

Chapter 1, continued

The Supernatural Redeemer from the Frowning Providence

Let me begin with the story of one Dr Karuna Mukherji, a renowned professor of civil engineering at Jadavpur University in Calcutta, an intimate friend of Dr Triguna Sen, the Vice Chancellor and later Education Minister of the Government of India. We had occasion to refer to him earlier. Anyway, he was introduced to Dadaji by Dr Nanigopal Banerji, the musical maestro, and Dr Dhirendranath Saha, his colleague at the University. He was at least 10 years older than Dadaji and they become very close. One day Dadaji asked him, “Do you remember contemplating jumping from the bridge on the Thames to a watery grave because of your empty wallet? What happened then?” After getting his B.E. degree Dr Mukerji went to London for higher studies, but soon he was having pecuniary problems which almost took complete toll of him. On the day under reference by Dadaji, he had only six pennies in his pocket without any hope of early replenishment, so he decided to commit suicide.

Naturally when Dadaji asked him the question, Dr Mukerji was intrigued by it and replied in a dazed voice, “How do you know? I had six pennies in my pocket. I was just going to take the leap to death when a fascinating teenager came forward out of the blue and persuaded me to give up the silly resolve. He gave me four shillings to carry on with until, as he said, money started flowing into my pocket. Are you that teenager? How strange! It’s so unbelievable! And it occurred half century ago, but your eyes have a striking resemblance to that boy’s canting look.” How old was Dr Mukerji at that time? Roughly twenty-two years old. Being 10 years younger than the doctor, Dadaji then must have touched the threshold of teenage years and been in his village of Comilla (now in Bangladesh) undertaking messianic excursions now and then, into the caves of the Himalayan foothills, the traditional resort of renegade Sadhus.

This is the first account I heard about where Dadaji appeared and rescued a person from pre-meditated death, reclaiming him back into the hustle bustle of challenging daily life. How it happened is difficult to specify; one can only imagine that Dadaji’s omniscience and power of ‘multiple manifestation’ or pricking the space-bubble had to bear the main brunt in the affair. Beaming with an inscrutable smile, Dadaji simply said, “So you do remember! Such things happen. Don’t try to understand them.”



Amiya Roy Chowdhury

Since around 1930, Mr Rabi Dutta was a long time associate of Dadaji. Until his last dying days he was blessed, at times plagued, with clairvoyance and clairaudience through the grace of Dadaji, and then known as Amiya Roy Chowdhury. One day Mr Dutta went on some business to Seoraphuli, some 30 miles south of Howrah Train Station in the suburbs of Calcutta. Being a connoisseur of Indian sweets, he was drawn to an elegant looking confectionery on his way back to the train station. Before he could enter the store his eyes chanced upon Amiya Babu who was beckoning him from a distance. Amiya Babu took him to a rather dirty sweets shop. Mr Dutta ordered salted four pastries for Amiya Babu and rasgoollas (juice balls of coagulated milk) for himself. Before the delicacies were served, Amiya Babu said he would go get the bunch of keys left in the car. The car? Mr Dutta wondered why he had not seen any car nearby, much less the car belonging to Amiya Babu. He watched as Amiya Babu ran toward his car parked on the spot where Mr Dutta had first chanced to see him. His amazement came to a grinding halt and he asked the server for prompt service with clean plates.

His palate tickled and wanting to enjoy the sweets, and wondering why there was a delay Mr Dutta looked back to where he had seen Amiya Babu and his car. But no car was there, nor was Amiya Babu there. Mr Dutta instead began getting an intense Aroma associated with Amiya Babu. Familiar with the import of such Aroma, he helped himself to the sweets with cheerless, though reverent gluttony and then made his way to the residence of Amiya Babu as fast as he could. When he arrived and told Amiya Babu about the incident, he simply said, [“You will get to know of it in the morning newspaper.”](#)

Next morning the newspaper reported the sad story of food poisoning in a confectionery at Seoraphuli resulting in the death of one and critical condition of five other victims. Mr Dutta shuddered at the thought of his might-have-been destiny when he recognized the dead man from the photo in the newspaper. He was sure he had seen him dining at the elegant confectionery, from which he had been beguiled away by Amiya Babu. He was speechless for awhile and then tears of joyous submission flooded his cheeks. He lost no time narrating the grim catastrophe and gracious denouement to family, friends and acquaintances. Some accused him of indiscriminate gluttony, to them the keynote of the incident. However Mr Dutta was confident it was a set up to reveal to him Amiya Babu’s omnipotence, multiple manifestation and abundant grace which serves as a shield to lend him succor from the onslaughts of adverse situations.

It would be sequentially judicious to narrate now an incident that happened to Dadaji’s wife during his absence when he was far away from home. It was during the mid-Amiya Roy Chowdhury period in the epoch of Dadaji. One day Boudi (elder brother’s wife), as Mrs Roy Chowdhury was called by Dadaji’s admirers, was in the kitchen lost in cooking food. A venomous cobra got into the kitchen behind and within two feet of her and raised its hood ready to strike. The slightest movement by Boudi by way of stirring the vegetables with a ladle would have spurred immediate snake bite resulting in death. Had she, by chance, turned around, she would have swooned at the sight of the cobra hooded and ready to strike. It was a clear picture of death casting its shadow on the shoulders of one who had no scope for redemption, even were she aware of the situation. In fact, her ignorance was bliss in the circumstances. Fortunately for Boudi the maid who watched the scene unfold from the outside door that opened into the kitchen was frozen with fear and failed to raise the alarm.

All of a sudden, there appeared bouncing from nowhere outside the kitchen window Amiya Roy Chowdhury with a ruddy smile and greeting his spouse softly, [“How are you doing?”](#) Boudi, paralyzed with joy at the unexpected sight of him said, “How come you are here? When have you come?” Amiya bowed with folded palms to the serpent and asked, [“How are the kids doing?”](#) Boudi, a bit incensed thinking Amiya was bowing to her, exclaimed. “The kids are fine, but why bow to me? You will have your ways again. No need of cracking jokes on me.” But her husband heedlessly parried, [“You cook so well! The smell feels terrifically tasty. Oh, it’s the choicest cuisine for Ivy \(their daughter\)!”](#) “You, too, will have a major share of it. Go get ready for lunch, I won’t be long.” [“But are the kids home? Don’t tell them I’m here,”](#) said her elusive husband, adding, [“well, I will taste it with you.”](#) Boudi, without responding to him, put the cooked vegetables in a utensil and as she passed it to him and looked out the window, he was not there. And the snake, its hood and venomous possibility reduced to passivity, had already left the kitchen before her husband disappeared.

Quite ignorant of the snake threat, Boudi searched for her husband inside and outside the house, but he was nowhere to be found. Boudi was wondering why Amiya chose to manifest before her at home, far from his itinerant retreat to Puskar in central India, the maid who was trailing her throughout the house narrated vividly the kitchen scenario of the cobra serpent zeroing in on Boudi and its final slithering away in crestfallen impotence. Boudi then realized in a flash why Amiya appeared before her in a sudden space across space and appointed time. Tears started trickling down her cheeks for the profound hug from her beloved husband. She never confided her story to anyone; she was never given to divulging her supernatural experiences galore with her husband to anyone.

Years later, possibly in 1973, Dadaji himself narrated this incident to me when I one day inquired about the gossip that his house was infested with snakes. Dadaji explained, [“Yes there were two snakes, harmless though. Now, they are not, but how do you take this incident? There is a fixed span of time for an incident to occur. There is an immediate stimulant; if you can](#)

somehow pass over that span of time while avoiding stimulation for the onset of the incident, you get off scot-free from the impending fatality. Even a snake does not bite unless provoked. But that 'somehow' is possible only through God's grace. Even then this interpretation stems from a mundane point of view. Here, on the contrary, an esoteric transcendent spectacle is unfolded. It is far above and beyond the love-display of Radha and Krishna. When such a transcendent afflatus descends upon Nature, time is stalled and space evaporates. No snake can be there except like one in a painted backdrop and it was neutralized the moment he (Dadaji) appeared there; and, with the bow he made it beat an instant retreat. It seems so fantastic, but that's what it is."

Now I'll switch back to the time when Dadaji, in the prime of his teens, resided in Benares and was known as Kishori Bhagavan. Mr Sunil Banerji was one of Dadaji's sincerest devotees and called him Shivanath Sastri (a 19th century stalwart of the Brahmo Samaj in Calcutta). Mr Banerji's father used to live in Benares and was very close to Dadaji. Mr Banerji senior used to extensively tour through the foothills of the Himalayas in search of cave dwelling saints before he settled down in Benares. During that period of saint exploring tours he once met a boy in the dense jungle; it was Amiya, that fugitive child who cruised through the same regions in search of misguided and obsessed saints so he might salvage them back to normal life. When they met, Mr Banerji was in a bad state, he was famished with hunger and thirst, and could not move any further with his swollen aching legs. Try as he might, Mr Banerji had been unable to find any fountain or fruits, and being on his last legs he suddenly ran into Amiya. The boy was in the same plight and he raged, "Are your eyes impaired? Don't you see a fountain there? Go fetch spring water for both of us in cupped leaves." Mr Banerji fetched water for the boy in a cupped leaf and instantly the leaf shaped out into an earthen pot filled with milk with rasgoollas (sweets) submerged. Mr Banerji was completely bewildered, but in that wilderness they both had a hearty repast with that delicious food and drink. On another occasion, the boy served him fine rice with fish curry prepared from the spring water Mr Banerji brought to him.

Another incident that happened to Mr Banerji occurred at Benares were the boy Amiya also resided and was called Kishori Bhagavan. One day Kishori Bhagavan while attending a daily spiritual convention of saints and Truth seekers, was making caustic remarks as was his style, against the top brass of the saints were sermonizing. His invectives were so inflammatory that the congregation soon dispersed. Then calling Mr Banerji to his side Kishori Bhagavan cautioned him in a low voice, "Tomorrow you will have a brush with death. Don't be scared. Watch your every step tomorrow; eventually nothing will happen to you." Next day Mr Banerji did his chores, inside and outside with extreme caution though a part of him was confident of the infallibility of assurances he'd been given.

Mr Banerji decided to go out to do an errand and hired a man-drawn rickshaw to navigate the crowded streets of Benares. He mounted and sat on the bench of the rickshaw and had not gone far when a heavily loaded truck coming from the opposite direction suddenly rammed into the rickshaw crushing it completely. The rickshaw-waller (puller) suffered severe injuries and lay in a marginal state But Mr Banerji was whole, hale and hearty though stupefied for quite awhile and was left wondering with shuddering convulsions how he had been rescued from such a den of death. After he settled down, his eclipsed consciousness resurfaced and he crooned in a faltering voice to the crowd gathered around the accident, "Possibly I lapsed into unconsciousness at the sight of the onrushing truck. Then I felt Kishori Bhagavan lifting me up to the place of safety. Here I stand now talking to you all, so I have been saved after all, in spite of myself and it is assuredly Kishori Bhagavan who has spared me my life. Let us go seek him." But, Kishori Bhagavan was nowhere to be found.

Such cases of miraculous rescue from fatal accidents are legion. I will have occasion to narrate a few of them later. But now I will relate another rickshaw incident that I experienced, followed by another incident that proved fatal to the person as a result of disobeying Kishori Bhagavan.

The first incident occurred in the summer of 1975. Mrs Santi Sen, my wife, was invited to a lunch by Boudi, Dadaji's wife. My wife went to Dadaji's house at 12 noon. She enjoyed a sumptuous lunch with Boudi and a few others. Afterward they had a pleasant afternoon siesta

while the ceiling fan ran full blast overhead. Around 4 pm they awoke and took tea in the company of Dadaji. My wife grew fidgety as time passed and Dadaji held a protracted conversation with her. She had to go to her brother's house to attend the traditional ritual engagement of her niece who would be wished well with showers of grain, blades of grasses, and flowers by the elders of the groom's party, followed by those of the bride's relatives. The moment Dadaji heard of this upcoming ceremony, he started cracking many-pronged jokes on her about her choice of dress for the occasion, the delicacies expected to be served, the fabulous wealth amassed by her brother and how much money would be spent on the wedding ceremony that would follow months later. My wife was exasperated negotiating the volleys of ticklish questions thrust on her by Dadaji. Time was fast running out and she ought to have been there long before helping her brother to conduct the ceremony properly. Dadaji wouldn't let her go; instead he continued to deluge her with barbed query after query to her great dismay and lurking pique.

At long last, her breaking point arrived and she was allowed to go. She arrived at her brothers just when, the ceremony being over, attendees were dispersing. Over the angry words of her brother and sister-in-law and angry digs of the womenfolk, my wife did get to bless her niece ceremonially. My wife decided Dadaji was to blame for this; but after she reflected for awhile on the enigmatic ways of Dadaji who behaved often in utter disregard for our moral and social conventions, she decided that Dadaji must have saved her from some unwelcome situation by delaying her departure. And so it was.

Dadaji had confided earlier in the day to Miss Geeta Das Gupta that my wife would have to wrangle with death that day through a street accident unless she could avoid vehicular confrontation for a long space of time. By keeping my wife at his house and delaying her planned departure the edge of death blow would be dulled. Not only that, Dadaji said her mother would have an accident that day, thereby turning the celebration ceremony cheerless and resulting, finally, in her death a few months later thus delaying the prospective wedding ceremony. This grim providence of multiple dimensions fully justifies the delay tactic Dadaji used. If my wife were not overwhelmed and in tears by the antics of Dadaji, she wouldn't have been allowed to go anywhere at all, even home, because the evil star was still in ascendant upon her, though in a faint glimmer. The danger zone of time had not yet slipped away.

Around 9 pm I picked up my wife and we looked for a bus that would stop at the lane leading to our residence. We waited for at least 15 minutes to find such a bus; they were all crowded to overflowing. In desperation we got into a half empty bus that would reach its terminus just across the Tollygunge Bridge about 200 yards from the lane to our home. My wife insisted on riding a bicycle rickshaw that would take us all the way home. This decision provides us a glimpse into Dadaji's odd behavior; had my wife agreed to simply walk the rest of the way home, possibly nothing would have happened. However, we got in the rickshaw and it started gliding down the crowded street. At one point it was passing beside a ditch on our left, about 4 feet away at most. All of a sudden a taxi failed to continue in its lane to our right sped along the left side of our rickshaw. Alarmed I grabbed and held fast to my wife, pulling us both to the left side of the rickshaw bench trying to stave off her falling in the impending collision. I saw the taxi almost touching the left side paddle of the bicycle rickshaw. It was a moment of seismic shiver and the rickshaw puller was yelling himself hoarse at the taxi driver summoning up every word of abuse at his command.

My wife reported having felt a wee bit of a jerk. We could not then, nor can we now, understand how a big taxi could somehow speed through the narrow strip between the rickshaw we were riding in and the ditch on our left, without causing a ripple, far less havoc, on us. We did not see Dadaji helping us out; for in this case the catastrophic accident had been ruled out of bounds earlier by him.

Even when accidents occur and people are somehow miraculously saved and unhurt, they do not see Dadaji although some have reported feeling like someone lifts their body out of harms way. Such was a situation occurred when a fully loaded bus ran over the right foot of a loved one of Dadaji, without causing any injury, not even swelling. I shall have occasion to later write about on-the-spot visions of Dadaji from their absence under similar situations.

It was a sunny day on August 7, 1973. In the forenoon Dadaji was chatting with me, Dr Nanigopal Banerji and a few others; as usual conversation was interspersed with Dadaji's

profound commentaries. Dadaji was talking high philosophy of unattached Divine Lover when all of a sudden he lapsed into a watchful silence that continued for two or three minutes. Then he exclaimed, "Chandramadhav comes out unscathed from an impending severe street accident. Just look at your watches and mark the time in your memory." Someone said, "It is 11:20 am by my watch." "Keep it in mind," Dadaji said, "and you will get to know of it in the evening."

That evening Dadaji was in the house of Mrs Minati Dey, the wife of Dr M.S. Dey. She is one of Dadaji's dearest loved ones. Around 8:30 pm there came a long distance call from Bhubaneswar from a dedicated follower of Dadaji Mr Chandramadhav Misra, a top industrialist and one time minister of the state government of Orissa. Chandramadhav told Dadaji he was driving his car while going to Saksigopal (on the way to Puri), when he confronted a huge fully loaded truck rushing toward him at top speed. In a panic he braked hard to reduce the car's speed, but the brakes failed completely. Outmaneuvered by fate and the vehicle he was helplessly driving into a deathtrap while frantically uttering, "Dada, Dada, Dada..."



Mr Misra, his daughter and son, with Dadaji 1987 Utsav in Calcutta

In the midst of this frigid outburst, suddenly in front of him he saw Dadaji with outstretched hands and was suffused with the intense Aroma of Dadaji. Meanwhile, someone managed to place two huge slabs of bricks on the road in front of the truck, impeding it to a complete halt; simultaneously his car slowed down to a halt only two feet in front of the immobilized truck. He was in tears, crying into the phone as he told the story and realized the love Dadaji bore to him. Throughout the day as the traumatic shock resurfaced time and again he was not at peace with himself being grated by thoughts of his rankling ingratitude toward Dadaji on several previous occasions. He managed to continue his journey to Saksigopal and return to Bhubaneswar although in a dazed state of mind. While talking with Dadaji, telling him the story, Mr Misra found no words adequate to express his unconditional submission to Dadaji that he pledged from that day forward.



Dr Samiran Mukherji (left), Dadaji's personal physician from 1973 through 1987 visited him at home each morning and evening. He, with his wife Gauri Devi and son Gautam, were zealous devotees and caretakers of Dadaji. One day Dr Mukerji went to check on a wealthy patient around Mahanirvan Road in south Calcutta. When he was coming back via Mahanirvan Road across Rashbehari Avenue, a tram car rammed violently into his car, wrecking and sweeping it for fifteen feet. Curiously and amazingly enough for sure, Dr Mukerji, quite unhurt was not conscious of the accident while it occurred. The police arrived promptly, sent Dr Mukerji's unconscious driver in an ambulance to the P.G. Hospital and impounded the car to the police station.

Shortly thereafter, Dr Mukerji came to Dadaji's residence and told him the story of what had happened, although his son Gautam had already reported it to Dadaji. The doctor looked confused for the car was a total wreck yet he and his driver had survived this fiery, frowning providence. It was an impossible outcome by any stretch of the imagination; a violent smash with immaculate safety; a contraposition of Nature's ravaging toll and unconditional divine redemption. Meanwhile, his driver who had been unconscious from the shock of the accident left the hospital and returned to find Dr Mukerji to report on his condition. Two days later, it was learned from Gautam that the legal problems would be taken care of and the severely damaged car repaired by the wealthy patient whom the doctor had been on his way to visit prior to the incident. So, everything happened, but nothing at all happened. That is what is viewed in glowing terms as the supernatural redemptive power of Dadaji in the circle of his associates.

One day Meghji, a distant relative and office manager of Mr G.T. Kamdar known as the Salt Baron of India and paragon of all out submission to Dadaji, was going in a car along a street in Bombay. Suddenly the car tilted and started sliding down a slope off to the side of the street. No sooner had Meghji realized the situation than he felt his consciousness slipping away just as he raised the alarm saying, "Dada!" Even in that state he felt his car somehow being pulled back up onto the street out of harm's way. Mr Kamdar wasted no time calling Dadaji by phone to report the near catastrophic situation and how Meghji and his vehicle were miraculously pulled to safety. Dadaji chuckled and said, "So these things happen. Don't question it, don't you try to understand." Such incidents are secret revelation to a particular individual; it should not be discussed in public or it would hurt the heart, the seat of Mahanama and Divine Grace would evaporate. Dadaji then told those people with him that Meghji was fated to be charred to death by the fire started in the tumbling car; that He is always with the people around, that this omnipresence becomes manifest when one is in submission; and, if the person can raise frantic alarm invoking Him, He becomes fully manifest instantly to save that person from the fateful ordeal. Along with the car, Meghi's ego must have glided down the slope to set the stage for the super-egoistic Nobody, to display His exploit of redemption from fiery death that came upon him in bouncing zest.



Abhi Bhattacharya & Dadaji – early 1970s

Abhi Bhattacharya sent a letter from Bombay that reached Dadaji on December 23, 1974. The letter narrated an incident that happened to Dr Dhirubhai Naik's wife. Dr Naik wrote an excellent brochure about Dadaji titled "Supreme Scientist". (Read this brochure online at web page <http://dadaji.info/DLOAD2.HTM>) Abhi's letter described the following incident. Mrs Maik was alone in their Bombay residence doing her cooking on a gas cooking ranger (gas fired burner). She was never trim or tidy in her dress, her sari often had the loose end hanging in various swings and angles. For such carelessness one often has to pay dearly. This day too, as she cooked, her sari was oscillating in a drunken rhythm when suddenly it licked fire to highlight her messy manners. She was a bit slow to realize it and when she realized the flames were starting to scorch her, she heard a voice say, "Beware" in Gujarati. The instant she became conscious of the fire and her utter helplessness, raising a frantic alarm she babbled out, "Dada" and fell swooning to the floor. In a thrice, there were no flames, no blaze, no scorching; indeed, there was no fire. Instead she was engulfed by the intense Aroma of Dadaji that convinced her beyond any doubt that Dadaji had saved her from the blazing fire.

After Abhi's letter was read to Dadaji to the end, he said, "Yes, He was there with her. Why don't you recall Sita during fire ordeal; Draupadi being denuded savagely of her clothes and aftermath?" Then Dadaji added, "Undoubtedly you must do your duties, but that alone will not suffice. You must do them in proper fashion, adhering to the rules and regulations of the world

you are in. You must pay what is due to the world; otherwise you turn a derelict, a renouncer, an escapist." It was an object lesson for the dedicated lady and since then she has turned a new leaf in her life.

In this context I will narrate the story of my wife, Santi Sen, who while being ten times more slovenly in her dress, suffers intensely from over-cleanliness syndrome. She is in the habit of cleaning water containers, for example bottles and tea kettles, with acid once a week to remove hard water and tea stains. Each week she fills the containers with acid and water in the forenoon and places them on top of the refrigerator until she cleans them later in the day at around 3 pm. One day our usual tea time came at 3:30 pm and Santi filled a previously cleaned tea kettle with water from a bottle on top of the refrigerator. Within a space of two or three minutes the electricity went off, the stove and fan lapsed into a dead halt. "Oh what a pest," Santi said with vexation and dismay. A cup of tea well made is a 'vivat regina' (long live the queen) elixir after a short siesta she thought, even that is denied me by adverse providence. Fuming and fretting she felt the tea kettle and it was not even lukewarm. "Oh hang it," she said to me, "get tea for me from the stall."

So I went to the nearby tea stall and fetched two cups of tea. The owner inquired why I was taking tea from outside. I replied, "No electricity." The owner argued, "But there is no load shedding (time when power is shut off in one area and turned on in another area of Calcutta)." "Hang it!" I said and returned home with the tea, which we sipped and found to have no taste. We agreed we would have been better off without any tea at all.

Suddenly, at around 4 pm the fans started again and my grumpy wife lost no time going to place the tea kettle on the stove, as in the meantime her thirst for a good cup of tea had gained in intensity. She took the lid off the kettle to check and see if she should add water and noticed the water appeared crusty and white. Puzzled, using the tip of her finger she tasted it and felt a burning sensation on her tongue. Strange, she thought, but then she instantly realized what had happened and she said, "Oh Dada, the perfect savior in Supreme anonymity!"

We later learned from the other tenants in the building that their electricity never shut off that day at all. Imagine the fun if it! Stranger than philosophy? Yes, but it is philosophy par excellence, undreamed of in any geological time.

On a personal note, since we met Dadaji he has been inextricably saddled with the raucous, rough-and-tumble destiny of the Sen family; he has now mollified us and then blasted off at us at various times over many years. Dadaji has been the pilot and shield in our lives, in spite of our selves. Although it would be quite unfair and out of proportion for me to narrate multiple incidents that happened to my family, on the other hand to exclude them entirely out of mock humility would be expression of ingratitude and denial of the Dadaji's grace with which we have been constantly shielded. So I will steer a middle course between bragging exhibitionism and rankling denial born of psychotic humility. By spilling the beans in public, I get the chance to tell how I and my family constantly bothered Dadaji, who in infinite love and kindness has always concerned himself with dulling the rough edges of our self-assured knavery. I therefore ask your indulgence while I narrate a few pertinent family episodes.

In 1972, my son Saktiprasad was due to take the Part I examination in Electronics and Telecom at Jadavpur University. One day prior to the exam he reported to me that he would not be able to take the exam because of his poor attendance record that was beyond repair. Being a professor at another university, I felt desperate for him and sought to find a way around this problem. I was alarmed to learn that my son attended only two classes out of twenty in his woodworking class; the picture was no better in other practical classes. The department of physics superintendent said the head of the department would not return until the end of the month, but in the meantime he would take care of the deficit and set them in order. However, the superintendent requested that I contact the head of the physics department, whom he said was a hard nut to crack. I promptly did so and had a direct confrontation with the department head who announced categorically that he would see to it that my son would not take the examination. So as a result of my egoistic tomfoolery worse had come to the worst. How to undo it? I secured the help of a few other professors to try to prevail on the department head; but it hardened him all the

more. The policy of least resistance would have been better from the start. Crestfallen I offered in thought the entire situation to Dadaji for him to negotiate.

Three days later my son came romping home holding the Admit card for the upcoming examination, but he was apprehensive for he had been asked by the issuing office to keep the matter a secret. Clearly Dadaji was in play, but I became worried and piteously invoked the grace of Dadaji. Three days later it was decided to admit all students for the exam. My prayer was granted, indeed, and my son got a low first class in that exam. In his Part II exam, he again got first class, scoring the highest marks that time. Later he stood first in his class for his Master of Science degree in computer science at Rutgers University in New Jersey, USA.

While studying for his M.E., my son Sakti used to walk along K.P. Roy Lane through Zheel Road to the Jadavpur University and return the same way. He would never take Selimpur Road with plenty of rickshaws leading to Raja Subodh Mullick Road where plenty of buses ran and where the University was located. He preferred to save his money for his indigent friends. My son had disavowed and quit the Naxalite party due to their homicidal tendencies.

One day during the congress regime of the state, a local congress leader was murdered at Zheel Road around 6 pm. The whole area was cordoned off by the police and all roads near the area were sealed off as well. It was a foregone conclusion that a Naxalite group must have committed the murder and those in nearby Naxalite dens were being rounded up by the police. The D.C. of Police interrogated all suspects and a reign of terror was let loose upon the entire area. Word spread that the suspects were being tortured to elicit confessions.

We were very worried to the point of tears over the fate of our son Sakti who we thought would be on his way home from school and walking in the troubled area. Although he normally kept late hours at university, that day he was to return early to receive a friend. When it was past 8 pm, I decided to go to the scene of the police action to look for my son. My wife ruled it out, so we waited feverishly for our son to return home safely. We contacted other youngsters in our neighborhood to ascertain if they had any word about our son. Time felt mighty ominous and explosive in spite of our fast mutterings of "Dada, Dada" who seemed unresponsive. At long last around 9 pm our son reached home. He was in a normal mood having no concern for the gruesome murder and aftermath. Surprisingly, that day Sakti had come along Selimpur Road to get home, for the first time in the past four years! Why? He said he did not know; that day he had been to Ballygunge at the Gariahat junction talking with his friends and while coming back he got off the buss at the Selimpur stop by accident and took Selimpur Road home without any thought. He inquired why he was being cross-examined and shuddered when he heard of the murder and realized he may have been in great danger had he returned home along his usual route. Dadaji was revitalized in us for a split second, a silent savior in calm profundity.

Now I will relate a story about one of my experiences. At Rabindra Bharati University I hold the position of professor on the faculty of Humanities and am Head of the Department of Sanskrit. I was drawn into a vortex of heated and rapacious movement against the Vice Chancellor by a large group of unruly students who were aided and abetted by a group of self-seeking professors with financial resources. Their logistics were deprecation through a smear campaign designed to force the resignation with physical removal of the Vice Chancellor. Opposing this action, I had my own rigid views on every matter, but ended up the leader of a left wing group prone to lesser villainy. I was made the scapegoat for the intractable rowdies out to threaten the Vice Chancellor. Unable to obtain my cooperation in their efforts they kept me in confinement for hours on several occasions; but I did not yield to their threats. Many colleagues implored me to submit to their will for, they pointed out, the miscreants were moving about with guns. Still I did not comply, for once I submitted, I would have to irresistibly go down the slippery slope to utter and complete erosion of my moral stamina. Someone reported the whole matter to Dadaji.

On several prior occasions Dadaji reprimanded me for my obdurate moral stances saying, "Why do you pose as a great moralist? Who has given you the charge of fighting corruption? First, secure your position; then flex muscles against corruption. You have to move with the times with circumspect moderation. I am now inveighing against Sadhus, Mahatmas and Bhagavans. Had I done it twenty years before, I would have been shot dead and butchered." But this time Dadaji thundered at me, "Nobody can touch even a hair of Dr. Sen."

One day during the controversial movement against the university's Vice Chancellor, at around 12 noon I was ready to go to my office. My portfolio in hand, I came out to the landing of the staircase and was just going to take the first step down when I suddenly turned around and said to myself, "No I won't go today." I went back inside our home and my wife accosted me, "How come you are in again? Won't you go to the University?" I replied, "No, I don't feel like going." My wife was displeased but insisted we go to a movie that evening saying, "Let Dadaji alone today." We usually went to visit Dadaji each evening, but this time her imperious order had to be carried out leaving Dadaji to a forlorn rapport in His Love for me.

The next day the morning newspaper reported how violent vandalism had erupted the previous day at Rabindra Bharati University. The Vice Chancellor and few teachers who were standing guard by her had been physically molested and assaulted by students carrying cudgels (short heavy sticks; clubs) and knives. They rampaged around the office of the Vice Chancellor and even threw a student from the second floor inflicting severe multiple injuries on him; he ended up in critical condition in a hospital. The area in and around the Vice Chancellors office was turned into a battleground, damaging the building and reducing to rubble the furniture, phone, ceiling fans, electric wiring and decorative pieces. Had I decided to go to my office that morning I would have been present during the violence and even Dadaji would have perspired to rescue me from that hellfire. Later I asked Dadaji about the events of that day, and described how I had at the last minute changed my mind about going into my office at the university that day. With joyous approval, Dadaji exclaimed, "Superb! That's how He protects one who is in perfect submission." Contemplating Dadaji's explanation, apparently there can't be any wakeful submission; possibly submission was wrung out of my ego imperceptibly by Dadaji. As he said, "Nobody can touch even a hair of Dr. Sen."

A month later the intransigently rowdy students launched a petition signing campaign to remove the Vice Chancellor. The students forced everyone to sign it, teachers and students alike; but I did not yield to their demands. They embarked on a demonstration procession with university employees and students to present their petition requesting the dismissal of the V.C. to Government House. I was asked to join the procession, but stood firm on the burning deck with obdurate obesity of my moral obsession. As it turned out, I did not even have to reap their vengeance in later years, as Dadaji said, "Nobody can touch even a hair of Dr. Sen." Yes, those were the words of Dadaji; there he was in action, I remained whole and unscathed. His words all wrapped up in a superstring fabric exuding the fragrance of superabundant love; I, however, am no body therein.

It was one of those dog days of April 1978 when Mr Atulananda Chakravurty, an octogenarian and celebrated author of *Dada Movement*, went to the electric office to pay his electric bill. There was already a long winding queue and he took his place to await his turn. Twenty minutes elapsed and he was still behind over 50 people in the queue. He was perspiring profusely, shaking and aching now and then due to exhaustion. A young man in line behind him offered to pay his bill for him. He suggested Mr Chakravurty sit in a comfortable niche and when the youth got to the counter he could get the money and pay his bill. Mr Chakravurty declined the offer, but after five minutes the youth repeated his offer and Mr Chakravurty handed his bill to him and started to leave the queue. Within seconds the youth informed him the money for the bill was already in the bill envelope. The old man denied it was possible saying the money for the bill was in his wallet, carefully put aside in a separate compartment. The youth insisted he check on it. He checked his wallet to find the money set aside was gone. Dadaji suddenly flashed before his mind and bathed in tears he said to the youth helping him, "Yes, I feel confused. Thank you." He left for home with shivers of joyous horripilation (goose flesh, goose bumps on the skin). With a radiant smile, he lost no time reporting his brush with joyous truth to his loved ones, who told Dadaji about it. His bill for eternal life had already been paid for him by Dadaji.

It was again in 1974 that an incident happened which I will relate presently. Years before, when Dadaji went to Bhubaneswar for the first time, he announced publicly before a huge crowd, "I have come to Bhubaneswar to net Basanti." People in the crowd wondered who this Basanti might be. Someone suggested it might be the beloved wife of Balaram Misra, Chief Executive Engineer of the Government of Orissa. So Mr and Mrs Misra were somehow persuaded to come meet with Dadaji who instantly, on their arrival, netted them both and deluged them with his felt

love. In fact, they belong to the band of the most devoted couples in the love-enchanted fold of Dadaji since that day.

In 1974, this gutsy Balamram Misra, along with his wife and children, went on a visit to London. When embarking on their return to India, Balamram found he had lost all their passports. He was mighty perplexed, immobilized and could not decide what to do, unusual for the plucky, forge-ahead man that he was. In desperation for the grim prospect of being stranded indefinitely, deep inside himself he melted away in reflexive submission. Within minutes, in a flash he saw Dadaji and soon the situation eased out when a stranger, a gentleman, on his own account, inquired what had befallen them. When the gentleman was told they lost their passports, he helped them get new ones, overriding all the red tape at the passport office in London. We beaming eyes and smiling faces they boarded the plane from London on time to arrive safely home with renewed passports and renewed in the heart of Dadaji due to their cherished submission.



Dr LK Pandit (physicist) and Mr C.S. Pandit (editor) & Dadaji 1974

Pandit brothers tried and failed to get train tickets from Bombay to Delhi. In distress and great anguish, almost as a matter of habit, they called their friend, the famous Indian film star Abhi Bhattacharya and told him of their plight. He immediately booked two plane tickets for Delhi and urged them to go straight to the domestic airport to pick up the tickets and emplane. They did as bidden but remained dismayed for the plane would take off a little before 2 pm and reach Delhi via Jaipur at 4 pm at the earliest. They couldn't reach the crematorium before 4:30 pm at the earliest. No way out except Dada, the brothers agreed and consoled themselves.

They boarded the plane which left on time. After awhile the plane mysteriously enough changed its course and took an air route headed straight for Delhi to arrive there a little before 3:30 pm. A very distinguished passenger, Maharani Gayatri Devi of Jaipur grew furious over the re-routing of the plane direct to Delhi instead going via Jaipur where she planned to deplane. She lodged a complaint against the airline threatening to sue them unless a satisfactory explanation for the diversion was forthcoming within a week.

The Pandit brothers reached the crematorium near Delhi shortly before 4 pm and took part in the funeral ceremonies fully aware of the flair of flight, flood of light, Dadaji's unattached aromatic love supreme that had allowed their timely attendance. The indefatigable Abhi Bhattacharya pounced upon this incident as golden opportunity to prove the role of Dadaji as supernatural designer. He kept pressuring the bigwigs of the airline for a month to find out the cause of the diversion of the plane; eventually he tired of trying without success, feeling confident in his conviction of Dadaji's supernatural saturation in all spheres of human life.

Now I will embark on a somnambulistic trip around the supernatural pageantry that was unraveled during an incident in 1974. Dr Lalit Pandit, a TIFR based physicist of Bombay and his journalist elder brother received word that their dear mother residing in Delhi had died and the cremation was set at 4 pm the next day. Both brothers are devoted to Dadaji without any cavil (trivial objection) or blinking misgivings. Indeed, Lalit the eminent physicist would deal a fatal blow if you dare cast an evil eye on Dadaji. Although taking the train it would be unlikely they would arrive on time for the cremation, the

Now I will recount a story, the scenario of which was laid in Indore toward the end of February 1978. Dadaji was on a tour of Bombay and adjoining cities. Toward the end of his tour he was in Indore enjoying the hospitality of some admirers. Dr R. L. Dutta, President of the International Solar Energy Commission, had arranged for 13 international scientists who had been specially invited by Prime Minister Indira Gandhi to a conference in Delhi under the auspices of the Government of India to meet with Dadaji in Bombay. The group would stay for a day to meet with Dadaji personally and explore his miracles first hand. The meeting was set at Abhi Bhattacharya's residence Delphin House on Carter Road in Bandra area of Bombay along the Arabian Sea. Dadaji was to fly from Indore.

The day of the meeting came and Dadaji was procrastinating in his enigmatic way, chatting with several people in a crowd. It was one hour past the departure time for his plane and Abhi was feverishly worried. If they missed the plane the golden opportunity for Dada to iron out the rough edges of the scientists would be missed. But Abhi could not bring himself to interrupt Dadaji who was in deep rapport with his admirers; he knew deep down that whatever Dada does has profound meaning lurking beneath it. Dadaji's forgetting, if at all, is deceptive. Knowing Abhi's concern, Dadaji asked him and the others to proceed to the airport and he would go the airport after having finished his conversation.

Abhi and the others rushed off to the airport, only to find to their great relief which was replaced immediately by anxiety, that the plane's oil tank had a huge leak and was ejecting oil profusely. Unless it was repaired immediately, the plane would not take off. Despite the best efforts of the maintenance crew, the leak could not be repaired for quite a period of time. Meanwhile, Dadaji arrived at the airport, boarded the plane and pressed for an immediate departure. When told of the oil leak, he confidently said, "No, there is no oil leak now. So take off, forthwith." The engineers checked the leak and to their amazement found there was no more oil spilling out of the tank. Word spread throughout the plane of the sudden stoppage of the oil leak when Dadaji boarded. The pilots, crew, and air hostesses came running and jostling with one another to be the first to touch Dadaji's feet. They all received his blessing before take off. So wrapped in mystery the plane took off in jovial spirit.

However, Dadaji was engineering another fearful plot. When the plane had traveled half the distance to Bombay Dadaji sent word to the pilot to check the oil as it had resumed leaking again. His words confirmed some of the crew and one of the pilots made for Dadaji beseeching him to help the plane out of a disastrous destiny. Calmly Dadaji assured them, "Don't you be scared. Put on normal airs and let the plane fly to its destination. Nothing will happen, for sure." Thus the plane continued on and landed at Bombay airport. Within a minute of coming to a stop on the landing strip near the terminal, an orgy of oil spilled out of the tank, baffling all attempts at containing it. What are the building blocks of this supernatural exploit? Let the omniscient post Big Bang scientists explore it!

Gautam Mukerji, son of Samiran and Gauri Devi Mukerji, was a great pet of Dadaji who loved to play upon his emotions with teasing manifestations. Gautam responded with his own sort of teasing in similar fashion. It was love laden hide-and-seeK with bouts of bugging and teasing on both sides every day either in person or in telepathic fashion. Gautam planned to take his B. Com. Examination without much preparation, particularly in Accountancy. On the day of the Accountancy exam when he was going to the hall where the test would be given, a pre-teen boy unknown to him came rushing up to him from the crowd. He held out an inscribed piece of paper and said, "Brother! Go through the three formulas worked out in here before going into the hall."

Amused but angry, Gautam grabbed the boy's hand and started twisting it, charging him, "How do you know they belong to the exam?" The boy jerked free and as he ran away said, "I do." With skepticism, Gautam read the paper twice, and then entered the examination hall a little late. When he got his exam paper he looked for the three formulas and to his great amazement, they were there, all three of them. His knew his performance that day was spectacular. The examination over, Gautam rushed to Dadaji's house to take the dust of his feet, with a stinging pinch as usual. With a gentle smile, Dadaji said, "My wrist is in pain even now. You have twisted it pretty hard and it is swollen." Gautam replied, "Don't tell a lie, you have no pain," and he left.



Dada, Peter & Abhi – 1979 Germany

Professor Dr Peter Meyer-Dohm, renowned German economist, was President of a West German University, advisor to the government, then economic advisor of Volkswagen. He is one of the chosen few in Dadaji's consortium. I will present in his own words what happened to him in 1978. Peter told me, "I went to Madras (India) to attend a conference. One evening I was swimming in the

ocean; I'm a good swimmer and although I knew it was a bit dangerous I was enjoying myself and was swimming out to a small sand bar. On my swim back to shore a huge wave came and I nearly drowned; amidst the strong turbulence somehow I cried out 'Dadaji, help me!' Whether you believe me or not, before me all the way to the sand opened a smooth path in the ocean without any waves so I could swim safely to shore."

Peter continued, "At the same spot five years later a similar thing happened. I was bathing in the ocean with my young twins and all of sudden my son lost the ground under his feet and the waves were too tall for him. My friend, Peter Hoffman, came out with a surfboard and rescued my son, but I myself lost my footing and struggling as hard as I could I again had that feeling that Dadaji should come. Nearly the same thing when all of a sudden I found a new sand bank had formed under my feet and I came up out of the water. I was overwhelmed realizing so clearly it was the second time being rescued."

I will narrate another incident that happened to Dadaji's physician, Dr Samiran Mukerji. The doctor was himself a heart patient. One morning he put a pan of water on the gas stove to boil. Suddenly he felt a grating pain clawing at his chest and the room became dark and spinning as he began to fall toward the stove. Suddenly, out of the blue, he heard Dadaji shouting, "Remember Mahanama. Say Gopala Govinda, Gopala Govinda." The doctor somehow muttered Mahanama and instantly his chest pain went away, the darkness became light, and he regained his senses. Later that day in the forenoon, he went to see Dadaji who inquired with an intriguing smile, "Is it quite ok with you? Is He always with you?" With silent submission sparkling from his eyes and face, the doctor busied himself with checking Dadaji's pulse, pressure and blood sugar.

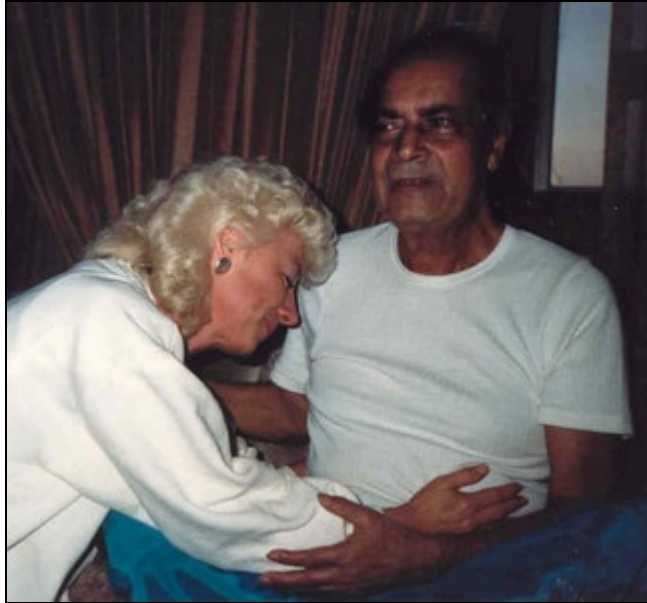
In 1969 Dadaji was traveling by train from Calcutta to Allahabad in Uttar Pradesh (India) along with a bunch of his good-humored male and female associates. After the train had traveled a long distance into the adjoining state of Bihar, as though in a panic Dadaji suddenly exclaimed, "My goodness! Mahakala (deity of destruction) is stalking in a wry grimace just to the front of us." He waved his right hand a bit and the train instantly slowed to a dead halt. The guard, driver, and crew got down from the train to ascertain what stalled its progress so suddenly. The driver confirmed no chain had been pulled and they could find nothing to account for it. The engineer and mechanic were called to further check on the train, but they could not find the cause of the stoppage. It was dark, the midnight hour and everyone was, to a degree, worried. Someone told the train crew that possibly Dadaji had immobilized the train. On hearing this they ran to Dadaji and implored, "Let the train go." With an imperious tone Dadaji replied, "No, it won't. Nothing is wrong with it. But a severely catastrophic accident is staring us in the face; let the zero hour for it pass over. Then the train will move again. Before that you can't let it go."

Some were skeptical, so they tried to start the train without success. Their pride humbled they came back to Dadaji and begged, "Please tell us when to start the train." Dadaji replied, "Yes, that will be done. Before that, go enjoy yourselves." After an hour Dadaji gave the signal to start the train; it started and easily glided along the rails at first, but then stopped again at a hundred yards. Why? Because one of Dadaji's associates was missing and remained on the platform. The guard came to Dadaji and said, "Are you wroth with us?" Dadaji replied, "No, it is for him who was left behind." He pointed to his associate who by then had got in the train. "Now you can go safely without any hindrance." So it was for the rest of the journey.

How Dadaji knew of Mahakala on that occasion is not known, but later it was revealed that two bogies of a goods train were derailed, stalling all trains on the rails along which Dadaji's train would have passed. Had his train not been halted, it would have rammed into the goods train ahead with a violent crash that would have resulted in great loss of lives and critical injury to many; or another possibility ahead was that his train would have been derailed and thrust into a watery grave of a river ahead. Dadaji did not confirm the details of either eventuality.

It would be nice to narrate now an episode that took place after the incident when the Pandit brothers flew from Bombay to Delhi for their mother's cremation and last rites.

Judith Maltese of Long Beach, California, is a dedicated follower of Dadaji. During a brief holiday she was on a long, tiresome journey from Los Angeles to the Bahamas. At Miami Airport she was told her flight to Abaco had been cancelled. She tried other airlines, but she could get no booking the airline clerk telling her all flights were full. Not willing to give up she implored an airline agent, "Could you somehow help me?" After a time, to her amazement, the agent said she would try to get her on an earlier flight to Abaco on another airline that had not yet departed. The plane was destined for Marsh Harbor, the agent told Judith, and the pilot may agree to take her to Treasure Cay her destination. By phone the pilot agreed and asked her to board immediately.



Judith Maltese & Dadaji – Los Angeles 1987

Although she was exhausted from traveling most of the day, carrying all her heavy luggage Judith ran the length of the airport to get to the airline gate and boarded the plane. As the plane taxied down the runway upon arrival at her destination, with a sigh of relief she was engulfed by Dadaji's Aroma. She looked at the pilot and voiced her gratitude. He replied, "Isn't it a miracle you are here at this hour? This flight was to have taken off from Miami at 7:30 am and we ran late only because my supervisor forgot to tell me the correct departure time."

So, we see in the forgetful supervisor, the play delayed, the accommodating agent, the agreeable pilot, pageantry on the canvas of Judith's faith and fortitude in immaculate Dadaji's divine compassion. It appeared in flying color upon her life in thought, action and will. No serendipity has any scope here, however remote. At one end is Dadaji; at the other end is Judith in supine submission having a brush with the omniscient and omnipresent love of Dadaji that is fully potent cutting across space, time and inertia of material systems.

I will close this section with another rough and tumble episode of a car crash. Mr D.P. Dhar, Ambassador for the Government of India, and his brother R.P. Dhar are both very close to Dadaji. One day toward the end of 1979 R.P. Dhar was traveling by car to a place of business when his vehicle was involved in a collision of three automobiles. His car was totaled, but wonder of wonders he escaped unhurt. How? As he narrated later to Abhi Bhattacharya, he felt he was held aloft away from the scene of the crash by no less than Dadaji himself. The scene of the crash was carefully scrutinized by the traffic police who concluded it was not humanly possible to survive such a crash. Overjoyed Abhi called Dadaji to report the matter. Dadaji simply said, "These things do happen. A few fortunate are witnesses to such occurrences."