

**Sai Pearls of Wisdom,
Part 44-A**

**DETERMINATION, COMPASSION, STARVATION,
VERY TRUTHFUL
May 4th, 2023**

**Om Sri Sai Ram
Prasanthi Sandesh**

Om Sri Sai Ram!

Prasanthi Sandesh, Sai Pearls of Wisdom welcomes you.

The kind of determination one should have and how one should overcome economic difficulty, one has to learn from Swami's biography.

Of course there's also another fact. He admitted that it was a big mistake He has done in life under the special circumstances. That, we will come to know in due course!

This had happened when He went to a fair as volunteer, what we call Pushpagiri Fair. Bhagavan wanted to participate on the second day also.

On the second day while moving about normally, as Baba said, "I felt like going to the festival. I thought about it. The students had paid twelve *annas*, *annas* - small coins - each to the teacher. Ten *annas* were for the return charges of the bus and two *annas* for the expenses at the fair. Each one had to bear the cost of his food. I had no dress; moreover, from where would I get money for the bus fare?"

"All the same I decided to be ready. I had the school textbooks on all subjects. I, however, never opened any one of them. Even then I was quite certain that I would get through the examination that year. The books were as good as new - all of them! All these books would be unnecessary after the examinations were over. Therefore, I wanted to give them to a poor boy.

I went to his house and gently explained to him. "You have passed the examination this year. Next year however, you will need these books. Will you take them?"

He answered, "I shall certainly take them. But I am a poor boy. I want them at half the price."

I said, "Half the price works out to thirteen *annas*. I do not require even that. It is enough if I am paid five *annas*. I shall give you all my books."

“The poor boy was very happy to get the books for five *annas*, which would have come, otherwise cost him over twenty.

In those days there were no currency notes. We used to have very small change like what they call ‘*dammidis*’ - *DAMMIDIS*, ‘*bottu*’ - *BOTTU*, ‘*annas*’ - *ANNAS*, ‘*bedas*’ - *BEDAS*, ‘*pavalas*’ – *PAVALAS* and so on. The boy brought all the money in small coins. The problem was how to carry all these coins. I took a small piece of cloth from my old shirt, put all the coins into it and tied it firmly.

The small packet of coins burst open and all the coins fell out. Hearing the clinking and clattering of coins, the lady of the house came out. She was greatly annoyed and she saw those scattered coins and began shouting that all her money had been stolen. Although I brought and showed her the boy who had given me the coins, she turned a deaf ear to My explanation. She accused us of being thieves.

After giving us a sound thrashing, she sent us away without giving us food. What is to be done? If I stood outside the house, onlookers would get suspicious. They would ask why I was there. That was a family affair and should not be given publicity, lest the prestige of the family would suffer a loss!

So I decided that without waiting further, I would go to the fair. The fair was eleven kilometres away and I wished to proceed walking straightaway without any thought.

Those were luminous nights and the round moon was already up in the sky giving bright light. Many people were walking all the way to the fair and I too set out along with them, walking the entire distance.

We reached the fair that night. By the morning, the boys were all dressed up and were moving about, whistling here and there. I was tired having walked so much. Besides it was summer. I felt very thirsty. I could not find water anywhere. At length, I saw some water at a distance and went there to drink. This was the water with which cattle were washed. It was very dirty. As I was very thirsty, I drank that water.

When I turned around I saw an ‘*anna*’ coin, ‘*anna*’ coin and a country made Indian cigarette packet lying on a stone. Someone must have forgotten them. I asked the people around whether the things belonged to them but no one claimed them. Then I tore apart that packet of cigarettes and buried in the sand. I took the one *anna* - small coin - had it converted into four ‘*bottus*’ - *BOTTUS*, still small change.

I had to stay at the fair for eight more days. I thought to myself how should I get on with four ‘*bottus*?’ Then I made the only mistake of my life. It was a big mistake. People at the fair were playing a game called ‘*Buda Buda Kate*’ - ‘*BUDA BUDA KATE*’ which was a kind of gambling. I played the game and won twelve *annas*. My hands were now full of coins. I felt the money was enough for My stay there. Should any coins be left over, I could buy *Prasadam* and take it back home.

In those days, a *bottu* fetched three big *dosas*. They were very cheap then. If one took three *dosas* in the morning and three in the evening one could manage with only two *bottus* a day. As I had planned, I took three *dosas* with a *bottu* on the first

day. They also served very hot chilli powder and with the *dosas* that tasted like *masala* chillies.

I had a balance of eleven *annas* and three *bottus* left. I had the new problem of keeping the change safely. All I had was one towel. I tied the change secretly in one corner of the towel. I had no bed, no bedspread and no pillow either. I then made a shallow burrow in the sand and put the bundle of coins into it and covered it with the sand again. I spread my towel properly over it and lay down to sleep.

As I was tired due to working the whole day, I immediately fell into a deep sleep and slept soundly. As fate would have it, someone quietly made away with the money. What was I to do? I spent the next three days without food. Nevertheless, one of my friends detected this and would silently bring two extra *dosas* for me. For three days, he looked after me thus!"

The time had come to return home. Back there, Seshama Raju, His elder brother's wife was completing the ninth month of her pregnancy. It was customary for those returning home from a fair to bring back some *Prasadam*. It was an important festival. Therefore it would be improper to return home empty-handed. I should take some *Prasadam* for Seshama Raju's wife at least. Who would give me the money for this?

I went to the boy and requested him to lend me an *anna*. I bought turmeric and vermilion for one-half *anna* and flower and fruit with the balance. I made a package of them and returned home walking.

When I returned thus with great difficulty, Seshama Raju was at home. It was a holiday and he was doing some homework at his table. There had not been anybody to fetch drinking water for the eight days I was away. So he looked at me angrily. People at home also might have made a complaint against me.

I had placed the *Prasadam* I had brought on this table. He was drawing lines on a piece of paper with a wooden ruler. With this ruler he started beating me. I shielded Myself with my hand, injuring, which became swollen. The ruler because of the force used, broke into three pieces.

At that time, some visitors from Puttaparthi had come to our house. Seeing my swollen hand, they asked Me what had happened. I immediately told them that I had a boil on my hand and send them, away pacified with this lie.

Upon arriving at Puttaparthi they made a big story of this fact and told my father, "Why have you kept your son there? They have troubled him a lot. Bringing your son back to Puttaparthi at once!"

My father lost no time in coming to Me when he heard this. He saw my injuries and felt greatly grieved but suffered silently. Not talking about to anyone, in quiet indignation, he walked about the house until it was dark. It was about eight o'clock in the night. He then told Me that he wanted to go out. "Get me a lantern", he urged. I understood that he was planning something.

Seshama Raju brought the lantern and, giving it to Me, asked Me to accompany My father.

Please note here the profound wisdom of Bhagavan that made Him advise even His own father. ,

My father went out. After walking for a while, he stood before Me, held My hand and said firmly with tears in his eyes, he said, "Why are you suffering here? Come away with me at once! You should not stay here for a moment longer. It does not matter if you do not have education. If you don't have food, I shall beg and bring you up. When you suffer here, I cannot bear to see. No! No! You cannot be here any longer. If one is alive, one can sell salt, make a living out of it." This he said with a heavy heart.

He then very firmly declared, "You are ruthlessly beaten up here. You should not be allowed to stay here any longer!"

I heard all that he said, but replied gently, "What you say is not proper. People talk as they wish. Our people here are in trouble now, having lost their child. Please go! I shall wait for fifteen days and then come away quietly. It does not look proper for both of us to go away together like this!"

I spoke to him softly and convinced him of the sincerity of My words. On moral grounds, after being comforted in this manner and hearing Me fully, he said, "Alright, I shall go!" And on the second day he proceeded to Puttaparthi alone.

He also asked Me, "Do you want clothes or anything else?"

I immediately said, "No, I don't. I have everything!"

I pleased him in this manner and sent him away. While going to Puttaparthi, he went to Sheela Subbanna Cloth Shop and requested, "If my boy wants clothing, please arrange for the stitching. I shall send you the money!"

These are the values that we have to learn -- how Swami kept up the prestige of the family by refusing to accompany His father; how He maintained Himself in great economic problems, paucity of funds; how He starved; how He could stick on, hold on to His determination to participate; how truthful He was to a poor boy while giving him His books!

These are the values, please understand! The biography of the Avatar is not a story. It is full of lessons to be learnt.

We'll continue in the next session. Thank you.