

Sai Pearls of Wisdom,

Part 31 C

BREAKFAST HUMOUR

May 5, 2022

Om Sri Sai Ram

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I would like to share with you two moments of humor that we had in the company of Swami. Of course the whole day will be full of humor and fun; but two I would like to mention and share with you. This is with reference to the breakfast humor, breakfast humor. What do I mean by breakfast humor? This is the sense of humor that we enjoy while having our breakfast.

Once it so happened, ah for the breakfast they served dosa, made up of green gram. Green gram dosas are very much relished by Andhras, green gram dosas, dosas made out of green gram. They were served there at the breakfast and we were all enjoying it.

Swami came close to me and said, "Anil Kumar, how do you like it?"

I said, "Swami, this is not certainly the way. I don't think this has done full justice."

Swami said, "Wait, wait."

After we completed our breakfast we assembled there, and boys and some VIPs are there. Swami said, sat on His chair. "Mr. Anil, you are commenting about dosas made up of green gram? Tell Me, tell Me, tell Me. What do you want to say there?"

Then I started telling; that made Swami enjoy very much. I said, "Swami, this green gram made dosa served to us in the breakfast is not up to the expectation, is not up to the mark. Why? It should be Swami, Green gram made dosa should be rolled like Kanchi saree; it should be oily, it should be blackish brown or brownish black and inside, inside that dosa we should have onion pieces, ginger pieces, chillies also Swami. Then such a dosa, which is horizontal, nicely rolled like Kanchi saree, should be served on a plantain leaf, which is kept above the plate. There is a plate over that plantain leaf and on that plantain leaf is green gram made dosa should be served. So beautiful to look at from a distance because of its oily stuff there, and because of the color, which is quite horizontal, quite long -- of course in certain places they make paper dosa also, much longer, something like newspaper rolled.

So Swami heard this, “Ahah, what else, what else, come on. What should be there inside the dosa?” Swami asked me. All people started laughing.

“Swami, ginger pieces should be there, onion pieces should be there, chilly pieces should be there and this green gram made dosa should be oily, blackish, brown or brownish black, should be rolled so nicely; it should be served. From a distance itself it will attract everybody, Swami.”

Swami and all enjoyed the joke. This breakfast humor I cannot forget. Because of the interest that Swami has shown, to hear the details of this green gram dosa.

At another time, ah, they served us bobbattu. People call it sweet puri or puran-poli. Sweet puri or puron poli, that was served. And Swami came to me and said, “Anil Kumar, how do you like it?”

“Swami, this is not the way.

“Ah, come on, come on, finish, we will talk later.”

And then after this, dining is over. We went and assembled there, Swami sitting on the chair, and then He asked, “Anil Kumar, you were commenting about that bobbattu, puran-poli. Say, say, what do you want to say about it?”

Then I got up and started telling Swami. He enjoyed because God also wants humor. We should know that. We always constantly worry Him with all our problems, with all our difficulties. But we should also entertain Him. It is our duty. Perhaps, Baba designed me to provide sufficient entertainment for Him. That is only my job.

Then I started speaking about this puran-poli or sweet puri or bobbattu. I said, “Swami, what they served at the dining table is of the size of a, of my palm, so small, so small, size of a vada. It’s not like that. The actual puran-poli should be bigger than this, bigger than this, at least, at least three-fourths of the size of the plate. And it is full of sweet stuff. It is bathed in ghee, bathed in ghee, and it is also brownish-black. Mostly it is brown; but here and there you will find some black patches. Ghee all over, and that bobbattu or puran-poli should be served on a plantain leaf kept above the plate. When once we start eating it, as it is dipped, bathed in ghee, full of sweet inside, as we start eating, the sweetness will remain, will go up to the navel and visit it for at least one week.”

Swami laughed and laughed, “Eh? Arre, what a description! Eh? Oh, is that bobbattu?” He said it. And then He made a remark, “It’s good that you said it here. It is very good you have not made that remark there because there are people who understand your Telugu language also, then they will feel offended that they have not made them to the mark. Now that you have said it here in our room, it is quite good.” That Baba said. But He enjoyed the description of both green gram dosa, pesarattu and now the bobbattu. These two moments I will never forget because this made Swami laugh like anything.

Then I tell you the third instance. One gentleman by name Mohandas used to sit by my side at all times. He joins me at the dining table, at the breakfast time, lunch, snack and the dinner. We used to sit by side since both of us are of the same age group because most of them are boys. This Mohandas is an industrialist from Coimbatore. He owns a big building there in Kodaikanal with 13 rooms, 13 rooms with all attached facilities. But Mohandas is a man of humor, good sense and he used to converse with me and enjoy my jokes.

One day it so happened, we were served puris, puris. Swami started walking amidst us, watching everybody's plate, came close to me and Mohandas. He picked up one puri up with both of his fingers, picked it up and said, "It is not fried properly." He called boys and said, "Arre, tell cooks to be careful. Tell them that they should fry these puris well. Mmm? Tell them," He said.

Then He took the puri up with both of his fingers and then with another hand, He tore it into two halves because, as you know, puri is quite thin, easy to tear. So He tore it into two pieces. Believe me, there appeared a diamond ring. He took the diamond ring and presented it to Mohandas. He just, He, He just put it into his ring finger, yes. He has put it to his ring finger, to Mohandas. "Ah, very nice, diamond ring."

Swami gave a smile and then watching this, I thought, "Swami, why not You give me one? I and Mohandas have been sitting together all these days, four times a day. You give it to him, but how about me? But I cannot ask Him like that. So what I did was, I started eating puri dead slow, dead slow, very small pieces, starting, small collecting small pieces and eating. Swami noticed it, "Hey! Why are eating like that? Why are you eating small pieces? Why?"

"Why? Swami, who knows, that my puri also may have diamond ring and if I just started eating it, and that ring may be there in my throat. It may get stuck there. Therefore I am eating slowly to check if there is a diamond ring in my puri also."

Swami understood and laughed loudly. "Hey! I won't give to you. I don't give diamond ring, no. You take it from your mother, from your mother-in-law." He said it, from mother-in-law. So this diamond ring incident also I do not forget. I don't forget. Swami is full of humor. He talks like that very freely.

One day He said, "Most of the people here are from North India and abroad. They don't eat hot stuff. They don't like any pickles or anything like that. But Anil Kumar, I brought pickles for you, because I know you like them. I know that you eat them only, hot stuff. Therefore I brought it for you." See His grace! And then He used to see that pickle is served to me both for lunch and dinner. Wow, Swami! How merciful, how great You are! Of course, He too gave me company now and then, relishing these pickles little bit.

Similar thing happened in Delhi. We were there for about ten days or so. After three or four days Swami asked me, "Anil Kumar, how is the food?"

“Swami, what can I tell you? Same items, Swami, same items, same items. Taste is same. There may be many items there; same everyday they make same cabbage, same carrot, same stuff. But taste is very much same, Swami. Items may be many, but taste is same.”

Swami understood. Then He called the State President and told him, “He is from Andhra. Put some more chilies there, put some more salt, then he will relish.”

After two days, surprisingly enough Swami called me and said, “Pickle bottles are received! They are sent by Indian Airlines from Hyderabad. See, these bottles are here. I know that you are not eating properly. Now pickles are there, so you can eat it. When they are serving,” He called, “Arre boy, you serve Me a little also,” said Bhagavan.

“Swami, it is very hot stuff.” He had very little pickle, giving me the company.

How can I forget those precious moments? Today I questioned myself, ‘Have they really happened?’ But they did, they really happened. They are all recorded and I narrated in front of Bhagavan.

Sai Ram, we’ll meet later.