

## Chapter 3

### A . Nature in Aromatic Doldrums

During the past 50 years scientific achievements have risen to staggering heights bordering on the incredible. Even Albert Einstein could not possibly have imagined what wonderful discoveries would be made. The great and mystifying impact of these discoveries have so amazed the populace that scientists began being viewed as omnipotent gods treading the dusty earth, rubbing shoulders with mere mortals only to elevate them to higher altitudes of knowledge and prosperity and security. What scientists advocate bear the indelible stamp of infallibility. It appears that modern society is caught in a mass hysteria caused by the aggressive dogmas and advances of science, which has ushered in an involuntary sycophancy (servile flattery) of the Canutian court (Canute the Great; historical Viking conqueror who became King of England in 1016). Scientists have made spectacular conquests of land, sea, air and outer space.

But the multi-armed candelabrum of science that sheds light on the world around us has cast a pall of a shadow at the base. The blessings and light of science are bred into our modern existence; they have made for ease and luxury in our lives. Yet, science is nowhere near stamping out our basic ills and limitations imposed by the laws of Nature. The polarization of haves and have-nots continues to grow beyond measure. There continues an explosion in production, with attendant waste, wars and pollution, as well as a population explosion. Tremendous breakthroughs in medical science and surgery continue, but the rate of mortality increases; epidemics and pestilences continue raging rampant in one or another part of the world constantly. Nature has been irremediably polluted by the wanton waste of our consumer economies; a giant hole has opened in the ozone layer the result of pollution. The greenhouse effect threatens the creatures of the planet and extinctions of species are on the rise. Modern science has not produced any weapons to overcome these disastrous results of earlier discoveries and ensuing commercial applications, the focus being bottom line profit and consumer self-indulgence by the growing masses.

Science cannot affect the forces and processes of Nature; cannot make rain in drought-stricken areas; cannot stem floods, hurricanes or tornados, nor can it turn the direction of even a gentle breeze. It cannot control sunshine, the rise and fall of temperature or infinite other forces of Nature that serve to maintain this blue planet. However in Dadaji, there is one who is perfectly human, his obliquely oriented, ruddy, forlorn eyes; his crimson velvety palms, his Apollonian profile, who can affect any forces of Nature with perfect ease through the fiat of Supreme Will. It all happens like involuntary reflex responses, although at times attended with the waving of the index and middle fingers which too may be involuntary reflexes.

That is Dadaji whose extravagant brain damning exploits I have set to describe and document in this book. He frolics with Nature in so many ways and so often over the years it is beyond reckoning. Many and varied have been the occasions, before different groups of people and individuals, in many different countries, in different seasonal cycles, year after year, when people have witnessed Dadaji harness Nature to his Will. Who are the witnesses? Celebrated scientists, many Nobel Laureates, philosophers, statesmen, literary talents, heads of State, top industrialists, famous film personalities, educators, politicians, people from all walks of life, levels of accomplishment, and strata of society.

Many witnesses wrote published articles of the supernatural, extraordinary events they experienced in Dadaji's presence. However, subsequent to witnessing what is utterly unexplainable, their bewilderment evaporated and skepticism surfaced; some disavowed him



Dadaji . 1971 Bombay, India

preferring to remain in a familiar reality that provides a false sense of security and unreliable understanding based on science that is ever-changing over time and disproving laws that formerly believed to be truth. That is why Dadaji so often exclaims that the mind is the real female characterized by extreme fickleness of the mind drawn constantly back and forth by the bipolarity of worldly objects; the real male is the Supreme Truth which stands in stoic isolation beyond all modalities of mind. Our espousal and rejection, our certainty in affirmation and negation are both temporary and elusive figments of mental obsession. So while scientists hold characteristically changing and ever-elusive convictions about laws of nature and the universe, we continue with our enchanting story of the supernatural wooing and bewitching of Nature by Dadaji.

I will begin with the scene often repeated of Dadaji immersed in spiritual discourses of staggering profundity with Gopinath Kaviraj, the greatest savant of modern India. In this instance in Benares took place in a fairly small room filled with many great scholars and monks. When the discussion rose to a high pitch, the pencil rays of the sun were darting in the eyes of Kaviraj to his great discomfort. Someone suggested the shutters be closed to give the savant some relief, but Dadaji opposed it, saying that would make the room more stuffy. With folded palms, Dadaji suddenly invoked the sun saying, **Oh sun! He is having serious talks with Kaviraj; can you deflect your rays away from his eyes during the period? Please do it.** Within a second or two, the sun's rays staged a retreat from the room and never intruded again during the discourse. Needless to say the intellectuals and Sadhus present were rooted in place in profound amazement, stealing a look now and then on the resplendent Dadaji in divine afflatus (divine communication of knowledge; inspiration). Dumbfounded yogis, themselves having unusual powers, asked amongst themselves to find someone who could match Dadaji; they failed. Kaviraj, himself a towering stalwart in yoga and Tantra practices was stunned and exclaimed in a tremulous voice, **You are God, Amiya Baba! You are God, indeed!**

Previously I narrated the Batanagar incident at Mr Dasqhome but will recount it here briefly. Dadaji was seated in a chair within a pandal (temporary platform and panel structure used for public meetings) encompassing an area of roughly 4,000 square feet. After frolicking in the sun for awhile, Dadaji addressed the people around saying, **Look here! The rays of the sun will not dare penetrate into the area throughout the day.** And so it happened; to the southeast of the pandal an unusual spectacle unfolded. It appeared as though the sunlight, turned molten gold and unable to trickle into the marked off area, had settled in quivering thick layers fit to be drunk by anyone who had mastered the art from Dadaji, who was used to drinking palms full of golden nectar from the sun's rays in the 1960s, as witnessed by many people. At those times he would go out of the Puja room on the first floor of his home to the adjoining portico to the east and stand with cupped hands facing the sun. In a few seconds his hands were filled with golden liquid which he would drink in the presence of those who happened to be visiting that morning. Nowhere at no time has such a feat been recorded in human history.

In 1973 Dr Salil Mondal, a devout follower of Dadaji invited him to come conduct Satyanarayan Puja at his residence at Burdwan, nearly 50 miles west of Calcutta. Dadaji reached there on April 14<sup>th</sup> around 8 am along with a bunch of associates nearly 30 strong. After breakfast all present gathered in a commodious hall on the first floor at about 9:30 am to hear Dadaji talk. Meanwhile streams of local people, mostly professors, doctors and lawyers, reached there to fill the room to overflowing. Lively discussions were underway about Jesus Christ, Sankara, the Islamic prophet and his predecessors, Nurul Alam, Janganam, Rasul and Imam, the cast system in India, and so forth.

At about 11 am the rays of the sun started peeping into the room through a wide window. A follow of Dadaji teased him, **Dada! You are here in the room, how come the sun's rays dare to enter here?** **So you want them off?** responded Dadaji, **Let it be so as long as we talk.** Dadaji then waved his right hand toward the window and the rays left forthwith; and remained stalled outside as long as Dadaji was there. He left the room about 12:30 pm and the sun's rays once again shined into the room. It must be stated here that to the south of Dr Mandal's residence there was a narrow lane about 12 feet wide, which was skirted by a building foundation under construction and there was no conceivable barrier to the shafts of sunlight that would have penetrated the room during the period Dadaji was there.



Ramnath Goenka (1904 . 1991)

On June 25, 1972, Mr Ramnath Goenka, the baron of the newspaper industry in India, invited Dadaji to his palatial residence to have a first hand experience of Satyanarayan Puja. While arrangements were being made for the Puja, and large numbers of people were assembling in the hall. In adjoining room Dadaji was talking with Mr. C.R.Irani, Managing Director and Editor-in-Chief of the Statesman newspaper. Mr. Goenka in the course of his last minute supervision of the Puja went into that room and finding it very dark asked Mr Irani why he had not put on the light. Dadaji promptly reacted saying, **Wouldn't the sun give us light for awhile, if entreated!** Immediately, the

darkness of the room was dispelled by a white mass of light that lingered there until Dadaji left the room for the chamber where the Puja was to be held. Mr Goenka, his ego already dying, entered the Puja room. Behind closed doors, alone with the framed portrait of Satyanarayan, he experienced a rich harvest of multicolored huge Sandesh (sweet Bengali snack made of milk and sugar) bearing the inscription **Sri Sri Satyanarayan** in Tamil and Persian characters.

Toward the end of August 1973 Dadaji and Mr G.T. Kamdar (Salt King of India) went from his home in Bombay to Madras to pay a visit to Dr. Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan (President of India 1962-1967) who was nearly bedridden at the time. During their visit there was loadshedding (cyclical power outages) in the locality. Dadaji requested the rays of the sun to light up the room around 8 pm and the room remained lighted throughout the period Dadaji was delivering Mahanam. His impassioned talks were tape recorded at the time. (Note: To listen to these recorded tapes go to web page at <http://dadaji.info/AUDIO/AUDIO.HTM>)



Dr. Radhakrishnana (left), Dadaji (center), Mr Kamdar (in black hat) . Madras, India 1973



President Radhakrishnan & President John Kennedy . USA 1963

While this intimate rapport was going on Mr Kamdar saw two Dadajis; one faced Dr Radhakrishnan and the other was smiling at the former one. And, there was another Dadaji, as he later learned, reclining on the divan in the room set apart for Dadaji in the Delphin House, Bombay residence of Mr. Abhi Bhattacharya. There was a triumvirate of Dadaji universal. Who was the basal Dadaji? I will discuss it later in the following sub-section.

In 1971 Dadaji was riding in a car with some of his associates in a fleet of cars headed for the Malabar Hill, Bombay residence of Mr Deshmukh, who in 1978 was appointed Chief Justice of the High Court. While riding along Dadaji suddenly asked, **Do you want the scenario of Jayadratha's killing in the Kurukshetra War reenacted?** It was around 11 am at the time and the others in the car quickly said yes. The fleet of cars stopped at the behest of Dadaji and then with an inscrutable smile he said, **Look to the right of you. There is the Arabian Sea. What do you find there?** Suddenly

the sky above the sea darkened and the moon and stars started to peek out to greet Dadaji and his entourage. It was a startling though exhilarating sight to see. [Now look to your left. What hits you hot there?](#) Lo and behold it was the sun shining in its unassailable brightness. The spectacle before them revealed a pageantry of coincident day and night; of the sun and the moon ruling the sky and observed on land at the same time. The spectacle, never before seen or recorded in human history, lasted for nearly five minutes.

The scene Dadaji referred to in the Kurukshetra War described in the epic Mahabharata was when Arjuna resolved to kill Jayadratha before sundown, failing which he would torch himself to death. It was nearing sunset and Jayadratha was out of Arjuna's reach, safe and secure behind an impenetrable barricade of Kaurava soldiers. Krishna eclipsed the sun totally and in the darkness proclaimed the sun being down Arjuna was headed for a fiery funeral pyre. So Jayadratha and the soldiers rushed out to observe and forthwith and instantly the sun shone again and Arjuna made short work of Jayadratha with a fierce arrow.

Krishna's exploit was of a simpler order compared to the complex spectacle exhibited by Dadaji, which was compounded by the reversal of the law of Nature. Why then did Dadaji recall the Kurukshetra exploit at all? In the first place, Dadaji had not yet declared his public manifestation which he did in 1972. Second, Truth has to be served in digestible quanta lest confusion leading to skepticism grows rampant. Later in 1973 Dadaji asserted categorically that Justice S.K. Roy's Puja experiences were far above and beyond the vision of universal form by Arjuna, and this equally applies to Puja experienced by Mr Kamdar, Dr Nanigopal Banerji and others, including Mr Bruce Kell (Note: Mr Kell's account of his Puja experiences is narrated by him in an audio recording available at webpage <http://dadaji.info/AUDIO/AUDIO.HTM>). And thirdly, we knew nothing better.

Now let us turn to Dadaji's play in diverse forms with inclement weather. I will preface with a few stories about how he controls vigorous aspects of Nature to do his bidding.

In 1981, during Dadaji's tour of USA, he was residing in a palatial estate by the sea in Malibu, California. During his visit he was having weighty discussions with scientists, bigwigs, and well-known personalities in the TV and film industries. In the course of discussion one day there was a violent storm raging, coming in off the Pacific Ocean. The tumultuous sounds of the storm whipped rains and strong gusty winds penetrated the glass windows drowning out the voices of Dadaji and the others. What to do? Scientists in the room were helpless to quiet the storm, but it was inopportune to move the large gathering to another room. Dadaji suddenly suggested, [Can it be quelled?](#) Before anyone could respond, he waved his two fingers a wee bit and the violent sounds of rain and wind calmed to silence.

A similar thing happened in India at the residence of the eminent parapsychologist Dr Hemen Ganguli. While Dadaji was talking with him, a gusty wind was, time and again, disheveling his hair to his apparent discomfort. Unable to stave off the winds Dr Ganguli apologized, but his face beaming Dadaji exclaimed, [Can the wind stage a turnaround?](#) And, the wind reacted instantly and calmed.

Returning to the area of Malibu, California, I will narrate a bouncing frolic of Dadaji that actualized the fantasy of King Canute. Dadaji was having his usual morning walk along with some associates along the beach. Suddenly he stopped and inquired, [Can the waves reach this high were we are standing?](#) Everyone agreed it was impossible. With a smile, Dadaji said, [Well then just watch for awhile.](#) The next moment a gigantic breaker surged ashore and broke into a crest of foamy spray that washed the feet of Dadaji and receded to deliver the fragrance of his feet to the ecstatic ocean.



Chief Justice B.N. Deshmukh



In 1970, Dadaji with a large party of associates visited Cuttack in Orissa. They were hosted in a large Circuit House. Satyanarayan Puja was slated for the day after they arrived. Expecting a large crowd of 300 or more people, the organizers thought it would be good to erect a large pandal over the entire crowd, but decided against it due to the large expense. They confirmed this decision with Dadaji, however someone informed Dadaji that the weather forecast for the Puja evening was for a heavy downpour. Dadaji ignored the information. The evening of the Puja music was playing and Dadaji was seated on a small covered stage the crowds gathered in front of him. After awhile a cold wind blew and it started to drizzle. The organizers worried that it would end in a fiasco for which they would be blamed and be required to reimburse the sponsors of the Puja for expenses if it failed.

Dadaji cast an oblique glance at the rumbling sky overcast with dark clouds and with a sphinx-like smile exclaimed, **%Cool off! Nothing to worry! Calcutta is going dry. A heavy shower for hours would be most welcome to Calcuttans.**+Fading rumblings and winds continued for some time but no rain fell on the buoyant throngs. Music resumed and Puja manifested perfectly on schedule. The Puja over Prasad was distributed to everyone and the crowds dispersed taking the enchanting fragrance of Dadaji with them through their enchanted sleep until waking the next day. The morning newspapers in Orissa and Calcutta flashed headlines: Deluge in Calcutta, Heavy Shower throughout the Night. This confirmed that Dadaji could send forth clouds as ambassadors of flood to far off regions that cherish them so intensely, and effect a double crossing of the weather forecasts in Orissa and Calcutta.

The people in West Bengal are feverish soccer fans and the two teams, Mohanbagan and East Bengal are sworn rivals for well over a half century. The soccer shield final was on September 24, 1977. The two rival teams were in contention. On that day, a Saturday, Dadaji was having his lunch around 1pm. As usual, Dr Sanjit Roy, a physician, and Miss Hena (Mana) Bose, both very close to Dadaji's heart, were in attendance to be sure that Dadaji was not cheating on food served him. Suddenly the sky became overcast with dense, dark, rumbling clouds and it started raining. Mr Roy and Miss Bose were both Mohanbagan fans and were alarmed at the prospect of heavy showers stalling the Shield final play because their team seldom fares well in a water logged playing field. Mr Roy expressed his heartfelt wish and entreated Dadaji, **%Dada, please see that Eden Gardens where the final is to be played remain free of rain.**+Dadaji sat silent with his hand raised for awhile and then said, **%It will rain all about heavily, but Eden will be out of bounds for the rain.**+Miss Bose saw her chance to get her wish granted and demanded, **%You have to ensure that Mohanbagan can save its skin.**+Dadaji smiled and responded, **%Well, then, let it be so. The game will end in a draw.**+ And so it happened: Calcutta was flooded by a torrential downpour and although it rained all around it, Eden Gardens remained quite dry, enabling both teams to display their skills to the fullest. The match ended in a draw, both teams scoring a solitary goal.

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The Eden Gardens situation is different from that at Cuttack as the whole of Cuttack was shielded from the raging storm predicted to hit there, which instead hit Calcutta at Dadaji's expressed wish. Whereas in Eden Garden somehow although it rained heavily throughout Calcutta a barricade of clear sky was visible; this isolated it from the adjacent flooded regions.

This kind of phenomenon was witness by many individuals on many separate occasions including by Dr Lalit Pandit (physicist) and his brother C.S. Pandit (Editor). On one occasion the brothers were walking a long distance to see Dadaji who was visiting Bombay. Although it was raining all around them, they remained dry as no rain fell on the path they were walking. This phenomenon also occurred during airplane flights, too, as in the separate experiences of Mr. Harvey Freeman and Mr B.K.Panda, an industrialist of Orissa. In the first instance, Mr Freeman and Dadaji were flying from Colorado to Washington DC when the weather grew threatening due to a massive snow storm making the flight path hazardous. The pilot announced the plane would be landing at an alternate nearby airport. When Dadaji heard the announcement he went forward to the pilot's cabin, blessed him, place his palm upright before the planes front window and returned to his seat. The weather cleared and the pilot resumed their original flight plan and landed safely in Washington DC without difficulty.

A similar thing happened to Mr Panda when he was due to escort Dadaji back to Bhubaneswar from his industrial plant site located in a distant locality. The weather was very inclement that day, right from the early morning; rain showers, hail storm, thick fog, violent winds.

Mr Panda had his own corporate plane but the pilot refused to take off saying he could not do otherwise due to weather conditions. The pilot took Dadaji for just another self-styled hypocritical Guru and had to be persuaded by Dadaji to take off. The pilot reported the entire flight was conducted cruising along between two fluorescent lines of light advancing forward in keeping with the plane's speed. The plane thus reached Bhubaneswar without having to contend with the ravaging storm forces of Nature which had been let loose around them.

In June 1974 Dadaji visited Bombay to stay there for nearly a month. Bombay's water supply depends on three or four lakes that are filled with rain water each year. That year there was a drought and in June the water levels were fast receding with no sign of monsoon approaching. The municipal leaders were deeply concerned; their anxiety grew into feverish agitation finding no way to replenish the fast depleting water supply in the lakes. On July 5<sup>th</sup>, some of them contacted Dadaji, who first toyed with the scientists suggesting they provide a solution. Then, graciously, Dadaji said, *"You have enough water reserves for two days left. Don't you worry. You will get it to overflowing in the nick of time."*

The night of July 7<sup>th</sup>, the sky blackened and burst out in a torrential downpour for two consecutive days, deluging Bombay. Normal life was thrown out of gear; circular trains were stall for a full seven days due to the record breaking rainfall dumping more rain than in the last fifty years. Skeptics may say it was a freak of nature; one may ask how would Dadaji know of it two days in advance?

In February 1978 Dr William Klein of Washington DC, USA and Dr R.L. Dutta of the Solar Energy Commission, came to Abhi Bhattacharyya's house in Bombay. As usual, Dadaji was reclining on a divan while visitors were seated on the carpet in front of him. Dr Dutta introduced Dr Klein to Dadaji who said, *"Oh my goodness! Such a big scientist! You can burn the earth down in half an hour! Can you? You can at least make rain and stop it at will."* The scientist was silent in the face of Dadaji's ridicule. Such teasing was interspersed with serious talks for nearly an hour. Then Dadaji sat up cross-legged and asked everyone except Dr and Mrs Klein and Dr Dutta and Abhi to leave the room.

*"Man has no power for sure,"* said Dadaji. *"But nothing is impossible with Him,"* he said pointing to the framed portrait of Sri Sri Satyanarayana. *"Do you want proof?"* Intrigued, Dr Klein breathed heavily in the room becoming supercharged with Dadaji's fragrant Aroma. It was a bright sunny day in Bombay. Dadaji gestured toward the window and darkness engulfed the sky. Another gesture and it started raining cats and dogs. Dadaji cracked a joke on the two scientists, *"Go stop the rain. The rain god is afraid of great scientists. Order him and he will obey."*

Dr Klein went over to a window and the rain stopped immediately on that side of the building, the sun shined above. *"Come back,"* said Dadaji. When Dr Klein returned to his seat, on the sunny side it started raining again. *"Go again and stop it."* Dr Klein went back to the window and the rain stopped. When he returned to the center of the room the rain started again. The experiment was repeated once again with the same result. Then Dadaji asked him, *"How do you explain it?"*



*"Coincidence,"* shot out Dr Klein showing repulsion and discomfort. One may ask, can a scientist affect such coincidence at will? Instead of asking, Dadaji materialized a gigantic pumpkin, then a bottle of whiskey, and finally a Fabre-Leuba gold wrist watch. (Favre-Leuba has been creating exceptional mechanical time pieces since 1737 making it the oldest Swiss watch brand.) The scientist put on the wrist watch, and when Dadaji passed his finger over the face of the watch the dial became blank, then it was imprinted *"Sri Sri Satyanarayan: Made in Universe"*. Then without giving a moments respite to the dazed onlookers, Dadaji patted the chest of Mrs Klein once and a necklace with Satyanarayana locket (image at left) hanging from a chain appeared hanging around her neck. They later described it was a relief when Dadaji's profound manifestations stopped as their hearts pounded rapidly and they received Mahanam.

Incidents of Dadaji stopping rain occurred so often they cannot all be recorded. I will outline just a few of them.



Dadaji and Dr Om P. Puri  
Chandigarh, India 1986

Dr O.P. Puri, Professor of Physics at Chandigarh University had a long rapport one day with Dadaji. He was preparing to leave on his motorbike to return home but to his great dismay it started raining heavily. Dadaji asked him to come back inside and touched him with one hand and the window pane with his other hand, saying, **Now, go home.** Dr Puri went outside and the rain stopped; he rode his bike in the sunshine and upon reaching home and going inside the rain resumed.

Similar incidents happened with many individuals on their way to some business or to visit Dadaji or return home. With some the rains stopped as soon as they got down from the conveyance; with others the rain was on hold so long they

were able to reach their destinations on foot; with others it rained all around but did not fall on them walking to their destinations. About the last phenomenon, one day Dadaji observed, **The shower of rain goes on unabated, but it does not fall on that person's way. This can be done even with interfering with the Will of Him who makes the wind, the sun, the moon and others move.**

In 1970, Dadaji visited Bhubaneswar where he presented Satyanarayan Puja at the home of Mr Balaram and Mrs Basanti Misra, two of his great devotees. People gathered from remote corners of the capital of Orissa to witness Puja. When it started it also started raining heavily to the misery of those gathered and those who had not yet reached the house. Dadaji asked all present to remain seated and then he said to the rain god, **Please go off.** It stopped raining instantly.

A similar thing happened when Dadaji visited Mr Dasghouse at Batanagar. Dadaji reached there in the afternoon and found, as he told me an hour later, on his arrival there the rain goddess was present with heavy clouds on her back. **Requested her,** Dadaji said, **to have patience for only 24 hours after which she could unload herself to the full. It was already drizzling, but it stopped immediately.** Dadaji left Batanagar the following afternoon and reached his destination, Dr Madhusudan and Mr Minaty De's house. Immediately upon his departure a severe cyclone started which devastated not only Batanagar, but also Calcutta and an extensive area thereabouts.

Similarly on August 12, 1973, when Dadaji visited the multi-millionaire industrialist, Mr Jawaharlal at his Bombay residence, it started raining heavily with gusty winds. Before the windows and shutters were closed the rooms were splashed with rain to the discomfort of all gathered. Dadaji watched it and with a wave of his two fingers stopped the rain forthwith. On August 22<sup>nd</sup>, he again fingered off a heavy downpour while he was having talks with visitors at Abhi Bhattacharya's Delphin House in Bandra area of Bombay.

In October 1986, three Americans were due to arrive at Dumdum International Airport in Calcutta, to attend the annual Utsav Celebration. It had been raining heavily for two weeks. Mrs Munjit Singh and Mr Parvitar Singh were to bring them to Dadaji's home from the airport. They were very concerned that the roads might be flooded and if the rains continued they would become impassable. When they mentioned their concerns to Dadaji, he smiled and said, **You are going to do the job for Satyanarayana. He will get it done, for sure. Don't you worry. From now on there will be no rain till the end of the week.** And so it happened; the ride to and from the airport to meet the three Americans was made without difficulty or diversion.



Mr Parvitar Singh

Early in 1970, Dadaji made a visit to Bihar and Uttar Pradesh (U.P.). While he was in Lucknow it was severely cold. A skeptical journalist, Mr. S N Ghosh, came to visit him with the express intent of exposing Dadaji as a hollow fraud. He entered the room where people had gathered to sit with Dadaji who was reclining on a divan. Instantly, Dadaji sprang up to sit cross-legged. Someone introduced Mr Ghosh as a great journalist and Dadaji greeting him with a chuckle and said, *Of course you are a great journalist, but this severe cold cuts me through to the marrow. Can you or your scientist friends change it for warmer weather? Impossible,* answered Mr Gosh. Dadaji smiled and said, *Which is why he (Dadaji) always asserts man cannot do anything, but He can do anything He chooses. Watch!* Within a few seconds the temperature started shooting up, leveling off at 65 degrees Fahrenheit, and it remained at that, flouting the weather forecast, until Dadaji left that place. Such a fluctuation of temperature and that within minutes, was never experienced anywhere in India and it may be asserted not possible anywhere in the world unless there would be some kind of massive natural disaster such as violent volcanic eruption or nuclear holocaust.

In April 1972, Dadaji, along with six associates, was going to Lucknow by train in a third-class compartment. As the train was steaming off more and more towards the vicinity of U.P., the mercury was rising in a fury. At one point the scorching heat wave grew unbearable and Dadaji was perspiring through and through. One associate requested Dadaji to prevail upon Nature to tone down the temperature, if not for himself, at least for his docile followers. But, Dadaji was not ready for it, for it would lack spiritual motivation; it would be a self-seeking exploit that should never be indulged. Eventually Dadaji was moved by their pathetic plight and casting a glance out the window at the sky outside, he moved his two fingers twice and presently the sky became overcast with dark clouds and the temperature plummeted. The heat wave was broken by a cool wind blowing from the south; within 15 minutes it started raining. The hot fury gone, the temperature grew pleasant and enjoyable.



1973 Madras - Dadaji (center right),  
Abhi Bhattacharya (standing behind him)

In July 1973, Dadaji, along with a huge number of his associates, undertook a memorable tour of Madras, the breeding ground of diehard traditional scholars of staggering statures. At the time Madras was sweltering under the heat of summer; mercury shot up to 118 deg F and there was no sign of relief in the near future. The heat was amplified by the large gathering of Pundits, at least a hundred strong, each quoting in fearful succession his own select verse from a scripture to wind his point against Dadaji. Their efforts agitated Dadaji to a degree because he was not a staunch believer in scriptures as such, which in his opinion more served to cover up Truth than reveal it. So in this heated situation, Dadaji seized upon this opportunity to confound them all with supernatural afflatus

(inspiration; divine communication of knowledge). For he knew to argue and wrangle with them, one by one, was an impossibility.

So, Dadaji asked, *Can the whole of Madras be air conditioned?* At this outrageous proposition, the entire hall of granite souls responded in gigantic peals of laughter, ridiculing Dadaji. Someone said, *Monsoons are four months behind us!* Dadaji became incensed, for he was not in the habit of swallowing the defiant opposition to pronouncements of Truth. As he often said, *He (Dadaji) has come into this world to rout and convert misguided godmen and gigantic scholars and scientists. It's just two or three minutes for these hypocrites and egoists; but he is patient infinite for well-meaning skeptics.* Dadaji, sitting cross-legged said to the great Vedantist, Srinivasam, *Go open that window; invoke the rain god in Sanskrit to cool it a little bit.*

*How crazy he is,* muttered Srinivasam to himself. He thought this would be the undoing of Dadaji and to bring about his ignoble downfall, as provocateur he did the bidding of Dadaji and invoked the rain god. And, lo and behold a cold wind swept across the city ushering in dark clouds and it started drizzling, to the brain-rending amazement of the redoubtable Pundits and infallible meteorologists. The temperature fell to an agreeable degree and continued at that level for the four days Dadaji was visiting Madras. When Dadaji departed for Bombay the drizzling stopped and the temperature shot up again to its previous high.



Toward the end of January 1977, Dadaji paid a visit to Chandigarh in Punjab province. The entire picturesque city of green was then passing through shivers of cold waves with the sun playing tyrant throughout the day. The temperature fell below zero degrees Fahrenheit. Dadaji seized this opportunity to trounce the scientists, university professors who upon being asked by him, humbly said they could not change the weather. Dadaji bowled them over by administering to the rise in temperature to 50 deg F with gleaming sunny days till he left the city.

In the course of his European tour in 1978, Dadaji along with Harvey Freeman and Dr Goldberg went to West Germany. At the time Berlin was under the grip of a persistent snowstorm, which is not unusual in that country at that time of the year. Dadaji threw the gauntlet to the great scientists who came to visit him. Dadaji demonstrated the cessation of the snow storm then and there and announced through Abhi Bhattacharya that it would remain clear of snowfall until after his departure at which time it would stage a normal comeback. Nature behaved in perfect deference to Dadaji's wish.