

Chapter 2, continued

The Love-hooked, Incurable Healer, continued

Dadaji: Supernatural Healing

Let us now switch over to an episode of another incurable disease that was woven into the physical fabric of another devout woman. It was Dr Manas Maitra's wife, Madhuri Maitra, then one of the hottest favorites of Dadaji. The word *shrenq* has grown into a refrain in regard to Dadaji's admirers who are, more often than not, monsoonal (come and go; changes with the seasons). They come in swarms and hover around Dadaji as long as they can grind their own axes; after that, they leave in swarms. This picture is quite at odds with what one typically sees in so-called spiritual organizations that grow up around so-called godmen. Dadaji commented on this situation pithily, *Those who come here impelled by ulterior motives cannot outlast two to three years.* Dadaji never exhorts anyone to do anything that would promote fashionable spirituality in anyone or cater to anyone's ego. On the contrary, Dadaji exhorts us time and again, *You have to do nothing. You don't have the power, for sure, to do anything. Only remembrance with surrender, the rest is in His Charge.*

With Dadaji you get no scope for practicing competitive austerities and acrobatics to try to feel spiritual growth or achieve a holy halo. You get no religious or spiritual organization, no committee to chair or be the organizations treasurer. Dadaji is up in arms against making a business out of God and using such egoistic exercises in futility. When people find they are denied any conceivable spiritual or religious rite, ritual, offering to nibble upon they feel betrayed and desert Dadaji in dismay and disgust. Dadaji asserts to the contrary, *Word is afoot many are deserting this man. To tell the truth, none has the right or capability to desert Him. He, however, chooses to throw them up.* And so it happened time and again, the recurrent tide, ebb and flow of Dadaji-intoxicated people.

Why do such things happen? Why do people come to Dadaji to meet him, spend time with him, then go? The empiric reasons have been set forth earlier, now the question is raised from the esoteric point of view or to put it straight from Dadaji's point of view. In a way, Dadaji is pleasantly knavish; he finds pleasure in setting one family or person against another to test their integrity. He tickles one's vanity to trace out the obdurate curvatures of one's ego. At times Dadaji thunders at someone for lapses in behavior. He playfully creates such situations that bring into bold relief the inner pattern of your psyche and the chemistry of your submission to yourself, primarily so that you may rectify yourself or get the clue to your future dismissal by him. These feelers often work imperceptibly to bring the renegade into the fold of His Divine Love, in spirit, of course. Dadaji has often appraised us he never looks back to reach out to those tantalizing apples of Sodom (figurative, plural reference to Dead Sea apple of politics) even though they want to stage a comeback later.

Failures of today (people who appear to desert or appear to be cast off by Dadaji), they are sure to emerge from the womb of futurity as crowning pillars of success walking the way of Dadaji and preaching his gospel to the masses of people in future generations. Although they may be mature in enjoying Dadaji's love, they are still entangled with odd parasitic growths emerging from ruts in their egos and would most likely fetter (shackle, confine, restrain) the messianic long march of Dadaji across the world. So they come to Dadaji then have to live apart in a state of hibernation, so to speak, for a time; they are, however, not empowered to leave Dadaji though they may feel that way through parallax (apparent displacement of an observed object due to a change in the position of the observer). Nor does Dadaji forsake them; in reality he holds them in store for future eventualities.

To continue with the account of Dadaji's *shrenq* hottest favorite Mrs Madhuri Maitra. She suffered from spastic paralysis attended by sever blackouts now and then. Her physician husband could not provide her any relief, far less eliminate the violent seizures that happened at odd times in odd places. The first casualty, the family life was already on the rocks, and her own safety and security was at risk every step. Over time as a matter of course she grew mentally

abnormal, too. Since Mrs Maitra met Dadaji, at that time Amiya Roy Chowdhury, he had been giving her telltale relief with gentle touch of his fingers and at times, more easily digested by the mind, he would out of the blue manifest blue capsules for her to take. She was in Dadaji's daily surveillance, making evening visits to her house and urged her to call him at home now and then in the forenoon.

As Dadaji much later one Sunday admonished Mr Dinesh Bhattacharya, *Why don't you come here every Sunday? Don't you realize his gentle touch each time rubs off the adverse destiny?* Apparently that's how Dadaji negotiated Mrs Maitra's paralyzing ordeal, removing her vegetable like existence in slow bits without trying to stamp it out all of a sudden peremptorily. As days and months rolled by Mrs Maitra became neurotically attached to Dadaji, so much so that wherever Puja was to be held in his presence he had to take her along. Eventually it got into her head that there could be no Puja without her presence. That is a fascinating story I will narrate later. By the time her megalomania (delusions of greatness) started, she was fully healed physically and mentally both. Thus her adverse destiny was coaxed into eradication, root and branch, within the space of a few years. Soon thereafter, her husband physician espoused skepticism about Dadaji and his wife, the self-styled prima donna of the period, followed suit.

Now I will recount a story that might be better told later in its proper place. It bears upon death followed by resurrection, a theme for which a sub-section has been provided. Even then it is being narrated here to highlight the enormity of irreversible fate which was further boosted by Dadaji's incipient will that fully befogged the vision of Dr Maitra. In an atmosphere apt to be surcharged with faith and welcome conviction about Dadaji, instead it urged Dr Maitra finally to have nothing to do with Dadaji.

The scene was at the Calcutta residence of Dr Manas Maitra in 1971. Puja was slated for a certain day at his home. Dadaji arrived that day and went into the Puja room at 12 noon and remained closeted there with the portrait of Satyanarayana. Possibly during the early years Dadaji remained himself in the Puja room all the while. Dadaji later reported the incidents that followed. *At 12:45 pm I would go out, the Puja having been concluded by then. So I decided; but no sooner had Puja been finished than I witnessed Dr Gopinath Kaviraj breathing his last. At the grievous sight I instantly felt a whiz in my head and fell unconscious on the floor. Consciousness surfaced in me at 1:45 pm. I then darted out of the Puja room and sizzling with anxiety informed the gathering that I had been so long beside Dr Kaviraj who had died and had been resuscitated by me. All the eyes were riveted on me.*

How unbelievable! Is this man taking a toll of our gullibility, some mused within themselves. Dr Maitra disbelieved Dadaji outright, but swallowing his skepticism calmly and quietly said, *How forgetful of me! I have to go to Bandel to examine a patient. I must go immediately.* On that pretext he left and the next day arrived in Benares where Dr Kaviraj was staying and inquired about the death-drama with cynical skepticism. Eventually Dr Maitra was firmly assured that Dr Kaviraj had died of cancer the day before at 12:45 pm, been declared dead by his doctors of traditional allopathic, indigenous tradition and yogic. Strangely enough, he described that after an hour or so he had been resurrected and was doing fine. Next day Dr Maitra returned to Calcutta glitzy with trustful submission where he made straight for Dadaji's house. Upon arriving there the doctor fell on his face before Dadaji to demonstrate his profound faith in what Dadaji professed and practiced including the resurrection of Dr Kaviraj, a phenomenal occurrence beyond the wildest dreams of any person. Nevertheless, Dr Maitra's time with Dadaji had worn off beyond resurrection and within a few days the doctor paraded himself out of the house of Dadaji and his manifest love.

Now to smooth the rough edges of our blistered loving submission to him, I will shift scenes from the reneging house of Dr Maitra to Dadaji's own residence. It was during the last stage of Amiya Roy Chowdhury period and his mother, an old lady nonagenarian (between 90 and 100 years old), often gave way to the ravaging ebb tides of life. She had been suffering for a month or so with high fever and griping pain throughout her body. Physicians used their expertise to help her to no avail. The time for Amiya's annual visit, not a pilgrimage, to Puskara in central India was drawing near; and go, he must.

Boudi, Dadaji's wife, was whining around him complaining in great alarm. *How can you leave your sick mother in my sole charge? She is bedridden and often soils the bed unknowingly.*

Is it at all possible for me to care for her, cleansing her bed, body and the room, three or four times daily? Averting his temper tantrum, Amiya contained himself and replied, [Look here! I am cleaning it all today and I tell you, you won't ever feel like cleaning it all again until I come back. And I go tomorrow.](#) Dr Mrityunjay Banerji, first in the Behala group to get Mahanam from Dadaji, interrupted saying, [But, Amiyababu, your mother's condition is very critical. Her pulse is erratic and is fast failing. I am positive she can't survive for more than two days.](#)

Amiya became terribly fiery and vented, [You doctors get money to preside over, not the healing, but the killing of the patient. Here I am putting a protective ring around her. She must not go out of this room. Even the trinity of gods Brahma, Vishnu and Maheswara, will not succeed in forcing her last breath until I come back from Puskar. Then, after I come back, she will die after the lapse of six months.](#) With these words he sped into his mother's room and slammed the door shut behind him. Within three minutes he came out appearing ruddy (rosy red), leaving her room full of Aroma and clean, and his mother appeared whole and wreathed in perspiration. Minutes ticked by and Amiya's temperature shot up to 104.5 F degrees, his body twitched with griping pain. Evidently he had absorbed fully his mother's ailment. Fever and pain lasted through the night. On the morrow, Amiya was quite normal and prevailed upon his mother to cook for him in the bedroom. To her great delight Amiya ate his fill of the delicious cuisine. Late afternoon, Amiya too leave of his mother and his family and left for Puskar being seen off by a very confused, confounded Dr Banerji.

While Amiya was in Puskar, late on the evening of January 13th which is his birthday and also the traditional day of the milk-pastry feast called Paus Samkranti day, Boudi and others offered diverse traditional courses of pastry in separate covered bowls in the family Puja room. The room was closed and no one would enter until the next day. Their offering was in deference to Amiya's categorical and express assurance that he would never play truant to it; his mother could not recall even a single year in her son's life that witnessed a breach of trust. The next morning when the family awoke, they found the offering bowls were nearly empty; a phenomenon that occurred time after time for years during his absence from home.

After some weeks away, Amiya returned home and began teasing his mother in his characteristic mock-serious way, [How now! You are not dead? And, where is that chip of a physician? And, where is your all-too-good daughter-in-law; possibly broken down in the tiresome process of nursing you constantly? But I can no longer pay for your maintenance. The sooner you die the better for me.](#) The old lady, wreathed in copious tears of motherhood, replied, [I want to die here and now. But beware; you will have to weep like I do in your old age. But do you want to be reborn after death?](#) asked her mighty serious looking son. [Why? To get another son like you are! No never!](#) Well then, Amiya assured her, [you have to bear with this son for six months more; for you must go unfettered with the tresses of your hair fully unlocked.](#)

Days wore on uneventfully for the old lady, though mingled now and then with the pungent digs by her son. One day as his mother was walking to the bathroom, Amiya flung a mighty feeler cautioning her, [Don't you fall down in the bathroom and break your legs. I can't pay for the doctor or surgeon.](#) In a fit of rage she rejoined, [Why me? Let your leg be broken.](#) The die was cast and within a few days mother was in the hospital having fractured her femur and hip bone from a sudden fall in the bathroom. She stayed in hospital for a month then returned home, never to be up on her legs again. She beseeched her son to let her die in a day or two. However that was not to be for her biological clock was set to come to a dead halt in six months from that day of prophetic prank by her son Amiya. On the last day of her life, her devoted son hugged her while muttering the syllables of Mahanama into her ear. The mother, conscious that she was shuffling off the mortal coil in a matter of minutes, asked for a draught of water from the holy Ganges. Amiya placed his ruddy upturned palm to her lips and the Ganges appeared flowing from his palm into her mouth. Her thirst fully satiated, she breathed her last, her head at rest upon the left palm of her son thus actualizing the maturation and withering away of her destiny as playfully carved out by her son.

The story of the death of Amiya's mother has been narrated here to demonstrate the esoteric law of wearing out of one's destiny through suffering and willful participation; it is universal, even the mother of Dadaji not being exempted. This golden wisdom will lead kindly light, dispelling our casuistry and disbelief when cases of chronic diseases crop up in the course of this examination of Dadaji's supernatural healing exploits. Such disease will never be fully

cured, but only staved off to rescue someone from imminent death or other painful, dire circumstances.

Now I will present an incident that happened to Vasudeva, son of Mr Sunil Banerji, one of the staunchest followers of Dadaji. On March 15, 1973, Vasudeva was a retarded boy in his teens, suffering from cerebral palsy and occasional epileptic fits. It was understood the doctors could do nothing to cure the boy. That day, Dadaji held evening audience at Animesh Das Gupta's Lansdowne Road residence. The throng of people that night was unusually large because a music recital by eminent musicians was slated for that evening. A female singer sang two songs in a row. When she stopped singing it was 10:15 pm.

Suddenly Dadaji asked for Mr Banerji who came up to him. Dadaji said, [%our son has fallen unconscious, just ring up your house.](#)+Mr Banerji did so and his eldest son said to Dadaji, [%asudeva had breathing difficulty and now is lying unconscious.](#)+Dadaji turned aromatic emanating Divine Fragrance and told Mr Banerji's eldest son on the other end of the phone line to get and hold a cup of water; with a wave of Dadaji's fingers over the phone receiver the water in the cup held in a different location became fragrant Charanjai. Dadaji told the elder son to massage the water on his brother Vasudeva's chest and drip some into his mouth. He assured Mr Banerji the boy would be alright and after awhile bade Mr Banerji to go home. He left immediately.

Then a few minutes ticked off while Dadaji appeared to be watching through a film of space the changes in the ailing boy. At one time Dadaji started up in a panic and said, [%ow now! Is he going to die? The condition is extremely critical.](#)+After awhile Dadaji said, [%ow he is a bit better.](#)+A minute or two later, he again said, [%ooking much better now.](#)+Then shortly thereafter, he heaved a big sigh of relief and rang up Mr Banerji to say, [%ow now! Is he not sweating all over? There you go; he is spared his life.](#)+Then turning to the throng of people gathered around him, Dadaji asserted, [%e was destined to die this night. That is averted by the Lord, of course.](#)

It must be stated here that Dadaji never cured the body of the fell disease; he, however, had always saved him from near-death seizure or painful sequences; the boy is still carrying on in health and in sickness to the joy of his parents. This demonstrates generally Dadaji tries to instill in us the golden wisdom formulated above by recurrently rescuing patients of chronic diseases from imminent death or severe pain instead of effecting a complete cure.

Mr Jitendra Maitra, an eminent attorney of Calcutta, was intimate with Amiya Roy Chowdhury who at times sought his help in resolving income tax problems. Later Mr Maitra was reintroduced to him, now Dadaji, who graced him with a Puja held in Maitra's house. Mrs Maitra had been suffering from gallstones for sometime with, at times, unbearable pain. An eminent surgeon decided to operate and a date was set for surgery. Meanwhile, Mr Maitra persuaded Dadaji to give him a bottle of Charanjai (fragrant water with healing properties) for his wife to drink and also use for massage. Two days passed with any appreciable change for the better; on the contrary, her condition worsened with continual excruciating pain. Mr Maitra dashed to Dadaji's house to report the critical condition of his wife. He implored Dadaji to heal her to avoid the surgeon's knives scheduled on the morrow. Dadaji breathed an air of assurance and said, [%/hy not ask them to defer the operation for a day? You know a time factor is involved in every pursuit. Let her massage and drink Charanjai thrice tomorrow and see what happens.](#)+Next day the patient was kept only on Charanjai as Dadaji directed.

The following forenoon Mr Maitra, a man of somber visage, came bouncing to Dadaji and broke the good news, [%y wife feel perfectly normal. She wonders if she ever had any pain at all. It's all your doing?](#)+Dadaji smiled and asked, [%are you sure of it? After all you are an eminent lawyer; and what do your surgeons say? Won't you turn the table on me after going out of the house? Why not have an X-ray taken to be assured of the matter?](#)+Mr Maitra replied, [%Dadaji! Do you take me for a confused attorney in two minds? X-ray photo has already revealed no stones at all. And, I talked to the disappointed surgeons, some of whom assured me it was all possible with Dadaji. So I see you have a roaring practice in the chambers of the surgeons and doctors.](#)+Dadaji replied, [%But I did nothing. It is all His doing.](#)+Then he changed the topic.

Here I will make a brief comment on specific aspects of destiny and healing. One may ask how is it that a group of diseases such as gallstones, high fevers, tuberculosis, etc are fully

cured by Dadaji, while cerebral palsy, spastic paralysis, and a few other ailments are staved off temporarily without being fully removed. I have already discussed the ideas of Dadaji's partiality and possible double standard previously. Here a question arises from a different standpoint: Does Dadaji, while healing some diseases radically, effect temporary cures of certain other diseases simply because it would otherwise infringe on the law of willful submission to destined suffering without ruling out, however the operation of conventional therapy by physicians? Yes, we have hit it on the right anvil.

While dealing with diseases and cures, we have to take into account a different kind of destiny, physical destiny which is apart from primal destiny and garbage destiny (both of which originate in the will). Primal destiny may otherwise be called genotypical (sum total of genes transmitted from parent to offspring) destiny. Both destinies originate in the will. Primal destiny stems from the Will Supreme; while garbage destiny shapes out from the individual will. Both equally overflow upon the body affecting it in suitable fashion. Primal destiny prevails upon all successive bodies in successive births until one attains perfect maturity. Garbage destiny should be called phenotypical (observable physical or biochemical characteristics determined by genetic makeup and environmental factors) destiny. Garbage destiny affects only a bunch of successive bodies or even the present body only. In these two cases, destiny is an exotic commodity grafted on our physical body. Physical destiny of the body that grows out of one's habits of omission and commission, indulgences and avoidances and the degree and frequency of both. Simply put it grows when rules of hygiene and health are violated and thereby physical destiny gets into your body any particular day. Physical destiny has nothing to do with the laws of suffering for maturity.

Dadaji exerts us, Bear with fortitude the suffering and pain caused by adverse (primal) destiny. And he qualified that remark adding, What is except physical destiny. That has no bearing, however, on mere physical destiny which gets into your body on any particular day. Regarding physical destiny, for example, if you suffer from cough and cold; or you have diarrhea, such suffering should not be borne silently; on the contrary, they should be cured using proper medications. Physical destiny may appear in any form of disease diagnosed by modern physicians.

The above explanation helps illuminate the otherwise mysterious healing exploits of Dadaji, some temporary and some permanent. That is why Dadaji, while formulating the said law of suffering (one's willful submission to destined suffering) qualified it saying except physical destiny. And, remember also, Dadaji said, Don't you realize his gentle touch each time rubs off the adverse (primal) destiny? Dadaji asserts, The body itself is a sort of destiny and the breeding ground of it. Into the fullest implications of destiny we need not enter here. The bottom line of Dadaji's therapeutic extravaganza is that he fully cures diseases caused by physical destiny, but may or may not do so in other cases.

Now I will narrate a story about long time friend of Dadaji Dr Nanigopal Banerji, the musical maestro known throughout India and Ceylon for his enviable mastery of the science and grammar of music. Dadaji helped him out of adverse situations many a time and his failing health had often been toned up by the soft, pick-me-up touch of Dadaji. Dr Banerji's residence had been, time and again, the choicest venue of orgies of Divine Manifestations during many glorious Puja sessions. One day during 1980, after a breakfast of fruits Dr Banerji suddenly started having great difficulty breathing. He felt a static blockage in his respiratory tract similar to an acute asthma attack, which he had never had before. Until this day his respiratory tract and vocal cords were supple, sonorous and succulent throughout his life; otherwise, how could he make his mark as a musical prodigy? He couldn't understand what had happened. Doctors were called in and they prescribed drugs, but he had no relief. Word was sent to Dadaji who bade a physician go examine Dr Banerji. An X-ray was taken of his lungs and it revealed a broken seedling in his left lung. He admitted having swallowed the seed of an orange. The physician advised an immediate operation to remove the junk from his lung.

His previous savior in health, Dadaji, was called and told the macabre news. Dadaji burst into peels of laughter and said, You ramshackle couch potato! You are caught at last in your childish stupidity. Sleep well, my friend, for you have no waking. Hearing this Dr Banerji started shaking with traumatic fear and burst into tears. Dadaji said, Come quickly to me along with your wife; let us watch what the Lord has decreed for you. They came immediately; the sequel was

brief and simple. Dadaji passed his fingers across the pharynx and larynx down to the lungs and patted both sides of the chest softly. %Go to the bathroom,+Dadaji told the docile Dr Banerji. He went and immediately had a violent, convulsive cough followed by another mightier one that flushed the seedling into the basin. He perspired in relief and remained leaning on the basin for awhile unable to ascertain what had happened to him. Then in a flash this wreck of a musical dignitary awoke to himself again and went straight to Dadaji. He broke into sobs, gasping in submission and hugged the feet of Dadaji. Thus did Dadaji perform a knifeless operation, highly successful without letting any blood or inflicting any pain.

Let us now turn to Dr Bibhuti Sarkar, grandsire of the Dadaji Brotherhood, who was diagnosed with cancer which was nullified by Dadaji a number of times. Dr Sarkar, against Dadaji's orders had opened his eyes when in the Puja room with him, and he would have gone stone-blind had Dadaji not been with him at the time. The doctor had also been saved many a time from various virulent attacks of odd ailments that surfaced now and then and could never be given a conventional diagnosis. In August 1973 on the eve of a routine tour to Bombay told Dr Sarkar, %Bibhuti, let me be assured of meeting you again back here from Bombay; keep fit for me.+Then Dadaji left on his tour. On August 26th Dadaji received a frantic call from Dr Sarkar's daughter in Calcutta imploring him to save her father from imminent death. Dr Nanigopal Banerji also beseeched Dadaji by phone to save Dr Sarkar from a marginal state. As usual Dadaji asked that a cup of water be placed by the receiver at the other end; this done Dadaji turned the water into a simmering aromatic Charanjali and bade them to let the patient take drops of it a number of times. A therapeutic course was immediately on track and the crisis was staved off. Dr Sarkar became normal and whole on the morrow to the delight of his family and friends. Dadaji did, for sure, get to meet with the doctor back in Calcutta a legion of times through a number of years following.

Mr Parimal Mukerji, a Calcutta based stevedore residing on Richie Road, had profound and unswerving devotion to Dadaji. Each day he fetched boiled drinking water and porridge around 4:30 pm for Dadaji. Mr Mukerji had been twice diagnosed with cancer. For some years Dadaji used to visit his residence almost five days a week in the evening. Dadaji ruled out cancer and assured him of normal health and long life so long as the family stuck to Dada. Around 1980 Mr Mukerji's daughters and sons-in-law started venting their spleens on Dadaji accusing him of surreptitiously usurping his property and money. Dadaji asked Mr Mukerji to execute a will and bequeath and apportion his money, gold, diamond jewelry, marketable shares, costly utensils, furniture and curios, and landed property to whomever Mr Mukerji wished. This was promptly done and completed despite the father being sorely stricken by the vile voices of his daughters spewing verbal poison gas against Dadaji. Things took a different turn, given an ethereal twist by the Great Designer, Dadaji.

Arguments and quarrels intensified, vials of wrath were poured, profuse and bitter, on one another resulting eventually in the emergence of Dadaji as the villain of the piece, the scapegoat. In tune with Dadaji's previous warning, Mr Mukerji succumbed to a massive heart attack during the time Dadaji was on world tour in USA. Contacted there by phone, Dadaji advised fragrant water, Charanjali, again manifested after putting a cup of plain water by the phone receiver in Calcutta, he rubbed on his chest and back and that he drink a few drops now and then. The Mukerji's did as advised and next day Mr Mukerji's chest pain was gone, bowels moved normally, blood pressure dropped to normal, and the patient had a sound sleep. Dadaji's Aquarian panacea was dripped into the patient's mouth and spilled on his chest and in a weeks time he was fully out of the woods. A day or two later, as usual he visited Dadaji's residence to look after the welfare of Dadaji's wife.

In a similar instance, Peter Philips of Australia had a massive heart attack that he was certain was beyond the therapeutic intervention of physicians. Lightning fast a call was made to Dadaji who, in his usual way over the phone connection, provided instant Charanjali that when taken as Dadaji advised put him on his feet. The next day he was riding his motorcycle to his business office.

For a bit of romantic reading, there is the story of Dr A.B. Davies. On June 28, 1974, Dadaji was staying at the Delphin House residence of film star Abhi Bhattacharya on Carter Road in Bandra, north of Bombay on the Arabian Sea. At 8:15 pm the phone rang and before taking the receiver in hand, Dadaji said, %~~It~~ from Canada.+So it was; Dr Davies was complaining about his eyes and wanted some tangible relief. To his great amazement, Dadaji gave him ~~an~~ instant Charanjalq over the phone. It served to resolve the problem. He was told to keep using the aromatic water Charanjal, adding fresh water to the container when it became half empty, until the aroma was gone.

When the Charanjal was fully used up after two years, Dr Davies was worried and tried a number of times unsuccessfully to contact Dadaji by phone. His spirits began to fail him; with the prospect of enveloping darkness around the corner, he was left sizzling with agitated trepidation. He asked himself why Dadaji did not cure his eyes fully; he wondered why he was given only Charanjal, apparently efficacious only to a make-do extent. When his agitated skepticism reached its peak, Dadaji who was then in Calcutta, appeared before Dr Davies in Canada and gave him a bottle of Charanjal, hugged him with abundant love, touched his eyes closed and disappeared leaving him in a deluge of Dadaji's suffocating Aroma. When he regained normalcy, Dr Davies rang up Dadaji to narrate his sudden encounter that came out of the blue, and to tell of its pragmatic, romantic aftermath. The call was made to Dadaji in September 1976, on the 4th or 5th. Since then nothing has been heard from Dr Davies about further ocular problems.

Dadaji undertook his first, and last, messianic visit to Madras in July 1973. During this visit he stormed into the citadel of the impregnable pundits of colossal egos, netting all of them in a single day including the great pontiff of Muths. After a momentous 3-day tour of Madras, Dadaji went on to Bombay and Gujarat for some rest and recreation. One day while enjoying pleasantries with a group of people gathered around him, Dada suddenly turned serious and said, %~~The~~ wife of Mr Srinivasm is in very critical condition with a heart attack. He looks confused and is wondering it her condition is the aftermath of his professedly unconscionable submission to Dadaji. He is going to call meõ . There you go.+Instantly the phone rang from Mr Srinivasm imploring Dadaji to spare her life. As usual, Dadaji provided the ~~an~~ instant Charanjalq tranquilizer of all diseases; it was manifested in a container of water held by the phone receiver to fight it wife's lethal disease and his egoistic obese confusion. The patient was better within hours and out of harm's reach within days. Mr Srinivasm's confusion was promptly diffused, for the time being at least.

Doris Anderson of Portland, Oregon USA, is a great devotee of Dadaji. She hosted Dadaji's visits to that city each year during his tours in the US. In 1985, just on the eve of Dadaji's arrival the, Mrs. Doris Anderson was diagnosed with skin cancer on her face. Immediate surgery was advised by the physicians. They were glum and shaken. However, they awaited in fidgety suspense the arrival of Dadaji whose blessings were needed before submitting to surgery. On arrival there Dadaji asked for the ailing spouse whose face he scanned for a couple of seconds to say, %~~Fetch~~ me a bottle of pure water.+So done, Dadaji turned the water milky and aromatic with a touch of His. Then He turned to Mrs. Anderson and directed, %~~Take~~ one drop of the water each day and you will be alright in no time.+She did the bidding with great devotion and ardor. And within days she shrugged off the cancer that spans webs on her facial skin, without any trace of it.

The scenario is not set in Bombay vis-à-vis London. In Bombay at Abhi Bhattacharya's residence Dadaji just lit a cigarette in a relaxed mood. And, trailing the sound of the phone ringing, Dadaji assured the call was from Mrs. Kumar in London. So it was, the spouse of Dr Kumar rang up to burst out in a faltering voice, %~~Dr~~ Kumar is having acute heart pain. The doctors of the Fraternity of Harley Street suspect it's a heart attack. Dadaji! What to do?+Dadaji assured her, %~~No~~, it is not a heart attack. It's an acute gastric trouble. Some wind is pumping against the heart, causing the pain. Give Charanjal and report after half an hour. Don't you worry.+Half an hour later the phone call came giving good news that Dr Kumar was doing fine. Two days later Dr Kumar, in shambles though looking sound, made a frantic call to Dadaji to spell out the diagnosed death sentence he'd received. He said, %~~Dadaji!~~ Doctors suspect stomach cancer, so my days are numbered.+%~~Hang~~ it,+shot out Dadaji, %~~you~~ have no cancer of the stomach of their wiseacre airs. Just go through another test and report tomorrow.+The phone came that came on the morrow

carried good tidings for all. The test result was stark negative. How could it be otherwise with a man who is constantly shepherded by one who is nobody?



Visitors placed bottles of plain water at this Satyanarayan alter in Dadaji's home where the pure water transformed into fragrant, milky Charanjol

It would be profitable here to dispel the fog of misconception that some harbor within themselves about the efficacy of Charanjol in healing diseases. Some are deluded into conceiving that Charanjol can only cure minor diseases or major diseases only temporarily. But the foregoing succession of healing cases proves to the contrary that Charanjol may affect permanent cure of any disease whatsoever. The Grace is universal and unailing. But the personal factor of the patient may resist its operation and finally may stall it. If an urge from within the crevices of your heart does not well up to answer the call of Grace at your door, the Grace turns back and evaporates. That is what submission is all about, your willing participation the Grace that is with you in the form of an aqueous solution. This material is necessary to manifest and boost your submission. Charanjol is the finite copula or link, though infinitely charged, bridging the infinite Grace and the submission of one to the Infinite. The personal factor lacking submission may interfere in the rare case of failure of Charanjol to heal this or that ailment.

Charanjol healing must not be equated with faith healing, for being as it is the Infinite flapping finite wings, or the finite pervaded by Infinite Aroma, Charanjol has in itself the objective potency and properties of healing. In some cases, one's ego may start spinning and turn the Charanjol into an abject idol elevating it beyond Dadaji, the great dispenser. One might say, "I have Charanjol, what do I have to do with Dadaji?" Such an approach desecrates and renders sterile the panacea (remedy) instantly. Should Charanjol fail to heal one must also take into account the law of destiny. Because it is so, it stands to reason why Dadaji often says to some amongst many, "No, no. Don't take the bottle. You don't have any need for Charanjol," which is to say, that person is already yoked in love unto Dadaji and is in vibrant submission and does not need a reminder or booster to submission.

This position becomes perfectly clear when it is recalled how Dadaji, after having given Charanjol to someone for a number of years, one fine morning exclaims, "You don't need Charanjol any longer." In this context, it might be clearly stated that initially Charanjol is needed by everyone to tone up the body for spiritual acclimatization; those who are marked off as in no need for Charanjol may have to use it in times of malignant ailments.



Sri Sri Satyanarayan
Card . 2"x 3"

It would be interesting to point out here how great is the role of the small wallet cards printed with a picture of Satyanarayan in warding off diseases and other catastrophes in life. It has two dimensions in contrast to Charanjali that has only one dimension of curing diseases. Being shelved in one's wallet, it works in camera (privately, within) even without the knowledge of its bearer. It works constantly, trying to fight out malefic destiny or offer protection from disasters in life. At times it bears glowing testimony to its rescuing efforts in trickles of thick aromatic Divine Nectar which appear on the card itself. This however is not a good sign from the worldly point of view for, for all intent and purposes, it forebodes some impending calamity. The closer it is held to the body, the better for the bearer. It is in reality Dadaji as the spiritual double to every bearer of the normal picture to lend sustenance and succor to the Gopi that is in the making in each person.

A young woman, daughter of a close follower of Dadaji, was heavy with child. The tentative dates for labor set by the obstetrician went by without any labor pains. The doctors of the Nursing Home were alarmed and decided to do a Cesarean without delay. The worried parents went to Dadaji to seek his blessings for the operation. No sooner has the word been said to Dadaji than he flew into a mighty rage and burst out saying, *I have told you, time and again, months before, she will have a normal delivery. If you have no faith in me, why do you come here? Wait for a few days and see what happens. And then, after the baby is born, never ever darken my doors again.* His message was immediately delivered to the doctors, a few of them admirers of Dadaji. They again examined the woman only to find the fetus was dead. A new team of doctors was summoned to examine her and confirmed the fetus was dead. Some of the doctors fearing legal indictment in case the woman also died ran to Dadaji for approval of an immediate Cesarean. Dadaji sternly sent them packing with the words, *The fetus is not dead. In 72 hours she will deliver a healthy baby boy normally.* And so it happened. Wreathed in flowing tears the parents fell prostrate before Dadaji imploring his abundant forgiveness. Dadaji bade them sit by him and said, *Why so much attachment? Leave it all to Him; and submit.*

How did it happen? What did Dadaji do really? Did he confound the doctors to certify their fault while the delivery was normal as a matter of course? Or did Dadaji do anything positive to secure a normal delivery? It is a puzzle to both the votaries of medical science and of Dadaji. His will be done!

Steve Davis of Portland Oregon USA, a sprightly youth running a window cleaning company of his own became very close to Dadaji whom he met every summer during his visit to Portland. In 1986 Steve had a serious motorcycle accident graciously thrown out of gear by the invisible hand of Dadaji, which caused severe back pain. Doctors advised him complete rest from work, failing which; he would have to undergo an operation. He was dismayed, unable to decide what to do for his business would fail if he stopped working. Confounded, he went to meet with Dadaji without telling him anything about his accident or back pain. Dadaji welcomed him into a private chamber and of his own accord, examined his body then softly touched his back in a few places. After awhile Dadaji again applied the healing touch and sent Steve away. Within hours the pain was reduced to a degree and within days Steve was running the entire gamut of his work schedule.

Mr. Atindra Khan, a dear cousin of Abhi Bhattacharya, suffered from a similar back pain, all the more acute caused by the wrong practice of Hatha Yoga under an in adept teacher. Doctors were consulted and advised a spinal operation. Mr. Khan naturally grew very scared, pondering that any lapse of the surgeon's effort may result in grave consequences. On the advice of his cousin Abhi, he met Dadaji and apprised him fully of the situation. Dadaji put him into shape with the words, *God has saved you. Had you submitted to an operation, you would have been walking like a bent cane stick without any chance of recovery from it. Don't you be worried. The Lord wants you cured of it.* Dadaji then massaged his back along the spinal column for a minute or two, patting here and there softly. *How do you feel? Straighten your back,* instructed Dadaji. *I am feeling fine. The persistent back pain is gone, but I am amazed to find that the grating, cracking sound that occurred with the least effort to straighten my back is now gone. Yes, it is positively gone, ninety percent of it. Dadaji! You are indescribable!* *Hang it,* said Dadaji, *and try to be smart with me.* Then he massed Mr Khan's back again for awhile and told him to go

saying, %Donq try Hatha Yoga again. Donq try Dadaji either.+ So Mr Khan left whole, nimble and pliable, brooding over the unrepressed plentitude of joy that Dadaji had implanted into his body and mind for everlasting.



Dadaji in Boulder Colorado in 1986 with rescued dog and Jana (right) whom he cured of cancer

There are many episodes of breast cancer and uterine cancer remedy that I should, in all fairness to the topic at hand, narrate here. It is obvious the persons involved should remain anonymous. Even the venues of the incident should remain pretty vague. A unique element constant in these supernatural, instant cures is that all of them are effected by Dadaji unconsciously, being impelled by the imperious Will Supreme that smothers under its chariot-wheels all social and moral norms of decency and etiquette. It has happed the same way everywhere. Nobody reports to Dadaji that any woman in the crowd has breast cancer. On the contrary, Dadaji, without rhyme or reason, will all of a sudden, rush over to a woman and pounce upon her affected breast with a tight grip. There is an incensed flutter around; angry shouts for him to remove his hand rend the atmosphere; but the woman or her relatives explain the matter which softens the charged atmosphere of the room with grateful tears.

The fell disease is not cast to the four winds for that would be a criminal felony of the first degree on Nature; but, it is fully absorbed by the Will Supreme, leaving no trace of any cancerous tissue as later tests reveal. And Dadaji in his profound unconcern, looking like a forlorn star that knows no twinkling, does not have to suffer at all for this supernatural cure.

Let us briefly make mention of a few supernatural cures. Around 1970 Dadaji undertook a tour of a few cities in Uttar Pradesh (U.P.) In Agra he was hosted by a rich merchant, Lalaji, who arranged for spiritual discourses being held in a commodious auditorium of Balaram Mandir. One day while holding discourses, Dadaji chanced upon an exquisitely graceful woman of a princely family and he rushed toward her and grabbed her left breast. No sooner had he removed his hand than the husband and the father-in-law sped toward Dadaji to teach him a good lesson. Not only had the woman be outraged, but the prestige and purity of the family had been tarnished irrevocably. The auditorium was astir with agitated suspense. But, the affected woman's mother, who alone knew of the cancerous growth, ran toward Dadaji and standing tearfully in front of him let out the nightmarish secret in public, stalling forthwith the malicious advances of her relatives. Later, when the incidence of cancer and its subsequent eradication were confirmed, the husband became a staunch devotee of Dadaji. The same happened to the wife of one Justice of High Court and to a few others in India.

Let us refer to two more cases, from America, from among a multitude of cases around the world. In 1979 the sister of a former American President was present in a congregation addressed by Dadaji in Los Angeles, California. Once again the scene unfolded as before, Dadaji rushing and grabbing; the husband's anger and sudden emergence of perceptivity followed by submission. Subsequent tests showed negative results. Incidentally, the woman's son was deaf and many stalwarts of the spiritual world, Bhagavan, Baba, Iswar, Lama, pontiffs, et seq had tried their mighty best to cure him without any success. In 1980, when Dadaji made his annual visit to Los Angeles the day and her husband hosted him with great devotion although their son's deafness rankled in their hearts. Neither money, nor ultra modern surgery, nor spiritual power

could, evidently, give back their son his lost hearing. One day they brought their son before Dadaji and implored him to cure the boy's confirmed deafness. Dadaji gleamed with a genial smile and said, "So the Bhagavans and pontiffs have failed to fix his ears! But this man (pointing to himself) is nobody." He then gently patted the boy's ears with his hands and let him go saying, "Let it go, forget it." Dadaji changed the topic for a livelier one. The parents were greatly disappointed, misconstruing Dadaji's words. The boy, meanwhile but on a radio and after a while started dancing to the music he heard. The mother ran to the boy, watched him for awhile, and then brought him over to Dadaji. "Dadaji! It seems like he is hearing!" Dadaji calmly reiterated, "Forget it." So the boy was on track for recovery. Dadaji left for Calcutta a few days thereafter; on his way resting for a few days in Bombay. The second week in August 1980 he was back at home in Calcutta and received a cable from the mother in California which read: Love. Alexander is more than perfect. The cable was followed by a letter to Dadaji from Harvey Freeman later in the month which said he "called the mother last night and her baby can hear now" she says it's a miracle.

Another episode happened in Los Angeles during Dadaji's visit in 1984 or 1985. A highly accomplished university professor of Japanese heritage was present in the group of those who gathered to meet Dadaji. He eyed her and slipped into a ruddy, aromatic divine frenzy. Instantly he made for the lady, getting there, he planted, to the consternation of all, his hand on her sex organ, kept it there for three or four seconds and then took it off. The woman buoyed by the instant inner conviction that her uterine cancer was cured, fell at Dadaji's feet with an emotional outburst and justified his conduct in public. After her experience, she wrote an article about it and has never suffered a return of her cancer since then.



Cancer of different organs of the body including stomach, kidney, lung, colon, brain, and bone, and even leukemia were often cured by Dadaji. Whether the Will Supreme was responsible for the mysterious and spectacular cures, or Dadaji effected them through the fiat of His Will, is not definitely known, but it may be recalled that some time during the years of 1975 to 1977 Dadaji was diagnosed with cancer by eminent physicians of Calcutta, although subsequent tests proved negative. The fact of the matter seems to be that Dadaji was actually stricken with cancer, but it was, in short order, negated by him. That seems to be the truth underlying cases of diagnosed cancer which were eventually negated as in the recorded cases of Dr. Sarkar, Mr Parimal Mukerji and Dr Kumar. Dadaji also cured cancer with Charanjal (fragrant water), as well as with soft touches of his hand, and with the fiat of His Will. Most of the cases were not well documented as to specific details are therefore not included in this narrative.

However, one unique case comes to mind here. The patient, Mrs. Tina Papasavas of Colonia, New Jersey USA was diagnosed with cancer and operated on unsuccessfully in early 1987. Soon after, I came into contact with her and she offered to give a ride to see my grand daughter to and from school. On hearing of her operation, I gave her a wallet sized portrait of Satyanarayan, telling her that He might cure her cancer outright. I contacted Dadaji by phone in Los Angeles to receive his blessing. He was not exactly evasive, nor positive, for sure. She kept the portrait, evincing faith in my words, in her vanity bag. Since then the lady has had five more operations, however each tumor removed was benign. Though Dadaji's lurking Will might be presumed to be in operation, it demonstrates admirably how potent the portrait is in curing diseases and warding off calamities in life so long as you are not ill disposed to it, so long as your unconcern for it is not conscious and studied. Mrs. Papasavas is still enjoying her home and job duties.