A UNIQUE EXPERIENCE

Auto-biography of Dada Vishwa Ratan

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FOREWORD

It is a great honour for me to present this book to my divine brothers and sisters. This is the autobiography of our reverend Dada Vishwa Ratan who has followed Godly advice at every step and has truly lived up to the lofty ideal of 'Follow the Father'. He always maintained a constant and unshakeable yogi stage. This book contains a lively account of how Dadaji has always followed BapDada's every command with total commitment always saying 'Yes Baba, yes Baba'. It illustrates how he always experienced God's companionship and helping hand while rendering unlimited service to the world. This example is bound to inspire every brother and sister to intensify their efforts. The book describes various experiences, which Dada had from childhood onwards and shows how contentment, tolerance, patience, humility and divinity ensure success in the field of Godly service.

Dadaji has devoted chapter seven to very useful points for self – progress. He has listed tips for easy effort making towards the goal of perfection and the inculcation of spiritual values. Let us hope that the book will be of
help to all elevated souls and, reading it over and over, coupled with inculcation of the qualities mentioned will help them to easily achieve their goal of spiritual fulfilment.

Entitled 'A Unique Experience' the book is the English version of 'Ek Anokha Anubhav' originally published in Hindi. This will serve those students who do not speak Hindi.

With best wishes,

– B. K. Nirwair,
Office-in-charge,
Mt. Abu.

Chapter One

A Unique Experience

I was born on 18th March 1918 to poor parents in the town of Bhuria in an area of Central Sindh, which is now in Pakistan. In the town there was a small lane near the main bazaar in which was situated an old building. My parents lived there and when I was born I was named Varial. Although poor my parents had a very noble nature being quiet, sober, humble and generous-hearted. Everyone was happy with them and they were happy with each other. I often wonder what it was. Whether it was Shiv Baba's blessings or my own part in the world drama or perhaps the account of my past births and my own karma which meant that I was born to parents of such fine character which I acquired in time through them. My father was a headmaster in a primary school earning just fourteen rupees a month. My mother was very economical and even after the monthly expenses she was able to save a rupee or two. When I look back on my childhood I feel that Shiv Baba was with me right from that time. He was my companion sheltering me as a protector and guiding my steps in my lokik life. I did not have to work hard, although I had no spiritual knowledge in my childhood, never having read any scriptures, nevertheless I had great respect for the deities.

God rescued me from death five times

When I was older my mother shared the following incident with me —

'One night, when you were just a few months old you
were sleeping in my lap. You lay there in the dark, as those were the days before most towns had electricity and the I slept with a lantern beside me, turning it down so it cast only a dim light. You began to cry and I wondered what was wrong, as you had never cried like this before. At first I thought you were hungry, so I fed you some milk. However when you didn't stop I became suspicious and thought there must be a serious reason making you cry like that. I turned up the wick on the lamp and got the surprise of my life when a saw a big rat scurry away from your forehead. Bringing the lantern nearer I wiped the blood away with a cloth but the bleeding did not stop. It had gnawed a one-inch wide cut in the soft part of your forehead. There was no doctor in our town in those days and people depended on home remedies. You had become very weak, so much so that I am sure that without God’s help you would not have survived as you did.

**How God saved me at the age of six or seven**

Our town had a pond where I sometimes went to bathe. One Sunday I went there and a neighbour who was washing her clothes asked if I had had my bath. When I said I hadn’t she said come on then, have it. I said I didn’t have my towel so she offered me a towel, which I accepted. Usually I entered the pond from the other side but that day I went in from the side where the woman was washing her clothes. I hadn’t gone far when I realised that there was a ledge where bottom of the pond deepened into a pit. I slipped, fell into it and began to drown.

I struggled to get out but my feet didn’t touch the ground and I sank below the water. The neighbour washing her clothes was quite unaware I was drowning, being completely absorbed in her task. It so happened another woman came by to wash clothes. She didn’t realise I was in the water drowning, she put her hands into the water and my hands touched hers. I grabbed hold of her hands and she thought a crocodile was attacking her. She screamed loudly and pulled her hands out, pulling me out along with them. I found myself lying at her feet. She knew me and was astonished and asked what I was doing there. I couldn’t reply as my stomach was full of water and I was bringing it up. When I finished doing so I came out of the water, put my clothes on and ran home. The second woman asked the first how I had come to be in the water. However the first woman was so absorbed in doing her washing that she missed the whole episode and still didn’t realise what had happened. The other woman told her and said that I would have drowned if she had not arrived just at that moment. So this was a miraculous escape from death. When my mother found out about it she said that ‘it is indeed God who looks after you’.
My third escape at the age of eight or nine

One day I was bathing in the canal which ran through our village. I could not swim and on that particular day the current was very strong. As soon as I stepped in my feet slipped and the water, which was up to my shoulder, began to carry me away. I tried to brace my feet on the bottom, but I knew I wouldn't be able to hold on for very long before I was washed away and drowned. I shouted for help and a man swam out to me, pulled me out and saved my life.

My fourth escape

I had a cousin who lived in a three-storey house, opposite our lane. One day we went up onto the roof of his house to fly a kite. There was a room on top of the roof and we climbed on top of that so, in a way, we were on the fourth floor, this roof had no parapet. As we were playing my cousin asked for a turn of flying the kite and, as he did so his shoulder bumped mine, making me fall. I fell onto the roof of a shop below, breaking my left arm and sustaining some leg injuries, which were not serious. I lay there unconscious for three or four hours and when I partially regained consciousness night had fallen. I couldn't see anything and didn't know where I was. I guessed that I had fallen there while flying the kite. When I worked out where I was I knew the lay out of the shop, but I didn't know what to do or how to get down.

When it happened my cousin told me later that he had found me on the roof and shouted and shook me to try to rouse me but I didn't respond as I was unconscious. The poor fellow was frightened and thought he would be blamed for my fall. Out of fear he didn't tell anyone about the accident. He just went home and sat there quietly, not saying a word. Traders met in a shop opposite from time to time. A window on the first floor of this building was open and, when I regained consciousness a little I could see a small area of the window. I was lying across from the window and I knew that behind it lay a staircase to the ground floor. As my sight cleared I had a good view of the window. I tried to get up but could not as, although not broken, my legs were injured. I made another attempt and made it to the window. As soon as I tried to get through it I discovered that my left arm had stopped working and become very painful. Still I gathered up my courage and carried on using one arm. I got through the window and onto the veranda behind, however I then discovered a bolted gate on the other side so I sat down and waited patiently. The owner of the building appeared a short time later and, on opening the gate, was astonished to find me lying there. He asked how I got there and I explained the whole story to him. He knew me and helped me climb down the stairs and took me home. My parents by this time were wondering where I was and waited anxiously for me to return. They realised that I hadn't come home for lunch but thought I had become so engrossed in playing with friends that I had simply forgotten my meals. When I didn't return later they went out in search of me and became more worried when
there was no trace of me. They were very relieved when
the trader brought me home. I told them what had
happened and on hearing this my mother said 'It is indeed
God who saves you'. She knew I needed treatment for
my left arm, which I discovered, was broken at the elbow.

There was no doctor as such in the village however
there was a potter who claimed some elementary
knowledge of treating bones. He was called in to treat
me and every day he moved my arm around, applied oil,
wrapped it in leaves and put it in a sling. This 'treatment'
went on for a day or two however when he took the sling
off each day and moved the arm around the pain was
unbearable. After three days I announced to my parents
that I did not want to be treated by the potter and that I
would treat myself. I repeated the quack doctor's
procedure but moved the arm very gently so that it was
not so painful. I was also very careful not to hurt the arm
and eventually the bones began to knit. After about three
months it was better. I was able to move it normally, the
only snag being a slight curve at the elbow, which still
persists. Fortunately it does not impair the arm's mobility
in any way.

The fifth miracle of survival

By the side of our town lay a large canal, which
originated from the river Indus. It was over one hundred
feet wide and about twenty feet deep. It was always full
and had a big iron-gate through which water was released
into a smaller drainage canal. By the time I was twelve I
could swim and I, along with about eight or ten other
students from my school, often went swimming in the
canals. I sometimes swam in the big canal and I took a
bath every day in the smaller one. I would swim over to
the iron-gate where the water from the big canal rushed
through and swirled around. One day the men controlling
the water released more than usual and it swirled about
more fiercely. When I arrived that day there were other
boys in the water, however they were keeping their
distance from the gate. Our teacher was also keeping
his distance from the canal edge. I entered the water,
first touching my teacher's feet, and headed for the gate.
I didn't ask why they were keeping their distance. When
I stepped into the whirling water I realised that it was
flowing with unusual force. I maintained courage however
and pressed my feet to the ground, but, as soon as I tried
to catch hold of the gate I slipped and was caught up in the water. Every time I was thrown towards the
gate I missed hitting it by a tiny margin of two or three
inches. The teacher and boys watching thought I would
be thrown against it and be killed. My teacher thought of
trying to rescue me but before he could try a miracle
happened. After being thrown towards the gate twice I
was suddenly thrown in the opposite direction, carrying
me back to the bank and I thus got yet another lease of
life.

God had a purpose in rescuing me

Baba rescued me from many similar dangers, both
big and small. My mother kept saying 'It really is God
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who saves you'. this convinced me too that it was God who was my saviour and that I would not die so easily. I thought He was saving me because He wanted me to be instrumental in some important task when I grew up. At that time of course I had no Godly knowledge and the mystery only unfolded when I took knowledge and began working for the yagya.

Ordinary family life

My parents were very attached to me as a boy as I was initially their only son. I had an elder sister and then later in Karachi my mother bore another son. I however was made of different stuff and was attached to no one. My whole days' routine was as follows; - I got up in the morning, had my bath, had my breakfast and went to school. I listened to my teachers attentively so that I absorbed the lessons well. I never revised at home; even so I was always third in the class. I never thought of studying harder to be first or second, I just learnt at my natural pace and was happy with third place. When I got home I had lunch and then went out to play with my friends. I was away from home the whole day. When I got home I had dinner and went to bed. In this way I remained detached from family life.

Family moves to Karachi

Being born to poor parents I never dreamt I would visit a big city. I had of course visited relatives in nearby towns but the thought of visiting places further afield such as Hyderabad and Karachi had never crossed my mind.

However Shiv Baba had plans for me and, because He wanted me to do His work He brought me to Karachi. I had an elder cousin there and he got my father a teachers' job. When my father retired from his job in Bhiria his monthly pension was only half his salary so when he was offered the job in Karachi the family moved. My father took up his job in a private school and I resumed my studies. However when I passed my college entrance examinations my father couldn't afford to send me to college. My cousins were well off and so with their help I went. I was seventeen at the time and my parents asked me to get married but I told them that as I was still a student I would prefer to wait until after I graduated.
Contact with Om Mandali

I was studying science at college when I heard, or perhaps read that Om Mandali had moved to Karachi from Hyderabad and that they taught Godly knowledge to whoever wanted to listen. I had read a lot of derogatory comments about Om Mandali in the press and this could have prejudiced me against the organisation. I reasoned however that they had come all the way from Hyderabad to Karachi so why not go and find out for myself who these people were, what they taught and why there was so much opposition to them. One had to book an appointment and so I sent a postcard saying I wanted to learn their knowledge. The very next day I received an appointment giving details of the time and place. I arrived punctually and showed the gatekeeper my letter. Just then a car arrived and drove through the gate. It was Baba; the car stopped some distance away and he got out and went inside. Looking at him I wondered whether this was the man about whom such unpleasant things were being written, thinking this could not be.

I was called in and Jasu Bhen, Dadi Shanta Mani's sister-in-law gave me the first lesson of the seven day course. She fixed firmly in my mind that I am a soul not a body, and that I am the master of my physical organs which work at my command. This one point took up the whole hour. I was fascinated and she asked me to come back the next day.

Next day Jasu Bhen was busy and Seetu Bhen gave me the first lesson. She told me who God is, what He is and what He does. I was charmed. She asked me to come for the third day and in this way I completed the seven-day course. I had no questions, everything fitted perfectly in my mind and I now got a permit to attend regular morning class and began to do so punctually. In those days Baba got up in the morning, noted down some points and sent them to the senior sister's bungalow. A sister revised them and came to class and explained them according to her understanding, rather than simply reading them out.

I continued attending class and began experiencing inner peace, bliss and joy. I felt that the Om Mandali sisters, whether married or not had wonderfully sweet and pure drishti. There was such a difference between them and worldly women. The glimpse of purity in the faces and glances of these sisters convinced me that they were receiving true Godly knowledge from God Himself and that this had filled their life with purity and happiness. Everything that I had read in the newspapers disappeared from my mind. I realised that what I had read was completely false. I determinedly resolved that I would never forsake this knowledge and would attend class regularly. In other words I surrendered with my mind and became God's child and joined the Brahmin family.

For a few months I kept it secret from my lokik parents that I was attending class at Om Mandali in the morning. I thought they might think their son had been trapped as
they too had read the newspaper reports. When I became God's child completely I thought of introducing my family to Godly knowledge. I told my parents 'These days I go to Om Mandali, they give very good knowledge, you should go and listen to them'. They said 'No, the whole of Sindh is against them! The newspapers have painted Om Mandali black. Why do you go there?'

I asked them; 'Do you have faith in me?' 'Yes' they replied 'We know that you would not go anywhere disreputable, but do you think that the whole of Sindh is blind?' I said 'If you have faith in me let me tell you that all you have read in the press is wrong. I have been going there for several weeks and I have seen what they do and heard what they teach with my own eyes and ears and, on that basis I can assure you that the knowledge they teach is true. It makes peoples' lives happy and peaceful and so I ask that you go there and see for yourselves whether Om Mandali are on the right path.' They refused to go saying what people say, they would think we had gone mad.' I asked if they thought I was mad to go there and pleaded with them not to decide on the basis of what they had heard but to see and decide for themselves, and said they could stop going if they didn't like the knowledge. They were insistent in their refusal however and I did not press them.

How I gave Anti-Om Mandali the slip

I went to class every day with the firm resolve that I would practice Godly knowledge in my daily life. The greater the criticism of Om Mandali the stronger my faith became. The anti-Om Mandali faction came to Karachi and began to cause a lot of trouble. They poisoned the ears of the Hindu ministers in Karachi, urging them to have Om Mandali banned. Then they approached a well-known Sindi holy man, Sachu Vaswani and did the same to him. He was a good holy person but he was misled by their propaganda.

One morning, well before class, he came to the gates of the Om Mandali bungalow, which was known as Om Niwas. He and his followers sat or lay in front of the gates shouting slogans and preventing students from going in. When I arrived for class and found the picket line I didn't know what to do. I was determined to go to class and thought that there must be a rear entrance gate to the bungalow. I had never been to the street behind the bungalow or seen any gate there. I did find a gate but it too was closed, luckily there was a gap on one side. There was no one around and so I slipped through the narrow passageway and went to class. Everyone who lived in the bungalow was there, but I was the only outside student.

The other students were surprised to see me in class and asked how I got in, which I explained. The picketing, marches and slogan chanting went on for two or three days. They held a sit-in at the government offices and urged the Chief Minister and Home Minister to ban Om Mandali.
Repeated attempts to persuade my parents

After a month or so I again tried to persuade my parents to listen to Godly knowledge, but they refused to set foot there. I gave up and then tried again after about two months. I told them, 'Let me tell you how I have become God's child. I am on the side of God while you are on the side of Maya. Maya and God cannot live together. Unless you take Godly knowledge and become members of His family then be assured that one day I will leave you to join God's family.

They said 'How is this possible. We have fed and educated you and now you have the cheek to say you will leave us! You are duty-bound to serve and support us'. I said: 'I do want to serve you. All you have to do is take Godly knowledge and sit at home, nothing more. I will earn money to support you. If you begin to understand and practice God's knowledge in your daily life you will become God's children. If that happens I need not leave home, we can live together and be God's children. They were adamant that there was no question of them going to Om Mandali. I told them very clearly that if they refused I would one day leave forever. If that happens don't say I didn't warn you. They did not budge an inch however and so I gave up trying to persuade them. In the meantime I lost interest in my lokik studies. I found that as my interest in spiritual studies grew my interest in them waned and, eventually, I gave them up.

Thousands of people flocked to Om Mandali to take knowledge. Some dropped out after a day or two, some after a month or two, and others after seven or eight months. A handful continued and among these outsiders there were three young men, Krishna Vishna and myself who began attending class in the morning and also coming in the evening to serve the yagya. We picked out points from Baba's murli, translated them into English and typed them into booklets to present to V.I.P's and government ministers.

This was the 'Trimurti's' service. Eventually one of the trimurti dropped out leaving two of us. At last one day we decided to surrender ourselves completely and live at Om Mandali and become part of the Brahmin family. We spoke to Mama and, having made detailed enquiries she accepted our request and allowed us to live in the bungalow at Clifton.

Farewell to my parents

It was Christmas nineteen thirty-nine when we got permission to live with the yagya. I went and told my parents that I was leaving the next day. They asked where I was going. I said that I had told them that one day I would go away and that now I was going to live with Om Mandali. They started crying and said 'How can this be? What will become of us, who will look after us?' and so on and so forth.

I said 'I tried so hard to persuade you and, even now I ask you to go to Om Mandali, take Godly knowledge, practice it and become God's children. If you do so I can
live at home, earn money and support you.' My words failed to move them and they showed no interest in Godly knowledge.

The next day I said 'Well, I am going.' On saying this I opened my wardrobe and found that my clothes were missing, my parents had taken them and hidden them, thinking that I wouldn't be able to leave without them. I was determined and decided I would go and collect some clothes that I had given to the laundry-man and go, which I did. I managed with just two sets of kurta pyjama, wearing one and hand washing the other every day. After ten days I returned home and attempted to persuade my parents to come to Om Mandali but they would not change their minds. They gave me my clothes, realising that I had reached a point of no return. After a month or two I made one last attempt and went to visit them, but in vain. I then said 'I have done my duty and made every effort and now I am going forever.' I never went back to visit them and completely surrendered my body and soul to BapDada. I was dead to the old world and born to the new one. I took a pledge from the bottom of my heart that from then on I would lead my life according to BapDada's wishes. I would go where He wished me to go, I would do whatever service He wanted me to do and carry out whatever instructions He gave me. In short I would follow shrimat fully.

Chapter Three

Multifarious duties

The bungalow we were allocated by Mama was near Baba's bungalow on Clifton, separated by two or three others. This proximity brought me closer to Baba. For the first year of my time in Godly knowledge I had only seen Baba coming and going and heard His murli but had never had the chance to speak to Him. Now as drama would have it I lived close to Him and began speaking to Him in connection with day to day tasks. Three or four families lived in the bungalows and among them was a woman who used to heat the water for washing in the morning. We used to get the water rather late and I thought that as I got up early why not heat the water myself. So I approached her and said 'Mataji, you don't need to bother about heating the water, I'll heat it.'

I began heating the water everyday and Baba came to hear of it. He called me to his bungalow and asked me what time I got up in the morning. I said I got up at three-thirty. He asked what I did then and I told him that I heated water and delivered it to whoever needed it. Baba then asked if he could assign me another duty. I said 'Why not?' Then Baba said 'First heat the water, have your bath and then go to the senior sisters' bungalow, collect two big cans from there and go to the bazaar and buy eighty pints of milk and deliver it to the sisters. I said 'Yes, Baba, I will do exactly as you say.' I took up my new duties conscientiously. Baba phoned the sisters and asked 'Does this child come to you every day? Does he
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fetch the milk in time? Is it good? Is it reasonably priced? How does he speak to you? Baba got a good report on every count and after a few days he called me to ask if he could assign me another duty. I said ‘Yes Baba.’ He then said ‘After delivering the milk go to the market buy vegetables and take them to the sisters.

Our bungalow was two miles from the senior sisters’ bungalow and the bazaar was two miles further on from there. The vegetable market was four miles on the other side of the sisters’ bungalow. I took up my second job. We had a tricycle and I used this to bring five or six sacks of vegetables everyday. By this time it was class time. I always took care to be punctual, but sometimes the vegetables weren’t so good and I had to spend extra time buying them. My main concern was that I should buy the best as they were for Baba’s children and also that they should be as cheap as possible. I bought what I thought best after checking all the prices. Sometimes when good produce was scarce I bought in small quantities from several different places. This took a bit more time and I was sometimes fifteen to twenty minutes late for class, however I reasoned that if I was a good child of Baba’s, obeying His orders completely, coming late to class would not deprive me of any point of Godly Knowledge. I believed that Baba would give me those points on another occasion as obeying Baba’s orders and serving the yagya caused my delay.

I always thought of this example, suppose a father has five children and he asks one of them to fetch something from the market. The other three remain with him doing nothing and the father gives them toli, does this mean he won’t keep toli for the child he sent to the market? He would certainly give toli to that child; in fact he would give him double because that child is serviceable and obedient. Baba would certainly do the same; the obedient child certainly deserves a double share. Of course the worthy child must be obedient, faithful and honest. If the child follows shrimat at every step the Father fills him with Godly knowledge, virtues and powers. Such a child is always close to the Father and seated on His heart-throne. The Father always ensures His success by being his companion. I checked myself carefully as to whether I followed shrimat fully. If I did so I could miss nothing and in this way I became carefree, not careless.

I carried on with both the duties Baba had given me and Baba continued to check on how I carried them out. He spoke to the sisters and got good reports. A few days later Baba again called me and said: ‘Can I give you another duty?’ I said ‘Yes, Baba.’ He continued giving me duty after duty and every time my response was ‘Haji, Haji’, ‘Yes, Baba, Yes, Baba’. I performed all my duties well and Baba was more and more satisfied with my conduct. I remained completely busy throughout the whole day.

Playing the part of the policeman

After a year or so my duties changed. The Anti-Om Mandali faction were increasing their opposition to the
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yagya and so it was thought that Baba's bungalow should be guarded by a policeman. Dada Vishwa Kishore, whose lokik name was Bherumal Kirpalani, asked Baba 'Who should be given the role of policeman?' Their main concern was that it should not be an outsider, as they were against us and could not be trusted. The choice had to be made from our own brothers. Baba had developed great faith in me so he asked Dada Vishwa Kishore to take me to the police authorities and have me appointed as a special constable. We went to see the police superintendent. Dada Vishwa Kishore said 'I want you to appoint a special constable for Baba's bungalow.' The superintendent said 'Yes, I can allot you one.' Dada said 'But we don't want any outsiders, please depute this young man to stand guard.' The superintendent said 'Impossible, a new person has to undergo a year's training before he is deputised as a policeman, only then is he competent to discharge such duties. We can only depute a trained person. Your man has not received any training so we cannot appoint him.' Dada then argued with him 'Listen here Sahib, you already know that the whole of Sindh has turned against us, how can we have faith in an outsider? So we want one of our own young men to become a policeman and guard the bungalow.' The police superintendent was a good man, he said 'Yes, you are right.' Then he said to me 'Well, tell me your name and I'll note it down in the register as a trained constable.' Then Dada said 'He will perform his duties during the day', special constables were usually on night duty. The superintendent accepted this. Then, when he was about to issue the uniform Dada said 'We don't wear second-hand clothes', so he issued a brand new uniform, right down to the boots! As he was about to issue me a policeman's turban Dada said 'You don't need to issue him a turban, we will give him a hat instead which he will wear when on duty.' The superintendent accepted this too.

Thus I took charge of guarding Baba's bungalow as a special constable. A table and chair were placed in the compound, in front of the gate. While I sat there I also worked on extracting points from Baba's murals as well as standing guard. I stayed in Baba's bungalow, in a room above the garage, near the gate.

Wait a little longer, police inspector!

Bhola Dadi’s husband filed a court case against his wife saying she had run away from home, taking their little daughter, Mira, and had come to Om Mandal. He had warrants issued against Baba and was coming to Om Mandal with a police inspector. Baba found out about it and at once he asked Dada Vishwa Kishore to go to court and get an order to stay the warrant. Shortly after he did so the police inspector arrived.

In a short time these people arrived with the police inspector. I was waiting at the gate and they showed me a warrant and said that Baba was to be taken to court. I asked them to wait at the gate while I took the message to Baba. I went to Baba and told him the people had
arrived with the warrants. Baba said 'Use your diplomacy to keep them waiting until Dada Vishwa Kishore returns.' I went back and said that Baba was getting ready and would come down shortly. After about twenty minutes the police inspector said that Baba hadn't arrived yet and asked how much longer he would have to wait. I said that Baba had just started lunch when I went up and that he must be nearly finished and be getting ready to go to court, he will be here any minute. I delayed him for half an hour and soon Dada Vishwa Kishore arrived back from court with the stay orders and handed them to the inspector. They were shocked and turned white with anger that I had tricked them into waiting all that time.

They left and, the next day, the following report appeared in the papers:

'A police inspector went to Clifton with warrants against Babaji, (Dada Lekraj), but a special constable on guard at the gate was so hostile he wouldn't let them into the house. He kept everyone out and then sent them away on receipt of staying orders from the court.'

This was my only noteworthy experience as a guard and otherwise I performed my duties without incident. Gradually the court interventions and Anti Om Mandali rows ended and with them my duties as a special constable.

Playing the part of the Teacher

After this Baba made me a teacher, putting me in charge of 'Boy Bhawan'- a house where boys between the ages of six and twelve lived. Another brother, named Bhagwan Bhai, and myself looked after the boys and taught them points of Godly knowledge. There was a big yard in front of the house where the boys played cricket in the evening under our supervision. Sometimes we took them for a picnic. We looked after around twenty-five boys for around a year and a half.

Playing the part of the Laundry-man

I was then put in charge of the laundry. At first there was a contractor who took the dirty washing away every day and brought it back washed and ironed, but later it was decided that we should start our own laundry. The laundry facilities were constructed in the courtyard of Gulzar Bhawan, where I lived, which was close to Kunj Bhawan, where the senior sisters lived. We had a big tank, eight feet by four feet, made of tin sheet. Every day we filled it with water and lit the wood-built fire underneath. When the water was hot I added soap and then put the clothes in, pushing them down with a big wooden stick. I did this single-handed between seven and eight p.m. The next day between four and five a.m. I took them out of the tank again with the wooden stick. They were then transferred to a smaller tank to be washed against some slabs and then hung up to dry on ropes strung around the compound. Three or four other brothers helped to hang the clothes up. When we were finished we had our bath and went to class. We ironed the clothes during the day.
Chapter Four

Designing the Kalpa Tree and
The World Cycle

Shiv Baba took many of the senior sisters from Kunj Bhawan to the subtle region and gave them visions; some sisters experienced this every day. Once, in a vision, Shiv Baba told a sister the alokik names of all the Brahma Kumars and Kumaris, which were written on a board in the subtle region, next to their lokik names. Baba told the sister that from now on everyone should be addressed by his or her new names. The sister wrote the names down on a piece of paper while in trance and when she came out of trance she showed the list to Sakar Baba and told him what Shiv Baba had instructed. The list of names was put up on a board. Everyone wrote them down and from then everyone was addressed by his or her alokik name. I was named ‘Vishwa Ratan’.

Sakar Baba went to Kunj Bhawan every day and spoke the murli; everyone assembled there to listen. One day, as soon as he sat down to speak Baba said, ‘Today I, (Sakar Baba) visited the subtle world. Avyakt Baba showed me a very beautiful tree - a tree of human beings. He said ‘ask Vishwa Ratan to design it.’ I was present in class and so, at that very moment Sakar Baba asked me ‘Bachu, (child) will you design it?’ I said ‘Yes, Baba.’ I never said ‘No’. When I became convinced that Shiv Baba was giving directions by speaking the Murli through Brahma Baba I decided I must accept every instruction and carry it out with all my heart and soul. It didn’t matter
whether I knew how to do a particular job or not or whether I had any experience in doing it; I had to say 'Yes.' I knew that whatever Baba directed me to do was as good as done. Baba would never ask me to do something beyond my capacity; He wouldn't waste my time. As far as designing the picture of the Kalpa Tree was concerned; it was as though it was already done. Baba was with me and He would get it done by me, success was guaranteed, I simply had to give my finger of co-operation. I always kept such thoughts to the forefront of my mind and I always said, 'Hadji, Hadji.' Why should I not have faith in myself and obey Baba when He selected me, out of everyone to do something, placing His faith in me?

When I said 'Yes' Sakar Baba then said to Mama, 'relieve this child of all His duties and distribute them amongst the other children. He is to do only this work from today, this is the most important work.' Mama said, 'Yes, Baba.' As soon as Murli was over Mama called me and allotted me a room in Kunj Bhawan to work in. I was given a table and chair, pencils etc., and I then thought that from then on I should concentrate exclusively on this work. Baba had already given the knowledge of the tree. This world is an inverted tree, whose seed, Shiv Baba is above. From this seed sprouts the trunk of the deities and from there all the other religions appear after the Golden and Silver Ages in the form of branches and sub-branches. Shiv Baba had also told us that this tree was old and worn out and a new tree was being planted. I had to prepare the design of the Kalpa Tree with this knowledge in mind, how to design it was the question.

My first problem was that there would be branches at the front and at the back and some would not be straight. The tree had to have writing to show which religion the branch represented and, in that case, where to put the leaves? The picture was meant to explain to people about the emergence of the various religions and so the writing was essential. After a lot of thought I came to the conclusion that instead of drawing the branches in front and behind they should be drawn straight- to the left and right of the trunk- with the leaves pointing up and down. With these preliminary ideas I started work.

First I drew a horizontal line to represent the earth, and then two vertical lines to represent the trunk, then I divided the trunk into four equal parts, representing the four ages. Following the Golden and Silver Ages, Abraham established Islam in the Copper Age. I drew a branch pointing left, half way up the trunk, and then drew its' sub-branches. On this branch I wrote 'The Islamic religion, established by Abraham.' I then thought that the next branch should be drawn to the right, otherwise the tree would look out of balance. I also thought that as Buddhism appeared two hundred and fifty years after Islam I should draw its' branch further up the tree. I drew the branch and wrote 'Buddhism, established by Buddha.' I noticed that left represents the West and right the East. Next it was the turn of Christ who belongs to the West so I drew a branch to the left and wrote, 'Christianity, established by Christ.' then to the right the Sanyas religion,
then the Muslim and finally Guru Nanak's Sikh religion. I noted the religions appeared in the order 'Left-Right', that is 'West-East', turn about.

The different branches were shown exactly according to the pattern of the knowledge of the Kalpa Tree as revealed by Shiv Baba. I then added the small branches and drew a circle showing the leaves on these branches within it.

Eventually I found that the Tree stood quite tall and thick. I took this pencil drawing to Baba and explained how I had designed it. I told him that the leaves had not been drawn in front of the branches so as to leave space for the writing, and that the branches too had been drawn to the left and right. Baba said 'Perfectly right, the tree has been drawn exactly as it should be, for it is meant to explain to people.'

**Baba's intellect and my hands work together**

Baba now began to think deeply about the Tree and his intellect and my hands worked together. I began improving the design according to his daily directions.

Baba said, 'You have shown four Ages here, where is the fifth one?' I said 'Baba, I am just going to make it.' I then drew the roots of the Tree, representing the Confluence Age. I took it to Baba and showed him and he said 'Yes, that's right, now show Brahma Baba here, among the roots of the Tree.' I sketched Brahma Baba in the roots and took the design back to Baba. He said 'Yes, it is correct.' Then he thought some more and said,
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'As ours is the family path, you should show Mama too.' I said 'Yes, Baba.' I erased Baba's sketch, which I had drawn in pencil and drew Mama and Baba together. I again took it to Baba and he again approved it but, after more thought said 'Who are the ones who say 'Mama-Baba?' the children, obviously, so show the children here too.' I said 'Yes, Baba.' Then I said 'But, Baba, there are so many children, which of them and how many should be seated here?' Baba said, 'Well, child, the rosary of eight jewels is well known, so draw eight children. They will represent all the others.' I said 'Yes, Baba, kindly tell me the names of those eight and I will paste their photographs here.' Baba said, 'Yes, you are right, well I'll tell you the names tomorrow, not today.' Baba then summoned Sangtri Dadi, who was a trance messenger, and asked her to go to Baba and tell Him that we are designing the part of the of the Kalpa Tree where the eight children are to be shown. Ask Him the names of those who are to be seated there. Sangtri Dadi did so and the next day Baba told me the names. These were: - Didi Man Mohini, Dadi Prakashmani, Dadi Brij Indra, Dadi Dhyanl, Dadi Shantamani, Dadi Brijshanta, Dada Vishwa Kishore and Vishwa Ratan. I put the photos of the three Dadi's and one brother on the left and the same number on the right.

Baba told me new things every day. As his intellect worked it touched mine, giving strength to my execution of the task. I had no experience of art-work before coming to Baba; I had never even handled a brush. I was just a
village lad. It was Karankaravanhar Baba who, knowing the specialities of every child, was getting this work done through me. He gave me strength, which ensured my success.

Then Baba said 'Behind Mama and Baba draw the combined sketch of 'Chaturbhuj.' I did so and took it to Baba. He said 'As the new Tree comes into being two leaves emerge, that is Radhe and Krishna, so draw them also', which I did. Then Baba said 'Draw the scene of Satyug and the golden palace and the scene of Treta, too, where Rama and Sita sit, which I did. Then he said 'The cult of Bhakti begins in the Copper Age, draw this too', the worship of the Shivalingam starts first, then comes the worship of the deities. Later, in the Iron Age even a tree is worshipped.' I drew all these pictures and then Baba said draw a picture of Baba standing at the end of the world cycle. After this drawing he instructed that each branch should have a picture of its preceptor and place of worship. He also told me to show the fruit hanging from each branch in the form of their followers and I drew these human fruits. Then he said, 'Draw pictures of Mahatma Gandhi and Jinnah in the small branches. I did so.

Baba then said, 'Draw a picture of atomic World War and show Roosevelt and Stalin, one on either side, as tomcats to represent how they fight each other and the butter, in the form of the kingdom of the world goes to Krishna. Show natural calamities and civil wars and then how all souls go home to the Land of Liberation like a

swarm of mosquitos.' Finally Baba said, 'Show the repetition of the Kalpa Tree.' Explanations were written on either side of the tree and so the picture was continually improved. Beloved Baba continued to give me directions, which I carried out.

After a month Baba said, Now the whole Knowledge is condensed into this Kalpa tree. I want a lot of them to send to ministers, and I want them quickly. Give me a dozen in ten days.' I said, 'Yes, Baba, I'll give you them.' I had never said 'No' to any request from Baba. Later I thought that, as I had said 'Yes', I had to deliver the twelve pictures in ten days. I thought to myself 'How will I prepare them? What should I do? One picture alone will take at least three or four days.' I was determined to accomplish the task and so, with this firm resolve, I went to Mama.

Mama, always ready to help

I told Mama that Baba had asked me to complete twelve pictures of the Kalpa Tree within ten days. He wants to send them to ministers and other V.I.P's. Mama said, 'Yes, do prepare them. What do you need?' I said 'Mama I need help.' She said 'We are short of brothers, most of them are busy in outside duties, so they won't be able to help you. Of course there are sisters, but they know nothing about designing, how could they help you?' I said 'Mama, you just give me five or six helpers. I'll teach them how to design and get the work done.' So Mama summoned five or six sisters and told them, 'Help Vishwa Ratan with this work. You are just to do what he
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It says. Mama allotted me a room in Kunj Bhawan and three or four big tables were placed there. I had the wooden tops of the tables removed and replaced with thick glass. I put one or two pictures on top of the glass and covered them with tracing paper. Then I placed a table lamp underneath and switched on the light so that the design could be seen from above. I then taught the sisters how to trace the design. One traced the lines in pencil, another painted the leaves and so I distributed the work among them. I took on the job of painting the religious leader's faces and those of their followers. We worked for eight to ten hours a day for ten days finished the twelve pictures, and I submitted them to Baba. He was very pleased and praised me. He said, 'Continue making these pictures.' I taught other sisters to assist in making the pictures and so the 'Tree Department', comprising ten to twelve sisters, was formed.

Some days later in Murli class Baba said, 'Just as the Kalpa Tree explains how the world passes through the Golden, Silver, Copper and Iron Ages, and how this order repeats so this should be explained with the help of the World Cycle.' Then Baba gave us an essay topic and told us to come to class next day with a design of the World Cycle showing the four Ages and their repetition. The next day all the children brought their designs to class. I had designed the Cycle showing it revolving anti-clockwise! Another brother named Chandras Bhai had drawn a similar design to mine but had shown the cycle revolving clockwise. Baba said, 'Only two designs are
drawn properly; one by the child Chandharas and the other by the child Vishwa Ratan, but the cycle is shown revolving in the wrong direction in the second drawing and so the child Chandrahas has passed.

Baba then instructed me to improve on Chandrahas' design and to paint it with colours corresponding to the Golden, Silver, Copper and Iron Ages and to show Lakshimi and Narayan, Rama and Sita and the religious founders. He said the whole design should be flawless. I began making the World Cycle picture and Baba gave me continual directions to refine it. Scriptures like the Gita and the Bible were shown, along with the confluence Age. The end of the cycle depicted all souls flying back to their original home and also how the cycle repeats. In a few days we had a good design of the cycle.

Sometime earlier Baba had given Dada Vishwa Kishore directions for the publication of a book containing points of knowledge. It was also to have the pictures of the Kalpa Tree and the World Cycle. The Kalpa Tree had already been inserted but the picture of the World Cycle still had to go in. The design had to be prepared as a printing block and the printers were asking for it. Baba summoned me and told me the printer's requirements. They needed a design of about one-foot in diameter, made on butter paper, with white lettering against a black background. Baba said, 'The design has to be ready soon as the printing is being held up because of it, you must finish it by Monday.'

I said 'Yes, Baba, I'll make it.' Later I thought that
making the design on butter paper and filling in the gaps between the letters in black ink, with a thin nib. This is delicate work. The design had to be good as it was for a printing block, which would be used for many purposes in the future. 'Baba says it has to be ready in three days and it will take me at least a week on my own.' I again went to Mama and told her what Baba had asked. Mama asked how many helpers I needed and I said two, as there wasn’t room for anyone else to sit at the table opposite me. She said ‘You know which sisters in the ‘Tree Department’ are best at designing, You suggest their names and I will tell them to help you.’ I suggested Brijshanta Bhen and Lachhu Bhen. Then I began creating the design of the Cycle.

Baba gazed and gazed at the design
First by myself I drew the design in pencil, which took me a whole day and night. I did not have a wink of sleep. On the second day all three of us took up our positions and spent two days and two nights over it, again without a moment’s sleep. The work was finished at four am. On the fourth day, that is on Monday morning. We then bathed and went to class. Baba remembered that he had given me the assignment to have the design ready that day. He must have thought that I could not have finished it in the allotted time and that if he asked for it now I would hurry and finish it the next day. As soon as he sat down he asked, ‘Is Vishwa Ratan present?’ I said, ‘Yes, Baba.’ Baba said, ‘I asked you to prepare the design of the World Cycle, which is due today. Have you prepared it?’ I said, ‘Yes, Baba, it is ready.’ Baba said, ‘Ready! If it is ready bring it.’ I left at once and returned with the design and handed it to Baba. Baba gazed and gazed at it and said, ‘It is absolutely perfect, but, tell me how you made it so quickly.’ I said, ‘I didn’t do it alone, two sisters helped me.’ He asked their names and I told him, ‘Brijshanta Bhen and Lachhu Bhen.’ Baba said, ‘Nevertheless it is creditable that you could accomplish it in three days.’ I then told him that it had taken me three days and nights, non-stop and that the sisters had helped for two days and nights without rest. It was completed at four o’clock, after which we had our bath and came to class.’ Baba said, ‘Well done this is the personality of an obedient child. Whatever words came from Baba’s lips, whatever direction the child received from him, he carried it out.’ Then the whole of Baba’s Murli centred on this single point: How an obedient, faithful and honest child, who follows Shrimat sits on Baba’s heart-throne and then on the throne of the future Kingdom of the Golden Age.

Towards Mount Abu
On 30th April 1950, we, that is all the members of the Brahmin family, Mama, Baba and the brothers and sisters decided to move from Pakistan to India. We all packed our clothes into big boxes, keeping one or two changes of clothes and essential daily items as hand luggage. Then we made our way to the port of Karachi by bus and car, with our luggage loaded on camel carts.
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wagons on the train for the luggage and when we arrived we asked the train crew to delay departure for the luggage to catch up. However the other passengers kicked up a fuss saying that any further delay would make them miss their connections. They insisted the train leave as soon as possible. By this time most of the brothers and sisters were on board along with the smaller items of luggage. The big trunks were still on board the steamer. Baba said that four brothers and sisters should stay behind and follow on with the luggage in a day or two. So four of us, Dada Vishwa Kishore, Dadi All-rounder, Jasoti Dadi and I stayed behind in Okha. We got the luggage on shore and rented two rooms in a hotel. At night I went to where our luggage was stored and I slept there to keep watch. We couldn't leave the next day or the day after as there were no wagons available on the train to carry the large items of luggage. The station-master had to send a message requesting three or four wagons from Ahmedabad and it took them three days to arrive. I guarded the luggage every night.

In the meantime Mama, Baba and all the brothers and sisters arrived at Abu Road on 1st May. They loaded their luggage onto trucks and ascended Mt. Abu to Brij Kothi by bus. They didn't have many clothes as most of them were in the big trunks and had to make do with the two sets of clothes in their hand luggage. Eventually we, with the rest of the luggage, arrived at Mt. Abu on 4th May.

Dada Vishwa Kishore had gone to the bazaar. We had give the Kalpa Tree design to the printers, it wasn't ready, and we couldn't leave without it. While Dada was away the porters who were to carry our luggage onto the steamer decided, after a discussion among themselves, to demand ten times the normal wages. They knew that we couldn't carry such large boxes ourselves. They knew we had to catch the steamer and so thought we had no choice but to meet their demands. We tried to persuade them but they were adamant and would not lower their price even slightly. The steamer departure time came and we asked the crew to wait a while until Dada returned from the bazaar. It was he who had negotiated with the porters. When we began to think time was running out Baba said to the Kumars, 'Seven or eight of you begin loading the boxes', which they began to do. The sisters also lent a hand carrying the smaller items. It dawned on the porters they would lose all their wages when they saw us carrying the luggage ourselves. They then gave in and reverted to their original price. In the meantime Dada returned, when he saw that the brothers and sisters were carrying the luggage he spoke to the porters and made them carry it at an even lower rate. They loaded our luggage in no time and we took our seats onboard. The steamer set sail two hours late and as a result we arrived at our destination, Okhla port, two hours late. We missed our turn in the queue of ships waiting to dock and this in turn meant we were late getting to our connecting train for Mount Abu. We had reserved some
Chapter Five

Privileged to live close to Baba

When we arrived in Mt Abu we lived together in Brij Kothi, the house belonging to Raja Brijendra Singh. We had seven or eight houses in Karachi. In the beginning there were about three hundred and fifty brothers and sisters. After the partition of India and Pakistan some of them went to live with their relatives in Bombay. When we moved to Mt. Abu more went to live with their relatives and so eventually about two hundred souls stayed at Brij Kothi. Baba had his own room in the house and, as Baba and the children lived together they had a good chance to experience his company throughout the day. Every morning Baba came to class and spoke the Murli. After class he would go for a walk, accompanied by about fifty or sixty brothers and sisters. He would say, 'Those who want to go for a stroll must wear shorts and tennis shoes.' So all the brothers and sisters wore this uniform of white shirt and blue shorts. Baba wore the same uniform, except that his shorts were white. In those days Brij Kothi was the last house in the area, beyond which was open countryside. We went towards the hills when we went for a walk, climbing one hill one day and another the next. We even climbed the higher hills. Baba sometimes took us up to the water works and sometimes even higher to Godhra Dam. During the morning strolls Baba walked fast, some of the brothers and sisters had to run to keep pace with him! We went for a stroll in the evening too but didn’t wear the uniform and went at a more leisurely pace.

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Instead of heading to the hills we walked towards the village. Sometimes, seated on the hillside Baba gave a class. We would play football, cricket and other games on these outings.

Everyone was happy in Baba's company. When we were going to climb a new hill, Baba would say to me, ‘You lead the way, become the guide and find a route to the top.’ So I went ahead of the others and found the way, with all the others following. On the return journey Baba used to say, ‘Now become the guard and bring up the rear so that my cows, (which was Baba’s affectionate name for the sisters), don’t straggle behind or get lost, so then I would follow the others. During our morning walks we visited all the hills in Mt. Abu. We would pick cherries and mangoes, eating some and taking some back for those who stayed behind.

Having spent an hour or so this way each morning we returned home at about nine and had breakfast. When breakfast was over Baba would say to me, ‘Bachu, now call you army,’ as if I was the leader. I made a signal to indicate that Baba was calling and a party of twenty to twenty-five brothers and sisters came out dressed in shirts and shorts. Baba allotted us work for the day which we did collectively. We would perform tasks such as building a bathroom in the compound. Someone would bring bricks, someone else cement, someone played the mason and built a wall, some made doors out of tin sheets and, in no time, the bathroom was built. Every year during the rainy season the road linking the house to the main
road was damaged and we repaired it with our own hands. Baba supervised the work, dressed in shirt and shorts. The work party was busy the whole day, doing something or another. Working with Baba beside us we were filled with happiness.

Sisters fan out on Godly service

After a year or so Baba told the sisters that they should go out on Godly service saying, 'What will you do sitting around here it is better to go to the people and bring them benefit. Shape their destiny by sharing knowledge with them.' So the sisters gradually left for different places, first Delhi, then Punjab and Uttar Pradesh. As a result more sisters were needed and Baba sent them to the places where service was growing. In those days a sister called Mithu Bhen looked after Baba's dispensary in Brij Kothi. One day Baba said to her, 'You too go on Godly service, there is a need for you to do so. I'll look after the dispensary. Then he summoned me and said, 'Bachu, now you are to look after the dispensary,' Mithu Bhen is going on Godly service, I said, 'Yes, Baba, I'll do it.' Mithu Bhen took me to the dispensary and showed me all the medicines, explaining which pill was for fever, which for headache, which for stomach-ache, etc. She showed me how to prepare and administer injections and she made me demonstrate the technique on one or two patients.

When Mithu Bhen left I took over. When a patient came I would ask lovingly, 'Dear sister (or brother), what is the complaint?' They would tell me what was wrong and I would say, 'You are just to take such and such a medicine and you will be well by the evening. Baba helped me so much that they usually got well by the evening. I would see them next morning and ask, 'How are you?' They would reply 'Quite well.' Then I would ask, 'Do you need any more medicine?' and they would say 'No, there is no need.' However if a patient came with a major complaint I took him to the government doctor at the hospital, had him examined, got the prescription and bought the medicines from the bazaar. I became a doctor of sorts by coming into contact with doctors. I memorised a lot of medicines and administered thousands of injections. I worked as a doctor for the yagya for around twenty-five years.

After the move to Mt. Abu many brother and sisters moved to Bombay either to do service or for health reasons. This included some brothers from the carpentry department. Baba said to me, 'Now you take over this department too.' I always said, 'Haddi, Haddi.' A vacancy arose in the electricity department and Baba asked me to look after that too. In this way various responsibilities were entrusted to me- in addition to my job as a security guard at night, which I shared with a brother from the Punjab called Sardar Sohan Singh. I continued to heat the water for the morning bath. Whatever duty came my way I performed it with the words, 'Haddi, Haddi.' on my lips. I didn't rest during the day and Baba developed faith in me that I always said, 'Yes' to whatever he asked me to do. I never said, 'No' and always did the work assigned.
to me to the best of my ability. He believed that I did everything with a sincere heart and looked on me as an obedient and honest child. Therefore when there was some new work to do he assigned it to me and then he was carefree. As well as my other duties I continued to be involved in making pictures and was responsible for the post and making purchases from the bazaar.

The brothers and sisters cleaned the house and we engaged an outsider to clean the compound. We also engaged a worker to clean the big utensils in the kitchen. One day he fell ill and stopped coming to work. Baba summoned me and said, 'Bachu, now you take on this job.' I said, 'Yes, Baba, I'll clean the utensils.' I was extremely happy that Baba had such great faith in me. He must have felt in his heart of hearts that I would not mind being assigned such a duty and would perform it gladly and enthusiastically. Truly I was filled with boundless joy that day. How lucky I was that Baba himself had such great faith in me. With these thoughts I stayed in Baba's remembrance the whole day. It had always been my nature to work slowly, taking more time over a task but doing it properly, so cleaning the utensils, which was work that involved my hands more than my head left me free to remember BapDada intently, feeling His company as if face to face. There is a saying, 'Let your hands do the work and your heart be with your love.' It means that while you work with your hands your mind should be engaged in Baba's remembrance. While engaged in cleaning the utensils I felt as though I was sitting in yoga

and had a very powerful experience of being in BapDada's company. The worker did not return for a month and during that time and I can truthfully say that of all the duties I have performed, past and present, none has given me so much supersensuous joy as cleaning the kitchen utensils. I did this work in solitude, at the back of the kitchen and could remember Baba to my heart's content.

Delhi calls me

After a while service increased in Delhi and the sisters rented a flat in Kamla Nagar and Didi Manmohini took charge. As the scope of service widened the sisters needed a brother to do physical work and to shop in the bazaar. Baba summoned me and said, The sisters need a brother to help them in service, so you go to Delhi,' which I did. The Kamla Nagar centre was the only one in Delhi at the time. I went shopping by bicycle and gave the seven day course to students. I got to know a brother called Avinash Chandra well and we went errands together on our bicycles. Service gradually expanded to outlying areas and I became involved in helping in other centres that opened.

Later service spread to other cities too, first neighbouring cities like Meerut, Muradabad, Panipat, Sonepat, and Karnal, and later to cities in the Punjab such as Amritsar, Ambala and Jallandhar. Gradually it spread to all the main cities of this state. Then it was the turn of Uttar Pradesh, first in Lucknow and then Kanpur, spreading to other U.P. towns through their connection
with Kanpur. I lived mainly at the Kamla Nagar centre in Delhi but visited these places on and off.

Baba asked me around this time to make a design of the Trimurti. I did so and sent it to Baba for approval. Baba okayed the design and asked me to put some finishing touches to it. While I had created the design I happened to know there were some very good painters who had recently taken knowledge in Meerut and so I went there to meet them. One of them was Surya Bhai and both he and his two lokik brothers, who were also good painters, were willing to help. I showed the design to Surya Bhai and asked him to make it a bit larger. Surya Bhai did a very good painting with an excellent picture of Brahma Baba with his brothers adding the writing. When I sent this picture to Baba he was extremely pleased and asked me to get more pictures made by the same artist. Surya Bhai took up this service, helped by his two brothers. Later, while living in Pandav Bhawan, they created large pictures of the Trimurti, the World Cycle and the Kalpa tree.

These pictures can still be seen in the History Hall at Pandav Bhawan today.

I was busy in different kinds of service in Delhi and in other places too service was gaining momentum. Many incidents took place and I recall one in particular happened in Amritsar. A college principal there took knowledge and began following the principles of Raj yoga. His wife, who was a teacher at his college, was not pleased by this turn of events and began to harass him.
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One day she organised a picket outside the dharamshala where the brothers lived in Amritsar, creating a scene. When Baba heard of this he sent another brother and myself from Delhi to stay for a while and the trouble stopped. While we were there service again expanded. I then visited Lucknow, on Baba’s instructions, staying at the centre where Bagwati Behn lived, to have work completed on a big version of the Kalpa Tree. Every day I went to Dada Ram’s home, he was instrumental in service starting in Lucknow, as he had a big table where I could work on the picture. The picture eventually ended up in the museum of Jalan Babu, an important person from Patna. In 1955 we left Brij Kothi and went to live in two rented houses, Kota House and Dholpur House.

Forty miles of cycling a day

After some time I was again sent to Delhi where another centre had opened in Chanana Market, Karol Bagh. Didi Manmohini was in charge and I went to live there. A year later a new centre was opened in a rented building in Rajouri Garden and so I moved there. After Muni class and breakfast I cycled to the Karol Bagh centre. Dada Prakashmani lived at the Rajouri Garden centre and I often carried a message from her to Didi Manmohini. From Karol Bagh I would go to Kaml Nagar where Bro. Jagdish Chander ji lived. Jagdish Bhai was involved in printing books. I would collect material for the printer from him and deliver it to the press in Neel Gali, Chandni Chowk. En route I collected pictures from Surya Bhai and
A Unique Experience

purchased any artists' supplies he needed from the market. On arriving at the press I proof-read what had been printed and corrected it, in between times going to Kamla Nagar to have lunch. I took the corrected proofs to show Jagdish Bhai and after lunch took them back to the press. The rest of the day was spent supervising the print job. I returned to Kamla Nagar in the evening, gave Jagdish Bhai the days' printing, went to Karol Bagh, taking any message from him to Didi Manmohini. Met with Didi and returned to Rajouri Garden, bringing any message from Didi to Dadi. Going about my work in this way entailed a round trip by bicycle of forty miles a day. I reached Rajouri Gardens at about ten thirty p.m. I had dinner and went to bed.

In 1957 the government requisitioned both our houses in Mt. Abu to accommodate their officers. We were asked to find other accommodation and it was then that Baba bought Pokhran House, (Pandav Bhawan), and we settled there, I was still resident in Delhi.

Baba says, 'Vishwa Ratan, too, may have a desire'

In 1957 Baba had come to celebrate Shivratri in Delhi for the first time. He was staying in Rajouri Garden and two days before the celebrations Didi got a telephone message from Anand Kishore in Mt. Abu asking her to tell Baba that he wanted to come to Delhi for the celebrations as it was the first time there.

Baba said, 'If he comes here who will look after the office in Mt. Abu?' Didi replied, 'Baba, we can send

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Vishwa Ratan to Mt. Abu to take over from Anand Kishore.' Baba said, 'What logic, Anand Kishore comes to Delhi and Vishwa Ratan, who is already here has to go to Mt. Abu! Vishwa Ratan, too, may have a desire to see the Shivratri celebrations in Delhi.' Didi said, 'But he won't get upset. If you tell him he will gladly go to Mt. Abu.' Baba said, 'I know this child very well, he certainly won't get upset. Well, I'll send him. Call him and I'll tell him.' I was on my way to class when Baba I was told Baba had summoned me. I went to see him and he said, 'Bachu, Anand Kishore wishes to come to Delhi for the Shivratri celebrations. Would you like to go to Mt. Abu to look after the office in his place?' I said, 'Yes, Babaji, I'll do as you say.' Baba said, 'OK. Bachu, please get ready and go to the railway station right now. The train leaves at 9.30 am. When you reach Mt. Abu send Anand Kishore to Delhi. I said, 'Yes, Baba, I am going right away.' I got ready in half an hour, caught the 9.30 train and arrived at Abu road station at half past four the next morning, reaching Mt. Abu at around six am. I told Dada Anand Kishore, 'You get ready at once and leave for Delhi. You can catch the Janata Express, which leaves at eleven o'clock.' I took charge of the office in Mt. Abu. After that Dada Anand Kishore went from Delhi to Lucknow on service where Ishu Behn, who had been in charge of the office, was already doing service. As a result I was left in sole charge of the office.

As well as my duties in the office I looked after the dispensary and acted as Dada Vishwa Kishore's
assistant. He dealt with outside correspondence relating to the purchasing department and government officials. These were hand-written and I then typed and posted them. I also played the record in class, recorded the Murli on tape, translated Baba's Murli into Sindhi and litho printed the Murlis in both Hindi and Sindhi, collated them and sent them to the centres. Om Prakash Bhai took over the duties of looking after parties of visitors, arranging their return tickets, loading their luggage onto a bullock cart and going with them to the bus stand to see them off. I remained very busy throughout the day. Gradually my duties changed. For example Sundari Bhen took over writing up the Murli in Sindhi, Jammuna Prasad Bhai took over the litho print work and collating and sending the Murlis to the centres. In the meantime Ishu Dadi returned to Mt. Abu from Lucknow and resumed looking after the office.

How Pokhran House was purchased

In 1960 Baba asked Dada Vishwa Kishore to purchase Pokhran House, (Pandav Bhawan), which up until then had been rented. Dada negotiated with Thakur, it's owner and struck a deal at eighteen thousand rupees. Dada got his signature on the agreement. However when some traders in Mt. Abu heard of this they told Thakur that he had sold the house at a give-away price and that he should have got at least twenty-five thousand. Hearing this Thakur changed his mind and tried to back out of the agreement and refused to register the house in our name.

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Dada tried to persuade him but his words fell on deaf ears. A local Sindhi magistrate, called Sardar Nevand Singh, who had been in contact with us since we settled in Mt. Abu, and had great regard for Baba and Dada Vishwa Kishore, advised Dada that we should file a case against Thakur. He said that, having signed the agreement, Thakur could not renege on it. He recommended a lawyer in Sirohi, whom he knew, saying he would not charge any fees, just any nominal expenses incurred. We filed a case in Sirohi court and Dada, Sardar Nevand Singh and myself went to Sirohi by bus many times.

We rented rooms for a couple of days and attended court, Dada and Sardarji accompanying the lawyer while I stayed behind to cook food for them. We had a kit-bag containing a small stove, a pan, pastry board and rolling pin, and bags of rice, pulses, flour, spices, tea and sugar—everything needed to prepare a meal. Dada maintained kit-bag supplies and took it with him wherever it was needed. I bought milk and vegetables from Sirohi market. It appeared that the judge in the case knew Thakur for although he knew we had a good case he intentionally delayed it by frequent postponements. As a result we visited Sirohi on and off for about a year. Eventually the judge hinted to Dada that Thakur was greedy and that the only way to tackle him was to offer a slightly higher price. He pointed out that we were spending money coming to Sirohi and on our lawyer's expenses, not to mention the inconvenience we had to undergo. When
Baba heard this and approved the judges' suggestion and asked Dada to contact Thakur and reach an agreement as soon as possible. Baba told Dada that a hall had to be constructed in the near future to house a classroom and that the price of cement was soaring day by day and that he should hurry to conclude the deal. Dada contacted Thakur and offered him an extra three thousand rupees and the price was agreed at twenty-one thousand rupees instead of eighteen. The expense of the trips to Sirohi and the lawyers' fees must have totalled around three to four thousand and so the house eventually cost about twenty-five thousand.

The house had a large compound with two tennis courts and a lot of spare ground. As soon as the purchase was concluded Baba started on the construction of the Small Hall on one of the tennis courts, which was to be used as a classroom. Two rooms were built beyond this, which are currently used by Dadaji and Dadi Gulzar. Another four rooms were built over these and then the 'aeroplane' rooms. This was the start of the construction work, which has continued non-stop since then in one part, or another of the compound. As time went on I concentrated more on my work in the dispensary and my art work and these two areas stayed with me while my other duties were passed on to other brothers.

The Design of the Ladder

One day Nirwair Bhai came to Baba and said that a religious institution in Bombay had had a design made in
the form of a ladder and that we too should show the world cycle as a descending ladder. Nirwair Bhais' suggestion appealed greatly to Baba and he called me and asked me to design the picture of the ladder. Baba said that there should be eight steps corresponding to eight births in the Golden Age, twelve for the Silver and so on. I began work and Baba suggested corrections and additions every day. The Confluence Age was depicted showing how souls ascend to Paramdham and then come back down to earth in the Golden Age. This served to explain the mystery of the repetition of the cycle. The picture of the Ladder looked very good and Baba used to say that everyone should possess this picture.

While looking after the dispensary I became a sort of house doctor, I even gave Baba injections if he needed them. Baba bathed twice a day, once before class and again before dinner. At first I used to massage him and assist him in bathing but later Chandras Bhai took over. While we were in Karachi the brothers decided that we should not have our hair cut by someone outside and that we should learn to do it ourselves. We bought barbers' tools from the market and myself and three or four others learnt how to use it and we cut all the brothers' hair. Eventually I was lucky enough to get a chance to cut Baba's hair. So my Alokik life with Baba continued, I tried to act on Baba's Shrimat sincerely and honestly and so I got His help in every way, resulting in my success.
Chapter Six

Mama and Baba leave the body

Mama left the body on 24 June 1965 in Madhuban. DadaVishwa Kishore did likewise on 12 February, 1968 and was cremated there.

Baba did not come to morning class on 18 January 1969. Usually he came to class and spoke the Murli every morning and also came and gave class every evening. Dadi Prakashmani was in Madhuban at this time, having come to meet Baba a few days earlier. Usually she lived at the Gamdevi centre in Bombay. Didi Manmohini had left Madhuban to go on Godly service a few days earlier. Dadaji was due to return to Bombay on 16th or 17th January but Baba asked her to stay on for a few more days. Baba got ready to go to evening class on 18th January but Dada tried to dissuade him saying, 'Baba, you are not feeling well, you should take some rest, we will hold class ourselves.' Baba said, 'No, Bachi, I missed class this morning and if I miss it now the children will be very worried and think, 'What has happened to Baba?' so I should go to class. He came and gave a very good class for half an hour and, after saying 'Yaad Pyar' and 'Namaste', he said, 'Well, now Chchutti.' Baba had never spoken the word, 'Chchutti', (meaning 'Leave') before. He left at about 9pm. I followed Baba and on seeing me he said 'Bachu, send for the doctor to come and examine me.' I immediately sent Jamuna Prasad Bhai on the bicycle (we didn't have a car in those days), and told him to fetch the doctor immediately. He went at once to Dr.

Arora who was employed in the civilian hospital. The doctor was at home and said that he would come as soon as he had had dinner. In the meantime Baba lay down on his bed, Dadi Prakashmini, some other sisters and myself were present. I watched Baba closely as he lay with his hand on his heart. He was restless and alternately sat up and lay down, I sensed he was in great pain. I rushed from the room to phone Jamuna Prasad Bhai and tell him to bring the doctor at once. I called the hospital but no one answered. I then rang Sardar Nevand Singh whose shop was opposite the hospital. He wasn't at home but I spoke to his son Dyal Singh. I asked him to send the doctor at once as Baba's condition had worsened and he immediately went to fetch him. The doctor left for Pandav Bhawan at once on his scooter. In the meantime I prepared an injection to be ready if the doctor needed to administer it. I waited outside the gate and as soon as the doctor arrived I said, 'Please come to Baba's room at once as he is in great pain. The doctor was very alarmed by Baba's critical condition. He had examined him in the morning and found no cause for concern. Baba was lying with his eyes shut and his left hand on his heart and his right in Dadi Prakashmani's hands. Dadi Kishni (Dadi Prakashmani's lokik sister who lives in Patna) was sitting on his bed holding him up from behind as he experienced more pain lying down. On entering the room the doctor immediately took the injection and gave it to Baba but he had already reached the subtle world, leaving his body behind. The doctor was very sorry and held himself
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responsible for the delay in reaching Baba. He thought this would not have happened if he had arrived earlier and apologised. A second lady doctor was called to confirm that Baba had indeed left the body, which she did.

No one believed the news

The news spread like wildfire through the house and a wave of sorrow came over every face and every heart. Baba had left class at 9pm and had left the body at 9.30, reaching the subtle region in just half an hour, as if playing hide and seek. Everyone said, ‘Baba was quite well, he gave class, what happened to him then?’ No one had imagined that Baba would leave in this way, in the twinkling of an eye. Baba did not even wait for the doctor to arrive before departing for a different world. Dadi Prakashmani began phoning all the centres to tell them the news. Every sister she told reacted the same way saying, ‘No, no, this is impossible, you are testing us Dadi. We saw Baba in Madhuban just a few days ago and he was OK, you are joking to test us.’ Dadi said to them, ‘Look here I cannot make such a joke about Baba. The news is true, so anyone interested in coming to Madhuban to pay their respects should come immediately, we will keep the body for three days.’ Dadiji informed the big centres first, she phoned Kanpur centre, where Didi Manmohini had gone but was told she had left for Allahabad. There was no telephone at Allahabad and so a brother was despatched from Kanpur to give her the news personally. She too reacted with disbelief and phoned Madhuban to get confirmation. On doing so she immediately left for Delhi and on reaching there caught the first available train to Mt. Abu arriving on 20th January. She went straight to the Small Hall where Baba’s body was lying, the first day it had been in Baba’s room but was moved to the History Hall so that all the brothers and sisters could have a last look. Didiji stood there looking at Baba for a long time; lost in what thoughts I cannot say.

A few days before his ascension to the subtle region Baba had asked Ramesh Bhai to negotiate the purchase of the Museum building at Abu. Ramesh Bhai had gone to Ahmedabad to talk to the owner on 18th January and after doing so had spoken to Baba on the phone Baba approved the deal and asked Ramesh Bhai to finalise the written agreement. Ramesh Bhai did so and set off for Madhuban the same evening. As soon as he arrived he learnt that Baba had become Avyakt, and began a long list of phone calls and telegraph messages. I sat beside him, giving him the phone numbers and these calls took up the whole night.

On 19th January brothers and sisters from all over India began to pour into Madhuban, there were over a thousand. There was no accommodation for such a large number, in those days the training section was still under construction. The ground floor rooms were ready but the first floor had walls but no roof. The brothers and sisters had to find whatever small space they could out of the
cold.

On 19th January Avyakt BapDada spoke through Dadi Gulzar's body and spoke the Murli. He consoled the children saying, 'I have not left for any other place. I am and always will be with you. We shall go to Paramdham together. I have simply swapped my Vyakt for my Avyakt role.'

Avyakt BapDada conferred separately with the Dadi's and gave them directions for the future and their new responsibilities. He also said that his lokik child Narayan and his Aloik child, Vishwa Ratan should perform the last rites. As already mentioned there were two tennis courts in the compound of Pandav Bhawan. One had been used to build a hall and some rooms but the second, in accordance with Baba's wishes, had not been built on. Baba had allowed construction around the sides however and we had begun building the training section. The tennis court itself was still open space and so it was decided that Baba's body should be cremated there and a memorial raised to commemorate him. Some brothers approached the police superintendent at Sirohi seeking permission to cremate Baba's body at the house, which was granted. A platform was built and all the necessary preparations made.

The Funeral Procession

On 21st January we place Baba's body on the flower-bedeked bier prepared for the funeral, which lay near the tennis court. All the seniors gathered round it along with all the brothers and sisters who had congregated in Madhuban. Everyone observed silence for some time in Baba's remembrance. Some brothers then lifted the bier onto their shoulders and Narayan and I led the funeral procession. We carried the bier past the post office and, passing through the bazaar we reached Pandav Bhawan via Nakki Lake. We placed it on a platform where wood had been piled and then placed wood around the body. There were no walls around the tennis courts in those days so ropes were hung round all four sides as a temporary enclosure. Everyone was instructed to stay outside the roped area. Then in turn everyone approached and placed a piece of sandalwood on the funeral pyre and went back outside the enclosure. Lastly Narayan and I placed sandalwood on the pyre and poured some ghee over it and lit the fire.

Everyone returned home in the next day or two as it was very cold at that time of year and there was little in the way of accommodation.

Tower of Peace

The ashes were spread over the platform and left there for three days. Later a structure was raised over it in the form of Samadhi. Marble was purchased which had Baba's elevated versions engraved on it. The Memorial was named Shanti Stambh 'Tower of Peace'. This greatly loved Memorial became a place of pilgrimage not only for the Brahmni family but for outsiders too.
On these three days, 19th, 20th and 21st, BapDada spoke the Murli through Dadi Gulzar and gave special directions to the senior sisters. Baba continues to speak through Dadi Gulzar and in this sense he is still with all of the children and will one day escort us to the soul world.

In accordance with BapDada’s directions Didi Manmohini and Dadi Prakashmani took over the administration of the organisation, assisted by the seniors.

A management committee was formed and a constitution and by-laws were framed. Baba suggested my name on the management committee.

Didi Manmohini left the body on 27th August 1983 when Dadi Janki was made Joint Administrative Head.

Accounts, Accounts, Accounts!

Ramesh Bhai who was a chartered accountant had an office in Bombay. One day he came and informed Dadiji that the government rules required institutions to maintain accounts and submit them at the end of the year. He said that all the centres had to keep accounts and send their monthly returns to Madhuban where he would prepare the consolidated accounts. He undertook to do the audit but said he would need a hand from Madhuban to check the centres monthly returns. Dadiji suggested my name to help and so I began this work in 1973. At first I spent around 30 to 45 minutes a day on this, as the number of centres increased the amount of work did too and first one then two, three and four more hands were assigned to help me. We moved to bigger offices and eventually computers were installed. Later still a room was built to house the accounts department along with one for meetings and some residential accommodation, above Chandrahas Bhai’s room. Ramesh Bhai occupied one room, the second by me the third by Gokul Bhai and Ballabh Bhai and the fourth by Gokul Bhai and Ramesh Bhai (photographer).

As the accounts department grew and grew I had to part company with my work at the dispensary which was taken over by some doctors. At the end of the year Ramesh Bhai and I visited all the zonal headquarters and audited the accounts. Eventually we had a team of about ten together with papers and this became too unwieldy in terms of visits and so centre representatives were called to Madhuban. This work has now increased to such an extent that the hall next to the original hall is now being used for this purpose.

My previous work of checking the accounts in detail was taken over by others and my duties now are just to check bank balances and accounts.

My duty of conducting yoga at Amrit Vela, which was assigned to me by beloved BapDada and sweet Didi and Dadi which I had performed to the best of my ability for the past 20 to 25 years was taken over by other brothers and sisters as of 1999.
Chapter Seven

Useful Points for Self-progress

I would like to share, on the basis of my experience, some thoughts that occur to me for my own and others self progress. These are as follows:

Faith in the basic concepts

As Godly students we are receiving an education through the study of Raj yoga and imperishable knowledge. To be successful in this study we must realise who is teaching us, what is being taught and what the fruit of this education will be. Together with that we must be in no doubt that we are passing through the most beneficent Confluence Age. This is the time when the Supreme Father, the Supreme Soul, Shiv Baba, with Prajapita Brahma as His vehicle, is teaching us as the teacher and giving us Shrimat a Guide. Anyone who does not firmly believe in these basic concepts cannot progress in the study of Godly Knowledge and Yoga. When we have this complete faith we must follow absolutely the directions given by such an Almighty Father, having become His children. We must inculcate the teachings He is imparting and the virtues, which flow from His teachings, do our best to follow Shrimat and try to become like Him.

Have the Highest Aim

To achieve this BapDada says we should always have the highest aim. Godly Knowledge is a study, this education has an aim, and we must have the highest aim: to become number one. Number one means to be in the first division or to be in the rosary of 108. As is our aim is so will be our effort. This needs inner zeal, enthusiasm and courage.

Before we can have this aim we must have the self-confidence that we can become number one. Some think that because they have only recently become Baba's children there are lots of seniors ahead of them, so the rosary must become complete. Some have been in knowledge for thirty to forty years, how can we, who are so new, be included in the rosary? By thinking along these lines they lose self-confidence and become lax and are ready to accept any status in the Golden Age. They think that they will get whatever is destined in the drama. Why be concerned? So they leave everything to 'drama', and become careless in their efforts.

BapDada looks at everyone. When He found that a large number of children had lost their confidence and slowed their efforts He tried to boost their spirits. In one Murli He said, 'Any child whomsoever, male or female new or old, can reach number one through intense efforts. Later He said, 'This position is within the reach of a student of even one or two months. All seats are vacant. Anyone, with a jump, can figure in the rosary of 108.' Since Baba said it we must consider it true and that there must be such students who would prove the truth of Baba's words. Further as Baba has said that even a two-month old student is capable of this achievement there must be a simple process to make effort to be number one. Hearing this students of one or two years gain self-confidence and having done so they should resolve firmly that they will achieve their goal.
Is there such a thing as ‘easy effort’?

What is the easy method? The answer is: hand over the ship of your life to God. Be intensely in love with Him. Before you were in the grip of Maya and worldly things. Renounce all these things now, from the depth of your heart and mind, transform completely and take your place in the sweet and powerful lap of God. In other words, die to your old life and be reborn to a new one.

This means the adoption of purity, which is the foundation of Godly Knowledge. If someone lacks purity he cannot follow this Godly path. He will not be able to understand knowledge or have yoga. BapDada’s first command is Be Holy and be Rajyogi. If someone does not obey the principle of purity he cannot be called a worthy child of the Father. He cannot come close to BapDada and His conscience will trouble him. He will feel restless and unhappy and be unable to experience peace, happiness or supersensuous joy. The source of all these experiences is the Supreme Father, Shiv Baba and He bestows these blessings as His inheritance only on His obedient and worthy children. The child who does not fulfil these conditions is not entitled to BapDada’s inheritance.

‘Remember Me and Me alone’ – BapDada

BapDada’s second command is: ‘Remember me and me alone, forget everything, including your own body, all it’s relations and all the objects and persons connected with it.’ This means we should detach our intellect from Maya and link with only One that is BapDada. ‘One Father and none other.’ Be lost in the remembrance of the Father.
with BapDada. Then you will enjoy sound sleep and your dreams too will be about Godly Knowledge and yoga. When you get up in the morning you will feel fresh — with no trace of fatigue.

**Constantly experiencing BapDada's company**

If we turn on the switch of being the embodiment of BapDada's constant remembrance we will remain constantly light, and so finish the darkness of Maya. If our connection is loose we will be in darkness and the soul will stumble and become peacless and miserable. When we become the image of BapDada's remembrance, through our soul conscious awareness, all problems will come to an end. We must check and pay repeated attention to remembrance of BapDada's company; there is no margin for carelessness in this. Every hour or so we should check whether we are working in that consciousness. BapDada has said repeatedly in the Murtis that He is with all the children, seeing on His TV what they are doing, how they are getting on and whether they are guided by His Shrimat or their own or someone else's opinion. So we should feel that BapDada is sitting beside us and looking at us. Each one should check: Am I wasting my time, thoughts or breath idly or am I using them fruitfully in service and self progress. We should not have any defects if we want to become number one and so should follow Shrimat at any cost; to whatever extent we may have to tolerate. Whatever obstacles Maya may place in our path we must not retreat. 'Honour your promise even at the cost of your life.'

This is the easiest and simplest way to attain the most elevated position, feel BapDada is with you constantly and follow Shrimat carefully. Leave everything else to Him and do not worry about anything. Always stay in a joyful and stable stage. Do not be confused by Maya, adverse situations are simply Maya's test papers, which will continue to confront you to the end. As we move forward the tests will become tougher and tougher, however worthy children will willingly face these challenges and resolve to be victorious. They will always be alive to their sense of self-respect and consider themselves to be Master Almighty children of the Almighty. A beautiful line in a Hindi song means: 'How dare a storm stand in the way of someone who enjoys the company of God? This consciousness will save you from labour.

Always remember however that this intoxication is an inner quality, not to be expressed in speech or conduct. If someone expresses it in this manner it is termed body consciousness. We should take care not to show pride in any way and be absolutely humble. With silent effort and awareness of, and determined attention to, our aim and the attendant experience of constant joy we remain in the flying stage. We have to show regard to everyone and help others to go ahead, giving them priority over ourselves. We should always have the inner feeling, 'I am a most obedient servant' and be inspired by the spirit of service and keeping everyone satisfied in service, while remaining within the Godly code of conduct. Our motto should be, 'To keep BapDada satisfied, to keep ourselves satisfied and to keep the whole Brahmin family satisfied. We should not hurt anyone's feelings remembering
Baba’s commandment, ‘Don’t give sorrow, don’t take sorrow.’ As we are the children of the bestower of happiness, we should become like Him and bestow happiness on everyone. We should not bear grudges and nurture goodwill to everyone in the hope that they too, would become Baba’s children. We should not be vengeful and instead transform ourselves. I must not think that I will change when the other person changes. He or she might never change but I must change myself. ‘World transformation through self transformation.’ Whatever someone’s nature we have to learn to adjust. Don’t look at others, look at the self. If the other person becomes an obstacle, like a mountain, we should go around the mountain; the mountain never steps aside. The attitude that I will change if the other person changes is tantamount to believing that the mountain should step aside. The mountain will remain and you will not reach your destination. Don’t waste your time and energy concentrating on the person who is the obstacle, keep your mind and intellect free from such matters. It takes time for truth to triumph but it does in the long run. Transform such souls through good wishes as far as possible, otherwise give them a signal, free yourself from further responsibility and move on. Obstacles come to make us experienced and he who is experienced can never face defeat. With powerful thoughts see through the obstacle and reveal the hidden benefit. We should be unshakeable like Anghad, silently filling ourselves with inner powers and virtues while remaining carefree. BapDada’s command is, ‘Speak less. Speak softly, speak sweetly.’ So we should never speak bitterly but always with affection to everyone. Whatever situation comes in front of you meet it with the powers of love and sweetness of attitude. What can love not achieve – and Godly love at that? Godly love can turn a stone to water, it can make a mountain as soft as cotton wool, and turn an enemy into a friend. So we are to meet every situation with affection, respect, silence, patience and tolerance, keeping ourselves free from anger.

Baba’s merciful and benevolent attitude

Everyone must have heard the story of how Baba was respected by society, even by kings and emperors, because he was a religious person. Shortly after he began to follow God however obstacles arose in the Yagya. The very people who used to respect him began to oppose him and abuse him. Brahma Baba stuck to his unflinching faith that all the obstacles would disappear because the Almighty, Shiva Baba was with His children. He maintained a merciful and benevolent attitude to those who opposed him. He would simply say, ‘Those poor fellows are ignorant and innocent, little do they realise whose work it is! So adopt an attitude of mercy towards them. Take such papers as Maya’s test papers.’ We should follow the Father in this regard. Even in the midst of adverse situations our face should be smiling and our stage stable. Even if someone tries to give us something bad we should be able to give something good in return. Showing mercy we should give some or other virtue as a gift through our elevated stage so that person may bring about self-transformation through the strength acquired by him through that love.
Welcome the obstacles

In the beginning the mothers and sisters had to endure a lot, including beatings. As a consequence of the behaviour of their relatives they lost their love for them, their bonds of attachment broke, and so they were easily able to become lost in love for Baba, and so immense benefit was hidden in the obstacle. Those very mothers and sisters are now our beloved Dadis. They are in the front line and will become number-one. We need to remember that we should not have any pride that 'I' made the obstacles disappear, or that Maya could not stand before our might or that we are the Maharathis who are the destroyers of obstacles. The attitude of 'I' in thoughts, words and actions is to be considered body consciousness, which is the number one vice. We should consider deeply: Who has the power to chase away Maya? This power belongs only to the One—the Almighty Father. He is the bestower of power. It is He who ensures our success. True, that success is our birthright, but only worthy and obedient children can claim it.

Before Brahma Baba became Shiv Baba's vehicle he had a great personality in the worldly sense. He was President of the jewellers association in Calcutta. He gave up all outward grandeur when he became Shiv Baba's child. He put even the youngest sisters ahead by giving them regard. He surrendered everything to the mothers and sisters for Godly service. He dressed simply in a Dhoti-kurta, in contrast to his previous fashionable western dress; the kurta did not even have a collar. Baba was so humble and simple and such a sample.

We children too should become a sample by following the example of Brahma Baba. 'Follow the Father' means to follow both Shiv Baba and Brahma Baba at every step. To follow Shiv Baba means to always remain in the bodiless stage and to follow Brahma Baba means to always be in the Avyakt stage and to be the image of an angel while going about your daily routine. Do not stoop to the Vyakt, or bodily, stage, you are not to be body conscious.

Some Brahmans ask how they can follow Brahma Baba when they have not seen him, but everyone has seen his photograph, one of his business days and the other of the days that followed. Everyone must have read the story of his life and be listening to his teachings through the Muris. When Avyakt BapDada visits everyone sees the perfect form of Brahma Baba. Notice carefully how Baba sits, how He speaks, how He gives Drishti to all, how His facial expression is, how He speaks in a soft tone, how He listens, how He smiles and how He remains in the Avyakt stage with an air of aloofness.

No laughing loudly, please

Sometimes Avyakt BapDada relates something, which makes the whole audience, burst into laughter. We should notice at that time if Baba himself laughs loudly. Have you ever seen Baba do so? Never, He is always smiling, we too should never laugh loudly, and we should always be smiling. In one of the Muris, Sakar Baba says, 'To laugh loudly is also a vice—a sin.' Now that the 'Too late bell is about to ring we should pay attention to even small things; we should exercise our controlling power. BapDada has never said we should follow brothers
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and sisters but if someone has good qualities adopt them
by all means. If we cannot control the stage of extroversion
and adopt a stage of introversion, how can we control
the subtle inner desires for name and fame and numerous
other such desires that spring up in our heart? So use
your controlling power carefully, but where will this power
come from? --From BapDada, because only the Father
is Almighty. You will then reach the stage of being ignorant
of all desires and become a contented soul. The cure for
all problems is to remain lost in God's love and
remembrance. The children with such dedication turn their
backs on useless things and become dear to BapDada,
that is they become seated on His heart-throne. That is
why BapDada, on His part, bestows everything on them
and fulfills all their elevated desires.

Beware of undesirable company

There are those who cannot live without their lokik
friends, that is what we call undesirable company.
However if God is not with someone then Raven surely
is; such people stumble, unaware of their position, for
Maya appears before them in very sweet forms and
amuses them. She lures them by presenting their
favourite people and luxuries. Being attracted they
become happy. Such people may be compared to a
drunkard who, under the influence of intoxication
considers himself to be the luckiest person in the world.
When the intoxication is over he feels sorry and repents.
So with Maya, they remain happy while they have good
food and the company of those they like, but when
deprived of those things the limited happiness vanishes.

Useful Points for Self-progression

We should always beware of undesirable company. It is
dangerous because it makes us negligent and results in
waste of our time. Ultimately people who indulge in bad
company belong to nowhere. They neither experience
closeness to the Father, which could make them powerful,
or the permanent company of their friends.

If we want company let it be that of a good effort-
maker. Two on the same path together can help and
caution one another. They can share points of knowledge
and yoga, boost each other's self-confidence and
encourage each other in cultivating the power of silence.
The whole process of attaining number one rests on
attention therefore let our watchword be 'attention'.

Regularity, Punctuality & Accuracy

There is another important thing, which needs
attention. BapDada always attaches great significance
to Amrit Vela. At this time the atmosphere is pure and we
have no distractions so the intellect can easily
concentrate. We can strengthen our soul conscious stage
through concentration. This influences our entire daily
routine.

If you want success in any task three things are
important: one- regularity, two -punctuality and three-
accuracy. When you go to class in the morning you must
go regularly, that is every day. Punctuality means to go
at the right time; accuracy means to observe the code of
conduct by listening to the Murli attentively, with the feeling
that you are listening to the words of God. To make the
Murli points part of your intellect, to reflect on them and
to follow the teachings contained in them is to follow
Shrimat.

Similarly when you sit for yoga in the class at Amrit Vela it is important that you pay attention to all the three things mentioned above. You should come to the yoga class daily, you should come at the right time and practise yoga accurately. There are many brothers and sisters who come regularly but lack accuracy. The reason is they do not know how to sit for yoga, how to practise it and with what thoughts to entertain the mind. If they do know all this but still cannot meditate then this is due to their carelessness. If your intellect wanders, you cannot concentrate or you feel too tired you have to think deeply as to why you cannot meditate. You should find the cause and the solution because if you are dozing then you should understand that your intellect is cut off from BapDada.

How can He give blessings in the early hours of nectar to those whose intellect is not connected to Him?

When we sit for yoga the first thing that needs attention is to have the correct posture. It is essential to sit in an erect and active posture. Then we should concentrate our awareness in the centre of the forehead. Those who think with such deep concentration do not feel sleepy. If we have disturbed thoughts at bedtime that will cause us to lose sleep.

Suppose a mother whose son lives far away receives a message saying he has had an accident and has been admitted to hospital. How will she feel on receiving the news? She will be lost in thinking of her son, to the exclusion of all else. Questions of what has happened, how did it happen will race through her mind. She will not be able to eat or sleep for thinking about him. So deep is the mother’s attachment to her son that the absorption in love of her son robs her of sleep.

Anyone who is so deeply absorbed in thought is in fact in the bodiless stage, and sees through the third eye. This is what happens at Amrit Vela, as soon as we sit we should become bodiless. When we are lost in powerful thoughts, that is totally absorbed in our thoughts, this helps our meditation because in that state of concentration, whether we know about the soul or not, we are also seeing through the third eye. At Amrit Vela we should connect with BapDada and then hold a sweet spiritual conversation with Him. During this conversation you are free to speak to Him about your efforts, your self-progress, or any problem. You can also ask any question about Godly service. By way of blessings He will fill your intellect with virtues and powers. Then you will be merged in supersensuous bliss and you eyes will stay open without blinking.

Powerful yoga at Amrit Vela influences our daily routine. That awareness of the bodiless stage will stay with us throughout the day, more or less powerfully according to what we are doing during the day. When we work our intellect is focussed on the task, even though we perform it in the awareness of being in BapDada’s company. However there are times during the day when we can remember Baba, such as at lunch when we eat in His remembrance. Remembrance must last the whole day, to a greater or lesser stage of power. We should never descend to the vyakt, or body conscious stage. This depends on self-checking.

As soon as we get up in the morning we should look
at BapDada and wish Him good morning. When listening to Murli we should feel that it is BapDada who is before us speaking; not that such and such a sister or Dadi is reading Murli. While listening check yourself, 'Am I following the shrmat contained in the Murli?' If not you must promise yourself you will start, right from that moment.

If we pay attention we can have powerful remembrance throughout the day.

Looking at sakar Brahma Baba's life we can see that he had the constant awareness of Shiv Baba's company throughout the day. He spent the whole of his life in this awareness. In his last days he seemed to be constantly lost in deep thought and appeared to be an angel moving around in the bodiless stage. We should follow his example.

We should be the embodiment of our thoughts words and experience that stage. The greatest thing is to be the embodiment of experience. This will automatically emerge your virtues and powers. There should be no labour because the natural nature of Brahmin life is to be the embodiment of all powers and virtues, which brings to an end the nature of their previous births. To be a Brahmin means to be equal to Brahma Baba, if we have not erased the old nature it means we are not fully dead to the old life.

We should check, 'Am I following the father Brahma at every step? He renounced everything, body mind and wealth. He transformed everything, changing 'I' into 'yours.' It was this renunciation and the transformation of this one word that made him worthy of such a great fortune, from a beggar to a prince. This transformation is easy, simply shift any burden to Baba. If you use everything in a worthwhile way your account of treasures will accumulate.

There are three ways to accumulate elevated fortune. The first is by our own elevated actions. The second is by keeping others and ourselves content. The third is to do service in a yogyukt and yuktiyukt way. The proof of accumulation in these three accounts is that the person always feels himself to be an easy effort maker and automatically inspires others to be the same. Love for BapDada, love for Godly service and love for the Brahmin family, this three-fold love relieves him of labour. BapDada is pleased with an honest heart and if your heart is honest your wish must be fulfilled.

By being detached you can give others strength. Cast off from all shores, finish attachment and be completely free. As an embodiment of happiness always give happiness to all from the depth of your heart, within the code of conduct.

This will return to you in the form of blessings from the recipient.

Some take on burdens saying, 'I will remain free from anger', 'I will not keep bad company', 'I will not speak ill of anyone'. However your own power does not work so well. Gradually such souls slip because Maya has drained our power for sixty-three births. Baba has come to refresh us and as we remember Him our powers will be replenished. If we try to rely on our own powers Maya will lead us astray. The awareness of BapDada's
companionship is extremely important and we should do everything in the awareness that He is with us. This is the solution to all problems and the easy method to become number one. A new student can easily attain this status by adopting this method and becoming Baba's true child.

We should remember others will do what they see us do so we must become an example to others. Whatever problems confront us we should be smiling, cool, sober and patient. Baba like to see smiling faces as does the Brahmin family and the whole world. If our personality of purity coupled with our personality of spirituality is evident from our face and conduct we will spread spiritual vibrations and our conduct will help to bless with a glance anyone who comes in contact. Share your virtues and powers with everyone and always keep yourself busy with such unlimited service. This will give you inner joy and keep you dancing in happiness. You will always be aware that the one who is sustaining you, teaching you and giving you Shrimat and blessings is none other than than the Almighty Supreme Father, the Supreme Soul Himself. So always be aware of your elevated fortune saying, 'Wha, my fortune', you can use the word 'my' in this way, 'Wha, my Baba.'

I offer this account of the experience of the 82 years of my life and the points that proved useful to me in making progress as a Godly student. I humbly dedicate this little volume to Godly service.

Om Shanti.