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*Can you tell us some of your stories of being with Papaji in his house?*

It is amazing. It is a gift in so many ways. What is the daily life of Papaji really like? You have this superhuman image about what a master is like, and Papaji just opens his doors: my house is your house, my body is your body, my Self is your Self. I have never seen anyone open their life like he does. So just watching him walk about in a shirt and *lungi* (length of cotton cloth), chewing *pan* (sweet spices wrapped in a betel leaf), and watching TV and reading newspapers is amazing, and to do things like going shopping with him, going on a walk.

*When you say amazing, do you mean that each moment of ordinariness is more intense, that it has a finer quality, whether he is just reading the paper or chewing pan?*

I mean that he is even *reading* the paper! A master is so exalted. Does he disappear after *Satsang* and hover somewhere in the ether? What happens? That he wears ordinary clothes and watches television. For me it is incredible that he does ordinary things. It's almost like, 'What does God do in his spare time? He reads the paper (laughs)!'

There are other things, things about being in love with somebody. When you love somebody everything has such an enhanced quality. I don't know if you have ever had a child, but when you have a child there is this amazing bond, like oh, she moved! Look at the way her mouth is. She blinked! So Papaji moves his face and a little impish expression comes, and you know that he is getting ready to do something mischievous or going to tell a joke. Just getting to know these tiny things about him, the way he fakes with someone, or tells a story, or if you are sitting close to him he mutters sweet little things under his breath.

It is these little things that reveal things about him. If a girlfriend and I are talking on the way to the house and something happens, when we get there he already knows about it.

Also the way he works with people, the way he deals with things if a dispute arises. He sees everything. Somebody has a fight in the backroom. He waits; he doesn't go in and try to stop them, but you know that he knows, no matter where he is in the house. Eventually a day, three days, or even a week later, something comes up in life from which he brings a teaching to that particular incident for each of them. Maybe he will say something to one person, maybe to both of them at the same time. One of the most beautiful things he does, that touches me so, is that he will speak to both of the people in the room together. He will speak about the incident so that each one of them receives a lesson of how to come from a truer place. He speaks about the incident in a way that honours both beings. He doesn't talk about it in a way of right or wrong.

There are so many precious little things like that. To spend the whole day with him and see him being with people, or to watch him on his own as a being, to see the way he moves while he decides when he is going to move, where he is going to move, or if indeed he is going to move. Just to watch him moving around! There is a magic and mystery in it all, even if you never get to understand what is going on (laughs).

And he is so caring. He cares about all the little things in people. He cares if a child has a little bug in his eyes. Just the way he will get the bug out. The way in which he helps people feel invited and welcome and helps them find a place to live when they arrive in Lucknow.

*Is something shifting inside you during this time in the house?*

Everything is shifting. You can't hold onto anything around somebody like that, who is a wildfire. Not if your priority is freedom. It doesn't matter what it is. All of my concepts about freedom, my body, about anything I think I need or think I am or even what I think about love and compassion. Everything is always up for grabs and shifting around Papaji.

A lot of the time he sends me to the back, and the guys get to sit up front with him while he is sitting and reading letters, and the women have to go in the back and clean up. I think, 'That's not fair. But okay, no

problem.’ It doesn’t matter, because he knows everything and it doesn’t matter where in the house I am, whether I am in the front with him or in the back. It is just perfect.

It is absolutely amazing how his presence enters and reveals. He says one word or makes one look; he knows you so well, he knows everybody so well. And it doesn’t matter if what he says doesn’t seem to have anything to do with what really happened, I just have to be with it.

*People have the image that around a spiritual master all is lovely, peaceful, blissful and harmonious. Am I right that it can be the opposite, and that there are a lot of strong emotions coming up with chaos about them and about the situation in the house; there is an unexpectedness and spontaneity to what is happening? And in a way Papaji relishes all these things?*

Not just relishes, but even sets them up. He knows everybody so much better than they know themselves. So he can make one move, one decision, which affects one’s tendencies. If they have to come up, they will come up. And they will be played out in every kind of raw, unpredictable way.

*Do you think the people in the house were chosen for that reason (laughs)?*

It’s just that we all have these tendencies and they will come up each in their own way. It’s all timing. It can be that he is reading the paper and somebody comes in, and Papaji will read something out loud. You know that the reason he does that is because of something that is going on somewhere else in the room.

Papaji is a true master. In a way that is how you can tell a true master from one who is only a teacher. A true master will know exquisitely and perfectly, not only what is going on with each one, but how to interact with it so beautifully. So beautifully, that around him it is as if nothing is being done. Papaji is not sitting in his room and thinking, ‘Okay, I need to do this and do that.’ No, it is immaculate.

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