Sat Sandesh

the message of the Masters

August 1974

FRONT COVER ABOVE/*Dr. G. S. Dhillon, Speaker of the Lok Sabha, the lower House of the Indian Parliament, tries to garland the Master Kirpal Singh Ji on the historic occasion of his addressing Parliament. But the Master never accepts garlands, and this time is no exception. Full details of the Master's visit to Parliament are on pages 2 and 19; the text of his talk begins on page 3.* BELOW/*The Master at Sawan Ashram with Jai Gurudev Tulsidas Ji Maharaj, one of the holy men who participated in the grand Convocation of the Saints, described on page 15.*

BACK COVER *Cabinet members joined hands with sadhus to help make unity of man and world peace a reality.* ABOVE/*India's Defense Minister, Sri Jagjivan Ram, addresses the Convocation of the Saints. On the platform with him are many of the holy men participating.* BELOW LEFT/*Dr. Sarojini Mahishi, Minister of Tourism and Civil Aviation, addresses the gathering.* BELOW RIGHT/*Sri Kamlapati Tripathi, Minister of Shipping and Transport, gives his talk. Also participating were Professor Sher Singh, Minister of Communication (see page 16), Dr. Karan Singh, Minister of Health, and Sri Uma Shankar Dikshit, Home Minister, as well as many Members of Parliament and city officials of Delhi.*

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INDIA'S *system of government is patterned upon the English style, with a Lok Sabha and Rajya Sabha, equivalent of the British House of Commons and House of Lords, together constituting a Parliament or seat of government. Members of Parliament are elected by the people at the time of voting, through selection in the various constituencies all over the country, and so everyone is represented by his own local Member of Parliament (or M.P.). The very term "M.P." has a magical sound in India ——except for film actors, no one is more idolized.*

The Indian seat of government is at New Delhi, housed in a rather splendidly designed circular building, nonetheless imposing for its now outmoded style.

The Master, having been specially invited to address interested members of the Lok Sabha, was received there on August 1, 1974, with dignity. This invitation set a precedent, being the first time a spiritual or religious leader has been invited to Parliament to address the members. A large conference room was set aside for the occasion, and one by one the members entered and took their seats. The room was arranged conference-style, with the tables set in a large square, topped with imposing looking microphones, one before each chair. Around the room, loudspeakers were on the walls.

Awaiting the arrival of the Speaker of the House, a gentle hum of conversation settled over the room, a high-ceilinged, wood-paneled apartment, cool because of this; but due to the high humidity of the monsoon, the inevitable ceiling fans were whirring away, suspended on their thirty-foot poles.

In India, a liberal number of women take part in politics, and there was a fair attendance from women M.P.'s. One lady told the writer her name was Mrs. Gregory, and that she and a male colleague had been nominated by the President to represent the Anglo-Indian (Christian) population of India; and that the Master's universal approach to the oneness of mankind appealed so much to her because she herself believed and practiced the same principle. She smilingly admitted that those who came to her for help numbered many more non-Christians than Christians, thus proving her point.

Dr. Gurdial Singh Dhillon, Speaker of the House, was unavoidably late, but two or three other members recounted some of the highlights of the Master's service to mankind. Dr. Dhillon has his own notable history, and was a commander under the revolutionary hero, Subhash Chanda Bose. This day he claimed the honor of introducing the Master, remarking, "We should all have gone to him, but he has very kindly come to us."

Listening to the Master's talk, it was interesting to observe that the words he spoke to the members of government, who have the control of the country and the welfare of the people in their hands, were the same words that he has spoken to the ordinary public everywhere, with the exception of one or two remarks. It is surely re-confirmation that all men are indeed ONE.

His words today were reminiscent of a remark he made at the last Kumbha Mela at Hardwar: "We squeeze the blood of others for the sake of gain—money—and the result? Those worldly things remain here and our sins go along with us!"

Dr. G. S. Dhillon, Speaker of the Lok Sabha, introducing the Master

The Master's Address to the Parliament of India

August 1, 1974

MY DEAR Dhillon Sahib and all other brothers here: Ever since I was born, I have noticed that all men are alike—the same two eyes, the same two nostrils, two ears, mouth, etc.—the only difference being the wearing of different clothing. As I studied all religions, I found the same things: no new facts have been revealed; but we have forgotten. I have been on three world tours and wherever I went I have been telling them that unity already exists, but we have forgotten. All are born the same way with the same construction outside and inside. Every morning the municipality disposes of the body waste from all. So all are alike.

A parallel study of religion has revealed that man is considered to be the highest in all creation—all scriptures speak very highly about the human body. I need not go into detail, but dif-

ferent scriptures say man is next to God in a place where Brahm can be realized. So man is the highest in all creation. *All creation is formed to serve thee, O man* —to serve you and all mankind alike.

So as man, we are the crown of all creation. All Masters who came in the East spoke of Man as the golden opportunity in which we can solve the mystery of life, know ourselves and know God —that very Power that is the Creator permeating and controlling all creation. That is why man is taken to be the highest in all creation. Just look to the machinery of the human body: it contains physical body, intellect, and the spiritual side, divine in nature. As man, we are already one, with the same privileges from God; for example, with the same intellectual capacities. As conscious entities, we are drops of the Ocean of All Consciousness. We are all brothers and sisters in God. All Rishis and Masters who came in the past gave out their teachings in the same way; they always addressed themselves to all mankind alike. They said, "O man!" and they spoke to the world at large, not to the man-made labels we are carrying. Guru Nanak said all men are reading in the same class to realize the mystery of life. So as man we are one, as souls we are all one, and that Power we worship in one form or another is the same referred to by so many different names.

Unity already exists; we have forgotten. All Masters who came gave the same teachings directly to everybody— no high, no low. They told us that we have received the man body which is the highest in all creation; it is the golden opportunity we have now in which we can realize God. We have developed physically; we know how this man body works, how it is impaired, how it can be returned to proper working order. So many medical systems are used. We have also advanced intellectually very wonderfully. We can go around the world in hours. The world has become small; all the countries have become so many rooms in the House of our Father. We can now reach the moon and there are others who are trying to do so. With all these advancements, are we happy? All are afraid of the atom bomb. The war could start at any moment and this world would come to an end. What is the remedy for all this? Masters show us the right understanding. They told all men, *Oh man, you are the highest in all creation. You must develop your third side, your own Self. Just pay more attention to your own Self which is the most important part of your life. Then the whole difficulty will be solved.*

Who are we? We are conscious entities. We are the driving force of the man-body. Intellect, mind and out-going faculties are directed by us. This is a machinery run by us; and it is also controlled by some Higher Power, so long as we are working in this physical body. Where God resides is all a manifestation of God, but He resides not in temples made with stones. Once, when I gave a talk in England and uttered these words, one Bishop stood up and said, "You have thrown an atom bomb on all our churchianity, if that is so." Masters, whenever they came, told us, *All men are alike. We are all children of God and we worship the same God overhead called by different names.* When Masters passed away, these formations came into being. The word "religion" means: *re* back, *ligio* to bind. To bind back our own self with the Overself. Social bodies came into being, and are made with the noble purpose of allowing many people to derive benefit from the man-body. The main principle of all religions is the

same; differences are all due to climatic conditions or other customs prevailing in each one.

As long as there were practical people living, others derived full benefit. For want of practical people the same good old customs became corrupted. Kabir and Guru Nanak came at the time when the two formations of Hindus and Muslims were very powerful, in order to unify them. Guru Nanak said, *I am neither Hindu nor Mohammedan; the God we worship is the same Power.* So people asked him, "Well, you are carrying the label of a Hindu, how can you say you are not a Hindu?" He said, "Of course I am carrying the label of a Hindu, whose religion was formed after those Masters who came in the past, to keep their teachings alive; but really who am I? My body is made of five elements and I am a conscious entity, a drop of the Ocean of all Consciousness." At that time [in India] there were only two religions—two outer bodies. Now there are more than 700. So Masters do not touch the outer labels when they come. The outer labels carry with them their own customs, their own ways of living and climatic influences. A first step is all right, but that is only the preparation of the ground. The higher purpose is to know the Self and to know God.

All Masters who came in the East or West told us, *Oh man, know thyself.* Greek philosophers said, "Oh man, you must solve the mystery of life." For that you will have to know yourself, "Gnothe Seauton." Latin philosophers said the same thing in their Latin language, "Nosce Teipsum." Persian philosophers also said the same thing, in their own language of course. We have developed physically and intellectually, but if we have not developed our own selves, "We are foolish"; these are the words such philosophers used. Guru Nanak said, *Unless you analyze yourself from the body and outgoing faculties you cannot solve the mystery of life.* So Masters came to teach us how to analyze our own self by rising above body consciousness. Knowing one's self at the level of feelings or emotions or drawing inferences, is subject to error. But when you come to a Master, a practical man, who rises above body consciousness daily, he also gives you a demonstration of how to rise above body consciousness. The true *noscum* (knowledge) will come up only when you sit by a practical man who will give you a demonstration of that. Then you will see for your own self that you are not the body, but the driving force of the body.

You will see that this body works so long as we are in it. But how wonderful is this human body! It has so many apertures—two eyes, two ears, two nostrils, etc.—but we cannot run away out of it. Some Power is controlling us in this human body; the same Power which is controlling all the Universe. When God came into expression, that was called *Naam* or "Word" or *Kalma,* and that is the Creator permeating all creation, and controlling all creation. That very Power controls us in the body, and continues to control us so long as we remain in the body. When that Power is withdrawn, we have to leave the body. That is the Inner Way Masters have been revealing ever since Rishis and all others came on the scene. I have given quotations from the original scriptures, a parallel study of which I have given in the book *Naam or Word.* I have written a parallel study of all Yogas (*The Crown of Life*) and so many books on the subject of Spirituality, which carry no touch of "ism" but rather the real truth which was given out by all Masters who came in the past.

Now the need is that we all should know we are already one, but we have forgotten. This is the one thing which, if we knew, would naturally cause us to have reverence for all on earth—those around us and those below us. Many difficulties would be solved.

When attending the last Kumbh at Hardwar, to which my friend has already referred, I told the Sadhus when they were all collected together (and it was very difficult to bring them to sit together) that we are all one as man. No high, no low. I told them that in the old days festivals were held every 12 years to consider the Brahma; the way of living; and also to help solve any difficulties in the country. I told them that this is your job also, because the world is aflame; and such is the same fate you have in India. Our house is on fire. With all our difficulties however, our blessed Prime Minister and others, carrying on the good management of this country, are doing their best. But I told the Sadhus that here in India, as man we have failed, as government we are trying our best, but still—"O God, it is in Your Hands." Guru Nanak once prayed, "O God, the world is aflame, save it on any plea. " So I told them, "Saints are considered to be nearest to God. Now I have brought this message to your notice; my work is done." They unanimously formed a committee to help. They also praised the way we are living and carrying on the government here.

So it is very kind of you people to invite me here. I am glad and thankful to you for this first step. In the government these spiritual things are generally not interpreted. This has been the theme of which Mahatma Gandhi also spoke: that religion should be brought into the

government for the sake of practical management.

This is an awakening which has been appreciated all around the world. Here also men are ready, and these ideas too are spreading like wildfire. This is the need of the times; if this is done all our troubles will be solved. We have so many troubles—there is an increase in the cost of living. Now what is the remedy for this? Once I was a President of the Farmers Movement, and they put before me facts and figures: such as the farmer receiving Rs. 1.60 per kilo for what he grows, the same thing being sold in the market for Rs. 7.00 per kilo. Food passes through different hands and the prices have risen. The government is doing its best to set this right, but in the meantime, to avoid the pinching effects of the expense of the food, we should minimize our other requirements. This is one thing which will save us from the pinching effects of rising prices. The prices should be controlled. When we consider that all are one and we are from the same country, then we must be true to our own country. We were born in this country, our bodies are framed from the soil of India, and we should do our best to make this country ideal for all.

During my last world tour, I was asked on television, how could peace be cemented in the world? I replied, that peace can only be brought about when the people rise above "isms"—the labels we are carrying—and Kings rise above countries. So my submission is, we are all from this country, we have attained this freedom not too many years back. We should all join heads together, which the government is already doing, to make it a very blooming garden, and let others unite.

So there are two things before us: we have given precedence to our labels, but we are man first. We say we are Hindus or Mohammedans first, then Indian, etc. I would say that we are men first and then the labels we are carrying. Then comes the duty toward the country: we should be patriots; it is our duty. And we should all lay our heads together to help society realize the unity of all mankind. This can only be achieved when we have right understanding all around.

So with due deference to all, I thank you Members of Parliament, especially our dear friend Dhillon Sahib, who has made arrangements for me to come to you and put my heart before you. My real sympathy is for the advancement of this country and I request each one of you, as I requested the religious heads at Kumbh Mela, to lay your heads together. Thank you.

Shri Shanker Dev, M.P., Secretary of the Indian Parliament chapter of the World Federalists, also welcomed the Master with a brief address:

"I am happy to recall that His Holiness Sant Ji in his spiritual field is exerting day and night to bring about World Unity through his philosophy of universal love. Toward the beginning of this year, H.H. Sant Ji had organized a World Conference on Unity of Man, when people from all over the world representing different faiths and beliefs, had come on one platform and unequivocally prayed for unity of man. We have to acknowledge that the politicians have always divided the world whereas the Saints have united it.

"I am extremely happy that Sant Ji is today amongst us . . ."

For additional insight into this historic event, see the account by Mr. Charles Fulcher starting on page 19.

THE MASTER'S TALK

Come Back, My Children

KABIR SAYS, *I have not seen any man born who is happy.* So Masters say, what is the reason why we are not happy? The source of happiness is within you, and you have been seeking it outside all through life, in eating, drinking, enjoying scenes, music, this and that thing. If you had withdrawn from outside and risen above body consciousness, you would have found the Source of Light.

So Masters say that the human body is the highest in all creation. We have to be in the human body to come in contact with that source of all joy, all happiness, all wisdom, which is within you. Now, you see, we are all identified with the body through the outgoing faculties. Our attention is all identified with it so much so that we have forgotten our Selves. They say, rise within you, tap inside; and this is in one and all.

How long will this body continue? Few days—few years—after all, we have to leave the body. So this is the golden opportunity in which we must find out that Source of happiness which is within us. That can only be had if we rise above body consciousness. This is what the Masters come and teach us: first, to rise above body consciousness, withdraw your attention from all outside. Then, withdraw your attention from the

This talk was given in English by Sant Kirpal Singh Ji at Sant Bani Ashram, Sanbornton, New Hampshire, Tuesday morning, October 17, 1972, after the meditation sitting.

body below. Where does it go? Up; because the seat of the soul is at the back of the eyes. And at the time of death when the soul leaves the body, it withdraws first to the back of the eyes and then transcends. There the Water of Life is flowing, you see; is trickling.

So they address all men alike: Well, please withdraw your attention from the body below, go up; that's the way back to Light. That's the way back to God. This has been the teaching of all Masters.

This outer life has been given to you for a short time. Make the best use of it. After all, you have to leave the body; when you have to leave the body, why not leave slowly, now? Leaving the body means, leaving the body as at the time of death. A dying man's outer attention is withdrawn. If any man goes to him, he does not recognize him. Then the soul (the attention) is withdrawn from the body and the body becomes numb, the eyes are upturned, and it goes. This is what is called Spirituality: *O man, learn to leave this body.* After all, you have to leave this body some day. Sooner or later: may be tomorrow, may be after leaving this room, may be that you go to sleep and never rise again. Sleep is called the younger sister of death.

And moreover, you see, we are attached either to the body or the outside possessions—our family, our contacts, our friendships, our outer enjoyments. When you repeat a certain action daily then that becomes a habit, and habit turns into nature—you cannot leave it.

So this is something to be done. You will say, we have come here to enjoy, and this death question comes in every day! But this is the thing you have to do. If you are ignorant about it, then what will happen? After all, you have to leave! This attachment grows more and more; why? You should go into it. Leave all desires. *Leave all desires!*—the desires that are attached to outside, to possessions and everything. Lord Buddha says, *Be desireless.* The tenth Guru says, *Be desireless.* Desire is the thing which attracts you outside from day to day. You will go down—headlong down. The source of all attachment outside is your desires.

There was one Wali Ram, the prime minister of Akbar the Great. It was the custom in Akbar's court that when the King arrived, all ministers would stand up and would not move until the King sat down. On this day, Wali Ram had a coat in which there was a scorpion and the King was coming so he could not move, out of respect. It stung him one place, then another, then three or four times more. He kept quiet. When the King sat down, he said, "Look here, do you know this scorpion has bitten me so many times and I have not moved, in obedience to the King? If I take it that I am now prime minister, I have been given so much high position, only by obedience to the King here,—if I am obedient to my Lord, what more can I become?" He pulled off his coat, threw it down, and ran away to the wilderness. The King was very fond of him; he sent a minister to bring him back. With all his entreaties, Wali Ram said, "No; I have done that service; now I am taking the service of God." Then the King himself went to him; he told him, "Look, Wali Ram, you are my prime minister, the most wise; I respect you and love you; will you come back?" "No; I have taken another service, a higher service than yours." He said, "Well, I would offer you anything you like." And Wali Ram said, "Anything? I would like you to go away from this place." You see?

So what this desire is that binds us to the outer things—we may be prime min-

"Masters in the East say, 'Thy breaths are numbered.' . . . It goes in, goes out; we are just absorbed in our outer thoughts, we don't care, we are quite ignorant about this. All the time life is passing away; 'time and tide wait for no man.' After all, it is something like a pitcher full of water; drop by drop it is oozing out. Then what will happen? One day the pitcher will be empty; all the water will be out. . . ."

ister, may be King, may be anything—Man wants to have something, and to get that, he has to work like anything—maybe right, or wrong. So Masters say you cannot leave this body and outer things unless you become desireless. Please leave off desire. Of course, it is these desires for outside things that are binding you. If you have a desire to know God, to become His, you will become unconcerned.

Do you know what happens? Breathing is going on day and night; and—*Thy days are numbered.* Masters in the East say, *Thy breaths are numbered.* It must be finished. It goes in, goes out; we are just absorbed in our outer thoughts, we don't care, we are quite ignorant about this. All the time life is passing away; *time and tide wait for no man.* After all, it is something like a pitcher full of water; drop by drop it is oozing out. Then what will happen? One day the pitcher will be empty; all the water will be out. Similarly, these numbers of breaths, or drops of water you might say, they are dropping out, one by one. We think we are getting old; truly speaking, we are growing young. A man who is to live fifty years, if he has passed ten years, he has forty years left; when twenty years have passed, he has only thirty years left; are you growing older or younger? It is going down!

So first of all, man should have some aim in life. That's the main thing—what is your aim? And the highest aim for a man is to know God. And the time is getting shorter. All of you are sitting here; I think you are twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty years old. If fifty years have passed away, you have got only a short time left to yourself. Have you achieved your purpose?—and that purpose is knowing God only. Acting and posing won't do. You are deceiving your own Self and deceiving the God within you. Have you reached God? Have you seen God? Are you true to Him? If so, that's good. If not . . . we should hurry up. In the short time that remains, we should put in more time, so as to be ready before we leave the body; because we *have* to leave the body, when the time is finished. So when the number of breaths is over—then?

These are very common things, simple things; no exaggeration; hard facts. You are the best judge of yourself: are you true to your own Self? Are you honest? Have you come in contact with God? These contacts have been given to you as a favor, I tell you—*grace* of God. We have not earned them. Something has been given; grow further; then it will be better. Do you know the parable that Christ gave? A rich man came and gave to one man five talents, another man two talents, a third man one talent. After some time he came up and asked the man who had been given five talents what he had done with them: he had made ten. That's all right. The one to whom he had given two, had made four.

But the man who had been given one, he said, Oh, I have kept it very safe. So what did he do? He took away the one talent that he had. You follow me, what I say? Set aside all your intellects, you see: these are hard facts, what is coming before us. This is a heart-to-heart talk. Don't you see that way, what I am pressing before you? Every day, every hour, every minute, every second is bringing you closer to the end. Our time has been frittered away and we have not achieved the object. The result will be, we will be bound to the outside and we will come back. And the cause of binding is only your desires. Desires bring us back. Worldly desires will bring you back; and the desire for God will take you to Him. Whatever your ruling passion is at the end of your life, you will be driven there; that's the law.

I am not giving you any bombastic talk, only simple words; what I have come to know. And I think it appeals to everyone. I am not saying anything which is not understandable. Don't you think like that? Then what have we done? We deceive our Selves, that's the pity. Why does not God approach us? Because we deceive Him. Two seekers after Truth went to a Saint. He simply tested them to see which one was fit: he gave them each a pigeon and told them to "kill it where nobody sees you." So one was very active, very clever; he went around the side of a wall and killed him and came back in a few minutes. The other poor fellow went from morn till night and could not find any place to kill him where nobody was seeing him. He came back in the evening: "Master, there was no place where I could kill the pigeon." "Why?" "Well, first the pigeon saw me; then I was seeing." He was fit.

These are simple things; the only thing required is to live up to them, that's all. If you have an M.A. or a Ph.D., or if you are a King or an Emperor, no value; you will have to leave the body and you will have to go where you are attached. Masters do come from time to time to take you out of the body first. The first lesson, the ABC: the more you are attached outside, you cannot go up. The diary is meant only for that purpose. Do you see now? How you develop; how much time you put in; and—where you are attached, leave them one by one. We pass the time in ignorance. All the time God is calling you from within; the Sound Principle, the Music of the Spheres is coming within you from above. All Masters say so; Tulsi Sahib says, *Sound is coming from the heavens, calling me back.* Shamas Tabrez says, *Out of this temple of the body I am hearing a Sound calling me, Come up. Bell is ringing wildly: Come back, my children, come back.* You see? And we do not listen. This is how Masters see, and this is within you. Light is given to show you which way to go, and Sound

"Every day, every hour, every minute, every second is bringing you closer to the end. Our time has been frittered away and we have not achieved the object. The result will be, we will be bound to the outside and we will come back. And the cause of binding is only your desires . . . worldly desires will bring you back; desire for God will take you to Him. Whatever your ruling passion is at the end of your life, you will be driven there; that's the law."

"Once we come to the Feet of the Master, he has to look after us. What does he do? He winds up all previous actions . . . to pay off all debts, and takes you back home—if simply we keep his commandments; that's the point. Generally we don't keep his commandments, we simply modify something which is to our own interests and purposes. We deceive our own Self, we deceive the God in us, the Master in us. . . ."

directs you where to go. These are the two ways back to God; is it not?

So Masters always say, what is all this about, why did it happen? Because of desire. We are oblivious of our own Self too, we have forgotten ourselves. This forgetfulness starts from where? From the human body. We are having the body, we are identified with the body; this is due to that. When we are working from the level of the body and the body is changing and the world is changing, we are under a grand delusion. And desires keep us always given up to the outer world. When you leave the body, then? Where are the desires of the outer world? Desire for God is better than the desires for the world.

These are very simple lessons given by the Masters, very simple; even a child can understand, what to speak of the learned people. But learned people usually forget all these things in intellectual wrestling. That is why Masters have great love for you—who? Not the Master; the God in him—because you are His children. He sends men now and then to bring you back home.

So for that, what do we have to do? The point is, who can help you in that? Some Master; call him by any name you like. Someone who is competent; who rises above body consciousness at his own will and pleasure and traverses into the Beyond. He appears to be working in the world, but he is unattached. The boat is in the water, but the water is not in the boat. What does he do? He always says, Look here, God is calling you back, He is within you, you are receiving that thing but you are ignorant, you are attached outside. You are going under a delusion and never cared for it. So once you have come across a Master like that, God has sent him for that very purpose—because you are children of God, so he has love for you. He takes pity on us, and looks after our welfare; once we come to the Feet of the Master, he has to look after us. What does he do? He winds up all previous actions, he winds up—the word "winding up" I am using—winds up to pay off all debts, and takes you back home—if simply we keep his commandments; that's the point. Generally we don't keep his commandments, we simply modify something which is to our own interests or purposes. We deceive our own Self, we deceive the God in us, the Master in us. So always I submit, *be true to your own Selves*. You deceive the God in you and your own Self.

After all, you have to leave these outer things, all attachments, all enjoyments, all possessions. If you now begin to leave off slowly—how? When you are given a contact with the Naam Power within you, keep in contact with that, and live up to the commandments of the Master. Slowly these things will leave you. After all, here we have no rest; outer things have no bliss, no joy in them. Only when our attention is absorbed in

the outer things, then we feel joy for as long as it remains absorbed. When that is taken away, or we are withdrawn from that, we feel unhappy. If we want permanent peace, joy, then we should come in contact with that Power which is unchanging, which is eternal. God never dies. Outer things leave you. Masters come to give you a contact with the God-into-Expression Power. So this is what he says: Slowly leave off.

What does diary mean? Whatever our attachments, points of attachment, may be due to, leave them off one by one, weed out, and put in time to your meditation. Meditation means withdrawing our attention from all outside and coming in contact with that Power which is within you. So Masters say that in this life you will have permanent peace, permanent joy; you will enjoy forever, never be unhappy. They request you people, for your good, to come in contact with that God-into-Expression Power which is all joy, all happiness, all wisdom, all eternal; then you will have that in your life. All your miseries are removed, all your outside troubles or disappointments will end.

Masters only want to give you permanent peace and joy; they want nothing more. Remain where you are; you have got some labels on your bodies, that makes no difference. Whatever religion, whatever Master we follow, wants this to be done. We simply try to go by the rules and regulations fixed up by us but we should not lose the spirit of them.

So this meditation, you will find how much of a necessity it is! How much of a necessity is the diary! This applies to one and all, including myself and everybody. The law does not spare anybody; ignorance of the law is no excuse. If you say you don't know! No; you have to go; every moment is passing away; they don't care for you! Time and tide wait for no man. Just consider calmly. This is a time afforded to you by God to come to your own Self and see what is happening with you. In the towns you have never dreamt of these things, is it not? This short time while you are here —it is worth more than emeralds and gold and rubies. Forget all your environments as long as you are here and see to the things in their right perspective, what they are, what you are doing. Are you going headlong down into the world to come again and again? Or are you trying to go back? You will get help. Masters do come up to help you. They give you on the very first day a demonstration— how to rise above body consciousness— and they also take care of all your deeds —karmas of the past—they wind them up. It is a very onerous duty, you see. Soul is bewildered to think of that duty.

So it is a great blessing to come to the feet of the Master. Who gives it? God. To whom? Those who are yearning for Him. The more hungry is man, the quicker he gets. The desire for God will bring you closer to God. If you take one step, He will take one hundred steps to receive you. And if you have desire for the world—diametrically opposite—you will go down, that's all.

Mind that, so long as we do not lecture to our own self, no outer lecture will help us. These things you do know, I am not telling you anything new. You see, these are the hard facts. Unless *you* lecture to your own self . . . you have heard this talk now. Now you have to see to your own self, what you are doing. You have to understand. Nobody can help you unless you help yourself.

So consider calmly what I have placed before you. If the ruling passion for God will remain, all others will subside, and you are sure to go back to God after leaving the body, and now you will be

with Him. God says in the Koran, *Those who remember me, I remember them.*

What I have submitted to you, take it home, to your heart, consider over it calmly. Nobody can help you unless you help yourself. You become the lecturer to your own self. And the result will be you will have peace, joy, permanent.

These are heart-to-heart talks, you see, heart to heart—not lecturing—no new things. These are hard facts; we have simply been absorbed in other ways, you see. We have looked to the world so fondly, and not to our own Self. Unless we look to our own Self, how can we know what our fate is? how we are going? We are always looking to others outside: "How do the people think of me?"—that is also looking outside.

So from this moment onward, have the sweet remembrance of God; don't forget. Have it for three days—two days. Ramakrishna says, *If a man has the sweet remembrance of God continuously for three days, he will see God.* That will become the ruling passion. *Continuously for three days,* he said; *continuously.*

. . . I don't think you want to leave now. [*Laughter*]

So have the sweet remembrance of God; that's all right.

THE CONVOCATION OF THE SAINTS

Rashtrya Sant Samagam

An account of the celebration of the 117th Birth Anniversary of Baba Sawan Singh Ji

by CHARLES S. FULCHER

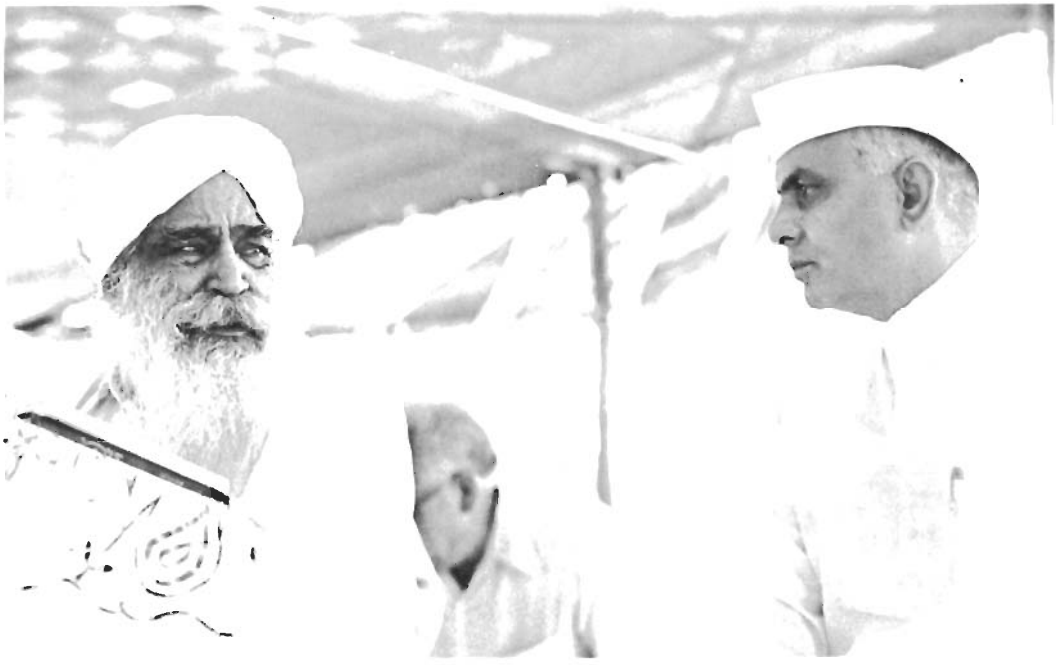
ON THE auspicious occasion of the 117th Birth Anniversary of Param Sant Hazur Baba Sawan Singh Ji Maharaj, Master Kirpal Singh chose to bring together representatives of "the cream of the saints of India" for the *Rashtrya Sant Samagam* to be held at the same time. By letter these invited saints were requested to prepare to make suggestions for the practical implementation of the Unity of Man, both in India and throughout the world. Among the saints attending were Maha Mandleshwar Swami Sarvagya Muni, M.M. Swami Chetanand Chidakash, Brahmchari Naval Ji, M.M. Swami Govindaprakash Ji, M.M. Swami Gurcharan Das Ji, H.H. Lama Kushak Bakula, and M.M. Swami Ved Vyasanand Ji.

The participation of the attending saints and the Birthday Celebration activities began with an opening session of the Sant Mandal Supreme Body at Sawan Ashram on Friday morning, July 26, 1974. Shri Kedar Nath Sahney, Mayor of Delhi, inaugurated the meeting. A welcome address was delivered by Shri Swami Sarvagya Muni Ji. Then, in turn, the colorfully-attired saints addressed themselves to the subject of the Unity of Man in numerous speeches, were given garlands of flowers, and enjoyed a relaxed meeting under the presence of Master Kirpal Singh who also spoke in welcome to them. After this opening session concluded, Master Kirpal Singh conducted these special guests of the Ashram to a private meal in their honor.

Nearby, in the open courtyard of Sawan Ashram, the Satsangis, assembled there from near and far, began to sing bhajans of yearning and love under the musical leadership of the Music Master, Pratap Singh Ji. Hearing these love-filled entreaties from his children, Master Kirpal Singh respectfully excused himself from his distinguished guests, and quickly joined his eager children. Seated on the dais to be seen clearly by every love-filled eye, the Master gave his Darshan while the loving bhajans continued. After leaving the dais, the Master inspect-

(*Continued on page 18*)

The author, a member of the Board of Directors of Ruhani Satsang/Divine Science of the Soul, has been the Master's Representative in North Carolina for many years.

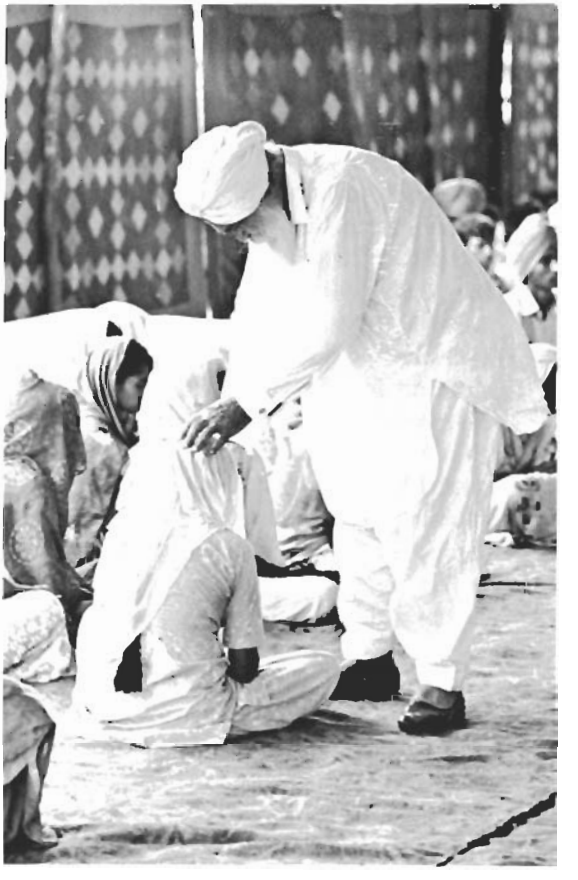


AT THE SANT SAMAGAM

ABOVE: *The Master with Professor Sher Singh, India's Minister of Communication, at the Sant Samagam.* BELOW: *A view of the congregation.*

INITIATION

The Master initiating the 1,067 accepted aspirants on July 29. RIGHT: *Giving a second sitting to someone who could not see Light the first time.*



(*Continued from page 15*)

ed and blessed the food prepared for his children by the free kitchen. Then the Master returned, along a roped-off path where large numbers gathered to greet him personally, to his private quarters. This feast of seeing and hearing the Master and, finally, observing food served by many loving hands, produced joy in everyone present.

At the spacious DESU Colony Ground, within easy walking distance from Sawan Ashram, colorful canopies with geometric patterns had been erected to shield the huge crowd assembled there on Friday afternoon from the sun. Many large electric fans were placed strategically throughout the crowd to circulate refreshing breezes over the people as they attentively listened to speeches by the assembled saints. The opening speech was delivered by M.M. Swami Ved Vyasanand Ji. The featured guest speakers at this first public session were Dr. Sarojini Mahishi, Minister of Tourism and Civil Aviation for the Government of India, and Shri Radha Raman, Chief Executive Councilor of the City of Delhi. Master Kirpal Singh presided and was deferentially recognized in all speeches for his work with Manav Kendra and for the Unity of Man. Master also spoke to the assemblage of several thousand persons present on the fundamental nature of man and of each man's relation to all other men, forming one family under the Fatherhood of God.

The festivities on Saturday, July 27, began with meditation led by the Master at the Community Meeting Ground across the bridge from Sawan Ashram. After the meditation, an accurate count was made and recorded by the Master of the different inner experiences observed by those participating in the meditation. Here, at this location, too, colorful canopies had been erected to shade the large assembly of people, with electric fans providing cooling breezes. Several thousand people were in attendance to listen quietly to discourses by the saints and invited government officials. The opening speech was given by M.M. Swami Chetanand Chidakash. Major addresses were given by Shri Kamlapati Tripathi, Minister of Shipping and Transport, and by Professor Sher Singh, Minister of Communication. The writer was invited to give an address as a representative of the Westerners present. Again, the Master presided, warmly welcoming the speakers, and carefully attending to the proceedings.

At the conclusion of this morning session, a human carpet emerged from the grounds and crossed the narrow bridge back to Sawan Ashram. But with all of the tight crowdedness of those crossing the bridge, an amply-wide path was provided for a determined cow with horns going in the opposite direction. So great was the number of people arriving that the gates of the Ashram had to be closed in order that the half who were barred from entering could be fed from the free kitchen on an additional shift.

The afternoon session on Saturday again met at the DESU Colony Ground. The religious discourses of the saints continued, including the account given by M.M. Swami Govindaprakash Ji who related the circumstances surrounding his meeting of Hazur Baba Sawan Singh some forty years previously. In addition, Shri Jagjivan Ram, India's Defense Minister, gave a delightful address on the political sgnificance of the Unity of Man. He was followed by Shri G. L. Nanda, former Home Minister. Miss Jerry Astra Turk, Representative for Ruhani Satsang in Miami, Florida, delivered an invited

address concerning the necessity for leadership of the Unity of Man by the living Godman, Sant Kirpal Singh Ji. The session was concluded by a heart-rending song in memory of Baba Sawan Singh sung by Bibi Hardevi.

The concluding session of the Sant Samagam on the morning of Sunday, July 28, was preceded by a meditation led by Master Kirpal Singh. This session took place at the DESU Colony Ground. After a record of the meditation experiences was tabulated by Master Kirpal Singh, the session opened with an address to the large attending crowd by Shri Raja Ram Shastri, Member of the Parliament of India. Other invited addresses were delivered by Shri Uma Shankar Dikshit, Home Minister, and by Dr. Karan Singh, Minister of Health. The saints present were also given the opportunity to express concluding remarks. Because the length of this final session extended beyond its scheduled closing time, the Initiation (*Naam Dan*) originally planned for Sunday afternoon was postponed until Monday morning.

On Monday at 9 a.m. 1,067 qualified applicants for holy Initiation on the Path of the Masters were assembled under the canopy at the Community Meeting Ground across the bridge from Sawan Ashram. Master Kirpal Singh arrived by car, and immediately began to impart the spiritual instructions. The Western initiates were given the opportunity to attend, sitting together to one side.

Monday evening, on the enclosed porch of the Master's quarters, the Steering Committee of the Asian Regional Conference for the World Unity of Man convened. This group, consisting of saints, Members of Parliament, and other competent individuals met with Master Kirpal Singh to review and analyze the kinds of problems which must be solved in Asia in order to increase the quality of life for the huge masses of common men.

The writer was invited to join the Steering Committee as a Western Representative. The various members of the Committee addressed themselves seriously to the problems which were itemized by the Secretary of the Committee in his initial address of the evening. Miss Jerry Astra Turk delivered an invited speech setting forth the spiritual qualifications of Sant Kirpal Singh for providing the necessary counsel to all groups willing to work for the Unity of Man.

Following her remarks, Master Kirpal Singh good-humoredly recounted the travels of Guru Nanak in the East and Middle East in his efforts over a period of thirty years to bring about the Unity of Man.

Thus was concluded a head-spinning four days: a panorama to Western eyes of humor, color, sincerity, yearning, devotion, and overflowing love.

A Visit to Parliament

ON AUGUST 1, 1974, a very significant and historic event occurred in India: Sant Kirpal Singh Ji was officially invited to present his suggestions for bringing about the Unity of Man to interested members of the Parliament of India. M.P. Shankar Dev Ji organized the meeting at Parliament, and more than 100 Members of Parliament were present to hear Master Kirpal Singh's address to them.

While the members were arriving and finding seats in the large assembly hall provided, copies of books written by

Master Kirpal Singh were presented to them. Books such as *The Crown of Life, The Wheel of Life, The Mystery of Death, The Jap Ji,* as well as assorted booklets concerning the teachings and life of Sant Kirpal Singh and the aims and accomplishments of Manav Kendra, were given to each member. Some members began examining the contents of these materials while waiting for the meeting to begin.

Dr. G. S. Dhillon, Speaker of the Lok Sabha (the lower house of Parliament), greeted the Master warmly and was seated on his left during the meeting. Several members of Parliament, including M.P. Shankar Dev Ji, made short introductory addresses to the assembly. After a brief introduction by the Speaker, Master Kirpal Singh addressed the assembly.

At the conclusion of the Master's address, the Members of Parliament and any others present were all invited to attend a luncheon provided in a nearby room. There a sumptuous vegetarian buffet luncheon was set up with ample opportunity for discussion and questions pertinent to the implications of Master Kirpal Singh's statements and reminders. There was a pervading air of both seriousness and relaxation. The Master, as a distinguished guest, was provided with a seat and table in a partitioned area where his food was served to him. There he could answer questions from interested leaders in a more subdued environment. The Master was still able, however, to observe the enjoyment of everyone, as they could both have their food and see him too.

Following the luncheon, Sant Kirpal Singh left the Parliament building and returned immediately to Sawan Ashram. He was evidently pleased with the interest shown by the Members of Parliament who had assembled to listen to his comments to them, and through them, with the Government of India for opening up an avenue by which the message of the Unity of Man can be effectively communicated to all national governments of the world.

The occasion of this visit of the Master to the Parliament of India was a historic first. It is the first time that an official invitation has been extended to a spiritual leader in India to visit Parliament and share his counsel with the Members. This inclination on the part of the leaders of the Government of India to avail themselves officially of the recommendations of a non-political leader is both laudable and significant: significant because, with such counsel sought and seriously heeded by members of other governments, having the vision to see the world as one single community of all men, the Unity of Man can soon become an ever-present consideration in the minds of all responsible men in every level of society everywhere.

"So from this moment onward have the sweet remembrance of God; don't forget . . . Ramakrishna says, 'If a man has the sweet remembrance of God continuously for three days, he will see God.' That will become the ruling passion. . . ."

KIRPAL SINGH, in *Come Back, My Children*

BOOK REVIEW

THE CELESTIAL MUSIC: An Introduction to Kirpal Singh, by L. Gurney Parrott. Foreword by Sant Kirpal Singh Ji. Delhi: Ruhani Satsang, 200 plus xvi pages. $4.00.

"In the pages that follow, Mr. Leon Gurney Parrott, an English disciple in Malta of the living Master, has tried to give some account of the science spiritual in the light of his personal inner experiences, leading him to the 'threshold of the Promised Land after forty years of wandering in the wilderness,' as he affirms.

"It is possible that his interesting account of the unfoldment of his spirit may help many a faltering soul with 'the Father's Name written on their foreheads' to work courageously in the quest for the God-Path.

"Where there is fire, oxygen comes to its aid; when the Chela is ready, the Guru appears. May the kindly Light lead the readers to the Fountain of Light and on to the Father of Lights."

Thus the Master concludes his strong and beautiful Foreword to this remarkable book—the only Foreword for someone else's book he has ever written.

The author describes his purpose as follows:

"This book is an attempt to describe the tremendous impact of the writer's meeting with a great Indian Saint and mystic, Sant Kirpal Singh of Delhi.

"It also attempts to portray this Saint in both his human and spiritual aspects, and to give an accurate introduction to his work and teachings on 'The Science of the Soul,' or 'The Path of the Masters,' the most ancient spiritual teaching in the world."

It succeeds admirably in both attempts. His account of his meeting with the Master is told with restraint and dignity, but is nonetheless tremendously moving—a fascinating description of the way Master picks up one of his own. At the time of the meeting (in 1966) Mr. Parrott was 65 years old, retired, and settling (like so many others) into a discontented, lonely old age. The Master came into his life like some kind of explosion, giving him in every sense of the words a new birth, and showing him the Reality for which he had been searching for so long. I don't think that anyone can read the opening chapters of this book and dismiss their testimony: it is too real, and its author too much above reproach or criticism, to be ignored.

His analysis of the Master's teachings is also first rate. Calmly and intelligently, from the point of view of a Westerner who is well-versed in comparative religious studies (not as a scholar, as he points out, but as a lifelong seeker) and quoting often from the Bible, he discusses, one by one, the various points of the Masters' teachings. Always he bases his comments on two solid foundations: his own personal experience with the Master, and the Master's own words. So the book serves admirably in just the way the sub-title suggests: as an introduction to Kirpal Singh. As such, it is an ideal book for someone who wants to study the Master's teachings, but prefers to see him first through Western eyes.

Russell Perkins

IN THE LAP OF THE GURU

With the Master in India-1966

from the diary of Lala Howard

edited & expanded by Doris Yokelson

AUGUST 7, 1966: At 8 a.m. Sunday we arrive at the Ashram and we are being led right into Master's reception room. After a minute, Master comes out; more than ever before He looks to me like a giant—a holy giant. Master says, "I am glad you have come; especially the baby." His eyes are shining and deep.

An hour later it is time for the regular Sunday Satsang. The sun is very hot and bright. Some thousands of people are waiting for Maharaj Ji, praying, meditating, singing in refrain to the chanter who sings the bhajans or prayers to Master. Suddenly, bathed in bright sunlight, the Master appears in front of His porch, and then, instead of going directly to the dais, makes a walk all along the edge of the Ashram and cuts in to us right in the middle of the big crowd. He is apparently mainly interested in the baby and asks us if we brought the little travelling bed in which Mary is lying over with us from the United States.

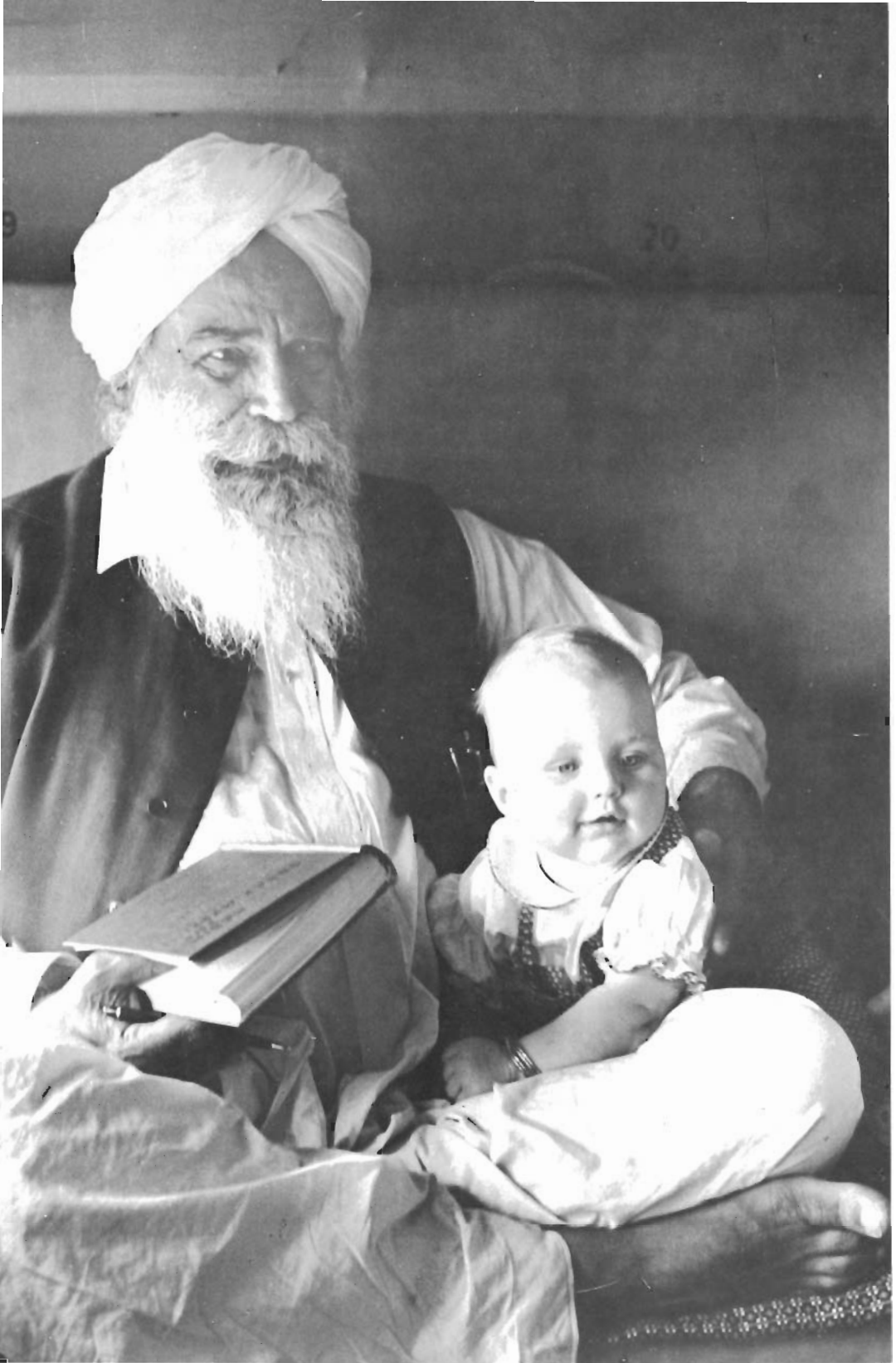
AUGUST 8: Today Master is taking the Western visitors with Him to His retreat in Rajpur where He is due to get a much-needed rest. He had been running a fever for many days and had, in spite of this, been carrying the usual unbelievable work load. After the doctor had visited Him and told Him to get a complete rest, Master said to us, "Yes, I am getting a complete rest from rest."

He is constantly setting us an example. He told us many times that He never ceases working in spite of His fever and overwork, so that we may know that we must never cease to press ahead and must never weaken. "Be bold," He would say. "You are God in man, not the body."

Our luggage had been detained in London and trying to locate it postpones Master's and our trip to Rajpur for a few hours. (Master had already held up making the trip until we arrived in order to take us along.) The six hour trip to Rajpur, a suburb of Dehra Dun at the base of the Himalayas, gives us striking glimpses of India and the Indians. On the way, in Meerut, Master beamingly treats us to an ice cream which is served on a green leaf. A few minutes before this treat, I had casually mentioned to Tanya Shook (an initiate from Miami) that since nursing the baby I have had a craving for ice cream and would have loved to have had some at that moment. Master, being in the other car, of course did not hear this. Tanya said after we stopped, that Master had never treated them to ice cream before.

AUGUST 9: Today is my birthday (Lala's) and the most glorious birthday I have ever experienced. At noontime in Rajpur, Master had asked me, "Do you remember your birth day?" "No," I answered. "How do you know you were

OPPOSITE: *The Master with Mary Howard in 1966.*



born? How do you know it's your birth day? Anyone could come and tell you you were born."

Master was beaming. Then he said, "Everyday is your birthday."

Bibi gave Khuku some money to buy sweets for my birthday. I was to choose. I decided on mangoes with nutbutter and whipped cream. (As it turned out, we could have done without the latter.) Anyway, a whole big bowlful of this dessert is sitting in front of Master at the darshan at night. Master says, "I bless this food."

Usually present at the nightly darshans in Rajpur are: Bibi (Madame Hardevi), Khuku (Princess Devinder Narendra), Eileen Wigg, Jerry Turk and Tanya Shook from Miami, Florida, Lois Fager of California, Doris Yokelson, Jim, Mary in her green easy-chair and me. Tonight, Master directs his talk towards me—for the birthday's sake. But at the same time He gives Jim and me something like a wedding talk.

He says to me, "Last year at your birthday you were single; this year you are married and have a child. . . ." I am astonished that He remembers so well just when I was married—one person from among hundreds of thousands of initiates. He continues by saying how fortunate I am this year, and then He tells Jim and me in a strong and moving way what it means to be married and have children. Our marriage is to be the bond that will surround the child with spiritual growth. We feel just as if we are getting married by our Beloved Master.

I take this opportunity to ask Master about the baby's spiritual development. Master says, "When the baby is in the womb of the mother, it is connected with the Light and Sound. At birth, the baby cries because it becomes largely disconnected from them. The child will, however, still experience Light and Sound until it becomes fully conscious. When it is four or five years old it will lose this experience."

To Jim's question as to when Mary can be initiated, Master replies after a moment's hesitation: "She is already initiated."

AUGUST 10: Master is giving Khuku some money to buy extra fruit for me—"because she is nursing the baby."

AUGUST 12: I am quite sick with dysentery. Mool Raj, the homeopathic doctor living at the Ashram who has come with us, says that Master went downtown to Rajpur to get some pomegranates for me. The Master comes to my bedside the first night as I am lying there with over 104° fever. He says very seriously: "Mind you, you are not the physical body. You should not be drawn downwards by physical illness. Be jolly."

Doris tells me that at darshan that night, Master had said that we should be glad when we are sick, for then we have no obligations and plenty of opportunity for undisturbed meditations. If we are sick no one asks anything from us and we are not supposed to do even the usual work—we are completely free to meditate. Master had told the story of when He was a very young man—before He was initiated—He became so ill that He had to remain in bed for days. "It was wonderful," He said. "I left my body meditating. People thought I was unconscious. I was able to meditate undisturbed."

AUGUST 13: The second time Master comes to my bedside. He says almost roughly, "Are you better? Are you 50 or 75 per cent better?" I answer, "100

per cent." Master laughs. "100 per cent!" As He is leaving He says, "God bless you."

Doris has also become ill with dysentery and has had a high fever. Master visits her as well. Her fever has gone down, but she has been left very weak.

"Are you all better?" Master asks. Mool Raj is in attendance. Wanting to give an accurate report, she says, "Much better, Master."

Master is quite firm, almost rough. "What percentage are you better?" "I don't know, Master. Perhaps 80 per cent," Doris answers. Master turns to Mool Raj. "What is her temperature?" He asks. It has gone down to less than 100°. "Do you know that my temperature is always over 99°," Master asks Doris, "and I never stop working, day and night? You are well. Stop pretending."

For the next four days, Father visits us one or two times daily. After a surprise visit to us at noontime on the last day, we watch Him after He leaves us, returning to the main house along the garden paths, twirling a folded black umbrella in the sun.

AUGUST 16: The remaining party of Westerners are leaving today for Delhi. Master and Bibi will stay one more week in Rajpur. Two days earlier, some of the Westerners had returned to the Ashram, for Lois Fager was returning to the Philippines. Before we leave at noon, Jim, Mary, Doris, Tanya and I sit at Master's feet for an hour at the veranda before His room. It is a serene and radiant hour: Master's eyes pour out all love and warmth.

Througout all these days in Rajpur, Master had always asked Jim, "How is the patient?" or "How is she?" and I had felt a little egoistically sad that Master wouldn't ask, "How is Lala?" by name. So I expressed this to Jim a few hours before we sat at Master's feet at the veranda. As we are quietly sitting there, Master says out of the middle of nowhere: "Lala—is the name of a flower in the Hindi language."

Jim and I make movies of Master sitting in the cool shade of the porch in this precious hour. Minutes and minutes of His most radiant face. Master wonders if I have strength enough to do the filming and I say I have. After filming a good deal, Master asks me this again and this time I sit down at His feet on the steps before the veranda. Master asks me if the stones are not cold for me. I answer that I have just warmed them up and He laughs. He makes sure, however, that baby Mary is not touching any stone. Earlier, when I was walking barefooted over the gravel making movies, the gracious Master had wondered if the gravel was not too rough for my feet.

The car is almost packed. Master says, "Back in Delhi you won't have so much rain as here in Rajpur." "But here is the beauty of nature," I reply. The Master says very tenderly, "The beauty of love."

The roof of Master's 1955 Studebaker station wagon is packed high with boxes and suitcases. Crowning the top is a commode for me—in case I should need it. Bibi is struck by how funny this looks and starts giggling with me, but Master remains serious and matter-of-factly says, "You won't need it."

Saying goodbye to us, our Father calls softly to Mary, "I'll keep you with me," and turns to me, "Is that all right with you?"

Bibi has piled cushions in the back of the station wagon and made a comfortable bed for Mary and me. After we are

all sitting in the car, Master goes around it, checking all the doors to make sure that they are properly closed. When I have packed myself with baby in the back of the station wagon, Master closes the back door flaps behind me. "You are now imprisoned," He laughs. He hovers around the car until we begin to move and watches us as we turn out the gate.

The trip back to Delhi appears to our little family nothing short of miraculous. When Master had said that we were to return to Delhi, neither Doris nor I could imagine how we could make it, what with the weakness and constant running. But we did know that if He said we were to go, it would all work out of its own accord. And it did. It was as if our bodies and ailments were all benumbed: until we reached Delhi, all pain and cramps and diarrhea disappeared, and the only thing we could feel was how pleasant the trip was and how good it was to be together. We picnicked along the way, eating the curd and rice that Bibi had cooked for us all, and the Indian men from the Ashram who were travelling with us jumped to serve us in every way they possibly could, in the service of our Father, the Master. Ram Saroop, our sweet driver, sang bhajans.

AUGUST 22: At night, 9 p.m., the Ashram gong is ringing wildly. We all run to Master's porch: our Father has come back!

As we arrive a few moments later than the others, we hear Master already calling out, "Where is the baby? Where is her mother?" People are streaming onto the porch, radiant, greeting Master. Master has a huge bowlful of popcorn brought to Him and doles out great scoopfuls of it for parshad. When I go to Him, He gives me two heaping handfuls: "the second for the baby," He says.

AUGUST 23: Nightly darshan on Master's porch—Master pulls Mary lying in her green seat-box over to Him. "Yes, yes, we know you are here," Master says repeatedly every night whenever Mary starts raising her voice and calling out. He also says, "You are not forgotten," or "Yes, yes, you are speaking," and looks up in between to the parents with a bright face. "She will be speaking in two or three months," He says.

Master shakes hands with Mary over and over so that she starts stretching out her right hand towards Him. "She is learning from me," Master says laughingly. "She will have to pay me a tuition fee."

Tonight Master also tries to teach Mary to say, Mama, bending forward towards her and slowly saying, "Ma—ma, ma—ma."

Perhaps we should give a brief description of evening darshan at the ashram. The word "darshan" actually means the love glance of Beloved Master either within or without, and it is for this glance that we sit before Master in the evenings before retiring. Usually present at these gatherings are the Western visitors, Stanley and Edna Shinerock and Eileen Wigg who are living at the Ashram, Khuku, her daughter Veera, some of the ashramites, a few of the initiates from Delhi and occasionally some special visitors from afar.

Often we must wait some time before Master is ready with some business He must attend to or has finished with private visitors. When He comes out He moves quickly to His chair, while greeting us, sits quietly for a few moments and then turns to ask us, "What's new?" and looks at every single one. But seldom does anyone have anything to say: it is so all-absorbing just to sit at His feet and gaze into His eyes. To our-

selves we think we must appear to be a dim bunch, for we sit silent and serious. It must strike Master this way as well, for He would often say: "Be jolly like our baby friend," or "the baby is the only jolly one around," and "the baby makes everyone dance."

During darshan every evening, Dalip Singh, a striking old gentleman with a beard flowing like a yellow-white waterfall, comes to Master and silently shows Him the bookkeeping of the day. Master thumbs through the accounts and asks questions here and there. Bibi Hardevi does not accompany Master onto the porch, but remains in the reception room, glancing at us through the window, or in the kitchen, preparing Master's meal: for sometimes Master eats quite late, when the work pressure has been great.

Of course, always whenever Master is standing, we stand, and when He sits, we sit. This caused a charming incident one night while we were waiting for Master's darshan, Master was exceptionally busy that night and was literally dashing from one piece of business to another. In the course of going from here to there, Master came out on the porch, and we all stood up, hands folded. Before we knew it, Master had disappeared back into the house and we all sat down. A few moments later, Master appeared again and we all stood up. Master looked at us quizzically for a moment and then exclaimed, "What's this? A class? You are at home here. Sit down!"

After Master has talked a while or sat silently musing with us, He will take out the wrist watch which He keeps folded in His pocket, glance at it and say, "That's all right.." He stands, and with hands folded before His face, will go from one to another of us as He slowly returns to His room, sometimes smiling, looking into our eyes, sometimes passing more quickly by, sometimes saying a quick word: "Goodnight," or "God bless you." Evening darshan is over.

AUGUST 24: 8:30 p.m. darshan in Master's reception room—"Here is my friend," says Master to Mary. He makes her take His hand over and over again. "Nobody can grab my hand the way she does," He says.

"You should make a film when she is talking to me," Master says, "because in later years she should see that she sat in the lap of the Guru." Master is rubbing Mary all over the top of her head. "Let's keep her here. Do you think you could be without her?" Master asks me. "Yes" is all I can answer because of tears.

AUGUST 25: Tonight at darshan in Master's reception room, Mary falls asleep while looking at Master. Master muses as He watches all of us sitting silently, now that the baby has gone to sleep: "A baby makes all people dance." When Master gets up to say good night, He bends down and touches Mary's cheeks, saying, "I bless you."

AUGUST 26: Every night at 6:30 in the summer and 6 o' clock in the autumn, evening prayer is held outside under a soft, moonlit sky. It begins with a reading from Master's great book *Gurmat Siddhant* or with a tape of Master. By and by, Master comes out and sits on the bench listening to the reading and He begins to speak in a soft voice, heart to heart, with great love. The talks given at this time are some of the most sublime to be heard from the Master. It is startling how they never fail to touch on some baffling personal problem and to throw light on it, so that you know that the Master hears His children when they call for help.

This evening Master gives us a tip for meditation. "Before you go to meditate, sit down and pray. Pray for humility and devotion and that the Master may bless your meditation. After meditating, pray again. If you have had a good meditation, thank your Master for it; if you did not have a good one, thank your Master anyway—thank Him for having given you the grace and occasion to meditate."

Master tells us that His Master Baba Sawan Singh Ji had often said that grace flows richer at night. Sawan Singh used to describe the Master going from house to house in the middle of the night with a basket full of grace for His initiates, trying to give it all away to them. But every door is locked on which He knocks; everyone is asleep. And so the Master has to return with His basket still full with the grace that no one would accept.

At darshan on the porch, Mary falls asleep again at Master's feet. Looking at her for a long while, Master says, "Like a monarch. Quite unconcerned."

He touches her cheek again for a goodbye, saying, "God bless you."

AUGUST 27: At darshan tonight, Master collects Mary's hands and feet in His hands and lifts her out of her little green seat just like a bundle. Someone comments that the baby is learning so much these days. Master asks with a beam, "From whom is she learning?" "From you, Master," Edna responds, and Master laughs.

Master then tells about King Akbar who wanted to know if there was a natural language from God. He took several children away from their parents and put them in a distant castle with only deaf and dumb people to serve them. After several years he had them brought to him to find out what they were speaking and found that they weren't speaking at all, but were instead making sign language to each other, just as the deaf and dumb people did.

"However, vowel sounds naturally express emotions," Master goes on to say, and He proceeds to imitate someone who is surprised or happy making the "Ahh" sound, another one who is in pain making the "Ohh" sound. It is delightful to see Master animatedly acting out the different faces. In the end, Master says, "*We* teach children a language; God did not give us any language."

Playing with Mary He muses, "I love children," and as Mary seems to answer by giving a happy cry, He adds, "and they love me."

AUGUST 28: Today I received a letter from Master—it was sent fifty feet from Master's house to my house. It is a reply to the letter I had written Him from the United States at the end of July. Part of the letter goes: "So glad you are here with dear Jim and Mary. Your long cherished desire has been fulfilled with the grace of the Master. I am equally glad to see all you dear ones over here. Please make the best of your short stay and let it be a divine pilgrimage in the true sense. . . ."

At darshan, in the evening, I thank the Master for the letter He had mailed to the guest house and He laughs.

AUGUST 29: At noontime, Jim goes over to the Master to ask Him if he can photograph a Sunday Satsang. "Yes, make photographs," Master says, "and carry them back."

I have followed Jim over to the Master after having packed Mary on my back in a blue rucksack. Master turns quickly to me and asks if I want to talk

to Him. Yes, I want to very much, but I have Mary in the rucksack. Master suddenly realizes that I am carrying something, so He tries to peer around me to see it, and I am turning around to show Him. But our timing is off, so that every time Master looks over my shoulder, I have turned around to give Him a better view and whipped Mary out of sight. It is like a little game—until finally Master catches sight of the top of Mary's head bobbing over the edge of the rucksack. He is absolutely delighted.

"It's just like the Tibetans," Master cries. "They also carry their babies on their backs."

He sees Mary's foot sticking out of the rucksack and reaches for it, calling out something in Hindi to Bibi Hardevi who is in the kitchen. "Come, follow me," He says to us and bounds ahead of us into the kitchen, where we can see Bibi quickly reach for her shawl and throw it on top of her head. Master shows her Mary who is by now grinning at Bibi. Bibi is laughing.

"Everyone will be looking at you." Master turns to me. "Are you going somewhere?" "To you," I say. "Isn't this too heavy for you?" I explain that it is easier than carrying the baby on my arm, for, in spite of the scorching noonday sun I am feeling fresh and happy as a lark in the early morning. Laughing, Master walks back into the reception room where another visitor is waiting for Him.

AUGUST 31: At 4 a.m. every morning, the gong rings to get us up for early morning meditation. Over in the shed, a long building, open on one side, where Satsangs and meditations are held, people quietly file in and out throughout the morning to sit in meditation. At 7:30 or 8:30 a.m., Master comes out to the shed to put those of us who are remaining into meditation. Others leave to go to work or get to their morning chores after having received Master's darshan. After about an hour, Master returns to take us out of meditation and call those Indians who wish to come forward and tell Him their meditation experiences or bring Him their monthly diaries. The light surrounding us in the shed at this hour is usually a reflected, silvery one, and Master looks vibrant sitting cross-legged on top of a low bench and explaining with great animation and intimacy, the proper way to meditate. Although Master is always speaking in Hindi, his gestures are so emphatic and lively, we feel we are missing nothing. On the contrary, we can just sit and look into His eyes.

This morning, a 111-year old man comes to embrace Master's feet. The old man sits so close to Master that Master has to tell him strictly to move further back. Master asks him his meditation results and an old woman turns around to Doris and me to tell us that the old man walks and talks with Master within.

Before everyone, a young man goes forward to Master bringing his last two months' diaries. He waits reverently with clasped hands while Master looks over his diary, talks with him in detail about it, and hands it back to him. Others come forward in the same way, until finally everyone is sitting quietly. When Master stands, all of us stand up and line the path that He is taking back to His house so that we may get His glance and look into His eyes.

Around 11 a.m. Master, accompanied by Bibi, her daughter Pushpa and a friend and Mr. Mehta, who oversees the buildings, makes a surprise visit to the rooms in the guest house. Jim and I are just washing diapers, Doris is talking to

Veera, Khuku's daughter, and Mary is lying in the basket crib that Bibi provided, impatiently kicking a big bright ball. There stands Master right in the middle of us all and says laughingly to Jim, "Go on with what you're doing." But Jim quickly puts on a shirt and we women rush for our head shawls.

Master goes through every room and looks at them, including the bathroom. He then goes into Doris's room where Mary is lying and He and Bibi play with her for a few minutes. Master asks Doris, "Are you meditating in this room?" When Doris answers yes, Master then asks her, "How many hours are you putting in and when do you meditate?"

Master continues down the hall to Stanley and Edna Shinerock's apartment while Jim hurries to get the movie camera. We all follow Master and wait while He walks through Stanley and Edna's rooms and speaks briefly to Edna. Out on the veranda before their apartment He discusses work that is to be done on the guest house building, leaning far out through the door and over the veranda railing.

We all go with Him to the first floor to Jerry Turk's apartment, then across the lawn to Khuku's house and through the gate to Bimla's place.

When Master was upstairs, He had said to Mary, who was on my arm, "You always come down to me; now I come up to you." When we arrive downstairs, He turns to Mary again and comments, "And now *you've* come down again."

Hazur Sawan Singh's former housekeeper, an elderly lady with glasses, is at evening darshan. Master, who treats the servant of His Beloved Master like a queen, offers her His chair, but she will not accept and sits at His feet. Master asks us each as usual, "Any news?" with an inquiring look, and when as usual we look at Him quite blank and mute, He asks to have Mary moved to His feet. He and Baba Sawan Singh's housekeeper talk to Mary and play with her for some time. Master sits her up in her green chair-box: for the first time, she remains sitting that way for quite a while. Lately, the Master has been putting His hand on the baby in different places; today it is on her back. He holds her there for a few minutes. Tonight, to our great joy, Mary puts Master's hand into her mouth and Master smiles. "She is biting. Everything goes into her mouth."

SEPT. 1: While Doris, Jim and I are waiting to speak to Master tonight, He tells Jerry Turk that she cannot go with Him on His 21-day tour of the Punjab. "It is because of my baby friend," He says, and goes on to explain that this trip would be too strenuous for the baby. When Jerry asks Him what we should do while He is gone, He answers, "Bhajan, bhajan, and more bhajan."

We, of course, know as well that we are not to go with Him on the tour. We are saddened; but at the same time, we know in our hearts that Master loves His children beyond their understanding and cannot and will not err in working for their spiritual good.

SEPT. 3: Because there is to be initiation on the following Monday, country people are arriving at the Ashram and coming to the darshan at night. We especially notice two Sikh men who appear as roguish as two dacoits: their beamy faces draw Master to them. Master and they talk and laugh together for some time. At one point, when everyone is laughing, Master turns to us mute, English-speaking folk and says, "He says he wants to eat and drink me!"

SEPT. 4: Tonight as we go on the

porch for darshan, Master is already out and talking to an Indian visitor in western dress. As we sit down, we are astonished to see that his fingernails are as long and curly as hair and learn that he has not cut his nails for 25 years. He is an artist who paints with these nails, and he has come to Master mainly to ask for money for his paintings and talk about his fingernails. While allowing the artist to take time to explain why he is here, Master is kind, but quite firm. Master says, "I'm sorry, but I do not appreciate art," and when the man make reference to us Westerners, Master says very firmly, "They are here for spirituality only" and looks to us with a strong protective glance. He then goes on to tell the artist that the outer forms are not important, but that what must be developed is the inner experience, the inner man. "Go within and develop the inner Light and Sound. All beauty lies within you."

SEPT. 5: The first Monday of each month is initiation day at the Ashram. We have heard that, at these times some 65-70 people take their initiation. For the long weekend, country people come from afar and settle on the Ashram grounds, and they are fed by Master from His free kitchen.

We received permission from Master to attend the entire initiation. Part of the shed is closed off for this occasion by colorful tenting, and about 70 people wait there silently for Master to come out. When he arrives, He sits cross-legged on the large, cloth-covered bench, looks around at the people, and on seeing us, quickly arranges for us to have an interpreter. Everything becomes still, and in the stillness Master begins to speak softly and kindly: "Be seated," He says. "Think that only you are here and your Master is here—no one else is here."

Then He begins to tell them the preliminaries to receiving initiation: worship only one God; take up those things that help on the spiritual path—the vegetarian diet is one of these; drinking and the taking of drugs are prohibited; chastity and control of the senses should be maintained.

Jim fell sick in the morning—a cold and high fever. Master said on hearing about it, "It will be all right. It is the season." At night Master calls a medical doctor—an out-of-town Satsangi—who treats Jim right under Master's eyes in His reception room. As the doctor gives Jim a painful injection in the arm, Master encourages Jim: "It doesn't hurt. I get an injection every morning these days."

Tonight at darshan, Master slaps Mary lightly and fondly on the cheek. It reminds me of the confirmation that Catholic children get from the Bishop: the slap on the cheek, a symbol of toughening up the child to face life.

When I have to leave Master's porch to get Jim for the doctor, the Father says to Mary at His feet, "And you are staying here? Yes, you are at home here."

On the porch, after darshan, Doris asks Master if it might not be possible for her to go on the tour—in order to be sure that every effort has been made to open her wishes to Master. Master answers quite firmly no, that it will be too strenuous for her and that if He stops three days or more in one place, He will call for us.

SEPT. 6: *Master departs for the Punjab.* Last-minute preparations are being made for Master's departure. We learn that Jerry Turk is going on the tour and that she will drive in Master's

car. How fortunate! Jerry is radiant as her things are packed away on the car and she joins us on Master's porch where we are waiting to get Master's glance before He leaves. We wait for some time, for departure has been moved ahead until after lunch, and we catch glimpses of Master deftly preparing bundles of literature, sitting on the floor giving last-minute interviews, moving quickly to and from His office to the bedroom. He leaves nothing undone. When He comes out, He raises His hands to His face in the usual greeting and moves along us and then down the front path through the trellis-covered gate. We hurry to stand where we may see Him once more as His car goes by, and our glances meet as He passes. The car turns out of the gate of the Ashram, crosses the bridge and disappears on the other side.

COMMENTS & NOTICES

ANNOUNCEMENT

SAT SANDESH began publication in January 1968 in India, almost seven years ago. The price was set at 50c per copy, $6.00 per year, from the beginning. When the publication of Sat Sandesh was transferred to Sant Bani Ashram beginning with the January 1970 issue, we felt it was important to try to keep the price down. And we have—until now. During this period, production and materials costs have literally skyrocketed out of sight, increasing many many times their 1970 prices. And for the first time, Sat Sandesh is unable to pay for itself on a regular basis.

Consequently, we are forced into taking the following steps:

1. The price will regretfully be raised, as of Oct. 1, 1974, to 75c per copy, or $8.00 per year, in the U.S., and 85c per copy and $9.20 per year elsewhere. The subscription price represents a saving of $1.00 per year on the single copy price, and we hope it will encourage people to subscribe.

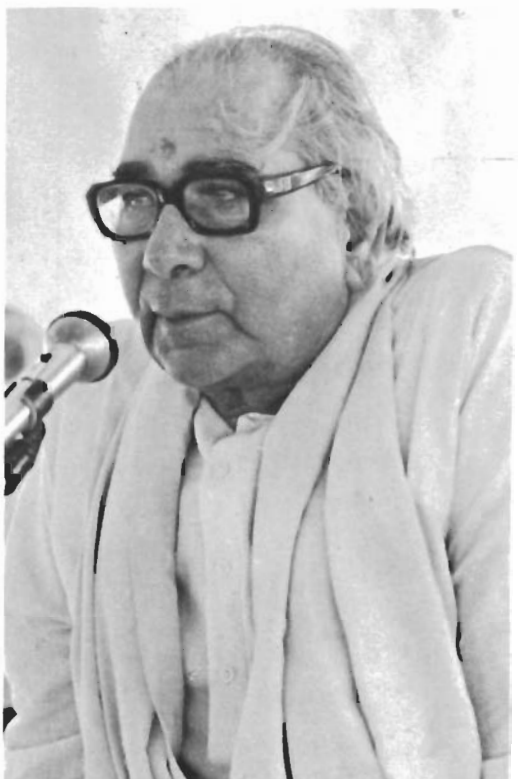
2. As a special offer, we will renew your subscription, no matter when it expires, at the old $6.00 per year price, for as many years as you wish—if payment is received before Oct. 1, 1974.

3. Sat Sandesh is no longer able to mail first class or air copies to Group Leaders free of charge. If the Satsang desires this service to continue, the cost could be met from local Satsang funds.

4. Many issues of Sat Sandesh are given away each month to people who cannot pay for it. Most of these brothers and sisters live in countries which do not allow them to send money out of the country. Any initiate who would like to help defer the cost of printing and mailing these free issues every month is welcome to do so.

* * *

During the past five years, we have received many expressions of encouragement and support from all of you, our brothers and sisters. These are very much appreciated, and we hope that Sat Sandesh continues to be what we all want it to be—a living instrument of the Master, so that his work may be done in the way that he would like it done. Your help and love are gratefully received.

R.P.

117th Birthday Celebrations Param Sant Hazur Baba Sawan Singh ji Maharaj
RASHTRYA SANT SAMAGA
26-27-28 JULY, 1974
परम सन्त हज़ूर बाबा सावन सिंह जी महाराज का ११७वाँ
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