

Chapter 19 - Some Stories & Quotes

Shirdi Che Sai Baba - Dr. Keshav Bhagwant Gavankar

CHAPTER 19

SOME STORIES AND QUOTES

Many times Sai Baba would narrate different stories to the devotees sitting around Him. The stories used to be figurative and symbolic. He never gave any direct instruction or precept to them. But the stories carried some hidden meaning. Devotees would then used to enjoy the discussions over the matter they had listened to. They used to try and find out the morals of the stories.

Some such stories are given below:

STORY 1

I was asleep in the Chawadi. I saw a dream. One man came with some corncobs. (Kanees in Marathi) and gave them to me. They were covered with leaves. I told him that I did not want such corns because they are not full of grains. Then he pulled out the outer leaves. The corns were full of grains. sold those corns. I sold four corns per 'Anna' (1/16 of a rupee). After this I woke up. What a strange dream it was.

STORY 2

Bhagoji asked me, "Baba, do you want Nimbor?" Baba said, "No, I don't want it". A Muslim devotee was sitting there. He said, "How will he chew it when He has no teeth?" (Baba gave a mystic answer:) "One day the teeth are there and the other day they vanish. Tongue is nothing but the clay; and teeth have turned into stones. Listen, My teeth are not new. They are four thousand years old".

STORY 3

There were four brothers. They were living in a house which had seven arches. One of the brothers said, "When I die, burry me under this arch".

STORY 4

I saw a dream at night, when I was sleeping in the Chawadi. In dream, I had a strange disease with strange symptoms. Water I drank trickled through the bone near My throat and passed through the immediate lower bone. In the same way, Prana slipped through the nearest hole. I saw one more dream that night.

STORY 5

There were four thousand people. They crowded like ants. They all were the victims of diarrhea. (Loose motions). They were scared that they would not survive. They said to Me, "Baba we are dying". I assured them, "I will not let you die; I will die, but I will protect you".

STORY 6

“What was going on?” I asked. He said, “I was talking about the story of the previous day”. He also added, “I do not understand”. I said, “Those who consider themselves very intelligent they too cannot comprehend. Then what are you in their comparison?” Those who turn to God, talk less. Those, whose ego is inflated, babble and chatter. Proud people always suffer a great fall.

STORY 7

In the morning I went to Lendi baug. The forest there, began to talk. It said, “You are late today?”. We were afraid thinking, “Baba is not well”. I talked a few good words. Then it was all well. If I do a business, it will grow; but I am not interested.

STORY 8

There was a town. The couples living there did not have progeny. There was another town, where people had children. Then Allah-Miyan came to the first town. The couples then started giving births to children. Each couple got 5/6 issues.

STORY 9

Two hundred people came to Me. But I did not go with them. They came for the second time. So I went to Puntamba (a town) with them. I lost My life there. Third time they came and took Me to Thane. There too I lost My life. This is the fourth time that I am coming. But it is becoming troublesome. It is giving Me pain. I am all pervasive.

STORY 10

Father of Ganapatibaba died that day. A pyre (pile of woods) was arranged. His body was burnt. The skull and other bone broke with a crackling sound. Remains of bones were collected.

I felt My feet had become heavy; as if each weighed a ton. It was difficult to walk into the town. If I would go to Lendi I would sit on the way itself. I would feel good if I would go to Lendi. It would be better to go to masjid.

STORY 11

Last night I saw a very bad dream. I saw three corpses in masjid. I shouted. Then Mhalsapati woke Me up.

STORY 12

Yesterday there was sweet rice for lunch. Fakirbaba was insisting Me to eat. But I remembered Balabhau. Therefore I did not eat that dish. At the same night I had a dream. He asked me, “Is there some sweet rice?”

STORY 13

There was a mango tree which was full of mango fruits. But the fruits were too high to reach. Many people tried but their efforts were in vain. A Brahmin came with a ladder and he managed to reach the fruits. He plucked four mangoes and ate. But they caused him a disease.

There was one more tree which had come out through the wall. It also used to bear lots of fruits. Many people used to pluck and carry those with them.

STORY 14

Previously I used to buy lots of mangoes. By squeezing them I used to extract the juice and fill many utensils with the juice. Then I would mix some sugar, jaggery and dried grapes (Bedana) to it. I would add some milk also. Then I used to distribute all the juice amongst the people.

In this way I made all the preparation and the juice was ready for distribution. Meanwhile somebody came and mixed excrement in it. Then we threw out the entire juice. From that incident we stopped that also.

STORY 15

I went to Roshangaon from Peerwadi. I was quite young. The sack of rotis was tied to My back. The relish was kept in an earthen pot which I was carrying on My head. I was rather weary and indolent but I pulled Myself. There were many stray dogs on the way, which started barking. Then God gave Me a club (a heavy stick). Because of it's threat they ran away. Then I returned to Peerwadi. There were, an old man, an old lady and their sons and daughters.

STORY 16

"Kaka, where from the telegram has come?"

"Baba, How do I know? You only know the things".

"This is the road to Pathari. Next comes Shailud, Manur and then Jalnapur".

Once I had been by that road. Only once I found the correct way. I took eight days to reach. Walk throughout the day, then sojourn in the same town you have reached; sleep in the meadow at night. Walk slowly but steadily.

STORY 17

You go wherever you want, you will get whatever you are destined to. Anywhere you go and search, "Flame tree of the forest (Palash) tree always have three leaves". Once there was a congregation of two people. I too was present. Someone asked Me, "How many leaves are to this Palash tree?" I answered, "Three". He said, "Eleven". I said, "Might be so". Just then Allah Miyan came. He said, "Not eleven; only three are there". If there are eleven (Akara in Marathi), then there is scorpion (Akarab in Urdu) in it's destiny. Sting of the scorpion will cause tremendous pain. After four days the scorpion will fall out of body.

STORY 18

I had ordered slippers for Me and got them ready. I had given five rupees in two instalments, two and half each. I put the slippers under the piece of broken earthen pots. Three days it rained quite heavily. I took the slippers out. They were in good condition. Again there was a heavy rain for days together. The slippers decayed. Upper and lower parts were separated. I was not accustomed wearing slippers. I was going with My Master. The Master was on horse ride. I was running under the hot sun, with the horse to keep pace. Soles of My feet got burnt. I went home. There were blisters on the soles. I told My father to peel off the skin of the

blisters. But he did not dare. Then My mother and sister peeled off the skin. Then butter was applied to the soles and bandage of banana leaves was put over them. A few days later My feet became normal.

STORY 19

That night, I was at Chawadi. My Pranas left Me and I was dead. But some Rohila screamed loudly. Because of that cry I became alive. If Nana comes and talks to Me, I will feel better. Soil will merge into soil and the bird will be set free to fly. Sometimes the soil rises higher and higher. Then I get angry.

To become honest one has to undergo a long process of metamorphosis.

QUOTES

One must demand what he wants.

Unless you have craze, you cannot graze.

Honesty pays; dishonesty does not.

Allah is the Protector; no one is superior to Allah.

Recognize God (Khuda) by your wisdom.

There may be ten members in one family; why cannot they cope and go well with one another? To quarrel is very bad.

God is scared of bad things. Bad persons are scared of God.

Never wrangle with anybody. If someone lashes ten sentences, you say one, that too if you feel inevitable.

When intention is good then everything is good.

Wealth says, "Use me, if you use me for good purpose, I shall prove to be useful". Food says, "If you make me pure (by offering to God) and then eat, I shall be useful to you".

*Yogi Atma is preferred than Bhogi Atma. (Yogi Atma, he who is united with God. Bhogi Atma, he who is indulged in worldly pleasures.)

He who wears rags is better than he who wears pompous clothes.

My wealth is scattered from field to field.

People have towns to live in; I have forests.

People have houses to live in; I have no house. (Aniket. My house is not bound by walls. The Universe is My house.)

Do not grab others' money.

Do not have expectations from anybody.

Nobody is superior to Allah. He is the Supreme. He gives us birth and He only sustains us. How He does? He only knows.

I cross thousands and thousands of miles to protect the people.

I am not a slave of anybody. I am the slave of Allah.

Live happily, the condition that He puts you in.

I am with them whose intentions are honest and good; and also with them who have foul intentions. I am with all.

Why have you come? Just to collect the dried cakes of cow-dung? (purpose of taking birth as a human being is not that trivial.)

You must recognize the Master.

Everywhere Allah and only Allah.

I have a Victoria carriage which is pulled by a single horse. That one horse can easily pull 10/12 people.

Once the string of destiny is given in the hands of Sadguru then there is nothing to worry.

Always say "I am happy".

Fill your stomach with thorns, if you are helpless; but do not eat at bad person's house.

Even if the world turns topsy-turvy, keep cool and remain calm; and enjoy watching the fun.

Those who achieve 'IT', they conceal 'IT'. (IT' is Tat in Sanskrit meaning is, "That" Supreme.)

Baba gave His precept through such stories or through some broken sentences. People used to get absorbed in Baba's narration. But no one would be able to comprehend the stories fully.

END OF CHAPTER 19

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