

Part 20 | Experiences with Swami | Prof K Anil Kumar

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-l4qAAWKq8Q&t=4s>

Highlights

Beauty is Sai, Sai is beauty. That's why, Sathyam, Sivam, Sundaram.

In one of its pages the letters grew in size as she was looking at them. Are you eating it because I gave it, or am I giving it to you because you're eating it? I was dead.

In the hearts of devotees, the light that shines.

Swami haunts you. Swami chases you. It came fast, like the Niagara waterfalls.

Swami, who gives Darshan to so many, should look perfect. The Gopikas requested to hear the divine flute notes of Krishna one more time.

"The young generation is the one that can change at least to some extent." "They will stay with Me," said Swami.

The oneness of divinity that Baba emphasizes repeatedly makes me love Him more and more, moment to moment.

Swami visiting great sages

To my dear ones, Sai relatives, to the lotus feet of Sai, a thousandfold salutations.

We are learning many, many personal experiences with Swami.

Along with them, we are also learning about Swami's historical tours.

Now I must let you know about a new topic. Swami, in His tour to North India, He visited several Ashrams,

blessed the sages, saints and spiritual practitioners there,

and we have read about it in Swami's history. All of those are included. Those sages were anticipating Swami's arrival

In some instances, Swami entered the cave, sat next to the sage, kept His entourage at a distance, and had personal conversations.

Who do you think Swami is? The One who is in the hearts of devotees.

Bhagawan Baba is the One who shines mysteriously in the hearts of devotees.

He recognised their devotion and visited them personally. Swami toured those Ashrams. It is really surprising.

But for those who are familiar with history and mythology,

this is not strange. As Lord Rama was going away to the forests,

He had visited many Ashrams of sages along the way. Lord Rama stopped at the Ashrams of Sharabhanga, Agastya, Bharadwaja, and so on.

So in order to grant blessings to His devotees, the Lord goes to them personally.

These are saints and sages who spent their entire lives meditating upon the Lord.

They are anticipating the arrival of the Lord.

Just as Lord Rama had entered the houses of sages that day, and visited the Ashrams of sages, and personally blessed and talked to them, in the same way, Baba in this Avatar, just like in the history, in His tour to the Himalayas, Prayag and Rishikesh, He blessed many sages. Those who study history can recognise it. He is the embodiment of compassion. If we have true yearning, enquiry, practice and meditation, God will come walking to us. That is demonstrated. Coming to the present moment, I would like to tell you about a personal experience.

Because the intention of this series is to narrate personal experiences.

I will describe that as well. I met some great people.

I will tell you about their opinions. They were all Swami's devotees.

All of them. There was not one person who said he did not know Swami. In addition, I don't know if you all noticed it or not, but these were broadcast on TV.

For Swami's Darshan after Mahasamadhi, from the contemporary world, many famous sages visited here. All of them. They all came to have Darshan of Swami's Mahasamadhi.

We saw many of them. Because that connection is such.

That is the bond that exists between a devotee and God. They could not stay in their Ashrams.

They came running to see Swami.

Jillellamudi Amma was a Sai devotee

On one occasion, there was a female Yogini with thousands of disciples.

She also has devotees. She is a great woman, a spiritual practitioner.

Everyone calls her 'Amma'. Her Ashram is called 'Open House'.

Anyone can live there. It is everyone's home. She does not turn away anyone without feeding them.

A mother first checks whether her child is fed. In the same way, Anasuya Devi, is called Jillellamudi Amma, near Bapatla.

She feeds everyone who comes. She is a great woman. She also has disciples. They once invited me for her birthday.

At that time I was the President of the Andhra Pradesh organisation.

So if I visit there, people will wonder if I lost my mind, my religion, my God, or my faith.

I talked to her personally. "Amma, all those who come for your birthday are your devotees."

"We must come and have Darshan of great people like you." "But when you invite me personally, how can I not come?"

"But I have a small request. Because I have been associated with Swami for a long time,"

"and because I talk about Him all the time, I refer to Baba, Baba in every sentence."

"I feel that may upset your disciples, Amma," I said.

I request you to observe what Amma responded. "Child, is this all you noticed?"

"Whether you call Him Mother or Father, God is the same." "Would a father's words and a mother's words be different?"

"Many devotees who come to me said you speak well about Swami, and wanted me to invite you."

"That is why I'm inviting you," she said. "Amma, I will certainly come." "But I have a small request. Please write 'President of Sathya Sai Organisation, Andhra Pradesh' under my name."

"That is for my own wellness. I don't want to be called a President of this and that."
"I don't have that thirst or that need." "My intention is to stay tied to Swami."
"Whatever it is, like a missionary, like a person who is committed,"
"to a particular mission, I cannot be involved in everything."
"If you are everywhere, you end up being nowhere." "I am committed to Swami." So they printed my name along with that title.
I was happy and I went to Jillellamudi.
It was May, a hot summer in Guntur District, so you can imagine what it's like.
If you pour some batter on the road, it will cook into a pancake. You won't even need oil or a stove.
Even people get fried in that hot land-wind.
I still went. They had set up thatched roof pandals. Amma personally invited me. I had a conversation with her.
She was elderly and was lying down. Notice what she said to me.
"My child, you have reached a very good place." "You put your faith in the Supreme God. What else do you need?"
"Very happy!" she said. She spoke to me as if to her own child.
She wiped the sweat off my face with one end of her Sari.
She said to others, "Position the pedestal fan towards him."
"He came sweating." I melted in her love.
That's why she is a great person. She had a granddaughter then, who probably has her own children now.
Her name was Anasuya, named after Amma. Anasuya came running and said, "Grandmother, have Uncle give a speech."
They all refer to each other by familial names, like sister, brother, uncle. She said, "You and I are not enough for Uncle. He needs thousands in the audience."
"These few people are not enough for Uncle." "We will have his speech in the evening," she said. I felt like laughing.
It's true, I feel happy when I have a large audience. As I see them, I feel more excitement. Because it is God in all of them. They are not political crowds.
They are spiritual devotees. So my excitement grows. Just as the ocean swells when the moon rises,
I feel the same excitement when I see devotees and their hearts.
She asked me to have lunch at her son's house. After that we sat in the pandals in the evening where there were 10,000 people.
I too came. She sat on the stage and called me, so I went.
I did Namaskar. "Talk freely, don't worry."
So I spoke what I could. After that she called me over.
"I heard you sing Bhajans? Make them sing Bhajans."
"There are many people here who are Swami's devotees." "Sing a Bhajan." All 10,000 people sang Sai Bhajans.
Then I understood the identity, the oneness of divinity.
What you call the openness of devotion, I thought this is how it is.
Later she asked, "What is your program?"

"Amma, the university examinations are going on." "I have to attend to invigilation tomorrow."
"So I must leave tonight." "Oh no, that's alright," she said.
She gifted me clothes and blessed me. Here there is an incident when I got in the car.
She stood at the door and kept watching until the car disappeared.
I immediately remembered our Swami. Students come here from Bengaluru for every festival.
They have Darshan of Swami before getting into their buses. Swami gives Darshan to everyone
from the terrace.
"Go carefully. Very happy," He says. As they get into the buses,
He watches through the window. That is mother's love. The students are busy loading their bags
into the buses.
My job is to watch Him. It's alright even if I miss the bus.
That love, as He watches when they leave, until all the buses leave.
I remembered that scene. That's probably what compassion is.
That mercy is the mercy that lasts for ages. Hold up the silk umbrella. You might have noticed
that they hold up an umbrella for Swami.
In those days, Swami Karunyananda would carry that umbrella.
Kasturi garu held it for some time. During Dasara people from Mysore held the umbrella and
fans.
I had seen those too. So what does that umbrella signify?
Hold up the silk umbrella that is the mercy that lasts for ages. That is the kind of umbrella to
hold, not ordinary ones.
Hold it up high, like the new excitement that reaches the sky.
Your excitement should reach up to the sky. That is Bhagawan. In that way, I had Darshan of
Amma.
All the great people and great sages recognised Him.
Spiritual practitioners have recognised Him. All the devotees have recognised Him. It is only
those with half-baked knowledge who have not yet reached Him.
Their ways are like half-cooked rice. That was an unforgettable incident.
As I was taking her leave she said this, even though I didn't say anything to her.
"I used to live in Bapatla. Your grandfathers are from Bapatla."
"I used to walk past their houses. I know your mother too, she was very beautiful."
"Is she well?" I was shocked. I had not mentioned anything to her.
I did Namaskar and came away. This is my connection with Jillellamudi Amma.
She increased my devotion for Swami. She brought me to a stage where I could recognise
Swami's holy and sacred qualities even more.
To an elevated level. In that way, I had the opportunity to make her acquaintance.
Swami Chinmayananda lectured at a summer course
By Swami's grace. After that, I met another great man.
He speaks about the Upanishads, Narada Bhakti Sutras and Bhagavad Gita beautifully in
English.
He is an inspiration to me. It is a kind of torrential oration.
It is not like a cool flowing Godavari. It comes down fast, like Niagara waterfalls.
Both his English and his personality. That is Swami Chinmayananda.

Swami Chinmayananda was also a devotee of Swami. There is a Chinmaya Hospital in Bangalore. Baba was the One who inaugurated it.

When he joined the Chinmaya Hospital, Baba was the One who greeted him.

He was a devotee of Swami. I used to listen to Swami Chinmayananda's speeches.

Wow, his Bhagavad Gita speeches are fully packed.

He is also fully disciplined. In Swami's presence in Prasanthi Nilayam, how much peace and discipline is followed, Chinmaya was also like that.

Thin and tall, with his chest up, he was a very handsome man. His Bhagavad Gita speeches were wonderful.

I was very much impressed with him. He would speak about Upanishads in the morning.

At 5 AM in the morning. He would speak about Bhagavad Gita at 6 in the evening.

I used to listen to them. I had a desire to see him up close.

One morning I woke up at 3 AM and saw him from up close. He wore ochre robes and that fold was crisp, first class.

He sat very neatly, stiffly and began. Our Swami is also like that.

Very well dressed. Notice how He sits in His chair. He adjusts His robe so that the fold is just so.

He tugs on His sleeves too. He adjusts this too.

Swami, who gives Darshan to so many, should look perfect.

To honour your sight, He should appear beautiful.

Swami is beauty, so He doesn't need to appear to be beautiful.

Beauty is Sai, Sai is beauty. That's why Sathyam, Sivam, Sundaram.

Swami is Sundaram (beauty). I noticed that in Chinmayananda.

When he speaks fast in English, just like our Swami speaks, at the speed of Niagara.

Sometimes I wonder if he is fitted with a double engine. How fast He goes. Many times I sweat when I translate.

Those incidents are witnesses of how fast He speaks.

At the beginning He says, "Anil Kumar, talk slowly." "Yes, Swami."

"Many new people have come. They don't yet understand about Swami."

"These are solemn topics related to spirituality. So speak slowly." "Yes, Swami."

Once He goes on the stage, "What we say exists, doesn't exist."

"What we say doesn't exist, it does exist."

"The only one that exists is God, the one that does not exist is the world."

"Sai's word is the truth," He says. Oh?

It sounds as if Lord Krishna is blowing into His flute.

The Gopikas requested Lord Krishna to play His flute one more time.

Swami's voice is like that. From there the engine goes off.

He starts with, "Embodiments of the divine Atma," and then He takes off. That oratorical capacity attracted me a lot.

Swami Chinmayananda once visited Guntur.

When he came to Guntur, many people through many organisations,

honoured him on the last day and expressed their gratitude. All of them garlanded him, and did Namaskars.

Swami Chinmayananda would stay seated. At one time, Kamaraju Anil Kumar was the President of the Andhra Pradesh Sathya Sai Organisation.

They said he would honour Swami Chinmayananda. I too took a garland and went to him. The Swami who stayed seated while accepting garlands from everyone else, stood up as soon as I went to him. "Sai Ram, Sai Ram ji, how is Swami?" he said.

Swami haunts you, Swami chases you.

He is your shadow. He is your back. You cannot escape Him.

You cannot avoid Him. You might think you are going somewhere. You might think you are seeing someone.

"I am the One who goes within you. I am the One who sees from within you."

"I am the One who is there too." You are within me.

I am inside You. Whatever play we see, You are the One who is my refuge.

I am within You, You are within me. Whatever You think Swami, don't let me go.

Please protect me and save me. What more do I want? He stood up and asked, "Sai Ram ji, how is Swami?"

Everyone around us were stunned wondering who I was.

Because there were many representatives, from spiritual organisations, Rotary club, Lions club, Later someone asked, "Did you know Chinmaya Swami? He greeted you so well!"

"He is a devotee of Sathya Sai. I too belong to that organisation." "Perhaps because of that connection, he showered so much love upon me," I told them.

At a later time, Swami arranged the Summer Course in Ooty.

Ootacamund, 1973. In those days, the students who attended the Summer Course came from all over the country. A set of three or four students had a teacher with them.

The festivities were like that of a wedding. For a whole month, many great Pundits, came from Kashmir to Kanyakumari. Anyone who did not speak on Swami's stage can be considered as inconsequential. Swami gave opportunities to everyone.

They used to speak wonderfully. We would normally not meet those Pundits in daily life.

Due to Swami's grace, we got to see them all. Swami Chinmaya attended the one in Ooty.

He gave two lectures. A student was asked to speak.

It would not look good for me to point out his name.

I cannot hide anything, but I will try hard to hide this one.

He is from Kerala, and was very close to Swami in those days.

Swami asked him to speak as well. He spoke condescendingly about the Guru's office.

"Today's Gurus, instead of propounding faith in the Gita, they are selling the Gita."

That went in too deep for Swami Chinmaya. He thought this foolish young person talked too much.

He went to his room and was getting ready to leave.

He gave speeches in front of Swami, and then he wanted to leave.

Just at that moment Swami called him and asked him to speak. When he spoke, he lashed out at the young speaker.

"Do you know who is a Guru? Do you know anything about faith?" "What do you know about selling? Some people may be selling for the sake of their families."

"For selfish reasons. If someone like me earns anything, it is for the progress of literature,"

"for the development of spiritual wisdom, and for establishing Ashrams, not for personal reasons."

I can say that he lashed out quite harshly.

After our lunch, Swami called him in the afternoon.

"Why did you scold so harshly? Do you know who he is?"

"He is from your Kerala, the Travancore Maharaja's nephew."

"Do you know that you were the one who named him?"

"That's why he spoke so well. That's why he spoke so well about Bhagavad Gita."

"Is it easy to speak in front of you? You were the one who named him."

Chinmayananda had him called again, and blessed him, and stayed at the Ashram for 2 more days.

So Swami Chinmayananda recognised our Swami as a divine incarnation, and I witnessed it and experienced it.

Dada Vaswani's love for Swami

There is a third great person that I met. There are many, but these are personal experiences.

Because they asked me to speak about personal experiences, I'm only speaking about these.

The third great man belongs to North India, and is a resident of Pune.

He has disciples across the world. He belongs to the Sindhi community.

People from the Sindhi community are spread across the world. They are all in business. There are many Sindhis in our Ashram as well.

Many Sindhis are Swami's devotees. Swami calls him GP, and he is from Dubai.

He is also a Sindhi. Whoever it is, they are Swami's devotees.

He is a Guru of the Sindhis across the world. He is a great man.

If humility took on a human form and walked on two feet, it would be this man.

Who is this man? Dada Vaswani. He is a resident of Pune and has a wonderful Ashram.

He had also started a Meera School. By Swami's organisation's invitation,

I happened to go to Pune. They told me about Vaswani garu,

and said, "Vaswani is here now. Do you want to get Darshan of him?"

"He is Swami's devotee. He has a lot of love for Swami."

"Do you want to see him?" he asked. If someone is a Swami devotee, will I not see him?

"Certainly, let's go," I said. He fixed an appointment for me and I went.

It was a room like this. He was seated in a chair. By then he was already over 85 or 87 years old.

He lived to almost a 100 years old. A great man.

As I was going in, he said, "Anil Kumar ji, welcome, how are you?"

"How is Baba? How is Swami? You are with Him?"

"Since how long?" Very sweet voice. Very sweet personality.

A catching smile. Spiritual Gurus should be like that.

That's how he was. "To be with him and to spend time with him,"

"is not your achievement. It's not your attainment."

"It is all His will and grace that made you stay with Him."

"I'm blessed today with your Darshan, as I see Baba in you," he said.

"I'm blessed today," he said. That was recorded, and it is still there with them. They recorded it on tape. "I'm blessed today with your Darshan," he said.

"Swami, you should not say that. I'm sorry, the reverse is true."

"I'm blessed to have your Darshan." "No, no, no. By you, I mean Baba in you."

That's what he said. Do you know at what heights these great people are at?

We have no estimate of the world outside and the world that adores Him, that applauds Him, that listens to Him in rapt attention.
Focussed attention, with full concentration, how the world looks at Him, as a hero of Sanatana Dharma. We don't know unless we go outside.
We think it is just our Swami. Balrama thought Krishna was his own.
What to do? Mother Kaika made the same mistake.
During the Shirdi Avatar, Shyama made the same mistake and wept later.
He said, "Swami, I did not recognise You while you were alive. Please forgive me."
Vivekananda too regretted a lot after Paramahansa left His body.
So we should make use of our opportunities during the lifetime, remembering them constantly, that itself is meditation.
Chanting His name constantly, sharing it with other people, and experiencing joy is what is equal to repeating a prayer. If remembering Him is meditation, sharing with others is repeating a prayer.
Sitting inside a locked room does not mean meditation.
One person says he meditates from 6 to 7. My question is, how does he know when it is 7 O'clock?
So he must be looking at his clock now and then. Is that meditation? No. Our Swami's history is meditation.
Studying Swami's Sathyam Sivam Sundaram itself is like reading holy lessons.
Listening to Swami's history is spiritual practice. There is no higher practice than following Swami's teachings.
They sit here and say it is time for their Puja (worship). That is a mistake.
If Swami is sitting here, what other worship is there? Looking at Him is worship. His Darshan is worship.
Conversation with Him is worship. It is equal to attaining the highest truth.
What more do we need? In that way, I received Vaswani's blessings.
I had a conversation with him. I asked him many questions. He answered them beautifully. It was all recorded.
I believe it would have been printed in their magazine also. Sadhu Vaswani bringing up Swami's name gave me a lot of joy.
When we go to someone and they ask us about our dear ones, if they bring up our mother and father, how happy we feel, when someone talks about our Baba, we don't even know how happy that would make us feel.
We don't know which world we would be in. Is our Swami your Swami too? Oh!
That's really great. When His grace falls on someone, no matter what religion he belongs to, or what caste, or what occupation, or how educated, or which holy office, Lord Bhagawan Sri Sathya Sai Baba is the same for everyone.
Rather than calling Him Swami, I like referring Him to as Bhagawan.
You may ask why. We call all the saints as "Swami, Swami."
Is He the same kind of Swami? No.
There used to be a man called Jammala Madaka Madhava Ram Sharma. He was a great scholar and a great man.
He always used to call, "Hey Bhagawan!"

He was my teacher. "Sir, is He a Bhagawan?" "Of course, if not?" "Do you want me to call Him Swami? No, no, no, Bhagawan."

If we think we have a status, think about the level He is at, at least indirectly.

Otherwise that too is not there. So Sadhu Vaswani, Swami Chinmayananda, Jillellamudi Amma, I was able to have their Darshans, by Swami's grace. And it was an opportunity for me to learn that they were all devotees.

There is a village called Pudipatla, near Tirupati.

There is a Ramakrishna Mission in Pudipatla. It is well-known for being one of the Ashrams established early.

They invited me for one of their conferences. I went and I was the only one who was dressed in white.

Everyone else was in ochre robes that saints and sages wear. I wondered what I would look like if I too wore them.

I talked about Swami. All the saints there were very pleased.

They were very happy. Each person was asking me what our Swami was like.

I could not hold back my happiness. There are no limits or restrictions to that happiness.

As all those saints were talking about Swami, I felt that way. What all of these tell me is, as Swami said, "There is only one religion, the religion of love."

There is only one religion, the religion of love. There is only one God who is omnipresent.

The one who is omnipresent, He is the only God. That oneness of divinity that Baba emphasizes repeatedly

wow, it makes me love Him more and more, moment to moment.

At every moment my love for Him increases.

In that way, I had Darshan of all those saints. Now, to delight you, I will talk about a few amusing conversations.

Swami's amusing conversations with students

There were always students around Swami. Why these students? Are we useless? What do they know?

Are they scholars in multiple languages? Are they awardees of the Jnana Pitha? Are they poet laureates? Who are they?

They just came here to study. Why do You love them so? To think about it, go back into history. Krishna had cowherd boys around Him.

Cowherd boys around Him. Look at the history of the Christ.

He too had young people around Him. Someone asked Swami the reason for this. He said, "For anything to change, it is due to young people."

"How can the older ones change now? They are about to get off at the next station."

Meaning they are about to leave soon, to go to the heavens. The train is moving, and the one who gets off at the next station can only die, not change.

"All these older people are about to get off at the next station." "It is only the young people who can change anything."

"Those are the ones who will stay with Me," said Swami. All these students sit around Swami.

He says to one, "Did you brush your teeth properly? Or just rushed it?"

"You just do this. Did you brush properly?" He said. To another one, "What does your father do?"

"My father lectures about the Gita, Swami."

"Oh, lectures? Gita was not written to give lectures about it. It is for practising it." Gita was propounded for people to practise, not for listening pleasure," said Swami. He was shocked. "Tell your father to practise it." As He talks to the students, He asks me, "Is he a good student?"

"He is very good, Swami." "Not very, he is good."

"But," Swami says, as if He put on the brakes, "he is good, but..."

"now and then, bad company, bad thoughts," and then everyone laughs.

"He is good, but..." and then He goes on. In that way, he too is happy. No one thinks he was belittled.

He thinks, "I am an instrument for Swami's conversation, what more do I need?"

To another one, "How are you? When will you get married?"

"Swami?" "When?" "I don't want to, Swami." "They are waiting," He talks to each one like this. Very good. I tell everything to everybody, just like our parents tell us.

Doesn't our mother say, "He doesn't listen, however many times I tell him"? Doesn't our father say that? "However many times I tell him, he doesn't listen."

Don't our parents say that? That's how Swami says, "How many times do I say it?" I don't know a single alphabet of Hindi, other than these four words of His.

Other than His four words, I don't know a single alphabet. The funny thing is that my wife was a Hindi teacher.

Very good, but I don't know it at all. To this day, I remain that way.

Swami says laughing, "How many times do I tell you?"

"Tsk tsk. You don't listen to even a single thing."

"Not even one." Meaning, "How many times did I tell you?" "You don't listen even a single time. What to do?"

"I tell you many things," and then the students laugh heartily. To another one He says, "You eat well, you speak well, but you don't work."

"Tsk tsk. You don't work." And then everyone laughs.

"Anil Kumar, all of these are fine when they are here." "But when they go out, I don't know what happens to them."

"They behave very well here. I don't know what happens when they go out."

"They go outside and stare at the wall posters."

"Like rowdies. But here they are like this." So whether we are here, or out there, He is watching us.

"Is that true?" "Anil Kumar, do you think he is very obedient?"

"He was a big rowdy in the beginning."

"Is that so, Swami?" We should not say anything more there. If we say it's true, He will ask, "How do you know? You must be a rowdy also?"

Why would I want that? So I just say, "Is that so, Swami?" "Do you know about this boy? He came to Swami and I completely changed him."

"I changed him in one moment, did you see?" "Yes Swami, You can do anything." "They are all like this after they came to Swami."

"They go home during vacation, and their parents tell them to watch movies," or to watch the TV. They spoil them." "I raise them this way, and their parents spoil them that way."

"What do I do?" I thought, "Swami, You should pity Yourself."
This is His amusement with the students. One of them might be fat. "You are fine, but if you do some exercise, it will be good."
"Don't grow bigger like an elephant. You should not be like a corpse either."
"You should not be like an elephant either. You should be balanced." "To stay in an AC room is not good. You should go out and walk."
"Walk around," Swami says, "then you will be good."
"If you stay in AC rooms all the time, then you don't feel anything." "Is that so, Swami?" "Your shirt looks a little tight?"
"You grew up a size." "Yes, Swami, of course we grew bigger."
"You are constantly feeding us three times a day. We keep eating."
"Are you eating because I gave you? Or am I giving you because you're eating?"
I died right there. I said, "Swami, both are happening."
That amusement He has with the students is very funny to watch.
There are some who start fights. He asks, "Do you know him?"
If I say I know him, He will say, "Did you come to find out about him or Me?" If you say you know him, you are dead.
If you say you don't know him, "You stay here, how do you not know him?" "You work in the college. How could you not know him?" He will say.
It's a mistake to say you don't know him, or that you know him. So silence is golden for foolish men. "Is that so, Swami?"
Then He says, "I will tell you about him, listen."
And then He goes on to talk about him. "He used to wander aimlessly in the past."
"He used to go to look at movie stars. He is an only son of his parents."
They became sad. He is getting ready to see Sharmila Tagore.
His parents were worried that their only son turned out this way. His mother put the Sathyam Sivam Sundaram book on his dressing table.
Does he want truth or beauty? Sharmila Tagore is beauty for him.
She was supposed to come at 5 O'clock, and he started dressing up at 2 O'clock.
He did not open the book for several months. He brushed his hair properly, and was giving himself finishing touches of make up.
At that time, the book opened on its own. His heart almost stopped beating. If this glass in front of me moves, you won't see me around.
I would be terrified. The book opened. When he looked at the open page, the letters on the page grew bigger in size as he was watching. When he read it, it said, "Don't go anywhere. Stay right here."
"I will give you permanent happiness." This sounded like a warning.
Letters growing bigger? The book opening by itself? "I just wanted to live a few years."
"It is better to pay attention to these words," he thought. He untucked his shirt, called his friends and said, "I'm not coming. You go on your own."
"But you said you were coming?" "Please leave me alone." They all left and he stayed back.
He attended the Ooty summer classes. He sat at the back and was writing down the lectures.
Swami said to the students, "Do you know what he is writing down?" "He is not writing down the lectures. He is writing Sai Ram, Sai Ram, Sai Ram, Sai Ram."

"He is doing writing meditation." He went and talked to him.
Swami later performed his wedding as well. When Kasturi garu visited Srikalahasti 50 years ago, I heard this during his speech.
All of Kasturi garu's speeches include miracles. He narrates all these miracles wonderfully.
We can say there is no one who can equal to him. He has a dramatic way of expression. He himself explained,
50 years ago, "A farmer had a quarrel with his brother about property."
"After the fight, he came and sat here. He didn't speak."
"I'm coming here after a fight, and You won't even look at my face?"
He thought it was better to die. This was an incident that happened in Bengaluru.
He thought he would then go to Puttaparthi.
Swami had then come to Puttaparthi. He also wanted to go there. You should hear Kasturi garu's description here.
He sat in the train but the train wasn't going chug-chug-chug.
It was going, Puttaparthi-Puttaparthi-Puttaparthi.
He thought, "Wow, it's saying Puttaparthi," and he arrived at Puttaparthi. Swami looked at him and said, "Am I not here? You want to take your life because of some differences?"
"Am I not here?" Swami talked to him. In that way, he was a singular person who could speak beautifully.
He is like sage Valmiki for Sai literature. He translated Swami's discourses into English.
He even published the books. All of Sai literature today is thanks to Valmiki-like Kasturi garu.
He belonged to the Ramakrishna Mission. He would always ask Swami,
"Swami, grant me a Mantra." But He wouldn't do it.
After exactly a month, "Come here. Where were you?"
"I used to be in the Ramakrishna Mission." "Why?" "To know God. I was there to get near to God, Swami."
"You are here then. You found Him and you are getting Darshan. What else do you want?"
That's it! We learn about Swami's divinity, and also his devotion.
In that way, he is someone who had miraculous experiences. As he was watching, Swami gave someone a ring.
That person was very pleased looking at it. By the time Swami came back from His rounds, it had disappeared.
He kept thinking, "I lost my ring." This is amusement for Swami.
During that time, He called Kasturi garu and said, "I will give you a ring."
He gave him that ring. "Let me look at it." "No Swami, I'm not going to give it back."
"Why not?" "Swami, You made his ring disappear. You will make this one disappear too."
Kasturi garu was one who was capable of using his wit and humour in his speeches.
In these sweet moments, I'm somehow remembering him.
In this way, He used to have amusing conversations with the students.
Swami used to talk humorously. He says, "Tsk tsk. What use is it? Tsk tsk."
"Swami, a small question." "Ask." "They behave well when they are here."
"When they leave here You say they change?" I said.
He might say, "Who are you to say it? You have changed too." That arrow will come back to me.
So I said, "You are saying it Swami, so why do they change?"

I used to be in Bengaluru then. "Do you know the grass in Bengaluru?" "Yes, Swami, it's in all the lawns there." "What does it look like in the summer?"
"There is nothing there, it is all plain, Swami." "Then what happens?" "It becomes green."
"So in the summer, the grass seeds are hidden below the soil."
"When it rains, they immediately come up. These qualities exist in them."
"As soon as they go outside they explode. Do you understand?" "They are fine when they are here. There they come out in this way," He said.
He would consider these students as His own, and loves them so much.
I don't know of any Guru who loved his students as much.
The reason why I call it selfless love is because He doesn't feel, "I thought he would be like this, but he is not."
"I wanted him to be this way, but he is not. I thought he would stay with Me, but he left."
There is none of that, nothing about him. If anyone picks up courage and says, "Swami, he left,"
"Bangaru, what does it matter if he is here or there? Swami is everywhere." "If he is happy and well, that's enough. What more do I want?" He says.
That supreme love is beyond the stretch of our imagination, I think.
In this way He had amusing conversations with the students, and I heard many of them.
Whenever I had a new outfit made, I wanted to show it to Him.
I wanted to show it to Him first. This was when Swami was in the Poornachandra Auditorium.
"Come here. Why, you have a new outfit on?"
"I don't know, Swami." "Walk back and forth, let Me see."
"He made it well," He said. One time, I wore an ash-coloured suit.
"Come here, take Padanamaskar." Usually we ask if we can take Padanamaskar.
Swami should then say, "Take." But He said to take it. That means something was about to happen to me.
I thought something was going to happen. I bent over and the suit rode up. "Who stitched it?"
"What is that? It should not look like that. Everyone will look at your belt."
"Is that how you wear it?" He watches carefully how we dress,
how we style our hair, how we look, Swami looks very minutely.
Just as a mother bathes her child, brushes his hair, powders him, and is pleased by him,
Swami is pleased when we look nice. It is an ocean of love.
He is an ocean of bliss. All we can do it drown in that ocean.
We can do nothing else. Remembering Swami, and the thoughts of our great elders,
I wanted to share them with you. Because these are all related to Swami.
And since I have been part of those incidents, I believe it is my responsibility to share them.