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Dada Bhagwan Parivar's

AKRAM

Express



SUPER

HUMAN

Editorial

Friends,

We often come into contact with people who are thought of as being 'god-like' by others around them.

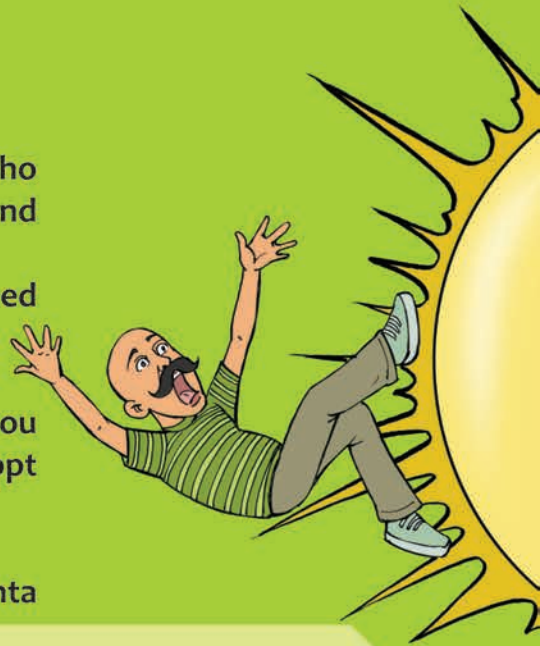
Have you ever wondered what these so called divine people are like?

No?

Then you should definitely read this issue. You will thoroughly enjoy it and you will want to adopt this new art of living.

Yes, truly!

-Dimple Mehta



SUPERHUMAN ***Akram Express***

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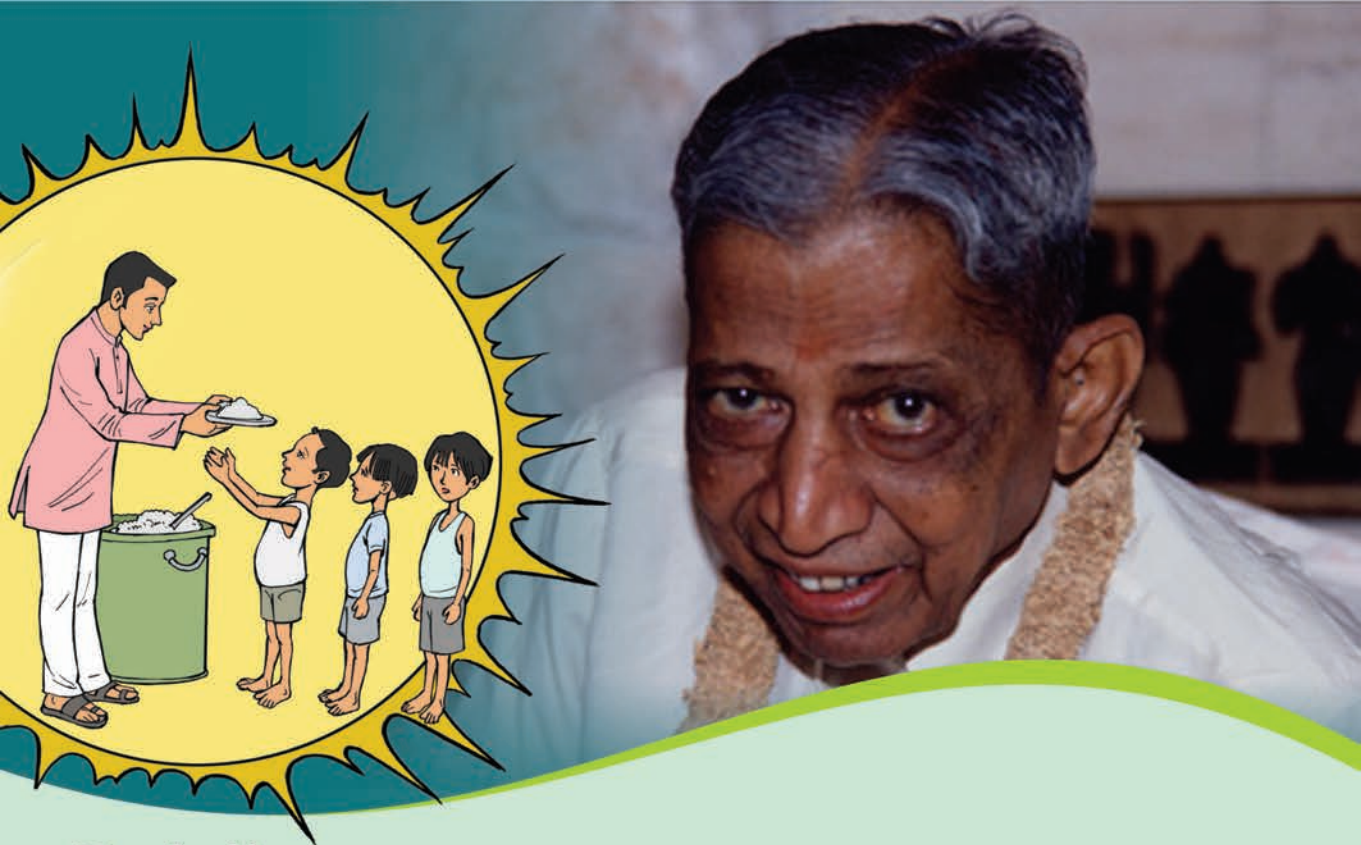
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Dadaji says....

Dadashri: What is the definition of human? A person who gives happiness to those who have given him happiness and he doesn't hurt those who have caused him suffering. Practicing this kind of behavior is verily humane.

Questioner: So, who is called a 'Superhuman'?

Dadashri: Even if you have caused damage to this person ten times, he will turn around and help you when you need it! If you were to once again cause him damage, he will help you nonetheless. It is in his nature to help others. We can therefore conclude that such a person is a 'superhuman'. He is obliging in spite of the other person's ungratefulness. Such are the attributes of a 'god-like' being.

The one who gives away his happiness to others, the very happiness that came his way and even though he himself needs it, he gives it away to others, is known as a superhuman. Such a person will invariably be born in the celestial world (devgati).

A superhuman is pure-hearted. S/he is absolutely 'pure'. S/he doesn't have any 'impure' thoughts whatsoever.

Questioner: But won't people take advantage of such a straightforward person?

Dadashri: No, the person who has come to take advantage will not even be able to come within 100 feet of such a being as the strength of this person will get shattered; it will be fractured.

Questioner: Please say a few words about the role of a person.

Dadashri: The world exists in two ways. One way is, when a person accumulates credit in his lifetime, he will reincarnate to a higher life form. And, if he amasses debit then he goes to a lower life form. And, if he winds up this 'business' of credit-debit then he attains liberation.

Now if one wants to come into human existence, then he should practice humanity 'maanav dharma' i.e. I don't like it when someone hurts me so I should not hurt anyone. When one abides by this principle in all aspects of his life then he will be considered to have attained full humanity.

The one who sacrifices his own happiness for others is a superhuman and is reborn as a celestial being in 'devgati' and the one who causes unnecessary damage to others even when there is nothing for him to gain, unflinchingly ends up in hell 'narakat'. People who indulge in that which does not rightfully belong to them, for their own selfish motives, end up incarnating in animal form.

The law of nature says that, when you give away your share to others, your needs will be looked after by nature.



Absolutely New and Different!

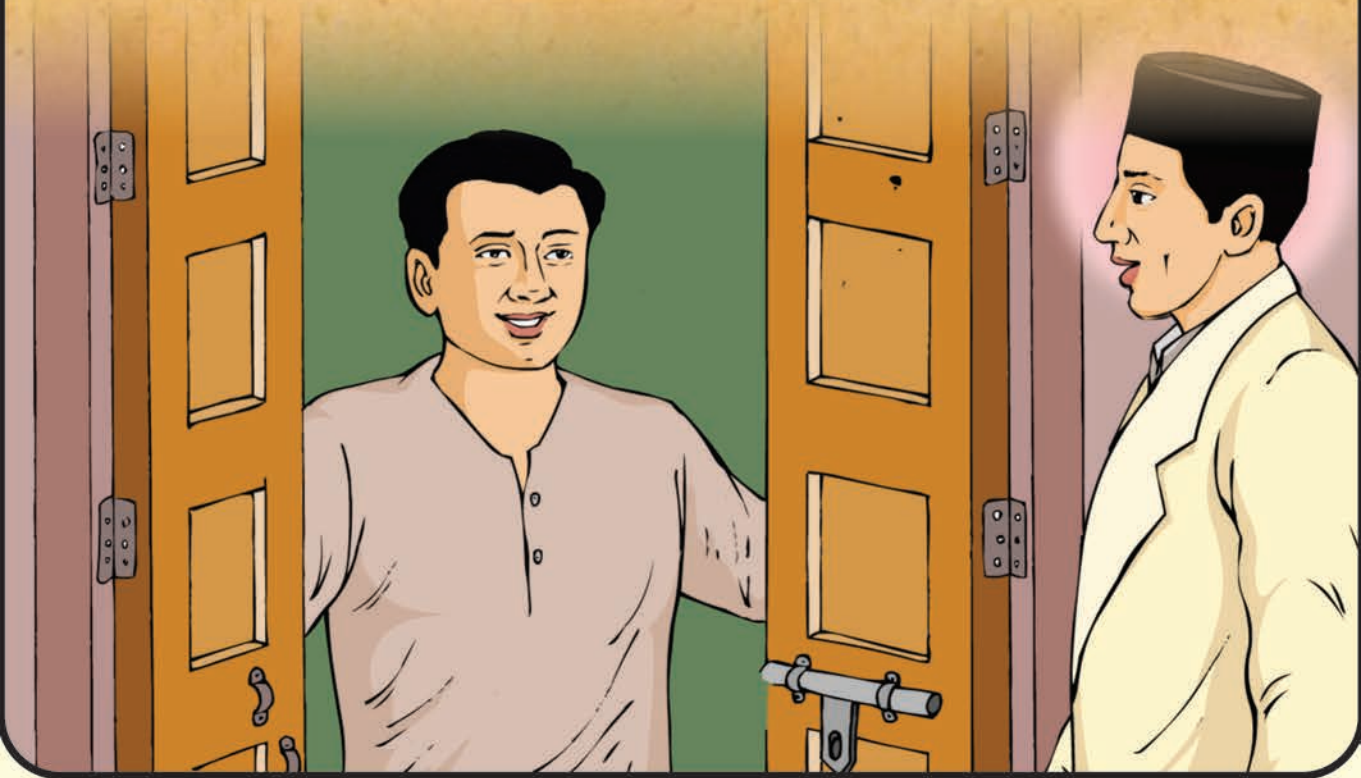
As the beastly qualities in a person will decrease, his divine qualities will increase. Gradually when all the beastly qualities have been completely rooted out, and the divine qualities have fully manifested, one becomes 'God' - The Supreme Almighty.



If you live this life for the benefit of others, You will not incur any loss or face obstacles in your life, if you live this life for the benefit of others. All your wishes will be fulfilled.



From Dadaji's Life...



Once Dadaji happened to go to somebody's house at midnight. Immediately a thought arose in that person's mind that it was very unusual for Dadaji to turn up at his doorstep at midnight, and he felt convinced that Dada was there to ask for some money or something. Thus, his inner intent for Dadaji was spoiled.

Dadaji understood this right away from the look on the man's face. This got him thinking... that in today's time cycle, it doesn't take long for a person's inner intent to become marred with negativity. Hence, people should be imparted a state of fearlessness, so that their inner intent is not spoiled.

This prompted Dada to send for all his friends the very next day and reassured them, "You need not do anything for me whatsoever. Hence you will not be afraid of me."

His friends asked, "Why is this so?"

Dadaji said, "I do not ask for anything from those who have two hands because those with two hands are unhappy themselves I do not expect anything from them. However, you can always have expectation from me. You can get your work done from me. But, do not do anything for me."

From then onwards, people started calling him superhuman because nobody other than a superhuman can ever utter anything like this.



The Four Chaplains

This story dates back to the time of World War II. It was the night of 2nd February 1943. The U.S. Army transport ship named 'Dorchester' was en route to Greenland. This ship, had set sail from New York on 23rd January, and was now only 150 miles from its destination.

The Captain of the ship had been alerted about a possible attack from the enemy. He therefore ordered all the soldiers on board to sleep with their their life-jackets on . However, since it was quite uncomfortable to sleep wearing a life jacket, the soldiers ignored their captain's orders.

During the early hours of the morning of Feb. 3, 1943, at around 12:55 am, the enemy struck a torpedo (an explosive element to blow up the ship) at the Dorchester. The Captain gave out an emergency alert that the ship was going to sink within the next twenty minutes.

A wave of panic set in among the men on board. The blast killed scores of men and many more were seriously injured. One after another, the soldiers jumped from the ship into lifeboats. Four chaplains (religious heads) were also onboard the Dorchester. All

four belonged to different faiths. They brought hope amidst all the pandemonium. They were praying for the dead soldiers and giving courage and helping those who were still alive.

Remembering that fateful night, soldier William Bednar said, "I am alive today as a result of the words of encouragement by the chaplains."

Another officer, John Mahony, said, "I had forgotten my gloves in the cabin. As it was freezing cold, it was difficult to climb into the life boat without the gloves. When I was heading back to the cabin to get them, one of the chaplains stopped me and asked me for the reason. And, in order to save my time, he immediately took off his own gloves and gave them to me."

After that the chaplains opened a storage locker and began distributing life jackets to everyone. When the supply of jackets ran out, the chaplains removed their jackets and gave them away to four men who were trembling with fright.

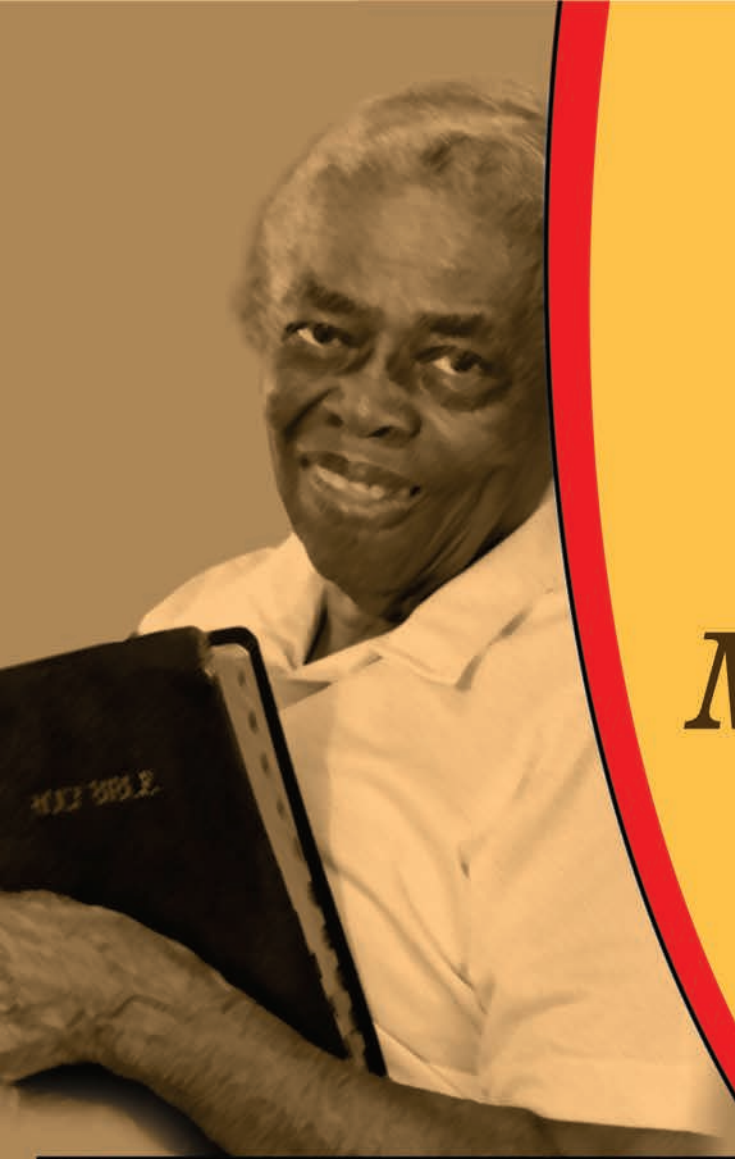
In actual fact it could be said that when the chaplains gave away their life jackets, they gave their lives away to the frightened soldiers. Although these chaplains belonged to different faiths none of them asked any of the soldiers what faith they belonged to before giving away their jackets to them. As the ship went down, those soldiers who had managed to clamber into the life boats, could hear the four chaplains praying as they stood on the slanting deck holding hands.

Friends, it goes without saying that each person holds their own life as being the most precious to them. Yet, these four chaplains sacrificed their own precious lives for the sake of others. They had life jackets and so could have saved their own lives. Instead, by giving away their life jackets to others, they committed a superhuman act.

These four chaplains were Rev. George Fox, Rabbi Alexander Good, Catholic priest Rev. John Washington and Rev. Clark Poling.

These heroes have been eternalized in American history as 'The Four Chaplains'.





Oseola McCarty



This is the story of Oseola McCarty. Oseola was an ordinary woman. It was her extraordinary work that earned her a place in people's hearts.

Since childhood, Oseola lived with her aunt. When she was in sixth grade, her aunt became bed-ridden and needed homecare, so Oseola quit school in order to look after her. Her aunt used to work as a washerwoman. Oseola also took over her work as a washerwoman. She relentlessly continued this work for approximately eighty years. Work was everything to her, it was her life. She did her work with a lot of dedication and thought of it as a blessing. She never married and remained single all her life.

Oseola led a very simple life. She never spent anything on herself. For decades, she kept putting all her earnings into a savings account and by the time she was around 89 years old, she had more than \$150,000 in her account.

When the bank manager asked Oseola what she would like to do with that money, she answered that she wished to donate \$150,000 out of the total funds as scholarships to the students of the University of Southern Mississippi. The amazing thing was that Oseola wanted the money to be gifted right away and not after her death.

Oseola spoke of her decision by saying "I want to share my wealth with the students. I have worked hard in my life, but I want to gift my wealth in this way so that the students do not have to endure hard labor like I did."

Oseola didn't want anything in return for her generosity. She didn't even want a building to be named after her within the University nor did she want a commemorative statue to be placed anywhere. Her only wish was that she wanted to be present at the graduation ceremony of any one of the students who passed as a result of her scholarship donation.

One journalist asked Oseola, "Why didn't you use this money for yourself?" Oseola replied, "I have used this money for myself only."

She could have spent the hard earned fortune on herself in her later years, but she had never thought about her own comfort and happiness throughout her life. She had never even bought a car for herself.

In this way, without thinking about her own happiness, she gave away her money for the students' education. Only a superhuman can exhibit such an act of nobility!

Mother Rakhubai

An impoverished young boy lived with little Vinayak and his family. Whenever they were running low on food, Vinayak's mother would eat cold, stale food and would sometimes give the same food to her son, Vinayak, but she never fed stale or even cold food to the poor boy.

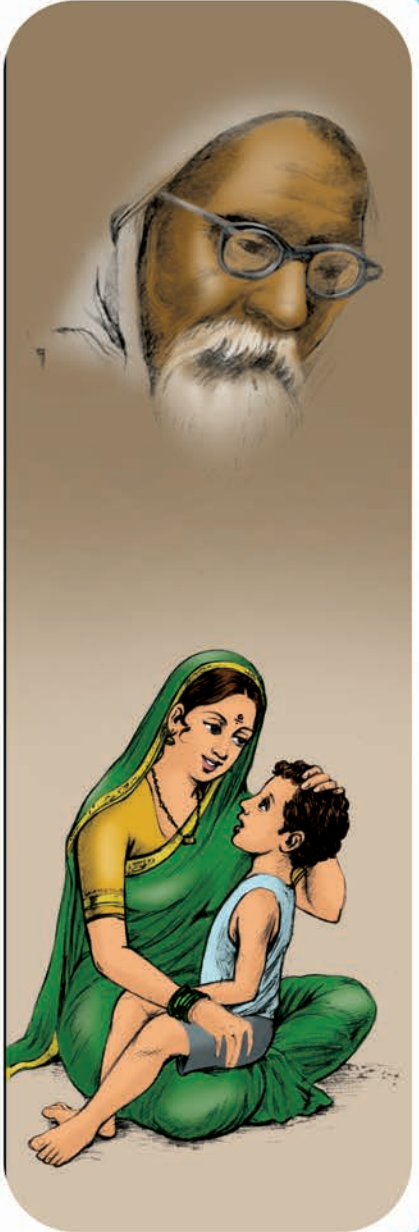
Vinayak found this quite strange. One day, he told his mother 'Maa, you say that we should view everyone the same, then why do you discriminate between that boy and me? You give me stale food at times, so why don't you give the same food to him?'

Vinayak's mother took her son in her lap and lovingly she said, "Son, you are right. I haven't overcome this habit of distinction yet. The reason is that I see you as my son, but I consider the boy to be God!"

How extraordinary is this mother! She taught her son from a very young age to see God within everybody and instilled in him the values of sharing happiness with others. It goes without saying that the son of a mother who upholds such high values and thoughts will grow up to be an extraordinary being! This son was none other than the world-renowned Saint Vinoba Bhave, whose mother's name was Rakhubai.

When Vinoba turned 21, he decided to go to Kashi (a historical kingdom in modern-day Varanasi) to fulfill his spiritual endeavor. When news of this spread, one lady taunted, "Today's children are unpredictable! You raise them despite all sorts of hardships and in the end they abandon you!"

Immediately, Vinoba's mother defended her son, "My son hasn't abandoned us. He's renounced his home for his own spiritual progress and for the service of mankind." Mother Rakhubai didn't have any expectations that her son would look after her in old age. Rather she was proud of surrendering her son for his own spiritual progress as well as the welfare of mankind! What an incredible divine quality! Even Vinoba glorified the sacrifice his divine mother had made! Vinoba Bhave spent his entire life for the betterment of the country by immersing himself in Gandhiji's mission to gain independence for India!



My Life Is My Message



The world-renowned scientist Albert Einstein said of Mahatma Gandhi that, 'Generations to come will scarce believe that such a man as this one ever in flesh and blood walked upon this Earth'.

A boy named Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, born on 2nd October 1869 in the city of Porbandar, died at the age of 79 years on 30th January 1948 as Mahatma (meaning Great Soul) Gandhi. So how did Gandhiji become a 'Great Soul' from an ordinary human? Come, let's look at a few fragments from his life.

Gandhiji was a successful lawyer in South Africa. He never cared for fame or fortune. He would solve each case considering it to be an opportunity to serve others. Because of this attitude, he won hearts not only of the Indians residing in South Africa, but also of the native South Africans.

Gradually, the attributes of 'Selfless Service' started becoming a part of Gandhiji. Hence he started viewing worldly pleasures as a hindrance and therefore adopted a life of extreme simplicity. As Gandhiji started devoting more and more of his time for seva, his inner happiness grew and he felt a sense of liberation. He established an ashram in South Africa for his various seva activities.

Impressed with Gandhiji's services, some of the South African Indians presented him with expensive gifts of gold and silver. Amongst these precious gifts was once a diamond necklace for Gandhiji's wife, Kasturba.

How can someone who has no expectations in return of his services accept these gifts? On the very next day, Gandhiji gave them away to the charitable trust, for the welfare of mankind. In this way, the seeds of selfless service in Gandhiji's life were sown in South Africa.

After returning to India, Gandhiji initiated the



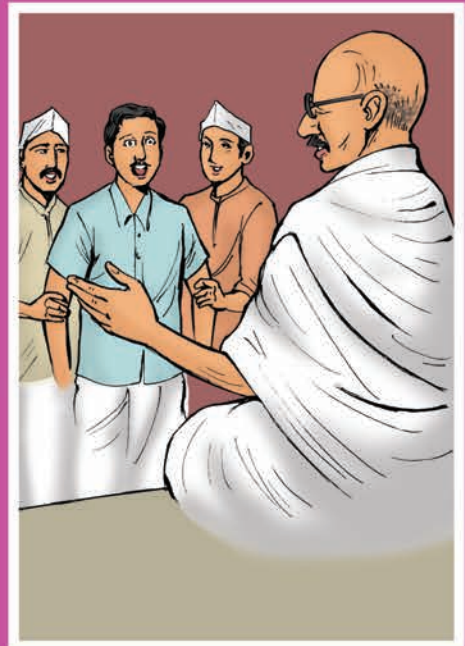
independence movement there. On one occasion, a western journalist asked Gandhiji, “Mister Gandhi, you have been working for 15 hours a day for the past 50 years. Don’t you feel that you ought to take a holiday?”

To this, Gandhiji replied, “Why? I am on a vacation every day.” Gandhiji never found his work to be burdensome because he had no expectation at all for any honor or fame in return for the work he did. He simply carried on with his work without any personal gain.

As a result of wanting to utilize his life for others, by the time he was 70 years old his capacity for hard work had increased a great deal in relation to what it used to be in his younger years.

One other marvelous quality in Gandhiji was his ability to return ungratefulness with gestures of gratitude.

In his autobiography entitled ‘My Experiments with Truth’, Gandhiji wrote, ‘Ingratitude cannot be repaid with ingratitude; it can only be repaid with gratitude.’



This statement has become the motto of my life. Thinking good of and doing good for the ungrateful ones has become a part of my life.'

He experimented with his principles a great deal.

Gandhiji was once attacked in South Africa. However, he forgave his perpetrator, Mir Alam Khan and decided that he wouldn't pursue any court action against him.

Gandhiji had nothing but words of love and compassion for the culprits who had planted a bomb near his prayer meeting area a few days prior to his death.

Yet another incident was when a thief had sneaked into the ashram kitchen one night. Luckily he was caught by the residents of the ashram, who locked him in a room so that his fate could be decided by Gandhiji the next morning.

The next day, after Gandhiji had his breakfast, the thief was brought to him. All the details of the circumstances under which the thief was caught were narrated to Gandhiji who silently listened to everything. Thereafter, he asked calmly, "Has the man been served breakfast?"

Ashram residents: "No, bapu!"

"What? Breakfast for the thief!" gasped a few people who were in the same room.

The thief was then served breakfast. After that he was brought before Gandhiji once again, where he very lovingly explained, "Brother, you should not steal like this. If you are forced to steal because of poverty, then we can give you some work in the ashram."

In the end, instead of handing over the thief to the police, he was set free as per Gandhiji's instruction. The thief was stupefied! This is what our Gandhi Bapu was like.

Once, Gandhiji was onboard a train ready to depart from the station, when a reporter came running, gasping for breath. He requested Gandhiji to give a message for the citizens. Gandhiji wrote on a piece of paper, 'MY LIFE IS MY MESSAGE.'



Gratitude in return for Ingratitude

“Yesterday, my daughter’s wedding event was a great success and I owe it all to Badri for his hard work. I don’t think that even my close relatives could have helped me as wholeheartedly. He worked with so much joy and enthusiasm as if it was his own daughter’s wedding,” said Sukhiram as he discussed the previous day’s proceedings with the village acquaintances.

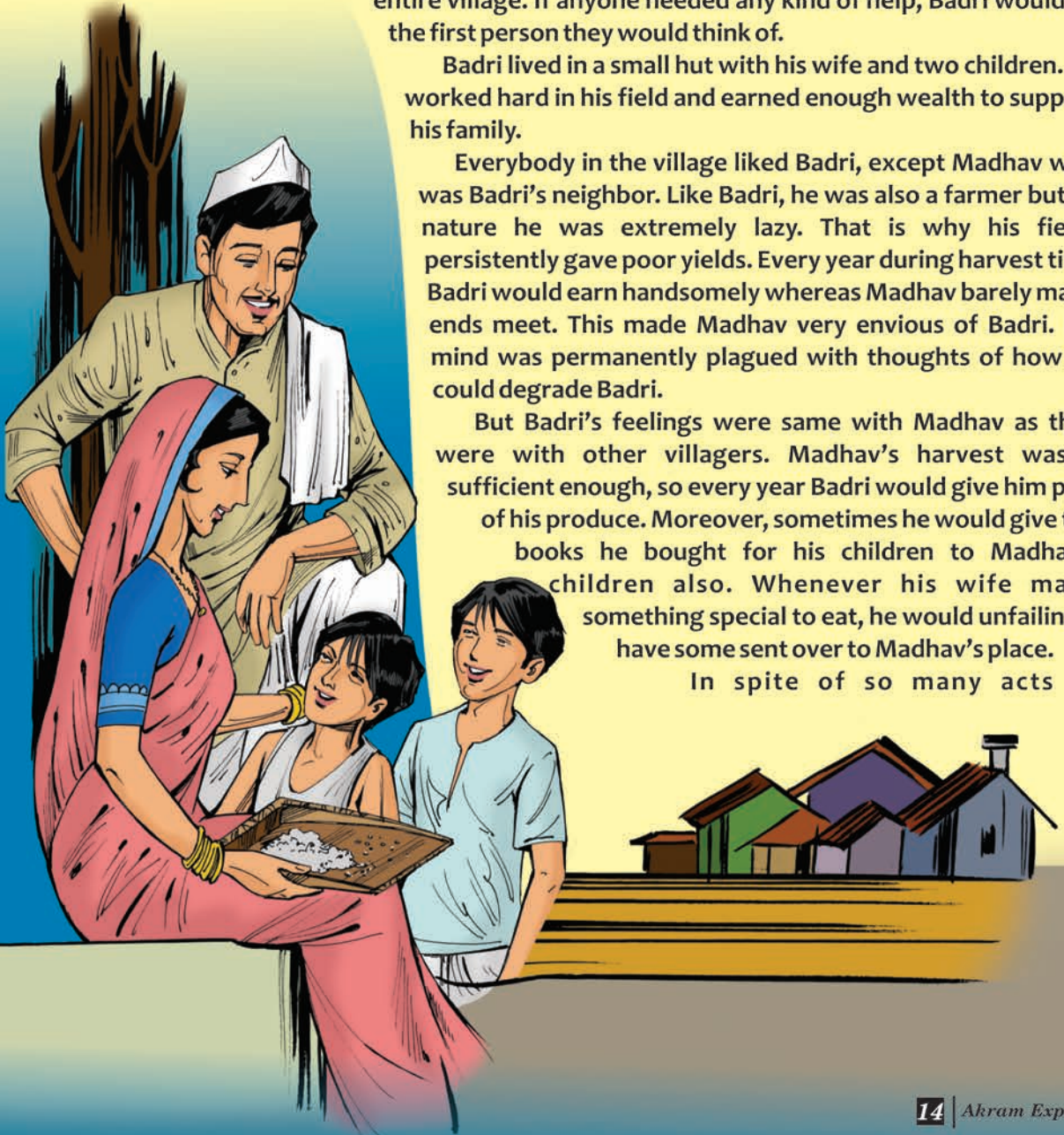
“You are right. Be it any kind of event, happy or sad, Badri is always there to help!” Everyone agreed with Sukhiram. And, why wouldn’t they? There was no one as benevolent as him in the entire village. If anyone needed any kind of help, Badri would be the first person they would think of.

Badri lived in a small hut with his wife and two children. He worked hard in his field and earned enough wealth to support his family.

Everybody in the village liked Badri, except Madhav who was Badri’s neighbor. Like Badri, he was also a farmer but by nature he was extremely lazy. That is why his fields persistently gave poor yields. Every year during harvest time Badri would earn handsomely whereas Madhav barely made ends meet. This made Madhav very envious of Badri. His mind was permanently plagued with thoughts of how he could degrade Badri.

But Badri’s feelings were same with Madhav as they were with other villagers. Madhav’s harvest wasn’t sufficient enough, so every year Badri would give him part of his produce. Moreover, sometimes he would give the books he bought for his children to Madhav’s children also. Whenever his wife made something special to eat, he would unflinchingly have some sent over to Madhav’s place.

In spite of so many acts of



generosity, Madhav was least helpful if Badri ever required even the smallest bit of help. Badri never allowed any of this to bother him.

One evening, Madhav's children sat in their courtyard eating some Indian sweets. "Hey Mohan! Where have those sweets come from?" enquired Madhav.

"Father, Badri uncle brought them over. His son has got a place in one of the best schools in the city and to celebrate the news, Badri uncle gave us this box of sweets," explained Mohan as he took a mouthful of the sweet delight.

Understandably, Badri was absolutely over the moon with the wonderful news of his son's success and he had distributed sweets to everyone in the village. Madhav could not stand Badri's happiness.

'We'll see how he sends his son to a city school,' thought Madhav, burning with envy. That night Madhav did the unthinkable - he set Badri's field on fire!

Coincidentally, Sukhiram happened to be passing by and when he saw the field ablaze he immediately alerted Badri. All the villagers came running and helped put out the fire. Sadly, along with the fire, Badri's dream had also been extinguished. The profits from the sale of the harvest that year were supposed to pay for his son's school fees. Inevitably, Badri could not send his son to the prestigious city school.

"Badri, I'm telling you the truth. Madhav must have plotted this fire. That night, I saw him leaving your field. Let's go file a complaint against him at the village council and have him punished," advised Sukhiram. However, Badri flatly refused. Moreover, he asked Sukhiram to promise him that he wouldn't utter a word of this to anyone.

After the unpleasant incident, Badri became withdrawn and remained aloof from other villagers. One night, he heard cries coming from his neighbour's house. He saw that a large crowd had gathered outside Madhav's hut.



“Brother, what’s going on?” asked Badri.

“The condition of Madhav’s son Mohan is very serious. The village medic doesn’t have the resources to treat this particular illness.”

Without wasting even a single moment, Badri went to get a well-known doctor from a town, which was 10 miles away. The doctor quickly started the treatment and shortly afterwards Mohan’s condition started improving.

Madhav was so overwhelmed that no amount of gratitude towards Badri was going to be enough. But how was he going to face Badri knowing what anguish he had put him through? He somehow mustered up enough courage to go to Badri’s house.

“Madhav, come in brother! Is Mohan feeling better now?” asked Badri as he welcomed Madhav into the court yard. “Yes, he is much better now. If you hadn’t brought the doctor at the right time yesterday....,” as he said this, tears welled up in Madhav’s eyes.

“You’re right Madhav, no amount of gratitude will be enough for what Badri did for you that night,” said Sukhiram who had come to see Madhav.

Madhav wiped his tears and composed himself. Then, with folded hands he confessed, “Brother, I am the culprit who had set fire to your field that night. I am ready to bear whatever punishment you see fit.”

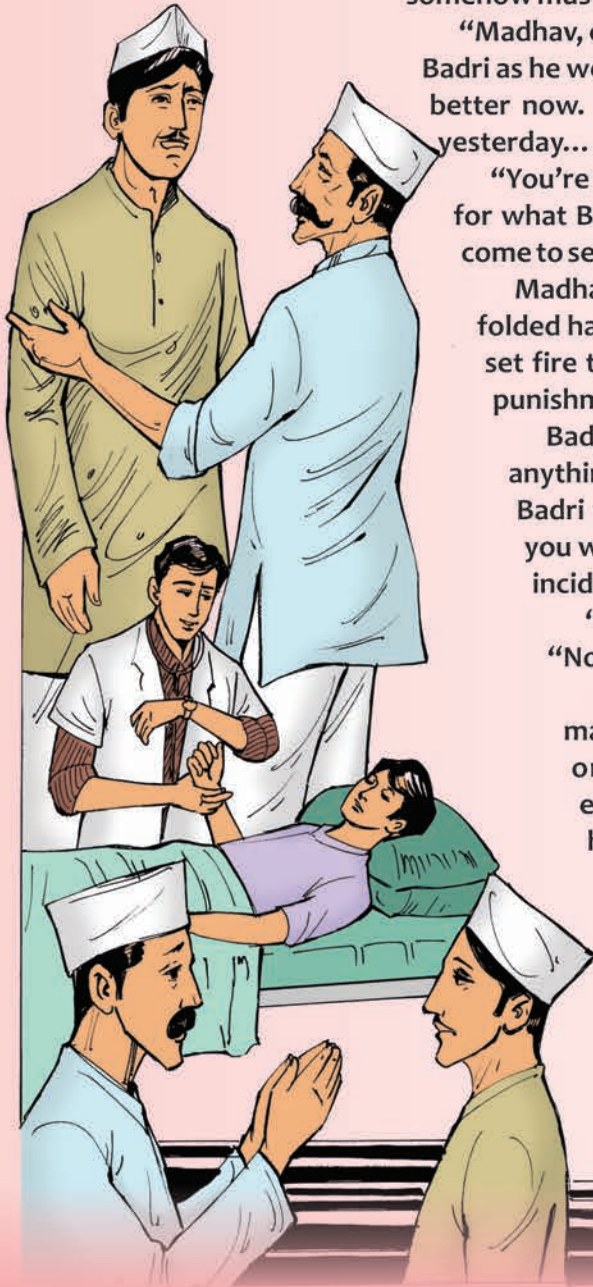
Badri held Madhav’s hands, but before Badri could say anything Sukhiram spoke up, “Madhav, do you think that Badri wasn’t aware of this? Badri has known all along that you were responsible for this appalling act.” Recalling the incident made Sukhiram’s blood boil.

“Is that true?” Once again Madhav’s eyes turned teary. “Nonetheless you saved my son’s life?”

Sukhiram calmed down a little and spoke again, “No matter how ungrateful anybody is towards Badri, he only knows how to do good. That is what’s extraordinary about him!” Madhav gave Badri a big hug.

Thus, Badri’s way of repaying immense unkindness with an act of generosity affected Madhav very deeply. There were a lot of positive changes within him from that day on.

When people asked Madhav about the secret of his transformation, he would simply say “Badri’s straightforwardness and love have won me over!”



A photograph of an elderly woman with grey hair, wearing a white shawl, smiling warmly. She is standing in a lush green field with a stone wall in front of her. In the background, there are rolling green hills and snow-capped mountains under a cloudy sky.

Sweet Memories

This is an incident from Dadaji's time. About twenty five mahatmas from a particular village had to travel to another village for satsang. Niruma had been allocated the responsibility of booking everyone's tickets. When registering their names, a few mahatmas had not made any payment for the tickets. Due to certain circumstances, some of these mahatmas had to cancel their plans of going for the satsang. So Niruma got their tickets cancelled. However, it did not occur to those mahatmas to reimburse the cancellation charges to Niruma.

Even Niruma's nobility was so great that, she did not ask the mahatmas for reimbursement. Not only this, but she never made those mahatmas realize this ever!

Dadaji always used to say that, 'The one who stems from an honourable family suffers a loss in the act of giving as well as in the act of taking.'

Niruma was a living example of such nobility.

Glimpses of the grand celebration of 108th Janma Jayanti of Dada in Pune.



Pujyashree giving cake



Cultural performance

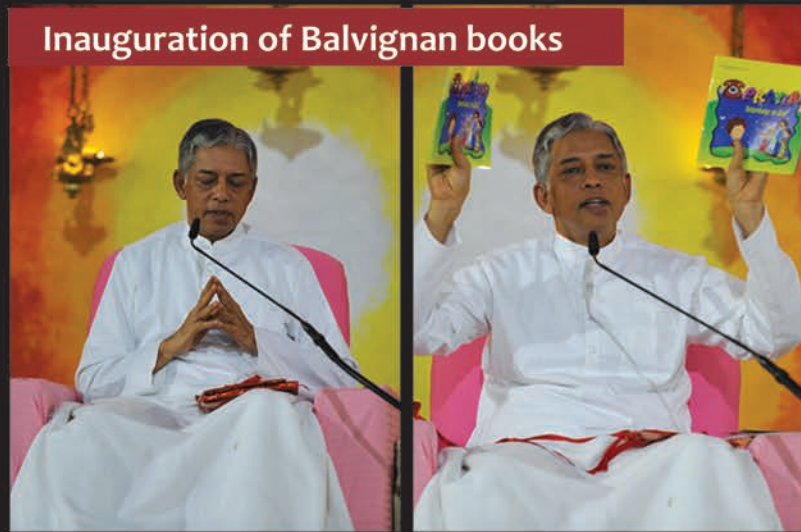




Pujyashree giving chocolates to kids.



Jadui Chasma



Inauguration of Balvignan books



Children Park



Kids from various schools

& YOUTH SHOP



Aag Babula



A girl giving an interview



And Lastly....

Once a man approached the great Greek philosopher called 'Diogenes'. In order to prove that he was a great scholar himself, he began boasting to Diogenes, "I have met greater philosophers than you and have even had long discussions with them on spiritual knowledge."

Diogenes replied in a low voice, "Really? Even I have seen many wealthy people from around the world. I have met them and even spoken to them at length, but I haven't become wealthy as a result!"



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