

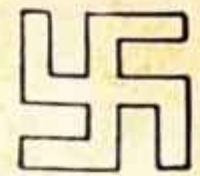
SHRI

# SAILEELA

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF SHIRDI SANSTHAN



॥ रघुपति रघुवं राजाराम ॥  
॥ पतित पावन साईनाम ॥



SHRI  
**SAILEELA**

**Official Organ of  
Shirdi Sansthan**

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**To spread the message of SHRI SAI  
BABA all the world over is the aim and  
object of Shri Sai Leela**

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**VOLUME 65**

**MARCH 1987**

**NO. 12**

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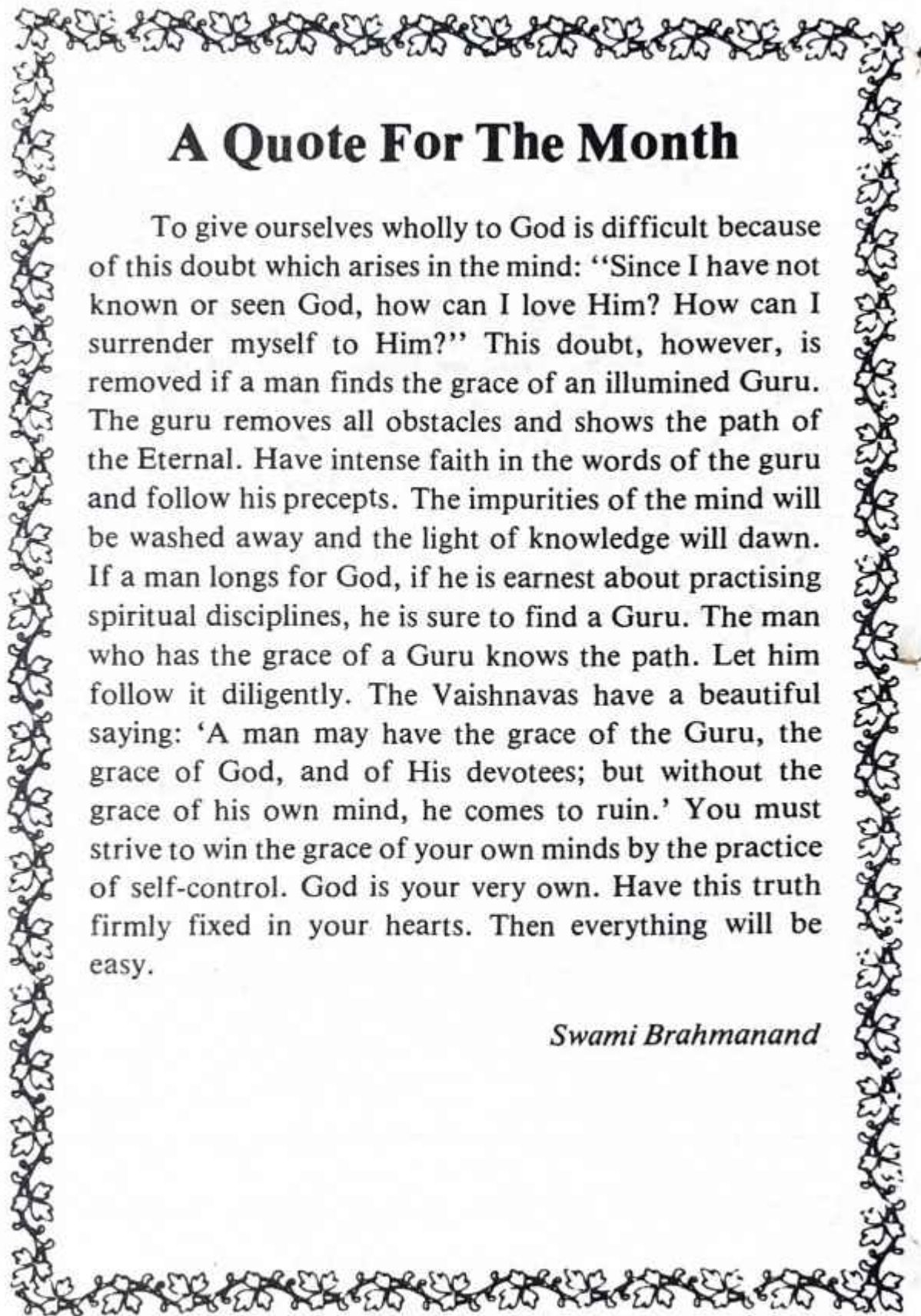
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**Annual Subscription Rs. 10.00 • Single Copy Rs. 1.00**

*The Editor does not accept responsibility for the views expressed in  
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## A Quote For The Month

To give ourselves wholly to God is difficult because of this doubt which arises in the mind: "Since I have not known or seen God, how can I love Him? How can I surrender myself to Him?" This doubt, however, is removed if a man finds the grace of an illumined Guru. The guru removes all obstacles and shows the path of the Eternal. Have intense faith in the words of the guru and follow his precepts. The impurities of the mind will be washed away and the light of knowledge will dawn. If a man longs for God, if he is earnest about practising spiritual disciplines, he is sure to find a Guru. The man who has the grace of a Guru knows the path. Let him follow it diligently. The Vaishnavas have a beautiful saying: 'A man may have the grace of the Guru, the grace of God, and of His devotees; but without the grace of his own mind, he comes to ruin.' You must strive to win the grace of your own minds by the practice of self-control. God is your very own. Have this truth firmly fixed in your hearts. Then everything will be easy.

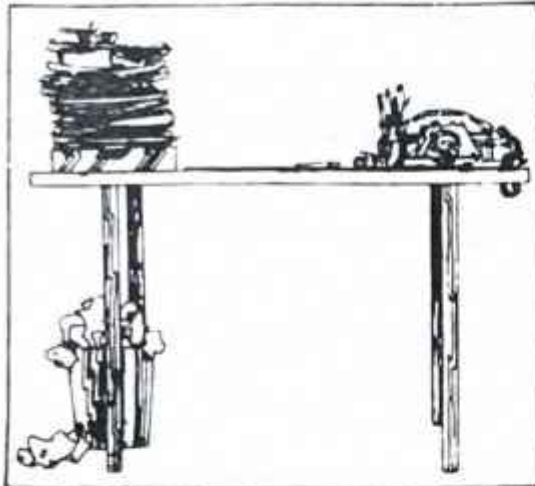
*Swami Brahmanand*

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## EDITORIAL



“Years after I have abandoned this mortal coil”, said Baba, “Millions will flock to Shirdi, like ants,” further, his assurance was that all those who repose their faith in him unflinchingly, will receive succour from his tomb itself. Just one glance at the ever-growing crowds that collect at Shirdi, day after day, is enough to prove the truth of Baba’s prophesy. Among them, there are those who have already

experienced Baba’s Grace and have come with grateful hearts; there are others who come to seek his Grace in the hour of their need, with prayerful hearts. And once they come, they come always!!

Shirdi has Baba’s living presence; it is the soil that has seen Baba in all his spiritual glory and has been a witness to his healing touch, his all-embracing compassion and love through his service to humanity. It has also the honour to enshrine Baba’s mortal remains. Small wonder then, that Shirdi has become the haven for every seeker of peace — whether in physical, material or spiritual need — and that it attracts hundreds and thousands of pilgrims.

But this is not all. It is the incredible dimensions that Sai mission is assuming, that is the real marvel. Baba’s Grace is like the Sun that sheds its light equally on one and all and illumines whatever it touches. Taking its inspiration from Shirdi, Sai devotion or Sai Bhakti has crossed with leaps and bounds all the frontiers, transcending the barriers of Time and Space, of narrow provincialism and nationality, of language, race and religion. Word has spread far and wide and centres and organizations have sprung up in all the corners of the country and even abroad carrying Baba’s message to the afflicted souls. This Sai mission is verily like a river which has its origin in the obscure little village of Shirdi but has grown and swelled by ever-widening circles, watering and fertilizing the parched and arid areas of humanity along its course.

Love for and service of humanity is the very spirit of Baba’s message and it finds expression in various activities. People meet in

small groups locally, for prayers and devotional worship, and they assemble in large gatherings and conventions; they build temples and publish literature; they open hospitals and provide education — whatever the activity, every effort is a dedicated effort imbued with the spirit of Baba's message so that it may inspire people to try and imbibe Baba's ideals and emulate his way of life.

A recent example of such an activity was the convention at Madras, hosted by the All India Sai Samaj, Madras. Very fittingly, the subject of the convention was the "Spread of Sai Bhakti and Sai Mission." Such conventions not only help to confirm the devotees in their faith, but also give the necessary pause in our spiritual journey, to look back, to take stock and to gain new directions for our devotion. Efficiently organized and conducted in the proper spirit of Sai Bhakti, the convention was quite a revealing experience. Moreover, the Samaj with its various commendable activities and services to the devotees, is really the fruit of the untiring efforts of a single man, Shri B.V. Narsimha Swamiji who started it. One cannot but bow in reverence to such a personality. It is moreover, a telling example of what a single man can do in the service of his guru.

Sai mission and its spread is the sacred duty of each Sai-devotee and if we do not contribute whatever little we can, it is as if we have failed our Guru. It is for each of us to make our resolve to carry forward this mission in whatever direction we can to the best of our ability and pray for Baba's grace to bless our efforts.

### INVITATION — RAM NAVMI

My Dear Sai Devotee,

We shall be grateful if you could kindly join us in celebrating the Ramnavami Festival from 6-4-87 to 8-4-87 both days inclusive.

With regards.

*Yours Sincerely,*

*R.D. Banne,  
Executive Officer,  
for and on behalf of  
Shri Sai Baba Sansthan, Shirdi.*



## WHEN TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION — 2

*(The first part of this article was published in September 1986 issue of Sai Leela)*

It was about noon and Thursday too. By force of habit I looked towards the gate for some Fakir or Saadhu who might turn up for biksha. Ever since the advent of Baba into my life two years previously in '42 through the sacred contact of His Holiness Swami Kesavaiah, I had come to observe Thursday as Baba's day. You see, it was through Swamiji's initiation into devotion to Baba and doing His 'Naamasmaranam' that I was reclaimed from imminent death. On further being advised to fast every Thursday night for nine months and give my meal to the first Fakir that might turn up, (which I accordingly did), I was gradually restored to health. Since then, I had made it a rule to feed a Fakir before taking the noon meal on Thursdays.

But this Thursday was unique, a red-letter day in a long line of sojourns on earth (पुनरपिजननं पुनरपिमरणं) a culmination of persistent 'tapasya' through recurrent janmas of some one in the family, in all probability my wife, or one of the children or may be my own imperfect self, for His Saakshaatkaara. For, to my utter surprise and astonishment, Baba Himself with His beatific smile was entering the front enclosure! He was in the same Bikshapati pose as He manifested Himself the previous day as 'Mrutyanjaya' to revive my dead son, almost within a split second of my denying His divinity and declaring Him to be a false deity! I eagerly hastened up to Him. After welcoming Him with all my heart, I begged Him to condescend to stay for food. He asked me with a twinkle in His eyes whether there was anything special that day. I said that it being a Thursday, it was our custom to offer food to a Fakir before our noon-meal. With the faintest flicker of a smile at the corners of His lips He wondered whether I would do so on Thursdays only.

Being rather academic and literal in my ways, I replied rather obtusely that it was so. I am not ashamed to confess that it took years for me, chewing the cud of it off and on, to sense the gentle admonition enshrined in His benevolent query, as if half in jest and half in earnest, 'why not daily', and begin doing so.

Be that as it may, I offered Him a seat and ran inside with the glad tidings of Baba's visit and His gracious condescension to have

food at our humble abode. I beseeched my wife to round off the cooking forthwith and start serving the food, since 'Athithies especially holy ones should not be made to wait unduly (अथिति देवो भव) and all the more so because it was BABA HIMSELF. How can one describe the signal good fortune so divinely bestowed upon my wife Sow. Kamala of personally serving food cooked by her to the Master of all CREATION except to say that it is the cumulative fulfilment of all the good deeds of all her previous Janmas at ONE STROKE! The whole beauty of it lay in the fact that she did it as a matter of course, characteristic of a 'gruha dharmini' fulfilling her obligation and to this day not at all conscious of that greatest good fortune that can ever accrue to her. That is indeed as it should be, for, 'there is no vanity so damaging to one's character as pride over one's good deeds!' Such are the chosen of God, the humble and the good at heart who it is that 'inherit the kingdom of Heaven'.

As Baba was graciously taking the meal, I put Him the stupidest of questions! I had the temerity to ask Him where exactly at Vizianagaram He was staying! (This episode took place at Vizianagaram in Visakhapatnam district in March, 1944). Imagine asking Him, who had repeatedly given proof of His EXISTENCE at different places to different persons at one and the same time both during His incarnate stay at Shirdi as well as after His Mahaa Samaadhi, either in a clearly recognisable manner or incognito to be recognised later on, both subjectively as well as by cumulative evidence, as none other than Baba Himself!

Such is human short-sightedness that it is prone to take even the impossible for granted when once it takes shape or form even momentarily. Nay, it doubts or loses sight of the credibility of such materialisation in sheer myopic disbelief. My own purblindness is an example to the point. Thus it was that there was no question about Baba being His Own DIVINE SELF when He came the day before to revive my dead son. But now that He had come on His own unexpectedly, the Caliban that I am, being earthy and of the earth, I lost sight of His Omnipresent aspect, having eyes only for the shrubbery of the foot-hills, so to say, while failing to observe the golden sheen of the ice-clad Himalayan peak bathed in the glory of the rising Sun! How puerile and vain can man be that notwithstanding the show and pomp, penance and ostensible devotion with which he invokes the Lord, when He does appear, he fails to





recognise Him! Even tapasvins were occasionally not exempt from such an woeful lapse.

The all-knowing Baba speaking at my level gave me an apt and satisfying reply. He said that he was staying at the Sri Subrahmanya Temple near the railway station, which, as will be seen presently, was true in a literal sense as also applicable universally according to His own proven assertion to many a devotee in respect of His identity with any place of worship. I of course took His words literally and said, "All right Baba, if so I will surely go and see you". "Do come!" He confirmed and went back letting me accompany Him upto the gate. Indeed it is a misnomer to say He went back, for, how and where can He, the 'Sarvantaryamee', ever go or come back again for that matter? However, such wisdom was yet a long way from me.

Here it should be noted that Baba and I were conversing in Telugu, my mother-tongue, which He spoke with ease and in our dialect. I wonder why and how I had started talking thus. It seemed the natural thing to do. I now realise the question does not arise at all. I am sure any one in my place would have naturally spoken in his own language and Baba would have answered in it or vice versa. Mhalasapati has vouched that many a time in the night while all were asleep, Baba used to converse with some unseen agent(s) in some foreign tongue(s).

Soon, I must unblushingly admit, I lapsed into the hum-drum routine of existence and all thought of the Incarnate Baba receded to the back of my mind, though my daily worship went on as usual. About a month later, as I was about to take my noon-meal, the thought of my deferred visit to Baba in the temple flashed across my mind. At once grabbing the hand of my convalescing son, I rushed out like one possessed and trotted along to reach the temple, about a mile away. I had often passed by it and noted it to be a transit camp for the sadhus to and fro on their pilgrimage. Reaching the portal sweating and panting, I accosted the first person I saw and enquired about Baba's stay there, describing His person and dress in exact detail. To my great disappointment, he curtly replied there was none answering to that description implying a muslim ascetic. I begged him to recollect and tell me or refer me to others whose sojourn might be longer than a month, insisting that the SADHU I was after had come and received biksha

at our house and had averred that this was His abode at Vizianagaram. This rather annoyed him but seeing my crest-fallen countenance, he softened a bit and assured me that none like the ONE I described had ever stayed at the temple since over a month. It was enough to deflate me completely. I was on the verge of tears.

I cursed myself for my lassitude and remissness, now too late to atone for. How was I to find the Master Alchemist now? How blase my powers of perception had become, to be bereft of the realisation that I was walking and talking with DIVINITY, the 'Chalte, Bolthe Bhagwan' as described by the Shirdi villagers when He walked the earth! Admittedly, having eyes, I saw not, having ears, I heard not, and having intellect, I knew not! But then, how could I, a rough tuning fork of such a low pitch and frequency vibrate in unison with the Music of the Spheres?

In this repentant and chastened mood I decided that we might as well go in and worship Lord Subrahmanya and seek His blessings, for, I had learnt to see Baba in all deities (and vice versa). As we went round and turned at the corner to reach the front again, I came across an enclosure, actually an improvised minor sanctum common in temple premises. I casually looked inside. I was overwhelmed to behold a life-size portrait of Baba in exactly the same pose as He deigned to visit our abode on two consecutive days first as 'Mrutyanjaya' and the next day as Divine 'Athithi'! In a flash, I understood what the "Daya Sindhu" had meant, both literally and in a metaphorical sense, when He told me that I could find Him here, as indeed anywhere one wants and needs if only with all one's heart and will. Now, the flood-gate burst open and I poured out my heart to Him. Tears of joy welled up in my eyes flowing as if in an unending stream and my heart melted away into secret raptures. I then remembered having heard some years ago while at Waltair that one Sri C. Rangaiah Naidu under the inspiration of Sri D. Durgaiah Naidu, a pioneer devotee of Baba in these parts had installed a portrait of Baba for worship at Vizianagaram. This was it.

My heart leapt as I felt reassured that Baba was, as He continues to be, with me and I was not bereft of His Grace, that He is enshrined in every image and portrait of His, ready to manifest Himself at a split second's notice, or none at all, even as 'the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath'. It can be at His re-incar-



nation, or incognito as a person or an animal, or in a vision, or as subjective (or call it subconscious, superconscious or subliminal) realisation of His being 'bhaktha paradhina' ever alert to fulfil Himself according to His charter *to give His children whatever they want so that they will begin to want what He wants to give them.* *Blessed* is he who thus qualifies.

“Such man is free from servile bonds  
Of hope to rise or fear to fall,  
Lord of himself though not of lands  
And having nothing, yet hath all”.

— *Sir Henry Wotton (A Happy Life)*

*Dr. P.S.R. Swami,  
100/2RT, Vijayanagar Colony,  
Hyderabad 500 457.*



**'O SAI'**

I pray you not to be my dream!  
I pray you to be my reality!  
With that awareness in me,  
I always feel you are within me.  
The blessings you have showered on me!  
The birth of human-being you have given me  
for the uplift of my soul,  
I always seek to surrender at your feet  
For I do not desire to have a rebirth.

The completeness in me I can only have  
When I cast off all the desires  
The detachment from worldly affairs  
I feel enchanted in being lonely  
And this loneliness should be  
My accompaniment all through  
Till the end of this life and beyond.

*Dr. G.S. Kamat  
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## THE PLACE OF NARADA AMONG THE SAGES

(Reproduced by courtesy of the Prabuddha Bharat of the Ramakrishna Mission. The above article by Swami Siddhinathananda appeared in May, 1976 issue of Prabuddha Bharat from which extracts have been given below.)

'Narada?' 'Yes, Narada.' 'Why, of all persons, Narada?' 'Because he is unique.' 'Unique he is, as everyone is; but his uniqueness consists in carrying tales and making others fight, while he stands aside rubbing his hands in glee, is it not?' 'Well, that is a popular notion about that saintly soul.' 'Why only a popular notion? Was it not said of him from ancient times, *Naradah Kalahapriyah* — that he is fond of (watching others) quarrel?' 'Yes, there is an impression like that, but it is a wrong one. It is a great mistake on our part to accuse such a sage, to whom we owe so much, of such mean conduct. Though he in his generosity may forgive us, yet we will be doing a grievous wrong to ourselves and to others, to talk thus and forget the debt due to him.

'Don't you know, for instance, that Narada was the preceptor of Valmiki, through whom the classical Sanskrit poetry made its first appearance? The very first verse of Valmiki's *Ramayana* is eloquent testimony to the inspiration from Narada for the composition of that immortal epic. It was Narada, again, who advised the depressed Vyasa to sing the divine melody called *Bhagvatam*. It was Narada who moreover moulded the son of a demon king into the foremost of devotees, and gave us Prahlada. Can it be denied that it was Narada who instructed and initiated the baby Dhruva into the path of God and enabled him to become the evershining, ever-steady pole-star? And it was Narada, as we must know, who especially proclaimed the glories of Rama and Krishna to the world. He was the author of several works among which the *Bhakti-Sutras* (Aphorisms on Devotion) is the most authoritative of books on its subject. He was the first religious 'missionary', and he was the first among the sages to give us an autobiography.

'Do you now see how much we owe to this celestial minstrel and how wrong we were in our first estimate of him?', 'Yes, I get a glimpse of his glories from what you say; but I should like to hear something more of his life?'



---

Well, you see, Narada was a pioneer in several fields. There is a general charge against Indian sages, that they are only voices without forms. And there is something to it: we know precious little about the place, period, profession, or parentage of most of our sages, not excluding even the most celebrated ones like Vyasa and Shuka. Even many historically later personages suffer from such obscurity. The reason for this is the general Indian apathy for personal reputation. The sages lived for certain principles, discovered certain truths. They have left profound and prolific records on eternal principles. But on personal and temporal details they are indifferent and usually silent. All glory to their self-effacement! But thus we are denied the light of their living personal examples. There are only a few glorious exceptions to this general tendency. One is Narada and another Valmiki. We do get a fleeting glimpse of Valmiki's early career as a highway robber, and of the circumstances which led to his transformation. Yet, even this outline we get, not from his own works but from the *Adhyatma Ramayana*. As for Narada, however, we have plenty of material scattered through our religious literature, which if culled and coordinated can give us a wide perspective on that versatile personality. He himself has, in the *Bhagvatam*, given us an inkling as to his earlier embodiments, and he is thus the first such great soul to leave us an autobiographical narrative. It may even be that his was the first autobiography on this earth. He is unique in many respects. If he be removed from our religious scene, much of our history and poetry will become mere dust.

We also learn from the *Chhandogya Upanishad* that Narada was a disciple of Sanat Kumar, one of the greatest of illuminated sages, from whom he received instruction in the science of spirit. He was well accomplished in all the arts and material sciences also. He had performed severe penances for a hundred years in the Himalayas, and had thus received the vision and the blessings of Vishnu. At one time he persuaded ten thousand sons of Daksha (one of the Prajapatis) known as Haryasvas to embrace the life of renunciation. Daksha at this became a fire with rage. He begot another ten thousand known as Sabalvas. But these also Narada converted to asceticism. Then the father could no longer endure it; and he cursed the sage, 'As thou hast wrecked my family and then again wronged me, thou shalt be a vagabond in the worlds, without any respite.' Even this curse Narada accepted in good humour.

And we must all be thankful to Daksha, for making Narada an ever itinerant minstrel rather than an anchorite. Since then, moreover, the sage seems to have made some modifications in his *modus operandi* as a result of his experience with Daksha. We no longer find him initiating people straightway into Sannyasa. Henceforward we find him more and more as a preacher of the path of devotion. He composed his *magnum opus* the *Bhakti-Sutras*, basing them on his own personal experiences, having also tested their validity through several devotees — especially Prahlada. Further, as we have seen, he persuaded Vyasa to write the sacred *Bhagavatam*, which may well be considered as an elaborate commentary on his *Sutras*.

Thus Narada is unique in the Hindu religious tradition. It is his melody that sweetens our spiritual lore, and it is his voice that we hear through Vyasa and Valmiki. This visionary and missionary of God is unique; and it is no wonder that the dull and the purblind misunderstand him and call him a mischief-monger — unable as they are to glimpse the inscrutable *lila* (sport) of the Lord, which so often clearly *requires* troubles and quarrels to 'thicken the plot'. But he, in his boundless charity and magnanimity will, we can be sure, only smile at our smallness, shower his blessings on us, and lead us all on to the lotus feet of the Lord.



## THE SAI LIFE LINE

It was in the second week of January 1986, I went to Bangalore on my way to participate in the *Akhanda Sai Nama Saptha Sapthaham* at Vijayawada. Since my maternal uncle was recovering from a brain tumour operation at the St. John's Medical College Hospital I paid a call on him in the hospital. He lay in bed, curtained off from another patient who was desperately ill and in a deep coma. Quickly I offered up a prayer for my maternal uncle, thanking Lord Sainath for His mighty healing power.

Two weeks later, from Vijayawada I proceeded to Shirdi and on my return-trip took part in the *Punya thithi* of Gurudeva, Saipadananda Radhakrishna Swamiji at Bangalore on the 5th February, 1986. From Sai Mandir I went to St. John's Medical



College Hospital to see my maternal uncle. Then a man on crutches called out to me. He hobbled over and enthusiastically reached for my hand. "You don't know me" he said, and indeed I had never seen him before, "but you helped save my life." I was mystified.

Then he explained about the illness he had just survived, about the coma he had been in, a coma so deep that he had been unable to hear his wife or his son who spoke to him at his bedside. "I did hear the soft words of a prayer "Om Sri Sai Jai Sai Jai Jai Sai", he said, and as he talked I realised the words he heard had been mine. "However your prayer became my lifeline", he told me as I stood shaking my head at this new evidence of how prayer penetrates. Imagine I had just returned after participating in the *Akhanda Sai Nama Saptha Sapthaham* at Vijayawada!

*Dr. G.R. Vijayakumar  
Balanoor Estate, Durgadabetta 577 118  
Chikmagalur Dist., Karnataka.*



## **THE DAILY SAI-MIRACLE WE TAKE FOR GRANTED**

Darkness fades,  
The fleecy mist recedes  
Into the vastness of the sky  
And leaves the landscape cool and crisp.  
But moisture clings  
The tender grass is jewel-dressed with dew;  
It gleams like diamonds on the spider's web  
And strings the foliage of trees  
With shining pearls.  
The silence is complete, yet seems to speak;  
Be still  
It is dawn  
Be still  
And know Sai takes care of us.

*Mrs. Seetha Vijayakumar  
W/o. Dr. G.R. Vijayakumar  
Balanoor Estate, Durgadabetta 577 118.  
Chikmagalore Dist., Karnataka.*

## SMARTRUGAMI — SAIPRABHU

साईसम् दत्तसम्भूतम्, वरदम् भक्त वत्सलम्।  
प्रपन्नार्ति हरम् वन्दे, स्मर्तुगामि सनोवतु ॥

*“SAY EESAM DATTA SAMBHOOTAM, VARADAM BHAKTA VATSALAM  
PRAPANNARTI HARAM VANDE, SMARTRUGAMI SANO VATU”*

Among the sages and saints of our holy land, Bharat Varsh, who have been holding aloft the effulgent torch of sublime spirituality in all climes and ages, the Sage of SHIRDI, occupies a significant position in the galaxy of promoters of spiritual evolution. SAI has been a mysterious, Sainly personality, whom every body interprets in his own way, yet, obviously, no interpretation could ever present a complete and comprehensive picture of the kaleidoscopic divine splendour of SAI NATH. Perhaps, for this very reason, SAI is variously, RAMA, KRISHNA, SANKARA, MARUTHI, GANESHA, DATTA TREYA, LAXMI, and so on, according to the sanskaric aptitudes of different people. To comprehend the divine nature of SAI NATH in its entirety, is a stupendous excercise in the subtle realm of intuition, experience and realisation.

Authentic particulars of SAI's birth place, parentage are totally unknown and they still remain shrouded in inscrutable mystery. Right from the point of birth, every divine facet of LORD DATTATREYA bears a striking indenty with those of SAI NATH. LO! SAI NATH is a “SMARTRUGAMI” very much like Datta Prabhu, indicating the phenomenon, “Just remember HIM, HE presents Himself”. Millions of people all over the world, are fervently avowing their thrilling experiences of SAINATH's appearances in different forms, at times variously disguised, and rescue, aid and guide those seeking His grace and Refuge. Irrespective of place, time and circumstance, SAI the Omnipresent and Omnipotent, extends, without fail, His ABHAYA HASTA. That is the unique aspect of SAI PRABHU.

Invariably, in all known Avatars the divine principle, “Sista Rakshana, Dusta Sikshana”, (Save the Righteous, punish the wicked) prevailed all through. But SAINATH the full Datta



incarnate, distinctly, is an Avatar of Redemption of Kaliyug, with the sole mission of redeeming the sinner, the fallen, by effecting "Hrudaya Parivartan", in his own inimitable way, besides, enlivening the pious and the righteous, equally. Without distinction, for SAI, the loving mother, all are his very dear children deserving his grace and motherly protection. SAINATH's krupa is unlimited, available to one and all, like the sun-shine of Bhagavan Surya. His benign glance is the all protective "Srirama Raksha", no matter how you are, what you are and where you are. In SAINATH all the essential features of an Avadhoota and a sanyasin, as stipulated in Vedas and Guru Sampradaya are exemplified in an exceptional manner, all through His mortal existence in SHIRDI. His life teachings are remarkable for an exquisitely synthesised universal religion which is as much Hindu, Muslim, Christian, Bhudhistic and even the monism, which stormed the intellectuals of 19th and 20th century, due to the tremendous development in science and technology, resulting in enormous material prosperity in certain parts of our world.

SAI's grace is a refreshing cool sea-breeze to caress the humanity suffocated by the samsaric sufferings, tensions and tribulations. Rightly, in the words of Swami Abhedananda, "Sai Baba is the one great ever bright luminary, still having un-paralleled existence, ever shedding His resplendent rays to illuminate every nook and corner of the world". SAI's cosmic message of Universal brother-hood, Endearing Humanism, Love for all beings, is eternal and ever relevant to the present and the future for several centuries to come.

— Derive peace and solace by holding fast the lotus feet of SAI, the embodiment of compassion, love and Mercy.

Jai Samartha Sadguru Datta Sai  
ON TAT SAT

*M. Rangachari*  
*President,*  
*Shirdi Sai Mission.*

## **SAI, the Sculptor**

O, Dweller in the hearts of all,  
You alone know, being the author,  
What is good for us,  
and what has, like the wild weeds,  
that grow in profusion  
violate and hide the perfumed rose.

You are the sculptor  
who with his chisel and hammer  
file the obtruding parts  
of the uncouth marble,  
hew the hidden image into shape  
for the world to view it  
freeing it from all accretions  
and revealing its native splendour.

So much has got mixed up here.  
The essential me is submerged  
and I search in vain  
among the debris, clutching  
at mere shadows as substance.

Cut away, Dear Lord, all  
that is alien to my nature  
as you had formed it;  
And so restore the original figure.  
Let your hammer work  
as well as your chisel.  
Grant me strength, O Sai,  
to endure the blows when they come.  
O Ocean of Compassion  
strike me with your tempered strokes  
so that the Divine self may be won.  
Or do whatever you want to;  
put me into the fire.  
to make me into an artifice  
making me worthy of your acceptance, My Lord.  
Let this then be the finis.

*P.P. Sharma  
111/279, Harshanagar,  
Kanpur.*



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## SAI, THE BENEVOLENT

I am one of the devotees of SAI BABA. And when I go through the articles, statements and experiences of the miracles of SAI in SAI LEELA, I often grow curious to realise the Mahima of SAI and my faith remains a dream. The following incident is one that confirms my belief in the mahimas of Sai Bhagavan and which I cannot conceal to myself any more than to express to one and all.

On January 10th, 1986 my eldest son Chi. Gyana Dev caught fever and developed pain in stomach. And the pain became more and more severe and intolerable. Worried very much, I approached a doctor nearby who advised me to hospitalise my son at M.G.M. So I did immediately. There was no doctor available to attend on the patient who was rolling on a bench on account of severe pain. At 9 a.m. the doctor on duty began his diagnosis and advised hospitalisation of the patient. All the clinical tests were done and the reports were awaited by the doctor. Meanwhile the patient felt thirsty and asked for some water. The doctor had forbidden him from taking water since he was to undergo an operation. 'The operation will be delayed by three hours, if he takes water' said the doctor. So the idea was given up. He was given three bottles of glucose. Blood sample had been taken again for blood group. All these arrangements and preparations for operation really upset my mind and disappointed me. Soon, I recalled SAI to my mind and heart. "Why should I grow dejected and disappointed and worried when 'SAI RAM' the protector is there" I said to myself. The pain began to mitigate hour after hour, after the administration of glucose and my recollecting SAI to my mind. The patient took milk and had sound sleep at night. The doctors visited once, twice and gave prescriptions, on the third successive day. The doctor on duty came up to the bed and appeared to have been immersed in deep thinking as to how the pain disappeared without operation and left. On case sheet it was obvious that the disease or ailment my son was suffering from was something beyond their diagnosis and apprehension. The doctors discharged my son from the hospital saying that they would try and diagnose the patient next time if he fell a victim to the ailment. More than a month has since passed and my son is healthy and happy and no such situation has ever repeated.

The above incident not only confirms my faith in SAIRAM but also consolidates my faith in the Mahimas of SAI manifesting

as tests to the devotees. I realise with this incident that He is the Almighty and showers His generosity on those who love and adore Him.

Where human being fails to diagnose, there SAI BHAGVAN manifests His boundless mercy and keeps misfortune away from devotees/worshippers.

*R. V. Ramanujam,  
Teacher, H. No. 4/9/30,  
Opp. Broadway Lodge  
Hanamkonda, Warangal Dist., A.P.*



## **THIS IS ME**

For a Doctor, the work in a child's case is often the most rewarding. Children heal so quickly and easily that almost every patient is a success story. This is why I always like to be with children.

My son, Chi. Sai Prabhu is 6 years old and is quite attached to me. Last month he had a bout of fever and was bed-ridden for more than a week. Whenever I leave home for the hospital, he would be weeping in his bed. One morning I picked him up and hugged him. I told him that he need never feel lonely and sad because he always would have a friend in Lord Sainath. "When you need someone to talk to, you only have to pray, Sainath will listen" I told him and showed the big 'Ashirvad' photograph of Sai that adorns our bedroom. Immediately he sobbed: "How do I know that Lord Sainath knows it is me talking?"

I was wondering how best to answer, when Chi. Saiprabhu himself answered his own question. Putting both his hands out, palms up, he said: "I know I will say — 'This is me, Lord Sainath, the little boy with his hands held out' "

Oh, Prabhu, I thought, how right you are! That is how He knows us all — when we hold out our empty hands toward Him.

*Dr. G.R. Vijayakumar  
Balanoor Estate, Durgadabetta 577 118  
Chikmagalur Dist., Karnataka.*



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## SAINATH — THE ETERNAL LIGHT.

Faith in SAINATH is to pure man  
The strength in his living and hope in life;  
To shed his fear and his ego obliterate;  
Guiding him along devotion and patience.

Man fights in vain for power and position  
Like little frog though by birth free  
That floats and jumps in delusion;  
Swims to seek land in turbulent waters.

Sainath shows a flame eternal  
That in mind devoted does not fade;  
Man knows not to find joy within  
And this light in him burns his lust.

Linked by the divine string of love,  
All lives are like bound buds of flowers;  
And greedy man in his mad craving  
Spurns not violence but harps on caste.

Man! be good in thy thoughts and deeds  
Thou shalt not think of caste and colour;  
Thy thoughts pave the way of thy life  
And destiny is beyond thy choice.

Lord Sainath is the light eternal  
To one that loves all creatures alike;  
With devotion to Him deep and deep;  
In one with mind generous and heart noble.

Sainath is the source of joy everlasting;  
His is the light that shines for ever;  
My faith in Him shall be strong and steady  
Lord Sainath is the flame divine and light eternal.

*K.A. Aravind,  
Flat No. 10, 'Jayadeep',  
Housing Society Bldg.,  
Rifle Range, Ghatkopar (W),  
Bombay 400 086.*



## ANIMALS TOO ADORE SAI

I have a very nice dog by name Brutus. This dog makes it a point to come and sit by me whenever I sit for Pooja and even does his 'Namaskar' to Sai. After this he actually waits until he gets his share of Baba's Udi and eats it very patiently after allowing a 'tikka' of Udi on his head.

Once, during a dog fight, he received a few deep wounds. The only medicine I had on hand was Udi and I filled up the wounds with it, asked Baba for help. Needless to say the wounds healed in a few days and the dog did not have to go through the process of being injected, by a doctor.

*Gautam Goradia  
'Chitra', West Avenue,  
Santacruz (W), Bombay 400 054.*



## UNEXPECTED SAI-KISS

This happened when I was in the U.S.A. last year. It was a September morning. An early telephone call had alerted me to some problem. I sat down wearily at the kitchen table.

Suddenly Ravi, my nephew, came running back to the house lunch box swinging, "forgot my science book", he said.

"Good thing you thought of it" I answered, looking out of the window to make sure he did not miss the ride. I went to the door and held it open for him. He suddenly stopped, kissed my cheek, then down the walk he went. Outside he turned and waved. I thought, that was unexpected.

A wave of joy passed through me. I sensed a roaring reassurance as if Lord Sainath had kissed me and waved to me. It was only a little boy's touch, of course, a little boy's wave — but in what better way could Lord Sainath let me know that He loved me, understood me and cared for me?

*Mrs. Usha Ranganathan  
1637, 30th Cross, BSK II Stage,  
Bangalore 560 070.*



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## SAI THE OMNIPRESENT SAINT

OH! SAI BABA, the embodiment of all faiths  
You save your devotees who trust in you  
Your assurance goes as  
“If you look up to me I look after you”.

You are indebted to devotees who become one with you  
Nothing can move without your grace and command  
Your fame spreads all over the universe  
Oh! Master, I never forget you.

Omnipotent are your spiritual powers  
Yours is a concept of socialism and brotherhood  
Your ways are the nucleus of all world-faiths  
Oh! Sainath, save the humanity from suffering.

Your avatar brought about the spiritual progress of mankind  
Your teachings are the essence of all world-faiths  
Rescue and rest in our heart for ever and ever  
Oh! Omniscient Saint, your ways are mysterious!

It is only You, who can uplift us  
Your Leelas are manifold everywhere,  
Without your grace, there is no salvation for me  
Oh! Lord, I am absorbed in devotion to you always.

In mind and heart I surrender to thy lotus feet  
Pray, let my life embrace thy teachings  
You are all in all to me, my Lord,  
Oh! Omnipresent Saint, You know everything.

*(MAMIDI SATYANARAYANA)*  
*Superintendent,*  
*A.P.P.S.C., Hyderabad.*



## SHIRDI SAI BABA AND NATIONAL UNITY

No one knew who he was. He first appeared in the little town of Shirdi as a lad of about sixteen in 1872. His fame began to spread in 1900 and since then it has continued. According to A. Osborne "there is probably no saint in India who has more devotees and whose cult is widely spread". One saint in Shirdi described Him as Jewel on a Dung Hill. People of all castes and creeds turn to Him in distress and find relief. His 'Udhi' still gives relief to innumerable devotees from diseases, miseries and accidents.

There are people of various faiths living in India viz. Hinduism, Islam and Christianity etc. Shri Dabholkar Sahib has written a book under the title "Sri Sai-Sat-Charita" which describes the Leelas of Baba and also His Teachings. Sai Baba's declaration that "God is One" is the only way to knit India into a nation and to promote peace and love among all the communities and countries in the world. Today His followers include Hindus, Muslims, Christians and Jains etc. His blessings are always available to those who seek them and to those who surrender to Him completely.

Baba emphasises the need of selfless service. He says, service to mankind is real service to God. Many saints like Kabir, Shri Nanak and Shri Farid etc. also stressed the importance of respecting faiths other than your own and thus emphasizing the truth that there are a number of ways to approach the Almighty. Sai Baba says that one should lead an honest and pious life to achieve the goal of life i.e. Salvation. Baba also says, "I give the people what they want in hope they will begin to want what I want to give them". Thus Baba's teachings have relevance even to-day.

*Jugal Kishore Puri*  
*Advocate,*  
*Chairman, Shirdi Sai Baba Prachar Sabha,*  
*House No. 1224, Section 15-B,*  
*Chandigarh.*







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## HYMN TO GANESHA

You puzzle us O God  
by your elephantine head  
and your bulging belly  
and, most, by your choice  
of the rat to carry you  
from place to place.

But vain it would be  
to presume to scan  
the ways of the gods  
who are so far above us  
past our understanding.

You do well, O Vinayaka,  
to first put obstacles  
to make us see what we are,  
incapable to master them  
the smallest even.  
Not until are we weighed down  
with humility to propitiate you  
do you come scattering  
those mountain-like  
feathers, O Impediment-Remover.

At the holy Ashram  
I've seen pilgrims and devotees  
gathered from all parts of Bharat  
and from beyond,  
putting their foreheads  
first of all  
before your shrine,  
singing  
in praise of you.  
In the sanctum sanctorum  
when they congregate  
your's is the hallowed name  
they first invoke,  
O Darling of Paravati.  
Your face is  
auspiciousness incarnate.

Whom should they pray  
those planning  
fancy schemes,  
making arduous journeys,  
carving out a thing of  
surpassing beauty  
but you, O Four — Armed one  
Lord of the Hosts?

Who else can save us  
except you, O Embodiment of Wisdom,  
when maddened with ego  
we revel in acts of ignorance  
calling them triumphs of intellect,  
feats of our ingenuity?  
O Bestower of Intelligence,  
teach us to distinguish  
between right and wrong.  
Take away the pride  
which seeks to confuse the two.

No one can claim you  
as his own,  
You are everybody's.  
Being son of Shiva  
you are not hard to please.  
You grant the trader prosperity  
(for in one of your hands you  
carry a sweetmeat)  
a poet the afflatus of the muses  
(from another hand is suspended  
a manuscript).  
But for you as a scribe  
Vyasa's great labour  
would have borne no fruit

No voice raised in prayer  
goes unheard  
No place, however difficult in approach  
remains unvisited by you  
who has for his vehicle  
the insignificant rat, (so mobile and manoeuvrable).



'Reverence to Ganesha'  
was the first lesson I had learnt  
when put to school  
before the mystery of the alphabet  
had unfolded before me.  
That lesson one never outgrows  
howsoever far one may go,  
for a mind distraught  
peace will flow  
like a limpid stream,  
from your lotus-feet  
O Lord Ganesh:  
Ganesha Sharanam  
Sharanam Ganesha  
Saiesh Sharanam  
Sharanam Saiesha.

*Dr. P.P. Sharma*  
*111/279, Harshanagar,*  
*Kanpur.*



## **TOO BUSY GROWING UP**

This business of growing old  
bothered me once  
When I was fifty-five.  
But now at three-score years and ten  
all fears concerning age are gone  
and I am just glad to live.

To be alive  
To find upon the table each day  
a brimming cup of challenge  
to continue on, so.....  
I have stopped growing old —  
I am too busy  
growing up  
having surrendered to Lord Sainath.

*R. Radhakrishnan*  
*78/B, Vijayanagar*  
*Hubli 580 032, Karnataka.*

## THE POWER OF PRAYER TO SAI



After a bath in holy Ganga at Fatehgarh (UP) on Poornima day on June 22, '86, I had gone to Jaipur on June 23 to fetch my wife and daughter, from my in-laws. In Jaipur, after daily worship of Sai Baba, I used to visit the famous temple of Sri Govind Dev ji wherein are installed statues of Lord Krishna and Radha ji.

Pain was developing in my full right leg. It became unbearable at night of June 28 after I had purchased a marble statue of *Sai Baba of Shirdi*.

On June 28 I had prayed to Govind Dev ji that I would again have His darshan the next day before returning to Fatehgarh since reservation was by an after noon train on 29th.

But pain in the right leg during the night of June 28 was so unbearable that I could not sleep. Then I prayed to Lord Krishna and Lord Sai wondering how I could visit the temple and undertake the long journey the next day with that pain. I prayed to God to remove the pain and give me peaceful sleep.

Gently followed sleep and next morning there was not the least pain! In the morning I performed worship of Sai Baba and walked for darshan of Govind Dev ji and after darshan walked back. After that I travelled with family comfortably to Fatehgarh without any pain or any other trouble.

Sai Baba upholds his saying: "If you look to me I look after you"

— *GOPESH BEHARI*  
Jai Narain Road,  
Fatehgarh-209 601.



## HYMN

O Lord, Sainath, Thou art a guide to be trusted absolutely  
Though our background be of Hindu, Christian, Mohammedan  
or rank materialist  
Thou art the greatest interpreter of the spiritual teachings of Geeta,  
Each will find what he needs by making Thine prayers,  
So, we approached Thee, the gracious, seeking words of wisdom,  
Thou turned towards us and placed Thy feet in our reach,  
But, we still linger on for words of wisdom, not knowing  
That the best of wisdom is to hold on to Thine feet and  
receive Thine grace,  
Give us strength to be honest in our thoughts, words and deeds,  
To be Thy disciples and learn and sing Thine glory for ever  
Let us bask firmly in the blissful rays of Thine grace for ever  
and ever.

All our powers are but powers acquired from Thee, O Sainath,  
None but He is Supreme to Thee, O Sainath,  
We cease to live and express without Thy wisdom and strength,  
Thou art so big, we are so little,  
Teach us not to be proud,  
Thou art the Guru of all the Gurus  
Teaching in the temple of all Souls,  
We bow to Thee at the feet of every one.

*Y. V. Subbayya,  
H.No. 3/5/491,  
Vitalwadi, Narayanaguda,  
Hyderabad 500 029.*

## OMNIPRESENT SAI

Where energy ("Prana") is,  
There Shirdi SAI is,  
Thus Sai Baba, Omnipresent, is!

*T.A. Ram Nathen  
Flat No. 3, Block S-14,  
Gumur Math Housing Estate,  
Budge Budge Trunk Road,  
Sarangabad 743 319. (W.B.)*

## A SAI-PAUSE

It was a beautiful morning on the 2nd Feb., '86 at Shirdi. A sense of peace filled me as I went to have Sai Baba's darshan soon after the morning 'Abhisekham' of the Samadhi-shrine and I paused for a moment on the top of the steps leading to the Samadhi-Mandir, now crowded with people rushing with roses in their hands. I too felt like taking a rose to offer to Lord Sainath.

The flower seller was smiling, her wrinkled face alive with joy. I started down the stairs, then on an impulse turned and picked out two roses. As I took them I said: "You look happy this morning." "Why not? Everything is good."

She was dressed so shabbily and seemed so very old that her reply startled me. "No troubles?" I responded.

"You can't reach my age and not have troubles" she replied, "Only it's like Sainath and his two pice Dakshina — Shradda and Saburi." She paused for a moment.

"Yes?" I prompted.

"Well, when Sai has declared that His tomb takes care of us why worry about anything at all. And when I get troubles, I remember his 'EKADASHA SUTRAS'. I have learned to wait.... with Saburi..... and somehow everything gets all right again."


And she smiled good-bye. Her thoughts still follow me whenever I think I have troubles: "Give Sainath a chance to help — wait with Saburi."

*Dr. G.R. Vijayakumar  
Balanoor Estate,  
Durgadabetta 577 118.  
KARNATAKA.*



## BABA'S GRACE

My Sai brother Sri Sarma and Sai mother Srimathi Sarojini Devarajulu left for Shirdi on 29-1-1986. On thier way to Shirdi, they decided to visit Shri Gajanan Maharaj's Samadhi in Shegaon. There they purchased 'Shri Gajanan Vijay' written by Shri Das Ganu.



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After coming back, my brother did a parayana of the book 'Shri Gajanan Vijay'. The next day after he completed the book my mother prepared twenty one laddus and offered it to Lord. Just after she had done that, we saw a miracle.

My sister opened the book 'Shri Gajanan Vijay' and saw to her surprise and joy 'Sandal powder' resembling tobacco powder on Shri Gajanan Maharaj's photo. We were all overjoyed and applied some on our forehead and packed and preserved the rest in a piece of paper. As soon as this was done, water came oozing out of the chillim of Gajanan Maharaj's photo. This lasted for about two seconds. We all immediately bowed to Shri Gajanan Maharaj and Sai Maharaj, both of whom have a lot of resemblance, and thanked them for showering their blessings on us.

We pray to them to guide and protect us always, as also the Devotees at large.

*Miss Jyothi Premamurti  
5, Tara Road, Flat No. 6,  
Calcutta 700 026.*



### **“EVER PRESENT & ALWAYS CARES”**

- I) Sai Baba ever cares and always will  
Even if you forget, Sai Loves you still  
You can not escape “HIS GAZE”  
Whatever, you will, and act in “HAZE”
- II) Sai Baba forgives you till the “END”  
For HE is “GRACE” incarnate  
ONLY Regal and Eternal Friend  
To surrendered “JIVA” in distress.
- III) Do not try to “Hide” your “Face”  
There is no shelter and Escape  
For you on this earth or in the Sky  
Sai Nath is “Ever Present” and ALWAYS CARES”.

*P.J. Singh*

## DECLARATION

Statement of ownership and other particulars about magazine Shri Sai Leela to be published in the first issue of every year after last day of February.

1. Place of Publication : Sai Niketan,  
804-B, Dr. Ambedkar Road,  
Dadar, Bombay-400 014.
2. Periodicity of its  
Publication : Monthly
3. Printer's Name : Shri M.D. Rajan.
4. Nationality : Indian
5. Address : Geeta Offset,  
B-23, Royal Industrial Estate,  
Naigaum Cross Road,  
Wadala, Bombay-400 031.
6. Publisher's Name : Shri Rajaram Dattatreya Banne
7. Nationality : Indian
8. Address : Sai Niketan,  
804-B, Dr. Ambedkar Road,  
Dadar, Bombay-400 014.
9. Editor's Name : Shri Rajaram Dattatreya Banne
10. Nationality : Indian
11. Address : Sai Niketan,  
804-B, Dr. Ambedkar Road,  
Dadar, Bombay-400 014.
12. Name & Address of individuals who own the Newspaper and Partners or Shareholders holding more than one per cent of the total capital : Shri Sai Baba Sansthan, Shirdi  
(Charitable and Religious —  
Institution)  
P.O. Shirdi.  
: Dist. Ahmednagar

I, Rajaram Dattatreya Banne, hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

R.D. BANNE  
Executive Officer,  
Shri Sai Baba Sansthan, SHIRDI.  
(Signature of the Publisher)



# SHRI SAI—SAT—CHARITA

## CHAPTER — 5

OBEISANCE TO SHRI GANESH, TO SHRI SARASWATI, TO SHRI GURU, TO THE FAMILY DEITY, TO SHRI SITA AND SHRI RAMACHANDRA AND TO THE VENERABLE GURU SHRI SAINATH.

1. To continue the life-story, I will now relate how Baba disappeared from Shirdi only to reappear & with Chand Patil; how he made a garden, himself watering it, and the coming together of Gangagir and other saints. Listen to (read) it, you will become sanctified.
2. For sometime Baba had disappeared and was later found in the marriage party of a Muslim.
3. Just before it, Devidas had taken up residence in Shirdi and was later joined there by the Gosain (ascetic) Janakidas.
4. I will now recount in detail how this happened. Listen to (read) it attentively.
5. Chand Patil was a Musalman of good fortune, of village Dhoop, in the district of Aurangabad.
6. During his visit to Aurangabad, he had lost his mare. There was no trace of her for two months, and he lost hope.
7. Patil became completely despondent and greatly perturbed by his loss. Strapping the saddle on his back, he began his return journey.
8. When he had left Aurangabad nine miles behind, he saw a mango tree by the road below which was this gem (of a man) SAI.

10. Sai was wearing a Kafni (mendicant's robe), had a cap on his head and a baton under his armpit. He was crushing (on the palm of his hand) tobacco and filling it in his Chilim (clay-pipe for smoking) for a smoke. A strange thing then happened.
11. As Chand Patil was passing by, he heard the fakir (Sai) calling out to him: "Come, come, sit under the shade for a while, smoke the *Chilim* and then go".
12. The fakir asked him why he was carrying the saddle when Patil told him of the loss of his mare. The fakir directed him to search along the rivulet and Patil found his mare immediately thereafter.
13. At this Chand Patil was amazed, was convinced that he had met a magus and that his deed was unmatched. The fakir could not but be a superman.
14. With the mare he then returned to the place when the fakir made him seat by him. Lifting the pair of tongs with his hands the fakir thrust them  
& in the earth, took out a live coal from it, which he  
15. put in his *Chilim* and lifted his baton.
16. But there was no water near about to wet the strip of cloth covering the *chilim*. So the fakir hit the ground with his baton and water flowed out of it.
17. He then dipped the strip in water, squeezed it dry and wound it around the *Chilim*. He smoked it himself and made Patil smoke too. Patil was dazed.

18. Patil pressed the fakir to sanctify his house by his presence, and the fakir, who had manifested himself only for such divine *leelas*, obliged him.
19. He went to the village the next day, stayed with Patil for some days and then returned to Shirdi.
20. Chand Patil was the headman of the village Dhoop. Chandbhai's wife's nephew had become  
& of marriageable age and his consort was to be  
21. from Shirdi.
22. The marriage party of Chandbhai set out for Shirdi along with carts and horses and Baba too was drawn into it out of his affection for Chandbhai.
23. The wedding over, the marriage party returned. Baba stayed on at Shirdi, and stayed there for good — to the good fortune of Shirdi.
24. Sai, the indestructible, the ancient was neither a Hindu nor a Muslim. He had no caste and was without any family or kindred. He was the embodiment of self-realization.
25. After all, how did he come to be called "Sai" by which name people addressed him? It was as a  
& result of the words "Welcome Sai" respectfully  
26. addressed to him on the day when Baba along with the marriage party first alighted in Mhalsapati's threshing ground near Khandoba's temple.
27. The threshing ground which initially belonged to Mhalsapati was later owned by Aminbhai. It is here under the banyan tree that the marriage party alighted.
28. The bullocks were unyoked at the threshing ground in the extensive plain of Khandoba temple. Baba too alighted there from the cart along with the rest.

29. When the youthful fakir alighted from the cart, he was seen by Bhagat who received him with & the words "Welcome Sai". From then onwards the people began to address him as 'Sai' and
30. it became his proper name.
31. Sai then smoked his *Chilim* there and began staying at the Musjid. He enjoyed the company of Devidas and resided happily in Shirdi.
32. Absorbed completely in his Self, sometimes he would sit in the Chavadi (Village hall), sometimes with Devidas and sometimes in the temple of Maruti.
33. Devidas was already staying in Shirdi when Baba came there. Later Janakidas of the Mahanubhava Sect also came to Shirdi.
34. Maharaj (Sai) would sit talking with Janakidas or Janakidas would go where Maharaj used to sit.
35. Both were fond of each other's company and would meet regularly. Their association with each other pleased everybody greatly.
36. So also, Gangagir from Puntambe, a man with a family and a well-known and prominent devotee of the Vaishnav Sect, was a frequent visitor to Shirdi.
37. Great was Gangagir's surprise in the early days when he would see Sai carrying water from the well with earthen pitchers in both his hands.
38. No sooner they saw each other than Gangagir categorically stated that Shirdi was extremely fortunate in acquiring a gem (like Sai); and although he was then carrying pitchers on his shoulders, he was no ordinary person. Blessed & was the soil of Shirdi on which he (Sai) had set
39. his foot.

40. Similar was the prophecy of the well-known saint Anandnath who had foretold of Baba's divine leelas.
41. Anandnath who had established a *math* (monastery) at village Yewale happened to go once to
42. Shirdi along with some of its residents. He was a disciple of the illustrious saint of Akkalkot.
43. On seeing the youthful Sai, he exclaimed, "This is a genuine diamond. Today it may be lying (neglected) on the rubbish heap. However it is & not just a flint but a diamond. Mark my words carefully for you will recall them later." After
44. prophesying thus, he returned to Yewale.
45. Those were the days of his youth when Sai did not shave his head but grew his hair long and dressed like a wrestler.
46. Baba brought back with him saplings of jasmines and Marigold whenever he went to Rahata. In desolate places he dug and planted them and also watered them regularly.
47. Vamantatya was his devotee. He would give Baba two raw (unbaked) earthen pitchers and Baba himself watered the plants with them.
48. He carried on his shoulders the pitchers filled with water from a vessel (stone/earthen) near the well and in the evening kept the pitchers under the Neem tree.
49. No sooner were the pitchers kept there than they would automatically crack on the spot. And Tatya would give him two new pitchers the next day.
50. It is always good to have a baked durable pitcher but Baba would require a raw unbaked one; before the potter had laboured to finish it up, it would already be sold.

51. And so he (Sai) continued for three years and transformed the wilderness into a garden. This is the spot on which, by God's grace, stands to-day the Wada which affords a comfortable abode to the devotees.
52. Here, under the Neem tree, a devotee named Bhai installed *padukas* (impressions in marble of the foot prints) of Akkalkot Swami for being worshipped.
53. Swami-Samarth of Akkalkot was the chosen deity of Bhai who worshipped his portrait regularly with devoutness.
54. He had thought of going to Akkalkot to have darshan of Swami's *padukas* and to offer worship to them with his heart and soul.
55. He got ready to start from Bombay the next day. But his resolve to go to Akkalkot remained unfulfilled, and instead, he went to Shirdi because in a dream he was directed by Swami-Samarth
56. to go to Shirdi as he then dwelt there.
57. Obeying this command, Bhai proceeded to Shirdi where he spent six months in peace and happiness.
58. Steadfast in his faith, Bhai commemorated his dream by installing Swami's *padukas* at the foot of the Neem tree.
59. In the (Shalivahan) Shake year 1834 in the month of *Shravan* (August-September), during the bright half of the moon, at an auspicious time in
60. & the midst of *bhajans* (devotional songs) the *padukas* were installed at the hands of Dada Kelkar, while Shri Upasani officiated as the priest.

61. The arrangement for the daily worship of the *padukas* was entrusted to a Brahmin named Dikshit while Sagun (Nayak) looked after the management. Such is the story of the *padukas*.
62. The desireless saints are truly incarnations of God, born on earth for the salvation and benefit of mankind.
63. Some days later a strange thing happened. Readers will be amazed when they respectfully hear (read) about it.
64. Mohiddinbhai was a dealer in betel leaves. A dispute arose between him and Baba which flared up into a wrestling bout.
65. Both were skilled wrestlers but destiny prevails over the strength or will. Mohiddin got the better of Baba and defeated him.
66. From that moment Baba's mind was made up and he changed his entire dress. He took to wearing a *kafni*, langot (a piece of cloth, around the loins covering the privities) and tying a piece of cloth around his head.
67. He used a gunny bag for his seat, and also as his bedding and was content in the rags he wore.
68. Sai would always say: "In poverty lies true sovereignty — a thousand times better than dukedom. Allah is the saviour of the poor".
69. Gangagir also passed through the same phase. He dearly loved wrestling. Once while engaged in a wrestling bout, in a flash of intuition, he realized the futility of such existence, when at the opportune moment he heard a Siddha (Realized Soul) address him thus: "Rather that this physical body should wear out in the service of God."
70. &

71. While still engaged in wrestling he heard these words of grace which wrought such a transformation in him that he renounced the ways of the world.
72. His *math* (monastery) on an island in the midst of the river near Puntambe is habited by his disciples.
73. As time went on, Sainath only answered questions put to him. Of his own he would not talk to anyone.
74. During the day he sat under the Neem tree, and sometime near the stream in the shade of a branch of the Babul tree.
75. At his own pleasure Baba would sometimes wander at noon or after noon around the village Nimgaon a mile away.
76. Baba dearly loved Babasaheb Denge, a descendant of the famous Trimbak Denge who was the *Jahagirdar* of Nimgaon.
77. Whenever Baba took a round of Nimgaon, he would visit Denge's house and loved to spend a day with him.
78. Babasaheb's younger brother Nanasaheb had no son because of which he was unhappy.
79. As his first wife bore him no son he married again. But who can escape the decree of fate?
80. Later Babasaheb sent him to Saibaba by whose grace a son was born to him.
81. As days passed, multitudes thronged to see Sai. His fame spread far and wide and reached Ahmednagar.



82. In Ahmednagar Nana moved much in the Government circles and was influential with officials among whom was Chidambar Keshav, the secretary to the District Collector.
83. To him Nana wrote a letter urging him to visit with his wife and children Sai Samarth for the visit was worthwhile.
84. And so, one after another, multitudes came to Shirdi. As Baba's fame spread, so swelled the ranks of his followers.
85. Although surrounded by his devotees during the day, Baba needed no company and spent the nights by himself in the dilapidated mosque.
86. Baba had his "*Chilim*", tobacco and a tumbler. He wore a *Kafni* reaching upto his feet, a white piece of cloth round his head and always had his baton.
87. He would tie around his head a white piece of cloth, taken behind the left ear and twisted firmly like the matted hair to form a shapely headgear.
88. Dressed thus, he would go at times without a bath for eight days at a stretch and walked & barefooted. The merest piece of sack cloth formed his daily seat, nor was the comfort of a cushion ever found necessary. Where then was the question of a proper bedding?
- 89.
90. Until then, that sack cloth was his favourite seat and day in and day out it always remained there & also served as his bed spread. He wore a Kaupin (piece of cloth around his loins as an underwear) and had no other sheet or covering. To ward off cold he had the *dhuni* burning constantly .
- 91.

92. Resting his left hand on the railing, his face turned southward, Baba would sit in the mosque & on the sack cloth gazing intently into the *dhuni*
93. as if he were offering oblations of the ego, desires and the whole of his worldly tendencies.
94. He also fed into the raging fire of the *dhuni* the log of the pride of knowledge, and raised the banner of Allah by ceaselessly chanting 'Allah Malik'.
95. And how big was the mosque? It was hardly of the size of two rooms in which he sat, lived, slept and received all visitors.
96. The mattress and the cushion have come only now, when devotees began gathering around him. In the early days one could not go near him without fear.
97. All this changed in the year 1912. The transformation of the mosque began thence.
98. The flooring of the mosque was rough with knee-deep hollows but it was paved overnight with *pharsi* (Shahabadi hewn stones) through the love of devotees.
99. Before moving into the mosque, he lived at the *Takia*. He stayed there long, peacefully, untroubled by anyone.
100. Tying *ghungarus* (jingling bells) around his feet, he would dance gracefully and sing melodiously with devotion to the accompaniment of *khanjiri* (tambourine - like instrument).
101. In the early days, Sai was very fond of lighting up the mosque with earthen oil lamps and would himself ask the shopkeepers for oil.

102. Tumbler in hand, he would regularly go the round of grocers and oilmen requesting them for oil to fill the lamps.
103. For sometime he would always illumine the mosque and the temple brightly with earthen oil-lamps.
104. Out of worship of the Light he celebrated the Deepavali (festival of lights) with illumination. He would make wicks for the lamps out of rags and would light lamps at the mosque.
105. As daily he brought the oil free, once all the grocers conspired against him to put an end to this "nuisance".
106. Later, when Baba came to ask for oil as usual, all grocers refused it. To the great surprise of everyone Baba returned without a word and placed the dry wicks in the earthen lamps.
107. The grocers were watching the fun, wondering what he was doing without oil in the lamps.
108. Baba picked up from the parapet of the mosque the tumbler, which contained oil not enough even to light the evening lamp.
109. Adding water to the oil, Baba drank it up thus offering it to the Brahman. He then took clear & water and filled the earthen lamps, completely wetting the dry wicks, and lighting them with
110. match sticks.
111. The grocers marvelled when they saw the wicks burning with water and felt guilty for having lied to Baba.
112. When it was noticed that the lights burned all through the night without a trace of oil, every-

- one commented that the grocers had forfeited the grace of Baba.
113. With this evidence of Baba's miraculous powers, the grocers repented for the sin of lying to Baba and causing him anguish without any reason.
114. But this was farthest from Baba's thoughts since he was beyond anger and hate in his dealings with people. No one was his friend or foe. To him all beings were equal.
115. To resume now the tale, Mohiddin triumphed over Baba in the wrestling bout. Now listen attentively to the account that follows.
116. In the fifth year after that wrestling bout a fakir from Ahmednagar named Javar Ali came with his disciple to Rahata.
117. Seeing an open space near the Veerabhadra temple, the fakir camped there. The fakir was & indeed fortunate or else how could he have  
118. found such a delightful and renowned disciple like Sai?
119. The village was well-populated; many of its inhabitants were Marathas. One of them, Bhagu Sadaphal became his attendant.
120. The fakir was a very learned man. The Quran-e-Sharif was at the tips of his fingers. And many seekers of the material and the spiritual and the pious flocked around him.
121. He started construction of *idagah* (a place for prayer). But after a time, he was charged with having defiled the temple of Veerabhadra.
122. The construction was, therefore, stopped and the fakir driven out. He then came to Shirdi and stayed at the mosque with Baba.

123. The fakir was a sweet talker and attracted the villagers towards him. But they said he had cast a spell even upon Baba and charmed him.
124. The fakir asked Baba to be his disciple, and when Baba who was full of frolic consented, he felt happy and took away Baba along with him.
125. Javar Ali then became the guru and an eminent person like Baba his disciple. Both decided to stay in Rahata.
126. The guru did not know the accomplishments of the disciple but the disciple knew the shortcomings of his guru. But Sai behaved like a true disciple and was never disrespectful to him.
127. He did not consider the propriety or impropriety of the guru's orders, but carried them out meticulously. He even carried water for his guru.
128. And so continued the service of the guru, the visits to Shirdi becoming only occasional. Listen now to what followed.
129. The visits became few and far between as he began to stay at Rahata. People thought that Sai was bewitched by the fakir and was lost to Shirdi.
130. Though people thought that Javar Ali was exerting a magnetic pull over Sai with his magic powers, Sai was enacting the role of a disciple who was wearing off his ego.
131. One may well ask, "How can Sai have any ego?" But he acted thus with a view to the guidance of the world for that was the mission of his life.
132. The villagers of Shirdi were affectionate devotees of Sai. They were deeply attached to him and thought it improper to stay away from him.

133. The villagers were upset thinking that Sai was completely won over (by Javar Ali), and they began to consider seriously how to get him back.
134. Gold and its lustre, light and its brilliance, such is the state of complete unity between the guru and his disciple.
135. A contingent of devotees from Shirdi went to the *idagah* at Rahata to try their best to persuade Baba to come back with them.
136. But Baba adopted a different line of argument. "The fakir is wrathful. Don't go after him. He will never let me go. So better that you go away from here. He may return any moment and devour you & in his terrible temper. Highly inflammable by nature, he will turn red with anger. You are well-
137. advised to leave at once and pick your way to Shirdi."
138. The devotees were completely puzzled on hearing this unexpected argument from Baba, when the fakir suddenly appeared on the scene and accosted them thus: "What are you discussing? Have you come for this boy? If you intend to take him back to Shirdi, you may as well abandon the idea."
139. But though the fakir spoke thus at first, in the end he yielded to the devotees' pressure and requested them to take him too along with the boy (Sai).
140. So the fakir went with them. He could not leave Baba and Baba too could not leave him. No one knows how this happened.
141. Sai was Brahman incarnate; Javar Ali was full of ignorance. He was put to test by Devidas and was exposed.
- 142.
- 143.

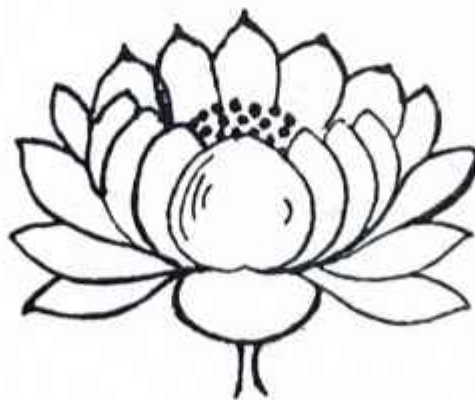
144. Devidas had a well-proportioned body, with lustrous eyes and a handsome face. He was ten or eleven years old when he first came to Shirdi.
145. The young pilgrim clad in *langot* put up in the Maruti temple.
146. Appa Bhil, Mhalsapati were his regular visitors. Kashiram and others would provide him with foodgrains. And he came to stay at Shirdi.
147. Thus Devidas had come to Shirdi, twelve years before Baba arrived there with the marriage party.
148. Not only did Devidas teach Appa Bhil the alphabet on a slate but also taught and made the villagers recite regularly *Venkatesh-Stotra* (the psalm of God Venkatesh).
149. Devidas was highly enlightened and Tatyaba (Tatya Ganpat Patil-Kote), Kashinath and others became his chief disciples and followers.
150. The fakir (Javar Ali) was brought before Devidas who with his ascetic powers totally vanquished him in a religious debate and the fakir was driven out of Shirdi.
151. The fakir then escaped to Vaijapur and years later he visited Shirdi once again and bowed & before Sainath. His illusion that he was the guru and Sai his disciple was dispelled but Baba
152. accepted him as before.
153. Such were the inscrutable ways of Baba. The fakir's illusion vanished when it was destined to, but until then Sai played upto it.
154. Without disturbing the illusion of the fakir that he was the guru, Sai played the role of a true disciple thus pointing out the moral of this incident.

155. It is best that a disciple should submit to his guru and the guru should accept him as his own & without which (relationship) there is no spiritual salvation. That is the moral of this incident. But
156. rare is the person who will have the courage to shed his ego.
157. In these matters ingenuity is of no avail. He who seeks salvation must overcome his ego.
158. The person who conquers his attachment to the body will alone find spiritual fulfilment. He can then become a disciple of anyone to achieve salvation.
159. People were amazed to see such detachment specially in a boy, so young and so fair. And they adored him.
160. The actions of a realized soul work out according to his past Karma but they are not a burden to him, for he is no longer the doer of actions.
161. Just as the sun cannot stay in darkness, so the man of enlightenment cannot remain in a state of duality, for he is the entire universe in himself. He dwells in unity (*advaita*).
162. This incident of the guru and his disciple was narrated by Mhalsapati, a great devotee of Sainath. I have narrated it from beginning to end as I heard it from him.
163. This Chapter now ends. The next one is more profound. It will be narrated in its proper sequence. Please pay attention.
164. The previous condition of the mosque, with what difficulty it was paved and whether Sai was a Hindu or a Muslim — no one knows these for a certainty.



165. In the next Chapter will come a detailed narration in its proper order of Baba's yogic practices such as *dhotipoti* (cleaning of internal organs) and *khandyoga* (severing and reassembling organs of the body at will) and his taking upon himself the *karmic* sufferings of the devotees.
166. Hemada surrenders himself to Sai. The narration of this tale is by the grace of his (Sai's) feet and listening to (reading) this meritorious and holy tale will remove the ignorance.

May it be well with you! This completes the fifth Chapter named "The Reappearance of Shri Sai" in the Venerable Life of Shri Sai, the Powerful, composed by his devotee Hemadpant, impelled thereto by saints and good people.



# श्री साईलीला मार्च १९८७

## हिन्दी विभाग अनुक्रमणिका

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## शक्ति

बाबा में है बहुत शक्ति  
बाबा कर देते हैं अपने भक्तों के  
कष्टों को दूर  
क्यो करते हो तुम चिन्ता  
क्यो डरते हो तुम व्यर्थ  
बाबा के भक्तों का कोई कुछ  
नहीं बिगाड़ सकता  
क्योकी बाबा तो है अपने भक्तों के रक्षक  
बाबा अपने भक्तों पर जरा भी  
नहीं आने देते आंच  
बाबा करते हैं सदा अपने भक्तों की रक्षा  
बाबा में है बहुत शक्ति

— कन्हैया मल्होत्रा

C1/2 सी.सी.आई नयागाव सिमेंट फैक्ट्री

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जिला - मन्दासौर (मध्य प्रदेश)

# श्री साई सत् चरित्र

## (श्री साई की श्रद्धास्पद जीवनी)

### अध्याय २

श्री गणेश, श्री सरस्वती, श्री गुरु, कुलदेवता, श्री सीता,  
श्री रामचन्द्र तथा श्रद्धास्पद गुरु श्री साईनाथ की वन्दना

१. पहले अध्याय में हमने मंगलकारी (देवी-देवताओं) का आह्वान किया था और संरक्षक देवी-देवताओं, परिवार के वरिष्ठ सदस्यों तथा गुरु(वर) का अभिवादन किया था। इस प्रकार साई की जीवन-कथा के लिए बीज बो देने के उपरान्त अब हमें इस कार्यभारग्रहण के हेतु पर विचार करना चाहिए।
२. हम संक्षेप में और स्पष्ट रूप से लेखक के प्राधिकार तथा साई से उसके सम्बन्ध का कथन करेंगे, जिससे श्रोताओं (पाठकों) को इस ग्रन्थ का सरल परिचय प्राप्त होजावे।
३. पहले अध्याय में हम यह ध्यान देने के लिए प्रेरित हुए थे कि साई ने गेहूँ के आटे को अर्पित करके विषूचिका महामारी का दमन कर दिया था, जिससे ग्रामवासी बहुत आश्चर्यान्वित हुए थे।
४. मैंने साई की अतर्क्य विधियों के विषय में सुना और आह्लादित हुआ। वही आह्लाद इस काव्य के रूप में (हृदय) से प्रेम-प्रवाह की बाढ़ की भाँति उमड़ पड़ा।
५. मैंने सोचा कि साई के स्वस्त्ययनों का विस्तृत विवरण भक्तों के लिए शिक्षाप्रद सिद्ध होगा और उनके पापों का निवारण करेगा।

६. इस उद्देश्य से मैंने साई की इस अतिशय पवित्र जीवनी को लिखने का बीड़ा उठाया और इस जीवन तथा आगे के जीवन में आनन्द की प्राप्ति के हेतु इस आख्यान का शुभारंभ किया।
७. किसी भी सन्त की जीवनी नीतिपरायणता का पथ प्रशस्त करती है। वह न न्याय-शास्त्र है और न ही तर्क-शास्त्र। अतएव, ऐसे व्यक्ति को, जो उनके अनुग्रह के योग्य बन जाता है, कुछ भी विलक्षण नहीं लगता।
८. अतएव, श्रोताओं (पाठकों) से मेरा निवेदन है कि वे इस आनन्द के सहभागी बनें। सन्तों का भाग्यवान सहयोगी धन्य है जो सन्तों की जीवन-गाथाओं के अध्ययन में भक्ति-भाव से प्रवृत्त होता है।
९. मेरे लिए अपने लम्बी कालावधि के अन्तरंग मित्र की, जिसके साथ मैं रात-दिन व्यतीत करता हूँ, जीवनी का वर्णन करना सरल नहीं है। तब किसी सन्त की जीवनी लिखना मेरे लिए कहीं अधिक कठिन है।
१०. मैं अपनी स्वयं की आन्तरिक प्रकृति को पूरी तरह समझने में असमर्थ हूँ, तब मैं किसी सन्त के मन के विचारों का वर्णन निर्दोषिता से कैसे कर सकता हूँ?
११. अपने स्वयं की प्रकृति को निरूपित करने के प्रयास में चारों वेद तक मौन धारण कर लेते हैं। तब हे साई, आपकी वास्तविक प्रकृति को मैं कैसे समझ सकता हूँ?
१२. सन्तों को पूरी तरह जानने के लिए, पहले स्वयं को सन्त बनाना आवश्यक है। मैं पहले से जानता हूँ कि मैं सन्तों का यथातथ्यता से वर्णन नहीं कर सकता।

१३. सात समुद्रों के जल की मात्रा को नापना संभव हो सकता है, आकाश को थैले में भरा जा सकता है, किन्तु सन्त अथाह हैं।
१४. मेरे जैसा सीधा-सादा व्यक्ति बाबा की परम प्रचुर शक्ति को जानकर उसका गान करने के लिए प्रेरित हुआ है और भाव-संवेग अनियंत्रणीय हो जाता है।
१५. विजयी सम्राट साईं! निर्धनों तथा निर्बलों के आश्रय! आपका प्रेम असीम तथा अवर्णनीय है। मुझ दास पर अनुग्रह कीजिए।
१६. मुझे आपकी जीवनी का विवरण लिखने की अनुभूति होती है, किन्तु इस साहसिक कार्य को अपना कर मैंने अपनी क्षमता से अधिक उत्तरदायित्व ले लिया है। मुझे उपहासित न होने दीजिए।
१७. परमात्मा ऐसे लोगों से प्रेम करता है, जो सन्तों की जीवनियाँ लिखते हैं। सम्माननीय सन्त ज्ञानेश्वर ऐसा कहते हैं। तब मुझे किस बात का डर है?
१८. उसी अनन्य परमात्मा ने मेरे (हृदय) में लिखने के लिए अन्तःप्रेरणा प्रज्वलित की। यद्यपि मैं मूर्ख और मन्दबुद्धि हूँ, तथापि वे जानते हैं कि अपना कार्य कैसे पूरा कराया जावेगा।
१९. सन्त स्वयं किन्हीं भी सेवाओं को, जिन्हें भक्त नियोजित करते हैं, पूरा करवाते हैं। भक्त मात्र साधक हेतु होता है। समूची अन्तःप्रेरणा सन्तों की होती है।
२०. संक्षेप में, साईं स्वयं मुझ अज्ञानी व्यक्ति से अपनी जीवनी लिखवा रहे हैं। यह इसका वैशिष्ट्य है, जो श्रोताओं (पाठकों) की श्रद्धा को आहूत करता है।

२१. वे चाहे सन्त हों अथवा स्वयं भगवान, वे अपनी कहानी किसी भी व्यक्ति द्वारा जिसे वे चुनते हैं उसे अपना अनुग्रह प्रदान करके, लिखवाते हैं।
२२. जिस प्रकार शक संवत् १७०० में सन्तों ने महीपति नामक व्यक्ति को अपनी निष्पादित कराने के लिए अन्तःप्रेरणा प्रदान की और उससे अपनी जीवन-कथाएँ लिखवा लीं।
२३. उसी प्रकार शक संवत् १८०० में सन्तों ने बाद के सन्तों की जीवनियाँ लिखवा कर एक व्यक्ति की जिसका नाम दासगणू था सेवाओं का उपयोग किया, जो श्रोताओं/पाठकों को स्वीकार्य तथा सम्माननीय हुई।
२४. जिस प्रकार महीपति ने सन्तों की जीवनियों पर चार ग्रन्थ लिखे — (१) भक्ति विजय (२) सन्त विजय (३) भक्त लीलामृत तथा (४) सन्त लीलामृत, उसी प्रकार दासगणू ने भी दो ऐसे ग्रन्थ लिखे।
२५. एक का नाम भक्त-लीलामृत है और दूसरे का सन्त-कथामृत। दोनों में ऐसे आधुनिक भक्तों तथा सन्तों का वर्णन किया गया है, जिनके विषय में जानकारी उपलब्ध है।
२६. भक्त-लीलामृत में साई की मनोहर जीवनी का तीन अध्यायों में वर्णन किया गया है। श्रोता/पाठक उसे उसमें पढ़ सकते हैं।
२७. श्रोता (पाठक) सन्त-कथामृत के सत्तावनवें अध्याय में भी एक शिक्षात्मक कथा पढ़ सकते हैं, जो साई ने एक भक्त को मधुरता से कही।
२८. इसी प्रकार भजनमाला जिसकी रचना रघुनाथ तथा सावित्री ने अपने स्वयं के अनुभवों को सूत्रबद्ध करके की तथा

जिसमें साई की विलक्षण लीलाओं का अभंग तथा पद छन्दों में गायन किया गया है, लोगों के कष्टों का निवारण करेगी।

२९. बाबा के एक बालक (हरि सीताराम दीक्षित) ने भजनमाला का प्रेमभाव से प्राक्कथन लिखा है, जिसमें उन्होंने साई की अमृततुल्य जीवनी की, जो तृषित चकोर पक्षियों (अर्थात् पाठकों) के लिए जलमय मेघ के समान हैं, झड़ी लगा दी है। श्रोताओं (पाठकों) को उसका श्रद्धापूर्वक पान करना चाहिए (अर्थात् पढ़ना चाहिए)।
३०. दासगणू की विविध कविताएँ भी (भक्ति) भावना से ओतप्रोत हैं और बाबा की लीलाओं को पढ़ते समय श्रोताओं/पाठकों के मन आह्लादित करेंगी।
३१. इसी प्रकार एक (अन्य) भक्त ने भी, जिनका नाम अमीदास भवानीदास है, गुजराती में बाबा के चमत्कारों की कतिपय कहानियाँ अत्यन्त प्रेमपूर्वक लिखी हैं।
३२. इसके अतिरिक्त एक लब्धप्रतिष्ठ भक्त ने पुणे नगर में बाबा की एक कथामाला प्रकाशित की है और (अपनी) कृति का नाम 'साई प्रभा' रखा है।
३३. श्रोताओं (पाठकों) के मन में एक शंका हो सकती है कि जब इतनी अधिक ऐसी कथाएँ प्रकाशित हो चुकी हैं, तब इस पुस्तक की क्या आवश्यकता है। सुनिए, हम उसका समाधान करेंगे।
३४. साई का जीवन समुद्र सदृश्य है — अनन्त, विशाल, मणि-मुक्ताओं से भरपूर। मैं टिटहरी पक्षी के समान हूँ, जिसे उसको रिक्त करना है। यह कैसे संभव है?

३५. इसी प्रकार साई की जीवनी की थाह लेना कठिन है। उसका पूर्णतः वर्णन करना असंभव है। अतएव, मैं उसका उतना ही वर्णन करूँगा जितना मेरे लिए संभव है। कृपया उससे ही संतोष कीजिए।
३६. साई की असाधारण कथाएँ अपार हैं। वे सांसारिक जीवन के दुःखों से पीड़ित व्यक्तियों को ढाढस बँधाती हैं, श्रोताओं (पाठकों) को आनन्द प्रदान करती हैं तथा भक्तों के मन को स्थिर करती हैं।
३७. साई ने अनेक प्रकार की कथाएँ कहीं, जिनमें संसार सम्बन्धी उपदेश जिन्हें सभी अनुभव करते हैं तथा उनके स्वयं के कार्यों के रहस्य निहित हैं।
३८. जिस प्रकार पवित्र वेदों की अगणित कथाएँ प्रसिद्ध हैं, उसी प्रकार बाबा भी अगणित सुखद तथा अर्थपूर्ण कथाएँ कहा करते थे।
३९. जब उन्हें ध्यान से सुना जावे, तब अन्य सुख तिनके की भाँति तुच्छ हो जाते हैं। भूख-प्यास बिसर जाते हैं और आन्तरिक सन्तोष का अनुभव होता है।
४०. कुछ लोग ब्रह्म में तन्मय होने का प्रयास करते हैं, कुछ अष्टांग योग में प्रवीणता प्राप्त करने का प्रयास करते हैं, कुछ समाधि के परमानन्द की परिपूर्णता का प्रयास करते हैं — इन कथाओं को पढ़कर उन सबका अनुभव किया जा सकता है।
४१. ये कथाएँ कर्म के बन्धनों को पूर्णतः छिन्न-भिन्न कर देती हैं, प्रज्ञा को प्रकाशित करती हैं और बिना किसी भेद-भाव के सबको आनन्द प्रदान करती हैं।



४२. अतएव, मेरे मन में यह इच्छा जागृत हुई कि ये कथाएँ जो संग्रहणीय हैं माला की भाँति सूत्रबद्ध करने के योग्य हैं और उससे गुरु(वर) की अच्छी सेवा होगी।
४३. ऐसी कथा के अंश मात्र को भी सुनकर (पढ़कर) जीवन के दुर्भाग्य नष्ट होजावेंगे। सम्पूर्ण कथा को श्रद्धापूर्वक सुनने (पढ़ने) से उत्साही उद्योगी जीवन के महासागर को पार कर लेगा।
४४. बाबा मुझे अपनी लेखनी बना लेंगे और मेरे हाथ को पकड़कर अक्षर लिखेंगे। मैं उनके लेखन का मात्र यंत्र (साधन) हूँ।
४५. वर्ष प्रति वर्ष बाबा की लीलाओं को देखकर मेरे मन में यह
४६. धुन समा गयी कि मैं बाबा की कथाओं का उनके सरल-हृदय भक्तों के लिए संग्रह करूँगा, जिससे वे लोग जिनके नेत्र उन्हें टकटकी लगाकर देखने पर भी तृप्त नहीं हुए हैं, उनके श्लाघ्य तथा पवित्र जीवन की महत्ता का गहराई से पान कर सकें।
४७. जो भी इतना भाग्यशाली होगा कि उसे इन आख्यानों के पढ़ने की लालसा की यथेष्ट अनुभूति होगी, प्रमुदित और परितुष्ट हो जाएगा।
४८. ये विचार मेरे मन में उठे और मैंने इनके विषय में माधवराव को बतलाया। किन्तु अपने मन में मुझे शंका थी कि मैं इस कार्य के योग्य सिद्ध हो भी सकूँगा।
४९. मेरी आयु साठ वर्ष से अधिक थी और मेरी बौद्धिक शक्तियाँ लगभग निःशेष और मंद हो चुकी थीं। लिखने का कोई भी प्रयास अशक्त होना तथा कोरा दर्प सिद्ध होना निश्चित था।

५०. इसके स्थान पर कि मैं अपना प्रयास अन्यत्र अपव्यय करूँ अधिक उत्तम यह था कि वह साईं की सेवा में निर्दिष्ट हो, जिससे वह मुझे मुक्ति-प्राप्ति में सहायक सिद्ध हो सके। अतएव, इस यज्ञ का अनुष्ठान किया गया।
५१. रात-दिन इस भावना के साथ मैं उनकी जीवनी का विवरण लिखने की लिए प्रेरित हुआ, कि इसका अध्ययन मन को शान्ति तथा विश्रान्ति प्रदान करेगा।
५२. मैंने सोचा कि श्रोताओं (पाठकों) के समक्ष बाबा के सहज उद्गारों को प्रस्तुत करूँ, जो वे परमात्मा के साथ अपने सम्पर्क के सन्तोष से तथा अपने स्वयं के अनुभव में अन्तर्विहित (आनन्द से) प्रायः अभिव्यक्त किया करते थे।
५३. फिर, यदि मैं उन अनेक व्यक्तियों की, जिनका उन्होंने भक्ति-मार्ग का पथ-प्रदर्शन किया, उन सब प्रज्ञान की कथाओं का पूरा संग्रह कर लूँ जो उन्होंने कहीं, तो यह साईं की गाथा हो जाएगी।
५४. जो इन कथाओं को कहेंगे और जो उनको श्रद्धापूर्वक सुनेंगे (पढ़ेंगे) — दोनों के मन को पूर्ण विश्रान्ति तथा शान्ति मिलेगी।
५५. जब भक्त श्रीसाईं के मुख से उच्चारित कथाओं को सुनेंगे, तब वे अपने शरीर की चिन्ताओं को भूल जावेंगे। उन पर मनन, चिन्तन और ध्यान करने से (भव) बन्धन से मुक्ति स्वभावतः अनुगमन करेगी।
५६. साईं के श्रीमुख से कथित कथाएँ आध्यात्मिक आहार के अंशों के समान हैं। उन्हें पढ़कर पाठक अत्यधिक आनन्द से आत्म-विभोर हो जावेंगे। मैं उनके माधुर्य का वर्णन किस प्रकार कर सकता हूँ।

५७. मैं समझता हूँ कि यदि मैं किसी ऐसे व्यक्ति की चरण-रज में लौट जाऊँ, जिसे मैं इन कथाओं को निश्छलता से गाते हुए और उनकी प्रशंसा करते हुए पाऊँ, तो मेरी मुक्ति समीप होगी।
५८. उनकी कथाओं के प्रस्तुतीकरण की अनूठी पद्धति देखिए; उनके सर्वोत्तम चुने हुए शब्दों का एकत्रीकरण भी। पाठक अपने को भूल जावेंगे और आनन्द का अनुभव करेंगे।
५९. जिस प्रकार कान सुनने के लिए हैं अथवा आँखें देखने के लिए हैं, उसी प्रकार मन चेतना को पार कर जावेगा और दिव्य चिन्तन में सरलता से तल्लीन हो जावेगा।
६०. गुरु मेरी माता हैं, उनके द्वारा कही गई तथा मौखिक रूप से अग्रसर की गई कथाएँ हमारे हृदय में श्रद्धापूर्वक संचित होंगी।
६१. हम इन कथाओं का बारम्बार स्मरण करेंगे, उनमें से अपनी क्षमता के अनुसार अधिक से अधिक संग्रहित कर लेंगे, फिर उन्हें प्रेम-सूत्र में बाँधकर परस्पर बाँट लेंगे।
६२. इस ग्रन्थ में मैंने अपनी ओर से कुछ भी नहीं लिखा है। अन्तः प्रेरणा केवल साईनाथ की है। जैसा वे निर्देशित करते हैं, वैसा मैं कहता हूँ।
६३. यह कहना कि 'मैं कहता हूँ' फिर मेरा अहंभाव है, क्योंकि साई कठपुतली के संचालक हैं जो डोरी को पकड़े हुए हैं। ये वे हैं जो मेरे माध्यम से बोलते हैं। फिर यह कैसे कहा जा सकता है, कि मैं बोलता हूँ?
६४. जब अहंकार को उनके श्रीचरणों पर समर्पित कर दिया जाए, तब अनन्त आनन्द की अनुभूति होगी। जब अहंभाव लुप्त हो जाएगा, तब सम्पूर्ण सांसारिक अस्तित्व ही आनन्दमय हो जाएगा।

६५. जब मेरे मन में यह विचार उठा, तब मुझमें इतना साहस न था कि मैं बाबा से उसके विषय में कहूँ। मैंने माधवराव से जब वे मसजिद की सीढ़ियों पर चढ़े (जहाँ बाबा विराजमान थे) उसके विषय में बतलाया।
- ६६- किसी को आसपास न देखकर, माधवराव ने उसी क्षण बाबा  
६७. से बोलने के अवसर का लाभ उठाया। वे बोले, “बाबा, ये अन्नासाहेब (अर्थात् मैं) कहते हैं कि यदि आप अनुमति दें तो उनके मन में अपने स्वयं के बोध के अनुसार आपका जीवन-चरित लिखने का विचार है।”
- ६८- यह मत कहिए कि, “मैं मात्र एक भिखारी हूँ, द्वार-द्वार  
७०. भिक्षाटन करता हूँ, साग सहित अथवा रहित रोटी खाता हूँ और अपना समय व्यतीत करता हूँ। मेरी जीवन-कथा लिखने की क्या आवश्यकता है? उससे उपहास आहूत होगा।” “हीरे को सोने के सॉकेट में बैठा दिया जाना चाहिए। तो, आपकी क्या इच्छा है? यदि आप अपना आशीर्वाद दें, तो वे लिखेंगे। अन्यथा आपके चरणाम्बुजों की शक्ति उनसे लिखावेगी, जिससे समस्त अनिष्टकारी शक्तियाँ पराभूत हो जावेंगी।
७१. केवल सन्तों के आशीर्वाद से ग्रन्थ-रचना का आरंभ किया जा सकता है। आपके अनुग्रह के अभाव में लेखन-कार्य सुचारु रूप से प्रगति न करेगा।
७२. मेरे मन के भाव को जानकर साईं समर्थ ने मुझ पर तरस खाया और बोले, “तुम्हारी इच्छा पूरी होगी।” फिर मैंने अपना सिर उनके श्रीचरणों पर रख दिया।
७३. साईं ने, जो दैवी भक्ति तथा पूजन की सभी पद्धतियों में सुदक्ष थे और अपने भक्तों के रक्षक थे अपने अनुग्रह के प्रतीक स्वरूप मुझे ऊदी दी और सिर पर अपना वरदहस्त रखा।

७४. माधवराव की प्रार्थना सुनकर साई ने मुझ पर दया की और मेरे अस्थिर मन को स्थिर करना तथा मुझे प्रोत्साहन देना आरंभ कर दिया।
७५. मेरे उद्देश्य की सत्यनिष्ठा को लखकर उन्होंने अपनी स्वीकृति के रूप में ये वचन उच्चारित किए, “तुम निश्चय ही (मेरी) कथाओं, वार्ताओं और अनुभवों का संग्रह करो।
७६. “प्रलेख रखना अच्छा है। उसके लिए मेरा पूरा समर्थन है। वह (लेखक) केवल एक साधन है। मुझे स्वयं उसे लिखना है।
७७. “मैं स्वयं अपनी निज की कथा कहूँगा। मैं स्वयं अपने भलों की इच्छा की पूर्ति करूँगा। उसे इस कारण अपने अहंभाव को पराभूत कर देना चाहिए और मेरे प्रति आत्मसमर्पण कर देना चाहिए।
७८. “जो इस प्रकार का जीवन जीता है, उसकी मैं पूरी सहायता करता हूँ। न केवल इस कहानी के लिखने में वरन् अनेक अन्य विधियों से उसके लिए कार्य करने में।
७९. “जब अहंभाव विगलित हो जाएगा और उसका चिह्न मात्र भी शेष न बचेगा, तब मैं उसमें निवास करूँगा। मैं अपने स्वयं के हाथों से लिखूँगा।
८०. “इस विश्वास के साथ आरंभ किया गया कोई उपक्रम अथवा इस प्रकार सम्पन्न किया गया कोई आवर्णन, चिन्तन अथवा लेखक सभी उसके द्वारा जिसका वह कथन करता है, दृश्यमानतः पूरा किया जाता है, किन्तु लेखक केवल साधन होता है।

८१. “प्रलेख अवश्य रखो। और तुम कहीं भी रहो, घर में बाहर अथवा अन्यत्र कहीं, उसके सम्बन्ध में सदैव सावधान रहो और तुम्हें शान्ति मिलेगी।
८२. “मेरी कथाओं को सुनकर, उनका पाठ करके और उनका चिन्तन करके मेरे प्रति भक्ति-भावना उमड़ेगी, जो तुम्हारे अज्ञान को दूर कर देगी।
८३. “मैं सदैव ऐसे लोगों की मनोकामना पूरी करता हूँ, जो श्रद्धापूर्वक मेरी भक्ति करते हैं। इस विषय में तुम सन्देह न करो। अन्यथा, मैं अप्राप्य हूँ।
८४. “यदि स्रोता (पाठक) भक्ति भाव से इन कथाओं को सुनेंगे (पढ़ेंगे) तो उनके मन में श्रद्धा उत्पन्न होगी; उन्हें आत्मज्ञान होगा और वे उसके आनन्द का अनुभव करेंगे। इस प्रकार आनन्द की आवस्था प्राप्त होजावेगी।
८५. “भक्त को आत्मज्ञान होगा। उसका जीव (आत्मा) शिव (परमात्मा) के साथ समस्वरित हो जावेगा। वह दुर्बोध को जो निर्गुण है सुबोध करेगा और आत्मा अपने को प्रकाशित करेगी।
८६. “मेरी इन कथाओं की ऐसी ही योजना है। इसके अतिरिक्त कोई और क्या इच्छा कर सकता है? यह वेदों का पूर्ण आदर्श है। भक्त, इस अर्थ में, समृद्ध होंगे।
८७. “जहां विवादप्रियता होती है, वहाँ अज्ञान तथा भ्रान्ति प्रचुर (परिमाण में) होते हैं, वहाँ अपने स्वयं की मुक्ति के प्रति जागरूकता नहीं होती। वहाँ द्वेषपूर्ण तथा मिथ्या विचार होते हैं।
८८. “वह आत्म-ज्ञान के योग्य नहीं है। अज्ञान उसे सर्वथा क्षीण करता रहता है। उसके लिए इस लोक में और परलोक में कुछ भी नहीं है। वह सदा सर्वत्र विपन्न ही बना रहता है।

## शिरडी डायरी

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आज प्रातः प्रार्थना बहुत मनोहारी थी अर उसके बाद मैं अत्यधिक उत्साहित हुआ। तत्पश्चात् मैंने बैठकर दत्तात्रेय चिटनिस को पञ्चादशों के प्रथम कुछ पद्यों का विश्लेषण सुनाया। वह बहुत भले व्यक्ति है। तब हम साईं महाराज के पास गये जब वह बाहर गये थे और फिर वापस लौटे थे। उन्होंने कई बार चिलम पीने को दिया और फिर राधाकृष्णा बाईं द्वारा भेजे गये अंगूर भी। उन्होंने मेरे पुत्र बलवन्त को दो बार अंगूर दिये। दोपहर बाद मैंने सुना कि वह मसजिद साफ कर रहे थे। इसलिये मैंने उस तरफ जाने का प्रयास नहीं किया। सभी लोगों का एक प्रतिनिधि मंडल साईं महाराज के पास प्लेग से बचाव के उपाय हेतु समस्या को लेकर मिलने आया। उन्होंने राय दिया कि सभी सड़कें साफ की जाँयें, मकबरा (मजारें), शमशानघाट और कब्रिस्तान आदि को धोया (साफ किया) जाय और गरीबों को भोजन कराया जाय। दोपहर के बाद का समस्त समय मैंने दैनिक समाचार-पत्रों के पढ़ने तथा चिटनिस स्वमू अन्य लोगों से बातें करने में बिताया। उपासनी कुछ रचना कर रहे हैं। सायं हम लोगों ने साईं महाराज को चावड़ी के पास देखा और फिर सेज आरती में शामिल हुए। तत्पश्चात् चिटनिस तथा उनके इञ्जीनियर मित्र और एक अन्य महाशय वापस चले गये।

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मैं और भीष्म बहुत पहले ही यह सोच कर जाग गये कि काकड़ आरती प्रारम्भ होने को है, लेकिन हम एक घण्टा और पहले जाग गये थे। बाढ़ में मेघा आया और हम लग आरती में उपस्थित हुए। तब मैंने प्रार्थना की और बैठकर साईं महाराज के घूमने जाने की प्रतीज्ञा करने लगा। मैंने उनके घूमने जाते और वापसी में दर्शन किये। इस मध्यान्तर का समय मैंने गोखले के गीत सुनने में व्यतीत किया। वह सुन्दर गाता है। आज दिन का भोजन देर से हुआ क्योंकि मेघा को बेल पत्र नहीं मिल सके और जिसके लिये उसे दूर तक जाना पड़ा। इसीलिये मध्यान्ह पूजा डेढ़ बजे तक सम्पन्न न हो सकी। साईं महाराज बड़ी प्रसन्न मुद्रा में थे और बैठे हंसते — बतलाते रहे। भोजनोपरान्त मैं कुछ क्षणों के लिये लेट गया और फिर अपने लोगों के साथ मसजिद गया। साईं महाराज प्रसन्न मुद्रा में थे तथा एक कथा सुनायी। वहां पड़े हुए फलों में से एक फल को उठाकर उन्होंने मुझसे पूछा कि यह कितने फल उत्पन्न कर सकता है? मैंने उत्तर दिया कि इसमें जितने ज्यादा बीज होंगे, उतने ही। वह बड़ी प्रसन्नता के साथ मुस्कराये और आगे कहा कि वह अपने नियमों का पालन करता है। उन्होंने यह भी कहा वहां किस-प्रकार एक सुन्दर और पवित्र लड़की

थी, किस प्रकार वह उनकी सेवा करती थी और उन्नति किया। सूर्यास्त के समय हम लोगों ने 'ऊदी' प्राप्त किया और तब चावड़ी के दूसरी ओर खड़े होकर साई महाराज के दर्शन किये जब वह अपनी संध्या-घुमाई के लिये निकलते हैं। हम लोगो ने उनके दर्शन किये, वापस लौटने पर भीष्म, गोखले, भाई और एक नवयुवक दीक्षित के भजन सुने। माधवराव देशपाण्डे और उपासनी भी मौजूद थे। संध्या का समय बड़े आनन्द से बीत गया।

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नियमित समय से प्रातः उठा, प्रार्थना की और स्नान करना चाहा किन्तु गर्म पानी तैयार नहीं था इसलिये मैं बाहर निकल आया और बैठकर बातें करता रहा। मैंने साई महाराज को जैसे ही वह घूमने निकले नमन् किया तत्पश्चात् स्नान किया। पञ्चदशी का पाठ किया। बाद में मैं साई महाराज के दर्शनार्थ मसजिद गया और आरती के पश्चात् वापस आया। सायं ४ बजे लगभग मैं, बलवन्त, भीष्म और बंडु, जो मेरा हुक्का लाया था और जिससे साई महाराज ने धुम्रपान किया था, के साथ गया। माधवराव ने मेरे अमरावती वापसी की स्वीकृति प्राप्त करने के लिये निवेदन किया, लेकिन साई महाराज ने कहा कि इसके लिये वह कल प्रातः निर्णय लेंगे। उन्होंने वहां के सभी लोगों को मसजिद से बाहर निकाल कर एक सच्चे पिता के समान बड़े कृपा पूर्वक मुझे समझाया। सूर्यास्त के समय हम लोग फिर गये और उन्हें चावड़ी के दूसरे ओर देखा तत्पश्चात् सेज आरती में सम्मिलित हुए। तब भीष्म ने नियमित समय से कुछ पहले ही अपनी पञ्चदशी का पाठ किया। भाई ने भी एक भजन गाया।

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वापस जाने की इच्छा से प्रातः जल्दी जाग गया, काकड़ आरती में उपस्थित हुआ और कुछ जल्दी में प्रार्थना पूरी कर माधवराव देशपाण्डे के साथ मसजिद में साईमहाराज के पास गया। साई महाराज ने कहा कि मैं कल या फिर बाद में जा सकता हूं और आगे कहा कि मैं केवल भगवान की सेवा करूं अन्य किसी की नहीं। उन्होंने कहा — "ईश्वर का दिया कभी समाप्त नहीं होता और मनुष्य द्वारा दिया अधिक नहीं रूकता"। तब मैं वापस आया और देखा कि कल्याण से दुर्वेश साहब फाल्के आ गये हैं। वह पुराने तौर-तरीके के एक बहुत सज्जन व्यक्ति हैं। श्री शिंगणे और उनकी पत्नी उनके साथ हैं। श्री शिंगणे बम्बई के उच्चस्तरीय वकील हैं और कानून की कक्षायें भी लेते हैं। मैं मध्याह्न पूजा में सुम्मिलित हुआ और अपना दिन का भोजन बापू साहब जोग के साथ किया। इसके पश्चात् में लेट गया और सो गया। मैं मसजिद कुछ देर से पहुंचा और तब चावड़ी के समीप उनको नमन किया। तत्पश्चात् मैं दुर्वेश साहब और शिंगणे के साथ बैठ कर वार्ता कर रहा। बाद में भीष्म ने अपने नियमित भजन गाये।



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प्रातः प्रार्थना के पश्चात् मैं श्री शिंगणे और दुर्वेश फाल्के के साथ बैठकर बातें करता रहा शिंगणे वह हाजी साहब कह कर भी पुकारे जाते हैं। उन्होंने बगदाद, कान्स्टेंटिनोपल और मक्का तथा आसपास के स्थानों की यात्रा की है। साई महाराज उन्हें बहुत चाहते हैं। उन्हें खाना भेजते हैं और यही नहीं उनसे बड़े सम्मान के साथ व्यवहार करते हैं। मैंने साई महाराज के घूमने जाते समय और मसजिद में उनके वापस लौट आने पर दर्शन किये। वह बड़े आनन्द मुद्रा में थे और हम लोगों ने उनकी वार्ता का भरपूर आनन्द उठाया। भोजन के बाद कुछ समय लेटा रहा फिर उसके बाद बैठकर मेरे पुत्र बलवन्त द्वारा पढ़ा गया दिल्ली के विषय में एक वृत्तान्त सुनता रहा। फिर हम लोग मसजिद गये, साई महाराज का आशीर्वाद प्राप्त किया तत्पश्चात् सेज आरती में गये।

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मुझे तेज ठंडक सी लगी मालुम हुई। मैं काकड़ आरती के लिये समय पर नहीं उठ सका। मैं प्रातः ३ बजे उठा और फिर खुद ही देर तक सोता रहा। प्रार्थना के बाद मैं बैठकर दुर्वेश साहब फाल्के, जिन्हें लोग बिना हिचक 'हाजी साहब' और 'हजरत' कहते हैं, से बातें करता रहा। वह 'कर्ममार्गी' व्यक्ति हैं जैसा हमें हिन्दुत्व में उन्हे कहना चाहिए और उनके पास घटनाक्रमों की अनेक लघु-कथाएं सुनाने के लिये हैं। मैंने साई महाराज के घूमने जाते और फिर उनके मसजिद वापसी पर दर्शन किये। वह बड़ी प्रसन्न मुद्रा में थे और बैठे बातें तथा मजाक करते रहे। आरती के बाद मैं अपने निवास लौटा और भोजन करके लेट गया, किन्तु सो नहीं सका। अमरावती से 'अमृत बाजार पत्रिका' के अतिरिक्त 'बम्बई एडवोकेट' के दो अंक भेज दिये गये थे, इस प्रकार पर्याप्त मात्रा में पठनीय सामग्री थी। एक सेशन केस स्वीकार करने के लिये एक तार भी प्रस्तावित किया गया था। तीन दिन पहले एक तार वर्धा में एक केस करने के लिये प्रस्तावित किया गया था। मैंने इससे इनकार कर दिया था क्योंकि साई महाराज ने लौटने की स्वीकृती नहीं प्रदान किया था। आज के तार के विषय में भी यही परिणाम था। माधवराव देशपाण्डे ने मेरे लिये अनुमति हेतु कहा लेकिन साई महाराज ने कहा कि मैं एक दिन बाद अथवा अब से एक माह बाद जा सकता हूं। इस प्रकार मामला तय है। मैंने सदैव की तरह चावड़ी के सामने उनका अभिनन्दन किया और आरती के बाद वाड़ा में बैठकर भीष्म के भजन सुनता रहा। आज के नवागंतुकों में श्री हाटे हैं, जो एल.एम.एस. की परीक्षा में बैठे हैं। वह बहुत भले नवयुवक हैं। उनके पिता अमरेली में जज थे और फिर बाद में पालीटाना के दीवान हुए थे। मैं समझता हूं कि मैं उनके चाचा को जानता था।

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