

# jai gajanan

Shankar Balwant Pandit



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Shree Gajanan Maharaj Sansthan, Shegaon

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Written By : Shankar Balwant Pandit

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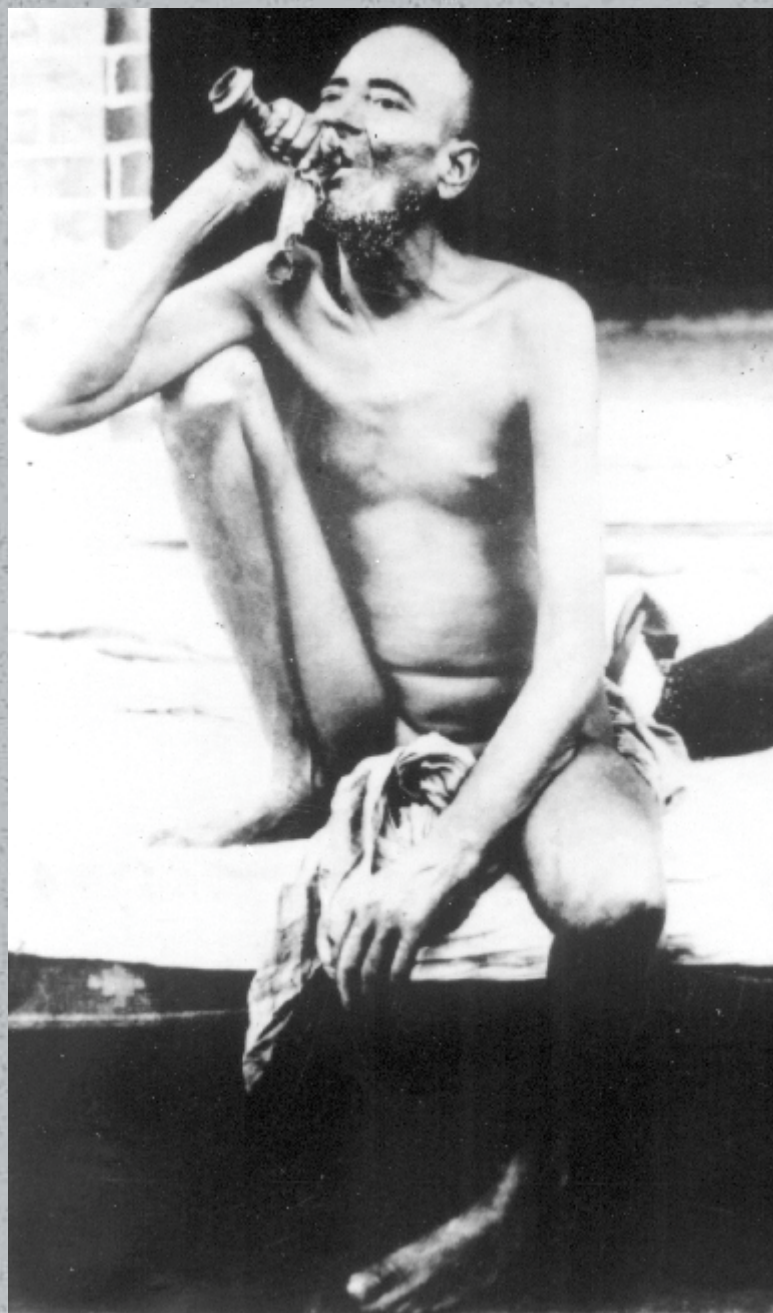
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## Publisher's Note

Sant Dasganu Maharaj wrote the saga of Saint Shree Gajanan Maharaj of Shegaon in the 'Ovi' poetic form in Marathi in the year 1939A.D. This composition named 'Shree Gajanan Vijay' is very popular in Maharashtra.

It was translated in English prose for the devotees who could not read Marathi in 1980 A.D. by Mr. G.N. Naik as 'Gajanan Vijay Granth'. Since it narrated the story of Shree Gajanan Maharaj it was well accepted by the readers.

Early this year Mr. Shankar B. Pandit, a devotee from New York expressed a desire to render these chronicles in a poetic form in English, based on the two earlier publications.

This English translation captures the beauty and grace of the original Marathi work and makes for felicitous reading. The growing number of devotees of Shree Gajanan Maharaj who are unable to read the text in Marathi or Hindi will benefit materially and spiritually when they read this work with faith. There is a promise made at the conclusion of this work to all devotees - that of fulfillment of desires but that is actually only the beginning. Shree Gajanan Maharaj was the living embodiment of the Parabrahma, The miracles He performed were to jolt devotees out of their slumber and lead them forward to the divinity which is the rightful inheritance of every human being.

By the grace of Maharaj 'Jai Gajanan' is ready on the 100th samadhi anniversary of the great saint.

## Publisher's Note

Mrs. Geetha Ravichandran, from Nagpur made valuable suggestions and corrections in the writing.

Dr. Mrs. Manju M. Phadke of Mumbai spared her valuable time for the editing.

Late Dr. Anand Goverdhan in spite of his deteriorating health went through the first edition of 'Jai Gajanan' and made valuable suggestions and corrections to the text. These are incorporated in the second edition. It was the grace of Maharaj that gave him strength in his fatal illness in bringing perfection to the second edition.

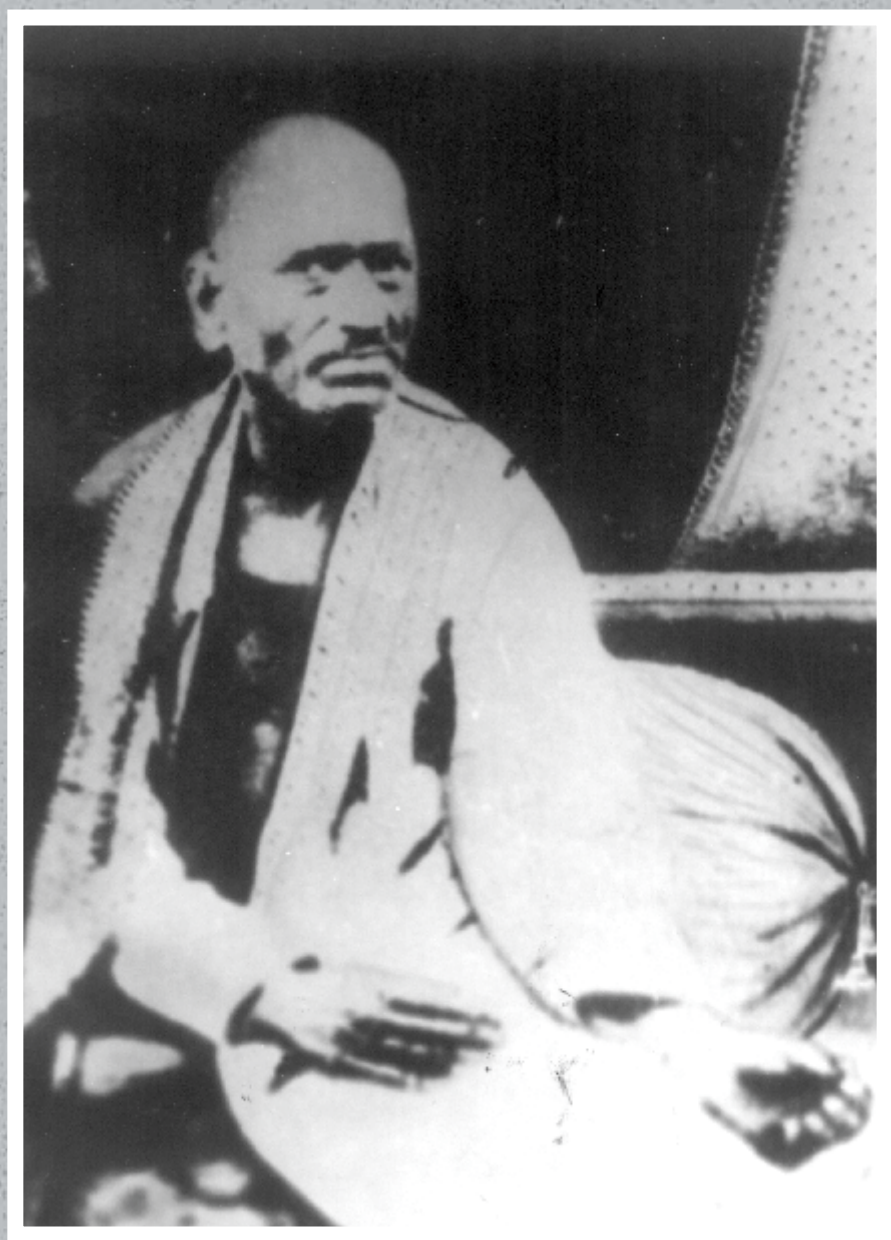
The poetic form in English has seen the light of the day through their relentless assistance. Our thanks to them and to our layout designer and printer Mr. Vivek Vaidya for their selfless help.

**Shri. Shivshankarbhau Patil**

Managing Trustee

Shree Gajanan Maharaj Sansthan,

Shegaon, Dist-Buldhana







## Preface

Nests of birds in my backyard remind me of life, of desires, aspirations, hopes, struggles, freedom and joy. These nests are lined up with warm love, affection and a will to survive. The chirping of the birds, seemingly meaningless, conveys this message sublime.

Human mind like these nests has these tender linings and attributes and yet it is blessed with many more traits. It enjoys thoughtful distinction between right and wrong, devotional inclination to Saints and God. It has a pious stance towards others and the ability to convey feelings. It can guide a person to relate himself by speech, writing, painting and songs.

Communities of the world have used these elements to express, among other things their gratitude to God and Saints, praising them for kind bountiful blessings. Each culture has its own way of expressing devotion to God and Saints through songs and prayers.

Maharashtra has a long lineage of saints who not only brought God closer to the common man but also inspired him on how to lead a meaningful life. These saints created an abundance of ever-lasting sacred texts. Similarly, many devotees wrote about these saints and their achievements. One such text is "Shree Gajanan Vijay" written by Shree Dasganu Maharaj.

## Preface

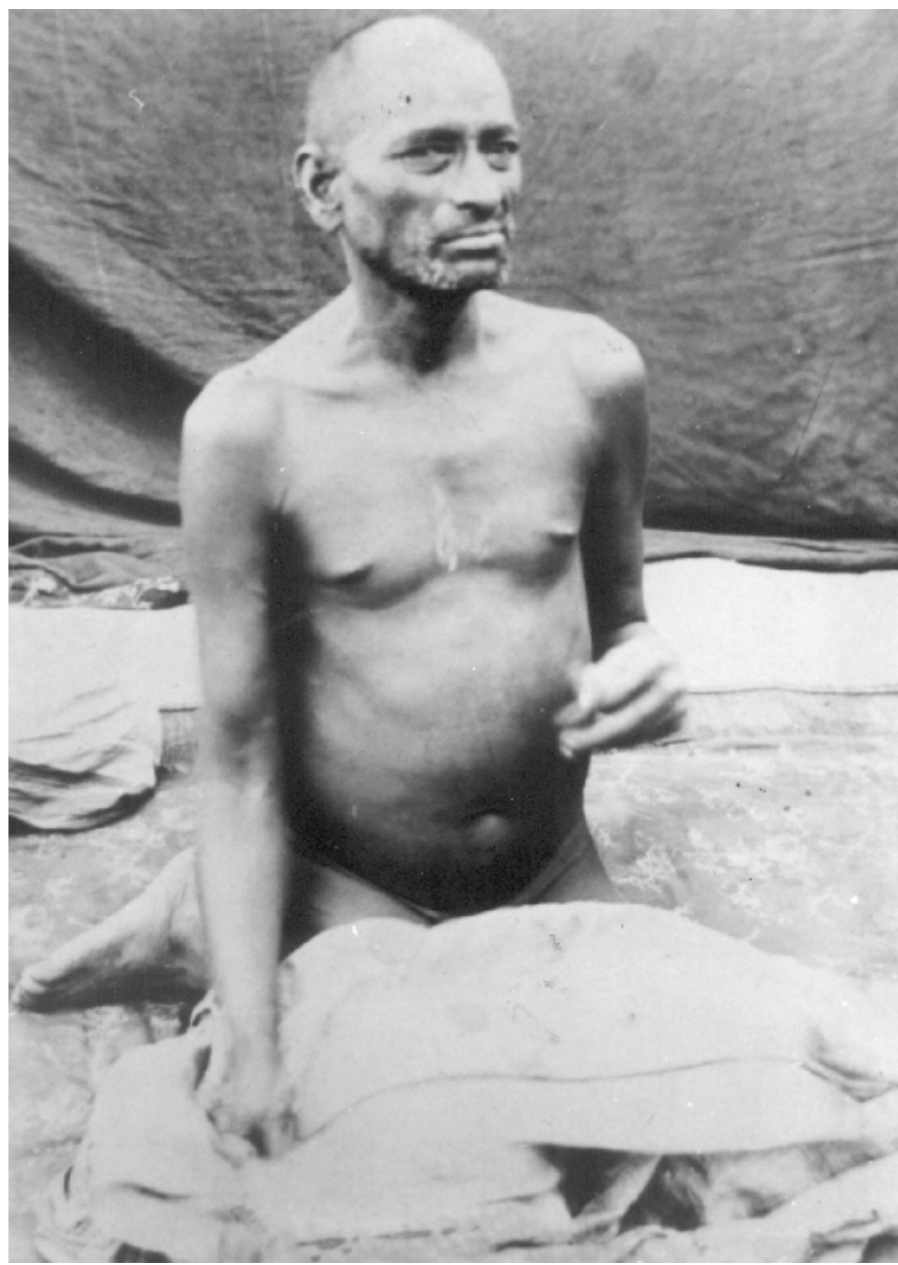
Many scholars have translated Vedic texts such as Gita, Upanishad's and Veda's to English for greater accessibility to mankind in general. However, many texts especially those written in local languages have not been translated so far.

As a humble contribution to this endeavor I took on the daunting task of transforming the "Gajanan Vijay" in English in poetic form. Translating the rich vocabulary of Shree Dasganu Maharaj was a challenging mission. The English translation by Shree G.N. Naik was helpful in this respect.

I remembered the saying 'A journey of a thousand miles starts with the first step.' And I started the walk with Shree Gajanan Maharaj as my guide. Many a times, I felt that he is standing behind me as a tutor suggesting correct words and rhymes.

Vocabularies of languages differ. Sanskrit and Marathi words like Darshan, Naivedya, Pradakshna, Dakshina, Abhishek did not yield one word translations. Rhyming for many Marathi words and names was not possible at many places. Please excuse me for such lapses. I hope devotees of Shree Gajanan Maharaj will appreciate this effort.

I have yet to meet a friend who has not liked the nests in my backyard.



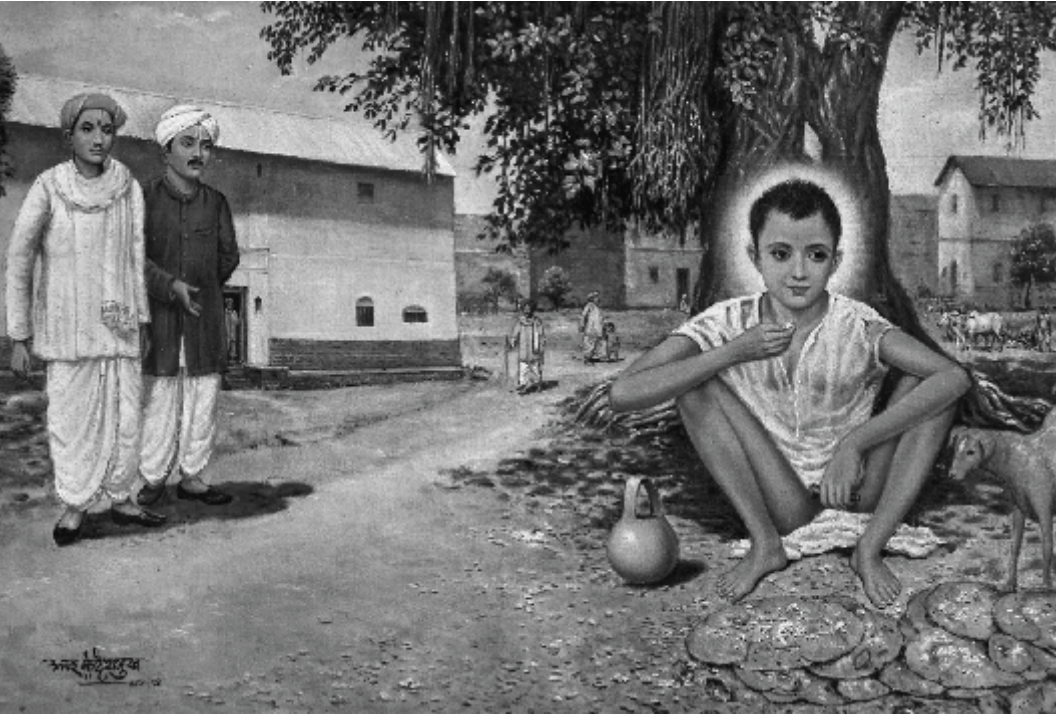


# jai gajanan

॥ ... Anant Koti Brahmand Nayak ... ॥  
॥ ... Maharajadheeraaj Yogiraj ... ॥  
॥ ... Parabrahma Satchidanand ... ॥  
॥ ... Bhakta Pratipalak Samartha Sadguru ... ॥  
॥ ... Shegaon Nivasi Shree Gajanan Maharaj ... ॥

॥ Prarambha ... The Beginning ॥

# Chapter One



Only an expert jewel trader  
Can sort out jewels from pebbles.  
A thousand people had gone that way  
Yet none could detect the actual.  
Bankatlal stepped forward  
And asked the saint in an humble mood  
Why pick up morsels from leftovers?  
We will get you good tasty food.

# Chapter 01

---

Shree Ganeshaya namah.

God of bounteous glory, and everlastingly victorious  
I bow down to you.  
Learned men and saints  
Revere you at the launch of new events.  
Obstacles blaze away in a flame,  
Like cotton near the burning fire.  
I bow down to you to seek your blessings  
To make this writing poetic and inspiring.  
I do not possess qualities of a poet  
Yet your blessings are my greatest assets ... 1

Now my obeisance to Devi Sharada  
Idol of poets, born of Brahma,  
I bow down to you O Goddess mild  
I am just an innocent child.  
I request you to help me uphold  
My self-confidence manifold.  
The lame can run up a mountain  
And the dumb deliver an oration  
With your kind sanction.  
Please help me in this presentation ... 2

I beseech the blessings of the Primeval God,  
God Pandurang of Pandhari  
And seek his blessings in writing this story.  
He is the Creator and Preserver.  
He commands this universe

And He is the ultimate power.  
He is the one who receives attributes ... 3

Yet appears without any attributes.  
I owe Him my existence.  
He is omnipresent. I am insignificant.  
As Rama He blessed the monkeys  
To gain prowess at war.  
As Krishna He sanctified the cowherds  
With powers so magical.  
Every thing happens as he disposes ... 4

God! Saints have rightly said  
That money cannot buy blessings.  
Earnest devotion can.  
That's why I am at your feet.  
God Panduranga! Be with me.  
Help me write this biography ... 5

God Bhavanivara, Nilkantha, Gangadhara,  
Omkar roopa, Trimbakeshwara. Bless me.  
Your blessings are like touch-stone.  
Which turns iron into gold.  
I am just a piece of iron.  
Please lend me that shine  
And help me in composing these lines ... 6

Deity of my family, Jaganmata of Kolhapur  
Bring me lucky tidings to accomplish this endeavor.  
Devi Tulja Bhavani  
Place your gracious hand on my head  
To bring me good fortune  
In completing this pledge ... 7

I, now bow down to God Dattatraya  
To grant me inspiration to write this saga.  
Salutations to sages  
Shandilya, Vashistha, Parashar and Gautam.  
Shree Shankaracharya, shining like the Sun.



To all sages who should guide my fingers  
To get the writing done ... 8

Saving us from the turbulence of life,  
Saints Gahini, Nivrutti, Dyaneshwar,  
Tukaram, Ramdas alike.  
Please accept my salutations  
Bless me in fulfilling this exposition.  
Saibaba of Shirdi sansthan,  
Guru Waman Shasrti, my mentor  
Wipe out my unease and help me write this treatise ... 9

Fond affection makes one speak.  
I am a child and you my mother.  
I am just a pen which writes,  
You are the energy in the letters ... 10

Now devotees, please pay attention.  
Listen to the life story of a Saint admirable,  
With absolute concentration.  
In this mundane world, Saints are God's incarnation.  
They brook no avarice  
And are harbingers of salvation ... 11

They represent all that is benign,  
Is sacred and saturated with sanctity.  
They harbor no deceit  
And walk us down the righteous path.  
God Himself feels indebted  
To devotees who respect saintly men ... 12

Let us now sing the Glory of Shree Gajanan.  
Only Bharat and no other nation  
Has such a great saintly congregation  
Fulfilling us with satisfaction.  
Kudos to our land called Jambudweep,  
From time immemorial  
It has been brimming over with happiness.  
And has never lacked joyousness ... 13

This land is blessed with the touch of feet  
Of great saints for a million years.  
Narad, Dhruv, Kayadhukumar  
Uddhav, Sudama, Subhadraavar  
Mahabali, Anjani Kumar  
And Dharmaraja unrivalled ... 14

Here was born Shree Shankaracharya,  
The Jagadguru, well-versed in philosophy  
Who saved the wayward.  
The great sage Adhokshaj,  
Indebted to Madhwa, Vallabh and Ramanuj  
Saved religious heritage  
With his own valor ... 15

Narsi Mehta, Tulsidas, Kabir, Kamal and Surdas  
Gaurang Mahaprabhu of distinction  
All beyond my comprehension.  
God Vishnu gulped poison  
Because of Mira's devotion ... 16

The treatise Navanath Bhaktisar  
Sings about Gorakh, Machchendra, Jalandar.  
Saints attaining distinction through simple devotion  
Were Namdev, Narahari,  
Sakhu, Kanhopatra and Jani ... 17

Also Chokha, Savata, Kurmadas  
Damajipant, the pious class.  
God appeared as a low caste to settle his accounts fast.  
Poet Mahipati has sung tributes  
To various saints of attributes,  
Mukundraj and Janardan,  
Bodhala, Nipat Niranjan ... 18

Please read about them all  
In Bhakti Vijay and Bhaktimala.  
I have sang eulogies to three more saints  
Presenting their precepts.

I, now consider my-self fortunate  
To bring to you the tale  
Of Shree Gajanan Maharaj  
In great detail ... 19

I saw him, a saintly avatar  
Near the town of Akot.  
I am writing about him so late.  
But the locket in a necklace is woven last.  
In the tahasil of Khamgaon  
In Vidharbha Region  
Resides the town of Shegaon,  
A small trading division ... 20

Now it has no rival,  
With Saint Gajanan's arrival.  
Like a lotus in a pond, He blossoms all over.  
Wafting a sweet fragrance  
That fills the entire world  
He is a diamond from the Shegaon mines.  
With my small talent I write of him ... 21

Please be one with his glory  
And surrender at his feet  
Don't forget you will attain salvation  
When you read it closely.  
The biography like a rain laden cloud.  
Will make you dance like a peacock  
As the stories shower happiness on you ... 22

Privileged are Shegaon residents  
To be with a great saint.  
Good deeds alone can invoke such sanctions.  
Saints are superior to the God of creation ... 23

Ramachandra Patil Visited Pandharpur  
In one of his semi-annual tours.  
Asked me to relate stories  
About Sant Gajanan's blessings.

I too had nurtured the thought  
Of writing about the lives of saints.  
But it did not see the light of day  
Till His grace showed the way ... 24

No one can know the designs of saints  
Like saint Gajanan Maharaj  
Who prompted Ramchandra  
To put forth this proposal.  
Gajanan Maharaj has been a jewel  
Among all saints so vast.  
None knows where he came from.  
No one knows of his life past ... 25

No one knows of his caste, creed or place  
Like none knows the origin of this Universe.  
Appreciate the brilliance of a diamond  
While you search not for the mine it came from.  
He appeared in Shegaon in the prime of his youth  
In Shake eighteen hundred,  
Magh seventh of waning moon ... 26

Some say he came from Sajjangad,  
The place where Sant Ramdas lived.  
There is no rationale to this possibility  
Though such a likelihood exists.  
With corruption and misery all around  
May be Ramdas came in reincarnated  
As Sant Gajanan  
To save an oppressed generation ... 27

Saints have reawakened in the past,  
Gorakhnath from a dustbin.  
Kanifa from the elephant's ear  
And Changdev from deep waters green.  
Sant Gajanan Maharaj had visible traits  
Of a saintly individual so great.  
You will realize it strong  
As you read this story along ... 28

Shree Gajanan appeared in Shegaon town  
In Magh on seventh of the waning moon.  
A devotee Devidas had arranged a party  
In celebration of his son's thread ceremony.  
Leaf-platters with unused food were thrown  
Out of the door, Sant Gajanan was seen  
Eating Morsels left over ... 29

He had worn just a shirt,  
Had a dry gourd as his pitcher,  
A clay pipe for his smoke  
And nothing else all together.  
He had an aura around him,  
Eyes focused on his nose indicating a saintly trait.  
He had the radiance of the morning glow ... 30

He was almost all bare.  
Had no expression of any care.  
He displayed no special taste for food  
All the fare appeared good.  
He searched for morsels from the remnants  
For him everything was fair ... 31

His action conveyed to the villagers  
That food is the supreme spirit  
All religious writings say so He reiterated the script.  
Bankatlal Agarwal and his friend  
Damodarpant Kulkarni were surprised at this  
While passing by the scene ... 32

They talked to each other,  
'It looks so odd. If he was hungry  
He should have asked for food.  
Devidas is a pious man  
He would never turn a guest away.  
A plateful would have been sent his way.' ... 33

Said Bankatlal to his companion,  
'Let us stand by and watch his actions

Superficially genuine saints  
Often present an obscure trend.  
His actions do appear queer  
Deep inside him is knowledge pure  
He must be a jewel stack of wisdom rare.' ... 34

Only an expert jewel trader  
Can sort out jewels from pebbles.  
A thousand people had gone that way  
Yet none could detect the actual.  
Bankatlal stepped forward  
And asked the saint in a humble mood  
Why pick up morsels from leftovers?  
We will get you good tasty food ... 35

The saint looked up.  
He looked bright and healthy  
With a body muscular and a gaze so steady.  
Self content the saint so great  
Nodded his consent  
Within an instant ... 36

A plateful of food was brought  
The saint mixed it in one lot  
And consumed it in one shot  
Unmindful of the taste he got.  
One who is beyond such flavors  
Doesn't much care  
Like a ruler receiving  
A small favor ... 37

Bankatlal looked up to Damodar,  
It was really an error to call the saint insane.  
He seeks salvation as it appears.  
The sun was burning hot.  
Birds even did not move out  
The saint looked cool and collected,  
Undaunted by the environment ... 38

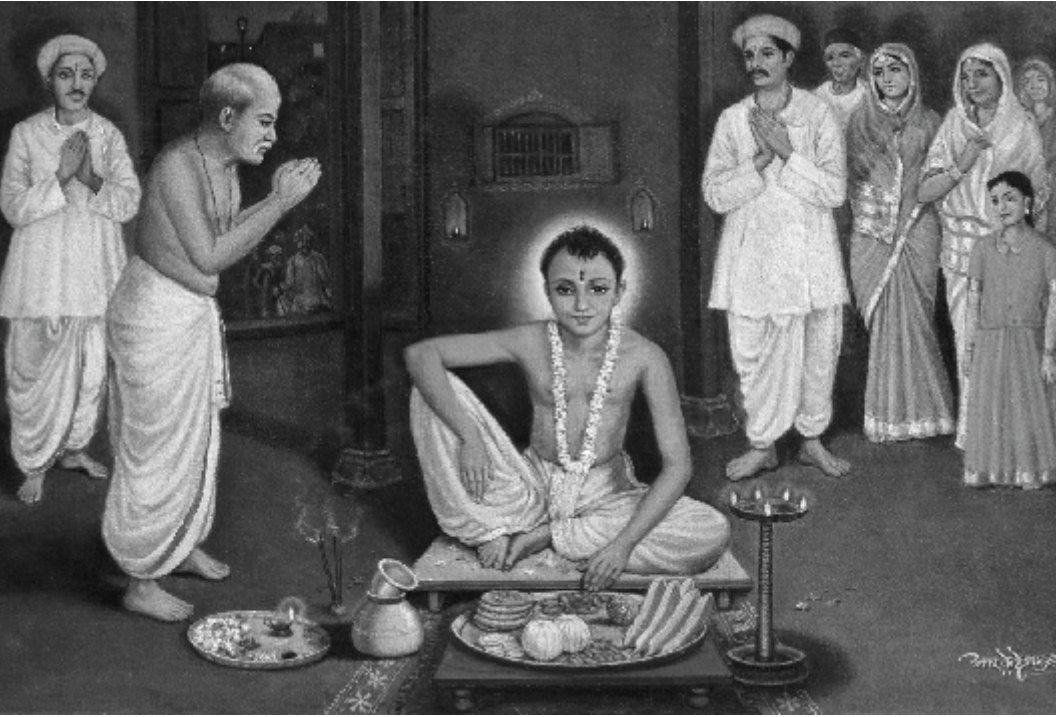
'There is no water in your pitcher.  
May I get you some if you so desire?  
The saint flashed a smile.  
Bring some. It's worthwhile  
To gulp a few sips  
After such a fulfilling meal.  
You look clever enough to understand  
This natural demand ... 39

Said Bankatlal, we feel so fortunate.  
To get him some water.  
They went in the house for a pitcher.  
In the meanwhile, the saint went to the cattle pond  
And swallowed a few gulps  
Of the muddy water ... 40

Water is like Brahma. It never gets polluted.  
It is the way you see it  
Said the learned saint.  
Bankat and his friend were impressed.  
They tried to bow down to him  
But he suddenly left ... 41

Happenings there after  
Are in the next chapter.  
Let this saga of the saint bring delight to readers.  
This is what Dasganu desires  
And asks God with folded hands.  
Chapter one ends here ... 42

# Chapter Two



*Devotees gathered from all over  
At Bankatlal's house,  
To have a glimpse of Gajanan  
Just as they congregate  
At religious places  
On auspicious dates.  
Gajanan at Shegon stood on a rock  
Of determination like  
Vithoba at Pandharpur*



## Chapter 02

---

Shree Ganeshaya namah

Bless me O God! from Chandrabhaga banks,  
Consort of Rukmini  
Lord of creation.  
Nothing is worthwhile without your sanction.  
Like a human body without a soul ... 1

A lake looks pleasant because of the water in it.  
The juicy core of a fruit  
Lends essence to the rugged cover.  
Friend of the destitute  
Help me in this endeavor ... 2

In the last chapter we read  
How the saint left abruptly.  
Bankatlal was miserable.  
The saint's radiant personality  
Got fixed in his memory.  
He pined for Shree Gajanan  
Forgetting food, water  
And even the daily routine ... 3

He could not share  
His mental disturbance with anyone.  
Not even with his father.  
His search continued  
Every day through out the Shegaon town ... 4

Bankat's father Bhavaniram  
Noticed anxiety writ large  
On his face every evening.  
He then asked Bankatlal  
What bothers you after all?  
With all mundane comforts  
Stacked around you ... 5

Bankatlal brushed aside the query  
And continued his search  
Until he told his neighbor  
Ramajipant Deshmukh, a pious citizen,  
Of his meeting and his ardent search  
For Shree Gajanan ... 6

Very few are blessed by good deeds of their past  
To get to see a saint so rare.  
Go. Search him out and take me to him.  
His sight I too desire ... 7

Days rolled by.  
A religious Kirtankar, Govindbua Taklikar  
Visited Shegaon's Shiv Mandir.  
Devotees from far and near  
Assembled there,  
Pious songs to hear ... 8

Bankat and his tailor friend Pitamber  
Were in the congregation  
Where accidentally  
They saw Shree Gajanan.  
They were delighted  
As when a miser strikes gold  
Or a peacock  
At the sight of a rain cloud ... 9

They approached the saint.  
Bowing to him they said  
'Do you want anything to eat.'

'Yes, some 'bhakri' and 'choon'  
From the gardener's House  
Would be a great treat.'  
From the gardener they brought him bhakari  
And seasoned chick pea flour choon ... 10

'Get me some water  
In this pitcher from that stream near'  
'No, no, the flow there is polluted.  
I'll get you some fresh from the reservoir.'  
'No! Dip the pitcher in the flow.  
Don't fill it by hand. Is it clear?' ... 11

After the discussions Pitamber was at the stream.  
There was no place for the pitcher to dip.  
Yet when it touched the surface of the river  
A hole formed in the riverted  
And fresh water gushed into the pitcher.  
It was a miracle ... 12

He tried it again and was surprised to see  
That when the pitcher touched the stream  
Water turned utterly clean.  
He did then realize that this was because  
Of the saint's blessing.  
The saint sipped the offering ... 13

'The food was great and the water clear.  
Get me supari as a mouth freshener.'  
Bankat gave him the nut and a coin.  
The coin He returned  
Saying, I'm not a businessman.  
I honor only devotion.  
Go Now. Listen to the kirtan' ... 14

Then He sat under a neem tree's shade  
Listening to Govindbua's talk.  
After Bua's prologue  
He recited the entire epilogue

With great aplomb.  
Surprise reigned all over.  
He who has delivered the script in this manner  
Must be a saint of great honor ... 15

Govindbua and the devotees  
Requested Him to come  
Inside the temple canopy.  
'You are the incarnation  
Of God Shankar come in here  
That's the place for you to be.'  
Said the Bua to the Saint ... 16

The Saint brushed him away.  
'Be firm on what you say.  
If as said God is every where  
Why do you force me to come in there?  
Practice what you preach.  
Don't be a preacher to merely earn a livelihood.  
Now go back and sing  
The stanzas untold' ... 17

'Residents of Shegaon'  
Declared Govindbua with great pride  
'Your good deeds of the past  
Have brought you a sage.  
He has arrived here as Vithoba in Pandharpur.  
He'll bring bliss everywhere' ... 18

Beaming with joy  
Bankat went home and told his father  
Of the entire episode.  
He got his father's consent to bring home the saint.  
Bankat went searching for him  
As the Saint was again missing ... 19

Four days after sun set  
The Sun was seen rising again  
In the form of Gajanan

By Bankat at the market.  
Cows gathered around him  
Thinking Him to be Krishna, the cowherd.  
Traders lit lamps  
As Bankat took him home ... 20

Bhavaniram was overjoyed  
At the sight of the Saint  
And offered him the swing as a seat.  
'You are God Shankar incarnate  
Arriving here at sunset.  
I wish to offer you food  
Which you kindly accept.  
Sages declare this as a lucky moment' ... 21

No food was ready except puries fried earlier.  
Bhavaniram offered them  
With fruits, almonds and dates.  
He worshipped the saint who ate all the offering  
In the served plate ... 22

He spent the night there.  
As the sun came up  
Bhavaniram arranged for his shower  
With plenty of water, fragrant oils and soap.  
He was draped in a yellow silk robe  
And offered a seat and flowers ... 23

He was decorated with garlands,  
Sandalwood paste  
And was offered fruits for breakfast.  
The gathering at door was great  
As for Krishna at Dwarka Bet.  
It was Monday, God Shankar's day ... 24

Each devotee fulfilled his desire  
Except Ichcharam, Bankat's cousin  
Who kept a fast until evening.  
At sunset Ichcharam took bath

And approached Gajanan Maharaj,  
An avatar of Shivashankar  
And asked him to have food  
As he wouldn't eat before the saint did ... 25

A plate full of food  
Was brought by Ichcharam.  
It had rice and vegetables, Varieties of sweets.  
As much fare, as four men could eat ... 26

Said Gajanan to himself,  
'Ganpya! You young man.  
You eat too much. You have been greedy.  
How much would you eat now  
On a full belly?  
Try and swallow all this up  
People are awaiting to see you gulp ... 27

He ate it all.  
Not even a grain of salt was left in the plate.  
To show the result of over eating  
He threw it all up.  
This was an act of winning over greed  
As saint Ramdas once did in the past ... 28

Devotees cleaned the place  
And gave him a bath.  
He was offered an honoured seat.  
They thronged and sang together  
The saint joined them  
With a hymn 'Gan gan ganat bote.'  
'All existence is part of the eternal' ... 29

The Saint earlier had no name.  
Brahma for that matter has none.  
They started calling him Gajanan  
On the basis of his favorite Chant.  
Saints are engrossed  
In their own thoughts

And are always absorbed in trance.  
Their joy is beyond compare ... 30

Devotees gathered from all over  
At Bankatlal's house,  
To have a glimpse of Gajanan  
Just as they congregate  
At religious places  
On auspicious dates.  
Gajanan at Shegaon stood on a rock  
Of determination like Vithoba at Pandharpur ... 31

What is caste or class for him  
Who has attained salvation?  
The Rays of the sun  
Does not discriminate amongst people.  
More devotees came to Shegaon.  
Care was taken of  
Their food and shelter ... 32

How things were managed  
Is beyond description.  
Saint Gajanan is potent.  
He guides me in this narration.  
His routine was irregular.  
Sometimes a shower, sometimes a swim  
All as per his whim ... 33

Once in a while He smoked  
Fulfilling a devotee's wish  
But it was never an addiction.  
Let us move on  
To the next chapter.  
Let it be of interest  
To all the readers ... 34

# Chapter Three



Bankatlal with his father's permission  
And the saint's consent  
Gave them a glassful.  
Janrao regained  
His consciousness  
With the first nip  
And thereafter sipped it for a week  
Stopping all medicines



## Chapter 03

---

Shree Ganeshaya namah.

O Creator of the universe  
You have been compassionate to all the oppressed.  
You are an ocean of kindness,  
Salvation to the suffering.  
The Wish fulfilling tree.  
Be kind to me. Help me in this discourse ... 1

Devotees from all over  
Clustered at Bankat's place  
Where the Saint stayed  
To have his darshan.  
They gathered like flies  
Who get together around honey.  
And need no invitation ... 2

One early dawn  
The saint was sitting in a jubilant mood.  
It was morn with a pink glow over the horizon.  
Soft was the breeze with birds chirping  
And it was a moment of delight ... 3

The elderly sat in their beds  
Chanting holy prayers.  
As Sun stole up driving darkness away.  
Women of the house cleaned their yard's.  
Calves ran to the cows for their morning's measure.  
It was such a great pleasure ... 4

That pleasant morning  
An ascetic came from afar.  
His clothes were tattered.  
He looked like a beggar  
With a poor chance to be allowed access  
The rich and influential surrounding the seer.  
It was a tough affair ... 5

He wore a loin cloth  
And a kerchief around his head.  
He had a small bag of things  
To offer to Shree Gajanan.  
He quietly sat in a corner  
Waiting for his turn to see the pious saint  
And fulfill a promise ... 6

Hearing of the saint  
He came from Kashi to offer him a packet of heroin.  
This was for a favor  
Gained by the Saint's blessing.  
Heroin he chose as the gift  
As this he liked finest.  
And he thought was the best ... 7

If people knew he had heroin  
They would never let him in.  
His thoughts were understood  
By Saint Gajanan  
Who asked the devotees to let him in.  
He was happy that the saint knew things.  
They do know the past, present and future ... 8

He rightly expected  
The Saint to know the purpose of his visit  
To the town of Shegaon.  
'Pull out your gift  
Said Saint Gajanan,  
'I have been waiting for three months.  
Let us now open it here' ... 9

Overwhelmed with joy  
The ascetic bowed again and again.  
'Why do you now hesitate?  
Why did you not think straight  
When you promised me a packet  
Of an unconventional object?'  
The ascetic was sly.  
Thus followed his reply ... 10

'I give this to you with a simple appeal.  
As my remembrance  
Please do accept this little gift for life time.  
God and saints never reject a request' ... 11

'You are the incarnation of God Shivshankar.  
At Anjani's request  
You became her son without bothering about the species  
You were requested  
To be born in' ... 12

The saint thought it over a while.  
He then agreed to the appeal  
The ascetic filled heroin  
In the Saint's pipe  
And offered it to him for a smoke.  
This is how he started smoking  
But never became addicted to it ... 13

Like the lotus leaf in a pond  
He stayed dry amidst water.  
The visitor stayed a while  
And left for Rameshwar on his journey ... 14

Some time the Saint recited Vedic hymns.  
Sometimes he kept silent.  
He sang classical musical notes  
Or chanted his favorite classical quotes.  
'Gan gan ganat bote'  
Was his favorite chant ... 15

He wandered aimlessly  
Through woods as per his whim.  
Sometimes he slept longer.  
Appeared clumsy for no reason.  
He entered households  
Without the owner's permission ... 16

Janrao Deshmukh, a prosperous man  
From the town of Shegaon  
Was breathing his last.  
The doctors declared it as a hopeless case  
And summoned the relatives  
To be at his death bed ... 17

They prayed God  
And made vows and pledges  
If Janrao is back on his toes.  
It did not seem to work.  
They approached Bankat with a request  
To give them water sanctified  
By the touch of the saint's feet ... 18

Bankatlal with his father's permission  
And the saint's consent gave them a glassful.  
Janrao regained his consciousness  
With the first sip and thereafter sipped it for a week  
Stopping all medicines ... 19

He recovered his health.  
Free from all suffering,  
Walked to Bhavaniram's house  
For the sacred sight of the Saint supreme.  
That holy water had the effect of heavenly nectar.  
Saints are Gods incarnate ... 20

Does this mean that no one would die  
In the town of Shegaon  
As long as the Saint remained?  
Saints don't prevent deaths.

They don't work against nature.  
They can avoid a disaster,  
Unnatural or accidental ... 21

Saint Dnyaneshwar once  
Prevented the death of Shree Satchitanand  
Due to an accident at Naivase.  
But the person had to depart  
From another place named Alandi  
At the appointed time ... 22

To speak of death, It has three forms.  
Natural, self inflicted and accidental.  
None can avoid the natural.  
The others can be averted  
By purity and proper medication ... 23

The doctor however has to be clever.  
Death accidental and unnatural  
Is the wrath of God.  
Be pious and religious.  
Pray to saints and deities  
To evade untimely calamity ... 24

The intensity of faith in Almighty  
Is the essence of preventing death  
In the third category.  
The saint you adore should not be fake.  
Saffron clothes do not a sage make ... 25

He should be pious and free from the six sins\*.  
One should surrender to none else than him ... 26

Deshmukh celebrated his revival  
By feeding hundreds at the residence  
Of Bankatlal seth,  
Where the saint stayed.  
News of Deshmukh's survival reached every where

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\* Lust, anger, avarice, temptation, ego, jealousy are the six sins  
known as 'Shadripu' (Six enemies)

People gathered at the Saint's  
From far and near ... 27

To avoid such incidents  
The saint became strict and indifferent.  
Yet the true devotees knew his temperament  
And were not scared,  
Like the child devotee Pralhad  
Who was not afraid of Narasimha's  
Fierce appearance at all ... 28

A tigress may appear ferocious to people  
But not to her cubs playing in her lap.  
Real devotees thus were not alarmed  
By the stern countenance  
Of saint Gajanan ... 29

Now the story of Vithoba Ghatol  
Who named himself as kalyan  
Working for Gajanan Maharaj.  
Kalyan was the name of the devotee  
Who helped Samarth Ramdas.  
Vithoba boasted that the saint  
Always depended on him for his daily routine ... 30

A lump of earth may absorb  
Fragrance of musk when they are together.  
Acacia bush may acquire  
Sandal wood perfume when they grow near.  
That lump is not musk,  
And acacia no sandal wood  
Whatever their proximity be ... 31

Alongside sugarcane breeds cactus.  
Along jasmine grow stinking shrubs.  
Saints and the fallen live together.  
Diamond and pebbles are found together.  
A pebble is worthless  
Compared to a diamond.

It remains a piece of rock,  
To be trodden upon ... 32

Vithoba took advantage  
Of his closeness to the Saint.  
And boasted himself  
To be the sacred bull of Shiva.  
Gajanan Maharaj by divine vision  
Knew of Vithoba's boast  
And decided to teach him a lesson  
With the following incident ... 33

A group of visitors came to Shegaon  
To look respectfully at the Saint.  
He was asleep and no one  
Would dare him awake.  
They told Vithoba that they were in a rush  
And would like a darshan  
Of Shree Gajanan Maharaj ... 34

Vithoba felt important  
And woke up Shree Gajanan  
The darshan went well  
But it invoked the rage of the sage.  
He took baton and hit Vithoba on the head ... 35

'You rascal, You have started a business here.  
If I tolerate you I will be at fault  
In the kingdom of God.  
You deserve punishment.'  
Gajanan Maharaj said ... 36

Don't reckon liquor  
As sugarcane juice.  
Never ever consume  
A drop of poison.  
Don't let a thief come near you,  
And let him not try  
To befriend you ever ... 37

Saint Gajanan knocked him down,  
Making him run and not return.  
This is the way real saints behave  
Not like other hypocrites  
Falling prey to quacks  
Misguiding people at large.  
This is an antisocial act  
And should never be encouraged ... 38

Saints never encourage such elements  
And weed them out of society.  
A chaste lady would never like  
To stay in a call girl's vicinity.  
Gold ornaments would never compare  
To trinkets made of tin.  
Saints may accept sinners  
But would never give them importance ... 39

Saints do realize that each one suffers  
From the sins committed  
In the previous life.  
Mother earth allows cactus and milk bush  
To grow along with jasmine  
Each one of a different kind ... 40

Jasmine bush is protected  
Cactus is burnt as fire wood  
Milk bush is hung at the door  
To attract insects.  
Saints likewise evaluate people.  
Know each individual  
Offer him protection  
In spite of the variations ... 41

Vithoba was fortunate  
He could get to touch saint's feet.  
But he failed to understand  
The greatness of the saint.

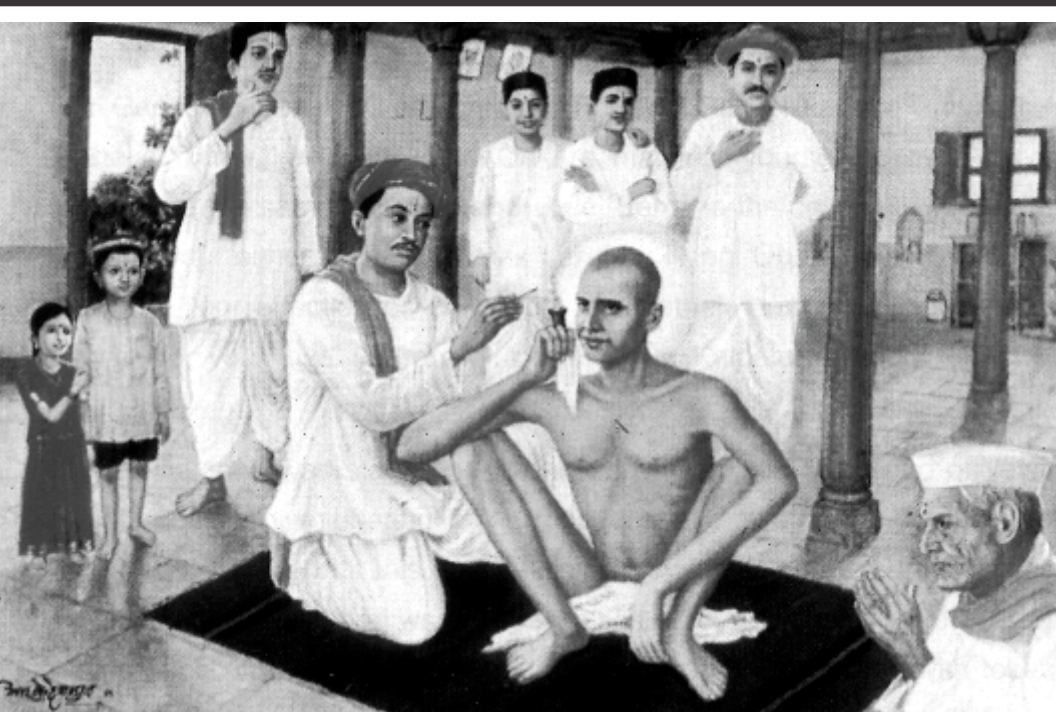


If he had realized it,  
It would have been  
A divine providence.  
And obtained him salvation ... 42

Sitting under the wish fulfilling tree  
He asked for a pebble instead of jewel,  
To Kamdhenu, the celestial cow  
He asked just a coconut shell.  
No one should do thus  
In the company of saints.  
Let your mind be vigilant,  
Alert day and night ... 43

Let these hymns  
Praising Shree Gajanan  
Save the devotees  
In this mundane world ... 44

# Chapter Four



The saint flashed a smile  
And picked up his pipe.  
He asked Bankatlal  
To get a match stick  
And hold it over the tobacco.  
Bankatlal did it  
And was surprised to see  
The pipe burning bright

## Chapter 04

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Shree Ganeshaya namah.

Almighty, Omniscient, Protector of all,  
Adorned by many names  
Nilkanth, Gangadhar, Mahakal  
Bless me Trimbakeshwar, Omkar.  
You and God Vishnu are one.  
Water by any other name  
Tastes nectarine ... 1

You both are one and the only entity.  
Devotees may call you  
By various names  
You bless every one  
Who perceives you as one  
A mother never differentiates  
Amongst her children ... 2

I am just an innocent child  
Bless me with a kind smile  
To fulfill my dreams  
Under the wish fulfilling tree \* ... 3

It was Akshaya Tritiya  
A festival day  
Third of Vaishakh  
Falling in the month of May.

The day is very precious  
For Vidharbha people  
Where they offer a pitcher of water  
To their ancestors ... 4

The saint was having fun  
With neighborhood children  
At the residence of Bankatlal  
When he asked one of the boys  
To fill tobacco in his pipe  
And get some light for it to ignite.  
The pipe was filled  
But there was no fire in sight ... 5

Not yet at Bankatlal's  
Who suggested them Janakiram.  
Janakiram was a goldsmith there.  
All goldsmiths ignite fire in the morning.  
It's essential for their routine.  
The children went to the goldsmith  
And asked him for an ignited piece ... 6

Janakiram was furious  
He refused to give fire on a day so precious  
As Akshaya Tritiya auspicious.  
The children said, 'Don't be superstitious  
We require it to light  
The pipe of a Saint pious' ... 7

Janakiram turned down the request.  
'I don't recognize him as a saint.  
He has no caste or creed  
He eats from anyones's hands,  
Smokes tobacco and heroin.  
He remains bare drinks dirty water  
And behaves crazily ... 8

Bankatlal is crazy too, to go after him.  
If he is a saint, He can start a fire for himself

With his supernatural powers  
As did Jallandar  
Who used to ignite fire  
For his smoking pipe ... 9

Don't stand here.  
Better go away.  
You won't get any flame  
For that lunatic saint  
I don't care at all.'  
The children returned  
And told the Saint  
Of the entire conversation ... 10

The Saint flashed a smile  
And picked up his pipe.  
He asked Bankatlal  
To get a match stick  
And hold it over the tobacco.  
Bankatlal did it  
And was surprised to see  
The pipe burning bright ... 11

This is what happened  
With the Saint's grace.  
At Janakiram's place  
It was something else.  
He hosted a feast  
On this festival day.  
For guests and relatives  
All the way ... 12

Tamarind curry is essential  
For Akshayatriya  
As neem leaves chutney  
For Gudi Padwa  
Guests saw worms in the curry.  
They felt nauseous  
And left the place in a hurry ... 13

Jankiram was disturbed.  
How could this be?  
The tamarind was fresh  
And the seeds worm free.  
It occurred to him  
That it was his blunder  
In refusing fire  
For the pipe of the seer ... 14

'It is because of his ire  
The feast went haywire.  
Saint Gajanan is as pure  
As waters of Ganges.  
I talked lowly of him  
O! What a disgrace.  
He is a king amongst all rulers  
I called him a beggar ... 15

He is a seer  
Knowing past, present and future.'  
Janakiram hurried to Bankat's place  
Realizing his mistake  
And fell prostrate  
In front of the saint.  
He begged pardon  
Of Saint Shree Gajanan ... 16

'I beg to be pardoned,'  
Jankiram said, 'I failed to understand  
That you are the Deity  
In our Shegaon city.  
My mind is now clear  
And I earn any punishment  
You think I deserve' ... 17

'Bring in the curry.  
Where are the worms?'  
They all looked in,  
The preparation was clear.

It was a surprise.  
People around saw the miracle  
And bowed down to the seer ... 18

On a hot summer day  
In the month of Jeshtha.  
Chandu Mukin, a devotee  
Was amongst people  
Who surrounded the saint.  
They offered him flowers  
Sandal wood paste,  
Mangoes and pears ... 19

He said he wanted them not  
Except the two cannolis  
Kept in the earthen pot  
At the house of Mukin.  
Chandu Mukin was shocked  
As, in his recollection  
There was nothing left  
From last month's preparation ... 20

He told the saint  
There was nothing left  
From the Akshaya Tritiya lot.  
If you so like, I will ask my wife  
To fry a few fresh ones.  
The Saint said, No  
I want only those in the pot ... 21

'Go search for them and bring the pieces to me.'  
The devotees too  
Said the same thing.  
Chandu went home and told his wife.  
'There is nothing left  
Let me make them fresh.' said she ... 22

'Search for them in the earthen pots  
Stacked in the corner.'

Then she remembered of two pieces  
Lying unnoticed in an earthen jug.  
'They are stale, may be with mildew.  
I don't think they'll do'... 23

Chandu and his wife were amazed to notice  
That they were fresh.  
Chandu took them to the saint.  
To the surprise of all  
He ate them as did Shree Rama  
Shabari's offerings ... 24

In the village of Chincholi near Shegaon  
Lived a Brahmin named Madhao.  
He was sixty.  
Looked weak for his age.  
He had misused his youth  
In mundane pleasures ... 25

No force on earth  
Can change the destiny of man.  
Madao lost his wife and children  
And was now alone in the clan.  
He lost interest in living  
Sold all his property  
And regretted that in his youth  
He never remembered Divinity ... 26

He begged pardon of God  
Again and again and asked for His blessings  
To save him from this pain.  
Full of repentance  
He came to saint Gajanan,  
Squatted at his door  
Chanting God's name ... 27

The Saint watched him for a day  
And said, 'Whatever you are doing  
Is not appropriate.



It is like getting a doctor  
After the patient's death.  
Or tying nuptial knot  
At an older age.  
Things should be done at the proper time' ... 28

Don't start digging a well  
When the house is on fire.  
For fruitful results do things in time.  
You toiled all the while  
For folks that left you alone.  
You wasted time on goals material  
Forgetting those that are perpetual ... 29

You have to accept results.  
There is no escape.  
Now be reasonable  
Come back to your senses.  
Devotees present advised him too  
But he ignored them all  
And kept chanting the name of God  
At the entrance of the hall ... 30

As night approached and it was pitch dark  
Shree Gajanan tried a trick.  
He changed himself into the God of death  
And rushed to Madhao  
To stop him breathe.  
Madhao was scared.  
His heart thumped weird ... 31

He started running away  
The Saint revealed himself  
And loudly said,  
'Is this how much strong you are?  
I have shown you just a glimpse  
Of the house of death.  
You are its fare.  
You can't run away from there' ... 32

'Spare me from that hell  
And from this earthly life too!  
Said Madhao,  
'This is my last request to you.  
You have shown me the sight of hell.  
Don't send me there.  
Please give me heavenly bliss ... 33

I am fully aware of my sins  
But I know if you wish  
You can rid me of them all.  
I am fortunate to be at your feet  
Because of some good deeds of past.  
How could some one  
Who meets a saint  
Ever go to hell?' ... 34

'Keep singing the name of God  
Your death is not very far.  
Yet if you still want to live  
I will extend your life span.'  
To this Madhao said, 'No, I have enough.'  
'So be it!' said the saint  
You will not be born again.' ... 35

Thus went the secret talk, Hard to describe.  
Madhao stopped breathing.  
People around started guessing  
That it was because of his fasting.  
Madhao died at the feet of the Saint  
And finally escaped  
The cycle of birth and death ... 36

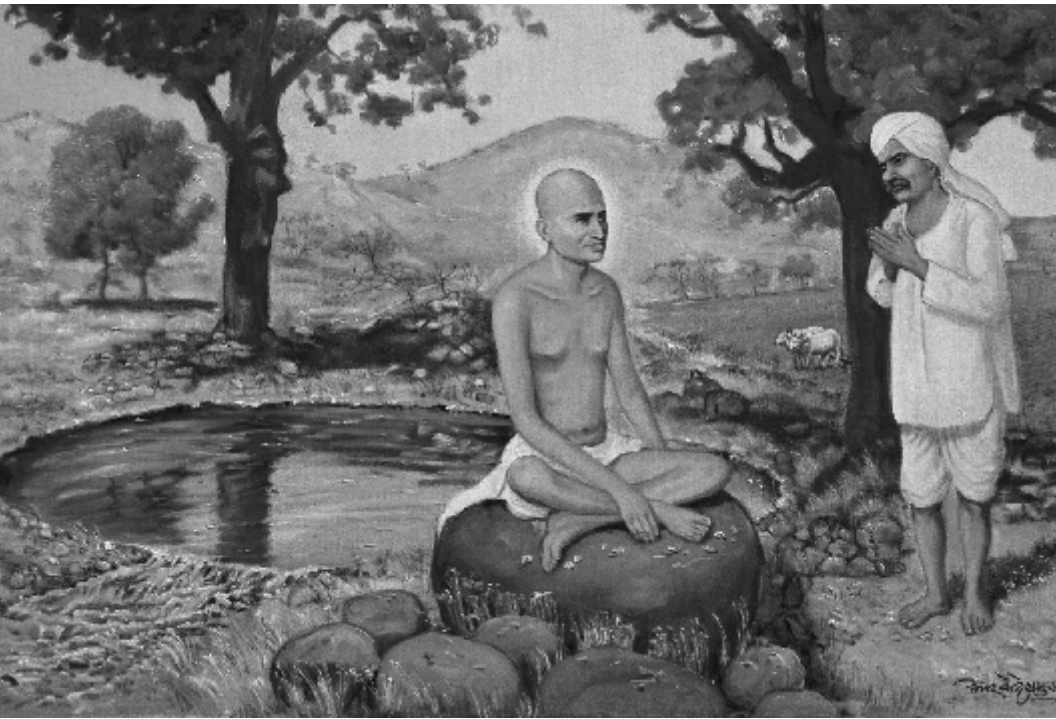
Once the Maharaj expressed a desire  
To listen to Vedic scriptures  
Sung by learned Brahmin priests.  
He asked devotees to get them there.  
They said such scholars are not available  
Anywhere near ... 37

'Make arrangements for the recital  
And await their arrival.'  
Happy were the devotees.  
They collected one hundred Rupees.  
In preparation for the Vedic celebration.  
A team of learned Brahmins  
Arrived the next noon ... 38

They delivered the Vedas  
For the Saint and were offered dakshina  
Before they went.  
God fulfills saint's desire.  
With such a recital Bankatlal's family  
Celebrates this day every year ... 39

Let this prayer show  
The path of devotion  
To the readers.  
Thus ends Chapter four ... 40

# Chapter Five



He peeped into the well  
It was completely dry.  
He sat under a tree on a rock nearby.  
With closed eyes he mediated a while  
Solemnly imploring Almighty  
To fill in the well for the community.  
He invoked God in all His names.  
'Please fill in water in this dry space.'

## Chapter 05

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Shree Ganeshaya namah.

O eternal, unconquerable entity.  
Full of happiness and mercy.  
I bow down to you and seek your protection.  
I am just a browbeaten sinner  
Devoid of authority to sing laurels to you.  
So help me Almighty ... 1

But I know one thing  
People in authority go to any level  
To rescue the helpless and poor.  
God Shivshankar Mahesh  
Smeared his body with ash.  
The smallness of the small  
Does not bother the big at all ... 2

I am at your mercy and bow down to you.  
Mother always fulfills the wants of a child.  
I am solely depending on you  
To complete this treatise ... 3

Devotees thronged to Shegaon  
To revere the Saint.  
His reputation had spread far and wide.  
He wanted to keep away from it all  
And walked away to the woods  
Without leaving any clue  
About his whereabouts ... 4

One day he walked away  
To an ancient temple of Shiva,  
An age old structure  
In the forest near Pimpalgaon  
By the side of a stream  
And sat steady in the hall  
In padmasana pose  
Away from the worldly din ... 5

A group of cowherds  
Brought their cattle  
For their routine gulp of water.  
They entered the temple  
When the cows were slurping  
And next to God Shiva  
They saw the saint sitting ... 6

All these years  
They saw none sitting there.  
His eyes were closed.  
He was in the padmasana pose.  
Some of them sat in front of him.  
His eyes were still closed  
He did not speak to them ... 7

They couldn't understand  
The reason of it all.  
They brought him some bread  
Thinking that he was starving.  
They tried to wake him up  
From his trance and were surprised  
That there was no response ... 8

They touched his body  
It was warm. He was alive.  
No cause for alarm.  
Some thought him to be a phantom.  
How can that be  
In a holy temple? ... 9

May be he is God Himself  
They further thought  
And considered themselves  
A fortunate lot.  
They worshipped him  
With water and flowers.  
Washed his feet,  
Offered onion and bread ... 10

They sat around him and sang prayers.  
Then they remembered  
That it was time to go back.  
The elders will worry over the delay  
And come searching for the children.  
The calves will start lowing  
For the mother cows' return ... 11

They went home and told their parents  
About the strange appearance  
Of a pious saint  
At the old temple of Shiva  
Which changed the status for a while.  
People of the village  
Went there early next day ... 12

The saint was still there  
In his trance in the same position as he was.  
Food offered earlier was still lying there.  
Some thought he was a yogi  
Others called him an incarnation of God ... 13

On one point they agreed  
That the saint was in a trance.  
They remembered Saint Jallandar  
Who stayed in a trance for twelve years.  
They brought the saint to Pimpalgaon  
With great pomp and flare.  
On a special palanquin  
They took him there ... 14

They scattered vermilion powder  
And various flowers on him  
On the way to Pimpalgaon.  
A special seat was arranged for him  
In the temple of Hanuman.  
Since he did not come out of trance  
The villagers decided to fast  
Until he returned to awareness ... 15

The Saint immediately opened his eyes  
And came out of his stupor.  
Jubilant villagers bowed down to him,  
And got him food as an offering.  
News of the saint coming to Pimpalgaon  
Spread in the neighborhood  
And reached Shegaon ... 16

In Tuesday's weekly market crowd  
They talked of the Saint and his whereabouts.  
Bankatlal and his wife rushed to Pimpalgaon.  
They requested the Saint  
With folded hands  
To come back to Shegaon ... 17

'How can a child be separated from his mother?  
Devotees are on fast there  
To ensure that you come back earlier.  
I will end my life now  
If you don't come back with me from here.'  
On hearing this, saint boarded the cart  
Which Bankat had brought ... 18

People remembered the story of Akrur  
Taking back Lord Krishna from the town of Gokul.  
Bankatlal said,  
'The Saint is not going far away.  
He will be in Shegaon,  
Just a few miles away ... 19



The Saint would go to them if he decided to do so.'  
Bankatlal being a money lender  
People owed him money  
And did not dare to say no  
To their Shegaon journey.  
The Saint said, 'Bankat. 'This is no way  
For a lender to take things away' ... 20

'When I look to your affairs  
I feel scared to be there.  
Lakshmi, Goddess of wealth, mother of all people,  
Consort of Vishnu from the trinity  
Is locked in your captivity.  
I got frightened and ran away  
Seeing you treat her this way.' ... 21

Bankatlal replied with a laugh  
'Mother Lakshmi cannot be impaired by locks.  
She stays with me because you are here.  
A child feels safe under mother's care.  
Your sacred feet are the real wealth to me.  
I do not care for anything else.  
That's why I came to Pimpalgaon  
To bring you back to this dwell.' ... 22

'Nothing here belongs to me, it's all yours  
How can a watchman stop the owner  
From entering his own quarters?  
You may do whatever you like  
Go where ever you want to go  
Bless the whole world but don't forget us  
Simple folks of town Shegaon' ... 23

'Cows go out in the morning  
But return to their shed in the evening.  
That's what we request you to do.  
That's our earnest entreaty.'  
Thus Bankatlal brought the Saint back  
To the lovely town of Shegaon

Where he stayed for a few days  
And then went away ... 24

It so happened that one fine morning  
The Saint left for Adgaon without an inkling  
Like transporting of God Hanuman  
With the speed of a windy storm.  
It was Vaishakh in summer.  
Water had dried up everywhere.  
At hot noon he reached village Akoli,  
Lips dry with thirst and perspiring profusely ... 25

He looked around for water.  
A farmer named Bhaskar  
Was working in his field further.  
A farmer toils hard to produce food for all  
Facing all vagaries of weather.  
He is an important member  
Of the society in general ... 26

Water was so scarce in Akoli.  
One may get Ghee more easily.  
Bhaskar had brought for himself  
A pitcher full of water and some bread.  
These were kept under a shrub.  
The saint asked of him just a few sips to gulp.  
'Please give me water. I am thirsty.' ... 27

'Please don't say no. It is considered a pious deed  
To give water to the thirsty indeed.  
In scorching summer  
Wealthy people open water booths  
For travelers on highways to quench their thirst.  
A gulp or two is what I need.' ... 28

Bhaskar replied,  
'How can I reckon it a good turn  
To offer water to a useless person  
Unmindful of his naked condition?

Religious books relate a good action  
To offerings made to orphans,  
Disabled and to persons  
To help redeem a social ill ... 29

It is a sin to quench your thirst  
As you are one of the undeserving people around.  
No one will ever nourish a snake  
On humanitarian grounds.  
Or offer protection to a thief in his own house.  
You are getting fat begging from door to door.  
A burden to society, nothing more ... 30

I have brought this water on my head  
For me and not you, O dumb-head.  
I won't give you a drop so walk away you flop.  
Because of lazy people like you  
Thriving in our society  
We are defamed to a great extent  
In the world community ... 31

The saint smiled and walked his way  
And saw a well not far away.  
Seeing him thus walking by Bhaskar yelled out aloud  
'That well is not worth a try.  
It is completely dry.  
There is no other around us  
Within a two mile radius. ... 32

The saint said, 'If that be right  
I'll try to get water in it.  
I am aware that you deserving people  
Face great torture without water.  
Let me try something in society's interest.  
God will help me  
If my intentions are honest.' ... 33

He peeped into the well. It was completely dry.  
He sat under a tree on a rock nearby.

With closed eyes he meditated a while  
Solemnly imploring Almighty  
To fill in the well for the community.  
He invoked God in all His names.  
'Please fill in water in this dry space.' ... 34

'People look worried  
There is not a drop left in any of the wells.  
All human efforts have failed.  
Please come to their rescue  
Impossible things you can do.  
You saved cats from a burning furnace  
And emerged from a pillar at Pralhad's request ... 35

'You devoured twelve villages  
Around Gokul as Vaishawanar.  
You lifted a mountain as Murari  
On your little finger.  
You posed as an untouchable for Sant Damajipant  
And tended the cattle  
Of Sant Chokhamela.' ... 36

You protected the birds of sant Savata Mali  
And created water for Namadeo  
In a hot Marwad alley.  
God Almighty! If you so desire  
You can fill this well with water.'  
His invocation went on fervently  
And a spring of water shot up in the well ... 37

God's creativity has no limits  
He can craft what He thinks fit.  
The saint quenched his thirst  
With water from the well.  
Bhaskar could not believe  
What he had seen.  
How can a well dry for twelve years  
Be now full surging with water? ... 38

It means that the person whom he sleighted  
Was not an ordinary man but a saint.  
Realizing the fault Bhaskar ran to him  
And on his feet fell prostrate.  
'Pardon me.' He said, 'I am an ignorant child.  
I didn't know you well  
And insulted you wildly.' ... 39

When milkmaids insulted Krishna  
He did not take them seriously.  
Please pardon me thus  
And don't deal with me sternly.  
External appearances are deceptive.  
I was carried away by that.  
My ignorance is wiped away  
With the miracle you performed.' ... 40

'I realize your powers  
And will never leave your feet.  
You as a mother should not desert me.  
I recognize that mundane things are a deceit.'  
'Don't lament.' Said the seer,  
'I created water here to avoid you bringing it  
From places not near ... 41

Don't give up your pursuits.  
This water is for you.  
Cultivate rich fields  
As you used to do.'  
'Don't tempt me, O saint!  
Said Bhaskar in humiliation  
'I was like the dry well.  
You have filled it with comprehension.' ... 42

'This is a fine spring of faith.  
With this water I will grow  
A fruit garden of deep devotion.  
O saint! Bless me so.

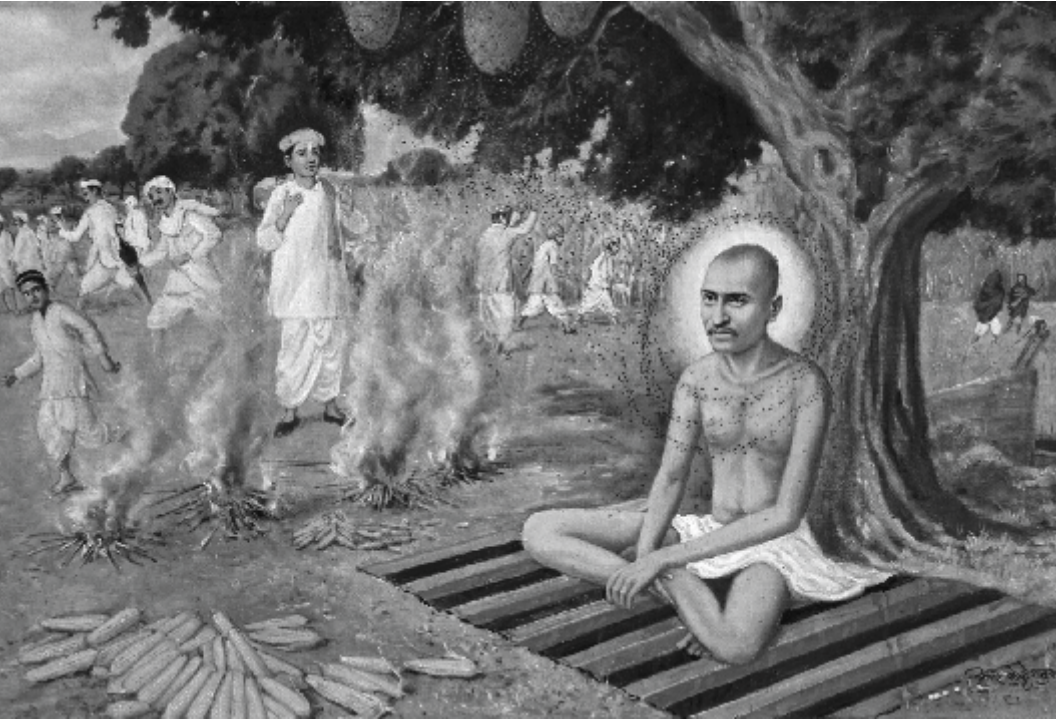
I will plant trees of good moral education,  
Flowers and plants of determined action.  
I will do away with the transitory attachment  
Enticing me in worldly temptation.' ... 43

Look at the transformation  
That came about in Bhaskar's action  
With the brief association  
Of a saintly incarnation.  
Sant Tukaram in his dissertation  
Writes of the effects of a saint's darshan  
It's worthwhile reading that script  
For your own benefit ... 44

News of a dry well filling with water  
Spread to the villages like wild fire.  
People rushed to the Saint to see him first  
And went to the well to quench their thirst  
Like flies dashing to the honey jar  
Or ants to a lump of sugar.  
The water was cool tasty and clear  
Sweeter than the heavenly nectar ... 45

They all cheered the saint  
Again and again.  
Instead of going to Adgaon  
He returned to Shegaon  
With Bhaskar.  
May this treatise  
Be your real guide  
And make you prosper ... 46

# Chapter Six



Everyone loves his own life.  
It was true with these people.  
Saint Gajanan sat nonchalant  
In this entire scramble.  
Deeply engrossed in his reflections  
He thought of the bees, beehives,  
Of himself, the guests and the corn  
Saying, 'I am the bee and the stinging thorn

## Chapter 06

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Shree Ganeshay namah

O emblem of all good fortune  
It is an established dictum  
That a saint's kind blessings  
Drive away inauspicious happenings.  
I have come to your door  
With great belief and hopes.  
If you fail me, it would bring disrepute  
To you and all seers ... 1

God Madhava, don't get upset with me.  
Uphold the prestige of this innocent child.  
Kindly remember that they hold the mother  
Answerable for any shortcomings  
Of her young toddler ... 2

Once Bankatlal organized festivities  
At his farm for his friends to enjoy  
Roasted corn on the cob.  
Saint Gajanan was an honoured invitee,  
The main attraction at the party.  
They sat near the well, age old  
Holding ample water in its fold ... 3

Tall tamarind trees stood around  
Looking down on the guests squatting on the ground.  
Fire was ignited  
At a dozen places to roast the corn pieces.  
Smoke rose to the skies Disturbing the beehives ... 4



Wild bees from the trees with their fiery sting  
Swung down hovering  
On the guests eagerly waiting  
Their turn for the cob.  
Instead they had to run amuck  
Covering their faces with blanket veils ... 5

Everyone loves his own life.  
It was true of these people.  
Saint Gajanan sat nonchalant in this entire scramble.  
Deeply engrossed in his reflection  
He thought of the bees, beehives,  
Of himself, the guests and the corn  
Saying, 'I am the bee and the stinging thorn ... 6

I am the beehive too and a part of this show,  
I am the corn and the eater also.  
All this is part of the cosmic entity  
Wherever in the universe you go' ... 7

The bees converged on him  
And covered him like a blanket.  
The casing was so perfect  
That not an inch of him was left.  
They stung him every where  
With their deadly barbs.  
The guests watched this helplessly  
Unable to lend a helping hand ... 8

Bankatlal was sorry that he had brought  
Saint Gajanan to the farm.  
The saint could know with his divine insight  
That Bankatlal was rushing  
To save him from this plight.  
He was happy that there was one disciple  
Trying to save him from this debacle ... 9

He looked at the bees and said,  
'Now is the time for you to go and take rest.

The bees flew back to their hives.  
It was just a minute's flight.  
The saint smiled and said,  
'Bankat, you see, on me  
'You gave a good feast to the bees ... 10

Remember, in times of calamity  
No one helps except the Almighty.  
When the poisonous flies dived down to attack  
The party lovers fled away in a pack.  
These selfish people love good food and sweets  
And ran away  
When the bees came to sting ... 11

Said Bankat with an apology,  
'I am responsible for this tragedy.  
To pull out the burning barbs forthwith  
Shall I summon an expert goldsmith?'  
The saint said, 'This is nothing bizarre.  
Stinging is a part of bees nature.  
They behaved accordingly  
The sting does not affect me ... 12

They are a part of God's creation  
I too am, is His incarnation.  
Just tell me how water can ever harm water.'  
Bankat was happy at this awakening.  
He got a goldsmith to pull out the stings.  
The saint laughed and said,  
'You would not be able to see them ... 13

In such a case it is clear  
That they cannot be pulled out by pincers.'  
He then took a deep breath  
And held it up for a while.  
The sting popped out of his body,  
Leaving the observers breathless.  
They were glad to realize the greatness  
Of Gajanan the majestic saint ... 14

The crowd reassembled.  
The fiery bees were quiet.  
Maize corns were roasted without any quagmire.  
Guests enjoyed the feast to a great extent  
And went home in the evening  
With great content ... 15

Shree Narasingji a Maratha saint  
Of great distinction had become one with God  
Because of his devotion.  
He was the disciple  
Of Kotashya Ali and stayed in dense woods  
Not accessible easily ... 16

Biography of Shree Narsingaji  
Is narrated in Bhaktililamrut pages  
Where details of his great deeds  
Are narrated in detail.  
The forest lay near Akot  
Just thirty six miles to the North-east  
Of Bankatlal's domicile ... 17

The woods were deep and dense  
With tall trees, wild grass and creepers,  
Inhabited by snakes and similar creatures.  
In such a dreadful forest  
Shree Narasingji stayed alone  
In complete seclusion.  
Gajanan went to see him on his own ... 18

Water merges with water  
Like things mix with each other  
Unlike things don't do it ever.  
Looking at Shree Gajanan  
Narasingji was happy beyond depiction.  
One was Hari, the other was Har  
One was Rama, the other Muralidhar.  
One was sage Vashishtha, other Parashar ... 19

One, the banks of Ganges, other Godavari  
One Kohinoor, other kousthubhamani  
One Vainateya, other son of Anjani.  
When they met they were very happy.  
They sat next to each other  
And exchanged experiences  
Said the saint to Narasinga  
'In picking family life you did well.' ... 20

Renouncing that I followed the path of yoga  
To know the ultimate reality, Brahma.  
The path of yoga has many strange things  
Incomprehensible to human beings.  
To hide them, on many occasions  
I behave like a crazy person.  
There are three paths to ultimate reality  
Action, devotion and yogic ability ... 21

Apparently they look as three different paths  
But in reality they have the same goal.  
Yoga is suppression of activities  
Of body, mind and will  
So that the self may realize its distinction  
From them and attain liberation.  
If a yogi feels proud of his path  
He will remain away from the ultimate fact ... 22

When you take up the yogic path  
Remain detached like the drop of water on a lotus leaf  
To understand the principle behind it.  
If you accept family life  
Be like a pebble in the river  
Remaining wet all the while  
Yet not soaking up a drop of water ... 23

Remain free from expectations  
With complete concentration  
On the master of this creation.  
Then nothing is impossible

You, I and God are one  
The people around are not different.  
Such should be your behavior  
If you pick this as your option ... 24

With great modesty said Shree Narasingji,  
'I am grateful to you for meeting me.  
Prapanch, this business of life  
Is very much unreal like the shadow at noontime.  
I will follow your kind counsel.  
Please come to me again and again ... 25

Everything is predestined in this world  
Yet we have to perform our duty as well  
As is prescribed by the Almighty.  
I request you come here again.  
As the younger brother it would be my gain  
I will await you like Bharat at Nandigram  
Waiting for his brother Shree Ram ... 26

With your yogic power  
It is easy for you to be here  
Without touching your feet anywhere.  
You can travel anywhere you like  
The three worlds to you are all alike'.  
With great affection they discussed  
Various points of importance over and over ... 27

This is the way real saints behave.  
While hypocrites fight and rave.  
Don't select them as a guru ever.  
They breed greed. Be aware.  
They don't have any powers  
To guide a shattered boat to the pier.  
They do gather a lot of publicity  
Shun them with prudence and discrimination ... 28

Setting up a monastery or composing poetry  
Do not raise a man to sainthood

It needs knowledge and a selfless mood.  
Can anyone accept gold plated brass  
As a real piece of gold?  
Can anyone take a woman of disrepute  
To be the queen of his household? ... 29

Good consciousness and good outlook  
Stay with one who rejects a crook.  
The two saints who met were real and rare.  
News went round to Akot about their meeting there  
Like the confluence of Godavari  
And Bhagirathi river ... 30

With flowers and coconuts  
They rushed to the forest.  
By the time they were there  
Saint Gajanan had already left  
With the kind permission of Saint Narasingaji  
Disappointing the devotees  
Of Akot and thereabouts ... 31

In one of his wanderings with his followers  
Shree Gajanan reached a town  
Called Shivar, on the banks of Chadrabhaga  
Near Daryapur, Vidharbha  
Notof Pandharpur  
Abode of God Vithoba ... 32

Herein lived a learned Brahmin  
With Vrajabhushan as his name.  
He had mastered four languages  
And was famous all over the place.  
A devotee of Sun God  
Every morning as a habit  
He bathed in Chandrabhaga  
And offered prayers to God of light ... 33

He was respected by learned men.  
As if a gift of his daily prayers

The saint went to the river near Shivar.  
When Vrajabhushan came for his routine bath  
He saw the saint on the bank.  
Dawn was invading the blue  
Birds were chirping with joy  
Welcoming the lord of the sky ... 34

Darkness disappeared like fools  
From a congregation of learned men.  
As the Sun peeped up the horizon  
The saint sat engrossed in his blissful domain  
Surrounded by disciples as rays of light.  
Vrajabhushan saw saint Gajanan,  
A shining form with long arms  
Eyes focused on nose in concentration ... 35

Vrajabhushan's joy knew no bounds  
He rushed to the revered saint  
Washed his feet and offered worship  
Bowed down to him with great respect  
Reciting the twelve names of Sun,  
Performing aarati and singing prayers in verse  
Which went thus: ... 36

'I got the reward of my penance  
By a glimpse of your feet divine.  
I have been offering prayers to Sun God  
I see Him here now. What a delight.  
O Gajanan! You are the Brahma,  
Full of knowledge and support this universe.  
You take births again and again ... 37

All my concerns have vanished  
As I see you.  
Bestow all your kindness to me.  
This is all I ask of you.'  
Saint Gajanan hugged him  
As a mother to the child and placing hand on his head  
Spoke to him some words of choice ... 38

'You will be respected and loved by people.  
Don't relinquish the path of duty.  
Don't think of rituals as meaningless.  
Yet don't get involved in them completely.  
Do your duty unmindful of the fruits.  
This is the way to meet God  
And keep your outlook unblemished ... 39

Hold these words in your mind.  
Now go home.  
I will always meet you in your meditations.'  
Thus saying the saint gave him  
Some coconut pieces and travelled back  
With followers to Shegaon ... 40

Shegaon was Shivgaon formerly  
But in due course changed its name  
Which eventually stayed.  
Seventeen Patils lived in this place.  
The Saint returned to Shegaon but not for long.  
He visited many places  
As he moved along ... 41

Summer passed by. It was Shravan,  
Month of rain and festivals.  
Annual celebrations were on at Hanuman temple.  
Families of Patils, all devotees  
Gathered under the temple's canopy.  
Patil being a powerful authority  
People cooperated in all his activity ... 42

This month-long function  
Had all religious aspects,  
Abhishek, prayers and feasts  
For devotees to their hearts content.  
Khandu Patil a noble person  
Was the leader of the function.  
Authority is like a tiger skin  
And becomes terror to people and kin ... 43



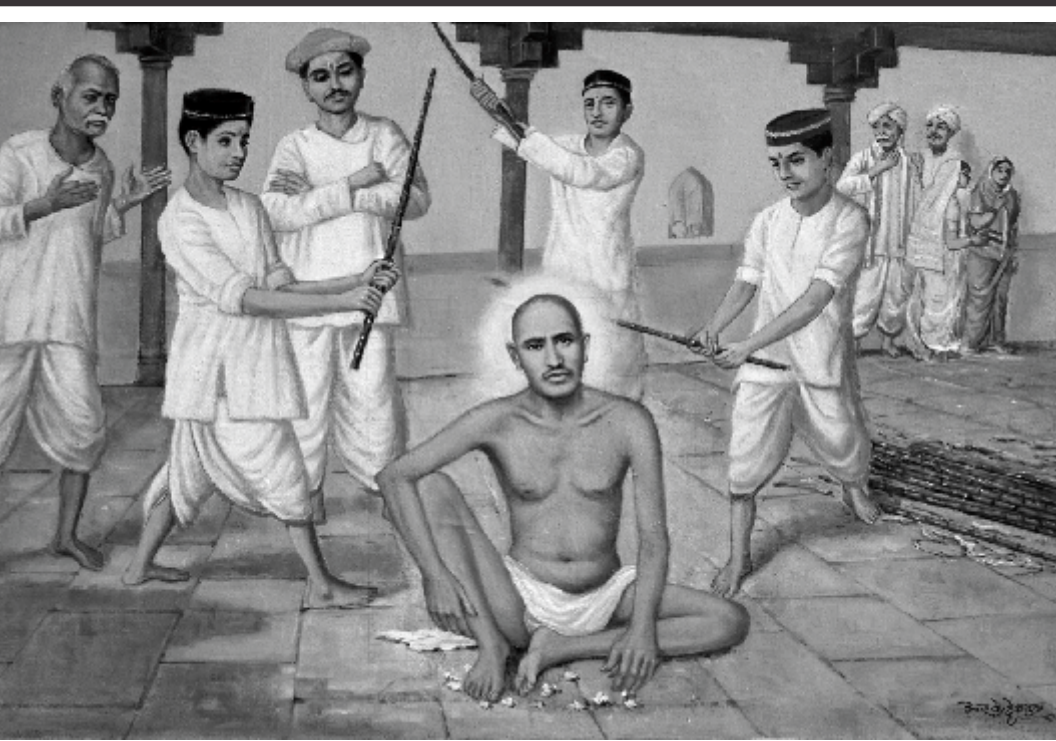
Yet people united achieve a lot  
Which a king alone cannot.  
The Saint came to the temple  
To attend festivals in Shravan.  
He said to Bankatlal, 'Now hear  
From now I will be staying here.  
Hope you don't mind this choice  
Seers don't live in a friend's house ... 44

I have relinquished all worldly ties  
And will live in a temple all my life.  
That doesn't mean I ignore you at all.  
I am here at your beck and call.  
Shankaracharya moved from place to place  
Machchindra and Jalandar avoided houses.  
Shivaji's mentor Ramdas saint  
Selected Sajjangad as his place ... 45

Think over it and don't say no.  
After all this place is yours too.'  
Bankatlal was helpless  
And gave his consent.  
Maharaj came to the temple  
And every one rejoiced.  
Bhaskar Patil stayed with him.  
He enjoyed the choice ... 46

May this composition help seekers  
To reach the feet of the saint.

# Chapter Seven



The saint smiled unflappably.  
No scars were seen on his body  
Looking to the fact the rowdy boys got afraid  
And bowed down to him falling prostrate.

## Chapter 07

---

Shree Ganeshay namah

Glory to thee O Rama!  
God of the color of clouds.  
Consort of Sita, Son of Dasharath  
And safe haven of saints galore.  
With your blessings O Rama,  
Monkeys defeated Ravana in Lanka.  
Victory follows him  
Who enjoys your blessings ... 1

He who gets your favors is revered by people  
How so ever low he may be in his social status.  
Am I suitable for such favor?  
My condition is most pitiable.  
I lack knowledge and devotion  
My mind is unsteady and suspicious ... 2

With various desires haunting my mind  
How can I expect you to be kind?  
Logically it may sound alright  
But the scripts point out  
That you have pardoned many a sinner.  
Liberating the pious is no wonder  
But real greatness lies in saving the fallen ... 3

There is none greater than you  
I invoke you to pardon my failings  
And sanctify me O God!

With your blessings.  
I completely surrender myself to you ... 4

The celebrations went full swing  
With all the people at the temple  
Khanderao from the Patil family  
Was organizing the festival.  
The Patil clan enjoyed a great heritage  
Of wealth, land and property.  
Devotion to sages and saints  
Was a part of their legacy ... 5

With all the authority of a village head  
Khanderao celebrated the event as said.  
He came from the lineage of Mahadaji  
Who had sons named Kadtaji and Kukaji.  
Kukaji, the younger was a devotee  
Of Vithoba, the Pandharpur Deity.  
The family enjoyed blessings of Gomaji  
A saint from village Nagzari ... 6

Kadtaji had six sons. They were Khanderao, Ganapati  
Narayan Maruti, Hari and Krishnaji. Kukaji had none.  
When Kadtaji died  
The children were brought up by Kukaji as his own.  
It was a rich family in the town ... 7

Kukaji brought prosperity to the Patil family.  
Khanderao became the head  
After Kukaji's death.  
Khanderao had authority and prosperity.  
Body building was the brothers' hobby.  
They played games with swords and sticks.  
Hari amongst them was a great athlete ... 8

People tried to please the Patil clan  
Though the festival was for God Hanuman.  
Patils had an irrational attitude  
Which drove the town into annoying disputes.

Khanderao abused each one in the village  
Not sparing even a saint or a sage.  
When the brothers went to the temple  
They started teasing Saint Gajanan ... 9

They fashioned indecent puns  
Using the name of Saint Gajanan.  
They challenged him to a wrestling fight  
Asking him to prove his saintly might.  
They invited the Saint to the stand  
Or face a beating at their hands.  
The Saint laughed at their folly  
Bhaskar said, 'Let us go back to Akoli ... 10

Let us be away from these insolent boys  
Corrupted by power, money and might.'  
The Saint said, 'Bhaskar wait a bit  
Patil brothers are all my devotees.  
All they lack is decorum and modesty.  
To understand them watch them closely.  
Notice their affectionate liaison  
Each of them is like my son ... 11

They enjoy blessings from various saints  
Power is often accompanied by rudeness.  
How can a tiger behave like a cow  
Or burning fire be as cold as snow  
How can the edge of a sword be mellow?  
This attitude will eventually go  
Like the turbidity of monsoon water  
Getting clearer with the approach of winter ... 12

One day Hari came to the temple ground  
And challenged the saint to a wrestling bout.  
'Don't keep chanting your favorite hymn  
'Gana gana ganat bote.' O! What a rhyme.  
Since you are the heart of all respect  
I want to test you in all aspects.

If you defeat me in wrestling you get a prize.'  
The saint nodded to accept and sat quiet ... 13

He said, 'Come on, you are very strong  
Pull me up from this position where I belong.  
Hari used his strength all the way  
But couldn't move the saint an inch away.  
He tried all the tricks of wrestling  
Until his tired body started perspiring.  
He soon realized that the saint had won  
Though his build looked a thin and frail one ... 14

The saint was a great mountain of strength  
Undisturbed like a mighty elephant  
Underrating the might of other creatures.  
Hari felt like a jackal there.  
Or like a barking dog before a tiger.  
He had never bent down to a saint's feet  
But now was the time to accept defeat  
In utter surrender to the sacred seer ... 15

The saint looked up and said with a smile  
'Defeat me or get me the promised prize.  
Wrestling is the best of manly game form  
Krishna in childhood played it with Balram.  
They killed Mushtik and Chanur  
Guards of Kansa, the wicked ruler.  
Good health is the best wealth. Second is land,  
And then money which all should have ... 16

Krishna living on banks of Yamuna  
Made his playmates strong.  
That's the way you do it in Shegaon.  
Make them sturdy with great aplomb.  
This is the only prize I am seeking.'  
Hari astutely said, 'It can only be with your blessings.'  
This was the moment when he learnt restraint.  
And started behaving properly with the Saint ... 17

His brothers teased him for his weakness  
And said, 'We are sons of Patil. Don't forget.  
We enjoy the best authority in this region.  
Why should we bow down to this naked person?  
He is crazy gathering undeserved attention.  
We have to curb this dumb orientation.  
Let us now take immediate steps  
And stop this nonsense in public interest.' ... 18

It is our duty to caution the precincts.  
Phonies dupe folks by posing as saints.  
Even gold has to stand the test of purity.  
The sugarcane incident proved Tukaram's veracity.  
Dyneshwar made a mark making a buffalo sing.  
Gajanan has to prove himself by similar testing.  
He has to attest his mettle in the popularity test.  
Why don't we test him to that effect? ... 19

Thus saying they came to the temple  
With a bundle of solid sugar cane.  
Hari Patil was quiet and stayed away  
But others were boisterous all the way.  
They called the saint obscene names  
And said, 'If you want to taste sugar cane  
You have to bear a beating by them  
But no scars could be seen anywhere.' ... 20

We will acclaim you as a yogi  
If the thrashing shows no marks.  
If it does then of course, you are a quack.  
The saint smiled at the children's prattle.  
Maruti said it seems he is baffled.  
Ganapati said silence means half consent  
They all started beating the reverend.  
Except Bhaskar all devotees dispersed ... 21

He appealed to them to stop the torture  
And spare the saint of benevolent nature.  
Your family enjoys a great reputation

Be kind to all who are under your protection.  
He may not be a saint as you believe  
But spare him as an innocent man on the street.  
Brave hunters attack fierce tigers  
They don't shoot innocent grasshoppers ... 22

King Ravan's Lanka was set afire by Hanuman.  
He never touched shanties of poor men.  
The boys advised Bhaskar to stay off the fight  
We are just testing his saintly might.  
People here call him a great saint  
We are assessing his saintly traits.  
They continued thrashing him wild  
Like pods in the field for the yield ... 23

The saint smiled unflappably.  
No scars were seen on his body  
Looking to the fact the rowdy boys got afraid  
And bowed down to him falling prostrate.  
Saint said, 'Boys your hands must be aching  
I will compress juice for you. It's refreshing.'  
He squeezed the canes with his bare hands  
And gave juice to the boys as refreshment ... 24

How could he squeeze juice without a device?  
This can be possible only with yogic exercise.  
With this he wanted people to recognize  
That yoga can improve national might.  
The boys bowed down and ran back to Khanderao.  
They told him of happenings and the saint of Shegaon.  
With this Khanderao started visiting the saint  
But his rustic language did not change ... 25

He never used honorific terms for any one.  
Generally singular words are used on two occasions.  
As in affection of mother and the offspring  
Or by an authority to a menial under him.  
Khanderao reckoned each one as his subject  
And spoke to them with little respect.



That's why he addressed the saint in diminutives  
But inflicting insult was not his motive.  
His heart was like coconut with a hard shell,  
Soft inside with sweet core and tasty kernel ... 26

Once Kukaji called Khandu Patil and said,  
You speak of Gajanan as a great saint.  
As you know day by day I am growing old,  
I would like to see a grandson before I go.  
Why do you stand dumb before him?  
Go request the Saint to bless you with an offspring.  
If he is really a seer  
He will fulfill your desire ... 27

Khanderao approached the saint in a while.  
Said uncle Kukaji is getting old  
He wants to see the face of my child.  
If you enjoy powers to fulfill devotees' desires  
Why not bless me with a child as a favor?  
Said the saint, 'Good! You ask for something  
With all the wealth and power at your command.  
You order everyone then why not the creator?' ... 28

'This is something beyond human volition,'  
Said Khandu. 'Crops need water for growth.  
Bringing rain down is beyond human try  
That is why in famine the land is dry.  
Human efforts bring fruitful results  
When rain pours down on the thirsty fields.  
That is the case with me O saint!  
So bestow all your favors on me.' ... 29

The saint smiled and said, 'You beg for a child.  
Since it is asking for alms  
I bless you with a son.  
You have to name him as Bhikya.  
It is not all in my hands but I will request the Almighty  
To fulfill your desires. ... 30

In turn you have to host a mango juice meal  
To all the Brahmins in the town every year  
As a token of your gratitude to the Creator.'  
Khandu accepted the proposal and back he went  
To tell Kukaji of the conversation with the saint.  
Kukaji was happy. In due time a son was born  
To Khandu's wife, bringing joy all around.  
Kukaji's happiness knew no bounds ... 31

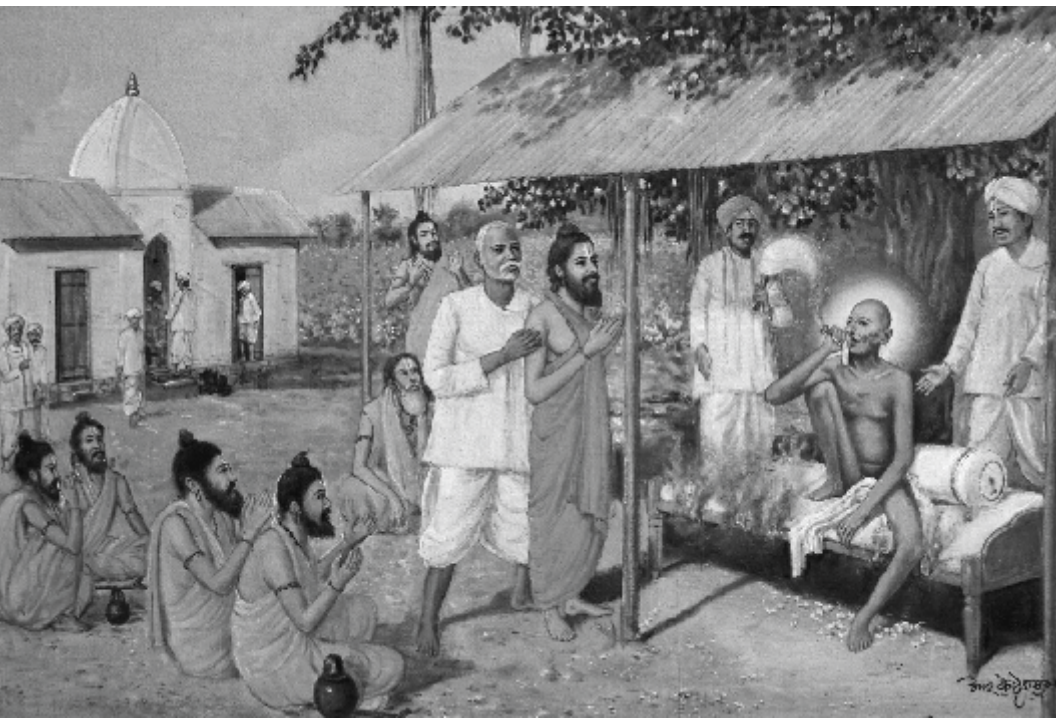
Khandu distributed sugar and wheat to the poor  
And sweets to the children of Shegaon.  
The child was named as Bhiku  
Who grew up like the waxing moon.  
As promised Khandu fed Brahmins with mango juice  
And the practice continues with the descendants.  
By the grace of the saint the child started crawling  
In the house of Khandu Patil ... 32

This irritated the Deshmukh family of Shegaon  
With Patils they were at daggers drawn.  
The feud was going on for long  
Between these two families strong.  
They hunted for a chance to hurt each other.  
They fought like two Pandits, two ministers,  
Two fighters, two mechanics  
Or two dogs facing each other ... 33

After seeing the grandchild, Kukaji died  
On the banks of Bhima at Pandharpur.  
Khandu was sad to lose his protector.  
Looking to his state of mind  
Deshmukhs grabbed the chance  
To put the Patils in danger.  
The details will follow  
In the subsequent chapter ... 34

Please listen to this treatise to  
Bring to you auspicious tidings.

# Chapter Eight



In a little while the whole cot was in flames.  
Bhaskar requested the saint to leave the cot.

He cautioned that it was of teakwood make  
And would require water for putting out the blaze.  
Said the saint, 'Don't get water to quench the fire.

Let Brahmagiri come and sit with me here!  
'Brahmagiri, you know Geeta with its meaning.  
Now is the time for you to prove its essence

## Chapter 08

Shree Ganeshay namah

O beloved son of Vasudeo and Devaki!  
Protector of the Goap and Gopi's  
Annihilator of demons, please bless me.  
I am aware that devotion and penance  
Are required to gain your favor  
But I am unable to offer these.  
Your praises are in Sanskrit, new to me ... 1

I cannot decipher those words. I am dumb.  
How can a frog get honey out of a lotus bulb?  
I am penniless and cannot obtain your favor  
By feeding a batch of the poor.  
I cannot visit shrines and holy places  
To acquire your kind grace  
Because of my health and fading eyesight.  
I seem to be helpless on all sides ... 2

It is clear that hopes and dreams of the poor  
Are never fulfilled.  
Even then your blessings fetch delight.  
I am aware you don't have to be rich to get it.  
When clouds pour down water  
Lakes and rivers get their fill in full.  
I look forward to the showers of happiness.  
A drop of nectar removes all sickness ... 3

In the last chapter we talked of a family feud  
Between the houses of Patil and Deshmukh.

Such unhealthy rivalry brews tension.  
Tuberculosis of body and social friction spell disaster  
Defeating efforts to ease the situation.  
The event here was triggered by a mahar's refusal  
To obey the orders of Khanderao,  
The highest authority in Shegaon ... 4

Marya Mahar, the mail carrier stayed near the lake.  
He enjoyed a special privilege at Deshmukh's place.  
With taunts and uncouth filthy words  
He declined to execute Khanderao's work.  
He was warned to behave himself  
More so as Khandu was head of the place.  
Marya disregarded the admonition  
And teased Khandu with obscene gesticulations ... 5

The cause of this altercation was plain.  
Patil had some mail to send to Akola police station.  
He asked Marya to take it to the destination.  
Marya refused saying I am Deshmukh's man  
I don't take orders from you, understand.  
He ridiculed Patil infuriating him a lot  
Resulting in a blow by a stick on his arm.  
That hard force had fractured his hand ... 6

Patil sent the mail with someone else.  
Relatives of Marya took him to Deshmukh's place.  
This gave Deshmukhs a chance to harass Patil.  
They took Marya to the police station in a bid  
To lodge a complaint about the happening.  
All tensions in society  
Are blown up the community to an enormity.  
A complaint was registered by the authority ... 7

Orders were issued to arrest Khanderao.  
The news spread like wildfire in Shegaon.  
Patil developed a lot of fear  
And worried about the impending danger.

He prayed to God Almighty  
To save him from arrest and indignity.  
For a man of his status, humiliation is worse than death.  
His brothers too looked worried and helpless ... 8

Then it suddenly occurred to Khandu Patil  
That he better see the saint and seek his help  
As no one else can save him from this mishap.  
His brothers went to Akola to seek legal advice  
Khandu Patil went straight to the saint at night.  
He bowed down to Maharaj and told the story.  
'I thrashed him as he refused to do Government duty.  
Deshmukhs are using this event to put me in difficulty ... 9

They are trying to get me arrested.  
None else except you can help me at this stage.  
May be the police will take me tomorrow.  
I would like to kill myself before I go.  
I am a man of dignity  
And the insult of arrest is like death to me.  
I accept I was violent in that situation  
But the whole thing is blown out of proportion ... 10

Please save me O kind saint from this contempt.  
In the episode of Jayadrath in Mahabharat  
Arjun was ready to burn himself for dignity  
God saved him and protected his honor.  
God also saved the respect and honor of Droupadi  
By providing her saris at the right hour.  
My self-respect is being stripped here like Droupadi' ... 11

Khandu's eyes were tearful when he begged for blessings.  
His brothers were worried over the arrest impending.  
Maharaj hugged Khandu Patil and said,  
'A man of responsibility has to face such a fate  
And has to be ready for it.  
Such things happen due to selfishness and sinful thoughts.  
You and Deshmukh belong to the same caste  
Yet selfishness has torn you apart ... 12

The enmity between Kaurav and Pandav  
In the epic of Mahabharat developed due to self-interest.  
Pandav were legally right  
Thus almighty was on their side  
Kaurav were defeated so you don't have to be afraid.  
Deshmukh will ultimately fail ... 13

Eventually Khandu was declared as not guilty.  
Blessing of saints cannot be deemed paltry.  
Patil brothers got closer to the saint  
After this challenging occurrence.  
Who would not like to sip nectar  
The heavenly life giving elixir?  
A few days later Patils took the Saint  
To stay in their family ... 14

At their place came some Telangi Brahmins  
Orthodox learned and well-versed in Vedic prayers  
In spite of this greed for money tinged their behavior.  
They had come with the hope of getting some here.  
Maharaj was sleeping when they came in.  
They started to sing the Vedic hymns.  
The intention was to awaken the saint  
And attract his attention towards them ... 15

The recitation involved a mistake  
Which the Brahmins did not correct  
Maharaj was upset. He got up and said,  
'You are damaging the greatness of Vedic hymns.  
They are no tools of business.  
They have lessons to teach.  
Show some respect to your gear  
Which indicates that you are Vedic seers.  
Now I recite the words and you repeat ... 16

Don't misguide innocent believers.'  
Saying so he repeated the chapter  
With not a single mistake in the text.  
The pronunciation was clear in all respect.

It appeared as if Sage Vashistha himself was singing  
Those powerful prayers to the ruler of all beings.  
The Brahmins felt ashamed and hung their faces.  
It was like holding a candle  
Against the sun's radiant grace ... 17

The Brahmins had come with an impression  
That Saint Gajanan was a crazy someone  
But found him to be a learned giant  
And were certain that four Vedas were in his person.  
They thought of the Saint as God incarnate  
He must be a Brahmin without attachment.  
Because of good deeds of previous birth  
They were fortunate to have his darshan on earth ... 18

The saint told Khandu to give them a Rupee each.  
They departed happily with this deed.  
Maharaj like a true saint  
Disliked too much of attachment  
To life and people of the town  
And decided to shift out on his own.  
He moved to a garden to the north of Shegaon  
Under the cool dark shade of a neem tree. 19

There was a temple of Lord Shiva in the garden  
Krishnaji, the youngest brother owned this one.  
The saint said to Krishnaji that he was there  
To stay in the vicinity of Lord Shiv Shankar.  
If this is a place He likes, it also is the place for me.  
Please get a tiny shed built here for me.  
Very soon it became a place of pilgrimage  
Town where king stays becomes capital of the state... 20

Bhaskar and Tukaram Kokate stayed with the saint  
To offer him routine care and comfort to a great extent.  
Krishnaji supervised the food preparations  
And took meals after Maharaj had done.  
About twenty ascetics once came to the garden  
They had heard about Saint Shree Gajanan



They told Krishnaji they were on pilgrimage  
To Rameshwar with holy waters of Ganges ... 21

'We are disciples of Shree Brahmagiri  
Who is fortunately with us on this journey  
We travelled afoot to holy places like Gangotri  
Kedar, Hinglaj, Girnar, Dakor and Jamanotri.  
God works as a slave in Brahmagiri's house  
Good deeds of your past have brought him here now.  
All we want is a shirapuri meal and few puffs of heroin.  
We will be here for three days  
And then go on our routine ... 22

Do not miss the chance of serving our class  
Instead of that crazy man lying across.  
It is like kicking a cow and feeding a jackass.  
We are ascetics who have renounced the world  
We are masters of Vedas. Come listen to our words.  
'We will make Shirapuri tomorrow.' Said Krishnaji,  
'Let it be just bhakri and besan today as a proxy.  
There is no problem about heroin puffs as I see.' ... 23

It was noon time. The lunch was over by the well.  
They sat in the shade with people as evening fell.  
Facing Mahant Brahmagiri and Shegaon's saint.  
Brahmagiri read the Geeta and  
Conveyed the gist of a hymn.  
Saying the soul is eternal and no device can split it.  
Brahmagiri was a fraud with no spiritual attainments  
And the people were not impressed by his sermons.  
They could see that he was playing with the words ... 24

People got up and went to the darshan of their saint.  
'We heard the philosophy. It was phony.  
We see the reality in you.' They said.  
The ascetics who were now smoking heroin  
Were irritated by this remark to a great extent.  
A spark from the pipe of the saint

Fell on his cot and slowly spread.  
Smoke started coming out of the bed ... 25

In a little while the whole cot was in flames.  
Bhaskar requested the saint to leave the cot.  
He cautioned that it was of teakwood make  
And would require water for putting out the blaze.  
Said the saint, 'Don't get water to quench the fire.  
Let Brahmagiri come and sit with me here.'  
'Brahmagiri, you know Geeta with its meaning.  
Now is the time for you to prove its essence ... 26

Prove that fire won't burn Brahma.  
You have given a discourse for the last hour.  
You shouldn't be scared of sitting with me here.'  
'Bhaskar, go and bring him here with due respect  
And make him sit here to prove the aspect.'  
Bhaskar was a well-built man. With these orders  
He caught hold of Brahmagiri to bring him there.  
The saint did not shift a bit from the fire ... 27

In Bhagwat, Prahlad .. Son of Kayadhu  
Was made to stand on burning fire.  
The saint reenacted the same scene  
In Krishna Patil's garden here.  
When Bhaskar caught hold of Brahmagiri  
He prayed to Bhaskar  
'Don't take me to the burning cot.  
I failed to recognize the authority of the Master ... 28

Bhaskar dragged Brahmagiri to Maharaj who said,  
'Prove the statement which says,  
Fire doesn't burn it.'  
Brahmagiri got scared and replied,  
'I became an ascetic for good food and an easy life.  
I fruitlessly tried to learn Geeta verse  
And called you crazy without any remorse.  
I regret the misdemeanor and beg to be excused.' ... 29

People from Shegaon begged of the saint  
To leave the burning cot for their sake.  
They were frantically afraid  
Of seeing him engulfed in the flames.  
Brahmagiri hung his face in shame.  
He had nothing to express.  
To honor people's sentiments  
The saint alighted from that burning bed ... 30

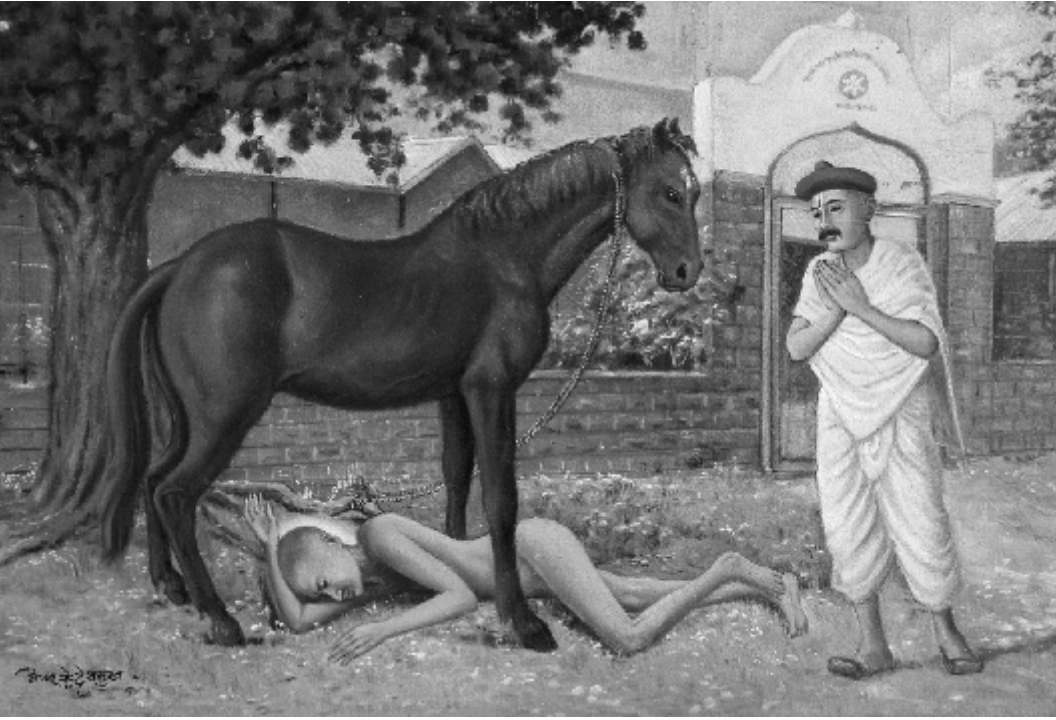
The cot then collapsed in a moment.  
People threw water to put out the blaze.  
And save just a part of it  
As an evidence of the event.  
Brahmagiri fell prostrate before Maharaj  
And purified himself from all his faults.  
With waters of Ganges touching impurity  
How can things remain dirty? ... 31

At midnight the saint advised Brahmagiri  
'Shun hypocrisy. A saint has to forego worldly pleasures.  
One should be learned himself before preaching to  
others.  
Learning words without understanding them  
Or preaching the spirit behind them is worthless.  
Understand the spirit behind what you learn.  
Machindra, Jalandar, Gorakh, Gahini and Dyaneshwar  
All enjoyed great authority in all spheres ... 32

Shree Shankaracharya attained self realization.  
Eknath, a family man achieved salvation.  
Swami Samarth, a brahmachari accomplished the goal.  
Remember these sages and stop wandering for shirapuri.  
It would be a worthless waste of time for everybody.'  
Brahmagiri quietly listened to his advice  
And left the place early morning with disciples.  
Next day people gathered to see the burnt cot ... 33

We hope this treatise will liberate  
The readers from the material attachments.

# Chapter Nine



He went to the proximity with great anxiety.  
And was astonished to see  
Someone sleeping under the standing beast.  
When he carefully looked down  
He saw Saint Gajanan on the ground.  
He could now easily decipher  
The reason of the horse being somber

## Chapter 09

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Shree Ganeshay namah

Consort of Rukhamini  
Residing by the Chandrabhaga River  
Playing flute and blessing the seers.  
You are the savior of all browbeaten,  
A sea of compassion spread all over.  
People who are great radiate in spite of pettiness around.  
Almighty comes into prominence  
Wherein the sinners abound ... 1

You are called the saviour because of us sinners.  
Touchstone gets importance because it turns  
Iron into gold.  
River Godavari is holy because of the tributaries.  
O Madhav, think this over  
And do me a favor.  
Please lend me a helping hand  
To save me from going under ... 2

A famous devotee singing laurels to God  
Once came to offer such prayers at Shegaon.  
This was at Shiva's temple which was ancient.  
An affluent person named Mote had renovated it.  
Nowadays the rich are not fond of temples.  
They like cars, clubs and bicycles.  
Mote was not a person of that sort.  
He was a keen devotee of God ... 3

He renovated the place for the people.  
That's how it was called Mote's temple.  
The singer of hymnes Govindbua Taklikar  
Camped that day at this temple.  
Tying his horse at the front entrance.  
The beast was very rough.  
It kicked people who came close.  
Sometimes it snapped the tied ropes ... 4

Sometimes it sprinted in to the woods.  
It neighed day and night as per its moods.  
It was a package of all bad habits.  
Govindbua had made a special chain to fix it.  
But he forgot to bring it in this visit.  
He got a rope and tied it with a hope  
That it would not cut loose  
While the Bua was resting in the temple ... 5

When it was midnight and the world was plunged in the dark,  
When the nocturnal birds frightened all  
While in search of their daily snatch,  
When the gates of the town were closed  
And dead silence prevailed around  
And not a soul was seen on the road,  
Saint Gajanan came to the site  
Where the horse was tied ... 6

Saints take birth on the surface of this earth  
As ordained by the Creator  
To improve the behavior of hopeless characters.  
Just as medication cures diseases  
The saints helps remove wickedness  
From the misguided masses.  
Saint Gajanan walked to the steed  
And slept in the place under it indeed! ... 7

He recited his favorite hymn  
'Gan gan ganat bote.' All the time.

Saying, 'Understand always  
Soul and Brahma are the same.  
Don't you ever think  
That they are different entities.'  
There are a few variations to the hymn  
Yet the purport is the same sublime ... 8

The horse stood still all the time.  
Bua was always apprehensive  
Of what the horse would do.  
He often got up to check up on its tricks.  
When he saw the horse standing still  
For a moment he thought it was ill.  
This was an unusual scene for Govind  
As never before he saw it so tranquil ... 9

He went to the proximity with great anxiety.  
And was astonished to see  
Someone sleeping under the standing beast.  
When he carefully looked down  
He saw Saint Gajanan on the ground.  
He could now easily decipher  
The reason of the horse being somber ... 10

The horse was quieted down by the saint  
Like the scent of musk subduing bad smell.  
Bua put his head on feet of the saint and said,  
'O saint you are really Gajanan  
Who removes all obstructions.  
I have experienced it today.  
People were scared of its behavior  
Which you have corrected in the colt this way ... 11

It has a habit of jumping and kicking  
While it is walking.  
I was fed up with it and wanted to sell it.  
Unfortunately no one would buy it  
Not even take it for free.  
I am obliged to you for calming it down.

Horse of a preacher like me  
Should be as gentle as it can be ... 12

A tiger is a great danger in a shepherd's house.  
Thus with the influence of Shree Gajanan  
The horse gone off track came to be normal.  
Saint said to the horse, 'Leave your bad habits  
And turn to be a gentle animal.  
You are standing in front of God Shiva  
Behave like a humble bull.  
Now don't try to bother anyone ... 13

The saint went his way after correcting the horse.  
Next day when he was in the garden  
Bua came to see him riding his animal.  
People of Shegaon who knew the horse well  
Said, 'Why did you bring this horse of bad spell?  
It will do harm to the ladies and children.'  
Bua said, 'Now the colt is sober  
Because of the blessings of Saint Gajanan ... 14

Its queer habits have disappeared overnight  
None should now be scared of it.'  
The horse stood free under the tree  
Without a rope or chain.  
This was all due to the blessing of the saint.  
Fresh vegetables and green grass was around  
The horse did not touch them though it was untied.  
See how saints have power to change habits unsound ... 15

Bua praised Maharaj with prayer that follows:  
'No one in the world understands your acts  
Your benediction will guide  
Even a villain to the right path  
You have the power to sense shortcomings.  
Please sanctify me with your kind blessings.'  
So saying Govind bua left for Takli ... 16

People came to Shegaon from far and near  
To see the Saint and fulfill their desires



Among them were two Brahmins from Balapur  
Who pledged to bring heroin on their next tour  
Against the fulfillment of their wishes.  
They knew the saint preferred a smoke over sweets.  
They forgot about the heroin on their next visit.  
They felt shy and vowed double for the next time ... 17

Seeing them again the Saint said to Bhaskar,  
'Look at these people's behavior  
They promise something and don't recall it  
They are Brahmins and should behave as they preach  
That's how the caste has lost its prestige.  
If they vow things and forget it  
How can their desires get fulfilled?  
They better honor their vow before asking God's blessings  
... 18

The Brahmins were extremely hurt  
To hear this sharp remark  
And looked at each other with great surprise  
As to how the Saint could fathom their intent.  
As they saw that the saint knew everything  
About the vows and the subsequent failings,  
They got up to go to the market  
And get heroin as promised to the saint ... 19

Where upon Gajanan's remarks were quick,  
'Why are you crying over split milk?  
I don't have any craze for heroin  
So don't run to the market in vain.  
Only remember one thing  
Keep your promises to deserve God's blessings  
As liars never can achieve them.  
Now go and get it when your desires are fulfilled ... 20

Your wish will be fulfilled next week.  
But remember to come here five times  
For a glimpse of God Shiva the mighty.  
With His blessings God Kuber got wealthy.

Go bow down to Him and do not forget  
To bring heroin on your visit next.  
One should never violate  
Vows made to God and saints.' ... 21

They accordingly bowed to God Shiva in the crowd  
Before returning to their town.  
Next week after their wishes were fulfilled  
They came back with a heroin pack  
As per the promise  
Which was neglected before ... 22

There is another story from Balapur.  
In that town lived Balakrishna, a devotee  
Of Samarth Shree Ramdas Swami.  
His wife Putalabai was a pious lady.  
They used to visit Sajjangad on foot  
The journey used to start in the month of Poush  
With a horse to carry their luggage  
Consisting of a hand rest, Dasbodh and a carpet ... 23

Their piety did not harbour any ego  
The couple collected alms on the way.  
They offered food to God before they ate  
It was one of their journey's traits.  
They used to leave Balapur town  
On the ninth day of Paush in the waning moon.  
He played sandalwood clippers and she the cymbals.  
On their lips they had name of Shree Ram ... 24

They travelled to Sajjangad via Shegaon,  
Khamgaon, Mehakar, Deolgaon Raja  
Then Anandiswami's abode Jalna  
Further to village Jamb, birth place of sant Ramdas.  
They used to stay there for three days  
Before proceeding to Divara, Beed, Mohori.  
The next stop was Dongaon, birth place of Kalyan  
Who was a devotee of Sant Ramdas ... 25

They touched Narsingpur, Pandharpur  
Natepote Vai, Satara and Shinganapur  
Before reaching Sajjangad in Magh  
On the first day of the waning moon  
To attend the celebrations of Magh Navami.  
As an offering to Sant Ramdas Swami  
They arranged for food for Brahmins  
As far as their finances could permit ... 26

It is really difficult now to find a devotee  
Of his status in the community.  
After the Das Navami event  
They returned to Balapur the way they come.  
This routine continued year after year  
Until Balkrishna reached his sixtieth year.  
At sixty when he started on the return journey  
He sat near the Samadhi of the swami ... 27

With tears in his eyes and sadness in his heart  
He appealed to Sant Ramdas with a humble mind.  
'O all powerful Ramdas, my mentor and guide  
I am getting old now. My age I cannot hide.  
Henceforth I may not be able to walk the distance.  
Even coming on vehicles seems to be difficult.  
I have been following the routine so far  
But it does not seem to be possible hereafter ... 28

As you know good health is an essential thing  
In the observance of any devotional routine.'  
Praying thus Balkrishna fell asleep.  
He saw Ramdas in his dream.  
The saint started speaking to him.  
He said, 'Don't be distressed  
You need not henceforward  
Come to visit this place Sajjangad ... 29

I am much pleased with your devotion.  
You can celebrate the Navami function

In your house from next year onwards.  
I will be there on that day.  
Take this as my promise.  
Be prudent in your expenditure.  
Any expenses on such functions  
Should be within means of the devotee.' ... 30

Balkrishna was happy over the dream.  
He and his wife came back to Balapur in time.  
On the first of Magh in his town next year  
He initiated the function with a fanfare.  
It started with reading of Dasbodh in the morning  
Culminating in prayers in the evening.  
Food was served to Brahmins at lunchtime.  
At dusk an aarati was sung in good rhythm ... 31

During the celebrations all these days  
One thought kept bothering Balkrishna always  
When will the Swami come as promised?  
Will he arrive on the day specified?  
The villagers had contributed cash with zeal  
As per devotee Balkrishna's appeal  
Which saw the function go galore  
In that small town of Balapur ... 32

On the ninth day there was a surprise.  
At noon Gajanan Maharaj appeared at the site  
When Balkrishna and the gathering were offering  
Worship to Ramchandra, the Supreme Being.  
Balkrishna was happy to see the saint  
Yet at the same time he said  
He has been eagerly looking forward  
To the arrival of Swami as per his word ... 33

I don't believe that his promised will fail.  
While these thoughts were to the fore  
Shree Gajanan stood at the door  
And said aloud, 'Jai Jai Raghuveer Samarth.'