

## KG-083A

### Eruch Jessawala

Mandali Hall, Meherazad, India

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31:28

### Content

Eruch [talking directly to a couple of Australians, while others in Mandali Hall are listening]:

... like when Gustadji passed away. He [Gustadji] was so close to Sai Baba, and when [Sai] Baba passed away he told Gustadji to go serve Babajan, and he became emaciated. Daily he would work in the toddy shop, and in the evening Gustadji would take faggots on his head, and make a fire for Babajan. Babajan sat in the open in Poona, at the crossroads, have you been to Babajan's shrine? [No]. But do you wish to go there when you go back to Poona? OK, next time, if you survive. [generalized laughter]

So what happened is that Gustadji died. I still remember. We were in the room where Baba was sitting, at Arnavaz and Nariman's place in Bombay. You know Arnavaz? She is the lady who owns this whole place. It's a private property owned by her dedicated for Baba's cause.

So when Gustadji died, Baba's eyes were filled with tears. And, uh, well, He would say with all love, "What a companion he has been for so many years to me. Right from the beginning, right from my early years, my youth, till the old age. He served me best. He is the one who was with me all the time... he was such a great companion to me."

When Gustadji passed away, Baba was so much full of love for Gustadji that He asked for a kerchief. I always used to carry a fresh kerchief with me [handkerchief]. Baba said, "Leave the room, all of you." He shed some tears, then called us all back into the room and said, "Let's have an ice cream party."

Because Gustadji loved ice cream. So we had a good ice cream party, being in Bombay it was easy, that's how it was.

This reminds me of another fine incident, but why did Baba cry? It reminds me of an episode that happened at the time of Muhammad. Seal your lips so the smoke doesn't come out, because love is nothing but burning all the time. It's all the time burning within, so let not even the smoke come out. Seal your lips once you have had the taste of love. Then it will efface you totally. What is wanted is that you just get yourself effaced in His love. Then He is immanent. We are the masks that He puts on Himself.

[A little bit of stuff about Eruch having had a stroke enters the conversation here, though Eruch says that by Baba's grace he has a good memory for Baba's words. Eruch had a clot in the brain, some two years prior to the recording.]

Prophet Muhammad used to say to his close ones that I am the only reality, remember that, hold on to me. They were all brought up in it, same story as Beloved Baba tells, passing show, all this will pass away, all that. A lady came to surrender to the Prophet, and she was maybe a Greek. I forget. Beautiful, young and she had a baby. Muhammad took her in the harem of the women mandali. Muhammad was very fond of the child, which grew, for three or four years, and then it died. When the child died, the mother's only closeness was to the child, and she brought the body to Muhammad, who took the child on his lap, and while looking Muhammad's eyes started watering and His tears fell on the cheeks of the child.

All these years His mandali had heard about non-attachment, and they were confused. How can He be attached? He told them to attend to the last rites, to bury the body, but the mandali had registered that He was attached, and they didn't know what to think.

Muhammad, "What can I say to you? You thought I was attached, but what was in the lot of the child was that a couple of tears from the Ancient One should fall on the child's dead body -- it was in his fate." This is how people come closer and closer [through multiple incarnations].

It was the same as the man who was worshipping Baba's photo, the story on the train platform about the oranges. It was in that man's fate to pray to Baba when Baba was present, but it was not in his fate to recognize Baba and serve Him.

Baba used to tell us, as I told you this morning, love is the gift, and when the aspirant receives this gift, he begins to love the beloved in the true sense. That love is nothing but constant giving up to the beloved, and that is known as the blissful agony.

That agony can only be compared to constant burning within. Wise is that lover who speaks nothing in spite of the agony, so the smoke itself is not let out. Likewise Baba has said that there are occasions before the gift of love is given, when the heart is melting, and that melting manifests in the form of tears from the eyes. Melting of the impressions that are settled on our consciousnesses. There are two types of tears.

There are warm and burning tears, fulfillment or unfulfillment of our wants, one is depressed, one gets those tears, both in the worldly sense and when one craves Him. When the tears are as a product of the blissful agony, the tears are very cool. They are very distracting, and you can feel the coolness on the cheeks. Each tear is like a priceless pearl, and when it is contained and remains within the person, it is even more valuable to the aspirant.

Listen now, don't speak, because I will get confused. I will try to be exact as to what He has said.

There were people here, to whom I had said this before. One day, He was giving His darshan to people, tens of thousands of people there, and He was bringing home that all

that matters, all that counts, is your love for me. "So my message is love me as I should be loved." One person stands up and says, "How should we love you?"

[Now comes Eruch's reminiscence of Baba's speech on how to love God, recorded in LM. Eruch recounts the story, but a version of this content is in Lord Meher. His version of it is so beautiful, so impassioned, that it has been transcribed more or less verbatim here.]

Immediately Baba puts the question to that man in the crowd, "How did you learn to love your wife? People in the world begin to love one another, a man begins to love, but how? He sees the woman, and he sees the beauty that attracts his mind and he falls in love. All of a sudden his mind starts whirling and he begins to think of that person, and he goes on wondering, and begins to try to please that woman. He is trying to plan, and has projects in mind to please the woman, and he imagines what gifts he could give her, how best he could please her. It happens. This is in the way of the world, for to material world, and it is known as ishk-e-mijazi in Sufi terms, that is the love man has for a woman, the worldly love. So he has to see the object, see the beauty of the woman or man, and fall in love, and then the mind goes on thinking, on that object.

"But if you fall in love with me, you are unable to see me as I really am. All you can see is the coat that I am wearing. My form is nothing but a mask that has masked reality, because I am in illusion. In order to maintain and sustain illusion reality has to put on a form. The masque, otherwise the reality just vanishes -- illusion can't stand the advent of reality into it, so I have to be masked. But I am quite different. If you were to see me as I really am, you would fall in love with me. But this isn't possible, so what you have to do is, you have to begin to think of me first. In the worldly way, you have to think of the woman, you have to start craving to possess her, become one with her. Here you have to start thinking of me and remembering me. How will you remember me? You have seen me now, but suppose there are people who have not seen me? How will those remember me if they haven't seen my form? But anyway you have to try to remember me in any little way that you can. First of all, have a picture of me. Posters, buttons, put my picture in your home, in the toilet, anywhere, dining room, bedroom, anywhere and everywhere. Wherever you go, this will remind you of me. These become the reminders to remember me. Begin to remember me that way. Your heart takes delight in remembering me, and you come closer and closer. Now you begin to express the reflection of my love. It is not the gift of my love that you have, you haven't received the gift yet, but what happens is that I love you..."

[Tape ends with Eruch part way through the expression of this speech of Baba's but it is continued on the next side.]