



Sathya Sai Baba

*Pictures
from the
Heart*

Lightstorm

Sathya Sai Baba
Pictures
from the
Heart

by
Lightstorm

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**Through the direct Omnipresent Flow of
Divine Love,
these pictures are for all of us to enjoy.
To awaken our hearts to the One Truth, that we are that
self same Love, SAI.
The Sat (Being) - Chit (Awareness) - Ananda (Bliss)
our
*'True Eternal SELF!'***



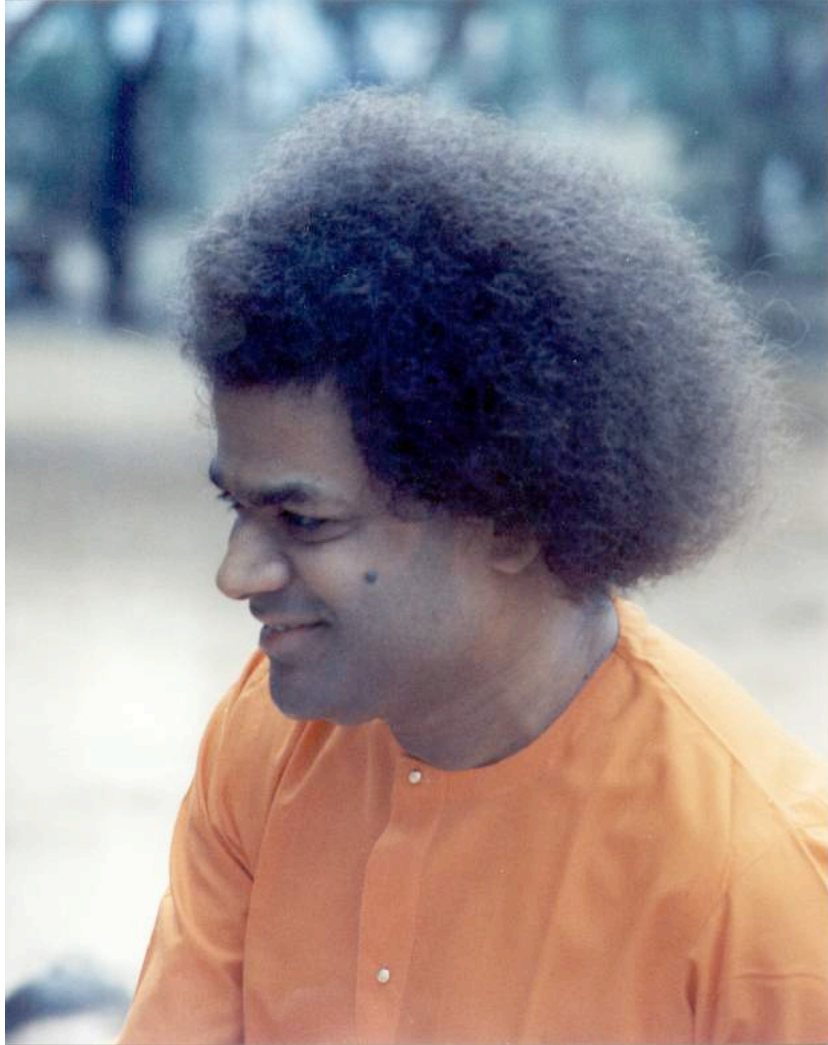
*The First 4 pictures that follow below have not been altered in any way. This is how they came directly from the negatives with Swami's Grace.
There was no photomontage!*

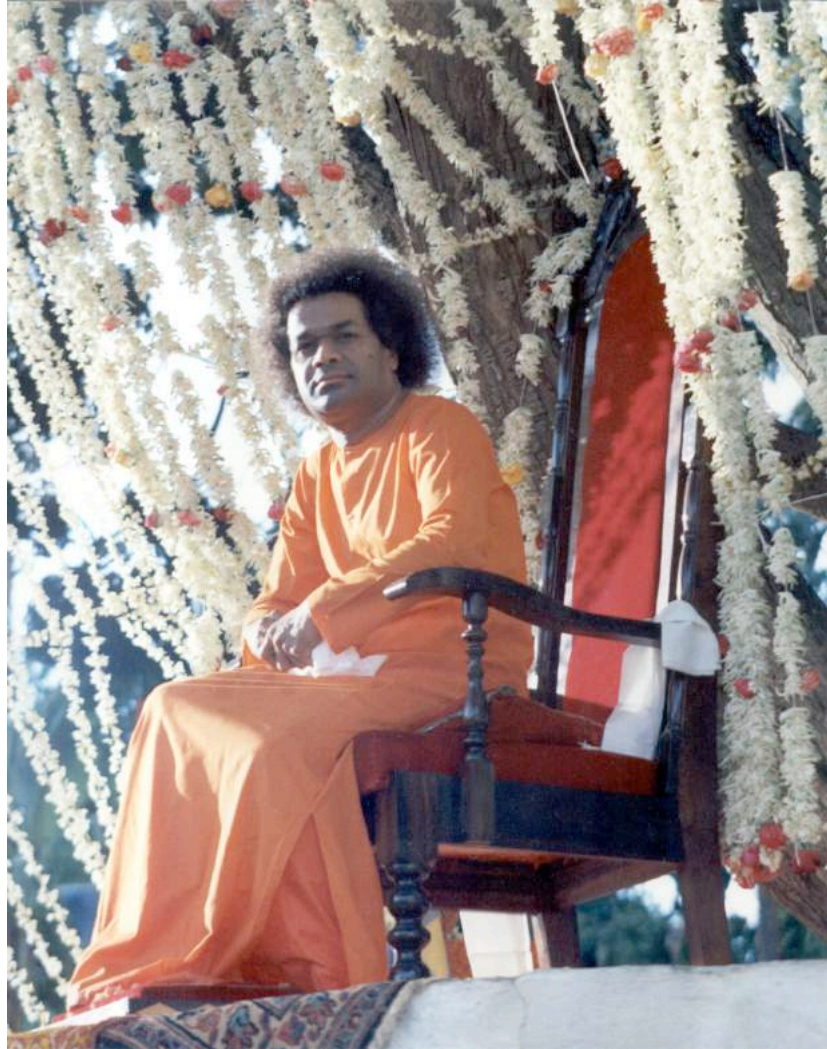






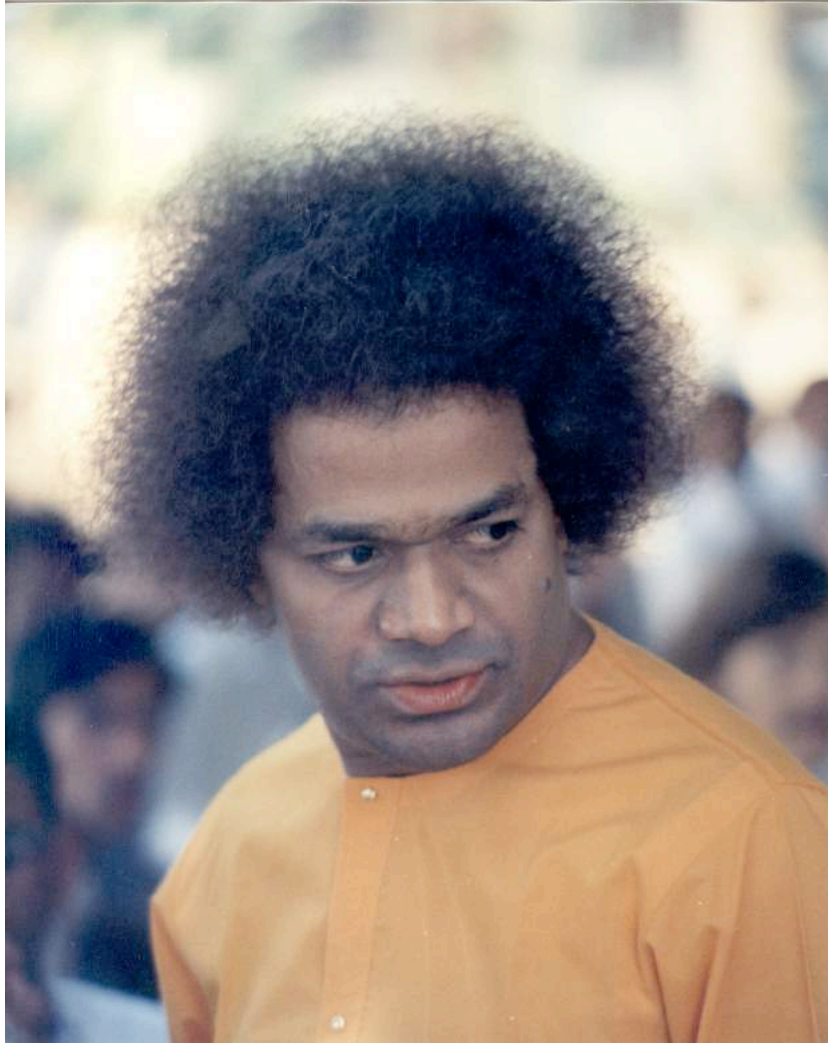


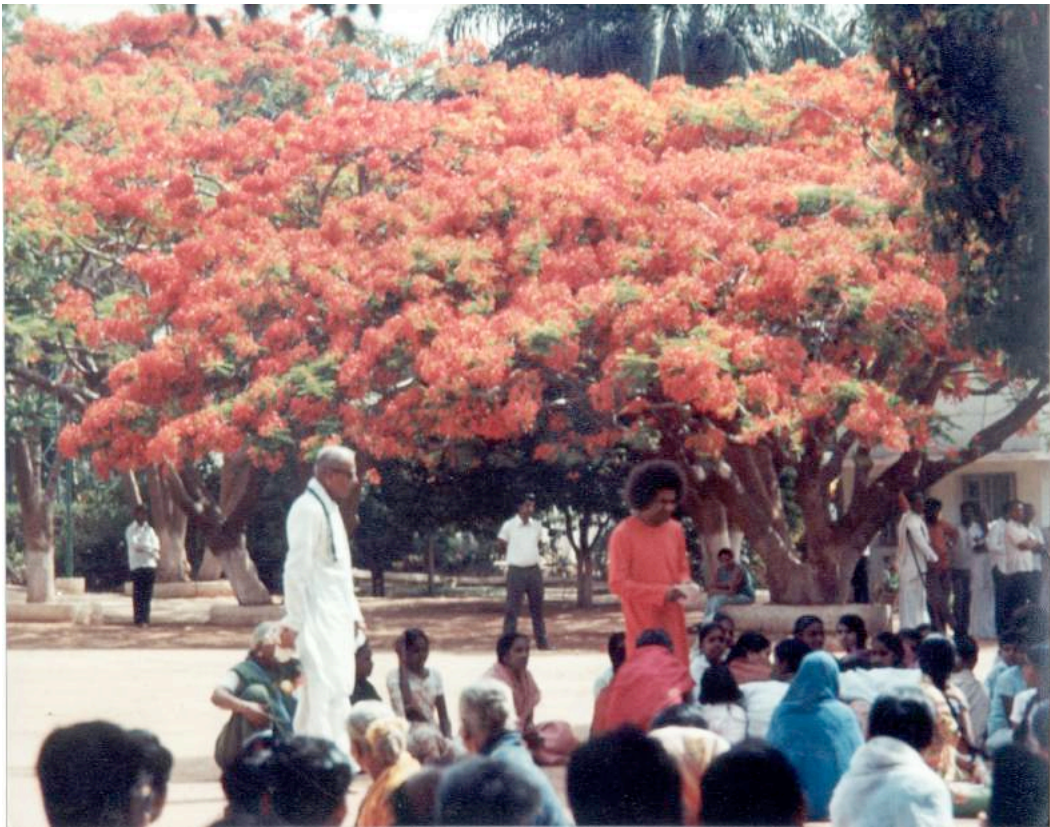




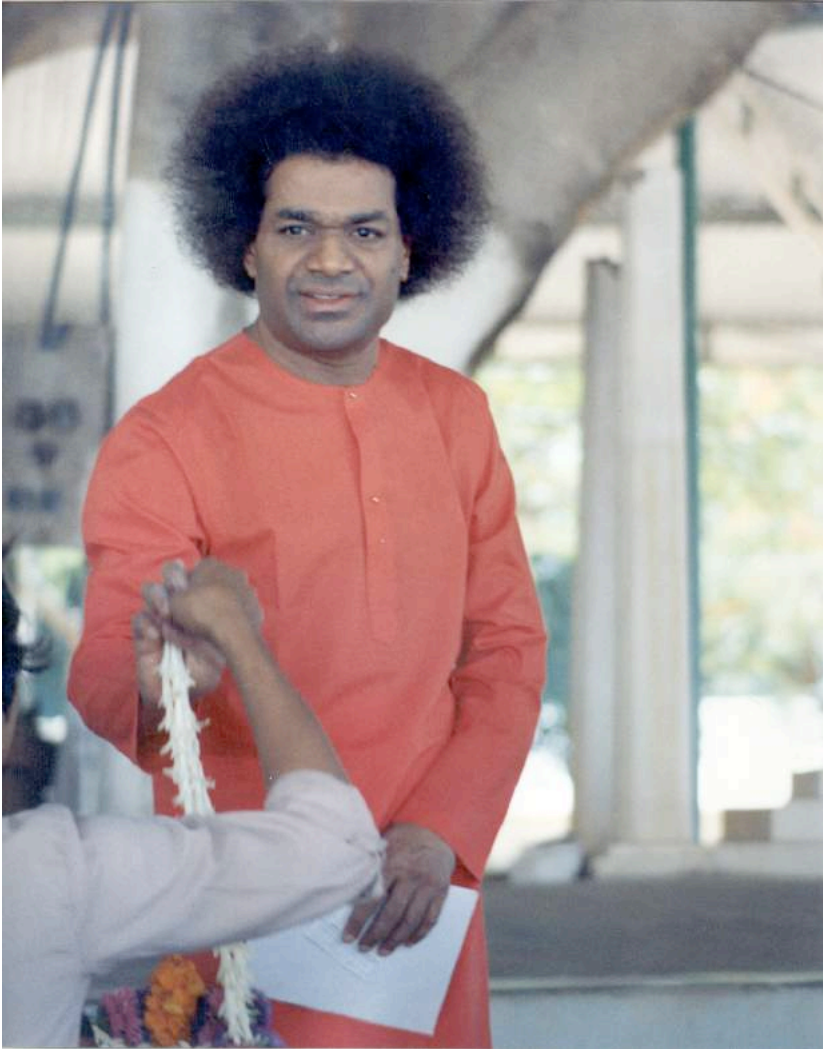




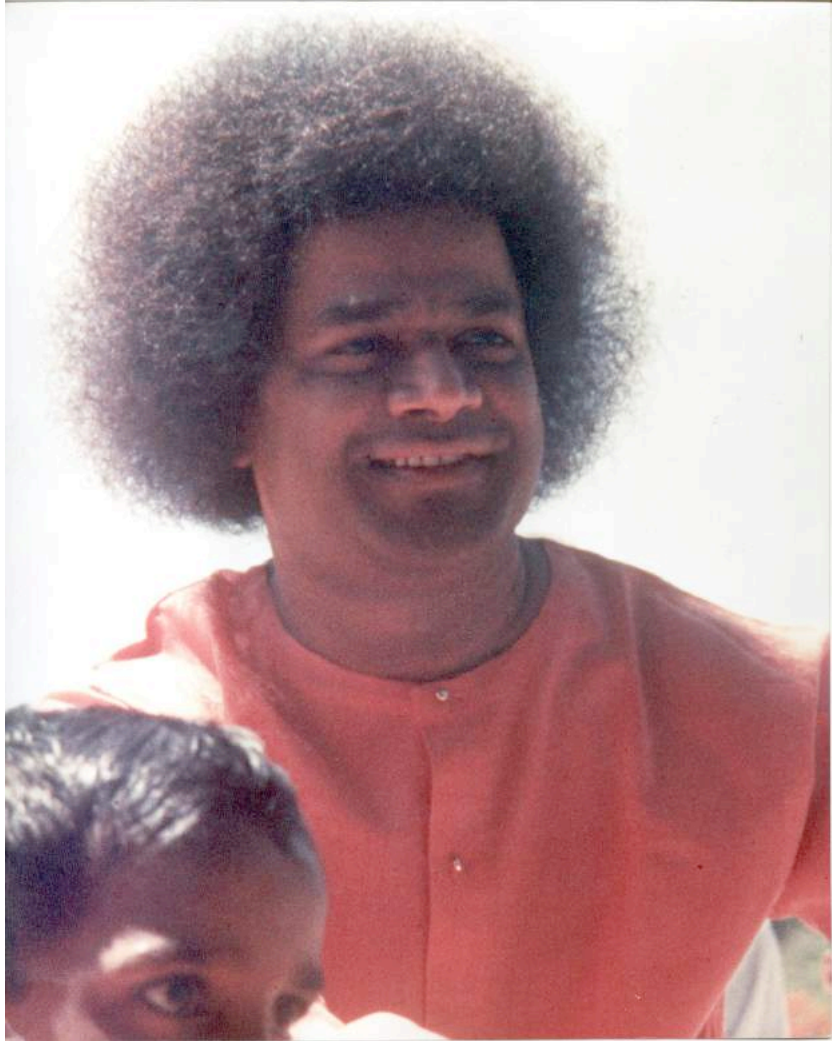


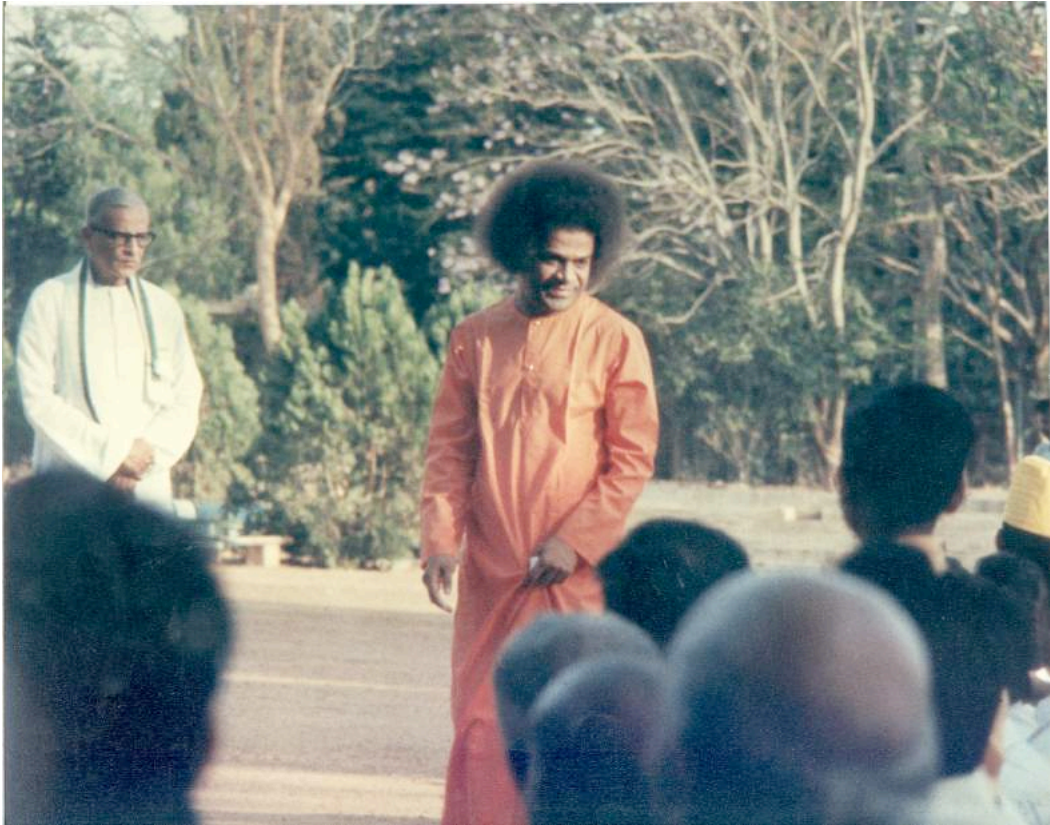


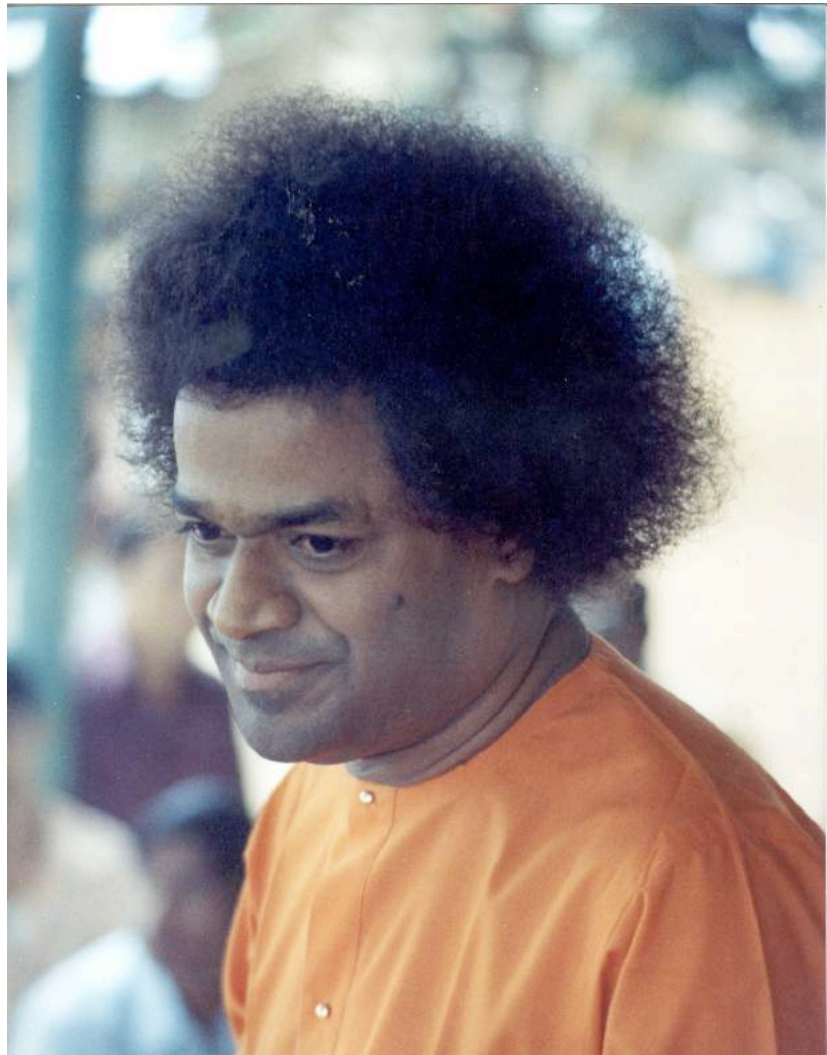


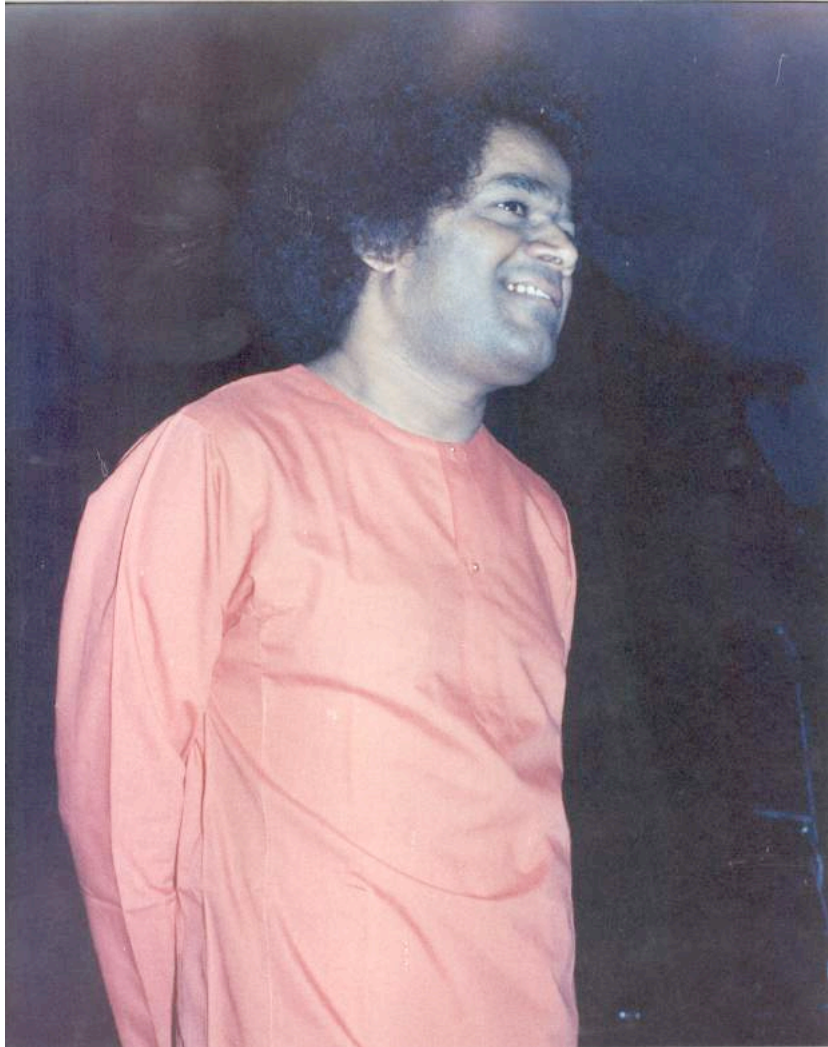




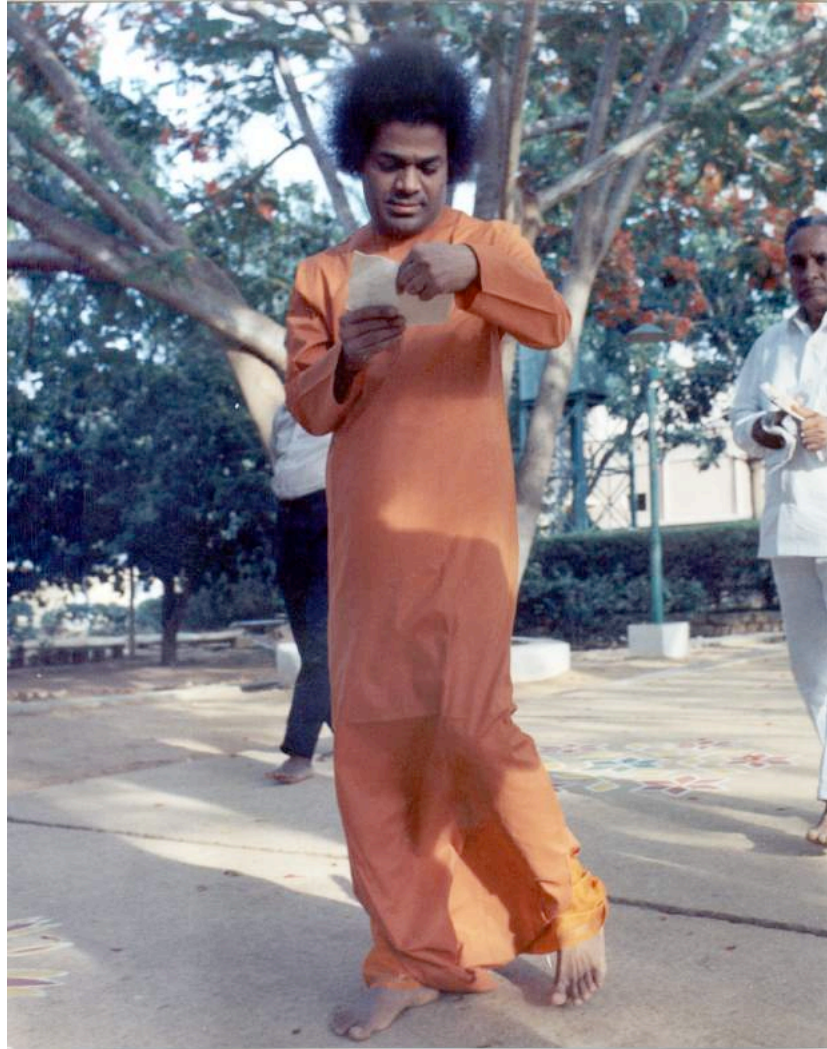




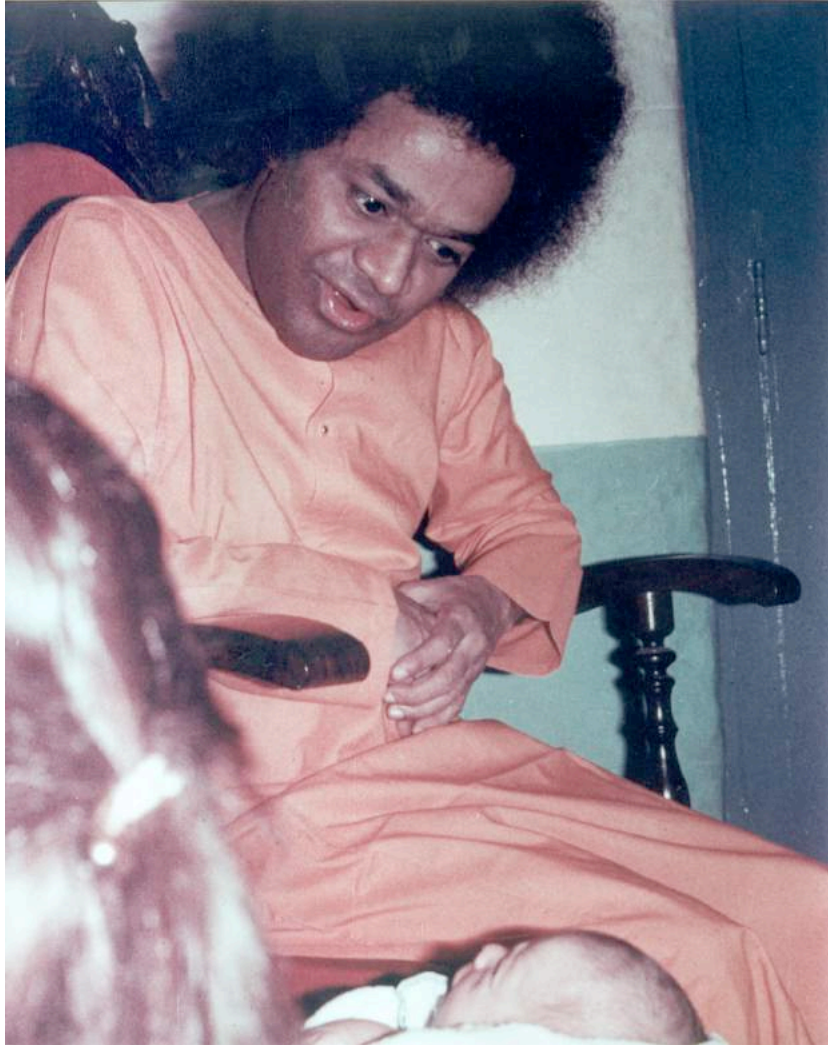


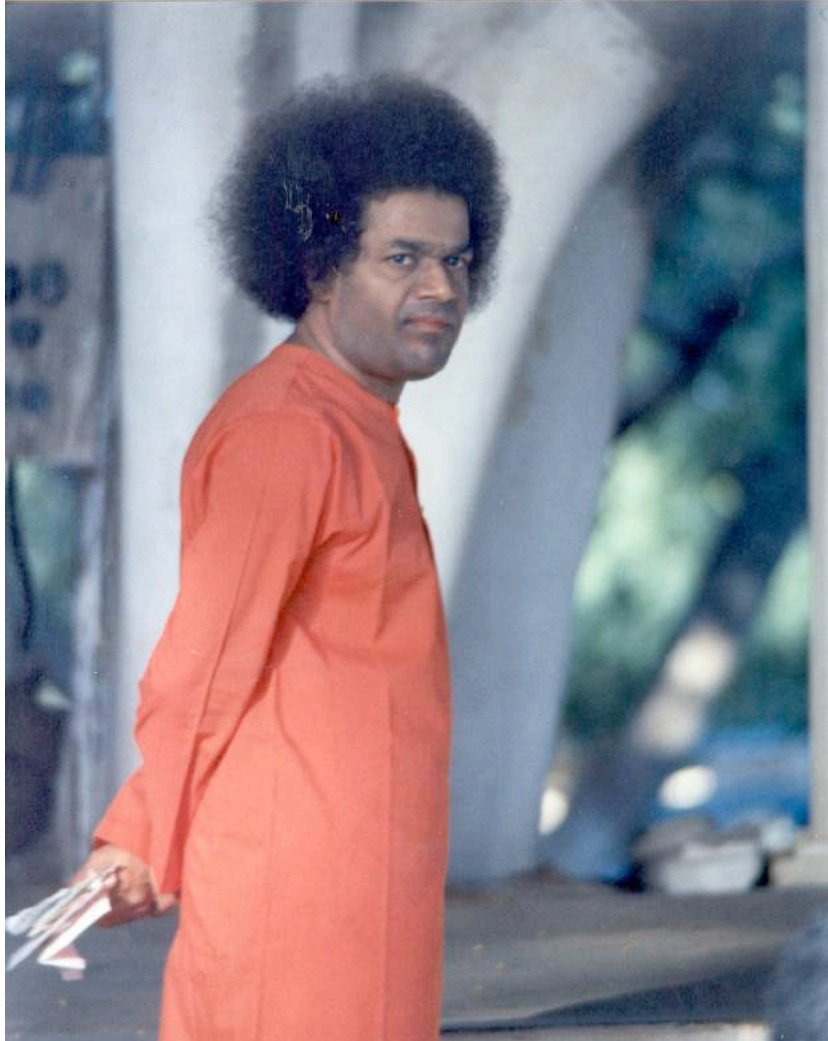


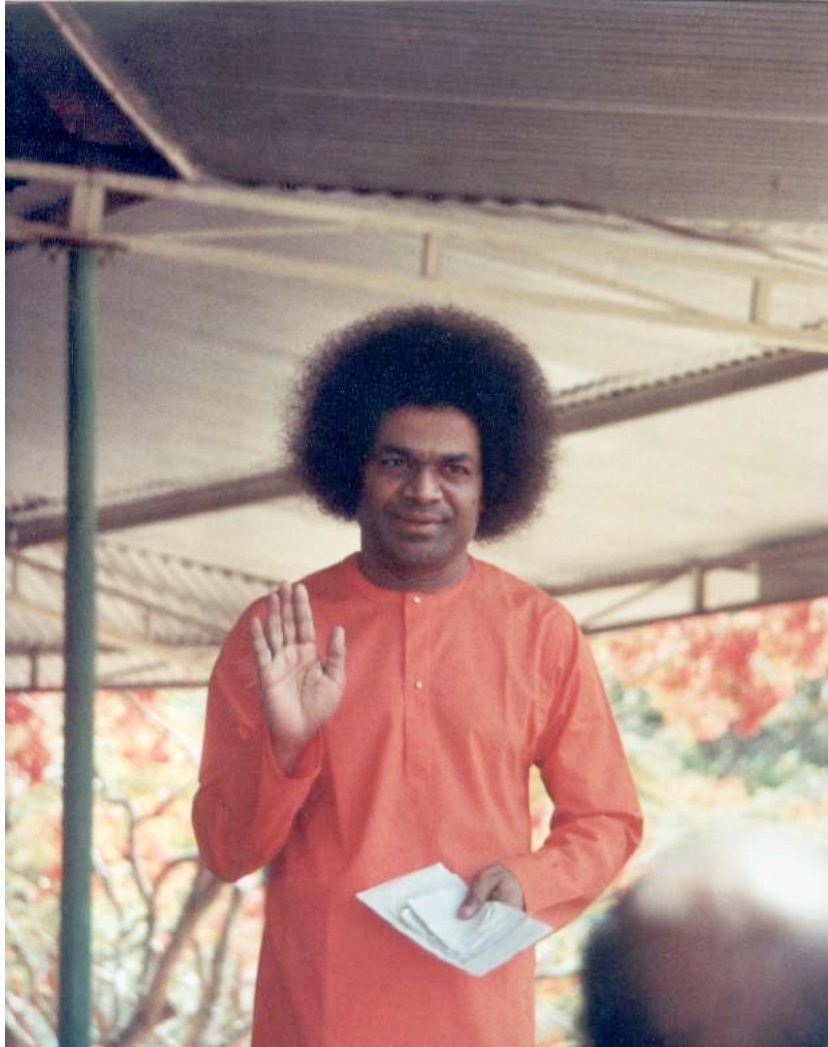


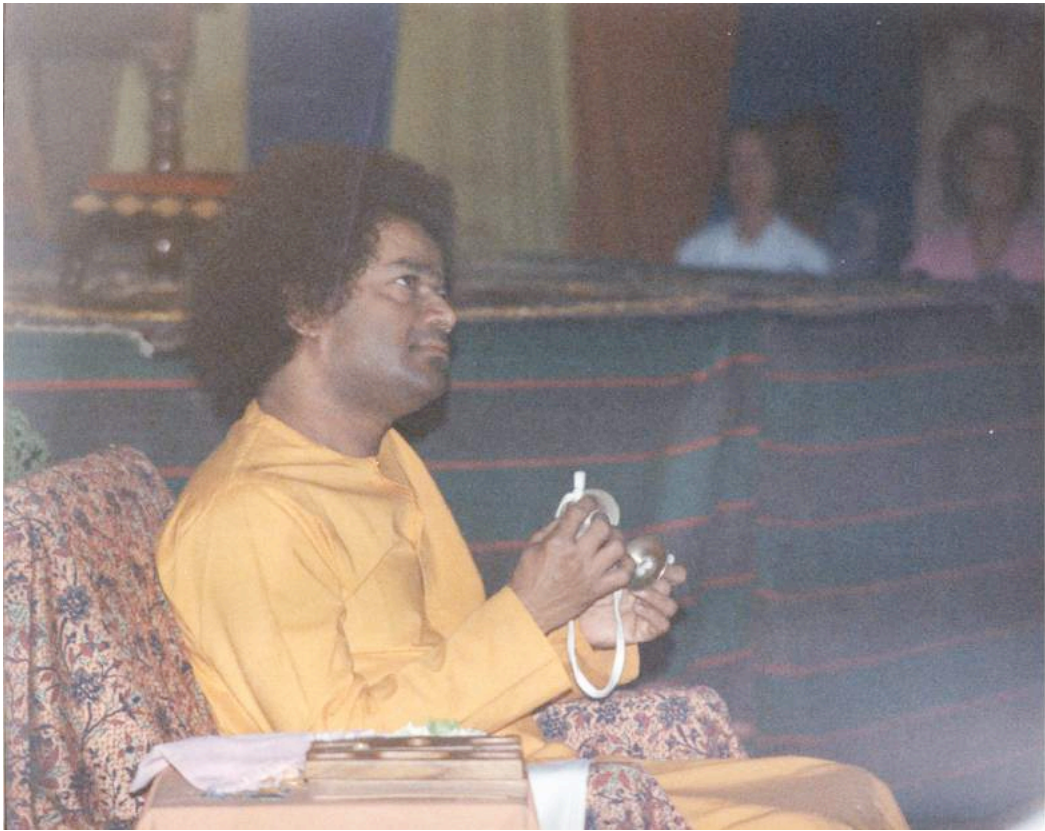


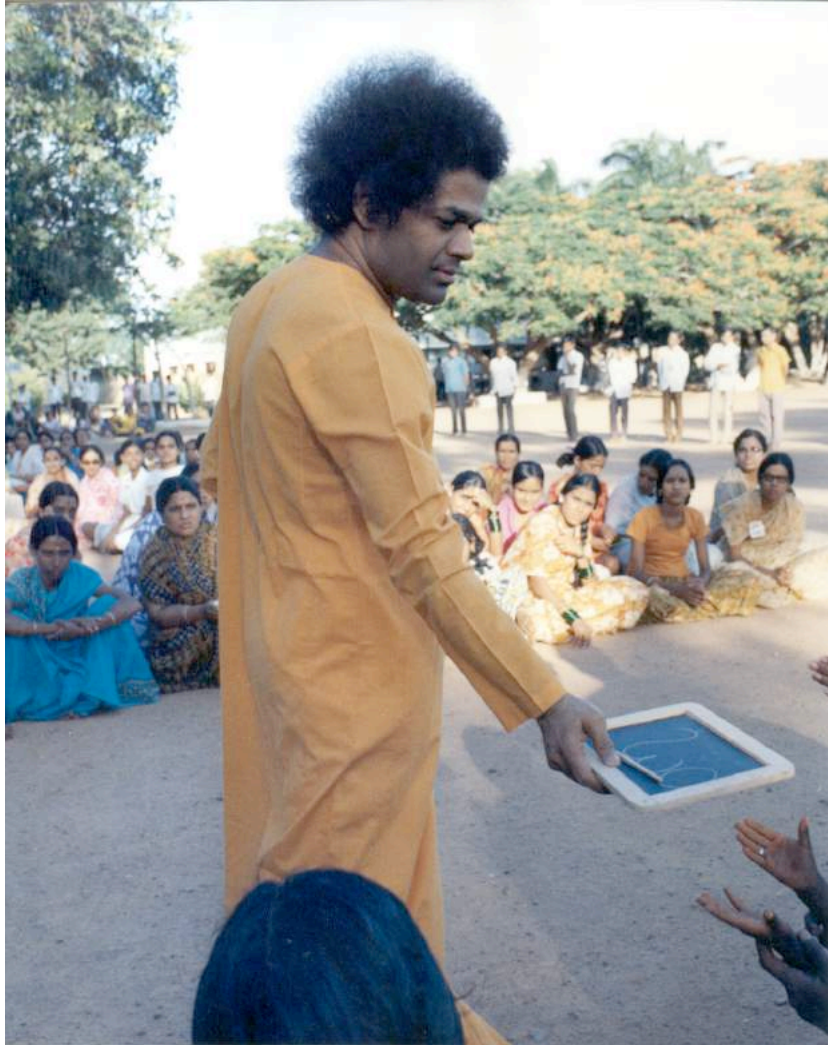




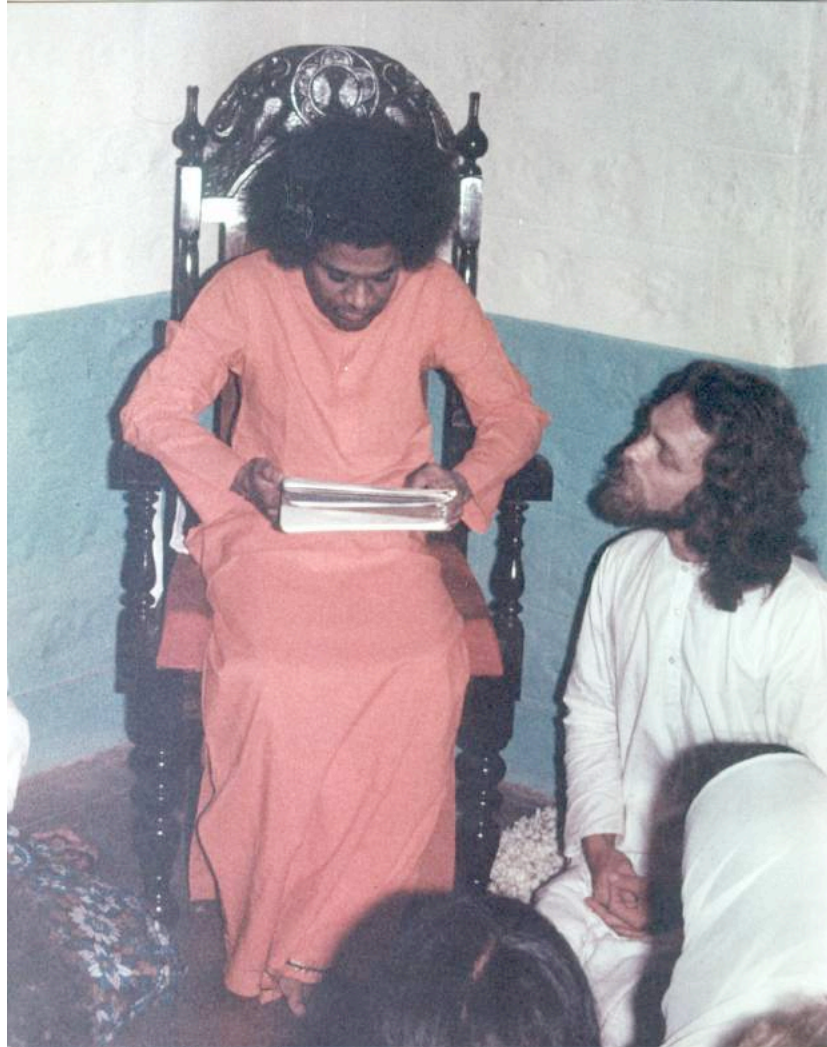


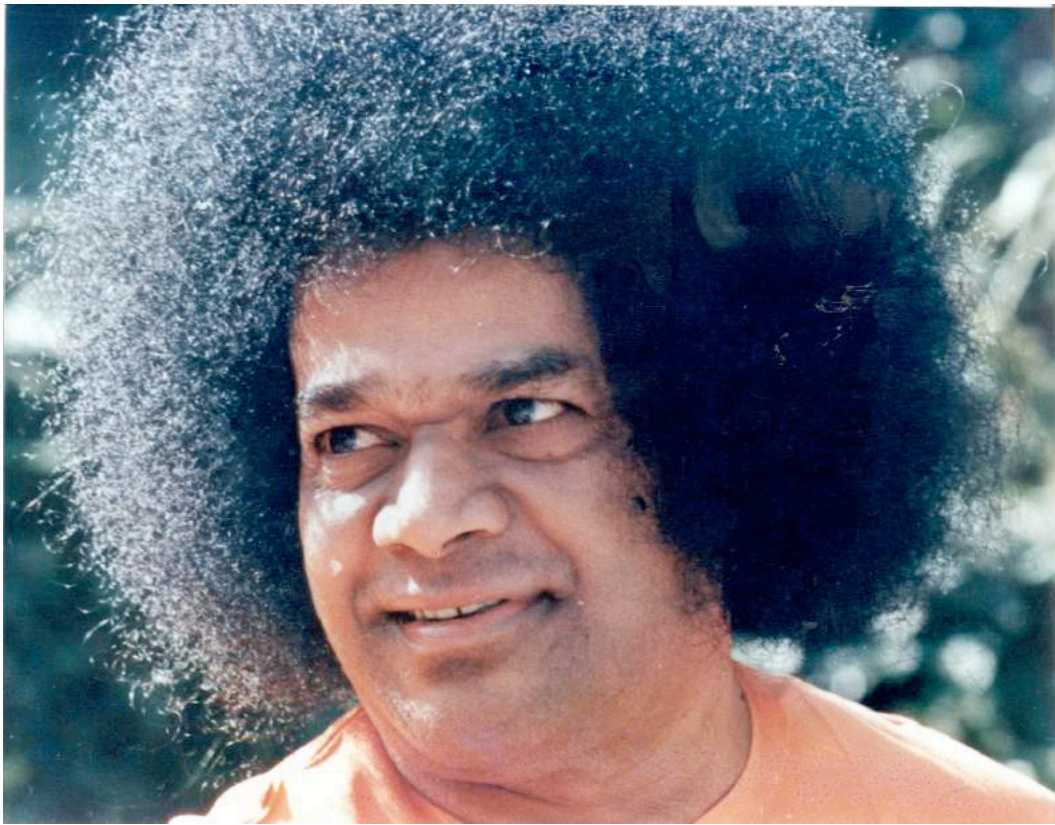


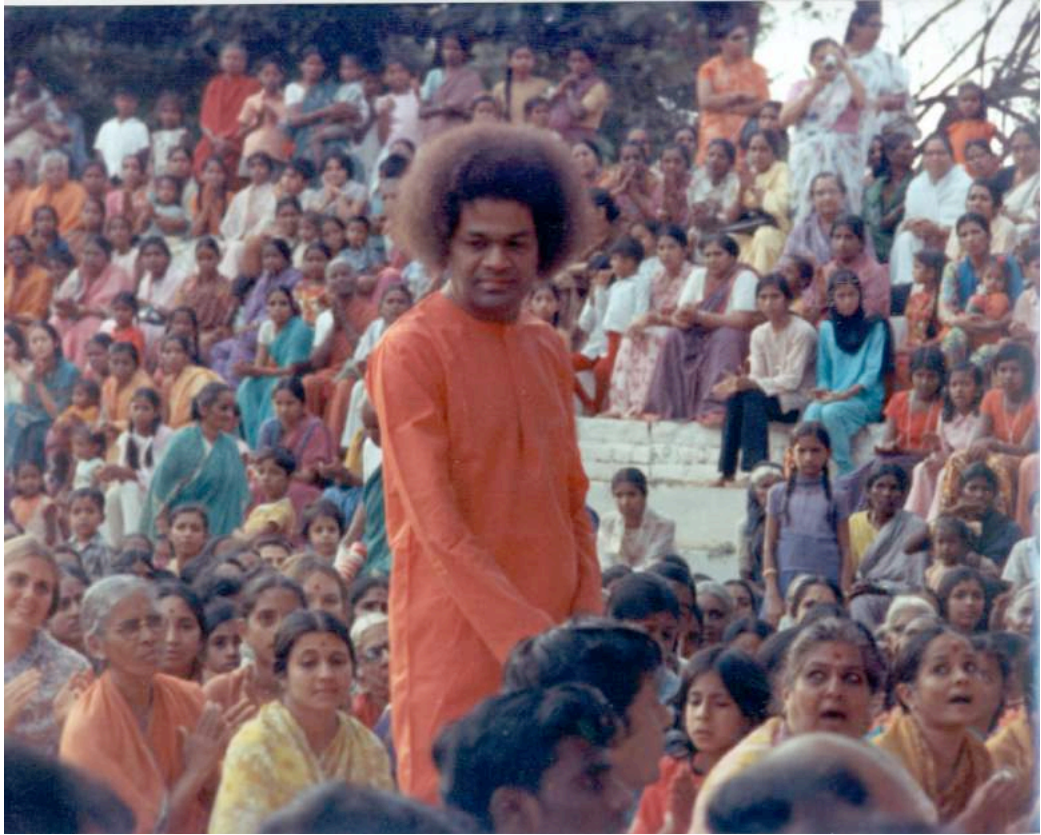




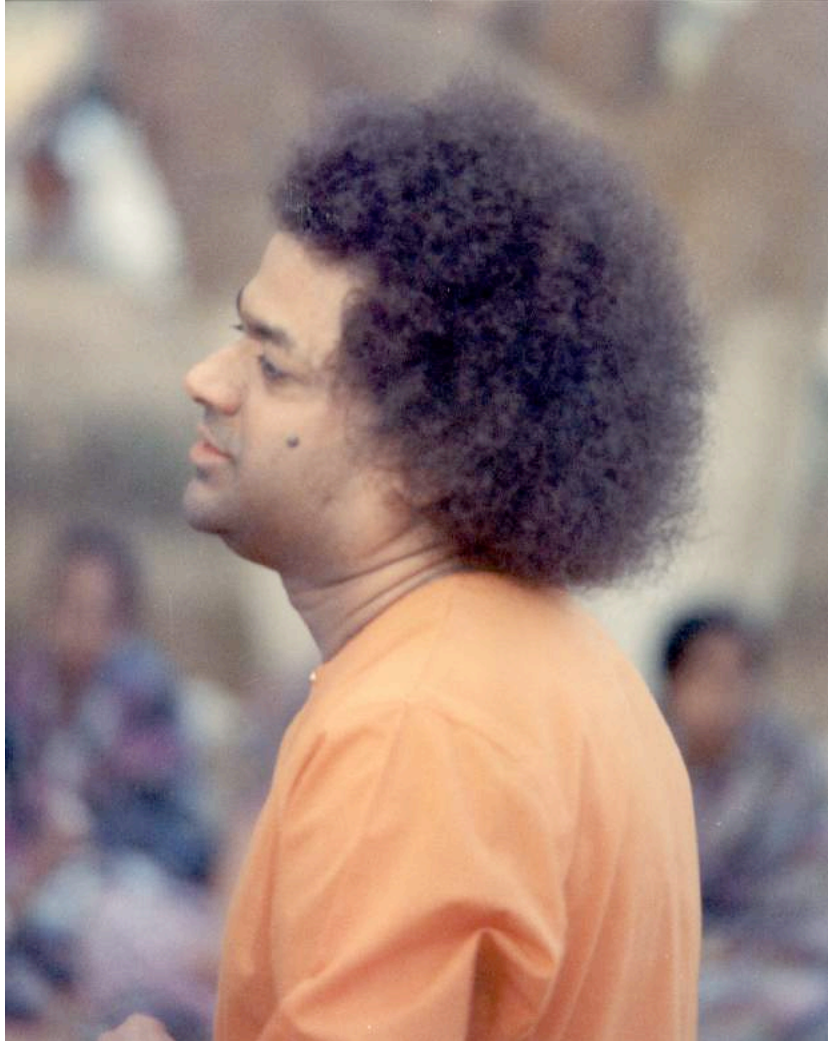




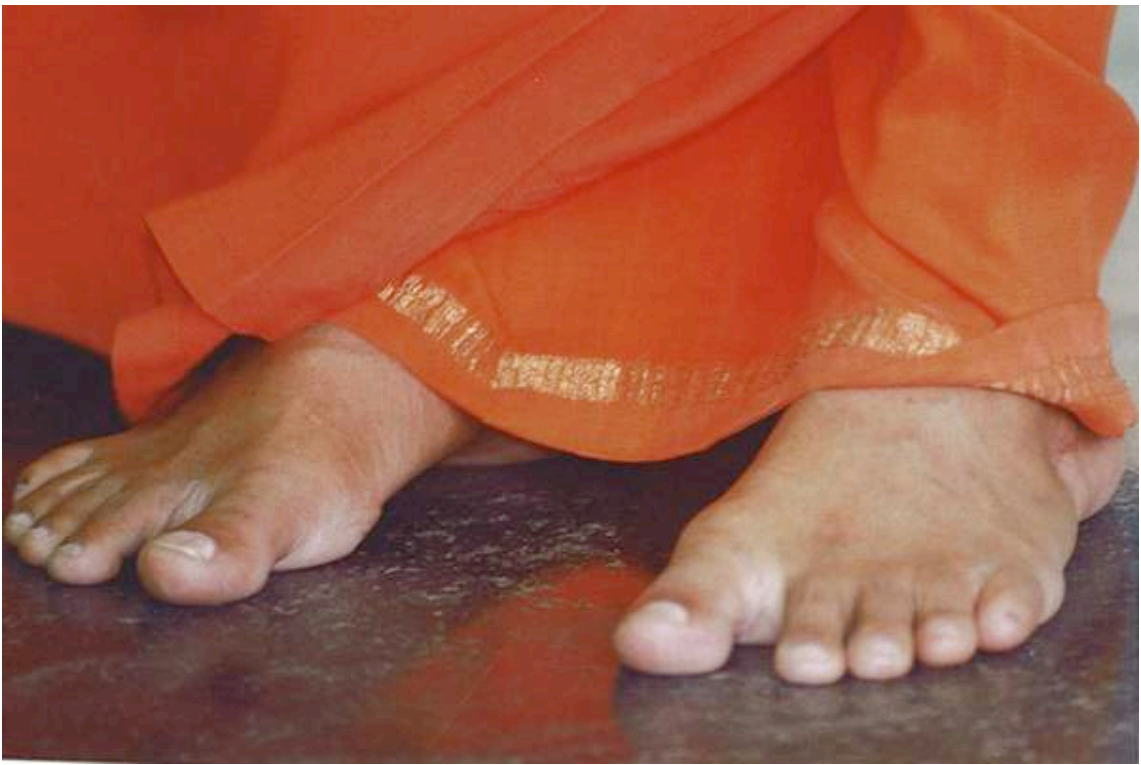




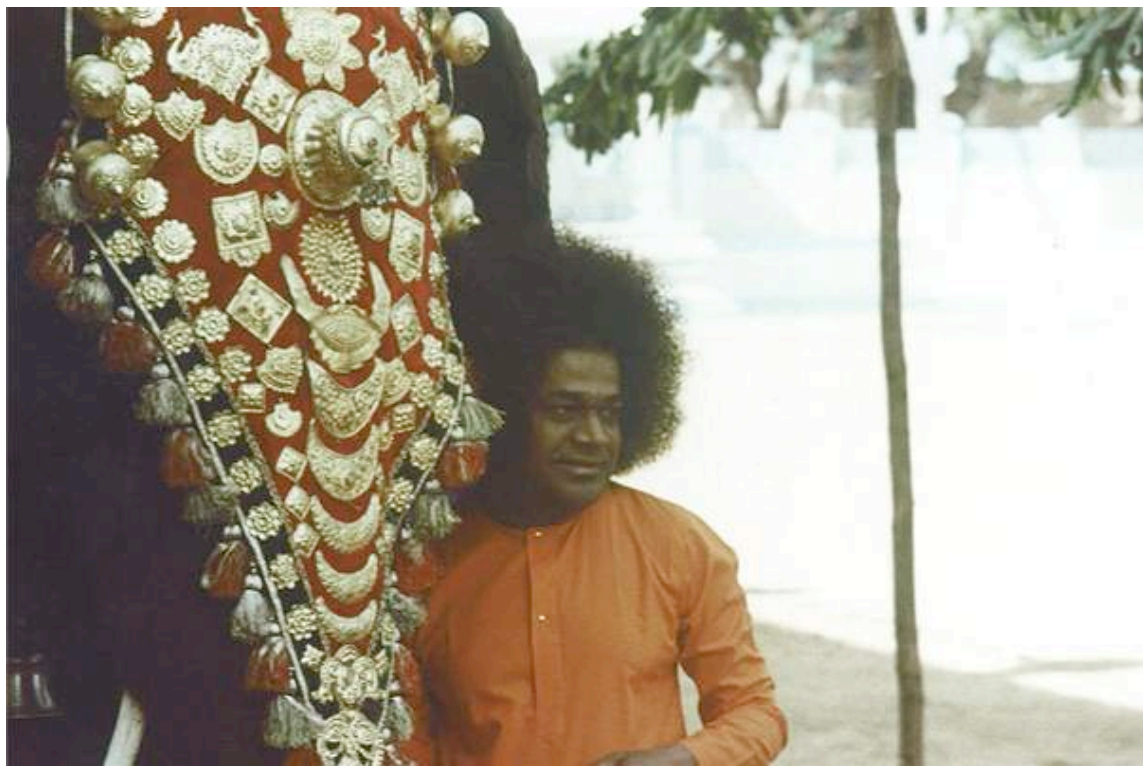








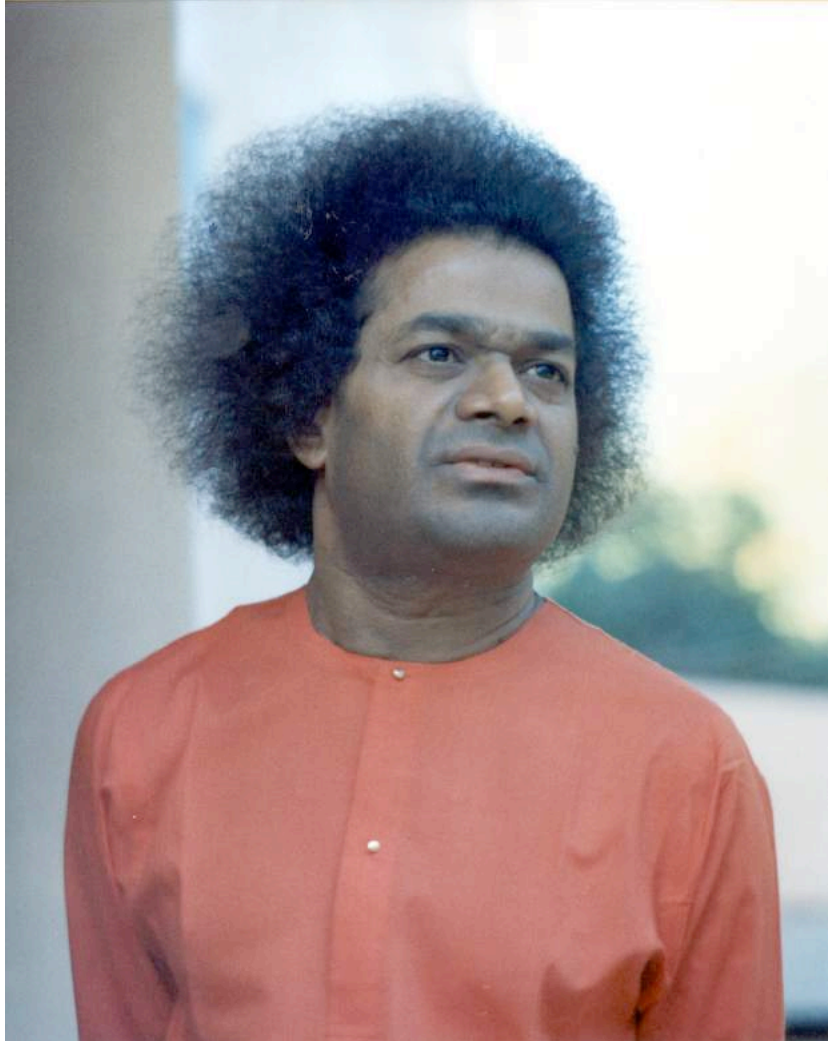


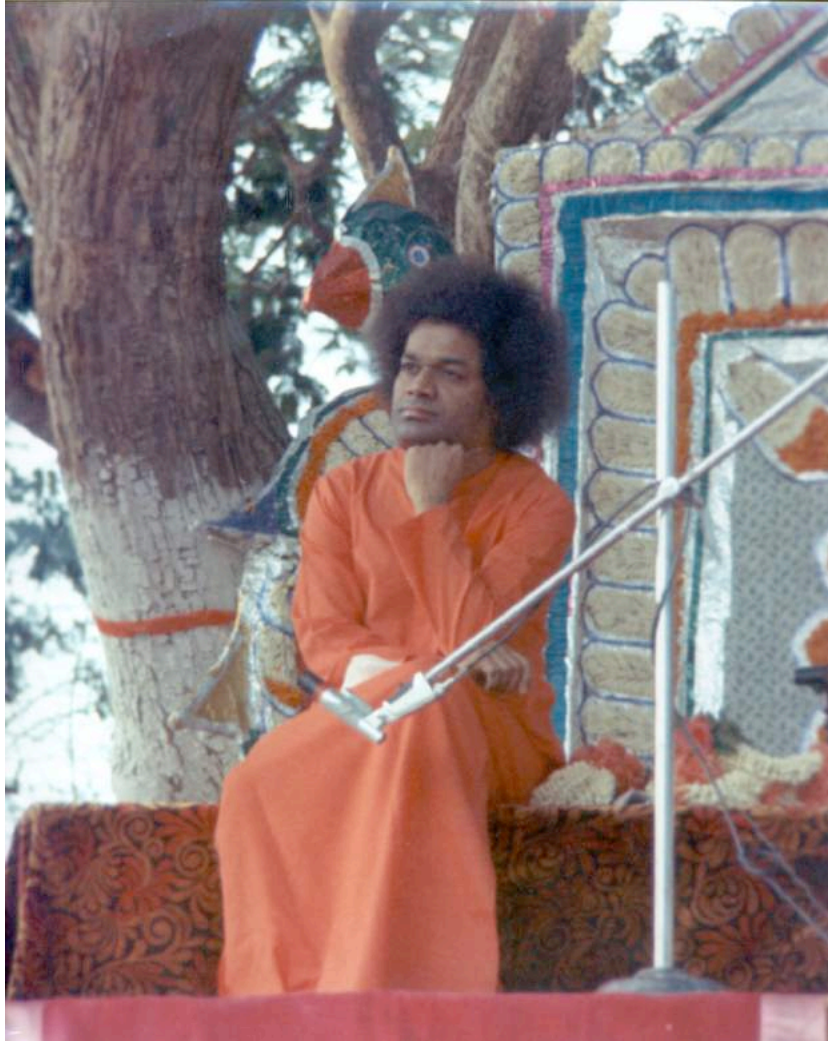






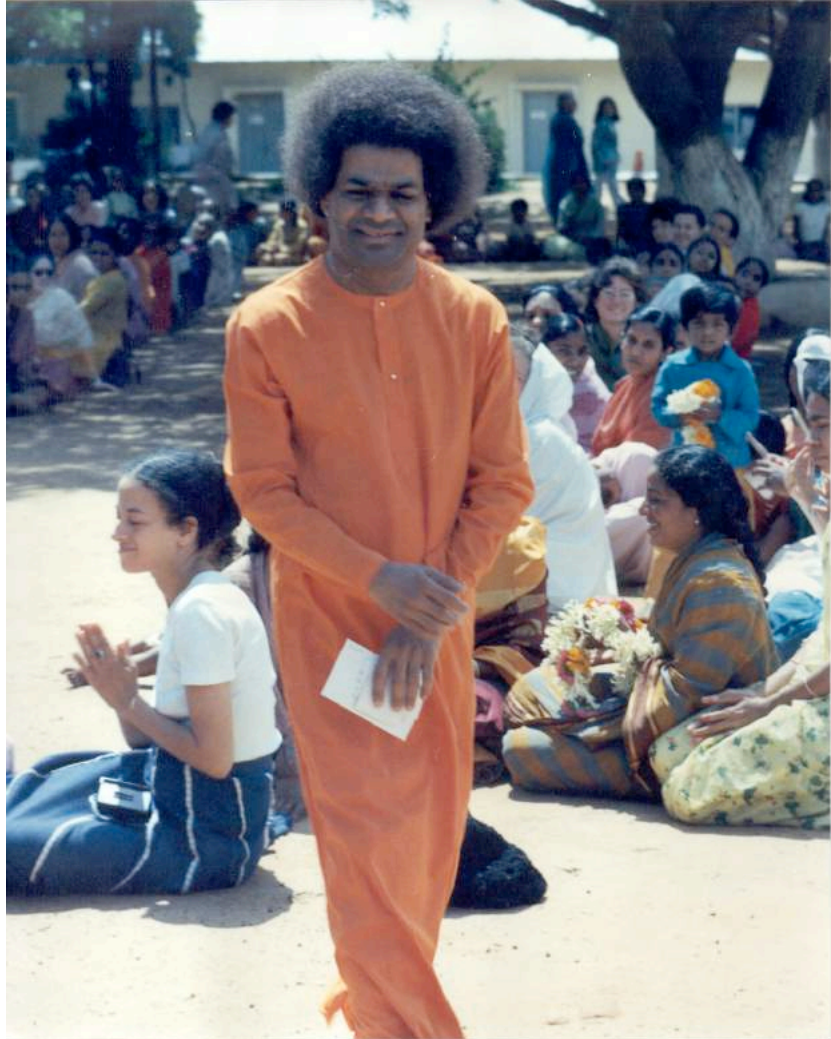










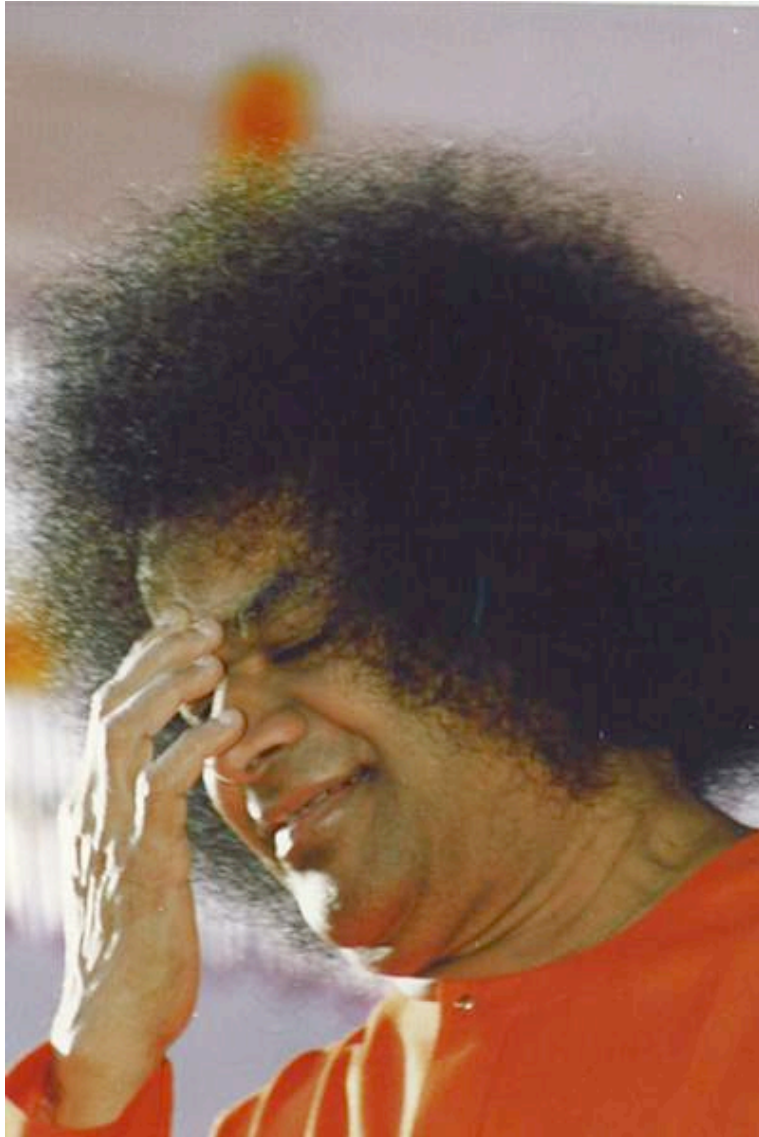




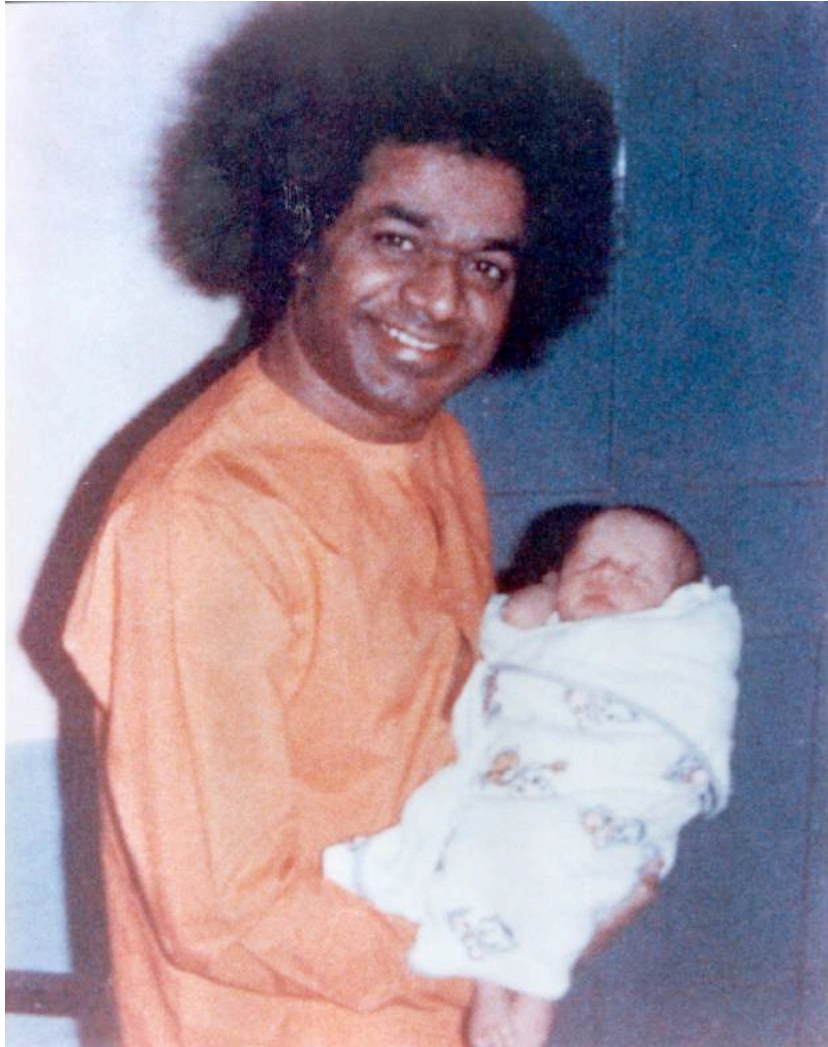


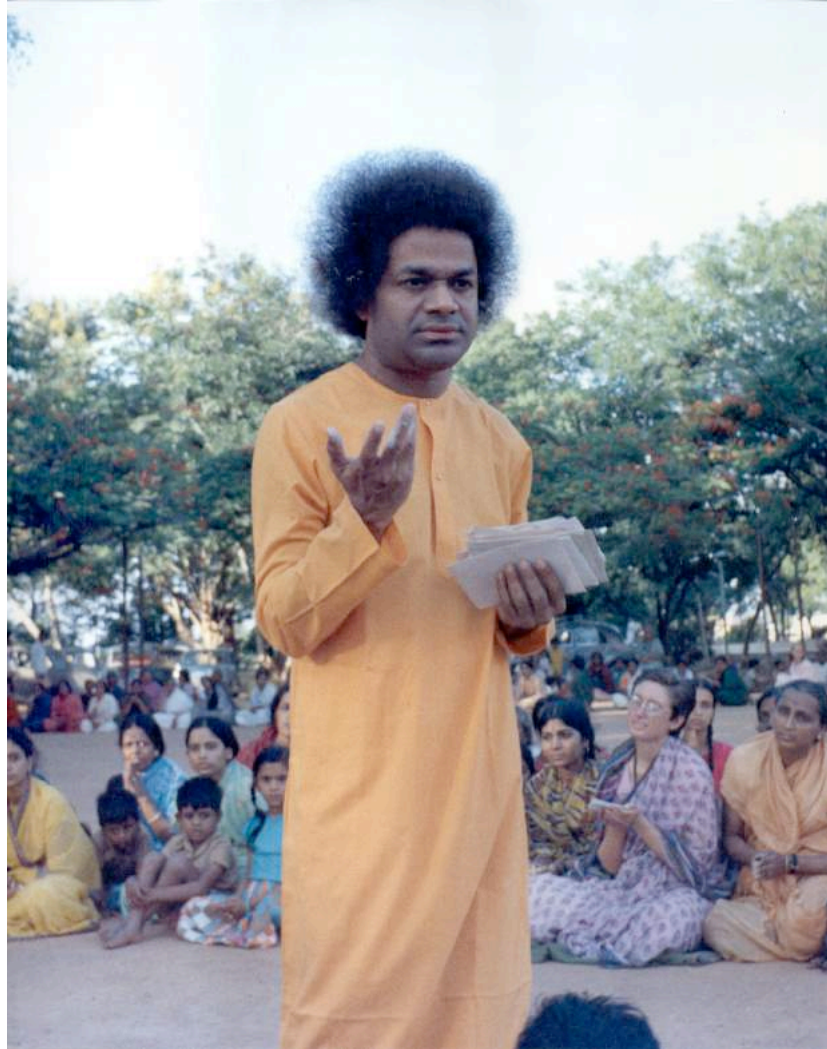








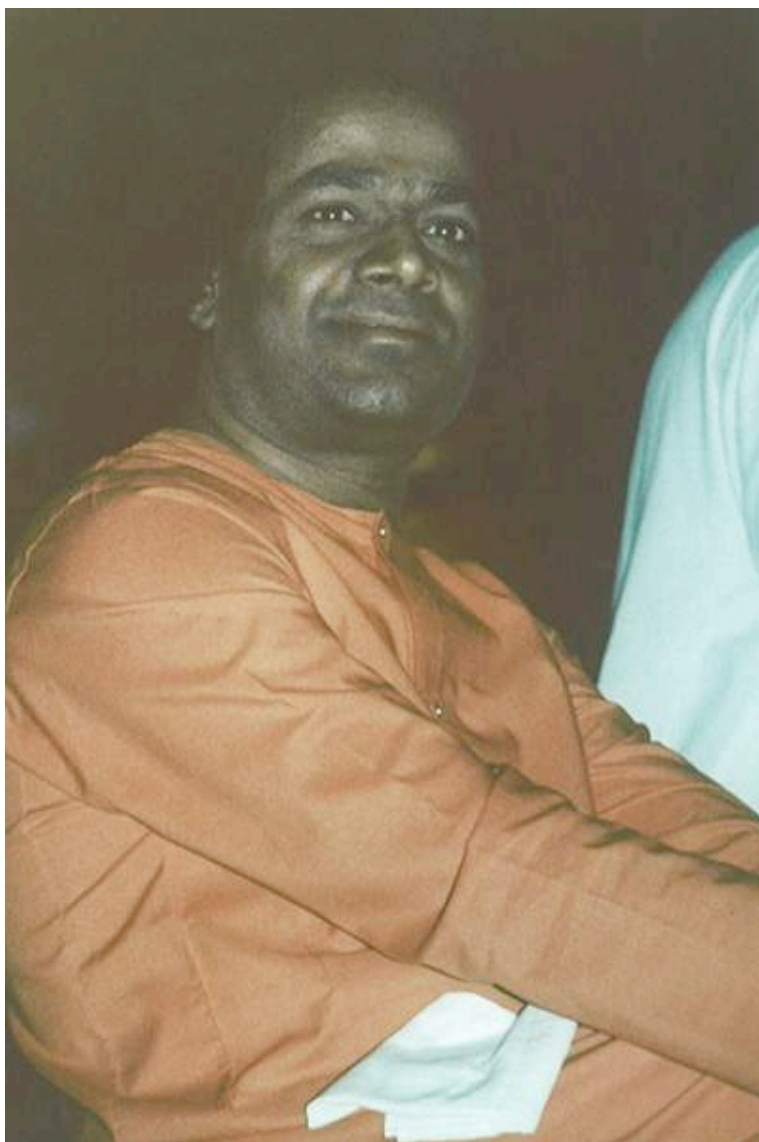


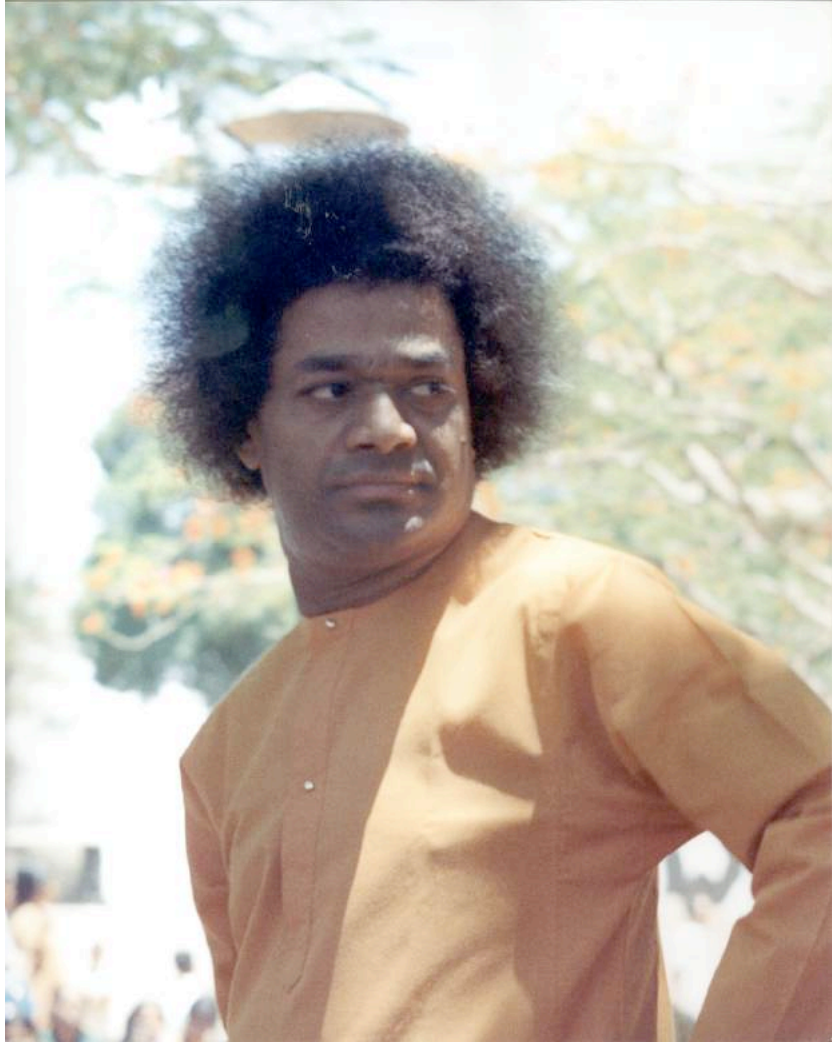


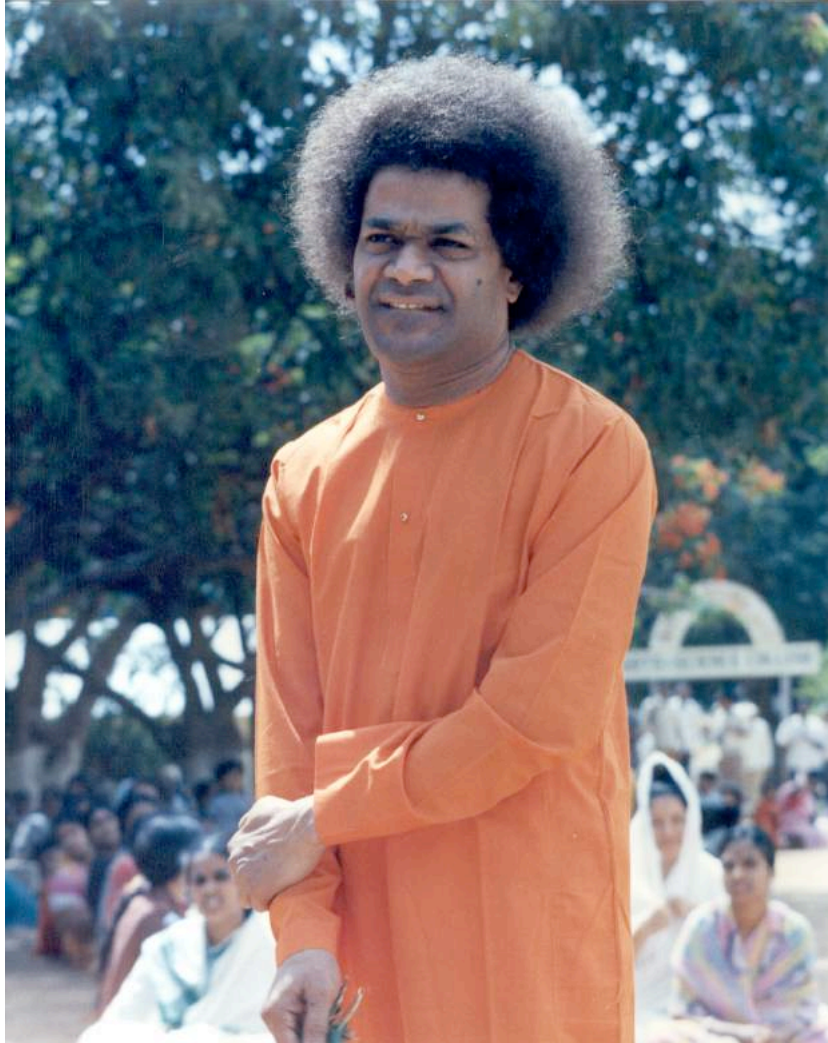




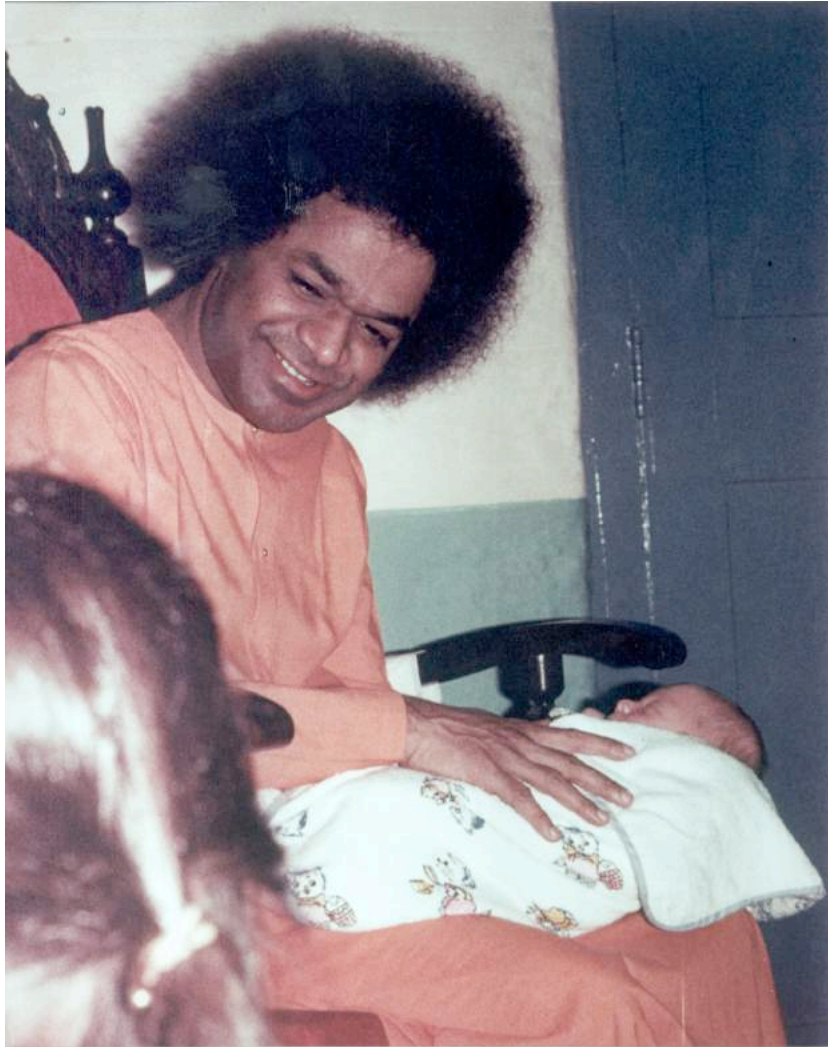


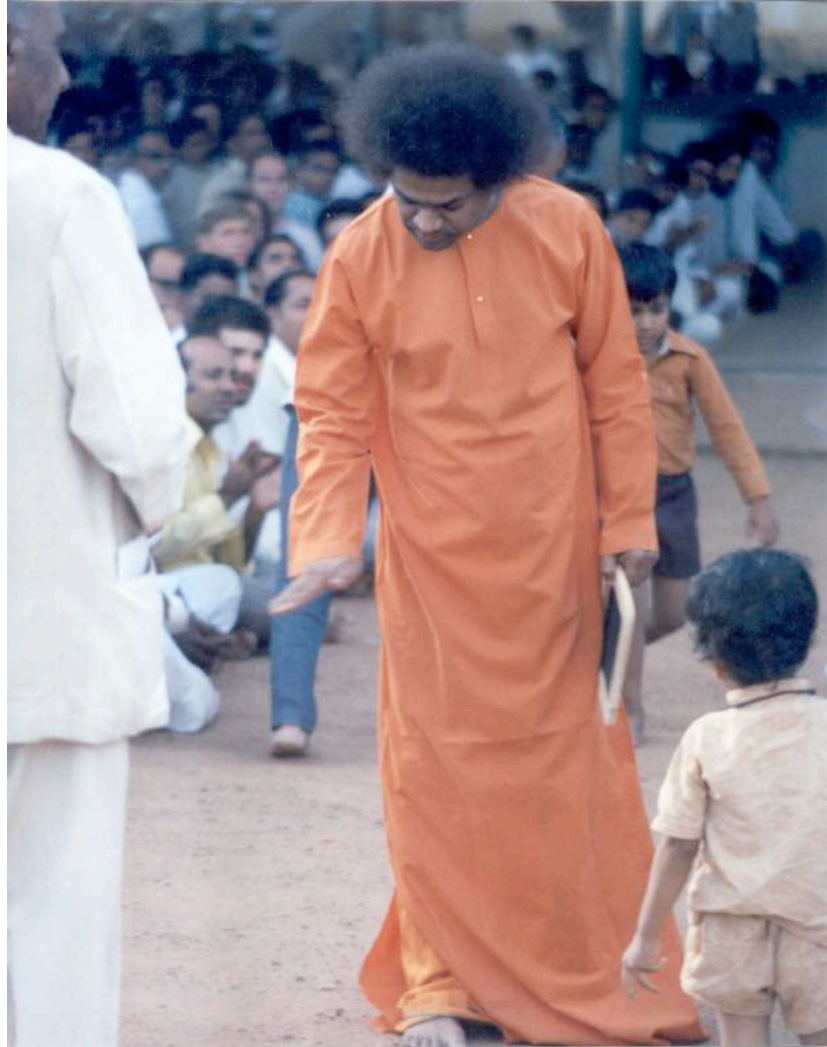




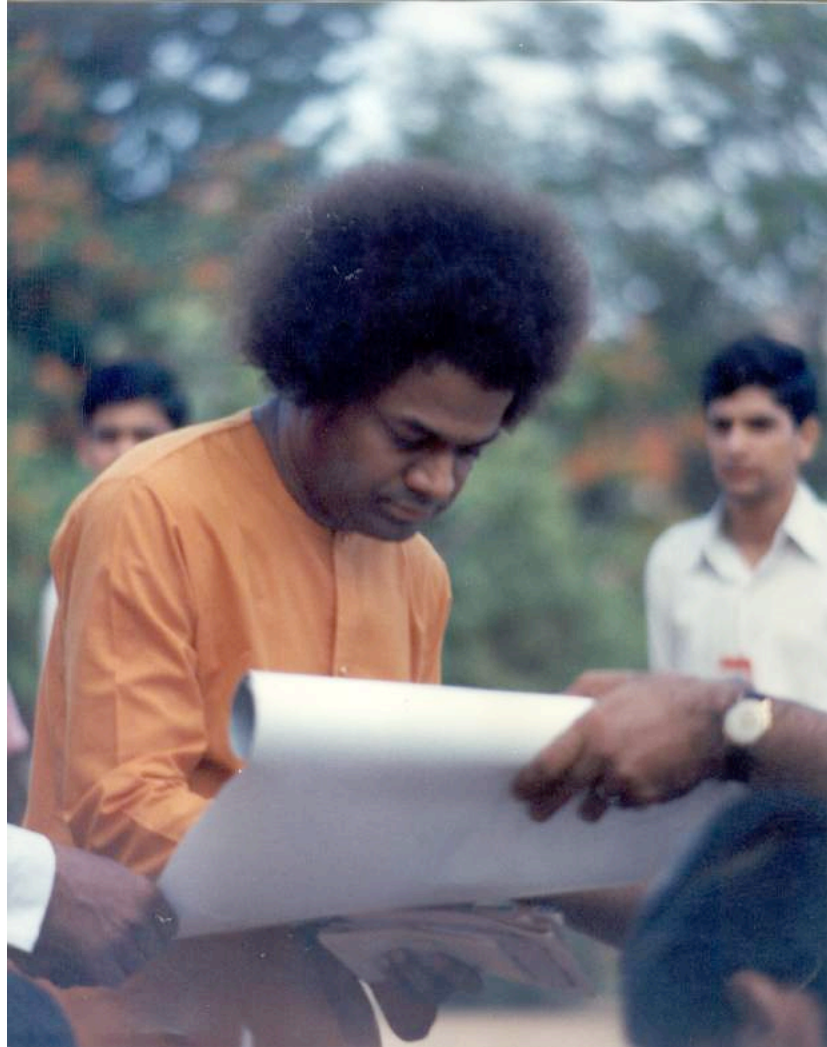






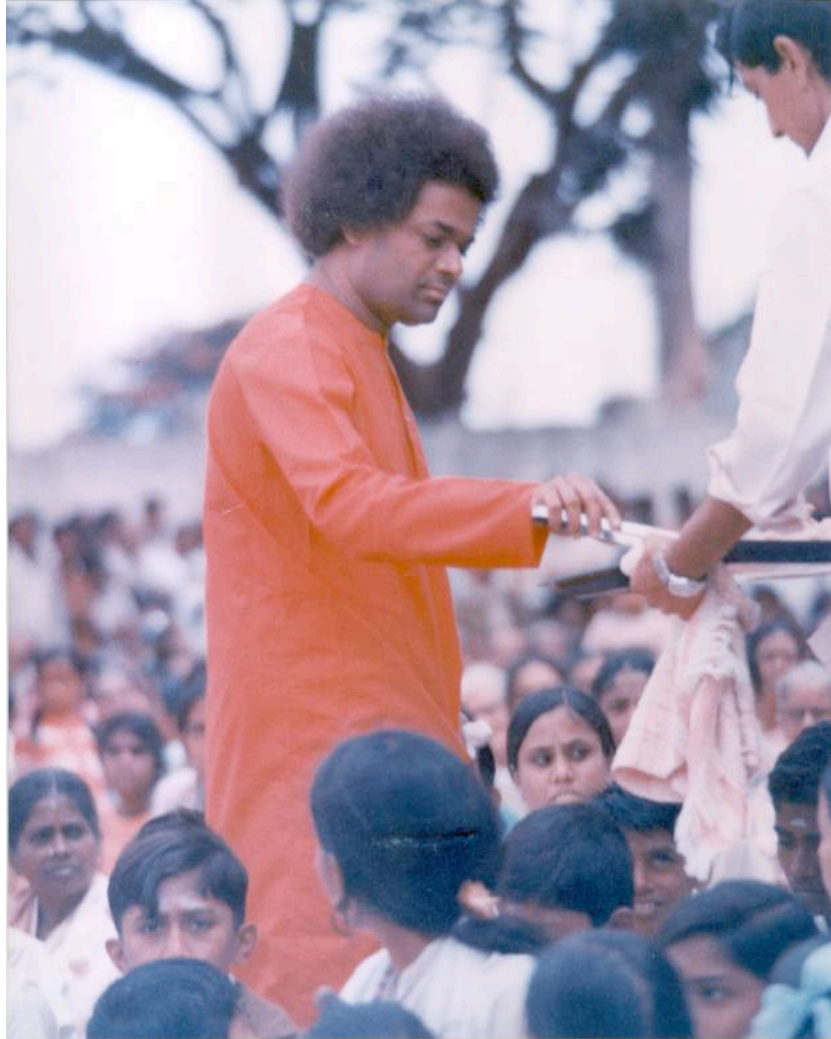






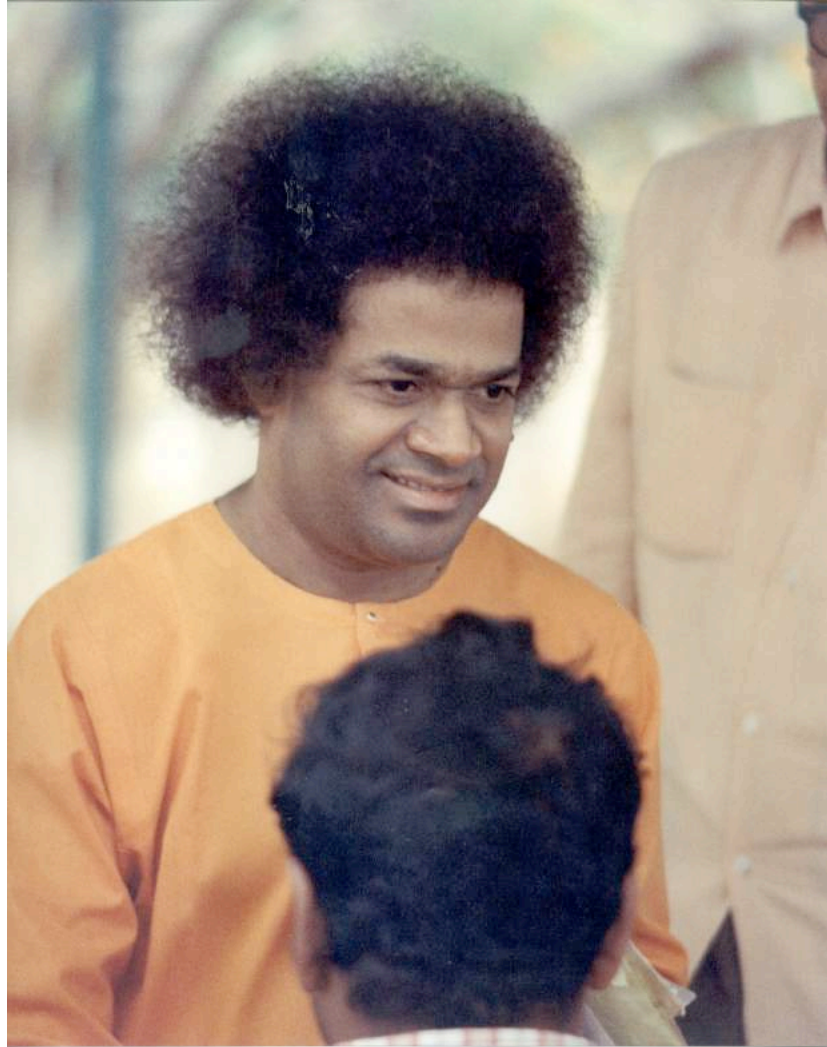




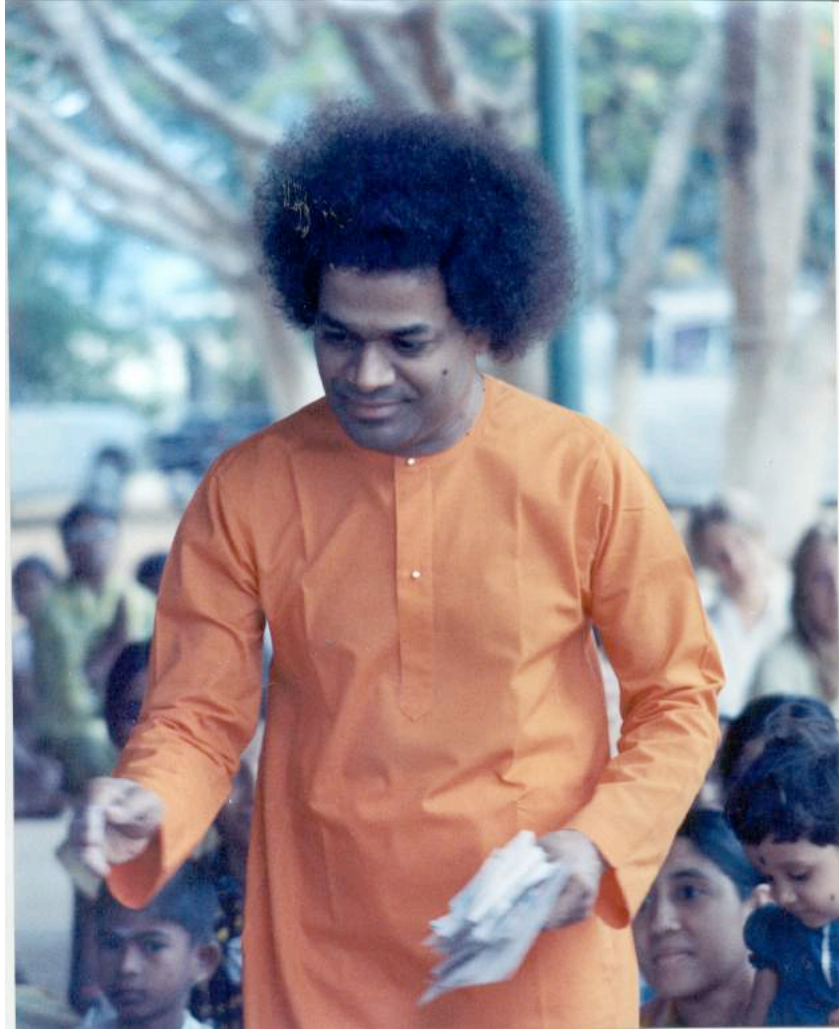


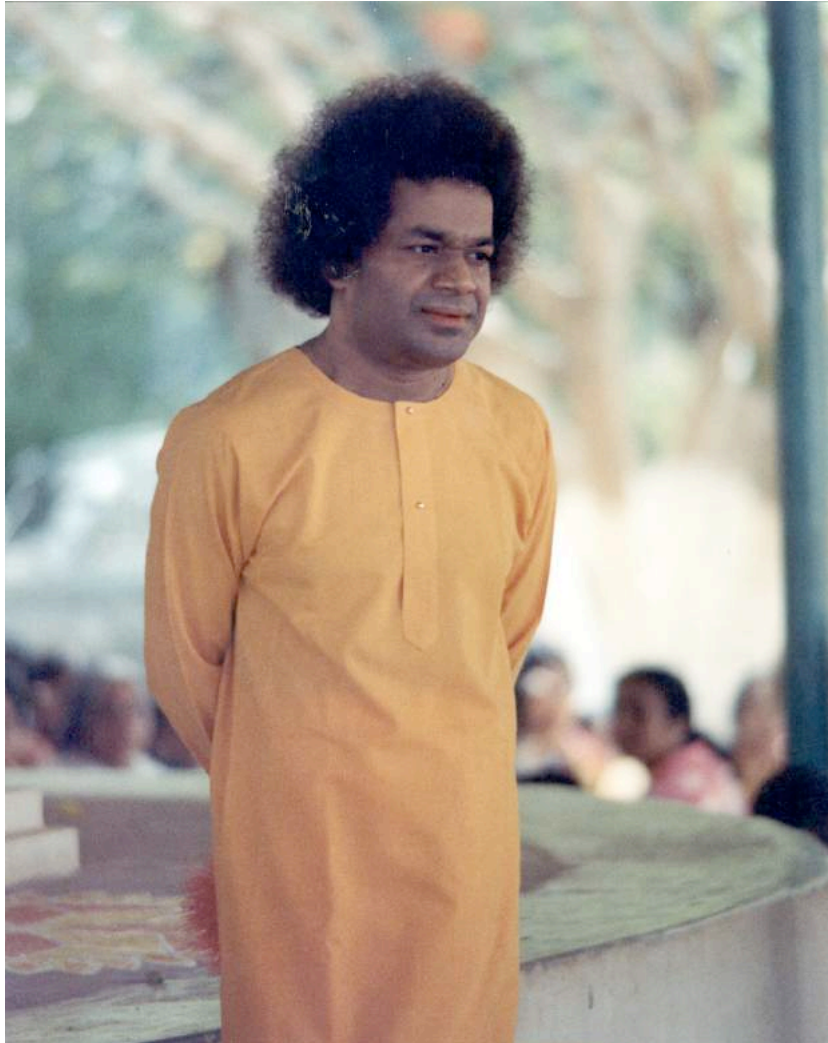


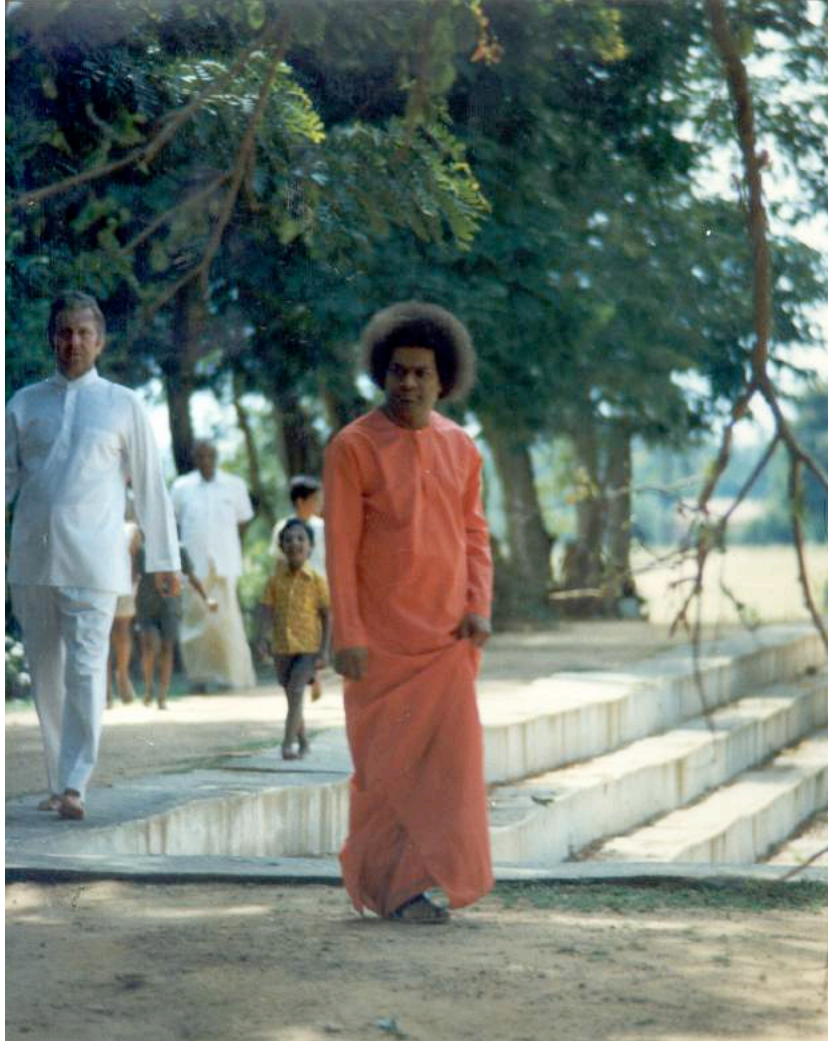


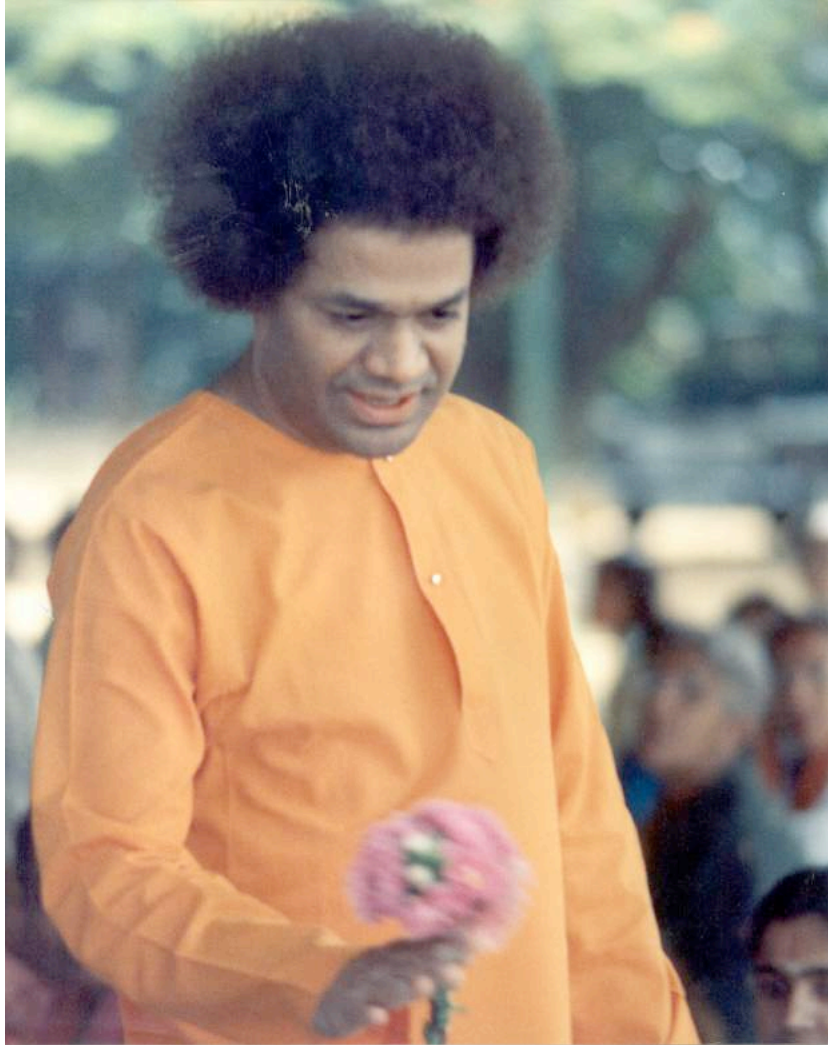




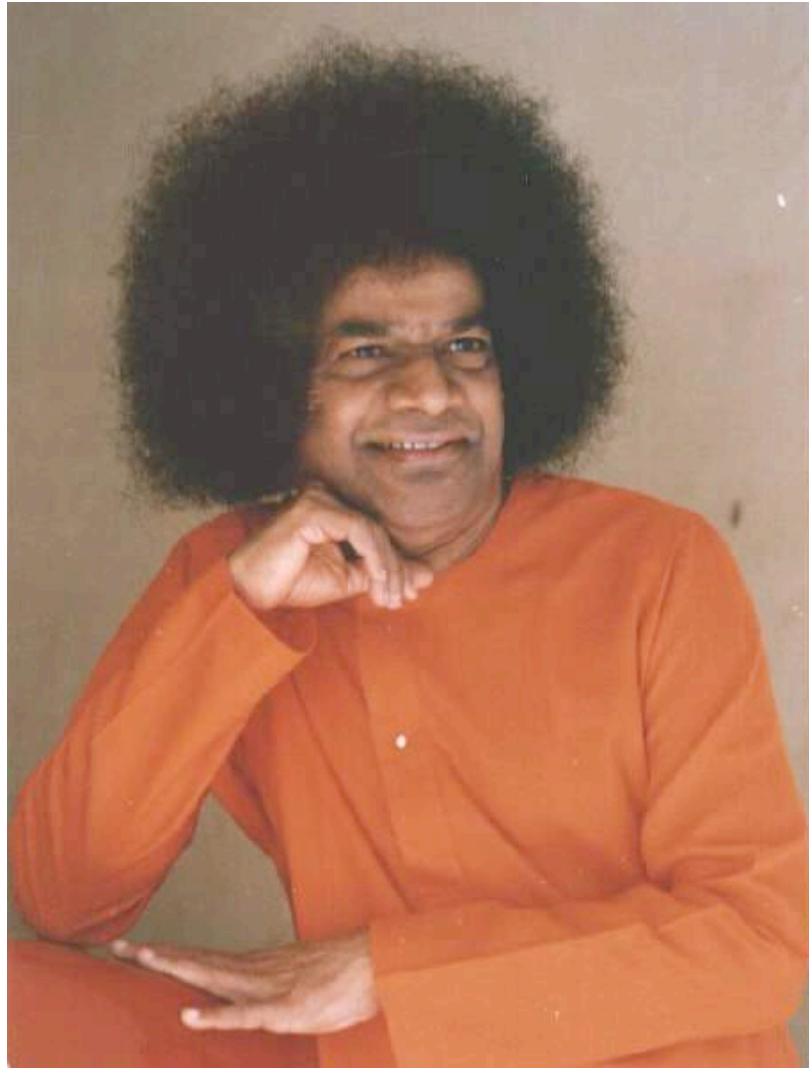






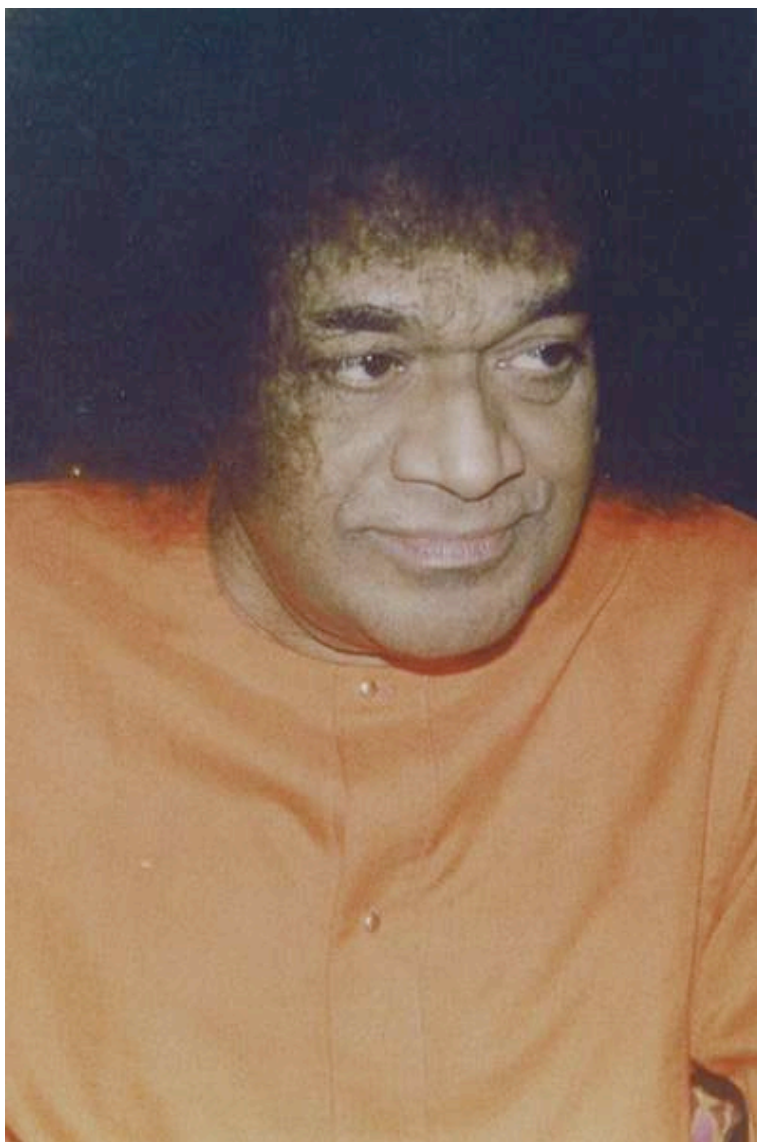




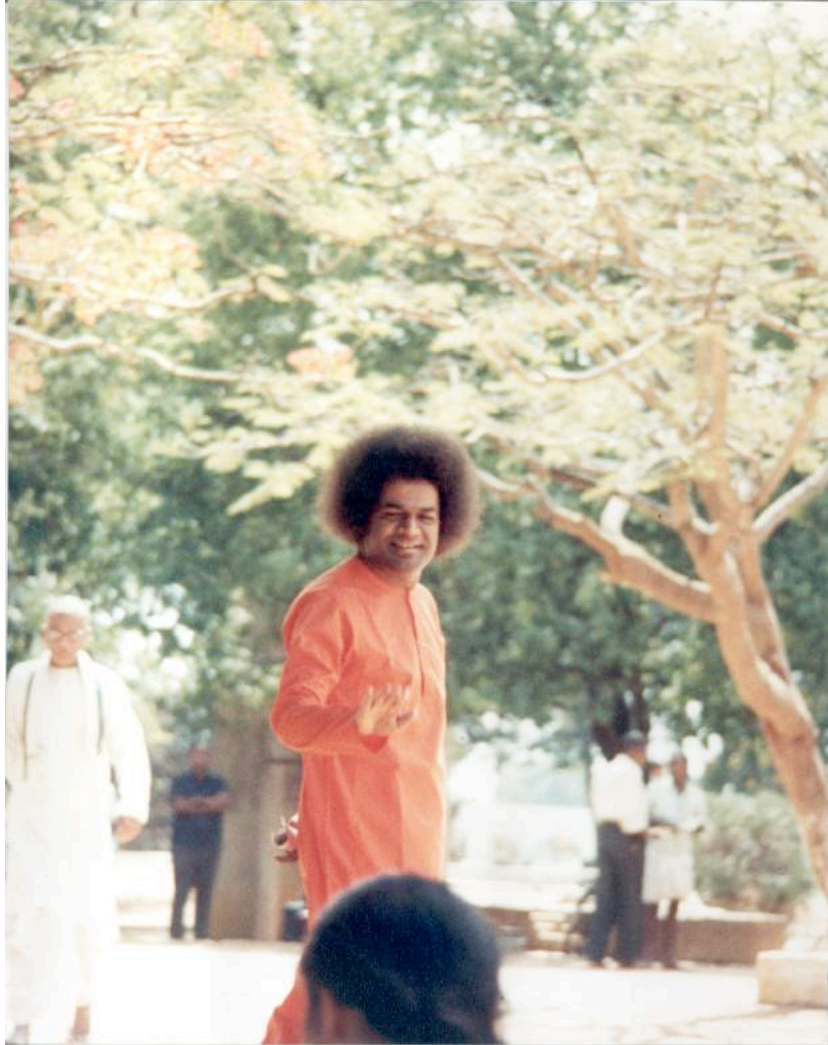


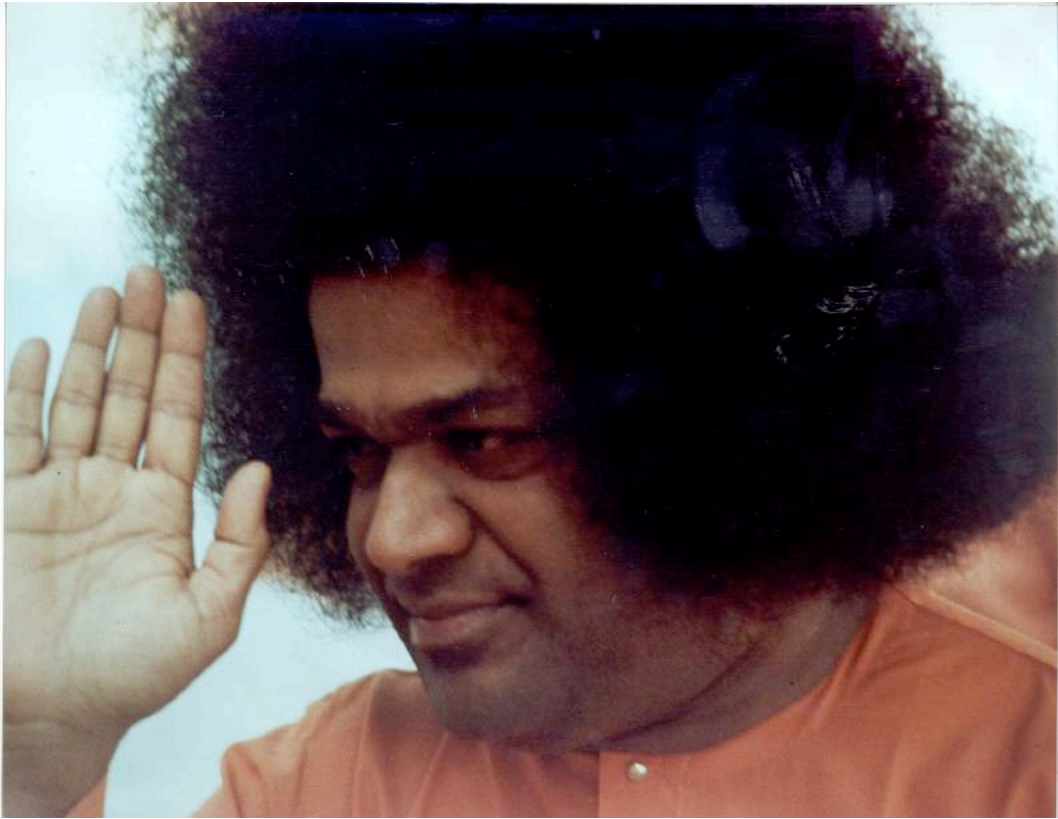






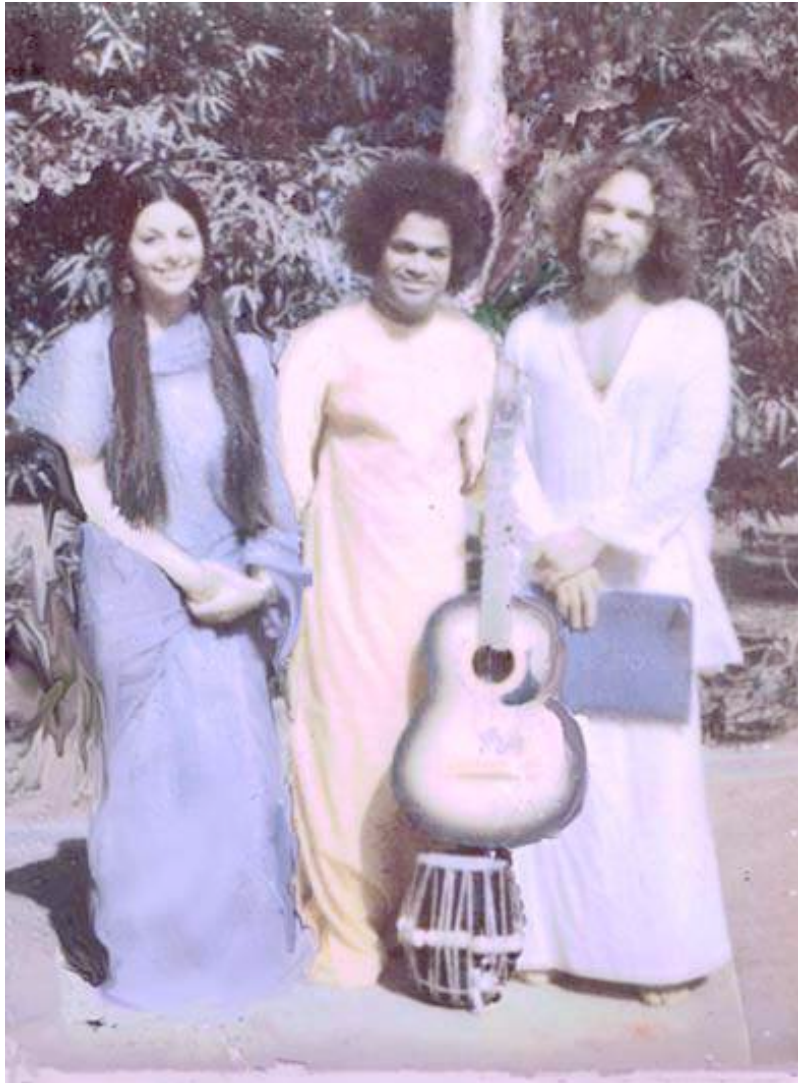






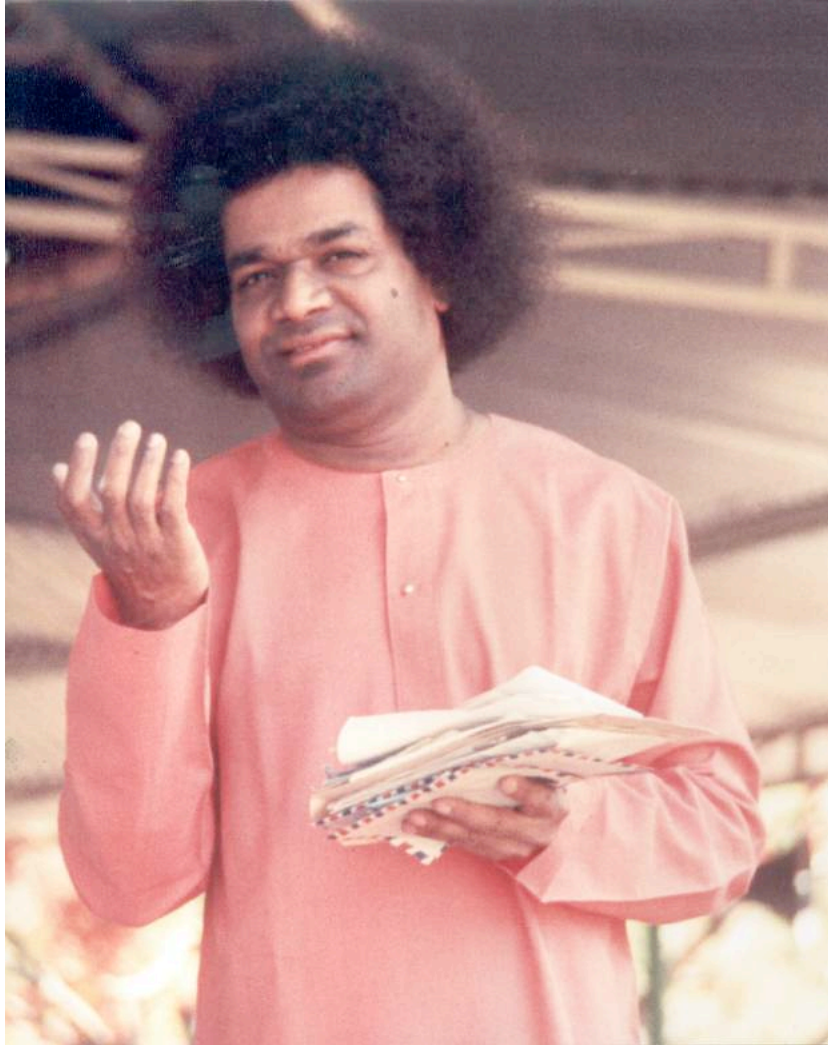












***God's glory is without limits, beyond all space and time!
Only limited, little minds, judgmental, ignorant,
earth programmed minds, will argue that
God, or our Divine Self,
has any kind of limitation;
and only a fool would ever try to judge
God's intention!***

***The stage on which God, or the Divine Self,
plays His Leelas has
no boundaries, no boxes,
no beginning and no end.***

***As the Vedas declare,
Not this! --- Not that!***

LOVE! LOVE! LOVE!!!

When you said “YES” to Me

When you said “YES” to Me, you gave up the right to be like everyone else. That is why you draw experiences to yourself that will cleanse yourself of that which does not fit who you are. Over and over, again and again, until I make you see that the past no longer works. I challenge you and tempt you every day with your past, so that you may see that the past is ultimate delusion. When you said “YES” to Me you gave Me your body, your thoughts, your actions. When they do not suit the new you, the uncomfortableness is unbearable.

It will be so EVERY time; and until you realize this fully, then and only then, will you completely give up desire. For this is the only way man will learn. Very seldom does he learn by quiet reminders. Man’s desires and pitfalls are placed there so that I may do my work. When you give up totally, then the temptations will fade. I will never give up on you. Every slip will become harder to bear and less easy to remedy. You will tire of your foolishness, because I love you and, though not completely aware of it, you did say “YES!”

*** BABA ***

One Look

One Look - From the corner of His eyes,
One Look - And you will realize,
 Yourself within those eyes - with just One Look!

One Look - Your life won't be the same,
One Look - You'll lose all form and name,
 Your heart will come aflame - with just One Look!

One Look - One single glance,
One Look - The perfect chance,
 The soul is thrilled,
 The mind is stilled,
 The heart is filled - with just One Look!

One Look - Is all you really need,
One Look - Now change thought, word and deed
 And truly you'll be freed - with just One Look!

One Look - It stirs the soul within,
One Look - Says God's your only kin
 That's how all hearts can win, - with just One Look!

One Look - One single glance,
One Look - The perfect chance,

Song from 'The White album' - Lightstorm

The Miracle of Selfless Love

It was one of the hottest days of the dry season. We had not seen rain in almost a month. The crops were dying. Cows had stopped giving milk. The creeks and streams had dried up and had long gone back into the earth. It was such a dry season that eventually seven farmers went bankrupt before it was through.

Every day, my husband and his brothers would go about the arduous process of trying to get water to the fields. Lately this process had involved taking the truck to the local water rendering plant and filling it up with water. But severe rationing had cut everyone off. If we didn't see rain soon... well, we would lose everything. It was on this day that I learned the true lesson of sharing and witnessed the only miracle I have seen with my own eyes.

I was in the kitchen making lunch for my husband and his brothers, when I saw my six-year old son, Billy, walking towards the woods. He wasn't walking with his usual carefree abandon of a youth but with a serious purpose. I could only see his back. He was obviously walking with a great effort, trying to be as still as possible. Several minutes after he disappeared into the woods, he came running out again, towards the house.

I went back to making sandwiches, thinking that whatever task he had been doing was completed. A while later, however, he was once again walking in that slow purposeful stride towards the woods. This activity went on for an hour. He walked carefully to the woods, then ran back to the house.

Finally I could not take it any longer and I crept out of the house and followed him on his journey (being very careful not to be seen... as he was obviously doing important work and didn't need his Mommy checking up on him). He was cupping both hands in front of him as he walked, being very careful not to spill the water he held in them ... (maybe two or three tablespoons were cupped in his tiny hands). I sneaked closer as he went into the woods. Branches and thorns slapped his little face, but he did not try to avoid them. He had a

much higher purpose. As I leaned in to spy on him, I saw the most amazing sight.

Several large deer loomed in front of him. Billy walked right up to them. I almost screamed for him to get away, when I saw a huge buck with elaborate antlers so dangerously close. But the buck did not threaten him... he did not even move as Billy knelt down. Then I saw a tiny fawn lying on the ground, obviously suffering from dehydration and heat exhaustion, lift its head with great effort to lap up the water cupped in my beautiful boy's hand. When the water was gone, Billy jumped up to run back to the house as I hid behind a tree.

I followed him back to the house to a spigot to which the water flow had been shut off. Billy opened it all the way up and soon a small trickle began to seep out. He knelt there, letting the drip, drip, drip of water slowly fill up his cupped hands, this makeshift "cup" as the sun beat mercilessly down on his little back. Now it became clear to me. The week before he had gotten into trouble for playing with the hose. The lecture he had received about the importance of not wasting any water.

That must have been the reason why he didn't ask me to help him. It took a long time for the drops to fill his hands. But this time when he stood up and began to trek back, I was there in front of him. His little eyes just filled with tears. "I'm not wasting," was all he said.

As he began his walk, I joined him with a small pot of water from the kitchen. I stayed behind him and let him tend to the fawn. It was his job. I stood on the edge of the woods watching this selfless love, this service of the most beautiful heart I have ever known, working so hard to save another life. As the tears rolled down my face and began to hit the ground, they were suddenly joined by other drops ... and more drops ... and more drops. I suddenly looked up at the sky, and it was as if God, Himself, was weeping with pride along with me, as the rain began to fall.

The rain that came that day, saved our farm and many of our neighbors, just like the action of selfless Love from one little boy saved another. I am sharing this with all of you in order to honor the memory of my beautiful little Billy, who was taken from us much too

soon... And to say, "Thank you, Lord, for not calling our Billy to You, before showing us all the true face of God, in that action of Selfless Love by a pure heart, in that little sunburned body."

How the 'Sai Cure' works

At an informal gathering one of the group asked Baba, "Swami, what is the secret of the cure that many afflicted persons experience in Your presence?" Baba replied simply and instantly, "It is my experience that ***I AM ONE with every sentient thing, every human being.*** My Love flows out to everyone, for ***I see everyone as Myself!*** If a person reciprocates My Love from the depth and purity of his heart, My Love and his meet in unison and he is cured of his affliction. Where there is no reciprocation, there is no cure."

*** BABA ***

Who is the wealthiest of all?

Once Yudhishtira, also known as Dharmaraja, who was the eldest of the five Pandava brothers, was asked by his father the Lord of Dharma "Who is considered the wealthiest man of all?"

Yudhishtira answered with out hesitation, "The one without any attachment or desire, is the wealthiest!"

Cosmic Vision

The vision of the Cosmic Form of God is given to those who surrender their ego and take refuge in the Lord (as Arjuna did) and who imbibe with care the Gita sung by the Lord in the silence. ***God is Omnipresent.*** He is the ***inner motivator*** of every particle in the Universe. To declare that He is amenable only to your style of worship and that He will answer only to the name that you have learnt to use, is to insult His Omniscience and His Glory.

See Him in all!

Serve Him in all!

Revere Him in all!

Pray, "Let the whole world prosper! Let all mankind be happy!"

*** BABA ***

Friendship

One day, when I was a freshman in high school, I saw a kid from my class walking home from school. His name was Kyle. It looked like he was carrying all of his books.

I thought to myself, "Why would anyone bring home all his books on a Friday? He must really be a nerd."

I had quite a weekend planned (parties and a football game with my friends tomorrow afternoon), so I shrugged my shoulders and went on.

As I was walking, I saw a bunch of kids running toward him. They ran at him, knocking all his books out of his arms and tripping him so he landed in the dirt. His glasses went flying, and I saw them land in the grass about ten feet from him. He looked up and I saw this terrible sadness in his eyes. My heart went out to him. So, I jogged over to help him. As he crawled around looking for his glasses I saw a tear in his eye.

I picked up his glasses and handed them to him and said, "Those guys are jerks. They really need to get a life."

He looked at me and said, "Hey thanks!" There was a big smile on his face. It was one of those rare smiles that showed real gratitude.

I helped him pick up his books, and asked him where he lived. As it turned out, he lived near me, so I asked him why I had never seen him before. He said he had gone to private school before now. (I would have never hung out with a private school kid before.) We talked all the way home, and I helped him carry his books. He turned out to be a pretty cool kid. I asked him if he wanted to play football on Saturday with me and my friends. He said yes.

We hung out together all weekend and the more I got to know Kyle, the more I liked him, and my friends thought the same of him. Monday morning came, and there was Kyle with the huge stack of books again. I stopped him and said, "Boy, you really are gonna build

some serious muscles carrying this pile of books everyday!" He just laughed and handed me half the books.

Over the next four years, Kyle and I became best friends. When we were seniors, we seriously started to think about college. Kyle decided on Georgetown, and I planed on going to Duke. But I knew that we would always be friends, that the miles between us would never be a problem. He was going to be a doctor, and I was going in for business on a football scholarship.

Kyle was valedictorian of our class. I teased him all the time about being a nerd and having to prepare a speech for graduation. I was so glad it wasn't me having to get up there to speak.

Graduation day finally came for us. Kyle looked really great. He was one of those guys that really found himself during high school. He filled out and actually looked good in glasses. All the girls loved him and he had more dates than I did! Boy, sometimes I even got a bit jealous for a moment, and today was one of those days.

I could see that he was nervous about his speech. So, I smacked him on the back and said, "Hey, big guy, you'll be great!"

He looked at me with one of those looks (the really grateful kind) and smiled. "Thanks, buddy!" was all he said.

As he started his speech, he cleared his throat, and began. "Graduation is a time to thank those who helped you make it through those tough years. Your parents, your teachers, your siblings, maybe a coach... but mostly your friends. I am here to tell all of you that being a friend to someone is the best gift you can give them. I am going to tell you a story."

I looked at my friend with disbelief as he told the story of the first day we met. He had planned to kill himself over the weekend. He talked of how he had cleaned out his locker so his Mom wouldn't have to do it later and was carrying his stuff home. He looked hard at me and gave me a little smile.

"Thankfully, I was saved just in time. My friend saved me from doing the unspeakable."

I heard the gasp go through the crowd as this handsome, popular boy told us all about his weakest moment. I saw his Mom and Dad looking at me, smiling that same grateful smile. Not until that very moment did I realize the depth of that smile.

Never underestimate the power of your actions. With one small gesture you can change a person's life. For better or for worse.

God puts us all in each other's lives to impact one another in some way. So just look for God in others.

Awake!

My dear children, Awake! Awake! Awake!

There is no time for slumber.

You have been asleep and dreaming for thousands of lifetimes.

If you do not awake now, this chance may not come again for thousands more. Come with Me.

Separation is no longer the order of the day.

I separated Myself from Myself so that I could love Myself more.

The experience is finished. I want all of Myself to return and merge into Me, the ***One SELF!***

I gave many of you the advantage of an unhappy childhood, including conflict and separation from your Mother and Father. In doing this, I removed you from the temptation to become attached to human parents or a specific family situation; that left you with only one option, "***Attach yourself to Me!***"

Why do you not avail yourself of this opportunity instead of continually seeking these relationships which can never satisfy you? Even if your childhood has been as idyllic as you would have liked, it is not your Mother's Love that you need.

Ultimately, it is not even the Love of His (God's) Name and form that you long for.

Your deepest innermost urge is to return to ***Yourself*** - to Love Yourself - to become the ***BEING***, the ***AWARENESS***, and the ***BLISS*** - which is all you will ever be!

Let go of the past, stop trying to get from each other what you think you missed in childhood or marriage. You will never find anyone who is enough, ***NOT EVEN ME!!!***

Love Yourself! Know Yourself! Only ***YOU*** will ever be enough!

Can you not Love Yourself, because I Love you over and over again?

Did I not move Heaven and Earth to bring you to Me?

I have asked all devotees to repeat the mantra -

"I am God - I am not different from God!"

Now I ask you to specifically follow that instruction, it will be ever more helpful than any other thing you can do.

Now remember, ***I LOVE YOU, LOVE YOURSELF!!!***

*** BABA ***

(Message to the Puttaparthi schoolboys, 1995)

Who is the real resident of the body?

You are the positive aspect, the Atma, that is activating the negative aspect, the body. The life-breath repeats 'Sohum' every time you breathe. It means: "I am He, I am God!" What a profound authentic declaration the breath is making every moment of your life while waking, dreaming, or in deep sleep, whether you listen to it or not! If this simple lesson, this truth which is being expressed twenty-four hours a day, does not alert you or inform you of your real task, how can you understand your reality by the mere study of books?

*** BABA ***

Message to all

My Dears,

Accept my Blessings and Love!

Each one from ego takes his birth and clad in ego dies and comes and goes, gives and receives and earns and spends, and deals in lies or speaks the truth, in ego all the while. Heaven and Hell and Incarnations, all these from ego are not free. Those who do away with their ego ***attain Salvation***. The Lord is ever true, and higher than the highest is, but ***you must crush your ego and realize HIM. HE is in you***, with you and around you! ***Be happy!***

With Love and Blessings,

*** Sri Sathya Sai Baba ***

A Teacher's story

At one time there was a Lady teacher who had one of those students that truly got under her skin. This boy was sullen, belligerent, unresponsive, unkempt, and in general a poor student, who did not get along with any of the other students.

The teacher found herself constantly thinking in angry terms about this particular student. All of his test grades were consistently low, he never turned in any homework, or if by chance he did it was uncaring, sketchy, and sloppy work. His attire was always inappropriate, shabby, and carelessly untidy. Soon the teacher found herself being cold and curt to this student. She tried to bypass it all in her mind with an uncaring attitude and chalked him up as a lost cause. Yet for some reason something deep inside kept nagging at her which in turn only left her more frustrated about the whole thing.

So, one day, when she felt utterly frustrated at the boy, she decided to do some in-depth research after school. She tried to find something in his past. Maybe some of his other teachers had found a way to deal with this student. She soon found the boy's school records. To her amazement she saw that all his former teachers had only outstanding comments about this boy. His grades had always been above average, he got along well with all of the other students, and he cared about his school work. Then at the end of the file she found a short note attached stating that both his parents had recently died in a tragic automobile accident and that he now lived with some distant relative. There the record stopped.

The teacher now felt really bad for having been so judgmental and angry about her student, without inquiring earlier on. So, she instantly decided to change her approach. She started to smile at the boy and became much more patient with him. She often spent a little more time with him encouraging him and started to nurture him with her compassion and natural love.

Slowly the young man turned around. At first he started to care a bit more about his appearance, and then his work began to improve step by step. Sometimes the teacher would spend extra time after school to

be there for the boy and help him with his schoolwork and continue to give him emotional caring support. Even after he was no longer in her classroom the teacher went out of her way by always staying in touch with him encouraging and nurturing him.

It ended up later that this same young man graduated in the top ten of his class and went on to University to become a fine doctor.

From all of her students it was this boy who always kept in touch with her throughout all his school years. He always remembered her. He was never too busy to write a letter, telling her how he was doing, and she always received a sweet greeting card at Christmas and other holidays.

After a few years the letters slowly stopped, but like clockwork on every Christmas holiday she received a loving card from him.

Then one day she got a wedding invitation with an airline ticket in the mail, asking her to please attend the forthcoming wedding of her former student. His letter stated that he had met his beloved and was inviting her to his grand scale wedding.

At first she did not really want to go, she felt a bit out of place somehow, but the ticket was there and everything was arranged and paid for, so what the heck she thought, she could use a little vacation. She packed her best Sunday dress and some other little things and off she went to attend the wedding.

When she arrived her former student, who was now a well known doctor, greeted her affectionately and made sure that she was comfortable and that everything was just perfect for her. She also realized that she was the only person on the grooms family side, that was present.

Then, after a most beautiful wedding ceremony, at the reception when it came time for the groom to speak, he stood up and raised his glass.

“I wish to thank all of you for sharing this very special day with me, but most of all I want to thank my dear teacher, without whom my life would have been over long ago. It was only her love and caring that

made me start to care to live again. After both of my parent died, she became my family. She was the one who nurtured and inspired me, by her loving example. She is the very reason why I wanted to become a doctor in the first place in order to help my fellow man.”

Then he turned and looked directly to her and with the most loving smile he stated, “I owe everything to you, I love you, and you will always be a part of our family and our life.”

Pure Love

Love everyone and everything,
Without a desire for gain,
Power and wealth won't mean a thing,
When death calls out your name!
All you can keep is your memory
Of all things said and done,
Be careful how you spend your life,
Start loving All as ONE!

Love, Pure Love!
We're Consciousness Eternally!
Love, Pure Love!
We're Consciousness Forever Free!
Love, Pure Love!

Your conscience is your constant guide,
That tells you right from wrong,
It is the silent voice of God,
So listen and grow strong!
In Love and Patience, Truth and Joy
Spend every single day,
Then when your body turns to dust,
Your Love will point the way!

Love, Pure Love!

Song from 'The White album' - Lightstorm

Miracle on the moon

During a talk at Satsang in Chelmsford, given by Miss Sutopa Sen, who had been a student at Swami's College for women, she recounted the following little known "Miracle."

When Neil Armstrong was taking his first steps on the surface of the moon, he started to drift upwards and was unable to keep his feet on the surface. It must have been a most alarming and dangerous experience. Then, some invisible force pushed him back down onto the surface of the moon. Neil never told this to anyone. Later, when he finally visited Sai Baba, he was called in for an interview. Swami asked him if he remembered being pressed down on his left shoulder as he rose up from the moon surface. "I saved your life." Baba told him. Neil Armstrong broke down and cried.

Article from
Peggy Mason's "Hatfield Center" magazine, Autumn 1997

Guideline

Without egoism, you have love!
Without anger, you have happiness!
Without desire, you have peace!
Without greed, you have contentment!

BABA

Eulogy

When Jack finally stood up to give the Eulogy for his younger brother Bob, we all saw a very pale white faced, nervous and confused, red eyed and disarrayed person. A most unusual sight and quite out of character, specially since he and Bob were never really close. Jack is a prosperous factory owner and seems usually always in control.

Bob was Jack's younger brother by two years, and for most of their lives Jack had been riding Bob about being a flake, irresponsible and in general a failure. Even though, Bob was a sweet guy, and everyone who knew him, loved him, because he always had a ready smile, an encouraging word, and a helpful hand for everyone. You see, Bob's only interest in life had been to play baseball, and all else didn't mean a lot to him.

When Bob was twenty years old, he had been recruited to the minor leagues as a rookie. But as fate would have it, just when he had finished spring training, Bob was drafted to go to Viet Nam.

When he finally returned two years later to a country that openly denounced the Viet Nam Vets, he found life to be very difficult. He had a tough time readjusting to it all. He tried desperately to get back into baseball, but it never quite seemed to happen for him. So he moved from one type of job to another and eventually he got married. Jack even gave him a job at the factory, but that did not work out either.

Bob's marriage to Kathy only lasted for about four years, but they parted as friends. She still loved her kind and generous Bob, but felt that he was a hopeless dreamer and loser, and she wanted the finer things in life. So, she remarried an older well to do man with Bob's genuine blessing.

Jack was always furious at Bob, especially when Kathy left him and Bob let her go without a fight. Bob just smiled and told him, "Listen Jack, I love Kathy, and it makes me happy that she is finally happy with this guy and getting what she wants out of life!"

By the time Bob was thirty-four, he had drifted around doing mostly menial type work. Fate stepped in once more and he finally got drafted as an almost over the hill, second string, catcher in the minor leagues. He made it through the rigorous spring training and the team was playing an exhibition game in some little town. Without any warning a tornado suddenly arose and caused havoc in that town. Bob was killed while trying to help some other people, and today was his funeral.

Jack just stood there looking at all of us nervously for a few silent moments. Then in a hoarse voice he started to speak. "I'm sorry everyone, I just don't know how to begin! ... (pause) ... As you all know Bob and I were never really close, I always felt he could have done so much better. But ... (pause) ... I just couldn't get to sleep last night, trying to figure out what I was going to say about my brother. I love him and all that, but from my point of view he was a failure in life. I must have dozed off sometime later thinking about it all. Suddenly something jarred me wide awake."

Jack paused and fidgeted uncomfortably while his shaking hand put the glass of water to his dry lips. He cleared his throat and then continued speaking. "I couldn't believe my eyes, Bob, or his ghost, stood there in front of me, he was still wearing his baseball uniform and there was a slight glow all around him. It scared me at first, cause I don't believe in ghosts, and I pinched myself to see if I was having a nightmare. But then Bob smiled at me and spoke. He said:

'Yes, it's really me. I love you Jack, that's why I had to come back and tell you something really important that I found out. You know, I was knocked out by the tornado, ...(Bob chuckled slightly)... I guess I died, but when I opened my eyes, there stood our Lord reaching out his hand to me and He told me that I had died. I was shocked and immediately I started to feel so sorry and guilty about being such a failure in life. I fell down at our Lords feet and cried.'

Jack paused for a moment and we could all see that he was still visibly shaken by this experience. We were all spellbound waiting for his next words. Jack tried in vain to bring his cracking voice under control. Finally, with a deep sigh, he continued.

“Bob then said: ‘The Lord smiled and lifted me to my feet while speaking to me. {“My Love, there is no need to cry. It is not so very important if you have succeeded or failed in worldly matters in your lifetime. But what is truly important, is how you acted during it all. The selfless Love in your heart that you shared with all you encountered, was the most important part of your life. Know that your smile and your spontaneous, natural Love for all, filled many other hearts with Love, and that is the greatest success of all. So be happy, my Love! Now go and tell your brother, I know you love him so!”}

Then our Lord moved His hand and brought me here to tell you. He knew my heart and how much I love you, Jack, and how much I wanted to share this with you.’

At this point Jack smiled as he continued, “Then Bob chuckled again, and said with a glint in his eyes, ‘You can tell everybody in the morning, then you won’t have to worry what to talk about.’

Jack just stood there as total silence filled the chapel.

On Money

Man has been enslaved by money! He lives a superficial, hollow, artificial life. This is indeed a great pity. Man should seek to possess only as much money as is most essential for his living. The quantity of riches one earns must be compared to the shoes one wears. If the shoes are too small, they cause pain. If they are too big, they are a hindrance to physical and mental comfort. When we have more, it breeds pride, sloth and contempt for others. *In the pursuit of money, man descends to the level of the beast.* Money is of the nature of manure. Piled high in one place, it pollutes the air. Spread it wide, scatter it over fields, it rewards you with an abundant harvest. So too, when money is spent in all the four quarters for promoting good works, it yields contentment and happiness in plenty.

*** BABA ***

Avatars

All who come embodied are Avatars; that is to say, advents of the Divine, - manifestations of God. What then, is the special feature of Rama, Krishna, Buddha and Christ? Why do you celebrate their birthdays with much reverential enthusiasm? The specialty is this: they are *AWARE!* You are unaware of the Atma which is the Truth. Awareness confers Liberation from bonds, from time, space and causation and from sleep, dream and wakefulness. *Avatars are ever alert, aware and alight.*

*** BABA ***

A Bush, an Elephant, Jesus and Sai

The Leela began with the purchase of a piece of property along the rockbound southern coast of Maine. A magical area full of wonderful people, beauty and nature's splendor. We moved my mother-in-law, who had been diagnosed with mid-term Alzheimer's disease, into a large house on the property.

Situated next to the house was a small quaint cottage where both, my wife Pat and I, would live since we had promised to take care of her mother. This was a long term, difficult commitment, which probably meant that we would not be able to continue our yearly pilgrimage to Prashanthi Nilayam, which we had been graced with for the past seven years. Still, we were eager to start this sacrifice, since Pat had been separated from her mother most of her life and this was again their chance to share, to laugh and play together.

As time went on, it was an interesting process to watch the devastating Alzheimer disease change their interaction. Slowly the daughter became the mother as the mother seemed to turn into the child. From time to time things became difficult, especially when, on occasion, the anger of the disease reared its ugly head. But they managed to get past it all by laughing and playing. They went shopping for antiques every day they were able. Sometimes her Mom would dance a jig when the music came on at the mall, and Pat would quietly explain to the clerks what was happening and also return some of the shoes or other items that would somehow find their unpaid way back to the house.

As for me, the quasi essential son-in-law, I said little, interfered less, ran the dogs and loved her daughter. On top of it all Mom was soon diagnosed with pancreatic cancer about six months after the move to the Maine coast. This verily sent a cloud of dark gloom over our little cottage. We both knew that there is really no birth and death, just us and Swami, and that all was His Grace somehow. Yet, even though in Swami's infinite mercy He had now shortened the years of suffering, it was still her Mom and Pat felt deeply hurt by the whole ordeal. The depression and tangible gloom just did not want to lift from our little cottage.

The seasons changed and the garden grew, and with it the responsibilities, but mother and daughter were finally together. Things became more and more difficult and help was needed. So my wife prayed to Swami for an Angel and, lo and behold, Mimi appeared. Mimi was an Italian lady with red hair and in her early sixties. She had been taking care of people all of her life and could cook like no one should be able to. Still the gloom persisted, it seemed unshakable.

Soon more help was needed for the round the clock care of Mom. So Maggie came along, a lady in her late fifties. She had been brought up in the Catholic religion, but was not practicing her faith. She had only been in our cottage once before. She had seen Swami's picture on the mantle and knew that we went to India. Maybe she had even heard a little from Mimi, but she showed no interest and never asked about any of it. But one night Maggie ardently prayed to Saint Jude du Novena, loosely translated as St. Jude the remover of all obstacles, for Mom and us. At three o'clock that night she happened to look out of her bedroom window since a bright light attracted her attention. As she looked in the direction of the bright light, which was directly over our cottage where we were sleeping, she saw a bush, an elephant, then Jesus Christ along with that funny looking man with the big hair (who's picture she had seen over our mantle) emerge out of that light. She could not believe her eyes as she stood transfixed by the spectacle. As she rubbed her eyes, the distance between the house and the cottage seemed to shrink and there in front of her stood a bush, Ganesha (the remover of obstacles), Jesus and our beloved Sai Baba. Maggie raced from one window to another to make sure that this miracle was truly real and not some visual trick. Well, it lasted for about fifteen minutes, as she went to every window that overlooked our cottage and each time she saw the same scene of the Divine Trinity.

First thing in the morning, when my wife went to look in on Mom, Maggie could not wait to tell her all about it. Pat consequently rushed back to the cottage to share Magi's experience with me. We hugged and cried and sobbed together with hearts full of gratitude that Swami, in His infinite mercy, had taken the time to come to this humble cottage on the coast of Maine in order to comfort His ailing, depressed, and sorrow filled children.

From that moment on the dark cloud of gloom lifted from our little cottage, and our renewed spirits rose to handle the tasks at hand with fresh energy and a deeper understanding. Incidentally, Maggie promptly went to church after that for the first time in a very long time. Mom got sicker by the day and the end was fast approaching, but we just placed it all into Swami's loving hands.

Then one day my wife was not feeling well, when suddenly Mom appeared in the doorway, in her nightgown with pizza in hand, making sure that her daughter was keeping up her strength. Isn't love wonderful! I cried tears of joy while witnessing how much the mother loved her daughter.

When the end finally came Mimi spent eight continuous days and nights with Mom, administering pain medicine and easing the suffering for both mother and daughter. Off and on for eight long days and nights Pat climbed into bed with her Mom to soothe and comfort her last hours on earth. She held her, stroked her, carried her to the bathroom, preparing and helping her through visualizing Mom's loved ones who had come to help her cross over. Then at last Pat went to our altar for a few minutes to ask Swami to take her Mom home, she knew that she was holding on and it was now time to cross over. In His infinite mercy Swami did, and my wife with deep compassion and love, told her Mom to go into the Light.

In my heart I will always remember the great love that this daughter had for her mother, and I have been privileged to watch death with dignity. I will also treasure the memory of how the Angels came when they were needed, and how a bush, an elephant, Jesus Christ and our beloved Lord Sai graced the roof of our humble little cottage to ease the pain of His children!

By
Roscoe Stevens

Lucky Murali

One day Krishna pretended to be fast asleep. Murali, His flute, was thrown by His side when Radha approached and in plaintive terms asked the fortunate flute, “Oh lucky Murali, tell me, how did you earn this great good fortune. What was the vow you observed, the vigil you kept, the pilgrimage you undertook?” The flute got a voice through Krishna’s Grace and answered, “I rid myself of all sensual desire, of envy, greed, and ego, that is all. I had no feeling of ego left to obstruct the flow of His Love through me to all of creation.”

*** BABA ***

Liberation

Liberation or Freedom is the freedom from the bondage of the ego. We deserve Liberation when we ***break away from the bonds of Attachment and Desire!***

*** BABA ***

The Window

Two men, both seriously ill, occupied the same hospital room. One man was allowed to sit up in his bed one hour each afternoon to help drain the fluids from his lungs. His bed was next to the room's only window.

The other man had to spend all of his time flat on his back. The men talked for hours on end about their respective lives. And every afternoon when the man in the bed by the window could sit up, he would pass the time by describing to his room-mate all the things he could see outside the window. The man in the other bed began to live for those one-hour periods, where his quiet world would be enlivened and enriched by all the activity and color of the world outside which he was unable to see. According to the many descriptions the window overlooked a park with a lovely lake.

Ducks and swans played on the water while children sailed their model boats. Young lovers walked arm in arm amidst rainbow colored flowers. Grand old trees graced the landscape, and a fine view of the city skyline could be seen in the distance.

As the man by the window described all this in the most exquisite detail, the man on the other side of the room would close his eyes and imagine the picturesque scenes. One warm afternoon the man by the window described a parade passing by. Although the other man could not hear the band, he could see it all in his mind's eye as it was portrayed to him in colorful descriptive terms. Then unexpectedly, a sinister thought entered his mind. Why should the other man alone experience all the pleasures of seeing everything outside, while he himself never got to see anything? It just wasn't fair.

At first the man felt somewhat ashamed of these thoughts, but as the days passed and he missed more and more of the explained wonderful sights, his envy and resentment grew. He began to brood and he found himself unable to sleep. The thought, that he should be the one next to that window, began to consume him and control his life.

Late one night, as he lay there staring at the ceiling, he heard his room-mate cough uncontrollably. The man next to the window was choking on the fluids in his lungs. He turned his head and in the dimly lit room watched as his struggling room-mate groped for the call button to alert the night nurse. Listening and watching from across the room, he never moved, he never pushed his own button which would have instantly brought the nurse. In less than five minutes the coughing and choking stopped along with the other man's breathing. Now there was only silence, deadly silence!

The next morning a sad nurse found the lifeless body of the man by the window, so she called the hospital attendants to take him to the morgue.

As soon as it seemed appropriate, the other man asked if he could be moved next to the window. The nurse was happy to oblige and made the switch. After making sure that he was comfortably re-situated the nurse left him alone.

Slowly, and very painfully, the man now propped himself up on one elbow in order to take his first look outside. Finally he would have the joy and pleasure of seeing it all for himself. He strained and slowly turned to look out of the window. It was then that he saw that the window only faced a blank wall.

The stunned, bewildered man called the nurse and inquired what could have compelled his deceased room-mate to describe such wonderful things outside. She answered, "Perhaps he just wanted to encourage you. You knew, of course, that he was blind and couldn't even see the wall, didn't you?"

You are Love itself

You run after great people, but you do not ever inquire whether they are truly greater than you? I tell you, there is no one greater than you. The whole universe is within you. Everything is within your power. You do not know your own great truth, just as the elephant does not know his own great strength. Do not forget the Divinity dwelling in your heart.

That is your true state. That is your true identity!

Think always 'God is my very Self, He is my own heart. There is only the One Divine Unity. GOD and I are ONE!' If you truly want to know yourself, develop your Love!

Start the day with Love.

Fill the day with Love.

Spend the day with Love.

End the day with Love.

Expand your Love. Envelop everyone in your Love.

Help ever, hurt never! Love all, serve all!

All are One, so be alike to everyone!

You do not need to go anywhere. You do not need to seek this Swami or that Swami. God is your true teacher. He is the Spirit of Love in your heart.

Follow that Love.

Love has no limit at all.

Make your whole life a message of Love.

Love needs no reason.

Love has no season.

Love has no birth.

Love has no death.

Love is eternal. Love is God!

You are that LOVE!

Realize it! Live it!

*** BABA ***

Allah Ho Akabar

Allah Ho Akabar, Sathya Sai Baba, Allah Ho Akabar, Hari OM
Heavenly Father,
My Divine Mother,
Lord Narayana,
Kesava, Ahura Mazda, a thousand names are sung
But name and form are still illusion,
We're always and forever ... JUST ONE
We're always and forever ... JUST ONE

Allah Ho Akabar, Beloved Jesus, Allah Ho Akabar, Hari OM
Dear Mother Mary,
Mighty Jehova,
Enlightened Buddha,

Kesava
ONE ... JUST ONE!
ONE ... JUST ONE!!!

Allah Ho Akabar, Beautiful Rama, Allah Ho Akabar, Hari OM
Beloved Krishna,
Mighty Lord Shiva,
Sat - Chit - Ananda,

Kesava
ONE ... JUST ONE!
ONE ... JUST ONE!!
ONE ... JUST ONE!!!

Song from 'The White album' - Lightstorm

Three Trees

Once there stood three trees on a hill deep in the woods. They were discussing their hopes and their dreams. The first tree said, "Someday I hope to be a treasure chest decorated with intricate carvings. Then I could be filled with gold, silver and precious gems, and everyone would see my beauty and value."

The second tree then said, "Someday I will be a mighty ship. I will transport kings and queens across the waters, and sail to all the corners of the earth. Everyone will feel safe sailing on me because of the strength of my hull."

After a while the third tree said, "I want to grow to be the tallest and straightest tree in the forest. People will see me on top of the hill and look up at my branches, and think how close I am to the heavens and to God. I shall be the greatest tree of all time and people will always remember me."

After a few years of praying that their dreams would come true, a group of woodsmen came upon the hill and the trees. One woodsman looking at the first tree said, "Ah, this tree looks like it has real good wood, I think I can easily sell this wood to a carpenter." Then he began to cut it down. The tree was happy because he just knew that the carpenter would fashion him into a beautiful treasure chest.

The second woodsman looked up at the second tree and mused, "Now this is a strong looking tree, I can sell this wood to a shipyard." Now the second tree was also happy, because he felt he was on his way to become a mighty ship.

Another woodsman walked up to the third tree touching it. The tree was very frightened, because he knew, if he was cut down, his dream would never come true. The woodsman turned to the other two woodcutters and said, "I guess I can take this one, it looks nice and straight enough." And he proceeded to cut down the tree.

When the first tree arrived at the carpenter's shop, he was quickly made into an animal feed box, placed in a barn and filled with hay.

This was not at all what he had prayed for. The second tree was fashioned into a small fishing boat. His dream of transporting kings was shattered. The third tree was simply cut into large pieces and stacked alone in some dark corner of another carpenter shop.

Many years went by and all the trees had long forgotten about their respective dreams. Then one day, a man and a woman came to a barn. The woman gave birth to a baby boy and lovingly placed the newborn child into the manger, which had been made out of the first tree. Suddenly the tree realized in his heart that this was a most important event, and that he now held the greatest treasure of the world.

Years later, a group of fishermen entered the boat that had been built from the second tree. One of the men went to sleep as they went out upon the water. Suddenly a great storm arose, and the tree was afraid that it was not strong enough to keep the men safe. The men woke up the sleeping one, who then stood at the prow of the little boat, spread out his arms upon the waters and said, "Peace be upon you!" The storm stopped immediately and it was then that the second tree knew in his heart that he was carrying a king of kings!

Then one day someone came to pick up the long forgotten third tree from the dark dusty corner where he had been stacked long ago. The tree was then laid on the shoulders of a man who was mocked, whipped and driven through the crowded streets. When they finally came to a stop, the man was nailed to the tree and raised high up into the air on top of a windy hill. When this man died, thus crucified, the tree suddenly knew in his heart that he was holding up the son of God, and that he was as close to God as he could ever be.

So, dear Atmaselves, when things don't seem to be going your way, always know that God has a plan for you. He will give us all only what is best for each of us. The trees realized their respective dreams in a much grander way than they could have ever imagined.

Maya

Once Swami was again with a group of students. He materialized the ring that Lord Rama had given to Hanuman to take to Lanka, in order to prove to Sita that Hanuman was the authentic messenger from Rama. The students had gathered all around Swami and were very excited. They asked Swami if they could take the ring over to the window in order to see it more clearly. Swami gave it to them, and all the students hurried over to the window to admire the precious ring. As a result, Swami was left standing alone (with just one other person) in the middle of the room. Swami then smiled and remarked to the person beside Him. (Words to this effect.) “See, that is the power of Maya. All of them are admiring the creation, and are pulled away from the Creator Himself!”

Only Desire

My only desire is your happiness!
Your happiness is my happiness!
I have no happiness apart from yours!

BABA

Sai Ram All:

I am a sevadal at Whitefield. During this years (2000) summer course (2 weeks back), while I was doing my duty inside Trayee (Swami's residence), I felt the Love of Swami towards His students which I thought I should share.

Yours ever in Sai Seva,
Ravi

The episode goes like this:

When exams were going on in Sri Sai University, one of the students from Prashanthi campus received a telegram from his father in Bombay that his mother was seriously ill. Since Swami was in Whitefield, this boy was unable to see Swami for His blessing. When the exams were over he came to Whitefield to seek Swami's blessing and perhaps some vibhuti from His Divine hands. But during darshan Swami never came near him at all.

After a week long test, during the morning darshan, Swami suddenly came near that boy and told him, "I know that your mother is not well. Tomorrow I will give prasadh and you can leave for Bombay."

The next day the boy came again for darshan. Swami came near him and simply said, "Go." He didn't give vibhuti or any prasadh as He promised the previous day.

Confused by the act, the boy immediately got up, packed and left the ashram to head for Gokulum (the canteen) with his luggage, in order to go to Bombay. At that point another student came running and told him, "Swami is calling you."

The fellow ran back to the ashram where Swami was waiting for him just before the entrance to His residence. Swami said, "You are foolish, I asked you to 'Go' to the interview room and not to Bombay!" Then immediately Swami materialized some vibhuti and asked him to take that to his mother.

When the boy was about to leave Swami called him back again and asked him, “How are you going?”

The student replied, “I don’t know Swami. I have to take either a bus or train.”

Swami asked him to wait and went inside His residence. Presently He came back with round-trip airline tickets, which He gave to the student. He smiled and explained, “Your flight is at 11:00 o’clock.” Then to top it all off, Swami told the boy that one of the devotees was waiting outside to take him to the airport in a car.

What else??? That young man was in tears, crying like a child, as he fell at Swami’s lotus feet. Swami blessed him and gave him permission to leave.

Such is the Divine Love of Swami towards His devotees.

Awareness

The Awareness of *being the witness of everything* is *the Secret of Self-realization*. It is the knowledge that 'I am the Truth of me!' or 'I have known myself!'

*** BABA ***

Ocean and waves

Be simple and sincere. It is sheer waste of money to burden pictures and idols in the shrines and altars of your homes with the weight of garlands and to parade costly utensils and vessels and offerings to show off your Devotion. ***This is Deception!*** It demeans Divinity, imputing to it the desire for pomp and publicity. I ask only for purity of Heart to shower Grace! Do not posit distance between you and Me! Do not interpose the formalities of Guru-disciple relationship or even the attitudinal distinctions of the God-devotee relationship between you and Me. ***I AM YOU! YOU ARE ME!*** That is the Truth! There is no distinction. That which appears is the delusion. You are the waves, I am the ocean! ***Know this and be free, be Divine!***

*** BABA ***

The Carpenter

An elderly carpenter was ready to retire. He told his old friend and long time employer, a contractor, that he was leaving to spend more time with his family. When his boss asked him how he was doing financially he said that he would miss the paycheck, of course, since he did not have much saved, but he and his family would get by.

The contractor was sorry to see such a good worker go and asked if he would do him a great personal favor and build just one more house. Reluctantly the carpenter agreed, but as the work progressed one could see that his heart was not in his work anymore. He resorted to short cuts, shoddy workmanship, and sometimes used inferior materials. He was weary and only thought to finish this job as quickly as possible. It was an unfortunate way to end his career.

When the house was finally finished, the contractor came one last time for the final inspection of the house. After a quick inspection the contractor handed the front door key to the carpenter and said with a big smile, "This is now your house, my gift to you old friend, for the many years of being my most dependable lead carpenter!"

What a shock! What a shame! If the retiring carpenter had only known that he was building his own house, he would have done it much differently.

All of us, like the carpenter, are building our own future dwelling place with every thought word and deed.

Rama, Rama, Jai, Jai

(chorus) Rama, Rama, Rama, Rama, Jai, Jai!

Wake unto the morning monkeys, Rama is the light,
Wake unto the morning bears, see the Light inside!
Rama is the fireball, that burns each demon mind,
Rama lives inside each heart, thus making you the Light!

Rama, Rama, Rama, Rama, Jai, Jai!

Lanka lies before us now, it's just a thought away,
Let's march across the bridge to fight, in Rama's Light today.
Nala, Nila, Sugriva, lead forth the monkey horde,
Hail Hanuman, trusted friend, messenger of the Lord!

Rama, Rama, Rama, Rama, Jai, Jai!

(alternate lead part) Sita Ram, Sita Ram, Rama, Rama, Jai, Jai!

Jambavan move up your bears, you know what must be done,
Rama is inside us all, for all are only ONE!
Ravana foul demon king, you shake in rage and fear,
As Rama and Lakshmana march, your death is drawing near!

Rama, Rama, Rama, Rama, Jai, Jai!

Sita can you hear it now, your Lord is very near,
HE has not forsaken you, Mother have no fear!
"Sri Rama, You're the Lord of all!" Vibhisana said to Him,
"Please grant me refuge at Your feet, YOU are my only kin!"

Rama, Rama, Rama, Rama, Jai, Jai!

The battle raged for many days, Sri Rama played HIS game,
As countless heroes fought and died, some merged in Rama's name.
Kumbakarna died that way, with Rama on his mind,
His ten headed brother cried, for no peace he could find!

Rama, Rama, Rama, Rama, Jai, Jai!

(alternate lead part) Sita Ram, Sita Ram, Rama, Rama, Jai, Jai!

Lust, greed and ego made him blind, that's why he fought the Lord,
His arrogance just knew no bounds, still his soul merged in the Lord!
The battle won, Sita reclaimed, after she walked through fire,
The bears and monkeys cried in joy, their voices rising higher ...

Rama, Rama, Rama, Rama, Jai, Jai!

Song from 'God is Bliss' - Lightstorm

Choices & Attitudes

Jerry is the kind of guy you love to hate (playfully speaking). He is always in a good mood and he always has something positive to say. When someone would ask him how he was doing, he would reply, "If I were any better, I'd be twins!"

He was a unique restaurant manager. He had several waiters who had followed him around from one restaurant job to another. The reason they followed him was because of his attitude. He was a natural motivator. If an employee had a bad day, Jerry was always there telling the employee how to look on the positive side of the situation.

Seeing this style of thinking really made me curious, so one day I went up to Jerry and asked him, "You can't be a positive person all the time? I don't get it, how do you do it?"

Jerry replied, "Each morning I wake up and say to myself, Jerry, you have two choices today. You can choose to be in a good mood or you can choose to be in a bad mood. I choose to be in a good mood. Each time that something negative or bad happens, I can choose to be a victim, or I can choose to learn from it. I choose to learn from it. Every time someone comes to me complaining, I can choose to accept their complaining, or I can point out the positive side of life. I choose the positive side of life."

"Yeah, right, it's not that easy," I protested.

"Yes it is," Jerry said. "Life is all about choices. You can choose how you react to every single situation. You can choose how you let people affect your mood. You can choose to be in a good mood or a bad mood. Bottom line, it is your direct choice how you live your life."

I reflected on what Jerry said, and knew that he was absolutely right. I guess we just have to practice to make a conscious choice each time. Soon thereafter I left the restaurant industry to start my own business.

Jerry and I lost touch with each other, but I often thought about him whenever I made a choice in life instead of just stupidly reacting to it.

It was several years later, when I heard that Jerry did something that one is never supposed to do in the restaurant business. One morning he left the back door open and was held up at gun point by three armed robbers. While trying to open the safe, his hand, shaking from nervousness, slipped off the combination. The robbers panicked and shot him. Luckily, Jerry was found relatively quickly and rushed to the local trauma center.

After eighteen hours of surgery and weeks of intensive care, Jerry was released from the hospital with fragments of the bullets still in his body.

I saw Jerry about six months after the accident. When I asked him how he was, he replied, "If I were any better, I'd be twins. Wanna see my scars?"

I smiled and declined to see his scars, but I did ask him what had gone through his mind as the robbery took place. Without hesitation he replied, "The first thing that went through my mind was that I should have closed the back door. Then, as I lay on the floor, I remembered that I had two choices: I could choose to live, or I could choose to die. Well, I chose to live!"

"Weren't you scared? Did you lose consciousness?" I asked.

Jerry continued, "... the paramedics were great. They kept telling me that I was going to be fine. But when they wheeled me into the emergency room and I saw the expressions on the faces of the doctors and nurses, I got really scared. In their eyes I read, 'He's a dead man'. I knew right then that I needed to take some action."

What did you do?" I asked curiously.

"Well, there was this big burly nurse shouting questions at me." Jerry answered. "She asked if I was allergic to anything. 'Yes!' I replied. So the doctors and nurses stopped working on me, as they waited for my reply. I took a deep breath and yelled as best as I could manage,

‘Bullets’!” Over their laughter I told them, ‘I am choosing to live, so operate on me as if I’m alive, not dead’!”

By Divine Grace Jerry lived, thanks to the skill of the doctors and nurses, and in no small way due to his amazing attitude. I learned from Jerry that we have a choice everyday to live life fully with conscious choice. Attitude, after all, is everything!



**Detachment comes swiftly when we perceive
the underlying flaw in everything
created by the five elements
and the five senses,
gross or subtle.**

*

The flaw is their impermanence.



Letter Leela

It happened at Prashanthi Nilayam about four months back. While I was walking through the lawns near the Ganesha Temple, I noticed a small crowd. Two men seemed to be engaged in an argument and sort of a small fight. Being unusual, in Prashanthi Nilayam, this incident attracted the attention of many people, including me. When I got closer, I found out that one of the Professors in Swami's college was trying to soothe the hot tempers of two adamant devotees engaged in the argument.

One man was a tough looking man, with a heavy built body and sporting a mustache. The other was a saffron robed Sadhu. Both explained their position. The tough looking man said that he had given a personal letter to Swami, and Swami, after having accepted it, had handed the same envelope to the Sadhu who was sitting next to him.

The argument was this: The tough man wanted to have his letter back, since he had written some confidential matters to Swami and did not want anyone else to have it or to read it. He said that it would cause undue hardship to him if this were read by anybody else.

Now the Sadhu explained his position. He had been mentally praying to Swami to provide him with some financial assistance to enable him to go back to the Himalayas. He was sure that Swami had given him what he wanted, since Swami had handed him the letter personally. So, of course, he did not want to part with it now.

The tough looking man explained that he had not put any money inside the letter. He stated that it was just a short letter addressed to Swami, conveying that in his life he had committed many crimes. He had prayed to Bhagavan to please forgive him and to accept him as His devotee.

At last both men agreed that it would be all right for the Professor to open the letter and find out what was in it. When the Professor opened the letter, the first thing he found was a blank piece of paper. All that the tough looking man had previously written on the paper had somehow been erased by Swami's Grace. It was now just a clean

blank sheet of paper. Along with the blank paper the Professor also found some money. Rs.600/- to be exact, stacked neatly in the letter. This was the exact amount that the Sadhu had prayed for earlier.

So, the Professor simply handed the money over to the Sadhu and the blank letter to the other man.

V. Srinivasan (19 III 99)

Your Reality

Your reality is the *ATMA*, a wave of the *PARAMATMA*. The main objective of this human existence is to visualize that reality, that Atma, that relationship between the wave and the sea. All other activities are trivial; you share them with birds and beasts; but this is the unique privilege of man. He climbed through all the levels of animality, all the steps in the ladder of evolution in order to inherit this high destiny. If all the years between birth and death are frittered away in seeking food and shelter, comfort and pleasure, as animals do, man is condemning himself to a further life-sentence.

*** BABA ***



One HEART! One LOVE! One ALL!



*The
pictures
of our Beloved
Sri Sathya Sai Baba
that are in this book, are
some of the many that, by His
Loving Grace, Swami allowed us to
photograph from the early seventies on.
We know in our heart, that you, dear Atmaself,
will find as much delightful enjoyment in looking at
them, as we have over the years of sharing them with all.*



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JOHNIMA



SATHYA SAI BABA



KALASSU

Lightstorm

