



## **Fond Memories on Great Men By Pujya Guruji – B. DEVADAS RAO**

### **PUBLISHER'S NOTE**

Life of a man is an ocean of innumerable experiences. During the entire period of his life it is inevitable that this journey has to go on with a mixture of successes and failures. As he travels with an ardent desire to get happiness, peace and contentment, he finds the failures are more than the successes in life. With a little effort this can be changed and life can be made to become memorable. Our ancient rishis and saints who understood the essence behind life have shown by their own example that it is possible to get permanent happiness / bliss through the spiritual path. The contribution of our great country in this matter is immense and "Himalayan Tradition", particularly has remained as the permanent centre point of world spiritualism till today.

A student who even during his childhood had an intense desire for learning goes through school and college and attains a degree. This degree lands him with a job in Vijaya Bank. After becoming an inspector in the Bank, he travels the length and breadth of India. This tour of India enables him to look after his plant of spiritualism with great care and make it grow into a big tree and this true story is incomparable. The same person who took voluntary retirement at the peak of his career in the Bank, established at Yelathoor, Kinnigoli near Mulki, Dakshina Kannada, Karnataka, Shri Shakthi Darshan Yogashram along with some persons who were fellow travelers. Today he has become familiar as "Poojya Guruji Devadas" for innumerable students of spiritualism.

We have made an effort to record in this small book “**SMRUTI**” some of the true incidents which took place during the mid years of Poojya Guruji’s life and which had inspired and influenced him. The incidents written in this book are real life incidents which had deep influence on Guruji. Ashram took up the project of publishing this book feeling that these real life incidents would inspire readers and is successfully releasing it on the occasion of “Guru Poornima”. Dear readers, make a path for the development of spiritualism in your life by reading this book and let your life become blissful.

Shri Shakthi Darshan Yogashram,  
Kinnigoli

## **BELIEVER IS NEVER LET DOWN.**

Having completed specialization in Jawaharlal Nehru medical college (JNMC) Belgaum, Ramachandra Babu reached his home town Vijayawada in Andra Pradesh as a practicing physician. He planned to start a children's Nursing Home. He got encouragement and financial assistance from his would be father in law.

During his studies the most favourite professor of Ramachandra Babu was Professor Dr. V.J. Ankola, the H.O.D of surgery department. Professor Ankola would do any difficult surgery smilingly with the least time. This was his speciality. The main reason for this was his eighteen years experience in the famous King George Hospital of England. After coming to India, as a patriot, he worked for five years in the military hospital, Pune and became famous as an expert surgeon. Further, when the offer came from Belgaum college, he accepted the offer thinking of spending his last days there itself.

The main reason for his becoming famous in the medical college was his humorous work. When he comes to the class every student's face would beam with smile. Only when the class was over student would come to know that one hour was over. Dr Ankola, though was a Gandhian, was a disciplinarian. After completing 12 years of service at J.N.M.C. at the age of 69, he retired. There after he started his own hospital in Belgaum.

When Ramachandra Babu completed his education Dr. Ankola had just started his clinic. Dr Babu and his colleagues were very happy after

visiting the modern well equipped hospital of their teacher. At his native place Vijayawada, in the out-house of their compound Dr Ramachandra Babu started his children's Hospital.

Within 6 months there was heavy rush of patients. Soft natured Dr Ramachandra Babu quickly earned fame. One year after reaching Vijayawada, Dr Ramachandra Babu developed pain in the right side of his lower abdomen. For some time he consulted local doctors, but the treatment was not successful. Then he got diagnosed by specialist doctor at Guntur Medical College and they opted for surgery. He decided to get the operation done by Dr Ankola. He reached Belgaum along with his friend Harinath and mother. Next day he met Dr. Ankola and submitted all the reports from Guntur medical college. Dr Ankola happily agreed to remove the problems of his dear student. But on thorough examination he did not find the symptoms of the disease mentioned in the report. Even after questioning his patient he had some doubt. A doubt, that the investigation done at the medical college was not correct. As the modern equipments available at Guntur medical college were not available in Belgaum he could not conduct re investigation. Apart from that patient was deteriorating day by day. Operation had to be conducted within 24 hour. It was decided to start the operation at 8 PM.

At the right time Dr Ramachandra babu was taken to operation theatre. He was given anesthesia and the operation started. When the liver was opened, there was no problem. But another organ had decomposed. But instruments necessary to operate that organ were not available at that moment. As the effect of anesthesia would be over soon, the operation was to be completed soon invariably. Dr Ankola was in a

dilemma. If the opening was stitched without operating the infected organ patient may collapse. If operation was to be done there were no necessary instruments. What to do? Perturbed like this, his eyes fell on the picture of Kanchi Kama Koti Swamiji hanging on the wall. With deep devotion he prayed for guidance. Four days back some patient had given that picture. With the closed eyes he prayed devotionally and without looking aside started the operation with the available instruments and completed it within 30 minutes. Operation was successful. He was happy that he had become successful at last. He had done the operation that could not have been done by an ordinary Doctor with the available instruments. It may not be wrong to say that the training he had in England was the reason for the same.

After the operation the patient was brought out. Medicines were given along with glucose through veins. Dr Ankola was glad that his work was completed successfully. But if the experts of the medical college themselves do such mistakes how is it? So he thought of sending them a detailed letter. He was pleased that his hands that had 32 years of experience in surgery had saved the life of his student, and submitted his prayer to

the God. He came home and retired for rest. At 2.15am, the duty doctor in the hospital telephoned to him-"Condition of Dr Ramachandra Babu is deteriorating. Pulse rate is coming down. Till now two bottles of glucose and medicine are given and the third dose is being given. We are waiting for your further instruction." Ramachandra Babu was Dr Ankolas favourite student. What a controversy. For the one who had come from thousands of miles away with the intention of getting cured in the hands

of his teacher, getting death from the same hands? This should not happen, thinking this he got up with a whirlwind of thoughts. He meditated for some time to bring back his usual calmness, had some tea and left to the hospital. At hospital, he again did a thorough investigation of his patient. By then it was 3.00AM. He could not find in Belgaum any specialist who could be called. Using his intelligence and knowledge he gave the best available treatment. Then with the intension of consulting his friends he went to retiring room. By closing his eyes he prayed to Kanchi Kama Koti Swamiji and Swami Rama. With deep devotion and complete surrender he prayed. God can do the thing that is not possible for any Doctor to do. He prayed to save his beloved student. He stepped into deep meditation.

At 5 AM the telephone rang. Getting up from meditation he received the call. That phone call was from his friend Richard of England. He had reached Bombay at 5.00 and would be coming by flight to Belgaum at 7 AM, with an intention of meeting Dr Ankola!. Dr Ankola immediately offered to come to aerodrome to pick him up.

Here, the condition of Dr Ramachandra Babu was deteriorating. Heart beats were falling to the minimum. After giving necessary medicines he left the remaining to God, said a few consoling words to his mother and hurried to the aerodrome. He received Dr Richards and took him to home in his car. In the car he narrated the ailment of Dr Ramachandra babu. Richard was a diagnostic expert. He had to attend one conference of diagnostic specialists to be held the next day at Bangalore. But on his way he thought of meeting his old friend and came to Belgaum. On hearing the details he asked Dr Ankola to drive straight to the hospital, and they reached the hospital at 7.30. The

condition of the patient had become worse. Richards examined him thoroughly, and took a life saving medicine from his bag and injected it. Dr Ankola heaved a sigh of relief. Within 10-15 minutes the pulse rate increased and both were happy. They informed the progress to Babu's mother also and her worried face also had a smile of hope. There was an atmosphere of relief.

They went home and had breakfast. As Dr Richards had to catch the 3.00pm flight to Bangalore he was asked to take rest. Instructing his wife to call him as soon as Dr Richards wakes up, Dr Ankola left to the hospital.

By 10am Ramachandra Babu regained consciousness. Dr Ankola was terribly happy. All are the making of the destiny. Why should Dr Richards come to meet him after 20 years, at this crucial moment itself? Why should he bring with him that life saving drug which was not available in India? All this was providence. When God helps, he helps through ordinary people. With doubled devotion Dr Ankola worshipped God and Guru. At 3' O clock he escorts Dr Richards to aerodrome and saw him off to Bangalore. He invited me for dinner and told that he had lot many things to discuss. I immediately agreed.

By 9.00 I was in their house. He was very close to me. During 1970 to 73 while I was working as bank manager we were very close friends. During dinner he narrated about the life-death episode of Ramachandra babu. Though he was older than me by 30 years; he had lot of love for me. He said "I have deep belief in God. I think that is why this miracle has happened. That day, in the operation theatre there was the picture of Kanchi Kamkoti Swami. I had prayed to him with devotion. The work

was done. Like this I had prayed to swamy Rama also.” “Who is swamy Rama?” I asked. He took from his book shelf the book “Living with Himalayan Masters”-he said “I have read it. You too read. I have special devotion to him” That was when I first saw the picture of “swamy Rama”. For a moment I craved “if only he could be my Guru! Then Doctor Ankola requested me to accompany him to Kanchipuram to meet the swamy. Due to pressure of office work I could not go, hence politely refused the offer. After 10 days, completely cured Ramachandra Babu left to Vijayawada via Madras. Dr Ankola also accompanied him till Madras and went to Kanchi. Kanchi Swamiji during those days was not permitting any one to touch him or come near by, but used to bless every one from a distance only. But he asked Dr Ankola to come near and enquired “how was the operation? It was done by me only!” Doctor had brought with him Rs 10000/-, that he received as fee for that operation. He placed the cover at the feet of Swamiji and begged for blessings. Swamiji smilingly said “those who have deep devotion in God and Guru will never be let down. Dr Ankola was overwhelmed with surprise and happiness he has not told any one that he was a Doctor or a surgeon. How did the Swami know this? He was wonderstruck.

Next day of his return to Belgaum on his way to the hospital he called on me at my office and narrated everything. He explained Mr. Rao “you continue your yoga practice. Let you also get extraordinary person like swami Rama as your Guru”. His words became true in 1986. When I hurried to Belgaum to inform him that his words have materialized, I came to know from his daughter that Dr. Ankola had left the world a

year ago. Dear meditators, you also believe “A believer is never let down.”

### **AGHORI BABA - I**

Some years back i.e. in the year 1971, a remarkable incident took place in my life. Though the incident was not a big one still it had deep rooted effect on me.

I was working as a bank manager in Belgaum ( KARNATAKA ). Our home was situated on the 1<sup>st</sup> floor of our office.

It was a Thursday and as usual I had opened the office at 8.00 AM and was going through that day's newspaper. It was around 8.30 AM. We saw a well built man standing in front of office gate. The cleaning woman after seeing that man started saying in Marathi – “ITHA KONN NAHHI. YE OFFICE AAHE. PUDHE CHALA.” I heard it. I did not give attention to it as I thought he was a beggar. In a few minutes that man came inside the gate and standing at the door of our office chanted aloud “OM NAMA SHIVAYA”. After that I heard his pompous laughter. I came out after hearing that laughter. Even though he was wearing a Rudraksha-Mala, the mala which was out shining the other one was made up of small skulls! I thought it must have been prepared out of the dead children's skulls. On his forehead was VIBHUTI -NAMA. There were two dogs standing by his side. He was holding their chains. Since he had talked to cleaning women in Hindi, I too, asked him in Hindi – “Aap Ko kya Chahiye?”. He said “ Mei Dharmasthal Jaane wala Hoon. Kuch Paise Mangtha Hoon.” He also told me that he is from AGHORI

PANTH and has come here wondering and will be going ahead to Dharmasthal on a pilgrimage. I gave him Rs. 5 /-which was with me. He took it and laughed for sometime. Then he asked is it possible to go to Dhramasthal with this Rs. 5/-? Without saying anything I gave him Rs. 10/-more. Accepting it very happily he blessed me. He also said “let God shower all His blessings on you”. He then continued “this place and this job are not suited for you. You will be treading a different path altogether. You will understand the meaning of my words only when the time comes.” After that he took out small box from his pocket and took out a little VIBHUTI from it and said “Take it.” I tore a small piece from the newspaper which I was holding and placing it in my hand, requested Baba to put VIBHTI on it. After putting VIBHUTI in my hand he told me laughingly to close my fingers. I closed it. He also told me “Go straight to your Pooja room and pray to your favorite God to do good to everybody. And then open closed fingers.”

I went to pooja room as asked by him. What a surprise was in store for us! There was no VIBHUTI in my hand. In its place there were two roses, which just flowered and had great fragrance! I could not believe my own eyes. I checked and rechecked again and again. Yes, they were roses. Immediately I called all the people and told them about it. There were question marks on their faces. I went down immediately and called for Baba. But he was not there. I took my two-wheeler and searched for him in all the surroundings. Even after searching for a long time I could not find the Baba. But his last words were still ringing in my ears. “This is not the fit place for you. Your goal of life is totally different. All these are temporary. You will realize the truth of this later.” His other words were “Accept Vibhuti Pradasda. I will be meeting you after some

time.” It is these words which assured me that some day or the other I shall be meeting him definitely.

That whole day I was thinking only of Baba. How did the given vibhuti get itself converted into roses? What was the reason behind that? It is nothing but a miracle. He called himself a “Aghori Baba”. Who are these aghoris? What is the meaning of that? Where do they live? Except for a small piece of cloth, there were no other clothes on his body. He must be a SIDDHA PURUSHA. He did not go to any house or shop in the neighborhood. He came straight to me. And straight away went from here. He could have asked for money from others. Why he did not ask? So what is the relation between that man and myself? He has told me that I would be working here only for some time. Yes, I will be going away once I am transferred! No, it is not like that. There must be some hidden meaning in those words. In future, there might be a total change in the path of my life. For the whole day I was thinking like that. When I went home for lunch, the first thing I did was to check the roses in the pooja room. Had they been made out of mantras they would have vanished, but they were still very much there. From that moment onwards I started getting a desire to know more about these AGHORIES. In the next two years I gathered lot of information about them. I learned about their way of living, morals and their disciplined life.

AGHORIES’ main deity is SHIVA. Nature is their home. Sky is the roof over their head. Pancha bhootas are their close friends. Whatever one sees with eyes is made by nature. So they eat everything. Their life is somewhat totally strange. From the Nature’s point of view this is very sacred. This strangeness and sacredness are the views of the mind. For those who have crossed their mind both are not there. These

AGHORIES live in burial and cremation grounds. They eat whatever is left after burning the dead body. They will eat any dead animal either raw or after burning it. They do not have discrimination against any animal.

Everything is a part of nature. They drink water from sewerage drains also. They do not torture anybody. One who aspires to become an aghori has to first drink his own urine. That is his first lesson. He has to eat his own excreta. With this the dualities in the mind like good-bad, good smell-bad smell vanish completely. In this way these persons do whatever we call as disgusting work as they think it is a part of nature. They celebrate it by doing their work with total concentrated mind. Later after crossing the mind they get the siddhi of PANCHABHOOTAS. They live with nature. They worship lord SHIVA in the form of nature. Then they get the siddhi to control the nature. They learn all the various VIDHYAS very fast. An AGHORI guru appears very cruel to the outside world. But that is only for show. Inside they are full of love and compassion. Their tradition is extraordinary. But their food habits, way of living is extremely tough. When I decided that it is impossible for me to follow them, I stopped worrying about it. They have many followers in North India-Bihar-U.P.-Orissa, which include a large number of scholars and intelligent people. Most of them fail to reach the AGHORI stage and one or two only in hundred reach the higher stages.

I had been to Bhuvaneshwar in 1978. The official work was over in one week. That was a Saturday, along with our Branch Manager and his four colleagues. We started to a village called Satwara which was 20 KM away. Starting at 3.00 P.M. we reached Satwara at 4.00 P.M. A small stream was flowing there. We stopped our vehicle there, there after we covered ½ KM by walk which passed by the side of a

cremation ground. A hundred yards ahead by the side of a bush was a small hut. In front of that was a yajna Kunda and a Trishul by its side with a garland of skulls hanging thereon. A little distant away in the shade of a plant was seated a sturdy man on a stone platform. His eyes were on the horizon and aft and anon were giggling. One by one we prostrated and sat on the stone platform in front of him.

This was Aghori Baba. Immediately I sat for meditation and within a few seconds the prevailing environment drew me into deep meditation. I could not know what transpired thereafter. Some 40 minutes I was in Samadhi State and when came out of meditation, I heard Baba-talking loudly.

Kamalesh was the name of one person who accompanied us. His case was pending in the court. He prayed to Baba to bless him for the success of his case. Gazing at distant sky he laughed and said “If you want good for you and no troubles, settle the case out of court by paying Rs. 3 lakhs to him. In this transaction you have fraudulently earned Rs. 3 lakhs. Return to your boss three lakhs that you manipulated. If not you will be completely destroyed.”

These words hurt Kamalesh’s ego. He was boiling inside with rage. But could not talk against Baba. Baba laughed again and continued. You too are my disciple. Do no injustice to him. You had been unfaithful to him. But he had kept full faith in you. You swindled his money without his knowledge. If you fail in court you will win in life. If you win in the court you will fail in life. You will be completely destroyed. I will fight injustice. Instead of that you better go by truth.” Baba told boldly. Kamalesh could not tolerate his exposure in front of all. “There is no truth in it. I have not defrauded anyone” saying so he went out.

Another person Arun was a friend of Kamalesh, he went to Kamalesh and told “This Aghori Baba is an unusual yogi. He is Omniscient. You do what he says. Don’t be a cause for your own destruction”.

But Kamalesh would not heed. “I have not done injustice to anyone. Baba has not understood me correctly. What he told is not correct” saying so he turned away his face.

Before leaving the place, I fell at his feet. Laughing boisterously he told “Tumhari Ichha Poori Ho Jayaga. Your life’s aim will be attained ‘Meditate’ with full devotion and conviction.” I again fell at his feet and returned. The meeting with Aghori Baba had given me great happiness. Thereafter those incidences faded from my memory.

Four years afterwards our friend Arun from Bhuvaneshwar had come to Bangalore to my house. He then narrated the second part of our above story.

In 1982 Kamalesh won the court case. To celebrate the victory, a dinner was arranged in his house within one week. At about 9.30 that night his house caught fire. All ran helter skelter. The dinner ended up in mourning. The firemen put down the fire, but many people got burn injury and had to be admitted to hospital. That night when things calmed down when he opened his vault to take away the money which he had kept for some purpose, the sum of Rs. 3 lakhs kept there in had vanished! Bewildered Kamalesh when hurried to the police to lodge complaint Aghori Baba stopped him on the way. Looking at Kamalesh he gave a hearty laugh “You have won the court-case.” But the sum of Rupees three lakhs which you owed to your land lord I returned to him in your own disguise. That is the amount of 3 lakhs which vanished from your safe. It is futile to give police complaint. For your betterment I have

cleared your indebtedness. At least hence forth behave properly” saying thus he left.

But Kamalesh had not left his treacherous nature, and did lodge a police complaint stating Aghori Baba was behind the theft of Rs. 3 lakhs and also the fire at his house. For investigation police arrested Aghori Baba and put him in Jail. Within five minutes Baba appeared at the house of Kamalesh. “No police can hold me in custody. I have pardoned you till now. But this is my last order. If you disobey this you will become a beggar.” Saying so, he laughed aloud and vanished.

When Kamalesh telephoned to police station, Baba was laughing and sitting in the garden of the police station. He was put in jail again. But within a minute he will be in the garden. The police inspector reported this matter to his higher ups. He knew Baba very well. He told “Baba is a person who will fight for truth. So release him and arrest the person who complained against him.” Charged with lodging a false complaint, Kamalesh was arrested and put in the same cell. The judge sentenced him for one day’s imprisonment and thousand rupee fine for lodging a false complaint.

Straight from jail he went to Satwara and fell at the feet of Baba and begged for pardon. At last Baba pardoned him.

The Aghoris who fight for truth are visible here and there rarely. Though for external appearance they look cruel, in reality they are kind persons with heart soft as a flower.

“Satyameva Jayate”

## **IN THE LAP OF SNOW-MOUNTAINS.**

This is an experience which took place some years back. That day I was very eager to go to Nepal by a two wheeler. I had gone to Bihar's "MUZAFUR PURA" for our Bank's inspection of accounts work ended on Thursday evening. If I start the same night to a place called RUXOL in Bihar, next day I could reach Nepal. Ramesh Kumar who was working in our branch had agreed to come along with me. Ramesh Kumar had purchased a new motor bike just a month before. It was Ramesh's contention that since the distance was only 600 Kms, it was better to go by bike. He further confirmed that he had already gone to Nepal along with his friends on a bike earlier.

That evening we left 'Muzafurpur' at 6 PM and reached Ruxol about 150 Kms away, at 10.30 PM. We took light food and spent the night in a hotel. Next day at 5.00 a.m., we got up and completed our morning chores. We had CHAPATI, CHUTNEY and PICKLES with us. From Ruxol it is one hour ride to Nepal's border. It is 450 kms away from there to Nepal's Capital – KATHMANDU. Our aim was to go to KATHMANDU, stay there for two days and to see all the places of special interest and to return by the same route. We believed then that to see the beautiful HIMALAYAS, that route was the only right way. While traveling on this road one can at least see from a distance world famous mountains like – Kanchan Junga, Kailas Parbat, Mount Everest, etc. That is why we chose that route. On the way there are many small villages and towns.

We started early in the morning at around 6.00 a.m. with great confidence, on bike. Even though it was October the cold was intense.

Both of us were wearing sweater and Jerkin. We were certain that since our vehicle was new there won't be any problem and another point was that both of us knew how to ride the bike. That is why we started without any worries. We had decided to drive 100 kms non-stop. We reached Nepal border at 7.30 a.m. There our identity cards were checked. 20 minutes later we got the necessary permission and we continued our journey. Our journey continued with gusto. Terrifying jungle. On the right was a towering mountain. On the left, a valley about 1000 feet deep. Any imbalance would have made us fall into the deep valley without any trace. According to the local people all the wild animals inhabited that forest. It was a fearful forest area and the roads were with twists and turns. It was possible to ride at a speed of 30 km/hr only. There were pot holes on road, too. Around 10.00 in the morning some-where in the middle of the fearful jungle and the mountain we found plain area. As the road was bad our bike's speed had really become less and was moving slowly. At a big turn ahead on the road we came face to face with a group of wild buffaloes. The moment we saw those huge wild buffaloes there was fear in our hearts.

As we applied the brakes to stop suddenly the bike took a somersault and we were thrown out to a far distance. We had fallen on a bed of grass which had grown to the height of human beings. We were not wounded. Only some minor pain was there on our limbs and bodies. The head of the buffalo pack stopped and looked at us. Its red shot eyes were telling that it was angry. Scared, we ran behind a bush and climbed a small tree and sat on it. We did not know at what speed we ran and how we climbed the tree! We understood then why early human beings were living on trees. Within half a second the group of wild

buffaloes came near our vehicle. The head of the group smelled the vehicle. After that it started running. Right below the tree on which we sat more than 50 wild buffaloes ran away. Running they reached another meadow in 15 minutes. We sat 5 more minutes on the tree to become fresh. Slowly we got down and came near our vehicle. We looked all around. Everything was silent. We pulled the bike and then pushed it towards the road side. There was not much damage to the vehicle. Petrol was intact. Front bumper had some damage. We tried to start the vehicle. Despite several 'KICKS' it did not start. We tried to start in all the ways we knew but in vain. Time had already crossed 11 O'clock. Till then we had traveled only 60 kms. We were little scared to think that there are still 400 kms to cover. I had to encourage and console Ramesh even though it was pure acting! But then bike has refused to start! What to do? Who will be available in this dense forest? Both bus and trucks will not stop. We were also thinking whether somebody would be living nearby.

There was a big black stone nearby. It was about 30 to 40 feet high. We started hoping that if we climb that stone and look around, might see and get some help. Near that huge stone there was a very big tree. With the help of the dangling roots of the tree we climbed the rock. That huge stone was like a hill. On the top of it there was a small pond. The water in it was very pure. We enjoyed watching the surrounding nature sitting on the top. We became confident of spending the night there in case the need arises. We had binoculars with us. Through that we observed the surrounding area. We could not find any sign of human settlements. Another herd of wild buffaloes went by the side of our stone and reached the same meadow.

A little later Ramesh again started looking around with the help of the binoculars. Within a few seconds Ramesh jumped up saying “Strange human being!” He gave me the binoculars and asked me to look in that direction. Holding the binoculars I watched the right hand side of our stone as told by him. I too saw. At a distance of about 150 yards a naked person was running towards us. He was about 5 feet or may be even less in height. He had long hair and beard. His long hair was touching the knee. His black beard was able to cover his vital parts. I was seeing for the first time a human being with so much hair. It looked like he is more than 50 years of age. It looked as if he did not have any cloth over his body. By that time it seemed as if he has already come near the base of our stone. We decided to go down and meet the person to get all the details. We started climbing down. When we were on the last leg of our descent and when we were about to hold on to the hanging root of the tree for support, a big python was waiting for us on that tree.

Luckily we saw it. Otherwise the consequences would have been terrible. We ran towards the other side of the stone where it was like a slide. We slid down the stone. When we reached the ground saw that person running very fast at a long distance. In order to follow him we started running. On a foot-track which was leading to the thick forest, we ran for about a Kilometer. By then we did not know where that naked man vanished. We did not find him anywhere after looking around. Now we were trapped inside the dense-forest. At front and at the back there was a very small pathway. We have come very far from the asphalted road. We got entangled in the doubt – whether to go forward or move backwards. Then we started remembering God. Both of us prayed to

God to guide us towards proper direction. It was already one in the afternoon. We started getting hungry.

We searched for the naked Baba who had vanished. He was not seen anywhere. We became aware of the fact that our search is futile. It was one o'clock in the noon by then. What lay in the immediate future for us? We were not even aware of our exact location. Our intellect got blurred. We were unable to know the direction of the road on which our vehicle was standing. Great devotion to god started to flow in both of us. Chanting "SRI RAM JAI RAM" we walked ahead. Canceling my own fears I consoled Ramesh. There was a sudden development of courage in me. I remembered the difficulties faced during my childhood. Encouraging him I said "Ramesh I have escaped easily from the jaws of death several times when I was young. I had escaped by a hair's breadth. God protected me everywhere. Here, too, He will rescue us. This is not a very dangerous situation at all. Be courageous. Remember god helps the brave." I also told him "Look for smoke anywhere. Definitely people live there. "Binoculars were with us.

After walking ahead for some distance we saw near our mountain a narrow but a deep valley. A river was flowing in it. One could see a fire in the hill on the opposite side of the valley. When Ramesh observed through the binoculars he reported seeing many people and gave me the binoculars. I observed them with joy. Perhaps they are the tribal people of Nepal. They wore bird's feathers around their waists. The hat was also made of feathers. Remaining part of their body was naked. Both men and women were dancing around the fire. They were burning some animal over that fire. I thought it may be a function connected with a festival. It was impossible to cross the valley and reach that place by

foot.

I also felt that even if we reach the spot we may not get any help from them. When I turned the binoculars saw just behind about half a mile away smoke going up. Both of us were very happy. We ran in that direction. Ramesh cautioned me “suppose they turn out to be aborigines?” I replied “Let us walk till that spot. After that we will decide”. Nearing that place we took very cautious steps. We saw a man who was in shirt and trousers. A tent had been put up. We approached slowly. We talked to that man in Hindi. We told him that we had come from India and are proceeding towards KATHMANDU. He replied in broken Hindi. He said that the route we took was wrong. At that moment we saw an educated person coming out. His name was “SURAJ”. He said that he was the forest officer of that area. We were happy. Our joy knew no bounds when he asked us to take food first. We were very hungry. All the people there sat together and ate chapathi with DAAL. A meal filled with happiness became sumptuous. They told us to go back as the route we have taken is impossible to traverse and it is not advisable also to go ahead. On the return route about 10 Kms away two roads meet. In that the road towards right goes to KATHMANDU. The asphalt layer on that road for about half a mile is damaged. The road we traversed was very good. We had traveled on it thinking that it must be the main road. We realized that it was because the direction board had fallen down we lost our way.

We saw a huge python getting down from a nearby tree. Those people immediately put fire all around the tent. Python ran away.

At that point of time I remembered about that naked Sadhu and asked about him. Everybody looked at us with astonishment. Forest officer told

us “I have been trying with a great desire to meet him since 10 years. But till now I have not been able to see him.” He continued-“He is our God. He is not available easily. It is a great thing that you have been able to see him. Even after losing your way it is surprising how you saw him. There is nothing which is impossible for him. Remember him and start your bike. It will definitely start quite easily.”

He showed the way to main road. We followed his instructions and reached the main road. Within 10 minutes we reached the place where our bike was parked. Something special happened at that moment. Ramesh said, “See, see.” At a short distance away a cobra with its hood raised was standing. Little away from the cobra a mongoose was also standing. Both were watching by standing opposite to each other. I surmised that the cobra must be a baby ‘KALINGA’. There were white spots on its black body. It was about 6 feet long. Generally a fully grown KALINGA is about 15-20 feet long. It is not possible for any mongoose to confront it. On the contrary a fully grown Kalinga has the ability to swallow a mongoose!! We thought this must be a baby KALINGA. Instead of starting the bike we watched. Both of us climbed the nearby tree and sat. Mongoose was staring at the snake with tense eyes.

We saw a unique war on that day in which nobody won. There is nothing like victory in any war.

That the Pandavas won the Kurukshetra war in the Mahabharat is only a pretext. They could never really rule their kingdom with happiness. Sri Ram did not get the happiness out of the war, in Ramayan. Samrat

Ashok who won the KALINGA war was a total failure in ruling his kingdom. All wars without exception are like that. They end in sorrow. Nobody gets happiness. This was shown to us by the mongoose and the Kalinga through their fight till death.

With wonder and sadness we came down from the tree. We didn't have the courage to check whether both the mongoose and the snake were completely dead or not. After coming down from the tree both of us went towards our bike. Our bike started with only a single kick. It was a surprise. As told by that forest officer this may be due to the blessings of that "vanishing Baba". We decided to return thinking that it is not in our fate to visit Nepal. Ramesh then said "Everything happens for the good. Even though we lost our way we had some unique experiences. We got Baba's blessings which nobody got.

There is no greater success in life than this. Really whatever is taking place is an indicator of the good things to come in future.

After about an hour of journey we reached the spot where two roads join. This was the place where we chose the wrong road. There we turned right and reached the correct road. Later we moved ahead with tremendous speed. After covering a distance of 40 Kms. we saw people in many places. It was already 5 o' Clock in the evening by then. Darkness enveloped the area which accompanied the Sun-set. We thought of spending the night in that place instead of continuing with our journey. We saw a house by the side of the road at a very short distance. Outside that house an old man aged about 60 years was sitting and smoking "HUKKA". We went near him. We informed him about our journey. He knew 'HINDI' very well. He told his name as "DAASA RANKAA". He had worked for 20 years in the Indian Army. He

had retired in the year 1965 and has come and settled in his native place KUVVALA (A village of Nepal). The Nepal Govt. has given him 10 Acres of land. He was living by tilling that land. He called out his wife and asked her to bring tea for us. He introduced her as "MELA". We thought that it must be due to the blessings of vanishing Baba we met this nice person. And we were very happy about it, too. MELA brought hot and steaming cups of tea for both of us. We took out the biscuit packets which we were carrying. We gave them a packet of biscuits. We ate biscuits along with the tea. The bread which we were carrying also was given to MELA who offered to make toast out of it. When we finished eating biscuits bread toast was ready along with another cup of tea. We didn't want any dinner after that. We refused when RANKAA offered to give mutton soup for drinking along with the bread. We took out the bananas kept in our vehicle and after eating a few we gave the remaining bananas to them. Our stay made RANKAA couple very, very happy.

When one looks all around there one can see only mountain ranges. We do not see any empty space any where. Then what did Rankaa grow in his land? This question naturally raised in our mind. We asked him about it. He replied "Like in your place there are no plains here. By cutting each and every hill and mountain like the steps we grow wheat in it. We also cultivate vegetables in small quantities. We grow rice in summer and wheat in winter if plenty of water is available". This type of cultivation is known as "TERRACE CULTIVATION."

These people do not get any plain place at all to build their houses. As shown in the above sketch they generally keep wooden logs in 90o shape and build their houses on it. The beauty of the Nature we see

here is impossible to get anywhere else in the world. Generally there is flow of water in all the valleys here. But it is difficult to lift the water up. So they hang two leather bags filled with water on the shoulders of an animal called CHAMARI and send them. These animals carry the water filled bags to individual houses. The long haired CHAMARI gives milk, too. The tea we drank earlier was prepared out of it.

Chilly winds were blowing. The Rankaa couple made bed for us in the verandah of their house with thick blankets. It was already past 7.30 P.M. by then. We were very tired. We were also feeling very sleepy. There are many buses plying between 8.00 A.M. and 12.00 noon. One can comfortably travel by these buses and reach Kathmandu in the night. He also said "Leave your bike here. On your return journey you can get down here and then continue your onward journey by bike". We were very pleased with his suggestion. He continued "About 5 Kms away from here there is a thick forest. There are special plants in that forest. They are carnivorous type. If you want to see we can see them tomorrow morning. We can return by 10.00 A.M. after seeing them. You can catch the 11.00 A.M. bus after taking food". Ramesh agreed. I told him that we can finish that program after our return from Kathmandu. I asked Rankaa how can plants eat insects and birds. He replied "These plants have two sets of very large leaves. If a butterfly comes and sits in the middle of two leaves a Gum like thing on the leaves sticks to the legs of the butterfly which prevents it from flying. Then both the leaves come together and squeeze the butterfly in the middle and suck its blood. When the leaves open after an hour, the dead body of the butterfly falls down". We were also told that there are similar types of trees but which are deep inside the forest. When snakes and birds get caught in

the hanging roots of these trees they get stuck due to the sticky liquid which oozes out of these roots. Later these roots suck the blood and liquid of those snakes & birds after enveloping them since they have come as food for them. We wanted to spend one day here on our return journey. So we decided to leave our bike there only. We also decided to go around that forest at that time and then return.

When we got up next day it was still 4.00 A.M. only. We didn't feel like getting up. It was very cold outside. Slowly I got up, washed myself and meditated for sometime. After that I started doing YOGASANAS. My daily routine went on till 6.00 A.M. By then it was quite bright with Sun light. I saw some animals running in a mountain at a long distance. I brought out the binoculars from inside to see them properly. A herd of black antelope type of animals was going in a line. They had long and forked horns. It was a great joy to see them. Nothing seems to be lacking in the beauty of the Nature. I sat on the nearby raised ground to watch the Sun-rise. I felt the bright light in the east as if Mother Nature wearing a golden saree had sat for meditation. But from the west side a sharp light was coming towards me. It was as if somebody had put the search light on. After observing it once again, I thought about it. Rankaa came and sat beside me. He wanted to know what I was thinking about. I asked him about the light which was coming from the west. He said "The light from the rising Sun falls on the Himalayas and it gets reflected here. That reflected light is very sharp. You saw that light". He also informed me that the great mountain we see in the distance is none other than the "KANCHANJUNGA". He explained in detail about the surrounding forest and hills there. Rankaa reminded us to get ready as there was a bus at 7.30 A.M. After finishing tea & bread boarding the

bus we left for Kathmandu. The journey was good. We saw huge mountains and valleys everywhere. We were also fortunate to see "Valley of flowers" from a distance. We reached Kathmandu at 8.00 P.M. in the night. There we went to "Bangalore Coffee House" run by one UDUPI NARAYAN BHAT. We had written to him in advance of our arrival. A room was kept ready and waiting for us. That night we had complete rest.

While returning from Kathmandu we met Rankaa again and saw the beautiful Nature once more along with him.

We stayed two days with him. We brought clothing for Rankaa Couple. They were very happy with it. Even you too can meet him if you are planning to visit Kathmandu by that route. Our journey gave us some special experiences. This was due to the fact that we went by bike. Those experiences were unforgettable. We realized the fact that everything happens for the good only after the experience.

### ***BANARSI BABA...***

This is a true incident. It is impossible to say how God becomes magnanimous to human beings when the time comes.

This incident took place about 70 years back. In those days Indian ships were famous for traveling to foreign countries. Those were the days when spices, cotton, cloth, rice and B.T. wood from India were getting exported to countries like JAWA, SUMATRA, PHILIPPINES AND MALAYA etc. in large quantities.

A ship which had begun its journey from Mumbai had unloaded most of its cargo in Jawa Island and had begun its return journey. After traveling for 3days the ship was caught in a cyclone and got sunk. Out of 7

sailors six got drowned. Only “Mr. DASGUPTA” of VARANASI was swimming, who finally became unconscious. As he was swimming lying on his back, his body came and hit the shores. When he awoke, it might have been one hour after the sun-rise. He was extremely tired and his whole body was badly aching. When he looked around for help, he could not see even one human being any where. He was unable to bear the hunger. Except for forests with trees and plants nothing else could be seen. He was thirsty, too. At some distance away he saw a small stream joining the sea. He went near and washed his face and drank that water. It was sweet water. Thanking god by bowing his head he said “O god, thousands salutations to you for rescuing me from death”. For Das who was around 25 years of age, this was a new lesson in facing the life. He was without food for many days. What must be done? Somebody will come. He will be able to meet some one. If any ship passes this way, he can wave his hand so that they will take him away from there. Excessive hunger got him exhausted. He did not find food anywhere. The plants in the shrubs were having small sized fruits. These yellow coloured fruits were very sour. He vomited after eating the fruits. Even the water he drank, got vomited. The salt water of the sea, which had gone into his stomach, also got emptied. He had seen many types of fishes entering that stream. He had a desire to catch the fishes and eating after burning them. Even though he found walking difficult, still he walked and after reaching the stream caught a big fish. Keeping the fish in his cloth he brought it to the shores. He gathered firewood from the place. But there was no match box. He did not find any way for starting the fire. He ate the fish raw as he was unable to bear the pangs of hunger. He ate the entire fish without considering the taste factor. He

felt it was eatable. He went back to that small stream and ate another fish. He drank water, walked towards a tree and relaxed underneath it. He fell asleep thinking what to do next. When he got up the sun was in the centre of the sky. He was feeling hungry. The raw fish he ate had already got digested. Again he went to the stream, caught a fish, ate it and satisfied his hunger. He did not see anyone till evening there, he began walking. He walked for 2 hours but found bushes and forests only. The sun set must have been still one hour away. On the beach he found a big sea-turtle. To find out whether it was turtle or some other wild animal he went behind a bush and started observing it. He saw the turtle coming towards the shore. It makes a pothole in the sand within seconds with the help of its front legs and mouth. It began laying eggs in that pothole then closed the hole with sand and returned to the sea. After 30 minutes an animal which was bigger than cat came where the eggs were laid and with its front legs scratched ground and started eating the eggs. That animal made a sound "KUYYO" several times. Four animals belonging to its family came running. All of them began eating the eggs. Within a short time perhaps their stomach must have become full so they stopped eating and started rolling on the ground. After some time they ran away. When Das slowly walked towards that place where turtle had laid eggs, he saw more than half the eggs have been eaten. Still there were many eggs left. He took two eggs from that and kept them in his pocket. He closed the hole and walked further ahead. Sun had set and moonlight was shining. He thought it must be either DWADASHI or TRIYODASHI after looking at the moon. As he was walking ahead, he saw another turtle laying eggs and going back into the sea. Since he had heard that these turtles lay eggs where there

is no human habitat, a feeling came to him that this must be an isolated island. As he found the sea again after walking for about 3 miles he doubted that this island must be an island of about 3 miles wide or long. He thought he would find out next day if any human beings were living or not. Plenty of fish, turtle eggs, fruits of plants and trees are there. These are the food of that place. As he had been eating veg.food since long non-veg was not agreeable to Das at all. There was no other alternative. If we want to live then we must eat whatever is available. Isn't it? Since there was no choice he broke the egg and gulped the inner portion of it. It was not tasty. Still he tried to find taste and satisfaction in it.

Night began and it was getting cold. There was no other cloth except whatever he was wearing. He saw a big rock at a little distance away; he went near that 20' high rock and walked around it. He saw a small cave. It was 3' only. There were jungle cats inside it. They all ran away with fear when they saw Das. He said to himself that they were the same wild cats, which had come to eat the eggs laid by the turtle. He thought then that it would have been better if little fire were there. What to do? How to do it? He looked around. There was nothing but forests only. He climbed a tree, which was tall, and sitting on its top most branches he looked around. He made it certain that it was an island. No where he found any signs of human beings living, there may be animals, which are very fearful, and which may be planning to eat him. He has to be very careful there. At that moment he was not having any weapon with him. He thought that he would think about it the next day after going around the entire island. He also thought that it is enough if he spent the present night. A creeper had wound on to the tree.

Thinking that he will spend the night in that cradle, he slowly stepped on it. It was strong enough, tying one end of the creeper to the tree, and the other end to his waist, he sat in the cradle. He thought of observing the nature till he got sleep. As he was tired he fell asleep. He got up in the midnight due to a fearful cry. A big bird was sitting on the shore crying and searching for food. He vaguely saw it eating the turtle eggs. He had never seen anywhere such black mixed white coloured birds. He also saw wild cats running. He thought that it may be 3 in the night. He had left island of Jawa on Monday, September 27th. After that how many days passed, he was not able to make out. Even though there was little cold he had slept well.

He saw on the opposite tree a serpent gulping young ones of birds from its nest, felt that he had to be careful as the big python might be around. After a little while moon got set. He started hearing the chirping of the birds. He saw signs of the dawn. He thought of getting down only after sunrise and when there is sun light all around. He began watching that forest's beautiful nature. At dawn he saw red coloured fruits in the tree on which he was sitting. He saw birds and monkeys running towards that tree for eating the fruit. He climbed another branch, plucked two fruits and tasted them. That fruit was very sweet and tasty. He ate that fruit as many as he required. He thanked god for giving good food that day. He thanked his guru. At that moment he remembered his guru's words "child, every thing happens for the best". He thought that God must have sent him to this island for getting a very special benefit and experience in the immediate future. Let me not lose heart. Let me not get disgusted. Let me fearlessly face the situation. There is tree for my stay. There is food for eating and water for drinking. I can live. Let me

spend a few days with satisfaction with whatever I have. By that time a ship or a human being might come this way. I can go back along with them-this was how he thought. He also thought that he will place the future thoughts at God's feet and convert today into an auspicious day. He went near the small sweet water stream. He washed his face. He was surprised to find the water hot. He wanted to find from where the water flowed. When he walked still further he found a big pothole by the side of the stream. It was about 10 feet wide and 4 feet in depth and shaped like a well. Water was over flowing out of it. Moss had grown all around that pothole. There were big fishes inside the pothole. Lying there was a very old bronze vessel, which was in ruins. This showed signs of human habitat there. When he went ahead the forest was getting thicker. There was a yellow coloured bamboo jungle. Bison like animals without horns ran away from inside of that bush. They are mammals and vegetarians. They give milk. Seeing those, a doubt arose in Das's mind that humans must have certainly reared them. As he walked ahead for another half an hour, he felt. Leeches were sucking blood all around his leg. He saw a plain place ahead. There were boulder type stones only. He sat on them and plucked out all the leeches and threw them away. He sat under the sun and relaxed. Grass had grown in the middle of the boulders. When he walked, he saw water springing out from the middle of rocks. This it self was the source of that stream. It was a hot water spring. When that water was touched he found the temperature to be slightly higher than our body temperature. He removed his cloths, washed them and kept for drying. He sat under the leaping water for hours together enjoying it thoroughly. Sun was very hot. Clothes got dried when he finished his bathing. While putting

on the clothes he found a king cobra standing with its hood open near the rock. It was not so big. It was about 3 feet long. Suddenly a big bird jumped down from a tree lifted that snake and flew away. One living being is food for another living being. Nature was like that only. Nobody knows when he will become food for another being there. He did not see such cruel animals there. But what tomorrow holds nobody knows. Till today everything has been good. By then he remembered his Guru's words "Leave tomorrow to me. Do not worry at all". He did like that only. He only thought how to spend happily. Thinking like this when he walked ahead, he saw a tree with small fruits. As he walked further ahead he saw plain area. Grass had grown there even though it was completely covered with pebbles. Nearby he saw signs of a building. There was only a foundation. He also saw a rock had been spread on that place. He thought that the place must be around 10'x12' in area. When he observed the foundation all around, at one point he saw a place, which was deep. A rock was there. He started thinking-deep down there must be a cave. The cave might have been closed with rock. That cave must be the bottom portion of that foundation. Even if the rock is pushed away, light is still required to enter in. By then sun had come to the middle. Sun was very hot. He thought somehow he must start the fire now. He collected the dry leaves fallen on the ground. He collected sticks of dried grass also. Small wood pieces were kept all around. He selected 4 small pieces of stone and tried to start fire by rubbing them against each other. After struggling for one hour, finally, dried leaves caught fire. He danced happily around the fire praying that this fire should continue to burn as long he was there. With the help of a cut branch of a tree the door of the cave was opened. When the flame

was taken inside he saw many rats there. It looked like a room. It was a man made cave. All around a wall had been built with stones and soil. There was only one entrance. It was closed with a stone slab. On one side of the cave a stone slab cot was he also saw arrangements made for cooking. There were some bronze vessels. He made fire at the centre. He sat after cleaning cot. He saw iron weapons under the cot. Sickle, sword, spade, crowbar, bow and arrows were there. All of them had become rusty. Clothes were tattered and had become dust like. A small ivory box with its lid closed tightly was found there. When he opened its lid with great difficulty, he saw two gold coins with the sign of Queen Victoria of England. 1838 was written over it. In a paper it was written-"when navel ship "ALBERT" staggered and sunk due to a storm, I was the only person to survive. After reaching this Island, spent 7 years in this cave. Parts of the broken ship are on the northern shores of this Island. The dangerous animals of this island are poisonous rats, Scorpions and snakes. Apart from these none others are dangerous. Golden coloured apple shaped fruits are there. The ones with black lines are poisonous. All other fruits can be eaten. It was impossible to read the next part after reading the first part. Ink got erased. At the end of the letter he was not able to fully understand the signature. With difficulty he considered that it must be "ROBERT BROWN". Below that he had written the date as 13-8-1908. He becomes aware of the fact that the cave was closed for about 25 years. Then a question came into his mind "what will be my fate in future?" He was anguished. At that moment only his Guru's words got reflected "Meditate, offer tomorrow for my sake". Das got up bravely and said to him self-"I have not lost. "Some thing special is going to take place. I am not alone, Guru is with

me. It is not possible to say what is going to happen. It may be surprising, let me experience it and see”.

In a corner of the cave he saw an iron box. It looked rusty. It contained soldier's uniform. It was a leather uniform. Even though it was very old still it was not completely spoiled. It was wearable. Those dresses were dusted, cleaned and were kept again in that box. Brown who lived in this cave for seven years was a soldier. Before going back he had written a letter and kept everything very safe. There was another small paper in his pocket. In that it was written “The Sea around this island is very dangerous. There are whirlpools all around. Therefore no ship can come here. Even if it comes then the chances of accidents are very high. One cannot even swim and cross. These whirlpools are terrible and cause heavy damage.” After reading this piece of information “Das” became miserable.

He cried saying “Is it going to be a jailed life? Can I not go back at all?” Then a VANI came from his inside-“You have come here alive even though it was dangerous. You will go back in the same way. There is very peaceful atmosphere in between two whirlpools. Do not fear. Your protection is my responsibility”. This was Guruvani which he heard inside. Das smiled and said “What a fool am I! Why should I be afraid of death? I will start meditating from today itself. Whatever happens let it happen. It is easy to meditate here. Nobody is there to question me. I am alone here. I will try to live with my inner being always”. Das went into meditation immediately. Fire was burning right in front. Cave had become warm. Stomach was slightly full since he had eaten fruits already. He had drunk water too. Suddenly a desire arose in him to meditate. He sat on the stone cot and started meditating. With in

seconds he went deep inside. He went into SAMADHI. He did not pay any attention to the clock. It was evening when he woke up after meditation. He came out of the cave and closed its door tightly. He walked away saying to himself that he would go there again next day. While going he did not forget to take a fire-brand with him. It was nearing sunset. He came near the tree on which he had slept last night. Fire was lit and the fire wood was made to burn. He sat on the rock near by and ate the half burnt fish as this was his night meal. Now there will be no problem of raw fish, he sighed. When I gather more information about this island one may find a plan to come out of this island. Deciding that next day he will go to the northern part of the island, he climbed the tree and slept on the creeper cot.

Next day was the third day. Moon-set and sun-rise were taking place exactly at the same time. It was full moon day. It was a very beautiful sunrise and moon set which Das watched from where he laid. He wanted to meditate as he was in ANANDA. He meditated for 2 hours with out any sort of concern. From the tree dewdrops were continuously falling on his head. He was not aware of it at all. Sunrays were hot and precise when he got up and sat. He thought it must be around 8 in the morning. He ate the fruits, which were found in that place. After that he burnt turtle egg and finished his breakfast by eating it. He got into that big pothole and meditated for one hour in that water. After that he got up and began his journey towards the northern port of the island. Till then he had only seen the eastern and western parts of the island. He could see thick jungle in the northern direction. There were a lot of thorny bushes. He walked on the inner side.

After walking for about 2 hours he saw remains of the broken ship at a distance. They were completely ruined. He felt that eastern part was slightly better in terms of safety.

By then it was afternoon and the sun was very hot which was almost burning the head. No drinking water was available there. There were fruits in the forest. He over came his tiredness by eating some fruits.

Many wild cows were grazing there. A calf was sucking its mother's milk. They were gentle in nature. They ran away seeing Das. But one cow was lying there only. Its leg was injured. Blood was oozing out. It was not able to get up. Slowly he went near it. It tried to get up in fear but could not. He became aware and understood that its leg was fractured. He collected four thin sticks of a tree branch and tied them around the leg of that cow with the help of creeper fiber. Before tying he applied the juice of that apple shaped fruit tree's leaves on the injury and also on the entire leg. He collected grass around that place and gave it for the cow to eat. A friendship developed between them. It didn't have the initial fear. He cleaned its entire body by gently rubbing it. He brought water by cupping his hands and made it to drink. It was very thirsty. Cow drank the water. It lovingly sniffed Das. Love developed later. He sat there till evening and did its Seva. In that Seva, Das got one type of ANANDA. He felt like spending that night with it. Later, he unwillingly left the place and came back to his own place and spent the night on the tree. This was the first time ever he was seeing a wild cow. He was glad that God gave him an opportunity for healing its injury and pain. He thought that he got a friend in the form of a cow in that deserted island! His heart became heavy with emotions. For the first time he understood that even animals have got feelings and love just

like human beings. He decided that he would go there next day morning and stay there for the whole day with the cow. Continuing that day's meditation, he slept there only later.

When he got up at sun-rise, he remembered his guru. He remembered Yogasanas. That day he did Surya Namaskars and after that went into Yoga-Nidra. He was a very talented student of CHAITANYA YOGA SCHOOL of KOLKATA during his younger days. Since there was plenty of time, he thought he would continue the

Yogasanas now and began with great zeal. He did little of "BASTRICA", NADI SHODHA, BRAHMARI PRANAYAMAS and sat for meditation.

He might have meditated for one hour. When he opened his eyes, a light yellow coloured snake was sitting coiled in front of him. Das did not get fear. He felt that it is also a living being. He thought that it might also have love in it and hence he smiled and looked lovingly at it. He felt that snake, too, smiled. He also felt that it said something. But it was done through head sign and in deaf language. He didn't eat fish that day. He ate only the burnt egg of the turtle. He filled his stomach with whatever fruit was available. He collected the sickle and spade which were with him and went towards the wild cow for doing its "Seva".

He had seen a big vessel inside that broken down ship. He removed dents of the vessel and filled it with water and carried it to the cow. That day cow had got up but it was unable to walk properly. It took a step forward limping. He brought grass and put before it. Calf was beside it. Calf was sucking mother's milk now and then. He held the calf and fondled by kissing it. The whole day was spent in looking after the cow. He made a beautiful shed for the cow with this cow got full relief from

the hot sunlight. Das was happy. So too, was the cow. He spent the day with his new friend till evening and left the place before sun-set.

As the moon-rise was late, he reached his home on the tree before it became dark. Till he fell asleep, he was thinking "The northern part where the cow is, is not so good. The eastern part where he was staying is very good. There is less of jungle. Lot of fruits were there and birds and monkeys. Greater and important than everything else is the small flowing water stream. There was a cave for hiding when the need arises." He decides that next day after finishing his morning routine he would clean the cave and put up a small pandal on top of the cave. After this he would go away to where the cow was. Deciding like this he went into sleep.

Now he had become used to sleeping on the tree. He slept well. Das was convinced by now that the island is a deserted place. After getting up next morning he did Yogasanas and ate fruits. Then he opened the door of the cave and went inside. He gathered firewood and made fire. He was always keeping the fire burning. That day he cleaned the cave and made a solid wooden gate. With this, he thought, air circulation will be good. After that he traveled towards the cow's place. Walking faster he reached that place in one hour. Cow was walking and taking small steps it had walked about a furlong towards the east. Along with it were its calf and two other cows. As usual he gave water for it to drink and made it to eat grass. Other cows didn't run away. They stayed far away and watched. He tried to give grass to those cows, too. Initially they were afraid but later ate whatever he gave. They saw Das with loving eyes. Das's ANANDA could not be described. He felt that his friend's

circle is increasing everyday. In the evening he took the injured cow towards the east. It had walked for about a K.M. He was surprised and thought whether the cow's bone fracture had got healed so fast? When it got tired, he tied it to a tree with a creeper. Cow did not offer any resistance to this. Now it had fully accepted Das as its own. After sunset, Das came back to his usual place. As it got dark, he climbed the tree and sat. There were monkeys in the nearby tree. He had brought yellow coloured fruits while coming back from the north. When he was eating it he threw one fruit towards the monkey. The monkey caught it and started eating it very happily. Das was very happy, too. He got a new friend. All these were innocent friends. They do not trouble, do not deceive, do not get angry, do not say lies and they are friends of the nature. He thought they are far better than human beings. That day he slept well.

When he woke up at daybreak he saw the monkey to which he had given yellow coloured fruit was sleeping along with its spouse at about one foot away from him. Das's heart was filled with Love. That monkey which had yellow coloured hair on its body was beautiful to look at. It was very docile. It was not doing the usual monkey pranks. Perhaps it was an old monkey. He got up and talked lovingly with the monkey and sung a song. Monkey listened. He felt that the monkey, too, was feeling happy. As usual he took bath and did Yogasana, Pranayam and meditation.

There was a surprise in store for him when he opened his eyes after coming out of meditation! Two snakes were coiled up in front. Nearby the monkey was waiting. Das was very, very happy. He gently stroked

the head of the monkey, which was sitting on the right side. Monkey responded by expressing its love. He thought that he must have been the first human being which the monkey had seen so far. He kept two turtle eggs in front of the snakes for them to eat. One snake ran away in fear. The other snake didn't eat the egg in the beginning. It looked at Das. After 10 minutes it started gulping the egg. It gulped the entire egg within 20 minutes. Das was overwhelmed by these friends' friendly vibrations. He thought that this island was very beautiful. Now he went towards the injured cow. Cow was still there. There were 3 other cows along with that. Its injuries were getting healed. He named it as Ganga. As Ganga had become slightly okay that day, it could walk little by little. He slowly made it to walk towards his home. By afternoon he took it towards the small pandal and put it inside. Both the cow and the calf stayed there. Friend monkey was watching all this from a distance. Das called the monkey and gave fruits to it. Holding the fruits monkey sat on the back of the cow and started eating the fruits. Cow did not mind the monkey sitting on its back. This is a very special island. All the animals live here without any fear. Perhaps the reason for this was the absence of human beings. The present friends of Das-cow, monkey and snakes brought plenty of satisfaction for Das.

Days rolled by like this. He was living a contented life along with his excellent friends. There was peace, too, as he was doing yoga and meditation regularly. It was many months since he talked to anybody. One day, he saw in the eastern direction a ship sailing at a far distance. A desire that the ship might come in the direction where he was standing sprouted in him. He tied his shirt to a long wooden pole and

gave signal to the ship. He struggled nearly for an hour trying to give signal to that ship. As the ship was far away, perhaps they could not see his signal. That ship did not come to the side where he was. Das was disappointed. In the night it looked as if another ship was sailing. He gave signal to it by tying a burning log to a long wooden pole. He felt that the ship had anchored in the sea itself. He waited with the hope that a boat will come early in the morning for picking him up.

It is really sad to leave his friends and go back. But then he has to go! There was no luggage with him. He sighed-came empty handed and shall go back empty handed. As he waited he becomes sleepy and slept there only. When he woke up sun had already risen. He had a feeling that nobody is coming towards that island.

Not a single ship came near that island. Das consoled himself "Time has not come. When time comes every thing might become all right. No need for anxiety and urgency. Let the endeavor be there which is enough". Winter was approaching. It became impossible to live on the tree. He shifted his home to the cave. Snakes and monkeys made a habit of coming and going from the cave. Family of the monkey went inside the cave during the night due to cold weather conditions outside. Fire started burning continuously inside the cave. The pandal which was on the top of the cave was converted into a cowshed by using tree branches. Four cows were tied in that shed. Das was getting one glass of milk daily from the cow. He used it for drinking purposes; he faced the grim cold weather easily. He wore Robert's leather dress during winter.

Days rolled on with peace and happiness. By then Das's hair had grown

very much. His beard too grew. One year passed without speaking even one word. Second winter also came to an end. He got thoroughly acquainted with the whole island. The animals there were really afraid of the pythons. Big sized pythons were not found there.

After the completion of 3 years Das was not like before. His meditation had reached certain stage. He was experiencing “Ananda” continuously. For him the island seemed to look like his mother’s house. He saw “DIVINITY” in every plant, tree, creeper and flowers. After spending some time with his friends, the remaining hours were reserved for meditation. There was complete change in his food habits. He became a total vegetarian. He learnt to eat leaves and vegetables of the jungle. Different types of fruits were available there throughout the year.

That day he saw a ship sailing very close to the island around 3 in the afternoon. He ran quickly and hid himself behind a tree. He didn’t utilize the opportunity which came his way by not accepting it. He said to himself-“Do not need this confused world. I will not leave the island and go away”. Like this time passed by.

One day there was a terrifying cyclone and very heavy winds. Das could not come out of the cave. Several animals of the forest washed away. Sea came inside and there was flooding in the island. Das experienced as if his end had come. He protected many animals by putting them inside the cave. Sea had become calm after 24hrs. When the cyclone had stopped a small ship, which lost the course, came to the shores of the island. 4 persons from the ship got down and were struggling to get drinking water. While searching for drinking water they came face to

face with Das. He smiled at them. That smile was not a human smile it was Godly. Those 4 persons surrendered to Das. They talked in French language. Das knew only broken French. He found it difficult to speak, as words were not coming out since he had already spent 8 years in that island. He had attained the highest in meditation. He had got the experience of self-realization. He had become "BRAHMA JNANI". Whatever quantity of water needed by the ship was given to them. He gave them turtle eggs. He also filled their bags with fruits.

One has to leave this body one day or the other so let there be no attachment to it-thinking like this he decided to leave the island that day itself. He kept the letter in which he wrote every thing about that island, in the box inside the cave. He closed the cave. He kept the leather dress there only. He wore sailor's uniform. That ship left the island early in the morning next day. Das was 34 years of age then. He had come to the island as an ordinary human being but went back as "BRAHMA JNANI". This was an extraordinary achievement which happened on its own.

When I was in AMARNATH YATRA during the year 1980, I had met a person called "BANARASI BABA". He had a small Ashram near Pehalgam. This was about 20kms from Pehalgam on the way while climbing a mountain. This Ashram was inside a cave. He was living there. He had only one disciple. His name was Shivu. It was dusk when I reached that place. It was drizzling and I requested Baba to allow me to stay overnight there. Baba is very quiet and peaceful. He had a child like mind. When I did satsang with him in the night, he told me about his childhood experiences. He showed me his personal dairy in which he

had written his experiences. With great interest I read that dairy whole night. It was full of information. He had decided to go back to that island if he had not been able to do SADHANA in the Himalayas. But he found a very congenial atmosphere at AMARNATH. That is why he did not go back to the island.

Varanasi's Dasgupta of that island later became to be known as "BANARASI BABA". We cannot imagine the difficulties he faced when he lived alone for 8 years in that island. But this turned out to be very much beneficial to him later. He had decided to live there till his last.

Cyclone once again changed his life. The night I spent with him was very significant and important. For overcoming our "AHAM", experiences of such sadgurus are a must.

When I met him in 1980 he was 78 years of age. He was very weak when I met him in 1982. And when I again went in the year 1983 he had already left his mortal body.

Banarasi Baba's life was very significant. He never lost courage under any circumstances. He went ahead keeping full faith in God and Guru. Finally, he reached the human being's goal of life. Whatever difficulties and problems he faced they later turned out to be beneficial for him. This applies for every body. DO NOT FORGET: WHATEVER DIFFICULTIES GOD GIVES US ARE FOR OUR GOOD ONLY.

**ANANDA SRASWATI. -ON THE WAY IN SEARCH OF  
TRUTH -**

(Everything happens for the good) Carrying her ten month old boy KUMUDINI comes to Lucknow from her native village. That child was swaying between life and death. Boy was finding it very difficult to breathe due to phlegm getting accumulated in the lungs.

As the village doctors lost hope she came running to the city hospital. The chief medical officer Dr. Aiyar of Lucknow hospital exerted his best to save child's life. That exertion was a struggle which he would never forget in his life.

Kumudini was a house wife who was just 22 years of age then. It was barely six months since she lost her husband. He died due to plague. After that her child was everything in her life. But now she saw very slim chances of her child's survival. After 24 hours of struggle, child stopped breathing. Even after struggling and trying so much the chief medical officer was not able to save the child. Doctor felt disgusted. Same day at 7 in the evening a crying Kumudini left the hospital with the dead body of her child. She boarded a train and reached her native place. Her native place was a very small village. There she was having a small hut. She reached her home at 10 in the night. Lighting a small kerosene lamp and keeping it near the dead child she started crying.

There was a huge banyan tree in front of her house. Underneath the tree a long haired (JATADHARI) Sadhu was taking rest. Around 11 in the night that Sadhu came into the hut. He asked reasons for

Kumudini's sorrow. The bewildered mother told everything to that Sadhu. That Sadhu started laughing loudly. Kumudini suddenly stopped crying and looked at him in wonder. Sadhu said "Look Amma, your child's 'PRANA PAKSHI' is yet to fly out. I can revive him. Give that boy to me. Come near the banyan tree at Sunrise. You can take your boy home then". With her overwhelming desire to get back her child alive, happily she puts the child in the lap of the Sadhu after paying respects at that yogi's feet. After the child was kept on its back on the raised ground beneath the banyan tree, that Sadhu sat for meditation in front of the child.

Here Kumudini praying to God pleaded with Him that Sanyasi's words remain true to his promise. Without her knowing the tired body of Kumudini made her fall asleep. It was 7 in the morning when she woke up with a new Chaitanya in her. As soon as she got up she ran straight towards the banyan tree. The child was playing in front of the sadhu! Kumudini immediately took the child in her hands. There was no sign of ill-health in the child. At that moment the Sanyasi who was sitting in meditation fell down with a thud. He was moaning with pain due to phlegm problem. Kumudini understood everything. She quickly went back to her hut and prepared 'KANJI'. She personally fed the Sanyasi with hot Kanji. Sanyasi recovered within two hours. Then she said "When the child attains the age of 8 years I will take him away. From today onwards that child is mine not yours". She agreed thinking that her child must be well looked after wherever he might be. Without saying anything further Sanyasi

simply went away. With the joy of her child becoming alive again and

with the greatness of Sanyasi's Godliness, she went to Lucknow hospital again. She showed her child to Dr. Aiyar. The doctor was astonished to find after testing the child that there was no sign of ill-health at all!!

He got all the details about the child's recovery from Kumudini. He realized the fact that there is a Science which is beyond medical science. Since he was determined to know about it, he accompanies Kumudini to her village. He asked that Sanyasi what is that "VIDYA" that saved the child. He was told that it is YOGA VIDYA. He beseeched with Sanyasi to teach him that VIDYA. Agreeing, Sanyasi took the doctor straight to Himalayas from there only.

Later Dr. Aiyar became Swami Ananda Saraswati, founder of a famous Ashram at Rishikesh. Don't you think whatever happened was for the good only?

## **CHANDOL SHASTRY..**

### A PURPOSEFUL LIFE -GREAT YOGI ' CHANDOL SHASTRY '

I was in Guntur, Andhra Pradesh in the years 1980 -'82. I was conducting yoga classes at Ramah Krishna Ashram daily between

5 and 7 in the morning. One day a professor of Maths in the local college who was a regular attendant of my classes Prof. Vishwambar asked me whether I would like to meet a great person who is also very much interested in yoga. He is called Chandol Shastry. He continued that Chandol was a small village which was about 30 kms from there and if I wished we could visit that place. I agreed and since the next day was a Sunday we decided to go that day itself. We left for Chandol at 4.00 p.m by a motor car. Our journey took 1 ½ hrs due to the uneven roads of the villages. We reached Shastryji's house at

5.30 in the evening. Most of the old houses there had wooden ceiling and on top of that mud is put and over that they put cement. Some of the houses had grass on their ceiling which is also very beneficial as the place experiences excessive sunshine. But the latest houses were made of R.C.C. Shastryji's house was of old type. The 92 year old man was living on the upper floor of the house. This was made up of wooden poles. To these poles were tied coconut leaf plumes all around. Ceiling was made up of grass. His son and family were living on the ground floor of the same house. R.C.C. houses had come up all around their

house.

There were several people sitting on grass mat on the floor when we reached his house. There was a big round kumkum Tilak on the beautiful face of the 92 year old. This attractive faced old man Chandol Shastry was conducting Satsang seated on a chair. He was listening to their grievances and was giving solution to their problems individually. His radiantly beautiful face immensely attracted me. One could make out that there was some magnetic power in him.

Most of the people gathered there were all from the surrounding villages only. It was a routine to bring whatever was grown in their fields and offer the same to him. People coming from the towns were bringing mostly fruits only. Among the people gathered there, I was the only one who was sitting at the back and watching very keenly what was taking place there. At 6.00 p.m. all of them started leaving after paying respects at his feet as they had to walk long distance to reach their respective houses. One rich person among them came forward and was offering Shastryji a cover with a bundle of notes. Then he said “No, no, Lakshmi is very hot, burning. I cannot touch it. My hand will surely get burnt. Keep that cover on that small wooden plank in pooja-room. I shall give it to the needy”. That person kept the cover on that plank and went away.

When everybody else left the place Prof. Vishwambar introduced me to him. Shastryji told Vishwambar “His physical introduction is enough. I have already acquainted myself with his inner being”. He continued “He will be doing a lot of work. Now meditate”. Without uttering a word I fell

at his feet. I pleaded with him to help me reach the goal of my life. Later he explained to me in detail both about meditation and about 8 Chakras (including BINDU CHAKRA) which are inside us. I felt as if I got so much from him. I also decided in my mind that in future whenever I found time I would visit him. At that moment a middle aged poor brahmin came and paid respects at his feet. He requested for Shastryji's blessings so that his daughter's auspicious marriage ceremony takes place smoothly -without any problems. Shastryji told him "You have come at the right time. There is money on the wooden plank in the pooja-room. Use it for your daughter's wedding". He did not know how much money that cover contained. He wanted that donated money to be given back. Therefore he immediately gave it to that brahmin. In the entire 102 years of his life he did not keep money with him. An extraordinary yogi who lived for 102 years without a single paise but with great joy and lived with the way he wanted to live.

By then Shastryji had sent everybody to their respective places. When I got up to leave he said wait. He called Vishwambar and went inside the pooja-room and put all the fruits in a big basket. In another bag he put all the vegetables and said "Take them, use them and if any thing remains distribute them among others". I was surprised. 'By then Sun had set. Before darkness fell he would clear all the things. The only things he kept were 2 images of God and 4 small wooden planks. Other than these things you will not find anything in his PARNA KUTIR -house made up of leaves. Not even a grain of mustard will be there!! From the point of view of outside world in that village nobody is poorer than Shastryji perhaps in whole of India itself. Even a beggar carries with him

a begging bowl and an earthen -ware for cooking rice. This man does not even have that. He will take his lunch / dinner only if somebody prepares and give him. Otherwise he will have to eat the donated fruits only. One cannot describe the most blissful life led by this very poor man. One has to experience it. Saw Shastryji's wife and got her blessings after paying respects at her feet. She was 82 years of age then. She was the one who conducted the daily pooja. She was also meditating like her husband. Though Shastryji did not give much importance to pooja etc., he was conducting yagas, havans, etc.

In 1976, Andhra Pradesh was hit by a terrifying cyclone which totally destroyed Kakinada, Ongole and Godavari districts. It was the Century's worst and most terrifying cyclone. Sea waves up to 100 feet height spewing fire were seen by many. Science also recorded that there is fire in the Sea. At that time only Shastryji's house was the one which was not destroyed in that cyclone. All the other houses around his house including the R.C.C. houses were completely destroyed. This is not exaggeration. Because when I was transferred to Guntur everybody told about it. That old house told me the truth when I personally stepped into it. This was really astonishing. After that great tragedy due to the cyclone Shastryji started preparations for a big yajna in 1978. How can a man without a single paise could conduct this yajna? Don't you have this doubt? What I could gather from his personal account was that he made a padayatra to the villages near-by one month before the yajna to inform the villagers about it and then forgot it completely. Important people from the nearby ten villages got together and conducted the one day program, where nearly one lakh people were served food. 8

kitchens in 8 directions of Shastryji's house were constructed for preparing food. I came to know that the entire programme was conducted without causing any problem to anybody. It shows his extraordinary personality and his courageous mind. After conducting the yajna a lot of Ghee and Sugar still remained even after distributing to everybody. So, out of the remaining Ghee and Sugar laddoos were prepared in the same evening and it was distributed on the Vijayawada - Madras Grand Trunk Highway by stopping all vehicles and giving 10 laddoos each. This continued the whole night till morning until all the laddoos were finished!! This shows Shastryji was having neither 'by me' nor 'for me' feeling in him.

In case by mistake something remained Shastryji would not get sleep until he searched the entire house and after finding it and only after giving it to the neighbor he would go to sleep. I got other similar examples about him through his wife. It is a matter of great honour that such a noble soul lived in this terrible Kaliyug in our country -the land of Bharata. After getting up in the morning he will have his food only if somebody brings it. He would eat only once in a day. Most of the time the food was brought to him by his neighbours and by his son in rotation.

The reason for Shastryji's total desire less life became a big question to me. I enquired about this with Prof. Vishwambar. He gave Shastryji's full life history during our return journey. Shastryji's father was a Vedanti. Reciting Baghawata, Puranas and doing Purohit's work was his family profession. Shastryji was born as the eldest son of this house. 5 more children (3 girls + 2 boys) were born after a long gap. His father died

when he was 17 years old. He had to take the full responsibility of the family. Even though he was quite skillful in reciting the Baghawata and Puranas nobody called him for reciting or to do Purohit's work after the death of his father. People's opinion was that since he is still a boy he may not be fully versed in it. One month after his father's death Shastriji's family started living under the impact of poverty. They managed for sometime by selling the vessels in the house and by selling whatever gold ornaments left with his mother. Still it looked like nobody was prepared to call him. At last a situation arose when there was nothing left in the house. Everybody was forced to observe fast on that day. That day Shastriji took a tough decision -"From today onwards I shall eat whatever I get by my labour. I do not need the food for which I have not worked. If there is no work I shall die by fasting. I have surrendered to you. Carry me along as you wish".

He sat for non-stop meditation and did not get up at all. His younger brother brought rice by begging in the temples and from that children started eating. His mother, too, started fasting saying that she will not eat till Shastriji breaks his fast. For both water with Tulsi leaves was their lunch and dinner. One week passed with silence, meditation and fasting. Mother became very weak. Son also became little weak. Shastriji took a hard decision by preferring death and sat for continuous meditation. On the 8<sup>th</sup> day, it was Amavasya, he became self-realized and that night he danced with unending joy and bliss and the night became full moon for him. One could not explain his joy -Ananda -His mind became zero. 'I' and 'mine' thinking were not there. He was not at all worried about his physical body. His body had become strong when

he got up in the morning. After finishing the morning chores while he was watering the Tulsi plant, a stranger came and gave him one coconut, 10 bananas and nearly 1 Kg of rice. He requested Shastryji "My new house-warming ceremony will take place in 2 days. After conducting Gana -Homam at Sun-rise, you have to recite the Puranas". Shastryji agreed. The family which did not eat properly for 8 days got full meal that day. Everybody was happy. Both happiness and sorrow did not affect Shastryji. He remained detached.

That was the first recitation of Puranas after the death of his father. That day he got up in the Brahma -Muhurtam. Finished his morning chores, collected all the things required for the Homam and started the 5 mile journey to that rich man's residence by carrying the things on his head. He reached that house at 5.00 a.m and the Homam started at 6.00 a.m. Recitation of the Puranas began at 10.00 a.m after the Homam was finished. By 1.00 in the afternoon all the programmes concluded. Food was served to everybody at 2.00 p.m. Shastryji did not eat. He collected all the things given as ' DAKSHINA', packed his food in a plantain leaf. He put all the load on his head and walked back home. He did not think it was proper to eat the food alone as he knew his family members have not eaten properly. At least we got this and so let me share it with others in the family and so he thought and walked back home. Though it was a very hot afternoon Shastryji reached home fully satisfied. There was a surprising incident. That day around 9.00 a.m in the morning a stranger came in a bullock-cart and handed over one bag of rice and all the other items required for a month. The stranger handed over the things by saying that this was sent by Shastryji. Members of his house

believed him and accepted all the items and later prepared a sumptuous meal which they ate and were sitting when Shastryji arrived. The food he brought was still in his hands. Since his mother had not eaten he shared that food with her and went inside to take rest. That day Shastryji did not get sleep at all. Who gave so much that too, free? Why did he give? Without getting any information or knowledge he went around the village to find out the person who sent those items. But that ended in failure. Third day a thought flashed in his mind -“Whatever has come as donation donate it back “. Immediately whatever items left in the house were donated to the poor who lived in the surroundings without keeping a grain in the house. And then he slept feeling greatly satisfied. He was accepting anything only when it was donated or given as ‘DAKSHINA ’. From that day till his death whatever he received was distributed on the same day and he would sleep only after that. In 1981, the then Swamiji of KANCHI KAMAKOTIPEETAM was traveling to Calcutta from Kanchi. He took rest in the night at Vijayawada and later restarted his journey in the morning. Around 7.00 a.m when he was travelling about 4 Km away from Chandol he started getting a feeling that something is pulling him. Love started filling his heart. So he stopped his vehicle and he enquired whether any ascetic lived nearby. People told him it was Chandol Shastry. Immediately his car turned towards the village and reached Shastryji’s house. Shastryji was meditating and was in SAMADHI. Swamiji too sat in front and meditated. When Shastryji came out of Samadhi Swamiji paid respects at his feet and then proceeded further on his journey. Events like this show us that he was an extraordinary yogi.

It is my good fortune that this extraordinary man with the beautiful personality showered his love and blessings on me for two years. Even in Himalayas also this type of extraordinary holy men are not seen. This great man of learning showed by example that there was nothing with him except what he wore on his body. He is the one person whom I remember every morning. I came to know that in the year 1992 at the age of 102 he took Samadhi. I got this news only two years after he took Samadhi. He is a great ocean. I was praying that even if we can get a drop of that will power it is enough. That this prayer/begging is continuing till date, is true.

### **EVERY THING HAPPENS FOR THE BEST**

(This is a true incident which took place 40 years ago in

Mangalore) An innocent girl of 20 years of age approaches a very famous surgeon along with her critically ill father. With her voice trembling she pleads with the doctor to treat her father as he was groaning with stomach pain and was semi conscious.

In those days he was the only surgeon in Mangalore who had a great reputation. It was the moment when the surgeon was getting ready to leave for the airport for flying to Bombay for attending his sisters son's wedding. When he was about to board the car along with his brief case, he unexpectedly meets this father/daughter duo. Even though he felt for a moment that this was a bad omen when he was about to go out, still, he went inside the clinic and checked the patient. This was after he got

overwhelmed due to girl's tears. Her father's condition had become worse. Neither he could not leave the patient who was in a very critical condition nor he could board the plane for Bombay and hence he found himself in a difficult position. He started thinking and came to a decision. As a doctor his first duty and goal are to save the patient. So he ordered the patient to be taken to the operation theatre. Operation was conducted in double quick time. It was successful. Doctor was satisfied to see that the patient was all right after the operation. He told his assistants to look after the patient properly and found out from the airport that there was still time for the plane to depart. So he reached the airport as fast as he could. As soon as he reached the airport, the plane began moving for the take-off. For the surgeon it was a big disappointment as he was unable to attend his sister's son's marriage. He remembered the previous day's speech by Sri CHINMAYANAND in which he had said-"EVERYTHING HAPPENS FOR THE BEST"

He returned home and after finishing his meal started reading that day's newspaper. In those days listening to radio was a hobby. He listened to the 2.00pm news of that day. In that broadcast relayed from Delhi, the news about a plane crash at KHANDALA GHATS near Poona was mentioned. It further mentioned that the plane which was flying to Bombay from Mangalore crashed near KHANDALA GHATS and all persons inside the plane were dead. Doctor was shocked to hear the news. He was surprised, too. He felt that destiny has played its part in keeping him alive. In his mind he bowed to the father/daughter duo for saving him. He went straight to the hospital and met that old patient. Patient was recuperating. He felt that the girl sitting near the old man

was responsible for saving his life. The Doctor was a bachelor and suddenly there was a flash in his mind-"Why I shouldn't marry this girl, who has saved my life?" The life of that beautiful looking girl, who had lost her mother and was living in extreme poverty, took a happy turn thus. Without her knowing, destiny played its part in making them husband and wife.

That is why it is said that whatever happens, happens for the best only. Father's ill health became good for-daughter's marriage, surgeon prevented from flying, was saved from death itself.

**-YOGACHARYA.**

.....

(PLEASE SEND YOUR COMMENTS TO [web@yogashram.in](mailto:web@yogashram.in) )