

## THE PSYCHIC ZONE 1 Champa

A man can treasure only few memories in the closet of history, and the remaining ones, become grand mother's tales. There are only few individuals who have the rare ability to resurrect the past which is hidden in the dark corners of the human mind. Rebirth and re-union of a human being depend largely on his 'Karmas'.

'Nal Damyanti' is a tiny village near Nainital. Nagmal Singh, almost hundred years old, lives in this village. Despite his old age he is physically fit and works regularly in his fields. He is the father of two grown up sons and six daughters. Champa is the fifth daughter of the family, and has received a collegiate degree in 'life science'. The village is named after a pond known as 'Nal Damyanti' which is within the vicinity.

This tale centers around 'Nagmal Singh's daughter 'Champa' who was afflicted with a strange illness which falls in the category of "Psychic Zone". The young girl when she was in her early teens was first brought to me for the treatment. Her brother 'Harendra' Singh had given me a brief sketch of her illness when he had come to visit me in Almora. Even the best medical treatment had been ineffective in this particular case.

Long fainting spells and lack of appetite were the classic features of that malady. The faith healers were also unable to offer any positive treatment. At first glance 'Champa' appeared healthy, but a strange glint in her eyes said a different story. The girl offered me some milk, and took her seat next to her mother. I took a sip from the glass, and began to observe the girl minutely. Her body reflected many significant changes for example, sometimes a sudden unnatural brightness irradiated her body. I watched these 'changes' for sometime, and then wrote a 'mantra' on a piece of paper for the girl. I handed over the paper to the girl and said, "As long as this paper is with you, you will remain in good health. Don't ever lose this paper".

After their departure, I went to a cave in the 'Karkontak' mountain for my samadhi. When I entered the cave, the sight of two Mahatamas whose legs were partially amputated caught my attention. They were in the deep interior of the cave, so I did not mind their presence. The moment, I entered into the state of profound samadhi my past began to unfold itself in vivid images. Behind the mysterious changes in Champa's face, lurked the face of Girija, my sister of my previous birth, who had died in an accident. I was shaken by the startling revelation of my previous birth. When I came out of my trance I went to meet the two Mahatamas. In the course of my conversation I discovered that the two belonged to the Moghul period and their names were Baladatte and Ramdatta. The former one was the Guru (the teacher) and the latter one was the disciple. With the help of a few kings and their armies, they had run away from Rajasthan and had come here. The battle of Tarai had caused these two their legs and as a result, they became helpless. With the blessings of 'Ma Bragvati' they managed to survive, and endured their ordeal.

They were endowed with special powers which enabled them to fly from one place to another. Thus they managed to fetch the items which were necessary for their survival.

In the evening, when everything had become quiet, Baladattaji equipped with his bag, asked me to sit next to him. The instant I sat next to him, my body experienced a big jolt and began to float in the air. We were transported in this manner to the village 'Nal Damyanti'. We landed near my hut. There after, I made necessary arrangements for the comfort of my special guest.

I got up in the middle of the night, and began to summon 'Champa's 'soul. I commanded her soul to appear in the state of her previous birth. It took some time for the soul to construct the physical form of the previous birth for it had perished a long ago. But after consistent efforts it was able to create an astral semblance of its previous birth. Consequently, what I saw was simply incredible. The 'soul' loomed before me in the guise of 'Girija' the elder sister of my former birth. When I was an infant, 'Girija' had showered abundant maternal affection on me. She was an extremely devout person and particularly excelled, in imitating our mothers 'Mannerisms'.

We belonged to a high class family whose empire extended from Kaymoor to Vindhyaachal valley. We were powerful rulers, and the Moghuls also acknowledged this fact. I began to conjure the episodes of my previous birth. Like the scenes of a cinema they began to unfold vividly before me. The loud voice of 'Thakur Ramsingh' always reverberated the mansion. He was a king & a generous man and zealously guarded the interests of his people. But unfortunately he was murdered by his enemies. After his death, the elder brother ascended the throne. He was a pleasure seeker and was indifferent to the woes of the people. The degenerate Kulbhushan was causing the downfall of the royal family. Cousin Chandramani took advantage of the weaknesses of Kulbhushan, and unleashed a reign of terror on the innocent public.

At that time I was in the blissful state of childhood and totally unaware of the plight of the subjects. One day Girija apprised me of the contemporary political and social problems. Infuriated by the cruelty of Chandramani, I murdered Chandramani and took the reins of the rule in my hands. People happily accepted me as the ruler, and once again began to lead a life of contentment. But an unexpected attack from the enemies, did not allow the happiness to last longer. The entire mansion became a burning inferno, and the women in order to protect their chastity committed suicide. Through a secret route I also escaped from my palace, and sought refuge in the mountains of the Kaymoor region. A spiritual change occurred within me, there upon, I set forth to do penance. I wandered for many years in the valleys of Kashmir and was known as "Chaitayna Bramhachari".

Finally the day came, when I willingly discarded my physical attire, and was reborn in the 'human yoni'. When I grew up I became an artist of high eminence. One day, as I was passing through the crowded streets of the town my eyes fell on a young artisan working in a jewellers shop. I recognised him instantly for he was none other but my brother Kulbhushan.

I prevailed upon him to leave the job, and inspired him to opt for a better life. Later on, I handed over all my responsibilities and wealth to him, and once again adopted the path of spiritualism. To a common man I was known as Aydhoot Baba, and spent seventy five years of my life on the banks of the river 'Narmada'. I left this bodily frame by entering into Maha-Samadhi. But returned to this world by taking another birth. I can peep into the past and see clearly the familiar surroundings of Kaymoor region where I was born and spent my childhood. The house with the characteristic huge gate, is also a reminder of my young days, my life, in different stages, also comes to the fore. My dalliance with the planes in the heart of the azure skies, my foreign tours all are clearly etched on my mind. Despite my varied experiences, my inherent spiritualism in this birth also, has become the be all and the end all of my life. Today, Himalaya's has become an indispensable part of life.

Baladattaji, too, witnessed the chain of events, which were purely psychic in nature. Before I could silence Champa's soul he addressed the soul and said - I understand you were born as Girija first, and after a long lapse, you were re-incarnated as Champa, but during the intervening period between the two births, where were you? In response to this question the soul indicated that for some time she roamed around in the yoni of cow and the rest of the time she was just a 'soul'.

After this revealing encounter, I went on a short trip to Chandigarh and Gwalior. I had chalked out this unscheduled trip, chiefly to avoid Meenakshi's enticing traps. When I came back to 'Nal Damyanti' the news of Champa's illness was brought to me by 'Prema'.

The next day, Champa, escorted by her brother came to visit me. At that time, I was seated before my 'Dhuni'. When, Champa was about to keep the container near the Dhuni and unexpected fainting spell seized her. Before she could fall on the 'Dhuni', I sprang to my feet and caught her in my arms. While she was unconscious, a strange event occurred. In the state of unconsciousness, she picked up some 'Vibhuti' and applied a 'Tikka' on the forehead of 'Veera Baba' who had been lying ill for quite some time. The effect was instantaneous, for Veeru Baba, got up from his bed as though he had never been ill. But Champa sank in deeper unconsciousness. She became conscious only when I sprinkled some water which was empowered with 'Sankalp'. The moment, She returned to consciousness she began to address me as Dadju (brother in the Pahari language).

When she felt a little better, her brother and Prema, escorted her back to her house. In the meantime, due to the unexpected intervention of 'Champa'. Beeru Baba was restored to his former healthy self. Champa's magical powers. left me almost bewildered. The arrival of Pami and Guddi, did not allow me to ponder on this issue. They had come to fetch me because, Champa had relapsed into

the unconscious state. When I went inside their house I found Champa muttering the word 'Dadju' "Dadju" even in the state of unconsciousness. I brought her back to consciousness. But when she opened her eyes she made an astonishing statement which totally left me non plussed. In a firm tone she said, "You will have to be my brother as I shall tie you a 'Rakhi'".

I controlled my feelings and replied in a detached tone. I said yogis, do not have any brothers or sisters. They sever all their ties with the traditional world, and create a world of their own where worldly relationships do not exist. The entire universe is like a family to him. Though he is for everyone, yet he is alone and not tied to anyone.

Champa burst out laughing when she heard my philosophical answer. In retort she said, "A man can not deny his filial bond by running away from himself. He renounces his own kins and adopts the entire world as his own. His affection which was confined to few people, now encompasses the entire world. He lives in a world which is free from all bondages. He is, undoubtedly, steeped in his self, but still he works for the welfare of people. Since I am also one of them, and I am demanding my share. A yogi, who can delve into the depths of past, has to accept this relationship. "You are aware of everything, still you want to escape from this knowledge".

In the solitude of my hut I began to analyse my recent communion with Champa's spirit and came to the conclusion that Champa was undoubtedly the re-incarnation of my sister 'Girija'. The religious traits of Champa's personality strengthened my theory. But Champa's repeated illness was an enigma to me. I must view her 'Sanskaras' in a pure light, I thought, and unravel the mystery surrounding her illness.

I made the fire the medium, took some water in the palm of hands for sankalp and began the invocation. As the fire grew brighter, the smoke began to form a thick screen. Gradually a scene began to take shape on the screen. I could distinctly see two women - one old and the other young, engaged in a conversation. The younger one hands a jar of water to Champa, walking in a measured pace Champa goes near a Nala (a canal) and has a bath in that water. She leaves her hair open and walks back. But this time she is not alone, because four souls in astral forms are in possession of her physical frame. An old woman chanting 'Mantra's' appears to be controlling the actions of these wayward souls. My eyes also catch sight of an old 'Malang'. Champa in the mean time collapses, but before she becomes unconscious she makes a vain attempt to mutter something. Consequently, a woman suffused with a bright light appears near Champa, and revives her by her caresses. I immediately recognize the celestial looking lady, for she is no one else but the (divine goddess who has helped me by appearing now and then in her glorious form). The scene slowly fades away in the fire". After the revealing glimpse, I broke my 'Sankalp' and came out in the open air.

I was appalled at the utter selfishness of human beings which, this episode had revealed. In order to quench some inherent selfish desires, they do not hesitate to resort to such vile means. In this particular case Champa is the innocent victim, who is suffering at the hands of the tramp souls. Seated under a 'Pipal tree' I threw a casual glance towards the pond. On the side of the lake stood two women who seemed to be talking to each other. One was Champa and the other one was the 'divine goddess'. I immediately got up from my place and reached the spot where the two had stood. A variety of feelings assailed me I wondered Mother, if you are so kind towards Champa why don't you free her from all her problems. Is the chanting of Mantras by a certain human being more superior than you? Precisely, at that moment the divine mother graced me with her presence and advised me to be weary of Meenakshi, and the emotional bondage, namely - the Rakhi threads. Further more, when she told me that Champa of today, was indeed Girija of my previous birth, I felt immensely relieved.

The next day, I went to Champa's house, After performing the pooja Champa, tied the threads 'of Rakhi' (threads signifying the oath to protect the sister in any adversity) on my hand. Thus I was tied in this human bondage. The incessant struggle which I had undergone to reach to this stage which offered me total freedom from all worldly ties, seemed to mock at me. Nevertheless the reunion with Girija after two births, itself was a miracle, Unfulfilled desires of her previous birth, had fructified in this birth.

**A CONFRONTATION WITH DEATH** : My short stay in Mr. Mohan Singh's Sondhi's house in Rudrapur can be easily termed as extremely "eventful". One evening, while I was engrossed in 'Sadhana' the entire household was suddenly plunged, in an abyss of despair by the untimely death of

the house wife. The children clung to me in desperation and began to wail. I was astonished by the unexpected rapid turn of events which had resulted in this tragedy. When the tragedy occurred, I was present in the adjacent room, but was totally unaware of the activities of the household. The tragic irony of the situation began to gnaw me. A silent rage seethed within me, and, on a sudden impulse I pushed out everyone from the deceased woman's room : When everyone had left the room, I put my foot firmly on the temple of the dead woman, and could feel the feeble life current still present, for life current began to course through her body. The inert body began to tremble, and Mrs Singh came back to life with a jolt, I removed my foot, and walked back to my room. Behind the closed doors I was a picture of guilt and remorse. I felt sick with myself, for I had interfered in the working of the law of Nature. But, I could not brush aside the over whelming love of the children for I had resurrected their beloved mother. One, afternoon I bade a quiet fare well to the family and left that place. I was in the grip of an unknown fear, and could hear the ominous laughter of nature, for, I was the violator of her inscrutable laws. I went to 'Vir Giri Baba' in Delhi and found great solace in his benign company. Thus, purged from the feelings of compunction, I returned to my little hut in Nal Damyanit.

**THE FINAL CONFRONTATION** : Time flew by, and Champa's illness began to take the shape of a riddle. I wanted to solve this riddle once for all, so I packed up my meagre belongings and left for Almora. The chief contention of my visit was to undertake a thorough investigation of this "Psychic Zone". When I reached Almora, I found Champa as a matured young woman studying for her post graduate degree. Her younger sister Prema too, was poised to finish her graduation. Champa's illness had become chronic, and several times it had shown its fatal tendencies. The recurrent illness of champa had plunged her friends and relatives in despondency. The date of her final examination gradually drew closer, but Champa's illness her fainting spells did not seem to abate. An element of uncertainty and desperation hung in the air. Every one seemed to be concerned with Champa's illness but they were just helpless spectators.

One day, I resolved to use all my might on the tramp souls who had made Champa's life miserable and finally get rid of them. In the presence of Champa's friends, sister and teacher I began to invoke the souls. My invocation had an instantaneous effect on Champa and in a male voice she began to speak chaste urdu. I tried to befriend the spirit but was rudely rebuffed. Despite the continuous stream of abuse I did not give up, and commanded the 'soul' to assume some shape and make an appearance. But the soul defied the command and Champa unconscious state relapsed.

The next day I repeated the exercise, but my approach was slightly different. I sprinkled water in the whole room and brought it within the magical circle. Since Champa's was unconscious the evil spirit easily became the prisoner of the 'enchanted' circle. In an arrogant voice the spirit began to speak through its medium - (Champa). The spirit said, All your efforts are useless, for I have been summoned by someone to destroy this girl's life. I am not alone in this, my companions are also with me. So, if, I even decide to leave her, my companions will not. They will make me and the girl suffer the consequences. This time, the entire conversation was recorded on the tape. More over my efforts of compromise were also rejected. Uma crushed by this final stroke, began to weep uncontrollably. She was Champa's sincere friend and therefore was unable to accept this decree of fate.

Champa's illness had created an atmosphere of panic in her house, because, the 'day' of her examination had almost arrived. Despite my persistent requests and efforts, the spirit was not willing to leave Champa. Ultimately, when none of my approaches seemed to work, I decided to accept the 'challenge' of the 'spirit'.

I consoled Uma with my 'thought' 'Vibrations' in the following manner - "Uma do not despair, for your friend will be able to appear in tomorrow's examination. The spirit, which is at the root of these problems will help Champa in her examination. This much I can assure you".

Since it had become quite dark, I escorted Uma to her house and then proceeded towards the lonely outskirts of the village. Alone in the solitary surroundings, I gave vent to the various thoughts which were teeming in my mind. Thus the entire night was spent in contemplating man, the all pervasive divinity, and 'life and death'. When I saw the first ray of sun glimmering in the horizon, I got up from my seat and walked back to the hustle and bustle of the town.

The household seemed quite normal, When I stepped inside. Champa was busy in the preparation of her paper which was to begin in the afternoon. Everything was normal till 10 P.M., but

things began to assume a different shape when the clock struck 1 P.M. Champa became unconscious. The members of her family became highly agitated at this incident. But I remained unruffled because I had the fore knowledge of this crisis. I immediately took charge of the situation and began to communicate with the 'spirit' which was in possession of Champa's physical frame. I pleaded with the spirit to let Champa go and allow her to appear in her examination. But when it did not relent, I resorted to my ultimate weapon 'a blade'. Armed with the Sankalp Vibrations.

I made a fine cut on my wrist with the blade, and forced out some blood drops. There after I mixed it with a glass of water and coaxed Champa to drink it. It magically brought Champa back to consciousness. First I instructed Champa to get ready for the examination and then attended to the 'spirit' which was in a pitiable state.

The former arrogance was replaced by meek pleas of mercy. Diffident, and shattered, the spirit wanted to befriend me. I laughed at the reversal of the situation but in the end accepted the offer of the truce. Overcome with relief, the 'spirit' gave the promise to help 'Champa' in her examination. The 'spirit' kept her promise and champa managed to pass the examination with good grades.

On the last day of the examination, the 'spirit' appeared for the last time, and then was lost forever, From that moment Champa's life underwent a dramatic change - a new Champa, confident and happy emerged. The mysterious relationship of the spirit with Champa, had sprung from the 'Karmas'.