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## Eruch Stalls Procession

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### Eruch Jessawala

Mandali Hall, Meherabad, India

August 08, 1987

03:56

**ERUCH:** "See that nobody disturbs me while I am there". People don't die like flies or anything of that sort. We knew that. It is quiet, as usual. Have you seen the site when you went there?

**PILGRIM #1:** Yeah, I pointed it out.

**ERUCH:** You pointed out that. So there is that little gate there and you enter there – the first section of cemetery, second section of the cemetery, third section. I don't know why they have divided. Most probably they encroached upon land when there was no more land somewhere. So Baba and we get down and then Baba goes inside and selects a place which He liked best and He goes there and I spread a carpet and make Him comfortable; sit down near the wall. Nobody can notice Him because there is a wall and a restriction - two or three sections under the shade of a tree. And He says, "Now you all go." The four of us had to go around, keep guard so that nobody disturbs Him. My turn fell to be at the gate-entrance.

So I am keeping watch there and standing there quietly. Nobody is coming, nobody is there. Baba will take His own time, when we hear the clap, then we go inside, that was the signal always, every time. Well, I am standing, I am doing nothing whiling away my time and all that.

After about ten minutes, fifteen minutes like that, all of a sudden I see a procession coming, people are coming and to my surprise there is a being carried, taken in. I said, "My god. Now what's to be done now? How, how should I stop them from coming inside?" And Baba doesn't want us to...wants...Baba wants us to see that there is no disturbance. I can't stop them, I can't do this. You know the dilemma for me. But Baba put some thoughts in my mind. I just went ahead and there I stood on the main road there which is just at a close distance from the gate, outside the gate and I just said, "My, what's that? Who has died?"

So those people there, they stopped naturally because I am there. "Who has died? What happened?" So then they say. Then I start giving out raps, you see, "But what happened? Was he sick? What's that? What has happened? Who, who are the relatives?" I have to while away my time. Not allow them to enter.

I go on asking questions after questions and they very lovingly and politely answer not knowing what's in my mind. All the time I am trying to listen when the clap would come. So I, likewise I kept them engaged for about seven to ten minutes. And to my real relief I heard the clap. As soon as they were in the midst of telling me something about the man who had died, how he was and all, I turned my back and ran back. They looked surprised—what's the matter? Then they started again.

In the meantime, Baba said, "Fine. Everything is fine. My work is over." So, I wrapped up the thing and then we were getting out of the cemetery. And just as we were getting out, the person who has died—fortunate one—with all the procession, they come there with the coffin and all that, and there Baba says, "How blessed is this man, who has died." That's all. That's the story. Well it was a hard time. Hard time to keep people engaged like that and stop them. Only He could do that.