The Power of Ojas

sat sandesh

the message of the Masters

On Psychic Power
The Matter of Succession, Part II
The White Brilliance

November 1974

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THE MASTER'S TALK

The Power of Ojas

QUESTION: *While reading yesterday, I came across a brief mention of the power of Ojas, but it didn't give much detail about what it is.*

THE MASTER: Ojas is the power which helps you to rise into the Beyond: that is called Ojas. So you will find how necessary chastity of life is. The more you have got that power within you, the more you are healthy; even if it exceeds the limit which the body requires, it will help you go into the Beyond.

You see, from food and drink the body makes some milk-like element, *chyle;* that rises and becomes blood; from blood forms the flesh; from flesh, the bones, and then the pith of the bones. From the pith of the bones that power arises. Those people who are not chaste, given up to unchastity, they have no hope for spirituality. So Ojas is the power which helps you to transcend into the Beyond. That is why chastity is life, sexuality is death. We sometimes use words, but we don't know the very basic purpose for which they are there. Everything which exceeds the limit, that goes to spoil, you see. So *Blessed are the pure*

"OJAS"—that spiritual power which is the fruit of chastity. This exchange of questions and answers between the Master and His disciples took place at the Master's house at Rajpur on the evening of January 27, 1971.

in heart, for they shall see God; that power helps. Those who are always drained out, I would say have bad health, no thinking power, they can't do hard work; they can do nothing.

Those who are not married, they should observe strict celibacy. Those who are married, they should observe it according to the scriptures. Scriptures say to marry means taking a companion in life who should be with you in weal or woe through your earthly sojourn, and both should meet God. They should help each other. One duty may be of begetting children—one! Not all! We have considered, perhaps, that it is a machinery of enjoyment. That is wrong.

Ojas has not been defined anywhere, I tell you. From Ojas you get that power which helps you to go into the Beyond. If you have got no surplus of this valuable fluid within you, how can you sit for meditation? Now you will see how important chastity is. The word "Chastity" is used as Life, and its opposite is death, you see. These things are not explained to us, that's a pity; we ourselves do not know. Outward acting and posing won't do, I tell you. So that is why I put it in the diary forms, even in thought and word. Even if you are unchaste in thought and word, that affects you.

If you observe a very simple diet and chastity, you'll be blooming. With all your tonics, with all your outward dietary proteins, these won't help you. Acting and a rich diet won't help—the effect is only temporary. I think with acting and posing, you appear to look all right, that is all.

In the West it is usual for girls to seek their own husbands and husbands to seek their own companions. There was a girl, she was ugly and nobody liked to marry her. She was disappointed, she left the town, and lived in an out-of-the-way place. Naturally, when one is disappointed, one reverts to God. She passed her days in sweet remembrance of God. After a year or so somebody came up to her, "I would like to marry you." "What! What are you talking about? I am the ugliest woman in the world!" "No, no, no, you're not ugly." "No, no, don't joke with me!" She saw herself in the looking glass—her features were changed. So thoughts are very potent, you see. Chaste thought is a blessing. Ojas power is that, as I tell you, which helps you to transcend into the Beyond.

QUESTION: *Even the power to think depends on Ojas also? Continence of mind, that also depends on Ojas?*

THE MASTER: You waste your power by thinking. Thoughts result in words and in action. That does not affect those who have no inkling whatsoever of God. If you see some of the initiates' diaries, excuse me, they are full of chastity failures in deed. They take it like a food. This is wrong. I have to give them right direction very politely, "Take more care of that."

QUESTION: *But does Ojas help to increase the intellect also?*

THE MASTER: Chastity helps everything. If oil is oozing out of a burning lamp, then how long will that go on giving you light? That's the foundation on which the building is raised; your physical body, your intellect, your everything. Swami Ram Tirath was principal of the Government College in Lahore. He said sometimes it so happens the most brilliant students fail their examinations. When they went into it, they found the students had lost the vital life fluid the night before. Kabir says when a dog indulges in coition it remains sad for a month—that it affects it one month. What to speak of men who indulge

daily! I need not say these things so openly, but that cuts the very roots of life.

I think you will rarely find those who observe chastity, say even for one month. They think perhaps it is part of their diet; but that is wrong. So chaste, normal life is all right, as prescribed by the scriptures. That is why I say married life is no bar to spirituality if conducted according to the scriptures. When I write something, I *mean* something, you see. We simply read it, that's all.

Your chart is with you—self introspection report—look to that. If thoughts are right, you lose less. Suppose you lose one grain in thought, five grains in word, and half a pound in action. Thoughts are very potent, you see. You want to go Home this very birth; all right, have it. You're sure to go. This side you try, the other side you drain out, what is that? You cannot sit for meditation. Those who say "We cannot sit, our minds do not allow us," this is all due to failure. In the great legend of Ramayana, the opposing side was to fight Rama. From that side someone came up to fight. He had observed twelve years strict celibacy, chastity of life. But from Rama's side, Laxman—who had been chaste *all* his life—was selected to fight. I've read Napoleon's life. By hearing his name, the whole of Europe trembled. What happened when he was caught at the Battle of Waterloo? The story goes that he fell because of this failure the night before.

In everyone's life you will find this is the drawback, the biggest drawback in the majority. Saying is something, but living is something else. In India, there were three or four invasions from the West, from Persia. Prithvi Raj stood against the invaders and drove them out. But finally he was captured; it was for the same reason. The day following, you are not in your sound thought, you see.

I don't think you've been given such a very vivid view of this thing before. If you observe these facts you'll bloom, your every power will be enhanced.

When you have got no Light of your own, how can you understand the Light? Visualizing won't do. And there are people initiated by so many, so many masters in the world. There is failure in chastity in them too, even the heads. They've got no control over their discharge. And I never dreamt of this in my life. That has some goodness, you see, when you have a store in you.

Nature does not spare anybody. *Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.* These are very clear words. When you have got no power of Ojas, how can you see God? How can you rise above? It is there to give you a boost, to have something, then you have to maintain it.

Live in a normal way, not given up to everything. The Food God complained to Lord Vishnu, "People eat me too much." Then He replied, "Those who eat more than they really require, you eat *them* up." So whatever is not digested, that brings in diseases. By eating too much, you are not able to digest anything. Those who indulge too much in anything, ultimately they are not able to enjoy anything. These things eat them up. That is why you know self-introspection is most necessary, about which we care little, very little. So don't spare yourself.

QUESTION: *When someone overeats, that affects chaste thoughts?*

THE MASTER: When food is not digested, you are not able to sit for meditation. You're drowsy. So long as your stomach can work, it is all right—for one or two months, a year or so. After

that, if you continue to overeat, you are not able to digest. It means the same thing, that Food and Drink eat you. When you are not able to digest, you lose power, and strength. How do diseases come up? Whatever food remains undigested, that brings diseases.

Three things kill a man—hurry, worry and food that is not digested. You see the very importance of it? It is very good you put that question on Ojas.

QUESTION: *Is loss of semen during the night strictly a matter of thoughts during the day?*

THE MASTER: *Surely.* When you look into the eyes of others, others affect you. Eyes are the windows of the soul. Don't look into the eyes of others, whatever sex. If you have control over yourself and you can affect others, that's another thing.

During the time of discipleship we must be very careful. When you have grown up and you have a sheet anchor, you cannot be affected by others; you'll give life to others. Sometimes we say "Well, Master talks lovingly to everybody." He talks lovingly from His Soul, you see, not from the body. Others who talk very lovingly, talk from the level of the body. Love is no love which arises out of the body and ends in the body. Love that arises from the body and ends in the soul, that is Love. All this love which ends in the body is called lust. These things are not differentiated in books, I tell you. What is lust? Lust is love, your love which arises out of the body and ends in the body. By sitting here, by radiation, you have a boost to go into the Beyond, that's Love. That is why that Love is called Charity.

QUESTION: *How strict should we be about associating with other people? Even initiates? We shouldn't make any distinction?*

THE MASTER: Meet socially as much as is necessary. If you meet in a Satsang, you should all think of nobody else except God. Satsang is Satsang only when no other thought creeps into your mind except God. When you are there, and you are meeting socially—kissing—that is no Satsang.

It was reported to me at one place, they began to make a fuss over children, embracing them, like that. I stopped them. Well, this kind of love will spoil your lives, you see. If two glasses are packed together in one place, they will strike against each other and be broken, is it not so? We are not yet the master of our body, you see. We're dragged like anything. So, during the period of discipleship you must be very careful. Even after that, those who are not in full control of themselves, they can also go down. We have to be very careful. When I prescribed the diary, it really meant something.

Now the times have changed. Nobody can stay with a Master for long periods. They must be given something. What they are given should be maintained by self introspection. At Initiation some Light and Sound is given. That goes all right for some days, but if your life deteriorates, that goes.

God is Life, Love and Light. You get Life, Chastity is Life. We simply read these things, we don't go to the bottom of them. God is Life, Love and Light. Life comes from where? Chastity! These things are not preached, that's the pity. They simply tell you, go and do this performance, then do that. If your Life is really pure, then even one thought will help you. Thank God, with all these things you get something; it's the Grace of our Master. But we have to maintain it. Normal life is all right.

QUESTION: *In regards to thinking,*

somebody once made a statement: "I think, therefore I am," but that's not true really because I AM *even if I don't think. Is that correct?*

THE MASTER: You are a conscious entity and thinking arises from consciousness. One who is not conscious, how can he think? So that is why, when you say, "I think," it means you're conscious. We generally use words and don't go into the bottom of what they represent. We are conscious entities. Then that consciousness works through the level of brain, through intellect. Consciousness helps you to think. So that is why it is said: "God is all Intellect, all Wisdom, all Love, all Life."

So God is working, He is All Consciousness, and you are a drop of the Ocean of All Consciousness. You have got the same Power, the same thing in you—Life, Light and Love. Once, as the President of the World Fellowship of Religions, I gave out my address on this very point: Life, Light and Love. People use these words; they don't follow what they actually mean.

One who is given up to outward losing of all this power, he is never patient, I tell you. That's the outward symbol. Like boiling milk, he will bubble over, can't control himself. That's the one thing you'll note. But one who is very strong considers everything calmly. This is one thing that will come out. You can judge from that, you see. One who becomes wild for the time being, cannot control himself, that is a sure sign that he is not chaste. He is losing all that power. For the building that has weak ground underneath, a strong foundation is required. Then you may have so many stories raised up high on that; but if the ground is left weak, then? It will fall down. Masters have been giving this example in another way. They say, Walls which are made of sand, how long will they last?

Brahmcharya is the word used for chastity. Brahmcharya is the way of living to find God. Brahmcharya means self-introspection, means the way which enables you to find God. The other word is *Sadachar,* ethical life. *Brahmcharya: Brahm* means God, and *acharya* means way of living. That is not only controlling the semen within you, but controlling all your outgoing faculties. Control your tongue, control your thought; think no evil of anybody else. Don't be affected by what you hear from others. If others say, "I have seen so-and-so do this and that thing," don't believe it.

QUESTION: *So chastity is the foremost of all the virtues?*

THE MASTER: It is the foundation of the physical body. The body should be founded like a building whose foundation is strong. Even thoughts affect the very child in the womb. Some children are very lusty. That is due to the parents. While the child is in the womb, we must be quite chaste, calm, loving; that will affect the child within the womb. He'll be born like that. Some childen's problems are reactions of the past, some are the reactions of the mother's thoughts. The subject is very long, you see.

I will just tell you something more that will be a help to you. Animals and men, there is a vast difference between the two. When an animal becomes pregnant, no male animal will touch her. But in men—we are the highest in all creation—what do we do? Shameful! Is it not? My hint is sufficient; I need not go too far into it. We don't observe that.

With any subject, that can be thrashed out, threadbare, to bring home the very truth at the bottom, you see.

QUESTION: *Many of the initiates, I'm*

sure, will be interested in this, besides myself. If we had unchaste lives before we were initiated, how long does it take, is there a time before we are adjusted?

THE MASTER: If you take poison, that affects you. But take no more poison. To fall in sin is manly, but to remain there is devilish. A woman who had committed adultery was brought to Christ. He said all right, what do your scriptures say—that such a one should be stoned to death. Let her stand there, and you stone her. And who shall stone her? He who has not felt guilty of that at heart of hearts. Nobody dared. And He said, "All right, go, but do no more." In our Master's time when people committed adultery, out of the whole gathering one would say, "Master, I have done this thing." Baba Sawan Singh would say, "Well, can any one of you bear the burden of his sin?" Who would dare to say? Then He said, "All right, do no more," just like that.

We should stop somewhere. The poison eaten cannot be cleaned. But if you stop eating poison, then it's all right. So, there is hope for everybody.

QUESTION: *Sometimes I have a feeling that I lose touch with my desires because I do everything out of habit and I've found that the best way is if I try to think every moment, "What do I want?"—I mean—"What does my soul want?" That way I'm asking myself what I want and then I don't do anything that would harm me, but if I do it out of habit . . .*

THE MASTER: I think I have given the reply very straight and you have not followed it. The very view stated in your purpose is due to that. If you cannot live up to what He says, you have no power over yourself. You're losing, you're very loose with that. These things should not be thrown in the face. That is due to lack of filling in the diary. Like a hard taskmaster, don't spare yourself. He within you does not spare even me, I tell you. God bless you. This means that there's a very strong vigilant watch to be kept. As I have said already, a man must fall down unless he's got some boost above, some sheet anchor within himself. I am giving you something very true, I think, very basic, to which you pay little or no attention. We are already given up to sensual desires, enjoyment, in one way or the other. So long as we are just stuck fast there, how can we rise above it? There should be some discipline. If a doctor comes to you, you have got fever, and he tells you not to take any solid food, you have to live up to it. This is the path of discipleship I am explaining to you. You have to be very careful, but if you live up to it for a certain time in a particular way that will become your habit. And you will live longer for it; that way it will turn into nature. You won't be able to do otherwise. So why not make the best use of the habit of the mind? Do one thing today, tomorrow, for a month or so, then? Then naturally you will have the trend of mind to go there. Make your mind a friend, you see. "All right, let us do this." When habit is formed, then you're saved. The mind has the tendency to bring you back to earth. That's all. So long as our thoughts, our thinking, our consciousness are bound down to the outgoing faculties, we cannot rise. Once we learn how to rise above them and have the higher inkling, every day have that bliss, naturally we won't like to come down. That will come by habit. We have to work for it. Some boost or some capital is given, that is a great concession. But *maintain* it.

THE WHITE BRILLIANCE

a reminiscence by Shirley Tassencourt

transcribed from a tape letter sent by the author in January 1974, just after her return from India

I'VE BEEN HOME in my mansion a day or so now. I look out on the palace grounds around my house, all sparkle in sun and ice, and I wonder if it's real. And then I wonder if India was real. And finally the only reality I can settle for is Master's eyes. But when His eyes are closed, where is the real? OK, then that thing that goes somewhere, when His eyes are closed, that's it. When India is gone and the United States has fallen into the ocean, I'm going to be holding on to that thing that goes somewhere when Master's eyes are closed.

You know what Master said the other day? "God is omnipotent. He can do anything—except one thing—bring a man to Him who doesn't want to come."

Would you believe that Master came to the gate to say goodbye? You know, when the taxi's late, and somebody forgets something, and the Governor has to be escorted to the gate—when there is a convergence of incidents like this, you know that Master has his finger in the pie. And you know from the waves of love that follow that taxi, thick as pudding, that Master wanted to say goodbye. It's not special in that it happened to me, but it's special in that it happened to me who disobeyed Master. The beginning of the last week Master told me not to do Simran for a week, to break the habits of my Buddhistic practice, and do only Bhajan. Well, I did mostly Bhajan, but from time to time He would put us into meditation, which was Simran, where I couldn't do that other position all the time, and I couldn't bear to stop meditating. So I kept trying to follow His directions for Simran exactly. I was determined I would. I sat all day January 3rd in Master's House. Usually we sit from 7 to 10 in the morning and 4 to 7 or 8 at night. That morning I just turned around, faced the wall, threw a blanket over me completely so that I looked like furniture, and no one bothered me all day. I came out of Bhajan once, to hear Master having a private interview with someone on the other side of the porch partition. He was saying to a girl, "Mind your own business," and I figured that was for me. And as I was there feeling truly humble, and not wanting to intrude even a body's worth, the fingers went right back in my ears. After a while being with Master, there is such proof that He knows everything about everyone, what you are thinking moment by moment, that you become very alert as to what He might want of you.

Well, later on the Bhajan I was doing became Simran, and I was picking up all the sounds of the House with my refined hearing. It was like wearing an invisible cloak and being in the center of the Godman's earth-family. Taiji would go by, her great frame moving on no-nonsense feet; the doctor, the secretaries, the gatekeepers, the chauffeur Ram

Sarup. In Baroda, Ram Sarup Ji came out on the lawn after Initiation was long over. I was seated under some bushes, still in a bliss daze, although it was now late afternoon. He squatted beside me and took my hand and kissed it. "Good meditations?" he asked. All I could do was grin from ear to ear. At the moment neither of us spoke English. He just sat there and held my hand, and I felt it was from Master. And he said, "I am Ram Sarup, eighteen years with Master." Then he looked at the lines in my hands, and got up and walked away. Dear Gianiji in his exquisite voice I would hear answering the phone in the room next to me; and the tall narrow Sikh who walks on cat feet, I am sure passed back and forth many times, but I never heard him. I smelled the food cooking—just to smell it was to eat it. And then I heard Master's footsteps walking across the room behind me. Everything in my body was pulled up as He walked by, and after He passed it receded. I could just hear Him saying in His abrupt way, "Cement." And I could hear Master in the kitchen with His people. From now on He wouldn't live in my mind in some cloud or in some hotel room, but I could remember Him now with His people in His home. I felt like a small child drowsing in the family room at a too-late hour, not seeing or active, but lying awash and aware of the warm currents of friendly family activity.

There were three cautions in the meditation instructions: not to stay in the body, not to try to go out of the body, look in front of the forehead but have no tension in the forehead. I tried all day, but there was no way. I had to transgress one or the other. What a Zen koan! Finally in total fatigue I said, "OK, God, You'll have to do it—I can't. I quit." And I just sat there like a stone. I had tried as hard as I could, with every hair follicle as the Zens say. There was nothing more I could do, which I guess is what God was waiting for. Anyhow, things went well after that. Then I had to work to keep abreast of God. Besides giving you a flavor of Master's House, what I'm wanting to tell you is that even though you disobey Master, if you disobey Him just because you're trying, in the only way you know how, to be with God, if you can't stand not trying to be with God, He honors it, and He comes to the gate when you leave. I'm not advising disobedience; if I had been able to follow His way step by step I would have been the winner. But if you do the very best you can with all your might, He secretly hangs diamonds in your eyes.

Well, I was leaving at 10 o'clock at night. My plane didn't leave till five the next morning; I had been planning to take a taxi at 3 a.m. A German woman was leaving at 10 p.m. and somehow hadn't made arrangements, so I was asked to go with her to straighten things out since she didn't speak English. I was so intoxicated by this time I would have said yes to anything. The taxi which always comes to the gate of Master's House was late. The German woman forgot something. I stood at the gate waiting, alone. Master's House was lit up and there were many shoes outside the door, so I knew He was taking care of the Indians now. He is like a Father with a babe on each knee, His Indian babe and His foreign babe, and He bounces us and laughs with us alternately.

Edna Shinerock from Toronto, who had just returned to India to help the Westerners (incidently, she spent six years here before) asked the gatekeeper to let me just go to the door for a last peek at Master. He looked very solemn,

so we both said, "Just a little peek." He opened the gate and took me to the door of Master's living room, where a conference was going on in one corner. My eyes searched there for Master but didn't find Him. A little clump of Indian ladies parted, and there was the Satguru in a chair opposite the door. I dropped to my knees wanting to make myself small, feeling an intruder. The gateman said, "Go on in." I said, "Oh, no," feeling I had no right. Again the clump parted. Master looked right at me, and He gestured the ladies aside, and said, "Come here, come here." In an instant I was at His knee, and on mine. I looked into that Heaven above me. Certainly there were those eyes that had become the center of my world, and that beard. But at that moment there were no parts, just a total Heaven above me. There was no coming or going; there was no room and no people. The weight of His wonderfully large hand patted me twice on the shoulder, and my head rested on His chair. And He said, "All right now, all right, go jolly." It was a father saying, "There, there, little one," and I didn't know this body could contain such gratefulness.

And then He said, "Are you the only one leaving?" and I said, "No, there's another lady," and He said something else, all twinkly of eyes, which I intuited as the door by which I should leave. I backed across the room, watching God as long as I could. I went to pick up my shoes on the porch, and collapsed to my knees beside them, overcome. The gateman looked on compassionately. I pulled myself together and went outside the gate, dropped into the shadow by the wall, and wept and moaned with open mouth like an animal. The German lady reappeared, and Edna came out of the dark court. The taxi drove up. And at that very moment the gate light turned on. Edna, who knows all the clues, said, "Master's coming out." And there He was in the misty light, escorting a local dignitary to the gate. The man disappeared into a car. Master turned to us. The delicate light fell on His face, and twinkled and sparkled in His eyes. He was laughing, "Now you're going, now you're going . . . but don't you go," He joked with Edna. He put His hands together to each of us. And Stuart was there, Stuart was blessed, too. He was escorting us to the airport. Master, still smiling, said, "Help them," as He gathered up our luggage in one of those quick gestures of His. Immediately twenty people fell on our little pile and instantaneously the bags were in the car. In the same spirit we jumped in. I leaned across my friend in the back seat, my face out the window to watch the brilliant white crown of His turban, the brilliant white crown, the Brilliance . . . "Go."

As the taxi pulled away, I turned to look out the back window, my mind reaching out to touch what was receding, like a three-year-old. And then the sobbing began. No outer crying. The "I" was ready to go, it was time, and I was filled to the brim. There had been no flavor of self-pity, only joy. But deep within, the soul was being torn from its source, and the crying was all of the body, like the deep trauma of childbirth when mother and child are pulled apart. The spasms stopped after a bit, and I sat up and was full of smile. Stuart was holding one hand, the German lady was rubbing my cheek. "It's OK now, it's OK, really." I laughed. "Let's go jolly now." And I leaned back in the cab and fell into a deep, dark, almost like sleep, and it seemed minutes later we were at the airport. The German lady got off

OK. Stuart stayed till midnight. We had some delicious American food at the airport, a cheese sandwich and french fries. You should have seen us glowing over this remarkable food. In this western atmosphere I drank some water, the first I'd done that in India, outside the Ashram. And all we could do was smile like idiots, thinking of this day that had just passed, and of our Satguru, who had been pouring buckets of love over our heads.

You see, at Darshan that evening, Master had given us the Darshan of all Darshans—a half hour in which He spoke not, but just sat with open eyes, feeding us and feeding us. I was right at His knees, since it was my very last Darshan. There was nothing between us. I fell into His eyes and stayed and stayed. We were like puppies at the teats of the mother, and He let us drink and drink. I would say inside, "Oh please, Master, a little more"; my wish, in truth, meaning "a little forever." And He just sat, turning His lion head from side to side slowly, with those great luminous orbs that swallow the soul and take the body's consciousness into the Land of Light.

Once He asked, "What is it meant in the Scriptures when Christ says, 'Eat of me and drink of me'?" and somone started into a lengthy explanation. In a small, burning voice it said, this voice from me, "Master's eyes." And then He began, "Eyes are the windows of the soul . . ." and talked about drinking spirituality from the Master. A little later He looked at me and said something I didn't hear. Afterwards one of His Indian staff came over to me and said, "Do you know what Master said to you, about you? 'When the pitcher is full, it makes no noise'."

All I would say in thinking about His eyes—if you can in any way arrange it, please go and study what is what at the feet of the Living Master. Find out about what is your self and what is the world in the orbit of His eye-sweep. Reading His books refines and informs the mind, but to come to Him mindless is the only way to the secrets of God or the self. We have these preconceptions about our lives, what we can do and what we can't do; we build these little prisons about and then have to work within them. Master often said, "*Impossible* is only in the dictionary of fools." *Impossible* is one of the mind-jails we put ourselves into.

Master said many times we must come to God alone. He often quoted from the Scriptures where Jesus says, *I have come to separate mother from child, husband from wife* . . . I'm not quoting exactly, but you know the reference, I hope. He cautions the young couples who come together, Please don't know what each other is doing. You can only be with God if you are with God alone. There can be nothing between you and God, not husband, not family, not body, not mind. When you come here you must polish and polish to get everything off the wall, and then you must polish so fine, to clear the self of everything that stands between you and the Master, so that the wall becomes a mirror. Only then, when you can reflect perfectly, when there is not a speck of dust between you and the Master, can you really be with God.

I remember one girl who was having a lot of trouble with the meditation practice, and was really pressing Master for help. She asked Master how she could keep her mind focused. He said, "Just look at the area in front of your forehead as you look at me now." And she said, "Oh, but it's so easy to focus on you." And Master answered, "If you could

really focus on me, you'd see nothing but light."

My plane was several hours late arriving in Delhi, so I spent about six hours, half-awake, half asleep on the floor that night in the Delhi Airport. The benches were all occupied with sleeping people. In India, one gets used to the idea that the floor is the bed and wherever you are is home. So I put down my poncho and my pillow and sprawled across my baggage and slept with one ear open to pick up information about my flight. The plane was luxurious after a month of cold nights and unadorned quarters. I found, however, that very shortly the super-hot dry air was swelling the membranes of my nose, and the super-comfort of the seat was arching my back in a most uncomfortable position. By the time we got to Germany, I had a case of dysentery in full swing (it might have been that water I drank at the airport) and I looked back longingly at the recent trip I had taken with Master on tour to Bombay, in the old Indian bus. At the time I thought I was putting up with a lot, and rather well, I commended myself from time to time.

Indian buses are something else. Seat space per individual is about two-thirds American buses. The seats are straight up. At my seat there was no room under the seat in front for feet, and besides, I had to put my stuff, like sleeping bag and coat (which I found I needed in the cold night), I put that where the feet go, so actually I sat cross-legged on the narrow seat, my knees resting on my baggage in front of me, most of the way.

The Indian buses create their passageway by constant use of the horn. This is not only for other cars, but perhaps mostly to deflect the sacred cows, who wander down the middle of the road. The Indians are a lung people. They have voices of wonderful proportion, and they all can project naturally in the way only the finest actors know. The tour bus was all satsangis, half Indian and half western. It was one of Master's gifts to put us in this living situation where we would come to know each other in a real and loving way. It was beautiful to watch this grow from our initial strangeness with each other. Well, at any rate our Indian friends would do bhajans and chants and songs, and the horn would blow, and the bus would rattle, and you would try to faithfully meditate, as you swayed first against your partner on the right and then your partner on the left, or as you stayed alert to catch the little old lady Indian friend in the aisle seat who kept nodding off her seat into the aisle and sleep. Knowing that everything you do with Master is a lesson, all I could figure, since Master has said over and over again, "Your only purpose in being here is to meditate," is that this was my chance to learn how to meditate in the midst of chaos. It's interesting, as the disciple becomes stronger in his practice, the ante goes up. The stronger you get, the more is asked of you spiritually. It's an exciting equation. Anyhow, I was truly amazed that after a while, with Master's great grace and constant presence, I began to have blissful meditations in the middle of this circus. My companions were kind and didn't speak much. One couldn't, not knowing English, and one didn't. That's the hardest burden of all, friendliness. It will take you away from the Master when nothing else will.

Our bus trip required endurance and looseness. We got off to a late start; we were to leave at 10 a.m. and we left at 5 p.m. The westerners were in their seats more or less from noon on, expecting to go any minute, while the In-

dians had a lovely social life around the bus all afternoon, knowing full well that you don't go until you go, so enjoy yourself wherever you are. And this is the looseness required. Since we left seven hours late, we couldn't stop that night for sleep, only for supper, a beautiful supper-feast at four a.m. at a satsangi's hotel, and a half-hour rest before we again resumed our thirty-hour uninterrupted drive. In those bus seats, this is where the endurance was required. A great rejuvenation came to save us that night, however, when Master appeared for a short Darshan. Usually the westerners were give a preferential place right in front of the Master. We came from the bus into a not-large room filled with Indian satsangis, who were seated from the Master's chair back. The little space in the back of the room was for us. Master appeared and the whole tired body became alive again. The Indian people, as usual folded up into their smallness to make room for many, accentuated the contrast between man-size and God-man size. Master sat over them and among them like a mother hen with her chickens. I've never seen such a beautiful view of Master. What I was watching was ravishing. I was so happy to be in the back, seeing it. Master got up and the way parted between the bodies that were also rising for darshan. As I struggled to get my stiff body up, I rose to stand only a few inches from Master's face. He paused there to say something to the crowd, and what I drank there at that moment kept me going the next day.

Looseness is required by the westerner when we stop by the road for rest stops. Rest stops mean: the women eliminate on one side of the bus, and the men on the other. Central India is quite stark, so don't expect we went behind a bush. Most of us assumed a looseness of act, but not in truth, so constipation prevailed. Endurance was required as we pressed on into the second night sitting bolt upright. Some people were familiar enough to sort of lie on top of each other. Joan could double up enough to sleep in my lap, and my little Indian grandmother, Nani as I called her, would nod asleep on my large shoulder until the bus careened the wrong way and she'd go flying toward the aisle and I'd grab her.

Speaking about careening, somewhere along the route, I don't remember where, we came around a bend and there was a wagon drawn by oxen directly in front of us. The bus driver, not a satsangi but hired with the bus, swerved wildly to avoid it. The bus teetered and tottered, and then came back up to upright, and we went on. He turned around about ten minutes afterwards and said something to one of the Indian satsangis by his seat, "When I swerved around that cart, I saw that Master of yours."

Our bus driver was endurance personified; but after thirty hours of driving, he said he *had* to rest. We had been traveling throughout in very desolate country. We were wondering where we would go. One satsangi knew of a Jain temple nearby, so we arrived at the great two-storey door and then went into the huge interior court and were led to one end, where an attendant began unlocking doors into the monks' cells. The cells were completely bare, whitewashed small rooms with slate floors. We gratefully put our blanket or bag on the hard floor, and slept like rocks on the rocks. I was so happy in that little room, I don't know why. It was one of the high points of the trip for me.

We were up at four and off again. In the great black of the courtyard, teamakers were boiling the tea, while show-

ers of sparks flew from a fancy charcoal apparatus. Ginger tea, in the black black before dawn. It was too early even for the dogs who lay curled like doughnuts about the tea place. The gear was retied on top of the bus, and the people went in and off we went.

When the road went through villages, we would find the eaves of stone and thatch houses almost touching the bus. If the gates were open, we could glimpse the living courts of the homes. There was much charm and wholesomeness, in spite of our cultural aversion to the dirt and poverty. In one remote hill village, evidently we were the spectacle of the year. All the children turned out, surrounding our exit from the bus, and watched from head to toe. Even after twenty minutes, while we had tea, they stood unmoving—all those black eyes and motionless faces, just watching and watching. Our traveling Indian friends were great elder brothers. They helped us in many kind, sensitive ways. They helped us manage all these ways of doing things. My neighbor, Nani, would even massage my legs when she knew I was getting stiff. The men always helped us with our purchases so we wouldn't be overcharged. In some of the more sophisticated villages, if there was any smartness towards foreigners, they would stand between us, or tell the villagers to go away. They would point out the best walls to unload behind in the villages, or show us where clean water was to be found. The land became so picturesque from the hill country to the coast that I had to forcibly limit my looking to wide-spaced intervals, so that meditation could go on. There was such beauty in the stark use of this stark land, and even in the poorest bodies in the country was the brilliant turban or skirt or blouse that sang among the tans and browns of the land. Always one or two brilliant notes moving across each hill of many acres, sometimes with goats or cattle, water-buffalo or camel, natural movement under the sun. The open spaces were truly open, no fences between neighbors.

In the midst of nowhere, we came to the village of the Temple of Rama. A white marble courtyard was the cleanest place I had seen in India. In the center was a Temple, of Rama, a Hindu deity. The Temple itself was a total gesture. I would say a stone sculpture of the rising out of the body into the Light. It was completely carved in small six-inch friezes, all the way to its slender pinnacle. The carving was exquisite, truly a museum temple. The interior light was mysterious and beautiful. In the center was a box, or home of the deity, Black Rama, a more than lifesize figure dressed in silken clothes, with shiny black lacquer skin and white, white eyeballs. Continuous chanting was going on, to the front and left. On the right a priest offered the guest a dole of milk, to be taken in the cupped hands, sipped and the remnants pressed over their forehead. How different this dramatic ritual from our meeting with the living Deity.

We arrived in Baroda at the large guest house where Master was staying, and where the satsangs were held outdoors on the large lawn. It was a lovely clean, clean place. We tumbled into a little anteroom, hot, dirty and exhausted. We could hear Master in the next room. Just that begins to make things change inside. The door opened, and there He was, so large and so living and so loving. 'So you came!" He said, with that strong abruptness and twinkly eye. And all our tiredness and heat and filth were taken from us, and we sat in the cool shadow of our Deity; and all about us there was

profound calmness and repose. And Master said, "I'm sorry you were inconvenienced. This is your choice. I'm always being tossed about—that is my fate; but you don't have to do it."

If Master hadn't sent us off to our quarters to clean and rest our bodies, I don't think anyone would have thought of moving. For when the soul is cleansed and rested, who thinks of the body? We were staying in Baroda for several days, so Master could officiate at the opening of Manav Kendra, and also give Initiation. We were staying at a hotel about five blocks from Master's place. Every day we'd walk back and forth several times. The first time I almost stepped on a body wrapped in burlap, sleeping on the sidewalk. I withdrew in culture shock. Wow, it's really true, people do live on the sidewalks. By the time our stay in Baroda was over, the burlap body became the most potent symbol for my spiritual ambition. To become so nameless, so homeless, so much a part of the ground that you are not even seen—if only this could happen to me, not in the physical, but in the realm of self. This was my greatest wish.

We were so lovingly cared for by the Baroda satsangis. One particular family held langar by their house. It was such a rare, beautiful example of total selfless service by each member of the family, each in their own way, and by many others who also helped. Langar was for several hundred people. Long strips of burlap were laid on the earth, and leaf plates and bowls were set in front of each guest. Loving initiates served us, urging us to have more, more. The effect of being served with love is a special blessing. Between the gifts of Master and His loving initiates, we were just bursting with love ourselves.

From the beginning, Bombay held an ominous presence. The drive through the heat of the city, and the gritty dark gray of the pup-tent districts, where families live in what and on what only God knows, set the stage. Our residence, a health clinic building, was possible, but hardly a place you rush to return to. Even the clues from Master that first night's Satsang made me feel alert about Bombay. To me it seemed as if He, too, was enduring in Satsang that night. The next day there was a bus strike. There was political unrest as well, and we were not allowed to go out at all. By six that evening the strike was settled. We hoped to go to Satsang by our bus that night, but our driver wouldn't chance it, for fear the bus would be overturned. One of our Indian friends spoke with Master, who was staying about a mile away, and permission was given for us to walk over for Darshan. No traffic was moving yet, so we walked down the middle of the road, all thirty-some of us. The atmosphere was very tense. People watched us carefully. Probably westerners aren't often seen in this part of town, let alone walking. We came to a block of dismal pup-tents that housed the poorest of the poor. Children came as if out of the ground, and soon there was a flock of over a hundred children, at first begging, and then taunting, and then screaming at the tops of their lungs. They were all the same color of dark gray, clothes, skin, hair, all—all the same color. It was like a grotesque surrealistic scene. The screaming was high-pitched and grew to fantastic proportions. If we weren't going under Master's invitation to come, I should have been totally unnerved, but knowing we were in Master's hands, it was just a powerful phenomenon to be observed. It reminds me now of a conversation Master had with someone, asking about how things were in America.

The American described the energy shortage, and how people were beginning to hoard, and Master said, "It's a very good time and a very bad time. Spiritually, things are getting better." And Master said he had heard some people were going to the hills. He said, "Satsangis need not go to the hills. Master Power will take care of them even in bad situations."

Well, here we were in a bad situation; I was thinking how lucky we were to be in Master's protection, as the children began to grab at people's clothing. And just then a police car drove up and the hundred children were swallowed up in the pavement. In seconds, not one was to be seen.

We arrived at Master's quarters. He kept right on with His work as if He were totally alone, until all of us found a little place to sit in His room, sort of giving us an example of how you do one thing wholly and solely. And then when we were all settled, He looked up and gave us wholly and solely of His love and His good humor. The unspoken story of our walk over remained, as it always does with Master, carefully unspoken.

We were all glad to leave Bombay, and with another day's drive reach Kalyan. We arrived after Satsang began, but our places in front of Master's dais were roped off and reserved. Master looked so happy here. We knew we were at a place where He is much loved. Even though the Satsangs were in Hindi, it didn't matter. After being with Master a while, the soul realizes that Master is the Mantra, the mandala, the meditation and the Satsang; and then one's whole attention becomes stuck to the Master, like Brer Rabbit stuck to the tar-baby. When you first arrive, you are painfully separate. Pretty soon, one paw gets stuck, then a foot, and then an elbow, and after a while you're stuck all over to Master. Your eyes follow every motion, every expression; your ear follows every sound (for expression, not caring for meaning). If you're close enough, your eyes move as His eyes move, never separating. Those twin beads of Heaven are your Salvation, and you hold on to those sparkling orbs with a desperate tenacity. And one day the eyes turn to you, and because of it you will have strength to face squarely something you haven't faced, or it will deepen your love, as it must be deepened if one is to move at all in one's practice, or it will still the mind and pull the attention into fine focus. And slowly you begin to realize, to really understand why the Saints of old would do anything for just one glance from their Master.

For me there was a very interesting and educational prelude to this trip. It happened on the third morning I was in India, at the morning Darshan. Master went right around the room, asking how many hours each had put in in meditation. He was as gruff as I've ever seen Master. There seems to be a tendency for westerners to visit and socialize in this freed-from-worldly-obligation environment, and many answered two to four hours. He very firmly inquired, "What did you do the rest of the time? You are here for the primary purpose of meditating, that is all. Why do you only put in two or four hours?" And then He came to me. Now, for months I had been deeply attached to the idea of long meditations at the Ashram. The day before, my second day in India, I went out of the Ashram, a few blocks to get some fruit, and to see what was this place India I had come to. I was totally overwhelmed by the sights and smells and

(*Continued on page 18*)

To My Beloved Kirpal

God, I love you!
When I am in need
You are my only friend
When I am lonely
You are my only comforter
When I am ill
You are my healer
When I leave this earth
You will be my only companion!

ASTRA

(*continued from page 16*)

sounds, and my mind couldn't comprehend this subtle survival situation. That night as I sat for meditation, the images rose again and again. I had heard we were going to be allowed to go with Master on tour to Bombay soon, and I thought, "How can I go on tour and meditate, if I can't even go to the market place for half an hour without being utterly distracted? I must stay here and meditate," and I began to bask in the idea. It would be quiet, no interruptions. I could probably avoid the dysentery that many people were having just then. And I rationalized my giving up of Master's Darshan for my creature comforts and undisturbed meditations by concluding, "When Master gets back, I will be truly receptive after ten days of meditating, not gross, as I am now." I pushed out of mind the hypocritical statement I had made to Master in my plea to come to India—"Even one day with Master would be worth the trip." And here I was giving up ten days with Master for ten days of comfortable meditation. I tell you all this in detail, so you can see how precisely Master is correcting us, when often to others He seems as if He has misunderstood, or has not answered the question. "So, how is your meditation?" He asked me, and I described the light I had seen in the first two days, and suddenly I saw a way to ask about the tour trip, and settle my intention not to go. "After a trip across the bridge yesterday," I went on, "I couldn't meditate at all." "How long did you shop?" He asked. "I have a question, Master," I interrupted very assertively and rudely. "How long did you meditate yesterday?" He asked.

"I meditated ten hours, and I shopped for half an hour, but I have a question."

And very very forcibly He said, "If you will please listen to what I have to say to you first, then I will answer your question."

I should have been crushed, but a big fat ego merely dents. "You went shopping for ten hours," He said in gruff amazement, "and meditated for half an hour?!"

Even as I began to correct the statement, I knew He was taking away my pride in sitting long hours, and I was grateful and quiet. He was also putting out the fact that, though the body sat for long hours, the mind was across the bridge. Others tried to correct His apparent misunderstanding. He ignored them and talked to me about being wholly and soley where you were, or taking Master with you to the marketplace. And then He said, "Now, what is your question?"

"I understand, Master, we may be allowed to accompany you on your tour. If I can't hold my meditation after a trip to the market, how shall I sustain meditation on a ten-day tour of India?" Surely this excellent logic would secure a reprieve from the trip, I thought. Master, still in a gruff way, said, (everything I was saying sounded virtuous and logical on the outside, but on the inside every motive needed correction) "I never encourage these tours. It's hard to meditate, and very distracting. I do not ask anyone to come." And then in a tone of utter humility, "Some people find it useful to be with me, but others . . ." and He didn't finish the sentence.

I was cut from my head to my toes as He said this. My heart lay open finally. There was no question, no hesitation, of course I was going on the tour. Oh Beloved Master, thank you for your strong and kind teaching.

Well, the trip was, as you know by now, a vital experience for me, not only

in my meditation practice, but in my self-introspection. I mean, when you are in America, it's very easy to be unselfish and give of your much to the needy, but when you have only one coat, or a few dysentery pills, and someone else is cold or needs the same medication you may need tomorrow, you see very soon where you stand. But more than both of these, it was ten days to fall down to the ground in love with the Godman, for which I am eternally grateful.

At our first morning Darshan after returning, I raised my hand. "I was the one who wondered if I should go on tour. I want to thank you for the gift of the tour." "How do you give thanks? Where is it? You can give me money or straw, but how can you give me thanks? Thank God; that's all. You are the ones who were inconvenienced. Travel is travail. I am used to being tossed about, day and night, but you people . . ." and then He paused, ". . . love knows no burden." And then He gave me *such* a look of love, I couldn't begin to tell you.

Oddly enough, that day I had to go into Delhi. Someone was taking me to do the family-presents thing, and by this time I was just following what had to be done next. We got in the cab and someone complained about the terrible horn, but I didn't hear it. We went to a store of Indian crafts, which should have blown my craftsman's mind, and I could hardly bear to be there. I only wanted to stay with that look of love Master had given me. I'll take this and this, and this and this—and almost where my hand fell made the decision. Stuart had to pick out my gift to Andy and help me with Jesse's. I took the Master to the market, not because it was good practice, but because He had fallen me in love with Him. Amazingly enough, the gifts were correct, I find now that I am home and have given them out.

When you are with Master, He teaches all the Scriptures through the living situations He puts you through. He communicates clearly and precisely with few or no outer words.

You know how I admire Zen. Well, Master is by far the greatest Zen Master of all times. Talk about the wordless doctrine. Such proof I have had this month that Master knows everything that is happening to His dear children. One this week asked Master if He ever withheld experience from His disciples. "No, it's you that withholds the experiences, your lack of attention."

On New Year's Eve I sat on the roof of the Guest House at the Ashram, too happy to go to bed. The moon sat in the sky, untipped, a perfect cup, holding all the gold of the sun in crescent light. I wished upon a star this body here could become a simple moon vessel, to hold the golden liquor of Kirpal. Even Master says, "Impossible is only in the dictionary of fools."

Somehow my Master finds no things wanting.
Wind that blows through an ageless shrub
Makes a melodious cooing.
Sparrows of darkness stretch their wings
In an invisible sun.
The first and the last days of the world
Are one. His love upholds them.

PAUL WEISS

A Letter to Reno Sirrine

Bibi Hardevi explains why a portion of the Master's ashes were sent to this country

October 18, 1974

DEAR RENO JI, I am in receipt of your loving letters of October 2 and 6, 1974, with enclosures, and noted their contents.

It gives me great pain to read ——'s letter of September 28, 1974, which generally shows lack of respect toward the physical form of the Master. The physical body of a Master is due respect not only while the God Power is residing within it, but even after that Power has left; it is still the Form which once housed that Power. To have a glimpse of even a single hair of His precious body is an invaluable thing. The Master Himself used to remind us of the one hair from the moustache of Mohammed Sahib which after so many years is yet revered in Mecca. This is not an idol worship but a gesture of love, respect and sweet remembrance by thousands. Here and now have we such little respect that within a month's time after His leaving we can forget Him so quickly, and write in such terms?

The purpose of sending some of the Master's ashes out of India was in due consideration for those of His children who had no opportunity to be here and pay their last respects. It may not be exactly according to the strictest Indian customs, but as He Himself was above all customs, even whilst outwardly keeping them, I am sure He would not disapprove our giving this chance to His children everywhere. After all, the Master lived mostly in India, but His children are all over the world and that must have some consideration. After the initiates have had this opportunity to pay their last respects, that portion of the ashes may be immersed in some peaceful river in the United States, which will give the additional blessings to that country, and will also make the river holy, as the River Beas became through Baba Sawan Singh Ji Maharaj.

I hope these brief few words will clarify what was intended to be a simple and helpful gesture with good intentions, coming from a painful heart. That which I have suffered myself I could feel on behalf of others. If you so wish, dear Reno Ji, you may send a copy of this letter to Khanna Ji and any others who have similar misunderstandings.

If you find that the majority of the American Satsangis do not understand this gesture and it is therefore causing only controversy, then it is suggested that the immersion in some peaceful river be done earlier.

I acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of the tape and circular sent by you. With all love and best wishes, in the Master's love.

Cordially yours,
HARDEVI

(Sant) Maulana Shamas Tabrez once said, "When I die and my body is burnt and my ashes are used as manure in a wheat field, and that wheat is made into flour and bread is made of it, and that bread is served to be eaten, then not only the eater but the server of the bread will be intoxicated (with the love of Him) to an extent beyond expression."

KIRPAL SINGH, *in Sant/The Master*

ON PSYCHIC POWER

Dehra Dun, February 20, 1971

THE MASTER WAS ASKED, "Can we affect each other during group meditations? For example, in sending thoughts of love to the others, will they be affected?"

He replied, "Do you have enough to spare to be distributed to the others? If you have, then it's all right. Otherwise you will become bankrupt; you have no money in your bank or in your hand and you issue checks. If you love God, soul is of the same essence as that of God and He resides in every heart, naturally you will have love for everybody. If you have become very much charged, you need not even direct your attention, as by radiation the others will receive it. By exerting you'll feel bankrupt and quite vacant. That is why I always say that I don't advocate so-called spiritual healing. The people who are doing this healing, exert. They send love, they send good thoughts, healing thoughts: in that way they exert and become bankrupt. They feel depleted and then have to recoup.

"The higher form of healing is always good. Those who even think of a Master-soul can be healed. You remember during Christ's life a lady touched the hem of His garment and was healed. He felt something and said, 'Who has touched me?' If you have money in your bank, well and good. If you have $1,000 and you give checks away for $2,000, what will happen? You follow? It is a good idea to have sympathy for all. If you love God, because God resides in them, naturally your love will go to them. Or by radiation they will benefit from it. You may do one thing; you may pray, 'O God, help others.' That's something else.

"With the little money you have, or the little water in your tank, do you want to distribute it in that way? Do you follow what I am saying? It is a good idea to have good sympathies, loving thoughts, regard for others; that's all right. But don't *exert*. You may have good thoughts for all. I told you the other day, in my Master's time, I used to visit sick people. Those who were not initiated made a show of those people. 'When he comes, the sick will be relieved,' they would say. It did happen, and people complained to my Master that I was showing miracles. So Master said, 'No, he does not show miracles. It is the radiation that people get from him.' Do you follow me? Such like radiation is all right.

"To have good thoughts for everybody is a good idea. Pray God to give peace to all, that's another thing. And moreover, still further, Guru Nanak who is considered to be Word made flesh prayed, 'Peace be unto all the world over under Thy Will, O God.' He did not exert himself. 'Peace be unto all the world over under *Thy* Will, O God.' Once you become the doer, naturally you'll exert, using up what you have. 'Under Thy Will O God,' is the best way. So have good wishes for all; we're all brothers and sisters in God. But by radiation that Power helps and doesn't make you bankrupt. By exertion naturally you can do good to others, but after that you'll feel

exhausted. A higher form of healing is wanted. By radiation let everybody be helped. If you have enough perfume within you, everybody will get it, without your even wishing to do anything. So I'm not against good wishes for everyone but don't be the doer, exerting on your own shoulders with the little water you have. Pray for them; that's all right."

The disciple then said, "Sometimes a healer says when he is exhausted, he gets refilled with new power afterwards."

Master replied, "Only when he becomes bankrupt. First he feels wanting, then he refills, not before. And if he is not refilled, then? The Masters always heal by radiation. Those who thought of them were healed. That's the safer way. Once someone wrote to me from France, 'I hear you are not in good health. I will heal you from here.' I told him, 'You cannot do it.' And I explained why: 'A weaker man will be affected by you, not a stronger man.' You cannot influence one who is stronger than you. You follow me? How can you affect the man who is stronger than you? You may influence the weaker; you may heal others who are weaker in will than you. So I wrote and told him that he would not be able to do it. He tried with all his powers but could do nothing. You can say, 'O Master, please help her,' or 'O God, please help her,' that's another thing.

"It once happened that some people—I need not mention who they were—engaged certain people, giving them all the money they wanted, to sit at midnight in an open place to do harm to me. It can be done; but their efforts did not affect me.

"Once I was traveling in a train, and a man came up who began reading the other passengers' thoughts. He read the minds of several people. I was also sitting in the same compartment. When it came to my turn he told me to keep something in my mind and he would read it. 'You cannot do it,' I told him. This was long, long before I met my Master. But he insisted and the others also insisted that I keep something in my mind so that he could read it. 'All right,' I agreed, 'Do it.' He tried, but eventually had to give up. He admitted, 'I failed today.'

"So the stronger man can affect others, the weaker man cannot. On the weaker you can have some effect. All the same, this is no spirituality. These supernatural powers come up by concentration, but if you are engaged in them your higher power is stopped. These supernatural powers are the slaves of concentration and meditation. That is not spirituality. Spirituality is not spiritism, not spiritualism, not hypnotism and not mesmerism. It is purely a matter of self-analysis, rising above body consciousness to know oneself and to know God. On the way many powers will come up, but to engage in them is a heinous crime. You'll retard your progress. Moreover, the karmic law is inexorable. You will have to suffer for it some day.

"People do every sort of thing. There was one man in London who could call up the spirits, and then they would talk. Five pounds was the cost of the admission ticket. Someone said, 'All right, let us go and see him,' so we went. All the lights were turned off. It was pitch dark; it was about nine or ten at night. He began to exert, but nothing happened, nothing could be done. First he sighed, then again he sighed, and after about a half hour or so as nothing happened, he said, 'The atmosphere is not good; I'm sorry this cannot be done now.' He did not charge us a fee. It can happen, surely. What was the trick? Now I will tell you. He could speak like a child, so

he used to speak himself, and the people considered it to be a spirit. I have found that there is black marketing outside, but there is more black marketing in so-called religious circles. They act and pose.

"A magician came to a morning meditation sitting in Chicago during my first tour. He was a first class magician from Europe especially invited to America with the purpose to work against me. He said, 'You are going to give a meditation sitting, am I permitted to sit?' 'Yes, come on.' I gave a sitting. He was sitting at the side exerting all his power against me. Nothing happened, but in return he fell down, headlong down, unconscious. They had to revive him in my arms, put him to bed and solace him. 'Well, never mind, you will be all right. Don't worry,' I told him. Reaction was there. When a wave comes and hits a stone wall, the wave will recede. If there is sand there then that wave will permeate. So as a reaction he fell down unconcious. He was a follower of the other party, especially engaged for that purpose. I treated him, then he went to the bathroom and fell down again. Again I treated him, giving him medicine so that he would be all right. Then he said to the whole gathering over there, 'I have seen for the first time the love of Christ. What I was being told was all wrong.' He passed away. His wife sends me letters even now.

"Spiritual people don't want to be involved in these things. What is the joy of reading your minds, reading this and that thing and influencing others? What is there—some contact with the lower groveling souls who have left the body? There is little contact with the higher souls. This is only one side of the show. If you engage your attention thus, your further progress is retarded. So I have encountered all this sort of thing in India and abroad. Nothing happened to me. My Master was with me, of course. That Power, God Power, is with me. That is His Grace—if He leaves me, I am nothing. I am Mr. Zero. I don't do anything. That is the safest way.

It once so happened that Dr. Schmidt, a Swiss homeopathic physician, came to India with his wife. He was initiated by our Master. On their second visit to India people tried to influence his wife to become initiated. But she wouldn't agree. She was a follower of a Guru in Europe. Dr. Schmidt requested me to kindly do something so that his wife might also be initiated. My Master told me to take leave for four or five days and give time to attend to her. I asked Dr. Schmidt to be present when I spoke to her. The very first question she asked was, 'What brought you here to the Master?' So I explained to her for about ten minutes why I had come. 'Oh, that is exactly what I want,' she said. She then asked, 'Why is it that your Master does not appeal to me?' This was a very direct question. 'My previous guru used to influence me and I was affected by him,' she went on. I told her to look at me for two or three minutes and then asked if she could say anything other than what I wanted her to say. 'No,' she said. I said, 'That is why—your guru has influenced you. You could not say anything other than what *he* wanted you to say. My Master does not influence anybody. He leaves it to your good will, your free will and pleasure, to find what is what.'

"She did not know English; she was French speaking so I told her, 'All right, if you don't follow the talk given by my Master tonight, just simply look at Him, sweetly, attentively, nothing more. And then let me know what you find.' She sat in on the talk and after it I asked her 'Well, how did you find my Master?' 'Oh,

He was very attractive, very beautiful.' By radiation these things are effected, not by directing your will. I told her that was why my Master did not influence her. He leaves everybody to his own free will and pleasure. If I hypnotize you people then you'll go and you will feel bankrupt. You may have something for a few minutes, but then you will be bankrupt. Then? I've had many similar instances like this. So that is why I say there's more black market within. Mrs. Schmidt was initiated, and I get letters from her even now.

"So it is God who helps, you see. If you have become His, He has to look after you. You have to simply surrender to Him, that's all. Surrender does not cost you anything. Does it? But it is very difficult. To give money is all right. To give away your everything is all right. Hearth, home, everything. To give away your mind leaves nothing short. You have been put on the Way to the best that I know, or what the scriptures say. You're fortunate. Go on with it.

"So the Master Power takes care. You have everything, just turn within. My elder son fell sick. The Doctor told me to take three days leave as he would definitely die. All right—I took leave. Within these three days I was ordered by my Master to give a talk at Amritsar. And I thought, 'The Doctor said he would die, but life and death are not in my hands.' So I went to Amritsar and gave a talk. It was about mid-day on a summer day. Then I thought that as Beas where my Master lived was quite close, should I not go for a visit? So I went. I reached there about two o'clock. Master was upstairs. He sent for me. 'Come up. What about your child?' I had never mentioned anything. 'Oh, he was sick, the doctor said he was dangerously sick.' Master was lying down. He sat up. I asked, 'Master, whoever thinks of you, has no burden. Why are you so sad?' 'You've just thrown your burden on me. So I took it.' My son never died.

"He'll take care of you. You need not pray. He knows. So Master Power is always at work; this is wonderful. Master is not the physical body, but the God in Him. When He sees it is God who is doing, then how can He claim anything? So go on with your meditation, regularly, leaving everything to Him. Only live by what He says, that's all. There may be four or five children of a father; if one child simply leaves everything to the father, not asking him for anything, not demanding anything of him, simply leaving everything to his will, what does the father do? HE GIVES ALL THE KEYS TO HIM."

What greater gift
Than Eternity dwelling among us
Showering us
With the dew of Naam
And bringing His timeless love
Into the time of our lives
And the space of a living man
Who gives us His very Self
Then leads us to see
(Though we can scarcely believe)
That we are that same Self
Awaiting His grace.

CHARLES POUNDERS

This tribute to our Master appeared in the October issue of East-West Journal *and is reprinted by permission.*

ALL ensouled bodies are the drops of the Ocean of all Consciousness. When we know this, all is beautiful. God is beautiful and any world made by Him, manifested by Him, is also beautiful. Beauty comes out of beauty...

In October, 1972, I first met Sant Kirpal Singh Ji during his visit to Boston on his last world tour. I was there to record an interview with him for my *On the Path* radio show. To say that there was a beauty and a radiance about him is an understatement, for although his body was bearing age, his soul was ageless. We discussed responsibilities which a Master assumes in becoming a Master. Strain though I did, I could barely hear the soft and gentle words which I saw his lips forming. I left his motel room disappointed that the time was wasted because his words were inaudible. A week later, I received a tape of the interview at WBUR from the disciple who had recorded the interview. Knowing that it could not be airable, I placed it in my desk drawer.

For all this time, I have been neglecting that tape. Recently it started nudging me. Finally on *August 21,* it said *"Listen to me!"* So, I did. I was amazed, the voice was clear and audible and yet it contained every wrinkle and smile of the face which I could clearly see in my mind.

This past week I received a letter from two disciples of Sant Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj. I thought it was an announcement that he was returning to Boston and I was eager to see him again. Then the second paragraph assured me that disciples throughout the world were sharing a new kind of energy since Sant Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj had left his body in his sleep at his Sawan Ashram in Delhi, India at 7 p.m. on Tuesday, *August 21,* 1974.

J. RICHARD TURNER

Mr. Turner is Director of the Siddhartha Foundation, and conducts educational radio's On the Path to Higher Consciousness *show. The tape of Sant Kirpal Singh Ji will be aired in December.*

The Matter of Succession, *Part II*

A Guest Editorial by Dr. George Arnsby Jones

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We are grateful to Dr. Jones, a distinguished disciple of long standing and author of* The Harvest is Rich: The Mission of Kirpal Singh, *for permission to print the following account which was originally a section of a letter to Reno Sirrine. While names of most of the persons present have been deleted to avoid dragging them into the spotlight, it should be noted that Dr. John Lovelace, our Master's Representative in Northern California for many years, was present at the meeting referred to below and confirms Dr. Jones's memory of it.*

WHILE NONE OF US wants to be involved in controversy, which is demeaning to the supernal Name and Mission of our Master, it is necessary to answer those dear ones who are perplexed by what is going on. In our Satsangs—and to people who have phoned, called and written to us—we have stressed the simple and direct instructions of our Master to all initiates; we have stressed a positive outlook towards the future and the necessity of following Master's commandments faithfully and sincerely. Nevertheless, people need answers and we must give them to the best of our understanding; and I realize that we all have a responsibility, even if we are loth to become caught up in the new maelstrom of emotionalism.

You may have heard the following account from anyone who may have attended the pre-Christmas meeting in Tustin in 1963. However, if you feel this may be relevant to current problems—here is my account. A number of us were holding a late evening meeting to discuss the formation of the proposed corporation. Master left the room, for He said that this was the business of American Satsangis. During the initial discussion, Walter stated quite diffidently that we would have to be cognisant of the fact that Master would leave one day; and then the question of the future of the corporation would have to be made clear. During the ensuing discussion, Darshan Singh's name was mentioned. But the significant thing was that Master returned to the room later and asked if we had concluded our plans. Naturally, we hadn't and so Master started to get the ball rolling. Walter Cowan apologetically stated that we had to consider whether or not the corporation would continue under the leadership of Master's successor, in the event of Master's final departure from this plane.

Master said (substantially): "At this time I know of nobody who is competent to take on this work; whether someone comes up in the future is in God's hands." Then He stated most forcefully: "Whoever may come up in the future, I tell you most definitely that he will NOT be a member of my family!" Naturally, I cannot give Master's words verbatim, but I remember the forceful impression they made on me. It seemed to me that Master had received the impression that Darshan's name had been mentioned in this regard, and, quite naturally, Master would know all the potentiality for controversy in the future.

Obviously, I realize that someone else may have informed you about that meeting (it was a short time before Master's departure for Houston). If my own

memory of that occasion is useful in any way, please feel free to use my name. Like you, I do not like the idea of being dragged through all this controversy, but we are being bombarded by literature that more or less *orders* us to accept Master's "directions" that Darshan is His spiritual successor. Margaret and I received a very early (and sincerely meant) communication from India, shortly after Master's transition, stating that Darshan was the successor. We both recognized that Master could have changed His mind on the subject, but we went into deep meditation and came up with a strong "No!" Obviously, our "No!" must be our own personal revelation, for there are many who are "getting on the bandwagon" and are getting a different answer. . . .

Common Sense

From a letter by Judith Vanier

IT APPEARS that with the up-coming meeting of the board of directors a few things bear clarification as guidelines for action on the board members' part.

All initiates whether in posts as board member, group leader, or other, were finally in that post by the Will of a Living Master, Kirpal Singh, and the duties extended were for the express purpose of aiding in the *temporal* disposition of work He deemed expedient. The bulk of that work for staff members was to support the publication and distribution of literature of the Living Master's work and to act as agents for the finding and maintaining of centers where Satsangis could gather to meditate as a group and hear discourses on the Living Master's teachings.

The whole intent of the organization was to form a body thru which the temporal business might be smoothly administered, thus freeing the majority of initiates to pursue their personal relationship with the Master Kirpal Singh in a congenial atmosphere. Therefore, one might say that the only *spiritual* aspect of the organization could be realized thru the smooth "temporal operation" of members in their various duties.

At this time when the living Authority for such an organization has left the temporal body, each Satsangi must regard himself as having no authority whatsoever in spiritual matters. Each satsangi must be regarded as an individual in this new relationship to the Master Power and each must pursue his or her individual course with the receptivity to the Master Power as granted them thru the Will of the Master.

The organization, *Divine Science of the Soul,* was formed by a living Master, Kirpal Singh, to support HIS living work so long as He was the living Master. He did NOT create the organization for the support of any other Master's work. Time without number Master Kirpal Singh reiterated that EACH Master comes with HIS OWN STAFF and HIS OWN COMMISSION: Therefore not only should initiates keep in mind that the organization is temporal in nature but that it is TEMPORARY in value. The organization has lost its authority with the passing of its founder, Kirpal Singh, from the mortal coil. The value of continuing the established Satsang is temporary at best. As long as the organization continues to support the publication

of writings or discourses of the Master Kirpal Singh, and as long as it provides a congenial atmosphere for the initiates of Kirpal Singh to gather and meditate and to hear discourses of Kirpal Singh it could be considered a temporal aid to initiates and maintain a legitimate posture for continued existence.

Let no initiates delude themselves into thinking that any succeedant, or succeedants, as the case may be, to the Master Power needs or desires the organization of the Master preceding them. The Master Power in the new Vessels is not incompetent but omnipotent in every respect. Any attempt, no matter how well meaning, to redirect the "temporal organization" of one Master to the support of another is both without authority and unnecessary. God Almighty does not need help from man to establish His authority in His new garments!

If any groupleader, board member, or other initiate with organizational duties finds himself or herself in a conflict of interest with the perpetuation of temporal responsibilities in the distribution of Kirpal Singh's publications or the support of Satsang gatherings of initiates of Kirpal Singh, or to give out discourses of Kirpal Singh, then they should resign their position in orderly fashion and pursue their own personal inner direction. But it should not be allowed for individuals to use the forum of Kirpal Singh in any way, subtly or directly, to influence others to follow their personal course. Every effort should be made to give each initiate the continued congenial temporal support to pursue the teachings of their personal Master, Kirpal Singh, without interference or direction from any other initiate, be it groupleader or board member. If in the future any initiate finds himself or herself drawn to the Master Power revealed in a new Vessel if there be such, let them depart company with all love and affection.

It is a contradiction beyond justification for initiates of any Master to engage in name calling or groundless pettiness of other initiates the Master Himself lovingly served without reservation, willingly bearing great suffering in Karma debts for all. Is the world's greatest teacher of universal love going to have His radiant legacy tarnished by His own disciples?

. . . Should more than one Master become a real possibility, which it is, even theoretically, then the organization would have no option but to eventually terminate its activities in an orderly way as the individual members should be drawn to the Master Power in its new vessels. Great care should be taken to insure the continued availability of publications of Master Kirpal Singh and access to His Ashrams if maintained in His memory. It would simply be inconsistent for any organization to endorse a Living Master. Masters can form organizations but organizations cannot *verify* Masters, period! —it is an individual road to any Master. To entertain the notion of a permanent organization would be to lay the foundation for a "church" and no one needs to be warned about that . . .

In concluding, it seems that all groupleaders and board members should be keenly aware of the fact that they can no longer direct any inquiring souls to another master as long as they serve in the capacity of this forum of initiates of Kirpal Singh. What one believes privately is one's own affair in relationship with the Master Power; but when asked in the capacity of a groupleader no such private views should be given. Newcomers should be encouraged to read Master's works upon request and sweetly encouraged to have faith in the guiding power of the Master Power to lead them

eventually to "their" Living Master when the time is right. We do not have to protect the searching heart; that is the business of the Master Power. There is no red carpet road to a Master's Feet, so no one needs to try and lay one for the searcher after Truth. Testing is a very real part of the Path, so trust the Master Power to lead all to their destinies without our misplaced help. Even the Great Kirpal had to wait years to meet His Master Sawan in the physical form. No sheep can be lost by a Perfect Shepherd and Master Kirpal Singh was and continues to be a Perfect Shepherd. Let us trust in Him fully.

Notes and Comment

"Save us; we sink into the darkness
Even as the flames lick at your bier."

—STUART JUDD

IN OCTOBER 1973, a little more than a year ago, it was my great good fortune to be at the Master's Feet. It was one of the sweetest times I ever had with Him, and a time, as I now see, that was pregnant with hints of the future. Master spent a great deal of time explaining to me various things He wanted me to be clear about (as He often did, due to the exteremely sensitive nature of the job He had given me). And among other things that came up was this:

One of His oldest Western disciples had published a series of books, without getting Master's permission, in which he recounted his inner experiences in great detail. According to the books, he had in fact reached Sach Khand. These books, with accompanying letters, arrived in India one by one while I was there, and Master spoke about them at great length to a few of us. In fact, He spoke with us for five successive days for an hour at a time (sometimes I was alone with Him, but usually one or two others were also present) and made it plain that He was thoroughly displeased with the books and also the correspondence. It was evident that the disciple was maintaining that he had permission from the Master within to publish the books, and that (according to him) the Master within had withstood the repetition of the five charged names. But Master made it very clear that there was some deep and serious error here: not only had He not given permission for the books to be published, but the disciple was most decidedly not in Sach Khand. This was puzzling to us. We asked Him how it could be. He said, "I quite fully admit that the Master did take him in His lap and showed him some of the inner treasures, that's right; but he misused what he had been given, and it turned sour." Then one of us asked why the Master would show some of the inner treasures to someone who would misuse them.Master leaned forward, His eyes blazing: "Look here! Who crucified Christ? Tell me that! Who crucified Him? Was it not Judas? One of His own!" And then He spoke about Paul Twitchell . . . we saw that Masters give to disciples out of their love for them; that the disciples may use or misuse what they are given.

It was evident to all of us that Master took this matter very seriously indeed, although we did not understand exactly why. There were five or six letters involved each way, and Master called us

to Him each afternoon and went over them with us. He wanted each of us to know exactly what the disciple was writing, and what He was replying. One memorable afternoon, when I was alone with Him, He read an incredible letter from this disciple to me with His own lips, adding His comments at various points. Then later He had His answer read out to me. Later still, copies of all these letters were sent to the three of us who had been present at these sessions.

One afternoon He explained to each of us why we three in particular (out of the 17 or so Westerners at the Ashram at the time) were being singled out for this intensive course in how initiates could be misled: He spoke to the other two with a reason for each, and then turned to me and said, "And you are Russell, and people approach you." He wanted then and always to make sure that I knew what to tell them when they did. But the full significance of all this has only recently become apparent.

Readers of SAT SANDESH and disciples everywhere know that Darshan Singh, the Master's physical son, has put forth his claim that he is the Master's spiritual successor. They also know that I do not accept this claim. Darshan's supporters have assailed me with a variety of reactions ranging from "pity" to outright abuse (although their letters, phone calls, etc., have been a very small percentage of the total volume of mail we have received); most of them appear to be angry—"outraged" is perhaps a better word—at what they call my "misuse" of SAT SANDESH. All of them are absolutely sure that Darshan is the next Master, although most of them have never met him; they have wondered how I could possibly presume to be able to judge who the next Master is; and they have informed me that I am not humble.

Well, regardless of all this (and it is perfectly true that I am not humble), I still can't accept Darshan Singh as a Master. And if you ask me why, I can only say, Because he isn't one. I have talked with him on many occasions going back nine years, as I have said before; I have been alone with him often; he has always treated me with kindness and love, and I always loved him. But in spite of that, he is just not a Master. He is a complex and interesting man, in many ways a likeable man; but he is not a free man. I think anyone who studies carefully his letter to me of Sept. 30 (mentioned in last month's SAT SANDESH) will form some idea of what I mean.

Recently the whole controversy has taken on a new dimension. Some people are claiming that Master has appeared to them inside and told them that Darshan Singh is the next Master. They say that they have been instructed from within to work for him and to convince others of this. They say that the Master within has withstood the test of the Five Names.

All this seems very convincing. Does it convince me? No, not the least. In the first place, other people are getting opposite messages, so it's pretty much a matter of who you like best; but beyond all that, Master Himself took the infinite trouble to show me beyond a shadow of a doubt that even if a man swears that he has repeated the Five Names, he may still be in error; *consequently, we should never allow ourselves to be swayed by another's inner experience unless it jibes with our own experience, inner or outer.* "Unless I see with my own eyes, I will not believe even the Guru"—not to mention a brother disciple. And it is an interesting fact that one of the people claiming that Master has told him within that

Darshan is the successor, is the same disciple referred to above in the opening paragraphs—which seems to make the point even clearer.

The history of mysticism, after all, is replete with great tragedies arising from the erosion of the connection between the inner and outer. When that happens, mysticism degenerates into delusion, hallucination and insanity. The individual is told what he unconsciously wishes to hear, and then acts with great assurance and conviction, which sways many; but because the "inner message" is false, it is ultimately discredited, and great suffering results for those who follow it. The case of Sabbatai Zevi, the well-known "false Messiah" of Judaism, is a classic example; there are many others, some in our own time. In some cases, the movement simply takes its place with the other falsehoods of the earth; but great disillusionment sets in among those followers who were sincere.

So if another man tells me that he has had an inner revelation about someone whom I know is not and cannot be a Master, then I have to conclude that somehow he has managed to become terribly confused, and just go my own way. I have to conclude this even if I have reason to believe that that person in the past did have genuine experiences; because, as Master took such pains to drive home to us, it is perfectly possible for the Master to take someone in His lap and show him the inner treasures, and then for them to be misused and go sour. As I have heard Him say on several occasions, "If the Master within comes and talks to you, all right; *get it confirmed by me in writing.*"* Now that that is not possible, we have to be doubly careful.

Certainly the Five Names are adequate protection if we really repeat them, and continue to repeat them, enough to make absolutely sure that the figure before us is genuine; and no one who is only interested in loving the Master has anything to be afraid of. But we should realize that the Master's appearance within constitutes a test in itself. Sometimes people get so enthralled with its beauty that they forget to test; sometimes people want him to talk to them so badly, or hear some answer they must hear for the sake of their own ego's needs, that they fool themselves into thinking that they tested. I know that all this is possible because I have been present when Master has gone into these things with various disciples.

There are two other points that must be made.

The first is this: *There is absolutely no need for the initiates to decide whether Darshan Singh or anyone else is a guru; now or ever.* Our Master is Kirpal Singh, and He will always be Kirpal Singh. As Master said, "He who starts seeing another as equal to his Master, HIS SOUL BECOMES AN ADULTERESS" (from SAT SANDESH, December 1970, p. 10. The emphasis was Master's.) The teaching on this subject is clear and has been well publicized. We must realize that the forced decisions that are being pushed on us, and even the conscious declarations that this or that initiate "is going to work for Darshan Singh" are totally unnecessary and, since they have unquestionably split the Master's children in two, undesirable. Why then are we being confronted with this kind of thing? Why have some Satsangs already abandoned the Master's writings and picture and substituted Darshan Singh's, in the full knowledge that this is unbearably

* One of the occasions was the night of January 23, 1964, at Mr. Khanna's house, where it was taped.

offensive to those of Master's children who cannot swallow it? Why are the Darshan supporters so absolutely insistent that the rest of us must go along with this, whether our consciences allow it or not? If they are, as they claim, getting orders from within, then who is it that is giving orders such as these that produce this kind of a result? I don't know the answers to these questions, but I think they deserve some study.

The second point: When Master gave me this job (SAT SANDESH) in 1969, it was unasked for and unexpected. When I went to India that year, I had no inkling whatsoever that I would come home with that job. When I finally realized what Master had in store for me, it was very frightening; I saw at once that it was way beyond my capacity and I was terrified of letting Him down. He had many long talks with me about the magazine; He went over manuscripts with me personally; finally, on one of my last days there, I told Him that I was frightened, especially about making important editorial decisions without His guidance. He was very loving and His instructions were very clear: "USE YOUR OWN JUDGMENT, AND I WILL BE WITH YOU." And it is a fact and a testimony of His grace and loving care for me in a job that was way too big for me, that He made very sure I knew what He thought on every important issue. Well, those were His orders: "Use your own judgment"—if discipleship is not to become a mockery, what can I do but obey? It is I, after all, who am responsible to Him for SAT SANDESH; with the duty goes the responsibility.

* * *

Last month we printed a brief summary of an encounter of Arran Stephens with a disciple named Ajaib Singh. Since then three dear ones have pointed out that a significant portion of the dialogue between Arran and Ajaib Singh was omitted from the version published in SAT SANDESH. This is perfectly true, and the portion omitted should have been published. It was originally set in type and made into the page; but space difficulties forced a cutback at the last minute. I should have at least included the information that the full account ("The Final Samadhi") is available from Arran Stephens, 14080 Trites Rd., Surrey, B.C., Canada, is about a third again as long as the version in SAT SANDESH, and is fascinating reading.

Russell Perkins

One thing more, which I cannot help but emphasize for the benefit of all the dear ones on the Path. If at all, any of you, at any time, feel that you are the most favored in divine manifestations, you should try to exercise restraint and observe decorum in society, rather than be carried away by the emotional tide that may take you off your feet. Humility is the first and the last adornment that embellishes the noble soul.

My best wishes are ever with you and nothing will give me greater pleasure than to see you all, well set on the spiritual Path, with appreciation of each other, moving shoulder to shoulder, forming one spiritual phalanx so that those who see you will admire you and get inspiration from you.

KIRPAL SINGH
"By Love Serve One Another"

QUESTION *How is Christ Power transferred from one Master to another?*

THE MASTER It is transferred through the eyes. As a matter of fact, the chosen human Pole on whom the Master Power is to work for the liberation and guidance of humanity is determined much earlier. There are living testimonies in this behalf, that the dear ones who have never heard about Sant Mat and were living in far-flung countries had visions of the Master much before he took the role of the Living Master. It is the Divine Form which works for the guidance of humanity. They are chosen by God Power or Christ Power and not voted by the public, or transferred through written documents.

KIRPAL SINGH, in
Spiritual Elixir (1967 edition), page 29