



**"Guru Nanak Dev ji said that there is only one God
and all humans are his children"**

(PAINTING ABOVE BY THE AUTHOR)

Dedicated to the visionary of the world renewal

Brahma Baba

(Dada Lekhraj ji)



**THIS IS A TRUE
LIFE STORY –
NARRATED FOR
THE SOULS
SEEKING GOD AND
PEACE.**

**MAY GOD FIND
THEM AS HE
FOUND ...ME**



THE AUTHOR PRESENTING PAINTING TO BAP DADA ALONG WITH HIS YUGAL (SPOUSE) RANI AND LOKIK SON MONINDER.

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INTRODUCTION TO ONE GOD

When I was about three years old ,we were living in a village named Jakhepal in the erstwhile princely state of Patiala in Punjab, India. My father was a revenue official perhaps the only government official there. We were living in the office cum residence of my father. There was a Mosque right in front of the house , as most of the residents belonged to Muslim community. Hence most of my childhood friends were Muslims. these kids were going to the mosque Moulvi Sahib for learning Urdu. with my friends in the Mosque I used to feel lonely. I asked my father to request the Maulvi Sahib to allow me to learn Urdu with other kids. which my father did. so I started going to MOSQUE as my first school and Urdu my first language.

After some time the Moulvi Sahib also started teaching Muslim prayer 'NAMAZ' to us. he also taught the basic teaching that 'THE GOD IS ONE'. THUS, I was introduced to GOD by Moulvi Sahib.

Our one Sikh neighbour saw me doing Namaz with other kids and reported to my father about it. I was stopped from going to the Urdu class and instead, sent to Gurudwara for Punjabi class along with daughter of our Sikh neighbor.

There the Bhai Sahib taught Gurmukhi script as well as Sikh Mool mantra 'EK ONKAR'. I asked Bhai Sahib the meaning which he said ' THE GOD IS ONE'. I innocently told him that the Moulvi Sahib also said 'THE GOD IS ONE'. Then why was removed from the Mosque? .

He was a mature and learned person and told , yes GOD IS ONLY ONE , all religions say so. You will understand when you grow up. GOD WILL MAKE YOU UNDERSTAND.

Later , when I was ten years old my grand father explained to me the reality of one GOD and about origion of various religions.

Subsequently, college education and later joining the INDIAN MILITARY ACADEMY took me on the path of a warrior. But thr urge to search for God remained.

THIS IS THE STORY HOW GOD MADE ME UNDERSTAND AND FOUND ME !!!!!.

CHAPTER 1:- MY FIRST SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE DURING THE BATTLE OF DOGRAI 1965 WAR.

The Battle of Dograi during the 1965 war is considered to be a CLASSIC EXAMPLE, and was being taught in the college of combat for a number of great lessons. I shall discuss that later. Now to continue the narrative

DOGRAI is a suburb town of Lahore (Pakistan), located on the east of Ichhugal canal astride the grand trunk road about 8-9 kms from Wagha Border between India and Pakistan. The town and its eastern side was occupied by the enemy troops supported by a troop of tanks. Our commanders had appreciated it to be held by an infantry company. HOWEVER, LATER we discovered that it was held by a battalion supported by a troop plus of tanks and additional medium machine guns in pill boxes.

Our attack was to go in from the right flank, at night, with the Jat battalion supported by artillery. The Artillery Battery commander Major Pasricha was from a field regiment.

I was the authorised observation post officer of the Artillery Brigade, and of my own Heavy Regiment. My party was part of Major Pasricha's group, who was the battery commander, with the infantry battalion. From the start line I could see the fire of our artillery on the enemy targets, as well as the tracer fire of the enemy machine guns. Suddenly a sense of fear came up in my mind. I quietly prayed to God for help. The prayer continued for almost ten minutes. THEN IT HAPPENED. THIS WAS MY FIRST SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE ON THE BATTLEFIELD. .

SUDDENLY I FELT A SENSE OF PEACE AND WAS FILLED WITH CONFIDENCE. I FELT AS IF SOME VOICE WAS TELLING ME THAT NOTHING UNTOWARD WILL HAPPEN TO ME DURING THE BATTLE AND I SHOULD NOT WORRY AT ALL AND TREAT IT AS A DRAMA AND JUST DO MY DUTY. AND THAT IT WAS MY PERSONAL KURUKSHETRA. THE FEAR DISAPPEARED AND A SENSE OF CALM TOOK ITS PLACE IN MY MIND. I THANKED GOD FOR HIS BLESSINGS.

We were to move forward after seeing the success signal which were three flares in sequence with colors of very light green, followed by red, and then again green. But we saw only two greens and no red. Later on I learnt that the cartridges of red light misfired. The radio communication was not through. It was going to be dawn soon. We collectively decided to move forward instead of waiting to be caught in the open. So we moved towards the village-Dograi. We had to travel about 500 yards. I could see some dead bodies of men killed during the assault due to enemy fire. It was almost day light when we entered the village and contacted our own troops. The battle was raging and house to house cleaning had to be done as the enemy troops had taken shelter in the built up area. It was hand to hand fight in the literal sense. The village was having about seventy per cent mud houses and thirty per cent brick houses. I could see that our artillery fire had damaged almost ninety per cent houses.

I heard someone shouting - “ Where is the heavy regiment OP officer, one enemy tank is causing lot of casualties “. I shouted back to give my location. I found one subedar of the Jats coming running towards me. When he was close I recognized him. He had been my drill instructor in the Indian Military Academy. But, he took some time to recognize me. I went with him and engaged the enemy tank with our heavy guns and neutralized it to the satisfaction of the subedar. The shoot on the tank had taken me away from Major Pasricha who by now had joined the Battalion commander. I found them inside a big building court yard. The colonel was tall, handsome and well built Anglo Indian officer. He shook hands with me, and said that I should set up my post so that I could have a commanding view over the canal and the GT (Grand trunk) road. He suggested the minar of the mosque which was nearby. I told him that I will select a suitable place for my post and inform him and Major Pasricha about it.

I saw the mosque building. It was reasonably big. The minars were too obvious structure for making my post. Call it a chance, this “House of God” had not been hit even by one artillery shell. I had a short prayer in the mosque and left for looking some other suitable place. I thought a mud house with two storeys will serve my purpose. I noticed one such house and entered it. It had a small court yard which had a wooden stair to go up. Suddenly the door of the room in front opened and an enemy subedar who had been hiding there came out with his hands raised and said “salam sahib” my reaction was fast. My pistol was already pointed at his heart . He was tall and good looking, but there was fear in his eyes. He had no personal weapon on him. The custom of warriors since old ages to spare an opponent surrendering is well known. I asked my jawans to go inside the now open room and search it for any other persons or weapons. They found his personal weapon a carbine. I enquired from him about his unit, which he said belonged to the Baluch unit which was holding the village before our attack. I took him as a prisoner of war and handed him over in the battalion headquarters. I returned to the same house and climbed the wooden stair. There was a small room and it had a window from which the canal, the broken bridge and the GT Road going to Lahore, were clearly visible. I decided to set up my post there and told my assistant to go and inform our location at the Battalion headquarters. I got busy to identify my location on the map. It was easy as the bridge on the canal was clearly marked. I passed my location to our Adjutant. And started picking up important features in front.

The infantry was still busy in the mopping up operation. There was lot of machine gun and small arms fire. The canal was full of water and the bridge was destroyed. I was sure there was hardly any chance of the enemy survivors escaping. I wondered about the fate of enemy tanks. Till now there was no artillery fire on us from the enemy side. Perhaps the enemy was not aware that they had lost the position. I noticed an enemy tank behind the canal bund. If the tank was there it meant that at least a troop must be there. Also some elements of infantry to protect the other side bank of the canal should also be there. So I decided to neutralize the opposite canal bank and the areas on both sides of the road. I remembered the teachings of my first Battery commander, who had fought as a gunner during the second world war - “ Any shell landing in the enemy location will certainly cause some damage”. I asked for fire of my own Heavy Regiment on the area where I had noticed the enemy tank. Since the target was close by and I wanted some shock action from our fire I opened up with regimental salvo. The fire came very accurately over the desired area, I followed it with three more salvos. Then shifted the fire to the right side, then the left side and then to the depth area. Whether it was my firing or the

enemy artillery officer opposite, the enemy guns opened up on us. However, I continued punishing the enemy opposite with our fire till our regiment adjutant asked me to stop as the Regiment fire was required to counter bombard the enemy guns . I said “Welcome “.

I then asked our Artillery Brigade major if any other guns were available to me. He allotted a field regiment . I then restarted the same sweep and search on the GT Road and the areas to the right and left. At that time our own Air Force aircraft flew over towards Lahore possibly to punish the enemy guns from the air.

Having satisfied myself about punishing the enemy opposite, I thought of going to the battalion headquarters to find out the latest situation and to report action taken by me. I met the commanding officer who was in one of the rooms in that building. He gave me a smile and said that he had been hearing the fire of heavy guns, which had more or less reduced the enemy activity to almost zero. I thanked him. I informed him that the enemy had some tanks and other weapons behind the opposite bank of the canal which presently had been neutralized. As we were talking we heard the sound of an enemy artillery shell bursting in the court yard and another shell landed in the room where we were, but FORTUNATELY IT DID NOT BURST. I examined the blind shell and noticed it to be a 25 pounder with the year of manufacture 1944. It gave the indication that the enemy was running out of ammunition and firing out dated ammunition. The colonel gave me a smile and said, that one of us was lucky. I smiled and said that we both were lucky and that God was protecting us. I REMEMBERED MY SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE A FEW HOURS BACK WHICH HAD ASSURED ME THAT NOTHING UNTOWARD WILL HAPPEN TO ME. Then he showed me his water bottle through which a bullet had gone through during the assault last night. Then he told me that the enemy battalion commander and battery commander had been captured. I then excused my self to return to my post to carry on my job of engaging targets.

The enemy fire of various weapons was still coming towards us. I decided to engage the whole area[▲] in front with the whole artillery at my command - i.e, 100 guns including my 16 heavy guns. Idea was to punish the enemy targets and to convey our artillery supremacy over the enemy, thereby not allowing him to hit our troops. The whole process was done methodically. Starting with the targets on the other side of the canal I switched to the flanks and then in the depth and then further in the depth. In the depth targets, it appeared there was some factory which caught fire due to our shelling and a huge pall of black smoke started coming up and this continued for a very long time. This punishment silenced the enemy weapons and this allowed our own troops to occupy our side of the canal bank. I gave a pause to our fire to see if there was any activity of enemy fire and waited. I asked my staff if I could have some tea. I was told yes but without any milk, which was fine for me. I started sipping my mug full of black tea and scanned the front with my powerful binoculars. It was all quiet.

Our troop's activity on our side of the bank increased a lot which invited machine gun fire from the enemy. I could locate it firing from a concrete pill box. I took it on with my own guns concentrated and neutralized it. I continued it as a precision shoot and got direct hit thereby permanently silencing it. Later on I realized that the enemy had systematically constructed such a series of machine gun pill boxes on either side of the GT Road – all the way till the gates of Lahore. But the enemy was not going to keep silent for long. With the machine gun destroyed

the enemy brought forward some tanks. The tanks were also scared away by the heavy guns fire and were forced to withdraw. But the game of hide and seek with me and the tanks went on till darkness set in .I felt tired and decided to go down and rest a while. I told my assistant to hold the post and climbed down the stair. I laid down on the ground. I said a silent prayer to thank God for saving my life by making the enemy shell turn into a blind when it landed hardly 5 feet from me during the day.

So far this had been the LONGEST DAY (Phrase based on the film of the same name on D D OF SECOND WORLD WAR) of my life. Since leaving for the assembly area till now the whole duration of time was a continuous period of extreme action. I do not remember when I dozed off. I was woken up by my batman who was saying “ Sahib have food, I have got it from the langar of the Jats”. It was more than 24 hours since we had anything to eat. The 'daal roti' was welcome and I relished the food. Then I climbed up to my observation post. My assistant told me that there had been no activity on the enemy side and own troops were digging in on our side of the canal. Around 10 PM, I got a direct message from the artillery brigade major that cease fire will come into force at midnight. After a few minutes captain Manjeet Dugal, our Regiment Adjutant, also informed me the same. To me it appeared that the enemy had exhausted his ammunition and thought it wiser to cease fire rather than lose more territory to us. Anyway it was the enemy who started the war and it was he who had asked for cease fire.

It was another one and a half hour to cease fire. I thought the enemy will keep silent but I was wrong. After a few minutes his artillery started shelling on us, probably from alternate positions. I was sure our locating unit will locate it soon. I decided to retaliate. I started with my procedure of engaging all known targets but this time starting from the targets in the depth and then coming forward. Then going back in the reverse order. After some time the heavy and medium guns were made available for counter bombardment and I carried on with the other guns till it was 00 hours - the time for cease fire. I stayed on in my post to ensure that the enemy did not violate the cease fire. It was all silent for some time but then I heard movement of the enemy tanks inching forward towards their side of the canal bank. There had to be his infantry with other elements. Well, it was their land and they did not want to lose more of it. Our own infantry was also busy in preparing and digging on our side of the canal bank and positioning machine guns and other weapons.

Then the dawn came. Suddenly I noticed a cat sitting in the room. Cats unlike dogs are attached to the house and not humans. It started looking into my eyes, giving me the feeling that it was hungry. At that time I had nothing to offer. I patted it to give it comfort. It reminded me of a cat which used to be in my house when I was a small boy.

“THE SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE I HAD DURING THIS BATTLE, INCLUDING THE NON-BURSTING OF AN ARTILLERY SHELL A FEW FEET AWAY FROM ME CONVINCED ME, THAT THERE WAS A SUPREME POWER OR A GUARDIAN ANGEL GUIDING ME AND MY DESTINY.”

THE 1965 WAR LASTED 18 DAYS AS THE PROVERBIAL MAHABHARATA WAR OF OUR ANCIENT EPIC, I ALWAYS WONDER WHETHER THIS WAS MAHABHARTA OF OUR TIMES AND THE VOICE WHICH ADVISED ME AND GAVE ME PEACE ON THE BATTLEFIELD WAS LORD KRISHNA HIMSELF !!!

ONLY GOD KNOWS

CHAPTER 2 :- MY SECOND SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE ON THE BATTLE FIELD DURING 1971 WAR IN SINDH SECTOR.

. We had gone into the enemy territory about 60 kilometers as the crow flies. I was the Brigade Major of the advancing Division's Artillery Brigade. My headquarters was located between the valley formed by two series of sand dunes with my command post and other weapons of defence located on the top of the sand dunes. We had been in that location for about ten days.

The following events happened on the last day of the 1971 war.

In the army during war - fifteen minutes before the sunrise - we have a drill known as 'STAND TO' for the duration of thirty minutes or more depending on the situation. It was my routine to personally go around our locality during this time. I started my routine in the company of our camp commandant, camp subedar and my personal orderly. We may have been going around for about five minutes when I looked at the administrative elements like the vehicles, office, and cooking and dining areas. I felt a bit uneasy. Then IT happened. I thought someone was speaking but inside my own mind and said, "Remove these troops from inside the valley and move them two kilometers away". I ignored this voice, as there was no logic to remove well dug in and properly camouflaged troops to an unprepared position. We continued moving. After about five minutes the same voice again repeated the same message a little strongly and forcefully. I again ignored the voice I had heard and went forward, wondering what was this voice trying to order me to do an illogical action. Surely, it was not due to fatigue or stress of war, as I had been having complete normal sleep at least for the previous three days. We continued moving forward and reached one of our light machine gun post. We halted at the gun post and I enquired from the gunner on the machine gun, about the action he will take in case of an air attack. He answered satisfactorily. I gave him 'shavash' and moved forward.

Once more, the voice in my head, with a commanding force said, "You are not an unwise person. You have been told twice by me within the last ten minutes. You listen again, REMOVE THESE TROOPS FROM INSIDE THE VALLEY TO TWO KILOMETERS AWAY-----TO SAVE THEM ". The force behind the voice was so strong that I now realized that it is the voice of GOD OR SOME GUARDIAN ANGEL, warning me and ordering me - in order to save us. My soul felt, as if some higher power has given the order, to save us.

Now there was only one option and that was to obey the supreme's command. Accordingly I ordered the camp commandant and the camp subedar to move two kilometers towards north in the neighbouring valley and to report completion by 10.30 AM. In the command post bunker, they tried to dissuade me. But I told them this is an order and has to be carried out. They both left, but I could read from their faces that they were not happy. I sat down on top of the sand dune. At first I thanked GOD for his supreme command, and then prayed for sometime, till the stand down signal was sounded. I slowly got up and walked towards my caravan (the vehicle used as living accommodation) followed by my orderly gunner Kashmiri Singh. I rested for sometime and then got ready to go to my command post, after eating my breakfast in the mess dugout.

I could sense the vibrations of tension due to orders for movement. Kashmira Singh asked, if he along with the caravan, was also to move along with all other vehicles. I coldly replied, yes, and started climbing the sand dune to my command post.

I found the vibrations in my command post also tense. Captain Mahendru who was my assistant asked me, if I had given the orders for the movement of all administrative elements, to which I replied, “yes”.

By now, I could see that the movement had already started. I got a telephone call from the camp commandant as to how many light machine guns he should take with the administrative echelon. I told him to leave two, one on either side of the command post and take all others.

At 10.15 AM, the camp commandant informed me, that the movement to the new area had been completed. I got busy in attending to the control of fire of the guns and other routine work during war.

TIME 3-55 PM - A wireless message is received from a forward artillery officer located with an infantry battalion in the front, that two enemy aircraft were flying into our area, towards our direction. I passed the information to the divisional Headquarters, and our regiments. I had hardly finished the message when the light machine gunner close to the command post blew the whistle for air alarm. I looked through the port hole towards the valley where my administrative echelon was located in the morning before the movement was ordered. I saw two enemy fighter bombers flying low. They started bombing, and strafing the valley. They attacked the valley for 20 minutes. Luckily for us, the sand dune top, where my command post was located, did not attract their attention.

It was a great relief to hear the “air alert clear” whistle. I came out to check the damage done by the air attack. The whole area was full of black spots and craters due to bombing, rockets and strafing. There was NO CASUALTY to my troops. After about ten minutes my subedar head clerk, who was located on the slope below went down to a trench where he was keeping some files in a, iron box and reported that the box had received three bullet holes.

I went down on my knees to thank almighty GOD, for saving all of us by his timely SUPREME ORDER to this grateful soul.

The air attack was heard and seen by the troops who had been moved. In the evening the camp commandant and camp subedar came to meet me, THEY BOTH LITERALLY TOUCHED MY FFET AND SAID - “SAHIB AAJ AAP NEN HAM SAB KI JAAN BACHADI” (Sir, today you saved lives of all of us).

WITH MY EYES FULL OF TEARS I COULD ONLY IN A SLOW WHISPER SAY – “BACHANE WALA UPPAR HAI, MAIN NAHIN”, (the saviour is the one who lives above, and not me).

That night the cease fire came into force, and after preparing the other battle position, we moved forward.

Since that moment, when the ALMIGHTY GOD/MY GUARDIAN ANGEL spoke to this humble soul on the battle field, I always feel his divine presence and guidance.

Cease fire

At 2000 hours same evening the cease fire came into force. The C ARTY (Commander Artillery Brigade), decided that we should move to other temporary gun positions. Consequently guns and our own headquarters including my fire direction centre moved from the previous position.

By the blessings and protection given by the ALMIGHTY, my head quarters which was my command did not have any casualty except a “1 ton vehicle” blown up in the mine field of our signal line laying party.

GALLANTRY AWARDS FOR OUR ARTILLERY BRIGADE

Our Artillery Brigade had a good score of gallantry awards which included four vir chakras and a total of 31 awards of various type. My Commander was also awarded and “Mentioned In Despatches”, for the good work done by our Artillery Brigade.

After some time I was able to proceed on annual leave to Delhi. I was lucky to travel by an air force aircraft bringing the defence secretary from our front, to Delhi. He had come to visit our front.

Our troops had returned to permanent location from the front by the time my leave finished. While on leave I bought a second hand ambassador car in Delhi and traveled in it to Dharangdhra by road through Rajasthan.

Within a few months I was again on the move due to being posted out to a unit in Punjab. My family again moved back to Delhi.

BUT MY TWO SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES LED TO MY SEARCH FOR GOD. I READ VARIOUS SCRIPTURES OF ALMOST ALL RELIGIONS, BUT I WAS STILL LOOKING FOR THE LIGHT. IT WAS AFTER ALMOST TWELVE YEARS THAT HAPPENINGS DESCRIBED BELOW LED TO GOD FINDING ME !!!!!!!

Chapter 3:- GOD FINDS ME

THE LORD KNOCKS OUR DOOR

Strange are the ways of the LORD.

In 1983, I was posted to MYSORE in Karnataka. We were living in a house in the civilian area. A little away one Coorgee old couple was residing. I and my wife "Tripat Rani" used to go for our walks passing in front of their house daily. One day the old man knocked at our door, I called him in and requested him to sit down. He said he had retired as manager of a tea garden in Coorg and that his son was in the hotel business. I enquired about the life in Coorg. Coorg has produced a number of generals. He enjoyed talking and I enjoyed listening. We had some tea together. Then he said that he goes to some place where they teach meditation in Hindi, and he thought since we are from the North we may like to visit the place along with him. I and my wife said that we will see. He left after some time. We forgot the matter.

After about one year of the old man's knock at our door, while coming back from our walk we met his wife at their door and she invited us in to the house. We went in and met the old man. His wife brought some coffee. The old man then reminded me of his visit to us about one year back. I told him frankly that we almost forgot about it but promised to go with him in our car on any day. He said why not the same day, we agreed.

In the evening I and Rani WENT with him to the place which he called "Ashram". He told me to halt in front of a gate with an arch on which it was written 'GATE WAY TO HEAVEN'. He introduced us to a young lady, who he said was in charge. Her name was Sharda and she could talk fluently in English as well in Hindi. I and Rani introduced ourselves and after talking to us she took us to a room marked as BABA'S Room. There was a red light in the room. There was also a large picture of an old man in white dress in a sitting pose. I enquired from the young lady about the old man in the picture frame. She told me to wait and that she will tell me every thing.

She said that he was the person who had started the institution known as "BRAHMA KUMARIS" and that he was a jewel merchant by profession in Calcutta and that God ordered him to start the institution. That originally he belonged to Sindh now in Pakistan. While she was talking I felt as if I am in a different place and the vibrations I was getting were the same as I had experienced during the 1971 war spiritual experience, I felt the same voice telling me 'NOW YOU HAVE COME TO YOUR HOME'. Suddenly it became crystal clear to me that my search for the lord was over. The difference was that instead of my finding HIM, He had found me, when I was ready for HIM. HE was right in front of me in the guise of a young lady and I had failed to recognize at the first instance. Sharda Behan as I started calling her finished her first lesson to us and when she asked if we had any questions, our reply was 'NO QUESTIONS'. The drive back home was as if traveling in the air. Rani noticed that tears were rolling from my eyes. She asked 'What happened' I replied 'Ultimately GOD HAS FOUND US'.

We both continued with the seven days course without any break and then started attending regular classes. After about a week during the yoga meditation before the class as I was concentrating on Sharda Behan I suddenly saw a cloud like bright light over her head and simultaneously the same Godly voice telling me that – “you should not tell this to any body - this is between US”. From that day till today, this is the first time I am revealing, - may be under HIS instructions - to reveal it now after 25 years.

We were introduced to Laxmi Behan Incharge of Mysore centres after sometime and she asked us whether we would like to go to Mount Abu “Madhuban” and meet “Baba”. We had heard that such chance was given after one year . But she said seeing our progress she can ask for special permission. We requested her to do so. After a few days we were told that she had received a telegram that we could come.

There was no time to get train reservations. We took a flight to Delhi and from Delhi a bus to Jaipur, hoping to get some bus from there to Mount Abu. On reaching Jaipur we could get bus only to Ajmer, which reached there some time around ten at night . From Ajmer we got a train which took us to Abu Road. As we were getting closer to Abu Road the hills came into view. I was getting a feeling of good vibrations and pull towards the Aravali Abu hills. We took a taxi and reached Madhuban. We reported at the reception and were guided to our accommodation. Laxmi Behan had informed about our coming. We were informed that BABA was coming that evening itself. We rested during the day because the journey previous night had been without sleep. At the required time we were seated in the hall in the place meant for first timers. Some senior brother instructed us on how to meet BABA. Then there was yoga music and the whole place became full of spiritual vibrations. Then Gulzar Dadi who is BABA’S medium came and took her seat. The whole atmosphere was full with peaceful vibrations. Suddenly I felt in myself a sensation of emotional uplift and tears started rolling down on my cheeks.

FACE TO FACE WITH THE LORD

I was sitting in the first row which was Hardly ten yard away when Baba opened the eyes. Within a few seconds He looked directly at me . The duration of that Drishti was for a few moments but I felt as if it had gone through my body and soul . The spiritual feeling of that magnitude can not be explained in words. After giving Drishti to the gathering Baba started a discourse, which the Brahma Kumaris call “Avyakt Murlī”. I remember him mentioning Army personals - which I thought was a reference to me. After the “Vani” (Avyakt Murlī) was finished we were called on the stage. Those days BABA used to meet each soul individually. When I was in front HE touched my hand and said ‘ACHHA , TUM AA HI GAYE’ (good, so you have at last come). HE gave me a long Drishti (Spiritual look) and I was a changed person from that moment. We went back to our room, but the excitement of the meeting was so much that it took a very long time to go to sleep.

Next day we were taken to meet Dadi Prakashmani ji, Didi ji and Nirvair Bhai ji. We also visited important places in Mount Abu – such as Dilwara Temple. After two days we returned to Mysore via Delhi. In Delhi we visited the Rajouri garden centre of Dadi Rukmani. Brother

Jagdish Bhai and another senior brother were there and remarked that our meeting Baba so early was a good sign for us. I and my wife Rani both felt that Baba had changed us in all ways. I felt as if I had found a new mission for my life which was to be at HIS service in addition to my service with the Army.

CHAPTER 4:- ON HIS MAJESTY THE ALMIGHTY'S SERVICE

I and my wife Rani had already stopped non-vegetarian food from the day we had started the seven days course. On return from Madhuban we continued attending the regular classes at our centre. At the centre we narrated our experience of our meeting the BABA and visit to Madhuban. We also offered our services to Laxmi Behan and Sharda Behan for whatever help we could give.

About 200 yards away from our centre was the house of a friend of ours - a Sikh businessman – “Sardar Sital Singh”. He noticed that our car used to be parked outside the centre gate marked ‘GATEWAY TO HEAVEN’. When we met him next time he asked us, as to what do we do at that place. The gentleman was fond of his alcoholic drinks daily and of course non-vegetarian food and parties. I thought he will not be interested in spiritual matters. I frankly told him and said that knowing his way of life it may not interest him. He said if I could change, so he could also change. So I took Sital Singh to Baba’s place. He did the seven days course. Baba converted - rather changed him completely. He did good Godly service in Mysore and is in His Majesty’s Service. I met him in Madhuban, during 1995 while “Academy For A Better World” was under construction and “Baba” gave me the chance to do some service there. More about it later in the narrative.

My tenure of service in Mysore somehow reached five years - which is the longest I had in any station. My eldest son “Moninder” had already joined IIT Kharagpur for his degree in Aeronautical engineering. I was also expecting a posting out any time. “Gorinder” my elder daughter had finished her (10+2) (a term describing 10 years of schooling and 2 years of pre-college education) and had to join college. My youngest daughter “Dimple” had finished her tenth class. We thought of putting her in Chandigarh. She was admitted there. Gori, (the affectionate for Gorinder) got admission in an Engineering college in Electrical engineering at Bangalore. Both the daughters were now in hostels.

We had been visiting various centres in Mysore as part of our service and introduced some of our friends to Baba’s knowledge. BK Ramesh Bhai visited Mysore for some work and I got the opportunity to take him around in our car and got chance to hear from him about his life with Brahma BABA.

As expected my posting order came and I was required to report to a new assignment at Rajouri in Jammu and Kashmir. It was a beautiful place on the banks of a bubbling river and a commanding fort on the hill top. My location was at the base of the fort and below it, on the banks of the river was a landing strip for small aircraft. That open area was also being used as golf course by the Army. My course mate and friend colonel Kuldeep was the Deputy commander. We had met after a long long time and we became good friends. He was a good golfer and introduced me to the game, which I picked up easily.

But I was missing the oral Murli of regular class in centre very much - although I used to read them from a book I was having with me. I could feel that there was Baba’s house in the city of RAJAURI. One Sunday morning I went across the river into the town and asked a number of people and ultimately located it in the farthest corner of the city. It was a one room place and

there was a sister there who later on I came to know was from Delhi. She read the Murli to me. She also insisted that I have breakfast there. I had breakfast there and was happy that Baba had by His guidance brought me to his House. The sister incharge told me that it was only one room place and acted as her living room cum center. I felt perhaps Baba had sent me for service here and told her that Baba will do something and suggested to her to visit the nearest Army establishment and meet the senior officer. She seems to have acted very fast because on my next visit she told me that she was received respectfully and already one officer from the headquarter had started taking seven days course.

There used to be a 'MELA' held as Rajouri Day to commemorate the independence of the town from the raiders during 1948 operations. It used to be held on the air strip by the Army, in which the civilian agencies were also accommodated. The Ashram sister asked me if she could try for a stall. I suggested she must contact with the Headquarters. The responsibility for allotment of places for stalls was given to our establishment who gave it to me to organize. Then one day our Deputy commander called me and said 'Rajinder I got a message from our higher head quarters that some ashram people of Brahma Kumaris want to set up a stall, so please give them a nice place and from our side give all tents or other stores and get it set up, please'. I walked out smiling at Baba's drama. He made it sure that I was ordered to help the sister by higher authorities. Even the officer who had done the seven days course called me on phone to help, as he had not met me. The best space in the Mela was allotted to the ashram. I requested the Hospital to give white sheets and set up the stall so well that all visitors thought it was the best stall. The organizers specially brought the senior most officer to the stall, whom the sister attended very confidently. For three days there was very good Holy service. After that lot of Army and civilians started coming for learning Raj Yoga to the center.

My wife had shifted to Chandigarh and our youngerst daughter Dimple shifted to our house from the hostel. I went to Chandigarh on annual leave. We started going to the Ashram which was in sector-33, close to our bungalow. Once we had a gathering in our own house which was attended by most of the BK family members of Chandigarh. On expiry of my leave I returned to my Headquarters. I continued going to our Ashram and was happy to know that more and more people were coming there. I also met the officer who had taken the course and told him to take care in case I go out of station. He happily agreed to do so.

I was detailed for a court martial duty at Naushehra as a prosecutor, because I was legally qualified (during my tenure in Mysore, I had obtained a law degree). At that time there was no BK center there. My duty in the court martial kept me busy. The prosecutor has to perform the court proceedings while standing whole of the time and has to use hand gestures while explaining a point. There were five members sitting on the court. Unlike civil courts there are five Army Officers members who act as judges in a court martial. One of the judges during a break came to me and asked me about Baba's ring I was wearing on my finger. He said that as soon as he noticed it he got the touching as if 'GOD HANUMAN WAS SHOWING LORD RAM'S RING TO HIM'. He said he was a regular BK - but had not been lucky to visit Madhuban. He was a Major from one of the infantry units on the border. I thanked Baba for giving him a touching. We both used to meet for Yoga some times.

I was called to Udhampur for regular duty with the legal branch. I was able to visit the Center there. During this duty I had to go to Baramula near Srinagar. On return to Rajouri we organized a function where a senior brother of Jammu and Kashmir came and a lot of other people from neighboring centers came.

Then my transfer orders to Shillong came. I wondered if Baba was sending me there on a special mission to the East. I had not been to the East earlier. May be it was good to see it. Shillong is the capital of Meghalaya State . I spent some time with my family at Chandigarh. I came to know from Achal Behan ji that there was a center in Shillong. The train journey would have taken long so I decided to go by air upto GWAHATI. I had informed my unit and they sent a vehicle to the air port and a person to receive me.

SHILLONG

Shillong is a very good and beautiful hill station . My unit , which was an NCC unit was located in the campus of a college 'ST ANTHONY'. It was a good location and there was enough accommodation . There were a number of other NCC units and as such we had our own officers mess and living in it. I found the Center and started going there regularly. The local population is mostly Christians. However there are number of Sindhi, Marwari and Hindu families. Most of these families contributed towards the students in the center.

After some time my wife, Rani informed me that Dimple had been selected for her 5 year integrated M.Sc Physics course at IIT Kanpur. She had also topped the girls in Punjab university That was very good news for me. I wrote to Rani to come to Shillong as now she would be alone there. We rented a house and got our car also moved to Shillong. Rani joined me as soon as Dimple joined IIT Kanpur. Now we both started going to the center in our car. Sister Neelam was the centre incharge . There was a yoga camp at Gwahati center and we both attended it and came into contact with the sister incharge of Assam region. She had organized a big function at Tezpur and asked us to attend that ,which also we attended and met a large number of brothers and sisters of that area. We came back to Shillong.

Then one day the sister in charge informed us that Dadi Prakash Mani ji would be coming to Shillong. She asked me and Rani to give all assistance in arranging a big function. She also wanted to invite some local Minister. The other arrangements I took the charge. Rani went with the sister and arranged for the presence of one Minister. I was able to arrange the rest for the function. . It was her first visit to the place. The function was attended by a minister who was Christian by religion. He was impressed by the holy vibrations of Dadi ji. He himself expressed the oneness of God who is father of all living beings. The whole function was very successful and the visit also went off very well. Dadi ji went away happy. While leaving she blessed me and Rani.

My son "Moni" (Moninder) was unwell and at that time I was also having my left leg in plaster due to a fracture of knee resulting from slipping . So Rani had to go to IIT Kharagpur and brought him to Shillong. She was given all help by Dadi ji incharge at Calcutta, for which we were very grateful. On arrival my son who was not very convinced by the teachings of Bahra

Kumaris due to his scientific mind showed keen interest and went to ashram with us. Our younger daughter Dimple also came for holidays. Then Moni wanted to go to Madhuban to meet Baba. I sent my wife with Moni and Dimple by air to Delhi and they went to Madhuban. They met Baba. Moni personally spoke to BABA. When they came back I found him a completely changed person. I forgot to mention earlier that all our children and even my parents had done a yoga camp at Madhuban when we were in Mysore

We also came in touch with a Sindhi family. The lady from that family was sister of Dadi Janaki ji. Moni finished his Degree in Aeronautical engineering at Kharagpur and got a job with HAL (Hindustan Aeronautics Limited) at Bangalore. Since Gori our elder daughter was also studying at Bangalore I and Rani thought it wise to set up house at Bangalore where two of our children were present. Accordingly she set up a house in Bangalore. I was also expecting my transfer which was to be my last before retirement. My transfer came to Panch Kula near Chandigarh.

PANCHKULA

Panchkula is adjacent to Chandigarh. But distance wise it is a little away. I knew location of Chandigarh Ashram and from there I got the address of Panchkula centre. It was in a small house but I was happy because it was not far. In the meantime my car arrived from Shillong and I became mobile. I used to go to Chandigarh Ashram often and came to know Dr. Partap Mirdha Bhai who is these days incharge of the Global Hospital at Mt Abu. I also visited a number of other centres in and around Chandigarh. For some months I stayed in the officer's mess but then I was allotted a house by the Army in Panchkula civilian area. It was good in one way that I got my parents to come and stay with me for the first time since I had left their home more than thirty years back. I asked my maternal uncle Chanan Singh also to come and stay with me. After a very long time I was lucky to look after three of my elders.

In February 1989 I retired from the Army. As I was close to Sunam I thought it wise to spend some time more there as it was by birth place and I had lost touch with the place and the people. My parents liked it. I also got our house done up by adding the toilet and proper kitchen etc. constructed. I also renewed my old friendship with some people. But there was no BK center in Sunam. The nearest center was in SANGRUR, which is about 12 kms away. I visited that centre. Sister Harjeet was incharge there. I had known her while she was in Chandigarh. She was also having another sister, who was also from Chandigarh. I used to visit Sangrur Ashram often, till I got a letter from my wife.

BANGALORE

Because my son and elder daughter were in Bangalore, we had decided to set up our house there during 1987, and rented a house. Our son had joined HAL as aeronautical engineer after his B.Tech. (Honours) from IIT Kharagpur and our elder daughter had been staying in hostel and doing her B. Tech in electrical engineering.

Rani had been going regularly to the BK centre at Bangalore and had become very close to DIVINE SISTER DADI HRIDYA PUSHPA ji, who was head of the BKs set up in the South. I also started going regularly to the centre as well as our son Moni who had become convinced in Baba's knowledge.

On joining my family I decided to enroll myself as an advocate and registered myself with Bar council of Karnataka at Bangalore. Rani was already practicing in the High court at Bangalore, so I also joined her. It was good for both of us to keep in touch with the legal profession. Rani had started her practice at Dhrangdhra in Gujrat in 1971 about 18 years back, in that way I was her junior. However after some months I received offer and appointment from the Army Headquarters, on re-employment, as staff officer legal at Sub Area Headquarters at Bangalore. I joined the post immediately. So I was again in the uniform. My job was to take care of Army court cases in Karnataka and GOA, AND TO BE LEGAL ADVISER TO THE SUB AREA COMMANDER.

Our family continued to practice meditation and attending classes at the main centre where Dadi HRIDYA PUSHPA was incharge. The Dadi was one of the first students of Brahma Baba and had been sent by him to be incharge of the Southern States. She was very kind to our family specially my wife Rani, who had become very close to her. Some Bks had managed to get some land on the outskirts of Bangalore for construction of a Retreat on that land which was off the main road to Bannerghatta. It was decided by the Dadi to call the retreat as YOG BHAVAN. It was also decided to construct a spiritual museum in the shape of a giant Shivalinga. My son and myself helped in creating some Art works there. Once it was ready our family used to go and spend the weekend in the spiritual surroundings. It was a very peaceful place. We were lucky to meet a number of spiritual brothers and sisters visiting the place from other states and Madhuban. We also got a chance to do some service in the company of dadiji.

We used to visit Madhuban during the season almost every year. My son Moni and wife RANI were more regular and active as I was busy with my Army duties. Moni used to go more often to take part in meetings of engineers and scientists wing. He became fascinated with the life at Madhuban. During one of our visit in the presence of Dadi Prakash Mani one senior brother asked my wife to allow Moni to come and work at Madhuban. Rani said if our whole family was asked to come it would be fine. Dadi just smiled and told Rani not to take it seriously.

After my two years stay at Bangalore I was asked by the ARMY to shift to the Area Headquarters in the Legal cell at Madras. I moved to Madras. I used to visit Bangalore once a month. During that period Rani became very close to Dadi Hridya Pushpa. Once or twice Rani also visited Madras and together we visited the BK centre there. I fractured my left ankle and was hospitalized. I was given sick leave and went to Bangalore by air. On rejoining I went to Cochin on duty and Rani also came there. We visited the local BK centre. I had to go to Belgaum for a Court Martial duty which lasted for about a month. Rani also came there and we used to go to the BK centre there too. **End of Feb 94**, I was finally retired from the Army and moved back to Bangalore.

I and RANI, went to Delhi to meet her mother and family members. After about a week we came back to Bangalore. We all used to go to the BK centre regularly specially on Thursday when Dadi Hridya Pushpa used to read the murli and give individual drishti to all.

LORD CALLS FOR RANI

In the third week of 24th March 1994, during the Thursday class Rani had a spiritual experience while getting drishti from Dadi. She told me the same day that she felt being called and pulled by Baba while receiving drishti from Dadi. Since I myself had been getting spiritual experiences I did not take her words seriously. The same day Dadi was taken seriously ill and hospitalized.

On 25 March 1994, at about 4 p.m. Rani went to bathroom and then came out telling me she was feeling uneasy. Our land lord was a doctor and was staying on the first floor. I called him and he checked her and advised me to take Rani to the command Hospital as she was having a heart attack. I straight away informed the command hospital that I was bringing her. IN our maruti van along with the wife of our land lord I drove her to command Hospital. She was taken to the ICU straight away and put on oxygen and other treatment. Before leaving our house I had told Moni on Phone about the matter. I was told to wait outside the ICU. In the meantime Moni also came. But Rani had another attack while under treatment and her soul left the body. It all happened so fast that we could not even have a word with her. Then I remembered her words “I FELT CALLED AND PULLED BY BABA.”

As my daughter Dimple was in USA, it WAS DECIDED TO KEEP Rani's body in the hospital mortuary, till cremation day. We informed Dimple, Gori who was in Delhi and Rani's paternal family about the sudden expiry. Dimple said that she and her husband Sandeep will come as soon as possible for the cremation. They took 2 days to reach. Gori and her husband Kaku also arrived. Dolly and her elder sister Manjeet also arrived. Lot of friends, BK brothers, and sisters, including those from Mysore came the cremation. BK Brother Ashok bhai came from MADUBAN with a message from Bari Dadi that all members of family should come to Madhuban for Rani's Bhog ceremony. I, Moni, Dimple and Sandeep, as well as Dolly went to Madhuban through Ahmedabad by air and taxi.

Rani's Bhog ceremony was held in Baba's room by Mohini Behan. She said that BABA had called Rani's soul for advance Party. She also said that Rani wanted to say something before departing but could not do so. As her soul was safe with BABA I did not want to know what she wanted to say. We all departed for Delhi by air for her bhog ceremony according to Sikh custom as per wish of her brothers and sisters. This bhog ceremony was held at Tagore Garden gurudwara and attended by local family members. After a few days I and Moni returned to Bangalore.

With Rani having departed from our lives so suddenly it had a very adverse affect on mine and Moni's lives. EXCEPT TAKING SHELTER UNDER GOD'S PROTECTION THERE WAS NO OTHER SUPPORT. Close friends and relatives tried to help but ultimately we both had to learn to live with the situation.

MONI BECAME MORE KEEN TO SHIFT TO MADHUBAN. He made a trip there and spoke to senior brothers – Nirwair Bhai, Ramesh Bhai and Karuna Bhai - and also Dadi Prakashmani ji. On returning he told me that we both could shift to Madhuban as advised by senior brothers and Dadi ji. He decided to resign the job at HAL. It took us time to plan the move. We rented a room with a known family and moved our household stuff there. We arranged to send our car, my paintings and Moni's research books to Mount Abu by truck. In early September 1994, I and Moni moved to MADHUBAN

CHAPTER 5:- HOUSE OF THE LORD

“SURELY GOODNESS AND MERCY SHALL FOLLOW ME ALL THE DAYS OF MY LIFE AND I WILL DWELL IN THE HOUSE OF THE LORD FOR EVER “

(Para 6 psalm 23 , New Testament, Holy Bible.)

Strange are the ways of GOD. The sudden calling of RANI'S SOUL (My wife) was without any warning or any previous ailment or indication. In fact she had hardly been sick in her life. The departure of her soul brought 'varaigya' (roughly translated as disillusionment – detachment from mundane life). House of Lord - MADHUBAN , LITERALLY MEANS A FOREST OF HONEY.

The beautiful place was founded by Brahma Baba and also given the name of Pandav Bhavan. Pandav Bhavan is surrounded by a number of other buildings and ancillary establishments. The whole complex is called with love as "MADHUBAN".

I and Moni arrived at Madhuban and we were given a room in a near by complex. MONI had already been assigned to work with Karuna Bhai in computers. I was told by NIRWAIR BHAI JI to work as incharge of Arts department in upcoming Gyan Sarovar, where lots of art works were required. A large number of Indian and foreign artists were expected to come to produce paintings, sculpture and other art mediums. This responsibility was assigned to me. We were given a large room in Gyan Sarovar as space for starting our work.

A few artists from Kerala arrived. One of those artists was by name BK Krishna. He was the best in his work and a very sweet person. He and his group straight away started work. NIRWAIR BHAI JI gave standing instructions to various departments to provide all assistance to me in our work.

The routine in Madhuban is very busy. We used to get up at three thirty early morning and go to OM SHANTI BHAVAN for mass meditation. After that we would have a cup of tea and go for an early morning walk to the NAKKI Lake - then back to our room, for a shower etc.. After dressing up we again used to go to Om Shanti Bhavan for meditation and morning Murali which used to be read by Dadi Prakashmani ji. After the murli class we used to have breakfast at the dinning room and then go to work at Gyan sarovar. We used to come back to Pandav Bhavan for lunch and go to our room for some rest. After a cup of tea we again used to go to Gyan Sarovar for work and would return back in the evening and go to Baba's room for meditation . Thereafter again for evening walk to the lake and after returning from walk we would have our dinner, followed by meditation. We slept around 10:30 at night. The routine was good for us, specially for me - because I was used to routine and discipline of Army life. The only change now was that I had become a spiritual soldier. However I enjoyed the change because it brought peace - complete peace to my body and soul. I really felt being in the HOUSE OF LORD.

Our car and baggage truck arrived in mean while from Bangalore. The car gave us a little freedom of movement on our own and to do some service, specially carrying foreign artists to and from Gyan Sarovar and to go to local market for getting urgent stores for our Arts department. By now a few foreign artists from different countries including some BK sisters had arrived to work in the Arts Department. BK Marina Behan, who was a sculptor from Greece was a mature and dedicated artist and was very helpful to me in acting as a coordinator and administrator - specially in meeting the requirements of foreign artists. Spread over the time span of my stay - at least 50 artists from 26 countries from all over the globe came and produced various art works for Gyan Sarovar. This does not include the number of Indian Artists. I remember some artists were from France, Germany, Spain, Russia, England and South America. Sister Meera from Spain who had a Ph.D degree in fine arts had brought a number of artists from her country who created good paintings. She herself also painted. She was given Indian name by Dadiji and made incharge of BK centres in that country. She was a sweet soul. She invited me to the get together of Spanish BKs, introduced me and offered me the honourary membership of Spanish BKs. In my reply I told the gathering that we all were children of God and that physical or geographical boundaries were only created by mankind.

BK DAVID, who was from Australia was an expert in air brush painting and made some huge paintings including the auditorium of Gyan Sarovar. BK BHARAT and BK KIRAN who were from KOHLAPUR, (Maharashtra, India) also visited and brought some nice paintings. I asked BHARAT AND KIRAN TO SHIFT TO MADHUBAN, BUT THEY SAID THAT BABA HAD TOLD THEM THAT WHEREVER HIS CHILDREN LIVE IS MADHUBAN. I REALISED THIS TRUTH OF BABA'S ADVICE.

An artist from France created a design for a painting to be made at the entrance of the main building for the Halls at Gyan Sarovar. I liked the design and got it approved from Nirwair Bhai ji. It was a huge painting covering the whole wall of the front entrance. I learnt that he was a commercial artist by profession.

We had to shift our studio a number of times due to administrative reasons. As a joke we called our arts studio as the "Roaming studio". Although, most of my time was taken in administrative work but some how I myself managed to do some paintings. Most of the paintings I had brought from Bangalore, I gave to the Global Hospital.

I requested Nirwair Bhai ji for some permanent space for the ARTS Department in Gyan Sarovar. He very kindly agreed allocated a space under the Museum, where, presently it is behind the BABA'S ROOM.

There was a huge rock almost in front of the entrance gate to Gyan Sarovar. One day during meditation I got a touching that the rock can be converted into a waterfall and made from a sore point into a beauty spot. I made a sketch and discussed it with other artists and then put up the proposal to senior brothers in charge of construction, The idea was accepted and now there is a beautiful waterfall on that rock.

The Gyan Sarovar construction went on speedily and a day came when its opening ceremony was done by our dear BABA. It was a great day for all of us and for a humble soul like

me, - for having put in a drop of my share in the great ocean of BABA'S CREATION OF ACADEMY FOR A BETTER WORLD.

IT was decided to start SPIRITUAL APPLICATIONS RESEARCH CENTRE (now appreciated as SpARC) at hall No 13. Moni Bhai was given the responsibility of setting up the centre. He asked our Department's help to create some art works for it. The same was done according to his satisfaction – by Marina Behan.

Our own Arts studio was shifted to one of the halls for carrying out our creative activity for the Museum to be set up at Gyan sarovar.

One day I was called by Nirwair Bhai ji to meet him. He told me that Lalchand Bhai who was taking care of legal matters was not keeping well and with my being a professional advocate I should help him in addition to my Arts Department responsibility. I gladly accepted it. He also told me to review the security of Madhuban, Gyan sarovar and Talhati (present Shanivan) with the help of MAJOR BHARAT BHUSHAN who was looking after the security.

I started spending about two hours in the legal office and read through all the case files and discussed some important cases with Lalchand bhai. It was good for me to again come in touch with legal profession. A few times I had to go to Sirohi courts to attend to some legal cases.

I along with Major Bhai carried out detailed review of the security arrangements of Madhuban, Gyan Sarovar and Talhati . We prepared detailed instructions for each place showing duties of security staff.

One day Dadi Ji asked me that since number of Baba's children had increased many fold and they wanted to meet BABA during the season, but the accommodation was not enough. I suggested that in the Army at most of the borders we accommodate troops in tents - so we could do the same here. She liked the idea. Later , a tented camp was used at Talhati when Baba came to Talhati. I and Major Bhai worked out the security set up and suggested special fire fighting precautions for the tented accommodation. It all went of very well.

Dadi Prakash Mani ji, out of affection used to call me 'BABU JI'. May be because of my being father of Moni Bhai who was also resident of Madhuban. Consequently except my seniors in age every one started addressing me as 'BABU JI '. Even foreign Bks addressed me in that manner.

The main advantage of being in Madhuban was the opportunity to meet BABA every time . IT WAS A REAL BLISS EVERY TIME . TO BE FACE TO FACE WITH THE ALMIGHTY. Words are not enough to express the joy of such meetings with the LORD. Every time I used to thank the Lord for his giving me the privilege to be in his House and the chance to serve HIM . My eyes used to be swelled with tears of ecstasy and gratefulness.

I END THIS NARRATIVE WITH THE IMMORTAL WORDS OF JESUS CHRIST:-

“LORD OUR GOD IS ONE LORD
AND THOU SHALL LOVE THE LORD THY GOD WITH ALL THY HEART,
AND WITH ALL THY SOUL AND WITH ALL THY MIND AND WITH ALL THY
STRENGTH“

(PARAS 29 AND 30, CHAPTER 12, ST. MARK , NEW TESTAMENT, HOLY BIBLE)

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