
BABA WORKS ON MANI

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09:17

MANI: And Eruch was telling how when Baba was here and I would be called and Goher would be called. For any work. I was doing the western correspondences then. I would also be doing any typing Baba wanted me to do that. Eruch was writing, writing, writing according to what Baba was dictating and then I was called to go and do the typing. And this also stresses the point which I try to make every now and then, that Baba's work, real work is us. Baba works on us. While He allows us the opportunity to do His work or to feel we are doing His work, He's doing the real work on us.

And I'll give just one, one little example. One day, there were two bells by this entrance of the Mandali Hall. Brass hand bells. One was a little bigger, one was small. Smaller was for me, it would go—
[Mani imitates the sound of the small bell]

but it carried. That 'tinka' carried. Carried to where I would be on this little veranda as we call. The porch of the little cottage. The original cottage where I would sit and type the family letters or whatever. It was my open-air office. I could look into the garden; I could see the birds come and have their baths in the bird baths. I would see the chameleon going up to the trees. There were two trees. I didn't know till then that they also had territorial rights. This chameleon would have only this tree and this was for the other. And the other dare not come down and try and get near his property. They kept an eye on each other. Just like people do now, you know, same thing. It began long ago believe me.

So, and then this chameleon. This little chameleon would come down and the other immediately come down after it. That one was trying to get a cricket or a little, some insect. And this one would rush. So, that little one would quickly grab the cricket and run up his tree. I could almost hear him say, "Mamma, look." And then this other one, he would go like that and become all red. You know they change color. Anyway, this is digressing. But that's where I would have my open-air office. When I would be called by Baba by that brass hand bell then I would come running over.

So, I came one day and Baba said, taking these papers from Eruch, said now, "Would you go type it? Will you be able to do it there quick? Will you be able to?" I said, "Why yes Baba." Now I knew I was a very fast typist. And I knew that Baba knew. It was one of the things that made me happy, that to please Baba. "So," He said, "hmm." And I've also heard Him say, "My sister types so fast you know."

Already I'm going away, I'm thinking of all the plan. That typewriter, bring that, put it on the table. Carbon is in there. Open sheets. I was already in my mind placing the carbons in between the sheets. So, I went there and it was like quick, electricity. That fast. And I did everything and I'm putting those pages here. You have to be very careful how you put it in the typewriter in the piping because you might, if you're in a hurry, get it wrong. I checked that and I was really going to surprise Baba. I was going to do faster than my fastest you know. And I got it all on the stand and I've just started it. Little bell goes, 'Tinka tinka tinka tinka'. So, oh. Anyway I come. You know I'm still 100% high on that thing. And I come running. Energy, everything. And Baba says, what do you think Baba said? Something very trivial. Something that was irrelevant. Something that really wasn't even significant. Wasn't important, just a casual domestic thing. And yes, I listened. Baba said, "Go, go now."

So, I go back just as fast. Now this didn't matter. I was going to make up even for this. Even with that handicap. And I go there and I sat. You know I love to have my typing well-spaced. So, I would you know be very particular about that. Because it should even look good. This spacing from the margin, the spacing. The title must be just right in the center. Without any of the gadgets that you have now. So, I got that and I again started it. I got the title and I was typing the first word, 'Tinka, tinka, tinka, tinka.' Oh, I couldn't believe. Oh, it must be something important. I go, this time it's not 100%, it's 95%. But I come and Baba said again the same thing. Again something trivial incident. Again irrelevant. You know like Baba would. Like one of us would say talking about the weather. "Isn't it funny there's been no rain since 2nd July?" Whatever it is. And I'm, you know, the pressure is still high in my mind. I'm just ready to race. Like I'm in a race horse. So then Baba said, "It's alright, go, go there."

Now you know I'm coming down. A little lower. The boiling point is now coming down to little bit of a simmering point. But still it's not so bad. I go back and I did that. And then the third time the bell rings when I've barely typed a para. Not even a para. And I come. Again, the same thing. It's a little different topic but it's the same thing. Irrelevant, unimportant, insignificant, to me I mean. So, still I'm alright. I'm really good. So, instead of saying go, which I would have got, Baba said as I was leaving, He said, He snapped His fingers to draw my attention so I turned back. He said, "Have you finished typing?"
[general laughter]

Like Lucy in peanuts, "Finish typing? How can I finish typing when you even don't even let me?" "Alright, alright", said Baba, "What you getting so angry, excited about? Calm down, calm down. Now go and do the typing." "Yes Baba." So, I just go.
[Mani laughs]

And I do my usual fast typing and it's done. And as if all this thing hadn't happened. But you see the work was me. The work with me was more important than the work He had given me to do, which I was, you know, so proud of and I was sure I would be able to do it and please Him. That wasn't pleasing Him. What pleased Him was that I didn't get excited the first few times and that in the end of course you know,

you never can escape Baba. Then it bursts. "Alright, alright," said Baba. Like when He would be sitting in His bedroom. His bedroom what we call Baba's room was not just His bedroom. That was His retiring room at night when one of the men would always be with Him. But in the daytime it was His sitting room and dining room or whatever. Especially during the last part after the accident and all.

So, Baba would be seated like that. The clock is on the wall to the right. Instead of turning His head and looking at the clock, Baba would ask one of us who was seated before Him. Well I would be reading a book. A detective story or a Wodehouse story or a Tolkien volume or whatever. Baba would say, "What time is it?" So all heads would turn fast. Everybody eager to tell the time. You know and then I'd get up first, for instance. I'd say, "Five to three Baba." Half a minute goes by. "What time is it?" And your thought is, "Oh He hadn't heard or probably I hadn't said properly." So again, "Four to three Baba." One minute, "What time is it?" "Three to three Baba."
[general laughter]

Then Baba would say, "What, it's my habit. Even if I ask 10 times, say it with the same enthusiasm. Don't get upset or disturbed or." "Yes Baba, yes." But you know the barometer or temperature or thermometer, whatever you call it. Bring it down like that and then, that said that even for His sake we can lose perspective of our work or His work. That He comes first.