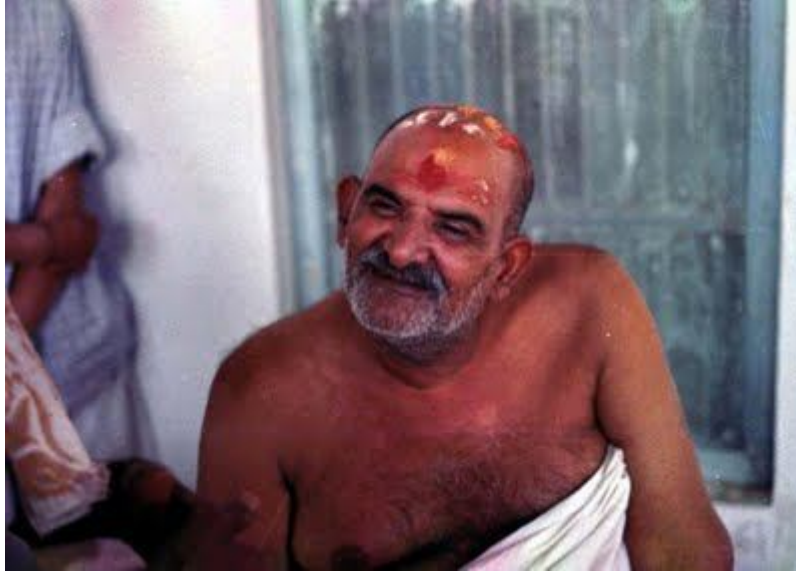


DIVINE REALITY:

Shri Neeb Karori Ji Maharaj by Ravi Prakash Pande



Preface

Sri Baba Neeb Karori Maharaj appeared to be an ordinary human, but he was actually divinity incarnate. He inspired people in unseen, intangible ways. No one could predict his behaviour. His actions revealed an all-knowing, all-pervading, and all-powerful being who had nature itself under his command. Our rational minds made it difficult to accept such power in a human being, but Baba's divine love melted away our natural scepticism and submerged us in grace.

The accounts of Baba's lila, or his divine play, described in the main body of this book are devotees' personal experiences of Baba. Since he was averse to public acclaim, the accounts remained verbal during his lifetime and for some time after he left his physical body. Devotees rarely shared their experiences with people they did not know, and no one could gather the courage to keep a record of Baba's lila while they were with him. The renowned thinker and writer K.M. Munshi was impressed after meeting Baba and published an article on him, but he faced Baba's disapproval for his actions. The late Raja Bhadri, former lieutenant governor of Himachal Pradesh, made a great effort to collect many of Baba's lila, but when he sought Baba's consent to get them published, Baba not only refused but had the entire collection destroyed in his presence.

In 1971 Baba's American devotee Ram Dass (Dr. Richard Alpert), former professor of psychology at Harvard University, was successful in narrating the powerful effect of Baba's influence on him in his book *Be Here Now*. In 1979, six years after Baba left his body, Ram Dass published another book entitled *Miracle of Love*. It was through this book that more of the western world came to know about Maharaj.

Others have also written about Baba in English, but there is a lack of literature about him in the Hindi language. Prabhu Dayal Sharma composed two beautiful poems in Hindi, *Vinaya Chalisa* and *Pushpanjali*, and after 1973 Vrindavan Ashram started publishing *Smriti Sudha*, an annual magazine in which devotees write about their experiences of Baba.

In preparation for writing this book, personal interviews were conducted with people from many nations, and all the literature available on Baba was researched. Every effort was made to give information about the people related to the events included except where individuals wished to remain anonymous. Enquiries were made to verify the authenticity of the accounts, and care was taken to reproduce them without exaggeration. In addition to incidents that took place before 1973, peoples' experiences of Baba after his Mahasamadhi are also described.

The accounts have been arranged according to their context and reflection of divine attributes rather than chronologically, for some people related their experiences based on the lasting impression they made rather than the exact date the event occurred. Since the attributes are interdependent, some experiences may reflect more than one. The word "ॐ" (pronounced Raam) closes every chapter because the name of Lord Ram was most dear to Maharaj.

Baba's mystical lila inspires us to discover the essence of truth and often brings about a spontaneous change in our perception of this world. His divine ways are so exceedingly impressive and attractive that contemplation of them encourages us to seek improvement of the inner self. As a consequence of this inner cleansing, people start experiencing Baba's grace and sometimes see him in dreams as well as in waking reality. Thus, by thoroughly contemplating and reflecting on his character and divine lila, it is natural that there will be changes in the thoughts and tendencies of aspirants. To facilitate this transformation is the purpose of this book.

I had the opportunity to meet Baba for the first time in 1944 in Lucknow. After 1953 my association with him increased, and I was blessed to be with Baba in Kainchi Ashram for some time every year from 1966 to 1973. In this way I became more and more in touch with his devotees and their wonderful experiences of Baba.

I bow to the revered feet of Sri Siddhi Ma, who inspired me to write this book, and with whose blessings this great task has been completed. I also express my sincere gratitude to everyone who shared their experiences and encouraged me, especially Shri Kehar Singh ji, who contributed so much from his many years of close association with Baba. I am also grateful to the Hanuman Foundation, U.S.A., for making several photographs of Baba available for publication in this book.

I acknowledge that I have neither the intelligence nor the capability to describe the greatness of Baba and so beg pardon of the reader for my inadequacies. Baba concealed his true nature, but by his grace, I present to the reader the little I knew and saw. I publish this book with a selfless prayer for the welfare of all humankind. If in the accomplishment of this task I have

inadvertently hurt the feelings of anyone, I humbly seek their pardon.

In the end I submit the book to Sri Kainchi Hanuman Mandir and Trust.

Ravi Prakash Pande "Rajida"
Sri Kainchi Hanuman Mandir & Ashram
Kainchi, District Nainital
Guru Purnima, 11 July 1987

An Entreaty For Grace

O Haven of the shelterless, you are the compassionate one, the embodiment of grace, the forgiver. Some know you by the name of Lakshman Das, some as Neeb Karori (Neem Karoli), and a few others as Talaiyya Baba (baba of the lake). Some address you as Maharaj (great king), some as Sarkar (lord), and some as Baba (beloved elder). Baba is dearest to my heart.

Maharaj, for me, you are Ram, you are Krishna, you are Shiva, you are Goddess Durga, you are Hanuman. Your devotees were close to you, but you used your grace and humility as a curtain to hide your divinity. In childlike innocence, we did not realise that God had come to us as our guru. You said, "I make devotees, not disciples." This was enough to alert us, but we did not wake up. O God incarnate! Protect the bond between us.

Baba! It is your nature to elevate the lowly and make them worthy. You fulfil even the simplest wishes of your devotees. This servant of yours has nurtured a yearning. Knowing the innermost thoughts of all, it is not hidden from you. O Lord! I have a keen desire to spread the story of your divine play, but I feel quite incompetent for the great task. Efforts to describe God all end by saying neti, neti (not this, not this), yet one cannot help praising his glory. Similarly, words have not the power to express your divinity, for there is no end to you or your divine play. Any effort to express who you are is like trying to drain an ocean with cupped hands. No matter how much is said or how much is written, one cannot be satisfied with it.

I am aware of my own lack of capability on one hand and a lack of adequate knowledge of language, literature, and style on the other. Under these circumstances it does not seem possible to safely carry the nectar of your divine life to others. In the evening of my life, as unskilled a sailor as I am, it is my audacity to get into the tumultuous ocean in a worn-out boat with timeworn oars. Yet leaning upon your supernatural powers, may I persist in this stupendous task.

O Krishna! You made it seem as if your play in this human body was over. Your "disappearance" was a divine act in itself. Your compassion is still alive and giving support to those seeking your grace.

O Lord! May I know if your divine nature need still be concealed? If not, kindly be seated in the heart of this servant of yours, enlighten his wisdom, and gratify him by making his pen write. You alone can make an impossible task possible. By your grace all hurdles will be

removed, and this work will be completed. O Ocean of kindness! I await the shower of your loving grace.

These flowers are offered with love and placed at your feet with care. Please accept them, O Beloved Gurudev.

Humbly I bow at your feet,
Ravi Prakash Pande "Rajida"
Sri Kainchi Hanuman Mandir & Ashram, Nainital
Bhadra-Shukla, Anant Chaturdashi
21 September 1983

Introduction

Sri Baba Neeb Karori Maharaj was born in a well-to-do Brahmin family from the village of Akbarpur in District Agra and was known by the name Laxmi Narian. He exhibited spiritual powers from birth, and though he did not show an inclination for study as a child, he seemed to know everything. One night he told his family that there would be burglars in the house. Taking it to be a child's imagination, no one heeded his warning, but his words turned out to be true. Burglars broke into the house the same night.

At the tender age of eleven, Baba left his home and went to Gujarat, where he lived for seven years. He stayed in the ashram of a Vaishnav (a worshipper of Lord Vishnu) saint who gave him the name Lakshman Das and made him wear the clothes of an ascetic. His hair grew long and matted, and he wore a loincloth tied around his waist with a rope made of reed. His sole possession was a kamandal (a pot made out of a gourd). He also stayed for some time at an ashram in Babania, a village outside the town of Morvi. There he practiced spiritual austerities, which included immersing himself in a lake for long periods.

From Babania, Baba set off on a journey around the country. While traveling, he arrived at the village of Neeb Karori, in the district of Farrukhabad, and stopped to take some rest. Baba's speech was divine, and although he had little contact with the villagers, whatever he told them came true. They became attached to him and beseeched him to stay. They built an underground cave for him in which he immersed himself in spiritual practice all day. No one saw him coming out even to attend the call of nature. He came out only in the darkness of night. Later the cave gave in, and a new cave (which still exists) was dug out about two hundred meters from the old one, on a neglected piece of land owned by a Brahmin named Goverdhan. Baba had a Hanuman temple built on the roof of this cave, and on the day of consecration he shaved his long, matted hair and started wearing a long, cotton dhoti (length of cotton fabric) instead of the loincloth.

After moving into the new cave, Baba started interacting more with the villagers. He developed a friendly association with the younger people of his age group and often participated in their sports. He mingled with them so freely that it was not possible for them to be over-awed by the peculiarities of his astonishing deeds. While playing hide-and-seek, he was able to locate any one of them instantly, wherever they might be hidden in the forest, but when his turn came, he became invisible and was not to be found anywhere. While climbing

trees in the forest, his pursuers would follow him up one tree only to reach the top and see him sitting on another. No one saw him leaping from tree to tree. While swimming in the village pond, Baba would disappear under the water and come out after a long time. It was all a matter of amazement and fun for them.

During this period a poor bird catcher named Gopal became Baba's ardent devotee and came to attend to him every day. One day, forgetting Baba's instructions not to enter his cave, Gopal made the mistake of going in with a pot of milk that he had brought for him. He found Baba in deep meditation with serpents wrapped around his body. He was so horrified to see Baba in his Shiva-like form that his legs gave way and the pot of milk slipped from his hands. He ran outside and fainted. Baba came out and lifted him up saying, "You should not have entered the cave without permission." It was by Baba's touch alone that Gopal regained consciousness.

One time Baba did not get food for several days. This was more of his lila. The villagers said that he appeared agitated. He shouted at the holy image of Hanuman [an incarnation of Shiva and beloved devotee of Lord Ram, he is the reliever of suffering, the embodiment of blessings, and a bridge between people and God], "Will you starve me to death?" No sooner did he say these words than several people came to the temple with plates full of fruits and sweets. Showing disrespect to the deity was an incomprehensible act, but the villagers believed that Maharaj could do such a thing because he was not a devotee of Hanuman but Hanuman himself.

One day Baba was on his way to the Ganges, where he used to bathe on the auspicious days of Ekadashi and Purnima. He was walking with his devotee Gopal and a Muslim companion when he saw a train traveling towards Farrukhabad on which he wished to travel. The moving train, which was about two hundred meters away, suddenly stopped and did not move further until Baba and his attendants boarded. As soon as Baba sat down, the train continued its journey. Later on, at the request of villagers who wished to keep the memory of the event alive, the government of India set up a railway station at the place where Baba boarded and named it Baba Lakshman Das Puri station after Baba. (Baba was called Baba Lakshman Das by the villagers of Neeb Karori.)



On another occasion Baba went to Farrukhabad from Neeb Karori in the first-class compartment of a train. Seeing his sadhu-like appearance, an Anglo-Indian conductor told him to get off the train at the next station. Baba got down and took a seat on the platform. Despite all efforts of the station staff, the train did not move; its departure was delayed for two hours. The conductor could not explain the problem since no mechanical defect was found. In fact, the engine was running, but the wheels would not turn. All the compartments of the train were checked thoroughly and no fault was found anywhere.

While the authorities were deliberating over the problem, some railway employees asked Baba in jest to make the train move. Baba said, "I am turned out of the train and you are asking me to let it go!" An employee replied, "Perhaps you had no ticket." At this, Baba showed them several genuine first-class tickets. Amazed, they begged him to re-board the train and let it move. Baba willed it to be so, and the train moved instantly. From then on Baba Lakshman Das became famous as Baba Neeb Karori, the baba from Neeb Karori village.

In 1935 a rich man came to Neeb Karori and offered Baba a silver plate full of gold coins in the presence of Goverdhan and some other Brahmins. Baba did not accept the offering. His rejection of it antagonized the Brahmins, for they had wanted Baba to give them the money. Later another rich man came to Neeb Karori bringing thirty cans of ghee (clarified butter) for the forthcoming yagna (fire ceremony) on the full-moon day. Baba was in Farrukhabad at the time, taking a bath in the Ganges. In his absence the Brahmins spoke to the rich man in a derogatory way about Baba and persuaded him to go away with his cans of ghee. Baba could see all that was happening at Neeb Karori from Farrukhabad, and on his return he reprimanded the Brahmins and gave up the idea of performing the annual yagna. One day shortly thereafter, he left the village. He had lived there for eighteen years.

After leaving Neeb Karori, Baba lived for some time on the bank of the Ganges at Kilaghat in Fatehgarh. There he associated with the local people and even reared some cows. To the

amusement of his devotees, the cows obeyed Baba's commands. During his stay he gave his blessings and darshan to many soldiers. He also changed the heart of Colonel J.C. McKenna, his first western devotee, who had been averse to Indian saints and monks.

After leaving Kilaghat, Baba wandered from place to place. Nothing can be said for certain about where he went and what he did during this time. There was, however, a steady growth of reverence for him among people in the towns of Bareilly, Haldwani, Almora, Nainital, Kanpur, Lucknow, Vrindavan, and Allahabad, and also in Delhi, Shimla, and even Madras (Chennai), a far-off city in the South.

Without any publicity, urban and rural Indians of all ages, castes, and classes, as well as people from the West became Baba's devotees. Hindus, Muslims, Sikhs, Christians, and even atheists were drawn to him. V.V. Giri, former president of India; Gopal Swarup Pathak, former vice president; Justice Vasudev Mukherjee; Jugal Kishore Birla, the famous industrialist; Sumitra Nandan Pant, the poet; former prime minister Jawahar Lal Nehru, and many other well-known and distinguished persons had Baba's darshan and showed great respect for him.



During the 1940s Baba began spending more time in Nainital. A great many of the town's inhabitants became devoted to him. If they saw Baba going anywhere, they would leave their business or chores and like carefree beings, follow him wherever he went. There was an inexplicable bliss in the households that Baba visited. No effort was needed to find out where he was in the town at any particular moment because his presence could be felt by the spirit of joy and festivity pervading that place. He would occasionally stay in the houses of his devotees, but he spent much of his time on the secluded Manora hillside, about two kilometers outside of the town. Sometimes he would pass the nights on the roadside parapets, and householder devotees accustomed to domestic comforts would remain awake with him all night, night after night, and still attend to their usual routine during the day. Instead of feeling fatigued, they felt a new spirit of energy.

In the early 1950s Baba had his first temple, which he named Hanumangarh, constructed on the Manora hillside. Over the next two decades he also had temples, and in some places ashrams, constructed in Bhumiadhar, Kainchi, Kakrighat, Kanpur, Lucknow, Vrindavan, Shimla, Delhi, and other places. Baba valued the temples and ashrams, but he had no desire or attachment for them. As soon as each temple was completed, he would turn its management over to a trust.

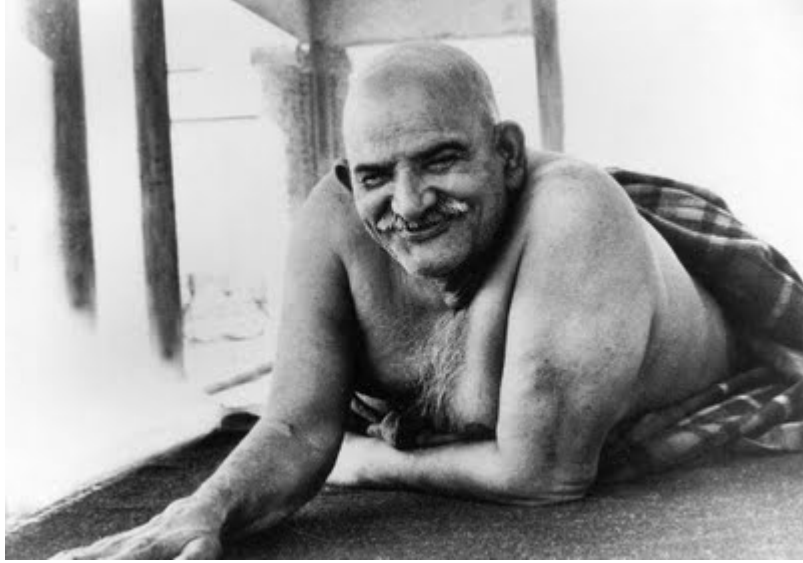
Because of the social limitations faced by women in India, Baba made special facilities available to them in the ashrams. Consequently the women devotees adored Baba as their guru, father, brother, or son, according to their feelings. They participated in all the activities of the ashrams and contributed greatly to the spirit of service that Maharaj encouraged.

Many visitors were fed every day in Baba's ashrams and given packets of prasad (blessed food) to carry home for their families. The visiting ascetics were offered money and blankets as well as food. Baba would say, "If you do not empty the stock, how can it be replenished?" Just as the sun never sees darkness, Baba never faced a shortage of anything.

From the 1950s until his Mahasamadhi, Baba visited the temples and ashrams but never stayed in one place for long. Wherever he stayed, he lived simply and was always concerned with the welfare of others. Like a benevolent father, he shed his grace on all.

He nurtured the concept of Vasudhaiv kutumbakam (the world as one family) and would say that love binds all together. His blood relations, along with countless others, merged within this worldwide family. Devotees only learned about Baba's relatives when his last rites were performed. Baba said, "The whole universe is our home and all residing in it belong to our family. Every woman is a mother or sister and every man a father or brother. This is all God's family. You can do service of the highest order only if your thoughts are centered on God. Instead of trying to see God in a particular appearance, it is better to see him in everything."

On 11 September 1973 Maharaj ji left his physical body. Much remains a mystery about him and his lila before and after this date. K.M. Munshi, former governor of Uttar Pradesh, wrote, "Nobody knows where he came from or where he went away to, nor is his original name known to anyone." What we know about him is only by his grace. He is a perfect example of how the eternal power assumes human form and dwells for a time amidst the masses.



Baba's Divine Nature

Sri Baba Neeb Karori Maharaj was the very embodiment of grace and compassion. He showered affection, fed people, and made them laugh. He loved everyone without discrimination and could not bear to see anyone in distress. He was so affable that each of his devotees felt that Baba had special affection for them and believed him to be their very own. Even simple words spoken by him always brought good, just as seeds, in whatever way they are sown, always sprout upright.

He was like a kapataru (a celestial wish-fulfilling tree) in satisfying the beneficial wishes of people. Baba would often call strangers by name and relieve them of their suffering by advising them suitably. He would cure the diseases of people without their knowledge. He alleviated afflictions—whether physical, spiritual, or mundane—with a mere glance or touch.

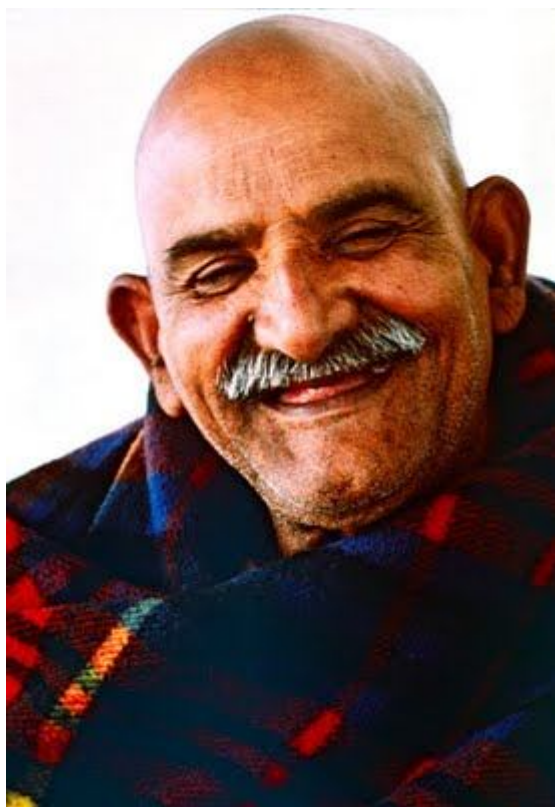
Some people call Baba the greatest ascetic, some the supreme saint. One devotee said that Baba appeared according to one's thoughts or as a reflection of one's own feelings—often as a beloved family member or as a revered teacher. Baba came to one man in the form of Sri Ram, to another in the form of Goddess Durga. Many believed him to be an incarnation of the all-powerful Hanuman. Swami Karpatri Maharaj said, "In Kali-yuga, many learned saints have come into the world, but none is so enlightened as Baba Neeb Karori." Swami Chidananda, the president of the Divine Life Society and Sri Shivananda ashram, called him "a wonder mystic of Northern India." Baba himself said, "If people got to know the truth about me, they would even pinch off the hair on my body and make talismans."

Baba, however, kept his divinity concealed. The villages of Akbarpur and Neeb Karori in Uttar Pradesh were the fields of his lila for more than half a century. Nevertheless, the inhabitants of his native Akbarpur were not aware that their own Laxmi Narain Sharma was known elsewhere as Baba Neeb Karori or Baba Lakshman Das. Nor did the residents of Neeb Karori know that the baba who became famous all over the world by the name of their village was none other than their own Baba Lakshman Das.

Baba's unassuming appearance caused common people as well as spiritual aspirants of a high order to mistake him for a prosperous Indian householder. He made no pretensions about being a saint in order to gain respect. He did not mark his forehead or wear a string of beads around his neck, nor did he wear the saffron clothing of a sadhu. Instead, he wore a white dhoti and a blanket. In his own ashrams, if a stranger asked him where they could find Baba, he usually replied, "There is no baba here. Go and have darshan before the murti of Hanuman."

Baba often created a misleading impression of himself and bewildered people in order to divert their attention. Many say he exhibited human weaknesses to this end. Baba credited other people with his own extraordinary deeds, and if any of his devotees tried to speak highly of him in public or look for more details about him, he did not allow them to stay in his company for long. Baba disdained the fawning ways used to show esteem for him, though sometimes he would accept ritual adoration (puja) when it was offered with true love and simplicity. Outwardly, however, he would still be busy talking or lost in thought.

The opinions of others, whether favorable or unfavorable, did not affect Baba. He would unhesitatingly act contrary to expectation and at times even in ways that seemed humiliating in the eyes of the world. His reasons were generally incomprehensible, yet he appealed to people so much that he always remained the object of their reverence and affection. His paradoxical actions could often be explained by the fact that Baba, like other saints, made use of the subtle, unseen forces of the universe. In this way rational logic could not be applied to them.



Swami Ramanand said that Baba's state of consciousness determined his behavior. When Baba appeared to be asleep, it would be just as likely for him to be in a state of bliss or on another plane. More often Baba appeared restless. Even while sitting or lying down, he was rarely still. Baba's apparent mobility was often attributed to the numerous benevolent works he was doing elsewhere unnoticed. Even Baba's physical form would sometimes reflect his inner state. The photographs in which Baba's hand looks like a monkey's paw suggest his absorption in the contemplation of Hanuman.

Baba never got tired of moving about day or night. He would often joyfully pass the nights in solitary places, on parapet walls by the roadside, or in jungles. Sometimes he roamed about without food. Sometimes, even after eating meals in the many homes he was invited to, he would say he was hungry and ask for more food. [It is believed that Baba was taking on negative karma by eating at people's homes, thus saving them from adverse effects.] At other times a piece of dry bread from a pious soul satisfied him.

Swami Rama ['Living With the Himalayan Masters'] said that Baba was beyond the physical awareness of his own self and so his behavior appeared childlike. He would occasionally forget to eat or to take his bath. His attendants would remind Baba, and then he would perform the daily chores.

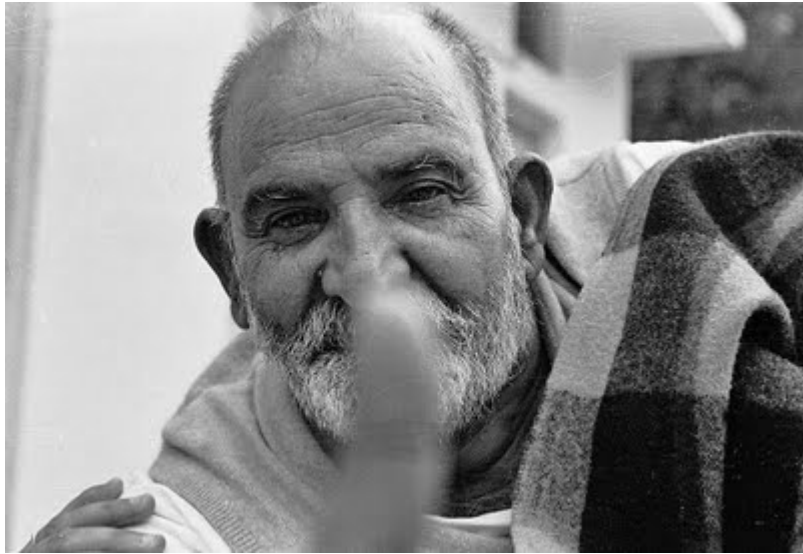
Sometimes Baba would be smiling at jokes and those around him would be laughing. In an instant he would change the mood and people would start weeping. At times a few lines from the Ramayana (the epic depicting Lord Ram's incarnation on earth), a recollection of Christ, or even an ordinary conversation would touch his heart, and his own tears would flow profusely. Even his picture was seen to shed tears when someone wept before it.

Baba led such a simple life that there was nothing one could give him. He did not accept money from foreigners and discouraged others from doing so, but he would honor and accept humble offerings from the poor. He had a natural affinity for the destitute and disadvantaged and would walk into their homes uninvited and ask for food. He often said, "Everyone is poor before God."

At the same time Baba encouraged charity, generosity, and sacrifice and exhorted the rich to spend money on the construction of temples and ashrams, on bhandaras (public feedings), and for the welfare of others. On occasion he would put a devotee to the test by asking them for something that they were very attached to or felt unable to part with. This again was his lila. He told people that generosity was a result of good deeds performed in a previous birth and said, "To give or sacrifice for another at the cost of hardship to yourself is very difficult. Such acts can only be performed because of sanskaras [predispositions or positive tendencies] of previous births."

Baba's nature to forgive was unparalleled. He did not look down on anyone for their evil deeds or for exhibiting human weaknesses such as desire, anger, pride, ignorance, or avarice. It is said in the Ramayana that if God took heed of all of man's deeds, his redemption would become unthinkable. Even though Baba knew everything, he accepted everyone as they were. Indeed, he would become unhappy if someone mistreated a person who had committed an offense. Once, Baba ignored the traffic rules at a crossing and was verbally abused and manhandled by the police officer on duty. Baba did not mind, but someone else reported the incident to a higher authority. When the police officer was called to task, Baba himself went

to plead for the man and saved him from punishment.



There were times when Baba made a show of anger—scolding and shouting. His Shiva-like wrath was not easy to cope with. He did not hesitate to use a stream of coarse swear words, and sometimes he would even strike out with his hand or foot. The person who was the object of his fury, as well as anyone witnessing it, was shaken at these moments. Strangely enough, immediately after such incidents, Baba would appear very calm and kind-hearted, as if nothing had happened. Eventually it was seen that his anger averted the misfortunes of people and acted as a blessing in disguise. Even knowing that his anger was never real, none dared to take it lightly.

No one knew how or on whom Baba's grace would fall. Even though people generally go to the hermitages of saints and sages to have their darshan like a thirsty man goes to a well, Baba would visit the houses of his devotees and often bless them by eating food prepared by them. He would extend this type of blessing to anyone and eat vegetarian food without the slightest hesitation at the houses of Hindus, Muslims, Sikhs, or Christians. He often brought other devotees along with him and expected them to be fed as well. Even when he arrived unexpectedly, there would always be plenty. By his grace the quantity of food would increase to the appropriate amount and save the hosts from embarrassment. Prosperity, peace, and contentment filled the house wherever he took a meal.

While staying at the homes of his devotees, Baba would sit among them like the head of the family, take interest in and listen to their day-to-day problems, give his opinion, and help them. Many families asked Baba for advice on matrimonial alliances, and at times he would name a suitable bride or groom. Whenever Baba suggested an alliance, it was bound to take place whether it was agreed to at the time or not. Having expressed his view in respect to marriage, Baba would indirectly get it performed in a satisfactory manner and thus relieve the family members of their anxiety. Certain people did not think it proper for a saint to be interested in the worldly activities of householders, but these thinkers betrayed their ignorance of Baba's divine nature. It is said in the Ramayana that the illustrious saints are moved by the

sufferings of others. Baba was benevolence itself, and so it was natural for him to shower his grace in so many forms.

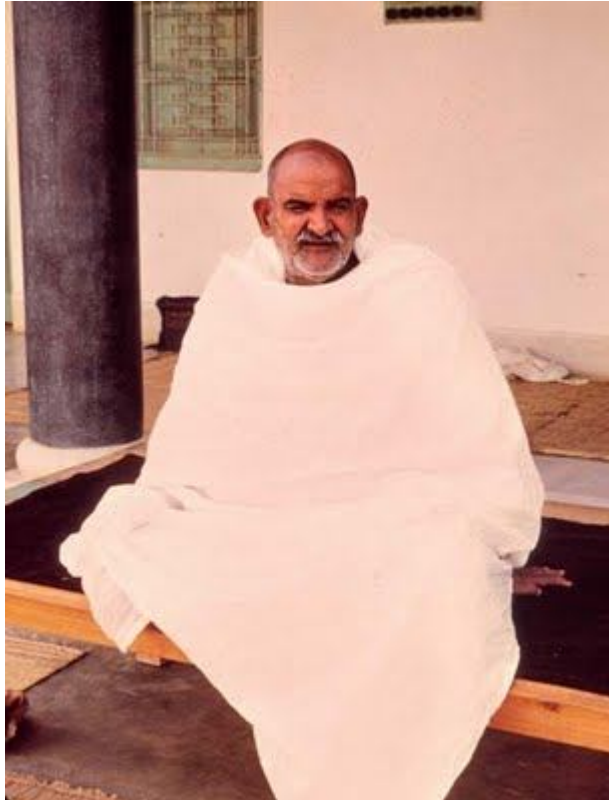
In addition to visiting his householder devotees, Baba would also go to the hermitages and caves of spiritual aspirants (sadhaks) and grace them by his presence. Real sadhaks could not remain hidden from Baba. He always helped them, directly or indirectly, in their spiritual practice.

Unlike some sadhus who do not tolerate children or consider them worthy company, Baba, having a childlike temperament himself, loved their company and always fed them his nectar-like prasad. He ignored their pranks and sometimes playfully encouraged them by giving preference to their wishes. Baba's only expectation from children and young people was that they respect their parents and teachers, which he insisted they demonstrate by bowing and putting their heads at the elders' feet.

He used to quote examples of how one man carried his mother on his shoulders for a bath in the Ganges, or of one who ate only after he had offered food to his parents. Those who showed such devotion to their parents were dear to Maharaj. In one context he said, "It is not necessary to seek God so long as the parents are alive. The worship of living parents is difficult, but it is the best sadhana [spiritual practice]."

Baba would bring people to a higher state of awareness just through normal conversation. Sometimes he kept people so absorbed all through the night that they were surprised to see the approach of dawn. During discussions on spirituality, whatever he uttered touched the heart and had the effect of a great mantra, or devotional incantation.

He said, "All religions are basically the same and they all lead to God. All human beings are equal. The blood that circulates in the body through the heart is the same in all." He went to Mecca at the request of Indian Ambassador Shri Kidwai, to church at the request of the American devotees, and accompanied Sikhs and others to temples. Baba, who was initiated as a Vaishnav, appreciated whoever followed their religion conscientiously and respected all religions alike, but he himself was not constrained by any. In making the rituals less cumbersome, he would disregard the precepts of the scriptures when appropriate.



Baba encouraged the devotees to recite the Hanuman Chalisa (a forty-verse prayer in praise of Hanuman) and the Sundarkand (the chapter in the Ramayana that describes Hanuman's exploits). He also guided them in the prayers and annual religious functions at the ashram. Yet he himself would not participate in them and kept aloof from formal ceremonies such as the consecration of temples.

He would tell people, "God resides within every heart." Sometimes he said that food is God. About God's darshan, he said, "God exists in all aspects of nature, his creation. He is everywhere so is never out of our sight. The fault is ours if we are not able to see him or do not earnestly try to see him. We must not limit our vision. The narrow tendencies of the mind keep us so entangled in mundane activities that we are not aware of him. Our impure thoughts prevent us from achieving peace of mind and divine love." He often said that love is the best means for God-realization and would repeat again and again, "There is nothing dearer to Ram than love."

Baba was continuously uttering "Ram, Ram" or sometimes "Radha, Radha" (names of God). Even while talking, he could be seen moving his thumb continuously around his finger, as if repeating a mantra. At times he became so engrossed that he appeared to be lost in himself. His devotion was sublime. He often said, "Ram's form left this world, Krishna's form left this world, but the name stays. By reciting his name everything is achieved," and shaking his head, he reiterated, "Everything is achieved."

Someone asked, "Isn't it hypocritical to worship God when you are not sincere in your devotion?" Baba answered, "If you can't do it with true feeling and you don't want to otherwise, what will you do then? Something is better than nothing. To begin with, one may

not be entirely sincere, but in due course of time, the thoughts get purified and the honesty of intention comes by itself. Can anyone have the vision of God with naked eyes? One must have divine sight to visualize him and a person only gets it after the purification of thoughts. For this, a pious life, bhajan, and spiritual practice are essential. Go on reciting Ram and one day the true call for Ram will come out and you will be redeemed." According to Baba, one true recitation of the name of Ram from the heart was equal to countless recitations otherwise.

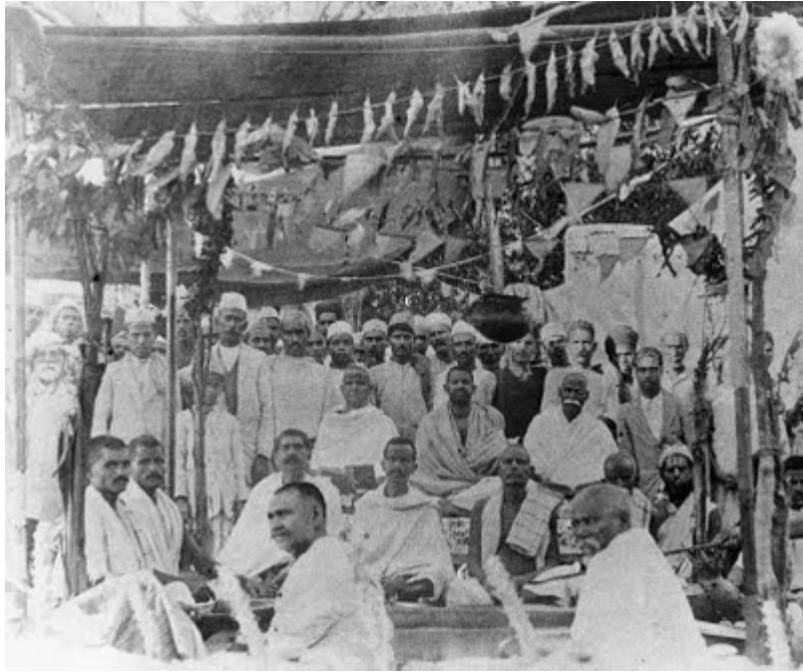
He would also say, "Go on worshipping God in thought, word, and action. Then you will be able to perform nishkama karma [deeds performed without any attachment or desire]. The ability of nishkama karma can be achieved only by his grace and cannot be acquired by any other means. None can claim a right to his grace. It is up to him to give it, to refuse it, or to take it away."

Baba would say that attachment and ego are the greatest hindrances to the realization of God and that "a learned man and a fool are alike as long as there is attachment and ego in the physical body." He would advise people to surrender to God's will above everything else so that they might develop love and faith in him and thereby be free of unnecessary worries in life.

To strengthen people's faith, he would repeat the lines, "O Lord of the Helpless! The strings of my destiny are in they hand." And, "Like a fish in deep water, everyone is secure and happy under the protection of God." He would tell people that prayers made in front of his photographs were answered by him. He also said, "Have trust in God and the most difficult tasks become easy. For success, hard work alone is not enough, God's grace is essential."

Baba was surrounded by people all the time and mingled with them freely, but like the wind he touched everyone and remained unaffected. He listened to and inspired people, sometimes giving guidance in dreams. He existed on many different planes. He would quote Kabir saying, "Of this world I am, desirous of the world I am not, passing through the bazaar I am, the buyer I am not." In some ways Baba remained like an open book that everyone could read, but few had the capability of understanding.

In truth, Baba cannot be fathomed. He was transcendent, all pervading, and beyond duality. His physical form performed many miraculous deeds, but the real miracle was the love and concern for human welfare implicit within them. To the seeker, Baba showed possibilities in human life that were beyond imagination. To the man of action, he showed the path of righteousness. To his devotees, Baba gave a glimpse of God in human form.



Baba's Durbar

Lovingly addressed as Maharaj, Baba was a master of the spiritual world. Some compared the gathering of devotees around him to the court of a king surrounded by his courtiers. Unlike a king's court, however, no one held a position in Baba's durbar nor did it have a set venue, time, or duration. Everyone could sit wherever they liked, and there was no obligation for visitors to bow to Maharaj. The durbar would assemble anywhere—in the ashram, by the side of the road, under a tree in the forest, or in the house of a devotee. It was always open to everyone. One of the remarkable features of Baba's durbar was that although it assembled and dispersed, its continuity was maintained. One durbar would end, but another would assemble in no time, wherever Baba went. His great love for people and their love for him assured an unbroken sequence of visitors.

The subject of conversation in Baba's durbar arose spontaneously and was never prearranged. Baba usually asked the new visitor three questions: What is your name? Where have you come from? What do you do? It was often from these three questions that a conversation would ensue. Once, Baba put the third question as follows, "You, lawyer, what do you do?" Everybody burst into laughter, for Baba had revealed his omniscience. Maharaj just smiled.

Many of Baba's lila took place in his durbar. Sometimes he answered the questions of foreigners before the interpreter had finished translating them, and he would ask about members of their family by name.

While Baba did not preach or give religious discourses, he would often turn the conversation towards spiritual matters. Even when the topic of conversation was common and worldly, which it often was, the implication of Baba's words always had a deeper meaning. Sometimes

Baba constantly repeated an ordinary word like a child. Two words, "nan" and "thul," from the Kumaon dialect are synonyms for "small" and "big"; Baba used these words like a chant and would utter "nan, nan" and "thul, thul" continuously. Occasionally he would repeat these words in his durbar for days on end. The mystery lay in the repetition; hearing them again and again, the devotees lost the distinction between big and small or high and low. Consequently the vast community of Baba's devotees greeted and embraced each other without discrimination of caste and creed.

The purpose of Baba's advice or orders was always very deep. Even common words like "come" and "go" had special implications when spoken by him. Those who were experienced with his way of speaking always thought it better to follow his commands verbatim. The result of non-compliance with his orders or of making any change in them according to the dictates of one's own mental ability was always disappointing and sometimes damaging.

Baba would often say something simple to one person while another person would receive a powerful message from the same words. Sometimes he would speak in a gathering and only the individual to whom he directed his words would hear them. Others would not hear anything. On occasion Baba would accuse an innocent person of a misdeed when the guilty person was present. The innocent person, although surprised at the accusation, would consider this as part of Baba's lila, whereas the guilty person would understand that Baba knew the truth and feel remorse for his deeds.

Baba enjoyed solving people's problems and happily gave answers to their questions all day and night. People came to him with spiritual questions as well as all types of worldly desires and problems. Some came to him to enquire about their job prospects, some regarding their health or family problems. Businessmen came seeking advice, and others sought boons for prosperity. Students and politicians crowded around him hoping for a glimpse into their future, and childless couples sought his blessings for children. Baba would provide practical solutions to all kinds of matters. He would even speak on subjects such as child-care and suggest remedies for various ailments. Questions were asked on politics, philosophy, yoga, devotion, ethics, diverse personal subjects, conduct, and many other topics. Baba answered even complex questions in a few clear and simple words, sometimes before the person with the questions asked them.

Baba openly admired virtues in his durbar so that people might be inspired to take on good qualities. Likewise, he condemned wrongdoing, immorality, and deception so that people might renounce them. Baba showered affection on a woman who was devoted to her husband in thought, word, and deed, and addressing her as "Sati [the virtuous]," praised her profusely. On the other hand, he was displeased with men and women who argued a lot and disturbed the peace at home. Behind this apparent disapproval, his grace would still flow towards them indirectly. Baba would openly discuss and solve family problems, and in this way, he encouraged others to improve upon their own behavior. Baba said, "A wife dedicated to her husband is greater than a yogi." And, "Mother is the image of God."

Baba's devotees came from all walks of life, and although some of them led lives of dissipation, he did not always insist on making them give up their bad habits. On the contrary, he gave them opportunities to carry on and spent time in their company. In due course they gave up their bad habits on their own. He often told people, "All are born into this world with natural wisdom and God is the great giver of this wisdom." Whenever Baba addressed an atheist or a wicked person as a devotee or saint, he sowed a seed of goodness that often

brought about a change. With the passage of time, the seed would sprout, grow, bloom, and finally bear fruit. It was common for such people to pass through a transformation.

Baba treated everyone equally. Although saints generally maintain distance from women, Baba mingled with them freely. He could playfully hold the hand of any woman and without any hesitation, catch hold of her nose and tweak it for fun. Nothing was seen as inappropriate in his behavior. Both male and female devotees pressed and massaged his feet. His presence and touch communicated such good thoughts and feelings that everyone felt uplifted. Baba regarded all human beings as his own children and treated them accordingly. He often said, "You feel pestered with a few children, but I have so many."

Like parents with children, Baba was familiar with everyone. He addressed even eminent persons using the words "tu" and "tum" [In the Hindi language, both "tu" and "tum" mean "you," but they are used to address people of inferior status or as a term of endearment.] and he used "hum" (we) to refer to himself. His use of informal language was soaked with love and affection. His utterances, like "Tum samajhte nahin, hamari kahi suno" [You do not understand, listen to what I say.], and "Hamein bawla mat banao, hum sab jante hein" [Don't drive me mad, I know everything.], delighted everyone. A devotee said that Maharaj once asked a group of people who had gathered to see him, "Why do you come to me?" Baba answered himself saying, "You come to me because of my love for you."

Sometimes Baba showed his familiarity by asking someone to shake hands with him on some matter. When the person hesitated, he would quickly take their hand in his own. People generally had no reluctance to talk to him, however, even when a visitor was at ease in Baba's presence, sometimes their thoughts and speech would inexplicably change. Perhaps they would only say what Baba wanted them to say or others to hear. If Baba did not want a person to say anything, the person concerned either forgot or with every effort, could not say anything, even though they were perfectly free to do so. Whatever Baba willed to happen would happen, and what he did not want would never take place. Sometimes a photographer would come to take Baba's photo. Baba would smile and allow it. Yet when the film was developed, Baba's image would not have been captured. The same thing happened if someone tried to record Baba's voice without his consent.

If a devotee convinced someone of Baba's greatness and took him to have darshan, Baba would present himself in such a way that all the eulogies about him appeared exaggerated or embellished and the devotee felt embarrassed. Incredible as it may sound, Baba's darshan could only be had by his grace. No one could come to him of their own accord. Similarly, some people would become devoted to him after one visit. Others could not understand his elevated spirituality even after a long association with him. In any case, all were blessed by his sight.

The attraction of Baba's presence cannot be expressed in words. His countenance fascinated visitors. Hours spent with him felt like fleeting moments. Those who came to him never wanted to go away. Nevertheless, Baba knew of people's responsibilities and sent them off saying, "Come again." If Baba told someone to go, they generally did not encounter difficulties on their way, and their work at hand was often accomplished without delay. On the other hand, a person with pressing work would be waiting to get Baba's permission to leave the durbar, and Baba would turn to a person who wished to stay and send them away instead. Eventually it was seen that whenever a person was asked to go, it was the appropriate

time for him or her to leave. Either way, Baba's durbar could be summarized as "Aao, khao, jao [Come, eat, go]," and the flow of grace as well as the coming and going never ceased.

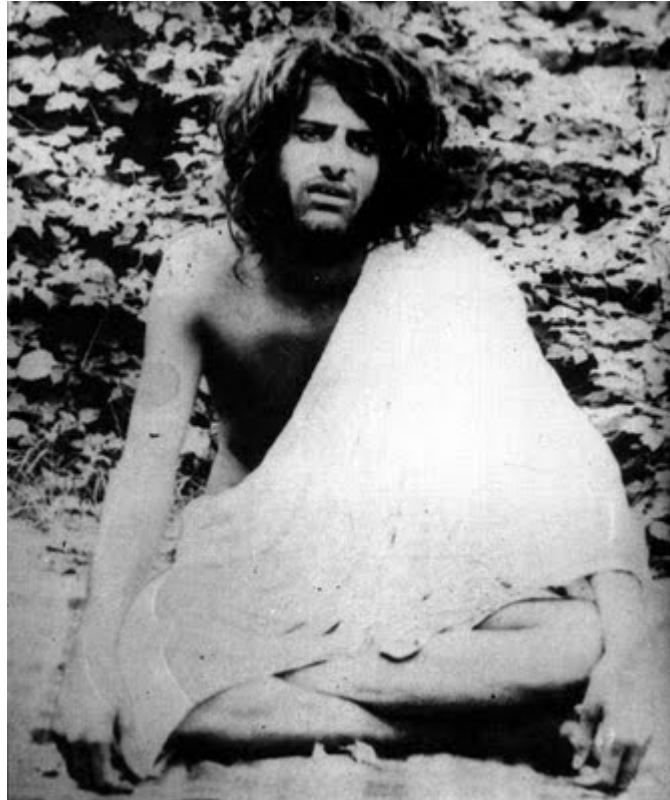
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Omniscience

Maharaj ji's appearance had a childlike innocence. He welcomed people openly, and they in turn talked freely with him. If someone requested Baba to speak, he would feign ignorance and say he didn't know anything; he directed his words to individuals rather than groups. Likewise, displays of knowledge or oratory did not impress Baba, who said that even the children in India were proficient at this. He called lectures or sermons the gymnastics of words and said, "Whatever we experience through the mind and the senses is not the truth."

Baba's knowledge, like the great prophets, Christ, Kabir, Ramakrishna, Mohammed, and St. Peter, encompassed universal truths far deeper than academic knowledge. Living in a simple manner among ordinary people, Baba taught by his own conduct and caused an awakening in them. The past, present, and future were all within Baba's vision, but it was only through his lila that one could catch a glimpse of his vastness. As described in the accounts that follow, Maharaj would see into the minds and hearts of people, and reading their innermost thoughts, use his power to relieve suffering, inspire faith, and fulfil desires.



The Removal of Doubt

In May 1944 I had Maharaj's darshan for the first time at a house in Blunt Square, Lucknow. Upon returning from my office, I found that members of my family were getting ready to go and see Baba. He had just arrived in the neighborhood, and they asked me to accompany them. I did not know Baba then, and while I always secretly gave reverence to those wearing sadhu's clothing, I generally kept myself apart from them because I could not tell the difference between a real holy man and a fake. I did not agree to go with them because I would not be able to offer salutation openly to Maharaj, and since this meeting was in a neighbor's home, I felt this would be disrespectful to all. Somehow I also felt bad that I did not go or even make an effort to find out who the baba was.

When everybody had gone, I sat and meditated on Baba. I told him about my inner conflict and asked him to either send for me or come to my house and give me darshan. I told him I knew that he could do this if he was a saint. At that very moment, in my neighbor's house, Baba asked my sister, "Where is your brother? Why has he not come here?" She tactfully replied that I had just returned from my office and was at home. Baba commanded her, "Go and fetch him. Bring him here." I was surprised when my sister arrived and told me all that had happened. It removed my doubt, and I went at once and bowed at Baba's feet in reverence. He turned his eyes away from me immediately. He did not say anything to me. He got up and went away with another neighbor, Gargi Datt Mishra, to his house. All the others followed him, and I came back home alone and upset.

I again meditated on Baba and prayed to him to come to my house and give me darshan. After a short while I saw Maharaj coming to our house with some other devotees. We welcomed

him, and he lay on a takhat (wooden bed), talking to everyone as I massaged his feet. Though I was quite eager to talk to him, he did not look towards me. He then got into a car and left. Baba had fulfilled all my preconditions, but I still could not get peace of mind. How could I? My uneasiness was the ugly consequence of testing a sidhatma (spiritually elevated soul).

Eight years later I again had Baba's darshan, this time in Tagore Town, Allahabad. I felt that the long wait was my penance. Holding me by the hand this time, he took me outside, and in a secluded place he started humming, "Ramahi keval prem piyara." [The only thing that is dear to Ram is love.] Indeed, the only access to Baba is through love.

Baba's holding the hand of someone had its own significance. It meant that he had accepted that person. I have been closely associated with my beloved and revered Baba ever since then, and sometimes he gratified us by coming to our home.

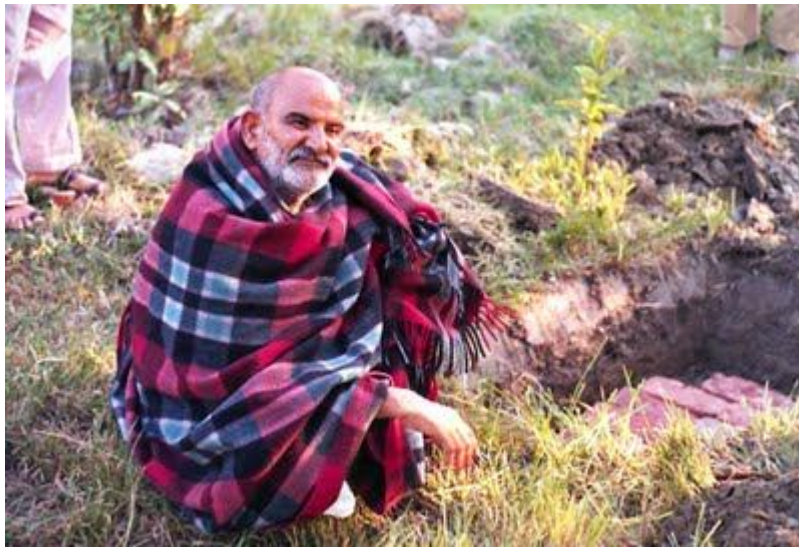
-Rajida



Feeding the Children

Fewer visitors were coming to Kainchi ashram, for it was October and getting cold in the hills. One day at about 2 p.m. Kundanlal Sah, an engineer, was going from Ranikhet to his home in Bareilly. On his way he stopped his car at the ashram and went in to have Maharaj ji's darshan. There were only four people with Baba. After some time many elderly lady devotees arrived from Nainital, and Baba asked all of them to prepare puris in the kitchen. Sah said that he could not understand why so many ladies would be preparing so much food when there were only four people with Baba and all the inmates of the ashram had already taken prasada. It came to his mind that there must be some other reason for preparing large quantities of puris and vegetables. At about 7 p.m. two buses full of scouts from Rajasthan arrived unexpectedly at the gates of the temple. They were touring the hills and arrived at the

ashram via Dwarahat and Ranikhet. Baba was very happy to see the children and made them eat to their hearts' content.



On the Path to God

Late one evening Sri Ma and Sri Jivanti Ma and some other women devotees arrived in Kainchi for Baba's darshan. Baba was not there; he had gone to Bhumiadhar. There were no buses at that time to return to Nainital or to travel to Bhumiadhar. However, Sri Ma and Sri Jivanti Ma decided to go and see Baba.

They did not take prasad at Kainchi ashram because both Mothers ate only after having Maharaj ji's darshan. They decided to walk the twelve kilometers to Bhumiadhar in the darkness of night on that lonely deserted road. As they started on their way, a black dog appeared out of the darkness and accompanied them as if he was there for their protection. When they arrived at Bhumiadhar at midnight, Sri Ma thought of giving the dog some food. Almost in an instant the dog disappeared and could not be found anywhere.

Before Sri Ma and Sri Jivanti Ma arrived, Maharaj ji had asked Brahmachari ji to prepare food for them. Brahmachari ji waited outside the temple to greet them, and as soon as they arrived, they had Maharaj ji's darshan. He praised them for their devout fervor and said, "When you have started on the path to God, proceed, do not stop. He will take care of you." He then asked them to go and have prasad.



A Devotee's Sentiments

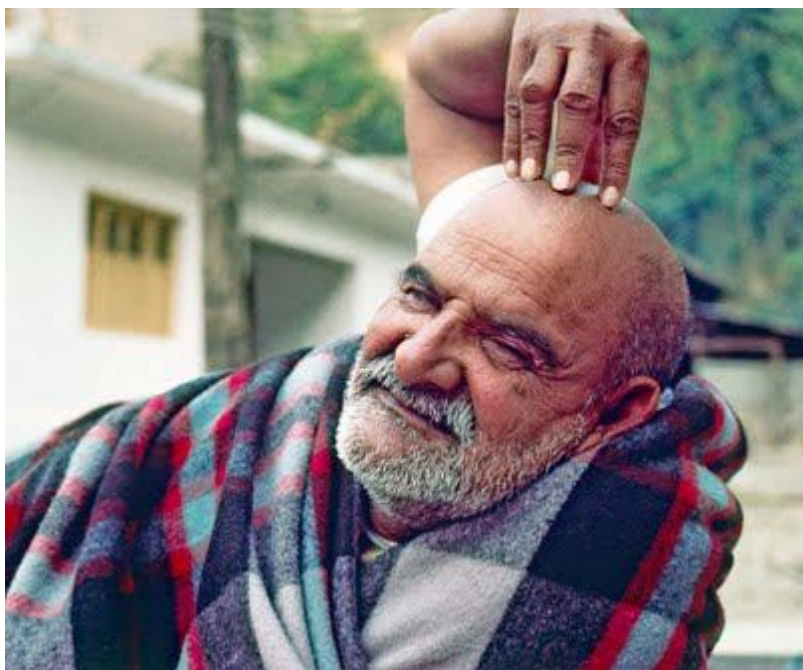
Bhuvan Chandra Tewari always took an offering when he went for Baba's darshan. One day Tewari saw some small pears in a shop in Bhowali and selected a kilogram of good ones with the thought that whichever pear Baba chose to eat, it should be tasty. After washing them carefully and with love, he put them in a bag and went to the temple in Bhumiadhar.

Maharaj was sitting on a roadside parapet a short distance from the temple. He was surrounded by devotees who were offering him good quality sweets and expensive dried fruit. Tewari put his simple bag of pears before Baba. While talking to people, Baba ate all the pears one by one and smilingly handed the empty bag back to Tewari. He distributed the offerings of the other devotees among the people present. Tewari was touched by how Baba valued the sentiment behind the offering.



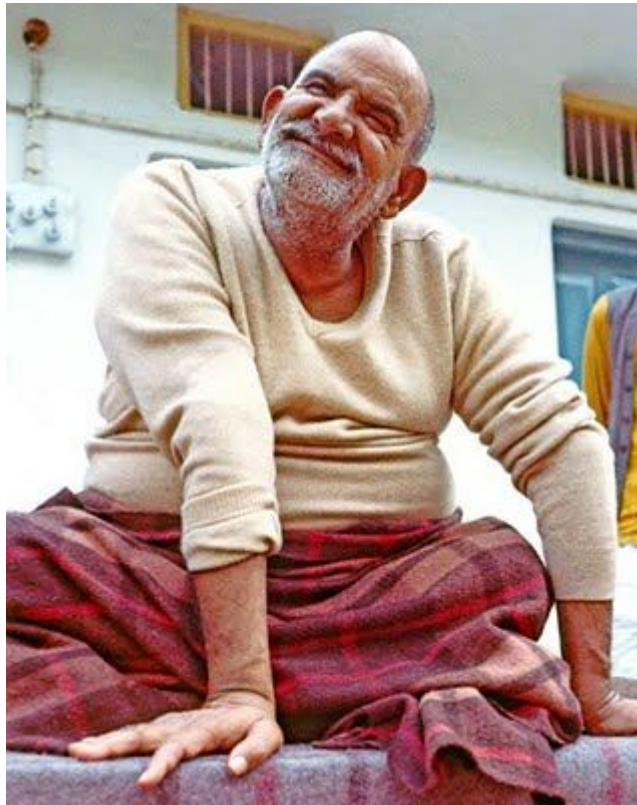
A Lie

One day Karanvir Singh returned home late from school. Baba was at his house and asked him, "Why did you take so long? I have been waiting for you a long time." Karanvir Singh replied, "I have come straight from college." Baba at once said, "It's a lie. You are deceiving Baba. You were free at one o'clock and it is four o'clock now. Why don't you say that you were roaming around with your friends?" Baba then gave the names of the friends that he had been with. Karanvir was dumbfounded. Baba laughed loudly and said, "You can lie to your father, he is a simple man. But you can't deceive Baba."



Unexpected Darshan

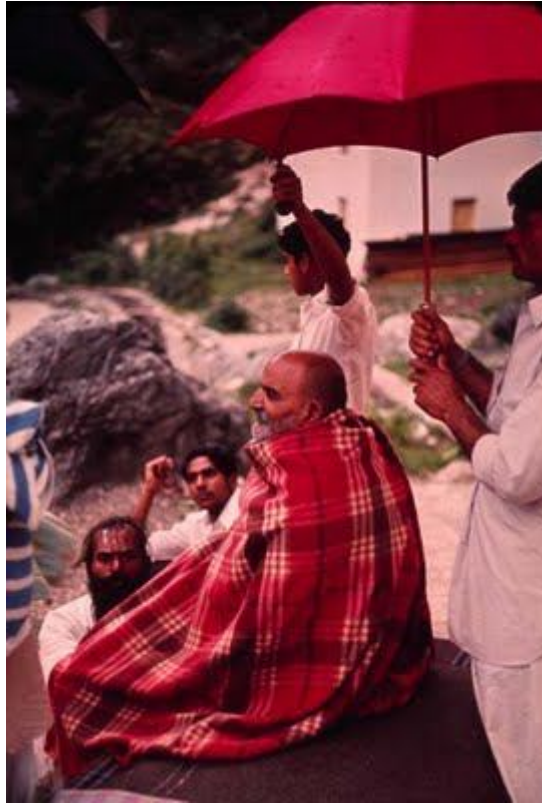
Mahavir Singh loved the company of ascetics and saints, and he regularly attended to their needs. One day in the early 1940s, while he was on his rounds at the Agra Cantonment railway station, he came across a bulky man of about forty-five years of age. The man was wearing half of his dhoti around his waist and the remaining half covering the upper part of his body. The man spoke to Mahavir amiably, saying, "Mahavir Singh, how are you keeping now?" Mahavir replied, "I am much better." The man then asked, "How is your liver pain?" Mahavir replied, "It is a little less." The man said, "It will be alright." Both of them began walking together. Then Mahavir Singh said, "I do not remember you." Putting his hand gently on Mahavir's shoulder, the man said, "I am Baba Neeb Karori." Mahavir had heard about Baba, but at that moment he felt bewildered by his closeness. In the unexpected presence of Baba, he could not think of what to say to him. Baba said, "Let us go to your house." They went, and since that time Mahavir Singh has always had his grace. Baba gave him darshan every month for about six years, and Mahavir kept a takhat and blanket ready for him.



What Name?

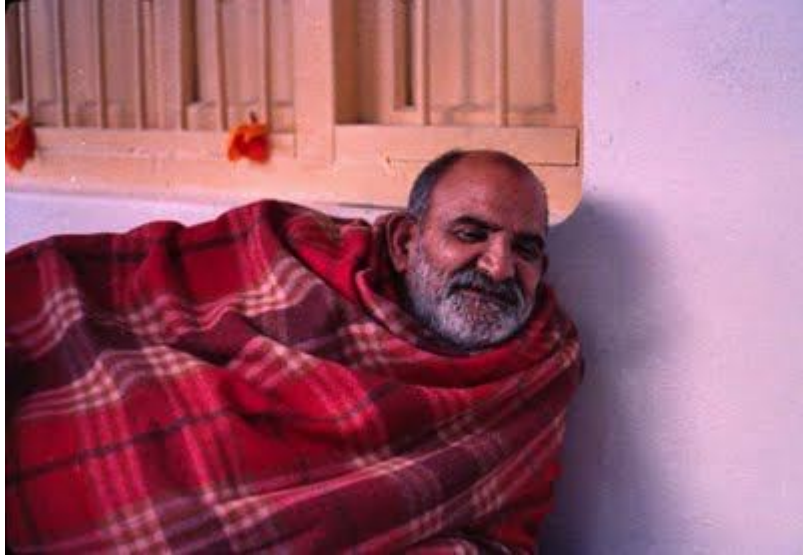
A truck driver around the age of twenty-eight from Pithoragarh came to see Baba at Kainchi for the first time in 1966. He offered pranaam (a respectful greeting made by joining the palms or bowing at the feet) and Baba asked him, "What name?" He immediately replied, "Lalit Mohan." Baba said, "That's a lie, Laxman Singh." The man was surprised to hear his

real name from Baba, and by way of explanation he said, "Baba, you are right. My name is Laxman Singh, and the members of my family call me by this name. In my childhood, when I was first registered in school, my family wanted a better name to be written in the school register, and they chose Lalit Mohan." This incident impressed the man so much that he became Baba's devotee, and later, the driver of Baba's jeep.



A Rupee From a Poor Man

One day Baba arrived with some devotees at the house of Prem Lal, the manager of Titagarh Paper Mills in Lucknow. Prem Lal had engaged a new servant to clean in the kitchen who was keen to have Baba's darshan. After finishing his work, he sat on the doorstep of the room in which Baba was sitting. His upper body was bare, and he sat with his head bowed in reverence. Baba asked him, "Whenever you visited your guru, you gave him one rupee?" The servant confirmed this by nodding his head. Baba then said, "You have brought a rupee tucked in your waistband for me?" He nodded again. Baba then said, "Come, why don't you give it." The servant took out the rupee and gave it to him. Maharaj, who would refuse the offering of lakhs (hundreds of thousands) of rupees, accepted a rupee from a poor man with great affection that day. Sending him away, he told his devotees, "A rupee from this poor man is more valuable than your twenty thousand rupees."



Baba's Blessings

The government of Uttar Pradesh under Chandra Bhan Gupta wanted to take over the Barabanki Sugar Mills because of mismanagement. However, the cane growers got their way, and the government gave up its intent. The government appointed Devkamta Dixit ji, one of the mill's directors, as the mill's receiver. Dixit ji had to collect a large sum of money to run the mill.

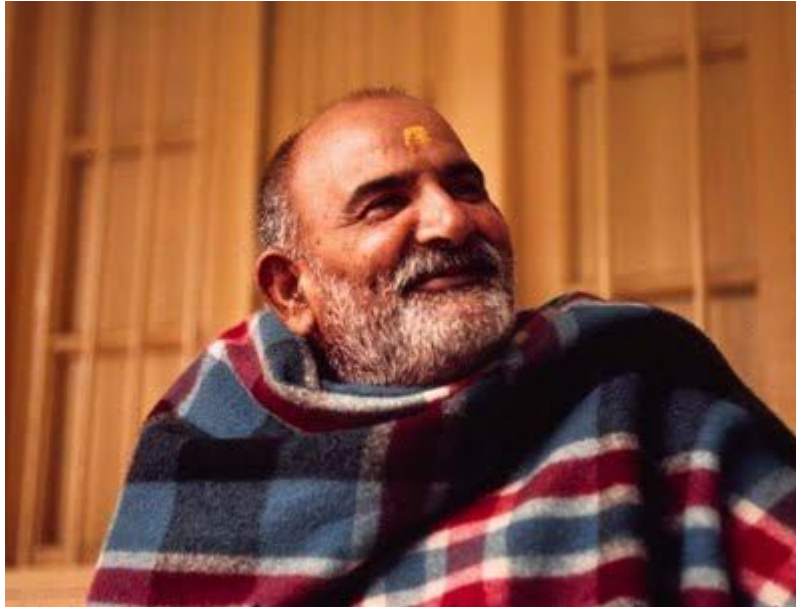
The Central Bank of Barabanki turned down his application for a loan but advised him to approach the chairman of the bank in Bombay. Dixit ji came to know that the chairman was going abroad in two days time but decided to hurry to Delhi and then take a flight to Bombay to meet him. On his way he thought of receiving Baba's blessings in Vrindavan for success in his efforts.

When he arrived in Vrindavan, the watchman at the ashram told him that Baba had left two hours earlier. Dixit ji was perturbed at not being able to see him and thought that his efforts with the bank would be in vain. Seeing Dixit ji disappointed, the watchman asked if he had come from Kanpur. The astonished Dixit ji said yes. The watchman informed him that before leaving, Baba said to him, "A devotee of mine will come from Kanpur. Tell him that his efforts will be successful. He should take prasad from Bihari ji."

Bihari ji's temple remains closed during the afternoon, and Dixit ji had to leave for Delhi immediately. There was no possibility of getting prasad at that hour, but he decided to bow at the door of Bihari ji's temple and buy prasad from the market. While he was bowing at the gate of the temple, a man opened the door a little and came out. Dixit ji at once gave some money as an offering to Bihari ji and asked for some prasad. The man went inside. He came out bringing a basketful of prasad and gave it to him. Dixit ji received it happily and left for Bombay.

When he arrived, Dixit ji called on the chairman at his house in the Malabar Hills, but he was not home. On an impulse he sent the basket of prasad into the house with a message that it

was from Bihari ji. On receiving the prasad, the chairman's wife herself came out to meet him. They were a Gujarati family. The lady had been planning for some time to go to Vrindavan to have Bihari ji's darshan but had not been able to. By getting the prasad at her home, she felt blessed by Bihari ji's grace. She asked Dixit ji to return the following morning. The next day Dixit ji met the chairman, who immediately issued orders to the bank in Barabanki to make funds available to Dixit ji as required. Dixit ji took a loan of two million rupees and saved the mill from total collapse.



Replies to Unasked Questions

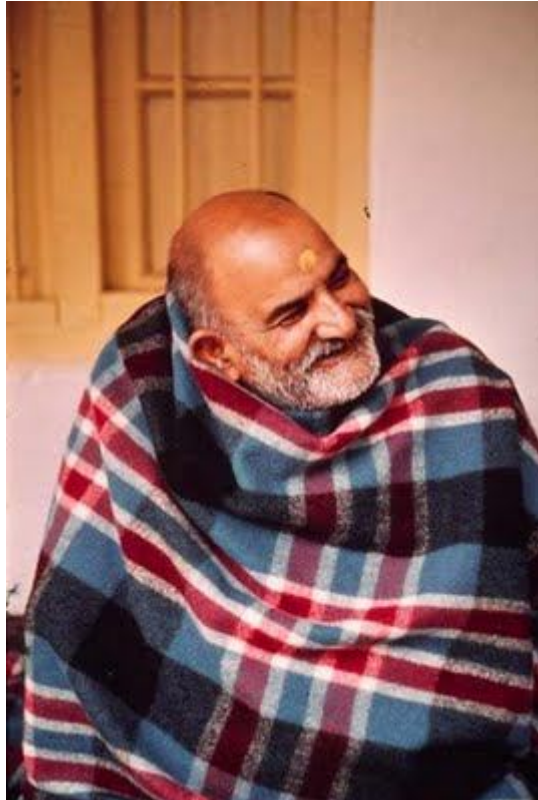
I met Baba at the home of my colleague Dixit ji on 14 November 1944, while I was posted to the head office of the State Bank of India in Kanpur. Baba said to me, "I shall come to your house," and then got up and left. I could not understand what he meant at that moment, but my brief meeting with him had such an effect on me that I followed him in my car. Maharaj's car traveled too fast for me to keep up, but after that I had a great desire to meet him again.

After some time I found out that Baba had come to Lucknow and was at Suraj Narayan Mehrotra's house. The next day I went there with my wife and sister-in-law and found Baba sitting in a room with many devotees. We stayed outside the room, and after Baba sent all the devotees away one by one, he called us inside. First Baba said to me, "Ask what you want." I asked for his blessings, and ever since he has always bestowed his grace on me. To my sister-in-law he said, "You worry about your husband unnecessarily. Leave the worries aside and all will be well." Lastly he spoke to my wife, "You have come with something in your mind. Say what you want to ask." Baba asked her twice to speak, but she kept quiet. Baba asked her once again, and when she did not speak that time, he said, "Alright, I shall come to your house and see you. Tell me then." My wife remained silent because she had made up her mind not to express her questions in words and wanted to hear Baba's answers in private.

Later Baba visited Dixit ji's house in Kanpur, and from there I brought him to my home. We had arranged for his reception in the outer room of the house, but instead of going there he said, "I shall sit in your small prayer room." He went into the house as if he were already

familiar with it, and I simply followed him. He sat in the prayer room and asked me to send for my wife. Maharaj said to her, "What do you want to ask?" Still she did not say anything. Baba then spoke for about ten minutes, answering all her questions in detail. In the end he said, "Tell me if anything has been left out." As was her nature, she did not speak, but there was a look of joy and contentment on her face. Maharaj said, "Never trouble a saint in this way in the future." Baba left, and she told me that he gave replies to all her questions. After this incident our whole family became his devotees.

-G.C. Ganda



It Is All a Show

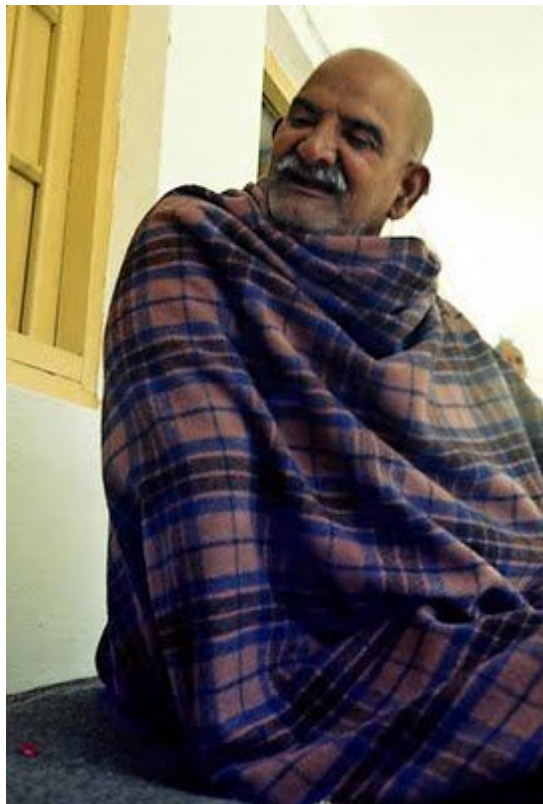
Kishan Lal Sah, a teacher from Ramgarh, Nainital, often visited Kainchi to have Baba's darshan. His devotion was such that Baba was both his guru and God. In spite of his deep faith, Kishan Lal was feeling depressed. He was disturbed by the evil seen in the world and by his own lack of spiritual progress. One day he went to Kainchi with the thought of discussing the matter with Baba.

When he arrived, Kishan Lal saw Baba sitting on one end of the wooden bridge over the river. He went to him and bowed reverently. Before he could ask anything, Baba said, "You see others trapped by maya [illusion]. Narada and Bharata were entrapped by maya. These great sages were trapped by it, so what is there to say about others?" Kishan Lal felt that there was no need to question Baba further.

On a different occasion Sah went to Baba with innumerable questions on spirituality. He

greeted Baba, who was lying in his kuti (room), but he could not think of which question to ask first. Baba selected one important question from the unexpressed ones and answered it without being asked. Baba said, "This temple and whatever is seen by the human eye are illusion. What can you do about it?" This led to other doubts and questions in Kishan Lal's mind. Baba again answered them without being asked. Baba said, "Delusion makes everything look real." Kishan Lal thought that there should be a way out. Baba answered, "Attachment is only dispelled by his grace." How can one obtain grace came to Sah's mind. Baba said, "Constant repetition of God's name, even without feelings of devotion, in anger or lethargy, brings out his grace. Once this is realized, there is no room for any misgivings."

In this way Baba satisfied the seeker by giving him simple answers to his important, unexpressed questions. As it says in the Ramayana, "Ram, the embodiment of truth, consciousness, and bliss dispels attachment as the sun dissipates darkness."



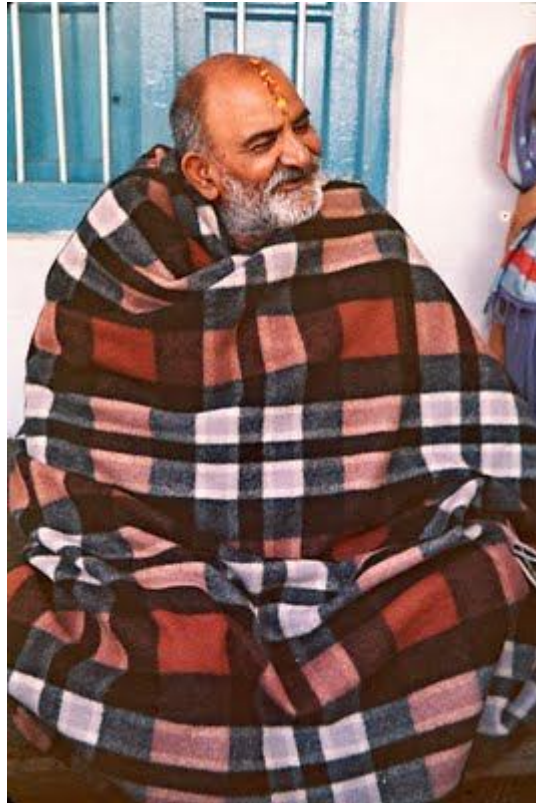
A Future In the Hills

Dr. A.J. Ventrov, a famous physician from France, was interested in the spiritual life and came to India via Sri Lanka in 1950. He was initiated by a guru at Varanasi and renouncing the world, he became known by the name Vijayananda. In his book *In the Steps of the Yogis*, he wrote about his own experiences of Maharaj ji and narrated this lila:

"While I was watering plants one day, I saw Baba coming into the ashram with someone. He was telling him about me, saying that I was English. By "English" he meant a foreigner, the word used for foreigners in common parlance in the Hindi language. I had heard of Baba, as his name was often mentioned in the ashram, but I had never had his darshan. Hence, I could

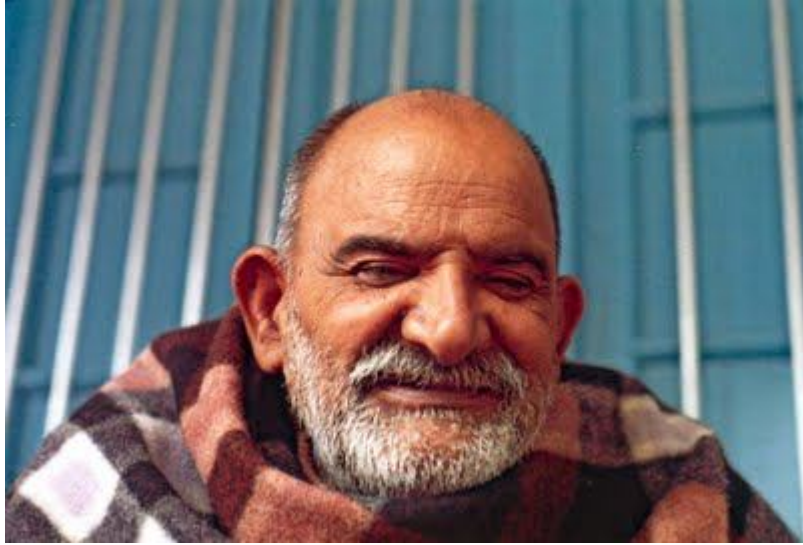
not recognize him.

"Baba was well received, and all the swamis in the ashram were called to have his darshan in Annapurna's temple. Looking at me, Baba said, "He is a saint. He feels at home here now, but he will go to the hills." Baba repeated, "He will go to the hills." At that time I had no intention of going to the hills. I wanted to complete my sadhana in that ashram. Two years after this event, in 1959, I had a desire to visit the hill town of Almora. After roaming about in the hills for many months, I returned to Kashi ashram, but the unpolluted mountain environment attracted me. In the beginning of the next year I went back to those hills and stayed there. I was greatly impressed at the truth of Baba's words about me at our first meeting."



M.D. Not D.M.

Dr. Anup Kumar Saxena of Bareilly, the son of Kailash Chandra Saxena of Kiccha farm, was a student of Standard VII when Maharaj visited his family's house and asked him, "What do you want to be?" He replied, "D.M. [district magistrate]," for his grandfather was an I.C.S. (Indian Civil Service) officer. Baba said, "You might become D.M. of Bombay or Calcutta, but what is the use of it? You will get a telegram from home and will not be able to reach there by the time of your parent's death. You will become a doctor. You are born to be a doctor. You will serve your parents at home and the people in general outside. You will be educated at Meerut." The family was not at all interested in the medical profession. However, Anup Kumar succeeded in his exams and applied to go to Meerut Medical College. He did not become a D.M., but contrary to his own childhood aspirations and those of the family, he became an M.D., doctor of medicine. He opened his own clinic as prophesied by Baba and looked after his parents.



On Meditation

Baba often talked about the importance of meditation, but strangely enough, he would disturb some people when they tried to meditate in front of him. On several occasions, while Baba was busy talking to people, I took his feet in my hands and tried to meditate. Sometimes he moved his feet away, sometimes he started moving his toe in my palm, and at times, knowing I was unable to reply, he would ask me questions on the topic being discussed.

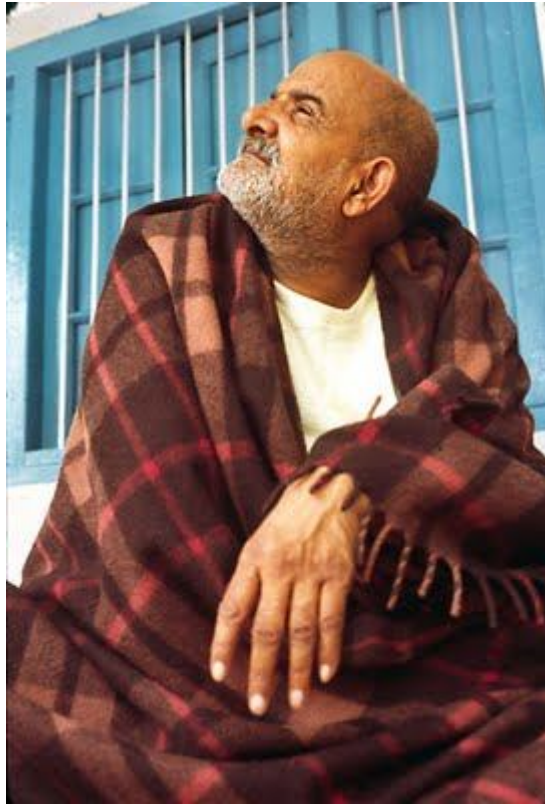
Baba understood all states of meditation and was aware of every individual's limited capacity for concentration. In this context he once said, "The mind, bound by the physical body, has its own limitations. A meditative state of mind must be acquired gradually or else there is a risk of becoming insane. It is true that concentration imparts an insight that can lead to self-realization, but for those who remember God and serve living beings, meditation and other kinds of ritual worship are not necessary. Remembering God and cultivating the seva bhav [spirit of service] are easy methods to progress on the spiritual path."



A Son's Transformation

One day Thakur Mahavir Singh of Agra told Maharaj, "You love Karanvir so much, yet he calls you a mad baba." It made Baba laugh heartily, and he said, "This is the reason that I like him most. People come to me with some motive. He only comes to me with love." Thereupon Thakur said, "Why don't you reform Karanvir when you like him so much? See, his elder brother neither chews betel nor smokes. He always occupies himself by doing well for others. But Karanvir is fond of all sorts of nonsense and his health is always impaired. Why don't you make him realize it?" Baba unexpectedly became serious and said, "Mahavir, you should not count on your elder son. Karanvir will improve with time and fulfil all your expectations."

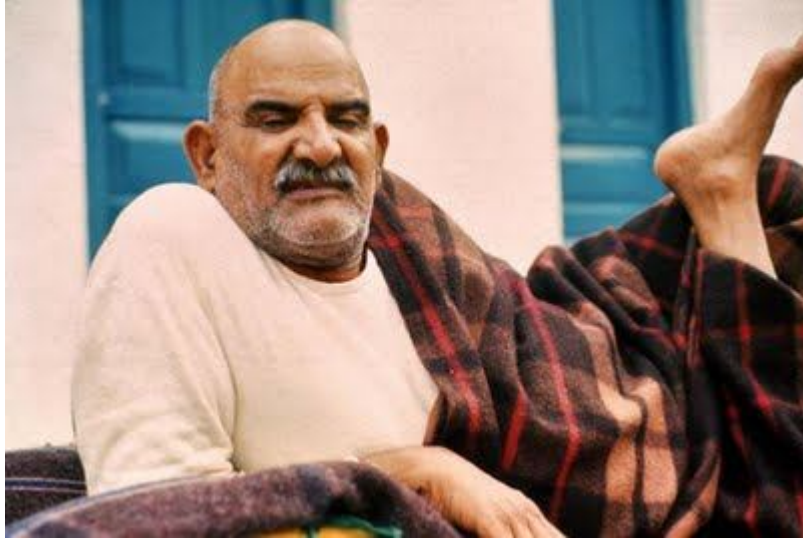
Mahavir Singh did not take Maharaj's words seriously at that time. Two years later his elder son died. Karanvir was so touched by the pitiable condition of his grief-stricken father that he decided not to do anything that would hurt his feelings. Baba's words proved true. As far as he could, Karanvir Singh fulfilled all his father's expectations.



All Will Be Set Right

The D.I.G. (Deputy Inspector General) of police came to Aligarh for an inspection. He was unhappy with the local police because a gang of wire thieves had not been caught. He told them to make an arrest soon. Baba arrived in Aligarh the same day. The D.I.G., who was a devotee of Baba's, sent Durga Prasad Tewari in a jeep to get Baba. While escorting him, Tewari was thinking of how to arrest the wire thieves, for it was weighing heavily on his mind. Baba unexpectedly spoke out, "The order to make an arrest has caused you anxiety." Tewari did not understand what Baba was talking about. When Baba repeated his words, he understood that it concerned him. He replied, "Maharaj, being in service, I have got to worry about my job." Baba said, "Don't worry. Everything will be set right within three days," and repeated, "Everything will be set right within three days."

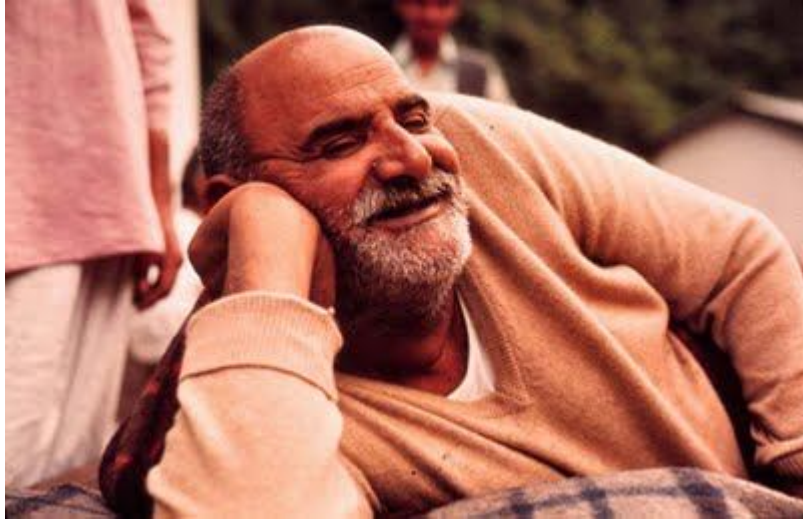
The next day a head constable and two constables woke Tewari up. They had the three thieves who had cut the wire with them. The police got information about the other wire thieves from them and recovered about fifty kilograms of wire. On the third day the man who had bought the stolen wire was also arrested. Everything was set right in three days.



Repayment of a Loan

In 1973 Ravi Kumar, an army contractor in Allahabad, came to Kainchi for Baba's darshan. He wanted to offer some items that could be used in the ashram, but he did not have enough money. He contracted Nandlal ji, a ghee merchant in Haldwani, and told him of his problem. He asked Nandlal ji to help him and promised to repay all the costs incurred on his return to Allahabad. Nandlal ji did not know him nor did he ask him his address, but he assured the contractor that he would soon buy everything requested and send it all to Kainchi ashram. He spent a lot of money buying the things required.

One day Baba unexpectedly sent for Nandlal ji from Haldwani and asked him why he had sent all the provisions. Nandlal ji told Baba all that had happened. Baba asked, "Do you know that man?" When Nandlal ji replied in the negative, Baba asked him, "How will the money be collected?" Nandlal ji replied, "I have sent all the goods on the word of that gentleman. If he doesn't send the money to me, it will not bankrupt me." Baba was pleased with his reply and said, "You did right. That man is a thorough gentleman. Had he asked you to send things costing even ten times more, he would have paid in full." Baba's words fully assured Nandlal ji of the payment. A month after Baba's Mahasamadhi, Nandlal ji received a bank draft from that person repaying the amount in full.

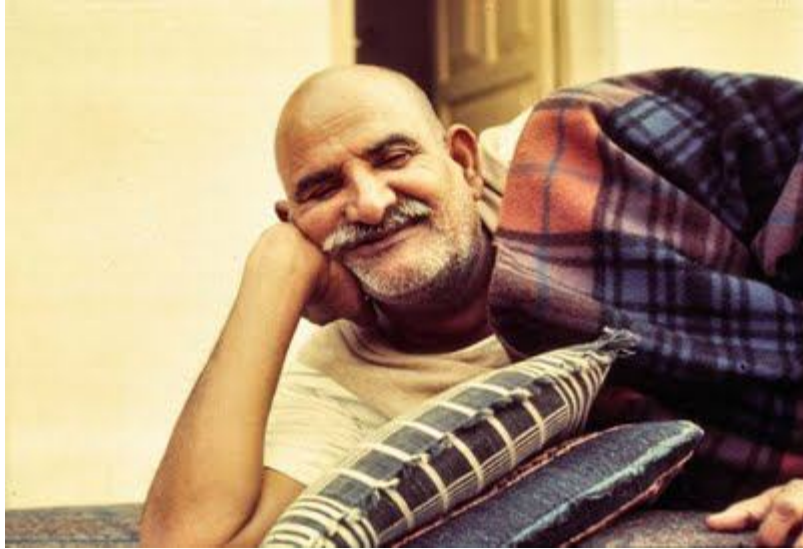


The Court's Decision

Many cases of a political nature were pending in the courts against me and my five friends between 1958 and 1968. Maharaj told me that they would finally be settled in our favor, so I was never worried about them. At first we were acquitted by the court, but the government appealed to the High Court against the decision. The cases were remanded for a review. After reviewing the cases, the Sessions Court sentenced each of us to two years imprisonment. We appealed against the sentences.

Meanwhile some of my relatives went to Kainchi to see Baba and asked him about me. Baba told them that the matter would be set right when a particular judge, who he mentioned by name, decided the case. Soon after, the judge who was hearing the case was transferred, and another judge came in his place. The appeal was heard in his court. The case was argued for a full day, and then the hearing was adjourned until the following day. I was afraid because the new judge was not the one mentioned by Baba. The next day the hearing was postponed for an indefinite period. It was taken up again when the judge mentioned by Baba took charge. He gave the decision in our favor.

-Harish Chandra Dhaundiyal, Nainital



His Body Is Worn Out

Dhaundiyaal once asked Baba about the health of three people. His first question was about his law teacher, who had suffered a second heart attack. The second question was about his mother, and the third concerned his brother-in-law, who had been ill for some time. Baba told Dhaundiyaal not to worry about the first two people. He asked him to tell his teacher to move about and to go out of Bareilly to work. Regarding his brother-in-law, Baba said, "His body is worn out." Thirteen days after Baba said those words, Dhaundiyaal's brother-in-law



A Six-month Wait

One day in 1955 Maharaj was staying at Birla temple in Delhi, and Radhay Shyam, a dealer in gold and silver from Firozabad, was busy attending to him. He stood at the door all day,

directing visitors to Baba's room. A man who seemed to have no faith in ascetics or temples sat alone at a distance. When Radhay Shyam saw that night was setting in, he asked the man who he was waiting for. The man replied that Birla had advised him to meet Baba. He also said that he wanted to see him alone. Although Radhay Shyam asked the man to return the next day, he refused to go home. Radhay Shyam explained it all to Baba who said, "Let him sleep in your room. We shall talk tomorrow."

The next day Baba gave darshan to the man. The man told Baba, "My family consists of only three people—my wife, a son, and myself. My son has been missing since 1947. I want to know whether he is alive or not. If alive, should I hope to meet him again?" Maharaj sent him away saying, "Go, you will meet him in six months."

After four months the man began writing letters to Radhay Shyam in Firozabad, expressing his disappointment at the fact that his son had still not returned. Radhay Shyam replied, informing him that Baba had gone to the hills and that his letters could only be delivered on his return. He also requested him not to send more unnecessary letters since the period mentioned by Baba had not yet elapsed. After six months Radhay Shyam received a letter from the man stating that by Baba's grace his son had returned home and that he was a teacher in Chandigarh. He also requested Baba's address so that he could go to thank him in person.



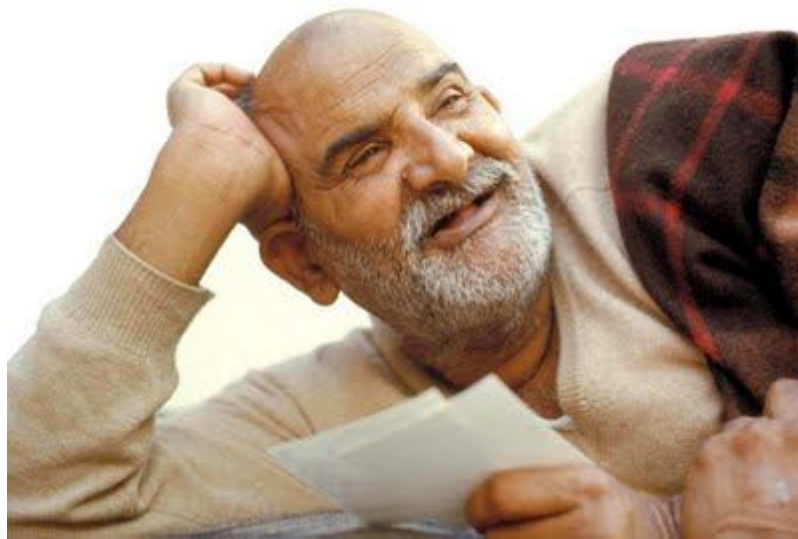
A Promotion Foretold

Sub-Inspector of Police Ram Narain Sinha was very devoted to Maharaj. One day, when he had been in the department for just a few years, Baba asked him to bring a pen and paper. When he brought it, Baba wrote "Ram, Ram, Ram" all over it. At the end of the page he wrote, "You will become superintendent of police." He then put his thumbprint on it and signed "Baba Neeb Karori" underneath.

In those days of British administration it was unthinkable for an Indian junior sub-inspector to rise to the post of superintendent of police. Consequently, Sinha did not believe Baba's written prophecy. Nevertheless, he kept that piece of paper with care. When India gained independence in 1947, the British officers went back to England, and the Muslim officers

opted to go to Pakistan, which created a scarcity of police officers in Uttar Pradesh. In those circumstances Sinha was promoted to superintendent of police.

After continuing in that capacity for more than five years, the government brought forward a scheme whereby officers promoted from the ranks were to be demoted and replaced by newly trained I.P.S. officers. Sinha was very much upset by this scheme. He was telling his wife that he had better retire or resign rather than serve in such humiliating circumstances, when his attendant came to tell him that there was an ascetic in the street outside who wanted to talk to him. Sinha went out and saw that the ascetic was none other than Baba Neeb Karori. Seeing him, Baba said, "You won't leave the job. I say that none can remove you." Soon after, Sinha received a government letter stating that in recognition of his meritorious service, his promotion to superintendent was confirmed.



Darshan After Twenty Years

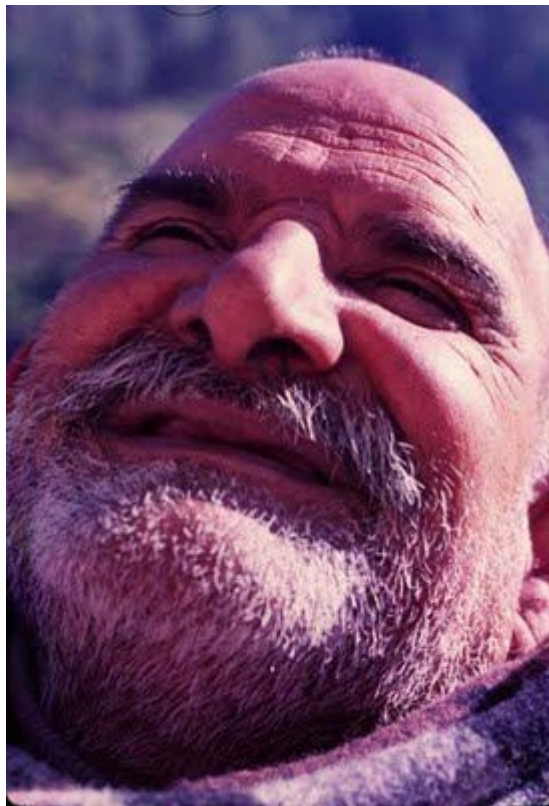
Purnanand Tewari and his brother went to Nainital with some papers concerned with the litigation of their land. Purnanand had to return to Kainchi to get one more document, but his brother fell sick. This required Purnanand to remain in Nainital taking care of him until evening. By that time there were no buses back to Kainchi, so leaving his brother in Nainital, Purnanand began to walk to Gathia (a stop on the way back to Kainchi). The darkness of night had fallen, and he still had several miles to go. There was only one shop at Gathia, and when he reached there, Tewari asked the owner if he could stay overnight. Choudhry, the owner, refused but said that if a truck stopped, he would ask the driver to pick him up along the road. Purnanand set out into the darkness again, carrying a small torch.

Along the way he came to a frightening culvert known as Kufia Danth. A steel chain hung from a tree there, and it was said that an ascetic had tied a ghost to it. Though Tewari was a young man of about twenty-one years, he was scared of ghosts. As he got closer, he saw a bulky man in the dim torchlight sitting on the parapet in that lonely place. The man called out loudly, "Who is there? What's your name? Where do you live?" Tewari got frightened. He thought it was a ghost, but he believed that there was no point in running away from an evil spirit. He went closer and saw that the man was Baba Neeb Karori. Tewari had heard of

Baba's fame and had seen him earlier that same day in the house of an overseer in Nainital. Purnanand still cherished a desire in his heart to touch Baba's feet, for he had hesitated to do so that morning. At that solitary place he thought that perhaps Baba was giving him the opportunity.

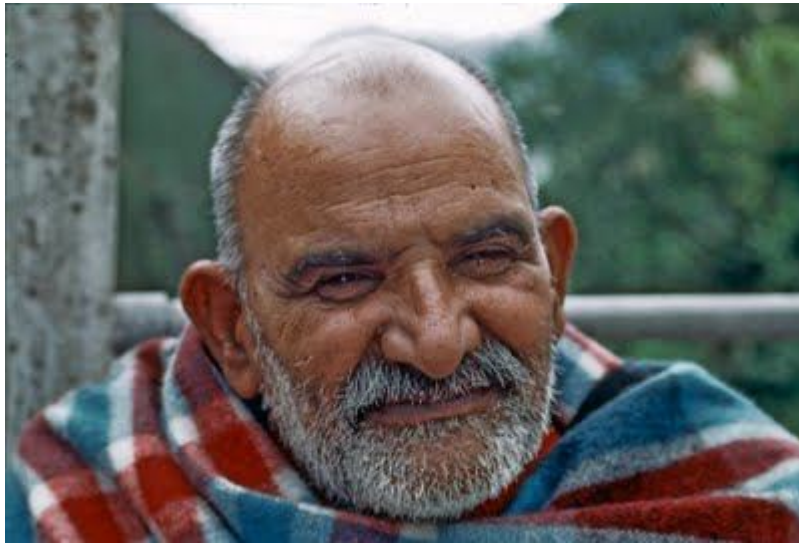
Tewari said his name and that Kainchi was the name of his village. Baba said, "Your brother has fallen sick. Don't worry, he will be alright." Tewari was amazed and remained standing respectfully with folded hands. Baba continued, "Now go. You will get a lift on the way. Litigation is on, do not worry, you won't lose in court. It is suffering due to karma. The case will drag on for a long time." When Tewari asked Baba why he was there, Baba said, "I have come here to avoid evil spirits. There are many evil spirits in Nainital." Tewari then asked, "Baba, when will I have your darshan again?" He replied, "After twenty years. Now go. You will get a lift." Tewari bowed, touched his feet, and went on his way. He thought that Baba said "after twenty years" because he did not want to give him darshan anymore. He hardly walked five hundred yards when a truck driver approached from behind and offered him a ride. This event took place in 1942.

On 25 May 1962 Baba stopped in Kainchi on his return from Ranikhet. Purnanand was sleeping in his house when Baba sent a laborer to go and get him. The laborer told Tewari that a bania (businessman) had come to meet him. He came out and saw that Baba Neeb Karori was waiting for him. Baba kept his word and fulfilled the promise he made to him twenty years earlier.



A Transfer Cancelled

In 1965 Central Jail in Agra was vacated so that the prisoners from the Pakistan War could be accommodated. Bhushan Chandra Joshi was superintendent of the jail. One day the inspector general of jails was in Agra and told Joshi to get ready because he was going to be transferred. Joshi immediately got his luggage packed. Later that day he received news that Baba was visiting someone's house in Agra and went there to have darshan. Upon seeing Joshi, Baba at once said, "Is the I.G. God, that you have packed your luggage on his word? I say go and unpack your luggage. You will not be transferred now." Joshi was a great devotee, and on returning to his house, he obeyed Baba. Later he received a written order from the government entrusting him with the supervision of the Pakistani prisoners. He remained in Agra until 1968.



Two More Children

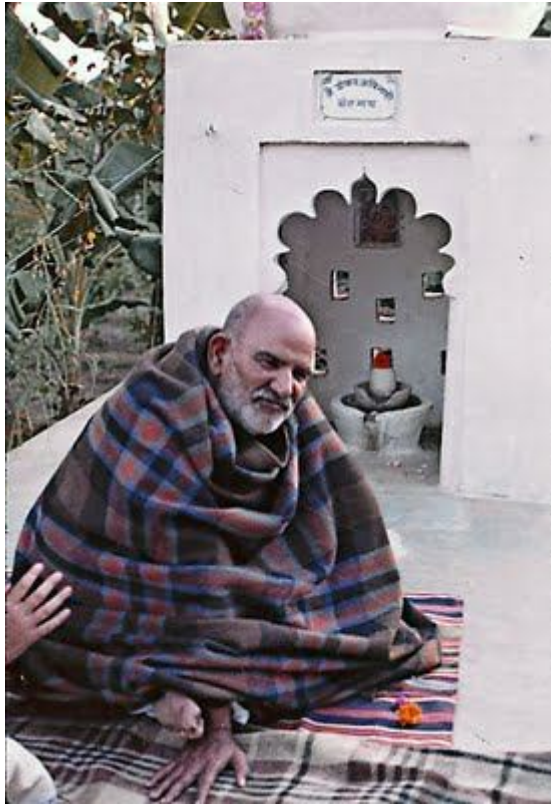
In 1971 my wife's health deteriorated gradually until one day her condition became serious. I was worried about her and went to the ashram to tell Baba of my concern. The sun was setting, and Maharaj was sitting alone in his kuti, facing the window. I bowed to him from outside the window, went into the room, and sat facing his back on the floor by his takhat. Some moments passed in silence. Then Baba suddenly turned around and showing two raised fingers, said, "Two more children are yet to be born." He then became serious and sat quietly facing the window.

In the mental state I was in at the time, I could not understand him. My wife was at death's door, and Baba was saying two more children were to be born. It came to my mind that my wife would not die if two more children were still to be born. Surely she would escape death. I felt a little more relaxed. I offered pranaam to Baba and went back home. Then I began to think that my wife was aging and that if she was going to give birth to more babies, she would not be able to withstand the physical strain. I then thought that the birth of a child was a matter for joy and wondered why Baba became serious and quiet. I did not have any answer to this question and it remained a mystery. Gradually my wife recovered.

In September 1973 Maharaj took Mahasamadhi, and in the winter of that very year, my wife

gave birth to twins. Both children had a beautiful appearance, but they were stillborn. It was then that I understood the meaning of Baba's silence.

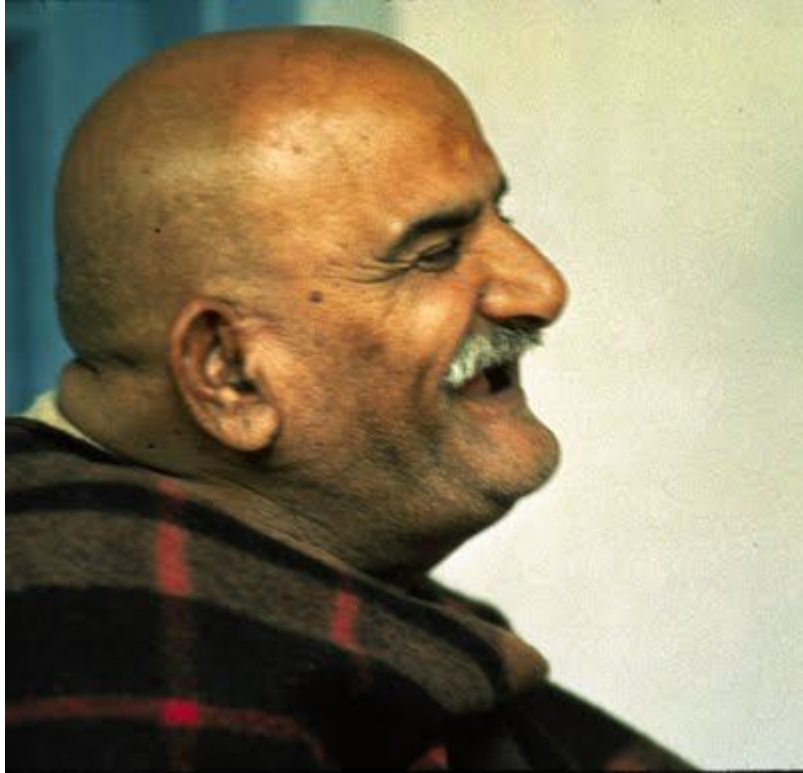
-Purnanad Tewari, Kainchi



Ordinary Problems

One day I was irritated by an itch on my head. Although I did not have lice in my hair, I suspected them to be the cause. I asked Dwarkanath, who was standing nearby, to look, but he did not find any. At that very moment Maharaj sent for me. I bowed before him and sat on the floor by his takhat. Without saying anything, he patted me on the head and rubbed it for a while. I got much relief from it. Both of us were silent; no one uttered a single word. I take it to be one of his many ways of showing that he was aware of even insignificant problems.

-Radha Baum, U.S.A.



Whereabouts of a Missing Person

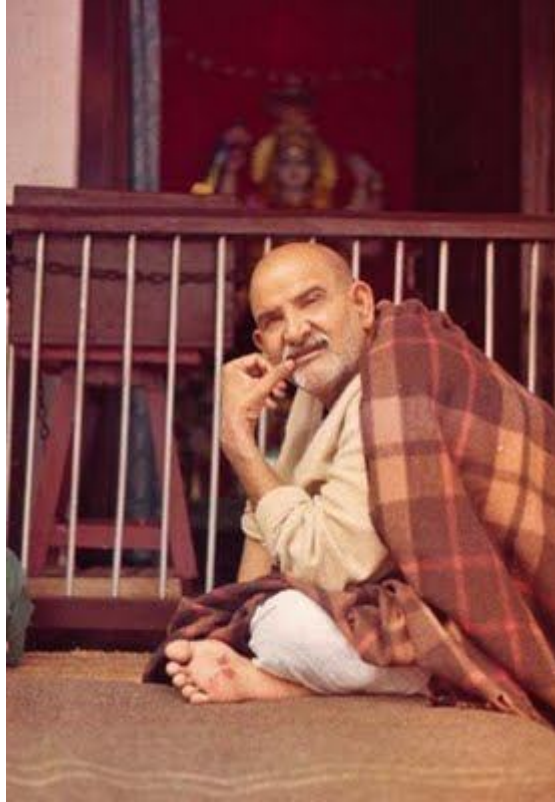
In 1932 Jagdev Singh came to see Baba with a subordinate Sikh officer. Speaking about Baba's greatness, Jagdev Singh told the officer that Baba would answer his question correctly even if he did not ask it. The Sikh officer wanted to ask something in particular about his friend Gainda Singh, whose son had disappeared in grief after the death of his wife, but he did not say anything to Baba. Looking at him, Baba said, "You want to ask about Gainda Singh's son who has run away from home. The boy has been asking the priest in the gurdwara [Sikh place of worship] at Amritsar to take him as a disciple. His wife has died and his mother is alive. The priest is not inclined to make him a disciple without his mother's permission." The officer passed this information on to his friend Gainda Singh, who at that time was jailer at Farrukhabad. Gainda Singh went to Amritsar immediately and brought his son back home.



Three Sons

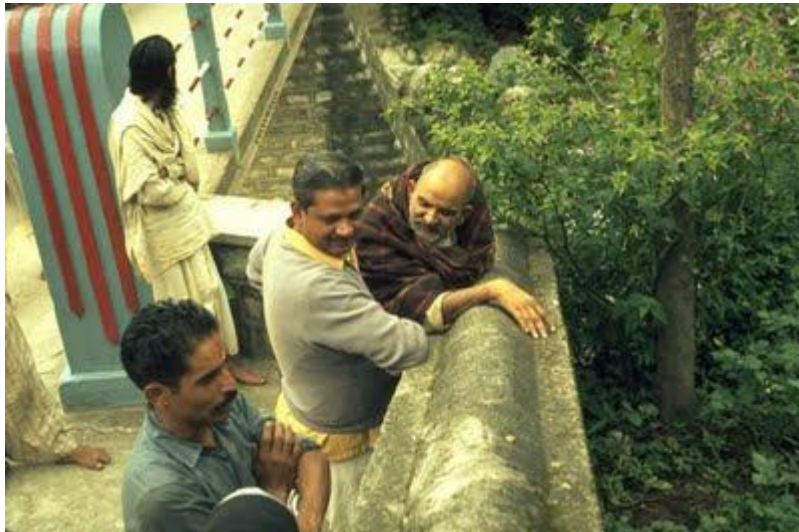
In 1968 Rajinder Anand came to Kainchi with her mother for Baba's darshan. As soon as Baba saw her, he said to her mother, "Get the marriage of your daughter arranged." He gave Rajinder two rupees and sent them away. They came out of the ashram, got on a bus for Haldwani, and sat down. When the conductor came to give them tickets, they found that they were two rupees short of the fare. They paid with the money that Baba had given to Rajinder. While they had accepted the money from Baba very reluctantly, they came to understand that his purpose in giving it was to save them from that embarrassing situation.

At home the family began to make arrangements for Rajinder's marriage, which took place the following year. After her marriage Rajinder and her husband went to Kainchi for Baba's darshan. Baba held up three fingers and said to her, "Three sons will be born." Indeed, she gave birth to three children—all boys.



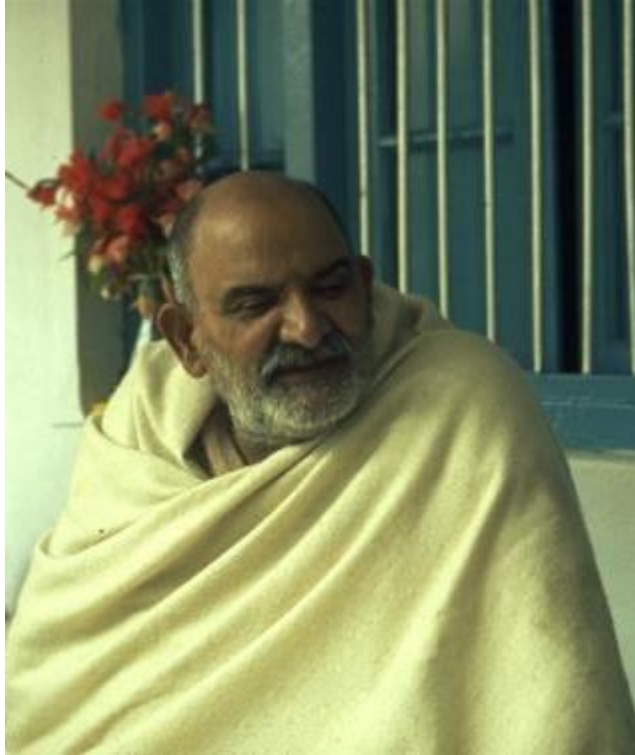
Fail-Pass

After Shrimati Durga Mai's son took his B.A. exam, he was afraid of having failed and seemed depressed. His mother came to Kainchi, and telling Baba of the situation, she asked whether her son would pass the exam or not. Baba at once said, "Fail-Pass," and smiled. All the devotees present laughed. Then he said, "He will pass and get a job in a bank." The boy's name was published in the pass list, and later he got a job in a bank.



She Won't Marry

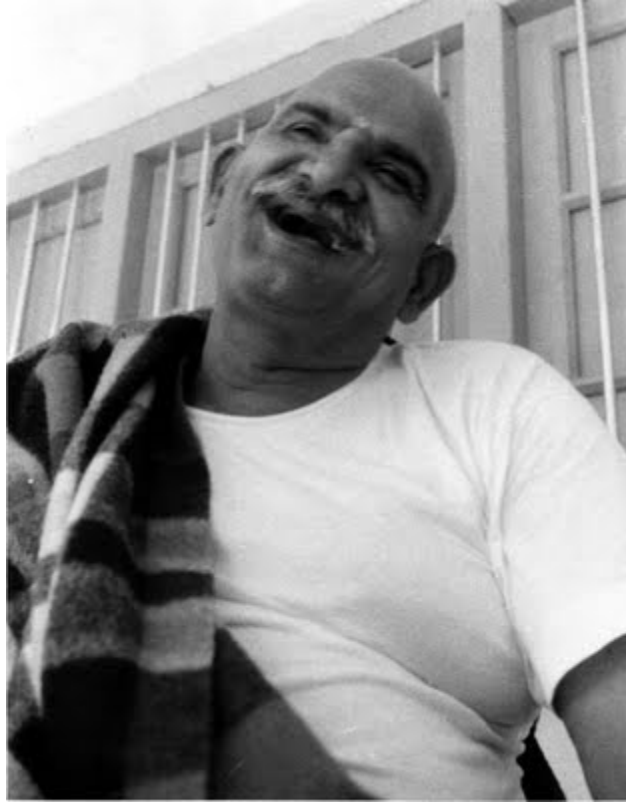
Godawari Tewari got a job in the Department of Planning, Uttar Pradesh, after completing her education. One day she went to Hanumangarh to have Baba's darshan. When Baba saw her, he immediately said, "She won't marry." Later she narrated, "Baba's utterance proved true in my case. I was rendered helpless by circumstances. I had to shoulder the responsibilities of the education and marriages of my brothers and sisters. Under these circumstances, I had to give up the idea of my own marriage."



Baba's B.D.O. Daughter

Once, when I went to Bhumiadhar to see Baba, he said, "My B.D.O. daughter has come." I wasn't B.D.O. (block development officer) then, so I did not understand. Baba then said, "Don't go to America. Stay in this country and serve it. If you go there, you will become a westerner." This also seemed completely irrelevant. About a year after Baba said this, I was posted to the Garampani block of Nainital as B.D.O. I also got the opportunity to go to America, but remembering Baba's advice, I did not accept the offer.

-Godawari Tewari



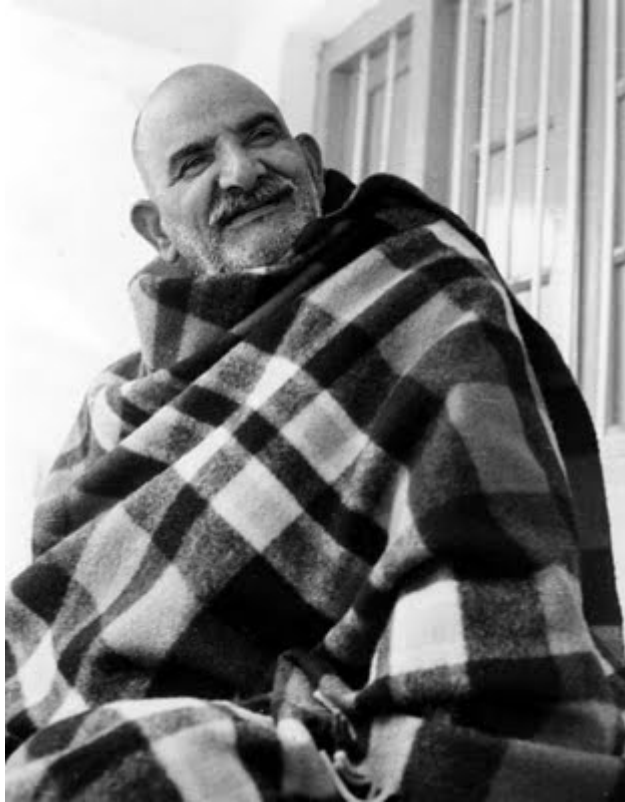
Hidden Devotion

Shrimati Damyanti Tewari's husband was very much devoted to Maharaj and always kept Baba's photo in his wallet. One day in 1964 he and his wife came to Kainchi for darshan. Shrimati Tewari bowed at Baba's feet and asked her children to do the same. Then she gestured to her husband to touch Baba's feet. Maharaj saw her gesture and said, "He offered pranaam to me before the others. He believes in deeds done without making a show of them." After looking at Tewari for some moments, Baba asked her, "Does he keep my photo in his pocket?" and smiled affectionately.



The Magic of Speech

Kamla Soni was scared because she had to undergo a stomach operation. Others in the family were also worried, so the whole atmosphere in the house was gloomy. Suddenly the telephone rang; it was Baba. He asked Soni, "What's the matter?" Soni started talking about Kamla's operation. Maharaj interrupted him saying, "The operation is done. Talk about something else." Kamla said, "There was a mysterious charm in Baba's speech. It changed the atmosphere in the house. Everyone became more relaxed and I myself felt relieved." The next day she went for the operation happily. She faced the trouble with ease, and the operation was successful.



Proposal Accepted By the Government

I first had Maharaj's darshan in 1946 at the home of Bhagwan Sahai, I.C.S. (Indian Civil Service) officer in Lucknow. As soon as I touched Baba's feet, he said to me, "Where were you? What did you talk about with Lal Bahadur and Pant? They did not accept your proposal? They will agree with you the day after tomorrow." I was surprised that Baba knew about the secret matters of the government, but I purposely avoided further conversation about the matter. Two days later I had another meeting with Govind Ballabh Pant and Lal Bahadur Shastri, and they accepted my proposal completely.

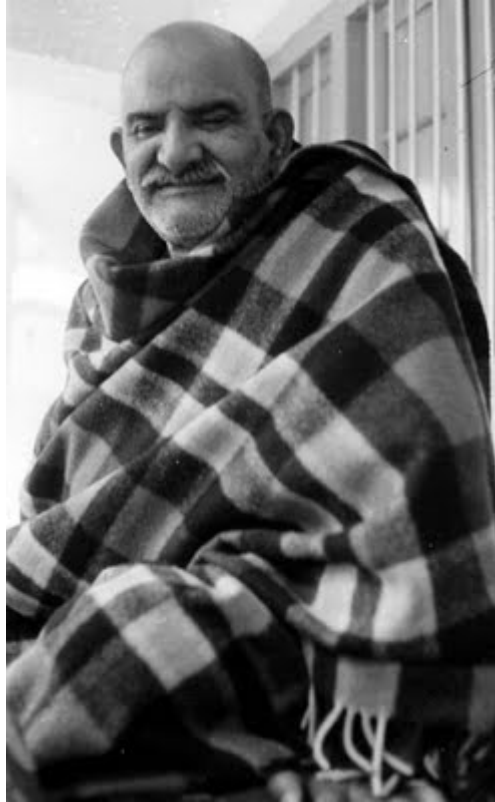
-Jagan Prasad Rawat, Kamlanagar, Agra



The Destined Proposal

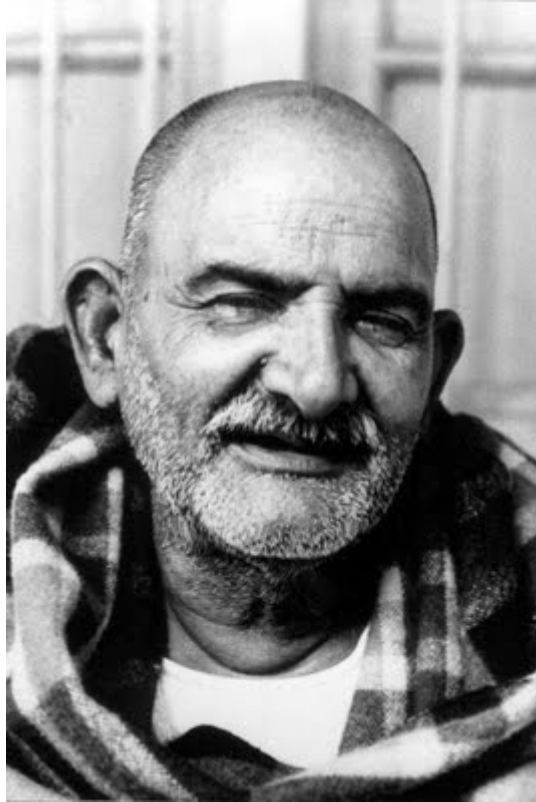
Deshraj Pabbi of Rudrapur received two marriage proposals for his daughter—one from a family in Delhi and the other from a family in Bareilly. His preference was for the one from Bareilly, but his wife preferred the one from Delhi. Because of this difference of opinion, they could not accept either proposal. Deshraj was worried because they wasted a lot of time in indecision. At last both of them agreed to accept whichever proposal Baba chose for their daughter.

When Deshraj came to Kainchi to settle the matter, Baba said, "It has to take place somewhere else," and then got up and left. Deshraj did not understand what Baba meant. He went to Delhi to accept that proposal, but because of the delay, it was too late. Then he went to Bareilly where he was also disappointed, for the boy had got engaged to another girl. Some time later they received a proposal from Amritsar that they were all happy with and their daughter was married there.



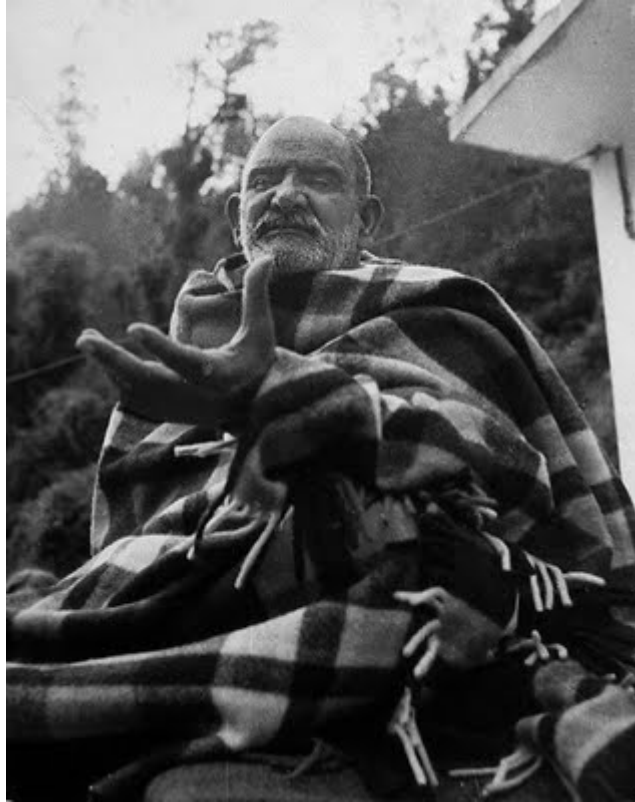
It Will Not Be Done

Mahinder Singh, an acquaintance of Deshraj, appeared for a job interview at Pantnagar University. In spite of being quite confident that he would get the job, he did not receive the letter of appointment after waiting for some time. Deshraj sent Mahinder Singh to Kainchi for Baba's darshan. As soon as Maharaj saw him, he said, "He has come for a job. Thakur [a name for God] has spoiled your case. The work will not be done now." Baba's words proved true. Mahinder Singh did not get the job.



Speculation In Gold

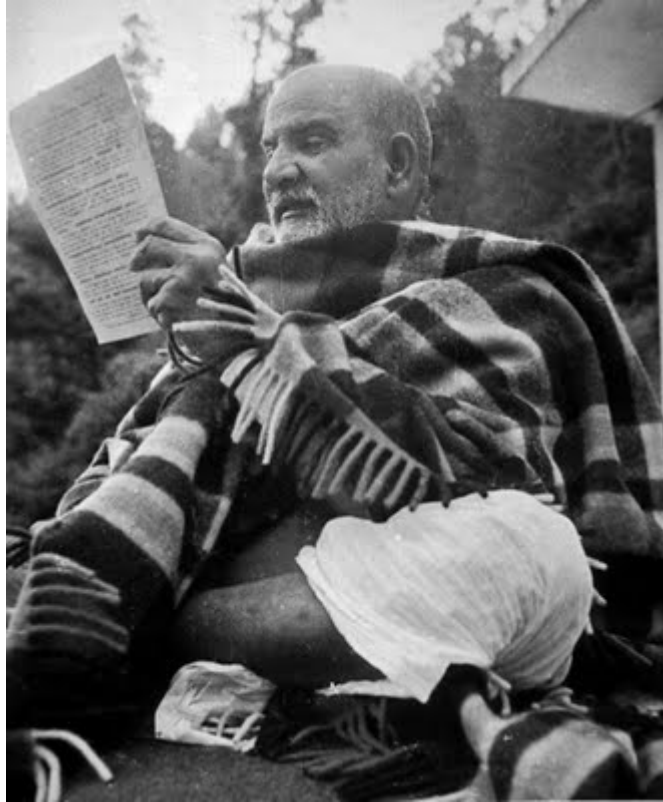
One day a rich man who speculated in gold on the stock market was present in Baba's durbar. Baba introduced gold as a topic of conversation and said, "The price of gold will go down in future." The rich man said, "No Baba, there is no such possibility." Baba gave certain reasons and said, "Its price will certainly go down." The man got the point and sold all his gold at a marginal profit. Later the price did go down and the man escaped a great loss. When he came to meet Baba the next time, he offered him two thousand rupees as a way of showing his gratitude. Despite all his entreaties, Baba did not accept the money. After he left, a devotee told Baba that the money could have been utilized for the ashram and temple. He wanted to know why Baba had rejected the offer. Baba said, "He wanted to buy me with that money."



An Unexpressed Desire Fulfilled

Shrimati Durga Sah had heard of Baba, as every household in Nainital knew of him by that time, but she had not found time from her housework to visit him at Hanumangarh. Once, when Guru Purnima (full moon day dedicated to the worship of the guru) was being celebrated in Kainchi, she went there in the company of some other women. When they arrived, puja to Maharaj was being performed. At her first glimpse of Baba, Durga Mai received so much grace that a wave of bliss passed through her body. She remained sitting with her eyes closed and felt that she was having the darshan of Hanuman through Baba.

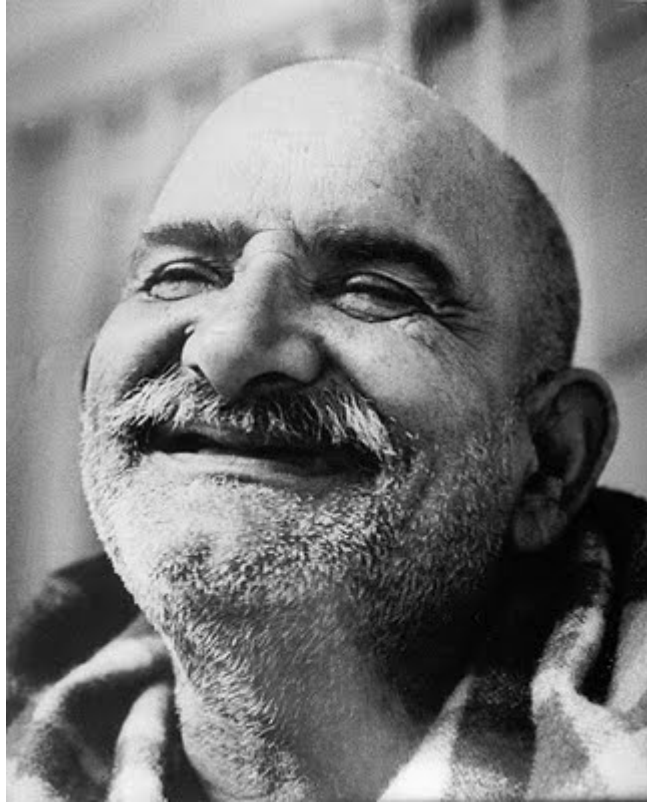
A few months later many of Maharaj's devotees from Nainital were going to Vrindavan to see him. Durga Mai was keen to go with them but felt unable and helpless due to family circumstances. She was sad at heart since everyone known to her had left for Vrindavan. In the meantime a woman who had not gone telephoned Durga Mai's husband and persuaded him to allow his wife to accompany her to Vrindavan. Durga Mai hurriedly left with the woman. When she reached the ashram and bowed to Baba in reverence, he said jokingly, "I had to chant a mantra to call you." She was overwhelmed.



Interrupted Samadhi

There was no permanent bridge over the river when I went to see Baba. Instead, there was a narrow wooden bridge, and Baba was sitting at one end of it. It was raining heavily, yet devotees were going there to touch his feet. I remained standing in the temple and did not dare to go to him. I prayed to the Almighty saying, "O God, bestow upon me such devotion that I might bring Baba from the bridge into the ashram." When everyone had come back after having his darshan, I also went to him. As soon as I got there, Baba got up and said, "Who are you? You made me get up from my samadhi." Then he walked back to his kuti with me.

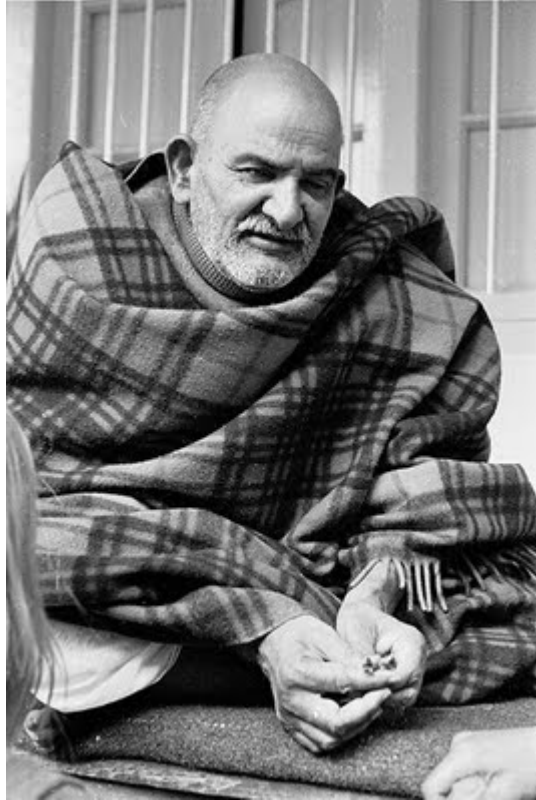
-Shrimati Savitri Devi, Begumpul, Meerut



One Ailment, Different Treatment

One day Baba was sitting on a parapet by the roadside when a sadhu named Balak came and offered pranaam to him. Baba said to Balak, "What's the trouble?" Balak told him that he had been suffering from stomach pain since the previous evening. Baba gave him some of the remaining water from the lota (metal pot) that he used when washing. Balak drank this, and then Baba made him run around. In a little while the pain subsided.

The same day Pandit Mama also had pain in his stomach. Baba immediately got him admitted to Ramsay Hospital in Nainital and sent his devotees to enquire about his health throughout the day. A devotee asked Baba the reason for according different treatment to Pandit Mama. In reference to Balak, Baba said, "God takes care of the person who has no one to look after him. Pandit is a well-to-do man. He wants good treatment and also expects others to express their sympathy for him."



You Will Be I.G.

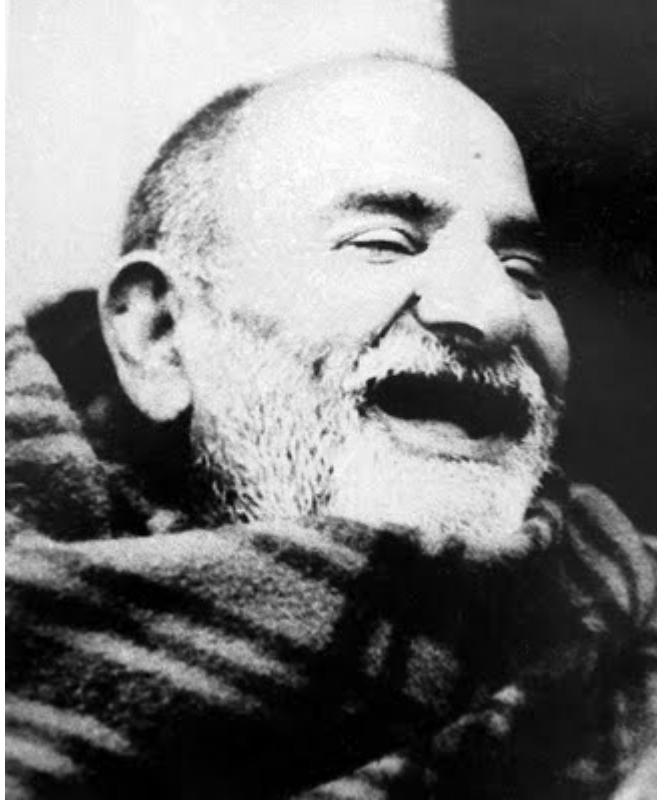
Once, when the appointment for the post of I.G. (inspector general) of police was under consideration by the government of Uttar Pradesh, Hari Shankar Mathur, a devotee of Maharaj, was the D.I.G. (deputy inspector general). There were six or seven other D.I.G.s who were senior to him. One day Maharaj asked Mathur, "Why haven't you taken charge of the I.G.?" Mathur replied that he was quite junior. Maharaj said, "No, you will be I.G. Go and take charge." The same night Mathur received a letter from the government appointing him I.G.



A Desire For Halwa

On his way to Kainchi, Iftiqar Hussein bought some mangoes to offer to Baba. One of the mangoes was a peculiar shape, and he had a fancy for it. It came to his mind that Baba could be regarded as an enlightened saint if he gave that particular mango back to him as prasad. He was also aware that Baba gave puris (deep-fried bread) and vegetables to every visitor, which prompted another idea to flash in his mind. His presumptions about Baba being an enlightened saint would be confirmed if Baba gave him warm halwa (Indian pudding) to eat.

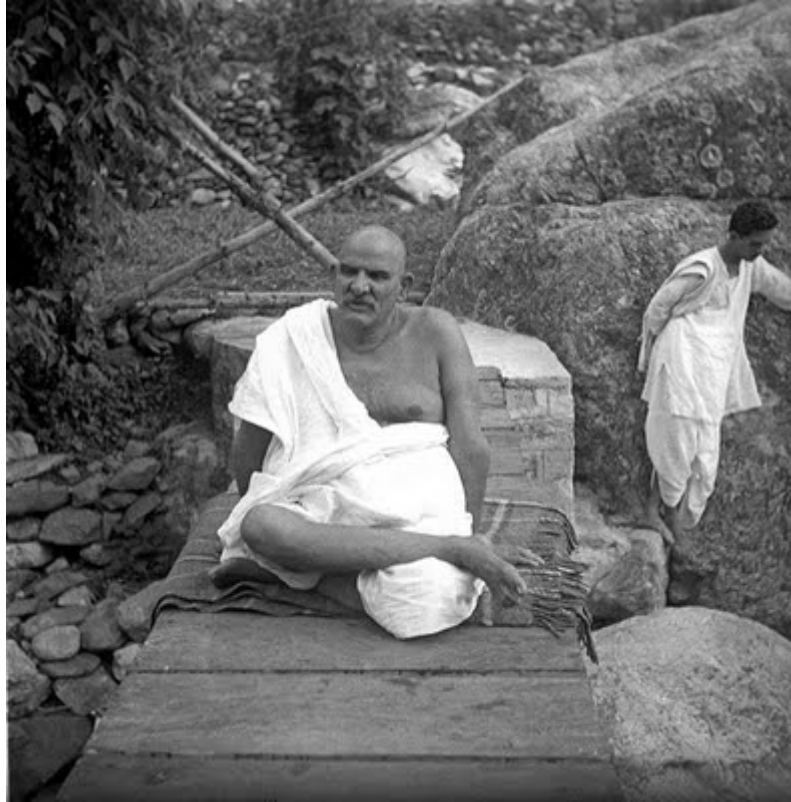
Before Hussein arrived at the ashram, Baba gave instructions for the preparation of halwa. When Iftiqar Hussein arrived, Baba was in his room. After some time the door was opened and everybody went inside. Iftiqar Hussein placed the mangoes at Baba's feet. Baba smiled and at once gave him the mango of his choice. Iftiqar Hussein was amazed and said, "Master, I apologize for my thoughts." Maharaj immediately sent someone to bring the warm halwa and gave it to Iftiqar Hussein to eat. Tears welled up in Iftiqar Hussein's eyes.



No Discrimination

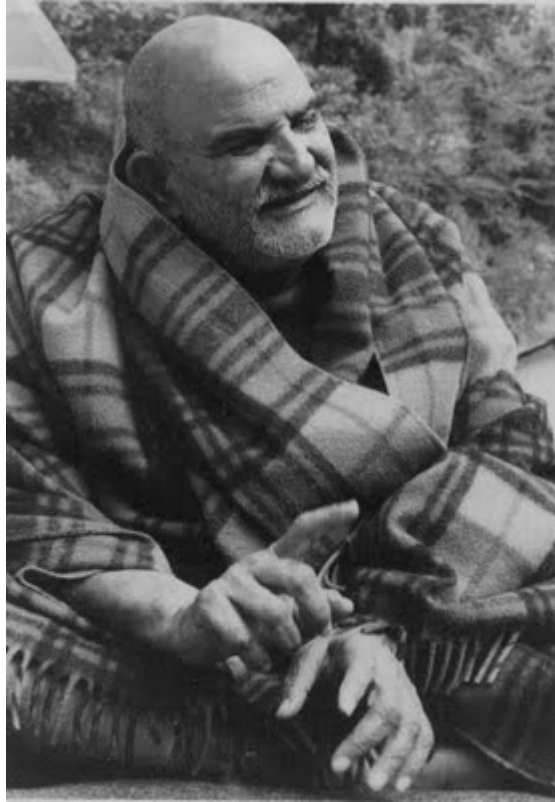
In an issue of *Kadambini*, a Hindi magazine, Dr. R.K. Karoli described his own experience with Baba. He wrote that before going to the hospital one day, he went to the house where Baba was staying. On his way he had thought of taking some bananas for Baba but could not buy any. When he arrived, he had to wait for his turn amongst the other visitors. Meanwhile an industrialist drove up, got out of the car, and walked straight into the room to meet Baba.

Feeling that the rich and famous were receiving easy access to the saint, Dr. Karoli was very perturbed. He decided to go back to the hospital to make good use of his time. He was about to leave when a man came up to him and asked if he was Dr. Karoli. When he said yes, the man said that Baba was calling for him. Asking the doctor to accompany him, the man led him to Maharaj, who said, "You have not brought bananas? Come, take these bananas as prasad. You were intending to go back. Listen, I don't discriminate between people." After some time the door was opened and everybody went inside. Iftiqar Hussein placed the mangoes at Baba's feet. Baba smiled and at once gave him the mango of his choice. Iftiqar Hussein was amazed and said, "Master, I apologize for my thoughts." Maharaj immediately sent someone to bring the warm halwa and gave it to Iftiqar Hussein to eat. Tears welled up in Iftiqar Hussein's eyes.



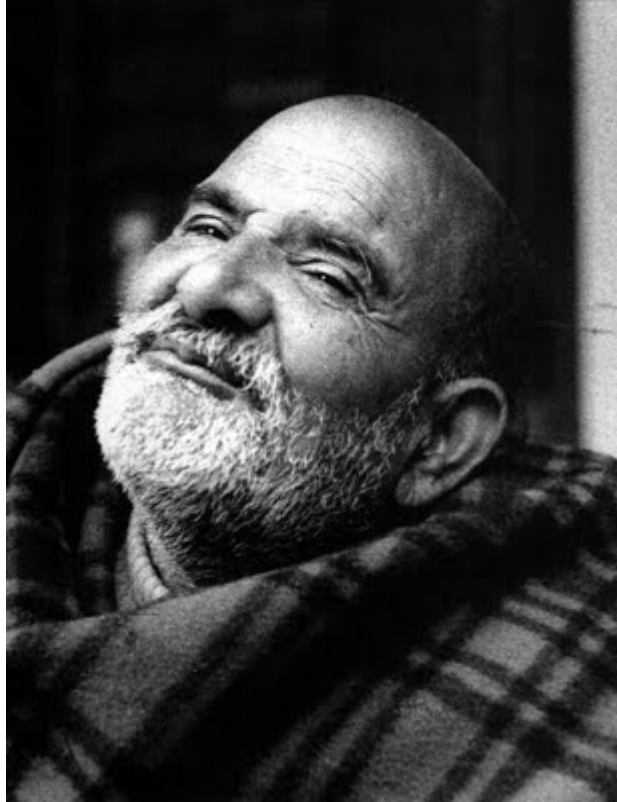
Bhushan's Promotion

Bhushan Chandra Joshi was promoted to deputy inspector general of prisons in Uttar Pradesh. He was not at all happy with his promotion. He did not know whether to accept the appointment or not because he had a weak heart and was afraid that too much traveling would be involved. He was confused and could not decide what to do. He went to Kainchi to seek Baba's advice on the matter. When he was at the gate of the ashram, Baba was sitting in his room. Baba said to the devotees present, "Joshi is coming. He thinks he would die of touring duty." They did not understand what he meant. After a short while Joshi ji came into the room, and Baba said to him, "Are you afraid? Will you die of a touring duty? Accept the promotion. You still have to become inspector general." Although there was no chance of him becoming an inspector general (I.G.), or so he thought, he did in time become an additional I.G. and later retired from that post.



Not By This Bus

After staying at Kainchi ashram for some time, Shankar Prasad Vyas got ready to return to his home in Varanasi. He decided to go to Kathgodam by bus and went to Baba for his blessings. Maharaj said, "You won't go by this bus," and sent him by another bus the same day. Vyas ji narrated later that he saw the bus that he had originally wanted to travel in along the roadside, where it was lying damaged after having met with an accident. He then understood the significance of Maharaj ji's words.

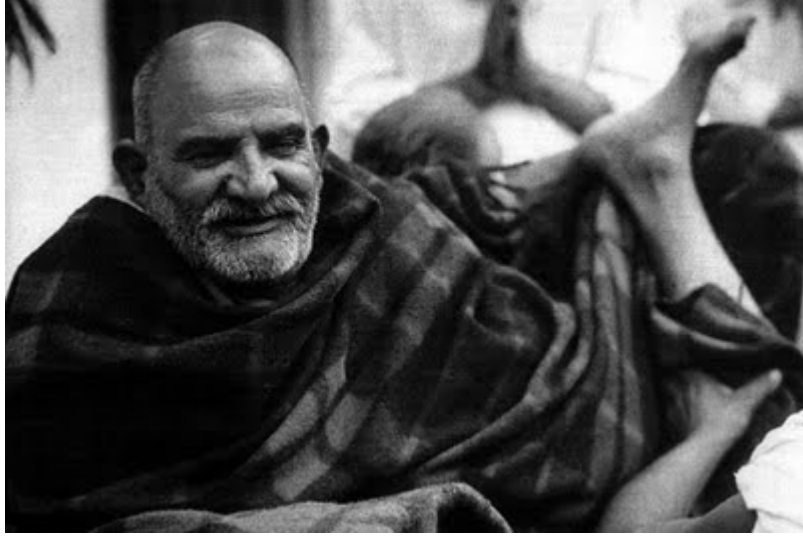


A Desire Fulfilled

When I first came to Kainchi, I did not know the ashram way of life, nor was I acquainted with the people there. One day I saw a relative of mine taking a piece of roti (bread) from Maharaj's room. I got curious about it, and he told me that it was called mahaprasad (specially consecrated prasad). I understood that it was the leftover food from Baba's meal, but my desire was not limited to a piece of bread. I thought that I would be very lucky if I got the entire leftovers of his meal without asking for them. The very next morning, after Baba finished his meal, he asked Shakuntala to give me all the leftovers. I did not know Shakuntala then, but she came to my room bringing Baba's thali (plate). She said, "This plateful of Maharaj ji's prasad has been sent for you." Then she gave me the plate, which she had covered with a piece of cloth. I was very surprised and deeply moved. I thought myself very fortunate indeed.

It was my experience that Baba fulfilled all sorts of desires that arose in my mind, no matter how trivial, whenever I was in Kainchi. Consequently I felt that I was giving a lot of trouble to Baba by desiring things unnecessarily. I resolved not to do so, but when other such occasions arose, I forgot my resolution or found myself hopelessly lacking in determination.

-Rajida



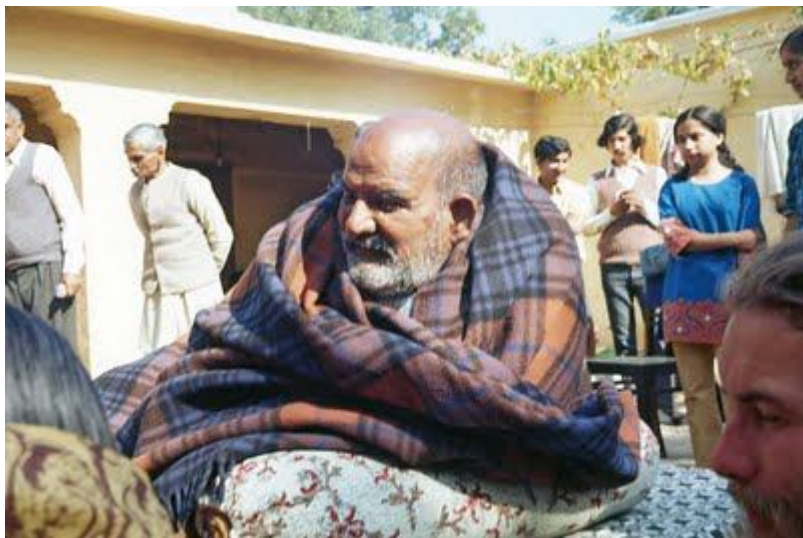
A Twofold Blessing

In 1946 Devkamta Dixit ji had Maharaj ji's darshan with his uncle, Durga Shankar Dixit ji, in Nainital. Baba told Devkamta Dixit ji, "Stay with your uncle, do not leave him to get yourself treated by a vaidya [ayurvedic physician] or a doctor. Have a long walk every day and eat a lot of fruit." Dixit ji was surprised when Baba mentioned his illness. He did not place any importance on Baba's instructions, but he did as Baba told him. In fact, doctors had thought that he was suffering from a serious illness, but after further tests they found it was no longer the case. He recovered quickly and continued to maintain a close relationship with his uncle, who unexpectedly gave him the management of Budhwal Sugar Mills. In this way Baba blessed him twofold.



Freed From Worry

Once, while Pooran Chandra Joshi was attending Maharaj, he stayed in Bhumiadhar ashram for about fifteen continuous days. During this time he did not even think of his family or his office. Some people suggested to his wife that he might intend to become a sadhu. They said she should inform other members of the family so that they could have a timely word with him to deter him from this course. She did not believe that her husband would ever become a sadhu, and she did not want to involve other family members unnecessarily. She was, however, worried about him. The very next day Baba came to their house from Bhumiadhar and said to her, "You think that your husband will become a sadhu? Don't worry about it. If he could become a sadhu, I would have immersed you in bliss."



An Unusual Way of Showing Grace

At Church Lane, Sudhir Mukerjee once showed Baba a calendar from Lucknow depicting Hanuman deep in meditation of Lord Ram. Seeing it, Maharaj said, "Hanuman ji is absorbed in meditative bliss and so am I. Get it framed tomorrow and keep it in the nearby almirah." I suggested that the picture be placed there the next day accompanied by the recitation of the Sundarkand and the Hanuman Chalisa. Baba agreed and leaving the task to me, asked me not to tell anyone about it. It is not clear how and from where many people gathered there on that auspicious occasion since it was not publicized in any way. The bhandara lasted until midnight.

After this celebration I longed to have the same calendar to provide a focus for worship. I looked for it in vain in Allahabad and again when I went home to Lucknow. One day my nephew saw the same calendar in the house of Dr. Har Narayan Singh, a lecturer at D.A.V. Degree College in Lucknow. My nephew asked Dr. Singh to give the calendar to me, but Dr. Singh said, "I myself am a devotee of Hanuman. I cannot part with this picture of my deity." That night Hanuman ji appeared in Dr. Singh's dream and ordered him to give his picture, the calendar, to me in the morning. He also told him that the outcome of my worship would also accrue to him. The next day while I was reading the morning paper in the living room of my home, Dr. Singh arrived and introduced himself to me. He gave me the calendar and told me about his dream. Thanking Dr. Singh, I was overwhelmed by Baba's grace. I understood that my desire was not hidden from Maharaj and that it was he who gave darshan to Dr. Singh in the form of Hanuman. After all, he himself is Hanuman.

-Rajida



An Unexpected Visit

I practice homeopathy from my home, and patients with chronic diseases would occasionally come to me and tell me that Baba Neeb Karori had sent them for treatment. I attended them,

and they would be cured. It surprised me to notice that my medicines worked better on the patients sent by Baba than on other patients. I did not know Baba, nor had I ever seen him. Although I had a keen desire to meet him, it was not possible for me to leave my work to look for him.

One day a robust man with bare feet entered my room when his turn came. He was wearing a dhoti and had a blanket wrapped over his shoulder. Without any formal introduction, he stood before me. When I asked him what his problem was, he told me that he had a burning sensation in the palms of his hands. I asked him a few questions to help with the diagnosis, but he did not give specific answers and then said, "Give me any medicine that comes to your mind." I was rather disturbed by this and asked him to report back to me on the fourth day. He said, "What will this small quantity of medicine do? Give me a larger quantity. I am going away and will not come back." Then he asked the man who was with him to give me twenty rupees. From his appearance and his way of talking, I guessed that he was a sadhu baba. Being busy at the time, however, it did not come to my mind that he might be Baba Neeb Karori. I filled a bottle with the medicine and gave it to him. In spite of my saying that I did not charge sadhus for medicines, the man with him put two ten-rupee notes on my table. They took the medicine and left. I immediately put that money in the charity box.

The next patient entered the room. After the usual exchange of greetings, he said to me, "Do you know the man who just went out of your room?" When I said that I did not, he told me that it was Baba Neeb Karori. I was stunned that such a great being had sat waiting for his turn two hours. My conscience pricked me, for I did not show him due respect because of my ignorance. I went outside to look for him, but he was nowhere to be seen.

-Dr. Brahma Swarup Saxena, Allahabad



Peace In the Family

Ram Narain Sinha's parents had died, and while he treated his two young stepbrothers like his sons, both of them harbored ill feelings towards him. In spite of the fact that there was electricity in the house, one day they quarrelled with Ram Narain's wife over a kerosine lamp. They told her that the lamp had belonged to their father, so it was theirs. This lamp was very dear to Sinha's father, and Sinha had kept it carefully as a memento. On his return from work, he heard about the harshness of his brothers and was deeply hurt. He gave the lamp to them.

At that very moment Baba stepped into their house. Sinha did not know him nor had he ever seen him before, but such was the impact of Baba's presence that he bowed before him. Baba called both boys to him and severely reprimanded them. He made them apologize and bow at the feet of their elder brother. He also made them say that they would respect him not only as their brother but also as their father. Having restored peace to the family, Baba went outside where his devotees were waiting for him. Sinha went outside with him and learned from the waiting devotees that Baba was Neeb Karori Maharaj. Sinha has been a devotee ever since.

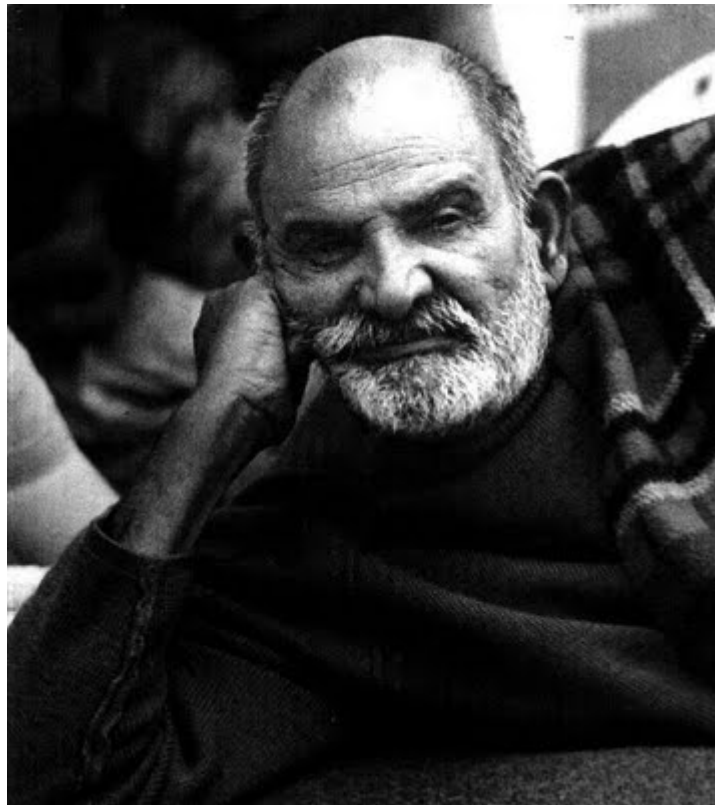


Peace to a Restless Mind

My future wife's aunt was making the arrangements for our marriage at her house. She was very worried because she did not have enough money for it and could not find a way to solve the problem. It is said that saints are moved by the distress of others. The family members were devotees of Maharaj, and one day he arrived at her house. Just before he was about to

go, he said to her, "Why do you worry about money? Look into that box of yours. You have kept money in it." When Baba had gone, she thought about how he knew that she kept money in a box. She knew how much money was inside, so she was not eager to open it. She left it for a while and then thought again about the circumstances. When she went to open the box, she was simply amazed to find it full of money. Baba's compassion moved her deeply. There was nothing more needed, and the wedding arrangements went ahead smoothly.

-Ramesh Chandra Pandey, Barot, Meerut



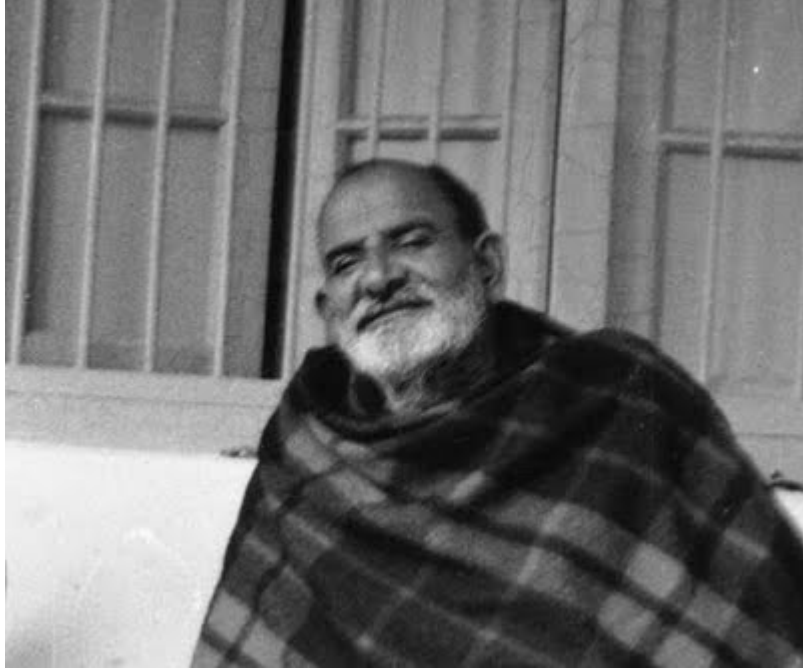
A Grudge Against Baba

An aimless, unemployed youth came to meet Baba one day. Baba took pity on him and got him a good job through people present at the time. He also spoke to members of the boy's family and arranged for his marriage into a good family. Baba gave him the opportunity to lead a happy and comfortable life. After getting the job, the youth increased his expenses to such an extent that he became distressed. His family became a burden to him, and he lost the ability to think rationally. He blamed Baba for his marriage and held a grudge against him. One day on the pretext of having darshan, he went into Baba's room at the house of Mehrotra ji in Lucknow. As soon as Baba saw him, he put his blanket aside and baring his chest said, "Kill me if you want to." The youth was stunned to see the expression on Baba's face and at the exposure of his own thoughts. Holding him by the hand, a devotee immediately took him outside and asked him what the matter was. The man confessed that Baba had revealed his true motive. He felt utterly humiliated and left with his head bowed.



The Significance of His Command

Maharaj was at Church Lane when a woman from Jagati Niwas, Colonelganj, came for his darshan. Seeing her, he said, "Are you well?" The woman, who seemed to be healthy, answered, "Baba, I am quite well." He at once said, "Consult the lady Dr. Barar and complete the treatment she suggests. Don't worry about money. I shall give money. Her fee is sixteen rupees." The woman then said, "I am healthy. I don't require any treatment." Baba did not agree with her and said, "It is my command. Won't you carry it out? When your legs fail you, even the members of your family will not care about you." Hearing his words, the woman got scared. She could not discuss it with her family, for she felt healthy. As it was imperative to obey Baba, she went to see Dr. Barar without telling them. Dr. Barar checked her thoroughly and told her that because she had come early for examination, her condition could be cured with a long course of treatment. Maharaj saved her from intense agony in the future.



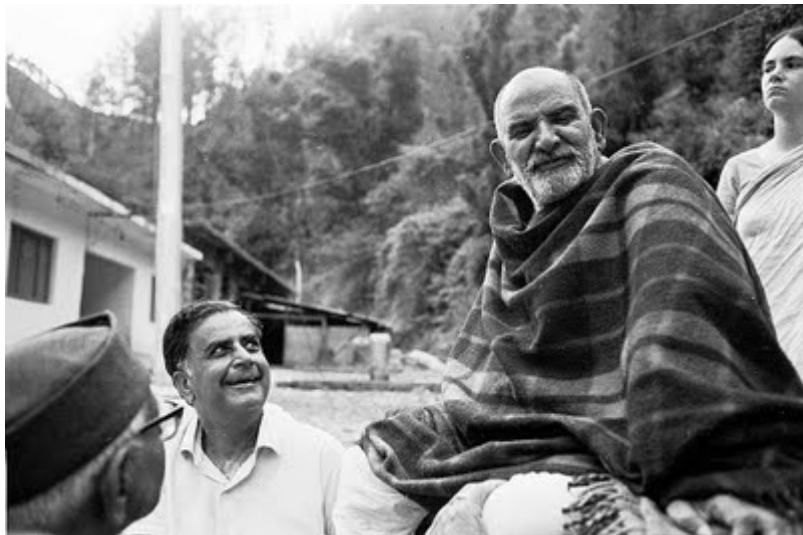
His Words Came True

In 1930 Jagdev Singh Vohra of Rai Bareilly was sent from Quetta to Rajput Centre for training and stayed with Ram Singh. One day Ram Singh took him to Baba. As soon as Baba saw them, he told Ram Singh, "He has come from Quetta. He worships Shiva. You retire, take your pension, and leave your post for him." After completing his training, Jagdev Singh went back to Quetta, and eventually all that Baba said took place. Although there were many subedars senior to him, Jagdev was promoted to the rank of subedar major and transferred to Fatehgarh Centre, where he took over from Subedar Major Ram Singh.



An Opportunity to Serve

Whenever Baba moved from one place to another, devotees got busy preparing for the journey. Someone would get his car filled with petrol; another would buy railway tickets for him and the people accompanying him. A devotee in Allahabad once made up his mind to buy Baba a railway ticket. When Maharaj got ready to leave Allahabad, the devotee kept some money in his pocket and went with Baba to Prayag station. When they got there, the devotee followed Baba but hesitated to ask him if he could buy his ticket. Baba turned to him and said, "You are carrying money in your pocket. Why don't you buy a ticket?"



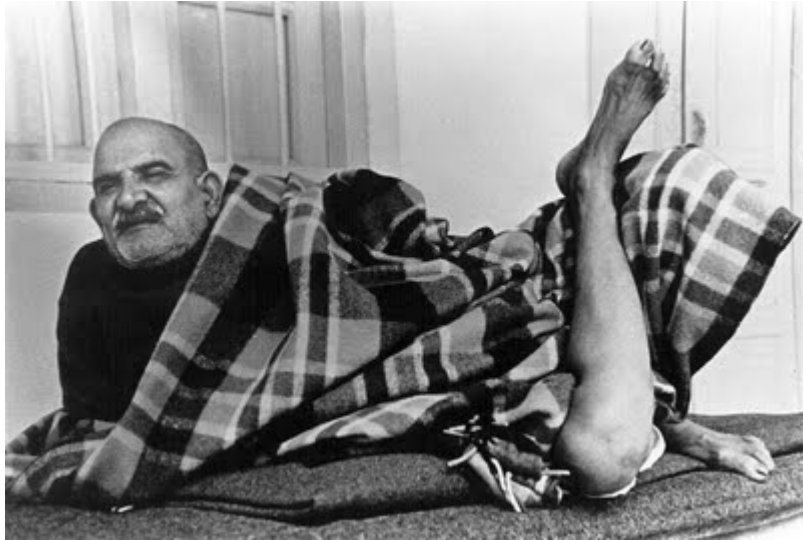
Seasonal Fruit

Shankar Prasad Vyas of Varanasi was sitting in his room at Kainchi ashram involved in a discussion about fruit. He said he had eaten all kinds of fruit, but he had not eaten a mango since his arrival. Sometime later he went into the temple area and saw Baba sitting in his room. Baba saw him and at once said, "You didn't get mangoes to eat?" Shankar Prasad felt petty and sat quietly by Baba. After a while a devotee arrived with a basketful of mangoes and offered it to Baba. Baba asked an attendant who was standing nearby to carry the basket to Vyas' room. With folded hands Vyas ji humbly said, "Baba, I was talking casually about mangoes in my room. What shall I do with so many mangoes?" He then picked up a few mangoes from the basket and raised them to his head in reverence. Baba looked at him, smiling.



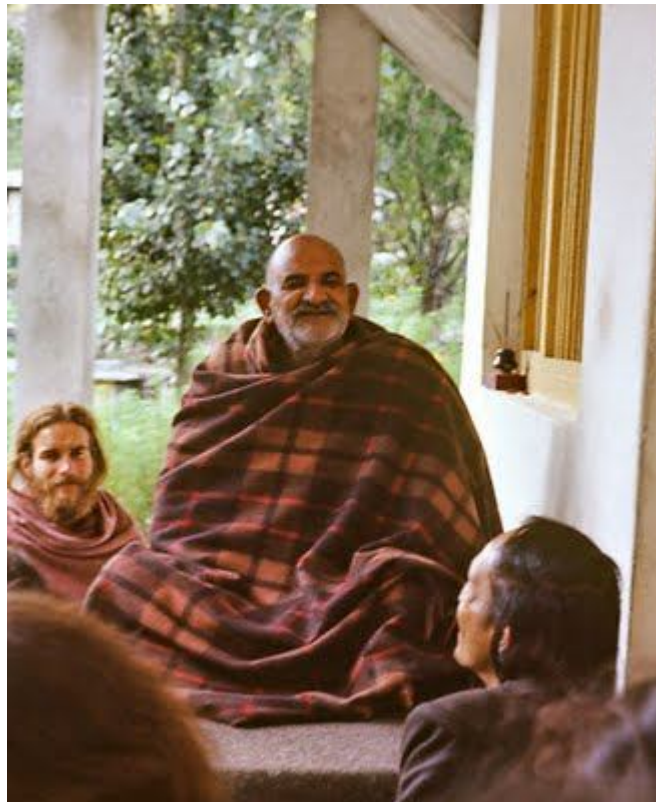
Disregarding Baba's Instructions

Ganga Prasad Shastri was very devoted to Baba. One day he asked Baba whether his sadhana would be accomplished. Baba replied, "Pandit, you have Hanuman's complete grace with you. There is no need for you to do anymore sadhana now. If you do, you will have problems." Shastri thought that Baba said this because he was old. He felt he was quite strong and undertook another arduous spiritual sadhana. In a small accident he fractured his pelvis and could no longer move about independently. Whenever he remembered Baba, he would say, "Baba gave me good advice, which I ignored. I would not have suffered in this manner if I had followed his advice." He died in this helpless state.



A Warning

A Muslim constable named Haji did sentry duty at the gate of Kainchi ashram. One day he went for Baba's darshan before starting his work, as he usually did. Maharaj said with a smile, "Haji, it is a bad day for you. Don't leave your duty. Don't go anywhere." Haji bowed before him and went away to his duty. Later he forgot Baba's warning and leaving the gate, walked towards the bus stand. On the way he slipped on a banana peel and fell down. He fractured his arm and was sent to the hospital. He regretted that he did not pay attention to Baba's warning.



Not to Marry

The marriage of a girl in Ramesh Chandra Pandey's family could not be settled, and everyone was worried about it. The astrologer who read her horoscope said that she would be married in the thirty-second year of her life. A marriage was arranged for her that year, and all the preparations for it were underway. One day Baba arrived quite unexpectedly. Everyone in the house came to do pranaam to him. When the girl bowed to him in reverence, Maharaj said to her, "Do not get married." Nobody understood the significance of his words, so they were taken lightly. She was married as arranged. Five months later her husband died, and she became a widow.

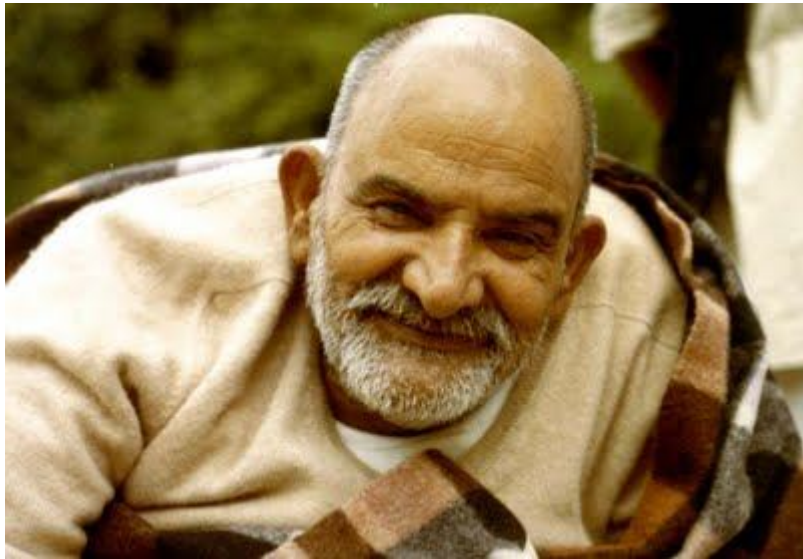


Resisting Baba's Influence

I first heard about Baba while I was teaching in Ghorakhal. One day in 1966 I decided to go for his darshan. As soon as I went into Maharaj ji's kuti, he said, "Come, Srivastava, come." and told the devotees present, "He belongs to Ayodhya. His father works in the Water Works Department." Considering I had never met him before, I was surprised and impressed by his words. After that I went to Kainchi ashram to see him often, and each time the impression he left on me deepened.

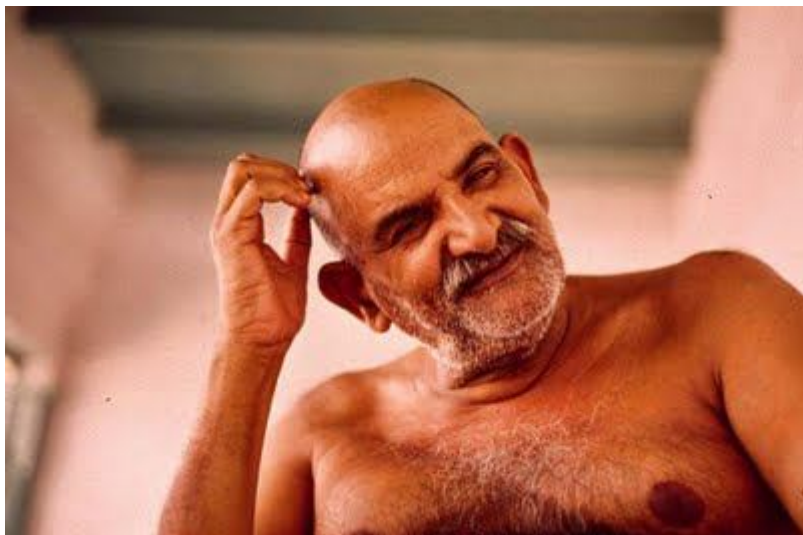
My guru had initiated me into the Nanak Shahi mantra, and I recited it every day. Once, when I came to Kainchi to see Baba, I deliberately sat behind other visitors. I was having his darshan and simultaneously reciting my guru mantra. Baba called me to him again and again and gave me fruit. After taking prasad from him, I returned to my place each time and started to repeat my mantra. At one point I said to him, "Baba, you are giving me all the fruit." Thereupon Baba smiled and whispered, "Because you were testing me. Now you go." Baba knew what was in my mind. I did not want to leave his company, but at the same time I wanted to restrain his influence on me because I was afraid that it might lessen my devotion to my own guru.

-R.C. Srivastava, Khochan, Ayodhya



The Consequence of Disobedience

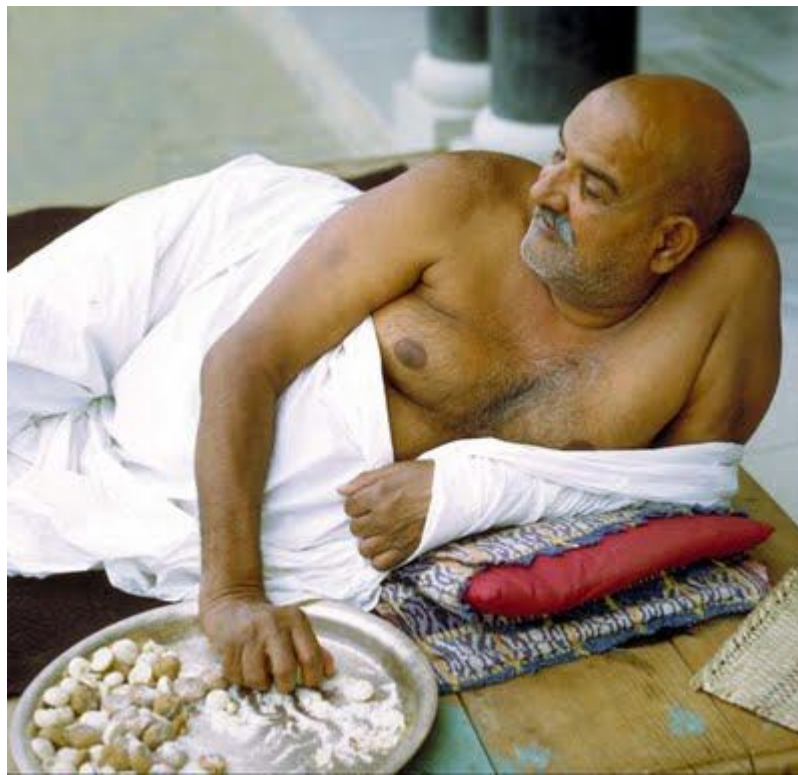
At Hanumangarh, Maharaj once told his devotee Bhagwati Prasad, "Go and recite Hanuman Chalisa before Hanuman ji and do not go anywhere else." Just then the Raja of Kashipur's car arrived for Baba, and he left. After Baba's departure other devotees also started leaving. Since Bhagwati Prasad did not want to stay at Hanumangarh on his own, he ignored Baba's words and went with them. On the way a huge stone came rolling down the mountainside onto the road. Bhagwati Prasad was hurt, but the others remained unharmed. He was immediately admitted to Ramsay Hospital in Nainital.



Roadside Darshan

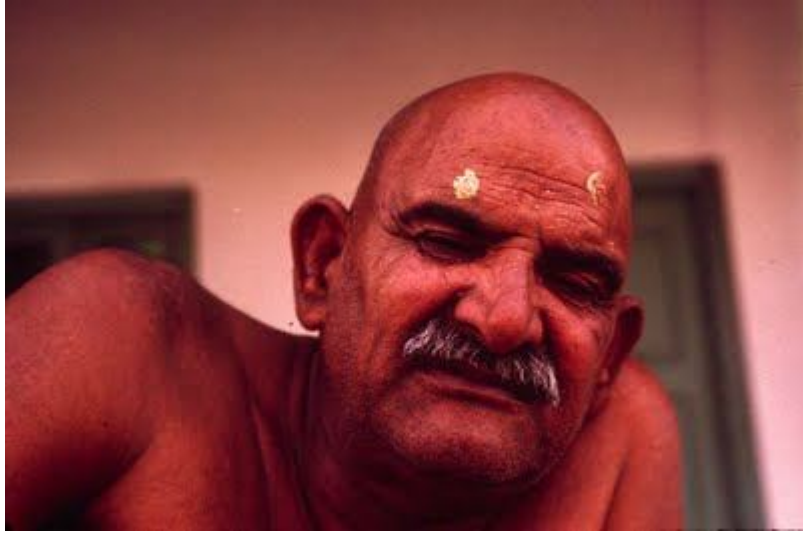
Kainchi was on my bus route, so I had seen the construction of the temple and ashram. There was always a crowd of devotees there, and I always drove past. I never went to have Baba's darshan because I could not leave the bus. The Bhumiadhar temple had been constructed earlier and was also on my route. One day while I was driving to Ganai via Bhumiadhar, I saw a large crowd along the way and heard that Baba Neeb Karori was there. I could not stop to have his darshan for the same reason. I consoled myself, thinking that highly enlightened saints are the images of God, therefore, if Baba was an enlightened soul, he would know my feelings and give me darshan on his own. The very next morning, while I was driving past the ashram on my way back to Bareilly, Baba was standing alone at a turn in the road as if he had been waiting for me. I immediately stopped, got off the bus, and did pranaam to him. Baba asked, "Where are you going?" and without waiting for a reply said, "You should never bother a sadhu in this way, understand?" I apologized for my mistake.

-Sardar Ranjeet Singh



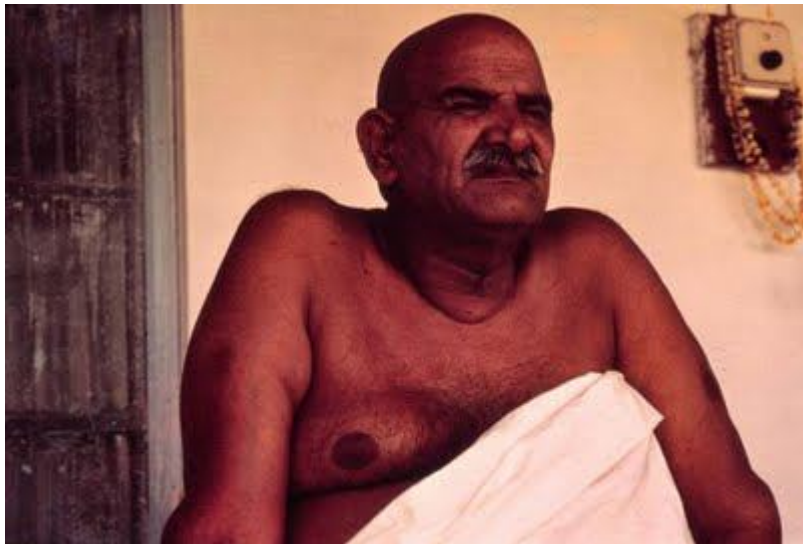
Cook Again

One morning at about 10 o'clock, Maharaj and some devotees arrived in Bareilly by train and went to the house of Dr. Bhandari. Dr. Bhandari gave everyone lunch, and after some time Baba said, "Clean the dining table and cook food again for seven people." Baba was obeyed, and everyone waited for the guests. Before evening Prem Lal arrived from Lucknow with his family. He had not told Baba about his visit, nor had he informed Dr. Bhandari. He was surprised and happy to see Baba at the house. The family came to know that Baba had already asked that a meal be prepared for them. Baba's consideration made them realize how much he loved them.



Giving a Test

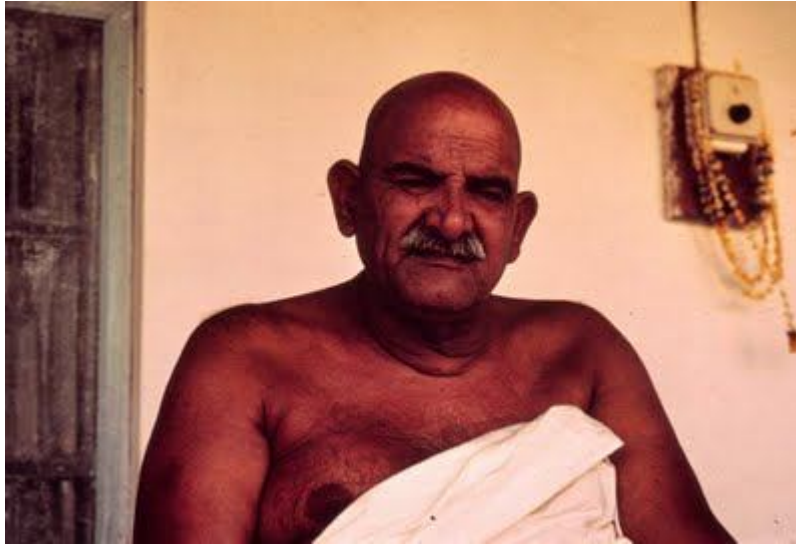
One day Baba was sitting in a closed room at Radhay Shyam's house with some members of the family when someone knocked at the door. Radhay Shyam did not like any disturbances during Baba's darshan. He was also aware of Baba's supernatural powers, so before opening the door, he asked, "Baba, who is it?" Smilingly, Baba asked, "Are you testing me?" and went on to say, "He is the brother of Badshah, the advocate. He works at Solan. His wife has TB, and sitting by her bedside at night, he weeps." On opening the door, the man who entered introduced himself as Baba had said and then entreated Baba for his blessings to rid his wife of her disease.



Testing Maharaj

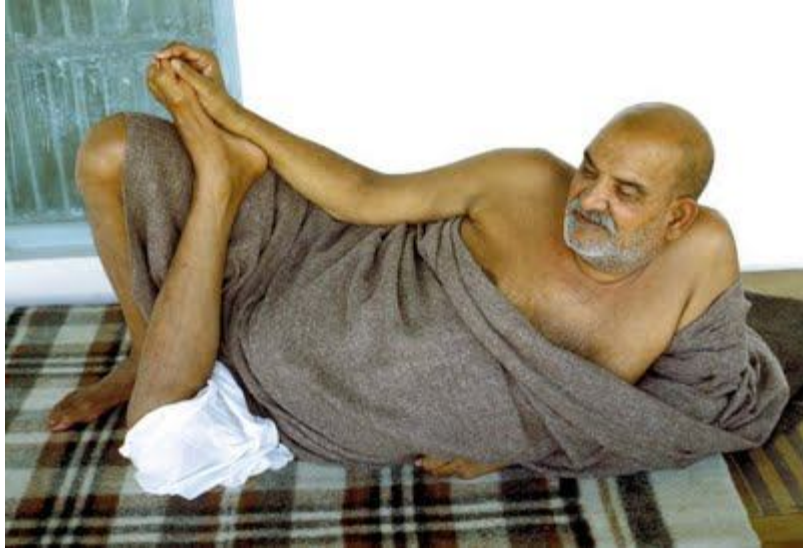
We were having tea with a dentist at Indra Pharmacy in Nainital when we learned that Maharaj had arrived in Bhumiadhar. The dentist proposed that we go and give Maharaj a test. He prepared some questions concerning turiyavastha (one of the highest states of samadhi in which the individual self merges with the universal self), and we took a bus to Bhumiadhar. Baba usually ignored people who came to test him, and we were also treated with a befitting indifference. Since Baba's room was full of devotees and visitors, we did not find any room inside to sit. We offered pranaam to him from the door and sitting on the shoes that lay scattered outside, had his darshan from there. Baba looked at us once. Without saying anything to us, he asked one of his devotees to read out of the Yogavashistha. The devotee opened the book at random and started reading from that page. Whatever he read was the complete answer to my friend's unasked questions. We had nothing in our hearts but the utmost reverence for Baba's supernatural powers. Having offered pranaam to him again, we returned to Nainital. The dentist later became a sadhu.

-Dr. Ramlal Sah, Haldwani



Go, the Test Is Over

Godawari went to Kainchi to see Baba one day and saw him giving out mangoes. There was a small packet of cloves among them. When all the mangoes had been distributed, Baba picked up that packet. He told the visitors who brought the mangoes, "You, husband and wife, quarrel a lot. The wife should attend to her husband and the husband should not lose his temper unnecessarily." Then, giving the husband the packet containing the cloves, Baba said, "Yesterday at your house you were talking about giving me a test. Now go, the test is over." They put that little packet of cloves there deliberately to test Baba.



He Knew Everyone

A couple came into the room while I was sitting with Maharaj at Church Lane in Allahabad. Glancing at Baba, the man looked around the room for a chair to sit on. Not seeing one, he sat on the floor with great difficulty. He completely forgot to pay his respects to Baba or to greet him, but his wife touched Baba's feet with great devotion. Baba asked the man, "What name?" The man thought for a little while and replied, "Baba, you would not be able to know me by name?" He had hardly finished his sentence when Baba all of a sudden asked, "How is your aunt from Park Road, Allahabad, feeling now?" The man was taken aback and looked at Baba in astonishment.

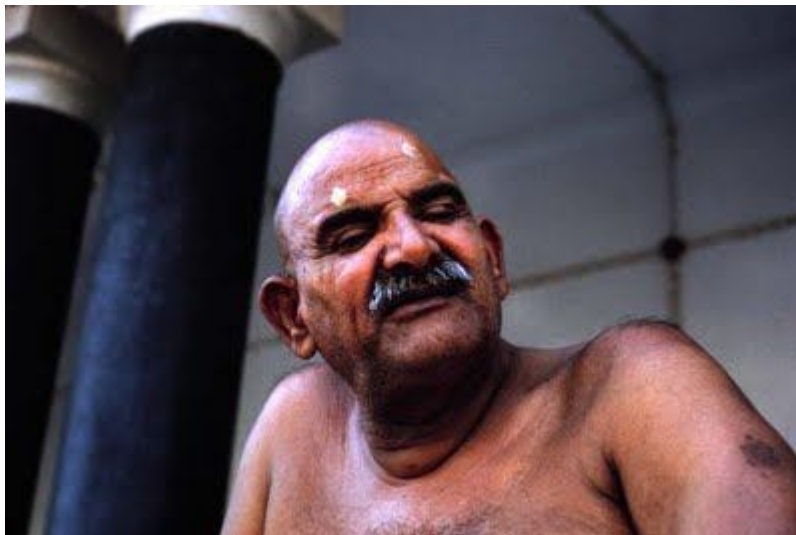


Peace and Comfort Beyond Imagination

One day in Kainchi, Maharaj ji asked for puris and vegetables to be prepared throughout the night. Nobody understood the purpose of Baba's order since there was no festival at the ashram. Nevertheless, many hundreds of kilos of puris were fried. The next day prasad was distributed as usual and much of the food remained. The workers were worried that such a large quantity of food would go to waste.

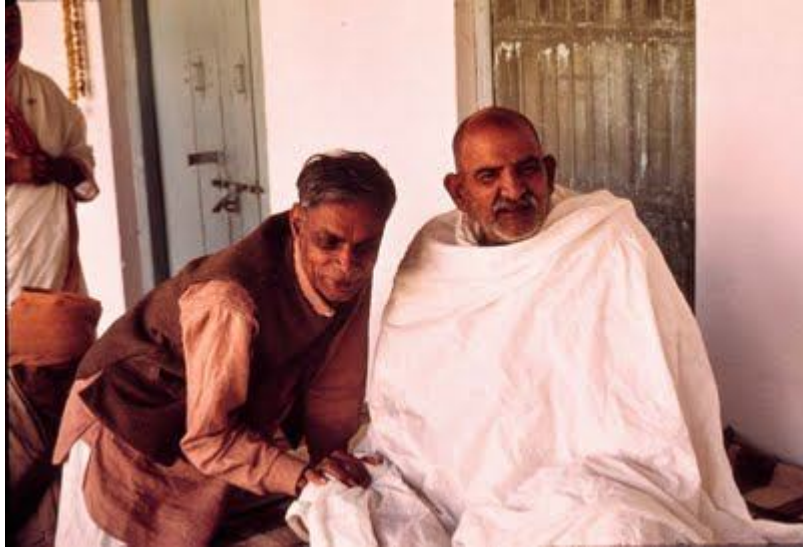
Towards evening a bus went out of control because of some mechanical defect and collided with the parapet of the road just outside the ashram. Its front wheels slipped onto a steep slope, and the bus came to rest in such a way that it blocked the traffic on both sides. About one hundred and fifty buses were stranded. Darkness soon fell on the Kainchi valley, and there seemed to be no way out of the situation. In those days there were no shops in the village except for a small tea stall.

The passengers were planning to spend a cold night in the buses with nothing to eat when Baba sent for everyone and gave them hot tea and plenty of food. The women and children were provided with bedding and accommodated in the ashram. The men were given blankets so that they could spend the night in the buses and keep watch on their luggage. The passengers were amazed and grateful. The comforts and facilities provided to them in that lonely place at that odd hour were totally unexpected.



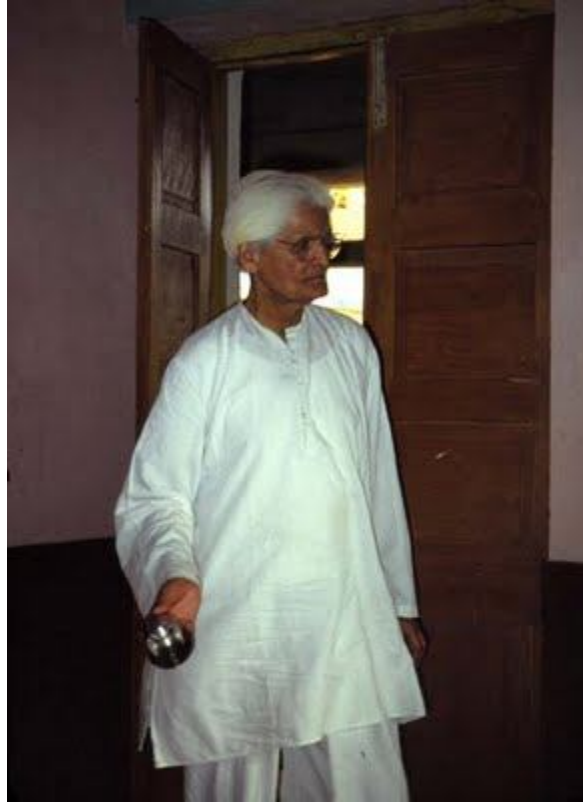
Go Away From Here

After attending a meeting of the Public Accounts Committee in Ranikhet, Minister Jagan Prasad Rawat went to have Baba's darshan at Bhumiadhar along with many other people. Maharaj gave them a lot of prasad, and while the minister wanted to stay with Baba for some time longer, all of a sudden Baba said, "Go away. Go away from here immediately." The minister followed his instructions and went to Nainital. Hardly had he sat down in his room when there was a severe earthquake. If he had delayed in following Baba's instructions, anything could have happened on the way, for the consequences of an earthquake in the hill region were often devastating.



Present On Call

One day Maharaj ji arrived at the house of Devkamta Dixit ji in Kanpur. Before 4 a.m. the next morning they both left by car for Prayag, Allahabad. It was very foggy and visibility was poor. Feeling that it was too early to travel, Dixit ji suggested that they spend more time in Kanpur. Baba didn't say anything, so the car continued on for another two kilometers. Near Chakeri, Baba suddenly directed the driver to drive through the gates leading to a bungalow. As soon as the car entered, Hiralal Sah "Habba" came out to welcome Baba. Overwhelmed by love and joy, he said, "Baba, when I woke up, I remembered you. It was my keen desire to have your darshan today."



Prasad For Tewari

One day Bhuvan Chandra Tewari, a clerk at the Roadways bus station in Bhowali, was sent to replace another worker at the Brewery station. He left home without having anything to eat that day and was so busy at the station that he continued working on an empty stomach. Maharaj was in Bhumiadhar and could not bear a devotee going hungry. At about 2 p.m. he sent a basket packed full of puris and spicy potatoes for Tewari with a bus conductor going via Bhumiadhar to Brewery. Tewari felt Baba's kind-heartedness and shared that prasad with everyone there.



Exam Results

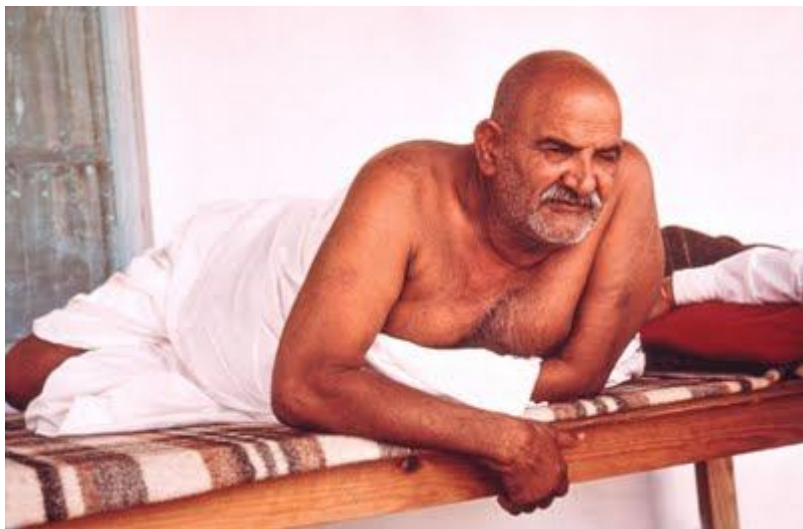
My cousin had seen Baba many times and had heard talk of his lila every day at home. He was worried after taking his high school exam and thought that he should visit Baba to know of his results before they were released. He went to Kainchi ashram and told Baba about his concern. Like a child, Baba at once said, "You will fail." The way he spoke was convincing enough, but the boy could not persuade himself to accept the truth of the words. Realizing that it was an utterance of a saint, he was even more worried. He thought about it for days, and finally, presuming that Baba would have forgotten what he said, the boy went back to Kainchi to ask him the same question again. This time Baba said straightaway, "You will pass." The reply pleased the boy, but the thought that Baba had initially said "fail" and then "pass" put him in a quandary. After a gap of several days he went to Kainchi again and asked the same question for the third time. This time Baba said "fail." Hearing the word "fail" twice from Baba, the boy became sad. Baba said to his devotees, "Even the wisest have not been able to fathom me, how can this boy do so?" The boy failed. His name was published for a supplementary exam, and he got through.

-Rajida



The Last Exam

Mahendra Singh of Bareilly came to Kainchi with his father in 1965. As their bus was driving through the hilly region on the way to the ashram, Mahendra told his father that the journey would have been more enjoyable on a motorbike. No more was said. His father was taking him to see Baba to have his blessings for a successful result in his exams. The boy had failed for the last two years. Just after having Baba's darshan, the boy's father brought up the topic of the exams. Baba immediately said, "He won't study. He will drive a motorbike." Hearing this, Mahendra Singh was astonished as he remembered what he had said to his father on the way to Kainchi. When his father entreated favor, Baba said, "I won't tell a lie. Let me ask Hanuman ji." Immediately after that Baba said, "He will get through the examination this time. But for the future, I say nothing." Mahendra Singh said, "I knew very well what I wrote in the exam, but I was declared pass anyway. That exam was my last. Exactly what Baba said happened."

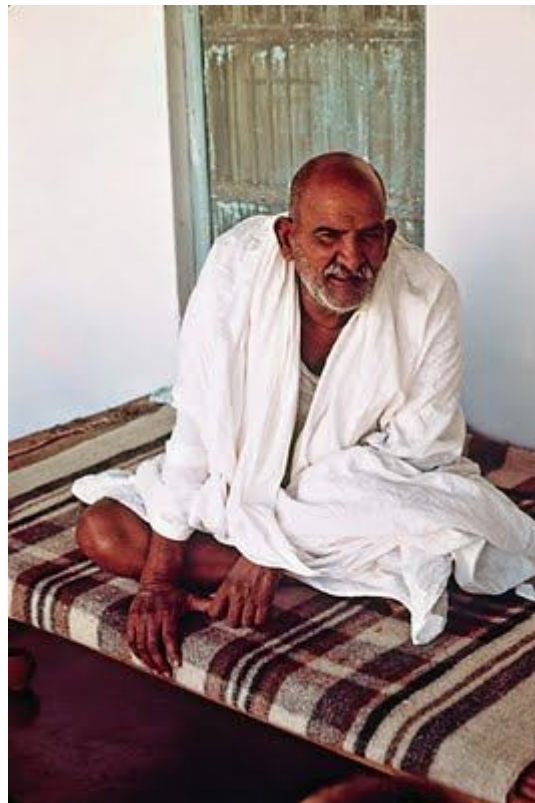


Awakening India

One day during the Chinese aggression against India, I saw Baba in a house in Allenganj, Allahabad. Sitting by his feet, I was brooding over the morning news. The Chinese forces had penetrated deep into the country via Tejpur, and the Indian army, caught by surprise, was not able to hold them back. Depressed by this state of affairs, and the crisis it caused, I expressed my disappointment to him. He simply said, "India is a country of saints and follows the dictates of religion. Communism cannot stay here. China will go back." I thought, How indifferent we Indians are even at a time of crisis, and felt further saddened. I humbly expressed my doubts and asked, "Baba, why has China invaded India if it has to go back?" His prompt and brief reply was, "To awaken you." It did not satisfy me, but I kept quiet.

On the third day after this conversation, I was surprised to read the headlines in the morning newspapers, stating that the Chinese had withdrawn unconditionally without giving any reason. Baba's statement from our last meeting immediately flashed in my mind, however, the truth of his words did not dawn on me until shortly after this event, when the government of India took concrete steps for the defence of the eastern, western, and northern boundaries of the country.

-Rajida



Helper of the Helpless

Dr. Bhonsle, who was renowned for the treatment of incurable diseases by massage, was involved in a political movement during the struggle for India's independence and had to go underground. While the police were searching for him, he took shelter in a dharamshala (rest house for people on pilgrimage) in Rishikesh and had to remain there without food for several days. All of a sudden Baba came into his room and as if he knew him very well, said, "Oh, you are famished. You haven't had food for several days. Come." He took him into an adjoining room where a plate of food was already set out. When Bhonsle finished eating, Baba said to him, "You run away from here now. The police are coming after you." Baba then asked him, "Where will you go?" and without waiting for a reply, he said, "Go straight to Tibet, crossing the Himalayas." Following Baba's advice, Bhonsle went to Tibet and stayed there a free man for many years. Later, when the political climate changed, he returned to India.

One day after his return Dr. Bhonsle went to former member of parliament Shiv Narain Tandon's home in Kanpur to treat Tandon's nephew. Seeing Baba's photograph there, he started talking about him. When Tandon told him that Baba was in Lucknow, staying at the home of Suraj Narayan Mehrotra ji, Dr. Bhonsle left immediately. He arrived at Mehrotra's house at about 8 p.m. and had Baba's darshan. Taking Baba's feet in his hands, he massaged them for a long time while narrating the experiences he had had twenty years before.

□ □ □



Omnipresence

Maharaj ji had a physical form, but he was not limited by his body. Instead, it was a source of continuous, often amazing, supernatural acts. Matter never impeded his movements. He would appear or disappear in an instant, observe events in distant locations, and give darshan to different people at different places simultaneously. He could create and control all kinds of situations and circumstances. Without doing anything obvious, he was doing everything.

Hearing a call for help, Maharaj ji would appear no matter how trivial the desire. He would often respond to a devotee's distress without being called. He frequently said, "If I hold the hand of anyone, whoever he may be, I do not leave him, even though he may leave me." In these cases Maharaj ji took the welfare of his devotee upon himself. Even if the devotee strayed, Baba never forgot him. His devotees were so impressed by this reassurance that their faith continues unabated, even after his Mahasamadhi.

Baba's Darshan In London

One day I was traveling by a double-decker bus in London and had occupied a seat near the entrance. There was nobody by my seat, and the conductor was on the upper deck. The bus was almost empty. Suddenly the bus stopped and an old beggar got on. He was wearing many layers of tattered clothes and was holding a red and blue blanket in his hand. He stood in front of me and looked at me with a gentle smile as if saying, Move aside I want to sit by you. I moved aside and he sat down.

I do not like staring at people, so I turned my face a little and peered out of the window. At the time I thought, What a lovely smile he has. How nice that old man is! The words "old man" turned my thoughts to Maharaj ji. I had always heard that he was known as "the old man with a blanket," so I turned my face to see him again and was surprised to see that the seat by my side was vacant. It had only been a few minutes. Where had he disappeared? I looked outside, but the bus had not stopped anywhere. If he had wanted to get off the bus, how could he? The road was deserted, and the beggar was not to be seen anywhere. I could not understand how it had all happened, and it was not a case of hallucination.

The next day some of my friends came to me and said that the previous morning (the same time that I was on the bus) they had had a sudden inspiration to help me buy a ticket to go to India to visit Maharaj ji. It was all rather strange. Although the amount offered by my friends met my travel expenses, a poor student like me had no means of subsistence in India. Maharaj ji had to show another miracle to solve this problem. In England a student gets travel expenses from the university to go back home after the end of each term. I had applied for this, but I was surprised to see that the authorities had issued a check for double the amount that I had asked for. I pointed out the mistake to them by telephone, but going through their account books, they informed me that the amount paid to me was correct. I finally realized that Maharaj ji wanted me to go have his darshan.

I arrived in Delhi by plane within a month and went directly to Kainchi to see Maharaj ji. As I went into the ashram, I decided to ask him if he was the same old man who had met me in London. When I went to him, I saw that he was wearing the same blanket that the old man was carrying that day on the bus. Baba looked at me with the same I-know-all smile. After this there was nothing left to ask. I knew he was the same old man who had met me in London. What a benign look that was! It filled my heart and soul with bliss.

-Heather Thompson, U.K.



Baba's Darshan In Hanuman's Murti

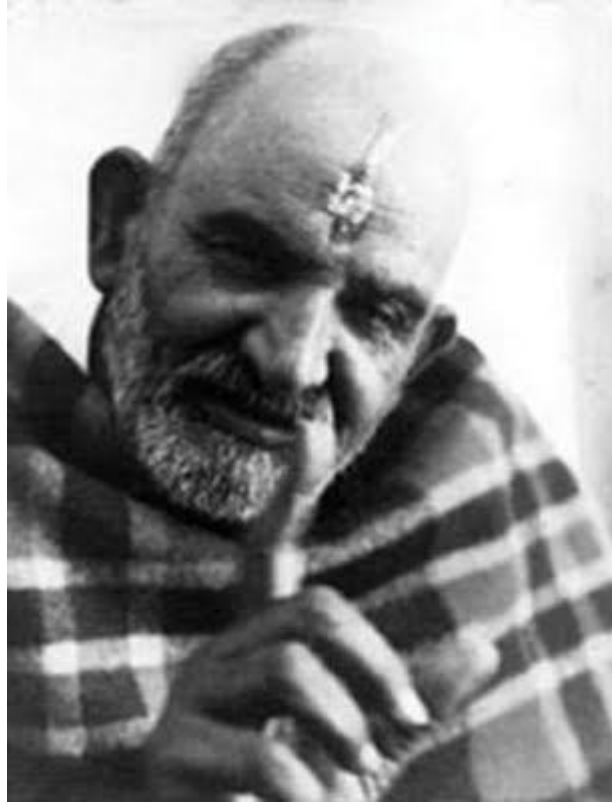
I came to Kainchi with my wife and two children, aged six and four, after hearing about Baba from Devilal Sah of Nainital. After we bowed before him, our children prostrated at Baba's feet. Baba put his hand on their heads and blessed them saying, "They will make good progress in life and will attain high positions." We were pleased to hear Baba's blessing. After this Baba said to me, "You are an atheist, you do not believe these things." Agreeing with him, I said that I had no faith. Baba at once bade us farewell and said, "Go now, have Hanuman ji's darshan in the temple." On our return to the temple, we did not see Hanuman ji at all. In the place of the murti, we had Baba's darshan in person. We were struck speechless with wonder at this spectacle and had darshan for some time before leaving the temple. This event changed our lives.

-Colonel S.S. Chinvan



A Visit to Varanasi

The Maharaja of Vijayanagaram and Devkamta Dixit were both on the board of directors of Prem Lal's paper mill. They were also good friends, so when the Maharaja passed away, Dixit ji wanted to go to Varanasi to offer his condolences to the family. However, he hesitated to do so since he had not met them before. After a few days Baba came to his house and said, "You didn't go to Varanasi?" Dixit ji explained the difficulty. Baba said, "Come, I'll go too. I'll also let you have Shankar's [Lord Shiva's] darshan." When they arrived at the Maharaja's mansion in Varanasi, Baba said, "Don't take the car inside. I'll go to the temple of Sankat Mochan Hanuman." Dixit ji was surprised that Baba was changing the program without any apparent reason. Instead of meeting the family or going to the Vishwanath (Lord Shiva) temple, they went to the Hanuman temple. When they arrived, Dixit ji saw that the family of the Maharaja had also come to the temple for darshan. All of them received Baba warmly and took him to their mansion with great love and reverence.

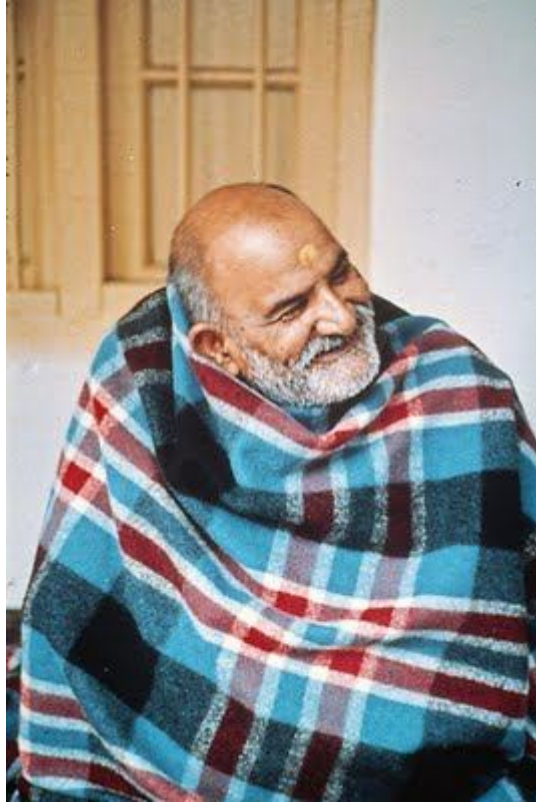


A Suitable Height

We received many proposals of marriage for my elder son and wanted to make the decision with Baba's consent and blessing. One of the things my wife hoped for was a tall girl to suit our tall son. While I was in Kainchi for the 15 June consecration ceremony in 1973, I made every effort to talk to Baba alone. One day during evening darshan Baba spoke to me about this in front of many people. He said, "Now you should get your son married." I asked him, "Where?" He asked, "Where have you got proposals from?" I told him about all the proposals, but he did not approve of any of them.

In the end he asked me to arrange a marriage with the daughter of Amba Datt Tewari of Allahabad, who had never met Baba. I had received a proposal from him just the previous day in Kainchi, which I had forgotten about. Then I realized why Baba had not given me the opportunity to talk to him about it for so many days; he wanted me to receive Tewari's proposal first. Anyway, an educated girl from a cultured family was selected by Baba. He gave his consent about this girl twice and finally said in clear words, "It is my command." I took out the two horoscopes of the bride and groom-to-be from my pocket and placed them at Baba's feet. He picked them up and put them under his arm. Raising the forefinger of his right hand, he said, "Girl's height is suitable." It was a reply to my wife's desire. I was surprised that Baba had heard the conversation we had had in our house in Allahabad.

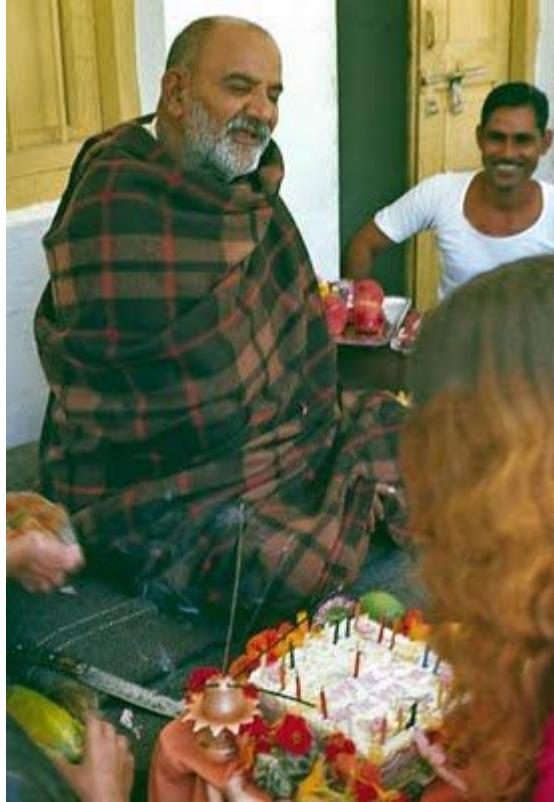
-Rajida



The Ganga Gives Shelter

Maharaj was surrounded by about two hundred devotees at Sarsaiyya Ghat in Kanpur when Panwar, Deputy Superintendent of Police, and Govind Chandra, Senior Superintendent of Police, arrived and requested Baba to see Gulzarilal Nanda and Lal Bahadur Shastri, for they wanted to have his darshan. In spite of Baba saying that he would not be able to meet them, the two police officers brought them to the ghat. Before Nanda and Shastri arrived, however, Baba disappeared. Nobody saw him go or knew where he went. A search was made for him, but he was nowhere to be found. The same evening I saw Baba at the railway station and asked why he did not want to give darshan to Nanda. Baba said, "Instead of coming by himself, he wanted to come escorted by the police." When asked where he had hidden himself, Baba answered, "The Ganga Mai [Ganges River] gave me shelter." In gratitude to Mother Ganga, he asked me to arrange a bhandara. Before I could make the arrangements, people started arriving with food and sweets for prasad, and a bhandara was held.

-Bhagwati Sevak Bajpai



A Tiger's Darshan

After my graduation from Allahabad University, Baba got me appointed as manager of Kehar Singh ji's farm in Rudrapur, Nainital. One day I went to Rampur for some work, and while I was returning to the farm through a grassy stretch of land, I saw a tiger, a tigress, and a cub coming from the opposite direction. I stood stock-still. I did not have any weapon with me for my protection. I could not even run away. As they were coming towards me, all of a sudden the tiger turned to one side and the tigress to the other, and the cub began to smell my body. I was terrified. Meanwhile the tigress growled and holding the cub between her teeth, dragged it away.

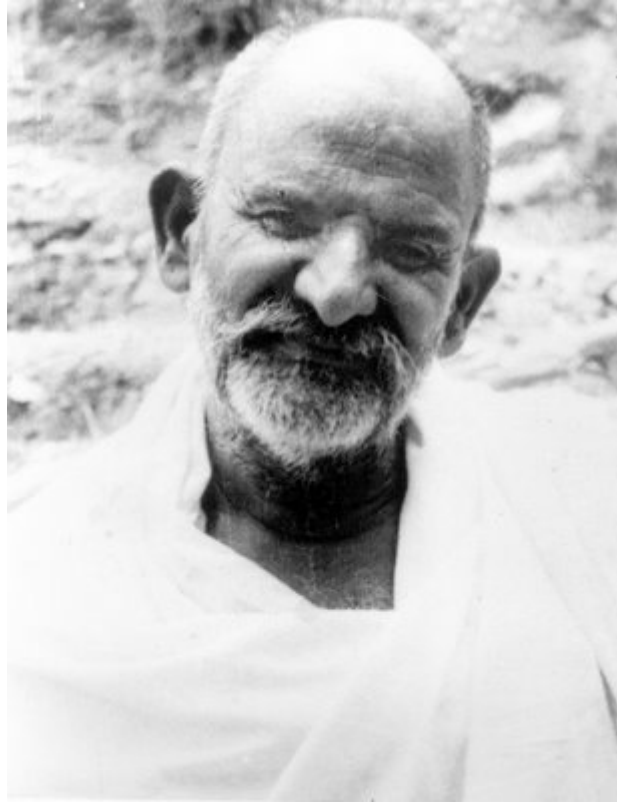
At that time Baba was staying at the house of Jamuna Dutt in Allahabad. A friend of mine who lived in the nearby university hostel went to see Baba. During their conversation Baba asked him about me and immediately made him write me a letter saying, "Don't be afraid of lions or tigers. They also come to meet good souls." It was the divine power of the omnipresent Baba that protected me from that perilous situation.

-Jagdish Chandra Pande, Nainital



One Blurred Image

Devkamta Dixit asked Baba to inaugurate the new girls' school at Vagarka on 6 December 1960, but Baba wanted Kehar Singh, Secretary of Education for the government of Uttar Pradesh, to do it. All three of them went to Vagarka. The villagers were pleased to see Baba. There was an arrangement for lunch, and afterward a request was made for a group photograph. Kehar Singh ji did not want to be in the group photograph, for it would prove that he was not in Lucknow doing his official duty that day. However, Baba asked him to sit with the group, so he had to obey. Baba was aware of Kehar Singh ji's worry, and the next day, when the print of the photograph was received from Kanpur, all were surprised to see that the image of Kehar Singh was so blurred that he could not be identified. The images of the others were very clear.



Punishment For Impure Thoughts

An army officer arrived in Kainchi and stood at the door of Baba's kuti. Vishambher of Aligarh was also standing there holding a large puja plate. They were waiting to go inside since all the ma's (women devotees) were in Baba's kuti. When Baba asked the women to leave so that his devotee Vishambher could also have a chance to do his puja, the army officer started to count the women as they came out. When all of them had left the kuti, Vishambher, the army officer, and others went into the room. Baba suddenly got up and started hitting the army officer with his fist. Vishambher's puja plate and its contents fell and were scattered all over the floor. Baba threw off his blanket, pulled the officer into the courtyard, and hit him so hard that he rolled across the ground like a ball. Everyone in the ashram was unnerved. It was clear to all present that the officer had had improper thoughts on seeing and counting the women devotees. This was intolerable to Baba, who punished the officer and told him, "Do not come here again ever." The officer continued to come to Kainchi now and then, even after Baba's Mahasamadhi, but he never entered the temple premises. He would do pranaam from outside and then go away.

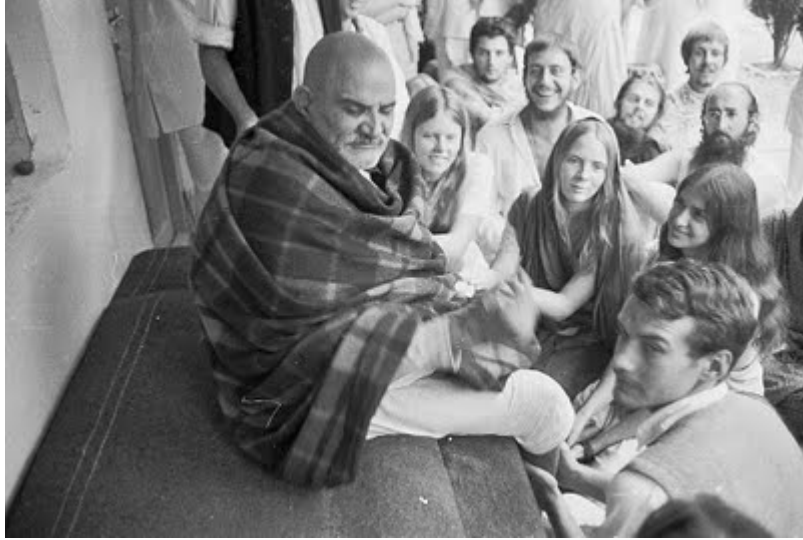


Tears of Joy

Many of us were sitting together inside the ashram when all of a sudden Baba said, "He has gone to Hanumangarh." Nobody understood who Baba was referring to. After some time he said, "He will come here just now. He is hungry. Prepare fresh puris and vegetables for him." He then said to me, "Go with a gas lamp and stand across the bridge. Hold the old man by the hand and help him cross the bridge carefully. His sons will not take care of him."

It was dark when a car stopped in front of the ashram gate. An old man and his two sons got out of the car. Seeing me there with a gas lamp, the old man said, "Has Baba sent you to escort us?" When I said yes, his eyes became moist. Meanwhile his two sons had crossed the bridge, forgetting to help their old father. I helped him cross the bridge carefully and took him to Baba. The old man prostrated himself at Baba's feet. Tears flowed from his eyes. He was choked with emotion, and his body trembled with joy. Baba gave him warm food to eat and sent him off lovingly.

The old man was Ram Narain Sinha. He had come to see his son at Raj Bhavan (governor's residence) in Nainital that day and had said that he would eat his meal only after having Baba's darshan. So his two sons had first taken him to Hanumangarh, and learning of Maharaj's whereabouts from there, they brought him to Kainchi ashram.



The Birth of a Son

Dr. Suresh Chandra Mehrotra from Gorakhpur was living in Agra when his friend Dr. Laxmi Chandra Joshi took him to have Maharaj's darshan. They did not take anything with them to offer, but when Baba saw them, he said, "Give me sweets. I would like to have some." Mehrotra immediately went to the market and got a kilo of sweets for him. Baba took a small piece and got the rest distributed among the people present. Mehrotra then asked Baba, "Why did you ask me to bring sweets for you and then give them all away to people?" He replied, "You have been blessed with a son." At the time Mehrotra's wife was in Delhi with her parents, awaiting the birth of a child. Mehrotra had no idea of the birth or the sex of the child. On hearing Maharaj's words, he kept quiet. He returned to his house and was surprised to find a telegram announcing the birth of a son.



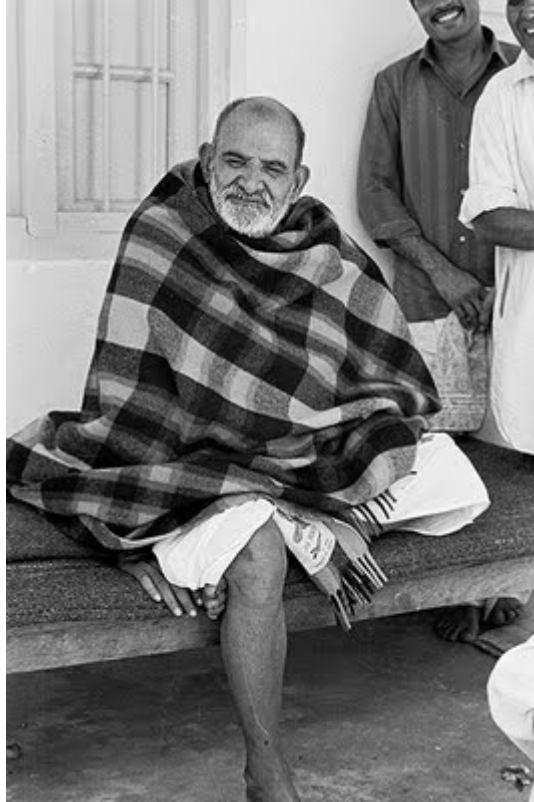
Mango Prasad at Khairna Bridge

Major Sunanda had Baba's darshan at Kainchi and then left for Ranikhet by car. On the way he saw Baba sitting at Khairna Bridge. Major Sunanda had just left Baba at Kainchi, so he was surprised to see him there. He stopped the car, and bowing to him in salutation, he asked, "How come you are here?" Baba replied, "You left Kainchi without taking prasad, so I had to come here." Baba took some mangoes out from under his blanket and gave them to him as prasad. It was not the mango season, so it came as another surprise for Major Sunanda.



Saving Food Expenses

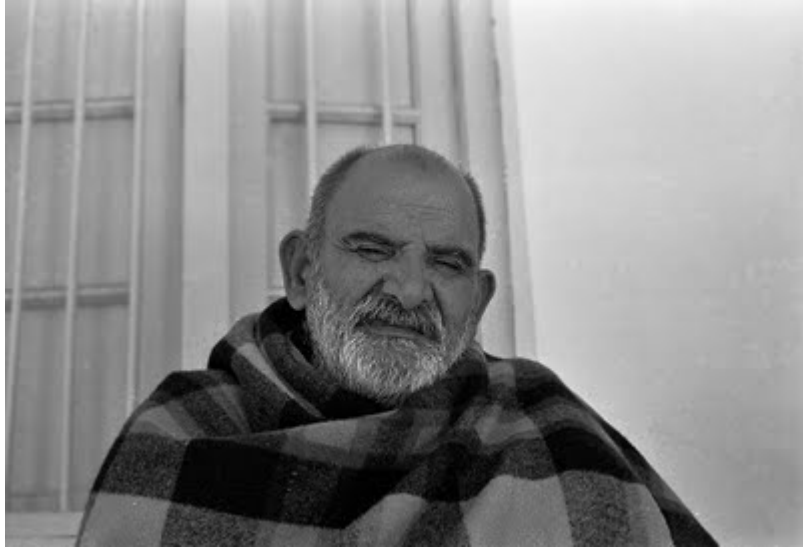
Once, when Godawari Tewari was going to Kainchi to see Baba, an acquaintance of hers named Pant asked if he could accompany her. Godawari suggested that Pant eat before going. She herself did not eat anything because she wanted to have Baba's darshan before having her evening meal. Pant said, "Food is served to everyone in Baba's ashram, so let me save a day's food expenses." When they arrived for darshan, a woman was offering Baba fresh kalakand (a sweet made with milk and sugar). Baba gave some kalakand to Godawari saying, "Have prasad." He then turned to Pant and said, "You go and take prasad in the dining room. That will save you your one day's food expenses."



Come, Eat, and Go

Nandlal ji, who supplied the Kainchi ashram with ghee from his shop, had had Maharaj ji's darshan in Haldwani and had faith in him, but he had never gotten an opportunity to visit Kainchi. One of Nandlal ji's friends, who was a devotee of Baba's, had bought a new truck and was going to Kainchi to ask for Baba's blessings. He invited Nandlal ji to accompany him. Nandlal ji got ready saying, "I have never been to satsang [a gathering of devotees] in Kainchi. Let me enjoy it today." He checked the ashram ghee account and found that he needed to collect 1,300 rupees.

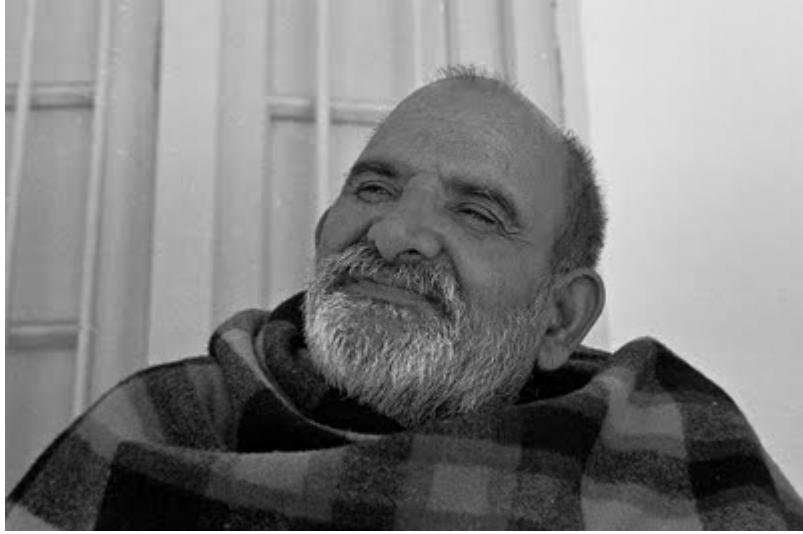
They arrived in Kainchi at 11 p.m. and found Baba seated on a takhat on the roof of the ashram's dharamshala with some devotees. When they got there, Baba sent everyone except for Nandlal ji to have prasad. Taking his hand out of his blanket, Baba placed it on his own shoulder and then gave Nandlal ji a wad of notes that he asked him to count. There were 1,100 rupees. Baba then told Nandlal ji to go and take prasad. After Nandlal ji had eaten, a worker at the ashram directed him to the room where he would spend the night. The thought that he had not brought any bedding with him worried Nandlal ji, and he was not sure what to do about it. When he got to the room, he was happy to see two freshly made beds—one for him and one for his friend. Baba then asked him, "How is your satsang getting on?" Nandlal ji replied, "Nothing special." Baba then said, "Why don't you go to your guru's place?" Without waiting for a reply, Baba described the guru's physique and appearance saying, "He was a saint of a very high order." Referring to Kainchi, he said, "Here the satsang is aao, khao, jao [come, eat, go]."



An Experience of Indrayani ji

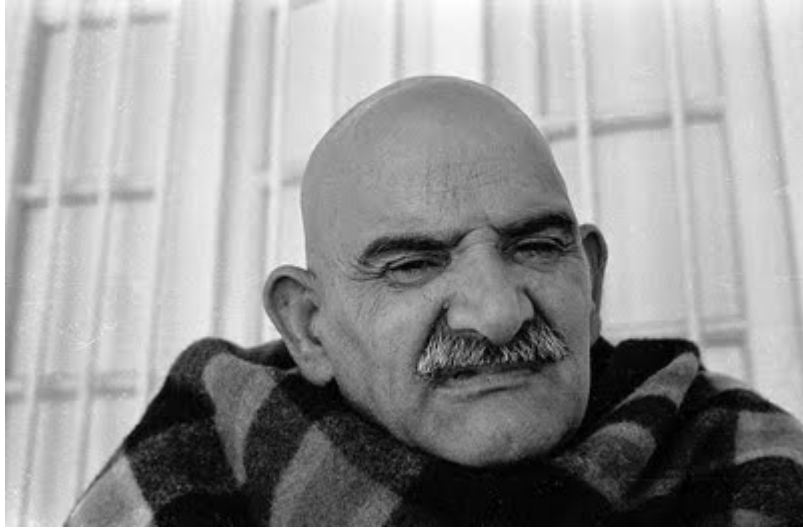
In 1960, when Maharaj ji was at the house of the district magistrate (D.M.) in Nainital, he suddenly asked the D.M. to send someone to fetch a lady named Indrayani from Indra Pharmacy. Shrimati Indrayani, an educated and saintly lady, came from an affluent family that had left their wealth in Pakistan and come to India in 1947. The family had a farm at Palia, where she lived, however, during the summer she usually stayed in Nainital. Her living expenses from Palia farm were sent care of Indra Pharmacy, but she had not received the money for some time and had thus been compelled to borrow. The situation was worsening because all the provisions in the house were exhausted, and she had no way of repaying the debt she owed. She was very worried and upset and went to Indra Pharmacy to try to borrow some money.

Soon after her arrival at Indra Pharmacy, a policeman came and asked her her name. Indrayani ji said, "I was startled by his question. I told him my name and asked him why he was asking. The policeman told me that I was being called to the district magistrate's house. I got anxious at this, but he said, "There is no reason for anxiety. Baba Neeb Karori is there and he has asked the district magistrate to send for you. I have been sent to escort you." I had not met Baba before, so I was surprised that he knew my name and had sent for me. I accompanied the policeman to the house, and seeing me, Baba shouted with joy, "Our Indrayani has come." It was the impact of his darshan that, like a four-year-old child weeping before her mother, I started to weep bitterly before him in anguish. Baba put both his hands on my head and said, 'Don't worry. All will be set right.' That same day I received my bank draft and all my worries were over."



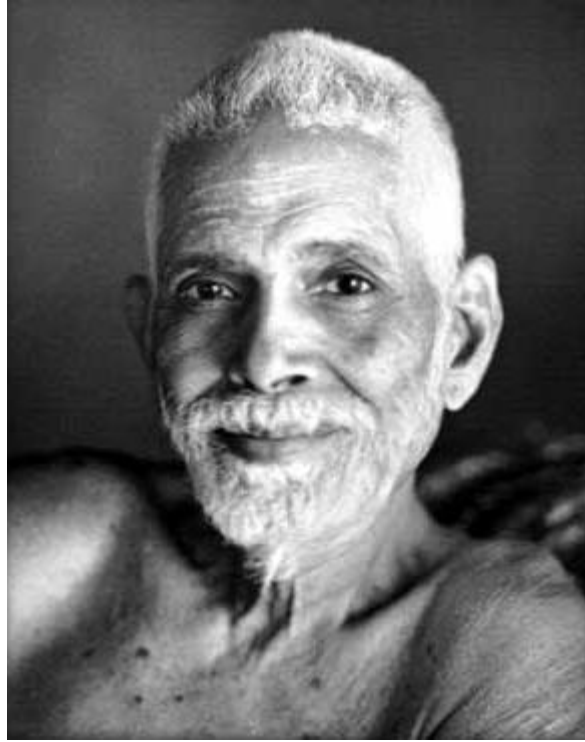
Vyas ji's Remorse

Pandit Shankar Prasad Vyas was speaking about the characteristics of Hanuman ji to a gathering in a large pavilion at the sangam in Allahabad. Maharaj stood behind the gathering and listened to Vyas' discourse. When it ended, Baba called a devotee and asked him to fetch Vyas. The devotee gave Baba's message to Vyas who said, "Who? Baba Neeb Karori? I have no time." The devotee stared at Vyas in disbelief. He was horrified by such curt behavior towards Baba. Dudhari Baba, who was present on the dais, said something to Vyas that made him accompany the devotee to Baba. Baba said, "You have become such a big man that you have not time?" Vyas was stunned to hear his words. As Baba was walking away, he turned back to Vyas and said, "Prabhudutt is coming by car. Tell him that I will not go." Vyas looked around. Two minutes later he saw a car stop at a distance. Prabhudutt Brahmachari ji, a well-known and highly respected holy man, got out. He had seen Baba, and as soon as he got out of the car, he started doing dandavat pranaam (full-length prostrations) all the way until he reached Baba's feet. Vyas held Brahmachari ji in high regard, so his reverence for Baba made him realize Baba's greatness. Vyas regretted his earlier behavior and later accepted an invitation from Baba to come to Kainchi in the summer.



Saved From Drowning

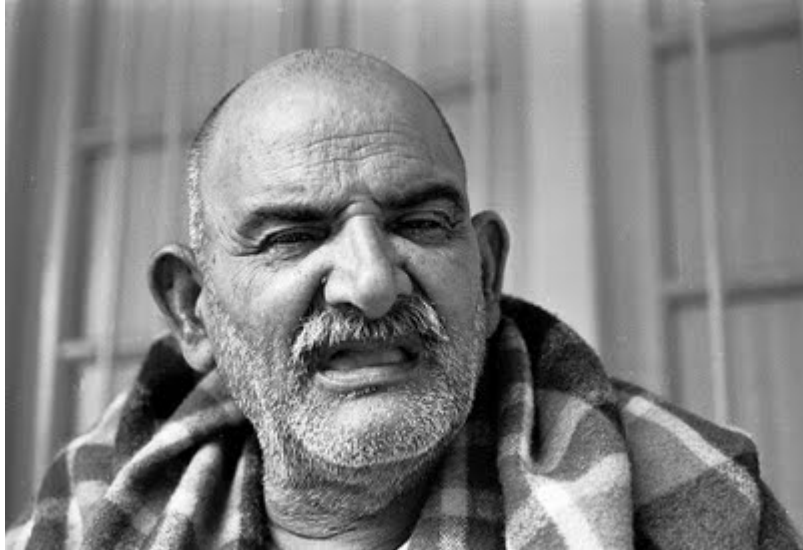
In 1948, when the Ganges was flooding in Kanpur, District Magistrate Kishan Chand was inspecting the affected areas by boat. Many important people were on that boat with him, including Senior Superintendent of Police Omkar Singh, the district congress president, and the tahasildar (tax collector). Suddenly water began to fill the boat. The lives of everyone were in danger, and there seemed to be no way out of the situation. In desperation Omkar Singh cried out again and again, "Baba, we are drowning. Save us." Hearing him screaming, all the others thought that he had become mad with fear. Just then an uprooted tree floated by and touched their boat. Seeing it, Omkar Singh left the boat and climbed onto the tree. The others followed him, and within a few moments the boat sank. The Ganges flows in between Unnao and Kanpur. The floating tree could have been carried away to Unnao or could have been overturned by the fast-flowing water. Instead, the tree floated to the bank on the Kanpur side, and everyone was saved from drowning.



A Saint Passes Away

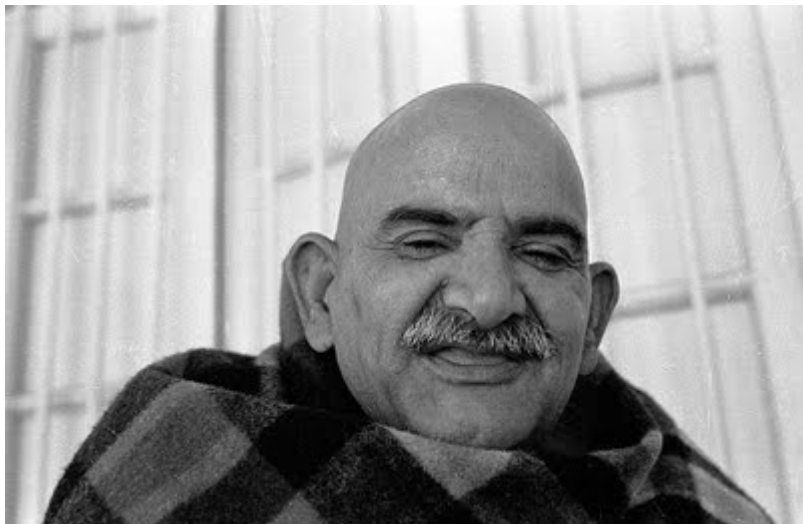
One day while Baba was talking to people at Haldwani Furniture Mart, he suddenly became absorbed in deep thought and remained silent for some time. Then he said faintly, "Pooran, give a spoonful of water to drink. He is in great agony." I could not understand what the matter was, but I nevertheless poured two spoonfuls of water into Baba's mouth. After some time two tears fell from Baba's eyes, and he said to me, "Ramana is no more. India has lost a great saint today." This incident occurred on the day that Ramana Maharshi left his physical body in Arunachala.

-Pooran Chandra Joshi



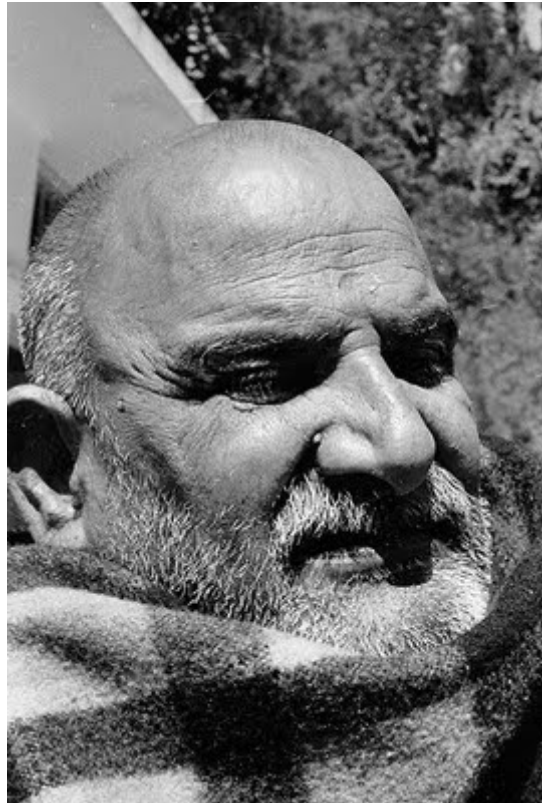
A Sharp Reprimand For Rumors

Home Minister Govind Ballabh Pant was ill and lying in a coma in Delhi. A visitor came to Church Lane, where Baba was sitting among a group of devotees, and informed Baba that Pant ji had died. Hearing this, Baba covered himself from head to toe with his blanket and sat silently. After some time he sharply reprimanded the man saying, "You are spreading rumors among people." Justifying himself, the man said that he had heard the news at the market. Baba said, "Such things should not be spoken without knowing their truth." Pant ji died two days later.



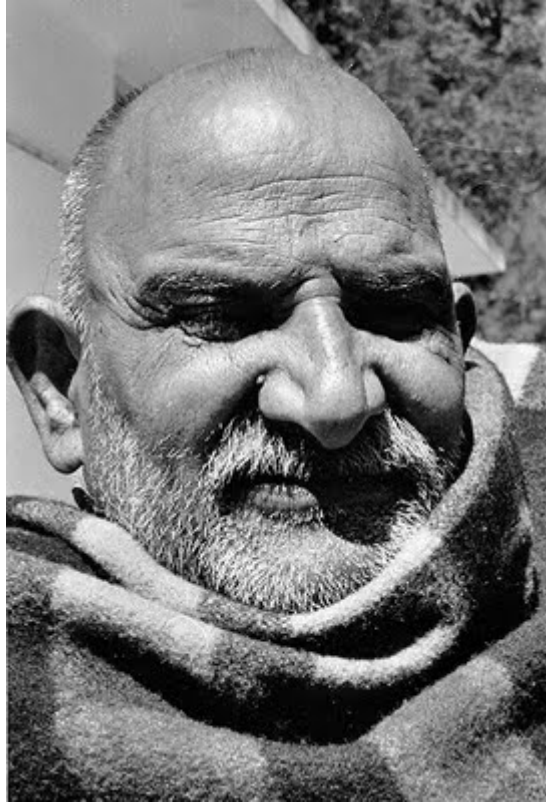
Freed From the Bondage of Desire

One night when all the inmates of the ashram were asleep, Baba called out to Sri Jivanti Ma, "Jivanti, Jivanti, make some moong dal [lentil soup] for me, I am hungry." Both Sri Ma and Sri Jivanti Ma got up and reminded him that he had already taken prasad and that it was past midnight. Baba made a show of being angry and said, "If you don't want to cook the food for me, I will wake Brahmachari Baba to do it." Jivanti Mata ji cooked moong dal and roti for him, which he ate. The two Mothers also ate again, and then they all went back to sleep. The next day Baba received the news that a certain devotee died at 2 a.m. the previous night. Baba said, "On his deathbed his mind was thinking of moong dal and roti instead of being focused on God. My devotee would have gone thinking of food. I had to eat for him to relieve him of that desire so that he would be freed from rebirth."



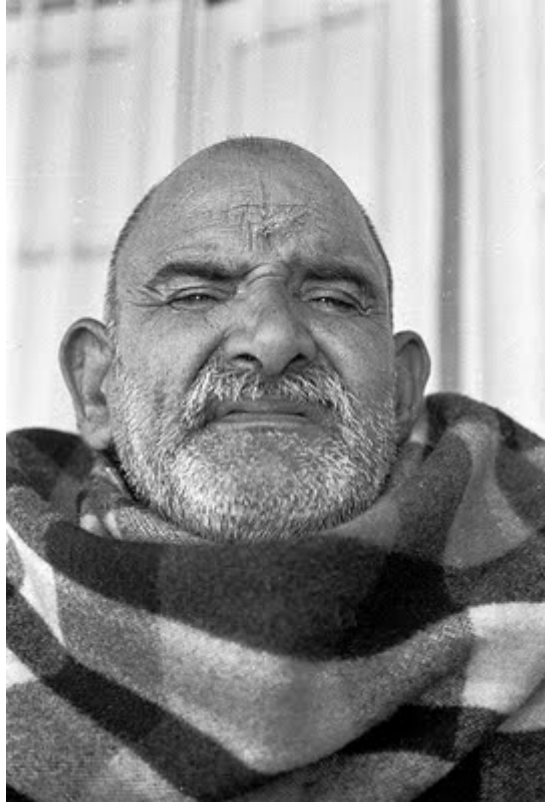
A Misleading Thought

Kehar Singh ji bought a new car with the idea that a person who had a car would spend more time traveling in Baba's company. When Baba came to Lucknow, Kehar Singh went in search of him by car with the hope that he would get an opportunity of going around with Baba. Wherever he went, he was told that Baba had just left. After looking everywhere, he returned to his house disappointed. As soon as he arrived home, he received a phone call from Baba. Baba told him where he was and said, "Choudhry [Kehar Singh], where have you been roaming today? Come and visit me."



She Has Come After Writing "Aum"

Pooran Chandra Joshi's wife, Kamla, wanted to see Baba but did not get the opportunity because of her domestic chores. One day she told her husband of her desire to have Baba's darshan. That particular day Baba was visiting the house of Dr. Bhatt in Nainital, so Joshi suggested that she see Baba at Dr. Bhatt's house the next morning. She got up early the next day, took her bath, and then said her prayers. While she was writing "AUM" on Baba's photograph, which she kept on their puja, she thought that Baba would know what she was doing if he was an enlightened saint. After finishing her worship, she went to the doctor's house and had Baba's darshan for the first time. As she bowed to him Baba said, "She has come after writing 'AUM.'" She was surprised to hear Baba's words; it had not been in her mind to test him.



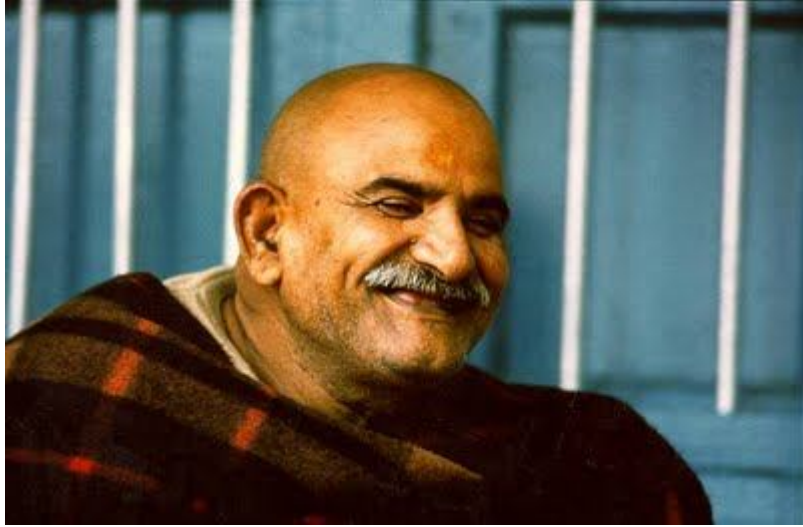
You Didn't Go?

One day Daya Narayan Khatri went to Kainchi from his hometown of Bareilly. The next day after the morning aarti (the ritual waving of lights), Baba ordered Khatri ji to go back home. Shri Sarvadaman Singh Raghuvanshi spoke on Khatri ji's behalf saying, "Baba, he came only last evening and you are sending him off today." Baba then told him to go the next day. The next morning after aarti, Baba asked Khatri ji, "You didn't go?" Khatri ji replied that he had asked Baba's permission to stay another day and that it was still early. Baba said, "Well, you go now," and sent him back to Bareilly. When he arrived at his house, he found that his wife's health had deteriorated the previous night and that her condition was serious. She improved slightly just before his arrival. He believed that Baba took the responsibility for his wife's safety on himself when he permitted him to stay for one extra day at Kainchi.



Two Lives Saved

In the winter of 1962 Ramesh Chandra Sah's wife and daughter were sleeping in their house in Mukteshwar, Nainital. It was a cold night, coal was burning in a grate, and the doors of the room were shut. They became unconscious as the room filled up with toxic gases from the burning coal. Meanwhile Baba got a grate of burning coals brought to him in his room at Vrindavan ashram. Baba closed all the doors and windows and stayed inside. Surprised at his behavior, the devotees opened the door sometime later and found Baba in a bad state. They opened all the doors and windows and took the grate out. In a little while Baba became well, and miles away in Mukteshwar, the two women regained consciousness. When the family came to know about Baba's compassionate act on their behalf, they considered themselves blessed with the kindness Baba showered on them from such a distance.



Suffering From Dropsy

A woman was very worried about the serious illness of her brother-in-law and went to Church Lane to see Maharaj. The woman was weeping and holding Baba's feet saying, "Baba, my brother-in-law has seven daughters. He is lying sick in his village, and his condition is very serious." Baba said, "He is suffering from dropsy." The woman agreed with Baba's statement and asked him to bless her brother-in-law for his survival. Baba's eyes moistened, and he said, "Don't make me tell lies. I can only pray for him." His reply indicated that the omnipotent Baba did not think it proper to interfere with the laws of destiny in this instance.



Late By Half an Hour

When Bhanu Pratap Singh arrived at the residence of his uncle, Commissioner Lakhpat Singh Raghuvanshi of Bareilly, his uncle sent him and his cousin to the Bareilly railway station to

meet Baba and escort him to their house. Baba's train arrived on time. They searched for him on the platform and in the train, but there was no sign of him. When they returned home, they found Baba talking with Raghuvanshi ji.

Bhanu Pratap said, "I was meeting Baba for the first time, and I did not know anything about his divine powers. I just thought that the mistake was ours and that we had missed him at the station. Baba had to go back the next day. A ticket was bought in advance, and he had to board the train at 1 p.m. My uncle asked me to see Baba off at the station, but Baba delayed our departure for no reason. With only five minutes left before the arrival of the train, Baba said to me, 'I am going to visit Dr. Bhandari, he lives in this neighborhood.' I was worried about the delay, so I told Baba that he would then miss the train because we were already late. Saying that the train was half an hour late, he went to Bhandari's house. I called the enquiry office to find out the correct arrival time and learned that the train was running half an hour late. I was amazed at Baba's divine powers."

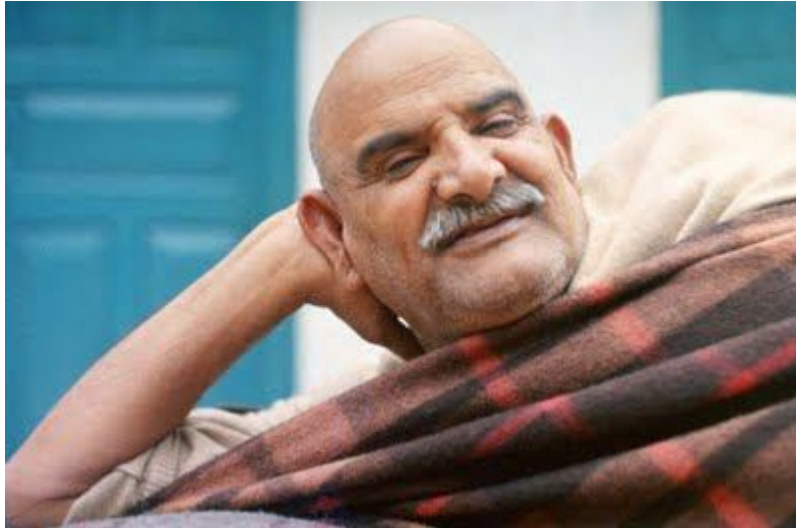


The Operation Is Done

Maharaj ji, Bhagwati Sevak Bajpai, and some other devotees went to the house of Santosh Kumar Choudhry, who had been appointed the controller of Athalton West Cotton Mill. Choudhry was not at home, so his wife received Baba and the devotees. She phoned her husband to tell him of Baba's arrival and sent a car to collect him. Tunis West, the owner of Athalton Mill, and Choudhry were in the middle of an important discussion at the time. As soon as Choudhry received the phone call, he told West that he did not appreciate the interruption and asked him the reason for it. Choudhry told West about the arrival of his guru at home and invited him along. Although West was not interested in spiritual matters, he did

not say anything and accompanied Choudhry to his house.

On seeing Tunis West, Baba said to Choudhry, "Why have you brought him? He didn't even want to come." When Choudhry asked West if that was true, he said, "I was very disturbed by the interruption at the time." Baba then said, "Tell him that his wife has reached England. She has been operated upon. There is nothing to worry about. She will get well." On being told this, West said, "She was quite healthy. There was no question of her undergoing an operation." Later on, when he phoned his wife in London, he was surprised to hear that she had indeed been operated on the previous evening.



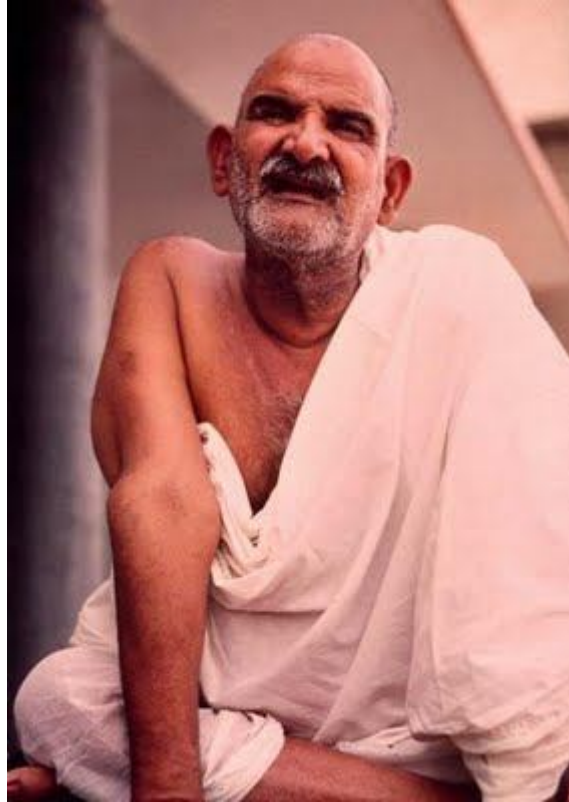
Saved From Suicide

Baba and Umadatt Shukla were going to Shukla's house by tonga (horse-drawn carriage). When they came to a wooden bridge over the Gomti River, Baba said, "Shukla, you were going to drown yourself in Gomti one day? Why? Tell Me." Shukla felt ashamed to answer his question, so he kept quiet. Baba repeated the same question three times. Finally Shukla told the story: "When I was about sixteen years old, I did not know you Baba. I was determined to commit suicide by drowning myself in the Gomti. When it was very dark, I stood on the bridge at a place where the river was very deep. I was about to jump into the river when the wind blew very hard and a bright light illuminated the darkness. This unusual phenomenon startled me. My body trembled so much that I lost the courage to commit suicide and I went back home." He also told Baba the reasons why he wished to end his life. When Baba heard this, he quoted from the Ramayana, "A strong wind blew. That was God's light." Baba had saved Shukla's life twenty years before he knew him.



A Car Deal In Germany

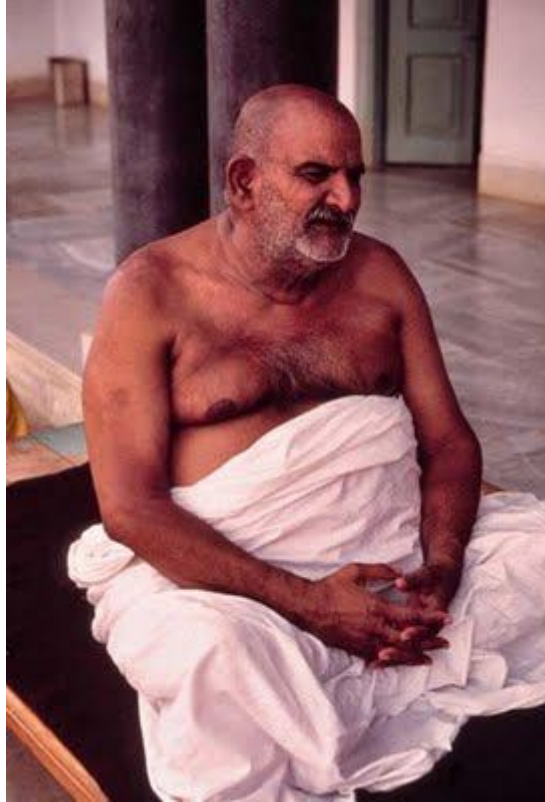
In 1967 Shri S.D. Ganda, the personnel manager for the State Bank in Kanpur, was sent to Germany for training. He went with Baba's permission, and his family stayed in India. One day Baba went to their house in Kanpur and said to his wife, "Write a letter to Ganda immediately. He must not buy the car in Germany that he is in the process of buying. This is my command. The car will have an accident." Having said this, he left at once. Four hours later on the same day, Baba arrived at the house again and asked, "Have you written or not?" Ganda's wife replied that she had not written yet but would write the letter straightaway. Baba said, "Write it at once and post it." She immediately wrote the letter and posted it to his address in Germany. Ganda was in the process of negotiating the deal, which would be completed on Sunday. Though mail is not delivered there on Saturdays, Ganda received the letter on Saturday evening, and following Baba's instructions, he cancelled the deal.



Maharaj Ji's Justice

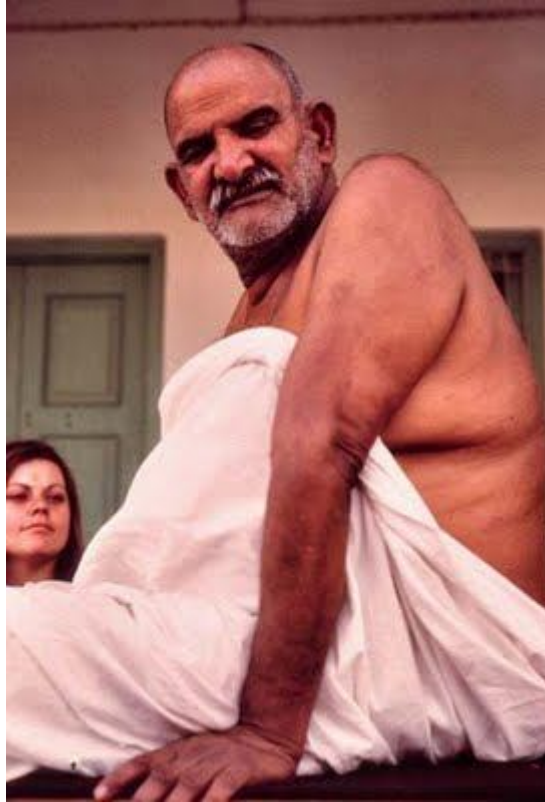
When the news of Baba's arrival in Bhumiadhar reached Nainital, Pooran Chandra Joshi and his close friends decided to go see him. All his friends left by bus but did not ask Joshi to accompany them. Joshi was hurt by this. When he went home, he was distressed. He became angry with his wife and son for no apparent reason and behaved harshly towards them. With a heavy heart he set out for Bhumiadhar alone in the rain. He did not get a bus. He met up with a laborer along the way who also wanted to have Baba's darshan, but when they arrived, they found that Baba had already left for Gathia. They eventually got a lift in a truck and went to Gathia as well.

When Joshi had Baba's darshan, Baba was indifferent to him but showered his affection on the laborer. Baba gave him food to eat and sent him off with a lot of prasad to carry home for his family. Baba said nothing for some time and then picked up a copy of *Kalyan*, a monthly magazine, and asked Joshi to read from it. Joshi opened the magazine to an article entitled "Anger" and read it to Baba. Baba asked him to read it five times. While he was reading it for the fifth time, he realized that he had left his house in a state of anger. After that Baba treated him as usual. Joshi's friends were not able to have darshan until later.



Immunity From Conscription

During the Second World War, the government of Uttar Pradesh declared a special ordinance that those in the medical services were to be conscripted for war duty. Dr. M.U. Khan did not want to go to war, and he was worried because there seemed to be no way of escaping it. One of his friends advised him to get the blessing of Baba Neeb Karori. Dr. Khan was not able to find Baba, but Baba came to Lucknow and gave Khan darshan. When the doctor told Baba about his concern, Baba said, "Offer laddus [an Indian sweet] to the Hanuman ji. Everything will be set right." Dr. Khan at once took laddus to the Hanuman temple in Aminabad and offered them to Hanuman ji. Soon after, the government cancelled the conscription and made war services optional.



Cured With a Laddu

On one occasion Dr. Khan's wife became ill, and although various treatments were tried, her fever would not come down. Dr. Khan felt very sad that there was nothing he could do, and in desperation he remembered Baba. Unannounced, Baba arrived at his house. When the doctor told him the problem, Baba said, "Offer laddus to Hanuman and give her the prasad to eat. She will be cured." The doctor did this but was still somewhat worried about this form of treatment. He told his wife of his concern, but she had faith. She had a few laddus and then slept soundly. Her fever came down while she was asleep.



The Dumb Child Speaks

Maharaj was staying at Dak Bangalia (his family residence) in Akbarpur when his relative Shyam Sunder Sharma came to see him. All of a sudden Baba said to him, "You go into the garden. Someone will come looking for Baba Neeb Karori. His son, who is dumb, will be with him. Tell him that there is no baba here. You say anything you like, his son will be cured."

Shyam Sunder said, "As soon as I arrived in the garden, a car drove up and stopped. Dr. Beg of Firozabad and his son got out. He asked me, 'Where can I find Baba Neeb Karori? We are looking for him. My son has been dumb since birth. We have taken him for treatment to various places, but there has been no improvement. Someone advised us to receive Baba's blessing and gave us this address.' I repeated Baba's words, and on an impulse I asked the boy his name. Dr. Beg was amazed at his son's reply. I told him that he should speak to his son and that he would be cured by Baba's grace."



Pavan

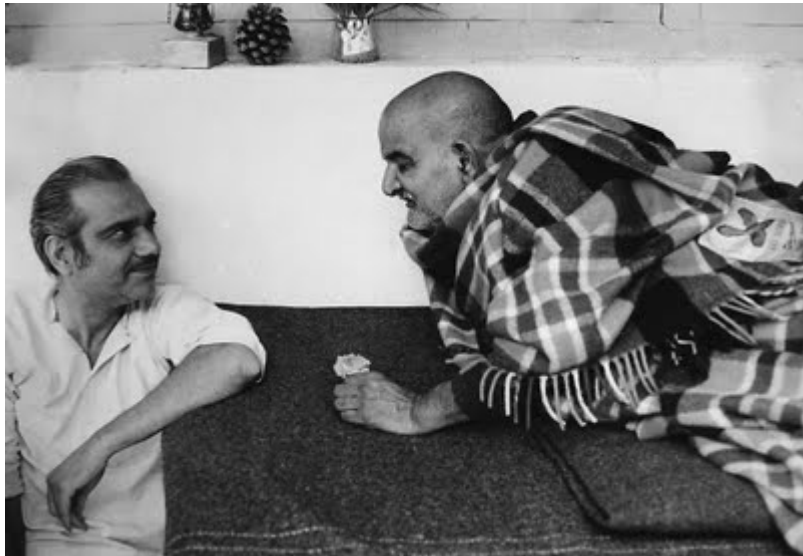
One day I was sitting with Baba at Dak Bangalia in Akbarpur when all of a sudden Baba looked at me with a smile and said, "Your aunt has given birth to a son. Tell her to name him Pavan. He will survive." The boy was given the name Pavan and grew up healthy. None of my aunt's previous children had survived.

-Shyam Sunder Sharma, Akbarpur



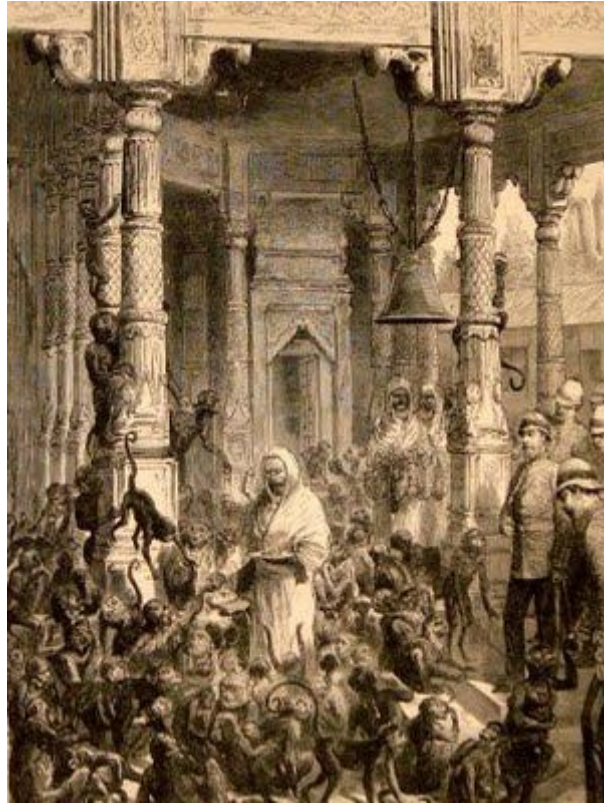
Baba Disappears

One day Maharaj ji was sitting under a tree at Hanumangarh with Jagdish Chandra Pande, Hiralal Sah 'Habba', and many other devotees. They were talking about Adi Heriakhan Baba, who Habba said used to disappear in the twinkling of an eye. During the discussion Baba got up and said to Jagdish, "Pick up your jacket. Let's go." As Jagdish turned to pick up his jacket, everybody's attention was diverted to him. When Jagdish turned back to Baba, Baba had disappeared. They searched for him at Hanumangarh for half an hour, but Baba was not to be found. Later he was seen on the top of a distant hill. When the devotees got there, Baba just smiled at them.



Avoiding a Meeting

One day while Baba was talking with people at Karanvir Singh's house, he suddenly got up and said, "I am leaving." When asked why and where he was going, Baba replied, "Some people are coming. I don't want to meet them," and then went out. By the time Karanvir Singh got up from his chair and reached his lawn, Baba was not to be seen anywhere. He had disappeared in a moment. Karanvir Singh was surprised at his sudden disappearance, but he did not pay any attention. A short while later five people called at the house asking for Baba. Learning from Karanvir that he had just left, they were disappointed and went away.

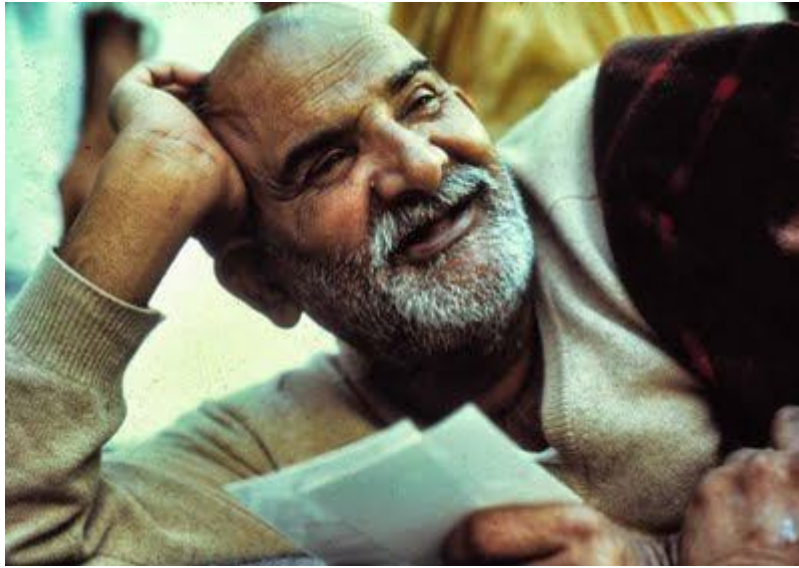


The Monkey Took the Form of a Mosquito

Tularam Sah, Sri Ma, Nandan Mai, Girish, and some other devotees went from Nainital to Allahabad to have Baba's darshan. When with Baba, Tularam would sometimes recite, "The monkey took the form of a mosquito," from the Ramayana. Maybe this was a way of saying that Baba was Hanuman. One day after the distribution of the morning prasad, Baba walked across his own room and went into a small adjacent room, where he got his bed made on the floor. He said that he was not well. He also said that no one should come to see him and that he wanted to take some rest alone. He got the room closed on all sides. It was then locked on the outside, and the key was given to Tularam Sah so that the room could not be opened by anyone else.

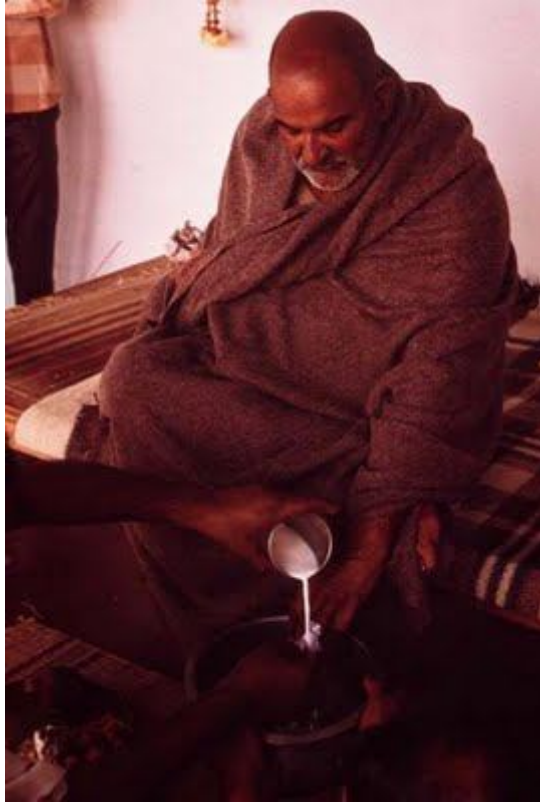
At noon Sri Ma looked out the window and saw Maharaj ji on the road going towards Allenganj. She immediately told the others. Tularam Sah was compelled to unlock the door to see whether Baba was in the room. He was not. Tularam Sah and Girish followed Baba and saw him climbing up the stairs of Prakash Chandra Joshi's house. Joshi ji came out and welcomed everyone. Later, while food was being offered to Baba, the Mothers and other

devotees arrived from Church Lane. Baba smilingly looked at Tularam and hummed, "The monkey took the form of a mosquito."



Another Disappearance

When Baba used to give darshan at the house of Commissioner Ramrup Singh, the commissioner attended to Baba and did not like to leave his company. Once, he asked Baba to rest at his house after dinner. Baba agreed. The commissioner believed that Baba had fallen asleep, however, he knew that Baba wandered around day or night. The commissioner wanted to have Baba's darshan in the morning, so he bolted the door from the outside. When he unbolted the room the next morning, Baba was not inside. He had disappeared.



The Ghost

In 1963 Nasir Ali, a retired sub-inspector of police and long-time devotee of Maharaj, came to meet Baba at the home of Suraj Narayan Mehrotra in Lucknow. He was eighty-four years old at the time and wanted to narrate an important event in his life to Baba. Baba, putting his finger to his lips gestured to him to keep quiet, but Nasir Ali was so overwhelmed by emotion that he carried on and began his story joyfully:

"Many years ago when I was young, I was the station officer at a village police station. One day I had to go and investigate something far away and got back at about 11 p.m. When I asked the head constable about the day, he told me that a man had been put in the cell under Section 109. I peeped inside and saw a tall, well-built man there. I went home and after having my supper went to sleep."

Early in the morning the two night-duty constables were at my door, shaking in their boots and wanting to resign. When I asked the reason, they told me that the man held under Section 109 was a ghost. He was in and out of the prison all through the night. When he came out, the lock and the door opened automatically, and when he went back in, they closed. As soon as it was daylight, I went to the station and saw the same man I had seen the night before. I thought that he could not be a ghost, so he must be a saint. I accepted my mistake and offered my apology for the disrespect shown to him. The man said, "Neither have you made a mistake nor have I been insulted. So there is no need for an apology." I asked him to join me for a meal, for I would then know that he was not displeased with me. He agreed and came to my house.

"He rested for the whole day and then went out in the evening to attend the call of nature. I sent my two sons with him. On the way he took apples out from under his blanket and gave them to the boys to eat. He asked them to go back home, but they were not prepared to leave him. Then he went behind a mound for ablutions and disappeared. He was not to be seen anywhere on that flat land. That man [pointing to Baba] was our Baba."

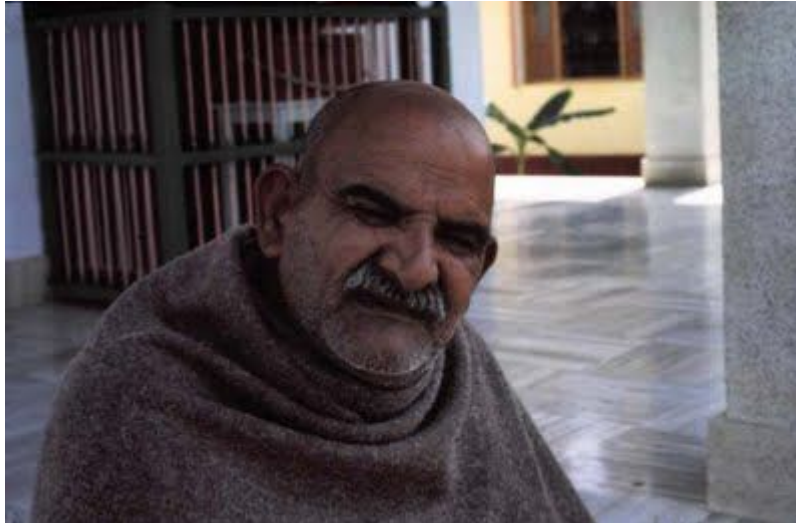
"After this incident Baba was always kind to me. He came to our house once or twice a year, and he protected me from worries and troubles. Whenever I was in distress, I would fast for the whole day. Then I would take a bath and shut myself in my room. Sitting on the floor in the darkness, I remembered Baba and he would come and sit beside me. I would tell him my problem, and he would give me a solution. He himself helped me and steered me out of all troubles."



An Invisible Arrival

Long ago many devotees went on a pilgrimage to Badrinath with Baba when the journey was more difficult and buses only went as far as Pipalkoti. Tularam Sah, Habba and family, Girish, and Umadatt Shukla were among those who accompanied him. Advance information about their arrival had been sent to Mr. Nautiyal, the manager of the Kali Kamli Dharamshala in Badrinath. Mr. Nautiyal arranged for a grand reception for Baba at a place called Devdarshan, and a crowd of people gathered there to receive Baba. When Baba arrived, riding on a dandi (a seat carried on the shoulders of four men), he and the devotees following him on foot walked through the crowd unseen.

Once in Badrinath, Baba asked the devotees to stay in a dharamshala, and he himself rested in a cowshed at Badrivan. When Mr. Nautiyal came to know that Baba had arrived and was staying in the cowshed, he went there for darshan. He did not understand how people who wanted to have Baba's darshan simply did not see him and the group of devotees pass through such a small place. Baba just looked at him and smiled.



The Appropriate Medicine

One day in Almora, Diwakar Pant became seriously ill, and by midnight his condition was critical. In the hills it was not possible to send for a doctor at night, so the members of the family sat around Pant waiting for daybreak. He was fading fast, however, so his wife became upset and lost all patience. All of a sudden she felt Baba shaking her violently by the shoulder with one hand. Pointing to a medicine with his other hand, he said, "Give that medicine to him. He will be alright."

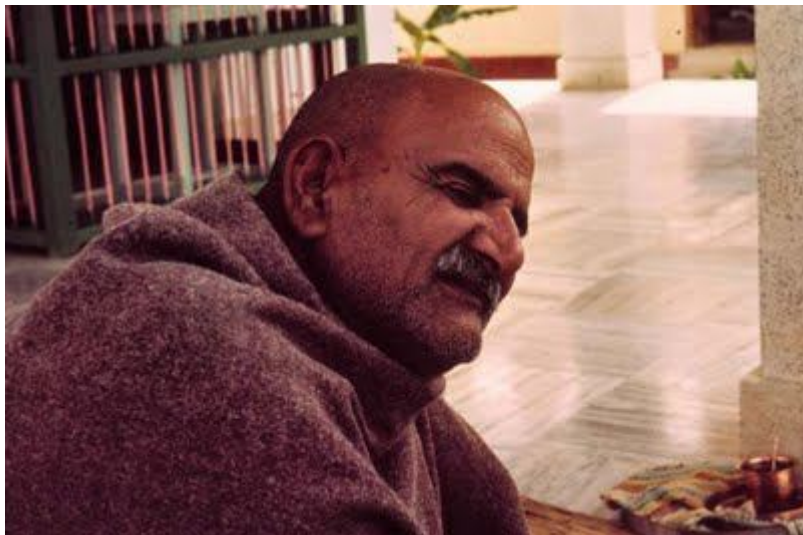
In her anguish she was not surprised at Baba's arrival nor did she bow before him. No one else in the room saw him. She at once gave an uncertain dose of the medicine to her husband, and in the meantime Baba disappeared. There was a peculiar change in her husband. He became violent, and it appeared from his excitement that he had lost his mind. All the members of the family became frightened and regretted the foolish act of his wife. She did not know the name of the medicine, nor did she have any knowledge of its use or the quantity to administer.

The next morning Dr. Khajan Chand arrived. He calmly listened to the story of the patient's condition and examined the medicine, a bottle of Coromine. He called Pant's wife to him and asked her, "Daughter, why did you give this medicine?" She was very ashamed and sad and could not reply, as she was weeping bitterly. The doctor, patting her on the back, told the family that she saved her husband. It was the only medicine that could have been given at that time to save the life of the patient. The doctor said, "He will be alright now. There is nothing to worry about."



Ask Your Guru

A man living in Bhowali often came for Baba's darshan accompanied by his guru. The man was impressed by the number of people who were devoted to Baba and was curious to find out the reason. Baba's attitude towards him was one of indifference, which was always the case with those who wanted to test him. Despite his efforts on different occasions, the man was disappointed at not getting an opportunity to talk to Baba. At the same time he was not able to suppress his desire to be near him. One day while he was waiting for a bus to go to Kainchi, the thought came to his mind that Baba would give him darshan of his own accord if he was an enlightened saint. That very moment Baba came and stood before him and said, "What can I tell you? You ask your guru whatever you want to know."



Sincere Call

One morning in 1958 Damyanti Tewar was walking with her husband from Brook Hill to Hanumangarh to go see Maharaj. By the time they got to Tallital, they were tired. They walked up to Kishanpur with great difficulty. There Damyanti told her husband, "I am not able to walk any further. If only we could have Maharaj ji's darshan here." Perhaps Baba heard her sincere call. She saw a man lying on a cot in an old garage by the roadside. He had covered his face with a cloth and was lying on his back, unaware of his surroundings. When they went near him, he uncovered his face. They felt happy and amazed, for the man was none other than Maharaj ji. Damyanti said, "I could not believe my eyes. We sat at his feet, and Maharaj said to me, 'Are you very tired?'"



See You In Bareilly

In 1959 I went to Nainital with my wife and stayed at the India Hotel. One day Choudhry, the hotel manager, told me that Maharaj had just arrived in Bhumiadhar and that I should go and have his darshan. I was surprised to hear the word Maharaj and asked, "Maharaj who?" He told me that he was a sadhu who would know me by name. I immediately went there. I saw a big man sitting in the outer room, but he was not dressed like a sadhu. When I asked the people in the ashram about Baba, they pointed towards the man. They also expressed their surprise at my knowledge of Baba's whereabouts saying, "Baba has just arrived; how could the news have reached Nainital so quickly?" Anyway, I had Baba's darshan, and he sent me off, telling me to see him the next day at Dr. Bhandari's house in Bareilly.

I set out for Bareilly early the next morning and went straight to the doctor's house. I was surprised to see that Baba had arrived before me. He said to me, "I am going away for some time. You will see me again after five days." I told him that I also had to go away for some

work and that I might not be able to have his darshan. He said, "I will wait for you."

I went to Gonda and from there to Allahabad. I had to go to Varanasi as well, but the thought of meeting Baba came to my mind. I took the night train to Bareilly instead. The train made a stop in Lucknow the next morning. When we started moving again, I saw Baba running with the train all the way to Bareilly. I was totally amazed. Whenever the train stopped at stations, Baba would disappear. On arriving in Bareilly, I went straight from my house to Dr. Bhandari's. I had Baba's darshan and came to know that he had arrived just before me. I was astounded to see him there, but I could not ask him about what I had seen on my way to Bareilly. Baba then came to my house with me and took a simple meal of dal and roti. After some time Kishan Chandra Tewari and Tularam Sah also arrived from Dr. Bhandari's house and had prasad.

-Pyarelal, Bareilly



Baba's Saving Grace

Suraj Narayan Mehrotra's son fell from the upper story of their house in Lucknow and was badly hurt with severe internal injuries. The doctors treated him as best as they could, but his condition deteriorated. Shrimati Mehrotra was worried and remembered Baba. He was at Church Lane in Allahabad at the time, and some devotees were busy preparing his meal. Suddenly Baba got up and wanted to leave. Despite the earnest request of the householders, Baba would not stay for his food. He said, "The condition of my son is bad. I am not going to have my food now." He went out alone and in an instant arrived at Mehrotra's house in

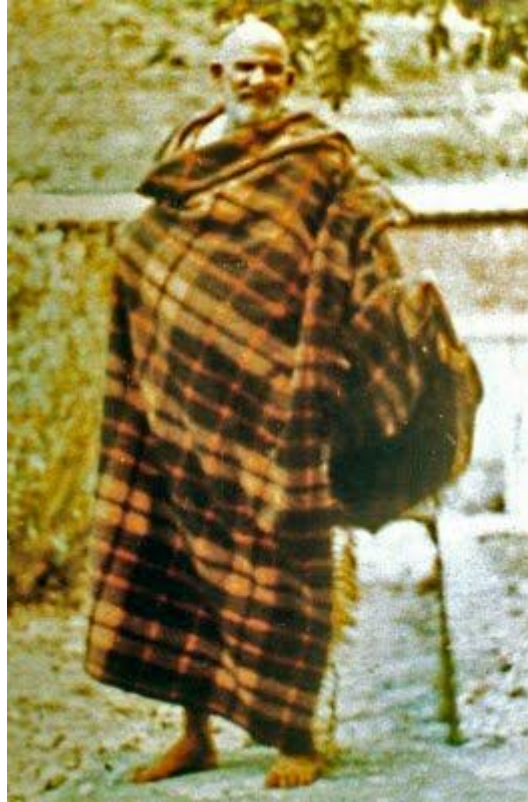
Lucknow. Baba asked for milk, drank some of it himself, and soon improved, and he eventually regained his health.



Seeing Baba In Different Places

Nandan Mai was going from Nainital to Bhumiadhar to see Baba. She used a footpath to get from the Nainital-Bhowali Road down to Bhumiadhar. From the footpath she saw that Baba was sitting with his devotees at a bend along the road, some distance from the temple. Since she was tired after her long walk, she thought that it would save her a lot of trouble if Baba gave darshan at the temple. When she got closer, she clearly saw Baba sitting on the platform of the temple. This pleased her, but by the time she reached the temple, Baba had disappeared. She looked for him everywhere and at last asked Brahmachari Baba, who pointed down the road to where Baba was sitting. Surprised, she walked to the bend in the road to have Baba's darshan.

She thought she would say something to Baba in front of the crowd of people and decided to quote from the *Ramayana*, "I saw two children, here and there. It was the aberration of my mind that I could not understand the mystery." She thought Baba would certainly appreciate the purpose of her quote, while the other devotees would not understand anything. But as she got closer to Baba, he laughed loudly, and she forgot all about what she had decided to say. This was another instance of Baba's divine play. It was difficult to say anything in Baba's presence unless he willed it.



From the Narmada to Bareilly

One night Lakhpat Singh Raghuvanshi was resting at his house. He could not sleep since he was very worried about an operation he was to have the next day. Being upset, he was remembering Baba in his heart when someone knocked loudly on the door. All the members of the family were puzzled and thought it might be thieves. Realizing that thieves would probably have broken the door in to gain access rather than knock on it, they decided to open it. It was Baba. He went straight to Lakhpat Singh's room and said, "You remembered me and I had to come from the bank of the Narmada River." Baba told him to go and have the operation done without fear. The operation was successful and he was cured.



Multiple Darshan

After having Baba's darshan, I was driving my bus along the road when I saw Maharaj walking ahead of us. I was at my wits' end because I thought that I was hallucinating. A man cannot walk faster than a bus. After having covered some distance, I saw him again. This time Baba was climbing up a hill. Now there was no reason for any doubts. After this I saw him several times at many different places along the route. This confounded me and helped me accept Maharaj's divinity. I became his devoted servant and have been serving his ashram and the devotees ever since.

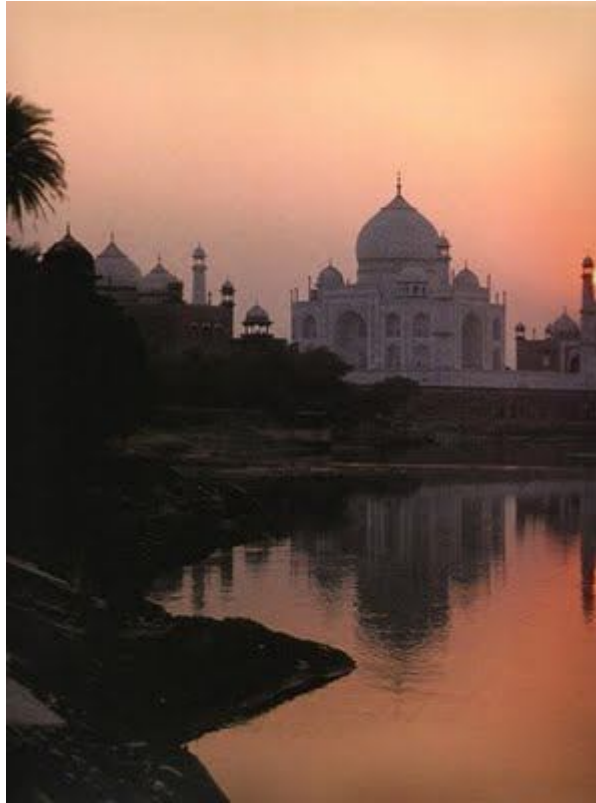
-Sardar Ranjeet Singh



An Unusual Experience

On 4 November 1971 an American devotee of Maharaj, to whom he had given the name Radha, was in a rickshaw with her American friend Anjani in Vrindavan. The rickshaw puller was moving very fast. All of a sudden Radha closed her eyes with fear and had Maharaj ji's darshan in that state. She had never had such an experience before. She said: Maharaj ji said to me, 'There is going to be an accident. Jump off.' I immediately obeyed his command. I did so knowingly, with a cool mind and without hesitation. I was not at all afraid or anxious about my safety. There was no apparent reason for my impulsive action, and any spectator would have considered me insane. Just then another rickshaw collided with out

rickshaw at the crossing. It all happened so quickly. I had not had time to say anything to Anjani. She was slightly injured, but was fine after receiving some first aid. All this while, I strongly felt Maharaj ji was with me. Returning to the ashram, I wanted to express my thanks to him, but he did not give me an opportunity. Whenever I was in his presence, either he changed the topic of conversation, or he did not pay any attention to what I said.

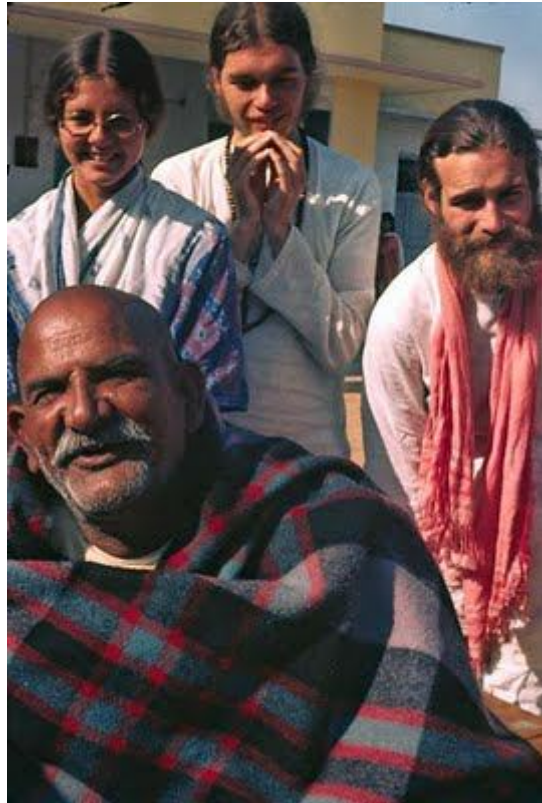


Agra to Jhansi

One day some rich men were taking Maharaj from Agra to Jhansi. The train was crowded, but with the help of his constables, Mahavir Singh secured a separate compartment of the train for Baba and the devotees. Mahavir Singh had Baba sit on a seat near the window and instructed the constable traveling in the train to take care of him. He then stood on the platform, talking to Baba through the window. When the train was just about to leave, an old man arrived and asked Mahavir Singh to help him get into the train through the window. The old man was not able to board the train through the door because there was a large crowd there. He said he had some urgent work and had to travel on that train. Baba at once jumped out of the train. He lifted the old man himself and made him sit in his place.

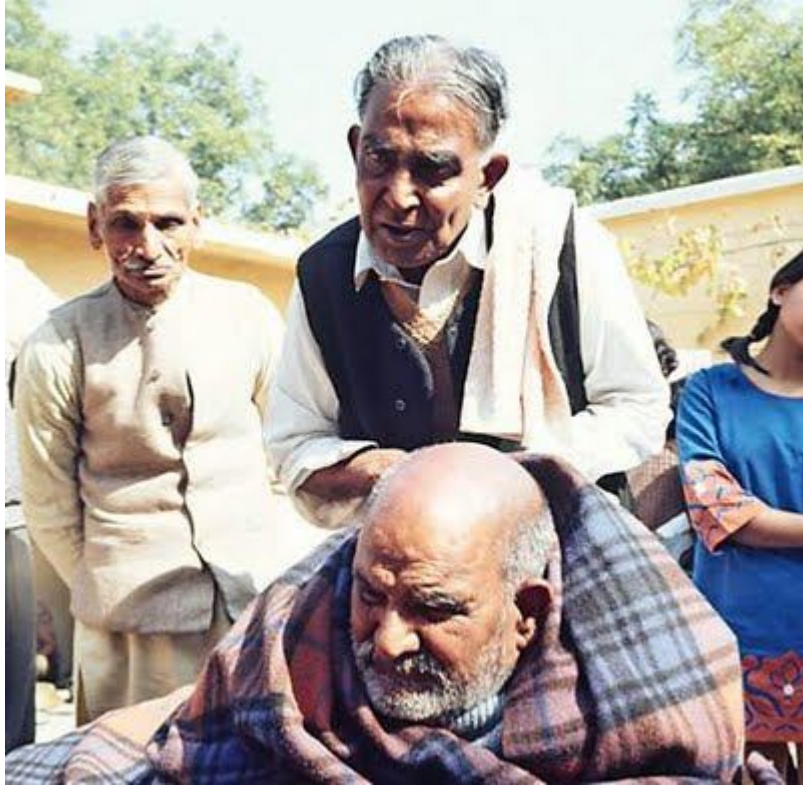
Mahavir Singh was in a quandary. He had gotten that seat for Baba with great difficulty, and it was not possible to find him another one. Then Baba said, "Come, let's go home. I want to meet Karanvir Singh." Mahavir Singh said, "You meet him regularly, why especially today?" The train started, and they returned home, where Baba enjoyed conversation with Karanvir. He had a meal at about 8 p.m., and then asked what time the train would arrive in Jhansi. When he was told that it was just about to reach the Jhansi station, he got up at once and said, "I am going." He left and disappeared into the darkness. The next day, when the constable on

the train returned from Jhansi, he told them that Baba was not to be seen at all on the train journey but that he appeared at Jhansi station.



The Hand of Blessing

Bhushan Chandra Joshi had a heart attack in Delhi and was immediately admitted to the Medical Institute. The doctors found him to be in critical condition, so he was given oxygen and taken to the ward on a stretcher. Joshi said that he saw Baba's hand of blessing on him and felt that he did not need any more oxygen. He removed the tube and despite the remonstrances of the doctors, refused further oxygen. He soon recovered his strength and returned home from the hospital.



An Offering of Kheer

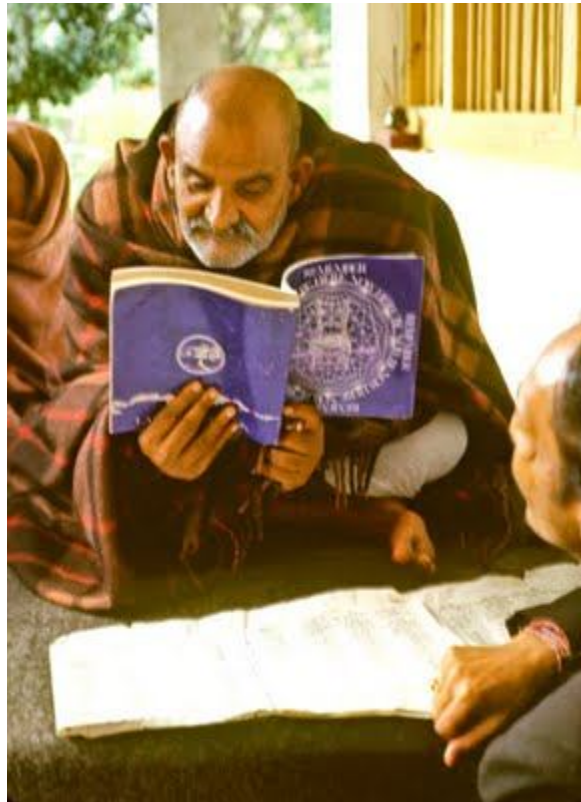
One day when Baba was away from Allahabad, Sudhir Mukerjee of Church Lane, Allahabad, offered kheer (Indian rice pudding) to Baba's photograph. Leaving a bowl of kheer in front of the photo, he went into another room to work. When he returned, he saw kheer dripping from the photo. Surprised, he drew everyone's attention to this miracle. I was visiting Church Lane at the time and went into the room to see for myself. I asked for the remaining kheer as prasad.



Taking Ram's Name

Like Hanuman ji, the recitation of the Ramayana and the name of Ram were very dear to Maharaj ji. When the devotees organized the chanting of the Ramayana, Maharaj was often present, even if in an imperceptible form. Sometimes devotees would organize the recitation of the Ramayana or the chanting of Ram's name with the hope that they would have Maharaj ji's darshan.

Maharaj had not been to Bareilly for a long time, so Pyarelal Mahajan decided to organize a non-stop kirtan (chanting) of Ram's name. Pyarelal's guru, Swami Vidyanand ji, came to his house and started the kirtan of "Hare Ram, Hare Ram, Ram Ram, Hare Hare." Pyarelal and his wife enjoyed singing the kirtan until late at night. His wife then went to sleep in her room on the upper floor of the house, and Pyarelal rested in a room downstairs. He was sleeping when Baba knocked at the door. When he did not wake up, Baba went upstairs and knocked on the door of his wife's room. She woke up but was afraid to open the door so late at night. Baba turned away and went to Dr. Bhandari's house. He phoned Pyarelal from there, and Pyarelal went with his father to get Baba. When they returned, Baba told them about his visit that night. Pyarelal's wife corroborated the incident and said she had heard the knock on the door but had been too afraid to open it.



Be Here Now

With Maharaj ji's permission, Ram Dass published the book 'Be Here Now' in America in 1971. He gave instructions to the publisher to print the book and came to India with the first copy to present to Maharaj ji. Maharaj had not studied English. Yet five months later he drew Ram Dass' attention to some untruths in two passages of the book and said, "Lies should not be mentioned in this book. They will hurt you. Delete those passages from the book."

Ram Dass became anxious because a long time had elapsed, and the book might already have been published. He expected that about thirty thousand copies would have been printed. He contacted Steve Durkee and found out that the next thirty thousand copies were, in fact, in print. Explaining the situation to Baba, he said that the changes could only be incorporated into the next edition. It would be a loss of \$10,000 to reject the thirty thousand books. Maharaj ji said, "Money and truth have nothing to do with each other. When you printed it first, you thought it was true, but now that you know it isn't true, you can't print lies. You will be hurt by it. You must correct it now."

Ram Dass sent a cable to Steve. After a week he received a reply reporting a strange incident. The book could not be printed because Baba's photograph, which was to be printed on a full page, was missing. The original was also missing, so a new plate could not be made. The printer had pulled the job off the press to await further instructions.



Baba Appears

The Kumbha Mela (a large spiritual gathering) was on at Prayag. One night some sadhus from a certain ashram were talking on the bank of the Ganges. During the course of their conversation, someone mentioned Baba Neeb Karori. One sadhu said that Baba could go

anywhere and that he was endowed with such powers that he could appear from wherever he might be if remembered wholeheartedly. Other sadhus were not ready to accept it as true. They argued that anyone with a bodily form would certainly take time to move from one place to another. Another sadhu pointed out that arguments would not serve any purpose; the matter would be regarded as true if Baba appeared when called, otherwise it was false. At this the sadhu stood up and called Baba loudly. When he had called several times, even he was surprised to see Baba talking to someone just near him.

-Swami Vijayananda, 'In the Steps of the Yogis'



Now See, He Is Saved

Baba was sitting on his takhat at Hanumangarh when he suddenly got up and raised both of his arms as if holding someone. He came out of his kuti and said, "See, he is saved." Nobody understood the significance of his apparent playfulness, and some devotees laughed in ignorance. Pooran Chandra Joshi said that three days after that incident, a woman came to Baba and offered pranaam. With a deep sense of gratitude, she told Baba about an accident that had taken place in Kanpur three days earlier. She said, "My five-year-old son fell off the roof. I called out to you Baba. A man who was passing by spread his arms and caught the boy, who was unhurt. The man said to me, 'See, he is saved.' He handed my son to me and went away. I couldn't even ask him his name." Baba listened to her story with a smile. The devotees remembered what had happened three days earlier.



Omnipotence

The elements of nature lost their fundamental properties at Maharaj ji's will. Like Hanuman [Hanuman is lord of the ashta siddhis (eight powers) and nava nidhis (nine treasures), granted to him by Sri Sita; see glossary for listing.], he could transform his body—one minute becoming as small as a mosquito, the next as large as a mountain. Sometimes one could not bear the weight of his one hand, and other times his large body would become as light as a flower. His body appeared tender but sometimes became as hard as a vajra (a weapon).

He could make a king a pauper and a pauper a king. By his will, earth and fire produced currency notes, and when he wished, water turned into milk. At times he brought the dead back to life. As it says in the *Ramayana*, "The glory of his divine deeds cannot be explained."

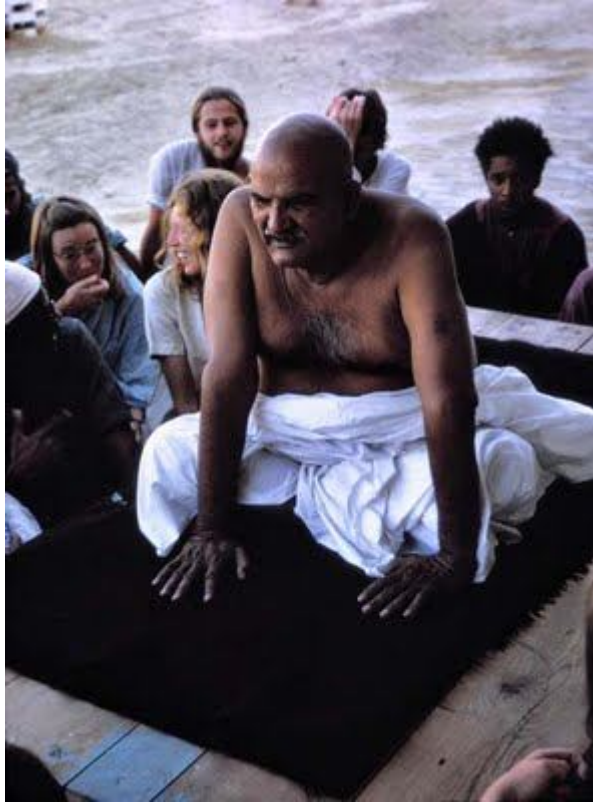
Baba often used his power in less apparent but no less miraculous ways. A simple glance, word, or touch from Baba communicated pure love in a way that changed people's hearts imperceptibly, subtly leading them towards the path of right action. He would erase the innate tendencies of people and bring about a change in their character. In this context he said, "I

possess the key to all." He inspired hope in the distressed and gave comfort to the grief-stricken. He took away illness, blessed the childless with children, and saved people from impending accidents, generally without the beneficiary's knowledge.

Baba did everything without any desire for personal gain, acknowledgement, or reward. He used to say, "Why beg from a man, what can he give? God and the saints are all powerful but no one has to beg anything from them. They know all and so they themselves give what is appropriate."

A Sadhu's Bank

It was a cold day in October and some devotees at Kainchi ashram had made a fire in a portable grate for Baba. He was sitting on a takhat, and his devotees were sitting before him, clustered around the grate. Meanwhile a sadhu who had been wandering the countryside came to Kainchi ashram for the first time. He was pleased by the picturesque location of the temple and was told that it was the ashram of Baba Neeb Karori. Conflicting thoughts arose in his mind; he could not reconcile the apparent prosperity of the place with the simplicity of the word baba, meaning sadhu. According to him, a sadhu should live in a hut by the riverside. Anger stirred within him, and asking about Baba, he went to see him. The sadhu pointed his finger at Baba and said reprovingly, "Baba and this wealth." Baba's face was calm, and he smilingly asked the sadhu to move closer to him. He went over and stood by Baba who took some dirty and crumpled money from the sadhu's waistband. The sadhu was too stunned to say anything. Baba said, "Why are you carrying money with you? Fire is a sadhu's bank." So saying, Baba threw the notes into the grate. As the flame rose, the sadhu became angry and muttered to himself. Laughingly Baba said, "You are going to Badrinath. Ask it from fire there. It will return your money." These words further enraged the sadhu. Baba picked up a chimta (pair of tongs), took new notes out of the fire in the sadhu's presence, and gave all his money back to him. Baba then sent him for food and bidding him farewell, gave him a blanket. The sadhu felt ashamed, and bowing before Baba, he sincerely apologized to him.



In the Guise of an Attendant

M.B. Lal, who Baba called Ramesh, worked with Prem Lal in the Titagarh Paper Mill in Lucknow. When he found out that Baba was in Kanpur, he went to have darshan and stay with Baba for a few days. However, his daughter Dolly, who was a student in Standard X at the Loretto Convent, had an examination fee that was past due. While Lal roamed about Kanpur with Baba, he was worried that the unpaid fees might prevent his daughter from appearing for her exam. Baba read his thoughts.

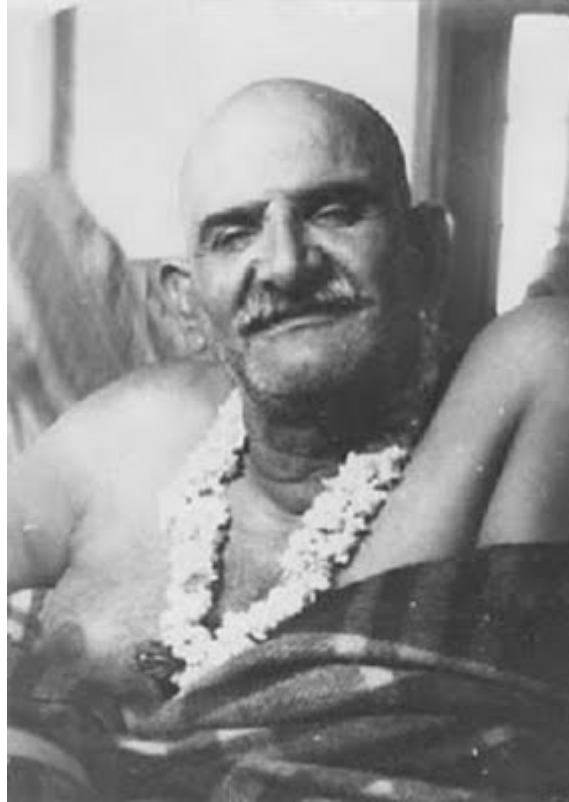
When Baba left Kanpur, Lal returned to Lucknow. As soon as he arrived at his house, he went to his daughter's school to pay the fee. The headmistress knew him and asked him the reason for his visit to the school. Apologizing for the delay, he told her that he had come to pay Dolly's fees. She told him that an old man paid his daughter's fees on time, four days earlier. The man had been asked to take a receipt, but he would not wait, saying, "I do not require it." Hearing this and remembering Baba, Lal started to cry.



The Story of the Uttis Tree

The entry to the ashram in Kainchi is at the boundary of the temple premises and just inside, about twenty-five meters away, there is a big stone that Baba would often sit on, surrounded by devotees and other visitors. By the side of the stone, a big Uttis tree stood that had died. It was old and bent, and people feared that it would be uprooted in a storm, possibly injuring someone if it fell.

One day Baba was sitting on the rock with some devotees when someone expressed his fear about the tree and asked Baba if it could be chopped down. Baba simply said, "Pour some Ganga water at its roots. It will become green again." Sri Ma brought the Ganges water in a can and gave it to Purnanand, who poured it on the roots around the tree. After some time the tree became as green as before. It still stands to tell its wonderful story even after so many years.



A Rich Harvest

One morning, Shyam Sunder, who lived in Baba's village of Akbarpur, was going to his fields to sow mustard. On the way he met Baba who asked him, "What are you carrying?" Shyam Sunder took out the mustard seeds from the pot he was carrying and showing them to Baba said, "I am going to sow these." Baba took the seeds from him and put them in his mouth. When he took them out again after a minute, they had sprouted. He said, "See, they have sprouted. The seed is good. The harvest will be rich." Shyam Sunder said that the yield of mustard that year far exceeded previous years and following years.

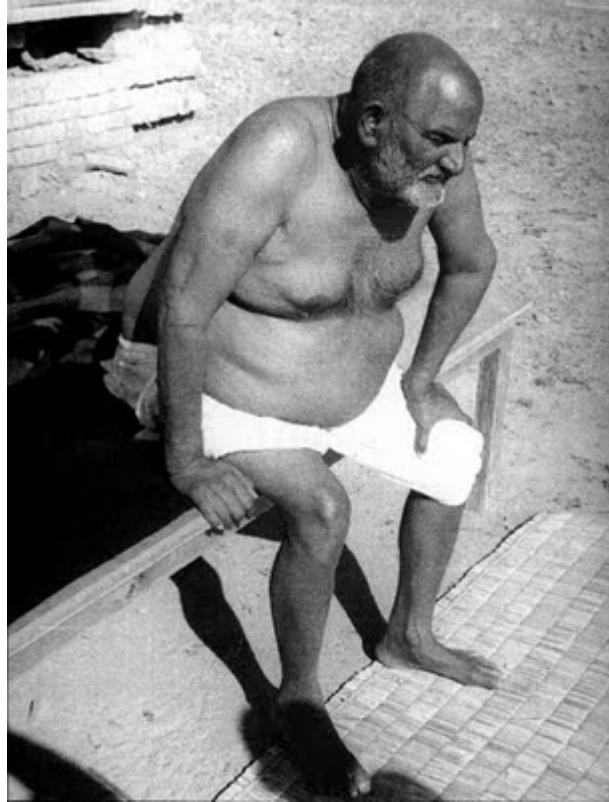


Achal Samadhi

Baba was always in the state of supreme soul consciousness (paramhansa avastha). He gave brief experiences of achal samadhi (a static state in which consciousness transcends the body) to some people, including Kishan Chandra Tewari, Nandaballabh Joshi, and Gurudatt Sharma.

After putting Gurudatt Sharma into such a state at Church Lane, Baba turned to a doctor who had just arrived and asked, "See, what has happened to him?" The doctor was puzzled and confused because Sharma ji did not have an obvious pulse and did not seem to be breathing. Baba told some other devotees to carry the completely inert Gurudatt Sharma into another room. After some time Baba went into the room and touched him. Sharma ji then regained consciousness.

On another occasion Baba put Sharma ji into samadhi in Major Rikhi's house in Delhi. Someone doubted his state of unawareness and decided to test it by cutting his foot with a razor blade. Blood flowed onto the floor, but Sharma ji was completely unaware of it. When Major Rikhi saw what was happening, he cleaned and bandaged the cut. It was not until Sharma ji regained consciousness that he noticed his bandaged foot.



Gandua the Dog

When Maharaj lived in the village of Neeb Karori, he would at times go around riding on a dog named Gandua. A dog cannot bear the load of a man, but Gandua moved around effortlessly with Baba on his back. Obviously Baba was capable of increasing or reducing his weight as he wished.



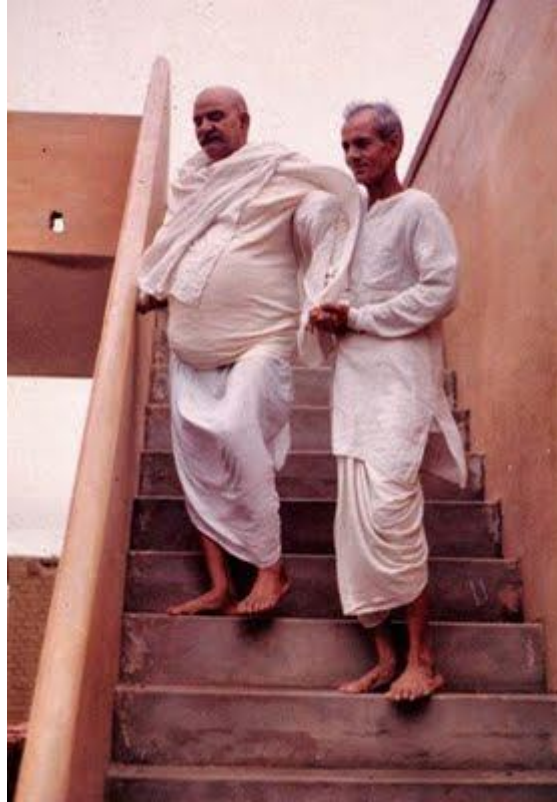
The Incarnation of Hanuman

One evening in Kainchi, Shankar Prasad Vyas was walking with Baba along the road in front of the ashram. Baba seemed to be in a pensive mood, so when he put his hand on Vyas' shoulder, Vyas kept quiet. All of a sudden a thought flashed into his mind that people regard Baba as the incarnation of Hanuman. Then he thought, 'But how can it be believed?' While he was thinking this, he felt the weight of Baba's hand slowly become so heavy that he could not bear it anymore. Baba's hand was placed on his shoulder in a natural way and its size was unchanged. Vyas was very perturbed and hesitated to try to remove the hand so lovingly placed on his shoulder. In this state of uncertainty he silently prayed to Hanuman ji and asked forgiveness for his doubts. The situation immediately became normal, and his doubt was removed.



The Divine Form of Hanuman

Once, Shankar Prasad Vyas told Baba that he had given discourses on the story of Hanuman so many times but had not been able to see him in his divine form. Baba said, "Will you be able to bear the sight of him?" and kept quiet. Vyas also remained silent. That same night Vyas woke up with a start at about midnight. He opened the door of his room in Kainchi, and just as he was going out through it, a form as bright and huge as a golden mountain appeared before him. The spectacle frightened him, and he immediately closed the door and fell down on his bed. After this Baba entered his room and rubbing him gently, asked, "Are you alright?" Vyas recovered and bowed before Baba.



The Unruly Mare

While Maharaj was living at Neeb Karori, an inspector of police would come to see him. He came riding a beautiful and spirited mare that had been a great effort to break in. On his visits the inspector would remove the saddle and reins and leave the mare to graze and rest. One day, motivated by his childlike temperament, Baba insisted on going for a ride. Though the inspector tried to dissuade him, Baba mounted the dangerous mare without reins or saddle and made her run at breakneck speed. The mare tried to shake Baba off, but he held on, sometimes hanging on the left side, sometimes on the right, sometimes even underneath the mare. At last the mare became very tired. When Baba dismounted and walked away from her, she followed Baba instead of going to her master.



Light As a Flower

Maharaj ji was in Prem Ballabh Pande's house when a dandi was arranged to carry him down the hill to Tallital. While the porters were carrying Baba down the slope, Baba unexpectedly said to the devotees, "Who will carry my dandi on his shoulder?" Looking at his build and assuming his weight, none dared to offer. Kehar Singh ji also did not offer to carry Baba, which he later regretted. When Kehar Singh mentioned this incident to other devotees who had actually carried him, they told him that it was easy to carry Baba's dandi because Baba would make himself weightless. Haridas Baba said Maharaj ji became as light as a flower.



Conversing With Hanuman

When Baba Shri Ram of Badrinath was about eighty-six years of age, he came with his devotees to Kainchi ashram after his pilgrimage to Manasarovar and Kailash in October 1985. He had had a close association with Maharaj and related an incident that he had witnessed years before. He said, "I saw Maharaj conversing with the murti of Hanuman at Sankat Mochan temple, Varanasi, in the same way as we are now talking to each other."



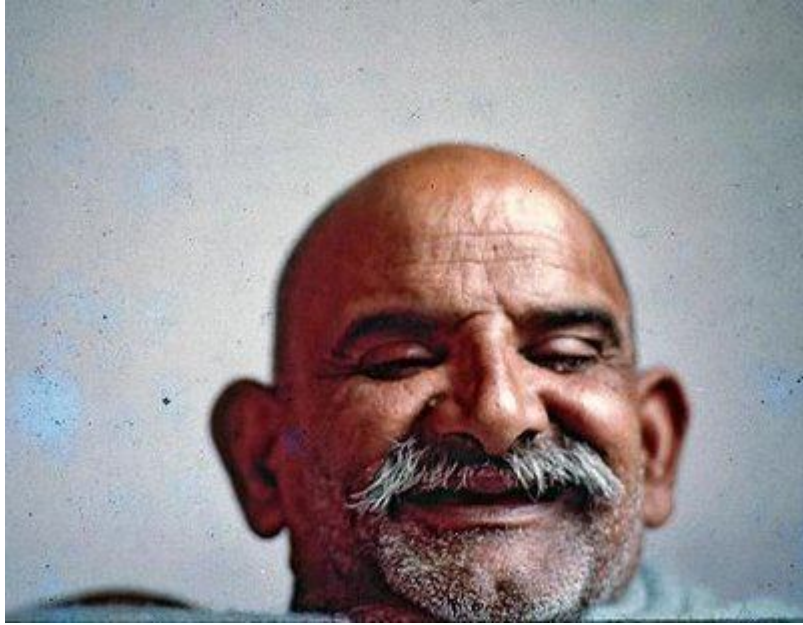
Baba's Will Prevailed

Maharaj addressed the murti at the Hanuman temple in Rambag, Allahabad, as "Controller General." One day Sri Ma was at the temple with Maharaj and saw an old woman climbing the stairs with great difficulty to have the darshan of Hanuman, who was on the first floor. She felt great pity for the woman and drew Baba's attention to her. Baba asked the manager, "Why cannot Hanuman ji come down? Mothers find it difficult to go up the stairs." The manager and the priest of the temple knew Baba, but the manager said that since the murti had been installed upstairs, nothing could be done about it. Baba heard this and left. He had only asked a question, but God's will is supreme and must be materialized. Shortly thereafter it rained so heavily that the back portion of the old temple, where the murti had been installed, collapsed. The rest of the temple remained intact and undamaged. When the back walls collapsed, the murti descended to the ground floor in a standing position, as if Hanuman ji had been carefully placed there. The murti was not damaged at all. Keeping Hanuman ji there on the ground floor, the whole temple was reconstructed around him.



Tears From a Murti

A devotee came to Vrindavan to have Baba's darshan and brought a friend along with him. The friend, an atheist, was not interested in meeting Baba. He had come only to keep his friend company. Maharaj made his devotee sit by him and asked the friend to sit on the platform in front of the Hanuman temple. The man sat there for a long time feeling bored. Then turning around, he glanced at the murti of Hanuman and saw tears in the murti's eyes. The tears began to fall, drop by drop, onto Hanuman's chest. This sight confounded the atheist, and a total change took place in his feelings and thoughts. The murti that he had considered a piece of carved stone changed his heart and attitude.



The Ramnagar Bridge

The late Indira Gandhi laid the foundation stone of the Ramnagar Bridge at Varanasi. However, there was great difficulty constructing the bridge because the first pillar sank every time it was built. Since the engineers could not think of a way to solve the problem, people consulted the well-known guru, Bijlia Baba of Varanasi, for his advice. He advised them to invite Sri Neeb Karori Maharaj, saying the work could only be completed by his grace. At Kamlapati Tripathi's request, Maharaj went to the site. He told Tripathi ji, "Pandit, get a small Hanuman temple built here. All work will be done." A temple was immediately erected, and a small murti of Hanuman ji was installed and consecrated by Maharaj. After that, construction of the bridge was easy. The Hanuman temple still exists today.

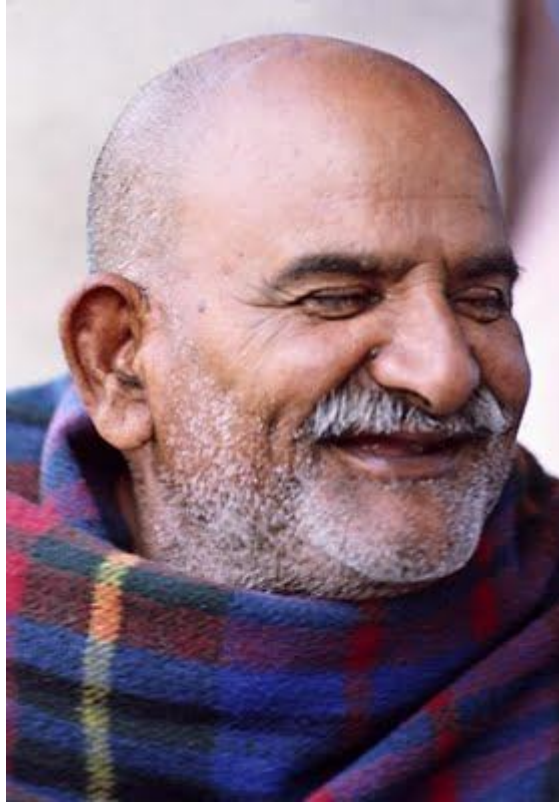


Baba's Feet

In April 1970 devotees gathered at Vrindavan ashram for the festival of Hanuman Jayanti. I had come from Aligarh for Maharaj ji's darshan. At one point I looked towards Baba's feet, which were hidden under his clothing, and remembered that Radhay Shyam Sarraf from Firozabad had said that Baba's feet were not at all affected by what he walked on. The more I thought about it, the more I was inclined to doubt it. I was not able to understand how it could be possible.

Maharaj went out of his room and asked me to go with him. I picked up a blanket in my left hand for Baba to sit on and went. Holding my right hand, Baba went towards the fields at the back of the ashram. I was worried when I saw the rugged field, filled with stumps of corn, jumbled bushes, shrubs, and thorns, but Baba was unconcerned about them. Looking straight ahead, he walked on that thorny field at normal speed. Neither of my hands was free and my feet, pricked by thorns, were soon bleeding. When it became too difficult for me to walk further, Baba took me by the hand and said, "Why don't you walk, what's wrong?" I told him my problem and he said, "How has this happened? Why have thorns pricked you and not me? I am also walking on the same ground." Seeing me at a loss to answer, he asked me to take out the thorns. When I had done so, the burning sensation subsided. Baba again held me by the hand and started walking towards more thorny ground. Gokhru, the thorny seeds of a plant, stuck all over the soles of my feet and it again became impossible for me to continue walking. Scolding me, Baba said, "What has happened now? Thorns have pricked only your feet. Mine have not been touched at all." When he said this, I openly expressed the doubt I had had in my mind. I apologized for my lack of faith and inability to understand the divinity of Baba's holy feet.

-Hotridutt Sharma, Aligarh

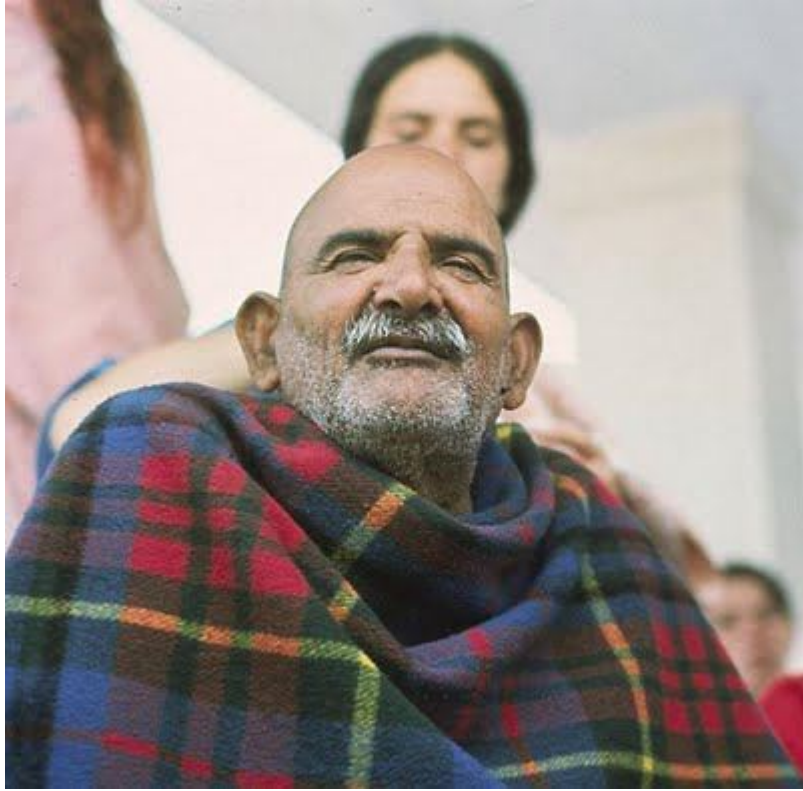


Producing Puri From Under the Blanket

My son received low marks in the mathematics exam of his B.A. Part II degree, and he was preparing for a re-test with the hope of improving his grade. When my sister informed us that Baba had arrived at her house in Allenganj, Allahabad, I asked my son to go for his darshan. My son said that he did not want to go for Baba's darshan for the sake of passing his exam and that he would prefer to see Baba after the results had been published. I agreed to this and went alone for Baba's darshan. When I was bowing before Baba, I heard my sister asking him to bestow his blessings on my son, so I told Baba about the conversation I had had with him earlier. Baba was overwhelmed with emotion. Shaking his head, he said, "You do not understand, he is very shy." We were surprised to see how such a thing had moved Baba. Then I remembered something Baba had once said to Sudhir Mukerjee, "Who comes to me for my sake only?" The unselfishness of the boy pleased Baba.

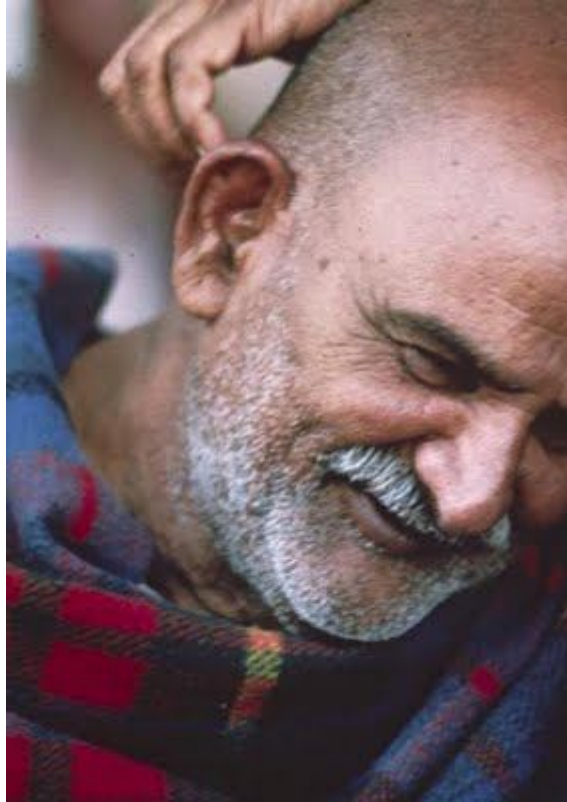
As Baba was leaving the house, I went out with him. He took a piece of puri from under his blanket, and giving it to me, he said, "Give it to your boy." By his grace my son not only passed his B.A. and M.A. exams but also got a job in the State Bank of India before the M.A. results were announced. One day in Kainchi my younger son informed Baba of his brother's new appointment, and Baba said, "I have made him manager."

-Rajida



The Satisfaction of a Child

A boy in Shri Hariram Joshi's house insisted on eating only sweets and refused to have food. Baba arrived at the house and asked why the boy was crying. The members of the family said that the boy had become obstinate and did not listen to anyone. When everyone had bowed before Baba, the boy also came to offer pranaam to him. Baba asked him to open an empty cigarette packet lying on the floor in the room. Inside, the boy found five rupees. The boy became happy. A lot of sweets could be bought with five rupees in those days. The boy bought the sweets and offered them to Baba. Baba gave the sweets to the child and made him eat to his heart's content.



Puris From His Hand

One evening I went to Church Lane with my wife for Baba's darshan. Everyone was having prasad in the house, but since we had already eaten our meal, we went to the outer room instead. Maharaj was sitting there on a takhat alone. I took his feet in my hands and gently massaged them while Baba sat silently. He rubbed his hands together and then put two soft, warm puris into my hands. I was more happy than surprised to receive that unique prasad from him. I wrapped the puris carefully in a piece of paper and on my return home, shared the prasad with the members of my family.

-Rajida



Producing Money From the Ground

Gopal Datt Pant Shastri, a Sanskrit teacher at the Government Intermediate College in Allahabad and a great devotee of Maharaj, died when his children were in junior school. After his death the economic condition of the family worsened, and their only source of income was the rent from their house. Baba looked after the welfare of his devotees. Even in the absence of Shastri ji, Baba remembered to visit his family every year when he went to Prayag.

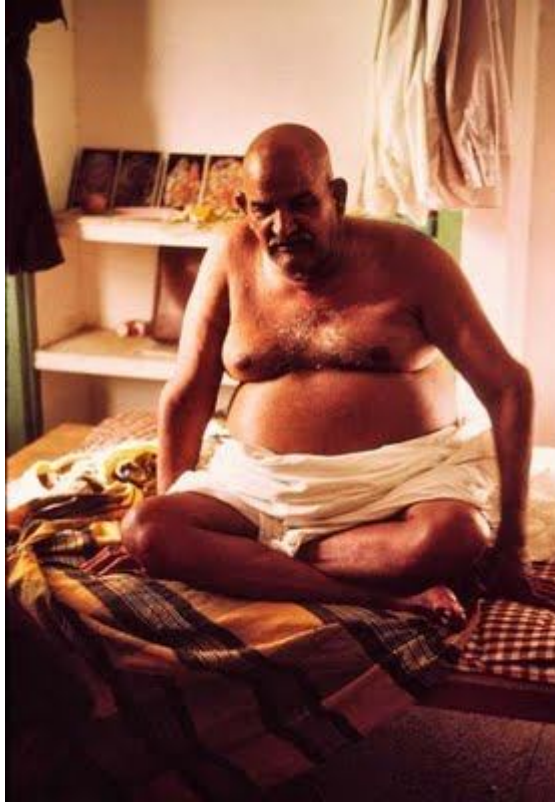
Once, when Shastri's son was in Standard X at school, he saw Baba coming towards him from some distance away. The boy went forward and bowed before him. Baba said, "Let's go, I will take you to visit Vindhyachal." The boy was happy at the thought of going on his first visit out of town, but the thought came to him that his mother did not have any money to give him and without money, he would not be able to bear Baba's expenses as well as his own. Just then Baba said, "Look, what is there under that stone at the roadside?" The boy walked about ten steps, picked up the stone, and found one hundred and fifty rupees in new notes underneath it. The boy was surprised and wondered, Who put those notes there? If someone dropped them, how could they be under the stone? He picked them up and showed them to Baba. Baba gave them back to the boy. At that time one hundred and fifty rupees was a large amount of money, and the boy was happy to receive them. He eagerly explained the whole situation to his mother and assuring her that he would be back by evening, left immediately with Baba. Baba's devotees welcomed him at Vindhyachal, and the boy wandered around with Baba all day, getting many delicious things to eat. In the evening Baba returned him to his home.



One Thousand Rupees In an Empty Purse

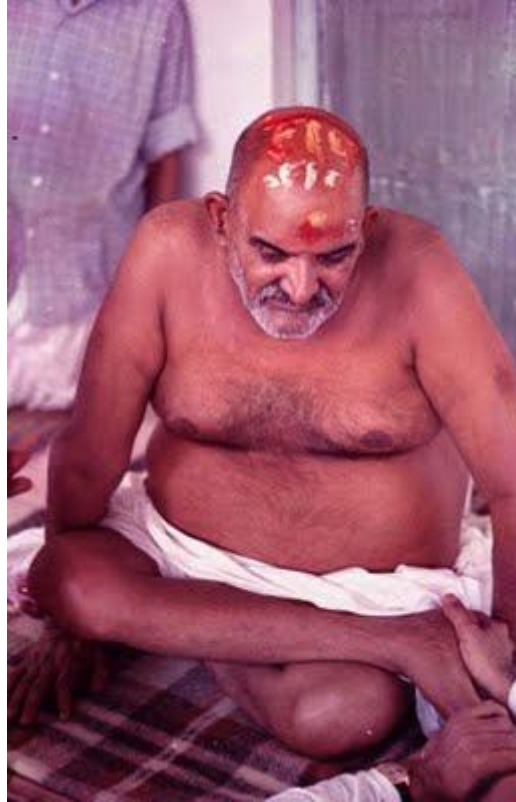
One day I went to Kainchi to meet Baba. I had kept some money in my purse, but after buying sweets and fruit for prasad and paying my bus fare to Kainchi, I had only five rupees left. I was very worried. If I had to spend more money on my return journey, I would have a big problem. When I went to Baba and bowed before him, he said, "You do not have money in your purse?" I replied casually, "Baba, there is enough." He said again, "Ask if you need it." I did need it, but I remained quiet because I thought it would be improper to take money from Baba. Instead of taking from a saint, money should be offered to him. On my return journey I purchased a ticket with the five-rupee note, emptying my purse. I arrived home, and later when I opened the purse, I found ten one-hundred-rupee notes in another compartment of the purse. I was amazed at this divine lila of my generous Baba.

-Shrimati Savitri Devi, Begumpul, Meerut



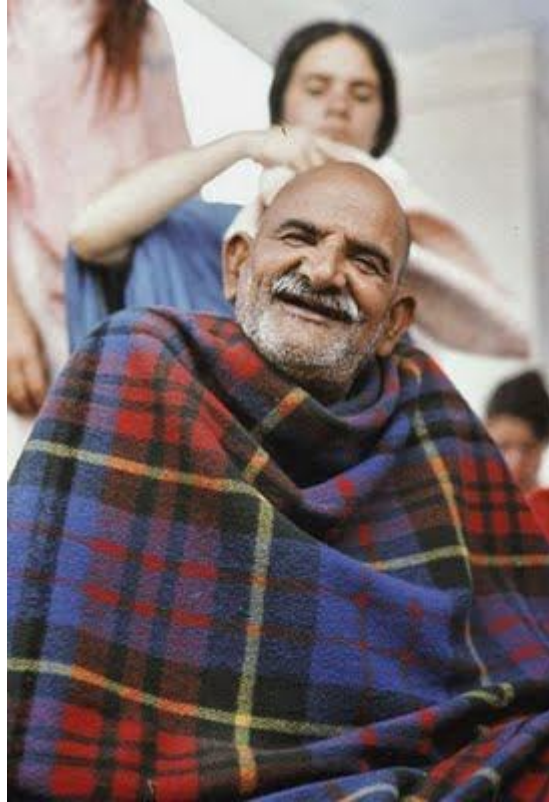
Baba's Generosity

Sri Swami Mohanand ji lived near Maharaj's ashram on Parikrama Marg in Vrindavan. One day at the time that Swami ji was getting his ashram constructed, the money he had kept for the work was stolen. He had no money left to pay the laborers or to buy food. He was worried and remained without food. Baba went to him, but before Swami ji could tell him about the problem, Baba took *puris* and potatoes out from his blanket and made him eat. Then Baba said, "You have not lost your money, look under your pillow." When Mohanand lifted his pillow again, he was surprised to find more money than he had lost.



Satisfying Curiosity

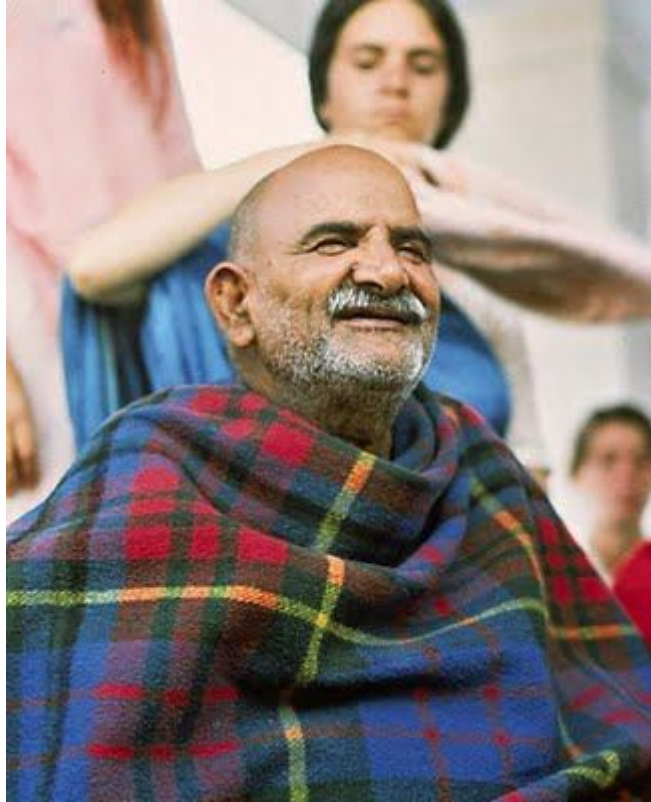
On one occasion Choudhry Mihilal of Lalpur was massaging Baba's feet at the Vrindavan ashram while Baba was lying quietly. Mihilal started wondering how Baba met the expenses of the ashram when Baba suddenly said, "Fetch that blanket from the wooden stool." When he picked up the blanket, he saw a lot of money under it. He replaced the blanket, covering the notes as they were, and returned to Baba quietly. Seeing his face, Baba laughed and said, "You wondered how we were meeting the expenses of the ashram. Have you seen it now?" Choudhry held Baba's feet and apologized.



Prasad For All

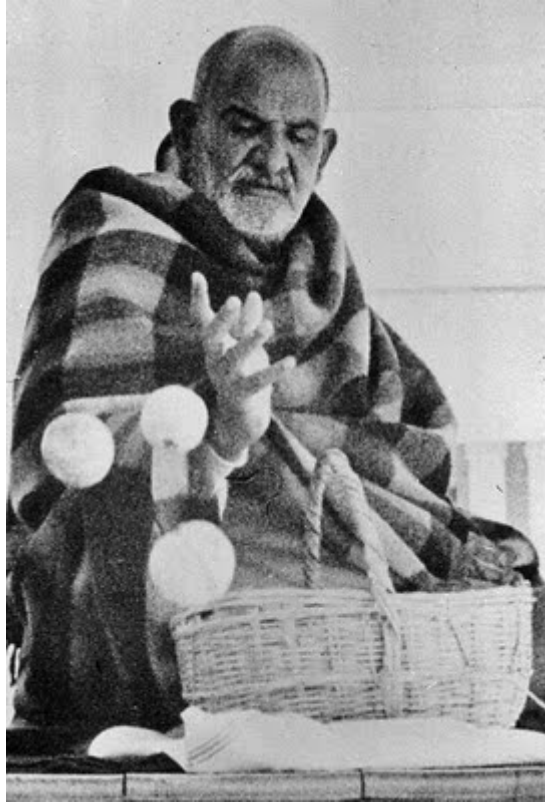
One day in 1956 Kehar Singh ji invited Maharaj to eat at his house in Allahabad. Baba said, "I shall eat at your house tomorrow evening." When Kehar Singh ji got home, he told his wife that Baba was coming the next day and asked her to prepare food for two extra people. His wife prepared two vegetable dishes ahead of time and prepared everything for the puris in order to make them fresh later. Kehar Singh ji bought sweets from the market, and then he himself went to Sudhir Mukerjee's house in Colonelganj to escort Baba. About ten people came with them.

As soon as Baba got into the house, he asked for food. Kehar Singh ji served him a plate containing two hot puris, vegetables, and sweets. Baba said, "Serve food to all." Kehar Singh ji was in a fix, but he put nine plates and small bowls in the kitchen and told his wife what Baba had commanded. She was perturbed because it would not be acceptable if food was not served to everyone, but her husband had only asked her to cook for two people. Since there was not enough time to prepare more food, she left the kitchen in a state of helplessness. Kehar Singh ji asked their servant to cook food and start frying puris with the dough that was already there. Kehar Singh ji started serving food in the outer room. The food automatically increased to such an extent that everyone had as much prasad as they could eat. There was even food leftover for the family members.



Food For Two Fed Fifteen

One day Umadatt Shukla brought Maharaj and a gentleman accompanying him from his shop in Hazratganj, Lucknow, to his house. His mother-in-law was preparing fried puris with cooked vegetables for two, and she had also brought some sweets from the market. While Shukla was serving food to Baba and the person with him in the outer room, R.K. Trivedi and his father and family arrived. Trivedi was Shukla's cousin and his father was a great devotee of Baba. Baba asked Shukla to serve food to the visitors. After everyone had dinner and left, Shukla's mother-in-law said to him that the Trivedis should also have been asked to dinner. When Shukla told her that everyone had eaten their fill before they left, she was surprised. She could not understand how twelve people were fed with the food prepared for only two, especially as there was still enough food left for the three members of the household. Really, Baba fed all.



Eight Oranges

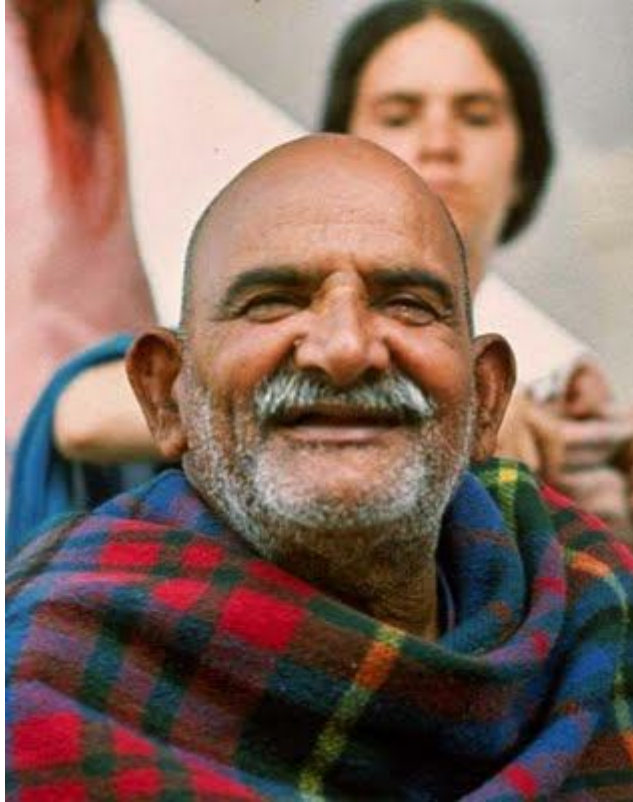
One evening in 1973, after traveling in the hills of Uttarakhand, Swami Chidananda, head of the Shivananda ashram in Rishikesh, came to Kainchi with some devotees for Maharaj's darshan. Swami ji wrote: "The revered Baba Neeb Karori was seated on a cot, wrapped in a simple blanket. He received me and my party with a very kind and benign look and motioned us to take our seats on the carpet spread near a cot. I knelt down beside the cot and paid my homage, laying my head upon his lap, where he had tucked up his foot, being seated cross-legged."

Shri Yogesh Bahuguna, who came with Swami ji, had brought eight oranges to offer to Baba. He put them in an empty basket near the cot, and after conversing for a little while, Baba distributed those oranges as prasad. By this time some devotees and workers in the ashram had gathered at the door. The visitors were astonished to see that Baba had given an orange to each of the eighteen people present. Swami ji wrote, "From where the additional oranges came into the basket is something we could not explain. Perhaps only Baba ji knows this."



Petrol Increased

Maharaj went to Kanpur in Raja Bhadri's car with Ramanand, the driver, and stayed there with his devotees for some time. One day Maharaj told Ramanand, "Take the car to Allahabad." There was, however, only enough petrol in the car for about ten or twelve kilometers. Explaining the situation to Baba, Ramanand told him they would need to get the tank filled. Baba paid no attention to what he said and again asked him to go ahead. The driver was worried all the way because the car could have stopped anywhere at any moment, leaving them in trouble. No such thing happened. The petrol was sufficient for the journey, and they arrived at Church Lane, Allahabad, where Ramanand told the story to everyone present.



Will You Have Tea?

During the Kumbha Mela at Prayag in 1966, Maharaj camped at Jhusi, on the other side of the sangam. Late one night Maharaj's durbar was still going strong. Brahmachari Baba whispered into the ear of another devotee that it would be good if everyone could have some tea, for it was quite cold. There was tea and sugar but no milk. Just then Baba said, "Will you have tea? Take a bucket with you and fetch milk from the Ganga. Tell Mother that I am taking milk and will return tomorrow." Brahmachari Baba immediately obeyed him. As soon as he came back with the bucket full of Ganges water, Baba told him to cover it. Reminding Brahmachari sometime later, Baba said, "Why don't you prepare tea now?" Brahmachari immediately put water on to boil but was feeling anxious about how he would make the tea without milk. When the water had boiled, he lifted the cover of the bucket and found that it was full of milk. Everyone enjoyed hot tea on that cold winter night and was amazed at Baba's lila. The next day when milk was brought to the camp, Baba got one bucketful poured into the Ganges.



The Glory of the Ganges

One evening at the Kumbha Mela, Baba was boating with some of his devotees. Speaking about the glory of the Ganges, Baba told them, "Milk, not water, flows in the Ganges." The devotees kept quiet because they found it difficult to believe.

Baba asked Umadatt Shukla to fill a lota with Ganges water and then to keep it covered. The devotees spent a lot of time in discussion with Baba and it became dark. Baba ordered the boat to be taken back to the shore near the camp and then said to Shukla, "Give everyone Ganga water to drink." To everyone's surprise, the lota was full of milk. Everyone tasted a little of that delicious, nectar-like milk.



Milk For Girish

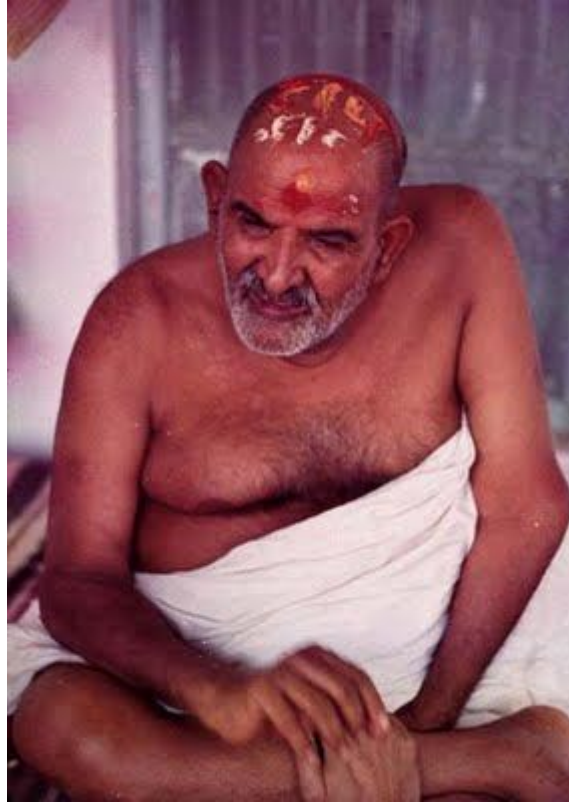
Once, Bhagwati Sevak Bajpai, Girish Chandra Joshi, and a personal assistant to a senior official were with Baba at Sarsaiyya Ghat, Kanpur, when Baba got a boat called to ferry them to a dry island in the middle of the Ganges. The assistant told Baba that it was not safe to go to the island, as bootleggers ran their illegal winemaking operation from there. Baba did not listen to him. When they approached the island, the bandits drew their guns and loudly asked who was approaching. Baba answered in a thundering voice, "Baba." By the time they reached the island, all the scoundrels were calm. Baba went to fulfil the call of nature, and after resting for some time, he said, "Girish is on a fast today. He is hungry. Go and borrow a lota full of milk from Mother Ganga and give it to him to drink." The assistant brought a lota full of Ganges water as instructed, and it turned into delicious milk, which Girish drank.



Water For Petrol

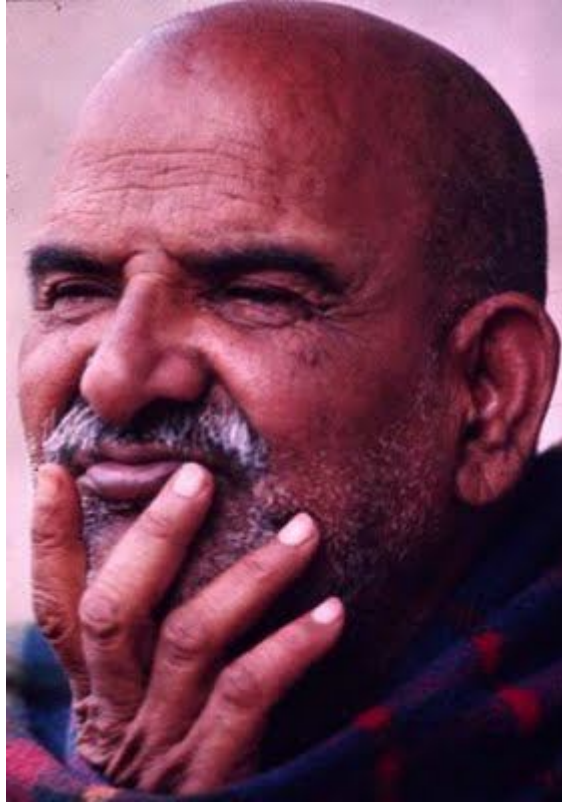
One time at Kainchi ashram, Habibulla, the driver of Baba's car, told Baba that there was no petrol in the car. He asked permission to go and get the tank filled in case Baba wanted to go somewhere. Baba said, "I do not have to go anywhere." The next night Baba got into the car and asked him to drive. It was a cold night, and Baba had covered himself with two blankets. Habibulla kept his blanket on one side and started driving. He said, "Baba, you did not allow me to put petrol in the car. How will it move now? Where do you want to go?" Baba said, "I have to go to Almora. Now drive."

The car ran for about five kilometers, and after crossing the slope at Ratighat, it stopped. There was no petrol. The driver was very worried, for they had no alternative except to spend the night in the desolate forest. He picked up his blanket and sat huddled in a corner of the car until Baba said, "Bring water from the nearby spring and pour it into the petrol tank." On hearing those words, Habibulla said, "Maharaj, the car will be damaged. I am ready to do whatever you say, but I shall leave this job tomorrow morning. I will not stay with you anymore." Baba coaxed him saying, "Not much, pour only three cans of water in." The driver did as Baba told him. Baba said, "Now start the car." Habibulla said, "The car is ruined now. It will not start." Baba again politely asked him to start the car. As soon as he started the car, it moved without any problem. He drove all night with Baba and brought the car back to the ashram in the morning. Habibulla regretted telling Baba he would leave his job.



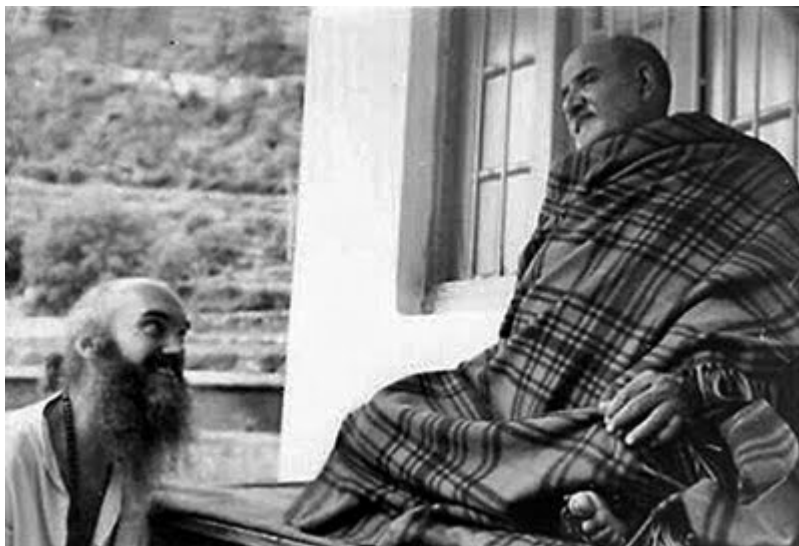
Gram Flour

Baba went to the house of Nand Kishore Joshi and said to Joshi's wife, "Give me food to eat. I shall eat roti made with gram flour." She was happy that Baba had come and given them an opportunity to serve him. However, she was upset because there was no gram flour in the house to allow her to make the rotis that Baba desired. She knew very well that Baba would go away without having food if there was the slightest delay. She also knew that there was no time to get more gram flour from the market, so she decided to mix whatever gram flour she had in the house with wheat flour and then prepare rotis for him. As she opened the can containing wheat flour, she was surprised to find that all the wheat flour inside had turned into gram flour.



Checking Baba's Store

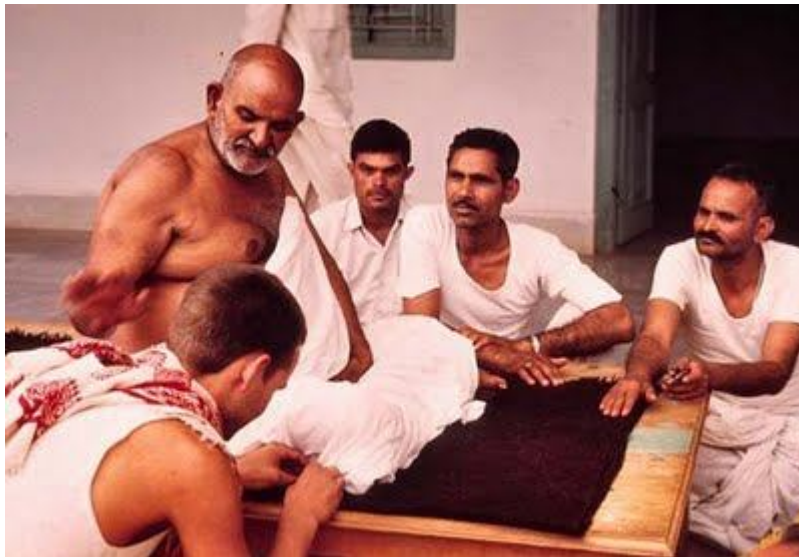
Baba once selected Hotridutt Sharma and two other devotees to check the store in the ashram. He sent them to the storeroom one by one and asked them to check the contents of five big cans. All three came back with different reports. One said that there was sugar in all five cans. One said that there was rice in all of the five cans, and the third saw raw sugar in two cans and rice in three cans. Baba laughed.



Swallowing LSD

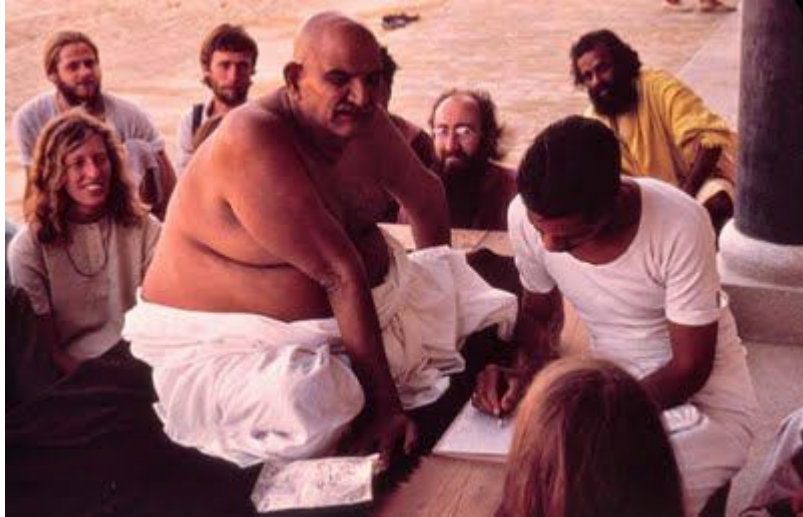
After talking about LSD with his American devotee Ram Dass, Maharaj took three 300-microgram pills of pure LSD from him and put them in his mouth. One of these pills was plenty for an adult, but Baba consume 900 micrograms with no apparent effect. Ram Dass was surprised and thought it over for some time. At last, disbelieving his own eyes, he concluded that Baba could not have swallowed those pills.

Three years later, when Ram Dass was back in India, Maharaj asked him again for LSD and this time took 1,200 micrograms. He drank some water and then asked, "Will I become mad?" Ram Dass replied, "It could be." All of a sudden Baba's countenance changed, and he started to behave like a mad man. Ram Dass got worried and felt that he had misjudged Baba's powers, but the next moment Baba appeared to be his own self again. In a normal way he asked Ram Dass, "Is there any medicine more powerful than this one?"



Eating Arsenic

The Indian saint Swami Rama wrote in his book *Living with the Himalayan Masters* that he was with Baba one day when a pharmacist in Nainital stopped and bowed before Baba in salutation. The pharmacist was carrying arsenic powder from Tallital to Mallital. Baba said to the man, "I am hungry. What are you carrying with you?" The man answered, "This is arsenic powder. I shall bring some food for you." Baba snatched the powder in one stretch and ate a handful of it. He then asked for water and drank it. The pharmacist became worried. He thought it was not possible for Baba to stay alive. When he saw that Baba's condition remained unchanged, he felt amazed.



Arsenic Became Ineffective

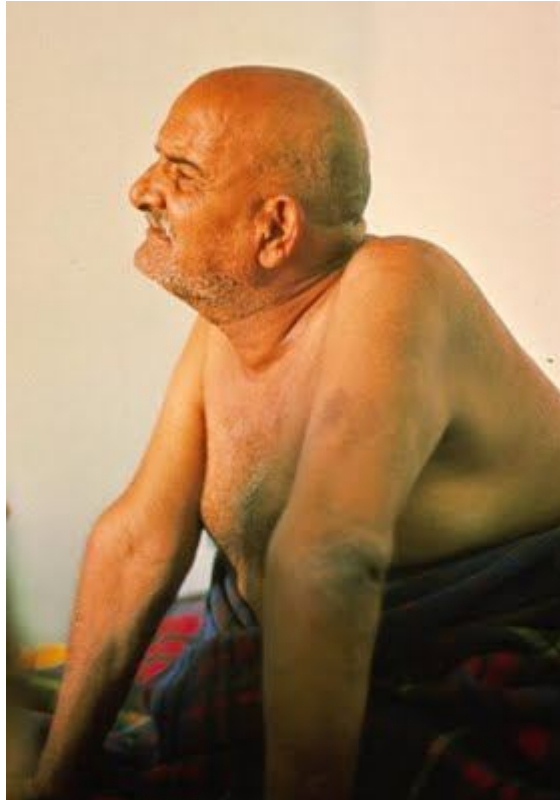
A sadhu came to meet Maharaj ji at Kainchi ashram with arsenic hidden in his clothes. Maharaj ji called the sadhu to him and cleverly removed the arsenic. He swallowed a large quantity of it and drank some water. The sadhu became very worried and said, "None can stay alive after consuming so much arsenic." Nevertheless, it had no effect on Maharaj ji, who told the sadhu smilingly, "Before the love of God, all other intoxicants become ineffective."



I Shall Change the Season

The marriage ceremony of Hotridutt Sharma's daughter was to be solemnized on 18 June 1973. On 15 June, Sharma went to Kainchi to have Baba's blessings and invite him to attend the ceremony. Baba said to him, "Pandit, tell me something I can do." With his hands joined in reverence, Sharma said, "Maharaj, you are doing everything." Baba said, "I shall do the work that nobody else can do." Hotridutt ji became thoughtful, and then Baba clarified his

statement. "There is no electricity in your village. The marriage party will be uncomfortable because of the heat, so I shall change the weather. Make arrangements for proper bedding as it will be very cold on 18th and 19th June." The marriage party arrived at the appointed hour. It drizzled during the day, and a wind started blowing from the east. By night it became as cold as it usually was in the months of November and December. Hotridutt ji, as was his nature, told others what Baba had said in Kainchi, and everyone who attended the marriage was amazed. After the marriage party was sent off, the weather reverted to normal and became extremely hot.



Changing the Wind

Kehar Singh ji had a large farm in Rudrapur, Nainital, and Jagdish Chandra Pande lived there as the manager. The sugarcane crop was ripe at Kehar Singh's farm and at his neighbor's. One day the neighbor's crop caught fire and could not be saved. Jagdish Pande was worried because only a small footpath separated the two farms. By some unknown inspiration, he picked up some soil, and remembering Maharaj, he threw it towards the neighbor's crop with the faith that it would somehow save their own crop from the devastating fire. The wind changed direction instantly, and Kehar Singh ji's crop was saved.



Go, Take Everything

The maize crop at Omkar Singh's big farm in Baharaich had just been harvested and was lying on the threshing floor. Suddenly the sky became overcast and it started drizzling. Omkar Singh became restless, for he had no means of saving that huge crop. If the rain continued, he knew that the whole crop, worth thousands of rupees, would be ruined. Whenever there were crucial moments in his life or things were beyond his control, he always remembered Baba. It had been his experience that wherever Baba might be, he would save him. So when it started raining heavily, he remembered Baba in his distress, however, when he did not see any change in the weather, he lost patience and became disheartened. Then he became angry and said, "Go, take everything." It immediately stopped raining around Singh's threshing floor but continued to rain heavily in the village.

A long time after this incident, Kehar Singh ji reminded Baba of this lila and said, "You saved Omkar Singh's crop from destruction." Like a child, Baba very humbly said, "What could I do? He had lost his self control and in anger he was shouting, 'Go take everything.'"



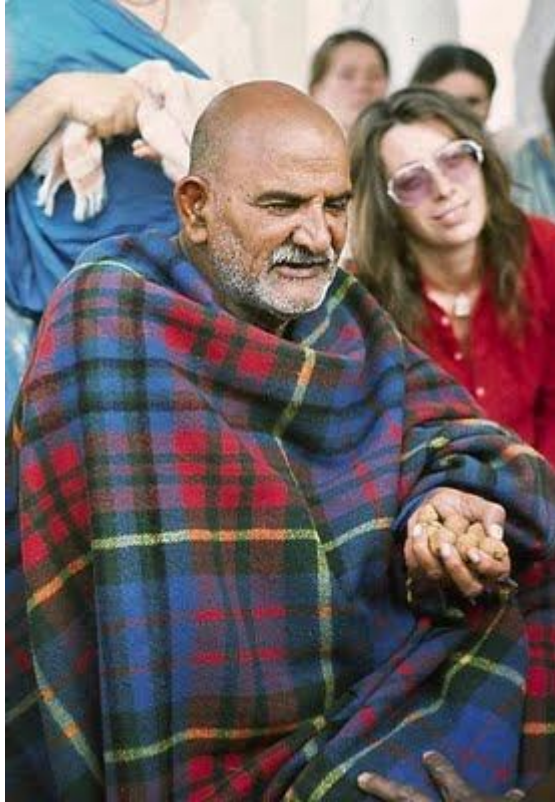
A Cool Breeze

One night in May 1958 Maharaj's devotee Kehar Singh ji was at his house in Lucknow trying to sleep. It was quite hot, and he restlessly turned from side to side. The electricity was down so the fan was useless, but suddenly the weather changed. A cold wind like the one that blows in the hills of Shimla and Musoorie started blowing, even though there were no clouds in the sky and no apparent reason for the change in weather. Kehar Singh ji slept soundly and woke refreshed the next day. After completing his daily chores, he made his way to the house of Mehrotra, where Baba had been staying for the last two days. As soon as he offered pranaam, Maharaj said, "You were not getting much sleep last night. You were tossing and turning all night." Kehar Singh ji replied, "Why, I did sleep. You caused a cool breeze." At this Baba burst into laughter. The secret of his divine power was revealed.



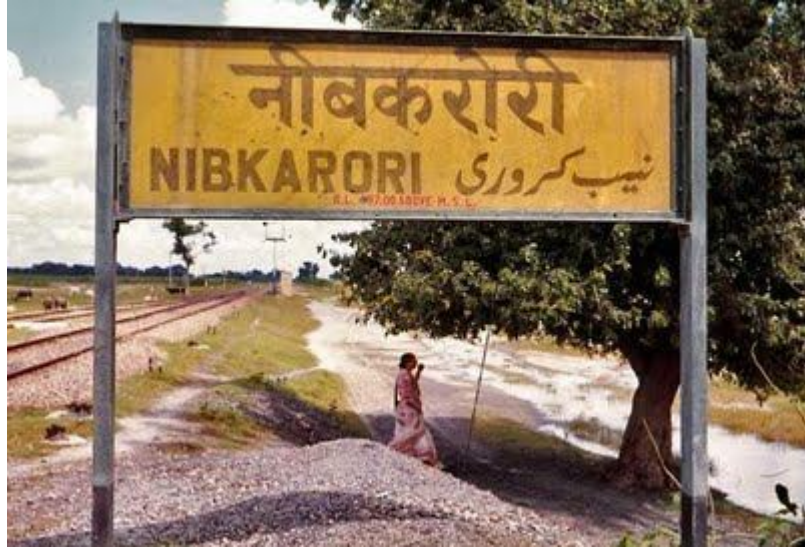
The Lighting of Aarti Wicks

On one occasion some women devotees came to Bhumiadhar to worship Baba but did not see him in the ashram. Baba was sitting on a roadside parapet a little distance from them. They waited for some time and then decided to go and worship him by the road. As they went towards him, Baba waved his hand, signaling them to wait. Gurudatt Sharma, who was with Baba, requested him to allow the women to do their puja. Baba gave his consent, and after the ritual worship they got ready to do aarti. As they were about to light the wicks of the lamps, they realized that they had forgotten to bring a box of matches. Baba teased them, took the ghee-soaked wicks from the plate in his hand, and saying "Ma, Ma," moved his hand around; all the wicks immediately lit up. The women then performed aarti to him and went away happy.



Feeding a Flame With Water

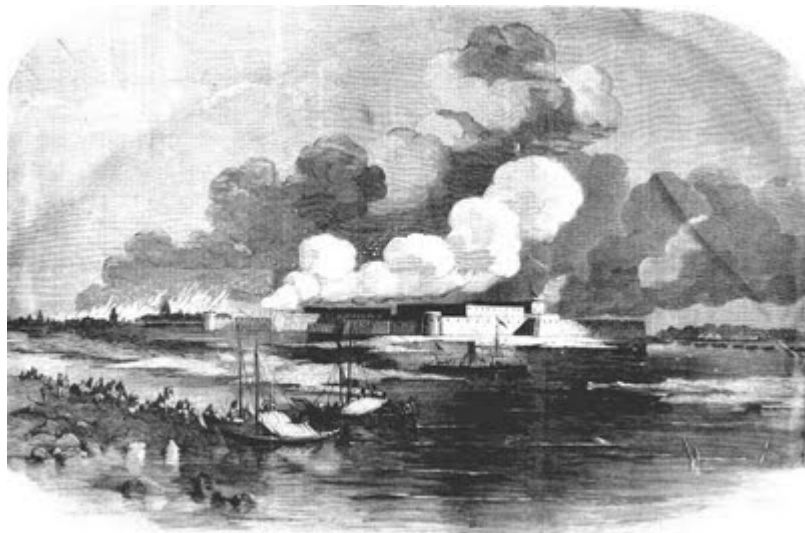
One day when Hanumanghar was under construction, Maharaj was sitting at the puja (place of worship) in Shivdutt Joshi's house at Kishanpur, Nainital. An earthen lamp was burning near Baba and a small bowl containing water and a spoon was before him. Many devotees were sitting by him talking about havan (a ritual during which offerings are thrown into fire). One devotee was describing how Adi Heriakhan Baba performed havan with water. Shivdutt's daughter Munni Devi said that while everybody was listening with rapt attention, Baba was using the small spoon to pour water onto the flame of the wick in the earthenware lamp. Whenever he poured on the water, the flame rose higher.



At Neeb Karori and Vrindavan

In 1920, when Maharaj was living in his old cave in the village of Neeb Karori, he did not mix freely with people. Nevertheless, one day some people from the village were going to Vrindavan, and they asked Baba to go with them. Baba had never been to Vrindavan before, but he sent them off with assurances that he would join them later.

Baba's devotee Gopal used to leave a plateful of food at the entrance to Baba's cave daily, as Baba had instructed him. After eating his meal Baba would leave the empty plate at the mouth of the cave since Gopal was never allowed to go inside. This day was no different from any other. Gopal left the plate of food and collected the empty plate as usual. When the villagers returned from Vrindavan, they told Gopal that Baba had been in Vrindavan with them and had made them have darshan of some temples there. All of them had enjoyed the journey. Gopal was surprised to hear their accounts and later told Baba everything that he had heard. Baba told Gopal that he should not believe what the people told him. He often concealed his powers in this way.



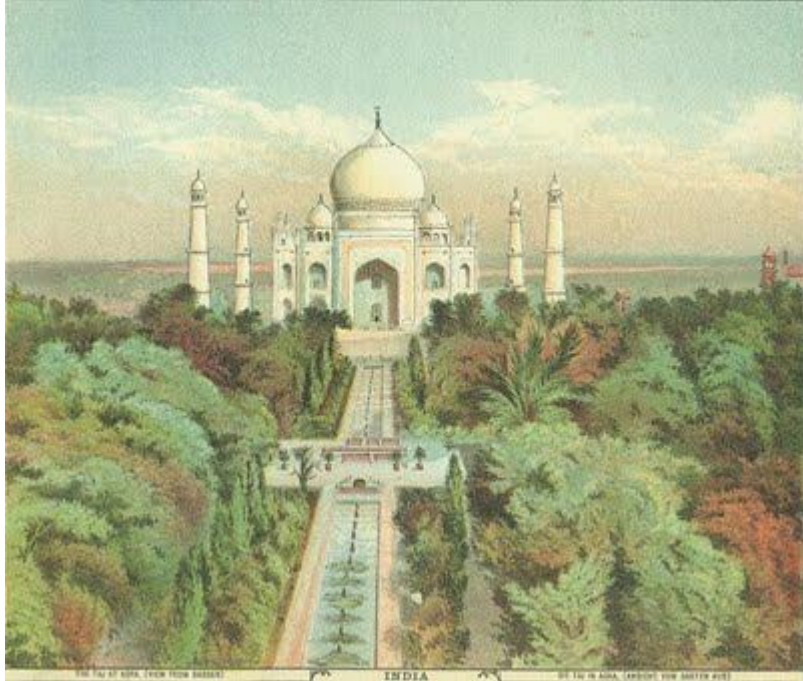
At Allahabad and Kanpur

S.K. Shukla was very eager for promotion. Maharaj blessed him, and he became deputy director of industries of the government of Uttar Pradesh. One day his friend Bhagwati Sevak Bajpai went to Allahabad to have Baba's darshan, and during the course of a conversation Baba expressed his annoyance with Shukla. After staying the night, Bajpai took leave of Baba and reached his house in Kanpur within a few hours. No sooner did he arrive home than he phoned Shukla to tell him about Baba's displeasure. Shukla, who had built a new house in Kanpur with a special room for Baba upstairs, asked him to come to his house at once. On Bajpai's arrival, Shukla said, "You were talking about last night. Well, Baba was here with me then." As proof he showed him Baba's footprints. The floor in front of Baba's room had been newly plastered the previous day. Baba had walked on the wet floor going into the room, so his footprints made a permanent impression there.



At Kanpur and Kathmandu

On one occasion Maharaj ji stayed with Devkamta Dixit ji for three days. On the fourth day they both went to the house of Hari Ram Joshi at Nazarbagg, Lucknow. Joshi was ill with a fever, but seeing Baba in his house, he got up from bed and bowed before him. Baba lay down in his bed and instantly the fever left him. With folded hands Joshi said to Baba, "I was thinking of you only yesterday. I heard the news broadcast from Kathmandu, announcing that the great saint of India, Baba Neeb Karori, had been in Kathmandu the day before and that the king of Nepal had had his darshan. After hearing that news, I expected that you would give me darshan when you returned." Looking towards Dixit ji, Baba smiled.



At Agra and Vrindavan

One night Baba woke up Habibulla, his driver in Vrindavan, and told him he wanted to go to Agra and then return to Vrindavan. He also said, "It is a five-minute job. We'll be back by dawn." They reached Agra in the middle of the night. Baba told Habibulla to park the car at Subzimandi and then to follow him. Habibulla had a stomach ache and did not want to go, so he told Baba that it was not a good idea to leave the car unguarded. He also asked Baba how long he would be away. Baba replied, "Half an hour." Habibulla then reminded Baba that when they were in Vrindavan, Baba had said he would take only five minutes. Baba said, "All right, you wait for me for fifteen minutes and if I don't turn up by then, go back to Vrindavan alone."

Habibulla's stomach ache got worse. He waited for Baba for about twenty-five minutes, but at last returned to Vrindavan alone with a heavy heart. After parking the car at the ashram, he went inside and saw Baba sitting on a takhat, talking to people. Habibulla had come straight from Agra, driving very fast, so he was naturally very surprised at the sight. He was still suffering from stomach cramps and was tired after the long journey, so he went straight to his room without going to Baba. Baba understood the reason for his annoyance and asked a man to fetch him. Habibulla asked the man, "When did Baba come back from Agra?" The man looked at him in surprise, "Where did Baba go? Ever since he came out of his room this morning, he has been sitting on his takhat and talking to people."



At Allahabad, Kanpur and Bareilly

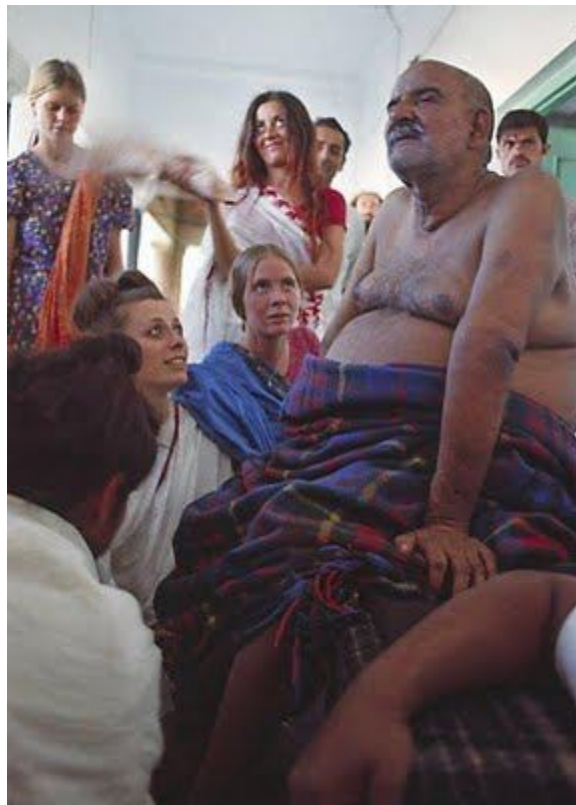
Maharaj got a Hanuman temple built at Panki in Kanpur through Devkamta Dixit ji. The murti was to be installed on 21 January 1964. A few days before this, Maharaj arrived in Allahabad. On the day of the consecration ceremony, I was astonished to see him at Church Lane at six in the morning. I could not understand why Baba did not think it appropriate to go to Panki on that special occasion, when a large crowd of devotees would be waiting for him. After giving prasad to the devotees, Baba went into his room at about six thirty.

Sri Ma and Sri Jivanti Ma were there when Baba asked Sudhir Mukerjee to lock the room from the outside and to tell every visitor that he had gone out. He lay very still on the takhat, and the Mothers found him in a state of samadhi. I sat in the outer room in the hope that Baba might come out of his room at any time, and Mukerjee was sending the visitors away as instructed. Just then Jagati Babu arrived and seeing me sitting there in the outer room, came and asked about Baba. I told him what was happening. At about eleven thirty Baba called from inside the room to unlock the door. When he came out, I had his darshan once again.

Two days later Baba was sitting with a group of devotees, including Jagati Babu and myself, when a car stopped unexpectedly outside. An engineer, one of Baba's devotees, arrived from Kanpur. We all welcomed him and Jagati Babu added, "How was the consecration ceremony held at Panki in Baba's absence?" The engineer was surprised at the question and exclaimed, "In the absence of Baba?" Then he said, "I received Baba on the consecration day at about six thirty in the morning and remained with him until approximately eleven thirty. The consecration ceremony was celebrated with joy and a bhandara was held. The occasion was marvelous." Jagati Babu did not agree with what the engineer said, for he knew very well that Baba had been locked in a room at Church Lane at that time. After some argument both of them decided to take the matter to Baba. When Jagati Babu raised the question, Baba said that the engineer was a liar. The engineer was taken aback to hear Baba say so. As he tried to remonstrate, Baba raised his finger to his lips, signaling him to keep quiet. This was clear proof of Baba's presence in Allahabad and Kanpur at the same time. Further enquiry into this matter revealed that other people had also had Baba's darshan in Kanpur.

That same morning Dr. A.D. Bhandari's wife was strolling in her garden in Bareilly when she saw Baba coming towards their house. He was traveling alone in a rickshaw. She immediately went inside to arrange a room for him, but when she came out to receive him, she did not see Baba or the rickshaw. She felt unhappy at Baba's coming up to the house and then leaving. When the doctor arrived home, she told him what had happened. He enquired about Baba at various places but without any success. A few days after this incident Mrs. Bhandari met Sri Ma and told her what had happened on that day, 21 January 1964. She could not believe her ears when Sri Ma told her that Baba was present in Allahabad on that day.

-Rajida



I Am There

Ram Ratan Verma practiced law in Mainpuri and was a devotee of Maharaj. Baba showered his affection on Verma's whole family. When Verma died in 1956, his only child Shanta was devastated, and Baba went to her house to console her. She wept bitterly before saying, "I don't have a brother, and now no one is left in my parents' house." Baba, the ocean of kindness, could not bear to see anyone in tears. He emphasized at once, "You have me."

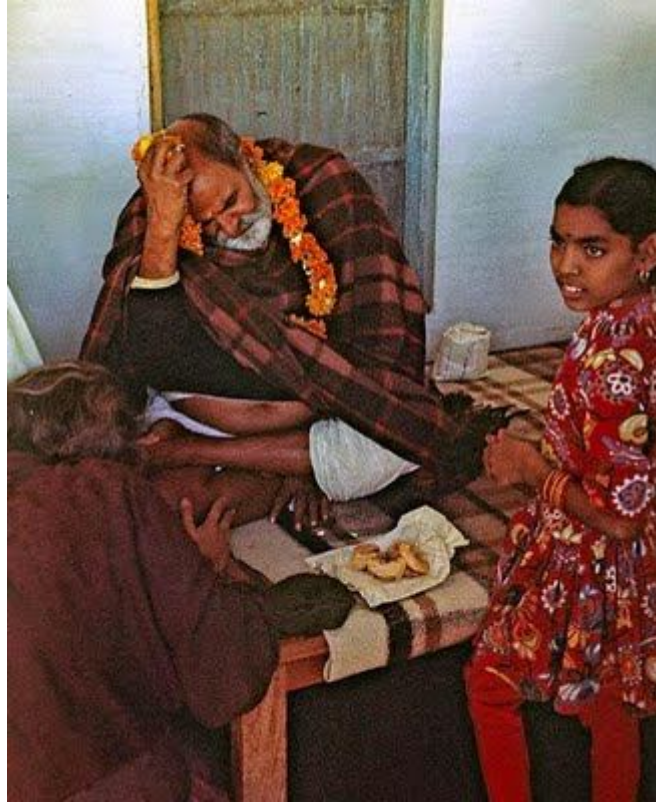
From then on Baba became her brother and maintained that relationship until the time of his Mahasamadhi. During that period of seventeen years, Baba went to Shanta's house every year on Rakshabandhan, the festival for brothers and sisters. As part of the tradition, the sister ties a rakhi (sacred thread) around the wrist of her brother. Maharaj got Shanta to tie the rakhi, and he gave her money, which is also part of the tradition. Once, when she was in Meerut on

Rakshabandhan, Baba even went there to get the rakhi tied. Devotees remember celebrating Rakshabandhan in Kainchi with Baba for eleven of those seventeen years, so Baba was in Kainchi as well as with Shanta on those auspicious days.



Who Did You Call?

Shakuntala Sah of Nainital once went to Mirzapur with Maharaj for the darshan of Vindhyavasini Devi. After a few years passed, she took her father to have Vindhyavasini Devi's darshan. While taking a bath in the Ganges, her father desired to have a swim. In his youth he had been a good swimmer, but he had become old. She forbade him and pleaded with him, but he could not resist his desire to swim. He went under water. With great effort, he resurfaced, and Shakuntala was stunned to see his desperate look. He went under again right before her eyes. In her helplessness she remembered Baba and cried out, "Maharaj, Maharaj." In the meantime a man standing nearby jumped in the water with his clothes on and dragged her father out of the water. After some treatment, her father recovered. They wanted to give something to the man to thank him, but he had disappeared and even after enquiries, could not be found. Shakuntala returned to Nainital and told Baba the whole story. Then she said, "Who was that man?" Baba said indifferently, "Keep quiet. Your work is done. Who did you call at that moment?"



Perceptible and Imperceptible Forms

Whenever Baba came to Prayag, his devotee Kanhaiyalal Srivastava would inform all the devotees that Maharaj had arrived. Baba scolded him for this, but he was not able to resist the impulse to share Baba's darshan. Once, when Baba was staying at Church Lane, Kanhaiyalal ji took three dignified men to have darshan. Before they arrived, Baba left for the Allahabad train station with Sudhir Mukerjee. On hearing the news, Kanhaiyalal ji also went to the station, and leaving the three men at a particular place on the platform, he went to look for Baba. He saw Baba and Mukerjee Dada sitting on one end of the platform. He went to them and humbly asked Baba to give the three men darshan. Baba did not grant the request. Because Kanhaiyalal ji glorified Baba, it inspired people to want to meet him and sometimes to test him. Baba never like people to praise him, and he was always indifferent to those who wanted to test him.

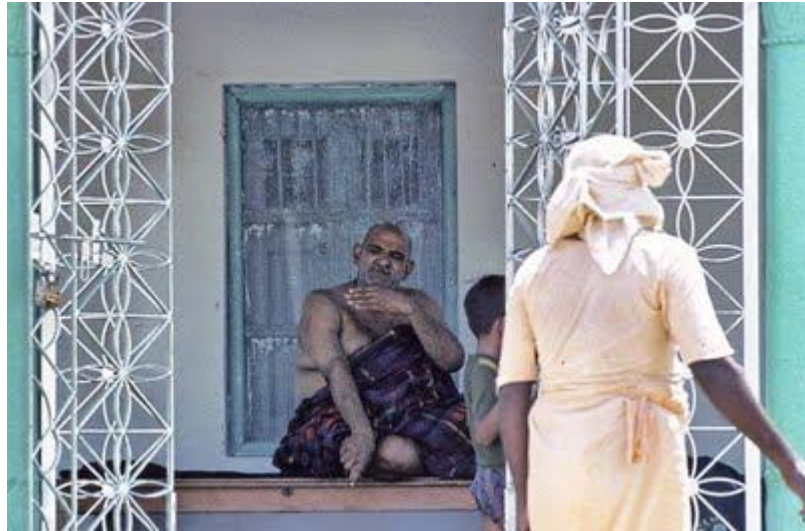
Kanhaiyalal went back disappointed and stood quietly by his companions. He thought that Baba would have to return that way and that they would have his darshan as he passed by. After some time Baba got up and wandered around the platform, holding Mukerjee Dada's hand. There were not many people around since no train was due, but Maharaj passed by those four people twice without them seeing him. Mukerjee Dada could see those people looking towards them and could not understand why they did not take advantage of the opportunity to meet Baba. He did not understand that in being with Baba, he was also invisible to those people.



A Car Made Invisible

A car was waiting at the entrance to Kainchi ashram to pick up Baba and Mukerjee Dada, and many devotees from the ashram were standing on the roadside, waiting to see them off. At a bend on the road, Ambadatt Pande, Secretary to the Central Government, was standing with his family. They had anticipated that Baba's car would leave before they arrived at the ashram, and knowing that Baba's car would have to go to via Bhowali, they decided to stop on the road and wait for Baba's car to pass with the intention of having his darshan. Before getting into the car, Dada drew Baba's attention to the fact that the family had not arrived and would therefore be stopping at that particular bend. Baba said, "They won't have darshan now." At this, Dada said that they would stand in front of the car to stop it. Baba said to him, "You sit in the backseat bending low so that your face cannot be seen from the outside." Dada obeyed him and the car set off.

High up on a bend the family watched the car approach. After passing the bend, Baba told Dada to sit comfortably. No one saw the car pass. The members of the family were puzzled about where the car had gone. It had disappeared. The devotees standing at the temple entrance down in the valley lost sight of the car as it went toward the bend. When the Pande family arrived at the temple gate and talked to the devotees still standing around it, they were all astounded. Not only Baba, but the entire car had become invisible to them all.

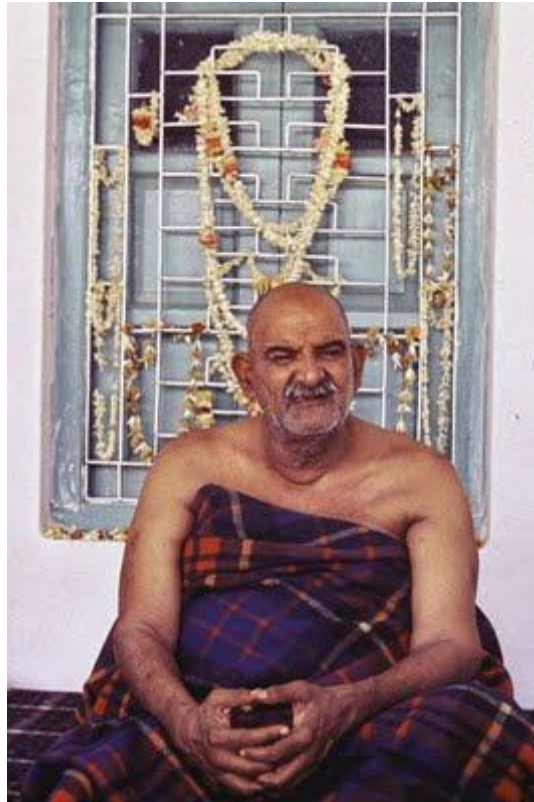


Present Though Absent

One day on my way to the office, I saw Maharaj sitting on the veranda of Sudhir Mukerjee's house. I wanted to meet him, but I was getting late for work. I thought and believed that Baba would not keep me there at the time and would allow me to carry on to the office. It did not happen. Baba kept me with him until 1 p.m. I became carefree and thought that I would apply for a day off that day. While I was thinking that, Baba said loudly, "Go to your work. You are sitting here doing nothing." I bowed before him and thought that I had better go back home since the time had passed for going to the office. Then I remembered that Baba had told me to go to the office, not home. I was in a state of indecision but decided to go to the office.

On reaching the office, I wrote out an application for leave and went to give it to the person concerned. He glanced at the daily report and asked, "Which day do you want to be on leave? You are present today." I also checked the attendance register and was surprised and puzzled to see my signature there. I said nothing and returned to my desk. I was not able to understand how it happened and who did it. I did not think of Baba then. I was also surprised to see that my colleagues who sat near me did not ask me why I was arriving so late.

That same evening when I went to meet Baba, the idea that it was all his lila flashed in my mind. I realized that his divine play had been to make up my absence by being present in my office in tangible form. I was very moved by this.



Bullets Absorbed By His Blanket

In January 1966 preparations were being made for the Kumbha Mela at Prayag, Allahabad. Maharaj got a camp pitched on the bank of the Ganges, towards Jhusi, so that his devotees could stay there and bhandara could be held every day. Baba would spend the day at the mela grounds and then return to Church Lane, where visitors would be waiting for him every evening.

One day a high government official and some other important people arrived at Church Lane by car. They waited for Baba until 8:30 p.m., and then becoming disappointed, they thought of going back. When the official asked me how much longer they should wait, I told them that there was no fixed time for Baba's return. I suggested they stay for another half an hour. They agreed to stay until 9 p.m., and in the meantime I asked them when they first had Baba's darshan. In reply, the official told me he first had Baba's darshan at the invitation of the civil surgeon of Jhansi, who was one of Baba's devotees. He then related one of the experiences the civil surgeon shared with him.

During the Second World War, Baba arrived at the civil surgeon's house one day. The surgeon welcomed Baba and later that night, made a bed for him on a takhat. He thought he himself would sleep on the floor so that he would be able to attend to Baba should he need anything. Both of them went to sleep at 11 p.m., and at about 1 a.m., the sound of someone restlessly tossing and turning woke the surgeon. He switched on the light and saw that it was Baba. When he asked Baba why he was so restless, Baba gave him his blanket and said, "You go and throw it in the water." The surgeon asked Baba if the task could wait until morning, but Baba insisted that he go straightaway.

It was a dark night, and there was no road to get to the lake by car. He woke up servants and after completing the task, arrived back before dawn. When the civil surgeon asked him the reason for throwing his blanket in the lake, Baba said, "Your son [an army officer] was not able to face the German attack. A stampede was caused among his troops and he also ran away, but the German soldiers followed him. He jumped off the top of a ridge and got stuck in a marsh. The soldiers fired on him from above, and taking him to be dead, they left. All those bullets got stuck in my blanket and their heat made me uneasy. When you threw the blanket in the lake, I was relieved of my discomfort."

The blanket was new, and there were no holes to be seen in it. The surgeon could not really comprehend what Baba had said, but he was more at ease knowing that his son was safe. Baba went away the next day. Many days after this incident the surgeon's wife received a letter from their son. In it, he told them all the same details but expressed his surprise at some unknown power that had saved him from a rain of bullets. There was no possibility of his being saved otherwise. After reading their son's letter, the civil surgeon realized Baba's great blessing.

By the time the official had finished telling the story, it was 9 p.m. Just then Baba returned.

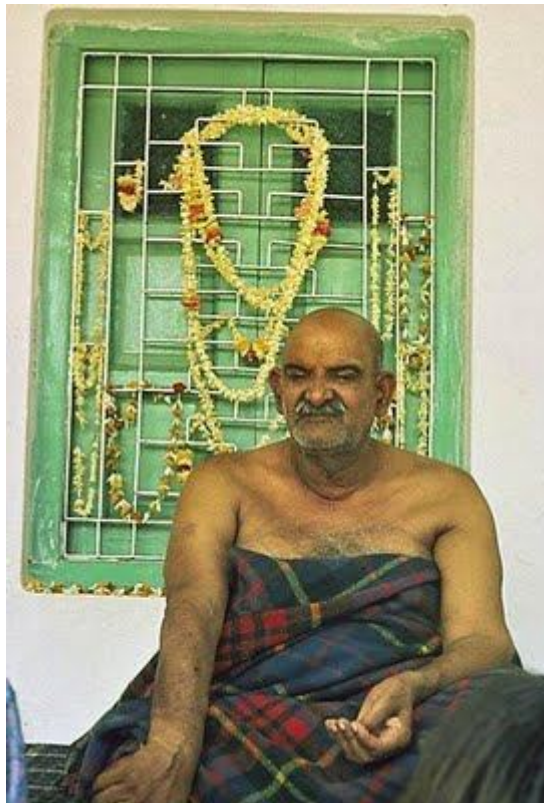
-Rajida



In the Guise of a Thin Sadhu

Shrimati Vidya Sah used to come to Kainchi from Nainital to visit Maharaj. One day while she was sitting near him, she thought that Baba often visited the houses of his devotees in Nainital. She wished that he would come to her house, but she hesitated to ask him. Her house was in the main market, and one had to climb a narrow staircase to reach it. Seeing Baba's physique, she thought that he would not be able to climb up those steps. Baba said, "I will come to your house. Get havan [fire sacrifice] performed." She got the havan performed by the priest in the temple, and the day the final oblation was offered to the god of fire, she returned home after taking prasada. A sadhu followed her the whole way. This slightly disturbed her, yet she did not say anything to him. When she reached home, she went in through a back door, passing through the house of a Punjabi family. The sadhu followed her, but the Punjabi family scolded him and sent him away. She did not understand why he had followed her.

Many months after this incident, while she was again sitting by Baba, she remembered that Baba had told her that he would visit her house one day. She had had the havan performed as he requested, but he had not made the promised visit. Baba spoke at once, "I did follow you to your house until the Punjabi family scolded me and sent me away." Seeing no similarity between Baba and that weak, thin sadhu, she was surprised at Baba's words but did not disbelieve them. She felt full of remorse that she did not welcome him because of her ignorance.



In the Guise of a Priest

On Ekadashi Gurupriya Mai was going from her house in Nainital to the temple to have darshan and saw the priest of Pashan Devi temple on her way. All of a sudden an idea flashed

in her mind that she should give him food that was to be given to a brahmin on Ekadashi. She took him home, and since the priest did not accept uncooked food and wanted to have a cooked meal, she gave him a proper seat, brought a plateful of food from the kitchen, and asked him to eat. While eating, the priest saw a photograph of Maharaj hanging on the wall in front of him. He said, "Who is that hypocrite in that photo?" Gurupriya felt hurt by his words and became annoyed inside. She had thought of giving ten rupees to the priest, but because he had hurt her feelings, she changed her mind. She decided to give him only one rupee. She had two notes in her box, a ten-rupee note and a one-rupee note. When the priest had eaten his meal, she sent him off with one rupee.

She then went to Leela Mai's house, where Baba was staying. Baba had been sitting all by himself in his room while his meal was being cooked. Gurupriya arrived as the food was being served to him. Baba ate a little and left the remaining food on his plate. In spite of Leela Mai's earnest request for him to have some more, Baba refused saying, "Gurupriya has made me eat already today and I have cheated her of ten rupees." Gurupriya could not understand what Baba meant. She had offered food to the priest not Baba, and she had given him a one-rupee note not ten rupees." Baba immediately took out the new ten-rupee note and showed it to her. Gurupriya could not believe it. When she returned to her house, she opened the box and found a one-rupee note, not the ten-rupee note, inside. Who was that priest that called Baba a hypocrite?

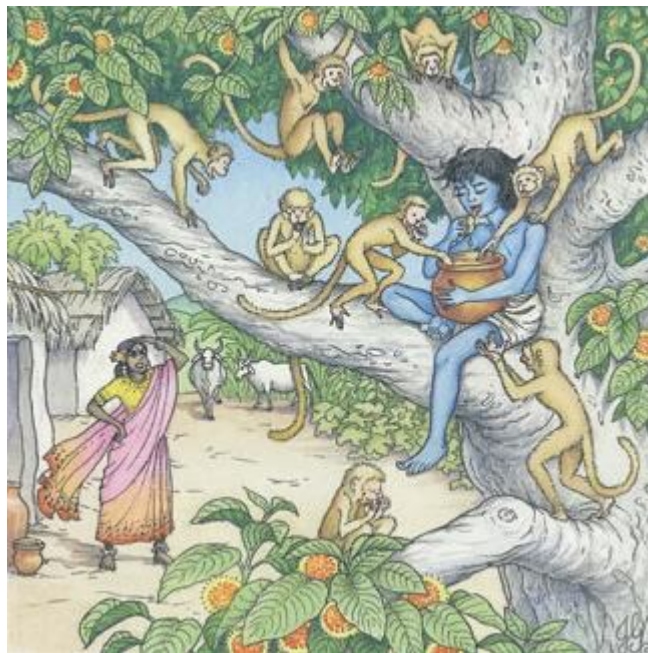


As a Beggar

Although Baba accepted invitations from his devotees to marriages and other such functions, he never attended them in the usual manner. The devotees believed that one of the advantages

of extending an invitation to Baba was that the work was accomplished without any hindrances.

Once, a devotee invited Maharaj to attend his son's marriage and made Baba promise to come. The devotee made special arrangements to welcome Baba and telling everyone that Baba was coming, waited for him on that day. When Baba did not come, he became sad at heart. In the hustle and bustle of the marriage, a thin beggar in clothes all tattered and torn came and attended the function. Seeing him, the devotee got angry. He scolded the beggar and leading him by the hand, turned him out. After the marriage he went to meet Baba and complained to him because he had not attended the marriage ceremony. Baba smiled and said, "I did come. Holding me by the hand you turned me out." Realizing that it was Baba in the guise of a beggar, the devotee was very surprised and his heart filled with regret.

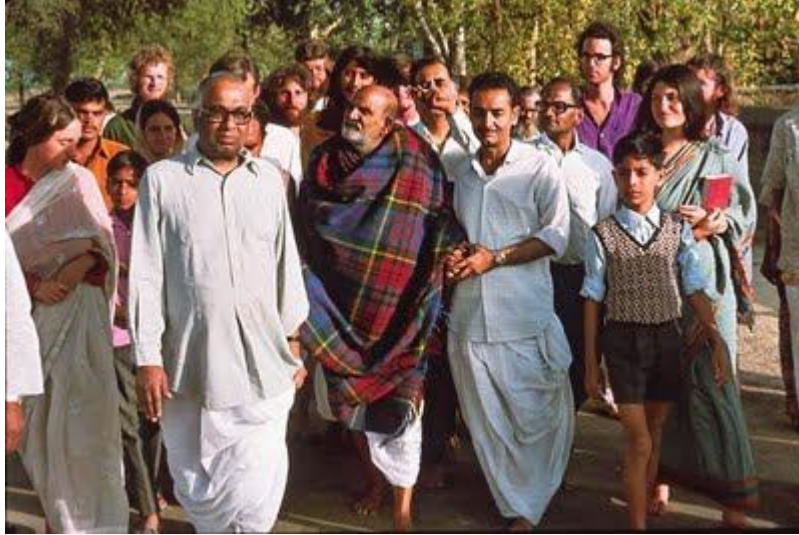


In the Form of the Child Krishna

It was the festival of Guru Purnima, and Baba was away in Vrindavan. We received information that Gopal Swarup Pathak, Vice President of India, was coming to Kainchi to have darshan of the temples. At the appointed time I waited at the ashram gate to receive the vice president, and Haji, the Muslim sentry, was there on duty. Haji was a constable from the police department who also lived at the ashram and had his meals there. We both stood silently for some time. Then suddenly Haji said to me, "Pandit ji, God does not reside in these temples. He is in Baba and we are only his servants." I praised him in my heart for his firm faith in Baba and went on listening to him quietly. He said, "When I saw Baba on Guru Purnima last year, I was startled. The huge physique of Baba appeared to me like the child Krishna. Rubbing my eyes, I looked at him again and again, and every time his child form was before me. A devotee standing by me was also looking at Baba without blinking. I shook him and asked him what he saw. Without looking at me, he gave a short reply, 'The same—whatever you are seeing.' Again I asked, 'The child Krishna?'" Gesturing with his head, he

nodded in agreement." The memory of seeing the child Krishna stayed with Haji. His enthusiasm while narrating the experience was remarkable.

-Rajida



As a Stranger

Devkamta Dixit ji asked Baba about his uncle's idea of holding a bhandara at Chitrakut. Baba gave his consent for the auspicious work and asked him to go with his family. Dixit ji asked Baba to grace the occasion with his presence. Baba agreed and said, "At the end of the bhandara, three saints will come. Receive them well." They did not fix the date of the bhandara at that time because Baba had asked Dixit ji to go with the family, whose schedules needed to be consulted. Keeping in mind the children's school holidays, they decided to hold the function during Navaratra (the nine days and nights dedicated to the worship of Goddess Durga). Dixit ji could not inform Baba of the date since Baba's whereabouts were unknown, so he left his brother Dr. Dixit at home, thinking that if Baba arrived there, he could then escort him to Chitrakut.

Upon his arrival in Chitrakut, Dixit ji met an unknown sadhu who helped him make arrangements for the bhandara, gave good suggestions, and provided all sorts of facilities. After Vijayadashmi, Baba arrived in Kanpur on Ekadashi day and asked Dr. Dixit, "Has the bhandara been done?" Dr. Dixit could not give any definite reply, and Baba himself said, "It is not done yet. It will be held tomorrow." The bhandara was held on Dwadashi, the twelfth day. Baba arrived in time with Dr. Dixit and left after having prasad. The bhandara lasted until evening. Thousands of holy men had prasad. At about 5 p.m. the three saints Baba mentioned arrived. They were well received and fed. Each of them had as much prasad as would satisfy many people.

When the feast ended, Dixit ji's uncle remembered the services and help of the unknown

sadhu and wanted to give him a pullover to protect him against the coming winter. Devkamta immediately bought a woolen pullover for him, but when he went to give it to the sadhu, he had disappeared.



In the Form of Destiny

On a dark evening in Bhumiadhar, 9 November 1962, Brahmachari Baba was warming himself by a fire, outside the temple on the roadside. Maharaj was sitting alone in meditation in his kuti. A thin, weak man with long, matted hair, wearing shabby and tattered clothes, came and sat quietly near Brahmachari ji. His hands and feet were both twisted. Brahmachari was looking at him, taking in every detail, when Maharaj came running out shouting, "You have come, you have come," and sat with them by the fire. Since Brahmachari ji was in Baba's service, he got up and stood beside him.

Baba asked the visitor, "Where have you come from and where are you going?" He replied, "I have come from Pilibhit and am going to Meerut." Brahmachari ji wondered to himself why he had come to Bhumiadhar instead of going directly from Pilibhit to Meerut. Just then Baba asked, "What is the purpose?" He said, "Lal Bahadur Shastri is to be made the prime minister." Hearing this, Brahmachari was surprised, for there was no question of making Shastri prime minister in the lifetime of Jawahar Lal Nehru.

Baba then enquired about his devotees one by one. The first question Baba asked was about Brahmachari ji, who was standing by him. The man said, "Brahmachari is the guru of sadhus." After many questions like that one, Baba asked about Tularam Sah saying, "He is lying sick in Ramsay Hospital, what about him?" With a heavy heart he said, "It is not good that you save everyone. He will certainly die on the seventh day from today." Baba at once got up and returned to his kuti. The stranger also went on his way and disappeared at once. On the seventh day after this incident, 16 November 1962, Tularam passed away. The sadhu did not mention a timeframe for Shastri ji, but he became prime minister after a year and a half.



A Glimpse of Ram Durbar

Baba was sitting at Hanumangarh, absorbed in the recitation of the Ramayana. Many women devotees were also sitting there with their eyes closed, engrossed in the melodious recitation. A five-year-old girl was sitting in front of Baba, looking at him without blinking, while the chapter called Uttarkand was being read. She clearly saw the details of Ram's coronation playing like a film on Baba's chest. At the part of the story where it says, "First of all, the saint Vashistha marked Ram's forehead with vermilion and then permitted all the Brahmins to do so," Ram's image was obscured by the arrival of the saint Vashistha and all the other Brahmins who stood up to bless Ram. The girl cried out in anguish. Everyone looked at her. Baba at once picked her up, put her on his lap, and soothed her. Later, while the women were going home, they asked her why she had cried out so loudly. She did not understand the singing but told them in detail what she had seen on Baba's chest. She told them she had cried because a sadhu with a long beard and jata (matted hair) and some others had stood in front of Ram, so she was not longer able to see his beautiful face.



In the Form of Hanuman

One day in Kainchi ashram, Baba asked Shiv Narayan Tiwari of Unnao to read from the Ramayana. Tiwari ji asked, "Baba, from where shall I start?" Baba gave a spontaneous reply, "Read from where I said to Vibhashana...." With these words, he revealed his reality. As soon as Tiwari ji began reading from the line, "Vibhashana, listen to the ways of Lord Ram, he always loves those who serve him," Baba was overwhelmed with emotion. Unable to restrain himself, Baba got up and taking Sudhir Mukerjee's hand, left the place.

Baba's hand became so heavy that Mukerjee could not bear the weight. He was afraid that he would lose his balance and fall. Arriving at the entrance to the Shiva temple, Baba rested his hands on the ground and bent down on his knees and toes, but he did not let go of Mukerjee's hand. The pressure was so intense that it began to stop the circulation. Gradually Baba's appearance changed—his face became red and his body was covered by light brown hair. Mukerjee Dada was very frightened. Freeing his hand from Baba, he ran towards the forest and lay there unconscious for a few hours. Baba had attained the form of Hanuman, and he also disappeared from Kainchi. A thorough search was made for Baba, but he could not be found. When Mukerjee came back to the ashram, people asked questions to which he had no answers. Meanwhile, Baba appeared on a roadside parapet outside the ashram in his usual form, and people had his darshan there.



In the Form of Lord Ram

Devi Dutt Joshi used to go to Hanumangarh to visit Baba. One morning as he met Baba coming down the stairs, he looked up startled. He saw Lord Ram with a bow and arrow instead of Baba. The scene changed in a moment, and he saw Baba again, smiling at him. This incident made a big impression on him, and he cried out, "I now know the reality. You are Ram. I will disclose this secret to everyone." Baba put his finger to his lips, indicating that he should keep quiet, but he did not pay any attention to Baba and continued shouting.

This incident completely changed his life. He became very detached from the world and acquired a joyous radiance. He spent his days singing devotional songs to Baba and remained blissful up to the last moments of his life.



In the Form of Mother

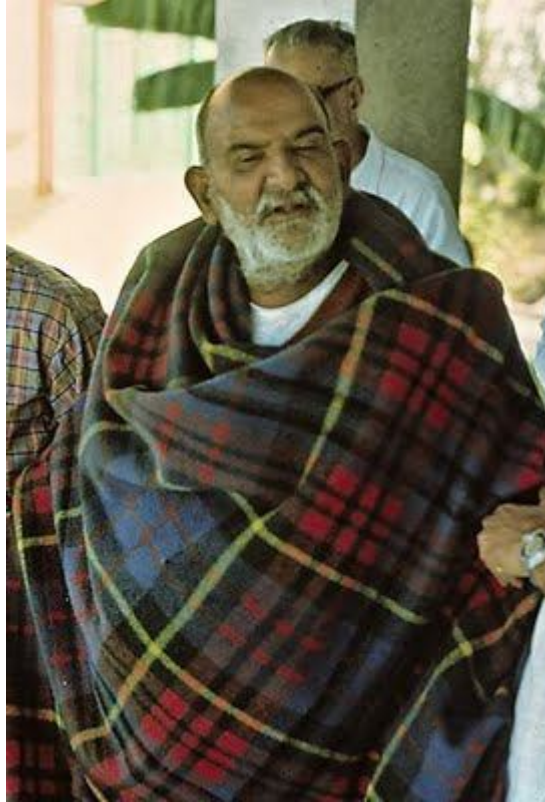
The Gayatri Yagna was being performed for one month at Kainchi ashram. At the time the puja was to be completed, I saw Manohar Pant kneeling at the feet of Maharaj in the upper room of Vishnu kuti, crying with emotion, "Ma, Ma." I could not understand why he was calling Maharaj, Ma. Going nearer, I saw tears flowing from Pant's eyes. Maharaj was standing like a statue, wearing a blanket, and also shedding tears. This lasted for about ten minutes. After this, Pant became unconscious for a few moments and fell onto Baba's feet. He later told me that Baba gave him darshan of Divine Mother.

-Rajida



In the Guise of Two Bulls

Baba ordered a small murti of Hanuman ji to be installed before starting construction work at Hanumangarh, but all efforts to install the murti on the unstable Manora hill proved unsuccessful. One night Pooran Chandra Joshi and some others were there until late. Everyone was afraid, for it was said that ghosts haunted the hill. Suddenly two bulls appeared out of the darkness. Seen in the dim lantern light, one was black and the other was white. They came up to the murti of Hanuman ji and bowed before it. Everyone was filled with fear, but within moments the bulls disappeared. After that, the installation of the murti became easy. The next day when Baba arrived, the devotees told him about the experience of the previous night. Baba simply said, "You should have performed their aarti. They were siddhas [elevated souls] who had come to have darshan."



A Change of Dress

I once went with Maharaj to his village of Akbarpur. When we entered the village, I found that Baba's mode of dress had altogether changed while we were walking. He was wearing a dhoti, kurta (loose-fitting shirt), turban, and shoes. The sight startled me. After meeting people, Baba decided to leave. As we came out of the village, his clothes turned into a dhoti and blanket, as before. Baba never openly showed a marvel, so I took this incident as a sign of his special blessing on me. Keeping his views on publicity in mind, I concealed this experience from people.

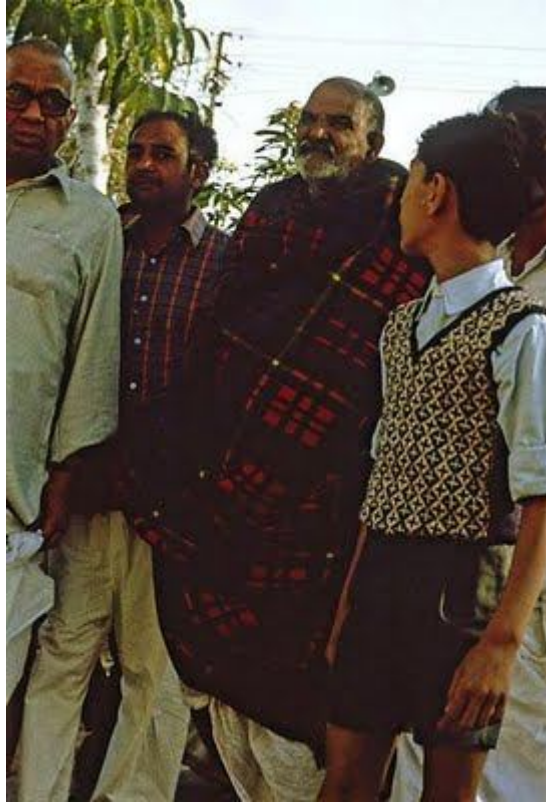
-Jeevan Chandra, Haldwani



A Treat For the Dogs

During the time that Hanumanghar was under construction, the owner of Bijnor Sugar Mills, Seth Kundan Lal, came with Trilokinath Brijbal of Mathura for Baba's darshan. Baba was in deep meditation, and the devotees around him were singing devotional songs. When Baba started talking to the visitors, Seth Kundan Lal invited him to his house for a meal. When Baba accepted his invitation, Kundan Lal asked Baba what he would like to eat. Baba said, "Missi roti [bread made from wheat and chick pea flour] and dal [lentil soup]." Kundan Lal did not like Baba's choice, so he said, "I will get malpua [sweet fried bread] and kheer [rice pudding] prepared. Please come tomorrow." Baba said, "Okay. Get malpua and kheer prepared. Dogs will be fed. Now go, it is late."

The next day Kundan Lal got malpua and kheer made in large quantities and invited many people for the occasion. It was raining heavily, and the car that he sent to collect Baba broke down on the way. When it finally arrived, Baba could not be found. All the people in Kundan Lal's house were waiting for Baba. Meanwhile two dogs got into the kitchen and proceeded to eat the malpua and kheer.



Protection From Accidents

One day I was very busy at work. By the time I got home, it was about 8 p.m. I took off my shoes and immediately lay down on my bed. I was too tired even to eat. Then my servant came to me and told me that Baba had arrived. I left my bed, welcomed him, and became busy attending to him. After dinner, at about 10 p.m., I gave Baba a takhat to sleep on, and I myself slept near him on the floor. About half an hour passed when he woke me up after having hardly taken a nap. He asked me to get the car out of the garage. My body and mind were so lax from tiredness that they were hardly under my control. In a state of drowsiness, I asked him, "Where do you want to go?" He expressed his desire to go to Kainchi. I suggested that we go in the morning, but Baba did not agree.

With great difficulty I got the car out of the garage. I could not rely on myself at that time, and there was every possibility of having an accident. I drove barefoot because I never sat with Baba with my shoes on. On the way the drowsier I felt, the more cautiously I drove. In this way the car passed Haldwani and the hill journey began. I lost all courage, and we had several close calls on the bends. When we reached Bhumiadhar, I wanted to ask Baba to take some rest for a few hours, but I could not utter a single word. After passing Bhumiadhar, sleep and tiredness made me helpless. I rested my head on the steering wheel and slept soundly. Kainchi is about twelve kilometers from Bhumiadhar, on a difficult road through the hills, with many turns and culverts on the way. I was not aware of passing through Bhowali. At the entrance to Kainchi temple, Baba woke me up with a violent jerk and said, "You are sleeping." I woke up and raised my head from the steering wheel. Being frightened, I suddenly applied the brakes. I was stunned to see the gate of the ashram. In fact Baba had

been driving the car all through the journey, for it was not at all possible for me to drive under those circumstances.

-Yogendra Prakash Goel, Bareilly



A Train Stopped For a Devotee

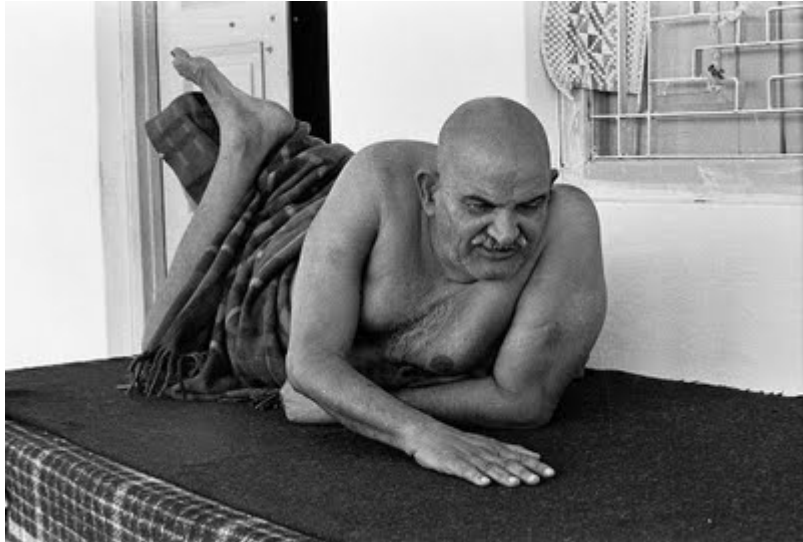
My uncle was traveling from Kathgodam to Lucknow by train and Baba was seated in the compartment next to his. At the Bhojipura station, my uncle went to Baba to talk to him. When the train was scheduled to depart, the engine hooted several times and the guard showed the green light, but the train did not move. My uncle told Baba about it and asked him the reason for the delay. Baba said, "I have asked a devotee to meet me here. He is coming, running." About five minutes later a man arrived looking for Baba. He touched Baba's feet, and Baba whispered something to him, blessed him, and sent him away. Then the train moved on.

-Rajida



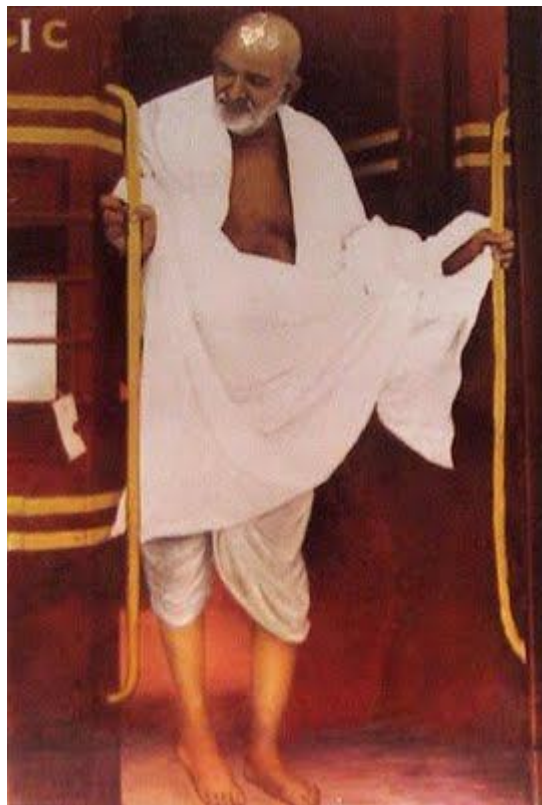
The Protection of a Devotee

A bus driver from Nainital named Nar Singh came to Kainchi to meet Baba and remained with him for the day. It was past eleven at night when Baba permitted him to leave. He did not like the idea of walking the nineteen kilometers back to Nainital along the road, so he decided to take the route through the forest, which was only eight kilometers. He was afraid of going through the forest alone on a dark night, but he left anyway, taking long brisk steps. After some distance he saw a black dog following him. He was frightened, thinking that the dog might come from behind and bite him. Nonetheless, he continued going forward, every now and then glancing at the dog. He had forgotten all about his fears of going through the forest, and his attention was concentrated on the dog. The dog maintained a certain distance from him but followed him all the way. Reaching Nainital, he turned to see the dog again, but it had disappeared. The next day when he arrived in Kainchi for darshan, Baba said without any prompting, "That was a dog. You were unnecessarily scared. Bhairav [an aspect of Shiva] rides a dog. He had come to protect you."



Control Over Motor Cars

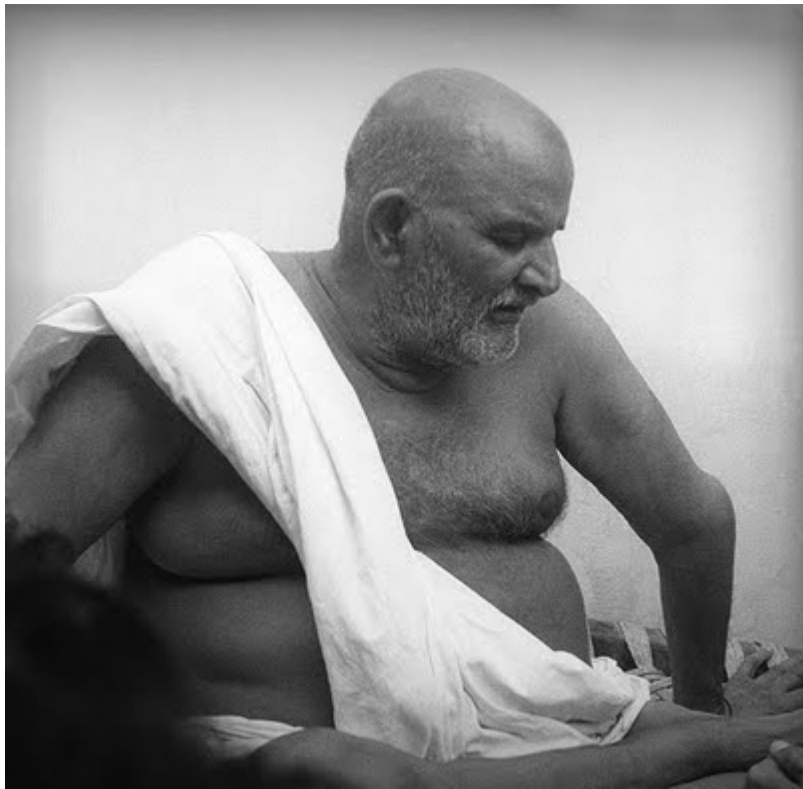
Maharaj generally did not sit in the backseat of a car or jeep. He always took the front seat by the driver and saved the car from accidents, kept the engine going, and when necessary, made up for any shortage of petrol. Habibulla Khan, Baba's driver, said that Baba always liked to be driven at high speed—90 to 100 kilometers per hour or more. He took Baba all around the country, but he never had any accidents, flat tires, or mechanical problems, nor was he ever stranded by running out of petrol.



Baba's Control of the Movement of Trains

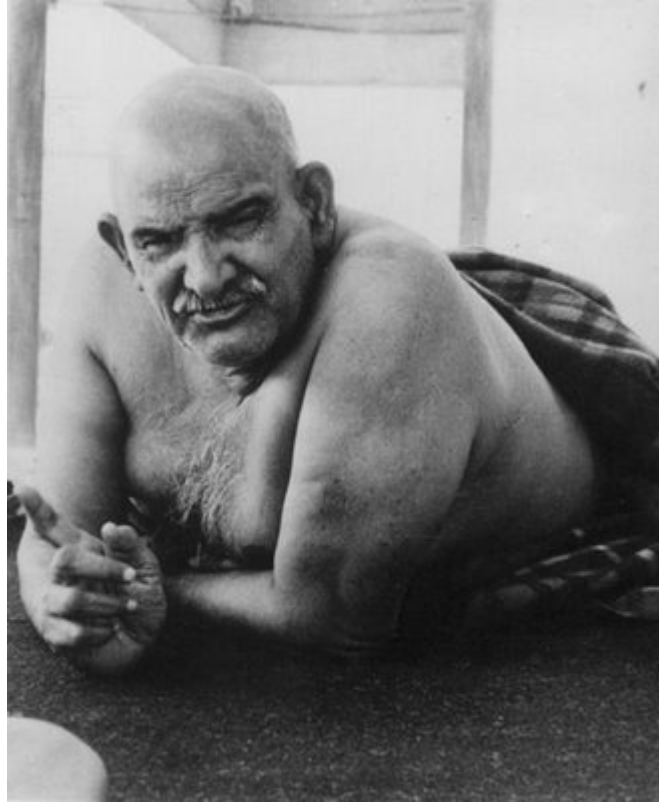
When in Neeb Karori, Baba often arrived at the train station after the scheduled time of departure, yet the train never left until he boarded. At times Baba would intentionally delay going to the station, causing anxiety to the people accompanying him. Nevertheless, on arrival, they would find that the train was running behind schedule.

Devotees also noticed that Baba's compartment would stop just next to where he stood on the platform and that there was always room for him. The experienced porters would suggest better places for him to stand and wait for the train, but Baba never paid any attention to their suggestions.



Driving On Water

Baba wanted to go from Vrindaban to Delhi. It had been raining continuously for many days, and Ramanand, the driver, said, "I was taking Baba by jeep. In one particular place on Mathura Road, so much water had accumulated that it had formed a river. The vehicles coming from Delhi were turning back as well, but he did not listen to me and said, 'Drive through this river.' I became concerned and told him that the water would fill the engine, and then we would be stuck in the middle. Baba said, 'You close your eyes and drive.' I had to obey his command. The jeep moved across on the surface of the water and we crossed it. I was very surprised."



A Journey Without Petrol

On one occasion I had to come to Haldwani for some work. After finishing, I was ready to leave for Bareilly, but I suddenly had the desire to go to Kainchi to see Baba. I looked at my watch and saw that it was past 4:30 p.m. I thought there was enough time to go to Kainchi, have Baba's darshan, and then return to Bareilly. There was also just enough petrol in the car to go to Kainchi and then return to Haldwani, so without wasting any time, I drove off to Kainchi. After having Baba's darshan, I asked his permission to leave, but he asked me to stay longer.

I took prasad at the ashram, and at 11 p.m. I postponed my idea of returning to Bareilly until the next morning. Unexpectedly, Baba said, "Get up. Let's go." Both of us left the ashram together in my car. By the time we reached Kathgodam, I was worried because the petrol station was closed. There was no way out of the situation, so I drove wherever Baba commanded me to. The car ran without petrol. While we were passing through the countryside, quite a way from Bulandshahar, Baba asked me to stop at a lonely place, where he got out of the car. He asked me to go back to Bareilly. I did not know where he was going on foot in that darkness. I became worried, for the car had run on his divine power until then. I wondered how it would be possible for me to go to Bareilly without any petrol. Left with no choice, I reversed the car and started for Bareilly. The car went on running, and after covering a considerable distance, it stopped automatically by a filling station. I managed to get petrol there and arrived in Bareilly without any inconvenience.



Driving On a Damaged Hill Road

As Commissioner Prakash Kishan was about to return to Nainital one evening after having Baba's darshan, Baba asked him to send a car for him the following day so that he could go to Nainital. At 8 a.m. the next morning the commissioner sent his driver and car to get Maharaj. When he arrived at his office at 10 a.m., he learned that heavy rain had damaged the Nainital-Bhowali Road and that it was closed to traffic. He became concerned because his car had not returned, so he went to see the place where the road was damaged to search for his car. The damage, however, extended for such a distance that only a two-wheel vehicle could pass through. He did not see his car in any ditch, but he worried about it all day.

Meanwhile the commissioner's driver had gone to Kainchi and driven Baba to Nainital by the same route. Baba visited some devotees' houses and then returned to Kainchi on the same road. At 4 p.m. Baba asked the driver to take the car back. The driver arrived at the commissioner's house by traveling on that very road. When the commissioner saw him, he asked, "Which route did you follow? The Nainital-Bhowali Road has been closed since last night." Astonished, the driver replied that he had passed along that road four times, back and forth, that day and had not seen any landslides or places where the road was washed away or damaged.



The Government's Defeat

Based on some people's misguidance, the Education Department of Uttar Pradesh passed some orders against my school. It had disturbed the functioning of the school, and the decision on the writ petition had been pending in the High Court since 8 July. As I was nothing in comparison to the government, the matter was serious and had become unbearable to me. My patience and power of discretion were almost exhausted.

I came to see Baba in September 1968 for reassurance, but even though I was in his presence, I could not express my grief to him. After sunset one evening he gave me the opportunity to be alone with him, and in his natural way he asked me, "Any problem?" In a voice choked with emotion, I told him that I had filed a writ against the Education Department and that the writ from a poor school against a powerful government body was bound to be dismissed. I said he was my only support and that it was all up to him.

On hearing my earnest call for help, he remained silent for a few moments and then said, "The government will be defeated and the school will win." In my mental state at the time I could not believe it. I said, "Surely you would not just say this to console me." Baba became serious at this and in a stern voice said, "I have said and would say it openly." Quoting the line from the Tulsi Ramayana, he repeatedly said, "Even the suffering that we are destined to undergo can be removed by God." He spoke with intense emotion, "I am capable of changing destiny. There is no power in the world that can go against what I have said. I can lower the exalted and raise the humble." Hearing Baba's blessing, I got peace of mind and was certain that the case would not go against us. On 29 September 1969 the Allahabad High Court declared the verdict in our favor.

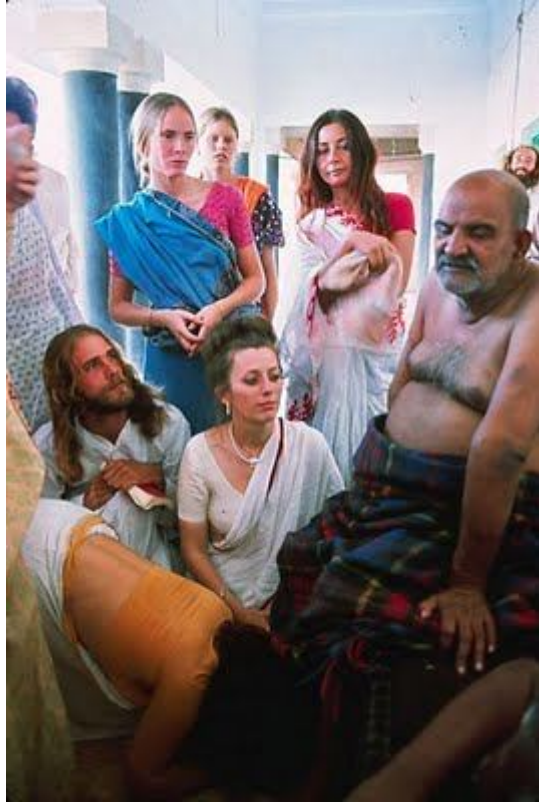
-Hotridutt Sharma, Aligarh



To Varanasi Not Khurja

Bhagwati Sevak Bajpai went to Kanpur railway station to see off Maharaj ji and Vidyaram ji. Baba asked him to buy two tickets to Khurja. Bajpai came back with first and second-class tickets for Baba and Vidyaram respectively. Baba asked him, "Where have you bought the tickets for?" Bajpai replied, "For Khurja." Baba said, "I told you to get tickets for Varanasi and you bought tickets for Khurja. Anyway give them to Vidyaram."

Just then Governor Vishnu Sahai arrived at the station. Seeing Baba there, he became very happy and affectionately asked him to journey with him to Delhi in his car. Baba said, "No, I have to go to Varanasi on urgent work," and turning to Vidyaram said, "Show him the tickets." Vidyaram and Bajpai both became very nervous, but they were helpless because they had to obey Baba's command. When Vidyaram put the tickets in Vishnu Sahai's hand, he saw that they had turned into two tickets for Mughalsarai, a station further than Varanasi.



A Lucky Escape

Lalit Mohan, a truck driver from Pithoragarh, was so influenced by his first meeting with Baba that he became his permanent attendant. He stayed at Baba's ashram at Bhumiadhar and came to Kainchi every day to attend to Baba. One day the police inspector from Bhowali came to see Baba. Baba said to him, "You are such a useless inspector. A man has kept an unlicensed revolver at our Bhumiadhar ashram, which is four kilometers away from your police station, and you have so far not been able to arrest him." The inspector said, "Baba, now that I have come to know this from you, I will arrest him by tomorrow."

The next day Lalit Mohan put his revolver in a box of sweets and put it in his bag. He placed many garlands and flowers on top of it and then got ready to go to Kainchi as usual. Just then the police inspector arrived with some policemen. He asked Lalit, "Where are you going?" Lalit replied, "To Kainchi ashram to have Maharaj ji's darshan. The inspector snatched the bag from his hand and looked in it. He saw the heap of flowers and the box of sweets in it and then returned the bag to Lalit without investigating the contents of the box of sweets. They allowed Lalit to go. When Lalit saw Baba, Baba said, "I have saved you today. Now you must surrender this revolver immediately or you will be in trouble." Following this incident and obeying Baba's command, Lalit Mohan surrendered the revolver to the police.



The Birth of Badrivishal

Maharaj was staying at the house of Ram Ratan Sharma when Sharma's brother-in-law expressed his sadness and anguish on being childless. Baba said, "You go to have Badrinath's darshan just after one year from today." His wife became pregnant, and in obedience to Baba's command, they went on the pilgrimage to Badrinath. On their way back Badrivishal was born in Joshimath (a town along the way), but on the third day after his birth, the child caught cold at night and died. His mother had firm faith that Baba would certainly save her child. Remembering Baba, the parents fell asleep, afflicted by grief. In the early hours of the morning they had Baba's darshan in a dream, and he told them, "Don't worry. Sri Ram will save you."

When they woke up, the father came out of their room with the intention of consigning the tiny body of their dead child, which they had wrapped in a piece of white cloth, to the Ganges. He saw a sadhu with tangled hair, wearing red clothes, sitting on the floor outside the door. The sadhu said, "I understand your grief. Take this child inside, he is alive." He sprinkled a little water from his kamandal on the dead child, and the child started breathing. The father took the child inside to his mother. When he returned to thank the sadhu, he was gone.

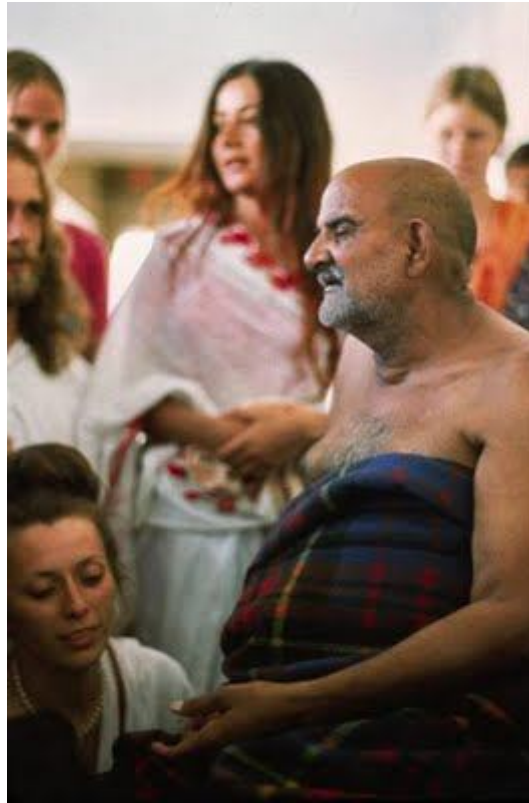


Special Prasad for the Birth of a Son

Jagati Babu was a well-known hotelier in Allahabad. One day Baba and many devotees went in two cars to his house in Colonelganj, where he offered fruits, sweets, and tea. Baba picked up an apple that had been offered to him, and giving it to Jagati Babu as prasad, he said, "You give this to your wife to eat. You are childless. You will be blessed with a son." Jagati Babu had not asked for this blessing, yet Baba had given him that auspicious apple.

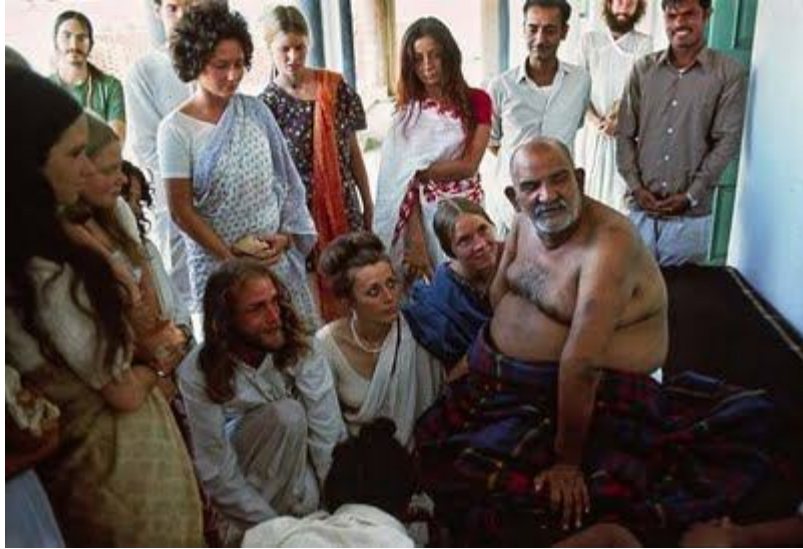
After some time Baba and the devotees left. Jagati, still holding the apple in his hand, had the thought that he was about sixty and his wife was fifty-four years old. He had forgotten the need for children by bestowing his affection on his brother's children. Considering his old age, he felt he did not have the courage to begin raising a child and educating him. While he was pondering in this way, his neighbor arrived. He was about seventy years old and his wife was more than sixty. They were sad because they were childless. Jagati told him about the apple and then said, "If you desire a son, take this apple and give it to your wife to eat." The man agreed, and Jagati gave him the apple.

Having eaten the apple, the old woman became pregnant and in due course of time gave birth to a son. They looked after the child with love and care, but he died after two years. The old couple was devastated. Jagati also felt sad. He met Baba at Prayag, Allahabad, and talking about the miraculous apple, he asked Baba, "Why did that child die?" Baba at once replied, "I gave you that apple for your wife. You gave it to a sixty-two-year-old woman. How could the boy survive?" Baba's blessings are specific to the devotee to whom he gives them.



Pande's Birth

A man was sad because he and his wife were childless. He visited his friend at Fatehgarh and in the course of their conversation expressed his sorrow over this issue. His friend mentioned the greatness of Baba Neeb Karori and advised him to meet Baba. He also assured him that Baba's blessing could fulfil his hope. In those days Baba lived in the village of Neeb Karori, but he came to Fatehgarh every full-moon day to have a dip in the Ganges. On the next full-moon day the man went to the Ganges with his friend. When his friend pointed Baba out to him, he crossed the river to where Baba was standing, washed his feet, and drank from that water. Then, holding Baba's feet, he expressed his grief. Baba sent him off with an assurance. Consequently, he was blessed with a son, Jagdish Chandra Pande, in 1934.



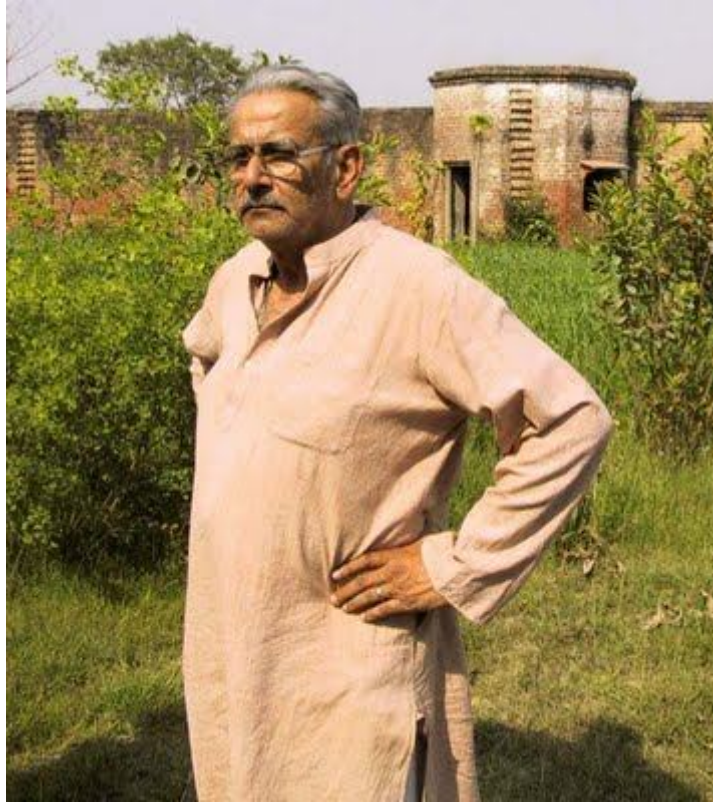
Don't Cry, You Will Have a Son

One day Maharaj came out of the ashram holding my hand. Both of us sat in the ashram jeep, and Baba asked the driver, Ramanand, to take us to Bhumiadhar. When we arrived, Brahmachari Baba, who looked after the temple, was not there, so Baba asked me to break open the lock. I broke open the outer lock, and Baba said, "Break open the locks of all the rooms." I found a bunch of keys inside, so I opened all the doors. He then asked me to spread a mat on the veranda by the roadside.

Baba sat there, and after some time he said, "Tewari, make me tea. Everything will be inside." I was surprised at this because he was not fond of having tea. I thought that a devotee or someone he wanted to give darshan to might be about to arrive, so I put water on to boil. Just then a Punjabi couple, who were traveling by car, saw Baba and stopped. They got out of the car, bowed at his feet with reverence, and started crying. Since both of them had a few grey hairs, I thought they were about fifty or fifty-five years of age. Baba said, "Hush, don't cry. I say there will be a son." I prepared the tea and took it to them. Baba soothed their emotions by making them drink tea. The thought, What is this madness that he is blessing this elderly couple with a child, came into my mind. Then I thought that he was probably evading their desire. When they left, Baba said to me in a stern voice, "Am I a liar?" He repeated the question again and again, and I felt ashamed of my thoughts and feelings. I had the lobes of my ears in both hands [signifies an apology or a request for forgiveness] and begging his pardon said, "Sarkar, you can never be a liar." Just then Brahmachari Baba returned. Baba reprimanded him, and we returned to Kainchi.

About fifteen months after this incident, Baba again took me to Bhumiadhar in the ashram jeep. Maharaj got his mat spread on the side of the road and sat there. After a short while the same couple arrived. They brought a can of ghee and some money as an offering. The woman held a child in her arms, and I remembered the whole incident from the previous year.

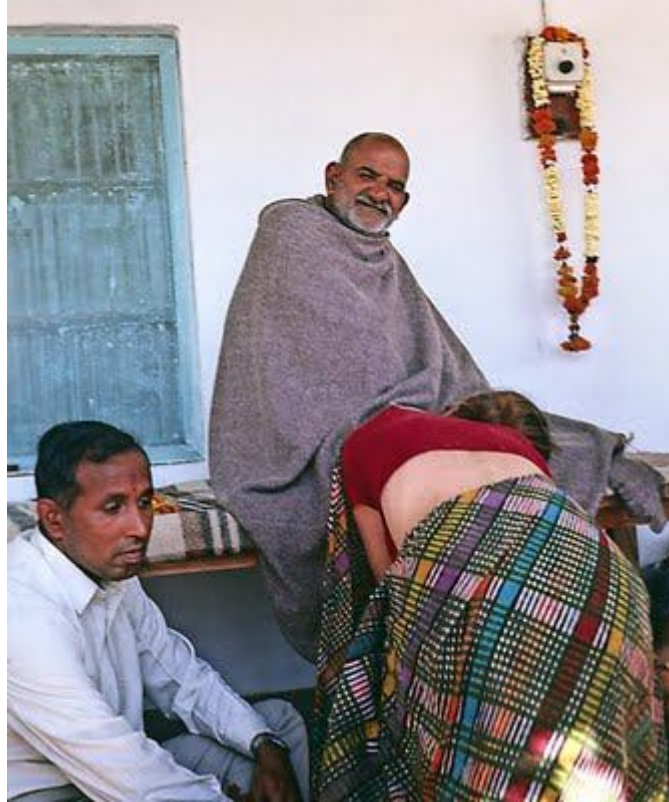
-Purnanand Tewari, Kainchi



Yudishtar

Yudishtar, son of the late Omkar Singh, took Maharaj to Bhumiadhar in his car. When they got there, Yudhishtar went into the forest to attend the call of nature. There, a black snake bit him, and the poison from the bite spread quickly throughout his body, turning it black. With great effort he tried to walk towards the ashram, but he fell down unconscious some distance away. When people found him, he was already dead. All were sad and unable to do anything. Then Baba appeared, took off his blanket, and spread it over Yudhishtar. Sometime later Baba held him by the hand and made him stand up. He was swaying back and forth. Baba scolded him and asked him to drive the car. Baba himself sat by him and continued to scold him while making him drive at great speed. He took Yudhishtar to Ranikhet, sixty kilometers away, on winding mountain roads. When they arrived, Baba made him eat then asked him to drive back to Bhumiadhar. After driving this long distance in the hills, Yudhishtar became fully awake and alert.

For several days after this incident, Baba did not meet anyone. Brahmachari Baba said that Baba lay alone in his room in the ashram while his whole body turned black. He believed that Baba endured the effects of the snake poison himself.



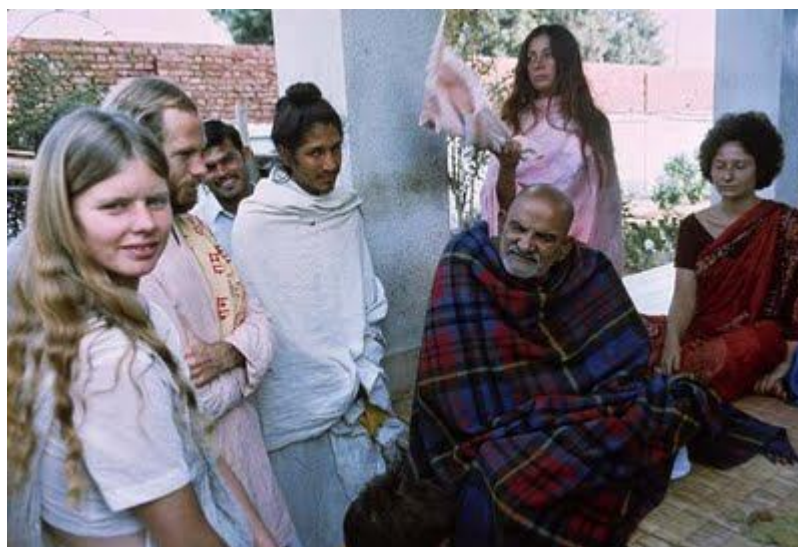
The Grace of God

In 1968 Kehar Singh ji's wife suffered from a chronic bowel syndrome. Having suffered from the disease for many months, her body was reduced to a skeleton. Seeing no improvement in her condition, Kehar Singh changed her doctor on the advice of family members and brought her to Dr. A.C. Das, who treated her with antibiotics and a light nourishing diet. One day at about ten thirty, she was sitting on her bed eating her meal when her lips and hands suddenly started trembling. The plate in her hands fell, and she herself rolled onto the bed. She could not be given any medicine, and her gaze became fixed. No one could think of what to do, and the whole family grieved.

While she was dying, Maharaj's photograph on the windowsill in front of her fell down with a crashing sound, as if blown over by a gust of wind. Its fall coincided with her death. Kehar Singh thought that the glass would be broken into many pieces, but it did not even have a crack. People were mourning her death, when about forty minutes later, she opened her eyes and looking around with surprise, murmured.

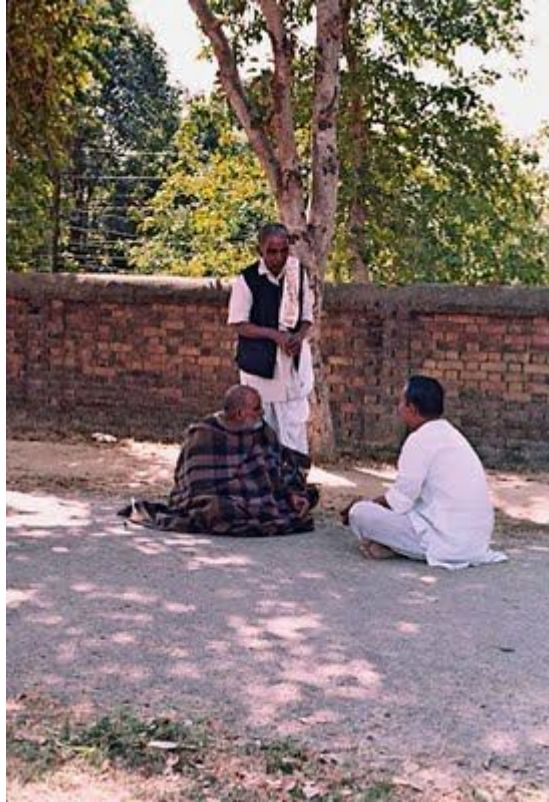
Meanwhile Maharaj was at Kainchi ashram talking to Mrs. Soni. All of a sudden he said, "Kehar Singh's wife is dead. He is my devotee. I will not let her die." Mrs. Soni could not understand what he meant by those two contradictory statements. It did not enter her mind that Baba had the power to restore life. Even though Baba did not leave Kainchi, he was seen giving darshan to Kehar Singh in the house of Santosh Kumar Choudhry in Lucknow that same day at about 4 p.m. He did not ask Kehar Singh about his wife, nor did Kehar Singh mention her.

Later, when Kehar Singh thanked Dr. Das, he said, "Why thank me? I have not done anything for your wife. The antibiotic was to control her bowel syndrome, and even then she would not have survived. Her death was inevitable. I can only say that it happened by the grace of God. You should thank God for it." After this she recovered quickly and became a healthy woman again. She lived for about six and a half years after this incident. In 1982 the devotees were talking about Baba in Kainchi ashram, and Mrs. Soni told Kehar Singh what Baba had said, strengthening his faith.



The Gift of Life to a Widow's Son

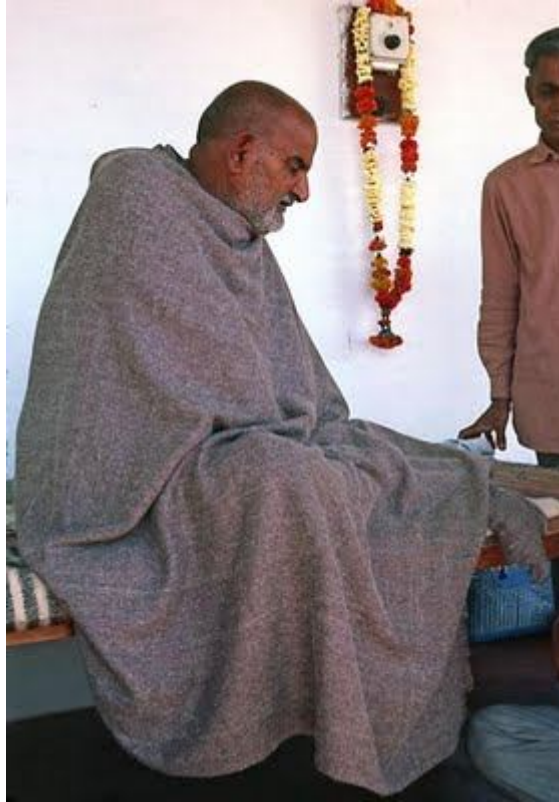
On one occasion Baba was traveling to Hanumangarh, Nainital, with some devotees. Quite a distance before Haldwani, he asked his driver, Ramanand, to drive faster and faster. At a lonely place between Kathgodam and Jeolikot, Baba ordered the driver to stop the car and he got out. In the forest nearby a woman was weeping over the body of her son. He had died sometime before from a snakebite. He asked the woman why she was weeping. Then he said, "Was this not your only son?" She nodded. Baba said, "Your husband is also not alive?" She began to cry. Then Baba said, "Your son is not dead. Why are you weeping? Keep quiet." Baba rubbed the boy's body with his hand, and life returned to him. After a little while the boy regained consciousness. Baba immediately got into the car and drove off without giving the woman any opportunity to express her gratitude to him.



The Gift of Life to the President's Wife

V.V. Giri's wife was lying unconscious in Willington Nursing Home. Her liver was not functioning properly, and in spite of all the best efforts and medical facilities, her condition was deteriorating. One night her blood pressure became very low, breathing became difficult, and her pulse was feeble. Informing Giri about her condition, I told him that she was dying. Giri asked me to make every effort to keep her alive until 2 a.m. She was injected with stimulating drugs mixed in glucose, put on oxygen, and a pacemaker kept her heart functioning. All efforts failed at 1:45. Giri kept his eyes glued to the clock on the wall. At 2 a.m. Shrimati Giri took a deep breath and then began breathing normally. By morning she had regained consciousness, and later her condition improved. I wanted to know the secret of why 2 a.m. was so important. Giri simply said that a saint had assured him of it. He later revealed that the saint was none other than Baba.

-Dr. R.K. Karoli



A Dead Bird Flies

One day Devi Dutt Joshi found a dead bird somewhere. He wrapped it in his handkerchief and put it in his pocket. The next day when he went to see Maharaj in Kishanpur, the dead bird was still in his pocket. Seeing him, Baba asked, "What's in your pocket?" Joshi took out the dead bird, and showing it to Baba, he said, "I have arrested it." Baba said, "Set it free." The moment Baba said this, Joshi spread his handkerchief open and the bird flew away.



Baba's Promise to a Child

Chandra Shekar Pande was very worried about his wife. She had been suffering from a fever for a long time and was so emaciated that she was close to death. He sent a telegram to his father-in-law, Motiram, in Anupshahar. The elderly Motiram was very disturbed at the news and went to his guru, Mauni Baba, a highly-elevated holy man of the time, and asked him, "O Gurudev, today I beg of you, please, somehow or the other, restore life to my daughter or end my life also." Mauni Baba remained in a meditative pose for some time and then said, "Only Baba Neeb Karori is capable of restoring life. You pray to him to fulfil your wish." Motiram meditated on Baba and prayed to him.

Meanwhile Baba arrived at Pande's house in Jhansi and asked him, "How is your wife?" Pande did not know Baba and asked him who he was. Baba replied, "Baba Neeb Karori." Pande said, "She is lying dead inside." Baba said, "Will you show her to me?" Pande took Baba inside. Baba looked at her dead body and said, "She is not dead yet. You have some grapes in your house? Fetch them and a bowl and a spoon." Baba extracted some grape juice by pressing the grapes in his hand and poured that juice into her mouth. Her pulse began to beat, and in a few moments, she opened her eyes. Baba said, "Give her grape juice and milk to drink. She will be cured." Then Baba went away. Pande's wife began to recuperate, and she regained her health without any treatment.

It turned out that Baba had visited Motiram's house when Pande's wife was six years old. Someone had died in a neighbor's house, and since the child was seeing this for the first time, it shocked her tender heart. At the time, Baba very lovingly said to the girl, "Ask whatever you want." She said, "Baba, when I die, bring me back to life." Baba was committed to his words but said nothing at the time. Baba kept his promise given to a child.

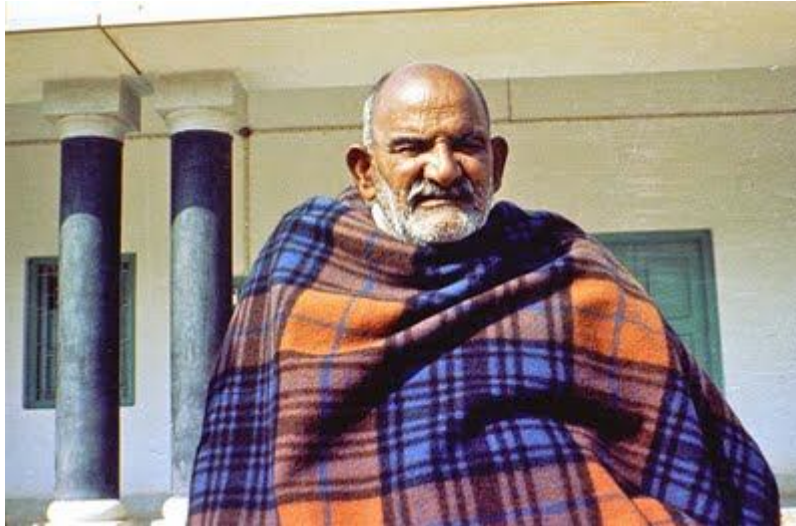


Verbal Control of Electricity

I was very happy that Baba had come to our house, but he turned his back to me and pretended to be asleep. So I said to him, "Baba, you have come after a long time today, and now you are going to sleep without speaking to us. I do not like it." Baba said, "Switch off the light, I am sleepy." A devotee in the room obeyed at once. It became dark, and I felt gloomy

in that darkness. I asked Baba to get the lights on. He said, "Light, turn on." No sooner had he finished saying the words than the light was on. All the devotees in the room were amazed, and they burst into laughter. Just then Baba said, "Light, turn off." The room was instantly plunged into darkness, and the joy vanished with the light. I asked him again to put the light on. Baba ordered the light to be on, and once again, there was light in the room as well as the joy. This fun went on for some time. In the end Baba said, "Even electricity follows my command, but not you people."

-Rajni Joshi "Munni," Kishanpur



A Final Instruction to Gyan Prakash

A few days before his Mahasamadhi, Maharaj talked to Gyan Prakash in Lucknow from Kainchi ashram. There was no phone in the Kainchi valley at the time, and Maharaj did not go out of the ashram during that period. On that particular day R.C. Soni, Director General of Forests, and his family were sitting with Baba in his kuti, and they were talking about Gyan Prakash. While they were talking in Kainchi, the telephone rang in Prakash's house in Lucknow. Whatever final instruction Baba wanted to pass on, he did, and then he finished the communication. Gyan Prakash wanted to ask Baba something, but he could not because the phone had been disconnected. He did not even know from where Baba had phoned. A few days later, when Prakash met Soni in Lucknow, Prakash mentioned the phone call from Baba, telling him the day and time of the call. Soni said that he had been with Baba at the time and that they had been talking about him.



Free Phone Calls

Once, Maharaj, accompanied by Sri Ma and a few devotees, visited my cousin Gyan Chandra Kapoor's house in Amritsar. They stayed for two days, and on both days Baba used the telephone to have long conversations with many people at different places. When they were leaving, Baba told my cousin, "Don't worry, you won't receive any bills for the calls I have made." Indeed, Kapoor did not have to pay for Baba's long calls, for they never appeared on his bill.

-Hiralal Khanna



Divine Communication

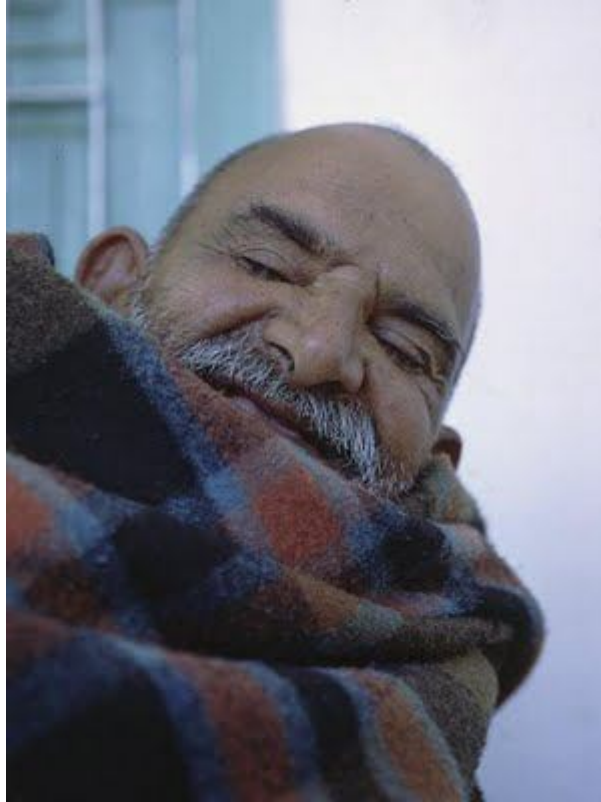
Maharaj ji could communicate with his devotees directly, without using the telephone. Pandit Hotridutt Sharma, a Sanskrit teacher in Aligarh, did not have a telephone but had experiences of this kind. He said, "Whenever Baba came to Vrindavan ashram, he called me. His words resounded in my ears in Aligarh. Leaving all my work aside, I used to go to Vrindavan at once and have Baba's darshan there."



Continuous Recitation of the Ramayana

The non-stop recitation of the Ramayana was being held in the house of a railway officer, Hem Chandra Joshi, near Prayag station in Allahabad, and many of Baba's local devotees were participating by chanting it together. After the completion of Uttarkand (the seventh and final chapter of the Ramayana), aarti was performed. Prasad was being distributed when Sudhi Mukerjee's nephew arrived and told them that Baba had come to Church Lane. After taking prasad, all the devotees went to have Baba's darshan.

Baba had just returned from his journey to the South with Sri Ma and some other devotees. The devotees who had journeyed with Baba were talking excitedly about a new experience they had just had. When their train was about two hundred kilometers from Allahabad station, Baba ordered that a window be opened. As soon as it was open, they all heard the beautiful sound of the chanted Ramayana. There were many harmonious voices accompanied by musical instruments. Everyone thought that it must have been organized in a local village. They listened to the recitation of Uttarkand for some time. Meanwhile the train traveled many miles, but there was no change in the sound of the Ramayana. Baba told them to shut the window and the sound stopped. Some time passed and Baba got them to open the window again. They heard the recitation of the Uttarkand in the same melody once again. This lila of Baba's continued until Allahabad, and everyone enjoyed the singing. When someone asked Baba where the Ramayana was being recited, he did not reply. On their arrival at Church Lane, the devotees traveling with Baba were surprised to learn that recitation had been organized at the house of his devotee in Allahabad.



A Solution to Raja Bhadri's Problem

During the beginning of Raja Bhadri's term of office as the lieutenant governor of Himachal Pradesh, the Central Government wanted his response to a certain problem. He did not want to give it, for it would have hurt the feelings of his friend Jawahar Lal Nehru. He could not put off replying because he had already received several letters from the Central Government on the matter.

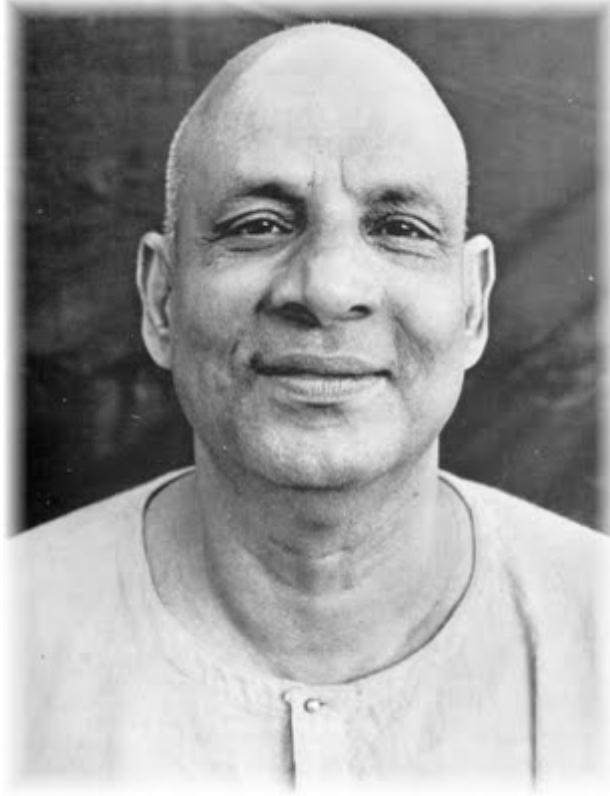
One day Raja Bhadri called his officials and advisors to Government House with the purpose of drafting a reply, but he could not go ahead with the meeting since he himself was not sure what to do. It was nine o'clock in the evening, food was laid out on a side table, the officials were waiting for him in an outer room, and he had not yet briefed them on the purpose of the meeting. He was sitting alone, deep in thought, when suddenly he remembered Maharaj.

He told me that Baba would solve his problem by giving him sound advice if he could be contacted. Knowing the whereabouts of Baba Neeb Karori was very difficult because he was always wandering. The Raja wanted to seek help from an I.A.S. (Indian Administrative Service) officer he knew who lived in Lucknow. He asked his officials to locate the officer's residence phone number and then agreed to my request to have dinner.

While the officer's phone number was being tried in the outer room and the Raja was having dinner, the telephone rang. The secretary answered the phone, and saying that it was Baba Neeb Karori calling from Agra, passed the telephone over to the Raja at the dining table. The Raja was pleased and said, "Baba, I was looking for you." Baba at once asked, "Well, what's

the problem?" The Raja quickly explained the whole problem. Baba said, "Do what I say. Do not reply to any of the letters. Keep all the letters with you." Baba then stopped the communication. The Raja wanted to ask him something else and immediately tried to phone Baba back, but nobody could discover the origin of the call. He gathered all the letters and put them in an envelope, which he kept with him. He asked everyone to go home, and the need for a reply never arose again throughout his long term of office.

-Rani Bhadri



Vision of Swami Shivananda

Wandering as a sadhu through the hills, I arrived at Kainchi ashram from Shivananda ashram, Rishikesh, and had the darshan of Baba Neeb Karori. When he saw me, he said, "Are you coming from Rishikesh?" I answered yes and he said, "What is a guru?" Automatically I said, "Guru is Brahma; Guru is Vishnu; Guru is Maheshwar [Shiva]; Guru is Eternal Spirit; Salutation to the Guru." At this, Baba said, "There is no purpose in merely reproducing this sloka [a stanza in Sanskrit verse], you go back right now." I could not understand the significance of his command then. Perhaps at that moment Baba's vision was concentrated on my guru, Swami Shivananda, who had suffered an attack of paralysis, and whose condition was worsening.

Baba asked one of his attendants to take me to the Hanuman temple, which was under construction, and give me prasad. He brought me a plate full of vegetables and puris, some of which I ate, the rest of which I put in my begging bowl. When I went to return the plate, I again met Baba. He said, "You have kept food for the journey also?" I was surprised, for he

had not seen me eating my meal. A devotee had offered Baba a kilogram of laddus made from gram flour, which he also put in my hands for the journey. He then told me to go sit on a rock under the tree.

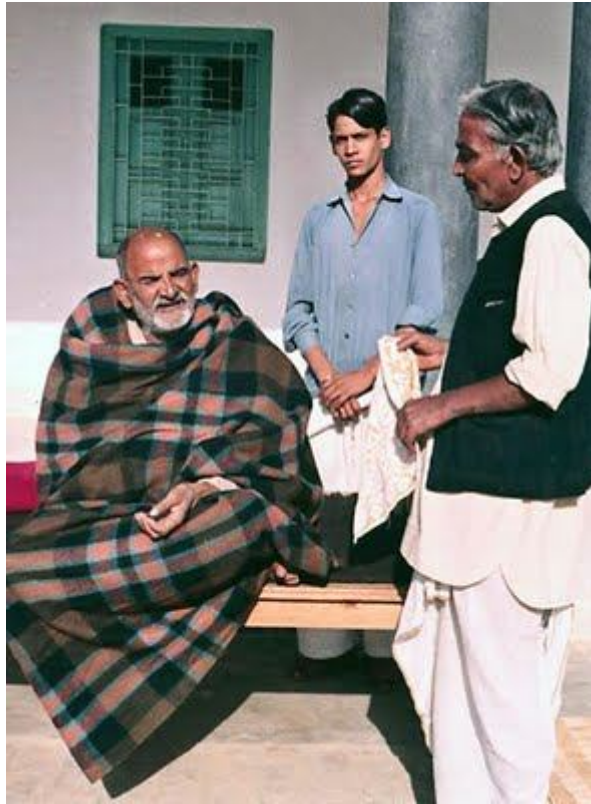
Sitting there on that rock, the vision of the Himalayas, the Ganges, and of my ashram in Rishikesh suddenly flashed before my eyes. I saw my gurudev, Swami Shivananda, coming towards me, supported by two people. The scene changed, and it was Baba Neeb Karori himself who was coming towards me. I was back in Kainchi ashram. He gave me my guru's darshan through himself and asked, "Does your Shivananda walk in this way?"

After this, devotees gathered around Baba again. One of them was an army officer who asked me to tell them something about Saint Tukaram. As I am from South India, I expressed my inability, saying I could not speak Hindi well. Then Baba asked me to give a discourse, and by his power, I spoke well. Baba then asked me, "Have you seen any other place like Kainchi ashram?" I mentioned Kandy, a place in Sri Lanka. Baba said, "There are betel nut and coconut trees there and elephants come there to bathe." I was surprised to hear this because it was exactly what I had seen.

Among the gathering there was also a Christian from South India. Baba took twenty one-rupee notes from one of his disciples and gave half of them to the Christian and the other half to me. I said, "I have money." Baba said, "I know. Still, you keep it." (That money is still in my purse as his prasada, and since that day, my purse has never been empty.) He then instructed the army officer to take me to Haldwani in his car and put me on a train. Baba himself came out with me and said, "Go, sit in the car. Go back directly now." I wanted to stay in Kainchi for some time, but Baba would not permit it. At the station in Haldwani, the army officer asked me which train he should buy the ticket for. I told him that I would stay in Haldwani. He gave me thirty rupees, saying that Baba had asked him to buy my ticket. I stayed at Haldwani, Bareilly, and Izatnagar for seven days.

In Izatnagar I went to the house of a devotee of Swami Shivananda, where I had left my suitcase containing my money. The mistress of the house appeared very sad. When I asked her what was wrong, she asked me if I had not heard about Gurudev. She could not say more but showed me the daily paper. There was news of the critical condition of Swami Shivananda. Baba Neeb Karori's words immediately came into my mind. He had already told me all about it, but I did not understand. When I realized this, I cried. I told the mistress of the house that Baba had asked me to go to Guru Maharaj at the time of my departure from Kainchi. He had shown me a glimpse of him, and even then I had wasted a week. I left for Rishikesh by train that same night and arrived in the ashram on 1 July. Two weeks later Guru Maharaj took Mahasamadhi.

-Swami Nirmalananda



Relief From Incurable Eye Trouble

On 2 January 1958 Kehar Singh ji's sons were playing tennis with a walnut at their house in Lucknow. A fast-returning walnut struck against the glasses of one of the boys and broke the lens. His eye was bleeding and badly injured, for many particles of glass had pierced it. The boy was immediately taken to the Medical College in Lucknow, where Dr. Mehra gave him treatment and then discharged him, saying that an operation would damage the eye. Kehar Singh ji then took him to Sitapur Eye Hospital where the doctors were of the same opinion. The glass particles remained in his eye.

One of the boy's eyes had been defective since birth. He could not move it from side to side and could not see any object clearly if it was more than five feet away. Because of this accident, his other eye also became useless. The boy was worried about his future and became depressed. One day he asked his sister if she would take care of him all through his life. The conversation touched his father, who lay on his bed and wept throughout the night. He prayed to God saying, "O God, this boy has not committed any sin. Why have you punished him for my sins?" By reading the Bible, he had gotten the impression that children bear the sins of their forefathers.

At midnight the phone rang. Kehar Singh did not want to take a call that late, but it was Baba calling from Mehrotra's house in Bareilly. Though Singh ji had not remembered Baba, Baba had heard him in his distress. Pooran Chandra Joshi was at Mehrotra's house and said that Baba had covered him with his blanket and sat quietly and seriously for some time. Then suddenly he cried out, "Kehar Singh is crying. His son's eye is damaged." He picked up the

phone at once and said, "Kehar Singh, what are you doing?" Kehar Singh replied, "Nothing, Maharaj." Baba said, "You are telling a lie. You are crying. Your son's eye has been damaged. Don't send him to Sitapur. Take him to Dr. Mohanlal's hospital at Aligarh."

Kehar Singh remembered that Dr. Mohanlal was a friend of Vinod Chandra Sharma, who was then secretary to the Medical Department, government of Uttar Pradesh. He asked Sharma to ring up the hospital and reserve a room. When Sharma phoned, Dr. Mohanlal said, "What sort of a man is this Kehar Singh? The room was reserved three days ago, and it has been vacant since. Why has he not sent the patient?" When Sharma told him that they had not yet tried to make a reservation, the doctor replied that a man had come in and reserved it on Kehar Singh's behalf. Kehar Singh ji believed that Baba himself did it.

That same day Kehar Singh sent his son, his wife, and his nephew to Aligarh on the night train. The doctor himself met them at the station. He called a meeting of seven specialists and asked them to examine the boy and to submit their reports separately. Six doctors were against an operation. Only Dr. Shukla endorsed surgery, though he could not give assurances of any kind. Kehar Singh's wife was unable to give permission for the operation, so Dr. Mohanla talked to Kehar Singh on the phone. The boy's eye was already damaged, so considering Baba's wish, he gave consent for the operation. Many glass particles were removed during the surgery, but over twenty particles remained, which could still be seen in his eye.

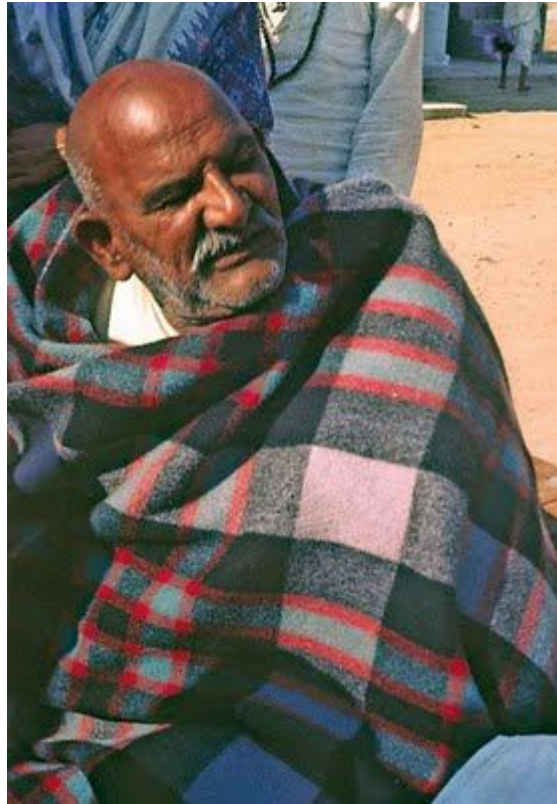
The boy was discharged from the hospital, and the bandage was removed eight or ten days later in Lucknow. Because of the presence of the glass particles in his eye, the boy saw multiple images. He saw several light bulbs in the room and many moons in the sky. He was not able to recognize anyone, even from a distance of three feet, so he was very disturbed. Kehar Singh sent him to see Dr. Mehra of the Medical College in Lucknow. The doctor said that the boy's condition was to be expected, and that his problems would remain since no further treatment was possible.

Later, In February 1958, Baba called Kehar Singh from Kanpur and said, "Come to Devkamta Dixit's house," and gave him the address. When Kehar Singh and his son arrived in Kanpur, they offered pranaam at Baba's feet. Baba held his son's hand and pulled him near to him. Pressing the palm of the boy's hand with his right finger, he said, "I called Kehar Singh today only for you." A short while later Baba sent them back home.

Seven days after this meeting, the boy went to his father, happy and excited, and told him that he was able to see clearly without glasses. Kehar Singh asked him to read from a book, which he did. He could see clearly. Even the scars from the operation were not visible. Baba had restored the appearance and vision of the eye to how it had been before the accident on the 2nd of January. Kehar Singh took his son back to Dr. Mehra for a check-up. When the doctor examined the eye, he was bewildered. He got all his students to examine it as well and told them the medical history. When he learned that it was all by the grace of an Indian saint, he took photographs of the eye with a view to publishing an article.

Meanwhile Dr. Mohanlal phoned Vinod Chandra Sharma to ask about the boy. When Sharma ji told him that the boy could see everything clearly, he examined him personally and found it to be true. However, he said that it was medically impossible for him to see as long as glass particles remained in his eye. His recovery was purely Maharaj ji's grace. The boy never had any further problem with his eye and later got his M.A. degree.

One day in May 1958, when Kehar Singh was with Baba, Baba said to him, "That night you were asking why God was punishing the boy for your sins. You should never say so. God does not do this. Man himself suffers because of his own karma."

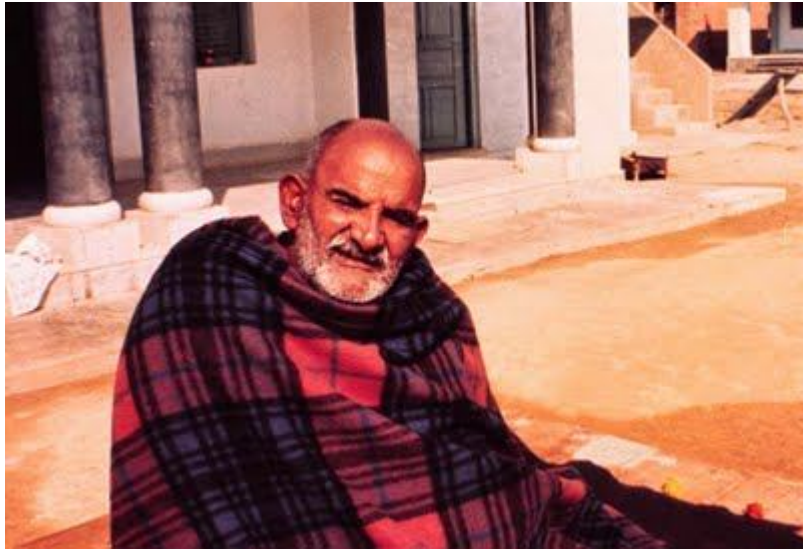


Eyesight Regained

Devkamta Dixit's uncle had an unsuccessful eye operation. The wound did not heal and blood oozed from his eyes. He was treated by Dr. Shukla, who was going away to attend a conference for two days. Before leaving, he gave Dixit ji a new prescription and said, "The infection will be cured, but the eyesight will be lost. He will never be able to see." Dixit ji said, "Only if Baba says so will I believe this." The doctor was not impressed by this remark and said, "I have spoken the truth. If anyone can restore his sight, I will bow at his feet." Shortly after the doctor had gone, Baba arrived. When Dixit ji told him what the doctor had said about his uncle, Baba said, "Give him pomegranate juice to drink, his eyesight will be regained." He at once gave pomegranate juice to his uncle in the presence of Baba.

That same day the Sundarkand from Valmiki's Ramayana was being recited in Dixit ji's house, and Baba got up and went to listen. The part that contains the conversation between Hanuman and Sita was being read. Baba became so overwhelmed by emotion that he covered himself from head to toe with his blanket. When he was uncovered after some time, tears of blood were seen flowing from his eyes. After Baba left the house, Dixit ji's uncle experienced an unexpected improvement in his eyes. He was able to see everything and became very happy.

Baba spent the next two days at the house of Dr. Dixit, the brother of Devkamta Dixit. When Dr. Shukla returned from his conference, he was baffled upon examining his patient's eyes. He desired to meet Baba and asked Dr. Dixit where to find him. When he learned that Baba had already gone to the train station, both men left together and arrived at the station just as Baba's train was about to leave. They had his darshan through the window, and Baba praised the doctor saying, "He is an expert doctor. He has cured your uncle's eyes." Dr. Shukla was about to go inside the train to touch Baba's feet but could not, for the train started to pull away from the station.



The Treatment of Diabetes With Sweets

In 1968 Kehar Singh ji was not well. He felt weak and tired and did not have any strength in his legs. Despite his poor health, while Maharaj was staying in Lucknow, Kehar Singh attended to him and accompanied him wherever he went. Baba was offered sweets everywhere, and he made Kehar Singh ji eat a lot of them, which Singh ji liked. One day while they were sitting at Sankat Mochan Hanuman temple, Baba gave him sweets and said, "You have diabetes. You eat so many sweets, now you will die." After Baba's departure from Lucknow, Kehar Singh ji's weakness increased, and remembering Baba's words he became worried. In January 1969 Kehar Singh received a postcard from one of Baba's devotees in Rai Bareilly. He wrote that Baba had visited him and instructed him to inform Kehar Singh of the following, "Your diabetes was cured. You need not worry about it." Kehar Singh was cured of the disease without taking any precautions or medication for it.



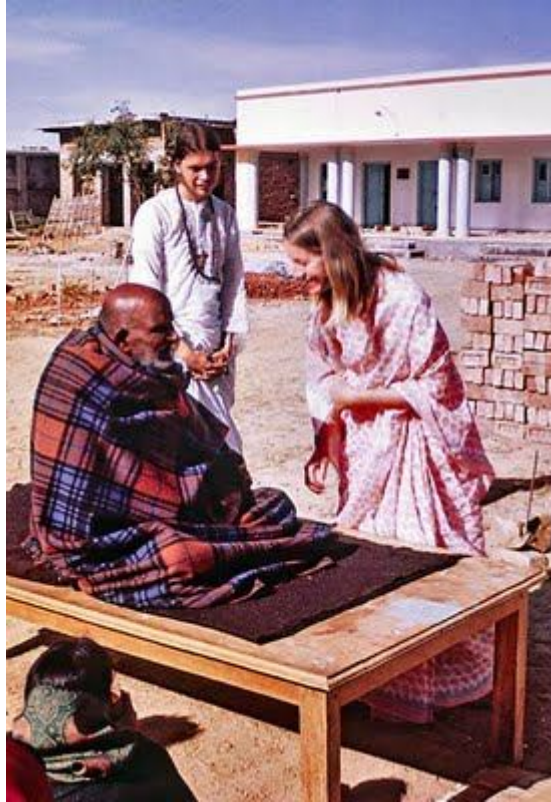
High Blood Pressure Cured

Baba came to the house of R.C. Soni in Lucknow. Knowing that Baba was at Soni's house, Suraj Narayan Mehrotra phoned several times to ask Baba to pay a visit to his house, for his wife was suffering from high blood pressure. He even sent a man to escort him, but Baba ignored the request. Then Mehrotra himself came to the Soni's, stayed a long time talking, and also had a meal. Shrimati Soni was worried about Mrs. Mehrotra's ill health and hesitatingly asked Baba to visit her. Baba agreed and went to their house. Many doctors were there giving her various treatments, but nothing helped. Baba pressed her eyebrows with his fingers and she was cured.



A Compound Fracture

Gurupriya Mai once slipped in the bathroom of her house in Nainital and suffered a compound fracture of the leg. She had to be admitted to the hospital, and the doctors told her that it would take about a month for her complete cure. When some devotees from Nainital went to Kainchi, they told Baba of Gurupriya's trouble. Upon receiving the news, Baba developed the same kind of pain in his knee. Baba suffered the pain for three days. When he recovered completely on the fourth day, so did Gurupriya Mai.



Grace On a Child

The daughter of Madan Lal Sah of Bhowali was three months old when a lump developed in her throat. Sometime later her brother had an attack of paralysis, so Madan Lal Sah called Dr. Mittal and another doctor to examine him. On his wife's insistence, Sah got his baby daughter examined at the same time. The doctors advised him to get the lump operated upon in two years. When the family came to Kainchi to see Baba, Sah told him about the doctor's opinion and showed him the lump. Baba pressed the lump on all sides and it disappeared. When the child was re-examined by the doctors, they were surprised that she was cured without any treatment.



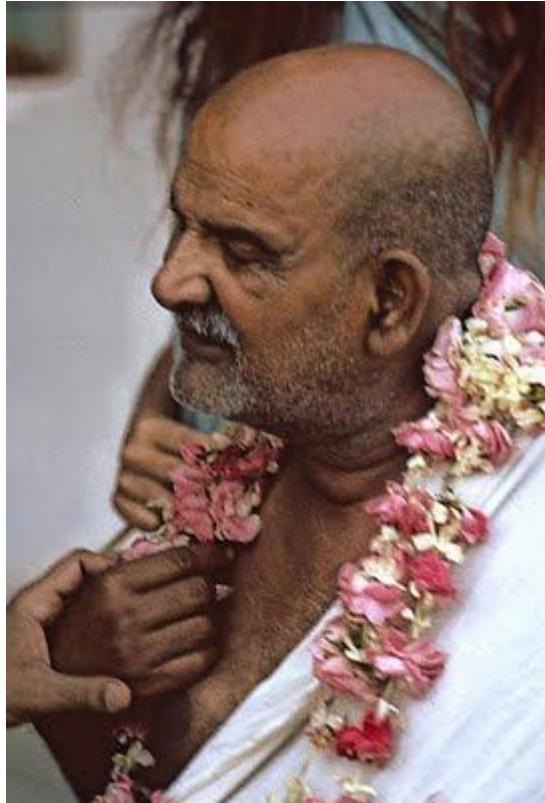
An Umbrella of Protection

In 1967 R.P. Vaish, a devotee of Baba's, came to Kainchi to see Baba. He was being transferred to Delhi, and he told Baba that he wanted to tour Kashmir before taking up his post. When Vaish was leaving, Baba gave him an umbrella and said, "Keep it with you. It rains heavily there." Vaish hesitated to accept the umbrella and said, "I have an umbrella at home. This one will serve many people here at the ashram." Baba did not listen to him and again asked him to keep it with him. During his stay in Kashmir, Vaish went about holding the umbrella. On his return to Delhi, he again went to Kainchi for Baba's darshan and to return the umbrella. On seeing him, Baba said, "You have come to return the umbrella?" Baba then said, "Keep it with you. It will be a protective umbrella over you." Vaish did not understand what Baba meant, but he went back to Delhi, taking the umbrella with him.

In 1978, five years after Baba's Mahasamadhi, Vaish was transferred to Lucknow and left his extra luggage, including the umbrella, at his house in Delhi. In Lucknow he started suffering from heart, liver, and spleen trouble. A check-up at Balrampur Hospital revealed that his spleen was enlarged by thirteen centimeters, but the doctors did not advise an operation due to his heart trouble. As no other treatment was available to him in Lucknow, he and his wife went to the All India Institute of Medical Sciences in Delhi. Back in Delhi, Vaish was getting ready to go from his house to the hospital when his wife noticed the umbrella lying there. The idea came to her that by not keeping the umbrella gifted to him by Maharaj with him always, he might have been deprived of Baba's protection. In the hot month of June, Shrimati Vaish escorted her husband to the hospital and hid the umbrella under his pillow.

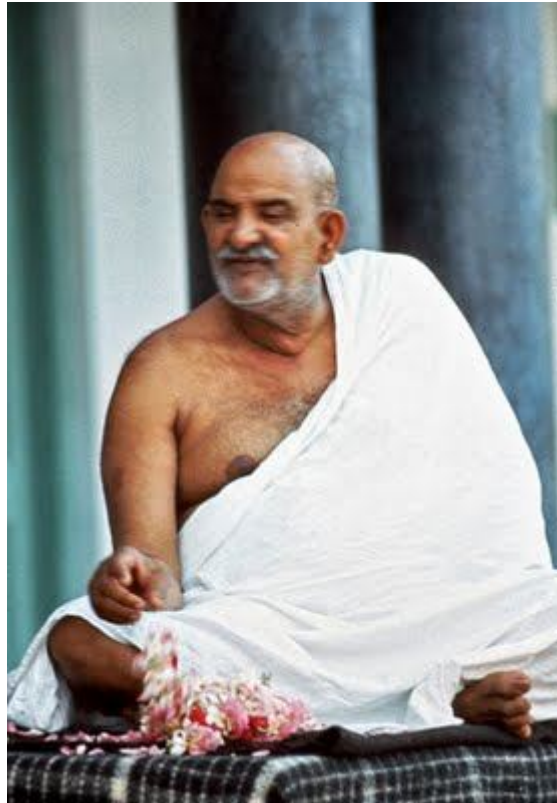
Vaish was examined thoroughly once again. His spleen was still enlarged by thirteen centimeters. The doctors told him that he would have to stay in the hospital for six months and agreed that it was not advisable to operate on the spleen in his condition. They would have to rely on medicines to effect a cure. They told him that he would have to take a special tablet once a month that would reduce his spleen by two and a half centimeters over thirty days. He took the first tablet the same day. The next morning he felt so much better that he asked the doctor to get his spleen examined again. Saying encouraging words to him, the

doctor explained that the process of measuring would be repeated after six months, not every day. Vaish was not satisfied with this and sent his wife to the chief medical superintendent with a request to get the spleen examined again as a special case. The superintendent ordered it to be re-measured, and the results showed that his spleen had indeed reduced in size by thirteen centimeters. Since the tablet was not that effective, the doctors were all amazed at the sudden change. When they expressed their surprise to Vaish, he pulled out the umbrella and said, "By its grace."



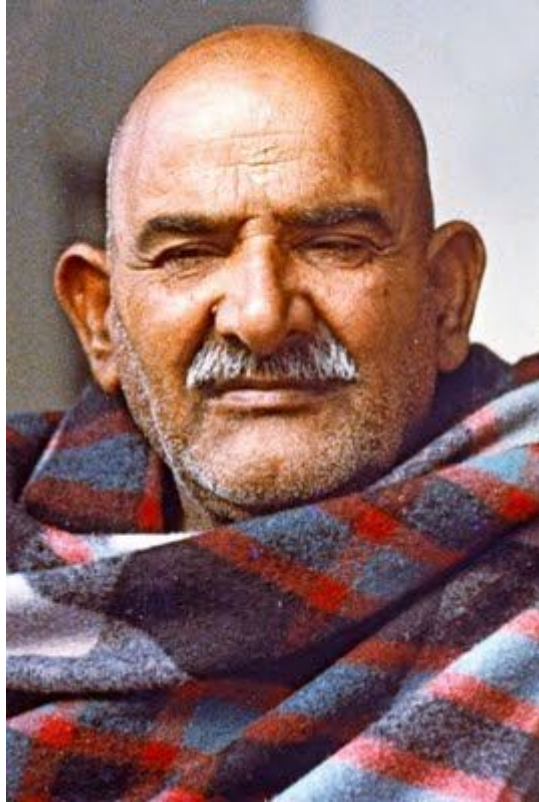
Cured With a Flower

One day my aunt came to stay with me and my two sons in Allahabad, for she wished to bathe in the Ganges at Prayag on Makar Sankranti day. When I took my aunt to see Baba at Church Lane in the evening, he asked her to go back to Nainital the next day. Thinking of my eldest son, who was sick with a fever, my aunt did not want to return so soon. Also, the festival of Makar Sankranti was still four days away, so her purpose in coming to Allahabad would be unfulfilled. I explained to Baba that I would not be able to escort my aunt to Lucknow since I could not leave my son alone with a high fever. I therefore asked him to allow her to stay with me for some more days. Baba did not listen and asked Kanhaiyalal Srivastava to escort my aunt from our house to the Lucknow station for the 10 a.m. train the next day. Picking a flower from those lying near him, he gave it to my aunt saying, "When you leave, put this flower on the boy's forehead and go away." She did as Baba directed. When she left, the boy's temperature was 105.5 degrees. Thereafter, his temperature began decreasing at a rate of one degree an hour, and by evening the fever was gone without having used any medicine. Even though a doctor had diagnosed my son with mumps, Baba's flower cured him in no time.



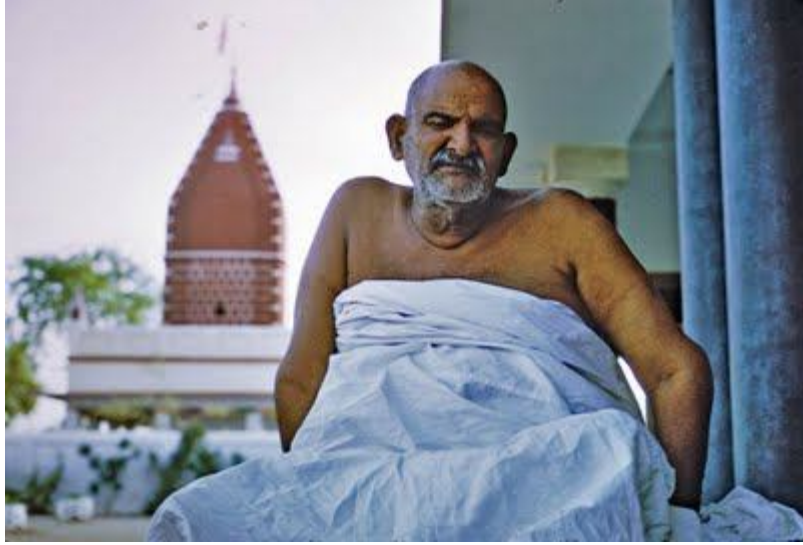
A Safe Delivery

Ramesh Chandra Pandey's wife had not been well for some time. She was pregnant, and the doctors told her that her condition was cause for concern. One day, while the family was worrying about her health, Maharaj arrived unexpectedly at their house. Without asking any questions, he said to Ramesh's wife, "Don't worry. Everything will be alright. Touch the feet of your husband and of your mother-in-law every morning and recite Sundarkand. You must read Sundarkand even if you are not able to take your bath." She followed Baba's instructions implicitly. When her time came, she had a normal delivery, and all the opinions of the doctors were proven wrong.



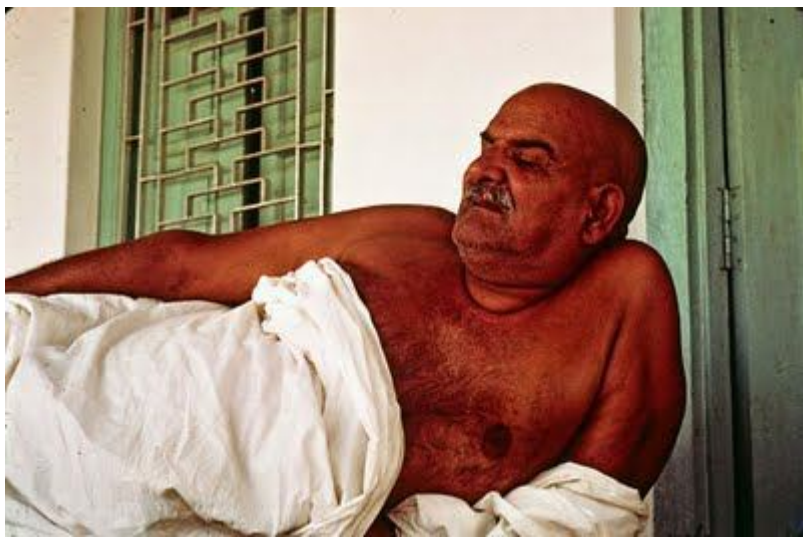
See, I Called Him

Baba had great affection for Karanvir Singh. One day Maharaj came to his house and said to him, "Go and bring Govind Ballabh Pant. Tell him that Baba has sent for him." Karanvir replied, "Pant ji is not an ordinary man anymore. He is chief minister now. It is not an easy task to meet him." Baba said, "You go straightaway into his house and tell him that Baba has sent you for him." Karanvir replied, "I can only tell him if I am allowed to enter his house. Otherwise I will be arrested and not given bail." Baba persuaded him saying, "You go. Nobody will stop you." Karanvir behaved like a child with Baba and always argued with him for argument's sake. He again reiterated his position and refused to go. Baba again asked, "Won't you go?" Karanvir did not give any reply. Baba said, "Don't go. I will call him here." The matter ended there, and Baba talked about various other topics. After about half an hour he said to Karanvir, "Come, let's go for a stroll down the road." Both of them went to the road, and after a few minutes, they saw Pant ji's car coming towards them. When the car stopped, Pant ji was about to get out and offer pranaam to Baba, but Baba forbade him to do so. After a little conversation Baba got into Pant ji's car. Karanvir was standing nearby, and Baba said to him laughing, "Look, I called him. Now I am going."



Bhagwan Singh Reads Sanskrit

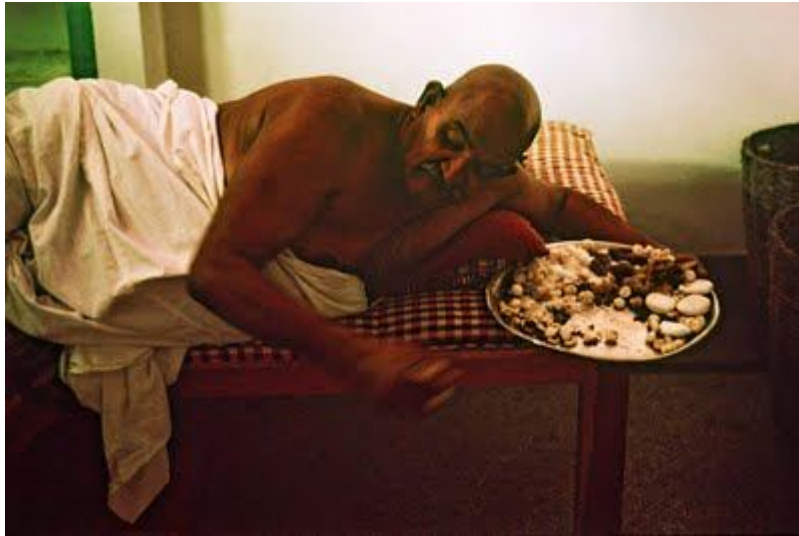
Thakur Bhagwan Singh became an orphan during his childhood, and he was compelled to leave his home. Maharaj gave him shelter and took him into his service, appointing him priest of the Hanuman temple at Vrindavan ashram. Bhagwan Singh was not well educated nor was he a Brahmin. For this reason people were not happy with his appointment and tried to get him to leave. When some prominent persons requested Baba to give the sacred work of worship to a learned, high-caste Brahmin, Baba said that Bhagwan Singh was learned and praised his knowledge of Sanskrit. Baba's opinion did not find favor with those people, and one of them asked the question, "Can Bhagwan Singh read the eleventh chapter of the Gita?" Baba at once called Bhagwan Singh and asked him to read the chapter. Bhagwan Singh said, "Baba made me sit near him by his takhat. He covered my head with one end of his blanket and touched my forehead with his toe. He then told me to read." After Baba touched him on the forehead, he read the whole chapter with the correct pronunciation. All were surprised by this unexpected scholarship and left satisfied.



The Composition of Vinaya Chalisa

Prabhu Dayal Sharma was at the Luterey Hanuman temple when he met a clerk from the Mathura treasury who told him about Baba and asked him to go for his darshan. As Prabhu Dayal did not know Baba, he did not have any faith or reverence for him but went just to see him. When he arrived, Baba asked him, "What is your name? Where do you work?" No sooner had he replied than Baba asked him to go. Prabhu Dayal wanted to stay longer, but Baba said, "I have told you to go. Go now." He had Baba's darshan for only about a minute.

As Prabhu Dayal was crossing the threshold of the ashram on his way home, he experienced an inexplicable celestial bliss and said spontaneously, "Baba is a great being, not an ordinary man." He said that he felt as if an electric current passed through his whole body. After that incident he was not able to sleep for about a month and had to be treated in a mental health hospital, for he almost lost his sanity. Yet in that condition, and motivated by his darshan with Baba, he composed the Vinaya Chalisa (a prayer to Baba, considered so befitting, that it is now sung in all of Baba's temples). He did not dare to take his composition to Baba personally, so he posted it to him. When Baba received it, he threw it away indifferently. Kalinath Kapoor picked it up out of the trash and took it to Kanpur the next day to get it printed.

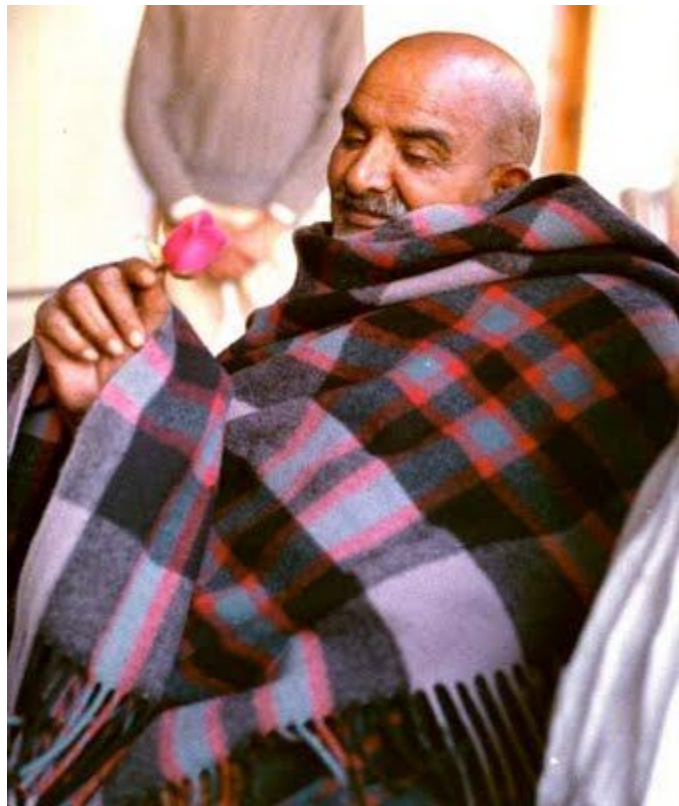


Baba's Whim

Before the partition of India, Gangaram Gujral of Rawalpindi came and settled in Delhi, where he acquired two shops and a lot of property. Once, while traveling by car with his son and Moti Ram Vaidya to the house of his relative Malik Ram in Haldwani, Malik Ram suggested that Gujral go to Kainchi to meet Baba. As soon as Gujral went into Baba's kuti, Baba said, "Gangaram, you have come in your car? Your property dispute is pending with Jha. I will speak to him when I go to Delhi." It was true that Jha, Lieutenant Governor of Delhi, had to give a decision on a property dispute that was likely to go against Gangaram.

Impressed by Baba's knowledge of this unexpressed worry at their first meeting, he asked Baba to accompany them to Delhi. When Baba assured him that he would come later, Gujral repeatedly tried to tell Baba his address. Since Baba ignored him, Gujral had doubts over whether Baba would come.

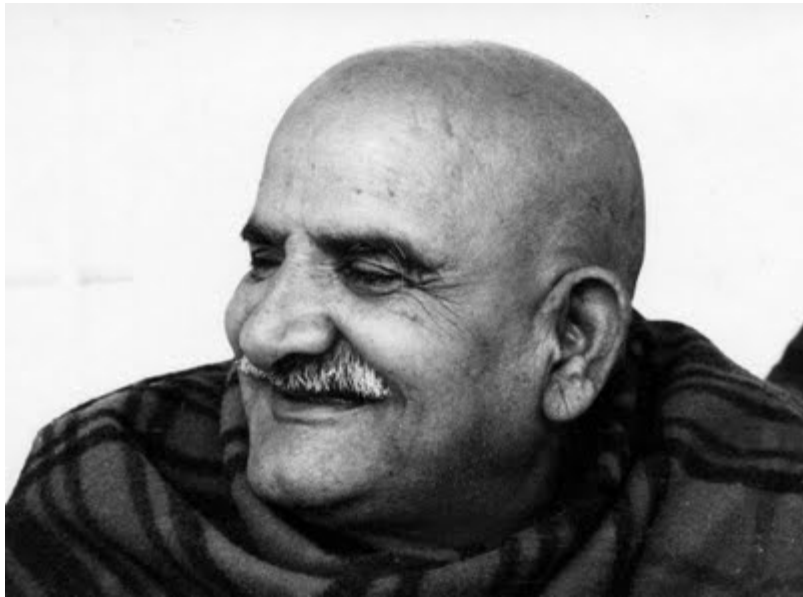
To Gujral's surprise, Baba arrived at his house many months later. Baba immediately took Gujral and his son to Jha's house, where a meeting was in progress. Jha came to Baba and asked him to sit in the living room while he adjourned his meeting. However, Baba said to Gujral, "I won't stay," and asked the driver to get the car. Gujral asked him to stay longer since Jha would be returning soon, but Baba did not listen. Gujral felt that the object for which he had come had not been fulfilled and returned home disappointed. A few days later he received written orders settling the property dispute in his favor. He was unable to understand how the decision came to be given in the way he wished. It was all Baba's lila.



Roses Cure High Blood Pressure

In 1972 Jeevan Chandra Gurrani got ready to return to Haldwani after having Baba's darshan in Vrindavan. While he was taking leave, Baba gave him two roses. Jeevan Chandra ji kept those flowers carefully, though he did not understand why Baba had given them to him. He purchased a direct train ticket to Haldwani but changed his mind on the way, stopping at Bareilly so that he could meet his relative Dr. A.D. Bhandari. When he got there, he learnt that Sarvadaman Raghuvanshi's mother was suffering from high blood pressure and that her condition was deteriorating. Finding that this family of Baba's devotees was in distress, Jeevan Chandra ji went to see them. He took the two roses with him and gave them to Raghuvanshi's mother, saying that Baba had given them to him. She touched the roses to her

forehead with great reverence and love and kept them with her. Her blood pressure immediately became normal and remained so until her death two years later. The two roses disappeared shortly after the incident.



Kheer Prasad

One night my train was late, and I arrived at Prayag railway station at 11 p.m. I was taking a rickshaw home when suddenly I thought that I should go to Church Lane and have Baba's darshan instead. I asked the rickshaw puller to take me there, but on my way I thought that everybody in the house would be sleeping and regretted my decision. When I saw all the lights on in the house, all hesitation disappeared. I went in and saw Sudhir Mukerjee talking to Baba. As soon as Baba saw me, he took out an earthenware bowl full of kheer from under his takhat and gave it to me saying, "Eat it now." I felt as if he had been waiting for me. Though I wanted to take the prasad home, I could not disobey Baba. I was also hungry, so I ate it then and there as instructed. Baba then said to Mukerjee Dada, "See, there is an earthen bowl filled with kheer left in the kitchen. Give that to him, he will take it home."

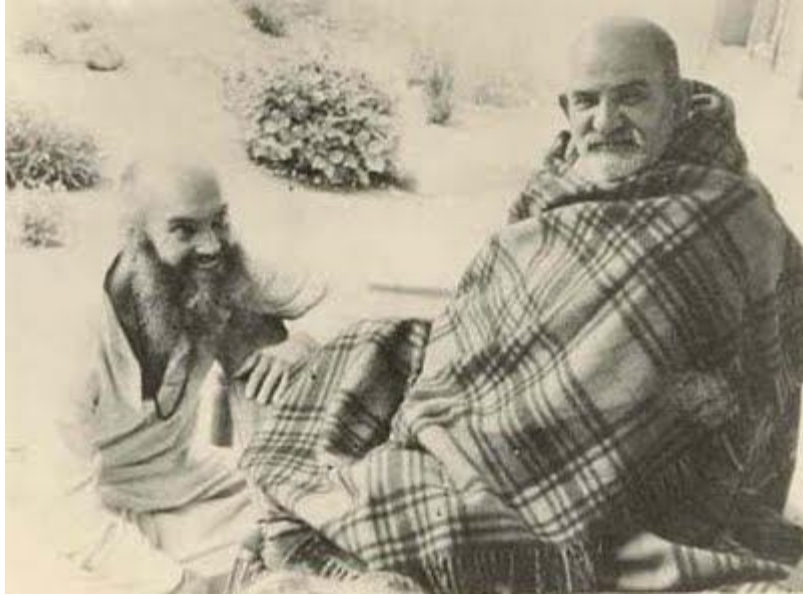
-Hem Chandra Joshi, Commercial Railway Inspector (retired)



Stories of Hanuman

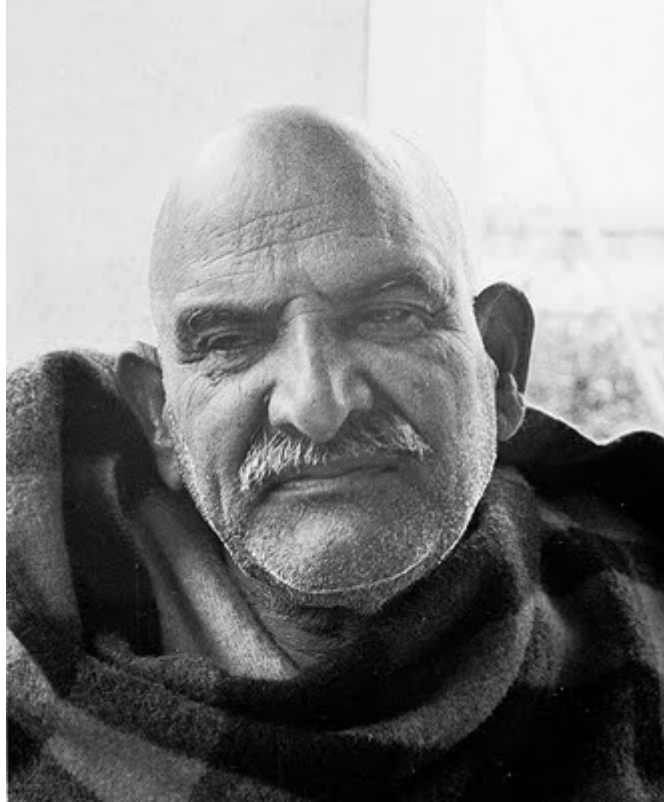
Shankar Prasad Vyas of Varanasi was at Kainchi ashram when Maharaj said to him, "These mountains are the abode of siddhas [elevated souls]. Recite the glory of Hanuman ji for them." Arrangements for this were made in the Krishna-Balaram kuti, and Vyas carried on with the work for three days. He then told Maharaj that he had been telling stories continuously, but there were no listeners. In those days there were very few people living around Kainchi. Only a few women from the village came to hear the discourses. Vyas was accustomed to giving scholarly discourses to large gatherings, so he found the assignment quite uninteresting. Baba said, "What have you to do with people? I told you to tell the story to the elevated souls. Look, an old woman will come to listen. Don't hate her for her unpleasant appearance or she will curse you."

The next day, when he began the narration, he was surprised to see that a distinguished gathering had filled Krishna-Balaram kuti. Among those present were Kamlapati Tripathi, Chief Minister, Uttar Pradesh; Y.B. Chavan, Home Minister, Central Government; Shyama Charan Shukla, Chief Minister, Madhya Pradesh; and many other political leaders. In front of them sat the old woman that Baba had mentioned. After the discourse the woman was the first to leave and was never seen again.



Ram Dass

Richard Alpert, former Harvard University professor, came to India in 1967. He accompanied another American devotee to Bhumiadhar ashram to see Baba. The professor was a psychologist and a man of the world, so Baba seemed very strange to him. Baba praised the Land Rover in which they arrived and asked Alpert to give it to him, prompting feelings of anger and resentment in Alpert. Baba sent both the westerners to have prasad, and when they returned, Baba looked over to Alpert and said, "You were standing under the open sky last night. What did your mother say to you? Your mother died last year? She died of spleen?" Baba's questions surprised Alpert. The first statement concerned an incident that had taken place more than a hundred kilometers from Bhumiadhar the previous night. He had gone outside and enchanted by the calm, beautiful night, stayed standing, looking up at the stars. He had felt a oneness with nature as well as his mother's presence. She had died nine months earlier in America of a diseased spleen. He had not told anyone about this, so Baba's questions made his mind spin. Unable to find a rational explanation, he began to weep uncontrollably. He felt that he had come home. He became devoted to Baba, and Baba gave him the name Ram Dass.



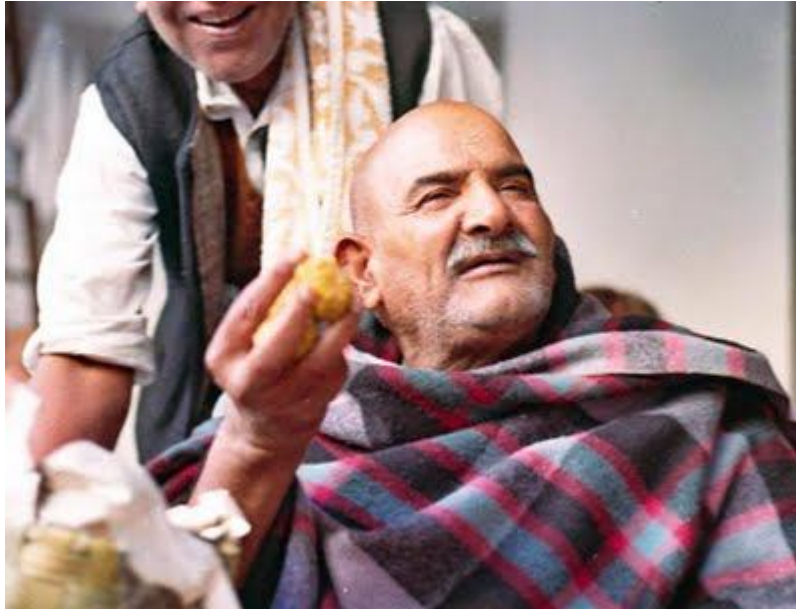
Harpal Singh

Omkar Singh wanted his friend Harpal Singh, Deputy Commissioner, Lucknow, to meet Baba. Harpal Singh, however, had no desire for Baba's darshan. On a visit to Lucknow, Omkar Singh came to know that Baba was at Suraj Narayan Mehrotra's house. Omkar Singh went straight there to meet Baba and requested that he go with him to Harpal Singh's house. Baba agreed, and he, Omkar Singh, and Umadatt Shukla left together. When they arrived, Omkar Singh made Baba and Shukla sit in the living room and then went to find Harpal Singh.

Harpal Singh did not show Baba any respect. On the contrary he felt insulted when Baba addressed him informally as "tu" (informal form of "you") and got angry. He said to Omkar Singh, "Take this uncivilized man out. Where have you brought this nuisance from?" Hearing this abusive language directed at Baba, Omkar Singh got excited and put his hand on his revolver. Baba immediately held his hand and scolding him, went towards the car. Praising the man who had insulted him, Baba said, "He is a yogi. You don't understand, he is a yogi." After this incident, Harpal Singh's temperament changed day by day. A few months later, when Swami Kartikeya, a disciple of a saint named Oriya Baba, came to live on the banks of the Gomti River for the four months of the rainy season, Harpal Singh became his disciple. He went to his guru's hut every morning and attended to him.

Harpal Singh later became the commissioner of Lucknow. After his retirement he was reappointed to the Officer's Training School, Allahabad, where he died of a heart attack. During his last days he was always cheerful. His friends and the doctors and nurses were all

surprised at his attitude. The doctors and the patient knew that death was imminent. Even then Harpal Singh recited couplets from the Gita relating to the soul. He gave such an example of detachment that he did not turn to the members of his family even at the last moment of his life. At the time of Harpal Singh's death, Baba was in Nainital. With tears in his eyes, Baba said to one of his devotees, "Harpal is gone. He has become one with me today." By calling him a yogi, he made him a yogi in reality.



Colonel J.C. McKenna

Colonel J.C. McKenna of Rajput Regiment Centre in Fatehgarh was a strict disciplinarian and had absolutely prohibited sadhus from entering the army camp and the soldiers from having any kind of association with them. Due to their fear of the colonel, the army personnel visited Baba in secret while he was encamped nearby at Kilaghat and returned soon after having his darshan.

Baba wanted to bring about a change in the colonel's behavior, so one day he went to the colonel's house in his absence and lay on his bed. The attendant on duty humbly requested him not to do so, but Baba did not heed him. When the colonel arrived, the attendant informed him of the situation. McKenna went into his room in a bad temper and as was his nature, scolded Baba. He was stunned to see that it had no effect on him. Instead, smiling in his natural manner, Baba just gazed at him. Under the unique influence of Baba's smile, the colonel's heart changed. He not only apologized and offered Baba some oranges, but also became his first western devotee and removed all the restrictions he had imposed on sadhus. As Baba's devotee he kept on progressing in his career and retired as general.



An American Couple

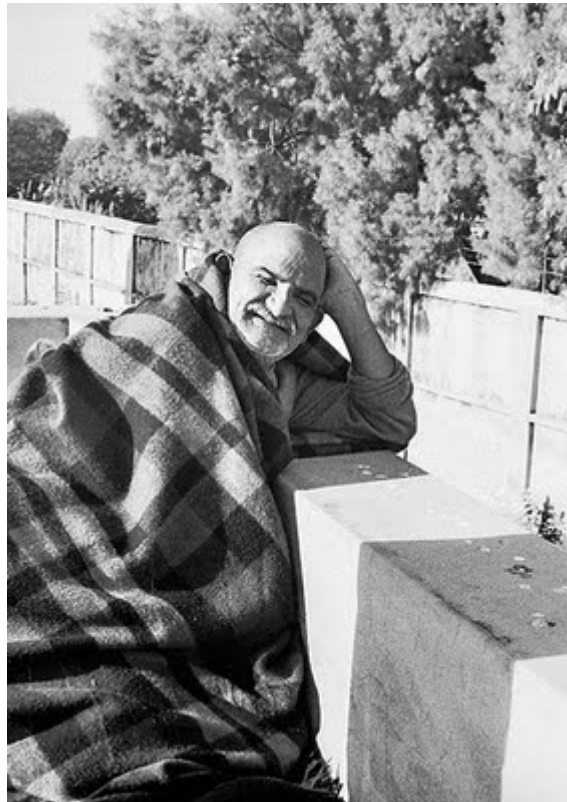
When an American woman came with some friends to meet Baba for the first time, she was greatly impressed by him and regretted that her husband was not with her. She returned to America to bring him to Kainchi to meet Baba. When they came to the ashram, he was put off by seeing the westerners so crazy about Baba and that they were not shy of putting their heads to his feet. He was especially upset with his wife for doing so.

All the Westerners used to stay at hotels in Nainital and come to Kainchi for Baba's darshan every morning and return to Nainital in the evening. The American followed the same routine with his wife, and after seven days he felt bored. Baba completely ignored him. The man was so upset that he thought of going back to America and leaving his wife in India. On the eighth day he decided not to go to Kainchi with his wife and instead sat alone all day with his painful thoughts by the side of the lake in Nainital. Though he was not a believer in religion, he remembered God that day. He asked himself, What am I doing here? Who is this man Maharaj ji? Why are all these people crazy about him? At that moment he remembered hearing the phrase, "If ye had but faith, ye would not need a miracle." He felt bad and prayed to God, "Well I do not have faith, and I need a miracle."

He decided to return to America the next day, but at the insistence of his wife, they both went to bid farewell to Baba. He also decided that he would say what he felt that day. Both of them arrived in Kainchi early in the morning, before the other western devotees, and sat before Baba's takhat on the veranda. Baba was inside Radha kuti. It was Baba's lila that an apple from the top of the takhat rolled down onto the floor. As the man bent to pick it up, Baba

speedily came out and sat on the takhat in such a way that his feet pressed down on the man's hand. Baba then pressed his already bent head with his hand, and the man found himself on his knees in a prone position, as if he were touching Baba's feet. It was the situation he had always detested watching.

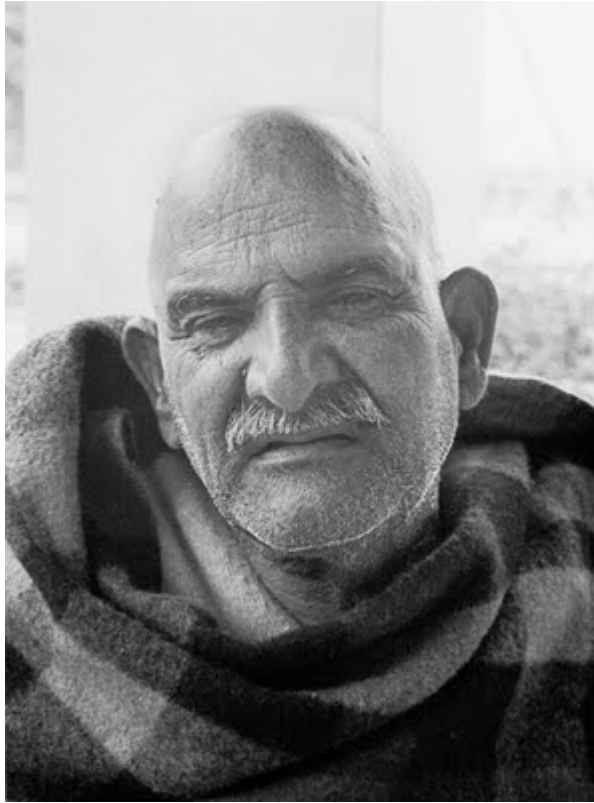
Looking at him, Baba asked a few questions, "What were you doing at the lake? Were you boating? Did you go to swim?" In the end he said, "You were remembering God?" When Baba said this, the man started crying like a child. Baba pulled him to himself and caressing his beard, asked him again and again, "Tell me, what did you ask God?" Baba's voice and touch brought a change in him. Reverence and love for Baba surged in his heart. He realized that everyone must have had a similar experience, and that was why people did not wish to leave him.



Immediate Detachment

In 1949 Maharaj went to Kashipur in District Nainital with nine devotees and stayed at Kishan Chaube's house. On his return he went walking along a dusty road outside the town. A group of potters were coming from the opposite direction, their donkeys laden with earthen pots. There was a young potter among them who passed Baba puffing a pipe, which he carried in his hand. Baba asked him loudly, "Who are you?" The potter replied, "Who are you?" Baba repeated the question more loudly and so did the potter, getting angry. Baba then changed the question and asked, "What caste are you?" The potter repeated the question back to him. Baba at once replied, "I am a sweeper, who are you?" This time the potter spoke with pride and said, "I am a potter." Baba showed respect towards him and humbly asked, "Will you give me your chillum to smoke?" The potter held out the clay pipe containing the tobacco and cinders

towards Baba. Baba puffed it two or three times and then placed his hand on the potter's head. The young potter became quite detached from the world in that instant. They went to the nearby garden of Radhay Shyam. On Baba's instruction he took a bath using the well water, and Baba got the clothes of a monk for him. Giving the boy a rosary, Baba initiated him and made him a monk. He then made arrangements for his boarding and lodging in the garden. Baba instructed the boy to go to Badrinath from there and then left.



True Welfare

In 1955 Kehar Singh ji suffered from heart trouble. Taking four months leave, he went to his physician friend in Bareilly for treatment. One evening he received an official letter from the government of Uttar Pradesh. The letter was from the excise secretary, who was writing to tell him that the minister had called a meeting that was to take place in Mussoorie at 11 a.m. on 22 September and that Kehar Singh ji was instructed to attend. He became depressed after reading it because he was frightened to go to the hills in case he had another heart attack. He did not mention the letter to anyone, including his doctor. Nonetheless, wherever Baba was, he was aware of it and was moved by compassion for him.

About fifteen hours after Kehar Singh ji received the letter, the doctor came to tell him, "Go downstairs, someone has come to see you. He is a fat man, and he gave his name as Baba Neeb Karori." Kehar Singh ji went downstairs quickly and saw Baba sitting on a bench among the patients. Maharaj said to him, "Oh, you live upstairs. Let's go there." Baba led the way and walked through the house as if he had lived there for years. With the agility and speed of a young man, he climbed up the stairs, went into Kehar Singh ji's room, and sat on his bed.

As Kehar Singh ji offered pranaam to him, Baba said, "You received a letter from Kuldeep Narayan Singh yesterday?"

"Yes."

"The minister has called a meeting in Mussoorie?"

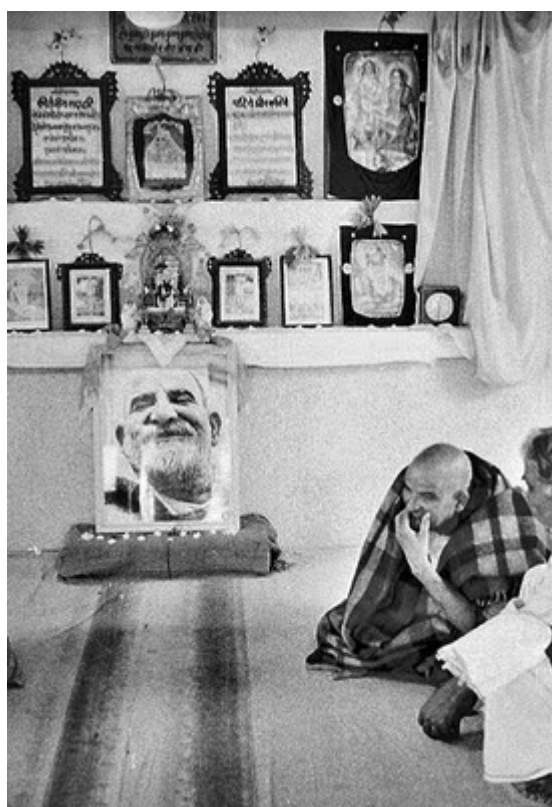
"Yes."

"You have been called to that meeting?"

"Yes."

Why are you afraid of going there? Go and attend the meeting. Nothing will happen to you.

Baba refused to stay and would not let Kehar Singh ji go with him. Baba left him outside the house and disappeared. The whole darshan took all of five minutes. Thereafter Kehar Singh was not worried. He went to attend the meeting and did not experience any adverse health effect as a result.

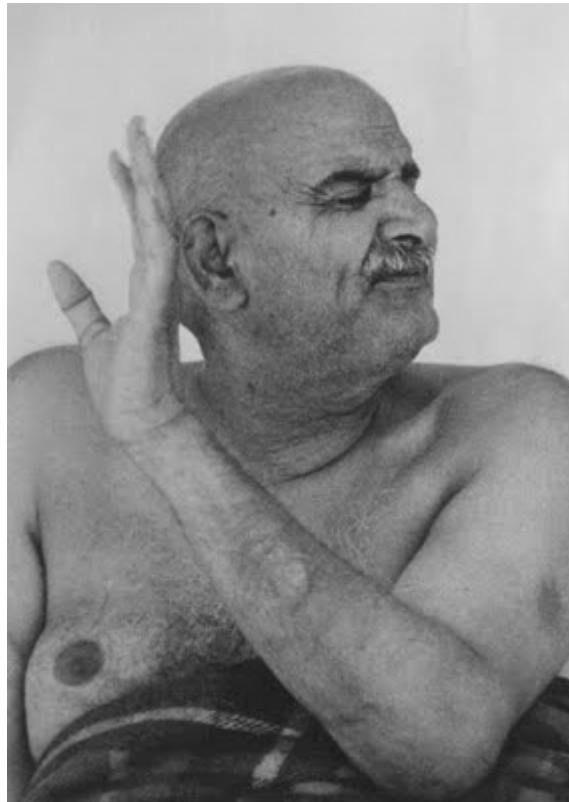


An Everlasting Message

Shankar Prasad Vyas came to know that a man was given five rupees with instructions from Maharaj to buy a lottery ticket in his wife's name. They won five lakh (500,000) rupees. After

hearing this, Vyas desired to receive that same grace from Baba. He had to go to various places expounding scriptures and thought if he received money without any effort, all his problems would be solved. When Vyas got an opportunity, he asked Baba for a lottery ticket. Though Baba heard him, he did not give any reply.

That night while Vyas was asleep, he saw Hanuman ji in a dream. Hanuman ji struck Vyas on his back with his fist. It hurt so much that Vyas cried out and woke up. He still felt the pain. Just then Baba came in his room and massaged his back with his own hands. At Baba's touch, he recovered at once. Baba then asked him to sleep and went away. The next day, when Vyas met Baba in the morning, Baba asked him, "Do you want five lakh rupees or devotion to Hanuman? You get problems with money and not devotion. Hanuman ji taught you this lesson last night." Vyas' desire for money vanished.

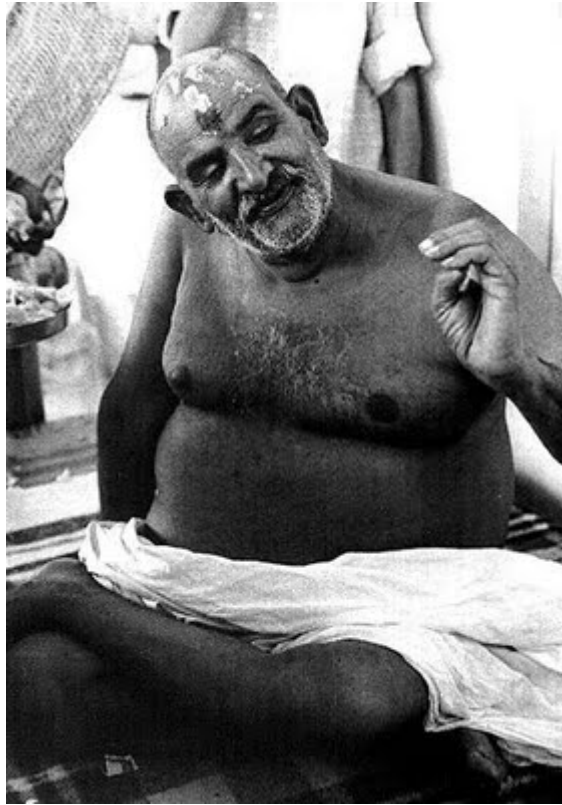


A Bad Habit Dropped Effortlessly

An American woman came to India in search of a guru. She became associated with some sadhus and spent her time smoking charas (hashish) in their company. She squandered all her money. One day while roaming about from place to place, she was walking along Parikrama Marg, Vrindavan, in front of Baba. Baba took pity on her and arranged for her boarding and lodging in his ashram. He also occasionally produced charas for her by rubbing his hands. Later Baba made arrangements to send her back to America. When she was leaving, Baba said to her, "You will not smoke charas any more."

In 1984 this same woman returned to Kainchi with her son and stayed many days. She told the devotees in the ashram that it was due to Baba's power of inspiration that she had had no

desire to smoke charas since the day that he commanded her not to smoke. She got rid of the habit without making any effort to do so. She brought her son for darshan of Baba's murti, hoping that his life would also be reformed. He was addicted to drugs in America and did not lead a productive life. In 1985 the woman returned alone and said that since her son had had darshan of Maharaj's murti, there had been a change in his life. He had begun earning his living.



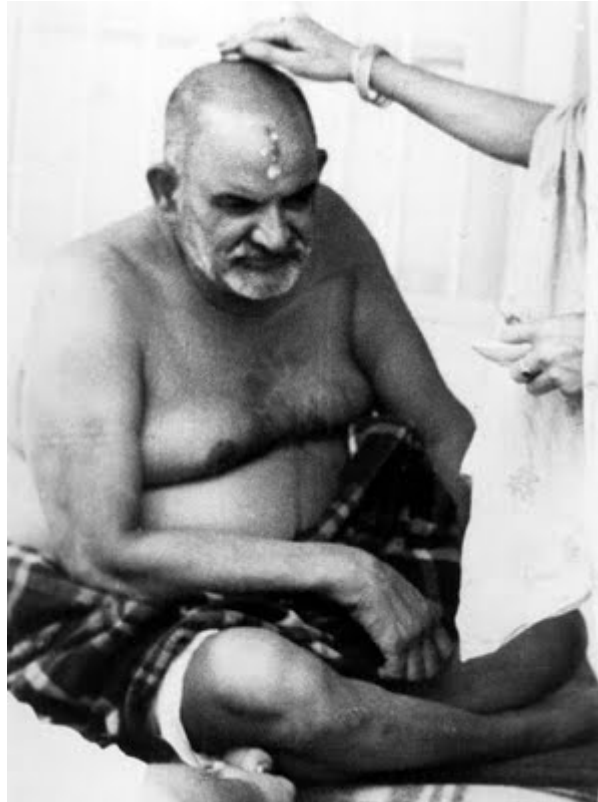
Worries Relieved

My situation in life was like the phrase, "No knowledge, no strength in arms, no money to spend." I felt I could not serve Baba in any way. In spite of this I was the recipient of his endless grace. He gave me everything when I was not able to offer anything in return. Not only am I indebted to him, but so is my whole family, particularly my mother, my wife, and my two sons.

One day Baba came to our house at 150 Allenganj in Allahabad. After puja and a meal, he sat silently for some time. Suddenly he said to me, "Don't worry." I told him I did not worry, but the worries came to me and did not leave no matter how hard I tried. Baba said again very forcefully, "I say don't worry." Helplessly, I submitted to what he said, as it was no use arguing further. Many years after this incident, I came to know the reality of his utterance. The purpose of his command was, as it is said in the Ramayana, "Friend, leave your worry and rely on me. I shall do all your work." In time he took away all my worries. The circumstances changed by themselves, and my nature to worry also improved. Even now if I

worry about something, as is my basic nature, I have found the work automatically and appropriately done. I remember what Baba told me and feel ashamed of myself. Baba took care of me and he still does.

-Rajida



Who Is the Doer?

In 1960, while I was living at Thornhill Road in Allahabad, Baba and some of his devotees were going on a pilgrimage to Rameshwaram. They left Church Lane for the railway station in rickshaws. The other rickshaws, which were all in front of Baba, turned onto Thornhill Road near the Indian Press, but Baba directed his rickshaw driver to go in the opposite direction without informing anyone. He came to my house just to tell me that I should not scold my children while teaching them. Baba's heart was very tender, and he could not tolerate children being treated harshly. Baba said to me, "All come with their destiny written." He gave me examples of people unknown to me and asked how they attained their high positions. To clarify, he asked me, "Who is the doer?" I got the point, and this question has guided me throughout my life. My children completed their education by their own efforts.

On Baba's instruction, my eldest son was initiated in the ashram of Sri Prabhudutt Brahmachari at Jhusi. We held the closing function at our place with the blessings of Baba, who sat in the prayer room with my son's head resting on his lap. Putting his hand on my son's head for a long time, Baba sat in bliss. That splendid scene cannot be described in words. Baba initiated my younger son at Kainchi ashram.

-Rajida



Destiny and Protection

Due to her past karma, my wife generally suffered from ill health. She had attacks of serious diseases one after the other, and many a time her condition became critical. However, Baba's grace always protected her. Baba very often came and said to her, "Don't lose heart. God helps those who are courageous." Baba's darshan gave her the power to endure, and his words raised her morale. My economic condition was such that I could not get her treated properly, but by Baba's grace all facilities were made available to me. I saw Baba's kindness clearly in his treatment of my wife.

-Rajida

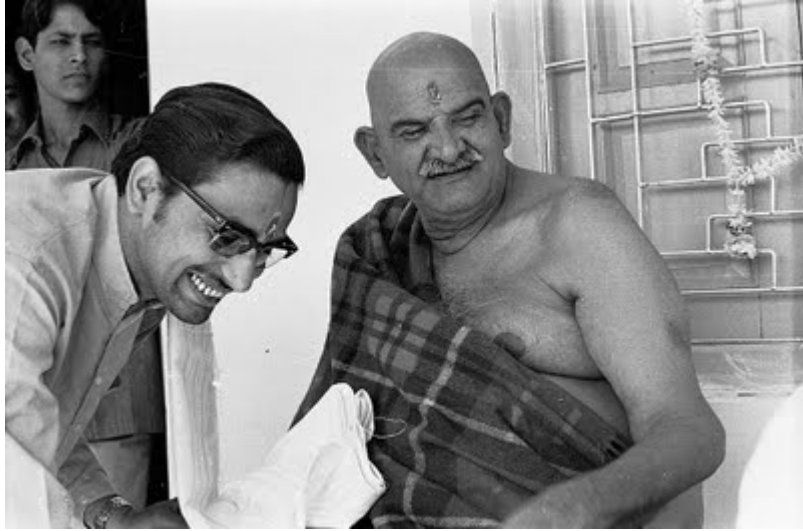


The Appointment of My Sons

My elder son, Diwaspati, could not meet the application deadline for a job in the State Bank of India since he received the details quite late. After writing his application, he submitted it to Baba for his blessing and then sent it six weeks after the last date for submission of applications. By Baba's grace my son received permission to take the written exam, which he passed. He then had to go for an interview and asked me what I thought they would ask him. It was by Baba's power of inspiration that all the questions I told him were asked of him to the letter at the interview the next day. When the information was passed on to Baba, he said, "I have made him the manager."

A year later my younger son, Diwakar, was scheduled to interview for a post at Meerut University. Being impressed by his brother's experience, he also came to ask me what I thought they would ask. Although I had no experience in this area, I asked him a few questions just to encourage him. It was again Baba's lila that relevant answers to those questions became the basis of his success. He was selected out of thirteen suitable candidates.

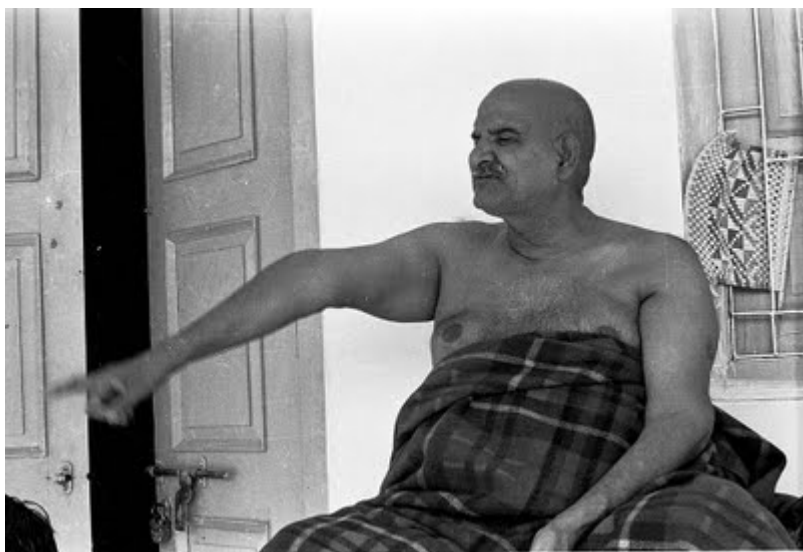
-Rajida



The Marriages of My Sons

In Kainchi ashram, Baba settled the marriages of my two sons and chose girls that were suitable for them. I was only asked to perform the task. Before the marriage of my elder son, I was passing through a bad period in my life financially, and the circumstances were challenging. Both my wife and mother were ill and required surgery. I also needed to make arrangements for a marriage ceremony, and there was nobody else in the family to take care of the household. Amidst all these odd circumstances, I witnessed Baba's miracles. Some people known to me took it upon themselves to do all the work for the wedding as if it were their own. All the necessary facilities and things that were required were arranged. The marriage was solemnized—and on a grand scale. Even my sick wife and mother participated in the auspicious ceremony, and they were later cured without surgery.

-Rajida

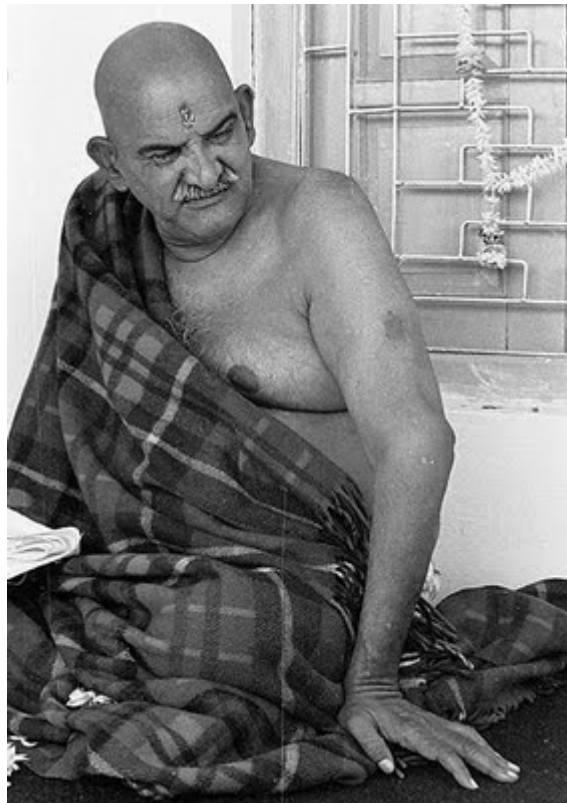


God's Darshan

One day at Church Lane, Maharaj was in a happy mood, and only my mother, my wife, and I were sitting by his takhat. In that atmosphere my mother asked him, "Baba, show me God." At once Baba said, "You will see. You will see. You will see."

My mother remained ill for a long time and suffered a lot. When her end came, we observed many wonderful changes in her. All her suffering disappeared, and a great tranquility was seen on her face. An attractive radiance engulfed her. While she was in this blissful state, I went to the prayer room and fetched the picture of Ram durbar (Lord Ram's court) that she worshiped daily and placed it before her eyes. No sooner did she set eyes on it than she transcended herself. Her eyes were fixed on that picture, and looking at it without blinking, she passed away. My mother's joyful face and the lustre in her eyes gave us the impression that she saw God personified in that picture. All of us forgot the grief of parting, and overwhelmed by emotion, we chanted the name of Ram. This event took place after Maharaj's Mahasamadhi.

-Rajida

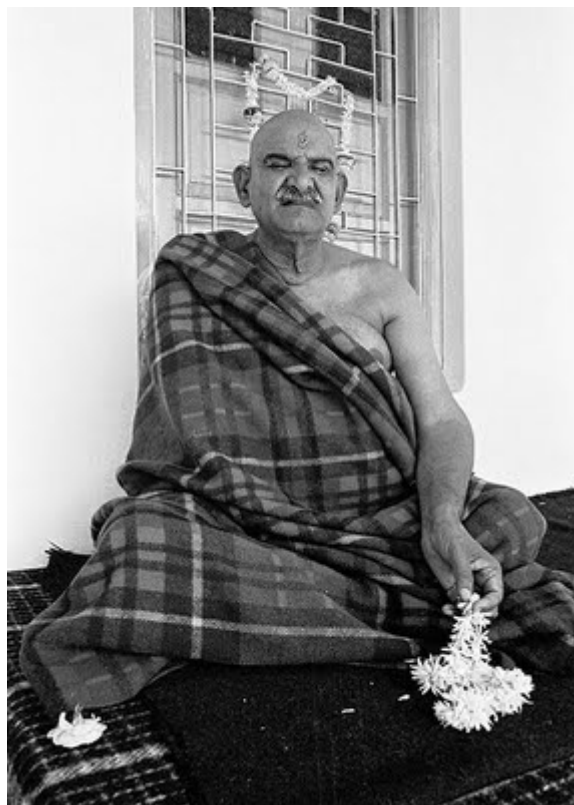


No More Transfers

In 1968 I was in Central Services and had already spent sixteen years working in Allahabad. There was every possibility of my transfer at any moment since my service was transferable. I was past fifty years of age, my children were studying, and my wife and mother were both ill. If I was transferred to a distant place, our economic situation would worsen further, and I would not be able to look after everybody. I worried about it for many days.

One day Baba came to our house. Hardly had I finished offering my pranaam when he said, "Don't worry, you will not be transferred." I was stunned to hear Baba's words because no thought of the transfer was in my mind at that moment. I replied, "Baba, I am reassured. Your words will never go in vain." Baba tried to hide his reality by saying, "I will speak to the minister in Central Government to get your transfer cancelled." I humbly said to him, "What is the worth of the minister before Maharaj's power!" Baba changed the topic of conversation. He left, and within a month my office received orders that the transfer of employees over fifty years of age would be on a voluntary basis. Having no fear of my transfer, I worked in Allahabad for the next eight years until my retirement. Nothing could stand in the way of Baba's grace. It is said in the Ramayana, "Whomsoever Ram is pleased with, gods, men, and saints are also pleased with him." That I became worthy of his kindness is no greatness of mine; it only reflects his endless grace.

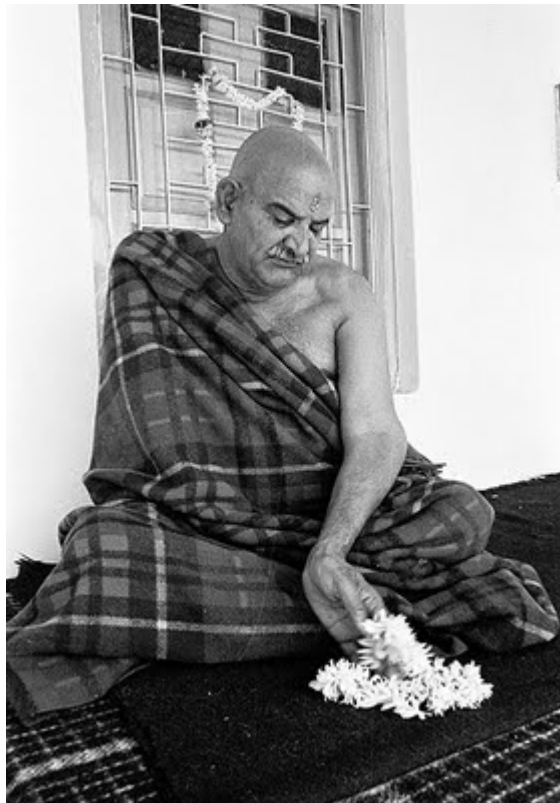
-Rajida



Kehar Singh ji

Once, Kehar Singh ji went from Lucknow to Kainchi and stayed at the forest rest house near the ashram. A short while after he arrived, he came down with a fever. In that state, he went to meet Baba and found him sitting on some pebbles by the road. As he was bowing to touch his feet, Baba took his hand out from under his blanket and extended it to him with a piece of kalakand in it. As Kehar Singh was in a hurry to pranaam before Baba, he took it, put it in his mouth at once, and placed his head on Baba's feet. When he raised his head, the fever was gone. Having thus recovered, he continued talking to Baba.

A long time after this incident, Kehar Singh had a similar experience. On 25 December 1965 he heard that Baba had arrived in Lucknow. Though he was ill with a fever, he went to the houses of many devotees in search of Baba, but he could not find him anywhere. At last he went to a devotee's house in Chowk Bazaar and found Baba there. As he was bowing to touch his feet, Baba extended his hand and touched Kehar Singh ji's belly with his finger. His fever left him at once, and he was able to enjoy Baba's company.



You Will Become President

The late former president V.V. Giri had developed faith in Maharaj ever since he had become the governor of Uttar Pradesh. He often went to have his darshan and reverentially prostrated himself before Baba. At times he went to Kainchi to get Maharaj and take him to Government House, where he extended all hospitality to him. When he contested the election for president, he came to Kainchi ashram for Baba's blessings and fell at his feet. Baba placed his hand upon his hand and said, "You want to win the election. Don't worry, you will become the president."



An Incorrect Diagnosis

When Kehar Singh's son was seven years old, he was diagnosed with bone TB in his leg. Dr. Gauri Shankar Bhargava had the boy admitted to Balrampur Hospital and put his foot in plaster. Shortly thereafter Dr. Bhargava was transferred, and the doctor who replaced him did not take much interest in the boy, which worried his mother. Meanwhile Baba arrived in Lucknow and stayed at Hariram Joshi's house. After some time he said, "Kehar Singh's son is sick. I am going to the hospital to see him." He went to the hospital, and smiling at the boy, he said to his mother, "He has been given the wrong treatment. He has no bone TB. Take him home and he will recover." For Kehar Singh ji, Baba's word was God's word. He immediately took the boy home and stopped all treatment. One day he showed the leg to Dr. Mathur and asked for his opinion. Looking at the boy's leg, Dr. Mathur said that it was certainly not TB and removed the plaster. The boy regained his health without any medicine.



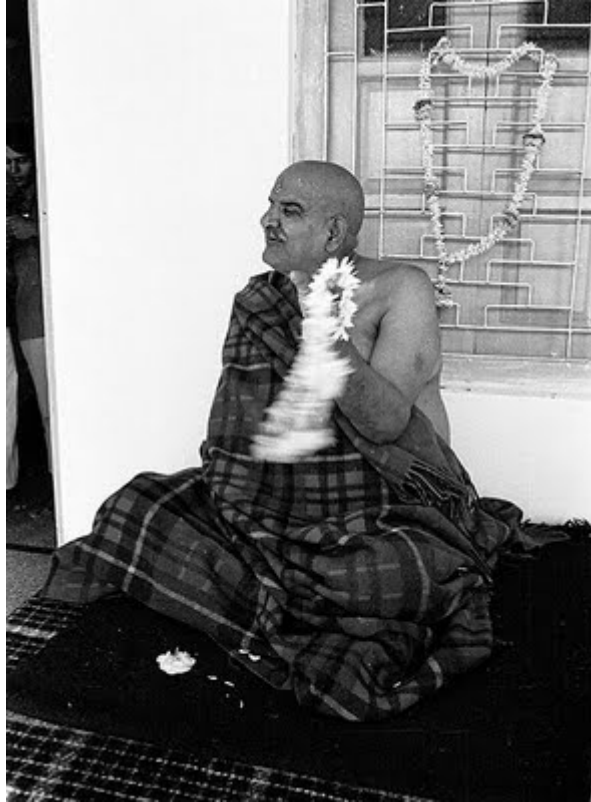
Baba's Healing Touch

Once, when Mehrotra ji went to Charbag station to see someone off, he slipped and dislocated his shoulder. He was treated by an orthopedic doctor named Dr. Sinha but was not completely cured. After this he went to another specialist named Dr. Singh for treatment, but there was no improvement. Mehrotra ji became disheartened. After so much treatment he was still unable to write and had no strength in his hand. When Baba came to his house, he mentioned the problem to him. Baba massaged the shoulder a little, and Mehrotra ji's hand began functioning. He never had any further problem with it.



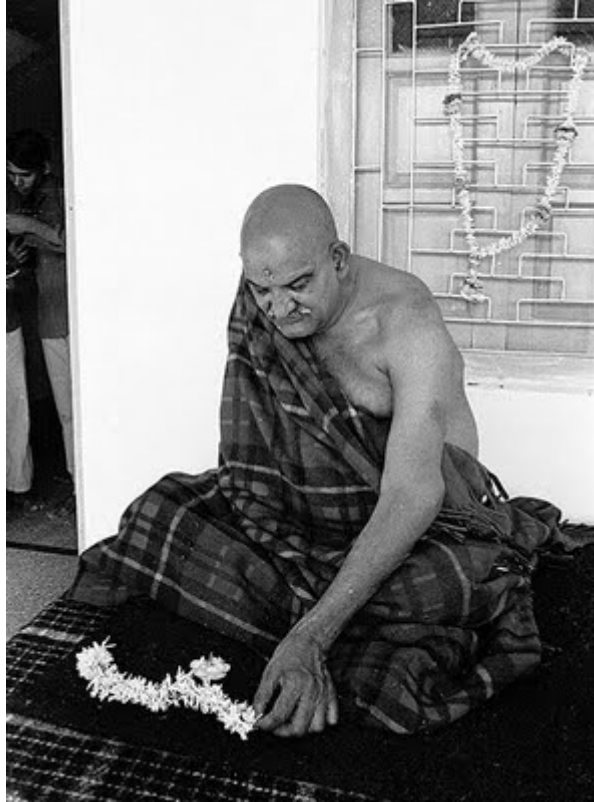
A Divine Cure

Shrimati Mehrotra was suffering from a painful case of angina pectoris. The doctors tried their best, but her condition was quickly deteriorating. Maharaj was in Kanpur. Describing the condition of Shrimati Mehrotra to his devotees, he said, "If something happens to her, who will feed me?" Maharaj went at once to Mehrotra ji's house in Lucknow and found Shrimati Mehrotra unconscious. Baba touched his toe to her forehead, and at about midnight, she opened her eyes. Baba gave her prasad to eat and her condition improved. Baba stayed at Mehrotra ji's house for nine days on this occasion. When Shrimati Mehrotra had recovered completely, Baba left after eating food prepared by her.



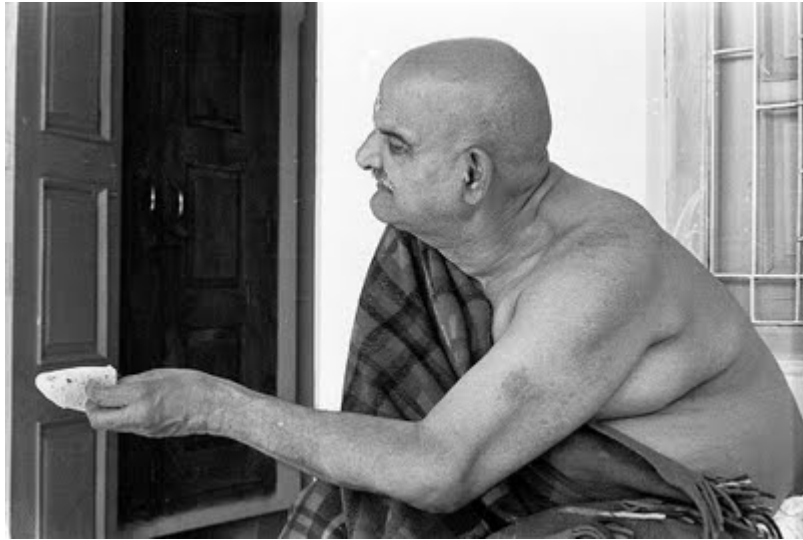
Kindness to a Devotee's Daughter

Shrimati Gyano, the daughter of Suraj Narayan Mehrotra, was very worried, for her son was seriously ill and had been admitted to a hospital in Shimla. She wanted to ask Baba to save his life, but she could only wait anxiously since she did not know his whereabouts. Maharaj was traveling by car from Vrindavan to Delhi with Kehar Singh ji and Jawaharlal Verma when Baba said to Kehar Singh ji, "Gyano is my devotee. If her son does not survive, I shall not be able to show my face." When he arrived at Verma's house in Delhi, he phoned Gyano. Her husband said, "Gyano is crying. Our son is in the hospital, and his life is in danger." Baba asked him to give the phone to Gyano, and he said to her, "The boy has been given the wrong treatment. There is nothing wrong with him. Take him home and he will recover." Following Baba's instructions, they brought the boy home and his condition improved each day. He recovered without having any treatment.



A Flower From Baba

Suraj Narayan's seven-year-old son, Gopal, went to Varanasi with his uncle Daya Narayan Mehrotra and a young servant named Lala and stayed at the home of the Maharaja of Vijayanagaram. There were communal riots in Varanasi at the time, and a curfew was in operation. During the night the two boys contracted a high fever. Daya Narayan was very anxious, for there was no possibility of treatment. They were surprised to receive a parcel the next day with only a flower inside. The sender's name written on the parcel was Baba Neeb Karori. Daya Narayan put some petals from the flower on Lala's forehead and the remaining flower on Gopal's chest. Doing this caused the two children's fever to come down.

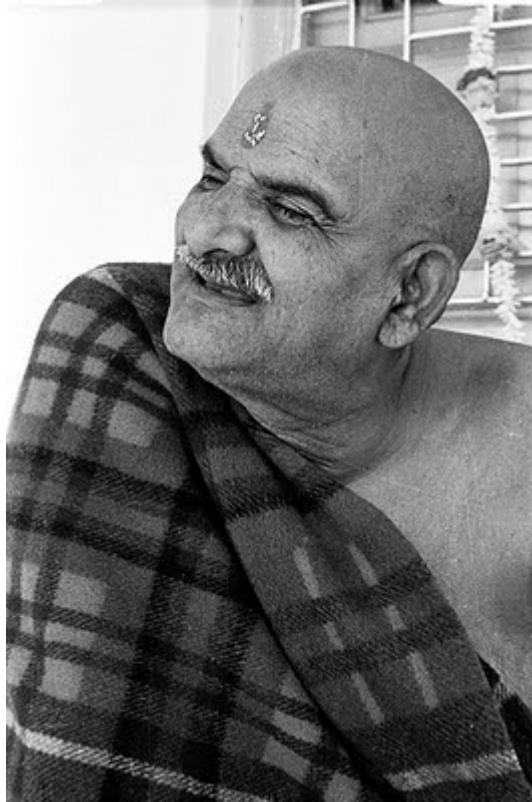


Disease Taken Away

In the last week of March 1972 Kehar Singh ji came down with the flu. Then, in the beginning of April, he suffered from diarrhea. He was unable to retain even a drop of water and became emaciated by the long illness. Doctors thought of giving him glucose and a blood transfusion since his condition had become so serious that he was not able to move at all. One night he said to himself in distress, I shall pass the days in misery. This life will be a hell for me. In utter helplessness he thought of Maharaj. He prayed to him either to make him fit to live or to let him die. That night while the whole world slept, Baba heard Kehar Singh ji's silent prayer.

At Vrindavan ashram, two hundred and seventy-five kilometers away, Baba at once took the disease upon himself. He suffered a severe attack of diarrhea. His clothes were soiled and cleaned again and again by the mothers at the ashram. Baba was given a variety of treatments, all of which failed. Everyone was worried, but Kehar Singh ji slept soundly that night. He did not have diarrhea for the next three days and thereafter recovered without any medicine. His prayer was answered. At Vrindavan ashram, Baba got up at about five thirty in the evening of the next day. He bathed himself and talked cheerfully to everyone as usual. Sri Ma knew that Baba had taken someone else's disease upon himself in order to relieve the sufferer, but no one knew who had received that grace.

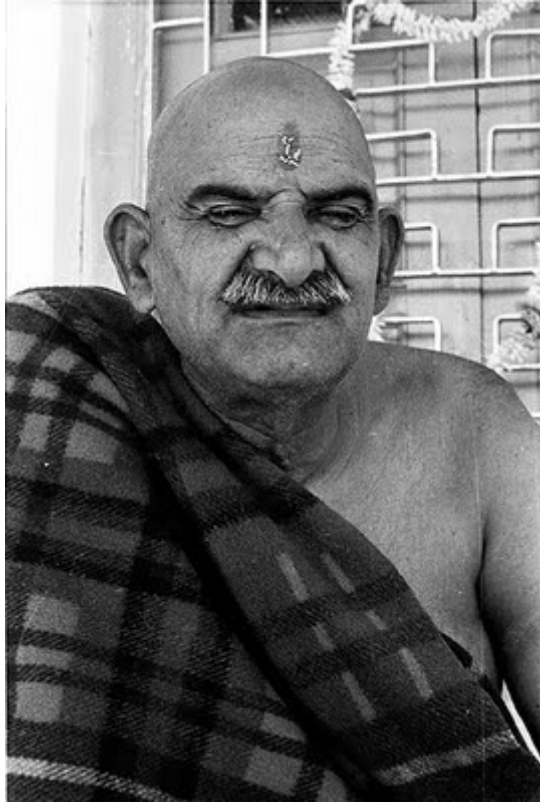
One of Baba's devotees, who had been in Vrindavan while Baba was sick, returned to Lucknow and told Kehar Singh ji that Baba had been in bad shape because of diarrhea. He told him the date that Baba had taken ill. It was the same night that Kehar Singh ji had prayed to Baba to cure his diarrhea. Kehar Singh felt remorse when he came to know that Baba had endured pain because of him.



Relief From Poverty

Purnanand Tewari of Kainchi had a big family but no means of livelihood except for a small piece of land to cultivate. The income from it was not enough to support them, so when the children were little, the economic situation was not good. Tewari became very sad and disappointed with his life. He decided to sell his piece of land and settled the deed with a Punjabi gentleman. Baba came to his house in 1962 and consoled him saying, "Don't be afraid of misfortune. Dogs bark but the elephant walks on, he does not care." Tewari then decided not to sell his land.

Maharaj was moved by his poverty. Along with the construction of the ashram, Baba had a concrete building built near Tewari's house. He got a post office opened there and a tea shop set up for Tewari. By speaking to officials, he also got a bus stop and a booking office opened near it and had Tewari appointed as its watchman. Thus, in addition to cultivating his land, Tewari did the duties of watchman and ran his shop. As it was the only shop near the ashram, bus stop, and post office, business was good. In time his roadside shop became the main center for the collection and packaging of fruit and vegetables from that area to other markets. Due to Baba's grace, Tewari's children were educated, and the business grew.



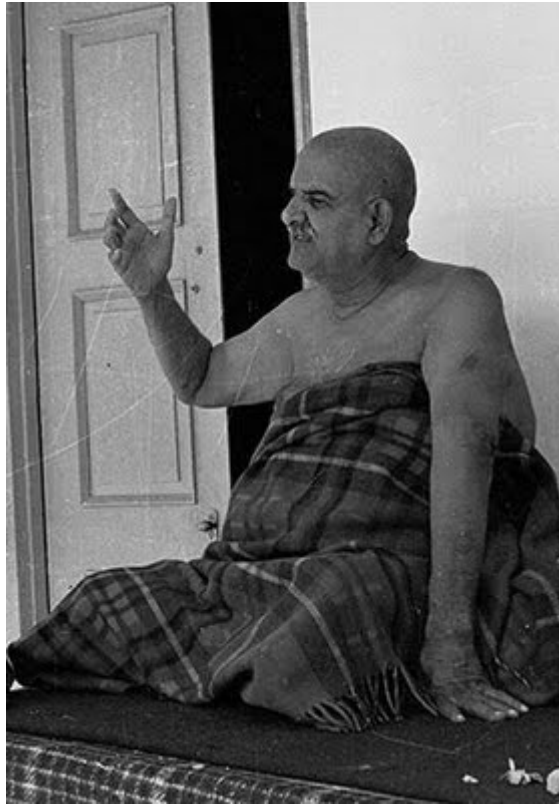
A Case of Typhoid

During the days of poverty for the Tewari family, Tewari's wife suffered from fever and asthma. Tewari got medicine prescribed for her from the doctor in Bhowali by describing her symptoms to him. She did not, however, continue taking the medicine, for it aggravated her illness. Tewari was poor and worried. One day Haridas Baba was sitting in Tewari's tea shop, waiting for the bus to go back to Nainital, and Tewari told him his tale of woe. Haridas Baba used to come to Kainchi from Hanumangarh to supervise the construction work of Kainchi ashram. Haridas listened to him, and when the bus arrived, he left. Maharaj was in Lucknow at the time but phoned a devotee in Nainital and told him to tell Haridas Baba to take Dr. Premlal to Kainchi with him at once. The doctor was to examine Purnanand's wife because she was suffering a lot. Haridas Baba and the doctor diagnosed her fever as typhoid and prescribed a new medicine. Seeing the original medicine, the doctor said that she must not take it. She regained her health in a few days.



Tewari's Future

Two months before his Mahasamadhi, Maharaj spoke to the higher authorities of the Roadways Department and got Tewari transferred to the Roadways station in Bhowali, about eight kilometers from Kainchi. Baba's act distressed Tewari because he did not want to leave Kainchi. However, Baba was keeping Tewari's future welfare in mind. He did not want him to face difficulties in his absence. Baba knew that by his transfer to a place some distance away he would not be able to manage all his business affairs, so his sons would need to take on more responsibilities. Otherwise, with the deterioration in health suffered in old age, his life would be unhappy if he was still trying to manage everything. Baba explained to Tewari that after he had worked in Bhowali for two months, he would be transferred back to Kainchi and would have no further fear of transfer in the future. After Baba's Mahasamadhi, Tewari was indeed transferred back to the Kainchi bus stand. About a year after his return, the bus stand closed because it was not longer profitable, but Tewari was made a lifelong watchman of the vacated building.



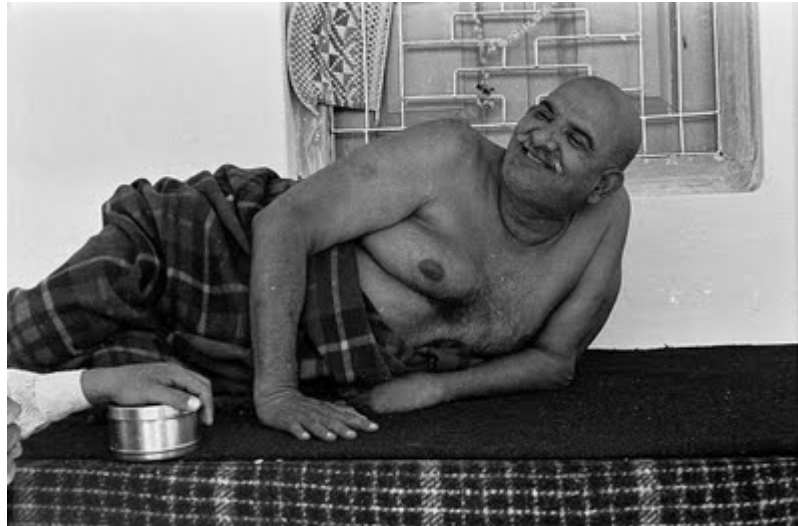
Changing Destiny

In 1948 Kehar Singh ji and a friend went to a man having Bhrigu Samhita (the prophetic astrological treatise of Sage Bhrigu). Kehar Singh ji expressed his desire to have written details about his astrological chart but said he did not have a horoscope. The astrologer asked him a few questions and based on Kehar Singh's answers, looked up the relevant charts in a book, drew up a horoscope, and wrote a vivid account of his life. As the things written about the past were correct, the predictions made for the future seemed to be credible. There was one inauspicious prediction about his future. According to the horoscope, he was to die at the age of fifty-four from contracting a fatal disease. Kehar Singh ji was very disturbed by this.

After a long time a different astrologer came to see Singh ji for some other purpose, and Kehar Singh ji took the opportunity to discuss the earlier prediction with him. The astrologer recast his horoscope and also read his palm. Endorsing the prediction, he showed him that his lifeline was broken at that age. After this Singh ji felt there was no further reason to doubt the prediction.

In 1963, when Kehar Singh ji entered his fifty-fourth year, a lump of flesh developed on the lower part of his tongue, which doctors diagnosed as a cancerous growth. Though he became very worried, he could not decide whether to tell Baba about his fears. When Baba came to Lucknow, Kehar Singh, Suraj Narayan Mehrotra, and Prem Lal went around with him all day. In the evening they went to the kuti of Shahanshah, Prem Lal's guru, and sat on the ground by the bank of the Gomti River. Baba sent Mehrotra and Prem Lal elsewhere to attend to some task and whispered in Kehar Singh ji's ear, "Now tell." In this way Baba gave him an

opportunity to relate his problem. Baba's affectionate behavior caused him to blurt out, "Baba, I have tongue cancer." Baba pulled Kehar Singh ji towards him by his left hand, embraced him, and rubbed his head vigorously with his right hand. Then saying nothing, he left him. Kehar Singh ji watched the lump on his tongue everyday in the mirror and found that it was getting smaller daily. In about a week not only did the lump vanish completely, but the lifeline on his palm appeared unbroken.



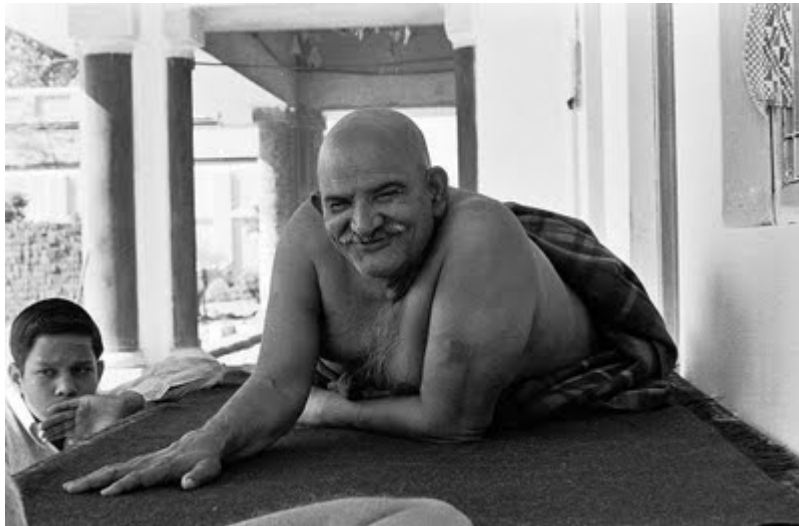
Settling a Marriage

Shri S.S. Pawar and his wife were anxious about the marriage of their elder daughter. One day Baba came and said, "A boy who is an engineer has just returned from abroad. He belongs to your community. Go, talk to him." Baba gave them all the details about the boy. Pawar humbly said to him, "The boys who are engineers educated abroad demand much dowry and I may not be able to meet their demand." Baba at once said, "All will be settled. You must go." After making enquiries about the boy, Pawar spoke to the boy's parents. It did not take much time to settle the matter, and the marriage took place without any problems. Their son-in-law became a vice president of Kirloskar India, a famous firm.



Helper of the Helpless

In 1951 the young wife of Pooran Chandra Joshi had an attack of paralysis in Haldwani. Her face became distorted and pale, and her eyesight became blurred. Leaving her in this pitiable condition, Joshi had to go out of station. On his return her condition worsened. Joshi consulted a doctor, who advised him to take her to Lucknow or any other big town to get her treated. This treatment would have been expensive and beyond Joshi's means. In a state of helplessness the couple remembered Maharaj and then both fell asleep. Baba gave them darshan in a dream, and her condition improved. Some days later Baba himself came to their house and asked her, "Daughter-in-law, what happened to you?" He looked at her kindly, and putting one of his palms on her head and the other under her chin, he gave a jerk and set her face right. He also restored the loveliness of her face.

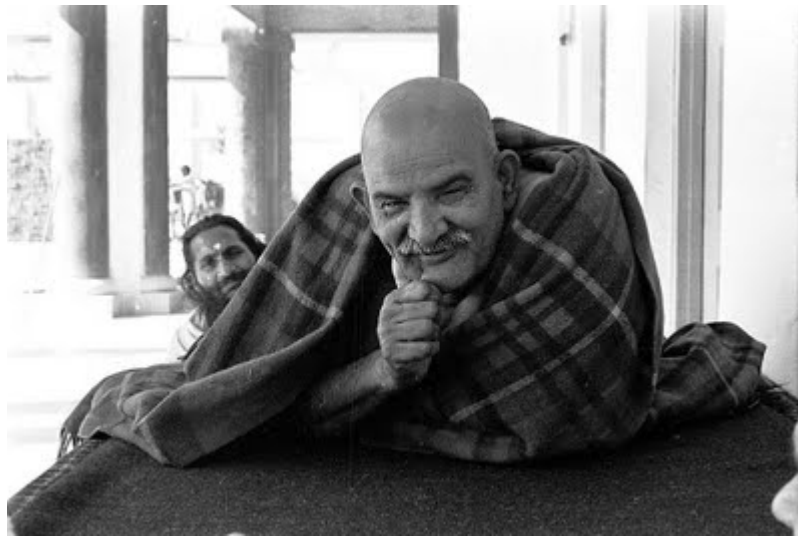


Grace On Badrivishal

After the death of Badrivishal's father, the economic situation of the family became serious and pitiable. According to Baba's instructions, Badrivishal studied and passed his B.Sc. exam. He then gained admission to K.R. College, Agra, for his M.Sc. During that period there was a time when Badrivishal was very worried about his lack of money, and finding no solution to his problems, he went in search of Baba. He went to the house of a devotee at Rajamandi, Agra, where Baba often went. He found out that Baba had been there about a month previously, but they had not seen him since. Badrivishal was very disappointed.

Remembering Baba in his heart, he prayed, "Gurudev! You are omnipresent and omniscient. Have pity on me. Today I have come to meet you." Musing in that way, he walked along the street back towards his home when he heard someone running and shouting after him. It was a servant from the devotee's house that he had just left. The servant said, "Maharaj has just arrived and he has sent for you." Badrivishal returned to the house and bowed before Baba. When Baba saw him, he said, "I know you are short of money. Study hard. It will be arranged

by tomorrow." When he arrived at college the next day, he was informed that his scholarship grant had been received from the government, and he was asked to take it that same day. Badrivishal later became a physics lecturer at Pali Inter College, Shikohabad.



Baba's Photograph

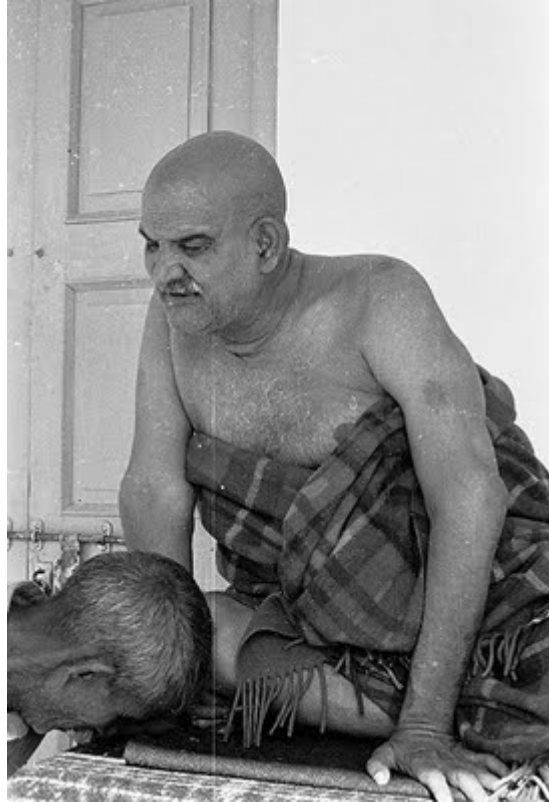
Shrimati Champa Sah of Mallital, Nainital, said that in spite of the fact that she had no faith in sadhus, Baba was kind to her and changed the course of her life. When Baba first came to Nainital, his glory spread in each house. Champa Sah had his darshan once or twice, but she did not find any change in her attitude towards sadhus. However, she saw a photograph of Baba in a devotee's house and wanted to have one herself. She tried to get one through people known to her, but she failed.

During the Nanda Devi festival, she took the necessary things for puja with her and went to the temple to worship. On her way back she saw a young boy with one photograph of Baba. Showing it to her, he asked, "Do you want to buy it?" It was just what she had been trying to get for many days. The boy wanted one and a half rupees for it. She gave the money and looked at the photograph with great joy. When she looked towards the boy again, he had disappeared. She wondered who the boy was and thought about the fact that he had only one picture of Baba. She also could not understand how he had come straight up to her to sell it. She placed that first photograph of Baba in her prayer room, and after the installation of the photo, all comforts and prosperity increased within her family. Her thoughts also began to change, and her faith in Baba strengthened day by day.



A New House

The owner of the house in which Champa Sah had been living for the past twenty-five years asked her to vacate it. She could not find another house and feared that the police would evict her at any time since the owner had obtained a court order. In her distress she prayed before Baba's photograph every day. Baba sent for her through someone she knew and said sympathetically, "Why do you feel so sad? Think of Mother Sita, who had to face many difficulties in life. In time, you will have your own house and you won't have this sort of problem again." Saying this, he raised his head and looking up at the sky said, "It will be a very big house." Leaving the house that she had lived in for the last twenty-five years, she went to live in a very small house. It was difficult for her, but after some time Baba's words came true. She had a spacious house built in Mallital, and her accommodation problem was solved.



He Can Give Everything

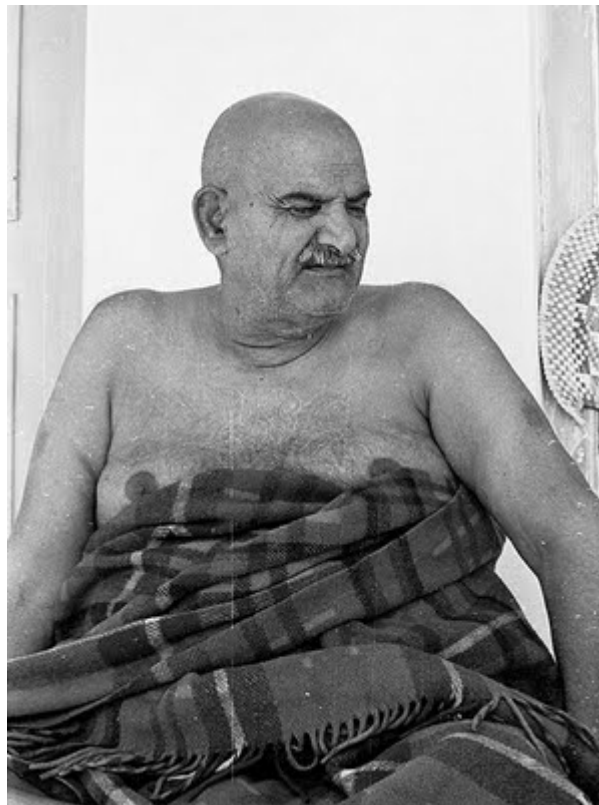
Shravan Nath Sang, Principal, Birla Vidyamandir, Nainital, said that he was born by the blessing of a saint. Yet he remained indifferent to those whom people regarded as saints or elevated souls. One day in 1954 Kishan Chandra Tewari, a teacher at his school, was taking Baba home with him. On the way Shravan Nath and Baba came face to face. Baba said, "Our principal has come." Sang did not say anything and continued on his way to his house. Nevertheless, that momentary meeting inspired an ardent desire in Sang's heart to see Baba again. The feeling became more and more intense, and one day he went to Hanumangarh for darshan. Baba saw him in private and talked to him for about twenty minutes.

After this Sang escorted Bhutani students to Bhutan, and their king, Jigmi Dorgi Chogyal, invited him for an audience. The king took him to see their guru, the Lama, who was about one hundred and fifty years old. The Lama was so old that he could not even raise his eyelids. Raising his eyelids with his fingers, he saw Sang and asked, "Why have you come here?" Sang replied, "To have your darshan and blessings." At this the Lama said, "You have a great saint with you. He can give everything." He then described Baba Neeb Karori's form and appearance. Hearing the Lama's description, Sang's faith in Baba became firm. He looked up to Baba as an image of God and always went to have his darshan. Baba was particularly kind to him, and by Baba's grace, Birla Vidyamandir made good progress during his term as principal.

When Sang went to Indore to participate in a public school conference in 1962, he had an attack of paralysis. He then went to Motimahal, Lucknow, where Vidyamandir students

studied in the winter. He was treated in the Medical College, and after many tests, the doctors diagnosed him with a brain tumor. He was also losing his eyesight. Lying on his bed at Motimahahal, he remembered Baba. He would say that wherever Baba turns his face, the universe also turns.

In March 1963, when Tewari was with him, Baba and many other devotees came into Sang's room. When he learned that Baba had come, he tried to get up because he wanted to touch Baba's feet. Baba forbade him to do so and warned him that he would go away if Sang did not stay where he was. Baba sat on a rectangular wooden seat placed by Sang's bed and stretched his foot out towards him. In order to raise his spirits Baba said, "You are a Brahmin of the North Western Province. You are brave. Ask whatever you want, I am ready to give you all." Rubbing Baba's toe with his hand, Sang listened to him while tears flowed from his eyes, washing Baba's feet. He said to Baba, "O God! You have given me everything. What is there left that I should ask of you?" This moved Baba, and patting Sang's head with his hand, he said, "Sang is a true saint. He has no desire in him." Baba became emotional, saying, "I will go to Vindhyachal and tell Ma." He got up and went out of the room, as did the other devotees. Tewari said that after Baba left, Sang became unconscious, and after remaining in a coma for fifteen days, he died. When Sang died, Baba was in Allahabad. Two teardrops rolled down his cheeks, and he said, "Today Sang has become one with me."



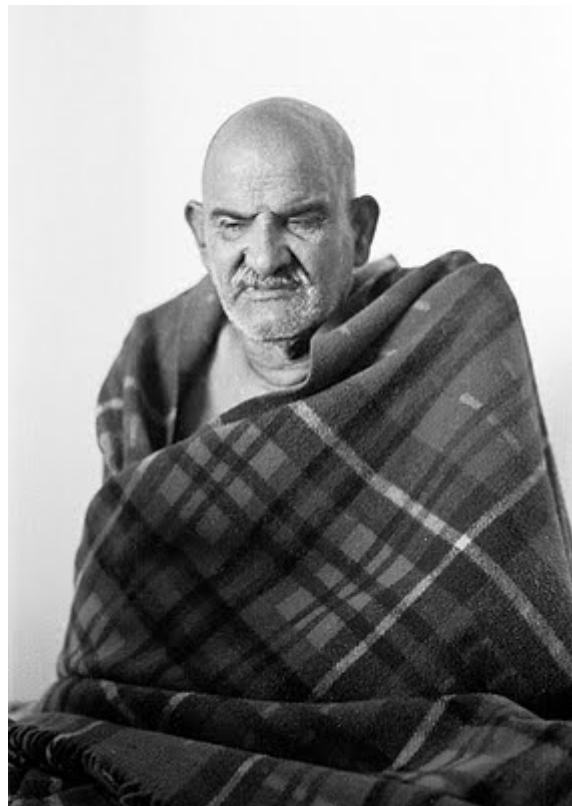
Mother, Have Patience for Some Days

Pitamber Pant, the husband of Shrimati Munni Devi, was in the Indian army and lived at Sipahidhara, Nainital. Some years after his marriage he was sent to Germany during the Second World War. He did not return for many years, even after the war ended. His name was

published in the missing-in-action lists and not in the list of those killed, for there was no definite proof of his death. Some women suggested to Munni that she should fast on Mondays and worship Lord Shiva, which she did every week. More years passed with no word from her husband, and people began to suggest that she remove her jewelry and ornaments, as was the custom for Indian widows.

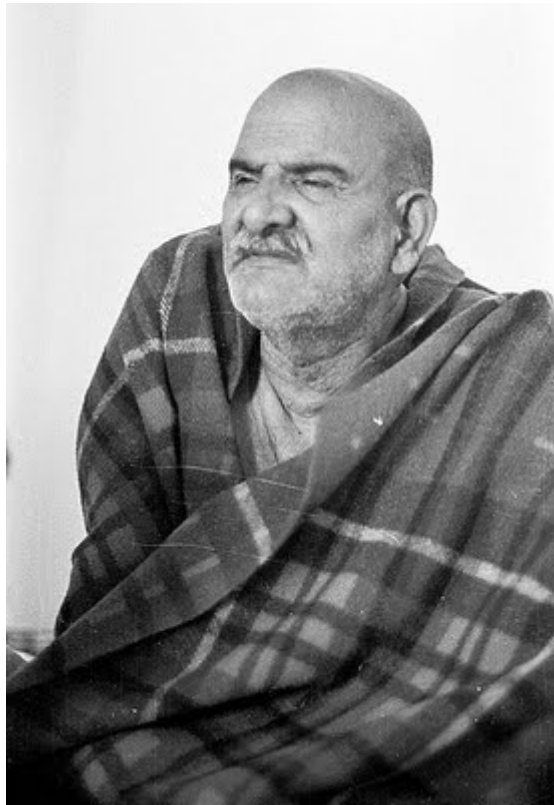
One winter Munni Devi went to stay with her father in Lucknow. She was on her way to Mankameshwar Mahadev temple with a woman friend when she saw a big, bulky sadhu lying on the bank of the Gomti River. When he saw Munni Devi, he called her to him with a gesture of his hand, but she hesitated to go towards him. He sent his devotee to fetch her. When she approached and bowed before him, he asked, "Where are you going? To worship? Sit down. Where is your husband? Her short reply to the last question was that she did not know. Baba said, "In the army? Didn't receive a letter? It will come." Munni said that Baba's words made her feel confident that her husband was alive. She felt happy and overwhelmed and started to cry. Consoling her, Baba quoted from the Ramayana, "Mother, have patience for some days. Ram will come with monkeys." He also said, "Do not worry. His letter will come and he will come."

On her return home Munni Devi narrated the whole incident to her father. He said that the baba was Baba Neeb Karori and that whatever he said would definitely happen. After some time she received a letter from her husband, and shortly thereafter he turned up. Pitamber Pant had been a prisoner of war. One day a sentry came to him of his own accord and said that he would give him an opportunity to escape and to be ready for it. After escaping and facing many difficulties, he finally reached home.



Protector of the Unprotected

Baba saw an old woman who had no means of livelihood and no family of her own. Her suffering touched him, and he immediately took her under his protection. He gave her a place to live in the ashram and provided her with food and other facilities in her old age. Later she needed personal care and was unable to cope with life at the ashram, so Baba arranged for her boarding and lodging in Haldwani at the house of Vinod Joshi, the manager of Kainchi ashram. Joshi's mother looked after the old woman, and when she died, Baba got her last rites performed by Purnanand Tewari and her twelfth day rites performed at the ashram.



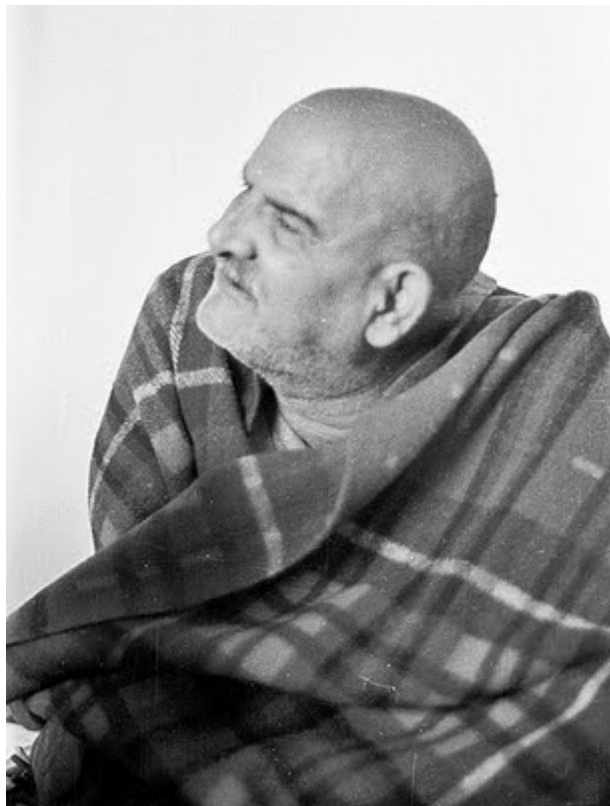
His Kindness to Joshi

Kailash Chandra Joshi worked in the Loretto Convent in Lucknow. When Birla Vidyamandir was established in Nainital, Joshi followed Baba's instructions and went there to work. However, he had to take sick leave for nearly a year because he suffered from ill health, which did not improve even after treatment. In the end he went to Dr. Khajan Chand, a TB specialist based in Bhowali. After a thorough examination, the doctor told him that the disease had so affected both his lungs that it was incurable.

Joshi was in a desperate and depressed mental state when one day he had Baba's darshan. He told him about the situation and that his services in school would be terminated. At this Baba said, "Nobody can terminate your services. If you yourself leave it, that's another matter." About his disease Baba said, "You have faith in an injection worth fifty rupees and not in a

medicine costing two paise. Go to Bindki Road near Kanpur. There you will meet a vaidya turned sadhu. Have his treatment. Take your utensils with you. He will give you food to eat as well."

Following Baba's instructions, Joshi went to Bindki Road. He saw the physician that Baba had told him about, who diagnosed him with liver disease and did not place any importance on the x-rays. He asked him to take a particular medicine with some powdered pipal (an Indian herb) mixed in his milk. Joshi had no faith in the physician's diagnosis or his medicine. However, after a few days of this treatment he regained his health. He went for a check-up at Lucknow Medical College and was declared fit. Back in Bhowali, Dr. Khajan Chand was surprised to see him in good health. What Baba said in relation to the termination of his services at school also proved correct. Joshi passed the age of seventy-five after Baba's Mahasamadhi and still did not retire.



Baba's Benign Nature

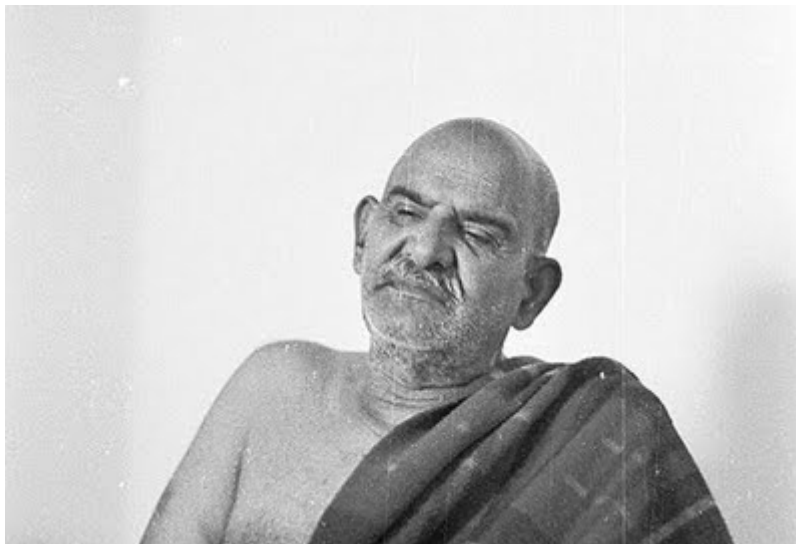
An old Nepali laborer named Khantia lived in a hut near Kainchi ashram. His two cows were his only property. He had nobody to call his own and was living through his old age alone. He was unhappy because he had not been able to get rid of poverty all through his life and believed he would not get salvation even after death since there was no one to perform his last rights.

He used to watch the crowd that gathered around Baba at Kainchi. One day he thought that he could offer milk from his cows to Baba. The next morning he filled a bottle with milk and went to the temple. He wanted to pour milk on Baba's head as is done over a Shivling (a stone

symbolising Lord Shiva). However, seeing Baba surrounded by many people, he hesitated and gave up the idea. He poured the milk into the river on his way out of the temple and returned to his hut.

He tried to do the same thing again on another day. He came to the bridge with the bottle in his hand and from a distance saw Baba surrounded by people as before. Baba at once told Bhuvan Chandra Tewari to escort the old man carefully over the bridge. As Tewari approached, the old man trembled with fear. Still supporting his bottle in his hand, Tewari helped him over the bridge and brought him to Baba. As soon as they approached, Baba snatched the bottle from the old man's hand and poured all the milk over his own head. The old man's eyes became wet with tears of love. Dumbfounded, he stared into Baba's face. Baba asked him, "What do you want?" He asked for salvation. Baba said, "I will get your last rites performed and salvation will be given." To assure him of his words Baba asked him to shake hands, but he hesitated. Baba instantly took his hand in his own and confirmed his words.

As Lord Krishna was moved by the poverty of Sudama [Sudama, a childhood playmate of Lord Krishna, suffered from poverty until he went to have the Lord's darshan], Baba's eyes filled with tears as he told the devotees about the old man's poverty. "Rain water drips in his hut. He has a dented plate and a broken tumbler. He has no clothes to wear, no bedding to spread for a comfortable night's rest." After that Baba sent clothes, bedding, utensils, and other things to the old man's hut from the ashram and instructed that food be sent to him from the temple daily. In the end, when the old man became ill, Baba sent him to Ramsay Hospital in Nainital by car and bore all the costs of his treatment. Baba left Haridas Baba at the hospital to take care of him, and when Khantia died, Baba sent thirteen people to get his last rites performed. He also had the twelfth day rites performed at the ashram according to the custom in the hills.



Smallpox Cured

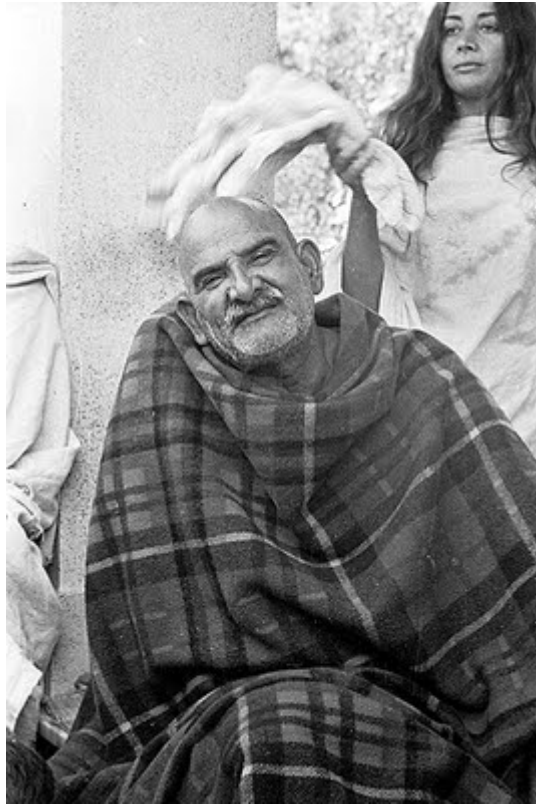
One day while Baba and some devotees were staying in Rishikesh, a rash like those seen in smallpox cases appeared all over Baba's body, though he had no fever. Sri Ma applied

Boroline to the rash, and it disappeared the next day. She could not understand whose disease he had taken upon himself. Baba then left Rishikesh and went to stay at his ashram in Bhumaidhar. After a few days Sudhir Mukerjee came from Allahabad to see him. He told Baba that one of his family members had been suffering from a serious case of smallpox. Everyone in the house had been worried and remembered Baba. The water with which Baba's feet had been washed was kept carefully in their house and was given to the patient. By Baba's grace he was cured overnight. This explained the mystery of the rash covering Baba's body.



Saving a Life

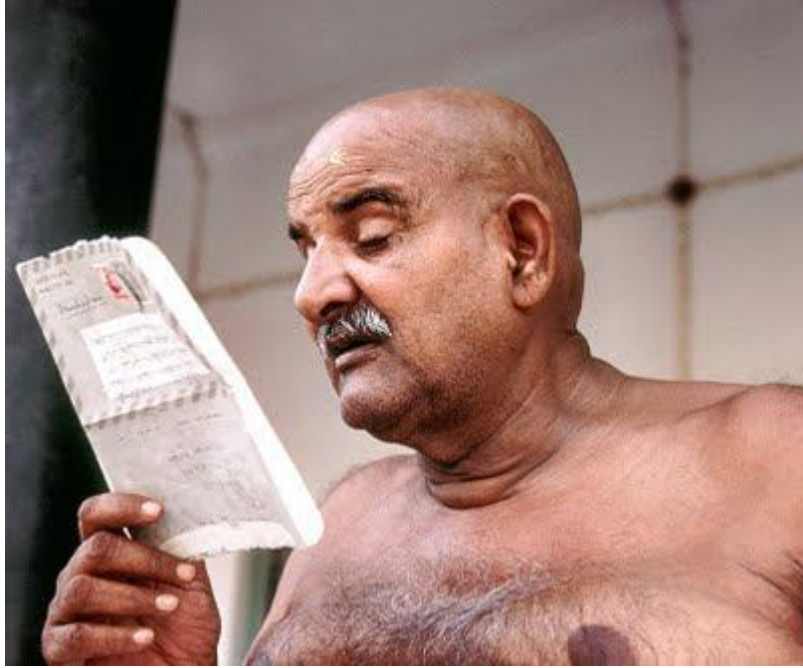
On 7 September 1970 in Vindavan, Shri Banvari Lal Pathak's blood pressure rose abnormally high. He had a heart attack, and his condition was serious. The children in the house became worried and ran to Baba at his ashram. They prayed to him to save their father's life. Baba came to the house with the children and scolded Pathak saying, "Why do you cry?" I have said you will recover." By Baba's grace he felt better at once, and the next day Baba sent him to Dr. K.S. Mathur, a heart specialist based in Agra, for a check-up. Dr. Mathur declared him healthy and thus relieved his anxiety.



Many Diseases Cured

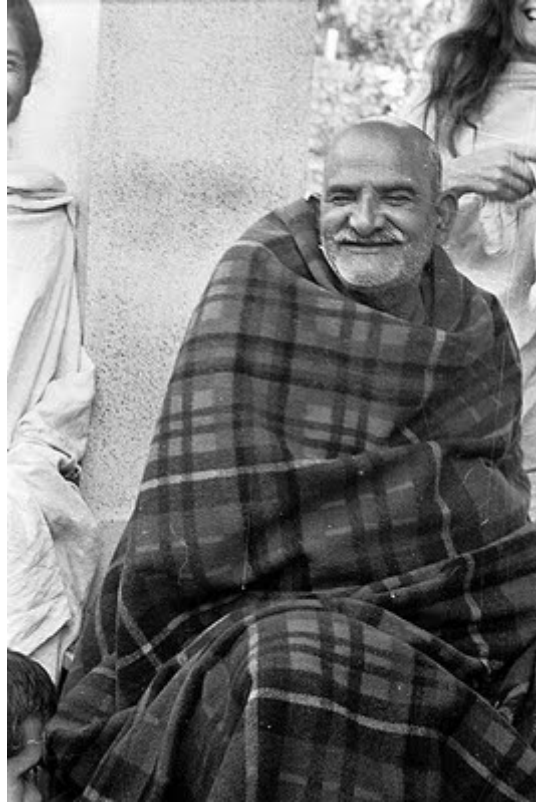
During the first week of May 1961 Kehar Singh ji was facing many problems at work. He was very worried and had lost all his motivation. He contracted a stomach disorder and grew weaker every day. Baba came to Lucknow and on seeing Kehar Singh's condition, asked him to take a leave and get himself treated by Dr. S.P. Gupta at the Medical College in Lucknow. Taking Baba's name, Kehar Singh told the doctor that Baba himself had sent him for treatment. The doctor, however, did not know Baba nor had he heard his name. When Kehar Singh described the symptoms of the disease, the doctor prescribed a tonic and a medicine for dysentery for him to take for fifteen days. The medicine effected such an amazing improvement in Kehar Singh's health that he decided to continue taking them.

However, the second time they reacted adversely. His liver and kidneys were affected, and there was swelling in his hands, face, and feet. He also lost weight and began to have palpitations. Singh ji then tried homeopathic treatment, but there was no improvement. In this state of helplessness he learned that Baba was coming to Lucknow. He went looking for him at Prem Lal's house and felt extremely weak while climbing up the stairs. He was about to bow before Baba when Baba said, "Raise your foot, raise your foot." He raised his foot and showed it to Baba. Baba pressed his foot with his fingers as if he was examining the swelling. He did not say anything. His touch was enough. The same homeopathic medicine worked after that, and Kehar Singh soon recovered.



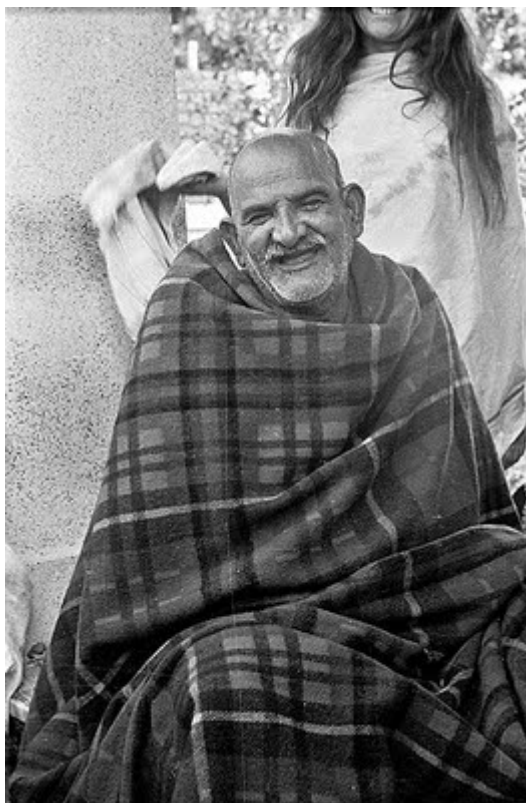
A Favor to Ishwar Chandra

Maharaj brought Ishwar Chandra Tewari with him from Kanpur to Kainchi and made him stay for a month. Tewari's economic condition was not good. He worked for the Milk Board and had a large family. He had the responsibility of the marriages of his daughters, and his family was not able to arrange for provisions in his absence. After receiving a pathetic letter from home, he was weeping quietly in his room at the ashram when his friend Bhagwati Sevak Bajpai of Kanpur came and asked why he was crying. Tewari showed him the letter and told him about the situation. Bajpai kept quiet, but some time later he went into Baba's kuti. On seeing him Baba said, "Tewari is weeping? Received a letter from home? Fetch it and show it to me." Bajpai went to Tewari's room to get the letter. Tewari drank a little water to compose himself and then, taking the letter with him, went to ask Baba's permission to return home. Aggrieved by his suffering, Baba said, "Not you, he [Bajpai] will go and see." He sent Bajpai to Kanpur at once. Bajpai arrived the next day and went to his own house to get his car. Then he went straight to Tewari's house and asked the family about the things they needed. The members of Tewari's family were surprised and said, "What are you talking about? Only yesterday you brought all the foodstuffs here in this very car and gave us sixty rupees for miscellaneous expenses." Bajpai was baffled. He went back to Kainchi the same day and told Tewari all about it. Tewari was overwhelmed by Baba's favor.



Take Rest

Jagmohan Sharma, an executive engineer, came to see Baba upon being transferred from Nainital to Agra. When his wife asked Baba to go with them, Baba said, "I will meet you in Agra." As Baba had not asked their address, she took his words lightly. However, when Sharma became very ill in Agra, Baba went to his house in order to relieve him of his worry. He told Sharma again and again to stop worrying. After some time Baba got ready to leave. In spite of their earnest plea, Baba would not stay and said, "As long as I stay here you will remain sitting. You need to rest. Now take rest." Then he left.



A Lost Mother Found

In July 1972 the wife of Jagannath Anand of Haldwani was suffering from mental health problems and wandered away from her house. In spite of a heavy search, no one could find her. Someone said that she was seen in Kanpur, but after searching there, they still did not find her.

Anand had four daughters. Sarla, the second one, had contracted polio as a child and was disabled, but she moved about by dragging herself along the ground. She was feeling sad because of her mother's disappearance, so she decided to speak her heart to Baba. While her family was devoted to Baba and she had heard a lot about him, Sarla had never been able to see him because of her disability. Nevertheless, she took a bus to Kainchi ashram by herself one day. It was dark by the time she dragged herself into the ashram, and when she found out that Baba was in Bhumiadhar not Kainchi, she became very disappointed. It was cold and had been raining heavily in the hills, so an ashram attendant gave her a blanket and showed her a place on the veranda. However, he would not open a room for her without Baba's permission.

After a little while, at about 8 p.m., Baba arrived at the ashram. First he scolded the attendants, saying that they had killed his daughter in the cold. He then got a room opened immediately and made a bed for her to rest. Sarla wanted to tell him about her problem, but Baba made her eat a meal and then rest. He said, "Tomorrow we will talk." The next day when she told Baba about her mother, he said, "Don't worry. Leave your worries. Your mother will be found. Your father is spending a lot of money unnecessarily in trying to find

her. She will be found without going in search of her." Baba sent Sarla off.

No one knows how her mother reached Balrampur in the district of Gonda, but one day as she was passing by a shop, the wealthy shopkeeper saw a woman of good family in a pitiable condition and felt compassion for her. He took her home to his family, who bathed her and gave her clean new clothes to wear. They disentangled her knotted hair and got the wounds on her head treated in the local hospital. While she was recovering from her wounds, she herself gave her Haldwani address in a moment of lucidity. The shopkeeper wrote to his son-in-law, who had a factory in Haldwani, and asked him to inform the woman's family. Sarla's father received the good news on 31 August 1972 and immediately went to Gonda to bring her home in the beginning of September.



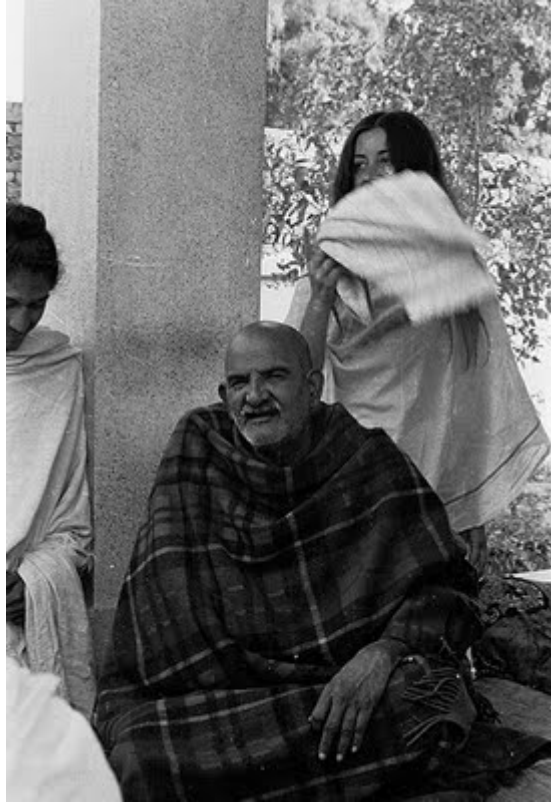
Farewell to Swami ji

A swami wearing silken robes was going to Kathgodam by car and stopped at Kainchi ashram on his way. He went in to meet Baba, who received him cordially and giving him a seat by his side, made him have food. After a long, pleasant conversation, Baba bade him farewell with tears in his eyes and gratified the swami with his affectionate behavior. The swami got into the car and was driven away. After he had gone, a devotee wanted to know the reason for Baba's exceptional behavior towards him. Baba said, "His time was up. I sent him off with love." The swami traveled for barely an hour en route to Kathodam when he suddenly had a heart attack and died.



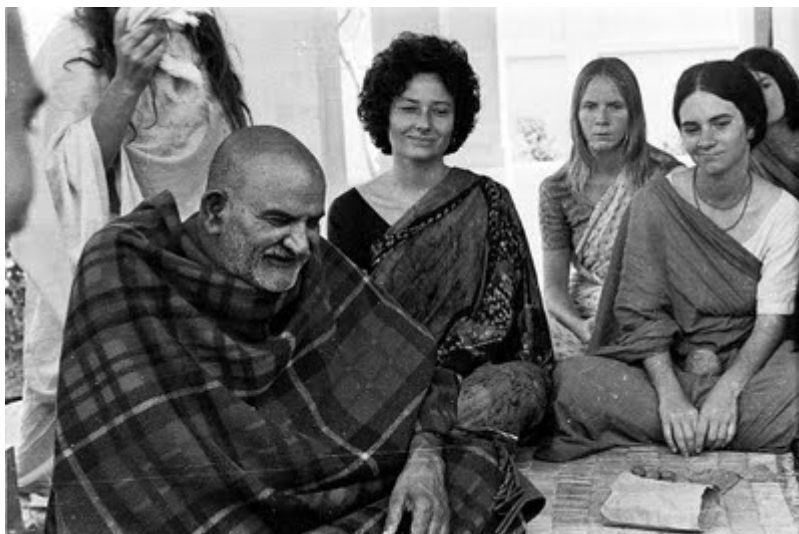
Farewell to a Devotee

One evening Baba came to the house of Ramesh Chandra Bannerjee, the president of Government College, Nainital, and went on talking late into the night. At one point Baba suddenly covered himself with his blanket and sobbed. His behavior stunned everyone. Baba then got up to leave the house, but Ramesh's son Sushital, who was a young man at the time, said to Baba, "I will not let you go alone so late at night. If you have to go now, let me accompany you." Baba kept quiet, and the two of them went from Nainital to Bhowali Sanatorium on foot. They went into a room where Baba's devotee was lying sick. The man offered pranaam to Baba with folded hands, and shedding tears of love, he said, "Baba, I have just remembered you. It was my desire that I should see you before I die." Maharaj did not speak and looked at him with eyes full of tears. The devotee was immersed in joy, and his face brightened in contentment. He slowly closed his eyes and died in Baba's presence.



Disappointment Turned to Joy

One day Ram Dutt Pandey received news that Baba had arrived in Haldwani, so he went there to have his darshan. On his arrival he discovered that he had been misinformed and became very disappointed. He bought some things for his shop and then boarded a bus to return to Nainital. The bus was about to leave when a taxi suddenly stopped next to it. Maharaj and some devotees got out and boarded the same bus for Nainital. Pandey's disappointment turned into a happy reunion.



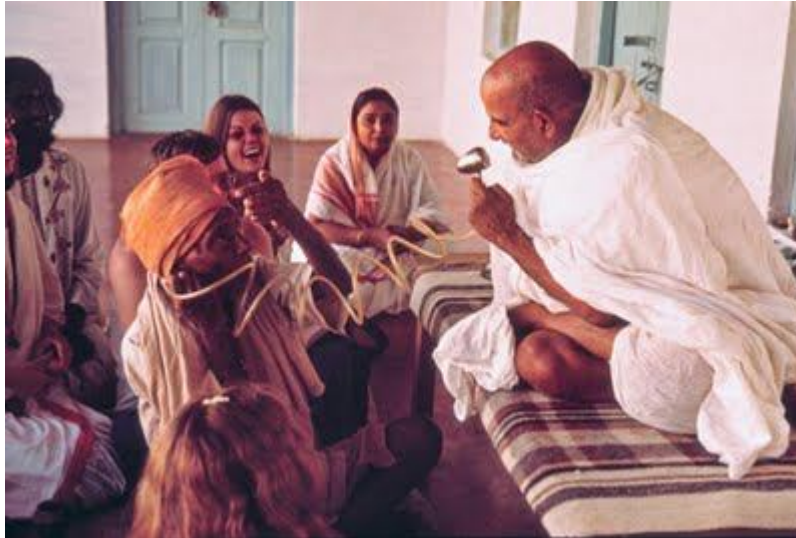
Destiny Appealed

Ram Ratan Verma's daughter was of marriageable age, but the planet Mars was in the seventh house of her horoscope. The astrologers predicted that if the groom were not a Mangali (particular astrological sign) boy, their married life would not last more than four years. Verma was not able to find such a groom, so her marriage remained unsettled.

One day Baba came to their house, and while Verma's daughter Shanti was making roti for Baba, he said to Verma, "Settle your daughter's marriage." Verma said that although he had tried, he had not succeeded in his efforts. Baba sent for the girl from the kitchen and read her palm. Shanti was happy to think that Baba would tell her something about her future, but Baba spat into her palm instead. Everyone laughed. Shanti also laughed and went off to do her work. Nobody understood it at the time, but Baba changed the influence of her horoscope, which was obstructing her marriage.

Baba suggested a boy from Jaipur and asked Verma to get Shanti married to him. Verma said that it was not possible since the boy's family had already received a marriage proposal from a girl in their local community. Baba at once said, "Their purpose will not be served. You talk." Baba's words came true. Verma got an opportunity to initiate the topic of marriage with that family. The groom's family wanted the marriage to be performed without matching horoscopes. For his own satisfaction Verma asked for the boy's horoscope and consulted the astrologers, who told him that the boy was not Mangali and that there was the possibility of his death by drowning within four years. The marriage was Baba's command, so plans went ahead. Still, Verma was worried in his heart. Thinking about his daughter's future, he became pensive, and his health began to suffer. When Baba arrived one day, Verma told him of his secret fears in the presence of other family members. Baba said, "It is the law of destiny, do it."

From the time Shanti arrived at her in-laws' house, she was concerned about her father's worry. She had done her best to persuade her husband not to bathe or swim in a river or lake, but she was not certain that he would comply. One and a half years after their marriage, Shanti's husband, V.B. Singh, had just taken his exams in Lucknow when he met Baba and traveled with him to their house in Mainpuri. Baba went to bathe in the Yamuna River and took V.B. Singh and his cousin along with him. V.B. Singh did not dare to bathe in the river but had to get into the water on Baba's insistence. He thought of bathing in the shallow water, but Baba made him stand in front of him and knowingly pushed him from the back. V.B. Singh fell into the river and was taken by the current. He did not know how to swim, so he sank in the water and was carried away for some distance. Baba followed him and rescued him. In this way Baba fulfilled the prophecy and also prevented his premature death. On returning to the house, Baba told Shanti's father, "Here is your son-in-law, now nothing will happen, even after four years."



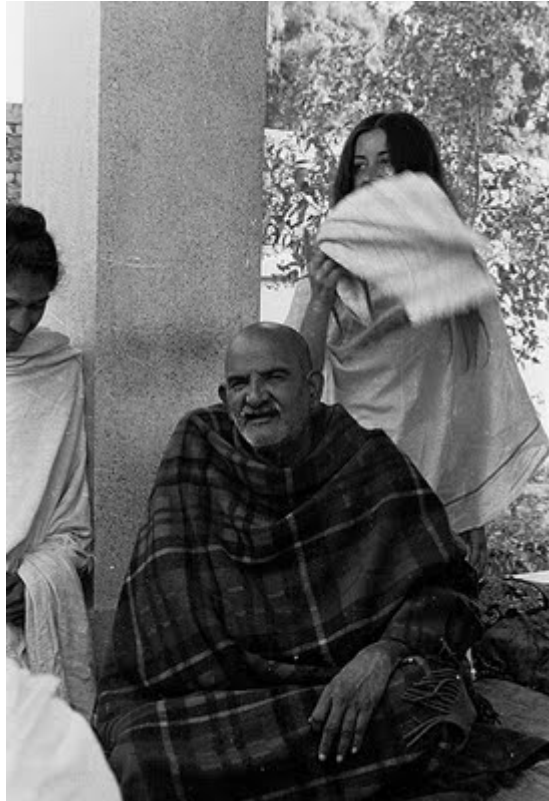
Telephone Baba

Baba's devotee Dr. Naval Kishore was the gynecologist at Agra Medical College until he received a post at Ramsay Hospital in Nainital. Some time after he arrived, Baba asked him to treat the hill women at Hanumangarh, which he did daily from 10 a.m. until 4 p.m. One day Naval Kishore could not go to work. Baba had been away from Nainital but returned to Hanumangarh that day. He asked the reason for the doctor's absence, but nobody could tell him. That evening, while walking around with some devotees, Baba stopped near the Empire Hotel and asked, "Where does the doctor live?" When a devotee pointed to the hotel, Baba sent someone inside to call the doctor. He came out, and Baba said to him, "You are ill?" When the doctor said no, he then said, "You have a cold?" The doctor replied, "Just an ordinary cold." Baba immediately called a dandi and told the doctor to get himself admitted into Ramsay Hospital. The doctor did not feel it necessary, but Baba insisted and sent him to the hospital with some devotees.

From there Maharaj went with Devi Dutt Joshi, Pooran Chandra Joshi, and some other devotees to a washerman's house, where the puja of Sri Satyanarayan (Vishnu) was being performed. At about 7:30 p.m. the doctor's brother came to see Baba to tell him that his brother's condition was serious. He had suffered a heart attack and was having difficulty breathing. Baba said, "What can I do? You go." Baba sent the devotees with the doctor's brother to the hospital.

Later, on their return from the hospital, the devotees saw Baba walking towards Kelakhan. Baba told them that he was worried about the doctor and his family, and he continued down the slope the Kelakhan, where he went to Mohan Baba's hut. [Mohan Baba was a well-loved holy man of the Kumaon hills. He was well known as Telephone Baba because although he could truly communicate with God, at times he used gestures as if he were talking to him on the telephone. Like many Indian saints, he did all sorts of lila to hide his mystical powers. He was a very innocent, childlike being, and his prophecies proved to be true.] Mohan Baba, who was also known as Telephone Baba, was a devotee of Lord Vishnu, and Maharaj ji asked him to ring up the Lord and tell him about the doctor. Mohan Baba gave an imaginary phone call

to Narada, saying that Baba wanted to talk to Vishnu. Narada replied that Lord Vishnu was not available, for he was talking to Goddess Laxmi. After some time Maharaj asked Mohan Baba to ring again. This time Mohan Baba did not hear whatever Narada said clearly and went on shouting into his mystical telephone in vain. All of a sudden Maharaj got up and picked Mohan Baba up by the hair. He then dropped him on the ground and cried aloud, "He is saved now! He is saved now!" and left. The two devotees also left and returned to Nainital where they received good news about the doctor's condition.



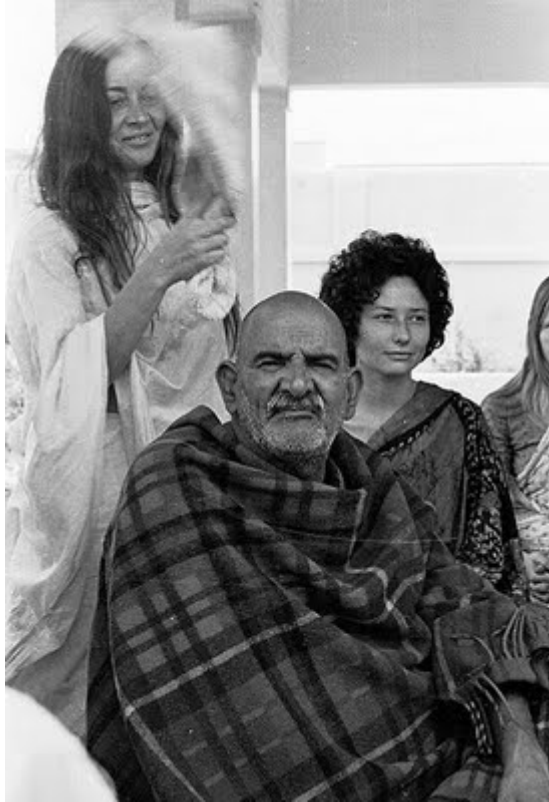
Anger, a Saving Grace

Baba advised Devi Prasad Pande to get an operation performed by Dr. B.C. Pande at Ramsay Hospital. Devi Prasad Pande did as Baba advised, but his condition worsened in spite of all the doctor's efforts. All the members of his family were worried, and in anguish, his wife went to Kainchi ashram. When Baba saw her there, he became very angry. He hit her on her back with his fists and told her to get out of the ashram. She was not able to tell him her tale of woe and left disappointed. By the time she reached Nainital, the doctor had declared her husband out of danger, and his condition slowly improved. The display of anger by Baba was a saving grace that absolved them of that karma.



Insanity Cured

The officer in charge of Banda's main police station ate something given to him by someone that made him insane. The boy's father was worried and sad, for no treatment proved effective. Impressed by the fame of an ayurvedic physician in Firozabad, he took his son to Radhay Shyam's house and called the doctor. After much deliberation the physician gave him a medicine and said that if there was no change in his condition after three months of taking it, he would have to be admitted to a mental hospital. During this period Maharaj arrived, and Radhay Shyam asked him to cure the police officer. Baba put his hand on the boy's head, looked at him in a normal way, and did not say anything. It was by Baba's divine glance and touch that the boy became normal by the time he woke up the next morning.



The Old Man Will Not Die Now

Kanhaiyalal Srivastava of Allahabad was lying on his back at home, eating an unpeeled apple, when a piece of it got stuck in his windpipe. He started to have difficulty breathing, and the more he tried to get it out, the deeper into the windpipe it went. He was taken to Medical College Hospital, where the doctors decided to operate. In tears members of Kanhaiyalal's family went running to Maharaj, who was staying nearby at Church Lane, and they asked him to save the old man's life. Baba said, "The old man will not die now." They did not believe what Baba said and were afraid of the operation. Meanwhile Kanhaiyalal experienced a violent fit of coughing back in the hospital, and by Baba's grace the piece of apple came out. When the members of his family arrived at the hospital, they found him cured.



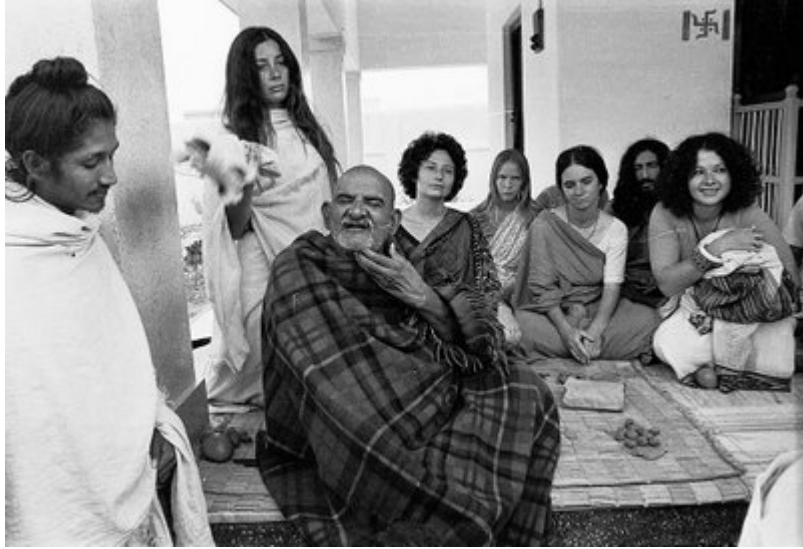
Favors to Rani Bhadri

When my late husband, Raja Bhadri, went to Pantnagar University as its vice chancellor, I went with him. During our stay there my mother became seriously ill. I was crying in distress when Baba arrived and relieved me of my worry by saying, "Don't cry, your mother will be alright."

Similarly, in 1964, when my daughter Alka was getting married, I was having some problems. Without any warning, Maharaj, the worthy of worship, arrived at my house in Lucknow, blessed my daughter, and then went away. All my difficulties disappeared by themselves, and the marriage was solemnized easily, without any further problems.

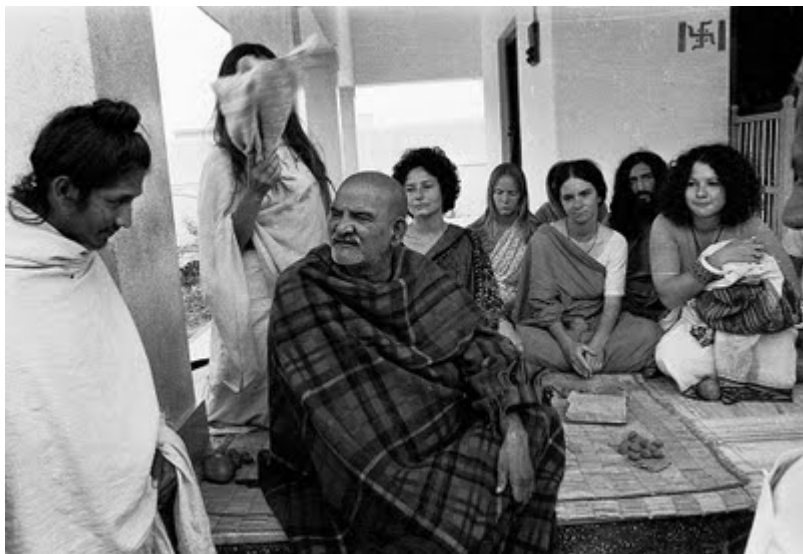
Later, in 1968, my daughter Alka was in the middle of a difficult labor. We were all very worried, for the doctors were helpless and could not assure us of her safety if she had to undergo a caesarean birth. Just then the adorable Maharaj arrived and went straight into Alka's room and sat there. By way of a blessing, he gave her a flower, consoled her, and went away. After that everything became normal, and she gave birth to a son.

-Rani Bhadri



Baba's Central Jail

The watchman at Vrindavan ashram was making money on the sly by selling bags of cement while the ashram was under construction. Baba, knowing all, feigned ignorance, but when someone made a complaint to him, he called the watchman and asked him, "How much have you sold the cement for?" He replied, "Two hundred and fifty rupees." Giving him two hundred and fifty rupees more, Baba turned him out of the ashram. The man became jobless, and after wandering here and there for some time, he returned to Baba. He apologized with a heavy heart for his misdeeds and asked Baba to take him back into his service. Baba appointed him watchman at Sankat Mochan Hanuman temple in Lucknow. The manager at the temple was his devotee Bhushan Chandra Joshi, the former superintendent of Central Jail in Agra. Baba told people that he sent the watchman to Central Jail.



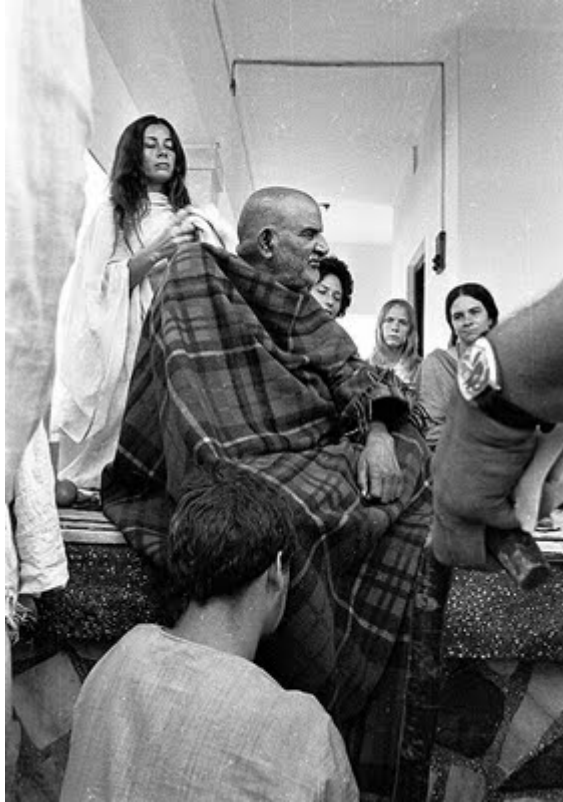
Grace Unasked

Baba was sitting in a house in Nazarbagg, Lucknow, where a large crowd of devotees had gathered outside. Suddenly Baba asked Pooran Chandra Pande to call a rickshaw to go to someone's house in Mahanagar, even though there was a car standing outside. When the rickshaw arrived, Baba got in and took Pande with him. On the way Baba addressed the rickshaw puller, who he had not met before, saying, "Rahim, is your wife very ill?" He replied that she was seriously ill. Baba very politely said, "Come, take us to your house." Rahim took them to his house. Baba glanced at the patient and said, "Don't worry, she will be alright." Baba then returned to the house in Nazarbagg.



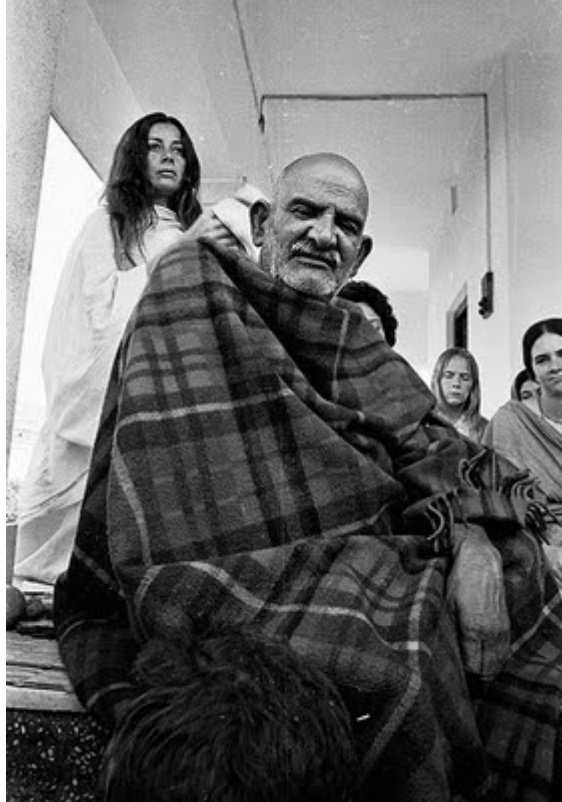
A Winning Ticket

One day a man named Gangadhar Padhalni from the Kumaon hills came to meet Baba at Kainchi ashram. He had a minor job with Roadways and was concerned about his inability to meet his family's expenses. Although he did not say anything about it to Baba, Baba asked a devotee to give Gangadhar five rupees. Then Baba said to him, "Buy a lottery ticket in your wife's name." Gangadhar's wife was from Kerala. He followed Baba's instructions, and they won 500,000 rupees. His wife purchased property with the money, and they lived comfortably for some time. Later the woman became emotionally upset by her husband's extravagance and returned to Kerala. Baba made sure she was provided for.



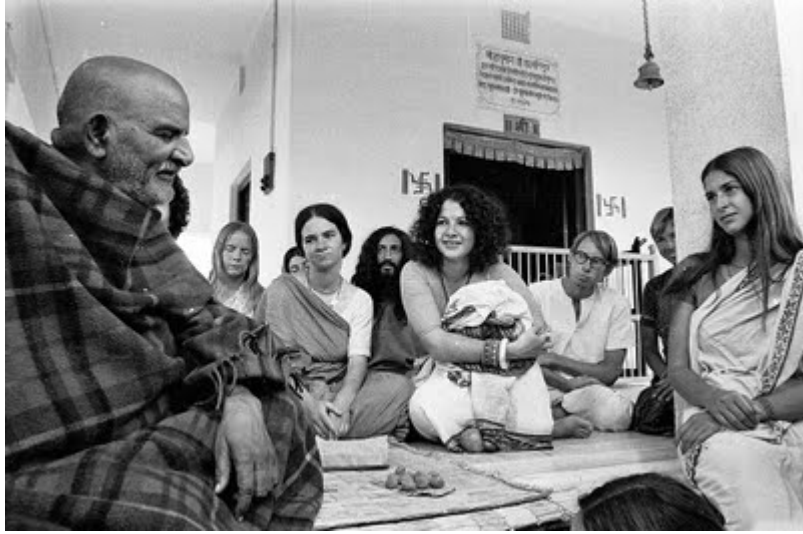
A Husband's Plea

Shrimati Savitri Devi suffered from liver trouble for about two and a half years. Her health became so run down that she had to be admitted to Crosswait Hospital. There her condition worsened, and the doctors lost hope. Her husband, Ramesh Chandra Choudhry, went straight to Baba at Kainchi ashram and falling at his feet said, "Whether you save her or you let her die, I am now helpless." Baba said, "To die is not a child's play. Your wife will live for a long time. The doctors tell a lie." Baba then picked up a flower and gave it to Choudhry saying, "Give this to your wife." Taking the flower with him, Choudhry went to the hospital and placed the flower on his wife's head. Savitri's condition slowly improved, and when she recovered completely, she returned home.



A Way of Showing Kindness

A beggar was chanting God's name with japa mala (rosary) near Bihari ji's (Krishna's) temple in Vridaban. The sun had risen high in the sky, and he was sad that he still had not received any alms. Baba, who could read one's thoughts, saw him and at once went and sat by him. The beggar mumbled that he had not had anything since morning and now Baba was coming to grab a share. Baba, with a violent jerk, snatched the rosary out of his hands and began chanting with it himself. The beggar became angry, but Baba went on calmly counting the beads. Having blessed the beggar by using his rosary, Baba returned it to him. After that the man's condition improved. He was seen around Bihari ji's temple, but he was not begging any more.



Baba Assures a Long Life

The wife of Thakur Shiv Singh of Ramgarh, Nainital, once met a holy man from the hill region who was known to make true predictions by reading the palm. When he read Shrimati Singh's palm, he did not say anything. After much persuasion he told her that she would die in a big hospital within six months. Despite being young and healthy, his prophecy frightened her. Thakur, a great devotee of Maharaj, was also worried and went to Kainchi with his wife. As soon as Baba saw them, he said, "What did the holy man tell you?" Without waiting for a reply, he said, "That you would die within six months?" He repeated it again before all the devotees present and at last said with emphasis, "She won't die earlier than age seventy-five." The event predicted by the palm reader did not take place.



The Marriage of Kutul's Daughter

Kutul supplied milk to Church Lane, Allahabad, where Maharaj often stayed. Kutul had seen a boy that he wanted his daughter to marry, but he could not go ahead with the arrangements for the ceremony since he did not have the money. One day he put his problem before Maharaj and asked him for his blessing. Baba said, "Get the marriage performed as soon as possible." In spite of his circumstances, he had faith in Baba and got the date of the marriage fixed for the first available day. The worry about the money, however, remained the same.

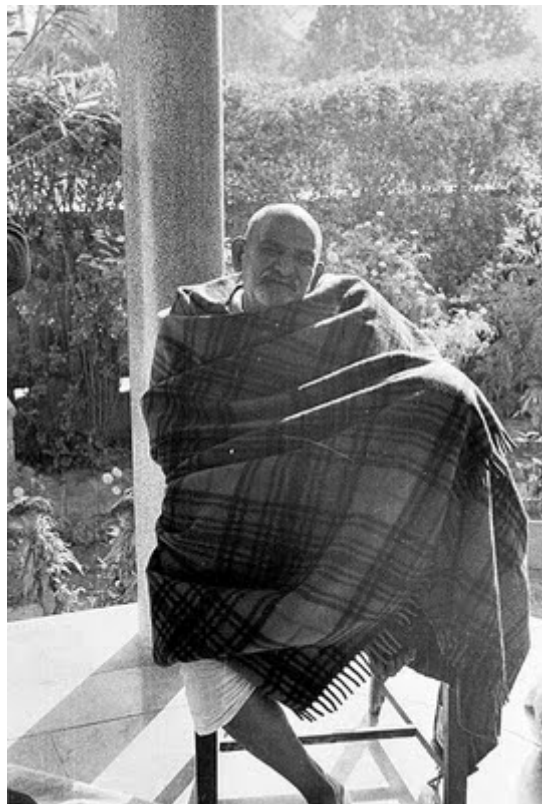
A few years earlier Kutul had lent many hundreds of rupees to someone who had not paid him back. The person always put off payment when Kutul tried to resolve the situation, so he was convinced that the man would never pay the money back. His situation was so bad that he could not even get a loan. Finding no other way out, he once again went to the man to ask for the money. He even shouted at him but returned empty-handed.

On the day of the marriage Kutul's relatives came to his house to help him. However, there was nothing in the house, and Kutul was very worried about what to do. Just then the man who had borrowed the money from him arrived to pay him the complete amount with interest. They arranged all the necessary things quickly, and marriage was performed.



Baba's Generosity

Baba was at his small ashram in Bhumiadhar when a poor man brought him milk in a clean glass with great affection. The cloth he had used to cover the glass, however, was very dirty. Seeing the cloth, none would have liked to drink that milk. Nevertheless, Baba took that glass very eagerly in his hand and removing the dirty piece of cloth, drank the milk very lovingly. The generous Baba saw the feelings of that man and ignored the unclean cloth.



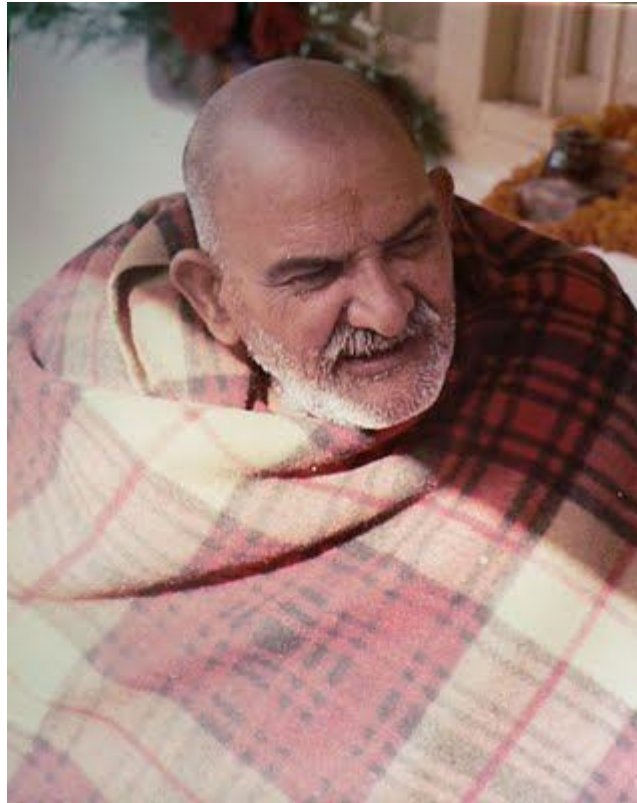
A Lifelong Penance

One evening in May, Baba was sitting in a chair on the lawn at Church Lane. Some families of the judges of Allahabad's High Court were sitting around him on the ground. I was sitting alone on the other side of the lawn. Some time passed, and two men came and stood near me. One of them was dressed in a black coat, like a lawyer, and the other was in the traditional Indian dress of dhoti and kurta. Both of them bowed to Baba in salutation, but he did not look at them. Baba continued to sit with his head bent, talking to the devotees near him. The newcomers waited for some time in the hope that Baba would turn his eyes towards them, and eventually they sat down quietly.

The man wearing the black coat seemed to be impatient. He was signalling to the man in the dhoti-kurta to leave. Seeing him so restless, his friend got up to attract Baba's attention and said, "Maharaj, I have come with a friend of mine. He is in trouble and wants your blessing." Seeing his friend standing, the man in the black coat also stood up. Baba said to the man wearing the dhoti-kurta, "You are a lawyer." The man agreed. Then baba said to the man wearing the black coat, "You are not a lawyer." He nodded. Everyone stared at Baba in fascination. Baba asked the man directly, "What is your trouble?" Being nervous, the man did not reply. His lawyer friend said on his behalf, "Maharaj, he has been involved in a murder case, and the police are after him." Baba asked the man in the black coat, "Have you not murdered?" He then told the truth saying, "Yes, Maharaj." Though no details of the murder were given, Baba knew it all. He said, "The man who you murdered was very gentle. Why did you do this?" The man humbly replied, "Maharaj, he was a stumbling block on my way." With grief and anger, Baba burst out saying, "His children are still young. How will they be brought up?" Filled with remorse, the man felt mortified and could not give Baba any reply.

Baba told the man that he must do a lifelong penance by taking full responsibility for the family and ensuring that the wife and children were looked after. Baba told him to take a vow that he would do so. Weeping, the man promised to do what Baba commanded. Baba asked the lawyer, "Whose court is the case to be tried in?" The lawyer gave the name of a Muslim judge. Baba said, "All will be well."

By acquitting the man from the justice of the law, Maharaj ensured that the family would be looked after. Instead of just a jail sentence, the man did lifelong penance by serving the family. He realized the enormity of his crime and suffered great remorse throughout his life.



Other Divine Lilas

Maharaj ji's divine lila are so diverse that they do not readily fit into categories. Some reveal his divine attributes, some his kindness and love, and others his humour and close association with those around him. The lila in this chapter describe conversations carried on with Baba, dreams in which he appeared, and journeys taken with him. Many reflect the unpredictable nature of Baba as well as the inexpressible joy of being in his company.



A Journey With Baba

Once, Maharaj talked of taking some devotees to have darshan of Badrinath and Gangotri. Baba asked Tulum Sah to go with Sri Ma to the house of Hiralal Sah "Habba" at Pauri, Garhwal, saying, "I shall meet you there." He arranged for many other devotees to gather at Habba's house as well, but he himself did not arrive. After staying for about a week, Tulum Sah thought of leaving Pauri, partly because he felt uncomfortable staying so long at Habba's house and partly because of his disappointment that Baba had not arrived. Whenever he wanted to leave, however, a telegram would come from Baba informing them of his arrival, so nobody could go back home. One day Baba did arrive, and a bhandara was arranged. Many local people came for prasad. Basant Lal, Habba's son, said that they did not have to organize anything extra for it. The monthly provisions for his family were sufficient to meet the requirements of hospitality and the bhandara.

The next morning Baba ordered everyone to continue the journey to Badrinath. However, there was only one bus in Pauri, and it had an engine problem. Though the driver could not get permission to drive the bus for such a long distance, he agreed to take them as far as Srinagar (a small town near Pauri). When they reached Srinagar, they found that there were no buses there either. Baba stayed on the bus they had arrived in and insisted, "We will go on this bus." Though the bus was not in the proper condition and could have broken down at any time, the police gave permission for its use. In those days the buses did not go all the way to

Badrinath; they went only as far as Joshimath. The bus took them safely to Joshimath, but on its return, it was damaged in an accident in Kotdwar (a town along the way). To the amazement of the driver and conductor, no one was injured.

From Joshimath the devotees arranged two dandis to go to Badrinath—one for Baba and the other for Basant Lal's two-and-a-half-year-old son, who would have been difficult to carry on the long climb ahead. The dandi bearers were frightened when they saw Baba's huge body and said, "Does this fat man also require a dandi?" The devotees did not want Baba to go on foot and were ready to give the dandi bearers whatever fare they wanted, but the men still would not agree to carry Baba. At last they reached a compromise. The cunning porters carrying the child's dandi said they would change places with those carrying Baba's dandi along the route, though they did not plan to take their turn at the agreed interchange.

The dandi in which Baba was sitting went ahead swiftly. The porters did not feel Baba's weight at all. They felt as if they were carrying an empty dandi. The porters who were carrying the dandi in which the child was sitting trailed behind as they struggled to bear the weight. They were surprised at how heavy the child was but were too ashamed to admit it and kept quiet. Eventually, when they were not able to bear the weight any further, they had to admit what was happening. The child's parents did not believe them, but they made the child walk for some distance. Baba had gone very far ahead, so he got the porters to stop and wait for the rest of the party. When the porters carrying Baba's dandi were asked to change with the other porters, they refused. Then the child insisted on sitting with Baba. Baba allowed him to sit in his dandi, which further complicated matters, as the porters refused to carry both of them on one dandi. Baba persuaded them to try, and when they lifted the dandi, they found it as light as before. They reached Badrinath easily, with the child's dandi carried there empty.

On their arrival in Badrinath, Baba got all the devotees to stay at Kali Kamli Dharamshala, and he himself stayed at Badrivan with Habba ji. There were no settlements at Badrivan in those days. It was rough, rugged, and desolate. Every morning Shrimati Munni Devi, Basant Lal's wife, used to take a bath in the hot springs with Sri Ma. Afterward Sri Ma would leave for Badrivan, and Munni Devi would return to the dharamshala to give the devotees tea. Then after having darshan of Badrivishal, she would also go to Badrivan to have Baba's darshan. Baba gave all the visitors malpua to eat.

One day when Shrimati Munni went to Baba, he said, "You did not have Badrinath's darshan today?" As she had already had darshan, she kept quiet. Baba then said, "Go and have darshan again." Due to the number of people waiting for darshan, the time that one could stay in the temple was limited. However, none of Baba's devotees was asked to move on. When Munni arrived again at the temple, instead of the Badrinath deity, she saw Baba enshrined there. She stared motionless at the spectacle. After sending her to the temple, Baba also sent her father-in-law, Habba, to have darshan. He was standing near her, and he also had Baba's darshan in place of the Badrinath murti for a long time. Tears flowed from his eyes. Sometime later both of them returned to Baba, and Habba said, "Sarkar, you have made us run there for nothing. We had your darshan in that murti as we have your darshan here."

They all left Badrinath, and on their way to Gangotri, Baba sat at a place by the Bhagirathi River. He said to Habba, "In Satyuga [the golden age] this was the Ganga of milk." Habba replied, "Sarkar, it is even now," to which Baba said, "Do you see a river of milk?" Habba answered, "Sarkar, while with you it is seen as that of milk." Baba asked him to bring a tumbler full of Ganges water and a handful of sand. Habba brought them. When he opened his hand, the particles of sand had changed into precious stones, and the water was milk. Maharaj ji told him to distribute those gems among the devotees, but Habba did not agree to this. He felt that the gems had no value in comparison to the grace of Maharaj. With Baba's permission he consigned the gems to the Ganges.

Later in the afternoon they reached Gangotri, and Maharaj made the devotees stay at a house while he stayed elsewhere with Habba ji. In the evening Sri Ma and the accompanying ladies went to the Gangotri temple for darshan. While the other ladies proceeded towards the shrine, the beauty of the Himalayas drew Sri Ma's attention, and as she turned around, she and Munni Devi had darshan of Lord Shiva. Standing with their backs towards the temple, they were enchanted by the sight. People were surprised to see them standing with their backs to the temple, and after some time Tuluram Sah joined them. However, he could not have darshan because the clouds once again covered the mountains. A man standing nearby told them that the clouds always covered the mountains. He said a saint had certainly come that day for whom the mountains had made themselves visible for darshan.

From Gangotri they traveled to Rishikesh. On their way they stopped at a place called Dharali at about eight at night. Most of the devotees stayed in a dharamshala; Umadatt Shukla spent the night in a tea shop, and Baba rested in a timber storehouse at the back of the tea stall. In the morning, when Girish went for Baba's darshan, he saw a snake and a scorpion fighting on Baba's blanket on his chest. He cried out in fear at the sight. As soon as Baba uncovered himself, the snake and the scorpion moved away.

From Dharali they arrived in Rishikesh and stayed for about fifteen days. One day Shrimati Munni was coming out of the Ganges after having a bath. She and Sri Ma were standing with their backs towards the river when Munni turned and saw that Tularam Sah was being carried away by the current. She yelled and drew Sri Ma's attention to the situation. Ma did not know how to swim, but she jumped into the fast-moving current to save her husband. Munni was frightened. She did not know how to swim either, but she decided that if the two of them drowned, she would drown herself as well. Habba was nearby but was unaware of the situation. He was in deep meditation after his bath. Baba was in his kuti at the time. Munni then saw the impossible happen. Ma pulled Tularam Sah out of the midstream and brought him to the bank. Munni was wonderstruck. She had forgotten her resolve to drown herself and came back to join them. Tularam Sah did not take much time to recover. Afterwards when everyone went to Baba, he said, "Three lives were saved today. Siddhi saved her husband."

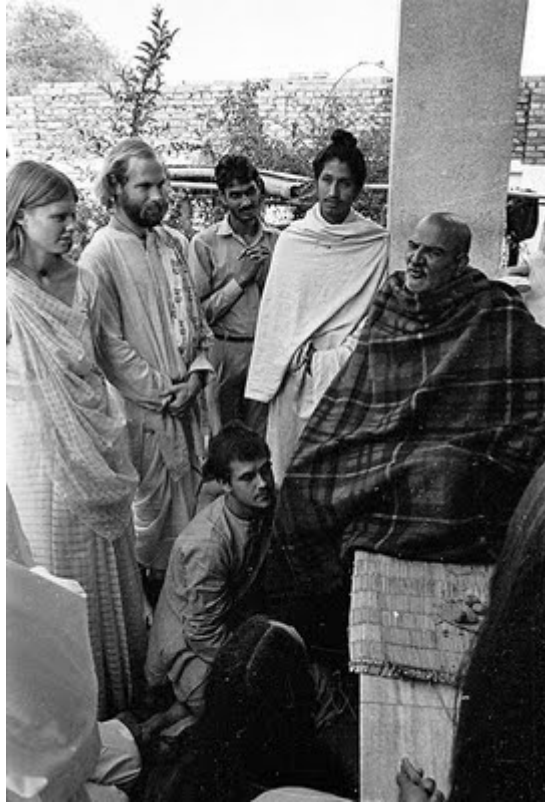


Creating Murtis

Baba once went to the house of Ram Ratan Gupta in Kanpur. Gupta's brother was there and invited Baba to his house in Bombay, making Girish, who was with Baba, note down his Prince Street address. Some years later Baba went to the South with Sri Ma, Tuluram Sah, his son Ramesh, and Girish. When they arrived in Bombay, they stayed in Gupta's house on Prince Street. Gupta told them about the miracles of a female saint who was well known in South India, and he took Baba, Ramesh, and Girish to her house in a suburb of Bombay. The lady welcomed them and asked them to sit in the room where some other visitors were sitting. Gupta asked her to give the newly arrived visitors prasad.

The lady had two bowls. There was roli (a red mixture of tumeric and lime powder) in one and sandal powder in the other. When she put roli in a person's hand, it turned into sandal powder, and when she did the same with sandal powder, it turned into roli. After this, murtis made out of an alloy of eight metals just appeared in her hand, and she gave them to the devotees as prasad. In this way she gave Girish a murti of Durga. When it was Ramesh's turn, he silently prayed to Baba that no murti would appear in the woman's hand to give to him. None appeared, and the lady fell unconscious on the floor. Her bodyguards and secretary carried her into another room, and she regained consciousness after some time. Meanwhile Ramesh became worried and told Baba everything. When the lady reappeared, Baba asked Ramesh to take prasad from her. This time a murti of Laxmi appeared in her hand, and she gave it to Ramesh. Later she gave a murti of Shiva's family to Baba at Gupta's request.

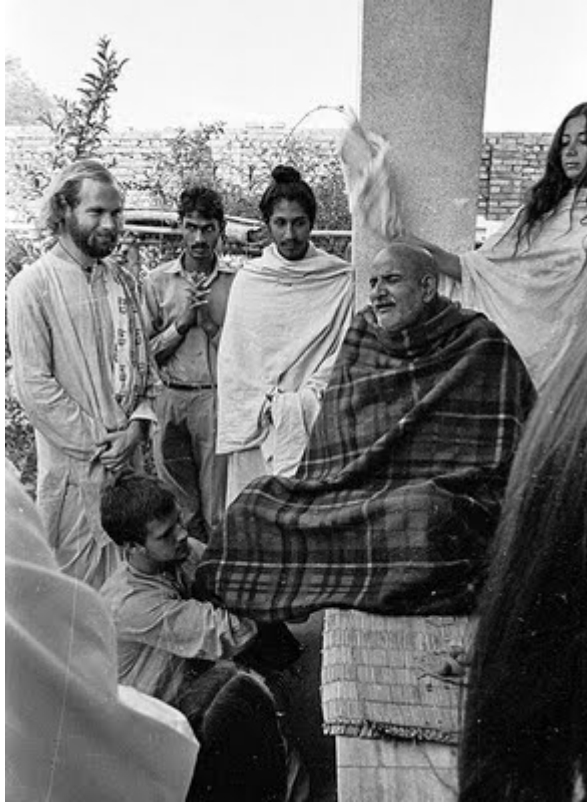
On their return to Bombay, Ramesh and Girish presented their murtis to Baba and asked him how it all happened. Baba only said, "It happens." He then tied those murtis in Sri Ma's anchal (loose end of a sari). When Ma opened it later, a fourth murti, that of Ram, had appeared inside by Baba's grace. The four murtis are still kept safely at the India Hotel in Nainital.



A Pilgrimage Postponed

Seeing devotees traveling with Baba to various places, Shrimati Shakuntala Sah also had the desire to travel with him, but she was unable to do so since her children were young. Once, she met Baba in Allahabad while she was visiting her relative Jagati Babu at Colonelganj. Baba was staying nearby at Church Lane, and she humbly asked him to take her on a pilgrimage to Chitrakut. Baba tried to postpone it, but she would not hear of it. So Baba got ready and set out by car, taking Sri Ma and as many devotees as possible. The plan was to do a day trip and return to Allahabad in the evening.

Nevertheless, the car had hardly traveled four kilometers when it broke down. Baba got out and went to a small Hanuman temple situated in a nearby lentil field and sat down. All the devotees joined him there and were delighted by his conversation. Many hours passed, and Balak, the driver, could not find the problem. Baba kept calling out to him, "Hurry up or there won't be time to go to Chitrakut." The driver kept saying that everything seemed to be alright with the car, but it still would not start. He tried his best, but it was all in vain. Meanwhile back at Church Lane, Sudhir Mukerjee had become seriously ill. His aunt was very worried and remembered Baba. Baba said to the driver, "Pour a tumbler full of water into the car." As soon as the driver carried out his instructions, the car started, and everyone returned to Church Lane. Baba said to Mukerjee's aunt, "You remembered me and I have come."



Travel Lila

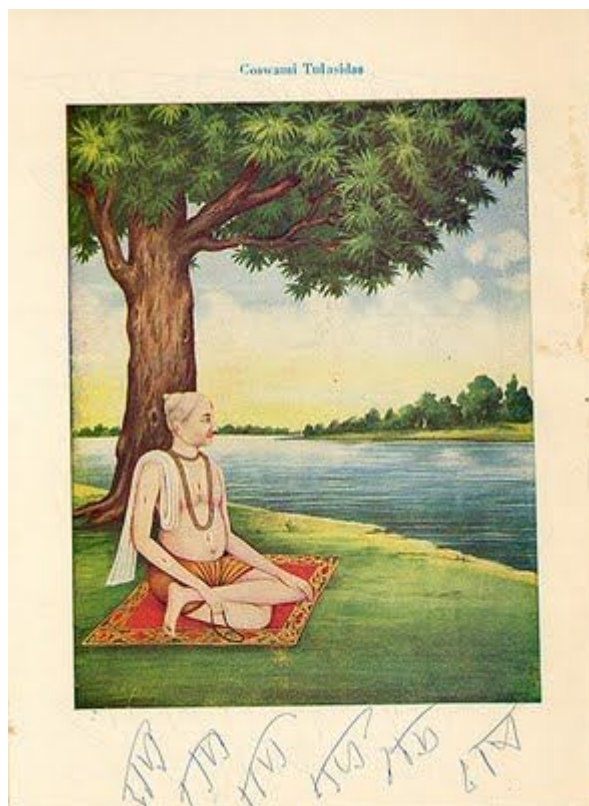
In 1949 Baba traveled from Nainital to Kashipur via Haldwani with nine devotees. When they arrived in Kashipur, they stayed in the house of Kishan Chaube, who extended great hospitality to them. Throughout the day all the devotees in Kashipur came with offerings of food and milk for Baba. Baba ate many platefuls of food that day and drank milk in large quantities. Before evening, however, he said he was hungry. He sent his devotee Pooran Chandra Joshi to a nearby lane saying, "A woman is waiting there. She has prepared roti for me. Go and bring it." Joshi went into that narrow lane and saw an old woman sitting in an open doorway. As soon as he spoke Baba's name, she happily disappeared inside and returned bringing a thick roti and some green vegetables. At that moment Baba himself arrived and taking that roti in his hand, ate it with great relish.

Baba and the group of devotees returned to Haldwani by train from Kashipur. Chaube had purchased a second-class ticket for Baba. By mistake he bought only eight third-class tickets for the nine devotees who accompanied him and gave the tickets to one of them. All of them sat in the second-class compartment with Baba except for a pandit, who traveled in the third-class compartment of the train. Suddenly Baba asked the devotees, "How many tickets are there?" A devotee replied that Chaube bought tickets for all. Baba sternly asked, "Where is Pandit's ticket?" They counted them again and realized the mistake.

Baba took all the tickets from them and threw them out of the window of the moving train, making all of them ticketless travelers. A special checking squad was checking the train that day, and the eight devotees sitting with Baba were government servants. They worried about

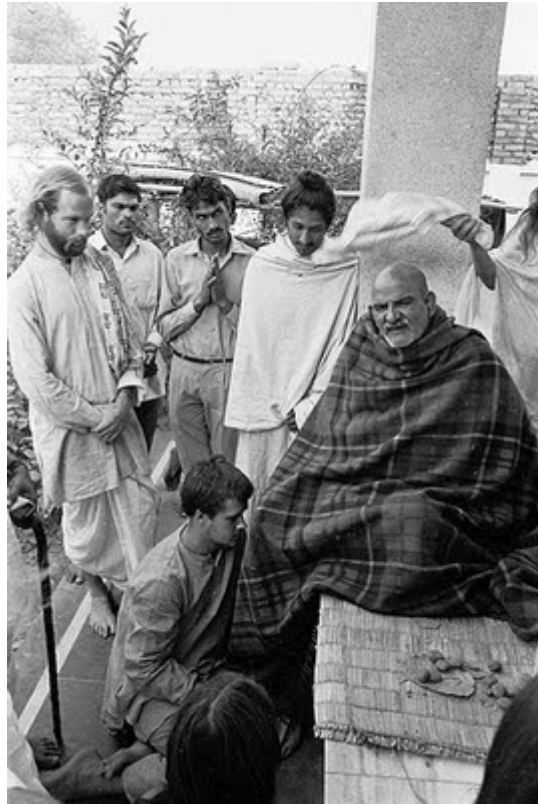
losing their jobs if they were caught traveling without tickets. At the next station Baba got out of the train and went to sit with Pandit in the third-class compartment, as did the devotees. Just then Baba put nine third-class tickets into the hands of a devotee.

The train arrived at the Lalkuan station late at night, after the connecting train to Haldwani had already left. There was no other train for Haldwani nor was a bus available, so they thought they would have to spend the night at the station. However, as Baba got down onto the platform, a Muslim truck driver standing nearby noticed him, wrapped in his blanket. He stared at Baba with great curiosity. Baba also looked at him and said, "Your wife is ill? You are sad? You have taken her to Bareilly, Agra, and other places and still there is no improvement? Do not worry, she will be alright." He listened to Baba in quiet amazement and then humbly asked him, "Baba, where do you want to go? My truck is standing outside." He then took everyone to Haldwani in his truck.



Ram's Name Inscribed On Trees

On one occasion many devotees traveled to Chitrakut by bus. Having visited Chitrakut, Hanuman Dhara, Anusuiyya, Sphatik Shila, and other places during the day, they began their return to Allahabad. At Kamtanath, Baba sent all the devotees to see the Ramkullu trees (trees under which Lord Ram rested), and he himself stayed at the car. The devotees were surprised to see the name of Ram inscribed on the leaves and branches of those trees. On their return they expressed their amazement to Baba, who said, "I will accept it to be true if Ramesh endorses it." Sri Ma's son Ramesh was sceptical by nature. He went there and observed those trees in minute detail. He also scraped a piece of bark from one of the trees and examined it. He was surprised to see the name of Ram inscribed even underneath the peeled bark.



Journey to the South

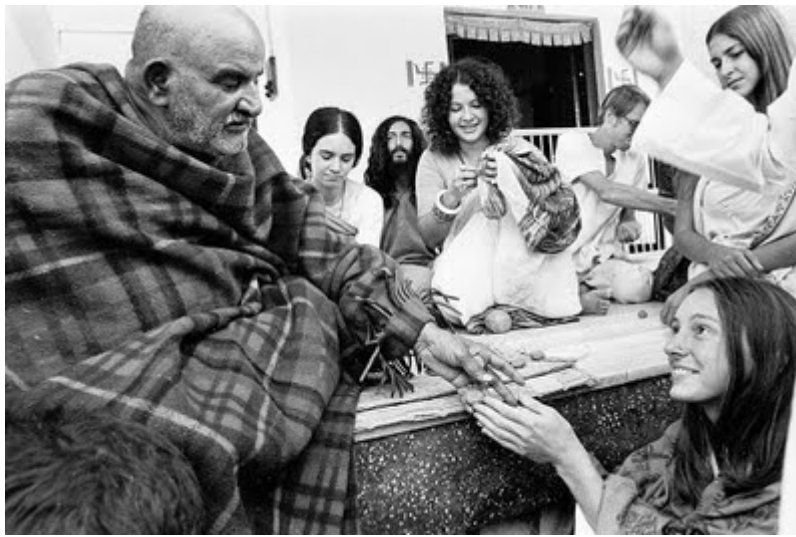
In 1973 Maharaj traveled to South India with Sri Ma, Sri Jivanti Ma, Ramesh Sah, and many other devotees. They arrived in Madras on 9 January and went to stay at the Sindhi dharamshala. The rooms that Baba pointed at were locked, so all the luggage was placed on the veranda in front of them. When the devotees met the manager and requested him to get the rooms opened, the manager refused, saying that they were already reserved for a person coming from Vrindavan. He also made it clear that the other rooms were occupied and suggested that they seek accommodation elsewhere. When the devotees explained the situation to Baba, he insisted, "I will only stay in these rooms."

The devotees arranged some bedding on the veranda so that Baba could rest, but the manager arrived and expressed his displeasure. He asked them to vacate the veranda and then left. Still, Baba did not leave. He said, "Nobody will come for these rooms. Pay no heed to the manager." The day was drawing to a close, so the devotees once again requested the manager to open the rooms. At that very moment a telegram arrived from the person in Vrindavan requesting the manager to cancel his reservations. The manager then opened the rooms for Baba with pleasure.

While in Madras, Baba took the devotees to visit the Vaishnavi Devi temple, which is located about twenty-three kilometers away from the city. Two taxis were taken. Baba got into one taxi, and the devotees got into the second one. Baba's car usually led the others, but this time the devotees' car led. Consequently they passed the temple and drove on about nine kilometers further. Baba followed them until he reached a vast, barren, and desolate place and

then stopped. The other taxi stopped too. Walking around, Baba said, "I did not realize, but we have passed the temple." In actuality Baba sanctified that piece of land by stopping there. They all got into the taxis again and drove back to the Vaishnavi Devi temple with Baba's taxi in the lead.

On 19 January 1984 Hukum Chand had Baba's murti installed on the very piece of land at which Baba and the devotees had stopped all those years before. Hukum Chand had not been with Maharaj when he and the devotees stopped there, nor had he heard about the trip. Still, he unknowingly chose the same site that Maharaj had sanctified years before to build the Veerapuram ashram and temples.



Meeting Baba

Hukum Chand had been a resident of Sindh (Pakistan), but after the partition of India in 1947, he left Pakistan and set up his business in Madras. He often visited the Vaishnavi Devi temple and met a sage there. When Baba took his devotees to have Vaishnavi Devi's darshan, he also graced the sage by his presence. After Baba left, Hukum Chand arrived at the temple. The sage told him about Baba and asked Hukum Chand to go and have his darshan. Hukum Chand went to the dharamshala but could not find Baba, so he left without meeting him. He went again the next day and was about to leave for the second time without meeting Baba when he met Ramesh, who Baba had sent to call him.

When Hukum Chand went into Baba's room, he saw a few women devotees massaging Baba's feet. Hukum Chand felt uncomfortable with what he saw and hesitated to go into the room. Nevertheless, when he looked into Baba's smiling face, his feelings became pure, and he remained standing with his hands folded in reverence. Baba asked him to come again the next morning. The next day Hukum Chand went to meet Baba and asked him, "Why is maya [illusion]? How can one disentangle oneself from maya?" Baba asked him, "What is this maya? Where is it?" and then he himself answered, "There is no maya." After this he said, "Who is the best eye doctor here?" Hukum suggested two names, Dr. Aggarwal and Dr. Abraham.

Baba asked, "Who is Abraham?"

"A Christian," was the reply.

"Abraham is good, Abraham is good. I will consult him," Baba said.

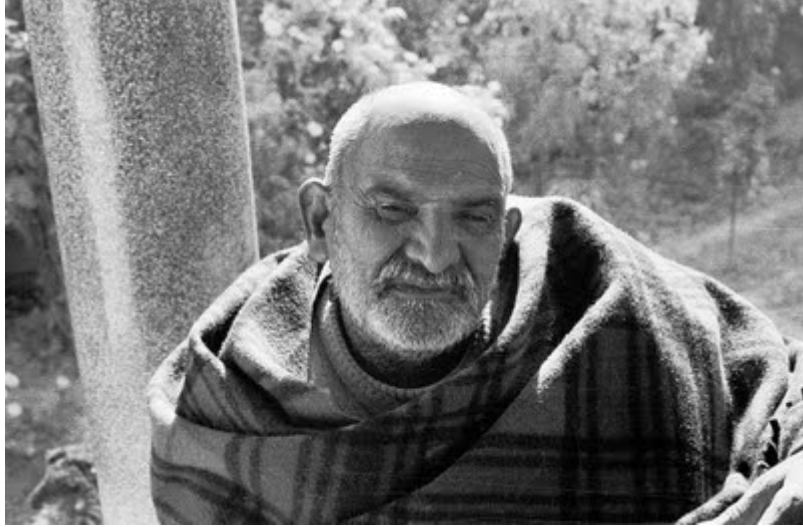
Baba then told Hukum Chand to come visit him again after two days. Hukum Chand tried to contact the doctor and found out that he had gone to Bangalore for a couple of days. He went back to Baba, who said that he would see the doctor on his return from Rameshwaram, where he and the devotees were about to go.

After Baba left, Hukum Chand went to Bombay and broke his glasses on the way. He got a new pair made in Bombay but was not comfortable with them and thought of getting a new pair from Dr. Abraham when he returned to Madras. Upon his return, he was about to go to the clinic when his son asked if he could go with him to get his eyes tested. His exams were near, and he was having trouble with his eyesight. They went together, and after getting his glasses changed, Hukum Chand felt relieved. After examining his son's eyes, the doctor advised an immediate operation, for there was a risk of losing his sight. Hukum Chand acted upon the doctor's advise and got the operation performed immediately. In this way Abraham relieved both father and son of their ailments. Hukum Chand later realized that Baba was not in need of a doctor for his own eyes. He had recommended Dr. Abraham to him for their benefit.



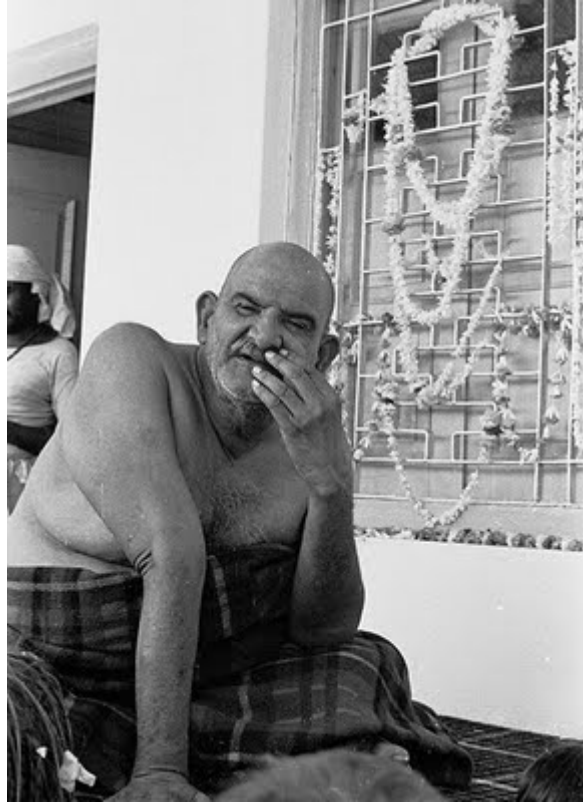
A Suggestion Is Sufficient

Baba stayed at the Sindhi Dharamshala from the 9th to the 23rd of January 1973. One day he said to Hukum Chand, "You should buy a good house for yourself." Hukum Chand replied that he had been trying to find a flat for the last two years, but he had not found any to his liking. The conversation ended there. Within a week after Baba left Madras, Hukum Chand found a flat. He then realized that Baba had bestowed his grace on him by way of his suggestion.



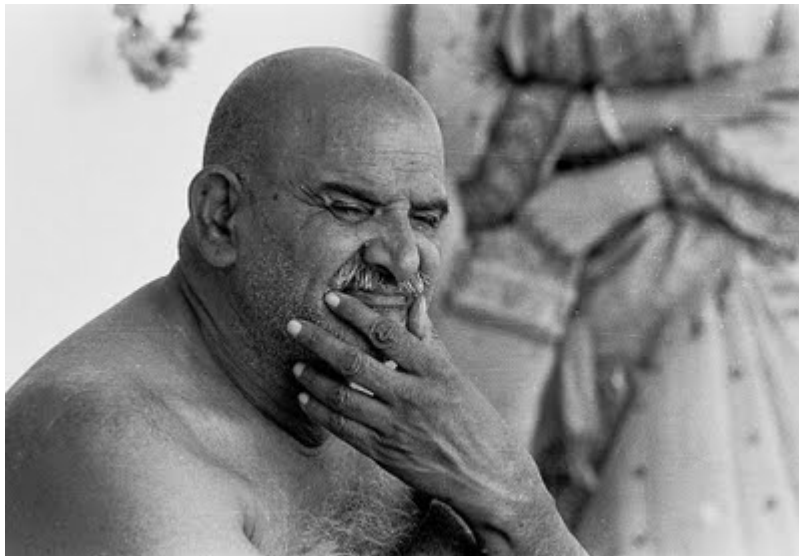
A Journey to Chitrakut

Baba went to Dixit ji's place from Church Lane, Allahabad, and asked him to go to Chitrakut with him the next day. Many other devotees were also going with Baba on the pilgrimage. Dixit ji arrived at Church Lane early the next morning. The door of Baba's kuti was closed, and he could be heard reprimanding someone inside. After a short while the door opened and Baba's devotee Girish came out. Dixit ji asked him the reason for Baba's anger. Girish said, "Yesterday Baba asked me to order fresh jalebis (a kind of Indian sweet) for the devotees today. I was busy attending to him and only remembered about it when I went to bed at midnight. What could I do at that time? When I woke up in the morning, I was called and scolded." When Dixit ji got into the room, Baba was sitting calmly. Baba again sent for Girish and pointing to a large packet under his takhat said, "Take it out." The packet was full of hot, fresh jalebis. Baba made everyone eat the jalebis, and then proceeded to Chitrakut.



Gopal

One day Baba was on the bank of the Mandakini calling loudly for Gopal on the other side of the river. Dixit ji went across to the village to enquire about Gopal. He was amazed when a man told him there had been a cowherd named Gopal about four generations before. Members of his family still lived in the village. The man went on to tell Dixit ji that Gopal had been a devotee of a saint named Baba Neeb Karori and had always attended to him. How could one ever know Baba's age?



Bhagwan Singh's Dream

On one occasion Sri Ma and Sri Jivanti Ma were staying at Chattisgarh, Vrindavan, and Bhagwan Singh, who was a young boy then, was in attendance. The construction of Baba's Vrindavan ashram was in progress, and Baba occasionally visited the place. One day both the Mothers were going to the ashram by rickshaw, thinking that Baba may have come. Bhagwan Singh was sitting at their feet on board, telling them about the dream he had had the previous night. He said that Baba had made him wear the sacred thread with his own hands, and another man was standing there holding Baba's long hair, which looked like the matted locks of a hermit.

When they arrived at the ashram, the Mothers went in by the back door and sat in the corridor near Baba's room to wait for him. Bhagwan Singh went to where Baba was sitting outside and bowed before him. Baba made him wear the sacred thread, and the pandits present recited sacred hymns from the Vedas. After that Bhagwan Singh went to the Mothers to receive their blessing. That was the fulfilment of the first part of Bhagwan Singh's dream.

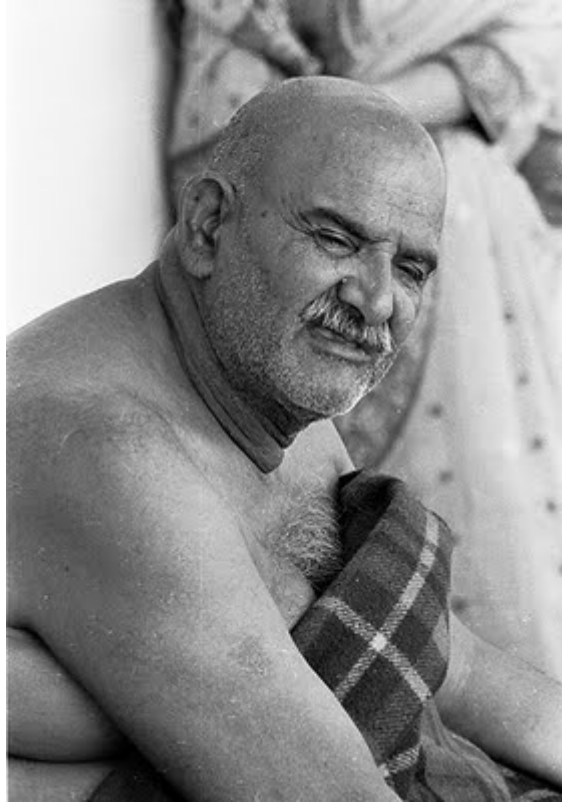
Later Maharaj got up and went back to his room. From the corridor, the Mothers overheard the conversation between Baba and a devotee who was with him. The devotee was saying to Baba that he remembered very well the time when Baba's appearance was different; he had long, matted hair, and his body was bare except for the strip of bark from a banana tree. Baba was heard saying to him, "The Mothers already bother me for no reason and by saying this you are creating more problems for me." He then asked, "What was your age at that time?"

The man replied, "I was sixty years old then."

"What is your age now?"

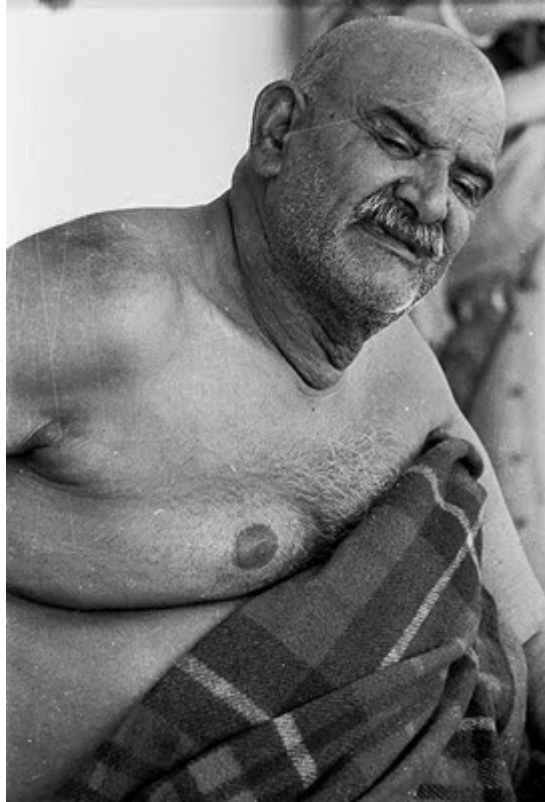
"It is ninety-four years."

Thus, the second part of Bhagwan Singh's dream was clarified.



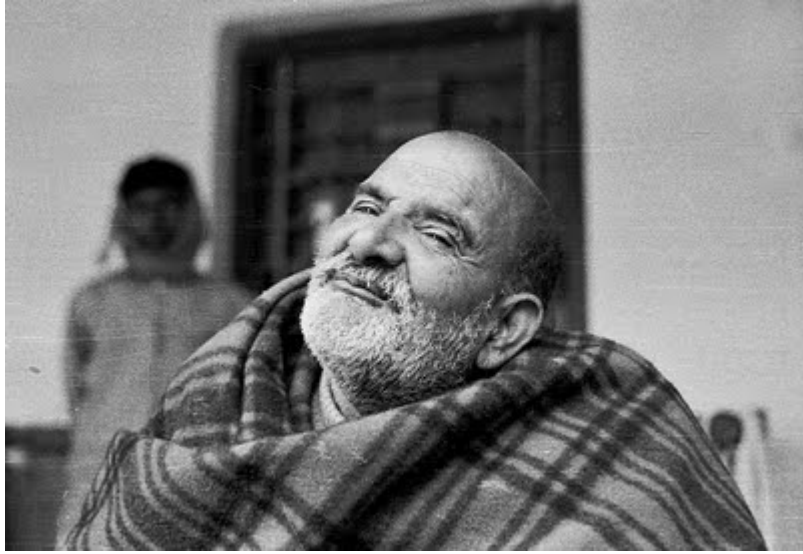
Saxena's Own Tale

Mohan Lal Saxena, a devotee of Maharaj, worked in the Sessions Court in Nainital and lived nearby in Chinakhan Lane. He had four sons who were studying in school. Whenever Baba came and stayed, be it in Gathia, Bhumiadhar, Hanumanghar, or elsewhere, Saxena sent one of his sons with food every day. Whenever Saxena attended Baba's gatherings, Baba always asked him to tell the devotees about his life. Saxena said, "When my father died, my mother was only twenty, and I was a small child. Some of our relatives wanted us to leave our village so that they could take our land. A sadhu arrived and stayed at our house, cultivated our land, and looked after us. He got me educated and making us stand on our own two feet in life, got me married. By the time the marriage party had returned after the three days of ceremony at the bride's house, he had disappeared." Hearing all that, Baba used to say with surprise, "Look, being a sadhu, he stayed at his house, took care of them and their crops, and then disappeared." Years later Saxena told the devotees that the sadhu was none other than their beloved Baba.



Baba's Age

One day in Allahabad a woman who had heard of Baba came to see him for the first time. She bowed before him and sat there, but she seemed to be a little confused. After a short while, she told Baba that a ninety-year-old woman who loved her dearly had come to her house. She wanted to bring the woman with her to meet Baba, but she was surprised when the woman refused saying, "To see Baba Neeb Karori? He is no more now. The man you are going to see may be his disciple. When I was nine years old, he came to our house to give darshan. He was quite old then. My father was his devotee." When the woman finished telling this story, Baba laughed loudly. She asked him what the matter was, but he did not reply and just laughed again. He made her retell the story several times while he continued laughing. The devotees present laughed with him.



Shiva's Darshan

Maharaj brought Devkamta Dixit ji with him from Kanpur to Varanasi and assured him that he would take him to have Vishwanath's (Lord Shiva's) darshan. Coming out of the Vijaynagaram Palace at Varanasi, Baba changed his mind, and instead of taking him to the Vishwanath temple, he took him to Gyanvapi Lane. Baba met a sanyasi (an initiated renunciant) there and talked to him for some time. Dixit ji did not understand the topic of conversation or the language they were speaking. Baba asked Dixit ji to give him four annas (Indian coins) and then asked him to fetch a particular person. No sooner did Dixit ji turn to go than he saw that person coming towards him. Dixit ji at once turned back towards Baba, but he saw neither Baba nor the sanyasi there. Then he witnessed a strange sight. It looked as if Baba was emerging from the earth.

About two years after this incident, a Bengali named Guha came to Kainchi ashram. He told Baba he had spent the nights of the last month reciting hymns to the goddess Chandi (Durga) and wanted Maharaj's permission to go to Varanasi. Baba asked him, "What will you do at Kashi?"

"I will have Vishwanath's darshan, and I will give as much alms as possible to sanyasis at Gyanvapi."

"Why?"

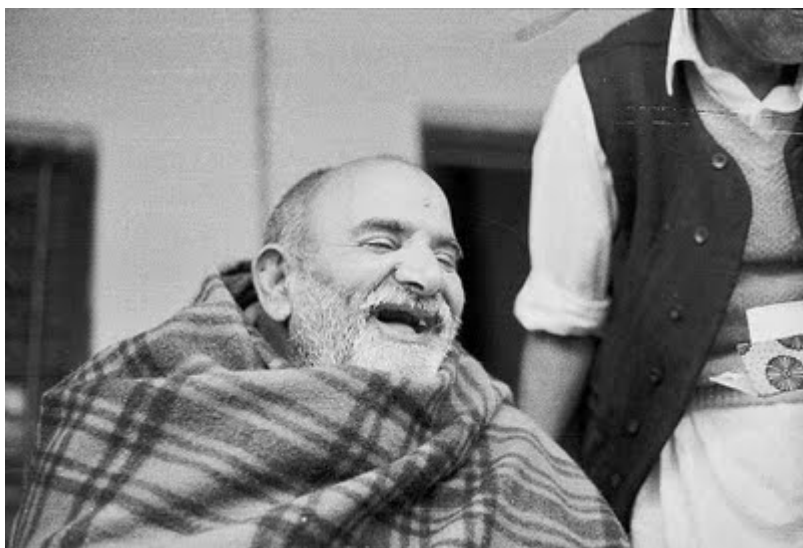
"It is mentioned in the scriptures that Lord Shiva wanders about at Gyanvapi in the guise of a sanyasi. I cannot recognize him, so I will give something to all the sanyasis."

Baba looked at Dixit ji, who was also present, as if he was reminding him of the incident that had happened two years before. He asked Dixit ji to give some money to Guha. Dixit ji realized that Baba had made him have Lord Shiva's darshan in the guise of that sanyasi and thus had fulfilled his promise.



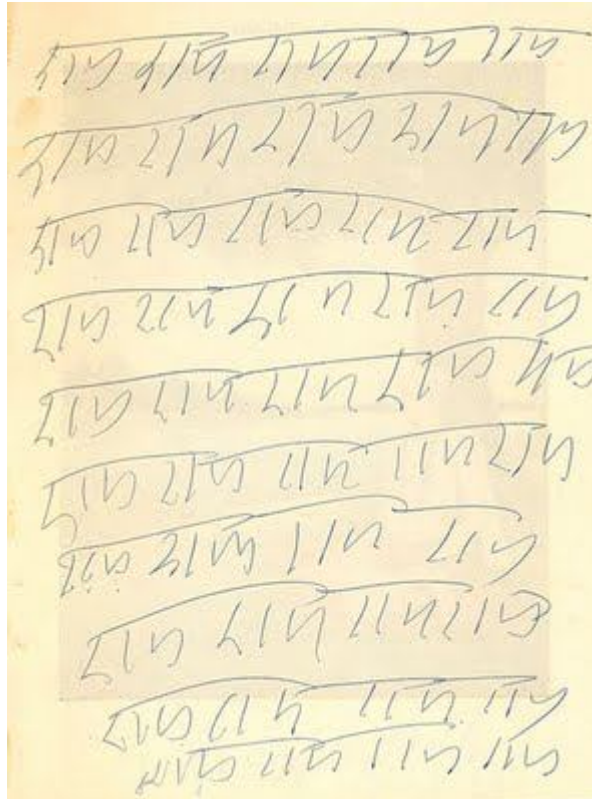
A Crack In the Murti

The Hanuman temple at Vrindavan ashram was built by Mangturam Jaipuria, and the murti for the temple was brought from Jaipur. When it arrived and the packing case was opened, Prem Dass Baba, the ashram caretaker at the time, found a crack across it. He would not allow the defective murti to be installed, which created a problem. Shortly thereafter Maharaj arrived in Vrindavan with some devotees and said to them, "Examine the murti to see whether it is defective or not and inform me." Baba also said, "Prem Dass Baba told lies that the murti is defective. That's why he would not let it be installed." The devotees examined the murti in minute detail but could not find any defects or cracks. Baba then asked Prem Dass Baba to examine it again. Prem Dass Baba was surprised to see that the crack he had seen the previous day had disappeared. Baba got the murti installed the same day, and the devotees came to understand the purpose of his having traveled to Vrindavan all through the night.



A Strange Incident

One day at Church Lane, Maharaj suddenly became quiet and motionless. His eyes were half-open and still, and it seemed as if he was engrossed in deep thought. It was a state of Chaitanaya samadhi (a state in which consciousness transcends the self). Baba was not at all aware of himself. The palms of his hands and the soles of his feet slowly became red, and an intense fragrance filled the atmosphere. It permeated not only the house, but also the road outside for quite some distance. It lasted for about twenty minutes. The devotees present sat there quietly watching him. After some time Baba became normal and everything was as before.



The Darshan of Ram Naam

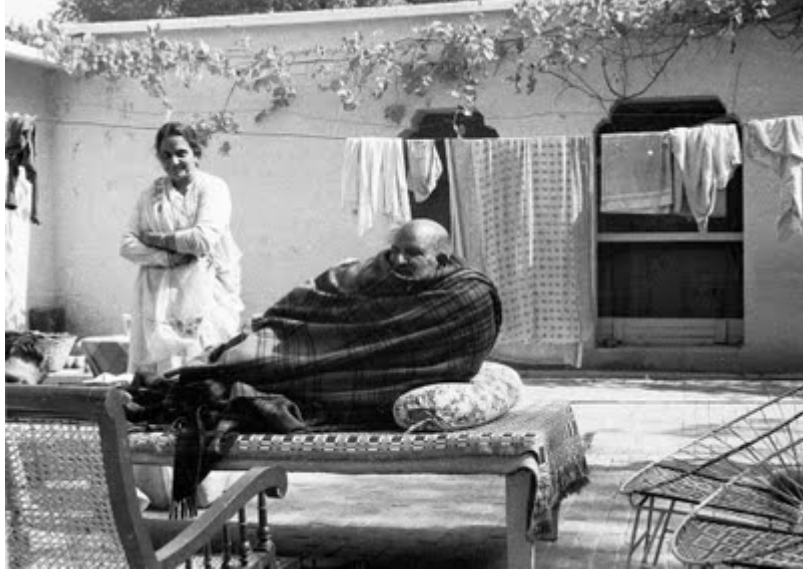
One day in 1962 Mohini Sah, a dear devotee of Maharaj since childhood, found out that Baba was in Kainchi. Since she never missed a chance to experience the joy of being with him, she bought some fruit to offer to him, tied it in the corner of her sari, and went to Kainchi. The ashram was still being built, and only the construction of Baba's kuti was complete. While Sri Ma, K.C. Tewari, and some other devotees were in Kainchi, Baba had left for Nainital before Mohini arrived. Mohini was deeply upset that she could not meet Baba after having traveled the nineteen kilometers from Nainital to Kainchi. Forgetting to take her sandals off, she went to Baba's takhat, scattered the fruit all over it, and pummeled the seat with her fists, giving vent to her anger. Afterwards she went to the rock where Baba often sat, and sitting there, she sang many beautiful devotional songs. In the end she chanted "Jai Ram, Jai Ram" [Glory to Ram] and became so overwhelmed that she fainted and lay unconscious.

Baba returned about midnight. When she got up the next morning, Mohini had Baba's darshan and pummeled his feet in the same manner that she had pummeled his seat the previous day. When the people in the ashram asked her the reason for chanting so many hymns without a break, she said that she had seen the name of Ram illuminated in stars on each leaf of the tree near the rock, and the grandeur of the sight had immersed her in joy.



Absence From Baba's Durbar

Even after the construction of Hanumanghar in Nainital, Baba often stayed at the small ashram in Bhumiadhar when he came to the hills. Devotees gathered there day and night to see him. Nandan Mai used to go from Nainital to Bhumiadhar to see Baba every day. At one point she could not go for three consecutive days. When she arrived at Bhumiadhar on the fourth day, she saw Baba surrounded by a large crowd of devotees. She silently greeted him in her heart from a distance. He said, "I have got your three days absence marked in the attendance register of God in heaven above. I cannot have pity on you and mark you present when you have been absent for three days." She was speechless when she heard these words and was surprised to know that in spite of a busy routine, Baba was aware of a devotee's absence. Then she realized that there is no difference between a saint and God. If a person is absent from a saint's durbar, they are absent from God's durbar as well.



The Meeting of Two Great Saints

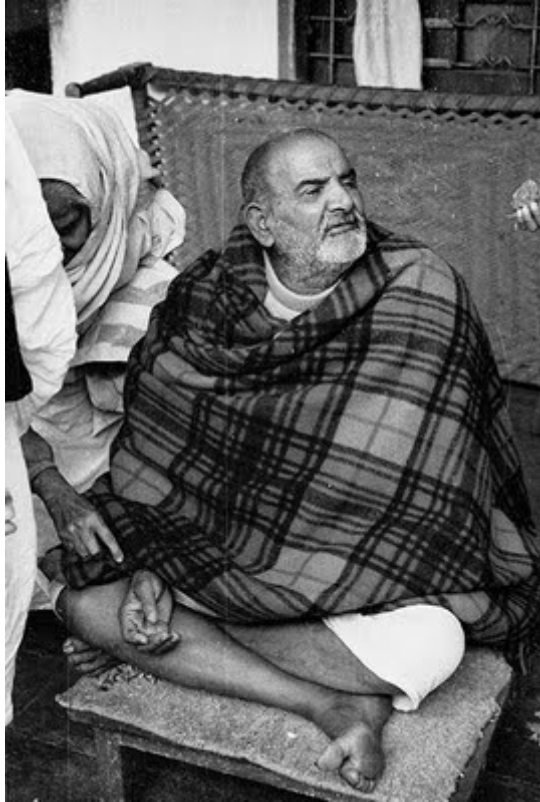
Yogeshwar Pande from New Hyderabad, Lucknow, had the good fortune to witness Baba's meeting with Swami Ramanand. It was the meeting of two great saints. After extending the usual hospitality, Baba said to Swami ji that he should give him his Kashmiri shawl. Swami ji at once removed his shawl and gave it to Baba. Swami ji also humbly asked for Baba's permission to request something from him. Swami ji asked Baba to give him the blanket he was wearing. Baba gave it to him in the same manner that Swami ji had given him the shawl.

On their return from having Baba's darshan, Pande, expressing his inner curiosity, asked Swami ji, "How can the exchange of a shawl for a blanket be fair?" At this Swami Ramanand said, "Baba Neeb Karori is a saint of the highest order. Of course he wanders in this world in a physical body, but he is not at all conscious of the environment around him. He lives in the state of the highest samadhi. His laughter, his shedding of tears are not at all influenced by the situations prevailing at the time. He is in constant communion with God, and all his actions are performed accordingly. It is not desirable to consider his blanket as an ordinary one. It is his great prasad."



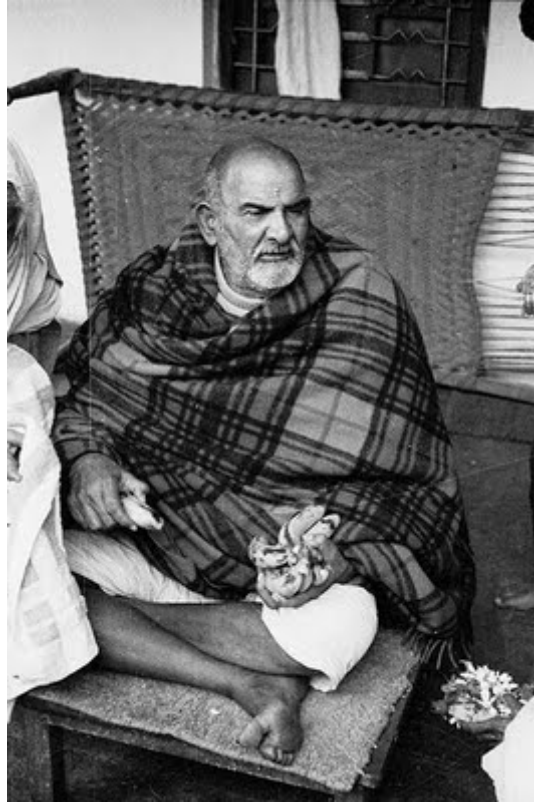
A Mother Feeds Baba

Baba held a huge bhandara on the occasion of the Kumbha Mela at Prayag. While thousands were being fed, he himself chose to go to a hut in which an old woman was cooking a meal. Baba stood in front of the hut and said, "Mother, I would like to have food." The old woman said, "Baba, I have prepared dal and roti. You fetch your utensils, and I shall serve you food in them." Baba suggested she put the dal on the roti and give it to him. The old woman put two rotis in Baba's hand and poured some dal onto them. Baba sat by her and lovingly ate the food. In this manner he showered his grace on the old woman.



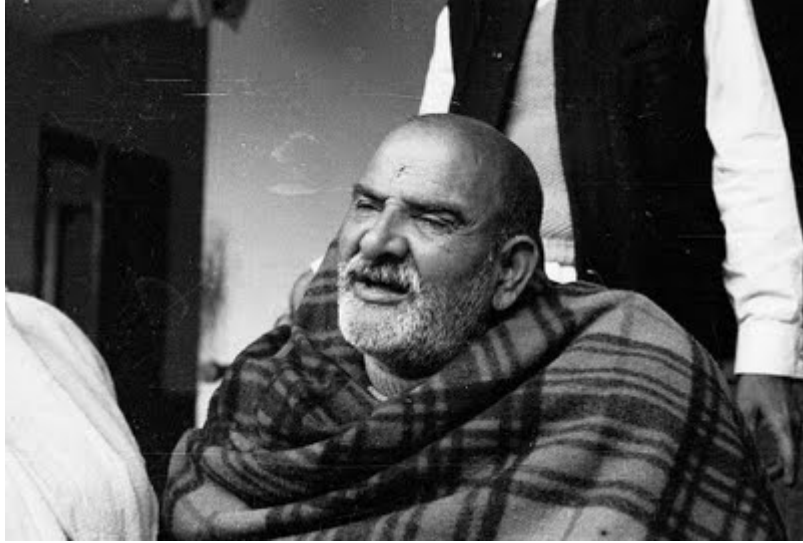
The Desire for God's Darshan

A lecturer from Allahabad University asked Baba, "How can I have God's darshan?" Baba immediately replied, "Go to a forest in search of God on a dark night without a light or weapon. You will meet God." The lecturer was puzzled and said, "I will not be able to undertake this difficult task. Tell me a simpler method." Baba said, "Man is very selfish. Do not see anyone's face. Live in total solitude and you will have his darshan." The lecturer said, "I have to live in society. How can I isolate myself? So tell me a method easier than this." Baba said, "Well, while living among people, do not speak to anyone. Observe silence." Baba then suggested to him that he could speak while teaching and observe silence at all other times. At this he said, "It is not possible, as I have to seek guidance from my seniors at the university." At last, telling him about the simplest method, Baba said, "Speak to everyone, but do not greet anyone, and if someone greets you, go on your way without looking at him." The lecturer, explaining his difficulty again said, "It would be bad manners and people would form a bad opinion of me." At this Baba said, "You concern yourself with the opinions of others and forget about your desire to have God's darshan."



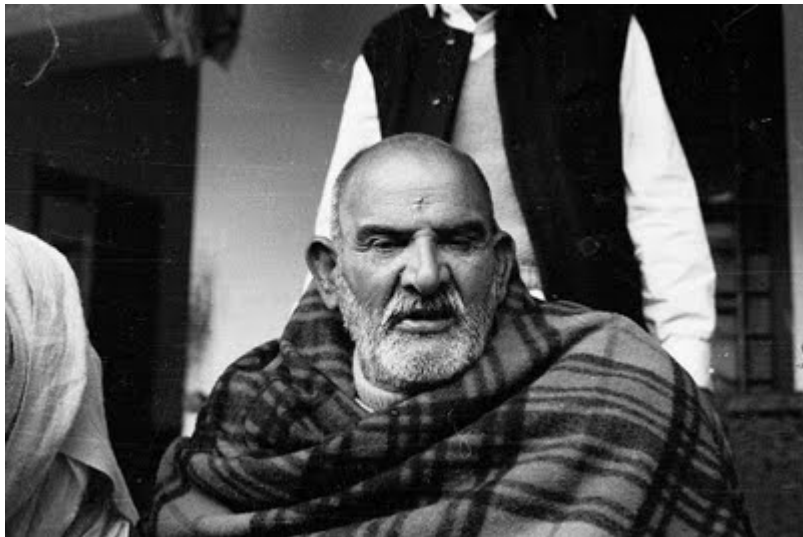
Nobody Will Retire You

The late Devi Prasad Pande was working as an electrician on daily wages at Government House, Nainital, when the Public Works Department offered him a contract on a monthly salary. He was asked to submit his CV, some documents from a recognized institution, and authentic proof of age. He had not taken the matriculation exam, which mentions the date of birth and is considered correct for all official purposes. He submitted his horoscope instead, which showed that only two years remained before he was fifty-eight, the age of retirement. He was very worried, thinking he would get a reduced pension and have to leave his government accommodation. He could see no solution to the problem. Baba came to his house, and when Pande told him about the problem, Baba said to him, "Do not worry. Nobody will retire you." The CV and documents were accepted, but his horoscope was not accepted as proof of his age. Instead, he was asked to submit a certificate of age from the civil surgeon. The civil surgeon assessed his age as forty-two years. Consequently he worked up to the age of seventy-two and died before his retirement.



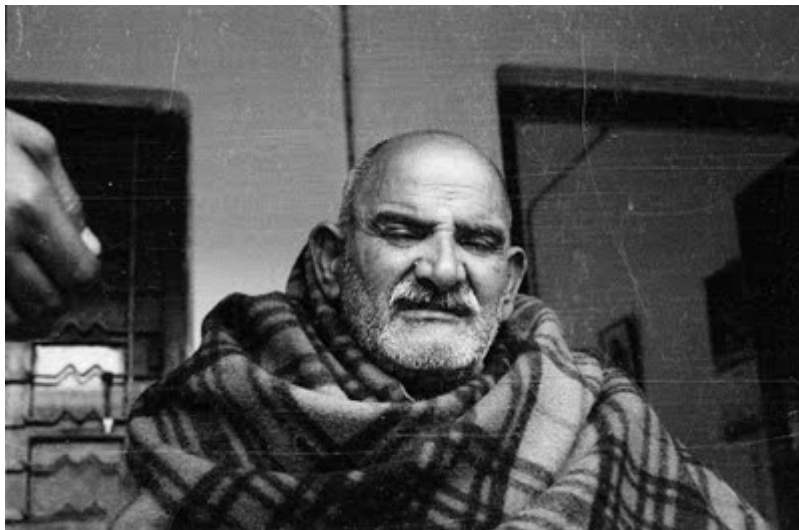
A Pilgrimage to Amarnath

Devi Prasad Pande was seventy years old, his body had become weak, and he was suffering from a cough and fever. In spite of this, he was observing a fast for Chaturdashi. After worshipping Lord Shiva, he went to Kainchi to see Baba. As soon as he bowed before him, Baba touched him on his forehead with his foot and said, "You have to take the mothers from the hills on a pilgrimage to Amarnath." Although he felt helpless due to his ill health, he obeyed Baba and set out on the hazardous journey to Amarnath with the devotees. From Pahalgam, they went to Amarnath, where Pande recited hymns in worship to Rudra (Shiva). It was the effect of Baba's touch that in spite of his bad health, made him able to undertake the difficult journey.



Just In Time

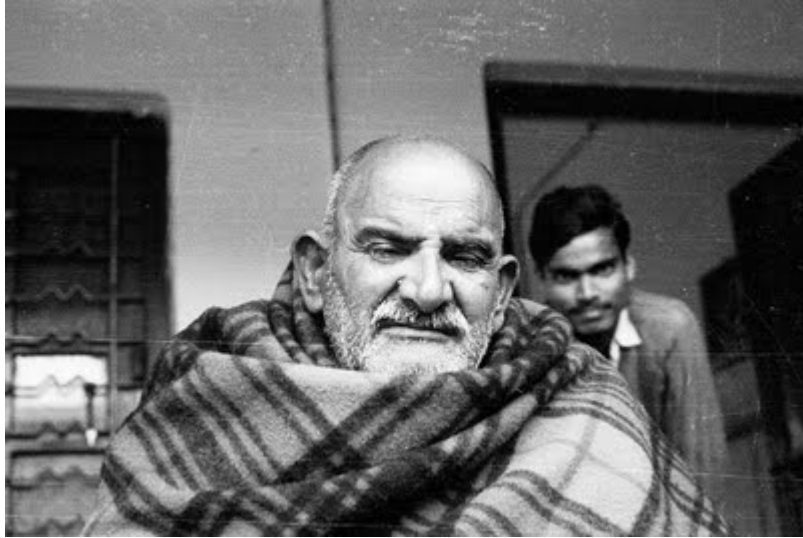
Indradev Narayan Sahi came to Kainchi with his wife to spend some time in Baba's presence. He was delighted to have Baba's darshan, but after having prasad at the bhandara, Baba told him to return to Delhi at once. Sahi was stunned and at the same time hurt by Baba's indifferent attitude. In spite of his repeated requests, Baba did not allow him to stay saying, "Who is looking after your house? You would say later that you went to see Baba and you were robbed." Sahi explained that he had left his house in the care of his trusted servant. Baba, however, would not listen to him, and eventually he had to leave for Delhi. On arriving at his house in Delhi, he was surprised to find that his servant, who they trusted so much, had packed up all the valuables and was about to take them away. They caught him red-handed. This incident opened Sahi's eyes and moved him deeply. He realized what the lila was about and was sorry he had felt hurt when Baba told him to go.



One Bangle Less

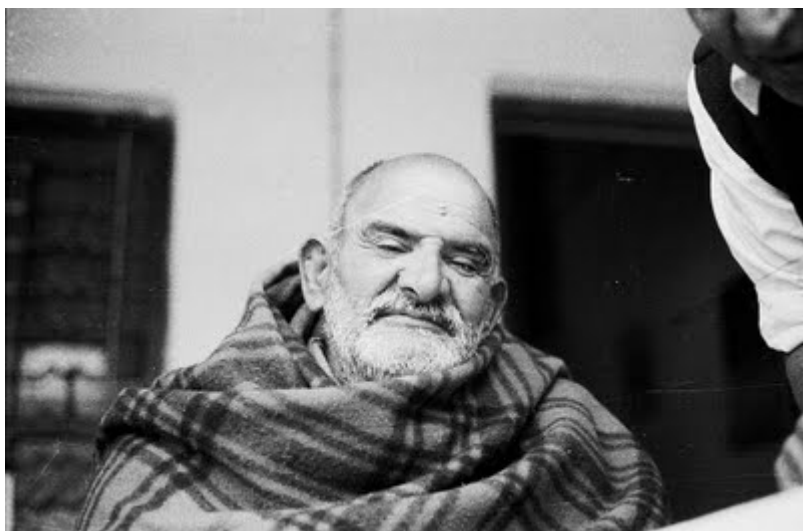
My mother-in-law had brought seven silver bangles for me from Mexico. Taking them off at night, I would keep them in the drawer of my dressing table near my bed. The next morning I would put them back on after having counted them. One night I saw Maharaj ji in a dream. I was very happy to see him, and after offering pranaam to him, I asked him what I could do for him. He looked at my bangles, which I was wearing in my dream, and said, "I want to take them." I immediately took them off and put them at his feet. He said, "Not all, I will take only one." I picked up one bangle and gave it to him. Then I woke up. There were only six. This incident had such an effect on me that I could not talk about it to anyone for a long time.

-Radha Baum, USA



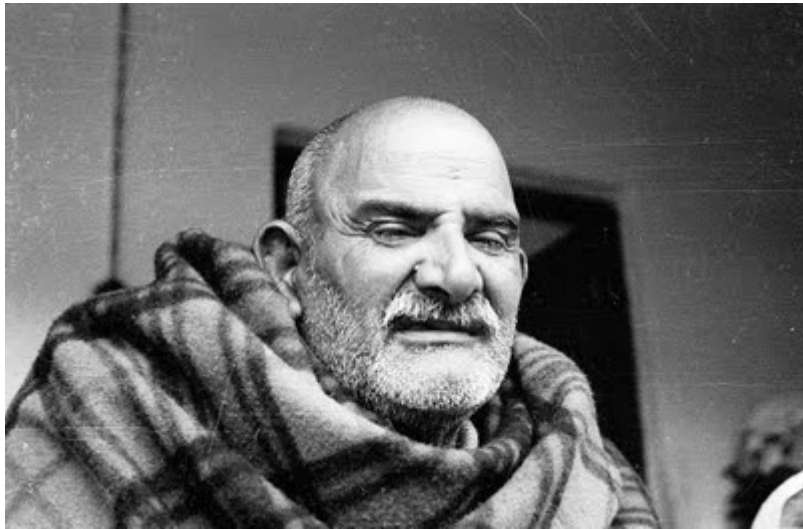
Mantra Initiation

One snowy night in Shimla, in January 1955, Rani Girija Devi was very perturbed, for her husband, Raja Bhadri, was down with a fever. She had a vision that night in which she saw a shadow entering the house through a window. It changed itself into the form of Maharaj, who looked the same as when she had first seen him at Ramgarh, Nainital. Baba wanted to give a mantra, and she was saying that she would forget what it was if she was initiated in a dream. Then Baba woke her up and told her the mantra. She again expressed her inability to remember it because she felt sleepy. The third time Baba made her sit on the bed and giving her a pen and paper picked up from the table nearby, asked her to write down the mantra. Still very drowsy, she wrote it down and then went back to sleep. When she woke up the next morning, she saw the pen, paper, and the mantra written down in her own handwriting. Still she chants that mantra.



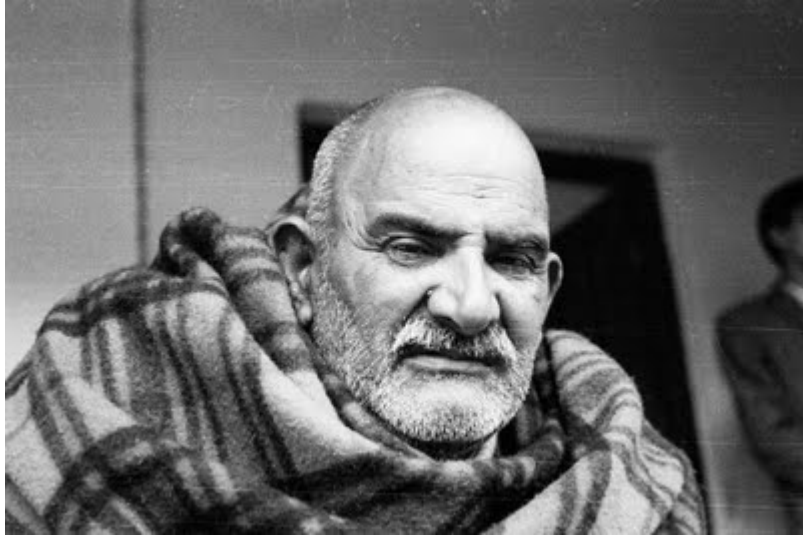
Changing Hearts

One night Shrimati Kamla Pande had a dream in which she saw Maharaj sitting on a takhat in the front room of a house on the roadside. He was looking outside through the door, and some young men were passing by singing obscene film songs. Kamla ji, Sri Ma, and Sri Jivanti Ma were also in the room and appeared disturbed by the young men's indecent behavior before Maharaj. Next she saw that Baba called those young men and asked them to sing a song. They came and sang many devotional songs of Kabir, Mira, and other saints. Baba said to them, "I called you to sing the same songs that you were singing in the street." They appeared ashamed and joining their hands in respect said, "Baba, we have forgotten those songs and we know only these devotional songs." Baba turned his face towards Shrimati Kamla and whispered in her ear, "I do not know anything. I just know how to change hearts."



Will Power

Shrimati Kamla struggled with serious diseases throughout her life. On one occasion when she went to Lucknow for the marriages of her two nieces, she contracted a fever and her body weakened. She was sad because she could not help share the burden of all the household chores on such a festive occasion. Baba appeared in her dream that night and said, "Increase your will power." The next day, without paying much attention to her weakness, she started working as much as she could, which gave her a lot satisfaction. After the marriages at Lucknow, she had to go to Meerut for the marriage of her son. There she had to shoulder all the responsibilities by herself. By following Baba's instruction, she was able to perform the tasks well.



The Face of Hanuman

The large cement murti of Hanuman for the temple at Hanumangarh in Nainital was almost complete, but the making of the face was creating a problem. In spite of all his efforts, the mason could not get it right. The construction work, which was taking place at Hanumangarh, had to be postponed, and the murti was draped with a cloth. The mason and all the devotees were very disappointed. Maharaj was not in Nainital at the time, but one night Munni, Shivdutt Joshi ji's daughter, saw Baba in her dream. He said, "Organize non-stop recitation of Ramayana and read each stanza ending with the line, 'In the reign of Ram, there were no physical, divine, or worldly sufferings.' Write the name of Ram innumerable times and mix it with mortar. Only with that mixture can the face be completed." The recitation of the Ramayana started, and the mason worked in accordance with Baba's instructions. In this way the murti was completed in no time.

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Mahasamadhi Lila

On 11 September 1973 Maharaj ji ended his physical existence in a hospital in Vrindavan, apparently leaving his body like an ordinary man. The implications of Baba's Mahasamadhi are still a mystery. In many ways there seemed to be no break in his lila. Even though he stopped using his form in the manner to which his devotees had become accustomed, people continued to have his darshan and experience his presence and grace.

In hindsight Baba gave certain hints and indications about his Mahasamadhi during his last two years in physical form. The devotees, however, were so engrossed in his darshan that none seemed to have understood them.

INDICATIONS OF THE CHANGE TO COME

In 1971 a devotee asked Baba for permission to record his voice. Maharaj agreed but at the same time, ordered him not to play the tape for anyone for two years. Though he did not give any reason for saying so, it became apparent two years later.

One day in 1972, about a year before his Mahasamadhi, Baba suddenly asked K.K. Sah, "Where should I leave my body?" K.K. was startled and rendered speechless by Baba's question.

On a cold day in Agra at the end of 1972, Maharaj was sitting covered with a blanket at the house of Thakur Mahavir Singh. He wanted to have a bath, so a servant got water and a lota ready. Afterwards Thakur's son Karanvir brought another dhoti for Baba to change into. Seeing Baba's body wet but his dhoti dry, he said, "Haven't you taken a bath?"

"I have."

"How is it that your dhoti is not wet?"

"This is one of the unusual things about me."

Karanvir asked Baba to change his dhoti, but he did not, saying, "I shall not change it today." Then in a distant way he said, "I do not know when I may leave, I have a long way to go." This was the family's last darshan of Baba.

In another instance a physician from Delhi came to Kainchi with two others to see Baba at the suggestion of R.S. Yadav. Although the doctor had treated many patients sent to him by Baba, he had never met him. Shortly after they arrived, Baba sent them off, giving each of them a pack of apples. The physician expressed his desire to stay at the ashram for some time longer, but Baba asked him to go and stay in Nainital and then go straight back to Delhi the next morning. When he was about to leave, Baba said, "You will not see me again." The physician misunderstood Baba's meaning and thought that his own time was coming to an end. On his return to Delhi, he put his affairs in order, completed pilgrimages in time, and then waited for the last day of his life. When he got the news of Baba's Mahasamadhi, he was stunned and then understood the actual meaning of Baba's last words to him.

As described earlier, two months before his Mahasamadhi, Baba got Purnanand Tewari transferred. Tewari was hurt since he did not want to be transferred, but Baba called Tewari to him and said, "It is I who has been transferred, not you. Now I shall go to Amarkantak and you will not be able to meet me." Then he smilingly recited the following verse, "I have to leave this fort and rampart, I am transferred to another place. I have received an urgent call, so I must go." Tewari understood the true meaning of Baba's words two months later.

I went to Kainchi in the last week of August 1973 and had to return to Allahabad on 1 September. When only one day remained, I asked Baba's permission to leave, for I had to go to Nainital. Baba glanced at me lovingly and enquired, "When will you come again?" It somehow made me feel like I belonged to him. Deeply touched, I replied, "Baba, I will come whenever you ask me to come." In a sweet voice Baba said, "Come tomorrow."

I returned the next morning, offered pranaam to him, and then had prasad in the bhandara. After spending some time with him, I asked for his permission to go, but his brief answer was "Sit now." It was about two in the afternoon, and many cars of devotees stopped by the ashram gate. After sending them off, Baba bade us farewell in a way he had never done before. His eyes were moist with tears of love. Major Pramod Chandra Joshi was with me. The emotions that overwhelmed us cannot be described in words. It was Baba's farewell to us.

-Rajida

About a week before Baba's final departure, he got certain things done which were to serve great needs in the time to come. He had a post office and a bus stop opened a long time before, but there was no telephone in the valley. One day a high official in the telephone department came for Baba's blessings for his son's mental health problems. Baba asked the

official to get a telephone installed in the Kainchi post office within twenty-four hours and assured him that, "By this service rendered by you, Hanumanji will fulfil your wish." By Baba's grace the difficult task of installing a telephone in the foothill region was completed.

Until 1973 the yagnas in Kainchi were performed every year in a makeshift yagnashala. Baba wanted to make it a permanent structure before his Mahasamadhi, so he got it constructed under the supervision of Inder ji. Its roof was being laid on 9 September, when Baba set out on his last journey.

FINAL DAYS

In the beginning of September 1973 it was getting cold in Kainchi and the surrounding hills. Nevertheless, the ashram was full of devotees. Every morning many visitors, including many westerners, came from Nainital and returned there every evening. Baba met everyone very lovingly, and in this way one day passed into another. Baba appeared healthy in all respects. He was cheerful while meeting people and talked humorously. His kindness, generosity, and love were so intense that it created a feeling of oneness between him and the people around him. He enquired from everyone of their welfare and gave prasad and blessings to all.

Some devotees did detect a perceptible change in his behavior during his last days. It seemed that his affection for people was interspersed with moments of detachment. Though he still loved the gatherings of devotees, he spent his time in solitude between midday and four o'clock. If someone went to him during that period, they found Baba immersed in deep thoughts. Those who noticed the change in him were surprised but were unable to infer anything from it. One or two days before his final departure, he began counting days on his fingers.

Occasionally Baba's happy mood was interspersed with references to serious topics such as mortality. At times he said, "We meet only those people with whom our meeting is predestined. Duration of association with each person is also preordained. One should not grieve if one is separated or if the association does not last long." About the body he said, "Everyone has to die. We weep because of our attachment and desires," and "Whoever comes into this world will have to leave it. Nobody can stay here. I will also go and will not give darshan to anyone." When asked where he would go, he replied, "Far away to the bank of the Narmada River." Once, he said to Sri Ma, "What can I do when God is calling me?" About the funeral rites he once said, "Having been cremated, the longing of the soul to come to bodily form is lessened." He also said, "When a guru leaves his mortal form, his ashram becomes his form." And during one conversation he said, "I will not die."

On 7 September Jagannath Anand's daughter Sarla came to see Baba. She said to him, "Baba, I am worried because I am on the retrenchment list of the Food Corporation of India, where you got me temporarily posted." Sarla had suffered from polio in her childhood and was unable to walk. This, however, did not stop her from moving around with the help of her hands. Baba gave her and her father sweets to eat and made them have prasad at the bhandara. Then Baba asked Sarla, "Do you want to marry?" When she replied in the negative, Baba was pleased, and he reassured her saying, "Nobody will retrench you from service. They will have to confirm your post." Baba also said to her, "I am very happy with you. Today you may ask for anything you like." In reply she said, "Baba, I only want your blessings." At this Baba looked at her with eyes filled with tears, and in a voice full of emotion, he said, "From now on

I will have to do all your work." Sarla felt contented upon receiving Baba's blessing. A few days later the whole retrenchment list was cancelled, and all the posts were confirmed.

The 8th of September passed like other days. There was a great rush of visitors in the ashram. The western devotees were chanting songs in front of Baba's kuti, and inside, people were having his darshan. Baba expressed his concern about Hukum Chand and Kishan Lal Arora, both of whom were sick in the ashram. Baba sent for a doctor from Bhowali twice in the morning. The third time he sent Inder to call the civil surgeon from Nainital with a message that Baba himself was suffering from heart trouble and that the doctor should bring along the electrocardiograph machine. Although Inder ji looked for the civil surgeon until eleven that night, he could neither meet him nor get the machine. At last he returned to Kainchi.

Meanwhile Kishan Chandra Tewari had come from Nainital to see Baba at about 3 p.m. Baba also asked him to call the doctor from Bhowali for the patients. Tewari humbly told him that the doctor would not want to come again so soon and would say that the medicine he prescribed would take some time to have the desired effect. Baba said, "Tell the doctor that I also have heart trouble." Eventually the doctor did come again and found Baba in sound health. He said that Baba felt uncomfortable because of acidity. He wrote a prescription and advised light food and rest. Baba then asked the doctor to examine the patients once again. He also sent someone to ask the patients if they had informed their family members that they were ill. He was pleased to hear Hukum Chand's negative reply and praised him again and again, saying that he was a good man. Sending for the doctor several times was Baba's lila since a mere glance from him would have cured the two devotees. They next day at the time of Baba's departure, the patients lay unconscious and were not able to have his darshan. After Baba's departure their condition improved and they fully recuperated.

Baba did not want food the night before he left. After a lot of persuasion he agreed to have ramdana (amaranth). It was eleven at night and Sri Ma and a few devotees were sitting with him in his kuti when Baba began telling a story. He said, "There was a saint and he left his body. His devotees and the members of his family cremated his body. After some time the saint came back." Then he turned to Sri Ma and said, "Tell me, how did he come back?" Sri Ma kept quiet, and he did not give any answer. The devotees present were not able to understand this enigma.

The 9th of September dawned. Baba was in a happy mood, and the devotees in the ashram had his darshan. He talked to Sri Ma briefly about some of his close devotees who were not present at the time. The western devotees were singing and chanting devotional songs in front of his kuti, as they did every day, and there was an endless flow of visitors. Baba laughed and talked to everyone with great affection, and the visitors were contented with his darshan. The westerners interrupted their chanting and called out loudly, "Baba Neeb Karori ki Jai!" (Glory to Baba Neeb Karori!) On hearing this invocation, Baba called out from his room, "Neeb Karori is dead." They did not take him seriously, and Baba continued conversing humorously. At ten in the morning he went to Radha kuti.

Sri Ma and the few devotees inside Radha kuti gave him a bath, and Shri K.C. Tewari chanted mantras dedicated to Lord Shiva. The scene was similar to that of a temple where devotees offer water and milk to a Shivling. Baba's eyes reflected deep love. There was a unique charm in his face, and a gentle, joyful smile pervaded it. The devotees drank the water in which his feet were washed, and by an inspiration they preserved the rest for future use. After that they worshipped Baba with sandalwood paste and incense and then performed aarti. Baba had sago

(arrowroot) to eat and happily talked with everyone. In the midst of all this, he kept on saying, "I have to go today."

At about 1 p.m. Baba suddenly said, "I am going now." He asked Kishan Chandra Tewari to tell Inder ji to have his car brought to the ashram gate. Tewari went to pass on the message to Inder ji, and Baba bade Sri Ma farewell at Radha kuti. During the course of his conversation with Ma, he said to her several times, "Ma, the way you have served me, none has ever served nor will anyone be able to do so in the future. When I will leave, I shall weep before you, but I shall laugh before the world." That day had come. With tears in his eyes, he blessed Sri Ma and said, "Wherever you may be all that is auspicious will be with you." When Sri Ma earnestly insisted that she accompany him, he said "I am going to a doctor devotee in Agra. He will look after me and examine me with his new machine that he has imported from America. After getting myself examined by him, I shall return the next day." Reassuring her, he said, "If need be, I shall send a telegram. You come with Ramesh." Baba's words proved true.

After bidding farewell to Sri Ma, Baba came out of Radha kuti, and two people offered pranaam to him. Holding their hands, Baba went towards the Hanuman temple, talking and laughing. Many devotees present in the temple premises came running up to him and bowed at his feet. Some walked on either side of him and others followed. Baba said, "I am going to be released from Central Jail today." Baba's very significant words, said in an affectionate manner, were taken lightly. In the past, whenever Baba left a place, his manner was completely detached towards his attendants, and he never looked back at them. But that day his unprecedented behavior naturally attracted the devotees' attention.

When Baba reached the Hanuman temple, he joined his hands together in salutation and stood there for some time. This was perhaps the second time that he was seen to do this, the first time being when the murti was consecrated. Then Baba's blanket, which was regarded as symbolic of him, slipped from his shoulders onto the ground. Though Baba did not seem to want it, people picked it up and covered him with it. After this he had darshan at the Laxmi Narayan and Shiva temples, standing silently at each for some time. Then he walked towards the entrance gate taking long strides. At the gate a devotee took his photograph—the last one. Once again the blanket slipped off his shoulders. Devotees picked it up and tried to put it on him again, but he refused. So they folded it and put it in the car.



Before getting into the car, Baba gave instructions for the closing of the kitchen and asked the organizers of the ashram to make arrangements for sending the women devotees home. Many devotees asked Baba's permission to go with him, but Baba asked a young man named Ravi Khanna, who had come into his service only a few days before, to sit in the car. When Baba got in, all the devotees touched his feet for the last time. The car was about to leave when a woman who Maharaj called Kachauri Mai came just in time to lovingly place her head on his feet. Baba sat quietly for some time and then said, "Mother, I was waiting for you." She had walked the eight kilometers from Bhowali to see him.

As soon as Baba left, a peculiar silence and gloom descended on that crowded and lively place as had never been felt before. All the devotees became silent and sought solitude. Some started making preparations to go home, whereas others sat in their rooms. Only laborers worked in the yagnashala, and the two patients were asleep on their wooden beds.



When Inder ji started the car, a rainbow appeared and radiated all its colors in the silent sky. Appreciating the scenic beauty, Baba said, "Inder, look at this beautiful creation of God. Man cannot create this." The spectacle lasted for about an hour and a half until the car reached Kathgodam. On the way Baba talked to him about destiny and the future. All of a sudden Inder ji's eyes fell on Baba's feet. He was puzzled to see that they had enlarged to about one and a half times their normal size. Upon reaching Kathgodam, they became normal and Baba got out of the car and boarded the Agra Fort Express with Ravi Khanna. Inder asked Baba's permission to accompany him, but Baba very affectionately told him, "You have to get the roof of the yagnashala completed, but I shall call you soon." Just as Sumant (Lord Ram's charioteer) left Ram and returned to Ayodhya, Inder, taking his vacant car, returned to the ashram in the dark.

That night Baba conversed with Ravi Khanna in the train. Sri Ma had put milk in a thermos and Ganges water in a bucket for Baba. Khanna wanted him to have some milk, but he refused. Khanna earnestly insisted again and again and even poured some milk into a tumbler only to find that it had turned sour. Baba was looking at him smilingly. Baba asked him to throw the thermos out of the train, but Khanna did not think it proper to do so. Taking the thermos in his hand, Baba threw it out and said to Khanna, "One should not be attached."

The next morning, on 10 September, Baba reached Agra and went to Jagmohan Sharma's house at about 6 a.m. Sharma welcomed him and came to know that Baba had a return ticket on the night train to Kathgodam the same day. Baba called a barber and got his beard and hair shaved. He ate only ramdana saying, "Now, cereal and fruit are less nourishing. Prepare ramdana, I shall have it today." Then he told Sharma, "Bad time is ahead. Do not live in big houses. There will be a lot of plundering and killing. Live in a small house." He talked in this

way throughout the day. He told Sharma's father, "When the body gets old, it becomes useless. One should have no attachment for it." Baba was in a very jovial mood. Seeing him like that, Sharma's mother-in-law asked him, "Are you the same Baba who once stopped a train?" Baba laughed at this and said, "You also have come to know about it."

From there Baba visited his devotee Dr. Mathur, who was a heart specialist. Baba told him about his cardiac symptoms and asked him to examine him. The doctor took Baba's cardiogram and found him healthy. He said that the blood becomes a bit thicker in old age, which can cause anxiety. He gave him many tablets, saying that the medicine would stop the anxiety if taken from time to time. Baba was unshaken and said, "You are wrong. I am suffering from heart disease." The doctor replied that he had a new machine imported from America and that it did not go wrong. Baba said, "Is your machine God that it cannot be wrong?" Though Baba kept the medicine given to him by Dr. Mathur, he did not use it. It cannot be said with certainty what ailment Baba had or whose illness he had taken upon himself.

That evening Baba took Dharma Narain and Ravi Khanna with him to the Agra station and arrived in time for the night train. Baba already had the tickets with him, and they took their seats in the first-class compartment of the train leaving for Kathgodam. By Baba's order they all got off the train when it stopped at Mathura. Some devotees at the station touched Baba's feet. After some time Baba closed his eyes and his body began to perspire. He asked for water, and after having it, he asked them to take him to Vrindavan. By the time a taxi was arranged, Baba was unconscious. Instead of taking him to the ashram, they took him to the Ramakrishna Mission Hospital in Vrindavan where he was given oxygen. While preparations were being made to check his blood pressure, Baba pulled the oxygen tube out of his nose and pushing the blood pressure instrument aside whispered, "It is all useless." Immediately after this, he repeated the name of God, "Jagdish, Jagdish, Jagdish," three times, and then his body became still. It was 1:15 a.m. in the middle of the night on the 11th, the sacred day of Anant Chaturdashi, when Baba merged himself with infinity by cardiac arrest. While the whole of India was sound asleep, Baba ended his physical lila away from his devotees.

Baba's body was taken to the ashram where Trilok Singh, the night watchman, sat with him. Trilok held Baba's hand in his own. Sitting with his eyes closed, he felt Baba's pulse beating. However, when he opened his eyes and checked it again, it was still. In this way Baba's divine play continued.

Banwari Lal Pathak, a priest in Vrindavan and a devotee of Baba, had arrived at the hospital as Maharaj was about to be taken to the ashram. He started informing people in Agra, Delhi, Kanpur, Lucknow, Nainital, and other cities either by phone or by telegram. All India Radio also broadcast the news all over the country in their morning and evening news bulletins.

The next morning devotees left for Vrindavan from everywhere without having food or water. Devotees from the nearby towns and surrounding areas arrived early in the morning, and people from distant places trickled in all day. Sri Ma and Sri Jivanti Ma traveled with Ramesh by taxi from Kainchi ashram. The western devotees who were in India came, but those who were in their own countries were helpless. However, a group of thirty American devotees did manage to arrive by plane. Many renowned persons and high officials also came to pay homage to Maharaj. By his grace the news reached everyone. I got the sad news in Allahabad, which I then conveyed to other devotees in town. Within moments we left for Vrindavan. Wherever the news was received and whoever received it, all were dumbfounded and had no

idea as to what had happened to Baba.

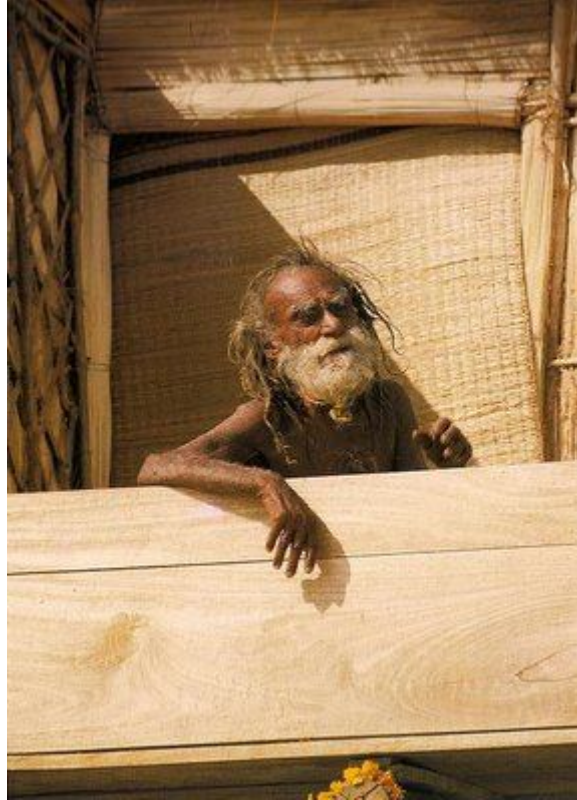
At Vrindavan ashram devotees were not able to decide how to perform Baba's last rites. Some were in favor of immersing him in water, but others wanted a burial and a monument raised. (According to Hindu custom, a saint or sanyasi is not cremated. Either they are immersed in flowing water or they are buried.) Just then a renowned sage of Vrindavan, Baba Leelanand Thakur, also known as Pagal Baba, arrived. Pagal Baba finally decided that Maharaj should be cremated and that it should be done inside the ashram at the place where yagna was usually performed. The place for yagna had been constructed for the Navaratra in April of that year. The residual yagna material had been immersed in water after the puja was performed, and a small stone wall was erected all around the place. It was maintained as if it were prepared for this very purpose.

By 2 p.m. Sri Ma had not yet arrived. People were hungry and thirsty. A majority of them did not want to delay the cremation any longer, whereas others were of the opinion that they should wait for Sri Ma. When the opinion of the majority held complete sway, Baba's body was brought out into the courtyard of the ashram. Suddenly a terrible storm arose out of nowhere. It rained so heavily that nothing was visible to people beyond ten paces. Clouds darkened the atmosphere, and even the beams of the headlights of passing cars seemed dim. As a result the bier had to be placed on the veranda on the other side of the courtyard, and the cremation got delayed. Sri Ma arrived a little later. The moment she stepped out of the car, the storm ceased. There was an atmosphere of immense grief on her arrival.

A sandalwood pyre was arranged, and people had the last darshan of their beloved guru. Baba looked as if he were in deep sleep. His face was as radiant as before. At about six in the evening, Baba's body was put on a beautiful bier decorated with flowers. He was then placed on a carriage and carried in a procession all around Vrindavan, accompanied by devotional music, as is traditionally done for saints. A large crowd of devotees followed him, and people showered flowers on him from temples and houses. People stopped the carriage at every step and performed aarti. The journey took a long time. The carriage came back to the ashram at about nine at night, and in an atmosphere burdened with the grief of separation, Baba's pyre was lit with deep devotion. Everyone had different experiences at that moment. For one, Jagmohan Sharma saw Baba standing in between Ram and Lakshman amidst the flames of the pyre and Hanuman ji doing parikrama (walking in a clockwise direction around someone or something sacred) around them.

When the pyre had cooled, devotees collected the ashes in many kalash (pitchers). Some kalash were taken to Varanasi, Haridwar, Prayag, and other holy places of pilgrimage, where the ashes were immersed in the sacred waters of Ganga. Others were sent to Baba's ashrams, where his murti was later installed over them. Seeing Kehar Singh ji collecting Baba's remains, Devkamta Dixit ji remembered something Baba had once said. He told the other devotees that he had heard Baba say, "Kehar Singh will collect my mortal remains." At the time Baba's words seemed inappropriate, but that day those words came true.

On the thirteenth day after Mahasamadhi, a grand bhandara was held at Vrindavan ashram. Kainchi ashram held a bhandara the previous day, according to the custom in the hills. The devotees who had not been able to pay homage to Baba earlier felt grateful to have his prasad on the twelfth and thirteenth days after his Mahasamadhi.



After Mahasamadhi

One of the greatest saints of this century, Yogiraj Devraha Baba, referred to the event of Baba's death as unrealistic and told his devotees, "Baba's death was not a reality. He has played with death many times. Where can he go? He is alive and will ever remain so." The stories that follow support this statement, for they all take place after Baba's Mahasamadhi. People who were with him while he was in his physical body and those who never met him are still experiencing his care and protection. Many continue to have his darshan in form and in dreams.

Saving Bhagwan Singh's Life

Baba took care of Bhagwan Singh from the time he lost his parents in childhood. Baba invested him with the sacred thread with his own hands, appointed him the priest of the Hanuman temple in Vrindavan, and later gave him the opportunity to serve as the head priest of Sankat Mochan Hanuman temple in Lucknow. The news of Baba's Mahasamadhi had made Bhagwan Singh feel like an orphan once again. Baba was everything to him—his father,

mother, and guru. When the kalash containing Baba's remains arrived in Lucknow, his grief was so intense that he thought of ending his life. He made a plan to do this the following day by jumping off the Hanuman Bridge into the Gomti River. The kind-hearted and compassionate Baba could not bear this.

The next morning when Bhagwan Singh finished the adoration of Hanuman ji, a tall sadhu wearing saffron cloths came into the temple. Pointing to the string of beads around Bhagwan Singh's neck, the sadhu asked, "Where did you get this string of beads?" Bhagwan Singh told him that Baba Neeb Karori had given it to him. Then pointing to the kalash, the sadhu asked, "What is inside?" When Bhagwan Singh told him that Baba's remains were contained in it, the sadhu said, "A lie, it is all a lie. I know Baba Neeb Karori very well. I have come directly from Amarkantak. I saw Baba there wearing sackcloth." The sadhu told Bhagwan Singh that he had asked Baba where he had left his blanket. Baba replied, "I left it in Kainchi. I wanted to pray in seclusion."

Bhagwan Singh was confused. How could Baba be alive when the pot containing his ashes was right in front of him? Hearing what the sadhu had seen with his own eyes shook his resolution to put an end to his life. Speaking exactly like Baba, the sadhu then said, "I want to take a bath. Put some soap and water." Bhagwan Singh brought a new cake of soap and putting the water before him, offered him his bath. The sadhu asked him to bathe him. As Bhagwan Singh was about to apply soap to his body, the sadhu refused it saying, "Sadhus do not use soap." Bhagwan Singh felt that the contradictory remarks of the sadhu were again like those of Maharaj. Singh said that he had brought the soap at the sadhu's request and that he would certainly use it for him. While he was giving him a bath, Singh felt that the sadhu made the same childlike movements that Maharaj made when given a bath. After the bath Singh gave the sadhu food and then as he was about to depart, asked him "Where are you staying? Where can I meet you?" The sadhu replied, "I am staying at the Hanuman temple in Aminabad. The priest there takes good care of me. You can come to see me whenever you have time."

After closing the temple in the afternoon, Bhagwan Singh went to the Hanuman temple in Aminabad to meet the sadhu again that same day. He could not see him anywhere in the temple, so he asked the priest about him and described the physical features of the sadhu in detail. The priest said that there was no sadhu of that description staying there. When Bhagwan Singh said that the sadhu had told him that he was looking after him, the priest said it was all a lie. This opened Bhagwan Singh's eyes. He then believed that Baba Neeb Karori came to him in the form of that sadhu to stop him from putting an end to his life.



A Fruitful Blessing

In 1976 Bhuvan Chandra Tewari was in charge of the Roadways station at Lohaghat and was also a traffic inspector. One night Baba appeared in his dream and said, "Tewari, you have not performed the shradh [a ritual offering for the ancestors] for your father? Come, let me help you." Immediately the scene changed. He saw himself at his house in the village of Ghugoli. He had all the things needed for the shradh and was performing the ceremony before Baba. However, he had forgotten to bring a piece of cloth to cover the rice balls that were to be offered. Baba suggested he cover them by spreading some cotton on them. After the ceremony was over, Baba picked up some cotton, placed it on Tewari's head by way of a blessing, and then left. The dream ended.

The next day the Roadways regional manager, Jafar, came for inspection and asked Tewari to go to Tanakpur Road with him. Jafar and his wife sat in the front of the staff car with Mishra, the driver, and their son and Tewari occupied the backseat. On the way their car was involved in a head-on collision with an army vehicle at a place called Supala. The chassis of the staff car was dented in many places, but the body of the car was not damaged at all. The people sitting in the car had a narrow escape from death, and they all received injuries. Jafar's wife fractured her foot. Tewari escaped with a minor injury on his head at the place where Baba had put the cotton in his dream two days ago. Medicine was applied to the cut, and then it was covered by placing cotton over it.

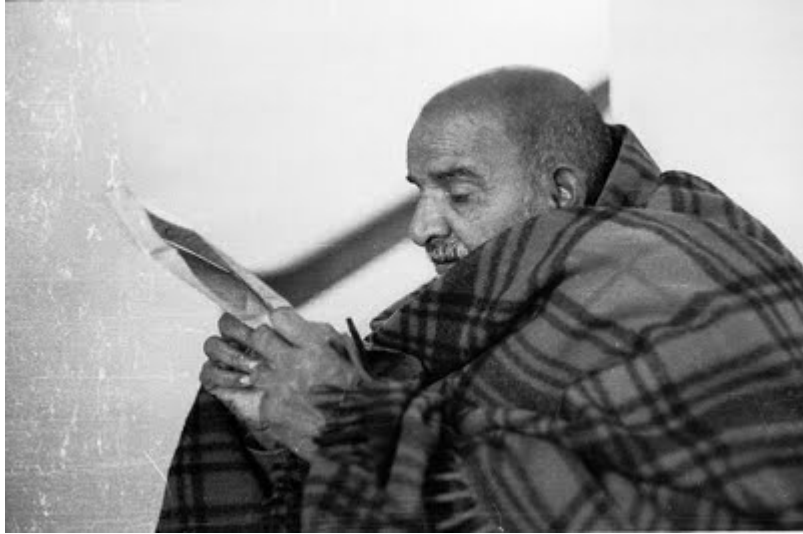


An Unknown Guest

In 1973 Braj Kishore Tandon of Haldwani was sitting with Baba in Kainchi when Baba said to him, "You get your son married." Tandon replied, "I am ready, provided you promise to attend the marriage." Baba gave his consent with a smile. In September of the same year, Baba took Mahasamadhi.

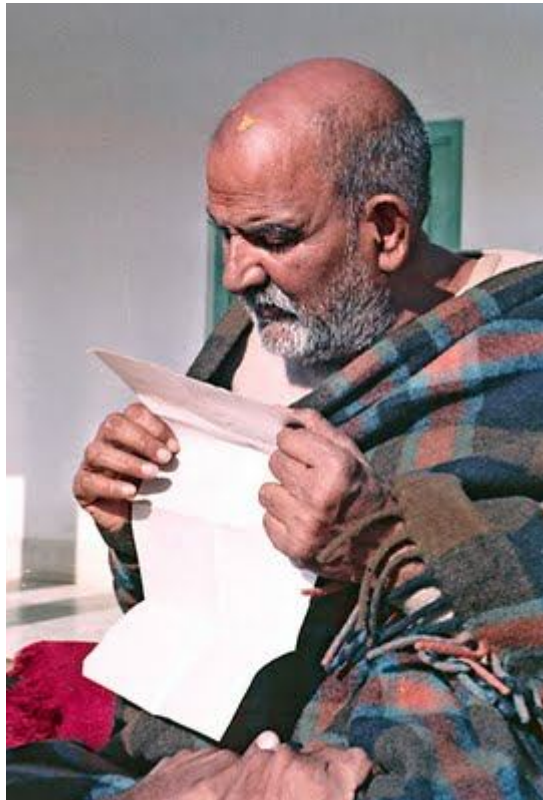
A couple of years later Tandon got his son married. At the reception the groom was sitting on a beautiful sofa in the middle of a big pavilion at the bride's home. His friend was sitting with him, and some women and children stood in groups behind him. Just then an old man wearing a blanket appeared and sat by the side of the groom's friend. Many people noted the presence of the old man, but none dared to say anything to him. The bride's party thought that he was a member of the groom's family, and the groom's party thought that he might be related to the bride's family.

When the photographs of the bridegroom and the women and children around him had been taken, the old man got up and went towards Tandon. Jeevan Chandra ji, a friend of Tandon's, suggested that some money be given to the old man on such an auspicious occasion. At his suggestion, Tandon gave the old man a five-rupee note. The old man would not accept it and said, "Give it to the beggar," who was standing nearby. While the two men diverted their attention to the beggar, the old man went away. Suddenly it occurred to them that the old man was none other than Baba Neeb Karori, who had fulfilled his commitment in that form. His order to give money to the beggar was an indication of his presence. They searched everywhere for him, but he had disappeared. It was Baba's divine lila that when the print of the photograph was received, Baba's face was out of the shot, but half of the blanket that he was wearing was seen lying on the sofa.



A Promise Fulfilled

One day in Kainchi, Baba told a devotee that he would bring him a Shivling and a special conch with clockwise grooves (generally the grooves are counter-clockwise) from the Narmada River. The devotee accepted Baba's words and did not feel the need to remind him of it. After Baba's Mahasamadhi the devotee felt that there was no possibility of receiving those things. However, one day a young sadhu came and gave him a Shivling and a conch, saying that they had been sent for him. The devotee believed that Maharaj came in the guise of that sadhu to fulfil his commitment.



Cancer Cured

In 1988 Shrimati Rama Joshi's health was down due to a stomach disorder. She finally had to be admitted to Medical College, Allahabad, where doctors examined her carefully and performed an endoscopy to see the inside of her stomach. All the doctors unanimously diagnosed cancer and conducted a biopsy. Dr. Nathani was to operate on her and suggested an early operation, without waiting for the biopsy report. The family was very concerned about her condition. Her husband wrote many letters expressing his worries to Baba, and prayed to him for his blessings.

It happened that Dr. Nathani had to leave Allahabad on some urgent work, delaying the operation for four days. Meanwhile Rama's nephew Sagar saw Baba in his dream. Baba was playing marbles the way children do, but he was throwing the marbles behind himself not in front. The family did not understand the meaning of the dream at the time, but Rama's health showed unexpected improvement. When the doctor returned, his attention was drawn to her improved condition, and he decided to perform another endoscopy. He found no trace of cancer this time. Rama was discharged from the hospital, and she returned home. Only then was the meaning of Baba throwing marbles behind himself understood.



Baba In the Form of a Sadhu

A meeting of the Vrindavan ashram trust was going to be held in Vrindavan, and Devkamta Dixit ji, one of the trustees, had to get there a day early in order to attend. For certain reasons he did not want to attend the meeting and decided not to go. On the morning of the meeting a sadhu came and sat on the front lawn of his house. When Dixit ji asked him where he had come from, the sadhu replied that he had come from Vrindavan. Dixit ji said, "I had to attend a meeting of the trust of my guru's ashram in Vrindavan today, but I did not go." At this the sadhu said, "You must go for the work of your guru."

Dixit ji went inside to fetch something to give to the sadhu, but when he returned, the sadhu had disappeared. The thought came to him that Baba Neeb Karori himself had come in the guise of the sadhu to guide him. He got everyone to search around, but the sadhu was not to be found anywhere. Dixit ji immediately left for Vrindavan by the 9 a.m. train and attended the meeting of the trust in the evening. Afterwards he realized that his presence was essential, for some decisions on crucial matters were taken that day.



As a Kitchen Worker

In 1983 arrangements for the 15 June consecration day ceremony were being made in Kainchi. There was a lot of activity in the ashram, and devotees from all over India as well as from other countries poured in to attend. A worker came three days before the function and asked the manager if he could work for the basic salary. Since a lot of help was required, the manager took him in at once and gave him the duty of cleaning the kitchen utensils. He worked hard day and night and impressed all who saw him. He greeted everyone with affection and respect and worked without rest. He did the job that had previously been done by three people.

The ceremony was celebrated in a grand manner on 15 June, and about 20,000 people ate prasad. After the bhandhara was over, the devotees started leaving the ashram. Four days later most of them had gone. One day the worker left before sunrise, leaving the bedding and other things given to him for his use in good order. He did not even ask for his wages. Sri Ma said that Maharaj often playfully asked her, "Will you recognize me if I come as a blind man? Will you know me if I wash utensils?"



In the Form of an Ordinary Man

On one occasion Devkamta Dixit ji decided to travel from Lucknow to his home in Kanpur by minibus. He wanted to sit in the front seat, but since a man was already sitting there, he took a seat behind him. The man looked at him and smiled. Dixit ji did not understand the reason for his smile and thought that the man might have guessed his desire to sit in the front seat. When the bus was about to start, the man left his seat and got out of the bus. Dixit ji immediately occupied the seat in order to reserve it for him. On the way to Kanpur the bus met with an accident on a bend. Four of five people died and many more were injured. Dixit ji only received a minor injury on his head. He was given first aid in the hospital and then discharged. The man who was sitting in the seat that Dixit ji had originally occupied was dead. Dixit ji firmly believed that Baba was the man who provided him with his seat and thus saved his life.



In the Form of a Tonga Driver

In 1982 a high-ranking Sikh army officer and his wife stopped at Kainchi on their way to Ranikhet. The officer was very impressed with the beauty and cleanliness of the ashram and asked me who looked after its management. When I told him that the responsibility lay with Sri Ma, he expressed his desire to meet her. I took him to her, and during his conversation with Sri Ma, his eyes fell on Baba's photographs, which were hanging on the wall. He gazed at them in surprise. At last he asked Ma who the person in the photograph was. When he was told that they were photographs of Baba Neeb Karori and that he had taken Mahasamadhi in 1973, he unhesitatingly said, "What are you saying? I have come from Jalandhar, and I saw him driving a horse-drawn carriage there. My attention was particularly drawn to him." Baba obliged him by giving him darshan before sending him to Kainchi ashram.

-Rajida



In the Form of a Taxi Driver

One of Baba's American devotees from Chicago came to India in 1971. He stayed in Nainital and went to Kainchi to meet Baba every day for eleven days. In 1982 he came again to India on business and learned from some Americans in Delhi that Baba had another ashram in Vrindavan. When he arrived in Vrindavan, he had Sri Ma's darshan and narrated the following experience in english, which Kehar Singh ji translated to Sri Ma: "One night in 1976 I was returning home to Chicago by plane. After landing, I came out of the airport and hailed a cab. I was surprised to see that the driver of a cab standing nearby was exactly like Baba in physique and appearance. I gazed at him, dumbfounded. Meanwhile the cab pulled away. I asked my driver to follow it, but the cab driver in front drove faster and disappeared after two turns. I take it as Baba's grace upon me that even after having mingled with the Eternal Spirit, he gratified me by giving me darshan in that way."



A Doubt Dispelled

My wife has had Baba's darshan many times, even after his Mahasamadhi. One day while she was returning home after bathing in the Ganges, she saw Baba alone in a rickshaw going towards Triveni (the confluence of three rivers). However, it was not possible to stop him or follow the rickshaw in the crowd. She told me about this when she got home, but thinking it was probably a case of mistaken identity, I did not attach any importance to it.

Many months later we went to Kanpur to meet someone on our way back from Nainital. While shopping in the market, my wife saw Baba passing by in a white car. He was sitting by the driver, wrapped in a blanket. She drew my attention to him by gesturing towards the car, but I did not get the opportunity to see him properly before the car moved on. I only saw that a well-built man wearing a blanket was sitting by the driver. Once again I did not agree with my wife that the man was Baba himself.

That same evening we took a rickshaw to the bus station in Kanpur so that we could return to Lucknow. My wife saw Baba sitting alone in a rickshaw coming towards us from the opposite direction. Drawing my attention to him, she said, "Don't say that this is not Baba." I saw Baba from close quarters and was amazed. I was at my wits' end since I could not get our rickshaw or his to stop. I did not even bow to him.

Vijay Choudhry, Allahabad



A Boon-bestowing Sadhu

One evening in April 1982 G.L. Sah and his wife were returning to Nainital from Almora when their car's brakes failed. It became difficult to control the car, and on every bend, Sah was afraid of crashing into something coming from the opposite direction. He said nothing to his wife because he did not want to alarm her, but he was not paying much attention to what she was saying. She did not understand the reason for his indifference and was surprised that he was driving erratically.

While they were passing Baba's small temple in the valley of Kakrighat, she saw a sadhu standing by the road. He was looking towards them with his hand raised in a boon-bestowing gesture. The incline of the road was not as steep there, so Sah decided to try to stop the car by crashing it against the rocks. Just as he was about to do so, the axle broke and the car came to a halt. Leaving the car in the care of a local shopkeeper, they got a lift to Nainital in a truck that same night.

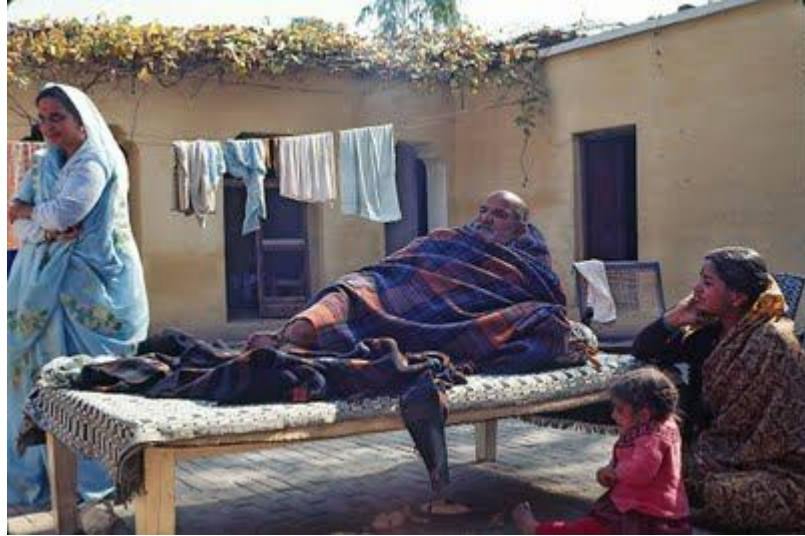
In the house of the family with whom they were staying, Sah's wife saw a photograph of Maharaj, whose appearance was the same as that of the sadhu they had seen at Kakrighat a few hours before. Upon enquiry they were told that the photograph was of Baba Neeb Karori and that he had left his body nine years previously. They were also told that the Kakrighat temple had been built by Baba. The couple was surprised that even though they did not know Baba, he blessed them by giving darshan and saving them in that perilous situation. By Baba's act of grace they became devoted to him. They attended the celebrations at Kainchi on 15 June and narrated this experience.



A Boy's Prayer

Radhay Shyam had been suffering from psoriasis on his feet for many years and had spent a lot of money on medication, including treatment at the All India Institute of Medical Sciences in Delhi. He was disappointed because there had been no improvement.

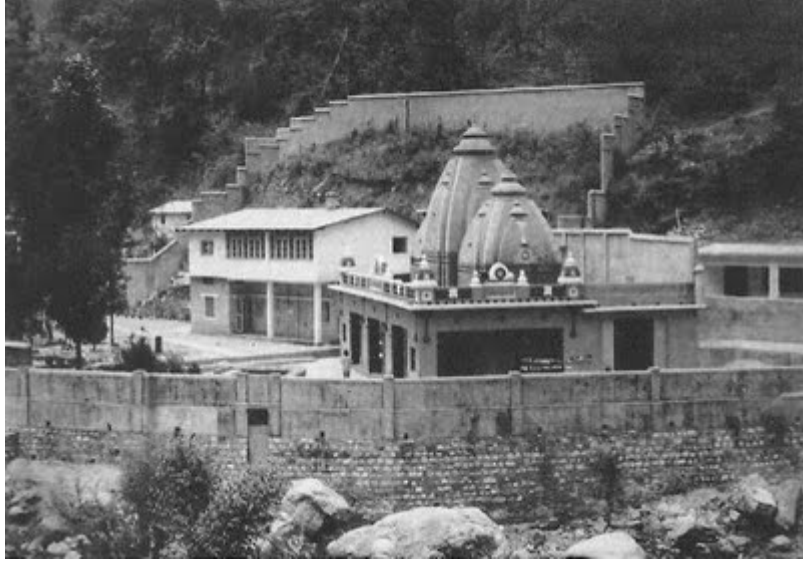
In 1985 he went with his brother and grandson to attend the bhandara held in Vrindavan on Anant Chaturdashi, the anniversary of Baba's Mahasamadhi. Radhay Shyam's grandson went into Baba's kuti alone, and in the solitude of that room, he joined his hands together in salutation before Baba's big photograph on his takhat. The boy humbly requested Baba to cure his grandfather's disease. Baba had said, "Anyone who comes before my photograph is seen by me." He was pleased with the boy's prayer. The boy saw a beam of light emerge from the photograph, take the shape of a hand, and touch his head. At the same time he heard a very clear voice coming from the photo saying, "Go, all will be well." The incident frightened the boy, who went running to Radhay Shyam, telling him everything. Radhay Shyam's feet gradually improved, and within ten months of this incident, the psoriasis was gone.



Darshan to Ramnath

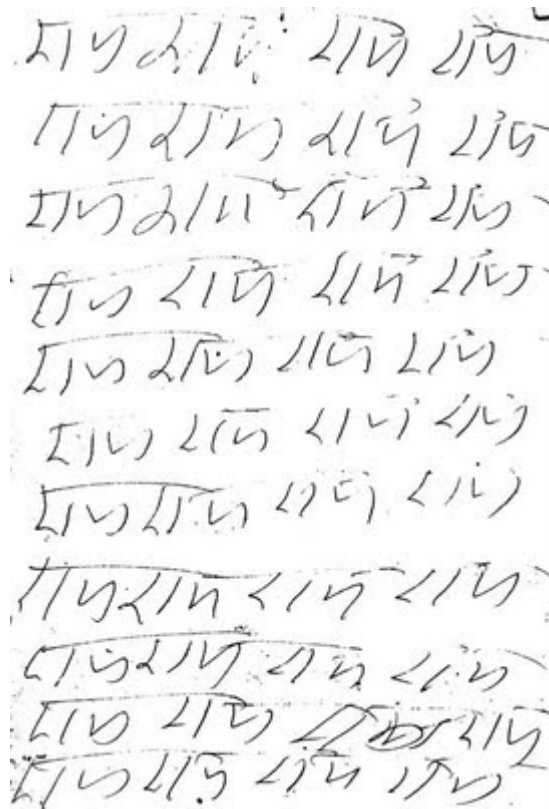
A few years after Baba's Mahasamadhi, Ramnath, a devout worshipper of Hanuman ji and long-time devotee of Maharaj, felt he was unable to concentrate on the Hanuman Chalisa while he was chanting it in his house. Getting up, he went to the nearby Hanuman temple and tried to concentrate on the Chalisa again but still found he could not. He returned home and after collecting a few things, went to Vrindavan ashram. There he recited the Hanuman Chalisa at the Hanuman temple with great pleasure for two days. On the third day he suddenly had the desire to visit Kainchi.

When he went to Kainchi ashram, the Guru Purnima festival was being celebrated. At about four in the afternoon, he was sitting by Baba's takhat in the temple compound when to his surprise, he saw Baba on the roof of the Hanuman temple, wearing a blanket. The sight of Baba made him speechless, and he doubted his own eyes. He lowered his head for some time, but when he looked at the roof again, the same scene was visible before him. Then he rubbed his eyes with the palms of his hands and looked again. This time he saw Baba wearing a white dhoti. He could not believe himself. He rubbed his eyes and looked around. When he glanced up at Baba again, he saw him wearing a blanket. He then got up and took a few steps in the opposite direction. When he turned around to look up, Baba had disappeared. Ramnath's darshan lasted for more than half an hour.



Go to Kainchi

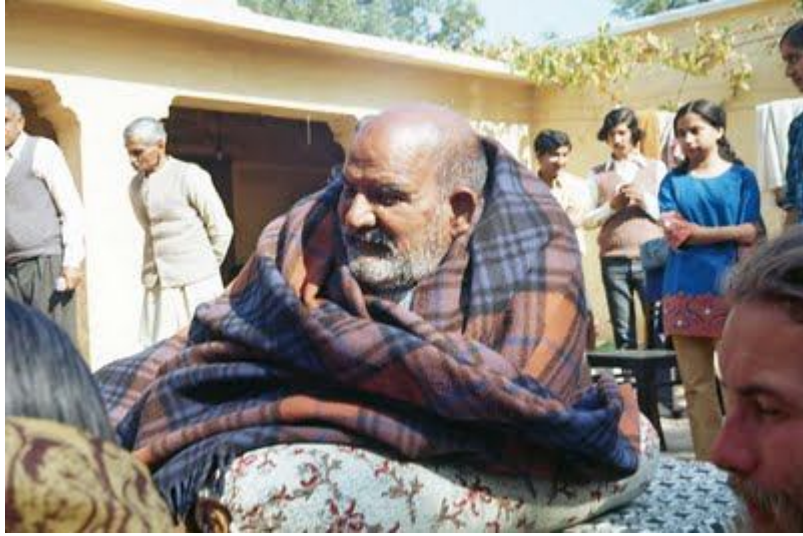
Four years after Baba's Mahasamadhi, Shrimati Reva Sah was alone in her house in Nainital one day when she suddenly heard Baba's voice saying, "Why don't you go to Kainchi? Go, go to Kainchi." When she woke up the next day, she heard the same thing, "Go, go to Kainchi. Recite Hanuman Chalisa." She went to Kainchi, sat before Baba's murti, and recited the Vinaya Chalisa and the Hanuman Chalisa. When she finished singing these hymns, she bowed before Baba's murti. When she raised her head, she saw Baba in place of his murti. Dumbfounded and terrified, she left her seat and went from the temple into the ashram. Even there, whenever she glanced at any of Baba's photographs, she saw Baba in bodily form.



Maharaj Ji's Handwriting In a Magazine

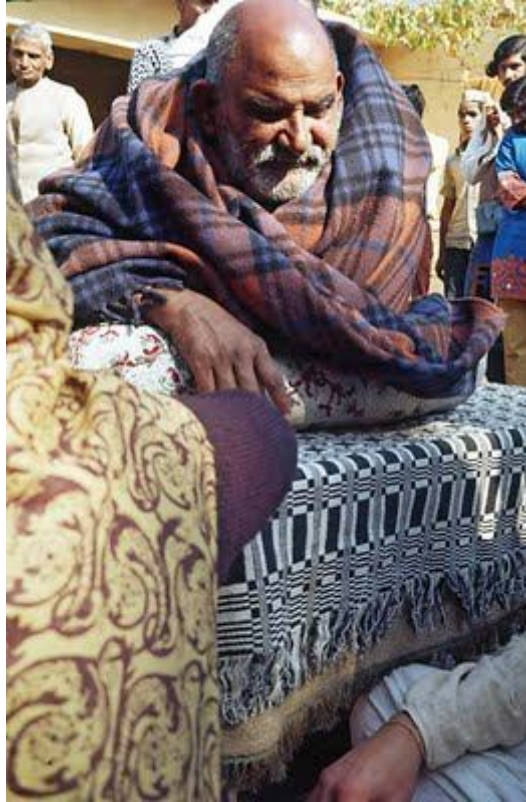
During Navaratra in October 1984 Sarvadaman Singh, who Maharaj called Inder, was performing the religious ceremony of Shat Chandi Yagna for nine days in the yagnashala of the ashram. He had some copies of *Kalyan*, a monthly magazine, with him, which he intended to read in his spare time. One day when he was reading one of the magazines, he saw "Ram, Ram" written in Baba's handwriting in it. Surprised, he showed it to the other devotees, who agreed that it was undoubtedly Baba's handwriting.

During his lifetime, Baba use to go to his devotees' houses without their knowledge and write "Ram, Ram." Even after Baba's Mahasamadhi devotees find "Ram, Ram" written in his handwriting in their sacred books. Thus Baba makes his presence known.



Darshan to a Young Man

One day in 1982 Kishori Lal Sah's wife and son stopped to visit the Kainchi temples on their way from Almora to Nainital. After having darshan of Baba's murti, Sah's wife went inside to see Sri Ma, and Sah's son remained standing at the temple. However, he did not see Baba's murti, but Baba himself standing, not sitting, there. (Baba's murti in Kainchi is in a cross-legged seated position.) Sah's son had seen Baba's murti before but had no faith in Baba's unique powers. He was stunned. To bring himself back to "reality," he roamed about in the temple compound and then returned to Baba's temple. He still saw Baba standing there. He then went into the room where his mother was talking to Sri Ma and lay down on the floor. When Sri Ma asked him the reason for this, he told them about his experience.



An Extinguished Lamp Relights

In June 1976 Hotridutt Sharma of Aligarh arrived in Kainchi at 9 a.m. along with his guru-bhai (guru brother) to worship the consecrated murti of Baba. Hotridutt Sharma began the worship methodically, using incense, an earthen lamp, and other offerings. All the devotees present became filled with emotion and were so focused on Baba that they lost awareness of their surroundings. Meanwhile the diya (earthen lamp) somehow blew out. As soon as it happened, Hotridutt opened his eyes and thought that the incident was an ill omen, which suggested that Baba had not accepted his puja. He at once reached for the matches, and just as he was about to strike a match to relight the lamp, the lamp lit by itself. Ishwar Chandra Tewari of Kanpur and another devotee also witnessed the event. Hotridutt was pleased and felt that his worship was accepted.



Money for Vrindavan Ashram

One day after coming to north India on his travels, Sevanand ji, a swami from Madras, passed Maharaj ji's ashram while walking around Vrindavan on parikrama (a pilgrimage route circling the sacred town of Vrindavan). Baba pulled him out of the crowd and entrusted him with the work of his temple and ashram. The swami worked sincerely and without any self-interest, but not being educated, he never maintained any accounts.

Soon after Baba left his body, the trustees wanted to know the financial details of the ashram. Sevanand had no money in hand, nor did he have any documentation. Whatever money he received, he used for the ashram, which had no bank account during Baba's time. Though Baba was always pleased with him, Sevanand could not satisfy the trustees in this matter. Hurt, he wanted to be relieved of his work. The only ashram property that he had with him was the Ramayana, which he gave back to the trust. When they turned the pages of the returned book, currency notes fell out of it. The money received in this way paid for Baba's thirteenth day Mahasamadhi ceremony, and the remainder was used to open the first bank account of the Vrindavan ashram.



Hanuman's Darshan In Human Form

One day my gurudev, Sri Swami Girdhari Lal Bhaktamal, went with a group of his disciples to the temple of Gore Dau ji on Parikrama Marg in Vrindavan. A religious ceremony was being held, and during the course of a reference to Hanuman ji, an idea flashed in my mind. 'Everyone says that Hanuman ji is immortal but nobody says that they have ever seen him. It is natural if a dead person is not seen, but it is strange that an immortal one has not been seen by anyone.' I expressed my thoughts to the swamis, but their answers did not satisfy me.

My gurudev asked my fellow disciples to go to Neeb Karori Baba's ashram to have Hanuman ji's darshan. On their return he asked me to go as well. I saw a beautiful temple just in front of the entry to the ashram, but I did not see a murti of Hanuman ji there. Sitting comfortably in the center of the room, facing the open doorway, was a large man wearing a dhoti and a blanket. I assumed that he was the manager of the ashram and that he was waiting for the murti to be brought so that it could be installed. On my return I told Guru Maharaj everything that I had seen. My fellow devotees, who had returned from the temple, expressed their surprise that I had not seen the huge murti of Hanuman ji in the temple. Gurudev said, "It was the grace of Hanuman ji that he gave you darshan in human form."

A few years later I was visiting my brother R.S. Yadav and saw a photograph in his house of the same man as I had seen in Baba Neeb Karori's ashram. He looked exactly the same and was dressed in the same way. I pointed to the photograph and told my brother that I had seen him somewhere before. He was very happy to hear the full account of my experience in 1984 and went on to tell me that the photograph was of Baba Neeb Karori, who people recognize as

an incarnation of Hanuman ji. He added that Baba left his body in 1973 and that the huge murti of Hanuman ji had been installed in that temple sometime in 1970.

My brother also narrated two similar experiences of his friend, Brihaspatidev Triguna Vaidya, another devotee of Baba Neeb Karori. On 24 September 1973 Triguna ji went to Baba's ashram in Jaunapur, Delhi, to have prasad on the thirteenth day after Mahasamadhi. After bowing before Hanuman ji's murti, he raised his head and saw Baba standing there in place of the murti. He was astonished at the sight and offered pranaam again. When he looked up the second time, he saw Hanuman ji's murti.

The second incident took place sometime after 1976. Triguna ji went from Delhi to visit Kainchi and stood outside the big marble temple, in which he saw a huge murti of Hanuman. He did not know that he was standing outside Baba's temple. For as long as he stood there, he had the darshan of Hanuman ji and not Baba. On returning to Delhi, he told my brother about the big marble temple with the murti of Hanuman ji. My brother told him that, in reality, Baba Neeb Karori's murti was in that temple. These events completely removed my doubts.

-Amar Singh Yadav



An Incurable Disease

In 1981-2 Nandlal ji had been suffering from an incurable disease. Although he had undergone treatment in Haldwani, there was no improvement, so he had to go to Delhi. There he tried many treatments, but his condition remained the same. The doctors were not able to find the cause of the disease even though all kinds of tests were undertaken, including a spinal

tap. If anyone suggested a medicine to him, he tried it.

One day while his wife was home alone, crying with sadness and worry about Nandlal's ill health, she meditated on Baba and had a vision of him standing by Hanuman ji's murti in Vrindavan. Raising his index finger, Baba said to Hanuman ji, "Will you cure Nandlal or not?" She was filled with happiness by the momentary glimpse of Baba, and she became confident that her husband would recover. From that very moment a miraculous change started taking place in Nandlal ji's condition. Within a span of two days, he was completely cured.



Come to Kainchi

A few years before the incident mentioned above, Nandlal ji had fallen sick. After a thorough examination, the doctor in Haldwani diagnosed TB. Though Nandlal ji was getting older, he had always been healthy, so he did not believe the doctor's diagnosis. His wife advised him to get checked up at the Bhowali Sanatorium before taking the medicines and injections recommended by the doctor. They went to Bhowali, and after a thorough examination, the doctors confirmed the diagnosis and treatment offered by the first doctor and recommended some additional medicines.

Before their homeward journey, Shrimati Nadlal expressed a desire to visit Kainchi. Nandlal ji had not been to Kainchi after Baba's Mahasamadhi, for he thought that Baba was gone. When they arrived at the ashram, they saw Sri Ma, who made them sit near Baba's takhat near Radha kuti. Both of them bowed before Baba's photograph and heard Baba's familiar voice clearly saying, "Why do you not come to Kainchi? Do come." When Nandlal ji told Sri Ma of

their experience, she told them that it was a sign of Maharaj's immense grace and asked them not to worry. She went on to say, "You will be cured soon. You had stopped coming to Kainchi, so Baba had to do this lila."

When Nandlal ji's brother-in-law in Delhi got the news of his illness, he brought Nandlal ji there for better treatment. He consulted a well-known specialist and showed him the reports from the Haldwani and Bhowali doctors. The specialist told him that the reports were incorrect. He asked Nandlal ji not to take the medicines or have the injections. He prescribed a simple cold remedy to be taken for three days. With this simple treatment, Nandlal was completely cured.



Saved In a Storm

A wealthy man and his whole family were on holiday in Nainital. After having visited all the surrounding places, they were ready to return to Delhi when the man heard about the beauty of the Kainchi temples. Instead of returning to Delhi on the day they had planned, they stayed an extra day so that they could visit. He and his family went to Kainchi on 6 June 1982.

A truck full of firewood was being unloaded at the ashram's gate when they arrived, and devotees were carrying the wood on their shoulders into the ashram. Inspired by a sense of service, he and members of his family helped to carry the wood. Once inside they visited all the temples and had prasad from the kitchen. The family also had the darshan of Sri Ma, who told them about Baba. She gave them a photograph of Baba and asked them to keep it with them always. They were impressed by the stories of Baba's diving lila, and after visiting the temples once more, they returned to Nainital.

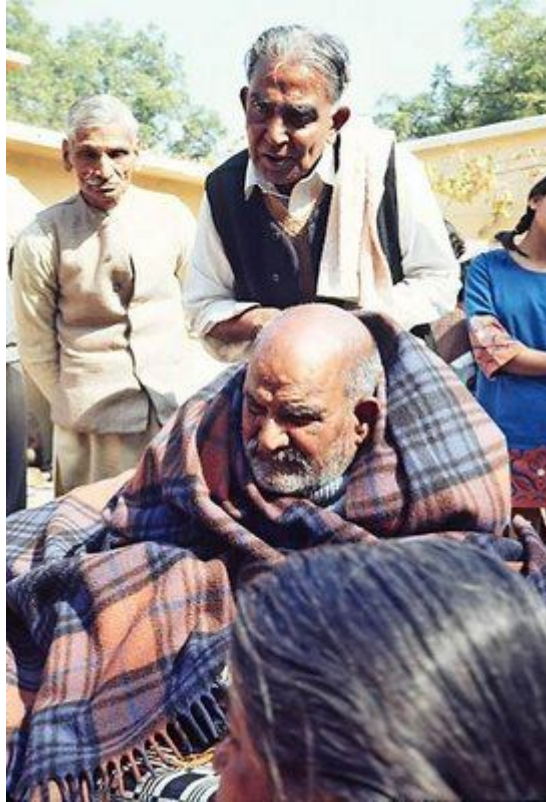
In Nainital the children wanted to enjoy a boat ride on the lake, so they got into two boats. The boatmen had hardly gone half way across the lake when a terrible storm broke out. The boatmen, being novices, got frightened, and the oars fell from their hands into the lake. The family was terrified. At that time of distress the head of the family suddenly remembered Baba. Taking out the photo that he had received from Sri Ma, he prayed to Baba to save them. The storm immediately subsided, and a strong wind blew the boats towards the bank. They

got out and ran to their cars for shelter. The storm raged again, and big hailstones rained down while they sat safely in the car. The next day they returned to Kainchi ashram, and after expressing their gratitude before Baba's murti, they narrated their experience to the people in the ashram.



Baba's Voice

Dr. S.R. Sarraf and his wife, who was also a doctor, lived in Bhopal. They did not know about Baba, but in 1980 a well-built sadhu, wearing a dhoti and a blanket, appeared in front of them while they were practising meditation and yoga. He ordered them to go to Kainchi, near Nainital, and then disappeared at once. Since they had never heard of Kainchi, they went to Nainital, and after making enquiries there, they arrived at Kainchi ashram. In Baba's murti, they saw the same form and appearance as that of the sadhu they had seen in Bhopal. During this darshan they heard Baba's voice telling them to go and have darshan of Badrinath. On their return from Badrinath, they again stopped at Kainchi and heard Baba's voice, this time telling them to go home. Before leaving, they met Sri Ma in the ashram and narrated their experiences to her.



Instruction In a Dream

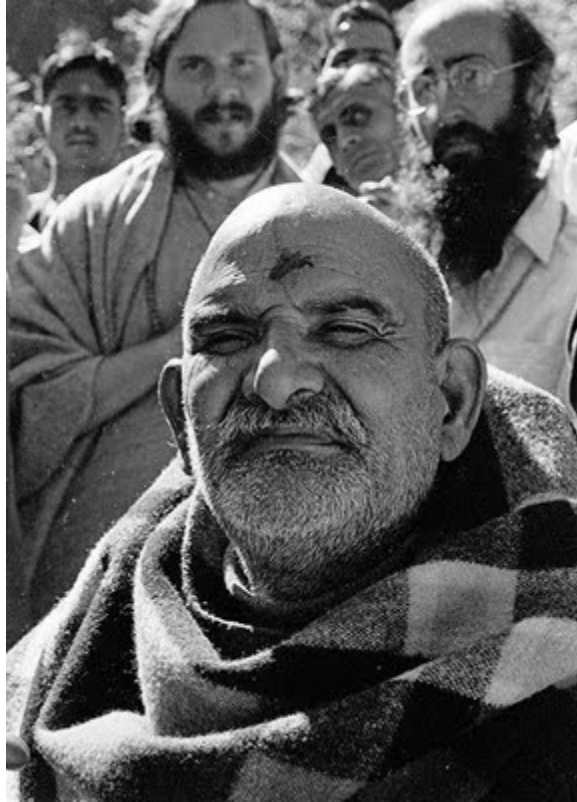
In 1984 P.K. Chopra consulted Sher Singh, Executive Engineer of Housing Development, Dehradun, about the construction of the dome of the Hanuman temple in Rishikesh. At that time Sher Singh expressed his desire to give ten bags of cement towards the work but later forgot about his promise. One day the cement ran out at the temple. Although Sher Singh had never seen Baba, he appeared in Singh's dream that night. Sher Singh said that he saw a well-built man shaking him by the shoulder saying, "Send cement immediately to the temple." He woke up, remembered his promise, and at once gave money for the cement.



A Delivery of Wheat

On 30 April 1975 I woke up from a dream in which I had seen Maharaj. He said, "There is no wheat in Kainchi ashram. Send it there at once." There was a rainstorm while Baba was instructing me, so I expressed my helplessness to him. At this Baba said loudly, "Get up! If it is beyond your control, it is under mine. Go to work. The wheat must reach there by the 3rd of May."

I got up and went to my farm early in the morning to get the wheat harvested and filled into bags. The only problem I had was finding a truck to send those bags to Kainchi. Suddenly an empty government truck on its way to Haldwani came and stopped in front of my farm. I talked to the driver and asked him to take the bags of wheat to Nandlal ji in Haldwani, who would then forward them to Kainchi. He agreed, but would not accept any money for his service. Nandlal ji also got a truck without delay and sent the bags of wheat on to Kainchi ashram. On the night of 2 May, Vinod Chandra Joshi, the manager of the ashram, informed Sri Ma that the wheat flour in the stores was completely finished. Sri Ma assured him that Maharaj would provide somehow and that he was not to worry. The wheat was delivered on the 3rd of May.

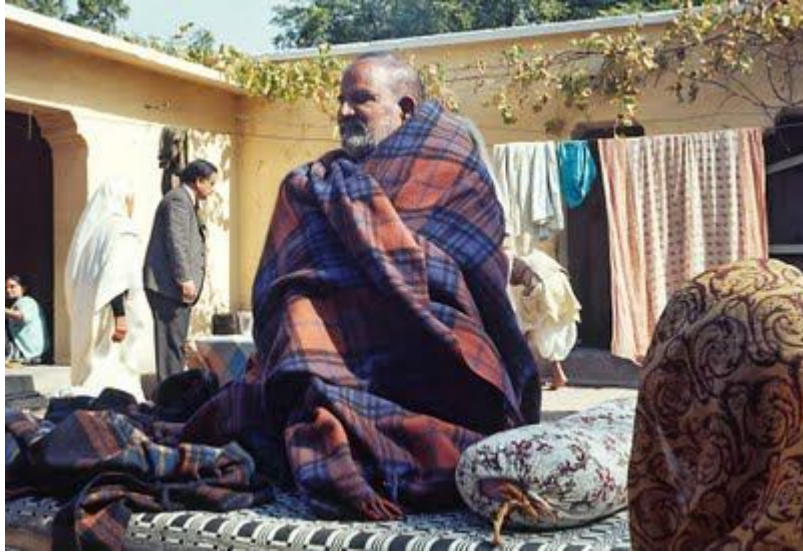


A Life Saved

In 1973 Bhavan Chandra Tewari was working at the Roadways station in Pithoragarh. His wife and mother lived in the village Ghumoli, Almora. One day a buffalo gored his wife's thigh with its horn. As she was badly injured, and unable to stop the profuse flow of blood, the villagers took her to a government hospital in far off Chaukhutia.

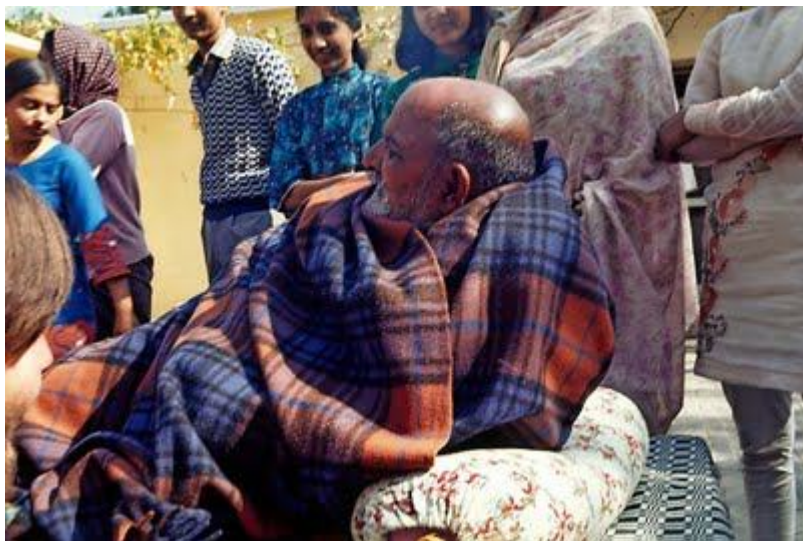
Tewari saw Baba in a dream the same night saying: "Tewari, your wife is alright. Don't worry, your wife is alright." Tewari woke up and could not understand what Baba was talking about. The next day when he received the news of his wife's accident, Baba's words from the previous night rang in his ears, so it did not unduly disturb him. He immediately left for home and then learning of his wife's condition from his mother, went to the hospital. There he met Dr. Jagdish Chandra Choudhry, who he knew from his school days. The doctor told him that his wife's life was saved only by the grace of God and not by his treatment. Her wound was so deep that it could not be stitched, and she had bled profusely.

When his wife was brought to the hospital, the whole staff was present, just as if they had been waiting for her. It so happened that the director of Medical Health for Uttar Pradesh was planning to visit the next day, so the hospital had been thoroughly cleaned. The instruments in the operating room were all ready. As soon as Tewari's wife arrived, her treatment began without any delay. The next day they received notification that the director's visit was cancelled. Instead, an American devotee of Baba's, Dr. Larry Brilliant of the World Health Organization, arrived unannounced and also helped with her treatment. It was by Baba's grace that she was saved.



A Command to Worship Lord Shiva

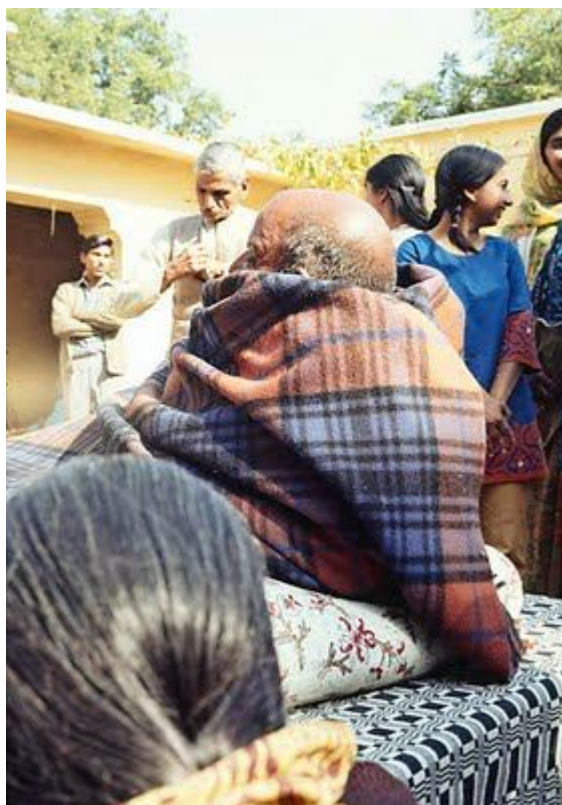
Bhairav Dutt Tewari lived in a house opposite the Kainchi ashram. One night Maharaj gave him darshan in a dream and instructed him to worship Lord Shiva on Krishna Chaturdashi (the fourteenth day of the dark nights of Shravana). Tewari narrated his dream to Sri Ma, who explained to him that Baba had commanded him in a dream for his own welfare and that he must perform the worship at Kainchi temple. Meanwhile Sri Ma left for Vrindavan. As destiny takes its course, the mind also acts accordingly. Tewari did not attach much importance to Baba's instruction and considered it only a dream. On Chaturdashi, instead of performing the worship, he went to Pithoragarh, where he died.



Baba Arranges Everything

In 1987 Shri B.B. Singh, Shrimati Shanti Devi, their eighteen-year-old son Raju, and their twenty-eight-year-old daughter Suman were traveling by bus from their home in Mainpuri to Meerut. On the way their bus met with an accident at Chachena Canal in the district of Etah. Many passengers were injured. Raju suffered serious head and hand injuries and was lying unconscious. Suman had minor injuries, but she was more worried about her brother's condition. She remembered Baba Neeb Karori.

Although Baba had left his body fourteen years before this incident, he came in bodily form at Suman's call. Wearing half of his dhoti around his lower body and the other half covering his upper body, Baba was walking here and there near Raju and said to Suman, "Be quiet. Everything will be arranged just now." After consoling her anguished heart, he disappeared. Just then a jeep came along the road and stopped. A gentleman got out of it and spoke to Suman sympathetically. Having learned of all the circumstances, he drove them back to Mainpuri where Raju received emergency treatment in a nursing home. As soon as he was better, he was taken to Agra for special treatment and soon recuperated.



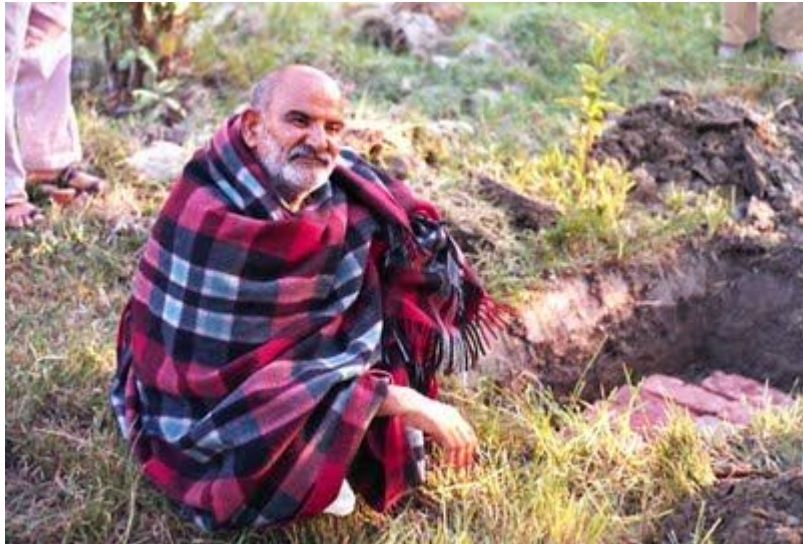
A New Blanket on Baba's Murti

In the winter on 1988 only the manager, the watchman, the storekeeper, the priest, and some other employees were at Kainchi ashram to perform the daily rituals and to take care of the ashram. On 19 January, after the morning worship was over, Trilok Singh cleaned and locked the temples as usual. The main door to Maharaj ji's temple was left open for people to have darshan, but the entrance door was locked. After his meal, Trilok Singh rested in his room, and Vinod Chandra Joshi, the manager, went down to the ashram farm to manage affairs there. Amar Singh was in the temple forecourt to receive visitors and had a full view of

Maharaj ji's temple.

At four in the afternoon Trilok Singh unlocked the entrance door to Baba's temple to prepare for the evening worship as he always did. He was surprised to see that the blanket on Baba's murti was different from the one he had seen covering him at the time of the morning worship. Looking closer, he discovered that the new blanket was on top of the one he was wearing in the morning. This raised many doubts in his mind.

In Kainchi Baba's murti is dressed in a dhoti and blanket since that is what Baba always wore. Whenever Vinod changed the other deities' clothing, he changed Baba's dhoti and blanket as well. Vinod had not changed anything that day, and he would not have put one blanket on top of another. When Vinod returned from the farm, Trilok told him about the change. Vinod went into the temple and found that it was a completely new blanket, different from the other blankets that he used for Baba. When they asked Amar Singh, he said that the entrance door had remained locked throughout the day. Where Baba got the blanket remains a mystery, but it is still preserved in the ashram.

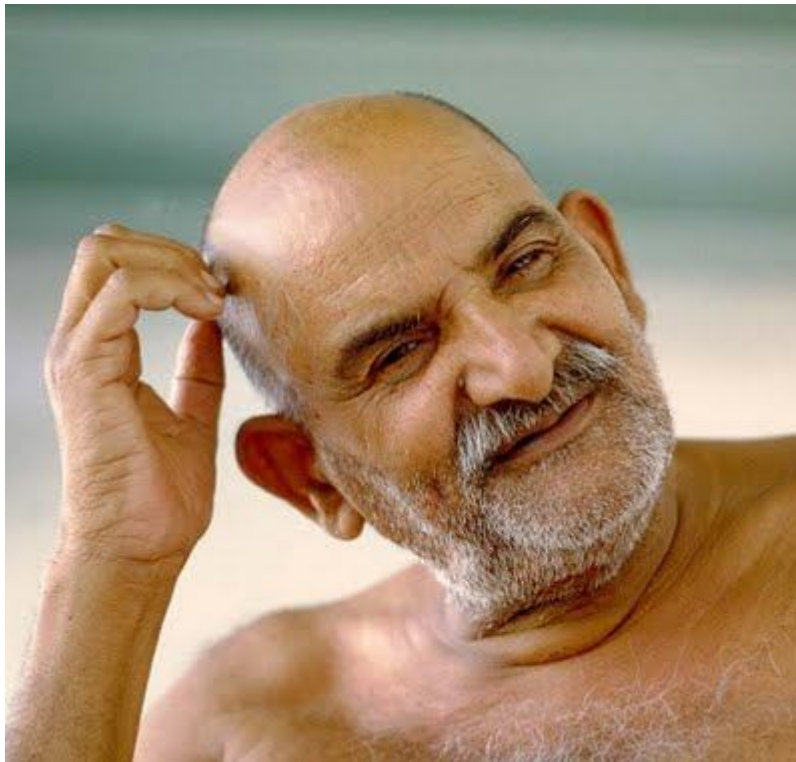


An Offering of Kachauris

One of the mothers from Bhowali used to come to Kainchi every Tuesday when Baba was there to offer him kachauris [stuffed deep-fried bread]. The kachauris were simple and made with love. Baba ate them with relish and called the woman Kachauri Mai. In September 1973, thinking that Baba was no longer alive, she discontinued her routine. However, in February 1976 she had a dream in which she was standing with the empty plate on which she used to offer her kachauris to Baba. Baba took the empty plate from her and said, "You have not brought kachauris. You think I am not alive. I still live at Kainchi. You must bring kachauris." The woman woke up and decided to continue her previous routine again starting the next Tuesday.

On that Tuesday it was snowing all over the hills. Taking the kachauris with her, she reached

Kainchi, where all the rooms of the ashram were locked and only the temples were open. She saw that the door on the northeast side of Baba's kuti was ajar. She pushed it open further with her hand, and with one foot inside the doorsill and the other outside, she just glanced over at Baba's takhat. She was wonderstruck when she saw Baba sitting on it in human form. Both his hands were placed on the takhat, and his feet rested on the floor as if he were waiting for someone. She ran out, all the way back home, and remained in an unbalanced state of mind for about three months. Finally Sri Ma persuaded her to start her routine again. She recovered from her shock and once again began offering kachauris.



Accepting an Offering

As mentioned above, Kachauri Mai offered kachauris regularly to Baba's murti in Kainchi on Tuesdays. However, on the first Tuesday of February 1988 she offered them at the Hanuman temple constructed by Baba in Bhumiadhar instead since she could not go to Kainchi. The next day, Wednesday, she went to Kainchi with her offering of kachauris.

Being winter, it was quiet and lonely in the temple. The morning worship was over, and the priest, Trilok Singh, was sitting in the courtyard cleaning the temple utensils in the sun. He saw Mai coming and finished his work quickly in order to offer the kachauris she was bringing for Baba. Thinking that Trilok Singh would follow her, Kachauri Mai went directly to Baba's temple. She carefully placed the container of kachauris on the charity-offering box at the northern gate of the temple, and since Trilok Singh had not yet arrived at the temple, she began her circumambulation. She had hardly reached the back of the temple when she suddenly heard the sound of the container falling onto the marble floor. She rushed at once to the north door. Trilok Singh also heard the sound and came running to the temple to find out how Mai had dropped the container. Both of them reached the door of the temple together and

were amazed to see the container intact on the charity box. Neither of them had opened the container, but its tightly fitting lid was lying open. Some kachauris were scattered in front of Baba and some were still in the box.



In the Guise of an Old Woman

After the Navaratra in March/April 1980, many devotees traveled from Haldwani to the village of Neeb Karori with Sri Ma. According to Sri Ma's instructions, Hanuman ji was to be ceremoniously anointed with sindur (when the Hanuman murti is made of stone, it is anointed with sindur, an orange powder mixed with jasmine oil) the next day on Hanuman Jayanti. This duty was assigned to Vinod Chandra Joshi, manager of Kainchi ashram, and Pandit Kishori Raman Acharya of Vrindavan.

The next day the temple was cleared and decorated. Pandit ji arrived a little before noon. However, he had forgotten to tell the workers about the things that were needed for the puja offerings, so they were not ready. Pandit ji regretted his mistake, but there was no way out. The articles were not available in the local shop, and it was not possible to get them from anywhere else so quickly. In the absence of the necessary offerings, it was not possible to perform the rituals, so they decided to worship the deity by reciting mantras only.

Vinod and the devotees sat before Hanuman ji's murti, and Pandit ji and I sat at the door of the temple. Just then a heavily-built, ordinary-looking village woman passed through the crowd carrying a big cloth bundle. She came and sat between Pandit ji and me. Without speaking to anyone, she took out all the things needed for the worship—a coconut, red cloth, red thread, and uncooked milk—and gave them to Vinod. Unable to understand who the old woman was, we all looked at her in surprise. It was very unusual. A woman living in this rural area would not know the intricacies of the Hindu rituals or possess everything needed to carry them out, nor were these things available within a radius of ten kilometers.

After the worship of Hanuman ji, aarti was performed, and the singing of the Hanuman Chalisa began. The old woman stood up and went out. Some women who had come with Sri Ma from Haldwani asked her to partake of prasada at the bhandara, but she said she had brought prasada with her. Taking out puri and vegetable from her bundle, the old woman gave

some to all the women present. She also told them that she had come from about seven kilometers away and soon disappeared amongst the large crowd. Nobody knew where she went. The inhabitants of Neeb Karori village said she must have come from some other place. Nobody had ever seen the woman before, even in distant villages.

-Rajida



Sri Ma's Visit to Akbarpur

In January 1983 Sri Ma went with ten devotees to Neeb Karori, Baba's place of sadhana. While staying there Sri Ma had the desire to visit Baba's birthplace, the village of Akbarpur. It was a sudden decision to go in such cold winter days. She and the devotees left for Hirangau by train on the 17th, and from there they went to the village. Sri Ma was not known to anyone in Akbarpur, and since no prior information was sent, no one was there to receive her. There was no appropriate place to stay in the village, and in the prevailing circumstances, it was very difficult for them to make their own arrangements.

Nevertheless, Baba had said that all that is auspicious would be with Sri Ma, and in keeping with his words, his grace began to flow and provide for her. Shri Ram Sanehi came to know of Sri Ma's arrival and extended hospitality to her and the accompanying devotees. An old man who had come with Sri Ma happened to ask Ram Sanehi, "Do you ever see Baba in your dream?" Nodding in affirmation, Ram Sanehi said, "Sometimes."

"When did you see him last?"

Ram Sanehi replied with a smile, "Last night."

"What did he say?"

He hesitated to reply, but when pressed he said, "Laxmi Narain (Baba's name in Akbarpur) said, 'Sri Ma is coming. Extend all hospitality. Don't let us down.'"

After tea Ram Sanehi took everyone to Dak Bangalia, the place where Baba used to live, since Sri Ma wanted to stay there. The house had remained closed for the last fifteen years, and Shyam Sunder, a teacher of young offenders at Itawa Jail, kept the keys. Since he was on duty, Ram Sanehi was helpless, but Baba's lila came into play again. Shyam Sunder said that since noon he had had a great desire to return home, although there was nothing that required his presence there. He became so restless that he left work and got on a mail train. The mail train did not usually stop at Hirangau, so he got a ticket for Tundla, a station ahead. Amazingly, the train made an unscheduled stop that day at Hirangau, and Shyam Sunder got off.

On reaching home, Shyam Sunder came to know that Sri Ma had arrived. He had Dak Bangalia opened for her, and a light bulb was somehow installed with a borrowed connection. It was late by the time the bangalia was cleaned, but gradually the atmosphere started getting festive. Food was prepared, and when they were about to eat, many people arrived on the porch with musical instruments. Without any encouragement they began to sing devotional songs of Mira, Surdas, and Tulsidas and continued singing until 1:30 a.m. This was unusual because there was neither a temple in the village nor any devotional activity. The two local men had no idea who the singers were, and by the time it was morning, they were not to be found.

The next morning, having put all their luggage in bullock carts, the party of devotees went towards the Firozabad-Agra Road via Nagau. Perhaps it was not acceptable to Baba that Sri Ma should leave without having prasad. On the way Ram Shankar Yadav, Roadways Inspector, was standing in front of his house in Nagau as if he had been waiting for them. He offered pranaam to Sri Ma and then took everyone inside. He offered prasad to Sri Ma and the devotees and provided fresh milk for everyone to drink. He then took the party to the main road, where a bus arrived within moments that had exactly twelve vacant seats for them—all in continuous rows. In this way Baba took care of Sri Ma on her first visit to his birthplace.



Glossary

ao - the command form of the verb "to come"

aarti - a part of worship; the ritual waving of lights in front of a sacred image, accompanied by the ringing of a bell

achal samadhi - a motionless state of bliss in which the inner consciousness is concentrated

almirah - a cupboard

anand - bliss

Anant Chaturdashi - the fourteenth day of the lunar calendar which falls in the month of September; the day of Maharaj ji's Mahasamadhi

anchal - the loose end of a woman's sari worn over the shoulder or head

anna - an Indian coin

ashram - a place for devotees or pilgrims to stay for spiritual practice

ashta siddhi - eight spiritual powers: 1) anima - the faculty of reducing one's body to the size of an atom, 2) mahima - the power of expanding one's body to an infinitely large size, 3)

garima - the power of becoming infinitely heavy, 4) laghima - the power of becoming infinitely light in body, 5) prapti - unrestricted access to all places, 6) prakaamyā - the power to realize whatever one desires, 7) isitva - absolute lordship, 8) vasitva - subjugating all

Baba - refers to Baba Neeb Karori in this publication

baba - an ascetic, holy man, or grandfather

bania - a businessman

Basant Panchami - a Hindu festival dedicated to Saraswati, the goddess of learning

Bhagwat Gita - the spiritual discourse of Lord Krishna to Arjuna given as an episode in the

Mahabharat, the great Hindu epic
Bhairav - a form of Lord Shiva
bhajan - devotional song
bhandara - a public feeding of consecrated food, often for hundreds or thousands of people
Bharata - the brother of Lord Ram
Bhrigu - an ancient sage who is said to have tested Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva in order to determine the greatest of the three
Bhrigu Samhita - an astrological classic written by the sage Bhrigu during the Vedic period; the first compilation of predictive astrology.
bidi - an Indian herbal cigarette
Brahma - the first deity of the Hindu trinity; the creator
Brahmin - one who belongs to the priestly order of the Indian caste system
Chaitanya samadhi - a state of consciousness in which the individual self merges into the supreme
charas - cannabis resin
Chaturdashi - the fourteenth day of a lunar month
chillum - a clay pipe used for smoking
chimta - metal tongs
dada - elder brother; polite but familiar form of address to an older male
Dak Bangalia - Baba Neeb Karori Maharaj's former residence in the village of Akbarpur
dal - soup made from lentils or split pulses
dandavat pranaam - full-length prostration
dandi - a seat carried on the shoulders of four people
darshan - being in the presence of a deity, saint, murti, or an enlightened being; the term is used specifically for beholding highly revered people or images with the intention of receiving their grace and blessings
deep - oil or ghee lamp that is used as an offering
devi - a goddess
Devi Bhagwat - scriptures relating to Devi, the Divine Mother, in all her aspects
dharamshala - a rest house for people on pilgrimage
dhobi - washerman
dhoti - a length of cloth worn by men, either on the lower half of the body or with part of it also covering the upper body; saris worn by women are longer cloths but are also often called a dhoti
didi - elder sister; polite but familiar form of address to an older female
darbar - court (as in a king's or emperor's court); audience or gathering; in this case, a spiritual gathering
Durga - an aspect of the Divine Mother
Dussehra - also called Vijayadashmi; the day after the end of Navaratra
Dwadashi - the twelfth day of the lunar fortnight, considered an auspicious time for fasting, meditation, and spiritual practices
Ganesh - the son of Lord Shiva and Goddess Parvati, depicted with an elephant's head; he is a symbol of auspiciousness
Sage Garga - Lord Krishna's guru
Gayatri yagna - the recitation of the Gayatri mantra combined with a Vedic fire ceremony
ghat - a river embankment
ghee - clarified butter
Gita - see *Bhagwat Gita*
gram flour - besan; flour made from hulled chick peas
gurdwara - Sikh place of worship

guru - lit. dispeller of darkness; a spiritual teacher or guide
guru-bhai - lit. guru brother; people who have the same guru
gurudev - term addressing the guru as God
Guru Purnima - the full-moon day dedicated to the worship of the guru
halwa - Indian pudding, often made from semolina and ghee
Hanuman - the eleventh incarnation of Shiva; in monkey form, he enabled Sita's rescue and return to Lord Ram in the *Ramayana*; he is the reliever of suffering, an embodiment of blessings, and a bridge between people and God
Hanuman Chalisa - a forty-verse prayer in praise of Hanuman, composed by Tulsidas
Hanuman Jayanti - Hanuman's birthday
havan - a sacred purifying ritual that involves throwing offerings into fire, accompanied by sacred Sanskrit chants
havankund - sacred fire pit
jai - hail; victory; glory
jalebi - a type of Indian sweet
jao - the command form of the verb "to go"
japa - the repetition of God's name or a mantra
jata - long, matted hair
jayanti - anniversary; birthday of a god or holy person
kachauri - small, stuffed, deep-fried bread
Kailash - a mountain in the Himalayas; the home of Lord Shiva
kalakand - a type of Indian sweet
kalash - pitcher
Kaliyuga - the present time; the age of Kali; according to Hindu belief, the fourth and last period of the endless cycle of time; the age in which humans collapse toward their base instinctual selves
kalpataru - a celestial, wish-fulfilling tree
kamandal - a sadhu's pot, made from a gourd or from metal
karma - the law of cause and effect; action; the fruits of action
Katyayani - an aspect of Goddess Durga
Kaushalya - the mother of Lord Ram
khao - the command form of the verb "to eat"
kheer - Indian rice pudding
kirtan - the singing or chanting of devotional songs
Krishna - an incarnation of Lord Vishnu
Krishna Chaturdashi - the fourteenth day of the dark lunar fortnight
Kumbha Mela - a large spiritual gathering or congregation on the banks of the sacred Ganges River, held every twelve years in either Allahabad, Haridwar, Ujjain, or Nasik, according to the astrological configuration
kurta - a loose-fitting shirt
kuti - lit. a hut; the place where a saint or sadhu stays
laddu - a round Indian sweet made from gram flour
lakh - on hundred thousand
langur - a type of monkey having grey fur and a black face, which is found in the foothills of the Himalayas
Laxmi - the goddess of prosperity; consort of Lord Vishnu
Laxmi Narayan - Goddess Laxmi and her consort Narayan, an aspect of Lord Vishnu
lila - activities of the saints and gods; divine play
lota - metal pot
ma - mother

Mahabharat - one of the greatest Hindu epics, which takes place during Sri Krishna's incarnation
mahaprasad - specially consecrated prasad
Maharaj - lit. great king; refers to Baba Neeb Karori in this publication
Mahasamadhi - lit. "the great samadhi"; a realized yogi's conscious departure from the physical body at death
Maheshwar - a name of Lord Shiva
mai - mother; a woman devotee
Makar Sankranti - the day in January when the sun crosses the Tropic of Capricorn according to the Hindu calendar
mala - rosary
malpua - sweet deep-fried bread made with unrefined sugar
Manasarovar - a sacred lake at the foot of Mount Kailash in Tibet
mandir - temple
Mangali - a particular astrological sign denoting Mars in the seventh house, which is considered inauspicious
mantra - a Sanskrit incantation from the Vedic scriptures; a sacred syllable or name
maya - illusion
mela - a large religious fair
missi roti - flatbread made with gram and wheat flour
moksha - salvation; liberation
moong - a type of lentil
murti - a consecrated statue; a sculpture of an aspect of God, Goddess, or Guru
murti sthapna - the consecration ceremony that invests a murti with divine spirit
naam - name
Nanak Shahi - a spiritual sect in India
Narada - a celestial sage
nava nidhi - nine spiritual treasures: 1) sravana - hearing of the Lord's praises and stories, 2) kirtana - chanting his name, praises, and stories, 3) smarana - fixing one's thought on him, 4) padasevana - adoring his feet, 5) archana - worshipping an image of the Lord, 6) vandana - making obeisance to him, 7) dasya - offering devout service to the Lord, 8) sakhya - cultivating friendship with him, 9) atmanivedana - offering oneself to the Lord
Navaratra - nine days and night dedicated to the worship of Goddess Durga in the months of April and October
neti neti - lit. not this, not this; a Sanskrit phrase for expressing the inexpressible, the Absolute, God, the Divine
Nirjala Ekadashi - a fast kept on Ekadashi day during which water is not taken
nishkama karma - action performed without the desire for any result or reward
paise - and Indian coin; there are one hundred paise in a rupee
panda - a guide for pilgrims; one who conduct pujas at holy sites
pandit - a religious scholar
paramhansa avastha - the highest spiritual stage of existence
parikrama - walking around a deity, temple, or sacred place in a clockwise direction
pipal - a holy tree; also an Indian herb
pranaam - a respectful greeting, usually made by joining the palms, touching the feet, or by prostrating
prasad - an offering made to or given by a deity or guru
puja - prayers; worship; rituals; can also be the place where worship is offered
puri - round deep-fried bread
Purnima - day of the full moon, considered to be auspicious; fifteenth day of the lunar

calendar

Radha - the beloved of Lord Krishna

rakhi - a thread that is tied around the wrist on the festival of Rakshabandhan, symbolising brotherly or sisterly love

Rakshabandhan - a festival for brothers and sisters

Ram - an incarnation of Lord Vishnu, whose time on earth is described in the *Ramayana*

Ram durbar - Ram in his court along with his wife Sita; his brothers Lakshman, Bharata, and Satrugna; and his devotee Hanuman

Ram naam - the name of Ram

Ram Navmi - the birthday of Lord Ram, which usually falls in April

Ramayana - the epic Hindu text about Lord Ram's incarnation on earth; composed by Valmiki in Sanskrit and translated into the Hindi *Ramcharitmanas* by Tulsidas

ramdana - edible seed; amaranth

Ramkulla - trees in Chitrakut under which Lord Ram rested during his period of exile

roli - a red mixture of turmeric and lime powder

roti - unleavened bread; chapati

Rudru - an aspect of Lord Shiva

rupee - a unit of Indian currency worth approximately one-sixty-sixth of a euro or 2.1 US cents

sadhak - a spiritual aspirant

sadhana - spiritual practice for God-realization

sadhu - a holy person; an ascetic who often wanders from place to place with few possessions; a renunciate

sago - edible starch extracted from the centre of Asian palms or cycads; arrowroot

samadhi - a high state of consciousness and bliss; complete control over the functions of consciousness; also used as a Hindi word for a structure commemorating the deceased

sangam - a confluence of three rivers

Sankat Mochan Hanuman - Hanuman, the remover of suffering

sankranti - the transition of the sun from one constellation to another

sanskara - predisposition; an impression carried over from a previous life

sanyasi - an initiated renunciate

sarkar - lord; used in reference to Baba Neeb Karori in this publication

satsang - meeting or communing with other devotees; spiritual gathering

Satyanarayan - a name of Lord Vishnu

Satyuga - the age of righteousness; the golden age; the first of the four ages in the Hindu cycle of time

Setubandh Rameshwaram - the building of the bridge from India to Lanka in the epic *Ramayana*

seva - service

seva bhav - the spirit of service

Shat Chandi Yagna - a ritual worshipping the Divine Mother

Shiva - the third deity in the Hindu trinity; the destroyer of creation

Shivling - a stone symbolising Lord Shiva

Shiv Purana - the sacred text on Lord Shiva

shraddh - rituals and offerings for the ancestors

Shravana - the fifth month in the Hindu calendar; an auspicious time to worship Lord Shiva

Shri - a prefix or title of respect used for a man; Mr.

Shrimati - a prefix or title of respect used for a married woman; Mrs.

siddha - a saint endowed with spiritual power; and elevated soul

siddhi - spiritual power

sidhatma - a spiritually elevated soul
sloka - a stanza in Sanskrit poetry
Sri - a title of respect used before the name of a saint or holy person
Srimad Bhagwat - the scripture of Lord Krishna
Sundarkand - the fifth chapter of the *Ramayana*, which describes the exploits of Hanuman
swami - lit. master of oneself; a title added to a person's name to denote a master of spiritual learning
tahasildhar - tax collector
takhat - a wooden bed base or seat
Thakur - lit. master; used in reference to God
thali - a plate
tonga - a horse-drawn carriage
Tretayuga - the second age in the Hindu cycle of time
Tulsi Ramayana - another name for Tulsidas' Hindi translation of Valmiki's Sanskrit *Ramayana*; the *Ramcharitmanas*
turiyavastha - the highest state of the four stages of samadhi in which the individual becomes one with the divine
Uttarkand - the seventh chapter of the *Ramayana*
 vaidya - an ayurvedic physician
Vaishnav - a worshipper of Lord Vishnu
Vaishnavi Devi - an aspect of Goddess Durga
vajra - Lord Indra's weapon
Vasudhaiv kutumbakam - the concept of the world as one family
Vedas - the most ancient, sacred Hindu scriptures
vedic - relating to the ancient scriptures, the *Vedas*
Vibhishana - the brother of the demon king Ravana, who was also a devotee of Lord Ram
Vijayadashmi - the day Lord Ram killed the demon Ravana in the *Ramayana*
Vinaya Chalisa - a forty-verse prayer composed by Prabhu Dayal Sharma in praise of Sri Baba Neeb Karori Maharaj
Vindhyavasini Devi - an aspect of Goddess Durga
Vishnu - the second god of the Hindu trinity; the preserver
yagna - fire sacrifice; a ritual sacrifice in which oblations are poured into a sacred fire
yagnashala - the place used for performing fire sacrifices
Yogavashistha - a treatise on Vendanta by the sage Vashistha
yogi - a spiritual aspirant; one who practices a path of yoga; an ascetic

Divine Reality

Ravi Prakash Pande, 'Rajida'

