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14th September, 1936.

Sankar Balwant Kohojkar, B.A., Kayasth Prabhu, aged 41, clerk in Bombay Collector's Office, living at Thana, says:

My late father Balwant C.Kohojkar a retired mamlatdar visited Sai Baba in 1911. Baba gave him an affectionate parental welcome and patted him on the back. Baba said to him. "Will you live in the mutt? (i.e) at Shirdi. My father lived there for about 7 days. When the time came for leave taking. Baba told him Go anywhere. Baba is after you. Subsequently, (i.e.) till my father's death, a few months back, whatever mishap may befall, my father found that he was helped by Baba. My father went only once.

During his stay at Shirdi in 1911, Datta Jayanti occurred. About 5 p.m. or so, Baba was seated at the mosque with devotees around him. At once, he said "I am having the pangs of labour. I cannot bear it. I am about to be delivered." Evidently, he was identifying himself with Anusuya, mother of Datta who at that time had her pains of labour and was undergoing sympathetic pain.

At twilight time (i.e.) shortly after the above incident he drove out all people from the mosque and again after a little while he called all people to come unto him. Then he was in glee. This is according to the Purana the time of Datta's birth. People all went in and among them, my father directly entered the mosque: what he was on Baba's seat and in place of Baba's figure was a small child, charming three faced figure of Datta (i.e.) Datta, as an infant. That view he had just for a moment. Then instead of Datta figure, he saw at the identical spot Baba in his usual dress and form. Just imagine what his feelings must have been at that time. He vividly realised that Baba was Datta.

On the day of leaving Shirdi and after taking the parting udhi at the Masjid, my father had gone through the lanes and houses that block the view between the main road and the mosque. There, at the main road, he had a strong feeling that this view of Baba might be his last, and so he desired to see Baba once more. Just as he formed that wish

in his mind, he looked at the lendi side and there peeping through the hedge was the face of Sai Baba. What a wonder of wonders! He had left Sai Baba behind at the mosque and Baba had not accompanied or followed him. Yet, at the moment when he entertained the desire to see Baba's face for the last time Baba's face appeared at a hedge about 100 or 150 yards away from the mosque. That was the last time he saw Baba, and so Baba said "You are going. Well go". I had not accompanied my father on the above occasion, but my father has mentioned this to me and others.

I have personally little experience. As a boy, I got a small photo of Sai Baba in my pocket. Since that time I progressed well in my studies and in life. I have given that little photo to my sister. I am worshipping Baba even now'.

In 1930, I had a serious accident that threatened to cut my life short at once. I had dysentery and I mistook a bottle of phenol, while I was in half sleeping condition for water and swallowed most of it. That resulted in my passing into a deranged state and for four days, I was unconscious. The attendant Dr. Chipkar feared it might prove fatal. But, I recovered after the fourth day. Just at that time, as I was regaining consciousness, I had a vision. I saw that figure of a young athletic Moslem (bareheaded he was) beating all round (i.e.) on the wall and the floor of my sick room with his staff. At once, I concluded that it was my patron saint Sai Baba that had come and saved my life.

In 1934, I felt a strong impulse that I should at once proceed to Shirdi and have a darshan of Samadhi and Dwaraka Mai. When I went into the Dwarka Mai, I felt thrilled by a current passing through my body (just like an electric current) at the sight of Baba's portrait. At first, I could not keep looking at that portrait. As I felt it, I was full of the feelings "God is here".

