

ANUBHAVS



Why do you love  
us so much?



- *Mugdhaveera Durve, June 2009*

On the 30th of March, at 7:30 am, about 10 volunteers from Kalyan and Shahad Centers, left by a Sumo vehicle to coordinate upasana at two places near Kasara in a region called Vashala. Another set of 10 volunteers from Bhandup (East and West) centers, also traveling by a Sumo, met us near Kasara. To reach the village of Veluk one has to traverse a short ghat section after passing the Central School at Vashala. While driving up the ghat section at a steep blind corner; our Sumo suddenly left its path in an attempt to give way to another vehicle coming from the opposite direction. The driver had stepped on the accelerator instead of the brakes. The car kept rattling along the rugged terrain, bumping and sliding at places. All of us kept screaming “Bapu Bapu”. The car just would not stop. Finally on seeing a huge deep ditch in front of us, we just closed our eyes and braced ourselves to face the imminent final moments of our lives. Right at that moment, everyone called out to Bapu in sheer desperation and the car just halted as it is. When we opened our eyes, to our amazement, the car had been stopped by just a feeble dry shrub. A few moments later, the shrub fell into the ditch. Instead of us falling in the ditch, it was the shrub that had fallen into the ditch.

We had had an extremely escape. The front wheels of the vehicle were stuck in the ditch. Since the rear seat had leaned forward, Anjana, Smruti, Nivas and I were trapped between the front and rear seat. I had been pushed onto the door and therefore, my right elbow and right knee were badly hurt. To everyone’s surprise, the door did not open. If the door had flung open, we would have been banged against the rocks. Anjana, who was sitting beside me, had hurt her forehead on the displaced rear seat. Shri Pandurang Joshi and Raju, a volunteer from Shahad Kendra were badly injured by the screws of a



Tabla resting at their feet. Mr. Joshi's leg was bleeding and started to swell like a puffed cake right in front of our eyes. The sight was extremely frightening. Everyone rubbed Udi on that leg and in no time, the leg returned to its normal shape and size. The sumo carrying volunteers from Bhandup center had gone ahead of us and thus, we had to call them back. They came back and took the car out of the ditch. Our driver was trembling with fear. He spoke only the following sentence, "please give me a photograph of the person you called out to as "Bapu,"."

After we regained our composure, we all jointly decided that rather than abandoning the upasanas, we would go ahead with it. We conducted upasana at Veluk and Dhakane and then returned at around 8 pm. After we reached home, we realized the extent of the impact the accident had had on us. The pain had started to become evident only then.

We realized the importance of Aanhik as explained by Dr. Yogindrasinh Joshi. We knew that in reality it was next to impossible for a dry shrub to hold back a Sumo vehicle carrying 10 people in it. I bowed in front of Bapu's Padukas and cried inconsolably. I asked him why he loves us so much when in reality we have hardly done anything for him. What is it that coaxes him to be present for us on each and every occasion? I then realized that there is no answer for a question like this.

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HARI OM