

Every day something new was happening and I wondered each morning on awakening what would be new that day. One day Visham was not at home. I went into his room and saw four big *ladoos*, a round Indian sweet, lying on his bed. I had never seen *ladoos* like those because they were as big as tennis balls, hot as if just cooked and covered with honey and almonds. Visham arrived just then and shouted, "Who put the *ladoos* on my bed?" I said, "It wasn't me and I was alone in the house the whole time!"

The time eventually arrived when Visham was eighteen years old and he started travelling all over the world. At that time he wanted to go to India but did not have the necessary money. One morning he woke up and there were an airline ticket to India for the day he wanted to go, plus \$700.00 on his altar.

Visham always was honest. Some people thought he bought the rings he gave to people to help them believe. I asked, "With what money would he buy them? He never asks for a penny or anything from anyone". All of this happened in front of my eyes. I know my son; he is not a cheater. When I hear someone speaking rubbish about Visham, I get angry because he is not like that. People talk sometimes without knowing or understanding. I was with him day and night during all this time when this was happening and evolving. It is the truth. My son, Visham, is greatly blessed. I cannot think of anything to wish for him; God has given him everything.

Bindow, Mother of Swami - Mauritius