

During those early years I often was scared. I wanted to have a son like other mothers, one who went to school, got his degrees, got a good position, perhaps worked in an office. Visham wanted only to do his *pujas* and be a *pandit*. I told him that the day he stopped going to school, he would have to learn how to be a mechanic. At fifteen he stopped going to school. For the next six months he learned how to be a mechanic. When I saw him coming home every day with dirty clothes and hands, I was sad and began to think that I did not want my son doing those dirty things. After six months, he stopped doing the mechanic work and started being a *pandit*. Today he is much more than a *pandit*.

When Visham was sixteen years old, materializations and manifestations began. One morning he was reading a book, and he called me to come and look at it. He showed me pictures in the book of some holy men with *vibhuti* manifested on the pictures. As I was wondering why Visham was showing me the pictures, I suddenly noticed that pictures hanging in our house had small balls of *vibhuti* all over them. We went into each room of the house and could see small balls of *vibhuti* on all the pictures. I said to him, "You put *vibhuti* on the pictures to make me believe". But Visham insisted, "No, mum, I did not put anything on the pictures". I told him to wipe all the *vibhuti* off the pictures, and he did it. Five minutes later, after Visham had left the house, the pictures were covered with *vibhuti* once again. I was alone at home, and I sat down wondering why God wanted me to see the phenomenon described in the book Visham had shown me.

When my son started manifesting things, it was strange. The morning after the *vibhuti* first appeared, a whole pile of *vibhuti* came out of Visham's hand and the top of his head. As the *vibhuti* came out of his hand, he said that he could feel something itchy and then the *vibhuti* flowed out. One day, honey dripped from his feet and hands. Then both honey and *vibhuti* simultaneously

dripped from his hands and feet. Two weeks before the manifestations began, I had been joking on the phone with my sister, "You know, Visham does so many prayers that *vibhuti* could come out of him, just like it happened with Shirdi Sai Baba, this famous Indian saint. If he has *vibhuti* come out, I will have people stand in queues and pay to visit". Then, when my joke came true, I did not laugh at all.

At first only our family and my sister knew about the manifestations. But I could not sleep thinking about what was happening to my son. I talked to an old neighbour lady. I told her that I wanted to tell her something if she would promise not to tell anyone. She did promise but by midday I noticed a queue before my house. From then on people were standing in queues all day, every day, to see Visham.