

SAI SABURI

You are in SaiWorld

Jan-2020 Vol:6



<https://saisaburi.org>

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EDITORIAL

Sai Ram dear friends!! May this volume of the magazine find you in the finest of health and spirit.

By the time this magazine is in your hands, it will be the start of the new year 2020. While every moment presents us with a new opportunity; the start of the year is a big reminder to all of us to take stock of our lives.

Every one of us is interconnected at some level and yet we undergo experiences at the individual level. Such is the riddle of life that even countless lives are often not enough to realize the truth of it. Life is a precious entity; our stay on this earth for whatever period it lasts is a big milestone in the journey which we as eternal divine beings undertake.

Guru is the only person who can show us the right direction. Every person who is enlightened feels great compassion towards the rest of us. They show us the right path and serve us with inspiration to continue to walk on the path. Every stage brings new insights, learnings & also challenges. Guru blesses us with their grace and propels us throughout the journey.

May you all be happier, prosperous & peaceful in the times ahead.
May you lead your life on the right path with more vigor and energy.
Thank you for being fellow pilgrims on this journey. Baba blesses us all.
Love, Light & Peace to you. Take care & wish you a very happy new year. Om Sai Ram.

~ Ashok Jain

TO OUR READERS

Dear Readers,

- If you have undergone a spiritual experience, please share with us.
- You can also write any article on spiritual topic(s) of your interest.
- You are welcome to write any poem on Baba or any Guru.
- If you are an artist, you may send us your sketches of Sai.
- If you have any comments or suggestions for the magazine, please do let us know. Your feedback is valuable to us in enhancing the quality of the magazine.

You may read the details here on how to register to the website and post your articles directly on the website:

<https://saisaburi.org/how-to-become-a-subscriber-contributor-author-editor-on-this-website/>

You can reach us on : **editor@saisaburi.org**

OUR TEAM

Sai Saburi team consists of ----

- ✓ **YOU (our readers)**
- ✓ **US**

Without our readers (i.e. you), this magazine is incomplete.
Thank you for your support, encouragement.



BABA's Assurances

- No harm shall befall him who sets his foot on the soil of Shirdi.
- He who cometh to My Samadhi, his sorrow and suffering shall cease.
- Though I be no more in flesh and blood, I shall ever protect My devotees.
- Trust in Me and your prayer shall be answered.
- Know that My Spirit is immortal. Know this for yourself.
- Show unto Me he who sought refuge and been turned away.
- In whatever faith men worship Me, even so do I render to them.
- Not in vain is My Promise that I shall ever lighten your burden.
- Knock, and the door shall open. Ask and ye shall be granted.
- To him who surrenders unto Me totally I shall be ever indebted.
- Blessed is he who has become one with Me.



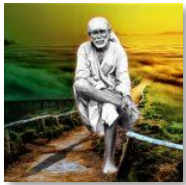
Treasures From our website

<https://saisaburi.org>

Saburi : You are in Sai World

Below are some chosen articles from our website where Guru graced its devotees.

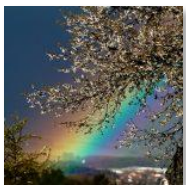
You can click on the TITLE and read each one on the website. Om Sai Ram.



[Compassionate Old Sage](#) This is an amazing experience received from "Rosemarie Mettel" on our facebook page. I had sent him/her a friend request so that he/she could create a user account on our...



[My Son merged with Sai Baba](#) A mother pours her heart out how she found solace by understanding Baba's messages in her life. It is a little longer than a usual article. A blessing to read...



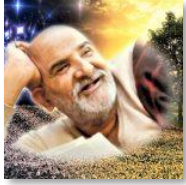
[Shirdi Sai Baba Visits Dubai](#) Mr. Vasu Shroff, an industrialist is a devotee of Baba. In the year of 2002, he had gone to Shirdi and prayed to Baba asking him as to when He...



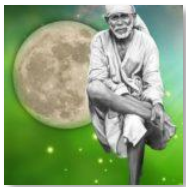
[Sainath Does Not Leave His Devotees](#) I don't remember the exact year; it happened 10 or 13 years ago. I was studying Engineering in Bengaluru. One night, Sri Sainath appeared in my dream. Perhaps it was...



[Baba Instructed Me](#) Dear readers, wanted to share an experience of Baba's blessing to me. This experience happened about 10 years ago when I was studying Engineering in Bangalore. As soon as my...



[Neem Karoli Baba keeps promise](#) Here is a short story of what Maharajji (Neem Karoli Baba) said about Mahasamadhi: "Maharajji went to Shirdi Sai Baba temple in Madras. He sat there quietly. A woman with..."



[Sai Baba in my Dreams](#) Crushing the fear For a long time in my life I suffered from nightmares. These nightmares had a common theme. I would see a dark figure which would sometimes show...



[Ma's Grace](#) A true story of Ma's grace. Hope you like it. In 1948, Ma's birthday anniversary was being celebrated in a private garden in New Delhi. One morning in the midst...



[Cry Only For Him](#)

An experience with Anandamayi Ma. It is from from a book on Ma. For the source details, refer towards the end of the post. Hope you all like it. In...



[Chance Encounter Changes His Life](#)

It was one of the coldest nights in Northern India - January 31, 1947. The Calcutta bound Delhi Express was about to leave Delhi Junction Railway Station. I was rushing...



[Was it Baba who came to my rescue?](#)

I am sharing my experience about how lovely and great it is to be a devotee of Shree Sai Baba. In the first week of September 2018, I went to...

Master Disciple Relationship

There are relationships and relationships, but none is comparable to the relationship that exists between the master and the disciple. All other relationships are conditional, even the best. For example, a love relationship is still demanding. The only relationship which is unconditional, undemanding, is that which exists between the master and the disciple. In fact, it is so rare, so unique, that it should not be categorized with other relationships. It is the poverty of language that makes us call something a relationship which is not a relationship. It is a merger, it is a meeting -- for no reason at all.


The disciple is not asking anything, and the master is not promising anything; yet there is thirst in the disciple and there is promise in the master. It is a closeness in which nobody is higher and nobody is lower -- yet the disciple is a woman, always a woman, because the disciple is nothing but an opening, a womb, a receptivity. And the master is always a man, because the master is nothing but a giving, a giving for no other reason than that he is so full. He has to give. He is a rain cloud.

Just as the disciple is in search, the master is also in search. The disciple is in search of where he can open himself without any fear, without any resistance, without holding anything back -- totally. And the master is also in search of such a human being who can receive the mysterious, who is ready to be pregnant with the mysterious, who is ready to be reborn.

There are many teachers, and there are many students. The teachers have borrowed knowledge. They may be very scholarly, very knowledgeable, but inside themselves there is darkness; their knowledge is hiding their ignorance. And there are students who are in search of knowledge. The master and the disciple is a totally different thing.

The master does not give you knowledge, he shares his being. And the disciple is not in search of knowledge, he is in search of being. He is, but he does not know who he is. He wants to be revealed to himself, he wants to stand naked before himself. The master can only do a simple thing, and that is to create trust. Everything else happens. The moment the master is capable of creating trust, the disciple drops his defenses, drops his clothes, drops his knowledge. He becomes just a child again -- innocent, alert, alive -- a new beginning.

The ordinary father and mother have given birth to your body -- that is one life, which will end in death. Your father and mother are responsible for your birth and for your death. The master also gives a new birth, but it is the birth of consciousness, which knows only a beginning -- and there is no end to it. All that is needed is an atmosphere of absolute trust -- and in that trust, things start happening on their own; neither does the disciple do them nor does the master. The disciple receives them.



The master is the vehicle of the universal forces -- just like a hollow bamboo that can become a flute. But the song is not of the hollow bamboo; the hollow bamboo can have the credit only of not destroying the song, of allowing it. The master is a medium of the universal consciousness. If you are available, suddenly the universal consciousness stirs in you the sleeping, dormant consciousness. The master has not done anything. The disciple has not done anything. It is all a happening.

The ancient stories are significant, to be remembered. Seekers went through hundreds of teachers until they came to a man in whose presence suddenly the trust was there -- they had arrived. Masters were moving..... There is a beautiful story.

Gautam Buddha comes into a town. The whole town has gathered to listen to him but he goes on waiting, looking backwards at the road -- because a small girl, not more than thirteen years old, has met him on the road and told him, "Wait for me. I am going to give this food to my father at the farm, but I will be back in time. But don't forget, wait for me."

Finally, the elders of the town say to Gautam Buddha, "For whom are you waiting? Everybody important is present; you can start your discourse." Buddha says, "But the person for whom I have come so far is not yet present and I have to wait."

Finally the girl arrives and she says, "I am a little late, but you kept your promise. I knew you would keep the promise, you had to keep the promise because I have been waiting for you since I became aware... maybe I was four years old when I heard your name. Just the name, and something started ringing a bell in my heart. And since then it has been so long -- ten years maybe -- that I have been waiting."

And Buddha says, "You have not been waiting uselessly. You are the person who has been attracting me to this village." And he speaks, and that girl is the only one who comes to him: "Initiate me. I have waited enough, and now I want to be with you." Buddha says, "You have to be with me because your town is so far off the way that I cannot come again and again. The road is long, and I am getting old." In that whole town not a single person came up to be initiated into meditation -- only that small girl.

In the night when they were going to sleep, Buddha's chief disciple Ananda asked, "Before you go to sleep I want to ask you one question: do you feel a certain pull towards a certain space -- just like a magnetic pull?" And Buddha said, "You are right. That's how I decide my journeys. When I feel that somebody is thirsty -- so thirsty that without me, there is no way for the person -- I have to move in that direction."

The master moves towards the disciple. The disciple moves towards the master. Sooner or later they are going to meet. The meeting is not of the body, the meeting is not of the mind. The meeting is of the very soul -- as if suddenly you bring two lamps close to each other; the lamps remain separate but their flames become one. Between two bodies when the soul is one, it is very difficult to say that it is a relationship. It is not, but there is no other word; language is really poor. It is at-oneness.

----- **By: OSHO**

Spiritual Instructions by Ramana Maharshi

Question 1: What are the marks of a real teacher (Sadguru)?

Ramana Mahasshi: Steady abidance in the Self, looking at all with an equal eye, unshakeable courage at all times, in all places and circumstances, etc.

Question 2: What are the marks of an earnest disciple (sadsisya)?

Ramana Mahasshi: An intense longing for the removal of sorrow and attainment of joy and an intense aversion for all kinds of mundane pleasure.

Question 3: What are the characteristics of instruction (upadesa)?

Ramana Mahasshi: The word 'upadesa' means : 'near the place or seat' (upa - near, desa - place or seat). The Guru who is the embodiment of that which is indicated by the terms sat, chit, and ananda (existence, consciousness and bliss), prevents the disciple who, on account of his acceptance of the forms of the objects of the senses, has swerved from his true state and is consequently distressed and buffeted by joys and sorrows, from continuing so and establishes him in his own real nature without differentiation.

Upadesa also means showing a distant object quite near. It is brought home to the disciple that the Brahman which he believes to be distant and different from himself is near and not different from himself.

Question 4: If it be true that the Guru is one's own Self (atman), what is the principle underlying the doctrine which says that, however learned a disciple may be or whatever occult powers he may possess, he cannot attain self-realization (atma-siddhi) without the grace of the Guru?

Ramana Mahasshi: Although in absolute truth the state of the Guru is that of oneself it is very hard for the Self which has become the individual soul (jiva) through ignorance to realize its true state or nature without the grace of the Guru.

All mental concepts are controlled by the mere presence of the real Guru. If he were to say to one who arrogantly claims that he has seen the further shore of the ocean of learning or one who claims arrogantly that he can perform deeds which are well-nigh impossible, "Yes, you learnt all that is to be learnt, but have you learnt (to know) yourself? And you who are capable of performing deeds which are almost impossible, have you seen yourself?", they will bow their heads (in shame) and remain silent. Thus it is evident that only by the grace of the Guru and by no other accomplishment is it possible to know oneself.

Question 5: What are the marks of the Guru's grace?

Ramana Mahasshi: It is beyond words or thoughts.

Question 6: If that is so, how is it that it is said that the disciple realizes his true state by the Guru's grace?

Ramana Mahasshi: It is like the elephant which wakes up on seeing a lion in its dream. Even as the elephant wakes up at the mere sight of the lion, so too is it certain that the disciple wakes up from the sleep of ignorance into the wakefulness of true knowledge through the Guru's benevolent look of grace.

Question 7: What is the significance of the saying that the nature of the real Guru is that of the Supreme Lord (Sarvesvara)?

Ramana Mahasshi: In the case of the individual soul which desires to attain the state of true knowledge or the state of Godhood (Isvara) and with that object always practises devotion, when the individual's devotion has reached a mature stage, the Lord who is the witness of that individual soul and identical with it, comes forth in human form with the help of sat-chit-ananda, His three

natural features, and form and name which he also graciously assumes, and in the guise of blessing the disciple, absorbs him in Himself. According to this doctrine the Guru can truly be called the Lord.

Question 6: How then did some great persons attain knowledge without a Guru?

Ramana Mahasshi: To a few mature persons the Lord shines as the light of knowledge and imparts awareness of the truth.

Source: From the book "Spiritual Instruction" by Ramana Maharshi

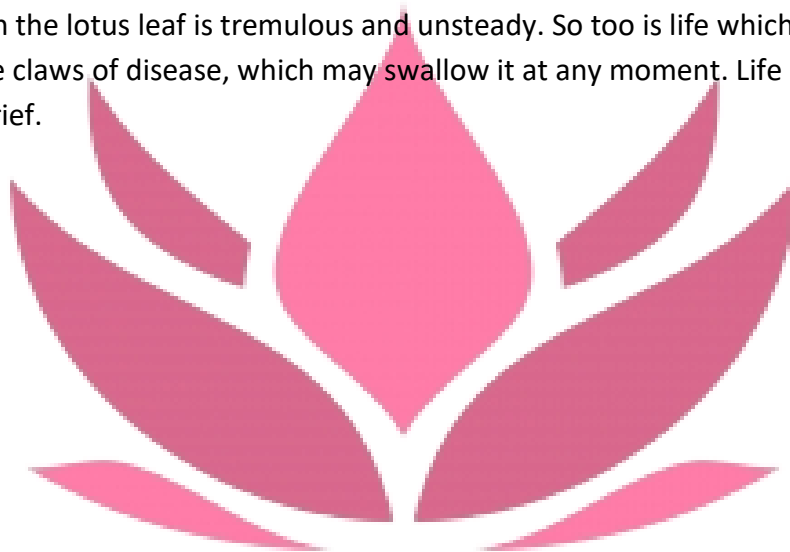


Words of Adi Shankaracharya

- Its rare to find a Human Body
- Even rarer is to have the desire to realize one-self.
- Even more rare is to have grace of awakened master who helps in realization.

From Bhaja-Govindam

- Childhood skips off on sport and play. Youth flies off in pursuits of love-making. As one grows older he is drowned in worry about the security and future of his wife and children. One's whole life gets spent in some kind of worry or other. And at no stage does man find time to lift his thoughts to God.
- The company of the good weans one away from false attachments; when attachment is lost, delusion ends; when delusion ends, the mind becomes unwavering and steady. An unwavering and steady mind is merited for Jeevan Mukti (liberation even in this life).
- Seek Govinda! Seek Govinda! Seek Govinda! Oh ignoramus, at the time of death the rules of grammar, which you are trying to cram and master, will not be able to rescue you at all.
- The water droplet on the lotus leaf is tremulous and unsteady. So too is life which is as uncertain. Know the body to be in the claws of disease, which may swallow it at any moment. Life is ultimately nothing but worry, misery and grief.



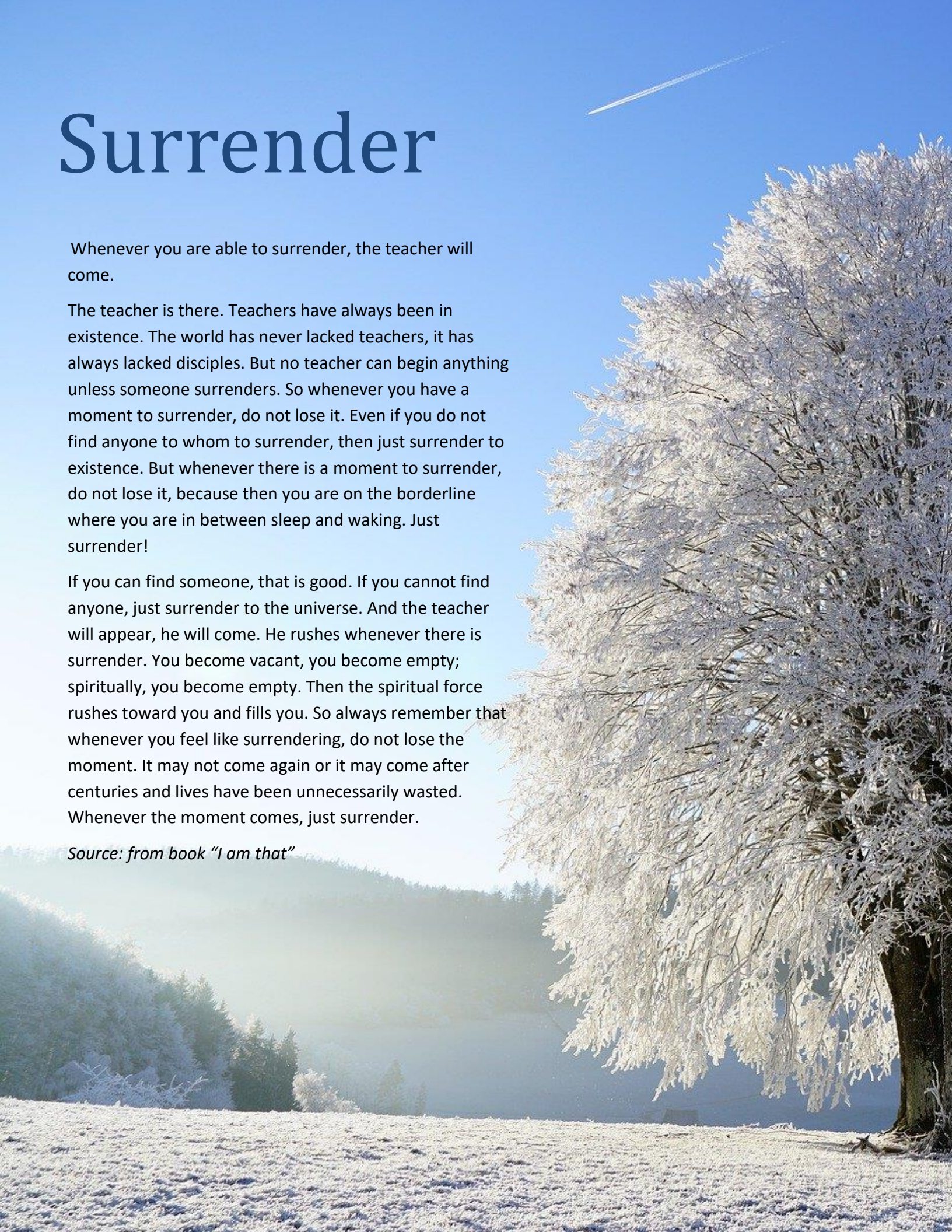
Surrender

Whenever you are able to surrender, the teacher will come.

The teacher is there. Teachers have always been in existence. The world has never lacked teachers, it has always lacked disciples. But no teacher can begin anything unless someone surrenders. So whenever you have a moment to surrender, do not lose it. Even if you do not find anyone to whom to surrender, then just surrender to existence. But whenever there is a moment to surrender, do not lose it, because then you are on the borderline where you are in between sleep and waking. Just surrender!

If you can find someone, that is good. If you cannot find anyone, just surrender to the universe. And the teacher will appear, he will come. He rushes whenever there is surrender. You become vacant, you become empty; spiritually, you become empty. Then the spiritual force rushes toward you and fills you. So always remember that whenever you feel like surrendering, do not lose the moment. It may not come again or it may come after centuries and lives have been unnecessarily wasted. Whenever the moment comes, just surrender.

Source: from book "I am that"



Baba's devotees

Bayaja Bai Ma



The moment Baba saw Bayaja Bai, he said, "She has been my sister for the last seven births". Right from the time she met Baba as a young lad sitting under the neem tree, the parental feelings were aroused for Baba as if He was her son. Mrs. Bayaja Patil showered love and cared for young Baba who abruptly would rush to the cactus jungle, an unknown old isolated place. Bayaja Bai, used to go to the woods every noon with a basket on her head containing bread and vegetables. She roamed in the jungles koss (about 3 miles) after koss, trampling over bushes and shrubs in search of the mad Fakir, and after hunting Him out, fell at His feet. The Fakir sat calm and motionless in meditation, while she placed a leaf before Him, spread the eatables, bread, vegetables etc. thereon and fed Him forcibly. She give Him bread (Bhakari) and salty smash of chana dal (Jhunka) and onion and chilly, simple food items which Baba cherished most. Baba also used to pay a visit to Patil's house to have lunch (bhojan) of His choice.

Later Saibaba used to go for bhiksha (begging food) to selected houses. One such place was Bayaja Bai's place. Baba used to stand outside the gate and say loudly "Abade Ajaad Bayaja mami, Roti lao" (God bless you Mother Bayaja, please give bread). Then Bayaja Bai used to invite him into the house but Baba sat in the veranda only. Tatya used to play with Baba against the wish of his mother. Baba never felt for the child like behaviour of Tatya. Bayaja Bai is remembered for her service to Sai with or without knowing his divinity.

When Bayaja Bai, became physically weak due to old age and was not in a condition even to get up from bed, Baba ordered Tatya to remain at the bedside of his mother and do service to her. Now and then He would send Tatya's close associates like Shama also to be with Tatya. Bayaja Bai was nearing her end. She wanted to see Baba once. Immediately, Baba appeared near her head. His appearance at this last moment gave her divine bliss. Some unexplained joy came to her. She felt that her Atman was happily going towards heaven. Perhaps, this feeling was due to the complete divine darshan Baba gave her. She wanted to say something but words did not come out of her. She took her son Tatya's hand and put it on Baba's hand. Having understood her thoughts, Baba assured her that he would look after Tatya from that moment more than his life. She knew that his words were God's words. After hearing those words from Baba, her Atman left her body and merged in the universe.

When Bayaja expired Baba lamented over her demise. So was the unthinkable tie of love between Bayaja Bai and her family, and Baba the love incarnate.

Wonderful was her faith and service. Her service, Upasana or Penance, by whatever name we call it, was never forgotten by Baba till his Maha Samadhi. Remembering fully what service she rendered, Baba benefited her son magnificently. Both the son and the mother had great faith in the Fakir, Who was their God. Baba often said to them that “Fakiri (Mendicancy) was the real Lordship as it was everlasting, and the so called Lordship (riches) was transient”.

The present generation of Patil family, still observe meticulously and very religiously the ritual of giving offerings of Thali (Naivedya) containing the above mentioned food items to Baba at Dwarakamai.

Radhakrishna Mayee

Original name of Radhakrishna Mai was Sundari Bai Kshirsagar. In 1899 A.D. Sundari Bai Kshirsagar turned 17 years of age and she got married to one Sri.Daithankar and was hence called by the name “Sundari Bai Dahitankar”. Due to fate, the husband of Sundaribai Kshirsagar passed away on the eighth day of the marriage. This brought about a great misery in Sundaribai Kshirsagar. She was broken and shaken from the very roots of the being. As the time passed it did not heal the mental and emotional conditions she was going through. She was sent to her maternal uncle’s house so that the change in outer environment might bring about a healing change in her condition. Even that did not help. One early morning in the year 1902 she woke up and started running from her maternal uncle’s home, never to return. The feeling of Vairagya, dispassion towards worldly life had taken over her strongly. For five years she roamed all over India, under tough conditions.

At last after many pilgrimages and meeting many holy people she came to Shirdi and Sai Baba asked her to stay in Shala (School) situated between Dwarkamai and Chavadi.

Every morning in the land of Shirdi blessed by Sai Baba, when the sun was about to rise, the light was slowly dispersing the darkness of the night. A melodious and bold voice would pierce the silence of that dawn. The sweet and painful voice would call for God. The voice and the song would make the people of Shirdi feel the necessity of calling to God. The voice was that of Radhakrishna Mai.

Radhakrishna Mai had come and settled in holy land of Shirdi, the blessed land on which Sai Baba moved and talked in his physical form, much before other notable devotees like Kakasaheb Dixit, Annasaheb Dabolkar, Babu Saheb Buti, Sagun Meru Naik, Ramchandra Atmaram Tarkhad, Dr. Chidambar Pillay, Saint Upasni Maharaj and Sri Sai Sharan Anand Maharaj.

One evening, in 1907 Sai Baba was sitting in Dwarkamai, with his hand leaning on the wooden rest. The sun was moving slowly towards the setting point. The cattle were moving towards their shade after grazing in the nearby fields. At that time, near distant was a building called Chavadi. The building was in a dilapidated condition. More than that all the sides were open. One could see the horizon from the Masjid Mai or Dwaraka Mai. Around the DwarkaMai there was no fencing of any kind. At that time Sai Baba’s eyes saw at a distance, a figure, clad in white clothes, moving towards Dwarkamai.

Sai Baba kept on gazing in that direction, as if waiting for someone. As the figure came closer and closer, one could see that it was a female, in white clothes. A cloth bag was hanging on the back of her shoulder. In one hand was an ektara, a musical instrument similar to a guitar, with just one string. And in other hand was kartaal yet another musical instrument. On her forehead was a tilak according to Madhva Sampradaya, a long line with black color and on both the hands were bangles made of Tulsi beads. Also the neck was decorated with Tulsi garland. The dark hair was hanging from her head, reaching below her knees. As she came nearer to Dwarkamai, all eyes fell on her. Though the clothes she wore were not very tidy, one could see the charm in her face, which would demand respect at once.

Reaching near Dwarkamai the lady unburdened her shoulder by putting the cloth bag on the land of Shirdi. She also put off the musical instruments from her hands. Without climbing up the stairs of DwarkaMai, the lady bowed down, touched her head on the sacred land of Shirdi and then joining both her hands, she did Namaskar to Sri Sai Baba, who was sitting in Masjid Mai. From her cloth bag she took out a beautiful idol of Radha Krishna. (Krishna symbolizes God and Radha the lover of God, the name of Radha (lover of God) is taken before the name of God in Hindu tradition, signifying the importance of God lover, such lovers of God are rare, who craves for Only God's Love). The beautiful metallic idol was of brass, of about 9 inches in size, she gathered two bricks from around, placed them together, covered them with a vastra (piece of neat cloth), placed the idol over it and sat with the Kartaal in her hand.

Along with the music she began to sing with a pain in her heart. The high pitch voice was singing and calling for God. Saying that the name of Ram is in my mind, how do I please Ram (God) O Sai, I am weak with the karmas, how do I sing the glory of God O Sai. She sung a Bhajan by Mira Bai, the notes she sang seemed to become one with Krishna (Mira Bai's love for God was God in form of Krishna). All the notes seemed to be merging and melting in Krishna, such was the love and pain flowing through her heart for God, while she was singing. People of Shirdi, attracted by the music and pitiful and melodious songs, sung in a high pitch, began to gather near Dwarka Mai. As the bhajans were sung, the people were wrapped by the magic of it. They forgot time; they forgot their daily hassles of life. The hearts of the listeners were experiencing something which they could not understand nor could they explain. The earthen lamps lit with oil, began to get dim, yet nobody's mind and getting ready to mend them, such was the environment created. The bhajans continued midnight. Sai Baba did not leave his Asan (seat), people forgot sleep. Even the beloved devotees of Sai Baba, Tatya Patil and Mahalsapati were rapt in the environment.

At last the throat of lady (Radhakrishna Mai) took rest; the hands stopped playing on the instruments. The lady went into Samadhi. Still the listeners were in the effect of music.

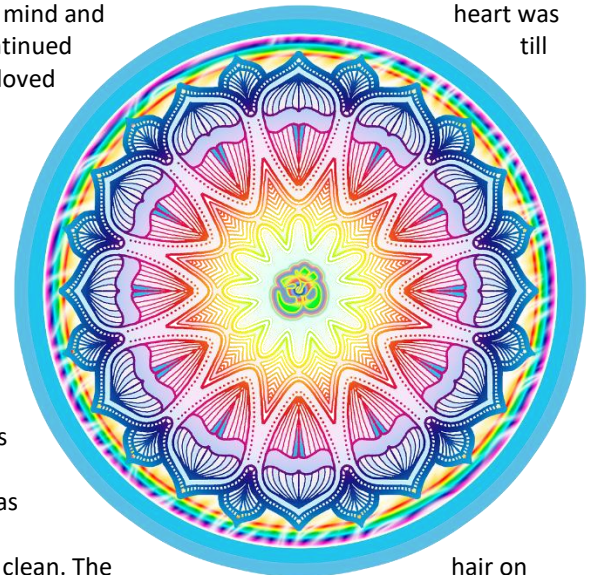
After some time, the lady came back from Samadhi. Sai Baba while giving blessings said, "Go! The school (situated between Masjid Mai and Chavadi) is vacant, and stay there." After the arrival of Sundaribai Kshirsagar in Shirdi, because of her devotion towards Radha Krishna, people of Shirdi started calling her as Radhakrishna Mai. Shirdi Sai Baba used to call her Radhakrishni, sometimes Sai Baba would even call her as Avdasa. Gradually the original name Sundaribai Kshirsagar was erased from people's mind and Radhakrishna Mai was how she was popularly known as and called by the people of Shirdi and the visitors of Shirdi.

Radhakrishna Mai always used to wear thick clothes, the clothes used to be stark clean. The hair on the head used to be free and untied, sometimes were tied in knots. In her kutir (small thatched home) would be bed covered with a clean bed sheet and a mosquito net over it. On the small platform for devotion and prayers was a clean gadi (small mattress), on which was placed the nine inch beautiful idol of Radha Krishna, made of brass. On both sides of the idol were beautiful pictures of Sai Baba, on which the garland of flowers were adorned, and on both sides were placed pillows with hand stitched design.

One of the pictures was of Sai Baba sitting on the stone, the other photo was of Sai Baba sitting on the floor. There was one small additional picture in which Sai Baba was standing leaning on a wall, his hand pulling up a little of his kafni (dress). Visitors of Shirdi used to visit the Kutir of Radhakrishna Mai to have the darshan of these pictures. Also Sai Baba used to send most of the visitors to the Kutir, asking them, did you visit the Shala? (School), which meant the kutir of Radhakrishna Mai.

Two books were always seen in the Kutir, one was printed in Nirnay Sagar press in Mumbai which contained Marathi Abhangs, composed by Saint Tukaram. The other was a book by poet Jaydev called Geet Govind, also in Marathi.

Radhakrishna Mai used to prepare morning breakfast for Sai Baba, other than that she did not have to worry about cooking. In the afternoon she would eat whatever Sai Baba used to send her as prasad to eat. In the evening prominent devotees of Sai Baba like Bapusaheb Buti would bring their food and everybody used to partake the food brought by everyone. Thus Radhakrishna Mai spent most of her time in devotion, singing devotional songs with ektara (a single string musical instrument). The melody could be heard in the Dwarkamai.



More details can be had from Shri.M.B.Rege's letter dated 3rd September 1968 on Radhakrishna Mai written to one Mr.Sridhar and got published in Sai Sudha Magazine, Golden Jubilee Issue – June 1990, All India Sai Samaj (Regd), Chennai.

Shri M.B.Rege came to Shirdi for the first time in December 1910 consequent on a vision in which he saw his Kula Devi Shanta Durga of Kareta (Goa) with Shri Maha Vishnu and his Master. In the dream, Shri Maha Vishnu said that the three were in fact one and that Shri Sai Baba would be his saviour.

Shri.Rege narrates further details in his own words as follows:

In my first visit, the master asked me to go to mother Radhakrishna whom He described as His mother and mine. My association with her and I owe my spiritual life to her – left no doubt in my mind that she was the Yoga Maya like the Yogini, who gave Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa his training in 'Tantra'. Mother Ramakrishna, whom the master always referred to as Ramakrishni, was to me an ideal of the Madhura Bhakti of the Gopis. All her belongings in the world were a durrie (cotton mat) a blanket, a pair of dhotis, Eknath Maharaja's Bhagwat, abhangas of Sri Tukaram and a lota. She had an idol of Lord Krishna – she called it 'Chahabi' and occasional singing of Bhajans in which she would get unconscious in a deep trance.

The devotee I met at Shirdi had views of their own regarding Bhakti and each one or a group thought that His or its own way was the right one; and very often there was intolerance of other views. Mother Radhakrishna's view was that the master should, like the idols at Tirupati, Mathura or Dwaraka and Pandharpur, have good clothes, ornaments, Palki, Rath, etc. Other devotees of note like Sri Dasganu Maharaj, Sri Dabolkar thought that Baba was a Fakir and ostentation was against His creed. Indeed when once velvet chhava (overcoat) was being put on Baba, one of such devotees, when Baba in his own way refused to have it put on, said 'Fix some nails to fix it'. The last scandal completely alienated such persons and since the sketches of Baba were mostly written by them, a reference to the mother in them, cannot be expected.

Sri Dasganu was a great devotee; and we find in his 'Kirtanas', references to the love of Gopis; but he probably thought that what was proper for Lord Sri Krishna was not so for a fakir. Being confined to the residence and company of the mother, I was a persona non-grata and was far from Dasganu Maharaj until after the Master's Mahasamadhi. He then came to Indore and stayed with me. Then with tears in his eyes he said, 'Baba saheb, you were very fortunate in living with a devotee of the highest order in Madhura Bhakti. I do kirtans of Mirabai, Janabai, Kanhopatra, and gopis, and tears flow from my eyes but I could not appreciate the Madhura Bhakti of Radhakrishna Ayee in real life', and referring to mother's sad end, he said there were instance in the Puranas of birth without sexual relations.

In 1911, I thought of practicing Yoga. I invoke my Master and wanted no other Guru. Relying on the story of Ekalavya who got Shastra and Astra Vidya from a mud image of Dronacharya, I began Asana and Pranayama, sitting before the picture of my Master. I could control my breath and stop five or six beats of my heart in about a year's time. Once in 1912, talking of Yoga and control and functions of the body, the mother told me that she had succeeded by Rajayoga in stopping her monthly periods!

Mother Radhakrishna was of ordinary build, about 5 feet high, but had an iron will and the strength of a giant. She used to fetch water from a well about a furlong away in large pots, which she picked alone with her hands, when a strong man would need the help of another for the purpose. She once gave me a blow on my chest and said, "You are a 'samsari'. Is this hollow", she then asserted that she was much stronger than me. I replied that I was only a child. She then suggested a trial of strength, and insisted on it in spite of me. The road leading to Rahata used to be deserted in the afternoon and she said we should run with the other on the back. I told her to get on my back and I would run first. I ran about two furlongs and the mother said she was satisfied and I may stop.

She then made me get on her back and ran much more than two furlongs, and asked whether she was not stronger, and when I said it was doubtless so, she asked me to get off her back. I said I was happy on the back of my mother and would not leave it. She threatened to throw me off and I replied that the world would stare if a fond mother did so. Eventually I got a promise from her that she would carry me on Her back on the spiritual path. It appears to me that this was preordained by the Master, as, when we return to mother's residence, I was called by Baba and asked what we were doing. When I told him about our race and mother's promise, the Master said 'She will take you on her back and so will I'. But then he directed me to give up the practice of Yoga. 'Do Bhakti', He said, 'nothing is more necessary. Only let your Heart, Head, and hand be in tune'. (He pointed to the head, heart, and hand, said, 'let these be one')

Mother Radhakrishna hated publicity. A gentleman from Mumbai took some snapshots of her without her knowledge; but someone spoke of it as a gentleman was leaving Shirdi in a tonga. She ran after the tonga for about a mile, wrested the camera and smashed it. Taty Koti Patil, an intimate devotee of Baba, told me of this in her presence.

In December 1914, the late Sri PRAvasthi went with me to Shirdi. He had taken 'Guru Mantra' from a woman saint in his young days and did not know whether she was living or dead. Sri H.S. Dixit was his friend and wanted him to go for darshan of Baba; but Sri Avasthi thought that it would be 'Guru droha' (faithlessness towards his Guru). When he came to know of my association with the Master, he spoke of his state of mind. He was then the District Judge, Indore, and I was Civil Judge under him. I told him that Baba was a Superb Guru – one with God – and he agreed to accompany me provided I took on the responsibility. We went and Baba asked me who was this 'Passat' (crazy man) with me. Sri Avasthi was excited.

Next day the mother tied four mogra flowers together and handing them to me said, 'Take this to the Master and ask Him to unravel it.' Baba smelt the flowers and returned them with a message for mother Radhakrishna that she should do it. In the meanwhile Sri Avasthi had a brain wave. He made a small ball (pindam) of rice out of the Naivedya offering unknown to us and decided that if Baba accepted the Pindam, he would conclude that his Guru was no more and taking Baba as Guru would not be Guru droha. I was with him when he went to the Masjid with Naivedyam and the Pinda in his hand under the plate. Baba said 'Give it to me'. He took the pindam, smelt it and said 'It has reached its place'. We returned to mother's house and from the door, Sri Avasthi rushed to her and fell at her feet singing spontaneous verses for about half an hour unconscious of things around him. The mother was also in a trance. Later Sri Avasthi told me that in place of mother Radhakrishna he had seen his first Guru.

In 1914, I was doubtful about my ability to attend the Guru Poornima. The food was used to be cooked in mother's house, but she said that if I was not there, it had better be cooked elsewhere. On the Guru Poornima day, she got an extra quota from Baba's 'Bhiksha'. She then announced that I was coming and the cooking started. I reached at about 9 a.m. They wanted a stone to pound the spices (masala). The step leading to the house was considered good and mother and I moved it with some difficulty. Just as it was in the door frame, a devotee Sri Purandare came up and wanted to help. The stone turned and it might have crushed my hand but the mother pulled it towards herself and the index finger of her right hand was crushed into two. You can imagine her agony; but as if nothing had happened, she soaked a rag in oil and wrapping the bleeding finger, went on to help in cooking. Only after all was over, she called me and said she was feeling the pain and would like to go to the jungle and cry. We went and for half an hour she did cry. Then we came back for our normal work. What control over the body and indifference to pleasure and pain in the service of the Master!

I know nothing about her condition which resulted in her death. In fact myself and my wife – now no more – were with her for some days, two months prior to her end and did not notice signs of her pregnancy. May be because we looked up to her and not to her condition. Perhaps because I did not meet villagers or outsiders – I heard no scandal too. The first intimation I heard was in a letter I got from Narvekar intimating that mother had passed away in childbed.

In my last letter I recollect having mentioned the incident of Baba coming from the Lendi when, after washing the floor of the Masjid, the mother was in a trance, and Baba stroked her on her back and asked her not to worry.

Two months after mother passed away, I went to Shirdi and not knowing where I should stay, went straight to the Masjid. Baba told me to go to Dixit Wada. Sri Madhavrao Deshpande and many others came and offered a sort of condolence. 'This should not have happened in Shirdi', they said. I replied that I did not desire to discuss the matter. She was my mother and I said, even if she be in the wrong, I would remain quiet comforted by Lord Sri Krishna's view in the Bhagavad Gita –

Api chet Suduracharo Bhajate mam Anany Bhak

Sadhu reva sa mantavyah samyag Vyavassito hi Sah. (Chapter 9-30).

(This means, "Even the most wicked, if he concentrates on or worship Me the Lord, then he must be deemed a sadhu or a good person".)

While this conversation was going on, a message came from the Masjid asking all sitting with me in the wada to come over. We went and Baba asked Sri Deshpande what they were talking about. Baba further asked what I had said, and when the information was given, the merciful Master said, 'What do these fools know? She was your mother and mine. She wanted to be freed from her karma and you know I gave her my assurance. One night she came saying she would not wait and, lifting up my kafani, got in here (pointing

to His Heart). You will see her here when you desire'. My Divine mother is now merged in the Master. Let people in their own way imagine what they will. I cannot forget what I owe to Her.

I have tried to give you my first-hand impressions of her. Of the devotees, Sri Mahalsapati, Sri H.S. Dixit had great reverence for her, and I feel I am in good company. I trust you will have a fair idea of the greatness of my mother.

(Source: Late Shri.M.B.Rege's letter dated 3rd September 1968 about Radhakrishna Mai published by Sai Sudha Magazine, Golden Jubilee Issue – June 1990, All India Sai Samaj (Regd), Chennai-600004, India and www.shirdisaitrust.org)



Abdul

Abdul: son of Sultan of Nanded in Khandesh, aged about 65, Mussulman, residing at Shirdi

8th December 1936

I came to Shirdi 45 years ago (1889) from Nanded on the banks of Tapti. I was under the care of Fakir Amiruddin of Nanded. Sai Baba appeared in the dream of that Fakir and delivering two mangoes to him directed him to give those fruits to me and to send me to Shirdi. Accordingly, the Fakir told me of his dream, gave me the fruits and bade me go to Sai Baba at Shirdi.

I came here in my twentieth year. Even Nana Sheb Chandorkar had not then come to Baba. Baba welcomed me saying, "My crow has come". Baba directed me to devote myself entirely to his service. From the beginning, I lighted and put oil into five perpetual lamps, i.e., those at Lendi, Masjid, Chavadi, etc. As for food, Baba was not giving me or anyone else food. I got some food somehow and lived 5 or 6 years in what is now the stable.

I was always by Baba's side rendering service and read Koran near him at the mosque. Baba occasionally opened the Koran and made me read the passages on the page at which he opened the book. He occasionally quoted passages from the Koran. I went on writing down what Baba was uttering. This is the book (in Mahratti and Modi script) which contains the gracious utterances of Baba. Everything which fell from his lips is sacred.

I make use of this record in the following way. By Baba's blessings, I have full faith in what he has said, guiding me and everyone aright. When anyone wished to know about the future or other unseen and unknown matters, he comes to me and states the problem. Then I reverently consult this book of Baba's utterances and the answer that comes out of the page opened comes out correct. This has been tried and proven many times.

This gift of prophecy is due to Baba's grace. I shall give two instances of such consultation. When the well in the Sai Mandir was dug, the water proved brackish. Baba had attained Mahasamadhi at that time. I consulted his utterance book. Baba's reply was that as a result of deeper digging the well water would become sweeter. I dug the well deeper by two feet and the well water was no more brackish. A second instance is Barrister Gedgil's. He wanted to know if his son would return from England. I said he would, and he did.

I use this manuscript book of Baba's utterances along with and just like the Koran. I go on reading it reverently, getting absorbed in it and go on rolling my beads at the same time.

Baba sat behind what is now a pillar-like structure at the Lendi in which a "Nanda Deepam" or perpetual lamp is kept up. I found generally that Baba sat behind the Lendi pillar which enclosed the lamp and not in front. From there the lamp was not visible to him. I never saw him gazing at that lamp. I was the person to do the required service at the Lendi and at other places for Baba. I used to fill pots with water and place them near Baba at the Lendi lamp place. He would sit near two such pots full of water; and he would go on pouring out the water in various directions. What that was for and whether he would utter any mantra while doing so, I cannot say. Except me, no one else was present when he poured out the water as stated above.

I do not think that any other Mohammedan except myself was reading Koran or other Holy books sitting by Baba's side. Baba would occasionally go on speaking out sacred words and I have noted them in this notebook. By Baba's order or permission, I have taken all this down. The writing can be read by you or other devotees. The script is either Devanagari or Modi.

(N.B. – Abdul hands over the notebook to B.V.N, who finds they are in Marathi language. There are prayers to Maruti in those reports or speeches of Baba. There are recitals of the Avatars of God dovetailing Mohammed and numerous others with the Hindu Dasa Avatar. Quite obviously, Sri Sai Baba and following him Abdul, revere the Hindu Avatars, Maruti etc. and pray to them).

As stated already I use these books not merely for daily reading but also as "Sortes Virgiliani" for purposes of prophecy.

Shirdi, 10th March 1938

No Mussalmans came and read books like Koran and Shariff to Baba or asked him for an explanation. Several fakirs and saints came here. But I do not know if he talked with them on Koran and Shariff.

I was busy with activities (physical) in the service of Baba, sweeping and scavenging all streets here, and then read Koran etc., near Baba, keeping awake all night. Baba's practical advice to me was that I should not go to sleep over my Koran reading. He said, "Eat very little. Do not go in for a variety of eatables. A single sort, i.e., dish, will suffice. Do not sleep much". I followed the advice and ate very little. I kept awake all night and in a kneeling posture was going on repeating the Koran etc., near Baba or meditating. Baba told me to have Dhyana on what I read. Think of who I am" he said to me.

One night I was tired and tried to sleep, holding my palms in front of me to rest my drowsy head. Then Baba said "Are you trying to see the moon?" That night I fell asleep and fell upon Baba and his gadi in that sleeping condition. Baba gently stroked my feet and I awoke. The next day, strange to say, when I took water in my palms and looked, there was a big moon in that water. It was 2 p.m. This was what Baba had spoken of. I used to look after the Lendi place and its light i.e., the ever-burning light maintained by Baba there.

It was in those days placed in a hollow in the earth scooped out to the depth of about 2 feet and protected with a cover to save the light from being blown out. There was a pandal. A zinc sheet was the top of the pandal. Some 20 curtains of cloth were tied all around, to form something like a tent. I remained in it and looked after the lamp in the center of it. That light has been shifted from its place now, very slightly, and is put in a raised pillar of bricks and mortar containing an enclosed chamber for the lamp. When Baba sat near to lendi he would sit close to the light. I filled two buckets with water and placed them near him. This water he would scatter around that lamp. He would get up from the lendi and walk a few yards in each direction and go on gazing in that direction.

My service to Sai Baba was service to him and to all. I washed Baba's clothes in the streamlet (odai) flowing at the village boundary. I swept the mosque, the chavadi and surrounding places and lit the lamp in these places and fed them and the lendi lamp with oil. I not merely swept the village streets but also removed the night soil. Baba called me Halalkoor (Scavenger) and "my miriambi". I fetched water and did sundry services.

Ayi during the early years of her stay did part of the street sweeping work. Even then, my work supplemented hers.

Baba protected me and protects me by giving me the needed food and ensuring my safety and progress.

About 1927, i.e., after Ayi and Baba passed away. I was in Ayi's sala, reciting Quran. The three walls of that dilapidated mud building suddenly collapsed and I was buried waist-deep in the debris. But Baba saved me from any hurt. Baba has given me his blessings and kept me with him. First, my Guru himself directed me to be with and serve Baba, and I did so. But later my Guru came to Shirdi and wanted me to go away with him. I replied that I could do so if Baba so ordered. But no such order having been issued I stayed on with Baba and my former Guru went away from Shirdi. Baba's blessings to me were strange and sometimes concealed in abuse and violence. He has beaten me and Jog many times.

He uttered blessings and prophecies, seated before me in the morning at the chavadi and then started for the mosque. Baba was constantly saying many things about Avatars etc. These have been written down in my notebook. I take 3 baths a day. Only if I see the face of a lady, I can say positively whether she will have a child or will get married. I have given out such prophecies and they have come right. I owe all this to Baba. I give Asirvad to those who come to me.

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

True Master – A story

Once Upon a time an Angel was going to heaven after fulfilling the errand for which he had been sent to the earth. It was a dark night, no moon in the skies, not even stars. The earth was enveloped by dark clouds. But the moment the angel was just entering into those dark clouds, he saw a miracle happening just beneath him. He saw a forest full of light. He was puzzled. He had been to this part many times, he was well-acquainted with the earth. He had never seen such a thing before. And the light was no ordinary light. It had the quality of bliss, blessing in it.

Just seeing that light, the angel felt more blissful than he had ever felt before, not even in the company of the gods, not even in heaven had he seen such a luminous phenomenon. The light was arising out of a small mango grove and was spreading all over the forest. And it was so powerful that he could see the foliage of the trees, the flowers of the trees, and the small lake just by the side of the grove. He became intrigued. He descended back to the earth. As he was descending he was surprised even more.

There was a soundless sound permeating the whole atmosphere – the soundless sound that is known in the East as Pranava, Omkar– as if the whole forest was chanting 'om'. It was such a benediction. And not only that; more surprises were waiting for him. The moment he descended near the grove, he felt a fragrance absolutely unknown, unheard-of, even in heaven. This was nothing earthly. It was not even heavenly. It was beyond. He entered the grove. He could not figure it out – what is happening there?

Another surprise: a man was just sitting there under an ancient old tree, meditating. Then things were not so difficult to understand. So he thought, "This man has become a Buddha. This man has come home... the light, the fragrance, the sound, are coming out of this man." As he came closer to this man, more and more he was filled by his presence. The whole forest was agog – a new vibe, a new life. He could see trees blooming out of season. And there was such silence, absolute silence. And in that absolute silence there was that soundless sound.

The WHOLE forest – the trees and the lake and the mountains – all chanting. He fell into the feet of this man, opened his third eye – this angel – and tried to see what he was doing inside. It is said that angels have the capacity to look into human minds. They can find out what thoughts are moving there. But the more he tried, the more he felt it was impossible – there was no thought moving inside. There was utter emptiness, just nothingness. He started feeling afraid. He knows the nothingness of the sky, he knows the infinity of the sky, but this was deeper than that.

It had a depth unknown to him. It was abysmal. He started feeling afraid he may get lost into it, he may not be able to return back. But the attraction was too much. He was ready even to get lost. He tried hard, he pulled himself deeper and deeper into this silence. He ran inside this man's consciousness, but he could not find a single iota of thought. So he could not figure out what this man was doing. He came out, turned himself into a man, bowed down, touched the feet of this man, and said, "Sir, please come out of your samadhi and enlighten me as to what is happening inside, because I don't see a single thought. Even gods are so full of thoughts! What has happened to you?"

You have become so utterly silent, even dead bodies are not so utterly silent! – the old thoughts go on like old dust floating in the mind – even if the man is dead the thoughts continue for a time. The mind goes on clicking just out of old habit. What has happened to you? You are alive!" The man looked at the angel, didn't say a single word, but smiled. That smile was like an infection, hypnotic. And the angel felt the pull of the smile. That smile was transforming, that smile was a great challenge, that smile was a provocation, that smile was a seduction.

That smile invited him to the inner world of this man. And again the man closed his eyes, but somehow the angel also felt to close his eyes. He had got the hint. The man had said, "I cannot tell you what it is, but I can show you the way. Just sit like me, just be like me. You have looked into my emptiness, just be empty. Only by being is there a way to understanding." And he had not uttered a single word, but that smile was his sermon. He had said all that is contained in the Vedas and the Koran and the Bible and Dhammapada and Gita.

He had said all without saying a single word. He had said that which cannot be said. And the angel closed his eyes, sat in silence, and started disappearing. That's what happens around a Master. You need not obey a Master. You have just to be around, available, that's all. His presence is enough to create the seduction. The presence of the Master is seductive. It has no commandment. It does not say to you "Do this," and "Don't do that." Those who talk like that, they are not Masters. They may be teachers at the most.

A Master never says "Do this," and "Don't do that." A Master is not concerned with your actions at all. His concern is deeper, his concern is with your being. A Master is catching... like measles. In his presence you start catching a different vibe – if you are available, if you are ready to listen, if you are ready to look – then things start moving on their own. That is the meaning of a Master. *Source – the book "Zen: The Path of Paradox"*



A Sufi story on Charity

A poor man, very poor, a woodcutter, lived in the forest in a small hut. The hut was so small that he and his wife could sleep ...only that much space was in the hut.

In the middle of one dark night, it was raining hard and somebody knocked on the door. The wife was sleeping close to the door. The husband said to the wife, "Open the door. The rain is too much and the man must have lost his way. It is a dark night and the forest is dangerous and full of wild animals. Open the door immediately!"

She said, "But there is no space." The man laughed and said, "This is not a palace of a king, where you will always find a shortage of space. This is a poor man's hut. Two can sleep well; three can sit. We will create space. Just open the door."

And the door was opened. The man came in and he was very grateful and they all sat and started talking and gossiping and telling stories to each other. The night had to be passed somehow because they could not sleep; there was no space. And just then, another knock

The man, the new guest, was now sitting by the side of the door. The owner of the hut said, "Friend, open the door. Somebody else is lost." And the man said, "You seem to be a very strange fellow. There is no space."

He said, "This was my wife's argument too. If I had listened to her argument, you would have been in the forest, eaten by the wild animals. And you seem to be a strange man that you cannot understand that we are sitting just because of you. We are tired after a long day. I am a woodcutter -- the whole day I cut the wood and then sell it in the market and then we can hardly get food once a day. Open the door. This is not your hut. If three persons can sit comfortably, four persons can sit a little closer, with a little less comfort. But we will create the space."

Naturally he had to open the door, although reluctantly. And a man entered and he was very grateful. Now they were sitting very close; there was not even a single inch of space left. And then suddenly, a strange knock, which did not seem to be a man's! There was silence from all three; the wife and the two guests were afraid that he would say open the door.

And he said it. "Open the door. I know who is knocking. It is my donkey. In this wide world he is my only friend. I carry my wood on that donkey. He remains outside, but it is raining too much. Open the door."

And now it was the fourth guest to be allowed in, and everybody resisted and they said, "This is too much. Where is the donkey going to stand?"

This man said, "You don't understand. It is a poor man's hut, it is always spacious. Right now we are sitting; when the donkey comes in we will all be standing and we will keep the donkey in the middle so he feels warm and cozy and loved."

They said, "It was better to get lost in the jungle, rather than to be caught in your hut."

But nothing could be done. When the owner said to open the door, the door was opened. And the donkey came in. The water was dripping from all over his body and the owner took him into the middle and told all the others to stand around.

And they managed. The night passed beautifully, although they had to stand up. But it is beautiful to share whatever you have. Even if you don't have anything, you can find something in your nothing, also to share. Charity is Sharing.



A Parable – pain or no pain

Said one oyster to a neighboring oyster, "I have a very great pain within me. It is heavy and round and I am in distress." And the other oyster replied with haughty complacency, "Praise be to the heavens and to the sea, I have no pain within me. I am well and whole both within and without."

At that moment a crab was passing by and heard the two oysters, and he said to the one who was well and whole both within and without, "Yes, you are well and whole; but the pain that your neighbor bears is a pearl of exceeding beauty."

The disciple is in a deep pain, because the ego is to be dropped and it is not easy. The ego is not like a garment that you can put off easily. The ego is like your skin, it has to be peeled and it is painful. You have lived with the ego for so many many lives. You have changed bodies many times, but the ego is the same. It has persisted as a continuous thing in you, it is very ancient. To drop it is not easy; it is arduous, it is great agony.

But only out of this agony is ecstasy born – a pearl of exceeding beauty, a state of consciousness of utter benediction. But in the beginning you will feel, "I have a very great pain within me. It is heavy and round and I am in distress." And those who don't know the pain of discipleship will tell you, "Praise be to the heavens and to the sea, I have no pain within me. I am well and whole both within and without."



New Promise for The New Year

With the advent of the New Year, most of us introspect about the lessons learnt from the past and the path to be traversed for becoming a better human being through constant physical, mental and spiritual growth. We analyse our shortcomings and visualise means to overcome them and contribute our best for the upliftment of the self and the society in which we live. In the words of the famous poet T.S. Eliot "For last year's words belong to last year's language. And next year's words await another voice."

A new and important promise to be made for the New Year is to cleanse our inner vision until we experience unity in diversity. In other words, we see the same Divinity in all creatures around us. Our Sadguru Sai Baba has emphatically stated that He was the Inner Ruler of All beings and was seated in their hearts. This can only be experienced once we turn our vision inwards.

By purification of our inner vision, we shall always look for the good in people and treat everyone with love, kindness, compassion and appreciation and never speak badly of anyone. Therefore, we shall never speak from a place of hate, jealousy, anger, or insecurity. And we shall always evaluate our words before we let them out of our lips.

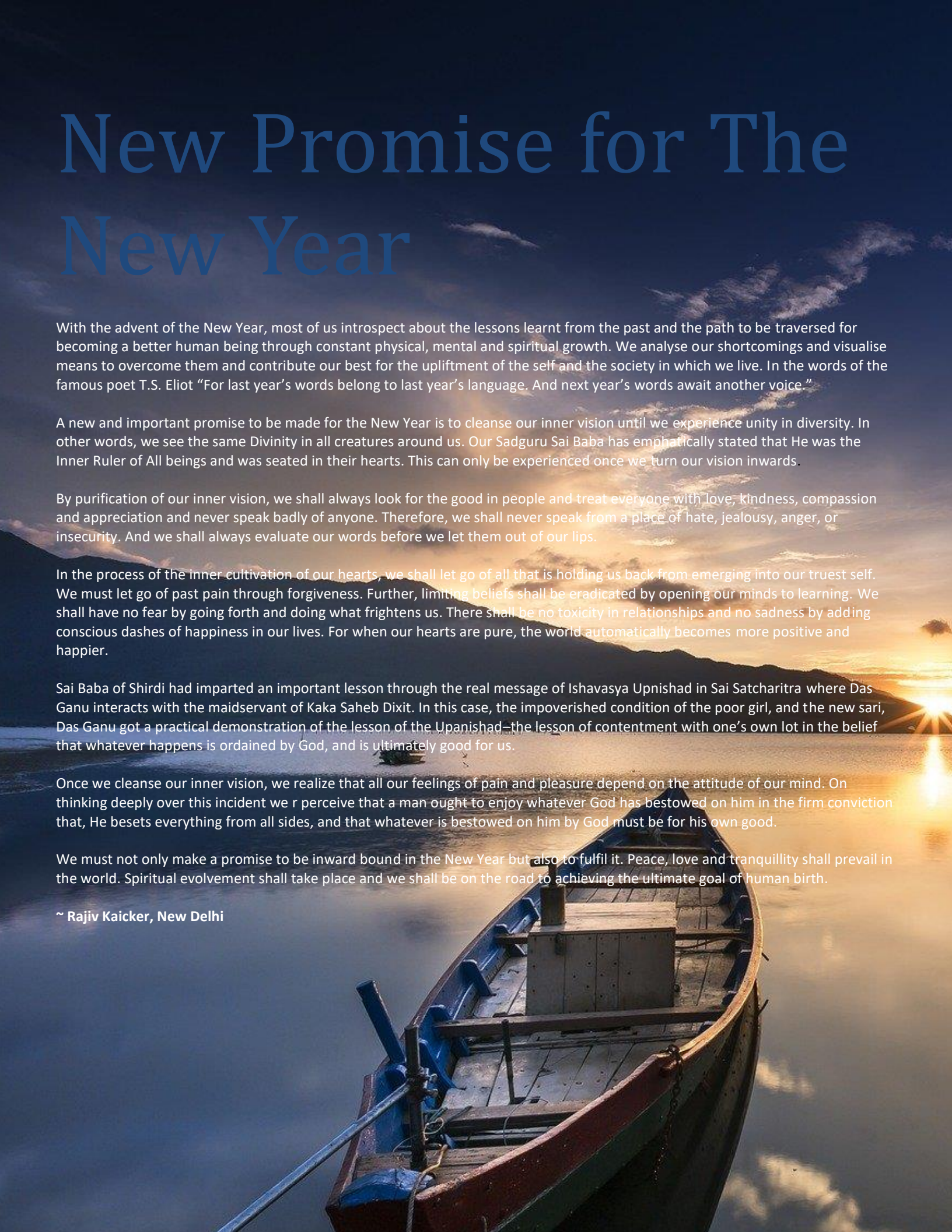
In the process of the inner cultivation of our hearts, we shall let go of all that is holding us back from emerging into our truest self. We must let go of past pain through forgiveness. Further, limiting beliefs shall be eradicated by opening our minds to learning. We shall have no fear by going forth and doing what frightens us. There shall be no toxicity in relationships and no sadness by adding conscious dashes of happiness in our lives. For when our hearts are pure, the world automatically becomes more positive and happier.

Sai Baba of Shirdi had imparted an important lesson through the real message of Ishavasya Upanishad in Sai Satcharitra where Das Ganu interacts with the maidservant of Kaka Saheb Dixit. In this case, the impoverished condition of the poor girl, and the new sari, Das Ganu got a practical demonstration of the lesson of the Upanishad—the lesson of contentment with one's own lot in the belief that whatever happens is ordained by God, and is ultimately good for us.

Once we cleanse our inner vision, we realize that all our feelings of pain and pleasure depend on the attitude of our mind. On thinking deeply over this incident we perceive that a man ought to enjoy whatever God has bestowed on him in the firm conviction that, He besets everything from all sides, and that whatever is bestowed on him by God must be for his own good.

We must not only make a promise to be inward bound in the New Year but also to fulfil it. Peace, love and tranquillity shall prevail in the world. Spiritual evolvment shall take place and we shall be on the road to achieving the ultimate goal of human birth.

~ Rajiv Kaicker, New Delhi



Poem : Anger

Let go of anger.
Let go of pride.
When you are bound by nothing
You go beyond sorrow.
Anger is like a chariot careering wildly.
He who curbs his anger is the true charioteer.
Others merely hold the reins.
With gentleness overcome anger.
With generosity overcome meanness.
With truth overcome deceit.
Speak the truth.
Give whenever you can,
Never be angry.
These three steps will lead you
Into the presence of the gods.
The wise harm no one.
They are masters of their bodies
And they go to the boundless country.
They go beyond sorrow.
Those who seek perfection
Keep watch day and night
Till all desires vanish.
Listen, Atula. This is not new,
It is an old saying -
"They blame you for being silent,

They blame you when you talk too much
And when you talk too little."
Whatever you do, they blame you.
The world always finds
A way to praise and a way to blame.
It always has and it always will.
But who dares blame the man
Whom the wise continually praise,
Whose life is virtuous and wise,
Who shines like a coin of pure gold?
Even the gods praise him.
Even Brahma praises him.
Beware of the anger of the body.
Master the body.
Let it serve truth.
Beware of the anger of the mouth.
Master your words.
Let them serve truth.
Beware of the anger of the mind.
Master your thoughts.
Let them serve truth.
The wise have mastered
Body, word and mind.
They are the true masters.

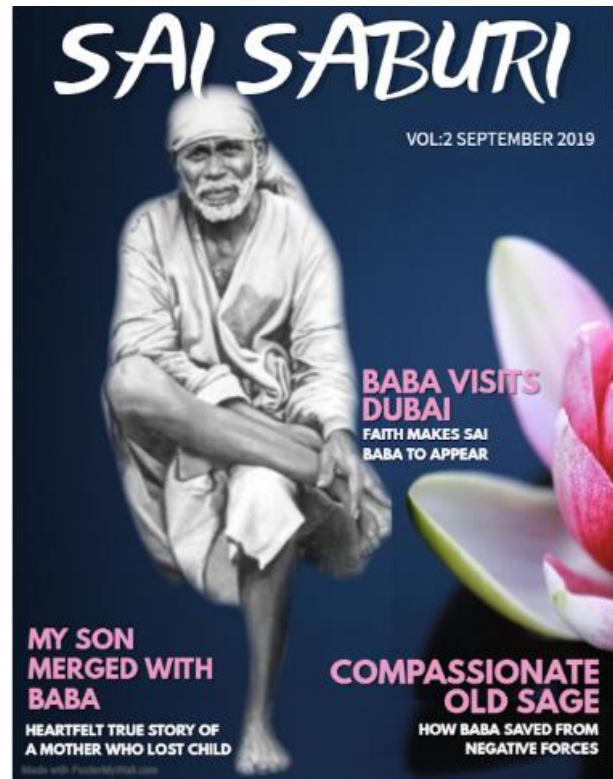


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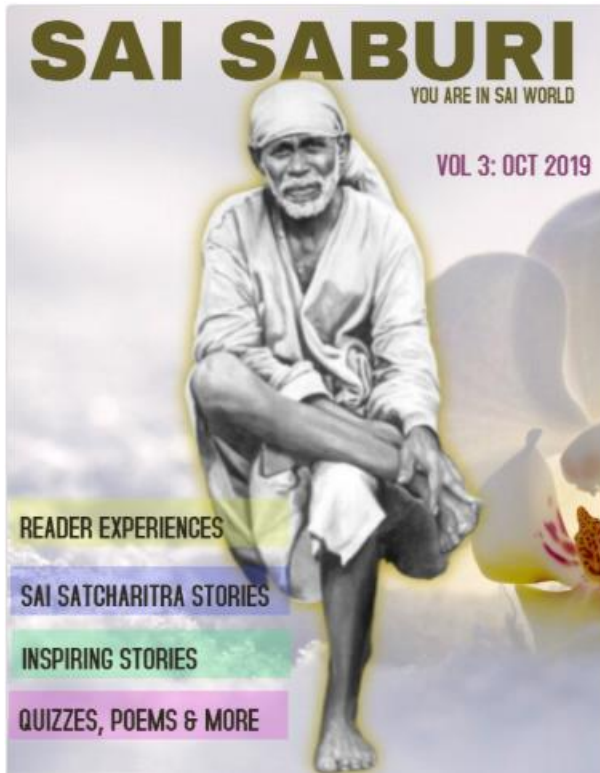
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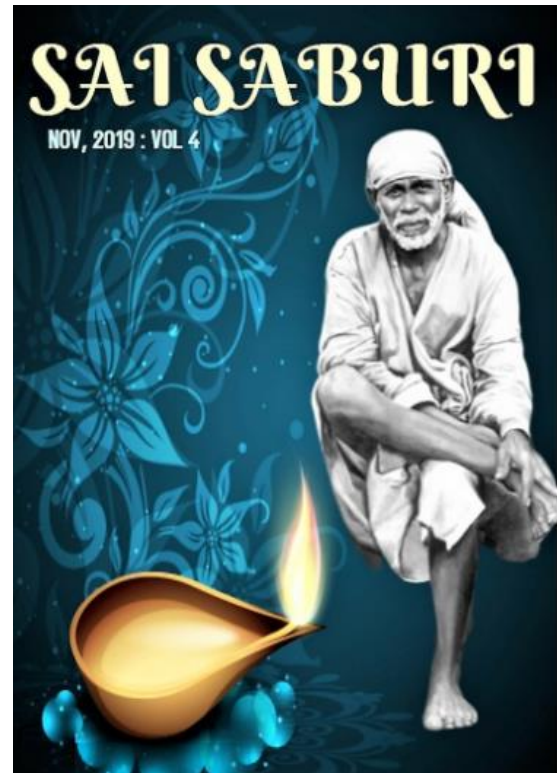
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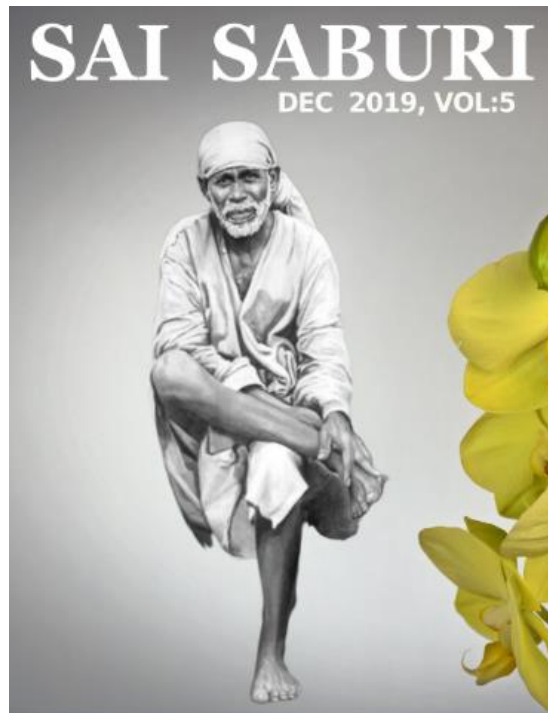
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Can you spare few minutes for Guru?

Dear Friends, Sai Ram to you. If you are reading this post, it means that you are drawn to spirituality. Guru's presence is an important element of spirituality in our lives. Guru provides us with Guidance, Solace & acts as our Guiding Light.

Sadguru Sai-Baba had said that it is He who draws people closer to Him.

Website <https://saisaburi.org> was formed to facilitate spiritual growth of everyone associated with it, be it the readers or the team working towards the website. The spiritual nature of the website keeps it equally respectful towards all faiths and also shares spiritual nuggets from all the streams of faiths.

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

With Love, Light & Peace to you.

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