

My remarkable, unique and unforgettable experience on 18th January

— DADI PRAKASHMAN

Sweet Baba was always sending Dadi on unlimited service, sometimes to one place and sometimes to another. He made Dadi an instrument to open several centres: some in Delhi, in Mumbai, in Kolkata and in Bihar. He even suddenly sent me to Japan. Baba's blessings were always with me: "Child, be ever-ready every time." There used to be one signal: Child, you have to go there from here, and I would say '*Ji Baba*'. Baba also used to give some or another inspiration for service on a daily basis, and would follow this by a direction.

Before 18th January, I was staying at the Gamdevi Centre in Mumbai. I had just returned a few days before with a group, and was collecting another group from Mumbai to return to Madhuban for two more days. Didi (Manmohini) had been sent to Allahabad for the half *kumbhmela*, which was taking place on 14th January for the festival of *Sankaranti*. When I arrived in Madhuban, Baba said, "Child, you have just come. Stay for four days, and then you can go." In those days, Baba did not usually allow me to stay for more than two days. I had suggested once or twice that I could stay for an extra couple of days, but Baba would say: "Why do you want to stay? Do you not have any service to do? Why should you stay here? No, go on service; fill the cloud and go and shower." So, when this time Baba personally asked me to stay, I said, '*Ji Baba*'. I came on 14th January and was supposed to go back on 16th, but Baba said, "Daughter, let the group go. Didi isn't here, so stay for a few more days." Didi used to look after the entire activities of Madhuban. Baba made us children experienced in every aspect.

For the first time in *yagya* history, in all Baba's *tapasvi* life, Baba did not speak *murli* on the morning of 18th January. Baba's health had not been good since the morning, even though he was stabilized in the most elevated stage.

Child, what will the doctor do; I am talking to the Supreme Surgeon

When I suggested to call the doctor, Baba said, in great intoxication, "Child, what will the doctor do? I'm talking to the Supreme Surgeon!" Later, he said, "Come, let me write a letter to the children." Baba took out his red pen. Baba's beautiful letters, and replies to our letters, used to pull our hearts. Baba wrote: "Children, always move along in unity, stay in the remembrance of One and always keep the *shaktis* (sisters) at the fore. Only then will there be success in service..."

The several children who received this last letter concealed it in their hearts. So powerful were those souls who received a letter from Brahma, the creator of the world, personally written with his own hand! After that, Baba held my hand and took me around the Madhuban courtyard. The training centre was under construction. Baba held my finger as he showed it to me. Then, Baba had lunch, took rest in the afternoon, met a group in the evening then had an early dinner at 7.30 pm. Normally, Baba used to have dinner daily at 8.30 pm, following which he would come to class. That night, Baba gave a *murli* filled with sweet lessons and teachings.

All right, children, farewell

That night Baba came to class at 8.00 pm, and those last *sakar* versions merged in the heart forever. Baba said: “Children, experience happiness as you continue to remember over and over again. Let all the sorrows of the body be removed. Attain liberation-in-life. Children, those who defame us are our friends. You should not defame anyone, and never have any enmity or opposition toward anyone.”

After emphasizing the importance of the pilgrimage of remembrance, Baba, the father of the *yagya*, stood up and walked to the gate, where he stopped and said: “Children, become incorporeal, viceless and egoless. Just as the unlimited Father is always viceless, always incorporeal and always egoless, you children have to become like Him.”

The last words from Baba’s mouth were: “Okay, Children, farewell.” It was the only time that Baba had used such words, otherwise, usually Baba would say, “Good night.” My attention was drawn to them as Baba turned to go to his room in deep silence. Baba was so much in silence that he didn’t speak to anyone. Normally, he would sit on the *gaddi*, but that night Baba went straight to sit on his bed.

As his hand became slack; I continued to say, “Baba, Baba”

I would usually not go to Baba’s room at night, yet that day, I don’t know why, I thought I should go and wish Baba good night. I saw Baba sitting on his bed. Seeing me, Baba said, “Come, daughter, come.” I hesitated to go inside because Baba was already on his bed; perhaps he wanted to sleep soon. Baba summoned me again, and I saw Baba was in deep silence. He said nothing and I also continued to look at Baba without saying anything. After some time, he turned his body around to face me, putting his feet down on the floor. I was standing before him, and Baba reached out for my hand. As Baba was seated, I standing, he holding my hand, he gave such powerful *drishti* that I cannot describe. He continued to give *drishti* for 2-3 minutes, all the while holding my hand. Baba was giving such *drishti* that a current of power was flowing into me. Baba appeared to me as only light, the light of an angel. Through his *drishti* and from his hand, Baba gave all the powers and responsibility to me.

Avyakt Baba later confirmed this: “I willed all the powers.” At the time I had not understood this, but as he continued to give *drishti*, his eyes changed and his hand became light; then it became slack in my hand. In one second, there was such a silence, an absolute dead silence. I couldn’t understand what had happened, but later I came to know that Baba had become *avyakt*. I felt that Almighty Baba was before me, and Sakar Baba was concealed within.

I made Baba lie down. In the meantime, the doctor arrived and said that Baba was no more... but I never felt that Baba had left. I continued to say, “Baba is here; everyone’s beloved Baba is still with us, and will continue to be with us!”

Baba had filled limitless power in me. I was calling everyone on the telephone, saying “It was fixed in drama. Do you remember drama? Baba has become *avyakt*. Whoever wants to come is welcome. No one should shed tears; Baba is still with us.”

Children, don’t worry. Baba went to the subtle region to prepare for you children

By placing his hand in mine, Baba had increased my courage. I was unshakable. Not one question came as to ‘what has happened?’ or ‘what will happen now?’ Neither did my eyes become wet with tears nor did my heart become heavy. I had complete faith that our

study would continue until the end. On 21st January, the final rites were performed for our beloved Baba's body: for he who had given us so much more love, affection and sustenance than any *lokik* father, in whose lap we played as we grew up from small to big, through whom we found God, received blessings and who filled us with several specialities.

That evening, Avyakt BapDada came for the first time in the body of the messenger. Baba gave the entire responsibility of *yagya* to Didi and Dadi, putting the urn on both our heads. Baba gave the message: "Children, don't worry. Baba went to the subtle region to prepare for you children. My beloved Child is with me. Baba has played this part to reveal you *shaktis*, and to keep himself incognito." These words continue to ring in my ears until today.

In this way, making several children sit in the boat of the *yagya* for 33 years, the boatman had guided it safely through obstacles and storms with the limitless courage that enabled it to continue with great stability. Now, he had put the responsibility of that boat in our hands, and flew to the subtle region to become our complete helper.

**Baba is the father of the *yagya* even today;
it is he who is running the *yagya***

I feel that Baba is always with me. It is He who is getting everything done. I have His canopy over me; He is on my shoulders, He is in my eyes. I receive divine inspiration from Baba. We are all His shoulders, and He takes care of His shoulders. When any big task occurs in the *yagya*, I consider myself to be an instrument. I never experience any burden. When anyone comes to take advice, I immediately become *yogyukt* and ask Baba. Only then will I offer advice. I never have the consciousness that I am giving advice. I always have this concern that Baba's select children should come to the *yagya* to take their right and inheritance.

★ ★ ★