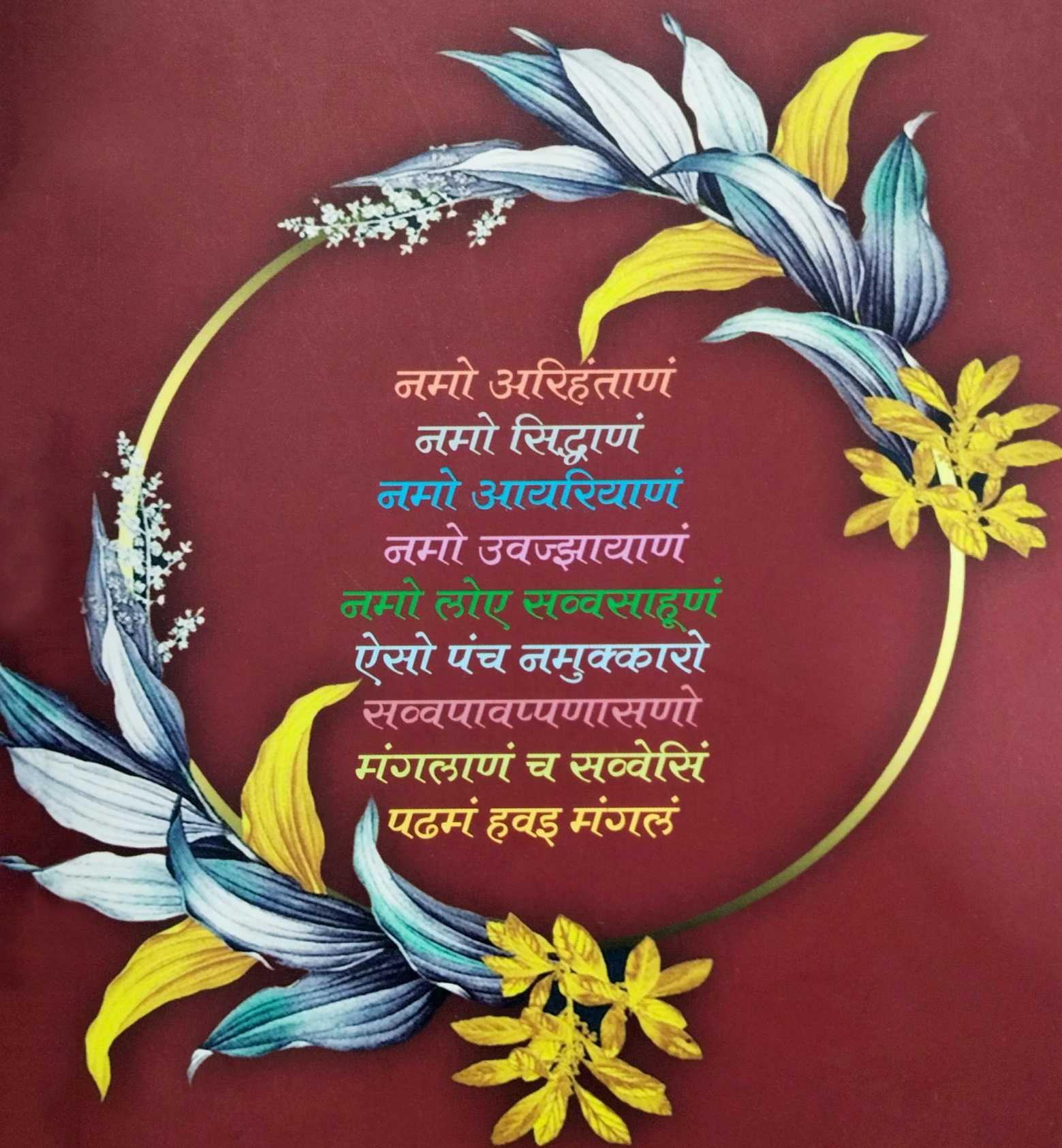


NAV KAR SE BHAV PAAR

(Miracles of Navkar)



नमो अरिहंताणं
नमो सिद्धाणं
नमो आयरियाणं
नमो उवज्झायाणं
नमो लोए सव्वसाहूणं
ऐसो पंच नमुक्कारो
सव्वपावप्पणासणो
मंगलाणं च सव्वेसिं
पढमं हवइ मंगलं

Author: P. Acharyadev Shrimad Vijay Purnachandrasurishwarji Maharaj
Compiler & Editor: P. Anuyogacharya S. Nirvaanbhooshan V. M

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Publisher's Note

The literary journey of Suridev begins as soon as the Sun's chariot arrives. When the evening falls and the Sun goes towards the horizon, the pen is forced to stop and Suridev's literary journey takes a pause. We are extremely happy and pleased to publish the book 'Navkar se Bhavapaar' written by such a great writer, accomplished literary creator, P. Acharyadev Shrimad **Vijay Purnachandrasurishwarji** Maharaja in the international language English today as the third edition in front of the readers.

With the holy inspiration of P. Gurudev Shrutraksha Prerak Acharyadev Shrimad **Vijay Yugchandra Surishwarji** Maharaja, Shri Anuyog Acharya Nirvaanbhooshan V. Gani M's Gurubhaktas have taken the advantage of publishing this book on the occasion of **Gani – Anuyogacharya Post** of Muni Shree **Nirvaanbhoosan** V.M, for which they too deserve praise. We express our heartfelt gratitude to them. 170 books have been written by Pujya Shri out of which this is the fifth English book. If we continue to get such support from the entire Jain community, then it is certain that our literary journey will continue to move forward rapidly.

L. Panchprasthan Punyasmriti Prakashan, Shankheshwar

Namaskar is a Miracle

The world may believe that wherever there is a miracle, there is Namaskar, but in the mind of Jains, the Namaskar mantra is the biggest miracle. 'The world bows, if there is one who makes it to bow' – The world believing this saying to be true may keep saying that 'Wherever there is a miracle, there is Namaskar!' But those who are devoted to Navkar, who have understood Navkar, who have touched the bottom of how difficult it is to acquire the *sanskar* of doing Namaskar in this world which is busy in despising everyone everywhere, you will hear these words from their mouth that Namaskar is a miracle. What does Namaskar mantra mean? One who teaches humility to anyone, who teaches such humility that due to its effect, doing Namaskar is avoided, the school of such education means Mahamantra Namaskar! In this context, Namaskar mantra can be hailed as the school of humility. Today, when the wind of staying alone like a palm tree, not being able to control even a little humility has spread like a storm all around, then to become a student in this school, the first lesson will have to be learned as 'Namaskar'.

'Namaskar' is a Sanskrit word. Its Prakrit and Gujarati form is Navkar Mantra. Its meaning is also worth understanding. Navkar Mantra is one that is capable of making us fresh and new! Roaming around in this world from time immemorial till today, we have become completely obsolete and tattered. Anger has made us as dark as *kajal*. The poison of the serpent of pride and illusion has spread in every part of our body. Similarly, the flame of greed has engulfed us. In this way, the passions have blackened our appearance and we are not able to recognize ourselves. Now if we want to become new, youthful and enthusiastic, we will have to become devoted to Navkar.

The feelings of contempt shown towards the five Parmeshthis who are worthy of Namaskar have left no stone unturned till date in making us dilapidated by robbing us of our *dharma* and youth, due to which we have lost our real form and are roaming around wearing a mask of a distorted face. Now, if we get the *sanskar* of doing Namaskar, then only the school of humility of 'Namaskar Mantra' will be beneficial for us and along with that Navkar will be our guide in attaining our real form through new sanskar-new version. Just like we take medicine so that we get such good health that we do not have to take medicine again in future, similarly we should practice namaskar through the mantra 'namaskar' so that in future we will be able to bow down before anyone because we have established ourselves in the class of 'namaskar'. Only if we understand this basic foundation, then only we can understand the essence of 'namaskar'. Only after this can we become 'Navkar Nishtha' in true form.

In '**Navkar se Bhavpaar**', such true incidents which can help in making this objective successful has been written and published. The world believes in things like flowing in the flow 'wherever there is a miracle, there is a namaskar', but from the mouth of Jains, we will hear the echo of '**Namaskar is a Miracle**' like swimming against the flow.

With this feeling, the book '**Navkar se Bhavpaar**' has been published. May this book make the readers devoted to Navkar and provide them strength to cross the ocean of the world, this is my wish for their well-being.

– Acharya Vijay Purnachandrasuri

From the Translator...

Jinsasanass saaro, chaudasapuvvaan jo samuddhaaro,

Jass mane navkaro, sansaro tass kin kunai.

The essence of Jinshasan and the complete salvation of the fourteen Purvas, what can the world do to the one in whose mind such a Navkar resides?

If any great thing is presented to a person who lives in an ordinary role, it seems ordinary to him due to his own ordinariness and he remains deprived of its special benefits. It seems from my speech, thoughts and conduct that I am also in a similar situation regarding knowing and understanding Navkar.

Otherwise, is it possible for life to flow in the dirty streets of enmity and jealousy even after the auspicious combination of a great mantra like Navkar? Can one who loves Navkar be absorbed in self-praise? Can a lover of Navkar become a lover of backbiting?

The one who has established Navkar in his heart will remain immersed in the remembrance of God, will follow the command of God and will roam on the peak of friendship, joy, compassion, mediation and will remain engrossed in charity, modesty, penance and devotion.

Sadhana of Navkar means the targeted sadhana of developing the eligibility of complete surrender. Sadhana of Navkar means the sadhana of total annihilation of the evil feelings, which is the original form of sins. Sadhana of Navkar means the sadhana of the supreme position.

The unimaginable and unique power of Navkar can be experienced only when you hand over all the burden of your worries to it. A *sadhak* (seeker) should go to the shelter of Navkar with humility, not with lowliness. Humility comes from the renunciation of ego, while lowliness breaks the consequences of the living being.

Just as a child remains secure in the lap of the mother, similarly a seeker remains secure in the lap of Navkar mother. To protect the one who has surrendered is the promise of Navkar.

The true events that inspire to strengthen faith in Navkar have been written in this book by the pen of Pujya Acharyadev **Shrimad Vijay Purnachandrasurishwarji Maharaj**. There is magic in Pujya Shri's pen, he writes the incidents in such a beautiful manner as if the incident is happening in front of our eyes, we are standing there and are its direct witnesses, such a picture is created.

Pujya Shri considered me worthy of translating the present book into English. I consider this my good fortune. My wish is that the readers after reading this should become firmly devoted to Navkar and gradually achieve perfection by uniting their hearts.

Anuyogacharya S. Nirvaanbhoosan V. Gani

INDEX

<u>Sr. No.</u>	<u>Chapter Name</u>	<u>Page No.</u>
1.	Mantra Whose Master is God and Goddess, Mantrahiraj Whose Servant is God and Goddess	1
2.	The Effect of Navkar	3
3.	Only Navkar is the Protector	6
4.	Treatment with Navkar	7
5.	Mantric Dialysis	9
6.	Achieving the Impossible	12
7.	The Tremendous Effect of Navkar Mantra	14
8.	The Sound of Navkar, the Inviter of Fearlessness	16
9.	Devotion to Navkar that Gives Prestige	17
10.	Defeat of Medicine, Victory of Faith	19
11.	13 Days in the Dangerous Chambal Valley	22
12.	When Revolver Became a Toy	31
13.	The Power of Faith and the Mantras	33
14.	When the Mahamantra Becomes the Protector	35
15.	The Auspiciousness of the Mahamantra	42
16.	The Miracle of Namaskar Mahamantra	46

‘Golden Blessings for Nirvaan’

Mayanasundari/ Jain Ramayana/Bhadrabahu – a living library/ Pradyumna & Shamba

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Page-44 / 112/ 16. Price Rs. 25 / Rs. 250 / Rs. 25.

Since P. Muniraj Shri Nirvaanbhooshan Vijayji has a good command over English language, even before this book, the English books written by him have been welcomed. In the same style and words, Mayanasundari's life events have been illustrated in English language. The pictures are stunning. English speaking readers will find such English publications useful. The most popular talks of Jain Ramayana are included with exclusive pictures. ‘Bhadrabahu’ is also too good. Pradyumna & Shamba with exclusive pictures is also best.

(Kalyan Magazine – Top magazine of Jainism) Yr.- 79/81. Volume -12/12

Guide: H.H.P.A.D.S.V. Purnachandra S.M.

This is the experience of years that the children learning in English medium don't have full understanding of Gujarati language. Gujarati discourses pass over their heads; even they feel Gujarati books boring. This is the condition of whole new generation. The age of cultivating moral values is being wasted in education and entertainment. This is the great matter of concern for the well-wishers of Shri Jain Sangh. All of them are concerned about how to make children virtuous, cultured, pious and afraid of sin.

Among many solutions, one solution, perhaps most simple and successful, is : tell the children the stories of Tirthankars, ascetics, great men and great women of virtue. All like stories; children like the most. In addition, it is a matter of experience that an inspiring life-character is more effective example than an inspiring preaching. The horrible results of sins and the sweet fruits of *dharma* can be explained in a simple way through stories.

The learned Muniraj Shri Nirvaanbhooshan Vijay understood this thing years ago and started right efforts in this direction. As a result, today 16 books compiled by him have been published. As these stories of Jain history is reaching to people, their demand is ever increasing. New editions of many books are being published.

It is a matter of delight that Munishri is making his contributions in this great *yagna* for familiarizing lakhs of children of Jain families with the best conduct, thinking, philosophy and history of Jain religion. May Munipravarshri continue to get more and more success in this challenging task – this is my heartfelt greetings!

Vijay Mokshrati Suri

V.S.2081 Mahasud 10, Akota, Vadodara

Thanks for Appreciable Letters / Opinions/ Guidance
which will give us the most potent force.

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We have published names of few Jain Acharyas – Monks – Sanghs & libraries. We are thankful to other well - wishers also. We will publish their names in future.

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Mantra Whose Master is God and Goddess,

Mantradhiraaj Whose Servant is God and Goddess

1

'If a saint walks, it is good' is not just a saying, but a reality, because as per the saying 'if tied, it will become dirty', if a saint stays at one place like water, then his pure restraint water loses its natural purity, therefore like water, a saint should keep wandering. Like a saint, if water also keeps flowing, then only the purity of water keeps increasing.

Once a sage came to a village near Mehsana while wandering. That Muniraj (sage) was much devoted to Navkar. Suddenly he fell ill. The Sangh took advantage of the wonderful service, but due to some debt of the previous life, a Patel took advantage of the service more than his own children. Muniraj recovered from his illness in a few days, but some unknown attraction was developed between Patel and Muniraj that Patel could not find peace without seeing Muniraj and Muniraj too remained eager to give religious benefits to Patel. In this process, the days of departure came. Muniraj, impressed by Patel's devotion, made Patel sit and said: "I have to give you a mantra so that you remember me even after my departure. Will you be able to chant that mantra daily?" Patel agreed. He said in joyful words: "Muniraj whatever you will say, I am ready to do it. Whatever mantra, tantra, yantra you give me, whatever method you tell me, I am ready to do it that way. You are benevolent, I got such a valuable opportunity to serve you. My mind dances on seeing you. I know that no matter how much I request, you will not stop, but be kind to me and give me the mantra then I will believe that you are present in front of me."

Muniraj became happy. Taking a paper, he wrote a small mantra of nine lines and giving it to Patel, he said: "You have to chant this mantra morning and evening. If you chant this mantra with purity of mind and body, then you will sail through! Keep chanting this mantra regularly with devotion and faith."

Patel became ecstatic after receiving the mantra. As soon as Muniraj gave the mantra with purity, Patel was filled with joy. The next day Muniraj left for wandering. The people of the Sangh were worried about Muniraj's departure, but Patel never felt that Muniraj had left, because the Muniraj who he had received in the form of mantra was always with Patel. Neither Patel could leave that Muni nor was there any possibility that Muniraj would leave Patel.

As days passed, the power of faith and belief in mantra chanting increased. Patel did not experience any other special effect of mantra chanting, but due to mantra chanting, he experienced joy in his soul and peace and happiness in his mind, that itself was a big effect and miracle for him. In some time, Patel developed such faith and belief in the mantra that due to the effect of this mantra, he started believing wholeheartedly that no cloud of calamity would remain without dispersing. One day an incident happened which revealed the truth of the voice coming from Patel's core. A woman living in the neighborhood was being troubled by some evil spirit. Many measures were taken to free the woman from the evil spirit.

For her treatment, money was spent like water but the result was zero. Patel's heart melted after seeing the pain of this woman. So one day he thought that if this woman is given water enchanted by chanting mantras, then surely the evil spirit can be removed. Patel kept the cup of water in front of him with faith and started chanting mantras. As soon as the chanting was complete, Patel reached near that woman. Patel said beating his chest that drink this water and if no miracle happens then tell me.

A drowning person tries to take support of even a straw, whereas Patel was considered as a Sadhak. The woman had to drink the water enchanted by him (Patel), so with faith and trust she drank that cup considering it as nectar and a miracle happened. The evil spirit that was frightening the woman, ran away as if frightened! After experiencing this direct miracle, Patel started thinking that he has got a priceless thing in his hands, due to which his faith in mantras increased manifold. Patel's respect and honor also increased when the woman who was possessed by evil spirits for years got freed from it in a moment. Whenever any distressed person like this woman came to him, Patel would give him the water infused with mantras without expecting any money and many people's pain would be relieved. Days passed and Patel started experiencing the power of chanting mantra more and more, due to which Patel started thinking that which god or goddess this mantra belongs to, I must know their name. If that Muniraj comes here again, the first thing I will ask him is to tell me the name of the god or goddess who is the presiding deity of such an effective mantra.

One day a sage arrived in the village. Patel reached him running. He had the impression that the Muniraj who gave me the mantra has come, he had imagined this due to the similarity in their attire, whereas this sage was someone else. Seeing the similarity in the attire, Patel curiously said to the sage: "Years ago, a sage like you had visited here. As he fell ill, like other members of the Sangh I also got the opportunity to serve him. Before he departed, he gave me a mantra. That mantra has created many miracles in my life, due to which my mind has been yearning to know for many days that what would be the name of the god-goddess presiding this mantra? I have no peace without knowing it. You read this mantra and kindly tell me the names of its presiding deities."

First, the paper on which Muniraj had written the mantra, Patel had kept it safely like a cheque of lakh rupees. Patel narrated in brief the miraculous incidents that he had directly experienced after Muniraj had given that paper to him. The sage's eyes also felt joy and surprise after listening to them. After listening to the incidents full of miracles, the sage opened the paper and started reading. After reading the mantra written on that paper, the sage himself said in his mind: "Mahamantradhiraaj, your so much power and so much glory? Despite daily worshipping this mantra, if I had not had the good fortune of listening to the incidents of Patel's life, then I would have remained unaware of your amazing influence." The influence which Patel experienced was actually the Mahamantra Navkar.

The sage felt that "If I reveal in front of Patel that the mantra written on the paper is Navkar mantra, then when he talks to any Jain, the Jain will naturally react saying Patel, this is our Navkar mantra! which is repeatedly chanted by the smallest child to the elderly Jains. Hearing this, Patel's faith in the mantra will break or diminish." So Muniraj said only this much to Patel : "Patel! Only when the virtues of many lives rises, such a Mahamantra is

obtained. You have got such a Mahamantra because of the rise of your virtues. Its presiding gods and goddesses are innumerable, whose name should I give and whose name should I not give to you? Therefore, by giving up the eagerness to know the name and increasing the devotion with which you are chanting this mantra, you will be able to sail through your life. You have kept this mantra secret till today, similarly keep it as the most secret, your benefit and advantage lies in that.”

Patel stood up after accepting this statement of the sage as the most important, then the joy of the resolution of the curiosity was visible on his face. “Countless gods and goddesses worship this mantra. The mantra whose masters are the gods and goddesses can be counted maximum as the mantra, but the mantra whose service is accepted by countless gods and goddesses in person, gets fame as the ‘Mantradhiraj’ (king of mantras) and how fortunate am I to become the servant of such a ‘Mantradhiraj’?”

Doesn't this incident that happened in the recent past have the ability and capability to become a challenge in front of our devotion to Navkar? Because our habit of assuming "the *jogi* of the house is the *jogta*" has also become the cause of the mistake of disobeying a very familiar person.

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The Effect of Navkar

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Jhansi, the name of the queen of that place got inscribed on the golden pages of history, in Jakhora village near that Jhansi city lived Abdul Razak. Even though he was a Muslim and not a Jain by birth, he must be considered a Jain by his deeds and religion. Due to some sins of his previous life, he was born in a Muslim family, but due to the rise of the *dharma* he had followed in his past, the *sanskars* of Jainism shone in him.

As soon as Abdul Razak came in contact with a Jain monk, he was thrilled to hear the glory of Navkar Mantra and in a short time he became such a follower of Jainism that his name and deeds were inscribed in the Jain world of that time.

Whatever is obtained easily in the family tradition, even if it is valuable, its true value is almost never estimated and whatever is obtained with hard work, its value cannot be forgotten even if one wants to. The same happened with Abdul Razak. He had obtained the Mahamantra after working hard, due to which his unwavering faith in the Mahamantra had penetrated so deep in his heart that no greed or attraction of relatives could shake him.

The valuable thing which Abdul Razaq had received in the form of the Mahamantra, he considered it dearer than his life. Whereas, the society around him was determined to corrupt him from his faith by any means. Thus, in the many turns of the struggle between the efforts of both sides, a moment came when either Abdul's life would end or the mouths of those opposing him would be shut forever.

Abdul Razak was not satisfied with just getting the Mahamantra, but along with Navkar, he also started moving forward firmly in the sadhana (spiritual practice) of *Samayik* etc., and the result was that the loving relatives around him started considering Razak a Kafir and started opposing him with the frenzy of being killed or killing him. Everyone started spreading this openly that” if the Kafir is laid to sleep with a *kafan* (shroud), *Khuda* (God in Islam religion) will be happy. Razak's existence was like a black stain for our society, so Razak should be forced to leave Jainism even by putting pressure and if this is not possible, then we should fulfill our duty by doing something so that he does not live. Razak's relatives planned to play the game of betrayal and decided to leave a black snake under Razak's bed so that whenever Razak would come to sleep, he would be punished with death as a consequence of his sin of following Jainism.

Searching for an opportunity on a dark night, Razak's relatives secretly placed a poisonous snake under the bed in the room where Razak used to sleep. Razak was completely unaware of the deadly snake waiting hidden under the bed, so as per the daily routine, he entered the room and sat on the bed at bedtime. It was his daily routine to lie down only after chanting the Navkar Mahamantra before going to sleep! Following the rule, Razak fell asleep in bed within a few moments and saw a prophetic dream.

In the dream, Razak felt that there was a snake in the room which was posing a threat to his life. This dream scared Razak. He searched the whole room with the help of light, but he could not see a snake anywhere. It was unlikely to suspect that there may be a snake under the bed, so he slept on the same bed again. Razak may have fallen asleep, but his virtue was awakened to protect him, so even the poisonous snake became a thick rope and lay motionless under the bed.

After waking up in the morning, Razak remembered the Mahamantra while sitting on the bed as usual and got down from the bed and started packing the bed. Seeing the black venomous snake there, his religious faith increased suddenly. He felt that the feeling he had in the dream was true. But when he ignored the dream signal, then the *dharma* took the responsibility of protecting him.

Seeing the snake under the bed, Razak started reciting the Mahamantra without getting scared and a miracle happened. Even after raising the bed, the snake easily came out of the room without getting scared and hid somewhere. Seeing this miracle of the Mahamantra, Razak's faith became stronger, while his loving relatives decided to take a more dangerous step. They thought of such an event that when Razak is sitting alone in his room and it is daytime, then his life should be ended.

But like remembering the Mahamantra, practicing *Samayik* was also Razak's daily routine. The neighbors decided to try this bet that on some day, getting an opportunity, they will complete his hundred years there. According to the plan, the snake was kept in a big pot and the pot was kept hidden in a corner of the room so that Razak does not see it.

As soon as Razak entered the room, a few neighbors, who were secretly waiting for him, hid nearby. Razak started meditating on *Samayik* and chanting the Mahamantra. Just then, as if to disturb the concentration of his mind, a stone hit there from an unknown direction. The blow

fell on the pot lying in the corner and it broke into pieces. The snake that was in the pot started roaming around the room in anger. Its ferocity was such that it would not rest until it had pushed Razak into the mouth of death. But a miracle happened. It became calm after coming near Razak and came out very peacefully. The neighbors hiding nearby were waiting to hear Razak's death cries, but their wait was futile. Razak came out after some time. It did not take him long to understand that the snake must have been hidden in the pot as a part of a pre-planned conspiracy to end his life. Razak came out and started enquiring as to who had kept the pot in his room? And who was the one who had hidden the snake in it? Even after a lot of questioning Razak failed to get the answer, but now he was going to get the answer without asking and only one night was left between them.

The next day morning when Razak got up from the bed and started chanting the Mahamantra, he heard the sound of crying from the neighbor's house. From whose mouth and why could such deathly screams be coming? He rushed to the neighbor's house. Before he could ask any question, the whole situation became very clear to him. What happened was that the saying 'the one who digs the pit falls there' was coming true for neighbor who had hidden the snake in the pot to kill Razak and had kept that pot in Razak's room. The snake that came out of Razak's room yesterday had hidden in the neighbor's house. And in the morning it had escaped safely after stinging the neighbor's young son.

On seeing Razak in the courtyard of the house, the neighbor's heart started burning in pious fire of repentance. Confessing his crime he said - "I used a weapon like a snake to kill a *sadhak* (practitioner) of miraculous mantra like you, the same weapon took away my young son. In reality, it is not you who is a *Kafir*, it is I who am a *Kafir*, that is why I have received the result of my sin in this way."

On hearing the words of his neighbor, Razak said – "Brother! This is the religion of the one who follows it. If you also become a follower of Jainism, then you too can become a Jain. I invite you to become a Jain."

On hearing these words coming from the depth of Abdul Razak's navel, everyone's eyes became moist. This is not an incident of the past which can be called very far away or very near, this is not an incident of the present time, but this true incident which happened in the time in between is a call that miracles can happen even today, provided that we can get the support of faith capable of creating it.

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Only Navkar is the Protector

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It is an incident of many years ago, which is about the effect of Navkar spreading light in the darkness. Place- Bhavnagar. The name of the student who experienced the miracle of Navkar is Dharmesh. Dharmesh was studying in a college by staying in a hostel in Bhavnagar. Due to the distance of the college from the hostel, Dharmesh used to come and go by bicycle every day. He had inherited the values of religion. Due to the influence of listening to the discourses of revered Gurudev, devotion towards Navkar was awakened in Dharmesh's heart since childhood. Since there was no possibility of getting much time during student days, he had decided that whatever time he got during cycle travel, he would make it successful by remembering and memorizing the Navkar Mahamantra.

After coming to Bhavnagar, Dharmesh was able to fulfill this decision even during his college education. While leaving the hostel and going to the college by bicycle, his mind used to be occupied by the Mahamantra, and he used to become full of Navkar. Dharmesh did not remember and chant Navkar merely out of tradition, but his mind was also completely involved in it. An incident reflecting the same happened on 07-09-1985 through an accident. Dharmesh was going towards college that day after leaving the hostel.

His cycle had just moved ahead from Motibaag, when the traffic police raised their hands to signal 'stop', Dharmesh also applied brakes to his cycle like all the vehicles coming from behind. As the cycle stopped suddenly, the cycle collided with an Ambassador car coming from behind and Dharmesh's cycle fell far away and Dharmesh fell down. Not only this, the wheel of the Ambassador turned over the back of fallen Dharmesh.

Even at the moment of this accident, Dharmesh was chanting Navkar in his mind. Everyone felt that how could there be any hope of life of that person after the wheel of the Ambassador passed over his body? Everyone got worried to save Dharmesh who had fainted after falling. As soon as the news of Dharmesh falling unconscious was received, the hostel workers also reached the spot. Everyone felt that this student should be admitted to the hospital quickly. This thought was going on when Dharmesh, who had regained consciousness, stood up on his own. He told the hostel workers that nothing has happened to me, so there is no need to worry about me. As soon as Dharmesh saw his cycle, he said- "Seeing the bad condition of this cycle, I have to accept that the accident must have been terrible, but as per the daily routine, I was chanting Navkar in my mind, due to which I feel that I was protected only because of the Navkar mantra. Without this, it would not have been possible that I was not harmed and I survived."

The hostel workers thought that in such an incident, there is a possibility of severe pain later, so Dharmesh should be admitted to the hospital once and an X-ray should be done to confirm whether there is any fracture or not. Dharmesh was not feeling any pain. It did not even seem that he had suffered a normal blow. Despite a lot of refusal, the hostel workers insisted and forcibly took Dharmesh to the hospital. When all the reports came normal in the medical examination, the workers told the doctor that he should still get an X-ray done, so that he does not face any problem later. Dharmesh kept refusing, but the X-ray was taken. When the

X-ray report also came normal, everyone was surprised that what could be the element that saved Dharmesh narrowly even after the wheel of the Ambassador car passed over his back?

Dharmesh answered these numerous questions only this much that “Who else can protect except Navkar? Do any other elements have such power that they can protect indirectly? After witnessing this incident of mine, all of you can also say with faith and confidence that who else can protect in such an accident except Navkar?”

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Treatment with Navkar

4

Only a human being can become a merchant of dreams. At the most, he can be able to start work with the intention of realizing his dreams, but to destroy the intention or to take it to the peak of success without any obstacles is not in the power of a human being. This is considered to be in the power of destiny. Many times a human being intends to do something else and what happens is something opposite and strange. If we say in other words that ‘even a leaf does not move without the will of God’ – in this proverb, if action is expected instead of God, then no one can be able to prove this proverb wrong.

The gist of the incident that happened in 1990 can be that everything happens according to the will of Karmaraja or we can also say that the case in which doctors lose, Navkar's treatment brings that case out from the jaws of death. Seeing its effect, even the best doctors are astonished.

Hitesh, a young man, on every bead of the string of whose mind the desire to become a doctor by passing with good marks was being chanted, was living in Godhra. After getting good marks in Godhra, Hitesh came to Baroda for special studies. He started studying to make many kinds of dreams come true by creating a world of dreams. Within a few days he started seeing his dream world falling apart.

The beginning of the falling apart of his dream castle was just a common disease like fever. When Hitesh got fever, he had no idea that this simple fever will completely destroy his dream castle. A common disease like fever and a city like Baroda, then how long will it take for immediate treatment? How long will it take to get rid of the disease! But that was not possible for Hitesh. When the fever did not subside, the doctors had to give up even after making Hitesh's body a laboratory and doing new experiments. Then Hitesh's father Ashokbhai Gandhi came to the decision that perhaps the environment of Baroda was not suitable for Hitesh's body, that is why the fever is not going away, hence it would be appropriate to take Hitesh to Godhra and treat him there.

The fever had disappointed Hitesh whose castles in the air had been shattered, but the decision to leave Baroda and get treatment in Godhra had increased his disappointment manifold. What could he do? Hitesh took leave from Baroda and came to Godhra. The time ahead was even worse, due to which Hitesh's health was gradually taking a more serious turn

after coming to Godhra. One day Hitesh vomited blood. That vomit was strange, in which blood started coming not only from the mouth but also from the eyes and nose as well as from the nails of the fingers. The doctors started looking with wide open eyes, they repeatedly checked the blood pressure (B.P.), it was only 30, the doctors had never seen such a strange case. Seeing the seriousness of the case, the panel of doctors took leave in the evening saying that it cannot be said when this lamp will be extinguished. This is an astonishing incident in front of our science, so we are going now leaving him to the mercy of God, it is not in our power to save his life.

The doctors took leave and the atmosphere of Hitesh's house became sad. The shadow of terrible darkness was visible all around. Suddenly a thought like a sunray came to Hitesh's father Ashokbhai's mind that if Hitesh's final farewell is certain, then it is our duty to create a good meditative farewell environment. He asked everyone to remain calm and by starting the Navkar tune, he gave such a turn to the serious atmosphere that the sorrow, pain and seriousness gradually decreased and a happy religious atmosphere started building up, the effect of which started to spread on Hitesh's body and mind as well.

The attack of the sun in the form of meditateness started advancing against the darkness in the form of disease and ailments. The chanting of Navkar showed a strange effect. Hitesh had forgotten his pain. His father and all the relatives, forgetting Hitesh's serious illness, became immersed in Navkar with such engrossment and concentration as if they had joined a collective chanting event. No one was aware of when the night ended. Hitesh, whose health was continuously deteriorating, was rapidly moving towards improvement. As soon as the morning dawned, not only a ray of hope but the sun of faith shone brightly in everyone's heart. Despair had left Hitesh's face, due to which the relatives went to call the doctor. The doctors denied the relatives' words and said, is Hitesh still alive? According to our calculations, he cannot be alive, still if due to fate his death has been postponed, then also do not increase his pain by calling us and let him die peacefully.

When the doctors were not ready to come to see Hitesh, then the relatives said that we also had no hope or possibility of it. Such an incident has happened, which can only be called a miracle. We urge you to come to see this miracle. After listening to the relatives, the doctors agreed to come to see Hitesh. The Hitesh of yesterday had completely changed overnight. The doctors felt as if their eyes were deceiving them.

Hitesh looked completely healthy and happy. The doctor first checked his pulse and then his blood pressure (BP), which was also normal. The doctor sat in surprise, whose medicine worked for him. Which doctor performed the miracle of making Hitesh, who was lying on his death bed, swing on the swing of life? I feel that maybe the Hitesh of yesterday has died and has been reincarnated in the same body again?

The doctors examined Hitesh thoroughly and declared him completely healthy, then his father Ashokbhai Gandhi told the doctor that only Navkar treatment has been successful in making Hitesh healthy. Yesterday after you left, we had completely lost hope for Hitesh, in such a situation we started Navkar treatment. Now considering it our duty that Hitesh should take his last breath amidst the sound of Navkar, we all sat down with a calm mind and got engrossed in the group chanting of Navkar Mantra. Hitesh received Navkar treatment the

whole night, and due to the power of that treatment Hitesh got a new birth in his physical body. We also find this incident unbelievable and impossible, because we cannot forget the scene of yesterday's serious illness even if we want to.

As the news of this miracle created by Navkar treatment in Hitesh's life spread, the talks of Navkar's effective treatment also spread along with the praise of Navkar.

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Mantric Dialysis

5

The year V.S. 2022 was passing by. In a famous and historical city of Gujarat, a *Sadhak* whose body, mind, speech and conduct seemed to be filled with fearlessness like an ocean was doing his Chaturmas. The Sadhak was famous for his practice of *Agam-Nigam*. The faith in Navkar, by considering this Mahamantra as the best *Agam Nigam*, had become established in the Sadhak in such a way that it was difficult to find its match. Many times, due to the effect of Sadhana, the Sadhak would get a feeling of the future. Not only this, if the future was inauspicious, then the measures to avoid it would also appear in front of the Sadhak during Sadhana done with closed eyes. The Sadhak did not have the aim of knowing the future, but sometimes, the measures to remove the inauspiciousness by guessing the feeling were also successful, this is called, true Sadhak and true Sadhana.

One day, a devotee came to pay his respects to Sadhak Muniraj. That devotee was dedicated to Shasan. On seeing his face, the Sadhak sensed something inauspicious. As soon as he sensed something inauspicious, he reached the Jaap section. As per the information, the devotee also entered the Jaap section. The Sadhak himself started chanting the mantra. The devotee also became engrossed in chanting the mantra.

After some time, looking at the devotee who was engaged in chanting, the Sadhak put some *Vaskshap* (a special scented powder) in the glass bottle. Giving the bottle to the devotee, the Sadhak said - "You keep on chanting and do not forget that now you have to chant by keeping your fingers in this bottle." The devotee did the same, covered the bottle and fingers with a cloth and again got engrossed in chanting.

The devotee was completely obedient and devoted, so without giving any scope for doubt, suspicion or question, as soon as he got engrossed in chanting, after some time the devotee felt normal pain in his fingers, which he could bear. Due to this pain, the devotee's engrossment in chanting was not interrupted at all. The devotee started feeling as if the blood flowing in the body was coming from the finger to the bottle and was entering the body again by becoming scented through the *Vaskshap*.

The feeling of blood being absorbed in this way and then rising again was not an illusion, but a reality. Actually, the devotee would have counted it as an illusion, but there was a little pain in the finger, so the devotee opened his eyes a little and looked at the bottle, and actually saw

blood coming out of his body and entering the body again. The devotee immediately closed his eyes and again became engrossed in chanting mantras.

The Sadhak was still immersed in meditation and chanting. After about a quarter to an hour, he opened his eyes. As soon as he looked towards the devotee, seeing the devotee's engrossment in chanting, such a sound resonated from the Sadhak 's core that no evil or bad thing can happen even in dreams to a person having such devotion to Navkar. The Sadhak moved the cloth a little away, looked towards the devotee and removed the cloth completely and said to the devotee – “No evil or bad thing can last even for a moment in front of the effect of Navkar. The inauspicious element that could have proved to be fatal for you has now gone away, now it cannot even make eye contact with you. There was a possibility that the problem with your blood would have ended your life. In the medical science definition, you had an essential requirement of dialysis. You have got a new life by fulfillment of that requirement through this Mantrik Dialysis. You should try to make this life as much Navkar-devoted and worshipful, as possible.”

By giving such a blessing, the Sadhak told the devotee more clearly that- “As soon as I saw your face, I realized impurity in your blood and I felt that if this blood was not purified, it could be fatal. Therefore, by putting *Vaskshap* in a glass bottle, the impure blood was taken out in this manner and purified and the same blood was circulated in your body again through *Mantrik Dialysis*, in which I and you are not even a medium, this entire unimaginable effect is only of the Mahamantrahiraj Navkar (the great king of mantras).”

As soon as the curtain put on the place, the Sadhak and the devotee is removed, the eyes dance with wonder and awe. The name of that city was Kapadvanj. the Sadhak was P. Pannyaspravar Shri Abhaysagarji Ganivarya and the devotee was a Navkar-devoted worshipper living in Walkeshwar division of Mumbai, for whom Acharya Shri Hemchandrasagarsuri writes in "Navkar Sharanam Mam" that even at the age of 85, remembering this incident, the worshipper says that this process was indeed a type of *Mantric dialysis*. I was speechless after hearing this incident of this man living in Mumbai's Walkeshwar. What a wonderful achievement P. Shri Abhaysagarji had got through the Navkar mantra.

The mantra that the above-mentioned devotees had received, we have also received it literally. If we want to make the attainment of Mantrahiraj successful, then now make efforts to have devotion, faith and trust towards Navkar. The lack of these elements does not allow Navkar to be fruitful.

Such an incident arose in front of the Sadhak himself, who had given the treatment of Mantric dialysis through Navkar as above, that after many years he had to undergo medical treatment. Can one who provided effective treatment to others think of any treatment other than Navkar in such an emergency?

In the holy land of Palitana, where an attempt was to be made to reconcile science with principles, preparations were going on for the consecration of the Jambudweep temple. Only 4-5 days were left for the festival to begin, when suddenly a cloud of disaster loomed. The incident happened that a heavy wooden box fell on the foot of Pujyashri Pannyaspravar Shri

Abhaysagarji Ganivarya. The box was heavy and had fallen on a soft part like the foot, so could it not fracture? The foot began to ache and there was severe pain due to swelling.

The devotees and volunteers gathered immediately. As there seemed to be no possibility that Pujoyashree would agree to take medical treatment, everyone emotionally requested - “the festival is coming near and there is a hundred percent possibility of a fracture in the foot. If the treatment is not done soon, there is a possibility of the defect remaining for the whole life and there is a risk to the traveling and other conduct, so this time please allow to take medical treatment anyhow.”

The foot had swollen and the pain was increasing, yet Pujoyashree was refusing to take medical treatment, then the workers finally said - “the diagnosis should be done by taking X-rays. After the diagnosis, we will not insist on doing treatment, but the diagnosis will have to be done anyhow and therefore it is necessary to take an X-ray of the foot.”

The insistence of the workers increased a lot and after getting the promise of not putting any kind of pressure for the further procedure after the diagnosis, Pujoyashree agreed to the X-ray with a heavy heart. The orthopedic doctors gathered. First of all it was decided to take the X-ray of the foot, accordingly five X-rays were taken in different ways. Seeing the fracture clearly in the X-ray, everyone became worried, now the only solution was surgery.

The devotee workers were not in a position to insist for surgery because they had already made a commitment. Therefore, the doctors said- “after surgery, you will have to undergo complete rest for two months and plastering. Otherwise, you may have pain in the leg for the rest of life. Therefore, our advice is to admit you to the operation room immediately without giving time to any other thought or option.

Pujoyashree felt – “no one will listen to me if I immediately refuse clearly. To avoid this situation, I will have to act tactfully and not forcefully.” After thinking a little, Pujoyashree replied – “if surgery or plastering is necessary, I will definitely think about it, but I want to take that decision after a day or two. Let me take some Navkar treatment. I am sure that this panacea treatment will definitely work, so I will take a decision after two days, till then please give me your consent to get treated with Navkar.” The doctors were feeling that one should not delay even for a moment on such an occasion. They were sure that as soon as the pain of the fracture will become unbearable, the patient himself would come forward saying that now the pain is becoming unbearable, so start the treatment immediately. Having such faith, the doctors stopped insisting and accepted what Pujoyashree said. From that very night, Pujoyashree became engrossed in chanting Navkar without paying attention to the pain in his leg. As soon as the chanting started, gradually the pain in his feet was forgotten. The chanting of Navkar continued not for an hour or two, but throughout the night. In other words, the continuous treatment of Navkar started.

As a culmination of the continuous chanting, when Pujoyashree opened his eyes in the morning, the swelling on his feet had become invisible. Seeing this miracle of Navkar treatment, the eyes of the devotees were filled with wonder and joy. Pujoyashree was fearless and he had no doubts, but on the insistence of the devotees, to clear everyone's doubts, Pujoyashree agreed to take another X-ray. Pujoyashree was not feeling any pain in his leg,

swelling was also not visible, this was the real X-ray, but to satisfy everyone, Pujiyashree allowed the X-ray to be taken. The X-ray also showed miraculous results, neither the effect of swelling was visible in the X-ray nor the fracture was visible. The doctor's surprise was limitless.

There was a huge difference in the two X-rays taken at an interval of few hours. In one photo the fracture was clearly visible, while in the other even its shadow was not visible. The doctors were looking at those photos again and again in deep thought about which method and which treatment was successful, but the Navkar treatment and the invisible power of the Mantradhiraaj had succeeded in bringing such an impossible result that even the doctors could not see it.

Pujiyashree provided full support in that consecration of Jambudweep. Not only this, after the completion of the festival, Pujiyashree was able to walk/climb the Shatrunjay Giriraj without any hindrance, if there was anyone who could create such a miracle, it was the Navkar treatment.

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Achieving the Impossible

6

The means by which we can achieve a possible *siddhi* is mostly known by us as *mantra*. But the one that creates the miracle of siddhi of the impossible, its glory should not be just as a mahamantra, but as the Mantradhiraaj (king of mantras). Even in this difficult *Kalikal* (current era), such a power is evident, by the effect of which even in the eyes of doctors, the impossible siddhi can be realized. Many such great powers are established in each letter of the Navkar mahamantra, by the effect of which, a sister from Ratlam, whom we will know as Devibahan, experienced the realization of the siddhi considered impossible.

A lump was found in Devibahan's throat. According to the doctors' examination, this lump, though not cancerous, can be life-threatening. It was not possible to remove this lump without surgery and because the lump was adjacent to the main vein, there was a hundred percent possibility of the main vein being cut during the operation, so instead of operating the lump, there was less risk in keeping it as it was.

The doctors' intention was absolutely correct, because only a little pain had to be endured in keeping the lump as it was, but disturbing it was like waking up a sleeping snake. When many doctors had the same opinion, the faith in Devibahan turned her towards religion. Although she was a staunch Jain, just as a drowning man is forced to take support of a straw, similarly she could not stop the desire to go to a Muslim Maulvi to get rid of this terrible lump, is there any doubt in this?

At that time in Ratlam, a Maulvi was very famous for giving relief from such pains. Despite being a Muslim, his lifestyle was non-violent, so a lot of Hindus used to come and go to him. One day Devibahan with saffron *tilak* shining on her forehead was standing in front of the Maulvi and was waiting for a response for diagnosis and medicine after expressing her pain. Then the Maulvi asked Devibahan-

"Sister! You look like a Jain and have come to me for medicine. This is like saying that the son is sitting alongside and announcement is made in the city." Devibahan understood. The Maulvi has recognized me because of the saffron *tilak* on my forehead. But what is the relation between Jainism and medicine? Not understanding the point, she said – "I am a Jain, your assumption is absolutely correct, but I did not understand the reason for your question! What is the reason for such a question? Many Jains come to you for medicine."

The Maulvi, feeling surprised, said – "I am surprised to see Jains coming for medicine. Why do Jains keep looking for medicine outside even after getting the panacea medicine through their family tradition? Then my doubts are resolved. This is what is called excessive disobedience. No one else has got such an effective Navkar Mahamantra. even after getting it, if the wandering Jains really understand the effectiveness of Navkar Mahamantra, then no matter what problem they face, they will not need to go to many places to bow their heads to get out of it."

Now Devibahan understood everything, so she said to the Maulvi – "I am understanding from your words that the Navkar received through family tradition is the only sure cure. Despite this treatment being effective, if one gets to know about its dosage and method of intake and after that Navkar treatment is started, then its results are obtained quickly, that is why I have come to you. Doctors say that even though the lump in my throat is not cancerous, it is still risky. There is a high possibility of the main vein being cut during the operation, therefore it is also not possible. After getting this kind of guidance, the decision to treat according to the path you suggest is necessary, so your guidance is necessary."

After listening to this from Devibahan, the Maulvi observed the lump on the throat and advised – "It is not a normal lump that can be removed with medicine, an operation will have to be done. But the main vein should not be damaged at all, so the operation can be done only after shifting this lump and the successful treatment of shifting the lump can be done only through Navkar. If you have faith and belief in Navkar, then the treatment of Navkar cannot remain without success."

The Maulvi said this with such strong faith and determination that Devibahan made a firm resolve in her heart to do the treatment of Navkar and cent-percent faith in the success of the treatment also filled her heart. The Maulvi also understood by looking at the facial expression of Devibahan that his words had settled well in the mind of the sister. Therefore, the Maulvi said with all the health-related information that if all the remedies are done along with the chanting of Navkar, then you will definitely be able to get this impossible success.

After the guidance received from the Maulvi, the fear of the lump in the throat had vanished from the heart and mind of Devibahan. And the armor of fearlessness was ready to protect her body from head to toe.

When she prepared to depart, the Maulvi said in his Hindi language:

“Devibahan! You have received such a great Navkar Mahamantra from birth, then why are you wandering here and there? If you do the Navkar treatment with faith, then achieving the impossible with its effect will not be a big deal.”

Devibahan had gone to get medicine for the lump that had come out in her throat. When she returned from the Maulvi's place, then faith was present in every pore of her body that the ability to dissolve the lump of passions that was in her heart was self-proven, so how can the mere shifting of the lump that came out in her throat be impossible through such Navkar treatment?

The Navkar treatment achieved success even sooner than it was assumed and with the direct effect indicating the achievement of the treatment, as soon as the impossible shifting of the lump that came out near the main vein was made possible with faith, after a short time the operation of the lump became possible and the surgical removal of the lump, which was like a thorn that is taken out from the foot, became easy and simple. This is called the direct effect of Navkar treatment which makes the impossible possible!

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The Tremendous Effect of Navkar Mantra

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Those dreadful days of 1947! As a prelude to the partition of India and Pakistan, the cries of 'kill them-stab them', 'don't spare the *kafir* (infidel)' reverberated in the sky, hearing which the hearts of Hindus trembled with fear. The loud sounds of murder and bloodshed could be heard all around. And that was Hyderabad State! Therefore, if such an atmosphere had reached its final stage, then there was nothing surprising in it.

As a strong reaction to the step taken by Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, as soon as the 'war' was declared against the Nizam, the massacre of Hindu people started and rivers of blood suddenly started flowing in Hyderabad. Raichandbhai, who had no idea of the seriousness of such an atmosphere, had come to Hyderabad to buy cotton and he got caught in an unknown commotion.

Raichandbhai, a partner of M/S Valji Ladhani Company, was extremely religious. His devotion towards Mahamantra Navkar was also commendable. Whenever there was a need to buy cotton for the company, Raichandbhai's name was almost always mentioned. Thus, in 1947, Raichandbhai arrived in Hyderabad to buy cotton. After reaching the market, he was still discussing about the purchase, when the spark of communal war flared up like a flame and there was a rush among the Hindu people. For Hindus, taking shelter of any house in Hyderabad meant taking shelter of a cat to save a mouse. Therefore, Hindus started fleeing from Hyderabad and reaching the railway station. They boarded the coaches of the trains headed towards Hindu majority states and began to feel some satisfaction of being saved.

Like many Hindus, Raichandbhai also fled from Hyderabad and became a little worrisome after coming into the coach of a train. But this was like getting out of one trap and falling into the another. A few soldiers of the Arab government entered the coach in which Raichandbhai was sitting and started searching everyone. Raichandbhai was terrified to see Hindus dying one after the other by the whistling bullets from the Arabs' guns. Death was now visible right in front of him, so Raichandbhai hid under a seat in the coach. The Arabs did not remain unaware of this. The Arabs hit Raichandbhai with the butt of gun who was hiding under the seat and asked him, "Despite being a Hindu, you expect to be alive? What is your name? Tell the truth."

"My name is Rahim; I am not a Hindu" - after answering this he came out from under the seat and started begging for life and pleaded – "I am Rahim, have mercy on me, I am not a Hindu."

The Arabs got angry and said, "You bastard! You are lying. Your work looks like that of a Hindu and you are saying that you are Rahim."

The Arab soldiers pointed their rifles and said, "You are lying outright. If your appearance would have like Rahim, we would not have to pick up this rifle. Now remember your God."

On hearing this, Raichandbhai's heart was filled with devotion to Navkar and respect for religion. He thought that if he was going to die, instead of dying like a coward why not chant Navkar like a brave man and get a righteous and heroic death? Completely free from the fear of dying and greed to live, Raichandbhai stood in front of the rifle with his chest open. Trusting in the power of the Mahamantra, the fear of death seemed to have disappeared from his mind and some new supernatural glow was making his face shine.

Considering Raichandbhai's bravery of going ahead and getting death as a drama or stunt, the Arabs fired three bullets and left from there. The Muslims standing nearby were also looking at Raichandbhai. Due to the firing of three bullets, everyone felt that the death of this Hindu was inevitable. But what is called the effect of Navkar and the amazing power of religion? The one that shatters the inevitable events and creates a miracle that is not possible even in dreams, its name is the effect of Navkar and the power of Dharma.

Hearing the terrifying sound of bullets being fired from the rifle, Raichandbhai lost hope of living. His eyes were closed, but he was seeing the amazing creation of Navkar and Dharma Samrajya, which he could not see even with open eyes. Even after firing three bullets, not a single hair of his was harmed. So Raichandbhai opened his eyes, the scene that he saw in front was also strange. There were no Arab soldiers in front. All the Muslims who were visible were also looking at Raichandbhai with awe-inspiring eyes. Three bullets were fired but without hitting the target, those bullets turned in the other direction.

While Raichandbhai himself was feeling surprised at having escaped death by a whisker, the Muslims standing nearby were also surprised. How is this possible? At the time when the bullets were fired from the rifle, everyone was seeing Raichandbhai as a murderous infidel. Now Muslims also started thinking about Raichandbhai that he seems to be a child of *Allah*; how did such a man get caught in this riot?

Everyone was wondering what power was behind this man of *Allah* not being harmed in the slightest? For Raichandbhai, this was not even an ordinary question, because the power of Navkar and Dharma as an inaccessible power to save himself from the brink had become an experience and self-realization for him.

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The Sound of Navkar, the Inviter of Fearlessness

8

The miracle through Namaskar can be called a very big and future achievement. In today's era, wherever you look, there is domination of disdain, ostracism, arrogance and pride. In such a situation, the attainment of the Mahamantra Namaskar should be considered a big achievement and miracle. 'There is a miracle, there is Namaskar', this is today's belief, while the devout Jains believe that Namaskar is the biggest miracle. The one who salutes the miracle cannot become a true Navkar devotee, while the miracle is inevitable in the life of the one who considers Namaskar as a miracle and even if the miracle is not created, the devotion of Namaskar cannot be matched anywhere.

Liladharbhai, a resident of Chhatrasa village in Saurashtra and living in Calcutta for business for years, was well known in Calcutta as a Navkar-devoted worshipper. This is the story of the time when Pakistan was formed by breaking the undivided Hindustan. This is a true incident of that time, which proves that those who consider Namaskar as a miracle, strange miracles do happen in their life, which gives special respect to the devotion to Namaskar.

At the time of partition of India and Pakistan, the atmosphere was terrifying with the destruction, looting, cruel and ruthless slogans of the killing and stabbing. There was a rush to save the lives of own and the family. The people living together in harmony, in the frenzy of partition, became thirsty for each other's life.

How could a city like Calcutta remain free from the effects of partition at such a time? There were fights, arson, burning of living humans and slaughter. The atmosphere had become extremely fearful due to the ruthless sound of 'stab them- kill them'. The whole city was engulfed in flames. At such a time, how could the area where Navkar-devotee Liladharbhai lived remain free from fear, as there were more settlements of people of other castes than Hindus?

Liladharbhai may have had a general idea of the situation, but the situation was more dreadful than anticipation. He came to know it when he saw with his own eyes that a Muslim mob had entered the house by breaking the iron door of the house in front of him and the atmosphere had become extremely violent with the sound of crying and screaming.

Seeing the naked dance of death happening in front of his eyes, Liladharbhai could not see any possibility of saving his family and as a pre-preparation to accept the inevitable death with the sound of Navkar, he closed his eyes along with the whole family and got immersed

in the chanting of Navkar. Death was certain. There was no point in begging for life. The family's only wish was that if death occurs with the chanting of Navkar, then at least their life would improve. Taking his eyes off the dangerous game being played in front of him, Liladharbhai became immersed in the chanting of Navkar. He had no hope of survival because the house in which he lived had a wooden door and that too in a dilapidated state. How long would this dilapidated wooden door stand against the force that could break the iron door of the house in front? Hence, it was futile to hope for survival, but the death in bad condition could certainly be avoided. Hence, for this purpose, Liladharbhai forgot everything and got lost in the sound of Navkar.

The frenzy of the stormy mob kept increasing. The frenzy became more violent after killing many Hindus. Now the frenzy mob was creating a ruckus in front of Liladharbhai's house. Now the frenzy made the broken, dilapidated wooden door its target and attacked it. After some time, they felt that their strength to break the iron door was now betraying them. It was believed that this door would break easily. It was as if it had transformed from wood to iron and was challenging them. Those goons were not able to understand the invisible reason behind it."

The goons were listening to the Navkar sound coming from Liladharbhai's room, they thought it was a scary fearful scream. This sound was inviting fearlessness, how could the goons imagine this? As the mystery of failure in breaking the door became deeper, they started putting in double the effort. Liladharbhai became careless of all these circumstances and got engrossed in chanting Navkar. He had no intention of resisting death, because it was inevitable. But with the effect of chanting Navkar, he wanted to remain engrossed in good meditation.

The Navkar sound was ready to reverse this game of death by connecting with some power in invisible form. Neither Navkar-devotee Liladharbhai nor the goon gang had any idea of this. Both were engrossed in their work. Then it seemed that the Navkar sound has been connected without any wire, telephone or message. A military vehicle suddenly stopped near Liladharbhai's house and the whole situation changed. The goons ran away with their tails between their legs. Everyone was amazed at the invisible help that Liladharbhai had not expected even in his dreams. No one could even imagine the reason behind this. But every pore of Navkar-devotee Liladharbhai was crying out that only the Navkar sound can do such a miracle by becoming an inviter of fearlessness. What is there to be surprised about in this?

Devotion to Navkar that Gives Prestige

9

Dr. Nemichand Jain was a big name in Hindi Jain journalism. Despite being a Jyotishacharya, PhD. and D.Litt. and fragrant by the values of Digambar sect, he was a good thinker and analyst on the subject of the Namaskar Mahamantra. At an old age, he had published beautiful thoughtful material on the Mahamantra Navkar in a special issue of a Hindi monthly called 'Tirthankar'. The question is that what would be the element that created devotion

towards the Mahamantra Navkar in the heart and mind of a holder of a big degree like D.Litt? If we start the journey of searching for that element, then an incident that happened during the study period of Shri Nemichand Jain comes to mind, which will automatically give satisfaction and resolution.

While studying in Banaras during his student days, Nemichand Jain once went to his aunt's house during the summer vacation. Acquiring knowledge by living in Banaras Kashi was considered a symbol of pride in those days. Hence Nemichandji started getting a lot of respect in his aunt's village. Seeing the respect and honor he was getting at such a young age, the villagers started coming to him to ask him about various topics. The satisfactory solutions received from Nemichandji spread his fame and the number of visitors kept on increasing.

One day a worrying incident took place in the village. A person was bitten by a scorpion, which created a stir in the village. Knowing that the scorpion's poison is very dangerous, a rush began to save the person's life. But despite all the efforts, seeing hope turning into despair, someone from the crowd said – “In the city of Kashi Banaras, a large number of worshippers of the knowledge that removes poison also live and Nemichandji, who returned from there after studying, is present in the village at this time. Call him here, maybe he can do something and save that person's life.”

Hearing this, many people rushed to meet Nemichandji. Hearing the villagers' request, Nemichandji got into deep thought and immediately told the villagers that the experts in the knowledge of mantras must be living in Banaras but I do not even know the 'M' of mantra and the 'T' of tantra, so what will I do by coming to the person who is lying on the death bed after suffering from the poisonous sting. Therefore, without keeping any hope in my eyes, search for some other expert in mantras, so that the life of that person can be saved. I have no knowledge about this subject.

On hearing such words of Nemichandji, the people who had come said-“A diamond doesn't say from its mouth that it is worth lakhs'. You have studied in Kashi Banaras for so many years and it does not even make sense for you to be completely ignorant about mantras and tantras. Whatever little you know, try the experiment of getting rid of poison on the basis of that. You will have to come with us. If you get success, we will make the sky resound with your praises and will not say a single word in case of failure.”

Nemichandji's condition became like a betel nut in the middle of a nutcracker. He had no idea of the way of getting rid of poison, while the people of the village were not ready to listen at all. Those people were saying that Nemichandji! You should come quickly; time is running out and the danger to that person's life is increasing. You should come voluntarily, otherwise we will surely pick you up and take you away. Therefore, we humbly request you to come along immediately to save that person's life.

The villagers crossed all limits of their insistence. Nemichandji was lost in thoughts. He was already impressed by the effect of Navkar. Therefore, he mentally decided to go and bowed down to the Mahamantra Navkar and prayed- “O Mantradhiraj! By trusting you, I request you to save the life of that person lying on his death bed and save my honor.

After praying so much in his mind, Nemichandji told the villagers that how can I refuse all your requests, but despite not knowing the mantras at all, I am coming along with you with the belief that my Mahamantra Navkar will save my honor and that man's life.

On hearing Nemichandji's answer, the villagers danced with joy. Seeing their happiness, Nemichandji's devotion and surrender to Navkar increased. Mentally, with a choked throat and a devotional heart, he prayed to the best power Mahamantra Navkar and said – “I am going to take the courage relying on you, the faith in your devotion and power should not go in vain, please save my honor.”

Reaching near the person suffering from the scorpion sting, Nemichandji again said in clear words in front of the villagers that I have no knowledge of the poison prevention mantra-tantra and method, yet I have come here with you due to extreme insistence. During the study period, I got information about the devotion and power of Navkar, on the basis of that I am going to perform this ritual. If I get success, then give the credit of it only to Mahamantra Navkar.

After such clarity, Nemichandji started sweeping the poisoned body with a branch of neem tree while reciting the Mahamantra Navkar with concentration. As this process progressed, miracles started appearing one after another. As soon as the process of sweeping with the branch was completed twenty-one times, just as a sleeping person wakes up lazily, in the same way that person sat up and started looking at the people gathered around him in surprise. In this way, Navkar-devotion brought prestige to Nemichandji.

The seed of the realization of Navkar devotion experienced in this way during student life was already dormant in Nemichandji's mind, the same seed expanded in the future and the Jain community got a unique gift in the form of 'Navkar Special Issue' published by him in 'Tirthankar' magazine.

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Defeat of Medicine, Victory of Faith

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Medicine is not everything in this world, faith is also a big thing. For a person who has faith in his heart, even water works like nectar and for a person without faith, nectar does not work as much as water, that is why it is said that the ultimate medicine among medicines is faith. If such faith and belief is on the great mantra Navkar, which is like the leader of *yantra-mantra* and *tantra*, then along with the physical disease the worldly disease of those patients are also removed and their boat sails across the life.

After reading a true incident presented here, the above thing will not remain without getting established in the heart. Along with this, it will also be felt that begging to the great mantra to remove physical sorrows is foolish like asking a happy Chakravarti to fill the vessel with leftover food. A happy Chakravarti is capable of filling the entire hut of a beggar with gold, how can a trivial demand like filling the vessel with leftover food be made from him?

Similarly, the effect of the Mahamantra is capable of completely uprooting such worldly diseases from which all the diseases, sorrows, troubles and sufferings keep on arising. Therefore, how can one be so crazy as to pray it to remove the normal sufferings of the body? This true incident is related to a person named Ratanchand Hemchandra.

This incident is of the year 1950. Once, a lump appeared on the neck of Ratanchand Hemchandra, which on diagnosis turned out to be a cancerous lump. 'Cancer' means life is cancelled! Ratanchand started seeing stars during the day. In adversity, *dharma* may be present to protect the person who has worshipped/protected *dharma* in his life, but there was nothing in his life in the name of religious faith. He started running around for medicines and clinics, but as he took medicines, the cancerous lump started increasing. When the result of meeting all the renowned surgeons of India also came to naught, then Ratanchand went to America and got his cancer treated. After spending a huge amount of nine lakh rupees on treatment there, seeing no result, Ratanchand gave up all hopes of living and came back to Mumbai.

After arriving in Mumbai, a strange moment came and Ratanchand's eyes got fixed on the Mahamantra Navkar as the sheltering element. Till date he had recited Navkar many times, had heard a lot about the greatness of Navkar, but till date he had not developed faith and trust in it. This time when he felt this, he thought that it would be better to throw these medicines in the sea and surrender his life to the Mahamantra and die in peace. He went to the battleground with courage to achieve the peace and samadhi, that he had not even dreamt of in his life, at the time of death.

Everyone felt that the day of 25th February 1950 had perhaps brought the message of death. The part of Ratanchand's throat had swollen and become so thick that even a drop of water was not going down his throat and the thirst was becoming so intense that he felt like drinking the water of the entire lake. Mumbai's renowned cancer specialist Dr. Bharucha had given an indication to his relatives after knowing these signs of the last moments. Ratanchand had also realized this. After the doctor's departure, Ratanchand burst into tears and said – “Throw all these medicines into the sea. Pull out all these pipe lines (tubes) that are attached to my mouth and throw them away in the forest. Not even an empty bottle of medicine should be present in this room. Till now I have failed to live a life of peace and *samadhi*, but I do not want to spoil my death by getting engulfed in the storm of failure. My wish is to surrender my life in the shelter of the Mahamantra and die peacefully. I am a guest for a few moments, so now no one should come to this room to disturb my last meditation, this is my wish. I have heard that the one who protects the devotion to Navkar without any doubt, then some inaccessible element protects the devotion of that Navkar. Now maybe this bed may also become my last bed, so right now I am giving the loving message of '*Khamemi Savvajive*' and '*Mitti Me Savvabhuesu*', if I am alive then we will meet again and if death is inevitable then we will meet again when the bondage of debts are established.”

Ratanchand's family, in harmony with the feelings of the patient, sat helplessly and worried outside the room. Ratanchand was experiencing some supernatural feeling after getting free from medicines and tubes. His decision to improve the last moment of his life was firm and heroic. There was no strength in his body, but there was an ocean of determination in his

mind. Without any kind of demand or condition, he had taken refuge in Navkar. '*Namo Arihantanam*' and '*Sarvatra Sukhi Bhavantu Lokah*'--these two auspicious sounds were mingled with his breath. As the chanting of these two mantras was progressing, a strange peace was spreading around the patient. The body which was not getting rest on the bed, was feeling a reduction in the intensity of pain even while sitting firmly during the chanting.

Ratanchand had surrendered himself to the Mahamantra in such a way that he was forgetting the difference of time and place. The evening passed in the chanting and even midnight passed. It seemed as if all the diseases in the body of the patient had gathered and were crying to come out and there was a strong vomiting of blood. After vomiting, Ratanchand started feeling a different kind of relief. He started feeling as if all the cancer germs were thrown out in this vomiting.

In the morning when Ratanchand opened the door of the room, there was a line of worried people outside. He talked about the relief he got at night and after a while said – “I feel that the one who was not able to swallow even a drop of water will be able to drink hot milk today.”

A glass of milk was given to him. After many months, today Ratan Chand gulped down a glass of hot milk. Everyone started feeling surprised. Seeing the patient coming out of the door of the crematorium and entering youth, everyone started saluting the incomprehensible power and devotion of the Mahamantra.

The joy that Ratanchand was experiencing while chanting the Mahamantra for hours on the basis of faith after banishing medicines, was also seeming to him indescribable. The chanting of '*Namo Arihantanam*' and '*Sarvatra Sukhi Bhavantu Lokah*' continued for a few more days and there was no effect of cancer on Ratanchand's body. Then even fruits and grains started going down that cancer-infected throat. When Ratanchand reached Dr. Bharucha two months after the date of February 24, which the doctors had told as the last date of his life, the doctor once thought that has Ratan Chand's ghost-possessed body appeared before him? He said to the patient – “This is the first experience for me when a patient has returned after reaching the cremation ground and fooling Yamraj! Which medicine worked for you? Please tell me the name, which can help in the researches being done on cancer?”

Ratanchand said- “This is a prescription of incomprehensible power. When even the Himalaya full of medicines get dejected and accept defeat in curing a disease, then the faith placed on the Mahamantra comes forward and wins the battle. If someone has the superpower to fill power in the medicine also, then faith has it. Such worship of faith has given me a grand victory in the battle of life and death. Even property worth eighteen lakhs and time of so many years could not stop cancer from spreading, let alone eradicating it. I became disease free in one night without spending even a penny. That effect is of our Navkar Mantra and its worship done by me with faith.”

All the things said by Ratanchandji were surprising for the doctor living in the world of medicine and clinics. This true incident was worth thinking about for those who do not look at the invisible with faith. The matter of faith may be invisible, but its auspicious result was visible, due to which it was not possible to deny it.

When the doctors examined Ratanchand, no signs of the disease were found. This incident became a challenge to their method of functioning. They pondered over it for many days with the help of their intellect, but were unsuccessful in getting to the secret! Because where it was necessary to take the help of faith and belief, the doctors accepted the help of logic and intellect.

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13 Days in the Dangerous Chambal Valley

11

Before reading this true incident-

This tragic incident that happened on 28 December 1973 has been described in the style of an autobiography. The protagonists of this story – the four young men, Rajendra, Suresh, Naveen and Chinubhai – were kidnapped that day and were freed from the Chambal valley after 13 days. Some invisible power was responsible for their release before the ransom amount could be paid. After their release, these young men met the Assistant Editor of 'Chitralekha'. The entire incident was published in detail in 'Chitralekha', but they presented the invisible power in their article as a vow/obstacle. It was necessary to write this incident so that everyone gets to know the true identity of that invisible power, so that everyone gets to know the effect of Shri Mahamantra Navkar and Lord Shri Shankheshwar Parshvanath and feels the feeling of true liberation. This story is full of such elements.

It was a cold morning. Even after sunrise, the effect of the deadly cold had not abated. Our bus was moving ahead on the deserted forest road. Our journey had started from Mumbai. The auspicious places of pilgrimages of the eastern part of the country were visible in front of our eyes.

On 28 December 1973, we left Agra for Shauryapuri. I was as if the peaks of Shauryapuri were calling us, but who knew that destiny had written something else! The bus was passing near Bateshwar when six bandits suddenly attacked. They stopped our bus. A sad silence prevailed. The name of 'Shri Shankheshwar Swami' was on everyone's lips and everyone started chanting the Mahamantra Navkar in their minds.

Every moment was precious for the bandits. They started looting at gunpoint. They snatched cash from some and jewellery from others. This was the beginning. With wide open eyes, we were all lost in thoughts, when suddenly the bandits kidnapped the four of us and started walking. They had assumed that among us were the happy children of Mumbai's Mafatlal Group, so if they kidnapped us, they would get whatever amount they asked for!

All the people sitting in the bus just stared at our kidnapping and what else could they do? Even uttering a single word in front of the bandits' guns was risking our lives and who would

come to save in such a jungle? Bandits ruled everywhere. Six bandits with guns and four of us! Thus our group of ten started walking towards the dense forest at a fast pace.

The fear of the gun in the hands of the bandits was making us run at the speed of the wind. In a short while we had reached far into the forest. The memories of the Chambal valley and the sad stories of the bandits described in the daily newspapers started becoming fresh. Then whose support did we have here? We were reciting the Mahamantra Navkar and Shankheshwar Parshwa Prabhu with devotion in our minds.

On that land full of stones and thorns, our habit of urban comforts was hindering us from moving forward, but here we had to run. The lungs would fill with breath, in such a race if the speed slowed down even a little, the barrel of the gun pointed by the bandits would speed it up again.

The trails in the forest were so twisted that even those who knew the route would get lost. Looking far away, a despairing cry would come out – will this run not come to an end?

After two hours of walking, the sound of the flowing river was heard and we hoped to get some rest, but that hope too was dashed. The bandits gathered their clothes and said in a harsh voice – "Why are you standing here, you bastards! Come on, move ahead in the river!"

The deadly cold of winter. The waving cold wind! Then running in the river water. Who had the courage to turn eyes red in front of the bandits? Our water journey began. As soon as we stepped in the water, we felt that this water might cool down our consciousness.

This was the Yamuna river. Our race began amidst the vigilance of the bandits. As we moved ahead, the depth of the river was also increasing. The water started coming up to the waist. At one place, bamboos were stuck in the river, our journey started moving forward towards that side.

When we reached the middle of the Yamuna, the water started coming up to the chest. There was fear and trembling in every part of the body! And that too cold water! The bandits were still silent, the atmosphere of fear emanating from their staring eyes was capable of scaring us. Shivering in such a terrible state, we stepped across the river.

From here, one bandit separated and went to the other side. He still had a *bukani* tied on his face. We thought that he must be an informer. He must be living in the city, so he must be wearing a mask on his face so that no one recognizes him. The plain land had now come to an end. From here the rocky ups and downs of the mountain began. In wet clothes we started crossing that difficult path. We thought that if the bandits ever left us then how would we remember these paths? Evading the bandits' eyes, Naveenbhai among us threw the secretly kept watch and the ring behind a stone. For us, the identification of the path was more valuable than the ring.

It had been only a few minutes since we had started our journey through the hilly region when we saw another river, our condition worsened. The difficult journey of the second river was also completed, then the journey on the rocky land began. Now the sun had reached mid-day. It was no longer cold, but the stomach was crying out. This journey without eating and drinking was a difficult task for us city dwellers. To complete the incomplete, a new burden

was put on our shoulders. Keeping their guns with themselves, the bandits had put the remaining heavy burden on us, which included three military bags, two bundles and a water bag.

A dozen watches, a quarter to dozen rings, half a dozen gold bangles, three to four necklaces and Rs 4100 in cash were looted. Looking at these looted things, our relatives appeared before our eyes. All the goods were collected by looting them. The rings and watches were the same but today tears of blood were coming on seeing them.

The bandits were in a good mood. They wore the ring that fit on their finger. Everyone had a watch hanging from their hand, some had two watches on each hand, some had ornaments in their fate.

We were watching the whole drama with our own eyes but we were helpless in front of the pointed gun. After the goods were distributed, we were searched again but what would be found with the looted?

A packet of wet cigarettes was found in Rajendra's pocket. The bandits started smoking bidis and puffing their own. One of the bandits felt like joking, he asked- "Hey what is your name? Your white bidi of Mumbai has got wet, take this khaki bidi and smoke it."

Now Rajendra got some courage. Telling his name, he said- "My cigarette will dry up now, but the ring you are wearing is my wedding ring. If that ring comes out, we consider it a bad omen.

The bandit took off the ring and gave it to Rajendra. We saw humanity even in the valley of Chambal. We were not ready to believe, but this incident changed our thoughts. Now we got the courage to talk. Suresh said – "We are thirsty." A bandit gave us a water bag and said – "There is little water, drink it like ghee." We felt satisfied after wetting our throat. Many things came to our tongue but we were still not able to leave the fear of the barrel of the gun. Some time passed by and by then the fire of hunger had appeared in our stomach. Now the bandits stood up and the journey started again.

Around 2.30 o'clock we camped again. The bandits took out a few stale rotis from a bundle, but seeing their condition our hunger vanished. We said, "We have no hunger."

The leader of the bandits now said loudly, "How will we cross the road without eating? Come, let us sit together and eat."

We reluctantly ate a few mouthfuls. There was shortage of water too. We had two sips each. The bandits were now fearless. They started resting. Everyone started telling their stories, but we were still under strict surveillance. A gun was always kept pointed at us. We said, "Where are we going to run away? Just put the gun's barrel on that side so that we can get some peace of mind."

We talked about random things with the bandits. It took us a long time to gather courage to ask the main thing. Finally one of us said, "When will we be freed from this Chambal valley?"

The bandits started laughing. The echo of that laughter was also terrifying. We got the answer– “You have been brought here as a kidnap; we will leave you only after taking the desired amount from your parents.”

The disappointing day ended. In these valleys, under such an open natural shelter, dreams of the night started playing in our eyes, but in the meantime the journey started again.

The foresight of the bandits surprised us. They scattered the pieces of bidis and matchsticks lying in the hamlet far and wide in the valley. Strong winds were blowing in the cold. In the Chambal valley, on a winter night, as if snow was raining, our body started shivering.

Despite being bandits, they were humans. They took out blankets from the bag and gave us to cover ourselves. In their eyes, the journey of emergency was starting. After the strict order to move ahead stealthily, we moved our feet. There was no means of light in hand or with us. The dark journey started. There was no escape without walking on the ravines or uneven rocky ground. Our freedom had to surrender before the barrel of the gun.

A bandit was walking ahead of our group. He was responsible for being the guide. After walking for more than half an hour, we saw light in the distance. Those flickering lamps in the darkness seemed hopeful to us. But that hope turned into despair. Leaving the direction of those flickering lamps, the bandits started walking in another direction.

During this journey, we started moving forward, tearing the crops waving in the field. Our journey stopped at around 9 o'clock. The bandits were waiting for someone. We thought that perhaps we would have to rest for the night here. Meanwhile, a bandit came there. He had brought some food and water. The bandits also ate and started resting. We were also told to rest. But what rest is there in such a situation? That sad scene of the morning's robbery was floating in front of our eyes. How much the compassionate mothers would be crying pitifully for their kidnapped sons? How painful would be the cries of relatives? Many such thoughts were shaking us. Even though the entire sky was dark, we could see our unshakable faith in place of the Pole Star shining far away. The *Ajapa-jap* (spontaneous unchanted chanting) of Lord Shankheshwar was filling us with fearlessness.

The silent night was freezing. Our sleep had become enemy. The faint sound of the horn of a motor-vehicle far away and the faint light would disappear after creating hope in our eyes that some motor-vehicle would come here, but it was not possible.

Whether it was midnight or not, the bandits suddenly stood up. Immediately the preparations for the journey were made and we were also made to stand. The unknown journey of midnight started again. We felt that we were moving towards the road far away. The bandits would stand up as soon as they heard the horn of any motor-vehicle. After some time the road came. We crossed the road very cautiously and reached the field in front. We did not get a moment's rest during the 3-4 hour long trek.

The field was of sugarcane. Seeing the thick and tall crop, the bandits entered it. After reaching a little distance, the bandits stopped. In the sugarcane field, it seemed as if we were standing in an impenetrable fort, the bandits were also feeling such fearlessness. We were ordered to sleep there.

Everyone fell asleep due to hard labor. When the sun rose on the second day, we could not take satisfaction in the completion of twenty-four hours of torture because we were not unaware of the tortures to come ahead.

The dangerous trek in the Chambal valley continued. The second day ended, the third and fourth days also rose and set. The fifth day also came but we started feeling that the Chambal valley was getting bigger and bigger. Even after such a long journey, its end was not visible. During these days we had become quite friendly with the bandits.

Since the bandits had become familiar with the names of all four of us, they used to call us Rajendra, Naveen, Suresh and Chinubhai. We also used to address most of the bandits with their names. The leader named Gopi was called Thakur by us. We also experienced his humanity. When the slippers of one of us got broken, the next day we got canvas boots. For this trip, Thakur gave boots to the other three of us as well.

One day, while talking, the core matter came out. The bandits said – “We have offered to get you released by giving four lakhs by your families. Now whatever happens is fine.” We had then said – “Our relatives are not capable of collecting even a lakh.” Then the bandits had said, “Stop confusing us. Among you, Mafatlal alone can give four lakhs.”

We thought how to explain to them that there is not only one Mafatlal in Mumbai who is a millionaire. Once we said – “If you want to release us then you can release us but let us write a paper so that our parents get some peace.” The bandits also gave us an inland letter, we wrote that too but it was not posted, it was burnt in front of us.

The cleverness of the bandits in keeping themselves informed about the activities going on outside Chambal was really such that it could astonish the heart. One day they had said- “You cannot escape from our clutches. Your relatives have lodged a complaint in the police station, Vinoba Bhave people are trying to free you, but this is the Chambal valley, no matter how much they try they cannot trace us.”

On the fifth day we were exhausted from walking. In the middle of it, a lot of kitchen stuff arrived which made us think of our long time period. Once giving us *kheer* to eat, the bandits told us that after all the money was of our fathers.

Now we were also scared. One of us said, 'Let's ask Thakur and see how much he agrees for? Can our parents take out ten thousand each?'

Negotiations started, but how could the hope of a lakh be satisfied with forty thousand? After two days of discussions, we settled for seventy-five thousand and the bandits for two lakhs!

One night, a fearful silence spread among the bandits. The lights of the police vehicle started flashing far away, but what is the existence of the police in front of the mysterious places of the bandits in the Chambal valley?

The frightened bandits started negotiating again and finally the deal for release was fixed for one lakh rupees. It was decided that Rajendra from among us would bring one lakh rupees and get us released. 5th January was fixed for his departure but on the night of the 5th the deal seemed to be rejected.

That night we were transiting when a bandit came there. He said to Thakur- “Do not make the deal at such a low price, I am a B.A. pass bandit. Get their addresses written down for me. I will check from Mumbai and tell you the truth.

The B.A. pass bandit was waited for till the evening of the 6th. But he did not come to take the papers of our name and address. The bandits had made our parents write a letter and had our signatures at the bottom of it, in which we had to write that if the police do not stop the search, we will not be freed, so for our safety make efforts to lift the police guard.

Thakur was in a dilemma. Rajendra had not yet been sent off in the care of the B.A. pass bandit and that brother had no time to come, on the other hand the clouds of fear were looming.

The thorns and bushes were making our feet bleed. At around 2 o'clock, there was some battery light. All the bandits were in a panic but soon they found a secret hiding place in the valley where they hid and became fearless for the next two days. The bandits heaved a sigh of relief.

On the night of the 7th, the bandits again remembered the deal of one lakh rupees. Rajendra from among us started the negotiations again. The time period seemed too short to Rajendra. He himself would have to go to Agra. If the relatives have gone to Mumbai from there, then he will have to go there. Finally, with great difficulty, the date was fixed. The place was also decided. It was decided that Rajendra should come to Kamtari-Chandrapur on the 12th January with one lakh rupees in cash.

The success of the negotiations gave us hope of our freedom. The deal of four lakh was fixed for one lakh, in this we felt the invisible hand of our faith in the idol and the *Ajapa-jap* of Navkar.

On the 8th, Thakur made rotis with his own hands and fed us. He gave Rajendra one hundred rupees and some coins for the fare.

Both the parties took an oath. Thakur swore not to do any dirty politics in freeing the kidnapped people for one lakh rupees. Thakur also told that if Rajendra betrayed, then he would shoot Suresh, Naveen and Chinubhai with the barrel of his gun. Rajendra also made this promise. He took an oath to remain present as per the time limit by keeping the police unaware of this matter and after bidding tearful farewell to the three of us, Rajendra left to get the money for freeing the kidnapped people.

By the time the agreement was delayed by two days, a thousand policemen were standing around Chambal to arrest the bandits. Thakur was dreaming of a lakh, but the power of devotion to God wanted to tell a different result.

On 28th December, we all had seen the valley of Chambal. Today was 8th January, that is, it was our 11th day in Chambal. Rajendra was released this afternoon to go to Agra, but by doing this he had invited trouble. If the police spread around Chambal saw him, then the whole plan could go in vain. Thakur became cautious. To keep himself informed about the activities around, Thakur hid a few bandits secretly. Now we were not worried about ourselves. We kept praying to the manifest and powerful Lord Shri Shankheshwar

Parshwanath for Rajendra's well-being. The chanting of the Mahamantra was still going on. Rajendra's well-being was our well-being. He had to reach Agra safely after passing through the standing police force.

Rajendra took leave from Chambal at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Rajendra became overjoyed on seeing the signal of Bhadan station at about 6 o'clock in the evening. This four-hour difficult journey was difficult to be fruitful without the help of Lord Shri Shankheshwar Parshwanath and the Mahamantra Navkar. Rajendra's unwavering faith became a shield and he reached the station safely. There was no possibility of meeting the train, because it was 6 o'clock and the train was scheduled to leave at 5.30. Still, as soon as Rajendra stepped on the platform, he heard the whistle of the train. He came to know that today the train was arriving half an hour late. Rajendra sat in the train after paying his respects inwardly to Lord Shri Shankheshwar Parshwanath present in the courtyard of his heart.

The train left for Agra. From 6 in evening to 2 o'clock in the night, Rajendra was surrounded by thoughts. The morning scene was visible in front of his eyes. The thought of us was not allowing his eyes and heart to remain peaceful. He was also imagining the surprise that his relatives would feel as soon as he reached Agra.

At 2 o'clock, he reached Agra. Rajendra went straight in search of the rest room. On enquiring, the station master started suspecting Rajendra that whether these bandits still have something to loot?

Rajendra told everything openly. The station master was also surprised to see Rajendra – one among the young men kidnapped in the Chambal valley. He took him to Ramnarayan Gupta's place. The relatives of the kidnapped youths lived at Gupta's house.

With the penance of *Ayambil*, the Mahamantra Namaskar and chanting of Dada Shankheshwar, Gupta's house had also become a temple of faith. Everyone was prepared to not leave the refuge of faith until the missing youths were found. As soon as Rajendra entered Gupta's house, everyone kept looking at him with wide open eyes. Doubts and suspicions started coming in front of everyone's eyes. Rajendra alone! Suresh, Naveen, Chinu! Why didn't they come?

Seeing the atmosphere there and the feelings of the relatives, tears came to Rajendra's eyes too. His arrival was also seeming a surprise now.

Seeing the readiness to dial telephone numbers to inform the police, Rajendra said - "Wait!" Hearing his commitment, everyone's hands stopped. What else could they do? It was a dilemma. The condition was like there was a river on one side and a lion on the other! From whose claws should we escape?

Rajendra had a responsibility as big as the Himalayas to collect one lakh rupees. The final result of forgetting or delaying this responsibility was the death of three young men. To collect one lakh rupees, contact with Mumbai was essential. Rajendra started turning the dial of the telephone, but he had no idea of the twists of fate. The invisible power whose help had helped him reach Agra safely, its invisible effect was still there. Leaving Rajendra to work hard to collect money, we now move towards the Chambal valley.

There had never been an incident of thousands of policemen guarding around Chambal. This time the grip of the police was dangerous. The police had arrested many relatives of the bandits. The police stood like an unbreakable wall on the border of Uttar Pradesh. The Yamuna river was also barricaded so that the bandits could not escape from Madhya Pradesh. If the police wanted, they could have created a ruckus and arrested many of the bandits, but doing so would have put the lives of the kidnapped youths at risk. Thakur and the three youths had hidden themselves in the secret ruins of the Chambal valley, but Thakur was worried as news of disappointment was coming every moment. We (Suresh, Naveen, Chinubhai) could sense that things were getting worse by seeing Thakur's despair and devastation, but our main concern was Rajendra.

A bandit came. He had brought the message of defeat. The entire family of Gopi Thakur, his mother, wife, sons and brother-in-law were taken into custody by the police. Thakur had not even imagined that he would have to face such a big crisis for the sake of the kidnapped youths. The running around for the peace mission was coming before his eyes. He started remembering the atrocities committed by the cruel bandits Sildar Singh and Lokman. He wondered if he alone would have to pay for all their sins!

Bandits could remain hidden only with the help of the trust of the people and villages around them. The people and farmers also started coming from time to time to convince the bandit that Gopi! Now there is no fun. Release the youths, otherwise the situation will worsen.

Thakur got very angry at the B.A. pass bandit. If Rajendra had left on the sixth, then by the eighth or ninth he would have got a lakh rupees and the police guard would have been lifted after the release of the youths. But he himself got trapped in greed and today the situation deteriorated completely. Thakur's brother-in-law was also caught. He promised the police that you release me today! Tomorrow if the youths are not freed, then you celebrate on my dead body!

Bandit's promise means promise! That bandit got released from there and went to the valley of Chambal. The whole day of the 9th was stressful for Thakur. We saw that he would get heated while talking. Everyone would talk about our release, but Thakur had to somehow drag the matter till the 12th.

Without getting a single penny, he was not willing to leave the young men for whom he took so much risk.

In the evening a bandit came there. He was Thakur's brother-in-law. He directly ordered him, "Gopi! Either release these young men! Or kill me with this gun." Thakur heard the whole thing. There was no way except bowing to the brother-in-law's pledge of surrender. Losing sympathy, the bandit (Gopi) was unable to take a decision immediately. Every moment was precious for the brother-in-law. He said for the second time- "What are you thinking? If we are caught, our life's earnings will go to waste. This time the police have become so aggressive that not even a single bandit will be able to survive. My word is more valuable, either take a decision or take this gun! And kill me."

And that bandit fired a couple of shots in the air, then he pointed the gun towards his own chest. The game was over the very next moment, but Gopi stood up. He pulled out the gun from his brother-in-law and he accepted the release of the young men.

We had gone to sleep at 7 o'clock in the evening under the cover of the ruins. It was wrong to even think of release till the 12th. There Thakur suddenly woke us up. We thought that we would have to migrate again. But Thakur's voice came- "I am releasing you; you can leave right now."

'Dream or reality.' We kept rubbing our eyes. What is this? It is the night of the 9th. Rajendra has arrived just now? Did the bandits get the one lakh rupees of the ransom money? Meanwhile Gopi again said- "Stand up, I am releasing you".

Before we think about the work of the invisible power behind the unexpected release, Gopi's brother-in-law and two-three other farmers showed sympathy towards us and we left the same night saluting the Chambal valley.

Which power freed us? Who stood with us to free us from the clutches of Chambal? We were not able to understand. We asked the twinkling star in the sky to answer the question. In response, the words of the Mahamantra started ringing in our ears and the fearless form of the temple and idol of Shankheshwar Parshwanath appeared before our eyes.

Our journey which started at 8 o'clock in the night continued without any break for 4 hours till midnight. Then we were hosted in a village at midnight. Despite facing a lot of difficulties in that four-hour journey, we felt a sense of belonging. We also crossed muddy fields. The path was not without any stones and pebbles, yet it seemed as soft as butter to us.

On the morning of 10th January, we reached Agra. Rajendra and his family members' eyes welled up with tears of joy due to our sudden arrival. We all kept crying for some time together in a room. The valley of Chambal was still not out of sight.

After travelling to the eastern part of the country, we went straight to Shankheshwarji. As soon as we saw the Lord, tears started flowing from our eyes. Some experiences or incidents happen in such a way that they can be preserved only in the box of the heart like pearls.

The 13 days of distress spent in the dangerous valley of Chambal and the invisible power of the great mantra Shri Navkar and Shankheshwar which gave us protection even in that condition is also one such incident. When we preserve them in the box of our heart, we will open that box and illuminate the path with the light of that pearl, and we will take pride in becoming light-seekers.

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When Revolver Became a Toy

12

It was the time of sunrise. The highway of two cities Dhuliya and Panchora of Maharashtra was busy with the movement of vehicles. 50/75 years ago, people used to travel in many types of vehicles on this highway. Some Englishmen and a devoted Jain Shri Khimjibhai Hirji Lodaya were going from Dhuliya to Panchora by horse carriage. Khimjibhai had a good command over the English language and from a business point of view, he had to come in contact with foreign people, due to which he could speak English well.

Khimjibhai had great faith in the Mahamantra Navkar. He believed that even while being in contact with foreign people for business, he was able to maintain Jainism only due to the effect of the Navkar Mahamantra. He used to chant Navkar regularly, and whenever he got an opportunity to explain the horrors of non-vegetarianism to the foreign people, he used to utilize that opportunity by remembering the Mahamantra. He always did his duty of explaining the importance of non-violence very well.

Once while Khimjibhai was travelling from Dhuliya to Panchora with the Englishmen, the topic of his conversation was - the grandeur of Indian culture. In the pleasant atmosphere of the horse-carriage ride, the conversation was just getting lively when suddenly the fun was interrupted.

Those Englishmen were very fond of hunting. Their eyes fall on the deer running far away and they started handling their revolvers.

Khimjibhai understood their intentions, so he said that an important thing has been said in Indian culture that if we are not capable of returning something after taking it, then we should never take that thing. If everyone starts following this principle, then this world will become more pleasant than heaven.

The hobby of hunting had taken control of the minds of the Englishmen, yet they said – “What is the big deal in this? We should not take that which we cannot return, what is the big philosophy in this?” Khimjibhai said – “Then do this, you promise me that if we take something and cannot return it, we will not even think of taking it.”

The Englishmen found this very simple and straightforward. They immediately said– “We promise! We will not take anything which we have taken and cannot return.”

As soon as the Englishmen committed to his word, Khimjibhai revealed the secret and said – “Now hand over the revolver to me, only then will you be able to keep your words. This revolver can become an obstacle in keeping your words.”

There was surprise in the eyes of the Englishmen. They said – “As soon as we saw that herd of deer, our hobby of hunting has awakened, at such a time how can we hand over the revolver to you. What relation does the revolver have with this rule!” Khimjibhai felt that now friends can be caught regularly. So he said – “See! With this revolver you will take away the life of the deer! Now by giving back to the deer the life you have taken, are you capable

of bringing the deer back to life? If you have such power, then I do not want the revolver and you may hunt. Indian culture has no right to interfere in this.”

Now the Englishmen started thinking and then feeling astonished they said - “Khimjibhai, you have played a game of tactics. If we had known this, we would not have bound by word. It is true that we are bound by word. It is also true that such an opportunity to enjoy hunting is rarely available. Therefore, if you have to maintain our relations, please do not remind us of our commitment again.”

Without paying heed to this warning of his friends, Khimjibhai tried to convince them a lot to give up such hobby, but when he felt that there was no meaning of his persuasion, he became silent and started chanting the Mahamantra in his mind. He could not accept the game of murder in front of his eyes. In such a critical moment, his conscience said that the one who saves has more power and strength than the one who kills.

Khimjibhai took a firm decision in his mind and tried to persuade his friends for the last time, but that too became futile. On that beautiful land filled with the running of deer, the Englishmen got down from the horse carriage with a revolver.

This land should not be stained with the blood of innocent creatures, the intentions of these sinners should not succeed, therefore, how good it would be if the effect of Navkar Mahamantra comes in this environment? Making this thought strong, Khimjibhai stood meditating in Kaussagg posture under a tree. Such a voice was coming from within him that the power of strong determination never goes in vain.

Khimjibhai stood in Kaussagg posture and the Englishmen came to the field to fulfill their hobby of hunting. Seeing a herd of deer very close, their joy knew no bounds. In the next moment, they started firing bullets from the revolver. They were confident that at least seven-eight deer would be killed now, but their belief proved wrong. As if some invisible power had extended its hand to save the deer, all their bullets were in vain. The herd of deer kept roaming around happily as if the sound of the revolver had not reached their ears.

On hearing the sound of the bullet, Khimjibhai opened his eyes and what he saw in front of him, his joy knew no bounds. The revolver of the Englishmen, which was capable of shooting the flying birds, had proved to be completely ineffective in hitting the target in front of their eyes. And in reality, not even a hair of the deer was harmed. Seeing the ineffectiveness, the Englishmen started firing bullets indiscriminately to hunt the deer with double the enthusiasm, but still did not get success. Khimjibhai was still in the Kaussagg meditation. The disappointed Englishmen addressed him and said, “Let's go ahead. Nature is not in our support, that is why our hobby of hunting remained incomplete. You must have done some Mantra-Tantra, otherwise it is not possible that our revolver will ever go in vain like this.”

All sat in the horse-carriage. Khimjibhai said, “You stopped not by stopping but by losing!” Khimjibhai, who had made the unique opportunity of mentioning the Mahamantra in front of the English friends as an incomprehensible power that turned their revolver into a toy, completely worthwhile, also sat in the horse carriage. Then every fiber of his core was singing the song of the Mahamantra.

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The Power of Faith and the Mantras

13

Faith is a miraculous thing endowed with a strange power! If God himself comes and stands beside a person who does not have the support of faith, for him God is like a statue of stone. And if a devotee who has the support of faith sees the idol of God, he can experience the blessing of getting God in person through the vision. This power lies in faith.

This is a true incident describing exactly how the confluence of the power of such a strong faith and the matchless strength of the king of mantras Shri Navkar creates a miracle. We will identify the protagonist of this incident as 'Jindas' because he does not desire fame for revealing his true name. He is a person who finds pleasure in living in the cave of secrecy. Jindas had received the great mantra of Namaskar as a legacy. He did not know much about the deep secret of this mantra, so how could he get the good fortune of consecrating the Mahamantra with deep knowledge and faith from the bottom of his heart? Still, he had the good fortune of sprinkling the water of ordinary faith, due to which his vow of chanting the Mahamantra regularly every day continued uninterrupted on the basis of his faith. During that chanting, many times such waves of feelings arose in his heart that how good would it be if I get to see the effect of this mantra directly? Many days, months and years passed waiting for this feeling to turn into possibility, but he could not see even a single mark of a colored line of possibility in the waves of feeling.

A strange moment comes in life when a person thinks something and something else happens! Sometimes an accident turns into a blessing, and sometimes a blessing takes a terrible turn towards an accident. Once such a strange moment came in the life of Jindas.

A non-Jain friend of Jindas was a worshipper of Shakti and the worshipper of Shakti had a good acquaintance with a Tantrik. One day that friend said to Jindas- "Jindas! This world is a fair of strange and amazing specialties. If you keep looking at the world with open eyes of faith, you can experience it. If you wish, I invite you to come and see at least once the miracle of worshipping Shakti. A Tantrik can show such a miracle directly and Ganga has come to the courtyard of the house. That Tantrik has come to our own city."

Jindas could not control his mind on hearing this out of curiosity. He thought that even though I am a Jain, what is the harm in going to see it. I am sure that the *Ajapa-jap* (spontaneous unchanted chanting) of the Mahamantra Navkar going on in my mind cannot shake my faith at all.

Accepting the friend's invitation happily, Jindas said, "I gladly accept your invitation and feel happy. Let's go, if we can see miracles in this way also, then why lose this opportunity?" Both the friends reached the temple of Shakti Mata. Jindas, who was habituated to and familiar with the peaceful and calm atmosphere of the Jain temple, found the atmosphere of the Shakti temple very strange. There was no symbol singing the glory of motherhood on the idol of 'Shaktidevi', who was called the mother. Shaktimata's body was covered with such marks from head to toe that even a brave person would get scared on seeing him at once. The

appearance of the Tantrik was so terrifying that even its imagination sent shivers down the heart.

The friend, a worshipper of Shakti, introduced Jindas to the Tantrik and said that he is a Jain friend of mine. He has a great desire to see the miracle of Shakti Mata, so I request you to make Shakti Mata enter the body of this friend and show him the miracle. The Tantrik nodded his head and said that Shakti Mata is a great goddess! I am starting my experiment, those who want to experience the miracle should come here and sit on a seat.

As per the Tantrik's order, Jindas sat down at the place shown. The fearful atmosphere all around was new to him, so to get the assurance of fearlessness, he started chanting the Mahamantra in his mind and decided to watch the whole drama. In a few moments, the atmosphere took a more fearful turn. The instruments started playing. The ground around became wet due to the splashing of water. After some time, it seemed as if something was entering the body of the Tantrik.

The Tantrik started the second session of the ritual while moving around loudly. He stood up and came out of his place and went towards Jindas. The experiment of making Shakti Mata enter Jindas's body began now. The Tantrik circumambulated Jindas one time. As soon as the circumambulation was completed, the Tantrik got dejected and stamping his feet sat down on his seat. He started feeling that Shakti Mata was unable to enter Jindas' body. But the Tantrik was not going to get dejected like this. He stood up again and with courage, he circumambulated Jindas for the second time, but the result was the same. Some invisible power forced him to stamp his feet and sit on his seat.

The Tantrik, who had been disappointed twice, now made it a matter of prestige and with a strong intention to make Shakti Mata enter Jindas's body by any means, stood up again and completed the third circumambulation in anger. But his dream did not come true!

Like the condition of straws in the storm, the Tantrik had to move away and with a broken heart he almost fell on his seat. Seeing the helplessness and despair that had enveloped his body and mind, that worshipper of Shakti requested Mataji to enter the body of the Tantrik and said, "Mataji! You have been invoked so that this friend Jindas may become a direct witness of your miracle. Therefore, I once again request you with a hopeful heart that you enter Jindas' body yourself and show him the miracle."

Responding to this request through the Tantrik, Shakti Mata said, "I am helpless in entering this Jain Bhai's body. The invisible bright circle created around him by the chanting of his *Ishtdev* (personal deity) prevents me from entering his body, due to which I have to move back."

With the wish to save the boat that was stranded on the shore, the worshipper of Shakti again requested – "if you get desperate, then how will it work? It is my inner desire that you tell me the miracle in any way. If there is any shortcoming in the arrangements, then do inform me, we are ready to fulfill it."

Again he got the reply through the Tantrik- "Yes, there is a solution. This Jain brother should stop chanting the name of his *Ishtdev*, if he promises me to give up his *Isht-Mantra* for life, then my obstruction can be removed, I can enter his body. Without this, there is no way to get

my miracle. I may be considered very powerful, but the bright circle awakened by this brother with the *Isht-Mantra* makes my eyes blind. I become helpless in moving forward by tearing these circles. Therefore, I am able to show the miracle only if this condition of mine is accepted. Tell me, is my condition acceptable?”

The answer to this question created a different kind of decisive churning in Jindas's heart. He started thinking- “Oh! the miracle is waiting for me in my own house and I am wandering here and there in search of it. My Navkar is so powerful that the light emanating from its chanting can defeat even Shakti Mata. I do not have any strong devotion towards Navkar. I have not made Navkar the motto of my life by such a sense of dedication. I only count just one string of the inherited Navkar every day. The limit of my faith is only this much. Still, if such nominal devotion can do such a miracle. So if I make my faith and devotion towards Navkar with understanding, then will my boat not cross the ocean of life?”

I wanted to get a miracle of some power and got a miracle of some other power! Jindas took a firm decision in his mind and told his friend – “I have got the miracle that I wanted. This incident has definitely proved that there is such an immense power in my Navkar Mantra that even Shaktimata has to accept defeat. Now, even after getting so many miracles, if I leave the devotion to Navkar, then who else can be as foolish as me?”

Shakti was released. Waves of different types of surprise were visible on everyone's faces. The Tantrik's heart was filled with surprise. To find the reason for his defeat, he asked Jindas only this much – “Do I have the right to know the text of your *Isht-Mantra*? Jindas's joy and gratitude started overflowing. In a short reply, he only said this much - “*Namo Arihantanam*”.

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When the Mahamantra Becomes the Protector

14

Where tears of blood flow on every step and always, a person who walks on such a thorny path is called a brave man. Virat was also such a brave man. If a man has courage, God helps. God also comes running to help such men who have courage and bravery. Virat had courage and bravery, then what is surprising in the Mahamantra protecting him!

Visnagar was Virat's homeland. He was just fifteen years old. His infancy was just bidding farewell to his body, yet he had unwavering faith in the Mahamantra Navkar in his heart. He was an exclusive devotee of the Mahamantra. The devotional songs of the Mahamantra always resonated in his heart. At the age of fifteen, once Virat felt like going on a pilgrimage to the king of pilgrimages, Shri Shatrunjay. The graceful image of Lord Adinath appeared on his memory. That magnificent face of Dada! That huge body, those lips adorned with a unique identity! And those pair of eyes shedding compassion! The sweet memories of all these were imprinted in Virat's memory. It was as if Shatrunjay was calling Virat. It was as if the turbulence in his heart was calling him to set out on a journey.

Who can deny the call of the waves of the heart, that Virat can deny it. One day Virat set out for the journey to Shatrunjay. At the age of just fifteen years, Virat set out for the journey alone. He sat in a train that was going from Visnagar to Shatrunjay. The train was moving ahead leaving one station after the another. Virat's mind was also wandering in the journey of a pleasant dream world. Virat was mentally travelling to Shatrunjay even while sitting in the train. That brown mountain of Shatrunjay was imprinted on his mind and Virat bowed down to each pebble of it with a heart full of devotion. His heart would climb the stairs of Tirthadhiraj and reach the Rangmandap of Lord Adinath and bow down at the feet of Dada!

On one side the train was moving ahead and on the other side Virat's world of these colorful dreams was also moving ahead. The train moving ahead skipping stations one after another stopped at 'Songardh' station. A group of people got down from that compartment in which Virat was sitting, and started walking towards an unknown direction. Virat also got down from the train behind this group. While looking around, he saw a board of 'Songardh' in front of his eyes. Virat started wondering with surprise that why did I get down from the compartment here? My destination is Shatrunjay and Virat turned back to sit in the train again, but what is this? It was as if his feet were not cooperating to go back towards that train. And he was desperate to go in the direction in which that group was moving. Virat gathered a lot of courage to turn his feet towards the train. Instead of going in that unknown direction, he tried a lot to turn his mind towards the path of Shatrunjay, but those feet did not listen, his heart did not turn back and Virat remembered the Mahamantra Navkar, remembered the carefree Adinath and started walking in the direction in which that group was going.

Virat's mind was also feeling surprised that I have set out to go to Shatrunjay and become Mrityunjay, why am I going in this unknown direction? Some strange attraction is taking me towards that group. Will my desires remain unfulfilled? Will the beautiful dreamscape of Shatrunjay that appeared in my eyes scatter without becoming true.

Virat looked ahead and saw that the group was moving ahead. Virat again started wandering in the deep world of thoughts, will I not meet my Lord? Will I be deprived of the touch of Shatrunjay? No, no, why will I not meet my Lord? Why should I be deprived of the touch of that pilgrimage? If I leave this group and take the path to Songardh, then I will meet my Lord and I will also definitely touch Shatrunjay. Virat's chain of thoughts stopped, he looked around. The signals of Songardh were still visible. The black smoke of the train leaving the station was spreading in the sky! And the sound of the train's whistle was clearly audible.

Virat thought of running away from there. He strengthened his mind and prepared himself to go towards Songardh again, but his effort did not become successful, his feet stood still and were clearly saying no to going towards Songardh.

In the end Virat lost. In the battle between mind and body, the body defeated the mind and Virat started moving forward keeping an eye on that group. Crossing the winding paths, that group was moving forward. When that group laughed, an atmosphere was created as if there was a loud laughter in the background. When that group moved forward, it felt as if an earthquake was taking place. Virat's mind was strong. But the body was helpless. Virat's mind was not willing to go behind that group, yet some unknown force was pushing him behind the group and Virat was being forced to be pushed in that direction.

Virat was reciting the great mantra Navkar on his lips. The idol of Lord Adinath was appearing in front of his eyes and the holy mountain of the emperor of pilgrimages, Shatrunjay, was standing on his memory and blessing him! Virat was moving forward reciting Navkar. There was not much difference left between the group and Virat. He walked a little and when he looked far away, he saw that the group had stopped and was busy talking.

When one of the group members looked back, he saw Virat coming behind the group. He said to his leader – “Sardar, look, I can see a delicate boy coming from behind. How beautiful he is?”

"Yes, yes, look, he is coming from under that tree. The glow on his forehead is so attractive. His fair-complexioned body is so well-shaped and well-built. He still looks young, yet the glowing particles of seriousness on his face looks so grand?" The leader also spoke after seeing the attractive body of the boy.

The group stood there for a while, meanwhile Virat reached them. The leader of the group tried hard to talk to Virat, but Virat did not speak. He was lost in the chanting of the Mahamantra. It had become absorbed in the mental vision of the temples standing on the peaks of Shatrunjay.

Finally, the leader of the group got tired and gave the order to move ahead. Virat also started walking behind them. Dark clouds were gathering in the sky. It was time for the sun to set and the group was moving ahead. The dark clouds that had emerged in the sky had now started pouring the water of darkness. Darkness was covering the earth. The group was moving on the basis of a little light and Virat was also being pulled behind them. Now they had crossed a deep forest and reached an open field.

The hamlet of the group came as soon as they walked along the edge of a small hill. Gradually the darkness was becoming more intense, so they started their journey at a little faster pace. After walking near the hill, there was a footpath. There was greenery in front of that footpath. Everyone started their journey on the footpath, Virat was also following them. The group was walking fearlessly, but Virat was new. Despite being afraid, he was moving ahead by chanting the Mahamantra. Walking on the footpath, they all reached a deep *palli* (hamlet) and entered inside, then it was dark all around.

Mantras, tantras and yantras have such powers hidden in them that with their help even the unimaginable becomes a reality. Things that cannot be imagined even in dreams, appear in front of us. Something similar happened in Virat's life and that is why Virat, who had left Visnagar to go to Shatrunjay, reached a dark area. A gang of robbers was also sitting in the compartment in which he was sitting and they had done black magic on Virat.

On seeing Virat's beauty and tender age, the gang thought of kidnapping him and put such a charm on Virat that Virat would automatically get attracted towards that group and their wish would come true. The wish of that group came true, the magic of attraction released towards Virat worked flawlessly and Virat was drawn to the hamlet of the robbers. When that group from Songardh entered the hamlet, it was almost dark. After reaching the hamlet, the Sardar (chieftain) there tried hard to talk to Virat, but Virat neither spoke nor said anything. There was sadness on his face. The flames of wounds were burning in his heart.

The Sardar needed Virat, so to make Virat happy, the Sardar adopted the path of giving him material comforts. He was made to sleep on a velvet bed. Various food items were kept in front of his mouth. But Virat was a devotee of the Mahamantra and a worshipper of Jainism, how could he eat at night?

He was tired of walking the whole day! He was unable to sleep. Still Virat slept. Remembering the King of Mantras, Virat was lying comfortably on the bed, but he was unable to sleep.

It was a pitch black midnight! The desolate environment of the hamlet! The lonely hamlet standing in the far corner of the earth! He was alone amidst all this alien environment. All these events came in front of Virat's eyes like a movie and his heart trembled. The black curtain of darkness covering the earth was slowly disappearing and slowly the bright particles were making the bright light.

Virat got up from the bed. Kneeling down at the feet of Mahamantra, he bowed down and mentally worshipped the beautiful idol of Siddhachalji. Again the same efforts of the Sardar! The same desperate request! But Virat did not agree, the clouds of sadness on his face did not disperse. In this way one-two-three days passed.

Virat would remember the memories of Siddhachal and his heart would yearn to meet him. Thus, when Virat was surrounded by clouds of troubles from all sides, he would run and take refuge in the emperor of mantras. By taking refuge in the emperor of mantras, Virat would feel some peace within himself, the turbulent system of his heart would feel a great zeal. Virat would once again get lost in the depths of thoughts. "Should I break these chains and run away? Is this impossible for me? No, no, even now if I make my mind a man, make my heart young and brave, then I can make the desires of my thoughts successful?" Virat's flow of thoughts got halted, he saw that Sardar was standing in front of him and was trying to make him happy.

Sardar's efforts became completely futile. Despite his countless efforts, Virat remained unperturbed. Virat again got lost in the world of thoughts. When the Mahamantra becomes the protector, then even the tall mountains of troubles start shaking. "Is the Mahamantra not my protector? When I have the Mahamantra then who has the power to harm me? Is there no such thing on the vast throne of the world that can compete with this emperor of mantras? If I make this Mahamantra my protector and wear the impenetrable armor of Navkar and escape from here in any way, then will my work not be successful?"

"It will definitely be successful, Virat!" A huge echo came out from within Virat and that echo started resonating in Virat's inner core. Virat got new enthusiasm, new excitement and youth from this echo. Virat's heart was determined to leave the hamlet by any means and finally Virat was determined that today he must definitely kick this hamlet and go on the decided path of Siddhachal!

Virat's chain of thoughts stopped. He became determined to get out of the hamlet by any means and meet the carefree 'Dada' of Sorath. Virat had faith that the king of the mantras will definitely help him in completing his great task. He was sure that the great mantra will give him such a support that after crossing the huge ocean of obstacles, he will definitely achieve

his goal. Today, bravery had emerged in Virat. Today, such a courage was born in him with the help of which Virat could create a new history.

The boat in the form of the sun was coming to the shore while traveling in the ocean of the sky. The evening was spreading its colors in the courtyard of the sky.

Sitting, Virat was planning to escape. It had been three days since he came to this dark hamlet, in these three days Virat had observed all the activities of the hamlet. How does the Sardar go out? How does he open the door while going out? And at what time does he go out? Virat had taken information about all these things. On the basis of all this information, he was implementing his plan.

All the people in the hamlet were preparing to sleep in the lap of the goddess of sleep. Virat also slept in his bed, he decided to implement his plan at midnight. Virat started passing time while remembering the great mantra.

Midnight started and Virat stood up. When he looked around, everything was deserted. The whole group was in deep sleep. The Sardar also was fast asleep. Virat thought in his mind that he has got a wonderful opportunity. Now there was no one who could obstruct his path. He got up and moved towards the door. Once again the thought of retreating stirred his mind. Am I not daring to do so? If I fail in this plan of mine, what could be the ultimate result of this except death?

A shiver of fear came in Virat's body. But then he became brave, his mind became a man. When the great mantra becomes a protector, the fog of misery vanishes and the sun of happiness shines. Virat remembered the Mahamantra. He seated Lord Adinath in his heart and moved forward on the roads full of thorns!

Virat came and stood near the Sardar. He carefully wore his coat and got ready in the garb of the Sardar. Virat very carefully pulled out a small stick from under the pillow of the Sardar and started walking towards the door of the hamlet. When Virat stood in front of the door, it was almost midnight.

If the revered is true, the reverence is true, and the *Sadhana* is also true, then the *Sadhak* standing on the bank of the confluence of the revered, reverence and *Sadhana* surely crosses the highest peaks of *Siddhi*. Virat was also standing in such a confluence. Mahamantra was the revered, his reverence towards the Mahamantra was unwavering and his *Sadhana* of the Mahamantra was also uninterrupted.

Three days had passed since coming to the hamlet. Virat was determined on the third day that he has to reject the hamlet in any way and take the path of Giriraj. Virat woke up at midnight of the third day. He assumed the form of Sardar and proceeded towards the gate. Virat remembered the Mahamantra and knocked on the gate. The gate of the hamlet opened. When Virat came out, the gatekeeper of the hamlet was saluting him.

When the Mahamantra becomes a protector, then any difficult plan is accomplished. Virat's plan, who had come out in the guise of Sardar, was also accomplished. Virat went out. The gatekeeper did not have any doubts. He also saluted Virat with respect and his path became free from obstacles.

After rejecting the hamlet, Virat came and stood in an open field. It was as if darkness was raining all around. Piercing that black darkness, a small celestial light was showing Virat the way. In his heart, the *Ajapa-jap* of Shri Navkar – the king of mantras – was going on. With the help of the immense power flowing from that *jap*, Virat was crossing the deserted path. Deserted forest! Dark midnight, fear of attack by wild animals! Unknown path! And all alone! With this imagination, a fire of fear would appear in Virat, but that fire would be extinguished again because he would think that even though I am helpless, there is no one with me, still when the Mahamantra is protecting me, then why should I be afraid?

Virat used to think ahead fearlessly that even though there is no way in front of me, not a footpath or a deserted road, still an angel is leading me by holding my finger. Mahamantra is spreading bright rays in front of me. Even in the dark night and the midst of troubles, Lord Adishwar is steering my ship as the Pole Star, then why should there be fear?

Midnight was almost over. Virat was also tired of running. His feet were searching for a resting place, eyes were also now crying for some rest. His feet were refusing to move forward, but there was no support except moving ahead. Walking slowly around the mound, he had come to the forest. The path was still very long, the destination was still far away, yet it was not possible to walk without stopping the journey. Virat looked around, but could not find any resting place anywhere nearby. He looked far and wide and something like a small threshold appeared in front of his eyes.

Virat continued his journey after convincing his helpless mind. Even while walking, his mind was engrossed in the thought that what is impossible in front of the Mahamantra? When the great power hidden in the Mahamantra is unleashed, then even mountains shake and give way to the Sadhak to go! Is this exciting incident in my life not a witness to this? Where was that dark vamp and where was I caught in the clutches of robbers, was it possible to come out of that deep darkness into the light? Was it possible even in dreams to break free from that dreadful snake-chain of death? No, but all that is possible, what could not be imagined even in dreams, that too becomes real and stands up when the Mahamantra becomes the protector!

Virat heard the sweet sound of a bell in his ears, he stood still. He saw that he was very close to the threshold. There was a threshold in the shade of a cloudy tree. After climbing four-five stairs, there was a platform, after that, after four-five stairs, there was a door. The threshold was small, but it was beautiful. Virat's body and mind were now longing for a break. He thought of taking some rest in the threshold. After climbing the stairs, Virat sat down to rest on the platform. The atmosphere around the threshold was pleasant. The slow blowing wind was making Virat happy. Virat's mind did not want to leave this place and move forward, yet there was no support without moving forward.

Virat was aware that the destination was still very far, so he stood up. He looked around, and his eyes fell on the soldier coming from far away. A shiver spread in every pore of Virat. Fear spread all over his body and he started thinking, "Will I be caught again? Is hospitality in that dark hamlet written on my head even more? Will the king of the Mantras test me some more? Will luck still not favor me? No no, what power does this soldier have to arrest me? When the king of the Mantras is my protector, who has the power to torment me?" Virat saw that the soldier was still quite far away, so he started running away from there at a fast pace.

Where was Virat, who was just fifteen years old and unaware of this deserted land? And where was that strong soldier who knew the paths of the forests day and night. Virat continued to run at a fast pace. He was running in one breath, but how long could that child, who had caught the eye of a strong man, endure?

“Stand still!” The soldier called out. Virat looked back and found that the soldier had almost come close to him. Now there was no way except standing. Virat stood still, but he had feelings for the Mahamantra, reverence in his heart and faith in his heart. Virat stood fearlessly. There was not even a thin line of fear on his body. He had the *Ajapa-jap* of the emperor of Mantras on his lips! He had the lovely image of the carefree Adinath in his heart!

The soldier told Virat the order of the Sardar that whatever happens, you must be arrested. The soldier explained to Virat in many ways – “Virat! If you remain obedient to the Sardar, then you will not face any kind of pain in the hamlet. The Sardar himself wishes to hand over his inexhaustible treasure and the sovereignty of the hamlet to you.” But the soldier's wish was not fulfilled. Virat started explaining to the soldier.

"You will arrest me and take me away, what is your benefit in this? Look at my body, I am still a child. I am still an undeveloped rose. If you catch me and take me away, my colorful dreams will be shattered, my world of desires will be destroyed. I don't want that inexhaustible treasure; I don't want sovereignty. I only want freedom, the most precious Adinath and the great mantra Navkar!"

Virat stopped after saying this much, there was craziness in his words, there was no helplessness to beg for freedom. The soldier was stunned to see Virat's craziness. He started thinking – “Can a small boy have such intoxication, such youthfulness and such enthusiasm? Will I not feel guilty in arresting such a boy and presenting him before the Sardar? Then why should I tarnish humanity by committing this great sin? Let him go, I do not want to arrest this boy, I will tell the Sardar that I searched for Virat in every particle of the surrounding land, but could not find Virat.”

When the soldier looked carefully, some mantra was being chanted on Virat's lips - "You move forward on the path you have chosen. Virat! I will return to the hamlet and tell that my search was not successful.” Saying this, the soldier returned back. Virat's heart started surging with waves of joy. A sound arose from his mouth that when the Mahamantra becomes a protector, then no element in the world can do anything untoward at any time.

Virat's destination was not far now. He walked a little, meanwhile the signal of 'Songardh' was visible. When Virat stepped on the platform of Songardh, the train going to Palitana was standing there waiting for him. Virat took his seat in that train, then such an inner sound spreading in the atmosphere through every corner of his heart, singing the songs of the unmatched power of the Mahamantra, merged into infinity that the Sadhak of Mahamantra, who has fallen in any kind of dark abyss, gets a ladder and that misguided person finds his destination, when the Mahamantra becomes a protector.

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The Auspiciousness of Mahamantra

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When we recall how the Namaskar Mahamantra creates amazing miracles in the life of its worshipper in a city like London, on the far-off land of England, Dr. Shri Sureshbhai Jhaveri cannot be forgotten. If the work started sometimes did not remain incomplete, then everywhere in the world it is the power of effort would have been considered to be strong, not destiny! This destiny stays behind the curtain and makes a man strive, that is why the person does not recognize it and keeps on striving while singing the song of hope. If Dr. Jhaveri had the strength to recognize this destiny in those days, then he would not have worked so hard to get the M.R.C.P. degree!

The 6th February 1961 turned out to be fatal for Dr. Jhaveri's life. Suddenly his health took a turn and the doctor fell prey to a fatal disease. In the beginning of January itself, the effects of common fever, backache etc. had started, but due to the commencement of the examination on 14th February, it was necessary to work hard. Who could have imagined in the future that a common disease could take a terrible form in a few days. What seemed like an ordinary disease turned out to be extraordinary. The work started was incomplete and Dr. Jhaveri's body was surrounded by a deadly disease. Dr. Khan was called. Jhaveri informed his wife Shanta Bhabhi so that the treatment did not have a reaction.

Waiting for Dr. Khan, Shanta Bhabhi became restless. Finally, she took a bath and Dr. Khan arrived in a short while. Misfortune was two steps ahead, therefore, the treatment he did had a severe reaction. The body was burning and the back pain was also severe. Due to the wrong effect of the medicine, vomiting started. Dr. Jhaveri's condition became very serious as even the little Sattva left in the body was squeezed out. Dr. Gibson was called immediately. Dr. Jhaveri was taking training from Gibson. Gibson had a lot of affection for Dr. Jhaveri. He came immediately. He got worried as soon as he saw Jhaveri's condition. The pain was serious. Gibson felt that if he was admitted to Hammersmith Hospital, he might be able to survive.

Hammersmith was the biggest and most renowned hospital in England. Gibson started running around to save the life of his dear friend. He made several phone calls. He sent some people, but there was not a single empty bed in Hammersmith.

Gibson was speechless. He himself went to the hospital. When he looked at the waiting list, the queue of patients was very long. What to do now? He immediately went to the senior officer of the hospital, Prof. Scanding. After telling him the whole story in detail, he finally said, "This is a question of England's honor. If the bud of the hopeful life of Indian Dr. Jhaveri is lost like this, then what will happen to England's honor? So suggest some solution and save Jhaveri from the jaws of death."

After listening to Gibson, Prof. Scanding also agreed to save Jhaveri's life, but at last he showed his inability. He said- "Friend Gibson! Jhaveri's body is precious to both of us, but for me the laws of here are more precious than this body. Not a single room or a single bed is

vacant. I do not want to play with Jhaveri's life by getting his name registered in the waiting list.”

Gibson made a lot of efforts to save his friend Jhaveri's life. He became prepared to save Jhaveri even after trying a last resort. In Hammersmith, a room was always kept vacant for Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, if this room becomes available then Jhaveri's flickering life-lamp can be lit again.

Taking with him two-three of his friends and Prof. Scanding, Gibson met the members of Parliament and along with them all stood before Prime Minister Macmillan. Gibson told them everything. On hearing the seriousness of the case, the Prime Minister also agreed to defend the case and gave his own room full of luxuries to Jhaveri. Everyone returned, appreciating the generosity shown by their Prime Minister for saving the life of an Indian youth.

Dr. Jhaveri was suffering unbearable pain. He felt that he might have to breathe his last on the soil of England. Meanwhile, on hearing the ambulance horn, Jhaveri got some hope. On Wednesday evening, after admitting Jhaveri to Hammersmith, Gibson now started preparing for the diagnosis of the disease.

A panel of renowned doctors of London was formed. After a lot of discussion, Dr. Jhaveri's case was declared very serious. As soon as the effect of paralysis in both legs became apparent, the situation and atmosphere became serious. Dr. Jhaveri's pain was increasing. The atmosphere was becoming painful due to screaming and moaning. Sedative injections started being given to him hourly. While Gibson was trying his best to save Jhaveri's life, nature was working in the opposite direction.

On Wednesday evening, Jhaveri's car entered the hospital from the front door. At the same time, the top Dr. Sergey Knight left from the back door for a few days' tour. This is called the irony of fate! It was futile to hope for Knight now. His main associate Dr. Ridan was informed about Jhaveri's very serious condition over the phone. Dr. Ridan was very talented! But for the last twenty years, he had not paid attention to such emergency cases.

Dr. Nixon called Dr. Ridan several times over the phone and persuaded him. As soon as Dr. Ridan arrived at 7 am on Saturday, the entire hospital started looking at this incident with surprised eyes. After examining Jhaveri, Dr. Ridan said that the case is serious, yet we should wait till morning.

Jhaveri's condition was getting more serious. Saturday was spent in pain and sedation. His wife had understood this seriousness, but still she had courage in her heart. When the effect of the medicine wore off, Jhaveri's pitiful screams would fill every particle of the atmosphere with pity. It was Sunday morning. Today was the fourth day after being admitted to Hammersmith, but there was no improvement in his condition. The case was getting more and more serious every moment. Nurses and doctors were present every moment, but still the disease was increasing.

This disease was the moment to pray to God, but Dr. Jhaveri had not yet found this direction. In front of his eyes, he could see the green world, medical practice, beloved wife and child. He had not yet imagined the seriousness known by the doctors. To get relief from the pain, Jhaveri turned over. The scene he saw as soon as he turned over made his heart upset. A

tremor spread throughout his body. He said in his mind – “Am I a guest for a few moments only? Will this bed become my death bed?”

A nurse was asking for Dr. Jhaveri's wife Shantabahan's signature on a 'death memo'. 'Death memo' means a letter of agreement for the process of burning the patient after death! Just as a mountain cracks when lightning strikes, Dr. Jhaveri became numb on hearing this prophecy of death. He himself was working as a talented doctor, at that time he had made many relatives of the suffering people sign such 'death memos' but he had never thought even in his dreams that he would have to see the signature on his own death with his own eyes.

Pain also sometimes takes the suffering person towards detachment and for the suffering person who has become detached out of pain, determination acts as a life-saver. Dr. Jhaveri now started remembering God in pain. When love for God emerges from fear, then the concentration is different. There was fear of death in front of him. To move from this fear to fearlessness, that day, that time, that moment, Dr. Jhaveri recalled Navkar, it was amazing.

After recalling Navkar in this manner, following the voice of his conscience, Dr. Jhaveri told his wife, "I will surely survive this disease, therefore it is not necessary to sign the death memo".

Jhaveri's inner world changed. The life scenes of many fortunate people like Mahamuni Anathi, Rajarshi Nami and Shah Sodagar Motishah Seth, who lit the lamp of detachment on the strength of self-determination, moving from pain to detachment, were passing in front of Jhaveri's eyes and inspiring him. You are your medicine, you are your prayer and air, you yourself are the architect of your health. True nourishment cannot be obtained without drinking the nectar of religion, make some pious resolution. Make your mind auspicious with some good intentions and then see whether your disease is cured or not. Then also see that can you become free from the clutches of death or not.

Jhaveri had reached a journey to some different world. He felt that death is now far away from him. I saluted the Namaskar Mahamantra, then why fear? Jhaveri was absolutely helpless, Namaskar Mahamantra gave him shelter, his life was helpless, religion gave him support. Jhaveri started getting new health with the nectar of religion. Jhaveri was reciting the Mahamantra with such feeling that the strings of the heart were tinkling with emotion. In a few moments the pain started to end, the intensity of the pain started to reduce and the patient started getting relief without the injection of sedatives. After many days, tonight Jhaveri was able to sleep peacefully.

Seeing the room quiet after the screams and cries, the nurses and doctors came running, saw Jhaveri and everyone got scared. Whether the case has been lost. No pain, no scream! Has Jhaveri fainted and reached near death?

The telephone lines started ringing. A panel of experts like Dr. Nicholson and Dr. Ridan was formed in Jhaveri's room. Dr. Gibson also reached there with a beating heart. Dr. Nicholson looked at Jhaveri, his pulse and breathing were going on. He called out to Jhaveri. After a while, Jhaveri opened his eyes. The doctors asked- "How are you, Jhaveri?"

Jhaveri was as if he had woken up after years. He started realizing everything new. How did I come here? Why are these doctors standing around? He said softly – "My health is very good. The pain is very less."

Everyone was stunned to see the strange changes that happened between Sunday night and Monday morning. Jhaveri had taken refuge in the mantra of Namaskar, due to which even nature became a slave of his feet. The top doctor of Hammersmith Hospital, Sergei Knight, also suddenly cancelled his tour and came. Knowing the seriousness of Jhaveri's case, he reached the hospital directly. He examined Jhaveri and immediately ordered that the case was likely to improve and that Jhaveri should be taken to the operation theatre.

Jhaveri was confident and had no doubts about his life, but as soon as the operation was mentioned, his wife and son got nervous. Jhaveri said – "Since last evening, a miracle has happened in my life. I am not afraid of death now. I have become fearless as soon as I have taken refuge in Navkar. I have firmly believed that Navkar is the only protector, so you should not worry about me in any way now. I am going to the operation theatre smiling, so all of you sit down to chant Navkar."

The preparations for the operation were done. Specialist doctors were present with the help of Dr. Knight. Jhaveri was still chanting the Mahamantra in his mind. An injection was given and Jhaveri fainted while saying "Arihant-Arihant". The operation which started at 11 o'clock was completed by 4 o'clock. During the five hour operation, 5 and a half bones and 6 ounces of pus were removed from Jhaveri's body. After removing such a big diseased part, no doctor was sure that the case would be saved.

As soon as the effect of the sedation wore off at 4:30, Jhaveri opened his eyes. He talked to his wife on the phone from his room. Everyone was surprised. The doctors could not understand how this patient survived and where did he get so much strength from?

The next day, Jhaveri asked his wife – "What were you all doing during the operation?" The answer was – "We were chanting Navkar after lighting incense and lamp in front of Kesariya Dada's photo. Even though the eyes were wet with tears, there was faith and courage in the heart."

In a few days, Jhaveri's health became completely well. Dr. Gibson had immense joy. For maintaining the honor of England, Prime Minister Harold Macmillan sent a message of appreciation to Hammersmith.

Jhaveri believed that he was saved only by the power of determination. He took a firm decision – "I will go to India immediately after passing the examination from London. I will be diligent to brighten the religious values that my mother gave me. I will become an ideal believer by removing the atheism that had come into my life. I will never stop chanting Navkar. I will never stop worshipping God."

After a few days, a meeting was held. Jhaveri was specially requested to attend it. How did Jhaveri's flickering lamp of life start shining again? This was the wonder in everyone's mind. There were a few doctors in that meeting who believed in God, they had got the answer that God is everything. But those doctors who did not have faith in the divine element kept wondering how Jhaveri's flickering lamp of life remained lit?

The faith in the great mantra Navkar won over the doctors' disbelief. Due to the auspiciousness of the king of mantras, Jhaveri's flickering lamp of life started shining. After getting a new life, Dr. Jhaveri, who was a resident of Sthanak since birth, returned to India one day after getting the medical degree M.R.C.P. from London.

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The Miracle of Namaskar Mahamantra

16

The purification of the body by water is for a limited time, whereas the purification of life and mind by *Jin-vani* (the teachings of the Jain Tirthankaras) is forever. The way and to the extent life is purified by Jin-Vani is so amazing that we are stunned to see the virtuous transformation that comes after that purification. Oh! Such a transformation in life! The transformation of violence-lover Dr. Mohammad Khan into a worshipper of non-violence can be called one such strange incident. Dr. Mohammad Qadri Khan was the owner of such a huge poultry farm, in which thousands of chickens were reared. Khan, who earned a lot of money by selling lakhs of eggs, had exiled mercy from his heart.

Along with this, Khan was also fond of hunting. Whenever he got time, Khan would set out to hunt Nilgai. Thus, only the hue and cry of violence was heard in his life. In such a life of Khan, once a virtuous moment arrived. While Khan was going for hunting, a pious disciple saw him. A cry came out from within him that how harmful will be such misuse of the human life, which was given only for the worship of non-violence, for Dr. Khan in the future.

The kind Shravak could not resist. Putting a proposal in front of Khan, he said – “Khan! Will you give me a promise? If you look at my demand, it may seem very normal, but I will tell my demand if you commit yourself.”

Khan said – “I am ready to accept your demand not only if it is normal, but also abnormal.”

Seeing Khan prepared in this way, the Shravak presented his demand and said – “You will not take the thing that you cannot return after taking. If you accept this, then my happiness will know no bounds.”

Accepting this, which seemed absolutely normal, Khan said – “What is the big deal in this? I am promising you that I will not accept such a thing from this moment itself which I cannot return.”

Reminding him of his promise, the Shravak asked, “Will you keep this promise?” Khan repeated his promise and said – “I will accept only such a thing that can be returned. What is the big deal in keeping this promise?”

Khan was still unaware of the secret behind the promise. The Shravak said something that shocked Khan. The Shravak said – “Khan! To keep your promise, you will have to return from here without hunting.”

Khan thought what is the connection between keeping the promise and hunting?

Khan asked – "What is the relation between hunting and keeping my word, due to which I have to give up my hobby of hunting?"

Shravak's direct question forced Khan to think. “What does hunting mean? To take someone's life means hunting. Can a life taken in this way be returned? If the answer is negative, then for keeping the word, I will have to give up his hobby of hunting.”

The explosion caused by the Shravak made Dr. Khan think. His mind was not ready to give up his hobby of hunting. On the other hand, his mind was not ready to break his word either. A conflict between these two things began in Khan's mind. Hunting and promise came face to face a few times and his mind started to get disturbed, but finally, the victory flag of promise was hoisted by defeating hunting. Congratulating the victory, Dr. Khan said – “To fulfil the pledge of not accepting anything which I cannot return after taking, I have renounced hunting from today, this moment itself.”

The Shravak has no words to thank Dr. Khan for his supreme spirit. Patting Dr. Khan's back, the Shravak said that in what words should I praise your valour for keeping your pledge? By renouncing hunting, you have earned a great virtue today. Do you want to know the virtue earned? On Khan showing his desire to know the virtue earned, the Shravak explained the importance of non-violence in such a way that after listening to it, the seed of the feeling of renouncing the bloody wealth of poultry farm was also planted in Khan's heart. As easy and simple was renouncing hunting, it was not possible to put a lock on poultry farm with the same ease. But the thought of putting a lock had already emerged. This was also no small achievement and this thought became a reality in a short time. As a result, Dr. Khan became fortunate to receive the inspiration of the discourses of Vyakhyan Vachaspati P.A. Shrimad Vijay Ramchandrasurishwarji Maharaj after a few days.

If Dr. Khan became fortunate enough to give up hunting by getting the knowledge of the point of inspiration from the Shravak, then what is surprising in the fact that he gradually becomes successful in achieving the peak of the best *Shravaktva* by getting the company of the ocean of inspiration Vyakhyan Vachaspati?

Due to listening to the discourses of Shri Ramchandracharya - the ocean of inspiration, the door of Dr. Khan's poultry farm was locked. Seven addictions like hunting etc. were given up. Along with rules like abstaining from dinner and tubers, and going ahead through *pachchakkhans* like *navkarsi* and *chauvihar*, he also adopted the *abhigrah* of five substances in his daily *ekasna*. How could Khan, who lived such a great life of a Shravak, not have an impact on his entire family? His wife, son and three daughters also gradually adopted the conduct of a Shravak by abstaining from eating meat.

Due to such a change in Khan's life, when the Pathans who knew him started talking nonsense about Jain monks and Jain religion, Khan would give such a beautiful and true explanation that the Pathans would stop talking and everyone would start approving.

Dr. Khan started living the life of a Shravak so diligently that along with abstaining from unboiled water, he also stopped drinking water from the house of a non-vegetarian.

There is an incident worth knowing about Dr. Khan's religious steadfastness, in which we can also see a glimpse of his devotion to Navkar.

It was the day of *Paryushan*. With the thought of observing 16 fasts, Dr. Khan had observed 64 *prahari paushadh vrat*. When 6-7 days passed, suddenly his daughter Jennifer's health deteriorated. Everyone was worried as the disease was getting serious. The news reached *paushdhari* Khan. He did not want to break the fast. Even his relatives could not dissuade him from fasting. Despite the feeling of 64 *prahari paushadh*, no fast was broken by going home after observing *paushadh* at night. Still, he was not ready to go home and inquire about his daughter. Seeing this, Pujya Acharyadev told him that your determination is praiseworthy, but along with that there should not be any criticism of religion. Considering the situation of your family, after completing *paushadh* you can think of going home to assure your daughter and other family members, so that there is no defamation of religion,.

Dr. Khan had faith in his fast and was devoted to Navkar Mantra. After completing *paushadh* he reached the hospital, where daughter Jennifer was struggling between life and death. Beard had grown due to *paushadh*. On seeing the bearded Khan, the doctor asked, "What is this? Why have you grown beard?"

Khan said – "We will talk about this later. How is Jennifer? First let us meet her." The doctor said – "You have delayed coming. She is struggling between life and death." A voice was coming from Khan's heart that nothing will happen to his daughter. He immediately reached his daughter who was lying unconscious on the death bed. The situation looked serious, yet keeping his religious faith intact, Khan recited Navkar and as soon as he turned around his hand on his daughter's head, she started regaining consciousness little by little and in a short time, she sat down in a laziness.

Everyone kept watching this miracle with astonished eyes. Khan said that this miracle is due to the Namaskar Mahamantra. The daughter, who regained consciousness, asked for tea. After the tea was brought, the daughter told her father Khan that she would drink the tea in the plate, he would have to drink the tea in the cup.

Khan said that it is my rule to abstain from dinner and today I am fasting. Everyone was overwhelmed by Khan's devotion to Navkar and his readiness to follow the rules.

Can this ideal incident of Dr. Khan, who, from the black impurity like *kajal* dependent on violence, attained milk-like purity in the form of worship of non-violence under the influence of Jin-vani, not be enlightening for the Jains of the present times?

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Books



Bhadrabahu

(Multicolor Pictorial Story Book)

This book is a collection of pictorial stories on Acharya Bhadrabahu, to educate children on Jain values and practices for self-development and leading a better life.

No. of Pages: 16

Published: 2023

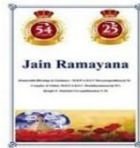


Golden Path Towards Nirvaan

This booklet explains many key terms like 'Dharma', 'Atma', 'Sin', 'Samyak Darshan', 'god', 'guru' etc., and their significance from the point of view of Jain religion.

No. of Pages: 56

Published: 2023



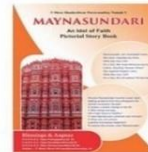
Jain Ramayan

(Multicolor Pictorial Story Book)

This book is a collection of small stories on different characters of the era of Lord Ram, from the perspective of Jainism. Reading this book will inculcate high moral and cultural values among the present generation.

No. of Pages: 200

Published: 2023



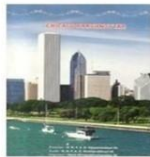
Maynasundari

(Multicolor Pictorial Story Book)

This story book gives knowledge of Jain values to children through interesting pictorial stories on a famous Jain character Mynasundari. Reading this book will cultivate and develop high moral values among kids and teenagers.

No. of Pages: 25

Published: 2023



Chicago Prashnottar

This book includes Questions and Answers on Jainism for the Parliament of Religions held at Chicago 7U.S.A. in 1893. It will help readers know the eternal truths of Jainism.

No. of Pages: 214

Published: 2018

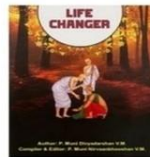


Our Great Persons

This book is a collection of small stories of great Jain persons in order to inspire new generation for adopting morality, human values, Jain religion and culture in their lives.

No. of Pages: 25

Published: 2023

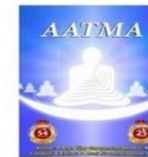


Life Changer

This book will change your life, how? To get this answer, read this book "Life Changer".

No. of Pages: 40

Published: 2023



Aatma

This book gives you knowledge in order to attain moksha (liberation), a human being must acquire self-knowledge (Atma Gyaan or Brahmajnana).

No. of Pages: 120

Published: 2023

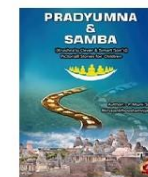


Jain Mahabharat

This book is a collection of small stories on different characters Kaurava and Pandavas, from the perspective of Jainism. Reading this book will inculcate high moral and cultural Influencer for present generation..

No. of Pages: 165

Published : 2024



Pradyumna & Shamba

This book is all about Krishna's clever sons - Pradyumna & Shamba. Read this book to know more.

No. of Pages: 20

Published : 2024

About the Compiler

The compiler Pujya Anuyogacharya S. Nirvaanbhooshanvijayji Maharaja, before monkhood was studying in Jai-Hind college, (Mumbai), one of the top most college of India. Though staying in Walkeshwar, one of the richest areas of India, left all the comforts and luxuries, to achieve high level of spirituality. When he was a teenager boy, influenced by the western culture started hating, not only Indian cultures and traditions but Jain religion also. He often went to Jain upashray, just to listen and read Jain stories. This also helped him to give up his dream of going to abroad. Stories became a turning point in his life. After becoming monk, once he was suggested by his preacher, Guru **H.H.P.A.D. Shrimadvijay Hembhushansurisaraji Maharaja**, to make his English powerful.

He was too obedient to follow each and every order of his Guru. Hence, he was given responsibility of giving 'pravachans' to children and teenagers, during sanskar-shreni in just one year after attaining monkhood. Due to the grace of Guru-Bhagawants, he achieved mastery in English also. He gave many 'pravachans' created several poems, etc., in English also. He became able of compiling books and translating pravachans in English. He also helped his Guru M. in translating case papers of Sammet-shikharji, Antarikshji, etc. He has a mastery of converting hearts of children, teenagers and young stars too. We have also experienced in our life. He brought us, near to Jainism.

We hope this story, which is written in simple and lucid language, would help children, teenagers, etc., to study Jainism, who are facing language barriers.

Ketanbhai (C.A.), Hemang (C.A.)
Sagar (C.A.), Jinal (C.A.)
Arham. Aarya, Vinaybhai
Devangbhai





Brief Introduction of the Pilgrim of Literary Pilgrimage

- **Birth Name:** Prakashkumar
- **Father's Name:** Babulal Shah
- **Mother's Name:** Shrimati Shataben
- **Birth:** V. S. 2001, Ashwin Krishna - 13, Nashik (Maharashtra)
- **Diksha (Initiation):** V. S. 2011, Vaishakh Shukla - 7, Dhasai (Murbad) (Maharashtra)
- **Diksha Age:** 9 years
- **Yogkshem Vahak:** Param P.A. Shri Ramchandra Surishwarji Maharaja
- **Jeevan Ghadvaiya:** Dadaguru P.A. Shri Muktichandra Surishwarji Maharaj
- **Gurudev:** P.A. Shri Jaykunjar Surishwarji Maharaja (Father Guru)
- **Laghu Bandhu:** Pujya Shri Muktiprabh Surishwarji Maharaj
- **Vadidiksha:** V. S. 2011, Jyeshtha Shukla - 5, Junnar (Maharashtra)
- **Ganipad:** V. S. 2041, Phalguna Shukla - 3, Hastagiri Teerth
- **Panyasapad:** V. S. 2044, Phalguna Krishna - 3, Shripalnagar (Mumbai)
- **Acharyapad:** V. S. 2047, Vaishakh Shukla - 6, Gopipura, Surat
- **Surimantra Sadhana:** V. S. 2056, Bhabhar Teerth (84 days)
- **Shishyadi Sampada:** 24
- **Literary Creation:**
 - More than 201 books on Historical life events, serial stories, inspiring philosophical compositions, essays, collection of good thoughts, etc.,
 - Scholarly guidance to the monthly 'Kalyan' magazine in Jain Sangh for 45 years,.
 - Regular writing in renowned daily newspapers like Gujarat Samachar, Lokhsatta, Phulchhab, Sambhav, Rakhewal, etc., for many years.
 - Writing introductions for hundreds of books.

Special Achievements:

- Source of inspiration for unparalleled Shrutmandir Shankheshwar of Shrutraksha
- The first historical Chaturmas at Jagjaywant Jeerawala Parshwaprabhu's shrine
- Pratisthacharya of Shree Poshali Parshwanath Teerth under 108 Parshwanath
- Sattavisha Sangh Pratibodhak



About The Author (World's Best Author)

The author H.H.P.P.A.D.S.V Purnachandra S.M. accepted monkhood at the tender age of just nine with his dad-monk & brother-monk. He started to write big motivational essays, historical unknown stories, heart capturing novels, articles, etc., at the age of just eighteen. He thinks, writes and meditates for 10 hours a day from decades.

He is just like a living 'Dictionary' of Gujarati language. He has written more than 201 books, in a very simple, lucid and attractive style, which captures the mind of readers for whole life. He is compiling top-most magazine of Jainism from several years. He has written articles in many top-most newspapers of India on various topics.

When I was in English medium school, I hated to read books in Gujarati language due to the influence of western cultures. But his books didn't only bring me near the mother language but to Indian real history and tradition also. His books also helped me to give up my dream of going to abroad and in accepting monkhood also; So but obvious for me, he is 'The World's Best Author'.

I am too glad and happy because he showered grace on me to compile his ever first series of English edition books in ever since first navvanoo (99) yatra of Shankheshwar in his pious Nishra. With the help of his and my disciples and Punyam Academy Pvt. Ltd. , I am able to complete the task, which is almost impossible for me.

His pen is more effective than atom bomb because it destroys the bad feelings and increases 'sanskar', 'sadachar' and 'sadvichar'.

We hope that his spirituals journey continues for a very long period because best publishers have also published his books, which gives a strong aim to attain 'Nirvaan'.

**Head of the biggest sect of Jainism,
Gachadhipati, H.H.P.P.A.D.S.V. Hembhoosan S.M's disciple Anuyogacharya
S. Nirvaanbhoosan V. Gani**

