

The God and the abdal.*

Part one.

By now you know the setting: Baba sitting on His throne, the Sai on His right, Upasni to His left. The great Lords surround them, those ancient sphinx-like beings, who guard the Being of the Beloved from the constant onslaughts of the creation without a hitch. Formidable looking Beings whose gaze a man will see and upon seeing, he won't live.

As usual, I am hiding in my nook, so I can share my discoveries with you. This time Upasni is beaming like fifty-two suns. I admit it - - sitting right next to the Beloved gives you all the reasons to beam somewhat like sixty-two suns, but Upasni beaming like this, while *usually* somber, gave me goose bumps.

Mehera walks in, holding a tray in her hands, serving Baba His morning tea with caraway seeds cookies. This is what Baba likes these days. Next She hands Him the transcripts of Baba-talk, of course. Baba *eats* hundreds of e-mails within couple of minutes, while sipping His tea and munching the cookies, and He really does read them, because you can see the incredible expressions changing on His face which prove to me that He really reads it. No doubt, Baba's Face is the best show in the universe.

After Baba finished His tea and munched the last cookie, Mehera gently cleans the crumbs from His moustache with her delicate fingers and puts them into her mouth. She's leaning towards Him, Their heads almost touch each other. Mehera's body language expresses such complete totality, as if all her being was focused on Her Beloved. And then Baba *looks* at His Mehera. It was one of those split - infinite seconds, which lasts forever, since the look on His face was such which I have never seen before - - one which I would gladly put in millions of years of hard labor in His Cause in order to see it. It is not possible to describe it in words, I only wish you will all see such an expression on Baba's Face one day. Mehera was done and she exited to the left of the stage.

Baba then gestured to the Sai: "What have we today?"

The Sai: "The Gods from universes #yx23476, #yx98126, and #zoo98/43, came to give their once-in-every-five-million-year report to you".

Meanwhile at the Gate:

The abdal: "Good morning your Holiness, your name please?"

The God (somewhat insulted): "I am the God of universe #zoo98/43."

"Yes, your Holiness, you are early; according to my list, you are number three. But I've been instructed that whomever arrives earliest may enter first. You know how Baba cherishes promptness! Do you carry any fire arms with you?"

The God (shocked) responds, "What ?!?!"

The abdal: "I am sorry your Holiness, but according to Sai's orders I must do a body check on any person who enters Baba's Court."

"I am the God of universe #zoo98/43 !!! How dare you! Open the Gate immediately !!!"

The abdal (a bit nervous now) says, "Your Holiness, I am not going to break Sai's orders!"

"What will happen?" laughed the God. "The Sai will turn you into a green powder?"

"It might be worse", trembled the abdal. "The last abdal who disobeyed the Sai..." and now the abdal started to shudder..., "the last abdal who broke Sai's order... was sent to Earth to be the next president of the U.S.A.!"

"Ok, ok.," laughs the God, "I am not nearly as bad as that!"

The abdal checks the God with a magnet-o-meter. The machine produces a sharp whistle.

The abdal "Your Holiness, I am afraid you are carrying a metallic object on your holy body". The God (sighing loudly) takes out a Beretta nine-millimeter pistol from his jacket and hands it over to the abdal.

The abdal "God, what a rough universe you come from if you need to carry such a weapon on your body!"

The God sighs and shakes his head: "Just don't ask! You shouldn't know from such a universe!!"

The abdal looks worried and checks the God again. The machine keeps on whistling. "Your Holiness....." mumbles the abdal, "I am afraid you have another metallic object on your body." "Oh, what the hell" says the God and pulls a long dagger out of His boot. The abdal is surprised. "Wow! Good Sheffield steel! Where did you get it from?"

The God answers proudly, "Major Foggy Macintosh, British Cavalry, the 11th Hussars, at your service! I fought in India and the Crimea, so I kept a little souvenir!" The abdal salutes and says, "No kidding! Well I just happen to be Lance Corporal Robin Little at *your* service!"

The God (looking intently at the abdal): "You? Now I remember. Those Russians ripped the guts out of your belly, and now Baba grants you the office of Gate Abdal?". "Well yes He did...but you sire, well you have become a great God!" Upon which The God enters the Court.

Baba gives him a short glance, and then turns dismayed to the Sai, "What is *that* ?!"

The Sai "Beloved, may I present to you His Holiness, the God in charge of universe zoo98/43"

"I already know who he is; but why is he standing there all alone?!"

The Sai (addressing the God) "Your Holiness, aren't you supposed to arrive here with another person in tow?"

"Yes, your Grace, but it is the five millionth year and my visit to Baba was due. So I came as I am."

The Sai: "But Baba told you five million years ago, that you should bring His lost-lover with you, which He put into your custody..."

"Yes, your Grace, but I am afraid this long lost-lover is not ready yet."

Baba (angry) "But you were entrusted with this lost-lover of mine, and I have created universe zoo98/43 specially so this lost-lover of mine will accomplish his spiritual path. You have been working on him already for two hundred, fifty five million years, and every five million years you come with another excuse!"

The God was shaking and trembling "But Beloved, I have tried all the tricks in your manual for handling universes, and nothing works!"

Baba (shouting angrily) "Are you telling me that what I wrote in my book doesn't work!?"

And the sphinxes started to move uneasily in their seats, sending bad looks to this God who dares to upset their Beloved. And even Upasni stopped beaming for a split of a second, but just for a very short nano-split of a second.

Baba was digging for something in His inside jacket pocket; at last He dug out a bunch of ancient notebooks. Baba said, "Let's see. Not this one, nah, this one is too old; you weren't created at that time yet. Ha! Here it is. I took notes all along your ascent to Me. Just look what pains I took to make you what you are, the God of universe zoo98/43. For thirty thousand years you were pestering Me for God Realization; every morning I had to wake up and hear you whining - "Baba, give me God Realization! Baba, I want to see your Face! Baba, when shall I dwell in your Court?" Etc etc, etc, etc. For thirty thousand years non-stop! Each life span of yours, you would come up with a new trick to harass Me. One life span you slept on needles; one life span you ate only tomatoes; one life span you slept with 2365 women, and for four consecutive life spans I had to wash you personally with a steel brush. One life span you decided to bark like a dog; one life span you walked totally naked, except a tie around your neck, in spite of your being the president of Chase Manhattan Bank, all in order to force me into granting you your

wishes. And for three long life spans you ate only bananas! Twice a week I would plead before you,
"please my son, eat the schnitzel and potato puree (with fried onions) which Mother prepared for you so lovingly in her own hands! Because She knew that this is your favorite dish! No wonder I went nuts and granted you God Realization! And as you well know with the title comes the authority and the responsibility. And now, I have asked you this little, tiny favor, to bring back to me this lost lover of mine, and you cannot do this! What kind of God are you?!"

The God: "Baba! I have never seen such self-centered, mean, treacherous, cunning, elusive, conniving, liar, thief, and an obnoxious oaf, since I remember myself as a conscious dropped soul!"

Baba: (barely hiding His grin) "Is that so?! I gave birth to such a son?!"

Baba: "You come back in five million more years. I trust at that time you will come with this lost lover of mine",

The God: "Five million years of not seeing You! How can I continue living like this?!"

Baba: (compassionately) "You know what? You can come any time my lover is ready; tomorrow morning, whenever. Just don't come again without him"

The God: "But Beloved...."

The Sai (annoyed): "Dismissed!"

The God bowed reverently to the Sai and walks out crestfallen.

To be continued

*Those who are not acquainted with this style of writing can view my story called "One Slow Morning in Heaven". You can find it in the archives, January 13th, 2000. If you cannot find it, I will gladly e-mail it to you separately.

P.s. thanks to Laurie for correcting my English and adding more flavors. She earned 24.6 Baba points!