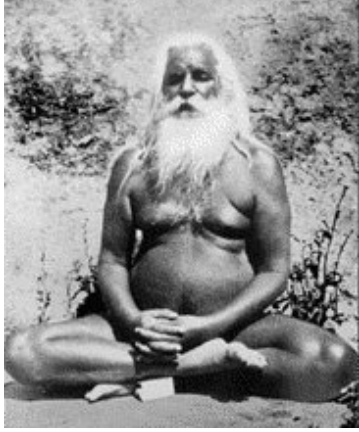


The Hands of God

A spiritual life beckoned our beloved Sri Sri Baba from quite early in his life and the young Saroj left his parental home soon after his matriculation examinations. Through a divinely ordained sequence



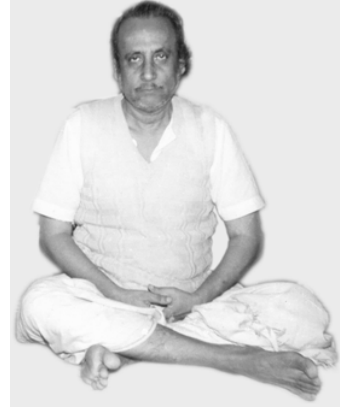
Sri Sri Nanga Baba

of events he was taken by his Guru, Sri Sri Nanga Baba, to his Himalayan abode in Vyaspeeth. Here Saroj started his life as an ordinary service boy to finally become Swami Sachchidananda Paramhansa, a fully realized Yogi saint, and Sri Sri Nanga Baba's favourite disciple - his spiritual son. This evolution which took place through the infinite grace of the great Guru and the unblemished sadhana of his enormously talented disciple did not come about in a day. Many events took place over a period of twenty eight years which had a significant influence on Sri Sri Baba. We narrate one such incident here.

The young Saroj had come to Vyaspeeth only recently. In this short period, he had already understood that Sri Sri Nanga Baba was a powerful Yogi and a great saint. But the unshakeable dependence on his Guru that he developed later had not yet been firmly ingrained. The realization that Nanga Baba was his divine shelter, his near and dear one, his ultimate protector under all circumstances, had not yet dawned within the core of his heart. But soon an incident occurred that made him realize that Nanga Baba was truly God, the visible manifestation of the omnipresent, omniscient supreme divine. During that time Saroj would do various kinds of Ashram work like bringing water, food and firewood from far away. One day, Sri Sri Baba went out to bring water along the spirally winding road in the mountains. The young disciple thought of availing a

short-cut path straight down the mountain side thereby avoiding the long spiral route. As he descended through this dangerous pathway, his foot stepped on a loose rock and he slipped. He fell and

began rolling down. As he dropped down uncontrollably, he tried to find all kinds of supports, but in vain. He clutched a climber, but as he held it, it uprooted. He then attempted to grasp on to a squarish edge of a rock, but the whole rock lifted off and came into his hand. His body tossed and rolled down helplessly when he saw a steep rocky wall in front and beyond it was a deep ditch. Death stared at him. Suddenly, two giant hands grasped his shoulders like pincers, lifted him up and put his body safely on the road. Sri Sri Baba was dumbstruck. As he recovered his bearings, he looked around but saw nobody. The atmosphere was silent, the trees were motionless and the fading light of the setting sun was falling on the trees. The warble of a bird, breaking the silence could be heard. For some time Sri Sri Baba sat quietly on the road as reality dawned in him. Then from the very depths of his being he offered his heartfelt reverence to his peerless Guru saying, "I did not believe that you are God. Through your own grace you have unveiled yourself to me; that is why I could recognize you. Please hold me forever with the firm love of the two hands that saved me from the teeth of sure death; never leave me."



Sri Sri Baba

Over the years, through many such incidents, these divine hands of God sculpted the young Saroj into a great Yogi Saint.

*An excerpt from Sree Sree Maa's book
'Pragyana Saroj'*

Translated into English by

—Her blessed son Dr Barun Dutta

