

Flying Saucer Over Meherazad circa 1976

If memory serves me correctly, my witnessing a flying saucer hover over the village of Pimpalgaon, while staying at Meherazad, occurred during the summer of 1976 (I am within a year of accuracy, on either side of 1976). I need to explain my mindset leading up to what happened that summer, so my reaction is understood from the perspective of a 25-year-old who cared nothing about the 'gross' world on so many levels. A lot has to do with how I was being trained and guided by Goher and Arnavaz so I could stay in Meherazad. Really speaking, I was such a child, even though I was a woman of 25 years of age who had traveled the world, solo, for nearly two years, and a nurse who had been trained in Open Heart Surgery, the ICU, and Inhalation Therapy.

Because I was not spiritually disciplined or sufficiently mature at this time, I believed my very life and existence depended on a connection with Meherazad and the Mandali. I believed I would die if separated from Meherazad, especially Goher and Arnavaz. Sole focus was on accepting their guidance without any thought of resistance. I wanted to learn to be as measured and balanced as possible in responses to day-to-day events. Although Arnavaz and Goher guided me to eventually transfer this attachment from them and Meherazad to my Beloved Meher Baba, at the time I was deeply into the 'work' of discipline and remaining calm with responses to daily events. This probably played a big part in how I reacted to what I saw as I looked up into the summer sky that night.

It was an extremely hot, summer night in Meherazad (most likely Mid-April) when the saucer appeared over Pimpalgaon. Nothing extraordinary had occurred that day—we all were trying to cope with the heat of an Indian summer. The general routine on the women's side in the main house, after dinner, was simple. After the temperature dropped, end of day duty was finalized, and preparation for the morrow was done. My responsibility after dinner (before going back over to the Dispensary) was to prepare Mehera's bed for the night—to fold her bed sheet back, adjust her pillows, and lightly sprinkle the mattress with water to release the day's collected heat. I had to do this with a gentle hand—sprinkle the water to provide enough of moisture to release the heat without making the bed feel wet. Then, I would carefully tuck in her mosquito net followed by a proper 'net-check' to make sure no mosquito was trapped inside. This was critical, because once Mehera was asleep, her slumber was deep, leaving her vulnerable to bites. This 'simple task' took great patience, which at 25 years of age was a struggle for me. It was an important duty and Goher took great pains to mentor me about how to conduct myself with an aim of perfection toward Mehera's care. Mehera's well-being was paramount to anything else. Goher would chuckle and tell me, "Never assume you have perfected anything about caring for Mehera! Always strive to do it better the next time!" I recall how I would quietly check Mehera's arms at the breakfast table for mosquito bites; it was a relief when there were none.

Ordinarily, preparing one's bed for sleep takes a few minutes and you move on. However, when looking after Mehera's needs, attention to detail was paramount. There was a special manner of tucking the net—I must not tuck it too tightly under the mattress, otherwise her arm could lie up against the net and mosquitoes could reach through and bite. I would gently tuck the net and fluff it out a bit to help alleviate the vulnerability a tight would net make. This required a level of patience and attentiveness I was not used to having at first. In all honesty, it seemed a nuisance—a somewhat shameful admission for me to make—but it is the truth. All this extra time kept me away from the Dispensary and being with Goher. Plus, spending time on the men's side at night, even if for only 5 minutes, was wonderful and something I tried to manage into my daily routine. My mind was busy trying to accommodate what I wanted to do, while also struggling to be diligent to whatever duty that presented itself! It took time to absolve myself of the desires of what 'I' wanted to do. When I look back now, I marvel at how the women all lived their lives for Mehera, totally focused on her care, at His pleasure! They were not even second in consideration—they were third in line. "Never make Mehera regret inviting you into the household on such an intimate basis!" they cautioned. This advice was inestimable.

It was clear that being 'casual' while striving for 'perfection' was critical. Good habits were paramount; "Wash your hands, follow directions, never argue with Mehera, and just quietly go about the day's needs without fuss." Goher and Arnavaz once told me that if my staying at Meherazad became problematic, or if I could not follow directions and they had to watch over me, my stay at Meherazad would end. This was not said as a threat, but as a fact. Absolute harmony for Mehera's daily life was crucial. In fact, it was Baba's order. He told the women the night before He dropped His Body to keep her safe and to work to avoid any upset in her life. Baba told them if they had to tell a 'white lie' to follow His order, it was okay.

I do not think I deeply appreciated the privilege of being so intimate with Mehera at the time. Remembering the flying saucer now, this casual attitude most certainly spilled over into my response to seeing it! I must have thought if the saucer could not help me care for Mehera any better, give guidance to being a better person, or offer up the secret to pleasing Baba, then the saucer was in some manner irrelevant to my life. It was interesting and beautiful but held no real import. I doubt I would be so nonchalant about it today!

On that hot summer night, I was eager to get back over to the Dispensary and share in the evening conversations and company on the men's side. Mani, Rano, Goher and Arnavaz were there, already. I loved listening to them discuss Trust business because I learned so much. They talked about difficult subject matter while being respectful and light-hearted with each other, even when having differences of opinion. I marveled at how heated a conversation could get *without* personal ranker between

them; they did not become defensive when upset occurred. They worked as a team, yet each was skilled at varying leadership roles on projects. I learned a leadership role was about need, not ego gratification. They gave deference to the strengths they each possessed, trusting the effort, yet all remained engaged during the process. Harmonious in their participation, they were also seamless when changing from the role of a team member into one of leadership, and vice versa. Their support for each other was unwavering and I marveled at it.

Another lesson I learned was the value of being quiet and listening without intruding. I never gossiped about life at Meherazad, having a deep respect for their privacy. This is most likely the main reason I have remained quiet about my time at Meherazad and not openly discussed it. Arnavaz told me several times it would become obvious when it was time to share my experiences and the lessons I learned. The time seems now to have come.

I did mention the flying saucer to a few, but only in passing. How I'd react today to the same experience would be much different. Back then, it did not matter much. Simply put, it was fun to see, but after a few minutes it was a distraction to the self-imposed sanctions I had about how I conducted myself so I could remain in Meherazad. Today, over forty-five years later, I am amused by it all and enjoy thinking about a time of such innocence and joy! I admit that I laugh when I recall how determined I was to be useful at Meherazad and not become a pest. It took a while, but I eventually settled in and was relaxed and grew in confidence.

The 'Flying Saucer Story' is a story about seeing a self-propelled airship hover for quite some time over Pimpalgaon Village. This night, Eruch, Mani, Goher, Rano, Arnavaz, Pendu, Bhau, Aloba and I were sitting on the men's side at Meherazad. I have made a strong effort to remember as much detail as possible, with accuracy. Some details are very vivid and easily remembered; others are not and more conceptual in nature. I know what the saucer looked like but cannot give a totally accurate description of the craft. I remember the discussion with the Mandali but am unable to offer a verbatim recall of the conversation. I am, however, confident in my impressions of the night and what I do recall and share with you now.

That summer in India was intense. The heat was sweltering, the air oppressive, and the afternoon sun brutal; the weight of the heat lingered into the night. A nice cool Lassi drink, fresh sugar cane juice, or a limboo pani were must-have libations; a cup of hot tea was a must! Drinking any of these divine liquids was certain to ward off the heat and cool the body. It was well known the 'Furnace Gods' brought headache, stomach upset, fatigue, and heat sickness. These demons burn deep into your skin, raising blisters the size of a 4-anna coin. They chapped your lips with fissures that cut deep; it was even whispered that the heat could boil your eyes in their sockets if you did not

take care!

On this summer night, due to the intense heat, the air was still; we sat and quietly drank our tulsī tea. The hot tea released the heat from our body, cooling us by the sweat that resulted. When done, almost in unison, we stood up, raised our arms, and faced into the breeze that had begun to flow. The sodden strands of hair, glued by sweat to our brow, began to loosen their grip. Hair pressed along the side of our ears began to curl off our skin and dance in the gentle flowing breeze. Rivulets of sweat along our neck dried up, cooling us down in the process. Cooling off after a cup of hot tea often brought up a fun image in my mind: I would imagine I was being baptized, fully immersed in the Ganges, and all transgressions were being exorcised, fleeing upward with the waves of heat as they left my body.

Once we were cooled down and the evening temperature was more bearable, it was time to end the day. Aloba began collecting the cups. Eruch put clipboards with Trust work back into their pouches, which he put in the larger bags that would go back to the Trust in the car in the morning. Eruch, then seated on the bench outside Mandali Hall, was doing a final check on some work-related papers. Mani, Rano and Arnavaz were standing opposite the door into Mandali Hall, saying good night to everyone. Goher, seated next to Eruch on the bench, was doing a final check over my shopping list for the Dispensary.

Bhau had come out of his room (where he had spent the day working on diaries of Baba's life) and had come to sit with Pendu by the Blue Bus. I was seated on the steps leading up into the Blue Bus and Bhau was on the chair next to me. I had just finished the nightly massage of Bhau's hands and neck to ease the constant state of cramping and discomfort he experienced due to leaning over his desk and writing all day. Bhau got up to stretch before returning to his room, and I went over to Pendu to take him for a walk, up and down the verandah, before he retired. Nothing out of the ordinary—it was a typical end to a summer night.

Aloba was walking back to the kitchen by his room, holding the dark blue plastic container filled with our teacups in his hands. Suddenly he announced, "Look! Over Pimpalgaon! The flying saucer is back!" There was some excitement as we turned our attention to the sky over the village. Everyone went out into the open dirt area between Mandali Hall and the outbuilding where the men sat on the verandah to eat. I walked over to the group, Pendu in arm, and we stood and gazed up at this Flying Saucer that was silently hovering over the village. It was enchantingly beautiful, and the colors were ethereal; it was just stunning to see!

Two bands of what I assumed were made of some metal substance surrounded the craft: one on the upper portion as well as a band around the half dome on the

bottom. They were like illumined bangles. Each band had globes of light which, as I recall, turned in opposite directions of each other. The lights embedded in the ring-like band reminded me of how the windows of an airplane looked when the light was shining outward if you were looking at the plane from a distance. Each band had pinkish-gold glow— like the sky at sunrise.

To the best of my recollection, one band on the upper half dome was quite large. It looked as if it 'held' the craft within its ring, like a bracelet, and may not have been 'fixed' to the body of the Saucer. This is complete conjecture on my part, but my impression is the ring was connected to the craft by some sort of 'energy field'. Between the half-dome at the top and the smaller one at the bottom was another ring that delineated the two half-domes at their juncture. I remember it seemed as if it was attached to the lower half-sphere of the Saucer. Both rings surrounded the Flying Saucer, much like the rings around the planet Saturn, except one looked as if it was a part of, not separate from the Saucer. The other ring encircled the top and was secured by some sort of energy field. The image in my mind for the lower ring is how a lover would enfold the Beloved in an embrace; the upper ring was more luminous and did not seem to physically touch the craft.

None of us witnessed the object as it came to the area—there was no sound to alert us of its arrival. Summer nights were usually noticeably quiet except for the frequent sounds of village life off in the distance—always a dog barking at the outskirts, and the rhythmic sounds of tablas played and bhajans sung. Sound carried when nights were still like this, so if the craft had made any noise, we would assuredly have heard it. It was Aloba spotting its lights in the darkening sky over Pimpalgaon that brought it to everyone's attention.

As I looked at the floating object, it was obviously preternatural. It was not a helicopter, or it would have made noise and been choppy as it moved horizontally and vertically or hovered in place. There was no possibility of it being a plane for obvious reasons. I recognized it was a Flying Saucer because I had seen such objects depicted in movies and featured on magazine covers or tabloids at the supermarket check-out lanes. I had also heard Flying Saucers discussed and described on the news. This flying craft, with such an odd shape, its beautiful illumination, and the metaphysical colors was like nothing I had ever seen.

Remarkably, the object had the ability to hover while remaining stationary. It also moved both vertically and horizontally, gliding with such beauty and grace. If you have seen Baryshnikov dance in Swan Lake or the Nutcracker, you can sense what it is to look at an object defy gravity, move through space with unmatched elegance, and fly with no wings.

We stood quietly out on the dirt and watched in the hushed stillness of the night.

Baba's Name was quietly repeated, almost under one's breath. There was a softness in the entreaty, which was grounding, as well as reassuring, while witnessing such a sight. We stood like this for a couple of minutes. I believe it was Eruch who turned and asked Aloba. "Is it the same saucer as before, Aloba?" Aloba answered he thought it was, and the others seemed to agree they had seen this saucer before, or one of the same design. We were light-hearted about what we were seeing—no one seemed to be disturbed at the possibility that aliens were in a flying saucer, hovering over Pimpalgaon less than a mile away.

Bhau said to Aloba, "Put the kettle on and maybe they will come for tea!" This back-to-earth-comment brought a chuckle from all of us. We all studied the craft and the Mandali began to speak among themselves as to the color of the domes and the two bands of rotating rings which encircled the craft with a golden-yellow, pinkish light. As Eruch stood, he swayed from one foot to the other, left arm across his chest. He cradled his right elbow in left hand, while his right hand caressed his chin. Keenly observant, he stood, keeping his eyes on the hovering saucer. I looked at Goher and could see her legs and feet were paining from standing, so I asked Bhau to take Pendu's arm while I ran to get Goher's bicycle so she could sit on the seat and watch. Mani, Rano and Arnavaz were huddled together, while Eruch, Pendu and Bhau formed a line. I stood next to Goher who was seated on her bicycle, between the men and the women.

It was a mesmerizing experience for me, and to some degree for all of us. After Bhau's remark about making some tea and inviting them for a cup, there was a discussion about this being the same saucer they had seen before. As I remember, a flying saucer was spotted in the area a few other times over the years. I do not recall how many times they said they had seen a flying saucer like this, but it was more than two. I have the recollection a saucer appeared while Baba was living in Meherazad. It is such a vague memory, so faint and unreliable, I hesitate to mention it. I do so in case someone else heard this.

I clearly remember all the Mandali saying they believed it was drawn to the area because of Baba; they believed it was pulled by the Divine Energy and Nature of God. It was remarked His Presence was still strong because the Avatar had lived in Meherazad for so long, and now Mehera was in Meherazad, and this is what attracted the object. I have an impression, but cannot say for sure, that one of them mentioned that Baba said this during an earlier sighting. (This could be my imagination, though, as it reminds me about ghosts and discarnate souls Baba said were drawn to Him. I could easily be merging what I knew about ghosts being drawn to Baba, projecting one onto the other.)

It was this night I heard, for the first time, that Baba had mentioned there are planets inhabited with life forms like humans. As I remember, Eruch, Mani and Bhau explained Baba told them some planets held beings that were highly intelligent,

possessing brilliant minds. These life forms could not know God while living on other planets because, as Baba told them, God is only found and realized on Earth. Mani said these life forms have little or no 'heart' and could not be pushed to search for God. I may be off about this, but I think they told me these beings did not believe in a God because they did not experience 'love' like humans do and did not have a 'need' to search for love or satisfy this longing because, for them it did not exist.

Eruch and Mani said it is the heart that calls out for the Beloved, and without a heart, craving for Union was non-existent. Because of this, there could be no desire for Realization or Union. Arnavaz said they are unable to experience the burning fire of desire for God's Presence because those impressions or sanskaric ties were absent. (This is my recollection of what I heard; I may be saying something contrary to what Baba said, so it should be taken with a grain of salt. I was young, and this experience and what I was witnessing was a lot to take in.)

Bhau was unbelievably detailed in explaining about life on other planets. He told about 'people' who were evolved mentally, possessing great intellect. I got somewhat lost in all he was saying but remember being astounded to even think there were planets with people. I felt profoundly sad that on these planets and 'worlds,' people could not have what so many of us take for granted—divine companionship with the Lord! The thought came to me that what good is it to know so much and to be so intelligent if you did not know Meher Baba? This was truly a child-like response on my part. They all told me that Baba told them that only on planet Earth can one find balance between heart and mind, and therefore, can one strive to achieve union with the Beloved.

Nowhere else is this possible but on Earth. I believe Mani said there were many planets with human beings living on them and when the Avatar is on Earth and His Advent is in full force, they struggle to take birth on Earth to be in His Orbit of Love. (I always liked the image her words produced, and I try to wish people to always be born in the 'Orbit of His Love' on their birthday.)

The arrival of the flying saucer must have taken place between 8:30 and 9:00 P.M. After a bit, Goher and I looked at our watches and Goher said we had to go back to the house. Around 9:00 P.M. we would check in with Mehera to see if she needed something or wanted to sit on the verandah and have some company. By the time Goher and I left for the main house, about 20 to 25 minutes must have passed from the moment Aloba alerted everyone to the flying saucer. Mani, Rano and Arnavaz also headed back to the bungalow. They returned by way of the old Dispensary at the end of the verandah, entering through the Meherazad gate; Goher and I returned through Mehera's garden by way of the New Life Caravan.

Before going to the main house that night, Goher and I stopped at the bench

outside the Hall to make sure the work had been completed. We placed everything in a pouch, and Goher told me to not say anything to Mehera about the flying saucer until Mani and Arnavaz had talked. They always discussed the best way to include Mehera in 'outside' events and every detail of what was to be shared was agreed upon beforehand. Sharing outside activity was done in a manner that would please Baba and was sensitive to Mehera's needs.

We stopped at the bungalow first to get some direction from Mani and Arnavaz. It was decided Mani would mention something about the saucer to Mehera in a very casual manner while we were seated on the verandah before going to bed. She would mention to Mehera that it was late, and we would discuss it at breakfast. Mani had a way of expression with Mehera that allowed her to feel included. She also had the wonderful ability to subtly give Mehera enough information so she would not feel dismissed, allowing Mehera to easily accept waiting for a more in-depth discussion later. Arnavaz thought it best I keep quiet unless Mehera asked me about it, and if she did, I could describe the saucer and tell her how beautiful the colors were, but I was to not go into more detail.

They all agreed to not discuss the conversation we had as we watched the object, because most likely Mehera would want to tell me what Baba had said. This would bring her into the experience, and I was to make her feel like I was hearing her explanation for the first time. The goal that night was to not have Mehera thinking about something before bedtime that would delay her sleep. In the morning, Mani would bring her into the experience in a fun way, in a manner that would be delightful for her to enjoy. When I came to bed, Arnavaz explained to me how to respond to questions at breakfast. She advised I listen and not mention that I had already been told about life in the Universe. This was another example of the exquisite care Mehera was given. The women were remarkable in the care and consideration they gave her.

Goher and I then left the bungalow and went to the main house; Mani and Arnavaz followed a few minutes later. Rano, as was her routine, went to her room to read before retiring. During summer months, often we would sit on the verandah with Mehera for a few minutes and look out over the garden and talk about the day. As she went off to bed, Mani told Mehera she wanted to tell her about the flying saucer at breakfast. She told Mehera nothing different had occurred from previous sightings, and Mehera seemed satisfied to wait until breakfast to hear more. I got up to go wash my face and brush my teeth and Mehera stated the saucer must be drawn to the area because of Baba. As I left the verandah, Mehera, in her teasing manner laughingly called out, "You're lucky they didn't kidnap you! We'd have a big ransom to pay!" We laughed and Mehera enjoyed the joke she had made.

When I got down to the room to sleep, Meheru was sitting on Naja's bed; I sat on

Arnavaz' bed. Arnavaz was telling them both, in detail, about the saucer and how it hovered effortlessly, moved vertically and horizontally, all with ease and grace. Both women were intrigued, paying close attention to what Arnavaz was saying. I think Naja lamented she did not go over to the men's side that night, as she said she would have loved to have seen it. Naja liked to visit with her brother when she could; Pendu and she would sit and talk about their childhood, growing up with Baba who was their cousin, and life with Him. They were so sweet and respectful of each other and it was such a delight to witness their time together. She would try to come visit every other night when she could. My remaining impression is that Naja, having seen one previously, would have really enjoyed seeing the flying saucer, and missed not witnessing it this time.

Meheru did not have a habit of visiting the men's side other than with Mehera for entertainment in the Hall when she would accompany her. I appreciated how including Meheru in an event from the men's side was done with wonderful storytelling so she also could enjoy it to the fullest. As I recall, both Naja and Meheru were aware of previous flying saucers hovering over the village. I do not remember if they asked specific questions, but I do remember the flow of conversation between the three women was robust and engaging.

Goher came down in the middle of the conversation to confirm how Mani would tell Mehera about the saucer at breakfast. It is such a wonderful example of the sweetness and sensitivity the women took in her care. It had been decided Mani would describe the craft in detail, but not mention the conversation that had ensued. They knew Mehera would want to tell me what she herself had been told by Baba, something she would enjoy recalling. I mention this to give a glimpse of how Mehera was included in events that happened away from Meherazad, in day-to-day life at the Trust, at Meherabad, and on the men's side.

After morning Arti, we sat for breakfast. Mehera oftentimes remained a few extra minutes in Baba's Room to share in an intimate moment with Him. When she came to the table, we began pouring tea, took a carack (a crispy chapatti) or a warm one, and some fruit to eat. Mani sat directly across from Mehera, next to Baba's Chair. My place at the table was to Mani's left, across from Mehera. Arnavaz and Goher were to Mehera's right, Naja and Meheru at the end and Rano to my left. Mehera had wrapped a banana in a chapatti and passed it over to me, with a spoonful of fresh cream added. While we began breakfast, Mani began to tell Mehera about the flying saucer. All eyes were on Mani—she was very animated in her description. This was going to be a good show, much like a troupe of jugglers coming to Meherazad to perform, or someone with a flea circus wanting to entertain right there on the dining table!

Mani sat with her right foot up on the chair, resting her arm on her knee. This allowed her to easily twist and turn in her seat when adding excitement to telling the

story. She used her hands for dramatic flair, moving them in arches through the air, showing Mehera how the flying saucer glided and moved. Her wrists turned upward and around, and she manipulated her fingers in amazing shapes for added impact. With her fingers, she formed the shape of the saucer by joining her thumbs and holding her hands upright, the tips of her middle finger touching. She had the unique ability to flex her fingers into almost any shape, and was remarkably accurate, giving form to the smaller half-dome on the bottom of the saucer, while defining the upper half-dome in proportionate size.

Mani knew how to hold Mehera's attention! She started from the beginning, explaining to Mehera how we had been sitting on the verandah in front of Mandali Hall, finishing up the day's work. She told of Aloba spotting the saucer hovering over Pimpalgaon. (Nothing was ever mentioned about our having tulsi tea on the men's side or that we sometimes just shared social time—they never wanted Mehera to feel like she was being left out of anything. Mehera never asked, assuming we were there for work.)

With flair, Mani told Mehera how the flying saucer appeared to be like previous sightings, and it had remained for some time. She narrated in detail the craft's luminous color and shape and expounded on the two revolving rings of lights. Mani conveyed how it moved horizontally several hundred feet, and vertically, hovering about a hundred feet over the village before ascending at least 500 feet and taking off. She even made a reference to the joke Mehera said stating that I was afraid it had come to kidnap me. Turning to me Mani quipped, "Mara bacha, what would have happened to you if they had taken you away to some distant star?" Mani's tease brought a hearty laugh from all of us, and Mehera smiled at me while she exclaimed, "Oh, my!" Mehera did ask me if I had been fearful while watching the craft hover like it did. I told her I had not been afraid, but maybe would have been frightened if I had been by myself or anywhere other than Meherazad. Mehera was always pleased that I had the capacity to behave fearlessly—she frequently joked with me that I was an Irani man in my last life!

With 'story time' winding down, Mani finished her tea and breakfast. After telling Mehera she was going to get ready to go to the Trust Office, she asked to be excused, turning to Baba while in her chair, and thanked Him for breakfast. As she stood and moved her chair snug to the table's edge, before picking up her plate and cup, she also bowed to Baba. She clasped her hands, folded together at the palms, with the tips of her fingers gently pressing against her chin. I always loved witnessing this tender gesture as it exemplified how Baba revealed to them during the New Life, to all of us, really, that He is our Constant Companion—we do not require His Physical Presence to know the Lord is Present with us.

Watching how Mehera would 'show' Baba what she was eating, remind Him how

He liked a particular food, or would ask Him to enjoy with her what she was eating was living proof He was there in full force with them, even though His Physical Body had been shed. There were times when the fragrance of roses would fill the room and I always sensed He did this for Mehera, even though we also got the pure enjoyment of this. Many of us witnessed how the Mandali lived in Baba's Presence regardless of Him not being physically with them; this is a great gift bestowed on us all!

After Mani excused herself, Mehera began to tell me that Baba had told her there was life on other planets. She explained Baba said that on some planets life was pure intelligence, or mind—they could not know God because they had no need. She said these 'people' had little 'heart,' or none at all, and were unable to experience God's Love. She expressed how sad she was for them. She said it was hard to imagine a life without Baba. She spoke about these planets and life forms being out of balance with the heart and mind and said she was glad she had taken birth on planet Earth during Meher Baba's Advent as Avatar. Several times she looked up at the image of Baba on the wall behind His Chair and thanked Him for His Love and for allowing her to Love Him.

I remember Arnavaz and Goher being included in the conversation with questions Mehera asked. They too, described the craft. Mehera said the saucer came to Pimpalgaon because it had been attracted to Baba's Divinity. She asserted it was unable to resist the Avatar's Energy, His Force like a powerful magnet. I remember Mehera's proclamation that a flying saucer could be drawn to His Divine Beauty. This proclamation of hers provoked a distinctly different enchantment within my soul compared to when others made this statement.

As breakfast was ending, Mehera turned to Baba's Chair and again thanked Him for allowing her to be born on Earth. "Baba, Darling. Thank you for Your Love and Your Sweetness. Thank you for letting me love You and grant me Your Grace to Love You as You ought to be loved!" I can see Mehera's face slightly bowed, her body turned toward His Chair, eyes closed in quiet contemplation with Him. Naja, Goher and Arnavaz were still seated at the table; we all were quiet until she opened her eyes again, continuing the conversation. Mehera reiterated, "*Mara bacha*, only on Earth can one become His, merge with Him, and be blessed with God Realization." The atmosphere seemed sacred. "You are His, and His alone!" she said. "Never forget this! He is the goal. Hold tight with both hands to His Daaman! Let no one come between you and Baba. No one! Never let go!"

This wonderful morning had been particularly enjoyable because of the lively discussion. I enjoyed it more than I did the sighting of the flying saucer! Mani put on quite the show for Mehera and Mehera enjoyed it to the fullest. She was happy to share what Baba told her about life on other planets and why taking birth on planet Earth was

important. It was precious to watch Mehera turn to face Baba and say to Him, “See Baba! Even these creatures can’t resist the pull of Your Love!” She beseeched Him, “Let them take birth next time on Earth so they can find You and Love You! Beloved Darling Baba. Bring them to you next time.”

I suspect they told Mehera about the flying saucer in a manner similar to how they told Mehera about outside events during life with Baba, especially when there was a need to be circumspect with subject matter. They had developed the art of storytelling, which was so charming, and Mani was, hands down, the best! Mehera sharing with me the explanations Baba had given her allowed her to participate in the experience and enjoy the saucer’s visit, too. How they related events to Mehera was truly an art form that they had perfected through years and years of experience. When Mehera told me stories, even if I had just heard it from another, I rarely let on. Those moments were hers, so to speak, and were truly pure in essence.

To this day, I have no idea if other pilgrims were told about the flying saucers that night, or of previous sightings. After breakfast that morning, I never thought about it again or questioned why it never came up afterward. I never asked myself, until now, why Aloba did not tell everyone once Meherazad opened after summer. He would have loved telling this story and been very theatrical, much to everyone’s delight! No one told me to not repeat it, nor was I told to keep it a secret. Although interesting at the time, life was so full of work, duty, and other responsibility, it just escaped my mind and held no lasting interest for me.

By committing this experience to paper, I tried to recall as best I could what I witnessed that hot summer night in Meherazad. I am keenly aware memory can be faulty and want to acknowledge this as a fact I understand. Some of what I remember is clear as a bell, some is a bit fuzzy, and some more conceptual in nature. I am also certain I have forgotten bits and pieces. And even if absolute recollection occurred, seeing a Flying Saucer over Pimpalgaon provided no wisdom to me on how to love and better serve my Beloved Meher Baba, or live my life at His Pleasure.