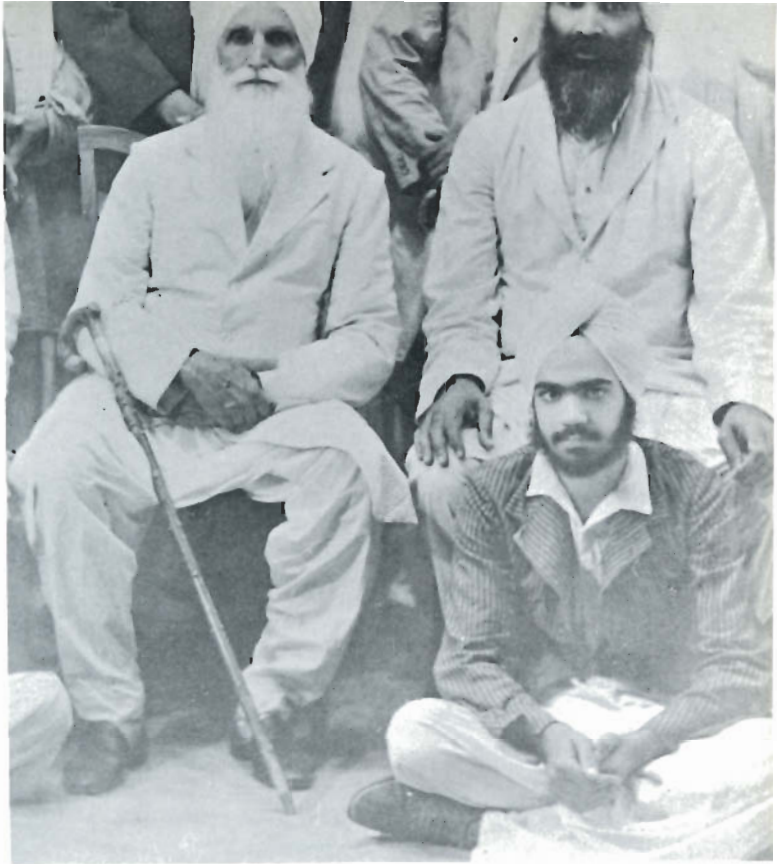
Glimpses of the Past



Sat Sandesh

the message of the Masters

April 1974

FRONT COVER *Baba Sawan Singh Ji with Kirpal Singh and his son Darshan in Peshawar (now in Pakistan) in the late 1930's.*

BACK COVER *Sant Kirpal Singh Ji giving Darshan on the porch at Sawan Ashram, Delhi, in August 1973. Other pictures of the same scene appear as illustrations to the article, "The Only Reality" (see page 13), the events of which took place about a week after these pictures were taken.*

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THE MASTER'S TALK

What Have You Become?

WHEN STUDYING THE LIVES of the great Masters, what purpose do we find in them? They show us an example; and seeing such an example, we should pattern our lives upon theirs.

Ages go by, man hears the same words again and again, but in a practical way how much have we learned? When a schoolteacher writes the words on the blackboard, the child copies them, carefully trying to make his letters as beautiful as the teacher's. Eventually he succeeds. The words of the Masters are the recorded examples of those who realized the great Love, and you are all here to realize that same Love. How did the Masters get this realization? One by one, the accounts and descriptions of their experiences are given out to you, hearing which a deep enthusiasm swells up and a yearning is born within one, to become like those Masters. Is it not so?

This talk was given by Sant Kirpal Singh Ji at Sawan Ashram, Delhi, and translated from the Hindi by the Sat Sandesh staff.

There is but one way to achieve this noble aim: *Love thy Lord, O mind, Love thy Lord.* This love is innate in our soul; it is one with our inner true Self, for God is Love and the soul is the entity of that Love, and so is the very form of that Love. Consequently, its nature is to attach itself to something. It should have attached itself to the Supreme Lord but connected itself instead to the world at large. It is said, *Wherever one's de-*

sire, there one is; and since we left the Lord's lap, we have not, up to now, returned to it. Had we done so, our entire condition today would be very different.

Ages have passed, and today we are still sticking on ourselves the labels of caste, religion, social status. Furthermore, through those ages we have at times been leaders, or managers, in various walks of mankind's society, but where has it led us? We were busy teaching others and learning nothing ourselves.

Where is God? Where is He *not?* All that we can see is His manifestation; and the nearest approach to Him? He is in every being, and those who say that they have love for God, but do in fact hate any of their fellow beings who are all God's entities, are nothing but liars. In truth, how can anyone love one whom he has never seen? He who has had no connection with God and has never enjoyed the happiness of that, cannot love anything so remote. Real love is the only thing which holds any value. *Without love, O man, there is no tranquility*—in this world or the next. If there is no love in the home, there is conflict—simply through the lack of love. In religions, in different sections of the community, among countries one with another, in all phases of life you will find conflict—because love is lacking everywhere. Take just a pinch of love and put it in the household—it will be filled with peace. Put a little love in among a group of workers, and they will start loving one another. Religions and sects can enjoy peace together, by incorporating love into their relationships, and the same principle applies to the countries of the world. Love is lacking everywhere, and if there is no happiness here, how can one expect to find it in the Beyond?

All Masters have said that God is Love, and the way back to Him is also through love. The true purpose behind ritual and custom was to develop love in us. They were designed to do this work. Guru Nanak said very bluntly, *Burn all customs through which the Beloved is forgotten.* He said also, *O Nanak, that worship is good through which love for the Lord is enhanced.* Only that love or worship has any value in which the Lord is remembered. If our love for God increases through meeting one another, it is all right. If not, what is the use?

One Master even says that we should throw hundreds of books into the fire if necessary and should make our heart a garden of flowers of love. What kind of flowers? The words which are being placed before you are flowers from the Lord's garden. The big question is, in what way have you developed? Others may have developed spiritually, but what have *you* become? Love only gives—it does not take. This is a criterion of love; for love knows no returns. There is another criterion: it knows service—service without show. Further indication of love is to sacrifice oneself in service, without any show or ulterior motive, like a living martyr who lives only for the love of God.

Now from where can such love be got? That true love is within us, but it has become bound up with the outer world—through us, the attention. In attention there is love; it is the very nature of attention. When expressed toward outer things, this love turns into attachment, but if it withdraws from outside and goes into itself, it becomes whole again. Everything wishes to go toward its natural source, and the source of the soul is God. The flame of a candle rises, even if it is turned upside down, for its source is the sun. We must understand these

things, and from where our help will come.

When Namdev's family told him to bring a carpenter to repair the balcony, he forgot this errand because he was all day in deep remembrance of the Lord. For three or four days the same thing happened; the connections of the heart are serious enough, but when the soul itself becomes connected the result is overwhelming. So finally Namdev's people became very annoyed with him for his continued failures to bring a carpenter, and threatened to beat him if he failed again. Namdev gave his solemn vow that he would do his duty the very next day, but when the day dawned he once again forgot everything in remembering God. Seeing His devotee's plight, and the threat hanging over him, God in His great benevolence came Himself as the carpenter and repaired the balcony. That evening, when Namdev returned home and saw that the balcony had been repaired with such beautiful workmanship, he knew that his Beloved had performed the task. The saying states that only a bulbul (a bird with a distinctive call) can understand the language of another bulbul. Only a true lover of God can recognize the Lord's hand at work. And when the people asked him what payment his carpenter expected, that they might also employ him, Namdev told them that his Carpenter did not work under those conditions, but rather demanded true love as His wages.

Break away from family and all associations;
Then my Carpenter will come.

He comes when one withdraws one's attention from all other things. Why should He come, just by the summons? Between Him and you stand your children, your friends, money, pride, ego.

It does not mean that He does not have love for all His children—that love does come when you have withdrawn your love from all other things. So now please ask yourself: how successful have you been? I do not mean this sighing and nodding as if you are intoxicated with ecstasy, or other outer demonstration of show. I mean what have you *become? What is it to realizing the Lord? Just uproot it (attention) from here and plant it there.* Very clearly both the learned and the unlearned alike can do this work, the work which *must* be done. It is the very bread and water of life—if there is no gasoline in the tank, how can the motor start? We know that God comes when we really want Him—He comes to the one who has true yearning for the Lord. Ask yourself, do you really desire God? Be honest about it. If the answer truly is "yes" then without your calling Him, He *will* come, for He would like to meet someone who wishes to meet Him. It is a natural inclination that a person likes to have the attention of someone, but if you have no desire for Him, neither will He desire you. Do you understand this?

In love the tongue becomes very gentle; it catches hold of the other person's heart and drags it. A really love-filled glance can even affect a stone. Masters say very revealing things sometimes. Lord Krishna once remarked that he had a pain in his stomach the cure of which could be effected by the heart of a living person; and he told one of his closest devotees to get such a heart from somewhere, otherwise he would die. The devotee was so concerned he ran at once and began searching from house to house, but no one was willing to cut his heart out and give it. All day he searched and searched until finally at night, exhausted and desperate, he came to the

home of a prostitute. When he told her of his mission, she said, "All right, here, take it," and thereupon cut out her heart and handed it to him. At once he ran with the heart to Lord Krishna and sank at his feet. Lord Krishna said, "Oh, you finally found one person who loved me enough to give her heart!— but what about yourself? Are you not a living man with a heart, and are you not supposed to be my closest devotee?" You can judge for yourself who was the more devoted of the two—the disciple or the prostitute. Everyone talks about how devoted they are to God, but what about their lives? Where there is love, there is peace, happiness, stillness, and an ever-present attraction toward the Lord—a constant remembrance.

What *is* love anyway? That is love through which remembrance of the beloved goes on without a break; helplessly through that attraction the lover is changed into that very attraction. *If for only a short time I forget You, my Beloved, it seems like fifty years.* In love the lover and the beloved become one, and in that oneness all differences are forgotten. This is why God is described as being Love itself, and Love is God. And he in whom that Love is manifested, is an overflowing cup of that Nectar of Life. Such personalities are said to be *Overflowing cups of the nectar and color of love, in the company of which the yearning is developed.* Overflowing cups of intoxication. *The intoxication of Naam O Nanak, inebriates day and night.* Through this, radiation can be imbibed, but not by those who love the body and the world. Masters are like huge magnetic mountains, but if the iron is covered with mud it cannot be dragged. Remove all the mud and it will jump towards the magnet—the pull can work from even thousands of miles.

You are all sitting here—but where have you reached? You preach, you demonstrate your great devotion, you act and pose, but how much *love* have you got? You almost kill yourselves fighting one another—this is not love. In love there is cooperation, and those who really love the Lord will naturally have love for all other beings. Is it not a natural sequence that whoever loves the Father will love His children? It may be possible to love the children without loving Him, but not vice versa. Masters give the most valuable advice: *O mind, love the Lord; O mind love the Lord.* Also,

Hear ye all, I tell you the truth;
God is realized by one who loves.

They who learn how to love, realize the Lord.

The worldly people waste their time sleeping, but not the lovers of God. Guru Arjan says, *Sleep does not come to me.* How then do such people pass the night? They spend the night in sighing, for to them one single day of separation is like thousands of years. What use are all rituals and customs and outer modes of worship, if one does not achieve this condition? A certain poet writes,

O mathematician, you have calculated many complicated things,
But have you ever calculated the length of one night of separation?

One Master says,

No sleep in the eyes or peace in the body, for He comes not nor writes.
O friend, if I do not see my Beloved, then how can I live through this dark night?

Through the dark night the lover sits awaiting—and if that spark of Light

appears, it becomes Id (Muslim holy day, advent of which is determined by the new moon). This Light is an indication of His coming. The Masters make it possible for those who are "blind" to see the Light of God. Hafiz Sahib describes it as the thief of the heart, coming in the darkness with a lighted lamp in His hand. So read, think, and digest all this. How much of your life has been given to your development? If the development *is* there, then all right—otherwise you are not making the best use of your precious time.

How many people have had the great blessing of meeting God animate in physical form during their lifetime? No doubt, the Guru and the disciple are one like *the Guru is me and I am the Guru* but there is great intoxication in the outer attraction of the Guru, double attraction in fact. He is a man like us, sympathetic to our suffering, just as a friend. Also there is the radiation. A friend can be recognized no matter what clothes he wears, and Guru Angad Sahib goes as far as to say, *Die in the Beloved's Presence—but cursed is the life without Him in this world.*

I have said before, love knows service and sacrifice. These are ideals being given to you. Love knows giving—giving in service and in sacrifice. What have we done up to now?

Farid is not afraid of his youth passing, as long as love for the Beloved does not pass away;
For many lives without love have withered away.

What is youth? If you eat and drink, you are healthy—what more is youth? We should be concerned with what the soul says, and the soul's food is love. Masters are sometimes very open—*O Lord, You are our Friend, but why have You kept us far from You? We have sacrificed everything in Your Name—now without You there is no life.*

Who are we in fact? We are soul. When we forgot this identity, we became the body. *Your residence is different, loved one, but you have tied yourself to matter.* Similarly, Guru Nanak prays, *You reside in the True Home, and I am one with matter.* It is a prayer of the soul—imprisoned in this matter I cannot reach You, and do not even know the path that will lead me to You. Also, as a prayer to those who *have* reached Him—"O Brothers, tell Him of my condition." Such desperate pleas are a sign of love for the Lord. Rain comes after the clouds form, and very far from God is he who has no tears of separation in his heart. One may be a fine lecturer, or be intellectually advanced in other ways, or a good administrator, or have many other talents, but,

Alive is he, in whom the Lord resides;
O Nanak, without Him no one is alive.

The fact can be explained in many different ways, but the crucial question remains—what have you become?

Regard the animal, with head toward the earth;
O man, your head is high, after all.

Nature has made the animals spend all their lives with head down, and their attention always towards the earth—this is not their fault. But man, with his head upright, should keep his attention aloft—toward higher things. Animals fight each other—with their horns, etc.; when man does this—*The outer form is of man, but the habits are of an animal.* Paval

Das Ji describes man as an animal with moustache and beard! Will he remain an animal always? When will he become a true man? A man is he who is the image of love—he who lives for all mankind. Only an animal lives for himself. And he who lives for the Lord will automatically live for others, with a give and take attitude.

If service is being performed, it should be selfless. Bringing happiness to others is really bringing happiness to oneself. Live for others, and they will love you. You may have done so much worship and devotion, but if your life is not like this then no matter to which sect or religion you belong, you are very far from Home. Some people light a lamp at the bedside of a dying person. Light the lamp while you live. And what is the use when those in whom this Light *has* been lit do not maintain it? Reformers are wanted—not of others, but of themselves. Know ye that example is better than precept. We do go on advising others to "do this" or "do that" or "go to the Master" but ignoring our own lives, we who *do* go to the Master do not practice what we receive from Him.

Without love, O man, there is no peace. Not in this world, nor in the next. How much philosophy is needed for this? It matters not if a man be literate or illiterate; this is a subject for everyone. Change your way of living. Excuse me, but our home (body) is very filthy; what can God do? He is calling, "My children, come to Me" but He is alone, and He wishes us to go to Him all alone—everything, body, mind, intellect, pranas, must be left behind. Ask your heart if it really desires God. What harm is there in asking? You can take a day, two days, even a few more, to find out what really lies in your heart—and if you do desire the Lord, you *will* get Him.

Many people desire God for business purposes. As Christ said, "They have their reward."

My Beloved resides in each being—
no place is without Him;
But I rejoice in that One in whom
He is manifested.

Wherever He is manifested is worth worshiping. We may not have actually seen him in each being, but we have read and heard the words of the Masters, that He is the very Life Sustainer in all life—why then so much hatred of one another? Seeing all this, in the twilight of my life I have turned toward the Man Center, Manav Kendra, which is a big revolt against all these conditions. Masters tell us to think of all mankind's caste as one. Guru Nanak said, *This puppet (body) is of five elements, in which the Invisible is playing.*

You came into this body to get the everlasting Elixir of Life from the Guru. *The purpose for which you came—that Amrit—is given by the Guru.* Open your ears and listen carefully:

Rise above outer garbs, or else cunning ways and ashes of repentance will follow;
No fruit will be got from these.

You cannot buy life everlasting with hypocrisy. If you believe in Islam, then become a true Muslim; if you believe in Sikhism, then become a true Sikh. Out of I-hood brother is fighting brother: "I am a Hindu, I am a Sikh, I am big, he is small, I am an intellectual, I am this, I am that." Brothers—become *human!* A true human being is full of love and compassion; what share of this hu-

manity do you have? This is seen only by your actions, and not by empty words, boasting, or intellectual prowess.

Read year by year, month by month,
all through life with each breath;
O Nanak, mere reading alone will
not give you elixir of life.

When the Masters say that it is like a donkey laden with books, we can see just how much value they place on philosophies and bookish knowledge. This does not mean I am against reading; I have read a lot myself—biographies of great men—and whatever I have understood from that reading, I am placing before you. I think I have read the words of more than three hundred great Masters. Keep the example of even one before you, and then become whatever you aspire to. What is the difference between the Masters and you? See that you make a definite decision—if not today, then tomorrow, or take a few days. When your decision is made and you know what you want to become, then daily change and grow nearer to that achievement.

You people do not want to benefit from your diaries. What is the purpose behind keeping the spiritual diary? If you keep it accurately, you will gain inner benefit, for will not that water which has no dirt give a crystal clear reflection?

When the waves of the mind are
legion, filled with ego and pride,
There is no knowledge of Shabd,
no love for the Naam.

After more than seventy years of searching, Guru Amardas concluded, *Curse on the life in which there is no love for the Lord.* If, after getting the blessing of this human birth, no love for the Lord has been born in us, then shame one thousand times upon our life. He added that even the work we do is cursed, if it does nothing to help develop our love for the Lord. And then he also gives the cure for the malady: *Love a Satguru, through which a love for the Lord is created.* Sit beside the overflowing cup of love—you will get peace, if you are receptive. But how much will you get if you are covered with many layers of dirt? This is the reason why many people gain nothing in the Master's presence.

Our Hazur used to say that the calf comes from some distance, drinks the cow's milk and leaves again, but the ticks which are stuck to the udder of the cow and are closest to the milk get nothing but the blood they are sucking. The Masters' words are pregnant with meaning, and should be properly appreciated. Those who are near the Master have a golden opportunity, but whoever makes the effort gets the gift. This is not a lecture I am giving, but a heart to heart talk. It is a voice from the heart—love God. What kind of love? A love for Him whom you have *seen.* What must you do to see him? *Get in contact with the Beloved through the Satguru's teaching.* He will give you something with which to start your spiritual work. Society makes a man, and a man is known by the company he keeps; so keep away from such a society which will do you nothing but harm. If you have got good society, it is all right; otherwise live alone, with your spiritual practices. Even if you get nothing, continue to live alone, by yourself and within yourself, for the important thing is to withdraw your attention from outer things and sit within yourself—the practice of which has already been given to you. Those who find

that they do not live near a Satsang group should spend the time in inner practice.

Even when we but speak of the Lord, what peace we get! What prospect is there then, if we have also got the contact within.

We say we respect the Guru. If that were so, could we talk when sitting at his feet? What respect is there in such an attitude? Benefit is not gained like this. Truly wedded is that person who has no other remembrance but that of the Lord—with full attention. Think deeply over these words. Even now, I think we feel reluctant to leave here; this is what happens when one talks about the Lord. All is calm, quiet, and no one wants to leave. What more can be enjoyed then, if we have the inner contact with Him? Make the best use of whatever time you have been given.

Christ told his followers that he had come to make those see who did not see. Lord Krishna, Mohammed Sahib, Lord Buddha, and other Masters have said the same thing in their different languages, and each with the similar condition: *Through the Guru the Light becomes apparent.* Only through the blessing of a God-realized person can the Light be seen. He whose Light shines in full radiance can light the lamp of another. This human life is given through the grace of great good fortune and one should make the best use of it; and the highest achievement is to realize God, the nearest approach to Whom lies directly within the human form. Be in the company of the true Khalsa, in whom the Light is apparent, and the Light will become apparent in you. He is a true Hindu, or Muslim, or Christian, or Buddhist, in whom the Light is apparent. You have all come here with a certain purpose in view—remember that everyone gets some experience to start with on the very first day (at initiation). Those who devote regular time to the practices, at least 2½ hours daily, will find that the Light and Sound increases. Those who have already received their instructions—start carrying them out in full obedience.

Muslim brothers say that one should read the Koran, and the Christian brothers say that one should read the Bible. The Sikhs say the Guru Granth Sahib should be read, and the Hindus recommend the Vedas. But the thing is that all these scriptures say the same things, and furthermore, mosques, churches, gurdwaras, temples, all have been designed after the same model—the model of the human form, in which the Light of God is burning. The outer modes of worship, such as lighting lamps, ringing bells, and so on, are but aids to remembrance of the Lord—to remind us that the Light and Sound of God exists within the true inner temple of God, which is the physical human body. *This body is the temple of God in which exists the Light of Truth.* Masters give the means of seeking out this hidden Truth—the means of learning how to withdraw from all that is outer, and invert into that which is inner. "Tap inside." *The kingdom of God cometh not with observation . . . it is within you.*

A Muslim Saint said similarly, *That which you seek is within you. O unconscious man; what you seek is within, why wander without?* That which must be realized is hidden in the human form, on which all outer buildings of worship are patterned; so why run to the models when one has been given the original? I am telling you these things very frankly. Live in your own religion, follow its outer modes of worship, keep all the signs and symbols, but always remember

that the true meaning of that religion is basically the same in all others, and if you have not realized that basic true meaning, then of what use has your religion been to you? Temples, mosques, churches, etc., have been made for those whose eye is not open, that they may learn about the Light within the true temple of God, and the Sound which is also vibrating there. Small children learn how to become householders by playing with dolls and other toys, but when they grow up, the toys are put aside. Now is the time to know where you stand.

The Koran states, *I am hidden within you like a hidden treasure—seek Me.* The Jap Ji states,

In the mind is the jewel of all jewels;
Seek it through the Guru's teaching.

Such is the advice from people who did go within and find that hidden treasure. All this singing and dancing in God's Name—what does it achieve? If, for instance, a bridegroom's party is going along the street, decked with its lights and flowers etc., and the relatives and friends are dancing at the head of the procession, young and old alike, but the bridegroom himself is not present in the party, then what is all the dancing for? I have not come to break you away from religions and sects; I rather would make you more strong in them, because if by remaining in them you have not imbibed the very true teaching therein, then you have up to now wasted your life. You may meet many learned or interesting characters—lecturers, story-tellers telling the tales of God—but ask them to show you the Lord; they will not be able to do so, for only the Master who travels within can give you something spiritually substantial.

Not only this, but *Unless I see with my own eyes, I cannot believe even my Guru's words.* When a man sees the Truth with his own eyes, only then can he really believe that what the Guru has told him are true facts. Here, talks are given on the basic teaching existing in all religions; the subject of Truth is discussed and how one can get the company of that Truth—Satsang. When you have seen and heard the Inner Light and Sound, you will have tasted a little of the real intoxication. But you cannot get that intoxication by just reading books or listening to talks.

One thing is very important to remember—wherever you fully put your attention, there you will succeed; for attention is the outer expression of the soul and as you think, so you become. If your attention is centered upon people of bad character, you will also become bad, and if you keep company with those of good character, you will develop in that direction. Anyone who works among perfumes will always spread around him a fragrance, wherever he goes. Actually if one merely passes through a perfumery, one's clothes will to some extent be permeated with fragrance.

That school is successful from which a large percentage of children pass their examinations. If very few pass, then of what use is such a school? I am not saying anything against religions—rather would I praise them. But the work of each and every man is to withdraw from the outer environments and learn to sit within himself. The knowledge of this science has been given to you, plus some experience to start the journey. Increase it; leave your bodies at will. There are other worlds alive and flourishing within you—And, Brahmand, Par Brahm, Sach Khand. The Lord *can* be

realized in this very lifetime, but how much nearer to that are we if we have not even risen above the physical form? The reason for this? We have firmly fixed our attention on the enjoyments of the world. Yes, you may say that the whole world is similarly engaged; what can be done about it? But have you not had a little awakening from this tragic sleep of the senses? I have not spoken of these things in a foreign language; have you understood the depth of their importance? If so, then start doing the work—do not look to others, look to your own duty. If your attention goes on focusing on others you will take on their color, whatever it may be. If your attention is always centered on that living force to which it belongs, it will become part of the Greater Attention.

Mind your own business. You have understood something of what Truth is, and you have had some experience of the God within you—go your own way, try to reach Home first! If others do not have your enthusiasm, what is that to you? Make the best use of your time. Only those who have traversed the Beyond can be of any help to you on your journey, so do not be led away by those who indulge in learned cogitations and intellectual wrangling, for such things will lead you nowhere.

We have an ocean of the Elixir of Life within us. *That Nectar, for which you came to this world, that Amrit, can be got from the Guru.* In creation, what is that life-giving Elixir? *Amrit is the Shabd.* Only by rejoining God does one attain everlasting life, and this well of Amrit lies within; it can be contacted through the grace of the Guru. When sitting in the Lord's remembrance, does it matter if those of other religions sit beside you? You have come to know the basic oneness in all life, for this science is the very basic teaching for all men. You have been put on the way, and if people ask you about the subject, tell them that this is the way of Spirituality—the one and only single way by which God can be realized. If you yourself listen to the arguments of others, you will be lost. Remember this—he who listens to others will waver. But those who take the Guru's words as Gospel will reap the fruit of them.

Many people are advanced in intellect, but they have not withdrawn or risen above body-consciousness, or have even taken the first step toward it. The intellect is useful to help one understand, or to ponder the subject—for instance when I am talking to you I am using my intellect and through the intellect you can understand, but its worth ends there. However, you can go on much further when this very intellect is stilled. So intellect is to be transcended. Withdraw from outer things and go within, *Look within yourself.* The worldly minded will go on raving about the happiness and enjoyment in outer things, but what kind of judges are they? What do they know of real happiness or enjoyment?

You yourself must recognize yourself;
Listen not to the words of others.

What is there to believe in words which are impregnated with the poisons of the senses?

Man has two halves: one is below the eyes, and the other above the eyes. If man had no head, he would never have had the faculty to understand, or the faculty to hear, etc. From the eyes downward lies layer upon layer of poison—poison from the outer impressions that one intakes, through the eyes, ears, nose, etc. How can we get out of this poison-

ous trap? Rise above the eyes, where all is tranquil, where the storms of life's tumult cannot affect you. You will be above it all. All this is the play of the attention; you *are* the attention. Put your attention here: [pointing between the eyes]—which is the seat of the soul in the body. The Controlling Power is within. When Masters work in the world they are not at all affected by the poisons.

Like the lotus flower aloof from the water, and the water-fowl who flies with feathers dry;
O Nanak, connected to the Surat Shabd one can swim the ocean of life.

Those who are connected to Naam, although living in the world, can be entirely unaffected by it. There are certain men who live among the snakes and scorpions but are unaffected by their poisons; they have the knowledge and the ability, but if we were to copy them, would we not get the effects of the poison? So the Masters who come to the world are spiritual experts—they do their work while living above the effects of the senses. While doing their work, they do no work; seeing they do not see; hearing they do not hear.

Guru Amardas Ji met his Master after more than seventy years of desperate searching, and then he said,

We, the low, became high by sitting at God's feet;
Praise be unto Him who lifted out the drowning stone.

He infers that like others he also was drowning, with attention steeped in the poisons of the senses; like a heavy stone which can only sink to the bottom. When he came to the feet of his Guru he was lifted out of his plight. That great Controlling Power which is God cannot be seen—my fingers are holding this watch, but who is holding it? I am—not the body. So God is in those realized souls, and when the seeker goes to the Master's feet it is God's mercy that works through him. There is hope for everybody. Every Saint has his past, and every sinner a future. You are human, remember. When did you become a Hindu, Muslim or Christian? All religions were made after the advent of some Master. Expert guidance is needed, from one who knows how to get out of this "physical well." He who knows not this secret can never help others to find it. The scriptures are full of the words of these Great Masters, and are there for your guidance and action.

I believe that we carry within ourselves a spark of that eternal light which must be shining in the depth of our being and which our weak senses can only be dimly aware of. To kindle this spark to a flame and to attain God realization is our most sacred duty.

"I believe in God." This is a commendable phrase. But to realize where and how He manifests, this is the true bliss on earth.

The stirring image of death is not looked upon as one of dread by the sage, nor as one of finality by the pious. The one is drawn back to life by it, teaching him how to live. The other, in sorrow, has his hope in future redemption strengthened. For both, the sage and the pious, death becomes life.

Live in the moment. Live in Eternity.

JOHANN WOLFGANG von GOETHE
Selected and translated by Sasha Kramer

THE ONLY REALITY

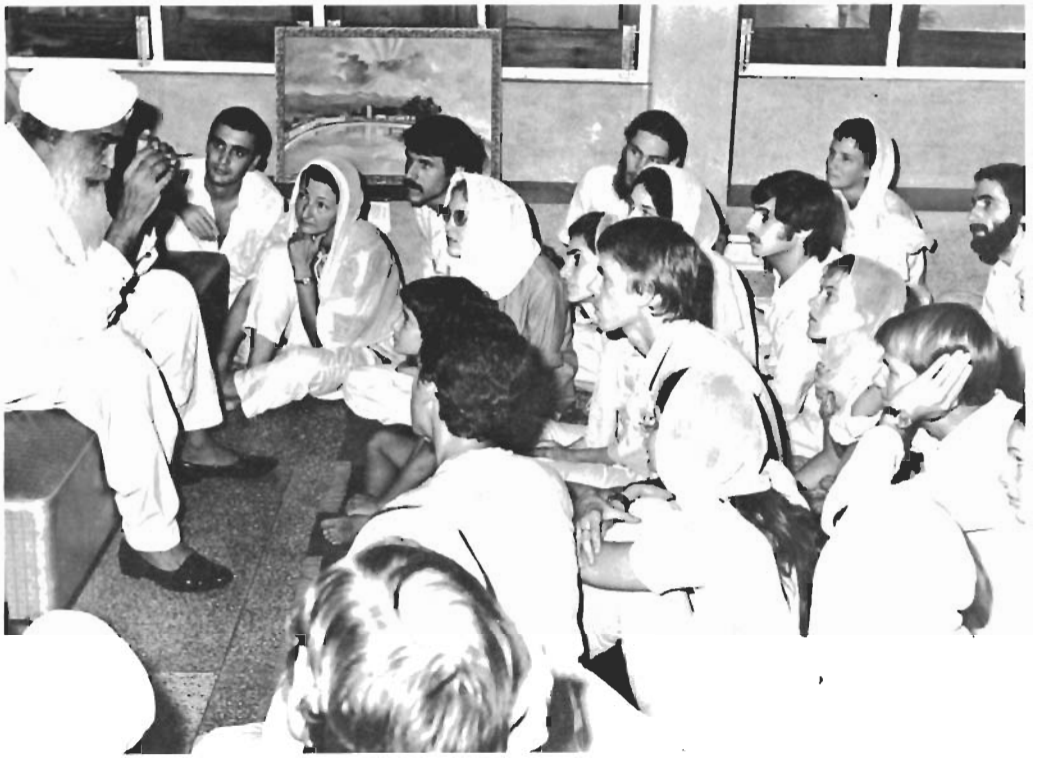
A talk given by Richard Scotti on his return from India

IT'S A BLESSING to share the experience of being with Master in India. I say blessing because the very sharing is a lesson in love. When we remember him in our meditations and during the day, and especially in India where it's so easy, our love is flared up; he gives us something. If we let that flow through by giving love to everybody and into every action, he gives more. If we try to keep everything for our own self to be special and above the rest, then he takes it back, like the Biblical story of the sons and the talents. This is the path of love, the way back to God; and if we're not feeling love we must be wandering off, concerned with the little self.

You see, he really didn't say anything new; he said the same words (with all the love behind them) that we have been hearing, reading, and repeating all along. But when you are physically near to Master, it's like being exposed to radioactive material: your consciousness is affected, awareness is increased, and his words become alive. Everything is so significant and clear; the conviction of seeing is there. No doubt all of us have had this experience of waking up to the way things really are, by His Grace; well, it's like that.

The Master does not live in India only, you see. His physical body may be there, but He's right here in each of us. Of course it's easier to find Him in us there; but that seeing, that vision He gives must be kept as much as possible while doing our work in the world. He is all consciousness and all love and can give whatever He wants to. We set up barriers when we lock Him up in India, in meditation sittings, or with other satsangis, and forget that God is in every heart. So some are called over there for a while; that doesn't mean that the others are not being blessed or receiving—"all feasible grace, help and protection is being extended." Master showed us in so many ways that he dragged us there. Still, our prayer—my companion's and mine—is that all might have this blessed experience, even for a short visit as ours was.

The plane trip is not easy, partly because of the time and schedule changes, and more because it is difficult to meditate; at least it was for us. We arrived in India feeling very tired and unreceptive, maybe like trees in the winter even with the sun shining, and were soon ushered by loving brothers and sisters right up against Master's couch—about two feet from being on his lap. He came in so jolly, so alive, and I kept thinking, "Oh, wake up, mind! Please warm up, heart! That's God manifesting." Master soon looked down and spoke directly to me. At one point he asked, "Did you come for something special?" Well, that just knocked me out, you see, because for some months before I had reasoned and prayed that if only I had more love for and devotion to Him, then, whatever He allows would always be beautiful. If



only I could remain contented and grateful for what He sends without all this asking! Then at Satsang once a group leader said that if Master ever asks you what you want, take it as a special blessing. So here I am at his feet, and he's asking! Looking up into the Life in his eyes, I said, "Love and devotion, Master."

Well, how to tell it? From that moment—even today (but not quite so strong)—He showed me the world as a classroom, everyone who comes as a messenger, every situation as a manifestation of love . . . and the lessons are of love and devotion. I mean, all initiates are graced with the eyes to see His not-so-hidden hand working in our lives; but this was different. It was more seeing Him manifesting and His words coming to life all around. Further, He showed (at some level) that there is nothing, nothing in this vast creation but the Master and the disciple. That's all there is! This place is a training ground where He teaches the lesson of how to see only Him. So what's there to be afraid of? What to avoid? Except perhaps prolonging this separation and carrying around this selfish little self any longer than is absolutely necessary. This is the path of love; that love comes from Him.

Master teaches at all levels simultaneously. In his physical presence, for example, he speaks some words to a group; some hear one thing, some hear other things, some hear little at all, and some are given inner awakening that could not have come from the words he spoke. So when he says to protect your-

self—"Don't look into the eyes of others," "Don't touch others," "Don't accept presents,"—these rules are according to the law, "As you sow so shall you reap." This is true, of course, because he says so; but the highest law is love, and "Love knows no law." If we are loving, well, we cannot even see the bad radiation or karma. Love knows nothing of these things; it only knows and sees Him. Love knows giving even in receiving. How can we see and love the God in all others if we're afraid of the bad, unspiritual radiation? How can we serve and love the God in all others if we're always thinking about our own selves? For the sake of protecting ourselves, the principal commandments of loving all others and not offending a human heart are often broken; like being penny wise and pound foolish, as they say. But love, the very path that makes everything so easy and beautiful, comes only from Him.

We spent about half of our visit up at Manav Kendra. If ever there was a Shangri-La, that's it: indescribably beautiful—especially the hearts of our brothers and sisters. Master is the manifestation of God, and those we lived with and shared love with for awhile are surely very pure manifestations of His love—living examples, I would say. There loving service flows from hearts that don't seem to know anything about self interest. I mean people there seem to be going around always giving their lives away to love, but not for any reward; rather because that's what those lives are for. Looking into their eyes, the secret is there: they see only Him! No question of surrendering; they are felt to be constantly surrendering, like water over a falls. We tasted the truth of these words there, you see, because the radiation is so strong that the same love was stirred up in us and our heads too were offered for awhile. Such a wonderful thing.

By His grace I went to India with a pretty good understanding of my own incompetency. I could see that I really can not do the path, keep the commandments, keep the diary and weed out, and do the spiritual practices accurately. All my efforts great and small only seemed to lead eventually down some tunnel and out into the cold again. The harder I tried the more mechanical life became and the less love there was. Many things were running through my head during our first few days there and I kept trying to put the confusion into a sensible question or two. Our gracious Master would come to us twice a day for Darshans—such happy times! And I really wanted to see Him—I mean there was a great thirst in me to see beyond the man. I looked very carefully and very long at that beautiful face and those eyes—each view was more beautiful than the last. You can never grow tired. The mind reached out too, but still, there was no depth of satisfaction. Finally I thought, "I want to see You but I can't," and then He showed me something of Himself. A brother who was leaving the next day asked Master at a Darshan at Manav Kendra to please bless some small photos for his home satsang. Master shuffled through them and looked them over. In laughing, jolly tones he asked, "Who is this? Do you know?" The answer came back, "Why, that's you, Master." Then he grew quite serious and strong, and everything became very very still. I tell you truly, Nature came to attention. Powerful vibrating words came out of that moment of stillness: "This is my physical body. Such things are meant only for sweet remembrance." The life and authority in those words completely filled the air. That was an unforgettable experience with which

He graced me when I realized my own incompetency.

He showed me in so many ways that as long as we think we can do anything without Him by changing this or that or doing one thing instead of another we must remain all alone and lost. "If you can do it yourself, you're welcome." And then, "If not, seek the company of one who can help." I used to think that these words referred only to the initial experience; but truth is always true. All of our crutches and acting and posing instead of love for Him—all our attachments to anything except Him—stand as subtle giants between each one of us and our Master. If only the significance, the truth, of this one fact could be conveyed.

One day he told us a little story: "A rat was making a pilgrimage to Mecca, a long long way off. Running along the ground he saw one pigeon flying overhead. (You know pigeons can fly 70 miles per hour.) So the rat called to the pigeon, 'Where are you going?' 'To Mecca,' he replied. 'Will you take me?' asked the rat. Out of compassion the pigeon replied, 'Yes, most gladly,' picked up the rat with his claws and carried him off to Mecca in no time." It's all His mercy and grace, you see, which comes in as we wake up to our miserable state and utter helplessness to change it, and we sincerely ask for help from the Master, the Competent One.

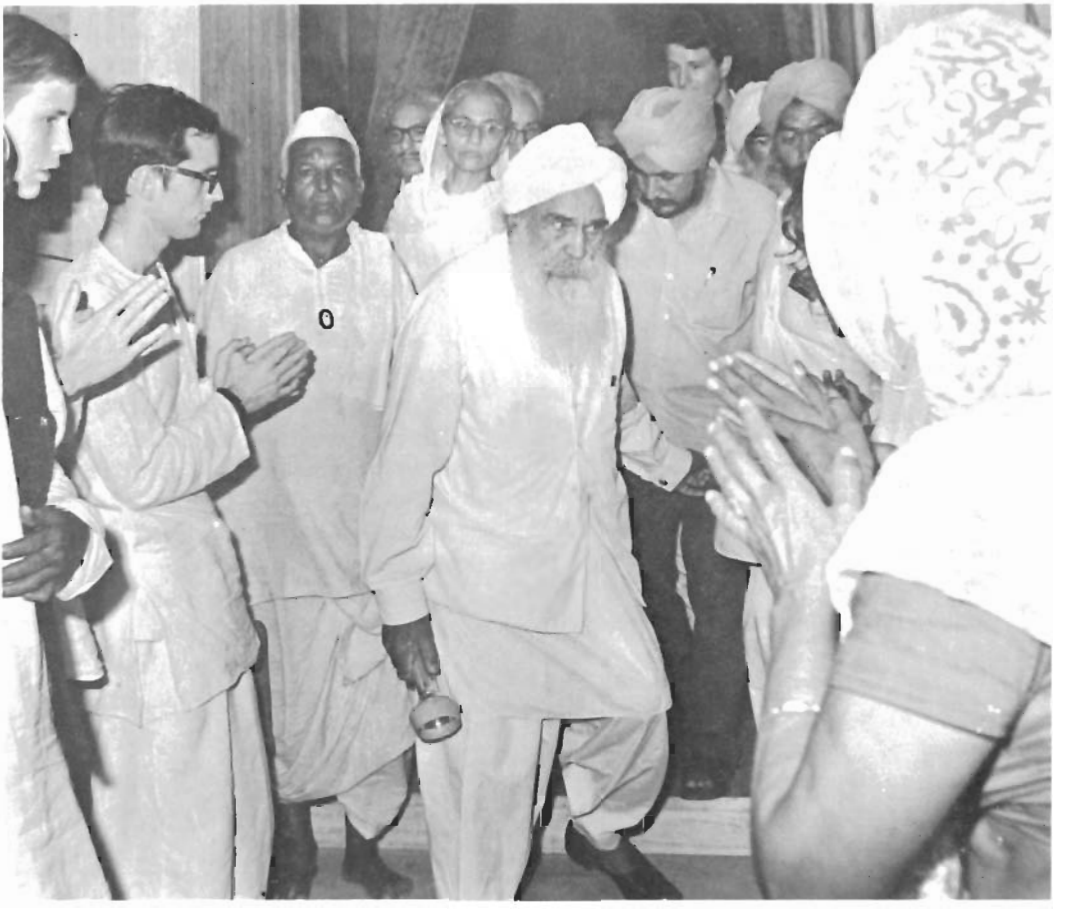
Another time the Beloved Master was answering a question at Darshan and it sounded like he was saying, you must do this and you must do that. And my own incompetency, my own helplessness, was pressing down very heavily and as Master was talking, I was bleeding, really hurting inside. I cannot remember feeling so low and helpless before. So my

arm went up and when he nodded and smiled, out of me came the question, "Master, I'm very confused . . ." (he smiled and nodded again). "The gift that you have to give to us is of pure love and grace; how can it be earned or merited in any way?" With that out my attention flashed back to his shining eyes; there was nothing else. I was very very down low, but Dear God! when I looked into his eyes—it was overwhelming—he was much lower than me! So gently, so lovingly, so pleadingly, he said, "Look here: keep my commandments. Remember me." Those words, that love, pierced my heart, and everything was so so clear. I understood that the commandments, the diary, the spiritual practices, are divine devices for drawing in and focusing our attention on Him. He, the Master, is the beginning, the middle, and the end of the Path to God, as well as our true home itself. Conscious contact with Him is all that is real. Everything was reduced to this one point which is truth and love. This is the path of remembrance; but remembrance too is His. Everything is His.

As I understand what the Master taught me, *helplessness alone is ours.* It is the mercy and grace of the God-in-man that awakens us to this fact and plants within each of us a spark of His own life, a speck of yearning, that we lose again and again. That doesn't mean to suggest that we should be down in self pity and do nothing but wait for Him to come. We must carry on with both our worldly and spiritual work as best we can, trying to live up to what He says; but recognize that all strength and progress come only through conscious contact with the Godman, our Blessed Master. We should pray for that help, and when it comes, get onto the real path: the path of love. Seek Him, serve Him, love Him, in every action. If we struggle to take one step this way, He promises to come down a million. But the struggle, the one step, the seeking His help through prayer and remembrance—these things are there too. The path is so simple! There are no special circumstances required; no acting and posing will help. It doesn't matter where we are or what we have to do in the world; He is there. All that matters is where our devotion is as we go through the duties which come as a result of the destiny karmas. The true relationship is a spiritual one and has only to do with where our faith is, where our hearts are attached; and nothing to do with the good or bad karmas we must go through. Very natural, very simple, very truthful: we have only to respond to His love by turning to Him each moment. Remembrance comes from yearning. Love comes from remembrance. Everything follows love. God has promised to give everything to the truly helpless who fall at His feet for mercy. Nothing more is required; anything more is too much. God only knows how many more times these lessons will have to be learned before we surrender to the truth.

When Master was told that we had to leave the next morning, he said, "That's all right. Go jolly; God will help you." The custom at the ashram is that those who are leaving have a "special" Darshan—whatever that means; all Darshan is special, blessed, priceless! We wanted to thank him in words too for the blessings we are having and especially for the grace in the form of such overwhelming lessons of love and devotion. He was so alive, very warm and personal with us, and he laughed one of his total laughs. When our Godman laughs, all creation seems to come into that laughter and everyone around is floated on a wavy

ocean of happiness. He said, "Thank God. We may grow tired of receiving but He never grows tired of giving." And then: "God bless you." He sent us back into the world for a while to find Him within ourselves and within all of creation, and to pay off our give and take cheerfully, gratefully and lovingly. The last few minutes he gave us were so powerful and love-filled. Like a good teacher, he summarized the important lessons. Like a loving father or dear friend, he gave out his best advice. Like God Himself he graciously and lovingly pointed once more to the homeward path. He said, "REMAIN IN CONTACT."



Darshan at Manav Kendra

Sunday morning, February 24, 1974

MASTER ARRIVED *to give us a meditation sitting at 9:15 a.m. It was held inside the Meeting Hall at his suggestion because the sun on the porch outside, even at this early hour, had been too fierce the day before. His first words on climbing onto the low bed which had been prepared as a platform were, "Are you all going strong?" He then supervised the placing of some of his children who had been waiting for him on the grass outside, and now couldn't find room on the crowded floor: "You can sit on the chair, no ticket. One man can sit here, this side. Make room for one there. That's all right. One or two can come here. Anybody else want a chair?"*

He started the meditation instructions by saying, "Now be ready to die! Everybody wants to be alive, is it not? This is quite the reverse. Men who come here, they want to die. Learn how to die! Meditation means die. Are you ready to die? Then be joyful, you see."

One and a half hours later he broke us off by saying, "Leave off please," and asked for the count. We raised our hands to show what we had seen inside, by His Grace; and as is his custom, he jotted the numbers down on a scrap of paper—this morning on the back of a small business card. It was during this count that Master turned to this Satsangi and asked, "Why are you putting this down?" He managed to reply, "For historical accuracy," which did not seem to impress the Master. But seen from our level of understanding, we are so filled with amazement and deep gratitude for the gift of inner Light and Sound, that we wish to keep a record of the count as a living tribute to the greatness and compassion of our Beloved Master.

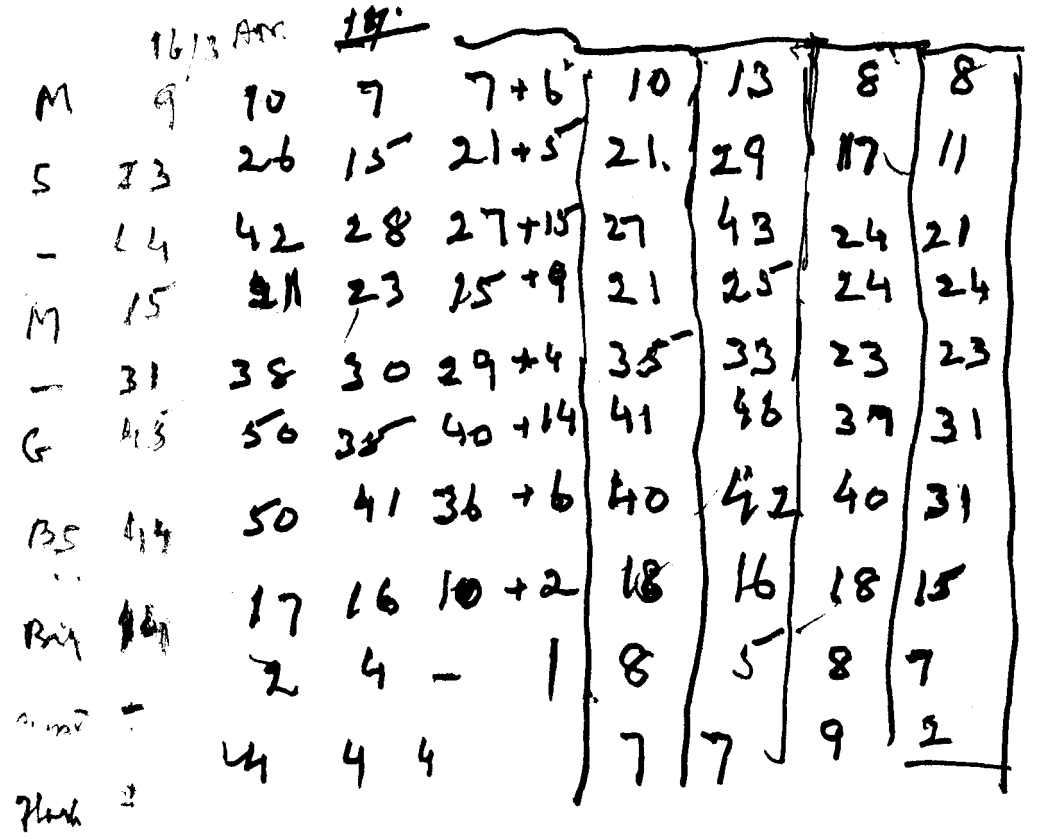
The count was as follows:

10 saw the Master's Form
19 saw strong red sunlight
70 saw ordinary red or purple light
35 saw strong moonlight
42 saw ordinary white light or white clouds
51 saw pale light or golden light
79 saw blue sky and stars
25 saw the big star, the big moon or small moon
7 crossed the moon or it burst
8 saw only flashes of light
2 saw no light

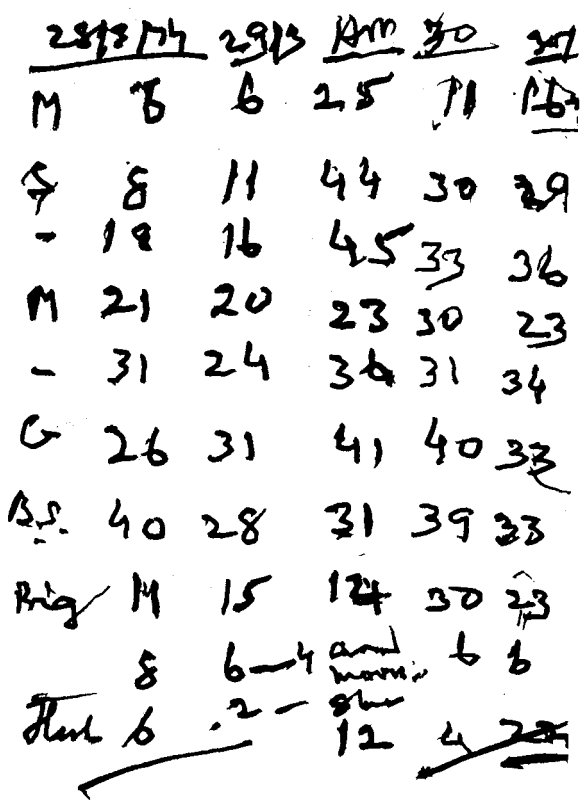
Out of the 140 Western Satsangis sitting, most of them had stayed on from the Unity of Man Conference which had been held three weeks earlier. (By far the largest proportion were Americans; there were also Canadians, Germans, Greeks, Frenchmen, Africans, South Americans, and Englishmen.)

The count was followed by further meditation instructions emphasizing the

This account was prepared for SAT SANDESH by the Dept. of Records at Sawan Ashram.



M	9	10	7	7+6	10	13	8	8
S	13	26	15	21+5	21	29	17	11
–	14	42	28	27+15	27	43	24	21
M	15	21	23	25+9	21	25	24	24
–	31	38	30	29+4	35	33	23	23
G	43	56	35	40+14	41	46	37	31
BS	44	50	41	36+6	40	42	40	31
Big	44	17	16	10+2	18	16	18	15
cross	–	2	4	– 1	8	5	8	7
flash	2	4	4	4	7	7	9	9



M	8	6	25	21	26
S	8	11	44	30	29
–	19	16	45	33	36
M	21	20	23	30	23
–	31	24	36	31	34
G	26	31	41	40	33
BS	40	28	31	39	33
Big	M	15	12	30	23
cross	8	6—4	and moon	6	6
flash	6	2	flash 12	4	28

Shown are two of the Master's meditation counts in his own handwriting, as referred to on the opposite page, for the weeks of March 16 and 28 of this year. "M" stands for Master's Form; "S" for strong red sunlight; "M" strong moonlight; "G" golden light; "BS" blue sky; "Big" big star; "cross" and "flash" crossing the moon and flashes of light.

importance of accuracy and not wasting our time while we are with the Master in idle talk and gossip. He emphasized once again that what we are receiving inside is the Bread and Water of Life.

Master then gave us a short talk:

A TREE WHICH bears no fruit, what is its fate? It is used for burning. A tree is known by the fruit it bears. So this is the Bread and Water of Life; the diet of the soul. All Masters have made reference to it in their scriptures.

Maulana Rumi says, "Well look here, just rise above the turret of the body, and catch hold of the Sound that is coming from above; the Voice of God calling you back home—'Come back home, children!'."

Do you know how to concentrate? How much time do you need? It is very simple. The learned and unlearned both have to do the same thing.

Two men went to a teacher: "Sir, we have come to learn." One was unlearned and the other was learned. To the unlearned man he said, "Well, look here, here are the stairs—one hundred steps; it will take you to the roof of the building and when you reach it, you'll see the full sun rising." The unlearned man started right up.

To the learned man, the teacher said, "Well, dear friend, I'll charge you double fee." "But I'm a learned man! Why?" "Because I have to make you unlearned first."

"But," says the learned man, "where is the proof I'll see the light above?" First question: is there proof? He wants proof; he doesn't go by the word of the teacher. Then the teacher has to quote from scriptures—such and such Master says this, and such and such Master says that, and such and such scripture says something else.

"All right, if I go up and my foot slips, then what happens?" More questions. Finally he tries going up. Then he says, "It is all dark." One day, two, three, four, five days pass; he goes up one step. He says, "It is still dark," because he has not reached the roof. His attention is still on the way, you see. You have to come to the seat of the soul in the body, that's at the back of the eyes.

I also find learned people like that. One says, "When I sit in the sun I see light, but not at nighttime." So when he is sitting and the sun is out, he is thinking of the sun outside; how can he see light within? At night when it is all darkness outside, he sits, he says it is all darkness. His whole attention is on the darkness outside. How can he see light at night? You follow? These are the theories of learned people.

So learning is a garland of flowers around the neck of a practical man. He will explain to you in so many ways; but the work that has to be done is to be done the same by the learned or unlearned, the young or old.

The teachings of all the Masters are the same for all—the Inner Way. If you are learned or not, rich or poor, you are a human being first. And God happily resides in the same building you are in. Had it been anywhere else it would have been very difficult to find Him. Spirituality is not so difficult as we have made it; even a little child understands it. The more a man becomes learned, the more it appears difficult. All you have to do is bring your whole attention towards it. That gives you more consciousness—your own consciousness brought in at one place. When you come in contact with higher consciousness, then you become all-wise. God is all wisdom. Don't you see this is so simple? Is it difficult? You can do it in one day, ten days, ten

months, ten years, ten births. Why not do it all at once and finish it off? Don't you want to sleep in the lap of the Father? How long will you be frittering away time in idle talk or idle pursuits?

As you see, the very atmosphere of this place [Manav Kendra] is calm, quite cut off from the hubbub of the town. But the best solitude is within your own self. Keep your attention all within your own self. Emerson, when he wanted to find a refuge, a separate place all alone, went to an inn, where hundreds come and hundreds go, where nobody cares; you care for nobody and they care for nobody. You are left alone to your own self. In restaurants or hotels hundreds are coming and going, coming and going. You can sit down and enjoy your inner peace. So the best solitude is within your own self.

If you find God in this body, this temple, won't you kiss it? If you meet God will you not kiss Him? If you find He's in this building you will kiss even the walls.

So sit in such a company that gives you—what you say—radiation. Yesterday in the school here you saw the little children. One was Mohammedan, he prayed in Arabic. Well, speak of God in any language you know, that makes no difference. English or Latin or Greek or Arabic or Hindi or Punjabi, it's all right.

You get it? When you laugh, don't you laugh alike, whether you are German, Greek, Russian, or Chinese? Your eyes flash. When you have joy within, naturally your eyes will be radiating Light.

In this atmosphere you will find no poisons of the world. This is Manav Kendra—you see now?

Would you not like to go now? Put in as much time as you possibly can. Quite buoyant, quite fresh, at all times. When you close your eyes, see Him. See Him when you cut off from the outside; we have our living and being in Him.

God bless you all.

At Sawan Ashram just before the Unity of Man Conference

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST

Reminiscences of Darshan Singh, as reconstructed from an incomplete tape by people who were there

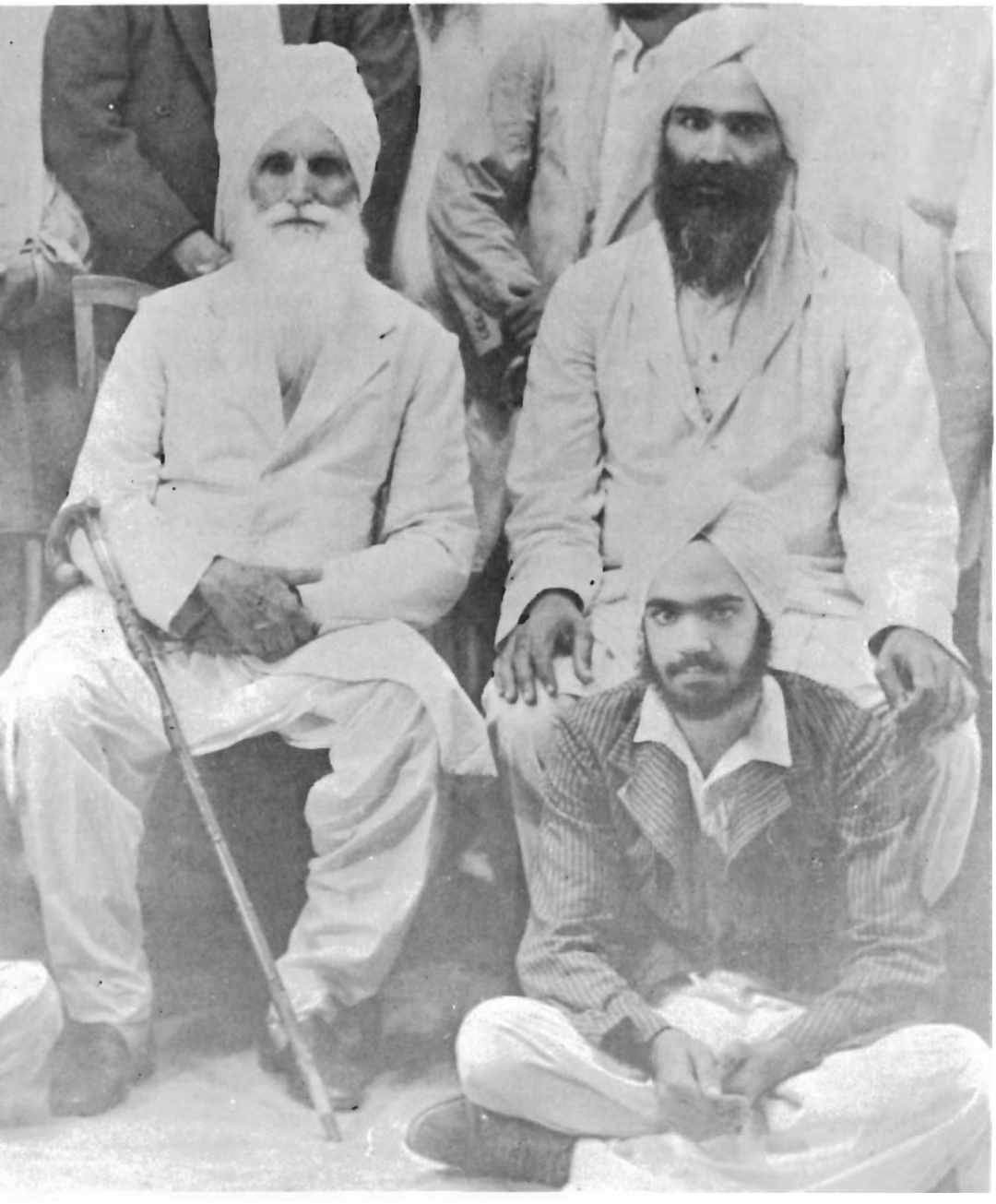
SHORTLY after the ending of the Unity of Man Conference—on Saturday night, Feb. 16, 1974—a sweet gathering was held at Sawan Ashram on the porch of Master's house. Called a "sevadars' tea party," it was a sort of special Satsang for those dear ones who had worked so hard to make the Conference a success. Master sat on a couch and lovingly presided over the proceedings, while each of the sevadars who wished to, got up and spoke what was in his heart. Finally, Master also spoke, very lovingly, in Hindi, to close the meeting; after which tea and sweets were served to all present, including a number of Western devotees who were specially invited.

For those of us who understood only English, the highlight of the evening was when Darshan Singh, the Master's son, stood up and told stories of the past, when he was a boy and the Master was a young man. He began by mentioning how Master always had been, even then, to his family members and all who knew him, "an example of true love, of selfless love." He spoke of an incident which took place in the year 1930, when he was in his teens and Master in his thirties. He said he returned home from school one afternoon to find the Master in the company of an old man and carrying a box on his (the Master's) head. The box, it turned out, was the old man's luggage; and the old man "had taught our Master when he was a student. That old man stayed with us for about a fortnight; Master would attend to him personally from dawn to dusk. In the morning, you know, he would take out water with his own hands (we had a hand pump) for the teacher's bath; then he would go with him throughout the day, and accompany him wherever he wanted to go." Eventually, Darshan said, Master arranged for the old man (who had fallen on hard times) to get a fresh start and another chance in life.

Then he spoke of the formation of the Sawan Service League:[1] "We formed the Sawan Service League in Beas, under the guidance of Baba Sawan Singh Ji Maharaj. We were seven young members of that blessed league. And Oberoi,[2] he used to be a little kid and he used to help us in our assignments at that time. You know, we carried on all the work under the benign guidance of our present Master. And one thing, you know, that he emphasized with us—because we were very young at that time—he would always emphasize the point of humility. He said, 'Whenever you are serv-

[1] The Sawan Service League was formed for the purpose of finding out persons who were in need of help and giving them what they needed. The members, who included S. Charan Singh of Beas, served under the guidance of Kirpal Singh, who was appointed advisor to the group by Baba Sawan Singh.

[2] Avtar Singh Oberoi, a cousin of Darshan's and somewhat younger, who is now a tireless worker in Master's cause.



Baba Sawan Singh, Kirpal Singh, and Darshan in 1939

ing you should be humble, and it will attract the attention of all those who come in contact with you.' He said,'Here you are serving as a messenger of good will of Hazur Maharaj Ji, and you must radiate his teachings. You must get it in yourself and then pass it on to others so that they see an example; then they come nearer to the Master's Feet.'

"And he had a high sense of duty. I remember when my little sister was six months old, she died. The same morning Master had to go to Amritsar for a Satsang. So Master left her at home, and asked Dalip Singh to carry the dead body of the girl to the cremation place; and he went and held Satsang.

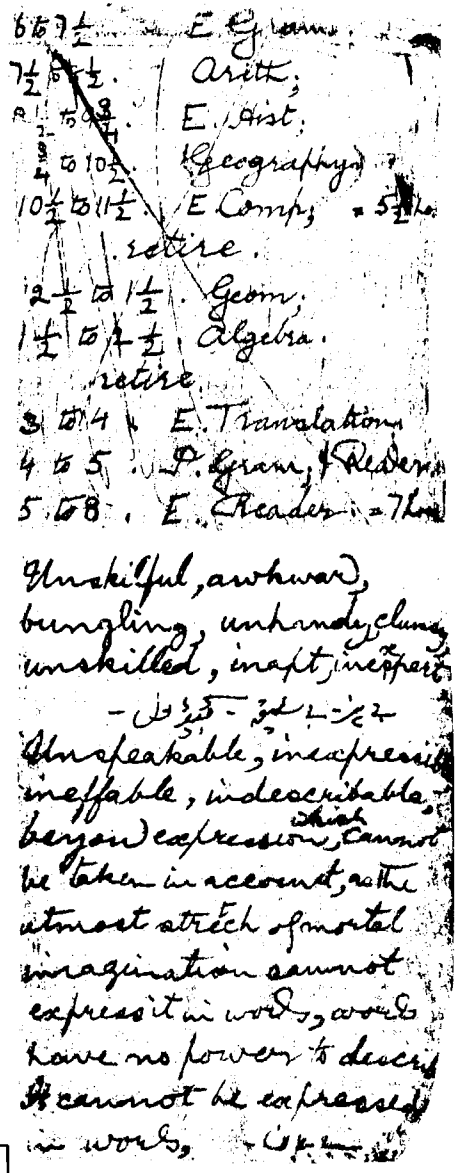
"Again on one occasion, I was physically ill (I was about sixteen years old) and the doctor said that from the medical point of view there was no hope for my life. Master had to go to Amritsar.[3] So Master left me in that condition and went to Amritsar for the Satsang. From Amritsar the Master thought that since he had come all the way to Beas, he should go and have darshan of Hazur Maharaj Ji there; and he would come back later. Of course, when he went there and Hazur asked him about me, he told him I was in this state; he said, 'Why, I don't have to worry about it; whatever burden is there I have just given to you.' And Hazur accepted that burden; and I recovered."

[3] To hold Satsang under his Master's orders.

A glimpse of the present: Darshan stands behind his father, Sant Kirpal Singh Ji, as Frederick Aye of Ghana presents a gift of two African scarves as a token of the love of the Ghana Satsang during the Master's birthday celebrations on Feb. 6. The Master appreciated the love of his African children very much. Darshan has often told how he had a picture of the Master for many years captioned "My Father"; and how now it reads "Universal Father."

Note.
The boys who wish to drink something in the mine of English knowledge, they should memorise these.

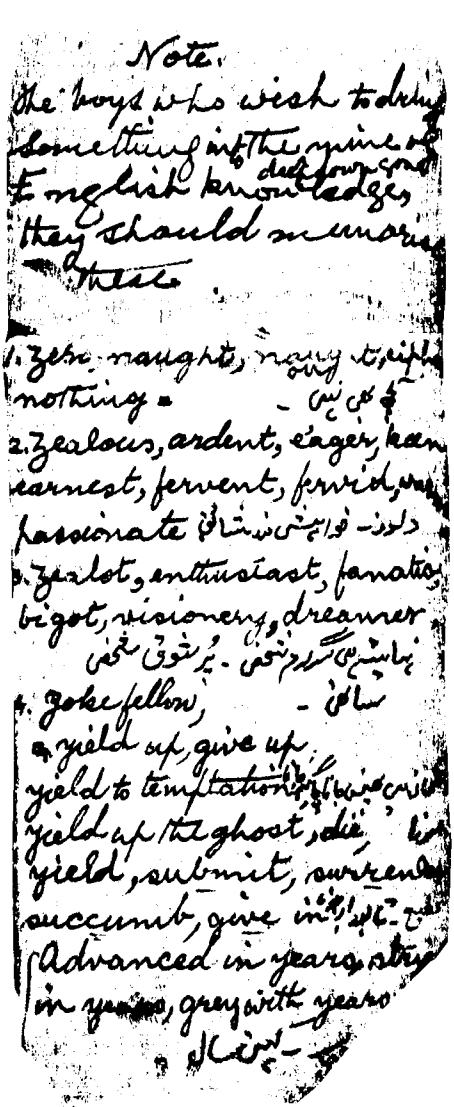
1. Zero, naught, naught, cipher, nothing = کچھ بھی نہیں -
2. Zealous, ardent, eager, keen, earnest, fervent, fervid, warm, passionate دلدوز - خواہش مند شائق
3. Zealot, enthusiast, fanatic, bigot, visionary, dreamer
نہایت ہی گرم شخص - پُر شوق شخص
4. Joke fellow, - ساتھی
yield up, give up
yield to temptation
yield up the ghost, die
yield, submit, surrender, succumb, give in
Advanced in years, stry in years, grey with years



6 to 7½ E. Gram.
7½ to 8½ Arith.
8½ to 9¾ E. Hist.
9¾ to 10½ Geography
10½ to 11½ E. Comp. = 5½ hrs.
retire.
12½ to 1½ Geom.
1½ to 2½ Algebra.
retire
3 to 4 E. Translation
4 to 5 P. Gram. & Reader
5 to 8 E. Reader = 7 hrs.

Unskilful, awkward, bungling, unhandy, clumsy, unskilled, inapt, inexpert
بے ہنر - بے سلیقہ - کبیڈول -
Unspeakable, inexpressible, ineffable, indescribable, beyond expression, which cannot be taken in account, as the utmost stretch of mortal imagination cannot express it in words, words have no power to describe. It cannot be expressed in words.

While looking through a trunk full of old papers one day, Darshan found an old yellow notebook with crumbling pages which he at once recognized as a relic of the Master's school days. The Master himself was amazed that anyone would be interested in these pages, but laughingly gave permission to use them in Sat Sandesh, confirming that they dated from approximately 1908, when he was 14. A few of the pages are shown here.



The note at the top reads "Note—the boys who wish to drink something in the mine of English knowledge, they should memorise these." Note however that the lists of words are not exactly synonyms, but are related; this may be one clue to Master's huge English vocabulary. This is not assigned work; this is Master's own determination to master the intricacies of a language not his own. In most cases, he has written the Urdu equivalents of the English words.

The list at upper left is his class schedule for that year.

SET YOUR HOUSE IN ORDER

a story by
Tracy Leddy

PARTWAY UP the mountainside, the Pilgrim lay sprawled in the rubble. Trembling, miserable, unable to go any further, he was too exhausted even to move his face in the dirt. He lay there, trying with all his might to dispel the shadows before his eyes which had caused his fall. But the shadows would not go away. They clung to his eyes, to the space behind his eyes; they held him fast. At length the Pilgrim groaned and cried aloud, "Lord, what is to become of me? I am besieged—I cannot move!"

Suddenly there was a great stillness around him and a great warmth. Something touched his outstretched hand. The Pilgrim slowly roused himself and looked up, squinting through the ceaseless flow of shadows around his head. His Lord stood before him, a man like any other man, except for the great stillness, except for the great warmth which surrounded him. On His face was a look of such profound understanding and compassion, the Pilgrim wept anew to see it.

"I wanted so much to come to You," he sobbed. "I started out so boldly, with such zeal . . ."

"What of your house?" asked the Lord.

"Oh, that place! I left it long ago." The Pilgrim shuddered at the memory of it. "It was too dark and gloomy and cold."

The look of compassion deepened on the Lord's face. "Dear friend," He murmured, "obviously it hasn't left you. Matters are not at rest there or you would not be beset by shadows now. You must set your house in order before you can come to me."

"Oh no!" moaned the Pilgrim. "I don't want to go all the way back down there! It's so far behind me now and—and—there are rooms in it I have never entered . . . Please help me to continue on my way up the mountain; don't send me back down there!"

"Beloved friend, there is no other way," replied the Lord. "Your house must be in order, *completely* in order, before you can come to me. Look what a paltry self you bring me—a weak and fearful creature who stumbles at shadows! Is it not said, Thou shalt love thy Lord with *all* thy heart, with *all* thy soul, with *all* thy mind, and with *all* thy strength? Come to me in fullness—not in fear! Go and open all those doors, one by one; fill the place with light; sweep out every corner until there is no darkness anywhere. When the task is done, I myself will come and get you."

The Pilgrim wept and stormed and begged and wrung his hands, to no avail. His Lord's words were hard, the very last words he had wanted to hear. But instead of sympathizing, the figure before him grew stern and commanded him: "I tell you, set your house in order or journey not toward me." And with this final pronouncement, He was gone.

Teeth chattering and limbs shaking, but fire burning in his heart, the Pilgrim made his way slowly back down the mountainside. The air around him became increasingly dense with shadows until he found himself flailing his arms continuously to keep any open vision as he retraced his steps toward home.

Wearily he turned out the key from its hiding place in an old flowerpot, unlocked the front door, went in and sat down. Fresh tears fell as he looked around him at the dust, the cobwebs, the cold hearth. But, "Lo! I am with you always!" sang to him suddenly out of the fire in his heart and the Pilgrim knew, even though at the moment he hated being here, that he had come to the right place and that somehow everything would be all right.

It took months for the Pilgrim to do even the most superficial cleaning. He had always thought he kept a decent house but closer examination revealed many unexpected messes he had never noticed before.

And it took nearly a year before the Pilgrim had gained enough courage to stand in front of the first of the four unopened doors, knowing now that he was strong enough to open it and enter the room and face and conquer, nay, even befriend whatever awaited him there.

Shadows crowded around him, in front of his eyes, in the space behind his eyes, and suddenly he was seized with terror, shaking and choking with it; and from the depths of his heart came the cry, "I'm scared! I'm so scared!" And with the strength of this cry he opened the door and rushed inside. Instantly all the shadows vanished and he saw to his amazement a shadowy figure, very like himself, cowering and quaking and sniveling in the middle of a dismal empty room. The Pilgrim's heart went out to the poor creature. "Come," he said, "you shall sup with me tonight." And he took it by the hand and led it back along the corridor into the central chamber in the house where there was a long table set in front of a blazing fire.

And then he went back to the first room and opened all the windows and lit all the lamps and washed and scrubbed and scoured until there wasn't the shadow of a shadow of the fear that had lived in there so long.

The Pilgrim lived with fear for some time and they became intimate friends, until there was nothing the Pilgrim did not know about fear. But strangely enough, the longer their friendship continued, the fainter the shadowy figure became until one day, in the bright sunlight which came through the huge skylight in the central chamber, fear was not there at all. And the Pilgrim set his jaw and turned his attention and his footsteps toward the second door.

He stood in front of this one, knowing that he now had the strength to open it and enter the room and face and conquer, yes, even befriend whatever awaited him there. But again shadows crowded around him, in front of his eyes, in the space behind his eyes, and suddenly he was filled with pain, every muscle, every nerve, every organ in his body was shrieking, "I hurt! Oh, I hurt!" and with the strength of this cry, he opened the door and rushed inside. Immediately all the shadows vanished and he found to his surprise a shadowy figure, very like himself, doubled up and writhing on the bare floor. It was clutching its stomach as though it had a spear or an arrow in it which it was struggling to remove. "Oh you poor thing!" gasped the Pilgrim, "come along out of here and let me try to help you." He put his arms gently around the creature and led it

into the light and warmth of the great central chamber in which he spent most of his time.

Then the Pilgrim went back to the second room and opened all the windows and lit all the lamps and dusted and swept and polished until there wasn't the shadow of a shadow of the pain that had lived in there so long.

Pain and the Pilgrim spent much time together. They too became intimate friends until there was no sorrow, no anguish in this world the Pilgrim did not know. But strangely enough, the longer their friendship continued, the fainter the shadowy figure became until one day, as evening light shone through the sparkling window on the western side of the fireplace, pain was not there at all. And the Pilgrim took a deep breath and made his way toward the third door.

This time the shadows assailed him in the corridor and raged around his head until he almost lost his courage, thought he was going mad, and turned to flee into the safe familiarity of the central chamber. But—"Stop!" sang the voice in the depths of his burning heart, "have you forgotten I am with you always? Who do you think, Beloved, is *really* doing all this work?" Both ashamed and heartened, the Pilgrim reset his steps grimly toward the third door. The heat was overpowering, and it was nothing like the warmth of the Lord. It was a red-hot blast, a passionate fury which engulfed him as he stood there. From his fingertips, his toes, his bowels, his entire being, he felt the violence boiling up and, opening his throat and roaring with total anger, he threw the door open and strode inside. The heat stopped abruptly. The shadowy leonine figure which looked just like him snarling and pacing the floor in the dimly lighted room did not surprise the Pilgrim. "Come on," he said bravely, taking a firm grip on the creature's arm, "you and I will have much to talk about."

Well, it took a longer time than either fear or pain did, but the Pilgrim eventually made friends with anger, too. And at last the shadowy figure that was the Pilgrim's anger disappeared from his house in much the same way as fear and pain.

This left only one more unopened door, but it was many years before the Pilgrim could bring himself to face it. One day he was thinking of his Lord and remembering that He had said the house must be completely in order before—before anything really good could happen and, as the fire in his heart burned particularly brightly that day, he found himself stiffening his shoulders for this last, most difficult foray.

The shadows were more than shadows which clung to his eyes, to the space behind the eyes, this time: they were shapes, moving, sinuous, twining shapes, like temple reliefs, like old frescoes and paintings, like words from books given bodies; and he felt his skin prickle and go hot and the rest of his body throbbed with delicious, delightful sensations. "Oh," he groaned, "I want it, I need it, I love it!" and he threw himself into the room. A shadowy figure, half male, half female, opened its arms to him from an enormous bed. "Yes," he said, gazing at the figure with infinite pity, "finally you and I will become friends too." And he drew the amorous creature forth from the shadows and into the clear light of the great central chamber.

No one knows how long the Pilgrim's friendship with physical desire lasted; but let it be known that he learned all that he needed to learn. And when the shadowy creature that was the Pilgrim's

own sensuality finally disappeared into the bright air as the others had before it and the house had no darkness in it anywhere at all, the Pilgrim was at peace and thought his task was done.

It was not so. The Pilgrim lay in front of the hearth one night and in a dream he saw a small door opening and a long bony hand reaching around to grasp his hand. In this dream the Pilgrim tried to close that door but there had been no lock on it and the bony hand had reached for him again.

The Pilgrim awakened in a cold sweat with his heart pounding. "It was Death," he said to himself. "Fool that I am, I have not yet made a friend of Death!" And without a moment's hesitation, he scrambled up into an old forgotten attic on one end of the house and opened the fifth and very last door . . .

But instead of bony fingers and the dampness of the tomb, there was a familiar stillness and a singing light. "It is I, Beloved," said the Lord. "I promised I would come for you when your house was completely in order and so I have."

His face radiant with the fullness of his understanding and his heart filled with love and trust, the Pilgrim went back up the mountainside in the company of his Lord.

Sounding Summer

Night with crickets.
Is anything more
restful than a summer among
the stars of
warm ancestral birth?

We are halfway across
the galaxy when
dawn overtakes us like a pealing
bell that opens the
flowering vault of heaven.

Far, far better
than the days of lonely manhood,
when he stood on a
yellow peak
amidst the circling storm.

Walking now the
corridors of gentle thunder,
he spreads his throne
across the silence that gave
him breath, and knows

the secret of saying Yes.

PAUL WEISS

COMMENTS & NOTICES

THE ARTICLE, "Darshan at Manav Kendra," appearing on page 20, is a sample of the work that the Dept. of Records at Sawan Ashram is doing. Ultimately, a book (or series of books) is contemplated—a sort of continuing *Gospel of Sri Kirpal Singh*. But they are still very much in need of tapes recorded before official recording began. With the grace of the Master, an American office has been established so that copying of tapes can be done over here and no one will have to mail their precious tapes to India. If you have tapes of informal or intimate Darshan sessions—not public talks—please send them, along with the place, date, and time of the session, the names of those who were present, and any other comments that may be appropriate, to the Dept. of Records American Office, c/o Mr. James Russell, 145 Granite St., Rockport, Mass. 01966, U.S.A. They promise to return your tape within a week. If you have a copy already made, then of course that would save them the work. And if you have a transcript of the tape already made, then please send that too; but don't send the transcript without the tape—most transcripts are very inaccurate and must be carefully checked in India. So with your cooperation, a really valuable contribution to the world's spiritual literature—not just for us, but for generations to come—may take shape.

* * *

Last month's issue, *The Unity of Man*, was printed in a larger edition than usual so that it would be available for use as a tool in furthering Master's work, especially among people whom the ordinary approach will not reach. Many people have understood the potential of this tool, and the response has been tremendous. If you would like extra copies, they may be ordered at 50c from Sat Sandesh.

R.P.

Notices

TOUR BOOK AVAILABLE

We are happy to announce that *The Third World Tour of Kirpal Singh* is at the binders and will be ready very soon. This book is a reprint of the five issues of SAT SANDESH (October 1972 through February 1973) devoted to the tour, and contains the complete story of the tour as told by Gyani Ji, five full-length discourses of the Master, records of darshan sessions, and many many pictures of Master in the Western world. It is a 160-page 9x6 paperback, available at $2.50 from Sat Sandesh Books, Sant Bani Ashram, Franklin, N.H. 03235, U.S.A.

MANAV KENDRA CALENDARS

The 1974 Manav Kendra calendars, beautifully printed in India with six color pictures of the Master, are now available from Sant Bani Ashram at $1.50 each.

HARD COVER *PRAYER*

The Master's book, *Prayer: Its Nature and Technique*, is once again available in hard cover at $4.00 apiece, from Sant Bani Ashram. The paperback edition continues to be available at $1.50.

MASTER'S BOOKS IN GREEK

Two of Master's books, *Spirituality: What It Is*, and *The Mystery of Death*, have been translated into Greek and are available at $1.75 each from Mr. C. James Nicholson, 51 Westchester Square, Bronx, N.Y. 10461, U.S.A.

NEW YORK TAPES

Due to popular demand, the five tapes of the Master's talks in New York in 1972 have been reissued by the New York Satsang and are available in 5-inch reels or cassettes at $13.00 per set. The quality is excellent. The tapes include the four public talks at Hunter College and the farewell talk at the New York Hilton. Please send your orders to Mr. C. James Nicholson, 51 Westchester Square, Bronx, N.Y. 10461, U.S.A.

"Our gracious Master would come to us twice a day for Darshans—such happy times."