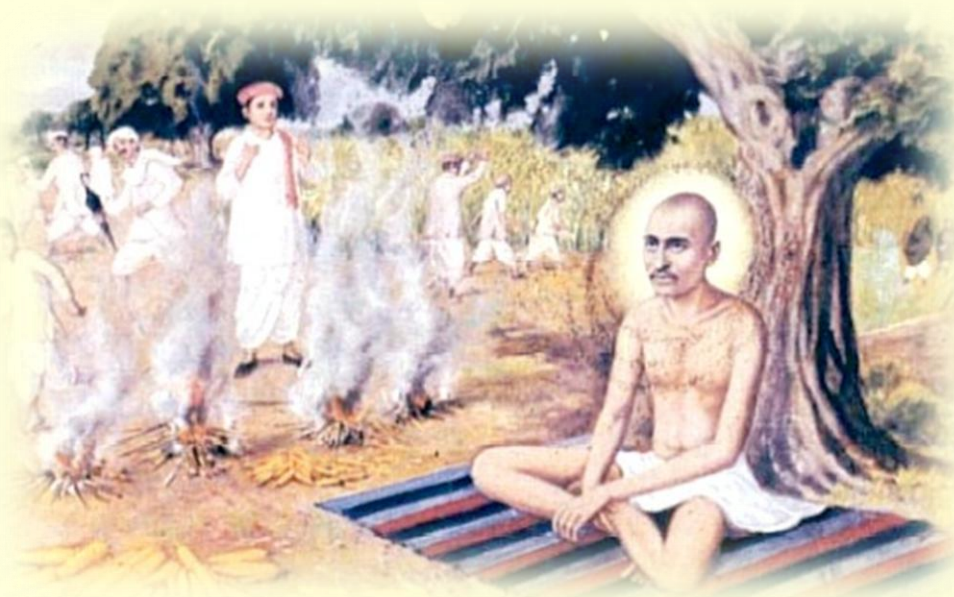
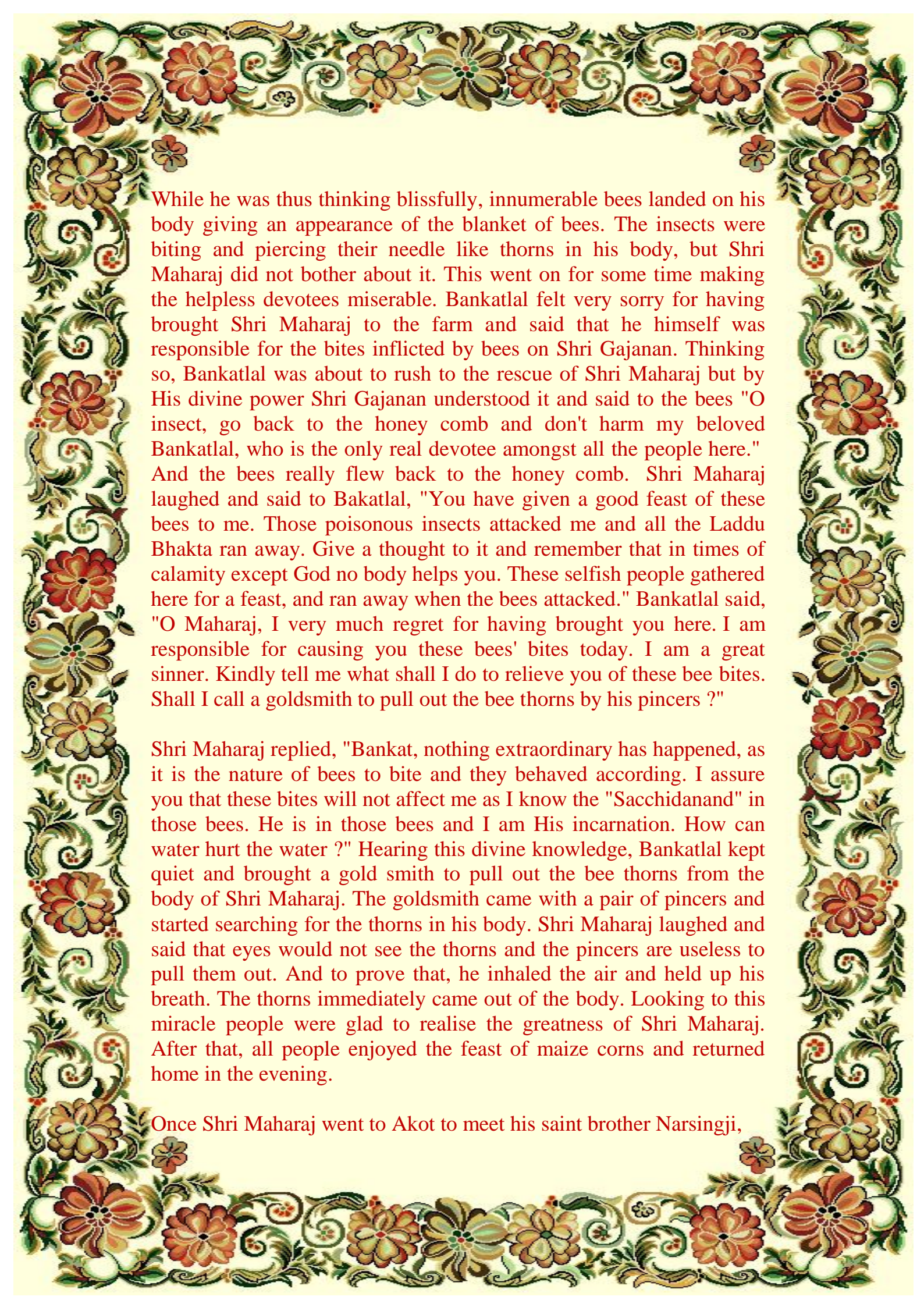


* CHAPTER SIX *



Shri Ganeshay Namaha ! O most auspicious one, it is the experience of saints that your blessings drive away everything that is inauspicious. Believing it, O God, I have come to your doors with great hopes. If you disappoint me it will mean disrepute to you and the saints as well. So, Madhava, uphold my prestige and never be angry with this innocent child of yours. Please remember that any short-coming of a child brings blame to his mother.

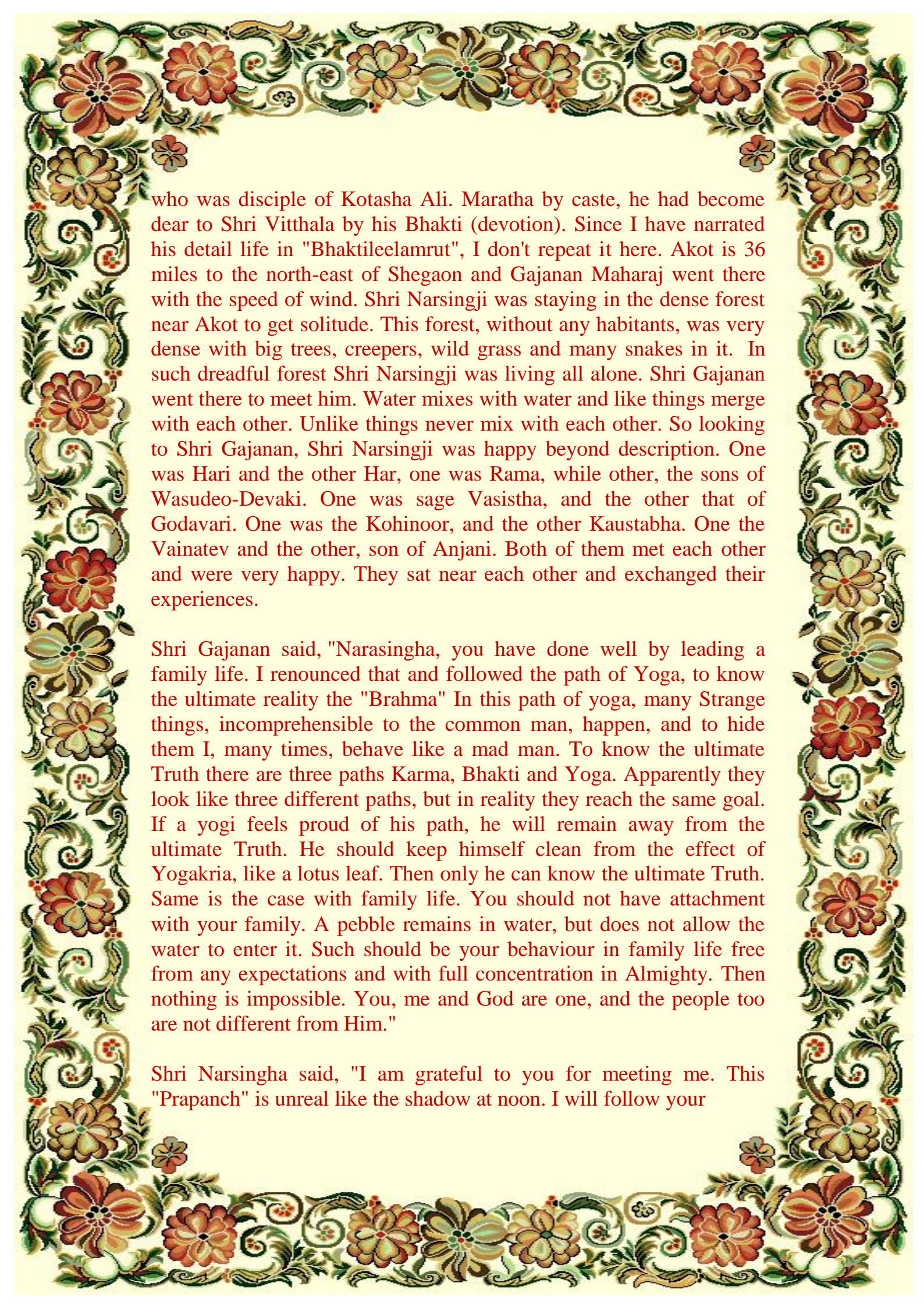
Once Bankatlal took Shri Maharaj to his farm for eating maize corns. Many other people had gathered there for this party of corns and the sitting arrangement was made near the well. The well had ample water and there were many tamarind trees around. Fire was put on 8-10 places to fry the corns and lot of smoke was rising up in the sky. There was a big honey comb on the tamarind tree and due to the smoke, the bees rushed out on the people below. Leaving the corns they started running away, some of them covering their heads with blanket. In the world nothing is more precious than our own life. So was the case with these people. In all this scramble, Shri Gajanan Maharaj was sitting undisturbed and thinking about the honey bees. He was thinking, " I am bees, I am honey comb, one who has come to eat corn is I, and the corn is also I am."



While he was thus thinking blissfully, innumerable bees landed on his body giving an appearance of the blanket of bees. The insects were biting and piercing their needle like thorns in his body, but Shri Maharaj did not bother about it. This went on for some time making the helpless devotees miserable. Bankatlal felt very sorry for having brought Shri Maharaj to the farm and said that he himself was responsible for the bites inflicted by bees on Shri Gajanan. Thinking so, Bankatlal was about to rush to the rescue of Shri Maharaj but by His divine power Shri Gajanan understood it and said to the bees "O insect, go back to the honey comb and don't harm my beloved Bankatlal, who is the only real devotee amongst all the people here." And the bees really flew back to the honey comb. Shri Maharaj laughed and said to Bakatlal, "You have given a good feast of these bees to me. Those poisonous insects attacked me and all the Laddu Bhakta ran away. Give a thought to it and remember that in times of calamity except God no body helps you. These selfish people gathered here for a feast, and ran away when the bees attacked." Bankatlal said, "O Maharaj, I very much regret for having brought you here. I am responsible for causing you these bees' bites today. I am a great sinner. Kindly tell me what shall I do to relieve you of these bee bites. Shall I call a goldsmith to pull out the bee thorns by his pincers ?"

Shri Maharaj replied, "Bankat, nothing extraordinary has happened, as it is the nature of bees to bite and they behaved according. I assure you that these bites will not affect me as I know the "Sacchidanand" in those bees. He is in those bees and I am His incarnation. How can water hurt the water ?" Hearing this divine knowledge, Bankatlal kept quiet and brought a gold smith to pull out the bee thorns from the body of Shri Maharaj. The goldsmith came with a pair of pincers and started searching for the thorns in his body. Shri Maharaj laughed and said that eyes would not see the thorns and the pincers are useless to pull them out. And to prove that, he inhaled the air and held up his breath. The thorns immediately came out of the body. Looking to this miracle people were glad to realise the greatness of Shri Maharaj. After that, all people enjoyed the feast of maize corns and returned home in the evening.


Once Shri Maharaj went to Akot to meet his saint brother Narsingji,



who was disciple of Kotasha Ali. Maratha by caste, he had become dear to Shri Vitthala by his Bhakti (devotion). Since I have narrated his detail life in "Bhaktileelamrut", I don't repeat it here. Akot is 36 miles to the north-east of Shegaon and Gajanan Maharaj went there with the speed of wind. Shri Narsingji was staying in the dense forest near Akot to get solitude. This forest, without any habitants, was very dense with big trees, creepers, wild grass and many snakes in it. In such dreadful forest Shri Narsingji was living all alone. Shri Gajanan went there to meet him. Water mixes with water and like things merge with each other. Unlike things never mix with each other. So looking to Shri Gajanan, Shri Narsingji was happy beyond description. One was Hari and the other Har, one was Rama, while other, the sons of Wasudeo-Devaki. One was sage Vasistha, and the other that of Godavari. One was the Kohinoor, and the other Kaustabha. One the Vainatev and the other, son of Anjani. Both of them met each other and were very happy. They sat near each other and exchanged their experiences.

Shri Gajanan said, "Narasingha, you have done well by leading a family life. I renounced that and followed the path of Yoga, to know the ultimate reality the "Brahma" In this path of yoga, many Strange things, incomprehensible to the common man, happen, and to hide them I, many times, behave like a mad man. To know the ultimate Truth there are three paths Karma, Bhakti and Yoga. Apparently they look like three different paths, but in reality they reach the same goal. If a yogi feels proud of his path, he will remain away from the ultimate Truth. He should keep himself clean from the effect of Yogakria, like a lotus leaf. Then only he can know the ultimate Truth. Same is the case with family life. You should not have attachment with your family. A pebble remains in water, but does not allow the water to enter it. Such should be your behaviour in family life free from any expectations and with full concentration in Almighty. Then nothing is impossible. You, me and God are one, and the people too are not different from Him."

Shri Narsingha said, "I am grateful to you for meeting me. This "Prapanch" is unreal like the shadow at noon. I will follow your

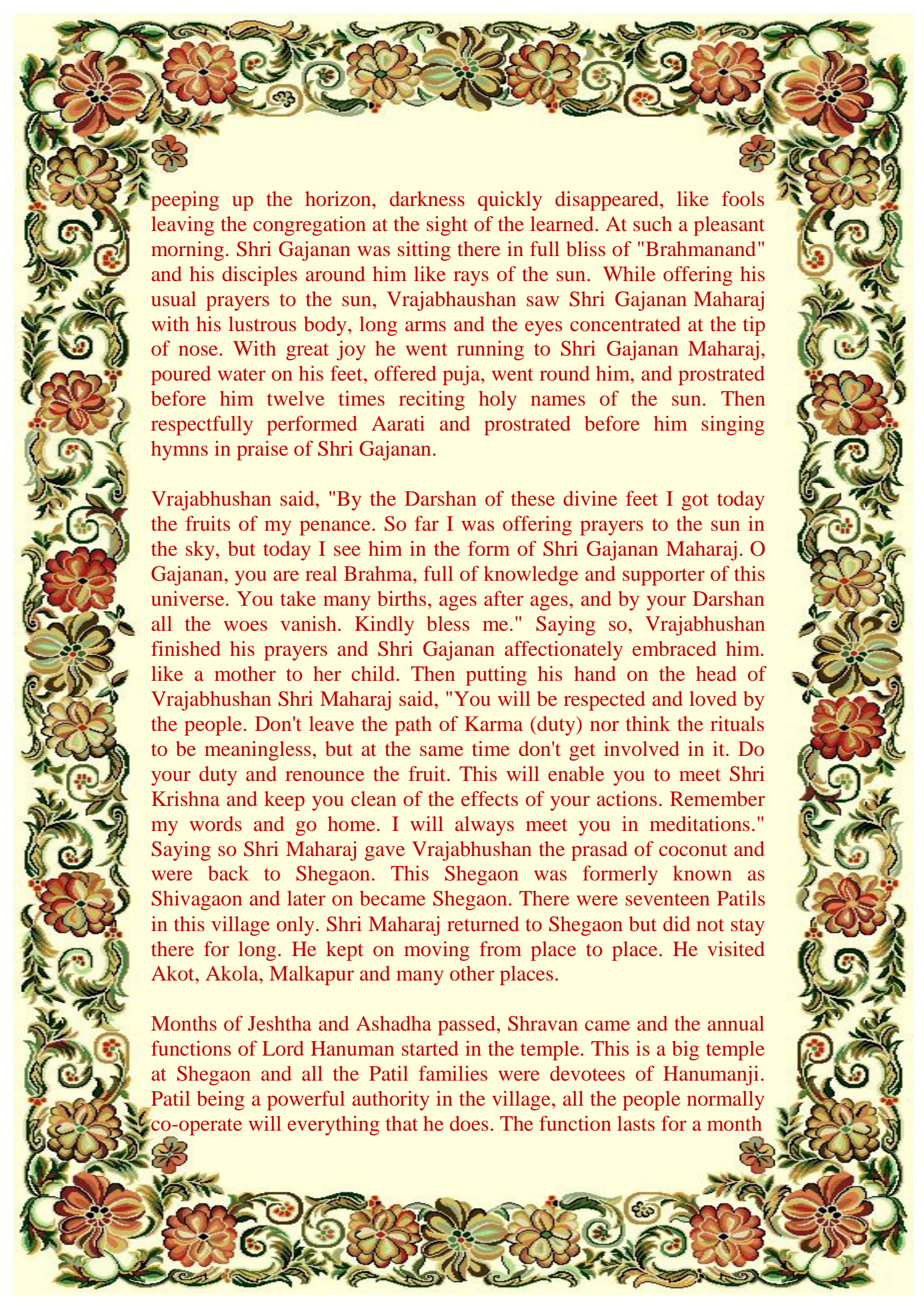


advise, but keep on coming to me. Everything is predestined in this world, and we have to perform our duty in this life as per desire of God. My only, request is that you should come frequently to meet me as I am your younger brother. Just like Bharat, waiting at Nandigram for Shri Ram, I am here at Akot for you. With your yogic achievements, it is very easy for you to come here. A yogi, without touching anywhere, can have a round of the universe in minutes."

With intimate love for each other, they were speaking all that night. Real saints behave like this only, but the hypocrites quarrel with each other. These Hypocrites should not be accepted as Gurus, as they are like a broken ship on the sea. They get lot of publicity, but carefully we should discard them. Living in a "math" or learning an art of composing poems do not make one saint, but only the self knowledge does it. Can we accept gold coated articles as gold, or a prostitute as a house wife ? These two saints were real and pious.

When people knew that Shri Gajanan Maharaj had come to meet Shri Narsinghji, They thought it to be the confluence of Godavari and Bhagirathi and by going these they could get the satisfaction of taking a dip in that confluence. So the people with coconuts in their hands started rushing to the forest. But Shri Gajanan, with the permission of Shri Narsinghji had already left and all the people were disappointed.

Once, in his usual wandering, Shri Gajanan, with his disciples, reached a village Shivar. This place is on the bank of Chandrabhaga (not of Pandharpur) near Daryapur and Shri Vrajabhushan, a learned man was living there. He, knowing four languages and famous all over the Vidarbha, was a great devotee of the God Sun. It was his daily routine to get up early in the morning, take bath in the Chandrabhaga and offer prayers to the Sun. He was respected by all the intellectuals. Shri Gajanan Maharaj came to this Shiver village as if to give Vrajabhushan the fruits of his prayers. He, as usual came to the Chandrasbhaga for his bath and saw Shri Gajanan Maharaj sitting on the bank of that river, It was morning time with twilight spread all over the sky, cocks crowing all around and chatak. Bharadwaj birds were flying as if to pay respects to the rising sun. With the sun



peeping up the horizon, darkness quickly disappeared, like fools leaving the congregation at the sight of the learned. At such a pleasant morning. Shri Gajanan was sitting there in full bliss of "Brahmanand" and his disciples around him like rays of the sun. While offering his usual prayers to the sun, Vrajabhushan saw Shri Gajanan Maharaj with his lustrous body, long arms and the eyes concentrated at the tip of nose. With great joy he went running to Shri Gajanan Maharaj, poured water on his feet, offered puja, went round him, and prostrated before him twelve times reciting holy names of the sun. Then respectfully performed Aarati and prostrated before him singing hymns in praise of Shri Gajanan.

Vrajabhushan said, "By the Darshan of these divine feet I got today the fruits of my penance. So far I was offering prayers to the sun in the sky, but today I see him in the form of Shri Gajanan Maharaj. O Gajanan, you are real Brahma, full of knowledge and supporter of this universe. You take many births, ages after ages, and by your Darshan all the woes vanish. Kindly bless me." Saying so, Vrajabhushan finished his prayers and Shri Gajanan affectionately embraced him. like a mother to her child. Then putting his hand on the head of Vrajabhushan Shri Maharaj said, "You will be respected and loved by the people. Don't leave the path of Karma (duty) nor think the rituals to be meaningless, but at the same time don't get involved in it. Do your duty and renounce the fruit. This will enable you to meet Shri Krishna and keep you clean of the effects of your actions. Remember my words and go home. I will always meet you in meditations." Saying so Shri Maharaj gave Vrajabhushan the prasada of coconut and were back to Shegaon. This Shegaon was formerly known as Shivagaon and later on became Shegaon. There were seventeen Patils in this village only. Shri Maharaj returned to Shegaon but did not stay there for long. He kept on moving from place to place. He visited Akot, Akola, Malkapur and many other places.

Months of Jeshtha and Ashadha passed, Shravan came and the annual functions of Lord Hanuman started in the temple. This is a big temple at Shegaon and all the Patil families were devotees of Hanumanji. Patil being a powerful authority in the village, all the people normally co-operate will everything that he does. The function lasts for a month

with Abhishekha, reading of holy books, Kirtan and feeding the people to their hearts content. Khandu Patil, noble hearted, was the leader of the function. Authority of Patil is like a tiger's skin, and who-so-ever puts it on, becomes a terror to the people. There is a proverb in Marathi meaning that whatever a king cannot do, can be done by the united people. The proverb aptly applies here. So Shri Gajanan Maharaj came to this temple in the month of Shravan to attend the functions, and told Bankatlal, "Henceforth I will stay in this temple and you should not mind it. Saints and sages are not supposed to stay permanently with men leading family life. I am a Sanyasi and so shall stay in this temple only, but whenever you want me I will visit your house. I am giving you this secret knowledge, Shri Shankaracharya had to move from place to place. Sages Macchindra and Jalandra avoided the houses of people leading family life and Stayed in forests under trees. Shivaji, who protected Hindus and punished Yavans, loved Ramdas swami, but Swamiji preferred to stay away at Sajjangad. Think over this, obey me, and don't bother about my place of stay. This is in your own interest."

Helplessly, Bankatlal gave his consent to what Shri Maharaj said. Shri Maharaj came to temple and all were happy. Bhaskar Patil stayed there in His service.

May this "Gajanan Vijay" composed by Dasganu, guide the seekers to reach the feet of saints.

"Shubham Bhavatu"
"Shri Hari Hararpanamastu"

Here is the End of Chapter Six.



Compiled by : Shravan Pande, Shegaon, India.