

Part 12 | Experiences with Swami | Prof K Anil Kumar

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=E63uY7KehyU>

Highlights

Who do you think Swami is? He is a divine cosmic actor! No other chanting or meditation or worship or rituals. Learning about Swami and speaking about Swami.

This is how it has been going on for 50 years. How nice it would have been if I were made a Sahasraksha, having a thousand eyes! "If I prepare Rasam (soup), the whole town is filled with its aroma."

"You're scared of a cat. And if it's a tiger!?" Do you think the Queen of Jamnagar is a lesser woman? She's strong!

He laughed out loud and said, "Do you think I'm Bakasura?" (man eating Rakshasa/demon) This is not Akashavani (voice from heaven), or Akroshavani (a cry of anguish). "They climbed up on the trees. They were on all the trees there."

After all, we're equivalent to a blade of grass. I'm telling you the words he said then so that devotees now should always remember them.

"That giraffe bent its head, came inside and looked at me," He said.

Swami's visit to Jamnagar

I had humbly said this to you all before, that in Kodaikanal Swami gives 4 or 5 discourses. When we say discourse we think it is a speech addressed to hundreds or thousands of people. Swami's discourses in Kodaikanal are not like that. On one occasion Swami said, "The discourse I deliver in Poornachandra Hall is different. The discourse in Kulwant Hall is different."

"The conversation in the interview room is different." "Swami, the interview conversation is different?"

I asked Swami how was it different. He said, "There are only a few people in an interview."

"So I can explain in detail. In Kulwant Hall or the Poornachandra Auditorium,"

"there are many, many devotees, literates, illiterates, Pundits, scholars, students, and children."

"There are villagers, uneducated, citizens, national and international people."

"I must make all of them feel satisfied. So I talk about all different aspects."

"Everyone can understand it. My discourses include aspects of society, community, right conduct and morals in those halls."

"But when there are only a few people, there is opportunity to explain a topic in detail."

"There will be opportunities for you to ask questions also," He said.

When I think about it from that perspective about the topics Swami discussed in Kodaikanal, let's call them discussions, I would like to narrate some of those discussions to you.

Swami visited Jamnagar. You might have heard about Jamnagar.

The Queen of Jamnagar is the one who had the Administrative Building constructed.

She was the one who had Swami's silver Jhoola (swing) made.
She was the one who had the bronze statue of Lord Tribhangi Vishnu in Brindavan made.
She has enormous devotion for Swami. Swami was talking about her devotion.
Do you think the Queen of Jamnagar is a lesser woman? She's strong!
"Is that so, Swami?" We were only a few of us, so there was opportunity for us to react.
Then Swami said, "She is very strong. She invited me, so I visit sometimes."
"Do you know what breakfast is like there? There is a large tray with wheels."
Two wheels in the front, and two in the back. A stand on top, and on top of it is a beautiful plate.
It has a gold coloured border. It is filled with plates of sweets such as Jalebi, Laddu, and Kalakhand.
Name the sweet, it is there. All of these are served in silver plates.
They push the trolley to Swami. That's breakfast for Swami.
Swami only eats a spoonful of food. We are the ones who eat plates full of food.
They are serving these from the perspective of our appetites. What's the use of serving them to Swami? Let them send them to us, and we can take care of them nicely.
When He was served, He laughed out loud and said, "Do you think I'm Bakasura?" (man eating Rakshasa/demon)
"I don't want them. I don't want them." He took a spoonful and said, "Take them away."
"Swami, is it like that everyday?" "It was like that on all the days I was there."
"If You are just going to eat a spoonful, why all those everyday, Swami?" "That is the royal treatment. That is the hospitality they provide to the guests in their royal palace."
"It's not so I would eat them all." "Is that so, Swami?" I said.
"Do you know how much security there is? The hospitality they provide when I visit, the speeches."
"It is all very wonderful. She is a great devotee. She does not listen to her children or husband."
"Swami's word is the only authority. Whatever Swami says is the last word."
"She was a big lawyer. She is very good at litigation. Many elite lawyers get anxious about her."
"That's why I made her a member of our Central Trust," He said. "Is that so, Swami? She is very fortunate," I said. In that way He told us about Jamnagar.

Swami describes His visits to Shimla

On different days of the 4 or 5 trips I made. I'm not telling you these according to a diary.
Because this is not Akashavani (voice from heaven), or Akroshavani (a cry of anguish). It is a retelling of the story, and we are talking about it in our house, that's all.
While Swami was talking about Shimla, I asked immediately, "Swami, You visited Shimla?"
I showed enthusiasm so He would talk more. "What? There is no place I didn't see."
"I saw everything," He said. "Is that so, Swami? They say Shimla is full of mountains, and is cold. You visited there?"
"Do you think the cold bothers Me? I didn't even wear any footwear. I just went walking."
"I don't wear sweaters and coats. Just the robe, that's it. Hot and cold doesn't touch Me," He said.
"Swami, when You say the word Shimla I'm shivering here. I can't imagine what it's like there," I said.

"You are like that. It was so crowded with people," He said. "How Swami, when it's only mountains there?"

"Where? They climbed up on the trees. They were on all the trees there."

"They were on all the roads there. There are mountains on either side, and the road is in the valley."

"As the road passes through there are crowds of people on either side." "I gave a discourse there. They came even in that shivering cold. So cold, but they wanted to see Swami."

"They were anxious to listen to Swami's discourse." So He was very charmed by Shimla.

Since the topic of Shimla came up, Swami went again to Shimla at a later time.

I'm telling you about it now, since it's linked to the same topic. Swami went to Shimla first, and of course, I too happily followed.

I don't go anywhere by myself. Because He called me or sent me, I travelled all over the world.

I said, "Alright, Swami," and went. Anand Vilas was at the top of a mountain in Shimla.

Even the Presidential Palace is not equal to it. Mysore Palace doesn't come close to it.

Take a look at the photos of Shimla, and those minarets. It is a beautiful building.

It is not made of stone and cement. It looks as if it was made of elephant tusks.

Why does it shine so? Where does this beauty come from? Is it a church? No.

Is it a monastery? No. Is it a temple? No. It is a combination of them all.

Why? Because Swami is all Gods. He is everything. That building is that beautiful.

As such, Shimla is full of mountains. And Anand Vilas is built on top of a tall mountain.

Wow! All the cars were following Swami. No one in the city was informed.

I'm telling you what I saw, so please believe me. There were houses scattered on the mountains.

There were shops on the mountains. The shops were left open. The houses were left open.

All their activities were dropped. Everyone gathered on the roads to see Swami going in His car.

The houses were empty and the shops were empty. Everyone lined up there, many with their babies.

I had tears in my eyes seeing their devotion. Would we come that quickly? We would lock up first, check that it's locked, to make sure it doesn't come undone,

we pull on it to make sure, and then come. But they all left everything to see Swami.

Swami was watching. "What Anil, do you see?" "I'm watching, Swami."

"I did not tell anyone. No one knows that I am visiting. Who called all of them?"

"There is no one at home. No one in the shops. They are all empty. Everyone is here. What do you say?"

"Swami, do You have to tell me? You are in everyone's hearts and inspired them to come."

"Otherwise, who would know, Swami?" "Alright," He said and blessed them on both sides.

We slowly reached Anand Vilas. I felt like I was going to the Mysore Palace.

Perhaps I would have been one of the vassal kings at the royal court, so I get His Darshan in this life.

Because Swami is the emperor of emperors. When we are in His court, what are we but His vassal kings?

We all went inside. The central hall was very beautiful. The things that are not describable belong to Swami.

Those that can be described in words are not that great.

We cannot bind anything about Swami in language, words or letters.

As the Upanishads say, *yato vāco nivartante/ aprāpya manasā saha*:

They say it is not understood by the mind or speech. Swami's glory transcends the mind and speech.

As we went inside the palace, there were rooms on top, and there was a railing in front of them.

It was made of steel rods. The doors of the rooms had beautiful carvings on them.

If we sit in the middle of the hall, we don't know where to look. God gave us eyes in the front, but the other places are beautiful too.

How to see both? And the carvings? Swami, how nice it would have been if I were made a Sahasraksha, having a thousand eyes!

You gave a thousand eyes to Devendra, but if you gave them to me, I could have seen everything nicely. The carvings on each of the doors were beautiful and there were also ivory carvings on them.

The railing was such that Swami could give Darshan from above. It was really beautiful. We were asked to go upstairs. There was another building as an extension to Swami's building. That building was for guests such as us. There were several rooms in a row.

When I step outside the rooms, do I look at the mountains, or the dense forests on them?

Do I look at the passing clouds? Or the snow that melts the hearts?

Do I look at the people down below, like ants? Do I look at Swami?

Do I look at the building? Or do I close my eyes? This is the biggest choice.

I looked at everything properly. I want to learn about Swami's glory thoroughly.

And then I should tell everyone about it. My life is destined for that, to learn and tell everyone.

No other chanting or meditation or worship or rituals. Learning about Swami and speaking about Swami.

This is how it has been going on for 50 years. I saw how beautiful it all was.

We stayed in the rooms in the extension. The mountain on which the mansion was, had a flat top.

There was a plain area. That entire area was decorated with flowers.

If you stand in that spot, you can get a Darshan of Shimla. Perhaps this is Lord Shiva's Kailash.

"He must be here. Before Anand Vilas was built here, perhaps Shiva and Parvati danced in this place.

Perhaps all the gods came here to have His Darshan. That's how we feel, not a human feeling.

It is all divine. The mountain stretches forward, and then there is a plain surface.

There is a point in the front, and the palace is at the back. There is an extension to the palace for us to stay.

Can you see how beautiful it is? It was surrounded by dense forests and mountains. You can see passing clouds and falling snow, and a few people in the distance.

When we see that view, it satiates us, that beautiful scenery, and spending time with Swami.

As He stood there giving His discourse, I felt that Shiva wanted to reconnect with His devotees and give a discourse.

"These people are from those times. They came with Me because of their love for Me."

"They came shivering in all this cold. So I will speak to them." It was a wonderful discourse.

There was a Hindi translator. It was not English translation.

It all happened beautifully. After that, in what I call Swami's royal court (not an assembly hall, or central hall, no!)

It's not a central hall or an assembly hall. It's a royal court, because our Swami is the emperor or emperors.

Would the emperor of emperors sit in an assembly hall? Nothing doing.

You should have seen His regal stature. They're both within Him. Smallest of the small, the biggest of the big. Becoming smaller than the smallest, becoming larger than the largest.

The omnipresent witness who is all-pervading. Smallest of the small. Biggest of the big.

The cosmic. So when He talks to us, we feel that there is no one more intimate than Him.

How close Swami is, to us. How close I am to Swami, I feel. But when He is sitting on the stage, how small we are. Equal to a blade of grass.

Who are we in front of the central ministers and the governors seated there?

We get puffed up out of ignorance and innocence, but we are nothing.

If we want to be proud, we might be proud of our stupidity, that there is none more stupid than us.

Or we might be proud of our arrogance, that I'm as arrogant as if Ravana or Hiranyakashipu were reborn.

We may be proud of our weaknesses, but other than that, there is nothing in us to be proud of.

Such great people were in attendance. From the bottom of Shimla, we must reach the top.

We need a helicopter. They only operate from 6 to 9. But for Swami, they were vying to go with Him.

Who? The Chief Minister, the Governor, and the Cabinet ministers.

There was no room for the likes of us. Not even to get under the carpet.

They vie that much for Swami. They all competed with each other to take helicopters to fly up.

Swami has such chosen people, administrators, men of eminence, prominence and stature.

He looked all around. There were some of our college students there too.

There is no place where there are no students of Swami. They are everywhere.

They are there serving meals. They served our Dal, our curry and our pickles in Shimla.

Swami looked as if to say, "Did you see?" I said, "Wonderful!" What else do I need?

Then He said, "Shimla people don't eat these. So where did they come from?"

"Faith and devotion. What does Swami like? What do the people around him like?"

"They found out all this ahead of time and prepared for it. Devotion and faith."

He said faith and patience back then. Now He says devotion and faith.

As He said that He asked, "Do you know who the cooks are? They brought them from Andhra."

Swami talked about that Shimla trip also. We experienced it at a later time.

Professor Lakhan Pal hails from Shimla. He is a visiting professor in the Bio Sciences department.

Rajkumar Jain, a Physics lecturer in the Bengaluru campus, is also from Shimla.

We have some associations with Shimla. He talked to us about that Shimla trip.

Swami talks about His Delhi trip

Swami later talked about the places He visited. "I went to Delhi in those times."

He was talking about old times, as in the 60s and 70s. Delhi management was all done by Sohan Lal.

He was Mr Ratan Lal's brother. Mr Ratan Lal and his wife settled down near Swami. They followed Him everywhere. No one knows the name of Mr Ratan Lal's wife. Everyone called her Mrs Ratan Lal, including Swami. Mrs Ratan Lal managed and supervised Swami's meals, very strong. She would serve Swami, and then eat. She had the guts to tell Him to eat a little bit more. We cannot stay around there. I feel like she perhaps looked after Swami like a Yashoda. You should see Sohan Lal's house in Delhi. He wanted Swami's walking path to be a flower path. He would have roses sent from Kashmir everyday. Everyday. You can imagine that bed of roses. Swami would walk along that path. Can anyone imagine that? Sohan Lal was such a great devotee. Swami would stay in his house. That house was more like a palace. At that level, they are not houses. He would stay there in Delhi. I'm narrating an incident that happened there. Swami would come down the palace steps. All the devotees were lined up in rows to go inside. Swami would come outside and walk along those rows. So everyone got two Darshans. Outside and inside. As if to say, all-pervading, outside and inside, Swami gave Darshan outside and inside. He would come outside and see all the people there. One time, there was a short man among those rows. He had a Gandhi cap on, wore a Dhoti and shirt, and then he put on a waistcoat. Like the Gujarati people, he wore that too. Who was he? Burgula Ramakrishna Rao. Who was Burgula Ramakrishna Rao garu? He was a scholar in 10 or 12 languages. He served as a Governor for 4 or 5 states. His son lives in Hyderabad. I remember that our Media Centre aired an interview with him. He is a good person. He used to live in Dallas before and participated in a lot of activities. Burgula Ramakrishna Rao garu was in the line. Swami came down the palace steps and slowly walked out. All the Delhi people were lined up there. When He saw He said, "Ramakrishna! Why are you here?" "Go inside. Go inside," He said. I'm telling you the words he said then so that devotees now should always remember them. He said, "Swami, I did not come here as a Governor. I came as a devotee of Swami." "That's why I'm standing in line. I'm standing with all the other devotees. I'm not here in the capacity of a Governor." Swami was very happy, held his hand, and personally took him inside. The same Burgula Ramakrishna Rao was the one who planned Swami's later trip to East Africa. Swami went to East Africa only because he begged Him. There was also another person, Dr Patel. Dr Patel was also a close devotee of Swami. He too pestered Swami to visit there. So the two of them, Ramakrishna Rao garu and Dr Patel, were behind His trip to East Africa. I always remember what Ramakrishna Rao garu stood for. It's enough if we had his simplicity. He was a great man. He wrote a poem that I don't remember just now.

You know how many alphabets there are in the Telugu language. Out of them, only 2 are important.

Sa and I, all other alphabets are equal to powder. All other alphabets are like powder, other than Sa and I.

He was a poet and wrote poems about Swami. In this way, Swami talked about the Delhi visit.

About Venkatagiri and the Raja

He talked about how Shimla was, and how Delhi was. Then Swami talked about Venkatagiri.

On different days. Venkatagiri Raja, the elder king, had a big personality, and a large body.

As Swami would leave Venkatagiri, this king would roll on that road.

So that the dust from Swami's car would be absorbed into him.

That's his devotion. Swami materialized idols of Rama, Lakshmana, Sita, and Hanuman, and gave them to him.

Those idols are in their palace to this day. To this day, they still practice seclusion for women.

I don't know if they practice it when they go to Madras. But they cannot practise it in Puttaparthi.

But it is strictly practised in Venkatagiri. We sit downstairs in the hall. They are in the rooms upstairs.

They look down on us through windows. There are beaded curtains on the windows, so we can't see them.

They practice that kind of seclusion. They only come freely to Swami.

In the hall downstairs, the musical concerts are wonderful. That's the devotion of the Venkatagiris, and the devotion of the elder king.

Some stupid person printed a negative story about Swami in a magazine. He said, "Swami, if you give me permission, I will take care of him."

We can look after him too, if he talks. "Look Bangaru, what does man eat? Rice."

"What do cattle eat? Grass. Because cattle eat grass, would man eat grass?"

"He wrote what he wanted to write. What is it to you? Stay silent," He said.

Some presiding heads of monasteries once visited there. They only eat food prepared by Brahmins.

They practice rituals of purity. After they finish eating, no one else is supposed to eat their leftovers.

Whatever has been prepared for them is not supposed to be given to anyone else. They would dig a deep pit and throw the leftovers in there. The king told this to Swami.

"Chee Chee! They threw it away in a pit? How many hungry people exist?"

"Swami, we are the ones who sent them the rice, from our own court."

"I'm going to stop sending them," he said. "Do not do that, Bangaru." "Let them continue in their tradition. You don't do that. You continue according to your tradition," He said.

Swami does not show His dislike in an angry rage or contrary language.

He will say it is wrong, but He does not tell anyone to end them or to stop them.

Those are left to us. In that way, He talked about Venkatagiri.

East Africa trip, Idi Amin, jungle animals

He talked about Shimla, and Delhi. Then the East Africa trip was very amusing.

The students and us were sitting in the hall. There used to be a person called Idi Amin.

He too invited Swami. He was getting pressured from these people, "Swami, You must go." So He set off. Swami talked about it, "What do you think? Idi Amin - whatever he says is the final word."

There are two elephant tusks at the entrance of the city, in an arch, large ones.

All the buses and cars go under the tusks. There are plenty of elephants.

"They invite us with their tusks. It was wonderful. I went to Idi Amin's house. It is huge."

"There are 43 rooms in it. As soon as we went in a person came out of each of the 43 rooms."

"I wondered who they were. They were all Idi Amin's wives. He has 43 wives."

"I saw that he doesn't eat anything except meat. But he saw Swami and became a big devotee."

"He had special meals prepared for Me. He had dishes specially purchased for Me."

"They served vegetarian food to Swami in specially purchased new dishes."

So He talked about Idi Amin's hospitality. "He has the personality of a Rakshasa (demon)."

"He is very dark and very tall. If we see him We can't sleep. He's at that level."

"He would come and fall at Swami's feet for a Padanamaskar everyday." "Before bedtime, he would fall again at Swami's feet for a Padanamaskar."

"He gave Me royal hospitality much more than they offer to public officials." "Is that so, Swami?"

"So Swami, they say East Africa is famous for forests. What happened?" I said.

We should show enthusiasm to listen. We shouldn't be like followers, simply nodding our heads.

What we say should encourage Him. Then He said, "What are you saying?"

"I went to the jungles of East Africa, to the interiors of the jungles."

"There are lions, tigers, giraffes and other animals. They probably knew Swami was coming, and they came running."

"A lioness was nursing her baby. She couldn't come, so she was looking from a distance."

Swami said, "She was nodding her head as she was looking at Me."

"Two tigers were playing with each other. When they saw Me they stopped and looked at Me."

He was showing us as if there were tigers and lions nodding their heads in front of us.

These kinds of things cannot be shared in the Poornachandra Auditorium.

These are intimate conversations. That's why they called this series 'Antaranga Tarangalu' (Intimate waves).

They didn't call it 'Public Places.' He talked about those animals. "Some came to the car windows."

"That giraffe bent its head, came inside and looked at me," He said.

Giraffes have long necks. "That giraffe bent its head, came inside and looked at me, what to do?"

"They want to have a close up Darshan. I felt sorry for them. People next to me were scared."

"What to do?" They use a different word hear for 'scared.' "They were all scared. They want My Darshan. And I want to see them. Tigers came, lions came."

"Cheetahs came. As we proceeded a whole herd of elephants surrounded the car."

"What to do? They might even pick up the car. They would clean with their trunks."

"They cleaned the glass windows with their trunks, and saw Swami and raised their trunks."

"Swami, I'm remembering Gajendra Moksha," I said. "There was only one elephant in Gajendra Moksha story. There were herds of them here."

"Not one Gajendra, all of them were there. They all came and had Darshan."

"They were so nice. One bunny rabbit jumped through the window and sat in My lap."

"What to do? The other people were scared. But it liked Me. So it came in and sat."
"I left it there because that is its place. So all the animals of the jungles had My Darshan."
"I went to another place. All the deer in the jungles gathered close."
Swami continued, "A deer's walk is so graceful, like this, like this."
"Those legs look like they are dancing. Their necks nod in different postures."
"Those deer surrounded Swami's car. What to do? Those jungle animals were thirsty for Swami's Darshan."
"I saw them all, blessed them all and slowly returned."
"Swami, how would it have been if I too had come?" I asked
"You would have stayed back there, and not returned. You're scared of a cat. And if it's a tiger!?"
"You would not be able to see a tiger." "That's true Swami, I'm scared of them."
"Maybe that's why I was not there at that time. That's good," I said. In this way, He described very beautifully, how the Africans gathered around Him.
They presented African dances for Him. Our students also learnt them. After I joined this college in '89, an African dance was presented in the '89 Sports Meet.
One of them is working here now. I call him, "Hey, African dancer!" I never forget any of the students. I love them, and they too love me.
They had presented an African dance in front of Swami. He gave them gifts and speeches. He blessed them, including Idi Amin, and then Swami returned.
In this way Swami described His trip to East Africa.

Swami narrates His childhood incidents

He also talked about His travels in India, conversationally. How many topics would be there? All topics are His. As I mentioned to you earlier, He had started to talk about the planets. I folded my hands and said, "Swami, those planets have been there before me, and will be after I'm gone."
"Please tell us about Your divine stories." He said, "Shut your mouth," but He started talking about them.
If Swami tells you to shut your mouth, it means He agreed to your request. If He scolds you, it means He granted you a ton of blessings.
Oh yes. If He calls you a 'buffalo' it is a Padmashri award.
However many times He scolds, it's that many awards. I received many of them. Many Padmashri and Padma Vibhushan awards. Who can call us that, other than our Swami?
There are people who would shower crores of rupees if He just looks at them.
So if we received so many scoldings, how much do we get? In that way, as He was talking about various things, He started talking about His childhood.
That is a great epic, we can say like Srimad Bhagavata.
Just as the sweet and beautiful stories in the Bhagavata, Swami's childhood stories are too. He was born in a very poor family. An extremely poor family. I must say something here. You can ask anyone here, we all know how he was in the past.
We can see what they are like now. Ask him, "Hey, what were you like in the past?"
"Ours was a landlord family. This whole village is ours," even though he used to live in a thatched hut before.

We forget our past and happily describe it in a glorified, artificial way, and think others believe us.

Our Swami is not like that. He describes it exactly as it was. "What was Puttaparthi like?"

"Population of 100 people. No roads. No drinking water. No electricity or lights. No schools. No hospitals."

"A population of 100 people in those days. I used to go to the Bukkapatnam school."

"I had to walk a long way. My father had brothers. All of them divided the property."

His grandfather, Swami's grandfather said to his sons, "Divide the property. Give me Baba as my share."

"So, My grandfather got Swami as his share of property. My father and his brother divided the property."

So He used to live with His grandfather. He told us, "I would cook and then go."

"I had to cook both in the morning and in the evening. I can cook very well, did you know?"

"Swami, there is nothing You do not know!" "Not like that, I'm telling you."

"If I prepare Rasam (soup), the whole town is filled with its aroma."

"By the time I came home in the afternoon there was a long queue of people." "Raju, give us some Rasam, please. I want to recover my health."

"They would take it as medicine. Before I went to school, I walked to Bukkapatnam,"

"bring water from the pond, cook, serve a meal to My grandfather, then Swami would go to school."

"What to do? The grandson had to cook." "Swami, really?" "Yes, what did you think?"

"My grandfather, Kondama Raju, do you think he was an ordinary person?" "He was a village elder. If anyone had any differences or fights, they would come to him."

"No one could stand in front of him. They had to walk on the side."

"His judgment was final. When he sang songs and poems, one could hear it in Bukkapatnam."

"What do you think?" He would talk highly about Kondama Raju garu. "He would look at the whole village like this. He would give a wise judgment."

Swami served such a grandfather as Kondama Raju garu. He was an ideal son, and a very ideal grandson. I don't think there could be anyone more ideal.

That is the reason why Avatars take form. We think Avatars come down to get our daughters married.

Or to get Visas for our sons. Or for you to get a mustache. Chee! We have no shame.

No! How we should make a living, how we should live, what this life is for,

He lives, practises and teaches, that is an Avatar.

He did that much Seva to His father and grandfather, and then went to school.

When He returned home, He would make lunch and then go to school again.

6 miles. "What do you think? Do you know what he used to do? He was the first one who recognized Swami."

"No one else knew. When I lay down, Kondama Raju would come softly and touch My feet."

"I'm this size now. You can imagine how small I was then," Swami would say. "I'm this size now. Back then I was even smaller. He would touch My feet."

"Grandfather, you should not do this. I am a young child. It's wrong for you to pray to Me," He would say.

"What do You know about Yourself? You don't know about Yourself. I know."

"Don't speak, he would say and do what he wanted and leave." "That's how great he was," He would say about His grandfather.

This too is a kind of lesson for us. We must learn about the greatness of our own parents and grandparents.

That is lacking in today's society. "What is my father in front of me?"

"My grandfather is useless in front of me." This is the kind of lazy batch today.

We must learn from Swami how to respect our elders, serve them, and speak about their greatness to the world.

Baba used to speak about that. If Swami did not speak about them who would know about Kondama Raju?

Who would know about Easwamma garu? Who would know about Venkama Raju garu?

Who would know about Seshama Raju garu? Who would even care?

He is one who lifts up His lineage. Swami showed how to uplift the reputation of His lineage.

As He talked about His Seva to Kondama Raju garu, I was happy but also tearful that Swami worked so hard.

He would get water from the pond and carry it on a yoke. He said, "It would become really red when I carried water on that yoke."

"What to do? I would go to school like that," He would immediately be transported to those days.

As He was talking to us, He would take us along on that plane, and present it like a picture book or a TV serial.

"That's how it used to be in those days. Subbamma was the mother who raised Me, and Easwamma, My mother."

"Both of them are dear to Me. Their house was next to ours, and it was two-storeyed."

"Ours was an ordinary house. I used to be with Subbamma. I could see our house from there."

"She was a great devotee and did a lot of Seva for Swami." "But she was a mad devotee.

Whatever she cooked I had to eat."

"Subbamma was a Brahmin. I had to eat what she made. These people were used to eating meat."

"But whenever I went they would cook vegetarian meals in new vessels."

"They would not use the vessels they cooked meat in." "Even then, Subbamma insisted that I had to eat only what she cooked."

"I would sometimes escape to the forests beyond the Chitravathi River."

"She would walk all the way, calling "Swami, Swami, Baba"."

"I would say, "I'm right here Subbamma," and show Myself on this side." ""Oh, You're here?" she would come this way. But I was not there."

""Where are you looking? I'm here," I would say."

"I would make her look for Me in all 4 directions. She would come running for Me,"

"looking for Me, feed Me, and only then leave, that Subbamma." "Subbamma had that much love for Me. She and Easwamma were very friendly."

"They would always be talking about Swami's Divine plays," Swami described.

There are many more topics that we can talk about in the future. We must learn lessons from His life. How He lived, how humbly.

Being God Himself, carrying water and cooking meals, how hard He worked.

He went to school. "I was this small. They made me the leader of the school."

"What to do? I had to lead the prayer everyday. So I did the prayer."

"By the time the school teacher arrived, I had to have everything ready." (Swami pronounces it as 'ruddy')

"I would have everything ready, including the table, the duster and the cane." That was for hitting the students. We were also hit by our teachers, we had the same foundations. Today even scolding a student leads to fights, but back then they would hit us properly. "I would have everything ready. Do you know what happened once?" He said. "What, Swami?"

"I was not in the habit of reading books. My books always looked new, since I never opened them."

"Nor did I read them. They looked brand new. But I was always first in the class."

"I never had to study, but I was first in the class. My books looked brand new."

"One day, the teacher asked everyone questions. No one was able to answer."

"He asked Me, and I answered. He called me over and said, "Go and slap both cheeks of everyone.""

"The teacher said that, what to do? All the students were very tall." "I was very small. How to reach up to them to slap them?"

"He said to climb up on a stool and slap them. It was difficult for Me to hit someone."

"The teacher was watching Me. "Why are You patting them like face powder?"

""Do You know how to slap?" he said and slapped Swami on both cheeks."

"When the teacher slapped Me, they became swollen and red." "I was supposed to slap the other students that way." He said.

Do any elders talk about such things? No, they talk about how they slapped the teachers.

What an ideal and simple man! Very, very simple. Completely down to earth.

How much divinity and majesty, but simplest of the simple.

That is the miracle. "That's how I spent My time in the school."

"Some teachers would say, "Raju, come to our house for a meal.""

"What to tell them? I would not go. There was a Telugu teacher," and He would tell us their names.

Tammi Raju, Mehboob Khan, Dakshina Murthy, He would tell us the names of the teachers. We don't need teachers or their names, or their teaching.

There are people today who say they taught their teachers.

They say, "My teacher doesn't know anything. I taught him." Our Swami is not like that. He remembered His elementary school teachers, Tammi Raju, Kondama Raju,

He would remember their names. Mehboob Khan, Kondappa, He would say the names of the teachers.

"The Telugu teacher came and said, "Raju, You must come to our house for a meal.""

""Until You come, my wife and I will not eat." What to do?"

"I went and said, "Sir,"" Swami Himself acts it out. He is a divine cosmic actor! Who do you think Swami is?

It's not as if we listen to a story or a lecture narrated on the stage. He is a divine actor. Jai Sai Shankara, Natana Nateshwara

Actor of the actors, the supreme cosmic dancer. That's what He is. He said, "Sir, it is not appropriate to invite Me alone."

"What would the rest of My classmates think? How would it look if I came alone?"

""Please forgive Me," I would say and softly escape from there," He said.

There is humility, right conduct, and justice in what Swami said to His teachers in His childhood. On top of that, He was the leader for all the other students. Not to go on strikes and protests. To lead them in His path.

What is that path? He started the Panduranga Bhajan Mandali.

Under the premise of Panduranga Bhajan Mandali, He would teach them Bhajans.

They had a dress code for it. I think they mixed turmeric and lime and dyed their shirts and shorts.

The students in the Panduranga Bhajan Mandali would wear those coloured clothes.

And a turban and a handheld musical instrument. "We used to sing in the Panduranga Bhajan Mandali."

"Everyone in the village would come to watch us." That is leadership. Leadership along the right direction. Leadership along the spiritual way.

Leadership for devotion and discipline and commitment.