

# Part 16 | Experiences with Swami | Prof K Anil Kumar

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rDX1WfLNI-0>

## Highlights

When you want to get up, He turns the switch for you to sit down. If you want to talk loudly, He presses here for you to go quiet.

Swami is the remote controller. Do I look at the crowds, or my Swami? What to do? You only gave me two eyes!?

Everything is equal. No differences. I feel that while we come for Swami's Darshan, Swami comes for our Darshan.

He walks through all the rows. "Oh? Is that so? Do you think they are coming to see you?"

We feel so happy when He comes. Every day, every time, every Darshan.

Nothing. Perfect silence. What a person, what conversation, what a practitioner.

But he fell headlong at His feet. Puttaparthi itself is a mini world.

These are all spoken from experience, nectarine words.

## Puttaparthi is a mini world

In those days I thought Sathya Sai University or the environment in Sathya Sai University or the students and teachers of Sathya Sai University would be like any other college or university.

That they would be special and extraordinary, run under Bhagawan's supervision, I only learnt from experience.

To tell you the details of what I observed in Puttaparthi,

Puttaparthi itself is a mini world.

Prasanthi Nilayam is a small world unto itself.

Why am I saying this? Name the country and its representative is here.

Name whatever country you want, a representative from that country is here.

We don't even know some of the names of the countries represented here.

So what does it mean when you are in Prasanthi Nilayam, Puttaparthi?

It means that you are an international citizen.

You are not merely an Indian national or a citizen.

You are not merely an Indian citizen. You're an international citizen. A citizen of the world, because people from all countries are here.

It is surprising. People from all cultures are here.

At first it can be shocking to us. Secondly, the discipline here, and the silence, we have never seen anywhere else.

We cannot even imagine it. In our traditional temples, there are Pujas and rituals, Mantras being chanted, coconuts being offered, holy water and offerings partaken, children crying, we see and hear all this and more.

There's nothing here. Perfect silence. Where did that silence come from?  
You will never hear the words, "Silence please."  
Everyone is already silent. This too is surprising.  
As Swami is making His entrance, walking from the Poornachandra Hall,  
adjusting His ringlets with one hand, holding up His robe with the other hand,  
as He walks, moving slowly and gracefully.  
He is coming for me, for me! For my impure mind and sinful heart, for me, for me.  
Among those who come, there could be those with sinful hearts, or those with impure minds, but  
each one feels Swami is coming for him.  
He is the ocean of bliss, walking here today, giving us bliss, supreme bliss.  
How blissful we feel when He comes. Every day, every time, every Darshan.  
With His gaze that looks from afar, as Swami walks slowly and gracefully.  
What a walk, what nobility! He is the walking embodiment of compassion.  
God Himself is walking among us. He is the embodiment of divinity right in front of us.  
The Supreme reality centred in Him is appearing in front of us.  
Swami comes walking slowly. Silence. We can even hear an ant walk.  
Even though there are thousands of people. Swami walks looking in all directions.  
We cannot imagine such a scene. That silence, that peace. Why?  
We never observe that kind of silence in any assembly.  
We cannot observe that kind of discipline. Why is it so here?  
Because He is the one within everyone. So He can turn off any switch.  
When you want to get up, He turns the switch for you to sit down. If you want to talk loudly, He  
presses here for you to go quiet.  
Swami is the remote controller. You can't wag your tail the way you wish.  
As I cannot hide anything, I'm bringing this up incidentally.  
Recently some devotees went to the Sabarimala temple for Ayyappa Swami Darshan.  
Many people who go for Ayyappa Swami Darshan also visit Puttaparthi. They all wear their  
traditional clothes and sit in one place. It looks like a black sea.  
Swami walks over to them and blesses everyone. Who is Ayyappa? This father is that Ayyappa.  
This Swami is there too. Swami blesses them. I have seen it many times.  
They come in a large group of a hundred people. Swami walks up to them and blesses them.  
Recently they visited during Makara Darshan. One of them came to talk to me.  
Devotees are usually anxious. In this age, we want everything included in a package.  
Just like multivitamin tablets. They went to all the temples.  
He told me a list of many temples that they visited. "Very happy, very good." He said, "I drank  
that water, from that pump..."  
"Isn't it just water? Isn't it the same God wherever you go?" He went on excitedly, and I'm  
retelling it to you now, as it is.  
What is it? "Sir, there is no place like here," he said.  
"Why do you say that?" "Every temple we went to, they asked for donations."  
"Every temple we went to, there were outstretched hands." "Every temple we went to, they  
expect a monetary offering when they give Arati."  
"There is none of that here. There is no one to ask for even a Paise. It's really surprising."  
"It is so peaceful, so comfortable. We get the experience of visiting a temple here."

"See, you didn't know this until you went and visited all the other temples."  
"That's why Swami sent you. Only when you go there, you will understand about here."  
"Until now you have been bathing in the rivers. Now you bathed in the ocean." "All the rivers have converged here. The destination of all the rivers is the ocean."  
"They left all the other temples and merged here." "And you have had a Darshan of this Swami," I said. Wherever you go, this is the most sacred, divine, and holy temple. Bhagawan's temple, Prasanthi Nilayam. It is very surprising to me. There are no ups and downs anywhere.  
No differences of caste or class. No thoughts of national, or foreign. Educated versus illiterate. Everyone is equal. Everyone must sit down. A minister could be sitting next to you.  
A washerman could be sitting on the other side of you. He could be a tailor sitting there. Everyone is equal. No differences. We don't see this anywhere else.  
Wherever we go, we have to try for VIP slips or special Darshan tokens. We try to influence our way into getting in early. There is nothing here. None of those options. Everyone must be seated. While we come for Swami's Darshan, Swami has come for our Darshan, I feel, when He walks through all the rows. Look at how opposite everything is. Where coconuts are not broken, where the Arati plate is not held out, behold Prasanthi Nilayam, the Prasanthi Nilayam where the Lord speaks. Behold, there is the Prasanthi Nilayam. Where coconuts are not broken. Do we break them here? Not necessary. Where the Arati plate is not held out. There are many more stanzas to this. Where there is no donation box. Your heart must transform itself into a donation box. This is the Prasanthi Nilayam where the Lord speaks.

### **Howard Murphet and John Hislop**

When one first comes and sees this place after visiting the rest of the country, they will then realise what it is like. A foreign man, Howard Murphet, the brilliant man who has shown Baba to the entire Western world, through his work by the name, 'Man of Miracles', McMillan's Publications Inc. In those days Murphet had Swami's Darshan and wrote, "I went around the whole country. I saw all the pilgrimage centres." "I met all the noble people. But the climax of my spiritual journey" "ended up when I reached Prasanthi Nilayam." "I searched everywhere," "I practised everything, I had Darshans of everyone, I found the results in Prasanthi Nilayam," says Murphet. Murphet is an Australian. I met him as well. He travelled with Swami many times. He used to stay in the house next to Swami's in Brindavan. He was a great man. His first book was the 'Man of Miracles'. You should read it. I cannot tell you how many he wrote. We should read them, definitely read them. The happiness I get from reading about my father's, mother's or family's histories,

reading Swami's history, who is our mother, father, teacher and God, gives us that much joy. Everyone must read the 'Man of Miracles'. The wonderful Dr. Amarendra garu translated it into Telugu.

He wrote a second book called, 'Avatar'.

Meaning, he first thought Swami was a man of miracles.

He simply thought He could do miracles. By the time he wrote his second book, he evolved into the stage to recognise an Avatar.

It shows his evolution, his progress in his spiritual journey.

He proceeded to another milestone in his spiritual journey.

I felt that he climbed another step higher. He wrote a third book called, 'Journey to Puttaparthi'.

Meaning, that Avatar exists right here. That's the climax. It is wonderful. Similarly, there is another foreigner.

Hislop. When I say 'Dora garu' it is not as a mark of status.

I want to convey that they are foreign nationals with white skin.

Hislop was a Mexican who later settled in America.

I'm telling you in Swami's words, "Hislop has four PhDs."

He was a great man. That Hislop said to Swami,

"Swami, I went around the whole country, but I find solace and comfort at Your lotus feet."

"I went around the whole country, but I find solace and comfort at Your lotus feet," said Hislop.

What a man, what words, what a practitioner!

What a teacher, and he fell headlong at His feet.

Burgula Ramakrishna Rao garu served as Governor for four states.

He was a great scholar in ten or twelve languages. He wrote poems about Swami. One poem: the Telugu language has many alphabets.

When I came to Swami, all the alphabets got smashed into a powder.

Just as if they went through a grinder, nothing left. Only two alphabets remained among them all.

'Sa' and 'Yi', Sai, Sai, he wrote. Dr Burgula Ramakrishna Rao said, "To understand Swami, we need His grace."

"We must make an effort. We must strive to practise." "We must deserve it. We must have our parents' blessings."

All of these must be possible, and today's Sai devotees are all like that.

All of them have received this kind of grace. This is no one's specialty or uniqueness, or importance.

He chooses those He wants to save. Otherwise, where is California?

Swami gave Darshan in the dawn in California, and taught Yoga postures.

Would you believe me? That Swami woke up at dawn and taught Yoga postures?

To whom? To Charles Penn. It is on record, and you can read it.

Where is Swami, tell me. That's why the environment in Prasanthi Nilayam surprised me.

The environment here, as others said, there are queues wherever they go.

We don't see such queues anywhere else unless a policeman makes them.

Here there is a queue at the bookstore, at the canteen, at the Mandir.

No one tells anyone to stand in queue, but they fall into a queue anyway.

In other words, it is all self-discipline. Everyone has his own self-discipline.

We don't see this anywhere else, in any other languages or cultures.  
We don't see such equality anywhere else. We don't see such love anywhere else.

### **Bio Science professor in Puttaparthi**

Wow Swami, what to say about You! I am telling you about a personal experience.

A few days ago Swami came and said, "Your son is in Engineering college."

"He wrote his exam. He will pass," He said.

"Yes, Swami," I said. They were expecting the results to come out that day.

After a few days I sat there. His number was not in the paper.

If the number is not there, it means he failed. On the same day, the then Housing Minister, Central Cabinet Minister, SB Chavan had come to Puttaparthi.

Prasanthi Nilayam was in a hubbub because of his visit.

Swami came walking straight to me. "What happened? Gone, the exam is gone."

"He failed." "Chee, shut your mouth. What did I say? Didn't I say he would pass?"

"What are you saying? The results from their college have been withheld."

"None of their numbers were printed. The information was not sent from their office."

"So the university withheld their numbers. Your son is among them." "They will come out soon.

He will pass. Don't worry," He said.

In a few days he came here. "Did you write well?" What could he say?

"I wrote well, Swami." "What did you write? You messed up the Electronics paper."

"You did not write the Electronics paper well. I had to write it."

"If you had written for a 50 or a 60, I would have made it an 80."

"That's all you wrote, so you got a 60," He told him.

The results came out the next day. He passed.

Swami wrote the exam in his place and made him pass. Setting aside that happiness,

the Central Minister and many important people were visiting,

a special meeting was about to happen for it, and who am I?

I'm not even a grain of sand, after all. Does the Lord have to come and talk to me?

Does the Lord have to come and console me? When I think of it, I am remembering that embodiment of compassion more than the incident.

I'm remembering that embodiment of love more than this incident. Many such incidents must have taken place in everyone's lives.

And so it went on. I came to Prasanthi Nilayam.

I was surprised to see the environment here. I'm a Bio Science person. I went straight to the Bio Science department.

The Professor who was the head of the department of Bio Science at that time was Professor Bhairava Murthy garu, a great man, a man of peace, a man of supreme peace.

He was my teacher at Andhra University. He knew me well.

When he knew I was coming here, he called all the teachers here and told them,

"Anil Kumar is coming from Bengaluru. Give him whatever subject he asks for."

"He will teach however many periods he is allocated." "Write them into the timetable as usual.

But let him work at his convenience."

"He must have been hurt badly about having to come from there to here."

"We all know how much he worked at that college." "I know how bad he would feel. Make sure you don't hurt him more."

He told all the lecturers ahead of time. Bhairava Murthy garu was a great man. The reason so many students here got their PhDs is because of Prof Bhairava Murthy garu.

He used to wear a white outfit even when he was at Andhra University. He always wore a white outfit. He would talk very softly.

Prof Bhairava Murthy garu was the role model for 'speak softly and sweetly.' I am very fond of him.

Because of his kindness and Baba's grace, I settled in nicely.

### **VIP meeting at Chowdiah Memorial Hall**

During that time there was a Chowdiah Memorial Hall in Bangalore.

A meeting was arranged in the Chowdiah Memorial Hall. They invited Swami to that meeting.

Many important people attended as well.

Swami took me with Him in His car, so I went along.

There were some very powerful people on the stage at the Chowdiah Memorial Hall. Jaffer Sharief, Railway Minister, Veerappa Moily, the Chief Minister, a galaxy of great people. People of all cadres in the hierarchy of administration.

All the people there were in powerful positions. The chair in the centre of the stage was vacant.

They invited Swami by showering flowers of praises.

What are the flowers that should be showered upon Swami? Swami's fame and praises, those are the flowers that rained as Swami came.

Get rid of all your bad qualities and don't let them come near.

Get rid of all your bad qualities because Swami is coming.

He is coming to the Chowdiah Memorial Hall. The hall is full, the surroundings are full.

The streets are full. What to say? Everything was full and He was coming.

As Swami was coming in, hold up the umbrella that asks for His divine grace.

They hold up an umbrella when the Lord walks. What is it that our Swami wants?

The umbrella of holy grace that flows.

We must also hold lamps that are brightly lit by divine wisdom.

We must also hold lamps of divine wisdom on either side as Swami comes.

Should I look at the crowds? Or at my Swami? You only gave me two eyes!

I want to see everyone, Swami. That's how I felt. The crowds were jostling. As Swami came, they made Him walk on flowers.

He walked onto the stage. All the VIPs were already seated on the stage.

All of them stood up as Swami came. Central ministers and chief ministers.

A heavy rose garland was offered to Swami.

Wow, how sweet Swami looked! My Swami is breathtakingly beautiful.

My Swami is a full moon. Even the full moon can't compare.

Even the full moon is only equal to a firefly in from my Swami's beauty.

Even the full moon is like an insect in front of my Swami. Even the full moon is only equal to a firefly.

In front of the Supreme Lord with the Supreme fame.

The Supreme fame of the Supreme Lord. Who do you think Swami is?

He let me sit here and making me say these words, that's enough for a thousand lives.  
Who am I in front of the Supreme Lord of the Supreme fame?  
Even the blazing sun is nothing in front of Him.  
Why? Because that's His glory. Come, let us worship Lord Sathya Sai.  
All the people came and sat on the stage. After everyone was seated,  
there was one empty chair. We were wondering who else would come.  
There were young people among those who came. Seshan was supposed to come.  
Who is Seshan? He was the Election Commissioner in those days.  
They said about him, "Seshan the great who made the whole country shiver in front of him."  
They would shiver with fear in front of him, everyone starting from Jyoti Basu.  
As he was coming, you should see the youth jumping up, "Seshan, Zindabad!"  
They were young. He was quiet, and came in with a Namaskar.  
Starting at the door. They placed a chair for him next to Swami. They brought out a large  
garland for him too but he did not accept it.  
He held the garland in front of him and sat down at Swami's feet.  
He pulled out the petals and worshipped Swami's feet.  
What to say about that incident? Only the one who knows can really know.  
What can a fool know? He said in his speech, "Push me into the ocean, if you want."  
"Have snakes bite me, if you want. Have lions swallow me, if you want."  
"Have me pushed into the fire, if you want. What is it to me?" thought Prahlada. "Because Lord  
Vishnu was beside him. You think Seshan did so many things."  
"That's because Bhagawan Baba is right behind me." "Bhagawan Baba stood behind me and  
made me walk forward."  
"That is why I was able to do them," he said. Those words still ring in my ears. The meeting was  
then concluded.

### **Swami blesses third daughter's wedding**

Swami and I were returning in the car. At the same time my third daughter had an alliance.  
It was a very good alliance. I was with Swami so I never looked for any alliances.  
Did I perform the weddings? I was only the spokesperson, that's all.  
Just like a proxy for authority. I had to inform Swami but how?  
"Swami?" We were on the way. "Yes?" "My third daughter received an alliance, Swami."  
"Oh? Very good. Who is it?" "He is a big doctor, Swami, someone with a good reputation."  
"His only son, Swami." "Oh, is that so? Do you think they are coming for you?"  
"I sent them, did you know?" He asked. What to say to that?  
What to say? "I sent them. Did you think they came for you?"  
Swami Himself said, "They live in the lane next to yours."  
"Both his parents are doctors. Very wealthy. Do you think they came for your wealth?"  
"Swami, Your grace." "Don't worry. Let's do it," Swami said.  
What does "Let's do it" mean? Meaning He would do it, correct?  
I thought it was good and happily informed my family at home.  
The boy's father said, "Other than phone calls, will he not visit in person?"  
He said to my wife, "Will your husband not come here?" I knew him when we were young. They  
lived in the street next to ours.

"Will he not come? Only you go back and forth?" I thought I would lose face, and so I went to them.

Then Swami started talking and I tell you. But they are not devotees of Baba.

That's the point. Dr Dayakar, a very famous doctor. There's no one in Guntur who doesn't know him.

Very famous. Famous in the sense, not only merely by virtue of his expertise.

Not only merely by virtue of his expertise. Because of his good heart.

He was that compassionate. He performed free surgeries for thousands of people.

The boy is his son. I went and talked to them. Swami said, "Let's do it."

I told them that, "Swami said we should go ahead." He then asked, "Where?" I said, "If Swami does it, He will do it only in Puttaparthi."

"That's alright Anil Kumar, but I live in Guntur. I know about a thousand doctors."

"At least 600-700 people will attend the wedding." "He is my only son. Will all these people come to Puttaparthi?"

"Is it possible? Tell your Swami," he said.

I came to Puttaparthi. Swami was just going to the Poornachandra Hall by the steps.

"Swami?" I said. He didn't say anything other than, "Is it the Guntur alliance?"

"The boy's grandparents are still alive. There are many other elderly people."

"You too have your mother and in-laws. All of them are elderly." "How can they come this far? Perform the wedding there."

"Perform it happily. I will bless them when they come here," said Swami.

It is a divine compromise. It is a spiritual adjustment.

It is a sign of benediction. It is all symbolised divine grace, mercy and concern.

Swami is the embodiment of love who said, "I will do it," but later said, "Do it in Guntur."

"Bring them here, that's enough," He said. What to say? It was difficult for them to come, so He changed it this way.

Would we change it like that? "Get lost," we would say. "Wow, Swami," I thought. I let them know and everyone was happy.

Then Dr Dayakar and family came here for Swami's Darshan.

He sat in the fifteenth row or something. My brother sat right behind him.

His name is Dr Ratnakar who many people know. He visited many Sai organisations in Andhra Pradesh.

He achieved international fame. He is an expert in research.

Particularly in the field of pathology. He has a great reputation. He sat behind Dr Dayakar who was his teacher.

This is what he said, and what I saw and heard. Swami went straight to Dr Dayakar and gave him Padanamaskar.

My brother said, "He deserves it. He truly is a Dayakar, a man of compassion."

"He did so much service. That's why Swami came and gave him Padanamaskar."

What do you say about Him? What do you say about Baba?

How can you estimate Him? Better we shut our mouth before we begin to estimate and pass a judgment. He is beyond your gauge and estimate.

He crosses all kinds of parameters and measures known in the world.

He is beyond all the parameters known in the world.



What can we say about Him? What can we determine about Him?  
We don't know. Is it possible for us to praise You, Swami?  
How can we praise You? I wonder. This was an example of that.  
For my daughter's wedding in Guntur, everyone in the Sathya Sai Seva Samithi came forward.  
They all helped us. It was celebrated very well. They gave us the wedding hall for free.  
Because he is a Swami devotee. "Anil Kumar, here? Swami sent you. Do it here," he said.  
All the large photos from the Samithis were brought there. All the big sofas were brought there.  
It was celebrated in a way that I could not have imagined.  
The garlands for the bride and groom came specially from Madras. Is that possible for Anil  
Kumar? I don't think so.  
This too was an unforgettable incident in my life.  
In this way, Swami's divine hand, visible or invisible, blessed all my four children.  
They experienced it in their lives and I have myself seen it.  
His compassion has bound me here with iron shackles.  
"You gave me so much Swami, what can I do?" "You gave me the strength to bear anything, so  
I can take on anything," I think.  
In this way, my life is going on in Puttaparthi.  
During that time, I had many experiences.