

One morning while I was still sleeping, Visham was playing in the kitchen. Perhaps he was thirsty; he took a bottle of petrol and drank some of it. I thought he might be dying and quickly found someone to drive us to the hospital once again. Later I saw that I was still dressed in my nightgown and slippers and wondered how I could gracefully go back home dressed like that.

From the time that he was very small to the age of five, Visham was sick on a regular basis. He often had a high fever and convulsions. About every month, he had a high fever and we took him to the hospital until he recovered. Sometimes he ate bad things and we would take him to the hospital, sometimes unconscious. The doctors would take care of him. It was a hard time both for Visham and us, his family; the hospital seemed like a second home to him during that phase of his life.

Once when Visham was three years old, on a certain weekend we were ready to go to the wedding of a cousin of Visham's dad. He was playing with the other children in the garden where he ate a small white seed that tastes like a nut but is actually highly poisonous. Instead of going to the wedding, we once again took Visham to the hospital where he stayed three days that time. It is during this time that he saw a man outside the hospital window, giving sweets to all the children. He later revealed that this man was Babaji, his *guru*.

Visham was very helpful and obedient, but naughty. He used to help me clean the house by doing things like washing the dishes or cleaning the floor. His younger sister, Tina, would say, "No, I am not going to do it". But Visham never told me *No*.

On the first day of kindergarten, Visham played *puja*. The teacher told me, "Your son instructed all the children in playing *puja*. They put all the toys together in the middle of the room imitating a *yajna* fire. With Visham's encouragement, all the

children spent the entire afternoon repeating *mantras* and prayers that your son was literally shouting for them to repeat!"

Also, my son always directed the games he played with his younger sister, Tina. One day, they made a *yajna* in my room. Visham threw many things into the fire. The freely burning fire escaped its container, and the curtain caught fire and half of it was burned.

When Visham was seven years old, one day he dressed himself as Krishna in a small pink dress and told me Krishna was putting black *kajal* around his eyes. He put on a *chunri*, a shawl and lots of jewellery. He liked Krishna very much. He danced around the house with his sister, Tina, as if they were Krishna and one of Krishna's *gopis*.