



SHRI SAILEELA

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English Section

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Homepage

O Sai, it is Death that's dead, not You !

Lo ! it is Vijayadashmi festival to-day. O Baba ! You took *Mahasamadhi* in Shirdi on the Dassera day in 1918; and ever since devotees all over the world have been celebrating Your *Punyatithi* with ecstatic devotion on the Vijayadashmi day; and to-day my heart too is at Your 89th *Punyatithi* fiesta. May Your loving grace and blessings shower in abundance upon one and all in the Universe.

O Deva, let Your Lotus Feet be my

Sole Refuge !

O Sai ! the most important source about Your life is Shri Sai Satcharita written by Govindrao Raghunath Dabholkar whom Your nicknamed Hemadpant. The author, in the Epilogue to this holy book, writes :- "This work should be read at home specially on Guru Poonima, Gokul Ashtami, Rama Navami, Dassera and Deepawali. If you study this one book carefully, all your desires will be satisfied..."

O Baba ! Since it is the Dassera carnival to-day, I am making a required reading of this sacred book jubilantly in compliance with Your biographer's advice, and soon come across the writer's depiction of the events concerning Your *Mahasamadhi*.

O Sai ! The prelude to Your *Mahasamadhi* was first evident when You made an attempt to cross the boundaries of Your mortal coil in 1886, just 32 years before Your *Mahasamadhi* on 15th October, 1918. It was a full moon day in Margashirsha (December), You were suffering from a severe attack of *Asthama*. (Perhaps You might have suffered for the sake of some devotee.) To get rid of it, You decided to regulate Your *Prana* (life force) and go into *Samadhi* state. You said to Mhalsapati, "Protect my body for three days; if I return, it is alright. If I do not come back, bury my body at that place outside (pointing to a particular spot), and have two flags fixed there as a mark." Saying this, You fell to the ground at about 10 p.m. Your breathing stopped, and Your pulse also dipped down; it seemed as if the life force had left the body. The residents of Shirdi thought You to be dead, and insisted to hold an inquest and bury the body. But, Mhalsapati contested their suggestion. He didn't sleep a wink for three days with the length of three long nights to safeguard Your body, keeping Your head on his lap. On the fourth day at about 3 a.m., You showed signs of life. Your breathing commenced, the abdomen began to move. Your eyes opened and stretching Your limbs, You returned to consciousness (life) again. (Shri Sai Satcharita, chapters, 43-44)

O Deva, let Your Lotus Feet be my

Sole Refuge !

O Sai ! Though You Yourself had given several indications to Your devotees of the day on which You would be leaving Your earthly body, it was only after Your *Mahasamadhi* that it occurred to them that the hint had been given a full two years earlier. It was the festival of Vijayadashmi in 1916. Devotees flocked to Shirdi and the whole village looked like a big fair. All the people of the village went in procession to attend the ceremonial *Seemollanghanam*, carrying worship-materials like incense, singing and playing instruments. They would cross the border line of the village and then return (This ceremony was probably a relic of the custom of ancient kings proceeding on wars of conquest across the borders of their kingdoms on that auspicious day.) In the evening, when all the people were returning, You suddenly flew into a wild rage. It was one of Your characteristic ways to flare up on such auspicious occasions. You took off Your head-dress, *Kafni*, and Your *Langota* (underwear) publicly, tore them up and flung them in the sacred fire. Your eyes burned like coal and Your whole body seemed to glow with an uncanny aura. O Baba ! You stood stark naked in the center of the mosque and shouted "Ye fellows, look at me and decide, whether I am a Muslim or a Hindu." (i.e. whether You were circumcised in the Muslim fashion or not.) None dared to pacify You. At last Your leper devotee, Bhagoji Shinde made bold to approach You and succeeded in tying a new *Langota* round Your waist. Though You didn't physically obstruct him, You kept on fuming and cursing. Bhagoji humbly said, "Baba, to-day is the holy *Seemollanghanam*. Why

are You angry and why do You frighten people thus ?” Striking the ground with Your *Satka* or staff, You said, “This day is my *Seemollanghanam*.” (Shri Sai Satcharita, Chapter 42) O Sai ! What You meant, none could understand then.

O Deva, let Your Lotus Feet be my Sole Refuge !

O Sai ! Two years passed briskly as though they enjoyed the rising glory of Shirdi. The year 1918 commenced as inconspicuously as any other, and a few months passed. But, time is a dressmaker specializing in alterations; and soon occurred an ominous event forboding an alteration. O Baba ! There was, in the *Masjid*, an old brick. One day, during Your absence, a boy was sweeping the mosque. He took the brick up in his hand, and accidentally dropped it down whilst removing dust from it. The brick broke into two. When You came to know of the breakage, You grieved for its loss, “It’s not the brick, but my fate that has been broken into two pieces. It was my life-long companion, with it I always meditated on the self, it was as dear to me as my life, it has left me to-day.” (Shri Sai Satcharita, chapters 43-44) O sai ! No one realized the full import of Your words then. But, You meant, what you said; and, therefore, made one Mr. Vaze read out to You the sacred book, *Ramavijaya*. (Shri Sai Satcharita, chapters 43-44) O Baba ! At last the Ides of October (15th of October, 1918) dawned. You called Mrs. Laxmibai Shinde – a well-to-do woman devotee, and gave her nine coins in two lots – first five rupees and then four. Those who witnessed the event interpreted it as Your manner of acknowledging Laxmibai’s *Navadha Bhakti*. O Sai ! You usually loved to be surrounded by Your devotees. However, as the afternoon advanced, You made it a point to send them away from the Dwarkamai on one pretext or the other. Just a few like Laxmibai, Bhagoji, Bayaji Appaji Patil, Bala Shimpi and Nanasahab Nimonkar stayed with You. O Baba ! You told them that You didn’t feel well there in the mosque and asked them to take You to the *Dagadi* (stone-work) *Wada*, where You would be alright. Saying these last words, You leaned on Bayaji’s body and breathed Your last. When the news of Your passing away spread, the whole village of Shirdi felt like a corpse with its spirit gone. The *Dagadi Wada* to which You referred was a then recently completed building of palatial proportions. It had been built by Your millionaire devotee Bapusaheb Booty of Nagpur. O Sai ! Your body is resting in this *Wada*, which is now called the *Samadhi Mandir*. (Shri Sai Satcharita, chapter 4)

O Deva, let Your Lotus Feet be my Sole Refuge !

O Baba ! The banks of the Godavari river, in the Ahmednagar district of Maharashtra, are very fortunate for they gave birth and refuge to many saints, prominent amongst them being Dnyaneshwar. After crossing the Godavari river at Kopargaon *Taluka* of the Ahmednagar district, one gets the way to Shirdi where – O Sai ! Thou alighted on. You lived, acted and behaved as only a “God descended on earth” can. O Baba ! It is a fascinating fact that Dnyaneshwar remains one of India’s most beloved saints and his *Samadhi* shrine in Alandi (in which he was voluntarily entombed in *Nirvikalpa Samadhi* while alive) is visited by thousands of people annually. He is widely revered as an incarnation of Lord Krishna. Centuries later, *Sant* Eknath entered the tomb and saw a radiant youth seated in meditation. Dnyaneshwar is still believed to be alive, anchoring his light body as a crystal of enlightened energy radiating from Alandi to the entire world. Moreover, it gives me a real thrill to recall that the *Varkaris* who regularly go on a pilgrimage to the sacred town of Pandharpur to celebrate the biennial festivals of their Parent Deity Pandurang, – believe that at the climax of his last *Kirtan*, *Sant* Tukaram bodily ascended the *Vaikunth* (Vishnu’s heavenly abode).

O Baba !

**Although Thou hast attained Mahasamadhi,
Thy spiritual presence is manifest all the while
And a fervent call to Thee in humble devotion
Brings Thy Divine Presence to devotees’ side
Relieving all their cares and woes,
And blessing them with joy and peace.**

O Sai ! Times without number You exhorted Your followers not to attach undue importance to Your physical presence in Shirdi or to Your person as a flesh and blood man – “I am not confined to these three - and - a half cubits. (Shri Sai Satcharita, chapter 31)

Devotees who confided in You that they depended solely upon You, and would flounder and be lost after You passed away, were reassured by You that You would be as active and vigorous in looking after their welfare even after Your physical departure from their midst : “Even when I leave my mortal body, I shall ever be guiding and helping my devotees from within my tomb.” O Baba ! This is the most unique feature of Yours; even after 89 years of Your *Mahasamadhi*, You have remained true to Your words. Though we no longer behold Your mortal body, but Your spiritual presence is felt.

O Sai, it is Death that's dead, not You !

O Baba ! You are the fountain head of unsurpassed spiritual glory. Few years before Your *Mahasamadhi*, You said that even after Your passing away, You would speak from the *Samadhi* (tomb); and, really, the pull of the tomb, above which Your idol sits, is powerful and intense and is drawing seekers to Shirdi from all over the world. Here, devotees address their heart-felt prayers, beg for help, give thanks and offerings for prayers answered and wishes fulfilled, sign their devotion, and pay humble obeisance at Your Lotus Feet. For them, the idol does not merely represent God, it is God; and the opportunity to prostrate before it and make oblations may be fulfilment of a lifetime's ambition.

O Deva, let Your Lotus Feet be my Sole Refuge !

O Baba ! Thou art the one spirit of all existence, which is God in all the forms of God, in all the saints, in all the men and in all the creatures. The most prominent feature of Your spiritual perfection is that even when You were in your body, You were not really in Your body, nor You Your body in the sense in which we are our bodies. He who thinks that You are only at Shirdi has totally failed to see you. “I am with you wherever you be”, You exhorted. Thus, if the separation of body and soul alone be the essence of death, we have to admit that You never lived, even when You moved amidst us and acted. If we also add that absence of awareness and the power to speak, act, appear and move about are the real attributes to death, then You were alive, but in a quite different way from us. And You are so even now, as is amply proved by the experiences of innumerable devotees.

O Sai, it is Death that's dead, not You !

O Deva, let Your Lotus Feet be my Sole Refuge !

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Experiences of Sai Maharaj

The following excerpts are from a letter sent on 11-7-1921 by *Vedshastr*i Krishnashastr*i* Bhishma, the writer of most of the verses from *Sri Sadguru Sainath Sagunopasana*.

My experiences with Maharaj are well-known to those around me. So, there is nothing special in this letter. If devotees already know or have read these experiences, please do not publish them.

Sainath Maharaj had extra sensory perception. Though I am writing this in the past tense, it is only with reference to the mortal body. For me, Sainath is immortal and will always be, since Maharaj is constantly giving me visions and is guiding me to do things He wishes, what I say cannot be false.

One evening we were sitting with Sainath and also did the last *Aarati*, the *Shejaarati*. But, when we went to visit Him the next day, Sai said, “Yesterday evening I had gone for a walk.” We could not believe this as He was with us all evening till the *Shejaarati*. But, a few minutes later a man from a village south of Shirdi came and mentioned, “Yesterday evening Sai Maharaj was in our village.” We then understood that Sai had extra sensory powers and so could be in both places at the same time.

Once, when all the people in Balwantrao Khaparde’s house were asleep, Sai came in his dream, dined with him, ate a *Paan* sitting on the swing and then left. At that moment Balwantrao woke up. When he narrated this dream to me in the morning, I said, “Without telling this dream to anyone go to Sainath Maharaj. If Sai has given you this vision, He will give you some indication. If it is an ordinary dream, Sai won’t say a word.” Balwantrao went to meet Sai and was amazed when Sai said, “You gave me dinner yesterday; but you did not give any *Dakshina*.” Balwantrao was stunned; but he immediately asked, how much he should give and came the reply, “Rs. 25/-”.

All these are the facets of extra sensory perception at play. Some may think, these stories are false; but in his book ‘Srimadbhagwatarth Darshan’ Mr. Yeshwant Vyankatesh Kolhatkar, B. A., L.L. B., proves that the *Atma* or soul is immortal and can perform many miracles. Then, how could it be impossible for Baba to give *Darshan* while awake or in a dream? “*Jaagat Rama, Sovat Rama, Sapnon mein dekho Rama hi Rama*,” said *Sant Eknath* and accordingly Sainath gives *Darshan* whenever He wills. In Chapter VIII, Vol. III, Verse 4, from the *Chhandogya Upanishad* it is said that “Sometimes this blissful soul leaves the body and attains self-realization and oneness with the Supreme Light; but the soul does not need to leave the body unconscious.” Maharaj was in complete control of His senses and desires and remained perpetually calm.

While going from His sleeping area towards the *Masjid* with His staff in hand, Baba used to hurl abuses. At such a time nobody had the guts to face Him. But, whenever He uttered these expletives at the top of His voice, people could hear the softly uttered words “*Allah tera bhala karega*”. Which man could give blessings while in a fit of rage? That is why, in my opinion Baba’s anger was just a show, but His conscience was kind and calm.

In verse 4274 of Tukaram's *Gatha* it is said that God Himself bears the troubles of His devotees and is always close to them. One day, all of us were seated next to Maharaj, when it was time for the noon *Aarati*. According to the custom in those days Bapusaheb prepared the *Aarati*. But, suddenly, without any provocation, Maharaj donned the Narsimha *Avatar*. He threw away the *Aarati* and the *Prasad*, drove all the people out by hitting at them with His staff. He Himself left His seat and sat down in the *Veranda*. The *Aarati* could not take place. By 3 p.m. all the devotees were hungry. Some suggested that the *Aarati* should be done to the throne. But, Dadasaheb Khaparde did not agree and said that the *Aarati* should be done to Baba only, but at the hands of Vaghya and not Bapusaheb. Accordingly the *Aarati* was given to Vaghya. But, suddenly Baba returned to His throne and the *Aarati* was done. But, nobody understood the reason for Baba's anger.

The next day a lawyer from Kopargaon arrived. He said, "There was a criminal case against one of Baba's devotee. The court had sentenced him when I reached there. I took the case and appealed. Surprisingly the court inquired with me about the defendant's conduct. When I vouched for his good behaviour and his being innocent, the court acquitted him. To ask Baba, how this miracle took place, I came to Shirdi for Baba's *Darshan*. That devotee told me about the eminent Sai and said he was acquitted due to Baba's blessings."

As said in *Sant Dnyaneshwar's Aarati* it is an open secret that the universe is *Brahma*. Sai behaved accordingly.

There was a well-worn piece of sack-cloth which Baba used as a seat and loved it immensely. Once, when Baba was away, a devotee threw the sack-cloth away and kept a silk cushion in its place. When Baba returned He started fuming and abusing as soon as He saw the new cushion. He threw it and scattered the *Dhuni*. He calmed down only when His old torn piece of sacking was restored.

One day people asked me to replace the old sacking with a new one; but I waited till everybody stood for *Aarati* and then asked Baba in sign language if I could change the sack-cloth. He signaled in agreement. I immediately told Dadasaheb and bought a new sack and replaced the old one, which was discarded. After the *Aarati*, Baba sat down quietly. Devotees served Him. Then He gave His '*Chillum*' to me and asked for five *Laddos* which I promised. I kept worrying as to how I would be able to make *Laddos* without anybody's help in this unfamiliar place. If I took somebody's help Baba would immediately know. Why did He ask specifically for five *Laddos* and not just *Laddos*? I spent the day mulling over it and went to sleep with the same thought in mind. But, soon I woke up with an inspiration to write a verse which I immediately penned. In the morning, when I was writing the next stanza, Mr. Dixit, who was on his way to Baba, stopped by and saw my poem. Later I took my bath and went for *Darshan*. As soon as He saw me Baba asked for the *Laddos*. I did not say anything; but Dixit said, "The *Laddos* are getting ready". Baba was pacified. The next day I finished writing five stanzas and offered them to Baba. (I had tried to write more than five; but try as I may, I could not write beyond the five already written and so left it at that.) When Baba saw them, He asked me to read them out and while I was reading, blessed me by putting His hand on my head. It is impossible to narrate my state of bliss at that time. After that I read to Him every poem I wrote and this collection ultimately became the book '*Sainath Sagunopasana*' which I offered at His feet. The proceeds of the book were given for the protection of cows. The copies of this book must still be there.

"*Dhiro na shochati*," says the Kathopanishad. Self-realized brave people never grieve and even if they feel sad, they do not need other people's advice to restore their good cheer; they themselves get rid of it.

Megha Gujarati was Maharaj's loving devotee. He slogged to serve Baba. He was serving Baba at his master's instance; but one day it crossed his mind 'Why should I bathe a Muslim ?' And so one day he left Shirdi for his native place, where he fell ill. When he recovered, he went to visit the Shiva temple; but instead of a Shivalingam he saw Sai Maharaj. He promptly returned to Shirdi. To remove the evil thoughts from his body he was asked to chant the Gayatri *Mantra* a certain number of times. On completion Baba blessed him. When Megha passed away, Baba Himself came and touching his entire body with His hands, cried bitterly for five minutes. Then consoling Himself, 'How much will you cry ?' He calmed down (as per the teaching of the Kathopanishad – "*Dhiro na shochati*") and gave permission for the final rites.

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Samartha Shri Sai – Beyond the Death

When the oil of the span of life finished, the flame of life dimmed. The body found rest on the lap of Bayaji (Appa Kote).

He did not fall on the ground nor did He lie on His bed; but sitting quietly on His seat, doing charity with His own hands, He threw off the mortal coil.

Nobody knew *Samartha's* mind or heart's secret. He left the body in no time and became one with the Supreme Spirit.

Wearing the cloak of the body, from *Maya*, the saints manifest in the world. Soon after their work of upliftment is completed, they merge with the formless.

An actor plays many roles; but fully knows his own identity. Those who manifest themselves, resume their own identity after their work is done. What is death to them ?

He Who manifested for the benefit of the people, ended the *Avatar* as soon as His mission was complete. Could He be bound by life and death, Who takes a form by His own divine sport ?

How can there be a possibility of death for Him Whose glory is the Supreme Spirit ? He Who is the embodiment of detachment, how can existence or non-existence have any effect on Him ?

Though ostensibly He appears to be engaged in action, He hardly ever performs any. Being without any ego, when doing any action He believes that it is not He Who is doing anything.

"Action does not end without experiencing its fruit." This is the essence of action as implied in the *Smritis*. There is no delusion in case of the knower of *Brahman*, since He sees *Brahman* in every entity.

This is the fruit achieved on account of a collection of deeds. Such a duality is well-known; but here, too, the knower of *Brahman* believes it to be *Brahman*, as a silver sheen on the oyster.

How could Baba, like a loving mother, fall prey to death ? It was as if the day was eclipsed by a dark night.

By kindling their own lustre, saints extinguish their own bodies. Baba did the same with His own hands.

What should never have happened, had happened ! *Maharaj* became one with the Supreme Spirit. The people were dispirited, sobbed and whimpered.

Sai *Samartha*, the Cloud of Bliss, Who did not know about the birth of His body, how could His body experience death ? He does not know about the body's existence.

How could there be birth or death for Sai, Who is *Parabrahma* Himself ? Knowing that *Brahma* is Truth and the world a mirage, how could He have body consciousness ?

Taking on life or abandoning it, or roaming the space formlessly, is done at will by the power of *Yoga*, for the benefit of the devotees.

"The sun has been eclipsed and has disappeared completely," say the people. But, it is merely the fault of the sense perception. The death of saints is likewise.

The body is merely a burden. How can they have pain or suffering ? If they have any, it is because of the bonds of fate. But, they are not concerned.

He Who manifested because of the past meritorious deeds of the devotees and was filled with devotion invisibly, He appeared for the welfare of the devotees. It was then that He was perceived in Shirdi.

It was said that now the work of the welfare of the devotees was completed, and, therefore, He abandoned the body. Who will place faith in these words ? What is life and death for a *Yogi* ?

Sai *Samartha* abandoned His body as per His own will and burnt the body in the '*Yoga Agni*' (fire). He became one with the unseen, but remained eternally in the hearts of the devotees.

How can He die, the remembrance of whose name breaks the cycle of life and death for others ? He attained His earlier Invisible Self.

Going beyond the gross state, Baba became one with the unseen, where He enjoyed being one with God. But, always He keeps the devotees alert.

He Who throbs with the Supreme Spirit and is permanently engraved in the hearts of the devotees, then how could His body be said to have ceased to be. Such words are unacceptable.

Therefore, this Sai Who is without a beginning or an end will ever be there until the '*Pralay*' (deluge) of the world.

'One has experiences commensurate with one's faith'; even to-day. When the power of this axiom exists for Him, how can there be death for such a one !

He, Who espoused the causes of the devotees, has abandoned His body in Shirdi and is all-pervasive with the movable and the immovable. He is capable of taking *Avatar* again.

'Now what is there in Shirdi, as the *Samartha* has mingled with *Brahman* ?' Have no such doubts, as Shri Sai is beyond death.

Saints are not born (from the womb). They manifest themselves for obliging others. They are the embodiment of *Brahman*. Only the fortunate ones so manifest.

Those Who are incarnate are never born and They never die. As soon as Their mission is completed, they merge with *Brahman* and become one with the unseen.

A body is of a three-and-a-half hands' length. Could Baba be said to be contained in that ? It is improper to say that He was of a particular size, shape or colour.

Even otherwise, for Him Who is a store of knowledge and is always one with the Supreme Spirit, to take care of the body or to leave it is the same.

Are you confident that our Sai is this gross skeletal body of three and a half arms length and the senses ? Remove this doubt forever.

If one is to call that body Sai, then there is no name for the one who is free from all bodily and earthly enjoyments and pursuits. There is no form for it. Shri Sai is beyond a form.

The body is perishable. *Brahman* on its own is indestructible. The body is included in the five elements; but *Brahman* is without beginning or end.

Observe the Pure, Excellent Self, the Supreme Being, the Life Spirit, which animates the gross senses. Sai is the name for that.

He transcends the senses. The senses are gross and do not know That. It is That which animates the senses and activates them with '*Prana*'.

The name of that power is Sai. There is no place without it. All the ten directions are desolate without it. It fills the movable and the immovable.

It is this that has taken *Avatar*. Earlier it was unmanifest. Taking a name and form and becoming an individuality, it became manifest. After accomplishing its mission, it merged into the unmanifest.

After achieving the work of the *Avatar*, the body taken for the *Avatar* is abandoned and enters the abode of the Knower and the Known. Sai acted in this manner.

Sai fills the movable and the immovable. Sai is within us and outside us too. Sai is in your and my heart. He stays there permanently.

Actually, it is nothing to be surprised about. This Sai is beyond birth and death, and has only left the body. He remains without form, as earlier.

The body has gone and the form has gone. The spirit lives as before. The *Leelas*, after He left the body, continue to occur. Everyone knows that.

While meditating, there should be intense concentration. There is no better means than meditation. He who practises this himself will undoubtedly uplift himself.

How can there be life or death for him who has forgotten the desires of life and the world ? He achieves bliss by being engrossed in the *Atman*.

The great souls who transcend time and space, can their life span be exactly calculated ? It is a formidable task.

The great souls are existing in their own orbit. They are neither born nor do they die. How can the sun rise or set when in reality it is steady and immovable.

“I am omnipresent. There is nothing else besides me in this world. I exist not only in this world, but in all the three.”

It is that Self which is complete and is without birth and death, and about whom the sages always say that you cannot achieve permanent good without its attainment.

Parabrahma is knowable. *Apar Brahma* is attainable. *Aum*, their sign is their symbol to be meditated upon always, and to be worshipped for ever.

That is the *Aum* - a word, a sentence, a letter which is the essence of all *Tapas*. By the very utterance the meaning is revealed, and constant repetition gives enlightenment.

It is that all-pervading consciousness. It neither grows nor decays; because it is immutable. Rare is that ardent devotee of his *Sadguru* who understands his *Atman* to be such.

The *Atman* is unique. It is separate from the body, the sense organs, the mind and *Prana*. It is self-illuminated, pure consciousness, not subject to change and without form.

That which is devoid of the cognition of 'Sat' and 'Asat' etc. from any idea of gender and is bereft of all attributes is verily the all-encompassing Nature of the Preceptor expressed in the form of different words.

Atman is without any attributes, beyond old age, birth or death. It is ancient and eternal, indestructible and beyond decay.

It is perpetual, unborn, ancient, all-pervading like the sky, unending, and indivisible, ungrowing and unchangeable.

Then who can describe that which is beyond words, without form, without beginning or end, unfathomable, imperishable, without smell, without taste and untainted.

Thus, this *Atman* which is attributeless and invisible and is not known because of ignorance. Then remove this ignorance by knowledge. But, do not ever call that *Atman* non-existent.

Beginning from *Brahman* (the permanent and immovable) and ending with all immovable objects, Sai Himself is manifest everywhere. Sai, being kind, imprinted (on all minds) that God exists in all creatures.

Though (Sai,) Your corporal form is invisible to us at present, yet if there is faith and devotion, the devotees get living experiences. The spirit in the *Samadhi* is awakened and becomes instantaneously visible.

In the same way, indeed, that throbbing of reality which goes beyond the three aspects viz. *Sattva*, *Rajas*, and *Tamas*, is really the form of the One embedded in the heart.

That state of being without names and forms which remains as the essence of your own is really the indication of that One, embedded in the heart. Knowing this seek refuge in Him.

He Who breaks the ties of previous birth and death, snapping them angrily, to Him I, the dull-witted and the ignorant, bow with eight-fold prostrations.

- Shri Sai Satcharita

“*Yamatmanamanvishya sarvasch lokana-pnoti*” (Chhandogya Upanishad, Chapter VIII, Vol. VII, Verse 2)

As said in the above verse, the search of the self (*Atman*) leads to the knowledge of the three worlds. Maharaj had attained complete knowledge of the self and thus knew the past, present and the future. In short He was all-knowing (omniscient).

It was believed by all that Sai Maharaj could neither read nor write, which may be true; but according to the above verse from the *Shruti*, since He was omniscient, He did the work of the knowledgeable.

When Mr. Dixit’s daughter died, he was extremely heartbroken. At that time he received the copy of the '*Bhavarth Ramayan*' which he had ordered. Since it was his wish that he would read it only with Baba’s permission, he showed the volume to Baba. Maharaj opened the book upside down and turned many pages. In the end He opened the page on which the *Kishkindha* episode was narrated. Therein was the advice given by Lord Rama to console Vali’s wife Tara after the death of Vali. Baba asked Dixit to read it. The advice is excellent to assuage a grieving person.

But, if a person cannot read, how could He take out the exact page on which it was given? From this incident we know that as said in the *Shrutis* the knowledge of the self is the knowledge of all the three worlds is absolutely true. In other words, Baba is omniscient.

Saidasanudas

Krishna Jageshwar Bhishma

– Shri Sai Leela, Year 1, Vol. 5,
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