

Chapter 25

An Inexhaustible Vessel of Prasad

On this golden occasion, all of the city's residents had been invited to partake of the *mahaprasad* in the mandir. The devotees had previously asked Swamishri, "What measure of flour should we use to make enough *bundi* laddus to serve everyone?"

Swamishri had said, "Eighteen *falsa* (648 pounds)."

The devotees measured out this quantity of flour and delivered it to the main cook. The cook became agitated and said, "What are you thinking? How do you expect to feed this entire city with such a small quantity of flour?"

"Don't you worry about that," said the devotees.

"Then I won't cook the food, since such a huge shortage will stain my reputation," declared the cook.

“But it is Yogi Bapa’s command that we use only this much flour. So please hurry up and began cooking!” explained the devotees.

Devotees and well-wishers had come from far and wide. Every inch of the Patel Samaj courtyard was filled with people eating. From 5 p.m. to 8 p.m., 20,000 people ate, but there were still laddus left over. Laddus were distributed among the poor Africans, but some laddus still remained. Finally, baskets of laddus were packed and sent off to the city’s primary schools, where they were distributed to the children as prasad. And yet there were still some laddus left over. Everyone was at a loss for what to do? It was as if there was an inexhaustible supply of laddus! They asked Swamishri, who instructed, “Throw them in the ocean. Any creature who eats them will attain liberation!”

Many Hindu volunteers had helped in serving the food, and the women’s wing had offered tremendous service in cleaning and preparing the provisions and many other

aspects of meal preparation. In fact, a large kitchen had been set up at the Patel Samaj from the day that Swamishri had arrived. Without the women's singular, dedicated service in preparing meals, the large number of out-of-town *satsangis* and guests would have had nowhere to eat. This continuous behind-the-scenes service by the women's wing is worthy of note.

The people of Mombasa were enchanted by Swamishri's captivating, loving visage, which was an embodiment of equanimity. People continued to gaze upon him, doing darshan for hours without tiring.