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## WE NEVER FELT DEPRIVED

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5:00

**MANI:** As I say, even though we had so many don'ts and no's, so much not having this, we never felt deprived. It was because even when He gets rid of something He doesn't leave it empty, He fills it with something more real, something that's of Himself.

And you never felt even some, even when we talk back now of those times, we talk of it with a particular relish. Remember this, remember that. And I say, in those days when everything was so economical, I still remember, once when we had to, once when we had to make a move, you see, you must remember first, we never bought things. We did not know what shopping was.

Sometimes, Baba, these other disciples who knew us, if we got things from, only through Baba, if they get things to Baba and Baba brought them to us. I still remember once, Baba brought stacks and stacks of a particular kind of material, all plain but in colours, different colours. And we each got them. And we were sick seeing each other in those same colours because if you made your skirt then I made a dress and she made a lehenga and you know, on and on and it got sort of same.

**PILGRIM 1:** Economical.

**MANI:** Huh?

**PILGRIM 1:** Economical, new way of shopping.

**MANI:** So we, we. No but there was a point to it. [pilgrims laugh] We didn't go shopping.

**PILGRIM 2:** Did you say anything to Baba?

**MANI:** Huh?

**PILGRIM 3:** You were making a move. You were going to.

**MANI:** Aha. So here is Naja, for instance. Naja had a kind of an old bag that medieval doctors would use, you know the kind that you would clip and it opens on the inside and you can put a house in it, you know. You can put as much as you like in there but the, it snaps it like this. Very old [inaudible].

But when we were making this move, our luggage went by the bullock cart and something happened, or was it in the bus? Anyway, that bag got lost. And Naja, and Naja was the kind of person, if ever you wanted a patch for something, which was also, we were also short of patches, or anything, we always went to Naja.

Well, when that bag got lost, for years, whenever we went to ask Naja for something, she said, "Yes, yes, I'll bring it", and then she'll say, "Oh, it was in that bag, you know, that got lost." [pilgrims laugh]

After a two or three years, I said, "Naja, I mean so much could not have fit in that bag. I am sure this was not even in the bag that was there [inaudible]."

So as I said, there was a time we lived a very cloistered life after Nasik, up on Meherabad Hill. Just the five of us women, that, you know we were ordered never to wear any torn clothes, not even a single tear in any of our garment and we had to go immediately change and then patch it, so that our body never showed, we never showed our body. So we immediately go, even private with each other, change our clothes but there was not always enough to patch.

And I still remember because I was told, this is from Baba's time that I am wearing long lehengas, this is not just new, this is from the time I was thirteen-fourteen. Even when I used to come for my holidays when I was ten-eleven.

So now, you don't, you have to make it last as much as possible. You have to keep it. So I didn't have a white cloth for a patch but I got a little red-orange patch. So, anyway, it was here. So I patched my

lehenga with that orange thing and I never forget it's something so funny, that Adi's mother Gulmai was for a few days with us up on the Hill for some, for a short time. So as I was going from the room, Mehera and I, I always had to be with Mehera. Mehera and I always had to be together. There was a time when also Khorshed, Mehera, Khorshed and I had to be together.

Anyways, I was going and then I bent down and picked up a stone that I saw which was pretty, because we didn't come out, even in the compound from our room. So everything was new, everything was beautiful, so I bent down to pick up the stone or something. Gulmai saw this red-orange patch, she thought it was a butterfly. [pilgrims and Mani laugh] Suddenly I see someone, I am bending down, somebody plucked.

I say, "What are you doing?"

She says, "Oh, I thought it was a butterfly."

I said, "No, it's my patch, don't you take away my patch, I've got no other patch." [pilgrims laugh].