The Recognition of a Saint

Sat Sandesh

the message of the Masters

April 1973

And the disciples went, and did as Jesus commanded them,

And brought the ass and the colt, and put on them their clothes, and they set him thereon,

And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way, others cut down branches from the trees, and strewed them in the way.

And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest.

And when he was come into Jerusalem, all the city was moved, saying, Who is this?

MATTHEW 21:6-10

Sat sandesh

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THE MASTER'S TALK

The Heart's True Yearning

WE ARE ALL lovers, devotees of a higher Power—*Thousands of lovers, but the Beloved is one for all.* He whom we desire is the Beloved of the whole world and is the one God for all men—not specifically for Muslims only, or for Hindus only, or for Christians only. God is one, for man—for all creation—and all His devotees have the desire to meet that very same One. Those who really desire Him in the true sense are actually His true relatives, and that person who tells us about Him is truly our brother and our friend.

This is the first half of a talk given by the Master in India and translated from the Hindi by the Sat Sandesh staff. God willing, the second half of the talk will appear in next month's issue.

Within each Master-soul is great devotion for his Guru, and without this devotion none can reach realization. For instance, Christ told his followers, *I am the vine, ye are the branches: he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me, ye can do nothing.* The devotee cannot do without the Guru. It means that as long as one is not truly joined to one's Guru, one cannot really be his devotee, and furthermore cannot become a true devotee of the Lord.

Guru precedes God, for we have not yet seen God, and we must become as subtle or as fine as He is, to be able to do so. Each person views life from his own level. To illustrate this, if we study

the atmosphere no life can be seen there by the physical eye due to the extremely fine substance of the atmosphere and the very coarse level of the eyesight. And yet, if we raise our level of vision by using a microscope which magnifies 700 times, bringing everything to the eye's coarse level, we then see that the atmosphere is filled with forms of life—tiny microbes which are ever in existence even though we cannot see them with the naked eye. That eye has not developed the ability to perceive these more subtle expressions of life. So if man is not as high as God, then what is his first step?

Guru precedes God, for God manifests in the Guru, and from man's level he therefore comes before God. He is God-man—God plus man. If a disciple truly becomes a Guru-man, he also becomes Godman. *Unless one sees, how can one meditate upon it?* How can a person put all his attention on that which he has not seen? So first, devotion to the Guru is very necessary. Guru is not the body; Guru is that Power which is manifesting upon a human pole, and as such is never born and never dies. All Masters have taken up the body, and then left it; and we must also do the same. That Power works through the physical form. *Brahm speaks out through the body; Without the body, what can Brahm say?* But the pole through which He is manifesting is also called Guru because He is manifesting there.

Devotion must of necessity start with the body. We see him, and further we see a glimpse of what he is manifesting, in his eyes. This raises us to a higher level, and so the importance of this *Guru-bhakti* or devotion to the Guru has been stressed by all Masters. Christ taught the same thing, and St. Paul echoed this when he said, *I live: yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.* Hafiz Sahib explained that his heart was so full of his Beloved that the thought of himself being there was gone. He became one with his Beloved. He also says, *I have become the body, You have become the life; They should not say afterwards that You and I were different.* All Masters say the same things in various ways. Hafiz Sahib says also, *I have been grafted to my Friend* [the Guru]. When you graft two branches, what happens? The fruit from that appears to be the same, but the color and fragrance is that of the mother tree. When one is grafted to the Guru, there is no fear of anything. From then on, there is no birth, no death, no more coming and going in creation, no illusion, no Negative Power; for one has been drawn into the very Nectar of Life—one is plunging into it. Anyone who has done this has no fear of death. So devotion to the Guru is the first step, and those who become one with him become one with the Lord. This is the simplest way of realizing Him.

In truth, we are soul. The soul is of the same essence as that of God—Who is all consciousness. And so we are a conscious entity—a drop of the Ocean of All Consciousness. That ocean is swelling full, and can be called the Lord or God. Every drop of essence desires to return to its Source—it is a natural inclination, and this natural yearning remains with us, in one form or another: we want to be happy, we want lasting peace, and so on. We seek the goal in all manner of ways, but the search is always outwards. If we come to realize that the goal lies within us, sorrow overcomes us with the knowledge of that wasted time.

The natural yearning to meet the Lord is innate in every human being, although

most people seek Him outwardly, wherever His Name is represented. If a man is disappointed in his search, again he turns to seek elsewhere, and so his life becomes a series of wasted efforts. As a child, man just plays. Then he goes on to indulge in all the sensual pleasures and the intellectual pursuits. Finally he begins to realize that there is no true happiness or lasting peace in all this, and starts searching for something else. If his yearning is strong enough, and his search sincere, established within him, then the Lord Himself knows this and makes arrangements for the seeker to find someone to help him—someone who has already realized the Lord, someone who may be called by any name you wish, but is in fact a Guru.

I will now take a hymn of Guru Ramdas Sahib, who was an extraordinary devotee of his Guru.

The Lord's arrow of love has pierced my heart.

There is a certain type of arrow which has a hooked head, and when it enters the target it cannot be removed. The Master is explaining that his yearning for the Lord has become a consuming desire, a tormenting yearning of devotion and love which has developed within the heart, and like the hooked arrow is there to stay. When this arrow strikes, one cannot remove it even if he wants to.

My mind is in torment for a glimpse of the Lord—
Like a man athirst, without water.

Without a glimpse of the Lord there is no peace—no satiety—and each second is agonizing. The condition of a man parched with thirst is bad; he gasps and pants, and there is no relief for him until he gets water to drink. God is love, and the soul is His entity and is therefore also love. Its nature is to be attached to something, but at present the soul's love is attached to the physical form and all its various environments like wife, husband, children, friends, property, money, and so on. It is natural for the soul to love, and yet all these worldly things are perishable, and they change. What is more, one cannot remain with them: either we must leave or they must leave. The day of separation *will* come eventually. So the soul gains no continuous happiness through these associations. Guru Arjan says, *Attachment develops for whatever is seen; How then will I meet You, O Imperishable Lord?* It is a prayer of the soul asking how it can become connected to the Lord when it is tied to the worldly things. We are all in the same condition, yet we ask for perpetual happiness and go on to seek it among the perishable things which in a single second can be gone from our sight. So the Masters advise us: *Those who want lasting happiness should live in God's protection, which is permeating in all creation.*

Remember, all Masters are true devotees, and they teach this devotion to the world. They rejoin the souls back to the Lord, for they are themselves one with Him and desire others to enjoy that oneness; they want to rejoin them to the Lord, not to themselves. Kabir Sahib says, *By my doing nothing happens, but only by His wish.* Take any Master's words, you will find they sing the Lord's praises. Guru Ramdas says that the Lord's arrow has pierced his heart. *Only a wounded man can know another's wounded condition.* One Master describes the condition thus: *The place where my Beloved reposes is on top of a gibbet; How then can I meet Him?* When that strong yearning develops

within, the soul cannot rest until it meets the Lord. His desire is only to go to God; or, that God should come to him. When the Lord does come, he wants only to gaze at Him—neither he nor the Lord should see anyone else but each other. These are expressions of true love. Khusro Sahib described his yearning by wanting the Lord to reside in his eyes, that the world may not see Him and He may not see the world. And Kabir Sahib says, *I make a room of the eye, and spread the bed of the pupil; I draw the veil of the eyelashes, and woo the Beloved.* It is another expression of true love for the Lord. The true devotee has tremendous love in his heart for realization of the Lord; and he in whom such love is developed becomes an overflowing cup of love. Such a person can safely be called a Guru, in whose company others gain a small portion or an infection of that love—you can say a little awakening of it—so that they become dyed in a little of that color. Even one who gets no direct contact with the Guru and yet absorbs the atmosphere which surrounds the Guru, does get somewhat affected, and he feels that there *is* something there.

So the burning love to realize God seems like a parching thirst. God cannot be realized without this love. It is an impossibility. As God is love, and our soul is His entity, it can only happen through love. All outer practices, rituals and devotions are performed to help the development of this love. But we perform them like gymnastics and therefore no love or sincerity awakens in the heart. A Muslim prophet tells us that should we do this for a hundred years, even then we would not become a true disciple; for without the love awakened and the flame within kindled, how can the Lord be realized? In such a condition, the Lord's secret cannot be revealed; for love is a consuming flame, within which only the thought of the Beloved can remain. That is written in the Koran. Such love is something like a hawk—wherever it comes to sit, all the other birds fly away. The tenth Guru declares: *Hear ye all, I tell you the truth: God can be realized by those who love.*

> *The pain of this inner torment, only the Lord knows.*

No one else can know of the suffering of the soul that is separated from its Lord, except the Lord Himself; or one who is also suffering similarly.

I can tell you of my own condition, around the year 1914. Background does have some bearing on one's life. One in whom this yearning for God takes root has some impressions from the past which come to the fore and develop during this birth. In those days while working in the office, the tears would flow without reason, spoiling the papers on the desk. Within myself I would ask, "O God, what *is* happening?" At home, the family also could not understand what was happening but I had recently been transferred to the place of my parents and they thought the tears were due to this. What can other people know of the condition of one's heart? If the enigma of the mystery of life enters the heart, the person knows no peace until it has been solved. The questions continue to repeat: *what is life? who am I?*

I have often mentioned the mood of deep thought that I experienced at a young person's deathbed at Lahore. If an individual's life is pure and chaste, the inner knowledge awakens without effort. This is a natural function. Having all this, yet I had not solved the mystery of life; and while sitting beside that dy-

ing person it occurred to me, "This person is dying; there is something in him which is also in me, but it is leaving his body—then what is that something?" I could not at that time perceive the answer, for I did not have the knowledge. What is it that is working in everyone and yet leaves a dying person? I sat there and witnessed this individual call all those near and dear and ask their forgiveness for any wrong, or any act that may have displeased them. After this the eyes closed and the soul left the body. I was wonderstruck to witness this amazing thing. Before my eyes the body was lying there and yet that which had motivated it was gone. It was still in me, but it had left that body. Where it had gone to I did not know. All the way to the cremation ground I fathomed this puzzle, and on arrival I saw that an elderly man had died and was being cremated. Within a few yards of each other the young person and the old man—the two extremes of life, youth and old age—were consumed in the flames. My heart was deeply affected with the realization that there is no escape from this death for any one of us. Learned or unlearned, all men are imprisoned in gross ignorance. This mystery of life entered my heart and did not leave. From then I started searching day and night for the answer in all the scriptures I could find. Whole nights were spent reading avidly, but I could find no solution in the holy scriptures and philosophies. Yes, there were indications and references, but they gave no practical solution. Of course, the solution cannot be written; for it is a scientific practical self-analysis, the experience of which can be had only by sitting at the feet of some Master-soul who will put one on the way, in order that the experience may be increased daily. When I finally reached Hazur's feet in the year 1924, the understanding of this inner knowledge came.

There are many tears for worldly things, but who cries for the Lord? People who have never done so do not realize what kind of torment that is. It is not something within our control—it either comes or does not. It is pain—black clouds which bring the promise of rain; the blossoms of the fruit tree which bring the promise of fruit to come. This tormented condition indicates a heart wherein lies the hope of the Lord's coming—you can say it heralds his coming. And Guru Ramdas says that only the Lord Himself knows the pain of that heart, the inner torment.

Guru Amar Das once said, *One second without You, O Lord, seems like fifty years.* A certain poet says, *O statistician, you have calculated much, but can you reckon the nights of separation —how long they are?* The whole world cries incessantly—for the world. The Lord's devotees cry only for the Lord. *If by laughter and play the Lord could be realized, then who would be without Him?* Tears are very necessary, for without them the deeply buried *sanskaras* [karmic impressions] of aeons of births cannot be washed away. The water from the eyes has a marvelous cleansing power. Maulana Rumi has a very beautiful way of putting it when he says that if one wishes to do the *Haj* (pilgrimage to Mecca), then he should go by the "waters of the sea, for the road by dry land will never take one there." The "waters of the sea" are the tears, flowing down in torrents from the eyes.

> *He is my true brother who will tell me something of my Lord, the Beloved.*

It is but natural, being in such a condition, that one would appreciate anyone

who could speak of his Beloved with real knowledge. God is loved, and so is he who can tell of Him. Then what about the one who can take us to Him? One should sacrifice oneself upon such a person, and live faithfully according to his wishes. In true love one becomes rich and great, and surrenders all the world and the worldly things. Guru Arjan says, *I will give myself to him who will take me to my Beloved Love.* The yearning is for Someone, and yet he is prepared to give his whole life to one who will take him to that Someone. Why? *The yearning is for a glimpse of Him.* He yearns for a glimpse of the Lord, and for that is prepared to enslave himself for life. What do worldly people know of this? Does the question of religion arise here? If there are four drunkards, they will develop love for each other without a thought of their different religions, because of the single attraction of intoxication.

Brothers, we are all devotees of the Single One; why not have love for each other? If we do not love each other, I can only say that love for the Lord has *not* awakened within us. Love for our fellow men is the first lesson for those who walk the path of Spirituality, for God is in each being. *Since I got the company of the sages, none is an enemy, none a stranger; I developed love for all.* The company of the Master teaches us that God is in every being and one should accept everyone, in love. The subject of caste or religion does not arise here. *He is a Satguru who brings all children of God together.* When sitting before the Master, no thoughts occur that one person is this, another is that, etc. Remember, all worldly relationships will be left behind, and only the true relationship will accompany you. He says that the true brother or friend is he who tells of the Beloved.

During the time of Hazur, a similar question arose: that among the initiated, some have reached the goal by their practices, and some are still learning in school; so where does this true relationship apply? Baba Sawan Singh Ji explained that everyone has to cross the river, but some cross in the first boat, some in the second, and so on. After all, the landing stage on the other side is the same for all boats and all the travelers will meet there. *The true relationship made by the Guru cannot be broken.* Like beads on an unbreakable string, the Guru strings us together. Even on the worldly level, one feels very friendly and amiable to anyone who speaks of one's beloved; so, ignoring all castes, religions, social orders and differences, the devotee's friend is he who tells of the Lord. The soul's caste is not Hindu, Muslim, Christian, Buddhist, but is the same as the Lord's. This true relationship has ever been in existence, but we have forgotten it. When the Master comes, he enlivens that relationship and makes one into a conscious co-worker of the Divine plan. He sees the same nature lying in all. It is a part of Nature's character that each aspect reverts to its source, and each species blends with its own. Man's inclination is to love—to love his fellow man, and to love God. This nature is innate within him.

Let us meet, O sakhi, and sing the Beloved's praises;
Take the Satguru's knowledge.

We are all *sakhis* [female friends]—*One Male, all others are female.* All souls are female, and God Himself is the sole male, meeting Whom the everlasting marriage takes place. Worldly marriages can last perhaps ten, fifteen, or even a hundred years; they could reach a thou-

sand years even, but the soul which meets the Lord realizes the marriage which is true and permanent. He says that true friends should sit together and talk about the Lord. How? By taking the knowledge from the Satguru, for meeting the Satguru prepares the way for access to the Lord.

There are two ways of praising God. One is by seeing, and getting intoxication from what is seen so that the words of praise naturally overflow; the other way is by repeating words of praise from books, and visualizing. The latter is like cooking a flavorful dish in one's imagination. There is a great deal of difference in the two methods. True devotees enjoy the Lord's Nectar—by seeing Him. Their eye is opened; they sing the Lord's praises out of intoxication.

Get the Lord's Nectar from the Satguru, and then sit together and speak of Him. Meeting the Satguru, one's mind becomes tranquil—the mind and the intellect. He teaches us how to still the mind. Otherwise, we may take the Lord's Name in praise incessantly and yet the intellect will not be stilled—the mind's ramifications will continue perpetually.

What does Lord Krishna say in the Gita? *Both good and bad actions are binding to the jiva, like gold and iron chains.* Good thoughts are very well, but they are outgoing, and they disseminate. What does the Satguru give then, so that the mind is stilled? He gives something within, the sweetness of which charms the mind into stillness for a while. In this way, the ground is prepared for future opening of the way. There is no other true cure.

All conflict should be thrust aside—all should sit together and sing the Lord's praises. All mankind is one; who is good, who is bad? *With a single Light, all creation came into being; Who is good and who is bad?* Who then is rich and who is poor? All have been given the same attributes by the Lord. Physically also, the outer and inner construction is the same. The Hindus are not better favored than the Muslims. The Christians are not better favored than the Sikhs. God made the human being. The soul is a conscious entity, a drop of the Ocean of All Consciousness, and it desires to return to its Source. This is the simple Truth, but man has no desire to face it until he has been pushed around from pillar to post. Some souls have reached this Path via great suffering, and some have yet to suffer before they reach it. Perpetual repose lies in nothing else but meeting God.

O fulfill the yearning of Nanak's child:
Peace will descend in this body, with a glimpse of the Lord.

He concludes with a prayer. The yearning for a glimpse of God is the highest aim in human life. *Receiving this human form, it is thy turn to meet God.* This is the right time, when the soul is in torment for the Lord, and this torment is expressed in a deep yearning for Him. When that yearning is fulfilled, it gains perfect peace and stillness—the peace that passeth all understanding, the everlasting peace. This can be received only through one who is one with the Lord, and is the image of the Truth. Only such a Personality can take the soul to God. How can he who has never met the Lord take another to Him? A learned man can give outer knowledge; that is all. An awakened man can give the contact, and with practice one can gain that which he is. There is really no difference be-

(*Continued on page 32*)

8 OPPOSITE: *Presiding at the Second World Religions Conference, Calcutta, 1960.*

THE RECOGNITION OF A SAINT

A second, closer look at the remarkable events of February 5-6-7, 1973

From a new initiate

Jeffrey Broadbent gives us an intensely personal, in-depth description of the celebrations, culminating in his initiation . . .

AFTER TWO DAYS of slow steam train from Calcutta, we slept overnight at Delhi Station. Finally, at 7 a.m. on Jan. 29, we walked into the white-walled compound of Sawan Ashram, illumined by clear dawn light from a blue sky, and were met by white-turbaned, fluffy white-bearded Gyani Ji, with a twinkle in his eye. I was certain we had entered Heaven.

He led us to a room inside a low-walled courtyard, brought us tea and toast, and told us to wait. Thirty minutes of silence later, the inner door opened and Master Kirpal Singh Ji entered to sit down before us. I, uninitiated, never had met Master physically, and, coming from a Zen tradition, had been skeptical of the mystical effusions of the Sikh Saints. "Could indeed such lofty phraseology have anything other than a 'will-o-the-wisp' for an exponent?" was the thought that nagged at my subconscious.

One second in the Living Presence of the Master shattered that doubt, leaving me stunned by the solidity and strength of His benignly wise Presence. He struck me so deeply as a "whole man," a wonderful integration of body, mind, and soul, that spoke on all those levels at once. Those smiling eyes re-echoed far within the maze of my own heart. To my enchanted mind, the conversation became as if heard from another room, till Master said, "All right, go have your breakfast." We wandered out into the white air.

The quiet of that morning was a calm before the storm. After a few days, the air was filled with hammering, bricklaying, cementing, tent riggings, etc., as preparations for Master's 80th birthday celebration gathered momentum.* Along the wall by the railroad tracks, new bathing areas and toilets were built and a floor of bricks was laid on the half-built Satsang-Meditation Hall near the gate, which is replacing the old meditation shed. Then colorful canvas curtains were hung to make temporary bedrooms, and other new rooms were also put into use.

Sunday Satsang of Feb. 4 saw the crowd packing the grounds of the Ashram. Afterwards most stayed on, lining up in rows to receive chapatis, lentils, and vegetables. They slept under tent roofs, singing devotional bhajans into the wee hours. The gates of Master's house became continually besieged with a crowd of Indian people, some in simple cloths, some in colorful saris. Many were almost crying to be let in, to touch Master's feet or receive parshad. Inside, Master could be seen heartily talking to an attentive group around His feet. Those days, every spare minute far into the night, Master was giving Himself out in this way. Still, He always had an amazing quality of completely attending to one person at a time, absorbing them into a profoundly personal relationship, pacifying an excited questioner with a glance, a chuckle or a few pertinent words.

During those days the gathering of Indians, and we Westerners clustered

*By Western reckoning, his 79th. See note on p. 12, SAT SANDESH, March 1973.

near His chair, would wait until about 9 a.m., when Master would come out and put us into meditation. He would again come out around 10:30 and ask of our experiences. Often He would count the Westerners, laughing, saying, "I'm counting my children, see!"—and if a "chick" was missing He'd ask where he or she had gone. He told us not to go anywhere without informing Him, and to take someone from the Ashram with us, so as not to get lost or in difficulty. Such practical concern gave us a lot of reassurance, as travelers in an unfamiliar land.

In the evening, after meditation, the Westerners had a chance to talk more personally to Master. Since He had told us to do at least three sittings of two hours each daily, He would ask how much we had sat that day, and answer any questions.

As the Birthday drew near, the Ashram family grew and grew. The day before Master's Birthday, Feb. 5, was the first official day of the celebration. From evening to morning bhajans were in the air. That morning we all sat together as usual. Master spoke briefly in Hindi, and then asked us to keep up our meditations.

On the evening of the 5th, the first of four big meetings was held. We walked over to a large field roofed with green and red patterned tenting and floored with rugs, stretching far back, with a wide raised dais up front. We arrived early, entered behind the dais and sat directly in front of it. While waiting for Master, some very intriguingly dressed people mounted the stage: orange, red, white, and yellow robes, as well as stiff black coats, appeared; long hair and no hair, neat hair and wild shaggy hair, neatly trimmed white beards and long scraggly white beards. A devotee began singing a heart-felt devotional bhajan, while everyone waited with anticipation for Master's arrival. As time went by we became aware of an enormous murmuring behind us. Looking around, we saw a vast sea of faces stretching far back into the evening darkness beyond the end of the tent. Upturned eyes were glistening in the bright lights of the dais.

Finally, Master ascended the platform. Sitting, His form radiated a mountain-like composure. As He gazed out over the multitude, I was literally charged by the compassion in His Radiant eyes. It felt like He was keenly conscious of each and every individual in that sea of about 30,000 souls. The murmur of voices was hushed. There was silence, and only the Master's eyes looking upon us.

Master gave a short address in Hindi. Then, for the following three hours, the invited speakers presented an incredible kaleidoscopic show of contrasting religions, viewpoints, personalities, practices, and vibrations. Chanting Tibetan lamas fading into triple harmonics; a singing yogi, like a young Shiva, creating universes with hand motions; serious-faced, black coated Muslims, who brought an air of deserts and hot sun; a ruddy, smooth-skinned glowing yogi expounding on how the light of God shines through the atoms of matter; a neat Christian priest who sat primly for hours and hours; and early Indian revolutionaries, not originally of the non-violent school—one had been in jail 32 years, nine of which were spent with Mahatma Gandhi; he had long wild white hair, was dressed in simple Gandhian homespun, and gently laughed about humankind in such an infectious manner that everyone also laughed. These and many others mounted the dais during the evening. Often Master,

when He was greeted by a new arrival, was very joyful.

Throughout the great variety of religious and philosophical thought presented on the stage, there came from Master the sense of a common thread running through all the viewpoints. He seemed to be the still center in the hurricane of ideas. Master sat there, quietly listening, occasionally joining the speaker in a smile or laugh. There was no trace of comparison or criticism; rather each speaker was considered a perfect flower in his own right, all together composing a flower garden of various hues. To continue the metaphor, Master, all the time silently aware, was like the air or earth which nourishes all growing things.

Toward the end our minds became quite wearied with so many hours of sometimes strident sound and thought. Finally, to our joy, Master's turn came. He said, "Now let's have three minutes of silent meditation."

The vast congregation sank into a deep silence, and the echoes of the evening voices faded away into a mysterious peace which wafted in like a gentle breeze. Truly, silence speaks louder than words.

At 4 a.m. in the morning darkness of Feb. 6, His Birthday, those at the Ashram gathered under a large lighted canopy in front of Master's house. Suddenly the man singing the bhajan over the loudspeakers was cut off and the lights went out, due to a power failure. A murmur of concern went up from the women's side. But someone arose with a beautiful "Song to Kirpal," and soon the darkness was peaceful. After an hour, the light returned, and with it, Master came to the dais. Before dawn, all together under one striped and patterned roof, the group, although about 5,000, had a feeling of intimacy. Master seemed very tired and His words were heavy, like a fully-ripe fruit tree. He told us all to "work while the sun is shining" for "I am the light of the world as long as I am *in* the world," and when the sun goes down, it will be too late and we will cry. Our hearts too were heavy.

By 9 a.m. a vast crowd, estimated at 50,000, had assembled at the tent-field nearby, and Master came to put us into meditation. A profound stillness settled upon us, graced by our Father's living Presence upon the dais. The "soul-drops" of so many individuals melted into an "Ocean of Silence," all embracing. It was awesome to sink into that vast primeval ocean. The thrilling hope arose that if so many brothers and sisters could sit together in such peace, perhaps, someday, "we *shall* overcome!"

The following day, in the evening, was the special meeting at the Vigyan Bhavan in New Delhi. After all the important people had left, at the very end, Taiji began a beautiful devotional bhajan to Master. We spontaneously got to our feet and walked slowly down to the front, forming a ring, gazing up at Taiji and Master with a very peaceful exhaustion.

Sawan Ashram was so crowded those days it seemed little like a center of peaceful retreat. But despite all the noise and confusion, there was generally an atmosphere of great friendliness and joy. Especially the poor people, dressed in dusty wraps with maybe a lop-sided turban, had eyes which shined with Master's teaching and hearts full of fellow-feeling. This became especially evident after Initiation.

The morning of the 8th, canvas walls were erected around the lawn in front of the guest house, and those seeking Initiation assembled. Loudspeakers were arranged to cope with the large number

of people: 1,003 Indians and four Westerners. I was one of the four. Master came and gave Initiation in Hindi, and someone whispered a translation to us, so we caught the gist of what He said. It was a wonderful time, and afterward I truly felt blissfully transformed. After it was over, I followed Master's footsteps to His house, and as He waved to the people thronging there, I had a strange sense of the unity, the non-separation of all things. It was as if the Master who was waving and the people waving back were all the same person, the same Mind. And even the air, the wall, the trees and all manifested things, also partook of that Consciousness. It was only a flash, but how satisfying!

Later, as I walked toward the Ashram gate, saying Simran for the first time, I was surrounded by a group of devotees. One who spoke English said they had wanted to speak to me before, but had been afraid of language difficulties. Now they came—as if some wall had been broken. We played together for a while, exchanging broken Hindi and English, and one smiling brother put his floppy turban on my head. I walked on feeling strangely happy.

From India's leaders

This is a somewhat arbitrary selection from a vast amount of material, but it is typical of the whole.

1. *Pundit Dina Nath Dinesh*

Pundit Dina Nath Dinesh, a celebrated exponent of the Bhagavad Gita, was the first speaker of the evening on Feb. 5. A chronic diabetes patient recently paralyzed on the left side, the Pundit had to be helped to the dais. In a voice quivering with emotion, he spoke as follows:

I HAD A STROKE of paralysis on the left side on the 26th of June last year. The doctors said my case was hopeless, that I would never be able to regain use of my limbs. I had to remain in bed all the time for fear of internal hemorrhage, due to high blood pressure which rose to 200. Even now my blood pressure count is not less than 160. But I have no fear for my doctor is sitting by me. [*The Pundit pointed to the Master who was sitting beside him.*]

Hazur Sant Kirpal Singh Ji heard of my affliction and came to see me. I wanted to pay my respects, to receive him with folded hands. I tried. I found to my surprise that I could move my hands, even to join them together in pranam. And the doctors had said I could never move my limbs! I thought I should stand up now and bow to him. To my great surprise I found I could do even that. I stood up and bowed to him. And now I am sitting here before you, a heart patient, struck down by paralysis, with a blood pressure count that may cause hemorrhage any moment. But I feel myself strong, very very strong. My doctor is with me. With him at my side, I have no fear. When the disciple surrenders himself, body and soul, to the competent Master, he has no fear. The Guru has to cleanse him of all dross. He is the Washerman; the disciple is the

soiled cloth. He will beat him on the rock of his attention to bring out the eternal Light in him. And while doing that he has also to see that there is no unsightly scratch or tear in the cloth.

There have been Messiahs in the past. They all established their own order, founded their own sects and cults. Our Sant Ji here has joined them all to make one grand bouquet. He has not founded any cult or sect. When the Supreme Being said, "I am one, let me multiply and become many," the whole creation came into being. And what is that creation? The multiplication of the One into many. And what is the Way back to Him? Be one. And that is the message of Sant Ji to all mankind, A message to man, given on the level of man through the Manav Kendra or Man Center. A message of unity in diversity. Let us merge our separate entities in Sant Ji and be one with him so we can be one with God.

I have been associated with Sant Ji for so many years now. His divine compassion, his total concern for his fellow man reminds me of King Yayati. The gods sent a plane to take him to Paradise. But Yayati refused to go to Paradise alone; he insisted on taking all his companions with him. Sant Ji has gone one better: he has brought Paradise itself down on earth.

2. *Lama Kushak Bakula*

His Holiness Kushak Bakula, M.P., is the Head Lama of Ladakh, an Indian state on the western slope of the Himalayas, near Kashmir, which is predominantly Tibetan in race and Buddhist in religion. He has been associated with the Master for some time. The talk which follows, written by him in Hindi, was given during the morning Satsang on the 6th.

THE GROWTH OF DHARMA and the growth of life are interdependent. The great Light-givers all worked for the advancement and enrichment of the life of the individual and of society. In the line of spiritual luminaries, we have with us today His Holiness Sant Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj working to raise man and society to higher levels of purity and nobility. I have studied Sant Ji's life and the aims and objects of the Manav Kendra. The goal of Sant Ji's constant endeavors is welfare of the soul along with the welfare of society. He is the founder of a new moral revolution, a revolution of character in modern society. He has spread his message of upliftment of man in all the four corners of the earth. He propounded his principles and gave them concrete form.

I am glad that our society will get new inspiration to follow in his footsteps on this auspicious occasion of his 80th birthday. Expressing my best wishes, I would like to declare my firm belief that he who works for the welfare and happiness of others will himself be well provided for and happy.

Sant Kirpal Singh is one of the great men of our times. He has made the best use of each moment of his life. Today all men look to him for guidance. He teaches the Path of True Dharma to all who come to him. He is bringing about a new transformation in society through his message. In this modern world where we see such misuse of power and exploitation of man by man, Sant Ji's message has special relevance. There is great progress in science, but there is no

true peace in the world. There is great decline in character.

The ideals which Sant Ji has put before us today were propounded long ago by Tathagata Buddha: that the way to salvation lies through the observance of chastity, truth, and non-violence. Sant Ji's teachings are the same as Buddha's. Sant Ji loves all mankind. He does not recognize any distinction between man and man on the basis of birth, caste, or status in society. Equal love and respect for all religions and scriptures, simple living, love for all creation, non-violence in thought, word and deed, restraint in speech, always discoursing on Dharma, and a life of solitude away from the glare of publicity—these are some of his other traits. At the ripe old age of 80 he is still busy in spreading the message of Truth and true knowledge. Seekers after Truth come to him from all parts of the world for counsel and guidance.

In this vast country of ours, there are as many Paths as there are types of trees. But the principle of love of man cannot be restricted or confined. According to Goswami Tulsidas, *God is limitless, His story too is limitless.* Sant Kirpal Singh Ji's teachings open the way to happiness and joy abounding and are of practical utility. He was endowed with miraculous powers from his very childhood. His personality is attractive. His heart is full of love for all mankind. He is a great scholar. He awakens new enthusiasm and joy.

Sant Ji is an embodiment of humanism and beneficence. The greatness of his personality lies in his simplicity. He has awakened spiritual consciousness in people in India and abroad. He has given new light to the world. The whole family of man owes a debt of gratitude to him. Blessed indeed is Sant Kirpal Singh Ji, the miraculous light-giver, who is keeping alive the great traditions of this country. Spiritually centered, he is always at the service of the afflicted and the downtrodden. The more we study his personality and his works the more he rises in our estimation. His holy voice rings with a message of hope and cheer to despairing humanity.

In conclusion I pray to the *Tri-Ratna* [the three-jeweled one] that there be peace in the world; that we should all follow the great Masters and keep our hearts pure; and that Sant Kirpal Singh Ji may enjoy long life, for the benefit of mankind.

3. *Pundit Parmananda*

Pundit Parmananda fought long and hard for India's freedom. A close associate of Mahatma Gandhi, he spent 32 years in British jails, and is now the Director of Education at Manav Kendra. This brief beautiful speech was given by him on the evening of the 7th at the Vigyan Bhavan, when Master was presented with the Abhinandan Patra. This meeting, the climax of the celebrations, began with recitations from Gurbani and bhajans from Nanak and Kabir, including Gandhi Ji's favorite prayer meeting songs, sung by the Music Master Pratap Singh Ji, the pothi of Sawan Ashram; Srimati Harbhajan Kaur, the Master's daughter-in-law; and others. The Pundit's comments are as follows:

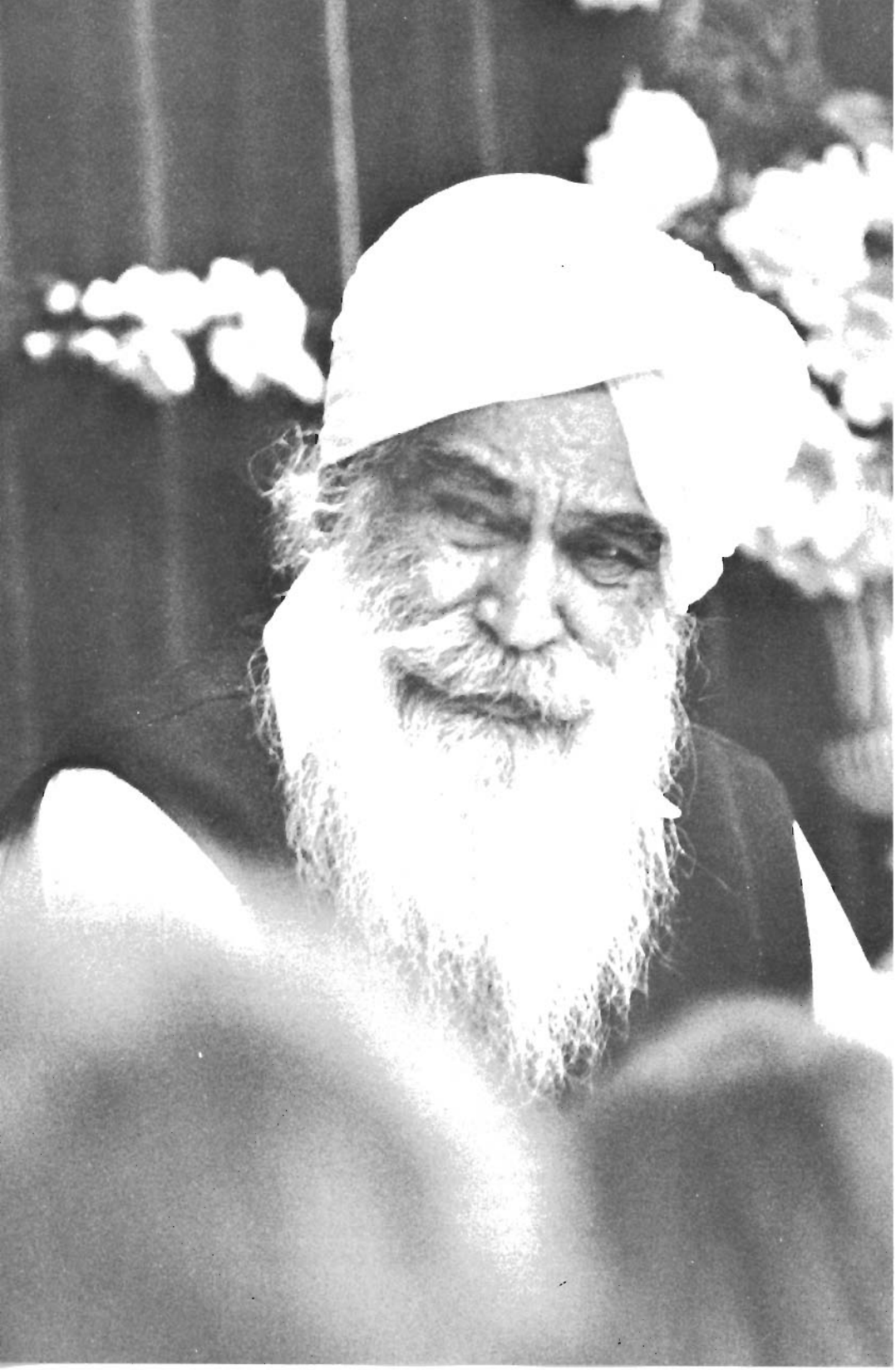
I FOUGHT THE BRITISH for 50-60 years. Now I want to participate in spiritual

(*Continued on page 18*)

The atmosphere is dancing, the goblet is in trance,
For the divine cup-bearer has brought the message of Spring.
From Thee I have learnt to love the whole world;
Thy message of love I must give out to all.
High is thy place; so high indeed
That the sun and the moon knock at Thy door to pay Thee homage.
Whenever they find themselves hard pressed by fate,
The tipplers of Thy tavern take Thy holy Name.
Seeing Thee give to the Universe, the thought comes to my mind:
The Most High Himself has come down to raise us up.

DARSHAN

Translation of an Urdu poem recited by the author at the pre-dawn Satsang on Master's Birthday.



(*Continued from page 15*)

revolution. And for that I have come to Sant Ji, for his field is very vast. Politics is a restricted field. History tells us of Generals and Emperors produced by politics; but a perusal of 3,000 years' history shows that it has not produced great men. The field of politics is so small that it cannot produce men like Buddha, Jesus, Nanak, and Kabir, who were givers of life and light; and for that I have come to Sant Ji. If we go to him with honesty of purpose then we must translate his teachings into our life, so that we can follow in his footsteps. Unless we do that we cannot become missionaries. And without the missionary spirit we cannot reach the goal.

People say, truth prevails; I say, unity prevails. Leave the luxury of words; sit in meditation as Sant Ji has taught you. In the silence of the heart you will find everything. Silence speaks with millions of tongues, more effectively than words. I appeal to you all to become missionaries, life-long missionaries, to spread Sant Ji's message of Truth and Love; you can transform the whole world. Jesus gave the Light; it was the missionaries who came after him who spread that Light throughout the world. We should all become missionaries of the living Master, Sant Kirpal Singh Ji. If we love him, we should love and serve humanity.

4. *Swami Govindaprakash*

Maha Mandleshwar Swami Govindaprakash Ji Maharaj, Head of the Ram Tirath Mission, also spoke on the evening of the 7th, as follows:

TODAY WE BOW in reverence to the Great Guru, not only of India, but of the whole world, who has raised man to the level of man through the Power of God working in him. The Supreme Power that we know as God is the arbiter of our destiny; He can send us to Heaven or Hell according to our deeds. But the Satguru, the True Master, liberates man from the chains of mind and matter that bind him to earth, and takes him back to his Eternal Home. But first he makes him man in the real sense of the word. And what is a man? One who lives for others. He has raised himself from the level of animal to the level of man, and helps others to attain the same level. It is the level of a Saint. We are today celebrating the 80th birthday of such a one who takes us in hand to raise us to the level of man, and then leads us on step by step to God. Who would not bow before such a man? Who would not love and revere him? We acclaim him as our Guru. He is in fact a JAGAT GURU, a World Teacher, Mentor, and Guide of child humanity.

Clouds send rain down from the skies, which takes the form of small rivulets in the hills, which become large rivers by the time they reach the plains, finally running down to the sea. The same pure, sweet, cool, fresh water becomes hot, muddy, finally brackish and salty and of no further use. But the ingenuity of the scientist and the engineer built dams to check the flow of water, constructed canals and regulated the course of water to irrigate millions of acres of parched soil to grow much needed food for millions of people.

We of the family of man are also like the flowing rivers journeying toward the salty sea of death where we will be of no

use to anybody. But we are fortunate that the Great Master is still incarnate and working in our midst. He told us just now that he read for the sake of knowledge. I would say, however, that he read not for *Gyan* (knowledge) but *Vigyan* (higher or practically demonstrable knowledge). Gyan is just knowing; Vigyan is a state of being, of becoming. He progressed from Gyan to Vigyan, and in this Vigyan Bhavan today he has been talking to us of that demonstrable knowledge or Vigyan. He is like the engineers and scientists who dam the rivers and regulate their flow through canals for the service of the whole creation. He has built the dams of Ruhani Satsang and Manav Kendra to check the wasteful flow of purposeless life journeying toward the salty sea of death, and he has harnessed the Waters of Life for the service of humanity.

And he has the power and authority to do that. He is the commissioned One, the Elect of God. His word is with power. There are four million of us in Delhi. If we all join together and demand that the courts of law should be closed for a day, or a general holiday be declared—will our demand be accepted? No. But if our worthy President, the Lieutenant Governor, were to say this—the courts would close for the day even in this age of democracy. Why? Because he has the power to do what he says.

We can only utter the words *Ram* or *Sohang* (I am that) or *Shivoham* (I am all consciousness, I am all bliss) or *Aham Brahm Asmi* (I am the Creator); but we cannot manifest it. The Guru's word is with power. When he utters these words, he has the power to make them manifest.

Just as the Lieutenant Governor first acquired the prerequisite educational qualifications, then sat in the I.A.S. examination, and, after running through the mill of administrative experience, got elevated to this post of authority; in the same manner, the Guru, through the practice of the Holy Naam or Name, got to the Named and became one with Him. It is not given to all to know and recognize him; only a Saint knows a Saint. Let us all pray for his long life and the success of his man-making mission. HARI OM TAT SAT.

5. *Pundit Sunder Lal*

Pundit Sunder Lal, another veteran revolutionary and a well-known historian, said that although he was Sant Kirpal Singh Ji's senior in age, he accepted him as his Guru. Tracing the history of the Indian National Congress, he spoke substantially as follows:

FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES, India's fight for freedom was based on the concept of unity and equality of man. In 1907, Lokmanya Tilak had defined *Sandhya* (the Hindu union prayer) as a means to establish union with God. In 1923, when Maulana Mohammed Ali was reminded in the midst of a Congress session that it was time for *Namaz* (Muslim prayer), he said that the proceedings of the Congress session were in no way different than Namaz. In 1924 Gandhi Ji undertook a 21-day fast for bringing about Hindu-Muslim unity. There was in fact a resolution on the agenda for one common religion of humanity, but Gandhi Ji said there was no need for that: since the basic teachings of all religions were the same, they

should remain in their respective religious formations—only they should act up to what their scriptures say.

This is exactly what Sant Ji tells us today. Sant Ji is doing the same work that Kabir and Nanak did in their times.

The Master's comments

1. *On the Birthday Eve*

The Master gave this talk during the Evening Satsang on Feb. 5.

DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS, the things that you have heard, to whom does the credit go for that? Christ said, *I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing.* This is the relationship between the Guru and his disciple. The sikh or disciple is he who is accepted as such by the Guru. It is none of the disciple's doing; it is all my Master's work. He said to me, "Look here, I have done this much, the rest you have to do." I wept in anguish, "Master, how can I do it?" And he said, "I am with you." So when the sikh merges his identity in the Guru and becomes one with him, it is the Guru's power that works, for it is his work. Hafiz says, *I am rid of all fears for I am embedded in my true Friend, my Master; he who has drowned himself in the Water of Life, what fear has he of death?*

Ramakrishna once showed Vivekananda a plate filled with honey and said, "This is the sea of immortality and you are a honey-bee. How will you eat it?" Vivekananda replied, "I will start from the edges to save myself from getting stuck in it." Ramakrishna retorted, "It is the sea of immortality! Plunge headlong into it."

Who is he—the Guru? Gurbani says, *He that is one from beginning to end, He is my Guru.* He in whom God is manifest, that manifested God in man, we call by the name of Guru. It means no one else but God is the Guru. We also revere that human pole in which the Light of God is manifest. We value the bulb because it transmits the light. Guru is Light personified. The sikh or disciple should become *gurusikh* first. How? By obeying him implicitly, doing what the Guru asks him to do. This is the first step. He should follow him literally, one hundred per cent. *If you love me, keep my commandments.* That is the criterion. But we do not do that; we modify his commandments according to the dictates of our mind and intellect. It is a bitter sweet thing, the intellect. It is good and it is bad. It is something we should thoroughly understand. It holds us in its thrall. What does *Maya* literally mean? *Ma* means "to measure" and *ya* means "an instrument"—so it is an instrument of measurement. That is what our mind or intellect is supposed to be. We have to understand it, to make the best use of it. It is a question of right understanding. But the Guru-disciple relationship is something above and beyond that. A Muslim Saint says, *I am the body, and you are the life that animates it; you become me and I become you, so that people may not say that you and I are different entities.*

When such a relationship is estab-

lished between the Master and the disciple, then the Master does everything. It all depends on the Master's acceptance of the disciple. Perhaps I was a spendthrift. My Master Hazur Maharaj Ji saw that this spendthrift would give away the wealth freely to all and sundry. And that was what he wanted, for his treasury of Naam is inexhaustible and will remain full forever. And that is why thousands are getting the benefit of his munificence. It is not my wealth. That is why I say that I am only a stalking horse. You must be under an illusion, so much so that you do not believe me even when I tell you that. But it is a fact nevertheless.

So whatever benefit you are getting, the credit is not mine. Some years back during the Diamond Jubilee celebrations so many things were said about me. I said that all the things that have been said here I have passed on to him to whom the credit belongs. If a cashier has with him a hundred thousand rupees deposited on his master's account, the money does not belong to him; he is only a servant getting a hundred rupees a month.

The Power (Guru Power, Christ Power, God Power, call it what you may) never dies. It manifests itself time and again on various human poles to guide the child humanity. We respect all those who were commissioned by God to bring his children back to the Home of the Father. It is the Light of God that works in them. And what do they say of their mission? *I am come into this world, that they which see not might see; and that they which see might be made blind.* [John 9:39]. When the attention is diverted from outward gazing and is inverted within, only then the inner vision is opened and one is able to see. The commissioned ones who come are lighthouses; they are the Light of God, which manifests from the human body. They give out radiation and those who come within their circle benefit from it. The credit goes to them.

So Hazur Maharaj said to me, "When I am with you, you should have no fear." I can only say that it is all his grace working, it is none of my doing. In the morning Satsang today I said that when Godmen come they give the clarion call, "Come ye all, return to your true home." Christ said, *I am going back to the House of my Father.* Other Masters also said the same thing in their own way. So Masters come to take the children of God back to their true Home. That is their mission. To whom does the credit go? To Him who sends them.

The commissioned ones who have come from time to time have all referred to their mission and commission, some directly, some in the third person. Kabir said, *I know the secrets of the Eternal Home and have been commissioned by Him to do His work.* Some (like Guru Nanak and Guru Gobind Singh) said, "I am His servant." Some (like Christ and Mansur) said, "I and my Father are one." So a sikh or disciple should become a Gurusikh [or Guru's man] first, and what is a Gurusikh? Gurbani says, *Verily the Guru is a true sikh and a true sikh is the Guru, and both of them work to revive the same old old teachings of the Masters.* From a Gurusikh one should become a *Gurumukh* or mouthpiece of the Guru. *It is I, not now I, it is Christ who lives in me.* When he sees Him working, he forgets who speaks. A Muslim Saint says, *When he speaks it is God speaking, though the voice seems to come from a human throat.*

So the fact is, all the credit goes to him. It is all his grace working. I said in the morning session that the sun is about

to set. Take heed before it is too late. Those who have had some capital to start with through the grace of the Master should try to increase it. My Master Hazur Baba Sawan Singh Ji Maharaj used to say, "One who has studied and become a graduate in his lifetime will remain a graduate even after death. But he who has remained illiterate during his lifetime cannot hope to become a graduate after death." So wake up before it is too late. You cannot depend on life.

What is a real birth? It is when one takes birth in the House of the Guru. Guru Nanak was asked, "When did you end your coming and going?" He said, "When I was born in the House of the True Master I ended my coming and going." One birth is this physical birth; the second birth is beyond that. *Learn to die so that you may begin to live.* This is the second birth, becoming twice born: *You must be reborn.* The Masters who have the competence to give you the second birth, they are Word made flesh. They contact you with the Word or God-into-Expression Power. Where does that take you? It will merge you into the Wordless (*Anami*) from whence it came. This is the direct way back to God. The Masters who put us on this Way belong to all humanity. They are not the monopoly of any particular sect or country; they come for all mankind. They are the Light of the World as long as they are in the world [John 9:5]. We can derive full benefit from their incarnation only when we become Gurusikh and progress further to become Gurumukh or the mouthpiece of God. This is the true profit of human life.

Books and scriptures are full of ways to salvation; but only one who has contacted a competent Master will attain salvation. My Master used to say, "Living or dead, we are in the Guru's lap; where is the separation?" The God Power manifests on some human pole to give its contact to the disciple—some capital to start with—and resides in him and does not leave or forsake him till, as my Master used to proclaim, it leads the soul of the disciple step by step to its final destination: Sat Purush or Sat Naam.

So the whole credit goes to the enlightened ones who come to put us on the Way back to God. They are the true friends of man. Gurbani says, *O Nanak, leave the company of false friends and search for the company of Saints, thy true friends. The false ones will forsake thee in life, while the Saints will not forsake thee even after death.*

So this man body is a golden opportunity you have got. This is your turn to meet God. Avail yourself of this opportunity and stop not until the goal is reached.

2. At the Hour of Elixir

This beautiful, powerful talk was given by the Master in the ambrosial hour of the early dawn, approximately 5 a.m., on his birthday.

SILENCE IS more eloquent than speech. What can be said in silence cannot be communicated through words. A man takes birth every day; he dies every night and is born in the morning. I have no horoscope with me, but they tell me that today is the date of my birth. But the real birth is that which ends the cycle of birth and death. Guru Nanak was asked by the Siddhas how he succeeded

in ending that cycle; he said, "When I took my birth in the house of the Satguru, I was freed from the chain of birth and death." What is it to be born in the house of the Satguru? When we rise above body consciousness and sit in His lap, that is to be born in the house of the Satguru. With that the unending cycle is ended. And that was on the day of Basant Panchmi [the fifth day of spring] in the year 1917; because Hazur Maharaj Ji used to meet me long before the actual physical meeting, in fact seven years before that. And the date of the physical meeting in 1924 was also the same—Basant Panchmi.

So I say to you, blessed is the day when we are born into the house of the True Master. And what is the real birthday of a man? The day he learns to rise above body consciousness. He can do it daily after that. All of you have had a practical demonstration of that. We take birth in the house of the Master; but we do not live there. Does one leave the house where he is born? When you rise above body consciousness you are in your true home. You may come out of it occasionally; but you should live there. That is the true birth.

So the real birth is that which should end the cycle of birth and death. This is the first thing about the birthday. Who is to be congratulated on this birth? The Master or the disciple? A teacher's greatness lies in this: that all his students pass the examination. If all his students pass in the first division, the credit goes to the teacher. Isn't it so? If they do not pass, they may celebrate his birthday, but they do not win his pleasure. So all you brethren who have been put on the way to the Beyond by the grace of Hazur Maharaj Ji deserve to be congratulated only if you pass, i.e., if you learn to rise above body consciousness. *The Gurumukh rises above to his true home at will a hundred times a day.* If you have not done that, all such birthday celebrations are useless.

So I always say to you, remember the lesson taught to you. Having taken birth in the house of the Master, you should live there. So, dear brothers, I say to you, sit in Bhajan regularly every day. Learn to rise above body consciousness. Unless you do that, there is no salvation, no ending of birth and death. The first birth is physical; the second is into the Beyond, into the Divine Plane of the Master. As Kabir says, *Go ye to the Plane of the Satguru.* The Satguru's plane is not here; it is beyond the physical, astral and causal planes. But the way to it starts when you rise above body consciousness. If you really feel happy —I do not say you do not—you may give a sign of that by doing what I ask you to do: sit in Bhajan daily and keep the self-introspection diary. Do not take food for the body until you have given food to the soul—by contacting the God-into-Expression Power within. And for that, *sadachar* or true living is most essential. Without purity of life, one cannot rise above body consciousness. *Truth is above all, but true living is still above Truth.*

You have done all this lighting and decoration, and now you are sitting in the open in this bitter cold. The outer celebrations are all very well, if you take birth in the house of the Master and end the cycle of birth and death. It is all the grace of Hazur Maharaj Ji that you are all getting direct first-hand experience. East or West, wherever he sent me, it was through his grace that people got first-hand experience. When people outside India are getting so much benefit, our own countrymen should get still more benefit. This chasing and running

after me is not love. Love teaches one to follow instructions, to obey. *If you love me, keep my commandments.* First you have to become a Gurusikh—a true follower of the Master—and not a *mansikh*—a follower of the mind. Says the Gurbani, *The whole world follows the dictates of the mind; a rare sadhu follows the Guru. But they that follow the Guru transcend all barriers and limitations.* Celebrating the day by lights and decorations may be all right from your level; from my level it is not. It will be all right from my level only when you take birth in the house of the Satguru.

When we take birth in his house, and our coming and going is ended, only then are we to be congratulated. And the Masters who come to guide humanity are to be congratulated only when all those who go to them do their duty and pass creditably. My Master used to say, "Please put in some effort on your part so that I do not have to carry each one of you on my shoulders. It will make the Guru's task easier if you do your duty."

We have to do our work during the day. When night falls, who can work? That is what Christ says: *I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day*—that means when he was alive—*for the night cometh, when no man can work. As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world.* Help the Master in his mission. The time for a spiritual revolution has come. It will arrive only when we lead a pure and chaste life. That will require some effort on our part. Have no fear; be true disciples of the Master and not of the mind; and then become a Gurumukh or mouthpiece of the Master. All these things I have said before; this one lesson is enough if you follow it. Do something now, when the sun is shining; you won't be able to do anything after sunset. At present you are alive, and the Master is also in the physical body. Do not fritter away this opportunity. Bread and water are food for the body; reading books and exercising the mind is food for the intellect; and contacting the God-into-Action Power within is food for the soul. Soul is a conscious entity; it can find sustenance only through contact with the Ocean of All Consciousness—God—Who is the Bread of Life and the Water of Life.

3. On *receiving the* Abhinandan Patra

This is the conclusion of the address given by the Master on being presented with the Abhinandan Patra on Feb. 7.

THESE ARE A FEW things that I learnt at the feet of the Masters: man-making, man service, and land service. They have been my hobbies from the very beginning. To pursue these hobbies further, I sought admission in a medical college and an agricultural college, but family circumstances did not allow me to continue with my education. So the little understanding that I got through the grace of God, I am giving out to you. This is the basic teachings of all Masters. The best school is that where a large number of students pass the examination. Likewise, the best social formation is that which turns out the maximum number of perfect men. One should remain grateful to those who molded him, and remember them always. But to each other we are all brothers and sisters in God. Real integration is possible only on the level of man. There is nothing new in all this; these are the same old

teachings handed down to us from time immemorial. To err is human; we forget; and Masters come from time to time to awaken us and to revive the teachings.

All that has been done so far, I do not claim any credit for it; I know that it is God's grace working. The understanding that I have gained through parallel study of religions, or by studying the lives of great men, I am putting before you. And this has appealed to the people. You have love for me; I too have love for you. At the Manav Kendra hundreds of men and women belonging to different social bodies and status in life toiled ceaselessly, inspired with the spirit of selfless service. In the bitter cold of the winter season they worked long in the night, sometimes to 2 a.m. Judges, barristers, engineers, college principals, high officials, worked side by side with common laborers and merged their separate identities into one common purpose. Seeing them work, it was difficult to spot who was who. And they all sat together at one place to take their meals. This is the basic thing in the teachings of all Masters.

Remain in the social formation to which you belong; while remaining in it, reach the goal for which you have joined it. It is a blessing to be in a social formation. While there, one should achieve the purpose of being there, which is to know God. "Knowledge" means service, fellow-feeling, and culture; leading to humanity. You have given me this honor; I am ashamed of it because the credit is not mine. I am trying my best and hope to become man some day. . . . God is already there in man, but we have forgotten. Unless we advance spiritually, we cannot reach the goal. These few words that I have spoken come from the understanding that I gained through the grace of God by sitting at the feet of the Masters. The credit that you have given me for it goes to the Almighty, and to the Master at whose feet I had the good fortune to sit and learn. With these words I thank you all. . . .

4. *The Spiritual Revolution Explained*

This extraordinary talk brought to a close the Evening Satsang at the Vigyan Bhavan on the 7th, and sums up the essence of everything.

I WILL NOT take much of your time now. There is a revolution in the world today, in each and every country. It has, however, not achieved its purpose, which is that man should become man. If man becomes man, in the true sense of the word, he can, all alone, shake the whole world. Archimedes, who discovered the law of gravity, wanted to get the center of gravity of the universe so that he could shake the whole world. But the poor fellow couldn't get it.

Chaitanya Mahaprabhu came in Bengal. His chant was *Hari bole,* "Say *Hari*" [the Lord]. He had realized Hari or God within; his whole body gave out radiation of Hari; and on his lips was the chant, *Hari bole,* uttered from the abundance of a heart overflowing with the love of Hari. He went to a *dhobi ghat* [washerman's place] and said to a *dhobi* [washerman], "Hari bole." The dhobi kept silent. Again he said, "Hari bole." The dhobi thought he must be a mendicant asking for alms, and he remained silent. Chaitanya repeated his chant: "Hari bole." The dhobi said, "I will not say it." "You will have to say it!" said Chaitanya. The dhobi thought,

this fellow will not leave me alone, so he said it: "Hari bole." Now, when Chaitanya uttered the words "Hari bole" they were charged with the power of realization; so the dhobi left his work and took up the unending chant, "Hari bole, Hari bole, Hari bole—" His companions asked him, "What has happened to you, brother?" "Hari bole, Hari bole," the continuous chant went on, hearing which the other dhobis also started chanting, "Hari bole, Hari bole, Hari bole . . ."

Do you know what is at the back of it all? Be an example of what you preach. Your life should emit rays of ideal manhood; people who come into contact with you should feel the radiation. But first you have to become man, in the true sense of the word. If you take just a few steps towards that, you will find that you have unlimited potential of manmaking. The revolution today is of the world, not of man. If you have true love in your heart and your goal is true, you will give out the same radiation. You may address a gathering of thousands, they will all agree with you.

Today people are after religions; each stands for his own religious formation. And they all have the same teachings. But we do not live up to these teachings and therefore they have little effect on us. If we speak with a true heart there will be radiation; it will have its effect on others. It is a question of charging. The words may be the same as used by others; but they will have charging in them. Unless we live up to what we preach, our words will have no effect on others. With all the lectures, recitations from scriptures, organizations and social formations, exhortations from intellectuals, that man should become man, where do we stand? How many ideal men have we produced so far? During my Western tour I gave a talk wherein I said that there should be a revolution aimed against the shortcomings of our thoughts and actions: a spiritual revolution.

Now, dear brothers, all that you have heard today—the whole thing has been put before you so beautifully. Do we really feel the necessity of this thing? If so, we should start acting on it from this very moment. If we would do that, we would surely become man—a true man —and all those who come in contact with us will be influenced by us. A few words from a man like that will have greater effect than all the lengthy lectures. Gandhi Ji and others like him who lived up to their ideals—their ordinary words had great impact on the listeners. Today our words have no effect. We give recitations from the scriptures and talk learnedly, without effect. What was there in the words "Hari bole"? They had the radiation, the charging of realization. All of you assembled here can become Ambassadors of Truth; it is not so difficult to do that. The center of gravity is in you, you have only to awaken it. That will happen when there is no conflict between our thoughts, speech and actions: when we do not profess one thing and do something else. We preach lofty ideals on pulpit and platform, but act differently in private: indulging in the same vices—backbiting, enmity, hatred, narrow-mindedness — which we condemn so eloquently in public. Heart speaks to heart; words spoken from the depth of the heart will move the heart of the listener.

To put the whole thing in a nutshell: if we wish to see all mankind become man in the true sense, we should start with our own self; we should become men first. What is an ideal man? He is an embodiment of love; he has realized himself and realized God; he sees the

Light of God immanent in every form. He who sees that Light manifest in all will naturally have love and respect for everyone; he will like to serve all; he will not cheat or exploit anyone. I just now mentioned the need for a spiritual revolution to bring about this transformation; and this revolution can only be brought about by a man of realization. Live the life. There is enough food for thought available; we read so many books, hear so many lectures, but how many true men are there? The more we have of such pure men, true men, the more effect we will have on people.

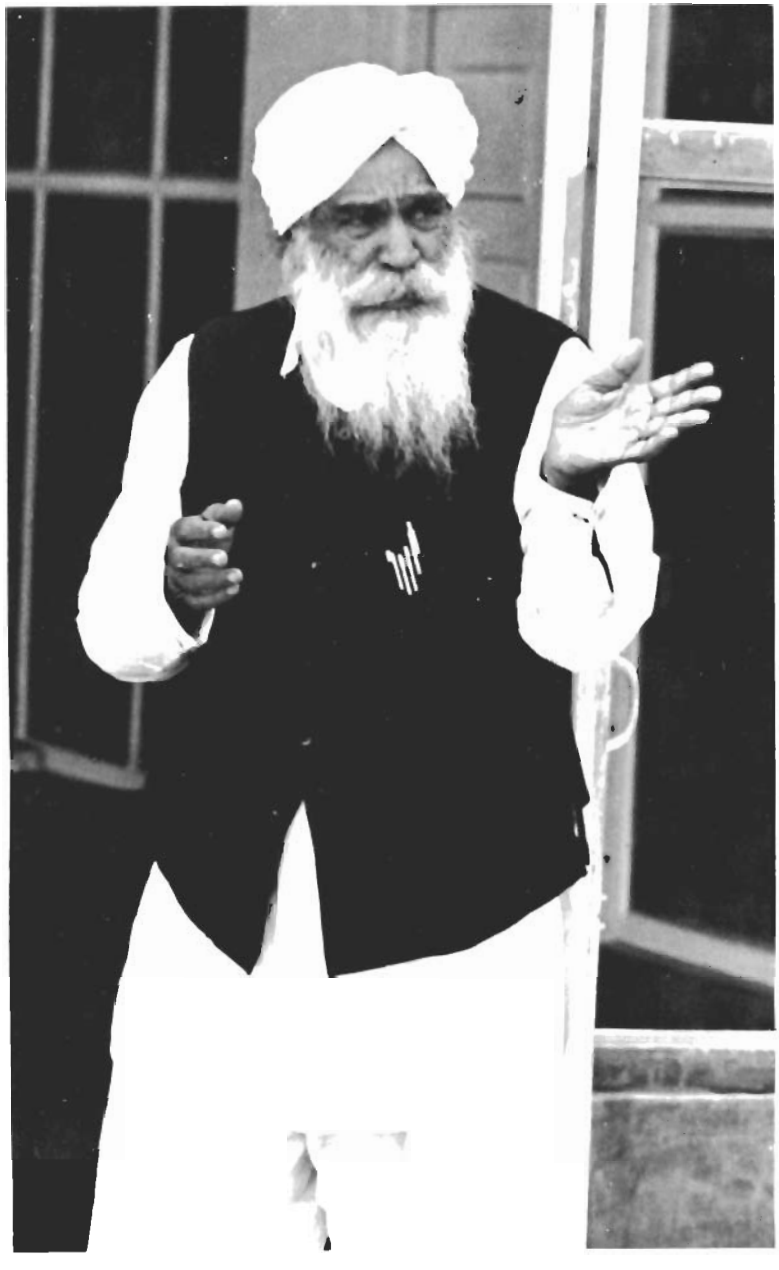
What little understanding I got by sitting at the feet of my Master, Hazur Baba Sawan Singh Ji Maharaj, I am giving out to you. He loved all, even atheists. Once when he was posted at Murree Hills, an atheist who was suffering from tuberculosis and was advised to sojourn in the hills by his doctors, came to Murree Hills. He knocked at every door for accommodation, but found them all closed; nobody was willing to take him in. First, because of the highly infectious disease he was suffering from, and also because he did not believe in God. He came to the residence of Hazur Maharaj Ji, who was away on duty at the time. He asked the housekeeper for accommodation, and was refused. It so happened that Hazur Maharaj Ji was just then returning home and saw the man being turned away from his house. He asked the housekeeper about it, and was told that it was a tuberculosis patient asking for accommodation whom nobody was willing to take in. "And what did you say?" asked Hazur. "I also refused him, for he was an atheist," said the housekeeper. Hazur Maharaj told him, "Look here, this man may not know that God resides in him, but we know it, don't we? Please give him accommodation."

The words of a man of realization have an impact on others. It comes through radiation. There is no need to speak; the whole thing is done through radiation. You have said so much about me; but I have yet to become a complete man. I have taken a few steps in that direction; and what little understanding I got through the grace of God and the grace of Hazur Maharaj Ji and the opportunity that I got to live up to that—the whole credit for that goes to my Master. If you find anything good in me, that again is due to his grace.

There is nothing new in what I am saying to you. What is required is life behind the words, as with Chaitanya and "Hari bole." Guru Nanak used to go into Samadhi repeating the words *Sat Kartar*. It comes from the unity of thought and action. There should be no conflict between speech and action, practice and profession. So if you want to really live, then you should yourself become man first, put your own house in order, before you set out to reform others. If you take one step forward with sincerity of purpose, God overhead will extend a thousand hands to help you on your way. I thank you all for having given so much of your time and for giving me this opportunity to speak to you once again.

This is the way to succeed in achieving your purpose of becoming a man. In the West it was this very thing that attracted them—radiation through action, i.e., life lived according to precepts. It is the same old old teachings; there is nothing new in all that is being given out to you. Digest it. Food that is well digested gives one strength; undigested food will come out through vomiting, or it will rot and cause disease. All this bigotry and narrow-mindedness, selfishness and exploitation of man by man, is due to not *doing* what we say and profess. We only say; we do not do.

With these words I thank you all once again. The great men here who spoke to you this evening have put these things so beautifully before you. They would like you to live up to them. Let each man become a center unto himself. He should develop and progress physically, intellectually and spiritually, and reach the ultimate goal: merge into the Absolute from where he came. I want you all here assembled to become Ambassadors of Truth: to know yourselves first and then to know God; and through radiation, change others. Thank you.



NATHAN

a story by
Tracy Leddy

NATHAN had no idea what force or power had drawn him to this out-of-the-way spot, but here he was, walking slowly up a nameless dirt road in a far corner of the country, admiring deep woods radiant with October foliage on either side of him and feeling more wonderfully excited than he had ever felt in his life. At the turn in the road, he made his way rather shyly past the throngs of people near the old farmhouse and turned his steps toward the lane at one side of the house which ran down a small slope to an open space and a little pond. His inexplicable excitement mounted still higher when he saw the wooden house by the edge of the water; it looked so simple and comfortable, like a cottage built for a king. He joined some others who were sitting quietly on the grassy bank and his feeling of eager expectancy grew. He had spoken to no one, he had recognized no one, yet he felt completely at home in this peaceful place.

Eventually the door of the house opened and a Man came out to greet the people waiting for him. Nathan studied him as he did most people he met and quickly decided he had never seen such a warm, compassionate face in all his many wanderings. The Man was so natural and at the same time so dignified. Nathan found himself folding his hands and bowing with the others to return the Man's greeting. As the Man began to speak, Nathan became aware of how hushed his surroundings had become. No wind stirred the dry leaves in the cold, bright air; the clouds seemed to have stopped moving altogether. The very sky seemed to have come closer to the earth to listen to the Man's soft words. He was saying:

"Once we all lived in the lap of God and now we are here on earth, imprisoned in the human form and unable to find our way back to our true home. What we need is someone who has freed himself from this earthly prison, someone who can also free us and guide us back to the lap of God Who is all bliss, all light and all joy."

With the Man's first sentence, a wrenching pain entered Nathan's heart and remained there. He listened and listened, afraid to move, afraid to breathe for fear of missing one precious syllable of the words he had been so inexorably drawn to hear. And his heart grew sore within him. When the Man's eyes, which roamed ceaselessly over all the faces upturned before him, alighted on Nathan, it seemed to him that a rainbow grew out of them and attached itself to his own eyes, immediately establishing a bond far stronger than the cord which had once bound him to his mother. And in that moment, Nathan's heart was lost forever to that power manifest in the Man. "I am yours; do with me what you will," he said in his heart to the Man. "Whatever you ask of me, no matter how difficult, I will obey. There is no other way for me to live, now." The Man gazed long into Nathan's eyes and then continued speaking: "God says, I am the secret treasure within you. Why don't you come and find me out?" Nathan said again in his heart, "Whatever you say, that shall be my work."

As he sat staring up at the Man, it

seemed to Nathan that the Man sat in front of an open door, a huge door which opened onto the only real world behind him. Some old, old words were spoken deep inside him: "I am the way, the truth, and the light. No man cometh unto the Father but by me." Nathan bowed his head to the ground, his face wet with tears.

The next morning the Man showed Nathan a glimpse of that treasure of which he had spoken, so that Nathan would be sure of what he was seeking. And it was as if a great stone had been rolled away from the center of a mountain and the splendor of many suns could be seen. Nathan's breath was quite taken away. When the vision had passed, Nathan's heart was wrung again inside him and he vowed, "I will seek that light, all my life if I have to, but I will dig it out." He took leave of the Man after thanking him for his gift and went back into the world to begin his work.

Nathan's life changed dramatically. Not that he had ever been strongly attached to the pleasures of this world, but now he would eat only the simplest food; he would read only the lives of other treasure-seekers. He didn't care what he did for work in the world to make his living; he kept to himself as much as possible, his attention on the wonderful light within him and on the man who had helped him to see it. When he had to be among people, he did his best to be friendly and helpful and loving, like the man who had helped him.

But it was a long, slow process. Most of the time there was no light, just a memory of it; there seemed to be a lithic density and heaviness to the darkness within him. He felt like a miner confronting an enormous mountain with only an ice pick and his bare hands . . . a mountain of desire, of seemingly endless self-deception, the mountain of himself. The digging was discouraging work. At times the mountain seemed impenetrable and he would cry out in anguish to the Man for help. Each time he did so, some words would come singing into his heart to soothe him: "Be patient, Rome was not built in a day. You know there is light at the end of the tunnel. Don't despair. Take heart and dig deeper. Seek and ye shall find." And there would be a feeble ray, a glimmering of light through all the heavy rock and stone and he would remember the glorious light he had seen and would continue with greater fervor than before. At one point, Nathan did discover that he had one other tool at his disposal, his attention. He found that the more keenly he bent his attention toward the work before him, the more deeply he penetrated into the mountain. It was like a laser beam in its effect.

For years Nathan dug and dug. His tunnel into the mountain of himself began to widen. He began to find the strength to lift obstructing boulders more and more easily. He also found that the more help he asked from the Man, the easier his task became. But even as he worked, even as the way opened slowly before him, Nathan felt no closer to the light. Something was wrong, somewhere. Some immovable barrier seemed to block his way; and his awareness of the situation distressed him greatly and kept him from any lasting peace.

Once it happened that he revisited a place and some people he had left under unhappy circumstances some years before. He found himself reacting to the situation as he would have before he met the Man. He found himself filled with selfishness, with anger, resentment and pain. An old friend told him, "You see, Nathan, your present life may have

changed but these things are very deep-seated. You must examine them, discover their causes and then, with all your heart, forgive anyone who may have offended you in the past." Nathan wept and told his companion, "These things are so deep-seated I do not understand them. They must be rooted near the very heart of the mountain. How can I ever hope to chisel them out?" In his misery, his thoughts turned to the Man and some of the words he remembered: "You must be true to your own self, to the God within you, Who sees all and knows all. How long will you carry this pain around inside you, thinking no one sees?" And some other words also came to him at this time: "God resides in every heart. If you know this, really know this in your heart of hearts, now can you hurt the feelings of anyone?"

Sometime later that night, when Nathan returned in very low spirits to his own home, he had a strange dream. He dreamed he was a small child who stood with his father outside the shimmering gate of a vast, golden palace. The child was weeping inconsolably. The father was loving, but firm. "But I don't want to go," pleaded the child miserably. "I love it here and I see you quite often." "There is no choice, my son," the father replied. "Even this palace is not your true home. I want you to come all the way back to stay with me forever and this is the only way you can do that." "How long must I be gone?" sobbed the child. "I'm afraid I won't be able to live away from here and you." "I will grant you two boons, child. Illusion will quickly wear thin for you down there and a striving heart will hasten the journey." Abject, but obedient, he clung to his father's hands and took one last look at the radiant splendor he had called home for so long. "Go," he told him, gently releasing his hands. "The stars are fixed, the family chosen, the pattern laid down. At the end of the pattern you will begin your return. Do not tarry, my son, I will be waiting for you." And as the child looked, his father's face outshone all the glory around them. He took one last breath of that fragrant, ringing air, tore his eyes from his father's face, hurled himself into the dark well which lay at their feet and was born into the physical world.

Nathan awoke in a paroxysm of pain. Great cries of rage rent the air. *"I didn't want to be born! Oh God, I really did not want to be born!"* Beside himself with all this never-released emotion, Nathan threw on some clothes and flung himself out of the house and into the woods surrounding it. He ran through the bushes, not caring if his sleeves were torn or his boots became muddy. His head was in a frenzy; so much insight was coming to him at once. Frequently he stopped and screamed at the top of his lungs. The pain and anger seemed to come all the way up from his toes. He saw clearly for the very first time the buried feelings of hatred and resentment toward God and man that he had carried around in his heart and had tried to conceal from himself, from God and from others for so long. He felt sick, he acknowledged how he had used them to withdraw from the world and his fellow men in a most unnatural way. And he realized with mounting horror that any such feelings were always against God, not man, and he trembled to see the depths of his wilful separation.

With another great cry Nathan threw himself on the ground and lay there, sobbing his heart out. He understood he must now joyfully embrace the whole creation, for God's sake, just as he had

wilfully rejected it in the past for his own. With his face against the earth, he begged the Man to intercede for him, to forgive him his folly and grant him the gift of forgiveness for others. And soon his whole being was bathed, yes, one might even say baptized with the waters of total forgiveness and love.

And in the mountain of himself, the last great stone was rolled away forever with a sound like thunder and Nathan beheld the light of many suns once more. The walls which had confined it seemed to vanish into nothingness and all was light, all around him. With great relief and joy Nathan entered into the light and embraced it and became one with it thereafter.

THE MASTER'S TALK

(*Continued from page 8*)

tween the disciple and the Guru; but the Guru has that Power manifested in him, and is commissioned to give it out; and it has yet to be made manifest in the disciple. A man learns all through life. We should go to him who is competent in the field where one's desire lies. You may call such a competent person by any name, for these days the words *Guru* and *Satguru* have been defamed, due to those who were not qualified but were merely acting and posing. They met their inevitable downfall in due course. Without the true Mahatma, salvation can never be achieved. This has always been so, and ever will be.

Notice

Anyone who would like to order the New York tapes described on page 21 of last month's issue (March 1973) and who finds it impossible to order through a Satsang or in a group of at least four, should please feel free to order anyway. For a detailed description of the tapes and all ordering information, see the notice in last month's issue mentioned above.

To the children of the Beloved
who have expressed their love
in so many ways
our gratitude.

NINA GITANA
Kirpal Ashram
Worcester, Vermont 05682

Sant Kirpal Singh . . . has made the best use of each moment of his life. Today all men look to him for guidance. He teaches the Path of True Dharma to all who come to him. He is bringing about a new transformation in society through his message. . . . Sant Ji's teachings are the same as Buddha's. . . . He has given new light to the world. The whole family of man owes a debt of gratitude to him. Blessed indeed is Sant Kirpal Singh Ji, the miraculous light giver, who is keeping alive the great traditions of this country.

LAMA KUSHAK BAKULA, M.P.
Buddhist Leader; Head Lama, Ladakh