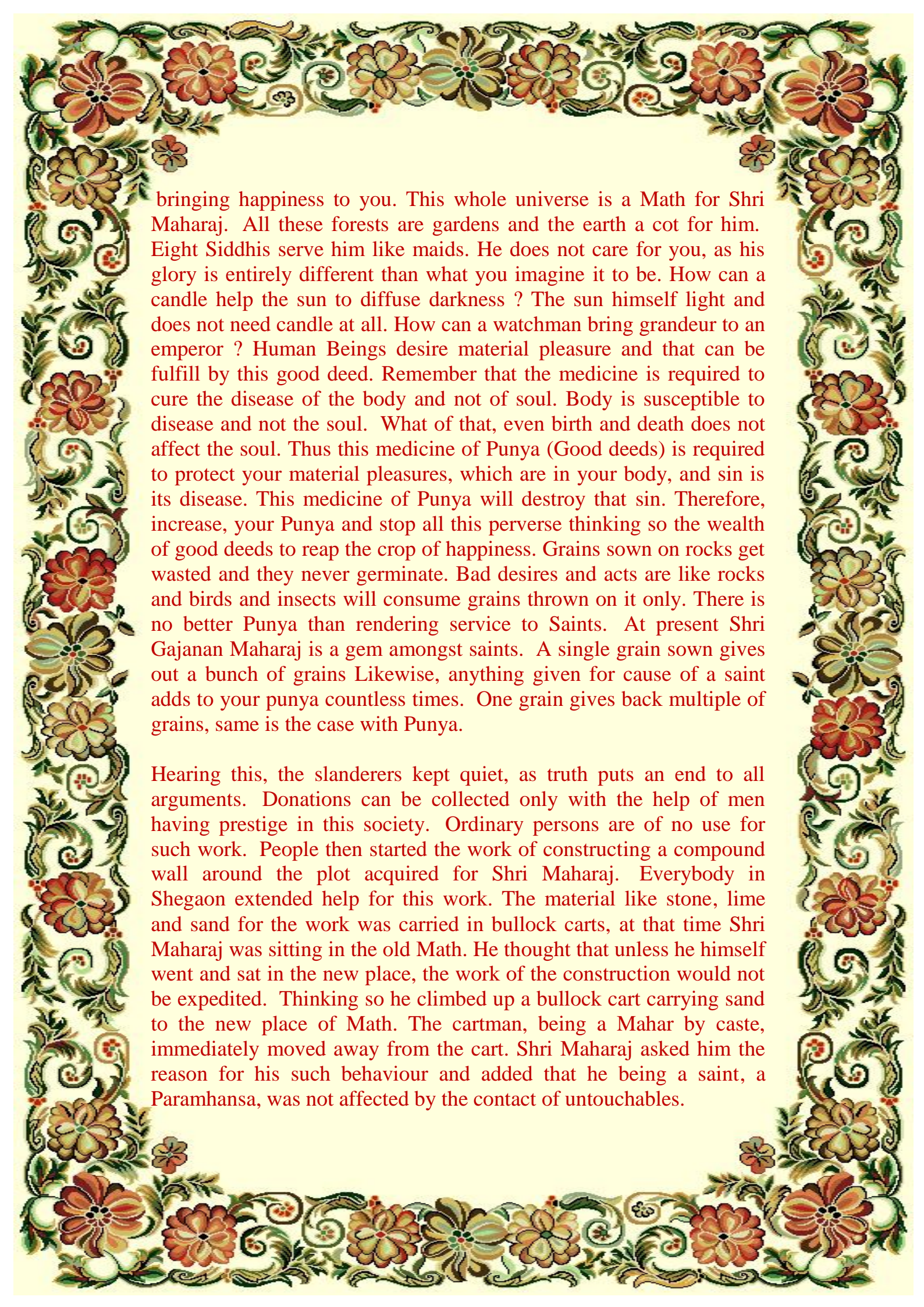


* CHAPTER THIRTEEN *



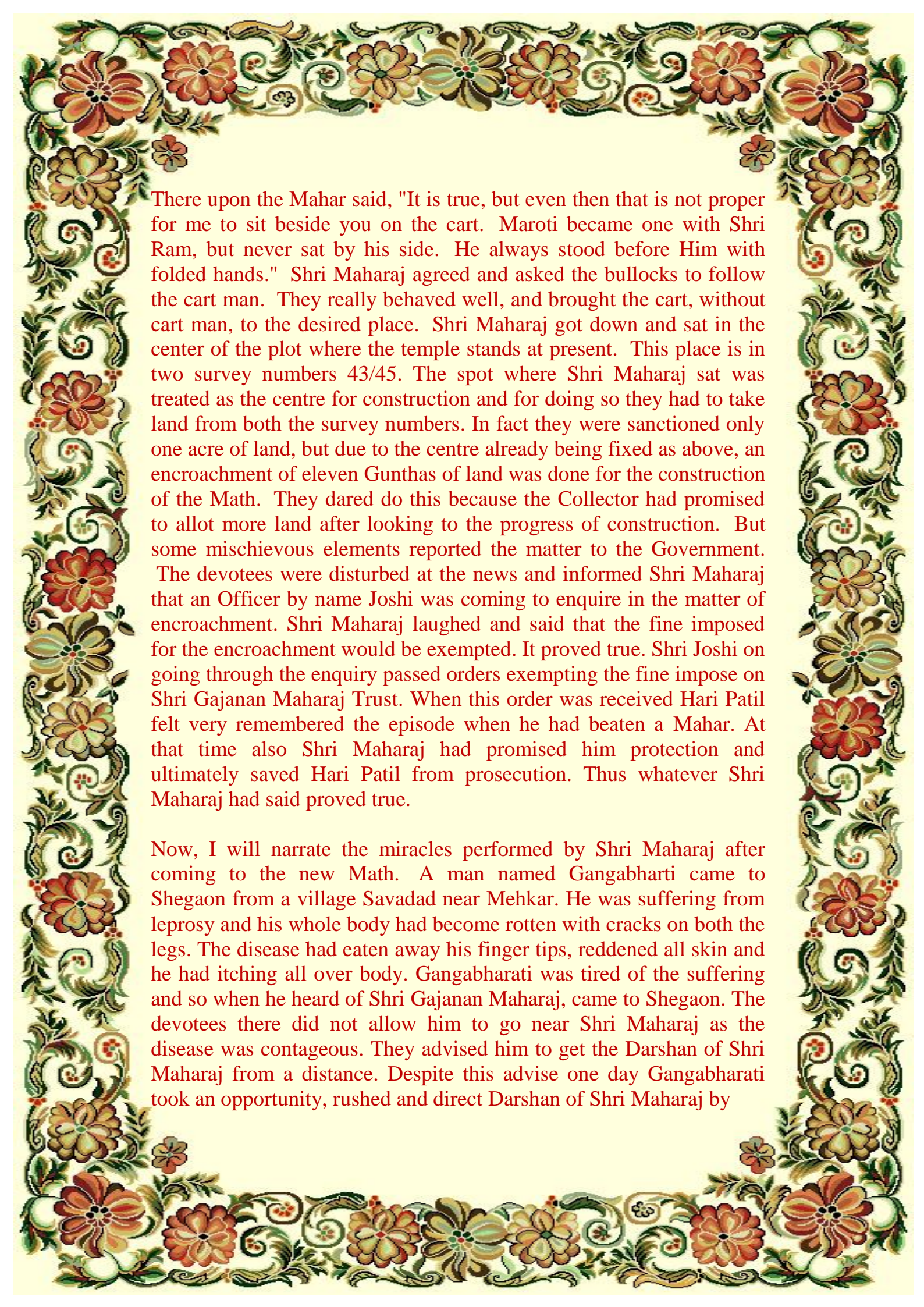
Shri Ganeshay Namaha ! O Shri Hari, you are the supreme saint, ocean of kindness and intimate friend of Gopa and Gopis. O Shri Hari, please manifest yourself to me. Brahmadeo had to steal cows and calves in Gokul to see the Godliness in you. At that time you yourself became cows of calves and manifested the Godliness in you to Brahmadeo. You crushed Kaliya Cobra in Yamuna and sent him to Ramanakdweep to free Gopas of his menace. Likewise I request you to trample my misfortune to rid me of all fears. O Hari, I am most ignorant devotee of yours, undeserving and not suitable for your blessings, but even then request you to please oblige me by your favor to free me of all worries immediately.

Now listen, Bankat, Hari, Laxman Vithu and Jagdeo together went round for collecting donations for Math of Shri Maharaj. Believers readily subscribed while some mischievous people taunted them saying, "Why should your saint need donations ? You always say that Shri Gajanan Maharaj is a great saint capable of performing any miracle, then why should he need money for his Math ? Kuber is his Banker, Just draw a Hundi in the name of Kuber instead of going from door to door for money." At this Jagdeo laughed and said, "This begging for donations is for your good. There is no need to build Math or temple for Shri Gajanan Maharaj. All this exercise is meant for




bringing happiness to you. This whole universe is a Math for Shri Maharaj. All these forests are gardens and the earth a cot for him. Eight Siddhis serve him like maids. He does not care for you, as his glory is entirely different than what you imagine it to be. How can a candle help the sun to diffuse darkness ? The sun himself light and does not need candle at all. How can a watchman bring grandeur to an emperor ? Human Beings desire material pleasure and that can be fulfill by this good deed. Remember that the medicine is required to cure the disease of the body and not of soul. Body is susceptible to disease and not the soul. What of that, even birth and death does not affect the soul. Thus this medicine of Punya (Good deeds) is required to protect your material pleasures, which are in your body, and sin is its disease. This medicine of Punya will destroy that sin. Therefore, increase, your Punya and stop all this perverse thinking so the wealth of good deeds to reap the crop of happiness. Grains sown on rocks get wasted and they never germinate. Bad desires and acts are like rocks and birds and insects will consume grains thrown on it only. There is no better Punya than rendering service to Saints. At present Shri Gajanan Maharaj is a gem amongst saints. A single grain sown gives out a bunch of grains Likewise, anything given for cause of a saint adds to your punya countless times. One grain gives back multiple of grains, same is the case with Punya.

Hearing this, the slanderers kept quiet, as truth puts an end to all arguments. Donations can be collected only with the help of men having prestige in this society. Ordinary persons are of no use for such work. People then started the work of constructing a compound wall around the plot acquired for Shri Maharaj. Everybody in Shegaon extended help for this work. The material like stone, lime and sand for the work was carried in bullock carts, at that time Shri Maharaj was sitting in the old Math. He thought that unless he himself went and sat in the new place, the work of the construction would not be expedited. Thinking so he climbed up a bullock cart carrying sand to the new place of Math. The cartman, being a Mahar by caste, immediately moved away from the cart. Shri Maharaj asked him the reason for his such behaviour and added that he being a saint, a Paramhansa, was not affected by the contact of untouchables.



There upon the Mahar said, "It is true, but even then that is not proper for me to sit beside you on the cart. Maroti became one with Shri Ram, but never sat by his side. He always stood before Him with folded hands." Shri Maharaj agreed and asked the bullocks to follow the cart man. They really behaved well, and brought the cart, without cart man, to the desired place. Shri Maharaj got down and sat in the center of the plot where the temple stands at present. This place is in two survey numbers 43/45. The spot where Shri Maharaj sat was treated as the centre for construction and for doing so they had to take land from both the survey numbers. In fact they were sanctioned only one acre of land, but due to the centre already being fixed as above, an encroachment of eleven Gunthas of land was done for the construction of the Math. They dared do this because the Collector had promised to allot more land after looking to the progress of construction. But some mischievous elements reported the matter to the Government. The devotees were disturbed at the news and informed Shri Maharaj that an Officer by name Joshi was coming to enquire in the matter of encroachment. Shri Maharaj laughed and said that the fine imposed for the encroachment would be exempted. It proved true. Shri Joshi on going through the enquiry passed orders exempting the fine impose on Shri Gajanan Maharaj Trust. When this order was received Hari Patil felt very remembered the episode when he had beaten a Mahar. At that time also Shri Maharaj had promised him protection and ultimately saved Hari Patil from prosecution. Thus whatever Shri Maharaj had said proved true.

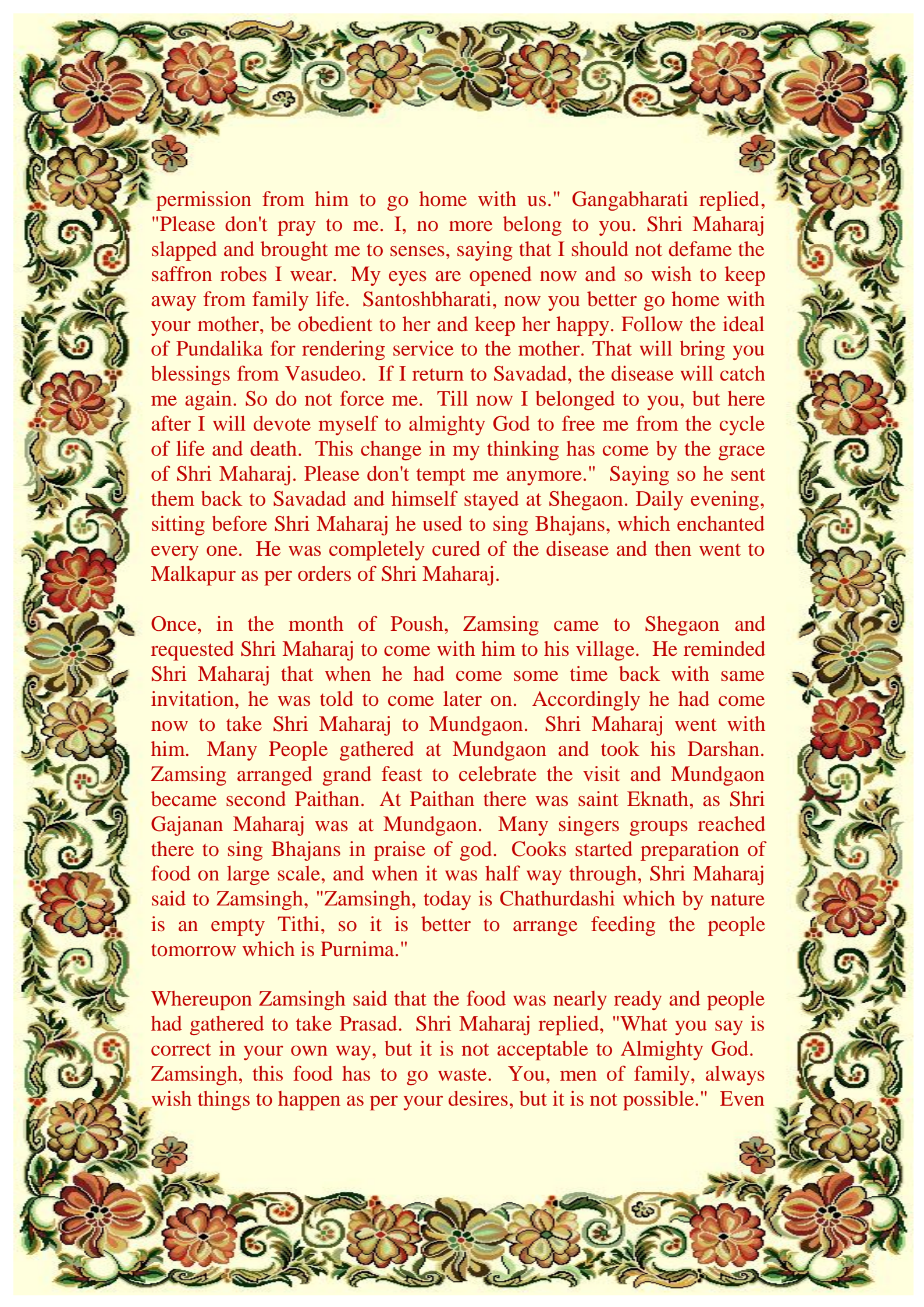
Now, I will narrate the miracles performed by Shri Maharaj after coming to the new Math. A man named Gangabharti came to Shegaon from a village Savadad near Mehkar. He was suffering from leprosy and his whole body had become rotten with cracks on both the legs. The disease had eaten away his finger tips, reddened all skin and he had itching all over body. Gangabharati was tired of the suffering and so when he heard of Shri Gajanan Maharaj, came to Shegaon. The devotees there did not allow him to go near Shri Maharaj as the disease was contagious. They advised him to get the Darshan of Shri Maharaj from a distance. Despite this advise one day Gangabharati took an opportunity, rushed and direct Darshan of Shri Maharaj by



prostrating and putting his head on his feet. Shri Maharaj gave a big slap on his head and as he got up to look at Shri Maharaj again got slaps on both his cheeks. Thereafter Shri Maharaj kicked him by feet and spat on him. The spittle that fell on his body was treated by Gangabharati as a gift (Prasad) and, like an ointment, massaged all his body by that spittle. Looking to that a person, standing nearby criticised him for applying the spittle to his already rotten body. He advised to wash it away by soap and to keep away from such actions of blind faith. He even went to the extent of saying that Gangabharati should better take some medicine instead of coming to such mad men like Shri Gajanan Maharaj.

Gangabharati smiled and said, "You are wrong, there is nothing unclean with saints. Kasturi (Musk) will never emit bad smell. What appeared like spittle to you, was in fact a medicinal ointment and it smells like musk. If you doubt, just touch my body and smell, you will find that there is no trace of spittle in it. It is all medicine. I am not a fool to treat this spittle as an ointment. Since it was no meant for you, it looked like spittle to you. You do not know the greatness Shri Maharaj. To prove my statement, let us go to the place where Shri Maharaj takes his daily bath and where from I take the mud and apply to my body." Both of them went to that bathing place, Gangabharati took the mud from that place and it turned in to ointment in his hand. The critic did the same thing but it remained only mud in his hand. This made him realise the real thing and so surrendered to Shri Gajanan Maharaj.

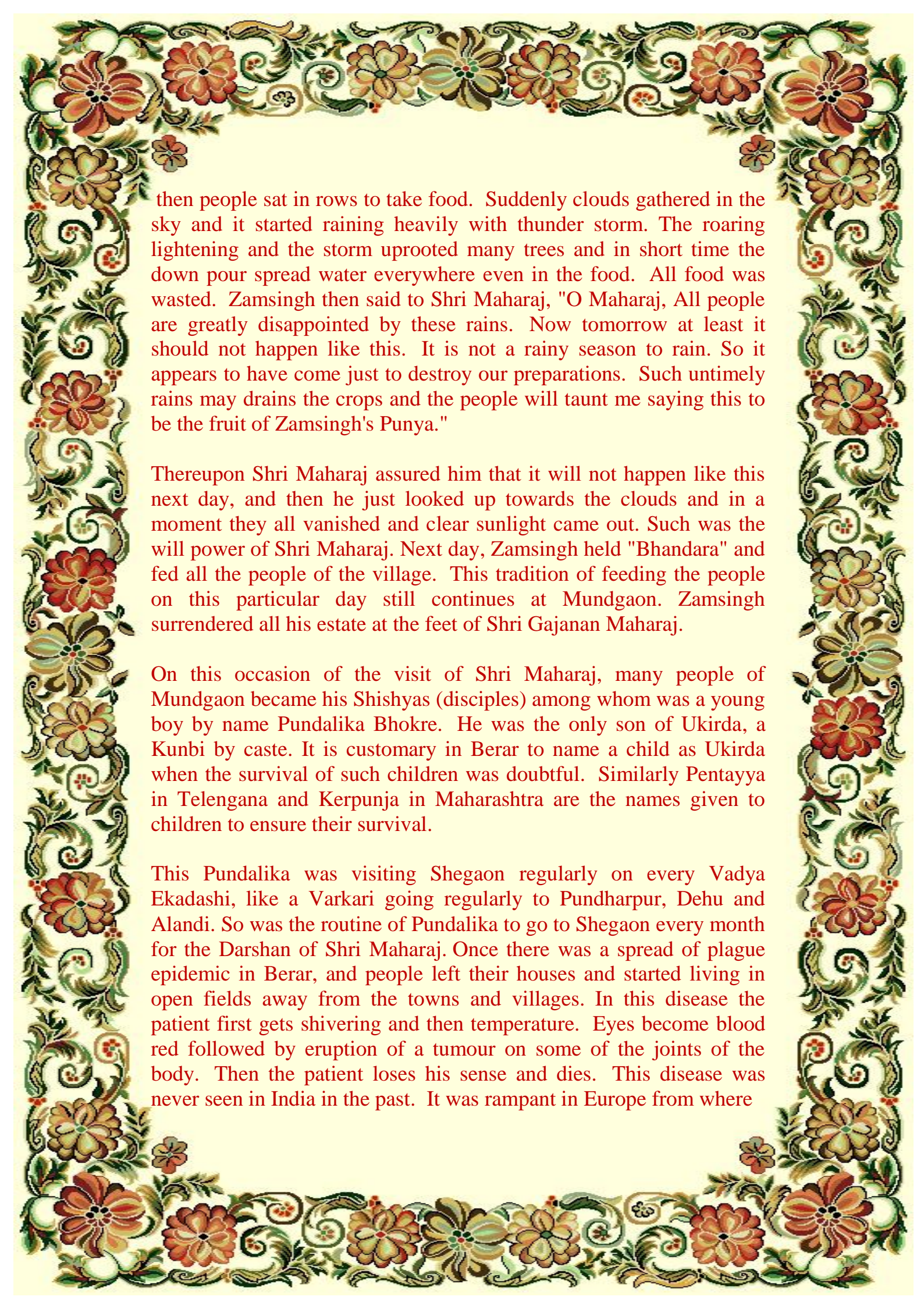
Nobody allowed Gangabharati to go near Shri Maharaj, so he used to sing Bhajans sitting away from him. He had a melodious voice and was a good singer too. This continued for a fortnight and there was a miracle. The redness on his body disappeared, the earlaps regained normal luster and shape, cracks on the feet closed and the stinking from body vanished. Gangabharati continued singing Bhajans in his sweet voice, it pleased everybody. Anasuya, Gangabharati's wife, along with her son, Santosh Bharati, came to Shegaon to take her husband back home. They with folded hands, said, "Your disease is cured by the grace of Shri Maharaj, so we request you to take



permission from him to go home with us." Gangabharati replied, "Please don't pray to me. I, no more belong to you. Shri Maharaj slapped and brought me to senses, saying that I should not defame the saffron robes I wear. My eyes are opened now and so wish to keep away from family life. Santoshbharati, now you better go home with your mother, be obedient to her and keep her happy. Follow the ideal of Pundalika for rendering service to the mother. That will bring you blessings from Vasudeo. If I return to Savadad, the disease will catch me again. So do not force me. Till now I belonged to you, but here after I will devote myself to almighty God to free me from the cycle of life and death. This change in my thinking has come by the grace of Shri Maharaj. Please don't tempt me anymore." Saying so he sent them back to Savadad and himself stayed at Shegaon. Daily evening, sitting before Shri Maharaj he used to sing Bhajans, which enchanted every one. He was completely cured of the disease and then went to Malkapur as per orders of Shri Maharaj.

Once, in the month of Poush, Zamsing came to Shegaon and requested Shri Maharaj to come with him to his village. He reminded Shri Maharaj that when he had come some time back with same invitation, he was told to come later on. Accordingly he had come now to take Shri Maharaj to Mundgaon. Shri Maharaj went with him. Many People gathered at Mundgaon and took his Darshan. Zamsing arranged grand feast to celebrate the visit and Mundgaon became second Paithan. At Paithan there was saint Eknath, as Shri Gajanan Maharaj was at Mundgaon. Many singers groups reached there to sing Bhajans in praise of god. Cooks started preparation of food on large scale, and when it was half way through, Shri Maharaj said to Zamsingh, "Zamsingh, today is Chathurdashi which by nature is an empty Tithi, so it is better to arrange feeding the people tomorrow which is Purnima."

Whereupon Zamsingh said that the food was nearly ready and people had gathered to take Prasad. Shri Maharaj replied, "What you say is correct in your own way, but it is not acceptable to Almighty God. Zamsingh, this food has to go waste. You, men of family, always wish things to happen as per your desires, but it is not possible." Even




then people sat in rows to take food. Suddenly clouds gathered in the sky and it started raining heavily with thunder storm. The roaring lightening and the storm uprooted many trees and in short time the down pour spread water everywhere even in the food. All food was wasted. Zamsingh then said to Shri Maharaj, "O Maharaj, All people are greatly disappointed by these rains. Now tomorrow at least it should not happen like this. It is not a rainy season to rain. So it appears to have come just to destroy our preparations. Such untimely rains may drains the crops and the people will taunt me saying this to be the fruit of Zamsingh's Punya."

Thereupon Shri Maharaj assured him that it will not happen like this next day, and then he just looked up towards the clouds and in a moment they all vanished and clear sunlight came out. Such was the will power of Shri Maharaj. Next day, Zamsingh held "Bhandara" and fed all the people of the village. This tradition of feeding the people on this particular day still continues at Mundgaon. Zamsingh surrendered all his estate at the feet of Shri Gajanan Maharaj.

On this occasion of the visit of Shri Maharaj, many people of Mundgaon became his Shishyas (disciples) among whom was a young boy by name Pundalika Bhokre. He was the only son of Ukirda, a Kunbi by caste. It is customary in Berar to name a child as Ukirda when the survival of such children was doubtful. Similarly Pentayya in Telengana and Kerpunja in Maharashtra are the names given to children to ensure their survival.

This Pundalika was visiting Shegaon regularly on every Vadya Ekadashi, like a Varkari going regularly to Pundharpur, Dehu and Alandi. So was the routine of Pundalika to go to Shegaon every month for the Darshan of Shri Maharaj. Once there was a spread of plague epidemic in Berar, and people left their houses and started living in open fields away from the towns and villages. In this disease the patient first gets shivering and then temperature. Eyes become blood red followed by eruption of a tumour on some of the joints of the body. Then the patient loses his sense and dies. This disease was never seen in India in the past. It was rampant in Europe from where



it came to India and spread all over the country. It made people to leave their houses and reside in open fields to protect themselves. This terrible killer disease came to Mundgaon also. It was the day of Vadya Ekadashi and Pundalik had to go to Shegaon as per his routine. He was feeling feverish but even then left for Shegaon with his father. After walking about ten miles he was hot with fever and could not walk a step ahead. A tumour also erupted in his armpit and felt completely exhausted. Looking to his condition, father anxiously enquired about his health. Pundalik said that he had a high fever, a tumour in the armpit and feeling of extreme weakness.

Pundalik, with folded hands said, "O Gajanana, Please see that my Vari (routine of coming to you) on Vadya Ekadashi is not disturbed. Let me reach at your feet today. Once I reach Shegaon I won't mind death thereafter. Please protect me from this plague enemy till I reach Shegaon. Visits to shrines in possible only if you are in good health.

"Looking to the condition of Pundalik, his father felt sorry and tears rolled from his eyes. He prayed to God to save his only sons from this calamity. He offered Pundalik to get a bullock cart for his journey to Shegaon. Pundalik replied, "No, I must go to Shegaon on foot only.

Slowly I will walk and reach Shegaon somehow. If I die on way, please carry my body to Shegaon and don't worry. Saying so Pundalik started walking slowly and with great difficulty reached Shegaon. He saw Shri Maharaj and prostrated at his feet. Looking to Pundalika Shri Maharaj pressed his own armpit by another hand and said, "Pundalika, your danger is averted, so do not worry at all."

When Shri Maharaj said so, the tumour in the armpit of Pundalik suddenly vanished. He was, however, feeling a bit of weakness, but that too disappeared when Shri Maharaj ate two morsels of Naivedya offered by Pundalika's mother. Pundalik began feeling normal. This was the result of Gurubhakti, and example to be noted by disbelievers. It shows that devotion to proper Guru never goes waste. Real Guru is like having a Kamdhenu at home, to fulfill all your desires.

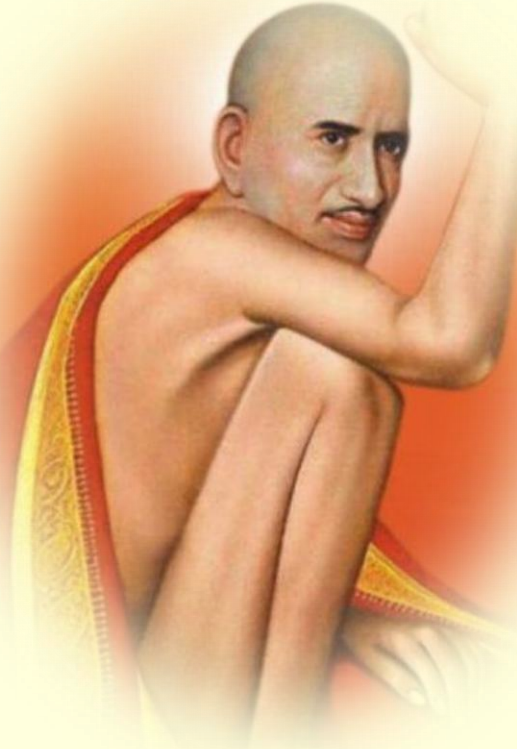
After completing his rituals of the "Vari" Pundalik returned to

Mundgaon. If you read this Charitra, all the dangers to you will be averted. It is a biography of a great saint and not any imaginary story. Everything given in this book is real and actual by happened. Nobody should show any disbelief in this story of the great saint.

May this Gajanan Vijay Granth, written by Dasganu, bring happiness to all. Thus prays Dasganu. May good come to you all. My obeisance to both Har and Hari.

"Shubham Bhavatu"
"Shri Hari Hararpanamastu"

Here is the End of Chapter Thirteen.



Compiled by : Shravan Pande, Shegaon, India.