

Sai Saburi

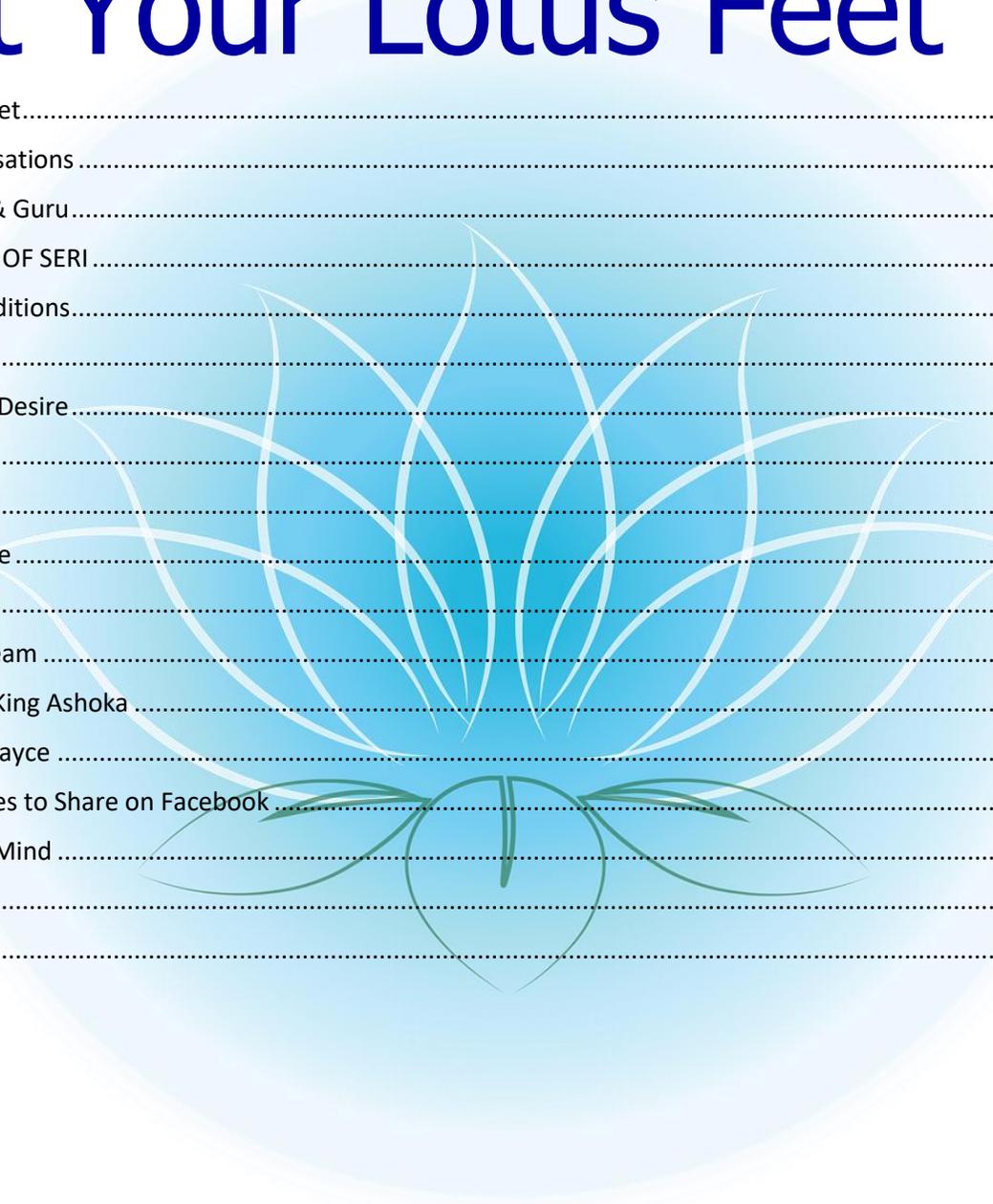
You Are in Sai World



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At Your Lotus Feet



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Editorial Conversations

Sai Ram dear friends.

Hope this edition of magazine finds you in the best of health and spirits. We all implicitly learn how to live in this world by gaining knowledge about this world and about ourselves. We read, contemplate, observe, watch, and get inspired to take actions which bring us to state of happiness. Everyone's search is for happiness, there is nothing else which we seek. Our means and tools to achieve happiness are what distinguish us from others and give us our uniqueness.

Baba's teachings are there to help us understand how we can achieve lasting happiness.

Just wanted to share an interesting but unusual perspective.

When we look at a homeless/destitute person or a beggar on the street. What is ordinarily our uppermost thought? We frequently notice if the person appears to be physically fit or if the person has any limitation. We at times wonder why a person who looks physically okay not working hard enough to lead a more respected and more comfortable life. We ponder why the person is not utilizing its bodily strength and mental acumen. We often wish that even if the person lacks necessary education, he can still acquire some skills and can certainly do better for himself. Isn't it? We wonder why he/she is wasting its life and the opportunity given to it in the form of life.

Similarly, what is our opinion on this - If enlightened and realized beings look at us then what would they be thinking about us? Would they believe we are doing our best or would they believe we are running after ephemeral and meaningless pursuits? :) This is an interesting thought experiment and in reality the more realized and enlightened being, the more compassionate they will be on us. They will try to help us out by letting us know the real nature of our life and existence. Sai Baba is one such compassionate person who is interested in our real well being.

We say that it is not sensible to give money to beggars, and it is better to teach them necessary skills. In the same way, if Baba does not give us what we ask for and instead tries to give us what will work best for us eventually, are we ready to take that? :) Hopefully, we can spare some time and think about this.

Take Care and stay safe. Peace and love to you all. Sai Ram.

~Ashok

Vittal, Namdev & Guru

Namdev was an ardent worshipper of Vittal and had frequent sakshatkara of Vittal and Vittal even spoke to him. So Namdev was under the impression that he had achieved complete God-realization and self-realisation, and that there was nothing further for him to achieve in the spiritual field. When he had such wrong notions in his head, he once visited an assembly of saints, and there Gora Kumbhar, another saint, wanted to test which of the saints present were ripe or pucca and which were unripe or kaccha. The pucca pot that is the fully baked pot, when struck with a mallet, produces highly musical sound different from the thud which alone is got by striking the mallet on an unbaked or ill-baked pot. Gora Kumbhar went round with his small mallet in hand and struck the head of one saint after another and said, pucca, pucca, that is, 'ripe, ripe'. When he came near Namdev, the latter got afraid and did not wish to face the mallet stroke. So, he got up and went away. Then Gora Kumbhar said 'unripe, unripe', and 'kaccha kaccha'. The whole assembly held Namdev to be an unripe one, because he had no Guru. Then Namdev went up to Vittal and complained. Vittal said that he was really unripe, kaccha. Namdev thought that Vittal's sakshatkara to him was sufficient. But Vittal answered, 'No', and that he must go to a Guru before realising God in full, whereas at the time he was only realising God in Vittal and not in other forms. He was not able to see every form as God. Then God Vittal told him to go to the Guru Visoba Kesar.

After serving this Visoba Kesar for some time, Namdev went back, and then his pucca God realisation was proved by Vittal's test. Namdev sat at a dinner along with his caste men who were all full of Achara. When the leaves had been spread and covered with dishes, a dog ran up to Namdev's plate seizing and biting a roti, ran away. Everyone cried out, polluted, polluted. Namdev alone lifted up a cup of ghee or butter from his leaf and ran after the dog saying 'Vittal, Vittal, if you are taking only dried bread, it will choke your throat. Take this ghee along with it'. People were laughing at the madness of a man who wanted to give extra feeding to a dog that polluted his plate and prevented his dinner. But the dog suddenly assumed the form of Vittal and told him, now that you have served under a Guru, you are able to realise Me in a dog and other forms. This is an excellent way of teaching the need for a Guru to have full realisation of God in all forms, which, according to the Gita, is the only knowledge of God.

Source: Life of Sai-Baba, Volume 1 by B.V. Narsimha Swami



THE MERCHANT OF SERI

There was once a merchant of Seri who sold brass and tinware. He went from town to town, in company with another man, who also sold brass and tinware. This second man was greedy, getting all he could for nothing and giving as little as he could for what he bought.

When they went into a town, they divided the streets between them. Each man went up and down the streets he had chosen, calling, "Tinware for sale. Brass for sale." People came out to their doorsteps, and bought, or traded, with them.

In one house there lived a poor old woman and her granddaughter. The family had once been rich, but now the only thing they had left of all their riches was a golden bowl. The grandmother did not know it was a golden bowl, but she had kept this because her husband used to eat out of it in the old days. It stood on a shelf among the other pots and pans and was not often used.

He threw the bowl on the ground.



The greedy merchant passed this house, calling, "Buy my water-jars! Buy my pans!" The granddaughter said: "Oh, Grandmother, do buy something for me !"

"My dear," said the old woman, "we are too poor to buy anything. I have not anything to trade, even."

"Grandmother, see what the merchant will give for the old bowl. We do not use that, and perhaps he will take it and give us something we want for it."

The old woman called the merchant and showed him the bowl, saying, "Will you take this, sir, and give the little girl here something for it?"

The greedy man took the bowl and scratched its side with a needle. Thus, he found that it was a golden bowl. He hoped he could get it for nothing, so he said: "What is this worth? Not even a half-penny." He threw the bowl on the ground and went away.

By and by the other merchant passed the house. For it was agreed that either merchant might go through any street which the other had left. He called: "Buy my water jars! Buy my tinware! Buy my brass!"

The little girl heard him and begged her grandmother to see what he would give for the bowl.

"My child," said the grandmother, "the merchant who was just here threw the bowl on the ground and went away. I have nothing else to offer in trade."

"But, Grandmother," said the girl, "that was a cross man. This one looks pleasant, ask him. Perhaps he will give some little tin dish."

"Call him, then, and show it to him," said the old woman.

As soon as the merchant took the bowl in his hands, he knew it was of gold. He said: "All that I have here is not worth so much as this bowl. It is a golden bowl. I am not rich enough to buy it."



"But, sir, a merchant who passed here a few moments ago, threw it on the ground, saying it was not worth a halfpenny, and he went away," said the grandmother. "It was worth nothing to him. If you value it, take it, giving the little girl some dish, she likes for it."

But the merchant would not have it so. He gave the woman all the money he had, and all his wares. "Give me but eight pennies," he said.

So, he took the pennies and left. Going quickly to the river, he paid the boatman the eight pennies to take him across the river.

Soon the greedy merchant went back to the house where he had seen the golden bowl and said: "Bring that bowl to me, and I will give you something for it."

"No," said the grandmother. "You said the bowl was worthless, but another merchant has paid a great price for it and taken it away." "It is a golden bowl."

Then the greedy merchant was angry, crying out, "Through this other man I have lost a small fortune. That bowl was of gold."

He ran down to the riverside, and, seeing the other merchant in the boat out in the river, he called: "Hallo, Boatman! Stop your boat!"

But the man in the boat said: "Don't stop!" So he reached the city on the other side of the river and lived well for a time on the money the bowl brought him.

Source: Jataka Tales of India, retold by Ellen C Babbitt



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Megh Kumar

The Dream & Desire

King Shrenik of Magadh had a beautiful queen named Dhārini. Once while she was sleeping, she dreamt that a white elephant entered her mouth. She immediately woke up and told the king about the dream. Shrenik knew that it was an auspicious dream. He called the fortunetellers who stated that the queen would get a handsome and lovable son who would have marvelous achievements to his credit. The king and queen were very much pleased to hear this.

During the third month of her pregnancy, Dhārini had an irresistible urge to ride in the country on an elephant with the king during rain, while the sky is full of clouds of different hues and there are frequent flashes of lightening.

In most of India, it rains only during the monsoon, which occurs from June to October. Dhārini however had the urge during off-season. The fulfillment of her urge was therefore a problem. In order to see that she is not affected by the unsatisfied urge, king asked his eldest son and the Prime Minister Abhaykumar to devise some way to satisfy that urge.

Abhaykumar had a friend who could do miracles. He exhorted that friend to cause untimely rain & lightening for the sake of his stepmother. That friend arranged exactly according to Dhārini's urge. She therefore could ride on an elephant with the king and satisfied her urge.

The Birth

In due course she gave birth to a very handsome, attractive boy. Clouds in Indian language is called Megh. In memory of the pregnancy urge of Dhārini, the boy was named Meghkumar.

At the age of 8 he was sent to school where he learned all 72 arts and crafts and became known as an accomplished youth. He was then married to 8 beautiful girls with whom he enjoyed all the pleasures of the worldly life.

Once Lord Mahāvīr came to Rājgruhi and camped in Gunashil monastery. Almost every resident of Rājgruhi used to go to His sermon. Meghkumar went as well and was very much impressed. Realizing the transitory nature of the worldly situations, as explained by the Lord, he decided to renounce his worldly life.

But his parents were sad to hear about his intentions. They tried every means to stop him from renouncing. He however remained very firm. But in order to satisfy his parents' wish, he agreed to become the king for one day and was coronated with all the royal pomp. Immediately after that, he left everything and became a renunciant monk of Lord Mahāvīr.

The Night

At night, he was allotted a place near the door for spreading his bed. During the night, monks going for bathroom had to walk past his side. Since no lamps are allowed in the monks' residence, they happened to trample his bed and at times his leg and other body parts as well.

Poor Meghkumar could not sleep for the whole night. He was raised in all the luxuries & comforts and even monks used to treat him with regards. It was therefore awful for him to face the feet of the monks and the dirt that was brought all over his bed and body. He had to stay sleepless for the entire night. He felt that he could not bear that sort of miserable life and decided to give up renouncement.

In the morning, he went to the Lord to seek permission to return home. The Lord was aware of the discomforts that he had faced. He however asked him, 'Megh, do you remember the discomforts that you had faced during the previous life?' Since Meghkumar did not, the Lord described it as the following:

The Life Before

"During the previous life you were the king of elephants and were known as Meruprabha. Once there was an incident of fire, which you escaped narrowly. After the escape, since you were the king, you decided to keep all your animals safe in the event of future fires in the forest.

For a shelter from fire, you therefore opened up a vast stretch of land by removing all plants, bushes, and trees so that all animals could get refuge in case of a fire. You also weeded out grass that grew there.

After certain period, there was another wildfire in your forest. All the animals came running and took refuge on that stretch of field. You also were there.

During that time, you raised your foot to scratch your body because of an itch. That very time a rabbit was pushed in that space by the pressure of other animals. As you tried to put the foot back, you felt the presence of the rabbit and decided to hold the foot up in order to not kill it.

The fire raged for two and a half days during which you continued to hold your foot up out of compassion for the rabbit.

At the end of fire as the animals retreated, you tried to lower your foot. It had however stiffened during that time. You could not maintain your balance and fell down. You felt agonizing pain and could not get up. That way you spent three days and night facing much affliction and acute pain. Ultimately you left that body and were born here as the prince of Shrenik, because of your compassion for the rabbit. If you could face that much distress for the sake of rabbit and gained the valuable human life in return, how come you cannot face the foot dirt of your fellow monks in the interest of gaining lasting happiness?"

Meghkumar was impressed by the Lord's words and realized that he should stay on in his own interest. He requested the Lord to initiate him afresh since he had virtually broken his vow of the monkhood by strongly desiring the worldly life. The Lord did accordingly and Meghmuni, as he was called after that, started leading rigorous, austere life. Fasting for days together, he stayed, most of time, in meditation in order to eradicate his Karmas. The Lord and Gautam-swāmi too praised him for that. When his body became very weak and could no longer observe the rigors of monkhood, he decided to observe fast unto death. That he did for a month on mount Vaibhargiri near Rājgruhi and took birth in heaven. The Lord has

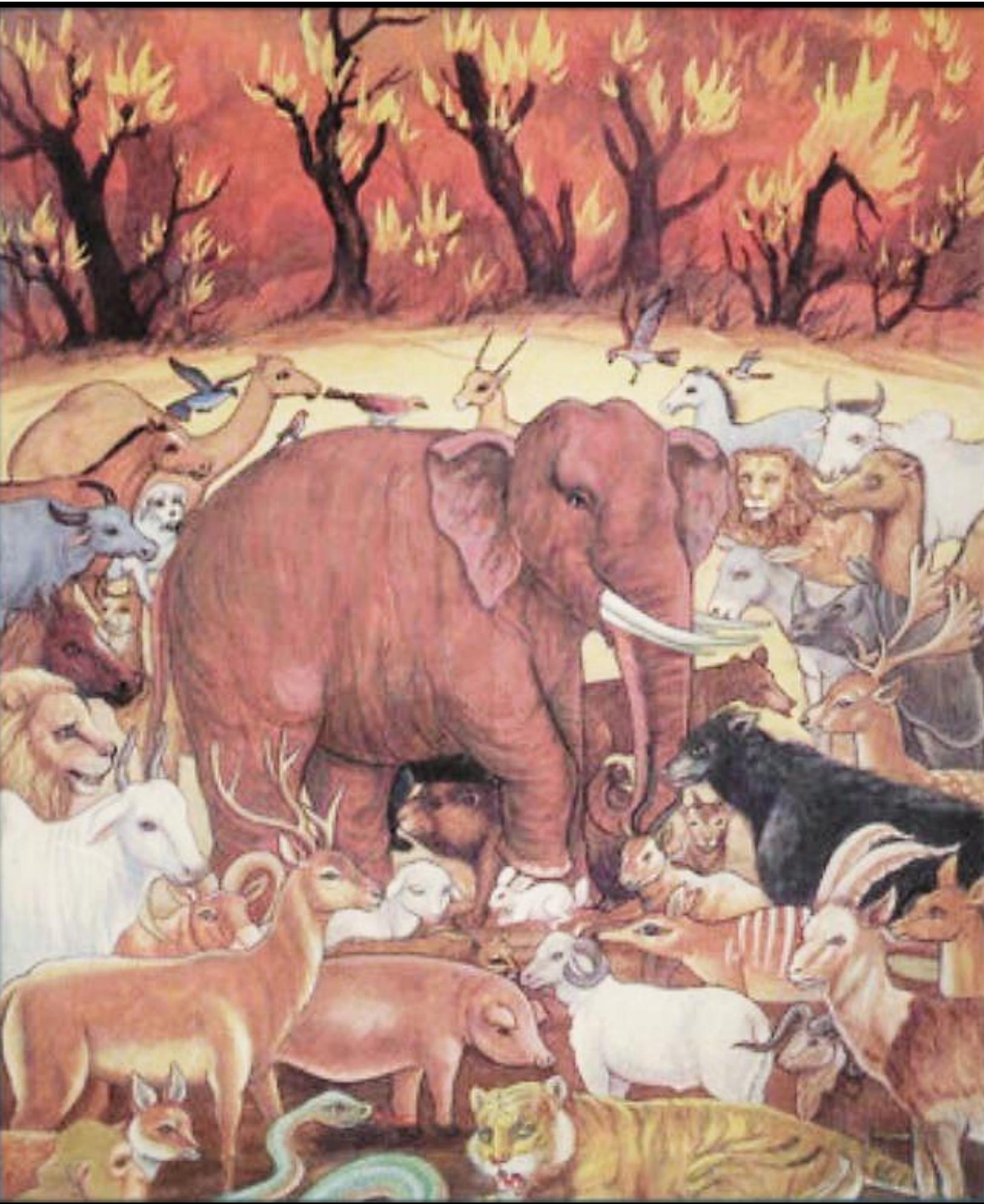
stated to Gautam-swāmi that at the end of the heavenly life, he would be reborn in Mahā-Videha and would attain salvation.

Key Message

Here is a great example of compassion. An elephant bears discomfort and pain to save a little animal. We are more developed and rational beings. We should learn from these animals to be helpful to each other. Besides, when one takes an oath to lead the life a monk, one should not revert to worldly life. This is a very tough and rigorous life meant to give an understanding of the true nature of the soul. In order to achieve this understanding, one must put aside the worldly life permanently because it tends to distort thing. Suffering occurs because of one's past karma so one should accept it and focus on the soul and self-realization.

Source: <http://www.jainsamaj.org/>





Be Part of the Team

You are welcome to join the magazine and be a part of it.

Here are few ways you can be part of the magazine:

- 🌸 You can send your spiritual experience, spiritual poem or any article related to spiritual matters.
- 🌸 You can join our WhatsApp group. Each member of the group is given 1 link of an article/post from saisaburi.org. The member shares the link to 5 assigned Facebook groups. This task is done every Thursday.
- 🌸 You can help in formatting/layout etc. aspects of this magazine.

Please email us on editor@saisaburi.org

Feel free to let me know whatever interests you. This is as much your magazine as it is mine.

We all make up the magazine and make it useful and successful. Sai Ram.



The Past Life of King Ashoka

King Ashoka was an Indian emperor of the Maurya Dynasty who reigned almost all of the Indian subcontinent – stretching from the Hindu Kush mountains in Afghanistan to the modern state of Bangladesh in the east – from c. 268 – 232 BCE.

In King Ashoka's past life, he was just a small boy named Virtue Victorious. He was playing with his mate, a boy named Invincible. Pretending to be a king, he built a sandcastle which included a treasury together with his friends.

At that time, Shakyamuni Buddha passed by the children playing in the sand during his alms round. Upon seeing the Buddha, Virtue Victorious was very inspired to give offerings to the Buddha.

Immediately, he picked up the imaginary treasury room of the castle in his hands and quickly walked over to the Buddha to place these imaginary riches within his begging bowl.

At first, Ananda wanted to stop the boy, thinking with a loving heart that the sand would ruin the food within the Buddha's begging bowl. Yet the Buddha stopped Ananda from preventing this offering.

The Buddha was so tall that one of his disciples had to pick up Virtue Victorious in order for him to make the offering. Virtue Victorious joyfully placed the imaginary treasury within the Buddha's begging bowl while Invincible looked on with his palms joined in reverence.

Following this event, Ananda asked the Buddha why he had allowed the boy to put sand in his begging bowl.

The Buddha said that two hundred years after his mahaparinirvana, Virtue Victorious would be reborn as a universal king (Skt. Chakravartin) known as King Ashoka. This king would embrace the Buddha's teachings and supported the propagation of Dharma throughout the region. His friend, Invincible, would be reborn as his wife.

True enough, King Ashoka was born in India. He was one the king who propagated Buddhism widely throughout India.

Moral of the Story:

Motivation or intention in our actions is more important than the action itself. The sincere heart of making an offering is what counts.

Source: <https://www.lotus-happiness.com/past-life-king-ashoka/>



1st century BCE/CE relief from Sanchi, showing Ashoka on his chariot

Osho on Edgar Cayce

Osho - I will tell you about another event in connection with the vermilion mark, so that you will be able to understand its relationship to the third eye.

Edgar Cayce died in 1945. Forty years before that, in 1905, he fell sick, became unconscious and remained in a coma for three days. The doctors had lost all hope and said that they could not find any way to bring him back to consciousness. They thought that his unconsciousness was so deep that perhaps he would never come out of it. All medicines were tried, but there were no signs of his regaining consciousness. On the evening of the third day, the doctors said that they could not do anything more and that within four to six hours he would die, or if he lived, he would be mad – which would be worse than death – because as time passed the delicate veins and cells of his brain were disintegrating. But Cayce suddenly started speaking even though he was in a coma.

The doctors couldn't believe it: Cayce's body was unconscious, but he was speaking. He said that he had fallen from a tree, that his backbone was injured, and that was why he was unconscious. He also said that if he was not treated within six hours, his brain would be affected and he would die. He suggested some herbal medicine which he should be given to drink and said that he then should recover within twelve hours.

The names of the herbs which he requested were not likely to have been known to Edgar Cayce, and at first the doctors thought what he was saying was just part of his madness because the substances he had suggested were not known to cure a condition such as his. But because Cayce had specifically mentioned them they thought they should try them.

Those substances were searched for and given to Cayce: he fully recovered within twelve hours. After he became conscious and when the incident was related to him, Cayce could not remember suggesting any such medicine; he neither knew the names of the medicines nor recognized them. But this event in Edgar Cayce's life was the beginning of a rare happening.

Edgar Cayce became an expert in suggesting medicines for incurable diseases; he cured about thirty thousand people during his life. Whatever prescription he gave was always right; without exception, every patient who tried his medicine was cured. But Cayce himself was not able to explain it. He could only say that whenever he closed his eyes to look for some treatment, both his eyes turned upwards as if pulled towards the middle of his two eyebrows.

His eyes became fixed there and he forgot everything; he only remembered that after a certain point he forgot everything about this life, and until that point, the treatment would not come to him. He suggested some wonderful remedies, two of which are worth understanding. The Rothschilds were a very rich family in America. A woman from that family had been sick for a long time and no treatment had helped.

Then she was brought to Edgar Cayce, and in his unconscious state he suggested a medicine. We have to call his state unconscious, but those who know about this mysterious happening would say he was fully conscious at that time. In fact, unconsciousness continues until our knowledge reaches the third eye. Rothschild was a millionaire, so he could afford to search the whole of America for that medicine, but he couldn't find it.

No one could even say whether such a medicine existed. Advertisements were placed in international newspapers requesting information about the medicine. After almost three weeks a man from Sweden wrote, saying that there was no medicine of that name in existence, although twenty years earlier his father had patented a medicine of that name but never had it manufactured. He wrote that his father had died but he could send the formula.

The medicine was then made up and given to the woman, who then recovered. How could Cayce have known of a drug that had not even been available on the market.

But one thing was certain, whenever he was speaking in that state his eyes were drawn upwards. When we are in deep sleep, then our eyes are drawn upwards in proportion to the depth of sleep. Now, psychologists are doing much experimentation on sleep. The deeper you are in sleep, the higher are your eyes; the lower the eyes, the greater is their movement. If your eyes are moving very rapidly under their eyelids you are having a very eventful dream.

Now this has been scientifically proved by through experiments – that "rapid eye movement, REM," indicates a fast-moving dream. The lower the eyes, the greater the REM; as the eyes go higher, the REM is reduced. When the REM is zero, sleep is at its deepest. Then the eyes remain steady between the two eyebrows.

Yoga says that in deep sleep we reach the same state that we reach in samadhi. The place where the eyes become fixed is the same in deep sleep and in samadhi.

I have told you about these two historical events only to indicate that between your two eyebrows there is a point where this worldly life ceases, and the life of the other world begins. That point is a door. On this side of the door this world flourishes, and inside it there is an unknown world, supernatural.

The tilak – the vermilion mark – was first devised as an indication and symbol of that unknown world. It cannot be applied just anywhere, and only a person who can place his hand on the forehead and find the spot can tell you where to apply the tilak. There is no use in putting the tilak just anywhere, because the spot is not in exactly the same place on everyone. The third eye is not found in the same place on everyone; it is somewhere above the middle of the two eyebrows on most people.

If someone has meditated for a long time in his past lives and has had a small experience of samadhi, his third eye will be lower down. If no meditation has been done that place is higher up on the forehead. From the position of that spot, it can be determined what the state of your meditation was in your past life; it will indicate whether any state of samadhi happened to you in your past life.

If it happened often, the spot would have come down lower; it would be at the same level as your eyes – it can't go lower than that. If that spot has come in line with your eyes, then with just a small push one can enter samadhi. In fact the push can be irrelevant; so, many times when someone goes into samadhi without any apparent cause we are surprised.

Source: Internet Archives.

Team of Devotees to Share on Facebook

Sai Ram Dear Friends,

We have a team to spread Baba's messages and other spiritual messages on Facebook groups on Sai-Baba.

The team shares "1 link of a post from saisabuir.org" on assigned "5 facebook groups". The link is common link for all team members. The sharing of the link on Facebook groups is done only once in a week and that day is Thursday.

At this moment, the team consists of:

-  Anisha from Delhi, India
-  Monali from Pune, India
-  Rajini from Mysore, India
-  Vandana from Salem, India
-  Radhika from Chennai, India

If you want to join the team, please send an email to editor@saisaburi.org

The Wandering Mind

Once there was a Young Monk named Sangharakkhita. While he was staying in a village monastery, he was offered two robes and decided to offer one of them to his uncle who was also a monk and whom he held in high esteem.

When he tried to present the robe to his uncle, however, his uncle refused to accept it, saying that he already had the robes required. The young monk interpreted his uncle's refusal as a personal affront.

He felt so offended that he decided on the spot he would rather disrobe than be a

part of an order where there were such arrogant monks as his uncle. Sangharakhitta wanted to leave the monastery right away but his uncle asked him to stay and fan him a while since it was a very hot day.

Sangharakhitta did as his uncle asked, but did so more out of a sense of duty than out of deference, for he was still brooding over his uncle's refusal to accept his gift. And as he fanned his uncle, his mind started to wander. "What will I do," he thought, "as soon as I become a layman again?"

Well, first he was going to sell the robe and buy a she-goat. The she-goat would then give him many more goats and he would sell them and finally save enough money to get married. Soon his wife would give birth to a son and they would go to the monastery to show him off to their uncle. On the way, however, an argument would ensue between them, for he would want to carry the child as he drove the cart, but his wife would insist otherwise.

As he would make a grab for the child, it would fall off the cart and get run over by

one of its wheels. He would then be so upset that he would start beating up his poor wife. At that point of his daydreaming, he accidentally struck his uncle's head with the fan. The old monk who was able to read Sangharakkhita's thoughts admonished him, saying, "It's not enough to beat on your wife? You've got to beat on an old monk as well?"

Sangharakkhita was so surprised and ashamed when he realized that his uncle had been reading his mind that he wanted to run away. Instead, the good uncle took him to see the Buddha.

When told what happened, the Buddha spoke gently to the young monk and said, "The mind can wander off and think of things that have not yet taken place. It is best to concentrate on the present instead and strive diligently to free oneself from greed, hatred, and delusion."

One who subdues the wandering mind, which strays far and wide, alone, bodiless, will be freed from the bonds of temptation.

Source: Internet



The Wish

Once it happened that a man was worshipping Shiva. He worshipped and worshipped, prayed and prayed for years. Then Shiva appeared and he said, "You can ask for three blessings, three gifts; three boons can be given to you."

The man had been worshipping for so long that he really had forgotten why he had started. His mind was so constantly changing. The worship had become an obsession. He had forgotten for what, so he said, "Let me think."

He was angry with his someone, so he had said, "Kill that person!"

Immediately the person was dead. The moment the person was dead he became aware that he loved him very much, so he said, "Please, revive him again." So, the second gift was wasted. Two gifts wasted: first the person was killed; second the person was revived – only one was left.

Then he said, "Now, give me time enough to think; otherwise, I will again make a mistake, and then there is no fourth."

Shiva waited and waited. Years passed and he would come again and again, and he would ask, "Now you ask for the third." The man was so puzzled he couldn't sleep. He became almost insane just thinking about the one wish, because only one was left. He went visiting all the persons he knew who were wise, and they suggested many things, but nothing seemed worthwhile. Then he asked Shiva himself. "You tell me. I am going mad!"

And what Shiva told him is to be remembered. He said, "**There can be only one wish, one desire which is worthwhile. Ask for desirelessness, otherwise nothing is worthwhile. Whatever you ask, the next moment you will want something else, even just the opposite of the first.**"

Source: from book "Vedanta: Seven Steps to Samadhi" by Osho



Disclaimer

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While we make every reasonable effort to ensure the accuracy of the information, some information may not be complete, and may contain inaccuracies or errors. If you believe any information is inaccurate, please let us know by contacting us at: editor@saisaburi.org.



Sai Saburi

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