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11th September, 1936

Abdul Rahim Samsuddhin Rangari, Mussulman, Painter, aged 65, residing at Mahagiri, Thana says:

In 1913, there was plague at Thana and also, I believe, at Shirdi. My wife was then suffering for about a month from some disease. Her throat, cheek etc., were swollen and she could eat nothing. Medicines were tried in vain. A neighbour of mine Mr.R.G.Gupte, a local pleader advised me to take my wife to Sai Baba at Shirdi as that would cure her. So we went. When the journey began, she was unable to eat anything. But as we went on, at Igatpuri, she was able to take tea and again at Nasik something more. This was an auspicious indication. She was fast improving. We went to Shirdi. Then I went into the Mosque and bowed to Sai Baba. He spoke to me in Hindustani.

Baba: Whence are you coming?

I: Thana.

Baba: What for?

I: My wife has swelling in the throat etc.

Baba: Ask her to come up the Mosque.

I took her up the steps and she bowed to Baba. He touched her hand, and said "**Khuda Achha Karega.**" (i.e. God will set matters right). I gave him rupee 1-4-0 without being asked; and he accepted it and gave me Udhi. I stayed two hours thereafter. Her swelling was fast subsiding. So we started back at once without the permission of Baba. He had told me to stay. But as a cure had been effected, I thought, we could start off. I did not like to stay in a strange place, unnecessarily, especially with my wife and a two year old son.

The tonga by which we came, was in the village. We took it and started off to Kopergaon. We went up half the distance, without any trouble, but thereafter, the axle of the tonga broke, and we were stranded on the road. It was about 10 p.m. No conveyances were available. We could neither walk back nor go on so many miles at night. The road was a lonely road and we felt the great danger we were in, exposed to the inclemency of the night and the chances of molestation

by highwaymen. Our predicament was unenviable. We repented the scant regard we had shown to Baba's words. Two hours passed in this condition. After midnight, we heard the rumble of some carriage and a voice crying out "Thanawala, Thanawala." Then a tonga came; it was the driver calling to "Thanawala". I said I was "Thanawala" and asked him how he happened to know our plight and go there at a most unusual hour. He said that Sai Baba had sent him. "What for?" I asked. "To fetch you" was the reply. Then we took the tonga and went to Shirdi. It was about 1 or 2 A.M. When we reached the Mosque, Baba said "you went away without permission. So you fared in this way." I answered "Yes, I beg your pardon. This way my lot for having left without permission." Then Baba made us stay near the Mosque for the rest of the night, and he went in and carried on his usual meditation. In the morning, he went out for his Bhiksha (i.e. to beg his bread) and brought bread and vegetables. After taking part of it, he gave us the remainder and asked us to eat it. We ate it. My wife was able to eat that solid food. Then he gave us leave to go. I went out, looked for a tonga and turned saying that no tonga was to be seen. Baba said "Go and see, there is a tonga." I turned and looked and found there was a tonga. How it suddenly happened to be there, we could not make out. Baba blessed us and we left. My wife retained her good health. She died several years later. This was my only visit to Shirdi. But it gave me firm faith in Sai Baba. I remember him and other Saints when I go to bed. Whenever I think intently of Baba. I actually see him before me. We had very little talk with Baba during our two hours stay in the day. I found Baba was smeared with sandal paste over his hand, face, etc. Moslems do not smear themselves like this. I asked him how he put on all this. Baba said " 'jaisa desh thysa vesh' (i.e. Do at Rome as the Romans do). Instead of worshipping their own Gods, they worship me as their God. Why should I object and displease him? I myself am a devotee of God."

He added "If you had come yesterday, it would have been better."

I: Why

Baba: There was music. I wept all night. They abused me.

I: Why did they abuse you?

Baba: When I say “abused”, people do not understand, But you will understand.

I thought that “abused” was amused” really.

(Some Saints show their indifference to their praise by speaking of it as “abuse”. In the Bhajan referred to above, Baba would have been highly praised and all the time. He would treat it with the same indifference as if it were abuse. Again in the praise, melting music would be wedded to pathetic appeals to God. At these Baba would weep)

I: “One who loves God would weep, laugh or dance as the songs in praise of God go on.”

Baba: Just so. You are right. Have you your own Guru?

I: Yes. Habee Baleeshah Chisthi Nizami.

Baba: That is why you understand.

I remembered that my Guru (who had passed away 12 years before my visit to Shirdi) was generally accompanied by music when he went out.