

Part IV

On Dadaji

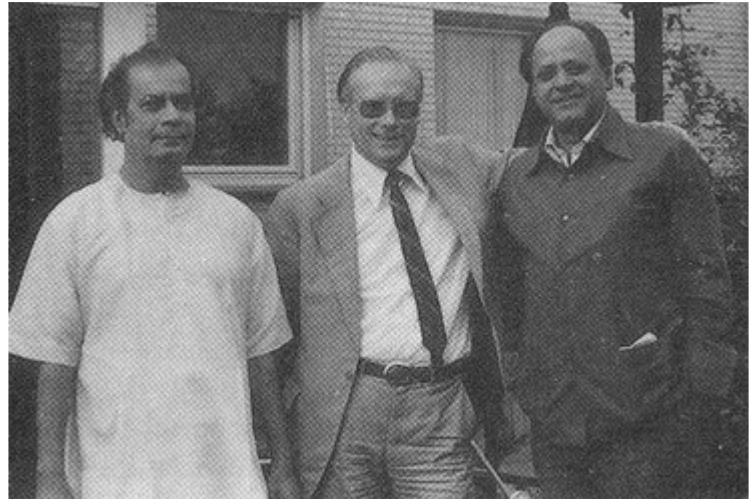
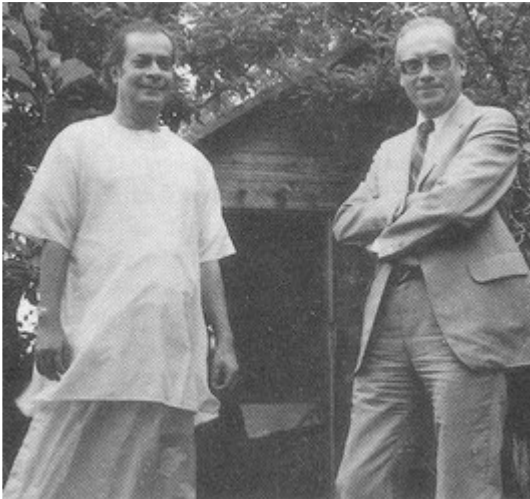
4 Dadaji: A Gospel of Love

April 1987 talk given in Ojai, California USA. by Prof Dr Peter Meyer-Dohm,
Economics of Education, Destadt, West Germany.

When I first went to meet him, I had no idea who Dadaji was and that such a man existed. I did my special meditations and followed some rules of the Yoga path and having been a long-time Theosophist, I had my own ideas about everything. But, there was one thing, I had a rule. It was beware of Gurus. I didn't like Gurus. I met one, but that was all.

In 1978 a very interesting thing happened. One morning early in the week a call came. I was still President of Ruhr University at time and happened to be President of the Indo-German Society which makes cultural contacts between India and Germany. The call was from Dr. Khetani, who is now living in the United States, and he told me, "There is one Dadaji coming. I have seen him in London yesterday. He has asked me to prepare for a meeting with him. I know you have good relations with the press and I want to make an announcement that whoever wants to come, can come to my house to see Dadaji Sunday afternoon."

I was a little annoyed that I was involved and I told Dr. Khetani, "You shouldn't do that. You never know who comes for such a meeting. Better you come to my house and we'll talk about it." After that call I was really angry with myself that I invited him to come to my house to talk about a thing which was not of my interest. In the evening, Dr. Khetani came and he had a lot of newspaper clippings showing Dadaji in this position and that position and talking to a Jagatguru (God of the World), who was 157 years old. Now, having been to India at least two dozen times, at that time, I had some understanding of Indian culture, but what he told me about Dadaji, that he was able to materialize objects and make inscriptions at the touch of his finger, all this didn't fit together.



Dadaji with Peter Meyer-Dohm and Abhi Bhattacharya 1979 Bochum, Germany

I was very reluctant, yet I said I will give you some addresses and you might approach those people to come Sunday to your house. Dr. Khetani said, "Will you come?" I said, "No, I don't know, I may have business." Then I told my wife Uta about the whole thing, the crazy thing that he would come to me with this and how we in the Indo-German Society always try to stay clear of such influences. She said, "We will go there."



Dr Khetani and Dadaji in Los Angeles, California 1978

On Sunday, we went to Dr. Khetani's house in a neighboring town and knocked at the front door. Nobody came. I said to my wife, "Let's go home. He is not here." She said, "I have come here, I want to go into this house." So, we went around and there was a back door. We found fifteen to twenty people already present inside, all members from the Indo-German Society and a group of intellectuals from the field of Indology. I didn't feel well because now I had given the addresses for all these people and what would happen now?

What happened was an American, Harvey Freeman, who spoke about Dadaji, and spoke, and spoke, and spoke. After one hour, I began to wonder when this Dadaji would come. Then a gentleman appeared on the scene and reclined on a bed that had been prepared. I looked at him and he looked around at the crowd, not looking at anybody in particular. Then, he lit a cigarette. I was alarmed! A Guru smoking! I was a non-smoker, but a Guru smoking! That must be something special! Very interesting.

The American went on and on and Dadaji said, "Stop." Then Dadaji asked, in unbelievably broken English, for questions. There was a chap who asked a question, I have forgotten the real content, but something about the axis of the earth and how according to Indian scriptures this globe is fixed in the universe and so on, very complicated. I didn't understand totally what he wanted to ask. Dadaji looked at him and then he started with his broken English that hardly made sense. I found myself raising my arm and I asked Dadaji, "May I try to explain in English so that you may control what I say?" After I had said this I found the situation more and more dangerous because to answer such a question, which I didn't know fully and not in my mother tongue was a little bit difficult.

So, I started and I think gave a fairly good explanation. It might have been so good because I also heard for the first time what the explanation was. This was totally new to me. The gentleman nodded and I had already forgotten what I said. It was not in my head, it was not knowledge which I had at my disposal. From that moment on I didn't watch most of the questions and answers and discussions because I was taken aback and pondering about what had happened to me. Dadaji was lying there, sometimes smiling, sometimes looking out of the window. Then there was another question and again I tried to help and it clicked.

Dadaji said all of a sudden, "Who wants to have Diksha?" I didn't know what Diksha was, but I raised my arm, as did my wife and three others. Dadaji stood up and said, "Come." So we went to the other room and the remaining people left. In the other room, Dadaji indicated for my wife and me to sit near him, one on each side, and he placed a hand on each of our heads. He said, "This should be photographed." I revolted and said, "No! No!" because I saw myself in the newspapers. Dadaji said, "It's only for me." Who knows, I thought, can you believe somebody who says it's only for me? While I was still protesting there was a silent moment and the picture was taken. What could I do? One year ago Dadaji showed me this picture and said, "Do you remember how you protested against that?"

Then we went to sit outside Dadaji's room and I was not feeling very well. On the other hand, I had the feeling this was something very special. But, my ego or my mind was a bit troubled. Abhi Bhattacharya, who travels with Dadaji, came and said, "You have to go into that

room, Dadaji is waiting." So I alone went into the room and there was Dadaji totally naked. I must confess this wasn't a shock, I found it very natural. He told me to sit down and he explained that I had to bow before a picture of Sri Satyanarayan, he didn't explain what it was. He gave me a blank paper to put between my palms and then I heard something inside myself talking. When I looked at the paper, I saw written Mahanam, two names of God. Dadaji said to always remember these names together with in-breathing and out-breathing.

Then I got a bottle of fragrant water (Charanjal), which was prepared before my eyes. It was a closed bottle of plain water and Dadaji took it in his hands and then it became opalescent. Something happened to it and after opening the bottle, a beautiful fragrance came out of it. The whole room was filled with fragrance. Then Dadaji told me, "I have come to Germany only for you." Everything was very special. I went home with a picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan. It is a print of an old man sitting on some sort of a table and depicts Him, Who is above the Creator of the Universe.



Satyanarayan picture & bottles of Charanjal

I needed some time to digest what had gone on there, so I fixed this print in a frame and put it in a niche in my room. One day I looked at this picture and all of a sudden it changed. Satyanarayan is sitting on a square cube and behind his head there's a halo. His forehead and arms formed a large radiating triangle. This triangle was sitting on the square and behind the triangle a huge sun rose. This meant a lot to me because of my Theosophical background. This form emerged from the picture as if it were in front of it.

I sat down and wrote a letter to Dadaji saying that I was not interested in all his miracles, but in his Truth, which is also our Truth. Truth is One. Then a letter came from Dadaji, a letter full of overwhelming joy. He invited me to come to Calcutta to see him and the love story started. Later in the same year, in December, I met Dadaji in India. This story shows that at a given time, which is not asked for by you, he will appear and look after you. I find myself still today always looked after by him.

To talk about Dadaji is a process which was really a lesson for me. You see, when I first was in Calcutta and had time to talk with Dadaji, I was full of concepts. I had read at that time, at least fifty percent of the Theosophical literature. Since 1956, when I first came in contact with Theosophy I didn't study other things, only being interested in that. So, I was full of dry concepts and second hand knowledge. That is, I had a knowledge of the experiences of others. In this situation, Dadaji came along and today I know if I would have gone on without him, I would have come into very dangerous states because I was doing a lot of experiments and practices which one shouldn't do alone.

The first three days alone with Dadaji in Calcutta he asked questions and I had to give answers. I found out that nearly all the words I said were really dry mind stuff. And, he explained things really patiently. I first had to throw away everything I knew before. What he said was really totally new. Since then, I've met Dadaji once or twice a year and had a lot of experiences, experiences of bi-location, healing, a lot of things. He saved my life, twice. All these things happened very naturally and I have so many tokens of his love. I hoped that I mirrored this in my way, that I came nearer to an understanding of what, of course, cannot be understood.

One day in Calcutta, Dadaji was together with about thirty people from universities for a Sunday gathering at his house. He told me to sit next to him on his bed. Then he explained something and I had the feeling Dadaji wasn't one hundred percent correct. So, I told Dadaji, "It is like this." That was the only time I have seen Dadaji furious and I was the cause. He glared at me and shouted, "Will you say I am a liar?" I said, "No, no, no." I was feeling so very small. Then

he said to me, "You tell something." Well, what could I tell? I found this not a good experience. Dadaji was then helpful, but it was not good.

Then, when I met him the next time in London, he approached me again while in public and said, "Now, you tell something." All the time my feeling was this, I have come to Dadaji with so many questions. I was full of question marks. He doesn't give answers. When I left London I was, at least on this one point, very disappointed. Instead of being together longer with Dadaji, I had to talk a lot.

You see, with Dadaji it's like this. You come and you wait to see him. There are so many things that you want to discuss with him. Now, you come into his room and he looks at you and asks, "How was the flight?" "How is your family?" And, he goes on and on and on in this way. You have no opportunity to come down to or up to wisdom. You have to remind yourself that this is your elder brother and he is very much interested in your well-being. An elder brother is a member of the family, so you will talk family affairs first. Sometimes there is no second, at least for me. That was one lesson for me, the second is this. To my disappointment, there are no corrections, so I didn't know if what I said was correct or not. Sometimes I had the feeling I was used as a time killer, as an entertainer or something. I think that this all was part and parcel of the lessons I had to learn. It was very egoistic to want to have answers. It might have been that the time was not ripe for answers. I don't know whether you have experienced this or not, but you may have a bundle of questions and you come in the presence of Dadaji, in that moment while you are in front of him, all of a sudden you have the feeling the questions you have are really silly questions. So, you go away without having asked the questions and you wonder why you didn't. After a short time you discover those questions have been answered by themselves.

What do we have to learn? I think most answers to our questions are already there with us inside. But, we have no patience to listen to what is inside. We are running around asking how is it with this and that and so on, and the wisdom which comes through the ears is second hand wisdom. The wisdom which grows from within, that is your wisdom. You cannot own wisdom, but it is something which is done by yourself. The time came when I understood that.

Speaking before gatherings at Dadaji's prompting, seemed to be a special training, but I have to learn another lesson. Being a professor, I know that when I have to give a lecture it would be best to make notes, at least an outline of the beginning, middle and end. Whenever Dadaji warned me in advance, and he didn't all the time, then I tried to find a silent corner to do something on a slip of paper, so that I might say things that made some sense. Mostly, in ninety percent of all cases when Dadaji said, "Now come and you say something," I had forgotten the paper or there was no opportunity to find it. Today I know that you need an empty mind to talk about Dadaji. Because, it is like this, in my private vocabulary, Dadaji is the Incarnation of



Peter and Dadaji sharing a good laugh at Utsav 1986

Love. And, to talk about Dadaji and the philosophy of Dadaji, that is, the philosophy of love, you only can talk with a loving heart. You have to, as Dadaji says, be full to the brim and ready to overflow. This state is not there when you try to prepare something, for then you are staging yourself and this is not the Truth.

I think all ideas which one can utter about Dadaji are there already. They come. And, my experiences are not "my" experiences; thoughts are not "my" thoughts. All these things are copyrighted by Him. There's no property in Truth. The more one comes in contact with Dadaji, the humbler one becomes, because one has to understand that we can do nothing. We are really

helpless and because we are helpless, we go around asking for help. In that moment where there is a demand for help, there is a supply of help, and demand and supply form a market. So all parts of our take and give society come in. We are craving for security and others are selling the security bonds. We are helpless, we can do nothing, because what we do we are not doing according to a so-called "free will." When you look at your own decisions, where you could choose between this and between that, when you look based on the aspect of whether these were really decisions of "free will," you will find when you go deeper and deeper to the heart of these decisions, that there was something which made you decide this or that. Only on the surface it appears as if you can decide this or that. One who knows you very well, will tell you, you couldn't do anything else but decide this, because of your birth, because of your education, because of the situation, because of so many things. So, if it is like this, we can do nothing which would bring us out of this network, out of what the Buddha calls Samsara.



Uta and Peter Meyer-Dohm with Dada in Brussels Belgium 1983

Dadaji says, "Do your duty, but always remember Him." Duty in this respect means that we are in this social, economic, personal, psychological network, so we have to look around and everybody who looks around with open eyes will see what his or her duty is. You will see you have a lot of duties to your family, to your work and so on, enough to fill your day. "Do your duty." Why? Because duty gives us the opportunity to forget ourselves in the doing. We all know situations where it is fascinating to do something. The first thing we find out is that time is no more the time which goes on slowly, hour by hour. Now we say, "That was one hour?" Subjective time

is very short, because we have forgotten time. Second, we have forgotten ourselves because it was so interesting to do this work or duty. For those who have some understanding, there's a Karma Yoga that says, do your things not looking at the rewards, but because they have to be done. This is another helpful hint with Dadaji's message to do your duty.

"Always remember Him," is also a very old idea, but Dadaji says, "You cannot remember Him." To remember, that means to write down that tomorrow morning I should do this or that. Or, I should remember, "Oh, yes, He." No. What Dadaji means when he says, "Remember Him," is not this mental process. "Remember Him," means to become again one with Him. Now, if you could with your will become One with Him, you would have access to Him that you don't have. Only He can become One with you. And so, to "Remember Him," means that Mahanam wells up from your heart. Dadaji says, "He is sitting in your heart singing Mahanam twenty-four hours a day, making love to you twenty-four hours a day." But, we are not aware of this, at least not the full twenty-four hours. There's one part in the day where we are in Him and mind is gone. That is in deep sleep. But, when mind is there, it is clouded by forgetfulness. Then like a fountain in a lake, Mahanam comes up and the surface of the lake is purified by that. So, Mahanam comes. That is what it is to "Remember Him."

Now most Mantra dealers tell you that you have to take the Mantra before breakfast, maybe standing on your head, and also in the evening. There have to be strict rules, so you become occupied with that. Dadaji has a lot of words for this; he really speaks against such things and against the practice of selling Mantras, because they will not help. It's like selling a car which has no engine. You are occupied with it all the time, but you don't go anywhere. This Mantra business is only successful because it is so very difficult to understand and accept that you can do nothing.

As long as humanity has not learned to surrender and to understand that techniques which have brought us to the moon and other planets; techniques which have brought us our civilization; techniques which, by the way, have caused a lot of ecological problems; that these techniques "to

do" and to know "how to do" cannot be done in respect to this one goal....He; as long as we don't learn this, things will go on and on and on.



Dadaji discusses Peter's book at Utsav 1985 Calcutta

Surrender to love. That is Dadaji's message. Now, "how to do" that! Surrender to love. You see, it is so very difficult to surrender to love because it is in our blood, through many, many generations, even since the Stone Age, to "do" something, not to wait. The complexity of dangers we are facing at the moment in this world is because we are not able to wait. That means to look at processes, to wait patiently until the time is ripe. We cannot wait, we want to accelerate, we want to promote progress. As we have discovered outer space, we are now discovering the inner space. It will lead us to such a success as the discovery of outer space and the one thing which might come

out of this is that our planet is a beautiful blue star, as Buckminster Fuller said, "space ship earth," and we are left here and cannot escape. When we say that we can do nothing, we need patience and patience is the most important virtue Dadaji talks about. Patience doesn't mean to wait for a thing to happen. For what do you want to wait? Not waiting for He Who will come, no, in that moment where you wait, you wait for a thing to happen and you have an idea of what will come.

Seekers for the Truth often say, "I am searching. I'm on the path to a goal which leads there." I think you only can search for a thing which you know, at least to some extent. Imagine yourself running around and somebody comes to you and says, "What are you doing?" You say, "I am searching." "What are you searching for?" You say, "I don't know." You will end up in a psychiatric clinic. To search means to have a conception of what will come. One who is searching for a thing is a discontented person. How can you be discontented when He all the time is with you? You might not feel that all the time, but He is here. And, this must be the underlying idea when you try to be patient.

I know what it means to be patient. I know how it is in normal life, you have a lot to do in your business, you have this project and that project. You are doing this and that, and there is a party and so you go there, and after some time of all these things, you feel that this "Always remember Him," was forgotten for some time. That you have been for some time in the desert, and you feel sad about it. Out of this sadness grows the desire to change that state, and that is a longing you feel. This longing itself is already He.

Now go back. Before longing, the stage was sadness, the stage before was forgetfulness and then previous to that was an oasis of remembrance in the desert. All this is He, and you have to have it all. How will you witness this feeling, this longing for Him, the longing of a loving Soul, if you have not? Going through this cycle again and again, you learn that He is near, your nearest and dearest, as Dadaji says, always there. When I look at Dadaji, I know that he is always in Him. To be always in Him means that he, Dadaji, is the Incarnation of Him and He is Love. God is Love and one who remains in Love, remains in Him.

This understanding is for me so very important. We are all, everybody, in different I wouldn't say stages, but we have different experiences. In that moment, where you look at people, through their eyes, with such an awareness you will see that through the eyes of everybody, He is looking at you. I think this is a most wonderful thing.

To love is a self-nourishing process. It is a thing which is growing by doing it. When you love, you have to love more. Why? Because love is mirrored by the eyes of the other. That means it comes back, and goes out, and comes back, and so on. There's nothing in life which is growing more and more and more. When we understand this, we have understood something of a miracle,

that is, why love grows out of itself. I bring this idea together with Him, Who is with me and with you, of course, and Who is singing His Name, which is the expression of His Love, all the time. It is an overwhelming love which is there, stored in us. We only have to open the bottle and it comes out. Through this love we come to a deeper awareness of the meaning of life.

You see, there are so many misconceptions of love. But what I refer to here is in Greek called "Agape," in Sanskrit called "Bhakti." It is His Love and it is at the same time the deepest Wisdom. Wisdom and Love are One. Misconceptions about love and sex are in the Tantras, not a total misunderstanding because in that moment where you see that Love permeates the whole universe, is in everything, it will be there in many, many forms, also in sex. But, that Love which is He, that Love is a white Light. In that moment where you feel along these lines, you look at Dadaji as the greatest gift. I know that Dadaji, with whatever he says and does, is one hundred percent correct. I know that I will never understand what some try to understand and which is understandable, that is, His Love. There's only one thing left to say. I think that there is no higher Religion on earth than Truth. And, Truth is Love.



Dadaji and Peter at Utsav 1988



Dadaji garlands Peter at 1988 Utsav

Talk given in April 1987 in Los Angeles, California USA by Prof Dr Peter Meyer-Dohm

For a long time I planned to come to the states. And last Utsav, in 1986, it became urgent because Dadaji said, "You go to America." So I planned to come here this week, but when this week came nearer and nearer, it seemed impossible to come here. Then I learned in between two business appointments one Sunday and one Saturday, there was a full week and so I am here now. To speak about experiences with Dadaji is to some extent difficult because one cannot convey in words what is taking place in an experience and an encounter with Dadaji. For me, Dadaji is Love Incarnate. And, this idea came into my mind when I first met him in Calcutta. This was in December 1978. I was full of hesitation. I didn't know what I would find because I only had met him in Germany before and only for some hours one afternoon in Dr. Khetani's house.

When I came to Dadaji's house on Prince Anwar Shah Road, I had a feeling very difficult to describe. Inside there is a staircase and as I went up the stairs, he disappeared in the upper floor. Suddenly it was as if he was crying something which made me run upstairs and rush into his arms. This embrace was something which was so wonderful. We were standing in a cloud of Fragrance and this Fragrance, also didn't leave me when I was back in the hotel or in between in the restaurant. I was always in a cloud of Dadaji's Fragrance and I found out what it was. His two hands were imprinted on the back of my jacket in fragrant, honey-like nectar.

Three days of conversations followed, in the mornings, afternoons and evenings. I said many, many silly things, really silly things, because I had no real idea. But, Dadaji, Mr. H.P. Roy and Dr. Lalit Pandit were very helpful. When I left Dadaji on the last day, I think I had a little bit of understanding. I was a little bit disappointed on the last day when Dadaji said, "You go." And, that was it. We embraced each other and it was not the farewell as I thought it would be after three full days. I had a wish in my mind. Being in Calcutta, I thought it would be good to have a look at Mother Teresa, already in 1978 known all over the world, and I wanted very much to see her orphanage. This was impossible because I had to go to the airport.

Near the airport a pilot came along the road and my new Indian friend, Mr. Walia, stopped and asked him what was the matter. He said, "You need not go to the airport, the plane is four hours late." I told Mr. Walia, "Could we not go and look for Mother Teresa during this four hours?" He said, "I don't know where she is, but there are some houses so I'll go there." We went to the place where he thought Mother Teresa could be and stopped his car outside. I'll never forget. It was a big green door with a small door inside. He went across the street and I remained in the car. He went through the green small door and came out motioning for me to come quickly.



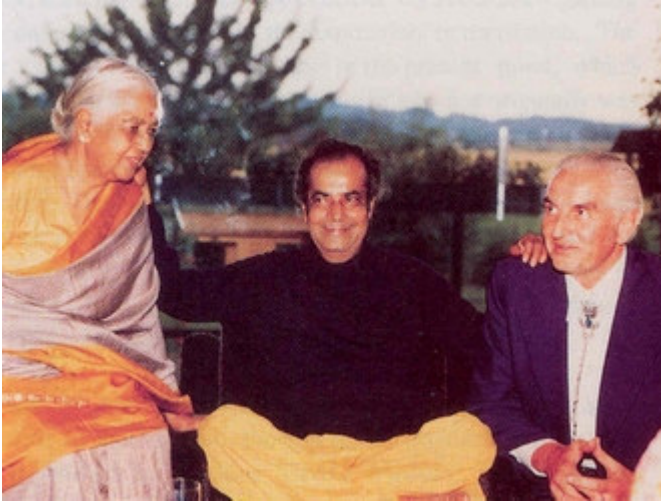
Mother Teresa
(1910-1997)

I went and there was Mother Teresa unloading a cart full of bags of rice. I remember her to be a very frail old lady and she looked at me and said, "Look what the Lord has given us today." I introduced myself and asked her whether I could see her orphanage. Of course, the orphanage was just in that house, so we went through it. Some time was left and we went to Mr. Walia's flat. I rang up Dadaji and told him, "Look! I have to tell you the plane was late and I have seen Mother Teresa." He laughed and laughed and laughed. We had a very nice farewell at that time and only later I understood that he wanted to fulfill this one wish connected with a certain message. Pondering about all this, I found out the difference between love and charity.

Everything that happens with Dadaji has an inner meaning. There is nothing, not a single word which is without meaning. Very often you discover after a long time, it may be after years, what it has meant for you. And, so it is very important always to be with Dadaji with open eyes and to remember everything. It might be that some things are only said once and you shouldn't miss anything.

This was my first Indian experience with Dadaji. I remember one other thing during this first visit. He told me, "Now you go have your lunch." And, he told Mr. H.P. Roy, "You bring him to a restaurant and there they have wonderful chicken." I said, "Oh, Dadaji, I am a vegetarian." He said, "You should start first eating more eggs and then come down to meat." I started crying. He looked at me and then he said, "Why do you cry?" I said, "Look, I love animals." In that moment, he changed totally. He told Mr. Roy, "You are responsible that it is pure vegetarian food." This has another meaning, you can't enter heaven through the kitchen door. Whatever you eat is He and to my understanding, it doesn't matter, really matter, what you eat. But in that moment when you have hesitation, you should also earnestly follow such an inner feeling. At that moment you, as a vegetarian, are confronted with meat, it also doesn't matter.

These are the small messages which come. I went then to Madras (India) to attend a conference. In the evening I was swimming at the shore. Now I am not a good swimmer and although I knew it was a little bit dangerous to swim there I was going out to the sand bank and enjoying it. But, on the way back a huge wave came and I nearly drowned. There was a lot of turbulence in the water and so I cried out, "Dadaji, help!" And, whether you believe it or not, before me to the sand there was a broad way of water without any waves. So, I could swim and come out of it.



Rukmini Devi Arundale, Dada, Peter Hoffman
at Peter's home in Bochum Germany 1980

At the same spot five years later a similar thing happened. I was bathing with my twin children and all of a sudden my son lost ground under his feet and the waves were too tall for him. A friend, Peter Hoffman, came out with a surfboard and rescued my son, but I myself was lost. I tried to struggle as hard as I could and that same moment I had only this feeling of Dadaji who should come. Not the same thing, but nearly the same thing happened. All of a sudden I found that a new sand bank had been formed and when I came out of the water I was so overwhelmed because it was so clear for me that this was the second time being rescued.

I think that it is your own truth when you go through such experiences. You cannot prove it to others. There are no witnesses having seen it. But, there is something which is incredible in such experiences, and these experiences are not only my experiences. There are a large number of other people who have had similar experiences. By this you will find out that at least there are some moments in life, sometimes hours, sometimes days, where you really can do nothing. You have to be rescued. But, what I think is more important is that we learn that we all have to be rescued from our selfish idea that we are able really to decide and to do things. This is totally selfish. I believe that we really can do nothing. He does everything. This to me is the gist of my experiences with Dadaji. It is so much against our Western concept of freedom of will and responsibilities that I sometimes hesitate to talk about it.

To give some examples for this view which, of course, is also Dadaji's view as far as I can see. When you get sick your body starts to struggle for health. Very often I have seen people who under the impression of their sickness become so much concerned with their body that they forget everything. I had the great gift to become very, very sick. It was a thrombosis which was neglected over more than one week and when the doctor come to know about that, I had to be brought very fast into the hospital. After some minutes I was under total medical control. This came from one day to the other. It was a gift because I had to learn that my body was given to me, not my property, but something which was given to me. That means to understand that "I" am not this body.

The most astonishing fact was this. The first minute I was in the hospital in the emergency unit, that Mahanam started. Mahanam starts. When you remember the ceremony of Mahanam with Dadaji, then Mahanam has two ways to be witnessed by you. The first is you see it on paper. The second, it wells up from within and can be heard from within. It is something which you cannot produce. Of course, you can go on saying, "Gopal Govinda, Gopal Govinda," with your mind, but that is not Mahanam. Mahanam is what comes by itself and when I say Mahanam started, it was something which came by itself and looking back, I have the impression that it went on for days and weeks, all the time. Astonishingly, under very high fever and a lot of complications and dangerous moments through and after a surgical operation which had to be done, all the time I was in a wonderful mood, feeling no fear at all.

Mahanam was there all the time and when this camel is trotting through the desert between the oasis' of Mahanam, then sometimes I have the feeling I should take sick again because this was so wonderful. I think everything could have happened and it would have been easily accepted because I was enveloped in love.

During this time my wife, Uta, tried to reach Dadaji. It was not possible. Today I think very often that it was not possible because I had to be forced to learn that Dadaji is all the time with us. He is not only with us when we telephone him or he is near us, but also he is all the time with us in His Name. So I only reached him when the crisis was over after four or five weeks in the hospital. Shortly after this I met him in Brussels, Belgium. I remember talking to him about this wonderful experience and I said I would have accepted everything. He got very angry with me and he said this is a wrong attitude, not to accept it because you need a healthy body and it is your duty to do your best. Then Dadaji said, "I have to look after it." Two days later I was on the plane to London to see Dr. Sexena as Dadaji arranged.

These experiences illustrate that we can do nothing. We cannot avoid sickness. We have to go through it and we have to do our best not to come into some fatalistic idea that, "I will accept everything." But, we have to work together with nature so that we are able afterward to do our duty. Life is full of such experiences and today I think that everything is connected with Dadaji, everything happens with him. It must be like this because we are in him and he is in us and we cannot be separated. It is like this. He is also here, he is with us wherever we travel.

Sometimes it is easy to say this, as in this moment when we are all gathered together here in Los Angeles. Sometimes it is a little more difficult. When you have understood that you cannot come to him by a certain technique, that means when you follow the golden path of patience, then there are stretches of time which I have called desert land. In them you need water bags full of hope to cross this desert. There in the desert you can also experience wonderful things when you can't see the next watering place. You feel very thirsty, then out of this situation grows an inner longing for him. You experience that He already is the longing and, that to come into this position to long for Him, you must have had before some inner distance from Him. So, He also is the distance. But, what is most important is this longing. Sometimes I think that the longing is more important than the fulfillment. This inner longing that is when Lord Krishna is sitting in the forest and he is listening for the tinkling of the anklets of Radha who is coming near and going away.

The deepest lesson I ever got from Dadaji was given with the help of a box of matches and a box of Wills cigarettes. Dadaji took the two items, one in each hand, and said, "Do you know what life is?" I said, "No." And then repeated a motion bringing the two boxes together, then apart, together, then apart....again and again. Steady attraction. It is the energy between the poles. You cannot be attracted all the time. There must also be something which is the same as out breathing. This "not coming together," that it isn't; it's a steady attraction, and again attraction, and again attraction. What we have to learn is that to be with Him is not only the moment of fulfillment where you have Him in your arms, it is also the longing for this moment and it is also the other time before. This all belongs together. Everything is He. There is not a second where you are alone because it is all One. You are never alone. And, this is I think the most wonderful message.



Dadaji lighting a Wills cigarette
at Utsav in Calcutta 1978

I said that Dadaji is Love Incarnate. Love is He. I cannot love Him, He loves me. And what I can do is only to be thankful, to respond in thankfulness and thus mirror back his love. What does it mean "my" love? This isn't "my" love, it is not "my" life. It is a thing which I cannot

command and you also cannot command love. Either you love or you love not. And, I think this is a wonderful thing, that the most important thing in life, love, cannot be commanded by us. It comes. Love really happens and we do not know how to manage it. We do not know how to set the stage so that it will happen. It comes or it comes not. We have to accept it. That means that if it is like this, that wherever we witness love or wherever we sense love, we witness Him at work and we sense Him. So it is with love.

But, there's so much unseen love and unwitnessed love going on. The whole universe is sustained by love. At the basis of everything is love and everything is stuffed with love. What we call creation is born out of sheer love, overflowing love, only we are not able to understand this. But Dadaji does.

Love is not always a thing which directly seems to benefit you. "He loves me and so I get this and this." Love as you can experience it with Dadaji is sheer radiance. And, when you see him on videotape as we did earlier, you see one typical thing. Dadaji is sitting there, others are reporting things and, mostly with an earnest face, Dadaji seems to listen or not. For me he is; he is there, and that it is. It is his presence. That is very important to understand.

When we talk about time we are always talking about the past and the future. Continuously we are going from the past into the future. We cross this tiny, tiny threshold which we call present. This present is bridged by time. We are not aware of it. Only in such lucky moments where we are reached by His Love, we fall into this region where present is and where He is present. We fall out of time. And, because time is not conceivable without space, because time is movement in space, we also fall out of space. Or, in other words, we open up to everything around. There's only one basis of this experience and that is Love.

Love is much more than to care for a person, much more than to be "in love" with somebody. Love is a category of existence. It is the basis of everything. Dadaji is somebody who is, by his being Dadaji our Elder Brother, bringing us the Gospel of Love.

Sometimes I have the feeling that it is very difficult to talk about Dadaji. Very early during my first visit in Calcutta in 1978, Dadaji asked me to talk about him and his philosophy. During the following years, very often he said, "Tell something." I always had the feeling that Dadaji himself is such an important message as a person. He's already a message, that is, it not needed to make comments on Dadaji. We are not able to describe to one who never smelled Dadaji's Fragrance what it is like. So, one is striving to convey an inner Truth or inner feeling in words and these words are really too poor to carry what one has to say. On the other hand, it is a wonderful thing to talk about Dadaji because then he is very near. To talk about Dadaji cannot be programmed. It comes. It is some sort of Thanksgiving to Him, Who is filling life to the fullest.

Dadaji of course is a person, Amiya Roy Chowdhury, living in Calcutta. He has his identity and, I guess, identity cards. At the same time he's something more. But, we are all something more. If it is true that He is in our hearts, in the heart of everybody; if it is like this, then there is a Principle with us. Then there is a Fire within us which is greater than our names, greater than our masks, something looking through the eye holes of our bodily masks. And, that is He. In that moment where you see this, you meet people in the street and everywhere, you look into their eyes, and that is He. So, there is on the one hand, Dada the Elder Brother, and on the other, that for which Dada stands. He is looking after us all the time and under all circumstances.

To end with one experience: It was in 1979 when I, together with my family, went to India. Of course, first we went to Calcutta to visit Dadaji. During these days my son fell a little bit sick. When we were on the plane to Madras, he came into a crisis. The stewardess asked for a doctor to look after the child and of course, a doctor was on the plane. But, before all this happened I had a very interesting experience.

While sitting on the plane I had my newspapers on the empty seat next to me. I smelled Dada's Fragrance, so I moved the papers so he could come sit down. Invisible, I didn't see him and it was for only a short moment I was aware of him. He said, and I could understand it very clearly although I don't remember whether it came through my ear or from within, "Don't worry. Nothing will happen." Then he disappeared. This was shortly before landing in Hyderabad. Two or

three minutes later my wife came and said, "Johannes is very sick." The doctor looked after him and when we landed in Madras, a friend of ours was waiting for us and he had the feeling not to wait with only one car but to ask his friend also to wait with a second car. Therefore, we could use one car for my boy to lie down and we went to the hostel where we had our rooms.

It was an unpleasant night and in the morning while we were sitting in the hall of this hostel I said to my wife, "The first thing I have to do is look for a doctor." One minute after I mentioned this, a voice outside said, "Is Dr. Meyer-Dohm here?" I said, "Yes, that's me." This was a German lady and she said, "Yes, I am a doctor. I want to see you." I said, "We are looking for a doctor." This lady, an expert in Shiatzu, had a look at my son and said, "No, no, this is not important. I first have to cure the mother then at the same moment the child also will recover." Now this had a pre-history. We had planned this sabbatical semester in India for a long time but my wife had to have four or five operations, so it was not clear for us whether or not we would come. When we came to India, Dadaji told me, "Your wife is still not okay. You should look after her." Now this German doctor showed up and said, "I want to cure your wife." She was talking about a Japanese method of Shiatzu totally unknown to me. She said it is impossible to do it on an iron bed, it has to be on a wooden bed. So we brought a wooden bed into my wife's room. She told me to remain outside, she would do it and she locked the door.

I was sitting next to the breakfast table and I thought, "What's that?" In that moment Dadaji came in, just as real as he enters into this room. He went through the room and went through the door into my wife's room. I say through the door because the door was locked and also the door through which he came was locked. I had the feeling, "Wonderful, he is here." Only after awhile I thought, "He didn't open either door." I was so taken aback by all this, at the moment I took it for granted.

My wife and son were fully cured and later I called Dadaji and wrote a letter to him telling what happened on the plane and since. He told me on the phone and wrote in a letter, "Of course, that was I. I had been there. Is there any difference between you in Madras and me in Calcutta? There's no difference."

It is very difficult to tell such a story to people who don't know Dadaji. To be honest, I don't even try it because there will be arguments and discussions. And, through arguments and discussions you cannot convey the meaning I want to convey here. What I tell you are really true experiences. They are as true as I am sitting here talking to you and after you have gone through such experiences, life changes. Sometimes I also have the feeling that this is also the message of the miracles of Dadaji. We are saying this is impossible, the watch coming out of the air, engravings under the watch glass and other stories about Dadaji. Why is it impossible? The mind is the judge and says, "This is possible, this is not possible." This is because, we want to be in control of the possible and all our research is, at the core, nothing else but attempts to control things. It is power and behind that, it is the search for security. We want to be on the safe side. Miraculous experiences are only disturbing. There are more things between heaven and earth than we think. What we know are fragments, but He is a whole. And, to have a glimpse of the wholeness, of the holiness, that is what we can have through Dadaji.

There is one thing that cannot be wrought and which will expand. That is Truth. The message of Dadaji will spread. To me this is the only message in this world which will help us to overcome all the difficult times which are before us. It is a message that one has to surrender. It is a message against the hubris (exaggerated pride) of those who think they are the doer. It is the message of Love, and that means it is the message of uttermost freedom. It is the message of Life.

To obtain Peter's book "The Fragrance of The Heart - Encounters with Dadaji" or contact him:

Prof Dr Peter Meyer-Dohm, Am Gutspark 8, D-38162 Cremlingen-Destedt, Germany

Phone + 49 - (0) 5306-911277 Fax +49 - (0) 5306-911279

Email: pmd25430@aol.com

5 Twenty Years with Shri Dadaji

I came, I saw, I loved, I served, and made my exit

by Mrs Roma Mukerjee Melrose

I met Shri Dadaji in the year 1967 in my homeland Calcutta, India. I had no interest in guru's, yogi's and saints, in fact I disliked and distrusted them. I would never have met Shri Dadaji if I hadn't accidentally met him while I was visiting the home of one of my college friends. It was love at first sight, such a dear man, sparkling with personality, bubbling with humor and life. Instantly I decided to dedicate my life and service to his cause: The Truth Absolute. Over the years I came to accompany Shri Dadaji on many of his tours about India and around the world.



Roma and Dada 1977

I was in charge of his correspondence and since he required a special diet I also cooked for him. Mainly three of us traveled together, Shri Dadaji, Mr. Abhi Bhattacharya, a film star from Bombay, and myself. Our travels took us to the United States, many places in Europe and over most of India.



Roma preparing Dadaji's breakfast 1986



Dadaji's dinner prepared by Roma 1988



Dada & Roma 1984 Boulder Colorado

I do not think it possible for me to write anything new about Shri Dadaji. I have been very close to him all these twenty years, Shri Dadaji is all divine love. He is so simple that he is all the more difficult to understand. It is easier to love him than try to understand him, to lead one's self to a willing suspension of disbelief rather than to judge him. During the course of my association with Shri Dadaji I had the chance on many occasions to witness the miracles, but they never held any special interest for me; all the places we visited and all the people we met, even these did not have any special attraction for me. The thing that appealed to me most was the person Shri Dadaji. He is such a loving man a miracle in itself, very attractive, with a magnetic smile. His philosophy "Truth is one, language is one, mankind is one" is so very simple, but it is also very subtle and very difficult to understand. It is much easier and much safer to feel Shri Dadaji's philosophy, to live it, rather than to try and understand it or analyze it.

It is never dull, being around Shri Dadaji. He loves to keep people off balance. For example if a person comes to him who is very sure of their own self importance it is likely that Shri Dadaji will totally ignore them while showering all his attention on some lowly humble individual till this humble individual is made just miserable and uncomfortable with all the special attention and praise. The next instant the situation can be totally reversed. There does not seem to be any pattern or special reason to his actions, it is as if it is all to satisfy some special weird sense of humor. As another example: There was a couple who were coming to see Shri Dadaji, they were having some difficulties getting along with one another, the wife was very jealous, and always accused the man of seeing other women. On one day the man came alone to

see Shri Dadaji, the next day the woman came to see him, Shri Dadaji asked the woman “Who was the beautiful woman who came with your husband yesterday?” The following day the man came running to Shri Dadaji asking “Why did you say these things to my wife yesterday, you have put me in great trouble at home!” Shri Dadaji answered “I wanted you to come and see me today.” That was all Shri Dadaji would say on the subject to him. After the man left, still in great distress, Shri Dadaji seemed exceptionally pleased with himself. A few days later the man came again to see Shri Dadaji, and told him his wife apologized to him and would try to be less jealous.

His Leela (divine play) is beyond human understanding. In my case, I have been caught up in it for at least the last twenty years, maybe longer. When I was in college and became of marrying age, my parents made several attempts at arranging a marriage for me. I successfully foiled all their plans, wanting to pick my own husband if I ever decided to marry at all. After I met Shri Dadaji all thoughts of ever marrying left me completely. My service to Shri Dadaji was very time consuming, I was writing as many as 50 letters a week for him, traveling between two and three months a year with him, and keeping a full time employment at the Reserve Bank of India, which just covered my traveling expenses. There was no time in my life for a husband or family, I didn't even feel that I was missing anything. This went on for almost twenty years.



Roma, Ann, Dada and Tom 1986
in Rocky Mountains, Colorado

Even Shri Dadaji wouldn't dare to try to arrange a marriage for me. He knew that that was the one thing he could do that could drive me away from him. Then suddenly during the summer of 1987, while traveling in the United States everything changed for me. I suddenly found myself thinking of marriage, of changing my life, and of a man who has been coming to see Shri Dadaji for the last eight years. Mr. Thomas O. Melrose has been close to Shri Dadaji, coming to see Shri Dadaji on our visits to the United States and also coming to India several times. We had spent time in his home in Colorado, on several occasions during our tours. I knew that Mr. Melrose had been looking for an Indian wife for many years, I had even made suggestions on several occasions of possible wives for him. But it was not possible to make any arrangements for him because of cultural differences between the United States and India.

When we arrived in Los Angeles, and were staying with Hareesh Jambusaria, a very successful Immigration Lawyer, Mr. Melrose came to visit Shri Dadaji. I asked two friends of mine Ann Mills and Judy Maltese to approach Mr. Melrose with the idea of a marriage to me. Mr. Melrose was very surprised at first, then he quickly agreed. In 1988 I returned to the United States without telling anyone except my parents and my Godfather (Mr. G. T. Kamdar of Bombay) and we were married.

In July 1988 we visited Shri Dadaji (photo at right) and received his enthusiastic blessings. How it was possible for me to completely change my mind about marriage, leave my family, my work, and my close association with Shri Dadaji, I will never understand, but I feel it must have been His will and His sense of humor. I am very happy in my new life, I have no regrets, and still Shri Dadaji is with me every day of my life, even if I can only see him occasionally now.



Dada with Roma and Tom
Melrose in Los Angeles

Your sister in Shri Dadaji's love,
Mrs. Roma Mukherji Melrose
Boulder, Colorado USA

Letter to Dadaji

by Bruce Kell
Strathfield, Australia
26th August, 1976

Beloved Sri Dadaji,

What a surprise I received when Brian McLeod called on me today and gave me your personal message and told me about his visit to Dadaji. He also told me of the Elder Brother ceremony and he handed to me a medallion of "Inner Truth" which had been materialized for me.

It was exciting to be able to speak to Brian McLeod about his visit to Dadaji because I could relive those happy days of my visit to Dadaji last year. Brian is a very practical fellow, so I gave him a framed picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan because I had one available. The picture is a very large one.



I immediately placed the medallion on a chain around my neck and I noted that the medallion was silver in color. However, I have just taken the chain from around my neck and I have just taken another look at the medallion and it is now changing into gold. What does this mean? How is this possible? You can see how excited I am because of the mistakes I am making in my spelling and typing. In fact, if I were asked originally, I would have said the medallion could have been fairly dull silver in color, more like aluminum, nickel or pewter. I have just taken another look at the medallion and yes, it is no longer that dull silver in color but it is changing into shiny gold.

What a surprise! What can I say? Is it a miracle? Whatever it may be, and I mean whatever it may be to scientists or theologians or to psychologists or to metallurgists, to me it is a blessing from the Truth within, from Sri Sri Satyanarayan. May God be praised.

So here I am in Sydney, thousands of miles from Calcutta, and you have kindly sent me a personal message through dear Brian McLeod. This was a message in words, but it has now become a solid message which I shall always remember because of the medallion of "Truth within" which changed from dull silver color to shiny gold. Sri Sri Satyanarayan is always present, omnipresent, omniscient and omnipotent. Salutations and felicitations.

Fraternally,
Bruce

7 Life with Dadaji

by Judith Maltese, BS., MA
Long Beach, California, USA

I was at a gathering many years ago when, in the middle of a philosophical discussion, a woman suddenly poked her finger in my chest, fixed me with a piercing look and said, "Who are you?" I was taken aback and began to babble, "mother....wife....teacher...." Then she stopped me with, "No, who are you really?" I had no answer. The question frightened me! I realized I did not know the answer to this most fundamental question. That began a life-long search to discover the Truth, which ultimately brought me into the presence of Dadaji in 1981.

By the time I met him, I had already explored every avenue open to me: organized religion, popular psychology, academic studies, psychotherapy, psychedelic drugs, metaphysics, meditation, mysticism and esoteric forms of yoga. Periodically, when the opportunity presented itself, I went to see those Gurus who had convinced the Western world that they had the answers, hoping perhaps they possessed an answer for me. My life continued to flounder and I struggled to find meaning and purpose in it to no avail.

Then I had a dream. I dreamed of a Master who looked upon the world with eyes of selfless love, eyes devoid of all wanting, eyes which told me he held the key for which I was searching. As he disappeared from my dream, he communicated to me not to worry, he would return. A few weeks later, I was introduced to Dadaji by a business colleague whose only instructions, when I pressed for information about him, were to come to him without any expectations.

With great trepidation, I went to the private home where Dadaji was staying. My search thus far had revealed nothing of the inner Truth. I had experienced a few moments, glimpses of what one might call Universal Love, but they had been fleeting and had left me more confused, lost and alone than before. My expectation, which I could not dispel, was that Dadaji would be another in a long string of disappointments.



Judy and Dada 1984 Los Angeles

When, after a short wait, I was presented to a small Indian man dressed in a simple Lungi and tshirt, reclining on an ordinary bed, without any of the pomp and circumstance surrounding the other Gurus I had met, I was surprised to find myself feeling overwhelmed, childlike and rather foolish!

All of my critical faculties had disappeared, in fact the circuits of my brain appeared to be jammed and I found myself unable to think clearly. I was acutely aware of Dadaji's Fragrance and vaguely wondered if he dipped his fingers in scented oil. But the Fragrance had an intoxicating effect and I didn't much care about analyzing its source at that moment. We talked, but I remember little of what was said. Then, he asked me if I wished to receive Mahanam and without knowing what it meant, I concurred. Immediately Dadaji went through the simple Mahanam ritual. I was handed a small blank piece of paper. He told me to bow before the image of Sri Satyanarayan and to place the paper between my forehead and the floor. He indicated for me to look at the paper and on his instruction, I repeated the two words that miraculously appeared on the paper. Once more he indicated that I should touch my forehead to the paper and when I arose Mahanam had disappeared. The paper was blank. Even as I wondered what was happening, I felt my heart open and tears poured down my cheeks. I knew I had come Home.

I returned often to see Dadaji, bringing numerous friends and talking to others who had seen him, trying to understand who he was and what had happened to me. There were, of course,

no answers. Everyone's experience was different. No one could explain him. The more I heard, the more confused I became. But, certain words were threaded through the conversations....God, Love, Truth.

Dadaji told me to bring a jar of pure water on my second visit. It was easy to comply, I was eager to please him. I sterilized a jar and filled it with distilled water. When I arrived, he was in the living room talking with a group of people. The room seemed to vibrate with Love and I felt a surge of inexplicable happiness fill my heart. It was impossible not to smile. Before I could join the group, he got up and came toward me. He gently took the jar from my hands, held it for a moment in blessing and gave it back to me. I opened it and to my amazement, the distilled water had become beautifully fragrant. He ignored my astonishment and brushing aside my questions, said, "Use it whenever you feel. It might be useful." It proved to be more "useful" than I ever could have imagined!

Dadaji returned to India and I returned to my everyday life feeling that I had entered the Kingdom of Heaven for one short moment in time. Although I was aware that somehow I had been profoundly changed by the experience of meeting him, I could see no evidence of this in my daily round of activities. My life went on as usual. Memories of Dadaji began to fade.

One night several months later, I had a whim to bake a German apple pancake as a late night snack for friends with whom I was staying. In the process of cutting and removing the pancake from the iron skillet, I forgot that I had just taken it from a 375 degree oven and grabbed the handle to steady the pan. To my horror, the impression of the hot iron handle burned into my hand. I was beside myself, not only from the excruciating pain, but also because I was taking an intensive massage course at the time and I knew that massage would be impossible with such a burn. The healing process would take at least two weeks away from my studies. My hand swelled, becoming puffy and red, and no amount of ice seemed to help. I was preparing for bed, angry at my carelessness, when my friend suggested that as a last resort I pour some of Dadaji's "holy water" (Charanjal) over the burn. I had little hope that it would help, however it seemed it couldn't hurt. So, I filled my palm with the fragrant water and let it sit for a few moments. It stung more than I had anticipated and I went to sleep convinced that it had probably made things worse.

When I awakened the next morning, before even opening my eyes, my thoughts immediately went to the condition of my hand. Tentatively, I wiggled my fingers. There was NO pain. I sat up and looked at my hand in disbelief. It was almost healed except for an angry red slash across two fingers where the indentation of the iron handle had burned particularly deep. I poured more "holy water" over it, dressed and drove in exhilaration to attend my massage class at 9:00 AM. By the time I arrived, the last burn was gone and my hand was completely normal. Exactly twelve hours after I had experienced a severe burn, I was giving a massage as if nothing had happened! I understood very little else. I only knew that once again, for a moment my mind had surrendered its grip. Mahanam, which had opened up my heart, now took over my consciousness.



Judy and Dadaji 1986 Los Angeles

Six years have passed and I have been blessed with many phenomenal experiences of Dadaji, not the least of which is His Fragrance, a loving reminder of His Constancy. One of the most vivid reminders came to me recently while on a long and trying journey from Los Angeles to the Bahamas for a brief holiday. I found myself trapped at Miami Airport. My flight to Abaco

had been canceled and I was unable to get a booking on any of the other island airlines. In desperation, as the ticket officer informed me that the last flight of the day was filled, I babbled my plight to her and asked, could she please help me? Hopelessly and helplessly I waited for her reply.

To my surprise, she looked at me sympathetically and said that there might be a chance that an earlier flight for Abaco on a different airline might not have left yet. She offered to call the terminal and see if the plane was still there. Although the plane was scheduled for another destination, Marsh Harbor, perhaps the pilot would be willing to take me on to Treasure Cay. The airline officer contacted the pilot and he agreed to take me, but said the plane was already prepared for take off and he had to leave immediately.

Although exhausted from a sleepless night and the stress of already running back and forth from one end of the Miami Airport to the other, I ran once again to the far end of the Airport dragging my baggage with me. I was relieved but still in a state of great agitation, afraid that if I didn't get to the gate immediately, the pilot would lose patience and leave without me. The small airplane was waiting and I boarded, gratefully joining a honeymoon couple bound for Marsh Harbor. I was unable to comprehend that in spite of all my trials, I was actually on the plane bound straight for my destination!

The honeymoon couple deplaned at Marsh Harbor and the pilot and I arrived in Treasure Cay ten minutes later, at exactly 9:00 AM. As we taxied down the runway and as I breathed a sigh of relief, the distinctive aroma of Dadaji's Fragrance enveloped me. At that moment, the pilot stopped the plane, removed his earphones and turned to hear my expressions of gratitude and appreciation for taking me beyond his scheduled route. His response was, "It's a miracle you're here, lady. This flight usually leaves Miami at 7:30 AM. It's only because my supervisor forgot to let me know I was on the schedule that we're running this late!" We both laughed.

It was later that I realized Dadaji had not only delayed the flight, but also provided me with a private plane and a pilot who was willing to go out of his way to take me exactly where I wanted to go, exactly when I wanted to be there! Some might say it was serendipity. His Fragrance told me another story.

There are many stories, both playful and profound in nature, of Dadaji's influence on my life. They are only meaningful seen in the context of the whole, of which we see glimpses and He sees All. As I have become aware that Dadaji is guiding my destiny, small and large miracles have become a daily occurrence. They seem, at first, to be coincidences, examples of synchronicity which occur occasionally to all of us. We greet them with a laugh and, "Isn't it amazing?" "Well, would you believe that!" However, with Dadaji, these "coincidences" appear with increasing frequency and regularity, and seem to be the interconnecting pattern forming the very fabric of life. While not readily apparent to others, to me they are a clear and incontestable illustration of the palpable presence of Dadaji and His affect on my daily existence. Not only am I affected, but also others seem to be touched by the mere remembrance of Dadaji and Mahanam. For example, and this happened on numerous occasions, I'm attending a business meeting or social gathering; the atmosphere is tense, people are nervous, and the anxiety level in the room is high. Dadaji pops into my mind and suddenly Mahanam begins. In a little while the tension in the room dissipates. People become relaxed and comfortable with one another. Conversation turns warm and more loving. My own anxiety dissolves and I feel at ease, more natural. My worries about "outcomes" disappear and a sense of trust and harmony with the internal and external flow of events develops.



Judy and Dadaji 1987 Los Angeles

Originally, this article was titled "One Person's Story," because I believed it pertained only to me. However, as time passes and I observe Dadaji's influence on the lives of others, it seems more appropriate for the second printing of the book to retitle it "Life With Dadaji." So often when I share Dadaji stories with others, they are deeply touched and express a similar expansion of awareness as they personally experience His Love. In this way, person to person, Dadaji's message of Truth is spreading in subtle waves.

Every year since meeting Dadaji in 1981, I eagerly await His annual visit to Los Angeles and spend every available minute at the house where He stays. He completely ignored me for the first three years, much to my dismay. I wanted His Love, which I experienced as manna from Heaven, all for myself. I wanted to feel special! Then I realized that the Infinite Unconditional Love which emanates from Dadaji is totally impartial, falling on all of us and full-filling us as if each of us were the complete fulfillment of His Life....which we are! Paradoxically it is experienced from the inside out, as well as from the outside in....initiated both in the heart by Mahanam, spreading impartially and all-encompassing as Dadaji's Love....and His Love is manifest in the world around us in all that we see and experience. That is Truth, Sri Sri Satyanarayan, which manifests as Truth-Love and is the same for everyone. We are in it and of it. As Dadaji says, "Only the mind separates."



Judy at Utsav in Calcutta 1988



Dada, Dr Mehta and Judy Maltese in Los Angeles 1989

With this realization, I was amazed and delighted when one day Dadaji singled me out to join Him in His room. As I tentatively entered, He motioned me to sit on the floor and He resumed a reclining position on the bed, head propped on one hand and eyes half shut. I sat where He indicated, crossed my legs and closed my eyes. Immediately, I relaxed. My breathing slowed and Mahanam began in my head and flowed on my breath into my heart. It seemed natural and no thought entered my mind. We stayed like this for an indeterminate, endless amount of time. I experienced an all-pervading, deep and powerful sense of Bliss; energies flowed through my body. I began to feel as if I were levitating. At one point, a thought entered, "The mind creates Hell." I spoke this to Dadaji and opened my eyes. He cocked His head, "Yes." My mind receded once more and I returned to my former state of Bliss.

After awhile, Dadaji indicated that it was time for me to leave. I knelt before Him in Pranam, my heart overflowing with gratitude. As I was rising, Dadaji stopped me and asked how I was doing Mahanam. Not if, but how. I demonstrated by chanting out loud, "Gopal Govinda, Gopal Govinda, Gopal Govinda," in rapid succession. He stopped me, shaking His head. Taking my hand, He placed it on His chest covering it with His own and holding it against His heart. Then, He inhaled "Gopal" deeply, held the breath for an instant, and exhaled "Govinda" down into His heart, long and slow, letting go completely. At the end of the breath, He paused for another instant and repeated it. Once again He intoned "Gopal" on the inhalation of breath, as if

to bring the sound inward through the third eye. After a momentary pause, Dadaji demonstrated a downward sweep with His hand, bringing the exhalation of "Govinda" from the forehead to the heart, almost like a sigh. The pause at the end of the breath was a long, full void. He looked me directly in the eyes. "You follow?" I had followed! On the second "Gopal Govinda" I found myself mirroring Him perfectly and I recalled with amazement, as I left the room, that I had been doing Mahanam in exactly that way, aware only of my respiration and heartbeat the whole time I was sitting with Him!

One of the most profound experiences of Mahanam is the wonderful state of full surrender that occurs on the completion of the exhalation. Following that total surrender, the next inhalation is revitalizing and even exhilarating. The mind recedes, the body is relieved of all tension. Complete relaxation pervades, followed by a state of blissful transcendence.

Dadaji often says to me, "You are, you are....you are, you are." So now, behind Mahanam I hear, "I am, I am....I am, I am." Whatever it is we perceive, Truth is something else, far beyond the mind's understanding. Since the mere fact of our existence puts our lives beyond our control and in His hands, the question of "Who am I?" is merely a function of the mind and ultimately redundant. I am Him. He and I are One. Dadaji has come to show us the way of Love. The Truth lies within and life with Dadaji is living with Mahanam, the key to unlocking the door.



Judy and Dadaji in Los Angeles 1989

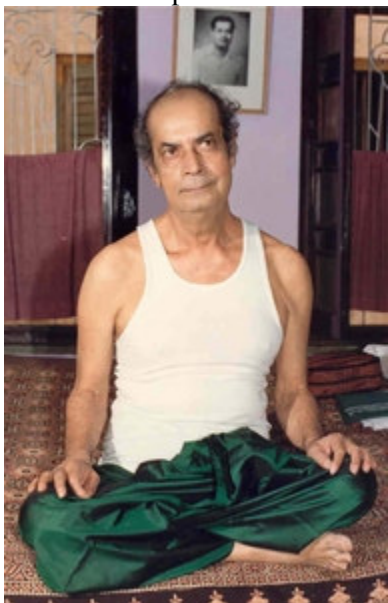


Judy and Dada share a cigarette

8 Dadaji: The Apostle of Truth

by Dr. Brian Schaller
President, Solar Energy Commission
New Castle, South Africa

In our strife torn present day world, Sri Amiya Roy Chowdhury, widely known as Dadaji (Elder Brother), comes as an invigorating breath of fresh air. While all the tremendous achievements of science-based technology, buttressed with various panaceas offered by economic theories, lag far behind the burgeoning demands and desires of the human mind in this peaceless world, the yearnings of the human heart refuse to be lulled into a stupor by all the outpourings of the rationalist planners.



Dadaji at home in Calcutta 1986

No wonder the field is wide open for the exploitation of the big money spinning activities of saviors in the form of Gurus, Babas, Bhagawans, Swamis, priests and sundry other so-called religious preceptors....all advertising their own respective agencies to the Kingdom of Heaven. While Dadaji clearly proclaims the presence of All-pervading Supreme Truth in every heart, beyond the reach of mind and intellect, he thunders simultaneously against the exploiters promising to act as intermediaries to the Lord residing in our own hearts.

According to Dadaji, the sole foundational reality is the absolute Supreme Truth or Satyanarayan, that is pure undifferentiated Existence. It is as His Divine Play that this world of mind, which we call Nature, emerges. And, it is in this created world, all through pervaded by Him and perceived through mind and intellect, that there appear separated structures seen on the arena of space and time undergoing transformations and interactions according to Nature's laws that are the subject of scientific studies.

As mortals we come into this world with our respective Prarabdha (destiny) for an assigned role in the Divine Play. It is the mind function that displays all the duality, ups and downs, good and bad, happiness and sorrow. Our duty is merely to go through the destiny with patience made sweet by loving remembrance of the Lord. All our confusions and turmoil arise from our constantly forgetting our Divine Origin, leading to our sinking deeper and deeper into the quagmire of wants and desires of the mind. When ego holds the stage, He is forgotten. When ego dissolves, He appears.

Thus, according to Dadaji our sole duty here is to perform our natural functions and roles in good faith with utmost sincerity along with a simple and casual remembrance of the Lord with love. No rituals, esoteric practices or any gymnastics of mind and body are required to be one with Him, Who is ever present in and with us. There is, thus, no place for any human Guru. All we need is awareness to change aright our angle of vision.

Dadaji is himself the best shining example of his teaching. Unlike any so-called Godman, he lives a simple unostentatious life of a householder, running a small toy shop in Calcutta to support his family. His life is a complete repudiation of ego. As if a proof of that and of the authority of his teachings, the Supreme Will displays all manner of fantastic miracles through him to humble our proud intellect and to iron out all atheism.

Numerous seekers, his younger brothers and sisters from all over the world and from all walks of life, have experienced in Dadaji's presence the revelation of Mahanam, the Divine Name vibrating in every heart. The seeker holds in his or her palm a small piece of blank paper and

bows to a portrait of Sri Satyanarayan. And in a trice, the seeker hears ringing within the Mahanam, which also appears in his or her own native language on the piece of paper and then disappears again as mysteriously.

This is the real "seeing" (Darshan) or "initiation" (Diksha) of the Lord. No farcical whispering of a Mantra by one mortal into the ear of another mortal for a fee is involved here....for it is beyond any mind function. Many responsible persons of sound judgment have witnessed materializations of various objects of all shapes and sizes in the hands of Dadaji.

Dadaji's body constantly radiates a Divine Fragrance. The same Divine Fragrance appears thousands of miles away from him on various occasions. Miraculous cures, simultaneous presence in widely different places, control of Nature (like stopping rain at will), producing fragrant water as medicine when requested on the phone by suffering brother or sister thousands of miles away, etc., are examples of an unending series of stupendous miracles shooting forth from Dadaji.

However, Dadaji takes great pains to emphasize that he is nobody in all these happenings. They happen at the Divine Will alone, and can neither be asked for nor stopped. Their sole purpose is to instill in us a faith in the unfathomable power of the Supreme Being. Having obtained by His Grace an inkling of what is completely beyond our mind and intellect, we should refrain from confusing our puny intellect by trying to fathom Him. As He is already in us, all we have to do is just remember Him with love while practicing patience and living naturally. There is no place for dogmas, Ashrams, temples or churches in reaching Him.

Dadaji proclaims that all human beings are the children of Supreme Bliss and so all humanity is One, all languages are One, and Truth is One. This is the perennial Religion (Sanatana Dharma) of Truth being established by Dadaji.