

jai gajanan

Shankar Balwant Pandit



Shree Gajanan Maharaj Sansthan, Shegaon

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Publisher's Note

Sant Dasganu Maharaj wrote the saga of Saint Shree Gajanan Maharaj of Shegaon in the 'Ovi' poetic form in Marathi in the year 1939A.D. This composition named 'Shree Gajanan Vijay' is very popular in Maharashtra.

It was translated in English prose for the devotees who could not read Marathi in 1980 A.D. by Mr. G.N. Naik as 'Gajanan Vijay Granth'. Since it narrated the story of Shree Gajanan Maharaj it was well accepted by the readers.

Early this year Mr. Shankar B. Pandit, a devotee from New York expressed a desire to render these chronicles in a poetic form in English, based on the two earlier publications.

This English translation captures the beauty and grace of the original Marathi work and makes for felicitous reading. The growing number of devotees of Shree Gajanan Maharaj who are unable to read the text in Marathi or Hindi will benefit materially and spiritually when they read this work with faith. There is a promise made at the conclusion of this work to all devotees - that of fulfillment of desires but that is actually only the beginning. Shree Gajanan Maharaj was the living embodiment of the Parabrahma, The miracles He performed were to jolt devotees out of their slumber and lead them forward to the divinity which is the rightful inheritance of every human being.

By the grace of Maharaj 'Jai Gajanan' is ready on the 100th samadhi anniversary of the great saint.

Publisher's Note

Mrs. Geetha Ravichandran, from Nagpur made valuable suggestions and corrections in the writing.

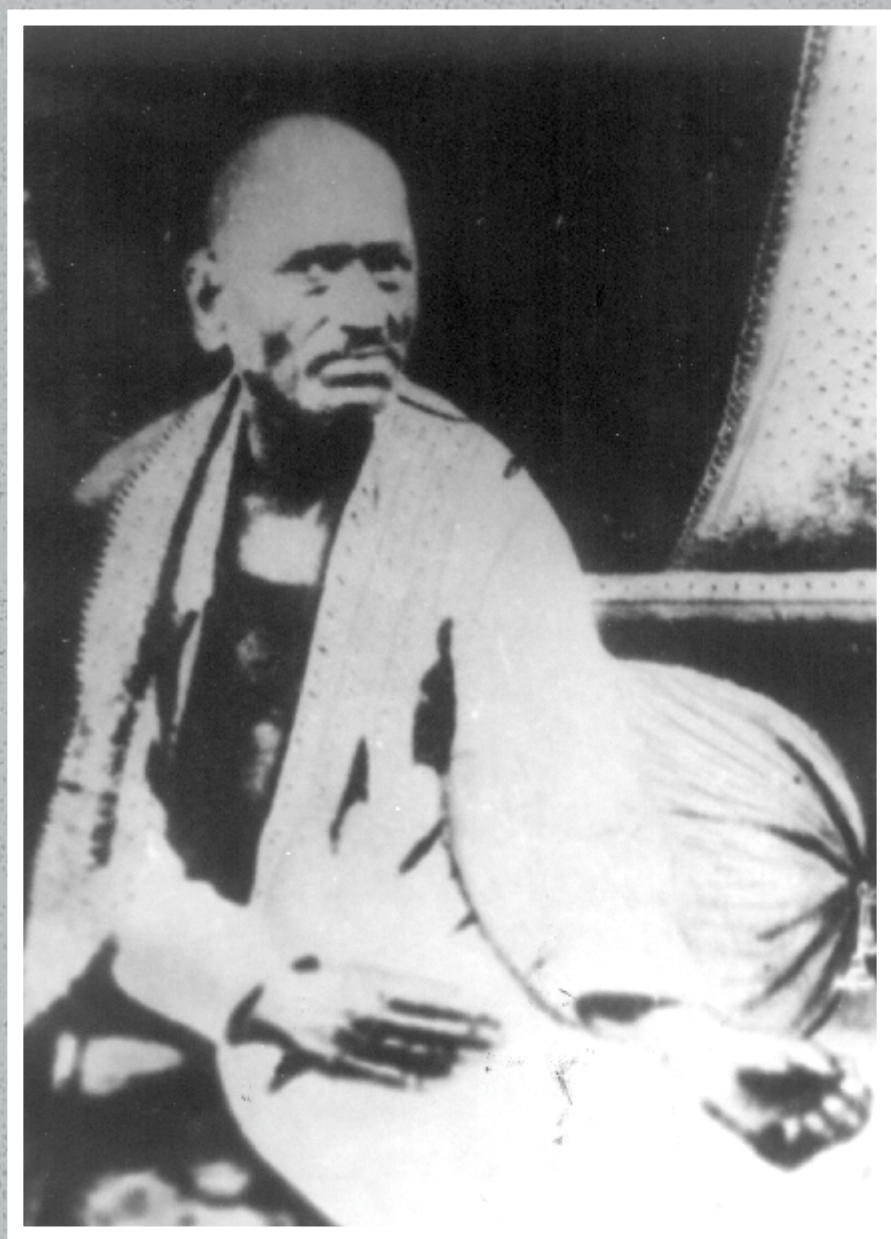
Dr. Mrs. Manju M. Phadke of Mumbai spared her valuable time for the editing.

Late Dr. Anand Goverdhan in spite of his deteriorating health went through the first edition of 'Jai Gajanan' and made valuable suggestions and corrections to the text. These are incorporated in the second edition. It was the grace of Maharaj that gave him strength in his fatal illness in bringing perfection to the second edition.

The poetic form in English has seen the light of the day through their relentless assistance. Our thanks to them and to our layout designer and printer Mr. Vivek Vaidya for their selfless help.

Shri. Shivshankarbhau Patil

Managing Trustee
Shree Gajanan Maharaj Sansthan,
Shegaon, Dist-Buldhana





Preface

Nests of birds in my backyard remind me of life, of desires, aspirations, hopes, struggles, freedom and joy. These nests are lined up with warm love, affection and a will to survive. The chirping of the birds, seemingly meaningless, conveys this message sublime.

Human mind like these nests has these tender linings and attributes and yet it is blessed with many more traits. It enjoys thoughtful distinction between right and wrong, devotional inclination to Saints and God. It has a pious stance towards others and the ability to convey feelings. It can guide a person to relate himself by speech, writing, painting and songs.

Communities of the world have used these elements to express, among other things their gratitude to God and Saints, praising them for kind bountiful blessings. Each culture has its own way of expressing devotion to God and Saints through songs and prayers.

Maharashtra has a long lineage of saints who not only brought God closer to the common man but also inspired him on how to lead a meaningful life. These saints created an abundance of ever-lasting sacred texts. Similarly, many devotees wrote about these saints and their achievements. One such text is "Shree Gajanan Vijay" written by Shree Dasganu Maharaj.

Preface

Many scholars have translated Vedic texts such as Gita, Upanishad's and Veda's to English for greater accessibility to mankind in general. However, many texts especially those written in local languages have not been translated so far.

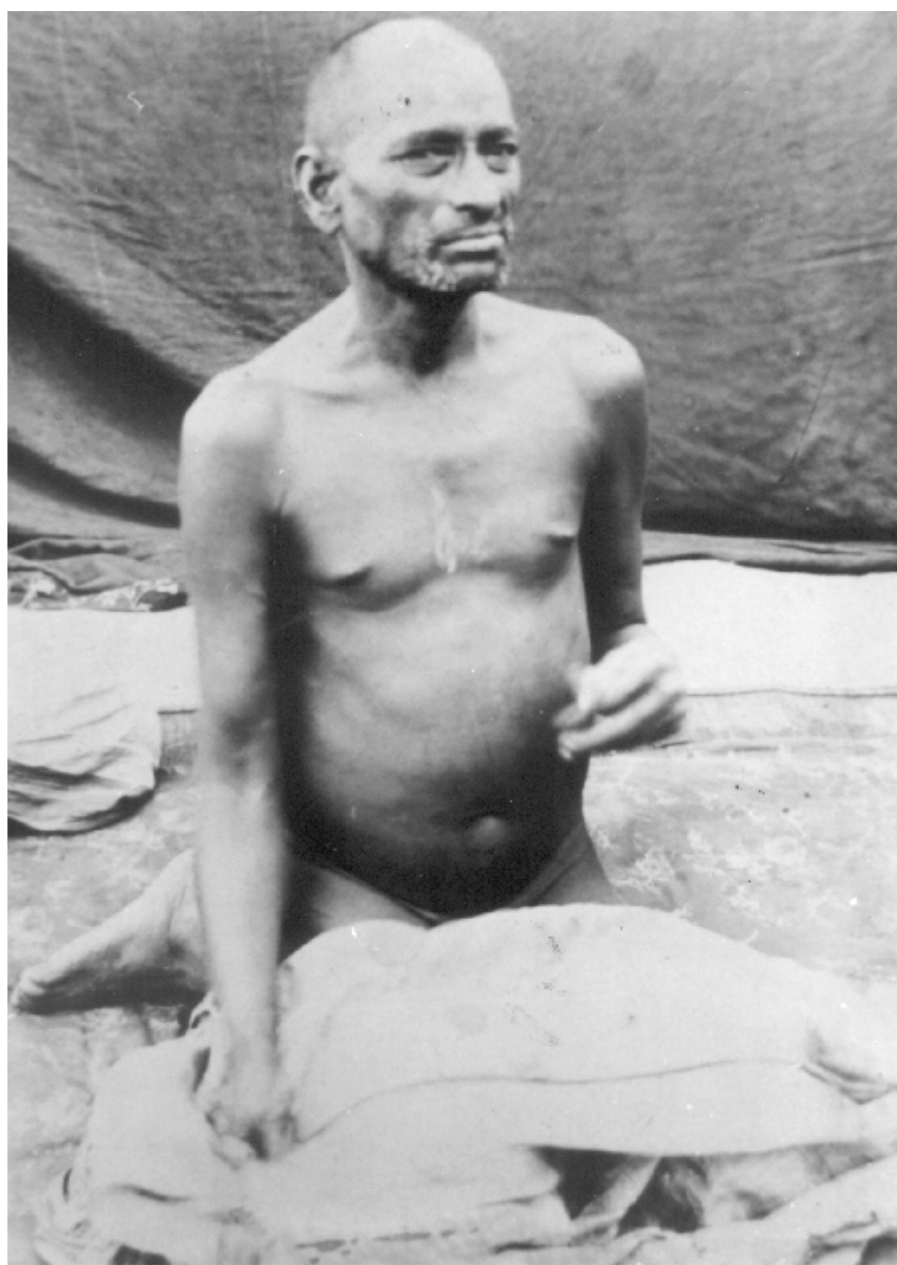
As a humble contribution to this endeavor I took on the daunting task of transforming the "Gajanan Vijay" in English in poetic form. Translating the rich vocabulary of Shree Dasganu Maharaj was a challenging mission. The English translation by Shree G.N. Naik was helpful in this respect.

I remembered the saying 'A journey of a thousand miles starts with the first step.' And I started the walk with Shree Gajanan Maharaj as my guide. Many a times, I felt that he is standing behind me as a tutor suggesting correct words and rhymes.

Vocabularies of languages differ. Sanskrit and Marathi words like Darshan, Naivedya, Pradakshna, Dakshina, Abhishek did not yield one word translations. Rhyming for many Marathi words and names was not possible at many places. Please excuse me for such lapses. I hope devotees of Shree Gajanan Maharaj will appreciate this effort.

I have yet to meet a friend who has not liked the nests in my backyard.

Shankar Balwant Pandit



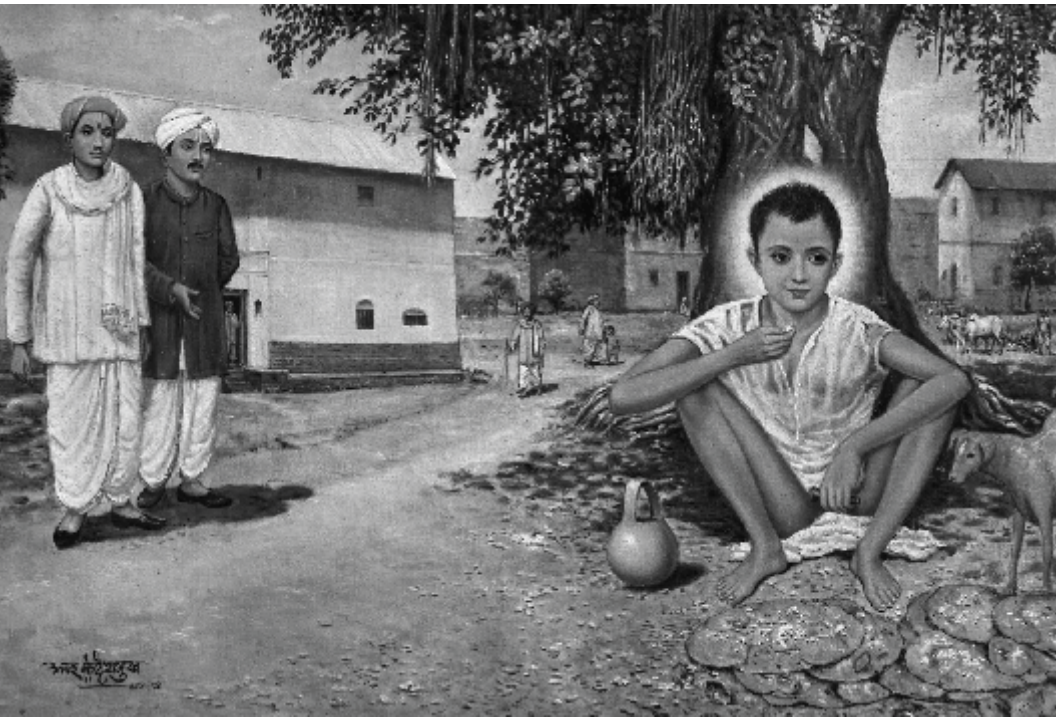


jai gajanan

॥ ... Anant Koti Brahmand Nayak ... ॥
॥ ... Maharajadheeraaj Yogiraj ... ॥
॥ ... Parabrahma Satchidanand ... ॥
॥ ... Bhakta Pratipalak Samartha Sadguru ... ॥
॥ ... Shegaon Nivasi Shree Gajanan Maharaj ... ॥

॥ Prarambha ... The Beginning ॥

Chapter One



Only an expert jewel trader
Can sort out jewels from pebbles.
A thousand people had gone that way
Yet none could detect the actual.
Bankatlal stepped forward
And asked the saint in an humble mood
Why pick up morsels from leftovers?
We will get you good tasty food.

Chapter 01

Shree Ganeshaya namah.

God of bounteous glory, and everlastingly victorious
I bow down to you.
Learned men and saints
Revere you at the launch of new events.
Obstacles blaze away in a flame,
Like cotton near the burning fire.
I bow down to you to seek your blessings
To make this writing poetic and inspiring.
I do not possess qualities of a poet
Yet your blessings are my greatest assets ... 1

Now my obeisance to Devi Sharada
Idol of poets, born of Brahma,
I bow down to you O Goddess mild
I am just an innocent child.
I request you to help me uphold
My self-confidence manifold.
The lame can run up a mountain
And the dumb deliver an oration
With your kind sanction.
Please help me in this presentation ... 2

I beseech the blessings of the Primeval God,
God Pandurang of Pandhari
And seek his blessings in writing this story.
He is the Creator and Preserver.
He commands this universe

And He is the ultimate power.
He is the one who receives attributes ... 3

Yet appears without any attributes.
I owe Him my existence.
He is omnipresent. I am insignificant.
As Rama He blessed the monkeys
To gain prowess at war.
As Krishna He sanctified the cowherds
With powers so magical.
Every thing happens as he disposes ... 4

God! Saints have rightly said
That money cannot buy blessings.
Earnest devotion can.
That's why I am at your feet.
God Panduranga! Be with me.
Help me write this biography ... 5

God Bhavanivara, Nilkantha, Gangadhara,
Omkar roopa, Trimbakeshwara. Bless me.
Your blessings are like touch-stone.
Which turns iron into gold.
I am just a piece of iron.
Please lend me that shine
And help me in composing these lines ... 6

Deity of my family, Jaganmata of Kolhapur
Bring me lucky tidings to accomplish this endeavor.
Devi Tulja Bhavani
Place your gracious hand on my head
To bring me good fortune
In completing this pledge ... 7

I, now bow down to God Dattatraya
To grant me inspiration to write this saga.
Salutations to sages
Shandilya, Vashistha, Parashar and Gautam.
Shree Shankaracharya, shining like the Sun.

To all sages who should guide my fingers
To get the writing done ... 8

Saving us from the turbulence of life,
Saints Gahini, Nivrutti, Dyaneshwar,
Tukaram, Ramdas alike.
Please accept my salutations
Bless me in fulfilling this exposition.
Saibaba of Shirdi sansthan,
Guru Waman Shasrti, my mentor
Wipe out my unease and help me write this treatise ... 9

Fond affection makes one speak.
I am a child and you my mother.
I am just a pen which writes,
You are the energy in the letters ... 10

Now devotees, please pay attention.
Listen to the life story of a Saint admirable,
With absolute concentration.
In this mundane world, Saints are God's incarnation.
They brook no avarice
And are harbingers of salvation ... 11

They represent all that is benign,
Is sacred and saturated with sanctity.
They harbor no deceit
And walk us down the righteous path.
God Himself feels indebted
To devotees who respect saintly men ... 12

Let us now sing the Glory of Shree Gajanan.
Only Bharat and no other nation
Has such a great saintly congregation
Fulfilling us with satisfaction.
Kudos to our land called Jambudweep,
From time immemorial
It has been brimming over with happiness.
And has never lacked joyousness ... 13

This land is blessed with the touch of feet
Of great saints for a million years.
Narad, Dhruv, Kayadhukumar
Uddhav, Sudama, Subhadraavar
Mahabali, Anjani Kumar
And Dharmaraja unrivalled ... 14

Here was born Shree Shankaracharya,
The Jagadguru, well-versed in philosophy
Who saved the wayward.
The great sage Adhokshaj,
Indebted to Madhwa, Vallabh and Ramanuj
Saved religious heritage
With his own valor ... 15

Narsi Mehta, Tulsidas, Kabir, Kamal and Surdas
Gaurang Mahaprabhu of distinction
All beyond my comprehension.
God Vishnu gulped poison
Because of Mira's devotion ... 16

The treatise Navanath Bhaktisar
Sings about Gorakh, Machchendra, Jalandar.
Saints attaining distinction through simple devotion
Were Namdev, Narahari,
Sakhu, Kanhopatra and Jani ... 17

Also Chokha, Savata, Kurmadas
Damajipant, the pious class.
God appeared as a low caste to settle his accounts fast.
Poet Mahipati has sung tributes
To various saints of attributes,
Mukundraj and Janardan,
Bodhala, Nipat Niranjana ... 18

Please read about them all
In Bhakti Vijay and Bhaktimala.
I have sang eulogies to three more saints
Presenting their precepts.

I, now consider my-self fortunate
To bring to you the tale
Of Shree Gajanan Maharaj
In great detail ... 19

I saw him, a saintly avatar
Near the town of Akot.
I am writing about him so late.
But the locket in a necklace is woven last.
In the tahasil of Khamgaon
In Vidharbha Region
Resides the town of Shegaon,
A small trading division ... 20

Now it has no rival,
With Saint Gajanan's arrival.
Like a lotus in a pond, He blossoms all over.
Wafting a sweet fragrance
That fills the entire world
He is a diamond from the Shegaon mines.
With my small talent I write of him ... 21

Please be one with his glory
And surrender at his feet
Don't forget you will attain salvation
When you read it closely.
The biography like a rain laden cloud.
Will make you dance like a peacock
As the stories shower happiness on you ... 22

Privileged are Shegaon residents
To be with a great saint.
Good deeds alone can invoke such sanctions.
Saints are superior to the God of creation ... 23

Ramachandra Patil Visited Pandharpur
In one of his semi-annual tours.
Asked me to relate stories
About Sant Gajanan's blessings.

I too had nurtured the thought
Of writing about the lives of saints.
But it did not see the light of day
Till His grace showed the way ... 24

No one can know the designs of saints
Like saint Gajanan Maharaj
Who prompted Ramchandra
To put forth this proposal.
Gajanan Maharaj has been a jewel
Among all saints so vast.
None knows where he came from.
No one knows of his life past ... 25

No one knows of his caste, creed or place
Like none knows the origin of this Universe.
Appreciate the brilliance of a diamond
While you search not for the mine it came from.
He appeared in Shegaon in the prime of his youth
In Shake eighteen hundred,
Magh seventh of waning moon ... 26

Some say he came from Sajjangad,
The place where Sant Ramdas lived.
There is no rationale to this possibility
Though such a likelihood exists.
With corruption and misery all around
May be Ramdas came in reincarnated
As Sant Gajanan
To save an oppressed generation ... 27

Saints have reawakened in the past,
Gorakhnath from a dustbin.
Kanifa from the elephant's ear
And Changdev from deep waters green.
Sant Gajanan Maharaj had visible traits
Of a saintly individual so great.
You will realize it strong
As you read this story along ... 28

Shree Gajanan appeared in Shegaon town
In Magh on seventh of the waning moon.
A devotee Devidas had arranged a party
In celebration of his son's thread ceremony.
Leaf-platters with unused food were thrown
Out of the door, Sant Gajanan was seen
Eating Morsels left over ... 29

He had worn just a shirt,
Had a dry gourd as his pitcher,
A clay pipe for his smoke
And nothing else all together.
He had an aura around him,
Eyes focused on his nose indicating a saintly trait.
He had the radiance of the morning glow ... 30

He was almost all bare.
Had no expression of any care.
He displayed no special taste for food
All the fare appeared good.
He searched for morsels from the remnants
For him everything was fair ... 31

His action conveyed to the villagers
That food is the supreme spirit
All religious writings say so He reiterated the script.
Bankatlal Agarwal and his friend
Damodarpanth Kulkarni were surprised at this
While passing by the scene ... 32

They talked to each other,
'It looks so odd. If he was hungry
He should have asked for food.
Devidas is a pious man
He would never turn a guest away.
A plateful would have been sent his way.' ... 33

Said Bankatlal to his companion,
'Let us stand by and watch his actions

Superficially genuine saints
Often present an obscure trend.
His actions do appear queer
Deep inside him is knowledge pure
He must be a jewel stack of wisdom rare.' ... 34

Only an expert jewel trader
Can sort out jewels from pebbles.
A thousand people had gone that way
Yet none could detect the actual.
Bankatlal stepped forward
And asked the saint in a humble mood
Why pick up morsels from leftovers?
We will get you good tasty food ... 35

The saint looked up.
He looked bright and healthy
With a body muscular and a gaze so steady.
Self content the saint so great
Nodded his consent
Within an instant ... 36

A plateful of food was brought
The saint mixed it in one lot
And consumed it in one shot
Unmindful of the taste he got.
One who is beyond such flavors
Doesn't much care
Like a ruler receiving
A small favor ... 37

Bankatlal looked up to Damodar,
It was really an error to call the saint insane.
He seeks salvation as it appears.
The sun was burning hot.
Birds even did not move out
The saint looked cool and collected,
Undaunted by the environment ... 38

'There is no water in your pitcher.
May I get you some if you so desire?
The saint flashed a smile.
Bring some. It's worthwhile
To gulp a few sips
After such a fulfilling meal.
You look clever enough to understand
This natural demand ... 39

Said Bankatlal, we feel so fortunate.
To get him some water.
They went in the house for a pitcher.
In the meanwhile, the saint went to the cattle pond
And swallowed a few gulps
Of the muddy water ... 40

Water is like Brahma. It never gets polluted.
It is the way you see it
Said the learned saint.
Bankat and his friend were impressed.
They tried to bow down to him
But he suddenly left ... 41

Happenings there after
Are in the next chapter.
Let this saga of the saint bring delight to readers.
This is what Dasganu desires
And asks God with folded hands.
Chapter one ends here ... 42