

## In the light of His light

Back in 1971 I planned to go to Shahjahanpur to see Master for the first time. I and a few other abhyasis from Denmark had meditated under our Sahaj Marg system for about 1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> year when Mr. Chari came here for a short visit and decided that it was time for us to see Babuji.

We went into planning the trip also getting His kind permission to come.

But though everything was well planned — tickets bought and so on — it proved not to be that easy.

My father fell seriously ill and had to undergo a brain operation. So I had to postpone my leaving for India. Our friends Ole and Bjorn left as planned and Vibe and I left one week later, leaving my family behind not too happy with me. But I had to go and off we went.

We arrived at Shahjahanpur by night train at five o'clock in the morning.

It was a cool Indian winter morning and still completely dark.

The train rolled into the station and stopped. And there on the platform, right in front of our wagon, stood Ole. I know him very well and noted with amazement that he seemed completely changed — for the better, of course.

The change showed all over as he stood there on the platform with a blanket around his shoulders — easy and calm — with a peaceful expression in his eyes.

We were also greeted by persons we did not know and brought to a waiting car whilst these persons kept calling us brother and sister.

The car drove us through the town, which was just getting ready for the morning to come. It seemed like a rather dull place, and I am somewhat ashamed to admit that while looking out of the car windows I thought:

"Oh! what a dump."

But at that time I did not know that I would come to love that "dump" so much that I would rather stay there than anywhere else I could think of.

Masters house was at the other end of town, and after a drive in silence for about 20 minutes, we finally stopped in front of an iron gate and got out of the car. It was still dark — the silence only broken by the barks of distant

dogs — and I was in a state of bewildered happiness — truly speaking, finding myself on the verge of a sudden death caused by shvness. If I had known how to stop mv heart — as some yogis like to do — I would have done so at once.

We saw light on the terrace in front of Masters house. And next to a chair, in front of which I could sec a hooka, stood Babuji — not very much in sight because He was wrapped up in a blanket covering Him from head till well below His knees.

He went up to us saying: « So you have come from so far just to see me. » Paused a little and then added: « I am very happy. » There was a softness in these last words, which showed that He, the greatest Master of them ail, was literally moved, even if He was disturbed in His sleep by two silly Danes.

Then, as if He wanted to get it over with in a hurry, He grabbed Vibe's suitcase, which I can assure you, was quite heavy and rail along with it to a house to the left of the terrace. We came to know it as the Western House. He showed us into each our room and left.

After a while, tea was served upstairs in the room that Ole and Bjørn shared.

We did not speak much because the atmosphere did not thoughts or subjects to be discussed. We were sipping the hot, sweet tea, little by little forgetting to enjov that too, as the air around us began to be felt as if it was softly moving water. We sort of fell into meditation, and just sat like that, while the tea got cold, for I don't know how long.

Later that morning we stepped out into the bright daylight on the flat roof on top of the Western House. From the courtyard below under the arches of the terrace, in front of Masters house, the sound of His hooka reached our cars.

« Can we just go down there? » I asked Ole, as it seemed to be as hard to do so as to climb the Everest. He smiled and said yes and off we went.

We had hardly taken our seats in the chairs in front of Babuji, who sat curled up in His own easy chair — hooka and everything wearing a worn-out gray sweater, before he started talking away like a happy waterfall. What

He actually said I remember no longer, since I was so impressed with His appearance, that I had no room for listening.

Talking seemed to make Him happy — and He did it in a manner that immediately made us feel quite at home, as if we were a part of the family who had just returned from a long trip.

All I could do, was to sit there looking at His hands drawing patterns in the air like a painter using invisible colours. As He went on talking, a cool, clear and very intense atmosphere blew away any other thoughts than the one, that I was actually sitting in front of my Master. Gone was all shyness and other ridiculous reservations. I was filled with joy and happiness. His eyes were sparkling like a playful child's, His hands moving and waving. And when the stream of words got near a good point, He rocked back and forth a bit, giving the impression that — »this one is almost too good« — and then picking it up saying: »Now I am telling voue, and laughed as the good point jumped out of His mouth. Suddenly He looked at each one of us with happily smiling eyes and said: « Sometimes the Master transmit with the eyes also ».

It might have been later that day that stepping out of His room He asked me: « How is your father? »

When I had explained to Him that the case was hopeless He said: « Yes, I did something for him, he will have his share » — and left the subject at that.

I was, of course deeply moved by His concern for a person who did not meditate and who even showed sonie disrespect for it.

Three weeks later I received a let ter from my father, who had recovered so much that he had been able to write even though it had taken him days to put the words together. Among other things he wrote:

« I see the old man's light in my brain ».

At that time I did not know that my father would die regretting that he had not meditated while he could.

I think it was the follow dav just before sundown that Master gave a kick to the ideas of this abhyasi of His.

I had always been against violence — I still am — however, due to Masters teachings it is no longer in the fierce way it was that fine morning.

had hardly sat down in front of Him — alone with Him for the first time — before He looked at me, leaned forward and said with a cunning smile on His face: « Now I am teaching you how to kill a man with your bare hands — suppose a robber comes and you have no knife or anything. What will you do? » He paused With His eyebrows lifted, then went on : « I am telling you — you just give him a full blow with your fist in the back of his neck, at the same time thinking of the Master — then he will surely die or at least lose his sight. » Having said so, He took a good, deep puff of the hooka, leaned back and laughed happily.

When I had digested this for a moment or two. I said rather shocked: « Oh! Babuji, I hope I will never have use for that », Babuji coolly answered: « You never know, time will show ».

Later that evening, when we all gathered around Master's chair, we returned to the subject of non-violence. He explained, that it is your duty to defend your life, family and property. You are even allowed to kill. The true idea of non-violence — which had its cradle in India — is that there should be no hate involved.

To kill if in a desperate situation — with no other way out —but doing so without hate was the correct idea.

In those days Master had only had a few visitors from the west. Even in the town itself nobody knew of His existence, apart from four or five abhyasis who came to group sitting every Monday night.

To walk the streets of Shahjahanpur would cause quite a sensation, but we could hardly be made to leave His house, if not in His company. Taking a walk without Him, would only make us homesick at once, turning our feet, the sooner the better.

So the local people mostly had to guess what in the world those Westerners had to do behind those walls.

Once we were invited to have tea by one of Babuji's old school friends.

He was now a doctor on a new hospital, which was still under construction.

We sat in his very nice garden, but he spent most of the time in deep sonder as to how a « simpleton » like Ram Chandra could ever have brought it that far.

It was just not sane!

If you can say that anything had could happer to voit, while staying with Babuji, then the worst thing was to be asked to make a speech at the local Lionsclub.

Myself was ever saved from that, but I must also admit, that I was also praying for my life, if ever the subject was brought up.

Had it been today, I would gladly go and make a speech anywhere.

Once Babuji took Ole and myself for at walk.

When He wanted to go out, He would always put on His black coat, His neat white hat and His pointai shoes. When you saw Him preparing Himself for an outing, it was quite clear that He went into b with as much care, as He would go into any other matter.

He no doubt attached just the correct amount of importance in representing His Master through the neatness of His outer-most coverings — His clothes — also.

When we were just about leaving, He stopped in the middle of the courtyard as if He suddenly remembered something. Then He turned to us and said: « When you go out you must always remember to bring a stick — suppose a mad dog comes ». Then He went to get His stick and off we went into the streets of Shahjahanpur.

We had walked for about a quarter of a mile — Babuji at a brisk pace in front of us — when a dog, for some reason of its own, picked out Babuji even though it seemed busy enough with another dog appr. 50 meters away.

With rage and violently barking it raced up behind Babuji who having his back to it, had not seen it. It all happened so fast that neither Ole nor I ever got to react before Master Himself whirled around and stopped the beast with the point of His stick right at its nose — the dog making a sudden halt, stiff legs in the dusty ground, and apparently disappointed at being robbed of the chance of sinking its teeth into Master's legs. When h had retreated fully, Master walked on with no comments followed by two confused abhyasis, who once again had not been up to the mark.

This episode made one of our party equip himself with a stick, which actually was more a trunk than a stick. He drag-ged it along for the rest of

his stay in India. But who knows he might have had second thoughts about the elephants.

One day just before lunch I was lighting up my pipe near the pump in the middle of the courtyard. When I had done so, I dropped the spent match on the ground and went to sit in my chair near Babuji.

He was sitting wrapped up in a blanket, His legs curled up under Him, absorbed in Himself. Just when I had seated myself He got up from His chair, went quickly over and picked up the match I had just thrown, carried it over to a small bunch of garden garbage and threw it there.

Then He went back to His chair without even looking at me and took up His state of being absorbed.

Babuji was careful in all His dealings with the world, He took great care never to waste anything, be it money, time or transmission — the care never to waste was the same.

When I think of how many times He must have turned out the light after me, I get quite shameful of having wasted His time with matters like that. The West, where waste is a virtue, could learn from this. But the beauty of it all is, that it was never over-done, but always just as it ought to be. Like His own Being.

Once a party of Indian abhyasis were gathered around Master's chair, talking among themselves of the need for wash-ing hands and feet before Puja.

Babuji was silent.

But suddenly He interrupted by almost an angry remark:

« I will transmit him even if he does not take bath for one month ».

Thereby ending the conversation very abruptly.

Master had the kind idea that we should be looked after in every way.

That included the distribution of 30 cigarettes a day or more to each smoker if we wanted.

It took 3 days of hard discussion with Him — amounting to a slight quarrel — before He gave way and allowed us to buy our own.

He even offered me a Havanna cigar, which someone once had given Him. And it took some more exchange of words, before He would allow us to wash our own clothes.

He always served good food and not too spicy for a Western tongue. Still, one evening after dinner when we sat with Him, He looked at the door leading to the kitchen with an expression like a naughty boy making sure that no one would come, turned to us and said in a conspiring tone: « In my opinion — Indian food — we serve you is slaughtered vegetables ».

This remark causing a great deal of laughter.

He was of course of the opinion that vegetarian food is better if you want spirituality. His main idea concerning food is, that it should be simple and healthy. As in every matter of life He goes for the simple and undisturbed solution, stressing the point that it is always better to be absorbed in the Real.

One day Bjørn, who was very much into the idea of yin/yang, said to Babuji: « You are what you eat ».

Babuji got completely confused, looked from one to the other as if He had done something wrong, His eyes and mouth wide open in fear, saying again and again: « You are what you eat? You are what you eat? What does he mean? ..... You are what you eat! ».

It was quite obvious that He had no intention whatsoever of becoming rice and dhal.

Usually Babuji never said much in the daytime. He spent His time quietly sitting in His chair, seemingly doing nothing — yet absorbed in His own work. We often tried to make Him tell us of that work, but normally He answered by saying: « You mind your own business, then I will mind mine ».

He was in fact not very out-spoken as to what He was doing. Though we often pressed Him hard enough, He kept us to the fact that our part was to look to our own development, while His was to look to the work of the Master.

Though He at one point told us, that He was mostly doing 3 kinds of work at the same time.

Taking care of His own needs in the daily life, taking care of all the spiritual needs of His abhyasis and doing, what He termed as Natures work.

Still He was sitting there in His chair with no outer sign of all that work that He was absorbed in.

As He often said. « The busiest man has the greatest leisure ».

Normally we had a sitting in the morning and one again in the evening. But the atmosphere or the work that He did on us, could often cause us to take a nap after lunch, though we also had not much to do in the outer world.

Most of our time was spent hanging around Babuji, saying nothing, thinking nothing, but feeling His Divine Transmission doing us good.

For someone who has not been favoured with that soft experience of being around such a Personality, it may sound a bit dull considering the fact that we were in a country so different from Denmark as India.

But being near Him brought you nearer to yourself, and soon you found yourself in the condition of being a foreigner at home. And that was never dull in the least. There was not even one split of a second when something would not be going on inside you.

Babuji also said, that when He was person to person with His abhyasis, He would constantly observe their condition to such an extent that given the daily routine of doing our own meditation could become a hindrance for His work, subsequently making Him ask us to stop it. But that must only be done if He asks you directly to do so.

After only a day or two with Him you could find yourself in a calm, thoughtless condition.

I still remember my first star in such a condition, as it really showed how many useless thoughts and pictures I was otherwise housing and actually taking great care of, thinking them to be

Now I round myself in fact having to wait for one thought to follow an other with great gaps between them, all the while being in a state of peace.

As Babuji often said: « The best social service is to calm down the disturbed minds of others ».

One day Babuji had decided that Vibe should be made a preceptor and so put Himself to work accordingly.

Next day after having given her the final sitting, He came out of His room shining with joy and happiness with the work He had just finished.

Turning to us He said: « Now you should test my work, and I will also do so ».

Then we all went to Vibe's room in the Western house, arranged four chairs in a line — one for Ole, one for Bjørn, one for myself and one for Babuji! who sat down with the rest of us eagerly expecting a sitting from His newly made preceptor, who sat in front of us.

I must admit that I thought to myself that with Babuji next to us, the preceptor would be a mere formality. Really were all astonished, overpowered and baffled at seeing our Master sitting there, suddenly turning Himself into an abhyasi —even if a very perfect one of course.

What went through poor Vibe's head being there in front of Babuji with the duty to tell Him, »Please begin meditation«, to transmit to Him, not to mention cleaning Him, I don't know.

Anyway she pulled herself together and jumped at it. I think I need not tell you that all the transmission came nicely from her alone and not from the fourth abhyasi in our Inde group. When the sitting was over Babuji seemed very pleased with it, praised Vibe for her good work and went off.

Babuji had a dog called Honey, it was a very strange creature which liked to come wagging its tail as an invitation for you to pat it, but if you did so, it would immediately turn into a wild beast biting you for sure.

Of course Babuji had warned us against it and did so repeatedly to be on the safe side.

One very warm afternoon, when I had had my nap, I stepped out of the door of the Western house, still half asleep.

I was stretching and blinded by the sun I was just about to take another step when I felt a strong blow on my chest which woke me up and made me look down. In front of me I saw Honey sleeping on the ground where I was just about to place my foot.

Babuji sat nearby having a sunbath as He often had in the winter. He did not even look at me, but I thanked Him in my heart for saving me from Honey.

Winters can be very cold in that part of India, so we were happy with the hot water system that Babuji had installed in the Western bouse. He was of the opinion that we couic! not lise without bot water.

We took a bath every day not thinking of anything until one fine morning.

We had just gotten out of bed shivering in the cold drift, when someone knocked on the door.

We found Master outside.

Humbly He took off His shoes before entering. After having donc so. He seated Himself on the edge of a chair as someone does who is in doubt whether he is a disturbance or not. Then He shyly asked, hardly daring to look at us: « Can I use your bathroom? » And as no one could think of denying Him that, He said: « Thank you », in a manner as if we had donc Him the greatest favour. None of us had of course given it the slightest thought, that the hot water of the Western bouse was the only hot water, leaving Master Himself with a cold water tap only.

Anyway, it was clear right from the first day in Masters bouse, that He considered the bouse, His fields and everything else more as ours than His own. In fact I don't think He considered anything to be His own.

His sole object seemed to be that of carrying out the work that His own Master had bestowed upon Him, taking care of His abhyasis from the outermost till the innermost.

He demanded nothing in repay but only urged us to work ourselves by saying: « work like a eow and have a heart like a tiger ».

For Him there were no such things as holidays and week-ends.

Once He told us how He had intercommunicated with His Master asking Him for a day off.

His master had said: « You can have half a minute and never ask such a thing from me again ».

He went on by telling us that whenever He now needed some time to Himself, He would go w His family and tell them: « Today nobody should tell me when to take my bath », and then He might wait until four o'clock to have it.

This being the Master's week-end.

Once we had a talk with Him on the basis of an article which my mother had send me, the subject being the Gurus of India.

It was full of all the typical approach of the suspicious minds of the West. It expressed among other things the danger of submitting oneself to such gurus.

In reply to this Babuji said: « Really, it is the guru that should submit to the disciple not the disciple that should submit to the guru ».

He also explained that if He himself ever had the idea that He was anybody's guru, He would at once lose all His powers. I don't think that the thought of gaining anything for Himself on account of His abhyasis could ever arise in His mind — even if He tried.

« Independent in dependency », was one of His standing remarks.

One day He took Ole and me for a walk in His fields some miles out of town.

He clearly pointed out every field with the words: « This is also your land ». And pointing to the neighbouring fields He said: « This is not your land ».

During the walk to the fields a strange episode occurred.

We were walking along a narrow path and came to a place with a deep hole in the ground.

Master got very annoyed and said with irritation in His voice: « This hole was not there last time I was here ». Then, as we passed it He added: « Of course it is also two years ago since I was here last ». Then He walked on in silence.

When we had walked a bit further, we arrived at a spot with a few trees. He went under them and pointed with His stick to a stone among other stones on the ground that looked un-touched by human hands and said: « I burried my wife here, it is many years ago ».

Then He kicked it lightly with one foot and seemed utterly uninterested.

Putting two and two together we figured out, that since he had not been here for the last two years, the grave of His wife could not be of major interest to Him.

The walk finally brought us to a field of Guava trees, and sitting there besides Master in the shadow of the trees while He occasionally got up to select a fruit cutting it with His knife and sharing it with us, is one of those events which in all its simplicity is so typical for being with Master.

It is really not possible to relate it in words, but only to remember it forever.

When we came home He suddenly said to us with no further explanation: « You should have a good job, mailman or so ».

Bjørn had fallen ill. And when I say ill I mean exactly that. His whole body seemed to fall to pieces.

He had a killing stomachache, he had bad pains in the ears, a severe pain in the throat, and his temper was a good deal below the freezing point.

Babuji came every day to see him and sat on the chair next to his bed, but Bjørn refused to be happy about anything, not to speak of getting any better.

Besides the illness he was also in a confused state about what was going on.

He seemed keen on understanding Master and His work intellectually, and in his effort to do so got obsessed with the idea of writing everything down in his diary. A true obsession indeed.

Everything he would write down, even while he was ill the most.

When Babuji saw that he got no better He went to the kitchen, brewed up something, squatted in front of it and mumbled over it, then gave the substance to us in a glass to give it to Bjørn.

We did so, but Bjørn — in a state of desperation — refused to even have a sip of it, though we explained that Babuji Himself had made it for Him.

He simply refused.

The next step in the process of getting Bjørn cured, was the arrival of a local doctor.

Since it is always hard for us to remember Indian names, this doctor soon got the nickname « the shouting doctor » — for obvious reasons.

He entered the room of the poor patient shouting: « So how do you feel? ».

Then he sat down beside the bed and began a closer examination still shouting.

When he had looked at Bjørn's hurting ears, he took from his briefcase a bottle containing some pink stuff and while shaking it with great vigor in front of the suffering face, he shouted into the poor ear that he had just examined, how to take the medicine and how often.

Whether it was the pink stuff or the sound of the shouting voice that scared the bacteria away, I don't know. But Bjørn got a bit better and

the pink stuff put an end to his diary writing, because he one fine morning spilled the whole thing over it and the bed.

This event clearly shows that Master's ways of working can often not be understood.

His work seems to be everything from the very moment you enter His house, not always taking the form of a pleasant experience.

Bjørn would fall ill every time he got in personal contact with Babuji during the six months of ours in India.

When finally we were to go back to Denmark Babuji said to him: « The next time you see me I will safeguard your health ».

We had brought equipment to make a film with Babuji. I believe it must have been the first film with sound ever made of Him.

In fact I doubt, that He really knew what a film with sound was.

We wanted to make it as natural as possible, having Him in focus doing as much talking as when we just sat with Him without the disturbing elements of a camera, tape recorder, etc. Therefore we decided that Vibe should just sit in front of Him talking to Him as we normally did.

He agreed to the project saying: « Then I will just sit there and move my lips as if I am talking ».

When we explained to Him that, that would not do, because there would be sound on the film, He said: »Then I will say the same thing again and again«. But when He saw that this idea did not seem to satisfy us either. He might have felt that He was finally caught, because He just went into it with as much enthusiasm as ans or us showed.

It was amazing to see how shy and humble He was. He reacted as a young actress having her debut. We could clearly feel that He would welcome the first and the best opportunity to disappear, at the same time also wanting to go on with it because He knew that many abhyasis would be happy to see Him on the film.

He said: « I will charge the whole thing so that the people will feel ». And then after He had been seated comfortably in His chair we started the filming without any problems.

Lots of us have enjoyed the result many times, though the pictures are not always in focus.

Still, all the shortcomings caused by not fully professional equipment and an amateur behind the camera, fades away because of the beauty with which Master has the whole thing in His hand.

Really He ought to have an Oscar for the part He played that afternoon!

When we had ended the filming, Babuji just went on. I must admit that I was rather exhausted after being behind the camera, headphones on, having the powerful transmission of His words right into my head.

I was glad and happy: at having it all at home, so to speak, but Babuji seemed to have just began.

I had really used the camera as a support, to avoid literally Painting because of the strong power.

Even if the whole scene stands Out in my memory as very, very intense, I have no recollection of it in the usual way.

It is lost in an ocean of just trying to follow what went on. But Babuji was really in the mood, he had become talkative to the extreme.

He went on talking, telling stories and jokes in a never ending stream.

When we were called for lunch one should think that it would mark the end of it. But no.

He went on when we had returned, as if we had not left at all. It was really some experience, and given though we had nothing to do but listen, we got quite exhausted.

The whole day went on like this and when we were finally called for dinner, I thought that now it would end. But no! When we returned to our seats He took it up where we had left it, going on the whole evening till very late before He finally let us escape to bed.

Now one should be in no doubt that this would be the natural end of a fascinating day. But little did we know Babuji. We had hardly gotten out of bed the next morning, before there was a knock on the door.

We found Babuji outside, still in a very talkative mood saying: « I kept this one for you all night ».

Then laughing He told a funny story.

I don't remember the story itself, because I think the fact that He had kept it for us all night, look me so much by surprise, that I forgot to listen.

Curious as a child he went into finding out of what use these modern toys could be for Him, he demanded that we should record a message of His the very same day. And that afternoon we all gathered in Ole and Bjørn's room, where the recording took place.

It was beautiful to sit on the floor listening to Him while He was reading aloud, sensing that He was so much in control of the situation as though He had done nothing else but recording His whole life, where He only one day before had seemed totally blank towards these modern toys.

Just as His talkative mood had seemed limitless. His concentration and care in bringing out the best result also seemed to be limitless.

A day or two later we took the tapes and the tape recorder along with the headphones downstairs to make Babuji listen a bit to Himself.

We found Him in the kitchen and He agreed to listen for a while.

Then squatting among the pots and pans, earphones on, He began listening.

After a while we noted a change in Him even if He had not moved and still had the earphones on.

It seemed as if He was not listening any more. He was simply gone.

We stopped the tape recorder, and He reacted as one who had been awakened from a good sleep. He got up from the ground and said: « What a good speech it was — when I listen to my own voice I get absorbed — what a lot of power ».

He said this in a truly innocent way, taking no pride in it whatsoever.

Then He talked of a special part of the tape, where He had noted a change of atmosphere and demanded to listen to that part again and was very happy with it.

I need not say, that none of us of course could note no change of anything, feeling embarrassed at being so obviously

All in all He seemed contented with the whole project, knowing that many abhyasis who could not so easily come all the way to India, now would be happy to see Him on the film. But with His typical sense of moderation He lost all further interest in it, and when we showed Him the film in Denmark, He, of course, forgot to put on His glasses — out of shyness I guess.

I think one of the most beautiful and expanding things Babuji would allow us, was to sit with Him in His room at night where He would spend some hours in replying to letters; from abhyasis.

I remember a beautiful event on one such night, which shows the care and love that He was putting into that part of His work also.

He had received a letter from an American abhyasi, Dave Bolevice.

He was utterly happy with it, but had trouble pronouncing the name correctly. Again and again He tried at the same time radiating both the love He felt for Dave and the embarrassment of not being able to pronounce his name. He shyly excused Himself to us, but little did it help.

Finally, when He seemed to have given up totally, He suddenly said in a very soft way: « Dave Beloved.... I think she is not a lady ».

The word « Beloved » being His version of Bolevice and the « she is not a lady », in such a sweet way showing His confusion whether the name belonged to a man or woman. When we could not help but laughing He also laughed, but I still think He was totally unaware of what He had really said. Then He put Himself to work and wrote a very beautiful reply to Dave's letter — a letter which must have filled his eyes with tears of love when he received it.

It was, however, not always letters like the one from Dave He received. Many of them really took up much of His time, not in replying, but in mending the writer. Some of them were also silly.

One day He came out of His room with a letter in his hand saying: « Look here, what people want me to answer ». And He read aloud: « Dear Sir. I want a spiritual explanation as to why my hair gets electric when I comb »

I don't think He ever replied to that letter. But He said, that if He was to answer, He would answer in this way: « Your hair gets electric when you comb it because you must be a very spiritual person ».

Then He laughed.

It was during our first stay with Babuji that the terrible war in Bangladesh broke out.

We did not get much information about the events of the war, but seeing and being near Babuji through those dark days was in itself quite an experience.

He changed completely.

Before He had been calmly sitting in His chair most of the day. Now He was restlessly pacing up and down like a tiger in a cage. It was almost impossible to get near Him, not to mention talking to Him.

He got hold of an old radio and had it installed in His room, listening to the news several times every day sitting very close to it with an intense expression on His face.

Then one morning when He was sitting in the sun reading the newspaper, He suddenly put it down in anger — turned to us and said with rage and disapproval in His voice: « The Pakistanis are killing women and children, they have outraged the modesty of the ladies ». He was really angry and went on: « Now God has turned His back on Pakistan ».

After these scary remarks He got up from His chair and told us to come for meditation — went into His room followed by us, threw a blanket around His shoulders in a most impressive way and said: « please start meditation », the tone of His voice making us almost prefer to do anything but that.

One or two days later I was sitting alone on the terrace while Master was pacing up and down as restless as ever.

Suddenly He stopped in front of His hooka, took a deep puff and seemed to be far away.

For a moment He stood as if made of stone. Then He shook Himself, got out of that condition and said:

« I have just been to Pakistan — I saw so many weapons lying on the ground, but there were no soldiers ».

When He had wondered a bit about this He said:

« I don't know the meaning of this ».

Bjørn was to leave for Bombay to meet his wife who was to come from Denmark.

Since we had heard that the Pakistani Airforce was bombing railways, he was not too happy about going, but still he was determined to do so anyway.

But Babuji said that He could leave with no fear as He would safeguard his trip. So Bjørn left if not fearless then with less fear.

One morning Babuji was again reading the newspaper as He carefully did every day during the whole period of war. Looking up from His reading He said: « Indira Gandhi says that the indian people should prepare themselves for at long war, but I think it will be a short one ». Then He said no more and took up His reading again.

One day when we were standing with Him in a small group near the pump in the courtyard He said:

« Everything is governed from India », then added after a small pause, « Everything is governed from here ». Later on He explained to us how the major events of the world would be supervised by someone in India — if God commanded. It was so because nobody in the West had the capacity so far, to take care of such a responsibility.

A saint of calibre could be commanded to interfere in events like war, but it would not always be so.

He told us how it had been such a command, that Paris should not be bombed during the second world war — even though the order to do so had already been given from the German headquarters.

He also expressed His wish that the West should have their own Personalities in the future doing that kind of work and said: « You should be independent of India ».

When we eagerly asked Him how such a Personality could know what was happening maybe in the other end of the world, He illustrated this with an event from His own which gave us some idea as to how things work.

One day He was sitting in His chair absorbed, when His mind was caught by the deperate prayer of some lady who didn't even know of His existence, but who just prayed to God in despair because someone was raping her.

Because of the intensity of the prayer and the pain she was in, Babuji was commanded to help her and did so even though He did not know the lady, never had seen her and never has seen her later either.

He said that if such commands were given, a Personality was bound to obey — dropping everything else.

Then He told us that once He wanted some work done by a saint who lived in the state of Orissa. When He intercommunicated with Him, He found the saint asleep in his bed. When He tried to wake him, he saint refused to get up, still sleeping — Three times Babuji tried to wake him — but since it did not have any effect, He finally took that saints powers away from him.

Vibe asked Master why the power to do Nature's work had never in history been given to ladies. She was not very much willing to accept that, thinking in the terms of equal rights for men and women and coming from the West, where the de-bute on this subject was very much on.

Babuji explained, that suppose the command was given to destroy — with the lives of so many people involved — a lady's heart would not cooperate. And when the world needs at thorough change, that kind of work also must be done.

I don't know if Vibe liked the idea of being robbed of the chance to do this kind of work — but as is often the case, we have to come to the understanding of Nature as she is, not as we want it to be.

Some days later we left for Madras with Babuji's word that He would safeguard our travel, as He had done with Bjørns. A few days later the war was over.

Thus the Indian people did not have to prepare themselves for a long war as Indira Gandhi had said.

During those weeks with Him, He was planning His first trip to the West.

He was to travel all over — including Egypt as well. It was touching to see how He was really shy about going, saying He didn't think anyone would be interested in seeing Him, being very afraid of not being able to eat with knife and Cork.

He thought everybody would look upon Him as a fool.

We told Him that it would hardly be the case, but He never seemed fully convinced.

I don't think anyone thought of Him as a fool once He was here, in fact He was overwhelmed by the amount of work awaiting Him here.

When we went to see Him again in India after His return from the West He said: « Really, I made a mistake by including America as well ».

He referred to the fact, that He was totally exhausted and worn out when He came to Copenhagen from there.

In fact, the long travel — which lasted 3 months in all — and the pressure of work could well have killed Him. Because Babuji did never spare Himself, not to mention using any of His powers to protect Himself.

It took Him more than a year to recover, and sadly enough He never seemed to recover to the level He was at, before He left India for the first time.

I remember coming to Shahjahanpur half a year after His return, seeing two crutches standing next to His chair made me very sad, though Babuji of course smilingly welcomed us as usual.

He told us that all His fear and shyness of going had totally left Him just as He entered the airplane, because Lalaji had patted His shoulder saying: « It is I, not you who are going ». Then He looked very happy and added: « Then I felt like a soldier in the field ».

One day when we sat on the terrace, Babuji seemed keen on getting the definition of definition.

Again and again He repeated: « The definition of definition, what is the definition of definition? »

No one could reply to this question of His and He did not reply Himself, as He otherwise often would do, saving us from showing our lack of brains.

Suddenly Ole said in a cool and very dry way: « definition of definition is a waste of time ».

This made Babuji laugh — He pointed to Ole and said: « He is correct. Mr. Ole is a philosopher ».

Though such a story may seem like nonsense, it is quite clear that Babuji had seen a real enough quality in Ole and was bringing it out in this funny way.

He often used jokes and there was always a meaning in them — as He pointed out Himself: « I never do loose talk — even if I say something humorous it is never loose talk — some meaning is always there ».

But he also said, that there was no enjoyment in it for Himself and that He made the jokes so we should not feel bored. Still His humour was of such a nature that it often threatened to kill us with laughter.

I have never seen anything like that.

But, at times you could clearly see that there really was no enjoyment in it for Himself. When in the middle of a humorous conversation, He suddenly got quiet, leaned back in His chair and looked the loneliest man in the world.

It was evident at such occasions that no one could really follow Him — not even when He was joking.

He never liked to talk about Himself. One day when we urged Him to tell us something of His own spiritual experience He said: « I had my experience, you have your own ». When He praised the system or the transmission, as He often did, He always said: « It is all Lalaji's grace, it is all His work ».

One day when we sat with Him. He suddenly lifted one hand, looked at it and said: « You may repeat a hundred and one times, this hand belongs to Ram Chandra — still I will not believe you ».

One day He told a strange story.

When the monkeys in the forest see the wolf under their tree, they will be so afraid that they will all jump to the ground and all place themselves in a row in front of it — to get it over with in a hurry — the wolf will grab one and the others will return to the tree top — now at ease.

When He had told this story, we reacted by saying:

« Oh, no! Babuji, this is not true ».

But He would not hear of it and got a bit annoyed also.

After a long stay in Madras we returned to Shahjahanpur to take part in the celebration of Lalaji's birthday. The whole place was changed.

Before it had been quiet, — almost no people around. Now it was crowded with people — how many I don't know, Before we used to feel some kind of disturbance whenever anybody unexpected came to see Master wanting Him to ourselves as we did, taking a deep breath when the intruder left again. It was difficult to imagine how all these people could be taken care of as far as food and shelter were concerned. Yet it all went on in a calm and absorbed atmosphere, which I think can only be found with Master alone.

It being something beyond that peace, which we before liked to reserve for ourselves only.

The whole courtyard was full of people waiting in the morning, some of them even for hours, for the meditation to begin, sitting in silent rows right on the ground.

But for us Master had chairs put into His own room — from where He gave the sitting — so we could just come, say five minutes before the meditation started, and have our seats. We also had our own room, though many had to sleep in a very uncomfortable way.

How is it, I ask myself, that we always take things like that for granted?

During the daytime we soon found our way to the kitchen to be with our sister Kasturi — who sat there in her room surrounded by women, talking and having fun and giving sit-tings all in a delightful mixture.

The men and women followed the traditional way of not mixing too much. Which to us was a bit hard to go along with. I must admit, that I often felt, that being from the West, was a true privilege, as we could walk freely — so to speak — and pick up the candy wherever it was found.

Once while having a sitting by sister Kasturi a small rat came and placed itself on one of my legs, sitting as I was on the ground. It sat silently like that for about one or two minutes before it jumped off.

Though it might well have been a mere accidental thing, could not help but wonder if it also had its share of the Masters grace.

Anyway the thought itself, that Gods grace is shared by all deserving — be it rat or man — is a beautiful one. When the morning and evening sittings were over people poured into Masters room, one by one touching His feet. Had I not, at that time known that it is not needed, I would have felt very strange, as the habit of doing so, is not so near to a western heart, as it is to an Indian.

I openly admit, that I did not like in the least what I saw — feeling mixed with sadness, that I had no way, in the visible world at least, to pay my respect.

Sensing also the trouble it seemed to put Babuji in. Suddenly He shouted: « This is all useless — what a waste of time ».

During the last years of His life this habit of His Indian abhyasis died out.

Instead they showed their love for Him by heart, which is what He wants.

Once, after Master had been to the West, we asked what the difference between Indian and Western grossness was.

He said that the main problem of India was idol worship, creating a stone-like grossness. And polite as He was, He tried to leave the subject at that.

But when we demanded to hear of His findings, in the West, He said: « You are more to the intellectual side — if you will excuse me — vulgar intellectual side ».

This was a very penetrating description of how the Western mind handles thoughts and greatly value the capacity to think when judging a person.

Of course, as with all that Master has said, there is much more to it than just that.

Even His smallest remark on any subject, has deeper meanings to it, which also grows and changes along with yourself. I can not say whether our habit of vulgar intellectual activity has gone yet.

But surely it must come to change, as the Indian habit of touching the feet of the Master has.

Master expressed that He liked that people started meditation when they were still young — like is often the case in the West, but not so much in India.

The reason was, that all the ways of thinking and living had then not set been so fixed, as they often will be after a long time full of repeated habits.

It seems to be some sort of rule, that the young generation must always react on the old.

As part of this reaction here in the West, showed us the need for spirituality — I am surely not against it.

But in India I have often come across youngsters who could not understand why in the world we would come all the way to India for a silly thing like Yoga.

It made me sad, also seeing that they involved more in transistor radios and fashions of the West. In short most of the way of living, that we tried to do away with.

During the later years I have noted more young faces among our Indian brothers and sisters.

I hope that the fashion of doing meditation will spread all over making a new brand of people: « with hearts like Indians and minds like Westerners ». As Babuji would put it.

Being from the West, it is natural that we must have raised niant questions to Babuji, which He might neyer have heard from the Indian abhyasis. But whatever we asked Him. He always gave an answer, free of dogma, habit or expected ways of behaviour.

Once we asked Him His opinion on the use of contraception. He laughed and said: « Then you will have no soldiers ».

I mention this, because it is not more than a week or two ago, that I read in the newspaper, that the German government worried, because of the use of contraceptives, supplying them with too little soldiers!

But in all matters of life, which you could discuss with Babuji, sometimes dragging His opinion out of Him, because the subject was not a purely spiritual one, He always stressed the point that: « Moulding is your own business ».

We often found ourselves in situations where we would stumble in our own silliness.

But after having tried it a lot, I have come to understand, that exposing yourself in this way has often brought me greatest help.

This of course does not mean, that one should try to be silly.

When the question was of a more personal nature — something which would make you a bit shy to ask, He often helped us over that point in the most graceful and amazing way.

Before joining the Mission some of us had experimented with drugs of different kinds, mainly hash, LSD and mescaline. However, we had left this behind before we started meditation. But as those drugs can give strong experiences, a lot of questions about the nature of such experiences remained.

Ole seemed keen on asking Babuji His opinion on LSD, but being somewhat shy about having to present Master with the fact, that he had eaten such things — and clearly understanding that it was not of a spiritual nature, he postponed it every time he had the chance to ask Him.

But one afternoon, when we were in our rooms, he got up with determination and said: « Now I am just going to ask Him ». And off He went, followed by me.

As usual Babuji was in His chair smoking His hooka, apparently absorbed in His own condition.

But the very moment we sat down, He leaned forward, took the words out of Ole's mouth and said: « Now I am telling you about LSD », thereby saving poor Ole the trouble of having to put the question himself.

Then He explained, that when you take LSD, it releases a lot of power — and that in itself was good, but as it was taken without any spiritual basis it was very dangerous and harmful.

It should be avoided under all circumstances, as it was not spiritual at all.

He warned us saying that it could damage the brain. And He had in fact at one or two occasions to deny the help that someone asked from Him here in the West, because the brain was damaged to such an extent, that it was hopeless.

How dangerous it can really be was proven to us on yet another occasion.

A very devoted abhyasi from America was also there. One day Master pulled us aside asking whether that abhyasi took LSD or not, because He was working on some effect in his brain.

When we asked him later on, the poor man got a slight shock, and said that he had taken LSD for the last time two years ago and had touched nothing ever since.

I am sure that this abhyasi will not mind me telling such a thing about him, as it can stand as a warning for others.

About hash and ganja He said, turning to Vibe, apparently reading her condition as it must have been when she tried hachis a few years before: « It is a very smoky condition ». Then laughing along with the rest of us.

The most useful thing He had to say on the subject was: « When you take drugs you spend, when you meditate you gain ».

It must be quite obvious that a man in a condition such as His, has no need for anything else. And subsequently, a person being under the kind training of such a man needs nothing else than to follow Him.

Babuji's work went on with us. Day by day making our condition lighter. He was of course giving the sittings — but that was not His only way of working. Throughout He was working — saying that when you were with Him person to person, He observed your condition every second.

Whether you sat in meditation or stood by the pump washing your hair, He was working on « your case », as He often called it.

Even during your sleep He would work. Sometime He given preferred to do so — because the state of sleep would make it more easy to get your condition to where He wanted it to be. During sleep — He explained, there would not be so much resistance. When you slept He could work at parts in you, which otherwise might cause resistance and delay.

He also said, that a man suffers in his slept as well, and that a Master — if He had the power to do so — could bring out some of the things which you otherwise would have to undergo in real life. You could in other words be made to break your leg in a dream — and suffer the pain there and not elsewhere. If your karma was of that nature.

The more unpleasant things could be touched in your sleep, and could leave you in the form of a good nightmare. I remember one such nightmare, which woke me up in sweat and fear the next morning.

I went straight to Babuji and found Him in His chair in the sun, I squatted next to Him. I related in a few words what had happened to me in my sleep — and I can tell you, that the nightmare was a fearful one indeed.

He listened carefully with at little smile on His face.

Then looking mildly at me He said: « This is all because I am cleaning you in another layer of skin ».

The words in this simple sentence and the way in which they were spoken took out any sense of dramatic importance which I might have attached to the event.

The point is, that it is not what is being cleaned, but the fact that it is being done that is important. Just like if one sweeps the floor of his house, it is the result -- the clean floor, not the dust that we think of.

To my mind too much importance is often given to the things that are being cleaned, instead of to the doing it and the result of doing it. Maybe this habit is more here than in India.

One day Babuji said, that we could fix any of the days He would be in Denmark, and put an advertisement in the newspaper, saying: « Today all the people of Denmark will feel peaceful ».

We told Him, that it would not be needed, though we understood, that if He said so, it would no doubt be so.

Somehow you could feel that He would never say such a thing and not be able to fulfil it, because the manner in which it was said was totally liberated from egoistic feelings of self-importance or pride, leaving no room for the doubt you start feeling when anybody but a real Master announces the great things that he or she will come up with.

When we visited Master again after His return from the West, it was our intention to stay with Him for about 3 weeks — then leave for Sikim, wait there a proper time and then return to Shahjahanpur.

This year was the year when Lalaji's birthday would be celebrated in Madras on a grand scale, as it would be His 100 years birthday.

Of course we wanted to take part in that too, but first have our 3 weeks in Shahjahanpur.

The day before we had to leave for Sikim I went to Vibes room and found her in tears on the bedside.

As it was always very hard to take leave of Babuji, there was nothing strange and unexpected in tears.

But this time it was a real heavy fit. When she had pulled her-self a bit together she expressed the thought which also had made my heart heavy like a stone: « I can not leave ». So what to do? Off we went to see Babuji about this problem of ours. One more problem for Him to solve.

As so often we found Him having His sunbath and Vibe went straight to Him — tears or no tears — and said:

« Babuji, I can not leave, I want to stay with you ». When He heard this He looked at her and said very softly: « Suppose I had 20 children, should I send 10 of them to the other house? » Thereby settling the matter and

having done so He slapped Vibes back, like sailors will do to each other, when they have saved the ship through a great storm.

When our friends heard that we would not leave along with them as planned, they might have thought something or the other of us — but it didn't seem to make them want to change their plans.

How ever, those plans did not last long — at least for two of them.

That evening Babuji called us for meditation and the transmission was of such a nature, that it was evident that staying with Him was the only sane thing to do.

Having solved my own problem already, I could at ease and with great joy follow what went on between Jan and Jens, or rather — what went on inside them.

Suddenly they disappeared into Babujis room again, where He was still sitting, and a minute later they returned with sparkling eyes and said: « We will also stay ».

So next morning only two of our party left as planed.

This was the beginning of a four month long stay with Babuji. Four months where we would only leave His premises if it was absolutely necessary.

After a few days the idea appeared, that staying like this meant work for us.

As far as I remember, Babuji was talking — for no apparent reason — about His book « Philosophy ».

We listened to Him expressing the idea, that this book would be good for newcomers to the Mission and we quickly caught the idea that we could take up the work of having it translated into Danish.

And soon — with Babuji's blessings and promise of a good result — we went straight to work.

Beginning to translate we thought: « Oh well, if we cannot understand something, we can just go and have it all explained by Babuji ». Not actually realizing, at that moment, that such an idea carried the idea in it of pushing the responsibility for a good result on to Him.

Soon We came to a part in the book where we did not understand the real meaning behind the words.

But well, off we went to present to Babuji our inability to go deeply into work.

Babuji took His glasses laying beside Him. Putting them carefully on He took the book out of Jens's hand and began searching for the line in question.

Then He read it equally carefully, but apparently not quite understanding what the meaning of it all was.

Then He put the book down starting some explanation which made no sense whatsoever.

When we had listened to it for a while, we could not stand h any more, picked up the book and left Babuji to Himself with the words: « Oh well, Babuji, it will be all right ». When we were back at work, we decided never to ask Him one single thing again.

This, as we would later come to understand, was to His full satisfaction and what He had actually wanted right from the start.

It is a great job to translate Masters books. Great because of the care you must take in doing it well, but most of all great because of the chance it giyen you to really go deeply into the text, forcing you to do the utmost to understand the meaning of it fully.

When you translate Masters books, you must make sure, that the outcome is really a translation of the book to the smallest detail — not a rewriting with personal ambitions and inter-pretations added.

Babuji demands, that what He calls — « the flow » — must be there, The flow being the flow of His power in the text, the pulse, so to speak, like the pulse of a piece of music. Without that flow, the words of the text, even if they may be correctly translated, will be dead, and therefore not be the words of the Master anymore.

Babuji used to say, that He never thought of writing correct english — in a strict way. If a word or a way of writing suited Him, He would use it and not consider whether it was right or wrong.

In the same way we must try to translate His books not thinking too much of the language, but thinking all the lime of the Master and His message.

When doing so, the work of translation turns into one long meditation, pulling His attention and transmission.

And in this beautiful way it comes to serve you, while you are serving Him by translating His book.

Our days got absorbed in the work and I remember one day, where we used the whole day in verbal fights over the meaning of one word. I think it was the word « light », whether the meaning of it should be « not heavy » or just light.

None of us would give way.

Otherwise we were only interrupted by meals and sometimes a short rest before Master, working sometimes Piye to six hours a day or more because the work got such a hold on us, that we did not like to leave it — even for a minute.

It was just like reading a detective story — you had to go on until the end.

Lalaji's book « Truth eternal » was released that year and I remember a small but funny episode.

I have always read many books, but before meeting Master, I often felt that many books were more words, than the help I was looking for.

After having started the meditation under Him, I practically gave up reading. But now that Lalaji's book was released I felt that I had to give it a try.

I had only read one or two lines before I felt that it was very difficult to follow. But I would not allow myself to give it up. One day I was on the terrace next to Master, book in hand trying to read.

He must have sensed my difficulties, because suddenly He said with something like disapproval in His voice: « It is a very old book », then added in a happier tone: « Now He has written some new ones ».

I was struck with joy, putting down « Truth Eternal » and not picking it up until years later, when — through His grace — I could understand some of it.

One day we got hold of an old radio, as we were very keen on listening to Indian classical music.

We used to sit in our room listening to the good programs late at night.

One day we had learnt that there would be a recital by one of South India's famous singers on the air.

But somehow we got in doubt whether it would be more fun to be with Babuji.

Finally we decided to turn on the radio and did so.

The sweet sound of an American vocal trio — a so called bar-bershop trio — reached our ears singing:

« Turn on the Masters radio set and get in contact with God ». After having listened carefully to hear if our ears deceived us or not, we burst into laughter because of this Real joke Master played on us.

Gone were all ideas of « All Indian National Program of Music », and turning off « the Masters radio set » we went straight down to its owner.

When we had been with Him for a while in His room, not saying much, because He was quietly going through some letters, Vibe suddenly started trying to persuade Him to make Lalaji give us a sitting.

Master smiled and softly said: « It is not yet time for that ». Then returned to His quiet work.

Nobody said anything, just sitting there on the soft rug on Masters floor feeling His nearness, when suddenly there was a change in the atmosphere, so distinct that it made us look up and at each other. It is not easy to describe it in words, but it was felt as if something or someone was attentive to us. Not saying anything, but still looking at each other, we did not know whether we should begin to meditate or not. But since Master was still occupied with His work — as if nothing had happened — we just continued sitting as we did, sensing a soft vibration in the air.

After five or six minutes it disappeared and we flew at Master asking: « Was it Lalaji! Was it Lalaji! » — Very excited. He smiled and softly said: « Yes He was here ».

It is easy to understand, that later that evening, we thanked Babuji from the bottom of our hearts for having saved us from « the Masters radio set ».

Once we expressed to Babuji the wish to go to Fategarh to visit the Samadhi of Lalaji, see His house and soon. Babuji said: « Why? There is nothing there ».

A common and natural question which newcomers in the Mission will often ask is, how and on what grounds Babuji will select and make preceptors.

I guess the question can never be fully answered, because that is for Him alone to do and decide.

But first of all it seems obvious, that the need for a preceptor must be there in your local part of the world. Secondly, think that having that power from Him or any other power or approach an abhyasi can get, is never given to him alone. In fact I more and more think, that it is mainly given to others through him who in his turn has it from the Master. It is but natural, that what we have from Babuji, we do not get to spread ourselves, but only to spread His message. Babuji is in no way dependant on His preceptors — even though this misunderstanding can easily come up.

Let me relate one small incident, which puts the preceptors of the Mission where they belong in a clear and very simple way.

One day Babuji was standing in the small courtyard next to the kitchen. He was not in a very happy mood. In fact He seemed a bit annoyed.

He said: « Really one man is enough for the whole of the world, but now that I have made all there preceptors, I must also give them work ».

Then He spoke no more of that, but it was evident, that not only did He make the preceptors, He also had to do most of their work for them and if they sought work He also had to find that.

One afternoon when Vibe had left for Sitapur along with Sister Kasturi, the rest of us were found as usual in our chairs in front of Babuji.

Nobody said anything.

Then Babuji suddenly turned to me and said: « I will put you to work. You should work for Holland and Belgium ». As this information came quite unexpected — though the idea of working for Him was not unknown to my heart — I got so confused, that half of what He said escaped me. Moreover He talked in such a low voice, almost a whisper, that much of what I did get was lost in a mumble, leaving my poor heart

in doubt whether He had in fact talked to me or if it was my own cars that had deceived me.

So I had to sit there in my confused state half-way in panic — and try to figure out what the meaning of all this really was.

It was not made any easier by the fact that Babuji seemed totally unwilling to repeat Himself.

At this point I was so overpowered that I could find nothing else to do, than to quickly retire to my room, very much needing to be alone.

My friends could or would not help me clear up the matter. So I made up my mind to forget it all and not give it a second thought.

But, of course, the effect was already there amounting to good deal of cleaning. Thoughts were rushing through my mind followed by waves of heat and cold. And after a short while my poor self felt just like disappearing once and for all.

Some days later Vibe returned.

In the meantime Babuji had not returned to the subject in words. He seemed in fact to have forgotten me totally and I had not dared ask Him anything, though I was very suspicious about what He was up to.

But as soon as He saw Vibe, He happily went over to her and told her the good news that He was putting me to work, now speaking in such a way that even I could follow Him. I got very moved and extremely happy.

Ending the conversation, Babuji said:

« Then you can compete like horses in a race. It is always better to keep two dogs, when one does not like to bark, the other will ».

Having a bit of faith in the Master, I think — and that goes for all of us — in due course of time we will all be turned into human beings.

A few days later He wanted me to come along to the sites of the Ashram which was under construction at that time. Turning down the others in their eagerness to go also, making me a bit happy — shame on me — of their envy.

We walked to the main street of Shahjahanpur where a lot of rickshaws had their base. Found one, ascended and started for the Ashram which is a bit out of town. The streets of Shahjahanpur are very, very crowded. Everything seems to move with a minimum of space in between.

I was sitting next to Babuji — lost in my own thoughts —when Babuji suddenly reached out and pulled me towards Himself.

Then I saw the horn of a water-buffalo passing where my shoulder had just been a second ago.

I was shocked and shameful thinking, that had it been the other way around, I would probably not have been alert enough to save Him, lost in my own thoughts as I had been. Babuji had also seemed even more lost in His own thoughts. But maybe there are two ways of being lost. One for yourself alone, and one for others alone.

With no further interruptions we reached the Ashram. The construction work was progressing well and almost finished. They were now drilling for water, which was the reason for our being there. They expected to find water the very same day and we stayed for quite a long time. But no water was found.

Babuji took me around to inspect the buildings pointing and explaining with enthusiasm and very keen on knowing if I was satisfied — which I was indeed.

Then for no apparent reason, while we were resting in the shadows of one of the half-way constructed walls, Babuji said: « When a nation becomes fully starving — like India —it becomes a nation of robbers, but when a nation becomes half-starving, it becomes spiritualized ».

I found words leaping out of my mouth when I answered: « Then I think we have all better become half-starving ». The smile on Babuji's face that followed this answer of mine, gave me the feeling, that I — only a youngster — did not know what that really meant.

But without jumping to conclusions, you can see how the living conditions of the West have decreased in the later years. Though we are still far too rich.

Anyway, these words of Babuji's always come to my mind whenever the talk of our « problems » in the West is on. Our main problem seems to be the clinging to more than plenty, not willing to share with « the robbers ».

Instead of returning right away we crossed some fields in order to visit one of the local preceptors, a lady living nearby. Her husband had tried to imite us all for dinner a few days earlier, but had been turned down by Babuji and seemed still not able to forgive Him.

He hardly said hello, then went straight to bed right next to where we sat, covered himself from head to foot in a blanket and turned His back on us.

Nobody minded.

We were served tea and sweets. But when I saw Babuji eating I got very sad because I knew He had a stomach ache.

On our way home, sitting in the richshaw, night fell on us — as sudden as it always does in India.

Through the almost total darkness the sound of Babuji's humming voice reached my ears, reminding me how Babuji had told us that Lalaji would always sing when He suffered from pain.

I wanted to put my arms around Him, but did not dare. Remembering it now, I ought to be kicked for not having done it. But I console myself by the thought, that touching Him might only have made His pain worse.

Though He, of course, would only have appreciated that too.

Some days later we left for Madras to be there before Master's arrival for Lalaji's Birth Centenary Celebration, February 1973.

One day during those grand days in Madras, Babuji told me to be at Chari's house the next morning at 10 o'clock sharp.

I said that I would surely be there, and Chari instructed me a second time being a bit more sharp.

It was not hard to get up the next morning.

In fact, I think I was on the spot ten minutes before ten even, happily waiting.

Master called me about half past ten — this being a good occasion to learn that it was the being sharp and not the time that meant most to Him.

Then He gave a sitting in which He prepared me for preceptorship. Never before had I felt so much confusion and so many thoughts in a sitting.

After it was over He said: « Now I think you must be feeling very peaceful ».

And though my condition seemed far from that, I knew Babuji well enough to answer: « Yes Babuji ».

He went on by instructing me not to take solid food that day, have some rest and give the group sitting in Chari's house the very next day. Pushing me to work, so to speak.

Later on, when I had been on my own for a while, the peace that Babuji had foreseen fell on me.

Had it not been because of the demand that I had to offer sweets for everyone the next day after my first sitting, I could have stayed in that peace.

I admit that I got very irritated having to think of sweets, and not of the inner kind.

But, as Babuji once told us: « You must follow the rules and customs of the country you are in ».

I was a bundle of nerves at the thought of giving a sitting to such a lot of people, among whom were some of our senior members of India.

I could really not imagine myself in front of them asking them to meditate. Surely, they would just have a good laugh. In a shaking voice I asked Master: « What shall I do? » But He answered coolly: « Experience will show ».

The only instruction He has ever given me on how to do the preceptors work.

The next day I managed to say: « Please start », even if I was trembling and prayed for my life.

I saw the transmission going on as easily as water runs from a tap.

I was amazed indeed!

When I had whispered: « That's all! », nobody laughed and everybody seemed pleased. Not with me — of course, but with having once more been favoured with Master's grace.

I shall never forget one evening after the celebration was well over.

Babuji was in Chari's house, tired but happy. Some of our Indian sisters were singing, for Him to make Him relax. During an intermission between songs Kasturi, sitting next to Him on the floor, said: « Babuji, now you sing for us ». Everybody got quiet. You could hear a needle fall.

Babuji started laughing shyly, trying to get Himself out of this sudden mess.

We knew that it was not His habit to sing, because Lalaji — who was Himself a good singer — had forbidden Him ever to do so, after having heard Babuji's singing once.

Babuji had promised Him never to do it again.

Now He turned in His chair like a worm on the hook, laughing and refusing with less and less strength.

But we would not let Him off the hook.

Then He said, that He had to go to the bathroom, and went off.

Returning, He found no change of atmosphere, and had to go to the bathroom once again.

Second return found still no change and He gave way, asked for the souvenir printed for the occasion, put on His glasses and sat quietly for a while memorizing a devotional song written for Lalaji and printed in the souvenir.

I was amazed at how quickly He was able to learn the verses by heart — and then He went into breaking His promise to Lalaji.

He was singing. Indeed He was singing!

Swaying in His chair from side to side, arms raised in front of him, eyes closed and tears of devotion running down His cheeks. He was completely gone with the song losing His breath and singing in a most powerful way.

Had I listened to it from a purely musical point of view, I would have heard that every note was out of tune.

But since I was listening to my Master singing — I was totally blown away. First laughing then crying, because His appearance while singing was at the same time human to the extreme and yet of a totally different world. A world unknown but more Real than this.

I could see that Chari was happy — being a modern man he had equipped himself with a cassette tape recorder — and was now recording the tape of his life.

After a while of listening to this strange song, Chari touched Babuji's arm and said: « That's enough Babuji » — getting Babuji, who seemed to have lost all consciousness of time and place, to stop His singing.

He got out of His song and said with surprise:

« Oh! is it enough ».

Minutes later He sat as if He had forgotten the whole thing, absorbed in His own as always.

Next morning when we returned to house, he was very proud and happy as a child about having been smart enough to catch the song of Master on tape.

Now He put the tape on, pressed the button and spoiled the whole thing. As the inside of the tape recorder reacted as a mad and hungry tiger eating its breakfast.

A true voice-eater.

I guess that Babuji did not want the whole world to know that He had broken His promise to Lalaji.

I think it might have been the same evening that the singing went on, that yet another powerful and moving thing happened.

Suddenly in the middle of everything Babuji jumped out of His chair, took a rose — which was lying next to Him on a small table - placing it in the chair He placed Himself on the floor in front of it.

He went into meditation and when I looked at Him, He seemed transformed into, not the Master as we knew Him so well, but the perfect abhyasi that we ought to be.

Everybody went into meditation. The Transmission was very soft and very powerful and lasted for 20 minutes, then ended as abruptly as it had started.

About one and a half month before the celebration in Madras Babuji fell suddenly seriously ill.

One night Jens and I were sitting with Him in His room together with an Indian brother, when Babuji began to tell the story of how He had not been too well cared for by some abhyasis in the West.

The story was both sad and humorous to the extreme. In fact, Babuji did not just tell it — calmly wrapped up in His blanket, soft pillows behind His back — no, He jumped to His feet and acted the whole thing as if it was a drama in a theatre.

He portrayed character after character, according to when and where in the drama they would appear on stage.

Laying before our wondering eyes, their whole personality, their thoughts, behaviour and hidden motives. Doing it in such a way, that it

became clear that He, the Master, knew more about them, than they will ever come to know themselves.

Our moods changed quickly from tears to laughter, as He staged the scenes one after the other, going into even the smallest details in order to make the scenery as lively as had we ourselves taken part in it.

It was a breathless condition. And somehow almost too terrifying.

In fact, you could not only understand by thought what was going on inside the characters involved, you could feel it, as if it was you, yourself.

When the drama had come to an end, our Indian brother, in a rather shook-up condition, reacted by saying:

»Babuji, you must never tell this story to anyone — it must be kept secret«.

But Babuji was of quite another Opinion and said:

»No, such a good story should be told a hundred and one times«.

But I will leave it for others to do so, if it is needed at all.

The next morning Babuji did not come out of His room — He was very ill.

One who would have known Him better, might have seen it coming when He did His drama the preceding evening. Even though it — in itself — might not have had anything to do with it.

But ill He was.

If we entered His room it was almost impossible to not start drawing power from Him, because the Transmission was felt so strongly that it took all your willpower just to keep your eyes open.

We knew that meditation in the same room as He was ill in was strictly forbidden — so we almost did not dare to go there. On the other hand, it was unbearable to think of Him lying there all alone in severe pains.

So we made it a rule to go once every day and look to Him. I remember it as something quite dreadful.

He was lying there on His bed all pale and devastated, yet not showing His pain, and in contradiction to all common sense, smoking His hooka as always.

But the pain was there — no doubt — leaving you next to His bedside with a feeling of helplessness.

Seeing Him in such a condition Vibe once said to Him: « Babuji, Lalaji must be a very cruel Master to let You suffer like this ».

On hearing this Babuji reacted by jumping up, waving His fist in the air, shouting:

« No He is a very good Master ».

Then he fell back into His illness again. Showing us a shocking glimpse of the Personality behind it all. But as Babuji was never the one waste — as I have told before — He did not waste now either.

We prayed for Him every day, and thus got a glimpse of how finite we in fact loved Him, a really depressing experience, but a lesson most of us unfortunately need in our bringing up. Day by day His condition got worse, until one day it reached a point where we found it so alarming that we took it upon ourselves to send telegrams to both sister Kasturi and Chari.

A few days later we received letters from Chari and Kasturi asking us to send telegrams every day informing about Babuji's condition.

Kasturi wrote:

« If my Babuji Maharaj does not get well soon, I will go in hunger strike against Lalaji ».

She may have had second thoughts about the nature of such a strike, because she had tried to erase the word « hunger ». Babuji's illness lasted for three weeks. Then He slowly got better. And finally one morning — where the sun for once was hiding behind some dark clouds — He stepped out of His room, not very strong, but at least on His feet.

He looked at the sky and said:

« If I do not see the sky for three days I get heavy ».

Soon after He was into a good quarrel with Marlin — the old seryant who made His hooka, shouting at her and putting us at ease about His health.

But being angry and quarreling with someone was not common for Master — except in the case of Marlin — with her He got really angry, shouting and even pretending to hit her.

He explained, that if He had to raise His voice, He would automatically become angry.

And poor Marlin was almost totally deaf.

We could not understand what was said during such quarrels, but an Indian abhyasi once translated — on our request — the exchange of words like this:

Babuji: « I will turn you into a sheghost when you die ». Marlin: « Then I will surely come and haunt you every night ». Once Marlin asked permission to have a few days off in order to take part in the « Kumb Mehla », a very important religious festival, and Master had given her three days. I thought nothing of it, but the day she returned I was with Master in His room helping Him with some eye drops. He was laying flat on His back on the floor and I was dropping His eyes when Marlin came to the door and greeted Him.

Out of the joy that radiated from Him, I got the strangest feeling, that He had in fact missed her.

A minute or two later they were quarreling like always. When we were told, that Marlin had died — half a year in advance of Babuji we were also told, that Babuji had given her Liberation, and was wondering which region to put her in. What a happy ghost she must have become.

Master's physical condition has always been a mystery, not only to the doctors. He told us how He by just looking at a boule of medecine, was able to tell what the medicine could cure.

Then He told a story, which illustrated this.

Once He was given medicine by a doctor. Somehow the doctor had given Him a medicine working on another part of the body, than the one desired.

Babuji immediately told Him so and where the medicine in fact worked. The doctor was amazed and asked what kind of man Babuji was. When he came to know that Babuji was a spiritual man, he could understand.

Babuji often sulfered from pains of some sort or the other. In winter time — when we came to see Him — it was often the back that troubled Him.

Once a physiotherapist — a girl called Àse — gave Him some massage in order to lessen a severe pain in the back. While she was doing her job, Babuji commented on her result, as it progressed, saying:

« Now 90% remains, now 70%, now 60% ».

Until they reached the point where 10% remained. Then He said:

« Now 10% remains, please stop. I want to keep it to Myself ».

Babuji's whole relation to His body, it's needs and so on, was somewhat strange at times.

In the winter, when most of the time it was cold enough to make even a northern European put on winter clothes, boots, sweater, socks and a warm blanket around your body to protect you from the cold draft, we often found Babuji in His chair wearing His thin dhoti, an old sweater — wrapped up in a very thin blanket — and above all, with bare feet. He seemed totally unmindful of it. He simply did not feel the cold. He did not even like to hear about it, and thus left us in a somewhat frustrated state of mind, as we knew that His body would be affected anyhow.

Only on very cold Mats His grand-daughter brought Him Clay pot full of burning coal, over which He might occasionally warm His hands. More often forgetting that too. He told us, that when He was a child, He took off all His clothes on such cold nights and went outside to sit for a while, afterwards feeling very warm, when He returned inside. Often, when we could not bear to look at His feet exposed to the cold any more, we began to persuade Him to put on some socks.

I remember one such occasion where I took up that work.

For three days — or should I say cold nights — I kept reminding Him of His socks.

It sounds easy enough, but as you could really feel, that He got annoyed by being disturbed by such reminders — maybe when He was doing higher work even — it was not that easy not to let yourself drop the matter, leaving it a matter between Lalaji and Babuji.

And surely enough He kept giving the same answer:

« Then it will become my second nature », letting you know between the lines, that He did not in the least like to have any second nature whatsoever.

But I made up my mind, that if He could be stubborn, I could also — and decided to go on with it for as long as He wanted it to last.

But on the third day He gave up and said:

« All right, I will put them on, otherwise Mr. Thomas will be angry with me ».

Since He often suffered from lumbago during the winter, we once brought Him an electric blanket from Denmark.

As expected He refused it all together, giving so many good reasons why He was not in need of such a thing.

But Jens and I had made up our minds — even before leaving Denmark, well instructed by Vibe, and not wanting to spend the rest of our days in the Foreign Legion we had nothing to lose — and went straight to work.

First of all we got so far, that He allowed us to show Him how it worked — of course still refusing to touch it Himself. We took care to instruct Him in the use of it, as if it was a natural thing, that He would also use it.

And with Babuji's curious nature, the thing soàn caught His interest.

And after three or four days He gave way and agreed to give it a try — but for one night only.

Knowing that He was a man of moderation we told Him that He, of course, only had to keep it on the lowest heating, and once convinced that using it would not go against His sense of moderation, He seemed a bit more at ease with the project.

We knew that we had won but made sure not to show Him, in order not to make Him change His mind.

The next morning He appeared on the terrace, very pleased with the good nights sleep the blanket had offered Him and began w praise it very much. In the course of the following days He invited every visitor into His bedroom in order to demonstrate this wonder to them.

But one thing is certain.

No material thing could really have any staying effect on His body and health.

If for some concealed reason of His, His body was to be un-comfortable, it would remain so, no matter what you tried to impose upon Him from the material world.

Once He told us, that a person having done away with His own karma, really had no reason to stay on in this world any more, the karma or samskaras being the reason for his coming here in the first run, saying:

« My existense is like without a spinalcord ».

As He said so, He moved His hand as if He was spreading something on the floor all around Him. Then adding: « One piece here, one piece there ».

Now He went into explaining, that such a Man — if He was of the Highest — had to secure His own life, so to speak, and He could do so by snatching the samskaras of those around Him.

Vibe said, thinking about saving Him from some of His pain: « But Babuji, could you not take the good samskaras only ». Babuji answered:

« They are all mixed ».

It was clear to us that the only thing that meant anything to Him was to bring out the work, that Lalaji had bestowed upon Him. Be it with or without pain.

Writing this, of course, does not mean, that when ever we — His abhyasis — might have a slight headache — we should start thinking that we have snatched something from our neighbour. This kind of work is for the Master alone.

Once we asked Master whether He would be reborn or not. He answered us, saying that He would not mind, that He did not know and that it was all left to Lalaji.

Then He added:

« If I am reborn, then I will become a better saint, because of all the good work I have done in this life ».

One day Babuji had read in the newspaper that the Nobel Prize had been given to, as far as I remember, Henry Kissinger. He looked a bit annoyed saying: « Why didn't they give it to me — they should have given it to me — look at all the peace I have given to the people ».

No! The only thing which we can give Him, the only thing which can give Him relief when in pain is our love. Much can we do and much do we do, but if there is no love, what have *we* then really done?

Simple unassuming love.

That is — to my mind what He has always been giving us.

Nothing but that.

One could almost attempt to think, that all our efforts, all our meditation, « cleaning », joy, sorrow and happiness, our lack of understanding and determination to go on — all this and all of Master's toil and labour to bring us up — has only this One Goal. Love.

Real Love, the nature of which will be revealed to us in due course.

One could almost believe, that we could drop all other things — even within the Ram Chandra Mission — but once we dropped that Love, everything would be lost.

Let me end by yet one more small episode, which in all its simplicity always will have a special place in my heart and memory of Babuji.

It was a rather cold night around 11 o'clock. We were all sitting along with Babuji on the terrace.

Suddenly, while the talk was going on, Babuji got out of His chair and went to the kitchen.

After say 10 minutes He returned with a still warm Roti in His hand and started distributing pieces of it to all of us. When He saw that we liked it, He started talking highly of Roties in general, pointing out how they would be extra tasty if a bit of salt and butter were added.

When the Roti was gone, so was He, again to the kitchen. Only to return with yet another Roti, which was shared among us in the same way.

Three or four times He reappeared on the terrace with newly baked Roties, and I think He would gladly have kept it up all night, had we not stopped Him.

Then, when He was seated again, after also having had His share of Roti, He pushed the clay pot with burning coal — over which He had just warmed His feet — towards me, and said in the most soft way:

« Do you like it? »