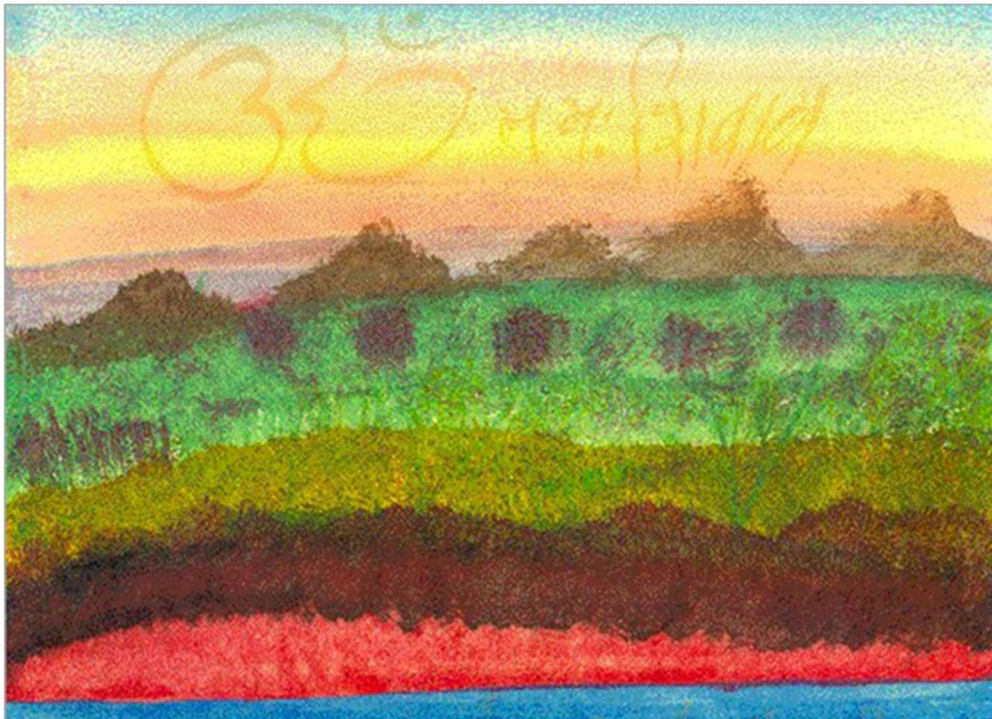


SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES

1984-1991

with Our Immortal Babaji and
Our Beloved Gurudev Maha Muni Raj Maharaji





This book is dedicated to our immortal, unforgettable Mahavatar Babaji, my Master, His holy lotus feet, to our beloved Gurudev Maha Muniraj, to his lotus feet, to holy saint Shilu Vishnudutt Shastriji, to his lotus feet, with all my adoration.

Damayanti

Spiritual Experiences by Damayanti

The Year 1984

On February 14th, that is Valentine-Day, I received a phone-call from Sundar Singh telling me that Our beloved Immortal Babaji went to Maha-Samadhi. At first, I could not believe it. Then I felt such a great pain in my heart, when finally realizing it was true, as other devotees phoned me, too.

Babaji gave us so much love. He was our Divine Father, and Divine Mother. He came and manifested Himself on Mount Kailash, remained for forty days in meditation position without eating, drinking and moving, as He was so much absorbed in the most profound meditation.

Chandramani, an Indian devotee, found Babaji on the top of Mount Kailash and stayed with Him to pay homage and have His Darshan. Babaji only came to put us all on a higher spiritual level in this Kali Yoga.

He showed us our imperfections, as well. He wanted us to be His soldiers without fear, full of strength and courage to live in universal Love, Simplicity and in Truth, and to teach humanity, to spread in the world His marvelous message. He also wanted us to learn and teach humanity to be Karma-yogis.

His extraordinary, marvelous Beauty and Radiance cannot be described in mere human words. It was perfect. His big dark splendid eyes were so shining, brilliant with universal Love. They could shine like fire and be very severe.

His path of teaching is not easy to follow. We have to change ourselves, our ego, and our mind. He guided us with His infinite Love and taught us that it is also our duty to serve, love and have faith in Him. He calls us in dreams and appears to people all over the world. He made us to become a great universal family.

As Babaji went to Maha-Samadhi, I had the impression that He throws us into the sea. We must learn to swim, or in other words: realize in our lives His beautiful message, not depend on His physical body for our spiritual advancement but find His Presence in our hearts. We all also received the oldest Mantra dating back more than 2000 years:
Om Namah Shivaya!

That means I take refuge in you, my Lord. With this mantra, we are always connected with the Divine, and protected. It is stronger and more efficient than an atomic bomb. For some days. I was so sad, tears ran down my cheeks, but little by little I realized that it is a big present Babaji gave to all of us through His immense Love. By His infinite Grace, His nearest and dearest devotee Maha Muni Raj Maharaji became our Gurudev to guide, inspire, and help us on this marvelous, however so difficult, path. He is very great, Trimurti, Dattatreya. He has taken this great

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responsibility to look after all of us, and after all Babaji Centers and Ashrams in the world. Maha Muni Raj Maharaji is: "the King of Silence". His love is very great for all of us. He can be as severe as Babaji and takes care of each of us personally, looking after each of us in a particular way. His beautiful eyes can also be full of Divine Love, and if we trust and have faith in Him, He can guide us towards our own spirituality, simplicity, universal Love and Truth.

We must learn to be simple, thankful for everything we receive, especially to forgive others as well as ourselves, to be true, sincere, to have universal love for all humanity, as well as good thoughts for every individual, and ourselves, because our body is also the Temple of the Divine.

Eight days before our Immortal Babaji went into Maha-Samadhi, I had a dream which affected me: I was lost in Mount Kailash and did not know how to find my way back. At that moment Shri Hanuman Banjarangaboli came to me: He was strong and beautiful, full of Love, and took me by the hand, and guided me. Looking down to the mountain from above, I was a bit afraid, as I saw a vast abyss, but with the Presence of Shri Hanuman I felt secure. We arrived at the end of Mount Kailash where there is a big space between Mount Kailash and the mountains aside. There Shri Hanuman took me in His strong arms, flew quickly through the air with me, put me in a big yellow field - and vanished.

In this field, there was only one great beautiful house. I was alone. After a while, I saw a big procession of me all dressed in white, walking one after the other towards the new house. In the center of this procession of men I saw Babaji and Maha Muni Raj Maharaji. All went then into the new house, with me as the only woman. I went also there and stayed behind the others in a corner. Babaji came to inaugurate this house.

At the end of the ceremony, He looked at me, with His great beautiful eyes, and spoke three times, "I don't like your name, we have to change it." Suddenly I awoke and felt sad to have not received my new name yet. I wrote of this dream to our Gurudev Maha Muni Raj, and eight days later, on Valentine's Day, Babaji went into Maha Samadhi.

What a great joy to hear that our beloved Gurudev came to Europe to visit Babaji Ashrams with others. Visum Datta Misra Shastriji - Dr. Arvind Lal and Cha-Cha-Karku. I also went to Schweibenalp and Galeazza.

Galeazza is a beautiful country place with large gardens full of trees, flowers and a great old castle. The Italians made a great reception to welcome the Guru. All the devotees were so kind and shared such a great love and happiness that Maha Muni Raj Maharaji came to inaugurate this wonderfully big place for an ashram.

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I remember very well the arrival of our beloved Gurudev and His Great joy. We had wonderful Aratis and Havans in the Dhuni. This was in May 1984.

In Galeazza, I received my spiritual name "Damayanti". What a great joy for me to receive this name after my precious dream! Galeazzi was so full of Divine Energy, and we felt everywhere Babaji's holy Presence. I will never forget this and am greatly thankful for all these exceptionally beautiful days I passed in Galeazzi. I was there several times, also when Turkantam gave his beautiful concert there for the Glory of Babaji. Many Italian people came, we chanted a Jot, and twice a day Chalissa of Hanuman united in Babaji's great Love, a big family.

I met Elena Falzoni, Mother of Dr. Hari Krishna, and we at once became great friends who will always be united in Babaji's great Love.

In September 1984, I went again for some days to Galeazza. One of my Italian friends knew that the 9th of September was my birthday. What a surprise when we went to Lunch in the garden! As it was such a beautiful day, my friends of the ashram displayed flowers, fruits, and gifts around my seat in the garden. They chanted in chorus "Happy birthday to you". The pleasure of sharing our emotions was almost tangible. The Italian people have great sensibility and love which they expressed joyously.

As Maha Muni Raj has blessed me with this spiritual name Damayanti, I would like to retell her story of love and inspired adventure.

The Story of Damayanti and King Nala.

This text is from the Mahabharata and recounts the story of King Nala and his wife Damayanti.

Damayanti was the daughter of the popular King of Viarba. She was known for her radiant beauty and kindness. When it was time for her to choose a husband, all the princes of the land came to win her heart. It was easy for her to choose Nala, the king of Nisa, for he had the strength and power of a tiger. Their union was blessed by the gods. Nala promised Damayanti that he would never leave her. He ruled his kingdom with a kind heart and a just hand. They lived very happy for twelve years, with their son and daughter. - Now, there was Kali, a jealous world-guard. She was enraged that Nala had married Damayanti and not her. She said to Dvapara, "I cannot master my rage. I must destroy Nala." After some years, the brother of King Nala, Pushkara, came to visit them. He said several times, "Let us gamble", and at the end, the noble King Nala could not support any more this provocation.

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They began to gamble with the dice. Damayanti assisted at the game. With each roll of the dice, King Nala lost more and more of his possessions: his coach, his horses, jewels, his gold, and his clothes. Neither Damayanti nor his friend could refrain Nala's intoxication for the game. Even the citizens of the town came to the palace to hamper the king from gambling off everything. They loved him as their leader. Damayanti was worried and anxious in seeing King Nala's madness. Thinking over the situation quickly Damayanti ordered the coach-driver to hide the best horses and bring her children to safety at her parent's home in Vidarbha. Pushkara wanted still a last game to also win Damayanti. Crossed with anger, King Nala rose from the table and fled to the forest. Damayanti secretly followed him. Pushkara proclaimed, "He who helps Nala will be killed."

For three days they wandered without any help from anybody, finally were tired and hungry. Desperate for some food, Nala devised a bird-trap with his frock. But instead of capturing his meal, the birds flew away with his only protection, and he stood naked. Nala said to Damayanti, "Follow this path to your parents to find food and safety!" "But I do not want to leave you", she responded. Very tired they fell asleep on the ground, and when Damayanti awoke next morning, Nala had left her. Damayanti cried aloud, "Why have you left me alone?" She was scared and vulnerable against wild animals. After a day of wandering, she met a small group of Brahmanas. She told them her distress. They told her that she will find her beloved husband one day, and then they disappeared into the forest.

In some distance, Damayanti saw the town of Tschedies where Sabahu was the king. She arrived looking very thin, and half dressed, her hair dirty and in disorder, thus looking like a poor fool, so that the children followed her laughing and making fun of her. The Mother-of-the-King saw her as she arrived at the doors of the palace. She called her to come inside, The Mother-Queen exclaimed, "Oh, even in this state you look beautiful! Who are you?" With tears running down her cheeks Damayanti told the Mother-Queen that she was from a good family, and also the story of how she lost her husband. The Queen let her stay as the maid of her daughter. "I will stay if you let me speak to the Brahmanas, so that they will search for my husband. And I beg you, let me not see any other man as I live only to be again with my beloved husband. Damayanti became friends with Sunanda, the king's daughter, and she was well-treated by the family.

Meanwhile in the forest, Nata saw fire and a voice called him, "Nala Punjasloka, don't be afraid, I am Karkotaka, the dragon-prince. Listen to me, King, I have deceived the great Rishi Narada, and in his anger, he has thrown a curse on me. I am trapped in this fire, wound around like a snake, unable to move, until you, King Nala, deliver me from this curse. Take me in your arms and free me."

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King Nala had pity and embraced him. But the snake bit Nala who instantly changed his form so that no one could recognize him. The dragon prince then ordered Nala to go into the beautiful town Ajoydhin to King Rituparna who is a master in the art of numbers. "You present yourself as coach driver, Bahuka. When you have learned all of the art of numbers, you will again have your fortune and be reunited with your wife and children. If ever you want to change your form, you think of me and put on this holy dress."

Nala obeyed and went to King Rituparna who engaged him at once as driver and cook. Nobody recognized Nala who never forgot his Damayanti. Both, King Nala and Damayanti, having lost their kingdom thus lived in foreign servitude. King Bhima, the father of Damayanti, sent the Brahmanas searching all over the world to find his daughter and Nala. He promised to the Brahmanas a small village with fertile land and a thousand bulls if they bring his daughter and son-in-law to him.

One of the Brahmanas, Sudev, came to the town Tschedies and saw the Queen-Mother with her royal suite. He saw Damayanti amongst them. She was thin and pale but still beautiful even in a servant dress. He went to her and told her, "I am Sudeva, a friend of your brother. Your father sent me to find you and Nala. Be assured to know that your royal family and children are healthy. They are anxious and sad and have sent more than hundred Brahmanas to find you. The Queen saw that Damayanti began to cry heavily while speaking to Brahmana. She called Sudev to hear what they had spoken. He told the Queen that Damayanti is the daughter of King Bhima and that her husband, King Nala, had gambled away all his kingdom. "We Brahmanas have travelled all around the world to find them. and now Damayanti has been found." Hearing the news of the holy Brahmana, the Queen quickly rushed to Damayanti, took her in her arms and kissed her while tears of joy were running down her face, and she said, "Why didn't you tell me your name? You are the daughter of my sister. From now on this palace is like your own." Damayanti told the Queen, "You were so good and kind to me, but I have a great longing to return to my parents and children."

The Queen was sad to see Damayanti leave but prepared for her a convoy of soldiers to protect her, and also servants to accompany her. When Damayanti arrived at home, a feast with her family and friends was prepared to welcome her after so many years. With joy and regret in her voice Damayanti said to her parents, "If you want me to stay alive, you must find my husband!" The order was instantly given to the Brahmanas, and they once again dispersed in all directions. After a long time, Brahmana Parnad returned to Damayanti and said, "I have visited King Ritupam, but nobody answered my inquiry. On leaving the palace I heard the cries of a

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man. It was the coach-driver and cook of the King. Intuition tells me that this man could be Nala."

The princess was pleased and rewarded him with golden coins. Then she called Brahmana Sudev and ordered him to go to King Ritupam and tell him, "The daughter of King Bhima is in search of a new husband, for she believes King Nala to be dead."

Sudev left his tower to deliver the message to King Ritupam who at once called his coach-driver and said, "We will leave at once, for Damayanti seeks a husband, and I want to arrive first". Bahuka (that is Nala) was sadly worried, for he feared that this story could be a trap. "I will go and see what happens!" The clever man drove quickly with the perfection of an expert. Impressed by Nala's skills, King Ritupam asked Nala to teach him the art of guiding horses. "I will do this", Nala responded, and remembering the words of the serpent, he continued, "but only if you teach me the art of numbers!". - So they exchanged their knowledge on the journey to the palace of King Bhim. Damayanti heard the approaching coach led by the swift and harmonious rhythm of the horses which could only be created by the horses of Nala. King Ritupam went to King Bhima, and was received with honour, but no other king was there. King Ritupam realized that it was a trick of the daughter, but he told the King he wanted to pay him a visit.

Damayanti saw Nala, but his body was changed. She called him into her room and told him of her story and deep sadness. Nala seeing her despair, wrapped himself in the holy frack received from the serpent prince. At once he was transformed back into his original body and stood there as the beautiful and strong King Nala. Damayanti cried in happiness and fell into his arms. Everybody was happy, also King Ritupam who said to Nala, "Excuse me if I have once disgraced you." But Nala told him, "We were always friends and will be so forever."

Damayanti and Nala left her parents and travelled to his lost kingdom which was ruled by Nala's brother Pushkara. As Nala had learned the number art, he teased Pushkara, "Let us gamble again, I have money." - "Yes", said Pushkara, "but if you lose, I want Damayanti". They gambled, and Pushkara lost everything. As Nala was a noble person, he pardoned his brother and gave him the kingdom he had before. Nala and Damayanti lived happily for many years. Pushkara praised his brother Nala for his kindness. The story "Damayanti and Nala" is praising the ideal of a marriage of love and fidelity in 26 chapters.

In 1984, I went to Schweibenalp often in the weekends for Arati and specially for the Havana-ceremony in the Dhuni. This ceremony is auspicious also for the surrounding nature and the whole country The fire-ceremony is

important, as it helps to purify ourselves and to burn away all the negativity in us; and with a mantra we can also throw our negativity into the fire to burn it. In the antiquity, many fire-ceremonies were performed, and little by little they were forgotten or neglected. Babaji gave back a great meaning to this ceremony, and today it is really necessary to purify the earth of pollution, and the whole vegetation will benefit from it. Vibhuti (ashes) is also very good for illness of all kinds to put on the body for healing, especially after a Havana, as it is blessed by prayers and offering.

When our beloved Gurudev and Shastriji came to Schweibenalp, on their European trip on the 25th to 27th May, I also went there to assist at all the ceremonies, and especially for their blessings and the Havana fire-ceremony. It was wonderful. We were very happy to share all together and meet with all our friends.

In the autumn, I travelled to Milano. Babaji devotees and friends asked me to give them a seminary or workshop for back and spine massage. They would teach me Rebirthing, in exchange. They proposed to perform Rebirthing on me. I explained to them that I easily leave the body to go to the other side. We began with breathing. Laura was sitting at my head, and Daniella at my feet. They stayed near to protect me. A voice commanded Laura to breathe for me, and she experienced the pain of a heart-attack (Infarctus of Myocardia). For me the experience was marvelous. They told me later on that I sang "Om Namah Shivaya" and then fell into silence. The door opened, Babaji entered the room, sat near me and blessed me. There was no hesitation in his gesture. His Light and Love filled the room. We could see and feel it. Hanuman, the God of Great devotion and love for Sita-Rama also came to bless me and gave me strength. He stood near Babaji. I was so happy and did not want to move. After a while, the door opened again, and the Divine Mother Haidakhandeshwari entered. She was so radiantly full of Grace, the most beautiful Divine Mother I ever saw in my life. She was dressed all in blue, silver and gold. Her marvelous big eyes were shining with great love and smiling. She blessed me. I always had prayed to Lord Shiva, and just a little to the Mother Divine. But when She appeared to me in this Beauty and immense Love, I opened my heart in great adoration, devotion and total surrender to Her.

She can help us immensely if we receive Her Divine Grace. As much as I can, I read now "Haidakhandi Sapta Sati" - the most beautiful book written by Shri Vishnu Datta Misra (Shastriji), who is Ayurvedic Medicine expert, astrologer, high priest, and a prolific writer and reputed Sanskrit scholar. (This book I spoke of has seven hundred verses written in praise of the Divine Mother in Haidakhan. Our Immortal Babaji gave His blessings for the publication of Haidakhandi Sapta Sati. These divinely inspired prayers are written for the Divine Energy (Shakti), the Supreme Goddess which relates to the manifested miracle of the divine incarnation of

Lord Shiva in the Lord of Haidakhan. This book is written for the benefit of the world, too.)

I was overjoyed in peace and harmony, enveloped in all these Holy extraordinary vibrations and blessings. When I awoke, my body was covered with roses. I asked them, "Why am I covered with roses, and why are you crying?" - During the Rebirthing and the time when my spirit had left the body, Daniella called Stefano and his girlfriend. They arrived quickly to celebrate my Rebirthing. However, the celebration ended as the color left my skin, and they believed my soul to be lost. I took more than one hour to return to consciousness. So I finally did awake to a group of mourning.

As I am, since 1983, the spiritual aunt of the Italian devotees, they were afraid and sad to lose me. Some years later, I realized what did happen. Some days before this Rebirthing, when I was for a visit in Milano, we spent some hours together. Stefano told us that he is afraid of death and of heart-attack (Infarctus of the Myocardium). I think, through this experience he had to learn that even after terrestrial death we continue to live in the spiritual world.

I wrote to our Gurudev Maha Muni Raj to ask Him when I could come to visit Him in India. He replied that I could come in September for Navaratri to Chilianaula, or later for Christmas to Haidakhan. Neither time suited me. I wanted to go in November. I had to make many re-arrangements, so I could go for Christmas 1984. Leaving in November, running for the train station, I had an accident caused by the stormy weather and heavy rain. I hurried to be in time, but in my confusion slipped on some wet leaves. The shock of falling down was so painful that I could not get up again. Many people passed by, but nobody stopped to help me get up. After a quarter of an hour's lying on the street, a young Italian couple saw me and assisted me gently into a taxi. They instructed the driver to take me to the nearest first-aid-clinic. They took me at once for X-rays. Fortunately, nothing was broken. Only a strong inflammation of the nerves in my right arm was there. A muscle was dislocated and could not be pushed back into its place. I was advised to let the muscle slowly move to its place again. Therefore, I had to work for six months with my arm closely held to my body. The nerve-inflammation was very painful, but I had to continue to work during this time, and no doctor could help me.



Maja Muniraj

I prepared my trip to India for December, the best I could, and I even found someone I could travel with, who could help me with my luggage. We arrived safely in Delhi. and the next day we travelled to Haldwani by Taxi. There we went to the office of our Gurudev and had His Darshan and benediction.

As the water of the Holy River Gautama Ganga was not too high, we could continue traveling to Haidakhan by truck with Cha-Cha. The weather was nice, but the air very cool. I asked Our Gurudev how to relieve the pain in my arm and hand. He replied, "Twice daily have Jhara with Swamiji in Haidakhan." Jhara is a healing process with peacock feathers and a special mantra. In Haidakhan many people had arrived from all over the world for that Christmas celebration. Babaji was the first Holy Person to consecrate in the Himalayas the celebration of Jesus Christ birth. I slept in one room with Kali. She gave me her special attention and every morning and evening brought me hot chai (special tea). At night, the temperature dropped, but during the day the sun was strong.

The second day I went to Swami for my first Jhara-healing. As a rule, Jhara takes, even heavy and acute pains, away, but this time after the Jhara-movement it remained as painful as ever. We repeated it twice each day, and after three days only once a day. I could not stand it anymore. On Christmas-day I cried in frustration, as the pain persisted, and I was allergic to allopathic pills. I could not find any solution. I prayed to Babaji to give me the

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strength to overcome the pain. Shastriji, the great priest, saw me suffering and told me I could do nothing for six months. "You have to pass through these experiences to pay karma for another life in Tibet!" What I did in this life I don't know. So I tried to accept the situation and endure it. I can say it was not easy.

Man Singh and Sheila saw my suffering and allowed me to go to meditate every day at Babaji Dhuni near His Kutir. Sometimes I sat inside this Kutir for a little while. I cannot describe my feelings while sitting there. The Holy Vibration of Babaji's Presence was everywhere and in everything. A subtle fragrance of roses perfumed the whole room. The Kutir was full of peace and calmness. It was like a Balsam on my pains. Bhole Babaji Jai! Really, what a Grace that this opportunity was given to me! As it is said in the Arati: "Baba manase faletumhari" - Baba fulfills all our wishes. I prayed for His Help to give me strength, and He gave me so much in return. His Presence was intense. Babaji is forever in our hearts. I wanted to be silent and didn't speak for five or six days. On Christmas Day, the children of the village came with their parents to the Ashram. They danced, recited poetry and sang Bhajans and Kirtan. It was extraordinary to see their joy.

Our beloved Gurudev Maha Muni Raj who also came for the celebration distributed presents to all of the children. This is the first time since the birth of Christ that this celebration was performed in such a way at Haidakhan Vishwa Madadham. It has never happened in this way before, and will never happen again. People will remember this for ages, not just for years. People of the universe should know that the birth of Christ has been celebrated since 1980 in the Heart of the Himalayas.

The end of the year was quite special when Our Gurudev returned for three days. He asked me if I wanted to go to Chilianaula.. Of course I wanted to go. I had heard so much about this wonderful place and ashram surrounded by the majestic Himalaya mountains of 1980 m, a corner of Paradise on earth.

Some days later, I was in Haldwani and went to the office of Maha Muni Raj. He told me to be ready to go to Chilianaula the next day. I was overjoyed but that night a big snowstorm and waves of cold air arrived unexpectedly. My Gurudev phoned me to tell me the trip was cancelled for me, but He went anyway. I was impatient to see the weather changed. My flight home was in four days. I waited to see Him again, I wanted to see my Guru as long as I could, but finally I was sad to leave without having seen or met Him again.

Spiritual Experiences by Damayanti

The year 1985

In the end of 1984, I received a notice of eviction telling me I had to leave my Beauty-Studio which I had for 45 years. First, I was disappointed. But then I left in March 1985 without a tear because I had many problems with my landlord over the years. Finally, it proved a good thing, this change. for it gave me the opportunity to work in a medical esthetique clinic for five years from then. Here I developed my knowledge in other techniques, such as Shiatsu massage of the back and spine, healing, respiration etc. Many people don't know how to breathe correctly. I was in contact with people from all over the world, and I could help many people who were blocked by fear, anxiety, and guilt. Maha Muni Raj Maharaji, our beloved Gurudev, gave me a healing mantra, and through the guidance and inspiration of our Immortal Babaji and Maha Muni Raj I was able to give the right treatment and advice to my clients. I served Babaji and my Gurudev channeling their love. I wrote to my Gurudev to ask Him if I could come to India again. His answer was positive. So, I left on 5th October to arrive for the festival of Navaratri, in celebration of the Divine Mother in Chilianaula.

Arriving in India I felt at once at home. First, I went in Delhi to visit my spiritual family of Dr. Lal, and stayed with them, as they are so dear to my heart. When leaving from there by taxi, there was a group of Babaji devotees from Dallas, Texas. So, I travelled with them in a small bus. On the way to Morahabad, the driver had to change the tire twice. It began to rain heavily. All the rain ran into the bus and over our luggage. We were all wet to the bones. Finally arriving in Morahabad, we could not advance any more with this old bus-taxi. There we found taxis to Haldwani. There was rain everywhere, our clothes were covered with mud and dirt. We arrived in a small hotel of Babaji Devotees. It was impossible to move to Chilianaula. Big rocks had fallen from the mountains on the roads, blocking our way. We had to wait with other devotees until the roads were clear. But the rain did not cease. In the 15th of October afternoon we tried with Melanie, a young woman from Dallas, to leave with a taxi for Nainital to sleep there. There we found Sandra Ray group LRT of more than 50 people, also blocked by the rain. We went altogether for dinner.

The next afternoon the manager of the hotel told us to quickly hire a taxi to see if we could pass. Waiting for 20 minutes, they opened the road for us, and we continued on to Chilianaula. We just arrived for evening Arati, but we missed the beginning of the festival. The others who were blocked in Haldwani and Naimital arrived the next evening only.

Our great priest Vishnu Dut Shastriji told us smiling, "Babaji sent you this rain to purify you all". We enjoyed the beautiful celebration of Navaratri. I

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slept in a room with some American Devotees who looked after me with love and kindness. Being an old lady also has its advantages.

Many people arrived for Navaratri from all over the world. Our beloved Vishnu Dutt Shastriji came from Rajasthan to perform the celebrations. In the afternoon during Navaratri, he read in an old year-book (of '1000 years) and Dr. Amind Lal translated it into English. After that, Shastriji performed a nice Puja.

What a beauty - this Ashram called Haidakhan Wale Baba Ka Mandir Anand Puri, surrounded by the majestic chain of the Himalayas. I was so surprised to find such a marvelous place. It looks like a paradise on earth at 1800 m. Flowers of all kinds, but specially roses are blooming even in October. The trees were big and gave us strength. The garden was well-maintained. It was a pleasure to walk among its colorful beauty. There was a special holy energy of Peace and Harmony. I was at once in love with Chilianaula and it was so wonderful to breathe the fragrance of its flowers. In thoughts and dreams I am often there, and my nostalgia is great.

On the 24th and 25th of October we had two nice excursions with our beloved Gurudev Maha Muni Raj and Shastriji to Jageshwar where we found 107 old temples dating back more than 2000 years, all in stone. We saw many sadhu. Very interesting to visit this place!

In the Shiva Temple a holy Pujari performed a ritual to the Lingam. I had a great surprise and shock looking at Him, as He changed His form into our Immortal Babaji. How happy I was to see Him in this radiant beauty and love. My heart beat quickly. I felt His HOLY BLESSING - TEARS OF JOY RAN DOWN MY CHEEKS. I wanted to stay there. I had to leave to join the others for lunch. I was not hungry and could not eat.

I hid myself behind somebody, so nobody called.

The next day we made another excursion to Dronagiri to visit a temple. We had to climb a hill. It was a small but beautiful temple with many bells of all sizes. From the temple we could look down upon the fields rich with greenery and flowers. As it was lunch time, I sat with Kali on a small wall. I was not at all hungry and did not want to eat but only drink. Maha Muni Raj came with Shastriji in our direction and sat just underneath our feet at the wall. I was obliged to get down off the wall and sit near our Gurudev. The lunch was served. My Gurudev knew that I needed to eat to keep my strength, and he put me in a situation I could not refuse. Sitting in the car on the way back to the Ashram we could not admire enough the beauty of the land. Upon my return I was sad to hear that the group from Texas was leaving. A woman from the group, Lauren, invited me to move to her room. Now, just a small group had left.

Spiritual Experiences by Damayanti

Maha Muni Raj invited us to have tea. Even though He is a silent person, His smile and chosen words convey a feeling of peace and strength.

The 27th of October was an emotional day. We left Chilianaula with tears in our eyes. Our Gurudev blessed us as we left for Haldwani and Delhi. The 30th October I flew to Bombay. There I was invited by Yogendra and Pallu Madhavan, another spiritual family dear to my heart. Their house stands next to the Indian Ocean and is surrounded by many palm-trees. Hearing the waves of the ocean is so wonderful. I stayed the last days of my retreat in their dear company. I was so sad to leave India and my dear friends. My flight was the 3rd of November, late in the night I arrived at home the next day. The end of 1985 passed away quickly. I was busy travelling and giving seminars.

Spiritual Experiences by Damayanti

The year 1986

1986 was a good year. I advanced in my Karma-Yoga as well as my work in the clinic.

I traveled to Italy, France, Holland, and Germany, for massage seminars. In spring I received the good news that our beloved Gurudev with Shastriji would be travelling to America and Europe. We counted the days until their arrival. I left the 9th of June. two days before they came to Cisternino. I was invited by Hanuman and her mother to sleep in their nice truly, about 20 minutes' walk from the ashram. I took some days to assist the arrival.

The new Shiva Temple in Cisternino, an exact copy of Haidakhan Shiva Temple, was built and would be inaugurated by Maha Muni Raj Maharaji and Vishnu Dutt Shastriji. and also, several murtis would be blessed by them. The Italian devotees sold their jewels of gold - rings, bracelets, necklaces to melt the gold in order to cover the dome of the Temple. From afar you can see the golden dome of the Temple shining in the sunlight. Cisternino is a rich country with white trellis built of stone among the gardens of olive trees. almond trees. vegetables, fruits, flowers. This village lies between Bari and Brindisi and has an agreeable climate. The sea is very close on both sides. We call this "the boot of Italy". The ashram of Bhole Baba is also built in trellis-style and is surrounded by rich land. The whole Ashram was decorated with flowers and garlands. Many devotees came from Italy, Switzerland Germany, USA, Holland, England, and waited for the arrival of our hosts. We sang mantras to welcome them and threw flowers at them when they came. We were all happy to be reunited, and the joy was felt like a physical presence.

The Inauguration was very auspicious. This Bhole Baba Ashram is an ideal place for meditations. It is peaceful and full of holy vibrations. For three days and nights the Italian Devotees had to walk around the interior of the Temple and chant "Om Namah Shivaya". Always after four hours they were replaced by another group of devotees. There were always people chanting. Our Gurudev with Shastriji and other followers left the 14th of June in the evening. Many cars with devotees went to accompany them to the station which lies about one hour away from the Ashram, and we chanted Bhajans. I stayed for two days more, and when I walked to the home of Hanumani after lunch to rest a bit, I heard chanting voices coming from all directions. They were singing "Om Namah Shivaya" altogether. It was fantastic to hear this chorus.

Later, when I was in Chilianaula for Navaratri, I asked our great priest Shastriji what I heard, if it was fantasy or real. Shastriji responded to me, "How lucky you are that you heard this music, it is a great gift from Our Beloved Mahadev

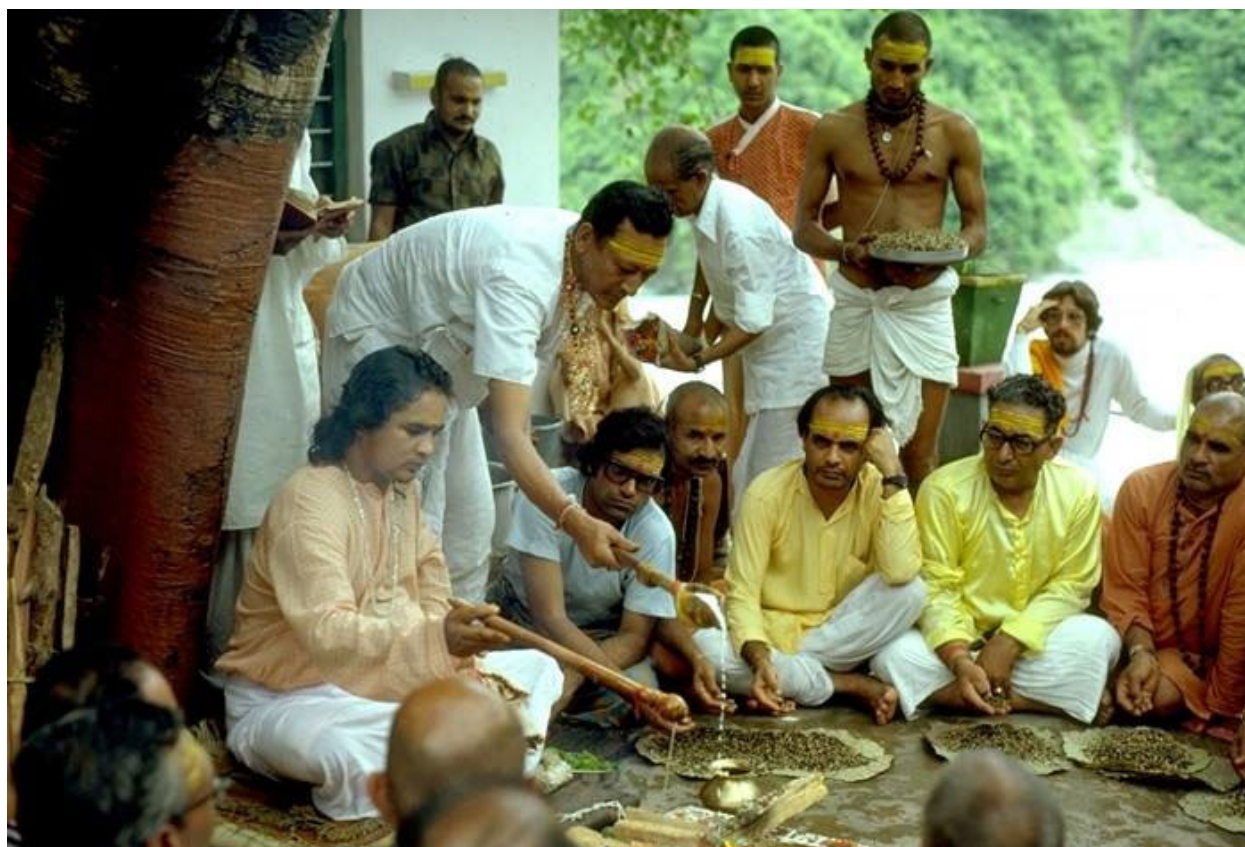
Spiritual Experiences by Damayanti

Babaji!" I have heard three times this music of the spheres, each time in a different travel place: First time in November 1983 while travelling with Babaji to Jadar in Gujarat, in the morning train. There I heard a chorus chanting "Om Namah Shivaya" and afterwards asked the devotees if they had chanted, as they were in another wagon of the train, but they all said, "No, we did not hear it and were sleeping".

Second time it was heard by me in Cisternino, and the third time after our beloved Gurudev left Schweibenalp, and I was going to Brienzen. Then I had the joy of hearing these voices for a third time.

I went then to Schweibenalp, when our Gurudev and Shastriji were there. We had two beautiful Aratis, one in the morning, and one in the evening, many Bhajans and Kirtan. In the morning we had an outdoor Havan (fire-ceremony). In my first booklet on "Experiences with Babaji - 1983" I reported about my dream in 1971 in which Babaji had appeared to me. In that dream I was wearing a long white toga as did the ancient Greek. Some years later, while on a cruise in the Greek Islands, a friend gave me an identical garment for the evening ceremony, I wore this toga like I would wear a sari. When I went to make Pranam to our Gurudev Maha Muni Raj, I had a vision of Babaji from my dream. I suddenly felt very sad because Babaji had gone in Maha Samadhi. I went to hide at the background of the room and did not want the Gurudev to see my overwhelming sadness and despair.

Some minutes later on, Maha Muni Raj sent a German devotee to come and console me by taking me in her arms. I was surprised that Our Gurudev knew the feelings happening inside me. It is impossible to hide anything from a great Master. So, I was certain that Our Gurudev gives His precious aid to help us resolve our problems. Sometimes His teaching and love passes to us through subtle and indirect ways. He has helped me to overcome my physical attachment to Babaji and to feel His Presence forever in my heart. Through His teaching Maha Muni Raj brings us closer to Lord Shiva.



Babaji leading the fire ceremony

I remember, in 1984, before Babaji went in Maha Samadhi, I wrote to Him a letter saying I would serve Him with all my love and strength and be His messenger to spread His wonderful message of Love - Simplicity - Truth. I have always been a courageous person when confronting emotional problems. but when I see a mouse, I jump on the next chair. So, in the beginning of the year, I went to Schweibenalp. There was no Dhuni outdoors then. So, the Havan fire-ceremony was celebrated in the Temple after Arati. I sat near the Dhuni; other devotees were near the altar. At the end of the Arati ceremony, while sitting, I saw a mouse coming out from underneath the wood and coming in my direction. So, I prayed to Babaji to help me - and the mouse vanished from where it came.

I slept in the Chalet with many others in the same room. A Germany devotee told me she saw two mice on her sleeping-bag. You may imagine what I felt. My heartbeat became very quickly. I slept in my sleeping-bag, put the hood around my head, and prayed to Babaji. So the mouse would not come to me. At four o'clock I heard a cry from a devotee. The mouse had jumped over her nose. She was certainly more afraid of mice than me. She jumped and ran out of the room. The rest of the night was calm.

Spiritual Experiences by Damayanti

I received also permission to come to India for the Navaratri celebrations in 1986. I left for India, traveling alone. I arrived in Delhi and also Chilianaula. When I arrived in the ashram, I saw Maha Muni Raj in the garden. In my joy I wanted to greet Him at once. He turned and walked away. I am sure He saw me. During the evening Arati, He looked elsewhere when I came for Darshan. I was very disappointed that He ignored me again. I went into my room and cried. I was worried and asked me, "What did I wrong? Why is He ignoring me?" After a while it came to my mind that Babaji when I came the first time to India in 1983 He also ignored me the second and third day. I knew that this was a test to see how I react. So, the next morning I went for the darshan. Still no look... I was sure that Our Gurudev loves us all equally and that He wants our best. In the evening darshan, I had the surprise to receive a nice red apple, and was happy.'

Navaratri was intensive, and dear Mother Divine blessed us. I adore Navaratri. It is so difficult to describe it. Everybody feels this festival in a different way. It is a big favour to participate in it. After the celebration I always go through a purification and feel differently. I still have to learn so much be letting go my old patterns.



Damyanti with Vimla

Spiritual Experiences by Damayanti

The year 1987

This was a year of Karma Yoga. In the clinic we were fully occupied, and I had many treatments to do and little time for myself. Very often there were difficult cases to treat. I asked Babaji and Maha Muni Raj in my thoughts for inspiration. Many responses came through dreams. They told me in which manner I could help and calm anxious people who had many problems. I was grateful to my great masters for their assistance. Later on, reading books and studying other methods, I found some massage movements that I had learned in my dreams. I nearly always worked with a mantra which our beloved Gurudev had given me. I had good results in treating people. Often, I found the right words to say, and suggested to my clients to change their thoughts away from the negative into the positive. Thoughts have tremendous power. People don't know how to breathe correctly and learn to relax. I work with three items: with positive thoughts, relaxation and breathing.

During 1987, I had also some seminars or workshops during weekends in Holland, Paris, Toulouse, and Italy. In Paris and Italy, I met some wonderful young people who were willing to learn, and who were on the spiritual path. In Holland I enjoyed transmitting my knowledge to my students. After fifty years of practice, I have many things to share.

I was very busy with massages, but I was always thinking about return to India. So, I wrote to Maha Muni Raj for permission to come to Chilianaula for Navaratri. The festival takes place twice a year: In spring it is celebrated in Haidakhan. and in autumn in Chilianaula. I prefer to go in autumn.

On 23rd of September, I left Geneva for Delhi. On 25th of September, I left for Haldwani and Chilianaula. Navaratri started on 26th September. The Ashram was full of Devotees, and we enjoyed meeting again and sharing the festival.

As before said: Navaratri is a beautiful feast of the Divine Mother of the Cosmos the Temple is decorated with much attention. Everywhere there are beautiful flowers and garlands. A large photograph of Babaji was placed upon a Bengal Tiger skin at His Altar. During these nine days festival we always hear the blowing of the conch (shanka, shell) announcing the procession of Maha Muni Raj, Shastriji. the pujari carrying the silver padukas of Babaji on a ceremonial tray. They are accompanied by music and Bhajans. The beauty of this procession always inspires and impresses us. The morning passes with songs and prayers and reading of the Haidakhandi Sapta Sati - the seven hundred verses in praise of the Divine Mother of Haidakhan written by our beloved great priest Visnu Datta M:isra (Shastriji).

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The publication of the Shri Haidakhandeshvari Sapta Sati is a great blessing and boon, as it facilitates Her worship, every word of this great prayer being a divine Mantra. The Mother Goddess of Haidakhan embodies the totality of all that is to be known (the ten Mahavidyas), being the combined divine Grace - the Energy of the Goddess: Mahakali. Mahalakshmi and Mahasarasvati.

I try to describe in few words what it is: The atmosphere is so intense, and everybody receives so much from the Divine Mother who is immense Love. But we are only able to receive what we understand. Every time our experience is different. Our spirituality grows under these influences according to how much we have developed our abilities to receive.

Bhole Baba ki Jai. Jai Maha Maya ki Jai.

The 6th of October, I left for Haldwani, and the 10th of October I was in Delhi. The 13th I had a flight to Bombay where I stayed with my second spiritual family, with Pallu and Yogendra. We also spent together three days in the marvelous Ashram of Babaji in the Manda Farm in Gujarat, about 100 km north from Bombay. This Ashram has its own special beauty. The lower altitude permits the growth of many kinds of flowers and trees. My trip home was pleasant, and I arrived well. Some days later on, I had to go through a big purification. I awoke in the morning with a fever of 40 degrees Celsius. It was a serious beginning of Pneumonia, and I felt very ill.

I had three dreams of Our Immortal Babaji during these three days with 40 degrees fever, when I had to stay in bed. The first dream was: Babaji came into my room, standing before my bed. He took me in his arms and shook me strongly. I think He was trying to pass a message, as we do with our children when we try to explain something very important to them. After shaking me, Babaji took me with much love in his arms and hugged me closely to His Heart. While I was ill, the little Sister Maria Jose came each day from the Clinic in Vevey to give me injections.

The second dream was very strong. Babaji came again, shining full of light, with a large box and stood before my bed. I could feel His love. He opened the box and took out some surgical instruments. He cut open my body and took out my organs: my heart, lungs, stomach, liver, intestines, etc., replacing these organs with new ones. It did not hurt at all, and I observed Him doing this operation so quickly and perfectly that I was surprised. I wondered what this meant, and wrote to a dear friend who interprets dreams, and she said, "The dream represents my unconscious transformation. Babaji removed all that did not function well, not only on a physical plane but also on a psychological level" - "So, I had to change my conscious attitude in order to change myself.

Spiritual Experiences by Damayanti

This second dream marked me strongly. I had to look at myself with a clearer vision and analyze my problems. Going further on the difficult spiritual path requires many changes."

The third dream: I was in Crete outside Heraklion. From far I saw our beloved Immortal Babaji, all dressed in white, sitting on a big rock near the sea. He was surrounded by a crowd of devotees.

An immense Light in subtle colors radiated around His holy body. He was the most exquisite person I ever saw in my life. I walked quickly to approach Him and to receive His Darshan. Unfortunately, two men speaking Greek and quarrelling hindered me from penetrating through the crowd. I awoke so very sad not to have received His Darshan.

My friend from Paris interpreted this dream like that: My big Master was sitting on a rock - this represents the Center, the indestructible Stone, well-anchored. This happened near the sea which is a depiction of our unconsciousness and of our invincible spiritual universe. There is harmonious relation between the earthly consciousness (the rock) and the spiritual (sea). Babaji is not outside me. He represents an aspect of me which is transcendental, which my inner Consciousness knows. I wanted to approach Babaji, but there are two men who are in front of me and quarrelling.

These two men are also two aspects of myself who often are represented: action, the will - structured project - In general, we are not passive. We are makers, we organize and have great difficulties in letting go, surrendering. This could be two aspects in me which prevent me from going deeper into my spiritual development. But it is up to me to meditate and discover these two aspects in my attitudes which create these barriers. It is sure that all my suffering is not unfounded.

This is a message of purification in which I have to find the meaning. I must strongly connect with the Divine to find out and correct my attitude.

These three dreams gave me an opportunity to change myself and to understand what my great masters wanted from me.

After these three dreams and this illness I was left depressed and without physical strength. I was able to rest and stay at home because the clinic was closed for winter-holidays. I felt that Our beloved Gurudev Maha Muni Raj sent me much strength and love. He knows exactly what the best for us is.

Spiritual Experiences by Damayanti

The year 1988

1988 was also a year full of events and Karma yoga. I met some nice young people for my seminar and enjoyed instructing them.

In Italy I had a group of Babaji Devotees. For the seminar in Paris, I had almost altogether such new students, who were really in search of learning and open to spirituality.

1988 was the year of the visit of our beloved Gurudev Maha Muni Raj Maharaji and Shri Vishnu Dutt Shastriji, our High Priest to Europe and U.S.A. We all awaited this event with great joy. I travelled the 17th of May to Milano and took the evening train to Cisternino. I arrived the next morning in Fasano. Arriving at the station in Fasano it gave me much joy to see my dear friend Dinni waiting for me in her car. She learned to drive. It is about 1/2 hour to go to Cisternino from Fasano by car.

We prepared for the arrival of Maha Muni Raj and Shri Shastriji. You can imagine our anticipation. All ceremonies were beautiful. This part of south Italy where are these trellis, have a special charm. On the 25th of May, our Gurudev and Shastriji left for Milano to visit other Devotees. We went to accompany their departure by car.

After I left with Sergio and Saraswati to St. Benedetto del Tronto, where we arrived around 2.30 in the morning. The next day we went to Riconati. We were invited to eat and sleep at Sergio's parents-house. We left for Milano the next morning to join the others. Shri Maha Muni Raj Maharaji received us in the Bhole Baba Ram Center. We had wonderful Arati and Darshan morning and evening.

The 27th of May, after the evening Arati, Gabriella Crispi gave a reception. I was also invited. She prepared a wonderful buffet. We had some drinks on her terrace full of flowers and little trees. Suddenly an unexpected thunderstorm swept across the terrace, the thunder cracked loudly, and one lightning was really frightening. We all ran quickly into the salon, half wet and laughing. We lost Shri Shastriji in our panic. He had gone up the wrong stairs, but we found Him quickly. Fortunately, the dinner was on a long table inside in the dining-room. Each one could serve himself. It was beautiful to see. So many different foods and how they were prepared with excellent taste and style, the choice was not easy.

On Sunday the 30th of May, in the Musee della Scienza e della Tecnica, there was a great reception in the Sala del Cenacolo dedicated to Leonardo da Vinci. Many people were invited to this conference.

Spiritual Experiences by Damayanti

First, we chanted Bhajans and Om Namah Shivaya which means I take refuge in God. Next Dr. Filippo Falzoni spoke of the great Maha Avatar Babaji, the Immortal Master, and His stay in India at Haidakhan. He showed us wonderful slides. After Shri Shastriji talked about the Vedas - origin and translation of Indian philosophy thoughts who are sacred. It was very interesting for us to listen to Shri Shastriji. Everything was well-organized. What a rich experience.

The next day I left for Lausanne. I went to Schweibenalp to join our beloved Gurudev Maha Muni Raj and Shri Shastriji who were there for a few day. The 17th of June I returned home. The 18th of June I flew to London. Our beloved Gurudev and Shri Shastriji would be coming to the Hindu Center the 20th of June.

I stayed with my Indian friends Balmukund Parikh and Hasomati who are from Gujerat. When Balmukund went in 1982 to India, he had the Blessings of our Immortal Babaji in Baroda. He could stay the whole day with Babaji and received a big Rudra.

Balmukund and Hasumati came with me to the Hindu Center when Maha Muni Raj Maharashi and Shri Shastriji arrived in London. They received the Darshan and their blessings. Balumukund and Hasomati have been my friends since 1973. We were united in Babaji and Lord Shiva's love. The 23rd of June I had to leave London to return to my work in the clinic and was sad not to go with all the group to Findhorn.

Upon my return I asked our Gurudev if he would allow me to come to Chilanaula for Navaratri. He gave me His permission. I left the 28th of September for Bombay. I stayed there some days with my spiritual family Pallu and Yogendra to rest as I arrived very tired. I had so much work in the clinic and in the laboratory, and several important seminars. This rest was beneficial for me. I enjoyed looking from my bedroom to the Indian Ocean and all the palm trees there. In September there is the great feast of Lord Ganesha in Bombay, I describe for you this feast in 1989.

I arrived the 6th of October in Delhi; happy to see my spiritual family of Dr. Arvind. Lal.- October 8th, I arrived in Chilianaula. Navaratri was celebrated from the 11th of October till 20th of October.

How wonderful to be once again with Babaji's Devotees from all over the world. I always enjoys staying in this beautiful ashram, surrounded by the chain of the majestic Himalaya mountains. There is such an immense peace. The pure air we breathe is excellent for our health, staying there for Navaratri, gave us so much strength, inner peace and serenity. We pushed ahead on the spiritual path motivated by the Holy Vibration and immense Love of our beloved Gurudev Maha Muni Raj Maharaji. We have so much to learn about controlling our ego.

Spiritual Experiences by Damayanti



Damyanti at Anand Puri



Damyanti and Marge at Anand Puri

When Navaratri finished, we made an excursion to Dronagari. This was the first time I went there. The view of the mountains and villages is really

extraordinary. Arriving by car in the little village, we drank a hot Chai. Going up this little mountain to see the Temple is so steep to climb. Maha Muni Raj told me to walk slowly in this abrupt path. Half way up the Gurudev approached, and downed His pace which obliged me to walk slowly. Usually I have no patience, and hurry. We arrived well at this beautiful temple where the priest Pujari had many ceremonies. We took lunch with us and ate together. After we walked down the mountain back to the car. We chanted Bhajans as we drove back to the Ashram.

The second excursion was near Ranikhet. Here we visited a beautiful old temple of Lord Shiva. We all sat together in the big temple, drank a hot Chai. There were holy Brahmans, Sadhus and Pujaris. After a while, they asked us to give some rupees for the restoration of this big temple. I got up to bring some rupees to the priest. I did not watch my step as I observed the priest. It was difficult to get through the crowd. I put my right foot in the Dhuni (fire) which was burning intensely. I nearly fainted, it hurt so much. Everybody ran to help me. They put some cream on my foot and then carried me to the cold river, so I could soak it. Maha Muni Raj Maharaji came and told me to go with Anju by His car back to the Ashram.

The foot was swollen. We had no special cream, or anything else to heal it. I put a sock on my foot to protect it, but walking on my heel was still very painful. I insisted to go to the evening Arati. I did not sleep all the night. The next morning, I went for Chandan and walked as I could. When I was in front of our beloved Gurudev, He asked me, "How do you feel today?" I responded, "It hurts a lot, I know I burnt old Karma." Yes, it is that He replied. The foot was swollen a lot. Some German devotees wanted me to cut the foot open. I first went to Maha Muni Raj and asked Him to look at my foot. He said, "Do not open it yet. Tomorrow, you leave for Haldwani and Delhi. Dr. Arvind Lal will treat you!" I arrived in Delhi with two other devotees. I suffered much pain. Dr. Arvind and Mrs. Vandana Lal changed my bandages disinfecting the skin 4 to 5 times daily. They were wonderful and treated me with so much love. I could not have had better doctors.

After four days I left for Rajasthan in a taxi. I was invited by our beloved Shri Dutt Vishnu Shastriji. Our great priest. When He saw my foot, He called the doctor of the hospital who prescribed me rest. Next day he opened my foot with a surgical knife. I was full of puss. Shastriji gave me a lot of strength to support this pain.

In Rajgarh in Rajasthan where our beloved Shastriji lives, there was a beautiful little town, a nice little ashram, two houses, a big well maintained garden with great Papaya trees and all sorts of flowers. In the night, peacocks came and slept in the trees. Ideal to recover for me. Shastriji has a wonderful

hospitable family. They always came to look after me, bringing me chai or food. I felt at once at home and was so grateful to Shri Shastriji for all his help and kindness. I love them all from deep in my heart. Shri Shastriji is a prolific writer in Sanskrit and Hindi and a spiritual chief who celebrates the ancient rites of Veda and Yagna.

After three days I left for Delhi where I stayed for two days with the dear family of Dr. Lal. I was so sad to leave them to go home. Dr. Lal phoned my daughter to come and get me at the airport in Geneva. He ordered a wheelchair to help me on to the airplane. My daughter waited and helped me going in the car. She was afraid when she saw me in the wheelchair. She told me, "Next time you come from India don't come home as a burnt widow."

When I went to the doctor at home, he told me that I was lucky that this accident happened in India where I was so well-treated. The foot had healed well and looked as nice as before. The French medicaments (creams, dressing) for burns was excellent. I had no infection. I am grateful to Dr. Arvind and Dr. Vandana Lal and the doctor of Shri Shastriji. They were the most caring doctors I ever met in my life. They gave me strength and love to support this suffering. I pray to Our Immortal Babaji to bless them always.

The year 1989

1989 was also a year of great Karma Yoga. I had to go and work in the clinic of Dr. Niehaus in Vevey. I travelled a lot to Paris and Italy for my seminars. I was busy reading books and learning different techniques of Shiatsu and Osteopathy. In the clinic I met so many people with back and spine problems. I wanted to help them. I was asked to give a speech in Paris, about different occidental and oriental massage-techniques. This workshop was for nurses working in hospitals in the region of Paris. I showed them how to treat people in bed. Babaji and Maha Muni Raj inspired me so much. It was a success. Finishing off my speech, I looked at their backs and spines. Although the nurses were very young between 25, 30 years about, six out of seven had lumbar vertebral problems. The other nurse practiced yoga to correct her back problems. It took me some time to realize why they all had the same problems. In their profession they have to lift and turn ill people who are weak and heavy. The back and spine, especially the vertebrae, suffer if they don't practice a sport, yoga, or do gymnastics etc...

In the summer, I received the permission of Our Gurudev to come to India for Navaratri. So, I left on the 16th of September for Bombay. There are many hours to sleep and rest and read in the plane. When I arrived, my feet and ankles were nearly always swollen, so I rested for some days in Bombay to recover. I am very glad to have some good messages. I love to look at the Indian Ocean from my bedroom window. The beaches are full of Palm trees and people. I reunited with Pallu, a great friend. Babaji introduced me to her in 1983 in Jadar Gujerat. Pallu and Yogendra her husband feel like family to me. I was happy to stay in their house which is still full of Our Immortal Babaji's Holy Vibration. Their home is tranquil, a perfect place for meditation. I admire the beautiful photos of Babaji and the way they arrange a little temple place for meditation.

The 21st September, I left for Delhi. When I am in India, I always take the opportunity to stay a few days with my beloved family of Dr. Lal. The first time I travelled to India with Jayanti, Babaji arranged for us to stay with Dr. Lal. Their home is all full of the Holy Presence of Our Immortal and Unforgettable Babaji. Dr. Lal always welcomes our Gurudev Maha Muni Raj and Shri Vishnu Dutt Shastriji. Every Monday, early in the morning, a great Havan (fire ceremony) is performed in their beautiful well-maintained garden. It was in 1983 in Dr. Lal's house I learned do this ceremony. We purify ourselves by throwing grains into the fire. I also received the explication of the meaning of havan. Vimla, Arvind, Vandana Lal are really great Karma Yogis and such great examples to follow.

The whole day they work in the clinic. When devotees come to Delhi, they go to the clinic where Dr. Lal organizes their itinerary to the Ashram/Haidakhan-Chilianaula. After their service in the clinic, they return home in the evening. Often, they invite several devotees to dinner and to talk about spiritual matters.

Spiritual Experiences by Damayanti

Dr. Lal and his family never complain about being tired. They really serve Babaji with all their heart. I admire them for all the many things they do with so much hospitality and love. So, I try to follow their path.

Leaving India and my dear friends is always difficult for me. In my thoughts and dreams, I find myself in this marvelous spiritual country. Sometimes I am just disappointed to find myself in Switzerland. I still remember three dreams I had in India:

- 1) I was traveling in dream somewhere in India. The fields were full of flowers, their fragrance inundated the atmosphere. There were nice little houses dispersed in the country. I hear that our beloved Gurudev was in one of these houses drinking Chai. Someone showed me which house to go to. Full of joy I ran to the house to receive His Holy Darshan. When I entered the house, I saw on the table many empty glasses. They had just left. I could not find them anywhere. I awoke very sad to have missed this occasion to see my Gurudev.
- 2) In dream I was with my daughter in India. We went to a beautiful place surrounded by trees, fields and small little houses. We walked to visit a temple. From far we saw a group headed by a great Master who was dressed in white. A Holy Light radiated from Him in our direction. As He came nearer, we could see that it was Maha Muni Raj Maharaj. He continued to bless both of us with a smile. This time I was happy when I woke up.
- 3) For two days I had the feeling of being alone. I felt as though I was in front of an immense void. I was feeling weak and full of sadness. In despair I went to the photo of Babaji, put my head against His Image, praying and weeping. I did not know how to overcome this situation. That night I went to sleep and had a very special dream:

In this dream, I was in a very big town, probably Calcutta, and had to cross a very busy crossroad. I could not pass as the light was red. So I waited, looking at the other side of the road. And what did I see? Babaji was there smiling with my dear husband Menelas, whom I lost in 1973. I was so joyful, and these appearances gave me the certainty that I was never alone. Babaji and my dear husband are forever in my heart. This feeling of loneliness was difficult to overcome. Probably a test or Leela?

After my stay in Delhi, I left for Chilianaula by car with an Italian devotee. Dr. Lal gave us a large painting of Babaji to hang in the temple in Chilianaula. We put it on the roof of the car and covered it well. We were happy to deliver this beautiful gift. We passed through Haldwani and went to the shop of our

beloved Gurudev, but he was not there. He had just left for the Ashram. After a while it began to rain strongly. So, we had to stop the car and look for a piece of plastic to protect the painting. I don't know how Gianpaolo managed to find this plastic, but we were both grateful he did. So, we continued driving in the rain. When the rain stopped, suddenly we all laughed. We understood that this little shower was a Leela of Babaji.

We arrived in the Ashram to celebrate Navaratri which started the 30th of September and lasted for nine days (as the name Navaratri says). Some months before I had treated Rita; a friend of Switzerland, as she was morally very down. In my house she saw the lovely shrine I had made in honor of Babaji. I explained to her His wonderful story and gave her some books to read. The story touched her immediately. So, she wrote to Maha Muni Raj Maharaj to ask if she could come to India and stay at the Ashram. The response was positive. She arrived in India for the first time the 6th of October to celebrate Navaratri with us. She could only stay for two weeks.

After Navaratri I left with Rita and a Canadian devotee for Haldwani and Delhi. They stayed in a hotel, and I went to Dr. Lal. We went together for an excursion to Agra to visit the Taj-Mahal. This monument of love makes a great impression on everyone who sees it. However, we had to fight through the crowd in the unbearable heat. We returned to Delhi very tired and collapsed into bed.

Seeing Rita in India reminded me of a miraculous story she had lived through. She does a lot of sport, especially Delta flying. One windy day she lost control of her Delta and fell 12 meters to the ground. She was left unconscious. The others around took her to the hospital. She was uninjured. It was unbelievable. But Rita always wears a picture of Babaji and a picture of Maha Muni Raj and in which she believes to this day always protects her.

Rita left for Switzerland. I went to Rajasthan to stay four days with Our beloved Shastriji and His dear family. Babaji told us, "Go and seek the wise and learn from them." With Shri Shastriji we learned many things, had wonderful experiences. I had the great joy of meeting my dear friends there from Dusseldorf - Freddy and Effy. I was bitten by a wasp on my left hand. At once it was swollen, it can be dangerous for old people. I had great pain. I went to Shastriji. he put His hand on my hand, said a Mantra and some minutes later the pain went away. He is also a great Ayur-Vedic doctor. I was so grateful to Him. We all love Him so much. Babaji said He is one of the great saintly men in India. What good fortune to meet such a great holy person.

Freddy and Effy we really enjoyed our stay in Rajgarh. and we were sad to leave Shastriji and His hospitable family. I returned to Delhi and my departure for

Spiritual Experiences by Damayanti

Geneva was the 27th of October. In Delhi we still had wonderful hot weather. Coming home it was so cold. Next day I had an influenza and I had to recover and stay for some days in bed. This time I was brave and took a rest which is not easy for me. I am very active 1989 passed so quickly.

When I went to Toulouse, in January, I decided that this may be one of my last seminars but still I had to finish the seminary I had started. Really, it was too much for me to go there, as I worked hard at home. I had to travel all night through, on Friday, nearly no time to take a rest all Saturday. Sunday is the workshop and I leave again Sunday night. I did it for more than two years like that. I was an interesting experience. We began the workshop sitting on the floor and holding hands. Everybody says his own personal Mantra and together we let flow the Divine Energy. This atmosphere prepares a learning environment. These workshops are always enjoyable and successful.

Looking back, I thank Babaji and Maha Muni Raj to have given me this much of strength to do it. I had to resolve many problems. Every time people disturbed during the workshops. I had to be severe and decided only to take students who were on the search for learning the spiritual path. I received some letters from my students in -Toulouse telling me that only recently they understood what I had taught them through my workshops. After a busy winter I decided to go to Athens and Crete for a rest which I needed badly.

Spiritual Experiences by Damayanti

The year 1990

1990 was also the year of the visit of our beloved Gurudev Maha Muni Raj Maharishi to Europe. I went to Schweibentalp to have His Darshan the 8th of June and came home the 10th of June. Rita left for Switzerland. Shri Vishnu Dutt Shastriji could not come, and we were sad about, as he is such a great Holy Master. The 11th June I left for Milano and Hari Krishna took me to Asti, Monte Gaundia Villa San Secondo al Centro Spirituale di Pace Haidiakhandi.

Italian devotees from Milano have founded this marvelous place in the country with a big empty house. They worked hard to finish it and prepare the rooms for the arrival of Our beloved Gurudev Maha Muni Raj. He arrived on the 12 June. We all were chanting OM NAMA SHIV AYA to welcome Him.

How pleased He was and smiling when He saw this new Ashram. We had so wonderful ceremonies for the installation of 3 Murtis, Haidakandeshwari, Hanuman and Kalbhairav. The inauguration of the Ashram and Dhuni (for Havan) was performed. What a joy to share it all together.

We left for Cisternino the 14th of June in the same train with our beloved Gurudev - Great reception. So many Babaji Devotees came from different parts of Italy. Cisternino is such a nice place. Janki had built a new Dhuni who has a roof on the top. We can always go there for meditation. The inauguration of this Dhuni was performed by our beloved Gurudev.

On the 17th of June I had to leave with the evening train to Milano and home. I took the plane. Next day to London where my Indian friends Balmukund and Hasomati had invited me, and we went all three to the Hindu Temple. Maha Muni Raj Maharishi did not come the last moment and sent Harogovind and Mr. Bannerjee to London. I was also very happy to stay with my Indian friends and their dear family. In summer, Balmukund renounced in active life and is now Swami Gitaprakashananda and working only for the Divine. On my return home I had a lot of work waiting for me. I was very occupied, and time passed quickly.

The 8th of September, I left for Bombay. There, the 9th of September. I had a great party with my Bombay friends for my 79th birthday. I enjoyed to receive so much love. Mr. Cao - a businessman - arrived just to Bombay. His wife is a great friend of mine. He phoned me, inviting me and my Indian friends to a big hotel in the city as He knew I had this birthday. The orchestra played, "Happy birthday to you", and all were chanting. It was a great surprise. I was happy to be spoiled like that.

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The 15th of September, I left for Delhi and the 17th of September I arrived in Chilianaula. Navaratri was from 19th till 28th September. On the 29th and 30th I did not go to the two excursions. I had a rest in the ashram and time to paint and admire this exceptional panorama of the Himalayas and all these wonderful flowers and roses still blooming in October at 1800 meters. Impossible to describe the peace and the holy vibrations we can feel there, a real paradise on earth it is.

The 10th of October was my departure day to Haldwani. I was sad as usual. Our beloved Gurudev blessed me, giving me inner strength.

The 12th of October, I left for Rajasthan to stay for four days with Our beloved Shastriji. It is also an island of great peace, beauty, and serenity there. How good you feel in such holy places! The time has no importance there. Our spiritual evolution only counts. We feel the grace of the Holy Saints who push us forwards on this difficult path of spirituality. As we must be active in the world, we need much strength, guidance and inspiration to help others to the right way to evolve in this difficult time of violence and fears in Kali-Yuga.

With the two sons of Shastriji we went on 14th October to Jaipur, to visit this extraordinary town with beautiful houses. We were invited by Mrs. Rama Pilot for lunch, she is a great Indian devotee of our Immortal Babaji. She was just there for two or three days. What a pleasure to meet her and stay a few hours with her! She is also a great Karma Yogini working hard for the benefit of the world. I really love her and her very nice family.

In the afternoon we all drank orange juice in the street and went to a little pond to admire the Summer Residence (now a hotel) of the emperors of Rajasthan. Looking around, we saw so many elephants and camels. there Rajasthan - this part of India has its special beauty. They do not have enough water there. Nearby is a small temple of monkeys.

Chandra, the eldest son of Shri Shastriji always accompanies His Holy Father to Haidakhan and Chilianaula. He is also highly spiritual. We left Rajgarh with Chandra, as we were to visit a big reserve of Bengali Tigers. They live in liberty there, and it is better to go there by car than on foot. This reservation is very expansive and at its end we visited a beautiful and highly interesting temple of Lord Hanuman. There was just the performance of a puja, and we received the blessings there. We did not see any tigers, maybe they slept or did not like the noise of the car. In Alwar, Chandra left us, he had to go to his office.

In Delhi we arrived on 16th October. The 18th was the great festival of Diwali. It is called the festival of the Light. It is one of the most brilliant and joyful feasts

of India. It marks the coronation of Lord Rama, when coming back after 14 years of exile in the jungle. Every house is illuminated with special candles and small, tiny oil-lamps, or garlands of light.

All day and especially at night there are fireworks and explosive splendor and rockets. For Diwali everybody wears new Saris and Kurtas. They participate in games of chance and receive sweets. This was the first time I assisted at Diwali and enjoyed this great Light Feast. I received a new Sari from Shastriji, one from Vilma, another one from Vandana, in all three new Saris.

I had a nice candle display in my bedroom. First in the morning we went all with Dr. Lal to the clinic in the center of Delhi where the assistants and all personal awaited us. We had a nice Arati and chanted all in union. Then each assistant received an envelope with rupees and a box of sweets. We came home and made our prayers. We were all dressed in nice new clothes. I also received an envelope with rupees. I saw from the balcony the illuminated lights and the rockets who made a lot of noise. I preferred to look out from there rather than going into the crowd. It was a real pleasure to participate in this big feast of light.

I left India the 19th of October evening to return home. I was ill with diarrhea and had a high fever. I suffered, had also a small heart attack. I had to take antibiotics which caused me an allergic reaction. It took me nearly a month to recover. I had some kind of small intestinal bacteria. I needed another purification to get through this illness. - Thus 1990 had proved to be a very difficult year.

Spiritual Experiences by Damayanti

The year 1991

Another year began. My health is much better now. Once monthly I went to Paris. I had the pleasure to assist two wonderful workshops of the L. R. T. - Loving Relation Training.

One was about "more Love in our Relationships", the second with Sandra Ray, after that on "Success". Sandra is a great pioneer of the New-Age and is world-wide recognized in technological matters of Relations, Rebirthing, and Spiritual Healing. Author of more than a dozen books, creator in 1977 of L. R. T., she travels round the world. Some years ago, I met her with Babaji and Maha Muni Raj Maharashi at Navaratri in Chilianaula. She is one of the most marvelous people I ever met in my life. She is a real Devotee of Our Immortal Babaji and of Our Gurudev Maha Muni Raj. Her life is dedicated to spread Babaji's beautiful message of Truth, Simplicity, and Love.

Three years ago, at Navaratri in Chilianaula they called me to meet Patrice Ellequian from Paris. He is the Manager of L. R. T. in France. Our contact was excellent. Patrice and Beatrice do a wonderful work and they touch by their love many persons who are on the research of Spirituality with the Seminars of the L. R. T. We are very united in Babaji's and Maha Muni Raj's love, and our aim is to serve these great Masters.

These Seminars of L. R. T. gave me a lot: First let go of our old pattern, gain liberty and responsibility, esteem of ourselves, love between us, and forgiving ourselves and others. To liberate our fears having a personal vision of success, as important contribution to the human community and the planet.

There was so much love between us, we shared all together, we helped others, and this is great in this Kali Yuga (our time) of violence. This Rebirthing of more than 50 persons in a group in Paris was soft and strong, uplifting us on a higher level, as we felt so intensely Babaji's Presence with enormous peace and light. Our Happiness was great. Om Namah Shivaya!

In May I spent 14 days with my dear daughter in Greece and had a great rest. In Paris I saw an interesting exhibition in the National Library: "Memory of Egypt" - a view of this old civilization.

On the 26th of August, three devotees of Babaji - from Zurich: Kali - Maya - Claire - invited me for a dinner in Zurich to celebrate my 80 years. We were in a big Restaurant facing the lake and the town. the full moon was very bright. Our table was decorated by them with marvelous flowers like for a bride. I was really very touched by their love and kindness. At home I was alone. My daughter who is archeologist, was at that time in Sana's Yemen digging for the restoration of this old town.

Spiritual Experiences by Damayanti

On the 7th of September, I had my flight to Bombay. My dear friends there, Pallu and Yogendra, also threw a party inviting friends for my birthday. Other invitations from Doctor and Mrs. Clark and Mr. and

Mrs. Metha - as Rasik and Dinoo Gilgeo. - How wonderful to receive so much love from all my Indian friends in Bombay. We are united forever in Babaji's great love. I was really overwhelmed.

Our friend Banoo from Bombay gave me the most precious present which has a profound importance for me. In my first book "Spiritual experiences with Babaji" I described a second dream in 1972, where I had a most beautiful big medal made of copper round my neck of Lord Shiva representing Lord Shiva Nataraja - Lord Shiva dancing in the four directions. All these nine years when I went to India, I looked out to find somewhere, in Delhi or Bombay, a similar piece, and could not find one. Now, Banoo gave me exactly the same Nataraja medallion in copper which I saw in my dream in 1972, and told me, "This is a souvenir of my dear grandmother. She gave it to me when I was very young. As you love Lord Shiva so much, I give it to you for your 80 years!" - What joy after searching for it for nine years, to receive this gift. "Bhole Baba ki Jai!" - I also received an album with photos of Babaji which I never saw before. It is still very precious to me.

In September, when I came to Bombay during the whole month there was a great festival of Lord Ganesh Chaturthi. It is the birthday of this God with the head of an elephant. Lord Ganesh is adored on this occasion by his devotees in order they may be protected the whole year from all calamities and obstacles. Great and small Murtis of Lord Ganesh are led along in procession till the seashore, or river, where they are immersed into the water. These celebrations in Bombay are very impressive. From all the neighboring villages thousands of Murtis are brought to Bombay. In the street there is playing of music, dancing and singing in groups.

Leaving the 16th of September for Delhi, we had to wait more than five hours. Something was wrong with the wings of the plane, and till another plane came we had to be patient. How lucky for us that we were not on the flight surprised by this defect. We were protected.

Arriving in Delhi, I took a day of rest. The 18th of September, I travelled to Rajasthan and stayed there for four days with Our beloved Shastriji and his family. Shastriji told me I have to practice more Jhara to help people. I learned it two years before with Swamiji who gave me a Mantra. Now Shri Shastriji changed this Mantra for a stronger one which is adapted to this difficult time of Kali Yuga. I came back on the 21st of September. The 22nd of September I left for Haldwani - Chilianaula.

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Never before was Navaratri so strong and full of devotees from all over the world. Maha Muni Raj told me to rest more, as I am very active, I don't do this easily and did not always obey in this respect. I assisted at all ceremonies before and during Navaratri. Several devotees asked me to help them with my Jhara or to do a healing massage. Because of all this activity, I did not rest enough or did not look after my health enough.

After Navaratri I chose not to go to the usual excursion. as I felt tired. The morning after Arati I accompanied my dear friends, Marge Hookaram and Han Singh to the car for their departure. Standing in the hot sun I forgot to put on a headscarf, this was not good for me. As the Taxi did not arrive after half an hour, I began to feel great pains in the right side of the back which got stronger and stronger. I had to go inside the entrance of the Ashram, to sit on a barrel and take one coffee, and as the pains developing around my chest were so painful, I took a second pill. I asked Fatechand to fetch me a strong coffee. I understood it was a heart problem. After half an hour I saw big flashes before my eyes and said, "I cannot see any more, I am becoming blind and am losing consciousness."

When I had recovered consciousness, coming back to me I saw Janki with Italian Devotees around me. They told me they were praying and chanting Om Namah Shivaya, thinking I went to Babaji. They helped me to go to my bedroom. I slept till the afternoon. A German Devotee came to look after me and asked me if I wanted something. I said that I was thirsty and hungry. I had only drunk Chai at 6 o'clock in the morning. Our Chai-shop and kitchen were closed. So, we had to go into another Chai-shop outside the Ashram. He helped me walking as I felt so weak. Returning I went to rest again, and as usual at 19 o'clock I went to Arati.

The next morning there were many ceremonies. I attended them all and in the evening Arati I went for the Darshan. My Guru was not pleased with me and said strongly, "Go and rest." It was the first time that He was so forceful with me. I left Him and cried all night. Next morning Barbara fetched me first for His Chandan, took the responsibility and brought me back to bed. She comforted me, giving me strength and so much love. I had to stay two whole days in bed. During this time many Devotees left and came to greet me. After these two days of rest, I could get up and go to Arati, and the second day even participate in the Havan. How happy I was!

After two days I left for Delhi and for home. There my cardiologist told me also that I should rest a lot, as I had a second acute Infarctus of the myocardia which was serious. Looking back, I see that this event was a spiritual Rebirth with great pains, without undergoing the ceremony, and surely a spiritual progress on this difficult path. Each time I go to India for Navaratri, I go through a

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Purification. Sometimes my health becomes very bad, but I always recover. This time it was particularly strong, as I went through great physical cleansing. The Divine Grace of Bhole Babaji, Maha Haidakandeshwari and Maha Muni Raj Maharaj was evident through this experience.

During these years, from 1984 till 1991, I had to let go a lot of old behavior patterns, and had to change my attitude with respect to past experiences. I see how much inspiration and help I received from Our Immortal Babaji, The Divine Mother and Our beloved Gurudev to guide me in my spiritual evolution. I adore them forever.

OM NAMAH SHIVAYA!

In 1991, I started working on this book, at the end of this year. A young American lady - Dana - whom I met in June 1991 on the train between Vevey and Lausanne became my student. We shared many new massage-techniques and became good friends. She was the right person to help me with the writing of my book. I am grateful to her. We worked really very hard to finish it in time.

Rita who came the first time to India for Navaratri 1989 to Chilianaula and in 1990 to Haidakhan asked me to report on the following event, which happened in Summer 1991 to her in Rajasthan, in my book:

Rita was in Jaisalmen at the border of Pakistan when a stranger came near her and asked, "Who is the person portrayed in this medallion round your neck?" - Before leaving for India, Damayanti, (that is myself) had given her a small medallion representing the face of Our Immortal Babaji. So, she explained to him that it is Babaji of Haidakhan, my great Master. The stranger answered her, "A long time ago I received something for you. I have it at my home, come tomorrow at the same time here to this place." The next day she was there, and he gave her the same photo in post-card size of Babaji with His Holy Signature on it - just the same as in the medallion. How gorgeous! This photo was a precious gift for her. She understood immediately that Babaji was always and forever with her. She was so happy about this.

Bhole Babaji Jai!

In my heart I have such a great gratitude to my Master's and Gurudev Babaji, Maha Muni Raj Maharaji and Vishnu Dutt Shastriji who helped, guided and inspired me during all these years and was leading, and sometimes pushing, me forward little by little on this difficult spiritual path, and it is only through their divine Grace I could slowly evolve.

**OM
NAMAH SHIVAYA
TRUTH SIMPLICITY LOVE**