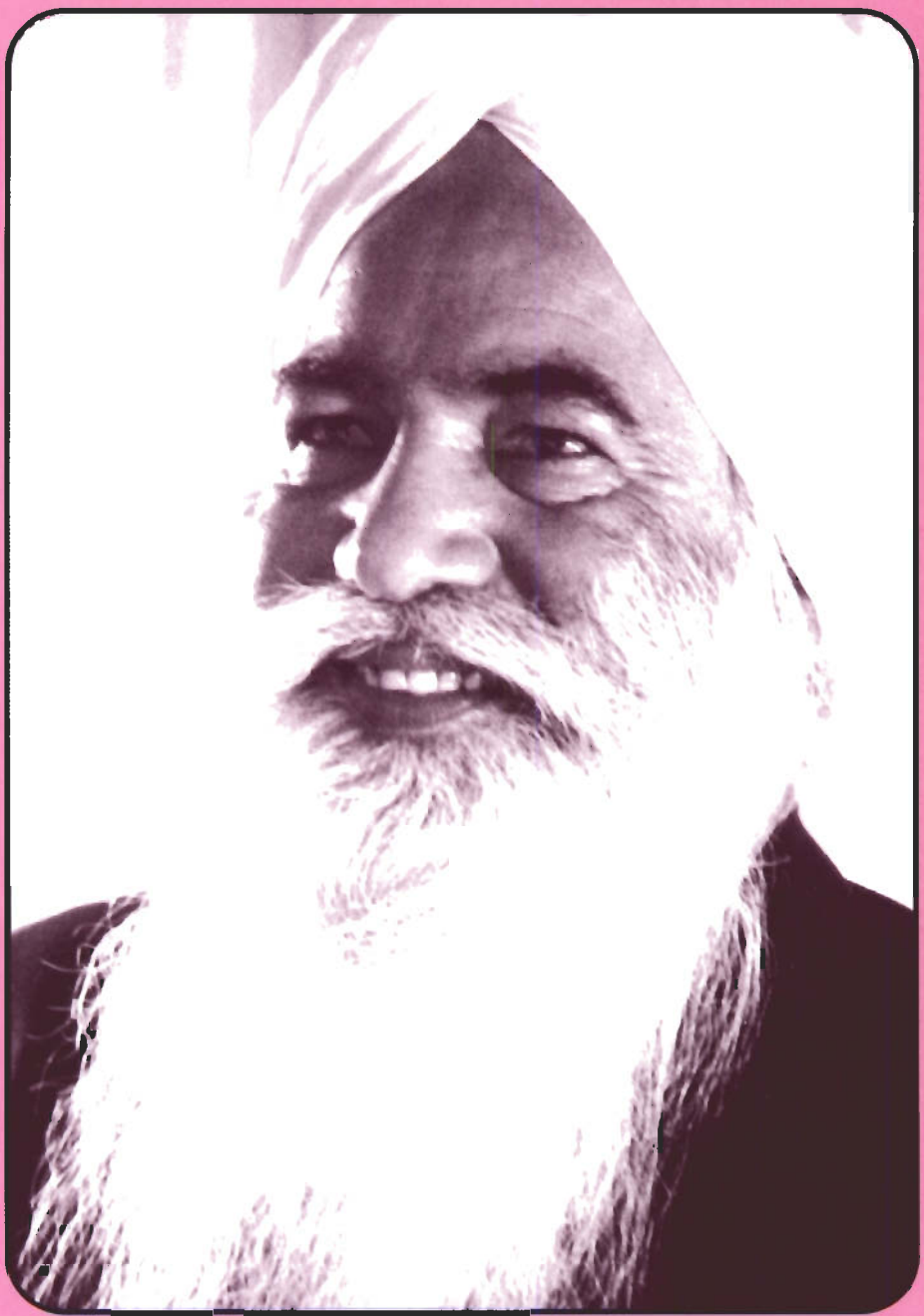
Sant Bani Magazine

The Voice of the Saints



December 2001 / January 2002
Vol. 26, Nos. 6 & 7

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SANT BANI/The Voice of the Saints is published by Sant Bani Ashram, Inc., Sanbornton, N.H., U.S.A., for the purpose of disseminating the teachings of Sant Ajaib Singh Ji, of His Master, Param Sant Kirpal Singh Ji, and of the Masters who preceded them. Editor Emeritus: Russell Perkins. Editor: Richard Shannon, ably assisted by: Lori Budington, Marsha Fader, Wendy Schongalla, Susan Shannon, and Cab Vinton.

Annual subscription rate in the U.S. is $30.00. Individual and back issues $2.50. Foreign and special mailing rates available on request. All checks and money orders should be made payable to Sant Bani Ashram, and all payments from outside the U.S. should be on an International Money Order or a check drawn on a New York bank (with a micro-encoded number). Correspondence should be addressed to Sant Bani Ashram, Sanbornton, N.H. 03269, U.S.A. Articles, including stories and poems, on the theory and practice of Sant Mat, are most welcome. Views expressed in individual articles are not necessarily the views of the journal. Articles are edited for clarity and may be cut to fit available space.

To Hear the Call of God

Sant Ajaib Singh Ji

Supreme Father Almighty Kirpal always graciously told us that God loves humility. Since He is Almighty, in front of whom can He show His humility, in front of whom can He become humble? And that is why He likes humility. He used to say that if you want to realize God, you need to develop humility within you. But there is a great secret in it. Master Sawan Singh Ji used to say that to show your humility outwardly — telling people that you are very humble, that you are good for nothing, that you are nothing — but in your within you crave name and fame, you always desire that wherever you go people should respect and praise you — such kind of humility is like a deception of the mind.

Mind is our grave enemy and he is sitting within us. He plays so many tricks like this. Like a competent lawyer he is always creating such thoughts within us. So He used to say that such kind of humility is like deceiving other people and deceiving your own self. We should develop *real* humility within us.

When the yearning for doing the devotion of God is created within us, the Negative Power, in whose domain we are living, does not become careless or lazy. He sends all His forces, His agents, to make sure that no soul is able to do the devotion of God. When the time comes to face the Negative Power, we will see Him then. But before that, we have to fight with His agents, with His forces, with His mind. And when we will have to fight our mind, then we will see what it is like. But at present we have to fight with His forces: the waves of lust, anger, greed, attachment, and egoism.

Everybody knows that lust becomes the cause of our disgrace. It makes a person do beastly deeds, and a man does not even see a person who is standing right next to him when the wave of lust comes. Being controlled by lust, we even spoil our physical health.

So it is with anger. You can see the condition of the person who is angry — you see how a person does not even remember who he is, how his eyes and his face turn red when the wave of anger comes. Many an-

This Satsang was given May 9, 1984, at Sant Bani Ashram, Sanbornton, NH.

gry people lose a lot when they are controlled by anger.

Saints tell us that the greedy person is nobody's friend; he is not more than a piece of flesh. In order to fulfill his desire for greed, he does not hesitate [to use any means].

Guru Nanak says that we should not go in the company of such greedy people, not even in a state of forgetfulness. He says, "Don't rely on greedy people, don't go in their company, because in the end you will be sent to such a place where no one will come to your rescue."

A hymn of Mahatma Surdass is presented to you. Mahatma Surdass was a very high officer in the kingdom of Emperor Akbar, who was one of the Mogul emperors and a very mighty king of India. Surdass was the governor of Punjab. In those days there were no good means of irrigation, there were no canals or things like that. People had to depend on the rain for their crops, and since they did not get enough rain, that is why it was very difficult for them to maintain themselves. It was also almost impossible for them to pay the land revenue to the government. The government used send the police to punish those who were not able to pay their taxes. The police would come and give them a beating.

Mahatma Surdass, whose name was Madan Mohan at that time, was given the duty of collecting taxes from people who were not able to pay the government. When Mahatma Surdass saw the poor condition of the people — "They do not have food to eat, they do not have any clothes to wear, they do not have any house to live in, so how can they pay the tax?" — he felt much pity for them. And with all his humility he distributed all the revenue which he had collected from other people, to those poor ones who did not have anything. After that he disappeared, thinking that if he went back to the king he would not be forgiven. But Emperor Akbar was very much pleased with his honesty, so he announced that if he would come back to his job he would be forgiven for his mistake. But Surdass did not come back to his job. He spent all his life doing the devotion of God. Mahatma Surdass was full of humility. In all of His writings you will find a great amount of humility. In every single line He wrote you will find a lot of humility.

When Guru Nanak Sahib went to Mecca, Kazi Ruknuddin came to ask Him many questions. He said, "Tell me about the Palace of God, which You mention often. Tell me how many pillars the Palace of God has and how many minarets it has." Guru Nanak Sahib replied, "God has made this human body, which is the Palace in which He Himself resides, and it has twelve pillars.

There are three joints in each arm and leg, so there are six joints in the two arms and six in the two legs. That makes twelve pillars by which our body is supported and sustained. And this palace has thirty-two teeth and ten fingers which serve as minarets to make it beautiful. And at the top of this palace, at the Eye Center, Almighty God Himself is calling people to come there. But it is a pity that people are controlled by their ego and, because of their vanity, they do not hear the Sound of God which is going on all the time at the Eye Center."

Guru Nanak Sahib told Kazi Ruknuddin, "Unfortunate are those who are sleeping and not hearing the Call of God. Only they can hear the Call of God whom God Himself makes to hear."

Further He said, "There are two windows in the Palace of God. In one window sits the Beloved Lord and in the other window sits the soul. We just need to open the window and there you will find Almighty God residing."

Then He said, "The Path which goes to Almighty God's Home is very thin. It's less than one-tenth the size of a mustard seed." Kabir Sahib also says, "The Path of God is thinner than a hair. Since the mind has become as big as an elephant, how can he go on that Path and go to God?"

In the same way, Guru Amardas Dev Ji Maharaj says, "The Path which goes to the Home of God is sharper than the edge of a sword. It is thinner than the size of a hair and you can go there only if you become as thin as the Path is."

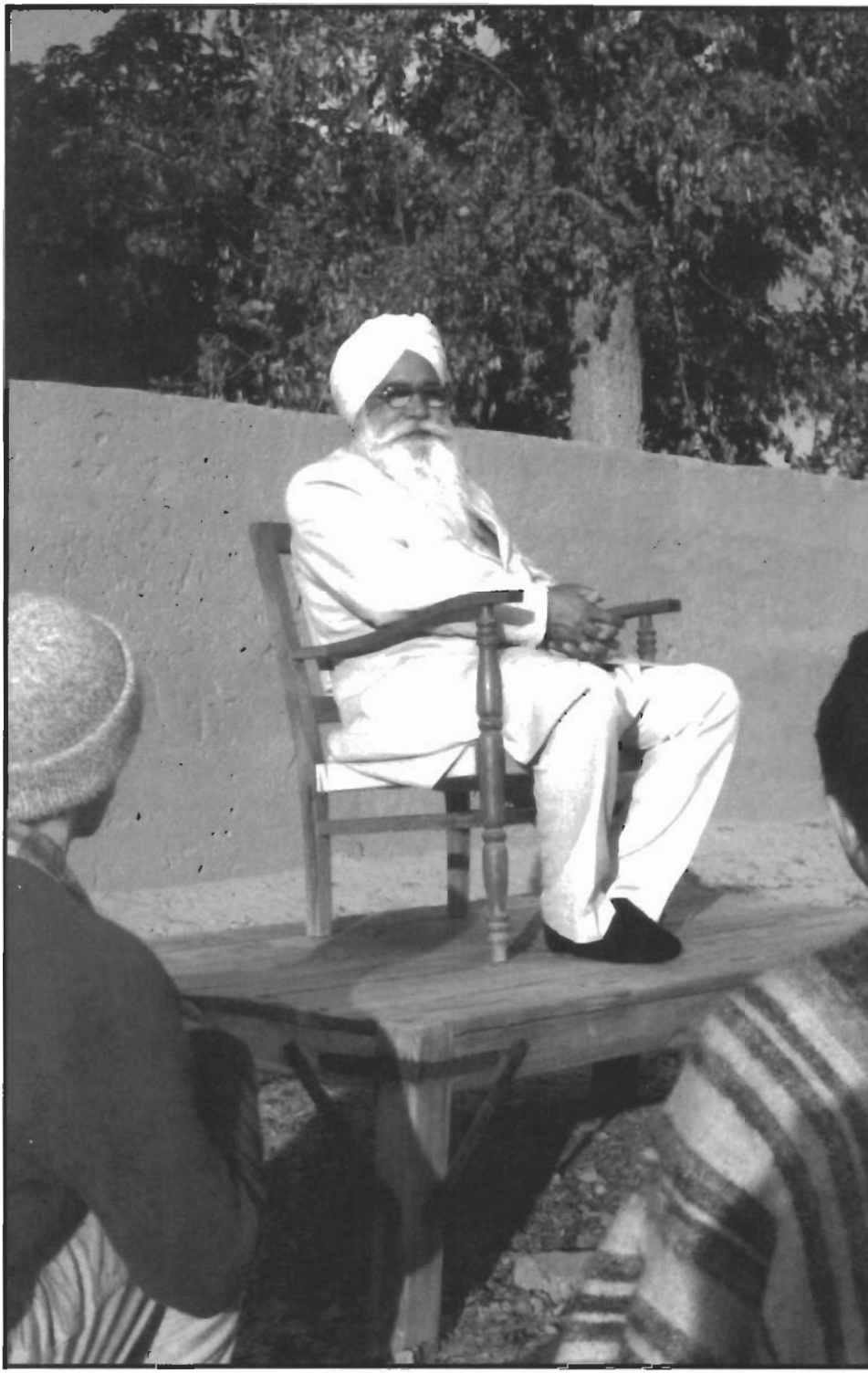
So this brief hymn of Mahatma Surdass Ji is presented to you. You will know how much humility and meekness comes in the within of those who are the Beloveds of God, those who are the lovers of God, those who have manifested God in their within.

All the Mahatmas who have reached Sach Khand have a unique amount of humility in Them. Guru Nanak Sahib requests his Master: "Neither by performing the japas and tapas, nor by abstaining from things, was I able to realize You. I have realized You only because of Your grace. Since my deeds are very low and I am full of faults, I have come to Your refuge. Kindly take me in Your shelter."

It is not in the language of that country to say, "I, I." It is the language of that country to say, "Thy, Thy." Kabir Sahib says, "Saying, 'Thy, Thy,' I have forgotten myself. When I was forgotten, then only You remained."

O Lord, liberate me this time.
You are the Lord of Lords, O Swami. "Giver" is Your Name.

How humble He has become in front of His Master. He says, "O



RAJASTHAN, INDIA, CIRCA 1983

Lord, You are the Lord of all, You are the Giver of all. I am a beggar at Your door. I have come and stretched out my bag in front of You. Since You are the Giver and I am full of faults, forgive all the faults which I have done before coming to You. Since I have taken refuge at Your Feet, take me in Your protection and give me Your grace."

Kabir Sahib, the abode of humility, also says, "O Lord, pay attention to me. My soul is in the midst of this Ocean of Life. If You will not pay attention to me, I will drown in this Ocean."

Further He says, "I am a sinner since birth and I am full of dirt in my nose and in all my body. Pay attention to me, O my Lord. If You will not pay attention to me I will drown."

Ajaib also stood in front of his Master with his eyes filled and with his heart filled. And he also said the same thing: "I am Your sinner moment after moment. I am Your thief moment after moment. I have taken refuge in You. Forgive my faults."

What is our usual habit, we who are easily swayed off in the wave of the mind? Our condition is like the condition of that Suthra Fakir, who was an initiate of Guru Har Gobind and a very famous humorous poet. He lived until the time of Guru Gobind Singh Ji; he had a very long life. Once he asked someone how to make a house stronger. Somebody advised him to put many pillars in the house. So he went on putting pillars in the house until he had filled it up with pillars. One day it started raining, so he was standing outside. Somebody came there and asked him why he was standing outside, why didn't he go inside? Suthra replied, "If there was any place for me inside, I would have put one more pillar." [*much laughter*] So like that, if there was any place in our mind we would have filled it up with one more worldly desire. Just like Suthra Fakir and his house, we have filled our mind up with all the desires and there is no place left for the Master to reside.

Suthra's inner veil was lifted up and he did not believe in blind faith. Once it so happened that he had some very big shoes made, about two feet long. One night he went to a mosque and left one of his shoes there. The next morning when the *maulvi*, the priest of that mosque, saw a very big shoe over there, he thought, "Maybe last night God visited the mosque, [*much laughter*] and left one of His shoes there while He was hurrying to go back." When he announced that, people from far and near started coming there. They started bowing down to that shoe. They started offering flowers and things to the shoe, and it became a thing to worship.

After some time that Suthra went

around asking people if they had seen his missing shoe. He was carrying the other big shoe, and he asked people if they had seen any shoe like that. The people who had visited the mosque had seen the other shoe over there, so they said, "Yes, a shoe like this is in the mosque." He went to the mosque and asked the people there, "Tell me, who brought the shoe here?" And then he took that matching shoe and went away.

He wanted to [demonstrate] to people that they were relying on blind faith, that they were not going for the reality. He wanted to tell people that God is not bound to any mosque, He is not bound to any church, He is not bound to any gurdwara or temple. If He is there, He is bound in the love of the devotees. He is within the human beings. He is within the devotees of God.

Once, in order to make the disciples of Guru Gobind Singh Ji understand how they should understand the bani of the Master, Suthra Fakir did something very interesting. He went to a shop and started getting things on credit. The shopkeeper thought that since he was a good disciple of the Master, there would be no problem: after some time he would pay him. But he did not pay the shopkeeper, even after a long time.

When the shopkeeper asked for his money, Suthra Fakir said, "Well, why should I give you any money? — because it is written in the bani of the Masters that many people take things from others and then forget about it. So why should I give you the money?" That shopkeeper told him, "Okay, I'll go and complain to the Master." Suthra Fakir replied, "Well, you should read what He has written Himself. Why should I not obey what He has written in this bani?"

So that shopkeeper went to Guru Gobind Singh and said, "Master, Suthra Fakir owes me a lot of money and whenever I tell him to give me the money, or that I am going to complain to the Master, he says, 'He has written in this bani that many people take and forget about it.' What should I do?"

Guru Gobind Singh called for Suthra Fakir and asked him why he was not paying the shopkeeper. He replied, "Master, it is written in *Sukhmani* that many people take and forget about it. So why should I pay him?" Guru Gobind Singh told him, "You should read the other part of that hymn, also. It says in the other part of the hymn that many foolish people take and eat off others." So Suthra said, "Well, this first part is good for me. The other part may be good for other people." [*laughter*]

He wanted to explain to the disciples that we should take the complete words of the Masters and understand that all of them apply to us.

I have seen in the time of Master Kirpal Singh that when Master would say that every satsangi should meditate for at least two-and-a-half hours per day, should keep their lives pure, should keep the diary and things like that, nobody would even nod their head and say, "Okay, that's right. I will try to do that." But whenever He would say soft words, like every satsangi should do the meditation, even if only for two minutes per day, and they should try to keep their lives pure, then people would fold their hands and say, "We are very grateful. We will try to do that." [*much laughter*] So people don't accept and try to do the hard commandments of the Masters. They become very grateful to the Masters when They say soft words.

I am the unfortunate one and
blind since birth.
Who can liberate me (except
You)?

Now He says, "I am blind since birth and I am probably the greatest sinner of all the sinners. If I put all my sins on one side of the scale, still they will weigh more than those of other people."

Such great souls are not sinners. They come into this world to condemn and remove the sins. They use very humble words only to create humility within us.

Kabir Sahib also says, "When I went looking for the bad one, I did not find any bad one. But when I looked in my own within, I found that there was nobody worse than me. I was the worst of all." Kabir Sahib was a Param Sant, He was Almighty, He was the first Saint to come in this world. He was not a sinner, but He said this only to make us understand that we have to develop this kind of humility in our within.

Supreme Father Kirpal, Whose glory cannot be described, was Almighty and whenever He would talk about Himself, He would always use small words, very low words for Himself. He would always say, "I am nothing. It is all the grace of my Master, Hazur Sawan Singh."

You are the Sustainer of the
three worlds.
I am just Your servant.

Now He says, "No matter if the people of the world understand You as a human being, [in fact] You are the Owner of the three worlds. All the three worlds are functioning under Your Will, by Your orders. I am Your servant, I am Your slave, and I am in Your refuge."

You have liberated the high
and the low caste people.
O Lord, have mercy on me
(as well).

Now He says, "Coming into this

world, You did not see whether one was poor or rich, whether one was illiterate or literate, whether one was of low caste or of high caste. It has been Your reputation to liberate and to forgive, and You have always done that. And since I have taken refuge in You and I have come in Your protection, kindly liberate me, also."

The Queen of Kapurthala came to Master Sawan Singh with a lot of wealth. She was proud of being a Queen, and since she was carrying a lot of wealth, she thought that maybe she would be welcomed by Master Sawan Singh and she would get a lot of honor and name and fame and things like that. But when she came to Baba Sawan Singh, He lovingly explained to her the theory of Sant Mat. He gave her some books on Sant Mat to read, and eventually she followed the Path of the Masters and became an initiate of Baba Sawan Singh.

And after that, she always used to tell her husband, the King of Kapurthala, to come and have the darshan of Master Sawan Singh and get initiated. He would reply, "I may go see Baba Sawan Singh, but since I am a king, what will my people say? 'He is a king and still he follows a Saint?' What will they think about me?" Other times he would say, "Well, I don't have the court ready now. I will go to the next Satsang." He always kept on procrastinating.

Death does not spare anyone and death does not wait for anyone. So when death came and squeezed the neck of the King of Kapurthala, he complained. He requested his wife, the Queen of Kapurthala, "Do something for me because now I am having terrible pain." She replied, "I was always telling you to go and see Baba Sawan Singh because He is the Liberator, He is the Forgiver, He forgives everybody's sin, but you did not do that, so what can I do for you now?" I was posted as a wireless operator in his palace and I witnessed this with my own eyes. This happened about 1947.

In that same city there was a prostitute who was very wealthy, and many rich people used to go to her. Once she somehow came to the Satsang and she understood the teachings of the Satsang, and she came to Baba Sawan Singh asking for forgiveness. She thought, "All my wealth is not going to go with me, so what is the use of collecting all this?"

So she came to Baba Sawan Singh to ask for forgiveness and to get the Initiation. Baba Sawan Singh asked her what she was doing [with her life]. Saints are all-conscious and They do not ask the same kind of questions to everyone. It all depends upon the person; it varies from person to person.

So when Master Sawan Singh asked her what she was doing, she replied, "Rather than doing good

deeds, I am doing everything else." So when she confessed very honestly that she was a sinner, that she was doing all sorts of bad deeds, Master Sawan Singh was so pleased with her truthfulness, that He said, "You are my real daughter and I will give you Initiation." After that, when Baba Sawan Singh initiated her, she gave away all the wealth she had collected and she meditated a lot and became a good meditator.

Similarly, in our area there was a prostitute, and she also had earned a lot of money in that business. [After] she came to the feet of Master Kirpal Singh, and when Master Kirpal Singh initiated her, many people started opposing Him. Many people started thinking bad thoughts — "Why did Master give Initiation to such a bad person?" I used to tell them to wait and see what the Naam of the Master does.

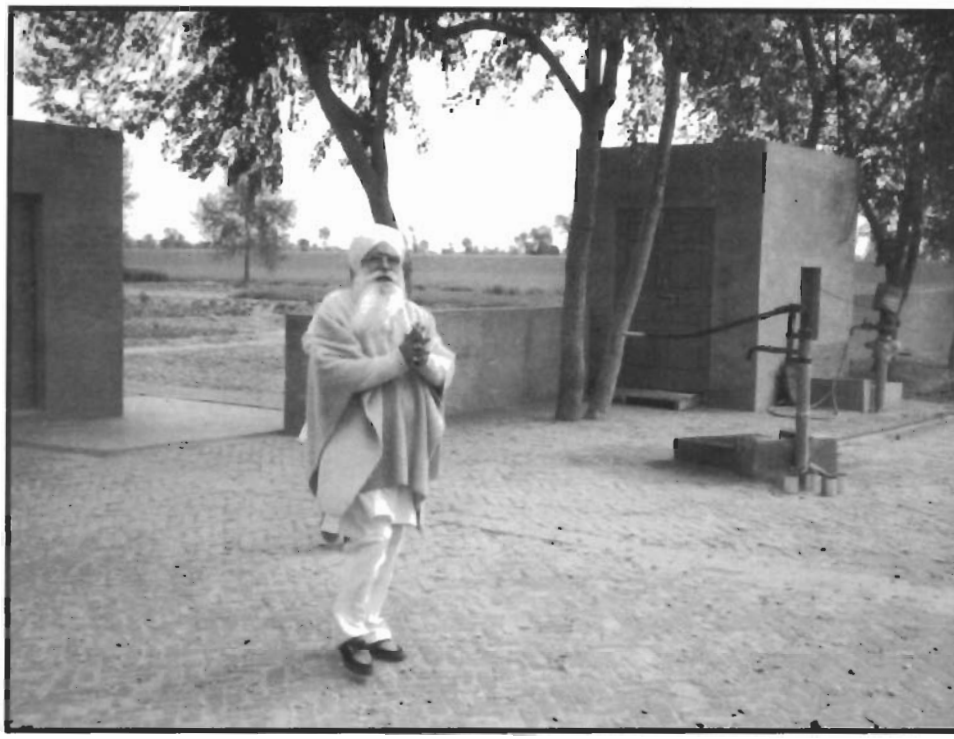
After some days when she was inspired from within, she gave away all the wealth which she had collected, even the gifts which she had received from people, and even though her husband was very much opposed to that, she did not mind. She said, "I will do what my Master is telling me to do from within."

When she gave away everything, the people who were opposing her and the people who felt bad when Master initiated her became very interested in the Path. They also came to the Master and realized and started singing the glory of the Master. They also said that there is something, some power in the Master.

> *I am the highest of the sinners and the leader of the lowly ones.*
> *Millions of sins are like one hair of mine. Who was poor Ajamil (in comparison to me)?*

Now He says, "Even if you put the sins of billions of sinners on one side of the weighing scale, still my sins will be more than theirs. And the greatest sinners may also not like to come near me, because I am a greater sinner than them." He says, "You protected Ajamil the sinner."

The story of Ajamil the sinner is told in the *Guru Granth Sahib.* He had done many sins and he was so full of sins that even the people of his community boycotted him, and he felt so bad. So somehow he came in the company of the Masters. He went there and asked the Master if there was any hope for him to be forgiven. Master thought that since he had many impure thoughts, his thoughts were scattered very much in the world, and he had been doing many sins in his life, he wouldn't be able to perfect the Simran. It is up to the Masters how They want to liberate the souls. They can change the rules for people. So like that, the Master told him, "The child which your wife is



RAJASTHAN, INDIA, FEBRUARY 1990

going to give birth to, you should name him 'Narayan,' and he will protect you."

It was not difficult for him to remember Narayan, his future son, so he started doing the Simran of the name "Narayan," which means "God." So in that way he spent all his life, and he perfected his remembrance of "Narayan." When at the time of death the Angels of Death came to bother him, then at once he cried out, "Come, my son, Narayan! Save me! Save me!" So at once, since he had perfected his remembrance of Narayan, the Simran given to him by the Master, the Master came there and He helped him and took care of his soul. So here Mahatma Surdass says, "O Lord, You have saved sinners like Ajamil. Just as You saved him, save me also, protect me also, since I have taken refuge in You."

Religion runs away, hearing
my name.
I am bound to go to hell.

How humble does He become in front of His Master? He says, "I am so stubborn, so obstinate, that even if religion hears my name he will also run away. I have deter-

mined [that I will be sent] to Hell, because I am full of so many sins."

I do not have any other place to go (except Your support).
Maintain Your reputation (of being a protector and liberator).

When a man gives up all other support and keeps only the one support of the Master and remembers the Master, then the Master, in order to maintain His reputation, comes and protects and takes care of the soul. So here He says, "Since You are the only one who can protect me and liberate me, please come and protect and liberate me, since I have only Your support."

O Lord, You have liberated sinners and the lowly ones. Now do not abandon this soul to rot.
Surdass says, "I will believe this as Truth only when my liberation happens."

Now He has reached the Real Home, but still He is requesting His Master, "I will take You as a true one only if You will liberate me."

Who will appreciate the Master? Only one who goes in the within, only one who knows what Power the Master is. He who knows what Power the Master is, knows that if he will not beg for the grace of the Master, if he will not request the Master, it is possible that He might send back one who has already reached there.

Often I have said that up until now those who have done the meditation, worked hard, left the physical body, risen up to the Brahmand, and united themselves with God, have never said that this Path of the Masters is the false one. They have always appreciated and borne the evidence that the Path is the true one. But those who do not want to meditate, those who want to read and quote from the books, and those who always want to achieve liberation by doing outer things, they always talk about this Path not being the true one. But this is not the path of reading or writing. This is the path of sacrifice. This is the path of working hard and experiencing.

So we should also develop humility within us, do our Bhajan and Simran, keep our thoughts pure, and surrender ourselves to the Master.

Christmas Message for 1962

Sant Kirpal Singh Ji

Dear Ones in the Lord:

On this Christmas Day, I send you my hearty wishes for your progress on your way back to the sweet Home of our Father. Entire self-surrender to God is the secret of a true lover of God. Therefore, he should be a man of purity, humility and meekness. The main thing one should do is devotion to the Name of God and see the Light and hear the Voice of God — the sound Principle reverberating in all. For this, he should devote regular time to meditation and conquer the passions through communion with the Master. He should sing of God — the Beloved, and enter into the "Super-conscious" through intoxication of His sweet remembrance. In such intoxication of love, one wishes to kiss the very ground, love all creation and all mankind and breathe peace unto all the world over. My work is to reveal to you the Unity already existing through all and would ask you to turn away from sectarian strifes to the Path of Love. This will be achieved by one who will be intoxicated with love.

God is love and our souls are of the same essence as that of God. Love in inherent in our souls and the way back to God is only through love: "love and all things shall be added unto you."

You may read libraries of books. Of what avail are they? You may have many meritorious acts. What avail are they? Far are you from the Beloved if there be not the longing in your heart. Consume hundreds of books in the fire. Let your heart blossom forth with the sweet remembrance of the Lord. Be absorbed in the white radiance of the Beloved. Be absorbed and you will know that the Master is but One with God. He appears in every picture. In every race and religion, every prophet and saint, every scrip-

ture and song, is the shining "One" revealed. Let your inner-self be overflowing with the love of the Master so much so that all thoughts of yourself be lost in Him. Saint Paul said: "It is I, not now I, but Christ lives in me."

Be not imprisoned in the jail of "I" and "me." He who hath transcended self, he verily hath attained to the Highest. He hath become Perfect. Such a one knows no difference between the Hindu, the Muslim, the Sikh, the Christian, the Jew, the Buddhist or the Zoroastrian, for God is the Lord of all and in all shines the one picture Divine; we are worshippers of the same Lord. The One is within thee, outside thee, in me, in him and in every place. That One alone doeth speak in all.

I wish you awake, awake.
Awake this very day of Christ.
Awake in the Kingdom of God which is shining within you.
Be not in love with passions.
Think no evil of any one.
Strive not for greatness, wealth and applause,
Strive for truth, purity and humility.
Awake in the brotherhood of God.
Inculcate love for one and all.
See them all in the One — the shining One.

KIRPAL SINGH

The Christmas Message of 1981

Sant Ajaib Singh Ji

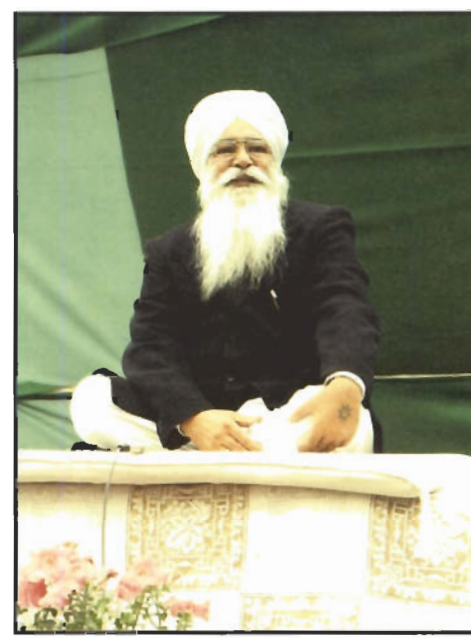
December 8, 1981

My Satguru Kirpal's Most Beloved Children,

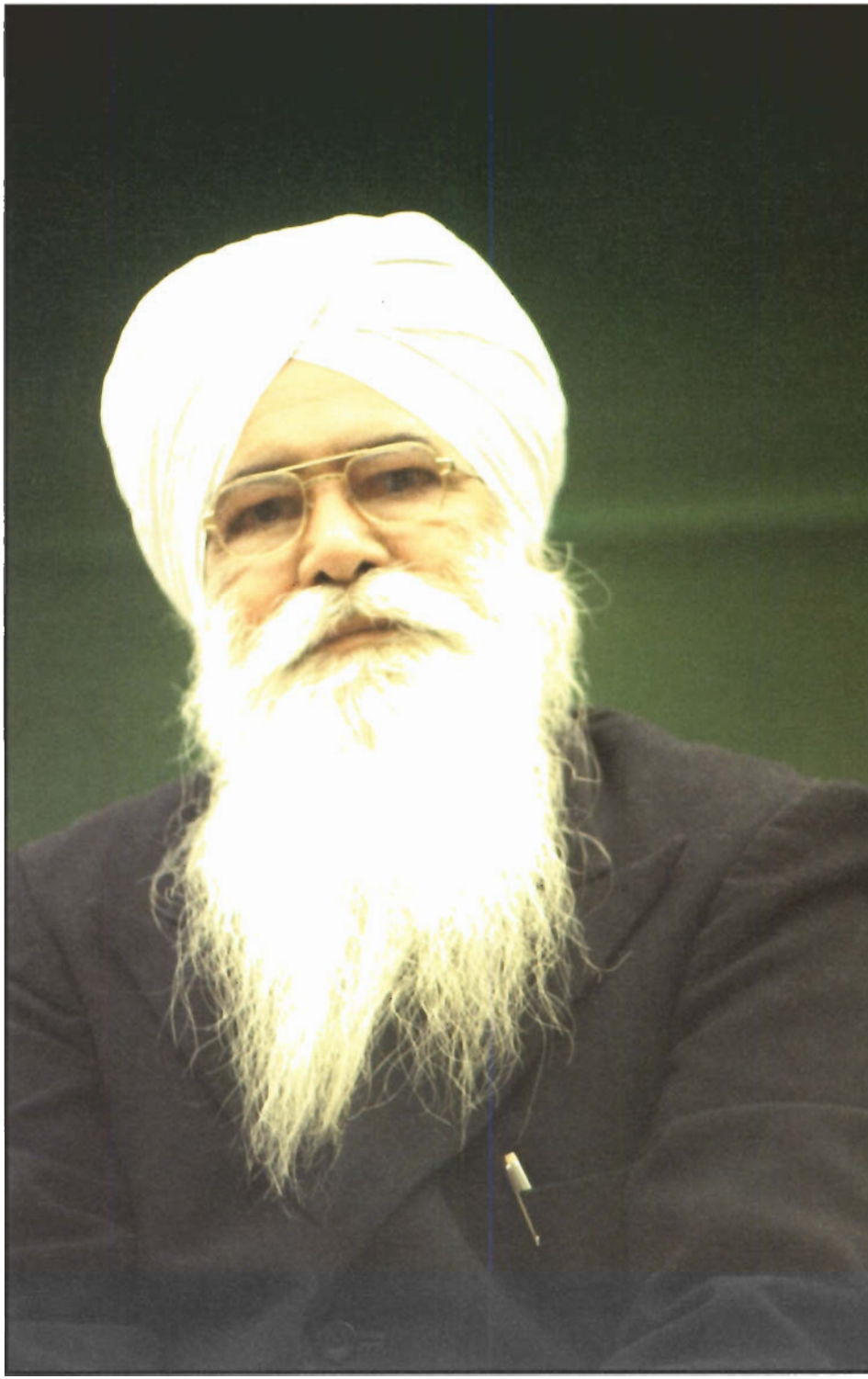
Again and again the Almighty Nameless God has come into this world in human form to bring the poor lost souls back to their Real Home. Centuries ago He came as Jesus, whose blessed birth we now celebrate. He came as Kabir, and again as Guru Nanak. Most fortunate are we that He came as our Emperor Kirpal — who, according to His own name, showered so much grace on us. His grace continues today, and may be seen by every initiate who goes within to discover that Mighty Kirpal sits within and protects us day and night.

When Jesus was on this earth He emphasized the need of meditation to take our souls back to the Father. He said, "Take heed that the light within be not darkness." Still His message lives today in the Life-giving Naam of Blessed Kirpal. Every initiate must try and try again to bring the light in his life into radiance, and to meet Mighty Kirpal within. In this way love will be awakened in us. The means to do this is to obey our God Kirpal's sacred instructions, and to meditate lovingly and wholeheartedly. If we will do this we will truly realize a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

With all His Love,
AJAIB SINGH



ALL COLOR PHOTOS, COLOMBIA, JUNE 1983



Follow Me

Sant Ajaib Singh Ji

The taller people should allow the shorter people to come and stand in the front. [*Everyone, including Sant Ji, laughs.*] If it's all right with you. He has saved this for you. The taller people should stay back. Because the shorter people cannot have darshan if they are standing in the back, the short people should try to come and stand or sit in the front; they should not stay in the back.

You can sit down if anyone is tired. Come in front and sit down. Now you can ask your questions.

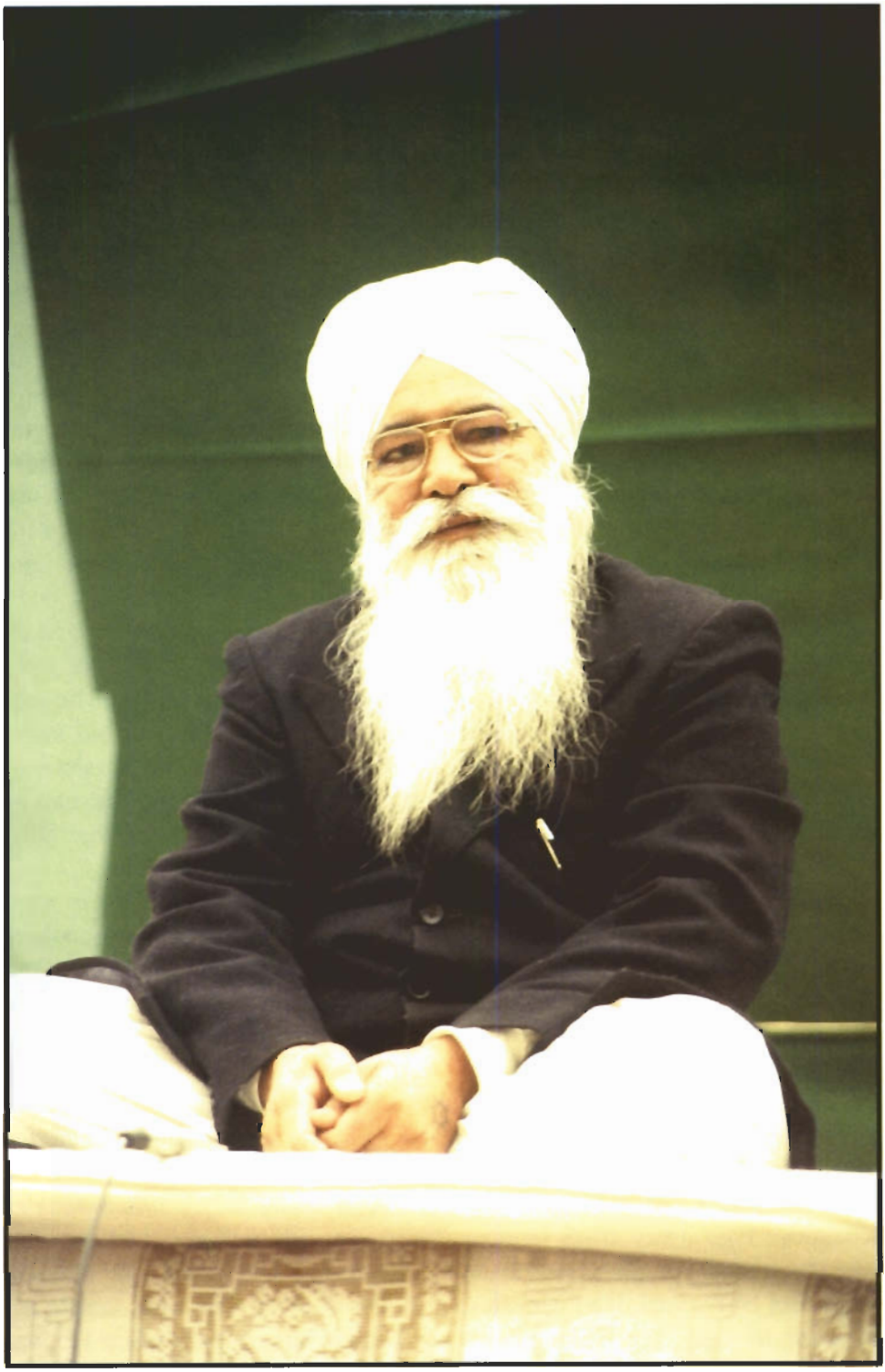
Could you speak about darshan and the part it plays in the relationship between the Master and disciple?

The disciple within whom real love gets manifested develops so much yearning for the darshan of Master. As the man who is hungry for many days feels hunger for the food, and as he is yearning for the food, in the same way, the disciple within whom the real love has manifested yearns for the darshan of the Master. He yearns for the darshan of Master as the rainbird yearns for that *swanteh* drop [pure drop] of rain. As he is yearning for that water and always wanting to have that, in the same way, the disciple, the real lover, also yearns for the darshan of the Master, and for him, if he has the darshan of the Master he feels alive; otherwise, he feels like a dead one.

The darshan of Master removes our millions of sins, and the greatness of the darshan of Master cannot be described. Guru Nanak Sahib said that the happiness which one gets from the darshan cannot be described by this mouth.

Mucha and Ram Dita were two dear ones of Baba Jaimal Singh. They were initiates of Baba Jaimal Singh, and they used to have the darshan of Master Jaimal Singh daily, both inwardly, and outwardly also, because they were fortunate ones to remain at the feet of Baba Jaimal Singh, and they were doing service there. So outwardly as well as inwardly, they used to have the darshan of Baba Jaimal Singh daily. Once it so happened that in the month of August when it was very hot and when they were going to

This "walk talk" was given January 2, 1979, at Village 77RB, Rajasthan, India.



water their fields of corn, but before starting their work, Mucha asked Ram Dita whether he had had the darshan of Baba Jaimal Singh or not, and he replied, "No, I didn't have the darshan of Baba Jaimal Singh." And he asked Mucha, "Did you have it?" He said, "No, I also didn't have it." They decided to sit for meditation and decided that they would not get up until they had the darshan of Baba Jaimal Singh. But [this was the day that] they were supposed to give water to their fields of corn, and they said, "Even if this corn will dry and die out, let it be like that, because if it will dry out, it is of Master, but we should sit down for meditation." And after one hour when they each had had the darshan of Baba Jaimal Singh, they got up and then they started taking out the water from the well and then they watered the fields of corn.

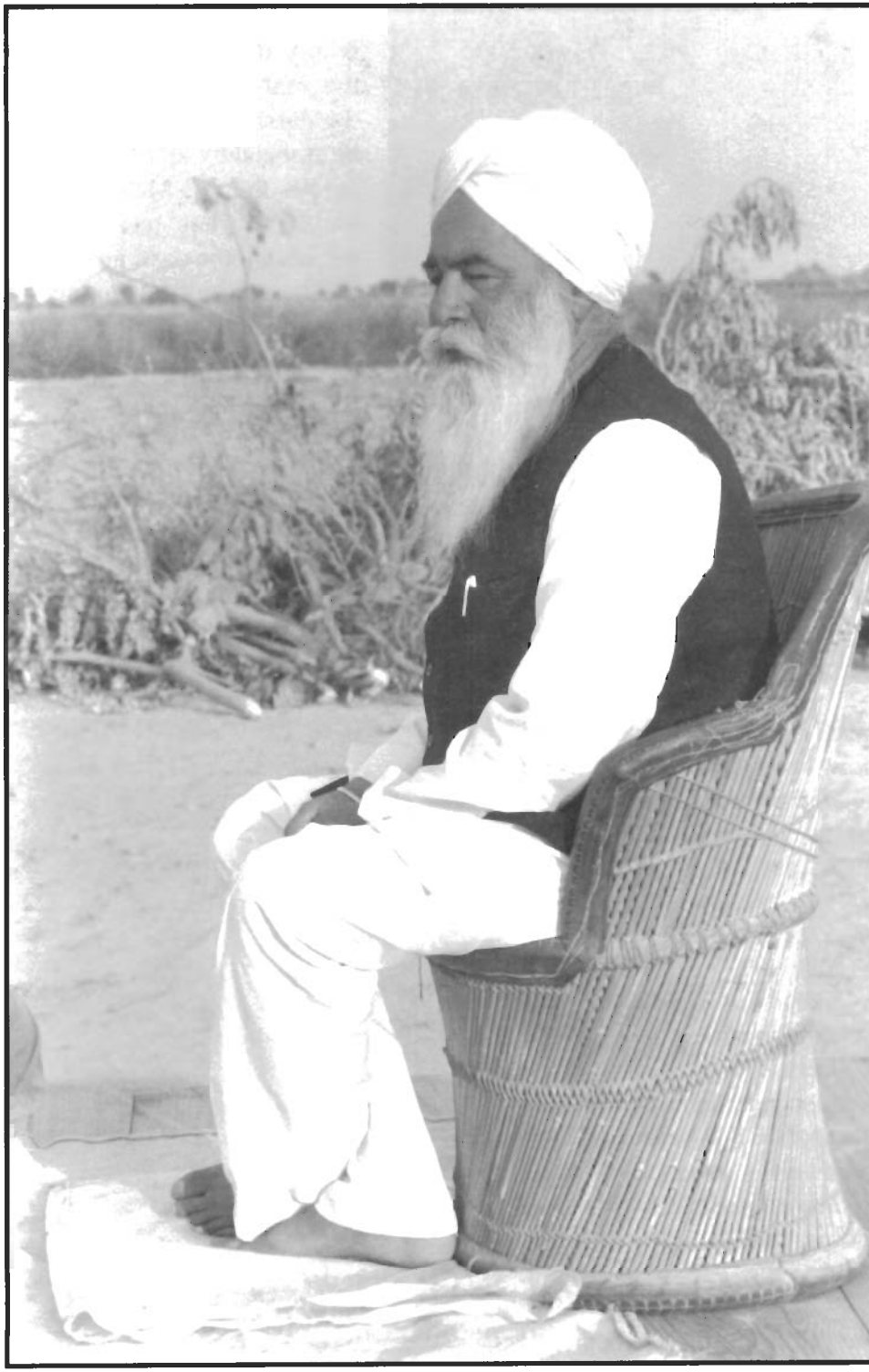
So in this way, those who know the real importance of the darshan and those who have the real yearning for having the darshan of Master, they know that any sacrifice which they do in order to achieve the darshan of Master is a little one.

Guru Arjan Dev Ji says, "I wish to see the beautiful face of my Beloved always, because whenever I look at Him I am all right, and whenever I go away from Him or whenever His Form goes away from me, I feel like a mad one." He says, "I want to keep my Beloved [always] sitting in front of me, so that I may have His darshan, because whenever I have His darshan I am fine, and whenever I don't have His darshan, I wander here and there like a mad one."

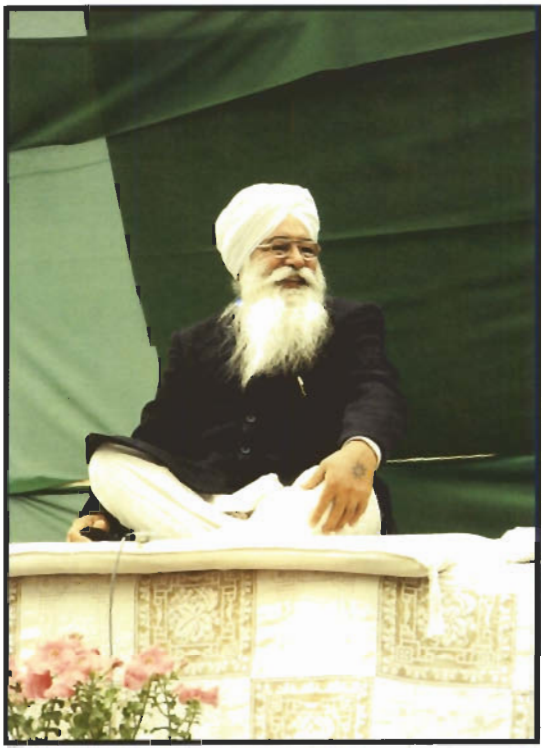
Mahatma Hazrat Sultan Bahu says, "If [every cell of] my body becomes an eye, and with all those eyes I may look at my Master, I would look at my Master with one of my eyes and then after closing that I would use another eye and then have the darshan of my Master. May every single cell of my body become an eye, so that with all those eyes I may have the darshan of my Master. But still, even after having the darshan of my Master with all my eyes, all the eyes of my body, still I will not be satisfied, and I will try to find some other way to have the darshan of my Master, because the darshan of my Master is worth more than millions of pilgrimages for me."

Once Baba Sawan Singh went to the village named Gumana where Baba Jaimal Singh was born, and there He was giving Satsang. In the Satsang He said, "If Baba Jaimal Singh would come now and give me His physical darshan, I am ready to sacrifice everything I have for the darshan of my Master."

And many times when Master Kirpal would talk about Master Sawan Singh and about the darshan of His Master, His eyes would always be full of tears when He was



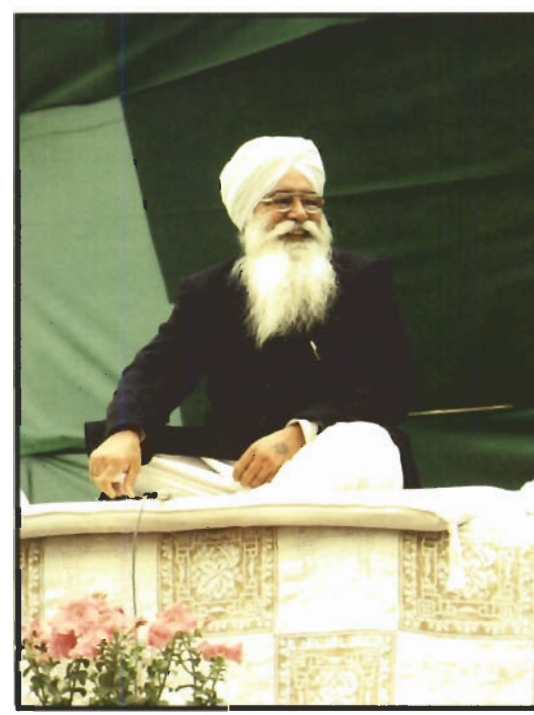
RAJASTHAN, INDIA, CIRCA 1980

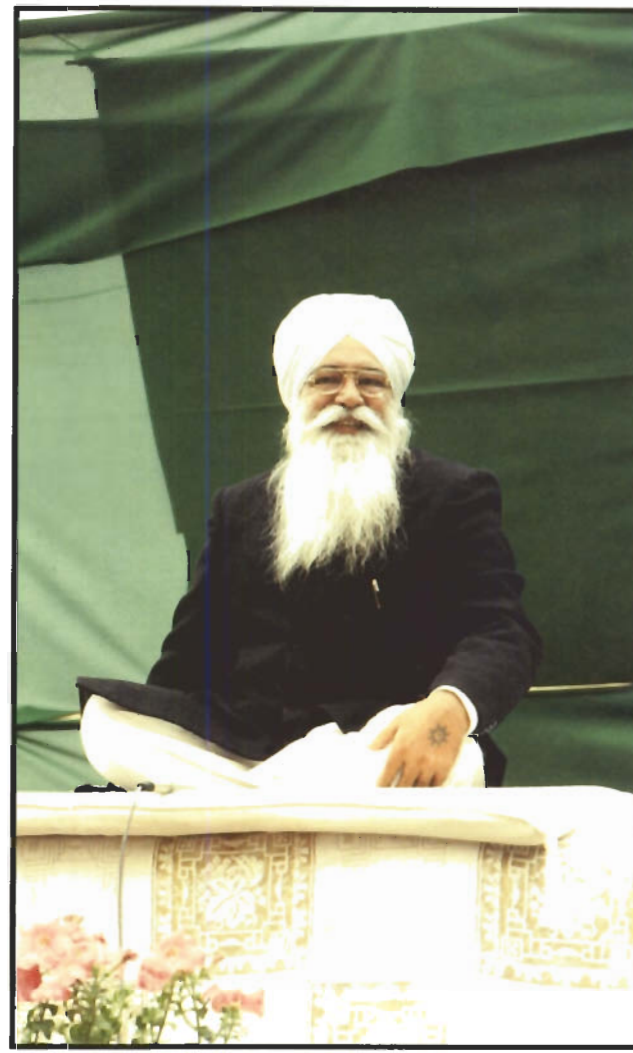


ing that place. But still, if there is any disciple, one who has the real yearning for having the darshan of Master, will he be stopped by all of those dangerous things? Mahatmas say no, if one has real yearning for having the darshan of Master, he will not be stopped by any of these dangerous things. No matter if the home of the Master is in between the ocean, where if you put your hands in the water, the hands are swollen, or if you put your feet in it, your feet may get swollen, but still the yearning disciple will go there, at any cost, to have the darshan of Master.

talking about His Master. And now also, in the intoxication I sometimes say this line, and many times in front of Master also, I used to say, "O, my Beloved, keeping You seated with me, I feel like looking at You always."

Mahatmas say that it does not matter if the place where Master is living is in the ocean with salty water, and it does not matter if His house is surrounded by a boundary made of snakes, and if a lion is there taking care of that house and Yama, the Angel of Death, who is going to take our breath out of the body, if he is guard-





Regarding the darshan of the Master, Swami Ji Maharaj writes that if anyone sees the beautiful Form of my Master, he would not like to see the beautiful fairies of the heavens. He said, "I believe that the beauty of the angels and the beauty of the fairies in the heavens is very much, but if anyone comes and sees the beautiful Form of the Master, surely I say that he will never like to see the beauty of those fairies, because the beauty of my Master is much more than them." Guru Nanak Sahib said, "After having the darshan of my Master, I became happy."

If you go and ask those who have appreciation of having the darshan of Master, "What do you get from having the darshan of Master?" they cannot describe it. In front of such souls, as long as Master remains, they look at Him as the moonbird looks at the moon, and when He goes away from their side, they feel very much lacking. They feel that something very important is missing. But the reality is that when such a higher soul comes into this world, He tells us that He is sitting within us in the Form which He describes, and those who are following His instructions and those who are obeying Him, and those who are doing whatever He is telling them to do — because He tells us: "If you will follow me, I will take you to God and then I will request Him to forgive you." — So those who

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follow the instructions of such higher souls when They come into this world and those who live according to His will, one day He definitely takes them to Sach Khand, and there the Satguru presents all the souls in front of God and tells Him, "All these are your souls, and now they have come asking for the forgiveness, so You should forgive them."

Sant Ji, could you tell us the technique, or the method, so that one can make the heart, and what comes out of the mouth, and what this body says, all the same?

The Path which is shown to you or the method which you have been taught by the Satguru, if you do that regularly without missing it even for a day, this is the thing which will lead you to this.

Today there is much wind blowing and it is very dry, so tonight you should take good care of yourself when you get up in the night time. In the morning also, when you come for meditation, you should bring some blanket or something to wrap in, and moreover you should cover your head also, so that it may not get cold.

The Game Of Secrets

A POEM OF STORIES & ILLUMINATIONS

BY MICHAEL RAYSSON

Prologue

How long?
How deep?
We have fallen
and we cannot come up.

Neither death.
Neither life.
Who are we?
Where are we from?

Who is speaking?
Who is hidden?
Who gives happiness?
Who gives sorrow?

Who gives kisses?
Who gives sighs?
Who gives thirst?
Who gives wine?

Who wakens the dead?
Who slays the living?
Who opens love?
Who breaks it?

Who is cup?
Who is wine?

Who is ocean?
Who is sun?

Who destroys ships?
Who is a ship?
Who is without direction?
Who directs?

Who is dreams?
Who is dreamless?
Who is Death?
Who is Deathless?

Who is?
Who is not?
Who?
Who?

What to do?
What not to do?
A lot less than you suppose.
A lot more than you think.

It all comes from the Friend.
Everyone is surprised.
Everyone is perplexed.
It is all His doing.

Chapter One

We are always losing
the game we play.
That game is over.
That game is dead.

If you are playing,
throw away your hand.
Start again.
Play the Game of Secrets.

Hidden treasure
lies underneath your sea.
But where are you looking?
Up there in the clouds.

There is a message.
It looks just like you.
It is sealed and hidden,
but the messenger is at the door.

It smells like jasmine.
It tastes like wine.
But it is something else
which you do not know.

Read it.
Drink it.
Play it if you can.
See what use is Life and Death.

Forget the world.
Remember the Giver.
See the secrets
if you can.

Today's secret is this:
That *you* do not exist.

If you consider carefully,
you will see that this is so.

Who are you then?
With Whom do you play?
Take up the Game of Secrets.
Find out what is what.

The Collector of Secrets: I

There was a man known as the
Collector of Secrets,
if only to himself.
For no one else knew him at all
by that or any other name.

One day, he learned the first secret,
which is this:
"That everything is a secret."
After that, he was lost.

At first, he wandered everywhere,
looking at everything to see its
secret.
But later he looked inside of things,
and later still, inside himself.

And that which he collected was
nothing.
For that is the last secret,
which underlies everything in this
world:
"That we are all nothing."

These are the only directions:
From life to death
and from death to life.
All else are delusions.

The direction of life
and the direction of death
are circular.
Both are just the same.

But you, yourself have a direction.
That direction is non existence.
It is also called consciousness.
You should follow that direction.

The world never gets any better,
just as vinegar will always taste like vinegar.
No matter what your hopes,
it won't ever taste different.

Why did God send you here?
Because He wished to play.
Hear the rules.
Begin the Game.

What is the Game?
What are the rules?
Whatever He likes
that is the rule.

Whatever He says,
whatever He does,
whichever way He goes,
whatever, whichever.

If you were known,
who would have played?
You hold the mystery inside you
like a carrier of the plague.

You, yourself are a secret.
You, yourself are the game,
walking unseen in the world
like an incredible ghost.

If anyone had noticed,
what would they have said?
But no one knows who you are.
No one knows how to play.

The Secret Beloved: I

Before coming into the world,
the soul goes to the feet of the Beloved.
She bows her head before Him
and He blesses her.

Then He tells to each soul a great secret.
He says, "If you can only remember this secret,
you will not go into the mouth of Time."
And He puts the secret in her forehead.

When the soul comes into the world,
she puts this secret into her mouth
and Time comes and grabs it away.
That is why she cries.

But there is nothing she can do.
There is no one here who would help.
Because no one knows the terrible loss
that she has suffered.

Later, Time comes to her
and whispers millions of secrets.
But not one of them is real
and the soul's life is ruined.

This secret is a flame.
It burns away your heart.
It turns the world.
It is called memory.

Memory of the world
is the prison wall of your life.
You can look out,
but you can never leave.

If you remember for a moment
who you really are,
all the walls of the world
would at once fall down.

The Gates of Infinity
lie wide open.
Your birth, your death, your life
will all pass you by.

There is a snake coiled round you
which steals away your soul,
without any resistance,
without a sound.

It looks just like you
so that you never notice.
You call it your *self*
until the day you die.

Everything between the two portals
is made only to distract you,
so that for not even one second
should you see the Infinite.

The Story of the Man in the Cave

There was a man who went into a cave,
leaving the sun of a summer afternoon
with its gentle breezes;
entering into a world of different laws.

He had a little lamp with him
to penetrate the darkness
of the unfamiliar place
in which he was going.

At the beginning of the cave,
lived millions of bats.
They clung to the ceiling
waiting for the darkness of night.

A little further in,
he came to a little pond.
With his lamp, he noticed two frogs
and he also saw one snake.

Perhaps you have seen frogs
sitting motionless in the water
for many minutes or long hours even,
and you have wondered about their state.

So did the man, for these two frogs were like that.
But then he saw the snake
slither silently toward one frog
and gobble it up.

Immediately, the snake spat it out,
for it was one of those frogs
with a poison skin.
The snake had made a mistake.

Still the snake was hungry,
and so it slithered toward the second frog,
and also gobbled it up.
It did not spit it out.

The man pondered on this
and entered further into the cave.
He came to a large cavern
where he saw two women.

One woman seemed to be confused
like someone both insane and troubled.
The other woman seemed to know just where she was going.
Her bearing was peaceful and calm.

The man called to them,
but they could not hear him.
The first one gesticulated madly.
The second continued on her way.

When he shone his light,
the madwoman ran off.
The other he could not see,
for she had already disappeared.

The man also moved on
until he was in a place
where an underground river flowed.
He could hear its rushing waters echoing on the walls.

Fascinated, he stood rooted to the spot,
trying to figure what he would do next.
Suddenly, a great bright boat appeared
and stopped just before him.

An enormous lion jumped out
with a flaming mane.
It grabbed the man with its teeth
and pulled him on the boat.

It was so quick,
that the man had no time to think
or feel the terror of the moment,
or anything at all.

The boat moved on its way
as if it had some kind of wings.
It hardly seemed to touch the water,
whose strange sound seemed to enchant the man.

The lion could no longer be seen,
or, rather, it had merged
into the luminous boat
as if they were one and the same.

At length, a hand reached up from the boat,
holding forth a cup.
The man took the cup
and drank deeply from it.

The boat was called *Endless.*
So was the river.
And they were not different.
The lion was also called *Endless.*

The *One Who loves you* is calling you.
The *one you love* is drowning out that call.
The Secret is that your love is false,
and you will never give it up.

For a long time,
you have played with the *one you know.*
See for yourself how that game is going,
then play with the *Unknown.*

Throw away all the cards.
Throw away all the pieces.
Throw away the *one who plays.*
Then play the Game of Secrets.

You have a Name which is secret.
You have a name which is known.
One is called "pain and pleasure."
The other cannot be described.

Taking that which is known,
you are suffering in the world.
But no matter what,
you cannot leave it alone.

In the morning,
a great secret opens like a rose.
Rise up early.
Catch the fragrance if you can.

Find the flower.
Intoxicate your day.
Make your life easy.
Know God.

The weight of thoughts is
impossibly heavy.
They will never let you move.
How can you play the Game?
How can you roll the dice?

Ignore everything you see.
Forget everything you have learned.
Then begin to play.
See what comes.

The Secret Fool: I

The Secret Fool went to the House
of the Beloved.
She knocked on the door for a long
time.
She waited for the door to open,
but nobody ever came.

When she was leaving,
she saw someone else go to the
door and knock.
Immediately it opened up,
and that person went right in.

The Fool went back and knocked
again.
No one came to the door.
She knocked again and waited,
but still it never opened.

So she went away a second time,
and this time also someone else
approached the House.
Even before they got to the door,
it opened up for them to enter.

Now, she went back a third time,
knocking and knocking and waiting
and waiting.
No one ever came to open up for
her.
Finally, with tears in her eyes, she
left.

Days later, she saw the Beloved at a
gathering.
she went up to Him,
and she asked why she could not get
into His House
when many others were welcomed
in.

"They have got the gift of coming in,
but you have got the gift of not
coming in.
Only time will tell which gift is
'greater'
and which gift is 'lesser.'

"But I will tell you this.
For me, your tears of longing
were worth as much or more
than any of the smiles of those who
came in."

Buried in secrets
are those who die
playing the Game
only for love.

Less thoughts,
more secrets.
Become like the sea.
Know your Secret Name.

Be like the fishermen
who know the great fish.
Catch your secrets
in the impossible deeps.

To play at Secrets
is a dangerous game.
Death sits beside
and watches the cards.

To play is dangerous.
Not to play is disaster.
When the players come,
the Sea begins to roll.

Conch, bell and drum
will tell you many things.
But in the Lover's Boat,
you will go far, far away.

The Game is like the Wind
which is totally still.
If you think that you exist,
then It will blow you away.

The real players are found
in the Bodiless Country.
How do they play?
Even Death cannot watch.

Play for your life.
The Beloved will come.
Every card will have His face.
Every secret will have His form.

The Collector of Secrets: II

Once, the Collector of Secrets
invited The Friend to his house.
The Friend came in, sat down,
and spent a while talking to the
Collector.

Then He had some tea and left.
Afterward, the Collector of Secrets
was seen on the street corners
like a homeless person, wandering
here and there.

"Why don't you go to your home?"
asked someone who knew the
Collector.
"I no longer have a home in this
place,"
replied the Collector of Secrets.

"My Friend has taken that away
with Him.
Where it is now, is a secret
known only to Him.
And I am left to search.

"In the meantime, what can I do?
The corner where I have lived
is no use to me any more.
But the secrets are valuable beyond
compare."

Now there is nothing.
Bodies have turned to dust.
Love has conquered the lovers.
Death has conquered the rest.

In between the bedcovers of time
and space
the sheets of existence have rotted
away.
Speak, if you can,
O ye philosophers and saints.

Only the King of Love appears on
the hill.
He smiles at what He has seen.
He pours the Wine of Non-
existence.
He raises the Cup and drinks.

The secret of Love
is a wish yielding tree,
Which will make you also
a wish yielding tree.

How do you come to the Sea?
How do you find the shore?
How do you play the Game?
How?

Leave behind your work.
Leave behind your deeds.
Else you will always lose.
You will always waste your life.

Who are you?
Forget the answer you know.
Do not make a mistake.
Do not lose the Game.

The Game of Cards

There were four gamblers playing
cards.
At some point, it so happened
that each player was dealt cards
which they had never seen before.

One card was each man, himself.
One card was a glass of wine.
One card was fire.
One card was the end.

Where had these cards come from?
Nobody knew how to play.
They had never seen the like.
What were they to do?

Suddenly, they began to see cards
everywhere,
no matter where they looked
or what they did.
And they were also cards.

Now, they understood
that they, themselves, were the
Game,
which someone else was winning,
and someone else was losing.

They called it the "Game of
Secrets,"
and they played it morning, noon
and night.
Everything else was just a part of
the Game.
Everything else was a clue.

The Gamblers gambled everything.
The Players played it all.
Still, they could not exhaust the
secrets.
They were no closer to the end.

But one Secret was above all others.
One Secret won the Game.
That Secret was called the Beloved.
All others were contained in that.

The gamblers got together.
They saw they had nothing to lose.
Only if they played with the
Beloved,
could they really play the Game.

Always think of the Game of
Secrets as *devotion.*
Always think of it as love.
Keep this secret upon your heart
like the Lover's rose.

Value each secret like the Lover's
kiss.
Always yearn for more.
Remember the lips of the Beloved
which have told you this.

As the gods rain down flowers,
so the Beloved rains secrets,
Sweeter than the *flute of Paradise.*
But only real lovers can speak.

The Beloved is hidden.
The *Unseen* is His form.
Worship at the secret altar,
until He is revealed.

If even for a second,
your mind takes to the Game,
consider yourself luckiest
in all of the world.

Perfect is the kingdom.
Perfect is every step.
The world is shades of mystery,
shade upon shade upon shade.

The walkers are walking.
The fliers fly.
Who are you, my friend?
Who am I?

The Collector of Secrets: III

One day, the Collector of Secrets
discovered that we are like
bouncing balls.
He tested this on everyone he knew
and found that it was true.

Then he began to wonder
if we bounced of ourselves,
or if there was *someone else*
who was doing the bouncing.

The secret was that both were true.
At first, *someone else* is doing this.
Then, later, we do it by ourselves
after much difficulty and effort.

Who was it who was doing this to
us?
It was our parents and teachers.
At last, when we can do it by
ourselves.
Then we teach others to do the
same.

Where do you come from?
Where do you go?
This heavy world
is not your home.

Find Someone Who knows the secrets,
but not just one or two.
The secrets are infinite.
So must be He.

Consider your life, which is so precious to you.
Consider what you have to show.
Consider what you will take with you.
Then play the Game of Secrets for all you are worth.

You have toiled here for years.
You have forgotten who you are.
No wonder you are unhappy.
Play the Game of Secrets and come away.

It is easy to suffer.
It is difficult to leave it off.
Who would have thought it like that?
Listen to this secret and see if you can change.

In the distance,
legions are marching this way.
They are carrying stretchers of ignorance.
Each one carries their own death.

They walk upon the sea.
How great they are!
No one can stop them
once they begin the march.

Forever and ever,
the shadows of their existence cover the ground.
I raise my Cup before them
and drink deep.

Everyone asks why the world is like this,
but the secret is something else.
It is we, who have become the form of evil.
The world, itself, is just a *secret game.*

If we listened to the Sound of God,
everything would become clear.
We would become gold.
The world would disappear.

When it is seen, it is Light.
When it is heard, it is Sound.
But it is not the light we see.
It is not the sound we hear.

This is the *Great Secret,*
which the Beloved carries with Him,
and which, indeed,
makes Him the Beloved One.

If He should whisper in your ear,
if He should light your flame,
then come and say what is in your heart,
or keep silence for eternity.

You are indissoluble.
You are limitless bliss.
On the horizon of Love,
you are everywhere I look.

Your body is the Sea of Existence.
Your mind is the Sky of Thought.
Rippling here, blowing there,
you do not know Who you are.

The Field of Nothing is your playground.
The whole world is lost in you.
Infinitely you ramble.
Everything is your joy.

The Angel Who Came to Earth

Once, an angel came to earth,
with instructions to help the worldly souls.
When that was done,
it was to return home to Heaven.

However, while it was here,
Time, the Tricky One, stole its *Secret* away,
so that the angel forgot who it was,
and never returned to Heaven.

God then sent another angel down,
in order to bring back the first.
But the same thing happened
and it also never returned.

God then sent a third angel
with profuse warnings to beware of the trickster,
but to no avail.
And so, the third angel also did not return.

Now, even God was perplexed,
because He knew that in this errand,
He would lose all the angels in Heaven,
no matter how much He warned them.

So it was that an old beggar came down to earth
to bring back the angels.
Time laughed and licked his chops,
leaping on the poor beggar to take away his secret.

Too late, He learned that it was God, Himself,
Whom He held in His hands.
Every secret which He had ever stolen
fell on the earth before them.

So it is that God comes down to earth
and Time keeps far away from the Beloved.
Still, He does His tricks and mischief,
Else everyone would have known the *Secret* by now.

Some people say there is a devil,
Some people say there is none.
The secret is that everything exists,
but it is your choice to pick which one.

Does the Negative Power own this world?
We, ourselves can see.
Every morning we bow down to Him,
then we say that He does not exist.

The world was made for you, alone.
From the very beginning, this was true.
Whenever you are capable of accepting this fact,
Secrets will rain on your life.

When you disappear,
then everything will shine.
Now, you are a cloud
floating before the sun.

Why did you come to the world?
Not to ask questions like that.
You came as a mirror
to stand before the Sun.

You came as a secret
which no one can know.
Only when you disappear,
only then, the secret will be seen.

The Secret Fool: II

The Secret Fool walked across the desert.
It took her years to cross.
She was dark red and blistered.
She looked something like a demon.

The desert was immense.
Everyone wondered how she made it alive.
Some said that she had really died
and that she was a walking ghost.

But when they asked her how she did it,
her answer was curious. Said she,
"The only way to survive that long,
is to not exist.

Look here,
any person of intelligence
knows it is impossible
to live and yet not exist.

But a fool like me!—
That is another thing altogether.
What is impossible for you,
is easy for me!

However, I must admit
that there is a vague semblance of intelligence in me.
For that reason, I became sun burnt and blistered,
because somewhere in me I still believed I existed."

The world is like mist.
rising up off of the sea.
The centuries are like waves,
the years like passing ships.

No matter what you say,
your existence cannot be found.
You are indistinguishable from the passing breeze.
Your name is like ink on water.

Your thoughts cannot be held.
Your deeds are rumors that cannot be traced.
You say that you have been passed by,
but there is not a shred of evidence that it is so.

Millions and millions of years,
Universes beyond belief,
the seen, the unseen, the unknowable,
What else is there to add?

As a cloud obscures the sun,
so the world obscures the infinite.
The secret is that you have eyes
to see through any substance.

If you want to know love,
you will have to find the Game.
But wherever you will look,
only corpses are found.

The worldly people will not come.
Neither do they like to play.
If they would change,
the world would be brighter than the sun.

The secret is this,
that in their hearts most people prefer lies.
It is this sad fact
that makes the world run.

The Secret Beloved: III

In the forehead,
where the Beloved had put the Great Secret,
there is an Eternal Flame.
When Time grabs away the Secret,
It goes out.

Because of this alone,
the soul wanders lost in the world
as a mortal being
with Death always looking over her shoulder.

The Beloved also wanders the world.
He has with Him the Great Secret,
which He whispers in the ears
of the lucky souls.

Then Time comes again,
only to take away that Secret
and put out the flame.
But He cannot do it.

As the hummingbird loves nectar,
so the lover loves to play the secret Game of Love.
You can find the Place of the Beloved
by the birds hovering round.

Nothing of the world
will ever help you play the Game.
When the crucial moment comes,
they will only make you lose the prize.

Hear the secret.
Play the Game without hope.
When nothing can help you,
the secrets rain down.

Are you better seen or unseen?
Worried or worry less. take your pick.
The unknown, the mysterious, the secret,
which road will you take?

No one is sober
in the Land of Secrets.
Indeed, had you been there,
you would still be drunk.

Never sane, never sober,
always play the Game that way.
Shun the serious ones,
who always lose.

If you don't like this Game,
then why did you come into this life?
To die and suffer again and again,
in spite of what you see.

Don't waste your time arguing.
Just ask me about that.
Unless they hunger from top to bottom,
nobody ever listens.

Some people hunger to play the Game,
until they see the face of Death.
Then watch how fast they run,
how far away they go.

The Collector of Secrets: IV

The Collector of Secrets had a wife.
He would try to interest her in his passion.
But for some reason or other,
he could never connect.

"Perhaps" he thought, "if I take her with me,
then she will also want to play."
So he took her on his rounds one day
and showed her the best places to look.

"So this is what you have been doing
all these years!" cried his wife.
And she marched him off that second
to get a good and "real" job.

In that way, the Collector slaved for many years.
But always after that, he went on his rounds by himself,
jealously guarding that no one else should know what he was doing.

Do not think, my friend,
that your time is but a day.
Do not think
that this world is your cup.

Do not think of wine
that comes and goes.
Do not think of seas
that ebb and flow.

Do not tarry
in the place that disappears.
Do not wander
in beginnings and ends.

That which comes out is like gold.
That which comes in is like diamonds.
Do you think you can discover
how all this is made?

Butterflies over the garden,
dragonflies over the pond.
When the summer is over,
what will they do then?

Sipping deeply of existence,
drinking all that you can.
What is the name of your mother
when all this is gone?

What did you dream
when you first heard of this Game?
Now tell us what it is like.
Now speak.

The Secret Fool: III

Upon entering the street,
a cat was spotted by two dogs
who immediately gave chase,
and the cat ran for her life.

Fleeing, she entered into a baker's shop
just as he was removing a load of rolls.
With wild abandon, the cat and dogs
ran round, causing the rolls to fly.

At this point, the Sacred Fool passed by
and seized the opportunity:
"I am sorry that my animals
have caused such havoc."

"Are these beasts yours?"
cried the baker,
and he ran after the Fool
with a huge bread knife.

The fool's feet covered ground with amazing speed
which one would have thought impossible.
Ultimately, the cat and the Fool escaped
and the dogs got a free meal of buns.

You are searching the world for secrets.
Have you ever found even one.
Not today, not tomorrow, not yesterday.
Not even in a million years.

If you have never found the Beloved,
neither have you found even one secret.
But if, by chance, a secret does come your way,
then follow it to Him.

What are the secrets of which we are talking?
Whose taste is like wine
Whose breath is of the Beyond
Whose Sound is indescribable.

Only the whisper of such secrets
takes away belief in the world.
You will place your head
on the Altar of Love.

Those who hear these secrets,
how can they be like us?
Those who worship the world,
how can they play the Game?

Old religions are like old Games,
played hundreds of years in the past.
What good will it do you
to know who won and lost?

Does the Beloved care
if you memorize them by heart?
Your memory and your learning
mean nothing at all.

If you think the Word can be written,
and the rules memorized by brain,
you will never find the Beloved,
nor will He bother to find you.

The secrets are mystic secrets.
They are written on mystic sheets.
Mystic eyes will read them
under mystic Light.

Place this upon your mystic heart.
Kiss the Beloved with your mystic lips.
Write it down in mystic script.
These hidden truths rule the Game.

Without these, you have nothing.
Without these, your defeat is sure.
Wander in the world like a blind man.
Beg for pennies from the Lord of Death.

When the Lovers wish to have a tryst,
they go to the Sea.
The wine is deep and endless.
The sound of waves intoxicates the shore.

The grains of sand kiss the rolling Sea.
They become as glowing gold.
The Lovers dive like fish
and never come up.

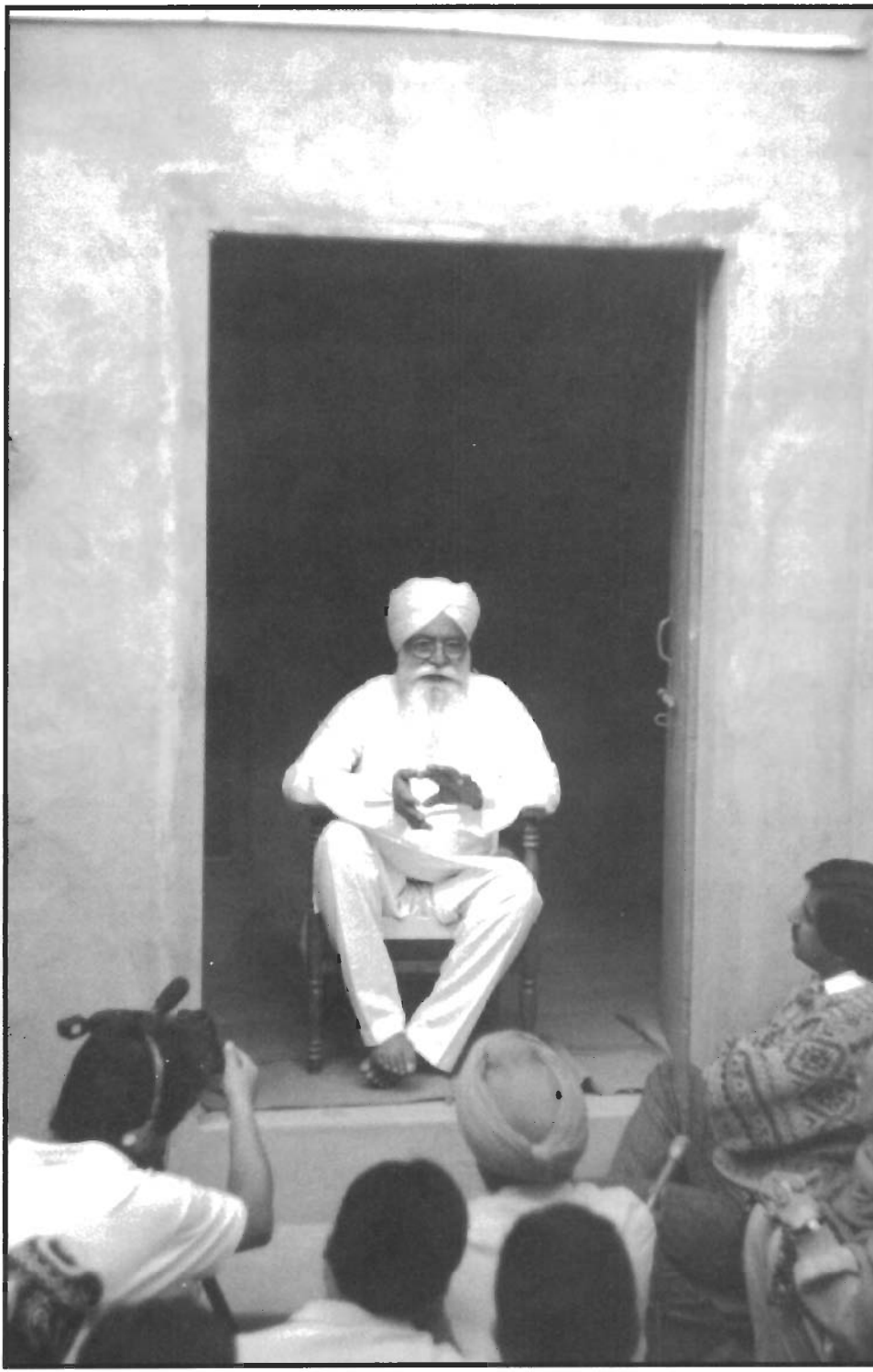
EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is Chapter One of a longer work, we hope to print it all, in serial form, over the next several months.*

* * *

BOUND VOLUMES AVAILABLE

The entire twelve months of *Sant Bani / The Voice of the Saints,* July 2000 through June 2001, is available in a permanent, hard-bound edition, at a cost of $40.00 each. Each book is attractively bound in a high quality, long-wearing cloth cover with the volume number and dates stamped in gold letters on the spine. Please add shipping and handling charges as follows:

United States — Priority mail, $6.00 per book, Book rate, $3.50 per book; **Canada, Mexico, all other countries** — Surface mail, $8.00 per book, Airmail can be billed separately, please specify.



RAJASTHAN, INDIA, CIRCA 1986

The Master Always Fulfills His Promise

Sant Ajaib Singh Ji

I thank that God Kirpal Who left His Eternal Home where there is no confusion, where there is no suffering. Leaving that Home, He came into this world, which is full of suffering, for our sake.

Even if a person in a state of ignorance says, after coming into this world which is full of suffering, that he will not have any suffering, that he will have a peaceful life, how can he expect not to experience any suffering? How can he expect to have peace when this world is full of suffering?

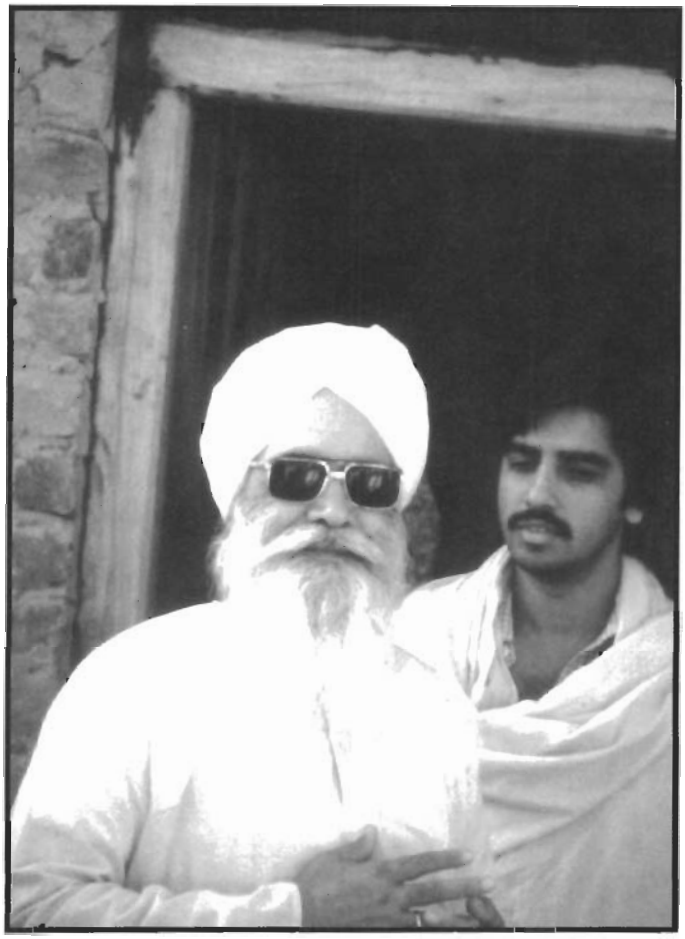
Neither the wealthy are happy here, nor are the poor happy here. Neither the illiterate are happy here, nor are the learned happy here. I mean to say that no one is happy in this world. There is no peace, there is no happiness in this world. If there is any peace or happiness it is only in connecting ourselves with the Naam.

Since I have said a lot about this place and a lot has been published in *Sant Bani Magazine*, you would have read how God Kirpal ordered this poor Ajaib to go underground and do the meditation. He told me that I did not have to come out. Whenever He wanted to He would come Himself to see me. Whenever the Master makes any promise He always fulfills that. So according to His word, He always came here whenever He wanted, displaying sincerity, devotion, and love. He took care of the soul of this poor Ajaib.

Hazur used to say that if the disciple takes one step, the Master walks towards him fifty steps. He helps that disciple, takes care of him and welcomes him.

We come to know about how Master welcomes us only when our soul is perfected and taken care of by Him. It is like when a son who has not written his parents for a long time comes back home: the parents are very happy because they have been waiting and yearning for that son. In their happiness, they collect all sorts of things to welcome him. In the same way, Master also welcomes us when He protects our soul,

This Underground Room talk was given January 4, 1986, at Village 16PS, Rajasthan, India.



RAJASTHAN, INDIA, CIRCA 1981

when He takes our soul back to the real Home.

We understand the tastes of the pleasures of the world as sweet and good as long as we have not tasted the nectar of the Shabd Naam. Guru Nanak Sahib says that you can have only one taste at a time. When we get the taste of the Shabd Naam, then all the tastes of the pleasures of the world go away and they all seem useless.

We are now in the New Year when we send New Year's greetings and best wishes to our relatives, friends, and dear ones. And we get greetings and best wishes from our well-wishers, also. They say, "May you have a long life." Others say, "May the New Year bring a lot of happiness and prosperity to you."

In the same way, I also heartily congratulate all of you. I wish that in this New Year all of you will do a lot of Bhajan and Simran so that you may also become successful on this Path.

an afternoon session at Sant Bani Ashram, 16 PS, Rajasthan

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