

Visham began to sing *bhajans* all day with the people who came to see the manifestations and materializations. There were people everywhere in our home and there seemed to be no place left for the family. I became tired, finished! During this time he began to produce *lingams* as well. During a special festival day, he materialized thirty-four *lingams*. If the person was not there when he took the *lingam* out, he would swallow it and bring it back out when the person arrived. I cried seeing how tired he became and how bloody and painful it was for him to bring the *lingams* out of his throat. He gave everyone a *lingam*. Since it was so painful, I asked him why he gave everyone a *lingam* and that perhaps one for each family would be enough. He said, "What can I do when they ask?" He was so tired, and I felt sad for my son.

At *Shivaratri* something special happened. Every container placed in Visham's room would become filled with water. No one would be in the room, and you could turn your back and turn around again, and the container would be filled with water. All day people would bring containers to be filled. And then it stopped. At one time, whatever you put in Visham's room would be covered with *vibhuti* of different colours. Another time *murtis* began to manifest under his bed. One day the house was full of *bindis*, the red dot that Hindu women place on their forehead, both on the walls and hanging in the air in every room. Another day incense sticks, *agarbathis*, were hanging everywhere in the house, in every room. He manifested jewellery of all types for everyone.