

Part 11 | Experiences with Swami | Prof K Anil Kumar

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=o8ADdCBb8OI>

Highlights

"How many times should I say? Doesn't listen even a single time." Our students are strong. They are useful for all kinds of work.

Those who marry them are very fortunate. They never say 'No,' or 'Don't have.'

They will never say, "I don't know how." They know everything. Looking at us, talking to us, commenting about us, criticising us, and making fun of us

is equivalent to getting a Padma Bhushan or a Bharat Ratna award, in my opinion. "Look Bangaru, you should not say me, me, me. You should not say I, I, I."

God is greater than a mother. He is more intimate than a father.

To forget that God is a sin. I'm used to taking risks. I have put my head in the tiger's mouth many times.

There is an adage, "Look at the house first, and then the wife of the house." Meaning, as clean and neat as the house is, the wife of the house is that great.

That's why she is called the goddess of the household. No use if we don't have the energy. The bulb is good but there is no electricity.

Ramakrishna garu was taller than 6 feet. Without even considering that it was the road, he fully fell at His feet to take Padanamaskar saying, "Swami, what can we say to You?" I don't have the guts to say Lord Krishna's guidance, but it was certainly not Shalya's guidance.

"Oh, will snakes go inside? Nothing will happen. Go!" He said.

Saying something to make Him laugh, or getting made fun of by Him, that gives me joy.

"You shut your mouth tightly. Shut your mouth tight," He said.

Swami's jokes about Prof Anil Kumar's clothes

At the present moment we are in Kodaikanal. We are in the presence of Swami.

Gazing at Swami's divine, beautiful and holy personage, we are experiencing joy.

Among my never-ending sweet experiences, I'm bringing to your attention the ones that I remember.

It might seem like an ordinary incident but I thought it was funny and good.

You all know that Sai devotees and the students who study in Sai institutions, wear white clothes, all of them. I was still new then.

'89 Kodaikanal. My room was right next to Swami's room.

I found out a little later that Swami had come into that room earlier.

Apparently He had said, "Are there ladies staying here?"

What would they say if He asks if there are ladies staying there? They said, "There is no one in this room, Swami, other than Anil Kumar, Joga Rao garu and Janakiramayya garu."

"Oh, is that so?" He said and left. The reason was that I used to wear coloured Lungis in those days.

I had tossed my coloured Lungi on the bed. So Swami joked as if there were women wearing Saris.

It's not that He did not know. It's not as if He didn't know who. It's not like He could not say not to. But through this witty remark, He corrected and guided me.

Oh, Swami does not like colour, I thought and immediately switched to ordinary clothes.

I will share with you another experience. Our students are strong. They're useful for all kinds of work.

Those who marry them are very fortunate. They never say 'No,' or 'Don't have.'

They will never say, "I don't know how." They know everything. They manage everything in Kodaikanal. One person would send all our clothes out for ironing, he would track all the clothes that come back from ironing, and replace them in the owners' places.

One student was assigned for that. This is the norm each time.

One person is in charge of cooking, another person is in charge of serving, and so on. It's the same way here too. There are band boys, Veda boys, dance boys, specialization in different groups.

Just as we specialize in our subjects, co-curricular and extracurricular activities are classified and the boys are called by that name. One day something funny happened.

I went out and came back. I then took the students and went for a walk around the lake in Kodaikanal.

After the walk I came back. I entered my room. There was a lecturer there.

His name is Gopinath. He was included in every Kodaikanal trip. He was also a very strict person.

A good person. He said, "Sir, Swami came to this room earlier."

I was worried about what kind of a bomb might fall on me next. "What did He say?" I asked. "We placed your clothes on your bed, as usual."

He saw them and asked me, "Whose are these?" "They are Anil Kumar Sir's, Swami." "Is that so? Why did he write the letters AK on the back?"

"What are those?" He said, "Swami, even he doesn't know why he wrote them. What can I say?" Because everyone wears white, and might get confused, and because I was new.

But later, with maturity I realized that only I had this confusion, no one else.

That's why I wrote them. I had the letters KA written on the collars of my undershirt. "What is KA?"

"I don't know, Swami," he said. "But it should be AK, for Anil Kumar, isn't it?"

"What is KA?" He asked. "Swami, Kamaraju Anil Kumar, Swami," he said.

"Is that so?" He said. Gopinath told me that this was the conversation with Swami.

I thought I was in for something. Everything gets recorded in Swami's register.

After a couple of days, one evening in Kodaikanal as He was giving a discourse,

Swami said these words, "The sacred land, the land of Karma, the land of Yoga, the land of sacrifice,"

"the country of Bharat requires Yogis, and those who can sacrifice."

"But not Kamarajus (kings with desires) or Bhogarajus (kings wanting luxury)."

"What this country needs are Tyagarajas (kings who sacrifice)," He said and gave me a look. That means that arrow was for me. I thought, "I understand, Swami."

This too was a memorable and sweet experience for me.

In this way, Swami's witticisms are like sparks.

In our families, our parents or grandparents say, "However many times I tell him, he won't listen."

Even to this day they keep saying that. Only when they say that we remain healthy.

"However many times I tell him, he won't listen," they say. They say it out of love, even when we do listen. Swami is the same way.

As all the students were seated there, "How many times should I say? Doesn't listen even a single thing."

"Tsk tsk." I don't know any Hindi. The only thing I remember are these couple of dialogues He said.

"How many times should I say? Doesn't listen even a single thing." Everyone laughed.

That's how it is, so endearing, so pleasing, affectionate admonition.

It is very nice. Then He would say again, "He speaks well. He eats well."

"He won't do any work. What to do?" He would say.

He doesn't say it seriously. He says it casually. Just like at home. As they say, "He's ready for his meals, but he runs away when there's any work."

That's how His Hindi is. I thought it was very witty.

Swami's jokes about singers and speakers

He gives funny names to the students. He has his given name but Swami gives him a different name.

If he played a main role in a drama He will continue to call him by that name.

It goes on until he leaves the college. Only his parents would remember his given name.

So Swami is very humorous. If someone is very tall, He would say, "Hey, palm tree, come here."

From then on he remains a palm tree. There was a person by that name, who is now abroad.

He was a resident of Vijayawada. A good person. They're students so I won't say their names.

They might feel bad.

"Hey, palm tree," He would call him. There was a person from Tamil Nadu, who was short.

"Hey, 3 mangoes, come here," He would call him. That's how they were named.

There was another student called Indreshwar Sirohi.

He is the grandson of the Jamnagar family. He studied at Bengaluru. Swami named him Gopal.

He would call him, "Gopal, Gopal."

He never called him Indreshwar. So Swami gives people new names.

Those can be humorous. I will narrate some of his witty remarks.

What is the specialty of Brindavan? The Trayee Brindavan where He resides is small.

Small compared to Kulwant Hall. Not compared to our homes.

It can easily fit about 100 to 200 people. There is a Jhoola for Swami.

The students sit across from the Jhoola, and on the side. The VIPs sit in the chairs at the back.

The ladies sit at the door on the side. Swami sits in the centre, in the Jhoola.

I will tell you how Bhagawan creates amusement.

There was a woman whose details I'm hesitating to tell more about.

She had somewhat of a large body. I said somewhat, but it was actually pretty large. Some people say that she can sing music well. I heard that she was a music teacher as well. They say she came from Singapore. They say she settled here. I don't know if she is still here or not. Swami said, "Come on, come on, sing a song." Imagine what it would be like if the mountain king moved. With her large body she started walking. He said, "Oh, come on, sing a song." She took it seriously. She tied on her anklets. She held a small musical instrument in her hands. Only in Bengaluru we see Swami's personal, private and behind the screen dialogues. He would say something to the students seated next to Him, but the others can't hear. The one who is speaking or singing can't hear. He mumbles something. They would start laughing. When they see them laughing they think they're singing well. They get even more invigorated. He asked this lady to sing. Forgive me, but it was not at all good. The anklets were clattering. Swami said, "She is singing like a folk singer," and laughed. She thought it was great and sang louder. After she finished He said, "Very good, it was very good." "Another song?" He said. She started again. "You are done for today," He said to the students. "You are dead today. Listen," and then He would turn to her. He did not lose the mischievous element that was in the Krishna Avatar. Being firm and disciplined, but melting like butter, those are all Rama's qualities. He has those too. But He also has this mischievous side, Lord Krishna's qualities. Baba is the Avatar of Rama, Krishna, Shiva, Maruti, and Dattatreya. We can see all their qualities in Him. I thought all of those old qualities are still present in Swami. To another person He said, "Can you give a small message to the boys? He came. He wore a Dhoti and shirt. To begin his small message he started, "Sayeeswaraya..." Swami said, "Why does he sound like he is starting an auto rickshaw?" "It's like an auto rickshaw." They started laughing and he went on even louder. He kept going. And Swami said, "Good." And then, "Are you getting a headache?" "Very good, sit down." In this way, for those who sit near Swami, we can hear His comments. Those comments are made out of love for us. In the days when we think it's enough to get a look from Him, looking at us, talking to us, commenting about us, criticising us, and making fun of us is equivalent to getting a Padma Bhushan or a Bharat Ratna award, in my opinion. Yes. If He calls you a buffalo, you are a Padma Shri award winner. Do you think He would call everyone that? No. That's how his was. Then there was another person. He said, "Can you give a small message to the boys? He came forward to give a message. He puts up his hands like this and talks. "Why does he stand like Garutmant?" He says. They all burst out laughing. "Alright, speak." He started speaking. There was a commonly seen miracle in his speech. However many speeches he makes, when he was travelling in a helicopter Swami had saved him. He always talks about that. "Get ready, the helicopter is coming," He says to them.

"The helicopter is coming, get ready" He says to them. When he goes, "The helicopter coming this side..." He says to them, "Do you like it?"

But to him, He would say, "Very good." So Swami creates His own amusement.

That amusement comes out of Your love. That growth and expansion comes out of Your love. Our wisdom comes out of Your love. Swami's conversation gives us amusement, growth and wisdom.

That's how He talks to them. And then He asked the same person to speak again.

"Great devotees like me..." he started. Swami heard that.

"A very sincere Sevalal like me..." he went on. After he finished He said, "Look Bangaru,"

"You should not say me, me, me. You should not say I, I, I. Everyone knows that."

He told that person when he came near. He was a great man, a state president. So He told him quietly. Think about how keenly Swami must have been observing everything.

Very keenly. Another time, an incident happened in Swami's presence.

At that time Sai Kulwant Hall was under construction. During that entire year, Swami spent it in Bengaluru.

When the Dasara festivities came around He would ask me to speak every single day.

For all 9 days. I nearly died. Somehow I spent time gathering the materials and correlating them.

People were saying that it was good. On the last day SB Chavan had arrived.

He was the Union Minister then. It was the last day, so Dasara festivities were ending.

So I was delivering a speech about Purnahuti (final offering to the Yajna). What's wrong with that? I was giving speeches each of the 9 days, every day.

So I spoke on the 10th day as well. What's wrong with that? SB Chavan came and went. "Anil, come here. When SB Chavan came, why are you still speaking about Durga, Lakshmi, Saraswati?"

"You spoke about them for 9 days. That minister came. Didn't you have to change the message?"

"He did not follow along for the other 9 days. Didn't you have to change your message?"

"But you said the same thing?" He said. I said, "Swami, everyone listened well." "I didn't talk about everyone else. A minister came but you did not notice," Swami said.

We would never see another person so keenly observant. Very acutely. But I don't think He criticises, examines and warns everyone.

When He considers someone as His own, when He wants to expose someone to everyone, and for the reputation of the organisation, I thought He wanted to say that.

That is appropriate. What happened after that? Vajpai visited there.

When Vajpai came, He said, "Anil, Vajpai is coming. You know him, right?"

Immediately I talked about Swami's Padyams (poems) about the country of Bharat and its eminence.

Swami was very happy. Because the speaker should make the guest happy.

Then a relative of Rajamata arrived as a visitor. He was probably someone with athiestic tendencies.

He was perhaps someone without much respect for Swami. We don't know.

Because I was not familiar with him. He had a white beard and since he was from a royal family, sat regally.

"Anil, come here," He said. "He is a bit contrary. He has atheistic tendencies."

"Speak," He said. He told me the theme, so I immediately gave a speech including Swami's messages.

I spoke condemning atheism, encouraging faith and belief, teaching about our duties, including many Padyams. God is greater than a mother. He is more intimate than a father. To forget that is a sin. I included this and other Padyams like it.

"Whatever you are thinking as existing does not really exist." "Whatever you are thinking does not exist, really does exist."

"Remember that there is only one God, always." He recited Padyams about faith and belief. They were great. "Why do you look for God elsewhere? It's like looking for ghee outside of butter."

Do you need to search for God, you foolish man? It's like searching for ghee outside of butter. It's like searching for ghee outside of butter, do you not know that? These are some of His Padyams that are wonderful. No one can respond to them.

So I like those. That's what I wanted to use. That was the reason Swami called me at that time. I don't need to speak about what happened in my house, or that I had a dream about Swami. So I spoke about these things. He was very happy. Afterwards He said, "It was good, but it was a big dose."

"But you spoke well," He said. "I don't know Swami, the ratio of ingredients might be off sometimes," I said.

"You're always talking about food," He said. In that way, I spent many intimate moments with Him.

Whatever comes up for me, it is always linked to Him. It is related to Him.

Whatever name, or whatever incident, that's what I remember.

Who is greater? Men or women?

One evening everyone was sitting around. "Hey, who is greater? Men or women?" He asked. The boys were sitting here, the guests were sitting there, and the women were sitting on the side.

Since I'm a man, I must say that men are greater. So who spoke up?

Myself, VK Narasimhan garu, and now and then, like a pickle, Sanjay Sahani, the three of us were like the defence lawyers on the gents' side. Who spoke up on the ladies' side? Padma Khastgir, the High Court Chief Justice of West Bengal, and Jayamma. These two were equivalent to 2,000 people.

Although there were 3 of us, we were not equal to them. You should have seen Swami! "Very good. Anil, speak." So I was the first person, the opening batsman.

He said in a way they couldn't see, "Argue well!" I thought, "Oh Swami, okay!"

I spoke about why men are greater. "Good. How about you, Jayamma?" He said.

She stood up and raged on. She has full knowledge. She spent more than 50 years in Swami's presence.

We are nowhere near her English, nor her content. If she starts, we are gone.

She spoke wonderfully. She spoke about why women were greater than men.

Swami was looking at me. "Why Anil, why is she saying that?"

"Is that so, Swami? All wars happened because of women. Sita Devi unnecessarily wished for the golden deer."

"That's why that war happened." He said, "Padma, what would you say to that?"

Padma Khastgir, Chief Justice, stood up to speak. "Yes, Sita Devi wished for it."

"But Rama knew that it was a demon, why didn't He tell her?"

"Did Rama not know that there cannot be a golden deer?"

"He could have told her. But because He kept silent, because He did not tell the truth, the war happened."

"So it was the fault of the man, it not the woman's fault," she said. Now this must be concluded. I was right there. "Anil Kumar, did you run out of material?"

Meaning, there are no further points to speak about. I said, "Completely empty, Swami."

"So the cylinder is empty. Sit down," He said. Now what to do?

It would not look good to keep quiet. I stood up. I have the habit of taking risks sometimes.

I put my head in the tiger's mouth many times. He lets me go without biting my head off.

I said, "Swami, You heard both sides, whether man is greater or woman is greater."

"You listened to the arguments. The debaters spoke according to their knowledge."

"You are in the position of a judge. You must decide, Swami," I said. "You must give the judgment." "Sit down. I know you would say something."

Then He started speaking. "The reason why there is culture and tradition still standing in this world is because of woman."

The first bomb fell on us. We understood which side Swami was taking.

"Where do you think the wisdom of Brahma came from? From Brahma Shakti."

"Where do you think Vishnu gets His power? From Vaishnavi Shakti."

"Where do you think Durga gets Her power? From Mahakali Shakti."

"Because of the presence of Shakti, Shiva is able to be the Destroyer."

"Because of Shakti, Vishnu became the Preserver. Because of Shakti, Brahma became the Creator."

"Creation, Preservation, Destruction are the forms of Shakti supporting Brahma, Vishnu and Maheshwara."

"There is no use without Shakti. There could be a nice bulb, but there is no electricity." "What's the use? Therefore, the foundation for the trinity is Shakti."

He spoke powerfully. Then He came down a step. "Take a look at our organisations."

"Look at our organisations. It has been 14 years since I went to the Anantapur College."

"I did not go back. But in every class, they received Swami's Darshan."

"The girls at the Anantapur College saw Swami everyday, in every class."

"I'm here everyday. You are all seeing Swami every morning and evening."

"You have been circling around Swami. You have been having Swami's Darshan." "But no use. Look at Primary School. It is managed by women. Look at how perfectly they do it."

"They stitch clothes that the children need, even if they must stay up at night." "They give training. They look after them like their own children."

"You will never see that kind of attention other than in a woman."

"Do you think it is easy to maintain a college for girls these days?" "There is not a single remark on the students of Anantapur College."

"What do you think? Therefore, for successes and victories, and for creation itself, Shakti is the foundation."

So He concluded that woman is greater. It was as if He banged our heads with a large pestle. My God, I thought. He took Arati and slowly started climbing the stairs in Kodaikanal.

"Anil, come here. Do you think all is lost? Do you think all your points are lost?"

"You should not think that way, Bangaru! The audience should learn about both sides."

"They should learn why man is great. They should also learn why woman is greater."

"They should understand both sides." I said, "Swami, if You speak this way, I will continue to talk my way."

"So that You will speak more and more. That will give us even more joy." "There is nothing else than this, Swami," I said. "Is that so? That's good," He said and went upstairs.

This debate happened there one day. He conducted the same debate in Brindavan once.

After that, Swami's last comment was, "Joga Rao, how was the debate?"

It was the same topic about men and women. "It was good, Swami." What else could he say?

"How was it good? When they said men were great, the men applauded." "When they said women were great, the women applauded. How was it good?" Swami said.

So I was able to see His amusement with my own eyes. Another thing that I observed in Swami was His power of construction.

Bhagawan, the architect

The constructive power. The L&T Director, Ramakrishna, came there one time, to Kodaikanal. He set up a stand. On the stand was a board. He pinned a plan on the board.

What was that plan? It was the plan of the current South Indian Canteen. He set up another board with another plan, of how it should be. So 2 plans: plan A and plan B.

Look at Swami's ways. He looked at one and then the other.

"Look Ramakrishna, you are from the L&T company. You have a lot of experience."

"Your company has built many constructions across the world." "You have received everyone's praise. You have special steadfastness and devotion for Swami."

"It is very nice, Bangaru. Very happy. But..." He said. "You placed this room here."

"But if you placed it there instead, it would be even nicer. Instead of doing this, do it that way."

"You will reduce your cost, and it will be nicer." He changed the entire plan.

Ramakrishna was taller than 6 feet. Without even considering that he was on the road, he completely fell at His feet and said, "Swami, what can I say in front of You?" I saw that and was surprised. "Why are you looking that way?" He said to me.

He wanted to poke me too. "Why are you looking that way?" He said. "Swami, the L&T people have a worldwide reputation. You changed their plan."

"We may not see anything more than that," I said. "If only there was anything, would you be able to see."

There is nowhere else that's like where Swami is. "It won't be there," Swami said.

He always stands number 1. In this way, He makes any activity as number 1.

There were many VIPs, including artists. He would have them sing. There were music concerts every evening.

He would give them silk clothes. He would materialise rings and other gifts for them.

It was very nice. It's much nicer there since it was much more intimate. We could talk and converse with Him, and we might also get scolded.

If we don't behave well, we get those a lot too. When someone said something, "You are talking too much!"

"Did your pride go to your head?" He said. But He feels very near to us there.

Taking risks with Swami

All the feasts are great in Kodaikanal. There are some residents of that town.

Some outsiders built homes for themselves there as summer residences.

One of them was Srinivasan garu. We went for lunch at their house one afternoon.

There was another person there called Raman, who was an Advocate General for the government of Tamil Nadu.

He has a beautiful house at the top of the hill. Rajiv Mahajan has a house there.

Swami would go to their houses for lunch. He would take us along too. They would give us meals, and then gifts as well. Like favours to take home.

One day we were supposed to go to Rajiv Mahajan's house for lunch.

Swami in a car, and us in a bus. He said, "Go," and all the students went and sat in the bus.

I was at the end. Swami has three buttons on His robe. He missed buttoning one.

One was unbuttoned, so He only had two buttons on. So there was an opening.

His chest was visible. What to do? My worry was that there would be a thousand cameras on Swami.

Everyone takes photos of Him. What if this is seen? It shouldn't be seen.

I didn't move. I stood standing there. "I told you to go, do I have to break a coconut as a farewell?"

"Not that, Swami..." "Then what? Why are you looking like that?"

"You missed a button, Swami, there is an opening," I said.

"Will snakes go in? Nothing will happen, go," He said.

But after I left, He went inside and changed and came back out.

Perfection is Sai. I remember that. You might have seen during the Paduka celebration as well.

It is very festive, with all the Paduka Pujas. Swami was standing there, and looking around.

My only job is to look at Swami from top to toe. To say something and make Him laugh.

Or to have Him make jokes, or make fun of me. That's what gives me joy.

There was a small rip at the bottom of Swami's robe. That was difficult for me to see.

This was in Kulwant Hall. He was walking on the stage. I was sitting on the steps.

How to tell Swami? To keep my mouth shut, oh no, He is my Swami.

It should not be seen. I thought whatever happens is fine. He came walking slowly.

I starting looking this way. "Why are you looking up and down? What happened?"

I rose up on my knees and said, "Swami, the robe is slightly torn, Swami."

He didn't look at me or anyone else. "You keep your mouth shut tight."

"Shut your mouth tightly," He said. He took 2 or 3 rounds, then went inside and changed.

He wore a new robe. Who has the guts to tell Swami these things?

He gave it to me, and He makes me say these things. It gives me great joy.

Another time in Puttaparthi, the MBA people had a silver platter made for Swami.

They sent it inside to Swami through the cook, because they didn't have the guts to give it personally.

In the evening, they got an interview. He became like a sacred fire.

Swami came out burning like a fire, stood in front of the students and shouted at them terrifyingly.

"You think you are big enough to give me things? Do I ever take anything from anyone?"

"Do you have any sense? Any shame?" What I'm telling you is only a tiny dose of it. Multiply what I said to a 1000 MG. I only said 5 MG of it. He scolded them a lot.

They all cried. They gave it to Him with a lot of love. I saw that.

Some of them looked at me pitifully. As if they wanted me to be a messenger.

I said, "Swami, it is not the fault of the students. It's our fault."

I'm not an MBA person. I'm a Botany person. The people who did that were MBA people.

But they are all my college students. "Swami, it's not their fault, the fault is ours."

"Yes, it's your fault. You're an evil person. I should not have brought you here." He pointed the fire engine at me and went off on me. "What happened?"

"We should have told them Swami, that they should not give things to Swami." "Swami is the One who gives, but does not take. We should say that to them."

"But we did not tell them. That's why this happened, Swami." "Yes, it's your fault," He said and gave me a big dose. As He left, He winked a half-smile at me.

As if to say, "Let them go. I only used you." When He went in and came back out, He talked nicely.

In this way, I was sometimes useful as a messenger. There's a person working here. I won't name him.

Swami once took interest in him, talked to him and took him along to Kodaikanal.

The college students He wants to give special blessings are called form boys.

Form boys refer to those who Swami talks familiarly, like people close to Him.

But the calendar changes so that one day one person is a form boy, and another is not. When someone is in form, there is also out of form. That's inevitable.

This person sat in the front for 3-4 days, as Swami wanted him to, and then started sitting at the back.

Swami noticed it and after all the other students left, He called him.

"Hey, you pack your bags and leave. Leave this place. There's a bus ready. I'll give you a ticket. Take it and leave."

"You are not interested in being here. You're not interested in participating in anything."

"So why should you be here? Leave," He scolded him loudly.

He started crying. He gave me a pitiful look, as if to say something in his favour.

I said to him, "Go away," and he went and stood in a corner. I went close and He said, "What? What?"

"Swami, it's not his fault. The fault is ours. There are 20 students who came with us."

"Everyone would want to sit in the first row. Everyone would want Your Padanamaskar."

"It wouldn't be nice if the same people sit in the front all the time, Swami." "We set up a weekly timetable for each student," I said. We did not really, I just said it.

Because I had to save him. That was a response I came up with at that time.

"That's good. You should continue to do that. Everyone should get an opportunity. That's good."

"Good, now you leave," He said. Then He called him. "Do you think Anil Kumar has more compassion than Me?"

"Do you think Anil Kumar has more love than Me? Did you go and cry to him?"

"I'll kill you. Go and be good." He sent him away and it was patched up.

In this way, in these kinds of situations, I used to do patchwork.

Perhaps for that reason, I got closer to the students. Whatever group he may be from, they always come to me. Whichever country I go to, all the students in those countries come to me.

Because I used to the work of Narada and Sanjaya, as a messenger.

I'm used to keep the students amused, because I too have children.

Not like standing in an operation theatre. We are already drowning in the difficulties of Samsara.

Why worry spiritually too? There was a Bio Science gold medalist. He was from Bombay.

He was sitting sadly one day. He was sitting on a step, and the rest of the students were also there.

His face looked like he drank a litre worth of castor oil. I wondered why he looked like that.

"What happened to you?" "I'm fine, Sir." "Did you not get your money order?"

"I'll give you, take it." "No Sir." "Did the warden scold you?" "No Sir."

"Did you fight with your roommates?" "No Sir." "Did you get low marks?" "No Sir."

"Why would you look like that for no reason? What is your name?" I asked him.

He said, "Manish." "What a name! Did you not hear the name, Manisha Koirala?"

"Manisha Koirala is an actress. People crave to look at her. Look at you!" He burst out in laughter.

It was over. When these students live away from their parents and are sad, I can't bear to see it.

I'm ready to receive scoldings for them. There was another student who is now in Germany.

I think his name was Shubhu. He also had a face like this one day.

"What happened?" "Nothing happened, Sir." "Something happened. Or why is your face like that?"

"What's your name?" "Shubhu Sir." "Do you know Khushboo?" "Yes Sir, I know Khushboo, the actress."

"Then you should be Khushi (happy), what is this?" So when these students have hurt in their hearts,

or when they are out of moods, or when they get doses from Swami, I give them some guidance.

I don't have the guts to say Lord Krishna's guidance, but it was certainly not Shalya's guidance.

Begging for 2nd discourse on Chinese New Year

I would do that certainly. One time, when the Chinese New Year was celebrated here, everyone was gathered from Hong Kong, Thailand, Singapore, Japan, all the Buddhist countries.

They all came for their New Year. During that entire discourse, Swami kept scolding us, the teachers.

What's the connection between them and us? "They're not even worth 10 Rupees. Worthless."

"I will shut down your colleges. I will give them to the devotees." This was His discourse.

After that, during lunchtime, I said, "Please tell Swami that today is the New Years Day."

"Why celebrate our death? Please arrange for a different meeting for us." Because they are not relate to this. He said, "That's true Anil Kumar, I felt that way too."

He went inside and told Swami, "Swami, today is New Years Day. But your discourse did not include anything about it."

"Yes, I must tell them. I must tell them properly. I must tell it in front of everyone. I'm correct to say it," He said.

What did I do in Kulwant Hall? I said there is a cultural program at 5 O'clock in the divine presence in Sai Kulwant Hall.

I was the one who announced that. Everyone was seated. As Swami was slowly coming that way,

from behind the stage He said, "Come here. Is there a discourse at this time?"

"It already happened this morning. Do I need to roast you a second time?"

"Is it there again this evening?" He said to me and went down the steps. I thought He must be wanting to talk. He wants to give a discourse.

That's why He said that to me. Otherwise, why would He ask me if it was there?" So I took the mic. Swami was seated in the 'D' in the Poornachandra Auditorium.

I took the mic and said, "Bhagawan, the message that You have delivered this morning" "has not satiated our hunger. We are not totally satisfied." Swami looked like this.

"And the wonderful discourse You have given has not quenched our thirst." "You did not quenched our thirst, Swami. Our hunger is not satisfied by the feast You granted us."

"On behalf of thousands of devotees assembled here, particularly from the Southeast,"

"I beg You Swami, to give a discourse again. One more discourse, Swami," I said on the stage.

Swami was seated in the 'D' right across from me. Everyone could see all this on the TVs.

All the people were watching Him and me signalling. He was signalling that He would cut off my nose.

He was signalling that there was no table or mic, how to speak? I stood right there and signalled at my back. Naren Ramji and Prasad garu would be there.

They were in charge of the mics. I signalled for them to set up the mics.

Everything was ready there, and they set them up. Swami then stood up and gave a discourse.

After the discourse, He walked away saying, "Good job, good."

In this way I joined in some extra-constitutional activities. I was involved in some risky situations.

But He used me as an instrument and protected me, in my opinion.

These are what remained as my lovely memories. Otherwise, I would have fallen into great danger.

The embodiment of all forms, Shantam. The embodiment of all names, Sivam.

The embodiment of Sat, Chit, Ananda, non-duality. Truth, Consciousness, and Beauty.

Embodiments of love, the human heart is the centre of these three levels of thought,

of dualism, non-dualism, and qualified non-dualism. We may pray in a varied manner. It is the same reflection we find in all our prayers.

But they appear different because of the diversity in man.