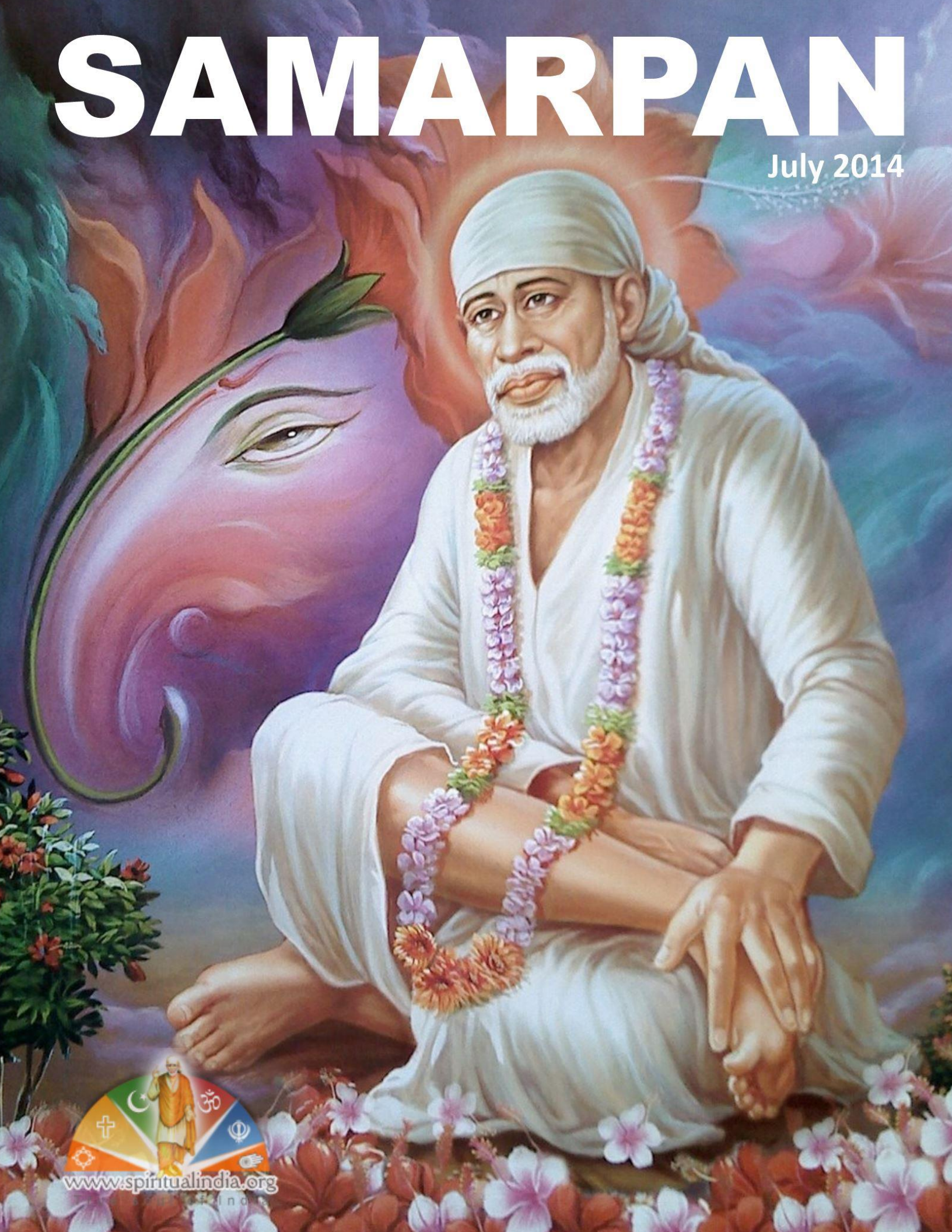


# SAMARPAN

July 2014





## Editorial

**By: Ashok Jain**

Dear friends, it has been sometime since I last contacted you all. I have been extremely fortunate to be able to correspond with you through this editorial. In the past I had even received replies from some of you and I am thankful to you all for that. I have quite a few things to share with you and as I am pretty bad at organizing my thoughts so please bear with me and this unorganized editorial.

We are all travelers and traveling to our destiny and that destiny is towards happiness & knowledge. We do everything in our life to be happy, to be content. We toil from morning to evening seeking pleasure in this life. Every effort we make is for happiness. We all have different ideas of happiness and we all seek happiness in different aspects. Not everyone is happy and not every effort results in happiness. While we live our life, we also try to understand our life in our own ways. We try to understand ourselves via interworking of relationships; our relation to our family, office, society and this world. We feel good if we see ourselves fitting in some way into the schemes of this world.

However, know that this world is sometimes like a furious wave and unless we learn to sail smoothly we will go where we might not have wanted to reach. We do almost everything observing what others do in our family & society. While this is good to preserve learnings, knowledge and lessons; it can have the exact opposite effect if learning is devoid of knowledge, if knowledge is devoid of rationality and if lessons don't have explanations. Faith cannot be blind; faith has to be the guiding light. Faith is the boat used to sail across the ocean of life. Faith is not the end; faith is the means by which we will achieve our ends. Patience is hallmark of faith; one who is faithful will patiently carry out its duties to meet the end. Patience and faith are not the ultimate destinations; they are vehicles to take us further in our lives. And we need these vehicles.

Whatever little I have learnt in this

life, it has been of the utmost clarity to



### Samarpan Team

*Ashok, Anisha, Nikhil, Divya,  
Vidya, Mythili, Poornima, Kirtida,  
Lorraine, Sabina and Ravi*

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me that knowledge is the first step towards reaching God. Right knowledge is the foundation upon which our life-track is built. Without gaining right knowledge, all actions will only bind us further to this world and we will not be able to get rid of our misery. Good conduct without right knowledge will always have a shaky basis and would not be able to sustain itself during tough times, during times of trouble. Mere knowledge is also not enough. We might carry knowledge as a beast carries a burden. The beast can carry its load everywhere, but he can never be the owner of the load. Similarly, without right conduct, we cannot become masters of knowledge and we cannot own that. Right knowledge leads to right conduct and each and every-one of us should devote time to read, to know, to question and to explore knowledge available in this world. Apart from the knowledge related to everyday living, we should also aspire to gain knowledge handed down to us by saints, sages, prophets & gurus.

Without knowledge conducts become lifeless; we will fall into darkness of superstitions and wrong-beliefs. Lack of knowledge also leads to exploitation from others. In spiritual/religious field exploitation is even more rampant. I am not going to deal into the exploitation in detail here, I am sure if you are wise you will understand.

Life is short and is very valuable; however, it is not easy to grasp the value of life given to us. When we leave this body, however hard we might try we cannot extend our life, we would not be able to enter into the body. We will not be able to do any task which we are able to do every-day. Remember that death is not our relative or friend; it is not going to inform us before it comes. Let us use this life wisely. May we be able to make use of every second of this precious human life constructively! May we all be enlightened, may we all be filled with bliss and wisdom! Peace and plenty of love to you. Om Sai Ram!



# *Spiritual Experiences*



## **Baba guided my Life at every stage**

**By: Revthi Murugesan**

I have doubts in my own thoughts and never committed my faith to Sai Baba completely. I am not sure if I should have faith in Baba or not. However, I would like to share my experience with you all.

My parents were seeking marriage alliance for me and the search continued for more than ten years and they were mentally tired of it. I happened to have a friend who wanted to marry me and when I took the matter to my parents they refused and his parents refused as well. I waited to marry him for five years. The wait was depressive. I used to pray to all Gods that I knew. My roommate used to worship Sai Baba and I said to myself "ok why not him also". I read Sai Satcharitra - I couldn't complete more than 4-5 chapters, possibly because I did not believe in him whole heartedly. I was just praying for material gain and for my own selfish desire. Finally my marriage was fixed with a different guy who did not have a job on a par with mine and was not even from the same caste, but I was the one who selected him. I don't know how God's leela works in our life. However, after two years of marriage, I know for sure that Sai-Baba blessed me with a husband who is caring, loving and is calm in nature. I thank all Gods and deities for this.

Around this time, life took another turn as some issues started to crop up at work and my brother-in-law was suspected of having cancer. I devoted myself to Sai and prayed him ceaselessly; I like to pray to Jesus, though I am Hindu. However this time I devoted myself completely to Sai-Baba. I started nine-week vratham and started going to Sai temple every Thursday. During the first week, my brother-in-law had reduced symptoms and by second week the reports came out negative and everything was normal. It was as if Baba had given another lease of life to my brother-in-law. While this issue was settling down, another issue came up in my life. This is related to my Visa. I had always got extensions for three years earlier, however, this time it was only for a year. This was a shock for me; however, I have complete faith in Baba that he probably has a different plan for me. I believe in Him.



## Sai Bhajan Sandhya

**By: Sanyamatreja**

It was 22nd December 2011; the day chosen for Sai Bhajan Sandhya as my sister gave birth to a baby boy after ten years of waiting by the divine grace of Sai-Baba. My sister and her husband had to come from London. All invitations were given. We stay in Delhi. It was winter and due to fog in Delhi and snow in London many flights were cancelled because of the inclement weather. They were scheduled to land the same day of the Sai Sandhya function. Many people were talking about their cancellation of flights. Hence I was very worried as to whether my sister, her husband and her son would be able to come here or not. My husband and I prayed to Sai and started making arrangements for the function to be successful. The caterer, florist, singers, gifts etc. were booked. To my surprise my sister's family landed safely on the same day irrespective of the bad weather in Delhi and also in London. The Sai Sandhya function went so well by the grace of Sai Baba. Sai came in the form of my guru ji. I was really blessed. Thanks to Sai Baba. All went so well and I don't have words to thank Sai Baba how he has always blessed me and helped me in my life every time.



## **Sai Baba helped me raise my sons**

**By: Satish Kohli**

I come from army background as my father was in the Indian army. I was brought up in army like discipline at home and when I grew up I joined the Indian Navy. I had never believed in God. I was never religious by nature. From childhood to the current age of sixty-nine years, I have seen several ups and downs in my life including witnessing deaths. I had participated in 1965 and 1971 wars and was actively involved in on-board activities on warships including INS Vikrant.

I had been part of a happy family with my parents and my sisters. I got married, however, lost my spiritual oriented wife. She was the one who made me believe in God. We were blessed with two sons and I spent my entire life in raising two sons without their mother, educating them and getting them married. All this was possible with the help of Sai-Nath as there was no other female member in my family.

Sai Nath has helped me lead a peaceful life, blessed me with good health and took away all my pains by blessing me all throughout my life. His miracles are countless in my life. You have given a lot Baba to me. I would not have been able to shoulder all responsibilities towards my aged father and my sons without your help, Baba. Baba, you never left me alone and you are everything to me. You are present in every breath of mine and you reside in my soul. Jai Sai Nath.



## Sai one and Sai two

### G. Virucha Gopal

My elder daughter after eight years of married life with continuous treatment and uninterrupted prayers conceived last year. The first month scan result showed one baby which turned to be two babies in the next scan. After a month, we were shocked to know that they were three and the doctor advised us to go for reduction of count by one. She directed us to go to an authorized scan centre which did this reduction at Coimbatore. We went there; however, they didn't have the technology to carry out the needed operation. After coming out of the scan room my daughter laid her head on my shoulder and cried.

Doctor further advised us to go to Chennai and we were happy thinking about Mylapore where our Baba was present. I called up a contact from my phonebook and enquired about accommodation closer to the scan center in Chennai. He advised us to land at Mylapore temple first and accommodation could be found later. We did that and landed at the temple premise. While we were waiting for the person, I took my daughter to pray to Baba. Standing in the line my daughter nearly fainted and the people allowed my daughter to advance in the line. She laid her head on Sai's feet and cried. She told Baba that He had given her three precious gifts; however, He could take anyone or two whom He wanted. She would be happy to conceive even one child. The priest at the temple gave us thulasi water and flowers.

My daughter went for her treatment. The obstetric surgeons in operation theatre concluded that there was one baby lying in a separate bag while there were two others who were twins. They decided not to touch the single baby and instead decided to terminate one of the twin fetuses. We had no choice but to agree to whatever was apt and right. We signed all the relevant papers and the operation was carried out. And by Baba's blessings the operation happened successfully. One day wait in the clinic even after the operation was arduous. More scans were taken and the operation was marked successful. On 20<sup>th</sup> February, 2014 and on Thursday, my daughter was blessed with 2 sons. We are looking for suitable names for them, however, meanwhile we call them Sai-1 and Sai-2. Thank you Baba.





## Shardha and Saburi Helped Me Getting Job

**By: Akshaya Murugan**

This is one of my experiences which I would like to share with you all. Shradha and Saburi are two eyes we need to have in order to experience Sai-Baba's presence in this beautiful earth. I was an average student in my college academics but smart in other activities so I was elected as the class representative. During my final year B.Com our college provided placement opportunities however, my parents dissuaded me to attend the placement sessions as our family had decided to migrate to a different City or state as my father had a huge loss in his business and so I had to find a Job to support my family.



I was not sure about my next course of action. My brother had to join college and Baba was the only hope I could turn to in order for me to get a job in the city to help my family financially. I used to pray to Baba constantly telling Him that I was only an instrument in His hands and I used to chant "Sai Ram" constantly all the times inwardly. My final semester exams got over on 4<sup>th</sup> May 2012. I had started my search for the job in the month of April.



I went with my mother to attend my first job interview. I went to a British English Training School where the interviewer asked me to enroll for certain training courses and those courses were charged. I did not have money to spend on the courses. After a few days I attended another interview with my cousin in a BPO Company where they told me that they would call me if I was selected. We returned home and I was tensed thinking about the result. I prayed to SaiBaba to help me in getting that job. I was constantly asking my mother if I would get that job and my mother always asked to have faith and patience in Baba and that Baba would help me for sure.

One afternoon I received a call from the company and they told me that I made the first round and I was to appear for the second round. I was very happy and thanked Sai-Baba for making this happen. I came with my father for the second round and the interviewer asked me some questions and told that I could join the company in a couple of days if I was interested. My happiness knew no bounds and I thanked Sai-Baba very much and to my surprise I joined the Job on 27<sup>th</sup> April 2012 which was before the semester completion date. Shradha and Saburi helped me get a good Job and I was the only girl in my class who joined a job before completing exams. Sai-Baba is always with us. Om Sri Sai Ram



## Gratitude for Baba

**By: Saigayathri Nandigam**

I used to send articles to our magazine and 3 or 4 of them got published with Baba blessings. I promised Baba that after I given birth to new baby, I would definitely share Baba's miracle to this forum. But I missed my promise for 1 year 4 months; now my son is 1 year 4 months old. I am very sorry Baba for the last two and half years I have not been a contributor to the Spiritual-India forum.

I had prayed to Baba to become pregnant and Baba blessed me within just 5 months of my prayer. I used to fear even injections and do not know how I gave birth to my child. It is just because of Baba. During my pregnancy period, I had no vomiting and no health complaints. I went to office till the delivery date. Everything happened perfectly just because of Baba. I don't know how to thank Baba. But I pray all these miracles should happen to all of us. I love you baba. I should also thank God Siva, for I had just started doing Abhishekam and got pregnant in a few weeks. Please excuse me Baba for this late post.



## **Baba takes care of all my needs**

**By: P G Siva Kumar**

I am a Sai devotee since 2007. Like all Sai devotees, I have also experienced innumerable miracles in my life. Because of God's grace, apart from Shirdi, I have got opportunities to visit Sai temples at Mumbai, Chennai, Ahmedabad, Delhi, Jaipur, Hyderabad, Kanya Kumari and Trivandrum.

Sai is always with us. We have to follow Baba's words in our life; no doubt, God will always be with us in each and every second. Sai will protect not only you but also take care of your entire family. In the current world, Sai gives proper directions to our decision making problems faced in our day to day life.

Around two years back, while I was entering Shirdi border for Sai's darsan at Shirdi, I got a call from my friend regarding a request to purchase a flat at Trivandrum. Similarly, while I was entering the bus at Belapur, Navi Mumbai for Sai Darsan at Shirdi in 2012, I got a phone call regarding my transfer to my native place. Recently I visited Sai Temple at Kanyakumari, Tamil Nadu and did meditation for about three hours and prayed for my son to get a better Job. By Baba's blessings my wish materialized within seven days.

Similarly, I have passed various examinations and interviews, only because of Sai's grace. Remember, we are only instruments in His hand. In order to lead a peaceful life, we should read "Shri Sai Satcharitra" regularly and chant the word 'Sai' always.





## Baba is there whenever you remember Him

**By: Ramkievuri**

I would like to share my experience of Baba's Grace on me during my IBPS exam. I have been in Baba's fold for over six years now. He has been guiding me all throughout, be it in my personal or professional life. This story which I am sharing with you is of my selection in IBPS exam. On the day of the examination while attending 200 questions (five sections of 40 each), I had to clear all five sections with a reasonable cutoff mark to be decided by the Selection Board; the section which I chose to do at the last half an hour had at least 20 questions to be answered, with me having very little time at my disposal and I had to do well in order to stand qualified.



During that time I remembered Baba in my mind and I kept on answering the questions. When the time was over, I noticed that I was able to answer only 12 questions.

My attempt was not good enough as the cut off limit for me to qualify was much higher based on previous year's cutoff. I just left my fate into the hands of Baba and kept calm. To my surprise, after one month when the results were declared, I had cleared the exam with reasonable scores and in the particular section, I scored two marks above the cut off limit. It was a miracle that the cut off marks were lower compared to previous years and I had been called for an interview. Then I realized that Baba always looks after his devotees whenever they need/seek/ask his help or at least remember him.

## Sai Baba Love

**By: M K**

Sai Baba is always there for me and my family. I had a very troubled childhood. I have no good memories from my childhood. When I was in 10<sup>th</sup> I met a boy. We became good friends and he told me about Sai Baba. We started visiting Sai Baba temple whenever we used to meet. Sai gave me someone who loved me and cared for me at the difficult times I was undergoing with no love and care from my family. My faith was getting stronger each time I used to visit the Sai Temple. With Baba's grace I passed out from engineering college and was looking for job. I prayed to Baba to get me married to that person whom I loved so much. We got married without any objection from families. Within a year I became pregnant and my husband asked me to go to my in-laws. They took great care of me during my pregnancy period. My mother-in-law loved me so much and cared for me.

Doctors told me the delivery date would be 12<sup>th</sup> September. On 12<sup>th</sup> September, we went to consult with doctor who asked us to wait for one more day and if nothing happened by the next day, she would induce labour artificially. I cried upon reaching home and during the afternoon when everyone was taking a nap; I started reading Sai Chalisa. I was reading Sai Chalisa every day. After an hour after the reading, I went to bathroom and found my water-bag had ruptured. Instead of being scared, I was actually very happy. We went to hospital and everything was arranged for my delivery on the same day. I wanted the delivery to happen on the same day as that was the only mahalakshmi day which comes in shradh.

To our surprise and relief I gave birth to a healthy baby boy and he was born at 11:54 PM with normal delivery as I wanted. In the delivery room while having pains, I strongly felt that Sai Baba was there and was giving me strength.

After a few months I started thinking about my career again as I had left my first job by that time. In the same year, my mother-in-law had been to Shirdi and had brought the Sai-Baba question/answer book from there. Whenever I am in trouble, I refer to the book and get answers from there. I got confirmation about my career being revived in time and I found another job. My new job gave me the opportunity to devote enough time to my family also. We visit Shirdi every year since my baby's birth.

Dear Baba we all love you so much and cannot express our thankfulness to you in words. Om Sai Ram.

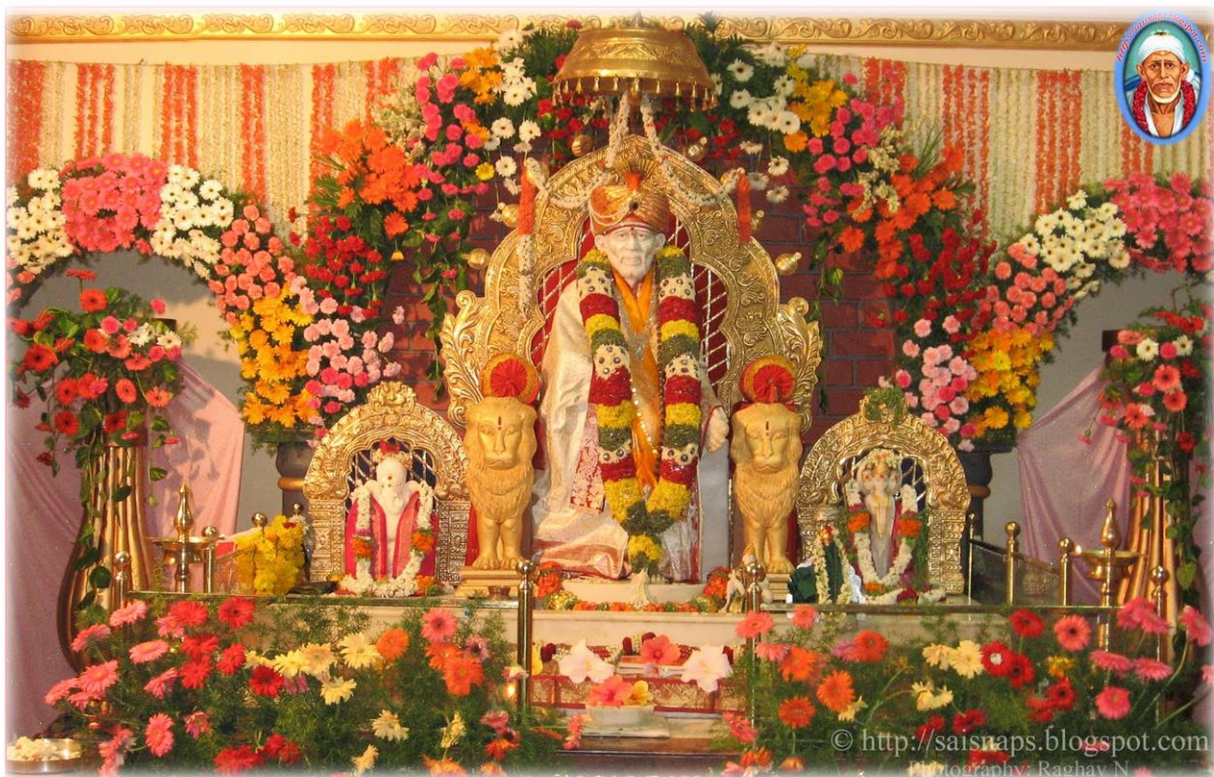


## Trials and Tribulations

**By: Lorraine Walshe-Ryan**

"I was enthused when approached to write an article for Samarpan. However, I did not give it further thought due to the many incidents and illnesses being experienced by me at this time, I put it on hold and resorted in my mind that I would write the article, when Baba permitted. I did though, in my heart, want to write about Baba.

This was however, not to be for me, as I had to go into hospital, where my ordeal intensified in theatre, and when once at home, I was in such utter despair I turned to Baba's picture and said "Why did you allow me to go through such an awful and painful time, where were You, I thought you have assured me endlessly that we are always together".?



On discharge from the hospital I was told that the recovery period would be six weeks and that I would be in a lot of pain and discomfort. I have to state here that my dear, dear sister Cheryl who lives a few kilometers away from me, was my Carer. She shopped, cooked, stayed and took good care of me for which I was grateful. She along with my family, are NOT Baba devotees. This made it awkward for me at times, but Cheryl stayed with me



for 2 days, and then in Baba who was my Carer.

Due to the intensity of the pain, I emailed Ashok and said I would not be writing the article and he accepted same. I noted that the deadline was 30<sup>th</sup> May. I was discharged from the hospital on the 20<sup>th</sup>.

Over the next few days, yes, it was awful, uncomfortable, sore and disgusting in recovery at home and I did not give the article any thought. Most of my hours were spent in moaning and groaning to Baba as to why yet another trial in life had befallen me. Baba just kept silent, heard my rantings but still kept silent. My spiritual tests were getting harder, but I would not let go of His feet. If I could put up with this pain, so could He with my rantings to Him.

Today, being the 1<sup>st</sup> of June (remember, deadline was to be met on the 30<sup>th</sup>), I felt a sudden urge to write my article. I looked at Baba and said "If this is to be – it is THY WILL, if this article is to be accepted, it is THY WILL – help me to write and thus this article has been written.

Great is Baba and Greater are His Leela's. It is not six weeks, but I feel strong and almost back to normal. I would like to pay my respects to the one who has always taken care of me and assured me from time to time that we do have to experience the ups and downs of life but Sai's love and blessings will be with me for all the days of my life. In my dotage I have to remember this.

It is never our will but His will, which we are so prone to forget in this hurried and harried world that we live in. Baba has also reminded me of His saburi – that is all I ever need to remember – Shradha and Saburi, the connection of His soul to mine. My Humble pranams to Him for His saburi with me. May Baba's blessings and grace be with all of us and our families. Inshallah!





## My Surrender to Baba

**By: Kirtida**

To start with, as a newly formed habit I just sat down 12.30 am, to finish some pending work unfortunately the work email has some problems. So while checking my personal mails, I saw reminder for submission of article for this quarter's Samarpan. Many may not see the connection, but for someone like me, who considers Baba to be the light in her soul it means a "Miracle".

Honestly, I have not pondered on anything in particular to write for, in this article. Yet, here I am, writing an article in Baba's magazine. Wow!! I never expected something like this to fall in my lap.

As Baba says, His ways are very different. Although I used to tell Baba about being able to write something or anything about Him, it was just a talk I would have with Baba. It was kind of "I wish."

And maybe Baba would have just said Amen or Tathastu. I have to caution you here, however, that this isn't the first time it has occurred. There have been so many instances in life that I have just prayed in my mind and things have happened. There have been times when late night I have asked him to be present in a rickshaw so that I am sure the driver won't cheat me. And other times when Baba has heard my cries to ease the troubles of my minds, by showing why certain things are not meant for me.

It is very difficult to understand His ways. Mostly it will not be what you want it to be. But if you have faith in Him and trust His ways, follow what He tells you to do. It will defy all logic in that precise moment. In future, whenever you will reflect, you will understand and acknowledge the sanity which had prevailed. There will be some readers who will say this is as good as giving it up and surrendering.

Well, in a way it is giving it up, if you read the words properly, it means, "GIVING IT UP" to HIM, who is up there. Yes it is SURRENDERING, it is SAMARPAN. There is nothing to be ashamed of. There will be things in your life, which you are not meant to do. You are supposed to be a medium to bring those things to Baba. You are surrendering your problems, and pains to him. Surrender in war jargon means laying down your arms and asking the enemy to decide your life or death. In Spiritual terms, you are surrendering all your pains and problems to Baba and asking him to decide and mold your life accordingly. When you are at someone's mercy you cannot demand your wishes. Beggars are not choosers, hence



when you surrender you should be completely ready to accept what HE will do.

I used to keep telling myself in tough times, "Baba will do that what is right for me. Baba help me to see the right in what you do for me." You will feel scared and keep looking for assurances to know you have done right. Take your assurance from HIM only, no need to ask ten others who have no idea about your relation with Baba. His way will not be your mom's way, or dad's way, or friend's way. But his will be the right way. Walk on it, because his ways maybe different, but his goal is one. Too make you one with HIMSELF. Take the walk towards him, even if it means doing it alone. We are all different, in so many million ways. We have differences, in speech, thoughts, culture, intellectual, etc. These things will determine my way and your way. Hence are roads will be different. But, the goal will always be same. Becoming one with Baba. And because we are different, his ways have to be different. If aspirin is what cures your headache, not necessary it will work for me. Similarly, Baba will give doses as per his diagnosis. Don't feel sad, dejected, depressed, if you didn't get the increment, promotion, daughter-in-law, mother-in-law etc. which you knew, you deserved. Baba will take you there, but He has His own calendar, and He is not in a hurry. He has made you, and He knows when to give you what.

Take whatever He gives and consider it his Mahaprasad, and you will see every troubled moment of your life will be sweet and you will smoothly cruise through all of it. Until next time, keep praying. Baba Bless All.



## Sudden Turn of Events made possible by Baba

**Narasimha sharma**

I was in partnership with two people doing business. Due to some misunderstandings and unforeseen circumstances, we had to part ways in business. One of the partners had a blank cheque signed by me when we were together. When we parted ways and were trying to settle accounts by means of correspondences; he deposited the cheque and the cheque got bounced. I was sent notice by his lawyer and a criminal case was filed against my name. I was summoned to appear in the court on 10<sup>th</sup> January 2014.



From the day I got notice, I was in the habit of reading Sai-Satcharitra since two months. I was reading at least one chapter a day and had completed reading it about three times. On the day before appearing in the court, I prayed to Baba while

reading the holy book and asked Him to help me become fearless while appearing in the court.

I appeared in the court with a bit of Udi in my mouth and forehead. I always carried Udi in my wallet as a practice. While I was waiting to be called, the opposite party came and told me that they were withdrawing the case voluntarily. I could not believe the turn of events as the person who was fighting with me for last two months could change his mind all of a sudden. I believe that it was Baba who helped me gain confidence and helped change course of events. I have been reading Sai-Satcharitra since November-2013 during morning and evening and trust me that Baba's words: "Why Fear When I am Here" are true.







## हनुमान जी के साई बाबा के रूप में दर्शन

By: मनिन्दर बग्गा

सभी को सादर प्रणाम। यह सत्य हम सब जानते हैं कि श्री साई बाबा में ही सभी देवी देवताओं के रूप समाहित हैं इसीलिए साई भक्त कहते हैं कि केवल श्री साई समर्थ का पूजन ही सभी देवी देवताओं के पूजन के समान है और बाबा का कहना यही था कि “किनही साधनाओं के करने कि कोई ज़रूरत नहीं केवल साई साई ही जपते रहो तुम भव सागर से पार हो जाओगे”, परंतु बाबा ने सभी देवी देवताओं का महत्व भी बनाय रखा।

यह लीला है 4-जून-2014 की है मेरी माँ ने मुझे हनुमान जी के मंदिर में जा कर प्रसाद चढ़ाने के लिए कहा। जब मैं मंदिर गया जो की विशेष तह भगवान भूतनाथ जी का मंदिर है वाहा हनुमान जी की मूर्ति को प्रणाम कर प्रसाद उनके चरणों में अर्पण किया और मैं क्या देखता हू कि हनुमान जी की मूर्ति के ठीक नीचे श्री साई बाबा की तस्वीर लगी है और यह कोई साधारण बात नहीं है क्योंकि उसी वक़्त मुझे आंतरिक रूप से एहसास हुआ कि बाबा मुझसे कुछ कह रहे हैं। बाबा कह रहे थे कि “मैं ही हनुमान हूँ और सभी रूपों में विद्यमान हूँ, और मैं तुम्हारी पुकार सुन रहा हूँ” ॥ जय साई नाथ



# Bhajans & Poems

## Sai Bhajan

**By: Ravinder Goel**

हे साईं तेरे प्यार का, ये दीप है जला  
तेरे ही दीदार का , है ये तो सिलसिला  
हे साईं .....

साईं मुख से बोल दो, अहम को अपने छोड़ दो,  
खुद को उससे जोड़ दो, भरम वो सारे तोड़ दो  
नसीब उसका खुल गया , जो साईं से मिला  
हे साईं .....

श्रद्धा हो सबूरी हो, लगन भी जिसमे पूरी हो,  
मांग कर तो देख लो, आशा सबकी पूरी हो  
जिसने माँगा जो भी कुछ , वो साईं से मिला  
हे साईं .....

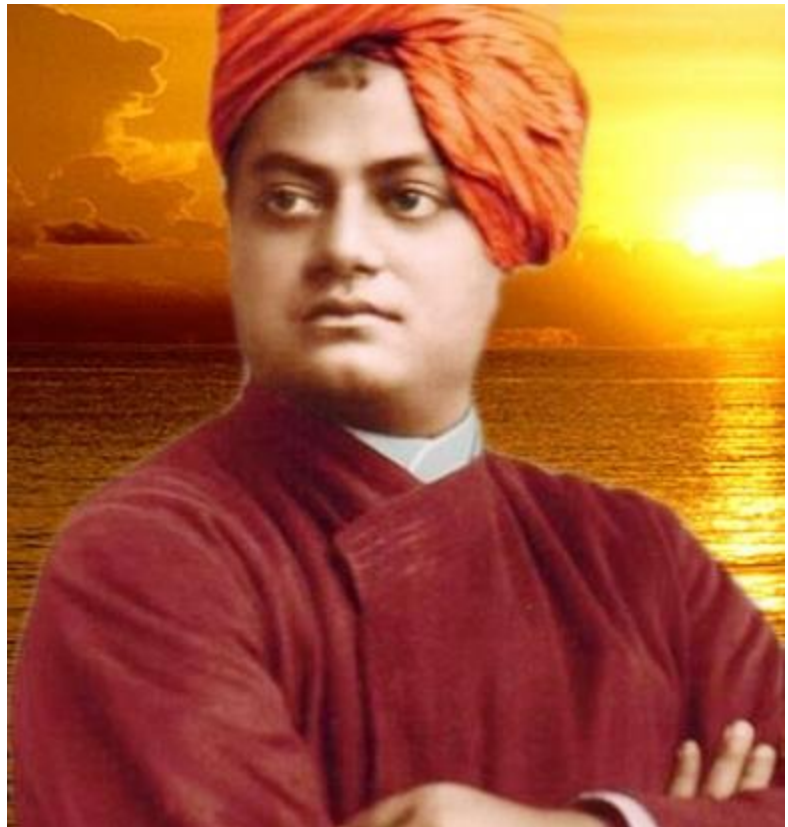
साईं तुझको है नमन, तुझको कोटि है नमन  
शिर्डी बन गया ये मन , धन्य हो गए नयन  
हुआ दीदार साईं का , चमन है ये खिला  
हे साईं .....



## My Play Is Done

### Swami Vivekananda

Ever rising, ever falling with the waves of time, still rolling on I go  
From fleeting scene to scene ephemeral, with life's currents' ebb and flow.  
Oh! I am sick of this unending force; these shows they please no more,  
This ever running, never reaching, nor e'en a distant glimpse of shore!  
From life to life I'm waiting at the gates, alas, they open not.  
Dim are my eyes with vain attempt to catch one ray long sought.  
On little life's high, narrow bridge  
I stand and see below  
The struggling, crying, laughing  
throng. For what? No one can  
know.  
In front yon gates stand frowning  
dark, and say: 'No farther away,  
This is the limit; tempt not Fate,  
bear it as best you may;  
Go, mix with them and drink this  
cup and be as mad as they.  
Who dares to know but comes to  
grief; stop then, and with them  
stay.'  
Alas for me, I cannot rest. This  
floating bubble, earth—  
Its hollow form, its hollow name,  
its hollow death and birth—  
For me is nothing. How I long to  
get beyond the crust  
Of name and form! Ah, open the gates; to me they open must.  
Open the gates of light, O Mother, to me Thy tired son.  
I long, oh, long to return home! Mother, my play is done.  
You sent me out in the dark to play and wore a frightful mask;  
Then hope departed, terror came, and play became a task.  
Tossed to and fro, from wave to wave in this seething, surging sea  
Of passions strong and sorrows deep, grief is, and joy to be.  
Where life is living death, alas! And death— who knows but 'tis



Another start, another round of this old wheel of grief and bliss?  
Where children dream bright, golden dreams, too soon to find them dust,  
And eye look back to hope long lost and life a mass of rust!  
Too late, the knowledge age doth gain; scare from the wheel we're gone.  
When fresh, young lives put their strength to the wheel, which thus goes on  
From day to day and year to year. 'Tis but delusion's toy,  
False hope its motor; desire, nave; its spokes are grief and joy.  
I go adrift and know not whither. Save from this fire!  
Rescue me, merciful Mother, from floating with desire!  
Turn not to me Thy awful face, 'tis more than I can bear,  
Be merciful and kind to me, to chide my faults forbear.  
Take me, O Mother, to those shores where strifes for ever cease;  
Beyond all sorrows, beyond tears, beyond e'en earthly bliss;  
Whose glory neither sun, nor moon, nor stars that twinkle bright,  
Nor flash of lightning can express. They but reflect its light.  
Let never more delusive dreams veil off Thy face from me.  
My play is done; O Mother, break my chains and make me free!





## God God God

### Paramhansa Yoganada

From the depth of slumber,  
As I ascend the spiral stairway of wakefulness,  
I whisper God, God, God!

Thou art the food and when I break my fast  
Of nightly separation from Thee  
I taste thee and mentally say  
God, God, God!

No matter where I go, the spotlight of my mind  
Ever keeps turning on Thee;  
And in the battle dim of activity my silent war cry  
Is ever; God, God, God!

When boisterous storms of trials shriek  
And worries howl at me,  
I drown their noises, loudly chanting  
God, God, God!

When my mind weaves dreams  
With treads of memories,  
Then on that magic cloth I do emboss;  
God, God, God!

Every night, in time of deepest sleep,  
My peace dreams and calls; Joy! Joy! Joy!  
And my Joy comes singing evermore;  
God, God, God!

In waking, eating, working, dreaming, sleeping,  
Serving, meditating, chanting, divinely loving,  
My soul constantly hums, unheard by any;  
God, God, God!



## The Swan Flies away

### Saint Kabir

The Swan Will Fly Away All Alone,  
Spectacle of the World Will Be a Mere Fair  
As the Leaf Falls from the Tree  
Is Difficult to Find  
Who Knows Where it Will Fall  
Once it is struck with a Gust of Wind  
When Life Span is Complete  
Then Listening to Orders, Following Others, Will Be Over  
The Messengers of Yama are Very Strong  
It's an Entanglement with the Yama  
Servant Kabir Praises the Attributes of the Lord  
He Finds the Lord Soon  
Guru Will Go According to His Doings  
The Disciple According to His



## साई सत्चरित्र जीवन में

मेरे प्यारे भाइयों और बहनों, समर्पण के द्वारा हम साई-सत्चरित्र के किसी भी एक अध्याय को छापेंगे और हम आप सभी के विचार आमंत्रित करेंगे. आप हमें ये बता सकते हैं कि इस अध्याय से आपको क्या शिक्षा मिली और अगर आपका कोई अनोखा दृष्टिकोण है जो आप बांटना चाहते हैं तो आप हमें जरूर लिखें. हम सभी अच्छे लेख/विचारों को अगले संस्करण में छापेंगे. आप हिंदी या इंग्लिश में अपने लेख/विचार भेज सकते हैं. इसे पढ़ें और हमें लिखें. भगवन बाबा आप पर अपनी कृपा बनाये रखें. ॐ साई राम!

दोस्तों यह सेक्सन एक सफल प्रयास नहीं रहा. आप लोगों की उपेक्षा से इस सेक्सन के लिए कोई आर्टिकल नहीं आए. इसलिए साई सत्चरित्र जीवन में अबसे नहीं छापा जाएगा.



# Spiritual Articles



## Sri Guru Granth Sahib quotes

By: Ashok Jain (compiled from internet)

- ✚ "Born because of the karma of their past mistakes, they make more mistakes, and fall into mistakes."
- ✚ "While you are alive, conquer death, and you shall have no regrets in the end."
- ✚ "For the sake of it, you journey to sacred shrines and holy rivers; but this priceless jewel is within your own heart."
- ✚ "What good is social class and status? Truthfulness is measured within. Pride in one's status is like poison - holding it in your hand and eating it, you shall die."
- ✚ "As she has planted, so does she harvest; such is the field of karma."
- ✚ "You are the Ocean of Water, and I am Your fish. Your Name is the drop of water, and I am a thirsty sparrow-hawk."
- ✚ "The jewel of the soul is priceless, and yet it is being squandered like this, in exchange for a mere shell."
- ✚ "The Giver of peace is eternally blissful."
- ✚ "Serve your True Lord and Master, and you shall be blessed with true greatness. By Guru's Grace, He abides in the mind, and egotism is driven out. This wandering mind comes to rest, when the Lord casts His Glance of Grace."
- ✚ "According to the karma of past actions, one's destiny unfolds, even though everyone wants to be so lucky."
- ✚ "Sin is a stone which does not float."
- ✚ "O body, you are living in a dream! What good deeds have you done? When I stole something by deception, then my mind was pleased."
- ✚ "Faith, contentment and tolerance are the food and provisions of the angels. They obtain the Perfect Vision of the Lord, while those who gossip find no place of rest."
- ✚ "Give up your selfishness, and you shall find peace; like water mingling with water, you shall merge in absorption."
- ✚ "Whatever pleases You is a pure action of karma."
- ✚ "The waves of desire in the world-ocean are intoxicating wine."
- ✚ "My mind is imbued with the Lord's Love; it is dyed a deep crimson. Truth and charity are my white clothes. The blackness of sin is erased by my wearing of blue clothes, and meditation on the Lord's Lotus Feet is my robe of honor."
- ✚ "Let the Fear of God be the boat to carry your soul across."
- ✚ "Intuitive peace and poise, contentment, enduring satisfaction and bliss come through the Pleasure of the Master's Will."
- ✚ "Meeting the True One, Truth wells up. The truthful are





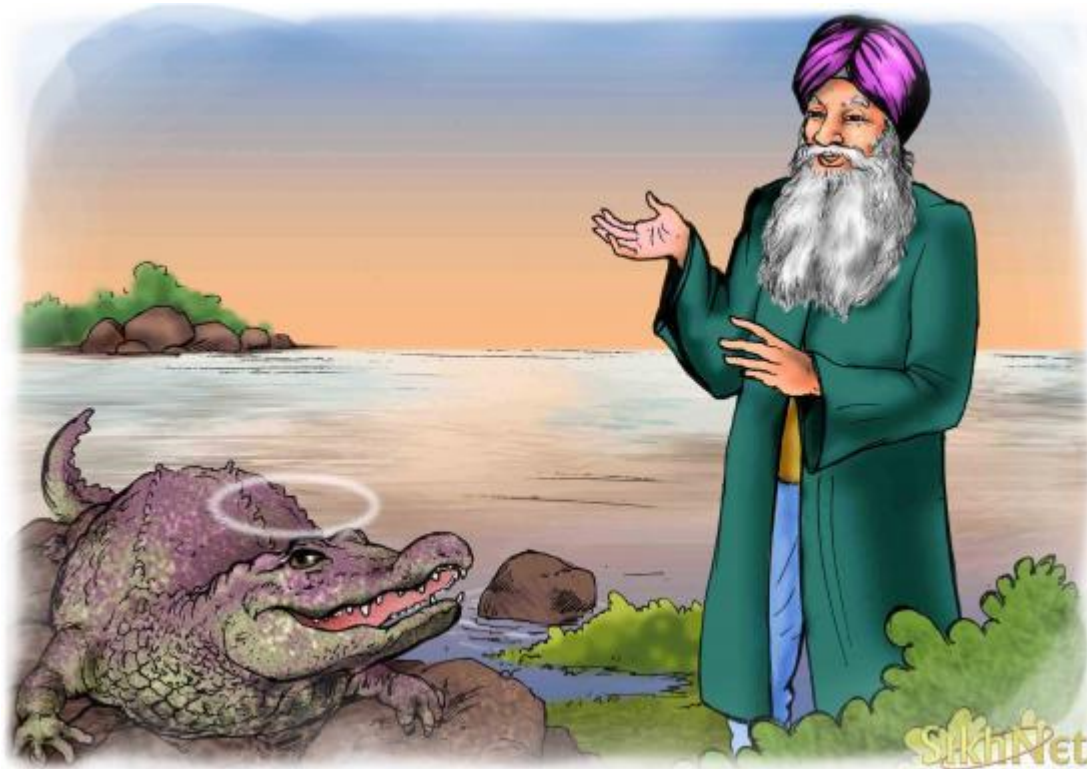
absorbed into the True Lord. Intuitive understanding is obtained and one is welcomed with honor, through the Guru's Word, filled with the Fear of God. O Nanak, the True King absorbs us into Himself.”

- ✚ “True wealth does not burn; it cannot be stolen by a thief.”
- ✚ “Now my joys are few, and my pains are many. In utter agony, I pass my life.”
- ✚ “The world is burning in the fire of desire, in greed, arrogance and excessive ego.”
- ✚ “When the mind is cleaned with the jewel of spiritual wisdom, it does not become dirty again.”
- ✚ “The heart-lotus blossoms forth, and eternal peace is obtained, as one's light merges into the Light.”
- ✚ “First, the baby loves mother's milk; second, he learns of his mother and father; third, his brothers, sisters and aunts; fourth, the love of play awakens. Fifth, he runs after food and drink; sixth, in his sexual desire, he does not respect social customs. Seventh, he gathers wealth and dwells in his house; eighth, he becomes angry, and his body is consumed. Ninth, he turns grey and his breathing becomes labored; tenth, he is cremated, and turns to ashes. His companions send him off, crying out and lamenting. The swan of the soul takes flight, and asks which way to go.”



## Story: The Crocodile and the Priest

Source: Sikhnet website



Once there was a crocodile. Every morning this crocodile would act very funny. He did something that crocodiles don't normally do. He would get up before the sun rose. He faithfully practiced his sadhana. Do you know what sadhana is?

Sadhana is your spiritual practice. It means when you do something every day to remember god. What do you do every day to remember God?

Well this crocodile was very wise and he knew that before the sun rises is the best time to meditate on God. So very, very early every morning he would take a long swim to fully exercise his body and then, with all his heart, chant and pray to god. He started each and every day with sadhana. After sadhana he would eat a healthy meal that gave him energy for the whole day. One morning a famous priest came by.

The priest saw the crocodile doing

his sadhana and asked the crocodile,



"Oh Crocodile..... What are you doing?!? You are an animal but you chant and pray every day. Why? What is the point?!?"

The Crocodile replied "Yes I am an animal..... but.... I wish to feel God That is why I practice sadhana every day."

"Well it won't work" replied the priest

"Why not?" Asked the Crocodile.

The priest answered "You can't feel God. You are only a crocodile. You have to wait to be reborn in a human body!"

The Crocodile boldly replied "Wow.... I think you are a fool. You look like a priest, but you don't even know the most basic things. The same God which created you, also created me!"



The priest was surprised to hear how wise the crocodile was.

The Crocodile continued "If I meditate and remember God every day, I have a great chance at experiencing God but if you do not do any sadhana then you have no chance at all! In fact, in your next life YOU will become a crocodile!"

The Priest answered "Me? A crocodile? Where did you get such a silly idea?" Suddenly, poof!, the priest turned into a crocodile right on the spot!! Now there were 2 crocodiles sitting side by side.

The Crocodile asked the priest "So.... Now how do you feel?"

The priest was confused.

The Priest answered "How did you know that I would turn into a crocodile?"

It turns out that the crocodile truly was wise.

The Crocodile answered, "It is because I am a crocodile who lives in a sacred way. While you look like a priest but you behave like a crocodile."

See, the priest thought he was

better than the crocodile, but we are all



created by the same God. Whatever you are, never think that you are better than others; just live your life the very best you can. That's why Guru Nanak said:

Truth is high, but higher is living the truth

Sadhana and daily meditation help us to live the truth. Just breathing deeply can be your sadhana. Try it right now. Inhale deeply and remember that everyone is a child of the same God.



## Ahimsa Is Not a Religion - It Is A Way of Life

**By: Ashok Jain (compiled from internet)**

What are we giving back to this all providing universe? Where there is abundance in our lives, are we sharing it or taking more than our share? Though we are receiving of its bounty, are we allowing ignorance, fear, apathy, or ego to bind us to the generous heart of our earth? Are we saturating the atmosphere, the seas, and the land with deadly wastes and pollutant? How long will Mother Nature continue to bear with our ingratitude?

When blood soaks the land, we label it enemy blood or friend blood, locking up or letting loose our emotions accordingly. In the same way, when the throats of helpless creatures are cut, human minds categorize, rationalize, and explain, cutting hearts off from natural compassion. Where has our human capacity for feeling and empathy gone?

Short though it is; our time on this planet can be valuable and meaningful, if we choose to discover and live by the laws of life. War, butchering, and all kinds of killing are abominations, antithetical to life. When we live in the cocoon of possessiveness, resentment, or cold heartened intellect, we support, whether we mean to or not, the machines of power and domination, exploitation and killing.

What we need is a new dimension of thinking, a new directive for living. We need to perceive all planetary life as one interdependent family from which no living being is excluded. We need to experience the plight and pain of all living beings as if it were our own.

Such a philosophy and practice does exist. Known as Jainism, it originated thousands of years ago in prehistoric India and was transmitted by twenty-four exemplary individuals who left the well-worn ruts of thinking to discover the causes and cures of violence, greed, dogmatism, and war in the human psyche and in the world. Beginning with Adinatha (or Rushabhadeva) and ending with Mahavira (or Vardhamana) who lived from 599-527 B.C., each enlightened master or Jina rediscovered the immortal laws of life, placing Ahimsa or non-violence first and foremost among them.

The insights Mahavira shared during the next thirty years after enlightenment were gathered into forty-five books known as Agamas. Thanks to them, the heart of Jainism has been preserved. In one of the sutras, he spoke of Ahimsa in this way:

Unless we live with non-violence

and reverence for all living beings in our





hearts, all our humaneness and acts of goodness, all our vows, virtues, and knowledge, all our practices to give up greed and acquisitiveness are meaningless and useless.

Jains come from all faiths and all ethnic groups. What they have in common is the guiding of their lives by Reverence for All Life, a principle that includes pacifism and vegetarianism. As conscientious objectors, Jains believe that anyone who would not harm an animal would be equally unwilling to shoot his fellow man.

Mahatma Gandhi acknowledged the powerful impact the Jain philosophy of Ahimsa had upon his personal and political decisions. His example inspired pacifists around the world, including



the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr.

### **What Is The Philosophy And Practice Of Reverence For All Life?**

More than twenty-five hundred years ago, Mahavira made a simple yet profound statement, based on the absorption of Non-violence into the fabric of his consciousness. He realized, "All of life is just like me. I want to live. So do all souls, all living beings. The instinct of self-preservation is universal. Every animate being clings to life and fears death. Each of us wants to be free from pain. So let me carry out all of my activities with great care not to be harmful to any living being."



The philosophy of Non-violence is a living practice. More than refraining from violence, it is a deep Reverence for All Life. It starts by cultivating a genuine respect for oneself; one's consciousness or life force, and for each of its supportive elements the body, mind and emotions. We come to realize that our life force is precious and that we are here to respect and reveal its innate wisdom. It is a process of taking care of both our inner being and the material envelope in which it dwells.

Most of us are not used to treating ourselves with gentleness and love. It requires a conscious decision. The practice of Reverence for All Life begins with a decision not to take any hurtful influence into our body or mind. This is called samvara, stoppage, or stepping apart from the rat race, discontinuing Pain creating habits, and re-evaluating one's life.

The automatic and mechanical aspects of living cease to rule us when we activate our faculty of observation and self-inquiry. We take time to notice the universal law of cause and effect and how it is functioning as a precise computer in our lives. There is a real connection between the vibrations we send out and the pain or pleasure we receive. When we radiate loving, kindness, joy, and friendliness, that multiplies and comes back to us. Violent thoughts are as real as the tangible world. They, too, return to us.

When anger, jealousy, or unfulfilled ambitions goad us, the one whom we damage first is our own self. This is equally true of harsh, slanderous, or critical speech. It works like a match stick; before it ignites something else, it burns its own mouth.

Through the practice of self-respect, we recognize that our peace is the most precious thing in the world. Before hating, judging, or treating anyone as an inferior, we check ourselves. Before buying or using any product, we ask, "By my action, am I causing any living being to pay a price in pain? Directly or indirectly, am I causing a life to be lost?"

We take the help of meditation to know and remember what we really are. In our natural state, our soul is nothing but love, energy, peace, and bliss. Gradually we glide to a peak of realization and joy, exclaiming, "I am life! I am a living conscious energy! I feel my life force moving in all my limbs and awakening all my cells with awareness!"

At the heart of the experience of self-reverence, we realize that the same energy, which is pulsating in us, is also vibrating in all living beings. When this awareness dawns, we see through a new set of eyes. We feel an uninterrupted connection from our innermost being to the soul force alive in all.



Jainism teaches that life is life, not only in people of all lands, colours, and beliefs, but is of the same sacred quality in all creatures, right down to the tiny ant and humble worm. Consciousness exists in everything that grows, regardless of the size of its form. Though different forms are not the same in mental capacity and sensory apparatus, the life force is equally worthy in all."

From the moment this awareness becomes a part of our daily life, we find that traits and habits, which used to limit us fall away naturally. We are no longer able to invite pain and disease to our bodies through uninformed eating habits. The vegetarian way of life becomes a natural outcome of inner understanding.

At the same time, it becomes imperative for our well-being and continued evolution to forgive, drop and forget those painful vibrations we may still be carrying in our mind. With courage and compassion, we can remove them. It is a gradual process. If we realize that the hurts and scars from the past came to us our own invitation, we can stop focusing on blaming and retribution. Once we take responsibility for our own pain, we can transcend it. We can see its purpose to act as compost, breaking open the harsh outer shell of our heart and helping the soft flower of compassion and kindness to blossom.

In this way, the trials of life become fuel for our growth, and we come closer to our goal, Self-Realization. As an instrument tuning itself to the right key, we tune ourselves to Reverence for All Life. By doing everything we can to minimize violence and pain to life, we enjoy living with a cleansed consciousness and a light heart.



## Story: The Sixteen Dreams

**Source: Mahasupina Jataka: The Sixteen Dreams (Jat 77)**

One morning, when the ministers and brahmans went to the palace to pay their respects to King Pasenadi, the King of Kosala, and to inquire whether His Majesty had slept well, they found him lying in terror, unable to move from his bed.

"How could I sleep well?" exclaimed the king. "Just before daybreak I dreamed sixteen incredible dreams, and I have been lying here terrified ever since! Since you are my advisors, tell me what these dreams mean." "What were your dreams, sire?" the brahmans asked. "Surely we will be able to judge their importance." As the king was telling them his dreams, the brahmans looked very worried and began wringing their hands. "Why are you wringing your hands, brahmans?" asked the king. "Is it because of my dreams?"

"Yes, sire. These are evil dreams. They are full of peril."

"What will come of them?" asked the king.

"They portend one of three calamities, sire — great harm to your kingdom, to your wealth, or to your life."

"Is there any remedy?"

"These dreams are powerful and extremely threatening. Still, we will find a remedy, otherwise what is the use of our vast study and learning?"

"How do you propose to avert the evil?" asked the king.

"Wherever four roads meet, we will offer appropriate sacrifices, sire."

"My advisors," cried the king. "My life is in your hands! Hurry and do your best to save me!"

Each of the exultant brahmans had the same thought: "We are going to make a fortune from these dreams. Soon we will feast on the choicest foods."

As soon as they had left the king's presence, they began scurrying about, happily giving orders in every direction. They ordered laborers to dig huge sacrificial pits. They demanded herds of various four-footed creatures, all without blemish. They called for baskets of pure white birds of many kinds. Again and again, they discovered something or other lacking. Messengers raced back and forth to inform the king of each new request. Noticing all the commotion, Queen Mallika went to the king and asked why the brahmans and their servants kept coming to him.

"I envy you," said the king sarcastically. "A snake in your ear, and you don't even know it!"

"What does your majesty mean?" asked the queen.

"I have dreamed such unlucky dreams! The brahmans tell me they point to disaster. They keep coming here because they are anxious to protect me from the evil by offering sacrifices."



"Has your majesty consulted the Chief Brahman of all the worlds about this?" asked the queen.

"Who do you mean, my dear?" asked the king.

"Of course, I mean Lord Buddha. He will surely understand your dreams. Go to Jetavana and ask him."

"A good idea, my queen," answered the king. "I will go at once."

When the king reached the monastery, he paid his respects to the Buddha and sat down.

"What brings your majesty here so early in the morning?" asked the Buddha.

"Just before daybreak, venerable sir, I dreamed sixteen terrifying dreams. My brahmins have warned me that my dreams foretell calamity. To avert the evil, they are preparing to sacrifice many animals wherever four roads meet. Queen Mallika suggested that I ask you to tell me what these dreams really mean and what will come of them."

"It is true, sire, that I alone can explain the significance of your dreams and tell you what will come of them. Tell me your dreams as they appeared to you."

"I will, Blessed One," answered the king, and he began relating his dreams.

**"In the first dream, I saw four jet-black bulls,"** the king began. **"They came together from the four cardinal directions to the royal courtyard with every intention to fight. A great crowd of people gathered to see the bullfight. The bulls, however, only made a show of fighting, pawing and bellowing. Finally, they went off without fighting at all.** This was my first dream. What will come of it?"

"Sire, that dream will have no result in your lifetime or mine. But in the distant future, when kings are stingy, when citizens are unrighteous, when the world is perverted, and when good is waning and evil waxing, in those days of the world's decline, no rain will fall from the heavens, the monsoons will forget their season, the crops will wither, and famine will stalk the land. At that time immense clouds will gather from the four quarters of the heavens as if for rain. Farmers will rush to bring in the rice they had spread to dry in the sun. Men will take their spades and hurry to repair the dikes. The thunder will roar, and the lightning will flash from the clouds. However, just as the bulls in your dream didn't fight, these clouds will retreat without giving any rain. This is what shall come of this dream. But no harm shall come to you from this dream because it applies only to the remote future. The brahmins only said what they said to get some profit for themselves. Now tell me your second dream, sire."

**"My second dream was about tiny trees and shrubs which burst through the soil. When they were scarcely more than a few inches high, they flowered and bore fruit.** This was my second dream. What will come of it?"

"Sire," said the Buddha, "this dream will be realized in future days





when the world has fallen into decay and when human lives are short. Passions then will be so strong that even very young girls will cohabit with men. Despite their immaturity, they will get pregnant and have children. The flowers and fruit symbolize their babies. However, you have nothing to fear from this. Tell me your third dream."

"I saw cows sucking milk from their very own newborn calves. This was my third dream. What



can it possibly mean?"

"This dream will come about only when age is no longer respected. In that future time young people will have no regard for their parents or parents-in-law. Children will handle the family estate themselves. If it pleases them, they will give food and clothing to the old folks, but, if it doesn't suit them, they will withhold their gifts. Thus the old people, destitute



and dependent, will survive only by the favor and whim of their own children, like big cows suckled by day-old calves. However, you have nothing to fear from this. Tell me your fourth dream."

**"Men unyoked a team of strong, sturdy oxen, and replaced them with young steers, too weak to draw the load. Those young steers refused to pull. They stood stock-still, so that the wagons didn't move at all.** This was my fourth dream. What will come of it?"

"Here again the dream will not come to pass until the future, in the days of wicked kings. In days to come, unjust and parsimonious kings will show no honor to wise leaders, skilled in diplomacy. They will not appoint experienced, learned judges to the courts. On the contrary, they will honor the very young and foolish, and will appoint the most inexperienced and unprincipled to the courts. Naturally, these appointees, because of their ignorance of statecraft and the law, will not be able to bear the burden of their responsibilities. Because of their incompetence they will have to throw off the yoke of public office. When that happens, the aged and wise lords will remember being passed over, and, even though they are able to cope with all difficulties, they will refuse to help, saying: 'It is no business of ours since we have become outsiders.' They will remain aloof, and the government will fall to ruins. It is just like when the young steers, not strong enough for the burden, were yoked instead of the team of sturdy oxen. However, you have nothing to fear from this. Tell me your fifth dream."

**"I saw an incredible horse with a mouth on each side of its head being fed fodder on both sides. That dreadful horse ate voraciously with both its mouths.** This was my fifth dream. What will come of it?"

"This dream will also come true only in the future, in the days of unrighteous and irresponsible kings, who will appoint covetous men to be judges. These despicable magistrates, blind to virtue and honesty, will take bribes from both sides as they sit in the seat of judgment. They will be doubly corrupt, just like the horse that ate fodder with two mouths at once. However, you have nothing to fear from this. Tell me your sixth dream."

**"I saw people holding out a brightly burnished golden bowl which must have been worth a fortune. They were actually begging an old jackal to urinate in it. Then I saw the repulsive beast do just that.** This was my sixth dream. What can it mean?"

"This dream too will come to be only in the remote future, when immoral kings, although from a royal line they will mistrust the sons of their old nobility, preferring instead the lowest-born of the country. Because of the kings' blindness, nobles



will decline, and the low-born will rise in rank. Naturally, the great families will give their daughters to them in marriage. The union of the noble maidens with the ignoble, nouveau-riche will be like the pissing of the old jackal into the golden bowl. However, you have nothing to fear from this. Tell me your seventh dream."

**"I saw a man braiding rope. As he worked, he dropped the finished rope at his feet. Under his bench, unknown to him, lay a hungry jackal bitch, which kept eating the rope as fast as he braided it. This was my seventh dream. What shall come of it?"**

"This dream also will happen only in far off days. At that time women will crave men, strong drink, extravagant clothes, jewelry, and entertainment. In their profligacy these women will get drunk with their lovers and carry on shamelessly. They will neglect their homes and families. They will pawn household valuables, selling everything for drink and amusements, even the seed needed for the next crop. Just as the hungry jackal under the bench ate the rope of the rope-maker, so these women will squander the savings earned by their husbands' labor. However, you have nothing to fear from this. Tell me your eighth dream."

**"At a palace gate there stood a big pitcher full to the brim. Around it stood many empty pitchers. From all directions there came a steady stream of people carrying pots of water which they poured into the already full pitcher. The water from that full pitcher kept overflowing and wastefully soaking into the sand. Still the people came and poured more and more water into the overflowing vessel. Not a single person even glanced at the empty pitchers. This was my eighth dream. What shall come of it?"**

"This dream too will not come to pass until the future when the world is in decline. The kingdom will grow weak, and its kings will be poorer and more demanding. These kings in their poverty and selfishness will make the whole country work exclusively for them. They will force citizens to neglect their own work and to labor only for the throne. For the kings' sake they will plant sugar cane, make sugar-mills, and boil down molasses. For the kings' sake they will plant flower gardens and orchards and gather fruits. They will harvest all the crops and fill the royal storerooms and warehouses to overflowing, but they will be unable even to glance at their own empty barns at home. It will be like filling and overfilling the full pitcher, heedless of the needy, empty ones. However, you have nothing to fear from this. Tell me your ninth dream."

**"I saw a deep pool with sloping banks overgrown with lotuses. From all directions, a wide variety of animals came to drink water from that pool. Strangely, the deep water in the middle was terribly muddy, but the water at the edges, where all those thirsty creatures had descended into the pool, was unaccountably clear and**



**sparkling.** This was my ninth dream. What does it mean?"

"This dream too will not come to pass until the future, when kings grow increasingly corrupt. Ruling according to their own whim and pleasure, they will never make judgments according to what is right. Being greedy, they will grow fat on lucrative bribes. Never showing mercy or compassion to their subjects, they will be fierce and cruel. These kings will amass wealth by crushing their subjects like stalks of sugar cane in a mill and by taxing them to the last penny. Unable to pay the oppressive taxes, the citizens will abandon their villages, towns, and cities, and will flee like refugees to the borders. The heart of the country will be a wilderness, while the remote areas along the borders will teem with people. The country will be just like the pool, muddy in the middle and clear at the edges. However, you have nothing to fear from this. Tell me your tenth dream."

**"I saw rice boiling in a pot without getting done. By 'not getting done' I mean that it looked as though the cooking was going on in three distinct stages which were sharply delineated and separate from each other. One part of the rice was sodden, another part was hard and raw, and the third part looked like it was perfectly cooked.** This was my tenth dream. What will come of it?"

"This dream too will not be fulfilled until the future. In days to come kings will become unrighteous; the nobles will follow the king's example, and so will the brahmans. The townsmen, the merchants, and at last even the farmers will be corrupted. Eventually, everyone in the country, the sages and even the gods of the land, will become immoral. Even the winds that blow over the realm of such an unrighteous king will grow cruel and lawless. Because even the skies and the spirits of the skies over that land will be disturbed, they will cause a drought. Rain will never fall on the whole kingdom at once. It may rain in the upper districts, but in the lower it will not. In one place a heavy downpour will damage the crops, while in another area the crops will wither from drought. The crops sown within a single kingdom — like the rice in the one pot — shall have no uniform character. However, you have nothing to fear from this. Tell me your eleventh dream."

**"I saw rancid buttermilk being bartered for precious sandalwood worth a fortune in gold. This was my eleventh dream.** What shall come of it?"

"This will happen only in the distant future, when my teaching is waning. In those days, there will be many greedy, shameless bhikkhus, who for the sake of their bellies dare to preach the very words in which I have warned against greed! Because they desert the Truth to gratify their stomachs, and because they sided with sectarians,





their preaching will not lead to Nibbana. Their only thought as they preach will be to use fine words and sweet voices to induce lay believers to give them costly robes, delicate food, and every comfort. Others will seat themselves beside the highways, at busy street corners, or at the doors of kings' palaces where they will stoop to preach for money, even for a pittance! Thus these monks will barter away for food, for robes, or for coins, my teaching which leads to liberation from suffering! They will be like those who exchanged precious sandalwood worth a fortune in pure gold for rancid buttermilk. However, you have nothing to fear from this. Tell me your twelfth dream."

**"I saw dried gourds sinking in the water.** What shall come of it?"

"This dream also will not have its fulfillment until the future, in the days of unjust kings, when the world is perverted. In those days kings will favor the low-born, not the sons of nobility. The low-born will become great lords, while the nobles will sink into poverty. In the king's court and in the courts of justice, the words of the low-born alone will be recognized, so that they, like the dried gourds, will be firmly established. In the assemblies of monks it will be the same. Whenever there are enquiries about proper behavior, rules of conduct, or discipline, only the counsel of wicked, corrupt monks will be considered. The advice of modest monks will be ignored. It will be as when the empty pumpkins sank. However, you have nothing to fear from this. Tell me your thirteenth dream."

Then the king said, **"I saw huge blocks of solid rock, as big as houses, floating like dried gourds upon the waters.** What shall come of it?"

"This dream also will not come to pass until those times of which I have spoken. At that time unrighteous kings will show honor to the low-born, who will become great lords, while the true nobles will fade into obscurity. The nobles will receive no respect, while the ignorant upstarts will be granted all honors. In the king's court and in the law courts, the words of the nobles, learned in the law, will drift idly by like those solid rocks. They will not penetrate deep into the hearts of men. When the wise speak, the ignorant will merely laugh them to scorn, saying 'What is it these fellows are saying?' In the assemblies of monks as well, people will not respect the excellent monks. Their words will not sink deep, but will drift idly by, the same as the rocks floating on the water. However, you have nothing to fear from this. Tell me your fourteenth dream."

**"I saw tiny frogs, no bigger than black snakes and devouring them.**

**miniature flowerets, swiftly pursuing huge**  
What can this mean?"



"This dream too will not have its fulfillment until those future days of which I have already spoken, when the world is declining. At that time men's passions will be so strong that husbands will be thoroughly infatuated with their childish wives. Men will lose all judgment and self-respect. Being completely smitten, they will place their infantile wives in charge of everything — servants, livestock, granaries, gold and silver, everything in the house. Should the over-fond husband presume to ask for some money, or for a favorite robe, he will be told to mind his own business, and not to be so inquisitive about property in *her* house. These abusive young wives will exercise their power over their husbands as if the men were slaves. It will be like the tiny frogs which gobbled up the big black snakes. However, you have nothing to fear from this. Tell me your fifteenth dream."

**"I saw a village crow, a vile creature with all the ten vices, attended by an entourage of Mandarin ducks, beautiful birds with feathers of golden sheen. What shall come of it?"**

"This dream too will not come to pass until the far distant future, in the reign of weaking kings. Then there will be kings who know nothing about ruling. They will be cowards and fools. Fearing revolt and revolution, they will elevate their footmen, bath-attendants, and barbers to nobility. These kings will ignore the real nobility. Cut off from royal favor and unable to support themselves, bona fide nobles will be reduced to dancing attendance on the upstarts, as when the crow had regal Mandarin ducks for his retinue. However, you have nothing to fear from this. Tell me your sixteenth dream."

**"I saw goats chasing wolves and eating them. At the sight of goats in the distance, the wolves fled terror-stricken, quaking with fear to hide in thickets. Such was my dream. What will come of it?"**

"This dream too will not have its fulfillment until the reign of immoral kings. The low-born will be raised to important posts and will become royal favorites. True nobles will sink into obscurity and distress. Gaining power in the law courts because of the king's favors, the parvenu will claim the ancestral estates of the impoverished old nobility, demanding their titles and all their property. When the real nobles plead their rights in court, the king's minions will have them beaten and tortured, then taken by the throat and thrown out with words of scorn. 'That will teach you to know your place, fools!' they will shout. 'How dare you dispute with us? The king shall hear of your insolence, and we will have your hands and feet chopped off!' At this, the terrified nobles will agree that black is white and that their own estates belong to the lowly upstarts. They will then hurry home and cower in an agony of fear. Likewise, at that time, evil monks will harass good, worthy monks until





the worthy ones flee from the monasteries to the jungle. This oppression of true nobles by the low-born and of good monks by the evil monks will be like the intimidation of wolves by goats. However, you have nothing to fear from this. This dream refers to the future only."

When he had thus reassured the king, the Buddha added: "It was neither truth nor love for you that prompted the brahmins to prophesy as they did. It was pure greed and selfishness that led them to prescribe sacrifices." Thus the Buddha explained the meaning of the sixteen dreams. Then he said, "Nor are you the first to have had these dreams. They were dreamed by kings of bygone days as well. Then, as now, brahmins found in them a pretext for sacrifices." At the king's request, the Buddha told this story of the past.

Long, long ago, when Brahmadata was reigning in Baranasi, the Bodhisatta was born into a brahmin family in the North country. When he grew up, he renounced the world and became a hermit. Having attained a high level of meditation, he acquired supernatural powers. One day, King Brahmadata dreamed sixteen mysterious dreams and asked his advisors about them. The brahmins explained that the dreams foretold evil and began preparing great sacrifices. Seeing this, one of the pupils of the chief brahmin, a young man of considerable learning and wisdom, approached his teacher, and said, "Master, you have taught me the Three Vedas. Don't the texts say that it is never a good thing to take life?"

"My dear boy," answered the teacher, "this means money to us — a great deal of money. Why are you anxious to spare the king's treasury?" "Do as you will, Master," replied the young man. "I will no longer stay here with you." With those words he left the palace and went to the royal gardens.

That same morning the Bodhisatta had thought to himself, "If I visit the king's garden today, I will save a great number of creatures from death." The young brahmin found the ascetic radiant as a golden image sitting on the king's ceremonial stone seat in the garden. He sat down in an appropriate place, paid respect to the hermit, and entered into pleasant conversation with him. The hermit asked the young man if he thought the king ruled righteously. "Sir," he answered, "the king himself is righteous, but the brahmins are leading him astray. The king consulted with them about sixteen dreams he had, and the brahmins jumped at the opportunity for sacrifices. Venerable sir, how good it would be for you to explain to the king the real meaning of his dreams! Your explanation will save many animals from cruel death!"

"I do not know the king, nor does he know me. If he comes here and asks me, however, I will tell him."

"Please wait here, sir. I will bring the king," said the young brahmin. He hurried to the king and told him there was a wondrous ascetic who would



interpret the dreams. He asked the king to visit the ascetic and talk with him. The king immediately agreed and went to the garden with his retinue. Paying his respects to the ascetic, he sat down and asked if the ascetic could tell him what would come of his dreams.

"Certainly, sire," he answered. "Let me hear the dreams as you dreamed them." The king proceeded to tell the dreams exactly as King Pasenadi told them to the Buddha. "Enough!" said the Bodhisatta. "You have nothing to fear from any of these dreams." Having reassured the king and having freed a great number of creatures from death, the hermit, poised in midair, taught the king how to observe the Five Precepts and concluded by saying, "From this time on, sire, do not join the brahmins in slaughtering animals for sacrifice!" Remaining firm in the teaching he had heard and spending the rest of his days in alms-giving and other good works, the king passed away to fare according to his deserts. His lesson ended, the Buddha said, "Sire, you too have nothing to fear from these dreams. Stop the sacrifice!" Then the Buddha identified the Birth by saying, "Ananda was the king of those days, Sariputta was the young brahman, and I was the ascetic."



## The Same Baba: Shirdi Sai and Sathya Sai

Bhagawan invariably refers to Shirdi Sai Baba as 'my previous body' when He speaks about Him; He often describes to His devotees how He, 'in His previous body' dealt with people and situations, what illustrations He gave to clarify a certain point, what questions were asked, etc. While telling people about Shirdi Baba, He may be heard saying, "Just as you have seen me do now" or, "Just as I do while in trance," to make the point clear. When someone asks Him a question today, He starts His reply sometimes with the remark, "The same doubt was raised by a man who had come to Shirdi" and He will continue the conversation with the reply He gave that other man long ago in Maharashtra!

He recognises all devotees of Shirdi Baba as His own; in fact, He tells them, "I have known you since ten years," or, "Though this is the first time you see this Sariram (body) I have seen you twenty years ago, when you came to Shirdi." And, the person will find that he has been to Shirdi exactly twenty years previously! Here are some instances where devotees have had experiences that have convinced them of the identity of the two Sais.

### The Cure and the Confirmation: How Baba proved to Mr. Dixit that He is same Shirdi Sai come again

#### Reference: "Sai Baba: Man of Miracles" by Mr. Howard Murphet.

Mr. M S Dixit had the unique privilege of seeing Shirdi Sai Baba when he visited Shirdi in 1909 as a young lad and later Sri Sathya Sai Baba in 1961 when he was past sixty. Here's how he realised that both the Sais are in fact the same, as related by Howard Murphet in his book, "Sai Baba: Man of Miracles":

M S Dixit was born in 1897 to Sadashiv Dixit, an advocate who was at one time Diwan (Prime Minister) of the royal state of Kutch. Sadashiv's eldest brother, Hari S. Dixit, was a solicitor in Bombay and a member of the Legislative Council. Hari Dixit became a close devotee of Shirdi Baba.

In the company of his uncle Hari, M. S. Dixit told me, he made his earliest visits to Shirdi; first in the year 1909, and again in 1912. Before this second visit he had been suffering what he called "half-headaches".

At sunrise half his head would start to ache agonizingly; then a little before sunset it would stop. This would go on each day for about two months at a stretch; it was very distressing. His uncle took him to Sai Baba hoping for a cure of the strange headaches. Mr. Dixit recalls vividly how he was sitting near Sai Baba one day when Baba suddenly said to him: "Why are you sitting here - go home!"

Young Dixit replied that he had a bad headache and the heat of the fire near which he was sitting brought him some relief. But Baba insisted that he must go. It was the custom when leaving to take some ash from the fireplace and put it in Baba's hand, so that He might with it give His parting blessing.

The fourteen-year-old boy did this. Baba held the udhi for a moment and then applied it to the lad's forehead with some force. Young Dixit felt that he had been slapped on the head as well as ordered to go away, so he told his uncle that he would not visit Baba anymore.



Hari Dixit replied: "Are you a fool? The slap means that your headache will not recur."

This turned out to be true. The strange and terrible headaches never came back after that day, and young Dixit understood that Baba had been in His enigmatic way ordering, not the boy, but the headache to go away.

Six years later, in July 1918, M. S. Dixit found himself ill again, this time with bad haemorrhoids and an anal fistula. The medical men of Bombay where he was living said he must undergo an operation, but he felt very nervous about having surgery and did not want it.

Yet he was suffering a lot and there was much bleeding. He felt very miserable about his condition. At one of the regular Thursday evening gatherings of Shirdi Baba's Bombay devotees, M.S. Dixit was somehow overcome by the devotional atmosphere combined with his own misery. Although a young man of twenty, he broke down and cried like a child.

That night he had a dream in which Shirdi Baba came to him and chided him for "weeping like a girl". Then the old saint told him what to use as a cure for his ailment.

After waking, Dixit could remember everything except the name of the medicine that Baba had prescribed. He was very distressed about this and decided to go to Shirdi as soon as possible and get the name from Baba's lips.

But before he could go he heard the news Baba had passed away."Now" he thought gloomily, "I shall never know the medicine's name and must go on suffering."

The next Thursday evening meeting, following the news of Baba's passing, he found himself again overwhelmed with sorrow for himself, and wept once more. The same night brought him another vivid dream.

In this Baba stood before him again, still in the old Shirdi form. He said, "What! Crying like a girl again."

Then he told the young man to "take seven seeds of pepper, crush them to powder, and each day take a pinch of the powder mixed with udhi. All devotees, incidentally, kept some of Baba's udhi in their homes. M. S. Dixit remembered these instructions clearly next morning and carried them out. On the third day of treatment the pain stopped; on the seventh the bleeding stopped.

A complete cure took place and the complaint never returned. The years passed and the pages of Dixit's life turned over: he was in business; he got married; he was a major and Brigade Education Officer in the army during the Second World War and for some years afterwards. The year 1959 found him back in commercial life in the west-coast city of Mangalore.

During his leisure time he would read the 'Guru Charitra'. It is said that if this book is read through completely within seven days, great spiritual benefits will ensue. On the evening of the sixth day of the reading he had a dream.

In the dream, he was walking along a

broad avenue of trees, and felt that



someone was following him. He looked back. There was a man, very distinctive looking and close behind him. Dixit asked: "Who are you and why are you following me?"

But there was no reply. The figure just continued to follow silently. After a few minutes Dixit looked back again and saw the man still following him. Neither said anything. Soon the footsteps drew closer, and Dixit felt that something was being poured over his head from behind. He realised that it was ash...

That was the entire dream he could remember on waking, but very clear in his mind remained the striking, unique figure and face of the man who followed him.

Some months afterwards - through an odd set of circumstances he heard that there was a reincarnation of Shirdi Baba but did not believe it. Then later on he heard the same story again from another quarter and was shown a photograph of Sathya Sai Baba. It was the man who had followed him in the dream.

Now his interest was really aroused. He remembered his uncle's story that Shirdi Baba had once told him: "I will appear again as a boy of eight years."

Was this the boy, now grown to manhood? He decided to go as soon as possible to Puttaparti and find out all he could. It was early in 1961 when he managed to get there, as one of a party of about thirty people. The ashram was choked with the thousands who had arrived for the Shivaratri festival, and Dixit stood among them waiting for a view of Sathya Sai Baba on the high balcony.

When the little red-robed, dome-haired figure with the sweet, lovable face appeared, Dixit knew for certain that it was the figure of his strange dream. Yet, he thought, how can this be the old saint of Shirdi? With His coloured silks, hair like a woman and the big crowds around Him, this man is more like a film star. Shirdi Baba was rugged, homespun, simple: how can this possibly be the same man?, he pondered. Suddenly he wanted to go home.

But he stayed to watch Sathya Sai pour huge quantities of sacred ash from a small bowl over the statue of Shirdi Sai, and the same evening take nine lingams from his mouth. Then during a public discourse next day Baba said: "Some who have come here think I am too much like a film star; they object to my bright-coloured robes and the style of my hair..."

With consternation, Dixit heard all of his own unspoken critical thoughts being repeated from the platform. Then Baba went on to explain the reasons - good reasons Dixit felt - for the striking attire, the unique hairstyle and the other features of this incarnation.

Well, Dixit decided, He is certainly something very special. There is no doubt about His paranormal powers, but.... He is so different from old Shirdi Baba. Can it really be the same soul?

On his second visit to Prasanthi Nilayam three months later, he was called into a room with a group of half-a-dozen people for an interview. Baba came in, spoke to a few people, and then went up to M. S. Dixit who was holding a small photo of his uncle, H. S. Dixit, in his hand. Baba took the photo from him, looked at it, and said: "That's H. S. Dixit, your uncle, your father's elder brother, and my



old devotee at Shirdi. Now have you any more doubts?"

His doubts were fewer because all that Baba had just said was true. And Dixit had told no one his name at the ashram. He was there incognito - just an unknown member of a crowd of visitors. But Baba had recognised the face of his uncle in the photo at first sight.

After that Dixit often made trips to the ashram and, through the years, enjoyed the wealth of Sai Baba's miraculous powers, great compassion and spiritual teachings.

Once, speaking of Shirdi Baba's remark to his uncle Hari about coming back to earth "as a boy of eight years", Baba told Dixit that what he had really said was he would return as a boy in eight years, that is, eight years after his death - which he in fact did.

Sathya Sai added that H. S. Dixit must have misunderstood him. But it was, the many, many little things, more than these big ones that finally, convinced him that the two Sais were one, Dixit told me.

He went on to describe these important little things: the similarities in the siddhis (powers), the parallels in the teachings and manner of instruction, the subtle echoes from the past in gesture, phrase and attitude. "Sometimes I even see on his face the same old smile that I saw long ago on the face of Shirdi Baba," he said.

Of course, the differences which he felt so sharply at first are indeed there, he admits. But there, is, after all, a different body, a different setting, a different period in time - a different environment for the Sai mission. And therefore the mission, while in spirit the same, cannot be precisely the same in form and style, and it is to be expected that the outer personality through which the message comes to the world will also be different.

Sai Baba himself comments that He is not as hard or angry now as he was in the earlier manifestation. He is more tolerant and gentle. He explains the difference by means of a simile: "The mother is usually hard when the children enter the kitchen and disturb the cooking; but while serving the food she is all smiles and patience. I am now serving the dishes cooked then. Wherever you may be, if you are hungry and if your plate is ready, I shall serve you the dishes and feed, you to your heart's content."

At another time, concerning the controversy about whether He is the same Baba or not, He said: "When there are two pieces of candy, one square, another circular, one yellow and the other purple in colour, unless one has eaten and realised the taste of both pieces one cannot, believe that both are the same. Tasting, experiencing - that's the crucial thing for knowing the identity."





## The Shirdi Link: Baba reveals His Omniscience to the Rani of Chincholi

Reference: "Sathyam Shivam Sundaram" Vol-I by Prof. N Kasturi.

The Raja of Chincholi was a very ardent devotee of Shirdi Baba. Baba used to spend a few months every year at Shirdi, Akalkot and other holy places in the company of Siddhas and Sadhakas (holy men). After the passing away of the Raja, the Rani (queen) was pleasantly surprised to hear of the incarnation of the Lord as Sri Sathya Sai Baba at Puttaparthi and she visited the place.

She prayed to Bhagawan who was just fifteen years of age at that time to accompany her to Chincholi and Hyderabad. What a surprise it was for her, when Baba on arriving at the palace, asked her about a Margosa tree that had stood when Shirdi Sai had visited them, a well that had been filled up, a line of shops that had been newly built. Baba told her that He had seen the places years ago while 'in His previous body!'

Sathya Sai Baba asked her about a small stone image of Anjaneya which had been given to the Raja while in the previous body; the Rani did not know that it existed; Baba himself discovered it for her! He also said that there must also be found a picture of Sai Baba and that too was later discovered in the house.

Three years ago, the Rani had been rummaging the huge store-room at Chincholi for old brass, bronze or copper which she could sell off and save space when she came upon a brass 'Kamandalu', a drinking vessel used by Sadhus, whose shape was quaint and artistic. The water has to be poured through a slit in the handle and the spout ends in a cow's-head figurine!

Someone suggested that it could be polished and displayed as a decorative article in the drawing room of her Hyderabad House. The mystery of the Kamandalu deepened next day when they found a cobra coiled round it! "Baba alone can solve the secret," she said to herself, while propitiating the cobra with the traditional Puja (worship).

She arrived at Puttaparthi on the first day of Dasara, and as soon as she entered the premises, Baba sent word, asking her to come up, "with my drinking vessel"!

As soon as the Kamandalu was in His Hands He showed some devotees standing nearby the letters inscribed on the vessel in Devanagari characters, 'S A A' followed by a pair of short vertical lines, 'B A A' with the two lines again. 'SAA' indicating Sai and 'BAA' for Baba!

Readers may wonder how the saint of Shirdi who, according to all accounts, never left Shirdi for years, could have gone to Chincholi and Hyderabad, and left a Kamandalu with the Raja. But, devotees who have seen and experienced the Avatar of Sri Sathya Sai Baba will have no difficulty on this score. In fact, it is the honest belief of the Rani as well as some old servants of the Palace that Sai Baba stayed a few days every time He came and that He used to ride in a Tonga drawn by bullocks far



out of the town, in order to have talks with the Raja who accompanied Him.

This Tonga is now at Prasanthi Nilayam and is on display at the Chaitanya Jyothi Museum.



## **The Assurance and the Fulfillment: How Baba had prophesied His advent to Smt. Sharada Devi.**

**Reference: "Sathya Sai – The Avatar of Love".**

Smt. Sharada Devi (affectionately called as 'Pedda Bottu' by Baba) is one of those few privileged souls who had the unique chance of being in the proximity of both Shirdi Sai and Sathya Sai. Here she narrates how Shirdi Baba had revealed to her about His future Advent and how later Sathya Sai blessed her profusely:

One day I requested Baba (Shirdi Sai) to give me Mantra Upadesh (spiritual initiation). Baba replied, "You are young yet. I will give you Upadesh when you grow older". I waited till I was 29 years old and prayed to Baba again. He shouted at me in anger: "You are always obsessed with Upadesh" and kicked me on the chest with his right foot.

With tears of dejection streaming down my face, I went out and lay beneath a tree. I must have slept after weeping for a long time. It must have been very late in the night when Baba came to wake me up. He asked me to follow him to Lendi Garden.

When we reached the Garden, He said "My child, I could not sleep in Dwaraka Mayi (the dilapidated Masjid, and Baba's dwelling) when you were lying out there without food since morning. I have brought you here, for, I want to tell you something, but first you must eat."

He stretched out His right hand with palm up and said "Allah Malik hai". (God is the master). Two chapatis (wheat pancakes) and a lemon sized-kova (soft solid sweet made of milk) materialised in His palm. He gave them to me to eat. Again He stretched out His hand and this time a very small mud pot full of water materialised. When I ate and drank, he asked me: "Gori, Is your anger gone?" (Baba used to affectionately call Sharada Devi, 'Gori')

I replied in all humility "There is no anger or frustration now. I was a fool not to realise that your kick was in fact a sign of your Grace." Baba then told me "I will tell you something, but before that you should hold My feet and promise Me not to tell this to anyone".

With pounding heart and anticipating the much awaited Mantra-Upadesh I did as he told me, "Gori, I will appear in Andhra with the same name of Sai Baba but in another Avatar (divine manifestation). Then again you will come to me. I will keep you with me and will give you joy".

I was ecstatic in joy and said "I am blessed, my Lord. This is my greatest fortune." This conversation between us took place in 1917 AD. Later, I was informed that my ailing elder aunt wanted to see me at Rajamundry. It was when I was at Rajamundry in 1918 that I learnt that Baba had left His physical body. I was filled with inexplicable anguish.

One day, many years later, I was

invited to sing a 'Hari Katha' (a form of



ballad popular in rural areas of Andhra Pradesh) in a village called Uravakonda. In the house where this event was arranged, I happened to see on the wall a photograph of a handsome lad. He had a large crown of hair. The face and eyes were most charming and magnetic.

I asked the housewife whose photo it was. She told me "Don't you know? He is Puttaparthi Sai Baba. If you want to see him, I can take you to him tomorrow".

The next day I was taken to the house of one Mr. Seshama Raju, the elder brother of Baba. I then saw the young 14-year-old Baba. It was in 1940; I was then fifty-two years old. The first words that Bhagwan Sri Sathya Sai Baba uttered were: "Gori, you owe me sixteen rupees from my Shirdi Incarnation".

I replied that I had already paid up all my debts to Shirdi Baba. He said, "I know. I said it because you are not able to recognise Me. All right. After completing all your tasks at the Poor Home you are running, go over to Puttaparthi. I shall retain you with Me and shall bestow all the joy you want".

For the next seventeen years, I used to visit Puttaparthi frequently and spend a few months every time in the divine presence of Baba. In 1958, when I was 70, I closed down the Poor Home and went over to Puttaparthi to spend the rest of my life there.



## Prayer & Communion with God

**By: Rajiv Kaicker**

Sweeter than sugar, tastier than curd,  
Extremely sweeter than honey,  
Is the chanting of the Divine Name,  
Recite Oh mind, the nectarine Name  
Of the Indweller Lord Sai.

The Supreme Self is one but dwells in innumerable bodies with different names and forms. God is the changeless Creator who creates the innumerable objects in creation which are subject to changes in names and forms.

Prayer is the expression of man's gratitude to God. It is also the means of awakening an awareness of the eternal Divine within him. Scriptures beckon man to realize the innate spring of bliss. Prayer is essential for developing love for God.

Under all circumstances, our faith in God should be firm. Our unwavering faith in God shall be our protection.

One should get rid of the idea of doer-ship and ownership and surrender everything to God. When one does any action as an offering to God, it gets sanctified. Every selfless act of devotion becomes an action free from the taint of desire.

When praying to God one should have a feeling of total surrender. If one is keen about realizing God, one should cultivate the all absorbing love. There is no need to go in search of love elsewhere. It is all within us. Divine love is the only panacea for all our troubles and miseries arising from insatiable desires and frustrated ambitions. God's love is like a lighthouse beacon. It shows us the right path. By diverting the boat of our life towards the lighthouse of Divine love, we are bound to reach the shore of bliss. One requires purity, patience and perseverance for being a recipient of the Divine love.

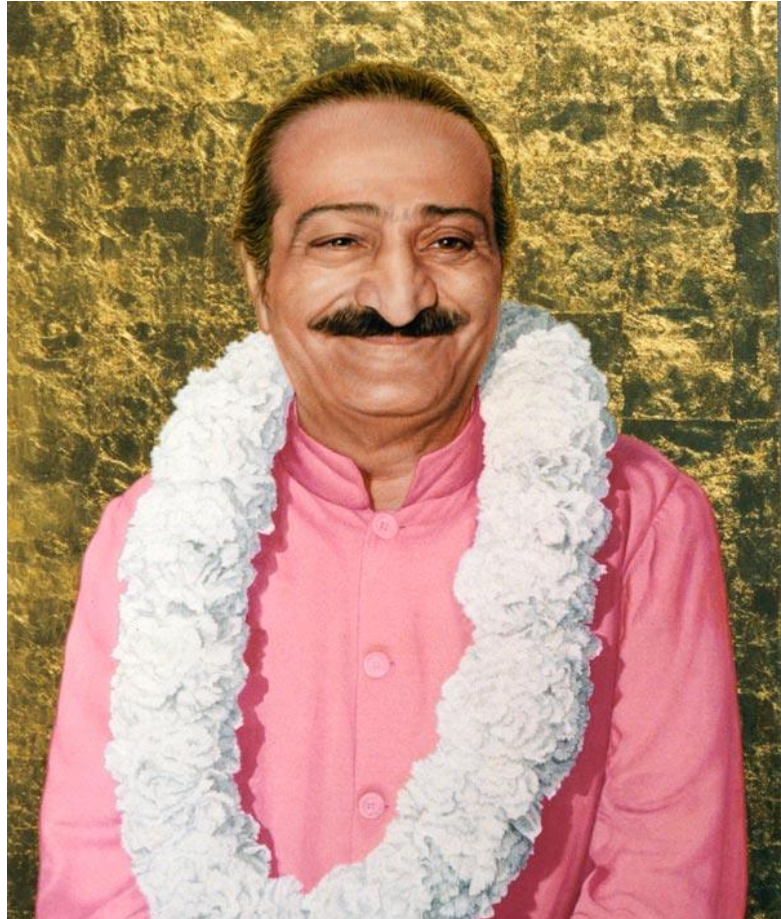


## Sai Baba and Meher Baba

**Submitted by Ashok Jain (Source: avatarmeherbaba.org)**

"Allah is the protector of the poor. There is nothing besides Him. The name of Allah is All-in-all!" Over the years thousands flocked to Sai Baba — many with material gain on their minds. Sometimes Sai Baba would ask people for all of their money and by the end of the day distribute it to the poor. Sai Baba once remarked about those who sought his blessing: "It is I who seek them out and bring them to me; they do not come by their own volition. Even though some may be hundreds of miles away, I draw them to me like sparrows with strings tied to their feet."

Babajan often repeated to Merwan, "My son, the treasure which you seek and the key to that treasure are not with me! I am not the one to give it to you. The treasure is yours — it is for you alone — there is no doubt about that, the treasure is yours! But my son, you must have the key ... You must take the key!" Babajan would always speak about this in a cryptic fashion — it seemed unclear what she meant. Then one night she spoke in a very clear manner, "the treasure is yours to have now! The key is there; go to Shirdi, my son. There is a Sai — a holy one there ... Go and see the Sai. See if he will give you the key now ... Take the key from Sai!"



After a difficult journey to Shirdi, the villagers there refused to allow Merwan to see Sai Baba. Merwan spent the night under a tree and the following day Sai Baba sent for Merwan. Sai Baba was then seventy-seven years old, white-bearded with a head of snow-white hair, dressed in a white kafni gown. Khodu who was with Merwan, nervously walked up and bowed at Sai Baba's feet and when he did, the old fakir slapped him on the back so





hard that it knocked the breath out of him! Khodu was startled, and then Sai Baba inquired, "Who is your friend? What does he want?"

"His name is Merwan ... Merwan Sheriar Irani; he is very devotional and eagerly desires your darshan, holy one. Babajan, in Poona, has told us about you, Sai."

The old fakir's eyes were aflamed. "Oh, no!" Sai Baba suddenly cried. "No, I won't ... I won't allow him to see me! I won't let him come!" The old fakir's eyes then gazed upon Khodu and he said, "Give me all your money, all of it!" Khodu did and then Sai Baba said, "Now go and tell your friend I won't see him, he cannot come to me!"

Khodu left and reported to Merwan, who shook his head and said, "No!" Let us just wait. I must see him and I will."

Later, Sai Baba was on his way after performing his lendi in a field with a large procession following, a band playing and the atmosphere very joyful though at the same time solemn with reverence. Contrary to what Khodu had said, Sai Baba now appeared to be in a very good mood. As Sai Baba was about to pass him, Merwan stretched himself full length on the ground in front of his feet. Seeing him in the shashtang namaskar — bowing at full length to the Master's feet — in a deep, deep voice as if rising from the very depths of the ocean, Sai Baba uttered one majestic word, the Mohammedan name for Lord Vishnu, "PARVARDIGAR!" — meaning GOD-THE-ALMIGHTY-SUSTAINER! Sai Baba's eyes were lustrous with universes shining out of them as he conveyed this holy word! The old fakir's lustrous eyes were sending a message to Merwan but to the ignorant, his word was inexplicable. For at the instant when Sai Baba had spoken, Merwan had become all powerful — Sai Baba had given him infinite power!



## Articles & Spiritual Experiences are invited

Articles & spiritual experiences are invited for publication in October-2014 edition of Samarpan e-magazine. Please send your articles before 5<sup>th</sup> September, 2014.

Please follow below guidelines for submitting your articles for next edition of SAMARPAN.

1. इस वेबसाइट को प्रयोग में लाएँ, हिन्दी में लिखने के लिए.  
<http://www.quillpad.in/index.html>  
Use above website to write in Hindi.
2. Please give a suitable title and write your name or the name of the author (if you are not the author).
3. Please keep your articles in the range of 150 to 1500 words. Please provide enough details in your article about your experience.
4. Please do not type sentences all in capital (upper case).
5. Please do not use short forms (SMS style of writing)
  - Write “you” and not “u”
  - Write “because” and not “becoz”
  - Write “and” and not “n”
  - Please use full stop “.” and not “....”
6. Please write complete sentences in your article.
7. Please keep in mind following while writing “Sai Baba” in your article.
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  - Sai-Baba
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  - ~~SAIBABA~~
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8. Please do spell-check before you submit the article and correct all spelling mistakes.



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