

## Mehera's Cake

I was about to take my afternoon holy nap, when the Court Abdal appeared suddenly before me, wearing the most serious expression I have seen on his otherwise facetious-looking countenance.

"Baba wants you at His Court right away!" He said sternly.

I hurriedly put my clothes on and ran behind him, wondering to myself, what is the wrong thing I have done now, to be rushed to the Court.

Baba's Court was packed with Gods and Lords, all beaming and sparkling like lustrous Suns!

In the center of the Court, an octagonal-shaped table was standing on one leg. It was made of millions of Diamonds, Sapphires, Rubies, Topazes, Emeralds, Garnets, Opals, Agates, Amethysts, Aquamarines, Onyxes, Jaspers, all twelve precious stones, emanating dazzling beams of light. All the sparkling stones were moving constantly, as if the table was made of an airy substance, or liquid, but at the same time it seemed to be most solid. I was staring hypnotized at this marvel.

Mehera walked in, dressed with her Celestial Gown, which was made of endless constellations of suns, she was surrounded by thousands of gopies, who were holding the hems of her Celestial Gown.

She was glowing with the most stunning beauty a human ever seen; her past earthly frame resembled just a pale image of her True Self.

Mehera was carrying in both hands a big parcel; all the Gods and Lords rose up with admiration, but Baba, who kept being seated on His Throne, beaming with sweet eyes at His Mehera.

Mehera placed the parcel on the table with solemn face, and walked out.

Baba turned to me, saying: "Open the parcel up!"

I untied the knot, and removed the cover. Inside was one of Mehera's famous Cakes, and on top of it was written in chocolate letters: "God Realization".

Baba and all the Gods and Lords were extremely glorious and brilliant; I was dazzled and tried to focus my vision.

"Eat the Cake!" commanded Baba.

But I was staring at it hesitatingly, completely puzzled.

"You want me to eat the God Realization Cake of Mehera?" I managed to utter at last.

"Yes, yes," Baba remarked, "We all decided unanimously to grant you God Realization!"

And all the Lords and Gods were beaming with assent.

But I kept on looking at it with uncertainty.

"Why are you hesitating?!" Roared Baba, while gazing at the Cake expectantly.

"I am not sure..." I managed to mumble finally.

Baba and all the Gods and Lords looked at each other with utter disbelief.

"It is not the time to hesitate!" Baba thundered, "You have been toiling for it for billions of years, we are happy with your efforts, eat it!"

But I kept on looking at it.

Baba became impatient: "If you won't eat it right away, the opportunity will go away, and when the next one will come, even I don't know! Besides, we all would like to share a slice!"

(If you never tasted Mehera's Cake, you don't know what Real Heaven means)

"Mehera was baking it for a whole week, together with 30,000 gopies from the Milky Way, and this is the way you respect her?!" Baba's face turned red.

"Yes Baba," I finally composed myself, "I am aware of this unique privilege, but this is not a good idea!"

Baba, the Lords and the Gods simply looked at each other with complete astonishment; since the beginning of creation, no one, ever, refused Mehera's Cake.

Baba turned at the Sai, but the Sai only pointed at His temple, signifying madness.

"Baba, what have you been telling me all this time - For whom I have been working all these long, tedious cycles?"

"You have been working for my Creation, of course, you have done your best, now is the time for the next step!"

"And what your lovers are going to say? That I serve You because You gave me a Perfect Mind, and thus I never make mistakes? Most of them are not willing to serve You, with the constant excuse that they are not ready yet, that they will serve You only when they will be perfect; they are worried to make mistakes in your Cause, and pay the price for it."

Baba and all the Lords and Gods couldn't say a word.

"You offer me to be a General in your army, and I am just a corporal, barely; what is the difference between a General and a corporal in your army?"

Baba laughed, at my seeming idiocy – "You have been serving me for ages, that is true, and you have tried your best, sometimes; but see, you have been working only with five percent of your capabilities, and now you'll work hundred percent perfectly. No mistakes, no missing paragraphs in your translations; you will always find the right and accurate words and sentences to express My messages; you will write music that even my Beethoven never dreamt about, you will bring science and medicine to undreamt of frontiers – and all this you want to brush off??"

"When I work for You, what is the difference between five percent and hundred percent? Work is work; true, I am constantly making mistakes, You can ask Don Stevens, how much trouble he had to go through till he managed to get from me a proper version of the Hebrew Discourses. Still, I made all this with my limited human capacities, and this meant to encourage Your lovers to work for You, wherever they are, without hesitation".

"I handle My lovers quite well without you," laughed Baba at my supposed presumptuousness. Baba pulled out a thick folder and took out a bunch of papers: "See how many e-mails Don sent me over the years concerning you and the troubles you gave him! He called you an oaf!!"

"And he was right – an oaf in Hebrew means mischievous chicken; what shall I do, am I not a son of the Great Mischievous Chicken?!"<sup>1</sup>

And all the Lords and Gods broke out laughing.

"Anyway, would you like to know why we decided to grant you this new capability of service?"

I was thinking very hard, tracing back my current life span like a person who was sentenced to death – not much of Albert Schweitzer, nor Mother Teresa; Gandhiji? Forget it. I even didn't scratch their ankles. Not a mighty general who saved the country from her enemies, nor a statesman who brought peace to a rather shattered land. Nothing. True, I give once in a while a coin to a lady-beggar in the center of Jerusalem, but what about the millions of beggars in India alone?

"Feeding the stray cats?" I whispered at last.

Baba collapsed laughing hysterically for two minutes. "Feeding the cats?!"  
"Do you think We would reward you for feeding cats?!"

"I have never asked You for any reward in this life span," I answered calmly, wishing that the earth would open her mouth and swallow me in.

"God Realization is not a reward," answered Baba with this sweet, cunning smile,  
"Only then you will start to render real service, till now you only practiced."

Then All of the sudden Baba became all-seriousness, and sent a quick glance at the Sai. The Sai just nodded His head with assent.

"Where is the Court Abdal when he is needed?!"  
Exclaimed Baba angrily, looking at all directions.

"I am right here, Your Lordness!" Responded at once the Abdal, shooting out from his hiding place – between the toes of Lord Moses.

(You know how it goes with Generals – if they don't see you, you do not exist)

"Bring the Commandment File," ordered Baba.

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<sup>1</sup> This is a pun I made on the word \*oaf\* - In English it means mischievous, and in Hebrew it means a chicken; hence, an oaf means "mischievous chicken".

The Abdal took out a very old, ancient, leather briefcase, and from it took out two large stone tablets.

"Carve on it the Twelfth Commandment: 'Whatsoever you do to my Little Ones, whatsoever I do to you!' In the same way you treat my creation, the creation will treat you!"

"I have a special soft spot for my little creatures," pointed Baba towards me, and from His eyes a steel-spark flashed, and my heart sank with trepidation.

"Now I have all the Twelve Commandments complete, after three thousand years!" Baba looked pleased at Lord Moses.

"What you suggest is very appealing to us, but no. Not for this. I have been impressed with all this internal work you have been doing for Me – your tedious, boring, grey silent work with all the mountain of rubbish I dumped on your head before you were born. Tell me, since you replaced My Carrie, how many persons heard My name?"

I tried to count with my fingers, and then started counting my toes. I was never good at math. "Maybe two hundred?"

"Maybe couple of thousand. Do you know how many people I have touched through you since you have placed all your sanskaras at My disposal? "

I started counting my fingers and toes, but quickly realized that I don't have enough fingers. "Couple of thousands?" I said shyly.

"Many millions! Do you know how many times you got married since you started imitating your supposedly separate individuality?!"

"You said once that we take millions of life spans on earth, and till recently we used to marry four women. I am afraid we will need a super computer to figure it out".

"See the point, and be clever, for a change, (Baba sighed) I cannot help anyone unless they ask Me, personally. You were given free will; planet earth is a free will zone, and we respect it. We would never interfere with your choices, even when these choices will doom you to hell. My ignorant children have chosen to forsake Me, so they sink deeper and deeper into the mazes of illusory creation, and by now, they suffer and suffer overwhelmingly. I am eager to help, but at this stage, they are wearing on their heads helmets of thick lead, made of ignorance, and My Love cannot penetrate through it. When you at last decided to surrender to Me, when you lastly realized that your efforts are in vain, you have brought before Me not only your little self, but also the endless relations you have had, from the very beginning – from minerals to humans – each step you made closer to me, opened a way for them to come closer to Me. When you were working tediously on your internal sanskaric make up, you were actually working for all of them, you were erasing their sanskaras, even a little bit, and thus you have opened the option before them to come to Me. For this silent, consistent work of yours, we decided to give the best means of rendering Perfect service – God Realization; what say you now?!"

"I am still convinced that this will make a bad impression on your lovers. Most of them refuse to do any work for you before they will be perfect, and this is a dire mistake on their side. Anyway, what will happen if I don't take it, I will not be able to work for you anymore?"

Baba smiled with assurance: "You know that you and all have My companionship for keeps – with One Condition!"

"Yes Baba, the Eleventh Commandment: 'Ye shall not harbour any resentment whatsoever in your heart realm against anyone whomsoever under any circumstance' ".

Baba was grinning: "Seems that something managed to penetrate into your thick skull nevertheless! But what shall we do with Mehera's Cake? Somebody must eat it!"

"Why don't You give it to Kendra? She is grieving over the loss of her Chachi!"



**Chachi**

There was an unexpected turn for this episode:

While Chachi was crossing the Gate to the everlasting hunting fields, she managed to swindle Cerberus, the Gate Keeper. As is the case with male monsters, Cerberus simply lost his head while seeing the gorgeous Chachi, and she managed to sneak inside the Court.

I personally was bedazzled for three days after visiting Baba's Court, so don't put the blame on me; the Court Abdal was hiding again between Moses toes; Baba kept on laughing at my plight, so Chachi, like all clever ladies, simply leaped upon the Celestial Table, and gulped Mehera's Cake at once!

Now I am wondering: How far Baba can go in order to make His Kendra happy? Since Chachi became God Realized before finishing normal evolution and involution, will she continue taking physical form as a Perfect Being – a perfect God Being or Dog being – this is the question. Will she come back as the Messiah of the stray cats?

I am sure we will have soon more news about this unprecedented occurrence.