

Part 10 | Experiences with Swami | Prof K Anil Kumar

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gP67bGygD78>

Highlights

I just pulled on my shirt closed and came out. You could see my undershirt. "What an avatar!"

"What happiness you get when your children eat, I get the same happiness when you eat."

Lord Srinivasa, the cosmic consciousness, took form on the earth as the Lord of Parthi.

Swami took separate photos with car drivers, taxi drivers and even cooks. "You donkey, you have no sense, you monkey..." and so on. I don't remember some of the animal names.

"Swami, horse and riding? I'm even falling off of riding a bicycle."

"Hey, down." "Why are you standing there like a driver? Not like that. Stand like this."

He Himself personally served each one of us with that ladle, each one.

"You want a diamond ring in your Puri too? Why would I give it?" "You should make them think that the people near Swami are like that!"

First scolding by Swami

At another time, I encountered another incident.

There was a person who worked in the Higher Secondary School in Puttaparthi. Not anymore.

He worked for a long time. I think he was from Kerala. He came to Kodaikanal.

He said, "Anil Kumar garu, please tell Swami that I have come."

As I said, I was still new. That was the honeymoon period. Honeymoon period is all good, even if there's no salt or pepper in the food.

The rest of the story starts later. I went in and said, "Swami, the person who works at our school is here."

"So what? Does he have any horns? He has no sense, and you have no sense at all."

"Go!" He said. In the meantime that person came inside.

He made him sit and spoke to him, and let him go. Then He performed an electric dry wash on me.

"Recommendations don't work with Me. Never do anything on your own. Only do something when Swami tells you to."

In this way, He honoured me in front of everyone, so that I would remember it for the rest of my life.

It was good. This was a new experience for me. Did He have to scold me so profusely?

Someone came, but did I have to be scolded this much? While all the students were still there I asked a question.

This will help all the devotees to hear as well, so I'm narrating it here. "Swami, if You allow me, I would like to ask a question," I said.

"You are used to that. Ask," He said. "When outsiders come, You give them interviews and Padanamaskars."

"You give them Vibhuti and interviews, talk to them, but when You come to us, You seem fiery, Swami."

"You scold us too harshly. Why? And that too in front of everyone?"

"I'm still feeling upset, Swami. We are older, and we came here after a certain age."

"How can You scold us in front of everyone, Swami?" I asked. Then Swami said a wonderful thing. I thought we should continue to make mistakes.

And He should continue to scold us that way. We should understand the message in this way. Everything is divine, yes. Swami said, "Look, I am like that towards the ones who I think are Mine."

"He should not make the same mistake again. It's out of love. I have no anger towards anyone."

"Hailstones fall from above. When they fall on us, they hurt. But if you wait, it will melt."

"Swami's anger is the same way. It melts in a moment. I have no anger."

"In order to improve you. If you improve, I get nothing out of it." "If you deteriorate, I don't lose anything. No one should think people near Swami are like this."

"You should make them think that the people near Swami are like that!" "For that perfection, I severely scold the people near to Me."

"They should never forget it in their lifetime," He said. It's true. There are occasions when He scolded me. I will never forget them in my life.

I remember them. I don't feel bad about them. I feel happy about them. I'm also grateful to Swami.

Once when summer classes were going on in Bengaluru, Swami said,

Being called names of animals

"Anil Kumar, some teachers should work here. Make a list and bring it to Me," He said.

There were one or two names that He did not mention. I was still new, and the turmeric on my feet was still wet.

At the top of the list I wrote the names that He did not mention.

The rest of the names were at the bottom. I took the list with me. In the afternoon, in Brindavan.

Our singer Ravi Kumar was studying BCom there at that time.

Him and Avanesh Puneeta and others were still studying then.

When do you think this happened? It was back in 1989. I'm telling you an incident from that time. He sat up like this, and all the students were seated too.

I gave Him the list. The names He had not mentioned were at the top.

He threw the list at my face. He started scolding me with all the names of all the animals in zoology.

"You have no sense, you donkey, no sense, you're a monkey," and so on. I don't remember some of the animals.

That was the first time for me. Even my mother never scolded me that much.

I would be scared in advance that they might scold me. I had no idea that He would scold this much.

I bent my head down and came out. My bungalow was right next to Swami's bungalow.

My mother used to be with me then. She asked me, "Why do you look like that?" I told her what happened. "He scolded you like that? He called you a donkey?"

"He scolded you in that many ways? That's why I told you not to join here, but you didn't listen!"

"Suffer now!" So I got scolded a second time, after the other scolding. Both. What can I do? What happened in the Mandir? Swami goes to Hoskote to get some fresh air after Bhajans. Swami picked up Gangadhar Chetty and went. Gangadhar Chetty said to Swami, "Swami, Anil Kumar is new. He has only been here a few days. He did a lot of Seva." "How can You scold him like that, Swami? He will feel bad," he said. "Only he feels bad? Am I not feeling bad? I'm also feeling bad." "But Gangadhar, remember, the first dose must be strong." "Then he won't forget, and he won't repeat the same mistake again," He said. I heard that later from Gangadhar Chetty garu. That night there was rain. Nature also cried, along with me. Two people came in a car in that rain. They came to my house and said, "Sir, let's go out for some time." "Go out? It's raining," I said. "No Sir, come and sit," and they took me out for a drive in the car. "Sir, please don't feel bad that Swami scolded you." So Swami must have told them. He might have thought I would fold up my belongings and leave, that I was of that sort. Because I was in that frame of mind from the beginning. So He must have told them. "Don't feel bad, Sir. Swami speaks like that but He melts immediately. Please listen, Sir." I said, "Did I say anything to you? You said everything. Everything is fine. It's alright." "Yes, Sir, it's our own Swami. Do you feel bad when your parents scold you?" Whatever Swami had told them to tell me, they said to me in their own words. Otherwise, those are not words that someone of that age would say. At their age, they can't speak like that. I thought alright, and came back. Swami must have sent them. When there are holes in walls, they re-plaster them. When you see walls being repaired, that's what happens. Swami was plastering here. I thought it was alright. Next day, during evening Darshan, I was still very angry. I thought, "I served You for 25 years, and You said such words. I came because You asked me to come." "You kick me like a football? That too, in front of the students!" I was very upset. In Trayee Brindavan, Swami sat like this at the door. All the boys sat in front of the steps. I sat somewhere at the back. I sat like this in petulance. You should look at Swami - He was looking at me, but when I lifted my head, He would turn away. If I looked at Him, He would turn away. But when I bent my head, He would look at me. I remained serious. He left before Arati was given. This was my influence from yesterday evening, I thought. I wondered what was going on. Summer Course was coming up. Notebooks are given out to all the girls and boys. "Anil, come here," He said. Half of it washed off of me then, as soon as He called me. It's in that look, it's in that word, in that smile. That's it, everything just left me. "Come here. Go and give these notebooks to the girls," He said. I knew that giving them out to girls is a danger zone. I should give them out, without looking at them. How can I give them out without looking? But if I look, I will be hanged. But how can I not give them out, when He said to give them out? So I bent my head down and gave them out, looking at their feet. Swami saw that and was laughing to Himself. After that, the Summer Course started. "Anil, come here, speak this evening," He said. I spoke. Swami did not come for my lecture.

After I finished, He came at 5 O'clock to give His discourse. "Come here, Anil. Did you think Swami did not come? Should I tell you what you spoke?"

"Do I need to come? You tell everyone that Swami is omnipresent."

"That's meaningless. I know everything, what you speak, alright?" He said.

"Very happy, Swami," I said. He asked me to speak again. That means, the hole on the wall is so large it needed all this cement.

It must all be filled in. These are all for that. It must be filled in with bricks and mortar until the wall is smooth again.

Bhagawan Baba is trying really hard, the celestial architect, Vishwakarma who made this creation.

He is building mine too. After that, a debate was arranged. It was a debate whether men were superior, or women.

This happened in Kodaikanal as well. I will narrate then during the Kodaikanal incidents. It happened then, and it happened here too. Swami sat there smiling and listening.

When the boys said men were superior, all the boys clapped enthusiastically. When the girls spoke and said women were superior, all the girls clapped for them.

During lunch, Swami said to Joga Rao, "Joga Rao, how was it?"

"Wonderful!" "What wonderful? Each party clapped for their own side. How is that good?" Swami said.

I thought, participating in this debate is also Your creation.

That Summer Course was only conducted for one week. On the last day, around 7:30 or 8 O'clock at night,

Srinivas came to my house with a large bag. There was Safari suiting material, 3 Saris, and fruits in there.

Why would I wear 3 Saris? I didn't understand. My mother said, "I'm here, and two of your daughters are here."

"So there are three of us, so He sent three, and a Safari material. Do you think He doesn't know the count?"

I said, "Now you're saying this, mother, but when He scolded me you were upset." "When I said He scolded me, you were upset. Now you say He knows the count?"

She said, "That was true, and this is also true." So I had that sweet experience of being scolded by Him.

I had that experience too. I had yet another experience of Him scolding me. Some people ask me, "Sir, you tell us all these things. Did He ever scold you about it?"

"So if He scolds me, you're happy? And when I'm happy you cry?"

Trying on a shirt in front of Swami

"That's a very nice quality," I say. Because our viewers may want to hear about the sweet moments when I was scolded,

I will tell you about it briefly. One time, Swami asked clothes to be distributed to the students in Prasanthi Nilayam.

He called me and said, "Give them to the Music College students." "Yes, Swami."

To Giri, the Vice Chancellor, "You give them to the University students," He said.

"In general, give Safari suits to the college students, and for the High School students, fabric for shirt and pants."

That was fine, but even though the Music College is called a college, the students are young. The students look like high school children. Do we give them Safari material or material for shirt and pants?

I didn't know. Because it was a college, I gave them Safari material.

Immediately, I got an interview from Swami. People wait for months and months for His interview.

I received an interview in minutes, because of a wrong note in my life. He called me, so I went in. He started frying me like a deep fried dish.

I kept looking at Him. "You said college students, so I gave this to the college students."

"For the school students I would give the other ones," I wanted to say. But I would get more scoldings. I thought this was enough to accept for now.

There were others there, the Warden, the Principal, and the rest.

I caught Swami's feet and said, "Swami, please close this for now. Please close this here."

"I'm very sorry," I slapped my own cheeks. "I closed it a long time ago. You have no sense."

"You keep reopening it. Everything is fine, go!" He sent me away. Because I accepted and wanted to close the topic, that chapter was closed.

Otherwise, it will remain open for the next six months. Many seniors spent years in exile like the Pandavas.

If someone says it didn't happen to him, then he probably is not close enough. Anyone who gets close to Him cannot escape. In a gold shop, unless it is heated in fire, it doesn't become gold.

If you say you didn't get it, it's because you're a piece of iron. Why would He put you in the fire? You're a piece of iron or copper. If you're gold, "Put it in!" He will put you through the heat.

I remember that incident very well. In Kodaikanal, I had many experiences.

One time, Swami gave new shirts to everyone, which were made in the Philippines.

It was a white full sleeved shirt, with first class embroidery design, and two pockets at the bottom, on each side.

The white embroidery and the collar were really nice. He was giving them out to each one.

"Come here," He called me and gave one to me too.

He gave them to everyone, and then He said, "Wear it." Where? He was seated there, there were 25 students and other guests, and I was supposed to put it on.

"Swami, I have to put it on here?" "Yes, why?" "Swami, I will go into a room and put it on."

There was a room right next to us. "Alright, go," He said. I went into that room. I'm used to having my clothes tailored according to my measurements.

I don't have any ready-made clothes. These are ready-made shirts. So it had all kinds of pins everywhere. I did not know that. So the shirt would not open up properly.

I was afraid it was going to split but it wouldn't open up. Swami already knows the drama.

"Anil, come, Anil, come." "I'm coming, Swami." "How much longer? Come on, Come out."

So I came outside holding the shirt together. My undershirt was showing.

"What an avatar! You didn't even know there would be pins?"

"Hey, you go in the room and help him get the pins out so he can put it on," He said.

How much fun and laughter! That was a kind of love.

At another time in Kodaikanal, there were all the students seated around.

He distributed chocolates to everyone. They were really good. They were in gold colour, like gold coins. Some were like silver coins.

I had never seen them before. I'm from Guntur, I only know the Paris brand ones wrapped in paper.

So I didn't know things like these. I thought these were very nice.

Should I eat them, or save them for the children at home?

He gave it to us to eat them. But I quietly put them in my pocket and didn't eat them.

Swami asked, "Is it done?" referring to whether the distribution was completed for everyone.

"Is it done? Very good. You all ate it, but one of you didn't eat it. Check the suitcases," He said.

Like an Income Tax raid. "Ayyo Swami, why should You take so much trouble?"

"I was the one who didn't eat," I said. "Why? Swami gave it with love, but you didn't like it?"

"Swami, I have four children. If I tell them Swami gave these, they would feel very happy."

"This is a way to share my happiness with them." "Tsk tsk, the happiness you get from your children eating them,"

"I get the same happiness when you eat them. You can take those home. Eat these here," and He gave me more.

From that day onwards, whatever He gave me, He gave me doubles, to bring home to my children, and also for me.

I don't remember if He gave me anything in my previous lives, but I can guarantee He won't give me in the future.

It's enough if they're not taken away from me. What more can be given to me?

This is how the days went on. Immense love. I cannot describe His love.

One time He came to me and said, "You're not eating properly. What will your wife think?"

"Sai Baba did not feed him properly. My husband lost weight," she will say. "No Swami, she will say her husband gained weight. I think I put on some weight," I said.

"No, no, no. Eat well." "Yes, Swami, Your grace!" Who else would ask like that?

He would ask like that, with so much love. "Did you receive a letter from home?" "Yes, Swami."

"Very happy." One day, He distributed 100 Rupee notes to each person.

Boat rides and horse rides

"You all go for a boat ride." There was a lake there and a boat. I remember the 'Lahiri Lahiri' song from Maya Bazaar movie.

He gave money to everyone to go on a boat ride. He gave to me too. "You all go." Everyone went. "Why didn't you go?" He asked.

"Swami, why do I need a boat ride at this age?" "Why? Do you need an age for a boat ride? Go."

"Oh, you won't go alone? Your wife should come too? Should I send word for her?"

"I have a lot of rooms here." I said, "Swami, enough, enough. I'm too old now."

"Enough Swami, no more." Later He was asking the students, "Do you have a photo of Anil Kumar?"

"You took it? Hmm." What was all that? How can I ever forget? Is it possible to forget?

The next day, He gave 200 Rupees each. "You all go for horse riding," He said.

Everyone went for horse riding. There are some nice horses, and you can ride them for fun.

They were young, so they were excited at that age. He gave to me too.

"Go," He said. "Swami, ride on a horse? I fall off of riding a bicycle. Why do I need horse riding, Swami?"

"Hey! Ask the horseman to come." Swami had a horse come to the building.

The students went into the town and were enjoying riding the horses.

He had one brought here especially for me. There was only the horseman there.

"Get on," He said. "Swami, I'm afraid Swami, please." "Hey, I told you to get on. Get on!"

I said, "Yes, Swami," and got on. "Go," He said. I sat on it, but my legs and arms, I was remembering shake dances.

My God, I was shaking. "Hey, he is with you. Don't worry." Look at how this God is.

He was signalling the horseman to leave. He was holding the horse, but Swami signalled to him.

He left. As soon as he left, this horse was getting ready to run. "My God, Swami!" "Hey, hold him, he's getting scared." But after a while again, signalled.

He told him to leave. There was Indu Lal Shah garu's son-in-law, Atul Patel, at that time.

He lived more than 30 years in Los Angeles, in America. He now lives in Mumbai.

Everyone in America seem to love photography. Americans love cars, dogs, and cameras.

You won't find anyone without them. He brought a large camera, a Polaroid camera.

The photo develops right then and there. He said, "Take a photo of Anil Kumar riding a horse."

He clicked a photo and it came out. "Go and show it to your wife," He said.

"She won't believe me, Swami. She'll think my dupe was riding the horse." "Swami, I don't believe she will..." "Hey, listen to Me," He said.

That's another experience I cannot forget.

This happened during the same time in Kodaikanal. While I was still in Puttaparthi a person from England brought a nice car for Swami.

A new Jaguar car. At that time that was the first Jaguar car in India.

It was an imported car. It was arriving. Swami was seated in the Mandir.

"A new car is arriving today," as if He doesn't have other cars.

So many! What's that interest? Just like children get excited about the Deepavali festival.

"Alright, Swami." "You start giving your speech. When you see the car, you can stop speaking," He said.

That car still hadn't arrived. So I didn't stop. Because I wasn't supposed to stop.

"It's almost here. It's here. It's at the railway gate. So you can stop now and sit down."

That red car arrived majestically and stopped in front of Swami's Mandir.

In front of the Trayee Brindavan building. Swami walked down the steps.

How many thousands of cars does He not know? When He is everything, what is this?

"Open the door. It's nice. Yes," as if in wonder. Then He said, "Anil Kumar, come here."

I went to Him and called the rest of the students. He said, "Each of you stand with Me by the car. We'll take photos."

Each person would stand next to Him, and get a photo taken with the car.

Swami has that kind of a enthusiasm for the car. Each student stood like this.

"You virtuous wife, you come too," He said to me. He addressed me many times in the feminine form.

He would call me Vyjayanthimala, Yamini, Meenakshi Seshadri, and so on.

It was fine. In this lifetime I won't become a woman. Maybe I was one in a past life, I don't know.

Whatever may happen in the future, I have no control over it. I don't have any awards such as Padma Shri or Padma Vibhushan. So it was fine He addressed me this way.

At least I got the title of Vyjayanthimala. I thought it was good.

Then He said, "Anil Kumar, do you know this car?" I said, "It's amazing, Swami."

"It looks very charming, Swami. The colour is really beautiful." "Is that so?"

"Come closer. The top lifts up, did you know?" "The top goes up? I didn't know, Swami!"

"If there's no top on the car, how do we sit inside?" "Hey, come on!" He called to the driver, Padmanabhan who used to live here.

He turned on a switch and the top lifted. So that Swami can stand and give Darshan.

"Did you see? What do you think?" "It's wonderful, Swami." "Alright, close it."

Then He pointed to the doors and windows and said, "Do you know about them?"

"What about them, Swami?" By then, he hadn't yet roll up the glass windows.

They were still rolled down. "You stand over there and say 'Up!'" He said.

I said, "Up!" The glass rolled up. I said, "That's amazing, Swami!"

"You think that's it? Say 'Down', and they'll roll down," He said. "Hey, Down!" I said, "Wow, Swami!" He laughed out loud and said, "There are buttons inside."

When I said those words, the driver was pressing those buttons.

"Swami, how beautiful, Swami! I have never seen a car like this one, Swami," I said.

"As if there was another one like this one for you to see. This is the only one," He said. There is Vedanta in this too. "There is only one Swami, no other Swami."

"The ones that are here with Swami are the only ones. You won't find them anywhere else."

"First car. Swami is always first. All His institutions are first. All His devotees are first."

"First is Swami, that is the best," Swami said. I thought, Swami took this occasion to grant me this teaching. This is enough for me.

"By the way, everyone else took photos. You too come here." I slowly walked up to Him.

"Alright, stand. Hey Patel!" He was taking a photo and I stood like this, since it was next to Swami.

"Why are you standing like a driver? Not that way. Stand like this on the bonnet."

Fearfully, I stood like this. "Hey, stand and look that way. Not at me, that way."

They took a photo of me like that. I don't remember to have spent that kind of a blissful period in my lifetime.

How joyful my life became. He brought me up so preciously, with so much love.

That Sai season in Kodaikanal was spent in that way. It's like that wherever we went. I went on 4 or 5 trips with Swami.

I may not be able to narrate them sequentially, and I did not.

Incidents are more important than dates. Some people say, "When I came to Swami in '78..."

Whether you came in '78 or '80 how did you redeem this world? Dates are not necessary.

Incidents are important. The transformation is important.

Not the dates and the moments, no. So I may not narrate them chronologically. But the incidents that happened have been stamped in my heart.

I thought they were wonderful. At another time, Swami was looking this way.

"Anil Kumar, is this nice?" "It's supreme, Swami!" "If you think this is supreme, how much more supreme would the Supreme Being be?"

"This is supreme to you. How do you think the Supreme Being is?" He laughed.

Meaning, there is none other beyond Brahman. Brahman is the ultimate.

That means we can't describe everything as supreme and ultimate. Then I understood. In this way it was a lovely period, a lovely period.

In this way, many conversations happened, including asking many questions, and Him answering them.

Diamond ring in a Puri

In those 3 or 4 trips, there are some very important things I must remember and share with you. The first one was about Ramayana. In my first trip in '88, Swami spoke all about Ramayana. I cannot tell you how beautifully He spoke. In the next trip He talked about Kuchelopakshanam. In the next one, He spoke about Gajendra Moksham. He told us many such stories. He also talked about His childhood incidents, His trips to North India, and details about His visit to Africa, in His conversations in Kodaikanal.

It's my very wish that I must share them with everyone. Nothing should remain personal.

When we share them with everyone is when we get the most joy. I would like to humbly remind you that the experiences in Kodaikanal were memorable for me.

There is a place called Palani in the south, where there is a temple of Lord Subramanya. They prepare a special Prasadam of rice and jaggery, what we call sweet Pongal.

They would prepare it and send it up the hill, to Swami. In Tirupati they call it 'the hill' of Lord Venkateswara.

So Kodaikanal is my golden hill of Sathya Sai Baba. Yes, Sathya Sai Baba.

Why do you think? Because He has the grace of Lord Venkateswara in Him.

Lord Srinivasa, the cosmic consciousness, took form on the earth as the Lord of Parthi.

He Himself declared that He is Lord Srinivasa. So of course, this hill is our 'hill.'

If you call it Kodaikanal or the hill station, then you are a lesser person. It's 'the hill,' just like the Tirumala hill. So sharing those experiences with everyone gives me joy.

They would send the sweet Pongal Prasadam up the hill from Palani.

They would send it in a large steel carrier. As soon as the lid was opened, the smell of ghee enveloped the air.

It was offered to Swami. Swami came and said, "Anil Kumar, what is all this?"

I said, "Swami, some carriers arrived." He said, "They sent Prasadam to Swami as an offering."

"It came from Palani. Open the lids," He said. Swami gave out paper plates to everyone.

Believe it or not, in the same way that a mother mixes up the food to feed her children,

He Himself personally served each one of us with that ladle, each one.

Wow, what a vision! I didn't know whether to eat, look at Him, or look at everyone around me.

My interest was in the food, but my wish was to look around. That was my trouble.

"You virtuous woman, come here," He called me. So I went to Him.

"Hey, give him another serving. He's looking for it," and they gave me another serving.

That Palani Prasadam was so delicious that I cannot forget it.

There was a person called Mohandas in Kodaikanal. He was a resident of Coimbatore.

He was an industrialist, and a wealthy man. He had a 13-room house on the hill in Kodaikanal.

He was a very rich man. When guests come for Swami, they need rooms to stay.

Some elders came without informing Swami. They should have informed that they were coming.

They should have gotten His permission. They came without informing, and they sat around with their suitcases.

So Swami had to give them accommodation. Where would He accommodate them?

Those who came with Swami, and those that Swami invited were already given rooms.

What about these people? What to do about them? They were elders, so they could not be turned away.

To ask them to stay, there was no accommodation. They would have to be on the streets. Look at His creation and will. I was walking around outside.

Srinivasan came and said, "Anil Kumar, they all came but there is no accommodation for them."

"Swami does not know what to do. He is thinking about what to do." "If I go and talk to Swami now, I'm afraid He will scold me. Can you do something?" He said.

"I'll see, Sir," I said. I came outside and talked to Mohandas. Mohandas and I are of the same age.

Everyone else was younger. So we used to sit together. "Swami is saying this. What should we do?"

"We have a 13-room house here. I kept it empty for Swami. All of them can stay there."

"But what can we do without Swami's permission? I don't have the opportunity to speak to Him."

"What to do?" he said. I said, "You pray, I'll see." I slowly walked inside.

Swami was seated at the dining table. "Swami?" I said. "Yes, what?" He said.

"I see a person crying out there, Swami. He is walking to and fro, like a cat on a hot roof."

"Who is he? If he's crying, wipe his tears with a handkerchief. Why do you tell me?"

"Swami, it's the person who sits next to me, called Mohandas." "Oh, him? So what?"

"He has a house with 13 rooms. He said he had it built for Swami. Swami did not even step foot inside."

"He didn't even ask me if it was completed. He's crying about his fate," I said. These were all dialogues that I made up. "Is that so? Tell him to take all of them there," He said.

So they all got accommodation there. Who was the one who created that situation? Swami Himself.

Otherwise, who would give them all rooms? Everyone went there immediately. Then Mohandas hugged me and lifted me off the ground and I was afraid I would fall on the ground.

That's how overjoyed he was. In that way, Swami wills these situations.

I thought, Swami creates the lack, and fulfils it too. Both are His pranks.

Both are Swami's miracles, I thought. This too was an incident I witnessed personally.

As I said, Mohandas and I used to sit next to each other. He was so wealthy that I could never reach him.

We only sat together because of love. But if we were in the midst of wealthy people, there would have been a big difference.

Because of Swami there was no difference. We would sit together next to each other. Swami came to us everyday. "What did you prepare this morning?"

In Rayalaseema, 'Poddu' refers to morning. "What did you do this morning?" He would go to the students. "Oh, Puri," and He picked up a Puri.

"It's alright but it wasn't fried properly. Hey, cook, come here, what is this?"

"Be careful, or I will send you home," He told them. Look at how much care He took.

Slowly He came around to us. "Anil Kumar, is it good?" "Very good, Swami." "Very? That means you want more."

"It's enough if you say it's good." "Yes, Swami, it's good." "Mohandas, is it good?" "It's very good, Swami."

Then Swami picked up a Puri from Mohandas's plate. "They cooked this one fine."

Then He tore it in half. There was a diamond ring inside it. He slid the ring on Mohandas's finger.

We sat together for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Would I not want a diamond ring?

I wished He would give me one too. I can't say, "Throw one to me too!"

We cannot say that. So, in order for Him to know my wish, I started eating my Puri very slowly.

Very small pieces. Swami looked. "Why are you eating that way? Eat properly."

"I don't know Swami, I may find a diamond ring in my Puri too!"

"If I swallow it without noticing, it might get stuck in my throat." "That's why I'm eating carefully, Swami," I said. "Oh, you want a diamond ring in your Puri too?"

"Why would I give you? Ask your mother-in-law to give you one," He said.

I thought that incident too was very beautiful and joyful.

Whatever we speak freely and openly gives Him great joy.

He does not like exaggerations and fabrications and artificiality.

We should speak originally, exactly the thought we had. That's what He likes. There is a branch of the L&T Company in Kodaikanal. Of course, it is there in many places in the world.

They have a separate guest house, and it's very beautiful with lawns around it. Swami went there as well. When He was in that guest house, there were two Krishnamurthys.

Swami would call them Older Krishnamurthy and Younger Krishnamurthy. "Hey, Older Krishnamurthy didn't come today?" He said. He was the proprietor, and the other one was his deputy.

Older Krishnamurthy was a Tamilian, and Younger Krishnamurthy was an Andhrite. He was from the Krishna District. Older Krishnamurthy came after a while. "Where were you? You are late."

Unembarrassed, he said, "I went to play golf, Swami." Can anyone say to Swami that he went to play golf?

"You play everyday? Very good. You should play everyday to stay healthy."

"You should not be lazy and sleep all day." He liked his openness.

If we can be as open as possible, it would be nice. As He was taking photos with groups, He would take photos even with the car drivers.

He called car drivers, taxi drivers and stood amidst them, "Come on, let's take photos."

Swami took separate photos with the cooks. There is no difference between this person and that person.

He is One who has equal love for everyone. That love embodied itself in a human form and walked on two feet.

When He manifests that way in front of us, that beautiful form is called Sathya Sai Baba. Sai Ram.