
ERUCH LIFTS BABA FROM MUCK

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ERUCH: Baba, some of the women mandali and I were once at a place called Vengurla. Baba didn't go there just for having some relaxation or rest at the sea shore. But He had some work with the masts there. He had to contact masts. So after our initial contact on the first day, Baba wanted the women to go out for swimming you see. There's a good beach over there. So Baba led the women there to the beach. And I had to also accompany Baba. So the women were shown the place where they can have their swim and we waited at a distance. And Baba got the whim to go for a swim too. So I enjoyed it after many years. Baba and I had a swim there in the sea, in the ocean. And after the swim Baba signalled to the women saying that, 'He was leaving for the mast contact and that they should not delay much but return back to the rest house where they were staying.'

So on our way to the mast, Baba got a plan and said that instead of going round about which was about 3 miles walking distance, why can't we cross the sea you see? That is, I don't know what you'll call? Here in India we call the backwaters. Where you see when there is no tide, when there's an ebb, all the portion that is vacant of the water, sea water stinks like anything. What do you call that in the States? You have no idea. Right.

Well we here call that you see. So, Baba's. But there always remains a pool of water which is very deep too. It's a sea by the way, it's a sea. So, but then you see all the sewages and everything just enters the sea. That portion and then when there's an ebb

it all starts stinking. It's nothing but slush. Sometimes it is waist deep, sometimes it is 10 feet, sometimes 20, sometimes 50 feet. Depending upon the shore. So this was quite deep, nearly 30-40 feet deep. But there were boys playing there you see and the fishermen there. The fishermen had finished their daily chore by that time and they must have gone to sell the fish. The boys were playing with the canoes that they had prepared of the trunk, the tree trunks. Baba thought that if we could cross the sea, which was just a distance of about say 4 to 500 yards it will be easy. We can cross the, cross to the place where the mast was in no time. Instead of walking a distance of three, three and a half miles.

I tried to tell Baba that it was no use taking this risk. It was very risky because we can never depend upon the boys. And especially with that contraption they had had. See of a trunk of a tree carved out into a sort of a canoe you see. It was very dangerous. So, but Baba insisted on going that way. And I had Baba's clothes and everything of the sort. And special satchel which contained Baba's board and napkin and things for the masts and all that. But Baba insisted so there was no other. Baba told me to tell the boys, arrange it with the boys you see. So I called the boys and told them that I am prepared to give a good tip if they can carry both of us across this dirty, stinking surface of water you see and drop us there at the other end. So they were very happy, very enthusiastic. And the way they became enthusiastic, I was terrified you see. Because with the boys you see nothing is certain. They don't take anything seriously. And especially these

fisher-folk. They are all the time in the water, they don't mind being just in the water. They don't realise what it is for us you see. To be drenched.

Well, it was all arranged. They brought a good canoe you see for us. For Baba and myself. And it was very difficult to balance it. And I told the boys that nobody should sit inside and they should just push the canoe very neatly to the other side. And they were trying to do that. In the meantime a half a dozen other boys you see from other canoes, they thought that it was a wonderful sight to see these two people dressed up and all that, sitting in the canoe. They came and tried to tease the other boys. So the boys who were carrying us across, they were serious and they took us seriously. But the other boys distracted them and it so happened with. In a moment's time you see the whole thing turned topsy turvy and we were right inside the ocean there. In the deep slush. We were just going down and down. And of course we knew to swim and all that so I just caught hold of Baba's arm you see. I could get hold of Baba's arm under that. We couldn't see also. It was so dirty, underwater. And then we both got out, swam the distance you see and we were full of dirt. Nothing but dirt dripping. I don't know how we managed to breathe also in that short time. And it was stinking like anything.

So, Baba told me to go back home as soon as possible. That the women should not know about it otherwise they will not like the idea you see. And that more because Baba cared for me, women might admonish me for such a bold step you see. To take Baba like that. So naturally it was my duty not to reveal to them that Baba insisted. So I went there and got a spare clothes for Baba. I arranged for buckets of water there. I put Baba behind a hut and He just washed His hair and face and all that and body. And then He put on new. I was in my old dirty thing. I had no time for all this. Then Baba and I walked you see. I looked like a ghost in that dirty clothes of mine. Walking through the street with Baba. And then He contacted the mast. And while we returned, Baba was so happy with the contact, He says, "Well, today we had a very interesting experience." And He says, "You remember how you lent your arm and brought me out of the slush?" I said, "Yes Baba. Fortunately I could get hold of your arm and pick you up. Lift, give a lift that's all." He says, "I will also do the same thing when the time comes for you. To pick you out of slush. The worldly slush." And that was a great day for me to get this assurance of the God-Man. So that's the story.