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Publisher's Note

"SATHYA SAI SPEAKS" Series is, according to late Prof. N. Kasturi, the original translator and compiler, "a fragrant bouquet of flowers that never fade or falter". These discourses were delivered by Swaami out of profound compassion towards seekers of Truth during the last few decades.

The need for revised and enlarged editions of the Series was strongly felt and expressed by devotees, especially by foreigners. An attempt has therefore been made in these volumes to meet their needs. The discourses have been presented year-wise so that there is no overlapping of the discourses delivered in a year, in more than one volume pertaining to the same calendar year. This rearrangement has resulted in an increase in the number of volumes, from the previous twelve to the present fifteen volumes, covering the years 1953 to 1982. Further new volumes will also be added in due course, to cover the discourses delivered after 1982.

The retention of Sanskrit words on page after page, in the previous volumes, without their English equivalents in most cases, Was causing great confusion to readers, especially foreigners, who were not familiar with Sanskrit. In the present revised volumes, an attempt has been made to aid easy reading by replacing Sanskrit words with English equivalents wherever they do not affect Baaba's original expression. Sanskrit words have been retained wherever it was felt necessary to preserve the essence of the original expression of Baaba and where the English equivalents may not do full justice to the text in the particular context. However, in all such places the English equivalents have been given along with the Sanskrit words. Some very commonly understood Sanskrit words or Sanskrit words which are repeated too often are retained without English equivalents to retain the original flavour of Baaba's discourses. Further, in this revised volume, phonetic spellings have been adopted for all Sanskrit words uniformly to enable readers who are new to these words to pronounce them correctly and to remove any vagueness in the pronunciation of these words.

A Glossary has been added in these revised editions to provide comprehensive and detailed explanation of the more important Sanskrit words for the benefit of lay readers who may be interested

in *Vedhic* religion and philosophy. It is hoped that this will be of great help to devotees to understand more clearly the topics of Baaba's discourses covering a wide spectrum of *Vedhic* philosophy.

The revised series of volumes are being brought out in a larger format, Demy Octavo size, so that they can be companion books with other publications in private libraries. Computerised typesetting using a larger size of type, a more readable type face and better line spacing have been adopted for more comfortable reading of the books, especially by elderly readers. Very long paragraphs have been split into shorter paragraphs and suitable sub-headings have been added in every page, to relieve the monotony on the eye and make reading a pleasure.

Better quality paper, improved binding, dust cover with new design and foil printing and plastic cover have been adopted for the revised volumes for better preservation and durable shelf-life of the volumes.

With these changes, it is hoped that the revised and enlarged volumes of "Sathya Sai Speaks" Series, will be of great benefit to earnest seekers in spiritual realm.

Sathya Sai Speaks

Have you heard our Baaba speak
At public meetings anywhere?
He never calls it speech;
Nor will you name it so!
He does not raise His voice, harangue,
Or rouse the mob or rail or flail;
He does not hesitate, He will not calculate,
Hum and haw and pause and ponder,
Making you wonder why you came!
He does not waver, wander,
Collecting thoughts, contriving notes;
He does not waste a moment, decorating thoughts
In showy lace and frills, clothing borrowed texts
In shimmering gauze. He is no orator-pompous, proud,
Clamouring for claps, publicity-mad!
He will not circumambulate, declaim.... or, even
.....'speak'!

He is the Rain-cloud, bringing Life
To the parched ones here below!

He 'talks' He 'talks', to you, and you,
and every single you that has gathered there.

To every single Arjuna, with heavy heart and empty hand,
Afraid to fight the battle of Life on to Victory.
You feel He has come for you, to you.
You see Him, silently looking around!
The searchlight eye full circle swings!
How lucky, you are there!
He smiles; He wins you by that smile!
You scarce can take your eyes from off that Face,
So alluring, so Divine!
You scarce can pull your heart from off His grip;
The clasp is cool comfort! The silence deepens
Though thousands have been squatting, waiting,
For hours and hours
Himaalayan stillness; twilight calm!

Premaswaruplaara!

The Golden Hour has come! Heaven's Gate ajar!
Thes voice is sweet as honey
Hived by Heavenly bees from Paarijatha trees!
His call is clarion clear!
O! 'Tis thrilling, 'tis filling rapture in the soul,
Flowing like the Ganga, freeing the bound,
Yielding rich reaping, for just ploughing and sowing
Welling and swelling like Gersoppa Falls,
Yielding vast power, for just wheeling and wiring!

His talk is a cascade, so limpid and pure,
Teaching, never preaching, unravelling all knots,
Stilling the questionings ere they emerge in mind;
Defining, refining, consoling the pining,

Commanding, yea, demanding the bending of pride,
Sparing no one, be he ruling or serving.

Chiding, reprimanding the fool, and fanatic;
Joking and coaxing, poking fun at all hoaxing;
Quoting from what He said in the past ages,
Detailing facts of His incarnating.

Resplendent poetry, spontaneous, sublime,
Painting pictures of transcendent Truth,
Parable, proverb, scintillating bright,
Tinkling, twinkling, tintinnabulating lilt,
Every hour a minute, every minute a second;
Every word a manthra, every phrase, *Suuthra*,
A Gaayathri a sentence, *Upanishath* a speech!
For He is no well or tank or river!
His is the ocean of Wisdom Divine!

Oh! His words shower mercy, like morning dew
On every heart-bud awakening from dreaming.

He is feeding your roots and speeding the sap,
Sprouting the buds, painting the petals,
Perfuming them well, inviting the bees,
Ripening the pods, with each word of His!
There! The meaning of His word, a tiny seed
Drops on your rock-like heart! And wonder of wonders!
It germinates there!.., sprouts and puts forth leaves!
The silken half-blind baby-roots do run about
Tickling the stone, jabbing, pleading for suckling!
Succeeding at last, it grows; and, growing into a tree,
Your rock is broken into clay!

His talk, you will find, is cooling, not freezing
Warming, not burning; raining, not flooding;
Healing the ailing and hearts bewailing;
Soothing, not searing; no toxin, but tonic;
Balming and calming; all fact and no fiction!

Every sentence spreads joy and scorches gloom,
Impelling attention, compelling assent,
Dispelling dejection, repelling sloth,
Attracting you nearer, detaching from bonds,
Infusing courage, and fusing creeds,
Imposing no doctrine, composing all feuds,
Informing (so charming!), never harming, disarming!
Sifting the responding, lifting the desponding.

Stressing on 'Doing, Behaving and Living',
Appealing for 'Feeling, Believing and Acting'.
Calling all listening, to spurn imitating,
Vsinly disputing, blind leading the blind,
Knocking at Paradise through power and pelf,
Or boasting of branches of family tree,
And seeking for peace, in earning and spending
And wanting and panting and hoarding and guarding.

As you hear Him talking, you quietly resolve
To take a step forward on the pilgrim road;
Unfold your wings and soar into the sky!
You feel you are a Lion, cheated into bleating!
A diamond, set in dirty lead!
Engaging in no fray, enraging no foe,
He is welcoming all, who are thirsty or starving,
Or limping, or blinking, or climbing and sliding,
Raising the stooping, embracing the drooping
Assuaging pain, assuring His Grace.

He reminds us all of the road we have missed.
He describes the joy of the journey's end.
He opens our eyes; He strengthens our limbs;
He heartens the struggling, groping his way,
Awakening the sleeping, making the sitting stand,
The standing to walk; the walking to reach!

Proclaiming, revealing, announcing to all
Asserting His coming for our burden assuming,
Redeeming the wayward, the downcast, diseased;
Underlining the Truth, undermining the false;

Ah! What is this? What luck! What Grace!
Even as He talks, 'it' blossoms into song,
Oh! Captivating Song! He teaches us to pray
Tranquilising all the furious waves,
Steeling the nerves and strengthening the will,
Attuning our soul to *Dharma! Sathya! Prema!*

And when it stops
And you open your eyes,
You find them full of tears!
Your neighbour weeps like child for mother,
But Why? Look up and see; He has left the dais!

Be proud you had the chance. From this moment,
I know You are bound to be an ascending,
attempting, adventurous soul.
Arjuna, resuming arms for the fray
With Krishna leading the horses aright-
How lucky you heard Him talk!

N. KASTURI

(Poem read in the Holy Presence on 16-10-58)