**About Di Jaan:**

**Suggested Content:**

Jaya Wahi, dotingly known as Di Jaan, draws her energies from Sai Baba of Shirdi and has dedicated her life to serving people in need. Spiritual Guru, Social Reformist, Healer, Author, Reiki Master & Philanthropist, Di Jaan dons several hats. She is the recipient of ‘The International Education Award’ and has been recognised at a global platform by the prestigious House of Commons and House of Lords, UK, for her outstanding contribution to Humanitarian Causes.

Di Jaan is the author of the bestselling book "Sai Baba Is Still Alive", published by The Times of India Group. Ranging from simple yet heart-rending experiences to astounding life-saving ones, this Book affirms the victory of faith over suffering, sorrow and even death. The Book has been published in English, Tamil, Kannada, Telugu, Malayalam, and more recently in German.

Her second book, "108 Pearls of Baba Sai", is a Book of Baba’s profound messages, that were channelled to Di in deep meditative trances, in a state of complete oneness with Baba. Baba's devotees treasure it as a legacy directly from Him.

Giving voice to her innermost desire to work for the larger society, Di has founded an NGO named Sai Baba is Still Alive (SAIBISA). Immersing itself in a swarm of humanitarian activities, SAIBISA is today a force of positive transformation and change. Di has also initiated more an Army of Powerful Healers that work tirelessly through Baba's energies to heal His world.

An Honours graduate from Lady Shri Ram College for Women, Delhi University, Di Jaan Jaya Wahi is well versed in Vedanta and is a Reiki Master in the direct lineage of Dr Usui. Moreover, she is a Trainer certified by Dale Carnegie, USA; a Neuro-Linguistic Programming (NLP) Practitioner licensed and certified by Dr Richard Bandler, USA; and a Personal Performance Coach trained at The Coaching Academy, UK.

Di Jaan surges ahead with profound, Motherly love in her heart and the Shakti of Devi in her Soul. Her love, her smile, her touch, her warmth, her words, her aura... everything about our Di Heals. She is a Guru, who doesn't merely preach, but uplifts the Soul through her thoughts, words and deeds.

She is the Light of our Lives... Mother to millions of children across the globe. She is our Di Jaan.

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About SAIBISA book, will include the following text

Sai Baba Is Still Alive published by Times Group Books (The Times of India) is a book of miracles that devotees of Sai Baba have experienced in recent times. Ranging from simple yet heart-rending experiences to astounding life-saving ones, this book affirms the victory of faith over suffering, sorrow and even death, and at the same time reinforces the trust of Baba's devotees in His Eternal Soulful Presence. Interspersed with nuggets of Baba's teachings, excerpts from His life and replete with His quotes, this book is a handbook to everyday living as well as a guide to good Karma and a meaningful life. Whether you are a confirmed devotee of Baba Sai or on the path to discovering Him or simply curious, this book will delight and soothe you that in these testing times of uncertainty and stress, Sai Baba is still alive. The Book was declared a Best Seller within two months of its release and has found a spot in the Top 50 Amazon International Best Seller List. It has been released in Tamil, Kannada and Telugu and shortly the Hindi, Malayalam and German languages are slated for release.

To read Excerpts from the book, click here

About 108 Pearls, will include the following text

To be provided: 108 Pearls introductory text

**Suggested content for the excerpts**

1. Excerpt From Chapter : PROLOGUE

Baba Sai stepped into my life like a breath of fresh air. His coming marked the birth of ‘a new me’. I changed, my world changed and the world around me changed too. Everything else ceased to exist… all that remained was Baba and I. His divine love was so overpowering, so abundant that I was completely soaked in it. (I still am and I shall continue to be.) J Every new day brought into my life new miracles and new stories of Baba. I felt so full of Baba that soon every tiny cell of my being was overflowing with His love and His presence, and so was all of me. I was overwhelmed with a fullness I had never known before. It was beautiful… I was full to the brim with my Baba’s love and now this ‘fullness’ needed an outlet. All I wanted to do was talk about Him, read about Him, sing His praise, serve Him in whatever ways possible, act in accordance with His teachings, or just sit for hours at length and look at Him. But even then, all this taken together did not provide outlet enough for my brewing emotions. So one day I decided to write every story that I heard of Baba and praise Him to my heart’s content. And this finally proved to be the best and most fruitful vent for my locked-up love and emotions. Whatever I felt, I wrote… whenever I felt like it, I wrote. Every word of my writing was a celebration of my Baba’s love. It made my heart lighter and, soon, I no longer felt that sensation of choking for lack of an orifice. Whenever anyone shared Baba’s grace, I put it into words. I knew not day or night. I remember getting up in the middle of dark, stormy nights, sitting next to the open window and while the clouds poured as rain onto nature, my emotions poured as words onto paper.

In a few years, I realized, I had quite a huge collection of Baba’s stories in my hands. My near ones suggested I bring it into a book, so that all of Baba’s devotees could guzzle the nectar of His love to their heart’s content. But I was very apprehensive, very unsure. So I prayed to my darling Baba for His blessings and also for an indication that He wanted this book — His book — to come through me. For this, I especially planned a visit to Shirdi and, with many questions to be answered, I met dear Baba. I loved what had been written. My heart knew that they were Baba’s words, not mine. But then, I had been writing for the sheer joy of writing, for the love of Baba. Bringing out a book, well, that was the big question mark, as I had never thought of that option.

I reached Shirdi and secured Baba’s blessings at the Samadhi Mandir. I prayed to Baba in all earnestness; if He desired that my writings take the form of a book, He must give me a clear indication.

“Tell me, Baba, if You want me to go on writing and give my writings the shape of a book. I will only do so if it is Your wish. Else I am happy just writing and collecting Your stories.”

After praying to Baba, still teary eyed and deeply emotional after seeing His blissful form in the Samadhi Mandir, I reached Baba’s Dwarkamai to seek His blessings. I love the Dwarkamai: every stone, every wall, every breath of air that we breathe in the Dwarkamai is alive with Baba’s Soul. A place where Baba lived for sixty long years naturally vibrates with His Divine Presence. I can sit for hours in the Dwarkamai and read the *Shri* *Sai Satcharita* (Baba’s biography, His life & His teachings) untiringly, if I get an opportunity.

On that day, the Dwarkamai was overcrowded. There was a long queue for *darshan*. I was lost in Baba, as I walked up the steps, towards the holy *asan* (seat), on which Baba would sit each day, His left arm resting on the side railing. I bowed before Baba’s beautiful picture, which now rests on that holy *asan* and placed my offering of flowers and sweets at His feet. Then, as I closed my eyes in prayer, I had a beautiful vision of Baba… He was sitting right in front of me, smiling at me and blessing me with His raised right hand. I felt as though I had transitioned in time, back to the Shirdi when Baba was alive. It was like having a *darshan* of Baba in His physical form, after almost a hundred years of His having taken *samadhi*. I was in a state of absolute, divine bliss. At that, I opened my eyes with a big smile, bowed before Baba’s picture and again prayed before Him that I was still awaiting His indication. Saying this, I picked up the consecrated basket of my offerings from Baba’s feet and started walking out. As I slowly walked towards the exit, I felt something piercing my finger and hurting my hand, under the basket that I was carrying. Still wondering, I lifted the basket with my left hand… and… voilà!! J in my right palm was Baba’s blessing — in my right palm was Baba’s answer — a golden ‘pen’, which strangely enough had ‘Baba’ written on it. J I know not to this day, where it came from. But I look upon it as my most precious belonging. I wanted an indication ‘to write the book’ and what more could Baba give me than a ‘Golden Pen’ in His Dwarkamai, that too inscribed with His very own name? So, Baba placed the pen in my hands and I in turn place this book in your hands. Such is His grace, His love… “You look to me, I look to you”.

I know that Baba’s treasury is ever full and overflowing, but we must prove our worth before we seek the wealth of His treasury of abundance. My worth was my love for my Baba… that is my only qualification or asset. I am nothing, no one. But His love places me at the pinnacle of His crown and brings out words that only He writes. I am only the instrument: He writes, He tells His own stories. Only I know the secret that after writing pages and pages, when I stop, I am compelled to refer to the dictionary to check the meaning of words written by my very own hands…. Words that I have never read or known before but strangely enough words that I have appropriately used in my book. What bigger proof can I give that each word, each lesson, each teaching comes from Baba and only from Baba? I am like the sunflower that moves in whatever direction the sun moves. And Baba is my sun… I just follow Him, my eyes closed, my heart open. ☺

*Aum Sai Shri Sai Jaya Jaya Sai*

1. Excerpt From Chapter : BABA’S SHIRDI & SAMADHI MANDIR

It all happened on 28th March, a delightful Monday. It was around 4.30am and we were in Baba’s wondrous Samadhi Mandir for the *Kakad Aarti* (Morning Prayer). It was undoubtedly my life’s most beautiful morning. I had never felt so close to Baba. I felt as if I was in paradise. I could sense Baba as though He was alive and physically present all around me… everywhere. I could see Him with my heart… I could hear Him with my soul. Words fail me, when I attempt to describe the fountain of emotions that drenched me to my core. All I can recall is that I was hysterical and so overpowered by my love for Baba that I just could not hold back my tears. I had brought along with me a bunch of roses, which I wanted to place at Baba’s feet. And like every other time, I was very cautious, so that not even a petal, let alone a rose, broke off. Holding the bunch, cradled safely in both my hands, I cried my heart out throughout the *aarti* and even after. Baba awakens in us *Soham* (Thou Art That) consciousness. His mere presence burns away the physical body made out of matter and the subtle body created out of conditioned thoughts and karmic payoffs. He awakens in His devotees a feeling of Cosmic Oneness, where the identification with the physical and subtle body melt away, all barriers get shattered and all that remains is a Divine Soulful Oneness. Lost in the *Soham* state, all that I kept repeating with each breath was, “I love You, Baba.” I looked on at His life-sized idol without batting an eyelid, even though my vision was blurred due to tears. I was not crying because I was in any pain or sorrow, nor was there anything I wished to ask for: the only emotion that made me weep on and on was my overflowing love for my Baba Sai. Like I said before, the air of the Samadhi Mandir is so full of Baba that merely breathing it cleanses us of all negativity, washes away our sins and bad thoughts, and fills us with a feeling of Divine Oneness (*Advaita* or Non-Duality).

Once the *aarti* was over, we all moved forward in a queue towards Baba’s life-like idol to seek His blessings. There was a huge rush of devotees and subsequently the management inside the temple got into action. They divided us into two columns so that we would quickly clear out of the temple and make place for other devotees who were awaiting their turn. In the confusion that followed, I was pushed away from the rest of my friends, into a separate queue that was moving out very fast. My tears gushed out when I realized that I was the only one out of my group who would be out of the temple in no time, while my friends had managed to stick to the inner queue that was moving very slowly and so they would get to spend a much longer time with Baba before they came out.

“Baba!!” I cried out. “I reached You with so much difficulty, overcoming so many challenges and I don’t even get a peaceful moment with You? I must be a very sinful, bad child. Don’t You love me, Baba? But despite everything, I love You, Baba. I really love You.”

As I sobbed my way out, holding my bunch of red roses in my hand for Baba and repeating my “I love You” without a pause, a very strange thing happened. A very tall person, robed in the livery of Baba’s Uniformed Escorts (*bhaldars*) — those Escorts that stand right in front of Baba’s idol in a red traditional dress and chant His praise in a very loud, high-pitched tone at the end of the *aarti* — walked up to me. He smiled at me, broke away a rose from the bunch in my hand and walked away with it. I was in a state of complete shock and disbelief. I was extremely hurt and upset as I couldn’t understand why he had behaved in such a bizarre manner. When I tried to question him, all he replied was, “Baba.” I really could not understand what he was saying in his native language but, by this time, I was convinced that Baba was upset with me for some reason unknown to me. I was being pushed out without even getting an opportunity to spend time with Him or seek His blessings peacefully and, now, He didn’t even want my roses and so someone had just walked up to me and ruined my little bunch of flowers!

As I moved on, still shaken by what had just happened, I reached Baba’s *samadhi*, just before exiting the temple. “Baba, please say You love me too, before I leave. Else I will be shattered, Baba. Please, Baba; please say ‘I love you’.” When I was about to bow down at His feet, tearful and distressed, the same man in red clothes walked out of another door. This time he was holding something else in his hand. It was Baba’s glorious gold crown. When he saw me looking at him in surprise, he gave me a big smile and pointing towards something, repeated his monosyllable “Baba”. What he now pointed at was my life’s most unbelievable sight. I had repeated a hundred times by now, “I love You, Baba” and, here, right before my eyes was Baba’s response. I had said it with tears and He said it with a red rose. Yes, unbelievable as it may sound, on the pinnacle of Baba’s golden crown was my tiny little red rose. And right before my eyes Baba was made to wear His crown. And in the Samadhi Mandir, at Shirdi, Baba sat on His throne looking divine and adorned with a token of my love in the form of my tiny rose. ☺

What more could I have asked for? In fact, what more can any devotee ask for? To understand the joy and bliss that I experienced that morning, devotees will have to step into my shoes and feel the gamut of emotions running through me. It was now that I understood why I had got pushed into the fast-moving queue. Had I not been in that particular spot, Baba’s Escort would have picked a rose from some other devotee’s bunch. He walked out of the office door and I was right in front of him. So he took away a rose from me. And not to forget, this emotional drama was written, directed and produced by none other than our dear Sai Baba! He goes out of His way to reaffirm our faith in His love.

When devotees visit Shirdi, we yearn for our little gifts to reach Baba’s feet at the Samadhi Mandir. And my gift of love reached not only His feet but also His crown. I’m told that the rose that adorns Baba’s crown each day, comes along with His clothes and garlands and is provided by the Sansthan (Temple Governing Body). Under normal circumstances, it is not taken from the devotees. But on that delightful day He accepted my love in the form of the rose and told me in His unique way, “I love you, too.” ☺

Just seeing Baba’s effulgent form in the Samadhi Mandir destroys all our sins. Shedding tears of love cleanses the impact of all negative *samskaras* and karmas. Merely being in His presence imparts the wisdom drawn from all the scriptures of the world. And then when the eyes meet and the soul connects, there is love, there is joy and there are divine miraculous experiences of Oneness. So, cherish and live to the fullest, every moment of joy spent in the Samadhi Mandir. See Him, feel Him, breathe Him and love Him, for there is no feeling more blissful, no place more sacrosanct than Baba’s Samadhi Mandir.

*Aum Sai Shri Sai Jaya Jaya Sai*

3. Excerpt From Chapter : BABA’S STORIES AS DIVATYAS

The truth is that I was so complete, so abundant inside, so incredibly topped right up to the brim with Baba’s boundless love… that I desperately needed an outlet. If you keep pouring into a vessel, it has to finally overflow. Same was the case with me. Baba was, at every known moment, filling me up with His presence and reaching out to me with His never-ending love. I had no option but to share. And that is how this book happened… yes, it was never planned. Baba kept pouring into me and I kept pouring onto sheets of paper. Before I even realized, I had this book — this precious treasure grove of knowledge and wisdom — in my hands. The world thinks I have written a book… but only I know the truth. I am too petty and inconsequential for a task so enormous, so vast. Baba used me as an instrument of His love to create this book for His children. My hands did move but the words were Baba’s. He smiled and my pen smiled; He narrated and my hand typed; He cried and I soaked the paper; He blessed and the book reached your hands. This book is, therefore, authored by Baba Himself. I am not even close to the speck of dust that once touched His feet. Then how could I write about the Lord God Himself? So, the credit and acclaim for writing this work must go to my Baba and Baba alone. His stories and teachings are like *divatyas…* inextinguishable candles that light up our lives and our path.

In my years of knowing Baba, I have experienced so many miracles of His love and kindness in my life and in the lives of those around me as well. We do call them ‘miracles’ for the lack of a better word in language to describe them. But the more I understood Baba, the more inappropriate I found this word to be. I realized that the term ‘miracle’ is truly hollow and very inapt in expressing Baba’s blessings. What we term as ‘miracles’ are not mere miracles but are deep, fulfilling experiences… they are reaffirmations that Baba is alive in our lives even today. Every time a devotee has called out with love, there has been a response. Baba’s heart is soft as wax. He can’t see His children in pain. And each time we call out His name with love, He rushes to help us, in the most astounding, unbelievable and inconceivable ways… and we call His love, kindness and care ‘Miracles’. ☺

In fact my ‘meeting’ Baba was in itself a ‘miracle’, woven around my life by His love. I use the word ‘meeting’ though I never met Sai Babaji in His human form. Yet I have experienced every emotion, every smile, every teardrop and every blessing that I would have experienced had He been alive. Because with Babaji it just doesn’t matter that He left His body almost a hundred years back; He is still alive in every possible, conceivable manner. I can see Him, feel Him, talk to Him, smile at Him and see Him smile back at me. He holds my hand and leads me on… every moment, every day. And on days that are tough, paths that are laden with thorns, He carries me in His Holy Arms and wipes away all my fears. He is my strength, He is my wisdom, He is my soul, He is my all. And trust me, not just me but every devotee of Babaji would have experienced this bliss, this joy and this presence in their lives.

*Aum Sai Shri Sai Jaya Jaya Sai*

4. Excerpt From Chapter : THE MIRACULOUS POWER OF CHARITY

A question may be asked here that if our today and tomorrow are dependent on infinite actions of our uncountable births, then are we not slaves bound by the limitations of our own past karmas? And if we are bound, then how can we transform our future for the better? If we are predestined to suffer due to past karmas, then what can we, meek human beings, do to bring about a change, in the future course of   
our lives?

“Stop worrying,” says Baba. “When I am here to guide you, why do you fear? I will wipe away the negative impact of all your past life karmas. You are my children and will I ever let your future be drowned in sorrow? No, I will not. So, I promise to amend your present and future but I can’t do it without your help. All you have to do is think good thoughts, do good actions, feed the hungry and clad the naked. And I promise to take care of the rest. If you have wealth, feed as many as possible with as much as you can. But if you don’t have enough or are living in scarcity, even then don’t worry… share your little meal with the needy, just share or give away a few morsels of love, because little thoughtful acts have the power to eradicate uncountable negatives of past Karmas and replenish your dishes with abundance and your house with joy. So give, share and care and you will see happy miracles in your life each moment, each day.”

Baba continues with a smile, “Wealth should be the means to work out Dharma. If you have given it before you get it now. And give it now, if you want to receive it in your future. Give with love, with empathy, with joy. If the thought that accompanies an act of giving is positive, joyful and selfless, then the impact of such an act in the individual’s life assumes unparalleled magnitude. The outcome becomes life-transforming. So give with love, with joy and with magnanimity. Give because you derive happiness from giving and not because you want to receive. You will receive in both cases, but when you give without being bound by the result or fruit of your actions, then the positive impact on your life is manifold, of what it would have been, had you given only to receive returns of such meaningful acts. The meaning is lost from the meaningful acts if demeaning limitations are attached to them. So, give. Charity in any form conduces to the donor’s welfare. But the highest form of charity is the giving away of food. Feed the starving and I shall feed you for all your future births to come.”

Baba’s words touch my soul. They are so powerful, so captivating. They remind me of Sudama’s story. Sudama once lied to Lord Krishna when they were living together in their Guru Sandipani’s *ashram.* Sudama ate the grams given by their Guru’s wife all alone without sharing them with Krishna and told Him that the Mother had not given any grams to him at all. As a result of this act of eating alone, he lived in acute poverty for years to come. But when his wife cooked parched rice with lots of love for Lord Shri Hari and offered it to Him, He blessed them with a golden city in return. So making an offering of food is the highest form of charity. But just giving in the human form is not enough. First make an offering unto His divine feet, then serve others and finally serve yourself with it. Is He not with us at every moment, day or night? Then why starve Him? So first offer food to Baba, feed Him with love and then serve His children with it. Such food becomes nectar and contributes to the health and happiness of all those who partake of it. So let us make a promise, never to eat alone… to share with Baba and also with His children.

My life has been connected to the virtue of charity in a very divine, special way. ‘I am’ because of ‘charity’. As strange as it may sound, I owe my very existence to this life-giving virtue. I can’t help but become emotional even before I begin to narrate this story of my life. It is the story of why I am in this world today, despite the declaration by doctors and science that I would not be born at all… that my mother should not even attempt to conceive me... that even if she did conceive and if I were to be born, I would not survive. But I am very much here, alive and breathing, because dear God had different plans. ☺

*Aum Sai Shri Sai Jaya Jaya Sai*

5. Excerpt From Chapter : RISHI, BLESSING I: BABA’S MIRACLE CHILD

We had no idea what happened after that but we continued to pray for Rishi. I still recall vividly, how our family and some friends who also believed in Baba, would sit down together and chant Baba’s name and pray in all earnestness for a boy and a family that we had never seen or met before. Selfless prayers are the strongest prayers, we knew. So we prayed. Praying is beautiful. It costs absolutely nothing but gives huge returns, to the one being prayed for and also to those praying.

Three days went by. We didn’t have any news of Rishi. We felt a despairing urge to call the number given by the doctor to Mum to enquire whether the Udi had reached the right hands or not and if Rishi had survived the deadly accident. But to be honest, we could not muster up the courage to call an unknown family, especially at such a critical time.

It was 2nd June, when, in the evening, our doorbell rang. An unknown face smiled at us. “I am Rishi’s mother.”

We welcomed her, taken aback by her unexpected visit. She had got our address, from the note sent by Mum and Dad.

“Thanks a lot for Sai Baba’s Vibhuti that you had sent,” she smiled wearily, as she sat down.

“It is totally our pleasure. But how is your son now?” Dad responded.

“His head injury was very severe,” Rishi’s mum continued. “Blood had started oozing out even from his ears, nose and mouth, in addition to his head. And then, all of a sudden, he could not breathe. His body was in convulsions, bouncing off the bed (almost 2-3 feet high) and falling back again and again, endlessly. Doctors administered injections but still could not control it and finally gave up hope of his survival. We thought that Rishi was breathing his last and that is when I recalled that in my handbag was Baba’s Vibhuti, sent by you. With faith in Baba and in your words, I immediately applied it on Rishi’s forehead. At that time, Rishi’s body was still bouncing 2-3 feet above the bed. And it was like a miracle; the moment the Vibhuti touched his forehead, the convulsions stopped as suddenly as they had started. Rishi lay back calm; his body that had been going up in mid-air and his breath that had been coming in spasms, all settled down, back to normal. We were so grateful to Baba and to you,” she smiled again.

We all smiled back in relief, our hearts still thumping — palpitating — at the speed of light. “Then what happened? How is he now?” asked my mum.

“Well, that night, he was still in the ICU. My husband stayed back in the hospital while I came home with my daughter and my sister. That night….” Aunty paused and took a deep breath. She was suddenly quiet and looked as though she would choke. I don’t know why, but that moment seemed painfully long. We waited with halted breath because from her eyes it was visible that whatever she was going to narrate further about Rishi was not going to be pleasant.

After the long pause and a few sips of water, she continued. “That night Rishi’s condition suddenly deteriorated. His brain, which had been seriously injured in the accident, stopped functioning. Actually, ‘injured’ is a wrong word,” she paused. “Rishi’s brain had been literally ‘smashed’ in the accident. We still don’t how because there is no one who can even tell us, how the accident happened.”

Another pause, then Aunty spoke, but this time with tears in her eyes, “The doctors informed my husband that Rishi was ‘Brain Dead’. His breathing was getting slower and so was his pulse. They said, ‘We are sorry but we can’t revive him. It is just a matter of some time till the breathing also stops. You are requested to do the necessary paperwork to claim his body and also make arrangements for the cremation.’ My husband froze. You can’t imagine the plight of a father who has lost his 18-year-old son.”

My family and I were shattered by the news that Aunty had just shared. How could this be true, I wondered in my heart. Why did Baba’s Vibhuti save Rishi in the first place, if he had to finally go? While my sister and I exchanged painful glances, Aunty, unexpectedly, spoke up again. She was reliving those traumatic moments with us. She continued, “My husband sank into the chair close by. As he sat there helplessly, instead of calling me up, he called a close friend of ours, who is a neuro-physician in the same hospital and requested him to come over, do the paperwork and complete all formalities, so that Rishi’s body could be claimed for cremation. The neuro-physician and his wife rushed to the hospital around midnight and met the concerned doctor. He informed them that though Rishi was still breathing very lightly, he was ‘Brain Dead’ and could not be revived.

“Our friend asked the doctor, ‘Why aren’t you carrying out a surgery, as a last attempt to save the boy?’ The doctors responded that it would be of no use. Rishi’s condition was so critical that there was no hope. ‘We are doctors, not God. We wish we could have saved him but we are at this moment as helpless as you are. And even if we do carry out a surgery, it will only increase your hospital bills by a few lakhs. Rishi has gone. We understand your pain but a surgery will not help, we are sure. His brain has stopped functioning and now it’s just a matter of a few moments before he breathes his last.’”

Tears trickled down Aunty’s cheeks as she continued. “Our friend, the neuro-physician, was adamant and after consulting my husband informed the doctors that he wanted the surgery carried out, even if the only expected gain was higher hospital bills. He told the doctors, ‘You may be right that the surgery is not going to help, but for some strange reason, I feel he will pull through. I know it is a purely emotional decision but we want you to give it your last and best shot.’ So, Rishi was again taken inside the OT and the surgery commenced.”

Aunty paused, closed her eyes for a moment and then started again. “Back home that night, I lay in bed crying and anxious. I prayed to God to save my son. I would die if something would happen to my baby. But all this while, I had no idea that back at the hospital, my Rishi had been declared ‘Brain Dead’ and also close to completely dead.”

Aunty looked at Papa and Mama, “You sent us the Vibhuti of Sai Baba, which opened our hearts to Him. We didn’t know much about Sai Baba... and didn’t believe too much in Him. My father used to worship Him and so I have seen His pictures and know about Him. But that is all.”

We were listening patiently and attentively, still not knowing the end of what Aunty was sharing and wondering all along if the end of her narration would be the end of Rishi or the victory of faith.

“That night,” Aunty continued, “when I fell asleep weeping, unaware of what had happened in the hospital, I had a dream. I saw an old man clad in a white robe and a white headdress sitting before me. I had seen Him in pictures and immediately recognized Him to be Sai Baba of Shirdi. He was sitting beneath a tree. …..(continued in Book)

*Aum Sai Shri Sai Jaya Jaya Sai*

**Excerpts..Book 2: To be provided**

To be provded: 108 Pearls introductory text and covers of all editions of SAIBISA

**For the Watch page : To be provided: links and captions of all videos**

**SAIBSA- Our Activities**

**On the Slide: touching Lives…Healing Souls**

**SAIBSA- Our Activities**

Sai Baba Is Still Alive Charitable Trust (SAIBISA) was founded by Di Jaan Jaya Wahi in 2014. The NGO immerses itself in a swarm of humanitarian activities such as education of abused, disabled, underprivileged children in reputed residential schools; distribution of food, clothes and other essentials to the less fortunate; and relief and rehabilitation during natural calamities. With a passion for the possibilities created by faith and prayer, and claiming responsibility for the world we live in, SAIBISA aims to serve, heal and better our world.

We, the SAIBISA Family, walk our Baba’s Path of goodness, righteousness and seva, live by His beautiful, soulful teachings and internalize our Baba Sai’s eternal presence in every breath of our existence. Our purpose is clear..spread smiles, bring light to those engulfed by darkness

Our Initiatives

**My Golden Pen**

**'My Golden Pen'** scheme, one of the many initiatives of the Trust, focuses on educating girl children and is deeply committed to their cause. The aim is to support the deserving girl child by providing holistic education, so as to make her self-reliant and strong. The little girls that the Trust handpicks come from severely traumatic backgrounds. They have suffered brutal and unspeakable horrors such as sexual assaults and rape at a tender age. SAIBISA understands that the power of education is benevolent, yet strong. So each trauma baby girl is drawn out carefully from her dark, broken life and a new space is created for her in a highly reputed residential school, away from large looming danger and overpowering fears.

**Stories of our Babies**

**(To be provided with images)**

**Better Our World**

Baba devoted His entire life in serving humanity. His heart pained at the suffering of the poor and downtrodden. Our NGO SAIBISA takes this humanitarian service through forward Better Our World by adopting slums and villages and giving them all services pertaining to healthcare and hygiene, education, nutritious food and vocational training for a sustainable income.

**Kambli of Love**

The harsh winters take a toll each year on the slum and pavement dwellers. The Trust has been actively distributing warm clothes, woollens and blankets to the poor and underprivileged section of the society, under its programme, the Kambli of Love. In addition, new warm clothes for children are stitched at a factory in Bengaluru and distributed across North India each winter. Nothing compares to the satisfaction of seeing a broad smile on warm happy faces.

**Baba’s Handi**

Charity was very close to Baba’s heart. He always professed to feed the hungry and clad the naked. And so, thinking of the hundreds and thousands of starving souls in the world, Annadaan is carried out from Baba’s Handi, the Trust’s initiative to feed the hungry. Several ashrams, orphanages, old age homes, leprosy homes, government school children, construction workers and slum dwellers are being provided meals as well as rations on an ongoing basis by the Trust. Di Jaan has taught to not merely feed one time.. but to handhold for a lifetime. The Team works hard to identify ‘neediest of the needy’ and then nurture them day by day, week by week, year by year. In addition, little children from the underprivileged strata, who are mentally challenged or disabled and have been forsaken by their parents, are also handed over monthly supplies of rations, clothes and medicines for basic sustenance.

**Baba’s Jholi:** SAIBISA Team through Baba’s Jholi spreads happiness in every possible way. We feed, we nurture, we comfort… ‘Baba’s Jholi’ is our initiative to provide basic necessities to the needy. Not only do we enable access to regular cooked meals for hundreds of people from malnourished communities, but also sponsor monthly rations and nutrition supplies. Toiletries, health and hygiene essentials such as sanitary napkins, clothes, blankets and medicines are also routinely donated.

Across the country, several slums, ashrams, orphanages, old age homes, leprosy homes, government schools and construction workers are being served on an ongoing basis by the Trust.

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**Green the World**

The NGO also plants saplings across the country as a part of its **Green The World** initiative, in an attempt to make the world healthier and greener and also counter the ill effects of Global Warming. The leading ideology behind this initiative is to make young children a part of the drive, thereby handing over their future into their own tiny yet responsible hands.

**Life of Sai**

SAIBISA spreads Baba’s Life, His teachings by distributing Sai Satcharitas across the world, especially in remote areas, which are deprived and craving for more of Baba

**LifeLine India**

Another key area that the Trust undertakes is providing food, water, clothes, medication and important necessities to victims of Natural Disasters. In the previous years it reached out to the earthquake victims in Nepal and more recently to the flood victims in Chennai, Ballia in Uttar Pradesh and Kerala with relief material on a very large scale.

**Images for all initiatives to be provided**

**We Heal**

**On the slide: We Heal..With Our Hearts, Hands and Love**

**We Heal**

SAIBISA Family has **1000 Powerful Healers** spread across the world, initiated into Baba’s Healing energies by Guru Di Jaan Jaya Wahi. Baba flows through these beautiful healers and heals pain and suffering of all sorts such as disease, mental trauma, financial situations, relationship issues and any condition that needs His divine healing.

**Who are We**

We are a group of energy healers who have been attuned into the folds of this powerful healing tool called Reiki, by Di Jaan.

Our healers are spread across the world and Heal every person in need with dedication and compassion.

With the grace of Baba, we channelize the cosmic, universal energy and heal the seven chakras, aura, and even past life karma.

We heal all financial, physical, emotional and spiritual barriers and aim to spread light and love to all corners of the world.

**What we do**

GROUP HEALING

Two hands are better than one. Sometimes, the whole healer family comes together to heal a person in critical need. At a designated time, all of us send powerful energies from wherever we are, to intensify the healing process. The results have been everything from faster, better to miraculous healing.

ONE-ON-ONE HEALING

For a focused, one-to-one experience, Di Jaan with the guidance of Baba, assigns one healer per case. A dedicated healer reads up on the case history and with guidance from senior healers, starts healing the person for a stipulated period of time.

WE PRAY FOR YOU

Apart from sending group healing, we also send group prayers. If you have a prayer request, do get in touch with us – [saibisafamily@gmail.com](mailto:saibisafamily@gmail.com)

**Become a Healer**

Interested in joining our Cosmic Healer Family?

Check out our Guru Di Jaan’s event schedule. If there is a Reiki attunement session happening in your city, do write to us – [saibisafamily@gmail.com](mailto:saibisafamily@gmail.com)

In case you need Group Prayers, kindly reach out to our Facebook Group – Heal The World

https://www.facebook.com/groups/divatyashealtheworld/

Or Message us on our Facebook Page - Di Jaan Jaya Wahi

https://www.facebook.com/DiJaanJayaWahi/

**Healing Videos**

4 healing videos with captions to be given

**Testimonials**

**Testimonials: to be provided**

**Events page: Details to be provided**

**Write ups about the two events**

**Walkathon**

* About the event
* Route
* Registration

**Mega Fund Raiser Event**

* About the event
* Address
* Registration

**Photographs of previous events as per cities**

**Donate page**

**Following text here:**

**Donate Opens into a page which has the following text**

Everydrop Counts..

Your thoughts, love and prayers have kept us going for many years. And we are immensely grateful for the kindness we have received several times. We thank you for your patronage and hope you will continue to support us in all our endeavors in making this planet a better place to live in.

Want to donate towards a cause we stand for?

Send in your donations to:

<bank details>

**To be provided:**

**Landing slide image**