

Key to the Mind

STORIES SHOWING Maharajji's deep concern for his devotees and his protectiveness of them also suggest awesome powers of mind. It seemed as if he knew everything about his devotees, whether we were near to him or far away. It is little wonder that we could become fearless, knowing that he was literally watching over us.

I was with Maharajji during the time of the partition and there were so many refugees from Pakistan that there was hardly a space to place a foot. Maharajji and I were picking our way through the crowd, and one woman came and bowed before him and requested that he come and bless a newborn baby some distance from where we were. Maharajji agreed.

Further along, the same woman was complaining bitterly of the destruction of Lahore. Maharajji immediately chastised her with a rhetorical question: "Didn't that saint in Lahore tell you six months ago that this was going to happen?"

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Sometimes when many people came to him he would relate each person's personal history, including what their forefathers had done, as if he had been well acquainted with that person for a very long time.

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Since Maharajji would sometimes not let us Westerners come to him until the afternoon, one morning a group of us went to visit the tiny ashram that at one time had been the residence of another great saint of that area, Sombari Maharaj. It was a good visit. En route back in the forenoon, we encountered a hill that the VW bus just couldn't climb with all of us in it, so we got out to push—that is, all of us except for the two young women in the party, who didn't bother to get out.

We easily got the bus up the hill, but I was rankled by the fact that the young women had not helped us. I was too well-bred to say anything; inside though, I was angry and remained silent for the remainder of the drive to the temple. As we entered the temple Maharajji said, "Ram Dass is angry." But I had hidden it well and everyone disagreed with Maharajji and said that, on the contrary, I had been very pleasant. But Maharajji was not to be deterred. "No," he said, "Ram Dass is angry because the young women wouldn't get out and help push." (R.D.)

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Once when Maharajji was sitting in a room with no windows, he said, "Oh, so-and-so is coming just now!" Within a few moments, this person entered the room.

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Maharajji told me all sorts of things. He said, "You have been playing hockey with the Mother." He was referring to the fact that I had been at Sri Aurobindo's ashram for a while and had played hockey with the Mother.

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In the 1940s a Moslem ICS (Indian Civil Service) officer's son who was studying in England had had a heart attack, and his mother had gone to see her son there. Maharajji was visiting the house of a devotee who never asked anything of Maharajji; but in this case he asked Maharajji about the boy, as they were family friends. Before he could put the question to Maharajji, Maharajji said, "What? He's asking about that boy who is studying in England. What do you want to ask? The mother has gone there. You've seen her off at the airport. As soon as she arrived the son began to improve." Then Maharajji got up and said, "Let's go. This is how the mind travels." (It was confirmed later that the boy did begin to improve once his mother arrived.)

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Maharajji asked a man if he'd ever before seen such a place as Kainchi—so beautiful and peaceful and ideal for meditation, with its mountains and river and forests. The swami replied that he'd once seen a similar place in Kandy (Sri Lanka). Maharajji, who had never been there, surprised the man by describing that place, down to the smallest details.

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Our eldest daughter had appeared in some competitive examinations for employment in the government of India. After the exams we went to see Maharajji in Vrindaban. As we were pranamming to him, Maharajji addressed her and said, "You have spoiled five of your exam papers!"

She said, "Yes."

Maharajji said, "Don't worry. You'll still come out successful and you'll get your job."

And she did.

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Our family is large but not rich, yet with his blessings we've been carrying on quite well. I got my job in the bank by his grace. After I had my job interview I went to see him. He told me all the questions I was asked and said, "You'll be selected." In fact, I had come out at the top of the list.

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Maharajji turned to me one day and said, "Do you still send money to that Benares pundit [religious scholar]?"

"Yes, Maharajji, I do," I replied.

Maharajji had never met this pundit nor had I ever told Maharajji that I regularly sent money to him. This pundit was a reciter of the Ramayana and he lived off donations from his listeners. Maharajji knew all things and he would look after people he'd never met.

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A devotee who worked for the railroad brought a couple for the first time to see Maharajji. The wife was told by Maharajji in private, "You have been supporting a poor ten-year-old child. That is very fine of you to do." When she came out of the room she was quite astounded, because no one, not even her husband, knew that she was supporting the child.

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Before we eat we offer our food to a picture of Maharajji. Once my wife forgot to put salt in the curry. "I forgot, but Maharajji will forgive me." Fifteen days later, Maharajji came and my wife sat at his feet. The first thing he said to her was, "You gave me curry without salt."

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One of the young men from a family in Kanpur was in the military fighting in the China War. The report came that he had died and the brother came to tell Maharajji. Maharajji said, "No, he has not died." No one believed Maharajji, and the widow married again in six months and the file of the war department was closed. After some time, the man returned.

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In 1968, after I had been at the temple for some time, I had to go to Delhi. At that time, I was trying to be a very pure yogi. In Delhi I did all my business with dispatch and then had time for a vegetarian lunch before returning to the mountains. At the end of the meal I was served two biscuits with tea. I didn't think they were proper yogi food, but they were cream-filled and I couldn't resist. But since I was barefoot and in my ulfie (sadhu clothing) and was being treated as a sadhu even in the restaurant, I ate the cookies surreptitiously. Upon my return to Maharajji his first words were, "How did you like the biscuits?" (R.D.)

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Since I was one of the few Westerners who spoke Hindi, he'd talk with me. Sometimes we'd gossip, and he'd pull one or two dazzlers. He'd mention somebody that I'd never mentioned to anybody else and say, "What was the story with this person?" I'd do a double take! And he'd laugh and giggle and then look at me and smile. Much of the time when I was sitting with Maharajji I would find myself turning into a giggling idiot. I'd roll around and sometimes virtually fall over, and he'd give me a great big hug.

THE GURU MUST KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU.

*I KNOW EVERYTHING.
WHY DO I KNOW?*

NOT ONLY WAS Maharajji watching over us, but he could easily see within us as well. And that was quite a different matter.

To realize that someone has access to the secret compartments of your mind is unnerving. It gives rise to a type of intimacy that is unparalleled in most of our human relationships. Those of us who are close to another person often sense what the other is feeling. When we have come to know the way another thinks we may even be able to guess what is on his or her mind. But there are so many tiny, subtle thoughts; and many of these are censored almost the moment they come to mind because they would be socially unacceptable or even unacceptable to our own conscious image of ourselves. To realize that someone has access

even to these thoughts immediately puts you at an extraordinary disadvantage, as if your opponent had broken your code. You are so vulnerable. But of course it is also incredibly exciting to meet another consciousness in such an intimate way. And with Maharajji, added to this was a quality of unconditional love coming from the other, as if he were saying to you, "I know all about you and I love you."

The most precious things about Maharajji cannot be described in stories—like massaging his legs. If I had a useless thought as I was massaging him, he'd pull my hand away; and then, when I would recenter my mind, he'd put my hand back. In those subtle ways he would teach you.

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The first time my wife met Maharajji was among a crowd at the India Hotel. Maharajji had not spoken to her, and after some time she was thinking that she should be home preparing tea for me, which she did every day at that time. Maharajji was distributing sweets and suddenly he turned to her and said, "You go home now. Your husband is waiting for his tea."

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When I first was new to him, he had just had his head shaved and I thought how I'd love to kiss him right on the top of his head. And one darshan, shortly after that, he took me into his room. Giggling and laughing, he sort of doubled over and in so doing presented me the top of his head. There was nothing I could do but to kiss it, and I recognized at that moment that my desire was being granted.

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I always talked to Maharajji in my mind. When he was embarrassing somebody, I'd think, "Oh, Maharajji, don't do that." Then he'd look at me and respond, so I knew he was hearing me.

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One day when I was sitting by the tucket waiting for him to come out and give darshan, the thought occurred to me that I would like to have my heart beat at exactly the same rate and same time as Maharajji's. Just as soon as I thought that there was a great commotion from within the building, a slamming of doors, and suddenly Maharajji burst through the outer doors onto the porch. He briskly took his seat on the tucket and sat directly in front of me, his chest only some six inches away. I could feel my heartbeat and remained in constant consciousness of my heart beating in tune with his for some time. Although Maharajji was lively and talked with many people, he kept his body turned in this position close to me. Then my mind began to wander—and immediately Maharajji flipped around so that he was sitting on the far side of the tucket, facing away from me. Stunned, the thought flashed through my mind, "Maharajji, if that really happened, look at me." Quick as a flash he glanced directly at me and then away once more. He didn't look at me again for the rest of the darshan.

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Maharajji played with my desires so subtly. I might spy an apple on his bench before he would appear for darshan. And I'd think how much I'd like that apple and how long it was since I'd had an apple. Then Maharajji would appear and he'd seem to make a point of throwing me that very apple. But of course he would be throwing other devotees other pieces of fruit, so you could never be sure. I'd always just think, "Isn't that interesting?"

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Once when I was living high up in the hills behind the temple, where it was very cold, I heard from some newly arrived devotees about a space blanket used by the astronauts that was very warm and weighed only a few ounces. In my cold hut I kept thinking about how nice it would be to have such a blanket. The next morning I came to the temple and was having tea with another devotee, who was cleaning out his rucksack. He threw this thing at me and said, "Here, why don't you take this? It's a space blanket that I never use." When such things kept happening to me, I thought that if Maharajji was going to gratify all my desires I ought to start asking for more important things, like a little compassion.

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In Bareilly Maharajji said to come to the station in the morning to meet him. There was a large flood and I thought, "Maharajji won't come, but I'll go to the station anyway." Maharajji came, however, and the first thing he said was, "You were thinking I couldn't come because of the flood."

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If I would think to myself that a fellow devotee was less of a saint than he thought himself to be, Maharajji would immediately ask me, "So-and-so isn't as much of a saint as he thinks he is, is he?"

I told my wife I didn't want to go see Maharajji, because he'd only say to take prasad and go. But she insisted. That day he didn't ask me to go. I hadn't taken food but he let me stay until 11:00 P.M. As everyone stood up, Maharajji said, "From today, don't tell anyone I don't allow you to sit here."

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I was sitting there praying for an opportunity to get away from the satsang to do some sadhana (spiritual practice), when Maharajji said, "Go to Nepal." It turned out that my visa had expired the day before.

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Sometimes you'd be sitting behind him and he would appear unconcerned with you. Then some thought would arise in your mind and he would answer you directly or make some gesture or say something to someone else that would be an answer to the thought. Sometimes he would be in the room with you talking seriously, and in mid-sentence he'd turn around, open the window, and begin to talk to another person outside about what was on his mind.

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Maharajji could give you a whole teaching just in a glance. You'd be sitting there, going through some incredible suffering in your mind. He would just

look at you and your whole being would change. I don't know if he was actually doing anything or whether it was just the way he looked at you, but you knew that the universe was right and that you were taken care of. At other times you'd be going off on some mental tangent, when with just the slightest glance from Maharajji you would be totally demolished.

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A husband and wife tell the following story:

HUSBAND: *I was working in Calcutta in the smallpox program. It was one of those times when I was having a tiny pang of remorse. I went through the streets of Calcutta and I saw all the beggars, thought about their suffering, and as usual got into my argument with God about suffering. "It's really not necessary," I kept telling him.*

At that time I was reading the Phaedo, Plato's account of Socrates' death, which ends with Socrates and his disciples discussing whether Socrates should postpone taking the hemlock, and Socrates says to bring it in, because it doesn't make any difference. The disciples are all crying and he tells them, "Listen, there are only two possibilities: either there is something after death or there is nothing after death. If there is nothing after death, then thank God at last I'm going to get a good sleep. And if there is something after death, then at least I have the chance of having a good conversation." Then they brought the hemlock, which he took and died.

So I reasoned that if Socrates, in all his wisdom, at the time of his death didn't know the nature of life, then I really shouldn't feel so despondent that a simple soul like me didn't understand. Thus I was consoled.

WIFE: *At the same time my husband was in Calcutta, I was in Delhi looking for Maharajji. We finally found him at the home of the Barmans in New Delhi (this was his last visit to New Delhi before he left his body). We were sitting with him in the afternoon on the same day he had arrived. Maharajji looked at me and simply said, "Socrates." Later on that same day he looked at me again and said, "Socrates."*

I discussed this with the devotees accompanying me, trying to figure out what he had meant. Perhaps it was that I looked or thought like Socrates, but we couldn't quite figure it out. My husband came home from Calcutta, and after telling him that I had seen Maharajji I said, "You know, he said the strangest thing to me and we still don't understand what it means. He looked at me and called me 'Socrates.' What do you think it means?" Then my husband told me

what he'd been thinking and we figured out that it was exactly the same day my husband just described.

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Dada said, "Mind reading and telling the future and knowing who was coming and so forth—such things were always happening around Maharajji. There was nothing special about them."

THIS AWESOME capability of knowing the human mind allowed Maharajji not only to know the thoughts and acts of others but to be able to enter into the mind of another person and bring about change from within.

Maharajji once told me, "The key to the mind is in my hand and I can turn it in any direction."

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During the English occupation an Englishman had reserved a first-class compartment on the train, and when he went to his compartment he found Maharajji there. He went to the conductor and said that there was a very disreputable looking man in his compartment and would they please remove him. The conductor came and looked and said, "I'm sorry. That's a saint and I can't remove him."

So the Englishman, now even more upset, sent for the chief conductor. When the chief conductor came, he said the same thing. So at the next major station the Englishman decided to remove the man himself, but the minute he went into the compartment he forgot his anger and mission and sat quietly and peacefully for the rest of the trip. Finally Maharajji said, "This is my village," and the train was stopped and he and his party got off.

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I think it was he who made me go with him. I used to go with him but I never wanted to go.

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The Ma's, as they were called, were women whose greatest pleasure was in taking care of Maharajji. Once a doctor had said Maharajji should take certain pills at 10:00 A.M. On this particular morning the Ma's brought the medicine ten minutes late. Maharajji said fiercely, "If you people don't take better care of me, I'll turn your minds against me"—which was the worst threat he could make.

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I was the station master at Mount Abu and Maharajji had promised to come there sometime. When I was off duty it was my policy never to go into the station. But this one day I had been in a long conversation with a friend, and as I left I wanted somehow to break my policy by cutting through the station in order to save time getting home. Just as I got into the station and was rushing through, the Bombay Mail arrived, and there was Maharajji tapping at the window.

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A number of us Westerners were meditating together at a Buddhist ashram in Bodh Gaya. After a time, some of us were ready to take a break and go on to Delhi, several hundred miles away, to celebrate Shiva's birthday. One of the women in the group, who had come to India overland by charter bus, reported that the bus driver wanted to hang out with us, too. So thirty-four of us left Bodh Gaya and met the bus in Benares and started to drive to Delhi.

One of the men in the group, Danny, had left the courses briefly in the middle to visit Allahabad, in order to experience a Kumbha Mela. He had returned deeply impressed and bringing us each small medallions depicting the monkey, Hanuman, which he had purchased on the mela grounds.

When it turned out that the bus route went right by Allahabad, Danny pressed us to visit the mela grounds. I protested that the mela was now over and it would just be an empty piece of riverbank. But he pointed out that it was one of the most sacred spots in India. Some of us were tired, for it was only our first day out in the world after such sustained meditation practice, and all we really wanted was to get to the dharmasalla where we planned to stay

overnight. The thought of even driving the few miles out of our way to get to the river was not appealing, and yet it was a very holy place. I weighed the merits of the alternatives and finally agreed that we should go to the river for a brief stop to watch the sunset.

As we approached and drove down into the mela grounds, which were now quite deserted, the driver asked where he should park. Danny pointed to a place that he said was near a Hanuman temple and also was the spot where he had purchased the small medallions.

As the bus was pulling up to that spot, someone yelled, "There's Maharajji!"

Sure enough, walking right by the bus with Dada, there he was. We all scrambled off the bus and rushed to his feet. I was having a hysterical crying-laughing fit. I remember kissing his feet in bliss and at the same moment my mind being aware that the spot of sand on which he was standing smelled strongly of urine.

Dada later told us that as the bus came into view, Maharajji had said, "Well, they've come."

Maharajji instructed us to follow them, and the bus followed the bicycle rickshaw to Dada's house on the suburban street of this great university city. Within minutes we were given food, and arrangements were made for us to lodge at a nearby estate with another devotee. I was told that since morning the servants had been preparing food under Maharajji's orders in anticipation of our coming. But if that were so, which of us thought he was making a decision in the bus about whether to visit the mela grounds? Apparently all was not as I "thought" it was. (R.D.)

ONLY MAHARAJJI knew why he remembered whom he did when he did. Apparently, however, it was not all in his hands, for many devotees found that by thinking about him, they drew his attention, or even his physical presence.

Said one Ma, "If the devotion is strong enough, the guru is drawn by the devotee."

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A Frenchman was staying in Ananda Mayee Ma's ashram and asked HRJ about this Neem Karoli Baba, wanting his darshan. HRJ said that if he were

to remember Maharajji for only ten minutes, Maharajji could be there. The Frenchman closed his eyes and repeated "Neem Karoli Baba, Neem Karoli Baba," and after ten minutes, unexpectedly, Maharajji came to Ma's ashram. He went over to the Frenchman and asked, "Why are you remembering me? I've come. What do you want?"

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I was in the habit of arising at around 2:00 A.M. and sitting up a while in meditation. I told no one of this activity. One morning as I came for darshan, the Ma's rushed over to me in great glee, all talking at once. What they were telling me was that in the middle of the night, as they were sitting with Maharajji, he had turned to them and said, "S [referring to me] has just awakened. She is thinking of me very much."

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One day I came from Snowview to Tallital, hoping to see Maharajji. I was wondering how I could find him, since sometimes he stayed in one house, sometimes in another. Just as I passed by the house in which he was staying, someone came out and caught hold of me. Maharajji knew that I was coming and sent this person to intercept me and bring me to him.

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One Tuesday morning I planned to visit Maharajji at Kainchi, but a call came for me and I had to go to Nainital for business. I figured I could still take the last bus to Kainchi, but when the time came I missed the bus. At about 8:00 P.M. I got a lift to Bhowali, but by that time there was no way to get to Kainchi. I felt some depression and went home. I was thinking in this way when there was a knocking at my door. I told my son to tell whomever it was that I was tired and to ask their name. Just then I heard some shouting: "I am Baba Neem Karoli!" This was about 9:00 P.M. Maharajji told me, "You always bother about this and that! Why are you bothering?" He took his dinner at my home and then got into the jeep and returned to Kainchi.

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The acting superintendent of police, hearing that he was not going to be confirmed, was very upset and decided to resign. At about 8:00 P.M. he was with his wife when an orderly came and said, "There is a man outside sitting on the road, calling for you." He knew it was Maharajji.

Maharajji said to him, "You were crying. You were thinking of resigning. How foolish."

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An old man who for years worked as a prison guard became extremely ill. At one point, his doctor gave him only twenty-four hours to live, but the man remembered Maharajji, meditated on him, and refused to die. On the third day, Maharajji arrived in the city and went to the home of another devotee. He said to him, "There's an old man living near here. He's thinking of me very much and he's very sick. We must visit him."

Upon entering the sick man's room, they found him in very grave condition. Maharajji placed his foot near the man's head. The dying man pranammed to Maharajji and then left his body.

Maharajji said to the other devotee, "He was remembering me very much. Darshan was given, then finished! The end!"

I AM HERE AND I AM IN AMERICA.
WHOEVER REMEMBERS ME, I GO TO.

CHAOS AND CONFUSION

WHEREVER MAHARAJJI was, there was chaos and confusion. Sometimes two people were sent to do the same task, other times one was sent to undo what the first was in the process of doing. Maharajji would tell one person one thing and another something opposite; when confronted with such inconsistencies he would deny all. Such confusion served a number of obvious purposes. First, it veiled his powers so that no one could be quite certain what had just happened. And the confusion also allowed each person to hear what he or she needed to hear from among the conflicting bits of information. Such inconsistencies served to loosen the minds of those devotees with problems of rigid thinking. From another point of view one could understand the confusion as a reflection of the fact that Maharajji was not just one person. As a mirror, he was

the reflection of whomever was thinking upon him, and he was conscious on many planes at once. Thus, one statement, such as "I can do nothing," might be followed moments later by the statement, "I hold the keys to the mind. Everyone is my puppet." Appreciating this dimension of Maharajji made one delight in the confusion.

Two long-time devotees were told that they would be able to find Maharajji at a certain temple on the banks of the Ganga. They went there immediately and found him. He acted as if he'd never seen them before. "Who are you? Where do you come from? What work do you do? Why have you come here?" he inquired of each of them. They patiently answered him until finally he said, "Sit down!"

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Maharajji was never in bondage to anything. He wouldn't follow suggestions and would do the unexpected. If I asked to stay longer, for example, he would get up and go.

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Maharajji would make predictions or say something of personal import in an off-hand manner, in the middle of a political discussion. Often his predictions wouldn't come true. If you wanted a specific prediction from Maharajji, he would often be vague, and he'd never give an explanation for his predictions.

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Anything you can say about him—you can also say the opposite.

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One time in Vrindaban Maharajji had called us all over, and I was at the front of the pack as we ran across. Entering the room ahead of everyone else, I felt as if I'd caught him unawares. He saw me and got embarrassed. It was as if he'd been caught doing something he shouldn't have—as if he were in the

cookie jar! He was looking so guilty, and I was trying to figure out what it was I had caught him doing. Finally I just gave up; he must have been pulling another of his tricks.

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Once some devotees were with Maharajji at the Ganga, and they proposed to Maharajji that he bathe there. He protested, but they urged him and finally succeeded in lowering him into the water from their boat. Maharajji at first acted like he was drowning, then suddenly he began to swim around the boat. Later, in recounting the incident, Maharajji told everyone that they had tried to drown him.

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Once in the middle of the night at the ashram we were awakened by shouts and the sounds of footsteps. People were running to and fro and lights were going on all over the place. We stuck our heads out the door to discover that Maharajji was up. He wanted rotis. Then he screamed, "There's a snake in the Mothers' room!" And when they went to check it out, what they found there was a rope!

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At Kainchi he had this simple little room, which we used to call his "office." There was a window with shutters on the inside that he could open, where he'd often sit, looking out and giving darshan. Sometimes he would jump around in that room like a monkey in a cage or press his face to the bars. At other times someone would come to the window to see him and he'd just slam the shutters closed.

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He'd start off a conversation saying one thing, and then by the end of the conversation he'd be making the opposite point. He once told one Western devotee about smoking dope. He said to him, "You like smoking charas

[hashish]? That's good; Shiva smokes charas. That means you like Shiva." We were all really thrilled to hear this, but then he started to turn it around, saying, "What's better that you do, smoke charas or eat food?" About five minutes later he said, "Don't smoke!"

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Once he said, "Oh, it's very nice and peaceful here in Kainchi. When you come here you can really get peace. Shanti milta-hai [Peace is found]." Then a few weeks later some truck went by on the road and he said, "Oh, this Kainchi, so noisy—no peace here, ashanti." He'd gone from shanti to ashanti (not peaceful) in the same place.

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It was sometimes very hard to figure out what Maharajji was saying. Often he'd repeat the same word about five times. One of his favorite things was saying the same thought over and over again, just rewording it different ways, drilling it into your head. If it was something about someone getting married, for example, he'd say, "You got married, didn't you? No, you didn't. Did you? You did." He'd go on like that, back and forth. It was the same way he'd play with things: He'd pick up something, turn it over, flip it back over, then flip it over again. He'd do the same thing with words—he'd take a sentence and turn it around (and your head with it).

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One morning, Maharajji greeted his devotees with complaints of a very sore knee. Some devotees took him seriously and they suggested various cures. Others took the complaint lightly and told Maharajji to cure himself since he was the cause of his complaints. Nevertheless, oils and balms and compresses were applied to the area of pain, all to no avail. Maharajji insisted that these remedies wouldn't work, and what was needed was a certain medicine he'd once seen in Dada's home. He called it the "moustache-man medicine," and twirled his moustache to indicate it. He said it was the only medicine that would work.

All this meant nothing to this devotee, who couldn't recall any moustache-related medicine in his home. Later in the day the devotee went to the bazaar

to buy supplies for the ashram. While in the pharmacy he noticed a picture of a moustachioed man on a small box containing Sloan's Balm, a heat-producing medicine. He purchased it and gave it to Maharajji. Maharajji shouted, "That's it! The moustache medicine! Put it on!" Moments after the balm was rubbed onto his knee, Maharajji announced that the pain had vanished and that now he was fine.

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Janaki and Draupadi were sitting before Maharajji, and Maharajji turned to Janaki and asked, "Who do I like better, you or Draupadi?"

Janaki said sweetly, "Why, Maharajji, you love us all the same."

Maharajji replied, "Nahin [No]! I like Draupadi better!" which of course upset her a great deal. She got up and walked out, heading for the Vrindaban bazaar, in order to run away! What kind of guru has preferences? While she was in the bazaar she realized that she couldn't run away, after all. Wanting to do something nice for someone, she bought a little brass murti of Hanuman and returned to the temple and put it in her room.

Immediately afterward Maharajji caught her and asked her, "Where have you been? What have you been doing? What did you buy?" She told him about the little murti. He told her to bring it to him, and when she did he handled it a while and looked it over and then told her to give it to me! I don't know if she had meant it for me or if Maharajji initiated that. The very day after I'd privately wished for a little Hanuman murti, I was given this one.

॥१॥

I'd be alone with Maharajji in his room and I'd want everybody to share this experience, so I'd say, "Maharajji, they'd really love to come in."

He'd say, "Should I let them in?"

I'd say, "Yes. Let them in."

He'd say, "Go bring them in." Sometimes he'd say, "Nahin! You just be here." Or he'd say something about all of them being badmash (rascals): I'd argue with him that they were not all badmash, that some of them were confused, just like me. He'd say that that was true, then add, "Nahin, they're all badmash."

॥१॥

At the time of the big havan, the fire ceremony, many people said they were going to fast, but after two days they ended up not fasting. And all of those who said they weren't going to fast, ended up fasting.

॥॥

One time in Allahabad a Sikh family had arranged to feed all of the satsang at their home and entertain us for the afternoon. I wanted to stay behind with Maharajji, so I went and hid up on the roof where nobody ever went. Everyone was rounded up to leave for the outing, and after they were all gone, I was really afraid. "Oh, what's Maharajji going to do when he finds I'm still here?" I thought. I asked Didi (Dada's wife) what Maharajji would do when he found this out.

She said, "Oh, you better talk to Dada."

So I went to Dada: "Dada! I don't know what Maharajji's going to do."

He replied, "Who does?"