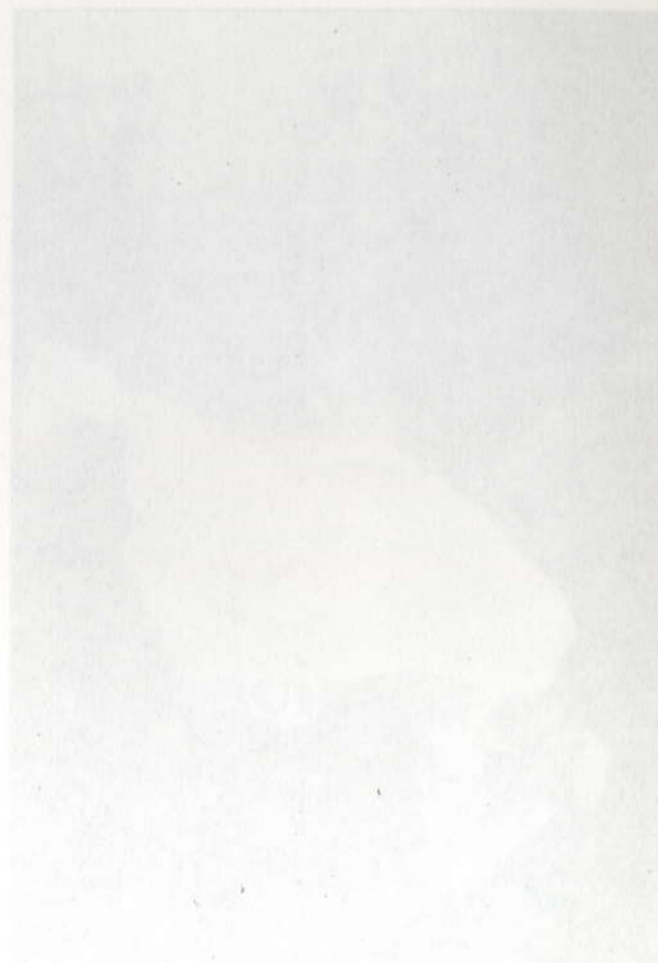
From Shiv Baba's incorporeal perspective, all souls are brothers. It is only after coming into the body that we identify as male or female. Even then, we wear a series of these costumes of flesh, some are male and some are female.

Only Baba is beyond gender, and even though He applies to Himself the masculine pronoun, He makes it clear He is our Mother as well as Father. Sometimes, He calls Himself the Husband, and then even His male children are happy to be His brides.

In the past, though, religion has been almost exclusively a male province. Men alone performed as priests, rabbis, gurus, monks, popes, apostles and prophets. It stunned the religious community when suddenly Baba's daughters arose, first by the score, then hundreds, then thousands. Powerful women were for the first time leading the way, living and teaching the most elevated ideals and conduct, with the authority of God Himself. Here was a unique phenomenon in history.

In the Hindu scriptures it is written that Krishna had sixteen thousand queens. But the truth is that this refers to Baba's act of attracting His Shaktis, the future goddesses, and making them worthy of ruling the world.

Through these holy daughters, the balanced, complete, perfect human personality was being re-introduced on earth.



Boarding the Rocket

Baba used to say, "The desires of the senses have made you unhappy for many births. Are these good things? If you are unhappy because of them, why do you not get rid of them? You remove the mud from your homes. Why do you keep it in your minds? Do you consider these vices a great treasure? Children, give all these dirty things to Me. Then I will put heaven in the palm of your hand. Children, I do not want any thing else from you. You only have to give Me these useless thoughts of yours. Don't hold onto them, they are valueless. They have spoiled your whole life. This world which was once heaven has become hell . . ."

Baba's Flute of Knowledge played on, but the people of India still believed Krishna was God and that he played an ordinary musical flute. They failed to grasp the significance of Baba's words. So the people still search everywhere for God; they make up theories to explain His absence while at the same time they say He is omnipresent. All the while, He has already arrived in the body of an ordinary man, and He is performing the greatest miracle of all: He is creating the world anew. Brahma Baba will take rebirth as Krishna, the loveliest of deities. It is no wonder Krishna is confused with God.

One of those who heard Baba speak when He came to Delhi was moved to write the following poem:

The Words of the Father

*In these sweet, priceless words, in these very words,
the whole truth of the world is stored.*

*The mind and the power are awakened once more,
by these words of the Father of All.*

*In these words is the deep inner voice
of the yearning of humanity age after age,
the answer to the questions of all.*

*The intellect rises like a great balloon
when the pure thoughts of Shiva have expanded
the mind,*

and the weight of illusion dissolves.

*The soul swings in the swing of joy,
borne aloft by Our Father's words.*

Many used to ask Baba, why does the world exist? It exists to make us happy. When His children begin to drown in sorrow, then He reappears to make us happy again. Baba is the Supreme Psychologist, making complicated persons simple once more, exploding the neurotic labyrinths we have built in our minds.

Serious scholars would meet Him and break out into song. Old men would begin to dance like young boys. World-weary artists would begin to create again. In fact, many people who had never written a line before suddenly found themselves composing poetry. It was not the poetry of despair, or quest, but that of Ultimate Success: the experience of the royalty of reality.

*I have climbed aboard the rocket,
and I'm going beyond the world.*

*The gravity has dissipated,
the clouds are left below.*

*All is clear and calm and silent,
supersensuous joy.*

*The Sun of Knowledge shines before me
and every problem's solved.*

*Floating free in the space of love,
I approach ever closer to God.*

Who was writing these verses, who was singing, who was smiling so broadly? Not peripheral figures, pariahs or untouchables. Conservative, down-to-earth people, lawyers, doctors, businessmen, engineers, scientists, were suddenly smiling as they never had before, telling their friends "a ridiculous story that God had landed on earth!" No one knew what to make of it!

Baba belongs to us. He is the world's greatest Supernatural resource. When every other energy source runs out, Baba will still be there, the eternal Beacon to the world. "Children," He gently calls us, "come and sit in My lap."

Children rush to sit in the lap of a phony Santa Claus. Now we are offered the infinite lap of the *real* Santa Claus. Was ever so much bliss offered to so many—and accepted by so few?

World Renewal

Baba's new children were hungry for literature. They wanted books on the method of Raja Yoga; explanations of how science had been led astray by the false belief in geological uniformitarianism, linear time, and brain-based psychology.

Works of ethics were needed, along with instructional texts on overcoming bad habits. Baba's gift of a new intel-

lectual paradigm contained the answers to every question; it was simply a matter of drawing out the implications.*

Baba suggested we publish a monthly magazine. It was called "Trimurti," referring to the fact that One Supreme Being was the Creator of the Hindu Trinity of Brahma, Vishnu and Shankar.

Later on, a second magazine, "World Renewal," began publication. Printed in several languages including English, it is distributed throughout the globe. The following article, written by an environmentalist, is typical of its contents . . .

**Planetary Transformation
Through Personal Transformation
(The Spiritual Causes of the Environmental Crisis)**

Environmental crisis is no longer imminent. It has already occurred. Little effort need be spent in convincing perceptive persons of this fact. We have polluted our lakes and rivers to the point of suffocation, poisoning our water supplies. We have destroyed our wetland habitats, denuded our forests and despoiled our fertile soils, adulterating our sources of food. We have toxified the atmosphere with automobile exhaust and industrial pollutants, blackening our lungs and clouding our brains with noxious fumes. We have robbed ourselves of the beauty of the world.

Why? Why, with all of our technological sophistication, have we been unable to create even a minimally healthy, peaceful world? Why has happiness and prosperity eluded us? Why has our garden world become a jungle of thorns, squeezing the joy out of existence at the very moment when we should be able to rejoice?

We have misunderstood the eternal relationship which we have to Nature and to God. In our pride of scientific achievement, we have forgotten that there are laws upon which this Universe is run,

*Brother Jagdish, a scholar in many fields of learning, took upon himself the responsibility for producing the required material. Today his books are read in nearly every country of the world. —Editor's note.

laws which we transgress only at our peril. We have broken those laws, and now the peril has arrived.

One of the primary laws of cosmic change may be stated thus: the outward condition of the world reflects the inward condition of the souls who reside therein. In other words, as long as souls remain pure and unpolluted, free of any negativity, so long will nature remain unpolluted; as long as we are benign, nature is benign; so long as we are the masters of ourselves, we are the masters of the world we live in. In the effort to explore and exploit our physical surroundings, however, we have lost the knowledge of who and what we are. Thus, in the headlong rush for material gain, self-mastery has been utterly lost and our problems have slowly, inexorably mounted, until now they nearly crush us.

Yet, if we examine any of our social or environmental problems, *there is not a single one which we could not solve if we so desired.* The significance of this observation is deep, and requires thorough understanding. For example, if the heads of our major industries installed appropriate safeguards and redesigned their factories, there would be an enormous drop in the levels of pollution; but they are obsessed with taking short-term profits, even at the expense of long-term survival. Auto-makers could choose to design cars which are safe as well as economical, but blinded by greed and the arrogance of monopolistic control, they choose otherwise, failing to see that their actions lead to a dead end, in which they cannot turn around.

These examples could of course be multiplied, but the underlying question would then be buried under a mass of data. Inquiry must be directed to the root cause: Why is man greedy? Why do human beings behave against their own best interests? And even more crucial, is greed an inherent quality in the human soul?

This last is most important because, if our conceptual framework does not allow for the possibility of overcoming greed once and for all, then the human situation is truly hopeless. Many do in fact maintain that this negative trait is an ineradicable part of the human psyche, and a casual look at history would even seem to confirm their pessimistic outlook. Deeper study, however, will reveal otherwise,

uncovering the true nature of the self and simultaneously presenting us with the key to regaining our lost paradise.

Over a hundred years ago, Henry David Thoreau noted the link between mental environment and physical environment. He escaped pollution of both in his retreat to Walden Pond. He noted then what is far more drastically true today: "The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation." Man's desperation arises from what is perceived as the human situation: We are mortal, it is thought; we shall die; we live in an uncaring universe of chance. With such a world view, it's little wonder that human beings have opted to get the most out of life through material acquisition and sensual pleasure. The fear of death is fertile soil in which the poison plant of greed may thrive. And when greed is not satisfied, anger arises. The ultimate thing we hunger for is love. But since we have taken our selves for material beings, we have mistaken sex-lust for love, thus exploiting each other and devaluing ourselves further. In this desperate condition, we have spoiled our home, the earth.

Yet this whole chain of events was based upon a simple mistake. We are *not* mortal, after all. We are souls, non-material units of consciousness, and our bodies are simply temporary earthenware costumes. We knew this once as a datum of experience. We wore a crown of light. But as we proceeded through the play of time, adopting one clay puppet after another, we lost our right understanding. We became attracted physically to other bodies. The puppet hypnotized the puppeteer. In short, our minds became polluted with body-consciousness.

Since attraction produces repulsion, our unity and our harmony turned into fragmentation and dissonance. As we grew apart psychologically, the earth we walked on broke apart. The continents, afloat on their tectonic plates, split away from the central mass of India to which they were once all attached. The various cultures sprang up, and concomitantly the various religions of the world; and though each group made peace its yearning and love its theory of human relations, the practice of each was prejudice and pride.

Yet each of the world's religions served to hold the advancing negativity in check. So long as there was at least a concept of God and a belief in reward and retribution, the intellect was motivated to make an effort in the right direction. Once God was discarded and truth defamed, once relativism was installed in place of universal ethics, and perfection immolated as a personal ideal, the human family was hopelessly broken into shards of selfishness.

There were cycles with the larger movement, lights which occasionally sprang up within the surrounding darkness, but the dismal downhill trend could not be reversed. We fell through the trap door of history with the Fall from soul-consciousness, and now we have reached rock bottom. Two choices lie before us: either we clean up our act and become pure once more—or we drown in a maelstrom of destruction.

It is easy to talk about purification. Accomplishing it is another story. All of us recognize greed as an evil, but how many of us are willing to make the effort of rooting it out of our psyche? We recognize lust as an even more primary evil. We know it is the malevolent force behind rape, is responsible for overpopulation, brings venereal disease in its wake, causes harassment of women in their jobs, contributes heavily to divorce, is the cause of women using dangerous contraceptive drugs and having abortions, causes many kinds of psycho-emotional disturbance, brings about the debasement of literature, art and of the culture as a whole and diverts our minds from more elevated thoughts in general. Yet, knowing all this, how many are even willing to seriously consider making an effort to conquer sex-lust?

In the same way, greed despoils the planet, yet how many are prepared to make the kind of radical transformation necessary to end this crippling psychological disease and thus bring to an end the environmental crisis? How many souls are willing to transcend the body ego in order to act for their true welfare, to save the earth for their own future lives?

Fortunately, it does not take many. A small number of souls who are truly committed to perfection, who act with a deep under-

standing of the laws of change, can affect the entire cosmos—especially when the Supreme Soul Himself wishes this change to take place for the sake of His unhappy children.

Paradise is being built again. Even in this darkest hour, secret forces are at work. Powerful souls, including the Most Powerful of all, are channeling the energy of purity into the material world. Through Raja Yoga, or union with the Supreme, each one of us can also become such a conduit of spiritual light love, purity and might.

When we have reached the peak of our own long-latent powers, and when the forces of good and evil have fully polarized, as they soon will, then the long-awaited transformation will arrive. By changing our own mental environment, we shall change the face of the earth itself. The axis of the planet shall straighten from its angle of $23\frac{1}{2}^\circ$ to the truly vertical. The continents shall come together once more. There will be no more seasonal variation, but springtime all year long. The replenished earth shall give birth to a new society, technologically advanced, yet also completely, divinely virtuous: A paradise of endless happiness.

Such is the world of the ancient past, and the world of the very near future. For the cycle of time has come full swing, and we have arrived at the end, which is the new beginning. The Creator of the New World has descended from the World of Silence to bring us home, to teach us how to live, to solve the crisis of the world's environment, to offer us the opportunity to take re-birth in a paradise beyond our happiest dreams.

This is not a dream, but revealed reality. It is our birthright as children of the Perfect Father. All we need to do is become like Him once more. This is Raja Yoga. This is the pure path to planetary transformation.

Union with God

The Supreme Father reveals to us the method for communication directly with Himself. . . . A method of contact which does not require any third party in between. . . . A method which is a direct link of I, the soul, with the Supreme Being.

I need not repeat a mantra, nor do I turn a rosary in my hands. I need no physical images to look at. What I must do is to stabilize my intellect with great love on God, the Supreme. On the one hand this is the simplest form of yoga, nothing physical involved at all. I do not need to practice postures; I do not need to practice breathing exercises; neither do I need years and years of penance. And so on the one hand it appears to be extremely simple. All I need to do is to sit comfortably, or even as I stand, as I work, as I talk, whatever else it is that I may be doing, the mind must be tuned to the Supreme Father, and so the only thing that is needed in Raja Yoga is this: to focus my mind in one direction, to stabilize my intellect on the Supreme Being.

At this, our hour of need, the Supreme Father reveals two very basic aspects of Knowledge which are the foundation for the system and the practice of Raja Yoga. Firstly, the recognition of who I am; I, the infinitesimal spark of light: I, not the physical body that is visible, but I, the being of light, a tiny star; a self-luminous pinpoint, a dot. That is what I am. I am a soul, located in the center of the forehead. Let me sit now with this consciousness of I, the conscient energy that is controlling, driving, guiding, motivating this human machine.

As I become aware of I, totally separate from this physical body, in this stage, which could be described as soul consciousness, I can understand and appreciate the existence of the Supreme Being. My Father, the Supreme Being, is also a soul. Let my thoughts now focus on the Supreme among all

souls. He is also a being of Light, the Infinitesimal, a pinpoint, a shining star. And yet, this infinitesimal Being is the source of qualities without limit, qualities that are not even limited by time, but qualities that are eternal.

The purpose of my yoga is to communicate with this Being. For many, many years, for many, many births, I have been experiencing communication with human beings; but because human souls occupy physical bodies, communication with them is not only through the mind, but the use of physical senses; we use sound, we use vision, but now if I wish to communicate with the Supreme Being, who is eternally bodiless, the Incorporeal, never with a body of His own, none of my physical energies can help me in this communication. In fact, it is only when I take my own mind above my own physical body and all the distraction that the physical energies create, that I can achieve this contact.

When I recognize that *I am a soul*, I become aware of the tremendous energy that I have within myself. I have the power of thought. I know that I can dictate the direction of my mind; I know that I can determine the direction of each and every thought, and so let my thoughts flow only in the direction of the Supreme Being. Let me experience this, the most potent of all powers, the power of my own mind.

My mind moves away from all other physical, mundane things. I forget the past, my own mistakes as well as my limited achievements. At this moment I am not interested in communication with human beings, nor even with prophets, deities, angels, or spirits; the soul seeks to communicate with only One, with the Supreme Being. I become aware of the form of the Supreme Being. I visualize that Spark of Light. I begin to think of the qualities that emanate from this Source. The unlimited peace, a peace which is undisturbed, a peace that is so powerful that it influences everything within reach.

My thoughts are now totally focused on the peace that my Supreme Father radiates. In the same way, let me experi-

ment, knowing that my Supreme Father is not only a Father, but that He is also my Supreme Mother, the One with total love, the One who is able to give love which is totally for the upliftment of I, the soul. He is the One who will not reject the soul. Though seeing it at its present impure, imperfect condition, the Merciful Mother pours out so much love that I, the soul, feel such strength and comfort that I am upraised and renewed. Let me experience that vast Ocean of Love. Do not stop the thoughts of the mind which come to distract you, change their direction, allow thoughts to flow based on knowledge of God. This perhaps is the most important aspect of Raj Yoga meditation, that once the intellect is filled with wisdom of the introduction of the Supreme Being, then every thought that emerges is based on this understanding. If any other thoughts do come across and cloud the mind, let the mind turn them away, let the flow begin once more in the direction of the Supreme.

Sometimes let the mind dwell on the quality of purity. Let the experience be God as the Being of bliss; let it take up the aspect of God as the Almighty Authority. Whatever quality is being taken up, let the mind be occupied totally, engrossed completely, within that one aspect. In this way, the soul will taste the sweetness of each and every relationship with the Supreme Being directly; not only the Parent, but even the Teacher, the Friend, and the Companion; the Supreme Guru, the One who is able to take the soul across from this world to the one far beyond, the one beyond the physical world, the one which is the world of light, the world of silence.

As soon as we begin to meditate, because the very first meditation is based on Knowledge, now thoughts are beginning to flow towards the Supreme Being; thoughts are uplifted away from the level of mundane existence. So as we meditate, the mind is being used very actively. Many, many conscious thoughts are flowing. This ensures that the mind never experiences a moment of dullness; there is never the opportunity for

the mind to be bored and therefore to be distracted by anything else at all. The machinery of the mind is kept functioning at high speed, but with a specific direction. This process of meditation leads us automatically to a stage which could be described as concentration.

In this stage, all thoughts are focused on the Supreme Being, the mind is no longer pulled by the sounds outside, it is engrossed in this experience of contact with the Supreme Being. My effort was to meditate and now the result is that there is easy concentration. But still there are conscious thoughts, no longer as fast flowing as before, but now there will be no distraction because now I am beginning to enter deeply into each one of the attributes of the Supreme Being. My thoughts are pulled deeper and deeper into that particular quality, into that particular relationship, as I reach a stage which is described as the stage of realization. Now there are not any conscious thoughts as such; there is the experience of that particular quality of God, the experience of I, the soul, taking in, absorbing that attribute from the Supreme Being. This is also sometimes described as the seed stage. The soul has moved away from all the things that were additions, that were extensions; it has returned to its own original eternal form of this pinpoint of light, this spark of light, the seed. While experiencing that perfect love, the soul is totally absorbed in that experience. There isn't even the conscious thought which says 'this is love,' but the soul is simply filling itself; it is also radiating this out into the world.

Afterwards when the soul speaks of its experience, there will come the conscious thought that this is the love that I had been thirsting for; this is the relationship that I had wanted to experience. This is the stage that yogis describe as *nirsankalp samadhi*, that highest state of consciousness, which is even free from active thought. And it has been achieved very, very naturally.

Some think that this stage can only be experienced by forcing the mind, but to apply artificial pressure on the mind does not lead to establishing a relationship with the Supreme. It is possible that by forcing the mind, I can reach a stage by which the mind stops functioning for a limited period of time, but what I, the soul, am seeking is not simply stillness of the mind; I seek the relationship with the Supreme, the realization of my own eternal state and the realization of God, and there has to be communication in order to have this realization.

So the mind is used actively at first, but then because the power of God is being experienced, the mind is pulled directly by the Supreme Magnet. Then the effect of this is that the fast functioning gradually slows down and within this *nirsankalp samadhi* there is an actual experience not only of stillness but of the highest attributes of the Supreme. As I, the soul, move away from peacelessness and return to stability, only then can I come close enough to the Supreme Being to appreciate His other attributes.

Generally, the first experience in meditation is of the peace from the Eternal Being, peace flooding the soul, so that I become stable. Now in the stage of stability I can recognize the quality of love that the Supreme Being is offering. There is never a moment that He doesn't offer His love, yet why is it I have not been able to experience it? It is because my mind has been tuned on a physical level. And so now, with this stability of peace and of spirituality, I first take love from the Supreme. I begin to offer my love to Baba; having tasted first love from the Eternal Parent, my own love emerges and flows towards Him.

After this experience of love, there is this experience of cleansing, of purification, and as the soul becomes lighter and free from the burden it has been carrying of its own past sins, through the fire of love which is the fire of yoga, the tremendous energy that is generated through this union, the cleansing process that takes place returns me to my own natural state of purity.

With this experience comes the experience of happiness because now I am as I should be. More and more, the happiness of this blissful relationship that I have always wanted grows and becomes a source of strength, of nourishment, for the soul. In my union with the Supreme Being, my Father who is the Benefactor, Whom I can call SHIV BABA; Baba, the Father; Shiva, the Benevolent Being—I draw power from the Almighty Authority. The battery is re-charged. I myself become powerful as my connection with Baba deepens, as I allow Baba's influence to come over me. I am transformed. Baba's qualities become my qualities; the soul is changed and is e-created now in the image of God.

The end product of Raj Yoga is the transformation of the soul from the state of impurity to a state of perfection. The change is described as the change of a human being into a divine being, a deity. And so Raj Yoga, the highest of all yogas, is that yoga which is union with the Supreme Being, that yoga which makes me the sovereign, the royal yoga; first of all giving me the experience of being master of my own mind, but further allowing the sovereign qualities of divinity to develop within the self so that I am uplifted.

As the soul practises Raj Yoga, as it experiences each and every one of the qualities of God, more and more it even becomes an instrument to radiate these qualities into the world so that there is not only purification of the individual soul, but the vibrations of the highest yoga travel out. They reach out into the universe and eventually there is purification of the very elements of matter, so that peace, purity, love, and harmony are brought about within the world also.

This is a brief description of the stages that one experiences within the meditation of Raj Yoga. Of course, Raj Yoga is not just meditation seated in a particular way, but Raj Yoga, because yoga is the natural relationship with God, can also be experienced through the entire day. It is not a question of how long one must sit in meditation. More, it's a question of how

long one can not be meditating. Can I forget this sweet relationship? As I walk, as I move, as I talk, as I carry out my responsibilities, if I am a yogi, then my consciousness will be that I am a child of the Supreme and as such I must share the qualities of the Supreme that I have experienced in meditation, through my actions, in connection with others, so that then there is a yogi way of life with the qualities of God being revealed in every footstep, in every action.

OM SHANTI

* * *

This book summarizes the history of the divine family up to 1957. Because of the lack of time, we have left some things out which properly belong here. But insofar as we could, we have put every important event before the public, barring a possible oversight.

We have told the story of the divine birth of God into the body of Prajapita Brahma, and of the institution He created in order to transform the world. The main aim of writing this is so that men and women everywhere may recognize the meaning of the present historical moment, can understand the nature of the work being performed by the Supreme Father for their benefit, and may take full advantage of this state of affairs. Thus, one may be saved from having to say later, "O God, though You entered into the body of an ordinary person, You gave us the invitation to join You, You did Your divine work, but we could not recognize You! Oh God, Your Performance is Unfathomable. Oh God, You did play Your divine role with us, You gave yoga power to mothers of India and they did indeed try in hundreds of ways to awaken us from the sleep of ignorance, but still we did not wake up!"

So ends the first part of the wonderful true story of Baba and the Brahma Kumaris. We must leave for another time recounting events which occurred after 1957, including the expansion of service into the West.

For the moment, suffice it to say that in 1971, a center opened in London. Eventually Dadi Janki arrived, and through her intensive meditation drove deep spiritual roots into that island nation. Today, London possesses not one but several large centers, and functions as the hub of Baba's work in the West. There are also centers in many other parts of the United Kingdom.

Soon there was another center in Frankfurt, Germany; Australia blossomed, along with Africa. Mauritius soon belonged to Baba. Guyana emerged. Then Canada; Japan; and the United States. Baba's institution became a member of the Non-Governmental Organizations of the United Nations.

Baba chose many highly talented children, who quickly re-formulated His Knowledge into a Western mode. They painted enchanting pictures; produced meditational music of great subtlety and power; wrote and performed captivating dramas, comedies, and mime; wove magic spells with dance.

The work goes on steadily. Nearly every week another center opens somewhere. Baba's flag has been raised in Paris . . . Dublin . . . Brazil . . . Belgium . . . Mexico . . . there are even yogis within the Soviet Bloc. Over 800 branches of the Spiritual University exist today.

Scientists in the West wanted to know if Raja Yoga could really live up to its claims. Experiments were conducted. Under repeated testing with sophisticated E.E.G. equipment, in Langley Porter Institute as well as other laboratories, Dadi Janki, who now directs Western Service, defied the laws of neurophysics by producing constant Delta waves while in the midst of performing various clinically stressful mental and physical activities. She was declared, "The Most Stable Mind in the World."

The last phase of Baba's work is now underway. As the nations of the world thrust blindly in perpetual animosity, blundering their way to the final step of mutual suicide, Baba's children are preparing for their upcoming role as angels, to be

played on that final, terrible and mighty day, the Day of the Lord.

No matter who you are or where you are, or what you believe, you shall meet your Father one day. If you do not meet Him here on Earth, then you shall face Him in the court of the Supreme Justice, once you have left the body and are clad in your subtle form of light. Meet Him there in happiness. He is taking us to our Highest Destination.

THE END

and

THE NEW BEGINNING

EPILOGUE

The story you have just read is incomplete. On January 18, 1969, Prajapita Brahma achieved the final stage of perfection. Becoming the first Complete Man, Adi Dev, all-virtuous and fully in the image and with the authority of God, he felt no further pull to the corporeal world. Father Brahma ascended to take his place as the first subtle deity, the first ascended angel, of this cycle of time. Soon he shall be followed by others who are likewise attaining completion, until the army of angels has filled its ranks, and the last scene of destruction and judgment can be played out. In the meantime, Brahma and Shiva come down together in another chosen medium in order to continue their task of world service.

Brahma has earned his title as Father of Humanity. He overcame all obstacles both external and internal, and through that victory has enabled the entire human race to be born anew.

As to the praise of God Himself, what can we say that would approach His true greatness? Shiva, the Father of All Souls, is eternally Supreme. He is All-Knowing and All-Powerful, and yet He, too, is bound in this cosmic drama. What most people cannot conceive is how utterly loveable He truly is; how sweet, how humble, how magnificently real and eloquent.

To end this book, we have chosen two sample discourses delivered by God in the recent past season, each dealing with a different aspect of the Godly Knowledge. In these words, even through the following inadequate translation, some hint of His supreme personality may become apparent to you, as well as an appreciation for the imperishable gifts He has come to deliver to mankind.



BAPDADA. The combined form of Father Shiva and Brahma continue to speak through the medium of Dadi Hirday Mohini.

*The Sweet Words of Most Beloved Bapdadā,
The Incorporeal Supreme Father of All Souls
Spoken on January 4, 1980 in Madhuban:*

**The One Who Has Claimed the Rights of Self-Sovereignty
In the Present, Can Claim the Rights of Sovereignty
In the Future**

Do you all consider yourselves to have claimed the right to double sovereignty? To have the rights of sovereignty over the present is to have the rights of sovereignty in the future also. The present is the mirror of the future. You can see your future very clearly through the mirror of your present stage. In order to claim the rights of sovereignty over the present and over the future, always check this: to what extent is ruling power contained within the self? First of all, to what extent have you claimed rights over your subtle powers which perform special work for you; to what extent do you reign over your power of thought, intellect and innate tendencies (sanskaras)? Once you have claimed sovereignty over these special three powers, they will give constant cooperation. They are the main helpers in the work of administering your kingdom (of the self). If these three helpers perform according to the signal of you, the soul, you the king, who has claimed the right to sovereignty, then your kingdom will always run, accurately, just as the Father also gets His work done through the Trinity. This is why the Trinity is highly praised and worshipped. They do speak of Trinity Shiva. The One Father has three special workers through whom He has the work of the whole world done. Similarly, you souls are also creators and these three special powers, the trinity powers, are your special workers. You are also the creators of these three creations. So check whether you have control over this trinity creation.

The mind is the creator; it creates thoughts. The intellect is for judging and so does work comparable to sustenance. The sanskaras are for transforming the good from the bad. Just as Brahma is the first created man (Adi Dev), so also the first power is the mind, that is the power of thought. If the first power is accurate, then the other workers,

its many companions, will also work accurately. So first check this: does the very first worker always, like a close companion, act upon the signal of me, the king? Because Maya, the enemy, also first of all makes this original power into a renegade and traitor and tries to take over your right to the kingdom. This is why on the basis of your authority, make this first power your right and true helper, and make it perform its special work, just as a king does not do any task himself, but he gets it done through others, and the ones who actually do the work are separate from the king's ministers. If the king's ministers are not accurate, then the kingdom begins to shake. In the same way, the soul is the one who gets things done, and the doers are these special trinity powers.

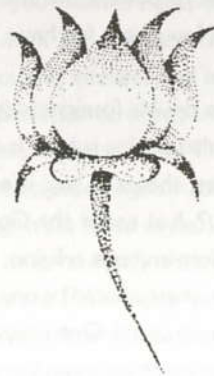
First of all, if you have ruling power over these three, then on that basis the physical sense organs will automatically take the right path. These three special powers are the very ones that make the sense organs work. Now, how far have you achieved that ruling power? Check this.

Just as you are double foreigners (your native land being the Soul World), are you also double rulers? Is the administration of each one's kingdom in order, that is to say, is each one's self-sovereignty proceeding accurately? Just as for the Golden Aged world it is said that there is one kingdom and one religion, in the same way now also, in this self-sovereignty, there should be one rule; everything should be going ahead from a mere signal. One religion means that everyone is united in their inculcation to do everything in an ever-elevated way and be in the rising degree.

If your mind becomes willful, disturbing the judgment power of the intellect thereby creating confusion, and if the sanskaras are making the soul dance to their own tune, this could not be called unity of religion, unity in the kingdom. So how is your kingdom? Are the trinity powers all right? Or do the sanskaras sometimes make you dance like a monkey? What do monkeys do? They jump up and down and cavort around, don't they? The sanskaras also sometimes bring you in the rising degree and sometimes in the declining degree. So, I hope that sanskaras don't make you dance this way. You all have

control, don't you? Your intellect doesn't sometimes get confused, does it? Just as nowadays they confuse people, and their power of judgment becomes clouded, so I hope your intellect doesn't sometimes get confused. If your judgement is sometimes correct and sometimes wasted, it means there is confusion.

Accha. (O.K.)



The Words of the Incorporeal God Father

Spoken at the Spiritual University of Madhuban on January 2, 1980:

How Will the Coming World Be?

Today, at which gathering is Bapdada looking? The children of the True Master are all sons and daughters of the Lord, who are becoming the princes and princesses of the future. Is this intoxication always with you? Compared to the life of the princes and princesses, this life is multi million times more elevated. Such elevated souls, knowing their greatness will be constantly in this high stage of intoxication.

In the subtle regions today, there was a conversation between Bap (Shiv Baba) and Dada (Brahma Baba), concerning the great importance of the sons and daughters of the Master. All the sanskaras of your future life begin now from this present life.

Because of being heirs to the kingdom of the future, because of having the right to the sovereignty, you will be complete with all forms of wealth and uncounted treasure stores of everything, ever in the royalty of ruling in each birth. All of your achievements will encircle you, wishing to serve you at the slightest sign throughout your whole life. You will have no desire for any achievements, but all of the achievements will be desirous that our master should make use of us. In all four directions, the mines of luxury will be full. Each luxury will be ever ready to give its own particular form of happiness to each of you. Always the trumpets of happiness will automatically be blowing. It will not be necessary to blow them.

Your creation, the vegetation with its greenery, with the movement of its leaves will play variety forms of beautiful music. The swaying of the leaves of the trees and their movement will make different varieties of natural music for you. Just as today they have different types of artificial musical instruments, so the songs of the birds will there make various forms of music. Like living toys, they will display all kinds of games before you. Just as nowadays, people here learn different languages just for the sake of entertainment, in the

same way the birds there, with a variety of beautiful voices, will entertain you upon your signal.

The flowers and fruits will be of the same order. The fruits will have such variety tastes, just like here you use salt and pepper and different spices to produce different tastes, so there the fruits will naturally have different varieties of tastes. There won't be any sugar mills there but there will be sugar-fruits. Whatever taste you need you will be able to extract in a natural way from the appropriate fruit. You won't use green-leafed vegetables there, but you will make dishes out of flowers and fruits.

Rivers of milk will flow. Do you know what you will drink? There will be many kinds of fruits full of juice. Some fruits will be for eating and some for drinking. It will take no effort to extract juice from the fruit; each fruit will be so full that it will be like drinking the milk from the coconut. So you will just pick up the fruit, press it slightly and the juice will come forth for you to drink.

The water in which you bathe will also be like the Ganges water of today which, because it flows by medicinal herbs on the mountains, acquires special properties such that it never becomes stagnant. This is why it is praised as being pure. The water will acquire natural fragrance from fragrant medicinal herbs which will grow there. You will not have to put perfume in the water for as it crosses the mountains along its natural course, passing such fragrant herbs, it will become beautifully perfumed.

There, in the early morning hours of nectar, you will not need to play tape recorders. The natural songs of the birds will give you music to which you will arise. The time for rising will be in the early morning, but you will not be tired. It is because the living deities wake up early that, on the path of devotion, the devotees awaken their idols early in the morning. There is importance of this time of nectar on the path of devotion. So the deities will wake up early. However, they will be as if always in a state of awareness. There is no hard work; neither is there hard physical labor nor hard intellectual labor; nor is there any burden or pressure. So for them to be awake or to be asleep is

equivalent. Just as all of you now think, don't you, "Oh I *must* wake up early in the morning," there such a thought will not arise. Accha.

What will you study there? Or do you want to be free from studies there? Study there is a game; while you are playing games you will learn. Knowledge of the kingdom will be necessary, so study will include how to rule. Yet, the important subject there will be drawing. Everyone, young or old, will be artists, painters, musicians; there will be just music, painting pictures and playing games. You will study through music, that is the art of singing and playing. The history there will be in the form of music and poetry, not the history which will bore you.

You enjoy all this, don't you? Dancing is a game, isn't it? Yes, you will also have plays there; there won't be any cinemas, but rather plays. The plays will be for entertainment and comedy. There will be many theatres.

The airplanes will form a line in your palaces, and will be very easy to handle. All work will be performed on the basis of atomic energy. It is for you that this last invention of science has emerged. Accha

The currency will be golden coins, not like the currency of today. The form and design will be totally different and very, very nice. Exchanges or dealings will be just for the sake of it. Just as here in Madhuban, although it is a family, each one has his own duty; though it is a family, some are giving and some are taking. In the same way there also, it will be a family system. There won't be the feeling of customer and shopkeeper, but all will have the feeling of being master. Mutual exchanges take place. There is no scarcity of anything for anyone. The subjects will not lack anything; even they will have multi-millions times more than they need for their livelihood. Therefore the feeling of 'I am a customer and this one a master' will not be there. All give and take is through love. No account books or registers are kept. Accha.

(Then one musician asked if we would have instruments there and Baba replied:)

The musical instruments will be studded with jewels. Natural instruments, not the type which require expertise. You will just touch them with a finger, and you will play.

You will wear beautiful dresses there. According to your activity will be your dress; according to the location will be your dress. You will wear many different types of dresses. Sets of jewels will also be in variety forms. Different designs of crowns and different ornaments, but they will not be heavy, but lighter than cotton-wool. Real gold and diamonds will be studded in such a way that they will reflect the different colors of light. Just as you have different colored fluorescent lights here, there the diamonds will shine with all the different colors. Each one's palace will be decorated by multi-colored lights. Just as here with many mirrors you can reflect an object to show so many objects, so also there the jewels will be reflected in the ceiling and multiplied so that many are seen instead of one. The shine of the gold and the diamonds in combination, by their brilliant reflection, will dazzle your eyes. The sun's rays will strike the gold and the diamonds and make them sparkle like lacework of a thousand lights. At night, the slight flame of a candle will do this same work. There will be no need for so many electric wires. Everything will be so beautiful. Like the royal families of today have glittering, electric lights and many designs of lamps, there, because they are real diamonds, one candle will do the work of many. No efforts; everything will be natural. Accha.

The language will be very pure Hindi. Each word will describe the meaning of each object. The language will be such.

(Then turning to the foreign group, He spoke:)

Where will your England and America go? You don't have to build palaces there, build them in India. You will only go there just for outings. They will be picnic spots and places to visit. They won't be in all the places, only a few. Just start the plane and you will reach faster than the speed of sound. The airplanes will be so fast that you will reach in the same amount of time as it takes to make a phone call. Therefore, no need for telephones.

There will be family-sized airplanes as well as individual ones. At any moment you can make use of anything you want. You can use anything, any time that you like.

Now you have just sat in the airplane of the Golden Age; leave that plane and come to the airplane of the intellect. What is the speed of thought? It is such that you just produce a thought and you go beyond the moon and the stars to your own Home. Is the airplane of your intellect ever ready to that extent? Are you always beyond all obstacles? So that no type of accident may occur? Not that you desire to go to Paramdham (the World of Light), but you are not able to lift off the ground, nor do you crash into a mountain and fall. To have waste thoughts is to crash into a mountain. So is the plane of your intellect always ever ready and beyond accidents? First, climb into this airplane and then you will get that airplane. Are you ever ready? Just as when you were in full agreement upon hearing the description of heaven, nodding 'yes,' 'yes,' are you also in full agreement for this too?

Today in the subtle regions the map of heaven emerged. This is why you were told. Brahma Father is preparing to go to heaven, and so the map does emerge. You are all ready aren't you? What preparations are involved, do you know? Who will pass through the gates of heaven with the Father? Have you taken the pass for that? You have taken the gate pass, but have you the pass to go through with the Father? There are VIP gate passes, and there is a pass given to the president. This is a gate pass for the master of the world. Which one have you obtained? Check your pass.

O.K. To those who are the present children of the Master and the future princes, who are the masters of nature and therefore future masters of the world, conquerors of maya therefore the world, who through this method of having just one powerful thought bring the achievement of all powers, who stay ever near to the Father and pass the test, and also pass through with the Father, to such most elevated souls—Bapdada's Love, Remembrance and Namaste.