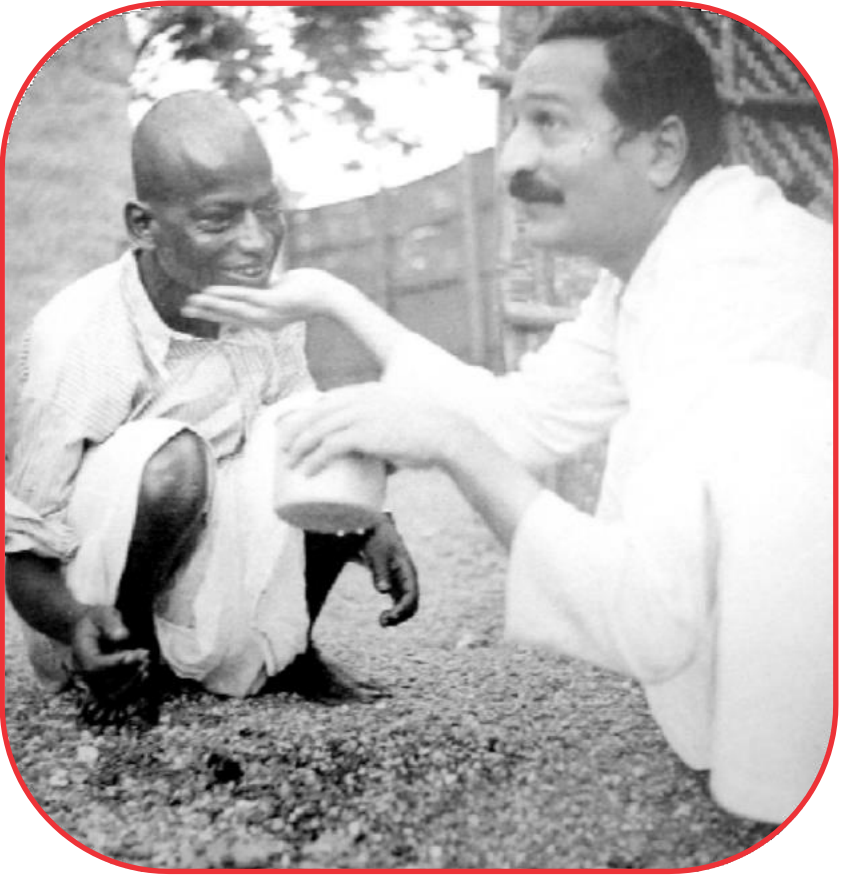


AVATAR MEHER BABA



HIS WORK WITH THE DIVINELY INTOXICATED

مرو خدا گنج بود در خراب

“The man of God is a treasure in a ruin.”

- Shams - e - Tabriz

Introduction

“Hazaro pundit, hazaro shyane,

Khuda ki bate, Khuda hi jane.”

“Thousands of scholars, thousands of wise men [cannot comprehend],
God’s ways [of working], God alone knows.”

Among the multifarious activities conducted by Meher Baba, the Avatar of the Age, during His ministry on Earth, His work with whom He called ‘*masts*’ may perhaps be the most intriguing and enigmatic. What Meher Baba did with, for and through these advanced souls is beyond human ken.

Masts are extraordinary human beings who have become divinely overpowered and are either wholly or partly unconscious of their physical bodies, actions and surroundings. This has come about owing to their deep absorption in God and in their intense love and longing for God.

To the casual observer a mast may appear as mad, but there is a world of difference between the two in the nature of their inner mental states and in the origin of their condition.

The mad has lost the power of correct reasoning. The mast, on the other hand, has transcended the limitation of intellect.

In ordinary madness, the collapse of the normal functioning of the mind comes about owing to unmanageable conflicts or disintegrating factors, whereas the departure of masts

from normal behavior is not due to lack of sufficient mental development, nor is it the result of any chaotic forces of disruptions. It is purely due to suspension of their interest in the ordinary pursuits of life and to their absorption in the spiritual realities encountered on the path towards Truth-realization.

The mad is mentally infirm; the mast is spiritually enlightened.

Creation is full of bliss and the mast enjoys this bliss and thereby becomes intoxicated to an almost unlimited extent virtually consuming and absorbing him, and thereby making the world around him vanish.

Perhaps, in no previous Advent has the God-Man, the Rasool, the Messiah worked so arduously with such souls as in this Advent as Avatar Meher Baba; although history records Lord Rama to have contacted such beings in the forests while in exile, and of Lord Jesus during His wanderings.

Meher Baba says that one of the most difficult things for a mast is to come out of the self-sufficiency of his state. When a mast gets walled-in by his own self-sufficiency, only the Master can draw him out of the isolation of his choice, by awakening within him an expansive love that breaks through all limitations, and prepares him for shouldering the significant responsibility of rendering true service to others.

A mast, being free from the handicaps and limitations of the gross sphere, becomes a more effective agent for spiritual work than the most able person of the gross

world. The mast's mind is often used directly by the Master as a medium for sending His spiritual help to different parts of the world. It has been witnessed by Baba's disciples that whatever work Baba did at the micro level with the masts, influenced the world events at the macro level. Baba indicated that the speculations of His disciples about the significance of His work with the masts are correct up to a certain point; but beyond this He did not extend His explanation.

Masts are not easily enticed into the net of the Divine Master. They, who are held in high esteem and revered by the locals, never pay heed to anyone's invitation or requests to leave their environment and go elsewhere. It is only because of the "turning of the key" by Meher Baba that these saints of titanic stature feel the pull of a greater spiritual force that compels them to leave their environment and forsake what may have been their routine and abode of many years.

In Baba's own words: "If someone were to ask Me what makes Me happiest, My reply would be embracing a mast . . . I love these lovers of God . . . I like them for their strength . . . They are true soldiers of God . . . They live in God, with God and for God . . . These brave heroes have kicked off Maya . . . I am the Mother of masts. If God were not there, there would be no masts . . . They are resigned to the state in which they find themselves, and, when their resignation reaches its climax, it is the Beloved Who seeks union with them . . ."

This has been abundantly demonstrated in Meher Baba's

own life as documented by His *mandali* – close disciples - about the extreme rigors He would undergo to find these true lovers of God. To contact these masts, Baba would undertake incredibly strenuous tours by car, train, bus, bullock cart and even on foot extending at times over several weeks without regular or adequate meals and only rarely resting for the night.

In 1936, at Rahuri, Meher Baba struck the first notes of a new movement in the symphony of His life by establishing a mad and mast ashram. He later established seven mast ashrams at different places in India - Ajmer, Jabalpur, Bangalore, Meherabad, Ranchi, Hyderabad and Satara. As with all other Baba activities, once the inner work was accomplished, the outer scaffoldings in the form of these ashrams were dismantled.

Baba alone knows what these masts meant to Him and what internal work He did with, for and through them. To all external and visible appearances, He spared no pains to love and serve them by shaving, bathing and feeding them, pressing their feet, massaging their bodies, cleaning their toilets and complying with their every word and whim. And after the work was through, when they were sent back to their respective place of dwelling, Baba invariably made provision for their care and maintenance.

Baba's work with the masts remained in full force till 1957. After that, He contacted only selected masts and kept a few in His care with whom He did work for some more years.

Although Baba had contacted thousands of such advanced souls during His lifetime, we have picked up only a handful of them from the already published records. A detailed masterly chronicle is available in *The Wayfarers* by Dr. William Donkin, *Lord Meher* by Bhau Kalchuri, and other published works. We owe thanks to the authors, photographers and publishers, whose material has been used in this brochure. Our special thanks to the Avatar Meher Baba Perpetual Public Charitable Trust, Ahmednagar, India for use of Baba Quotes.

An attempt is made here to bring home to the reader how Baba used these spiritual storehouses of pure energy for His own work for humanity, and, in turn, showered His divine love on them and helped them in their onward journey towards the Goal.

In commemorating Beloved Baba's 117th Birth Anniversary we, at the Avatar Meher Baba Bombay Centre, salute the silent and unflinching love of these *Mard-e-Khuda* for their only Beloved, whom they recognized in the Being of Avatar Meher Baba.

Hoshang M. Dadachanji
President
Avatar Meher Baba Bombay Centre
Mumbai, 25th February 2011.

THE FIVE FAVOURITES OF AVATAR MEHER BABA

1. MOHAMMED MAST



Tukaram Laxman Chawan, a resident of village Sonawadi, in Sawantwadi town in the Ratnagiri district of Maharashtra, was a Hindu by birth and a *khumbhar* (potter) by caste. He was the youngest in a family of fifteen children and was affectionately called *Lhana Bhau*, little brother, or, *Tuka* for short. He was married, had two children and worked in his father's brick business.

One early morning, in late 1920's or early 1930's while standing in his thatched house just after tying a red cloth around his waist to serve as underwear, he was suddenly 'struck.' All of a sudden, in a moment, he became divinely intoxicated and stood there dazed, motionless, in the same position for about two weeks. At the end of that period, the trance weakened and he came out of this *hal* (experience) and abruptly left his wife, children and job, and was drawn to come to Bombay (now Mumbai).

He wandered around Bombay subsisting on pieces of bread or other food that was found lying on the ground. Since he looked peculiar and behaved unusual, some people took him as someone spiritual. Consequently,

he began to be pestered by petty speculators who would habitually gamble on the day-to-day ‘number’ racket, colloquially called *mutka*. If a tip given by him fructified, he would be rewarded with tea and food.

After a few years of wandering, he ended up sleeping in front of a tea shop near Bhandi Bazaar, a Muslim dominated market area in Southern Bombay. It was here that he got his name Mohammed given by some pious Muslims in the vicinity who had respectful feelings about him, and the name stuck to him ever since.

Kaikhushru Pleader, a disciple of Meher Baba, discovered him at this tea shop and served him his first good meal in years and soon after brought him to Baba at His Rahuri mad and mast ashram in August 1936.

Baba’s routine at the ashram consisted of shaving, bathing, feeding, clothing and sitting with the inmates for His inner spiritual work. Mohammad was soon given a place of importance in the ashram and he took full advantage of Baba’s instructions to the mandali that the inmates be given all that they asked for. Mohammed’s daily intake at that time consisted of 12 bananas, 4 lbs. of boiled beetroot, 4 ounces of pistachio, 2 large plates of rice and dal, 6 raw onions, 12 chapattis, 12 full plates of cooked vegetables, 6 cups of tea in the morning, and 6 cups in the afternoon!

Mohammed would sit most of the day near the door of the ashram, roundly abusing and spitting on anyone who came near him. At night, he would repeatedly call Baidul, Baba’s disciple and caretaker of Mohammed at

the time, to bring additional blankets for him, although he obviously had no physical need for any more coverings. This grotesque behavior went on throughout the Rahuri phase and continued unabated when the ashram moved to Meherabad.

At four in the morning, when the ashram staff struggled with the lighting of fires to make tea, Mohammed would shout impatiently for someone to help him at the toilet. He would stand from six in the morning until eight cleaning his teeth, would call grumpily for a full bucket of water with which to clean his mouth, and when this was brought he would have it sent away, only to shout for it again after a few minutes. Later in the morning, when Baba would call him for bath, it would generally take three men one hour to beguile him to the bathroom.

He would dig holes in the ground with his bare hands. Perhaps the most familiar peculiarity of Mohammed was bending down or squatting and gazing at the ground and picking at something there with his fingers. He often did that for hours at a stretch, and at such times, if asked what he was doing; his reply would be “*deesh (drishta)*

pahato.” Loosely translated, “I am looking at something I want.”



About this trait of finding and looking at his *deesh*, Baba once clarified that it is a sort of relief to him to be thus occupied. And even with the best of motives, if one were to forcibly try to pull him out and break his link

with what he is seeing in that particular object through the higher consciousness of the spiritual planes, he feels greatly disturbed, and if in the torments of this torture he were to abuse or curse anyone for thus disturbing him in the enjoyment of his ecstasy, the cursed one would be doomed for life. It is simply because of Baba that he cannot do this and one is saved from his wrath.

Mohammed loved Baba dearly and would refer to Him as “Dada.” When looking for *deesh*, he would grumble, “Dada has made me such, what can I do?” At other times he would explain that he was not seeing the *deesh* of his own volition, but that the divine force behind him made him do it.

When Mohammed was brought to Rahuri ashram, he was between the third and the fourth plane. (For further understanding of the planes of consciousness we invite our reader to refer “*God Speaks*” by Meher Baba). As a result of Baba’s contact, Mohammed never entered the fourth plane, but jumped to a state between the fourth and the fifth plane and then entered the fifth plane. Baba stated that he was on the fifth plane and will not progress further in this life. Mohammed was one of Baba’s favourite masts. He was provided a home at Meherabad for the rest of his life.

In the summer of 1937, Baba went for several months to stay at Cannes in France with His eastern and western disciples. Shortly after reaching there, Baba cabled for Mohammed to be brought from Meherabad to Cannes

for His work. One can imagine how difficult it must have been to steer Mohammed successfully through the process of getting his passport, for it meant personal appearance before the august officials and having him sign on the documents. How would the authorities issue a passport to a man whom the worldly considered mad? Understandably, the mandali entrusted with this work were in an agony of suspense lest Mohammed should suddenly abuse or spit on the official. Meher Baba placed great importance on the mast's arrival and remarked, "If Mohammed does not come, I will send everyone back and return to India."

Finally, it was Baba Himself who gave Adi Sr. and Sarosh, Baba's disciples, an idea and they succeeded in getting Mohammed a passport on the basis that he was a mental patient and was going to France for treatment.

On the appointed day, 25th September 1937, although Mohammed's mood was foul, booted and encouraged for the occasion, he was led by Baidul up the slope of the ship's gangplank and was taken at once to his cabin. The ship's surgeon, hearing about Mohammed's oddness arrived at the cabin and demanded that he be lodged in the ship's hospital. Adi Sr. who was in charge of the party, managed to convince the surgeon that he would answer for Mohammed's behaviour, and he was finally allowed to stay in his cabin.

Baidul, whose job was to care for Mohammed, now found himself tied to him all through the day. When Mohammed's meal was brought to the cabin, he would

not only refuse to eat it, but with dictatorial arrogance order it to be sent away at once. Then half an hour later, when Baidul's food arrived Mohammed would insist on eating that, and poor Baidul would be left hungry. When Mohammed was taken on the deck, he would make himself conspicuous by bending down and picking at *deesh*, would collect used matches and cigarette ends that littered the deck, and when Baidul would attempt dragging him away, he would break into a torrent of abuses.

Reaching Marseilles, Mohammed was driven directly to Cannes and from 9th October 1937, Baba began sitting with him alone each day. He would bathe Mohammed, bring him food, feed him and do the inner work with him.

The chief difficulty of these baths was to get Mohammed clothed thereafter; for he would stand naked, trying to make up his mind whether or not to allow his vest to be put on. He seemed like an over-cautious child on the edge of a swimming pool, hesitating to plunge into the cold and uninviting water. He would tell Baba to put his vest on, and when it was held over him and was about to be drawn over his head, he would suddenly shout like a frightened child, "No, no," and push it away. Eventually, to the relief of all, he would have the vest on, and would then suddenly demand to have it removed again. This sort of thing went on every day, and it would often take one hour to dress him in the simplest clothes.

The same process recurred when it was a matter of putting on his sandals, the Pathan chappals, with an adjustable

strap behind the heel. They must be tightened, loosened, tightened, loosened, taken off and cleaned, put on again, cleaned, tightened, loosened and so on and so forth. These examples of his conduct are not exaggerated, and they illustrate the importance Baba attached, for His own spiritual reasons, to doing everything that a mast asked for.

Meher Baba explained to the mandali, “My work is uppermost. Mohammed represents Germany, so you can imagine the significance of his coming here to France and the importance of My work with him at this point in time.”

Mentioning Mohammed in a humorous vein, Baba once stated, “Mohammed’s imaginary wife was to have come the next day. When he asked if she was coming, we said, ‘Yes, 10 days more... but she has fasted for a month and is very weak and ill. If you want we can bring her to you on a stretcher.’ And Mohammed said, ‘No, no, keep her and feed her well on ghee and when she is well and fat bring her.’” Every time Mohammed asked for his wife, Baba and the mandali used this ploy and this went on for two years!

On one occasion Mohammed wept and said, “Dada, I never expected You to lie to me! You told me my wife is coming, where is she?” Baba explained that Mohammed wept not because his wife did not come, but because he felt that Baba lied to him.

Baba continued, “Then we arranged for an old woman to come with a child in her arms and a bandage over

her eyes and we taught her to say to him, ‘I will come when I am well, as now you can see I’m ill.’ She was taken to Mohammed, and on seeing her, he exclaimed, ‘Oh, you have grown old!’ She played her part well. So, Mohammed is happy, because he felt Baba kept His word!”

Then Baba further said, “Great news today! Mohammed said, ‘I don’t want my wife. She is always sick. There is always something wrong with her. Give me a peacock instead! I am your peacock; where’s mine?’ And then he starts uttering the sound of a peacock.”

Eruch, Baba’s disciple, was Mohammed’s personal attendant for a while in the Jabalpur mast ashram as Baba had sent Pleader to Bombay. Mohammed would want a certain vegetable and Eruch would bring it from the market. Once when Mohammed wanted peas, Gaimai, Baba’s disciple and Eruch’s mother, cooked some other vegetable because peas were not available in the market then. When Baba went to feed him lunch, Mohammed cried out, “Where are my peas? Why didn’t Gaimai prepare them? Call her here!”

On Baba’s orders, Eruch brought Gaimai, and Baba gestured to Mohammed, “She did not cook peas for you today, so I am going to punish her.” He raised His hand as if to strike her, but Mohammed shouted, “No, no! Don’t beat her; forgive her. Today, I will eat something else.” The problem was solved and Mohammed was happy, thanks to Baba’s ruse.

An episode that occurred a day before Meher Baba

dropped His body is a pointer to Mohammed's knowingness - being stationed in the fifth plane of the mental sphere. On 30th January 1969 Padri, Baba's disciple who lived in Meherabad, was summoned to stay in Meherazad for seven days. Mohammed asked Sidhu, Baba's disciple and his caretaker, where Padri had gone. When told that he had gone to stay for a week at Meherazad to assist the mandali there as Baba was not well, Mohammed, who usually mumbled unintelligibly, said in clear terms, "Padri will come back tomorrow."

Sidhu said, "No, Baba has called him for seven days."

Ignoring Sidhu's remarks, Mohammed then added, "Tomorrow Dada is coming here and is going to join Gustadji." (Gustadji was Baba's old disciple, who died in 1958).

And so it happened!

Baba dropped His physical form on 31st January 1969 and was laid in His Samadhi at Meherabad.

A priceless treasure, Mohammed sat on the veranda of the Mandali Hall at lower Meherabad, well over 34



years after Baba dropped His body, soaking the air with the Love that saturated him. Pilgrims coming to Baba's Samadhi would often visit him and try to strike a conversation with him or ask for his blessings. If he was in a mood, he would converse and ask them if they had brought for him

meetha pau (sweet bread) or a yellow coloured bar soap or a handkerchief, and if these ‘treasures’ were brought for him, he would quickly and gleefully take charge of them, briskly walk to his ‘vault’ - a simple tin box, place them safely there and return to the conversation. A guileless child! He was like a live display in the divine museum. At around age 100, he joined his Beloved Dada on 17th June 2003 and was buried in lower Meherabad.

In his own way, Mohammed expressed his recognition of Baba’s spiritual greatness by stating:

“Dada is God.”

“Dada is Master.”

“Everything depends on Dada’s will.”

“Because Dada is there the world is there.”

“Dada is the Master of Mercy.”

2. CHATTI BABA

Chatti Baba was usually found on the highway near Negapatam, Tamil Nadu, in Southern India. Held



in high esteem throughout the countryside, whenever he walked along the side of a busy highway, the peasants who passed by invariably threw themselves full length before him in respect. He would take a pinch of dust from the ground and offer it to them and they would rub this dust upon their foreheads or sprinkle it over

their hair. This lovable old man of fresh and simple mien dressed only in a *lungi* (unstructured clothing tied over the waist) and carried *mutha* (bundle of rags), and a *chatti* (earthenware pot) into which people put food. Hence he was locally known as Mutha Baba or Chatti Baba.

While in Negapatam in November 1939, Kaka Baria and Eruch, Baba's disciples, had set out on Baba's instructions to bring good masts to the mast ashram in Bangalore (now Bengaluru). They met Chatti Baba and requested him to come with them, which he refused in a sad way saying that he had much work amongst his children there, and could not come then, though he might do so later.

After some days, Baba's men once again set out in two taxis to the usual sector of the highway where Chatti Baba was generally found. Declining their invitation to sit in one of the cars, he walked ahead, carrying his bundle and chatti. Fatigued, he sat down by the roadside, when he was again entreated with all gentleness and charm to come even just for a little while. When Chatti Baba finally agreed he was brought to the hotel and was at once given food.

In Negapatam itself, he yielded to all that Baba asked of him and agreed to go to Bangalore. They thereupon set out in two cars to Tanjore and settled themselves for the night in a *dharamshala* (a simple rest-house given for a temporary period with very little or no charge). During the night Chatti Baba was restless and at 2 A.M. he told them that he was hungry. Kaka, at Baba's behest,

prepared a meal for him, then and there. After meals, Chatti Baba expressed a desire to go for a walk and set out in the obscure light before dawn. Jal Kerawala, Baba's disciple, accompanied him. About four hours later Jal managed to send a desperate note to Baba through a messenger stating that Chatti Baba was ceaselessly wandering about the city lanes and would not return to the *dharamshala*.

Kaka rushed in a taxi to the place, and he too tried to coax Chatti Baba to return. Having failed, the two men followed the old man for miles together into the first fresh strips of countryside. At last, through sheer exhaustion, Chatti Baba sat down by the roadside. He then gave Jal ten *annas* (earlier denomination of money where sixteen annas made a rupee), telling him that these were his wages for having come so far with him. And he asked them to leave.

Kaka, who was by now dusty, weary and desperate, firmly told Chatti Baba that he would either take him back to his home town, or to Bangalore, but under no circumstances they would leave him there by a strange wayside. This ultimatum fortunately broke the spell of his stubbornness, and Chatti Baba was brought back to the *dharamshala* in the taxi.

Baba immediately gave him a bath with about fifty buckets of water, and thereafter fed him. One of the striking features of Chatti Baba's sojourn with Baba was this daily bathing with torrents of water. He usually refused when called for bath giving excuses that he was

unwell, and at times he would mildly abuse those sent to summon him, but if Baba went he would smile happily and after a little hesitation meekly follow Him to the bathroom. Baba would personally soap and rinse the mast and others would dry and dress him up.

An idiosyncrasy of Chatti Baba was his distaste for having his hair dried. He had an impressive head of thickly matted black hair flecked with grey and long enough to reach over his ears. Every day, usually following his bath, he would sit in any place where loose earth was found, and raising cupped hands laden with soil, release it over his head. It seemed as if he was suffering in a way that we might never comprehend, and that this apparently childish play soothed and comforted him. In view of this habit, Meher Baba had instructed Krishna, Baba's disciple and personal attendant of Chatti Baba, to put fifteen baskets of earth in Chatti Baba's room every day.

Another typical gesture of a *jamali* type (mild tempered) mast such as Chatti Baba was to make signs on the ground.



Prior to his spiritual awakening, Chatti Baba had apparently been a railway station master. At times he would tap out messages using Morse code with the hook that held his window, and at irregular hours of night or day he would shout orders in English or Tamil to imaginary railway

subordinates.

Chatti Baba referred to Meher Baba as his elder brother, and one day told Krishna that Baba was a great and rich man, and that there was no one like Him in the whole world.

Chatti Baba, though literate, never, as far as anyone knew, read a newspaper, and he was apparently quite out of touch with current events of any sort, but in spite of this he seemed aware of the terrible happenings then going on in Europe. One day, while pouring earth over his head, he remarked to Krishna: “There would be much anguish and privation, and that many would die of starvation . . . **Baba would finally assuage the suffering of the world.**”

Meher Baba had mentioned that Chatti Baba had a spiritual connection with France. The following series of episodes throw light on Baba’s statement.

At one o’clock in the early morning of 5th June 1940, Chatti Baba, carrying a lantern, suddenly rushed into Baba’s room bawling out, “Arise! Arise!” Savak Kotwal and the other mandali asked him what had happened, and he replied, “Nothing.” The next morning he cleaned his room himself, which he had never done before.

Again on the afternoon of 6th June 1940 the mast entered Baba’s room, stood by the door and said, “If not Mysore, I am going back to my village.” He said he wished to leave, so Baba ordered the mandali to take him out of the compound for a walk. He was taken out, but wanted to walk to the women’s side. The men tried to lead him away, but he was adamant. When Baba was informed,

He sent a car and Chatti Baba was told he would be taken to his village. Smiling, he got in and was instead driven back to his room. Chatti Baba appeared very restless until eight that evening, and would frequently open and shut his door.

On the morning of the 8th June 1940 he locked himself in his room and would not come out for his usual bath.

But the most significant incident occurred on Sunday night, 9th June 1940 when the mast became suddenly violent, noisy and abusive and emerged in a state of chaos and frenzy from his little room. He went directly to Baba's room and declared, "My house has been utterly destroyed! It is on fire! I have come to You for shelter." Baba at once gave orders for the two to be left alone together and both retired into Baba's room and shut the door. The mandali heard Chatti Baba talking feverishly to Baba for a few hours and then all was quiet. He spent the night alone with Baba in His room.

The following morning he was quieter, and went to his own little chamber, and Baba then explained that Chatti Baba, who had a spiritual connection with France, had been overwrought with despair because of the tragedy that was overwhelming France during the Second World War.

The collapse of the French armies began around 5th June 1940 and the Germans entered Paris eight days later. During that period, Chatti Baba would often cry out, "Save them; Oh save them." Another time, he said, "I

am very poor; whatever I have is with my elder brother.” This remark was taken as referring to Baba whom he always spoke of as his elder brother.

Baba had explained that Chatti Baba was a perfect *jamali* (mild-tempered) mast, with a few traits of a *jalali*, (hot-tempered, abusive, and fiery) and was a very high mast of the sixth plane.

Baba has never explained why He usually prefers meeting with the masts in an enclosed space to the exclusion of everyone else. Perhaps an experience related by Eruch while at Bangalore would give some clue to a tangible, physical danger if anyone were to be in close vicinity, or caused an interruption in His inner work.

Eruch narrates that once Baba and Chatti Baba were closeted in silence in Baba’s room for about two hours. At the end of that period, Eruch, hearing Baba’s movements to open the door, got up and released the clasp from the outside. Chatti Baba emerged and brushed past him on his way to his own room. As he went past, Eruch felt a palpable and excruciating shock pass through his body, similar to an electric shock.

This experience may perhaps be the result of just a drop of the residues of the power that may have been released while the two were in conference.

At the beginning of November 1940, Baba set out on a series of journeys first going to Ceylon (now Sri Lanka) and thence to various cities in India.

In Ceylon, Chatti Baba, who used to be bathed by Baba every day, said that as Baba had brought much trouble

upon him, he would now bathe Baba. So for about a week, Chatti Baba actually bathed Baba every day with several buckets of water. The mast was so happy that he would take another bucket full and ask Baba, “Shall I pour more?” Baba would nod and Chatti Baba would go on laughing and laughing while Baba allowed him to pour ten to twelve more buckets over Him. Baba later informed the mandali that although it was rainy and chilly and He was highly susceptible to catching colds, He allowed the mast to indulge himself in this manner.

Baba revealed that His purpose of bringing Chatti Baba to Ceylon had to do with the civil war which was to take place there many years later.

In Calicut, Kerala, Chatti Baba would often say, “I won’t stay, I must go, I am almost drowned, I must go.” And then these moods would pass, and he would be as charming and loving as ever and seemingly happy to carry on.

One day without any apparent provocation, he flew into a rage such as no one had ever seen before. He broke every pane of glass in his room, threw everything out of it, and began beating the ground with a broom. Baba was sent for, but Chatti Baba locked himself in his room and shouted out that he was feeling unwell, telling Baba to go away. But like a passing thunder-shower, his mood soon cleared to his usual sunny joviality.

In Jaipur, although he had his own room and sufficient bedding, he would sit all night long naked to the waist in the open courtyard in freezing January cold. The mandali,

sleeping under the warmth of three or four blankets would hear him laughing and muttering loudly, "*Thanda hai, thanda hai*" (It's cold, it's cold). One day in Jaipur he spoke again of Baba and said, "**My big brother still has a lot of work to do in the world, but I haven't the strength to do such work myself.**"

In Quetta in 1941, Baba took the women mandali to see Chatti Baba. The weather in Quetta was extremely cold and Chatti Baba would pour icy water on his bedding and sit on it. One day when there was a horrific hail-storm that took three to four days to melt, he sat stripped to the waist in the hail for three hours in the early morning of the night following the storm. That same day he said, "There will be so great a calamity in the world that no one can imagine it; even brother will kill brother, and there will be great suffering. **Then all the world will think of my big brother; at that time He will draw aside the veil, and all will pay obeisance to Him.**"

He often used to cry aloud "*Allah Hu Akbar, Allah Hu Akbar*" and one day, when Baba was away for a few days, he made a sorrowful utterance that perhaps indicated how he shared in some way Baba's spiritual burden, for he said, "**Baba is coming back, and then there will be more trouble for me.**"

At Dehra Dun, Baba fasted for a period of twenty one days doing inner work with Chatti Baba and continuing to bathe Chatti Baba each day. Baba also gave orders for the windows in Chatti Baba's room to be pasted over with paper. For two days Chatti Baba also refused food saying,

“He (Baba) doesn’t eat, so I won’t.” He also exclaimed one day, “Now the way is blocked, I can’t go.”

At Ajmer, Krishna, the care taker, once became so exasperated that he felt like leaving. Chatti Baba chided him gently, **“You want to leave, don’t you, but what’s the good of it; all the world is in Baba’s power, so where will you go to? Serve Him now; He is the Ocean, because, one day when lots of people throng to see Him, you may never get the opportunity of meeting Him; so take your chance now.”**

Chatti Baba felt more than ever the call to go back to his home environment and he repeatedly expressed a desire to leave. At last in September 1941, while they were at Panchgani he walked away refusing to stay any longer. After much persuasion he agreed to remain another week. On the eighth day he again walked away. The mandali followed him in a taxi and decoyed him into it by promising to take him at once to Negapatam. Baba, who was then in seclusion, came out to see him, but Chatti Baba refused to get out of the car, wept aloud, and told Baba that he was very, very tired, and that it was time for him to go. Baba then gave him food in the car, feeding him with His own hands, while Baidul and Krishna hastily packed their bedding rolls to accompany Chatti Baba at once to Negapatam. And so, at last after nearly two years of intimate contact, this old man, whom all had come to love so dearly, had parted.

Some time later, Meher Baba travelled to Tiruvallur, to contact His dear Chatti Baba for the last time. They

found Chatti Baba out in the open on the outskirts of the village, and the great mast appeared to be in a bad condition. The old mast-saint was found lying with his head on a bundle of cloth by the road, looking very old and emaciated. At the heartbreaking sight of this great saint, the atmosphere ached with melancholy. Chatti Baba appeared sad and beaten and this was to be the last time he would see Meher Baba.

Baba sat with him and gave him some bananas. At a human level, Baba was deeply moved by the sad, depressed condition of Chatti Baba and explained of his great love for God and of how sorry He was to see that Chatti Baba was alone there with no one to care for him regularly.

Baba took aside a group of the mast's devotees and told them, "Chatti Baba will soon pass away, see that you raise a proper tombstone over his mortal remains." Baba gave them a sufficient sum of money for the purpose and instructed them to begin preparing a suitable memorial. Chatti Baba died soon thereafter.

3. KARIM BABA

He got his name from Meher Baba since he resembled Karim, one of the old members of Baba's mandali. Karim



Baba was a great *majzoob*-like *jalali* mast of the sixth plane. (*Majzoob* - a Persian word meaning divinely overpowered).

He exuded such an abundance of fire and glory that in his presence even a calm and composed man felt deeply stirred. Karim Baba was named 'the tiger man' because he possessed the power of provoking a mood of

admiration mixed with fear. He had all the attributes of a complete *jalali* mast and also had a few traits of an *ittefaqui* (one who has become God-Intoxicated accidentally), such as chain-smoking, and wearing pieces of iron here and there on his body. He never asked anything from anybody, not even water. He ate whatever was put before him. Once, two hundred cigarettes were put before him and he smoked them all, four at a time, and swallowed the ends.

In June 1940, when Meher Baba first contacted Karim Baba in Calcutta (now Kolkata), he was sitting on the pavement with his back against a wall; a large, heavy man, clad in the filthiest of clothes, surrounded by old tins and rubbish. Around his throat were coils of steel wire and about his ankles, toes and wrists were wrapped old rags. He was extremely dirty; stinking beyond

description. Despite the filth of his body his superb face and eyes shone like polished swords. The mast had not left his seat for over ten years. On this occasion Baba fed him, gave him cigarettes and contacted him four to five times. Baba also revealed that Karim Baba was the spiritual chargeman of Calcutta.

Karim Baba was said to have sat at that spot for several years, exposed to sun, rain and wind. The mast's fingernails were extremely long and sharp and Baba warned everyone to take care as he might scratch one on the face, if he were out of mood. His hair and beard were thick, black, dirty and matted. Baba even hinted, "He might even go for Me when I am alone working with him."

At Ranchi, a small mast ashram was established, and a day or two after Meher Baba had settled, Kaka Baria was dispatched to Calcutta, with instructions to bring Karim Baba back to Ranchi. Kaka, who had accompanied Baba a few weeks ago on their first contact with the mast, knew only too well the magnitude of his task to dislodge this great mast from his environment and his way of life which was so tenaciously held on for the past ten years. Moreover, such masts are held in very great respect, and are believed to hold the material and spiritual welfare of the place in their grasp, and the inhabitants are inclined to view their removal as a threat to the prosperity of their home-town.

Except for a brief laugh, Karim Baba made no response to Kaka's first attempt to coax him into coming away with him. Kaka then purchased a new *kafni* (a body-length

shirt-like loose garment) and a new *lungi*, and persuaded Karim Baba to replace his old clothes with new ones. Karim Baba at once stood up and without uttering a word, allowed himself to be re-clad in his new clothing.

Since Karim Baba was a renowned figure in Calcutta and was greatly respected by the poor and middle-class masses, it is natural that Kaka's activities should attract attention, and by the time Karim Baba stood on the pavement, resplendent and regal in his new attire, there was a crowd of a hundred people watching the proceedings. Fortunately, however, the crowd remained in a mood of inquisitiveness and astonishment only, for they could hardly believe their eyes that Karim Baba, who had sat on that one stretch of pavement for so many years, was now being taken away by a total stranger.

The next step was to persuade him to sit in the *Victoria* (a door-less carriage). At first, he sat only on the step of the carriage, his feet resting on the ground, but little by little he was coaxed to sit properly, though, even then, he remained squatting on the floor, refusing to sit properly on the cushioned seat besides Kaka. At the railway station, Kaka was able to find a small third class compartment suited to Karim Baba's needs. Up until this time, Karim Baba had complied with all of Kaka's wishes and had not uttered a single word. A few moments before the train was due to leave, Karim Baba abruptly made a brief utterance: "*Tikat nikal gaya aur gadi chut gai*" - "The ticket is taken and the train has started." Kaka felt these words to have had a dual significance - the outer and apparent reference was to the journey that was about to begin, the inner and actual meaning was that he (Karim

Baba) must now go to Meher Baba, who would give him a spiritual push.

Not long after the train started, Karim Baba became very restless, and once or twice began to lift one leg out of the window, as if he wished to leave the compartment. At first puzzled by his fidgety behavior, Kaka suddenly suspected that Karim Baba might want to go to the toilet and so took him there. He at once eased himself and after that, he picked out three or four coins of one and two *annas* and an odd copper piece from his excrement, washed them thoroughly under the tap, tossed them in his mouth and swallowed them. It was found later that that was his regular practice.

Without further difficulty they reached the ashram in Ranchi. Karim Baba was lodged in a special little room, and Baba would go several times a day to feed him and sit alone with him. Karim Baba was usually silent, but from time to time he would utter some short phrase with the sudden vigour of a lid blowing off a boiling kettle. He would laugh and sing when Baba sat with him, and one would sometimes wake up at odd hours in the dead of the night and hear him singing sweetly and gently to himself. It moved one strangely to hear so sweet a voice from the one whose external traits were so formidable, and one felt a revelation of the radiance of his inner nature.

Unlike almost every other mast who had been brought to Baba, Karim Baba was never bathed, although Baba fed him and sat with him several times each day.

While at Ranchi, Baba wired Pendu, His disciple at Meherabad, instructing him to erect a special cage for

Karim Baba. At the end of July 1940, Baba and His party returned to Meherabad and Karim Baba was brought along with the other inmates of the Ranchi ashram. Karim Baba was made comfortable in the cage on the Meherabad Hill. Baba occupied an adjacent room and would go and sit with him several times each day and attend personally to his needs.

Meher Baba had to keep Karim Baba locked because when this 'child' gets into a temper he is beyond anyone's control; not even a hundred people can control him. Baba said, "When I find him approaching that temper even a little, I go and calm him."

Karim Baba seemed to be a "warrior mast" and after working intensely with him for two weeks, Meher Baba said His work with the mast was over, and on 16th August 1940 Baba sent him back with Kaka to Calcutta.

Strangely, he seemed reluctant to leave, and as the train drew closer to Calcutta, Karim Baba became progressively more restless and irritable and twice gave Kaka a prodigious slap. He was taken back to his old stretch of pavement and installed there. Kaka arranged for his maintenance by giving sufficient amount of money to a doctor nearby who undertook to feed the mast twice a day.

Although Meher Baba visited Calcutta a few more times, He did not make any contact with Karim Baba - the diamond soul from the dirty Calcutta pavement.

4. ALI SHAH

Ali Shah was a delightful fifth plane mast and a perfect example of the *jamali* type. Despite his passion for cigarettes, his blandness, his docility, and his superficially doll-like appearance, he possessed an utterly disarming and childlike quality of simplicity. This simplicity was no artificial pose, but was an intrinsic quality in him to which Baba had so often drawn the attention of the



mandali and that it was perhaps an outer measure of the stature of his inner grace. His voice was gentle, soft and kind, and he broke into a quiet smile as he spoke, though the significance of his words was lost to ordinary mortals.

He came to Ahmednagar and settled in Sarjepura *Dharamshala*, a hovel nearby the Ahmednagar bus station. Considering him someone spiritual, people began respecting him and looking after his material needs. He was a special pet of the bus drivers.

His gestures were perfectly those of a *jamali* mast - that of making odd signs in the air, on the ground or on his thigh, as if he were writing something in imaginary letters, but in an indistinct and abbreviated way. He would mumble to himself and if asked a question, he would first pause a few seconds and repeat the question word for word, as if it were merely rhetorical, not needing an answer.

His favourite phrase was to repeat mutations of the moods and tenses of the verb *bolna* (to speak) like this: “*Bolta tha, bolneko laga, bola wuh ke....*” This might mean anything, but its approximate translation is, “He was speaking, he began to speak, he actually spoke that”

In May 1943 Meher Baba had Ali Shah brought to Meherabad for the first time, where He worked with him for a day. He was also affectionately called “Bapji.” Baba continued to work with him for several years intermittently and finally Ali Shah came to live at Meherabad.

Ali Shah was useful to Baba as a first-line reserve mast when there was urgent spiritual work to be done. He



lived in Ahmednagar and so was easy to get at; he never refused to come to Baba. As long as he got a quiet room and plenty of cigarettes, he seemed content. He loved best of all to be in a room, sit on a chair and smoke, smoke and smoke all day long.

During World War II, Meher Baba called Ali Shah to Hyderabad. He stayed for ten days during which time Baba worked with him in semi-seclusion. As Baba was working with Ali Shah, the allied troops were pushing through German territory.

For a period, Ali Shah referred to Baba as the “Big Boss.” He could not tolerate being separated from Baba, and even at nights, he would get out of bed and walk about,

asking for his Beloved Boss. Once at Meherabad, Padri saw him waving his arms at Baba's photo, crying out: "But You have much - Oh so much! Why then don't You give me more."

One day standing in front of Baba in Mahabaleshwar he said, "*Bolenge, lekin kab bolenge malum nahin*" - "He will speak, but when He will speak I don't know." Perhaps these words referred to the breaking of Baba's silence.

One of the occasions of these contacts was the period of Baba's seclusion on Angiras Rishi Hill, a forest-clad mountain in one of the wildest parts of the Central Provinces, about a hundred miles south of Raipur. Jal Kerawala was entrusted with the work of making a rough track for cars to commute, and a hut to be built on its summit.

Baba and His men came to this wild hilltop on 31st October 1945 and for four days Baba spent most of the day sitting alone with Ali Shah in a hut prepared for the mast on the lower slopes of the hill. Thereafter, Ali Shah was sent back to Ahmednagar and Baba continued His seclusion work in His hut on the summit.

When Baba emerged from His seclusion, His face was more drawn and weary than Adi Sr. ever remembered having seen before. Baba, on His own, spontaneously dictated that a gigantic disaster would overwhelm the world that would wipe out three-quarters of mankind.

Meher Baba again sent for Ali Shah from Ahmednagar before going into seclusion at Tapovan in Sihawa. Baba

worked with Ali Shah for three hours daily in a tiny hut. Later Baba declared that His work with Ali Shah was finished and “The work I wished to achieve by contacting one hundred and one masts has been achieved by working with Ali Shah.”

In March 1947, Baba declared that He wished to go into seclusion in a place connected with Shivaji. For various practical reasons, Purandhar, one of the great fortresses seized by Shivaji from the Moghuls, was chosen as the most suitable. Ali Shah was brought from Ahmednagar and was with Baba there for eight days. This was mid-April 1947, when the sun burns in an azure sky all through the day; but a ferocious cyclone surged in from the Arabian Sea and struck the west coast of India with an unusual violence. The fortress of Purandhar was caught in the skirts of this storm; its summit was lost in mists. After eight days on this gale-swept hill, Baba moved to Satara for five days, taking Ali Shah with Him, and one day, for several hours, Baba sat alone within the wall of the ruined fortress of Ajinkya Tara.

On 22nd November, 1956, Baba drove to Meherabad, where He sat alone with Ali Shah. Baba declared, “This is My last contact with Bapji.” Indeed, it proved to be Baba’s final meeting with this great mast, because Ali Shah unexpectedly dropped his body about a month later on 27th December 1956. His tomb is at lower Meherabad.

5. CHACHA

Meher Baba has stated that in India besides *Qutubs* (Sadgurus or Perfect Masters), there were three men of the seventh plane - two *majzoobs* and one *jivanmukta* (liberated and living sage) at that time, and Chacha was one of the great *majzoobs*.



Chacha's real name was Nur Ali Shah. He was a Pathan and he had a wife and a son. He was a *hafiz* (one who knew the Koran by heart). He had come to Ajmer from his home near Peshawar to teach Arabic. Soon after he arrived he went to the famous shrine of Khwaja Moeinuddin Chisti, the great 12th Century Sufi Perfect Master and felt irresistibly drawn to stay there.

For twelve years he remained in the *Solah Khamba* graveyard in Khwaja Saheb's shrine, and something seems to have happened to him there, for he became thenceforth a *majzoob*. At the end of twelve years he emerged from the shrine, and for six years sat in one place. Thereafter, for a year, he went to Taragarh, the great fort on the mountain behind Ajmer. From Taragarh he made his way to Indore, about 300 miles to the south.

There is a strange and hardly credible story that he died at Indore and was buried there. At Indore, he was known as Ganja Baba, *ganja* meaning bald. A year or so after he was supposed to have died some people came from

Indore to Ajmer at the time of the yearly festival at Khwaja Saheb's shrine and to their astonishment, they discovered Chacha, their Ganja Baba of Indore, alive, and sitting by a water tap near the shrine. Others, who knew Ganja Baba and had witnessed his death and burial, were called and they too confirmed his identity. This strange story of resurrection then began to be circulated and the fame of Chacha grew in stature.

Chacha was living in the filthy and pest-ridden little hovel near Khwaja Saheb's shrine in Ajmer, and was never known to move from there. An attendant saw to his needs and Chacha himself was in a state of filth almost beyond belief. He was dressed in an old hat and unwholesome clothes that were stained with stale tea and remnants of decaying food.

The name Chacha was given to him because in his fondness for *cha* (tea), he used to call out, "*Cha, cha!*" whenever he wanted it. A great deal of tea, instead of being swallowed, would spill over his clothes and also over his hat and the latter was encrusted with stale tea and sugar, and stuck irremovably to his scalp.

In February 1939, Kaka was sent to bring Chacha to Meher Baba in the house occupied by them in Ajmer and perhaps, as in the case of Karim Baba, Kaka was given the "inner key" that opened the door to Chacha's consciousness. Kaka astounded the local people by bringing Chacha to Baba's house, thus doing something that no one had achieved before, for Chacha had never been known to move anywhere at anyone's behest since the day he had set foot in Ajmer so many years before.

As soon as Chacha arrived at the house, Baba and the mandali set about giving him a bath; but before this could be done, his hat and his clothes had to be cut away with scissors, for, they were so stiffened and adherent with tea, food and filth that neither his clothing nor his hat could have been removed in any other way.

Chacha had his first bath in about thirty years and it became his last bath too. After this bath he was clad



in a new *kafni*. He then asked Baba for a special vegetable and some jawar (millet) bread. These were brought and Baba fed him with His own hands. After the meal Chacha demanded a *tonga* (a horse drawn carriage), and when one had been called he climbed into it and telling Baba to sit beside him, the two

set off together, Chacha giving a brief order to the *tonga* driver to take them to Taragarh.

For about two weeks after this initial contact, Baba rose nightly at 3.30 A.M. and travelled through the dark, empty streets to Chacha's hovel, and sat alone with him for about an hour each night. Between these first meetings in February 1939 and the visit of Chacha to Satara in 1947, Baba went many times to see Chacha and sat alone with him.

In July 1942, when Meher Baba visited Ajmer to contact Chacha, an elaborate arrangement was made for keeping

Chacha amply supplied with tea. As usual, Baba went to sit with Chacha late in the night. A large samovar containing a hundred cups of tea, with a tap to draw the tea, and glowing charcoal to keep it piping hot, was placed in the corner of his room. This was done with a view to keeping Chacha's mood at his best during the contact. Should Chacha call for tea, Baba would then be able to fill a cup at once and serve it to him. But Chacha asked for tea only twice or thrice throughout the two hours of contact.

In July 1946, Baba again visited Ajmer and Chacha was in a very jovial mood. Baba entered his room with cup and saucer in one hand and a kettle full of hot tea in the other. Chacha, however, declined the tea, and asked for mutton and a chapatti. This was brought and given to him, and he called three times for more. Baba then sat with him for about one and a half hours and Chacha could be heard laughing all the time.

At the end of May 1947, Baba and His group moved from Mahabaleshwar to Satara where they established a mast ashram and Baidul was dispatched to bring Chacha from Ajmer.

One morning at Satara when Baba was serving tea to Chacha, he suddenly began calling for more tea and offering it to Baba asked Him to drink it. This went for about a dozen cups, and Baba then began to feel it difficult to drink more. He, therefore, took the cup and saucer out of the door each time that Chacha told Him to fetch more tea and a few moments later re-entered

the room, handing an empty cup and saucer carefully to Chacha, as if it had brimful of tea. Chacha would then go through the motions of pouring the tea from the cup into the saucer and hand the saucer, which he evidently believed to be full of tea, to Baba. Baba would then go through the motions of drinking and this farce was played about fifty times.

At Satara, Chacha was not given much to talking and sat most of the day with his legs folded rather awkwardly.



His eyes were usually only half open. He had a short manner of speech with a thickness and indistinctness of the syllables, like one talking in his sleep and would seldom say much more than “*Ao, ao*” (come, come), “*Jao, jao*” (go away, go away), “*Cha, cha*” (tea, tea) or “*Nahin, nahin*” (no, no).

At the end of the first week of July 1947, Baba explained that His work with Chacha was completed, and on 10th July 1947, Baidul took him back to Ajmer. The people of Ajmer were happy to see their Chacha amongst them again.

Here ends the narrative of the five magnificent masts, considered as Baba’s favourites, with whom He worked more than with any other.

The profound inner spiritual significance of Baba's contact with thousands of spiritually advanced souls remains unrevealed - a well concealed secret - and hence unknown. From the chronicle of the apparent and external meetings, a handful has been picked, who have pronounced enlightening declarations concerning Baba's Divinity.

MAI SAHEB: A very good mastani from Sukkur was not contacted directly by Baba but she recognized His spiritual authority as the Avatar. Her remark concerning Baba to Ramjoo Abdulla, Baba's early disciple, is worth mentioning.

In June 1924, Ramjoo was in Sukkur on some work for Baba. One evening as he was strolling near the river, he met this old lady walking along the path muttering to herself. She looked very much like Hazrat Babajan of Poona (now Pune) - bearing the same height, the same built, with an identical crown of snow-white curly hair. She had vacant dreamy eyes, dark complexion, constant restlessness and above all a habit of loudly muttering to herself.

When Ramjoo came close to her, she gazed steadfastly into his face and asked him in a commanding voice, "Who is your *Pir*?" (Spiritual Master). Ramjoo replied, "Meher Baba." The moment she heard Baba's name she responded, "***Badshah, Shahenshah!***" - **King, King of kings.**

KESHAWANANDJI MAHARAJ : He would be naked except for a loin-cloth, and his bronze coloured form was a familiar sight in Rishikesh, for he would stand all day long with a bamboo in his hand, gazing steadfastly at the sun. Every winter, when the snow blanketed the great mountain walls through which the Ganges cleaves its path, Keshawanandji would go up to high valley and stand in the snow gazing all day at the sun. No one normally ever came close to Maharaj on his little platform, except his attendant.

In April 1934, Pleader was in Rishikesh on Baba's orders and was observing silence. He managed to show Baba's photograph to Keshawanandji Maharaj through his attendant. Looking at the photo he smiled and called Pleader near him. He then told Pleader that he normally never allowed anyone near him, but seeing Baba's photo and knowing the Divinity of Meher Baba he had to call him because *He (Baba) was the Master of the Universe*. Keshawanandji Maharaj then said, "*Baba bore the burden of the whole creation on His shoulders, so great a soul was He.*"

He had not been contacted directly by Baba.

MAST IN BRINDABAN: In January 1939 Baba stayed in a bungalow near the Taj Mahal at Agra. From Agra, Baba and His group of women disciples visited Brindavan, which is closely associated with the legends of Lord Krishna's life. While going from place to place in a *tonga* the group came across a tiny, happy-looking fellow and appreciated the graceful response of this queer-looking person wearing what resembled a fool's

cap and sitting on the steps playing his flute so sweetly that one was at once attracted to him.

The moment he saw Baba, he stopped his playing and in a voice loud enough for those around to hear said, **“Look, the Lord Krishna and His gopis have come.”** He held Baba’s hand and walked alongside Him. Baba said of him, “He is one of My real lovers; he is on the third plane.”

LAKHAN SHAH : Baba’s initial contact with this mast was made in February 1939 in Ajmer when He first pointed him out to His group of lady disciples outside the shrine of Khwaja Moeinuddin Chishti. He was very shabbily dressed but those who saw him were struck by the radiance of his face as he gazed unblinkingly at Baba. Shortly after this encounter, Baba sent for Lakhan Shah through Kaka.

Lakhan Shah was a tall slender man with an oval face and dazed with striking eyes. He was fond of singing and sang with so melodious a voice, and with such depth of feeling, that all who heard him felt strangely uplifted. Baba stated that he was on the sixth plane and was seventy-five percent *jamali* and twenty-five percent *jalali*.

Baba shaved, bathed and fed him as soon as he arrived and on the first night he lay down to sleep in the same room as Baba. During the days that followed, Lakhan Shah enjoyed Baba’s constant attention, and once, when Baba pressed his feet, he told Baba, **“Master, pray do not do this.”** When asked to whom he had been brought to, he at once replied, **“I have come to the Lord!”**

Baba kept him for about a week and then sent him away giving him a blanket and a fine peacock-blue shawl. He made arrangements with a local man to feed Lakhan Shah every day. Baba contacted him a few more times thereafter.

GULAB SHAH: An interesting mast of Karanjgaon, Ellichpur; interesting not only because he was an important mast of the sixth plane, but also because he was another example of the way in which a great soul struggles like a wild steed against bit and bridle when pressed into the King's service.

When Kaka and Jal entered Gulab Shah's house there were about thirty people sitting around him, for he was greatly revered, and many flocked to have the privilege of his darshan. Gulab Shah at once said, "Did I not tell you yesterday that two men would come to me tomorrow? See, they are here now." Saying this he pointed to Baba's two men. Kaka & Jal then edged their way through the group of village people and sat close to Gulab Shah, who then remarked, "**There is one who wants to paint me with the colours of Divinity, but I don't want that.**"

Kaka interpreted these remarks as a reference to Baba, by whose contact Gulab Shah would be given the final spiritual push. Kaka then pressed Gulab Shah's feet, which is a gesture of great reverence, and uttered the words "Meher Baba." At this, Gulab Shah exclaimed, "**He has caught me, but I don't want to go; He wants to send me to the great homeland (God), but I don't want to go there.**"

Somehow, Gulab Shah was taken by bus to Itarsi. At Itarsi, the party had some hours to wait for the train, and on the railway station Gulab Shah did his best to persuade Kaka and Jal to go to sleep for an hour or two. Kaka, who knew the tricks by which a mast tries to escape being brought to Baba, suggested instead to Gulab Shah that it was he who should go to sleep. Gulab Shah then turned to an adjacent wall and addressing the wall as if it were God, said “Why do you send these men after me, He never lets me alone for a second?”

They reached Jabalpur at three o’clock in the morning, and when they entered the door of the mast ashram, Gulab Shah surveyed the room and exclaimed, “This is His hospital.”

In the morning of March 1939 Baba, before coming to see Gulab Shah, sent him some sweetmeats in three colours, green, red and yellow, and also a mattress. Gulab Shah, however, refused to use the mattress, saying, “**I can’t sit on that because He has given it with His own hands.**”

A short while later Baba entered the room, and Gulab Shah, addressing Kaka, and designating Baba, said, “**He is God Himself, and you have tricked me.**” Baba then sat on the mattress and signed to Gulab Shah to sit beside Him, but he refused saying, “**I am not fit to sit beside Him. How could I sit before the Emperor?**”

After some gentle and loving persuasion Gulab Shah agreed to have his hair cut and be bathed, clothed and fed by Baba. He was fed in a room behind closed doors and after a while the doors were flung open and Gulab Shah rushed out of the room in a frenzy of agitation and

cried out, “I can’t see my way out, I am blind.”

Although he was so excited, Kaka, by dint of gentle persuasion, managed to bring him back, so that Baba was able to continue feeding him, and the meal was completed without further incident. Baba then gave orders to Kaka to send Gulab Shah straight back to Ellichpur from where he was brought.

KHALA MASI: An old lady and a highly advanced mastani. It was Chhagan, a disciple of Baba, who brought her from Seoni in March 1939 and she recognized Baba’s spiritual greatness, for as soon as she saw Him she arose and embraced Baba lovingly, and then pressed her temples with her hands, which is a gesture that a woman offers only to those she loves. She was bathed, clothed and fed by Baba, and He sat with her alone for some time. She said to Baba, **“You are the Ocean, give me a few drops from it to drink.”**

MAI BAP: Baba went to Aurangabad with Kaka Baria in May 1939 and brought back a high mast named Mai Bap to Khuldabad with Him. It was observed that when Baba lovingly passed His hand over the man and patted his back, the mast cried out, **“There is intense burning! You have set me on fire! I’m on fire!”** Baba calmed him, then He bathed and fed him.

Later that same evening, before the mast was driven back to Aurangabad in Elizabeth’s car, Kaka asked him where he had been. The mast replied, **“I have come to Allah’s *darbar* - the court of God - and have eaten my food at His palace.”**

In January 1943, when Baba stayed for a few days in a cottage in Aurangabad, Mai Bap was brought by Adi Sr. for renewed contact. He sat alone with Baba in a room for about twenty minutes and then rushed out of the room shouting, “In this jungle there are many thorns.” Again, he was persuaded to sit with Baba for perhaps a further fifteen minutes, and he then came out again and said, “A nail has pierced me, and I can’t bear the pain.”

Kaka believed these remarks to show that Baba had given Mai Bap some difficult and painful spiritual work.

CHADARWALA BABA: He was a sixth plane mast and the chageman of Bangalore. When brought to Baba at the “Links” in August 1939 he began yelling, “**You have brought me to God’s abode! I am on fire! Let me go from here.**” He was extremely restless and intent on leaving. At a sign from Baba, Kaka led the mast back to the taxi and let him sit inside. The mast said, “I will come again” but added significantly, “My affairs are settled.”

NURU BABA: In June 1941, the most significant mast Baba contacted was the sixth plane saint Nuru Baba in Sojat. A revered old man of eighty, he lived naked on the verandah of a chosen house surrounded by ten or more dogs. This saint was a mast from birth and such type of advanced souls are called ‘*madar-zad.*’ Nuru Baba had the characteristics of a *jalali* and *jamali* combined.

AN INITIATE PILGRIM : Baba met him on the road at Panchgani in October 1941. On seeing Baba he exclaimed: “**You are the God Vishnu’s Avatar;** pray grant me the boon of a Master’s word, for me to

remember and repeat.” A few minutes later he said, “My work is done”, and then added, **“Here no one knows You; I have seen You and recognized You as the true Avatar of Vishnu. Pray, you remember me also.”** Baba conveyed, “I know all; that is why I came to you here, now.” The man then folded his hands and bowing, said, **“My life’s desire is fulfilled; Hail, God Vishnu!”**

MAULANA SHAMSUDDIN ULEMA: He was a great salik-type pilgrim of the mental plane, very advanced in years and was much revered at Moradabad. He was a scholar of Arabic and Persian and was cared for by the family of a government official.

In February 1942 this mast was contacted by Baba. When Baba went to see him he was asleep and when they awakened him he gazed at Baba and exclaimed in Persian, **“*Dar zulmat-e-shab nur-e-Khuda mi binam!*”** - **“In the darkness of the night I see the light of God.”**

SAKHI BABA: Most interesting and a good mast; a perfect *mahbubi* (a mast who wears articles of feminine attire). He was a very old man from Bahraich and when Baba contacted him in March 1942, he took some bells out of his bundle, tied them round his ankles and began dancing before Baba, singing in a very sweet voice, **“*Allah darshan dene ko aye.*”** - **“God has come to give His darshan.”** Baba took him in a *tonga* to a shrine outside the town where the contact took place.

NANGA BABA: This mast had been standing on one foot under a tree at Hardwar for years. Every six months he switches to the other leg. In September 1942, the

instant this mast saw Baba approaching, he folded his hands and cried, **“Lord! Welcome, welcome! Long have I waited to see You! For years I have thirsted for You alone! Today You have come. Oh! Lord, emancipate me!”** He fell at Baba’s feet and began weeping.

The mast had not spoken for years, and he broke his silence upon seeing Baba. When Baba was about to leave, the mast again fell at Baba’s feet and begged Him, **“Please relieve me of this body; there is no purpose in my living since I have now seen God!”**

After a week, Baba sent Krishna back to Hardwar to see Nanga Baba and present him with flowers and a cup of water. When Krishna reached the place, he found a large crowd gathered around Nanga Baba’s dead body. The words of Nanga Baba suddenly reminded Krishna of what he had uttered before Baba: “Please relieve me . . .” Krishna bowed to Nanga Baba, placed the flowers on his body, sprinkled the water over it and returned to Baba.

BUNDLE SHAH: During Meher Baba’s stay at Mahabaleshwar in early 1943, Eruch was sent to Poona, to find some masts in that city. Eruch met one who would carry a bundle under his arm all the time and hence was called “Bundle Shah.” He was also known as “Father.” Although being a mast, Bundle Shah was, surprisingly, extremely fussy about his health. He was also very fond of tea. Eruch invited him to tea at his home in Poona. After tea, the topic of taking Bundle Shah to Mahabaleshwar was introduced, though the name of Meher Baba was carefully not mentioned.

After hearing Eruch's proposal, the mast asked for some paper, and Eruch handed him an exercise book lying at hand. As the mast opened the book, he found in it a loose photo print of Meher Baba without any name written below it. Bundle Shah gazed intently at the photo, turned it over and over and asked Eruch for a pencil. He began filling the back of the photo with an imposing series of figures with plus and minus signs finally ending with "**= 7 = God.**"

He then pointed to the word "God" and turning the photo over pointed to the picture of Baba on the other side and said, "**God is equal to Meher Baba.**" He actually uttered the name Meher Baba. Eruch knowing that Baba was generally averse to contacting those masts who recognized His spiritual greatness dropped the topic of taking him to Baba at Mahabaleshwar. Later, out of curiosity, Eruch checked those numerous figures scribbled at the back of the photo and found that the final figure, "7", was correctly worked out.

Baba was informed of the entire episode and Eruch was instructed not to bring the mast. Baba later stated that Bundle Shah was a mast of the sixth plane, sometimes *salik*-like and sometimes *majzoob*-like.

MIAN SAHEB: A renowned saint of Ajanta revered throughout the Aurangabad area. People claimed he was well over one hundred years old. Meher Baba contacted him in November 1944. This very advanced mast was awaiting Baba's arrival. He took Baba to a room on an upper floor of a devotee's house and invited Baba to occupy a seat on a sofa and himself sat down next to Him.

Then the mast embraced Baba and wept and wept aloud. Finally he cried out the Persian couplet, “*Khud be Khud azad budi; khud gireftar amadi.*” This is a Persian couplet which translated freely, means: “**You were free, but You of Your own accord, for the benefit of the world, got Yourself bound.**” This is a reference to Baba who having achieved Godhood, comes back to the world from time to time, of His own free will, for the betterment of all in creation.

BRAHMANANDJI MAST: He was a fifth plane pilgrim living on the banks of the Jamuna River near a *dharamshala* in Mathura. He was a learned *pundit* (Vedic scholar) leading a fashionable life; but after being overcome by the love of God, he renounced everything, and stayed in a broken-down stable near the river, sitting amidst filth.

At the first contact in November 1945, nothing memorable happened. But during Baba’s second contact with him in October 1946 he recognized Baba. As soon as Baba entered the stable Brahmanandji touched Baba’s feet. He cried out in ecstasy: “**Look! Behold, how devoted love attracts Lord Krishna to me; the Perfect Master has come! The Perfect Master has come!**” Putting his hand beneath his soiled and filthy pillow, he pulled out a spotless copy of Purdom’s “The Perfect Master,” opened the book at a page with Baba’s picture there. How he had obtained, the book remains an enigma.

UNNAMED MAST: A fifth plane mast was brought to Baba in May 1946 and when he reached the gate, he said,

“We have come to the Gulistan” - Garden of Paradise.

Baba came out of the house, and he gazed at Baba’s face, laughed with tears of joy, and embraced Baba.

Pointing to Baba, he then exclaimed to those standing by: **“Look at this Man’s face and forehead, they shine as if the sun were there, can’t you recognize who He is?”**

MEHERBAN BABA: In August 1946 at Meerut, Baba contacted the chageman of the city, Meherban Baba, a high fifth plane mast living in the cremation grounds. The mast, who kept ten to twelve dogs with him, was of a *jalali* type and appeared fierce; but to those who dared to approach him he would utter, “*Meherban*” - meaning gracious friend.

The humble mast was feeding a cat when Baba approached his small hut. Although he refused to even stretch his feet outside the hut, he did accept some money Baba offered him. When Baba bowed to him from a distance, the mast muttered in cryptic fashion, speaking in Persian: **“I said; I saw.”** Then softly he repeated three times, speaking beautifully in Hindi: **“Only the fortunate ones shall know what a fortune it is to see Him!”**

JAL-TAPASWI: *Jal-Tapaswi* literally means one who practices penance in water. For several years this adept pilgrim sat on the roof of a temple that was standing in a river. When the temple crumbled he continued to sit on the ruins, which were submerged in water. Before contacting this high yogi adept pilgrim of the mental plane, Baba sent Kaka and Eruch to see him and they told him they were Parsis from Bombay. He inquired,

“How are things there?” “Much violence! There are now constant riots and disturbances,” they replied.

He remarked, “**It is natural and indeed inevitable, the result of the working of the Avatar who is now in form.** The great men of the world, the so-called leaders, may be famous and even worshipped by mankind, but they are mere playthings in the hands of the Avatar. They are like kites, the strings of which are held firmly in the Avatar’s grasp, and He controls them as He wishes. These wars and disturbances will continue and three-quarters of humanity will be wiped out! For how can the people from Hell mix with the people from Heaven? Those from Hell must be wiped out!”

Jal Tapaswi concluded, “The Avatar will manifest in twenty-two years (1968) but even then, like other Avatars before Him, He will be ridiculed by the majority of people, and His real fame will only spread after His death.”

As usual Eruch and Kaka had not once referred to Meher Baba but when Jal-Tapaswi later saw Baba in a house in Rishikesh he cried out, “**The Avatar has come.**” Meher Baba was happy with the contact which was made in August 1946.

AZIM KHAN BABA: His recognition of Baba’s divinity was of a direct nature. He was from Mathura. He was the only mast who wore white, homespun cotton clothes. Formerly, however, Azim used to move about naked in the streets. He was a mast of a high order. As per Baba’s instructions Baidul found out where he resided.

Upon seeing Baidul the mast welcomed him, saying, “Come. What can I do for you?” Baidul felt quite happy to hear this so he openly put forth the request: “My elder brother wants to see you. Should He come here?” Azim Khan’s immediate response was, **“He is my Father. It does not behoove me to call Him here.”** Baidul reported this to Baba, but He decided to visit Azim Khan.

No sooner did the mast see Meher Baba than he spontaneously called out, **“You are Allah; You have brought forth the creation! Once in a thousand years You come down to see the play of what You have created.”**

Baba gazed at Azim Khan and smiled. That eye contact with Baba in October 1946 was sufficient and the work was complete.

PIR FAZAL SHAH: A mental conscious salik of high caliber who lived in Kotah was believed to be about 117 years old; nevertheless he was still remarkably strong looking. When Baba and His men went to him in October 1946, he received them with great fervour and brought a chair for Baba to be seated. Fazal Shah began talking in a disconnected and incomprehensible way in Meher Baba’s presence.

After a short while, Fazal Shah and Baba sat alone in an adjoining room. Fazal Shah began crying out with great feeling and out of ecstasy uttered to Baba: **“No one, until You came, has touched my heart so deeply as You have. You are the first to pierce my heart with the arrow of Divine Love!”** He further proclaimed: **“You have the power to destroy and flood the world; no one**

fully knows the limits of Your greatness. You are the spiritual authority of the time! If I were to die I would take another body to be close to You.”

DHONDI BUA: He was a fifth plane mast from Wai, Islampur. A tall, robust and healthy figure, although completely naked. He was staying in a room built of earth and his features were uniquely luminous. The mast would grumble, “I cannot bear happiness!” He had strange habits. He would collect discarded *beedies* (locally made cigarettes) and smoke them by lighting them at municipal lamp posts. If anyone offered him a fresh *beedie* or cigarette, he would not take it grumbling, “I cannot bear comfort!” Baba was overjoyed at His contact with Dhondi Bua and would visit the mast often at the Mahabaleshwar mast ashram in December 1946.

Once, when Baba and Eruch went to contact him at 2 A.M., Dhondi Bua was seated in a temple. He had urinated and defecated in front of the idol there.

Observing the filth Eruch asked Dhondi Bua, “What is this place where you are now?”

“Oh, this is a big temple of the Lord,” the mast replied; “It is a sanctified place.”

“Then how is it someone has excreted and urinated here?” Eruch pleaded.

Dhondi Bua reflected, “After all, what is a temple?”

Eruch answered, “A temple is a sacred place where God is installed. So naturally, people come to worship Him there.”

“No, no!” the mast explained in a clear tone. “God is everywhere! And because God is everywhere and all-pervading, man cannot lay his hand on Him. So what they do is to prepare some imaginary image of that God which they cannot handle, and they install it in a place called a temple.”

The mast concluded, “So a temple is not a place for worshipping the Lord, it is a prison for the Lord! People imprison Him there!”

Baba would frequently mention Dhondi Bua and wanted him kept at the Satara mast ashram, but the mast could not be persuaded to come.

BHORWALA BABA: One day in January 1947, Eruch brought a certain Bhorwala Baba an adept pilgrim from Bhor, to see Baba in Mahabaleshwar. He was a thin, elderly Muslim, with an intelligent and kindly face. Before setting out for Mahabaleshwar, Eruch, in order not to divulge the name of Meher Baba, had told Bhorwala Baba that he was bringing him to meet his elder brother. Bhorwala Baba, however, at once rejoined that “You are not taking me to your elder brother, but to Meher Baba.” He then added, “**Meher Baba has in Him the whole universe, He is the Master of everyone, and He is within every disciple. He is this world, that which is above it, and below it; He is in me and in everyone.**”

Then in ecstasy he exclaimed:

“He is the Saint of saints, He is Tajuddin Baba; in one glance He sees the whole continent of India.”

As soon as Eruch and the mast arrived in the mast ashram at Mahabaleshwar, Eruch told Baba what Bhorwala Baba had said. Because Baba for His own reasons never liked to work with a mast who recognized Him, He decided not to meet Bhorwala, and gave instructions that he be taken back to Bhor the following morning.

BUDDHA BENGALI BABA: An advanced old pilgrim, lived on the terrace of a building. Baidul who was sent to bring him to Baba was told, “No, I won’t come, I know what the work is for,” and added, “You (Baidul) are a broker; you also get profit. I won’t come.” Baba laughed when he was told of this conversation.

VIRBHAN MAHARAJ: Meher Baba was at Devargaon, fourteen miles from Amraoti. There, He contacted a mast named Virbhan Maharaj. As Baba began massaging his legs, the mast said to Him, **“Why undergo so much trouble for me? You have to do great work for the world!”**

Baba replied, “I am for those who love Me, and those who love Me are my Gurus.”

“You are the Master of the Universe; the village is blessed by your presence,” the mast said. Addressing the mandali, Virbhan Maharaj then quoted this *shloka* (verse) from the Bhagavad Gita:

“When the flame of righteousness burns low, God descends as the Avatar.”

Baba’s presence overwhelmed Virbhan Maharaj, and he wept tears of love. **“Meher Baba is the real Avatar,”**

he stated. “I can see Him in His Real Form. At last, my birth has borne fruit.”

KESHAV: Eruch brought a mast named Keshav who had radiant eyes and an innocent smile. Originally, he was from North India and belonged to the class known as *Bhayya*. He was a revered personality in his locality. He lived in a public urinal near the railway station in Poona. With a little persuasion he was coaxed out of his urinal into a jeep and was brought to Baba’s bungalow in the city.

As soon as he entered the house Baba came to see him. He was invited to the bathroom to be given a hot bath by Baba, which was where the trouble started. “No,” he protested, he would not let Baba bathe him; nor indeed would he let Baba touch him. He repeatedly said, in Hindi, **“Baba, I am like Your son. How can I bear for You to touch my feet?”** In this mood of reverence and humility, Keshav expressed a wish to get back to his seat. Baba asked Eruch to take him to the jeep. He got into the front seat but there the disciples repeatedly entreated him to let Baba bathe him. This pleading continued for an hour. Baba was patiently waiting for the right moment.

At last, Keshav agreed that instead of touching his feet or bathing him, Baba could pour water on his feet, right in the jeep. This turned out to be an auspicious beginning and thereafter he submitted to Baba’s wishes. Baba thereafter gave him tea, milk and bread. Finding him in a good mood, the disciples disappeared from the scene so that Baba could be alone with him. In the end, the mast

on his own asked for a coat and a rupee from Baba. Baba said that Keshav was a good mast, 75% *jalali* and 25% *jamali*. Keshav mast died some weeks after this incident.

ALI ASGHAR: This advanced *majzoob*-like mast was contacted at Mahim, a suburb of Bombay. All his brothers and sisters were likewise mast. One afternoon, Baba and His men drove up to Mahim but found Ali Asghar shut inside his room. Before the journey, Baba stated that He must either contact Ali Asghar or wait until He got Ali Asghar's permission to leave. He did in fact come out of his room for a moment, but as soon as he saw Baba, he rushed back to his room and shut the door. Although several requests were made through the window, Ali Asghar stubbornly refused to allow contact, but after about an hour and a half he gave permission allowing Baba to leave.

Baba and His men made their way back to Ahmednagar. Before setting out for Ahmednagar, however, Baba made it clear that He would have to come down to Bombay again to make an ultimate contact with Ali Asghar. Just over ten days later the mast agreed to allow contact. Baba sped down to Bombay and landed up outside Ali Asghar's house in the early afternoon.

After much persuasion, Ali Asghar, to everyone's relief, agreed to see Baba and came out of his room. Baba and he went together into the room and for five minutes the two sat inside. The contact completed both came out. A few seconds later, Ali Asghar strode out of the door, a

pair of scissors gleaming in his hand and went straight up to a mulberry bush in the garden, from which he snipped off seven small leafy sprigs. He then dissected a slither of bark from the same bush and bound the sprigs into a little bunch, which he gave to Baba. His final touch was to slap Baba on the back, and say to him gently, “Now you can go.” Baba was extremely satisfied with the contact and said that He will not have to come again to Bombay to contact Ali Asghar.

As soon as Baba left Ali Asghar’s house He handed the bunch to Eruch, telling him to keep it, leaf and stem, as he might keep his own life. Eruch immediately stuck the seven sprigs into a potful of earth. Two weeks later Baba called Eruch and asked for those springs. As soon as Baba received them, he ordered every leaf to be plucked and ground to powder. He then ate this powder. The seven stems that remained were kept for the time being in Baba’s room.

AMANULLAH KABULI: Early one morning in November 1948, Baba had a humorous encounter with a mast in Delhi named Amanullah Kabuli. He was a high half-*jamali*, half-*jalali* mast. Baba handed him ten rupees after their private contact, and then this amusing conversation in Urdu took place between them.

Baba spoke through Baidul:

“Where are You going now?” asked the mast.

“Ajmer,” Baba replied.

“I will come with You,” the mast said.

“I will pay you ten rupees more for train fare,” Baba said. “You should buy your own ticket to Ajmer and go there by yourself.”

Baba handed him an additional ten-rupee note and then said, “Now permit us to proceed to Ajmer.”

Amanullah, pointing to Baba, said, “You and the others may go, but he (pointing to Baidul) must return in the evening.”

“For God’s sake, allow us all to go!” pleaded Baba.

Again pointing to Baba, Amanullah answered in cryptic fashion:

“God is standing just in front of me, so how can I let Him go?”

. . . In the end, with much love, and with tears in his eyes, he grasped Baba’s hand and after a few moments allowed Baba to leave.

NILKANTH MAST: Nilkanth was a high mast of the sixth plane. Baba first contacted him in Rishikesh in March 1953. Nilkanth mast was so called because he lived near a waterfall in the depths of the forest called Nilkanth. He was completely naked, robust and had an attractive figure. His body was exceptionally beautiful. He had the height of a giant and people called him “*Nanga Baba*” - the Naked one.

Baba was highly pleased with His contact with the mast and he was nicknamed “Meher Baba’s Mast” because Baba contacted him several times thereafter.

In March 1956, Baba had the mast brought to the Satara mast ashram from Hardwar. Oddly enough, this mast would usually cook his own food, except for those days when he refused to ingest anything.

On Baba’s instructions, in July 1958, Nilkanth mast was brought to Meherazad where he was given a separate room and Baidul was told to look after him. Nilkanth started observing silence, using a slate and chalk to communicate - writing in English, Hindi, Bengali and Urdu. But four days later, he began to talk and once remarked: “The bombs will fall in the north, south and all directions. Then man-made world will finish and God-made world will revive.” Once he wrote three letters on his slate, “I. M. G.” an abbreviated form for “I am going.”

Whenever Baba visited him, Nilkanth would take special care to offer Baba a seat, saying, “Please sit here.” Once when seated before Baba, Nilkanth recited the Sanskrit verses that Ravana had recited in praise of Shankar (Shiva). He would sometimes praise Baba with these Sanskrit verses: **“We play with You, we speak with You, we take food with You and we make jokes with You in our ignorance.”**

In July 1960, Baba worked with Nilkanth mast at Meherazad. After two weeks he grew quite restless and

ardently longed to return to Rishikesh. Kumar, Baidul and Eruch did their best to persuade the mast to stay, but he would not listen.

It was observed that Nilkanth was suffering as though his body were on fire! He cried out that he was “burning alive!” By the end of July 1960, Baba sent him back to Rishikesh with Kumar.

We end this brochure on a sweet note. Once, while in Meherabad, Baba unexpectedly visited the mast ashram accompanied by His men mandali. The caretakers were taken by surprise at His sudden arrival. However, much to the caretaker’s amazement, the masts and the mad, as if expecting Baba’s arrival, were joyously beating a mysterious rhythm on their metal plates, tin cups and cans, using them as musical instruments, and loudly singing, **“Jai, Jai Gururaya, Meher Baba!”** - **“Hail, hail Beloved Lord, Meher Baba!”**

We too Hail Him:

“AVATAR MEHER BABA KI JAI!”

“AVATAR MEHER BABA KI JAI!”

“AVATAR MEHER BABA KI JAI!”

This brochure is published in commemoration of Beloved Avatar Meher Baba's 117th Birth Anniversary on 25th February 2011 by the Avatar Meher Baba Bombay Centre, "Meher Hall", A,23/24 Navyug Niwas, 3rd Floor, Opp. Minerva Theatre, Mumbai 400 007.

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Nothing makes Me more happy than the opportunity to bow down to God in all these forms. I like bowing down to people rather being bowed down to.

To serve and worship God all around Me is closest to My heart.

- Avatar Meher Baba

