

## **XVII**

**10th December, 1936**

D.M.Mulky, M.B.B.S., Medical Practitioner, Gadag says:

It was in 1915 that a sad incident took place in my family. My eldest brother's son, a distinguished I class B.A., aged only 18 with all bright prospects before him, suddenly

became a convert to the Christian faith. The father, who doted on the boy, was simply stunned and could not find any solace, no matter whoever it was who talked to him. It was then that the late Hon. Mr. Hari Sita Ram Dixit (Sri Sai Maharaja's right hand practically) took my brother and the family to Shirdi and by His Grace, both the father and the mother found peace once again in life. Their another son, who is also B.A. and is now in the G.I.P. Railway's service, was a patient of Chronic Osteomyelitis which was being treated by the best surgeons of Bombay then without any effect, and this boy's wound in the bone was fully healed by the Vibhooti of Sri Sai Maharaj and his loving and merciful dristhi (glance) only. Somehow or other these people began Bhajan, off and on visiting Shirdi, and I had no idea of this at all. In 1916 I was posted to Bombay in the Government service attached to the Parel Laboratory and I found that these things were going on in my brother's house, only more or less secretly. I had not even seen the photo of Shirdi Sai Baba till then; nor even later, till the next incident, which I mean to detail now.

It was in the month of October, 1916, that I fell very seriously ill and my temperature used to be ranging between 105 to 106. F without any intermission and the local doctors were doing their level best to relieve me. Unfortunately there was not the slightest improvement. After a week nearly, one Thursday evening at my brother's place, they performed the Puja in the evening and I heard the Bhajan etc., and this was very strange to me, because I had not seen such things there, and I confess I was also more or less atheistic in tendency and I don't know it may be that Shri Sai Maharaj, an Avatar of Gurunath, wanted to save me from an atheistic doom. My temperature was about 104.6 and that night, I got a dream wherein an old man with a long white kupni to cover his body and some white cloth tied over his head (after the fashion of what men and women do in South India after a head bath) appeared and said that I should not worry, that I should at once come to His darshan and that the fever would pass off at once if I promised to do so. The frightened me and I screamed and woke up at the sound of my own screaming. My sister-in-law- she was and is still more than a mother to me ran up to my bedside, found me in horrible perspiration

and in tears. I explain to her the dream and she at once brought a photo of Shri Sai Maharaj and asked me whether it was the same. I could at once recognise the old man of my dream and we at once decided that I should take the earliest opportunity to visit Him. The fever did not come on again; I was fully alright and went on with my duties; and being young and with all the temptations of a city life before me I did not go to Shirdi and entirely forgot about it.

All this while, I was doing my level best to get out of Bombay into Moffussil service and I could not succeed at all. In this way I was going on in Bombay.

About February, 1917 Shree Maharaj wanted to remind me about what I dreamt and how I was not keeping my word and he did it in such a kind way. I was transferred from Bombay to a place called Malegaon, a Taluka in Nasik District and the only way which took me there was via Manmad and Kopergaon is the station which takes me to Shirdi. I went over to Malegaon, and then in my heavy work, I forgot to do the needful with the result that I was once again given a reminder. I was conducting a forceps delivery case, and some decomposed fluid from (the operated parts of) the woman jumped into my left eye, which I did not realise till too late. The eye was swollen and it was very bad. I was all alone there; and I prayed to Him probably never more seriously than at this time; and He heard my prayer without trying to admonish anybody. I have since then been of the firm conviction that Shri Guru cannot see His Bhaktas suffer whatever Chandalas they may be. What He wants is nothing but unadulterated Bhakti entirely devoid of egoism. The Civil Surgeon at Nasik was of the opinion that I would lose my eye, but thanks to Sai Baba, it got alright in a week's time. I got my wife there and both of us vowed that we would not return to Bombay without seeing Shri Maharaj and as this was on our way back, we thought that it would not be difficult. At the end of a month, I was asked to go back to Bombay; and to act up to our vow, we came to Manmad a little early to catch the early morning train from Manmad to Dhond. While I was strolling on the platform a Deshashtha Booking Clerk accosted me casually and we fell into general conversation. Somehow I mentioned to him the object of my staying at Manmad and then the fellow began a tirade against Shri Maharaj which

attacked even His moral character and this dissuaded us from going to Shirdi and we caught the next immediate train to Bombay and ran away as we would from a serpent. I regret this even to this day, whenever I remember it. After a month in Bombay, my sister in law did succeed in inducing us to go over to Shirdi and though there came some obstacles in the way. We never cared for them this time; and I thank God, that we remained firm and got the darshan. The station incident of a month previous was mentioned by Shri Maharaj; and I need not tell you that we were put to shame and tear for even thinking of having listened to that scoundrel.

I was in Shirdi for 4 days and on the day that I went to ask His permission to go back, He told me that I should read Jnaneshwari, and that I would find in order on my table "transferred to Bijapur on promotion." I made my deep pranams and went away; and to my greatest pleasure, I found this order on my table. Again with His kripa, I have been faithfully performing Jnaneshwari Saptaha every year. I am not a Mahratti student. I could not read or write Mahratti characters. I belong to South Kanara District, Madras Presidency, and my second language was Canarese for Metric and French for the previous. You see even now when I read the Gita, I believe it is due to His kindness that I am able to do so. From Bijapur I went on Field Service and after the war I have been in Gadag. Since the incident above related, I have been firmly convinced that Shri Guruji is always watching over us, and it is a pity that we are not able to recognise it. Various troubles arise, have arisen and will arise; but I know and believe that He will see me through.