

## BEGINNING WITH THE END

It was Sunday, 2nd December 1956. I was looking out of the car's window while we were driving from Pune to Satara. I was gazing at the trees fleeting by, the breeze playing on my face, my mind not occupied with too many thoughts. For some unknown reason, I was feeling lighter inside. 'The day has been good,' I thought. I was happy to be there with others in the car, although there was no particular reason to be happy. The person who changed my life was sitting in the front seat. My eyes would effortlessly go to Him, rejoicing in His presence.

I had met Him for the first time some 30 years earlier and had been instantly drawn to Him for some inexplicable reason. Since then, His face had flashed before my eyes time and again, and I had felt as if He was trying to communicate something to me. Such was His spell that my entire being yearned to be back with Him, and so I visited him whenever I got a chance. He asked me to focus on my studies and I complied with His wish. Thriving on these brief interludes, I felt nourished. After finishing my studies, I finally decided to stay with Him.

I felt different when I was with Him. Like a trusting child, I would follow all His instructions without question. I needed

nothing else; wanted nothing more. My world revolved around Him and His words were my command. All this seemed a little illogical, and at times and I would ask myself, “Am I doing the right thing?” Each time I felt the answer emerge from within: “This is the only right thing to do.”

Years passed by devoted to the work, with the people who were also living there with Him. If at all my medical education was of any use, it was to serve the people there and, more importantly, He wanted me to do such work. I was part of many projects that had been initiated by Him for the people and contributed, passively and actively, most of the time.

I had no idea of the outcome of these projects and did not ponder much over them either. All of us simply trusted His greater understanding and complied with complete trust. Some projects were closed abruptly. No reasons were given, no questions were asked. Everyone would say, “He knows everything.” At times the life and work there seemed difficult, but His presence would surmount it all.

The thought of having a personal life ceased to exist for me. Somewhere I had a desire to get married and have a family – but He would know that too, wouldn't He? No thought was private in His presence. With time, even that desire faded. Loving Him was the only emotion I now had in my life.

I longed for His attention and His commune. There were times when I was with Him for days, and sometimes I did not see Him for months. The only thing that kept me motivated was the thought that I was doing His work; being in His inner circle, and the hope that I would soon be with Him. He would travel for days, sometimes months, and the only thing left for me to do was wait for Him.

I was not particularly intelligent like some of the others in His group, nor did I have any special talents. I also did not possess any

intellectual or spiritual knowledge that I could share and discuss with them. So I remained silent about my thoughts and ideas, watching others, learning from and absorbing all that was happening around me.

At times I would put down my thoughts on paper and He would know that too! For when I went to see Him, He would ask me to read out what I had written. I would be taken aback by His knowing about my little secret! I would read it out hesitantly to Him and He would always appreciate what I had penned, although I never thought my writing was good enough to deserve such praise.

In those moments, His love and acceptance would move me beyond words and I would freeze that moment in my heart forever. His love was an electric charge that would energise me. I witnessed many events and heard many stories of His love and compassion. I secretly preserved His love in my heart, knowing and believing that His love for me was special. I treasured that feeling.

His love was the anchor of my life, which was otherwise barren and desolate. He knew my weaknesses: I was emotional and an introvert; fond of sweets; scared of snakes and ghosts, and shy with girls. He would often tease me and I would love it because He was giving me His attention. My ego melted in His love. I could no longer tell if I was in love with Him or devoted to Him. Perhaps He was my meditation.

I had no close family or friends and wished that when I died, He would be around. With time, this thought became so strongly entrenched in me that I am sure He became aware of it too.

As the days passed my attachment to Him increased and deepened. He would never say much but I knew He sensed my feelings for him. With every chance that I received to interact with Him, a strange happiness would course through my being. More than anything else, this kept me going. I would get inspired

just by seeing Him, and I would discover a renewed purpose to my life.

My mind brought me back to the present. We were driving from Pune to Satara, back to our resident bungalows. We had fasted through the day but still felt energetic and active. I looked at Him again and He was enjoying Himself, playing pranks on us while appearing to look seriously through the front window. I smiled, content and peaceful.

A few more moments passed, then suddenly something happened. The car gave a big jerk with a creaky sound and I was thrown off my seat. Something hit me on the head and an unbearable pain shot through my brain. I tried screaming but I could not hear my own voice. I felt like I was sinking and lost consciousness.

After a few moments I regained consciousness and the first thing that came to my mind was Baba. I realised the car we were in had met with an accident. I ran to Baba's side. He was in pain, hurt and bleeding. He looked at me, His face was glowing like never before and I said, "Baba, You are injured, please let me help You. Give me Your hand so I can help You out of the car." Baba kept looking at me.

My heart went out to Him, my beloved Baba was hurt and in pain. I could not bear to see Him like that. I wanted to do something immediately. I said again, "Baba, please let me help you." Baba smiled and said, "Nilu please go, someone will help me." I did not hear what He had said clearly so I said again, "Baba, You are bleeding! Where do You want me to go leaving You here like this?" Baba again said, "Nilu please go, I am alright." I was a little irritated that He was not listening to me in spite of being hurt.

Baba explained, "Nilu, it's time for you to leave this place. Don't worry, everything is alright. I am here and will take care of everything. Just leave!" For a moment, I was angry that Baba was

asking me to go when there had been such a big accident. Just then Baba again said, “Nilu just leave right now, you are dead, look at your body lying there.”

Only then did I look at the other side of the car where I saw my body lying. I was terribly scared. I was dead. I had no body. I asked, “Baba, what is this? How can I be without You and You want me to leave? I can’t leave You and go anywhere!” Baba said, “Nilu, I will not leave you and am always with you, but right now you’ve got to leave this place. Obey Me like always and leave right now.” Hearing these words and being left with no choice, I left the place with deep sorrow of separation from Baba, not knowing where to go.

### **Master-disciple relationship**

Before I go further into my story, it is necessary to speak a little about the Master-disciple relationship. The master is so compassionate that irrespective of the limitations of the disciple, he accepts the disciple with all his shortcomings. The master not only provides direction and support at various steps on the spiritual path, but also provides the means and opportunities to learn. Whenever the disciple fails, the master forgives and helps him through the painful process of learning.

This relationship is the most special, loving and precious of all relationships. If the master is genuine, no matter how bad the student may be, the master makes a positive difference provided the disciple is sincere. He is God in human form. When the student starts depending on the master for everything, the master, at the right time, breaks this dependency by taking the disciple through the difficult process of self-trust, in order to see God in himself. Indeed, the master is interested in the freedom of the student from all bondages including the cycles of life and death.

Genuine masters do not provide us with what we want, but they will give what is good for the progress of our soul. Normally, we understand 'good' to be good in reference to this world, the one we live in. The master goes beyond that. He knows that this world is transient, an illusion, and that the greater good beyond this world needs to be done. Hence, he trains and polishes the disciple to go beyond what is visible and understandable to the logical mind. His love is the purest form of love one can experience with all one's senses. Mere words cannot explain this bond of love.

My story also went along these lines. Meher Baba is my Master or Guru, who showed the God in me, as He and I are one and not separate.

### **Journey after death**

Many people say death is painful, some say it is unknown, and a few others say it is beautiful. However what exactly it is remains a mystery that cannot be validated by facts.

Coming back to my story, for me the world started with Baba and ended with Him. He asked me to leave the place, and I left. I was being pulled into a dark space and moving into it at great speed. I passed through darkness and some light, and then again through darkness and light. This process kept repeating for some time. At the end of it was a bright light that pulled me inside. I had no control over what was happening and just had to go with its flow. I didn't know how much time had passed, and then suddenly saw Meher Baba there.

He was very different from how I had seen Him before. He was bright, glorious, powerful and loving. He did not have the same body, but I knew it was Him. He had a serene look that no words can explain.

He gave me a hearty welcome and hugged me with profound love, as one does a child. It was a reunion and it was blissful. I hugged Him like I had never before with extreme joy. There was so much space, light and infinite love around us. That moment was the true moment of bliss which my soul still rejoices in. No other joy of this world can be compared to that moment.

I remember it as an experience like that of a child in a father's lap. There was no separation there – no pain, no worries, and no feelings. Everything was light and peaceful. Baba took me through different planes and worlds. They were so different. Some felt good and some not so good. Some were bright and happy, and others were dark and dreary. We saw the infinite space of the universe. Baba held me on His lap all through these good and bad journeys. We then reached a final resting place where we stayed for a long while.

I didn't know how much time had passed as there was no sense of time and relativity. There was only space and Baba was with me all the time. He was all glorified, amazingly blissful, and powerful beyond words.

After some time, He explained that I needed to go back to Earth and continue my journey. I was afraid at the beginning, afraid of separation more than anything else. When after much deliberation I agreed, He asked me if I would prefer a fast-track life with a lot of ups and downs, or a life with a slow, evolutionary growth. I chose a fast-track life with the promise that He would be with me throughout. He promised me that He would always be with me.

He then showed me the choices I had to make. I had to choose my parents for fulfilling a set of experiences at different phases of my life. I chose my parents from Andhra Pradesh in India.

### **Reaching Baba after death**

Obviously, I had to reach Him after death. However, what exactly is the meaning of reaching Him after death?

When one has done some good in life, loved enough, trusted and surrendered to Baba and if, more than anything else, Baba has accepted one as His lover, that person reaches Baba. That is what He meant by repeatedly telling everyone to love Him more and more. The more we love, the easier it becomes to reach Him and remain with Him. Baba not only takes care of this life but also takes care of the journey after this life, in between lives, and also the lives to come.

As you read further about my present life, you will see how the connections of various lives work, the role of impressions and desires, and how spiritual connections influence and guide us in our later lives.

Intelligent people usually insist on a logical explanation and proof. Unfortunately, the rules of this world are not applicable after one leaves the body; neither can anyone carry anything from here in tangible form. Hence, what we can do is follow our own intuition and be guided by our own experiences.