

32. The miracle of love

THE doctor who is presiding over this Hospital Day is known to Me for many years; he was coming to Shirdhi and is very much attached to Me, since the first day he came there. Though the Shirdhi body and this body are different, the *dehi* (the person in the body) is the same; and, so I recognise and reward all who come to either place.

We have a Hospital here, since eleven years, with twelve beds for inpatients and doctors and nurses and equipment and medicines for treating them and a large number of out-patients. Do not be under the impression that we have this Hospital because I need the help of these doctors and these drugs to cure those who come to Me. There are some who desire treatment by the doctors, in a hospital; that is the means by which they feel they can be cured. Some are anxious that the doctor must give them an injection; if he doesn't, they feel they are neglected. So, I

ask the doctor to give them one or even a series! There are many who have no faith in anything except tablets and the needle. They come to the Hospital and while there, they listen to the silence of the Prashaanthi Nilayam, and feel the *Aanandha* that is redolent in the atmosphere. They respond to the *bhajans* (congregational singing of devotional songs) and see how people who partake in it are happy: when they are in that *Aarogya nilaya* (House of Health, the Hospital), they are drawn to *this Aanandha nilaya* (Home of Bliss, the Prayer Hall), and gradually, they equip themselves with the armour of faith, which guards them against any illness.

Today disease has its hold on every family

There is another reason; many patients with illnesses of an advanced nature are brought here; they cannot be accommodated with others, in the sheds or rooms; they require close attention and loving care, special diet and facilities, which only a Hospital can provide. So they could be admitted into the Hospital awaiting My darshan and My ministrations. They can be looked after better there than in the midst of the vast gathering of devotees.

When two people meet, it is considered good manners that each should inquire about the health of the other. This is true of the peoples of both East and West. You ask each other, 'How do you do?' regardless of the fact, that both are every moment approaching death, nearer and nearer. Really speaking, both are undergoing *kshaya* (decline), not *kshema* (the security of health)! With each exhalation of breath, a fraction of life-span escapes from our hold. So, each should warn the other, remind the other, instruct the other, to use the available present for realising the God within the Universe and within oneself.

The body has to be maintained in good condition, for it is only when embodied in this human tabernacle that man can realise God. The body is either strong or weak an efficient instrument or an inefficient one, according to the food, recreations and habits of one's parents. Since the elders do not pay attention to these, the health of the children suffers; we have hospitals, dispensaries and clinics in every street now, because disease has its hold on every family, in every home. Even little children wear glasses; young people dye their hair, many wear dentures. The reason is, the atmosphere in the modern home is filled with artificiality, anxiety, envy, discontent, empty boasting, vain pomp, extravagance, falsehood and hypocrisy. How can any one growing up in this corrosive atmosphere be free from illness? If the home is filled with the clean fragrance of contentment and peace, all its occupants will be happy and healthy. The elders have, therefore, a great responsibility towards the generation that is coming up.

Conquer anger when it arises in the mind

Anger is also a great cause of ill-health, besides being dangerous for other reasons. It brings a long trail of camp-followers, each of whom adds its share to the final ruin. So, you must conquer this passion, when it arises in the mind, by reminding yourself of the omnipresence of God, of God as the inner motivator of all, of His being the Director of this Play called Life. Try to think of something else than the circumstances that roused your anger, do some *Naamasmarana*, lie down in bed, go on a long walk, drink some cold water---struggle with yourself, until you win. Do not fight with others; fight with your own urges. When the Chinese hordes poured in, you fought them on the Himalayas, not in Penukonda; isn't it? Penukonda may be more easily accessible, but, the invasion is on the border and the struggle has to be on the border! Stop the enemy at the threshold; stop anger at the threshold of the mind. Then, the body's safety can be ensured.

Know the "sign which declares that I am Sai Baaba"

The best preventive of ill-health is the *Aanandha* that comes of unconcern. Look at Me. I have come with this body, and you can see that there is no difference between this body and any other human body. But yet, illness has never affected this body. It cannot, any time. Even if I welcome it, it cannot approach Me. Nor am I taking any precautions against it. I take all manner of foods, at all kinds of places, in all types of homes. The dhobi's room will be full of varied assortments of clothes, isn't it? My dining table has an equally varied assortment of dishes, brought by devotees at the Nilayam belonging to all the comers of the world. I have no fixed menu at all; I do not care for one. I move about in all varieties of weather, sun or rain, summer or winter, valley or plateau; I drink water from one well today, another tomorrow. But, I am *Aanandhaswaruupa* (Divine Bliss personified) all the time and so, I am never ill. Nor am I in the least disturbed by either the praise or by the maligning, that people pour. When I am spoken of, either in derision or in adoration, My *Aanandha* is the same. A wayside tree having a load of fruits with sweet juice, is admired by some; but, most people are tempted to throw stones. Even lunatics and senile old men will cast stones at it. The tree will only be happy that it is receiving the penalties for its bounty, and contributing to the happiness of the hungry and thirsty.

This *Prema* is My distinctive mark not the creation of material objects or of health and happiness, by sheer exercise of Will. You might consider what you call 'miracles' as the most direct sign of Divinity; but, the *Prema* that welcomes you all, that blesses all, that makes Me rush to the presence of the seekers, the suffering and the distressed in distant lands or wherever they are, that is the real sign! It is that which declares that I am Sai Baaba.

For Me, every day is a Festival day, for My *Prema* is showered everyday! But since you pay attention to the calendar and observe specially these holy days, I also arrange these Festivals here. When the Doctors come and ask Me permission to have a Hospital Day I say, Yes. For that provides you a chance to know from Me the disciplines needed to keep this physical instrument healthy and active.

Prashaanthi Nilayam, Hospital Day, 5-10-1967

The Shaasthras lay down steps in saadhana, so that man can have peace, contentment and joy. The very first step is to remove the weeds in the garden of your heart, plucking by the roots the briar

and bush of lust and greed, of hate and pride and plant in the ground thus cleared the fragrant flower plants of prema (love) and the sweet fruit trees of dharma (virtue).

Sathya Sai Baaba