

Akram Youth

September 2023 English

Dada Bhagwan Parivar

What Matters Do We Keep
a Secret and When



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Editorial

Friends, a secret is something we can't tell everyone. As we grow older, the secrets that we have in our lives keep on increasing. But do we share all our secrets with our family? No. "If I tell the secret and they get angry, then what? What will they think? If that becomes their permanent opinion of me, then what?" Due to many such fears, we are not able to share our secrets. And, sometimes, even after doing something wrong, we think, 'What's wrong with that? Everyone does it!' With such thinking, we don't have any remorse for our wrong doing.

Friends, you must know that when driving, there is something called a blind spot, where the driver cannot see another vehicle in the rearview mirror. Most accidents happen due to this blind spot. The secrets in our lives are like these blind spots. Dangerous!

What things do we keep a secret and when? What damage does it incur? What would happen if we were to reveal our secrets? After doing something wrong, how can we turn back? You will get all the understanding in this issue. This understanding will help youth identify and avoid the blind spots in their lives.

- Dimple Mehta



== Seven Questions ==

“Risha, give me your phone!” Her mom yelled from the kitchen.

“Two more minutes, mom. I’m on a call,” Risha quickly replied. And in just those two minutes...

YouTube search history... Deleted!

Selected WhatsApp chats... Deleted!

Recent photos... Deleted!

Instagram, Twitter, Facebook... Logged out!

Changed wallpaper from a selfie to a picture of God!

Then Risha went into the kitchen and said, “Here you go mom, my phone.”

“Oh my child! My hands are dirty. Can you call your dad? My phone’s battery is low.” Risha was left staring at her mom.

Something like this must have happened in your life. Yes, it could be someone other than our mom, and instead of changing the phone’s wallpaper, it could be changing the TV channel. Do you remember? No? Then let’s do an activity with seven questions.

Step 1: Has something ever happened that you didn't want to be revealed to the others in your family? Have you ever felt afraid that they would find out?

Step 2: If yes, then what was it that you did not want to be revealed?

Step 3: What planning did you do to make sure it didn't get disclosed?

Step 4: What were your initial feelings? Were you relaxed or stressed? Then what happened as time went by?

Step 5: What would happen if the matter were directly or indirectly revealed to your parents?

Step 6: If you were to summon up the courage and disclose the matter to your family, what is the worst that could happen?

Step 7: Due to hiding this, if a big problem were to arise in your life, would it be better to handle it alone or with the support of parents and family?

What if I Get Caught?

“Margi, I never even imagined you would do something like this.” Margi’s mom said as she placed her hand on her forehead.

“Did we give you freedom only for you to misuse it like this?” Margi’s dad scolded her!

“It is good that this happened. If I hadn’t seen it, who knows what this girl would have done!” Margi’s cousin brother Nishant said.

“Enough, stop it. You’ve been doing nothing but scold her for two days! After someone understands their mistake, you shouldn’t keep pointing it out. Go to your room Margi. I’ll be right there.” Grandma took Margi’s side and calmed everyone down in the house. Then she went into Margi’s room and sat beside her.

Margi was sitting on the bed with her head down. Grandma sat next to Margi and said, “Listen, I’ll explain everything to your mom and dad. They’ll calm down and forget everything. But that doesn’t mean you should forget your mistake. You got caught, but at least you are aware of your mistake now!”

Margi: It’s good that I got caught that day at the club with my friends. Everyone was angry. And they should be! Dad had trusted me and sent me to study in the city. Mom had faith in my upbringing. Well, I also had faith that I wouldn’t get involved with bad company. When I first came to college, everyone used to call me a simple village girl. No one would believe that a simple and straightforward village girl like me would do such things.



“Hey, I’m Ishita. What’s your name?” Ishita asked, sitting on the bench next to her on the first day of college.

“Margi.” They introduced themselves.

“Are you new to this city?” Ishita inquired.

“Yes, how did you know?” Margi asked curiously.

“Well, your simple dress, the oil in your hair, your hairstyle... if you were from the city, everything would be different. Don’t worry, I was the same. But now I’ll give you a makeover,” Ishita said confidently.

“No way. Mom says that if I get too dressed up, everyone in college will keep staring at me,” Margi replied.

“That’s exactly why you should get dressed up!” Ishita winked and said.

“And wasting time getting ready every day will take focus away from my studies. We are still young,” Margi said with her simple innocence. Ishita burst into laughter.

Margi: Ishita had moved from a village to the city with her family just a year ago. She had completely adapted to the city lifestyle. I had come to the city just a week ago, leaving my parents in the village and getting admission here in college. My uncle lived nearby, so I stayed at his place and commuted to college. Ishita and I sat on the same bench. The other girls in the class were much more fashionable, so I felt more comfortable with Ishita. Gradually, our friendship grew. One day, we went out for a stroll.



“Margi, there’s a nice cafe. Let’s go have some tea,” Ishita said.

“Oh, come on, we can make tea at home too. Why spend money on it? Let’s go home, I’ll make you some,” Margi declined.

“Stupid. You’re thinking only about the tea. Look in that corner. Rishi is also in the cafe. We can chit-chat a little!” Ishita had a different plan altogether.

“If you want to go, then go,” Margi said as she started to walk away. Just then, Rishi and his friends came over to where Ishita was standing. Ishita grabbed Margi’s hand and didn’t let her go.

“Hey Ishita! Hey Margi. What are the college’s two scholars doing in a cafe?” Rishi joked. “We are just...” Ishita got tongue-tied.

“Come in! It’s my birthday today. The party won’t be fun without you guys. It will be more enjoyable if you join,” Rishi insisted. Ishita was already ready. She dragged Margi inside. They all ordered tea and snacks from the cafe.

Margi’s phone rang. It was her mom. Margi never missed her mom’s calls, but that day she ignored it.

Margi: All of this was new to me - eating in a cafe with friends, celebrating with boys, laughing and joking around. Initially, I felt hesitant, but to tell you the truth, I started to enjoy it. The initial embarrassment and hesitancy eventually faded away. Then we started meeting once a month, then once a week, and then every day. We would skip classes and go see movies. When my aunt would ask where I was, I would say that I was studying at Ishita's house. I initially felt guilty for lying. But later I thought, 'Everyone is doing it, so what's wrong?' I never realized when I crossed the boundary from friends to bad company.



"Margi, let's try something new today." Ishita was excited.

"Yeah sure, but what if someone sees us? I've already lied and come to the club." Margi said nervously.

"Who will recognize you? You've transformed from a traditional village girl to a modern woman in a one-piece dress, with highlights in your hair and full make-up. Plus, you're holding a cigarette and a drink. No one will recognize you."

Just then, Rishi and other friends arrived. Everyone sat on the sofas and ordered drinks. "Margi, you look different today!" said Rishi.

"Well, she used to wear a salwar-kameez. I told her it wouldn't work in the club, so we gave her a makeover at my place." Everyone burst into laughter.

"Margi, I'll be back in a minute. Going to the washroom." Ishita left with two boys following her. Margi noticed they didn't head towards the washroom but stepped out of the club.

"Where are they going?" asked Margi.

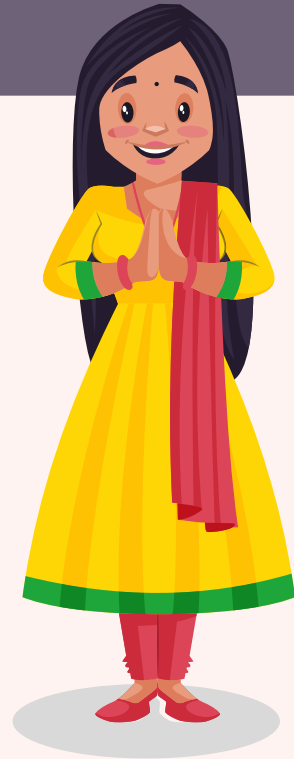
"Outside. To buy some powder." Rishi gestured toward the people selling illegal substances outside the club.

"What powder?" Margi didn't understand.

"You're so stupid. Anyways, let's take a puff..." Rishi took out a lighter. Margi lit her cigarette. As she took a puff and coughed, she heard someone yelling.

"Margi!! What is all this?" It was Nishant, her uncle's son, standing in front of her with wide eyes.

Margi: I got caught. Before Ishita came back, Nishant slapped Rishi on the face and took me home. The next day, my parents came from the village on the first bus. My phone was confiscated and I was grounded from going anywhere on my own. Nishant started picking me up and dropping me off to college and keeping a strict eye on me. Only Ishita could visit me at home because nobody had seen her with me at the club. She was saved. No one in her family had a clue. On my end, things were bad. Somehow, I managed to give my final exams. Before the results were out, I was sent back to my parents in the village. My grandmother was the only one there who made my life a little easier.



Margi was sitting on the bed with her head down. Grandma sat beside her and said, “Look, I’ll talk to your mom and dad. They’ll calm down and eventually forget everything. But that doesn’t mean you should forget your mistake. You got caught, but at least you are aware of your mistake now!”

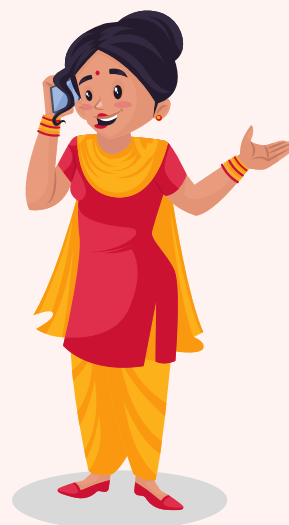
“Yes, Grandma... I won’t forget. Even I don’t understand how all of this happened...” Margi began to cry as she spoke.

“My child, at this age, one cannot differentiate between right and wrong. Any action that you are afraid of doing is wrong! Did you feel scared doing something wrong for the first time?”

“Yes, Grandma. I felt scared lying to my parents.”

“Hmm... Look my child, the moment you start doing something without others knowing, understand that it is wrong. That is where you need to be alert. It’s fine, cry it out. These tears of regret are cleansing your character. And make a decision not to make such mistakes again. Margi, why should we do things that go against the morals that our parents instilled in us?” Grandma said as she lovingly patted her on the head.

Margi: You reap what you sow, and when you are punished, the remorse increases. As I continued to repent for my mistakes, their vibrations began to lessen. Everything returned to normal. I got my phone and freedom back. But ‘freedom comes with responsibility.’ I was alert. After some time, I got the news that Ishita had dropped out of college in her last year. Her parents had forced her into getting married. Now, there’s a divorce case going on because her husband found out about her college antics. Not only that, even after marriage, she hasn’t stopped her bad habits. Nobody in her family trusts her anymore. Nobody is willing to keep her. The poor thing! When I told Grandma all this, she told me something new.



“Margi, my dear, the one who gets caught is fortunate. Many people make numerous mistakes but never get caught. Whereas others get caught after making a single mistake. Why? Because nature wishes to elevate those who are caught. So, it sets them straight by giving them a setback early on. And those who nature wants to bring down, it assists them in their wrongdoings. Do you understand?” There was a sparkle in Grandma’s eyes.

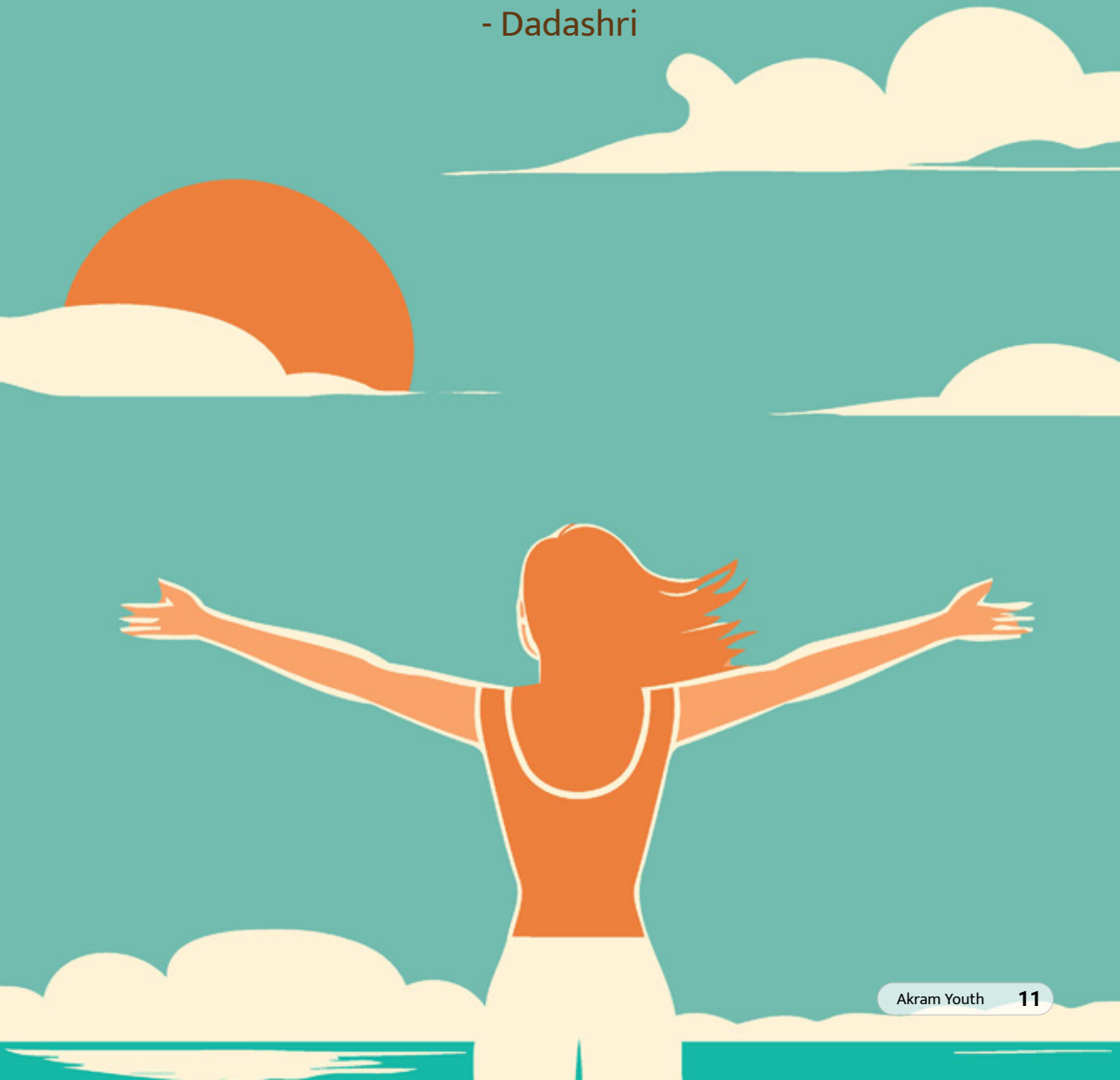
Margi: “That is when I realized that it was good that I got caught early on. If I hadn’t been caught that day, I wouldn’t be standing before you as a motivational speaker today. I wouldn’t have been sharing my experience of being happy and successful in life. So, at the end of my talk today, all I want to say is that fear is a sign that you’re doing something wrong. This fear is good. It is telling us to turn back. But if you don’t turn back, nature will catch you. Then, remember Grandma’s words, “You got caught, but at least you are aware of your mistake now!”



And so, Margi’s motivational speech went viral.

If you want to control your mind, then it can be done through confession. If you confess and reveal your weaknesses in every matter, then your mind will be in your control. Otherwise, the mind cannot be controlled. Then, it will become careless. The mind will say, 'I like this place!'

- Dadashri





== Gnani With Youth ==

(The process of keeping a secret)

Questioner: Pujoyashree, Jai Sat Chit Anand. Dadashri says, “Any action that you are afraid of doing is wrong.” We also end up doing certain things secretly, which we hide from everyone. When doing such things, we first have fear, but slowly that fear goes away. So, what is this process in which we become fearless? For example, when I go out with friends, I tell my mom that I am going with a group of only girls. However, there are boys in that group as well. In the beginning, I am afraid that my mom will find out. But after a little while that fear goes away. So, what is the process that goes on inside?

“Our heart will caution us once, ‘This is wrong, don’t do it.’ If we don’t listen to our heart, then slowly our intellect will take over.”

Pujyashree: Our heart will caution us once, 'This is wrong, don't do it.' If we don't listen to our heart, then slowly our intellect will take over. "Everyone is doing it. What's wrong with that? And I'm not going to do anything crazy. I tell my mom that I'm going out with only my girlfriends, but what can I do if a couple of boys tag along? If one of my girlfriends brings their boyfriend, what can I do? I didn't lie. I was only with my girlfriends." So the intellect starts taking over. It takes over in such a way that it suppresses the heart. So, it will make us think that 'Whatever I am doing is correct.' Our conscience that was telling us 'This is wrong' will slowly stop. And then the intellect will take over. This is the negative intellect. It will make you an expert in fooling your mom, having fun with your girlfriends and boyfriends, and in encouraging other girls as well by saying, "It's okay to do this." You will become an expert at it!

Questioner: And Pujyashree, when we progress further and we realize that this is wrong, how can we take a U-turn? What kind of U-turn should we take?

Pujyashree: Yes, then you can tell your mom, "What you were saying is correct. There were boys there as well. I will have to be careful next time. I did make a mistake, but I will be careful going forward." As you confess your mistake, your deceit breaks. So, the force of the intellect breaks and your heart blossoms.



== Faith ==

“Yash, Employee of the Year! Congrats, man!”

“How do you manage to get the same award year after year?”

“Tell the truth... you’re not cheating, are you?”

“Thanks everyone... Ah, it’s nothing. It’s all thanks to the boss!”

Yash, who won the Best Employee award for the second year in a row, threw a party at his house. His colleagues surrounded him at the party and began asking him the secret to his success. Just

then, the doorbell rang.

“Yash! Your boss is here!” Someone shouted. Yash hurried to Mr. Roy.

“Welcome, sir. I thought you wouldn’t come to the party.”

“Oh, come on! I am so proud of you. I had to come since you invited me,” Mr. Roy said, patting Yash’s back.

The party featured cake-cutting, and people celebrated Yash’s success with applause and gifts. Everyone had a great time with a delicious dinner and group games.





The next morning, Yash was sitting in his cubicle at the office when the intercom phone rang.

“Hello... Yes, sir... Coming!” Yash quickly stood up and waited outside Mr. Roy’s cabin. He knocked on the door.

“Sir, may I come in?”

“Come in my boy! Sit down.” As soon as Yash sat down, Mr. Roy placed a set of keys in front of him.

“What is this, sir?”

“Your hard work has benefited the company a lot, Yash. So, the company is giving you a car as a bonus. Here are the keys, and this is the key to your new cabin. From today, you will take over as the Sales Head.”

“Oh, sir! Thank you... Thank you very much, sir!”

Yash excitedly shifted to his new cabin. Over the last five years, he had quickly climbed the ladder of success. Along with success, the number of people who were jealous of him had also increased.

“He got the promotion because he kisses up to the boss!” Said one person.

“So what? We have been toiling for years, and only Yash gets the car keys?” Another person added.

But Yash was unbothered by all of this. He had earned Mr. Roy’s trust to such an extent that no one could break it.

But one day...

“Yash, you have to meet a new client. His name is Akash Chandvani, the CEO of Chandvani and Sons.”

Upon hearing this, Yash felt as if the ground had been pulled out from beneath his feet. He began to sweat nervously.

“Yash... what happened?” Mr. Roy asked.

“S... Sir... I was saying that... Sir, we still have pending deals with the first two companies, right? Let me focus on that. Can Nimish handle this client?”

“Not at all, Yash. This is a very important client. We can't afford a single mistake here. And that's why I want you to deal with him. There's a meeting at 11am sharp tomorrow. Please come.”

Yash's legs began to shake. He couldn't say yes, but he couldn't say no either.

The next morning, the time for the meeting arrived. Mr. Roy, Akash Chandvani,

and all the board members were sitting in the conference room. But no one had seen Yash since the morning.

“Mr. Roy, Yash isn't picking up his phone.” An employee said.

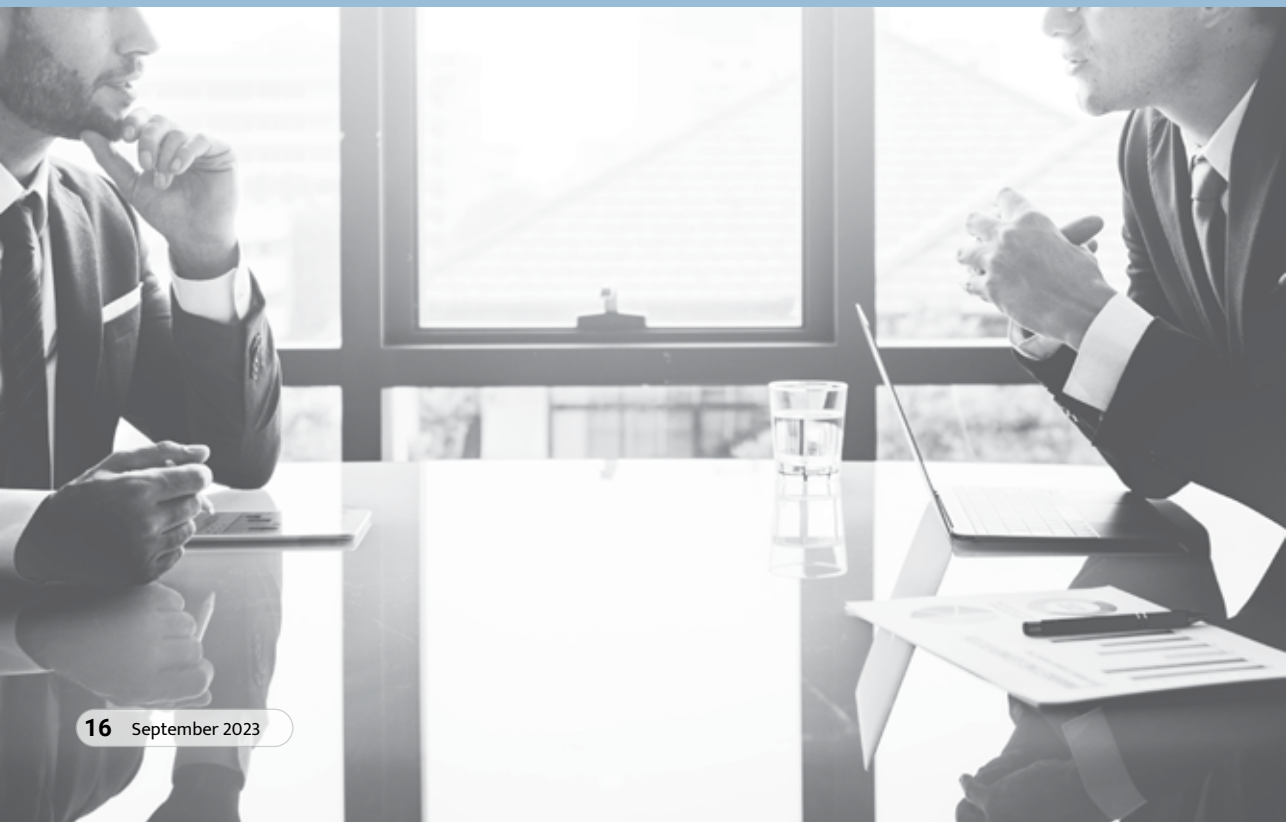
“He won't. He must have run away, leaving not just the company but the city as well.” Mr. Roy said angrily.

“What?” Everyone was shocked. Why did Mr. Roy, who had so much faith in his employee, say such a thing about Yash today?

“Mr. Roy is right! Yash has committed a massive fraud with this company.” Added Akash Chandvani.

“Fraud? What kind of fraud?” Everyone began to gossip amongst each other.

“He stole the company's intellectual





property, meaning the data of our clients, to establish his own business.” Akash Chandvani spilled the beans. “He even called our company to sell that data. But our Sales Head recognized Yash’s voice. Yash probably didn’t realize that we both had attended the same award party at his home. Upon investigating, we found out that for almost the last three years, Yash had been stealing from this company from his own computer. He must have made a lot of money by selling the data. But now, all his money and credit will be lost. I had warned him over the phone to stop all this. I wish he had listened to me! But when he tried to deceive another salesperson from our company by offering him lunch, I had no choice but to inform Mr. Roy.”

Everyone listened in stunned silence.

“That’s why I set up this meeting. And when I told him that Akash Chandvani is coming, he was shocked. Anyways, we’ve got all the data back from him. This matter will now remain confidential amongst the board members. There’s a police case against Yash. We will repair the loss we have incurred so far. But how could he betray us like this for so many years? While working at our company and using our company’s resources, he betrayed the very same company! The damage he has done to my trust can never be repaired.”

“It’s true, once they break your trust, their worth goes down the drain!” Akash Chandvani said solemnly.

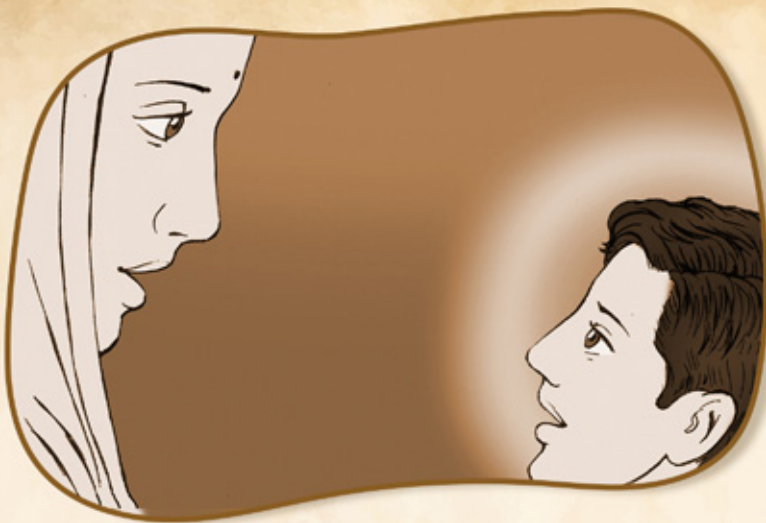
Silence engulfed the entire board meeting.

The Gnani, a Living Wonder!

In satsang, Dadashri used to openly confess the mistakes that he had made in the state of ignorance. Actually, the Gnani Purush's Vision can detect even the subtlest mistakes, and by doing pratikraman, He can become free from them forever. Yet, what is the Gnani's intention behind openly confessing His mistakes?

Dadashri used to say, "We openly confess our mistakes without any hesitation in front of everyone in satsang. Because of this, those who are listening to the satsang get the courage that, 'If Dada can confess his mistakes, then we should do so as well.' In this way, they can also confess their mistakes and become free from them." Such is the compassion of Dada Bhagwan!

Let's learn about one such event from Dadashri's life and understand the path of becoming free from our mistakes.



Cheated My Father, Then Did a Lot of Pratikraman

Questioner: Did you make a mistake with your father?

Dadashri: Yes, an astrologer had told my father, “This son of yours is a jewel in your family. Take good care that he gets the best virtues.” Now, how much care could my father take? If I were to cheat him, how would he know? I used to go watch movies and dramas in the city of Bhadran. My father would think that I had gone to sleep. I would go to sleep, but then I would wake up and sneak out the window. Only my mom would know about this. She would say, “Please don’t do this. You will fall down.” I used to say, “No, he’ll scold me. I’m going to continue doing this.” I had done many such antics.

I had cheated my father, but not my mother. I used to bow down to my mother and tell her everything. However, I was scared that my father would scold me. So, I would just lie to him and say, “I didn’t go anywhere. I slept through the night.”

In reality, I had gone and watched a drama. People used to tell my father, “Your son goes to watch dramas.” So, my father would ask me, “When did you go? When did you wake up?” I would reply, “I just went for a little while and came back.”

So, I had done continuous pratikraman for all this. What did I do in the house? How did I cheat my father? He would say, “There is a new drama in town, but you don’t need to see it.” So, I would reply, “Okay, I won’t see it.” Despite that, I would still go to watch the drama. I would secretly tell my mother to leave the door unlocked. So, my mother would leave it unlocked and I would swiftly enter back inside at night. These are all mistakes that I had made!

Who Should We Confess To?



Friends, Dadashri had openly confessed his mistakes in public. But who should we confess our mistakes to? What if we tell someone our secret and they misuse it? What if they mock us in return? What if they publicize our mistake in front of everyone? Such fear is naturally present.

So, whom should we reveal our secrets or mistakes to? Someone who always wishes well for us, guides us on the correct path, and stands by us in times of difficulty. Mostly, it's beneficial to discuss our mistakes with our parents, a true guru, or a Gnani. By doing this, we can find ways to become free of those mistakes.

Let's read such heart-touching experiences with Niruma!

I was around thirteen years old at the time. It was Guru Purnima day when I went to meet Niruma. I told Niruma that I really like cookies. However, at home my mom has a rule not to eat more than one or two cookies in a day. So, occasionally when my mom is not in the kitchen, I eat an extra cookie. I know that this is called deceit. I know that it is wrong and I want to stop doing it.

As soon as I told Niruma this, I felt anxious about what she would say. But Niruma's reaction was completely unexpected for me. She seemed very happy and told me in her usual style, "Is that so...?" Then she opened her arms and hugged me. I wondered, why is Niruma so happy even though I told her my mistake? But then I realized that when we want to come out of our mistakes, Niruma gives us a lot of positive encouragement and becomes pleased with us. This touched me deeply, and I automatically gained the strength to rid myself of this habit.

When we arrived in India, we went to a satsang in the city of Morbi. After Niruma's satsang, everyone was sitting together. On one side, all the men were sitting, and Deepakbhai's satsang was going on. On the other side, we women were all sitting with Niruma. Then everyone started writing down their alochana. I didn't even know what alochana was. After a while, Dimplebhai came and said, "Take this paper and pen and write it down." I asked, "Write down what?" He replied, "Whatever you need to do pratikraman for. Whatever happened in your life. Good things and bad things. Just write it down!" So I started writing. I filled up one whole page, and then another. I didn't know what alochana was, but I wrote everything down from my school days onwards.

After everyone finished writing, we were told to hand over the papers, so we all gave our papers to Niruma. Niruma sat there and read everyone's alochana silently. When my paper came into her hands, she asked, "Whose paper is this?" I raised my hand, but inside I was afraid, not knowing what would happen. Niruma quietly read the paper. Then she told me, "Place this paper over there in front of God." I did. Then she said, "Now tear it up and throw it away." I said okay. There was no other mention of it. The next day I thought Niruma's demeanor would change towards me. I thought she would tell me to pack my things and go back. I thought she would kick me out and not let me stay here. Because I had come here with so much inner rubbish, I thought I might not be worthy of staying here. All these thoughts were running through my mind. But the next day when I saw Niruma, she was completely normal, just as she always was! I was puzzled whether Niruma had even read my paper or not. She never said anything to me. I thought that she would scold me, but there was no sign of that on her face. Everything was normal!

Now this incident happened in 1992-93. Then I completely forgot about it. Many years later, around 2004-05, I began to wonder if Niruma had ever read my letter. I wanted to check, because she had never said anything to me about it. She hadn't even asked me to do pratikraman. One day, as we were walking, I asked Niruma, "Do you remember that I had written you a letter years ago mentioning all these things? Because you never mentioned anything about it! Is everything okay? I want to clear everything." And what Niruma said next will forever remain in my memory! She repeated every word that I had written in the letter and said, "Yes, I remember everything. It's all clear now!" Even after so many years, she remembered it all. Then I asked Niruma, "Why didn't you say anything to me all these years? Why didn't you scold me?" Niruma replied, "What was there to say? It was all garbage, and now it's been emptied out. What's there to talk about when you've realized it? That in itself is enough!"

Youth Boys

Photography Contest Winners

Het Patel



Prince Raj



Vivek Modhvaniya



Poem

**Raakhyu chhe mahin kaik, koine kidhu nathi...
Kahevu tu ghaneevaar, kapate kaheva deedu nathi...**

**Man nu maani buddhi thi, kari chhe polamapol...
Bhoolne saachavee ne, kyaay nathi deedhi khol...**

**Pahela khunchatu hatu, pachhi to padi gai tev...
★ Badhaa aavu kare, hu kai nathi aavo ekmev...**

**● Aam j pote potaanu, nuksaan karyaa karyu chhe...
Jaatne chetri, kaam khari murkhaami nu karyu chhe...**

**Nakki balvaan thashe, paap je khullu na thayu...
Ne turant mari jay, jo kyaay tame khullu karyu...**

**Pan dhyaan thi kahevu, pachaavee na shake har koi...
Khulvu maatra, gyani jevi aapt jagyaa joi...**



By Dada's Youth

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“As soon as you confess your fault to ‘us’, that fault will leave. ‘We’ do not need your confession. However, this is one way for you to become free of your fault. Because you can only confess your faults to someone who is completely free of attachment and abhorrence. The reason is that the entire world is full of faults. ‘We’ do not even feel that one person is better and another person is worse. Even if someone doesn’t confess to ‘us’, ‘we’ see them the same way. All people make mistakes. What is there to be scared of? In front of a person who can destroy your faults, tell Him, ‘I am making this mistake.’ Then He will show you the way.”

- Dadashri



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