

*Eternal
Sanctity*

Eternal Sanctity

Sahasrasirsa purusah. Sahasrakshah sahasrapaat.
Sa bhumim visvato vrtvaa. Atyatisthad dasangulam.

The Supreme Person exists enveloping the whole manifest universe,
perceiving through every mind, seeing through every eye and working
through every limb. He exists transcending the universe.

*Anyatha Sharanam Nasti Tvameva Sharanam Mamah
Rakshamam Saishwara Rakshamam Rakshamam...*

The Formless Supreme chose to take on a wondrous form, that of Bhagawan Sri Sathya Sai Baba, with that dark halo of hair, dressed in elegant orange hues, endearing Himself to all hearts. It is His utmost grace that we knew of His presence on earth and can openly say – God walked the earth, we lived with God and witnessed this to be true. That magnificent beloved form will be dearly missed with every breath, but His energy and presence can never be missed as it is an existential reality, not only as He always said – in us, around us, above us, below us but with us too, ceaselessly, constantly, continuously...caressing, calming, consoling, cajoling, connecting, correcting,

comforting, concretizing, conferring, commanding. How can there be a last glimpse of One Who is ever lasting? It is right that we think so...for He has no end even as He had no beginning...He was never this or that, He simply is...and forever will be...Beloved Bhagawan never passed away...but passed into us all. Yajur Mandiram represented the Hrudaya Mandiram from where He used to come forth to grant darshan and retreat within.

The transcendental truth that Beloved Bhagwan represented, forever was, forever is and forever will be embodying immortality. It's time now to experience eternity....His essence lives on through you and me...a fragment of Him in all that we see...

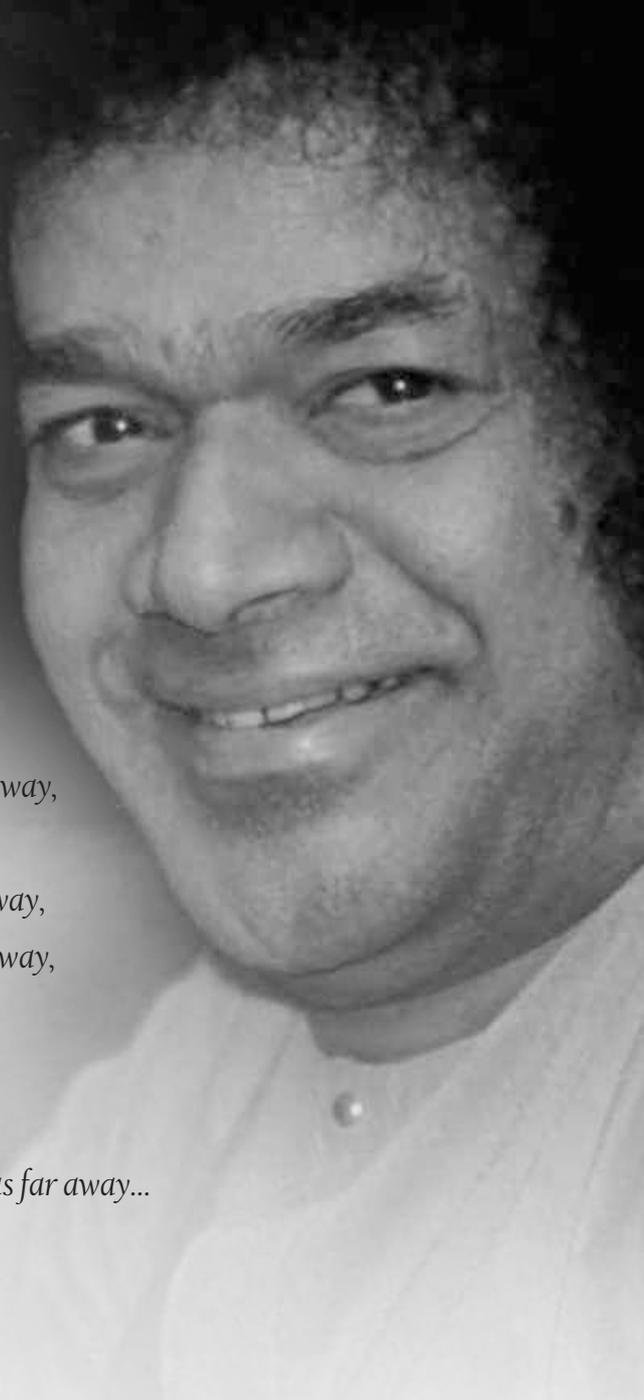
There is no such place as far away . . .

*There is no such place as far away,
You are always as close,
As you would like to stay,
The Beloved One came to show the way,
From the night of separation,
Heralding a union,
That wondrous dawn at the break of day...
How far is your breath from you?
How far is the heart from its beat?
Can heat be taken away from fire?
Or the quality of quenching from water?
Or the colors from a rainbow?
Or sweetness from sugar?
Can the tongue be bereft of taste?
Nor the blazing rays be separate from the sun,
Nor the silver beams from the moon,
Nor raindrops from a thunder cloud,
Nor the dancing waves upon the ocean,*

*Nor the twinkling light from the stars,
Nor the roots from the trees,
Nor Tulsi leaves from Krsna,
Nor the adoration of Hanuman for Rama,
Nor the devotion of gopikas from Gopala,
Nor fragrance from flowers,
Nor the love of a mother for her child,
In the humankind or in the wild,
Nor streaks of lightning in a stormy sky,
So how can we be away from Mother Sai...
Omnipotent, Omnipresent, Omniscient,
A simple sigh,
Is heard by Beloved Sai,
Here, there, everywhere,
All pervading, full of care,
More than anything a supreme presence,
Hence,
There is no such place as far away,*

All a scene in the divine play,
Beloved One is there by your side,
Mother, Father, Friend and guide,
Even before a word you utter or say,
Or even begin to pray,
Showing the way,
Leading to no such place as far away,
As the dark night merges,
Into the wondrous dawn of a new day,
A Oneness that keeps loneliness at bay,
There is no such place as far away...
For the Beloved One is One with you,
Journeying life's passage through,
There is no such place as far away,
Beloved Sai is close,
As close as you would like to stay,
Let not this thought stray,
For ever willing is He,

To voyage with you all the way,
Simply allow Him to,
Look in and not the other way,
For the Beloved One is the way,
There never was,
Never will there be,
Any other way,
For there is no such place as far away...



The Way Ahead...



In the Cosmic classroom it is Graduation day for all of us. From being little saplings under the Evergreen Tree...coming into our own as a shade giving tree; from a mere fledgling, to a bird that can fly on its own, for the Beloved Master taught us how to fly and is always the wind beneath our wings; from the cocoon emerges a butterfly, its colours shining bright, bringing hope and cheer to many.

...let us pledge to be that drop of water, from the Ocean of consciousness that quenches the thirst of many...

...let us be that flower from the garden divine, tended to and nurtured by the Master Himself, now to exude His fragrance everywhere;

...let us be that star in His firmament that shines the brightest for Him, bringing light to many;

...let us be light houses of peace and beacons of love bringing harmony wherever we go;

...let us sing His glory and be His reflection each step of the way;

...let us be that candle that diffuses the darkness of

pessimism with rays of optimism;

...let us be confident of His presence and let our lives ring out His message of Sathya, Dharma, Prema, Shanti and Ahimsa...in thought, word and deed;

...let us surge forward willing instruments selected by Him to selflessly serve Him in all that we see, knowing that Beloved Bhagawan dwells in the animate and the inanimate;

...let us Help Ever, Hurt Never; Love All, Serve All, all creatures both great and small;

...let us build bridges not walls, heralding a cosmic brotherhood;

...let consciousness expand, compassion increase with care for life, concern for nature and respect for all beings...all of creation;

...let Samastha Lokaah Sukhino Bhavantu become a way of life;

...let us live to please the Beloved One and never to let Him down, in all that we see, hear, speak and do...



Divine Message

See God in everyone you meet; see God in everything you handle. His mystery is imminent in all that is material and non material; as a matter of fact it has been discovered that there is no matter or material. It is all God, an expression of His majesty! Derive joy from the springs of joy within you and without you; advance, do not sit still or recede. Every minute must mark a forward step.

Dear students! When you sing Bhajans here, don't imagine that they would impact only the people currently assembled here in the Sai Kulwant Hall. True, the sound waves coming from the various loud speakers would be heard only by the devotees here. True those sound waves would also be heard throughout the Ashram. However, besides these sound waves, subtle waves are also generated. You cannot see them and in fact you do not even know about them. They are ripples in the Ocean of Consciousness. Those ripples can travel not only all over this planet but to the very edge of the physical Universe and beyond. They will never dampen nor dissipate but remain forever. They would penetrate everywhere, including the pillars, the structures and whatever you see around here. Indeed, the vibrations

from every Bhajan that you sing would remain embedded in them forever. Further, every day, there would be fresh additions, as a result of which the intensity of the built-in spiritual vibrations would steadily grow. The more passionately you sing, the greater would be the stored sanctity. The more love you add to your feelings as you sing, the greater would be the enhancement of sanctity. Thus, by having sacred thoughts while seated here and by singing Bhajans with Pure Love in your Heart, each of you can leave behind an invaluable legacy. - BABA

The subtle vibrations from those prayers and songs remain forever bound in the walls of this assembly hall, saturating this place with sanctity that increases day by day. By spending some time here every day, you become at least a bit more spiritually purified. Why do you think people go in large numbers to some temples but not to others? That is because thousands of good people and many saints have worshipped in those temples earlier, conferring thereby the subtle fragrance of saanithyam. By the way, the word saanithyam might be loosely translated as eternal sanctity.

- Prof G Venkatraman

Parthi Prays



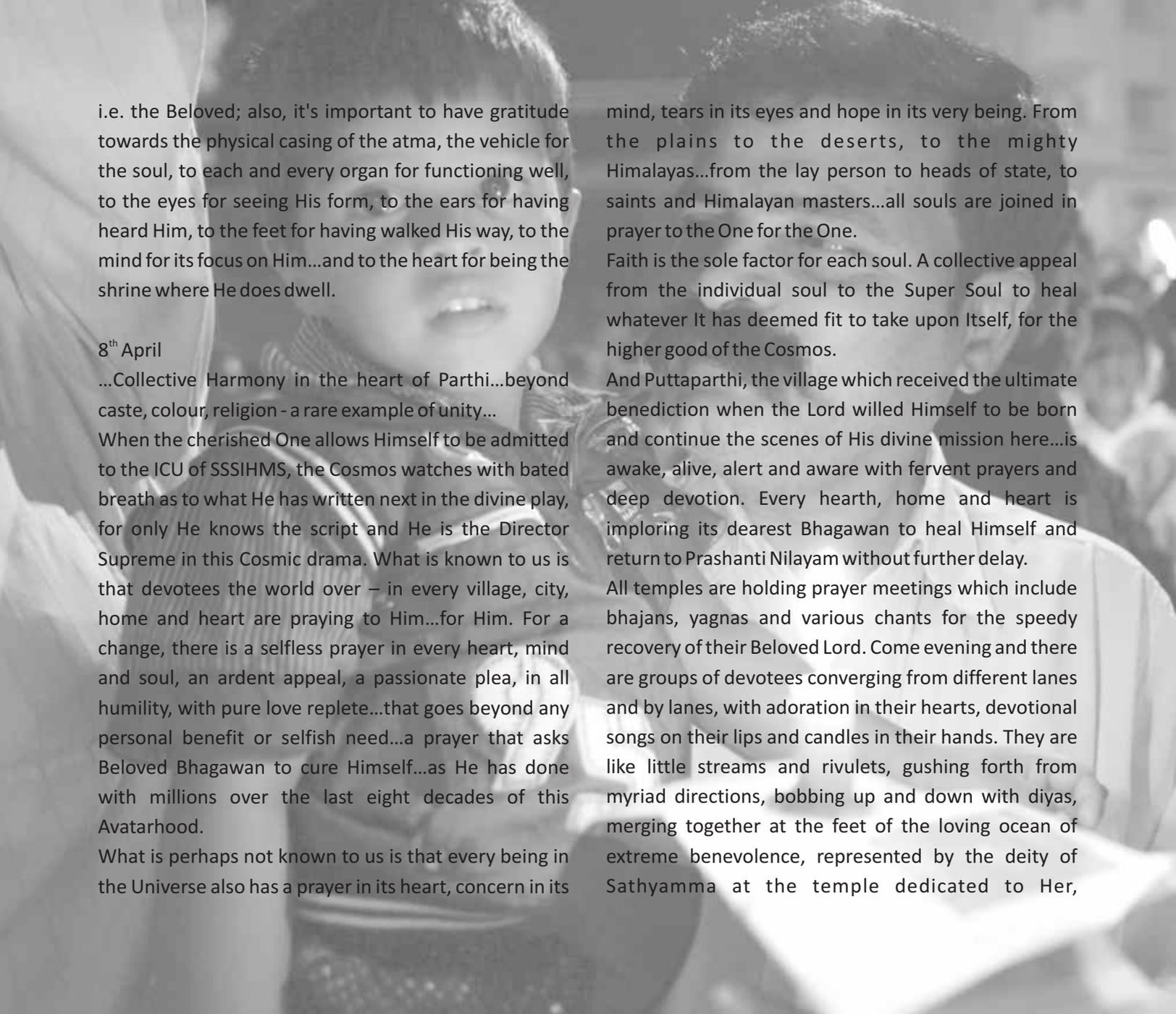
...this is how Parthi stepped up its individual and collective Sadhana as the divine frame chose to take upon Itself, perils that threatened humanity...

Oblivious to malicious talk and unperturbed by vicious pens, Parthi continued its Sadhana in a calm vein. In temples and individual homes, chants and bhajans rang out. The village geared up for akhand bhajan and night long vigil, so no procession on the streets of Parthi...but the inner procession continues non-stop as it should. The world over, the feeling is thus - Where the mind is without I, and the heart is full of Sai, into that heaven of freedom, Oh Lord let my soul awake...

...each drum beat, each ring of the cymbals is pleading with the Lord and praying to Him for Him...and why shouldn't they...? For all that He takes upon Himself, saving humanity from disastrous effects of natural calamities which threatens the existence of millions, it is on their part but a humble act of acknowledgement and gratitude, isn't it....?

...gratitude to the Beloved for all that we know He does and all that we don't know...to the Universe for all its abundance, for the country we live in...do we wish to be in any other place than the one the Lord chose...?...to our parents for giving us life and for introducing us to life





i.e. the Beloved; also, it's important to have gratitude towards the physical casing of the atma, the vehicle for the soul, to each and every organ for functioning well, to the eyes for seeing His form, to the ears for having heard Him, to the feet for having walked His way, to the mind for its focus on Him...and to the heart for being the shrine where He does dwell.

8th April

...Collective Harmony in the heart of Parthi...beyond caste, colour, religion - a rare example of unity...

When the cherished One allows Himself to be admitted to the ICU of SSSIHMS, the Cosmos watches with bated breath as to what He has written next in the divine play, for only He knows the script and He is the Director Supreme in this Cosmic drama. What is known to us is that devotees the world over – in every village, city, home and heart are praying to Him...for Him. For a change, there is a selfless prayer in every heart, mind and soul, an ardent appeal, a passionate plea, in all humility, with pure love replete...that goes beyond any personal benefit or selfish need...a prayer that asks Beloved Bhagawan to cure Himself...as He has done with millions over the last eight decades of this Avatarhood.

What is perhaps not known to us is that every being in the Universe also has a prayer in its heart, concern in its

mind, tears in its eyes and hope in its very being. From the plains to the deserts, to the mighty Himalayas...from the lay person to heads of state, to saints and Himalayan masters...all souls are joined in prayer to the One for the One.

Faith is the sole factor for each soul. A collective appeal from the individual soul to the Super Soul to heal whatever It has deemed fit to take upon Itself, for the higher good of the Cosmos.

And Puttaparthi, the village which received the ultimate benediction when the Lord willed Himself to be born and continue the scenes of His divine mission here...is awake, alive, alert and aware with fervent prayers and deep devotion. Every hearth, home and heart is imploring its dearest Bhagawan to heal Himself and return to Prashanti Nilayam without further delay.

All temples are holding prayer meetings which include bhajans, yagnas and various chants for the speedy recovery of their Beloved Lord. Come evening and there are groups of devotees converging from different lanes and by lanes, with adoration in their hearts, devotional songs on their lips and candles in their hands. They are like little streams and rivulets, gushing forth from myriad directions, bobbing up and down with diyas, merging together at the feet of the loving ocean of extreme benevolence, represented by the deity of Sathyamma at the temple dedicated to Her,

Sathyabhama, the precious consort of Krishna.

Their passion, dedication, loyalty and love for Bhagawan is overwhelming to witness and exhilarating to experience. The entire village is effervescent and vibrant with adoration for the One Who gave them life and is their life. An amalgamation of unified faith, a combined gathering of such a large multitude continuously over a period of 11 days for just 'one person' is unheard of anywhere in the world. But of course that 'one person' happens to be Bhagawan Sri Sathya Sai Baba – Whose unconditional love and selfless service for humanity is an example in itself. Bhagawan is receiving the love with which He has touched the lives of millions in every nook and corner of the globe.

Unified prayers bring collective harmony resulting in a benediction supreme, and this is the entreating hope of every soul.

13th April

Tamaso Maa Jyotir Gamayaa

Millions flock to Him...they love Him for what He is, all that He is, for all that He has done and keeps doing for the individual, the society, the nation, the world and the universe too. For them that is proof enough of His divinity. They have experienced His magnanimity, His presence, His little and great acts of supreme grace, the miracle of His unconditional love and so are now

expressing it in a befitting manner. For them, He deserves the best and they are bent upon offering their best. Unshakeable is their faith, heartfelt their gratitude, unmatched is their fervor, dedication, devotion and tenacity of purpose – to have their Lord amidst them at the earliest.

This is how it is in Puttaparthi right now. This little township is alive with plentiful pageants that carry life-size photographs of the Lord of Parthi, while singing devotional songs through the lanes and by lanes, the crisscrossing of various such groups charging the environment with piety.

More than 200 women had a 'coloured light' procession of their own. A parade that glowed with the hues of adoration. Carrying plates of worship, that contained candles, flowers, coconut, turmeric, vermilion, betel nuts and betel leaves – phalam, pushpam, patram toyam - upon their heads and singing aloud hymns in worship of their Lord, these ladies carried out a special act of devotion past every temple of this holy village.

Large groups of children too have taken to the streets, themselves pulling the huge chariot carrying garlanded pictures of Bhagawan – a Rath Yatra, even as they sing aloud in their tender voices, bhajans pure in their intent.

Candle lights - that rekindled hope and faith. Tamaso Maa Jyotir Gamayaa - leading away from the darkness

arising out of the absence of their dear Lord to the radiance of His coveted darshan. It seemed the onus is on humanity to woo Beloved Bhagawan. Clearly devotion has swept into the sands of Parthi and the hearts of its inhabitants ... “Parthipurishwar Jaya Mana Mohana”.

14th April

Thursday was reserved for the men folk of Parthi to express their devotion. Hundreds gathered outside Ganesh gate with candles in their hands, a prayer in their hearts and hymns in praise of their Lord on their lips. Chants of 'Om Sri Sai Ram' rang out aloud and echoed in the ether. Accompanying this devoted gathering was a floral float drawn by a tractor. Colorful bouquets and flowers bedecked the gigantic photo frame of Beloved Bhagawan. They passed on their 'candles of love, hope, faith and worship', as an offering, which was collected by seva dal and devotees from inside the Ganesh gate and made to adorn the parapet surrounding the deities under the canopy of the peepal tree opposite Ganesha.

A myriad candles glowed bright with unified prayers and collective harmony.

Further down the main street of Puttaparthi, children sang and danced in circular formations, even as the elders of the village played the drums and cymbals with

synchronized rhythm. The residents of the village, each one of them were leaving no stone unturned to coax and cajole their Beloved Lord to be amidst them again. Indeed a sustained spectacular effort with amazing dedication.

19th April

Monday evening there was a special pageant from the village of Gokuntlapalli, near Bukkapatnam. This gathering comprised of simple village folks of all age groups - men, women and children, who with great fervor and dedication, carried placards in their hands that had pictures of Shirdi and Parthi Sai, as well as a 'get well soon' message for their Lord, in English and Telegu. The candles of hope that they held in their hands, were placed around the parapet surrounding the deities under the lush green foliage of the Peepal tree. Twilight gently crept in, and the twinkling stars watched with delight, even as some of them offered flowers of worship to Lord Ganesha.

The procession then continued to the Hanuman Mandir where an amazing moonrise waited to greet them. The full Moon, brilliantly golden hued, seemed to be worshipping Sathyamma, paying obeisance to Her, with its silver rays caressing her beatific profile and lotus feet. The Goddess, dressed in a stunning green silk sari with a red border, smiled resplendently.

It being Hanuman Jayanti the entire temple complex was bathed with moon beams that seemed to enchant and be enchanted with the bhajans and chants, the pealing of bells and the aarati that was being offered to Bhagawan. Devotees prayed to Hanumanji, the valiant one, who is considered the most devoted, to bring forth the Sanjivani and carry their appeal to their Lord to be amidst them soon.

21st April

As the evening gradually got enveloped by velvet dusk, devotees flocked to the various temples to propitiate the deities. There was a synchronized pealing of bells from all the temples. Sathyamma looked ever radiant accepting offerings of flowers, fruits and colourful glass bangles. Dressed in dark green silk with a pink border, Her hair was adorned with fresh blossoms and dazzling ornaments, while many an appeal was being whispered in Her ears.

Along with the daily worship, which was ever fresh and fragrant and never a ritual or routine, Parthi was diving into the memories of days following the spectacular divine dawn that heralded the advent of the Avatar. A reminiscing that not only refreshed many a wondrous saga that had been witnessed, but rejuvenated faith and hope, as limitless were the miracles that every heart and household had experienced.



The innumerable acts of care, concern and compassion of 'tiny' Sathya; the knowledge, wisdom, insight and understanding of their 'little' Raju; the omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent acts of their Beloved Swami resounding through the globe, beyond space and time made them realize they were face to face with God – and Bhagawan Sri Sathya Sai Baba was He.

This was the dwelling that the Lord chose for His advent. He chose to be the cherished 'Son' of Parthi. No, not a palace as in Treta, or as the 'Prince' among the cowherds in Dwapara, not even the royal household chosen during the time of Buddha...for the much awaited sunrise for this dark age of Kali, He chose a humble hamlet, obscure and hitherto unknown...soon to be considered most sacrosanct.

And so Parthi realizes that this jolt out of the blue, from the Infinite to the finite was to shake awake slumbering humanity steeped in sloth.

The Lord chose this humble hamlet and with His charming ways became its most cherished Soul. The hardships He faced as He 'grew' - walking for miles to reach a school; carrying water in pots attached to the two ends of a stick, which left His tender shoulders bruised; extreme paucity of medical facilities, later led to free Educational Institutes, innumerable Water Projects and Super Speciality Hospitals, besides other acts too numerous to mention, that became His

benediction to humanity at large.

Through the examples of little Sathya's life, Parthi learnt that man can learn how to elevate his destiny and ascend to a higher way of living and being.

Knowing that sensationalism and speculations led to strife; irrational thought, reckless talk and irresponsible reporting led to distress, disharmony and a display of immaturity, and that aggressive accusations belonged to devious, disgruntled minds...Puttapparthi decided to –'put apart I' and follow the ways of Bhagawan Sri Sathya Sai.

20th April

This evening it was clearly a play of rain and reign...the natural elements were openly lending their support to the persistent pledge of prayers, by not only the residents of Parthi, but devotees all over the world, in whose hearts Beloved Bhagawan reigned supreme. The roar of thunder fuelled the storm of devotion in every heart, the gusty winds carrying their devoted fervor echoing into the ether, only to mingle with fresh wisps of adoration throughout the planet.

The rain did not dampen the will of Parthi but delivered their spirits into the realm where the benevolent, limitless One reigned absolute.

Prayers, a myriad chants, devotional hymns, continued

in respective homes and temple complexes. Some took rounds, circumambulating the shrine while others did surround the deity with adulation. From offering garlands made up of betel leaves to Hanumanji, seemingly asking him to carry their message to Sai Rama, to festoons of fragrant flowers, devotees continued their efforts to woo their dear Lord.

Keeping in mind the whimsical, fathomless and mysterious ways of the One, Who sat under the Neem tree in Shirdi, it appeared to them, that the same mystifying, inexplicably mystical phenomenon had been carried forward into Parthi. Erring humanity had to be taught lessons that would wake them up from their slumber.

They had made a firm choice – Ours is not to question why... ours is but to follow Bhagawan Sri Sathya Sai.

And so it was, that the towering crusade of their trust, faith, love and hope was not to be overcome or disturbed by the tiresome tirade of tattered tongues.

23rd April

Clearly in Parthi the mind had not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit. Taking its cue from 'Little' Sathya, who started a 'Pandhari Bhajan' group at the age of ten, many continue this tradition in Puttaparthi. Even at the age of five He was a Guru to His friends, setting an example with His ideal behavior. For

Ramanavami, the children would make Sathya sit next to the picture of Sri Rama, placed upon the flower bedecked bullock cart that gently ambled its way through the village. The Pandhari Bhajan group consisted of twenty 'little' members. They would dye their clothes light orange, wear scarves and garlands, and bell – anklets. While some carried flags in their hands, some had little wooden clap sticks, as well as drums and a harmonium. Sathya would compose the bhajans and teach his friends. Thus, these tender aged ones would sing and dance and go around the village, to the great delight of the elders. When they ventured out to neighbouring villages, people would clean their houses to welcome them and feed them too. The villagers firmly believed that it was because of this remarkable Pandhari Group and their devotional singing that the dreaded epidemic of cholera kept its clutches away from Puttaparthi. Though Sathya was the 'littlest' of this assembly, He was the soul of the Pandhari Group and its most active member, often jumping and dancing in rhythm to the hymns. Today, the Bhajan Hall in the Hanumanji Temple complex has devotional songs reverberating through the ether every evening. The clanging of bells and other holy chants that ring out from elsewhere simultaneously make the environment intensely devout and potent.

The walls of this bhajan hall are adorned with many a

unique picture of Bhagawan. There is a magnificent, thought provoking, life-size painting at the back of the hall that depicts the churning of the Ocean and Lord Shiva as well as Beloved Bhagawan, swallowing the poison that spewed forth.

From then till now, He is still doing so in order to shield and save humanity from its own follies.

Small wonder then, that in this sacred village of Parthi, as well as elsewhere around the globe, all hearts beat for Beloved Bhagawan and every lip has a prayer...to Him for Him...

Even as ebony and ivory exist peacefully on a piano keyboard, Parthi too, through the ideals of its cherished Sathya, has made this harmonious blend a way of life. In a world filled with despicable diatribe, their hearts are full of Bhagawan Sri Sathya Sai.



Pune United In Prayer



When the news of the Lord being admitted into the Sri Sathya Sai Institute of Higher Medical Sciences reached devotees in Pune, each one sprung into action – action of deep prayer and continuous seva. Faith gripped hearts and translated into unified chants.

A special seven-day programme of doing a different japa every day was held in Maharashtra. In Pune, all the five samitis conducted this programme – devotees gathered at designated venues in their area and chanted for their Beloved Lord to return to His abode at Prashanti Nilayam. From 'Om Sai Ram' Japa to Maha Mrityunjaya Japa, devotees immersed themselves in prayer to Him for Him.

And along with Laksharchana, Narayan Seva was also



conducted, for what can please the all-knowing, ever-present Bhagawan more than selfless prayer and selfless service?

Calling out to the Lord to hear their heart's call and heal Himself, devotees gathered in large numbers for Akhand Bhajan that was held in all areas – Camp, Sahakar Nagar, Kothrud, Nagar Road, Pimpri-Chinchwad, Pune City and Phulgaon. The clock ticked on, day turned into dusk and dusk into night, and yet, the bhajans went on for our dearest Sai Maa. Voices rang out with emotion, hands were clenched in prayer – only one wish, only one desire – that our dearest Bhagawan's physical body be well again. Alongside fervent prayers for Bhagawan's health, devotees also continued with seva activities.

Letter Of Appeal

Beloved Sai Maa,

Our life at Your treasured Lotus Feet... Maa... You know what You mean to us all...and so how can You say – pray with love and concern but not with anxiety? How can we not be anxious about what's happening to our Mother...when all that ever mattered, matters now and will ever matter is You...our dearly Beloved You...?

Maa, that is the Avataric frame...and You have always said it belongs to the devotees...Maa, You are not willing to use Your healing powers, with which You have cured millions, for Yourself...but that form is ours...devotee's property...

We implore You to heal this PRECIOUS, CHERISHED PROPERTY ...as soon as possible...please Maa...the devotees are in pain, distressed, anxious, devastated... Maa, You are ever concerned about Your children...so we are sure You understand our prime concern is You...come Maa...come back to us...we are waiting for Your darshan...

Everything is so still...because the heart is missing...life has meaning only because of You...do we want to live if You are not there...? Can there be rays of the sun without the Sun? Around what would Earth revolve, if there was no Sun? How can the waves remain if there is no Ocean?

Beloved Maa...we appeal to You on behalf of the elements five, we beg You on behalf of Mother Earth, each petal of every flower, each blade of grass, all the birds and animals – winged, finned, four legged or two – have sent a petition to You...this letter is their emissary...it represents their pain...for we feel their pain...and we know that Beloved Sai Maa feels it too and knows this to be true...

We also implore You, on behalf of the rivers and lakes, the seas and the oceans...every drop of water flows with Your name and is beseeching You through every ripple – Aao Maa...Tera intezaar hai...

Maa, what are these machines put on Your glorious physical frame? You have pampered them enough by fulfilling their longing to serve You...but now Sai Maa, we need You...leave those machines, they have been blessed enough and shower on Your other children the immense grace of the darshan of Your magnificent form.

You are our very breath, because of You, Vayudeva has come into being, and You, need a machine to 'assist' You? Please Maa, aao darshan deejo...'

Maa, toxins in the Divine Form, kidneys not functioning well, means we have disregarded and polluted Mother Earth and the water element – the rivers and seas and

the oceans too; ...the lungs not working well reflects upon the gross misuse of the Air element and contamination here too; ...the heart of the Universe needing a pace maker shows we have driven out brotherhood, care, concern, compassion, love, mercy and forgiveness too, forgive us Maa ...we implore You...guide us to mend our ways...

You are our Mother...and we want You ever with us...we need You...the elements five need You, Mother Nature needs You...the flora and fauna need You...the Universe needs You...Don't punish them for humanity's folly, Beloved One...we pledge to reform and Your presence with us is the only way out...humankind needs You to learn how to be kind... to transform earth beings into 'human' beings, to understand the meaning of the word human...forgive us we beg You, our grave blunders, our gross neglect, sweet Mother...resume the supreme benediction of Your darshan, sparshan and sambhashan...we are not so deserving, Oh Maa, but You are our Mother and Your love is incomparable and Your forgiveness - an innate part of Your boundless, limitless love...

Beloved Sai Maa...this is a petition on behalf of all Your children, at the behest of creation, an earnest appeal from the Cosmos to You - the Divine Mother...Come Maa, we await You at the gates of Prashanti Nilayam...with tears of repentance and longing in our eyes and our arms open wide...



Offering all our love at Your treasured lotus Feet,
We remain always,
Your Children...



Prashanti Nilayam



The Holiest Place in the Cosmos. The region the Lord chose as His dwelling. Where every particle of dust rejoices in divine memories; where every inch of space, every leaf, every flower, every atom is charged with the joy of the Supreme Presence; where birds chirp a divine chorus on the myriad trees that play host to them. Where millions flock from across the globe, making it the largest congregation at any one place of worship, at any given time, of people belonging to different faiths, beyond any barriers of caste, creed or culture – a Mecca for some, a Gurudwara for others, a Temple for many, a Church too, and so on. Beloved Bhagawan's love is the magnet that draws one and all and His words – **“There is only one caste – the caste of Humanity; there is only one religion – the religion of Love; there is only one language – the language of the Heart; there is only one God and He is Omnipresent.”**

It's all about love and spirituality, selfless service and sacrifice.

Cosmic Tribute

27th April 2011, will go down in the annals of the Universe as the day, life came to a stand still for millions across the globe, as the Avatar's physical frame was laid to rest in Sai Kulwant Hall at Prasanthi Nilayam.

Dark clouds of gloom that covered the planet, as the Ocean of Compassion and Selfless Love, chose to bid adieu to Mother Earth, could be lifted only by winds of determination, fuelled by the need to envelope every atom of the Universe with His legacy of Love All, Serve All; Help Ever Hurt Never.

As Parthi geared up for this agony of physical separation, its inhabitants played host to the innumerable devotees who flocked for a last glimpse of the Dearest One. Though the restaurants were officially closed, wholesome food was prepared and served, along with water, to the thronging thousands standing in the scorching sun in queues that stretched for more than 20 kms. Even as the rays of the sun blazed forth and enveloped the area paying homage, the moon too was spotted in the sky beaming a tribute...a cosmic tribute. Mother Nature sent forth fragrant floral offerings of unmatched colours, on behalf of creation at the lotus feet of their cherished Creator – Beloved Bhagawan Sri Sathya Sai Baba.

The Memorial Service for this earth shattering event began with soulful devotional songs reverberating through the ether. The melodious odes to the Divine Mother – Beloved Sai Maa, left every heart broken, with little rivulets flowing from the eyes of all. While some surrendered to the supreme will of the Divine, there were innumerable heart rending sighs and pangs of despair, when the divine casket was lifted from where it had been placed in state, to be carried for the final ceremony.

Here too the Beloved One was teaching a profound lesson - that which comes into being has to depart too, He was the 'dehi', blissful, infinite and unaffected and not the 'deha'.

From the highly placed dignitary to the lay devotee to the students – the cherished property of the Master; to the rustic aficionado, clearly Bhagawan reigned as the supreme Beloved in every soul.

Spiritual leaders from various sects were invited to read out their prayers, keeping in mind that Beloved Swami incessantly promoted the harmony of religions – “There is only one religion, the religion of Love”.

Sai Kulwant Hall echoed with intonations from Judaism; verses from Christian texts and Baha'i; adoration from Islam and veneration too from the entire fraternity for



His ceaseless humanitarian efforts; rich baritones of hymns from Buddhism; and words of reverence from Sikhism, wherein the entire congregation was asked to stand, as a mark of deep regard.

As a sign of profound respect and honor, the Indian National Flag was placed on the Divine Casket, even as a gun salute echoed through the environment.

The priests then began the consecration ceremony. Water had been procured from all the holy rivers through the length and breadth of the Motherland, her loving offering at the Lotus Feet.

There were some parts of these sacred rites and rituals which were to be conducted in privacy, as suggested by the priests, and so a brilliant drape in a semi circle pattern, rendered the enclosure private. As the priests chanted the specific chants, Sai Gayatri resounded through the atmosphere energizing it immensely. It felt as though a host of celestial beings unseen to the human eye, hailed this overwhelming moment and showered many a fragrant flower, as they watched the unfolding of this final scene of the divine drama. The cosmos too worshipped the material manifestation of the Supreme Personality of Godhead.

Even as the red cloth screen was gently lowered, it seemed to signify curtains for the glorious era of the Avatar. God had descended for mankind to ascend, choosing to take upon His manifested form, many an

individual, collective, colossal, as well as cosmic ailment which could otherwise have a disastrous effect on the person, the nation, the world...and the universe. Natural disasters and human follies; nuclear leaks and human neglects and errors; the decay of a planet and human sloth, slumber and excesses go hand in hand and reflect on the material body of the Compassionate One. The physical frame of the Beloved of millions was gently lowered into the special Samadhi prepared for It, under the watchful eyes of Ganesha. The devoted gathering streamed ahead to pour sacred ash into this Divine Samadhi, rendered now as the holiest among shrines on the planet, for nowhere else in the world was any one 'Person' worshipped and adored by such a vast multitude, belonging to various religions at any given point of time.

And so we question ourselves: was this divine departure sudden? Or, as with everything else that unfolded in the earthly life of Bhagawan, it had been planned with precision which only the Master could master? The Lord gave many a hint but the import was lost on most of us.

Let us stroll over to the evening of 20th March 2011, where Beloved Bhagawan gently floated in for divine darshan, in His four wheeled chariot. Even as the tempo of bhajans increased and the Lord showered love and many a blessing, He received spellbound adoration from the devoted gathering. To the glee of the devotees

He took two full rounds of the hall. The bliss increased! It was the festival of 'Holi' and there were a distinct group of men and women from Bihar, where this day is celebrated gaily. At the far end of the Hall, many stood up on their feet to have that special glimpse and perhaps a glance from Him. Bhagawan interacted with the students and tossed vibhuti packets to them playfully.

The rounds over, once it reached the verandah, the doors of the chariot opened and all eyes were glued to this resplendent Figure in orange hues. What a moment to behold, as the car seat smoothly maneuvered itself to touch Mother Earth and then was gently glided along to take its position on the podium. It was then the turn of students, who were fortunate enough to celebrate their birthday that evening, to have a special tête-à-tête with Beloved Bhagawan.

Soon it's time for Aarti followed by Samastha Lokaah Sukhino Bhavantu. The joyful moment is prolonged and in a few seconds there is the much coveted double Abhaya Hasta. Even as the audience sighs at this benediction there is a stunning gesture from Bhagawan. With palms joined together akin to a Namaskar, He holds up His arms, first towards the gathering at the gents side and then slowly towards the ladies side. Unprecedented, extraordinary, unique...and thought provoking too. But overlooked. The implications ignored.



The Lord of the Universe raising His palms in salutation...? Was it an adieu, a leave taking, a farewell, a sayonara, an 'auf wiedersehen', an arrivederci, an adios...? Was it a reminder to – 'See Me in all...', a divine prompt to salute the One behind the many, in all life forms, as we journey through life...? Or was it a gesture of gratitude...even as Sri Rama showed gratitude to the squirrels, the vanara sena – the monkey brigade, to that valiant bird Jatayu? That is known only to Him. The hearts of those who were watching Bhagawan's every move, plummeted towards the ground...a sort of a chill entering every cell of the being.

And now as we are faced with this immeasurable void of the glorious form of our Beloved Lord...the unbearable silence...the inexplicable grief...the immense emptiness...the unanswered 'whys?'...the anguished 'why couldn't He?'...the steady stream of tears...the shock of the suddenness...the silent acceptance...all of it has its answer in the concluding scene of this erstwhile darshan.

The Beloved One had given a hint but it was not reflected upon deeply. We heard Him but did we listen...?

We saw but did not want to face or believe...or perhaps wanted to avoid...like the ostrich that buries its head in the sand...only to be buried by the sands of time...

Tributes by Spiritual Leaders



The Divine Life Society:

Babaji has left the physical plane but He will continue to live through all the myriad social welfare schemes that came into being under His direct guidance. He will continue to live in the hearts of millions of His devotees and others who have come to revere Him. His teachings will be there to guide millions across the world. Babaji has left His physical body but His spiritual presence is more palpable than ever. When such a spiritual personality passes away, we do not pray for Their Satgati (divine beatitude) or Atma Shanti (Supreme Peace). On the contrary, we pray to Them for our peace and happiness, for They have attained all that and more even when They are in Their physical bodies. Mankind will be ever grateful to Babaji for making their lives more beautiful and worth living. May Babaji's blessings continue to shower on one and all alike.



Dalai Lama:

I am saddened by the passing away of the respected spiritual leader. I would like to convey my condolences and prayers to His followers, devotees and admirers.



Sri Sri Ravi Shankar:

Sri Sathya Sai Baba will continue to live in the hearts of millions of devotees. His message of '**Love All and Serve All**' will resonate in the world forever. His messages have always been universal; especially His message of 'Sathya, Dharma, Shanti, Prema' which has transcended all barriers of caste and religion.



Dada J.P. Vaswani:

Elevated souls like Sathya Sai Baba do not come on this earth plane often. Unborn generations to come will wonder at and be amazed by the grandeur of the individual that Baba was and will revere Him as a benefactor of humanity. His overpowering love mesmerised and drew to Him thousands from all over the world. His giving nature, His caring and sharing made Him focus His energies towards ameliorating the suffering of others. For Him to live was to love. His enigmatic and charismatic persona will hold sway over the generations to come. His teachings will continue to guide and assist thousands. The world has been left a richer and a better place by having been blessed by the holy presence of Sathya Sai Baba."



Asaram Bapu:

The passing away of Sathya Sai Baba has deeply saddened the hearts of devotees and has also shaken the minds of the masses. For his devotees and for me, who have seen Him and experienced His compassion, only His form has left us. But as the Supreme Life force energy, He remains all pervading. *(Showing his picture with Swami, the spiritual leader continued...)* My message to His devotees is to look after His values, universal teachings and wealth with courage, patience, fortitude and keen intellect as this is the sweat and toil of Babaji.



Chinmaya Mission: Bhagawan Sri Sathya Sai Baba, as He was known, is one of the greatest spiritual luminaries of the 21st century. Even after His Maha Samadhi, His life and teachings will continue to inspire and influence millions of people to live a noble life. The monumental work that He initiated and achieved is indeed exemplary. In Chinmaya Mission, we have many fond memories of our Pujya Gurudev, Swami Chinmayananda relating his many meetings with Bhagawan, and the love and regard they shared for each other. We pay our homage to Him.



Mata Amritanandamayi:

Devotees should exercise self-control and regain their spiritual strength: Sathya Sai Baba's life was his message. Each devotee should follow the path of love and compassion shown by Sathya Sai Baba. That is the greatest tribute and affection anyone could offer Him.



Sadguru Jaggi Vasudev:

Baba has been a phenomenon of the 20th century, not only in India but the world over. As a proponent of egalitarian values, He strived to create a world free of the divisions of caste, creed, religion, race and gender. His social initiatives, notably in the fields of education and public health, have been a great service to the world.



Baba Ramdev:

His departure from the physical world has been a great loss for mankind. The limitless ocean of compassion flowed through Him like a stream of love resulting in selfless service for humanity. All that He has done for the benefit of humanity will keep guiding not only His followers, but the whole of mankind for ages to come. There is a void in the hearts of devotees as they would call out to Him when faced with any difficult situation. Even now, He will continue to always remain with them spiritually. His ideals and teachings will live on forever. The environment (created) in Puttaparthi by Sri Sathya Sai Baba is like heaven on earth. Devotees should be inspired by Him to create such an atmosphere in the world by focusing on His ideals and teachings.



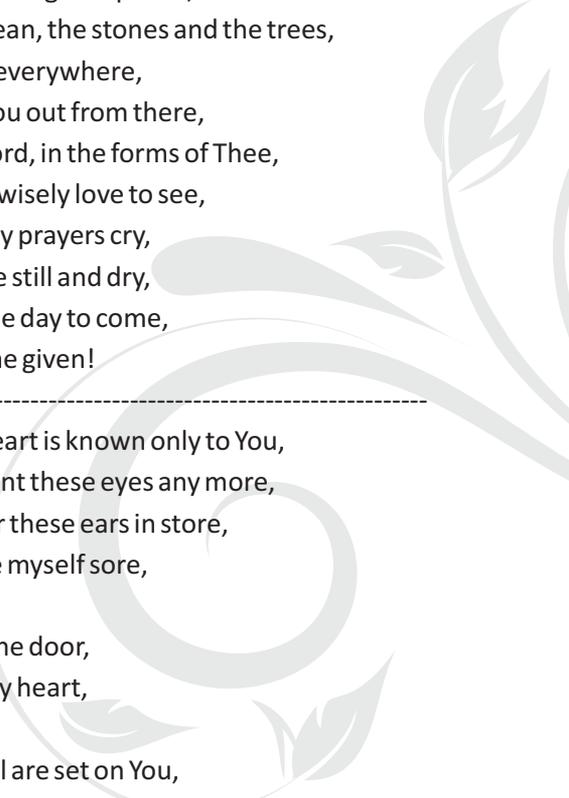
Feelings . . .

...Straight from the heart of those pining for Him...

The silence of a Christmas night,
Uncertain of a future bright,
A night of hope though dark as coal,
Awaits the beauty of an embodied soul,
The coming of a life purely divine,
I look through stars for a holy sign,
The lamb so shouts for the Shepherd he missed,
For the warmth of the lap and a wish to be kissed,
A long wait for the Form of love to be seen,
A battle with the dark, Oh! How cruel it has been,
A sleepless night yet full of dreams,
In pursuit of the knowledge of boundless realms,
A hope so breathy as life itself,
Transcends the thought of wish for selves,
Calmness surrounds in a chaotic way,
A blind old being still sees a way,
I sit beside a grave for You,
And wonder if it's me or You,
So uncertain is everything,
So mischievous is every being,
A master plan is rolling down,
Yet Laughing Buddha shows a frown,

“Thou art”, my heart sighs in peace,
Thou art, in the ocean, the stones and the trees,
Thou art so subtly everywhere,
‘Tis for me to dig you out from there,
Be the same, Oh Lord, in the forms of Thee,
For the eyes of my wisely love to see,
To that Almighty my prayers cry,
Let this moment be still and dry,
For I long not for the day to come,
I die to LIVE the time given!

...the ache in my heart is known only to You,
Nothing can enchant these eyes any more,
Nor any melody for these ears in store,
But I will not grieve myself sore,
To speak with You,
I need open only one door,
For You reside in my heart,
Ever in its core...
The eyes of my soul are set on You,
Only You can fan the embers of my hope,
My hope is You, can I give up on You...?



I await You, Beloved You,
For the ache in my heart is known only to You...

.....
When Savitri could do it for Satyavan, can't we do it for Beloved Bhagawan...?

As gurudakshina, Rishi Sandipani, along with his wife, asked Lord Krishna for the restoration of their son from the ocean at Prabhasa...all due to the pull of the demon Shankhasura, and Krishna and Balaram brought Sumanta back... God always responds...it all depends upon our intensity for Him, our trust in Him, the depth of our faith...the demon here is erring humanity...the intense longing is that of the devotees...the rest is the Lord's will.

...how do you know God loves you?

When He fills your heart with love, compassion, tolerance and forgiveness.

...how does God know you love Him...?

When you reach out to all with these qualities, knowing Him to be the indweller of all.

.....
"Prema Swaroopalara"- how many of us ever considered the real meaning of those words when uttered by the Lord of this Cosmos at almost every discourse? Embodiments of Love, He always told us, that's who we are. Discourse after discourse we listened

with excitement, because we got to hear the Lord's sweet words but not an iota of practice of the 'Unconditional Love' He spoke about. He showed us exactly the condition of the human heart, when His body lay lifeless for 3 days before the last rites....cold, stone hearted. What has become of man? The Lord waited so patiently for the human heart to flower into the fullness of its divinity but we failed and miserably too. Now, that the Purna Avatar has left His mortal coil, maybe man will ascend to the origin of his being, the realisation that He is God, pure unconditional love, in human form. A miracle is sure to happen the day that happens, maybe a Resurrection of the Lord? If Jesus could be, why not our Lord?

.....
Last rites for the One Who is everlasting, seems strange. Yet, what are we left with...? BLISS, as proclaimed by our Beloved Master - **Bliss Lies In Selfless Service.**

.....
He always was, is and will remain the closest of the close, the nearest of the near...the dearest of the dear...

.....
The soul knows though the heart pines...

.....
The mind is reassured only through the knowledge that He is the indweller and permeates every atom of creation.

The Lord of the Universe is beyond all laws of the Universe...

.....
You are my dream, You are my hope, Your sweet love helps me cope; You are my breath, my soul, You are my life, You are my goal...

.....
Oh, Beloved Bhagawan, I owe it to You, to see You and serve You in all.

.....
The form merges into the formless...the decree of destiny, nothing and no man can replace or restore, a void remains deep within our core.

.....
Tired was I so I lay down at Sai's feet, He picked me up and put me where I could hear His heartbeat...

.....
Swami was, is, will be with us always, till we want Him to be with us. Earlier I used to pray thinking He is in Puttaparthi, but now I pray knowing He is within me. He has come closer. I have become more careful in my thoughts, words and deeds now.

.....
Beloved Bhagawan to me is like a precious alarm clock that woke me up from an ignorant way of living, to the awareness of Sathya, Dharma, Prema, Shanti and Ahimsa. When I practice this way, His way, I experience

Him all the time.

.....
Tears flow and yet the heart smiles, for Bhagawan seems far and yet is so near. A loving father, a kind mother, a friend better than the best – my Sai has gone nowhere.

.....
We should realise that our beloved Swami has reposed His trust in all of us to take up the responsibility of carrying forward His work down through the generations. And we have to prove worthy of His trust by rising up and taking forward His Mission. It is our great fortune that He gave us an opportunity to dedicate our lives to His mission. Let us carry forward the little spark of love that He has lit in our hearts and not only preserve it but transmute it to whomsoever we meet in our life. The Golden Age, often mentioned by Swami, is sure to come. Let us make our Life His Message.

.....
By this act of vanishing from the physical world, Beloved Bhagawan is elevating every one of us to look in, to feel Him in...feel Him in a world where no bondage of the physical, transitory exists. By this 'Act' that came for the commoners as a shocker, our Almighty Beloved, Who has come with a definite Mission, has set His Mission into a higher gear, driving into a greater phase wherein

He will be showing Who He Really Is? ...and let's await His best of Visiting Cards, greatest of His miracles, silencing the world of naysayers, raising the morale of His real beloved ones...Sathya Sai is bound to come back! Let's tune in...let's tune in...

.....
I dont feel any change as such...only limitation of physical presence...of visiting Parthi without His physical presence. I feel Him more...think of Him more...and in every person that I meet I see Him...in every different area when I face any difficulty, He is there to solve it. Commitments remain the same.

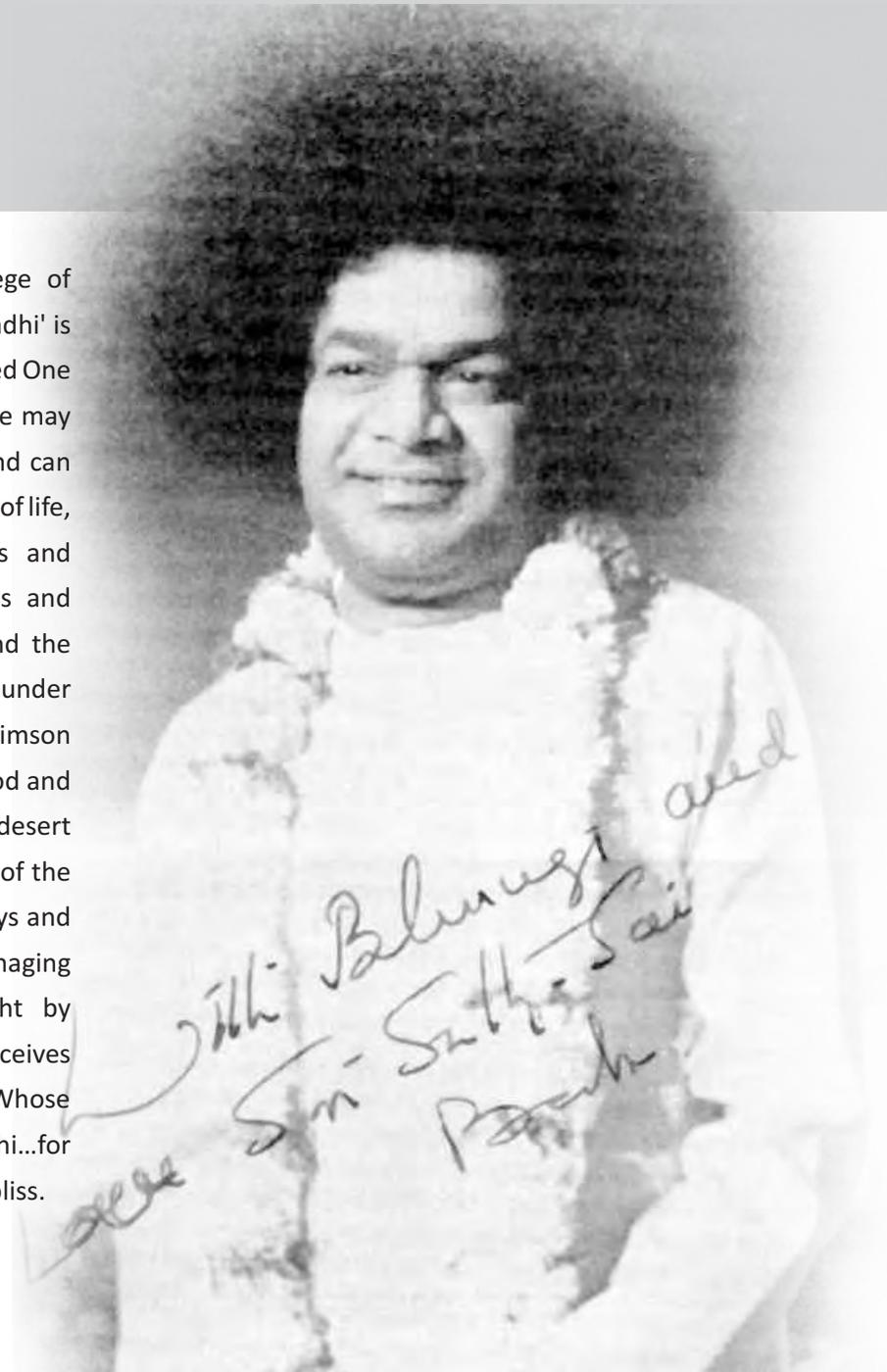
.....
Tum Ho Toh Gaata Hain Dil,
Tum Nahi Toh Geet Kahan,
Tum Ho Toh Hain Sab Haasil,
Tum Nahi Toh Kya Hain Yahan...
Jo Tum Ho Toh Yeh Lagta Hain
Ki Mil Gayi Har Khushi,
Jo Tum Na Ho
Ye Lagta Hain,
Ki Har Khushi Mein Hain Kamee...

.....
Sai Maa, please come back soon. The heartache is hard to bear, the tears are hard to stop...Life is hard to live... Please come back, Maa...
.....

I Love You, Baba. And there's nothing I want more than to see Your loving eyes darting about, taking in the crowd at Sai Kulwant Hall; Your beautiful lotus feet gliding through the darshan rows; Your one hand raised in blessing, the other lovingly collecting letters...

Samadhi...

Samadhi Darshan is not only the sole privilege of devotees who flock to Prashanti Nilayam... 'Samadhi' is the supreme state of equilibrium... and the Beloved One has always remained thus... and so wherever one may be... if they are conscious about His presence and can reflect this state of Samadhi as they walk the path of life, in spite of crossroads, despite narrow lanes and choosing the road less travelled... through hills and dales; the uphill and downhill; the storm and the quiet; the raging river and the still waters; the thunder and the lightning; the autumn shedding of crimson leaves and the fragrant spring blossoms; the flood and the drought; facing the icy avalanche and the desert sands that burn and singe; as well as the waves of the sea that toss with fury; the scorching midday rays and the cool moonbeams that dance and play... managing the swing between the pendulum as taught by Bhagawan... then and there, is where one receives 'Samadhi Darshan' of our Precious Lord... Whose advent is synonymous with the state of Samadhi... for Samadhi is the supreme state of equilibrium and bliss.



Embodiments Of Bliss...

“You are all living embodiments of Bliss”...that’s how the Beloved One refers to all.

...and then He calls us “Embodiments of Love”, not only a charmingly endearing term, but a prompt towards our reality. We heard, but perhaps didn’t listen.

He is Love and He is Bliss...and through Love All, Serve All; Help Ever Hurt Never, He shows us how to remain in BLISS. For **Bliss Lies In Selfless Service**. And Love is a **Limitless Overflowing Vast Expansion**. He is Love... He is Bliss...forever enveloping us is He through this. He can never be far, for He is always near.

There is a query that springs from every heart – Where is He...?

To this enquiry where is He...? ...Where is He...?

The answer is obvious and lies in the question - Where is He not? He is now here and there is nowhere that He is not. He never leaves us for He lives through us. We are never alone for we are His very own. He is always with us for our heart is His home.

How can we be apart from the One of Whom we are an intrinsic part. Parthi is the path, Bhagawan the goal. If



we do our homework well, He will help us play our role.

So, if we are left with a question – ‘Swami, Swami where are You?’

Listen to that ‘sailence’ within...perhaps you can hear its unceasing echo – “Right here, looking at you.”

Equanimity

...and the Beloved One has always expressed Samadhi. For Sama is Brahman; Sama is equanimity; a sense of equipoise, a consistent and constant equilibrium; Dhi refers to Buddhi – Intellect; Brahman is Supreme; Equanimity is Ananda – Bliss... And so Samadhi is the state of Supreme Bliss. A supreme state of consciousness beyond the ordinary...a stillness of body, mind and spirit...

...so wherever one may be, maintaining that sense of calm, unruffled by inclement weather brought into view through the play of the senses, that tranquil state...that bears all says nothing, that smiles through many a dust storm; that composure that knows it all to be a divine play...that watches the pendulum oscillate between the soft breeze of spring and the harsh winter winds; through the carefree innocence of childhood and the stark realities and responsibilities of later life; of being accepted and forsaken; of having experienced the fragrance of the rose bush as well as being pierced by its thorns; walls and boundaries that create a rift and bridges that say 'welcome home' and do the spirit uplift; laughter akin to gurgling brooks and worries that leave crestfallen looks; love that treats nothing as distinct, no blocks, no bar and negative emotions that



leave many a scar; the travel through brown dry barren land and also past lush green fertile fields; the sway between cruelty and compassion; a scowl that pushes one down to a nadir and a smile that gives an inspiration to live; the quagmire of despair and the monsoon shower of relieve and hope; such is the seesaw of events in the playground of life...and so, wherever one may be, as the sands of time passes through the hourglass...this equilibrium as shown by the Beloved One is a Darshan of Him...is His presence...is oneness with Him...is union with Him...is Him...for He never was this...nor was He that...He simply is... and forever will be...



Did you hear that whisper? Did you hear that sound? Yet there was no voice to it...only a sigh...that overwhelms with peace and harmony...a silent transmission... a sigh from Beloved Mother Sai...

...where were we looking for Him, when He is right here where He has always been? From the time of creation Hrudayavasa He has been...deluded by the senses five though, the search still goes on...

...Love is our only inheritance...for He suffused our hearts with love and pervaded it...and Love gave birth to a sense of oneness, compassion, tolerance, forbearance, patience, sharing, caring, concern, sacrifice and an endless giving...

...the mind is responsible for all other base emotions. Kama, Krodha, Lobha, Moha, Mada, Matsarya raise

Sailence' of the Heart

their hoods and bare their fangs...it's the mind, being engulfed in the play of the senses, making living a pendulum swing...submitting to the to and fro effect in the play-field of life...

...but then, in the 'sailence' of the heart...there is only love...Love reigns supreme...there is place for nothing else therein. For the Beloved One resides in there. Love brings a synchronisation, a stillness, contentment, a sense of calm, a conscious expansion, expansion of consciousness...of tranquility and bliss...and Bliss is the prompting from the Divine...from the Beloved One...a core feeling from deep within the core...

So, let us push the pause button on all noisy thoughts...and tune in.

Hush! Did you hear that whisper? Did you hear that sound? Yet there was no voice to it...only a sigh...that overwhelms with peace, harmony and bliss...a sigh from Beloved Sai...as close as close can be...forever close is He...He is supreme and He is Love...let love reign supreme...love that envelopes all creation through...the supreme legacy for us all, from where we should take our cue.



Poems...



Mother Sai, My Beloved One

Pucho na hai kaisi meri Maa,
Ek sache dost jaisi Maa,
Meray badan mey jaan jaisi Maa,
Miley mujhe kismet sey aisi Maa...
Main dil hoon, ehsaas woh,
Meray dil ke pass woh,
Mujhe kisi ka darr ho kaisa,
Meray toh vishwas ho,
Gita aur Quran jaisi Maa,
Puchon na hai kaisi meri Maa...

A hush spread over the Universe,
All mundane emotions did disperse,
A stillness that was penetrated,
Only by sighs of anguish and pangs of despair,
Millions across the globe did this sentiment share,
To show their feelings no one was above board...
As all faced this divine accord,
With one stroke did snap the umbilical cord...

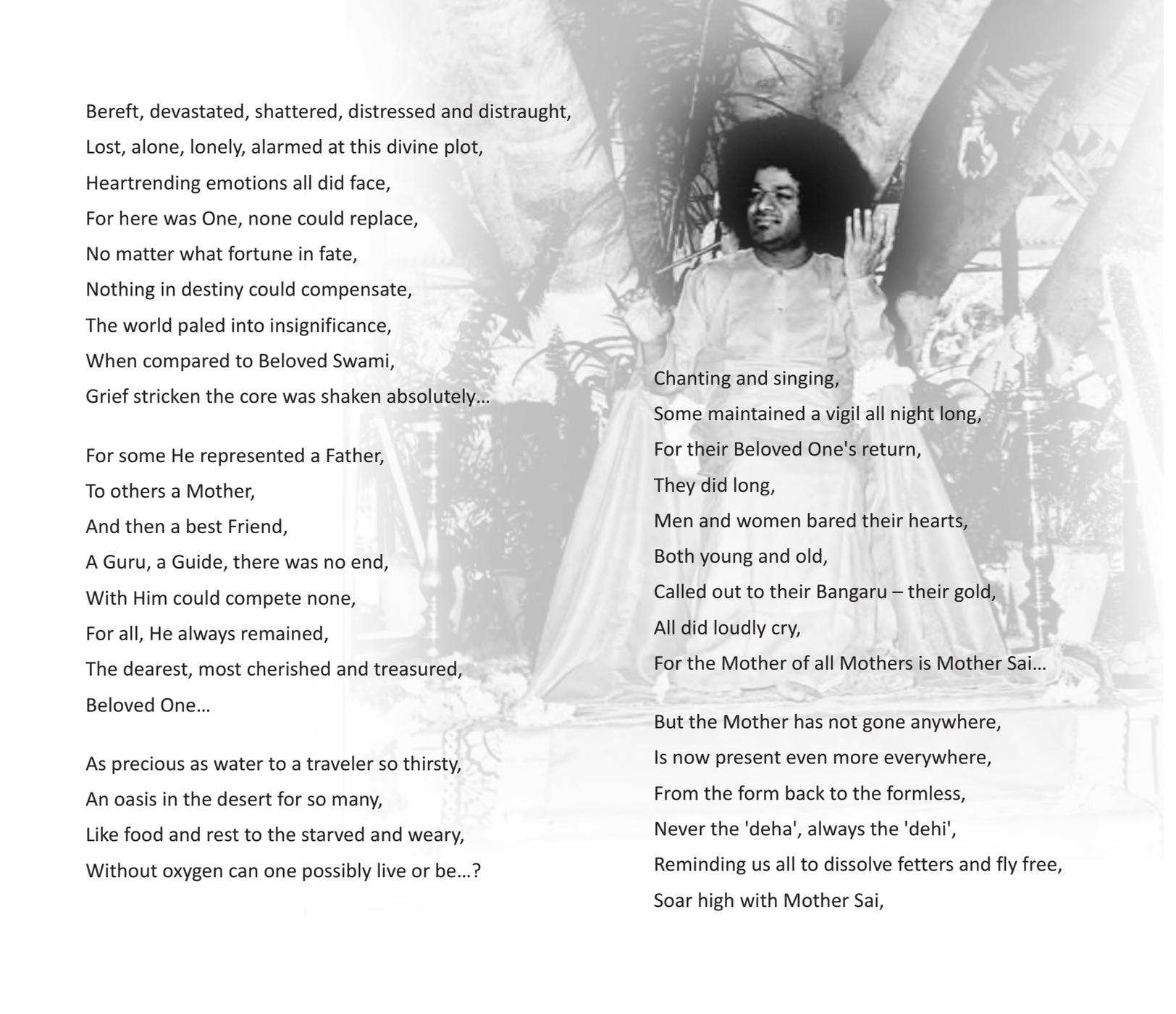


Some gasped, some fell faint, trying to turn back the clock,
Some stood stunned, some in shock,
Some questioned - Why, Oh Why, Oh Mother of mine...?
While some accepted it as will divine...

Some shed tears, little rivulets did flow,
Some felt that gnawing pain in their heart continued to grow,
Some wailed and cried openly aloud,
A myriad emotion in the milling crowd...

Some wondered – 'Where did we go wrong...?'
To be His message, what took us so long?'
Some shook their heads in regret and rue,
Some wailed – 'Mother Sai, come back, we love You,
Swami come back, we need You...'

With unabashed torrent of tears,
Some cajoled, coaxed and did plead,
You are our reason to live,
Our words won't You kindly heed,
One last chance, forgive us do,
We beseech and implore You,
Our life we pledge to You,
Who do we live for, if not You...?'



Bereft, devastated, shattered, distressed and distraught,
Lost, alone, lonely, alarmed at this divine plot,
Heartrending emotions all did face,
For here was One, none could replace,
No matter what fortune in fate,
Nothing in destiny could compensate,
The world paled into insignificance,
When compared to Beloved Swami,
Grief stricken the core was shaken absolutely...

For some He represented a Father,
To others a Mother,
And then a best Friend,
A Guru, a Guide, there was no end,
With Him could compete none,
For all, He always remained,
The dearest, most cherished and treasured,
Beloved One...

As precious as water to a traveler so thirsty,
An oasis in the desert for so many,
Like food and rest to the starved and weary,
Without oxygen can one possibly live or be...?

Chanting and singing,
Some maintained a vigil all night long,
For their Beloved One's return,
They did long,
Men and women bared their hearts,
Both young and old,
Called out to their Bangaru – their gold,
All did loudly cry,
For the Mother of all Mothers is Mother Sai...

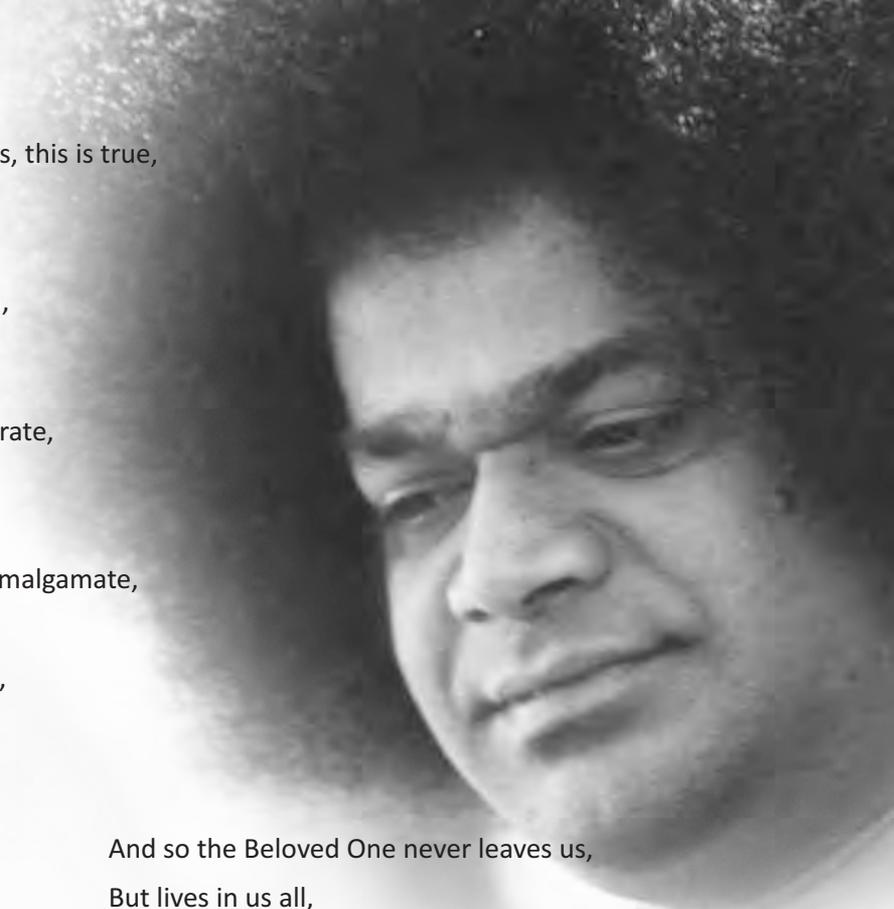
But the Mother has not gone anywhere,
Is now present even more everywhere,
From the form back to the formless,
Never the 'deha', always the 'dehi',
Reminding us all to dissolve fetters and fly free,
Soar high with Mother Sai,

The Super Soul never did have a particular address, this is true,
Nor a permanent one too,
Being Supreme Absolute Infinite,
Condensing for sometime into a magnificent form,
Its self luminous, radiant, resplendent light...

The Supreme Essence did simply seem to disintegrate,
Spinning up the wheels of fate,
Into all creatures great and small it did integrate,
The Beloved One did us all unite, assimilate and amalgamate,
And the fragments did submerge,
Into each and every atom of creation it did merge,
Making us all one with Him,
He was the Ocean, in which we as fish did swim,
Ah! What a mingling of Sai and i,
As were the rays of the sun in the sky,
Like the fragrance of flowers in the spring breeze,
Like the fresh leaves upon the evergreen tree,
Like sugar and its sweetness,
With this supreme benediction,
The Master did us all bless...

And so the Beloved One never leaves us,
But lives in us all,
We are never without Him,
For He is within us all,
His loving essence fills us through,
His love is our sole inheritance, believe me you...

Mother Sai holds each child's hand,
Every little need the Beloved One does understand,





Let us pray – ‘Oh Beloved Swami,

Help us to live for You only,

And then it will be,

Sai and i eternally..’

It's time now to honor His legacy,

For He lives through us, through you and me,

It's time to respect and fulfill His decree,

For that is how it should be,

Let His love flow to us and through us too,

In order to ensure - Samastha Lokaah Sukhino Bhavantu,

Sharing His peace and love, with all beings the Universe through...

Perhaps if we listen, we might hear,

The Beloved One whisper,

Ever so clear –

“I am always with you,

And you are forever with Me,

Remember that you are a fragment of Me,

Blaze forth My beloved child, My divine love and energy,

Emitting My light, reflecting Me,

Mine you are and evermore shall be...”

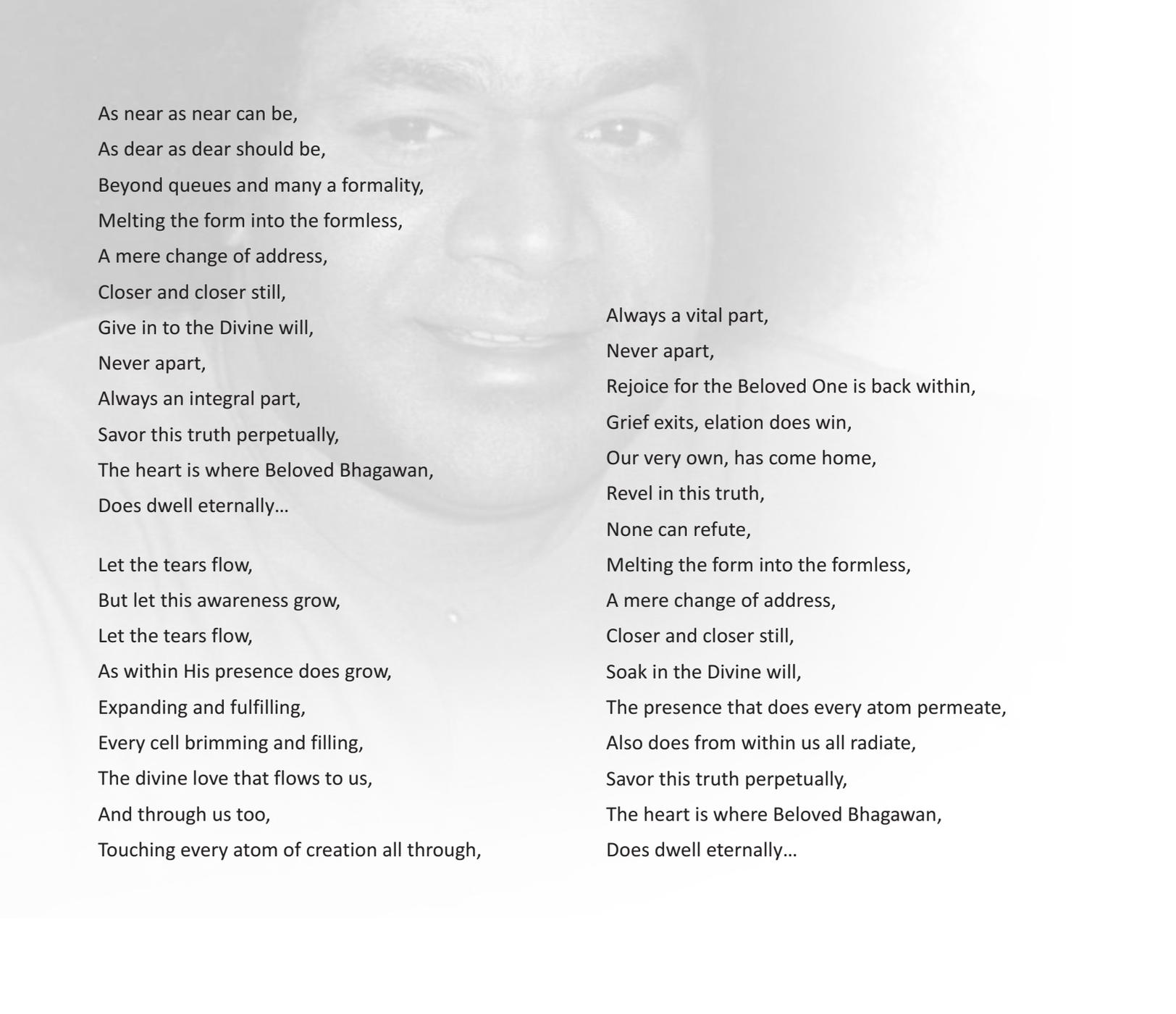
The Heart is where Beloved Bhagawan does dwell...

Where has He gone,
That we need to mourn,
When forever is He,
And forever will He be,
In every heart,
And never ever apart,
An intrinsic part,
Of every sweet little heart,
That does beat,
And repeat,
His name over and over again...

So how can there be pain?
So how can we grieve?
When He never does leave us at all,
But lives within us all,
The Beloved One resides within permanently,
Radiantly and blissfully,
Melting the form into the formless,
A mere change of address,

Closer and closer still,
Why resist the Divine will,
Savor this truth perpetually,
The heart is where Beloved Bhagawan,
Does dwell eternally...

...from within He stepped out for a while,
And did us all beguile,
And of Him all wanted more,
Of devotion and love there was an immense outpour,
He did all that He had to do,
Lessons to be learnt by me and you,
Serving, giving,
Selflessly living,
Unconditional love,
Of which one could never have enough,
Orange hued,
Joys renewed,
Why this splendor bemoan,
Forever He is within, our very own,



As near as near can be,
As dear as dear should be,
Beyond queues and many a formality,
Melting the form into the formless,
A mere change of address,
Closer and closer still,
Give in to the Divine will,
Never apart,
Always an integral part,
Savor this truth perpetually,
The heart is where Beloved Bhagawan,
Does dwell eternally...

Let the tears flow,
But let this awareness grow,
Let the tears flow,
As within His presence does grow,
Expanding and fulfilling,
Every cell brimming and filling,
The divine love that flows to us,
And through us too,
Touching every atom of creation all through,

Always a vital part,
Never apart,
Rejoice for the Beloved One is back within,
Grief exits, elation does win,
Our very own, has come home,
Revel in this truth,
None can refute,
Melting the form into the formless,
A mere change of address,
Closer and closer still,
Soak in the Divine will,
The presence that does every atom permeate,
Also does from within us all radiate,
Savor this truth perpetually,
The heart is where Beloved Bhagawan,
Does dwell eternally...

LET'S TUNE IN...

Gone is the temporal,
A frame that was human,
Yet Divine in full essence,
A frame supremely enchanting,
Who chose to walk His talk,
Living a life that became His message!

Shedding the mortal,
As He pulled the curtain down,
He chose to become many,
From the One to many,
Seeding Him into many a heart,
From millions to billions to zillions,
For today, for the morrow and for eternity...

To speak from the depth...

Filling the void...

A Voice void of transitory

A Voice valid with God and Godly...

Blossoming every pining heart

Raising every deserving soul...

From the depths unto exalted heights,

Where He dwells,

Beckoning each one of us,

Unto Him...

Unto the lap of our Beloved Sri Sathya Sai!

Unto the lap of Eternity!

Let's tune in...!!!



Adieu

If tears could fill an Ocean bed,
Earth would have known,
An Ocean new,
What the heart felt,
Flowed forth from the eyes,
As creation bid,
The Creator adieu...

Feelings such as this,
Can any child avoid?
That emptiness,
That immense void,
How does one deal,
With the absence,
Of the most,
Beloved Presence?
Oh! Lord please don't leave me,
Is the anguished cry,
Even as the flow of tears,
Does intensify...
Through the sobs,
The heart does hear,
A whispered reply,
That sweet voice of Mother Sai...





**How can I leave You, My child,
When I live through you?
Don't you know, dearest one,
That I breathe through you?
As the indweller of your heart,
I fill every cell of your being,
I love through you,
A love that envelopes,
All of creation through you...**

Oh! Lord, without Your presence,
I feel devoid and empty...
**How can it be so, little one?
Don't you know, since the time of creation,
I have entered you...?**
But, Beloved Lord,
I don't want to lose You...
**Can you ever lose Me, sweet child,
When forever, you remain lost in Me?**
Oh! Beloved One, let me see the world,
Through Your eyes only...
**My dear, dear one, that is how it shall be,
When Sai is in you,
And you remain constantly,
In Me...**

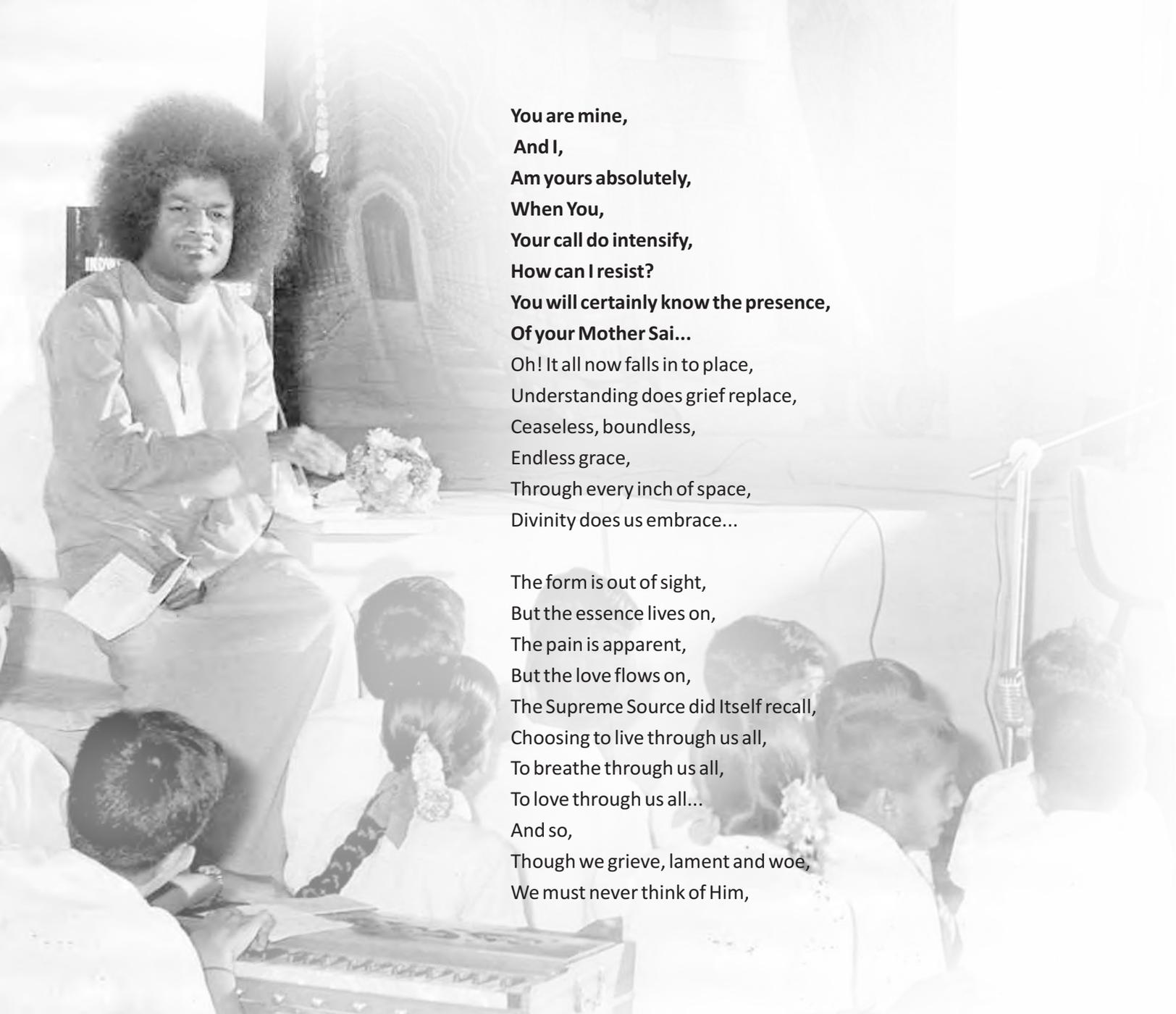


**Mother Sai always holds her child close,
The pain in the child's heart,
Only Sai does know,
You, precious child, are never alone,
Every speck, every stone,
Every bit of creation is My very own,
Not one is left out, no one unknown,**

**I am in all,
To Me all are known,
Go wherever you want, My child,
Wherever you may be,
I live through you,
And you,
You live with Me...**

**Listen, sweet little heart,
When you say,
'Beloved Swami, I live for You.'
Know for sure that I live,
Through you...
So, do not despair,
Know that I am listening,
I do care,
When you surrender,
To Me completely,**





**You are mine,
And I,
Am yours absolutely,
When You,
Your call do intensify,
How can I resist?
You will certainly know the presence,
Of your Mother Sai...**

Oh! It all now falls in to place,
Understanding does grief replace,
Ceaseless, boundless,
Endless grace,
Through every inch of space,
Divinity does us embrace...

The form is out of sight,
But the essence lives on,
The pain is apparent,
But the love flows on,
The Supreme Source did Itself recall,
Choosing to live through us all,
To breathe through us all,
To love through us all...
And so,
Though we grieve, lament and woe,
We must never think of Him,



As no more,
He has always been,
And is always there,
Never to be pinned down,
As that or this,
For His true nature is,
Existence, Knowledge, Bliss,
To the form though we perhaps,

Bid Adieu,
But the essence lives on in me and You...
The Master thought it fit,
And so it shall be,
Truth, Peace and Harmony,
Selflessness, Love and Unity,
For we are all children,
Of Eternity...

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**A Loving Offering At The Precious Lotus Feet
By The Pune Youth Wing.**

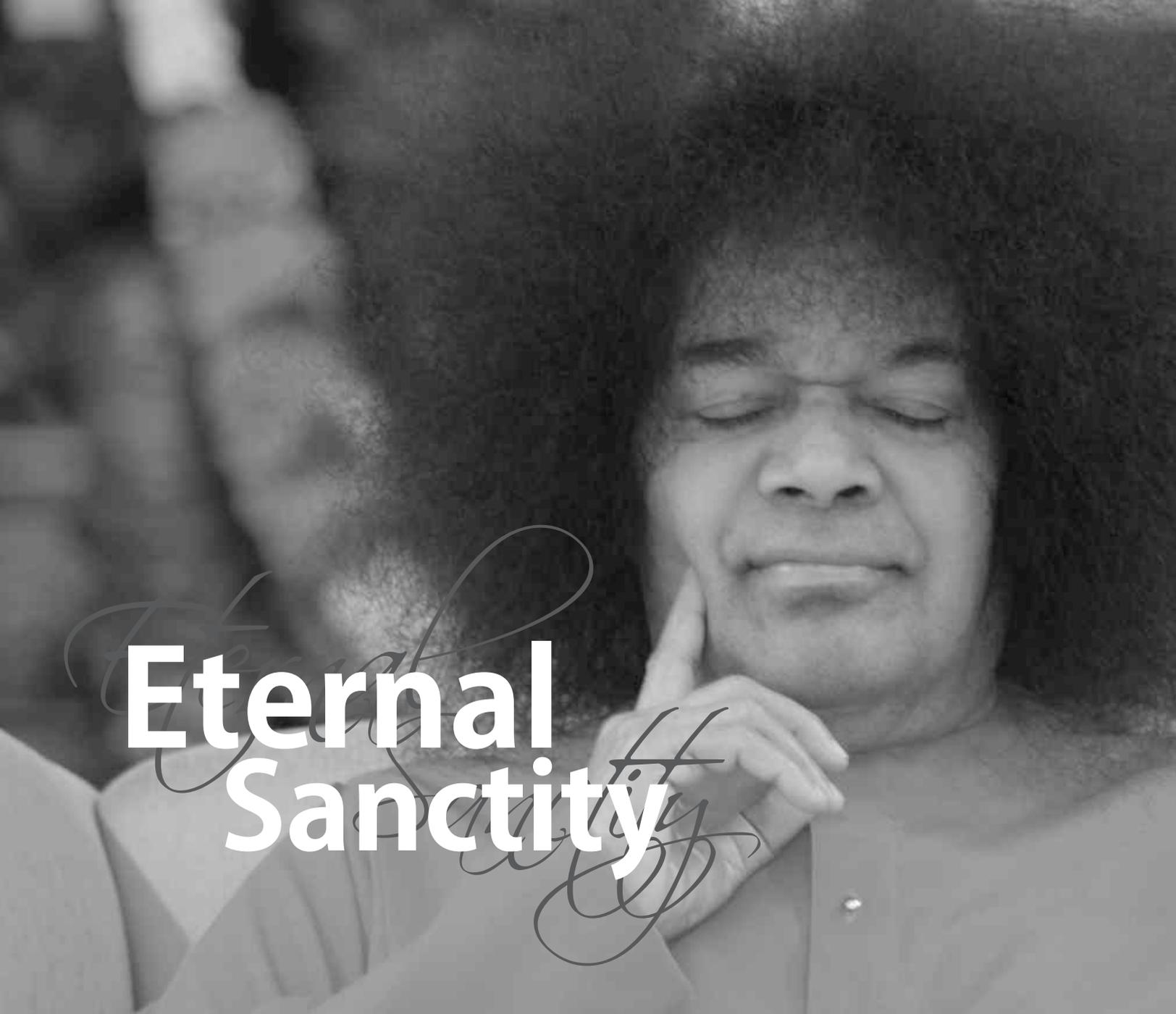


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Eternal Sanctity

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