

18. Sarvathah paani paadhah

BHADHRAM has by his *kathaakaalakshepam* (musical discourse on mythological stories) pleased you all; he was worried that he was in indifferent health but enthusiasm overcame physical weakness; devotion gave the required energy. His emotions were riding the clouds of exultation; his voice, however, was creeping along the marshland of convalescence. You also went through the ordeal of squatting on the floor for over two hours. That is the true spirit, not to attach undue importance to the temporary complaints of the body.

The long and short of the *katha* (story) which Bhadhram recited and commented upon is this: the Lord is *Natanasuuthradhaari*---He who pulls the strings in the play of puppetry. It looks as if the dolls dance of their own accord and play out a plot of their own, that there is no one behind the drama to direct it, that the dolls are alive and full of activity. The strings are invisible to you. It is the mind that deceives you thus.

(Baaba here sang a song: "One man's mind prefers Krishna, another's likes Shiva, another prefers the Formless Allah." He said, "My Voice, you have noted, gets lost exactly here because in the song the next line is about some preferring the name of Sai; I never call upon people to worship Me, giving up the Forms they already revere. I have come to establish *Dharma* and so I do not and will not demand or require your homage. Give it to your Lord or *Guru*, whoever He is; I am the Witness, come to set right the vision.")

Cleanse your mind by moral conduct

In the *katha*, Bhadhram referred to Krishna and His deeds; how He killed His maternal uncle, etc. But all that was in His Plan, part of the Divine task. When the truth demands fulfilment no flimsy physical bond can stand in the way. The Lord cares only for those whose heart is mortgaged to Him. He cares for *Bhakthi*, not *Bhakthas*. He will not be partial to His kinsmen or swayed by such cheap affiliations. These reciters and exponents have lowered the *Leelas* (divine plays) of the Lord, trying to please the common folk. They make Naaradha a crook of low intrigue, Vishwaamithra a fool, Hanumaan a monkey, and Raama a mere man. They create the impression that God is jealous, greedy, vengeful, and subject to gusts of passion. They seldom unravel the meanings and symbolisms of the stories and incidents and names and forms of the *Puraanic* personalities. They should interpret the incidents with reference to the contexts of spiritual progress; they should judge actions with reference to the standards of the age in which they happened; not by placing them against the background of modern times. People should be transformed by the recitals and the effect should be like the thrill of a bath in holy Ganga. The reciter himself must strive for that spiritual experience, by sincere *saadhana*. That alone can give genuine satisfaction to the listeners and joy to the reciter.

Of course, until the mind is cleared of doubt, you have to cleanse it by moral conduct and spiritual discipline. Then the Truth will be reflected in it, clearer and clearer as the process is continued. The appetite for worldly goods must be blunted; it must fade and fall, as the petals of a flower grown old. They should not be plucked and cast aside. The noise of the market place should give place to the silence of the altar; then only can the secret whisper of the conscience be heard, the warning signal of the *Shaasthras* be recognised.

Nothing can happen without the Lord's Will

Aathmashakthi (power of the Soul) can function only when prompted by *Maayashakthi* (power of Illusion). That is *why Maaya* was born just previous to Krishna. If *Maaya* is absent, how can the drama be put on? As a matter of fact, *Maaya* has to announce the arrival and the identity. *A-shaanthi* (lack of peace) of some kind or the other brings you to this place, naturally; but having come, do not concentrate on objective gifts only; gather also the valuable advice given for inner development. You should pray: *Asatho maa sath gamaya*---From the unreal lead me to the Real.

Is there any end to the list of worldly goods' that you crave for? When you secure one, another starts tantalising you. If you do not get that, very often, your hold on the Lord too loosens. If something is lost or stolen from you, you lose faith in Me. I have not come to guard your jewels and your 'valuables.' I have come to guard your virtue and holiness and guide you to the Goal.

If your goodness is in danger, come to Me. I shall tell you how to cultivate it and reap the fruit. If some one is snatched away by death while on pilgrimage to Khaasi or Badhrinath, you console yourself that it was an enviable way of quitting. But if you get even a mild attack of headache at Puttaparthi, you start blaming Me. According to you, those who have entered this compound once should not die. If they do, your faith wavers and dwindles. Well, not even an eyelid can open without the Lord's Will. So try to get the Lord's Grace and leave all questions to be answered by Him according to His Fancy.

"My feet are within your reach at all times"

When the sun rises, all the buds of lotus in the lake will not open out in full bloom. Only those which are full grown can blossom so; the rest have to bide their time and grow. His Grace is the right of all, but it can be won by *saadhana* only. I have no hate or anger in My composition; My Life blood is *prema*, I am the repository of *dhaya* (compassion). Understand Me and My Nature right. The shadow of the Moon in the depth of the lake seems to quiver and shake because of the waves; but look up and you see the Moon, steady as ever. I am always steady, My Grace is ever there. To the outward eye, My action is magic, miracle; to the inner eye, it is all *Leela*, Well, the Hand that creates is the Hand that gives--there is no keeping back. It is always for you and you alone. That is My Truth; know it and be happy.

I have started the work for which I have come down. I have collected the metal, the steel, the stones, the bricks. I have dug the foundation trenches---and the superstructure will rise soon. There can be no interruption. You will see thousands pressing along this road, hundreds on every rock on these hills. The *Bhakthas* who are at the Nilayam are sad that they have had no chance of even a *Namaskaaram* (respectful obeisance) for three months. They feel that those who come from afar and leave in a few days are luckier.

To them I say this: You are deluded by a false sense of values. Why worry so much at not being able to touch these Feet? My Feet are within your reach, at all times, wherever you are. "*Sarvathah Paani Paadhah*"---"*Hands and feet everywhere.*" If you wail in agony, "Don't you hear me?" My Ears are there to listen; if you pray from the depths of your heart, "Don't you see my plight?" My Eyes are there shedding Grace on you. Get out of *Maaya* and become *Prema*; then you get *prema* only from Me.

Puttaparthi will become Madhura Nagara

Raama and Krishna and Sai Baaba appear different because of the dress each has donned, but it is the Self-same Entity, believe Me. Do not be misled into error and loss. The time will soon

come when this huge building or even vaster ones will be too small for the gatherings of those who are called to this place. The sky itself will have to be the roof of the Auditorium of the future; I will have to forego the car and even the aeroplane when I move from place to place, for the crowds pressing around them will be too huge; I will have to move across the sky; yes, that too will happen, believe Me.

You will witness that Puttaparthi becoming Madhura Nagara (birth place of Krishna). No one can stop this development or delay it. I will not give you up, nor can any one of you give Me up. Even if you lose faith, you will repent and come to this refuge very soon, clamouring for admission. I shall be in this body for 58 years more; I have assured you of this already. Your lives are intertwined with My earthly career. Act always in accordance with that great privilege.

Prashanthi Nilayam, 21-10-1961