

**KG-093A**

**Mani Irani**

**Eruch Jessawala**

Mandali Hall, Meherazad, India

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### **Content**

Mani starts out. Describes the garden and Seclusion Hill and rain showers that came this morning to help the jowar. Story about Baba's sandals.

These sandals are in the museum at Meherabad along with the kamli coat given to Baba by Yeshwantrao. More patches than original material in the kamli coat, Mani says. Also the patches in the chappals have been so many that they are now too heavy. Baba would walk so swiftly, seemed like he was walking like air, but he was still wearing these heavy sandals. One has become longer, even, from use.

I wasn't over 8 years old. The scene was Meherabad and I had come to be with Baba at this heaven with mother. There was a special occasion, and maybe a qawwali programme, and I was so engrossed that I wasn't aware of what was happening. There was a hush, I looked around and mother was standing in front of Baba and she said, "Well, Merog, if that is the way it is, I leave." There was an atmosphere, Baba's eyes sent out divine fire and He said, "Then leave."

Mother said, "And I am talking my daughter with me." Baba hadn't told me, but I was looking at Baba. Baba said to me, "You heard her, go." Now it was many miles to the railroad station, and we set off on foot. I was moaning and whimpering, complaining that we shouldn't have to leave, "Mother what happened? Why? Can't you do something? Do we have to leave?" The road in those days was long, barren uninhabited, and not friendly. They walked some miles and mother got tired and sat under a tree to rest. At last, mother looked at me and said, "Mani, for heaven sake, leave me in peace. If you want to go back to Merog, go." I immediately turned around and started walking back to Baba, because I wasn't disobeying Him, He hadn't given me the order to leave. I walked for miles it seemed, and in the distance I saw something in white. I kept walking, and it became Baba, in a white sadhra. And I ran so far and so fast, and Baba bent down to pick me up. Baba said, "Everything will be alright. Come on." We started walking all those miles again. I had to run to keep up with Baba's walk, and not miss his footsteps, I looked down and he was wearing those old heavy sandals that are in the museum today. At last they came to where mother was. There was no need for any explanation. Baba embraced mother, and mother embraced Baba and the three of us walked back all the way to Meherabad. Later when I recalled this incident, it surprised me that the men mandali hadn't been with Baba. Baba had told them that He would go alone to His mother.

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