

## The Cure of Bhimaji's Tuberculosis

*I bow down to Sree Ganesh*

*I bow down to Sree Saraswati*

*I bow down to the **Guru***

*I bow down to the Family Deity*

*I bow down to Sree Sita-Ramachandra*

*I bow down to Sree Sadguru Sainath.*

1. Baba's words were short like the Vedas, pithy, deep and full of meaning, very comprehensive, but compressed.
2. They were deep in meaning and very exact. They were never futile. They were balanced and priceless.
3. Remain aware and alert to your past and future. Accept your fate and manage within your means. Always be contented. Fret over nothing.
4. "Oh! though I am a fakir and have no home nor household, sitting uninvolved in one place, leaving aside all mundane matters,
5. yet, *Maya* is inevitable. She even harrases me often. I forget her but she does not forget me. She always comes and embraces me.
6. *Adi Maya* originates from God and bewilders even Brahman and others. Then what could be said about a poor fakir like me!
7. Only the mercy of God can save you from its clutches. Without continuously reciting God's name, this attachment will not be destroyed".
8. This is the way Baba described the powers of *Maya* to his devotees and extolled the recitation of God's name as the antidote of *Maya*.
9. 'Saints are my incarnations' as Krishna has said in the *Bhagvad*, when talking to Uddhava. Who does not know these clear words?
10. Therefore, for the sake of the welfare of his devotees, whatever the great Sai, cloud of mercy, said explaining the substance of this statement, listen to it with great humility.
11. "Such pious persons have become my followers whose sins have been destroyed and they have understood me.

12. If you recite 'Sai, Sai,' always, I will take you beyond the seven seas. If you believe in these words, you will be certainly benefitted.
13. I do not need elaborate worship either sixteen fold<sup>1</sup> or eight fold<sup>2</sup>. Where there is infinite faith, I reside there".
14. So spoke Baba to his devotees, from time to time, with tender love. Let us derive solace from the recollection of these loving words.
15. Such is that kind Sai, friend and benefactor, who is the protector of those who are surrendered to him. Just listen to the miracle he performed espousing the cause of a devotee.
16. Drive away the waywardness of the mind, concentrate properly and listen to this new story. You will thereby be fulfilling your desires.
17. The shower of the nectar-like words from the mouth of Sai is in itself the fruits and gains of life. Who will then complain of the physical discomforts at Shirdi who is aware of the advantage to be gained for himself?
18. In the last chapter we had heard about the *darshan* given to an *agnihotri* of his own Guru, who had already expired, filling him with immense happiness.
19. This chapter relates an even more interesting story about a devotee suffering from tuberculosis whose health was restored by teaching him a lesson in his dreams.
20. Therefore, oh devotees listen attentively to this story of Sai's profound nature which burns all the sins.
21. This narrative is sacred and purifying like the holy water of the Ganges. Blessed are the ears of the listeners for they become the means to gain good now and hereafter.
22. Let us compare it with nectar. But nectar cannot be sweeter than this. Nectar will save the life but this story will give freedom from the cycle of birth and death.
23. People say they are powerful and they can do whatever they wish. One who thinks like this should listen to this story carefully.
24. If the human being is genuinely independent, then when he strives day and night to achieve happiness why does he gain only unhappiness? This is the story of existence!
25. Even if a person is on guard to avoid unhappiness at every step, miseries follow quickly in search of him and keep track behind him.
26. If one tries to shake them off they hold one by the neck; if one tries to brush them off they cling more. Vain is man's strife against it. It only debilitates him.
27. If a human being was really free, he would be completely happy and he would not have known even a trace of unhappiness.

28. Assuming he was a free being, he would never commit any sins and only accumulate his store of merits, thus enhancing his happiness.
29. But a human being is not independent. His previous births' deeds are attached to him, and the ways of *karma* are strange. He is forever a puppet in the hands of *karma*.
30. One tries to think of good deeds but one is dragged towards sins. Wanting to be meritorious, one ends up by being an evil doer.
31. Now listen to the story of Bhimaji Patil of Narayangaon village of Junnar Taluka; of Pune District. It is as sweet as nectar.
32. Bhimaji was a well-to-do-person. He was hospitable to everyone. He was never sad and was always of a cheerful disposition.
33. Destiny plays strange games. Without any rhyme or reason, we can either gain or lose. Sufferings born of *karma* come to you as a disease.
34. In 1909, Bhimaji was miserable. He started having cough and tuberculosis. He developed high temperature.
35. His cough became unbearable, the fever greatly increased and day by day became persistent. Bhimaji lost hopes.
36. He was always frothing at the mouth, had bad taste in the mouth and vomitted blood. He had chronic stomach ache, felt nauseous and restless.
37. He became a bed-ridden patient. He lost vigour, his limbs weakened, he became thinner. All kinds of treatments were tried. He was extremely miserable.
38. He lost all taste for food and nourishment and could not digest even rice-gruel or a light diet. The condition was unbearable, whereby he did not know what to do.
39. All rites and rituals were performed; doctors and *vaidyas* gave up; he lost hope of survival and remained dejected.
40. Patil was depressed; he felt he would survive only for a few days; day by day he became more tired and started counting his days.
41. He worshipped his family deity but even she could not restore his health. Patil got fed up of consulting astrologers, exorcists and all and sundry.
42. Some referred to his condition as a sickness of the body, others the visitation of fate, which human endeavour could not control and which must, therefore, be borne.

43. Doctors were tried, *hakims* were tried, all remedies failed. No body could do anything. All efforts were futile.
44. Patil was extremely sad. He said: "Oh Lord, what have I done? Why is it that nothing avails? What kind of a sin is this?"
45. The ways of God are strange! He never reminds you of His existence even for a moment when you are happy. His ways are indeed unusual.
46. But, when it comes to His mind, He sends difficulties, one after the other, and makes a person remember Him and call out: "O, Narayan, come running to my help".
47. So be it. His intense and pitieous cries were heard. God was moved. Bhimaji was inspired to send a letter to Nana.<sup>3</sup>
48. 'Nana will be able to do something which none else has been able to do'. Patil firmly believed this.
49. That was the auspicious beginning of the cure of his disease. Later he wrote a detailed letter and sent it to Nana.
50. Rememberance of Nana was itself inspired by Sainath. It paved the path of destruction of the disease. Saints' deeds are unpredictable.
51. Whatever is the cycle of time, there also is an underlying plan of God. Therefore, no one should think contrarily and brag about it.
52. Whatever good or bad takes place, it is only due to God, who holds the reins. He is the protector. He is the destroyer. He is the only active force - the doer.
53. Patil wrote to Chandorkar: 'I am fed up of taking medicines. I am tired of this life. I find the world wearisome.
54. Doctors have given up hope and declared the disease incurable. *Hakims* and *Vaidyas* are bewildered. I too, have lost all hope.
55. Yet, there is only one request, which I lay at your feet, that I meet you without fail. I have this strong desire'.
56. Chandorkar read the letter. He felt very sad at heart for Bhimaji Patil was a good soul. Nana was moved.
57. In reply, he suggested only one remedy. "Surrender at Sai's feet. This is the only saving grace. He is both Mother and Father.
58. He is the compassionate mother of all, who comes running at your call, takes pity on you and picks you up in her arms, understanding the need of the children.

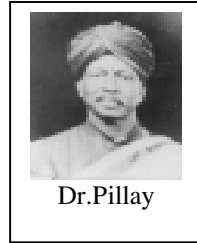
59. Even leprosy is cured by mere *darshan*. What is to be said about tuberculosis! Have not the least doubt. Go and surrender at his feet.
60. He grants whatever anyone asks. This is his creed. Therefore, I say, make haste. Take Sai's *darshan*.
61. The greatest fear is the fear of death. What else can there be? Go and hold fast to Sai's feet. He alone will make you free of fear".
62. Patil's plight was unbearable. He had arrived at a perilous state of life. 'When will I meet Sainath? When will I accomplish the task?' (He thought).
63. Thus Patil became bewildered. He asked that preparations be made quickly for departure to Shirdi the very next day.
64. Thus with firm determination, Patil took leave of all and started for Shirdi for Maharaj's *darshan*.
65. Bhimaji took his relatives and set out hurriedly. He was most anxious to know when he would see Shirdi.
66. The cart arrived at the front gate of the courtyard of the *Masjid* and four persons held Bhimaji and carried him up the steps.
67. Nanasaheb was there. Madhavrao also came along. Everyone found Sai's feet more easily accessible through that Madhavrao.
68. Looking at Patil, Baba said, "Shyama, from where do you get hold of these scoundrels? And dump them on me? Does this become you?".
69. Bhimaji put his head at the feet of Sai and said: "Oh, Sainatha, have pity on this hapless creature. Protect me, oh caretaker of the weak".
70. Seeing Patil's plight, Sainatha took pity on him. Patil felt assured that his sufferings had come to an end.
71. Seeing Bhimaji so restless, Sai Samartha, the ocean of mercy, was greatly moved and said smilingly:
72. "Sit down and stop worrying. Wise people do not worry. No sooner you stepped into Shirdi, your destined miseries have got over.
73. However deeply immersed in the ocean of trouble or buried deep in the valley of miseries, know that when he climbs the steps of the *Masjidmai* he will ride on a wave of happiness.
74. The fakir here is very kind. He will destroy your troubles from the very roots and will look after you lovingly. He has tender feelings towards all.

75. Therefore, you be at rest. Stay at Bhimabai's house. You will get relief within a couple of days".
76. Just like the case of a dying person receiving showers of nectar who immediately revives, such was Patil's satisfaction.
77. Hearing those words of Sainatha were like nectar to a man facing immediate death or water to a man dying of thirst.
78. When he sat in front of Baba for an hour, his vomitting of blood stopped, which otherwise he used to do at intervals of every five minutes.
79. He (Baba) did not examine the patient nor did he ask for the case history. Only with a merciful glance, the disease was destroyed from the root.
80. It is enough to receive a merciful glance. Even a dry stick can sprout leaves, flowers can blossom without spring, and the withered tree can become laden with fruit.
81. Ill health or good health. It's a question of whether the store of good deeds is exhausted or that of the sins. There is no escape but to experience the effects of destiny.
82. He had the disease only because of his fate. This is the rule applied to the cycle of birth and death. There is no other remedy or freedom from it, other than to undergo the sufferings.
83. But, if by good fortune one can get the *darshan* of a Saint, this is one certain means to cure the illness - and to heal it without suffering.
84. A disease itself shows that this was destiny. But if a Saint casts a merciful glance it takes away the misery out of the destined suffering.
85. The actual remedy lay in Baba's words. On one occasion, he cured malaria by feeding, yoghurt and rice to a black dog.
86. You may think these stories are deviations. But listening to them altogether, you will realise the significance. In any case, it is Sai who has reminded me of it.
87. "I will tell my own story", Sai himself has said this. He only has reminded me of these stories, at this time.
88. There was a person by the name of Bala Ganpat, who was a tailor by caste and was a great devotee. He came to the *Masjid* and sat in front of Baba and prayed imploringly.
89. "What sin have I committed? Why doesn't this malaria leave me? Baba, I have tried a number of remedies. But it does not leave my body.

90. So now what shall I do? I have tried all medicines and decoctions. Now at least, you tell me some remedy so that this fever will leave me".
91. Then, Baba felt pity for him. He replied and gave a remedy for that malaria. Now, listen to that marvellous story.
92. "Feed a few morsels of curds and rice to a black dog near the temple of Mother Laxmi. You will be cured immediately".
93. Bala was a little anxious. He went home and searched. He found some left over rice and also little curds near by.
94. Bala thought to himself. 'Though I have procured curds and rice, will that black dog be there, near the temple, at the right time?'
95. But this worry of Bala was unnecessary. When he reached the appointed place, he saw a black dog approaching him, with a wagging tail.
96. Seeing everything working out right, Bala was very pleased. He fed the dog curds and rice, and informed all this to Baba.
97. In short, the whole incident may be called anything by anybody, but since then the malaria left him and Bala recovered.
98. Similar was the case of Bapusaheb Butti. He had a chill in the stomach and had continuous loose motions and vomiting also.
99. The medicine chest was full of medicines but none was effective. Bapusaheb got alarmed and worried.
100. Due to persistent loose motions and vomiting, Bapusaheb became weak and had no energy left for his regular *darshan* of Baba.
101. Baba came to hear about it. He sent for him and made him sit before him. He said "Beware! From now onwards, you will not go to the toilet.
102. And also, vomiting must stop", shaking his forefinger before his face. Observing him again, he repeated the words.
103. The essence of it is that his words had such weightage that both ailments got scared and immediately retreated. Butti felt better.
104. Once there was a cholera epidemic in the village. At that time Butti suffered from it. He had vomiting and motions simultaneously. He was in distress and had intense thirst.

105. Dr. Pillay was near him. He tried whatever was possible. When finally nothing succeeded, they approached Baba.

106. Every detail of how the disease had progressed, was related to Baba, as a supplication. Pillay asked Baba whether coffee or water would be better to give.



107. Then Baba replied to him "Drink an infusion of milk, boiled with almonds, walnuts, and pistachios.

108. This will quench his thirst and the disease will be cured immediately". In short, when he was given this infusion to drink his troubles disappeared.

Dr. Pillay

109. "Eat walnuts, pistachios and almonds"! Would they ever give relief in the case of cholera?! It is enough to repose faith in Baba's words. There is no scope for doubts.

110. Once a *Swami* from Alandi came to Shirdi village for the darshan of Sai *Samartha*, and arrived at Baba's dwelling.

111. He suffered from an ear disease. Therefore, he was unwell and had insomnia. Though he had got himself operated, it was of no use at all.

112. He experienced shooting pains beyond endurance. He could do nothing to control it. He thought of leaving and went to ask for blessings.

113. He bowed down at Sai's feet and received *udi* as *prasad*. The *Swami* asked for blessings and said "Always have mercy on me".

114. Madhavrao Despande entreated Baba about his ear. Maharaj assured him saying. "Allah will make it well".

115. With these blessings, the *Swami* returned to Pune. Eight days later his letter came saying that the pain had immediately subsided.

116. Only the swelling was still there. Therefore, an operation was advised. So he came to Bombay for a second operation.

117. He went to the same doctor. Unknown, Baba was obliged to help. When the doctor examined the ear, he saw no swelling anywhere.

118. The doctor said that there was no need now for an operation. The *Swami's* dreaded worries were over. Everyone was surprised.

119. I have just remembered one more story of this nature, which I will now tell the listeners and then end the chapter.

120. Eight days before the laying of the flooring in the courtyard (of the *Masjid*) began, Mahajani suffered from acute indigestion.

121. He began to have many loose motions. Leaving all this burden on Baba, he did not take any medicines or treat himself. He became quite harassed.

122. Mahajani knew that Sai was omniscient. Therefore, he did not describe his difficulties to him.

123. 'When he wills it, he will grant me relief, on his own'. Having this implicit faith, he bore the disease.
124. 'Whatever is destined to be suffered, will be! But there should be no break in the *puja* rituals'. This was the intense wish of Kaka each day.
125. Later on, when the motions became too frequent and were out of control, let us see what he did in order not to have a break in the *arati* and service.
126. He kept a copper vessel filled with water, on which he could lay his hands even in darkness, in a corner of the *Masjid*.
127. He, himself, would sit near Baba, pressing his legs and always remained present at the time of the *arati*, this being his regular routine.
128. Whenever he got a spasm in the stomach, since the water pot would be at hand, he would go to some nearby secluded spot and return after relieving himself.
129. So be it. When they asked Baba's permission to lay the flooring, he gave it to Tatyā. Listen to what he said then to him.
130. "I am going to the Lendi. When I return from the Lendi, you may start the work of the flooring at that time".
131. Later Baba returned and sat on his seat. Kaka came in time and started massaging his legs.
132. Devotees from Bombay came by *tongas*, via Kopergaon, by train which came to a halt there. They came up the steps with all the preparations for this *puja* and bowed down to Baba.
133. Along with everyone else, Patil from Andheri also came with flowers, rice and *puja* items; and sat in anticipation.
134. Just then, in the lower part of the courtyard, in the place where the *rath* used to be kept, exactly at the same spot the first stroke of the pick-axe was struck and the work of the laying of the courtyard floor began.
135. No sooner did he hear that noise that Baba shouted strangely. In an instant he became transformed into Narasimha<sup>4</sup>. His eyes blazed with fury.
136. "Who is that striking with the pick-axe? I will break his back." Saying this, he got up taking his *satka*. All present were filled with terror.
137. The labourer threw aside the pick-axe and fled. Everybody ran helter - skelter. Kaka too was frightened. At that moment, Baba held him by his hand.
138. And said: "Where are you going? Sit down." Just then Tatyā and Laxmi arrived. He started hurling a torrent of abuse at them, to his heart's content.
139. The people who were outside the courtyard were also abused. Just then, he picked up a bag of roasted peanuts which had been dropped there.
140. It must have belonged to somebody and fallen in the *Masjid*, while running away helter - skelter, when Baba had been in a fit of anger.

141. The nuts must have been about one full *seer*<sup>5</sup>. He brought out one handful at a time, rubbed them between his palms, blew upon them and cleaned them.
142. Then he fed the cleaned nuts to Mahajani. While he continued to shower abuses on one hand, on the other hand he continued to clean the peanuts.
143. "Eat them, eat them", he said. He put cleaned nuts in his palm. He too ate a few, himself. In this manner, the bag was emptied.
144. When the nuts were finished, he said: "Bring some water. I am thirsty". Kaka filled a vessel and brought it. He drank some and told him also to drink it.
145. While Kaka was drinking, he said: "Go, your suffering has ended". He added: "Where are those wretched *Brahmins*? Go and fetch them".
146. So be it. The group re-assembled. The *Masjid* was crowded as before. The flooring work was resumed. Kaka's diarrhoea was stopped.
147. What kind of a remedy is this for loose stools?! It is the words of the Saints<sup>6</sup> that act as medicine. He who regards them as *prasad* can have need for nothing else.
148. A householder from Harda was suffering from shooting pains in the stomach. He was harassed by it for fourteen years. He had tried all kinds of remedies.
149. His name was Dattopant. By word of mouth, he had heard about the powers of Sai, the great Saint of Shirdi, whose mere *darshan* solved all difficulties.
150. Having heard such fame, he went to Shirdi, laid his head at Sai's feet and begged him to be merciful to him.
151. "Baba, fourteen years have passed. The shooting pains in the stomach have pursued me. Enough of it now. It is beyond endurance. I have no strength left to bear it.
152. I have never committed a breach of faith. I have shown no disrespect to my parents. I do not know the deeds of my past birth, due to which I am undergoing this suffering".
153. Only a kind glance from a Saint, a Saint's *prasad* or blessing, can remove the disease. There is nothing else as effective.



Kaka Mahanjani

154. Such was Dattopant's experience. As soon as Baba's hand was placed on his head and he received the *vibhuti* and blessings, he felt relief.
155. The Maharaj made him stay for some days. Slowly, the shooting pains<sup>7</sup> in the stomach disappeared altogether.
156. Such was the great Saint! How shall I describe his powers? His very nature was to oblige others and he had love for all beings.
157. If we go on praising, in words, his Life, I find one deed is better than the other. Now let me return to pick up the thread of my original narrative about the life of Bhimaji.
158. So be it. Baba asked for *udi*; gave a little to Bhimaji; rubbed some on his forehead and kept his hand on his head.
159. He was ordered to go to the lodging. Patil started walking and went up to the cart on foot. He felt vigorous.
160. From there, he went to the place previously decided. Though the place was small, as it was suggested by Baba, it was important for him.
161. The floor had just been thumped smooth, with the help of a wooden log, for the purpose of levelling. Therefore, it was wet. Even then he obeyed Baba's orders and stayed there itself.
162. He would have got a dry place in the village, since Bhimaji had many contacts. But since Baba had particularly indicated the place, he did not think of going anywhere else.
163. He spread out two gunny bags upon the floor, on top of which he spread out his bedding. Patil went to sleep peacefully.
164. That same night, this is what happened. Bhimaji got a dream. He saw his teacher, whom he knew in his childhood, and the teacher began to beat him.
165. He had a cane in his hand with which he practically flayed the skin off his back, to make him learn by heart a poem. The student was very miserable.
166. What was that poem? Listeners might be curious to know, therefore I will quote the complete poem, word by word, as I have heard:-

'She is known as a real or an ideal wife, who thinks she has stepped on the head of a serpent if she ever enters a stranger's house. Her words are so rare that they are like wealth procured from a miser. She feels profoundly happy when she gives pleasure to her husband, even though there may not

be money in the house. She behaves according to her husband's wishes, without hesitation.'

167. But he could not understand the reason for this punishment. The teacher would not put aside the cane, as he was inflamed with rage and terribly determined.
168. Immediately afterwards, he had a second dream which was stranger than the first. He saw that an unknown person came and forcibly sat on his chest.
169. He used his chest as a grinding stone and took another stone, as a roller, in his hand; and as it were, started grinding. Bhimaji felt choked, as if he was heading towards heaven.
170. Finally the dream ended. He slept with some measure of comfort. The sun rose and Patil woke up.
171. He felt rejuvenated as he had never felt before. He completely forgot about the disease. How could anyone remember to look for the sign of the caning or being used as a grinding stone!
172. People say that dreams are unreal. But sometimes one gets contrary experiences. Patil was completely cured of his disease on the same day and his sufferings were over.
173. Patil was very happy. He felt as if he had a new lease of life. Then he started walking slowly for Baba's *darshan*.
174. Seeing Baba's moon-like face, the ocean of happiness welled up in Patil. He was in raptures and swooned in ecstasy.
175. With tears of joy raining down his face, he laid his forehead upon Baba's feet. How blissful was the aftermath of the beating and grinding he had suffered!
176. "How can an insignificant creature like me ever repay your obligation? I know it to be impossible, so I only put my head on your feet.
177. This is the only way I can repay. There is no other means. Inconceivable and irrefutable is this miracle of yours, O Baba Sai!"
178. Patil stayed, singing such praises, for a month. He also gratefully remembered Nana's obligation. He returned, being completely gratified.
179. Thus he remained contented, with devotion and faith. In his gratefulness to Sai, he came to Shirdi often.

180. One needs no more than two hands and a head to show gratefulness to Sainath, if it is done with a steady mind and faith in him alone to the exclusion of all others.
181. Whoever is in difficulties, performs *Satyanarayan puja* if a certain calamity is averted or some boon is received.
182. Since then Patil started doing the *Satya Sai Vrat*, every Thursday, after an early bath and being abstemious.
183. As people read the *Satya Narayan Katha*, Patil recited the chapters of Dasganu's '*Arvachin Bhakta Leelamrut*' relating to Sai's life, with love.
184. In this book of forty five chapters, Ganudas describes the lives of many *bhaktas*. Out of these, three relate to Sainath. Those formed the *Satya Sai Katha*.
185. Out of all the *vratas* this was the best. Patil read these three chapters and experienced boundless joy and was happy.
186. Patil gathered together relatives, brothers, friends and neighbours and regularly did *Satya Sai Vrat*, very happily.
187. The *naivedya* was of the same kind being one and a quarter measures. The rest of the rituals were the same. In one case it was Narayan and in the other it was Sai. Not a single detail was overlooked.
188. Patil started the convention. It became a custom in the village and people started observing *Satya Sai Vrat*, one after the other.
189. Such are these saints, the merciful ones! When the proper time comes, they remove the worldly cares of the devotees by their mere *darshan* and even change their destiny.
190. The next narration, herein, will be about a person craving for progeny; and the marvellousness of the oneness amongst Saints.
191. A resident of Nanded town, who was an affluent Parsi will have a son after receiving Baba's blessings.
192. Baba indicated that Mouli Saheb was the Saint from that place. The Parsi returned to his own place, full of joy.
193. It is a very lovable story. Listeners should hear it quietly. Then they will come to realise Sai's all-pervasiveness and also his affectionate nature.
194. Pant Hemad surrenders to Sai and bows down to the Saints and listeners. In the next chapter I will tell you about that which I have already mentioned. Listen with respect.

May there be well-being. This is the end of the thirteenth chapter of *Sree Sai Samartha Satcharita*, written by the devotee Hemadpant, impelled by Saints and virtuous people, called "The Cure of Bhimaji's Tuberculosis".

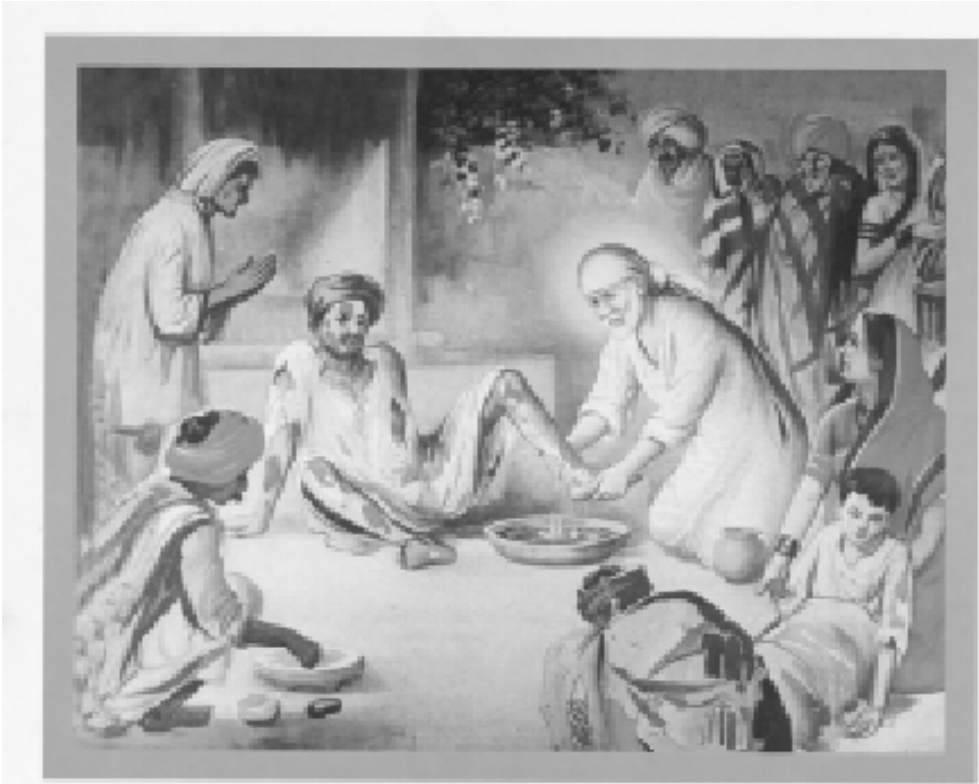
This is offered to *Sree Sadguru Sainath*.

May there be auspiciousness!

**Notes :**

1. Invocation, Offering of seat, Worship of feet, Oblations of water, Sipping water for purification, Bath, Clothing, Sacrificial thread, Sandalwood paste, Flowers, Incense, Naivedya, Lamp, Dakshina, Pradakshina, Mantra with flowers.
2. Sandalwood paste, Flowers, Incense, Lamp, Naivedya, Camphor, Rice mixed with turmeric, Coconut.
3. Narayan Govind Chandorkar alias Nanasaheb.
4. Avatar that Vishnu took, as a man lion, to destroy Hiranyakshyapu.
5. Approximately 2 kilos.
6. Once, Shirdi's Madhavrao Deshpande had a problem with piles. He told Maharaj about it. "We will have some medicine in the afternoon." Maharaj said. Accordingly, Maharaj made a concoction of senna pods and gave some of it to Madhavrao. He was completely cured by it. Two years later he had the same problem. As Maharaj had earlier given him the concoction, Madhavrao, on his own prepared it at home and took it. He did not feel better with it; and his problem was aggravated. Later, thanks to Maharaj's grace, he became alright. In short, the cure is only due to Maharaj's blessings and grace.
7. Kaka Mahajani's elder brother Gangadharpant suffered from shooting pains in the stomach for a number of years. Every year, he suffered greatly, from this ailment. Having heard about Maharaj's fame, he went there and complained about it to Maharaj. Maharaj touched his stomach and asked, "Does it hurt here?" Gangadharpant replied in the affirmative. Maharaj said: "Allah will cure." Since then the shooting pains in the stomach of Gangadharpant left him and did not recur.

Once, Nanasaheb Chandorkar had the problem of shooting pains in the stomach. It was so severe, that night and day he was agonised by it. The doctor gave him an enema, but he had no relief. In the end he went to Maharaj, and Maharaj told him to take *barfi* (a sweetmeat) pounded with clarified butter. And with this prescription, his shooting pains in the stomach completely stopped.



He is the compassionate mother of all, who comes running at your call, takes pity on you and picks you up in her arms, understanding the need of the children. (Ch.13, ovi 58)



Bala Shimpi