

"You are on the Right Path"

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The room was full of people the first time I saw our beloved Babuji. As he entered I was filled with compassion for this old man who seemed so weak and yet had journeyed so many miles to meet us. He sat down and gave us a sitting. At the end of the meditation I was shocked to see that people had started talking, coming and going without Babuji. Feeling saddened by this I suddenly saw that Babuji was looking in my direction and nodded a greeting to him. He indicated that I should come and sit beside him. I felt very small, and tried to catch a glance from him. He didn't speak, just smiled, looking at the assembly. During my time beside him I experienced what could only be described as a moment of eternity illustrating the deference due Babuji. In this first meeting Beloved Babuji captured my heart forever.

In October 1980, I went to Babuji's home. In spite of the fact that it was already dark He came through the courtyard to greet us. Introduced to him by a French preceptor I repeated a phrase that I had learned, "I'm sorry my English is very little." He smiled, seemed amused, and arranged for us to be driven in His car to the ashram.

One day, sitting beside Him I asked, "How can I develop the love that I feel in your presence?" "With the practice, love develops automatically," intercepted a preceptor. Faced with such a logical answer my question seemed stupid. Not to dear Babuji who said, "That is a very good question. Continue, you are on the right track," He then asked me my name and my profession. When I told Him I was an auxiliary nurse, he nodded approval and said that professions involving care of others were very good for the spiritual path. I learned later that he had told someone beside him, "this woman has a pure heart."

My last meeting with Babuji was in Paris 1982. His eyes still shone with an indescribable light although I had the feeling that I was seeing Him for the last time. Yet again I was deeply moved that this frail old man, who was obviously in pain, had undertaken such a long journey. His love for us knew no limits. As I sat in satsang it came to me that I was to ask for a sitting from the preceptor who had accompanied

Babuji. This preceptor was Chariji.

Babuji's Divine Presence lives on through Chariji. Sometime after Babuji's departure I was going through a very difficult period. I seemed to be at an impasse with no feelings and so I decided to attend a seminar in Augerans. At the end of a satsang given by Chariji I looked up and with wonder saw Babuji sitting beside Chariji. The image stayed for some time during which I could feel my heart expanding and swelling with love. This experience was so overwhelming that I burst into tears. I felt this Presence so dear to my heart, this fragment of His Immense Love. That was the end of my impasse.

At the Golden Jubilee in Manapakkam four or five of us had gathered around Sister Kasturi. While she was busy we all sat down in front of her empty chair. Suddenly I was plunged into deep meditation. I was aware that Babuji was now sitting in Sister Kasturi's chair. I was so totally overwhelmed and grateful that I burst into tears. Finally Sister Kasturi went to the exit and we followed her. A French abhyasi told her that I had known Babuji personally. Kasturi smiled and said, "That's you, you have been touched," and went away.