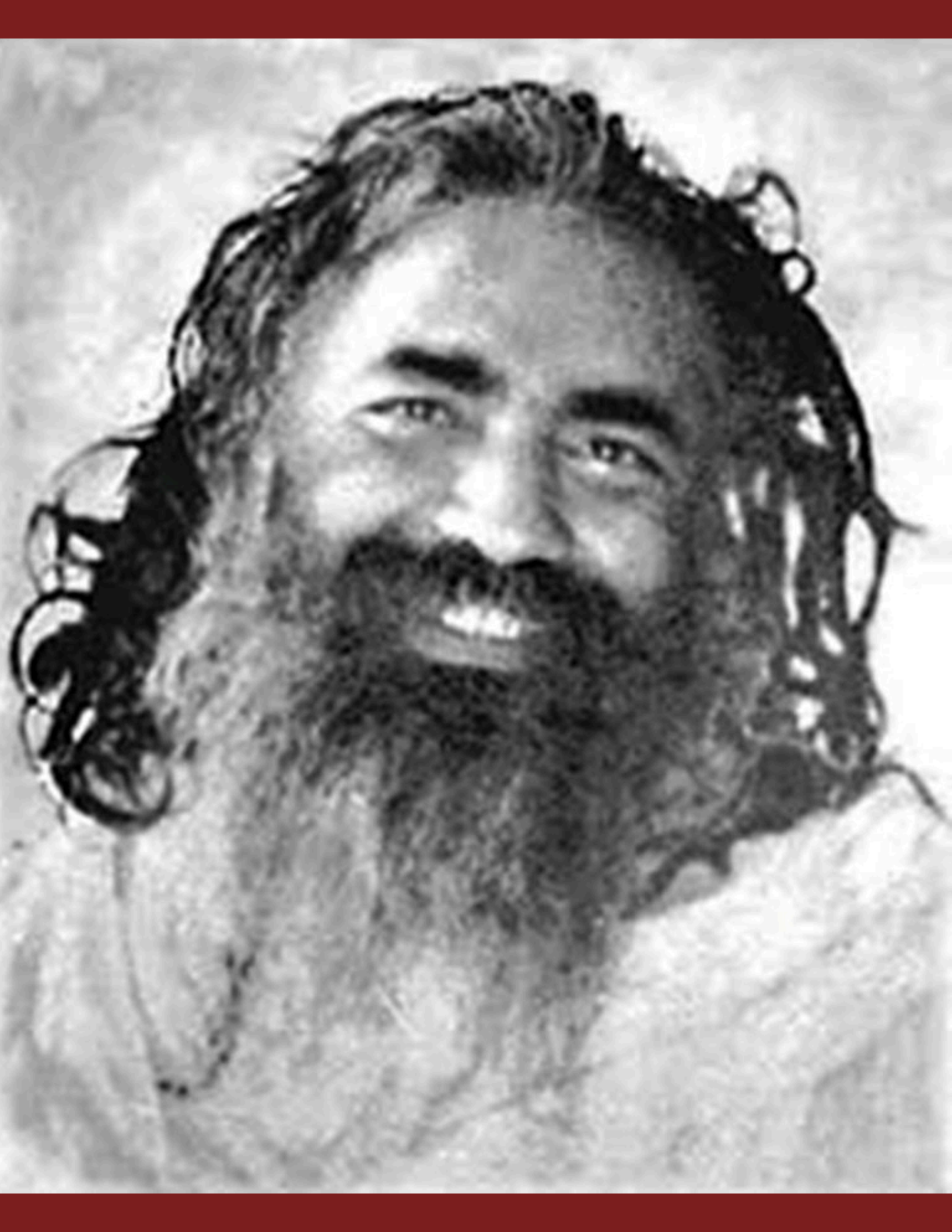




Stories of Shri Mahendra Baba ji

Harikishan Sharma

As told to his son, Ramakant Sharma

Contents

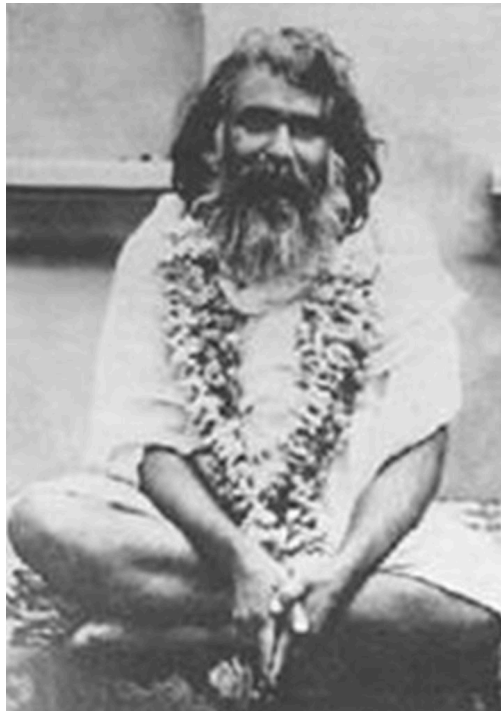
Source: Sixteen first-hand accounts told by Harikishan Sharma — son of Badriprasad Sharma

“Prem Kavi,” an early devotee of Śrī Mahendra Mahārāj at Lohvan — and set down in writing by

Harikishan’s own son, Ramakant Sharma. Gathered whole from the Tara bianca website

(‘a-story-about-mahendra-baba’), where they were published in English, lightly edited here for

readability. See the provenance note below.



First Ramleela drama at Lohvan

A call letter

Mahendra Bābā ji was a great saint — he had cosmic power. I asked my father about Mahendra Bābā

ji, and my father said Mahendra came to Lohvan around 1930. The first time he came to Lohvan,

Mahendra Bābā ji met my grandfather — my grandfather's name was Badriprasad. My father took gurudakṣiṇā from him in 1957.

When my father was very young, my father and my father's uncle's son played the Rāmalīlā drama

together. Mahendra Bābā ji started the Rāmalīlā for the first time at Lohvan — it was organised

by him. My grandfather's name was Badriprasad Sharma "Prem Kavi," and my father's name is

Harikishan Sharma. (Ramakant Sharma)

I was listening to a story about Mahendra Bābā ji from my father. In 1957 my father missed a

call letter for my grandfather's new posting at a government school in Bandikui, Rajasthan. My

grandfather (Śrī Badriprasad Sharma "Prem Kavi") had a short temper, so my grandmother decided to

send my father to meet Mahendra Bābā ji. My father went to the Lohvan garden — Mahendra Bābā ji's

favourite place, where he always stayed. At that time Mahendra Bābā ji was going to Rāval, the

birthplace of Goddess Rādhārāṇī, very near Lohvan. My father Harikishan Sharma, Hubblal Mahashay,

and Ramesh Pujari ji went to Rāval with him. After they arrived, Mahendra Bābā ji went to bathe in

the Yamunā river. There was a cremation ground there, and my father

said, "Bābā ji, this is a
cremation ground, please don't bathe here." Bābā ji said, "Lord Śiva
used to bathe in such
places, so don't mind" — for Mahendra Bābā ji is himself an incarna-
tion of Lord Śiva.

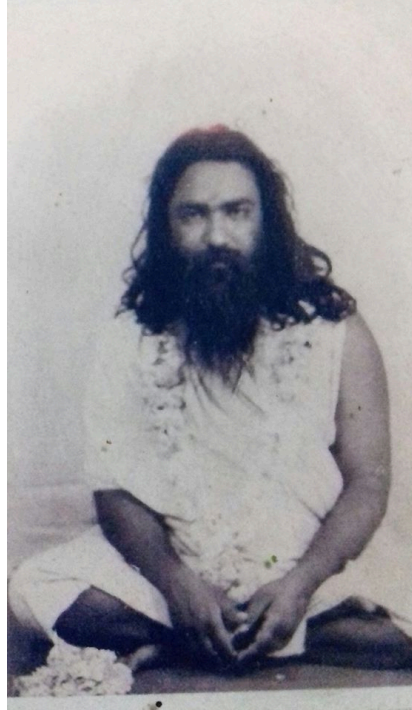
Bābā ji ordered a meal for the devotees and said, "While your food is
being prepared, you must go
into the village of Rāval and beg food for me. Do you know how to
beg? You must go to a
villager's home and say 'Rādhe' — if they refuse once, don't ask them
again." My father Harikishan
Sharma, Hubblal Mahashay and Ramesh Pujari ji went out begging.
They called at one villager's
home, said "Rādhe," and an old woman came out and said, "You are so
young — why are you begging?"

My father said, "Don't say that — we are begging for Mahendra Bābā
ji, our mentor." Food had been
prepared for them there (halwa, puri), and they went on. The next
villagers gave them roti and
mattha (buttermilk), and they returned to Bābā ji, who had taken his
food. "This is delicious
food," my father used to say. "When Bābā ji gave us that food as
prasād, it was so delicious I
cannot describe it in words." Afterward Bābā ji said something to my
father — Bābā ji, being
omniscient, knew that something was wrong at home. He told my
father, "If your father is angry

with you, it is because he wants to teach you how to live your life — so don't mind. When you go

home, everything will be all right." That evening, when my father returned home, he found the

call letter there, and the family was happy. (Ramakant Sharma)



Shri Mahendra Baba ji

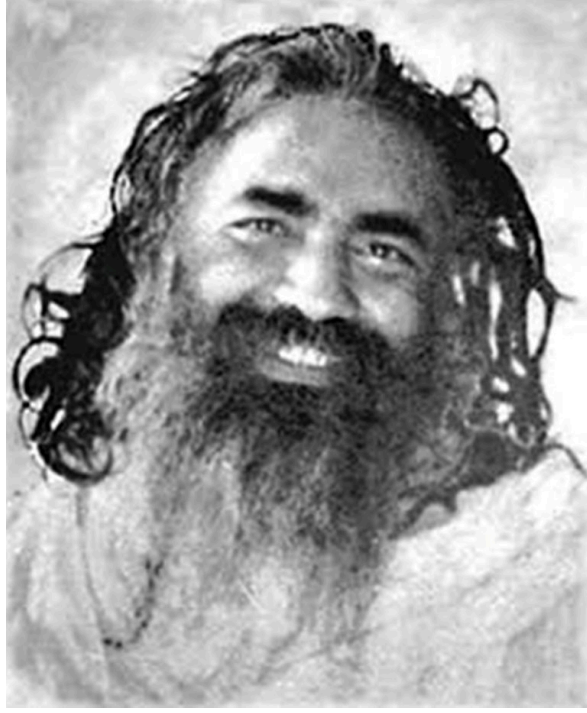
*This is a rare picture of Mahendra Bābā ji from when he was young, taken around 1934, near

Krishna Kund, Lohvan*

Who is God

Śrī Mahendra Bābā ji

Mahendra Bābā ji dedicated his entire life to preparing the way for the reappearance of Śrī



Shri Mahendra Baba ji

Haiḍākhān Bābājī.

Mahendra Bābā ji held a reputed position in his time. In those days there were many saints of

reputed standing — Śrī Hathī Bābā, Uṛiyā Bābā, Prabhudatt Brahmachārī, Nīm Karolī Bābā, Harī Bābā,

Ānandmayī Mā, and Harinām Dās ji of Rāmanreti, Mahāvan, Mathurā — and all of them held Mahendra

Bābā ji in respect.

Once, Śrī Ānandmayī Mā held a meeting in Vṛndāvan to which many saints were invited, on the topic

”Who is God.” Many saints gave their views. Then Mahendra Bābā ji presented his: ”Whoever knows

the past, present and future is not God on that account, for there are siddhis (spiritual

attainments) by which one can see past, present and future, and there are siddhis by which one becomes ubiquitous. Knowing these things through siddhis does not make one God. God means that which is present at all times, ubiquitous and everywhere — that is God.” Every saint present agreed with Mahendra Bābā ji’s view. (By my father Harikishan Sharma, Lohvan, Mathurā — Ramakant Sharma)

A Nandi

In 1970, Haiḍākhān Bābā ji told his disciples that Śrī Mahendra Bābā ji was an incarnation of

Goddess Ambā; my father was among those present. Earlier — this story is dated to around

1940–1942 and was told by my grandfather, Master Badriprasad Sharma, to my father — Śrī Mahendra

Bābā ji was travelling on foot from Lohvan to Vṛndāvan with his disciples one evening, by an

unfamiliar route. When they reached a crossroads of four streets, they did not know which road

led to Vṛndāvan, since most people did not use that road. One disciple said as much to Mahendra

Bābā, and meanwhile it grew so dark that nothing could be seen. Śrī Mahendra Bābā ji told his

disciples to pray to Bhole Bābā (Lord Śiva): “Bhole Bābā will show us

the way.” It was then that

Śrī Mahendra Bābā, for the first time, uttered this verse — composed on the spot: ”Śaṅkar dayā kī

mūrati ho, phir der itanī kyon karo; dainya dukha duvidhā haro, karuṇā karo, karuṇā karo...” These

verses came afterward to be used in the ārtī. While they were praying, a Nandi (Śiva’s bull)

suddenly appeared. Śrī Mahendra Bābā ji said, ”Bhole Bābā ji has sent this Nandi to help us; he

will show us the way.” He asked the Nandi to show him the way to Vṛndāvan, and with a nod of its

head, it led them there. The disciples of Śrī Mahendra Bābā ji told of seeing this Nandi appear

suddenly and disappear again once it had shown them the right way. (Ramakant Sharma)

Chaurasi Kos travels

Śrī Mahendra Bābā ji

Mahendra Bābā ji loved Lohvan, and wherever he went he called himself a resident of Lohvan.

Returning at last from a pilgrimage to the Himālaya, he came to Lohvan and would say, ”We too are

Lohvaniyā” (residents of Lohvan). Lohvan Dhām is a favourite place because it lies in the middle

of the Braj Bhūmi region — one could set out in the morning to see the sights of Barsānā,

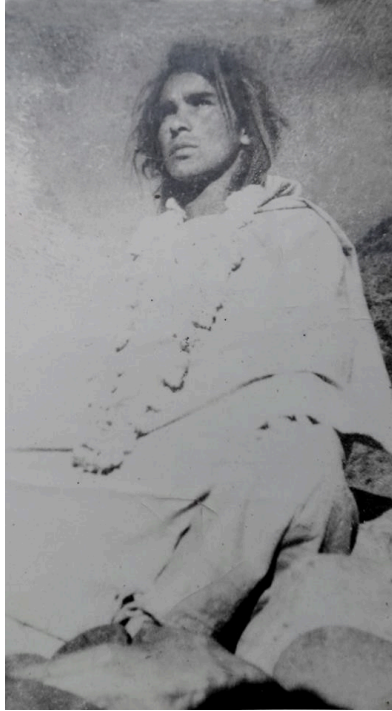


Shri Mahendra Babaji

Nandgāon, Dāūjī and the rest, and return in the evening to Lohvan. The old name of Lohvan, used long ago, was Loh Jaṅgh Van (the iron-battle forest), because it was here that Lord Śrī Kṛṣṇa fought and killed Lohāsura, a powerful iron-bodied demon. This forest is one of the twelve forests of the Braj Bhūmi region. No pilgrim's Chaurāsī Kos parikramā (the 84-kos, roughly 168-mile circuit) is complete without coming to Lohvan; people travel here from many countries to visit. Here stand the temple of Gopīnāth ji, the Saptarṣi cave (of the seven sages, who practised penance there) and other temples. Mahendra Bābā ji himself used to stay in the Lohvan garden by day and

in the Krishna Kund cave by night. Later Śrī Mahendra Bābā ji lived at Rādhānikuñj, in the centre of Lohvan. He used to say, "We loved Lohvan also because when we came here nobody asked where we came from, and while we were travelling nobody even asked whether we had money or not." (By my father Harikishan Sharma, Lohvan, Mathurā)

Like a mirror



Shri Haidakhan Baba

Śrī Haiḍākhān Bābā

When my father heard of the appearance of Bhole Bābā in 1970, Haiḍākhān Bābā was in the cave having just completed forty-five days of tapasyā on Mount Kailāś. My

father, in those days, was

travelling with railway staff, and went to Haiḍākhān with Gīrī-jāshankar Gupta, R. K. Gupta,

Chandra Vihārī, Rameshwar and others; but it was too dark to reach Haiḍākhān from Haldvānī the

same day, so they stayed the night at Rāmsingh jī's house — Rāmsingh jī, a devotee of Bābā jī, in

Ukhaldunga. The next day they left at 7 a.m. and reached Haiḍākhān at 9 a.m.

Bābā jī had golden hair, and the dhūnī burned in front of the cave while the devotees sang

kīrtan.

My father, while visiting Bābā jī, suddenly thought: "Bābā, I have not come to examine you — who

am I, who has passed no examination myself, that I should examine you?" The railway staff he had

travelled with began to wonder whether this really was Haiḍākhān Bābā jī, and my father told them

they would recognise Haiḍākhān Bābā with their own eyes, their faith and their feeling, and that

they should leave him to it. He then went and sat to one side.

At about 8 p.m. Bābā jī was sitting beside the dhūnī, and in a lota (small round metal pot) some

milk had been set on the dhūnī and had grown very hot. Bābā jī lifted the hot lota in his bare

hands, and my father began to recall that once, at the Sāmba Sadāśiva Kuñj in Vṛndāvan, his

Parama Guru Mahendra Bābā ji had drunk water from a lota in just the same way. My father then thought Bābā might give him some water from the lota — and suddenly Mahendra Bābā ji called my father over and gave him water. Bhole Bābā also gave him milk as prasād, saying, unprompted, "Harī came here and offered me milk as prasād" — though my father had told no one, Bābā ji included, that his name was Harī Kishan. All this happened quite suddenly. Then Bābā ji said, "Whoever comes here will be happy and will receive my love and trust; let no one doubt me, and tomorrow they will all come with me on the journey to Siddheśvar." (From my father Harī Kishan Sharma)

Spiritual power

Śrī Haiḍākhān Bābā

(Part two.)

Bābā ji told everyone, "Tomorrow we will go to Mount Siddheśvar" — wearing shoes and sandals,

since the road there is thick with thorny scrub. The journey to Siddheśvar began in the morning.

After walking a while, Bhole Bābā's devotees would stop to drink tea from Chandramani, another

devotee of Bābā ji. About twenty-five or thirty devotees walked together with Bābā ji along the



Shri Haidakhan Baba

rocky, thorny, broken road. Bābā ji wore nothing on his feet along that thorny way, which struck me as a mark of pride in him. He walked ahead of us and we followed. Moving on quickly, he pointed out a mountain and said, "The worship of Lord Śiva is carried out at Vṛndāvan — that is the Śiva Liṅgam of Sāmba Sadāśiva — and there is a small pool of water on this mountain, but the Śiva Liṅgam never submerges in it completely. That is a miracle in itself. This Śiva Liṅgam was established by Devguru Bṛhaspati ji." Further on there was a stone stairway, and everyone found some relief in climbing it; after a while everyone had begun to sweat, and to suffer thirst and hunger.

When we all reached Mount

Siddheśvar, the view was wonderful. At the top there was a havan kuṇḍ and tongs by the dhūnī of Śrī Haiḍākhān Bābā.

We were all very thirsty and hungry, and it was a difficult moment. There was a fine patch of

grass there, and Bābā ji told my father, "Come here, Harī, and take this herb — it is needed for

the havan." Indeed, when the grass was pulled up, a very good smell came from it, and my father

brought the herb to Bābā ji. Bābā ji asked whether anyone had anything to eat, and my father said,

"I have some dates" — about a hundred grams of them — and another devotee gave an orange. Bābā ji

took the dates and the orange in his hands, repeated a mantra silently, and placed them in the havan.

The fire suddenly blazed up, and inside the dhūnī (the havan kuṇḍ) a wholly fresh ash appeared.

All around lay dense forest. One devotee had a little water left; Bābā ji put some of it into the

fire, and as soon as he poured it in, all our thirst and hunger vanished, and a sense of

freshness came over everyone. Bābā ji showed us the DevGuru mountain in front of him, of which he

had spoken in relation to Siddheśvar, and said that the deities come here as the Nine Durgās,

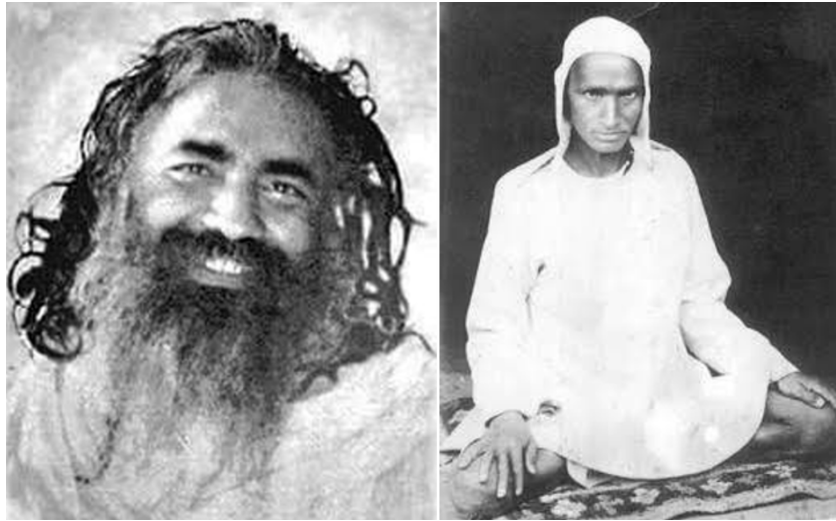
playing drums whose sound descends from above, and that Mount Kailāś itself is only two feet and

six inches taller than this Siddheśvar. No one doubted any longer that this was the old Haiḍākhān

Bābā ji himself. Afterward Bābā ji came down very quickly, and we again took tea with the devotee

Chandramani. (By my father Harikishan Sharma)

Shri Haidakhan Babaji appears in the form of light



Shri Haidakhan Baba

Śrī Haiḍākhān Bābā

In February 1958, great arrangements were under way at Kāṭhgharia, Haldvānī, Nainītāl, for the

installation of an idol of Haiḍākhān Bābā ji in the Haiḍākhān Bābā ji temple there. My father

wanted very much to go, but my grandfather, Badriprasad Sharma "Prem Kavi," a railway-school

teacher at Bandikui, could not raise the money at the time. So my father, thinking of Mahendra Bābā and telling himself that everyone else would go but him, was approached that evening by a woman of the village of Lohvan named Mahādevī, who asked whether he was going to Kāṭhgharia. My father said he had no fare for it. The woman said she would give him the money, but that she wanted to go along with him.

At that time the fare from Mathurā to Haldvānī was six rupees. My father then reached Kāṭhgharia with that woman. There he and Chandra Bihārī sang verses of the Sāmba Sadāśiva Charitāmṛta, composed by Viṣṇudatt Śāstrījī, my father keeping time by striking pots while they sang, and Śāstrījī rendering the verses into Hindi.

On the 22nd of February — the fourth day of the bright fortnight of Phālgun, Vikram Saṃvat 2014 — the day before the idol of Haiḍākhān Bābā ji was to be installed at Kāṭhgharia Āśram, on a Saturday night around eleven o'clock, a circle of divine light was seen by a thousand devotees.

My father, Harikishan Sharma, was sitting at the time under a tree with Lakshman Siṃh, the Rājā of Ambā jī, and with Dr Rāmgopāl ji; at a little distance, under another tree, a devotee of Nīm Karolī Bābā sat tending a dhūnī. People were astonished to see a cir-

cle of divine light appear,

and then, within it, Haiḍākhān Bābā himself, seen clearly, wearing kurtā and topī, some four or

five feet above the ground. When the devotees drew near him, he rose further upward. The devotees

sang out, "Chandraśekhar! Chandraśekhar! Pāhi mām..." and tried to touch him. Then Haiḍākhān Bābā ji

circled the banyan tree and entered the temple, where an idol of Haiḍākhān Bābā ji stood and a

small bed had been prepared for him. He rested his divine feet upon that bed until the crowd of

people had gathered there; then, once they had come, Bābā ji left the temple and rose upward, and

so departed for Haiḍākhān straight through the sky, in the direction of Mount Kailāś. My father,

Viṣṇudatt Śāstrijī, Girdhārī Lāl Miśra (a judge), Chandra Bihārī Gupta, Girijāshankar Gupta,

Miśrīlāl, Devīcharan Bohre, Kanhaiyālāl, Paṇḍit Rāmgopāl, Hubblal Mahashay, Bankelal Bhagat,

Devkinandan Mahashay, Kāpūrī Devī, Muniyā Devī, and many other devotees all witnessed this divine

event. During it, in a room nearby, Mahendra Bābā had been occupied with a tailor, Rāmchandra, who

was making garments for the idol; hearing the commotion, Mahendra Bābā came out to find that Bābā

ji had already gone. He went to the temple and there found Haiḍākhān Bābā ji's divine white

footprint upon the small bed. The next day, a Sunday, some fifty thousand people took prasād at a
bhaṇḍārā. Afterward Mahendra Bābā had that footprint set within a glass frame, and brought the bed
bearing the framed footprint, together with the idol of Haiḍākhān Bābā ji, into the temple of
Sāmba Sadāśiva Kuñj, Vṛndāvan, at its founding in 1958. From that time devotees have taken darśan
there of the idol of Haiḍākhān Bābā ji along with the framed footprint on the bed, for many years
since. (By Harikishan Sharma, Lohvan, Mathurā)

On a pilgrimage



Haidakhan Baba and Mahendra Maharaj

Haiḍākhān Bābā and Mahendra Mahārāj

In May 1965, Mahendra Charaṇāśrit Bābā ji installed an idol of Devī Durgā in the temple at
Kāṭhgharia Dhām. Among the disciples present were Lakshman Siṃh,

Rājā of Abu Mount Ambājī, my

father Harikishan Sharma, Girijāshankar Gupta, R. K. Gupta, Miśrīlāl Gupta, Dr Rāmgopāl,

Rameshwar, Prahlād Pāṭhak (of Ahmedabad), Rāmgopāl (the post-master), Bankelal Pāṭhak, and many

other devotees. After the installation ceremony a bhaṇḍārā (religious feast) was arranged, and

thousands of devotees received prasād. Afterward Mahendra Bābā decided on a journey to Śītalākhet

Siddhāśram. Soon after, Girijāshankar Gupta told my father, "We will go to Siddhāśram — two buses

have been reserved, and the fare is a hundred rupees a ticket." Hearing this, my father realised

he could not afford the journey, but said nothing to anyone; he thought to himself that he should

go if only he had the money, but at the time had only enough to return to Mathurā. When Rājā

Lakshman Siṃh, Girijāshankar Gupta and Dr Rāmgopāl went to Haldvānī to book the buses, Rājā

Lakshman Siṃh, checking the list of those going, did not find my father's name on it. He told

Girijāshankar Gupta to add Harikishan Sharma's name, but Girijāshankar Gupta explained that my

father had no money for it. On hearing this, Rājā Lakshman Siṃh said, "No — he will go," and paid

the hundred rupees for my father's ticket out of his own pocket. On the way back from Haldvānī,

Girijāshankar Gupta said, "Brother, when I asked you for the fare you said you would not come —

and the next moment you gave the money to Rājā Lakshman Siṃh yourself!" My father only smiled and

said nothing, understanding this to be Bhagavān's līlā. The next morning the party set out and

reached Śītalākhet by five in the evening, after which Mahendra Mahārāj went to Śrī Śiromaṇi

Pāṭhak's house and rested there a while.

Śrī Śiromaṇi Pāṭhak ji had passed away long before; his son now took my father and the other

devotees on to Siddhāśram, through the apple orchard that was his own. At that time a fraud was

living there, disguised as Haiḍākhān Bābā ji. Mahendra Bābā rebuked him: "You dare to pretend to

be Haiḍākhān Bābā ji Mahārāj — shame on you!" — and the man gathered his belongings from the room

where Bābā ji used to stay, and left. Mahendra Bābā then took up residence in that same room,

which faced a small Śiva temple. The devotees stayed about wherever they pleased, in a beautiful

and peaceful setting. Two deodar (pine) trees, named Nar and Nārāyaṇ, stood there, planted by

Haiḍākhān Bābā ji himself, who had once brought forth a spring at that spot merely by pressing his

thumb against a rock; everyone bathed the next morning in the water of that sacred stream.

Mahendra Mahārāj sent my father Harī Kishan Sharma, Rājā Lakshman Simh and Dr Rāmgopāl to visit

the nearest cave. On the way, as they wondered how much further they had to go, a boy of twelve

or fourteen appeared and offered to guide them. After a time they reached the cave, and the boy

said, "The path to this cave comes out at a place called Padam Borī. Haiḍākhān Bābā ji and

Sombārī Bābā have both come this way before; sometimes a tiger passes through here, and no one

else has the strength to use this path." Fifteen feet into the cave was a well of water, two feet

deep with about a foot of water in it; the boy said Bābā ji Mahārāj used that water for washing

after answering nature's call, and that the well was never known to run dry, though no one knew

how it stayed filled. Asked his name, the boy answered, "Rādhe" — a name that also appears in the

book *Anupam Kṛpā*, where Mahendra Bābā follows a boy of that same name on his own journey. Asked

to tell something of Haiḍākhān Bābā ji, Rādhe said that once a bird had come from nowhere to a

tree there and begun to speak in its own tongue, and that a tiger skin then appeared instantly,

spread beneath the tree, with Haiḍākhān Bābā ji seated upon it, plainly visible. Having said this,

Rādhe went off down toward his village, and the party went on di-

rectly to Siddhāśram. That

evening Mahendra Bābā told them to rest at the junior high school further up the hill.

On the third day, everyone came down again to bathe, but Pāṭhak Pāṭhak's wife was suffering

great pain in her knees and could go no further; my father and Pāṭhak ji tried to help her down,

but lost the way back to the āśram and wandered about in some anxiety. Then a man came toward

them and asked where they were going. Pāṭhak ji explained that they were bound for the āśram but

had lost the path. "This is not the right way," the man said. "I will show you." He walked with

them a little way, pointed onward and said, "Follow this path straight down — you will arrive

there" — and when they looked back after walking a distance, he was nowhere to be found. When

they told Mahendra Bābā the whole story afterward, he only smiled. Later, Mahendra Bābā sent

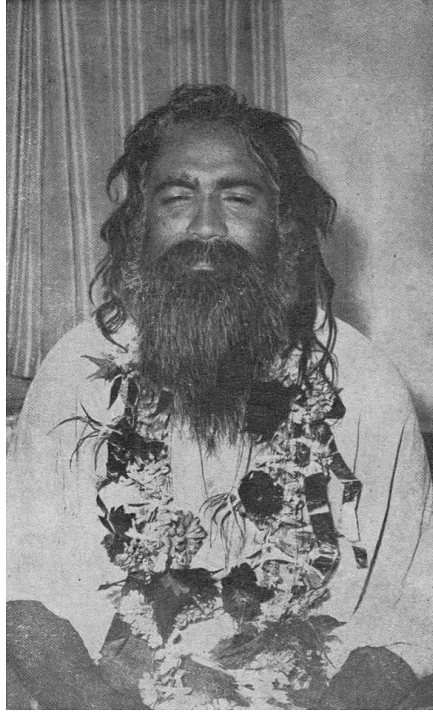
everyone to visit the temple of Syāhī Devī, where they took darśan and drank from a great well

there, and all their tiredness left them. Mahendra Bābā ji brought back an idol of the Devī from

that place, which is kept today, safely, to the right of Haiḍākhān Bābā ji's idol at Sāmba

Sadāśiva Kuñj, Vṛndāvan. (By my father Śrī Harikishan Sharma, Lohvan)

A special darshan



Shri Mahendra Baba

Śrī Mahendra Bābā

Parama Guru Śrī Mahendra Bābā left his body on the 23rd of June, 1969, at Miśrīlāl Gupta's house in Haldvānī. A year later, on the anniversary of the day he had left his body, a memorial ceremony was held at the Śrī Rām Mandir in Haldvānī. Present were a group of devotees — Miśrīlāl Gupta, Śrī Shyām Bihārī Lāl Gaur, Śrī Śivcharan Gupta (Vijay Gupta's elder brother) and his mother, Śrī Ramesh Tiwari (the pujārī) and his mother Smt Muniyā Devī ji, Rāmgopāl (the postmaster) and his wife Smt Kirān Devī, Śrī Rameshwar, my grandfa-

ther Śrī Badriprasad Sharma, my

grandmother Smt Premvatī, my father Śrī Harikishan Sharma, my
mother Smt Meena Devī, my aunt Smt

Gāyatrī Devī, Sāvitṛī Devī Kumudbasnī, and my uncle Śrī Ashok
Sharma.

Afterward they planned to go on to Haiḍākhān, but the Gautam Gaṅgā
river had flooded after rain

the night before. About twenty-five or thirty devotees set out on the
journey regardless. As they

were crossing the river, already nearly flooded, a truck came from
Haldevānī and started across;

though it was completely empty, the driver refused to carry them
across in it, and shortly

afterward the truck itself became stuck in the middle of the river. The
devotees, holding one

another's hands and chanting Haiḍākhān Bābā ji's name, crossed the
river on foot; it was a hard

crossing, but they reached Bābā ji's place at last. There they rested,
and everyone grew thirsty;

Śrī Śivcharan Gupta, Vijay Gupta's elder brother, went into the dense
forest to look for water and

returned to say there was some there, and all of them drank. After
three hours they reached

Okaldunga, and after another three hours' rest, Herakhan.

At that time Bābā ji's dhūnī stood in a hut on the spot where Bābā ji's
Samādhi now stands at

Herakhan; the tongs once used by Munīndra Mahārāj were said to be

buried there. Some of the

devotees rested while others sang Haiḍākhān Bābā ji's name in kīrtan, through a night of heavy

rain. Around midnight, the devotees looking toward Mount Ādi Kailāś suddenly saw a ball of bright

light — seen first by Ramesh Pujārī and my father, who were sitting near the dhūnī — moving toward

the cave. It circled the cave, and from that bright orb two figures emerged: one a bearded man,

the other a young man dressed in white. By now everyone could see it. The river was too flooded

for anyone to cross to the other side and come closer, and seeing the ball of light, the devotees

began to say, "Bābā ji has come — let us begin kīrtan." This continued until three in the morning,

and the whole place was filled with pure joy. The next day a bhaṇḍārā was arranged, with halwa and

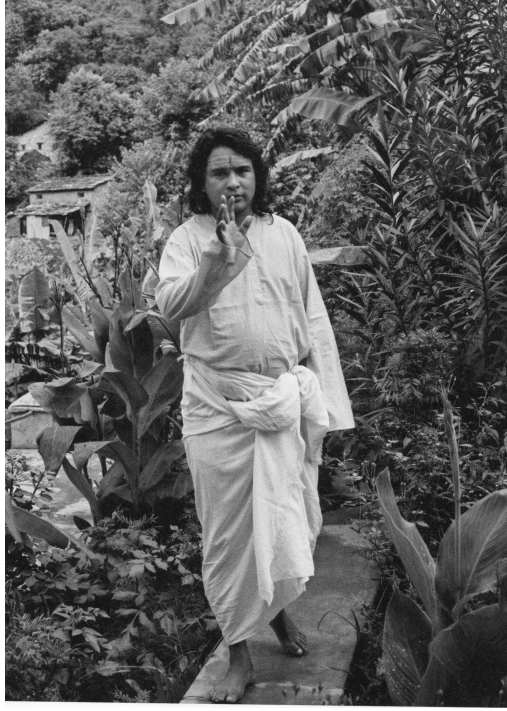
puri, and not long afterward Śrī Haiḍākhān Bābā ji appeared in the cave on Mount Ādi Kailāś.

Fire, water and earth

Śrī Haiḍākhān Bābā

In 1970, a week after Bābā ji's yātrā to Siddheśvar, my father, with Bābā ji's permission,

returned home to Achhnera. Later my family — my grandfather Badriprasad, grandmother Premvatī, my



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mother Meena Devī, uncle Ashok, aunt Gāyatrī Devī and Sāvitrī Devī
— set out for Haiḍākhān from
Haldvānī by way of Ukhalbunga. Arriving in Ukhalbunga after dark, in
a place quite unknown to
them, they were somewhat afraid, and began praying to Bābā ji; at
that moment a girl of about
twelve appeared and said, "Are you all going to Haiḍākhān? I am go-
ing there too — I will show you
the way." She then walked ahead and they all followed her, their fear
giving way to a sense of
relief, feeling that some divine power had come to guide them. It was
nearly nine in the evening
when they reached the Haiḍākhān Āśram, their minds now at peace
— but when they looked for the

girl, she had vanished. They stayed a week at Haiḍākhān, and when they went to Bābā ji for leave

to depart, he said, "I am going to Vṛndāvan — you will all come with me." So they travelled to

Sāmba Sadāśiva Kuñj, Vṛndāvan, by the Kāṭhgodām Express. At Vṛndāvan, Bābā ji's procession went out

from Sāmba Sadāśiva Kuñj on an elephant, and they stayed there fifteen or twenty days. Later my

father asked him where he wished to go, and Bābā ji answered, "Wherever Mahendra Bābā ji has

gone." My father asked again, "How many more years will you remain with us?" and Bābā ji said, "I

will be twelve or fourteen years more, and then I will mix with fire, water and earth." (Harikishan, Lohvan, Mathurā)

The Guardian

Śrī Haiḍākhān Bābā

Navarātri was to begin on the 20th of September, 1971, and in the month before it Bābā ji left

Vṛndāvan for Kāṭhgharia. The āśram was in poor condition, full of dirt, and many devotees did

karma yoga cleaning the whole place; devotees came from far and wide, and my father Harikishan

stayed there a month. Each day's programme included readings from the Devī Bhāgavat, kīrtan and



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satsaṅg, chiefly led by Śrī Viṣṇudatt Śāstrījī. When my father arrived, Bābā ji set him the task of

being a guard and handed him a staff. At night, sitting beneath a banyan tree, my father would

read the Durgā Saptaśatī and the Puṇya Smṛti, sing the divine mantras composed by Śrī Mahendra

Mahārāj, and keep watch all night by Bābā ji's order.

In those days devotees brought Bābā ji buckets full of milk, and Bābā ji said to Naththilāl ji

(the vaidya, or physician), "Here are buckets of milk, and Harī does his work all night without

getting even a little of it. From today, give Harī a lota of milk every day." The vaidya told my

father, "You should ask me for milk every day, since it is Bābā ji's or-

der.” My father said, “I

can’t ask you for it every day, but if you give it, I will gladly accept it.”

”All right,” the

vaidya said — but one day he forgot, and the next day Bābā ji said to him, “Yesterday I sent you

forty litres of milk — what did you do with it?” That milk had not been bought in any shop but

offered by devotees to Bābā ji out of devotion. The vaidya understood that Bābā ji was asking him

this because he had forgotten to give milk to my father — though my father had told no one of it.

The vaidya replied to Bābā ji that the amount of milk had been the same as usual, though in

reality he had simply forgotten. Bābā ji only smiled and said, “As long as Harī lives here, don’t

forget to give him his milk — give it to him every day.” Afterward the vaidya told my father that

Bābā ji had asked him to give him milk, and promised to see to it from then on. (Harikishan,

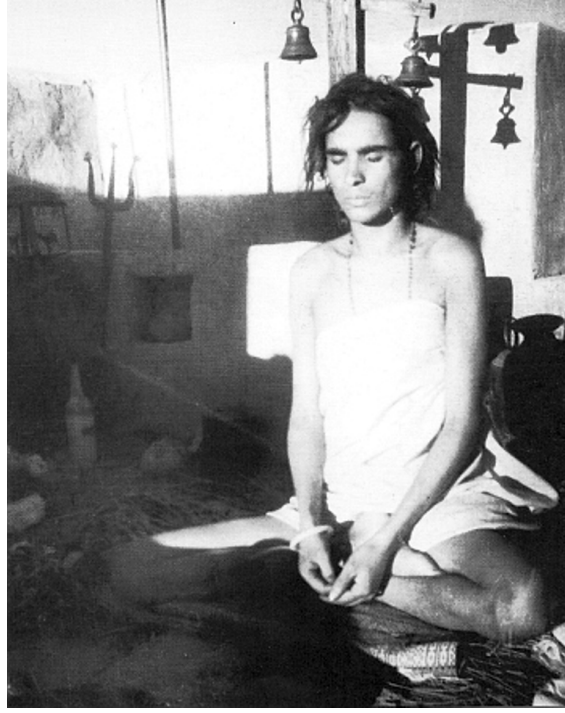
Lohvan, Mathurā)

The ninth pandit

Śrī Haiḍākhān Bābā

On the 20th of September, 1971, before the Navarātri pūjā, Viṣṇudatt Śāstrījī pointed out to Bābā

ji that there were only eight paṇḍits (priests) for it. Bābā ji said,



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"Make Harī the ninth priest

— his Sanskrit pronunciation is correct, and he reads well." So Viṣṇu-
datt Śāstrījī told my father,

"Bābā ji has chosen you as the ninth paṇḍit — read the fourth chapter
of the Durgā Saptaśatī in

Sanskrit." My father recited the ślokas and mantras correctly without
reading from the text, since

he had them by heart. The next day the pūjā began, and thousands of
people came from far away.

Bābā ji pointed out the site of the havan kuṇḍ at Kāṭhgharia and said,
"Here I performed the

yajña." When the ground there was dug up, ashes and the old embers
of burnt wood were found — the

remains of a nine-day yajña, during which Bābā ji had offered water

in place of ghee to the

sacrificial fire. A saint named Nantin Mahārāj, well known in the Kumāñ region, came to the

yajña, and about a thousand people attended this Navarātri at Kāthgharia. After the yajña, Bābā ji

went on to Herakhan, and my father returned home near Vṛndāvan. (Harikishan, Lohvan, Mathurā)

In front of the court



Shri Haidakhan Baba

Śrī Haiḍākhān Bābā

In those same days Bābā ji was summoned before the district court of Nainītāl, and had to appear

just before Navarātri — an MLA had filed a complaint against him for illegally occupying land and

property. On the day he had to present himself, many devotees prepared to go with him — Viṣṇudatt

Śāstrijī, Miśrīlāl, Devkinandan Mahashay, Yadrām, Jīvanlāl, Naththīlāl
the vaidya, and thousands
of other devotees and onlookers besides. Bābā ji said to my father,
"Harī, you will not come — you
will stay here and look after everyone's belongings."
When Bābā ji was brought before the judge, the judge said, "You came
here with so many people —
tomorrow come alone, and bring no one." The next day, even more
people came than before, and once
again the judge remarked on it; Bābā ji answered that he himself had
brought no one, and that they
had all come of their own accord. The judge asked his name, and
Bābā ji said he did not know it.
The judge asked who had educated him, and Bābā ji said it had been
Bhairavnāth ji. Asked what his
qualifications were, Bābā ji said he had undertaken no formal educa-
tion anywhere, but that he
knew the Vedas. "What is the oldest Veda?" the judge then asked.
"The Ṛg Veda," Bābā ji answered.
"You may go now," the judge said. My father later learned all this from
Miśrīlāl and the other
devotees who had been present. (Harikishan, Lohvan, Mathurā)