

ANUBHAVS



## Unfathomable Strength and Unimaginable Miracle



- *Apoorva Sirkar*

Man has always been an escapist. When things go beyond explanation, there is always a reason cited for that. Different words in vocabulary have their genesis due to this incapability of man. Two common words of such nature are Luck and Miracle.

We all know about the might of Sadguru Shri Aniruddha Bapu. We all know about the various experiences that His devotees have had. There have been accounts of His greatness from all over the world. The question that keeps prodding me all the time is – Is it really Bapu who “does” it all the time? Or is it something else? Won’t “miracle” as a phenomenon become abused if every devotee were to experience it? Wouldn’t then, man (who is an ignorant and proud fool) start devaluing Bapu’s greatness? Through this article, I have tried to answer a few of these questions. These are purely my thoughts and might be incorrect. I would love to stand corrected.

Bapu is great. That is something that we all know. He loves all His children and would do anything for them to see them happy. That has been the nature of the almighty from time immemorial. Therefore, when one really needs Bapu, he is always there, right beside him and with him. There are numerous stories related to people experiencing Bapu’s presence and his acts of “parenthood”.

Can all such acts be clubbed under miracles? That’s the big question.

Throughout history and mythology, there have been instances when man has doubted his talents, powers and capabilities. Hanuman didn’t know that he could fly across the great sea in one go. Arjun was made aware of his duties and powers by Sri Krishna. But they were great men themselves. We aren’t in the league of Hanuman or Arjun. But we still have the magnanimous love of the almighty in the form of Bapu. He makes us live up to our potential and works a way out for us but pushes us to drive through it.



I am not disputing the fact that Babu's miracles exist. All I am saying is that they are not even half as frequent as we think. Most of the time when we think it is a miracle, it is the case where Babu lends his hand in support and pushes us to put that "extra" into our deeds to come out of difficult situations.

I have three examples to share.

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### Reputation at stake

It was 15<sup>th</sup> April 2008. It was the day that my company was to launch the product that we had been working on for almost 8 months. It was an important launch within the various groups of the company as well.

I had offered to anchor the show. I have always been confident about public speaking and was sure of doing a good job this time around as well. On the night of 13<sup>th</sup>, I started feeling a weird sensation in my throat. It became worse by the evening of the 14<sup>th</sup>. I rushed to my doctor who said that it would take three or four days for the voice to be perfect. This to me was the worst news of 2008. My doctor gave me medicines. I enquired about the chances for the voice to get any better by the next evening. I told him it was important as I was anchoring an important event. His words still are fresh in my mind, "Take these medicines, gargle and let's hope for a miracle!"

All evening I kept thinking "What if my voice doesn't get better?" The unfortunate part was that there was no backup anchor for the event. I called Babu for help. This was a big initiative from my side because till that time, whenever I prayed I thanked God for all that He had done for me. I barely asked for anything from Him. This time I was helpless and needed Babu's help.

Next morning the voice was worse and worsened even further as the day passed by. By 4 in the evening, the voice was almost not there! I kept calling Babu. I kept telling myself all will be fine. I had the faith. By 5, there was a marginal improvement in the voice but not anywhere close to what was required. 7:30 pm was the time for the party to begin. Guests started walking in by 7 pm and I started feeling nervous. How important was the event can be gauged by the fact that not only was the MD



present at the event, the two directors heads of all businesses and functions were also present.

By 7, “miraculously” the voice became much better. We were scheduled to start at 7:45 and by then my voice wasn’t completely back but was there 90%, as much as I needed to get onto the stage. I had never experienced such a quick recovery from a sore throat. By 9 pm, my part was over. The event was a hit; my effort was appreciated and liked by all. People walked up to me and mentioned how good I was on stage. What was most surprising was that post 9 pm my voice started worsening again and by 11 pm it was back to where it was the previous evening! This, to my mind then, was nothing short of a “miracle”.

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### **Life at stake**

This was on 2<sup>nd</sup> October this year. I had decided to drive down to Surat from Mumbai. It is a good 5 to 6 hour drive one way. The roads are good and the drive is pleasant. Total in the day I was looking at a 10 hour drive.

I have always loved driving but had never driven all alone for such long hours. This was a test. I hadn’t slept well the previous night and I was a little sceptical about my concentration. Since I had made up my mind, I decided to go in any case. I took Babu’s photo, put it in my shirt pocket, close to my heart, and drove on. I took just a five minute break each on the onward and the return journeys. Not once, not even for a second did I feel sleepy in the entire journey. I was wide awake and was enjoying every second of my drive. This was something that had never happened to me before.

All in all, it was a great experience. I loved the drive and the day was perfect!

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### **Responsibility or Irresponsibility?**

I was in Delhi on 28<sup>th</sup> September 2008. It was my brother-in-law’s birthday so my sister, nephew, brother-in-law and I decided to go out for lunch. We went to a mall and visited a few shops and then decided to go



for lunch. Just when it was turning out to be a perfect day, I got an sms from my boss saying there was a blunder in the monthly statement and that the issue had been escalated even to the Group Head. To my mind, the mistake was not from my side. I was very particular in ensuring all went right and was pretty confident that the mistake was not on my end.

My boss called me and asked me for an answer. Being a Sunday, there was not way that I could have discovered the genesis of the mistake from anywhere. I told my boss that I would give her the root cause analysis by 10 am on Monday.

Since lunch that day till the morning of Monday, I kept asking Bapu to help me out in this situation and bless me so that the cause of the mistake wasn't my oversight. An error from my side would have resulted in a lot of questions raised about my credibility. All day I kept talking to Bapu and asked for His help.

The next day, I got to know that the mistake was at the vendor's end and that my piece was flawless. Such is the greatness of Bapu.

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In each of the above experiences, there is a clear indication of Bapu's intervention to salvage me from my precarious conditions. The question, however, is – are these miracles?

My view is that these are not miracles. These are examples of Bapu's positivism and his greatness in making man realise his potential. And that is how Bapu is making the world a better place to live. He makes all of us realise what we are capable of and what difference we can make to the world by giving our individual best shots. If Bapu hadn't been there, this realisation wouldn't have been possible and our potential would have been latent all through.

Through my association with Bapu and his support to me, I garnered enough strength to work my way to a better throat and deliver my best even in testing times. Just when the tides settled, I relaxed my efforts and my throat returned to being pathetic. Bapu was behind me. He pushed me to perform; he held my hand and told me, "You can do it!"



When I was driving to Surat and back, my concentration levels being high throughout was not a miracle. Bapu again told me, “You drive, I will ride with you”. I didn’t feel alone. I didn’t feel sleepy. I didn’t feel tired.

When the error in the statement happened, He told me, “You have done your bit. There was a little more ground to cover. This time I will help you out but get your act straight and close all work end to end.” He made me realise my responsibilities. Today I know that my job doesn’t end where I left it, I need to take it just a wee bit further and close it.

In all my experiences, Bapu was my shepherd and I was a sheep. He showed me the direction and I walked that path. He infused confidence in me. He infused that will to do. He made me realise that one needs to go that extra mile to realise one’s potential.

Bapu’s miracles are with those who have lost all hope, for whose condition, the world has lost hope. Nothing else explains how cancer patients have survived the verdict of established doctors. Nothing else explains how complications in a human body have been resolved by Udi and devotion. These are miracles. I am not being an escapist here by calling these miracles, I am just being wise. These miracles occur not everyday but when all else fails and when Bapu realises that the turn of events has taken the case beyond the reach of man.

Miracle or not, Bapu is always there for his children. That is the belief that instils calmness in my heart and gives me the courage and confidence to live freely and peacefully in His greatness.

ANUBHAVS

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