

Dear Devotees of Sathya Sai,

At a recent meeting with Ishver Patel, Coordinator for U.K. and Ireland, the possibility of an all-Ireland Sai Organisation was discussed. The proposal to bring the North of Ireland and the Republic into one Sai unit, has been received favourably by both he and Kishin Khubchandani, Chairman for Zone 9, when this issue was initially mooted during the course of my visit to Prasanthi Nilayam, in July.

This, I am now following-up, and will keep you informed of developments.

In the meantime, I am selecting devotees who will form a new National Committee, that will eventually represent this new all-Ireland structure.

I have been advised that this should be a 'selection' rather than an 'election'. With this in mind, I am, at present, studying a list of possible candidates, for various positions on the committee, as well as appointing a Deputy Chairperson, who will take over my position as Chairperson, when I retire two years from now.

Again, I will keep you informed as things progress. *Ed.*

Believe it or not, in the next 25-30 years, the entire human race will become one. People of all religions, like Hindu, Muslim, Christian, etc., will be united. There will be complete unity in the world. It is from Bharath that the spirit of devotion for God will spread to all parts of the world. Treasure this truth in your hearts. - BABA.

Articles for

'Sanathana Sarathi'

In a recent communication from Kishin Khubchandani, Zone Chairman, he stated the following:

"A lot of good work is being done by various centres in our Zone.

"I do not think there is a day that we are not serving our fellow human beings in one way or the other, be it Seva, Education or Spirituality in general. Some of us feel that by having an article in *Sanathana Sarathi* we are advertising our Seva activities. Our *Sanathana Sarathi* is circulated among devotees and therefore it is not advertising but information.

"Information generates inspiration and from inspiration encouragement, therefore let us keep informing and keep inspiring.

"We look forward to receiving your future reports and high-resolution pictures from you each month. In order to help us save time in collecting missing information from reports around the world, we made a checklist of five important items for our coordinators who send reports and pictures to us.

The five items are:

- 1/ Date of the event
- 2/ Location of the event.
- 3/ Number of people attending the event.
- 4/ Number of Sathya Sai volunteers.
- 5/ Separate high-resolution picture files in jpeg format. If they are big files, kindly send one by one.

"The above checklist would also help us in sorting the reports and ensure we did not miss any report.

"Thank you for sending the reports and pictures to *Sanathana Sarathi* publications.

"Loving Sai Ram, Kishin."

It is suggested that you send your report and pictures to me in the first instant, for me to forward to Ishver Patel, our Central Coordinator. *Ed.*

As you believe, so you receive...

-Shirdi Sai Baba.

Swami-1998 Dasara Discourse

"In this world, there may be at least one good person out of every ten persons. Out of every ten good persons, there may be at least one who has love for God. Out of every ten persons who have love for God, there may be at least one who wants to attain Divinity. Out of every ten persons who want to attain Divinity, there may be at least one who is ever ready to obey God's command. Only he who obeys God's command is redeemed. There is no point in undertaking spiritual practices without obeying God's command."

The Lord's words are sweet to some, bitter to others. -BABA

Prasanthi Update

"The festival of Dusshera is celebrated as Durga pooja -or Ayudh pooja. The Goddess Durga has tremendous power, and all other

gods and goddesses transfer their power to Goddess Durga.

“This pooja is a worship of whatever impliments one may use in ones livelihood...If one can make a conscious effort to see the Divine in the tools and objects one uses each day, it will help one to see one’s work as an offering to God...”

“In India it is customary for one to prostrate before the tools one will use before starting one’s work each day; this is an expression of gratitude to God for helping one to fulfil one’s duties...”

“And so, in Puttaparthi too, all vehicles and implements are worshipped and revered this day. The SAAB, Merc., BMW and Toyota stood beside each other awaiting their Lord!...An alter had been made amidst the cars and the whole place was spotless clean. As Swami watched on, coconuts were broken in front of each of the cars...and prasadam and chocolates were blessed for distribution.”

Later that day Swami sanctioned the immediate release of R.10 crores (one crore equals 10,000,000 rupees) for the relief of thousands of flood victims in the Orissa and seven other districts. Swami planned a massive relief, rebuilding homes (not houses), by the Sai Organisation, along with building Primary Schools for the villages. Swami said He would sell away the hilltop house in Kodaikanal and the Sri Sathya Sai airport at Puttaparthi, and direct those funds for service!

Swami left instructions for, “Sri Kondal Rao of the A.P. government and Sri Ramakrishna, director of L&T, to leave for Orissa and make plans, so that in two months time, those people have good and proper houses constructed so that they would last for a long time!”

Mention was made of Puttaparthi and you were advised to go there and draw inspiration from the Bhajans there. Please do not incur the expense; for wherever you are, whenever you call on Me, your room can become Prasanthi Nilayam; your village can be made Puttaparthi. I am ever alert to respond, even ready to listen and reply.

-BABA. (1958)

Truly A Sai-Chiatric Shock

March 1995 happened to be the end of my 2nd year of service at the Super Speciality

Hospital in Puttaparthi. Before we left for Australia on holiday, Swami called us for interviews twice. I had asked Swami in the 1st interview if He would give us one of His Robes for our Homebush Sai Centre, in Australia. Swami brought a Robe from the inner room and gave it to me saying, “*This is for you.*”

Four days later we had our second interview when He asked my wife, “*Have I given you the Robe?*” Even before she could say a word, Swami walked into the inner room and brought a Robe and gave it to her. Presuming that Swami may have intended this Robe for our Sai Centre, we gave it to the Centre, placing it on Swami’s chair during the Centre bhajans.

Within a week of our arrival in Australia, I had a ‘phone call from an old friend. He sounded desperate and told me that his son, David, had been admitted to the pediatric psychiatric wing at a major teaching hospital in Sydney. Since he had attempted suicide twice during this period the authorities had decided to transfer him to a high security juvenile psychiatric unit, specially built for such cases at another hospital.

David was 16 and came from a loving and well-to-do upper middle class family. For some reason he developed resentment towards his parents and, unknown to his parents, he became extremely depressed. Australia had the highest juvenile suicide rate in the world at the time.

With a caring psychiatrist, counselling and medication, David had shown some improvement within a couple of weeks. When he was sent home one weekend, it proved disastrous when David attempted suicide by jumping through the 2nd floor window at his home on to the concrete driveway. Luckily he fell on the sunroof of his father’s car and caused extensive damage to it. He was miraculously unscathed.

One day the boy stealthily tried to electrocute himself by poking something into a live power socket in the ward but the safety trip switch thwarted his attempt and caused a power cut to some appliances in the adjoining critical-care ward. The authorities decided to send him off to the High-Security Unit immediately.

His father managed to persuade the hospital authorities to delay the transfer until I saw David. I remembered to carry Swami’s Robe with me. First I had to win the boy’s

confidence and told David that I had just returned from India. I gave him the Robe to hold and told him that Swami had given it to me only a few days back. David couldn't believe that such a precious gift could be in his hands and he held it dumbstruck for a moment.

This new wing for juveniles, the only one of its kind in Australia to tackle the unprecedented rise in juvenile suicide rate, came into existence after I had left for India. The High-Security Unit was considered to be one of the most modern of its kind in the world, with psychiatrists, psychoanalysts, psychotherapists, counselors and social welfare workers, all working as a team.

With my regular visits, David showed great improvement and the staff there encouraged my visits. The only furniture in his tiny room was his six-foot bed and we were stowed on it next to each other. When I saw my face in the mirror I had a flash of intuition that we should swap places. After swapping seats I asked him if he could see his face clearly in the mirror and he nodded his head.

I told David softly, "I will sit in silence next to you and let us continue with this precious moment of silence ('Sai-Lens')." Two minutes passed and suddenly David let out a scream and grabbed me tightly. He appeared to be terrified over something and his whole body was shaking.

"What happened...what happened?" I asked, and he replied, "Those eyes...those eyes," gasping away. I queried, "What eyes?" and he said, "That face!" I quizzed him, "What face? What are you talking about? Tell me!" and he answered, "Those hairs!" Instantly I was able to piece together something astonishing happening and wondered if he had seen Sai Baba in the mirror.

Then I pulled out Sai Baba's photo from my wallet and asked, "Is it Him that you saw?" and he replied, "Yes!" He was still in utter turmoil and breathing heavily and I persisted. "Where were you then?" and he replied, "I disappeared and Sai Baba alone was there!"

I was overjoyed and said, "How blessed you are! For over 15 years I have been visiting Baba every year and never had any vision of Him. You have had this amazing vision of your true self, which even evolved souls strive to experience. Can you realise the truth of yourself that you are Divine? You have seen Sai Baba in you with your own eyes without even going to India, haven't you? Sai Baba is

revealing to you that He is the Christ and God within you and is going to heal you."

David eagerly awaited my visit the following day and I gave him a copy of the book, *The Holy Man and the Psychiatrist*, by Samuel Sandweiss. He looked bright, cheerful and excited and wanted to tell me about his overnight dream. In the dream he was alone and Baba suddenly appeared at the door, holding a gent's umbrella with a metal shank that had a pointed tip. David saw many cut bits and pieces of his body strewn all over the floor. Staring at David, Baba walked into the room and poked the sharp pointed end of the umbrella into a small piece of his body lying in one corner. Lifting it up and pointing it towards David, Swami said, "*I am taking this piece away, you don't need it anymore!*" and disappeared.

The very same night David's mother too had her first dream of Baba. She and David were together alone in a room with Baba. She showed her reverence by bending down and touching Swami's feet, *padanamaskar*, and David followed suit and the dream ended. The two separate dreams the mother and the son had that night, possibly at the same instant, was a sign of Swami's Grace and Divine intervention.

On my next visit David and I discussed about about his amazing dream as well as what he had seen in the mirror. When David saw Swami's face in the mirror, when his own face disappeared, did it mean he saw Sai Baba as a reflection of himself?

"If your body was cut into several pieces you must have been dead. Then how could you have seen anything?" He replied, "I had no doubt that they were pieces of my own body." David was discharged from the High-Security Unit.

His parents were happy to accede to David's wish and got him admitted to another school. He did well in the University entrance examination, completed a 4-year course at the University of Sydney with honours and even did a postgraduate degree. He is now doing well in his career and the family is happy.

This extraordinary story shows us that we are reflections of God, and He has revealed Himself to humanity in the form of Bhagavan Sri Sathya Sai Baba. The dream David had, reveals the existence of a conscious 'subtle person' within each one of us, who can see, hear and interpret, even when the physical

body is merely an instrument, a psychosomatic apparatus!

Dr. Sara Pavan is an Anaesthesiologist from Australia, who came to Baba in 1980 and has been residing in Prasanthi Nilayam since 1993, serving in the Sri Sathya Sai Institute of Higher Medical Sciences.

It is foolish to think that God is separate from you and search for Him outside. You are God. But since you identify yourself with body, you are not able to understand this Truth. -BABA.

As You Sow...

Back in 1948, when Swami was a young 22 year old, a certain wealthy man, with twin sons who were blind from birth, visited Prasanthi Nilayam to seek Swami's miraculous healings. Devotees prayed for seven days that Swami would give them an interview. Eventually, Swami called the man, his two blind sons and some devotees, for the interview, and gave them a profound discourse on Karma and human dharma.

When He concluded, the devotees prayed and tried persuading Baba to grant sight to the twins. Swami asked, "Look, what these twins have done in their past life," then they could see, 'projected' like a movie on the wall, a scene showing these twins as two cruel dacoits, tying two others to a tree in a forest and plucking their eyes out and robbing them of their wealth. All present view this horrible scene and were disturbed by what they were shown.

Swami asked them, "Tell Me, shall I grant sight to these boys? If you were in My shoes, what would you do?"

The father had no answer, and fell at Swami's feet and cried, "Baba, pardon me for my audacity. You are God being ever present in the past, present and future. You are our destiny. Please save us all."

Swami lovingly lifted the father and said that the twins had repented for their evil deeds and prayed to God for forgiveness. Their lifestyle had changed and they started serving the poor with the robbed money and as a result of which they were born in the house of a wealthy man. They cannot, however, escape from the evil act of blinding two innocent persons and hence had to be born blind.

Swami assured them that now that they had come to His Divine presence, their future would be good and that He would take care of them and would bless them.

The present is a product of the past, but it is also the seed of the future.

-BABA.

Surrendering to the Lord

In times of difficulties, we, as Sai devotees, are blessed to have the comforting guidance of our Beloved Lord Sai Baba. He has shown us how to respond to the vagaries of life, particularly in these uncertain times. He offers us a "Prayer of Surrender".

Why get agitated? Let Me take care of all your business. I shall be the One who will think about them. I am waiting for nothing else than your surrender to Me, and then you do not have to worry any more about anything. Say farewell to all fears and discouragement. You demonstrate that you do not trust Me. On the contrary, you must rely blindly on Me.

To surrender means: to turn your thoughts away from troubles, to turn them away from difficulties you encounter and from all your problems. Leave everything into My hands, saying, "Lord, Thy will be done. Thou think of it." That is to say: "Lord I thank you, for you have taken everything in your hands and you will resolve this."

Remember that thinking of the consequences of a thing is contrary to surrender. That is to say, when you worry that a situation has not had the desired outcome, you thus demonstrate that you do not believe in My love for you.

Never think: How is this to end?...What is going to happen? If you give into this temptation, you demonstrate that you do not trust Me. Do you want Me to deal with it...yes or no? Then you must stop being anxious about it! I shall guide you only if you completely surrender to Me.

You will receive a lot but only when your prayer will rely fully upon Me. You pray to Me when in pain so that I intervene, but in the way you desire it. You do not rely on Me, but you want Me to adjust your requests.

Sometimes you feel that disasters increase instead of diminish. Do not get agitated. Close your eyes and tell Me with faith: "Thy will be done. You think of it." And when you speak thus, I accomplish a miracle when necessary. I only think of it when you trust Me totally. I always think of you, but I can only

help you completely when you rely fully on Me.

**This statement may be seen outside
the Western Canteen at Prasanthi Nilayam.**

When people report to Me about death and disease, I say, “Very happy”.

A man was angered by this and asked Me, “You say You are happy when I am dying?”

“Death is inevitable. If not today, it will come some day or other! Truth grants real happiness, so I speak the truth!”

When I reply thus, he is pacified.

-BABA.

“I Will Be With You!”

The former Vice-Chancellor of Bangalore University, Dr. V.K. Gokak, a Professor of English, was an ardent devotee of Baba.

On one occasion, Swami asked him to go to speak to devotees in the USA and a number of other countries, in response to invitations.

When he was about to leave he prostrated before Swami and sought His blessings. Swami promptly blessed, with the words, “*I will be with you*”.

During the course of his journeys to the various countries, Dr. Gokak was amazed to find the seat adjacent to his was invariably vacant. This prompted him to recall Swami’s words, “*I will be with you*”.

Swami’s words never go to waste; they are always meaningful and true!

His talk in the USA, began with silence, as nothing came out for a moment or two. For the first time in his life, the great orator was speechless, as he stood before the large gathering. This prompted him to pray mentally to Swami for help. To his enormous surprise he saw Swami seated in the front row with smiling benediction, and thus began a tremendous flow of eloquent speech providing a treat to his gathered audience. Swami’s assurance of being with him, had come true!

In 1983, the Editor of *Sanathana Sarathi*, Shri V.K. Narasimhan, was directed by Swami to attend an international conference in Italy. His was a hurried departure, packing his luggage, and reaching the airport to catch his plane, that eventually landed him safely in Rome. He met up with Dr. Pavan, of Australia, who was at the time producing a magazine for the Sathya Sai Seva Organisation, of Australia. Dr. Pavan sought

Narasimhan’s opinion on the manuscript, and it was only then that Narasimhan realised that he had left his spectacles behind in Whitefield! It was a great shock to him. He prayed fervently for Swami’s help to save him from embarrassment at the conference the following day, which was the sole reason for his visit there.

His intense prayer was answered promptly, for as he just completed the prayer, his specs., fell down on the sofa they were sitting on, much to Narasimhan’s surprise and relief.

Upon returning to P.N., Swami said to him, “*I only had delivered your specs. in no time from Bangalore to Rome.*”

Swami is beyond time and space -He is Omnipresent!

Today, every act of man is filled with selfishness. Selfishness has entered his thoughts, words and deeds. Man lives as a puppet in the evil hands of selfishness. Once under the control of selfishness, how can he ever progress? BABA

Exclusive Train to Puttaparthi

A train exclusively for the followers of Baba is getting ready to leave for Puttaparthi.

The train starts its journey from Thiruvananthapuram.

The tour is being organised in connection with the Birthday Celebrations of Sai Baba. The Keyees Tours and Travels, a private tour operating firm based in Vatakara in Kozhikode district, is the organiser of the tour.

This is the first time that a train is being arranged exclusively for the followers of Sai Baba, said the organisers.

The expenses for the 7-day journey will be Rs 6,900, including food, insurance, sight-seeing and accommodation. Apart from Puttaparthi, the train will touch Manmad, Aurangabad, Shirdi, Sanisinkanapur, Ellora and Dharm-varam.

Each compartment will have a manager and security guard for the assistance of passengers. Medical assistance will also be provided onboard during the journey.

“The main advantage of the tour is that the pilgrims will get a chance to visit other places of importance. Besides, they need not carry the whole luggage when they go out. They can keep the luggage in the train itself,” said the tour organisers. Interested persons may contact the organisers or their representative

in Kochi. Tickets are not available at railway stations.

‘Phone:0496-3244445/9744471995

(Vatahara).

Axis Man Tech Solution, Rasheed Tower, 11 Floor, Karimpatta Cross Road, Kochi-16

‘Phone: 0484-3265135/9388056563.

Why do you run after My physical body for paadanamaskar?

You can always visualise Me in your heart, and do any number of namaskaars. That yields much better results because you are doing it in your spiritual consciousness, rather than the physical consciousness. -BABA.

Sri Sathya Sai Baba On Love

by Seema Uniyal

Baba says, “*It is My Love that flows everywhere in the Universe and it is man on Earth who disrupts the flow*”.

Baba also says, when you fill your life with love, you become permanently attuned to the Lord, and then you experience that Divine Love which brings with it the peace that passeth all understanding.

Love is in the heart, sometimes locked away; lock precious jewellery in the home, but what is the use of having something locked away? Jewellery has no lasting value, because when your earth life is over, you cannot take it with you and it is lost to you for ever.

What about love? Love is there always, like the flower in the bud, hidden from sight, but, at the right moment, the flower emerges from the bud and brightens all around.

Love is the same, except that you can unlock the love within your heart at will and allow it to change your whole life.

Life without love is empty. Life with love is heaven. Baba says, “*Open your heart today and let the love, My Love, emerge from its resting place and brighten the world around you.*”

(Reproduced from “Sai International”)

Religions are many but the goal is one.

-BABA.

The Ultimate Mantra - Love.

M. K. Kaw

Baba often says that He is God. Newcomers, who have preconceived notions of how God

looks and behaves, are often intrigued by this seemingly egoistic hyperbole. How can this five foot tall, dark Indian villager be God, the Master of the Universe?

Baba can read every thought in their mind. “*Yes, I am Go.*” He pauses briefly and then adds, “*You are also God. The only difference is that I know it and you do not.*”

A cheeky young man in the group queries, “If you are indeed God, you must tell me the answer to a question I have asked all my life, with no satisfactory answer. Wht did you create this Universe?”

Unfazed, Baba replies with quiet omnipresence, “*I separated Myself from Myself, so that I could love Myself.*” An answer that is a great improvement on the Vedic explanation, “He said, ‘I am alone; let Me be many.’”

Baba has thus initiated us into the ultimate mystery of creation. We are all seemingly separate, but in our inmost being we have this feeling that we are all one. What is the truth? Are we the One or the Many? Baba has given us the key. We are the One, Who has consciously divided Himself into the Many, so that He could experience the elixir of love.

If this world is a karma bhumi and we have been sent here to evolve into higher and higher levels of awareness, the simplest mantra is Love. Love is the physical attraction we feel for the other swex. Love is the vital craze we have for power. Love is the emotional pull of the mother and child. Love is the insatiable thirst we have for knowledge and truth. And love is the bliss of *satori*.

Swami’s ‘anger’.

Once an observer noticed Swami scolding a lady. The observer was so shaken that he later asked Swami if He had actually been angry. Swami replied with a simple laugh and said that He never gets angry, for if He did, He said, He would burn everything to ashes!

Love is your true form. Man is born out of, and brought up with, love. Not only a human being but every living creature experiences love right from its birth. There is no force more powerful than love in this world. No power on earth can change love. -BABA.

THE RING THAT KEPT CHANGING FORM

(“Sai Baba: Invitation to Glory” H. Murphet)

Wilma Bronkey, from the U.S. experienced a fascinating miracle that demonstrated Baba’s omnipresence and omnipotence. In her home, Enchanted Acres, she had long taken care of the crippled and disadvantaged people. The people ranged from geriatrics to children; in fact, through the many years she had been doing this welfare work, 280 foster children have shared her home.

Then the day came when Sai Baba sent an enchanted call to this woman of compassionate heart. The reason He sent it is known only to Himself. The manner in which He sent it to a humble home, 250 miles south of Portland, Oregon, U.S.A., would be totally unbelievable to anyone who did not know Sai Baba.

Here are the sequence of events as told to me by Wilma Bronkey at Prasanthi Nilayam - where extraordinary things are part of the daily norm.

One day at her home Wilma answered a long-distance telephone call. A woman’s voice said, “Dr. Bronkey, would you please send, as soon as possible, the \$200 deposit on your fare to India. Arrangements must be finalised for all those going in Indra Devi’s party, to see Sai Baba.” Wilma replied, “There must be some mistake. I have no plan to go to India. And who is Sai Baba?” The line seemed to go dead. There was no further comment, so she hung up. What a strange call, she thought - and why had the voice called her ‘Dr. Bronkey’? She had no doctorate, but was known generally as the ‘Reverend Bronkey’. She had heard of Indra Devi, a well-known teacher of yoga, and now she felt a strong desire to find out something about Sai Baba. She made some enquiries and soon the book, “Sai Baba: Man of Miracles” came into her hands. As she read, she found herself wanting to go to India to see this ‘remarkable’ man. But she pushed the desire aside. Such a journey was quite impossible for a number of reasons.

Not long after the mysterious telephone call, while she was finding out all she could about Sai Baba, Wilma Bronkey received an honorary doctorate. So she thought the voice on the telephone had proved oddly prophetic in one way; will it in another?

Nothing seemed impossible to Sai Baba. But if He really wanted her to go, He would

have to give her an unmistakably sign. Moreover, He would have to remove some difficult obstacles.

She had a great liking for rings and always wore several on her fingers. Among them was a cheap ring with a stone of navy blue, made of glass and badly scratched with constant wear. But she valued the ring above all the others because it had been a Christmas present from some of her foster children.

She had formed the habit of taking off the rings while doing domestic chores and putting them in a side pocket of her handbag. The reason for this was that if she went out in a hurry, she could put the rings on at some convenient moment later.

One afternoon, Wilma went with a friend to see a film on the care of handicapped people. When it started, she realised that she had seen the same film before and her interest waned. It was at that moment that she had not put her rings on. She felt in the side pocket of her handbag, that was resting on the unoccupied seat to her right and began to slip the rings on her fingers. Then she realised that the one with the dark-blue, badly scratched stone was missing. Had she put it somewhere else, or had it fallen out of the handbag? Intently, her mind went back over the events of the day while her eyes rested vaguely on the screen ahead. Then from the corner of her eye she saw a stream of coloured sparks flying upwards from the handbag on the side. At the same time a strange wind seemed to blow through the theatre and a voice inside her head spoke clearly: “*You asked for a sign.*”

She grabbed the bag and felt carefully inside. Her fingers contacted the missing ring but now it felt quite hot. Even in the dim light of the theatre it glittered so brightly that her friend by her side exclaimed: “Wow! Where did you get that?”

Excited by the change in the ring’s appearance, Wilma hastened out into the foyer to look at it in a brighter light. Her friend came too. It was the same ring, with the same familiar gold band, but the stone was now a sparkling light blue in colour!

Both ladies, highly exhilarated by the incredible happening, left the theatre. They were curious to know what kind of stone it was that had taken the place of the dark-blue glass. So on the way home they called on a jeweller. Wilma told him she wanted to know the value of the stone for insurance purposes and handed him the ring. “What a lovely

aquamarine!” he exclaimed, and after examining it carefully, valued it at \$1,000. As they continued their drive homeward, the friend protested, “But glass cannot turn into aquamarine. We should ask another jeweller.”

They did so. As she handed the ring to him, Wilma thought that the shade of blue had changed again. “What is this stone? she asked. After putting it through some tests, the jeweller told her that it was a sapphire, worth between \$1,000 and \$1,500. Wilma thanked him and the ladies returned to their car.

“Well I’m starting to believe in fairies again,” remarked the friend, as they drove along; “I wonder if it will change again.” Wilma laughed excitedly. No one but Sai Baba could be causing the changes in the ring to confound the jewellers in this way. “I wonder”, she replied, “Let us find another jeweller and see.”

They found one. Wilma kept her eyes off the stone as she handed him the ring with a request for a valuation. After examination, he told her it was worth about \$1,500. “And what is the stone?” asked Wilma’s friend. “Oh, a diamond - a nicely cut one,” he replied without hesitation.

By the time they reached Enchanted Acres, the stone had returned to the light-blue colour it had acquired in the theatre. And that’s the colour it was when I saw it on Dr. Bronkey’s finger later in P.N. The leela of the enchanted ring had left Wilma in no doubt that Sai Baba was giving her a sign and she felt sure that if He wanted her to go to India, He would remove the obstacles in her way.

The two main problems were; who would look after her patients and how would she get the money for her fare? The first was solved by her son and daughter-in-law unexpectedly offering to take care of the patients during her absence. The second problem was resolved in an equally unexpected way. Two friends, whom she had once helped with some healing, called to see her. They said, “We know you never take money for healing work, but we feel you specially need a sum of money right now. So we want to lend you \$2,000. You can take as long as you like to pay it back and there will be no interest.”

That was just the amount she needed, so again the voice on the telephone had proved prophetic. Dr. Bronkey found herself in Indra Devi’s party, bound for India and the ‘Abode of Supreme Peace.’

The day came -the wonderful day- when Wilma Bronkey sat on the sand with the crowd at P.N. waiting for Swami to appear. He came, floating, it seemed to her, on air. Smoothly He moved around the circle and eventually stood in front of her. Looking down, with a smile and a merry twinkle in her eyes, He said softly, “*How did you like your ring?*”

Wilma had managed to make several more visits to Swami before the time I met her there at Christmas in 1978. She brings parties of sick people for the blessings of the Great Healer. During the 1978 visit, Swami told her to expand her humanitarian work, and to establish a convalescent home for patients who had been cured of cancer.

Dr. Bronkey had been carrying on her commendable welfare work for years before the lord called her in His own amazing way. That call was the milestone of her life. Now behind her service to mankind, blessing it and expanding it, is the love and inspiration of Sai Baba.

Thank You

My sincere thanks go to those who contributed to the Orissa Flood Relief Fund. I’m sure your generous contributions will be greatly appreciated, and will afford relief and comfort to those in distress. *Ed.*

The entire world is pervaded with bliss. There is no trace of sorrow anywhere. But you may not agree with Me. You say, “Swami, you do not see sorrow, but we see it everywhere.” Whether you see or I see, there is only bliss everywhere. As you think only sorrow, forgetting the bliss, you find only sorrow. But I don’t

find sorrow anywhere. I see only bliss, bliss and bliss alone.

When we are the embodiments of Divinity, how can we ever be afflicted with sorrow? You are afflicted with sorrow because you don’t realise the temporary nature of the world. Whatever you see and experience is only the reflection of God. - BABA.

Shirdi Gets Airport for Devotees

Devotees of Sai Baba can now reach Shirdi by flight too, as the local Government has

approved construction of an airport near this holy place, at a cost of Rs 264 crore.

It will be constructed 15 kms. from Shirdi at Kakadi village, and will be a public/private partnership. About 400 hectares of land is being purchased for this project.

When you sing a bhajan with the word 'Sai' in it, it means that everyone who sing it are reaching Me and I will reach to them too. Never ever think whenever you sing the Lord's name with Bhakti that He will not hear you, He will, it is only whether you sing with Bhakti or not. I want all of you to remember this whenever you sing Bhajan.
-BABA.

Jimmy's Miracle

Dr. Pooja Chodankar

I remember it was almost Christmas because carols softly played on the radio in the nurses' station. I walked into Jimmy's room. A small seven-year-old was dwarfed by the big, indifferent, mechanical hospital bed with its starchy white sheets.

He looked up at me through suspicious eyes, hidden in a face puffed up from the use of steroids to control his kidney condition. "What are you gonna do to me now?" they seemed to ask. "What blood tests are you gonna order? Don't you know they hurt, Doc?"

Jimmy had a disease called *nephrotic syndrome* and it was not responding to any therapy we had tried. This was his sixth month with illness, his second week in the hospital. I was feeling guilty - I had failed him. As I smiled at him, my heart felt even heavier.

The shadow of defeat had dulled his eyes.

"Oh no," I thought, "he's given up." When a patient gives up, your chances of helping that patient lower dramatically.

"Jimmy, I want to try something."

He burrowed into the sheets. "It gonna hurt?"

"No, we'll use the intravenous line that's already in your arm. No new needles." What I planned I had tried a few weeks earlier without success. I gave him intravenous Lasix, a drug that is supposed to 'open up' the kidneys.

This time I planned a new twist, which the nephrologist said probably would not work but was worth a try. A half hour before I injected the Lasix I would inject albumin, a

simple protein that would draw water from the bloated cells into the bloodstream. Then, when I gave the Lasix, the water flooding the bloodstream might flow into, and open up, the kidneys. The problem was, if it didn't, the 'flooded' blood vessels could give Jimmy lung congestion until his body readjusted. I had discussed this with his parents. Desperate, they agreed to try.

So I gave albumin into his intravenous line. A half hour later I came back to give the Lasix. He was breathing harder and looked scared. I had an idea. I never believed in divine intervention, but Jimmy came from a very religious family.

"You pray a lot?" I asked. "Yes," he answered. "I pray every night. But I guess God don't hear me."

"He hears you," I replied, not knowing in all honesty if God did or didn't, but Jimmy needed reassurance. And belief.

"Try praying as I give this medicine to you. Oh, and I want you to pretend you see your kidneys -remember all those pictures of them I showed you awhile back?"

"Yes."

"Well, I want you to picture them spilling all the extra wated in your body into your bladder. You remember the picture of your bladder I showed you?"

I figured I might as well try visualisation. This was in the 1970's. Some articles had been written about visualisation and some evidence existed that it worked - in some cases, anyway.

"Yeah."

"Good. Start now. Concentrate on your kidneys." I placed my hands there and shut my eyes, concentrating - just to show him how, you understand. Then injected the Lasix.

Jimmy closed his eyes and concentrated, and mouthed a prayer. What the heck, I also prayed, even though I knew it wouldn't work. I did not believe in Divine intervention. When I died I would have a few choice questions for God about why He allowed certain terrible things to happen to certain children. One of my friends suggested that when I did die, God would probably send me the other way just to avoid me. But in for a penny, in for a pound.

"How long will it take to work?" the nurse asked as she adjusted the dripping intravenous line. I motioned for her to step from the room.

"In a person with normal kidneys, maybe twenty minutes - fifteen minutes tops," I replied. "With Jimmy, I'm hoping a half hour.

But I have to tell you, its a real long shot. Stay with him. If he had trouble and needs oxygen, call me. I'll be at the nurses' station writing all this down."

I sat down and opened Jimmy's cold, metal-jacketed chart, almost cursing the irony of the Christmas carol on the radio: "*Oh Holy Night.*" Before I had scribbled one sentence, the nurse stuck out her head from Jimmy's room. "A half hour to work?" she asked.

"For normal kidneys."

"Otherwise fifteen minutes 'tops', right, Doc?"

"That's what I said."

"Well, the floodgates have opened: he's urinating like crazy. Within just two minutes he asked for the urinal. I've got to go get another."

Two minutes? Impossible. I went to the room as fast as my cane would allow me to walk. Jimmy had already filled the plastic yellow urinal. The nurse rushed in with another two. He grabbed one and started filling that one too. He grinned at me, the light back in his blue eyes.

I left the room, a numbness coursing through my mind and body. It couldn't be. If he diuresed - if his kidneys opened up - he was on the way to a cure. No, it just could not happen that fast. Impossible. Medically impossible. And yet...

Was it sheer pharmacology and physiology breaking the rules? Was it the visualisation?

I could clearly hear a fragment of a carol on the radio. I felt goosebumps: "*Fall on your knees, oh hear the angel voices...*"

A paraphrase of the last line from *Miracle on 34th Street*, came to me: "And then again, maybe I didn't do such a wonderful thing, after all."

God is present in everyone in the form of love. Wherever you go, He is with you. He is the eternal witness. Share your love with others and receive their love in return. Love is your greatest virtue. Love confers the ultimate joy and bliss. God resides in the heart filled with love. Hence, it is essential that you fill your heart with love. Where there is love, there is God.

You don't need to search for Him. He is always in you, with you, around you, above you and below you. Adhere to the principle of love. Never hate anyone. Hatred is your worst enemy. Once you develop love in you, hatred will naturally vanish. If you were to come across your bitter rival, greet him

with love. He too will reciprocate the same feeling. How can you expect love from others when you do not have any love for them? It is love and love alone that I practise and propagate. Try to understand the power of love. It is your greatest wealth. None can estimate its value. What does God expect from you? It is only your love. Love is the tax that you have to pay to God for all that He has given you. - BABA.

LOVE

*By what power of love
The earth rotates without an axle,
By what power of love
The stars remain in the sky
Without falling on the ground,
By what power of love
The oceans confine to their limits
Without submerging the earth,
By what power of love
The wind god blows cool breeze
In all the worlds,*

*That mighty power of love is verily
The Atomic power.
That power of love is most
Wonderful, infinite, unique
And all pervasive.
The entire creation is saturated with love.*

-Telegu poem, recited by Baba.

The Mirror Of The Moon

The Prasanthi Reporter

A riveting account of a transcendental miracle of Divine as chronicled by Dr. John Hislop in *Sanathana Sarathi*, May 1974.

Early in the morning of Dec. 8th 1973, swami departed Prasanthi Nilayam for Brindavan. After an hour or so of driving, He directed the three accompanying cars to turn off the road to a clearing in an uninhabited area of forest. Everyone got out. Swami was in a delightful mood, moving about amongst the party and cracking jokes with the men.

Beside the picnic area was a wood apple tree with a few large apples in view, in the branches. The men tried to knock some of these to the ground by throwing stones, but without success. One small apple, about an inch in diameter, did fall to the ground and Baba picked it up. Holding it between His thumb and forefinger against the morning sun,

Baba said, "*Here is the moon.*" Then He closed the small apple in His hand for a moment, and when His hand opened, the apple had disappeared and in its place there was a most extraordinary object.

The object in Swami's hand was a translucent disc (of stone?) thin at the edges and thicker at the centre. It reflected light in a brilliant way and throughout its body there was a puzzling variety of modifications. There were dark areas of uneven shape and size; there were short and longer veins of luminous mineral-like materials of all shades of colour; there were specks and dots of colour that reflected brightly in the sunlight. The total effect of the disc was one of great beauty. Everyone gazed at the object with intense interest and wonderment. Holding the disc to the sun, Baba said that it was the moon in miniature comprised of the moon's matter, that it was 'a mirror of the moon.' Nobody understood what He meant, and we started to ask questions at length and we understood that the two-sided disc was an accurate miniature in stone and minerals of the two sides of the moon.

It was as if one were to photograph the moon as it is seen from earth, and then to journey to the opposite side of the moon and photograph that side. Each side photographed would appear on a photographic plate as a circular disc. Thus, one side of the translucent disc created by Baba mirrored one side of the moon, and the other side of the translucent disc mirrored the opposite side of the moon. The darker uneven shaped areas on the disc, were the very large features of the moon's surface; the brightly reflecting specks and dots were individual mountains and smaller mountain ranges; the shorter and longer veins of brilliant varicoloured mineral were additional features of the moon's landscape.

Indeed, the visual modifications to be seen in the disc were so complex that we could not readily understand it. Swami said that the mineralised appearances of the luminous features of the disc were in fact moon minerals, that they could be seen in the disc because it was thin and therefore translucent, and that the same mineralisation was in the moon itself. The miniature moon was exact and fully accurate, and were there to be a photo-graphic enlargement, scientists could at once recognise all the landscape features with which they were familiar.

Baba told us that He would not give the miniature moon to anyone, and that the disc would be returned to where it came from, He did not describe that source and nobody asked Him.

At this point, food taken from the car was ready and a delicious breakfast was served by the ladies of the party. I had the moon disc in my hand, so I put it in the pocket of my jacket and kept it there until breakfast was finished. Then I returned it to Swami. He again held it up to the sun and all along the edge of the stone disc, there was a rich golden light. Swami said, "*See, there is the sunlight!*"

After we had all admired the golden light, Swami again closed His hand over the moon disc and when in a moment, He opened His hand, the moon disc was gone and in its place was the original small wood apple.

By this time a few strangers had appeared from somewhere and Swami gave them the remaining food. The ladies tidied up the picnic ground, we all returned to our cars, and we resumed the drive to brindavan thoroughly pleased by the breakfast picnic with Baba.

Jesus was Love. Sathya Sai, too, is Love. Love must be manifested as service (Seva). Service must take the form of food for the hungry, solice for the forlorn, consolation for the sick and the suffering. Jesus wore Himself out in such service. A heart full of compassion is the temple of God. Jesus pleaded for compassion. Compassion was His message. He was sorely distressed at the sight of the poor. Today, Jesus is worshipped, but His teachings are neglected. Sai is being worshipped, but His teachings are neglected. Develop compassion. Live in Love. Be good; do good; see good. This is the way to God.

-BABA.

Swami Graces Barak Obama

I just want to share the good news that Swami is with Obama. When Obama came to Pittsburgh, we were invited as a part of the host Committee Team. We had an opportunity to speak to him personally for a few minutes. I gave him Sai Baba's picture, he took it and looked at it intently and asked 'who is this?' I told him, 'HE is my spiritual guru and am giving you it for your guidance, good luck and portection'. He put the picture in the pocket of his coat and told me he will always keep it. A few hours later, my husband got a

call from Obama's campaign manager and security people as to what was that picture about, because Obama kept that picture in his wallet. My husband explained to them that the picture is our spiritual master and we gave him it for his good luck, guidance and safety. They were OK with that response.

A few days ago, my husband was invited for the Obama Victory celebration and the same campaign manager said, 'Dr. Sharma, your guru's picture has worked.'

Swami is with Obama and guiding him every step of the way. It augurs well for the whole world. *Anita Sharma.*

God is ready to offer you anything you want, but you must be eligible to receive it - just as a depositor can withdraw money up to the amount of his deposit. The same rule applies to what you can receive from God. It depends on the size of your deposit with the Divine. Then the cheque of your prayer will be duly honoured.

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