

## Chapter 2, continued

### The Love-hooked, Incurable Healer, continued

In 1975, Mrs. Lilavati Munshi of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan took Dadaji to a well known business magnet's palatial residence. While going upstairs to the first floor to meet the wealthy entrepreneur, Dadaji chanced upon an old man lying on a recliner in a ground floor room and said to him, *"Di, come along!"* Mrs. Munshi, a bit confused, reported the man had been in a paralytic state for nine years and all efforts to get him up on his feet and walking had failed miserably. No sooner had she spoken than the old man got to his feet and started toddling toward the stairs. One of the servants quickly fetched a walking stick for him which he used to climb the stairs to the first floor as Dadaji looked on calmly. When the two of them were safely seated on a sofa in the first floor, Dadaji massaged the old man's legs and around his waist for a few minutes then bade him walk around. The man did so with confident ease, and then knelt down before Dadaji to take the dust of his feet and smear it on his own legs. Dadaji gave him a bottle of Charanjai, which could be viewed as the liquefied dust of Dadaji's feet, the Ganges water of integral consciousness that is discovered flowing in and around the entire manifest creation when submission grows complete.

A similar cure occurred to an old lady who had been immobilized with paralysis for a full ten years. This happened in 1973 in Los Angeles, California USA. That same year Lillian Carter, the mother of American President Jimmy Carter, came to meet Dadaji. She suffered from acute back pain for over 15 years. She was fully cured with a stroke of Dadaji's fist on her back.

Mr. B.G.N. Patel, Managing Director, Larsen & Toubro, is very close to Dadaji, whom he takes for the be-all and end-all of his life. Dadaji often came to his rescue in times of crisis in his life. Once in January 1976 Mr Patel was abroad in Europe on business; he left his ailing wife at home in Bombay where she suffered a heart attack, threatening her life. Her stifling, grating pain was punctuated by her faint whispers of *"Dada, Dada"* .+she was certain she was dying. Suddenly Dadaji, who was then in Calcutta, appeared by her and hugged her and massaged her chest for awhile. Her excruciating pain gradually diminished as Dadaji's palm rested on her chest and he watched her for awhile. Then, with a dramatic pull Dadaji seated her securely on the couch. Before she could get over the shock, Dadaji disappeared like a thin speck of cloud along with the dying embers of the fatal disease.

It was the month of November 1980, a few days before Kalipuja. Mr. Dinesh Bhattacharya, one of the twin jesters of Dadaji, and his entire family were down with chicken pox, one after the other in quick succession. A few suffered from a virulent type bordering on small pox and there was no sign of early relief. On the contrary, some seemed fast lapsing into critical condition. On Kalipuja night at 2:30 a.m. the oldest daughter-in-law, contrary to her habit came out of her bedroom to make for the bathroom. She chanced upon Dadaji standing on the staircase. Dadaji got near her and bade her provide him a seat. *"Let me bring the chair,"* she said. *"No, no,"* responded Dadaji, *"Get the silk Benarasi out of the almirah and spread it out on the floor."* It was so done and Dadaji, seated cross-legged on it, said, *"Fetch me water."* *"Drinking water?"* *"No, no,"* came the sharp reply, *"Bring the Horlicks bottle of boiled water kept for your son to drink."* She brought the bottle to him. *"How is it not filled? Fill it up!"* directed Dadaji. When the full bottle was brought to him, he turned it into Charanjai and asked for her husband. Off she went to get her husband and others. She came back with all the members of the household. But, where was Dadaji?

Into resonant silence redolent with thick laid Aroma beside the landscape of the spread out Benarasi, was displayed the Charanjai bottle surrogating for Dadaji who had evaporated. The entire family was reduced to full submission and tasted the Charanjai which started its course on their bodies from 3 a.m. onwards. The boy was healed before the day dawned. Others came around within a few days.

On January 28, 1982, a similar scenario was laid out in the same house for the same family. Herein, too, the same oldest daughter-in-law of Mr Bhattacharya was sick in the dead of night she made for the bathroom to have a violent throw up. She was immobilized by Dadaji

standing beside her and almost breathing down her neck. %Scared, are you?+he snapped at her, %Draw near me.+Then saying something solely for her he said, %Disasters of diverse sorts are around the corner for you all. So I am constrained to come over to you lest you blame them on me. Fetch me a piece of paper and a pen.+She replied, %Let me go downstairs to call father-in-law up here and get a pen for you.+%No, no,+forbade Dadaji, %You don't have to call him. Get me a piece of paper from around here.+She had nothing else but an empty cigarette packet for paper which she gave him. He then started writing out with a pen that was clearly Mr. Bhattacharyya's, each and every name of the members of the family as it was being spoken by her and then put a cross beside each of them. This implied the person of that name was immune from the impending danger. This finished, Dadaji patted the dog that came near him. At what point Dadaji disappeared is not known and the woman who saw Dadaji and helped him as instructed was absent-minded afterward although the place was deluged in Divine Fragrance and the dog, too, who had been turned watch dog for a specific purpose, was drenched in Dadaji's Aroma during the ten minutes he manifested himself there. The illness in the family was cured within days; the impending dangers never visited them in the next few years to come. But, on top of it all, there was another dimension to this story—a two-tier story indeed.



Mrs Gauri Mukerji, Ann Mills, Dr. Mukerji  
Calcutta 1986

Mrs. Gauri Mukerji, wife of Dr. Samiran Mukerji, and mother of Mr. Gautam Mukherji, was a daily visitor to Dadaji's house. She looked after him from his breakfast and periodic medication through lunch and going to rest at noon. She suffered from various female diseases of a complicated nature, but was always pulled through by Dadaji. In September 1979, she was seriously ill with throw-ups, uremia and severe pain in the gall bladder and pancreatic regions. Her husband, being a doctor, and half a dozen others called in to examine her recommended ways of proper relief. But all efforts were to no avail. Her condition worsened day by day. By September 12<sup>th</sup> her condition desperately drifted towards the final gasp; her pancreas or gall-bladder seemed to be ready to burst at any moment before the befuddled eyes of

the physicians. So Dadaji was beseeched to come to her rescue. Soon Dadaji reached the patient and asked the doctors about her condition. They reported her blood pressure was 70/40, pulse 155. Dadaji told them to leave the room and shut the door and started looking at her. Wherever he touched her she was ice cold. After half an hour Dadaji opened the door to usher them in. A doctor checked and found her blood pressure was normal 115/70 and pulse normal at 82. A crisis was averted and she showed no signs of disease. After two days she resumed going to Dadaji's house to look after him as before. The attending doctors were confounded and the devout lady was granted a longer lease on life.

Mrs. Minati Dey, wife of Dr. M.S. Dey, was profoundly devoted to Dadaji who used to call her %Meme+(%Mummie+). A gastronimist, she was fond of daily cooking of very spicy food . meat, varieties of fish and vegetable curries . which she did to perfection. Daily she would bring such rich culinary delicacies to Dadaji's house to have him taste it to her satisfaction then she would massage him until he fell asleep. After that she would share the food with Dadaji's wife and children then return to her home. Dadaji often chided her for such rick food habits which he warned was not good for her health, and which eventually turned out to be the cause of her untimely death. When she died, Dadaji said in grief, %I have lost one set of my ribs.+The other set was lost, Dadaji said, when Dr Bibhuti Sarkar died. But, returning to my story, on October 24,

1974, the annual Puja was being performed at Somnath Hall. Dadaji foresaw it was doomsday for Mrs. Dey, so while leaving the Hall for home after the morning session; Dadaji took Mrs. Dey along fearing a heart attack would take her life immediately. Mrs. Dey cooked food for Dadaji at his house, which he ate with great relish. Mrs. Dey also had her lunch there.

A little later she started having stomach pain and Dr Dey immediately took her home where around 2:30 p.m. she became unconscious after a massive heart attack. Dr Dey was knocked off his feet because it was a national Puja day for Bengalis so eminent physicians were all off work relaxing and not open to emergency calls. On top of that the streets of Calcutta were flooded after a deluge of heavy rains the day before, stalling all vehicular traffic except man-pulled rickshaws. In great despair, Dr Dey rang up Animesh Das Gupta who promptly made for Dr Dey's house and picking up Dr Samiran Mukerji in route. Meanwhile Dr Dey contacted Dr Sunil Sen, a heart specialist and received telephonic instructions from him. In despair Dr Dey beseeched Dr. P.K. Sen, another specialist, to come to his house with all the necessary medical equipment and assistants; all reluctantly agreed. "Minu is going away!" Dr Dey repeated from 3 pm onward. By 3:45 pm her condition continued to worsen and Dr Dey rang up Dadaji and implored frantically, "Do come, Dadaji! Your Minu is going away." "Don't you worry," responded Dadaji, "I will go just on time." Dr Dey who was not a profound believer thought this would be the death blow.

In Dadaji's residence, Mr G.T. Kamdar kept prodding Dadaji to save the life of the lady who was loved and held in high esteem by everyone. Dadaji wouldn't budge; it was the oft-exhorted benign time-factor Dadaji was biding for. In other words, Dadaji would let the full and heaviest damage be inflicted and would then come at the zero hour and strike back with full-fledged reprisal.

Time ticked by. One at a time Dadaji asked Mr Kamdar "What's the time now?" "2:25 pm," was the reply. "Now?" "5:55 pm." "Now?" "6 pm." Dadaji suddenly announced, "Now we are going. Then we go to Somnath Hall at 7:30 pm." Dadaji sped along in the car to the death trap holding Mrs. Dey in its grip. On the way they found Dr P.K. Sen who was going back home after examining Mrs. Dey. "How is the patient doing?" Dadaji asked him. "Past all hope of recovery," the doctor replied in a resigned voice. "Her pulse cannot be felt; she has lapsed cold up to the waist, the tip of her nose has turned blue, complete heart block caused by infraction of anterior and posterior walls; she is obdurately resisting all attempts at injecting her with medications. She is biding time, as she says, only to have sight of you and then depart. So you see she is not going to outlast a half an hour, in all probability she will die within minutes."

Dadaji reached the house and met with the group of attending doctors who gave him a report: blood pressure 65/40. "How much blood pressure would you consider better for her now?" inquired Dadaji. "Let it be at 90/60." Dadaji went into the patient's room, shutting the door behind him. After 5 minutes, Dadaji came out and said, "Now check the pressure." It was exactly at 90/60. Inquiries by Dadaji and the sequel were repeated twice revealing after 5 minutes 115/80, then after 2 minutes 125/90. Then Dadaji said, "Now you can doctor her according to your knowledge."

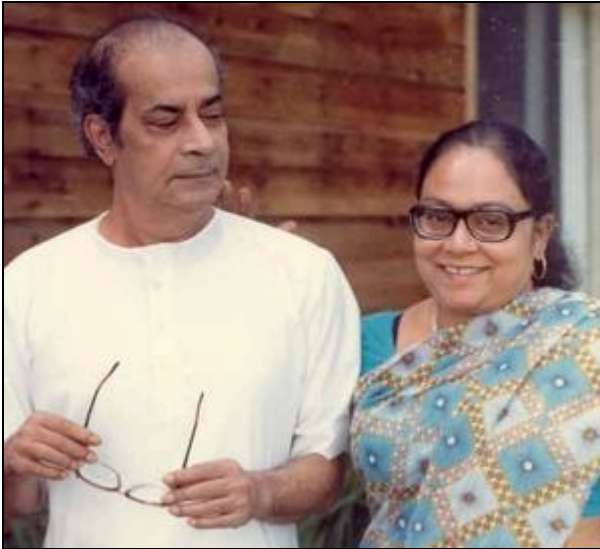
Next day, October 25<sup>th</sup>, an ECG was done on Mrs. Dey which revealed no heart attack has occurred. Where had the double infractions taken asylum? Later more highly significant tidbits were gathered from Dadaji and the patient. When Dadaji first went into the patient's room, he later said he was shocked at the sight of her and he was in tears. "How could he," Dadaji said he asked himself, "save her if his mind surfaced in that attached fashion?" This bears testimony to the fact that Dadaji effects supernatural cures from a supra-mental state of nobody-ness. It has to be noted here that Dadaji, in this case, did not suffer at all himself for salvaging Mrs. Dey from the surging dark billows of death.

What did Dadaji do exactly in this case? Nobody knows. Mrs. Dey however knows a little bit. Later when questioned about her experience, she said, "I felt I was being pulled out of my body. I was shattered to realize I couldn't see Dada before leaving. Then out of the body I was enveloped by a blinding darkness which was instantly dispelled by a flood of light coming through a tunnel. Gods and Goddesses appeared to receive me, but Dadaji came along and the heavenly bodies dispersed, bowing to him. Dadaji was smiling; next moment I felt being in my body. After a while when I grew half-conscious, I felt Dadaji lying full length on my body for awhile. Then he got up, sat beside me and said while massaging my cheek, "Meme! I have lost one mother. How will it



fare if I lose you, too? You have to carry on for five to seven years more, for sure. That's all I can recall, Mrs. Dey concluded.

Later the present writer narrated the episode of how Elisha brought back to life a dead boy on whom he lay full length as in Kings II of the Old Testament. Dadaji reacted hesitantly to spell out, *No man can have any access to it. He may, of course, do it once, or, at best twice in his entire life being fully possessed by the Lord. But He can do it whenever He chooses to.* As it appeared to the present writer, what Dadaji hinted at was that it was not a physical process done to perfection, but just a way of saturating the dead body in its entirety with the Divine Energy for instant revival. This story, though fit to be narrated later in the subsection of the dead revived, is told her simply because the patent was not certified dead by any of the physicians tending to her.



Dadaji & Roma Mukerji Melrose  
1984 Boulder Colorado USA

Mrs. Dey again suffered a heart attack on May 13, 1978 and was fast removed to a Nursing Home disregarding the stern warning of Dadaji. Dadaji was extremely wroth with them and was not answering their phone calls. He further decided not to disclose his whereabouts for the next day, May 14<sup>th</sup>, when He would be with Ms. Roma Mukerji (now Melrose) on the occasion of her annual birthday celebration. He did not want that day spoiled, so with a few of his associates he went to Roma's residence, had lunch there and was chatting in a light hearted, though alert and supersensitive mood. *It's coming, coming all the way,* chirped Dadaji. And the phone call came. It was Mrs. Dey's daughter speaking from the nursing home. They were looking for Dadaji, she said, in all conceivable places without success.

Finally they decided to call Roma's house, but bade by Dadaji Roma said, *He is not here.* But, the caller said, *he was to have gone there. Where might he have gone?* *I don't know,* was Roma's curt reply as prompted by the great designer, and hung up the receiver. It made those gathered nervous, for they all loved and respected Mrs. Dey. They entreated Dadaji to save her life once again, but Dadaji was resolutely immovable, implacable and in high dudgeon (indignant, pique). They continued droning their pleas in Dadaji's ears praying for her life. At long last their cries thawed the avalanche of Dadaji's apathy.

In great disgust, Dadaji asked Dr Nanigopal Banerji to call up the daughter at the nursing home, which he did and asked, *How is your mother doing?* *She is unconscious and sinking* .sinking. *Is Dada there?* *No, he is not here,* lied Dr Banerji piloted by Dadaji. *Where are you talking from?* the daughter asked. *From my home,* another lie, *Is Dadaji there?* *No. I will contact you again if I can reach Dadaji,* she replied. There was an eerie silence amongst those gathered at Roma's. Everyone there looked at one another and askance at Dadaji, for all were greatly concerned for Mrs. Dey and ponderously critical of Dadaji's icy apathy. Everyone knew Dadaji considered Mrs. Dey one of his dearest. Suddenly Dadaji said, *Hang me, is she going away, for sure? Well then let me turn the wheel a bit backward. Let her enjoy a rapturous life for awhile; then come what may.* Then at his behest Dr Banerji rang the daughter up to say, *Place your palm upon her chest and mutter Mahanama five times into her ear; inform, after a minute, how she is faring.* She did so, and before a minute elapsed she informed with joy, *Mother has opened her eyes, muttering Dada, Dada. It seems she is fast improving.* At his bidding she repeated the lifesaving sonal drug once again. After five minutes had gone by, she said the doctors confirmed her mother was out of the dark woods.

Next day Mrs. Dey looked hale and hearty, her blood pressure being 110/85 and pulse 80. The following day she was kept in the nursing home much against her will and Dadaji's of

course. On May 17<sup>th</sup> she stormed out of the nursing home to stage a comeback home full of laughter and vibrant life participating in Dadaji's joy supreme.

In June 1978 Dadaji embarked on his first tour of Europe and America. Mr. Abhi Bhattacharya and Ms. Roma Mukherji went along to look after him. While in Bombay on the eve of his departure for London, he forbade Roma time and time again to go out while they were visiting foreign countries without his prior express permission. On reaching London on June 2<sup>nd</sup>, Dadaji again reminded Roma several times daily of his embargo on her stealthy excursions to go shopping, leaving the home where they were staying. He knew full well that malefic Nature had conspired to grind to a halt his messianic efforts to help dawn the Kingdom of Truth and Love on earth. It is the invariable law of Nature that any prosperity of a considerable magnitude is always visited by an antecedent major adversity. So it had happened when during the 1974 Satyanarayan Puja, a radiant early landmark in the global odyssey of Dadaji-consciousness, his dearest Mrs. Dey was taken casualty and had to be snatched from the jaws of death; so this time on his first trip abroad to speak about Truth, Dadaji was sure that Roma, the pupil of his eye, was going to be the casualty, the scapegoat of the macabre dark forces of Nature. Dadaji was perfectly reasonable in harping on the same chord of caution to Roma against her surreptitious shopping trips in quest of fashions and curios.

But despite his repeated warnings, on June 5<sup>th</sup> Roma cooked food for Dadaji then at 10:30 am went out shopping with Mrs. Surinder Singh, their hostess, who was driving the car. Roma assured everyone it was to go to the fish market to buy fish for Dadaji's dinner; but why without permission of Dadaji? Roma later explained he was in talks with local dignitaries behind closed doors. Others later disputed her claims saying she was lured away by the razzle dazzle of the saree and jewelry world and ignored Dadaji's embargo willfully. Had she asked Dadaji two things may have happened: she wouldn't have gone out and nothing would have happened or she would have gone out with permission and nothing would have happened. But her shopping obsession won out, felled by conspiring Nature.

Mrs. Singh drove Roma first to the local fish market, or as others claim, to a Saree Center. Next they drove on the highway a considerable distance to a supermarket or shopping mall. They had not gone far when they saw a heavily loaded truck rushing towards them at top speed, fast closing in on them. What could they do? Roma closed her eyes in fear and Mrs. Singh tried to steer clear of it without success as the brakes failed. The truck collided with the car, smashing it completely. Mrs. Singh suffered a fracture of her neck along with multiple injuries. She somehow snaked out of the car and called her husband from a nearby phone booth to report the ghastly accident that had pinned Roma in the crushed vehicle. What about her condition? The car's windshield wiper had been planted into her throat. Her skull was fractured; her left eye was out of its socket hanging loose. Innumerable splinters of broken glass were buried in her face and chest. Profusely bleeding, she was unconscious. Within two minutes the ambulance arrived. It was a real feat to remove Roma from the wrecked car, which was cut apart to get her out of it. The ambulance delivered the two women to hospital; Roma was admitted to intensive care while Mrs. Singh was admitted as a regular patient.

Dadaji lost no time in getting to the hospital, driven by Mr. Singh. They found Roma lying still unconscious and Dadaji insisted she be taken to surgery immediately for needed stitches. Dadaji remained outside the open operating theater doors raising both hands in a revitalizing posture. Roma lay on her right side with her right eye open facing Dadaji who remained standing in the doorway. First the surgeons took 32 stitches to close the gaping wound on her head; then her throat that suffered a gaping wound was fixed with 56 stitches. When it was time to put her left eye, which had been kept in sterile liquid, back in its socket, Dadaji was a bit agitated. He pleaded with the surgeons against anesthesia while fixing her eye, but they wouldn't listen. A bystander from London and admirer of Dadaji prevailed upon them to respect his words and explained Dadaji was a great spiritual teacher from India. So Dr Thomas set her eye with multiple stitches sans anesthesia, although it was quite beyond his experience. Roma had no feeling of pain at all. Surgery completed, Roma was returned to intensive care.

Dadaji, Abhi and Roma were to leave for Germany the next evening so he went up to Roma, passed his hand around her skull and across her forehead and to leave of her that day after breathing a conviction of profound wholeness in her. He visited her twice the next day filling

her with certitude of complete recovery and Dadaji departed for Germany as planned leaving Roma in hospital to recover.

In Washington DC, Harvey Freeman was informed of Roma's ghastly accident and asked to fly to London. He and his wife Pema drove his car at top speed to get to John F. Kennedy International Airport near New York City. After driving only about a quarter of the distance, he was amazed to see the scenario of New York before him. He asked himself how New York could be shuffled to him. Then in shocking bewilderment he saw Dadaji standing on the street with a grim visage (appearance); the next moment in the vision Dadaji fell down with a gunshot wound. Harvey's head was reeling so Pema took the wheel and drove him to the airport. The long flight to London was filled with suspense; reaching London he went directly to Mr Singh's house where, at the entrance gate, he saw Dadaji standing there, looking jet black all over. "Why are you so black?" Harvey asked him. There was no response, for Dadaji was then in Germany, but Harvey instantly thought to himself "surely a death mask."

He found Roma in the hospital convalescing, her memory of the accident still gone and she remained in a semi-conscious state. Slowly she was emerging from critical condition. A few days passed and suddenly blood started streaming out across Roma's forehead and her condition worsened. Doctors rushed in but found she was failing fast, her pulse was slowing and blood continued to rush out of her head despite their best efforts. They continued to give aid until after half an hour the life had completely ebbed out of her and they advised the nurse to disconnect the saline IV and oxygen tubes and ordered her body moved to the morgue. But the nurse mysteriously took pity on Roma and did not remove the tubes while the body was moved to the morgue. Upon arriving at the morgue the nurse noticed the bleeding had stopped and checking her pulse she found it beating feebly. The nurse rushed to call the doctors who brought Roma back to her hospital room and with 10 days Roma was fully recovered. She accompanied Dadaji to USA, where she resumed her daily work of cooking for Dadaji and looking after him during his trip abroad. During that period her eclipsed memory was fully restored.

Later Roma reported about her experiences in the hospital. She said while she was being moved to the morgue she felt flushed out of her body, she was standing by her body on the gurney and was being thrust into the wall until someone familiar, Dadaji, thrust her back into her body to experience the discomforts of body consciousness, rescuing her from the clutches of death.



Dadaji & Abhi - 1970 Bombay

I will close this subsection with the story of the ever-attuned Abhi Bhattacharya, the spiritual double of Dadaji. Abhi is the perfect servitor in plenary submission to the perfect Lord in vacuous nobility. His story is unique in its enchanting trappings and has a profound background which I will set forth. Though Mr Bhattacharya, a famous award-winning Indian actor, was in every sense a zealous socialite, after meeting Dadaji in the early 1970s he could hardly find opportunity to visit others' homes and return the invitation because his home, Delphin House, was the gathering place for those who came to hear about, meet and visit with Dadaji. Streams of visitors crowded Abhi's home almost every day, making it impossible for him to leave his residence.

One day Dadaji advised Abhi to go call on his friends Satyen Bose and others and to share an evening pastime with them. This was many years ago around 1977. In the ensuing years as time unfolded to the year 1990, Abhi became a man in complete seclusion, all alone in his house, even without a servant. He lived the life of a recluse, self-contained and contented, no longer in the Indian film world, the lucrative offers he received he was advised by Dadaji to turn down. During this same period, starting in 1987, Dadaji was also withdrawing from visitors becoming more and more exclusive and travelling less and less.

In January 1990, answering to an inner urge Abhi went out to visit Mr Satyan Bose, a long time friend of his both in the film and Dadaji worlds. He had a jolly time of it, for nearly three hours, enjoying the hilarious sallies of Mr Bose interspersed with Dadaji's Divine Fragrance over several servings of whiskey and snacks. Around 9 p.m. Abhi got up to leave, but Mr Bose seated him back securely in his chair and pleasantries continued for nearly half an hour more. Around 9:30 p.m. Abhi was suddenly immobilized by a convulsive stroke, exhibiting signs of paralysis. Mr Bose lost no time and rushed him to a nearby nursing home (hospital) where his condition fast

worsened in the intensive care unit. Doctors tried hard to keep him stable, but Nature seemed dead set against it; Abhi continued fast down the curve of life. Around 11 p.m. Mr Aparesh Lahiri, a noted musician and Dadaji follower, happened to visit Mr Bose's house where he heard the news of Abhi's stroke. He went immediately to find Abhi on the verge of death. The doctors continued their care but announced the patient would probably die within hours and near relations should be advised. It was then around 1 a.m. and Mr Bose and Mr Lahiri were at a loss as to what to do and who to call. Suddenly Mr Lahiri thought to ring up Dadaji in Calcutta, though half-heartedly because Dadaji was most unlikely to answer the call, far less talk sense and affect any supernatural cure. But Dadaji answered the call immediately and was alert even at that unearthly hour and said, "Don't you worry. Nothing will happen to him." Then after some banal pleasantries he hung up the phone.

Wonder of wonders, the patient started fast going up the curve of life beyond the comprehension of the attending doctors. In confusion, they all wondered did Abhi really suffer a stroke? When the sun rose Abhi was in high spirits and clinically normal although weak with minor paralytic tendencies in his hand and leg. He was kept on medication and bed rest for three days. After that he was released and arriving home shook off the last vestiges of the disabilities. That night Dadaji rang him up to say, "Hi, what's the upshot? Has anything struck you?" And Dadaji burst into a thunderous peel of laughter and Abhi laughed with him. It was fair weather thereafter with no diet restrictions or medications.

Before closing this first subsection of Chapter 2 which I've titled, "The love hooked incurable healer" it would be profitable to sum up the different supernatural ways in which Dadaji restores life to dying persons and effects spectacular cures of diseases of all description which include the following:

- (1) Charanjali that can work wonders across enormous space and time.
- (2) Wallet-sized Satyanarayan portrait that may avert dangers and cure disease
- (3) Physical touch and massage done in two ways: disease instantly cured by touch or disease absorbed by Dadaji's body which relapses into normalcy within hours or a day or two in extreme cases.
- (4) Physical manifestation as Dadaji or Satyanarayan before the patient in a dream or in waking and feeding the patient, say, a cup of coffee.
- (5) Through Will Supreme in which case the cure is instantaneous and thorough; Dadaji is not affected in the least.
- (6) Through Dadaji in identity with the Will Supreme.
- (7) Through fiat of his personal will which takes different forms: via a phone call by Dadaji or his representative; through a spoken word of assurance; through giving specific drugs manifested for the purpose; through a word expressing utter despair which is a veiled way of blessing.
- (8) Through congenital supernatural power which is often mixed in with the other seven ways.

At bottom, however, is His Wishy Will, the most potent weapon with which Dadaji fights to the last ditch all manner of diseases and stamps them out. Thy Will be done.

## Chapter 2, continued

### B - Death and Resurrection

Death is the final destiny of the present life, but destiny, even primal destiny, is not inexorable. Had it been so there would be no scope for Divine Grace, the principle of indeterminacy, in the universe. That destiny may be changed has been explored in the previous subsection. Destiny of all kinds may well be averted. It may be changed for the better or for the worse; the sequence of events in life may profitably be altered; the span of life may well be cut short or lengthened. That being true, the time of death may also be put off to a future date even though we all know death is the inexorable, final destiny of all human flesh. How can that be recycled back into life anew? This seems to pass all understanding. That it is against the plan of Nature goes without saying, for the load of destiny that triggered this life has already been unloaded to the full at the appointed time of death.

There are deaths and deaths, some untimely, accidental, some caused by chance infection, or self-willed. Such deaths in a way are against the plan and providence of Nature. They are, on the contrary, brought about by improvised Nature. In such deaths, destiny fails to unload itself to the full, leaving behind a residue. In such cases if the dead person be brought back to life, that residual destiny clings to one spontaneously to keep one going on. If, however, a person dies a natural death after living to the full span of life, if the person is revitalized he or she will have to borrow some homogenous filaments of destiny from his next life as as often been revealed to us by Dadaji. To quote him: *% someone lives a longer span of life than is destined, one can very well use up a portion of the destiny of his or her future life. One's actions of today, out of inertia, of course, would determine one's destiny for tomorrow.+* So if a dead person arises back into life, there will be no problem as to which cloak of destiny will be worn.

But how is a dead person resurrected? The question is out of bounds for us common people who have no need to know. If we know first hand for a fact that such resurrection can occur, or even know at a trustworthy second hand, that is enough for us. Resurrection has been written about for thousands of years such as Jesus did to Lazarus, Elisa did to a dead boy, Lord Krishna did on several occasions, and Mahaprabhu Sri Krishna Chaitanya did 500 years ago. But, these long ago events do not provide us with any incontrovertible truth about resurrection as the texts often were passed on as stories and eventually written down, transcribed and translated over and over again long after the events occurred.

Dadaji's similar exploits demonstrating resurrecting back to life those who have died, however, either have happened in our presence and/or have been well documented at the time, certified by attending physicians, and corroborated by overwhelming circumstantial evidence. Given those facts, it is better and fairer to consider such events I will describe without mental obsessions either confirming or denying resurrection and at least accord such events a provisional reality.

A final consideration regarding resurrection is: What is the post-mortem lapse of time that can be circumvented and overcome by the ensuing resurrection? In other words, is resurrection possible any time, say three days to a month or more after death? Does it have a natural time limit; say before the body starts decomposing, before the onset of biological death? Common sense is in perfect agreement with the latter supposition. Clinical death may be defined as cessation of heart and pulse beat and irreversible brain death. After that rigor mortis sets in within about 6 hours and then disappears after 36 hours. Should we accept that biological death starts after 6 hours and decomposition set in after 36 hours? If so, the common sense view would be that clinical death can only be reversed, that is resurrection is only possible within the first 6 hours. In India there is a strong belief that a dead body should not be burned until 5-6 hours after death, for the dead person may come back to life.

If on the other hand we assume that resurrection is possible any time before decomposition, its time span is extended up to 36 hours after death. It is believed that Jesus was resurrected within 36 hours of his burial. But according to Dadaji that was a resurrection in spirit, and the agent was no mortal soul.



From Dadaji's words and behavior we can arrive at some concrete hints on resurrection. Mr. Anil Sarkar, Director of Civil Aviation, Government of India, went to a neighboring country to attend a conference. While there he died of a massive heart attack. Mrs. Sarkar was sent word and she boarded the next flight to be beside her husband, hoping the doctors could revive him. Eight hours passed before she finally arrived and she entreated the doctors to continue trying to save him by giving cardiac massage as a last resort, but they paid her no heed. In utter desperation she rang up Dadaji and implored him to save her husband. *How long is he dead?* inquired Dadaji. *It's well over 8 hours,* she replied hesitantly. *Then, it's not possible,* cut in Dadaji. *Why did he not inform me as directed before going abroad? Why did you not accompany him as I wished you to? Had you been there, no god of death could have snatched him from you.* We may draw the obvious conclusion that after 8 hours have passed, at least in this instance, resurrection was not possible, however it may have been obviated due to their non-compliance with Dadaji's expressed instructions regarding their travel abroad.

Over many years, during a number of Satyanarayan Pujas oriented to Sradh (propitiation or appeasing and conciliation of a dead person), Dadaji reincarnated the dead person in his or her body so he or she could partake of the food offerings placed before portraits of Satyanarayan and the dead person on an altar and thereby console the bereaved relatives with a word or two of endearment and by eating or drinking from their hands. Sradh takes place on the 11<sup>th</sup>, the 13<sup>th</sup>, or the 31<sup>st</sup> day after death, varying according to the caste to which the dead person belonged. Dadaji can do anything, but we must not forget that these embodied dead are of the moment momentary, improvised to cater to a specific demand. They cannot live, move, and have their being again like us on earth.



Dadaji . 1970s Bombay

Dadaji doesn't yield to the logic that because he can do, he must do it. Aside from Supreme Will, diverse objective conditions are involved. Resurrection should not be effected casually; should not be undertaken unless it promises a profitable future for the dead person and family; effected willfully it helps mature the psyche. If, on the contrary, it is likely to result in disastrous consequences, it should not be embarked upon.

And, there is another momentous factor to contend with, a situation of impasse between the devil and the deep blue sea. Death is an eruption of destiny like all other disastrous eruptions and should be equally remediable even after its occurrence. But its unique in that it is the final unfolding of the destiny in action; unfolding through a period of time rising from initial assault through a crescendo peak down to the decrescendo and death. Death may occur at any point of time during that period. If death occurs on destiny's crescendo, prior to the peak point and resurrection precedes the peak point, the

dead person will be revived only to be ransomed to death again. If resurrection is delayed until destiny's decrescendo passes and death occurs, the body will start decomposing making resurrection all the more difficult; maybe the resurrected person remains in a vegetative state, and on top of that, Dadaji may have to pay for the resurrection very dearly in his own person.

The upshot of the above discussion is that resurrection is not necessarily against the plan of Nature; that, when it is contrary to the plan of Nature, the dead person has to borrow a part of the destiny of his or her next life; that generally speaking resurrection finds scope for so long as rigor mortis does not set in; that, resurrection is theoretically admissible, being as it is a kind of destiny; that, thought capable of effecting resurrection at any time, Dadaji is often conditioned by lack of serviceable motivation, by the death-dealing destiny still going full steam and by the fear of lethal injury to his own person.

Now I am in position to present concrete cases of resurrection effected by Dadaji. Before his manifestation as Dadaji, he is reputed to have brought at least four people back to life, two of them being Himalayan recluses, but those enchanting episodes are on the borderline of hearsays eliciting no positive information about names, places and occasions.

In Agartala, East India Dadaji gave back the life of a deer killed by a vain Lama to demonstrate his superhuman powers. Failing to revive the deer, the Lama had to submit to Dadaji and take Mahanama from him. The first well-documented incident of resurrection by Dadaji, however, happened when he was known as Kishori Bhagavan in Benares around 1928. A Bengali gentleman named Aswini Roy was living in Benares after his retirement, keeping company of the saints and great Pandits residing there. One day Kishori Bhagavan, while going along a busy road, ran into a bunch of people going toward the burning ghat carrying a dead man on a cot. He stopped them and inquired, *Who is the dead man? Is he really dead?* Aswini Roy, whom you predicted would kick the bucket at a ripe, old age. And, here he is, dead now, already cold and stiff, dead well over four hours. And you ask if he's alive! What a madcap! The Bhagavan smiled a bit and parried, *OK! Won't you let me pay my last respects to him? Just lower the bier so I can reach him.* So done, he reached his fingers below Mr Roy's chest, switched them back and forth horizontally along the region and after 15-20 seconds he pulled the body by the hands to seat him erect on the cot. And then he bowed them clean with the words, *Look here, he is blinking now and he will talk before you wink.* So it happened. The bier carriers were dumbstruck and the dead man Mr Roy opened his eyes and asked, *Where am I? You are going home for sure,* responded the Bhagavan. Huge crowds had gathered by then and the Bhagavan realized what the aftermath would deal out to him so he decamped with seconds exploiting the frenzy through the maze of narrow lanes keeping hidden until he found a ramshackle shelter. His stay in Benares was cut short and he disappeared, staying away long enough to insure the lapse of memory of the people who had witnessed and heard of the resurrection. When he reappeared there he with beard and moustache and used the name and style of Pagla Baba, residing in a mosque at Pataleswara.



Dadaji & Boudi . 1978 at home

The next episode centers on Amiya Roy Chowdhury (later known as Dadaji) father-in-law Mr. S.P. Das Gupta, who lived in the house next door to the east of Dadaji's house at 188/10A Prince Anwar Shah Road in Lake Gardens area of Calcutta. It was the year 1963 that Mr Das Gupta was suffering for a long span of time, mostly being confined to bed. Dadaji's wife Boudi often found fault with his stubborn resolve not to visit her critically ailing father even once during this protracted period. Dadaji typically gave airs that he didn't care and had nothing to do with his next door neighbor. Many doctors examined Mr Das Gupta and prescribed drugs, but there was no improvement in his condition. Dr Mrityunjay Roy and Dr Manas Maitra used to check on him daily at the bidding of Dadaji, then known as Amiyababu. On February 17<sup>th</sup> the gentleman started sinking and eventually breathed his last, defeating all efforts of his physicians to keep him alive. The mournful bewailing of relatives rent the house and sky above, but couldn't be heard in the chamber of Amiyababu's home, much less his heart. Undisturbed, he was then having lively chats with a few familiar visitors and appeared to have renewed vigor. His behavior was, to say the least, indecorous and against

protocol from a social point of view. Next door the mourning people between doleful cries were looking askance at Boudi and wondering why Amiyababu was not around. Boudi was crying and felt sorely insulted and incensed to the point of leaving when a woman sarcastically said to her, *My, my! What makes you weep? Word is afoot your husband is Bhagavan himself. Why not go ask him to save your father's life?*

The comment was a shock that Boudi, a gentle lady, could not bear; and, it reminded her of her husband's adverse predisposition to these people whom he often referred to in mock anger as *adu-kula* (large family of Lord Krishna who die by infighting). Boudi, a docile timid lady, returned home and flew into a titanic rage, pouring wrath upon her husband, saying, *You stupid, unmannerly fellow! You ought to have gone there at least once to sympathize with us. Your unsocial manners have ignited their wrath and they have dubbed you a phony trader in*

spirituality, a hypocrite. Why do you cheat on people with your phony airs when I know for certain you do not make a business out of it? If you are really capable, save the life of my dead father and redeem my lost esteem with them.+Dadaji instantly thundered, %Shut up you crazy doter! Don't disturb me. Who do you think you are to get your father saved by me? Go get the bier-bearers ready for your father's final march. I will go when I will go.+The poor lady, so severely mauled by her husband's words, did not go back to her father's house, but shut herself up in her room to cry out the passion of her touselled emotions. After ten minutes, Dadaji made for the dead father-in-law's house next door and upon entering reduced everyone to brute silence as if those gathered were painted on a canvas, for they all had had brushes with his temper tantrums in the past.

%What's the row about?!+he shouted at them. %Is he dead? Oh what a gentle riddance from his manipulative heirs! Have the bier-bearers come over or is it left for me to get them together? Well, then, fetch me a cupful of clean water and clear out of this room.+He took the cupful of water and slammed the door shut behind him after taking care to close all the windows in the room first. Everyone waited outside the room in sizzling expectance until he opened the door after about five minutes. What he did during those five minutes no one knows. When he came out of the room he looked ruddy and forlorn, perspiring and radiating rays of Divine Aroma. He said to someone, %Give him a glass of warm milk,+and left quickly through the crowd with no concern whatsoever, returning to his home. Inside the room the dead man was seated on his bed with folded palms, with tears trickling down his face, muttering, %My Narayan Baba, my Narayan Baba+(my Supreme Father). Thereafter Mr Das Gupta daily took the dust of his son-in-law's, Dadaji's, feet until the end of his life many years later.



Jayaprakash Narayan  
(Oct 11, 1902 - October 8, 1979)

Jayaprakash Narayan, the great socialist leader who successfully fought despotism resulting in the permanent damage to his kidneys, was kept on dialysis in a hospital in Bombay for months toward the end of 1978. In early 1979 his condition worsened rapidly to the great concern of the entire nation of India. All efforts to stem his vitality giving way and efforts to bring him out of the woods failed and he died in the small hours of the morning on March 22<sup>nd</sup>. The shocking news was broadcast on the radio and TV throughout India, paralyzing the whole nation, shutting down schools, colleges, offices and businesses. An impromptu session of the Indian Parliament passed a resolution of condolence and was the session was prorogued (suspended). The national flag was flown at half-mast in his honor as he was the only hope and light of the nation during that arid period of enveloping gloom. All government offices were closed for the day.

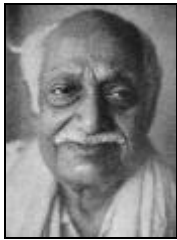
However, all this ended in near comic relief for an hour and half later it was announced that Mr.

Narayan had bounced back to life and was fast improving. There in Calcutta Dadaji was in bed with a high septic fever, uremia and blood dysentery. He could not take his early morning walk that day in Tollygunge Lake area. Later in the forenoon, he divulged to some visitors that he had to take this poison on himself in order to grant a new lease on life to Mr. Narayan. When Dadaji was told that Mr. Narayan's death had been announced on radio on TV, he calmly said, %You will soon hear another broadcast breaking news of his coming back to life again.+And the next day when Mr. Narayan's condition had improved amazingly to the point where dialysis was no longer necessary. Mr. Narayan was given a clean bill of health to his death on October 8, 1979.

What Dadaji did is not known to anyone, the only thing to be recorded is that some time between 8:30 a.m. and 9:30 a.m., he told everyone he was to be left alone in his room with the doors closed for 15 minutes. After that he opened the door and let visitors in; he was looking ruddy, gasping for breath, perspiring profusely and the room was filled with Divine Aroma. He was given a glass of water to drink and then he embarked on conversation with visitors. It must be noted that this is the only case of resurrection in which Dadaji had to bear the physical brunt of



the death causing disease. Curiously enough he took it upon himself 3-4 hours before effecting the resurrection. Possibly he gave a long rope to the destiny to enable it to deal out the final blow before neutralizing it. And, he had to recycle posthumously his body to make it livable for some years and that was verily the cause of his illness.



Gopinath Kaviraj  
(1887 . 1976)

In the previous subsection I referred to the death of Gopinath Kaviraj and his subsequent resurrection by Dadaji. In 1971, one day Dadaji had Satyanarayan Puja in the house of Dr Manash Maitra. He went into the Puja room at 12 noon and was on the point of coming out at 12:45 pm when at that very moment Dadaji saw Kaviraj breath his last and Dadaji instantly fell down unconscious. Dadaji came back to his senses at 1:45 pm and told the gathering he had been with Kaviraj who was dead. Dr Maitra urged by intense skepticism went stealthily all the way to Benares to verify the words of Dadaji. He came back to Calcutta the next day to confirm what Dadaji had said, that Kaviraj died at 12:45 pm and was miraculously resuscitated an hour afterward. There is no indication Dadaji appeared in person in Benares, however based on what he said, he was there with Kaviraj while appearing in a state of unconsciousness in Dr Maitra's home in Calcutta, and brought Kaviraj back to life while remaining invisible so as to avoid sensationalism.

How fantastic! It sounds like a fairy tale indeed, but some cardinal points are incontrovertible history. As Dr Maitra reported them, they are: Kaviraj died at 12:45 pm in Benares; he came back to life at around 1:45 pm; at 12:45 pm in Calcutta Dadaji reported to visitors that he saw Kaviraj die and instantly fell into a swoon; Dadaji awoke at 1:45 pm to report Kaviraj was brought back to life. One might argue that Dadaji knew of the twin events by clairvoyance and clairaudience, and had no role in resurrecting Kaviraj, which would suggest that Dadaji is a liar, psychotic or self-obsessed. Based on multiple other incidents of resurrection, healing and other breath-taking extraordinary events attributed to Dadaji, one can easily add this event to the voluminous, documented evidence of his supernatural powers.



Dadaji . Los Angeles CA 1987

In December 1987 Dadaji was visiting the United States and stayed in the home of Harish and Darshana Jambusaria in Los Angeles, California. On December 15<sup>th</sup>, I was in New Jersey having a phone conversation with Dadaji. He said in a composed voice, *Here in Los Angeles a man died of a heart attack. So this man (Dadaji himself) got there an hour later and gave him a slap on the cheek. And the dead man was immediately brought back to life.* I have no further details on this incident; it serves to confirm that Dadaji did spontaneously speak of resurrection and his ability to bring it about, however, as unerring reality.

Previously I referred to the time that Mr Anil Sarkar, Director General of Civil Aviation, died in a foreign country. Now I will detail the account of his death and resurrection which happened early in 1977. He suffered heart problems and was under continually under the supervision of eminent physicians. His wife, Mrs Leena Sarkar, who was close to the heart of Dadaji, was assured by him that so long as she was by him, nothing fatal would befall him. Dadaji also advised Mr Sarkar to inform him before undertaking any travel whatsoever. In 1977 Mr Sarkar was struck down by a massive heart attack and rushed immediately to Willingdon Nursing Home in New Delhi.

I mention here that Dadaji generally disapproved of his intimate followers being hospitalized even in critical condition. Anyway, Mr Sarkar was fast failing despite the doctors' best efforts. Soon worse came to worst and he died. Cardiac massage failed. Mrs Sarkar was escorted to the side of her dead husband. Raising heart rending alarm, she rang up Dadaji to inform him of her husband's death. "How can it be?" rejoined Dadaji, "He must have come here there. All right, get a cup of water for Charanjali." She held the cup of water by the phone and it became milky white Charanjali. Dadaji instructed her to massage her husband's chest with the fragrant water while muttering Mahanam (Gopal Govinda). This was happening while the doctor was preparing a death certificate. Before half a minute has passed Mrs Sarkar felt her husband's chest vibrating and then felt his pulse begin beating. She called for the doctors, who, bewildered, rang into the hospital room gaped in amazement as they heard the dead man cooing, "Dada, Dada..." "Who is Dada?" inquired one of the doctors.

In a faint voice the newly resurrected patient narrated his experience. Mr Sarkar said he went out of his body into a flood of gleaming light redolent with the Divine Aroma of Dadaji. Suddenly he chanced upon Dadaji standing beside him. Before he could bow to him, Dadaji thrust him back into his body. All those present in the room experienced the strong diffusing of Dadaji's Divine Aroma and identified as such by Mr & Mrs Sarkar. After he convalesced in short order Mr Sarkar was back to his official duties in a fortnight.

The cases of Mrs. Dey and Ms Roma Mukherji detailed in the previous subsection were spectacular incidents of resurrection, but in the case of Mrs. Dey she was not declared dead but was put off as dying irretrievably within half hours time at most. Roma, though moved to the hospital morgue, was not declared dead by doctors. Neither case was referenced in this section because there was no death certified in either incident.

How does Dadaji effect resurrection? It is out of our bounds of understanding for us. We may rephrase the question: What has Dadaji to do to effect resurrection? We only have Dadaji's words to guide us. First Dadaji says we have to know what death is. He says life is the vibration of two sounds of Mahanama, which generates our respiration. When the two sounds of Mahanam coalesce, respiration ceases, and the mind is wrapped in an enclosure of the two sounds and leaves the body in a swooning shrinkage. That is called physical death. So, life is not a mechanical affair.

The shrunken mind, encased in the two sounds of Mahanam become One, remains in dormant state until it gets a new physical vehicle to work out its unfoldment and blossoming which is synchronous with the unfoldment of the One sound back into the two sounds of Mahanam. This is called rebirth, transmigration, metempsychosis (transmigration of the soul, esp. the passage of the soul after death from a human or animal to some other human or animal body). This rebirth is spearheaded by a strong desire suddenly emerged from the dormant mind in a bid for its immediate realization.

At death all the reactions and drives remain in a latent state in the frozen mind. What Dadaji does while resurrecting is, as he says, is to "burst forcibly the mind into the body." The body in this context means the body left at death. The scenario of rebirth is fully demonstrated by Dadaji when he brings a person back to life. He sets in motion some unfulfilled drives or desires of the dormant mind and thrusts it into the gravitational field of the body. The mind with the One sound once again becoming two as Mahanam are reinstalled into the body which is revived by the two sounds of Mahanam. It is done by the Will Supreme embedded in Dadaji's very nature; His Will that cruises simultaneously through endless worlds. We humans remain in awe at such supernatural manifestations.