

Part 17 | Experiences with Swami | Prof K Anil Kumar

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SJNpF9cavjl>

Highlights

Living with God is education. You bear every difficulty, every blame, and every accusation.

Why? For the shower of nectar that will follow. I didn't think this love and familiarity would distance me from pancakes.

You should have them do it while you are doing it. Is Swami a non-family man? No, He is the world's family man.

All our families are His. Quickly, I ate all six. As He talked to each of them, softly and sweetly, with tact and diplomacy Baba did it.

Anyone who has hopes to live would not do that. I don't want any other spiritual practice.

Other than talking about Swami, and Swami's message. To live with the devotees' greetings, excitement, joy and laughter is my spiritual practice.

Swami is the charioteer

From the time I came to Puttaparthi, I had the opportunity to translate every discourse.

Perhaps it is fortunate that there are more mediums of communication today.

There is more usage of electronics today. So my videos are more available.

Kasturi garu who is a million times more proficient than me,

his cassette tapes are not accessible, since they were not available then. These electronic facilities are available now for the likes of us to receive more publicity.

So my Namaskars to Swami for using me during this electronic age.

I received so many opportunities here with Swami. I saw many incidents. I am studying Him.

That gives me joy.

Living with God is education.

Living for God is service.

Living in God is realisation.

I have recognised that truth after coming here. I would not have received these many opportunities anywhere else.

I was very upset in the beginning. I would like to humbly let our viewers and Sai devotees know, to kindly pay attention. Swami's tests may be harsh.

Our status in the society may go down. We may fall in our financial status.

All of these come up in the beginning. Why do they happen? For the glory that is to come in the future.

You bear every difficulty, every blame, and every accusation.

Why? For the shower of nectar that will follow. There is a shower of nectar waiting for you.

Swami has pots of them.

In order to be eligible for it, it is best to bear these highs and lows.

Swami! You are guiding me, but at a time when I was unable to bear them and thought to run away,

Always effulgent within me alone. Swami, You are always within me, alone.

You are the father who guides me through right and wrong.

You are the father who guides me through right and wrong.

What is right and what is wrong? You are the one who guides me. You are the one within me, otherwise how could I be here?

Would I be able to bear so many tests? Who am I, after all? He warns us from within.

He drives the chariot as He guides us. Swami is the one who has been driving this chariot of life.

Father and Mother's illnesses

If I look back, my father was an MA in English, and MSc Honours in Physics, and BEd Diploma in Library Science, all from Andhra University. He was a top man, and a student of Suri Bhagavantam garu.

He could speak about any subject in both Telugu and English. He had a heart attack and was admitted into a hospital.

He might have been in there for about three months. It could have been longer. I was working in the college at that time.

Who would be able to serve him in the hospital? Who would help me for months and months?

Our Sevadals and Sai devotees. They took turns of duty to serve him.

Sevadal members even did night duty.

Especially, I cannot forget a person named Seshagiri Rao. He served him morning and night. Swami sends them to do such service.

I didn't feel like I was missing at the hospital. I was able to attend college. And I was also able to go and serve him.

Did I ever ask any of them? They came and they served. I would like to remind about another thing.

These are things that I'm sharing from experience. These are not mere words to entertain the audience.

They are all words of experience, and nectarine words.

Swami will take on your responsibility. He makes the work you do happen there.

Continue doing your work, and He will continue doing His work. Swami is the divine personality who acts like He doesn't know anything.

I'm forever grateful to Him. My mother was MA LT. She did her MA in Queen Mary's College.

She did her LT there. She was also a DO. She had a heart attack.

She was admitted into Sathya Kidney Centre in Hyderabad.

She was also at the Andhra Mahila Hospital for a time.

While she was at the Kidney Centre, she was in final stages.

Heart attack. At that time I was with Swami in Madras.

I was translating everyday. She was lying on her death bed, like Bhishma.

I was receiving phone calls from my sister and brother everyday.

"Mother is going. Come." I would hear them. "Swami's activities are going on."

"What can I do?" I said, that's all. When I was alone in my room I would cry by myself. That's all. That's how I bore it. Then what happened in Hyderabad?
The doctors said to my mother, "Did all your children come?"
"Send for them," they said. Meaning her end was nearing.
And that it was time for farewells. Look at how that tigress spoke.
I'm not satisfied with however many people I share this with. "Sir, what are you saying?" she asked.
"One of my sons hasn't come. He is in Puttaparthi, with Swami." "I heard that Swami is in Madras on a tour."
"I know that he would have gone with Him." "He cannot come until that work is completed."
"Listen to what I have to say," she said to the doctors. She speaks beautiful language, English. Figurative language, such that the other person would be frightened to respond to her language and expression.
He would be terrified if she started speaking. She said to the doctor, "I will not leave this world. I will not leave this place."
"Swami knows that I'm here. Swami will send him."
"I will only leave after he arrives. Don't worry, Swami knows, I'm sure about it."
"Don't speak such words. You can't touch my body without my permission."
They were all scared when she started speaking in such English. It was British English from back then.
Today's English is different, as you know. She was from those times. The doctors were terrified of her.
On the last day, before returning from Madras, Swami said, "Your mother!"
"What is it, Swami?" I said. "She is serious. I'm here. You go," He said.
I immediately went to Hyderabad and went straight to the hospital.
The State President at that time, Dr Narasimha Rao garu took me there himself.
I went. She looked at me. Set aside her happiness about seeing me.
She called the doctors and said, "Did I not tell you?" "Didn't I say He would send him? Didn't I say I would not leave until he comes?"
They were like, "My God, who is this woman?" Where did she get that confidence?
She lived for quite a while after that. She was happy. "That is Swami, He is an ideal humanist."
"He is an ideal leader. He is compassion walking on earth," she would say about Him.
When I was in Puttaparthi, and when Swami went to other places, such experiences are what I received while I was accompanying Him.

Getting caught twice!

While I was still in Bengaluru, I had to come for a meeting in Puttaparthi.
Sometimes meetings are held in Puttaparthi. I attended as a Bio Sciences professor.
It was the 25th of October that day, which is my birthday.
My entire family was in Guntur. My wife prepared six sweet pancakes.
She sent them in a tiffin box with someone who was coming from Guntur.
I had come for the meeting, and was in a room in Prasanthi Nilayam. He came and said, "Your wife sent these."
As soon as I opened it, I saw those pancakes. I started salivating like the river Ganga.

I closed the lid for then. My room was never empty. Devotees would come and say, "Tell us some miracles. Tell us what is happening now." "We saw Swami talking to you just now. What did He say?" When was going to eat? It was always the same batch. I thought they were killing me morning and evening. I didn't think this love and familiarity would distance me from pancakes. Oh no, I thought. I picked a specific time. What if I ate them during Nagarasankirtan? No one would come to my room at that hour. Everyone would go to attend Nagarasankirtan. Then they would go to morning Darshan. They won't come to my room. I closed the door and locked it. I left the light on. I opened it. They were calling me, "Eat me, eat me." As if it was a military marching order. Quickly, I ate all six. So that no one else could find me out, I rinsed out my mouth, and popped some cloves and cardamoms in my mouth. No one should find me out. I put on a nice outfit and went. From the beginning I adored that outfit. Swami too bore with me. I will tell you about those humorous incidents later. Swami usually starts from the ladies side, sees the Primary School children, then all the college students, then walks to the devotees and talks to them, and then walks along the verandah greeting the elders. In a circle. But that day, He started walking straight towards me. I thought I was done for. As He walked to me He signed to me. "Did you have to eat all six yourself? Don't I know it's your birthday?" "You could have given some to the people who came to you." "It's alright, Swami." "Alright, I know it's your birthday today." "Take Namaskar," and He gave me Vibhuti. Did I ask or tell Him? Could I ever forget this incident? It is very surprising. Another time when I was still new in Bengaluru, I came for a meeting in Puttaparthi. There are always meetings and we had to come. Because Bengaluru is a cool place, I got into the habit of taking hot water baths. I bought a nice heater and would take hot water baths in Bengaluru. I brought that heater with me to Puttaparthi. I set up the heater. Since I was still the Principal then I was given some importance. I had the opportunity to sit in the front row. I thought I had plenty of time. But when I tried to bathe, the water was cold. There was a power cut. How could I take a cold water bath? I was used to it. It was getting close to Darshan time. So I only bathed from here to here, and from my hips to my feet. You could call it a limb bath, or a partial bath. It was definitely not a full bath. I washed my face and put on some perfume. It was smelling strong. I put powder on my face and sat in the front row. After completing His rounds, Swami came straight to me on the verandah. I thought I was done for. He stood in front of me. "Some people come to Darshan without having a bath," He said.

I was dead. I was the one who came that way. "Some people come to Darshan without having a bath," He said.

Then He looked at me and said, "It is hot in Puttaparthi." "It is a hot place. You could have had a cold water bath."

"Do you need hot water here?" He said. I was saying, "It's alright, Swami." Because there were students behind me.

They will hear us and ask me tomorrow, "Sir, have you taken your bath?" What to say?

Instead of saying Sairam, they will start asking me if I took a bath. It's alright if the mother-in-law scolds, but not good if the sister-in-law laughs.

"Swami, Swami," I said, to ask Him to move on.

"Alright, I know everything. Where do you think I am?"

"I'm in your room, in your kitchen, in your bedroom, in you. I know everything."

"I won't ask anymore. Sit down," He said and walked on.

He called some foreigners for an interview. We have our calculations. If He calls foreigners for an interview, it may take 30 minutes.

If He calls students with their parents, it may take up to an hour. If He calls administrators it may take 15 minutes. We had our calculations.

That day, He called a student and his parents. So we have an hour. I came to my room and by then the power came back on.

I immediately set up the heater and had hot water ready. I made it boiling hot. I bathed with 2 or 3 buckets of water.

I scrubbed until I used up half the bar of soap. I changed my suit and again put on perfume and face powder, and went and sat down.

The interviews were over and Swami came walking out onto the verandah. He came to me and said, "An ordinary bath is enough, Sir."

"You don't need to have an abnormal bath." "Have a normal bath, you don't need to overdo it." I laughed out loud.

Lord Sai, where is it that You are not? Can we ever blindfold You?

Can we ever hide anything from You? Even if we blindfold or hide, even if You pretend to us that You don't know, it is all Your divine play.

It is all Your play. What is it that You don't know? It is only our stupidity, I felt. That was an experience I had in Prasanthi Nilayam.

The Divine Director

I continued teaching classes and coming here. Swami was giving Bhagavad Gita discourses.

When will Swami stop? He spoke everyday for three months.

In the end I got conjunctivitis, also called the Madras Eye.

Many people had eye infections at that time. I was afflicted too. So I wore goggles, or coloured glasses and went on stage.

I sat down waiting to translate Swami's discourse.

As Swami started speaking, notice the dramatic, divine direction of Bhagawan.

How He directed it. At the end of the discourse He said, "Our translator today"

"is have some difficulty. Some students also are suffering from the Madras Eye."

"So I am ending these discourses today. We will restart them at a favourable time."

That series of talks ended in that way. Swami, You ended it in a great way.
In the end it fell on me. "Very happy," I thought.
As Ramabrahmam garu said, "For any entertainment or amusement,"
"or conversation, or reprimand, if you are an instrument, what else do you need for this life?"
I always remember those words. That too was a very nice incident.
I will never forget it. A similar incident happened at another time in Kodaikanal.
As if adjusting the hands on a clock, it rained every evening.
The devotees were getting wet and cold. Swami noticed and said,
"Announce in the evening that there will not be Swami's discourses starting tomorrow."
I announced it, but later I was reprimanded.
"Why did you say there won't be discourses anymore?" "Is that how you say it? It is raining
everyday. The devotees are inconvenienced."
"In order to avoid the inconvenience, Swami's discourses will be stopped, is how to say it."
"If you just say they will not be there, how disappointed they will be." This shows Swami's
consideration and His concern. His discourses are His grace.
But even when He doesn't give discourses, that is also due to His compassion. This is for our
good, that too is for our good.
This is an example that I remember well. The then Chief Minister, Vijayabhaskar Reddy garu
had visited Puttaparthi.
Swami had initiated the mass marriage program.
All the materials for the mass marriage were being arranged on the stage.
The curtain was closed. You should have seen behind the curtain.
Like our grandmothers and great grandmothers oversee wedding arrangements, He had His
hands on His hips, and said, "What all did you arrange?"
"Did you add the sacred thread? Where is the Kumkum? Where is the turmeric?"
"Where is the sacred yellow rice? Where is the Sari and the bridal clothes?" He was asking.
He was looking at every single thing. "Put some more there. Why didn't you put it here?"
I remember the words Kasturi garu had said, "Is Swami a non-family man?"
"No. He is the world's family man. All our families are His."
He is the world's family man. As the father of the brides, He was arranging everything. Due to
some reasons such as lack of supplies or responsibilities, Vijayabhaskar Reddy garu
was severely delayed. But Swami performed the weddings at the auspicious hour.
He did not stop it. He said, "Keep going with the ceremony." Vijayabhaskar Reddy came later.
Swami showed him everything.
What do we learn from this? "I'm giving you an opportunity."
"But the final decision is Mine. The will is Mine. When I make a decision, it must happen."
There is no question of waiting for anyone. This was at the Super Specialty Hospital.
Venkataraman was the President of India at that time.
His arrival was delayed. Swami said, "Go on," and had the foundation stone laid.
It must have been the hospital's great blessing to have the foundation stone laid by His divine
hands.
Otherwise would it have this divine radiance? We might think Swami proceeded without waiting
for the President of India.
We might wonder, but no, it is to be inaugurated by the divine hands.

It was to be inaugurated by His divine, nectarine hands. I was able to see it with my own eyes. I thought, Swami, what a decision You took!

Then the hospital construction work started. Swami called me, "Have the students work there."

I called some of our students. They are all our children, even if they're not taking my subject.

Whoever it is, they think of me the same way. I too consider them all as my children. Everyone came and started working.

Swami's car came and stopped next to me. "What is happening here?" He asked. "Swami, they are working."

"These are carrying bricks, those are carrying sand, those are carrying cement."

"The students are doing all kinds of work." "What are you doing?" He asked.

"What are you doing?" "I'm supervising their work, Swami," I said. "You should have them do it while you are doing it."

"You too should work. Do you understand?" He asked. "Yes, Swami." "How should the students work? With Swami's name on their lips."

"They should do service while singing Swami's Bhajans." "It is not as if I can't hire labourers. Four labourers can do the work of 25 students."

"The labourers are very capable and strong. But these are students."

"Why am I having them work? To give them an opportunity in this great mission."

"In this activity that is happening at the time of this Avatar," "I wanted to give them an opportunity for their devotion, strength, and liberation."

"It is not because I can't hire labourers. Have them sing Bhajans as they work," Swami said.

I felt like this was a great lesson. Immediately, I wrote letters to the State Presidents.

"Swami said to have devotees sing Bhajans as they work." "I had this experience. So have them sing Bhajans as they work."

Since then, all activities across Andhra Pradesh were done while singing Bhajans.

Whether it is carrying bricks or baskets. Here too, in Prasanthi Nilayam,

if you go to the ladies canteen, whether they are cutting vegetables or preparing tempering, or cooking, they all sing Swami's Bhajans. Go and see in the ladies canteen.

You will not hear women's gossip. You can also see Sevadals carrying bags of rice.

They do it with Swami's name. Not talking about worldly things.

If they are carrying trays, they chant, "Sairam Sairam Sairam."

Why Swami? I thought. He explained in a discourse.

"There were large rocks in the ocean obstructing construction of the bridge."

"When Lord Rama wanted to build a bridge, there were large boulders in the way."

"Then the monkeys came and picked up those rocks as if they were made of cotton."

"How? They wrote 'Ra' on one rock, and 'Ma' on another rock."

"They immediately stuck together as if glued with cement." "Rama's bridge was built with Rama's name."

"My students are carrying on this work," He said. Swami always refers to the students as "My children."

They are truly His children. They work with that kind of dedication.

I saw with my own eyes, their work, and Swami appreciating them.

It was very nice. I really felt that they were redeemed. That too was an incident that I can never forget.

Swami as the administrator and event manager

Another time in Puttaparthi some meetings were held. One meeting was the International Cardio Thoracic Surgeons conference.

The International Cardio Thoracic Surgeons conference.

If I were still in Bengaluru how could I have seen all these? Swami must have dragged me here so that I could see them.

And He kept me alive still in order to tell you about them.

As the conference was nearing, He sent for the MBA students.

"These doctors are highly reputable. They have done deep research in their fields."

"These famous and important people are coming for Swami's Darshan."

"Many experiments took place in Prasanthi Nilayam." "They would not have seen the variety of cases that our hospital has treated."

"Many kinds of cases have been handled very well here." "They are coming here in order to examine them."

"You are in charge of their dining hall." "You should fold them like this and tuck them into their glasses like this."

"Like a 5 star hotel, every place setting should have these folded."

"Do you understand? Not like in the canteen," He said.

He taught them how to serve. "They are all foreigners."

"You must set up their knives and other utensils that they use."

"They don't eat with their hands, like us." "So set them up properly. Place a napkin on the side."

These were His daily instructions. One day, He took them to the foreigners canteen and selected who had to stand where.

He is the Divine Director. He is not a simple director. Who else is it possible for? He knows who to assign what task.

The foreigners were given special rooms in the North Blocks.

Swami took the students to those rooms. "Spread the bed sheet and tuck them under so they don't drape on the side."

How to fold and arrange the bed sheets. Each room had a table with a notepad and a pen.

So that the doctors could take notes. "Check the bathrooms."

"Check whether they have napkins and towels." "Check that they have extra bed sheets." He checked all of them.

Many important and elite people attended the conference.

I must tell you about an amusing incident here. Our Swami has a specific discipline.

All the men should sit on one side, and all the women on another. No mix up.

Even if they are married couples. The foreigners did not know. They all sat together, wives and husbands, men and women.

Swami arrived, and I was watching Him. If it were us, He would have scolded us.

I wanted to see what He would say to them.

So I was watching. Would He say, "All gents be here, ladies be there?"

But they are Your guests. Let us watch the Divine Actor.

He sat down, and He called all the doctors, "Come on, come on."

"Where do you come from?" "Swami, I come from London." "Oh, you're from London? What's your name?" "Dr. Whitis."

"Sit down here," He made him sit next to Him. So the wife remained alone. In the same way, He called another doctor.

"Where do you come from?" "I'm from New York, Swami." "Oh I see, good. Which hospital?" He mentioned the name. "Good!"

"Are you comfortable here? Come on, sit here," He made him sit in a chair next to Him.

There were extra chairs there. He would call each of the husbands, ask "How are you? Are you comfortable? Is food okay for you?" and made him sit with Him.

Wives are there, husbands are here. He neatly separated them. He could have said, "Let all husbands come and sit here."

But He didn't say that. He called each one and asked, "How are you? How do you like this place?"

"Have you visited the temple there? Have you visited our university?"

"How do you like it?" He greeted all of them and softly and sweetly, and with tact and diplomacy, Bhagawan Baba did it all.

That's why along with life wisdom, divine wisdom as well. What is the meaning of coming as an Avatar?

Because of love and affection for people, the divine comes down to their level.

Along with life wisdom, divine wisdom as well. Human element, and the divine majesty.

It is a perfect combination in Him. He separated them that way.

What tact, Swami! We only heard of BTech and MTech.

Yours is DTech Swami, Divine Technology. How well You did it Swami, I thought.

After that they all went for lunch. Swami surveyed if they were served properly.

And then He went to His room. Then the foreigners came in and sat down. I too went there to the foreigners canteen. I sat down and looked around.

They saw me as a translator earlier so they said, "Sir, please sit here." So I sat there but how would I like their dishes? I didn't.

I need mango pickle and tamarind and Gongura, not slices of bread.

But I sat there with them and then slowly went to Swami.

Right after lunch, Swami was still downstairs in Poornachandra Hall. I opened the door. "What? What happened?" "Swami, I came from the foreigners canteen."

"Foreigners canteen? What happened to you?" "I went there for lunch, Swami." "Lunch? Didn't she prepare at home? Is she not home?"

"She is home, Swami." "Then why did you go there?" "How it was arranged there, and how they were eating and enjoying,"

"how the royal treatment and the royal feast is, I wanted to see it all."

"If I touch you, you start lecturing," He said. "Was it good, all the royal hospitality?" "Wow Swami, they wouldn't have seen it in life!"

"Very happy. Go home and eat your tamarind and mango pickles, go," He sent me.

There I could see Swami as an administrator. As an organiser, as an event manager. He is all of them.

How to make the arrangements, what dishes to prepare, who sits where,

what are they doing, He would look after all of those. He would also attend the lectures both morning and evening.

He would also attend the cultural programs, like our students' dramas. On the second day there was the valedictory function.

An Italian doctor's miracle

Swami asked some of the doctors to speak at the valedictory function.

One doctor who spoke was from Italy. What did he say?

"I want to share with this august gathering a miracle that happened last evening."

"I'm a Catholic from Italy. I'm attached to the Pope, as personal doctor."

"I'm declaring now, at the risk of my reputation."

"I declare Bhagawan Sri Sathya Sai Baba is Jesus Himself."

"He is the second coming of Jesus Christ." "Bhagawan Sri Sathya Sai Baba is the cosmic Christ."

"I risk my reputation, come whatsoever." What to say to someone who said it so boldly? "I might lose my job."

"Let anyone think what they want. I may be expelled from the community."

"Who do you think Baba is? He is the second coming of Christ."

"Christ said He would come back again. He has come." He went on, "There is a Catholic ritual to pray three or four times a day."

Just like Muslims have Namaaz. He said, "Last evening before dinner I sat for prayer."

"I locked the door and knelt and was praying to Jesus."

"At that time someone came into the room and placed a hand on me."

"I turned around to look. Bhagawan Sri Sathya Sai Baba was standing there."

"Swami! You have come." "Yes, it's Me." "How did You come when the door is locked?"

"No bolts, screws or nuts can stop Me. I came to bless you," He said.

"Who is He if not God Himself? Can He be anybody else other than Jesus Christ Himself?"

He announced in the meeting. I heard it. I also translated Swami's discourse.

Swami took Arati and left. He went to the Poornachandra Auditorium.

I went crazy. As it is, I'm just so-so when I start talking about Swami.

So you can imagine what I was like when I heard something like this. I went running across the road. The students were wondering why Sir was running.

I went straight to the Poornachandra Auditorium. I went and opened the door to the entrance.

Anybody who has hopes to live wouldn't have done that. I don't know what courage made me do that.

The Lord was sitting in a chair. "What? What happened to you?"

"Why did you come here? You are panting. Did you run? What happened?"

"Swami, what to say? Sathya Sai is the second coming of Jesus Christ."

"When the doctor said that I am overjoyed. I was in a Christian College for 30 years, Swami."

"Oh, very happy. So until he said that, you didn't know?"

"You have been here this many years, watching Swami. Did he have to say it?" "It's alright. Do you understand at least now?" Swami said.

I saw incidents like that in conferences. In this way many wondrous, miraculous, memorable incidents happened in Prasanthi Nilayam.

Each one gave me a divine message. When I share these with devotees, and they experience supreme bliss,

I feel overjoyed myself. This is my spiritual practice.

I don't want any other spiritual practices, other than talking about Swami, and Swami's message.

To live with the devotees' greetings, excitement, joy and laughter is my spiritual practice.

There is nothing beyond that. We will talk about more in the future.