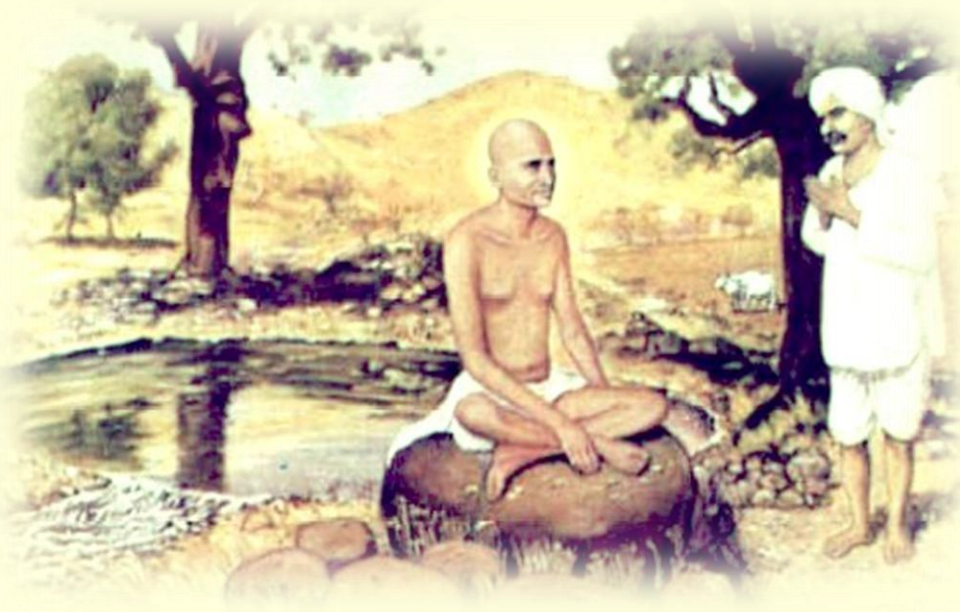


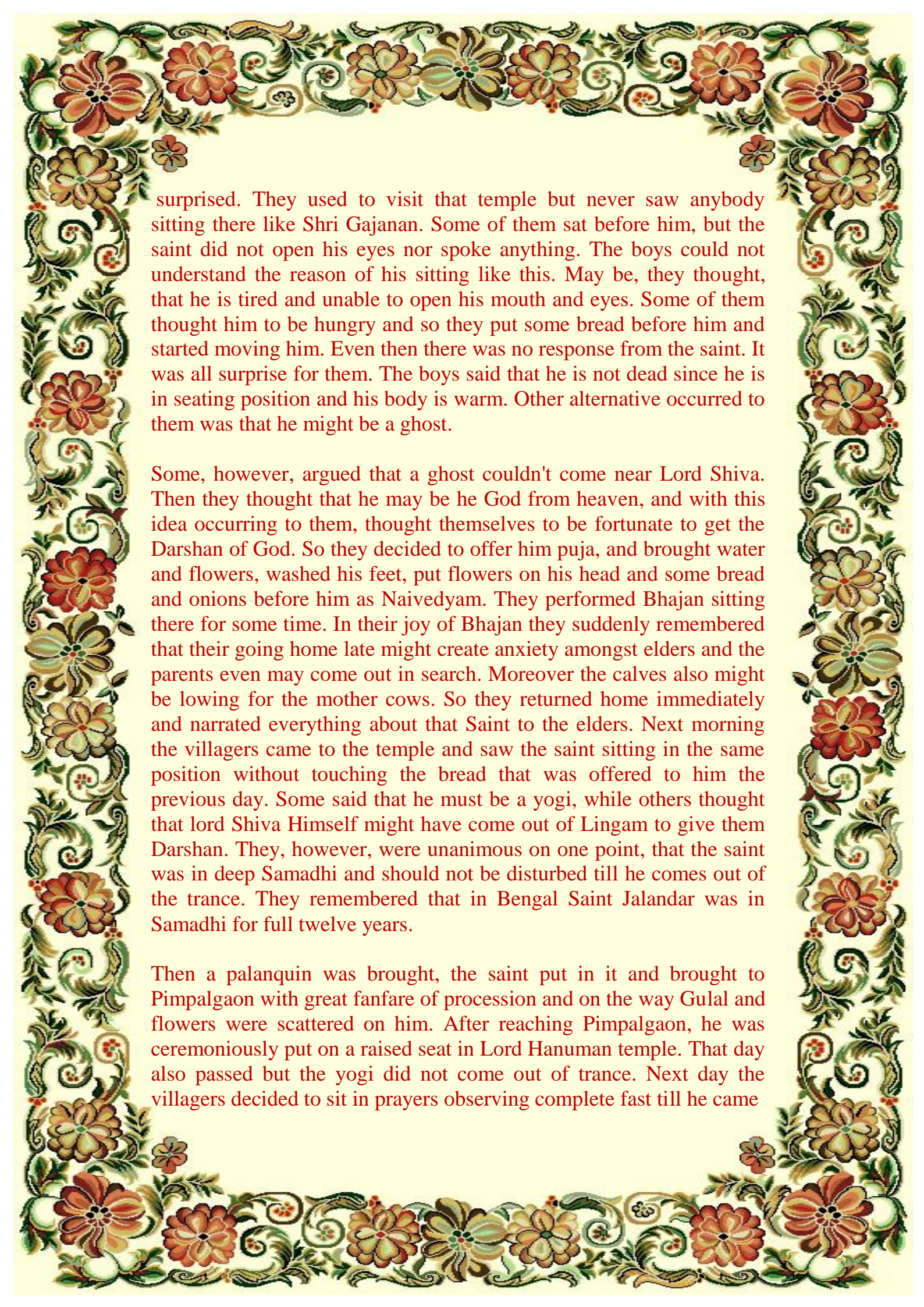
* CHAPTER FIVE *



Shri Ganeshay Namaha ! O God You are unconquerable to the foes. O Advaita, Sacchidananda, Karunalaya, relieve this Ganu Das of all fears. I am a fallen, poor, a inner and without any authority. Thus I am entirely helpless. But great people often help the poor. Look, Lord Shankar has applied ash to his body. The smallness of the smalls does not degrade the great ones. So with this understanding let this Ganudas be at your feet. Mother fulfills all desires of her child. I am at your mercy. Do whatever you like, but be kind to me all my ampirations depend on you.

While at Shegaon, hundreds of people started coming to Maharaj for His Darshan. His reputation spread far and wide; but Shri Gajanan wanted to keep away from them all. So he used to wander in forests for months without giving anybody any knowledge of His movements.

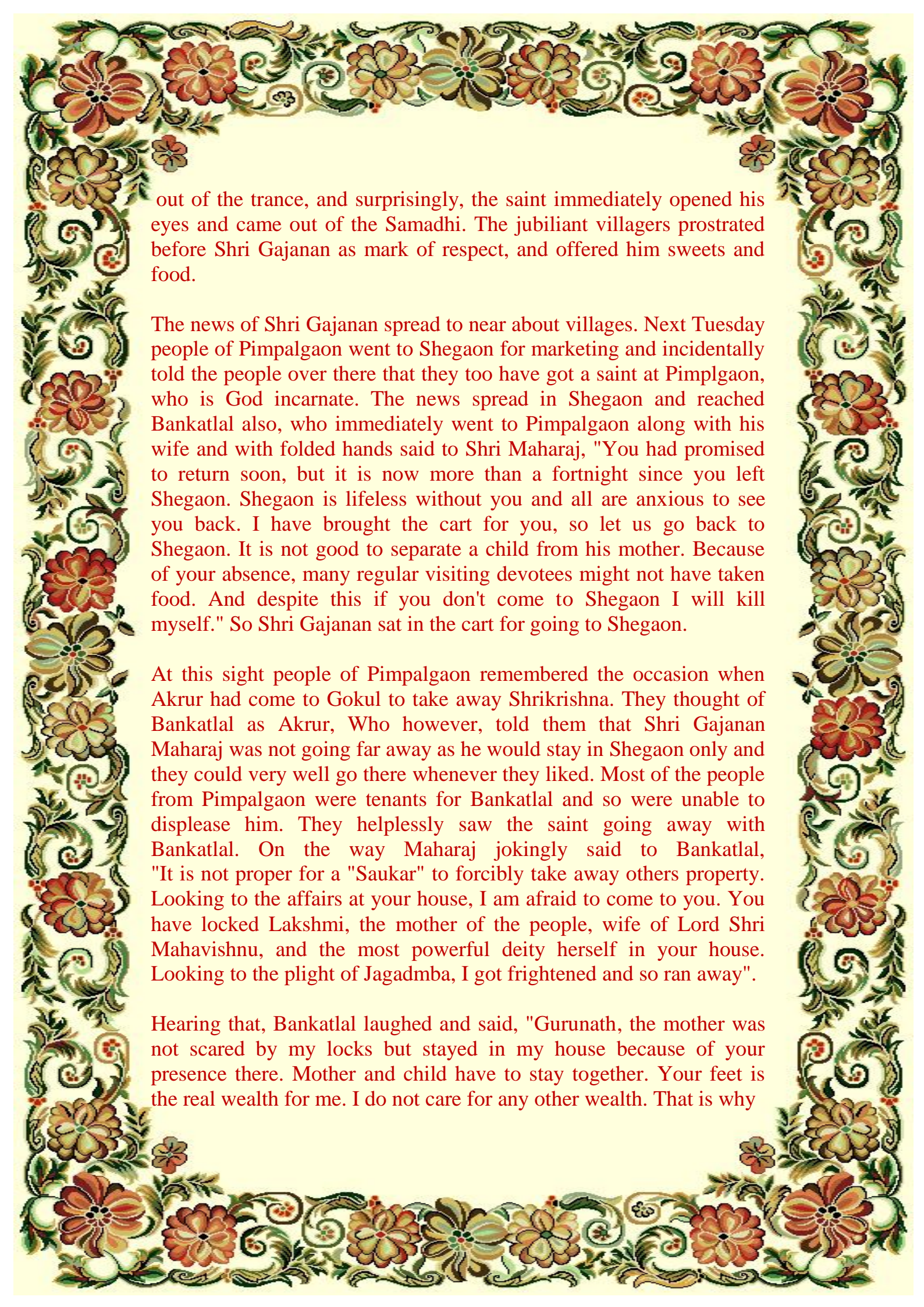
In His wandering once he went to Pimpalgaon. There was a temple of Lord Shiva in the forest near Pimpalgaon Shri Gajanan went there and sat in Padmasan Mudra. There was a small stream near the temple where cowherd boys came with cattle. As the cows were drinking water, at the stream the boys went to the temple for Darshan of Lord Shiva. They saw Shri Gajanan sitting there with closed eyes and were



surprised. They used to visit that temple but never saw anybody sitting there like Shri Gajanan. Some of them sat before him, but the saint did not open his eyes nor spoke anything. The boys could not understand the reason of his sitting like this. May be, they thought, that he is tired and unable to open his mouth and eyes. Some of them thought him to be hungry and so they put some bread before him and started moving him. Even then there was no response from the saint. It was all surprise for them. The boys said that he is not dead since he is in seating position and his body is warm. Other alternative occurred to them was that he might be a ghost.

Some, however, argued that a ghost couldn't come near Lord Shiva. Then they thought that he may be he God from heaven, and with this idea occurring to them, thought themselves to be fortunate to get the Darshan of God. So they decided to offer him puja, and brought water and flowers, washed his feet, put flowers on his head and some bread and onions before him as Naivedyam. They performed Bhajan sitting there for some time. In their joy of Bhajan they suddenly remembered that their going home late might create anxiety amongst elders and the parents even may come out in search. Moreover the calves also might be lowing for the mother cows. So they returned home immediately and narrated everything about that Saint to the elders. Next morning the villagers came to the temple and saw the saint sitting in the same position without touching the bread that was offered to him the previous day. Some said that he must be a yogi, while others thought that lord Shiva Himself might have come out of Lingam to give them Darshan. They, however, were unanimous on one point, that the saint was in deep Samadhi and should not be disturbed till he comes out of the trance. They remembered that in Bengal Saint Jalandar was in Samadhi for full twelve years.

Then a palanquin was brought, the saint put in it and brought to Pimpalgaon with great fanfare of procession and on the way Gulal and flowers were scattered on him. After reaching Pimpalgaon, he was ceremoniously put on a raised seat in Lord Hanuman temple. That day also passed but the yogi did not come out of trance. Next day the villagers decided to sit in prayers observing complete fast till he came

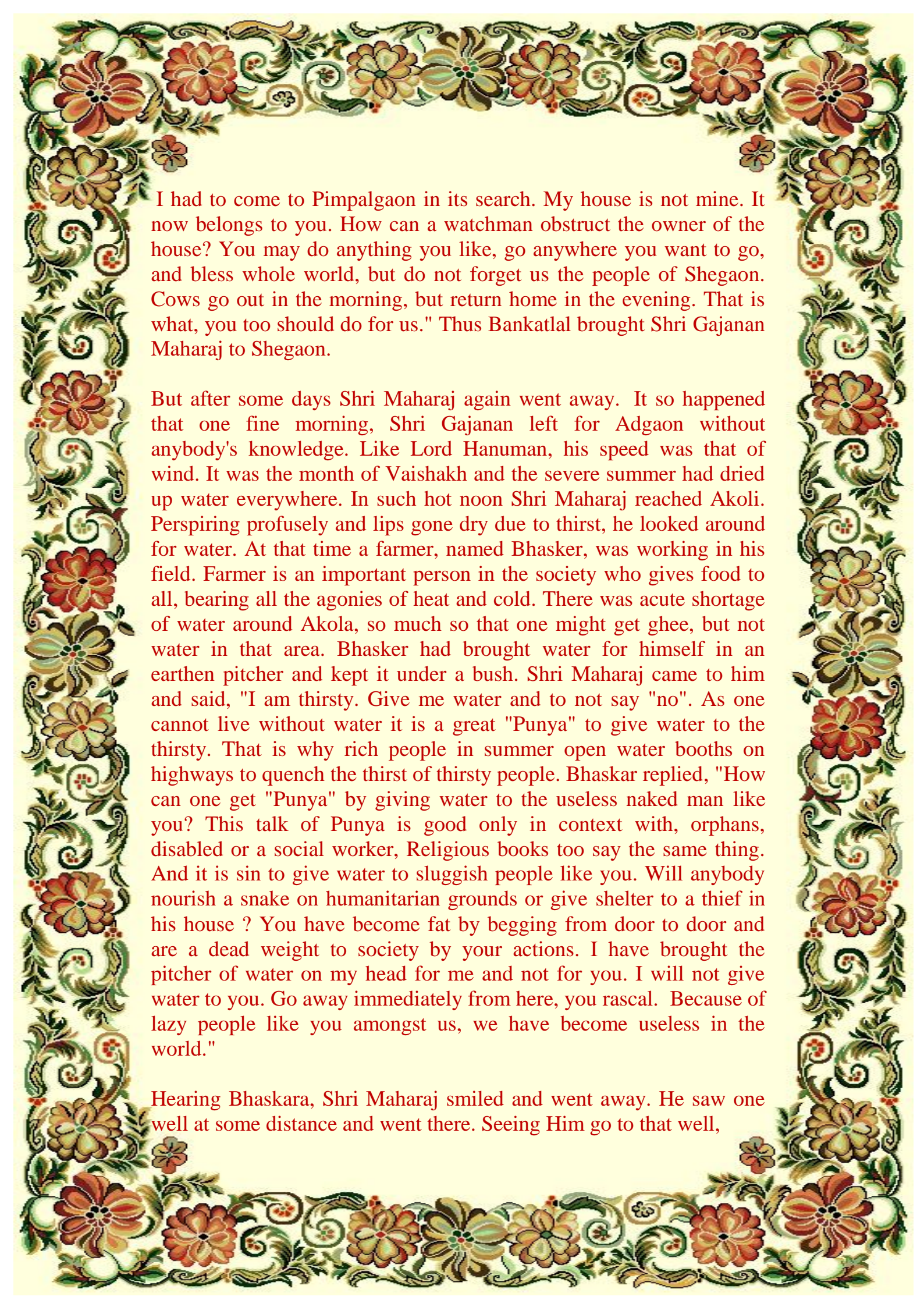


out of the trance, and surprisingly, the saint immediately opened his eyes and came out of the Samadhi. The jubilant villagers prostrated before Shri Gajanan as mark of respect, and offered him sweets and food.

The news of Shri Gajanan spread to near about villages. Next Tuesday people of Pimpalgaon went to Shegaon for marketing and incidentally told the people over there that they too have got a saint at Pimplgaon, who is God incarnate. The news spread in Shegaon and reached Bankatlal also, who immediately went to Pimpalgaon along with his wife and with folded hands said to Shri Maharaj, "You had promised to return soon, but it is now more than a fortnight since you left Shegaon. Shegaon is lifeless without you and all are anxious to see you back. I have brought the cart for you, so let us go back to Shegaon. It is not good to separate a child from his mother. Because of your absence, many regular visiting devotees might not have taken food. And despite this if you don't come to Shegaon I will kill myself." So Shri Gajanan sat in the cart for going to Shegaon.

At this sight people of Pimpalgaon remembered the occasion when Akrur had come to Gokul to take away Shrikrishna. They thought of Bankatlal as Akrur, Who however, told them that Shri Gajanan Maharaj was not going far away as he would stay in Shegaon only and they could very well go there whenever they liked. Most of the people from Pimpalgaon were tenants for Bankatlal and so were unable to displease him. They helplessly saw the saint going away with Bankatlal. On the way Maharaj jokingly said to Bankatlal, "It is not proper for a "Saukar" to forcibly take away others property. Looking to the affairs at your house, I am afraid to come to you. You have locked Lakshmi, the mother of the people, wife of Lord Shri Mahavishnu, and the most powerful deity herself in your house. Looking to the plight of Jagadmba, I got frightened and so ran away".

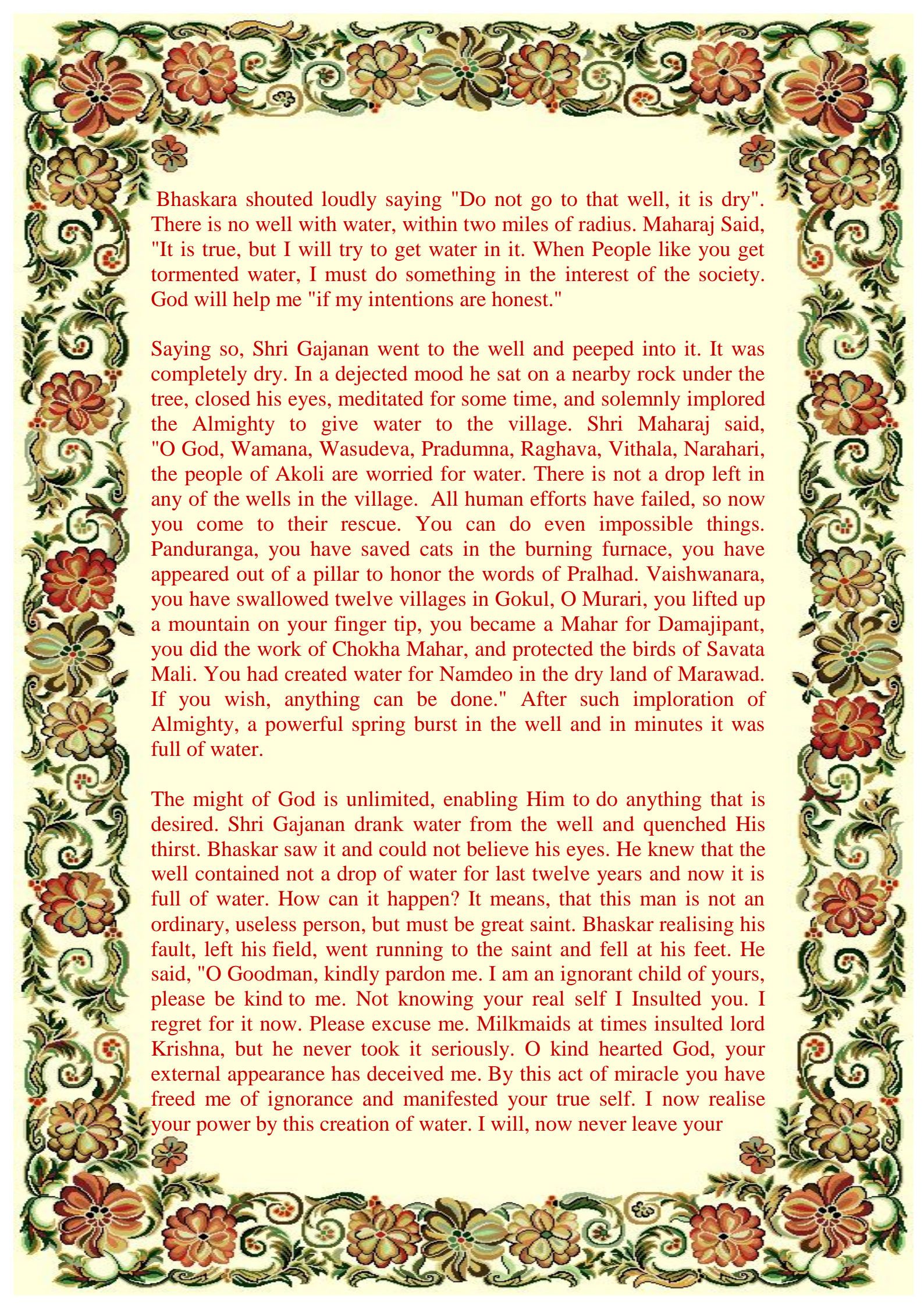
Hearing that, Bankatlal laughed and said, "Gurunath, the mother was not scared by my locks but stayed in my house because of your presence there. Mother and child have to stay together. Your feet is the real wealth for me. I do not care for any other wealth. That is why



I had to come to Pimpalgaon in its search. My house is not mine. It now belongs to you. How can a watchman obstruct the owner of the house? You may do anything you like, go anywhere you want to go, and bless whole world, but do not forget us the people of Shegaon. Cows go out in the morning, but return home in the evening. That is what, you too should do for us." Thus Bankatlal brought Shri Gajanan Maharaj to Shegaon.

But after some days Shri Maharaj again went away. It so happened that one fine morning, Shri Gajanan left for Adgaon without anybody's knowledge. Like Lord Hanuman, his speed was that of wind. It was the month of Vaishakh and the severe summer had dried up water everywhere. In such hot noon Shri Maharaj reached Akoli. Perspiring profusely and lips gone dry due to thirst, he looked around for water. At that time a farmer, named Bhasker, was working in his field. Farmer is an important person in the society who gives food to all, bearing all the agonies of heat and cold. There was acute shortage of water around Akola, so much so that one might get ghee, but not water in that area. Bhasker had brought water for himself in an earthen pitcher and kept it under a bush. Shri Maharaj came to him and said, "I am thirsty. Give me water and to not say "no". As one cannot live without water it is a great "Punya" to give water to the thirsty. That is why rich people in summer open water booths on highways to quench the thirst of thirsty people. Bhaskar replied, "How can one get "Punya" by giving water to the useless naked man like you? This talk of Punya is good only in context with, orphans, disabled or a social worker, Religious books too say the same thing. And it is sin to give water to sluggish people like you. Will anybody nourish a snake on humanitarian grounds or give shelter to a thief in his house ? You have become fat by begging from door to door and are a dead weight to society by your actions. I have brought the pitcher of water on my head for me and not for you. I will not give water to you. Go away immediately from here, you rascal. Because of lazy people like you amongst us, we have become useless in the world."

Hearing Bhaskara, Shri Maharaj smiled and went away. He saw one well at some distance and went there. Seeing Him go to that well,



Bhaskara shouted loudly saying "Do not go to that well, it is dry". There is no well with water, within two miles of radius. Maharaj Said, "It is true, but I will try to get water in it. When People like you get tormented water, I must do something in the interest of the society. God will help me "if my intentions are honest."

Saying so, Shri Gajanan went to the well and peeped into it. It was completely dry. In a dejected mood he sat on a nearby rock under the tree, closed his eyes, meditated for some time, and solemnly implored the Almighty to give water to the village. Shri Maharaj said, "O God, Wamana, Wasudeva, Pradumna, Raghava, Vithala, Narahari, the people of Akoli are worried for water. There is not a drop left in any of the wells in the village. All human efforts have failed, so now you come to their rescue. You can do even impossible things. Panduranga, you have saved cats in the burning furnace, you have appeared out of a pillar to honor the words of Pralhad. Vaishwanara, you have swallowed twelve villages in Gokul, O Murari, you lifted up a mountain on your finger tip, you became a Mahar for Damajipant, you did the work of Chokha Mahar, and protected the birds of Savata Mali. You had created water for Namdeo in the dry land of Marawad. If you wish, anything can be done." After such imploration of Almighty, a powerful spring burst in the well and in minutes it was full of water.

The might of God is unlimited, enabling Him to do anything that is desired. Shri Gajanan drank water from the well and quenched His thirst. Bhaskar saw it and could not believe his eyes. He knew that the well contained not a drop of water for last twelve years and now it is full of water. How can it happen? It means, that this man is not an ordinary, useless person, but must be great saint. Bhaskar realising his fault, left his field, went running to the saint and fell at his feet. He said, "O Goodman, kindly pardon me. I am an ignorant child of yours, please be kind to me. Not knowing your real self I Insulted you. I regret for it now. Please excuse me. Milkmaids at times insulted lord Krishna, but he never took it seriously. O kind hearted God, your external appearance has deceived me. By this act of miracle you have freed me of ignorance and manifested your true self. I now realise your power by this creation of water. I will, now never leave your

feet, and, you as a mother, should not desert this child of yours. I have now fully realised that the material attachment is unreal, so do not discard me."

Shri Gajanan said, "Don't lament like this, I have created water in this well to save your trouble of bringing water on head from long distances. Then why do you renounce Prapanch? This water has come for you, use it and grow a nice garden." Bhaskar said, "Gurudeo, don't tempt me like this. My determination itself is a well, It was absolutely dry without a drop of water. Your miracle was an explosive which broke the rock inside that well, and out came a fine spring of faith. With that water, now I will grow the garden of deep devotion to you. By your kind blessing, I will plant the fruit trees of good moral and flower plants of good deeds everywhere. I will do away with all the momentary attachments of worldly property." Look, O listeners, what a transformation had taken place in Bhaskara's attitude, with a brief association of a saint! Darshan of a real saint is of unique nature which has been narrated in detail by Saint Tukaram in his hymns. Read those hymns, meditate over it, and experience the truth in your own interest. The new of creating water in a dry well spread like wild fire and people, like flies rushing to honey, or ants running after sugar, came for the Darshan of Shri Gajanan Maharaj. They went to the well, drank water and quenched their thirst. The water was clean, cold, tasty and more sweet than nectar. People cheered Shri Gajanan Maharaj again and again. Shri Maharaj, did not to Adagaon, and returned to Shegaon with Bhaskar.

May the "Gajanan Vijay" epic composed by Dasganu, be an ideal guide for devotees to understand the greatness of real saint.

"Shubham Bhavatu"
"Shri Hari Hararpanamastu"

Here is the End of Chapter Five.



Compiled by : Shravan Pande, Shegaon, India.