

SAI SABURI

You are in Sai World

FEB-2020, VOL 7



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Editor's Note

Welcome to the February 2020 edition of Sai Saburi Magazine!

Om Sai Ram! We are extremely blessed to present to you yet another edition of the magazine.

This has been possible because of the so many like-minded people who have ardent faith in Baba and would enjoy reading about his leelas and miracles!

With the common thread of spirituality and faith in the divine, we all are able to remain connected through this medium.

Let us all popularize our knowledge and spiritual thoughts by giving wide publicity to the magazine. Hope more and more of you would become part of our endeavour by way of contributing your thoughts, experiences and knowledge.

Sai will guide us in this divine path!

~ **Rajini**

Note about the edition

Sai Ram dear friends, if you have read Sai-Satcharitra, you must have come across the name **Das Ganu**.

“Shirdi majhi Pandharpur....” Or *“Sai Raham najar karna....”* etc were composed by Das Ganu. Very little is known about Das Ganu’s life in general. His birth anniversary was on January 6th and one of our readers Shri T R Madhavan Ji sent us lot of content on Das Ganu and we have published them for the benefit of all the readers.

It is always inspring to read about other devotees and how their life turned out with faith in Baba. Not every story is perfect based on our notions of perfection and not every story is alike. Every story is perfect in being a story in itself and because of its uniqueness. Every one of us is a seeker and a divine being. Our lives may unfold different ways however, the common thread is always Sai Baba. Hope you all like reading this edition. Do share your views and comments to editor@saisaburi.org. Love, Light & Peace to you. Om Sai Ram.

~ Ashok

To our Readers

Dear Readers,

- If you have undergone a spiritual experience, you can share with us.
- You can write an article on any spiritual topic.
- You can write any poem on Sai or any spiritual aspect.
- If you are an artist, please send us your sketches of Sai.
- If you have any comments or suggestions for the magazine, please do let us know. Your feedback is valuable to us in enhancing the value of the magazine.

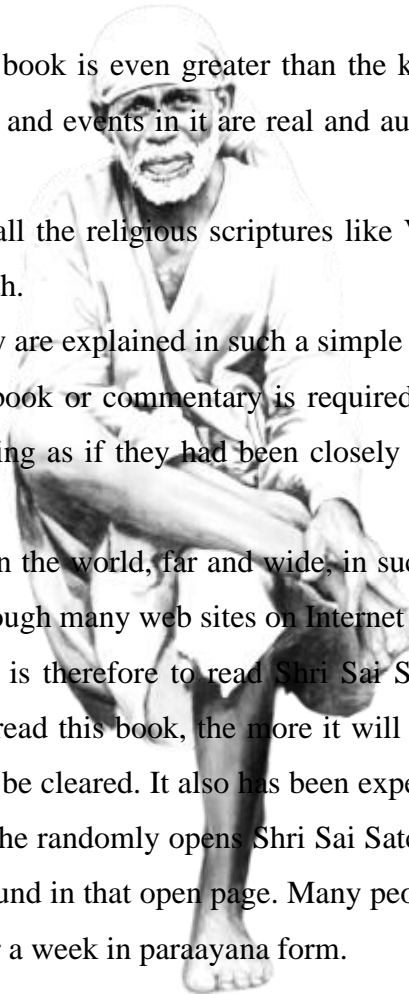
You may read the details here on how to register to the website and post your articles directly on the website: <https://saisaburi.org/how-to-become-a-subscriber-contributor-author-editor-on-this-website/>

Please feel free to reach us on editor@saisaburi.org



The significance of Sri Sai Satcharita

1. This is the first and foremost book based on the life-story of Shri Sai Baba, which was originally composed in Marathi verse form. The writing of the book started in the lifetime of Baba with His blessings.
2. This has been translated into many Indian languages and English language, which can be understood even by a common man.
3. The Divine Truth imparted by this book is even greater than the knowledge contained in the Vedas and Gita, because all the characters and events in it are real and authentic and have been recorded in detail by many devotees.
4. The spiritual essence contained in all the religious scriptures like Vedas, Gita and Yoga Vashisht is found in the life-story of Shri Sainath.
5. The concepts of God and spirituality are explained in such a simple yet comprehensive manner in Shri Sai Satcharitra, that no additional book or commentary is required to understand it. It has a natural flow whereby the readers start feeling as if they had been closely associated with its events in their past lives.
6. The glory of Shri Sai is spreading in the world, far and wide, in such a way that detailed information about Shri Sai Baba is available through many web sites on Internet and through Shri Sai Satcharitra.
7. The foremost duty of Sai devotees is therefore to read Shri Sai Satcharitra and absorb it into their beings completely. The more they read this book, the more it will bring them closer to Baba and all their doubts and apprehensions will be cleared. It also has been experienced that during a crisis, if any devotee searching for an answer, if he randomly opens Shri Sai Satcharitra, praying to Baba sincerely and with faith, his answer can be found in that open page. Many people have got their desired benefits after reading Shri Sai Satcharitra for a week in paraayana form.



(Source: 'Shirdi Sai Baba and other Perfect Masters' written by Respected Guruji Shri C.B.Satpathy, ISBN 81-207-2384-8, published by Sterling Publishers.)

वैकुंठ एकादशी का महत्व

वैकुंठ एकादशी भगवान विष्णु को समर्पित एक महत्वपूर्ण त्योहार है। यह शुभ दिन धनुर्मास (दिसंबर-जनवरी) में होता है। तिरुपति बालाजी मंदिर, श्रीरंगम श्री रंगनाथ मंदिर और भद्राचलम मंदिर में वैकुंठ एकादशी पर्व का बहुत महत्व है। केरल में, इसे स्वर्ग वाथिल एकादशी के रूप में जाना जाता है। इस एकादशी को मुकोती एकादशी के नाम से भी जाना जाता है।

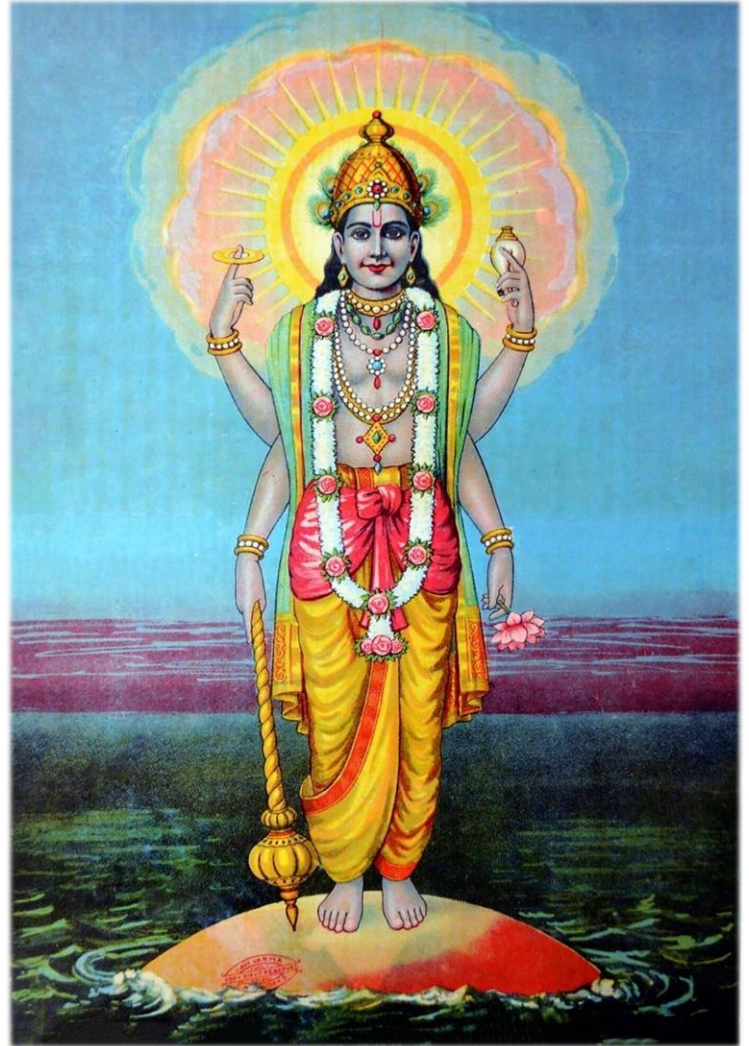
यह व्यापक रूप से माना जाता है कि स्वर्ग के द्वार खुलते हैं - वैकुंठ का द्वार - वैकुंठ एकादशी के दिन। यह दक्षिण भारत में विष्णु मंदिरों में सबसे शुभ दिनों में से एक है।

'वैकुंठ द्वारम' या 'स्वर्ग का द्वार' इस दिन खोला जाता है। यह प्रभु के अंतरतम गर्भगृह को घेरने वाला मार्ग है। तमिलनाडु, केरल, कर्नाटक, आंध्र प्रदेश और तेलंगाना में विष्णु मंदिरों में वैकुंठ के द्वार से गुजरने के लिए करोड़ों भक्तों की कतार लगती है। वैकुंठ द्वारम को कई मंदिरों में एक वर्ष में केवल इसी दिन खोला जाता है।

महत्व

वैकुण्ठ एकादशी के महत्व का पद्म पुराण में पता लगाया जा सकता है। पुराण इंगित करता है कि भगवान विष्णु ने दानव मुरन को मारने के लिए 'एकादशी' - महिला ऊर्जा का रूप लिया। यह मार्गशीष के महीने के दौरान हुआ। एकादशी से प्रभावित होकर, 'विष्णु ने उसे बताया कि जो कोई भी इस दिन उसकी पूजा करेगा वह वैकुंठ (स्वर्ग) पहुंच जाएगा।

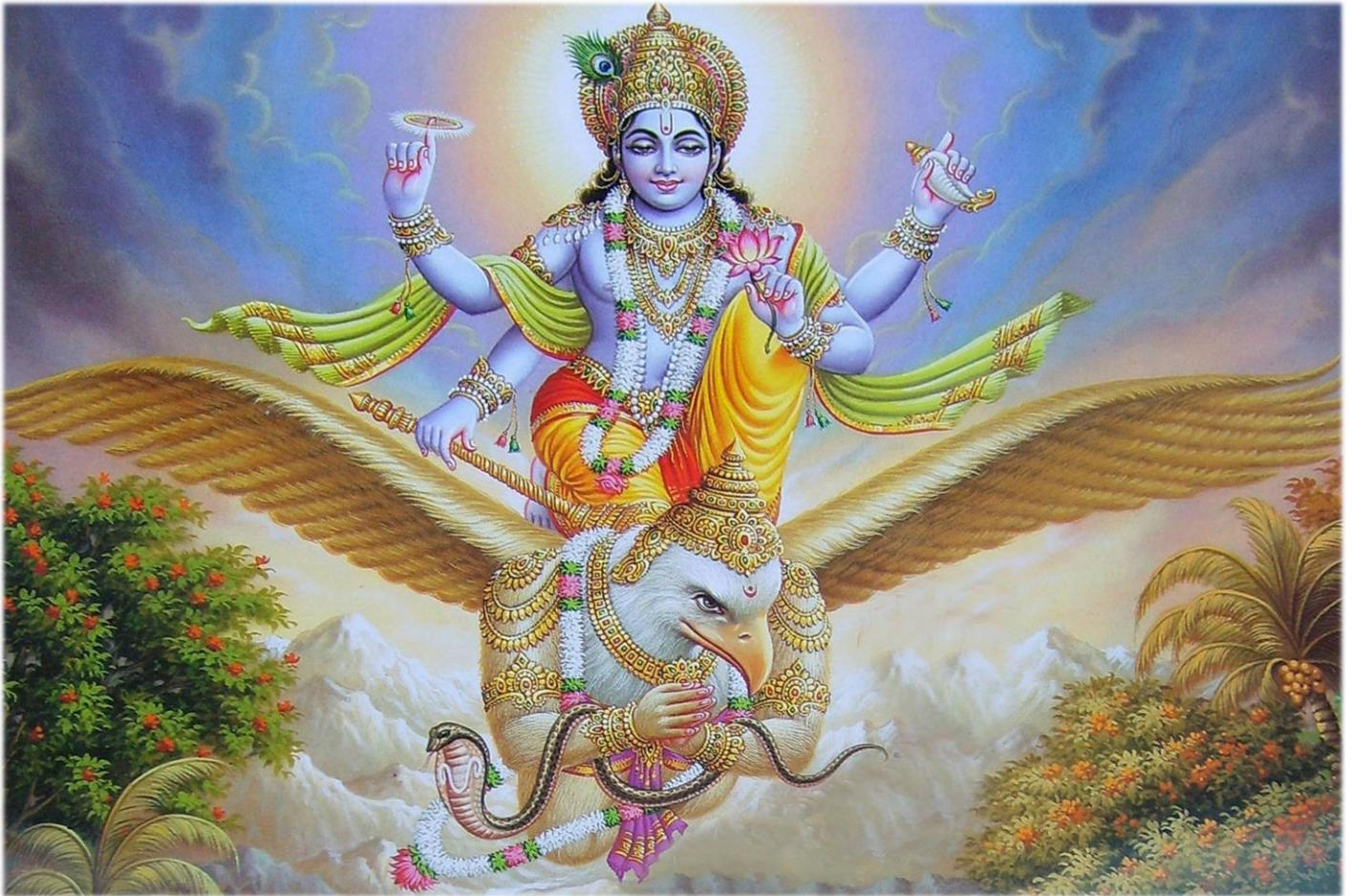
सभी एकादशी के दिनों की तरह, भक्त इस दिन उपवास करते हैं और पूरी रात चौकसी करते हैं। कुछ लोग ध्यान, जप और हरि कीर्तन का गायन करते हैं। एकादशी के दिनों में चावल खाने से परहेज किया जाता है क्योंकि ऐसा माना जाता है कि



एकादशी के दिन खाए गए चावल में राक्षस मुरा को पाया जाता है। एकादशी के बाद के दिन को दक्षिण भारत के कई विष्णु मंदिरों में मुक्कोती द्वादशी के रूप में मनाया जाता है।

प्रमुख व्रतों में से, वैकुंठ एकादशी भगवान विष्णु के लिए वनवास में मनाया जाता है और यह कई वरदान देने के लिए माना जाता है, जिसमें उनके निवास स्थान, वैकुण्ठ में भगवान विष्णु के चरणों की प्राप्ति भी शामिल है। यह चंद्रमा चक्र के ग्यारहवें दिन मनाया जाता है और जो सुक्ल पक्ष के दौरान पड़ता है वह महत्वपूर्ण है।

हालांकि, सबसे महत्वपूर्ण एकादशी जो तमिल में मृगसिरा के महीने में होती है, ग्रेगोरियन कैलेंडर में दिसंबर-जनवरी में तमिल में मार्गाज़ी का विशेष महत्व है और इसे श्री वैष्णव मंदिरों में एक भव्य पैमाने पर मनाया जाता है। वैकुंठ एकादसी दिवस की सुबह जल्दी, भगवान विष्णु के आंतरिक गर्भगृह की ओर जाने वाले दरवाजों को खोल दिया जाता है और लोग इसके माध्यम से प्रवेश करते हैं। विशेष पूजाएँ की जाती हैं। अन्य दिनों के दौरान दरवाजे बंद रहते हैं।



श्री दासगणु स्तोत्र ।

सद्गुरुं केवलानंदं प्रणताखिलमंगलम् ।
विभुं संतकविश्रेष्ठं वन्दे दासगणुं गुरुम् ॥
नगरप्रांतकासारप्रफुलाब्जमनोहरम् ।
भक्तिप्रेमरसाकीर्णं वन्दे दासगणुं गुरुम् ॥
नन्दीतटप्रियं शांतं गोरटेग्रामभूषितम् ।
भक्तिमार्गप्रणेतारं वन्दे दासगणुं गुरुम् ॥
कर्मभक्तिज्ञानरूपपत्रिपुंड्रतिलकंकितम् ।
मृदुलारक्तहस्ताग्रं वन्दे दासगणुं गुरुम् ॥
वात्सल्यकरुणादृष्टिं प्रभुं तातं पितामहम् ।
गौरवर्णं महोरस्कं वन्दे दासगणुं गुरुम् ॥
सच्छीलकांति दातारं शिवलिंगांकशेखरम् ।
क्षमया तुंदिलं भव्यं वन्दे दासगणुं गुरुम् ॥

गायकं सच्चरित्रस्य सत्पूरुषगुणालयम् ।
भक्तमानसकल्पदुं वन्दे दासगणुं गुरुम् ॥
महाराष्ट्रीयभाषायाः भूषणं च महाकवीम् ।
प्रसादकविताकातं वन्दे दासगणुं गुरुम् ॥
भक्तिगोदातीरवासं भक्तितगोदाविहारिणम् ।
भक्तिगोदाजले स्नातं वन्दे दासगणुं गुरुम् ॥
श्रीविट्ठलपदांभोजे रसारवादनलोलुपम् ।
गुंजंतं नामसाहस्रं वन्दे दासगणुं गुरुम् ॥
पुंडरीकपुरे शश्वत् भीमरध्यास्तटे शुभे ।
पांडुरंगपदे लीनं वन्दे दासगणुं गुरुम् ॥
सन्मार्गदीपकं नार्थं प्रसन्नं पावनं शुभम् ।
अनंतवरदं नित्यं वन्दे दासगणुं गुरुम् ॥



Arvaacheena Mahipathi Santkavi Sri Dasganu Maharaj

Compiled and Presented by TR. Madhavan

Birth

Shri Dasganu Maharaj was born on **6th January, 1868 (Paush Shuddh Ekadashi, shake 1789)** to Late Smt.Savitri and Shri.Dattatreya Sahasrabuddhe at Akolner that is 14 Kms away from Ahmednagar. His birthplace was preserved at Dabholkar wada at Akolner in the Ahmednagar District of Maharashtra. His original name was Ganapt Rao Dattatreya Sahasrabuddhe. Das Ganu had two brothers namely Ram and Laxman and one Sister by name Dwaraka.

During Childhood young Dasganu refused to have his mother's milk and used to cry very much. So, his grandmother prayed sincerely for her first grandchild's wellbeing to their family deity, Lord Khandoba. It proved miraculous and young Dasganu started taking mother's milk and stopped crying. He was named as "**Narayan**" during the naming ceremony. But Dasganu's grandfather Eknathpant was not happy with the name "Narayan" and hence he renamed the child as "**Ganapati**" as the child was quite healthy and having a belly as large as that of Lord Ganapati. Das Ganu by birth had very powerful imagination and mastery over his mother-tongue Marathi. He was the pet child of his Grandparents Smt.Saraswati and Shri.Eknathpant. Ganesh's grandfather from maternal side Late Shri.Appaji Dabholkar and his son Kashinathpant were very highly spiritual and thus influenced the child Ganesh deeply. During the later years, Dasganu praised them in his devotional poems.

Mischevious childhood

Ganesh did not progress well in his early education due to pampering of his grandparents and others in the joint family. Even after crossing his 7th year, he was reluctant to attend school and concentrate on his studies. He used to play lot of mischiefs. His parents then decided to perform his thread ceremony at their home in Ahmednagar city. Accordingly his thread ceremony was performed in the year 1876 when he attained the age of 8 years. But even then there was no change in his indisciplined life style. Shri.R.B.Limaye was appointed as a teacher to teach Ganesh in his reading, writing and Mathematics. The teacher was very strict and punished young Ganesh whenever he disobeyed them. This had a negative effect on the sensitive mind of Dasganu. Finally, he was made to join a local school for getting early training in various subjects. But even here Ganesh used to play mischief and irregular in attending the classes.

Once when Ganesh was studying in third standard, a special lecture by Smt.Taibai Avachat was organized on the subject of equality of men and women. The speaker Taibai took the side of women and charged males that they do injustice to women. This irked young Ganesh. Hence, immediately after the school was over, he arranged the meeting of the students outside the school and made a mockery of the speech made by Smt.Taibai. The students enjoyed the joke made by Ganesh. But the school management took a serious note of this act and debarred Ganesh from the School. Hence, Ganesh started disliking the school education system that was prevalent in the late 19th century.

Hence, his uncle Shri.Janardanpant who was the mamaltdar of Sangamner decided to educate Ganesh privately and accordingly one Shri.Thakkar, a graduate in English was appointed to train Ganesh around the year 1886-1889. But here too Ganesh failed to develop interest in learning subjects of the school. Instead his sensitive and poetic mind was diverted towards local Tamasha Folk Theatres where his imagination could catch up with the seductive poetry. One fine day he himself started composing in Marathi language, "Lavani", the popular musical poetic form. Very soon he became very popular amongst the Tamasha artists who enjoyed this young poet's vibrant, sensitive songs which was suitable to the performing art which was popular amongst the elite class of the society. This unexpected turn of events in his creative life not only spoiled Dasganu's education but also made his uncle unhappy. His uncle was interested to graduate him and then send him to England for ICS. Later in his life Dasganu repented very much that he could not take advantage of the opportunities given to him by his uncle for educating him. Dasganu started composing rural and seductive Marathi poetry of good quality. He started living in the company of Tamasha people too. But fortunately he lived very honest and innocent life untouched by the lust and corruption of some of the people involved in the Tamasha Art.

As Ganesh could not go ahead in his formal education, his grandfather decided to send him to Baroda, Gujarat where Ganesh's maternal uncle, Shri.Balwant Sadashiv Godbole, was an officer in the State Administration. He managed to engage Ganesh in a clerical job under his control. But Ganesh, who as a very straight forward person could not adjust himself there and came back to his hometown Ahmednagar. The only benefit of going to Baroda was that Ganesh was able to learn and converse in Gujarathi language. This helped Dasganu in future as he wrote some songs in Gujarathi in his famous Akhyanas or Saint Biographies in Marathi.

Marriage

His Parents and Grandparents thought of getting him married so that he could settle in life. Accordingly, in 1891 at the age of 23, he was married to Saraswati Bai alias Bayya, daughter of a Jahagirdar Shri.Narayanrao Ranade, of Jamkhed Taluk of Ahmed Nagar District. But even after his marriage, Ganesh could not settle in his life. He again resorted to indisciplined life without concentrating on education or job. Hence, the elders in the family started blaming him for not engaging himself in any job or business and for not earning any money. Once it so happened that his uncle Shri.Janardhan Pant's wife insulted him very badly and the self respected Ganesh left home declaring that he would not return home and earn his livelihood outside on his own. After leaving his home at Ahmednagar, Dasganu came to the shelter of Vishnupant Misal who was a family friend of Shri.Dasganu. He gave him full support and sympathized with his sorry state of affairs. Shri.Dasganu has mentioned this timely help by Shri.Vishnupant Misal in several of his books with a very deep sense of gratitude.

Joining Police Department

Dasganu seriously started searching for a job. One day while he was walking along the street, he met the European Police Superintendent, Mr.Kennedy who knew the Sahasrabuddhe family very well. He enquired Dasganu as to where he was going and what he was doing. Dasganu narrated his story in detail and told him that he was badly in need of a job. Mr.Kennedy offered him the job of a Constable in the Police Department. Ganesh immediately agreed and requested him to post him out of Ahmednagar City. Thus Ganesh Dattatreya Sahasrabuddhe was appointed the very next day as a Police Constable at Shrigonde Village in Ahmednagar District. He was allotted a buckle bearing No.727 and was offered a monthly salary of Rs.9/- in 1892 when he was just 25 years. Young Ganesh immediately went to the police headquarters and took the order and reported for duty at Shrigonde. This was the turning point in the life of Dasganu. During his 11 years of tenure in the police department, he learned many things and proved his qualities of head and heart. Even though his family members were not happy about his joining the police department, they could not change Ganesh's mind.

Shrigonde village was famous for many hindu temples and Saints. It was also famous for Tamasha Art. Ganesh started composing seductive poetry called "Lavni" for the performing artists of Tamasha. He also wrote a play in Marathi titled "Manyurava". He staged this play with the financial assistance of his colleagues in the Police Department. Dasganu met his Spiritual Guide or Guru Shri.Waman Shastri Islampurkar in this very place. Dasganu engrossed himself in carrying out his police duty and compose songs for the Tamasha Company. Shri Dasganu's Marathi poetry during this period was full of his youthful strong source of imagination and mastery over expression. Because of his poetry, Dasganu attracted both friends and foes in equal numbers. But Dasganu was fearless and did not care for anybody. His contemporaries like Shri.Dattopant Khair and Shri.Madhavrao Adkar always praised Dasganu even after they left Shrigonde. His another muslim friend Shri.Kayatkhan Sardarkhan used to speak good about Dasganu and used to say that Shri.Dasganu not only lived a life of honesty and moral discipline but was also successful in influencing others around him to lead such a life. **Thus, the**

You are in Sai World:

substandard job of police constable and vulgar hobby of composing

Lavni's for Tamasha did not affect his strong faith in God. All the colleagues and friends of Dasganu used to praise him for his clean character and kind heart. The Tamasha Artists considered Dasganu has their bread giver and real Guru or guide in every respect. Dasganu's friends of this time Shri.Rama Gondhali and Shri.Tulsiram Dalvi have narrated this fact to Shri.Ananth Damodar Athavale.

Ridicule and then respect

Shri.Dasganu was given the duty of attending on the scholar Shri.Wamanshastri Islampurkar who came to Shrigonde to collect information about the old sanskrit books available there in the house of Shri.Bhanage. Shri.Dasganu was not at all serious about this duty. Shri.Wamanshastri could not come to Shrigonde on the scheduled day. Hence, Dasganu made fun of Wamanshastri's visit while having lunch at his boarding. Shri.Wamanshastri arrived on the next day and joined Dasganu when he was having his lunch. Dasganu saw this scholar but did not know who he was. In the evening when he met this Scholar and Officer, Dasganu was surprised and felt sorry for the derogatory remarks made on the scholar while staying at the boarding. From that day onwards Dasganu started attending to the duties of Shri.Wamanshastri during his search of the old sanskrit literature he found at the house of Shri.Bhanage. Wamanshastri was pleased with Dasganu's honesty and polieness.

At the same time, Shri.Dasganu was also impressed by the disciplined work of the scholar. Everyday after finishing his research work, Wamanshastri used to read the holy scripture "Shreemat Bhagawant Puranam" before going to bed. Dasganu once saw that when the scholar was reading the book, tears rolled down on his cheeks. At that moment itself, Dasganu decided to request Wamanshastri to become his spiritual guide or Guru. When Wamanshastri completed his work at Shrigonde and was about to leave, he called Dasganu and offered him some gift in appreciation of his service. But, Dasganu while humbly refusing to take the material gift requested the scholar to accept him as his disciple and give initiation. In the beginning, Wamanshastri refused to accept Dasganu as his disciple. But when Dasganu inisted and politely pleaded to accept him as his disciple, Wamanshastri accepted him as his disciple and became his spiritual guide. Wamanshastri gave Dasganu a Gurumantra or Divine order on the leaf of holy bhel tree and asked him to strictly follow the discipline of Ramadasi sect and visit the holy abode of Vithoba or Vittala of Phandarpur in the Solarpur District of Maharashtra every year. This was the turning point in the life of police constable Ganesh.

After few years, Wamanshastri directed that after his death, Dasganu should accept Shri Sai Baba of Shirdi as his Guru. He also

transferred all his Sanskrit Scholarly knowledge to Dasganu and all his material wealth through a 'WILL' before his death at the holy place of Kashi. Wamanshastri had no legal heirs and Shri.Dasganu was the only disciple of him whom he loved very much. He suggested Dasganu to leave his job of a police constable. Shree Dasganu started thinking about this suggestion. But could not leave the job immediately. Dasganu was overwhelmed with the great love of his Guru and he left the legal right over his Guru's material property and handed it over to his Guru's wife as per her desire. He only took the Idol of Panduranga that his guru worshipped daily after taking his Guru's wife's permission. Thus Dasganu showed great selfless discipline. From then onwards everyone used to address him as Dasganu.

From Shrigonda Dasganu was transferred to Jamkhed. He led an eventful life here also. He regularly visited Phandharpur despite refusal of leave from his boss. As days passed, his faith in Lord Vittal of Phandharpur became stronger and stronger. The lifestyle and thinking of Dasganu changed dramatically due to the influence of his Guru Shri.Waman Shastri and Vittal of Phandharpur. Wamanshastri took Samadhi on the auspicious day of Jyeshtha Vadya Ekadashi in Shake 1818 or 1896 AD.



Meeting Sai Baba

Soon after the death of his Guru Wamanshastri, Dasganu first he came to Shirdi in the year 1894, he came as the "orderly" of (i.e. constable attending on) Nana Saheb Chandorkar, and whenever Chandorkar visited Shirdi, Ganpat Rao followed him as his Constable, not at all out of faith in, or love for, Sai, but because the master compelled him to. For a very long time, Das Ganu could not appreciate Baba. Up to the end, he could not realise Baba as really Deva i.e. God or as his Guru-Deva, though he had high regard for him and his powers and wrote or sang of him with poetic skill describing Baba as *Ramaavara* i.e. God, doing lip service. That was why he went to one Islampurkar, a Brahmin Guru, to get his initiation long after he met and dealt with Baba (a step which Baba naturally did not object to when Das Ganu reported the fact to Baba). Anyhow Baba made a remarkable change in the personality of Das Ganu, and Das Ganu also realised how powerful Baba's influence on him was.

It has been mostly an unwilling submission on the part of Das Ganu to Sai Baba's yoke. At his earliest advent to Shirdi, Baba noted the nature of Ganpat Rao, and determined that his nature, calling and work should all be totally changed. His nature then was just that of a Police Constable who had hardly any education, but who was very clever in composing Lavani metre songs in Marathi impromptu and in taking a female's part in lewd village dramas.

He would put on female dress and dance about in the village and take great pleasure in that achievement. His great ambition was to rise in his profession. The Police Department by itself was not a particularly moral department, and for one who was ambitious to rise in it, one's regard for truth, righteousness, fair dealing, etc. would practically be nil, and scruples, conscience, and character were unwanted hindrances to efficiency. Knowing all their dangers and the real dormant capacity of the man, Baba, from the very beginning, told Das Ganu to give up both his attachments, namely, (1) attachment to the village dance and drama and (2) attachment to the police profession. Chandorkar also pressed this upon Ganpat Rao. With great difficulty Ganpat Rao was weaned away from drama. But as for the profession, he would not give it up. The charm of holding the position of Sub Inspector (Foujdar) and lording it over people was too powerful for him to resist. When Baba said, 'Ganu, you had better give up your police service', Das Ganu replied, 'Baba, let me become a Sub Inspector (for which position I have passed the departmental examination) and hold the appointment for only one year, and thereafter, I will give it up'. Baba replied that he was not going to get the Sub Inspectorship, and that He would see to it that he did not get it. So, Baba's work was to bring in difficulty after difficulty, pressure after pressure to bear upon Ganpat Rao; and Ganpat Rao had innumerable difficulties even without Baba adding to them.

Difficult times

For instance, he was fond of touring to distant places of pilgrimage outside his official limits, and he would go without taking the permission of his superiors, which would not be easily granted. On one such occasion, he had gone to a shrine in the "Nizam's State" and was returning. His fellow constables were highly envious of him, and they wanted to pluck his feathers. So, when he was returning to his place, and when he was still on the Nizam's side of the river Godavari, the envious constables were on the other side watching to catch him. He noted this fact and felt that he would surely be dismissed. So, he took up the Godavari water in both of his palms and swore by that "Ganga" water, (as it is called) **"Baba, let me escape this time I shall certainly give up my police service"**.

Then he went back into the Nizam's State just a short distance, when lo! And behold, there was proof of Baba's Grace! A village Munsif came to him and told him that certain dacoits were dividing their booty secretly and all that the Village Munsif wanted was a police gentleman with authority to arrest them. So Ganpat Rao went, seized the dacoits and the booty, and proudly returned to his own station on the other side of the Godavari. When questioned how he went out without permission, his reply was that he had gone there for the seizure of dacoits and property—no doubt a falsehood.



Thus he not only escaped punishment, but he thought he had a very good chance of rising in his profession. With that thought uppermost in his mind, he was riding past Shirdi to go somewhere. Just as his horse came to Shirdi, and when he did not want to alight there but to pass on without seeing Baba, Baba was on the road and made him alight. Then Baba asked, 'Arre, who is it that swore with a palmful of water in his hand, man?' Then Das Ganu's unabashed reply was, 'What of that? Baba, I am going to resign after all, after I get the Fouzdarship'. Baba said that he would see to it that he resigned and added 'Until a peg is driven into you, (i.e. pressure becomes painful), you will not obey'.

Das Ganu thought there was no further pressure. But pressure came in the year 1898. He along with three other Constables was told off to the duty of capturing a notorious dacoit, who was a terror to the whole countryside, and whose organisation was so vast and wonderful that even the Police Department was in his pay, that is, several of the Police Department were in his pay and he could checkmate their movements. Das Ganu went off to Lonivarni, a place which that famous dacoit, Khana Bhil by name, was visiting. But Khana Bhil was a man of extraordinary abilities. He had shot the other three persons nominated along with Ganpat Rao to catch him, and was determined to deal with Ganpat Rao in the same way. Ganpat Rao disguising himself as a Ramdasi was making use of the village children, learnt from them details about the visits of these robbers, and communicated their movements to the police headquarters.

Suddenly one day Khana Bhil turned up, seized Ganpat Rao by his neck, and said, 'You fellow, you are going to catch me! Do you know that it is Khana Bhil that has now caught you? Now I am going to shoot you, as I have already shot your three companions.' Ganpat Rao was in terror. He was close to Sri Rama's image. He suddenly fell at its feet and, thinking of Sai, said **'Save me. Save me. I will give up all my police efforts'**. Khana Bhil was softened. Instead of shooting at both Ganpat Rao and the image, he said, 'I let you off this time. But if you again interfere in my affairs, you are a dead man. Remember.' But the ambition of Ganpat Rao was not to be quenched. Again he got information about Khana Bhil's movements and communicated it to the authorities, with the result that a police force armed with carbines, etc., was sent to surround the hillock on which Khana Bhil and his men had pitched their camp. A fierce battle was fought between the dacoit gang and the police, and Khana Bhil effected his escape. Ganpat Rao knew that his life was doomed. So he went up to Nana Chandorkar, and with his good offices secured a medical certificate and got relieved of his detective duties. Thus for a second time his prayer to Baba to save his life was effectual. Again for a second time he refused to resign. Having so far successfully duped Baba, he thought he was safe. But he hardly knew how many strings Baba had to his bow.

The third occasion came and then Das Ganu was in a tight fix. When he was the second in command at the Station, the station Officer left him in charge. And Das Ganu in a lordly way wanted to enjoy his time, and went home leaving a constable in charge of the station. Just at that time, a village munsif had sent up a *thoti* with a fine collected from some person against whom a warrant had been sent for collection. That money, Rs. 32/-, was left by the *thoti* with the constable there in charge, without any person to witness. The constable told the *thoti* that the Station Officer was on leave that no receipt would be granted then, that he might go away, and that the receipt would be sent to the village in due course. So, the poor *thoti* went away, and the constable swallowed up the money. Ganpat Rao knew nothing of it. However, the authorities finding that Rs. 32/- had not been collected, sent up a second warrant for the collection of the fine. The party showed the receipt from the Village Munsif. The


Village Munsif, when asked, said that he had sent the money to Ganpat Rao's Station, and so the enquiring officer came to the Station and asked the Station Officer who pointed out that at the particular time and date when the money came, he was on leave. Then who was in charge? Ganpat Rao was in charge. Ganpat Rao was the man who swallowed that (fine) amount of Rs. 32/- was the conclusion arrived at by the enquiring officer. Ganpat Rao was asked for an explanation. He said he knew nothing. But there was no escaping the fact that money had been sent that day, and was paid at the station as the thoti testified. Then Ganpat Rao, finding that there was not only no chance of his getting the Sub Inspectorship but a good chance of his getting into the jail, solemnly swore to Baba that this time he would positively quit service. He went further and mentioned his willingness to resign to the enquiry officer who, thereupon, made him pay up Rs. 32/-, and then discharged him, taking of course his resignation also. Thus Baba succeeded in making Ganpat Rao quit that service, a service, which would prevent Ganpat Rao from becoming the high spiritual personage that he was subsequently to develop into.

After the police service

Baba used to call him 'Ganu'. When Ganpat Rao came and said, 'I have now left my service; I and my wife have to stand in the streets, as we have no property or income', Baba said, Ganu, I shall provide for you and your family. Baba then asked him to go on with his Brahminical duties, puranic studies, and kirtans at which he was excellent. From the day of his loss of service, i.e. 1904, up to his last breath, Ganpat Rao was never in want either for food or for clothing, and even became the owner of some lands yielding him sufficient support. And in 1919 his wife died issue less, leaving him without any encumbrances.

Baba told him to attend to his kirtans. Das Ganu was especially good at kirtans. He had a fine metallic voice, and he was a very able performer of kirtans. He would hold an audience of 2,000 people spell-bound in rapt attention listening to him for six or eight hours, and as he never asked for even one pie and made no collections, his kirtans were popular, and in all his kirtans, he would place Baba's picture next to him and even though his katha was about Tukaram or Namdev or Jnanadev, yet he would always refer to Sai Baba as the living Sam or Satpurusha, i.e. as the present Great Saint, whom it would be a great blessing for people to have darsan of, as the very darsan would purify and benefit the visitor. As soon as his kirtans ended, people started in numbers to go to Shirdi and see Sai Baba. These numbers included high officials of good and great position, as also the poor. Thus he has been the means of sending some tens of thousands of people to Baba. He was justly and rightfully called as Hari Bhakta Parayana Kirtankar. Baba developed his nature and purified it by making him spend his time whenever he went to Shirdi in reading Vishnu Sahasranama at a temple there. Das Ganu Maharaj thus got highly purified and was highly devoted to Baba. His purification and development were marked in various ways, and Baba's favour to him on the spiritual side was so vast and varied that it is impossible to sketch them out. Sai Baba favoured him in addition to relieving him of the two great hampering curses upon him, namely, the dance mania and the Foujdar mania. Baba gave him a special capacity to understand things which others could not ordinarily understand. Baba gave him special hints on special occasions. Two instances where Baba showered His grace on Das Ganu are as below:

Das Ganu Maharaj wished to write a Marathi commentary upon Amritanubhava, a famous Marathi religious treatise, and that was considered to be impossible. A pandit told him that he could not possibly catch all the

meaning of Jnana Dev, the author, and express it in his work. Das Ganu went to Baba, prayed for and immediately got his blessing. Then, he began to write his explanations of the riddles, seeming contradictions and apparently meaningless dicta of Amritanubhava. He found the heart of the author and brought it out by a number of illustrations. The illustrations he mostly drew from Baba's talk  which he heard at Shirdi. So he succeeded in presenting Amritanubhava in such a way as to satisfy even keen critics; and the pandit who first considered it impossible was satisfied that Das Ganu's work was a success.



Meaning of upanishadas

Next Das Ganu was anxious to render even a Sanskrit Upanishad, namely, Ishaavasya Upanishad, into Marathi. This famous Upanishad consists of only 18 verses. It is full of great thoughts and has been considered by Mahatma Gandhi to be peculiarly important. Mahatma Gandhi said that if the whole of Hindu spiritual literature were gone leaving only this Ishavasya Upanishad, the whole of Hindu dharma could be reconstructed with this alone. Though the Upanishad has received such high encomia, it is a very difficult and tough Upanishad even for separation of sentences and phrases in it, and much more for the interpretation of the same. Different writers have adopted widely different courses. Taking even the very first verse, the punctuation varies. Having so many difficulties in the way of his ambition, Das Ganu Maharaj went to Baba. Baba said, 'What difficulty is there in this? You had better go, as usual, to Kaka Dixit's bungalow in Ville Parle. And there that (cooly girl) Malkarni, will give you the meaning'.

People would laugh at a great pandit like Das Ganu getting interpretation of an Upanishad from a cooly girl. But all the same Das Ganu went to Kaka's bungalow. He slept there. When he woke up in the morning, he heard a girl (it must be the Malkarni mentioned by Baba, he thought) singing songs in great joy. She was praising some orange coloured silk sari, wondering at its fineness and the beauty of its borders, and the floral embroidery on it. Then he just peeped to see who the songster was. The songster had no sari. She wore a rag which was not silk, nor orange coloured, had no borders and no embroidery. He pitied the girl and got a friend to give her a sari—a small cheap sari. She wore it just one day and went about enjoying it. But the very following day, she cast it aside, again wore her tatters and again began to sing joyously the song about the orange coloured sari and its beauty. Then Das Ganu understood the Upanishad. He found out that the girl's happiness lay not in the external sari which she had 'thrown away' (*tena tyaktena*, which means, that being thrown away) but in herself. And Ishavasya Upanishad says the same thing. 'All this world', says the first verse, 'is covered by the Maya of Ishwara. So *enjoy bliss*, not by having the externals, but by rejecting the externals (*Tenatyaktena*)'. '*Tena Tyaktena*' might mean being content with what God gives you. The girl was happy as she was contented. Thus Baba taught Ishavasya Upanishad to Ganu through a cooly girl. Baba's ways of teaching were and are peculiar and different in the case of different individuals.

Das Ganu was helped in numerous other ways, but it is sufficient here to note that Baba gave him the assurance that he would provide for his temporal welfare (*Yogakshema*) so that he might bravely and calmly start his spiritual career. And Baba kept his word. Baba always keeps his word. Baba thus provided completely for the temporal welfare of a man without any employment and any property. When he thought there was nothing for him to depend upon, Baba provided everything, and Das Ganu had always been very well off temporally. Das Ganu purchased many a properties over a period of time though he transferred them to his adopted son Late Shri.Damodar Vaman Athavale. As for the spiritual uplift, it is impossible to conceive of any greater benefit than wrenching one away from the two great ropes that were dragging Ganpat Rao downwards, namely, the lewd village dramas which Ganpat Rao was playing in and the soul-destroying police work, the wickedness of which would be heightened by the ambition to rise to Sub Inspectorship in double quick time. The way in which Baba responded to prayers and saved him, time and again, from dismissal of punishment would quite suffice to impress the mind of Ganpat Rao with the fact that Baba is omnipotent, is everywhere, watching and attending to his prayers, and is ever looking after him. Baba watched him at every place to which he went and took the appropriate measure that was urgently needed for his welfare.

Maya over mukti

Baba naturally did his very best for this Das Ganu but, unfortunately, (as we see in the cases of most devotees contacting Baba) there are obstacles due perhaps to poorva karma which prevent one responding in the correct way to such high influence as Baba's. Even after so much of proof of Baba's omnipotence, omnipresence, omniscience, and miraculous help for Ganu's benefit, Ganu did not fully derive the idea that Baba was God. So many others for whom Baba did even less were full of the faith that Baba was God. No doubt Ganu sang of Baba that he was God in fine terms set to music. But Ganu's conviction was superficial and not deep. Das Ganu's faith being very poor and very weak in Baba's divinity, Baba desired to impress on Ganu, His (Baba's) Godhead and to make him and his other disciples realise him (Baba) properly. For that purpose, he exhibited *chamatkars*, one of which is as follows:

On a certain occasion, Das Ganu wanted to go for a bath to the Godavari river which in ordinary parlance is termed 'Ganga' (the Ganges, the most sacred river). That river is four or five miles away from Shirdi, and when Ganu asked for permission to go to "Ganga", Baba answered, 'Why go there? Is not Ganga here?' Ganu felt very much dissatisfied. Ganu was the author of the Aarti song which runs as follows and which was even being sung at Baba's puja. *Shirdi Maje Pandharipura Sai Baba Ramaavara*. This means 'My Pandharpur or place of pilgrimage is Shirdi, and the God that sanctifies that place (Vittal) is Sai Baba'; that is, Sai is Mahavishnu from whose feet Ganges is perennially flowing. This song is sung by many and at least a few really think in their hearts that Sai Baba is really Maha Vishnu. For, what is Mahavishnu? Maha Vishnu is the protecting form of God. God has three functions, namely, creation, protection, and final withdrawal, which also is a form of protection. The protecting aspect of God is called Maha Vishnu.

So Sai Baba, the person who has protected Das Ganu and innumerable others, and who is doing it even today on a vast scale from one end of the country to the other, is certainly exercising the functions of Maha Vishnu. All Divinity is one. Call it or Him by any name and carry on your worship according to any religion and adopt any set of doctrines or metaphysical or philosophical basis for your ideas and actions, the end reached is the same, the one pure and perfect Bliss. When the goal is reached by the most advanced souls of any country or sect, the experience is the same. But before the end is reached, the modes adopted and the explanations given by sets differ so greatly sometimes as to cause religious differences of a bitter sort — and quarrels, battles or wars are waged on account of religious or sectarian zeal. The common run of men look to externals alone and the inner kernel of all religion are beyond their grasp. Sri Das Ganu on account of his poorva karma of former births and even the karma of his present earlier life could not rise to this view. Baba had to refine his nature and wash away the effects of birth, breeding and past habits. There are many methods that are adopted for this purpose. Pilgrimages, and visits to saints at those places (for many holy persons visit such places) have their use.

The state in which Das Ganu was in 1890 or 1892 when he approached Baba was very grave, and in the view of ordinary persons absolutely hopeless. No one would think that a man with a hoard of past karma and vicious tendencies which had struck deep root could possibly be saved from them in one life, more especially when his tastes had attracted him to a profession and to activities which gave ample scope for such tendencies. Any other person would have abandoned the task as hopeless, but Sai, like Chaitanya, i.e. Lord Gauranga, did not despair of redeeming such a soul. Just as Chaitanya drew Madho and Jagai from the depths of an almost bottomless pit to the heights of saintliness, so Baba has done in the case of Das Ganu.

Baba asked Das Ganu to take up Vishnu Sahasranama and retreat from the crowds of the Dwarakamayee and go to a sequestered temple like the Vittal temple in the village and go on there with his frequent recitals or repetitions of Sahasranama. Baba's advice in this matter was not confined to Das Ganu. He gave similar advice to Shama and in fact took away a Ramadasi's Sahasranama and handed it over to him so that he may have the advantage of the Sahasranama japa, though poor Shama did not know how to read Sanskrit, the conjunct consonants of which defy the poor skill of villagers like Shama to read or make them out. The Vishnu Sahasranama is so vast and the import of the thousands of Names is so great that anyone who goes through them carefully with the help of Sankara or other Bhashya thereon must be struck by the fact that powerful material imbedded in Vishnu Sahasranamam must suffice for the purification of any soul.

Faith over arrogance

But whatever Baba did, Das Ganu stuck mostly to his old set of ideas which formed the foundation for his spiritual progress. He could not get rid of the idea that the great thing for him to do was to get to Pandharpur, the Bhooloka Vaikuntam as it is called, in Asvin and Kartik months and see the holy image of Vittal there and worship it. That Vittal was God. It alone was God. And if he was to get vision of God it must be by that form appearing before him in a vision.

Das Ganu was told by Baba to go through Bhagavata reading in 7 days (this is called *Saptaha*) and he then told Baba that he would go on with *Saptaha* and Baba must see to it that he (Das Ganu) got sakshatkar as the result. 'If there is intense (*Bhav*) concentration, then Sakshatkar can be had' was what Baba gave as answer. Ganu went through *Saptaha*. But there was no sakshatkara for the obvious reason that Ganu's mind could not attain the needed intensity of concentration.

When he was in this mentality, Narayana Govind Chandorkar his former master (for this was in 1912 or so when Ganu had retired from service) was asking him to stay on for Ashwin month at Shirdi and do his *kathas* there. At once Das Ganu thought that Baba was compelling him through Chandorkar to keep off from Vittal at Pandharpur. His thought then was "How is he (Baba) God, who keeps me away from God (Vittal) at Pandharpur?" Baba noting his thought told Nana Chandorkar to send him away to Pandharpur, and so he went and returned later on to Shirdi. Then he came to Baba and said, 'When will you give me Sakshatkar?' Baba said, 'You see Me. This is Sakshatkar. I am God'. Then Das Ganu said, 'I expected you would say so. But I am not satisfied with it'. Das Ganu considered that Vittal of Pandharpur alone was God, and not the Sai form that he saw at Shirdi. He concluded that it was not in his destiny to have Sakshatkara of Vittal.

This peculiar lack of faith of Das Ganu was not noticed by himself till after Baba left the body In 1919, that is, a year after Baba shed his mortal coil, Das Ganu was at his usual place, Handed, where there was a saint, with wonderful spirituality, on a rock. When others went to see that saint, he received them. But whenever Das Ganu tried to see him, he evaded him. But on one occasion in 1919, when his wife died, he sent some food to that saint and saw him later. Das Ganu wanted to know why the saint was evading him. Then the saint answered, 'You call yourself a Kirtankar. Why then have you "Ahankar" (Egotism)?' Das Ganu pleaded that everyone had Ahankar, and that it was impossible to avoid it. Then that saint said, 'Shall I tell you what sort of Ahankar you have? Is not Sai Baba your Guru? And shall I say what you have done with him?' Das Ganu said, 'Yes'. The saint asked, 'Did not Baba produce water from his feet, and what did you do with it? You sprinkled it on your head, but would not put it

into your mouth, because you are a Brahmin and the Ganga was coming from the feet of the mosque dwelling Baba. Is it not Ahankara of yours?' Das Ganu felt the force of the saint's observations. Das Ganu's inability to think of Baba as pure Vittal or God is an instance where a person gets very great benefits from Baba but something or other hinders his deriving the fullest benefit as prejudices die hard and old habits cannot be easily erased.

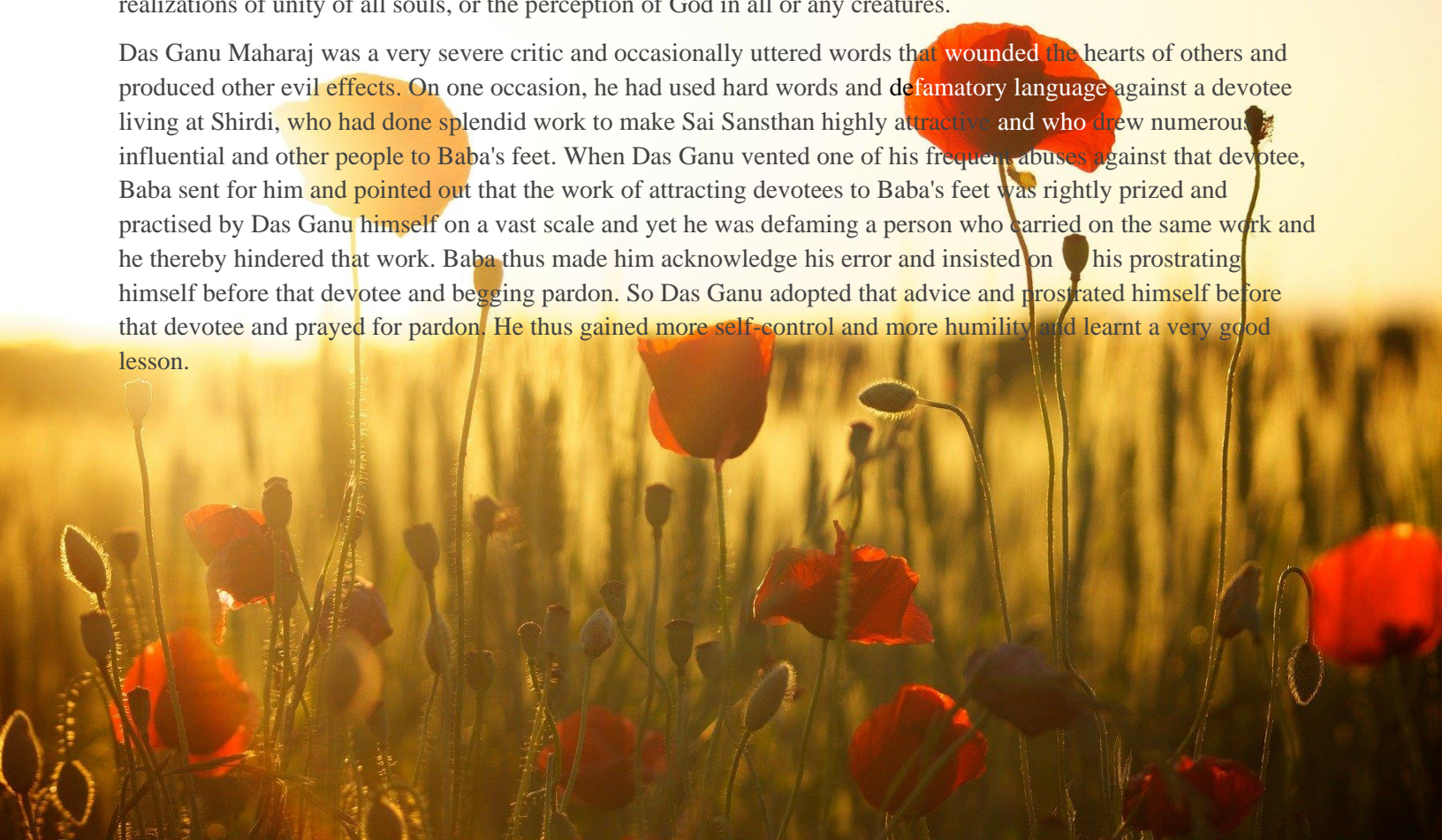
Once when Das Ganu and Bere, an agricultural inspector, were to leave Shirdi for Kopergaon to catch a train for which there was plenty of time, they went to take Baba's leave. Baba in giving the leave, said "Start at once, don't stop but go straight to Kopergaon." They acted on his advice. Other tongawallas told them to wait and go with them on that dangerous road to have the benefit of their company. They however followed Baba's advice and drove straight on and arrived safe at the Kopergaon station. The other tongawallas who came up later were in time to catch the train, but they were Waylaid by highway robbers. Baba's advice had saved Bere and Ganu from that mishap.

Baba similarly tried to save Das Ganu from being attacked by the inner enemies (*Kama, Krodha*) also. Baba set before him the ideal of being totally free from those six enemies. That, however, was no joke. Like so many other devotees, this apostle also had his slips. But Baba very kindly pulled him up and corrected him off and on. For instance, on one occasion there was a feast at Shirdi where sira was prepared and distributed. Baba asked Ganu, "Did you get sira at that person's house?" "No, Baba" said Ganu, "that man is my enemy and did not invite me." Baba, at once rebuked him and said, "What is this sira and who eats it? Do not say of anyone that he is your enemy". Baba wanted to point out to him that he is the soul which neither eats nor has any other physical function and that all souls are in essence one and the same, viz., Paramatma.

To one who has realised himself as Paramatma, there can be no enemy at all.

Sai Baba has stressed the same truth of identity of all souls not merely on Das Ganu but also on R. B. Purandhare, Narayan Ashram, etc. It goes without saying that Das Ganu could not possibly rise to the desired height of realizations of unity of all souls, or the perception of God in all or any creatures.

Das Ganu Maharaj was a very severe critic and occasionally uttered words that wounded the hearts of others and produced other evil effects. On one occasion, he had used hard words and defamatory language against a devotee living at Shirdi, who had done splendid work to make Sai Sansthan highly attractive and who drew numerous influential and other people to Baba's feet. When Das Ganu vented one of his frequent abuses against that devotee, Baba sent for him and pointed out that the work of attracting devotees to Baba's feet was rightly prized and practised by Das Ganu himself on a vast scale and yet he was defaming a person who carried on the same work and he thereby hindered that work. Baba thus made him acknowledge his error and insisted on his prostrating himself before that devotee and begging pardon. So Das Ganu adopted that advice and prostrated himself before that devotee and prayed for pardon. He thus gained more self-control and more humility and learnt a very good lesson.



Literary contributions

He is well known not merely as a performer of Kirtanas (Harikathas) with great ability for about fifty years, but also as a composer and writer of saintly lives. Even before 1903, his literary skill made him produce fine verses on Shivaji, the national hero, for use at the Ganapati utsava in Maharashtra. As verses on Shivaji rouse up patriotism and the National spirit, which the foreign rulers then in power dreaded, he was called on by his Inspector to explain how he, a Government servant, took this prominent part in helping on a national movement. His answer was that he was an "Asukavr", that verses in Lavani metre flowed out of him at the barest request of anybody and that the request of someone made him sing impromptu the song or verses on Shivaji. As a proof he offered to compose impromptu verses on the officer himself at once. The officer wished to test the truth of the statement and asked him for verses on himself (the officer).

Ganu's *Asukavitva* or poetic genius was equal to the occasion. At once, he sang up the high qualities (real or fancied) of the officer, in lavani metre and in a few minutes there were numerous verses on the excellences of the officer who was greatly pleased and dropped the charge against Ganu then known merely by his police No (e.g. 808). Ganu could say with Alexander Pope that he "lisped in numbers for the numbers came." We need not draw the inference that his works were without depth of thought or other poetic attractions. By steady practice, he acquired considerable mastery of Marathi, his mother tongue. Some of his works were prescribed as textbooks once by the Bombay University. All his works are on noble topics. Mostly it is biography of the saints that he wrote. His command of Ovi, Dindi and other metres was excellent.

An abundant use of alliteration and other figures of speech adorned his sonorous writings. Kirtankars who wished and wish to deliver kathas on famous saints could and can easily pick up one of his innumerable stories and please their audiences with parrot-like repetition of it. Even now, any one anxious to spend his time over saintly biography cannot do better than going through the following works (which have earned for him the title, the modern Mahipati, as Mahipati was the famous composer of the works dealing with ancient or medieval saints, in his works Santa Leelamruta etc.)

Shri Dasaganu Maharaj was famous in Spiritual field as a Saint and a great Keertanakar in Marathwada region. He wrote the famous Santa Charitamrutha as per the directions of Shri Shirdi Sai Baba. He composed more than 1.5 million poems (Kavya) and enriched the Marathi language. His writings were very very special in nature and helped towards promotion of Bhaktimarga. His teachings were mostly on Good Behaviour, Good Culture and Social Awareness. These were his life mission. His contribution to the Marathi Literature is very significant. After Nana Chandorkar, the logical, chronological, and the appropriate name to deal with is that of Ganpat Rao Dattatreya Sahasrabuddhe, popularly known as Das Ganu Maharaj. His importance for the Sai movement consists in the fact that the rapid spread of Baba's name in Maharashtra was due very largely to his efforts.

Literary Offerings at the lotus feet of Sai- Baba

Compiled and Presented by TR. Madhavan

Santakathamrita - 1903

Arvachina Bhaktalilamrita - 1906

Bhakta Saramrita - 1925

He began these works almost from 1903 when he quit service. And in these he incorporated the seven chapters (or kathas) which embodied Sai Baba's leelas or life and teachings. He is responsible for the discovery and publication of Sai Baba's early life and tutelage at Selu under Venkusa, which he found to be another name for Gopal Rao Deshmukh, ruler of Selu in Jintur Parganna. Baba had said that he had been delivered by his fakir foster mother to the Selu ruler, who became his master, Guru and all-in-all. Freed from service shackles, Ganu started his research, ran upto Selu and discovered from Srinivas Rao, the Subedar of Selu in 1903, the ballads and family papers referring to his grandfather's grandfather, viz Gopal Rao Desmukh, the wonders his Bhakti performed, the conquests his military prowess achieved and the Moslem woman's child that became his devoted attendant and disciple to whom he, Gopal Rao (Venkatesa), gave initiation and the fact that at his (Gopal Rao's) grand passing away or Ascension (similar to Parikshit's passing away), the remains had to be interred and that they were interred in the *garba gruha* of Venkatesa temple that was erected thereon (as Gopal Rao was identified with Venkatesa or "Venkusa") and that it still stands and attracts the devotees of the surrounding places.

As this early history is very highly prized by Sai devotees and is essential for a proper understanding of Baba, their obligation to Das Ganu Maharaj is very deep. The earliest books on Sai Baba were the three chapters that Ganu produced and published in 1906 with the aid of funds contributed by H. V. Sathe.

Even during Baba's life in the flesh, Ganu was the person to deliver the annual harikathas (from 1914) at Shirdi at Baba's urus, the Ramanavami Utsava; and he kept up the tradition of conducting that utsava for many years even after Sai Baba's Maha Samadhi.

In the year 1916, Baba made Das Ganu to perform "**Nama Saptaha and Kirtan**" at Shirdi for a week.

Das Ganu also composed the famous "**Shri Sainatha Stavana Manjari**". Das Ganu completed this great masterpiece called Shri Sainatha Stavana Manjari just before 36 days of Baba's Maha Samadhi i.e., on **9th September 1918**. He wrote this masterpiece at a place known as "**Maheshwara**" situated on the banks of River Narmada in Madhya Pradesh.

In that he mentioned that whoever do parayana of this book daily with Sradha and Bakthi their all wishes will be fulfilled by Shirdi Sai Baba.

After he completed writing the "**Stavana Manjari**" he read that before Baba in which he wrote in phalasaruthi (results that come after reading that stavana manjari) whoever read this Stavana Manjari all their problems will be solved, poor people will become rich, and those who are looking for children will be blessed with children and many more.... " On hearing this Baba himself agreed by nodding his head and saying, "Yes, they will be blessed with those results. The very good thing in this Stavana Manjari is - there are no rules for reading this book. Anybody can read this at any time - either in daytime or night time but with full shraddha and bakthi. Das Ganu in Sloka 147 and 148 clearly states that whoever does the parayan of this Stavana Manjari with Shraddha and Bhakti every day, Sai Baba would fulfill their wishes within one year.

After Sai Baba took Maha Samadhi on Tuesday, 15th October 1918, He appeared in the dream of Das Ganu who was in Phandarpur next day early morning i.e., 16th October 1918 and said, "The Dwarakamai has collapsed and all the oilmen and grocers have troubled Me a lot. So I am leaving the place. Go there quickly and cover My body copiously With flowers". Accordingly, Das Ganu rushed to Shirdi along with Garland made out of Bakul Flowers. Offered it on the mortal remains of Sai Baba and performed Bhajans and Aarti and left to Phandarpur.

Das Ganu Maharaja's frequent kirtans throughout Maharashtra had raised him in the estimation of all whether they are devoted to Sai Baba or not. His eminence may be seen from the fact that he was the President of the All India Sai Devotees' Conference held at Coimbatore in 1948.

He is ranked first among Baba's apostles, if we go by the number of devotees drawn to Baba. So many thousands learnt of Baba from him and have subsequently visited Baba or Shirdi and made Baba their own lifelong possession. Such a towering personality he was, despite his shortcomings. He had no English education, no contact with western culture and had no idea of the present-day advance of modern civilization.

The chief lesson devotees learn from a study of his life is that Baba, the wondrous God-realiser can, turn the most hopeless material into saintly grandeur. What was Ganu's condition as a Rs 11 constable in 1890 or 1892 and what was his state later? This spiritual alchemist that turns baser nature into the gold of saintliness, that could turn a petty-minded lewd constable into the moulder of spiritual destinies of tens of thousands, this Sai Baba,— what can he not accomplish for each of us? Sri Sai Baba, has performed and proved true in many a case, including the case of Das Ganu Maharaj.

Apart from the thousands of pages that Das Ganu's big works cover, there are several minor pieces by which he will ever be remembered. The Shirdi Aarti includes several of these bits, which have sunk deep into the hearts of devotees and which will continue as long as the Shirdi Shrine and Aartis last. For instance:

**Shirdi Maajhe Pandharipura Sai Baba Ramaa Vara,
Suddha Bhakti Chandra Bhaaga Bhaava Pundalika jaga,
Yaho yaho avaghe Jana Kara Babasi Vandana,
Ganu Mhane Baba Sayee Dhamva Pava Majhe Ayi**

Which means

"Shirdi is my Pandharpur (the most holy shrine for Vaisnavites) and God worshipped there is Sai Baba (i.e. Sai is Vittal or Narayana). The holy river called Chandrabhaga found at Pandharpur is represented at Shirdi by pure devotion, and in that river the holiest spot, viz. Pundalika Temple is represented at Shirdi, by intense concentration. All you people, come up, come up and do reverence to Sai Baba. Ganu says. Oh Sai Baba Mother mine, run up and catching me in your arms, caress me."

This intense appeal has caught the fancy of lakhs of people and this song is sung at Pooja and Bhajan all over India. Two brilliant prayers of Garni in Hindi are also embodied in the Shirdi Aarti and are very popular.

**Sai rahama najara karanaa, bachchomka paalana karana(Burden)
Jaanaa thumane jagat pasaara sabahi jhuta jamaana (Sai) /
My andhaa hoom bandaa aapaka, mujhako prabhu dikhalaana (Sai)
Daasa garni kahe aba kyaa bolum, thaka gayee merirasana (Sai)**

which means

O Sai show your mercy, protect this little baby (Burden) The expansive Universe, you know is a mass of deception (Burden). I your slave am blind. Reveal the Lord to me (Burden). Says Ganu, How can I say aught more? Exhausted is my tongue. (Burden)

**Rahama najara karo aba more Sai, thuma bina
Nahi mujhe maabaapabhayai (Burden)
My andhaahoom bandhaa thumaara
Mynaajanoo Alla-ilahi I
Khalii jamaanaa myne gamaaya
Sathi aakharakaa, kiya na koyi (Burden) 2
Apane masidakaa jhaadoo ganoo hai
malils hamaare, thuma Baaba Saayi (Burden) 3**

which means,

*Show unto me, Now thy mercy
For excepting thee I have nobody.
No father, mother, brother (Burden)
1. Your slave am I, Sightless is my eye
I do not now descry, Aught of the Deity (Burden)
2. Down have I fallen to the earth.
For my last moment, no friend I made (Burden)
3. Ganu is (but) the broomstick of your mosque.
You are our Lord and Master O Sai Baba (Burden)*

The above-named pieces which have already attracted Sai devotees have been included in the Nandaneep Picture's Marathi Movie *Shirdiche Sri Sai Baba*, the new Sai film exhibited at the Majestic Theatre at Bombay. These will serve to attract thousands of others to Sai Bhakti and Das Ganu will be endeared to the heart of new devotees as he is to the old.

Conversation with Shirdi Sai Baba

Sai Baba of Shirdi did not write any books. All that is available to us is records of a number of conversations between him and his devotees preserved in various biographical accounts. The following is a conversation which a devotee, Nana Govind Chandorkar, a Deputy Collector who was a traditionally well-read orthodox person, had with Shirdi Sai Baba.

Nana: Baba, I am fed up with this *samsara*. It is only *nissara* (that without content). Please help me cut the bonds which bind me to it. What appears as pleasant in the beginning ends in misery. Fate tosses us hither and thither. I don't see an iota of happiness in this *samsara*.

Baba: Nana, you are prattling like a mad man. What you say is only partially true. You have misunderstood the truth. The *samsara* will exist as long as the body exists. No one can escape from it. How can you? Even I am under its clutches. The *samsara* is varied and different. It is the work of Desire and Anger. All the vagaries of the mind and the body constitute *samsara*. By running away and hiding in a forest you cannot escape it. What you are now has been brought on you by yourself. You are only experiencing the fruits of your actions done by you in your previous lives. It is by that cause the effect of the appearance of this body has taken place. This is called *deha-prarabdha*. The soul gets a body just to experience the consequences of actions of its own previous lives. Without experiencing the consequences of *prarabdha* karma one cannot leave this world. Why do people look different? Why, in fact, do various living beings look different? It is all because of the karma of previous lives. A rich man's dog rolls in joy on a cushioned sofa. A poor man's dog rots at the street corner. The difference is because of *prarabdha*.

Nana: Since pleasure and pain do any way alternate in this *samsara*, one feels like hating it and renouncing it. Is it not good to renounce?

Baba: Pleasure and pain are both *Maya*. What appears as pleasant is not really a pleasure. People in the clutches of *samsara* take the appearance of pleasure as real pleasure and are drawn towards it. As a result of *prarabdha* karma, one fellow gets tasty, dainty and rich food while another fellow has only stale bread to eat. The former thinks that he has no wants and the latter thinks he is a failure. Think well. Whatever you may eat, the result is the same. Appeasement of one's hunger. One fellow covers his body with costly cloth with zari and all. Another does the same with a torn old rag. Both serve the same purpose. Pleasure and pain depend on the attitude of your mind. This is the effect of *Maya*. Do not give place in your mind to thoughts of pleasure and pain. *Maya* manifests itself as the six enemies of Man: Lust, Anger, Greed, Delusion, Pride, and Envy. They make non-real things appear as real. A poor man, seeing the rich man wearing a gold ornament, wishes to have one like that for himself. This is greed. The others are similar to this. Conquer all six of these foes of Man. No desire will then rise in the mind. Otherwise, you will

become a slave of these six rogues. Use your discretion and kill them. You will not be affected by pleasure and pain caused by *Maya*.

Let me tell you how you should go about in this *samsara*. A wise person will be content with whatever he has, knowing full well that it is his *prarabdha*. If you have riches, be humble. A tree with more fruits in it will bend. But do not bend before all. One should certainly be firm and stern with wicked people. But with *sadhus* and the devout, you should show humility and modesty.

Spend your wealth in charity and *dharma*. But do not be extravagant. This body is certainly impermanent but so long as it is there, wealth is necessary to a certain extent. Even bile is necessary for the health of the body. But do not become greedy as money is the be-all and end-all of life. Be charitable. But do not do wasteful expenditure.

Observe happily all the goings-on in the world. Do not forget God. Remember always: 'This *samsara* is not mine, it is God's.' Show your sympathy with the poor and the down-trodden. Do not hurt them by showing hate or disgust. Keep a constant mental analysis of the question: 'Who am I?'

Nana: Baba, Who is God? How will He look? Where is He? How can we see Him?

Baba: those who toil in *samsara* do not understand what is right and wrong nor do they comprehend the nature of God. Pure thoughts are absent in them. Constantly being immersed in the ocean of *samsara* they do not have faith in devotion or in the scriptures. They don't reach God. They go towards hell. On the other hand, those who are eager to rise higher towards salvation discard this state of bondage and begin to enquire with discretion and intelligence. They are always itching to see God. They develop *bhakti* towards Him and observe the laws of the scriptures. They adopt Nama-Japa and dhyana and become a *sadhaka* (an aspirant to reach God). They continuously move with the devout. When they reach a mature stage in their Japa and dhyana they become saintly. In that stage God and Man are alike. Praise and blame are one and the same for them. Desires have left them. The thought of 'I' and 'Mine' are not anymore there. They begin to see that their own *Atma* and God are the same. They realize 'I am *Brahman*'.

Observe how each one of them has reached God. You will yourself then understand that God permeates all animate and inanimate objects in the world.

God is everywhere. There is no place where He is not. What prevents us from seeing Him is the power of *Maya*. I, you, this world, all are part of *Isvara*. Therefore no one should hate another. Never forget that the Lord is everywhere. That will generate Love in you. When love overflows, everything is obtained.

Blessed Devotee who saw water lamps and Baba's sleeping Plank at height

Smt.Chandra Bai Borkar was the wife of Sri.Ramachandra Borkar who lived in Vile Parle, Mumbai. She went to Shirdi and met Saibaba for the first time in the year 1898. Baba used to give her udhi every day with his own hand in small quantities and Chandrabai preserved that carefully as it had great healing power. She had deep devotion towards Saibaba and at the same time powerful response to her devotion from Sai Baba. When she went to him in the year 1898, the present masjid had not been built, nor the Wada of Sathe which came after rebuilding of the masjid. Baba was then sitting under the neem tree which is now in Sathe Wada. She saw Baba filling his panathi's, i.e., lamps with water, instead of oil, after drinking away the little remnant of oil mixed with some water.

She also saw his lying on a plank in the Masjid hung up from the ceiling with strings made of slender shreds of cloth. There were lamps on the plank, whereon he lay. No 'bigwigs' were coming then. Whenever she went to Shirdi, she used to stay in the house of some villagers. Baba's kindness to her was very great. Her husband Mr. Borkar never went and saw Baba; but even to him, Baba showed great kindness. In or about 1909 her husband, who was an engineer, was engaged for the construction or repair of a bridge at Pandharpur. His residence was, therefore, at Pandharpur. When he was there, she had gone to Baba at Shirdi and was serving him.

One day Baba told her, '**you better go to Pandharpur and I will go with you**' and added that there was no difficulty for him to travel and that she should start expeditiously. So she started. She did not know what had happened there. When she reached that place, she found that her husband was not there, that he had resigned his work there and gone away to Mumbai. That information she got there for the first time and she was in great straits and sorrow. She had just a few rupees with her and had taken two companions with her. She had just money enough to take them back upto Kurdwadi. They went there. She had got thoroughly moody and was brooding over the situation.

Suddenly a Fakir appeared before her, and asked her what she was brooding over. She evaded replying to him. He told her that her husband was at Daund and that she should go at once with her two companions to Daund. But, where was the railway fare to come from, she enquired. Then, he immediately delivered 3 tickets for Daund and went away. She took the tickets and with her companions boarded the train for Daund. Meanwhile, her husband was at Daund drinking tea and sinking into half dozed condition or a reverie. A Fakir appeared before him and said, **“How is it you are neglecting my mother? She is coming down by the train in carriage No. such and such”** and gave him the number of her carriage.

He was startled and got up saying, **‘Who is this that is taking me to task?’** and looked up. But the Fakir disappeared. When the train arrived, she stepped down and her husband was there to receive her and take her to his quarters. Her husband told her of the Fakir’s appearance before him and wanted to see a photo of Sai Baba whom she was worshipping. She showed him the photo and he recognized therein the Fakir who came to him.

(Source: Devotees Experiences of Saibaba by Poojya Sri.B.V.Narasimha Swamiji)



Sri Shirdi Sai Baba's Kafni Cloth Leelas

"Whenever Sai Baba's Kafni or Langot were worn out or torn, he never gave it to anybody, rather he used to burn them to ashes in Dhuni. And it was not compulsory that the clothes of Sai Baba had to be old in order to burn them.

Sometimes he even used to burn clothes which were used for a short time & sometimes he would repair the worn out clothes and use them. When Sai Baba's clothes were torn, Taty Patil used to tear them more by his fingers.

If Sai Baba wanted to take any devotee high up in the matter of spirituality, then that lucky person got Sai Baba's old clothes as Prasad. The clothes of Sai Baba had immense powers in it. Once Sai Baba gifted his Kafni to Mhalsapati. The result was that till his death Mhalsapati lived like a sanyasi while also taking care of his family and social attachments.

In another instance, Sai Baba gave his Kafni to a devotee named Muktaram. As the Kafni was dirty, Muktaram washed it and placed it in Wada (Dharamshala) to dry. After this, Muktaram went for Baba's Darshan. Vamanrao was present where the Kafni was kept for drying in Kaka Saheb Dixit's Wada.

A voice came from the Kafni said - "See, Muktaram has brought me here and hanged upside down."

Vamanrao immediately took the Kafni and wore it himself. After wearing the Kafni, Vamanrao went to Dwarkamai.

Sai Baba got angry when He saw the Kafni worn by Vamanrao. But Vamanrao was determined to take Sanyas. When time came after this incident Vamanrao went high up in the matter of spirituality.

On Tuesday 15th October 1918, the day Baba took Samadhi, an old cloth Bag that Baba never allowed anyone to touch was opened and in it a Green Kafni and a Green Cap (headgear) were found, which were given to him by Kasi Ram, the tailor.

Baba had worn them also but later preferred white robes only. And, along with other items, this bag was also placed with Baba inside his Samadhi.

Nowdays, Baba's other regular worn Kafnis are kept at the "Sai Baba Museum" in Dixit Wada at Shirdi.

(Source: www.shirdisaitrust.org)

Sai Devotees

Chandrabai

About herself as narrated by *Chandrabai*

I am a worshipper of Sai Baba for the last 44 years or so. Blessed and fortunate to see Baba for first time at Shirdi 20 years before his Mahasamadhi. I still retain a good quantity of the *udhi* which he gave me each day with his own hand in small quantities and this I have carefully preserved as it has great virtue and potency. By the way, I have also this sacred *tayath* enclosing Baba's tooth, which he gave me as a memento.

I had deep devotion for Baba & Baba responded with abundant blessings. When I went to him about 1898, the present masjid had not been built, nor the Wada of Sathe which came after rebuilding of the masjid. Baba was then sitting under the neem tree which is now in Sathe's Wada. I saw Baba filling lamps with water, instead of oil, after drinking away the little remnant of oil mixed with some water. I saw also him lying on a plank in the Masjid hung up from the ceiling with strings made of slender shreds of cloth. There were lamps on the plank, whereon he lay. No 'bigwigs' were coming then. Whenever I went there, I resided in the house of some villagers.

Baba's kindness to me was very great. (Even as she referred to instances, she was overcome repeatedly with emotion, shed tears and had frequent breaks in her narration, being unable to continue it by reason of her feelings). My husband Mr. Borkar never went and saw Baba; but even to him, Baba showed great kindness. In or about 1909 my husband, who was an engineer, was engaged for the construction or repair of a bridge at Pandharpur. His residence was, therefore, at Pandharpur. When he was there, I had gone to Baba at Shirdi and was serving him. One day Baba told me, "you better go to Pandharpur and I will go with you" and added that there was no difficulty for him to travel and that I should start expeditiously. So I started. I did not know what had happened there.

When I reached that place, I found that my husband was not there, that he had resigned his work there and gone away to Bombay. That information I got there for the first time and I was in great anxiety and sorrow. I had just a few rupees with me and had taken two companions with me. I had just money enough to take us back upto Kurdwadi. We went there. I had got thoroughly emotional and was brooding over the situation.

Suddenly a Fakir appeared before me, and asked me what I was brooding over. I evaded replying to him. He told me that my husband was at Dhond and that I should go at once with my two companions to Dhond. But, where was the railway fare to come from, I enquired. Then, he immediately delivered 3 tickets for Dhond and went away. I took the tickets and with my companions boarded the train for Dhond. Meanwhile, my husband was at Dhond drinking tea and sinking into half dozed condition or a reverie. A Fakir appeared before him and said, "How is it you are neglecting my mother? She is coming down by the train in carriage No. such and such" and gave him the number of my carriage.

He was startled and got up saying, “Who is this that is taking me to task?” and looked up. But the Fakir disappeared. When the train arrived, I stepped down and my husband was there to receive me and take me to his quarters. My husband told me of the Fakir’s appearance before him and wanted to see a photo of Sai Baba whom I was worshipping. I showed him the photo and he recognised therein the Fakir who came to him.

On a Guru Poornima day, before Upasani Maharaj, who is my Gurubandhu, left Shirdi for Kharagpur, Sai Baba asked me to take Pooja Dravya and Naivedya and worship Maharaj. I went and worshipped him, telling him that it was Baba’s order and Maharaj did not prevent me from doing that worship. But, after that day, I never again worshipped Maharaj.

My attitude towards him is what I should have towards a Gurubandhu. I do not hate him as so many Shirdi people do. Sai Baba has often said that we should not harbour feelings of hatred against any, nor entertain feelings of envy, rivalry or opposition or a combative disposition towards others and that if others hated us, we should simply take to Namjapa and avoid them. But, my attitude towards Upasani Maharaj has been misunderstood by him and others. Two years ago, I went to Sakori to help in establishing a proper arrangement about recent changes in the Panchakanya establishment of his. But, apprehending my attitude to be hostile, he never gave me the chance of a free private talk with him and I returned.

Sai Baba’s kindness towards me and mine manifested even in 1918 before his expiry and even afterwards.

Some three months before Dusserah of 1918, he was thoughtful of my welfare after he should leave the body. He told me, ‘Bai, (that is how he addressed me) you need not hereafter trouble to come and see me here. I am with you wherever you are’. (This lady melts into tears as she narrates this). So kind he was and his words are ever true. I went away then. Just at the Dusserah following, when I was at Panchgan. I got Mr. H. S. Dixit’s message that Baba was often thinking of me and that Baba was not likely to survive even for a short time. I went to Shirdi in time to see him pass away. I gave him some water at the last moments, and Bagya did the same. Baba leaned back on Bagya and expired.

After this, I visited Shirdi once in 1919, and once in 1933. But Baba, as he promised, has ever been with me and helping me wherever I remain. I have composed some verses and communicated them and my experience to the Sai Lila Masik.

In 1921, my husband fell down from a carriage and his leg broke, I took him up and applied Udhi and paste of Biba nut Jongla (ata?) and thaq dipala in three months’ time he got alright.

In 1921, I conceived & was blessed with a child. That was also Baba’s grace. In 1918, when I was aged 48 and had not conceived at all, I naturally yearned to have a child, though lay-people and doctors alike would declare conception thereafter out of the question.

But Baba knew my desire and in 1918.

Baba: Bai, What is your heart’s wish ?

I : Baba, you know everything. What is there for me to tell you?

Three years thereafter, my menses stopped and after some months Dr. Purandhare diagnosed my condition as one of internal tumour and proposed to remove it by operation. I protested and said that I would bide my ten months' time and then decide. He opined that in my fifty-first year, after long continued absence of conception, there was no chance of my having any child. But Sai's grace made the impossible possible and a son was born to me on Dhanatrayodashi day (i.e.) 3 years and 2 days after Baba attained Maha Samadhi. And for that delivery, which took place at Chembur, I had neither doctor, nor nurse, nor any medicine. I attended to my regular duties during the day preceding delivery and at night had an easy and safe delivery. All that time and for 9 months previous, I had numerous complications like swollen legs etc. I had carried on a fast for months taking hardly any food, but more often water and Udi.

Baba's grace was shown again at the time of my husband's demise. Two months before that event, Baba was preparing my mind to face that calamity. He appeared in a dream and said to me, 'Have no fears. I will take away Sri Ram'. (My husband's name was Ramachandra). I said, 'Baba, take me away first'. Then Baba replied that there was much work for me to do and I should nerve myself to survive my husband and do the duty allotted to me.

I communicated this dream to my husband. He made light of it, saying it was only a dream. That was about two months before the close of Chaturmasya. Sometime later, he developed serious kidney trouble and hiccough supervened. The end was perceptibly drawing near. Then he said to me, that he felt his end was near but that he wished earnestly that he should die after Chaturmasya was over. But at or immediately after he was saying this, symptoms of the end of life started manifesting. His limbs got rigid and he passed into unconsciousness. I prayed to Baba to spare him at least for the remaining days of the Chaturmasya. The next day, he regained consciousness and limbs lost their rigidity. My husband was more cheerful. Then the 7 days or so of Chaturmasya lapsed, Kartik Poornima (1934) came and also pratipada.

That day at midnight, he took tea and then told me to go on with arati (of Baba) and to utter Vishnu Sahasranam loudly. I did as directed. This was going on till morning when the doctor came. They were talking hopefully. But I knew that he would pass away by noon or in the afternoon. I gave him Ganges water to drink. He drank and a little later he was saying, 'Sri Ram, Sri Ram'. A chokra came and called him 'Baba'. He got up saying, 'Oh' and as he said 'Sri Ram, Sri Ram', he passed away. I was by his side praying to Baba and Sri Krishna that he may be taken to the divine feet. He thus passed away with full smaran of God and Baba. I saw the grace of Baba in securing for him such a good end. After he passed away, I had to look after my son and this building etc. Some relations were giving me endless trouble and threatened suit etc. So, I had to get Rs. 14,000 to pay it to them to secure this house, etc. from further troubles. Then some evil-minded persons thrust into this house lime fruit charmed, i.e., filled with black magic, so as to do harm to us and to prevent anyone becoming out tenant in this house. Sai Baba appeared to me in a dream and told me of this. I then sent someone to go to Goa to our family deity Devi and there they secured her intervention to break the black magic and spell of our enemies.

Source: Devotees Experiences of SRI SAI BABA by B.V.NARASIMHASWAMIJI

(Posted by trmadhavan on December 10, 2019 :Saburi : You are in Sai World)

Raajamma/ShivammaThayee

Shivamma Thayee was an ardent devotee of shirdi Saibaba since her childhood. Her uncle (father's elder brother) Thangavel Gounder was a Rajayogi and he hailed from a village known as Papanayakana Palya in Coimbatore District of Tamil Nadu. His Brother's name was Vetrivel. Vetrivel had married Smt.Pushpavatamma. Shivamma Thayee was the daughter of Vetrivel and Pushpavathamma. She belonged to Vellal Goundar Community. Vetrivel earned his livelihood by doing Agriculture. He had 4 Acres of Cultivation Land. The family lead a decent life with whatever income they got from Agriculture. Shivamma Thayee was born on **29th May 1889** as the eldest daughter in the family. Her parents used to call her as "**Rajamma**". Shivamma Thayee grew up as the pet daughter of her parents. Later on 3 more children were added to her family. Shivamma Thayee had one Younger Sister and 2 Younger Brothers.

During those days Madras Presidency was under the rule of the Britishers. There was not much scope for Education. Hence, Shivamma Thayee did not study much. There was Mutt in the village where an educated person from Naidu Community used to impart free teaching to village children. Shivamma Thayee studied in that school upto 3rd Standard and was able to read and write Tamil to some extent.

As the eldest daughter in the family, Shivamma Thayee used to help her parents in Agriculture. She also used to take care of her younger Brothers and Sister. When her mother went out for agriculture related work, Shivamma Thayee used to cook and serve food, interact with village ladies there by gained considerable worldly knowledge. Since her parents were soft natured Shivamma Thayee also developed the same qualities by birth.

Shivamma Thayee got married to Shri.Subbaiah from the neighbouring village at the age of 13 years. Subbaiah was working in a factory at Coimbatore. He was by nature very strict and short tempered. He never used to mix with anyone easily. He wanted everybody obey his orders. He stayed in a joint family with his Uncle and Aunty. Even though there was not much family problems, Shivamma Thayee was not happy. She did not like her husband's stubborn nature. Just three months after their marriage, Shivamma Thayee and Subbaiah started living in a separate house of their own.

In due course of time Shivamma Thayee gave birth to a Male Child. He was named as Mani Raaj. Shivamma Thayee forgot all her tension while taking care of her son and got deeply engrossed in family life.

Her Uncle Thangavel Gounder who was living in a house next to Shivamma Thayee was an ardent devotee of Shirdi Saibaba. He used to serve many well-known Saints in his house. This had a direct impact on Shivamma Thayee. Hence, Shivamma Thayee also became an ardent devotee of shirdi Saibaba since her childhood.

Baba appeared in the dream of Shivamma Thayee and initiated her with Gayathri Mantram in her ear, and also wrote down Gayathri Mantra on a paper with pencil in Tamil and gave it to her. After this incident Shivamma Thayee totally forgot the Gayatri Mantram and engrossed once again in her family life. In due course, her son Mani Raaj grew up and Shivamma Thayee performed his marriage. Mani Raaj joined Poilce Service in Coimbatore. In due course Subbaiah got a job in T.R.Mill in Bangalore. Hence, he shifted to Bangalore along with Shivamma Thayee. Mani Raaj and his wife were living in Coimbatore as he was posted in Coimbatore itself. Subbaiah got a site from T.R.Mill in Chamarajpet area in Bangalore. In that site, Subbaiah built his own house and started living there.

Shivamma Thayee had lost the paper given by Saibaba. Baba once again came in her dream and told her that the slip was in the Rice storage drum. From the time Baba appeared in her dream, she was longing to go to Shirdi for Baba's darshan. She had to get the permission from her husband for this. She asked for it and also asked him to take her to Shirdi. He was a non believer but got belief on Baba with the happening of a miracle. Then, he agreed to take her to Shirdi. It was in 1908 at her 17th year she visited Shirdi for the first time. Baba used to talk to Shivamma Thayee in Tamil only.

After returning from Shirdi, her devotion towards Saibaba increased. Shivamma Thayee started to perform Saibaba Pooja on every Thursday. She used to invite great Saints to her house and feed them. She used to cure the ailments of devotees as per the instructions given by Saibaba. Once on Ekadashi Day, while she was performing Tulasi Pooja, she saw a pair of Silver Padukas enclosed in a cloth. On closely observing the cloth, she came to know that it was the Holy Bhagavadwaja. From that day onwards, Shivamma Thayee started worshipping the Holy Silver Padukas as well with deep devotion.

In the meantime, her son Mani Raaj died few days after the birth of his only Son. Seeing this, her Daughter In Law also committed suicide by consuming poison. Mani Raaj's In Laws took the child along with them. After performing the last rites of her Son and Daughter In Law, Shivamma Thayee wanted to visit kashi and accordingly informed her husband. But he not only declined to accompany her, but also told her to look for a new Wife for him at that ripe old age of 68 years. Shivamma Thayee re-confirmed with her husband and started looking for a new Bride. Within a month's time, she searched a new bride for her husband and to him married to her. Later, Shivamma Thayee left the house on a Thursday with the photograph of Baba and a pair of Silver Padukas granted by Baba and which she used to perform Pooja. She came to Shri Sadguru Shirdi Saibaba Mutt at N.G.R.Layout, Roopena Agrahara locality in Bangalore and started living there.

Three Temple have been constructed in this place as per the instructions of Shivamma Thayee.

As the devotee enters through the main gate of the temple complex the first temple he sees was inaugurated on **20th May 1970** by Shivamma Thayee, with the help of her followers. The land for the construction of this temple was donated by Late Sri.Narayana Reddy. At the entrance of the temple there is a Black Stone Idol of Nandi. To the right of Nandi Idol Navagraha Idols are present. In the Sanctum Sanctorum of the temple Black Stone Idols of Ganapati, Shirdi Saibaba and Subramanya is present. In the cellar right below the Saibaba Statue the Samadhi of Shivamma Thayee is present.

The second temple in the temple complex is more than 50 years old and the exact year of construction is not known. This temple was also inaugurated by Shivamma Thayee with the help of her fellow devotees. Outside the temple there is a big Tulsi Brindavan. At the entrance of the Mandir there is a stone slab on which Shivamma Thayee used to sit. As the devotee enters the temple to the left one finds the place where Shivamma Thayee used to stay and sleep. A marble idol of Shivamma Thayee is present in this place. It is said that Shivamma Thayee has performed penance for more than 9 years in this place. In the Sanctum Sanctorum a Silver Idol of Nagasai is present.

The third temple in the temple complex is the Dwarakamai. This holy place was inaugurated on **10th February 1989** by Shivamma Thayee. In this place you will find the marble idol of “**Bhikshatana Moorthi**” of Saibaba which you will not see anywhere in the world. Shivamma Thayee was fortunate enough to see Saibaba in flesh and blood in the year 1918. She also got the vision of Saibaba in “**Bhikshatana Moorthi**” form that inspired her to construct this wonderful Dwarakamai. Swami Brahmananda of Chinmaya Mission and Swami Vidya Naraayana Teertha of Dwaraka Badarikashrama performed the inaugural speech on the occasion. Sri.R.Seshadri and Sri.P.S.Narayana Rao of Sai Spiritual Centre, Thyagarajanagar, Bangalore addressed the devotees present on the inauguration day and explained about the specialty of Dwarakamai in this place. Veteran Sai Bhajan Singer Sri.Hariharan did Saibhajans on the auspicious day and enthralled all the Sai Devotees present on that day. Apart from the “**Bhikshatana Moorthi**” of Saibaba there is a life size photo of Dwarakamai Saibaba, A wooden Palanquin and paintings of Upasini Baba and Shirdi Saibaba donated by some devotee.

Shivamma Thayee attained Maha Samadhi in the year 1994.

(Source: Translated from the Official Kannada Book on Shivamma Thayee published by Shri Sadguru Shirdi Saibaba Mutt into English)



Bhagoji Shinde

Bhagoji Shinde was a resident of Shirdi from the beginning. Bhagoji Shinde was a leper and stayed with Baba.

Bhagoji was related to Laxmibai Shinde. He was suffering from leprosy. He was losing the fingers of his hands and toes in the legs. But with all these problems, Bhagoji served Baba throughout his life and made his life memorable. After Baba arrived in Shirdi, in the initial period, Baba distributed medicines to the poor and needy. When Bhagoji's illness reached serious proportions, all his relatives gave up the hope about his survival. At that time, Baba went to Bhagoji's house and gave him some medicines. Further, he branded Bhagoji with hot iron rod on his back and on both ears. He took Baba's teerth which cured his disease, though he remained partially disfigured by that time. But, Baba did not allow his disease to become worse. He was a sort of attendant to Baba and was one among the closet to Baba. He was always engaged in the regular service to Baba.

Raghuji Shinde was his elder brother and was a servant of Baba. Raghuji along with five others were arrested on a charge of outraging the modesty of a Marwari woman and based on the evidence of a number of eye witnesses, all the six accused were convicted to six months imprisonment. During those days, there were always several political party factions in Shirdi similar to other villages. But Tatya Patil's sympathy was on the side of the accused. Tatya took a copy of the judgement order and went to eminent lawyers like G S. Kapharde, Kakasaheb Dixit and H. V. Sathe who were at that time in Shirdi. On scrutiny, all of them found that the evidence and the judgement order very strong and they did not give any hope of success in the appeal. Then Tatya went to Baba and prayed to Baba. Then Baba told Tatya Patil, "Go to Bhau (S. B. Dhumal)". As per Baba's order, Tatya approached Dhumal with all the papers. After going through the evidence recorded and judgement order, he found hardly any hope of success in preferring the appeal. Then Dhumal told Tatya that there were no chances of success in preferring an appeal and finally told Tatya to employ any eminent lawyer and try. **But Tatya told him that Baba asked him to approach Dhumal. At this stage, he simply obeyed Baba's orders and prepared the appeal papers.** He then went to the residence of the District Magistrate, who was a senior European Officer. Initially, the Magistrate, without receiving or reading the relevant papers, questioned him about the matter and he told the magistrate the facts of the case and also **told him that in a village noted for party factions, any number of evidences could be produced. Raghuji Shinde was in the jail for having been falsely implicated in the case. Raghuji was always praying Baba for his release. On the third night, Baba appeared in his dream and said, "Do not be afraid. I will release all of you."** The Magistrate ordered the release without referring to the papers of the Lower Court or without consulting the Public Prosecutor and the Magistrate orally acquitted all the appellants. This and the curiosity questions asked by the Magistrate about Baba clearly indicated **the invisible power of Baba that had worked the miracle.** In the very next morning, the warder woke up Raghuji from his sleep and announced, "Go ! You have been released." **This had happened in 1911. This indicates Baba's powers in reversing Judgements already delivered based on strong evidence.** The Magistrate incidentally enquired Dhumal about Baba-whether he was a Muslim or a Hindu and to this enquiry, he replied saying that Baba was neither a Muslim nor a Hindu and that he was above them.

As regards daily routine of Baba, he would get up before the dawn and meditate while sitting leaning on

the pillar by the side of the *dhuni* (holy fire) and then used to sit before the *dhuni*. No one was allowed to see what he was doing at that time. **While sitting before the dhuni, he would perform some mystic signs with hands and chant words like, "Yaade Haq," "Allah Vali Hai," and "Allah Maalik Hai".** Only Abdul Baba and Madhav Fasle would then enter the mosque and do the normal housekeeping work, such as sweeping the floor of the mosque, trimming the wicks of the lamps and refilling them with oil, and placing the firewood near the *dhuni*. As the day broke, **Bhagoji was the first to enter the mosque in the early morning, every day.** Bagoji used to fill up the *chillum* (smoking pipe) and light it. Then Baba would smoke and pass it on to Bhagoji. He used to smoke and return it to Baba. After few such exchanges, Bhagoji would go back to his home after massaging Baba's hands and feet. Baba used to smoke the *chillum* given by Bhagoji with great love and affection. By about 7-30 A.M. or so, this routine would be over and by that time the devotees were ready to enter the mosque for the darshan of Baba. **Baba would describe to them how he had protected his devotees who were far away from any harm during the previous night, and how he had conveyed those who died during the night, safely to heaven.** The devotees would later learn that whatever Baba had stated was true when the devotees from distant places came to Shirdi to thank Baba for his help and narrate their experiences.

Bhagoji's house, known as Shindewada, is just behind Laxmibai Shinde's house and is also near the Chavadi. The compound of Shindewada is adjacent to a pharmacy run by a relative of Bhagoji. He accompanied Baba to Lendibagh and had the privilege of carrying an umbrella over Baba's head to give him shade, on all occasions.

Once Baba saved a child from falling into a burning furnace by putting his own hand in the dhuni in the masjid and getting it burnt and saved the life of a child. This happened in 1910 on a Diwali day when Baba was sitting before the *dhuni* and pushing faggots into the burning *dhuni* and suddenly put his hand and got it burnt. Seeing this, Shama dragged Baba back and enquired why he did like this. **Baba immediately said that the wife of a blacksmith while working on the bellows of a furnace at a far off place in a hurry slipped her child into the burning furnace and that to protect the child from falling into the furnace Baba put his hand in the dhuni and got it burnt and saved the life of the child.** Instead of the child being burnt, he got his hand burnt and Baba thus took over on him the death-risk of the child.

Nanasaheb Chandorkar brought a famous doctor by the name, Dr. Paramanand from Bombay to Shirdi for Baba's treatment. But, **Baba did not allow the doctor to examine his hand.** Instead, he asked Bhagoji to apply ghee to the burnt portion of his hand, place the leaf of a tree on it and then bandage it very tightly. Nanasaheb Chandorkar solicited Baba many a time to unfasten the bandage and get the wound examined and dressed and treated by Dr. Parmanand, with the object that it might be healed quickly. **Dr. Parmanand himself made similar requests, but Baba declined, saying that Allah was his Doctor;** and did not allow his arm to be examined by Dr. Paramanand. But the doctor had the good fortune of having a darshan of Baba. With the passage of time, the hand got cured of the burns. Even then, every day in early morning, Bhagoji used to remove the old bandage, massage the portion of hand, then once again apply ghee and tie a fresh bandage and this process continued for eight years, even after Baba's hand was cured and this continued till Baba's Mahasamadhi.

Baba, being a perfect Siddha, did not really want this treatment, but out of love to his devotee, he allowed Bhagoji to continue to do this service uninterruptedly all along. Baba perhaps wanted Bhagoji to do this work uninterruptedly till his Mahasamadhi, only to bless him because of his past

karmas (misdeeds in earlier lives). In the early mornings. this was the work Bhagoji did to Baba every day, besides other items of service.

During 1916 on the Vijayadasami day, Baba all of a sudden in a fit of anger, removed his head dress, *kafni* and also *langota*, tore them into pieces and threw all of them into the *dhuni*. And then **Baba shouted in high pitch and in anger, asking all the people present there in the masjid to have a close look at his body and find out whether he was a Muslim or a Hindu.** Everyone in the masjid was shocked and trembled in fear. But Bhagoji who was there in the masjid at that time, came to Baba and tied a *langoti* to Baba who became cool and calm in that night. Even otherwise, many devotees knew that **Baba was a Hindu and his bodily signs confirmed that position.**

Though he was suffering from leprosy, his fingers had shrunk, his body was full of pus and was emanating stench badly, he was really very lucky and fortunate, for he was the prominent servant of Baba, and got the benefit of his company continuously. **Bagoji, at the instance of Baba, was also giving Baba's *udhi* (holy ash) to the devotees visiting Shirdi and was also putting the *udhi* in the mouths of some of the devotees. Though he was doing all these things on the orders of Baba, none suffered any ailment due to his handling of the *udhi*.**

Bhagoji continued this service till Baba's Mahasamadhi. Really, **Bhagoji was very fortunate to have the honour of being in the close company of Baba.**

At the time of Baba's Mahasamadhi, there were seven devotees in the masjid and Bhagoji Shinde was one among them. Then Baba gave Rs.9/- to Laxmibai Shinde. Then Baba said that he did not feel well in the masjid and that he should be taken to the Dagadiwada (stone building) of Booty where he would be alright and with these words, Baba leaned on Bayaji's body and went into Mahasamadhi. Bhagoji observed that his breathing had stopped and he immediately told about this to Nanasaheb Nimonkar who was sitting below. **Thus he was one of the few devotees who served Baba till his Mahasamadhi. His was indeed a blessed soul.**

(Compiled by : Bondada Janardhana Rao - bonjanrao.blogspot.com)

Experiences of Sai Devotees

Let the world go topsy-turvy

Shirdi Sai always used to say, “Let the world go topsy-turvy, you remain calm wherever you are”. My recent experience made me internalize this teaching from Baba practically.

In 2016, my father met with an accident and if he could walk somehow after that severe accident, it was all by the grace of Sai-Baba. As soon as my father got discharged from the hospital, my mother got diagnosed with cancer.

I was completely shaken that time with the turn of the events. Mother’s treatment started and by Baba’s grace all seemed to go well. Every six months, certain tests had to be repeated to continue monitoring the progress of the treatment plan. Last week during follow up of her treatment, the test reports came back showing flare up/resurgence of her cancer.

To take another opinion, we repeated the tests from a different hospital; however, to our disappointment, the results came out to be the same. I was anxious and had sleepless nights worrying about the matter. In order to confirm the presence or absence of cancer resurgence, finally the Cancer Specialist who we were consulting advised to do the biopsy test in Pune. Finally, the biopsy test was done and after the test, I came and cried the whole night in front of Baba’s photo and prayed for a favourable report. My mother is the fulcrum of my life.

But then I remembered Baba’s saying that “Let the world go topsy-turvy, you remain calm where you are, surrendering all the things to him,”, I kept on chanting Om Sai Ram.

As Baba knows better, since He is omnipresent. We had the test done on last Monday and went to Thursday morning to get the report. Today Thursday morning, I went to hospital to get my Mother’s report.

My hands were trembling with fear while opening the envelope and go through the report. As soon as I got the report, I sunk in a chair and opened it slowly. Wonder of wonders I experienced today, that my Mother’s report was good. The Biopsy test ruled out the resurgence of cancer. I cannot describe the sense of relief that I underwent and cannot stop thanking Baba for his grace and help. Sai always helps!

(Posted by Monali on January 16, 2020 : Saburi : You are in Sai World)

Tales and Parables of Sri Ramakrishna

What is in your heart?

Once upon a time, there were two friends. One day they were going along a street when they saw some people listening to a reading of the Bhagavata Katha.

“Come, friend,” said the one to the other, “let us hear the sacred book.” So saying he went in and sat down. The second man peeped in and went away.

He entered a house where a prostitute lives. But very soon he felt disgusted with the place. “Shame on me!” he said to himself. “My friend has been listening to the sacred word of Hari and see where I am!”

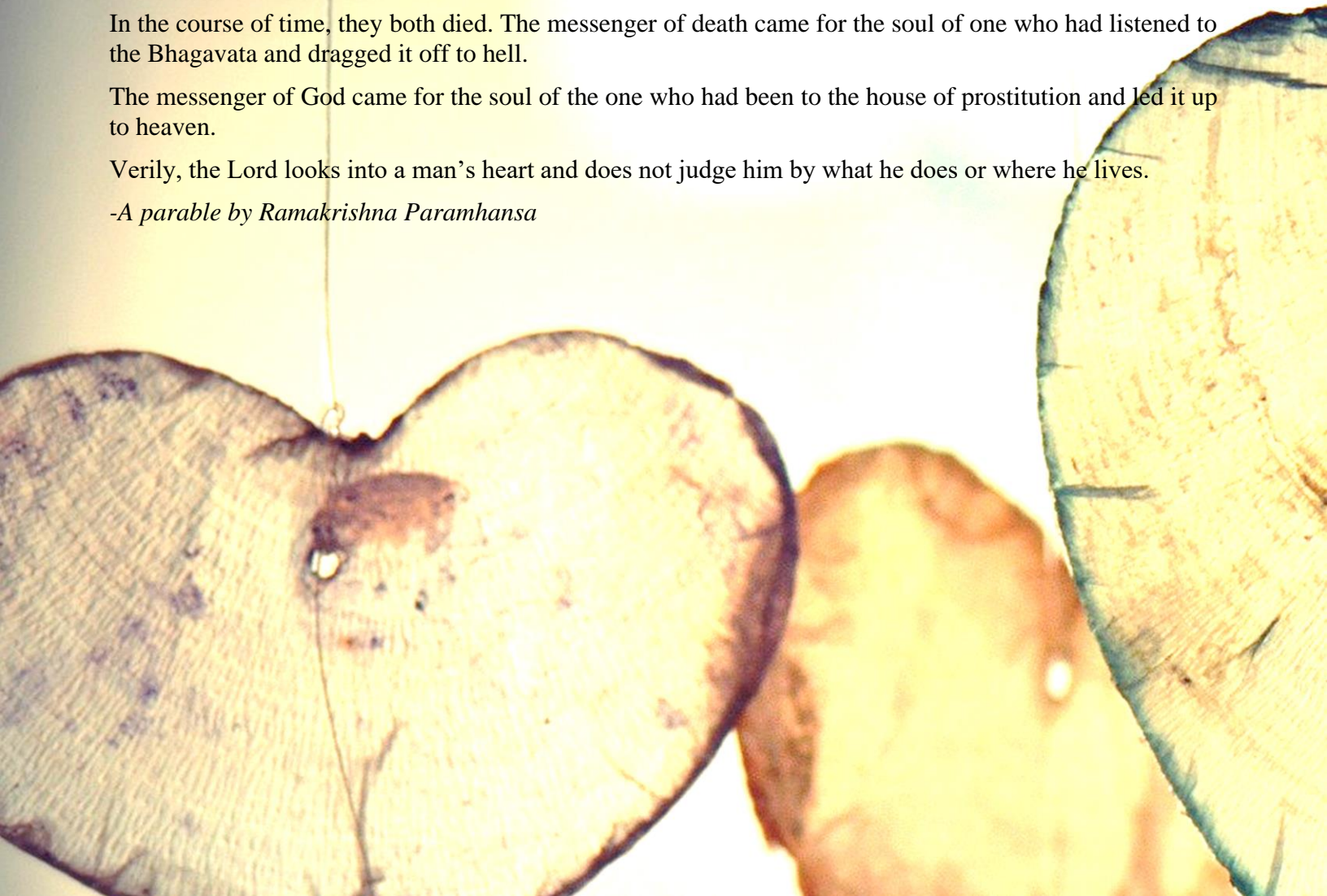
But the friend who had been listening to the Bhagavata also became disgusted. “What a fool I am!” he said to himself. “I have been listening to this fellow’s blah-blah, and my friend is having a great time.”

In the course of time, they both died. The messenger of death came for the soul of one who had listened to the Bhagavata and dragged it off to hell.

The messenger of God came for the soul of the one who had been to the house of prostitution and led it up to heaven.

Verily, the Lord looks into a man’s heart and does not judge him by what he does or where he lives.

-A parable by Ramakrishna Paramhansa



The Parable of Jatila and Madhusudhan

In a village in India, there was once a little boy whose name was Jatila.

Jatila's mother was a widow and had no one to help her. She earned a little money by spinning yarn. She and Jatila always had just enough to eat, but they were very poor. Every day Jatila's mother prayed to Sri Krishna. She asked Sri Krishna to help her look after her little boy because she wanted him to grow up into a strong and good man.

When Jatila was old enough, his mother sent him to school. The school was far away in the next village and to get there, Jatila had to walk through a forest.

The tall trees in the forest made the footpath very dark, and Jatila felt afraid. Some trees had long low branches that looked like arms trying to catch him. Other trees had creepers growing on them, and the stems of the creepers looked like huge snakes.

"I wish I had someone with me," Jatila thought to himself. "It wouldn't be so bad if I had someone to talk to." However, Jatila was alone, so he hurried on and reached the school as quickly as he could.

Jatila was happy at school. He liked the teacher and during playtime; he had some fun with the other boys. When school was over, however, and it was time to go home, Jatila suddenly remembered that he would again have to walk through the forest. It was much worse this time. The forest was darker than ever and there were strange shadows everywhere. There were those arms, always trying to catch him! In addition, there were those things, like snakes climbing up the trunks of the trees. Jatila began to run. He ran and ran all the way through the forest and did not stop until he reached home.

As soon as he saw his mother, Jatila began to cry.

"What has happened?" enquired his mother. She took him on her lap to comfort him. "Did the teacher scold you?"

"Oh, no, Mother," replied Jatila. "I was happy at school. But it is the forest, Mother. It's such a long way through the forest, and I'm all alone, so I feel afraid."

"But there's nothing to be afraid of in the forest," said his mother. "You'll soon get used to it."

"No, Mother," said Jatila. "I feel very frightened. Please send someone with me."

"But whom can I send, Jatila?" replied his mother. "There is no one who can go with you."

Jatila's mother closed her eyes and seemed to be thinking very hard. Suddenly she opened them again and her face lit up with a smile.

"Of course!" she cried. "How silly of me to forget. There is your big brother in the forest. He will go with you and take care of you."

Jatila was astonished. "Big brother?" he said. "Have I got a big brother, Mother?"

"Yes, child," she said. "His name is Madhusudhan."

“But where is he, Mother?” asked Jatila. “Why doesn’t he live here with us?”

“He lives in the forest,” his mother answered. “He looks after the cows there. But if you call to him tomorrow on your way to school, I am sure he will leave his cows and walk with you through the forest.”

Jatila was very happy. Now, instead of feeling afraid of the forest he was longing for the next day to come so that he could run quickly to the forest and see his big brother there.

Early the next morning Jatila said good-bye to his mother and went off to school. His mother stood at the door of her cottage watching him as he hurried eagerly towards the forest. “Oh, Madhusudhan,” she prayed, “Please take care of my little boy.”

As soon as Jatila entered the forest, he stood still. “Oh, big brother Madhusudhan,” he called. “Please come and walk with me through the forest.”

Jatila waited and listened, but no one answered, and no one came. “He must be a long way off,” thought Jatila. “I’ll call louder.” So again, he called, as loud as he could, but still no one came

“I know he is here in the forest,” Jatila said to himself, “and I know he will come because Mother said he would.”

Repeatedly Jatila called to his big brother, but still no one came.

Jatila began to cry. “Mother said you would come,” he sobbed. “Where are you?”

At that moment, Jatila heard the sound of a flute... Such sweet music he had never heard. The music came closer and closer, and then at last Jatila saw a boy coming towards him down the forest path. He was a most handsome boy. On his head, he wore a crown, bright and beautiful, with a peacock’s feather in it. He was playing the flute, and he seemed to shine with happiness.

Jatila joyfully ran to the handsome boy. “Are you Madhusudhan, my big brother?” he asked. “Mother said that if I called to you, you would leave your cows and walk with me through the forest. I have to go to school, you see.”

“Yes, I am your big brother,” replied the boy. “Come along, I’ll walk with you through the forest.”

Jatila walked with his big brother and told him about his life at home and how glad he was that he was now big enough to go to school. He quite forgot how frightened he had felt the day before.

When they came to the end of the forest path, Madhusudhan stopped. “I shall go back now,” he said. “But will you walk with me again in the evening?” Jatila asked. “I shall feel very frightened if you don’t come.” “Oh, yes,” replied Madhusudhan. “Just call to me and I will come to you.”

Every morning and every evening, as soon as he reached the forest, Jatila called to his big brother. And always his big brother came and walked with him. Jatila talked to him happily about his mother and about everything that happened at school, and Madhusudhan listened and sometimes played his flute.

One evening on his way home from school, Jatila told his big brother about a feast they were going to have at school. The teacher had said that every child must bring something to the feast. “And tomorrow,” Jatila explained, “I shall have to say what I am going to take.”

“Well, what are you going to take?” asked Madhusudhan.

“I don’t know,” replied Jatila. “We are very poor, you see. Perhaps I won’t be able to take anything.”

“Ask Mother about it,” Madhusudhan said. “She will know what to do.”

When Jatila asked his mother what he would be able to take to the feast, she looked very sad. “I have nothing to give you, Jatila,” she said. “And I have no money, so I cannot buy anything either. Why don’t you ask your big brother about it?”

“He told me to ask you about it,” Jatila replied. “He said you would know what to do.”

His mother smiled. “Did he?” she said. “Very well. Tell him that I depend upon him.”

The next morning on his way to school, Jatila explained to his big brother that his mother was so poor to send anything to the feast. “She said she depended upon you,” Jatila added.

“All right,” Madhusudhan replied laughing, “tell your teacher that you will bring curds to the feast. And tell him that you will bring enough for everyone.”

Jatila laughed. “It will have to be a very big pot of curds then,” he said, “because there will be about twenty of us.”

The day of the feast came and Jatila ran happily to meet his big brother in the forest. He was eagerly looking forward to taking that big pot of curds to school. His big brother came walking down the forest path as usual, and he brought with him a pot of curds.

“Give this to your teacher,” said Madhusudhan as he gave it to Jatila.

Jatila took the pot but he looked at it sadly. “It was not a big pot at all. It was a very small pot. There would be curds only for about six people,” he thought.

Madhusudhan looked at Jatila’s sad face. “Give it to your teacher,” he said. “It will be enough.”

When Jatila’s teacher saw the small pot of curds, he was very angry. “You promised to bring curds for everyone,” he said, “so I did not arrange for anymore. What is the use of this small pot of curds when there are so many of us? You have spoiled the feast, Jatila.”

The small pot of curds was placed on one side. The feast was nearly over when the teacher remembered it. “We should not waste the curds,” he said. “A few children may have some. Jatila, bring the pot of curds.”

Jatila took the pot and gave some curds to three or four children.

Then he noticed something very strange. As he took curds out of the pot, it filled up again. Therefore, he walked down the two rows of children and put plenty of curds on each child’s leaf-plate.

The teacher watched Jatila in amazement. “Jatila,” he cried, “you have given curds to everyone. How did you do that? I thought you brought only one small pot of curds.”

“Yes, sir,” Jatila replied. “This is the pot. But look, it is still full.”

“Impossible!” cried the teacher. “Where did you get this pot of curds from? Tell me at once.

“Sir,” said Jatila, “my big brother gave it to me.”

“Your big brother? I didn’t know you had a big brother,” the teacher said.

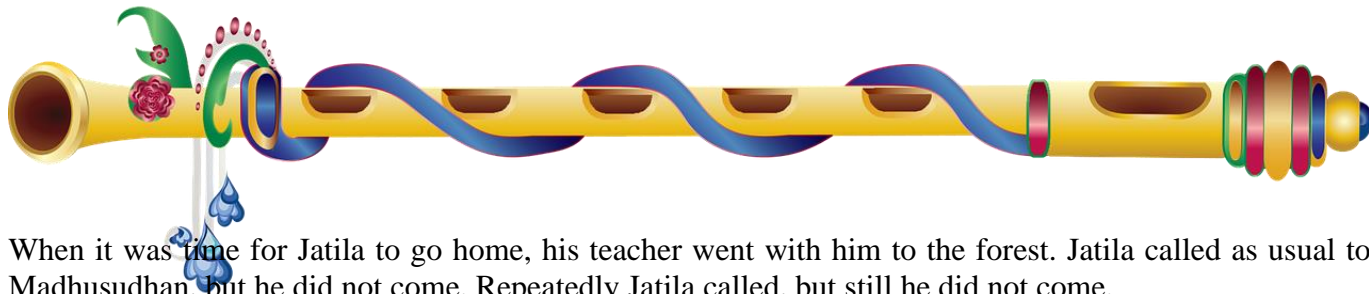
“I didn’t know either,” replied Jatila, “until I began to come to school. He walks with me through the forest, you see.”

“But where does he live? What is his name?” asked the teacher, feeling greatly puzzled.

Jatila then told his teacher all about Madhusudhan—what he did, what he looked like, and how sweetly he could play the flute.

“Jatila,” said the teacher, “I would like to see this big brother of yours. Can I go with you to meet him?”

“Oh, yes, of course,” replied Jatila eagerly. “Come with me to the forest this evening. I have only to call him and he comes to me.



When it was time for Jatila to go home, his teacher went with him to the forest. Jatila called as usual to Madhusudhan, but he did not come. Repeatedly Jatila called, but still he did not come.

“I think, Jatila,” said the teacher, “that you have not been speaking the truth. You have no big brother who lives in the forest.”

Jatila began to cry. “It is true. It is true,” he wept. “I have a big brother, I tell you. His name is Madhusudhan. He gave me the curds.”

“Where is he, then?” said the teacher.

“Oh, big brother Madhusudhan,” called Jatila loudly. “You must come to me now. You must. If you don’t, my teacher will never believe that I have spoken the truth.”

At that moment, Jatila heard the sound of a flute. “There!” he cried, “He is coming! See how beautifully he plays the flute.”

The teacher listened to the flute and eagerly looked around for the player. Still Madhusudhan did not come. Instead, a beautiful voice spoke from somewhere among the trees of the forest. “Jatila,” said the voice, “it will be a long time yet before your teacher is able to see me. You have seen me, Jatila, because of your mother. She is pure, good, and full of faith. She begged me to take care of you in the forest and that is why I came to walk with you every day. You have seen me because your mother had faith in me and because you had faith in your mother.”

Then, at last, Jatila understood. His big brother who lived in the forest really was Madhusudhan.

Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa once said, **“You see many stars in the sky at night, but not when the sun rises. Can you therefore say that there are no stars in the heavens during the day? Because you cannot find God in the days of your ignorance, say not that there is no God.”**

Inspiring Stories

Merchant's Caravan

Long long ago, there was a merchant and he was travelling with his caravan through a dense forest. Merchant had cautioned all his fellow travellers to not do anything without asking him first. That included going off the track or touching something or eating fruits of any tree.

The caravan reached near a village and just at the entrance of the village; there was a tree whose fruits looked very ripe and attractive. The people of the caravan were very hungry and tired. The journey was very strenuous. They lacked energy and were sustaining themselves with whatever little amount of food they were left with. The moment some people got to see the tree laden with enticing fruits; they rushed to eat them. The merchant looked at the tree and at once asked them to not go near the tree. He shouted and asked them not to eat the fruits of the tree. However, some people disregarded merchant's advice and started plucking the fruits. They ate the fruits.

Rest of the people though were very hungry and even though they desperately wanted to relieve their hunger by eating the fruit; they decided to control their urge and follow merchant's instruction instead. The initial few people who did not pay heed to merchant's advice and had eaten the fruits immediately collapsed to the ground and their body turned blue and black.

The merchant told that the fruits were poisonous. The remaining people could not believe what he said and wondered how the merchant knew this. Merchant told that even though it was the first time he had seen those fruits, he came to the conclusion that the fruits were not fit to be consumed because in spite of being so close to the village; the tree was full of attractive and ripe fruits. If the fruits were fit for consumption, the villagers would have certainly plucked them by this time and hence he advised them to not eat the fruits. All the people became pleasantly surprised by merchant's revelation. They felt themselves lucky that the merchant was leading their group.

Moral of the story: Apply wisdom and discretion and not let urges of senses tempt you.

Story of Every Man

One day the Lord Vishnu was sitting in a deep cave within a far mountain meditating with his disciple. Upon the completion of the meditation, the disciple was so moved that he prostrated himself at Vishnu's feet. He begged to perform some service for his Lord in gratitude. Vishnu smiled and shook his head, "It will be most difficult for you to repay me in actions for what I have just given you freely."

"Please Lord," the disciple said, "allow me the grace of serving you."

"Very well," Vishnu relented, "I would like a nice cool cup of water". "At once Lord," the disciple said, and he ran down the mountain singing in joy.

After a while, he came to a small house at the edge of a beautiful valley and knocked at the door. "May I please have a cool cup of water for my Master," he called. "We are wandering sannyasins and have no home on this earth."

A wondrous maiden answered his call and looked at him with undisguised adoration. "Ah," she whispered, "you must serve that holy saint upon the far mountain. Please, Good sir, enter my house and bestow your blessing therein."

"Forgive my rudeness," he answered, "but I am in haste. I must return to my Master with his water immediately."

"Surely, just your blessing won't upset him. After all he is a great holy man, and as his disciple you are obligated to help those of us who are less fortunate. Please," she repeated, "just your blessing for my humble house. It is such an honour to have you here and to be enabled to serve the Lord through you."

So the story goes, he relented, and entered the house and blessed all therein. And then it was time for dinner. And he was persuaded to stay and further the blessing by partaking of her food (thereby making it also holy), and since it was so late – and so far back to the mountain, and he might slip in the dark and spill the water – he was persuaded to sleep there that night and get an early start in the morning. But in the morning, the cows were in pain because there was no one to help her milk them. And if he could just help her once (after all, cows are sacred to the Lord Krishna, and should not be in pain) it would be so wondrous.

And days became weeks, and still, he remained. They were married and had numerous children. He worked the land well and brought forth good harvests. He purchased more land and put it under cultivation. Soon his neighbours looked to him for advice and help, and he gave it freely. His family prospered. Temples were built through his effort. Schools and hospitals replaced the jungle, and the valley became a jewel upon the earth. Harmony prevailed where only wilderness had been. And many flocked to the valley as news of its prosperity and peace spread throughout the land.

There was no poverty or disease there, and all men sang their praises to God as they worked. He watched his children grow and have their own children, and it was good. One day as an old man, as he stood upon a low hill facing the valley, he thought of all that had transpired since he had arrived: farms and happy prosperity as far as the eye could see. And he was pleased. Suddenly there was a great tidal wave, and as he watched, it flooded the whole valley, and in an instant all was gone. Wife, children, farms, schools, neighbours – all gone.

He stared, bewildered, at the holocaust that spread before him. And then he saw riding upon the face of the waters his Master, Vishnu, who looked at him and smiled sadly, and said, "I'm still waiting for my water!"

This is the story of man. This is what has happened to everybody. We have completely forgotten why we are here, why we came in the first place. What to learn, what to earn, what to know, who we are and from whence and to where, what is our source and the cause of our journey into life, into body, in the world, and what we have attained up to now. And if a tidal wave comes – and it is going to come, it always comes; its name is death – all will be gone: children, family, name, fame, money, power, prestige.

All will be gone in a single moment, and you will be left alone, utterly alone. And all that you had done will be undone by the tidal wave. All that you had worked for will prove nothing but a dream, and your hands and your heart will be empty. And you will have to face the Lord, you will have to face existence. And the existence has been waiting for you; long, long it has been waiting for you to bring something for which you had been sent in the first place. But you have fallen asleep, and you are dreaming a thousand and one dreams. All that you have been doing up to now is nothing but a dream, because death comes, and all is washed away.

Source: "The Secret of Secrets, Volume 2"
– Osho



POEMS

Inspiring sayings of Atisa

Atisa was a Buddhist monk originating from Bengal. These are simple sayings; however, each one of these is so deep and one can spend hours reflecting on the meaning of each one of these and come renewed in spirits and awakening.

The greatest achievement is selflessness.

The greatest worth is self-mastery.

The greatest quality is seeking to serve others.

The greatest precept is continual awareness.

The greatest medicine is the emptiness of everything.

The greatest action is not conforming with the world's ways.

The greatest magic is transmuting the passions.

The greatest generosity is non-attachment.

The greatest goodness is a peaceful mind.

The greatest patience is humility.

The greatest effort is not concerned with results.

The greatest meditation is a mind that lets go.

The greatest wisdom is seeing through appearances.



Showers of ambrosia at Shirdi

Once Shirdi was indeed a remote location
Where farming was the main vocation.
Soon there came a surprise
It became a holy paradise
It witnessed the Advent of the Divine
The name of Sai shall always shine.
His ways and miracles created a curiosity
How lamps without oil were lit by the Universal Luminosity.
He was an embodiment of Patience and Fortitude
His endeavour was to reform us and change our attitude.
The village folk had a bird's eye view of all His magnificent features
To learn to see Him as an indweller of all the creatures.
The soil of Shirdi had the fortune of providential rain
Showers of Ambrosia were there to remove our grief and pain.
For our souls and salvation to meet
We must remember to take shelter at His Lotus Feet

(Posted by rajivkaicker on May 22, 2019 : Saburi : You are in Sai World)



Abode of Tranquillity and Spirituality

The village of Shirdi was a remote unknown place
By its destiny, fortune and Divine Grace.
The advent of Mother Sai it witnessed
By the touch of His Lotus Feet its soil was blessed.

Sai inculcated in us the virtues of Shraddha and Saburi
And to accept all situations without fear and fury.
He taught us the lesson of Unity of Humanity
And get rid of greed, anger, hatred and vanity.

His sojourn on earth led to a silent revolution
Our minds and souls experienced a spiritual evolution.
Baba showed that all creatures had the same spark of Divinity
And taught us to face happiness or sorrow with equanimity.

After becoming formless, Sai still pervades this Divine Paradise
The number of pilgrims to Shirdi continues to rise
Without any distinction, all devotees witness equality
Shirdi has become an abode of tranquillity and spirituality.

(Posted by rajivkaicker on November 9, 2019 : Saburi : You are in Sai World)



Sai – the eternal charioteer

Sai is the Inner Ruler of all Creation,
He is always with us in any situation,
Removing the cobwebs of bondage,
To encrypt His Name on Life's Page.
His ways are mysterious,
His concern for mankind is serious,
His incredible lessons are a boon,
In taming our ego to free us soon.
Sai teaches us to foster Shraddha and Saburi,
To face the vicissitudes of human life and its fury,
We learn to be in a state of Everlasting Bliss,
Communion with Him we shall never miss.
Our Sadguru is the Eternal Charioteer,
Who pulls our invisible strings like a Puppeteer,
He uses His chisel to shape us to
reach our Final Destination,
Ending the vicious circle of journeys on
earth to attain Salvation.

(Posted by rajivkaicker on May 22, 2019 : Saburi : You are in Sai World)

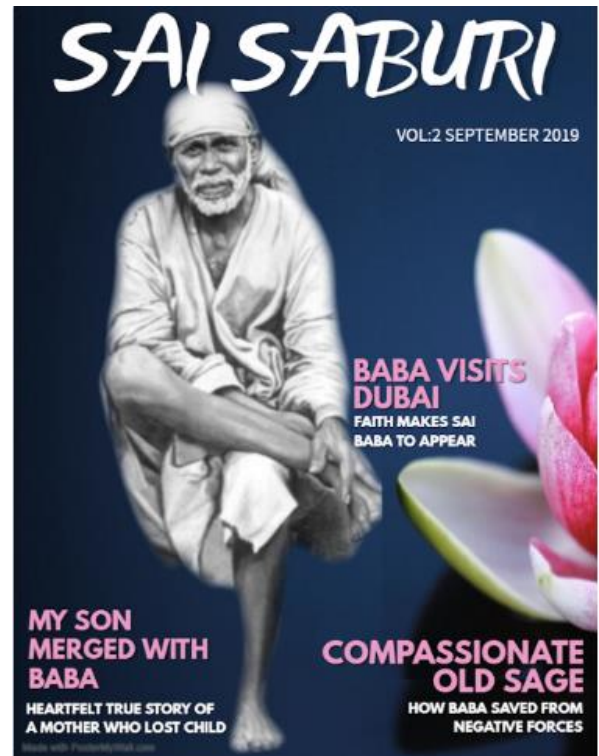
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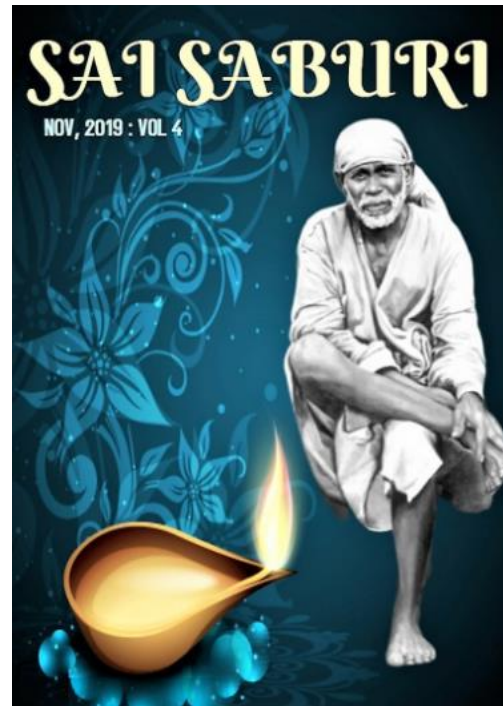
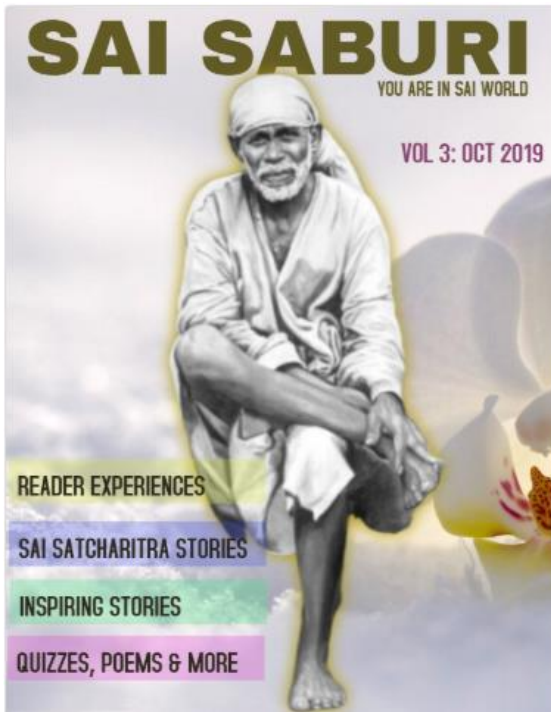


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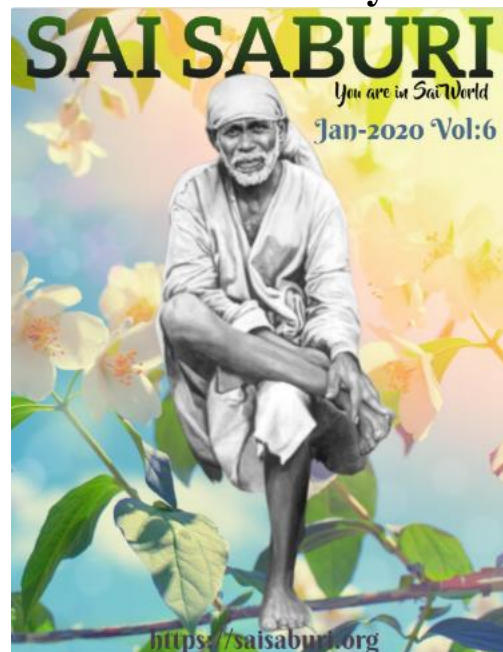
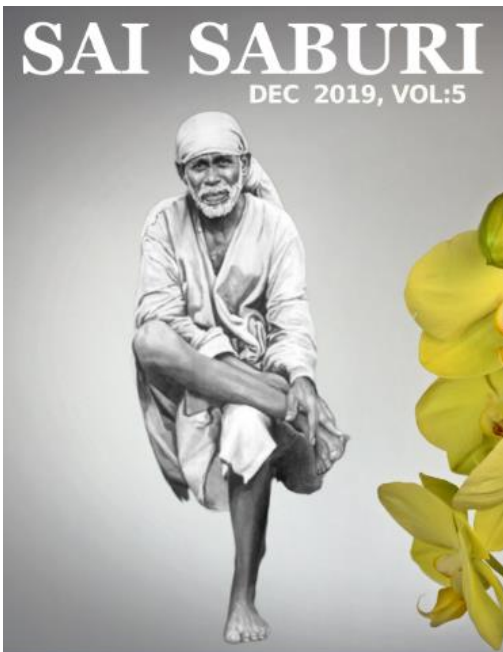
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Can you spare few minutes for Guru?

Dear Friends, Sai Ram to you. Guru's presence is an important element of spirituality in our lives. Guru provides us with Guidance, Solace & acts as our Guiding Light. Sadguru Sai-Baba had said that it is He who draws people closer to Him.

Website <https://saisaburi.org> was formed to facilitate spiritual growth of everyone associated with it, be it the readers or the team working towards the website.

If you want to be part of the website team and would like to offer your time/talent in any way; please, reach us out on editor@saisaburi.org or admin@saisaburi.org

With Love, Light & Peace to you.

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