

Ilay this book at Your Lotus Feet, O' Lord, as an offering that it may touch those who read it in the same way You have touched me.



A Spiritual Journey



Keith Anthony Blanchard (Yah Nah Vah)

For the Love of God: A Spiritual Journey Copyright © 2014 by YANA-O Center of Light

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means without written permission from the author.

ISBN 978-1-63173-226-3

Editing: Linda Chaplin Westbrook Additional editing: Cindy Somerville and Stella Steele

> Cover concept: Keith Blanchard Cover creation: Rikk Flohr Formatting: Cecil McDaniel Images: Sai Art and SBOI Back cover photo: Mike Payne

To contact Keith

Send email to: keithanthonyblanchard@gmail.com

Website: www.keithanthonyblanchard.com

Contents

Dedication	IX
Foreword	xiii
Preface	xvii
Introduction	xxi
1. Following My Divine Script	1
2. Dreams, Dreams, Dreams	13
3. India Bound	39
4. Lessons In Love	61
5. That Feeling!	65
6. Deep Into the Rabbit Hole	87
7. Swinging Back and Forth	97
8. Amen To That!	107
9. What A Great Day To Be Alive!	115
10. Stoking the Fire Within	125
11. Thank You, Grace!	131
12. Apply, Integrate, Transcend, Be	137
13. Sai Ram, That Lady Is Me!	143
14. Oh, My God!	151
15. Going Home	163
16. All Is Well	169
17. The Layover	173
18. Home Sweet Home	183
19. Do You Believe?	187
20. Heaven On Earth	193
21. Reunited	197
22. For the Love of God	211

Dedication

This book is dedicated to my mother,
Jeanette Marie Blanchard.

I don't know what to say about my mother leaving this world, or better yet, what to say about being in it without her. How can one speak clearly about something that stirs every emotion a person can possibly have? I guess the best way I can convey to you the connection I have with my mother is to tell you a true story.

In 2010, I was living as a renter in Bartlett, TN. with a new friend, Lisa Mc. One night, her then boyfriend, Mike, gave her a heart-shaped foil, birthday balloon with "I Love You!" written on it. You know, the kind you get from your local department store.

My son, Eden Sky, really wanted to play with it, of course. So, I asked Lisa if it would be ok. "Yes. Why not?" she said. He played with that balloon for about thirty minutes when it came untied from his wrist. The "unreachable" high, vaulted ceiling in her house said that it was time for Eden to go to bed anyway.

One day, two weeks later, after running a few errands around town, I headed back home. When I got there, I opened the front door and walked in, only to be greeted by the "I Love You!" balloon which had just enough helium to stay aloft. It stood about three feet off the ground motionless — suspended.

Immediately, I knew without a doubt that it was my mother. Believe me when I tell you, *that* knowing, *that* place, DOES exist — I FELT her! After bathing in her presence for about a minute, I wiped the tears from my face and went into my corner bedroom.

Sitting in the chair and waiting for my computer to boot up, I decided to grab something to eat. On my way to the kitchen, I noticed that balloon still hanging in the same spot by the entrance door to the house. I gave a nod and said, "Hi Mom . . . I Love You, too!" After making a sandwich, on the way back to my room, I saw the balloon still in the same place. I again nodded, but this time, I told her how grateful I was and that she can come be with me anytime she wanted.

Sitting down at the computer, I began to check my emails. I opened the first one to see that someone I'd never met sent me a youtube video titled, "You Have To See This!" Feeling certain it would be safe to open, I double clicked on the link.

When the video started playing, a Neurosurgeon was explaining what it was like to have a stroke, which is what caused my mom's death. Just then, at my bedroom door about twelve feet away, was the balloon. I gasped and was hit by my mother's essence in a way I've never felt even when she was alive!

Instantly, the still balloon began to float directly to me. As it got closer, I scooted my chair back knowing she wanted to sit on my lap. The balloon then rose about a foot in the air and descended on top of me. That's when I began to ball my eyes out. She wouldn't stop playing with me. The balloon would rise up from my lap to brush my face; over and over and over again she did this. When her playfulness ceased, she just sat there resting.

Five minutes or so later, I got up to use the bathroom. I told my mom to please stay here, but she (the balloon) insisted on escorting me to the door. When I returned to my room, I noticed the balloon was sitting on my chair. Laughing out loud at what just happened, I told my mother "Thank you!" and to please stay as long as she possibly could. After working online for a while, I got up again to tend to Lisa's dog that was barking for no reason. The same thing happened; Mom followed me to the door, but never left the room. Coming back to finish my work, again, there in the chair sat my mother.

The third time I got up, I went back to the kitchen to clean up my dirty dishes and get a snack. As before, Mom walked me to the door. And as before, I knew that when I returned, she would be sitting in the chair waiting for me.

ALOFT

Aloft are you — floating, there for me to see. I'd know my mother anywhere, who else could it be?

I love and miss you, Mom!

your grateful son, Keith

Foreword

In my early 20's, I remember finding an intriguing greetings card. I will never forget the illustration on the front of it. The line drawn carton image depicted a person standing in front of a sink. Surrounding this individual were floor-to-ceiling stacks of dirty dishes waiting to be washed. The caption that lay at the bottom of the card read, "It's character building." I remember staring at the card for a long time, soaking in the true meaning of the words and image. I felt as if the designer had shared some unknown secret with me, a concept so simple, yet unspoken, that guides, builds and directs every facet of our lives. The deeply held secret I discovered that day was, everything that happens in our lives, good, bad or indifferent, occurs for a reason.

We all have a belief that our lives are our own, that we are in control of where we are and where we are going. We think that if I just do this or do that, my life would be better, easier, or move in the direction I want it to go. Nevertheless, the journey we are on is not our own — it is not ours to control. It is a Divine Script given to us by someone or something outside ourselves, which many of us call God. Like the captain of a great ship, we navigate the waters and aim for the destination we had in mind.

We spin the wheel of fate and pray for calm seas, clear skies and a cool breeze behind our backs. As we move forward, we encounter twists and turns, obstacles and challenges, times of exhilaration as well as times of defeat, yet we are constantly moving forward in this journey we call life. When the skies are clear and the sailing is smooth, we ride the wave, unconcerned with what is up ahead. There are other

times when a storm comes through, rocking our craft from side-to-side. If the squall is particularly strong, we may be knocked off course. We may lose our bearing, find ourselves in uncharted waters, and become unsure of who we are and where we are going. We might drop down to our knees and ask for guidance or a sign to help us to navigate back onto our original course. We want to return to where we were but the road we traveled is lost to us forever.

It is in this time of profound change that we can lose sight of land. We long for the life we had but in time realize that we will never be able to return to whence we came. In the darkness we are experiencing we ask for guidance, for a faint light to reveal itself to us, to point us in a direction, north, south, east or west.

Then one day, when we let our guard down, the sun peaks through the clouds. What is this light? It is the light of our inner being, our inner navigator, that can help us to steer through the rough waters, the uncertain times. This inner navigator job is to provide us with the steps we need to move forward, with revelations, insights and guidance to help get us back on course. We often forget about this part of our being, the part of us that connects with the Divine, but it is there for us each and every minute of every single day, directing and guiding us along our path.

For many of us, when the seas are calm and the skies are clear we forget of our connection with Source. It often takes a violent storm, another "character building moment" for us to open to the flow of Divine energy and reconnect with that which already was. But why wait for the Earth to open up and swallow us whole? We are constantly offered gifts from God. Moreover, even if the gift we are receiving is hard, or challenging or puts us on a path to the ends

of the Earth, what we might discover when we arrive at our destination is a tropical island, that fills our hearts, minds and souls.

No one knows where life is taking us but the journey we travel, the path we take, the course we plot across the water will always take us exactly where we need to go. Sometimes easily, and at other times with obstacles that test our determination. The stormy seas of life may also change the course of where we are heading forever. Regardless of where we go or where we end up, we will always be in the perfect place, fulfilling our Divine purpose in life – whatever that may be.

Dr. Rita Louise, Best-selling Author, Radio Show Host



Preface

As a young boy, I had an insatiable appetite — an unquenchable curiosity about God, the universe and my sole/Soul purpose for being on the Earth. And, it's been a lifelong pursuit to curb my hunger for answers to the four simple, basic questions that were gnawing at me.

Throughout all of my soul searching, I'm confident that I've come to the point the answers I've found are solid, balanced and are in alignment with the Highest Good of each and everyone's Divine Script. Here are those questions and my answers.

"Where did I come from?"

You came from the Great Ocean of Divine energy . . . the universe . . . the stars. We are all Seeds of our Loving Creator planted on the Earth. Our celestial nature and freewill allows us to germinate, grow, sprout and bloom, until the season when we are able to unfold the Love of God.

"Why am I here?"

I was told over and over in my daily meditations that, the only reason we are "here," is to live the best life possible. But, for that to happen, we must live our passion. There's no other reason for our birth.

If God is Love, then it should make sense to you that, when you do what you love, the River of Life moves through you and puts you on course to the bridge between Heaven and Earth. I feel blessed to have come to this realization early on in my adult life.

"Who am I?"

This question, which is probably the biggest one in the batch, took me a while to "get" and accept. Let's examine it more closely. If we came from God and will one day consciously return, who are we now? If God is the beginning and the end and we are in the middle of all that, who are we? If God is omnipresent (present in all places at all times), who are we? Point to yourself. Point to God. Can see the connection? At our essence, that is (the truth of) Who we are.

I'm aware that this kind of talk may cause some people to run away as fast as they can in fear. That's because they don't understand the Laws of Spirit nor the Laws of Physics. I'm also aware that it can sometimes be tough to see your Greatness. But believe me, you are more than you even realize. Your passionate, sincere search for your *own* answers is what'll bring you to this realization for yourself. What helped me to reach my epiphany was understanding the simple idea that, God *is* the Energy which connects everything together and, if we were separate from that, we couldn't exist.

"Where am I going?"

Wherever you want! The choices are infinite. But, if you ever want to get where you are truly wanting to go, you must first know where you come from, why are you here and who you are. Only then will you be prepared to get to where you are going.

I often wondered when I would sit down and write another book. The fact is, after writing "The Divine Principle: Anchoring Heaven On Earth," I knew that I needed some time off to absorb, digest, relax and rejuvenate before I went through the process of doing it again. Well, the appropriate time must be now as to why I'm sitting here typing away.

The story I'm about to tell you is true. And, I invite you to be open to it and allow yourself to feel what I felt on my quest to find God (my Self) in India.

As a full time musician, in 1999, I earned the best income for myself to that point. As I recall, I had a lot of money stapled in stacks of hundreds under my mattress, only because the bank I was using seemed to not know the difference between what was mine and what was theirs. Even so, the financial abundance in my life at that time paled in comparison to the spiritual abundance what was coming down the pike.

Just when I thought that my life couldn't get any better, the phone rings out of the blue, "Hello?" I answered it. "Hi, Keith. You don't know me, but I felt compelled to call you. I heard through a mutual friend that you want to go to India to see a holy man that came in a dream, inviting you to come see Him. Can I offer you a free, first-class roundtrip ticket to India so that you can do just that?" she said. That phone call changed my life forever!

That is the type of miracle that most people think only happens to a chosen few. Well, I'm here to tell you that there are no chosen few and that I'm just like you. This beautiful manifestation came to me because of the passion and sincerity I put into everything I do. Do you have the fire to make that kind of miracle happen in your life?

One day, as the time of my leaving for India was near, someone handed me a book telling me that it would make for a good read, as well as prepare me for the trip in many different ways; like what and what not to expect and what to do to not get sick. I didn't really have any expectations surrounding the trip, except to come back fully charged. And so, I decided to call a few clinics about getting shots that would protect me from anything I may be susceptible to from being in a foreign land. The prices for such shots were reasonable, but my hesitation was not because of the shots themselves. I came to realize that, if God invited me to

come India and sent me a ticket to prove it, then surely, that same Grace would protect me and keep me safe. Needless to say, I didn't go to the clinic.

The journey you are about to embark on will take you to India where you will be in the presence of an Avatar (Divine Descent) by the name of Bhagwan Sri Sathya Sai Baba. You'll come to know of the magic, mystery and power of this Holy Man and through me, experience what it was like to be there firsthand.

The chapters of me in India are written from a present tense perspective so that, the impact of what you read will be greater, keeping true to the emotions that I was feeling at any given time. In this way, it will allow for a more exciting read, as well as open you up to the Miracle of Sai Baba through my eyes and heart.

Introduction

I first met Keith when I appeared on his radio show and the experience was then, what it is now — authentic and vulnerable, because that is Keith, a wonderful soul, wonderful Dad, Friend and Musician. So, it came as no surprise to open up this delightful book and read about him and his powerful journey home.

We live in a time where people are searching, seeking, looking for something to bring them home and bring them peace. And you'll discover here in this book the story of all of us, interwoven with wonderful moments, insights and sharing from the heart. This story is about who Keith was and is today, but most importantly, it is about "What he is." In our times of searching and seeking we negate the path because we want to experience some magical moment, but Keith reminds us of the little moments — the moments with friends, teachers and family.

In reading this book it brought me closer to understanding myself and reflect on my journey. Early on Keith is asked, "What are you willing to do to have peace?" "At this point, I'm willing to try anything!" he replied.

There is a wonderful story of a teacher and student by a lake. The student says, "I want to know God." The teacher asks, "How badly to you want to know?" Then he grabs the student and puts his head under water. After a few seconds the student pulls himself up trying to manage a breath. So, the teacher let's him go, and says, "You must want to know God as much as you want your next breath." I bring this up as a gentle reminder that, "Knowing yourself," is not about the end result, but about your sincerity on the path. How

sincere are you? How willing are you? Keith lets us in on his journey and it is not all roses.

I am honored to have had the opportunity to read this gem and know that it will open your heart up to the possibilities of what you are. May it bring you peace, joy and remind you that you are not alone. Knowing yourself is a process, so be gentle on youself and rest in your heart. For it is a wonderful place to start. Keith is love.

"Be in perpetual contact with God.

Let the pipe that leads into the tap, which is you, be connected with the reservoir of His Grace, then your life will be full of unruffled content.

Without that awareness of the Constant Presence, any service that you do to others will be dry, barren.

Be aware of It, then any act of service will yield plentiful fruit.

Every person is a spark of the effulgence of God. God is dancing in every cell of every being.

Do not doubt this. Do not ignore this or dispute this!

This is the Truth!
The entire Truth.
The only Truth.
The Universe is God.
All this is He, His body."

-Baba

David Matthew Brown, Heart Whisperer, Author, Speaker, Yogi

SEEK YE THE KINGDOM OF GOD WITHIN

Man is born with a great thirst and a deep hunger for Ananda (Bliss). He knows that he can get it, but he knows not from where. He has faint memories of his being the heir to the Kingdom of Ananda. But he does not know how to establish his claim to his Divine Heritage. Something in him revolts when he is condemned to die, to suffer and to hate. It whispers to him that he is the child of immortality, of Bliss and of Love. But man ignores these promptings and, as one exchanges diamonds for dirt, he runs in search of meaner pleasures and sordid comforts.

-Baba



Chapter 1



hat is the first memory you recall? My earliest one is of an event that took place before I was on the planet. I can actually remember waiting in line to be born, surrounded by an infinite number of souls waiting to do the same. No matter where I would look, all I could see was beautiful, light energy readying to leap into the swirling vortex that takes us from "there" to "here."

Another thing I remember about the experience is that, all the excitement and anticipation floating about from the entire dynamic is what fed the whole system — somehow sustaining it.

In contrast to all that was taking place toward the front, there was another phenomenon happening behind me. There were waves of colorful, soul energy coming back from their brief trip to Earth (those who had died) only to get back into the line for another leap into the vortex, while some would ascend to another level entirely.

The earliest memory I have of being on the planet is getting bathed in the kitchen sink. I think we all know someone who can remember that. Sometimes these early memories and feelings of mine are so strong that they literally bring me back in time to a particular moment. This point is integral in understanding the real message of this book.

As a little boy I was happy. The parents and siblings I'd selected this time around on Earth were great. My mother and father loved their six children and

raised us to the best of their ability to be self-reliant and responsible. Now mind you, some of that parental love over the years took the form of a pop on the rear end when "needed," but, all in all, we were the quintessential family.

At the age of six, I started to become increasingly aware of myself and my surroundings. But, something would begin to happen to me anytime I would hear music. When any musical vibrations would hit my ears, my body would began to move and I'd start to bang on the table pretending to play drums, all the while singing at the top of my lungs.

To get me to dance for the relatives, mom would open the Hi Fi Stereo (You know, the one she forbid me to touch!) and play the song "Wooly Bully," by *Sam The Sham and the Pharaos*. She knew that whenever I'd hear that song, I'd hunch down and go into this body shaking, arms swinging side-to-side kind of motion, giving everyone who watched a big laugh. Oh, yes! It was fun for a while.

After about a year, when the "Look at our little musical child!" wore off, the volume of the music and my banging was frowned upon. My guess is they didn't want to continue to add to the noise that already existed from living in a house with such a large family.

Mom was great at budgeting the money and keeping the Blanchard machine greased so that it would run as smoothly as possible, while dad was the provider and did it in a wonderful, loving way.

One of the few luxuries we had other than ham once a month was, my parents would take us kids to the VFW Bowling Alley on Barrow St. I so loved going there because of the expanse, all the neon lights and the volume of the juke box.

One day, I asked my brother, Kerry (who is the oldest), about a song that he played on his stereo from

time to time. "What song are you talking about, Keith? Can you sing me a little bit of it?" he asked. I tried with all my might to think of the lyrics and the melody, but not a word would come out.

Later that evening, mom and dad loaded up the family into the Buick Skylark and we headed for the bowling alley. But, on this particular night, something was going to be different — the Love of God through the revelation of my Divine Script.

I clearly remember I was standing at the foul-line with both hands on a six-pound bowling ball, about to throw it down the lane from between my legs — and that's when it happened! It was a sound I'd heard only once before and was music to my ears. Out of that jukebox came ripping and roaring the song I'd asked my brother about earlier in the day. What song was it? It was the *Monkees*, "Last Train To Clarksville." And boy, let me tell you . . . that tune, that jukebox and that volume did a number on that little guy! I saw the Truth of who I am and knew then and there, even at six-years old, my life was complete. But, to get a standing ovation this time around, I'd have to follow my Divine Script and act It out. I had to become a star.

A few years later, around the age of eight or nine, I recall how I began to think about things a little more deeply — "Where did the vision of my life's path come from? Why is that thought in my head in the first place and what does it want from me?" I know now that these simple questions were instrumental to get my mind to open so I could eventually move into my heart and live my purpose.

From my current vantage point, I can see without a doubt that a life of music and spirituality were caste for me, and because I'm playing my part, the True Being of who I am is emerging.

At ages nine and ten, my desire for something beyond this world seemed to be present. So, I decided to don the clothes of an altar boy, hoping that it would provide me with answers to the new, deeper questions that began to spring up in my consciousness.

I really enjoyed being an altar boy and the few perks it offered such as, sneaking sips of wine, eating a few unblessed communion wafers when no one was looking, and of course, checking the weekly bulletin to see if my name was in it to serve again the next week. There was something about my name being "in lights" that made me feel good about myself and the idea that I'd done at least one thing of everlasting merit. And so, for the next few years, I went to Holy Rosary Catholic Church to do all the things that "good" Catholics do as their way of worshipping God.

My final year of serving as an altar boy was my most fulfilling time up to that point. Though I did learn a lot about the great spiritual teacher, Jesus, and the life thereof, it was not where I'd learn true compassion and my role to be of the Highest Service.

My greatest spiritual teacher was my sister, Cheryl, who was two years older than me. When she was ten, doctors diagnosed her with Scoliosis, only to find out later that she had a condition known as Friedreich's Ataxia (disease of the nervous system).

Cheryl was everything to me. I loved her genuinely, simply because she was my sister. I found great joy in helping her with whatever she needed ever since her life (and ours) started to change. As she got a little older, she began to wobble whenever she walked and I helped her. Then she got a little bit older and needed a walker to move around and I helped her. Then she got a little older and a needed a wheelchair and I helped her. Then she got a little older and wasn't able to take care of herself and I helped her by being a

tough, little guy kicking anyone's ass who'd criticize her!

Cheryl passed many years ago, and even though she is no longer on Earth, I don't in any way feel disconnected from her. The love and light her beautiful soul has shone on me is at the seat of my very core. She is my core. Cheryl and I are unified through compassion.

I was twelve years old when my dad put a guitar in my hands for the first time. Although I did play drums in the school band from fifth grade all the way through high school, strumming my dad's Gibson Dove guitar is what got me jazzed. It had so much sound and melody that I couldn't wait to pull it out of its case and play along with him. I played that guitar in the morning, at night and especially, when I would talk on the phone with girls to try to impress them.

A few years later when puberty began to bang hard on my hormonal door, it brought with it the desire to chase girls even more. Now an adolescent with a new driver at the wheel, I soon realized that my guitar playing would likely help me to land a girlfriend. Heck, I was a little cocky, hot guitar player who had a few talent show winnings under his belt and was ready to take on the world.

At the age of fifteen, I started my first rock band, *Sassy*, consisting of all my buddies. We were a combination of two bands swapping members in and out depending on who was available for the gig that was booked. All in all, whatever the configuration, we were pretty good. We often played at "Skateland" in Houma, Louisiana, school dances and at the airbase (a park) every Sunday, always packing out this little gazebo that sat in a big open field.

Enter my first girlfriend, Darla. She came along at age sixteen. She had brown hair, big brown eyes and

was absolutely beautiful! We met that Summer at South Terrebonne High after the first school band rehearsal for the upcoming new year. I was a drummer from Ellender Memorial School and she was a flag girl from Oaklawn Jr. High. After a quick introduction from a friend, she and I traded phone numbers and began to spend time together.

Six months into our relationship and right before Homecoming, I was standing at my locker when Darla dropped a bomb on me. "Keith, I want to break up with you." I immediately became nauseous and faint-like. When I collected myself from the initial blow, I went to the school office, called my mom and asked her to pick me up and take me home because I was a sobbing mess. After I got home, I went straight into my room and began to talk to God. "Please, no . . . I can't bear this . . . it hurts too much!" I lamented for hours, days, weeks, even months.

In hindsight, I'm able to see how Darla's breakup with me was one part of my Divine Script. Her purpose was to walk into my life and introduce me to the joy that comes from living in the heart and the pain that comes from living in the head.

Sometime later after I jumped the abandonment hurdle, when I felt ready and stable for the next chapter of my life, I got back on the horse called, "Purpose," and rode it quite a distance. I went to a seminary school and thought seriously about becoming a Catholic priest. That is, until Jennifer walked into my life.

Jennifer and I genuinely liked and loved each other. She was a good girlfriend and had a great family. They took to me rather quickly and cared for me. They sheltered me, fed me and loved me, providing me with what I needed to live comfortably in their home. But

after I got settled in, the Director of my Divine Script would begin to redundantly sound off in my head.

The voice was telling me about the two choices before me. Not that any one of them would've been right or wrong; it's just that, one followed my script and the other didn't. I was trying to decide between Jennifer, music and a rock and roll lifestyle or to pursue God with the whole of my being. I chose to be with Jennifer and the lifestyle. We were together for about five years when the fire within me for any spiritual truth had flickered out. All the while, things between Jennifer and I became increasingly unstable.

In 1988, at the age of twenty-four, on a whim I decided to climb aboard a Ryder truck with some friends and head to Memphis, Tennessee to live out my dream of becoming a rock star. Don't get me wrong. I had great friends, loved my hometown, loved the food, greatly loved my family and I played in a popular band called, *Sorce*. But, because Jennifer and I's relationship was not working out and I had a dream to realize, Memphis seemed to be the carrot the universe was dangling in front of my nose. *It was the greatest decision I've ever made in my life!*

Leaving everything and everyone that I'd known behind, bravely, I traveled to the Land of the Delta Blues to live and become a working musician. I won't kid you for a minute about how I was scared out of my pants! I had no money, no car, no job, no girlfriend to lean on like I did with Jennifer — I had nothing but my dream and that seemed to be enough.

About two weeks after arriving in Memphis, the phone rang. "Hey, Keith? It's for you!" someone in the house shouted. "I wonder who in the world that could be?"

"What the hell are you doing in Memphis, Keith?" Jennifer asked upset and pissed.

"Living here and I ain't coming back!"

"Get your butt home!" she demanded.

"If you want to be with me, you'll have to come where I am!" I exclaimed.

After talking on the phone to her for about an hour, she considered transferring to Memphis. Four months later, Jennifer moved here and we continued our relationship.

In the early 90's, I had two musical opportunities. The first one was a move to Seattle to join a band named *Fifth Angel* who was signed to Epic Records. The other was, a two month all expense paid music gig in Hawaii — one of the highlights of my life and another important part of my script.

The island of Oahu was such an enchanting place I felt alive and at home there. After learning my way around, I'd often go to the North Shore at dusk, meditate on the beach by the water's edge and listen to *Enya's*, "Shepard Moons" album through headphones. The more I did this, the more I found myself becoming conscious of the seed that was planted years before. And the whole time I was in Hawaii, I could feel that seed germinating — readying to break through the topsoil of my life. I knew that when I'd return home, my life would be different in many ways.

Four months after I got back from Hawaii, Jennifer called me over to sit next to her on the couch and said, "Keith, I don't want to be with you anymore." Back into the pain I went. "Please, no . . . I can't bear this . . . it hurts too much!" I started talking to God again, lamenting for hours, days and weeks, and this time, for two years. Although I didn't see it at the time, Jennifer's exit was another part of my Divine Script — a change in path that would eventually lead me to everything I've ever wanted.

I can't begin to tell you of the needless pain I inflicted upon myself by trying to reignite a candle that has burned out. Eventually, I realized that, it was never going blaze again and my only choice was to let it all go and trust that one day, somehow, my Phoenix would rise from the ashes.

Into my life walks Mike M., a co-writer of my script. Though Mike and I knew each other before Jennifer and I broke up, it seems that *his* role was to help layout a smoother transition for my next chapter.

One night, in 1991, after my band's rehearsal, all the guys were going over to Chris' (the drummer) house. I was never asked to join them before because they knew I wasn't really into the "New Age stuff" they were into. But that night, for some reason, I was invited to come along. I said sure, thinking that all we were going to do was just hang out and party. Boy, was I wrong!

No sooner had we sat down in Chris' little upstairs room, than my band mates and Mike began to talk about that "weird stuff." I just sat there, drinking my drink, listening to them go at it. But, eventually my curiosity was piqued, because the things my Mike was saying seemed so relevant to what I was going through.

After a few minutes, I asked if he could interpret a dream I'd had in which Jesus appeared to me and told me the word 'Yam' three times. Mike asked me if there'd been more to my experience and, if so, would I share it. I said, "Sure."

"It was really weird," I said. "In what way?" he asked. "Jesus seemed to be behind me and up towards the ceiling, but I could see Him perfectly. At the same time, I could feel myself floating up there, too. But I didn't want any part of that, so, I somehow made myself wake up." "Is that it?" Mike asked. "Yep, that's

it." I told him. "Guy, that is so very cool!" he said. Then he got up and walked straight to the bookshelf, selected one book and brought it back to where I was sitting. He opened it to show me the meaning of 'Yam' — the sound of the spiritual heart (the heart chakra), and his gesture touched me to my core. Yes, I knew in my own heart of hearts that something had awakened and there was no turning back.

From that evening on, whenever I was feeling down from obsessing about Jennifer, I called Mike and found much comfort in his words. Not only did he help me see things in a more realistic light, he also seemed to have an uncanny way of getting me to open up so that, for the very first time, I could begin to see my-self/Self.

One day he asked me, "Without judging yourself, Keith, tell me, do you like your life?" I said, "Hell no!" His next question was, "What are you willing to do to have peace?" I told him, "At this point, I'm willing to try anything!" "Then prepare yourself for miracles," he said.

For the next hour or so, he laid out some principles I could begin to work with. But at the same time, he suggested I not believe a word he was saying. He said, "Just let the manifestations speak for themselves." I had no idea what he meant.

Even so, that very day, that week, that month, that year, as I began to put these new ideas into practice, I could see the little miracles that Mike had told me would take place if I kept to my, "I'm willing to do anything for peace!" intention. But, though everything I was learning felt right, every once in a while some part of me put up resistance.

You may ask why. Four reasons: I knew that everything I thought I knew would have to change. I knew that I'd have to take full responsibility for the mess I'd

made of my life. I knew that, because of my unresolved emotional issues, my life was sure to get worse before it got any better. And, here's the real kicker — I was frightened because I didn't want my new, "I am God." attitude to piss God off! But I was determined to change, no matter what it took.

I began to meditate daily as Mike had said to do. I can honestly say that the more I practiced meditation, the more my life improved. That alone has helped me stop feeling like a victim and to live more in harmony with God.

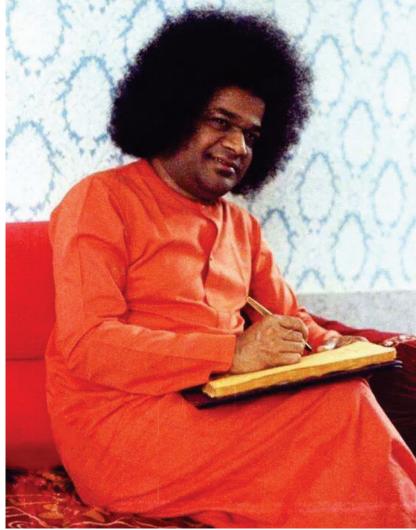
Mike entering my life was definitely part of the Divine play. It had to be! And, it's my hope that by the time you flip through to the last page of this book, you'll see how your life and all life, is An Act of God.













Chapter 2

DREAMS, DREAMS

henever I do presentations about "The Divine Principle: Anchoring Heaven On Earth," I tell the audience, "Before I 'heard' God's Voice that one day, in June of 1996, I never saw 'It' coming. After the experience, when I was able to see more clearly, I knew my encounter with the Divine was destined to happen at some point in my life." That would definitely explain the passion I have to write books, create music and make movies that help others follow their own script leading them to a life of bliss.

As far back as I can remember, I had great passion and sincerity about everything I did, and because of it, I've witnessed its amazing manifesting power. Not only has it brought me everything I've ever wanted in life, but brought God as well!

Passion and sincerity does not discriminate. When people are angry, mistrusting, afraid or jealous, with the same kind of oomph I use to create a life of goodness, the Creator will grant them whatever it is they are asking for all the same. "For the Love of God! Why in the world would God give me all that unpleasant stuff?" you may ask. Because an Unconditional Parent doesn't know of any other way to be; it's in the design of Its very existence.

It's obvious to me that, the Creator of All That is Good knows nothing of sickness, lack, worry and fear, giving It the freedom to do what It wants — create — and create through us. So, it's my hope one day you will understand that, whatever lies inside of you gets projected onto the screen we call reality.

Like it or not, conscious or not, day in and day out, we are constantly asking Source to "Please give me an abundance of this or that." just by being who we are. It's not about formal prayer. It's about the language we are most fluent in — vibration! So, if nothing ever changes in your life, it is because *you* haven't changed. It's all God's unconditional Love, for *your* sake.

Though I didn't know it at the time, Sai Baba began to come to me in sleep states of consciousness in early 1997. At first He'd come in different forms; probably to acclimate me to His slowly but surely, ongoing and frequent presence.

For instance, on a few occasions, before I ever heard of Sai Baba, He came to me in my dreams as the spiritual author, Deepak Chopra. Although it was Baba, my mind could not register an unknown face and selected the nearest likeness. If one were to look at a picture of Dr. Chopra and Sai Baba, my point would be understood. Not only do they look alike, they represent the same spirituality. And, I *know* it was Baba because of the dialog that transpired during these visits.

I want to share with you that my experiences with Sathya Sai Baba are not ordinary dreams. It's nothing at all like watching a movie on the mental screen and not being able to interact. When these visits happen, I'm just as aware as I am in my waking state — sometimes more so. And, I now realize that the reason I'm so present when He comes to me, is because of my passion to follow Him and His teachings.

Sai Baba has a way of doing things that are not like any teacher I've known. Throughout all of the books I've read about His life, everyone who has actually met with Him said the same thing, "You cannot dream of Baba. If you see Him in this state, it's an actual visit done by His will." I speculate that this is why we don't dream about Jesus, Buddha or any other deity. If you could, everyone would be saying that their chosen Lord had visited them and told them this or that. So, remember, if you ever have an experience with one of these beings of Higher Consciousness, count your blessings!



The first time I saw Sai Baba as Himself in a dream was in late 1997, where I was standing in someone's front yard participating in a garage sale. After a few moments into the experience, a beautiful, white Rolls Royce drove up and parked alongside the curb. Once the engine was turned off, the chauffer got out of the car and slowly opened the door for the backseat passenger. Out stepped a barefooted, little man clad in an orange robe. To my amazement, it was Sai Baba, the Teacher I longed to be with.

Baba began to walk around the yard looking at all the items that were for sale. There were tables, lamps, books and knick-knacks of all sorts spilling out of boxes. Wanting to get as close as I could, I began to follow Him through the maze of sale items no longer useful to its owners. I feel that this was a metaphor for me to follow the Leader and live my life by His example.

One night, I thought of calling my then girlfriend, Wendy, to see if she wanted to come over and hang out. But, as I picked up my phone, I decided to put it

back down somehow knowing that she would stop by without me even asking. Right then and there, "Knock, knock!", was the sound that filled the air, my ears and heart. I opened the door only to see Wendy standing there with a big grin on her face. "Oh, my God!" I said, seeing how we were wearing the same thing: aquablue tops, black sweat pants and white, striped ankle socks.

As soon as she walked in and sat down, I began to share with her the dream experience I had with Sai Baba. The whole time I was telling her about it, I could see that she was flipping out and couldn't wait to speak. When I was finished, Wendy immediately began to tell me about a dream *she* had with Baba on the same night that included a vision about my future. This is what she told me. "Keith, in the experience, Sai Baba manifested two rings." "Really?" I replied. "But, there is more that happened. Let me finish!" she said.

"I was sitting on this very couch next to Baba when He induced a premonition of you going to India. In my vision I saw Baba coming out of His room and there were lots of people sitting on the ground. Baba walked over to you and put His hand on your shoulder saying, 'I will see you tonight.'

I also saw you lying down on a bed meditating or sleeping while you were in India and that, Sai Baba was going to appear to you while you were doing so. And as you were to fall asleep, He was going to tell you something of great importance about a prophetic event." All I could say was, "Wow!"

Wendy and I had a good and fun relationship, but it only lasted a few more weeks from that point. I was single for about six months when I met and began to date someone by the name of Shannon.

One night when Shannon and I were hanging at my apartment, she told that she had a very strange

dream and wanted to know if she could share it with me. I said, "Sure."

She told me that she found herself conscious of my bedroom, when all of a sudden, what she believed to be a powerful spiritual being came in the room and laid down next to her. As she got her wits about what might be happening, the being sat on top of her and began to morph itself to look like me.

I absolutely believe this was done by the being to form trust so that she can relax and open up to the experience.

It was then the being began to look her in the eyes, asking her telepathically if she could hear. After affirming "Yes.", the being gave her this message: "Tell your boyfriend, Keith, that he is not yet ready. But when he is complete, he will follow." Then the being moved the altar I had in my room up against the wall, onto the bed with his spiritual powers for her to see — indeed, reinforcing that the being was of great significance. Shannon then told me that she believed it was Sai Baba.

As I continued to study Baba's teachings, it wasn't uncommon for me to fall into prayer and ask Him for His help to achieve all the things I wanted. One of those things was for Him to keep coming to me in my dreams.

The second time I'd seen Sai Baba in a dream I was floating in the sky and surrounded by light. When out of nowhere, He appeared next to me and asked, "What is it you want, Keith?" So elated with His presence, I couldn't speak. He said to me, "What you long to do my son is fly!", and off we went at Godspeed into many dimensions of light.

The third time I saw Baba in a dream was in a baseball stadium. When I came to a conscious state, I noticed someone standing next to me in the hallway

holding a book titled, "Universal Leela" (Divine sport or play). While waiting there until the game started, in walked Sai Baba. He came up to me and told me to open my right hand. When I did, there appeared a small book with the word 'record' on it that was embossed out of my skin. He then told me to close my hand and look again. That's when I noticed the word 'record' had morphed into the word 'life.' He then said goodbye and walked to the bleachers to sit and watch the game. When I woke up that morning, I immediately began to interpret the experience and realized just what He was conveying to me. That is, "When you begin to 'record' words and music for Spirit, you will have 'life' in the palm of your hand and *that* is what will lead you to everything you have ever wanted."

In my fourth dream experience with Baba, we were face-to-face. When He looked at me, I found it difficult to hold my focus, probably because I was afraid that He might "see me" in all my folly. But, when I finally mustered the courage to look into His eyes, they were all pupils that suddenly changed into twinkling stars. In that moment, I knew the universe was contained within them. He smiled pleasantly and said, "Soon, I will come back." It's always uplifting for me to have an experience with this Master who comes to love, teach and nurture me towards an expanded consciousness such as His.

From that point forward I had more glimpses of Baba in my dreams, but it wasn't until late 1998 when they began to happen in a big way.

One night, I was out in dreamland when I had an experience with Baba that filled me with utter bliss. I was standing in a field with two other people; Baba was looking at us from a distance. After pointing to the person on my left, Sai Baba turned His hand and materialized a small ball of light. He then threw it at the

guy hitting him in the heart and knocking him to the ground. The young man, now in a fetal position, started to tremble and mumble. I had no earthly idea what was happening to him.

The next thing I knew, Sai Baba pointed at me and started to turn His hand, insinuating that I was next. "Oh, oh! What's this?" He then threw a ball of light at my heart and I also fell in a fetal position alongside the guy to my left. When this happened I was filled with probably the most bliss I've ever felt in my life to that point. The same thing was done to the lady who was standing to my right.

As we all three lay there on the ground shaking from such intense bliss, Sai Baba came over and began to wave His hands through the young man's body and talking in a language I didn't understand. The guy started to react very strangely. As Baba did the same to me, He said, "Keith, what I am doing will take you to another level of feeling altogether." He then proceeded to wave His hands through my body and speak in that same language. I have no idea what happened to the lady on my right after that because I jetted off to another level of consciousness.

In this new dimension, I found myself in a field cradled in Baba's arms, as if I were a baby in a grand-parent's care. There were people all around us, and my guess is that, they were there to witness what was to happen next.

Baba looked to me and said, "Keith, would you be willing to go wait outside of your apartment in the parking lot all day this coming Tuesday? If you do this, I will pick you up and take you to India for two weeks. Would you do this for Me?" With tears in my eyes then and as I write these words now, my comment to Him was, "I would do anything for You!"

That Tuesday morning, I woke up with the joy of knowing this could be more real than I ever thought possible, so I didn't hesitate for a moment. I got up, dressed myself in shorts, tank top and sandals and headed out the door. Once I got to the parking lot, I found a curb to sit on thinking, "This looks like as good of a place as any. Now, all I have to do is wait . . . and wait . . . and wait.

One hour rolled by and the July sun was getting hotter. Sitting there in the heat, I began to wonder, "What in the world am I doing out here? I wonder if He's ever going to show up." After a few minutes of deliberating, I began to realize how this might be one of those times when Baba was playing with me. From my ongoing interactions with Him, I knew the possibility and the likeliness of that being the case. After a few more minutes of pondering and sweating like no tomorrow, the idea became clear to me that He was toying with me to see how devoted I am to my growth. "This has to be a metaphor for something else." But then again, I read many stories where Sai Baba had performed miracles that would make this "curb sitting and waiting to go to India" seem like no big deal. For a while longer, I continued to go back and forth from my mind to my heart looking for an answer. At noon, I decided I'd had enough and headed back upstairs to my apartment into the cool air.

Later that night as I laid in bed thinking about the day, my mind started up again and brought me to the point that I felt a break inside. I was so pissed at myself. Heat or no heat, I should've never left that curb! That kind of devotion is what brought Siddhārtha Gautama *His* awakening. After many years of searching for God, Siddhārtha sat under a Bodhi Tree where He vowed, "I will sit under this tree until I become enlightened." The next morning when He saw the sun rise in

all of its beauty, Siddhārtha Gautama, became the Buddha.

Even though I didn't follow through with sitting on the curb, I began to see how my wishing I did and actually doing it was professing the same love for God whether I waited or realized. A week later, I had the most profound dream with Sai Baba to that point.

It started with Baba standing on the shore across a river. When He noticed that I saw Him, He began to speak to me telepathically saying, "Keith, you and your friend, Mike, should come to see Me in India. Mike is the person I mentioned in the last chapter and the one who put me the spiritual path to awakening.

Although Baba's words in this dream were few, the impression spoke volumes. It was a feeling, a knowing, a premonition, a vision. "How will I get there? Where will I get the money to be able to go? How do I put all this together? How long should I stay?" I asked Baba. "Keith, you have to learn to transcend your doubt and disbelief. If you come here just to put your feet on Indian soil only to turn around and go home, this is what you should do." said Baba.

I woke up that morning trying to figure out if my experience was meant for me to take literally or not as before in the parking lot. Back into my head I went . . . "How do I go about making such a journey happen? Where will I get the money to do this? When should I go? How will I get there?"

Then it dawned on me, "If God invited me to come to Him, any logic would have no bearing whatsoever and everything will unfold on its own. All I have to do is be aware of Spirit moving and follow the signs that would begin to present themselves."

That day, about noon, just to see what would happen, I called Mike and asked him if he'd be interested in making a trip to India with me. He said that he was

up for it, but wanted to know what prompted me to want to go. I told him what had happened just hours before. He laughed and said, "Guy, it sounds like fun!" For the rest of our conversation, Mike and I started to lay the groundwork for our possible pilgrimage.

Two weeks passed as I constantly entertained the possibility that I might at long last be with my Teacher and washed in His Presence. Just when I thought my spirits couldn't get any higher, the phone rang.

"Hello?" I answer.

"Hi, Keith, My name is Debbie. We have a mutual friend by the name of Nadhim. He told me that you are planning a trip to India, but was not sure how you were going to get there. So, I felt compelled to call you and help you out." she told me.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I am a flight attendant, and every year I am given buddy passes for my own personal use. But, if I don't use them, I can't carry them over into the next semester. I thought you should have one for your trip to see your holy man." she said.

I freakin' hit the floor! I cried, cried and cried with such immense joy that I called everyone I could think of to tell them of the miracle that had just taken place in my life.

Over the next couple weeks, Mike and I began carry out our plan to go to India to see Baba. We came up with a date in late November which was only two and a half months away. With our departure fast approaching, I knew I'd better get things moving and in order like save money, find a pet sitter, get a visa, passport and much more.

A month and a half went by when I got a call from Mike with some not-so-good news. He told me the target date we had chosen was not good for him and that we would have to postpone the trip. Sad, but knowing everything was in order, we shot for a date in mid December. Once again, we were back on track, just waiting for the twelfth month to roll around.

In early September, I met Kimmie. She was a waitress at one of the clubs I played every Sunday named, Willie Moffatt's. One night, I mentioned to her all that was going on with me and Sai Baba. She told me that she knew of Him and even had a book about His life. We talked for hours about what each of us thought to be spiritual "truth" as well as Baba's role in it.

After a few months of dating, Kimmie brought to my attention that she wanted us to start thinking about the idea of taking our relationship a little more seriously. I told her I was okay with that and we could talk about it more when I got back. I knew I had to keep my focus on India for the time being.

The next day, I visited some very nice people who ran the Sai Baba organization here in Memphis, Tennessee. After being there a short time, I told them of my dreams with Baba and that I was going to see Him. You should've seen the eyes of everyone that heard what I had to say. Just then, the man of the house told me how lucky I was that Baba awarded me the grace to experience Him and His Divinity. He also told me that, though many are drawn to Baba, the ones He comes to personally and invites are likely to be granted an interview. I thought, "Wow! How awesome that would be to have a one-on-one with God in the physical way."

One thing was for sure, not only was I excited about what I stood to gain from my journey to India, but, what I would release to unburden my soul that would allow me to live in the Light again.

In the week that followed, I was told by an intuitive friend that when I got to India, I was going to receive

some kind of honor from Sai Baba. "What honor could I possibly receive? Was I that 'good?' Did I do something in this life or a past one that deserves reward?"

Please understand that when I share things of this nature with you, it's not done with a sense of specialness. It's more to tell you of everything that happened so that, even I could discover what it meant in its true context.

As soon as I left the Sai Baba Center and got in my truck to go back home, a most profound thought came to me. "This is your journey, Keith, and maybe, the honor is all Mine and here in this moment that is what you are receiving. Although I may have more to honor you for when you come to India, I wanted to give you a glimpse into the grace that is coming because of your devotion to Me."

You see? That's what I'm talking about. How God, Jesus, Sai Baba, Buddha or Whoever, will come into your life when you make yourself available and with such punch that, there's no way you can deny Their omnipresence. Thank you, Lord!

About a week later, I went back to the Sai Baba Center for a meeting about how to prepare for my journey to India. Before I left to go home, I asked the man of the house if he knew where I could get some of the ash that Baba creates because I was out. He said, "Yes!", and then handed me a packet of it. When I asked him where he'd acquired this from he said, "Follow me."

The man then led me to a shrine he had in his house devoted to Baba. When I walked in, there was an amazing and beautiful energy that permeated the entire room. He told me while pointing, "There . . . that's where I got the ash I just gave you." Lo' and behold . . . the mother lode! I couldn't believe my eyes. There was a large picture of Sai Baba with the ash

spontaneously falling from it. There was so much that the altar below and the figurines that sat on it were almost completely covered. When I asked him how long had that been happening he said, "This has been going on nonstop for quite a few years."

When I got home from my trip to the Sai Baba Center, I walked over to my altar and picked up the bowl to refill it. When I removed the lid, I saw that the bowl had already been filled to the top. I *know* there wasn't any ash in there before as to why I asked my friends if I could get a pinch of it in the first place. I remember wiping the bowl clean with my finger to get the very last of it to use in a meditation. This miracle is nothing new. Followers of Sai Baba have reported these kinds of manifestations for years.

Just days after going home to find my bowl refilled, Kimmie came to my apartment for a visit. After she got settled, I told her what happened with the vibhuti ash suddenly appearing days before. Amazed at the miracle, she excitedly went on to tell me about a dream that she just had with Sai Baba. She told me that Baba came to her telling her things that were personal, but also manifested two rings; one for her and one for me. Of course, this seems to correlate to the the two rings Baba manifest for Wendy in her dream. Was Wendy foreseeing a possible future for Kimmie and I?

November 23rd, Sai Baba's birthday, I got another call from Mike with more not-so-good news, telling me he couldn't do the trip in December either. The earliest he could make it would be February. My heart fell out of my chest as if my best friend had died. I was so heartbroken and didn't know what to do or if I was ever going to see Sai Baba. I found myself wanting to throw in the towel to this whole India thing. It was in my last whimper that a most profound thought hit me. "Mike and I are to go to India to see Baba, but not to-

gether!" When I realized that this was the way it was supposed to happen, I started jumping up and down, saying out loud, "I'm going to India!", the same way a child would who had just been told they are going to Disneyland.

Knowing that Mike and I were to go to see Baba separately, I went about telling friends of my pilgrimage and how I was going alone. One such friend I told was another person named Mike S. He asked me, "Why would you go alone? Would you like some company?" No sooner than I said "Sure!", I thought to myself, "Maybe this is the Mike that was supposed to go with me." But, why did it seem so clear to me that it was supposed to be the other Mike?" Mike S. and I started making plans and together we began to lay down our journey.

Just when things were beginning to look good for our trip, Mike's side of things began to fall apart. He had an illness in his family and his presence was needed. So, I found myself a once again a loner and somewhat puzzled about Baba's invitation for one of the Mikes and I to come to Him. I decided to release it all and just be happy that I was going.

Finally, it all began to make sense — "Everyone's path to higher consciousness is between that person and God and no one else." The feelings that started to well up inside of me were so fulfilling that, I truly felt alive for the very first time in my life.

By the time late December rolled around, I had everything for my trip: passport, visa, flight times and all the money I could possibly need to have fun. "Is there anything I'm overlooking? Maybe I should buy a tape recorder to log my thoughts so I could write a book about my sojourn and the play of Baba in my life. Yeah . . . that's what I'll do!"

That night I had a dream experience with Baba where He manifested two identical rings with hearts on them and placed them in the palm of my hand. At the time, I believed that it represented my unity with Spirit. But now, years later, I know without a doubt these rings meant that I would one day be married to my second wife, Kimmie. The fact that these rings were the same was showing me how a second chance to be in harmony or heart-to-heart (like on the rings) with someone would happen.

Still in the dream sequence with Baba, I asked Him if He would please manifest some holy ash for me. He said, "Why don't *you* do it yourself, Keith?" So, I turned my hand round and round as He does, and out pours ash from mine into His.

The next morning, as I thought about my trip to India, I reminded myself to go with no expectations, except to come back fully charged. But yet, I kept getting the impression that Baba was showing me things to expect through the visions I was having. I wasn't sure; maybe it was just my ego twisting things around inside hoping I'd get what I wanted.

"What would I want from Baba if I could have it when I get to India? I would love for Him to manifest a ring with sacred writing on it as a million others I'm sure would like."

Although it was a want, it didn't consume me. But, what I didn't understand was, why there were so many things that pertained to rings showing up in my experiences?

For example: One day, I was sitting on the sofa about to take off a pinkie ring I often wore to give my finger a chance to breathe, and as I looked at my hand, I noticed that I didn't have it on. But, I swear I could feel a ring on my finger that day as to why I was wanted to take it off in the first place. I remember

thinking, "What in the world? When did I take it off? That's strange! What's the deal with rings?"

The many times I'd been seeing Sai Baba in my sleep experiences, I seen Him in kind, supportive, happy moods. When I first saw Him on one particular night, I was so excited, I cried. But, what threw me for a loop was when He told me, "Stop your damn crying!" and then turned His back on me and walked away. I knew immediately why He did that. For quite some time I'd been praying for His help to conquer some of my vices and addictions to this world and did nothing to see it through. I was being a hypocrite and saw it so clearly. Turning His back as He did was telling me to not waste His time and to grow up. When I awoke the next morning, I felt ashamed and disappointed in myself. What a reality check!

A few nights later I had another encounter with Sai Baba. I was in India walking around when I saw Him in the distance, and as before, I started to follow Him wherever He went. Every time I got close to Him, He turned a corner. I was sure then He was toying with me so that I could see how badly I wanted to be with Him, only to understand *now* that He was trying to get me to really like being with myself. That was His way to have me stop relying on Him as my sustenance and look deeper within.

When I finally caught up with Baba, we were in a small room decorated in a Hindu motif. He asked me to remove my shirt. Without hesitation, it was off. He then asked if I would tear it into strips and join Him on the floor. After ripping the shirt from top to bottom into long, neat pieces, I lowered myself onto the floor and found a baby elephant lying on its side. I had the feeling that this was Baba pet, Gita, that I read about in books.

The story of Sai Baba and His pet is very beautiful. Their love for each other is so great that, Gita literally cries whenever Baba leaves after a visit. It's also told Gita's so evolved that, in her next incarnation, she will be born human.

Back to the dream. After I finished ripping my shirt into pieces and joined the two of them on the floor, I began to wonder if the elephant was injured, assuming that the cloth would be used as gauze. Reading my mind, Baba told me, "Yes, it does look like gauze, doesn't it?" He then smiled.

As I looked to Gita with the intentions of administering aid, I realized that the elephant was not hurt whatsoever, but just born. I immediately thought, "This must mean a new birth for me."

Two nights later, in another dream, when I came to a state of consciousness, I found myself running as fast as I could from a monster that was chasing me. When it all became too intense, Baba then pulled me out of the illusion and placed me on the couch in my apartment where He sat next to me. He then got up from the sofa and left me alone to stabilize from the panic of being chased by a large, horrible creature. No sooner than I started to calm down, Baba reached over the couch, tapped me on the leg and said, "I will be with you in a moment. I have some things to take care of."

After a while, Baba returned and told me that He was ready for me. I blacked out for a moment and became conscious of another room with Baba sitting directly in front of me. I could feel His breath on my face as He began to speak. "I saw you, Keith. Boy, you have got some imagination. It's so big! Where do you create these creatures from?"

After we laughed for a bit, He told me, "You are one fortunate individual! I am granting you something

that only few will ever have. I will give you an interview (inner view). I do not give these out like candy, you know." I felt so blessed.

"Tell me about my life, what's my purpose here on the Earth?" I asked, dying to know. "You are here to write songs, for they are all around you — new ones, old ones — pull them all out and do something with them, because *this* is what you should be doing." He shared with me further revealing my Divine Script.

After Baba told me about my purpose, I immediately thought to myself, "My God! This Being knows everything I've done.", along with feeling shameful about some of the choices I'd made in my life. While I was sitting there sulking in my self-judgment, I began to feel very heavy. So much so that, I became aware of gravity and its pull on me.

Baba was not going to stand for that! He was not judging me, and by God, He was not going to let me judge myself either. Baba then put His hand under my chin and raised my head as He made a weird monkey face and said, "Booga, booga, booga, boo! Lighten up, Keith, everything's okay." cracking up in laughter. Needless to say, the gravity that weighed so heavy on me began to lift and I felt much better. He then nodded to me, implying that the interview session was over.

I asked Him, "One more thing, please?" "Sure.", He said.

"There are some things in my life I need help with." I told Him. He then reached over to touch me on my face and I could actually feel it. "Good enough." He replied, as He pointed to a man standing in the corner as if awaiting instructions from Baba. "Keith . . . this is My personal assistant. You are going to be here for a number of days; make yourself comfortable, for I have some things I must attend to. My attendant will get you





I love writing books. I can tell you that the first one was not only therapy for me, but also, a great journey filled with fun and joy. I feel that in those eight years of searching inwardly, I've accomplished a lot, shaving miles off my trip homeward in becoming a fully conscious being.

Another thing about writing books is that, I really love throwing possible book titles around just for fun because, it gives me an idea of the direction the work might take. Depending on which name I lean toward at any given moment, it also seems to help establish a certain tone. From there, I may go to another potential title to try a new tone or feel.

I get such an amazing feeling whenever I see a book I'm writing take shape and resemble a finished work. Even now, writing this one, I can feel a rush of energy come in just thinking about holding the first printed copy in my hands.

One night in a dream with Baba, I could feel Him around me, but couldn't make out any details. Then and there I began to ask Him if He'd help me see Him evermore clearly and make me more present than I'd ever been. Suddenly, I was walking down a hallway, escorted by that same attendant toward a little room I knew belonged to Baba. As soon as I walked in, I realized that nothing had changed; everything still looked

fuzzy. I told myself, "This isn't what I asked for." As soon as I thought that, that's when it all became crystal clear and I could see Lord Baba sitting on His bed. So excited that I could see Him, I started to ramble.

After carrying on for a while, I realized that I didn't give my Guru a proper greeting; I didn't acknowledge Him. So, I dropped to the floor to bow and show my respect. I knew this was not about Him getting praise, but more about me learning the humility I needed to grow from apprentice to a Master myself. As my forehead touched the floor, I looked up to see Sai Baba also bowing to me. I was so blown away by His humility that *that* in itself humbled me to a level I'd never known before.

Through His gesture, Sai Baba helped me to feel equal to Him. I was blessed to see what could happen when true respect and humility is practiced in God.

I took the next few days to soak up and process the humbling experience that I had with Baba before I asked to see Him again.

After about four days, back at it I went. "Baba? If you are willing, I'd like another moment with you." That same night, Baba showed up again, but this time, He brought my deceased sister, Cheryl, with Him which filled my heart with immense joy.

After my consciousness stabilized, Sai Baba began to speak. "Keith, why don't you come over here and sit on the bed next to Cheryl and I?" Baba was at the foot of the bed, while my sister and I sat at the headboard. When I looked at Sai Baba, He was tying His shoes. I thought to myself, "Well that's weird. He never wears shoes." Just then, Cheryl chimed in to say, "The true agenda of many governments and governmental figures worldwide will be brought to light. The United States — "the greatest country of all" — with 'the greatest form of government' — will suffer a major

breakdown. Its present legislative branch will collapse, and it will take years to rebuild it. Because of this restoration process, many old guard politicians will be forced out. Your new lawmakers will not make law, *per se*, but rather, will introduce you to Divine Law and teach you how to fall into flow with It." Baba then said to both of us, "Wow! I can see I have two brilliant souls here with Me today." It was so great to see Cheryl again.

A week later, on my way to a gig, I wondered if some of my flight attendant friends would be there to hear me play. My plan was to ask them if they had any leftover buddy passes they could share in case another one of my friends wanted to go India with me. Well, as Spirit would have it, when I walked through the gate at the club, I saw all three of them sitting there waiting.

These manifestations show how being in tuned with Spirit can be rewarding in the sense that, one may not have seen such things if one were *not* tuned. The best part of that experience was, even though I wasn't sure if I was ever going to need the passes, all three were willing to give some to me.

The day was drawing nigh when I was to leave for India to see my Beloved Baba. Still needing to wrap up more things surrounding my trip, one day, I decided to go to the bank for traveler's checks. When I got there, I met a young lady who asked me where I was going and why. After telling her about how my trip to see Baba and how the tickets came about, her face had completely changed from one of listening politely to an amazed, puzzled curiosity.

I'd say that she was a fundamental Christian, only because I've seen this sort of reaction by many of them whenever I would share such stories. This is not meant out of any sort of judgment. It's just that, I live in the Bible Belt and know how most people of the Chris-

tian faith have and would view what I told her. But, I've never seen such curiosity in all my life. After about fifteen minutes of speaking with her, I thanked her for the help she had given me, shook her hand and walked out of her office.

After I left the bank, it dawned on me why she so badly wanted to understand what I shared. I think she saw the sincerity in what I said, but what puzzled her was how I could be so jazzed about any path other than Christianity. In hindsight, I wish I could've sat and shared with her how our paths are the same in their own beautiful way. How God is God — her God — my God — Our God. And to also tell her not to be afraid for me, because I wasn't afraid for her.

The next day I went to Debbie's house (the lady who gave me the ticket for India) to find out my flight times. While I was there, she asked me if I could go into a meditation and listen to guidance for her. I said, "Sure." How could I say no?

While in an elevated state, I saw Baba pull a lingham (a gold egg that represents the birth of Creation) out of His mouth and then hand it to me. When I came out of the meditation, I told her that the lingham was created out of Sai Baba's heart and that it was a gift to her for what she was doing for me. Baba told me to take this metaphorical lingham and pass it to her and tell her to swallow it. He also told me to tell her that many other gifts were coming her way. Debbie then asked if there was anything else. I told the last part of the meditation was for me. She asked if I could tell her about it. I said, "Yes."

As I was coming out of the experience, Baba told me that my trip would be safe, blissful, upbeat, fun and positive. Debbie and I chatted for about an hour longer, and then I left to go back to my apartment. As soon as I got home, I called my mother and father in South Louisiana to say hi and to let them know that I'd be leaving for India come Monday. Of course, Mom shared her deep concern about me going halfway around the world, but also told me to have fun, be safe and that she loved me greatly. After speaking to her for a while longer, Dad took the phone.

He started off the conversation by sharing his love and concern, but, to also tell me about a program that he saw on The Learning Channel. The subject of the show was about false prophets and that he thought Sathya Sai Baba was one mentioned. What he described did kind of sound like Baba, but the person that he had concerns about was wearing two pieces of clothing. I've never known Baba to where anything but the one-pieced gowns. Dad went on to say how the show exposed whoever this person was would fake manifestations. I told him not to worry and that he raised his son well. I told both of my parents goodbye, I loved them and that I'd call on Monday morning before I boarded the plane.

I completely understood my parents concern. This path is not for everyone. But, to speak on behalf of the "faker" in that program, whoever it may be, provided that they are a true Master, and not a charlatan, there are reasons why a great teacher would do such a thing. Why? To mirror people their own beliefs about what they think is real or not. That is one reason why good magicians will never tell you their secrets. Because part of their "job" is to expand your imagination and get you to ponder the possibility that something magical can actually happen. But there's a huge difference between a true Master and a charlatan, and the judgment call should come from inquiry into the life of the one in question. "What is the message of that person's life?" is the question I would ask.

The following evening I went to see a movie with Kimmie. It was a wonderful night to be out and about, especially because of a lunar eclipse that was happening. We went inside the theatre unsure about what to see, but eventually, we settled on "Anna and the King." Though I did enjoy the movie, what got me fired up were the many magical things that reminded me of Baba and His playful way. I will explain.

First, keep in mind that, everyone on Sai Baba's ashram greets each other with "Sai Ram." It is considered respectful to say hello to someone by calling them one of God's many names. Secondly, the King would represent Baba (Sai Ram). He was a King (Siam). They both have royal families — Divine families. Those who follow Sai Baba consider Him to be one of the many Kings (Saviors) that have come to the world. Likewise, the King of Siam was a good king with a purpose to make the same sort of change to save people.

The movie was filled with talk of enlightenment and learning a higher way of living. Thirdly, at the end of the movie, I noticed a small group of people from India which I saw as an amazing synchronicity with my trip that would take place. As you might imagine, I started feeling jazzed about how we were led to this flick to see the interplay of Baba, knowing He was preparing me for the miracles that would happen when I got to the ashram.

As Kimmie and I were exiting the theatre, I looked up at the moon; it was in the total eclipse phase. It couldn't have been any more perfect until, right underneath the eclipse, very high up, flew a huge flock of ducks. I started to freak out! The message I was getting from all the coincidences in the movie, the theatre, the eclipse and the flock of ducks was grace. I've read many books about different animals and what it means

when they do certain things and ducks flying represent grace.

Now, what could all of that possibly mean? Well let's start from the top.

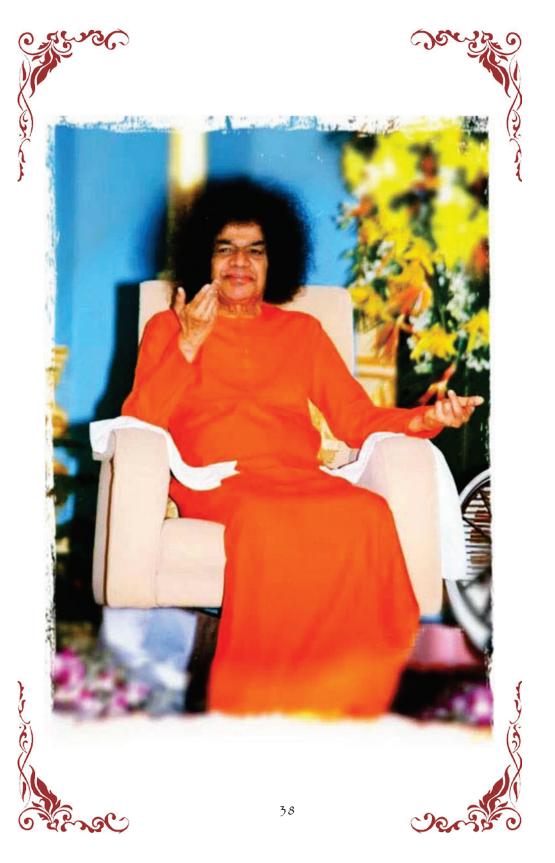
Those who follow Sai Baba are His children and the Siam family are his children. The group of people I saw from India was referring to my soon-to-be destination.

Eclipses have always been a sign of great change, and, as for my life and what was about to happen over those next two weeks, that would definitely apply. I mean, how could it not, especially when you are going to be in the presence of the One you regard as God. Seeing the flock of ducks that night was Baba telling me that, when you intentfully look into the darkness to find Me, My grace will become visible. And, finally, the ducks under the eclipse told me that *that* grace in dark times will spark major change, but *I* had to look "up!"

After dropping Kimmie off at her house, I decided to go home to get some much needed rest and start mentally preparing for my journey.











left home a while ago and I'm almost at the Memphis International Airport where I'll board a plane for India. My excitement and anticipation are high, as my want to be there overwhelms me. The first flight from Memphis to Detroit should be a piece of cake.

Now inside the airport, I'm walking around looking for where I'm supposed to check in.

Up to the desk I go to speak to a good-looking, young man wearing a smile from ear-to-ear.

"Hello. Can I help you?" asks the gentleman.

"Yes." I say to him, as I hand my ticket over.

"How are you today, Sir?" he says.

"You have no idea!" I reply.

"What does that mean?" he asks.

"Oh, nothing. I'm just excited about my trip."

"Yeah, I see you are going to India (looking at my ticket). What is in India that would have you travel there and alone at that?" he continues.

"An Avatar." I say.

"Really?" he replies.

"Do you know what . . .

"... what an Avatar is? Yes, I do. I follow one there by the name of Sai Baba. Ever heard of *Him?* he says.

"That's who . . .

". . . you are going to see. I know." says the young man confidently.

"How in the world could you know that?" I ask puzzled.

"That I don't know." he replies, with an even bigger smile on his face than before.



"Well, if you don't want to miss your plane, you better get going." he says, sending me off with silent wellwishes.

Here at Gate B11, I find a seat, sit down and wait to board the plane that will take me to my Baba.

"Attention passengers: We are now boarding for Flight 4705 from Memphis to Detroit." announces the lady behind the desk.

"Here we go!" I say to myself, excitedly and somewhat scared to death.

After storing my luggage in the cubby, I sit down, strap in and ready myself for take-off. Looking for something to distract me from my nervousness about flying, I reach for the bag of chips I bought in a shop at the airport.

"Hello passengers. This is your Captain, Jonathan Welby. Welcome aboard Flight 4705 outbound from Memphis to Detroit. We have a smooth ride ahead of us and should arrive at our destination a few minutes ahead of schedule. Enjoy the flight and have a great day!"

Taxiing down the runway, the plane begins to pick up speed . . . faster . . . faster . . . faster . . . and here we go, up, up, up (grabbing the seat for dear life).

The plane has just leveled off at forty-one thousand feet and none too soon! Now, I can relax for the next hour.

"Can I get you something to drink, Sir?" says a pretty, brown-haired flight attendant, smiling as if I was the only one on the plane.

"Orange juice will do just fine."

"My name is, Lisa. Let me know if there is anything I can do for you while you are on this flight."

"I will. Thank you!"



I've been flying for about forty-five minutes now, and the Captain just came on the P.A. system telling us that we were about to start our descent into Detroit.

With the plane landed and docked, I'm getting my bag out of the overhead storage and waiting to exit the craft. Then, I'll go the next gate to wait, wait and wait for the long haul overseas.

I just boarded the plane to Amsterdam. This flight is going to be about seven hours or so which will give me some time to catch up on much needed rest. I haven't been sleeping, you know. I've been thinking about this trip for three months and it's been a little tough to get a full eight hours due to all of the excitement.

As I make my way over the Atlantic Ocean to Holland, I thought I'd ask for something to eat and drink.

"May I help you, Sir?"

"Yes. Do you have some vegetables or anything without meat?" I ask the flight attendant.

"Yes, we have fish and a vegetable medley that was leftover from the dinner service."

"That'll do just fine."

I dive into the so-so tasting meal, grateful to have it. Upon finishing the last bite, I let out a big yawn thinking about that much needed rest. I slouch down in my seat trying to get as comfortable as I can, let out another all-consuming yawn and drift off fast asleep.





"Good morning, passengers. Welcome to a brand new day. We are starting our decent into Amsterdam." announced the Captain.

I open my eyes, sit up and look down the aisle of a dimly lit plane to see the flight attendant coming my way.

"Am I seeing correctly?" wiping my eyes, hoping to clear any foggy vision from sleeping. I look again, only to see what looks like Sai Baba superimposed over the lady who tended to me . . . and "They" are coming my way! My heart is racing faster than a thoroughbred coming out of the gate at the Kentucky Derby.

"This can't be happening!"

"You must begin to let go and transcend all of your doubt, Keith." is what I hear from within while the image of Baba continues toward me.

"Why is it so hard for you to believe that I am on this plane watching over you, making sure you feel safe and comfortable? You seem to have had no trouble getting to the point of believing that I invited you to come to India to see Me and here you sit. So, now, take your faith a step further and trust that, I am here warming you up for what you are about to experience when you get to My ashram." is what I hear as the apparition sits in the empty seat next to me and disappears.

I'm so befuddled right now as I try to make sense of what just happened. I *know* what I saw and I *know* what my heart felt, but my logical mind won't stop contradicting the experience. This sounds like a perfect time to exercise detachment from the world and move into the realm of Sai Baba's magic and power.

"If this is only the beginning of what I'll experience on this pilgrimage, then I'm in it all the way! 'Doubt you are no longer allowed here nor on the sacred road to my Teacher Who has no limits!"" Touching down at the Schiphol Airport in Amsterdam, I'm on fire from experiencing one of the things I've only read about. With my bag in hand, I rush off the plane and make my way to the next gate to sit and wait, wait, wait.



"Attention passengers. We are now boarding for Flight 1602 for Mumbai." says the gentleman behind the desk in a Danish accent.

I'm waiting until the last moment to board the plane because, I want to see how many people are going to cram into this airbus. (Counting to myself) "498 — 499 — 500 — 501, people are boarding this plane." Most of them are Indian — I'd better get moving!"

Finding my way to my seat I'm left to wonder, "How in the world is this big ole' hunk of metal ever going to get off the ground?" The technology today is so amazing that I marvel at it.

We just left the runway and up, up, up we go to forty-one thousand feet. Man, I can never get used to this ear-popping thing. "I wish I had some gum."

"Sir, would you care for a piece of gum to help with your ears?" asks the elderly Angel of Mercy sitting next to me clad in a pretty blue outfit.

"Thank you, kindly!"

"Where are you going?" she asks in a soft, confident voice.

"I'm going to South India to see a holy man." I say proudly.

"Are you, now? What pray tell drives a young man like you to travel halfway around the world pursuing such things?" she asks, knowing that the answer she's going to get would be a good one.

"Fire . . . Passion . . . Enlightenment!"

"Hello, Mam. Hello, Sir. Can I get you anything?" asks a lady attendant.

"I will have a Screwdriver . . . make that a double." says my new friend, giving me a wink.

"Nothing for me, thanks." thinking about another siesta.

"Well, young man. It looks like you have a heck of a hitch ahead of you. I can scoot over to the next seat and give you a little more room so that you can sprawl out and get some beauty rest, if you like." she says in a playful way.

"I think I'll take you up on your offer." In two minutes, I'm out like a light.



I'm awoken by the Captain, "Attention passengers, we are about to start our descent into Mumbai. Please make sure your trays and seats are in their upright position as we prepare to land."

Leaving the plane, I notice a feeling present in my body. It's not hunger or the bathroom calling. I think it's actually knowing I'm now in India, closer to the Teach-

er I long to be with. "Stay focused, Keith." I hear over and over within. No sooner than I hear this message, I see an armed soldier standing by a desk looking at me. "Whoa!" I smile and say hello to a tall man who is there to serve and protect. As I walk around to find a place to squat for about six hours, I see a bathroom and decide to head that way to freshen up.

"What in the world is that smell? Mothballs!" I think, as I pinch my nose and enter the facility.

Finished with my business, I walk out of the restroom and lay eyes on the sweetest, little piece of cement a guy seeking his teacher could ever ask for. When I get there, I drop down like a sack of potatoes and go into meditation, knowing that this spot and I will become very acquainted for quite a while.

Just out of my meditation, I get up and walk around the airport to see what I can see. I notice more armed guards, very few people of the Caucasian persuasion and lots of Indians dressed in bright clothing. It seems to be a little tough to stay focused with all these new things all around me. My mind really wants to engage in thought when what I should be doing is just take it all in without judgment.

"Hey, look! A vending stand."

"Hello, Sir. How are you?" I ask a short stature Indian man. With very few words, all he could do to converse with me is point to the items he assumes I'd like. After going through the whole gamut, I settle on the bag of cookies and soda he pointed to first.

"Thank you!" I say, as I head back toward my little piece of real estate to eat my food and to wait, wait, wait.

Just as I sit down, the guard at the desk walks over to me and says, "Sir? You stay right here and I will tell you when and where you have to go." "How do you even know what that is?" I ask, thinking that he might be some sort of psychic.

"I've been watching people come through this airport for a very long time. All that come, I know where they are going and why. Though they all might look different to you, to me, they all look the same. And, I know that *you* are going to see Sai Baba." he says, while bobbling his head.

Yet, again, I'm befuddled by the events that are happening around me on my journey so far. I can feel an opening take place within, preparing me for something great while I'm on the ashram — I know it!

With a somewhat full belly, I use my backpack as a make-do pillow and go in for another time-killing slumber.

"Sir? Wake up!" says the armed guard, nudging me with the butt of his rifle.

"Yes?" I say freaking out, seeing his gun.

"Your plane is ready to take you to Baba. (Pointing) Go down there and turn left and then take the second hallway to the right. You will find it. Don't worry, be happy!" he says, knowing that his contribution to my trip was helpful.

"Thank you very much!" I reply, as I grab my backpack and race toward the final plane that takes me to my Teacher.

As I board, settle in the seat and leave Mumbai Airport, I can't think of anything else other than being with Baba.

At this point in my life, I'm beginning to understand the Love that happens between an aspirant and his Guru — true devotion on both parts. That's where the magic is. The devotion of the Teacher is the positive current and the devotion of the student is the negative current. It's this kind of synergy that makes healing, expansion and self-realization in one's life possible.

Sitting aboard Flight 1740 and at thirty-seven thousand feet, I'm headed to Bangalore, India. From there, I will seek out a taxi or a bus that will travel four hours over unpaved road to take me to my final destination — Puttaparthi — Prashanti Nilayam (The Abode of Highest Peace) — Baba!

"Hello. How are you doing today?" says a redhaired American man.

"I'm doing just great, thank you!" I reply, happy to see something familiar.

"Where are you going?" he asks.

"I'm going to see a holy man that came to me in a dream and told me to come to Him."

"Are you, now?" he replies.

"Where are you headed?" I said.

"I am going to Bangalore to represent the company I work for in Seattle. I come here about twice a year for about a week at a time. If you don't mind, I am kind of tired and really need to get some rest. I hope you have fun on your journey to your holy man. Very nice to meet you." he tells me, reclining in his seat and going in for a nap.

Everything seems so surreal that I'm starting to feel love drunk. "Well, it won't be long now. Just a few more hours and I will be with my Beloved Baba."

Just as I finish a bag of those yummy, airline peanuts and something to drink, a gorgeous Indian woman walks over to me and says, "Sir? Would you like a message?"

"A message . . . from Baba?" I think to myself.

A message, what kind of message?" I ask her.

"No. Would you like a *massage?*" she says in her native tongue. I have a older sister in Bangalore who has a little shop there. You look like you been traveling a long time and could use some rest and relaxation."

Oh! Thank you, but I have to be in Puttaparthi at a certain time."

"You are going to see Sai Baba!" she says to me, somehow knowing what the armed guard in Mumbai knew.

"How do they do that?" I wonder.

"Yes! Baba."

"We will be landing soon." she says with a wink, then leaves to begin securing the other passengers for our descent into South India.

On the ground and docked in Bangalore and with no patience to exit, I'm doing all that I can to finally get out of this flying in a plane biz and into flying high.

As I walk into the airport and begin to look around for a cab, people are immediately coming up to me and asking if I need a ride somewhere. "Well, that was easier than I thought."

"Follow me, Sir!" they all say, bobbling their heads.

Something inside of me is telling me not to follow any of them. So, I'm going to go with my gut.

"I wonder what's over there?"

"Turn left now! Walk down the hall . . . you see that lady . . . ask her where to go?" I hear clearly within.

"Excuse me." I say, wondering if she understands.

"Yes. How can I help you, Sir? Never mind. I know where you are going. You see that man over there (she says pointing)? Go to him and ask him to take you to Baba."

"How do they do it — that knowing thing?" scratching my head.

"May I help you, Sir?" asks the gentleman, stomping on a cigarette. "Baba?" he says, knowing like they all do.

"Yes! Baba." I reply, amazed at what appears to be guidance wherever I go.

"Follow me. I will take you to a taxi nearby." says the nice man, bobbing his head. "Why do they do that bobble thing? What's that all about?"

I climb into a little, white cab with a young man who's going to drive me to Sai Baba's ashram.

"After about fifteen minutes into the ride, the driver in his thick Indian accent tells me, "It is about a fourhour ride so sit back and relax."

"I know how to do that." I reply, as I fall further into the seat and take in the view of the countryside.

Finally, on the dirt road that'll take me to my Baba, I think about how my journey is unfolding and to make sure that I keep logging everything for a future book — this book.

All my flights from Memphis until today came off without a hitch. In fact, I had an apparition of Baba on the plane from the U.S. to Amsterdam, as well as some nice synchronicity with helpful people along the way. Although the flights were grueling and the layovers were long, believe me when I tell you that, you have to really want to go to India to ever gain what it has to offer.

I'm looking down at the clutter of notes I have about my trip so far . . . when out of nowhere . . . I hear, "Honk! Honk! Beep! Beep!", as the cab begins to swerve on the road. I look up and grab the seat with a grip so tight, you can bet my fingers left imprints.

"What is it?" I ask startled.

"Oh, my new friend, don't worry. Be happy! I have everything under control. This is how we drive here." he says to me in best attempt at English.

"I think I'll do that!" I reply, pocketing my notes and hoping his advice will alleviate my anxiety.

"What's your name?" I ask.

"My name is Basa."

"I'm Keith."

"It is nice to meet you, Mr. Keith."

Feeling a little more relaxed, I look around and notice, not only the cute, hut-like houses and village, but also the craziness in how people drive here. Everyone seems to be everywhere on the road with no designated lanes for anything. But somehow, at the right time, everyone knows exactly what the others are going to do and so, they do the opposite. Strangely, they have order in what I see as chaos.

"Taxies in India have the right of way. Everyone else will move for us." he says with a laugh, knowing what I just went through.

"I'm definitely cool with that!" finally releasing my grip from the seat.

As endless vehicles whiz on by, I notice that all the trucks are donned with festive colors, like Mardi Gras from my birthplace in South Louisiana. So many rickshaws, so many people, so many monkeys — "Monkeys . . . what?" I see Oxen with their horns painted blue and yellow and believe it or not — Elephants. What a trip!

"What in the world is that? No way! Is that a motorbike that just flew past with an entire family atop it?" As I look closer, I see what seems to be the father driving, a little girl on his lap, two children sandwiched between the father and the mother who's on back, and behind the mother is yet another little kid holding on for dear life.

"Now what's that?" There are not two, but three men on a motorbike. Talk about a culture shock!

As I look all around, I can see children playing and making fun out of the simplest of things to be found. It kind of reminds me of my youth and how creative we all are in our innocence. Sweet!

I'm about an hour into the ride and I'm starting to make some sense of, or at least accepting their way of life. One thing I can't seem to accept so readily is all the poverty. But, who am I to say what is poor? I know they live simple lives and that's probably all they've ever known. For all I know, they may be rich and full within themselves. I'd think that they are since they do not have the distractions like we have in the West and are probably able to focus more on that which is "real."

In the little villages and townships, these people don't earn a living. They make a living. They get up early every day, till the land, plant seeds, nurture them and harvest their food, all the while doing chores that are congruent with their day-to-day survival. It seems they take great pride in all that they do and are grateful for the work that needs to be done. Not like Westerners who'll just pick up the phone and hire outside help to try to make life a little freer. We seek recreational time to find fulfillment from that which we partake in. "Ah, yes!" As look around again, it definitely seems they have a much richer sense of Self here.

When I got off the plane in Bangalore, I didn't see this self-made ideal so much. It was more a tone of, "Hey . . . a tourist! Let's talk him out of his money with an offer to do something in return." I'd bet that these particular people have televisions and are chasing more of the American model. I can see why.

I have to admit that we in the West are fortunate to not only earn a living, but to have the time and freedom to live alternate lives. We go out to socialize in bars and clubs, we go to parks and we play sports of all different kinds. We are able to do so much in cities all across America. Yes, I know that we have our own poor communities as well, but they are still Americanized to some degree. I think the day will come when the East and West will share what each has to offer. I also think that, this would be true the world over. This has to be part of the Divine Plan. I under-

stand that diversity is beautiful, but definitely not at the expense of one having more than the other. Diversity and equality has to be the two sides of the spiritual coin.

I'm humbled by what I see — the people, how they live and what the Earth and God means to them. All in all, I'm starting to fall in love with India.

Leaning back in my seat and letting out a big yawn, I begin to feel the toll of many hours in transit. Although I can feel the tiredness deep in my bones, I realize that it's just a matter of a few hours until I get to Sai Baba's ashram.

All of a sudden — "BANG!" — an energy — a force, a burst of Light happens from within, giving me what I need to go forth with a wakeful mind, a ready heart and happy feet.

Right now, I have all kinds of preconceived notions running through my head about what lies before me. Though this is to be expected, I did promise myself before I left Memphis that I'd not get lost in *my* ideas and ask God to help me find *His* in me. Still and all, it's a challenge and a purposeful one, helping me to see how busy minded I can be in my daily life. But, I've decided not here and not now. I came all this way to see and be with God, and dang it, that is exactly what I'm going to do!

In my conviction, I take my shoes off and relax further into the ride. Feeling the warmth on my face from the open taxi cab windows, I can't help but notice how beautiful is the day. Clear, sunny, the temperature is perfect; the sky is as blue as it can possibly be — just a gorgeous day to be on such a journey.

It's still somewhat tough to get used to the way people drive here. They will not hesitate for a moment to use the "wrong" lane to push anyone out of the way who doesn't have priority cargo. Everyone knows who has the right of way. It seems to be some sort of nonspoken agreement. And, I can tell you it's such a hoot to watch.

What an amazing change of pace it is for me to see all this diversity; like the three men that passed by on one motorcycle. Back in the States, some would deem these people as gay or weird, but that's just not the way it is here. They see something like this simply as a way of transport from one place to another, and I'm amazed at the change in consciousness from the United States to here in India.

As we turn down another little, country road, I can see lots of trees with pretty, orange and yellow flowers. The landscape reminds of me something I read in a book about Baba. In it, Baba states, "Your trip here, especially if you are coming from the States, will wear you down in all aspects. It is very good that you arrive this way. This preparation is to make you open and ready to receive all the reasons you are here." If that's true, then I'm going to be receiving a lot because I'm beat!

Now, I can see why Baba's thought came to me. When we turned down this road, what went through my head was how tired I actually am.

"What's that noise?" asks the driver.

I'm wondering, "What's wrong?" as the driver pulls the car over, gets out, opens the hood and begins to fidget with some things. After a couple of minutes, he shuts the hood, walks over to the front passenger side of the car and gives the tire a couple of good kicks. Then he wipes his hands on what seems to be a mechanically, soiled handkerchief, comes back to the car, opens the door, sits down and starts the engine. After a few heavy-footed accelerations I ask him, "Is everything alright?" He turns and looks over his shoulder

and says, "Don't worry, be happy!" "I'm happy as a lark." I say, as he takes off towards the ashram.

Since the conversation has started up again with my new friend, I decide to take a little break from writing in my journal to chat for a bit.

"Basa. How often do you drive to Baba's ashram?"

"On a slow day, I will make the journey twice to drop off visitors there. On a long day, I will make the trip three times." he says, bobbing his head all around.

"Why do they do that bobbling head thing? I wonder if it's when the life-force energy moves through their bodies and gets filtered by their consciousness, that it creates this simple, back and forth circular motion? I wonder."



The band I play with back in Memphis just started a gig at 9 p.m. their time, and it's 9 a.m. here. If my math is correct, that would be about twelve hour difference between us. Thinking about time and space, I go into some deep thinking about the Infinity of God and how it is all relative.

"Beep! Beep!" "Toot! Toot!" "Augha!" The car horns continue to sound off as it appears . . . we are going to collide with the others coming this way. "No . . . I just can't seem to get used to this." Even so, what's weird about this experience with the drivers is that, it seems to have opened a door for me so I can see myself and where I am in my feeling base. Along with any remain-

ing anxiety from the lack of road rules here, is an apprehension about what lies ahead of me on this sojourn. In contrast, I'm pretty darned excited!

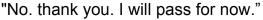
Looking back, I suspected this kind of intuition and energy play would happen when I came on this trip; lots of bi-polar swinging; Sai Baba as Divine Father, would push me as hard as He knew I needed and as Divine Mother, would be nurturing, kind and supportive. It's my guess that Baba is doing this so I can a find balance in the dance. And, on top of all that energetic movement, you can add a large dose of being out of place.

Think about it. I'm a young man alone in India, not knowing a soul or where I am, nor, what lies ahead of me. But it seems some of my fear surrounding anything is beginning to subside and I'm starting to feel more relaxed with my situation. I must be feeling Baba.

Yes . . . that's it! It's the soft trust that will sustain me in times of uncertainty. I get it! That's the exact kind of stuff I'm here to experience; those magical, miraculous glimpses of Spirit and the flubs of being human. In this way, I can refine my choices to create a fantastic life.

I must acknowledge the longing I have within me; this feeling for me right here and right now doesn't seem to be an illusion as with my fear about things. I don't think this longing has a negative charge from missing home and friends kind of thing. It's more a yearning; like there's an incredible hole inside; like being hungry, but that doesn't quite describe it either. Whatever it is, I sure hope in this void, lies enough manna to sustain me on my trip and for the rest of my life.

"Mr. Keith. Do you want something to drink?" asks Basa.



"Why is it so hard for me to let go and participate fully in my own journey. What's up with that? Boy, I sure have work to do while I'm here, that's for sure."

"I take that back. Yes. I'd love something to drink."

"I have noticed that since we left the airport you have been speaking into your recorder and writing a lot. What is that for?"

"For a future book about my time here in India and with Baba."

"Oh, so you are an author."

"Well, I guess you can say I'm working on that."

"Do you have another ink pen?" asks Basa.

"Yes. I have a few of them. Why do you ask?"

"Because we are about to pull into a little town a mile down the road and there will be young children who would love to have one."

"How many children will there be?" I ask him.

"About seven or eight."

"Just one ink pen for that many kids?" I ask not understanding.

"Oh, Mr. Keith, trust me! They will know what to do with it."

"Sure. I'll give it to them."

"Ok, we are here." says Basa, as he stops the car, gets out and begins to call to the children playing on and around a rope swing.

"Mr. Keith, you play with the children; I will be right back."

I step out of the car only to see a group of excited kids running to me as fast they possibly can.

"Mister! Mister!" say eight bright-eyed children, bouncing up and down as they surround me.

"Do you have something for us?" asks a precious, little girl in her best attempt at English.

"As a matter of fact I do, young lady!"

"Please! Please! Can we have it?" they all sound off in unison.

"Yes!" I tell them, still unsure about how I will divide the pen between them.

"Keith. Draw watches and rings on their arms and fingers with your ink pen." I hear clearly within.

"Come here little girl." I say, as I reveal the gift.

"Can I have it?" she asks.

"Not just yet. Give me your arm." I say to her, as I bend over and begin to draw a watch on her arm and a ring on her finger.

Excited about her new jewelry, the little girl runs inside a nearby house shouting "Amma!", and shows it to her mother.

"Do me next . . . Do me next!" say the remaining children, all with the arms high up in the air.

"Mr. Keith, I have us two soda pops. Leave the pen with the last child. We must be going now." Basa tells me.

"Goodbye and have fun!" I tell the children who just stole my heart.

Once we are on the road again, Basa says, "Some of the people in this little village will only eat once a month."

Oh, how my heart hurts whenever I hear such a thing. I'm sure there will be plenty chances for me to deepen my compassion while in India. And, to be perfectly honest, I feel that compassion is one of the main reasons I'm here. It's a feeling that I love having, but, it usually arises in me when there's a reason for it. I just wish that feeling would be with me all of the time because, when I'm in a compassionate state, that's when I actually feel the Love of God.

After riding on the road for about another hour, Basa asks me the most profound question I ever had put to me in my life.

"Sir? Are you ready to meet Sai Baba?"
"You have no idea!" I say excitedly.
"Good. Because we are here!"





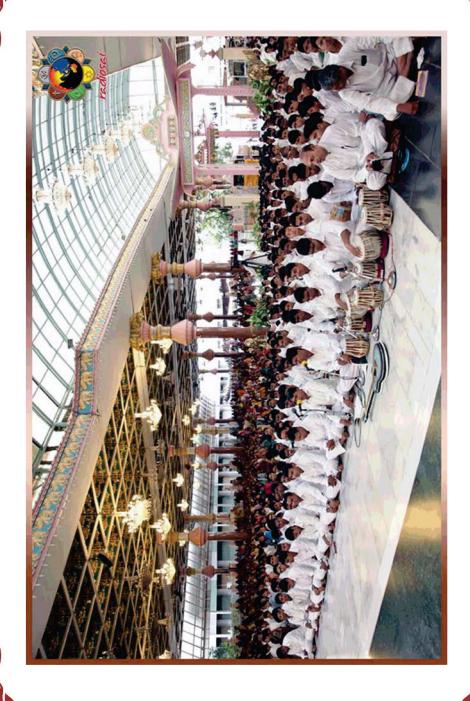








Jan 1







ow do I begin to describe what I'm feeling in this moment? What's the feeling a person is supposed to have when they are at the gates of God's domain, knowing He's there waiting for you; nervousness — fear? Well, what I feel is elation and lots of it!

The taxi driver and I have just passed through the ashram gates and I can't seem to sit still as you might imagine. Everything seems so swirly, so surreal. I can only describe it as I did before; it's like being drunk on love in a dream.

We stop at the orientation office where I get out of the car, shut the door, pay Basa and thank him for his company and the exhilarating ride. As he drives away, I look all around and take in a full view of this beautiful ashram where so many people come to witness the Divinity that lives in this abode. Right now, I feel safer than I have since I've started my trip. Taking in a deep breath and exhaling with a sigh, I walk to the office to sign in.

Approaching the desk, a man behind it asks me, "Sai Ram (acknowledging God within another), did you come with someone or are you alone?"

"I'm here by myself." I reply.

"Then I will partner you up with someone." he says.

"Have you ever seen Baba before?" he asks, already knowing the answer.

"No." I reply in an antsy tone.

"Sai Ram, leave your bags here, they are safe. Go down this street, just pass the bookstore to the right; you will see the Kulwant Hall where Baba will be coming out shortly for this afternoon's darshan (blessings from a holy man)."

"There's the bookstore . . . there's that slight, right turn . . . and there's the Kulwant Hall." With my heart pounding from the run and from what is about to happen, I arrive at the hall.

Walking into the entrance, I'm greeted by someone, "Sai Ram, you must take your shoes off to enter." "Thank you!" I reply.

As I walk through a metal detector, I take the time to slow down my panting from running and to show respect. There are many people here — thousands! I guess the only place for me to sit is in the back; probably a good idea so that I can see just how things are done. In addition, I promised myself that I wouldn't do any "work" today, just observe.

Now sitting on the back row, I look up, down and all around, as my mind begins to ramble, "Oh, wow! The ceilings are made of gold. Of course they are! Why wouldn't they be? Men on one side and ladies on the other. Yep. Just like I'd read about."

The reason men and women are separated is to eliminate any distractions, making it easier to focus on one's development and not on the object of one's lust.

There's some Indian music playing throughout the hall, along with the thousands upon thousands of people murmuring on top of that. I'm starting to feel this overwhelming sense of humility — a feeling of insignificance in comparison to the Greater Scheme. I guess this is the disposition Baba talks about that I'm supposed to have to make me available for what is now upon me.

All of a sudden, the music and the thousands of people become silent and everyone is looking to the little gate on the right. "What's going on? Oh, my God.

. . Sai Baba must be coming!"

Out of thin air it seems, a little figure walks through the gate on the women's side. "(Pinching myself) Is this for real? I'm here in India and that is Bhagwan Sri Sathya Sai Baba!" His entrance is a Greatness like I've never imagined one could possibly possess. He has a Presence and Light so expanded that it's engulfing everyone and everything near Him. I can actually see it! Now, I understand the humility and insignificant feeling I had when I first got into Kulwant Hall.

Sai Baba is now walking around the women's side, taking letters and manifesting things. "How awesome!"

Slowly, but surely, Baba is making His way to the men's side of the hall doing the same thing, and during this whole time, He's blessing everyone with hand gestures, always giving whoever He talks to His full, undivided attention. I can see how He *is* the Love He has for people. He's also pointing to a few here and a few there, granting them a one-on-one interview when darshan is over. I sure wish I could be so lucky.

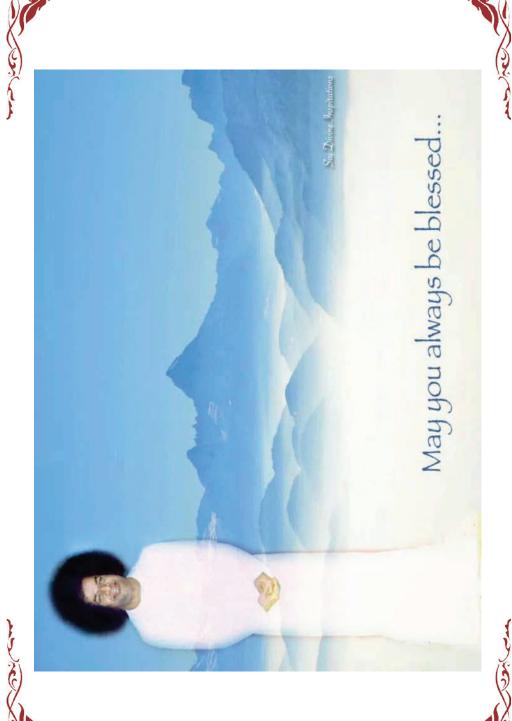
"Oh, no! I've got it too. The dreaded ashram disease — interviewitis." I was told about that. That same someone also told me, "What you should want more than an interview is an innerview." I agreed, but who wouldn't still want to meet the Cosmic Christ?

Before you know it, Sai Baba goes into the room with those He selected to grant them their interviews and the darshan is over.

I guess the best thing for me to do now is to go back to the orientation office, collect my bags and get settled in my room and meet my roommate.

Leaving Kulwant Hall I feel much lighter and I'm so ready for these two weeks of lessons in Love.









THAT FEELING!

ondering what my room is going to be like, I open the door to find a basic hotel layout: two cot-style beds, two recessed closets for hanging up clothes, and a bathroom with a toilet and shower. As I look around appreciating the clean room and nodding my head, the door opens with a loud squeak, "Hi! I'm Damiere . . . we have the same birthday!" he says, in a deep, guttural Croatian accent.

"We do? Well, ain't that special!" I'm Keith . . . Keith Blanchard." I reply, shaking his hand.

"Damiere, where'd you get those cool clothes?"

"There are called Punjabis, and you can buy them at the store here on the ashram."

"Would you please show me a little later where that store is?"

"Sure. What are you doing now?" he asks, with an offer in his voice.

"Maybe do some bhajans (singing songs to God) in the Kulwant Hall."

"Ok. I will see you when I see you." my new friend says, chuckling.

Leaving the room I feel a little awkward, because I didn't ask Damiere if he wanted to come with me to explore the ashram. It's just that it seems he wants to become arm-in-arm buds, but all I want to do right now is go out on my own and take it all in.









I just got back to the room from my stroll around this beautiful ashram and the trip I took with Damiere to get some of that cool ashram wear. I think I'm going to retire for the night.

"Boy, am I tired." letting out a big yawn.

"Yes, me, too." replies Damiere.

"Good night, my Brother."

"Good night, Keith."



It's about 4:15 in the morning when I'm awakened by the many sounds that are coming from outside my room: shuffling feet, coughs, grunts and mumbles from all the people making their way to Kulwant Hall to witness Sathya Sai Baba.

Yes, I know I'm a little slow to rise, but I'm not yet mentally prepared from all that traveling and besides, I need to attend to my rumbling belly. I think I'll grab a snack from my bag and eat it in the courtyard before I start my big day.

Sitting on a bench and nibbling on some cheese crackers, I don't know what to think about all this. This



is my first real day in a two week crash course in God, and while my heart is ready to receive the Master, my mind is presenting resistance.

The courtyard is empty as I'm sure everyone is on their way to Kulwant Hall. Looking at the morning sky, I take the last bite of my food and drink some bottled water. You wouldn't believe how many packs of these little snacks I brought with me. I have a PC laptop carrying case full of them. Well, I had to be prepared.

It's about 4:30 a.m. (looking at my watch). I'd better get down to the hall.

Walking down the path toward Baba, I hear crickets, frogs and birds announcing the new day in a symphony of sounds. It's just beautiful here on the ashram in all its peacefulness.

Upon arriving right outside Kulwant Hall, I can see everyone is taking their shoes off. "I guess I'd better do the same."

Following the other men, I come to a place where I see everyone sitting and waiting in one of about sixteen lines. Even though I'm late getting down here, I feel very fortunate to get a spot in line 3. "Yeah, this spot will do just fine. This has to put me in a real good position to see Baba.

"Sai Ram?" says an Indian man who turned around to talk to me. "I know what you are probably thinking."

"You do?"

"Yes!" he said.

"And, what's that?"

"You are thinking that, because you are sitting in this line you will be ushered in before most and therefore, have a better seat for Baba. Am I right?"

"How can you possibly know that?" I ask. "Thinking that this man might have psychic powers, too.

"Well, it's common knowledge and besides, I have been here a few times before and know what a newbie looks and thinks like." he says, letting out a laugh.

"You're a funny man!" I exclaim.

"The way it works is, they call out the rows randomly and march you in that way. You must understand that it's Lord Baba who orchestrates who is going to sit where. Also, know that, when you come here, if you don't choose a place to sit right away, one of the Seva Dal's (someone of selfless service) will do it for you, and you must comply.

"Thank you for the information, Sai Ram."

"You are welcome. Om Sai Ram." he says, as he turns back around.

Now that we're all sitting down, I'm thinking they're likely going to be calling out the rows for us to go into the hall soon. (Time goes by) No such thing! It's been about an hour and a half and we are still sitting here.

"Sai Ram, why do we have to get up so early if we don't see Baba till 7:15 a.m.?" I ask the gentlemen in front of me.

"To teach us patience." he says, as we both start to laugh from my lesson learned.

"Line 5, stand up and make your way into the hall. Line 11, please stand up and make your way into the hall. Line 8, please stand and make your way into the hall." says a man holding a tablet. (Crossing my fingers on both hands) . . . "Line 3 . . . stand up and make your way into the hall." "Yes . . . that's my line! I guess I'd better get up and follow these men into the hall."

Just like yesterday, there's a Seva Dal guiding me through a metal detector. "Baba will be out soon." He says, winking at me, knowing this is my first trip to see Him. "Again, how do they know these things?"

As I cross the threshold of the metal detector, like everyone else, I race to search for what I think is the best place to sit.

On the second row I take my position, right here so as to be close to Sai Baba when He gives us darshan (blessing from a holy man). I feel like a kid in a candy store.

People are steadily coming in the hall and room to move around is becoming no room at all.

"What's on Earth is that?" Off in the distance I hear music and it sounds like it's getting louder. "What's going on? Sounds like a parade and it's getting closer. I see. It is a parade!"

"Now what's that?" hearing something that sounds like chanting. "Where's that chanting coming from?" I ask the gentlemen sitting next to me.

"Sai Ram, that is Suprabatham." says a big man with very few teeth.

"What's that?" I ask with a burning curiosity.

"Ask Baba. If He wants you to know, He will lead you there." He says to me, as if knowing it would happen.

I can't seem to find where the chanting is coming from, but it sure is powerful! "Oh, well. I guess I'll know about it when I'm supposed to know."

"Bang! — Bang! — Bang!" I open my eyes and take notice of a huge, gold bell ringing, as everyone starts chanting "Aum." (Counting) "Eighteen . . . nineteen . . . twenty . . . twenty-one. I wonder what the significance of the twenty-one chants is and how come I didn't notice that bell yesterday?"

"Sai Ram, excuse me. What's the reason for the parade, the bell and the twenty-one "Aum" mantra we just did?" I ask the American next to me.

"The parade celebrates God's life on Earth, while the ceremonial bell simultaneously rings with the bells in the Court of the Highest Order, awakening God on Earth. The mantra represents our asking God to bless, protect, guide and tend to us on this day." he warmheartedly shared.

This is so beautiful! Everything here's a ritual and celebration to *That* which matters most. It's such an amazing feeling to be around these many enlightened souls. At any moment, they're all willing to help your heart stay open for long periods of time.

It seems that yesterday I got here to the Kulwant Hall just after the bell rang and the mantra was over. But, I can tell you that, after chanting the twenty-one "Aums" just a bit ago with all these people, I feel much more grounded and ready to see Baba, not like before in the courtyard.

My attention is now back on what's taking place all around me, and I'm noticing that same Indian music playing that I heard yesterday. "I'm guessing that Sai Baba will be coming soon." I think to myself, as I close my eyes and go into prayer.

The Hindi music just stopped. "That must mean . . . Baba!" In all His Glory, through the gate walks God. If you would, stop reading for a bit and take that idea in. Just imagine if you were able to see God, in whatever deity of your choice. How would that be for you? Now, you know what I'm feeling. And that's very important to be able to "get" the true message of this book — that feeling!

With Baba in sight, I'm determined to watch every move He makes very closely. Not to try to catch Him in a slight of hands trick pretending to manifest something which I've read about before. But, to get to know Him and what He might have for me through my diligent paying attention. Also, because I've read in many books that, if you don't take your eyes off of Him for even just one second, He may grant you an interview.

And so, yes, I have to admit that I still have some of that Interviewitis bug that's going around.

Just like yesterday, Sai Baba walks into the hall on the women's side giving them His darshan. He does this by waving, taking letters, manifesting things, pointing to some granting them an interview, and of course, blessing them with His gestures, gaze, touch and kind words.

As Baba makes His way over to the men's side of the hall, He is doing all the same things He did for the women.

"Oh, wow!" Sai Baba is right in front of me spinning His hand around in circles about to create something. Out of Baba's hand pours more ash than His hand can actually hold. The man that Baba is doing this for is on his knees bowing, showing reverence for such grace. After blessing him, Baba turns down the last aisle and makes His way into the little room where He gives interviews. The darshan is over and I and many others are leaving the hall. All in all, the blessing lasted about forty to forty-five minutes.

Witnessing this was a big deal for me. It helped me to anchor what I already know: that manifesting at will is a very real phenomena and natural in that, there *are* Avatars (Divine Descents) here today who can actually do this.

Today, whenever Sai Baba would manifest something, you could actually feel an amazing power move throughout the hall: from the creation of the object, to all the onlookers focused attention on Baba doing it. There really are no words I know to describe the feeling that's present when this little man turns His hand and out pops an object for all to see. I know that's not a satisfactory answer. So, I will do my best to describe what the experience feels like.

It's like we all create the objects together. I'm starting to wonder that since energy follows attention, does Sai Baba draw from everyone's excitement and use His and the people's one-pointed focus to assist in the manifesting. It's almost as if everyone shifts to the dimension from where such things come and we bring them back together. I hope my idea translates to you effortlessly. Maybe some insight surrounding this will happen as my journey and this book unfolds.

The fact that Sai Baba can materialize things spontaneously is evidence to me that He *is* an Avatar. What's even more impressive is the endless outpouring of Selfless Love that He bestows upon everyone. To me, this is the real evidence of who He *truly* Is. I mean, He does darshan twice a day, every day and every once in a while other things, such as discourses or festivals to honor a particular day. But, He doesn't really ever go anywhere nor do anything unless it's for those who come to see and be with Him.

I read once that, Baba went to South Africa to heal one of His devotees He knew was sick. You may ask, "Why didn't He just heal the man remotely?" My guess is that, it probably wouldn't have been enough. Can you imagine this man's level of devotion for Sai Baba to leave India and go all the way to South Africa? The man had to be so devoted that Baba *knew* he was not well and that, the man's healing would come from the *same* devotion by showing up at his house. The reciprocal current is probably what healed the man. Like with the woman who touched Jesus' garment wanting to be healed, "It is your faith in Me that heals you."

Can you imagine the look upon the man's face, as well as how his heart felt when he opened the door only to see Sai Baba standing there? That shift is what had to be the healing factor. This is a favorite story of

mine and one of the best that portrays Baba as the Love He Is.

Though I've only been here for a day and a half, I'm starting not to feel as empty as I did before. My guess is, by the time I get home, I'll likely be bloated with enough input that it'll take years to digest and assimilate.

Today was my second experience singing bhajans. It's spiritually uplifting to be among the thousands who sing songs to God. There are people from all over the world here (England, Iceland, Germany, France, Italy, China, Japan, Sweden, Russia, New Zealand, Australia, South America, South Africa): from every denomination (Hinduism, Judaism, Muslim, Buddhism, Christianity) and in every kind of profession (Monks, Clerks, Priests, Scientists, Doctors, Lawyers, Waiters, Truck Drivers, Government Officials, Housewives) — all here to see the Master that called them. And so, there's a natural flow to all who are "under the influence."

Like I said, everyone on the ashram calls everyone else "Sai Ram" (I acknowledge God within you). But, it doesn't only mean hello. It has a myriad of meanings like appreciation, kindness, excuse me, I apologize, politeness, goodbye and many others. It's all the play of the Teacher who summoned us.

Leaving Kulwant Hall, I think I'll take in some more sites from around the ashram, as well as in the town, even though it's highly recommended that you stay put on the ashram grounds. I'm guessing the reason one should not venture out is because the focus should be on your growth and your growth alone. And, it's probably not beneficial to mix and mingle with all the chaos happening on the outside. But, I'm going to do it anyway to buy some souvenir gifts for friends, and hopefully my Baba will guide me.

Standing at the ashram gates, I'm about to step into the street where there'll be beggars of many kinds. I was told that if I *did* do it, I'd be approached by those who've maimed themselves for pity, those who rent babies claiming that they need milk, to those who have no compunction whatsoever about walking up to you and ask you for money.

I understand all that and I'm okay with it. I just want to get a few things for my friends and myself to go into the shrine I'll create in my apartment for the Love of God. "Here I go!"

"Whoa!" There are people everywhere moving up, down and sideways through the streets. All I can see are little, tourist-like shops everywhere and everything in them are about Sai Baba. "Oh, no!" Someone has locked eyes with me and is coming my way.

"Sai Ram . . . help me, please! I need some money to buy milk for the bay-bay. She is very hungry and needs it to make her feel better. Help me, please!" she says desperately.

"I wish I could help you. Unfortunately, not at this time." I tell her, hoping that what appears to be a dire situation is all an act.

"But, you must! You must help the bay-bay. It is not for me. It is for the bay-bay. Please!" she says, coming across more convincing about her plight.

Even after learning that I'd be approached by beggars and that, they are very good at it, I feel myself wanting to reach into my pocket.

"Sai Ram, look! My hands are not able to work to provide for my child. Please, for the Love of God, I ask you!" she begs, knowing that I'm contemplating giving her some money.

"Here you go. I'll give you 53 rupees (1 U.S. dollar)." I say to her, as I reach for my wallet.



"Thank you, but that is not enough! I need 106 rupees. Please!" she says, as if praying to me.

"I tell you what I'll do. I'll give you 269 rupees (5 U.S. dollars). Will that be enough to buy your baby some milk?" I say, thinking that I'll have done my good deed for the day, as well as get me out of the awkward situation.

"Yes! Oh, thank you . . . thank you!" she says, going down on her knees and kissing my hands.

"You're welcome." I tell her, trying to walk away, all the while blessing her in my mind and with my heart.

"Wow! Look at that cool Baba poster over there." I walk into the store and up to the counter.

"Sai Ram. Can I help you?" says the man behind the register.

"Yes, you can. How much is that big poster of Baba?" I ask, thinking how cool that five-foot photo would look over my fireplace.

"5381 rupees." he says, trying to convince me that I'm getting a good bargain. "Let's see . . ." converting rupees into dollars in my mind.

"One hundred dollars?" I say in disbelief.

"Yes, and only for you today and right now!" he says, knowing that I know he will *not* come down off of the price.

After tossing around the idea of whether I should or shouldn't purchase that poster, my answer is the one that you think it is.

"Okay. I will take it." I tell the man, pulling out my wallet to pay him.

The man takes down the poster, rolls it up, shoves it into a canister and hands it to me saying, "Thank you, Sai Ram." Proud as a peacock with my poster, I exit the store.

Looking around, I notice a young man standing on the corner where two streets intersect. Somehow, I feel that I should walk over there and talk with him.

"Hello, Sai Ram. How are you doing today?" I ask the good-looking young man.

"Great! How are you?"

"Same as you. I'm Keith." I say to him, reaching to shake his hand.

"My name is Sadru. What can I do for you, Keith?" he asks, in his Hindi laidback way.

"Do you know where I can find the best shop to buy some cool stuff that won't cost too much?" I ask him, somehow knowing that he's the one who'll help me get the type of things I want.

"This way." he says, pointing down a tiny alley and walking in that direction. "My father has a shop and is a good and honest man. He will take very good care of you." he tells me, with appreciation for the opportunity to make an honest day's wage.

"Father, meet Mr . . .? Remind me of your name?"

"Keith . . . Keith Blanchard." I say, as I shake what appears to be . . . yes . . . a good man's hand, indeed!

"Hi, Mr. Keith! My name is Amish. What can I do for you?" he asks me, in his soft and non-abrasive way. Now, I see where Sadru gets *his* character from.

Looking around at all the cool things in his shop, I ask, "How much do you want for the entire place?" knowing it would get a laugh.

"Oh, my friend, the shop will go to Sadru when I die and is not for sale." says Amish, patting his son on the shoulder. "But, you can have everything in it!" he says, as we all go into a chuckle.

"Okay, so what would you like?" he asks me in a more serious tone.



"I'm serious. I want all of it or at least, close to it!" I say, thinking how cool this stuff is going to look in my shrine.

"You just tell Sadru what you want and he will get them and have them ready for you. Do not hesitate to let me know if I can help you further." says Amish, as he heads toward a little room in the back.

"What do you want me to get for you first?" asks Sadru.

(Pointing) "I'll take three of those . . . that over there . . . give me five of those right there . . . oh, yes . . . I have to have that, too! (Continuing on) Definitely the big thing over there . . . that gold Buddha . . . that statue of Baba, that jade japamala (prayer bead), etc." I tell him, as his eyes begin to pop out of his head.

Trying to keep up with me, Sadru begins to pack up my items. After I hand him Fourteen-hundred U.S. dollars, he tells me, "Wait here — I will be right back!" as he walks toward the same little room his dad had gone.

"Mr. Keith! Please . . . please, come this way." says Sadru, peeking out from a curtain with a smile on his face.

"Sit here, please!" says Amish, pointing to his chair as a gesture of respect and appreciation.

"No, it's okay. I'll sit here instead."

"I will not have it any other way! Please, sit here in my chair."

"Okay. Thank you!"

"Sadru, get for Mr. Keith anything he wants!"

"Yes, Baba (Father)!"

"I will be right back." says Amish.

Sadru and I've been chatting for about ten minutes when his dad comes back in, walks up to me with a cup in his hand and hands it to me.

"What's this?" I ask gratefully.

"This is father's very special, Chai tea. He does not make this for just anyone, you know, and you should consider this an honor!" says Sadru.

"Well then, I'd love some, Mr. Amish." I say, knowing that what I'm about to experience from this cup is going to be ambrosia.

"No mister. Just plain ole Amish."

"Oh, my goodness!" I exclaim, tasting the tea.

"What is it? You do not like it?" He asks worriedly.

"It's absolutely amazing!" I say with a huge smile on my face, sealing our eternal respect and friendship.

"May Lord Sai Baba bless you! For you have brought much joy to me and my family." says a teary-eyed man.

"Sai Baba *has* blessed me as to why I'm here drinking this wonderful tea and talking with you and Sadru."

"Raahi . . . Raahi . . . where are you?" shouts Amish, while looking into another room.

"Come here and take Mr. Keith's things where ever he wants. He has brought good fortune to our family. Make sure you don't break or lose anything when in transport."

"Yes, Uncle. Right away!" says the young man.

"Sai Ram? Tell me. What are you going to do with all of these things?" asks Amish.

"Some of them are for me, others are for friends and family, but most of it is for a shrine to our Baba that I'll create in my home when I return."

"I understand. But, do you have to take all of India back with you?" he says, letting out a big laugh.

"It was nice to meet you, Mr. Keith." says Amish and Sadru.

"No mister. Just plain ole Keith." I say with a laugh, shaking their hands, then I walk out of the shop.

"Where are we going, Mr. Keith?" ask Raahi.

"We are going to my room on Baba's ashram."

"I will follow you." he says, as if at my beckoning call.

Back at my room and overwhelmed by my venture outside, I tell Raahi, "If you can put all of it over there and out of the way, that'd be great.

"Is there anything else I can do for you, Mr. Keith?" says Raahi, in one last attempt to be of service.

"No, thank you; you did plenty." I tell the nice boy, sending him on his way.

Man, oh man, let me tell you! When you go outside the gates and into the streets, people walking by will bump into you and think nothing of it. Not to mention, you have to be careful of all the rickshaws whizzing by. There are so many loud noises, as well as people everywhere wearing clothes of the loudest colors. There are shops, shops and more shops with hawkers that will tempt you to go in and spend money. And, all of this is done at an amazing speed. On top of all that, you have many people with diseases, illnesses, conditions and afflictions; it's the world in microcosm.

There are some people who wonder why Sai Baba doesn't do something about the poverty that's happening so near to Him. Those people in the streets know that those gates are always open for them, too. So, the point is, freewill. Everyone has it now and forever and if it takes a person forever to choose it, then so be it. That's the Law of Allowance in play. God doesn't force anything. As it was told to me by Spirit in my first book, *The Divine Principle*, "My reality is for those who *really* want it." We have to remember that Love isn't in a hurry or following a timepiece — Love is infinite.

People who try to dissect Sai Baba into tiny bits could step back and see the Grand Scheme of what He has done, is doing and what He says He will do. There are many who worry that He is a scam artist, a

charlatan, a child molester and the antichrist. If one has the latter view, well, you can bet it all they've never read any books about Him and His life's message. For if they did, then they'd be able see that *no one* but themselves is responsible for pigeon-holding them to a dogmatic, god-fearing religion.

God does not operate by this dynamic whatsoever. Why's that so hard for people to get? In my opinion, fundamentalism is the disease when it comes to spirituality. Just about everyone in it believes to some degree only what they were told versus having experienced the truth that can only come from within one's own self. In return, they leave their soul's evolution to blind faith. I just can't do that! I have to be in-volved. You have to be in-volved. We all have to be in-volved in order to truly grow.

On the way back to my room with Raahi, I saw this little vending stand in the courtyard that seemed interesting. I think I'll go check it out.

"Cool! A coconut juice stand."

"How much for one of those?" I ask the cross-eyed man wielding a big knife.

"Six rupees, Sai Ram."

"Great! I'll take one."

"Coming right up." as he picks out a big coconut, tosses it in the air a few times, whacks it with a machete, cutting the top off of it, sinks a tiny straw inside of it and hands it to me to gulp down. "Boy, this is a treat!" wiping the juice running down my face.

"Can I have another one?" I ask.

"Sure. But, you must not drink anymore." he says, as if to warn me.

"Why not?" I ask somewhat concerned.

"Because, too many of these and you will not be able to leave the toilet all day from a bad case of di-

arrhea." He tells me, laughing and revealing his lack of dental hygiene.

"Sai, Ram. Have you read any of the daily thoughts posted on the ashram yet?"

"No, I haven't" I reply.

"That is something you should do." he tells me, as he points down the way and moves on to the next customer.

Can you guess where I'm headed? Onward to read the thought boards, but I'll have to find them first. I'm thinking that these posts probably lay the groundwork for the lessons to be learned on any given day. And so, I'll log the insights into my tape recorder. This should be interesting.

"There it is!" I pick up my gait to hurry and check it out. "Sai Ram." I say to greet a beautiful, earthy, long, brown-haired girl writing on the board. As she turns to see me, I'm immediately slammed with a subtle, yet powerful, angelic energy. "Whoa!" My heart chakra just burst wide open.

Geez, Sweet Louise, let me tell you! Her eyes have a charge like lightening, so blinding and pure that, it's making my kundalini (sexual energy) rise.

"Do you do this every day?" I ask the angel.

"Yes, I do." she says, in a soft voice that somehow sounds off like a thunderclap. "What's happening to me?" I think to myself, as tears pour like rain from my eyes, along with my body flooding with many different emotions.

"Can I ask how long you've been doing this?" barely getting the words out.

"Every day for the last four years." she replies, revealing her appreciation for the task.

Then with a genuflecting nod, smile and a wink, she "Sai Ram-s" me and walks away.

Wow! What was that? Focus, Keith! Focus.

I need to pay attention to the reason I came to the board. It reads:

thought for the day

Be in perpetual contact with God.

Let the pipe that leads into the tap, which is you,
be connected with the reservoir of His Grace,
then your life will be full of unruffled content.

Without that awareness of the Constant Presence,
any service that you do to others will be dry, barren.

Be aware of It,

then any act of service will yield plentiful fruit.

Every person is a spark of the effulgence of God.

God is dancing in every cell of every being.

Do not doubt this.

Do not ignore this or dispute this! This is the Truth! The entire Truth.

The only Truth.

The Universe is God. All this is He, His body.

-Baba

"I need to go and look for the other thought for the day board. I wonder who I can ask to help me find it. Hmmm? I know! Instead of asking just anyone, I think



I'll wait to see who might be the 'right' person as an intuition exercise."

After walking around for a half hour, I now see the board ahead of me. Here's what it says:

the other thought for the day

Understand that human birth
is the progeny of Truth
as the Father and Love as the Mother.
Even if one's natural parents are absent,
one should not forget the real parents,
Truth and Love.

When Truth and Love beget wisdom (Inana), as the son, the true lineage of man is established.

Truth is sacred; it is valued for all time; past, present and future.

lt is the unchanging. Love is eternal. It is indescribably sweet, like nectar.

Can such Truth and Love

beget such an unrighteous and evil-minded child?

Only one who is wise and free from illusions can be a true human being.









It's evening, and boy, what a great day this was for me. The weather was gorgeous and so was every soul I encountered.

This place is literally Heaven on Earth. And, I can see how the beauty here on the ashram and what it stands for is what everyone seeks for fulfillment. As I recite these words into the tape recorder, it's hard for me to "keep it together" from being so overwhelmed. The contrast of being inside and outside the ashram is huge. Inside, everything is in order, peaceful and flows nicely. On the outside, it's chaotic, loud and fast.

That's enough for now. I'm going to get some rest.



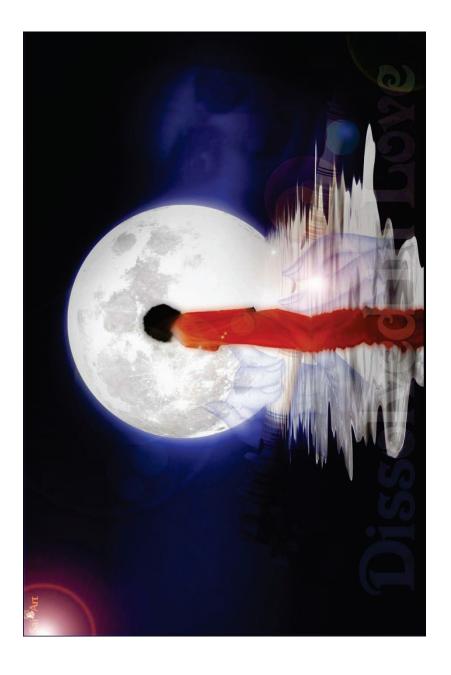








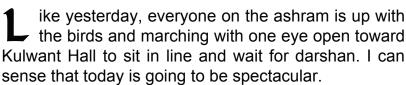






Chapter 6

DEEP INTO THE RABBIT HOLE



"Keith, in that line, in that spot!" a voice from within says to me. Trusting and sitting where my intuition told me to, I pull out some cheese crackers to munch on to curb my hunger and pass the time.

Since I got here early today, I find it somewhat humorous to see all the half-awake people show up, locate a spot and then drop like flies on the concrete for the next hour or so.

"Line 4, stand up. Line 10, stand up. Line 14, stand up. Line 9, stand up. Line 12, stand up. Line 7, stand up." says the man calling out the order.

"Line 7 . . . That's my line!"

After taking off my shoes outside the hall, I stop to admire the beauty of its exterior and feel fortunate to be here.

As I walk into the hall and through the metal detector, I open up full throttle to hurry and find that sweet spot where I'll sit and wait for my Master. It still amazes me how people from all over the world come here in droves to experience God in the form of Bhagwan Sri Sathya Sai Baba.

Shortly after finding my place in the first row, I notice the sounds of the parade approaching, and if every day here in the ashram is the same, then I sus-



pect that at any moment now, the huge, gold bell will ring and the twenty-one "Aum" chanting and Suprabatham (whatever that is) will begin.

"Sai Ram?" says a young Indian man from behind me, tapping me on the shoulder.

"Yes?"

"When Baba comes around us, do you mind if I reach over you to give Him a letter, asking if He would bless me and my concerns?"

"I'd love nothing more." I reply.

"Thank you, Sai Ram!" he says to me, then sits back down.

Yep! There it is. I'll definitely have to check out that Suprabatham thing. "Baba, if it is Your will, lead me to it."

"BANG! — BANG! — BANG!" goes the bell, as we fall into chanting "Aum" twenty-one times to beckon God to awaken and give us His darshan.

Now that the Hindi music is playing again, I'm sure Lord Baba will be coming out as soon as it stops. This is still so exciting!

The music stopped, and oh, my God, Sai Baba's now coming through the gate. Immediately, He goes to the women's side of the hall: talks to some, points to few granting them an interview, materializes objects and collects letters. Even though Baba already knows what every letter says, He takes them anyway, giving all who have concerns the gift of feeling heard. I think that being acknowledged is much more important than what's actually in those letters they give Him.

Making His way over to the men's side, Baba does the same thing: blesses many, talks to some, points to a few for an interview, collects letters and materializes objects. Now He's making His way over to my area.

"Whoa!" Sai Baba is coming closer and I can feel His aura and Light begin to engulf me. I know without

a doubt that this little man is something far beyond my ability to convey in a way that won't sully His sacredness.

Here He comes . . . here He comes! Baba is upon me and His gown is brushing my arm.

"Excuse me, Sai Ram!" says the man from behind, as he leans on my shoulder for support to reach and give Baba the letter that means so much to him. As Baba takes the letter from the young man, He never takes His eyes off him. Patting the letter in His hand three times, Baba throws the letter back at the man saying, "You ought to know better than to give Me that! You put that where it belongs. There are proper channels in which to give what you are trying to give Me!" As Baba walks off to finish His darshan, I turn around and ask, "What did you give Baba as to why He would throw the letter back to you like that?"

"I tried to give Him some money." he says, as he sits back down somewhat ashamed.

"What in the world?" Have I just witnessed Sai Baba in an Omniscient state? He actually knew what was in that envelope. It was like a Divine Script was written and acted out right in front of me. I mean, from the guy who asked to lean over my shoulder, to Baba walking up and touching me with His gown and experiencing Him in His Omniscience. I was supposed to see that. That's why I knew my day was going to be spectacular. But, what was most miraculous was, even though I heard everything Baba told the guy behind me, I don't recall Him speaking English.

In the two days I've been here, so far, whenever Baba was near me, He manifested vibhuti ash. I'm not sure if that has any significance, so I think I'll not put too much into it and let things unfold.

Although Baba is now finished with darshan and in the interview room those lucky ones, I'm going to stay here in the hall to sing bhajans with the thousands that will remain here with me, too.

After singing for about thirty minutes, I can feel my energy continue to rise higher and higher with every song that we offer up in praise. But, I'm starting to feel full. So, I think I'll enjoy the bliss I'm feeling and go explore the ashram some more.

"Where in the world are my shoes? I put them right here! Hmmm? I guess they'll reveal themselves after everyone in the hall collects theirs."

No such luck. Well, I guess that would be a good excuse for me to again step out of the ashram to go buy some sandals.

Outside the gates, I notice a store with many types of things; they'll probably have some sandals.

"Sai Ram. Can I help you?" asks the clerk.

"Yes. I'd like to buy those sandals (pointing)." I say to a short, old man.

"Sit and try them out." he says.

Tugging on the straps, my feet say, "You can't be serious about this, can you?"

The clerk followed me outside laughing and saying, "They will stretch, but you have to wear them a lot." Still, my feet say, "No, Keith, take them off!" "I think I will deal with it." I pay the man and walk back toward the ashram to look around and meet some folks.

After meeting people and hanging out in the courtyard for most of the morning, I look at my watch and realize that it's time for the afternoon darshan, and so, I'd better head toward Kulwant Hall.

Same as before: beautiful, graceful and full of love, Baba comes in and makes His way across the hall.

When I was in the courtyard, I decided that this afternoon, when Lord Baba got close to where I was sitting, I'd hand Him the letters I had from friends, family

and myself. Now, I just have to wait and hope that He comes close to me.

With Sai Baba now on the men's side, I'm starting to feel somewhat nervous. Oh, oh! I've been spotted and Baba's coming straight toward me knowing I want to give Him something. This is so surreal!

Taking the letters from me, I say to Him in my mind, "Thank You so much for everything in my life." Baba then gives me an intense look as if to look right through me. But, I don't know if He's saying anything in particular with His eyes except that, He's acknowledging my presence here. I come to this conclusion because, I'm looking at the Seva Dal next to me and his identification badge has my birthday on it.

Ten minutes or so go by, and after He points to a few more people to go to the back room for their interview, Baba and the lucky ones disappear behind the door.

Looking for my new sandals . . . "There's one . . . and yes, there's the other." But, my feet were hoping that they wouldn't be found.

Oh, I forgot to tell you, this morning when I lost my tennis shoes, an old lady saw me searching and came over and told me, "Someone taking your shoes means that the bad luck in you has dissipated. But, let me tell you of your good luck that begins now with a foolproof way to hang on to them. The best thing to do is separate them so that, only *you* know where they are." This seems simple, but effective. After putting my new sandals on and after few good tugs on the straps, I assure my feet that everything would soon be alright.

As I begin my walk around the ashram for the rest of the afternoon, I'm going over in my head whether or not I was purposely placed on the first row to experience what transpired between Sai Baba and the man.

You might be thinking, "Boy, that Keith sure does process a lot." Well, yes I do. In fact, every day, all day long. Most spiritualist won't, or even *can't*, for that matter, shut off this "processing." Like those others, my craving to consciously reconnect to *That* which orchestrates everything is so powerful, I guess you can call me a God addict.

I think today is about me realizing how being here is awakening me to higher aspects of myself, while revealing the lower ones so I can finally resolve them.



After walking around the ashram for quite a while, I'm back in my room and hanging out with Damiere.

"Keith, my brother in Sai, today when I was out and about, I saw something in one of the shops that made me think of you. I bought it hoping that, maybe some time when you meditate, you would sit on it and think of me." he said as he hands me a beautiful, decorative rug.

"Damiere, I'm so touched your gift . . . thank you!" I say with tears in my eyes, as I head for the balcony to get some fresh air.

"Hey, Mister, would you come down and play ball with me?" asks a little Asian boy of about seven years old.

"Sure! I'll be right there."



"Damiere . . . would you like to come with me to play with this child? Maybe after that, we can go to the thought for the day board."

"Sure. Let's go be kids again." he replies laughing.

"Hello, my name is Elijah! What's yours?" he says in a British accent.

"I'm Keith."

"Hi. Mr. Keith."

"Hi, Mr. Elijah." acknowledging his adult-like intelligence.

"Oh, wow . . . this little boy is bright!" Baba must have placed him here for me to see the God-fire burning within him. Damiere, is also consumed by the boy.

Tossing the ball back and forth between the three of us, it seems to be a challenge for me to catch it, because I can't stop staring at the light that is emanating from Elijah. I'm so wrapped up in his energy that, this time when he threw the ball to me, my not paying attention landed it right on top of my head. I guess I'm supposed to be the butt of Baba's joke because everyone is laughing, including me.

"Elijah! Come inside son. It's time to eat, clean up and rest for the night." says a man that appears to be the boy's father. I walk up to his parents and tell them what a great child they are raising. "He is not like most kids." his mom says. "He is one who lives in the favor and grace of Baba." And, after a brief encounter, we all blessed each other with a "Sai Ram" and go about our separate ways.

As Damiere and I walk toward the thought boards, we chat a bit about the magic we just experienced with Elijah.

"The first one is right down here." I tell Damiere.

"I know where it is, Keith. I have been here for four months."

"But, you know what?" he asks.

"What's that?"

"I think I will only do one thought board today. After that, I am going to go back to the room to do a bunch of nothing. Would you like to go do that with me?" "Sure."

thought for the day

You need to know the answers to two questions only.

Who is Baba and who am /?

And the answer is:

I am the reflected image of Baba.

Baba is the original of which I am the reflection.

That is the relationship — that is the bond.

Whether you know it or not —

whether the image is distorted or correct.

You do meditation morning and evening.

You do prayer beads.

You engage yourself in all kinds of worship all for realizing that you are but an image to become a clean, clear image of the Lord. So clean and clear that you merge in Him.

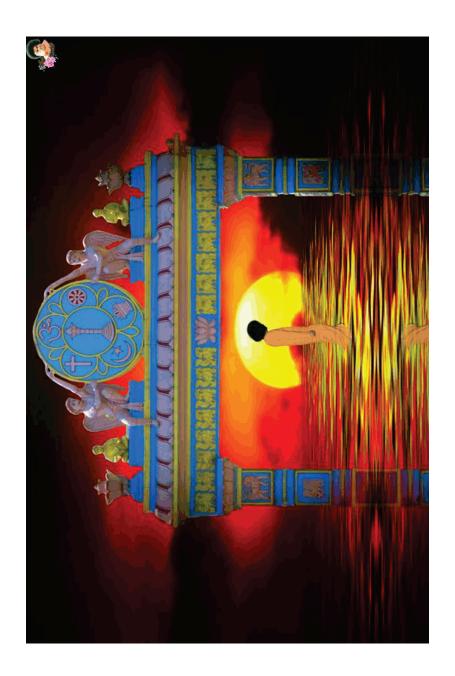
Back at the room, Damiere and I are about to get some rest. But, before I hit the hay, I think I'll meditate on this insightful day. Today was awesome in that, as Sai Baba took the letters from me and looked me in the eyes, it became abundantly clear He was showing me depth. It felt like He was taking me into a rabbit hole where I could feel my connection to Him on a deeper level. Though there was no expression on His face other than calmness, the Presence I could feel from Him was amazing! And while Baba was in my section, I reached to touch His feet, but couldn't quite get to them. So, I figure today wasn't the day. But, at least I was able to thank Him for the many wonderful things in my life.

There's so much I'm absorbing that I'm wondering how I'll ever go about processing it all. Maybe this is not a "try to" kind of thing. Maybe it's a "let blossom" kind of thing, and that, it'll take years for the seeds being planted to germinate, so why try.













SWINGING BACK AND FORTH

oday feels to be about expansion. Why am I up so early?" stretching my arms and letting out a big yawn. After I make my way over to the bathroom for a quick groom, I hit the door running . . .

". . . Why am I running down the street and where am I going? It seems that my feet know, but I don't."

"Sai Ram! Why are you running so fast and where are you going?" asks one of two men sitting on the curb.

"I have no clue." I reply, feeling somewhat lost in a dream.

"We know." says the other smiling.

"How do these people seem to know everything?"

"Come . . . sit here." says the first man.

"Ok. Why are you both waiting here and what's in that room?" I ask panting.

"We are waiting here for Suprabhatam that will happen in there." says both of them together.

"Suprabhatam . . . yes!"

"I was told by someone else that Baba would lead me here if I asked Him. Is it a cool experience?"

"Very cool! Your journey to the ashram would not be complete unless you came to this." says the second man.

"Very soon people will begin to flood the streets going to Kulwant Hall. You came at the right time, Sai Ram." says the first man.

"How long do we wait before we go inside?" I ask.

"We will wait here for about an hour or so." replies the first man.



"Do you mind if I lean against this wall and get a little shut eye?" I ask them out of respect.

"Sai Ram, what?" asks the second man confused.

"Would you mind if I got some rest until it's time go in?" I say, realizing they didn't understand my lingo.

"Oh, no, go ahead, Sai Ram." they say in unison.

An hour later . . .

"Sai Ram. You might want to wake up now. People are starting to get in line. It won't be long before we go into the room for Suprabhatam." says the first man.

Wiping my eyes, I stand up and brush the dirt from my derriere.

"Everyone, come . . . this way. Shhh . . . no talking . . . and don't look at the women! You will sit on one side while they sit on the other. No distractions." says the man who just opened the door to let all of us in.

In a single file line about thirty men begin to pile into the small room.

Taking my seat I begin to look around. "Whoa . . . this is amazing!" not believing what I'm seeing and feeling. Not only am I fortunate to experience Baba in the ashram, I'm blessed to experience the Godhead (Temple) in physical form." Again, this is where words only soil the Sacred. Everything in this Temple is the Holiest of Holy and has been seen by a few. So, in this moment, I'm feeling like one very blessed man.

Inside this room there's an actual chariot and a real-life statue of a beautiful, white horse. There are also large pictures of Krishna, Arjuna, Baba of Shirdi and Sathya Sai Baba that don the walls — fragrant flowers everywhere. "There's no place more sacred than this on the face of the Earth!"

In here, the Divine energy is so apparent and visible that it "hurts" to look upon anything when I'm not in

"no thought" mode. And, it seems that the only way I can see anything clearly is when I intend to go within and humble myself.

Musicians begin to play and everyone in the room begins to sing. Since I don't know the words or what's going on, I'll wait to learn the melody and hum on the next round.

After about fifteen minutes of music, the room becomes still; filled with a silence I've never experienced in my life.

"BANG! — BANG! — BANG!" sounds the gold bell and thirty-five thousand people in Kulwant Hall begin to chant twenty-one "Aums."

"Oh, my God! What's happening?" It feels like the Breath of God is moving through me, as this little room and my heart begin to resonate like a tuning fork. I can't seem to describe it, except that I hear this loud buzzing sound and see bright light. But, there's something else and I have no idea what it is. My physical body seems to be disappearing; like it is melting away, revealing only my Essence. I'm in such a state of awe and humility that, I can feel my connection to the entire universe. And, now that there's no distortion in me, I can see everything in here perfectly, too.

When the last of the twenty-one "Aums" are chanted, it's over . . . just like that!

"Everyone, get up. It's time to leave. Shhh . . . no talking!" says the man who opened the door to let us in.

I can't begin to describe what happened in there. In fact, the only thoughts I'm having, I'm logging into my tape recorder. But, I can tell you that I'm feeling blissful and overwhelmed.

"Is this only a glimpse of what true enlightenment is?"

Because I just attended Suprabatam, I'll have to sit in the back for Lord Baba's appearance. I don't mind because, I know that what just transpired is far greater for my growth than being in close proximity to Him.

Settling into my spot I notice the gentleman next to me reading a book.

"What are you reading and who is it by?" I ask.

"Here. Look and see." he says to me, showing me the cover.

"Oh, my Gosh!" I say to him, noticing that the author's name is Kenneth Blanchard. As soon as I realize the sameness of our surname, thoughts begin pile into my head as if to say, "Keith, be aware and do not take your eyes off of Me. I will do two things, but you must be watching." says a voice from within that can only be Baba.

As in the days before, Indian music fills the air, as well as the murmuring mass, until God graces us with His Presence. When the music stops, everyone becomes silent and all heads and attention turn toward the little gate. Entering the hall and walking from the women to the men's side, Baba takes letters, talks and points to a few, manifests objects and blesses us all.

While I was home in Memphis, I decided that I'd wait for just the right moment to ask Sai Baba whether or not I should complete the book I've been working on for four years titled, "The Divine Principle: Anchoring Heaven On Earth." I didn't and still don't know if I should continue writing it or put my energy into something else. And so, I figured Baba would tell me what to do and that, whatever answer He would give me, I'll accept and be happy with. "This has to be the perfect time to ask Him what to do."

With Baba as near as He will be, I ask from my heart, "If You want me to continue writing this manuscript, give me the same sign You gave Robert Priddy

which he told of in his book, "The Source of the Dream." In it, Baba told Robert in a personal interview: "When I pointed to you and wrote in the air with my finger, that was a sign that I want you to write a book about my life and what you experience here on the ashram."

No sooner than I ask Baba to give me the same sign that He gave Robert, Io' and behold, Baba stops what He is doing, turns around and begins to look at me all the way in the back. "Surely Baba's not looking at me from that distance. It makes more sense for Him to do that when He's closer." Then it dawns on me . . . "That's the point entirely; His peeking through the endless rows of people is to show me that it is deliberate. Three steps later, Sai Baba comes from behind all the people to an opening where there is no obstruction in our line of sight.

All of a sudden, His hand goes up and begins to write in the air. I'm freaking out! So much so that, I'm putting my face in my hands with disbelief of what's happening. "I wonder if He will do it again?"

"Lord Baba, please give me the same sign again to show me that You are answering my question?" Removing my hands from my face and looking up, "Oh, my God!", His hand is writing in the air again. Now, I'm really starting to freak! "One time, wow! Two times, really wow! Three times? Yeah, three! That would be the magic number and I'm going to go for it.

"Baba, shall I continue writing the manuscript and publish it?" Up His hand goes yet again, looking directly at me through the crowd with those eyes as if to say "You heard Me now, Keith!" Baba then turns down the final stretch of His path toward the little room where He will grant the selected few an interview.

Leaving the hall and walking toward the thought for the day boards, I have no doubt whatsoever that Baba spoke to me.

"How do you know that for sure?" you might ask. Because something inside tells me so. There's a feeling of rightness, goodness and truth that reverberates within surrounding the completion of "The Divine Principle."

The way Lord Baba answered me about finishing the book was not only by writing in the air. It was also through the alignment of shared surname with that author, telling me He wanted *my* name on a book cover, too.

"Whoa . . . that's amazing!" as yet another revelation hits me. My father has a brother named Kenneth Blanchard who happens to be my "God"-father!

It's obvious to me that grace and miracles are present everywhere in the ashram and should answer the question about, "How do you know for sure that Baba talked to you?". I guess I'll go check out the thought boards.

thought for the day

The Vedas declared the basic attitude in life to be: Speak the Truth and follow Dharma (Purpose).

> Youngsters should throw themselves heart and soul to transform society. What is important is that



there should be at least a few good people.

They should take the lead.

Everyone cannot be a leader.

If the commander and chief of an army

is a virtuous person,

soldiers under him will undergo any sacrifice;

great achievements become possible.

the other thought for the day

I want to tell you that
the bliss you derive from service
is something you can never get
from any other activity.
The thrill that a kind word,
a small gift, a good gesture,
a sigh of sympathy, a sign of compassion
can bring about on a distressed heart
is something that is beyond words to describe.





Back in my room, I realize how much I like reading the daily thoughts and for two reasons: to see how my day correlates to its message and hoping to meet up with the angel who writes them.

Lying on the bed, I'm going through some books and I found a few good insights.

The first one is: "The yogis should be looked upon as friends and good qualities should be regarded as true kinsmen. Yoga does not consist of meditation and austerities or various forms of breath control.

True yoga is the mergence of the senses from external objects and turning them inwards. To allow the senses free reign is not yoga but sensual enjoyment. Such indulgence only leads to disease. Yoga implies self-control and renunciation, leading to the experiencing of bliss."

The second one is: "Do not ask another what state you belong to or which caste or creed you profess. See your favorite form of God in that other person. As a matter of fact, He is not other at all. It is his image as much as you are his. You are not helping some one individual. You are adoring Me in him. I am before you in that form. So what room is there for the ego in you to raise its hood?"

Since I've been here I've noticed that, whenever I'm sitting down like now, I catch myself rocking back and forth. Yesterday, I asked Baba to show me something that would explain why I'm doing this. Immediately after asking Him, Wendy, who I mentioned earlier the book, came to mind. She does this rocking thing all the time. I guess I, like she, is riding an energy that comes into the body.

Something's telling me to put this book down and grab another one from my bag (Inner Dialog With Sai Baba) and open it randomly. After doing so, this is what I found.

"When the soul is no longer stained from the protecting sheaths, the indwelling Divinity can be brought out. Only then can the Shiva power be put into operation. That power is effective only when there is a complete understanding of what one is doing.

Becoming Divine is an intuitive process of a pure heart. Shiva power is a process of the whole integrated consciousness where all qualities/talents are used optimally once the heart is pure and the nature sanctified.

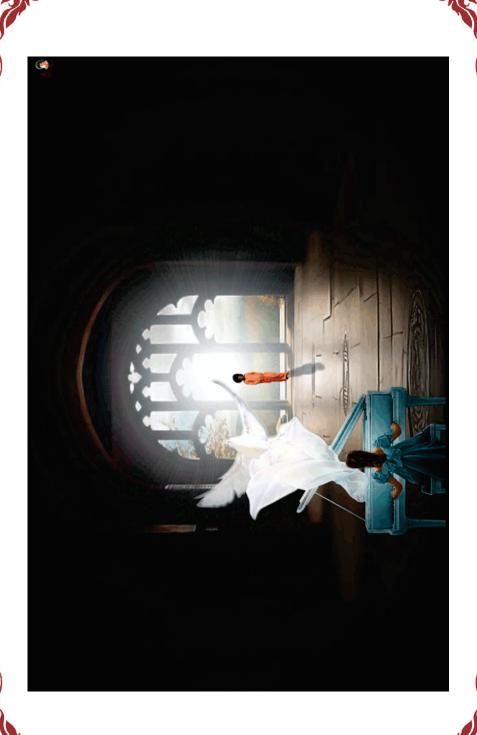
Following a later continuation of this dream which there is talk of Baba on a swing, note that on special occasions Baba sits on a beautifully decorated swing. He says this is how we should feel Him in our hearts, swinging gently back and forth."

I must say *that* answer came quickly! There's such an alignment and order here that nothing struggles to be.

"But, what I really want to know is, why am I eating so darn much? Is it a cosmic thing? Does it represent sustenance on all levels?"









Chapter 8

AMEN TO THAT!

I 'm about to collect my things and start my morning walk toward Kulwant Hall for darshan.

It just occurred to me that, every day I'm here, my pace down to Kulwant Hall slows. I guess I'm starting to realize that no matter what time you get to the concrete waiting area, it doesn't affect where you are going to sit during darshan, because where everyone sits is orchestrated by Baba. I know it may be hard to believe that there's a Being here on Earth today that has the power to be able to do such things. But, if you look back into scriptural history, they all speak of Avatars (Divine Descents) that would come with Divine Powers to help mankind out of its self-created quagmire.

Sri Sathya Sai Baba is regarded by other Avatars as the Highest Incarnation of God to ever come to the planet. This is in no way implying that one God being is better or higher than the other. It's from the perspective that Baba *is* the Godhead manifested as human, compared to Jesus and Buddha who over the course of their lives "became" God. Though many Avatars are imbued with spiritual awareness and power, it's Baba's Divinity which is the point being made.

After making my way to the concrete and dropping down on my bottom, I wait to go into the hall. Suddenly, I notice what appears to be a thirteen-year-old boy waving at me from across the way.

"Who me?" I pantomime and point to myself.

"Yes! I will see you in the hall." he mouths, while nodding.



"What in the world could he possibly want with me?"

After waiting about an hour, they are now starting to call out rows to march us into the hall.

"Line 11, stand up, please." says the man with a clipboard.

"Hey . . . that's my line and we are first!"

Placing my sandals near the hall entrance, I walk through the metal detector and race as fast as I can to find a sweet spot. Settled into what I think is the best seat in the house, I begin to look around at the architectural marvel that is the Kulwant Hall. It's so beautiful! The ceilings are made of gold imported from Thailand and the design itself was crafted with devotion, love and care. Everything was taken into consideration during its creation, so as to be a place worthy of worshipping Divine Royalty. I could just stay in here and never leave and be happy for the rest of my life.

Pulling out some cheesy crackers to munch on, I notice that same little boy waving at me from across the aisle with such excitement, as if to say, that he has something for me. I wave back at him saying, "Ok. Thanks!"

"I wonder what this is leading to? It has to mean something."

I'm a big believer in that, there're no coincidences, and surely, not here on the ashram. I guess it will unfold when it does.

"BANG! — BANG! — BANG!" sounds the gold bell, as we fall into the twenty-one chants. Closing my eyes I begin, "Aum . . . Aum . . . Aum . . . Aum." All of a sudden, I'm seeing that excited little boy waving at me in my mind's eye. "There's no telling if this kid is illuminded beyond what I'm giving him credit for and is really here with me in this way. I guess I should wave back."

I'm floored when I open my eyes to find just that. Maybe this is what he was trying to tell me outside of the hall; that he was going to pop into my mind and make contact. "I wonder if there's more to come with this kid."

The Hindi music just turned off and so that must mean Baba's about to walk into the hall. And, there He is, but today, He's wearing a blood-red robe. In all my experiences with Baba, I have always seen Him wearing orange: in dreams, in pictures and even here on the ashram. Maybe I need to find out what the significance of the different color robes mean.

As before, Sai Baba walks into the hall and gives His full attention to the women's side, taking their letters, chatting with some, manifesting things and pointing to the lucky for an interview.

Making His way over to the men's side, I'm filled with excitement and anticipation wondering if Baba will lay eyes on me today. Well, what do you know? The little boy is waving at me again. Is something miraculous about to happen and is that boy trying to tell me so?

With Baba near me, I ask Him in my thoughts if there's anything significant about this boy playing with me. Upon finishing my question, Baba looks at me and begins to wave just like the boy, with the same excitement.

In this moment I'm filled with feelings of expansion and validation, but also with a knowing that everything happening with this kid is pointing to now. Strangely, it feels like I'm waking up from a foggy dream and walking into a magical reality and somehow, that boy is the door.

With a final wave and a nod, Baba turns down another aisle to bless the other men and eventually disappears into the room to give interviews.

After singing bhajans for about an hour, I'm leaving the hall to find something to eat. As I step outside the ashram gate for some fresh fruit, guess who's standing there waving at me? Yes, the boy!

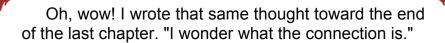
With so many questions, I walk up to him and ask, "Do you speak English?"

"Not really, Sai Ram." patting me on my chest, as he turns and walks away waving.

Taking all of this in while getting some fruit from a lady vendor, I decide to head toward the daily thought boards, thinking it may shed some light on my morning with this magical boy.

thought for the day

The yogis should be looked upon as friends
and good qualities should be
regarded as true kinsmen.
Yoga does not consist of
meditation and austerities
or various forms of breath control.
True yoga is the mergence of the senses
from external objects and turning them inwards.
To allow the senses free reign is not yoga
but sensual enjoyment.
Such indulgence will lead to disease.
Yoga implies self-control and renunciation,
leading to the experiencing of bliss.



the other thought for the day

Do not ask another what state you belong to or which caste or creed you profess.

See your favorite form of God in that other person.

As a matter of fact, He is not other at all. It is his image as much as you are.

You are not helping some one individual.

You are adoring Me in him.

I am before you in that form.

So what room is there for the ego in you to raise its hood?



After spending the day walking around and meeting people, I'm in my room and settled for bed. Going over all that happened earlier, I can't help but think of

the magic between the boy, Baba and myself, wondering how the thoughts for the day relate to it all.

Likened to the first thought board, the little boy is a friend and a yogi (someone who is self-realized) and was trying to tell me to dwell more in the heart to bypass my senses to reach a state of bliss.

Like the second daily thought board said, I never should've asked him if he spoke English. By doing so, I insinuated that we were somehow different. I created a division between us by not seeing nor believing that he and I are connected through Baba as the Bridge. When the boy patted me on the chest, I knew that it was significant and the realization for it was on the way — which is now. Amen to that!

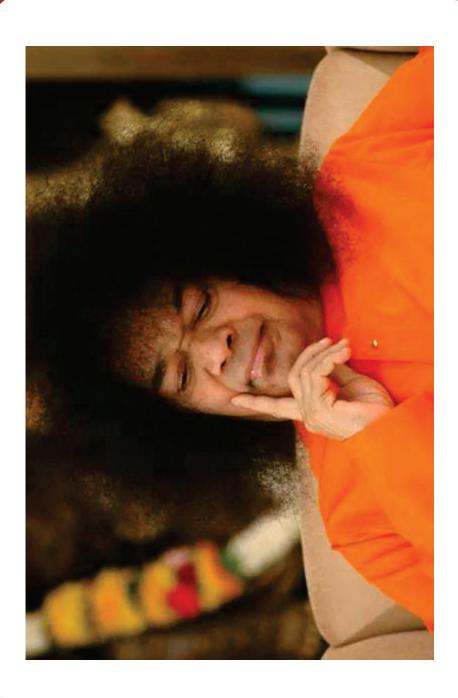














Chapter 9

What A Great Day To Be Alive!

t's 4:30 in the morning and I'm out the door headed toward Kulwant Hall, where I'll sit among the tensof-thousands who await blessings from the Highest Incarnation of God to ever walk the Earth.

After sitting on the concrete slab for about fifteen minutes, I find myself still wanting to be seen or talked to by Baba. I'll have to release this idea to ever see Him more clearly within.

What I should do when this "I want an interview." thought and feeling comes in is, redirect my focus by placing all that happens in Baba's hands. So, instead of "I want an interview.", I could say, "Sit me where I need to sit for my highest good." I'm thinking that this mantra should dilute any trace of the wanting energy and give me more of the outcome I truly desire anyway.

"Line 16 . . . please stand up. Let's go!" said the man with the clipboard.

After separating my new sandals and hiding them outside the hall, I make my way through the metal detector and run to find my place. "Yes . . . third row!"

From my prime piece of real estate, I'm watching the Seva Dals rollout red carpet that I assume Baba will walk on as He meanders through the mass of people. "What is that? Oh, cool!" There are Lotus pedals engraved on the carpet about every three feet. Why haven't I noticed this before, even when I was on the first row? "I wonder if that has any significance."

"BANG! — BANG! — BANG!" sounds the bell, as we chant twenty-one "Aums," asking God to awaken.

Without fail, minutes later, Baba walks through the gate of Kulwant Hall and blesses everyone with His Love. The people here are so devoted that, their lives become one of constant prayer for the betterment of themselves and their loved ones. This seems to be the sustenance that feeds the entire ashram.

Baba has made the final turn and then goes into the interview room with the lucky ones.

As I exit the hall, I remember that, yesterday, I read a flyer that was posted saying one of Baba's personal assistants would be giving a talk today after darshan. I think I'll go check it out.

The lecture room is packed with people wall-to-wall and the temperature is off the chart. The three ceiling fans spinning are making no difference whatsoever. As I look around, I see everyone fanning themselves with whatever they can find to move a little air.

"Hello and welcome to today's presentation about my time with Sathya Sai Baba as His personal assistant." says an older Indian man with a thick accent. "Today, I will share with you many things about Lord Baba and will take any questions you have at the end of my presentation.

I have spent many years with my Baba ever since we were children. But, my time being of service to Him has developed into something far beyond friendship or measure."

For an hour, on and on the man went about some of the most phenomenal stories I've ever heard about Baba's Love, Magic and Power.

"If there are any questions from the audience, I will take them now." He said.

Of course, my hand goes up like an excited school boy in class.

"Yes, Sai Ram. What is your question?" he asks.

"I've been wrestling with something for a few days now. Whenever I leave the ashram and go out into the streets . . ."

". . . Why are you leaving the ashram, Sai Ram? That is not recommended!" he interrupts, while giving me a stern look.

"Personal reasons." I reply.

"You should not mix and mingle with the beggars and other people out there!" he says, as if to scold me. "What is your question?" he asks.

The question I have for you is about compassion. Whenever I leave the ashram, my heart hurts because of my want to help others. What is your advice about what to do in a situation like this, be it here on the ashram or anywhere else for that matter?" I ask, hoping to get the answer that will alleviate my ache.

"As I said, you should not go out of the ashram ever because . . ."

On and on and on the man went in a fussing like way, leaving me with nothing to satisfy my desire to be of help.

"Sai Ram?" says an African man from behind, tapping me on the shoulder.

"Yes, Sai Ram?"

"Your desire to want to help others is enough." he says to me, sitting back down in his spot.

"Thank you, my brother!" I say to him with tears in my eyes and feeling complete with my dilemma.

After about ten more questions from the audience, the presentation is over. I think now is the perfect time to hit the thought for the day boards to see if they shed more light on the question I put to Baba's assistant.

Coming down the final stretch to the first thought board, again I notice how beautiful it is here. There are so many flowers, plants, trees, birds and people from all walks of life and in every color, coexisting in a harmony that's truly Divine.

thought for the day

Your service to man is more valuable than what you call service to God. God has no need of your service. You please man. You please God. The Purusha Suktha sings of God as having a thousand heads, a thousand eyes and a thousand feet. That is to say, all beings are He. They are not separate! Note that it is not mentioned that He has a thousand hearts. There is only one heart. The same blood circulates through all heads and hands. When you tend the limb, you tend the individual. When you serve man, you serve God!





the other thought for the day

You owe a supreme duty towards your parents
who are responsible for all that you are.
You have to strive constantly to please them.
If you don't show your gratitude to the parents
who have brought you up
with so much love and labor,
to whom else are you going to be grateful?
You must cultivate a broad heart and develop love
towards all beings as emblems of the Divine.
You have to live up to the upanishadic injunctions
to regard your mother, father, guru
and guest as God.
Your love should not be based
only the physical forms.
Bodies are perishable and impermanent.

I sure do love reading the thought boards. More often than not, they seem to relate to what's going on and are helpful in processing the events for any given day.

I think I'll go find my roommate and hang out with him for a while.

After looking in the room and a few other places to find Damiere, I finally catch up with him in the cour-

tyard where he is talking to a few people by the coconut stand, drinking one of those drinks.

"Sai Ram. Can I get one of those?" I ask the man with little teeth.

"Six Rupees." he says, as he tosses one up in the air, catches it, whacks the top off, slides a straw in it and hands it to me.

"What are you going to do with the rest of your day, Keith?" asks Damiere.

"I was thinking about going out of the ashram to see the house and the village where Baba grew up."

"You are not supposed to go beyond the gates!" he tells me with a smile.

"Damiere . . . are you telling me that, after all the time you've been here, you've never left the ashram?" laughing, I already know that he has and still does.

"Do you want to go with me?"

"I've done that many times." he said. "Have fun."

I head out the gates only to be prompted back in by a strong intuition . . . "Keith, go to the courtyard to just sit and be still until the second darshan takes place.



I'm last to arrive at the slab where everyone waits to be called into the hall for darshan.

"Sit there, in line 8." an intuitive voice tells me.

"Line 7, stand up!" yells the man with the clipboard.



As the last person in line 7 stands up and marches toward Kulwant Hall, I find myself standing up, too, as if I'm supposed to follow.

"You are in line 8 . . . not seven! Please sit down, Sai Ram."

As I take my seat, a voice from within says to me, "Keith, you are next.

"Line 8, please stand up." says the same man, all the while looking at me with a smile on his face.

I'm overjoyed for the chance to see Baba up close yet again and for being aligned with my intuitive voice.

After leaving my sandals outside and clearing the metal detector, I find myself squatting down on the second row and I'm very pleased.

"What's that . . . a better place?" I get up and off I jet across the aisle where a first row spot just became available. Halfway there, someone a little faster beats me to it. I was happy for him. On my way back to my original spot on the second row, a Seva Dal yells to me, "Over there!" pointing to a prime location. I move to that spot and squat on the first row with a sense of victory. "Yes!"

After sitting here a while in prayer and meditation, the Seva Dal who found me this sweet spot, comes up to me and asks, "Sai Ram, have you ever had the honor of kissing Sai Baba's feet?"

"For the love of God, no!"

"Maybe today is your lucky day." he says to me, as if knowing that *that* is going to happen. I begin to dwell on how awesome it would be if it did.

Baba is now in the hall and it's' about 2:15 p.m. As always, He starts by blessing the women's side and by the time He reaches the men's, He will have blessed thousands.

With Baba now near, He looks directly at me wearing a soft smile, as if to say, "I am pleased with you,

Keith, for your passionate hard work to become a better human being."

"Oh, my God!" Baba's walking in a straight line toward me . . . closer and closer and closer. So close that, I have to look up to see His face. But, when I look down, His little feet are right there! I'm suddenly overwhelmed knowing that all the events that led to this moment are by Baba's design. In appreciation, humility and love, I lean over to kiss my beloved Lord's feet, the whole time telling Him, "Thank you for my life and the opportunity to come into my own Divinity."

As I pull up from kissing and touching Baba's feet, I'm filled with such joy and blessedness that I begin to cry profusely. I'm amazed how this entire event has played out like a script: from the beginning of getting into line, to this moment of realization. Yet again, I'm in the space and magic of no time. What a great day to be alive!

With the afternoon darshan now over and feeling hungry, I recall that Damiere told me to make sure I try the vegetarian pizza they make at the little store in the ashram. Bet you know where I'm going.

Wow . . . mmmm . . . the pizza is soooo good! It has tomatoes, onions, garlic and whatever else, I can't seem to stop eating it. My ongoing hunger *has to be* a sign for being open and ready to receive sustenance. I'm convinced.

As I sit down to eat my last slice, I'm thinking about kissing Baba's feet in the hall. And, I feel it's important that I become silent for the rest of the day to integrate and expand the gift I was blessed with.

At this point on my sojourn, I can feel my intuition increasing evermore. It's like there is a furnace burning in my heart and in my head.

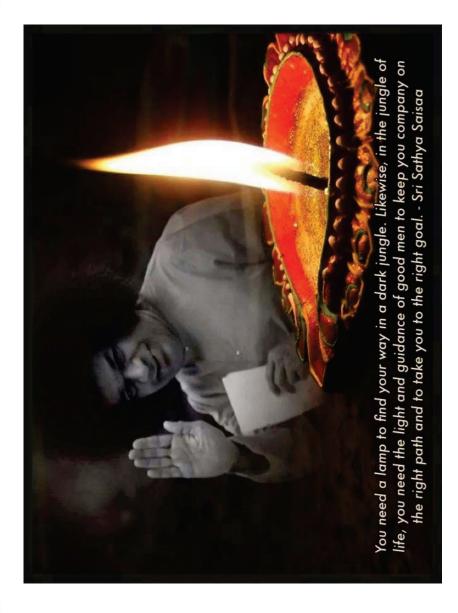












Chapter 10

STOKING THE FIRE WITHIN

oday's a good day to just chill out with no distractions. I'll probably hang in the courtyard, visit the daily thought boards and maybe wander around later to take in some new sites. It's beneficial to be able to balance, digest and process everything I've taken in up to this point. But, I'm still very hungry!

thought for the day

Love can begot only through love.

A different path of devotion like santhi (peace),
sathya (friendship), batsalia (material love),
anuraga (affection), madhura marga (sweetness),
are all based on love.

The essence of spiritual discipline is contained in love.

The greater a man's love for God, the greater is the bliss which he experiences! When love declines in man, his joy also declines equally. The lover of God sees God everywhere.

Hence, man's heart must be filled with the love of God.



the other thought for the day

Know that seva (service) is a better form of discipline than even meditation.

How can God appreciate the meditation you do when adjacent to you, you have someone in agony who you do not treat kindly.

For whom you do not make all effort to help.

Do not keep yourself apart intent on your own salvation through prayer beads or meditation.

Move among your systems
looking for opportunities to be of help.
But have name of God on the tongue
and the form of God before the eye of the mind.
That is the highest spiritual discipline;
Ram on the heart, task on the hand.
Proceed in that spirit.
Grace will be showered on you in full measure.







After an easy, relaxed day, I'm headed back to my room to cut up some cards for a new healing device I purchased.

I attended a very insightful class a bit ago about a powerful system called Radionics or Vibrational Medicine. Dr. Aggarwal, the instructor, told us this method of healing was like no other. But, before I could take his class, I had to vow that I'd never charge future patients money for my practice. Because then, the intention would be for profit and not for healing. When the good doctor told me this, it filled me with the absolute knowing of how this method would change the lives of many sick people.

Making my way to the entrance that leads up to my room, I notice a crowd gathered at the bottom of the stairway.

"Excuse me, Sai Ram. What's going on?" I ask a gentleman who seems to know.

"Look and see! (pointing) There is a lot of vibhuti ash falling off Baba and Mother Mary's picture hanging on the wall!" said the man with great excitement.

"Whoa . . . that's amazing!"

No kidding. There's holy ash spontaneously manifesting from these two pictures and falling onto spiritual figurines sitting on the floor just below, almost covering them. Believe me when I tell you, to see something like this creates a shift inside. It's nothing like I've ever seen. I was told when I got to the ashram that, I'd likely see this phenomenon. I was also told that, whatever I do, do not touch the pictures from which it was happening because it would stop the manifesting process.

"Sai Ram?" says a young Oriental lady.

"Yes?"

"Here. This is a gift for you." she tells me, as she bends down and scoops up some ash from the figu-

rines. "Put some in your mouth and treat it as a blessing from God. Notice the warmth and how it taste like flowers." she says with much delight in her gift to me.

So, I put some on my forehead and the rest went into my mouth. "Oh, my gosh!" It tastes better than she described; like everything you'd think something spontaneously created by God would. As it goes down, I can feel the ash as if it were Divine bellows stoking the fire within. No more words. No more words.



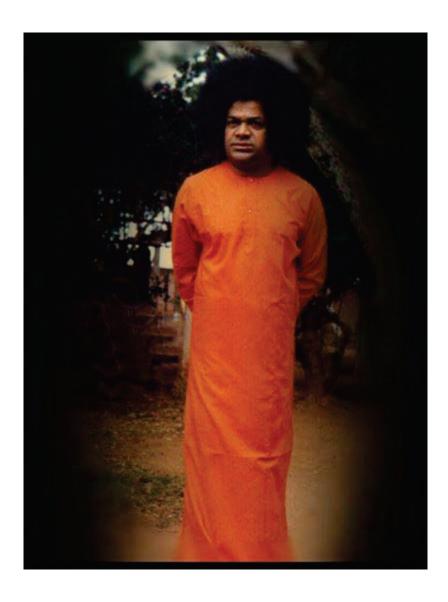
















THANK YOU, GRACE!

ou know the routine by now. It's around 4:15 in the morning and I'm on my way to the concrete slab to wait to be called into Kulwant Hall.

"Line 10, please stand up. Line 15, stand up. Also, lines 1, 8, 4, 9 and 12, stand up and move toward the hall." says the man with the clipboard. "Here we go!"

Removing my sandals and going through the metal detector, I find myself sitting on the third row enjoying the idea that others have the opportunity to get close to Baba.

After the morning parade, Hindi music and the ringing of that bell, Sai Baba's coming through the gate. As always, He starts on the women's side by collecting letters, healing some, pointing to few along the way granting them an interview and materializing different things.

Baba's now on the men's side of the hall and is manifesting from His hand gobs of ash all around us. Wow! It seems so natural for Him to do this. He's approaching an older gentleman while readying some more ash to give to him. There's so much flowing, the devotee can't contain it all. People in proximity are like buzzards or hyenas moving in for the scraps that hit the floor. I'm in such awe from the Divinity and spontaneous will that pour out from this Avatar. Sai Baba turns down the final aisle and heads into the interview room to talk with the lucky ones.

In the last few days I've really opened myself up. I know without a doubt that my experience here in the ashram with Baba will shave years off of my spiritual

work. Thank you, Grace! Back to the thought boards I go.

thought of the day

Love will not enter the heart of one who is filled selfishness and self-conceit.
Therefore, man should forget his petty self and concentrate his thoughts on God.
Love of God makes a man obviously of his own existence.
Love becomes a form of intoxication.
Love makes the devotee and God dance in ecstasy and becomes one with him.
It induces self-forgetfulness.
It generates an ecstasy in which everything is forgotten.

the other thought of the day

The foremost task today is to get rid of the pride and other demonical qualities by leading a pure and sacred life. This is not a single act, but a process. The right action you do today by repetition becomes a ritual.

Today's ritual becomes tomorrow's habit
and the habit in due course
becomes a spiritual discipline.

Spiritual discipline leads to your life's goal.
Hence, the realization of the goal
depends on your action.

Today, I'll again step outside of the ashram to finalize my gift and souvenir buying. But, I have to remember to surround myself with light to protect me from the lower energies that can latch on. You do understand that my whole purpose of going out is healing, right? I mean, I want to buy saris, japamalas, pictures of Baba; anything to transform my apartment into a shrine dedicated to Baba's Divine Love. I'm so humbled that, I want to always/all ways remember my precious time here in India, the ashram and those I've met. That's a good thing, right? So, out of the Gates of Heaven I go and into the streets where money becomes lord.

Just leaving the ashram, I'm having a serious case of déjà vu. This is the third one this week. It's not normal to have that many in such a short amount of time. Again, this reveals the kind of alignment one falls into when in the ashram.







Back in my room from shopping, I remember that few days ago, I asked Baba in prayer to help me find someone I could share a taxi with back to Bangalore. I could use the good company for the four-hour trip, as well as save a few dollars.

Just a bit ago, I saw a sign someone posted in regards to carpooling. So, I'm headed toward their room to meet them and to see if we can make the shared ride happen.

"Hello . . . Sai Ram?" (knocking on the door)

"Hmmm? No one's answering. I guess I'll head to the courtyard to get me one of those scrummy, yummy drinks for a big whopping six rupees."

"Sai Ram? Hello." I say to this little, illumined lady upon arriving at the coconut stand.

"Do you know how to go about selecting the best coconut?" she asks in a foreign accent.

"I sure do. I was enlightened about that the other day by one of the gentleman who works here.

What's your name?" I ask.

"My name is Ana and I'm from Yugoslavia."

"I'm Keith." extending out my hand for a shake and asking her, "How long have you been here in the ashram and how long are you staying?"

I've been here for two weeks now and will be going back home this Sunday."

"That's the same day I'm heading back home."

"Are you going to go by taxi?" I ask in the hope that she says, 'Yes.'

"No. I'm flying out from the little airport down the street. Why do you ask?"

"I'm trying to find someone to carpool with me back to Bangalore."

"Sorry, I can't. But, my Aunt Rasa is going back to Bosnia via Bangalore and maybe you can share the ride with her. My info of where to find me (pointing) is posted on that wall right over there."

"Wow! I just came from your room hoping to meet you and here you are. Well, isn't that something?"

"Isn't it, though?" she says to me with a big smile.

"Can I invite you to my room later to meet Aunt Rasa and to participate in a Puja session (an act of showing reverence to God)?

"Of course . . . I'd love nothing more."

"Come . . . follow me." she says, wiggling her finger and walking in the direction of her room.



The Puja session with my new friends, Ana and Rasa, was special. The prayer, the meditation and the ritual of drinking blessed, rose water was the perfect ending to a most magnificent day. Now it's bedtime for Bonzo.













Chapter 12

APPLY, INTEGRATE, TRANSCEND, BE

his morning I didn't go to darshan. I'm starting to feel that I need to chill out more; like I'm doing too much. So, I think that today I'll stay in my room, do some more writing, and maybe later, if I can find the energy, visit the thought boards.

Believe it or not, I'm feeling a little homesick and I appreciate this experience for showing me how much I love Memphis, all my friends and the life I have there. Nonetheless, when I see Baba, not only does it make me feel better, it makes my heart pound in my chest — still!

Reflecting on the life I lead at home really shows me how "not" spiritual I am. Yes, I "party," but, it's really not so much about that; it's more of my attitude.

Since I've been here, I can see a consistent disposition in the people I meet and what it is that "separates" these types of people from the others who are "newbies" on the spiritual path. There's an unbroken dedication to want to become conscious beings, and that's becoming very apparent to me.

Being in the illumined presence of Sathya Sai Baba constantly reveals to me my shadow self. I'm realizing that to dissipate such darkness, it requires a new way of being. "Change your thoughts, Keith! Just change your thoughts."

When I do get back home to Memphis, I want to make sure that I don't fall from the Grace that has lifted me up. Getting back into the music scene and



grind has the power to do you in if you don't stay on top of your spiritual game. Oh, yes . . . I've been there, done that and bought the T-shirt. But, I'm excited about the future that's going to unfold for me knowing what I'll gain from my time here in the ashram.

Today, that ole interviewitis seems to be creeping back in. A little tweak here and a little tweak there and letting that go . . . done!

Isn't it funny how when we think we have reached a really cool space, we are sometimes clearly shown a glimpse of an even higher dimension that's available? Yet again, we work very hard to get into a groove by processing — doing and not doing, thinking and feeling different things than before. While we go through these stages, we are constantly changing and ascending. We just can't see it because we are "too close" to ourselves. So, we sometimes get a little frustrated in our self-evaluating myopia, believing that it all seems futile.

After one final attempt to make things go the way we want them to and when we finally say to ourselves, "Oh, the heck with it!", that's when we start to just be. It's when we release the agitation that has its claws buried within our soul that we *will* be in the bliss of God's reciprocating grace.

Life seems to cycle through the four stages of apply, integrate, transcend and be; one rung at a time we climb up Jacob's ladder toward the Godhead. The realization of God can happen in a moment or can span over many lifetimes. It all depends on a person's willingness to let go of any troubles and the world. It's important to remember that, as you navigate your raft down the river of life, passion and sincerity are what'll guide you to the stream that'll push you along, all the way to the shore of a blissful forever.

I know I've been here on this Earth for many lifetimes and I'm bored with it. Planet Earth is beautiful, please don't get me wrong. It's just that I want to live in the lighter energies of Spirit. "But, Keith, you don't have to leave the Earth to do that." you may say. I know. I think that *that's* why I'm here; for Baba to help me embody the Divine Principle so I can experience Heaven on Earth.

I'm still hungry. I haven't been eating any meat, so I can say that the density has definitely changed. Is this the reason? Maybe. But, I think it's much deeper and broader than that. I really think this applies to all levels.

Every day without fail I've been receiving input that lifts me higher and higher. Regardless if I'm first row or last, just being present when Baba walks into the hall opens Divine Doors into never-ending expansion. Yes, it's all delicious and marvelous but, it's a challenge to process and contain all of this energy.



With my thoughts written and logged, I find the energy to make it to the message boards.







thought for the day

You should not, the scriptures say,

leave any remainder

or balance in debts in disease,

in vengeance against enemies

in the cycle of birth and death.

Finish all down to the last.

They should not recur again.

If you offer all activities at the feet of the Lord,

And free them from any egoistic attachment,

the consequence will not bind you.

You are free you are liberated.

You have liberation.

the other thought for the day

Love cannot bare separation from the beloved.

God, the Lord, has come down to the Earth
from Gokul to instill Divine Love in human beings.

The nature of Divine Love can be understood
only when the Divine in human form teaches
as man to man the nature of this Love.

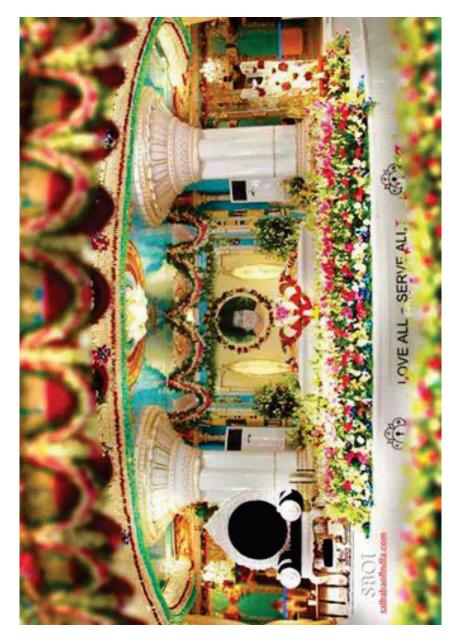
















Chapter 13



SAI RAM, THAT LADY IS ME!

n Kulwant Hall for morning darshan, I notice what appears to be a father and son sitting next to me. I feel drawn to the young man and so, I think I'll strike up a conversation with him.

"Hello, Sai Ram. What's your name?" I ask, reaching for his hand.

"My name is Arjun and this is my dad, Sasidhara." says the youngster of about eighteen.

"Hi, I'm Keith."

"What brings an American like you here to India?' he asks.

"The same thing that brings *you* here." I say with a big smile.

"What do you do back in America, Keith?"

"I play music full time as a bassist and singer."

"You do? I sing, too!" he says excitedly.

"That's really neat." I say to him.

"After we see Lord Baba, can we go back to your room so I can hear you sing? I will sing for you, too. I love music so much; it's all I have ever wanted to do!" says Arjun, as if imaging what it's like to be me.

"Sure." I say, knowing it would make his day.

Shortly, Baba will come out to spread His Divine Love to all those here.

As always, Baba makes His way across the hall blessing all, talking to some and pointing at few.



With Baba now on the men's side and near me, I notice a picture of Ganesh that I'd never seen before and I feel it's very important to keep looking at it.

All of sudden my mind flashes to the dream I had with Baba and Gita that I wrote about in chapter two. Let me share with you why I think it's relevant to me and what's happening in my life.

Ganesh, a unique combination of his elephant-like head and a quick, tiny, moving, mouse vehicle represents tremendous wisdom, intelligence, and presence of mind. Ganesh is the God of knowledge and the remover of obstacles is also the older son of Lord Shiva. Lord Ganesha is also called Vinayak (knowledgeable) or Vighneshwer (god to remove obstacles). He is worshipped, or at least remembered, in the beginning of any auspicious performance for blessings and auspiciousness.

He has four hands, an elephant's head and a big belly. His vehicle is a tiny mouse. In his hands he carries a rope (to carry devotees to the truth), an axe (to cut devotees' attachments), and a sweet dessert ball - laddoo- (to reward devotees for spiritual activity). His fourth hand's palm is always and forever extended to bless people.

If you stop and think about it, in the natural world, elephants have the power to move anything out of their way. So, it makes sense to me that, when holding the image of Ganesh, you are stating an intention to call the power that will remove whatever might be in your way.

Here's my interpretation of the two dreams back then and why I noticed the Ganesh picture this morning.

In the dream I had where Lord Baba asked me to wait outside all day, it didn't mean He wanted me to wait outside of my apartment. What Baba meant was,

"Keith, step out of what you know as reality. The opportunity to come see Me in India is nigh." My going outside to wait for Baba on that hot day was the intention needed to make room for the manifestation of my pilgrimage. That's why Baba invited me to India. *Now* I get it.

Many times in dreamland I wanted to get close to Sai Baba, but couldn't. Likewise, my ongoing attachment about always being next to Him *here*, is what's been blocking me from having an innerview of my own self. So, in my dream with Sai Baba and Gita, the baby elephant was the birth of my own inner Ganesh and the start of the removing process that would serve me for the rest of my life.

Coincidentally, yesterday while shopping, I bought a beautiful figurine of Ganesh. When I came back into the ashram I noticed a very large statue of Him, and as many times as I've passed through those gates, how did I not see it before? This has to be one of the most powerful alignments since I've been here. What a great way to start off my morning.

With darshan now over, Baba and the lucky ones are headed into the interview room. But wait, something's amiss. There's a lady being denied access. It's my guess she's mistaken about being called as one for an interview. Ouch! I'm sure that has to hurt. My thoughts go out to her in an endless stream of love and compassion.

"Sai Ram." Are you still wanting to sing with me?" says Arjun.

"Yes . . . follow me."

Back in my room with Arjun and Sasidhara, the young man asks, "What would you like to sing for me, Keith?"

"I don't usually sing without music or my guitar. I really wish I had it here; let me think about it.

"You sing rock and roll?" asks Arjun.

"Yes. I sing all types of rock."

"Can you name me some songs you like to sing? he asks.

"I like to sing Styx, Billy Joel, Bryan Adams . . . "

"That one! Sing me a Bryan Adams song." he says excitedly.

"What about the song, 'Cuts Like A Knife?"

"That will do just fine." he says very antsy.

"Driving home this evening,

coulda sworn we had it all worked out.

You had this boy believing,

way beyond the shadow of a doubt."

On and on I go until I finish a verse and a chorus.

"Whoa . . . that is so cool!' exclaims Arjun, while Sasidhara, applauds in the background.

"My turn . . . my turn!" he says, jumping up and down.

"What are you going to sing?" I ask him.

"A song by Boyzone called, 'Isn't It A Wonder."

"Go for it!" I tell Arjun, as he goes into this finger snapping, beat-boxing, Michael Jackson kind of thing.

"It's a sign of the times, girl,

sad songs on the radio.

It's a sign of the times, girl,

as the leaves begin to go.

But all these signs now,

showin' on my face.

Provin' me wrong,

takin' its place . . . "

"Whoa, Dude, that's so cool!" I tell the starry-eyed youngster.

"How old are you, Arjun?"

"I'm eighteen."



After Arjun and I talk for quite a long time about music, Sasidhara says, "Son, it's time for us to go so Mr. Keith can get back to what he needs to do."

"Ok, Father." He replies.

Shaking their hands and wishing them both well, I say goodbye, somehow knowing we'll meet again one day.

Now's a perfect time to go get some inspiration from the daily thought boards.

As I make my way out of the hall and onto the ashram grounds, I hear someone say to me, "Hello, Sai Ram. How are you?"

"I'm great. How are you?" I say to the Indian lady.

"I'm good also. Can I share something with you?" she asks.

"Sure."

"You know it's not important to have an interview with Baba. If this plagues you, you must release this foolish notion." she says to me, as if knowing I've been wrestling with this.

"I know what you mean. At darshan this morning, when Baba was making His rounds, He pointed to about seven or eight people, granting them a one-on-one session. But, there was this lady who was mistaken about being called and was denied access. I felt for her and sent her love.

"Sai Ram, that lady is *me!*" she says to me, knocking me for a loop.

"When it happened, I felt for you and your feelings about it all." I say to her.

"Then that has to be why I am here with you now; to remind *you* to let all the stuff *I* was holding onto go. It can only cause you nothing but trouble." she says, reaching to give me a hug.

"Thanks for sharing your heart and supporting me in becoming better." I say to her gratefully.

"Thank you, too, Sai Ram." she says, while walking away with a smile.

This alignment and realization is hitting me so hard that I have to sit down for a bit before I proceed to get some food and make my way to afternoon darshan.

On the concrete slab and munching on the usual cheese crackers, I'm waiting to see Baba. But, being late and literally the last one to sit down, it's not likely that I'll be close to Him because I didn't make darshan my highest priority.

"Line 9, please stand up and go to the hall." says the man with the clipboard.

"Oh, my God . . . that's my line . . . we are first!"

I spring up from my position with delight, knowing that I'll again be up front and close to the Love who inspires millions of people to become Divine with Him. "I think I'm starting to get the hang of this letting go of attachments thing."

Darshan and bhajans just finished and I'm walking toward the daily thought boards. Today's blessing was typical: Baba greeted people, healed some, took their letters and created some things here and there. But, while singing bhajans, I fell so far inside of myself that I had an amazing vision of Krishna. It was very clear; almost to the point of becoming an apparition.









thought for the day

In ancient times, the sages performed rigorous penance in the forest living among wild animals.

With no weapons in the hands, they relied on the spirit of Love to protect them. They performed their penance with Love for all beings.

Their Love transformed even the wild animals which live at peace with the sages.

Love transformed even tigers into friendly beast.

the other thought for the day

There is no need to establish a new religion or a new institution.

The world needs only men and women of good qualities.

















aking up and rubbing my eyes, I'm late getting down to the concrete slab again, and if I don't get my butt moving, my chances to be next to Sai Baba might dwindle. Even though I mentioned earlier that the lines are called randomly, I still like to do whatever I can to show my intention for getting a sweet spot.

Flying out of the door, I forgot to take with me the jade japamala I bought the other day in the hopes Baba would bless it. "I have to go back and get it!"

Heading back to Kulwant Hall, I feel just how cold it can be in the early morning. "Stay centered by breathing, Keith. It will pass." I hear from within.

I have the feeling there's more carrying over from yesterday that will come into view today. One thing on my mind is how, since I've been here, I've been asking Baba to visit me in a dream.

Sitting and waiting for just over an hour, I'm finally in the hall on the second row. Looking around, I notice the gentleman next to me with a book titled, "Sai Baba and Jesus Christ." Seems interesting. I'll have to buy that book at the Sai Book Store later.

After the morning rituals, Baba comes through the gate on the women's side in all His Glory doing what He always does. When He gets to the men's side, He immediately comes in my direction. "Why do I that feel something very significant is about to occur?" Here He comes . . . here He is! My hand immediately goes up holding the jade prayer bead for Him to bless. Looking at me strangely, He skips right over me. I can't believe He just did that! Why? All He

had to do was bless the bead after He blessed those around me. I don't get it.

Now Baba's has finished morning darshan, I'm going back to my room to get a little more sleep. I wonder if there's any reason for my sleep pattern being so unusual. Is it because my body is still adjusting from jet lag? I don't know.

I look out the window from my bed and see that the ashram is being remodeled. "Say what?" Now, I can't sleep! There's too much going through my mind like, why did it take me all this time to notice they are renovating the ashram? Why hadn't I noticed it before? Out of all the books I've read about Baba and His Leela's (Divine Sport), many of them say that, one should always pay close attention to their surroundings, especially when in the ashram.

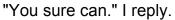
The fact that this re-doing of the ashram is taking place could be telling the group that's here now they are also being transformed and made anew. This is definitely the case for me. If there are seasons for everything, then it makes perfect sense this would be the manifestation of such a time. Equally, I'd guess there would be periods when groups come just for support and not a new birth such as what could be happening with this group.

It's amazing the magic that happens when one is open to see how things work on all levels; as above, so below. Wide awake, I think I'll go hang in the courtyard to do some meditation and talk with people until the afternoon darshan.

On my way to the courtyard, I get the feeling that I should step out of the ashram gates for some reason. Why? I don't know, it has to be something important.

Stepping into the street I feel drawn to a little shop. Can I help you, Sir?" says an Indian man with thick classes.





"What is it that you would like me to get for you?" he asks.

"What is it you think I need?" I say to him, trusting that he has it.

"Here you go! Take this beautiful japamala for your prayers to Baba."

"Yes. That's *exactly* what I want." I reply, as I reach for my wallet to pay him, and then walk away.

What a beautiful prayer bead. It's clear with an orange tassel like the color Sai Baba wears.

On my way to the courtyard to say prayers on my new japamala, I find that I'm getting very sleepy again. But, my sleepiness seems kind of strange. I mean, at home in Memphis, I'd take a nap every day, but not until about three o'clock or so. I haven't napped since I've been here. And, what's odd is that, this drowsiness feels like I've taken a nighttime cold medicine.



"Oh, my God!"

I just got up from my nap with a most amazing experience to tell. During my sleep, I was brought to a state of complete consciousness by Baba. Why now?

In the experience, a small group of people, including myself, were sitting in the bleachers of a gymnasium, while Sai Baba was standing in the middle of the court. After getting my wits about me, Baba turned His hand and created a gold chest. It was sacred, old and

looked like the Ark of the Covenant. It had carvings, scripture and intricate detail all over it.

Someone reached to touch it and I advised him not to do that. "Why not?" he asked. "Because this chest looks to be more special than anything we've ever seen. There's no telling what kind of effect it can have on you, us and its Divine Purpose." I told him.

Just then, Sai Baba chimed in to say, "It's for us to touch together. Everyone step forward, grab the cover, hold it tight and we will lift it on my mark." At this point, I'm so excited knowing that whatever's inside is going to be full of magic.

"Ready, here we go . . . LIFT!" said Baba. After the beautiful cover was off and put to the side, I began to focus on what was there on the floor. It was a solid-gold, nativity-type scene. Just when my eyes became fixed on the simplicity of its design, Baba said to the group, "Look! What do you see?" In unison, we said, "We see a throne, two goats and a crib."

"What do you think these things means?" asks Baba. No one said a word. At this point, He looks directly to me saying, "Keith, I am going to tell you something you already know. You have known this for a while — since your birth. These three figurines of a throne, two goats and a crib represent the return of Christ. Again, you are being told that, Jesus, the man who achieved Christ Consciousness two-thousand years ago, will be born again on Earth in five months."

After a quick blackout, the experience then went to a Burger King Restaurant in South Louisiana, where a pickup truck carrying Sai Baba in the back pulled up. Everyone in the parking lot knew He was coming and wanted Him to help them find something they'd lost. My impression was they lost water.

Baba stepped out of the truck, dug into a pocket from His robe and threw a handful of gold coins on the

ground. Everyone immediately dropped to their knees hoping to grab one. Baba then said, "People, stand up and gain from Me what you have lost!" That's when I woke up crying profusely to tell you of this prophetic message Baba just imparted to me about Jesus.

After weeping for about thirty minutes, I find myself starting to get very angry with God. Let me explain.

Ever since I was a boy, I always knew that Jesus would come back in this lifetime. Before I started writing, "The Divine Principle," thoughts of His return began to fall into my mind as if to tell me to pay attention because somehow, I was going to be involved with it.

A few years passed and I found myself beginning to write a chapter titled, "The Return of the Christs." I wrote this segment with no expectation of ever including it in the book, but to just vent out fanciful ideas that seemed to be clogging my head.

After a while, the chapter starting taking shape and was very juicy as far as the punch, clarity and inspiration it seemed to have. I thought to myself, "This is a good chapter! Too bad because, I can't use it."

Lo' and behold, that night after falling asleep, I was visited by two angels. They spoke as one voice in each ear telling me, "Keith, keep the chapter. There is more that will come for you to insert. We have told you ever since you were a child that the one you know as Jesus would return. Log what we are telling you and leave the rest to us." So, I accepted the truth of their message and began to write the chapter with absolute conviction of the Lord's return and included it in my book.

Two years go by and I find myself in Baba's ashram with my face buried in my hands. I'm crying from my soul because Baba told me in a dream that Jesus will be born again in five months and I don't know what I'm supposed to do about it. Underneath all

of that, I feel very angry. Why? Because after the two angels told me to write and publish that chapter, which I did, it now all seems like a game, which I don't want to play anymore. Who in the world would want to toy with Christian followers love for their Lord with false information? Surely, not me!

To let you know how angry I feel, I'm cursing at God (Baba) with words sailors won't even use.

A few minutes have gone by and I'm now feeling better about this. I've vented out all of my frustration and my concerns have been heard.

Calming down, I drift into a light meditation.

"Okay, Baba. I need your attention! This has come up yet again. If my prophetic dream with You was real and You told me this because I'm somehow supposed to play whatever role in the unfoldment, I'll definitely need something from You right here and now. I need to know the TRUTH!", I pray on my new japamala, knowing I have to be very clear about what I say.

"I need to know if what I've heard about Jesus' return since I was a child, what the angels have told me and now what *You* are telling me to be valid as I understand it. Are You telling me that this is not a metaphor and that Jesus Christ is literally coming back to this planet in five months — and *You* want *me* to tell people about it? If this is *the Absolute Truth*, then show me that You heard me!"

I continue to pray . . . "Baba, what I want to know is, is what I've just experienced about Lord Jesus' return valid? Is it valid?" over and over with great fervor I ask, "Is it valid?"

After saying this prayer for hours, I'm now sitting on the concrete waiting area and I'm determined to keep it up until Baba gives us His darshan.

"Line 3, stand up and make your way into the hall." says the man with the clipboard. "Yes . . . first row! I

shoot to my feet and march into the hall for only God knows what, while I continue to roll my new japamala around in my hand.

Sitting in a first row spot, I fall into meditation; over and over I continue my prayer. "Baba, is it valid?"

About an hour later, something inside tells me that my prayer is complete. When I open my eyes, I'm startled by a Seva Dal staring at me. I mean, he's right in front of my face mirroring me in lotus position. He's so close that, if he was any closer, his knees would be touching mine.

"Keith, look down." whispers a voice from within. BANG! — a miracle happens as my heart bursts wide open. I'm looking at the attendant's I.D. badge and it says . . . yes, you guessed it, "Valid 2000." There's also a pen in his shirt pocket with an image of Sai Baba waving as if to say, "Yes, it's me doing all of this and it's valid, Keith."

"Sai Ram, why is your identification badge turned around backwards?" I ask the man in a shaky voice.

"It happens once in a while." he says, while turning it the right way. BANG! — Another miracle. The front of his badge says: He lives at #5 Cross Street which points to the event happening in five months as Baba said and today is the fifth. Cross St. relates to Jesus obviously. The Seva Dal's first name is Yana, and *that* happens to be a spiritual name I've been going by for quite some time.

"What does that mean on the back side of your badge?" I ask, pointing to it.

Leaning into me as if to give me a message from Baba he whispers, "That means it's valid."

"Oh, my God!" I'm catapulted into Heaven and feeling the most amazing bliss because of what just occurred.

With Sai Baba in the hall on the women's side and working His way over to the men's, I'm so excited that I don't know what to think or do.

Now Baba is walking toward me and I know this is my moment. "Is it valid?" I pray a few more times, or, at least until He gets as close as I know He's going to.

Although Baba is near, He still hasn't noticed me. He seems to be busy with someone across the aisle and facing the other way. But, something inside is telling me that this is the moment to act. So, I take a deep breath, put one hand over my heart, raise up my prayer bead with the other and pray; "Baba? I ask You with all my love and responsibility for such a prophecy - "Is it valid?" Suddenly, Sai Baba stops what He is doing, turns around and walks straight over to me, as my heart pounds in my chest. Blessing my japamala, Sai Baba touches my hand and looks right into my eyes. BANG! — Yet another miracle. "That's why I skipped over you this morning with the jade bead, Keith. I set you up to give you something of great magnitude. Enjoy the ride, my Son!" I hear Him say telepathically, as I'm pulled into the universe, see Truth of Baba and the truth of the prophecy given to me. Oh, my sweet Lord! I even see me as the personality self looking through His eyes. With my consciousness and heart now expanded, I fall deep within, experience the birth of Creation and become a sobbing mess of bliss.

The glimpse Baba has just given me is so powerful and overwhelming that, I have to leave the hall; I don't want to be a distraction to everyone else. I'll need to gain some sort of composure before I try to walk.

Leaving Kulwant Hall, I'm doing whatever I can to stay in the bliss of validation energy and just appreciate my life. Maybe the thought for the day will expound on all that has just transpired.





thought for the day

If I pin a badge on your apparel,
you will unpin it soon.
When it is taken off the shirt

When it is taken off the shirt, you will feel relieved that you have been released from the obligation to love and serve.

You will only play temporary role in the drama doubting the badge off and on.

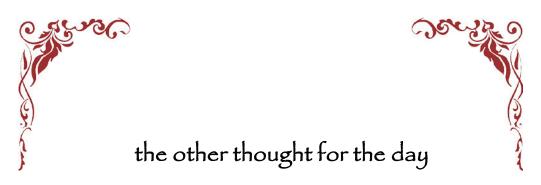
Where the invisible badge of a volunteer of God at all hours and in all places.

Let all the days of living be a contiguous offering of love as an oil lamp exhaust itself in illuminating the surroundings.

Bend the body, mend the senses and the mind, that is the process of obtaining the status of the children of immortality which the Upanishads have reserved for man.







Everything is born out of pure love.
All joy is derived from an alloyed love.
So are truth, sacrifice, peace and forbearance.
If love is lacking, there can be no contentment.
This is the path of Sai and the word of truth.



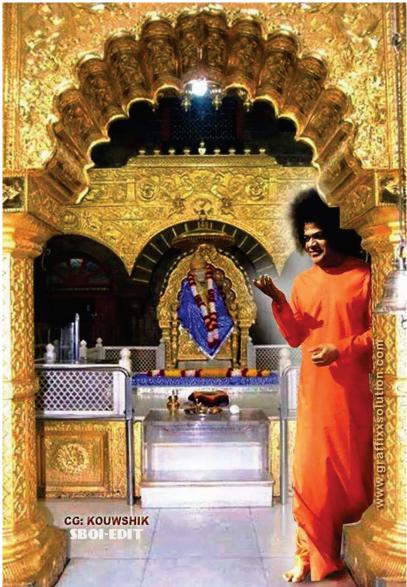














Chapter 15

GOING HOME

I 'm up and at 'em, packing my things to head home. As much as I can't wait to see my girlfriend, friends, family and band mates, equally, I don't want to leave this lovely place. But, there's a season for everything and right now, it's going home.

Soon, I'll go to my final darshan to thank Baba and ask Him for His blessings to be with me throughout my life.

On my way to Kulwant Hall, I stop by the courtyard to admire its beauty one last time. Upon arriving, I find a lady who looks as if she is doing the same thing.

"Excuse me, Sai Ram. How are you this morning?" I ask.

"Good morning, Sai Ram. I am filled with bliss looking at the Sun as it shines It's love over this beautiful ashram." she replies.

"My thoughts exactly." I say with a smile.

"Today is my last day here with Baba. What about you?" she asks.

"Same as you." I say with a chuckle.

"Can I share with you something that happened to me yesterday?" asks the lady.

"I'd like nothing more." knowing it was going to be magical.

"Yesterday, I had the blessed opportunity to go into the interview room after darshan to be with Lord Baba. When the session was over, I approached some of the people in there to ask them about what they had experienced, but not everyone spoke the same language. This left me puzzled because we all understood what Baba was saying when He was saying it. The miracle of that moment is still with me and creating the space for me to share the bliss that I feel now with you. It is a great day to be alive, isn't it?" says the beautiful soul.

"To hear your story makes it so." I say with tears in my eyes. "Thank you very much for the chat and our brief time together, Sai Ram, but now I must get down to Kulwant Hall for darshan before I head back to the States."

"I must do exactly the same, and thank you!"



Sitting on the fourth row in Kulwant Hall for my last darshan, I have an endless reverence and respect for the time I've spent here with God in human form. As I look around with such love for this ashram, the people in it and what this abode stands for, my heart is filled with joy. It feels like today, in this moment, that my trip here is now being solidified within me.

As you might imagine, the parade, the bell ringing, the twenty-one "Aum" mantra and Baba's presence in the hall this morning is going to be very different for me than all the days before. I have no doubt that the humility I fall into will be sacred.





Here comes the parade down the street, and it's truly a celebration of Love.

I rejoice in it.

There goes the bell, filling all ears and hearts, asking God to awaken and walk on the Earth. *I am ready to receive.*

There goes the twenty-one "Aum" mantra.

I affirm that I am here and present.

And, there's Sai Baba coming through the gate.

I am humbled, grateful, in love
and blessed beyond imagination.

There isn't much to tell about darshan or rather, not much that I remember. It all seems foggy, as if it were a dream — a beautiful dream.

When I saw Sai Baba a moment ago, it was like I fell into a warm and nurturing cocoon. And, I absolutely know that I'm not supposed to stay here one more day. I'm supposed to get on that plane, go home and begin to spread all of the love and grace I've felt here.

This is my final trip to a thought board, then I'll be heading back to Memphis.

thought for the day

It is to transform man's nature from
the animal to the human
that love has been serving as a powerful force.
The hearts of men, in the olden days,
were soft and loving.
Although love is inherently soft

and compassionate,
in certain situations it assumes a stern form.
This is because even out of love,
one has sometimes to use punishment.
The harsh words and punishment
are associated with love.

When it rains, it is a down pour of drops of water.

But sometimes

the rain is accompanied by hailstorms.

The hailstorms are hard but they are only water in condensed form.
Likewise, softness or punishment are different expressions of love.



I'm in a taxi with Ana's aunt, Rasa, for the long trek back to Bangalore and I'm already missing the ashram and Baba.

Rasa is an illumined, grandmother-type of lady, but definitely not slow in the mind nor on her feet. What's magical is that, even though we don't speak the same language, we still understand each other.



In her best attempt, Rasa is telling me the story of how Sai Baba manifested a silver ring, embossed with a gold bust of Himself, that snuggly fit on her finger.

"Can I have it?" I ask her with a huge smile on my face.

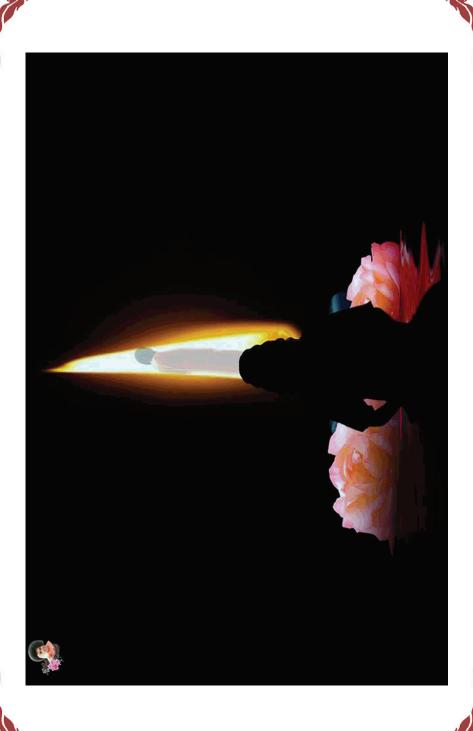
"No!" she says, clutching the ring and laughing.

Well, that was very clear.

Back and forth we are telling amazing stories using simple words, lots of hand gestures and our telepathic will about how Bhagwan Sri Sathya Sai Baba has forever changed our lives.









Chapter 16



ALL IS WELL

just got to the Airport in Bangalore and found out from the lady behind the desk that I'm not allowed to fly into Mumbai. I had no idea that I was supposed to contact them seventy-two hours in advance to secure my flight. This isn't a good thing! I'm begging her with a juicy story but she's not budging.

I quickly pray to Baba, "I need your help!"

"Is there a problem here?" asks a lady that walked out of a secured door from the right and over to us.

"This young man did not make contact with the airline seventy-two hours before his flight. And so, I told him that he could not board." she says.

"That is our policy, Mr.? . . . Mr. Blanchard." says the manager, looking at my passport and then back at me.

After scanning me up and down to make sure nothing was amiss, she gave her approval, "Let him go."

"Oh, thank you . . . Om Sai Ram!" I say with delight.

And, as her eyes light up with a smile, I take off as fast I can toward the plane that I almost missed.

Fastening my seatbelt, there seems to be a fear of flying creeping in and I don't know why. I generally have no problem when it comes to flying, but right now, this really has its claws in me.

"Attention passengers, please prepare yourselves for our departure from Bangalore to North India." says the Captain over the P.A. system.



"Hi. My name is Keith." I say very chipper to a man next to me, trying to divert my attention from the nagging fear.

"My name is Dan." He replies, not so chipper back. "Do you fly often, Dan?" I went on to distract my focus from the take off.

"No." he says.

"When is the last time you flew?" I ask.

"Keith, the last time I flew I was in a horrible plane crash and everyone died but me." he tells me with a sad and scared look on his face.

"Oh, my God!"

"I'm so sorry to have bothered you." I say to the timid fellow.

"No worries. I'm just very tired and need some rest, that's all."

"Nice to meet you, brother, and be well." I say, as he closes his eyes and leans into a pillow.

"That was freaky! Now, what am I supposed to do with this fear of my mortality?"

Oh, wow! There's a major alignment here. I felt this coming on way before I boarded the plane. Maybe that fear was not mine after all. Maybe it was Dan's. I must have been incredibly empathic, taking on what he was feeling. I wonder if this is something I'll be developing in life; the ability to feel others feelings.

Realizing this, my fear has just dissipated as if it never happened. Maybe I should start paying more attention to this kind of experience in my future.

Relaxed and settling back in my seat, I begin to run through my mind all the miracles that have transpired in the last two weeks. What an amazing, life-changing journey to India this has been. There's so much inside of me that I can't begin process any of this right now. So, I'll just close my eyes and think about the people back home that I love until I doze off.







Tonight I will be staying at a Four Seasons Hotel in Bombay. My buddy pass has limitations, and when it comes to a full plane, revenue passengers come first, so I'll have to wait for the next flight. As long as I'm here, I might as well take advantage of this opportunity and see the city.

The young man who found me my room suggested I visit the Krishna Temple which I'm sure will make my layover worthwhile. The two things he has done for me so far is right on the money, but the tip he's asking for is not. I like this guy, so what the heck; I grant him his wish.

Walking into my room for the night, I see that it's very nice. For just seventy-five bucks I have a luxury suite that overlooks the Arabian Sea. This trip keeps getting better and better, even on my way home. I love it!

On both of my trips to and from the ashram, it's evident that, I was and I am still being watched over and guided by strangers. Leaving me with the secure feeling that all is well, I dive into the bed for a good night's rest in the cool air-conditioning.









Chapter 17



THE LAYOVER

r. Keith Blanchard?" I hear with an Indian accent and a soft knock on the door. "Are you ready to go to the Temple? I have your rickshaw ready and waiting for you downstairs." says the gentleman who found me my room.

"Give me fifteen minutes and I'll be right down."

I slept in this morning because the bed was oh, so comfortable and the temperature in the room was just perfect. Besides, I have nothing to do today except go to the Krishna Temple before I head back home.

"Hello, Mr. Blanchard." says the helper, as I walk up to him.

Please remind me. What's your name?" I ask.

"Suraj. My name is Suraj." says the young man.

"Are you ready now?" he asks, bobbling his head.

"I am."

"Climb in." he says.

This is my first rickshaw ride and I'm really digging it. Now, *I* get to see just what it's like to scoot around Mumbai, dodging all the chaos.

As soon as we start rolling, car horns begin to blast at us because of our weaving in of traffic.

"Don't worry. Be happy!" says the man looking over his shoulder, knowing my fingers are embedded into the back of his seat.

"I trust you, Suraj." I reply.

"Good!" he says, as he full throttles toward town.

Pulling up to the Temple, Suraj says, "I will be here waiting when you are finished with the tour."

"How long will that take?" I ask.



"About one hour. No worries, I have some things I can do while you are in there." he replies.

"I will see you in one hour then." I say with a smile, as I watch him take off in his rickshaw.

Arriving at the Temple and looking all around, I'm amazed by the energy. I see big, beautiful pictures of Krishna, Rama and many other Hindu deities don the walls. As in Sai Baba's ashram, mostly everyone here is wearing white Punjabis. The wearing of white clothing is said to allow one's aura to be more visible, making for better communication and synergy between all devotees.

"Sir? Come this way. Stand here and move with the line." says an elderly man with few teeth and nerdy glasses.

"Thank you!" I say with appreciation.

Moving around the Temple with the other tourists, I'm being shown places where rituals are practiced. The guide who is speaking in a very soft voice is telling us about Its history and of the Masters who reside/d here throughout time.

I must say, though the customs are different here to that in Sai Baba's ashram, it doesn't seem to matter what deity is being revered; it all feels the same to me, whether I was going to a seminary to be a priest, on Baba's ashram or here in this place.

I think an important awakening that one could have happen is when one comes to know that God actively dwells within all who love, regardless of the belief or religion.

My tour of the Krishna Temple is over and I'm sitting outside waiting for Suraj to pick me up. I open up a book from my bag to find this passage by Sai Baba:



The basic message is eternal.
It was taught by Christ, Buddha,
Krishna, Mohammed and others.
The message is essentially as Jesus gave
on the Sermon on the Mount,
and stresses the unity of all creation;
the Fatherhood of God and
the Brotherhood of man.

There is only one caste; the caste of humanity.
There is only one religion; the religion of love.
There is only one language; the language of the heart.
There is only one God, and He is omnipresent.

After reading this excerpt into my tape recorder, my helper pulls up next to me in his rickshaw.

"Mr. Blanchard. How did you like your visit?"

"It was beautiful and full of meaning." I reply.

"Yes. I can tell you liked it very much."

"Here we are, Mr. Blanchard." Suraj says, as we arrive at the hotel.

"Thank you very much!" I tell him.

"But, Mr. Blanchard . . . are you going to tip me? I've been a big help to you, yes?"

"Yes, you have. But, don't you remember that big tip I gave you yesterday?"

"Oh, of course I do." Then off he jets to find someone else to assist.

Before I head toward the airport, I think I'll go to my room to browse through the books I bought in the

ashram. Speaking of books, there are two boxes of them that will travel six months by ship to be delivered to my apartment in Memphis. The shipment contains the entire thirty-volume set of the "Sathya Sai Speaks" series. These books were created over the years from Baba's discourses; scribed and fashioned around the teachings that Baba has given throughout His life.

"What's this?" reaching for a book from my bag titled, "Sathya Sai Baba and Jesus Christ: A Gospel for the Golden Age." It seems to parallel the life of Christ and Sai Baba. Oh! This is that book I said I was going to get in chapter fourteen, but I don't remember ever buying it. Could it be that someone is toying with me again? Doesn't matter, it sounds lovely. I think I'll read through it until it's time for me to leave.

"Whoa!" What I'm reading right now is so relevant to what Baba said about Jesus coming back that, the excerpt I'm inserting here will perfectly describe what happened to me and how my heart burst open when Baba looked into my eyes.

A VISION OF GOD

He walked by me every day the one they call the Christ. He blessed some, ignored others, I don't know why.

I want to meet His eyes to see the face of God, but He did not see me. He saw everyone else, not me. Why not me?



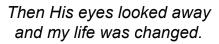
Then one day, one wonderful day,
He stood close by.
I gazed into His face, and for a moment,
His eyes meet mine.
In those eyes was Infinity
more profound than space
more potent than the sun
all-knowing, all-seeing.

Like Adam, I was naked before Him.
He saw me, what I am, what I could be
what I have attained and where I have failed.
He saw my past, my present and my future.
He saw all my sins and blemishes
my ego and my pride.
He saw also what I can be in Him
If only I would surrender to Him,
to give up my faults and errors
my ego and my pride.

His eyes held compassion for sorrows I bring upon myself. His eyes held love for me despite who I am. His eyes held the universe and all of us in it.

In His eyes
I recognized my God, my Creator, my Master.

I saw also myself reflected as the Image of God.
I felt my soul being drawn into His eyes
as if in a moment I could be one with Him,
not the petty self anymore,
but a new creature in whom God shines forth.



For one eternal, precious moment I saw Divinity.
I saw God and He saw me.
His eyes turned away, but He still sees me.

As I said, what you've just read is *exactly* how I felt during that "Jesus being born" experience in Kulwant Hall with Sai Baba. I really hope you are able to get at least a glimpse of what I'm talking about.

I'm feeling an inner prompting to insert this message from Baba that I found a while back:

"Embodiments of the Divine Atma,

by forgetting his own true nature and being carried away by the pleasures of the external world which are both fleeting and superficial and by trying to secure an experience such material pleasures, man fritters away his life and fritters away his time.

Is man able to secure peace by experiencing and obtaining these material pleasures? No! At the end of his life he is dissatisfied and discontented.

Man has become ignorant of the permanent being within him which is truth itself and formless. He is reducing himself to the state of an animal and becomes demonic in the process. Ultimately, man comes to the end of his life without a sense of fulfillment because he is not able to understand the purpose of it and his own true nature.

What is the cause for this? He neglects the Supreme code of conduct laid down before him; the code of dharma, right action, that he has to follow. Man has forgotten that dharma, the Divine Order, is at the base of everything, and that this dharma is most important for his own character.

The perfection of character by discrimination is the royal path for any human being. It is the very purpose, aim and goal of one's life. The respect, honor and dignity of the human race depends upon the character that is exhibited. Without it, the race itself would come to ruin. The improvement of character can indeed be called the hallmark of a human being only when morality and ethics range high in the set of values, can an individual realize the Divine Atma within.

The name for dharma, the Divine Order, is Love. Nobody can describe love or how valuable it is. The various ideas about love do not designate True Love, which has no streak of selfishness and never changes. Everything that is sacred and sanctified can be found in this True Love. If it is furthered and nourished, that type of love will always increase and never decrease.

There is no reason for this love. That True Love is without reason, without selfishness and never waivers or changes, but is forever full and total. That is the Love of God. The ordinary love exhibited by human beings has a certain reason behind it. It has a note of selfishness in it and it changes with the passage of time. Therefore, it is impossible for man who feel this human love to understand the Love of God. What I wish to convey to you is that, the love of a human being is totally different from the Love of God.

As I said earlier, your love is motivated by selfishness. It depends upon some reason and is temporary. My Love is selfless with no reason and has no end. Through My Love I am fostering and nourishing your love. Your love is thus nourished by this Supreme Love. So you should see to it that you live this Supreme Love and that you do not harm or injure any be-

ing, as I would not harm or injure anyone. One should realize the Divinity of God and the Love of God and live in Love with the hope you will be a model of this Love to the world.

Start the day with Love. Spend the day with Love. End the day with Love. This is the way to God."





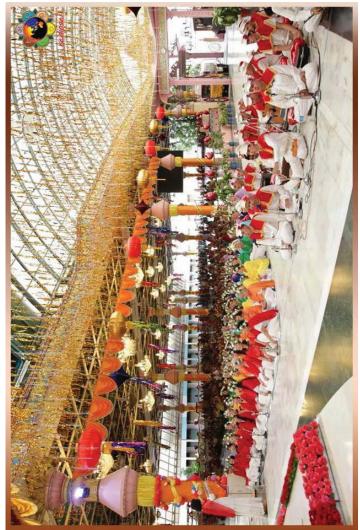
















HOME SWEET HOME

I'm now home from the most amazing, enlightening experience any human being can have happen. How many people can say that they've seen Divine Consciousness incarnated in the flesh? Now the question is, "What do I do with it?" I think, in fact, I'm sure I shouldn't do anything, except let "it" do what it wants, when it wants. Like I said, I firmly believe that there's a time for planting seeds and there's a time for harvest. And right now, I can tell you that so many seeds have been planted inside of me that I feel pregnant on many levels.

It's my hope this story touches you in some way and helps you to believe and strive for that magic that abounds when you seek the highest truth and meaning. Believe me, my friend, the Divine *is* tangible and there for *your* taking.

You may ask, "Should I seek out a holy man like you did and go to His ashram to have the experiences you've had?" My answer is, no. It's all about the ~fire~ one has in their belly. Do you have the willingness to throw what you think is real or not into the Divine Flames to stoke a blaze within yourself?

I didn't log much about my trip home because there wasn't much to tell, except maybe two things:

One was something that came to me in a meditation followed by a manifestation.

"Love is from what we emerge. In Love, we should submerge. Into Love, again, we merge."



After using this as a mantra for about ten minutes, I felt compelled to randomly open up a book I bought in the ashram and lo' and behold, there it sits verbatim:

"Love is from what we emerge. In Love, we should submerge. Into Love, again, we merge."

The other is that, when I got back to the airport in Michigan, I had to unpack everything for an inspection. I begged the Customs Officer not to make me do that because of all the stuff I had, which made him even more insistent. After he finished digging through my things and giving me the all clear, I repacked and continued home to Memphis.

I slept most of the way, again, gently going over in my mind and heart the grace shed on me for the last two weeks. All the people I met on my journey were equally beautiful and Divine as the Master I went to see. What a great gift to be among so many living in love, peace, purpose and bliss; that in and of itself was most integral to the experience.

Well, now that I'm home and settling in, I'm stoked to see what transpires as I get back to my daily life.



A month later . . .

With my apartment now decorated in all the things I bought and my shrine is complete, I feel as if I'm still in

India. So much Divine energy fills my home that, as soon people walk in, they are hit with a huge wave of It and they literally gasp. They tell me they are moved to a place of peacefulness that they've never felt before. It's so amazing to witness!

Let me describe to you what my apartment looks like.

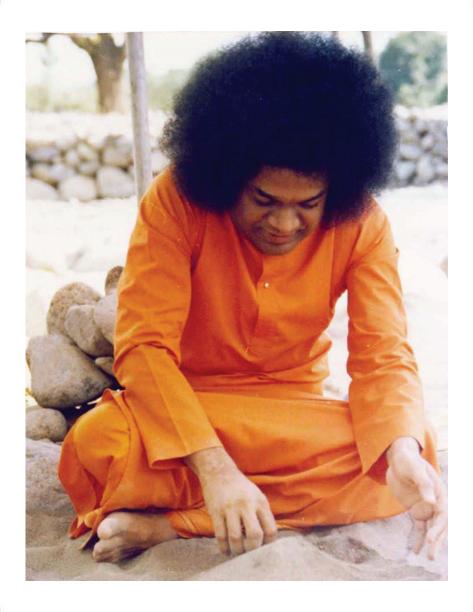
I painted all the walls mint green which looks really cool against my black furniture. There are Christmas lights all around the top of the ceiling that I leave on a slow fade setting. Decorative vinery was used to hide the light's wires, making everything nice and neat. I hung that big poster of Sai Baba over my fireplace in a frame donned with pretty garland, and on each side a sconce holds a pot with beautiful flowers.

Everywhere in the apartment there's something to see. When you look around, you'll notice lots of Baba pictures in chronological order. There are Buddha, Jesus and Ganesh statues that sit on the shelf by the kitchen. I even went so far as to find some real bamboo and placed it in every corner of my home. I took a closet I didn't use anymore and turned it into an atrium now home for two finches: Sai, the female and Baba, the male. And the fact that I have spiritual music always playing seems to push everything over the top. Now, maybe you have some idea of the ambience in the shrine to my Teacher.











DO YOU BELIEVE?

It's been just over two months since I've been back from India and many things have happened. Miracles are still occurring. Where do I begin?

Last night I went to world-famous Beale Street to play music. After my gig was over, I went walking with my girlfriend, Kimmie, looking for a something to do. She had the idea to go to the little, psychic shop nearby for a reading. When her session was over, she talked me into getting one. I sat down and the lady psychic requested my name and birth date. She then immediately asked me, "Where in the world did you just come from?"

"I just got back from India. Why do you ask?"

"The bright light you are emanating is blinding me, making my head hurt and there is no way I can read you!"

As you probably have guessed, I left the shop feeling blessed and validated.

Kimmie had also mentioned to me that since I've been back, whenever we are around each other, how her head would hurt from an enormous pressure.

Last week, a friend named Amy came over for a visit wanting to know all about my trip to India. Once we got into the thick of it, she shouted, "Oh, my God, Keith! There is a bright, blue light surrounding your entire body." The phenomena happened to take place when I told her about my visit to the Krishna Temple in Bombay. Anyone who knows anything about Krishna will tell you that His skin is always depicted as blue.

After the wow-ness of the blue light wore off, I told Amy about the almost full apparition of Krishna I had

in Kulwant Hall, mentioned in chapter thirteen. Even though she totally trusted me, Amy didn't know how to handle such a thing and decided to leave.

A week later, we spoke on the phone about what had taken place when she was at my apartment. Still uneasy about it all, Amy asked if we didn't speak of it whenever we're together.

Since I've been home, I can tell you that, how I feel about myself has shifted. Although I'm still a devotee of Baba, I'm not as "obsessed" about Him as I used to be. My journey, my experience, my vision, my feelings, my expansion and my time with Lord Baba has become such a big part of who I am, that I can now feel a deeper integration taking place. It feels like I'm going from knowing that I am God, to actually feeling that Presence as me.

The miracles that I've witnessed while in India are continuing to unfold. But now, I'm getting much better at keeping up with them and what they represent. Day after day, the Grace from All That Is Good shows It's Beautiful Face, keeping me in a space of appreciation, expansion and elation.



Four months later . . .

Boy does time fly when you are having fun! I've gotten so wrapped up in my life that four months have passed since I've written anything. But, the writing bug

got back into me because of an experience I had fortyfive minutes ago.

I was watching Gilligan's Island on the television, and after it was over, I felt compelled to go to a store down the road. But, for what, I didn't know. With no clue about why I was going there, I decided that I would fill up my little, white, Mitsubishi Sport Mighty Max truck with fuel. As I'm doing so, I noticed a man (using the payphone) and a woman sitting on bikes, clad in biking gear. "I know this man. Yes . . . I know this man! But, from where?" This was puzzling me so much that, I raised the hood of my truck and pretended to fidget with it until he was done.

After he hung up the receiver I said to him, "Excuse me, Sir. Where do I know you from?" Wheeling over to me to get a closer look he said, "Oh, wow! You are the guy that sat next to me on the plane flying to South India." The realization of that moment not only hit me (and I'm used to it), but smacked him so hard he almost lost balance and fell off of his bike.

With such delight, the gentleman and I chatted for a bit about what just happened and what we'd been up to since that plane ride. After we shook hands and they both pedaled away, I got in my truck and drove home as fast as I could to write down this amazing alignment.

What do you think about that? How does it feel to you to hear such a story? Can you imagine all that you have read about in this book to be true? That is the question. DO YOU BELIEVE? That's your choice. In fact, it's the only choice you really have! What else is there? The idea that it is possible is what will allow you to claim what belongs to you. Do you get it?

Whether you believe what *I* experience to this point is real or not, has no bearing whatsoever on the magic that frequently occurs in my life.

Do you believe all the miracles that has happened to me can happen to you?





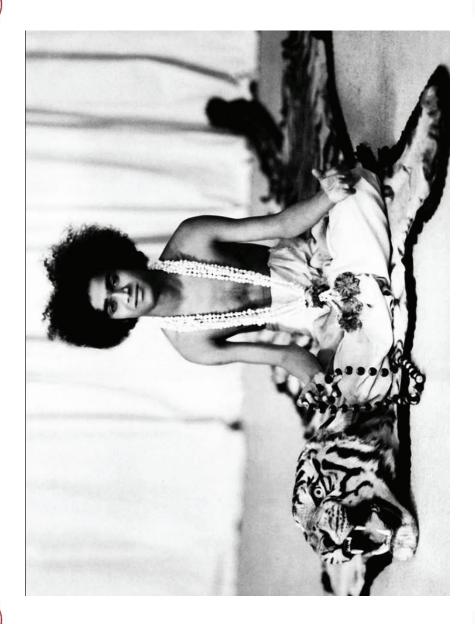














Chapter 20



ow! Over ten years have passed since I wrote in the last chapter? With the best-selling success of, "The Divine Principle: Anchoring Heaven On Earth," I felt compelled to put together and release two companions, "Divine Daily Supplements: 365 Days of Spiritual Nourishment" and "Self-Reflection Workbook: To Encourage Your Spiritual Development," as a trinity to complete the series to empower people.

During the time since my last writing entry, I married Kimmie, bought a house and became a father of precious, little boy. When we found out she was pregnant and after some deliberation about what to call him, we settled on his name being Eden Sky. It was quite amazing how it came about.

Kimmie and I were sitting in the living room going back and forth between a two-column list with many different names that piqued our interest. We combined this one with that one and that one with this one until I ran across two names and put them together. It hit me with a resounding, "YES . . . that's it!" I said to Kimmie, "I got it! I got his name." Let's call our soon-to-be son, Eden Sky. When her eyes came off of the page and looked at me, we knew the truth of it all. Later that night, my precious boy came to me in a dream telling me that that is what his name is to be.

The birth of Eden Sky was like all I experienced on the ashram in the sense that, when the doctor pulled Eden out of Kimmie and said, "Look at this!", the level of elation I felt was for the Love of God. My journey to see Sathya Sai Baba, with all due respect, pales in comparison to the love I feel whenever I'm with my son. I'm absolutely sure that my beloved Teacher would be pleased.

Sometime had passed after Eden's arrival when an old friend named, Kenya, came over to visit. After a bit of catching up, I asked for his thoughts on something I was writing about for an article that was due; I wasn't sure if a particular section would make the final cut. "Will you give me your thoughts about it?" I asked. He said, "Sure. Let's take a look."

As we opened the word document and went over it, I asked Kenya, "What should I do with this; should I leave it in the article or not?" Just then, somehow, Baba, the male finch, got out of his cage, flew toward me and hit me on the head. I took this as if Baba was saying to me, "Yes! Keep it in the article, Keith." Kenya and I laughed and talked about such little miracles for a while.

One night while Kimmie was at work, I had some alone time to do some writing in "The Divine Principle." About thirty minutes or so into my writing session, I came across a passage about Baba; I wasn't sure if I was going to include *it* in the book because of its nature and tone. Not knowing what to do I said out loud, "Baba, if it is *Your* will that I include this paragraph, give me a clear sign.

All of a sudden, from Eden's bedroom, I hear his little voice say, "Baba, Baba, Baba." With tears running down my face, I walk into my son's room to see him standing in his crib. With illumined eyes and delighted to see me, he began to say, "Da, Da, ba-ba, ba-ba."

When Kimmie got home, I told her what had happened. She began to laugh out loud at me saying, "Last night I taught Eden to say, "Bottle", and he was telling you that he was hungry." We both exploded into

tears for the Love of God that moved through our son and Baba's Leela (Divine sport) in our lives.

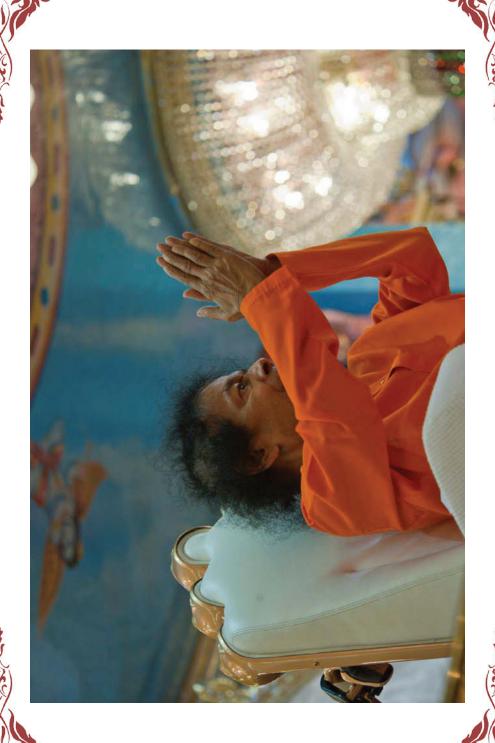
After five and a half years of marriage, Kimmie and I separated. It was just better that way.

Today, we share our son equally and take good of care of him. He's such a bright-eyed, beautiful and curious child, that I've decided to write a series of books after him titled, "Eden Sky Wonders Why." The series is about the big questions kids can sometimes ask that maybe awkward for parents to answer. You know, questions like, "How do I get to Heaven?" "Where do little kids come from?" "Why do little kids get sick and die," etc.

It's obvious my son has touched my life in such a way that I *know* I'm living Heaven on Earth.







Chapter 21

REUNITED

his chapter is chronologically out of order and for a reason. I wanted to close this book with what I believe Wendy saw in her dream vision mentioned in chapter two. She told me:

"Baba is going to appear to you while you are meditating or sleeping. Just as you are falling inside, He is going to tell you something of great importance about a future event."

In chapter fourteen, I wrote about a dream with Sai Baba where He told me that Jesus was going to return in five months.

In June of 2000, five months later, Baba came to me in another dream telling me to follow Him and that He had something to show me. He led me to a mansion-type house with a huge door. I remember it all so clearly. Baba said to me, "Keith, put your ear up to the door and listen. What do you hear?"

"I hear a baby." I said to Him.

"Right! You *do* hear a baby. *Who* do you think that baby is?"

"Jesus?"

Sai Baba then winks at me and disappears, leaving me at the door alone, knowing I'd listen over and over again.

When I came out of the dream with Sai Baba, all I could think of is that, the house belonged to Donnie and Marie Osmond. Why? I believe this was a metaphor and a purposeful one in that, it helped to create a certain tone and deliver a message to me. Think about it: How would most see this brother and sister? So, my mind found a way to describe the pure and whole-

someness of the dream and all that it stands for — hence, Donnie and Marie.

The following year during Christmas time, a dear friend of mine by the name of Ricky Del, went to India to witness the Magic and Glory of Sathya Sai Baba. When he returned from his trip, Ricky called to share with me his experience on the ashram and it turns out to be I'd say the most powerful alignment in this book. It was so good to reunite with my friend.

He told me, "Keith, on Christmas morning, when Baba came out of His room to give darshan, He was holding up a sign and you will never believe what it said! Thinking back, you told me about the dream you had on the ashram with Baba telling of Jesus' return. Well, I didn't believe it to be prophetic at first, but at least now it has my attention."

"What was it, Rick? I asked. What was on that sign? Tell me before I go nuts!"

"Keith, that sign Baba was holding said, 'Jesus is with us here today."

"Whoa, Dude!" I exclaimed.

"You know, Bro, I never really gave the Jesus returning thing a second thought until I saw that sign. And, the fact that it was Christmas morning, the day which represents the birth of Jesus, made me more of a believer in what Sai Baba revealed to you in your dream."

As soon as Ricky Del and I hung up the phone, I was flooded with feelings of bliss. Not only because of the validation I got through him, but because of the fact that another Master is here and His Light is contributing to the illumination and awakening of the planet and humanity.

That night I had another lucid experience surrounding the return of Jesus. But this time, Jesus Himself came telling me, "Yes, Keith, I am in this world now. I

am the same Loving Energy that came to you in your 'rising to the ceiling dream' years ago (first chapter).

Every once in a while, Jesus still shows up in my dreams reminding me of His presence again on the Earth.

You may be thinking, "Keith, what if this prophecy is complete nonsense?" I understand your concern. In fact, I think that's a very healthy position to take. There are many "out there" who want to lead people astray using false ideas to create followers to generate money. I have no interest in any of that! I'm very comfortable in being wrong. I live my life in all humility surrounding such a prophecy and feel blessed just to be a part of it even if it has a metaphorical purpose only. I want to make that very clear!

The following section is an experience I had with Jesus and can be found in my book, "The Divine Principle: Anchoring Heaven On Earth."



"Yes, Keith, I mean that the dream experience you had eighteen years ago was real — Jesus has been born again as one of you. Time and time again over the past years, I have offered you validation of this, especially when you were in India. Why is the truth so difficult for you to believe and accept?"

"I don't think I can answer that question right now." Because of what you think others might say about you when this book enters the public's field of awareness?

"Yes, I'm sure that's a major part of it."

"I recognize your reservations, but if you have concerns about people's 'How dare you!' attitude, then the best way to respond to them is with understanding and love.

"It doesn't seem to matter how many times You tell me, I still worry that this 'Jesus is born again' idea is something I've concocted in my head. Surely You can see how nervous I am about this.

"What is it you are trying to say, Keith?"

"I want to do the 'right' thing!"

"Yes, I know, and your intention to do just that is why I am telling you this."

"Please tell me again exactly what You would like me to do?"

"Your job is to inform others about Jesus' return as a person. I admit, it will not be an easy task because, as we just spoke of, many have expectations that He will show up in one particular way or another."

"Will You tell me where He was born this time?"

"Patience, Dear One. I shall not be revealing that to you just yet. Right now, it is enough for you to know that His human presence will be integral to Divine energies becoming more firmly anchored."

"Why is He hidden from the public's awareness?"

There are two reasons. The first is so that He can avoid distractions and unwanted attention as He prepares for His actual appearance.

The second is because He is not yet ready, nor are you. If He goes public too soon, many will not believe their eyes nor take well to the idea that He has come. Until there has been enough of a shift in clarity and understanding, His entrance will serve no purpose.

You see, there is an order."

One night during sleep, I had an experience that completely blew my mind. It left me no choice but to develop myself spiritually so that I could understand why I'd had this prophetic vision and to grasp its meaning when it came to pass. This is a record of that experience.



My Revelation

About eighteen years ago, Lord Jesus appeared to me while I was sleeping and asked me to come with Him. With my permission, He released my consciousness from my body and showed me humanity's past, present and future.

The Revelation of Jesus Christ,
which God gave unto him,
to show unto his servants things
which must shortly come to pass;
and he sent and signified it by his angel
unto his servant John.
(Revelation 1:1)

As Lord Jesus and I began to "fly away," I somehow knew it was the dawn of a new day. Once we got to our destination, my eyes opened and I found myself suspended fifty feet above the ground. Even though the sun had not yet risen, I could clearly see rolling hills stretching out in every direction, all the way to the horizon. Next thing I knew, millions of naked men (but no women) appeared from nowhere to occupy every square inch of this expanse. They were divided into groups of thirty or so by long fences that stood about three feet high.

I sensed Jesus all around me. Along with feeling comforted by His Presence, I was overcome by a feeling of lightness that I knew was both powerful and significant. I knew the Book of Heaven was opened and God would soon cast His "judgment" (Light) upon humanity to reveal its sins (darkness).

And when he had opened the seventh seal, there was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour. (Revelation 8:1)

I heard the voice of Jesus say to me, "Concentrate now as you look from east to west." As I did what He said, I saw that the men below were no longer naked. Those in the most easterly groups were now wearing one-piece jumpsuits of the purest white I'd ever seen — so many of them that the line they formed seemed to stretch from north to south unto infinity.

As my eyes continued to pan, I saw that the men standing behind the first row were now wearing white as well, but their suits seemed to have a touch of cream. This line, too, seemed to extend from north to south unto infinity.

Looking further west, I saw that the third row of men had jumpsuits that were creamy-white also, but now the cream color seemed to be more dominant. Row after row, this gradation of colors progressed.

Casting my eyes westward, I beheld the countless rows of men clad in jumpsuits of every shade of yellow, green, blue, purple, red and black. Then, with one last panoramic sweep, I witnessed the entire spectrum of humanity seamlessly blend together from east to west.

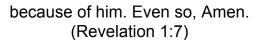
Once again, I heard Lord Jesus' voice, "Keith, look to the East and you will see the risen sun/Son that will bring warmth and light to the world." As I was following His instruction, Jesus appeared and stood beside me. I was so humbled that I began to genuflect. Before I could reach the ground, He said, "Lift yourself up to Me, for you are My brother." His words elated me. And then, with a wave of His hand, the Lord materialized a platform for us to stand on so that He could reveal Himself to all the men below.

When they saw Him, they too fell to their knees, so He said to them what He had just said to me, "Lift yourself up to Me, for you are My brothers — all of you!" Then, as their eyes raised to look upon Him, Jesus spoke His Heart: "I stand before all of humanity to tell you that the time for change is here — the time for peace and the time to receive your gift of power and freedom!"

Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein: for the time is at hand. (Revelation 1:3)

As a sign of their thirst for freedom, the multi-hued human mass responded to Lord Jesus' words in perfect unison by beginning to shout a mantra. Calling upon the Absolute God for succor, the men thrust their arms up toward the sky, all the while continuing to chant "Christ." It was clear to me they were proclaiming, "We are ready!"

Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail



As I beheld this magnificent spectacle, Jesus turned to me and quietly said, "My brother, there is no difference between you and Me. Are you willing to incarnate so that you can tell the world this truth? Are you willing to spread the Word, which is God's Will, to all men?"

Who bare record of the word of God, and of the testimony of Jesus Christ, and of all things that he saw.
(Revelation 1:2)

Write the things which thou hast seen, and the things which are, and the things which shall be hereafter.

(Revelation 1:19)

I felt so honored that I didn't hesitate for a minute. I agreed to do what my Lord had asked me to do. And at that very moment, for only a moment, I blacked out. When I came to consciousness, I was dumbfounded to find myself wearing a red jumpsuit, standing amidst the shouting throngs, thrusting my fist up to Heaven right along with them. I intuitively knew I had become a part of the world I have now come to know.

Then the Christed One spoke again, repeating, "I address all men! The time has come for change. So let it begin!" As we rousingly acknowledged His words one last time, He vanished. But even though He was gone, I knew He would surely return to walk among us and become actively involved with the change He had charged us all with helping Him to bring about.

As my mind tried to make sense of the ongoing experience I was having, God the Father interrupted my feeble attempts at logic and spoke into my Soul, "Behold the Holy Spirit!"

I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet. (Revelation 1:1)

As God spoke, my heart overflowed with serenity. Standing with the other men, I watched in wonder as the Dove of the Holy Spirit, in the form of a delicate mist, descended from the sky and quickly began to drape the men in white. At almost the same time, a cocoon-like pod of light arose from the ground and engulfed their bodies. Then, before my mesmerized eyes, they sank into the earth.

I trembled with anticipation as I watched the mist rapidly advancing towards my row. The moment the Holy Spirit descended upon me and moved through me, all the fears I'd ever had disappeared, and I could at long last see my Self as God's Love. I felt the Holy Spirit wrap me in my own finely woven cocoon of light, then I joined the others who had already been absorbed into the earth where we were to remain, dormant, until the return of the Christed One.

At this point, I went through another blackout period. When I awoke from what seemed like deep sleep, Jesus was there to greet me. He said, "Keith, we are now inside the earth." Indeed, as I looked around, all the men from my row aboveground were there with Jesus and me in a large cubicle made of earth. Backlit by dim lanterns, the Lord spoke to me once more, saying, "My brother, I was not sure if you were going to make it through the hibernation."

And I turned to see the voice that spake with me. And being turned, I saw seven golden candlesticks. (Revelation 1:12) I asked the Lord how long we had been there. Jesus replied, "For eighteen years, all the while growing our light bodies for the Coming. We need to go now for there is much work to do! Are you ready?" "Ready for what?" I replied.

"The world above us is warring — engaged in a hopeless battle of separation. We Warriors of Light have been called to bring about Divine Intervention."

Humbly, I said, "I'm honored to be an instrument for peace!"

Just then a question entered my mind: "What is the significance of our red suits and why are other groups' uniforms different from ours?"

"The difference is a metaphor for separation. It signifies the way humanity has allowed itself to become divided by color, class, religion and geopolitics. But now I am here to transform everyone through this lesson."

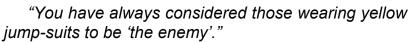
Jesus pointed to both of our garments and said, "Your suit is red, correct?"

"Yes," I answered.

And in the midst of the seven candlesticks one like unto the Son of man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle.

(Revelation 1:13)

"In the past, the way humans have regarded those clothed in different-colored suits has determined how much you have chosen to separate from others. If they had been wearing orange, you would have embraced them, because red is relative to orange. You would have considered them to be your allies." Then Lord Jesus went on to describe how red and yellow create orange.



"Why?" I asked, confused.

"Because yellow and red have no relationship to one another in the grand illusion."

I suddenly realized that the men in orange could be my allies or my enemies, depending solely on how I chose to regard them. I understood that this same premise would hold true for my relationships with the men clad in blue, yellow and green.

As I slowly began to grasp the meaning of Jesus' words, I was mortified by the images playing out in my mind: enemies could kill their enemies; enemies could kill their allies; allies from all sides could kill each other. The message became painfully clear: we are all going to die!

The Lord then said, "If people could only see the bigger picture, the world would become a mighty planetary power and be able to assist me in spiritually illuminating the solar system. The solar system would then illuminate the galaxy; the galaxy would then illuminate the universe; the universe would then illuminate the omniverse; the omniverse would then illuminate the omniverses. From planet—solar system, from galactic—cosmic — it all starts with everyone in the world working as one. This is why I have come this time — to unify the Alpha and the Omega!"

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty.

(Revelation 1:8)

Overcome with an immense Love and a sense of duty, I silently vowed my life to service. Aloud, I said, "We do not have to go through this!" In that moment, I felt the Christ energy well up inside of me and I was born!

I ascended to the earth's surface at once to carry out the agreement I had made with Jesus.















Chapter 22

FOR THE LOVE OF GOD

e have now come to the end of this journey. But, I want to leave you with a few words that will help inspire you to live the same kind of joy-filled life that I do.

I'm sure you understand that God is the Source from which all things originate. I'm also sure you understand that God is the Source to which all things will return. With this, it should make sense to you that everything between the beginning and end has to be God, too!

What will make this "God" reality a part of *your* life is by throwing away all of the dogma and belief that suffocates your heart, keeping you from the actual experience. Many people come to a place in life where nothing from their religion serves them anymore. They may try a little of this and a little of that with little or no results, while others give up entirely.

Religion can be a beautiful way to celebrate God. But, when the aim of its teaching is to extinguish the fire of your Unity with God and other people, it needs to be considered yesterday's newspaper and thrown away.

I think we would agree that some religious leaders have painted such an erroneous picture of what God is, that everything beautiful about our nature has become distorted. The Self-realization of who and what you truly are will happen when you give up the fight between believing what others taught you to be true verses finding the Truth within yourself.

Believe me when I tell you, it's not about your religious views, nor is it about what others think of you shifting your views and turning inward for sustenance and power.

May your journey into forever be filled with the bliss and joy that you deserve. After all, it has always been, is now and will forever be about you . . .



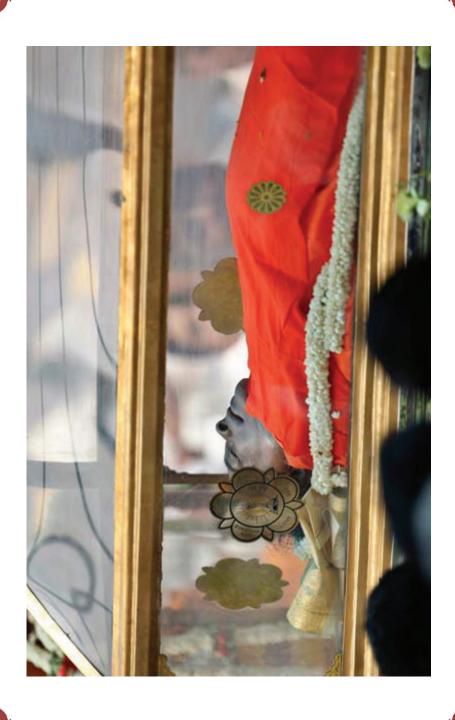














THE LEELA IN SAI BABA'S DEATH

pril 24, 2011, Easter morning, Sathya Sai Baba died, leaving many to wonder why His early departure did not align with the prediction of His death in 2022. In order to understand why a God-man would do this can only be gleaned from the place beyond logic — beyond what is true or untrue, right or wrong.

Logic is not always our friend. Yes, it's beneficial when it comes to reason, order and placement, but its rigidity will not allow it to play in the arena of Infinite Expansion. Therefore, logic can only look to itself with its best attempt to solve the situation at hand.

Ever since I heard about the presence of Sai Baba on this planet all those years ago, He would often take me out of where I am and bring me into the realm of magic and miracles. Maybe . . . just maybe . . . not having to know an answer about the "inaccuracy" of His death *is* the answer. You may say, "How is *that* an answer? There is no information being supplied here." Oh, yes there is! But you must fall deep into Silence for such wisdom to be revealed to you. What other motivation would God Himself leave us with?

"Be still and know that I AM God."













THE KEY TO GOD'S HEART

Man craves to see God, feel God, touch God, speak to God. He goes on pilgrimages, reads scriptures, carries out rituals but God cannot be reached by the mind or described by the word. When this longing intensifies like a cool breeze over a desert, the vapor condenses and the down pour of rain descends for the parched hearts of man. Out of compassion and affection for mankind, God incarnates as with some of the great masters of the past, Jesus, Zoroaster, Krishna and Buddha; and it is the most wonderful thing. To touch and feel, to relate to Him as a friend, as a disciple to a master, as a father to a son, as a mother to her child, any human relationship, all human relationships find their source to Him.











Oras o





