

## THE UNRESOLVED MYSTERY

by ÁCÁRYA AMITANAND AVADHÚTA

It is about 10 pm in Ranchi of a winter night of 1971. BA'BA' has just returned from His evening walk (night walk, to be more precise). He has gone in His room to change His dress.

In the meantime, I notice a book lying on the table kept in the veranda h of the Marga Guru's quarter. I find the book contains stories of ghosts & other super-natural beings.

The book is in Bengali & appears to be written for children. As I am turning the pages of the Book, BA'BA' comes out of His room in His lungi & Ganji with a wrapper on the upper portion.

To BA'BA"s query as to what was I seeing, I say, “ This kind of book here?” BA'BA' says, “ Yes, it is a good book. It's written in manner to explain to children that there are really no ghosts etc. You must be knowing , I , too, have written some such stories for children under a pen-name.”

Then BA'BA' starts telling me about some incidents related to Himself, and connected with such super-natural beings.

I am reproducing the same below. The 'I' in the following incidents is BA'BA' Himself.

I am in my mother's womb. From there itself I am seeing my mother & I recognize her so well. I see my Father, my sister & my other relations. How well do I know them ! And I know their names too!

I am born. Normally children weep on birth. I don't – I am all smiles. I am happy to be born. I want to address persons around me because I know them so very well. But alas! How incapacitated I am. My vocal cord does not permit my voice to come out.

They want to feed me. They have put a piece of cotton in a cup containing milk. Drop by drop the cotton will drop milk in my mouth. How silly of these people ! Am I a child to be fed in this manner? I shall drink with the cup, not the cotton. In protest, I raise my hand hold the cup. They are taken aback at what I have done! I realize that I have done much to perplex them & I return to be a child just born.

I grow up. To more about I have to crawl. How painful it is! My elbows and knees are full of aches ! How long, after all how long is this going to be? And I notice someone speaking into my ears. “Someday's more, just a few days more, I know you are in trouble, but just a few days more.” I don't see Him. Who is HE? But His voice is around me whenever I am dejected. What a consolation, He showers on me by telling Me that this painful affair won't be much long!

I grow up a little more. I am sleeping by my mother's side. In the dead of night I am awakened. What I see is so unusual ! My entire being, my mother's being, the cot, the room, the space beyond is all full of such a sweet effulgence! I enjoy seeing it. I am lost more & more in it. I wonder what would have happened to My mother had she too seen this all engulfing light.

Often during nights, I awake to see creatures of all kinds & sizes coming out of My left ear & walking & dancing in the space around. I see all this with interest. But, as if to end the show, a strange thing occurs – these creatures now crowd near my right ear & I after a shout and cling to My mother who is all confused to list to all that I have to tell her.

During many of these nights, there is an all-pervading mighty storm which lifts me & takes me along far & wide. It finally leaves me on the sand bed of the Ganges. The storm calms down & I find Myself face to face with a Sannyasin who threatens me to realize Who I am? In the end the mighty storm returns to put me back by my mother's side. This continued for days together.

I have gone to Jamalpur hill for doing SÁDHANÁ . I am sitting at a particular place when someone tell in my ears. “Come with me. I will show you a better place for SÁDHANÁ. Follow me.” I see no one but I follow the voice whose presence I feel so clearly. The voice takes me to another place & ask me to do SÁDHANÁ . After a while it tells me, “Are you mad? Don't be in Ma'ya'. Are you Shrii P.R.Sarkar see who you are!” And a reel of my past life, my earlier lives flashes clearly before my eyes & I realize Who I am.

I have gone for a walk around the lake in the Jamalpur hill. I am walking on the projected pavement of the lake. On both sides of the pavement there are bushes & bamboo plants. It is about the time of sunset. I am rather surprised to see a lady standing on the pavement some distance in front of me. From her appearance she appears to be of a noble family. I come near her & saying that it was not proper for

ladies of good family to be around this place at this hour, I by-pass her. Suddenly I hear a loud noise behind me. As I turn to see what all this about I am surprised to see the same lady, now in a bigger size, on the plants holding two pieces of bamboo with her hands & feet & shaking the bamboo & bringing them & herself towards me & then going away from me. While she is coming towards me & then going away she is shouting in a nasal voice “Dekhin- Dekhin”. I put my hands on my waist & answer “Dekho- Dekho.”

Then BA'BA' asked me, “Say, what is all this.” And BA'BA' enters His room. I ponder for quite sometime or all that BA'BA' had said. But nothing occurs to me. I ask another person standing there for the solutions. He suggests, “It is a part of BA'BA's being itself which is projecting now & talking to HIM, helping HIM & guiding HIM. It is a part of His unconscious.”

I enter BA'BA's room. BA'BA' repeats His question. “Did you find out?” I answer negative but also mention what the other person had suggested. I ask BA'BA' what He had suggested was correct, BA'BA' smiled & said --

Naham manye suvedeti no na vedetii veda ca  
Yo nastad veda tad veda no na bedeti veda ca

“Neither do I say that I know Him, nor do I say that I don't know Him, because I know that He is beyond My “Knowing and not knowing”.

Since BA'BA' left the mystery unresolved, thereby making it more Mysterious it is for the readers to ponder & see if they can reach any conclusion.