

# Students' First-Hand Experiences

The Miracle of the Bird – Kandana Yoga

By: Anya d'Azevedo – Rosen

Penukonda Ashram September 10, 1999



This document is a first-hand account by a student who personally experienced a process and/or a miracle with Swami Kaleshwar. It is shared to facilitate a deeper understanding of the teachings and gifts that he so lovingly gave.

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Originally published in *Gifts of Shirdi Sai Baba*

The miracle of the bird was one of the most beautiful things I have ever experienced with Swami. It was a huge miracle and it was a huge teaching for all of us about the rules of using the energy and the deep meaning of surrender. It was a night of supreme success and of failure. It was the night of the Master in his element.

In order to bring something back to life it must be dead. And in order to really have a complete circle of life and death and life, you have to be the one to take the life and give it back. It is serious. Although Swami is a very happy, lighthearted person, he is totally serious about his work and the consequences for the lives involved, his students, the bird's and himself. He is scrupulous and meticulous about taking you to the moment when all of the energies come together to make things happen. All of those energies come together because of him. Because of his vast knowledge and his deep mastery of the forces of nature and the souls of all beings.

Every player in this drama was important - the birds' body and soul, our souls and bodies, Swami's soul and body. Each had to be handled correctly. So, the first part of the drama was - who will kill the bird so it can be brought back to life? Who will take the responsibility for that act? Who will take the life so that the miracle can happen? Who will shed the blood?

He asked us, sitting by the fire, who will kill the bird? You want to see the miracle - who will do it? It is so beautiful, it is crying and crying. Who will kill it so Swami can bring it back? Who?

People said - maybe we shouldn't do this - taking a life - it is selfish - who are we to want this miracle at such a cost? And why do this miracle anyway?

Nancy said, "Okay, I'll do it." And Swami said, looking at her, "This beautiful bird - crying and crying and crying..." and she backed down. Every time someone would say they might do it, he would paint a horrible picture of what would happen. No one could say yes. Everyone was afraid of the consequences to themselves. After awhile of putting everyone through this huge testing he finally said that everyone had failed. Everyone had failed the test of faith - to say yes regardless of what he asked. We were big fat failures all. That we had no faith on him to take care of us, to take care of the bird, to take care of everything. It was a big blow. We sat in silence.

After awhile of letting this sink in he said okay, he would do it. That it was a very special thing that he could only do once or twice in his life. But, he would take the life and then give it back. So that we could see the miracle - the energy. He would do it for us - a huge gift. That is our Swami. Unbelievably generous and kind hearted. Giving always the extra something - the special something to his students, his friends, so that they get as much as possible from every situation, even if they miss the way.

The bird had been caught, it was waiting in his rooms. He was going forward. We were going with him.

The next step was that he sent us into the temple to meditate in front of Baba. Virginia was sent in to meditate with the bird - to say beautiful prayers over it.

Then he divided us up - some to the fire outside to meditate - a few to wait for the bird - I was one of those. He had each of us hold it when it was brought out. It was very much alive. A large pigeon. Very calm. Its' heart beating slowly for a birds' heart, looking calmly around as we passed it from hand to hand. Then he said, "Let's go" and he lead the way out into the fields, saying, "Who will hold the bird while I cut its head?" I said, "I will" and he said, "Good" - and handed me the bird as we followed him out under the stars in that very dark night over the rough uncultivated earth to a large bush at the back of the property. He stopped and said, "We need a little more privacy" and we went to another larger bush and finally stood still there in the darkness.

I could see his eyes burning there in the night their energy was so strong. There was some reflected light from the lights on the ashram gardens so we could just faintly see one another and him. It was as though everything had

stopped and become very still. As though the stars and the space above became part of us.

This was the moment when it started for me. Something shifted in me to another place. Swami made me stand facing west, he was facing north. I held the body of the bird in my hands, still very much alive, and Swami took the head. He yelled at me to stand in the right place - so I moved closer - and I was sort of yelling too, "I am, I am". Then he took his knife and cut the birds head almost off. The blood poured out. Then he made us all look at the bird saying, "Is it dead? Look at the head, is it hanging?" We all looked, and I saw that indeed, the bird's head was hanging by a thin piece of skin still attached to its neck. And then he had us walk with him, as he carried the birds body, to a pool of water near the back boundary wall. He said, "I'm holding the soul and now I'll put it back. I have to do soul and physical healing on the bird."

We looked at the bird again - he was saying, sort of dancing around, "See guys, I have nothing in my pockets, nothing up my sleeve" he was laughing. Then he took his white scarf and whirled it, dipping it in the pool of water, and wrapped it around the head of the bird. He held the bird in both of his hands looking off into the night. It was the supreme moment.

Everything was suspended. It was beyond life, beyond death, beyond what I knew of anything. It was through a door into another reality, a reality where all the energies of life seemed to be in his command, as if the energies from all the stars and the whole of the universe were in him and in his eyes and he held the power of life and death. I also felt his tremendous compassion and love, very huge and all pervading. He stood for a long time staring out into the night, into the sky as though sucking the energy from the heavens, the stars. Then he looked down and breathed on the bird, blowing and blowing and blowing his breath on its' body. I could feel the energy like a silent river. And then he unwrapped the scarf and the bird was suddenly alive and whole, looking around just as it had been before. Everything about it was intact and unruffled. There was something so unbelievably ordinary about the whole thing. But it had blown open a door to the infinite.

This was the answer to the question, "Why do the miracle?" To see beyond the illusion of life and death. To see that the energy remains the same, nothing dies, nothing comes back. That the soul dies not. It was a huge gift of energy from Swami. Your eyes were seeing the same usual things but you knew inside that everything had changed completely. What had been

unseen had moved to the front of your attention. The soul was on the front of the stage for the first time.

He had us sit and meditate while he untied the birds' legs. He had to cut the string with his teeth and I peeked at him while I was meditating. He had the bird up to his mouth chewing on the strings and occasionally spitting out a feather or two with that same incredible look in his eyes staring off into the night. And then he said, "Shall I let it go? Let it go free?" We, of course all said, yes. He threw the bird up into the night sky. It flew a bit and then came back to earth. He said, "It's the full night so it is sleeping. What can we do?" We all said, "What about a tree Swami?" He thought for a moment and then said, "Anya, take the bird and put it in a tree." And he walked off towards the temple with everyone.

I took the bird and found a small tree in the garden that I could reach and seemed to offer protection and put the bird on a branch which it grabbed with its feet and sat there very quietly just resting. I walked up to the temple and Swami came asking where I had put the bird and to show him. We walked back through the bushes to the small tree and after he looked and saw that it was there and all right, he said, "good". And we walked back to the temple.

Everything was different. Everything was changed. It was among the best of my experiences with Swami. The energy which he used and which we experienced was so amazing that it truly altered my view of him and the world. It was as though a door to another world opened and would now never close. A place beyond life and death, beyond my body and mind, beyond life as I had known it. The door had opened to my soul, and I looked beyond and now I could never look back, nor did I want to. Once I experienced that moment I have wanted more, to walk further through that door, until I look back and see from the side that Swami looks from. From that place of infinite love and compassion which holds the keys to life beyond our knowing. From the eyes of the soul. I can only say with all my love forever to him, to my Swami, thank-you.