



# Satsanga

Journal of Divine Mother Society

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**MANAVA SEVA    MADHAVA SEVA**

## Leelavanthi Batavia Scholars Program



Students of Kesari School (Mylapore) being awarded Scholarship by *DMS* under  
LEELAVANTHI BATAVIA SCHOLARSHIP PROGRAM.

On the left is the Head Master of the School and on the right, the parent.

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Every issue of Satsanga, starting with the May-June 2013 issue, will be carrying sayings of Guruji relating to the topic of **Brahman**. This will hereafter appear as quote of Guruji. The sayings are from Swami Raghavendra told to us by Guruji. If you do a compilation of these you will have with you the complete lecture on Brahman.

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WHEN YOU RESEARCH ON NATURE, YOU WILL FIND A STATE WHERE YOU ARE NOWHERE – THAT IS, IT IS A STATE YOU DO NOT KNOW WHERE YOU ARE, WHY YOU ARE, HOW YOU ARE, WHEN YOU ARE, AND AT LAST, 'WHO YOU ARE'.

GURU RAGHAVENDRA DEFINES THIS AS STATE OF BRAHMAN AND THAT YOU CAN'T EVEN FEEL..FOR EXAMPLE, YOU EAT SOMETHING, YOU FEEL THE TASTE. IF YOU ARE DISAPPOINTED, YOU FEEL IT IN THE STATE OF MIND WHEN YOU ARE DISAPPOINTED..YOU BECOME MENTALLY SICK. BUT IN 'BRAHMAN STATE', YOU DO NOT KNOW ANYTHING, SAY, WHO, WHERE, WHY, WHEN ETC..

- KAMAKSHI BABA

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This incident took place sometime in the range 1986 and 1988.

“DO NOT give cash to the car driver. If you wish you may buy him lunch or snacks but do not give him cash” The words of Prakash's friend seemed to carry an under tone of warning and being the second time it was mentioned within the last five minutes, there should have been a lot of significance to it.

Prakash (name disguised) was a very senior executive posted at Nagpur. His wife was an ardent devotee of Guruji.

Prakash's work schedule used to leave him little free time; but the couple had decided to make a lightning visit to Shirdi. They were to take the train from Nagpur to Nashik; freshen up at a guest house there; take a taxi to Shirdi; have darshan of Sai Baba; and return to Nashik in the same taxi to catch the night train to Nagpur. Officially, an unexpected development had taken place and this had resulted in an important meeting being fixed for the very next day at Nagpur. This made it imperative for Prakash to catch the night train from Nashik.

At Nashik, a friend had organized an Ambassador taxi for the road journey. “Do not give the driver any cash” it was he who had advised Prakash. “You may pay for the food or snacks or tea, but do not give cash.”

Mrs. & Mr. Prakash had a good drive along the highway from Nashik to Shirdi. When they stopped for food or tea, Prakash paid for the driver also. At Shirdi, they asked the driver to wait, and went into the temple. Not being very crowded, they had very good darshan, and came out very satisfied.

When they reached the vehicle, they found the driver fast asleep inside. They had to shake him, and when he opened his eyes and lifted himself up, they could see the eyes were bloodshot red. He was drunk! There was little

choice – the meeting next day took the clear priority. They would have to use the same car and rush back to Nashik station. They decided not to confront the driver at that stage, and climbed in.

The driver started to drive and drove steadily. But gradually the speed increased, to an extent that left the couple concerned. They appealed to him to slow but he turned a deaf ear to their appeals.

They would have driven for about an hour, when Prakash and his wife sensed that the road did not look familiar. It was Prakash who first broached the topic, and his wife spontaneously confirmed she was having the same thought. The road was not a highway but a narrow road, with many twists and turns. There was no traffic and this was very different from the highway they had travelled by to Shirdi. Meanwhile it had started turning dark.

There were no signposts to hint where they were and where they were heading. The two started making verbal their concern to the driver. His response was only one: “I know that the road is correct. I can say this with all confidence”.

Like a flash it struck Prakash and his wife that they were travelling on the *ghat* road. After dark, this was certainly not the road to take. The road had sudden twists and bends, and maneuvering on such a narrow road was risky. But there were no highway lamp posts or traffic indicators to orient themselves. And the only thing they could wish then was that the driver be trust-worthy.

As the saying goes, troubles never come in singles. All of a sudden, both headlights of car went out, and the trio were plunged in total darkness. The driver mumbled something incoherently and opened the bonnet, then said, “Sir it is very dark, I cannot see anything.” “What shall we do?” asked Mrs. Prakash. “We have to wait till some traffic comes this way in the morning” he replied. Prakash was beginning to lose his cool as his plans were going awry, but Mrs. Prakash counseled: “Be calm. Do not shout at the driver. We are in the jungle and we do not know how he will react.” At least the driver looked sober and obedient by then.

Minutes went by like hours. Mrs Prakash was chanting Guruji's name incessantly. Suddenly, a beam of light from the opposite direction flashed. Should be a vehicle coming they surmised and yes! a motor car was approaching. Noticing the Ambassador and making out it was stuck, the car stopped near them. There were four men inside. They spoke in either Hindi or Marathi, asking the driver the details. The driver explained that whilst both the headlights had failed, in the dark he could not find out the cause. The driver of the passing vehicle then switched on his headlights. Both drivers examined the wires under the bonnet and found that some wires leading to the headlights of the taxi were burnt.

Then the other driver rummaged through his tool kit and found some spare wire. “There is enough extra wire with us to give you. Take it and turn on the headlights.”

The taxi driver was galvanized into action. The wires were twisted into position, the driver got into the seat, and lo and behold! The road ahead flashed in brilliant light. The driver went to close the bonnet.

The driver of the oncoming motor car came over to the driver's side rear window, and looked into the car. Inside the taxi Mrs. Prakash was crouched, both hands in supplicant position, not knowing whether to laugh or to cry. He whispered, "He is drunk. He was overspeeding. You have already come 80 kms from Shirdi. You need to travel another 40 kms to reach your Guest house. Tell your driver to drive carefully, and not to exceed the speed of 40 km per hour. Do not shout at the driver till you safely reach the guest house. Once you reach there, do not ever retain him, get rid of him." They got into their car and drove off.

As this was going on, a motor cycle came up from behind, that is to say, from the direction of Shirdi. There was a man on the pillion, carrying a stout stick. They slowed down and spoke to the taxi driver. Then the motor cycle with its two riders went ahead at a sedate speed and the car followed. At the junction where the ghat road joined the highway, the motorcycle stopped, the riders waved the car on, and turned back on the ghat road leading to Shirdi.

This point was just 10 minutes drive from the guesthouse, where Prakash's friend was waiting anxiously. There was little time for talk, and Prakash and his wife just made it to the railway station in the nick of time.

Once inside the train, more composed, Prakash and his wife tried to understand what had transpired. On a lonely *ghat* road where traffic was not expected, four strangers arrived in a car, and from the *opposite* direction. How did they know that the taxi driver had driven very fast; definitely this had not been mentioned. How did two strangers on a motor cycle coming from Shirdi turn up at that crucial hour and even more interesting, drive in front of the car at a moderate speed for the remaining 40 kms on the *ghat* road thereby ensuring the driver of the car did not get a chance to over speed? All these, when the two pilgrims had found prospects staring them in the face of spending a night out in the jungle, confined in solitude except for a drunken driver, and without food to eat!

The next day, after reaching home, Mrs. Prakash telephoned Guruji. It was her habit to narrate to Him anything and everything that looked significant or worrisome. But before she could even open her mouth, Guruji asked "Did you recognize Sai Baba?" "Yes, we had good darshan" began Mrs. Prakash. "I didn't mean that", He cut her short, "I asked about the person who was on the motor bike riding pillion".

Guruji continued: "Prakash rightly did not give any cash to the driver. But when you both were away, he took out and sold some of the diesel to buy his drink. When he drove rashly, the old wires got over-heated and snapped, leaving all of you stranded in the dark."

Mrs. Prakash could have fainted. "Sai Baba came to your rescue in the form of a pillion rider of a motor cycle driven by another Sai devotee. You know that the ghat road was not safe for travel at night. He came only because of the predicament you were in. He made sure the taxi became roadworthy. He also controlled the driver till He got you to a safe point. Do you now understand why, after that, He turned back and took the narrow road back to Shirdi? After all He came from Shirdi as though following your car. Logically He should have proceeded onward from the junction where He saw you off and not turn back to go to Shirdi?"

“What are you saying?” stammered Mrs. Prakash, “Was it really Sai Baba?”

“Yes, it was. He does this always for devotees who are in distress, and who call Him. He comes physically. Did you not look into His face? You would have seen His face at least when you thanked Him at the end.”

The nightmare at Shirdi suddenly changed its contours and began to appear as the greatest blessing to Mrs. Prakash. She told this to her husband and quite rightly the sequence of strong emotions – positive and negative - weaved through their hearts one by one.

First, there was this emotion of overwhelming thankfulness for Sai Baba guiding them safely after being left in the lurch due to a series of cumulative circumstances. Next, was the yet unbelievable happening that Sai had come personally and so to say, led them by holding their hand, back to safety. Rather than their going to Shirdi to see Sai, it was Sai who came to them and took care of them. Undoubtedly, they could not have asked for this blessing in their wildest dreams. A split second later came a feeling of loss that they had failed to look into Sai Baba's smiling face, filled with kindness and grace, even when He was just a foot away and thus missed a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

Needless to add, in the predicament they were in, they would need to be out of their minds to have entertained wishful thoughts of Sai Baba coming to them. But, it was the next emotion that took the cake!

Why did the pillion rider (that was Sai Himself) speak (and give darshan) to the taxi driver? Anybody by current codes of conduct, could have only branded him as an irresponsible person? And yet, Sai chose him to talk to. Why, they questioned, should Sai not have come to them and spoken to them instead of that driver?

“No” explained Guruji, “The driver had been a great devotee of Sai during the lifetime of Sai, but in this life, circumstances had driven him to behaving inappropriately”.

“Therefore we should neither judge events by their present day circumstances, nor envy the fortune of one who we feel did not merit it” Guruji advised.

Today, Sai fills the life of Mrs. Prakash in every activity, big or small, – she knows He is gracing her family at every stage and she experiences deep personal contentment.

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**Holy sindoor from Sankat Vimochan temple of Lord Hanuman at Varanasi is enclosed.**

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## LEELAVANTHI BATAVIA SCHOLARS PROGRAM

Dr. Bala Batavia is an Indian settled in the USA. He is the president of KEY International Foundation. Every year the students in the city schools who are deserving and consistent in their performance but are poor, get scholarships from Dr. Bala Batavia. The scholarships are in memory of the mother of Dr. Bala Batavia and the scheme is called Leelavanthi Batavia Scholars Program.

KEY has assisted *DMS* over the last eight years. This year's list of scholars is given below.

<b>Kesari School, Mylapore – March -2013</b>						
<b>Class - X</b>						
<b>S. No</b>	<b>Name</b>	<b>Male/ Female</b>	<b>Scholarship Amount (Rs.)</b>	<b>Total Marks 500</b>	<b>Parents' Profile/ Occupation</b>	<b>Family Monthly Income (Rs.)</b>
1	Akash Kumar L	Male	900	415	Father-Catering Mother-Housewife	3000
2	Santhosh Kumar K	Male	900	354	Father-Salesman Mother-Not staying With family	3000
3	Suraj Kumar R	Male	900	463	Father-Clerk Mother-Teacher	3000
4	Sai Sandhya M	Female	900	372	Father-Watchman Mother-Housewife	3000
5	Deepika P	Female	900	414	Father-Moulding Mother-Housewife	1500
6	Poulu K	Male	900	420	Father- Expired Mother-Maid Servant	3000
7	Raju S	Male	900	336	Father-Servant Mother-Housewife	3000
8	Mohammed Ithres T	Male	900	427	Father-Bag Stitching Mother Housewife	2000
9	Bintu Kumar Gupta K	Male	900	329	Father-Servant Mother-Housewife	3000
10	Bishmar V	Male	900	341	Father-Supervisor Mother-Housewife	3000
11	Lakshmi Soujanya J	Female	900	379	Father-Sales of Pickle Mother-Housewife	1250
12	Balaji A	Male	900	341	Mother-Vegetable Sales	2000
13	Logesh M	Male	900	327	Father-Electrician Mother-Housewife	1600
14	Mukesh B	Male	900	219	Father-Driver Mother-Housewife	3000
15	Amaravathi G	Female	900	316	Father-Casual Labour Mother-Housewife	2000
16	Mamatha S	Female	900	212	Father-Catering Mother-Housewife	3000
	<b>Class Marks-Mean</b>			<b>354</b>		
	<b>Class Marks- Standard Deviation</b>			<b>67</b>		

Class - IX						
S. No	Name	Male/ Female	Scholarship Amount	Total Marks 500	Parents' Profile Occupation	Family Monthly Income(Rs)
1	Suhana H	Female	900	419	Father-Helper Mother-Housewife	4000
2	Narendar B	Male	900	333	Father-Plumber Mother-Housewife	3500
3	Aditya M	Male	900	443	Father-Service Engineering Mother-Housewife	5000
4	Ramya Shree R.Y	Female	900	362	Father-Pickle Sales Mother-Maid Servant	3500
5	Sujatha V	Female	900	247	Father-Servant Mother-Maid Servant	3500
6	Sneha S	Female	900	346	Father-Attender Mother-Housewife	5000
7	Usha Rani M	Female	900	331	Father-Casual Labour Mother-Housewife	7000
8	Mounika K	Female	900	321	Father-Expired Mother-Cook	1000
	<b>Class Marks-Mean</b>			<b>350</b>		
	<b>Class Marks-Standard Deviation</b>			<b>57</b>		

Class - VIII						
S. No	Name	Male/ Female	Scholarship Amount	Total Marks in Grade System	Parents' Profile Occupation	Family Monthly Income(Rs)
1	Priya J	Female	900	A1	Father-Pickle Business Mother-Housewife	4000
2	Priyanka P	Female	900	B2	Father-Catering Mother-Housewife	5000
3	Harish V	Male	900	B1	Father-Vegetable Vendor Mother-Housewife	3500
4	Monusharma G	Male	900	B2	Father-Catering Mother-Housewife	3000

Apart from providing scholarships for deserving students in Kesari School, Dr. Bala Batavia also donates to the Medical Centre at Alamadhi every year.

For donors in the US desirous of donating US \$ for *DMS*, his organization provides the channel and the donor also becomes eligible to get income tax benefit under the US laws ( comparable to our 80-G benefit ).

*DMS* offers its grateful thanks to Dr. Bala Batavia for this gesture.