

SHRI

# SAI LEELA



Meditation in Lendi Baug



G.D. MEDDY



August

60 Paise

1973

# SHRI SAI LEELA

AUGUST — 1973

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# SHRI SAI LEELA

( Official Organ of Shirdi Sansthan )



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## THE SANCTITY OF LIFE

Life is a sacred trust, and how we consider it and care for it is very important. Charity begins at home, but love of Life begins with oneself. To understand oneself and to love one's Life, to value it, to respect it, to take due care of it, is the beginning of wisdom. One who cannot take care of oneself, is not very likely to understand the sorrows or needs of others and to take their care. We find so many people wasting this valuable sacred life-trust, throwing away all their energies in ephemeral things, in the objects of sensual intoxication, and slowly deteriorating and demolishing the temple of God that is their body and heart. To be non-violent to oneself and then to love others is the way of understanding. He is a true Vaishnava, a devotee, who understands the sufferings of the others like his own — it is said; but first, you must understand your own sorrow and go beyond it.

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Editor

Shri K. S. Pathak

Receiver, Shirdi Sansthan of Shri Sai Baba

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Office :

Sai Niketan, 804-B, Dr. Ambedkar Road, Dadar, Bombay.

PIN 400 014

Tel : 443361.

**Editorial :**

This is the second issue of Shree Sai Leela, after the abrupt and sad demise of Prof. D. D. Parchure. The line of editing pioneered by him has been adhered to as far as possible and it is hoped that readers will find valuable reading material, as before presented to them on the following pages. Swami Chinmayananda's treatment of the subject of Bhagwat-Geeta from the modern psychological point of view is a deviation from the traditional method of assessing the world famous Geeta and by reference to the modern youth's frustration and confusion, Swamiji has applied the Geeta philosophy to the most vital problem of today — and of every day — the problem of the right education of the generation for the right attitude towards the ever-changing and ever-challenging life. We are sure, readers will take a keen interest in this inherent application of Geeta Philosophy to the modern environment. Secondly, readers will also like to read the continued biography of Shri Vasudevananda Saraswati, of which the first part comes to an end in this issue and the second part will be published serially in later issues. A pen-picture of Prof. D. D. Parchure by Shri D. A. Ghaisas is specially inserted to give our readers an idea about the personality of the late executive editor.

Circumstances were such that the July 1973 issue could not be brought out on time, as, due to sudden death of Prof. Parchure everything was upset for certain days as regards editing of the magazine.

The Oct.-Nov. 1973 issues of Shri Sai Leela, both in Marathi and English are proposed to be special numbers, larger ones and will contain, apart from articles of interest, letters from readers giving stories of experiences they had about the spiritual presence of the Holy Sai Baba, or any wondrous evidences of His Blessings which changed the life of his devotees. Readers are requested to send their TRUE experiences to us at the earliest to enable scrutiny, assembly and editing before due time.

It is heartening to note that readers and writers are cooperating with us as before.

SCIENCE OF RELIGION  
GEETA— A DISCOVERY OF LIFE.

Swami Chinmayananda.

From what we have said upto now it must be now clear to you all how Bhagavad Geeta is a practical philosophy of life, essentially addressed to the wavering and indecisive youth of the world. Their ideals and despairs, their strength and weaknesses, love of peace and inexplicable sense of revolt, their high self-confidence and equally deep-rooted doubts, their courageous daring and cowardly fear – all these are, in their entire kaleidoscopic variety, fully brought out in the character of the Pandava Prince, Arjuna.

Such a highly confused and fully shattered personality is brought out to face a national calamity, the great Bharat civil war of those days. In the Mahabharata war, Arjuna is not a mere spectator, but a spirited and accredited leader, entirely involved in it. Due to the terrible crack-up within himself, he suddenly realizes that, inspite of all his proficiency at war, he has no efficiency to take up his bow and arrow, and act diligently.

He knows that his duty is to lead and to champion the righteous cause of the Pandavas — but . . . . . he dares not.

He **realizes** that he must annihilate totally the unmitigated philosophy of materialism of the Kauravas, which is an extremely dangerous and a pernicious philosophy for the world-peace — but . . . he **feels benumbed** by his own emotional involvement with the personalities who run the Kaurava-Government.

He **looks** at the low and nation-killing-actions of his cousins. And yet, he **sees not** the basic immoralities and vulgarities in them.

He is determined to strike — but he dares not to start a war against his own kith and kin.

Thus torn between his powerful opposing urges he stands too paralysed to act, and to a man-of-action, to hesitate in his own field of activity is worse than death itself. Held thus between the horns of an inner dilemma and crushed with despondency, Arjuna's inner personality gets continuously tossed up and down.

As a professional psychiatrist Lord Krishna encouragingly allows his patient to talk himself out to a sheer exhaustion. Though the Pandava Prince quotes scriptures, talks the language of a non-violent saint, and freely uses the vocabulary of a confirmed pacifist, it is fully evident to us that the patient is suffering from his own mental hallucinations under his self-created intellectual conditionings.

Arjuna's judgement of the situation around him goes wrong and wild, as his intellect gets more and more agitated and disorganized, due to his preoccupations with his own sense of ego and individuality. As a limited ego-centric-personality he comes to judge the situation from his own standards, and looks at the world around him through a web of his own private and personal relationships.

No judgement of the world outside can be enduringly true unless we eliminate from our bosom our selfish ego. By rising above our own ego alone can we correctly discriminate the world of happenings around us from universal standards-of-values, and from righteous ideals of an equally universal-norms-of-vision. This true judgement through right vision is always impossible without surrendering our ego, and positively rising above its enslaving shackles.

Let us take an example. Very often we hear a father at home, or an officer in his department, or even a minister in his government-seat say that they are compelled to act compromising what they

know to be the right, due to pressures brought to bear upon them. This is ready-made statement used as an excuse by many mouths, decently concealing some of its really ugly, extremely stinking, seriously ulcerated implications. Man compromises with his ideals only under the pressures of his own selfish desires, and passions for possessing more, for gaining more and for grabbing more. If one is dedicated to one's duty and determined to sacrifice everything in order to uphold what he believes in, no amount of outside pressure can ever affect such a noble one.

Arjuna on the Kurukshetra battle-field evaluates the situation from his own personal-ego level. He then recognises his cousins, uncles, his Guru Drona, and his grandsire, Bheeshma — all up in arms and arrayed against him in the Kaurava-lines. To destroy them all, is, according to Arjuna, a spree of murder of the "best" in the nation. Such a daring conclusion, self-defeating and suicidal, is fabricated by his own ego to delude him. In a war it is not the individual that comes to lift his arms against the individual persons in the opposite camp. War is the clash of ideals — not of individuals; a clash of personality — not of persons. In war, armies win or lose; ideas live or die; some unacceptable ideals get maimed, and some false values got reshaped. Never do individual soldiers ever commit any murder in the clash of armies. In life also we find today, our youth around the world, is miserably failing to rise above their own individuality, to merge with the universal, and to discover their total identity with their ideal. They are too self-centred and preoccupied with their own opinions, that they are not able to evaluate all the happenings around them, and thus judge the world — play that is going on about them. At best their valuations and judgements are mere whisperings of their own ego — dangerous murmurings of their own passions and prejudices. This maladjustment within, brings about the nerve-wrecking despairs, all-destroying inefficiencies and unnecessary impotent dejections, meaningless angers, and

self-deluding dis-illusionments. How then are we to rise above our natural sense of selfishness and ourself-defeating ego-oriented-urges ? They do certainly colour our judgement, distort our vision, belie our discrimination. True. But how to lift ourselves above our own ego, and from those selfless heights, bathed in the revealing light of pure knowledge, how can we come to judge rightly and recognize clearly the world around us ?

The strategy of invoking the Higher Being of Intelligence that awaits in each one of us, and of defeating the dark forces of the ego and its dangerous henchmen, is "Discovery of Life" chalked out in the Bhagavad Geeta.

Courtesy – Geeta office

*\* They say difficulties come to teach a lesson; do they? What is a difficulty? It is the friction between what IS and what I WANT; when the latter vanishes in the light of true awareness, the difficulties with their potential contradictions have no roots or soil. When desire dies, difficulties disappear. Any projection of self, which wants something, always breeds duality.*





—PROPHETS ALIKE—

—KABIR AND SAI-BABA—

Kabir, the mystic of medieval India (1398 A. D. to 1527 A. D.) was a weaver, a singer, a poet, a crusader a reformer, a philosopher and a saint—all rolled into a harmonious blend. By dint of the most powerful medium of poetry, he had surely left an indelible stamp on the Indian philosophical thought of his time.

Simple in diction and splendid in thought, the mystic poet's verses which have acquired wide celebrity, are even today popular among all sections of people as '*Kabir ke Dohe*'. A wonderful combination of mystical experience and deep philosophical insight, Kabir filled his poems profusely with rapturous divine love and ecstasy of God-realization.

On several occasions, Sri Sai Baba had referred to Kabir in his utterances. Once he said, "Kabir was my Guru. I put up at that tree foot for that reason (Margosa foot tomb being Kabir's). In his statement before the Commissioner of enquiry Sri Sai Baba declared, "My religion is Kabir". And again, Baba averred, "I was (in my previous birth) Kabir and used to spin yarn". As such it should cause no surprise if we discover many a striking resemblance between these two unique saints of India.

As of Sri Sai Baba of Shirdi, there has been a great deal of controversy around Kabir's date of birth and also parentage, religion, etc. It is believed that Kabir was found in a lotus leaf of a tank in the holy city of Benares. He was picked up from the tank by a Muslim weaver by name Nitu who brought him up with utmost care and attention.

Dwelling on the immaculate conception of Sri Sai Baba, Sri Sai Satcharita says that Namdev and Kabir were not born like ordinary mortals and so was Sai Baba who first manifested Himself

as a young lad of sixteen under a neem tree in Shirdi for the first time for the sake of Bhaktas.

A social reformer of a very high order, Kabir with his potent pen and tongue struck at the very roots of casteism and untouchability which has been the bane of Indian society. One of his numerous verses may be quoted here in illustration of this point :

*None shall enquire into thy caste. He who shall recite the name of the Lord will be claimed by Him.*

His vehement condemnation of the rigid and growing formalism of orthodox cult is evident when he sings.

*Jati Pati Puchai Na Koi  
Hari Ko Bhaje So Hari Hoi.*

*O servant, where dost thou seek Me ?  
Lo ! I am beside thee.*

*I am neither in temple nor in mosque :  
I am neither in Kaaba nor in Kailas :  
Neither am in rites and ceremonies, nor in Yoga and renunciation.  
If thou art a true seeker, thou shalt at once see Me :*

*Thou shalt meet Me in a moment of time.  
Kabir says, O Sadhu ! God is the breath of all breath.*

Condemnation of dry intellectualism and vain ritualism was the keynote of his critical writings.

Being himself a humble and lowly weaver, Kabir had to face with bitterness the scoff and scorn of the orthodox Brahmins who despised and persecuted him as an untouchable. His low-birth rent asunder his heart when he realised that it became an hurdle for his acquiring the much coveted discipleship of the celebrated ascetic—Sri Ramananda, the Madhwa exponent, who accepted only

brahmins into his fold. Fixed and firm in his objective, Kabir made an interesting but successful attempt. He knew perfectly well where and when Sri Ramananda took his bath at Benares ghats on the predawn hour. So he went in advance and hid himself in the steps of the ghats. In the darkness of the early dawn the Master, unknowing, trod the body of Kabir and cried out : ' Rama Rama ' — which Kabir immediately adopted as his initiation mantra. Kabir's steadfast devotion and earnestness made Sri Ramananda relent and receive the former as his disciple. This marked his first victory in his valiant fight against casteism and untouchability.

A disciple of Sri Ramananda, Kabir did not take to austerities as his goal in life. He remained a householder and made his living at the loom. Like Sri Sai Baba, Kabir had also believed that a spiritual sadhaka need not run away from samsara. He was fully convinced that one should be in the world and yet be not of it. In other words, he taught the philosophy of ' Attach and Detach '—i.e. attach the body to the world and detach the soul from it. The boat which sails on water does not allow water to get into it and get sunk, so also a man may remain in the world like the boat on water and allow no worldly desires to take possession of him.

Like Sri Sai Baba, Kabir did not approve of mortification of body. Smearing of ashes all over body, wearing of saffron clothes, fasting etc. were treated by Kabir as spiritually of no significance. Both the saints held strongly that one should become a yogi of mind and not of body.

Kabir strove hard to root out the evils like casteism, untouchability, idolatory, fasting, vain and rigid ritualism, etc. which over the years grew like weeds round the religious life in society. A weaver-saint that was Kabir, he worked to weave the Hindus and Muslims into a single yarn of smooth and soft texture. Brought

up by a Muslim fakir, Sri Sai Baba had always spoken of Hindu gods and expounded Vedantic philosophy, so as to inculcate in his devotees a catholicity of outlook and breadth of vision.

When Sai Baba had abandoned his body, the manner of disposal of the body had become a bone of contention between the Hindus and Muslims. Kabir's death had also given rise to a tustle between the two sections—Hindus intent on cremating the body and the Muslims determined to bury it. As if to satisfy both the fighting factions, Kabir's corpse became a heap of flowers. The Muslims took half of them and buried at the place called Maghar while the Hindus buried the other half at Banares—a fitting end to a lofty life devoted to the cause of Hindu-Muslim unity.

FROM :- " SAI BLISS "

*\* A really good thought envelopes all the universe with its powerful benediction. It radiates all over the creation and invokes highest actions from within every heart and mind. Such a thought is itself a free cosmic energy which is will, wisdom and action, all rolled into one wholeness.*



## YOGIRAJ VASUDEVANANDA SARASWATI

(A biography)

By : Shri. S.N.Huddar

**Ajrekar Buwa :** Shastribuwa, on his way to Mangaon, came to Ajrekar Math at Agra. Ajrekar buwa was a Kanoji Brahmin, who had great regard for Shastribuwa. On way to Murgud, he saw some Brahmins returning from the river after performing "Sandhya." He prostrated on the ground in front of them. They asked "Why do you bow to us?" He replied; "Heaps of sins are said to be wiped off at the sight of a group of Brahmins." Next day when he had been for alms, a lady offered a plateful of rice. He asked, "Do you give so much rice to a beggar? Give me only one handful." Shastribuwa continued the practice of Yoga. When once he was suffering from diarrhoea, he had to take bath after every motion, due to his strict discipline of purity. One Shastri from Bombay who had been there, advised Shastribuwa to take "ghee" after Yoga practice, so as to have bowels clean. Accordingly, he took ghee which Lord Datta did not like. So, his trouble continued for about a year. Then he started for Wadi. On the way, he met a person who gave him medicine for diarrhoea. Shastribuwa was hesitant, but Lord Datta said: "Take medicine." Again he heard His Voice: "The medicine must be taken." So, he obeyed. After the festival at Vadi, he returned to Mangaon and diarrhoea relapsed.

**Shastribuwa starts Grihastha's life:** Once Lord Datta asked Shastribuwa angrily, "Did you feel better on taking ghee?" Lord Datta asked him to take curds instead of ghee. He had some relief thereby, but the trouble continued till his end. Some jealous Brahmins used "Abhichar" (by evil Mantras) on him, due to which he had to give up practices of Yoga. The Lord said, "You cannot practice Yoga now, so start living as a married man (Grihastha)." He informed this to his mother, who was

glad to hear the news. In the Dharmashala of the temple, he started his family life. He did Smartagni Pooja there. Shastribuwa had his meals in the temple while Sau. Annapurnabai went home for meals. She would return after the household work at night.

**Annapurnabai in a state of Samadhi :** One day when Annapurnabai came to the Dharmashala, he was in the temple. She went there but the door was shut. She just pushed it. He asked who there was. She replied, "I am here". He was engrossed in reading a volume. So she waited outside the door. After much time. When he came out, he found her in Samadhi state. After efforts she could be roused. She said, "I was lost in celestial pleasures; why did you disturb me ? — What a wonder ! Without any practice of Yoga, she had the bliss of Samadhi by the grace of Lord Datta.

**Started for Vadi :** Annapurnabai was 'carrying.' The mother-in-law was not on good terms, as usual. She said that the delivery should be managed by the one concerned. So, Shastribuwa was sorry to hear this. Lord Datta asked him to leave Mangaon and proceed to Vadi. Shastribuwa said, "You had told that you would be here for seven years." Lord Datta replied, "Seven years are just completed as per Lunar calculations. Take me and your wife with you. Start tomorrow after Pooja." Shastribuwa went home, bowed to his mother, and told her about Lord Datta's directives. Mother spoke bitterly as per her nature. He asked his wife to accompany him if she desired, but told her to take no ornaments except 'Mangal-Sootra,' She took off nose-ring and ear-rings and prepared herself to go. Shastribuwa took two Datta Images and one Lota (pot). Annapurnabai took one Sari and one Dhoti. People accompanied them upto a certain distance. They reached Ukidwe's Datta temple of Sawantwadi

at about 11 a.m. Annapurnabai took meals at Naropant Ukidwe's house. Shastribuwa had his alms as usual. Sabnis and Anavkar came to see him. In the evening they started for Vadi.

Shastribuwa left Mangaon for good, in Poush, Shak 1811 (1889 A.D.). After reaching Vadi, at Narayan Swami Dharmashala Annapurnabai stayed there and Shastribuwa went to see Govind-Swami and Mouni Swami. He laid himself prostrated on the ground before them and told them that he had come there as ordered by Lord Datta. He got alms - rice in lota and jowar in cloth. He was asked to live at Vadi for 1 year. Govind Swami expressed his desire to offer his Shaligram and Upanishads to Shastribuwa who said that he would accept these things after his immediate problem was solved.

**Child born and died :** Later, Annapurnabai delivered a male child. Aunt Durgabai was there at the delivery time. She spoke tauntingly "You harassed mother at Mangaon and now you are troubling me here in Vadi." He came to do the Jatkarma (birth ritual), but found that the child was dead. After some days Shastribuwa began to stay with his wife on the upstairs of Brahmanand Swami's residence. Here, he could receive his guests.

**Govind Swami Passes away :** As the last days of Govind Swami approached, he called Shastribuwa and explained to him the ten Upanishadas and gave the books and the Shaligram to him. At one time the Swami asked Shastribuwa to read 'Manan' from his books. The Swami explained its meaning also and gave his b'essings to him. One night he was told that the Swami would leave his mortal body the next day. When Swami passed away,

even Mouni Swami was much moved. The body of Govind Swami was let go in the Krishna river and all rituals were observed as per instructions of Mouni Swami.

**Departure from Vadi, Northwards :** After some days, Lord Datta directed him to go Northwards. Priests of Vadi pressed him to stay there, but he said that he could not go against Lord Datta's wish. The priests approached Mouni Swami and requested him to prevent Shastribuwa from going. Shastribuwa went to Mouni Swami to take his leave. Swami asked "Where are you going?" Shastribuwa said, "I am going to Kolhapur now." Swami said, "Don't live there for more than 2 days." Shastribuwa then bowed to Lord Datta, prayed and departed. After some time he reached the bank of PanchaGanga near Kolhapur. Annapurnabai was with him. She desired to see Kumbhar Swami. Instantly Kumbhar Swami came there running, took the lota from her hand, drank water, placed the lota back into her hand and ran away !

They had Darshan of Mahalakshmi, stayed there for two days and went to Bhilavadi and saw Bhuvaneshwari. Then they went to Audumbar to see Datta Paduka. From there they went to Pandharpur. As the couple was returning after Darshan of Pandurang, some one offered fried grams as "Prasad." Shastribuwa was not inclined to take it, but the wife said, "Let us have and keep it in a piece of cloth. " During the night, Shri Pandurang asked Shastribuwa, "Why did you not take 'prasad'?" Shastribuwa said - "I do not take any fried things from the Bazar." Shri Pandurang said, "All right, do not take it." Next morning, Shastribuwa found that the piece of cloth containing 'prasad' had disappeared. Then the couple came to Barsi and saw Ambarish



Varada. Datta Shastri Sadhale of Mangaon was living there. Shastribuwa stayed with him for three days. Datta Shastri offered him Rs. 6/- but Shastribuwa did not accept. Datta Shastri silently put the amount in the box containing the images. When he saw the amount, Shastribuwa remarked "Even God now wishes to hoard money."

**Annapurnabai passes away :** Leaving Barsi, they gradually reached Gangakhed on the Bank of Godawari. Here, Shastribuwa was told one night in dream, that they both would be taken away on the fourth day. Shastribuwa said, "I have to take Sanyasa. You may take away my spouse only." Annapurnabai got fever and later she was affected by cholera. Shastribuwa served and nursed her. He washed even her clothes. Annapurnabai expired on Vaishakh Vadya 14, (Shaka 1891 A.D.). He observed all the rituals and on the 14th day, embraced Sanyasa. During the previous night, Lord Datta appeared in the form of Govind Swami, gave him Pranava Upadesh 'Om', and asked him to recite it and take alms of food, and not to have food from the Math.

**Sanyasa initiation :** Next day he went to the river with Brahm-  
ins and took Prayashchitta. He was thinking that it would have been better if there was a Sanyasi to give Pranava Updesh. Soon a Sanyasi came from the other side. He asked Shastribuwa to make 'Pranava Uchhar' and initiated him to Sanyasa- Ashram. Hereafter we will address him as 'Swami Maharaj'.

Brahmins invited him for alms. Due to their pressing requests he accepted alms, but soon he had diarrhoea troubles. People prayed God for him and then he had some relief.

Lord Datta told him that Narayanananda Sarawati lived at Ujjain and that he should accept a 'Dand' (A strick—Symbol

of a Sanyasi)) from him. Shri Narayanananda Saraswati had been a descendant of Shri Narsinha Saraswati family of Karanja (Berar). He belonged to Shukla Yajurveda Shakha. He had been a devotee of Shri Samarth Ramdas Swami of Sajjangad. His Samadhi is at Chafal in front of Shri Ram.

**Gochar Swami Math :** Swami Maharaj departed from Gangakhed and came near Basim. Police detained him, but the Superior Police Officer on enuqity rebuked the police for this act. Swami Maharaj went to Umarkhed for the Luner eclipse. He stayed there at the Math of Gochar Swami, who had recently died. Gochar Swami desired to feed 1000 Brahmins. He would place food on a clean place spread with cowdung and would eat it by mouth just like a cow. Hence he was called 'Gochar Swami.'

Swami Maharaj then went to Mahur and had darshan of Renukamata, and of Lord Datta. Thence he went to Khandwa, Badwahi and Omkareshwar, where he stayed in a Dharmashala. He had fever; still he would take bath and observe rituals. A Brahmin took Swamiji to his house. After 4 or 5 days he had perspiration and temperature came down. One night he said "I have erred, I shall not stay here now." People could not know what was the matter. Later it was made clear that he was told that a Sanyasi should not stay at any place for more than 3 days.

**Dand — Grahan At Ujjain :** Swami Maharaj started and came to Mandaleshwar at Kaivalyasham. There was a Sanyasi who agreed to give Dand to Swami Maharaj. In the night Lord Datta said, "Are you not obeying me?" Next day he narrated this to the Sanyasi and proceeded to Ujjain and stayed there in Datta Ashram. He bowed to Narayanananda Saraswati and told him

his desire of coming. The Sanyasi said that his Guru Anirudhananda Saraswati was there and if the latter permitted he would give Dand to Swami Maharaj. Swami Maharaj approached Guru Maharaj and told him Lord Datta's direction to take Dand from Shri Narayanananda Saraswati. Guru Maharaj asked Narayananada Saraswati to give Dand to Swami Maharaj as per Shastra rules.

**Shri Vasudevananda Saraswati :** After taking Dand, Swami was named "Vasudevananda Sarawati." That day all the Sanyasis were given alms at the Math, but Vasudevananda Saraswati asked permission to go for Madhukari. Guru Swami said, "You have taken Dand today, so you should take alms here with us." Swami Maharaj said, "I cannot act against Lord Datta's orders." Guru Swami said, "If you do not dine here we shall also not dine!" Swami Maharaj at last agreed to his wishes and dined with them. But soon he began vomiting. Guru Swami was frightened. He prayed to Lord Datta, "I am also your devotee just as Vasudevananda is, you asked him to take Dand from me. I pressed him to take alms also here as per formality. Then why should he suffer for my fault? Kindly give him relief. I shall not ask him to do anything against your orders.

After this prayer, Swami Maharaj got relief. He stayed at Ujjain for some days and he observed his first Chaturmas (Period of 4 months) of Shak 1813 (1891 A.D.) and he had his Niryan at Garudeshawar in June 1914. An account of his 24 Chaturmasas is given in Part II of this series.

**Managaon Mandir :** When Swami Maharaj left Mangaon, its grandeur and importance naturally decreased. His younger

brother Hari Bhat worshipped Datta Murti in the Mandir. Once he had been to Brahmavarta to see Swami Maharaj who asked him to stay on Gangaghat and pass his life there. But due to family attachment, he returned to Mangaon.

His mother fell ill and passed away with the name of Hari on her lips. Her last rites were observed by Hari Bhat. After some days Hari Bhat also died. His wife had expired even before him. His only son was about 5 years old. He also died within 2 years. Hari Bhat's son-in-law, Dattoba Dhoopkar came there and looked after the temple affairs.

Shri Maharani Indirabai Holkar offered a good donation and the Mandir and family house are newly built. A Trust Deed is prepared for the daily worship and pooja of the Mandir and the House. Images of Lord Datta, Saraswati, Adi Shankaracharya and Shri Vasudevananada Saraswati have been installed in the new temple on Vaishakh Shudha 13, 1860 (1938 A.D.) with great ceremony and festivals, at the holy and auspicious hands of Shri Brahmananda Saraswati of Benaras.

**OM TAT SAT**

(Part 1 Concluded)

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## A MANY—SPLENDOURED DIAMOND

(In memory of late Prof.D.D. Parchure, M.A.)

(ex—Executive Editor of Shri Sai Leela)

— D. A. Ghaisas.

One may say that all persons are individuals, but many a time, we find persons not having any individuality at all. They are just like others, having no special charm, or special qualities of their own, and he, who is quite different from such 'Cogs-in-the-Machine,' is really an individual. When one takes into account the various facets of the personality of late Prof. D.D. Parchure, one cannot help notice this stamp of qualities which make him a real individual, a person in a class by himself. What I give below in his pen - picture will make it evident, I hope.

### **Varieties of Interests**

Superlatives should be used guardedly and sparingly - I mean with reserves, but there are cases and occasions when superlatives are the only apt terms to describe a person's qualities. Imagine a tall, well-built, grey-haired bespectacled square-faced person in his retiring age nearing 60, looking ahead holding his head high, a fair complexion and a ready smile on his face - a smile which is waiting to burst into a laughter at the slightest humorous provocation and imagine also his simple white Indian Dhoti and long shirt - immaculately clean. Add joviality with seriousness of purpose - in a fine mixture - in his manners. Then you will find that you are coming nearer to the picture of this man of the elder generation. To assess his varied interests in short, when you are told that he was a double-graduate with Maths, you will figure him to be a man of "digits" and not of "letters," but

remarkably he was both at once. He was not an iota less in literature than in Maths and could meet you half-way in both the fields. But, literature is one thing and Badminton is quite another – Why ! Bridge is also quite another hobby – and that also first-rank Bridge in the city – with Masters like Ramniwas Ruia, because to play Bridge, one does not require to be a poet – (which he was) but a sportsman and a politician. Prof. D.D. Parchure was such a conglomeration of proficiencies in various fields. He had a tremendous zeal for work – may it be in any line—and work was not only a worship for him, but a lifetime of path—finding. He was in love with music – and that also only to fulfil his desire to be a good *Keertan-kar*—he underwent its regular study and when he mastered its base, theory and practice, his ambidextrous prowess of prose and poetry in Marathi and Sanskrit, found an easy expression in Sai Keertan Mala and also in his various other Keertans. Like many stalwarts of the elder generation, he believed in perfection and performance, not in mere gullibility or speculation. He was a person of dash and guts, but with wisdom and circumspection, which precluded all extra words in conversation or writings.

### **Gentleman through and through**

A person is never a hero to his valet and his intimate relatives. So, to have a first-hand insight into the life of a person, his nearest relatives are best narrators of the commentary on his life. Such intimacy as is obtained by sons and parents or by man and wife, or grandsons and grandpa, allows no hypocrisy to cover any natural idiosyncracies in a man's demeanour. At an interview with his own family members, the other day, when I had paid a condolence visit to them, it was revealed that the 'professor of mathematics' was not only a 'socially active' man of 'good conduct,' but a

privately practising 'saint-cum-gentleman'-at-heart. He was centre of his family - comprising his wife, both the well-educated and well-placed sons, and their families, but he never imposed his opinions or dictums on any of them. We can understand a person being amiable in public, because he is socially conscious and civic by need, but when he is equally so in his most intimate family relations, we find that he is a gentleman through and through-all transparent goodness.

### **Non - attachment**

'Interest in everything but attachment to nothing' is perhaps the only summary I can form of his way of life. While he might be telling an enchanting story to his grandson, he would suddenly pause for a moment and concentrate on some philosophical, poetical or mathematical problem and put down his jottings on a piece of paper - suddenly again catching the thread of the fabulous story. He used even to jot down catch - words of his writings on the backsides of bus-tickets while travelling, preserving the tickets for future use. Ready to discuss Vedanta with men of learning, or for that matter, any subject of his liking with serious persons, he was having no inquisitiveness in domestic details of gossip and loose talk. With equal courtesy to strangers or relatives, he often addressed his students and younger ones with regard and respect. Richness or poverty of the visitor was not a distraction to him from his equilibrium. Hardly reciting any Mantra or undergoing daily routine of reading religious books, he gave major portion of his daily life to thoughts about saints, seers, Avatars of God and noble things in life. Foremost in helping others, he did not care much for his chronic oldage ailments, which he carried with him like a hero. Engrossed in abtruse problems in Maths,

he could always find time to go to a cricket test match for and with his grandson, aged 6 years, and clap at every boundary or a catch. Hindi 'Praveen' of the first place in Maharashtra, he was some time a director for Bombay Centre of Hindi examinations of Rashtrabhasha Sabha of Poona, Dramatics was his special interest and apart from writing short dramas specially for his college, he took active part in its social gatherings and acted in the plays.

Endowed with the gift of the gab, he carried his audience with him, in public meetings – not so much with inspiring verbosity, but by informative facts put in palatable simplicity. Studious by nature and affectionate by emotion, he had meticulousness of a critic and a flare of a romantic writer. Like so many of his generation, he was influenced by Gandhian simplicity and patriotism, having taken part in national agitations in the Thirties, and later on, finding deep interest in spiritual matters, with advancing age, perhaps thinking that the Atma of Bharat lies not in political field, but in spiritual understanding. He came into contact with Sai Sansthan only lately and being already a man of duty and devotion, he was called upon to look after the editorial side of the Sai Leela Magazine, which he has so ably executed upto his last breath.

### **You are your own Guru**

He never went after any spiritual guru nor sought initiation or Mantra, nor practical guidance in meditation. Rituals were not in his line but he was a real devotee. He never spoke highly of his religious experiences nor of his mastery over the texts and teachings. But he knew the main technique of a happy living, in spite of difficulties which were his life-long companions. Though



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he might have been averse to Tantric practices of Orthodox Hindus, his Guru was the God within and he had saints and seers for his friendship. His occupation was that of a teacher, but he taught much more by his example than by precept how to lead an unattached life. He was perhaps a saint-in-the-making, in the common walk of life – not noticed by multitude because of his studied abhorance of publicity or eccentricity so common with so-called Maharajas of religions life.

A householder by nature, late Prof. D.D. Parchure was more balanced than hundreds of his counterparts and as a devoted worker for spiritual institutions, he was perhaps more effective in service and results, than many. Courteous to a fault, he was a perfectionist, and never thought a trouble too much, to correct himself in writings or statements. In him, his friends found a loyal benefactor, his family members, an example of a good householder, and all the members of Sai Sansthan where he did purely honorary service as executive editor of the Sai Leela Magazine, a loving fatherly figure with help and happiness to give to everybody.

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## MIND IN MEDITATION

-By Dr. K.M.P. Mohamed Cassim, Ph.D.

Meditation is really a technique through which we purify the mind. Purity of mind is an essential factor to proceed correctly on the path of self-discovery. The metaphysical aspect of meditation is that we are able to perceive the Divine principle in life through which we understand the significance of life.

We aspire to freedom, but the liberation we cherish can be had in the spiritual plane, and that spiritual state is a direct experience that comes as a result of intensive meditation.

As we live with our own thoughts and image we are not able to contact the Reality. By dwelling on past incidents, we poison the vitality of our mental force. We cannot approach a living thing by the projection of our desire on it, as the life loses its significance and vitality, because of the pollution of the past psychological impressions, which destroy the divine elements in us. We are never alone with purity without the corruption of desires and we always give strength to the desires by deriving certain lower forms of gratification. Why are we unable to live without desires? Why are these contradictory desires waging war on us? The main reason is that we are not having sufficient power to integrate all the forces of desires under one direction. The integration of personality comes by paying complete attention to each and every desire, because this sort of undistracted attention gives us the capacity to observe without identifying it. The desires are rooted in our mind as a result of certain incomplete experiences and these impressions are major factors for the distraction of the mind. By observing the desires we are not only focussing our mental energy but also we are releasing the incomplete experiences.

In life we must move freely without the hindrance of desires, so that we can enjoy the beauty of spiritual life with clarity of

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thought and purity of heart. We must develop the quality of watching everything without projecting our desires so that we can dissociate ourselves completely from deception of desires.

The firm determination to lead a spiritual life is an important qualification because the significance of spiritual life consists in discovering the Reality which is beyond the mental function. By sheer ignorance we have identified ourselves with our desires and thus we have lost the capacity to live in the highest state of divinity. It is very important that we discriminate from the illusion of the unreal to real and in deep meditation alone we can get the faculty of discrimination through which we can find the real.

The world is governed by certain laws, and these laws are working so mysteriously that we are unable to see with our physical eyes, but they can be understood by the faculty of intuition. To develop the intuition, one must train the intellect systematically, by following regular concentration, so that we can increase the power of intuitional awareness. Intuition is a direct form of communication with Reality in which the intellect is extremely sensitive and alert but inactive. By the process of self observation and meditation we eradicate the emotional complexes and disturbing desires which are impediments in the Discovery of Reality. The intellect can function freely when the psychological interest is dissolved by the force of concentration. The field in which the intellect can function should be where the emotional reactions are absent so that the intellectual power can be utilised for the development of intuition.

The clash between the intellect and emotion is the main cause for the intensification of an inner struggle which generates mental conflicts and tensions. The intellect is situated in a peculiar position according to which it can be attacked by the elements of emotion or it can be elevated by spiritual inspiration to higher consciousness to express the divine attributes.

Man is the master of his destiny because each man is creating his Karma according to his tendencies and temperament. The law of Karma gives punishment or reward in the form of reactions for the action performed by man. Happiness and misery are the product of Karma which works in perfect order as the inevitable process in the physical and mental world which is a relative plane of existence. The relative plane, is strictly governed by the law of causation and hence man is affected by the cause of physical and mental pain. The manifested world is limited to time, space and causality.

Now the interesting question is **WHAT SHOULD A MAN DO** to have freedom from the limitation of the relative plane in which the human mind occupies an important place. Long reserach in the realm of philosophy indicates that the problem is not outside or in the manifested world. But the individual like or dislike is the main factor for the mental disturbance which we try to escape. Any escape that comes from an external agency has no validity in solving the individual problems as that sort of escape which gives temporary relief from inner conflict should not be taken as permanent help in eradicating the innumerable desires to which the mind is attached and identified.

The only practical method of solving this fundamental problem is by self-observation which means the mind must be so alert to understand its reactions in the mirror of relationship. If we train our mind to watch its activities and deceptions attentively all the time then there is the possibility of exhausting the accumulated desires. As soon as past impressions are uprooted then the mind undergoes radical transformation. As a result of this the mind is purified and it becomes a proper medium to express the divine magnetism.

Life has significance only when we discover that Reality which comes spontaneously when the mind is calm and the purpose

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of Esoteric Philosophy is to elevate the mind to the height of the Absolute Plane in which the law of Karma is negated and transcended.

Esoteric Philosophy is a science which explains the secret of the invisible world to which we are all related. What we see outwardly is not the real, behind the appearance there is a supreme power which manifests and sustains the entire world. The determination to lead a pure life is the important aspect to develop the capacity to perceive the invisible law. Our mind is distracted toward the lower sensual plane because of the impacts of impressions that it has gathered in the past; these impressions are strongly registered in the unconscious mind and these incomplete desires are responsible for the restless activities of the mind.

The fact is that we cannot proceed in the path of Self-realization until and unless we eradicate these scars of impressions. If we delve deeply in meditation, we will discover that the mind is nothing but a bundle of desires which prevent us purifying the mind. The purificatory process can be attained only when we reach the highest level of Absolute Silence in which the mind is not dead but dynamically passive with full concentration and this power of undivided attention brings the power of alertness; through it we can observe everything in a witness-like state.

(Reprinted from August 1972 issue of Shri Sai Leela).



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## AFTER MEETING A SAINT

Since I saw you  
And held your hand in mine  
And looked  
Into those deep divine eyes,  
And touched the fringe of your Gown,  
— And the fringe of compassion . . . . .

Since that moment,  
There is epic in the morning breeze  
Rushing through rich fields,  
There is symphony  
In a single sparrow's tiny note !  
There is softness  
In the curved crooked rugged rocks,  
Since I saw you and peeped  
In your benign eyes . . . . .  
Those deep lakes of love . . . . .

The Past has lost its hold  
On the fleeting eternity  
The Future is but a renewed past  
Packed into one single humble moment ;  
Since I saw you  
And held your hand in mine ! !

— Diwakar.

## “ SHRI SAI BABA JEEVITACHARITRAMU “

The original biography of Sri Sai Baba, the immortal saint of Shirdi, is in Marathi language by Hemadpant and the present book under review fulfils the long-standing need for a telugu version of the holy book keenly felt by a large section of telugu-speaking devotees all over the country.

The translator, Sri Prathi Narayana Rao has narrated the wonderful life and teachings of Sri Sai Baba, the Greatest miracle-worker of the 19th, century, in a direct and simple prose which enables even the common folk without any scholastic background to read and understand it fairly well. The other attraction is the clear and bold type of letters used in the printing which renders it at once ideal for ‘PARAYANA’ and this would be welcomed especially by the older generation who are of weaker vision. The whole of the nectar-like account has been so deftly apportioned into seven divisions as to facilitate the devotees to complete the ‘PARAYANA’ within a week’s time commencing on Thursday and concluding on wednesday.

Hailed as the fifth and the last of the reincarnations of Lord Dattatreya, Sri Sai Baba is said to have taken birth in the year 1838, appeared in Shirdi, a village in Ahmednagar District of Maharasta when he was 16 years of age and lived there for about 60 years till he had attained Mahasamadhi on 15th October 1918. During these 60 years of stay at Shirdi, Baba had performed a thousand miracles and ‘Leelas’ which converted the village into what is now a centre of pilgrimage.

Released on the occasion of the 54th Mahasamadhi Day of Baba (17th October 1972) simultaneously at Sri Sai Sansthan, Shirdi and Sri Sai Baba Sava Samajam, Market Street, Secunderabad, the holy book is available at both the venues for sale.

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SHRI SAI BABA JEEVITACHARITRAMU ( Sri Sai Baba’s life-story ): By P. Narayana Rao, B. A., T. D., published by Sri Sai Sansthan Seirdi, price Rs. 10/—, pages 487. Available for Sale at Sri Sai Baba Seva Samajam, Market Street, Secunderabad and Shirdi.

## HYMN TO SARASWATI

O! The Benevolent Goddess of Art  
At Thy Feet I lay my heart

Invoking the immensity of fancy  
I seek Thy illuminating mercy  
Glance but once at the devotee  
Forever have on him pity

I, with humility, play my part  
At Thy Feet, I lay my heart

Bestow upon all the creative urge  
Let all ideas divinely converge;  
Endow us with an earnestness  
With Unity of Purpose, surely bless !

O! from us, Revered, do not depart  
At Thy Feet, I lay my heart

Let every thought be pure and strong  
Let feeling never venture wrong  
Let Intuition take The helm of life  
Let the actions be free of strife

May wisdom divine come as a dart  
At Thy Feet I lay my heart !

You are the only heavenly perfection—  
Charged with the creative passion  
You are our everything, noblest one !  
From bondage give us emancipation !

Kindness May You please impart  
At Thy Feet I lay my heart

— D. Upadhyaya.



## GOLDEN FLOWERS

By A Yogee

### I

Five minutes in Thy company, My Love, my being flowers up with all the rose flowers, all the Divine Melodies, all the celestial lustre from the firmament I break away suddenly from my world of stones and awake in a heaven, a Divine Home made by Thee for my poor self. That world is our sweet sweet nook where Thou and me eternally reside peacefully but I forget, ever forget that.

I am again and again thrown down and pushed away from that sweet dwelling by my own forgetfulness in this wordly dust, which fills my eyes with the phantoms of money, power, position and woman.

I feel like a babe wested from the breast of the mother and cry. My Lord, My Love, why do you again and again inflict on my heart this terrible sorrow ? I cannot bear this separation from Thee any longer.

Why doesn't Thou not madden my senses with Thy Divine fragrance so much that I forget this world for good and reside in the nook with Thee for ever in Thy sweet embrace. I know, My love, I was once a tiny worm, and thy love lent me golden wings, I know, I was once a wanderer on the face of this earth without a home and Thou built shelters for me on the way and lovingly led me to this celestial temple for Eternal Rest.

### II

Deep deep down behind all human activity, there exists an immortal screen on which is being constantly written the whole human history.

The Great Artist of Life, as if hiding behind, keeps himself constantly busy with his brush and panel of colours. His one big picture is never complete. Oh ! What amazing shades and light and colour He is employing. It seems everything done here, howsoever minute has its reflection there. Oh ! Can I through my movements, movements of body mind and intellect sufficiently reflect in that great picture in colour, light and shade ?

Oh ! my only desire is to get into that picture and through its colour, lights and shades into the very veins of that Great Artist—Nay—to be the Great Artist Himself body and blood.

### III

Oh ! Wrap me in rose flowers, My Love, and let me sleep in the pink coloured bed with Thee. Let the dancing white moon beams enter my eyes and let all my nerves soothen with the intoxicating nectar of Thy embrace. Let Thy Divine songs burst out with enchanting melodies and enter my entire being in one love-union with Thee. Let the sense of this fictitious time, weaving past, present and future, drown itself in the pure, white, radiant Ocean of Thy everlasting presence and make me as immortal as Thee, never to wake up in the aching agony of this creation.

### IV

Many songs that I desire to sing, my love, have remained unsung to this day.

When I stand in Thy presence my world of words gets dumbfound. Instead I get intoxicated at Thy sight and gaze at Thy face constantly, forgetting my own small self.

The tiny instrument of my heart trembles at Thy sight, with a mixed feeling of joy and fear lest, Thou disappeareth from my sight before that instrument is tuned and before it sings. I know Thou art the Lord of all Lords, and my homage to Thee must be perfect.

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## SHRI SAI BABA — MAN OR GOD ?

By : Shri. G. N. Vaidya.

M.A., LL.B.

The words and deeds attributed to Sai Baba are amazing. He first appeared in the little town of Shirdi, as a lad of about sixteen, in 1872, creating an impression among the folks at Shirdi that he was merely a crazy Muslim Fakir. Some holy man told the people at Shirdi " Watch that young Fakir; he is a jewel in a dung-hill ". He ended his earthly life on 15th of October 1918 which happened to be a Vijaya Dashami Day. During his life he is said to have proclaimed to the world : ' I shall remain active and vigorous even after leaving this earthly body '. ' My shrine will bless my devotees and fulfil their needs '. ' My relics will speak from the tomb '. ' I am ever living to help those who come to me and surrender and seek refuge in me '. ' If you cast your burden on me I will bear it '. ' If you seek my help and guidance I will immediately give you it '. " There shall be no want in the house of my devotee ". Was this a man or God who said all this and dared to say : How could a mere man conceal his human identity so successfully and perform superhuman miracles ? How could God come down to earth in such human form ?

From about 1900 the fame of Sai Baba as a saint spread far and wide and there were unending streams of visitors from all over India and the West to have a glimpse of Sai Baba and see with their own eyes this wonder of wonders. They forced pomp and ceremony on him that he did not want, processions with horses and elephants, a silver chariot, incense and singing. During the processions they loaded him with jewellery. They treated him like a Maharaja and like the idol of a God. He disliked all these but they would not be refused. Still he continued to go out and beg his food. Yet he died like a man, was buried like a Muslim and is worshipped like a Hindu idol by the Hindus and

like a Muslim Pir by the Muslims. He is revered by people who had never seen him with their physical eyes. He is regarded as one of the greatest saints in the spiritual history of India. What is more remarkable is that Sai Baba is said to have claimed to be a reincarnation of the celebrated mystic poet-saint Kabir.—A revered Saint at present at Puttaparthi in Andhra called Shri Satya Sai Baba claims to be a reincarnation of Shri Sai Baba !

A thief was arrested with stolen jewellery. Brought before the Magistrate's Court in Dhulia he stated that the jewellery was given to him by Shri Sai Baba. A Summons was issued to Sai Baba to attend the Magistrate's Court. Sai Baba told the Police Constable who came to serve the Summons upon him "Take that rag of paper and chuck it in the fire ." Then a warrant of arrest was issued and the constable who came to serve the warrant was told by the Baba to throw it in the latrine. Many devotees of the Baba then moved the Court for appointment of a Commissioner to take his evidence. A Magistrate was sent to record his evidence.

"What is your name ?" he began.

"They call me Sai Baba "...

'Your father's name ?'

"Also Sai Baba".

'Yours Guru's name ?'

"Venkusa".

"Creed or religion ?"

"Kabir".

"Caste or Community ?"

"Parvardigar".

"Age ?"

"Lakhs of years".

"Will you swear that what you are going to say is the truth ?"

"The truth".

“ Do you know the accused ? ”

“ Yes I know him. I know everyone ”.

“ He says that he is your devotee and has stayed with you. Is that so ? ”

“ Yes. All are with me. All are mine. ”

“ Did you give him some jewels as alleged by him ? ”

“ Yes, I gave to him, who gives what and to whom ? ”

“ If you gave him the jewels, how did you get possession of them ? ”

“ Everything is mine ”.

The Magistrate then warned Sai baba “ Baba this is a serious charge of theft. The man says that you delivered the jewels to him”. Baba shouted “ What is all this about, what the devil have I to do with it ”, and he strode away. Yet no further action was taken against him, because it was discovered that the thief had never visited Shirdi.

In the last decade of his life Shirdi was constantly thronged with visitors. The sick were healed. The childless obtained families. The doubters acquired faith. Towards the end, magnificent celebrations were held to honour the saint credited with miraculous powers. Daily, wealth poured in and was disbursed like water. Since his death the number of his devotees has increased, not diminished. At present a Court Receiver is managing what is famous as the Shirdi Sansthan.

He is worshiped to-day by some as a saintly man or Siddha Purusha with miraculous powers of helping people out of their difficulties, physical, mental and spiritual. Others regard him as a great Guru or teacher, whose mission was to bring about harmony between Hindus, Muslims and all other religions and for laying down rules of conduct, suitable to his contemporaries. Still others follow the Indian tradition of treating the Guru himself

as God. Paramahansa Yogananda in his "Autobiography of a Yogi" has said : "The characteristic features of Indian culture have long been a search for ultimate verities and the concomitant disciple-Guru relationship". The traditional reverence of Gurus in this Country has been summed up in Guru Geeta which lays down :

ईश्वरो गुरुरात्मेति मूर्तिभेद-विभागिने ।  
व्योमवद् व्याप्तदेहाय दक्षिणामूर्तये नमः ॥

( Prostration to the Lord of divine wisdom infinite like the sky who is three in one, as God, the Guru and the real Self and again : )

गुरुः शिवो गुरुर्देवो गुरुर्बन्धुः शरीरिणाम् ।  
गुरुरात्मा गुरुर्जीवो गुरोरन्यन्न विद्यते ॥

( Guru is Shiva. Guru is God...Guru is the relative friend of human being. Guru is the Atma. Guru is the Jeeva. There is nothing other than Guru. )

In his book "All about Hinduism", another great modern Saint of India, Shri Swami Shivananda has said about the Sadhus' and Sanyasis' role as follows :—

"Salutations unto the ancient Rishis, Seers, Saints Paramahansa Sanyasis and Sadhus who are the repositories of divine knowledge and wisdom, who guide the destiny of the World in the past, present and future. Every religion has the band of anchorites who lead the life of seclusion and meditation. There are Bhikshus in Buddhism, Fakirs in Mahomedanism, Sufistic Fakirs in Sufism, Fathers and Reverends in Christianity. The glory of religion will be lost absolutely if you remove these hermits or Sanyasis or those who lead a life of renunciation and divine contemplation. It is these

people who maintain or preserve the religions of the World. It is these people who give solace to the householders when they are in trouble and distress. They are the messengers of Atmic knowledge and heavenly peace. They are the harbingers of divine wisdom. They help the sick, comfort the forlorn, and nurse the bedridden. They bring hope to the hopeless, joy to the depressed, strength to the weak, courage to the timid ”.

Such a one was the saint of Shirdi.

In India the miracles attributed to such persons are usually known as the eight major **siddhis** or psychic powers namely :—

1. *Anima* or the smallness i.e. the power to reduce oneself to any degree of minuteness.
2. *Mahima*, the power to expand oneself into a size of any bigness.
3. *Laghima*, the power of becoming as light as one likes.
4. *Garima*, the power of becoming as heavy as one wishes.
5. *Prapti*, the power to obtain or do anything.
6. *Prakamyā*, the power of controlling even earth, heaven, water, fire, air, and ether.
7. *Ishitwa*, the power to create or to restore life to the death.
8. *Vashitwa*, the power to master the environment and all living beings.

Some or all of these powers are attributed by tradition and legends to Saints like Saibaba because :

“ Except Ye see signs and wonders, you will not believe ”.

These are born and re-born to guide erring humanity to the divinity in them. They leave behind foot-prints on the sands of human thought. They come among men, live among men and women but those only who can see with their intuition or spiritual eye can realise their divinity. They descend to earth with divine wisdom and divine happiness to be distributed freely among all, irrespective of caste, creed, class or race. Those who think that until God can be proved to exist, in a scientific laboratory, or produced in a factory, it is idle to pursue the concept of God, will find it difficult to regard Sai Baba as anything more than a man and at his best a crazy man. To those, however, who can hear the still small voice of divinity in themselves such persons are symbols or manifestations of God ”.

*\* Virtue is only one. You may call it by any names. Names show only its facets. virtue is total good and is really indivisible. It is divine will making itself conceivable to the aspirant's mind. Abstract in its fundamental nature, virtue is essential every moment and is the only concrete evidence of godliness.*



## ATTENTION AND FATIGUE

The evening train was full and within the last two minutes still left for its start, passengers were rushing in with difficulty, threading their way through the throng at the wide door. As it was quite fast, those who wanted to reach their distant destinations chose this particular local and formed groups within themselves by frequent co-travel. It was a breezy evening and the huge sheds canopied the platforms of the terminus with equal indifference as the doves that played hide and seek in the wire-netting protector of the prodigious clocks which were electrically operated. The extra-ordinary bustle of the returning motley crowds filled the atmosphere with noise, dust, dirt, bad smell, and what the slanting sunrays peeping through round holes of the wall illuminated, was in contradiction with the general dimness of the largest terminus of the city. Soon, you were aware of a jerk below your feet, the beard of the neighbouring commuter touching your shoulder, and the specs of your friend bearing reflection of the ceiling lights which were unilaterally lighted. Fans were doing their best to fan the fatigued passengers and with their oscillation they gave out a humming sound which superimposed itself over the chatter of the multitude and hoarse laughs of the card-players.

The younger friends of yours were more tired than you, perhaps because they had to walk quite a distance from their exacting office to this terminus, perhaps they were more eager to take rest and enjoy. One of them asked you to open some subject of interest as they were tired and felt dull. There were some others, physically removed from your group and it would be impossible to shuffle all in order to come together to talk.

Suddenly you thought of entertainment and its need. Why do people want entertainment and hobbies ?

“ Hobby keeps the mind occupied, ” one of them said. It is quite interesting to say that. Why does the mind require occupation ? We see people playing cards, reading novels, collecting stamps, listening to radio even in the crowded train; we see them discussing politics, and some of them fighting over some stupid principles of their shoddy life; we see people worrying themselves about the next likely race-horse or the possible choice of a party candidate for election; we see people taking extra-ordinary interest in tobacco-chewing or bird-watching. There are a thousand and one distractions, the so-called side-roles for the mind to play with. Is it not interesting to find out why we need something interesting always ? And why is there this need for intoxication, to get merged into something that will take up all your mind and grip you for the time being ? What is the significance of play and passing time in these not too important activities of the human mind ?

“ You see, my friend, we get tired out and by the end of the day, the routine work which we have to do tells upon our physical and psychological set-up ”. The first one said.

“ We need intoxication because we forget our dull life for the time being ” the bespectacled one offered a statement.

By this time, the train which had started right time, had gathered speed and having passed by two stations, was now approaching the third one which was also not to be touched. The two conic minars of the church, taperingly pointing towards the top of the sky were reflecting the rays of the setting sun and the undulating line of the overhead wires widened with the approach of the poles and narrowed down in between. It was marvellous to feel the constant vibration of the flooring, the din and thud of the track and buildings gave out peculiar echo when the train passed by them. The cigarette-smoker stood in a corner and tried to light it with a match, but the match stick would not last long enough

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because of the breeze from the fan. His cupped palms were not sufficient to protect the flickering flame and he had to change his position and turn his back to the breeze. Habituated to the smoking technique, it was quite interesting to see him take it out of his packet, open it, take one white stick out, perhaps a popular brand, drum it on the surface of the packet, take out the match-box and vainly try to show off with the first puff of smoke successfully thrown up in a ring.

It can be understood that the body gets tired by constant work and it needs rest. Office work is done as a routine and there is no real interest in it. As you are filling the hours and pages of the registers, you are assured of your bread, if something really untoward does not take place between the work and the date of payment. You work because it assures you bread and security. But is that all in life ?

“ You see, when our work in the office is going on, we remember so many things, we remember some line of popular song, and we may also think of the home, or of native place, or even of a beautiful morning in a hill-station where we had been last season. The mind of the comptist is not totally at his job. It is, in simple terms, bifurcated, one part taking care of the facts of office-work, the other half running away into some past incident or future planning ”.

Is that not a fact with most of us ? We cannot do anything whole-heartedly and with all the attention in it. Really, when you are enjoying a thing, you are not tired in mind, but when you are doing a thing for it is thought to be promising security and occupation, the attention soon withers away. We have a

tremendous capacity to deceive ourselves and others. What we really want, what we really yearn for is not understood by us and our work is not enjoyment. The man who is physically occupied by his work, but psychologically removed from it, soon gets tired out and loses capacity and smoothness. There is tension of the wrong kind.

When the mind, the heart and body are unified in any inward or outward occupation, there is really no occupation for the mind, because mind does not remain as a separate entity, to be occupied by something else. Then there is only the process of living and when the body is active and the mind is in the arm-chair, looking at the function of the body, but not taking part in it, it soon loses its intensity, alertness and therefore gets tired. When you do something which you do not love, do not like and have no interest in it, it becomes a burden. Why should our daily living become such a dull routine and why should we not have tremendous sense of beauty and goodness, extra-ordinary interest and zeal about everything that we do and that comes across ? Is there not a mental idea of pleasure and enjoyment in something else, experienced in the past, which makes us inattentive to the present movement and process of experiencing ? Is not that the cause of monotony and dullness ?

“ I have not looked at our office work with such attention and love. Perhaps I compare it with the noble lives of others and feel sad that I am rotting in the heaps of files which are after all the waste-paper of tomorrow. ”

Why should we at all compare ? How do you know that the other man's life is noble ? Why should we believe in some

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description in a book about a great man ? Is not the best work that can be done by us the next work that comes along ? Can we choose between our work and the noble life, comparing them as objectively separate things ? Can a rose become a lily ? What is in conflict is the idea and the actuality. What can therefore be removed, really let go ? The actuality cannot be denied. It is to be seen and understood. Likewise, the actuality of the mind running away into ideation is to be understood. Then the projection of idea and comparison will wither away, and not the energy which faces the facts as they come along on the flow of life.

The tunnel which was a mile long was approaching with rumbling sound and soon, the light of the evening went out, its place being taken by the dark dampness of the tunnel, a ringing rough noise of the train passing through it, and the water drops sprinkled on the faces of the brave passengers standing on the footboards with their faces towards the wind and eyes half-shut to avoid harm. All talk was impossible in that roar of the tunnel and when the train emerged out of it, the scenery was changed, the receding pointed peaks of the mountain becoming smaller and smaller as the train passed by another station.

There was shifting of the places among the standing passengers and as the destination of nearly half of them was approaching, there was bifurcation amongst them, some progressing with pressure towards the door, others whisking themselves towards the opposite direction. The flow of life was going on, and human mind, with its problems, burdens, worries, constant hankering after security and solace, was in a turbulence and trouble. There was quite another facet of the mind which was looking at all this without

fatigue and musing why there should not be interest and attention at every moment, why fatigue and dullness should eat at the heart of existence and why there was this extra-ordinary speed and beauty in the world, while our attachment was always to the memory and money, power and purse, pleasure and plenty. There was a different dimension in which the sky was smiling with silence and grey aloofness, the night holding its treasures aloft, and the earth preparing for the coming rest.

By :— A traveller on Earth

#### THINK IT OVER

1. An hour of action is better than years of discussion
2. A pinch of practics is better than a mountain of advice.
3. An inch of wisdom is better than a mile of sermon.
4. Better be a stone of The temple stairs than a feather the devil's crown.
5. Do not love your neighbours as you love yourself,  
Love them more.
6. A happy man is the product of balance.

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