

*The Story  
of  
Master's  
Illness*



Sat  
sandesh  
the  
message of the Masters

*September 1971*

FRONT COVER: *The Master with nursing home personnel. Front row (from left): Miss Doris Sam, the day nurse; the Master; Mrs. Shamin Massy, the night nurse. Back row: Dr. Joneja; Dr. (Mrs.) Mahajan; and, holding the Master's hand, Dr. K. C. Mahajan, who performed the operation.*

BACK COVER: *The Master on the porch at Sawan Ashram, after returning from the nursing home.*

# Sat sandesh



September 1971

volume four number nine

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*“Masters have their own deep reasons for what they do. . . . Suffice it to say that some huge task has been accomplished; though they know not what, suffice it that His children are grateful. Even better, that they review their lives and remove anything that might contribute to a repetition of such a tremendous compassionate sacrifice in the future. We are glad that the dark period is over; we hope and pray that He will never again allow His body to endure such suffering and violation.”*

# THE STORY OF MASTER'S ILLNESS



If you think I am ill, you should correct that thought at once. I am not ill; only the body has endured, and that endurance is nearly finished.

*The Master, August 1, 1971*



*First darshan, after the operation*

The following eyewitness account of the events of Master's recent illness was prepared by the Sat Sandesh correspondents at Sawan Ashram.

ON JUNE 29 the Master underwent a major operation in a private nursing home in Delhi. By His grace, the operation was successful and He is recovering.

The Master fell ill while in Dehra Dun, where He was directing the work at Manav Kendra, which as everyone knows has received His constant attention of late. After two days of suffering at His bungalow in Rajpur, during which two doctors were in attendance, the Master announced His intention of going to Delhi on June 16, and within

two hours the journey was under way. Once in Delhi, there began what seemed an interminable time of uncertainty and anguish for those who live in the immediate vicinity of the Master's physical presence, including the various members of His earthly family. A number of doctors were called in to give their diagnoses and recommendations for treatment, the majority of whom stated that an operation was the only solution.

The Master has taken on many and varied physical ailments in the past, which have appeared from nowhere, and

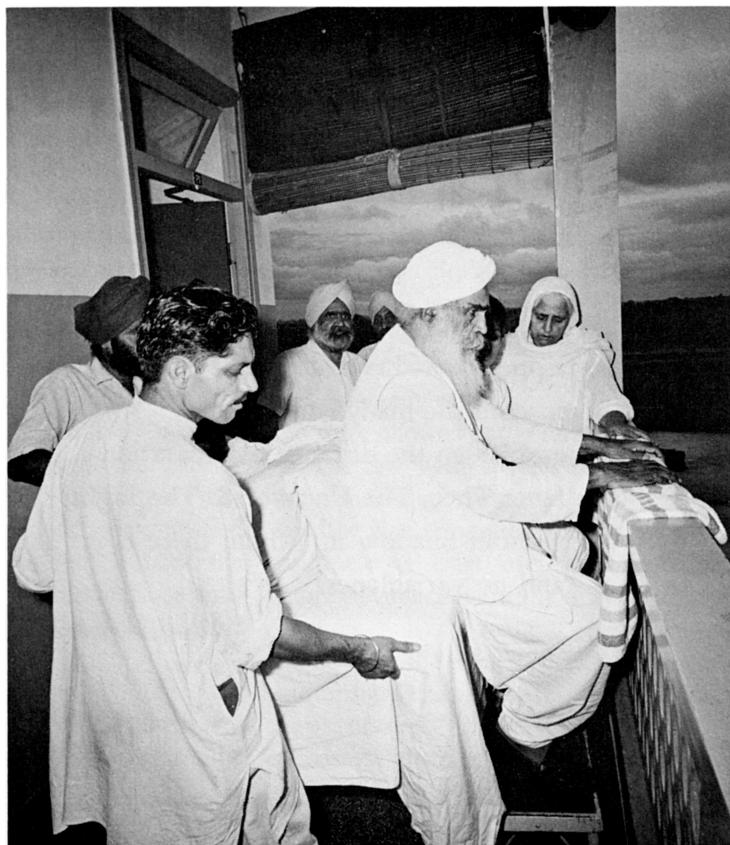
just as mysteriously disappeared, leaving no trace. Many a poor doctor has been confounded by the seeming weakness and ill health of the Master, and then His completely robust recovery upon his visit the following day. But never before has there ever been even a suggestion that such devastating violation and outrage be performed on His holy physical person—that sacred and beautiful form, to touch which the truly devoted disciple would lack both courage and effrontery. It did not seem possible that such a thing as an operation could really happen; one doubted that the Master Himself would ever allow it. But as each day came and went, and the various medicines and treatments that were put forward and tried were achieving no success, the hopes of those who

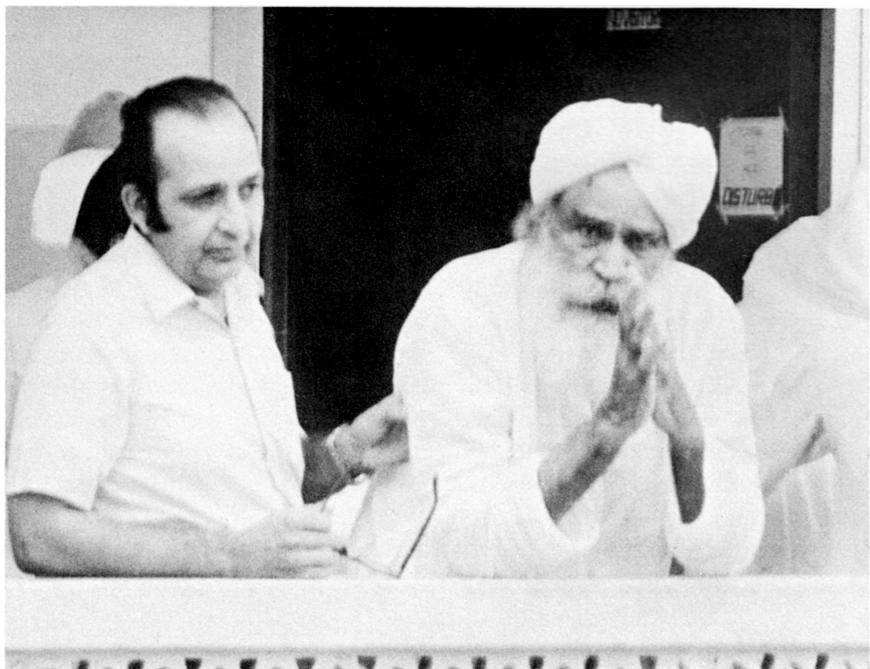
were watching grew dimmer and dimmer. It began to resemble a bad dream, the only difference being that on waking each morning the dream continued.

Strict instructions were issued that no one should write abroad or spread the news in any way until the Master had recovered, as this would only give cause for worry to His children everywhere. However, the news leaked out somehow, and telegrams began to arrive from various countries, offering the help of their doctors, and asking permission to come to Delhi. The Master ordered replies to be sent, explaining that there are excellent doctors in India, and it was unnecessary for anyone to come.

It gradually became clear that the Master was going to permit the operation, and after the preliminary tests and

*The Master sat on a high platform outside His room, so that the people could see Him.*





### O MY MASTER!

My Beloved! That Thou shouldst be ill!  
Thou who walkest on the eight planes at will  
that Thou shouldst suffer so  
for our many-layered self.  
O may we make, from this, Thy Sacrifice,  
a one-pointed sword  
to rend the many-layered cover  
and lessen the distance of separation  
from Thee, The Uncovered, The Light  
without Shadow in Whom there is no darkness  
and no variableness.

*Jane Humphrey Miller*

x-rays, on June 28 He entered the private nursing home of Dr. K. C. Mahajan, a brilliant surgeon of high esteem and national repute. A small group of people accompanied the Master.

The operation was scheduled for 9 A.M. on June 29. At 8:30 the nursing home's anaesthetist, Dr. Bilani, gave the Master an injection of the type intended normally to make the patient lose consciousness within two to five minutes, before being wheeled into the operating theater. After some fifteen or twenty minutes there was still no effect from the injection, so Dr. Bilani administered another. This also had no effect, and when the third and fourth injections were similarly ineffective, the doctors began to look worried; the Master was still wide awake! He said, "What do you hope to accomplish by these injections? I am a conscious entity—how can you make me unconscious unless I will it? If you want me to withdraw I will do so, but your drugs can do nothing." Straight away the Master closed His eyes and withdrew from His body, which was then wheeled into the theater.

The operation finally began at 10:20 A.M. and was completed at 11. Also present at the operation, in addition to Dr. Mahajan and his staff, was Major Dhir, the Satsangi army surgeon who had been called from his station at Ambala at the Master's request. "I want one of my own present," the Master said. During these brief and painful moments, a group of about one hundred people waited and watched outside the nursing home. The degree of their concern and sadness could be read in their faces.

A few seconds after the operation was over, the Master opened His eyes and asked, "When are you going to start the operation?" Dr. Mahajan replied, "Ma-

haraj Ji, the operation is done." The Master said, "Oh, that's all right," and closed His eyes again. The doctors and staff were astounded that anyone could regain consciousness and speak while yet fully under anaesthesia. Dr. Mahajan told the Master afterwards, "Maharaj Ji, I saw your greatness on the operating table. From now on I come to you as a devotee." Dr. Mahajan continues to serve the Master while He is recuperating, attending Him at the Ashram free of charge.

After the operation, the Master was made comfortable in His room and two private nurses who had been recommended by Dr. Mahajan were given the nursing duties, one for day and the other for night. The doctors had advised that it usually takes two to four hours for the anaesthesia to wear off, but when the Master's blood pressure was found to be low due to loss of blood, and someone ventured to place a hot water bottle under the Master's feet, He stirred and said, "Have you asked the doctor first, if you should put that there?" It was somewhat disconcerting to find that the "patient" who was supposed to be sleeping peacefully under anesthesia was checking all movements in the room!

The days that followed were yet anxious ones, watching the Master's progress in recovering. None of the followers were allowed in the nursing home, except a few with special duties. In this way, the Master was not disturbed, and neither was the nursing home's orderly routine. At least one and sometimes more sevadars were on duty in the reception hall throughout the day and night, and the steady stream of eagerly inquiring Satsangis were given the latest news of the Master's progress. A few persistent devotees insisted on pressing further, but at the Master's door it was

politely explained that in consideration for the Master's rest and peace, no one was allowed to disturb Him.

The slow process of recovery seemed very slow. Some days were good, when the Master was fairly comfortable considering the heat of the weather and the confined space of His small room; but often He endured fever, pain and other discomforts. Hardly any night was fully restful, and the doctors became concerned that the Master was not getting enough of either rest or food; solid food had not been permitted at first for several days, but when regular meals were allowed the Master took only very small portions.

One quiet afternoon, Bibi Hardevi Ji was resting in the adjoining room when suddenly she was aroused from her light slumber by the sound of a commotion coming from the Master's room. She hurried there and found the nurse and the doctor on duty beside the Master's bed. They were anxiously examining the Master, and the doctor said something about giving an injection. At this point, the Master opened His eyes and said to Bibi Ji, "It's all right, tell them not to give any injections—I had only withdrawn completely." The withdrawal of consciousness and the unusual stiffness of the Master's body had alarmed the nurse and she had run for the doctor. Bibi Hardevi explained to them what had happened, and something of the process of withdrawal. They were at once amazed and impressed at what they had seen with their own eyes.

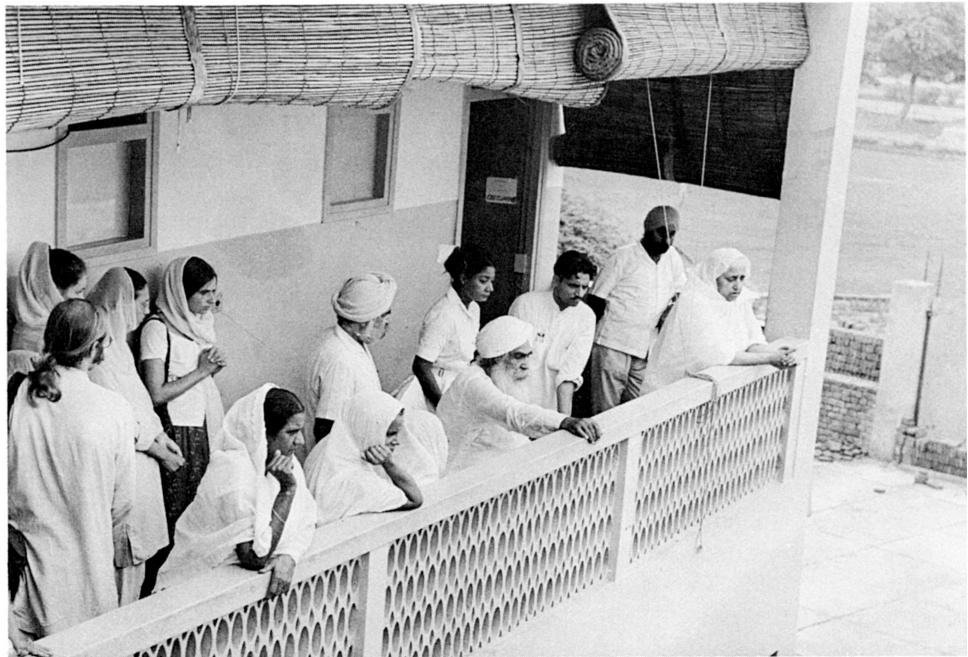
Regardless of suffering, the Master did not forget His children who were yearning for a glimpse of Him, and as early as the third day He persuaded the doctor to allow Him to appear on the verandah outside His room, in the evening after the sun had set. Assisted by

the nurse and Bibi Hardevi Ji, the Master walked out and sat on an elevated platform for nearly half an hour, giving darshan to the silent and solemn followers below, who numbered approximately five hundred. In the days following there were several evening darshans, and on July 11 the Master spoke to the people, His softly-toned words being amplified by Darshan Singh Ji:

*"I am so pleased to see you all, and I thank those who have come from far to be here. The sickness which was there has now been cured, and I thank Dr. Mahajan for his help—he is not here at present. The remaining one per cent adjustment is being made. My Hazur has accomplished a good deal of service through me up to now, and I can tell you there is much more yet to be done in the future. I request you all to lead a good life from now on—a chaste life—especially those who live in our ashrams. I know you try—but now really do it! I have great love for you. I know you also have love for me, but perhaps you do not realize the extent of my love for you."*

At this point the Master was overcome, and tears came to His eyes. He turned and went into His room, accompanied by the nurse. After a few minutes He returned and gave another final darshan to the people, but this time without the nurse; the effects of the Master's tears of love had been too much for her, and she had herself dissolved into tears. "I have never met anyone with so much love," she murmured.

At last to everyone's joy, Dr. Mahajan said that the Master could return to the Ashram on July 14, and at 10 o'clock that morning the doctor himself accompanied the Master to His car, which, with Bibi Hardevi Ji and both nurses,



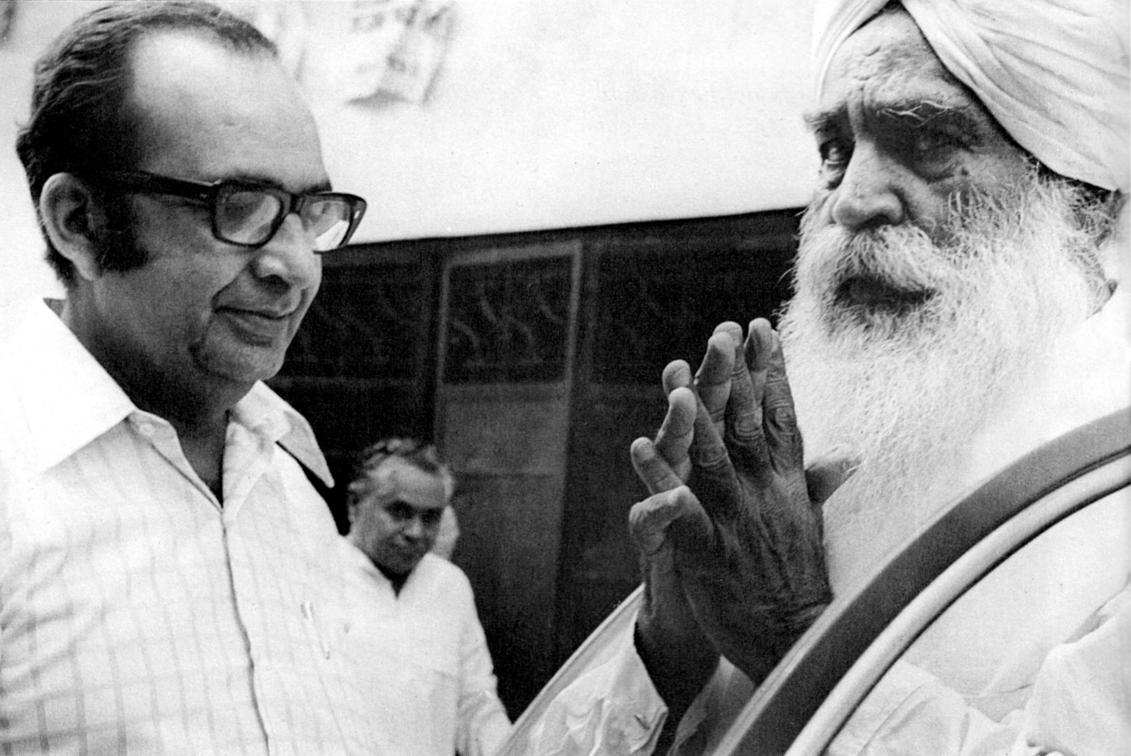
*At this darshan, the visitors from overseas (at left) were allowed to come closer.*

brought Him back to Sawan Ashram. To witness the homecoming was a welcome and joyful relief. After a very brief darshan, the people left the Master to relax and rest in the peaceful, airy atmosphere of the large protected verandah of His own house.

The Master's two nurses—Miss Doris Sam, the day nurse, originally from Dehra Dun, and Mrs. Shamin Massy, the night nurse, a native of Firozepur in the Punjab—told the SAT SANDESH staff that they considered it an honor and also a great pleasure to nurse the Master; that He had been a model patient, always very loving and affectionate, and never once complaining, even when they knew He was in pain. In order to find out about the various discomforts in His body, they had to ask Him, "Is there pain here? Is there any pain here?" and so on. (Dr. Mahajan also observed

that although he knew the Master to be in great pain, yet He never complained of it.) He was most cooperative, always trying to make their duties smoother. Both ladies sadly stressed that it was now very difficult to leave Him after fifteen days in His company. They were also impressed by the Master's followers: their concern for His health, and their subsequent considerate behavior, contenting themselves with seeing Him from afar and not demanding entrance to His room—with the exception of a few. It is quite a pointer to all the Master's disciples that one's behavior is most certainly observed by others — how much more it pleases Master when our behavior earns their commendation!

So it was a very sad and tearful farewell when Nurse Sam and Nurse Massy took their leave of the Master, and left Sawan Ashram. At the time of the pre-



*Farewell to the nursing home*

aration of this report, the Master is steadily recovering and gives darshan for a few minutes outside His house each evening.

Masters have their own deep reasons for what they do. Among us unknowledgeable beings, some are bold and speculate the whys and wherefores, while others are helplessly content to conclude, "It is all His will." The Master Himself has said on this subject, that there is a law of give and take (*karmas*) and there is also a law of sympathy and sacrifice for the sake of others. Suffice it to say that some huge task has been accomplished; though they know not what, suffice it that His children are grateful. Even better, that they review their lives and remove anything that might contribute to a repetition of such a tremendous compassionate sacrifice in the future. We are glad that the dark

period is over; we hope and pray that He will never again allow His body to endure such suffering and violation.

On the first Sunday after the Master's return from the nursing home, a large number of people gathered at Sawan Ashram for the usual Sunday morning Satsang. They listened to one of the Master's talks from recorded tape, and then the Master Himself came out and gave darshan, accompanied by Dr. Mahajan who happened to be visiting at the time. The Master very kindly said a few words:

*"I know you have been waiting to see me, and are happy to do so after so long; but I am more happy to see you.*

*"You have been listening to the recorded talk; to hear the Master's voice is a great blessing, but to see Him, to have the radiation from His presence,*

*and to enjoy His words as they actually flow from His physical form, is a greater blessing.*

*"One is most fortunate to have a living Master. A man once telephoned me from U.S.A. and said, I just want to hear your voice.'*

*"While the Masters are in the world, very few really value their presence, but when they leave, thousands start worshiping the places they frequented — where they sat, walked, talked and lived. To have some respect for holy places is good, but to have a living Master is different—something beyond price or value.*

*"Many times I have asked you to lead a pure and chaste life; today I again ask you to keep your lives clean and pure, and do at least one hour of meditation every day. I generally advocate one tenth as being the least spiritual tithe to be observed, which is about two and*

*a half hours. When I ask you to meditate for one hour, I do not mean that you should not devote more time. When I was in Lahore, I was close friends with a very learned professor from the University there. He was deeply devoted to the Islamic religion, and although his leisure hours were closely guarded and private, yet I was privileged to enter his rooms freely at any time. I once remarked to my dear friend that it was common knowledge that all Muslims do their devotional prayers with rigid strictness at five appointed times each day, and yet at every given opportunity of a few moments, perhaps a dozen times a day, he would return to his devotions with sincerity and relish! How did he account for this extra enthusiasm? He smiled and told me, 'The five regular devotions are one's duty, but should we not be anxious to seek His pleasure?'*

*"So whatever you offer, over and*

*Arrival at Sawan Ashram, July 14*



*above the specified time, will be a source of pleasure to the Master, and a source of progress to yourselves.*

*"Now, this is Dr. Mahajan, through whose efforts the operation was successful."*

Here the people clapped enthusiastically, and Darshan Singh Duggal, the Master's son, gave a short introduction

to, and a few words of praise for, Dr. Mahajan. He concluded by saying how grateful everyone was to him for the success of the operation and the recovery of the Master, but the Master corrected this by saying, "We are grateful to God and Baba Sawan Singh, for it was God Who worked through him, and by His grace everything was all right."

## A Solemn Anniversary

**I**N STRONG CONTRAST to previous years of joyfully celebrating the Birth Anniversary of the dearly loved Grand Guru, Baba Sawan Singh Ji, this July 27 proved a strangely solemn day.

There were the same gaily-colored awnings, the many thousands of people thronging every available square foot of space, the huge dais decorated with green leaves and flowers, the shrieks and scufflings of uncontrollable children—but to the sensitive heart there was something missing: no effervescence, no excitement, no joy in the atmosphere—none of the usual happy expression of festivity. The people had come, they had come many miles in numerous cases, but on arrival they had found their beloved Master lying on His bed, still recovering from the recent operation, and furthermore, undergoing a relapse, due to which the doctor had ordered no walking, no talks, no interviews, no visitors—the Master must rest completely if progress in recovering is to be made. Any doubt lingering in a disciple's heart over the necessity of such strict admonition was quickly erased when learning how even the slightest exertion caused the Master exhaustion.

When the morning Satsang began on

the 27th, the Sangat waited expectantly. Religious speakers had arrived according to program, but the dais seemed empty without the Master's radiating presence. It is something of an understatement to say that the people were disappointed, and to hear His voice from a recording was only partial consolation. Taking pity on the aching hearts, the Master summoned the microphone to be brought to His bedside in the glazed verandah of His house, where He has been lying since arriving from the nursing home on July 14. With loving words, the Master spoke of His love for them, His sorrow at not being among them, and said that the program should continue as planned.

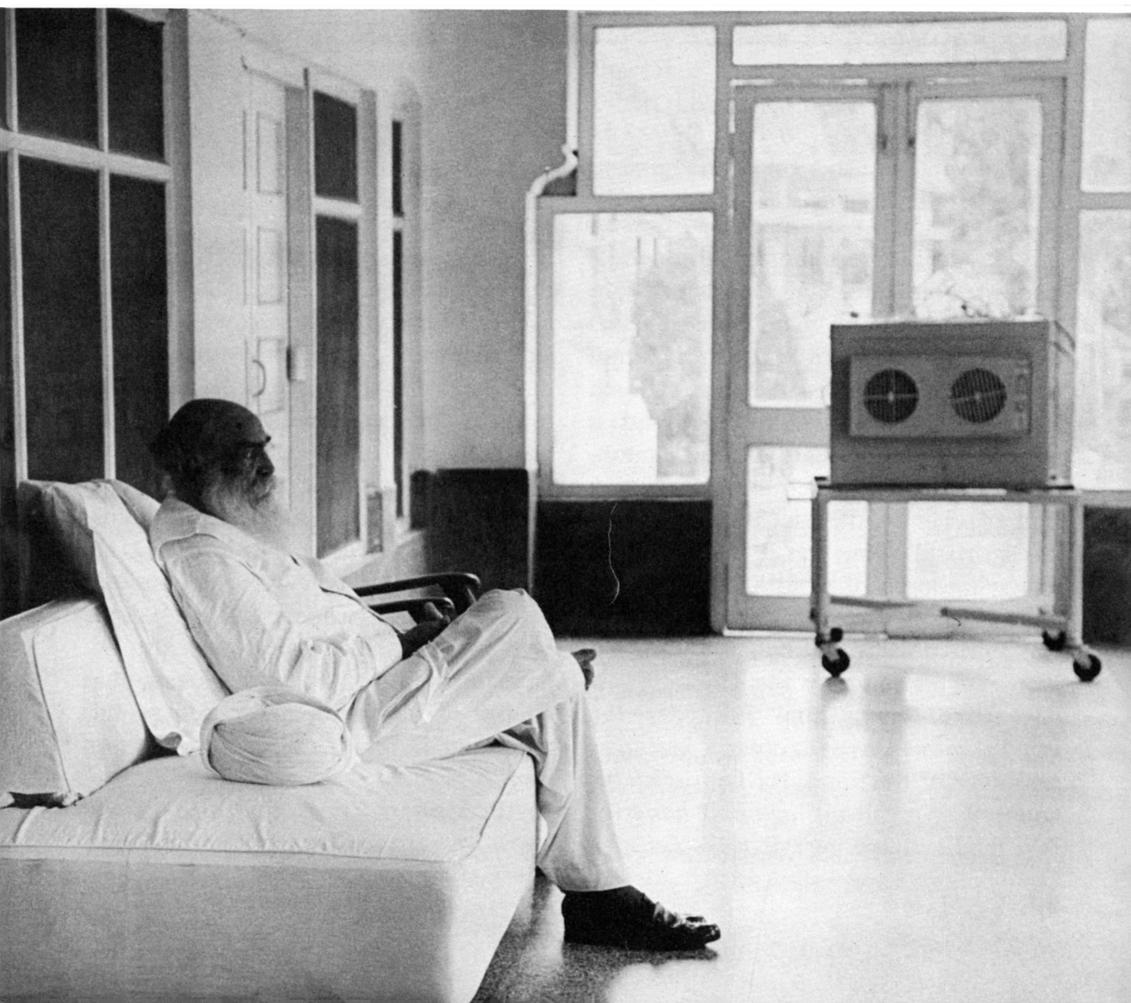
After the morning program, the people were allowed to file past the front gate of the Master's house, from which they could have a fleeting darshan of the Master lying in the open doorway of the verandah. One American brother remarked, "I went around the lineup twice—I got pushed a bit by the crowd, but I had two glimpses of the Master."

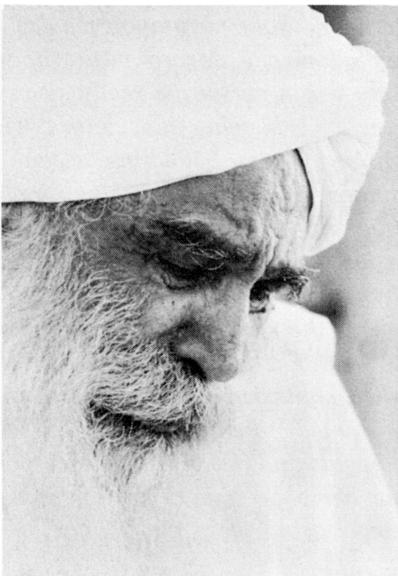
On the Sunday following, August 1, the Sangat again gathered in Sawan Ashram, and after the Master's talk had been amplified, the Master Himself was carried out on His bed, and in re-

dining position spoke for a few minutes:

"If you think I am ill, you should correct that thought at once. I am not ill; only the body has endured, and that endurance is nearly finished. Today I am requesting two things of you all—first, speak only the truth, don't tell any lies. If you purify your thought and speech this way, you will become purer and you will see a change in your life. The atmosphere which surrounds you will also be purer, and if you have children they will be influenced and will live in honesty—they will not know what it is to lie. But if parents tell lies, the children will automatically grow up as liars—'mummy and daddy tell lies, so why should we not?'

"The second thing I ask you is, for those of you who are initiated on this Path—do your meditation regularly. Do not allow one day to pass without it. How can a person be really clean if he goes on changing his clothes without washing them? Wearing clean fresh clothes gives a refreshing fragrance around the person—others will delight in his company—but he who wears filthy clothes not only smells offensive but makes the surrounding atmosphere foul as well. The cleansing power of Naam, when contacted daily, washes away the unwanted offensive odors of worldly thoughts and deeds which have polluted our being. So today I am asking all Sat-sangis to do these two things."





# THE MASTER'S TALK

## *O Mind, Listen for Once*

YOU MAY CALL IT the heart, or you may call it the mind; but through its hands people are selling themselves. Under the control of mind, one remains but a man of the world, for mind is not made of consciousness but matter. Each and every thing has its source and is naturally drawn to that; you can demonstrate this for yourself by throwing a ball of clay in the air as far as your strength will allow, yet it will return to its own source, the earth. Or you can try to keep a flame upside down; it will not burn downward, but will rise upward, for its source is the sun.

Anyone whose soul is under the mind's influence and control becomes an image of the mind, for he forgets his true self. We call this *ego* or *I-hood* for one thinks "I am everything." Yet, one

does not know that true "I." If one has forgotten one's true self, then who is it that will realize the Lord? The heart is a huge ocean of unlimited waves of desire, rising and falling; many great swimmers have drowned in it. It is impossible to cross this ocean without a very wise boatman. *The ocean of heart cannot be crossed without the Competent One.* Maharishi Vashisht said to Lord Rama, "O Ram, if someone tells you that the rivers have stood still, you may perhaps believe it, or if someone says that the heat has left the fire, you may also believe this; but if a person declares he has controlled his mind, never believe this until you have seen it with your own eyes."

All Masters stress that one should know oneself, for having identified our-

selves with mind, which in turn has identified itself with the senses, indeed complete forgetfulness has taken place. Birth after birth, the soul thrashes itself to pieces at the hands of the mind, and as long as the mind does not emancipate itself from the senses and the soul gain freedom from the mind and come to know itself in truth, it is impossible to know God. One great Master says that if you are willing to make a strong resolution to realize the Lord, then put one foot on your mind—to make it still—and without any effort the next step you take will take you to your Beloved. *To win the mind is to win the world.*

You will find that even great Rishis and Munis have suffered through the mind. The important thing is to make it understand the true facts, for this life is but for a few days: no one has lived here permanently, or ever will. To sacrifice one's whole spiritual future just for a few days' dancing to the mind's tune—is this intelligent? The Masters try to help us to see the true facts, and bring our attention to the soul—that we are soul, the indweller of the physical body. This world is not our world. *O beloved soul, your true home is above the illusion; you have burdened yourself with illusion's company.* It is said also, *Yours is the caste of Sat Naam.*

My Satguru used to say that the soul's marriage should have taken place with an Emperor, but instead she became attached to a garbage collector, for the whole time she is submerged in dirt and filth. What else is there to enjoy, under the senses' influence, but filth upon filth? The dirt comes out from all orifices of the body; even the pores exude a perspiration which smells unpleasant. So what can we call him who ever remains in this body, but a garbage collector? We have forgotten who we truly are. We

should feel ashamed to hear the words of one Master, who says, *O soul, you are a dweller of high regions; why are you stuck in the mire of mud and water?*

The mind is difficult to understand, for its net is strong and it has many departments. There is the *Pind* or physical mind, lost in the outer enjoyments. Then *And* and *Brahmand*, astral and causal mind. If one transcends all three, one realizes who one is. Mind is no small thing, and is not easy to conquer, but we should start by changing its direction. While its face remains turned toward the worldly things, the soul will be worldly, but if it turns around and faces the soul, the soul will become spiritual. We *must* turn it round. Like fire, it is a good servant but a bad master. While you are in control, fire can do any amount of work for you—it will drive machines or cook your food and many other things; but once out of control it can consume you to ashes. You may remember the story of the man who was given a genie as a present, and was told at the time that the genie would do all his work for him, but was not to be allowed to remain idle, for it would eat him up. After one or two days, all the work was finished, and not knowing what to do, the man consulted a great Mahatma. The Mahatma advised him to erect a tall strong pole, and order the genie to continue climbing up and down the pole until told to stop. It illustrates that a vacant mind is the home of the devil, and if left vacant, it will devise some mischief or other. To fully control it, Naam is the only solution. In the Koran it says that he who has recognized the beat of his mind has recognized his God. Many great Rishis, Munis and Mahatmas have remained in the domain of the mind's illusion: causal or astral. Only the Saints—the True Masters—

succeed in unraveling the mystery, by going beyond the mind and thereby gaining the knowledge of how the mind tricks the soul into miserable unending imprisonment in this world.

As I speak on this subject, a certain hymn of Swami Ji comes to mind, in which he has described with great beauty the tribulations of soul and mind. I have never taken this hymn before—listen attentively, for the Masters open up the subject with deep clarity.

*O mind, listen to my words!*

If any man looks into his heart, he will have to admit if he is honest that it is filled with unhappiness, through the mind's dominance; yet he knows no remedy for it. If you know that someone is stealing your money, one way of controlling the situation is to praise his honesty and work, and make him your treasurer. Swami Ji advises us to *Make a friend of the mind*. It is our cruel enemy which will go on tormenting our life, but by making friends with it we take the first step toward gaining the desired control. If one makes friends with an enemy, he may not immediately cease his enmity, but it will lessen the lengths of his cruelty. In this way there are chances of his becoming stilled, during which time you will be more awakened.

Here the soul is pleading to the mind: "Just listen to one word of mine! You are unhappy and I am unhappy—listen, and you will gain peace as well as I." After all, the mind is rarely happy—do we not say so often, "My heart is so sad"? When we are restless, he is also restless. So this is an appeal from the soul, asking the mind to listen carefully.

*I have been thy slave birth after birth;  
And you have been my lord.*

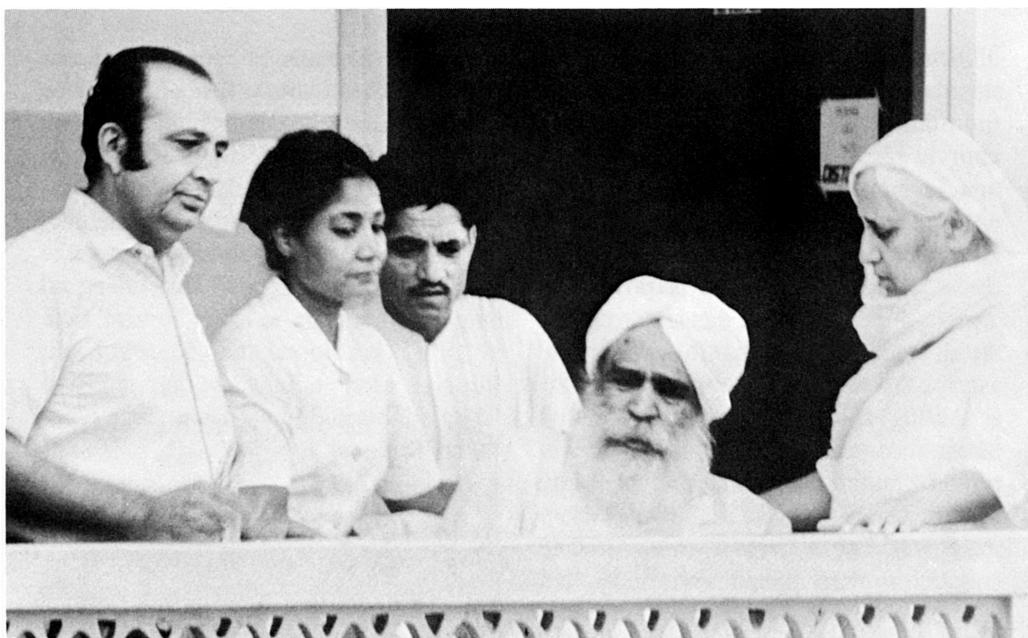
"From the day we were separated from God and came into creation, I have been your slave and have ever danced to whatever tune you chose. I have always been completely yours—please listen to me for once. I did not even obey God's word, or the Guru's; but whatever you ordered I obeyed. I read page upon page of holy scriptures, but threw them all away and turned my face from the Lord—just to obey you. Never once did I become God's servant, never once did I serve the Guru; I served only you. So today I pray you, listen to me."

*You are called the lord of the three regions,  
Wherein even the gods are your disciples.*

"You are the lord of the physical, astral and causal regions; you are the master there, with control over all the gods and goddesses." If you read authoritative books on the subject, you will find that the mind's orders are carried out on every plane; he is a great lord, and all due respect is paid to him. Even when you rise above the physical form, you are still under his orders—*Andi* or astral mind—and then also in the causal plane, you are under the Brahmandi mind. It is his habit to again and again bring about your downfall. If the gods and goddesses bow down to him, what is the poor condition of Man?

*Rishi, Muni, all are under your orders;  
Renouncer and righteous alike are in your territory.*

You are not even aware of what you are before transcending all three regions. The gods and goddesses are anxious to get the human form, and it means only that the human form is the highest in all creation due to its great spiritual possi-



MY SOUL is moved by the love of our beloved sweet Satguru Ji. I cannot find the proper words for what He gives me to feel inwardly. Dear Reno Sirrine wrote me a letter saying that our beloved Master is very ill. I felt as if everything fell apart. . . . Why, He is only suffering because of us! Surely He is taking Karma again from his disciples!

How terribly sad this makes me! And not able to help! How low, low, low most of us still are. Many of us surely pray that He shall not suffer more. . . .

If only love could help! But this love I feel and have for Him is not enough—not strong and great enough. I am still egoistic; wishing that He shall come to visit all of us. . . . How many wishes do we have! Endless many.

But have we once (or daily) wanted to serve Him? Wished and wanted to know what we could do to help Him with the burden we put on His shoulders? We have a little love for Him; perhaps as much as we are able to have in our limited manner. But today I do not know what to do to help Him suffer less!

At this moment I thought, "If I could give my life for His health!" Would I? Would you?—How low I still am!

He is the Light and Life within us. And we do not know this. We do not want to accept it, most of us.

The only way to help is: MEDITATE, MEDITATE and MEDITATE. . . . This we need, to be able to help and serve others, to learn to love really. He says, "DO SIMRAN ALL THE TIME." This is really possible! Just try again and again, till we all do it. Then we will be able to hear the Sound all the time.

We can help our beloved Master if we try to obey and do Simran all the time. His love for us is endless. It is so sweet, so full of fragrance, and flows through all cells of our body, always; we have only to go within and listen.

I wish you all, dear satsangi sisters and brothers, that you feel and experience His love and Being, and wish for Him only sweetness and sacred happiness, instead of this suffering which He takes from us.

*Leora C. Herold*

bilities; but man, who has been given this desirable boon, is selling himself to the mind. But one cannot say that it is entirely his fault, poor thing. *O Nanak, mind can be controlled, but only through His full mercy.* When God showers all His mercy and takes the soul above all three regions, then mind is powerless. Up to this point, the danger from the mind remains, to lead the poor soul astray.

During the time of Guru Gobind Singh, a certain story tells that there was a rishi who left everything and went into the forests to do his meditation. Now there was also a certain king who had conquered many people and places, but whose greatest ambition was to conquer the rishi and make him obey his wishes. This strange ambition arose from the fact that the rishi was formerly a great king before he had renounced everything for a spiritual life. So when the king's advisers told him to go and conquer the rishi, he prepared himself and his army for battle and marched into the deep forests. On approaching the rishi, he found he was in meditation, but undaunted he awoke the holy man and told him, "Prepare yourself for a fight, I have come to do battle with you." The rishi calmly surveyed the king and his mighty armies, and replied, "Fight! I ran away from the worldly life for fear of my one great enemy, and I hid myself here in these woods. My soul yet shivers to hear the sound of his name—even to take his name myself, my heart is quivering." The rishi went on describing his enemy to the king, until finally the king grew angry and shouted, "Is he stronger than me, this enemy of yours?" The rishi replied, "Even the thought of him almost destroys my soul—I have left everything to escape from him." The king then demanded to know the name

of this fearful enemy. "What is the use?" said the rishi; "you will not be able to conquer him." The king boldly replied, "If I cannot conquer him, I will burn myself to death." The rishi then told the king that the great enemy he spoke of was the mind. From that very day the king tried everything possible, using all manner of means to gain control over his mind, but found that he could not. Finally, after admitting that he had failed, he burned himself alive at a place called Katasraj.

*Within your control are brave men  
and yogis;*

*No one can disobey your word.*

Because of its vast area of rule, everyone is under the mind's control, so among those who practice meditation, very few rise above even the first region. Even fewer rise above the second, and to rise above the third is really something rare.

*You bind whoever you wish to this  
world;*

*Whoever you wish becomes free.*

The means of freedom lie in leaving the outer enjoyments of senses, but if these outer tastes are not cast aside, one remains imprisoned here. Just look at the condition of the world today: Whatever the mind orders is carried out unquestionably, and what is more, those very orders are highly praised throughout the world! The Guru's word and the holy books are all ignored, but the mind's desires are fulfilled.

*Such high praise of you have I  
heard!*

*So now I plead to you.*

If one has served a person devotedly, one can claim at least some rights from that person. So—"Will you not listen to me just once? You are unhappy and

so am I . . . just grant my one request, and you will also accomplish something worthwhile . . . only one word must you hear." All Masters have explained this situation in their different ways, to help the dear souls to realize the facts. Swami Ji Maharaj has personified the soul and the mind and has given expression to the plight of both.

*In this town (body), in this valueless place (world),  
Why remain imprisoned in the darkness?*

"In this body full of filth there is only dense darkness, so why remain imprisoned here?—you who are lord of all three regions! Have you forgotten how great you really are? You are really an emperor, yet you have become a garbage collector. Think! Awaken!"

The mind is also a brilliant magistrate who sits in judgment upon his own actions.

*Satguru told me one thing:  
"Take the mind with you."*

The Satguru advises the soul to take the mind along if it wants to return home. He never says to ignore the mind, or leave it behind, but that the soul should make it understand and make it agreeable. As long as man does not kill the physical mind and withdraw from the sense level, he cannot proceed. One must leave all sense attractions and rise above body consciousness, otherwise it remains impossible to go higher and taste the Nectar of the Lord. Excessive eating and drinking, and frittering away the attention on worldly sights, sounds and sensations—all these are outer enjoyments which deny one the bliss of the inner enjoyments. Lord Buddha said we should *Be desireless*, for desire is but sense enjoyment. Only by stepping aside from all this can one truly take a step

ahead. If you can take the mind with you, it will be easier, but if you forget yourself and your aim in the mind's enjoyments you will lose all desire to progress. Make it your companion, and make it understand the situation, for the mind is unhappy—so much so that at times it cries out in torment.

The world is a mere nothing—a place full of illusion and wrong-doing—valueless, with no virtue, a place where the darkest deeds are carried out. What is there here that can hold any real value for either the soul or the mind? Make it understand these realities for at present it is strongly attached to all the falseness of the world and it simply has to turn and face the truth to become attached to something higher. If the soul does not leave the senses, how can it transcend the body? If it does not transcend the body, how can it realize what it is? It is a straightforward matter, requiring no special philosophy to understand. Where the world's philosophies end, there religion truly starts.

So the very first step is to withdraw from outer attractions and learn to lead a life of tranquility; only then will you be able to gain steady progress toward the Truth. Nothing can be gained by cursing the mind, for the mind is no small thing; so the Master's advice is to befriend it. There is the story of a clever man who was traveling alone with a huge load of valuables, when he encountered five or six men whom he knew to be rogues and tricksters. With dismay he thought to himself, "These men are rogues and will take all my goods, for I am alone and helpless." So as the men drew close he said to them, "My friends, I am so glad I have met you—kindly look after my things for me until we reach the destination."

The mind's habit is to drag everything

downward, yet as your friend, even if it wants to hurt you, it will not do so. Under such an arrangement, he might even cooperate with you. If he desires food, then agree—"Yes, I will give you food, but first let us do a little meditation, then we will have food." If you immediately refuse the food, he will be tormented with the desire for it. He is like a stubborn donkey; the more you restrict him, the more stubborn he becomes. It is a very accurate definition of the mind. If you make a note in a book, "do not read page so-and-so," it will be the first page people will read; they won't be able to resist the temptation! So make your mind a companion; don't fight with him.

*So I plead with thee:  
Why delay? Transcend body consciousness.*

There is no Truth in this world, no righteousness, no justice. Why not rise above and place all your attention in the Ineffable One Lord? Until this happens, that eye is not developed through which you will have true perception.

Two very powerful forces are anger and lust. They rule over everything. If the attention dwells on lust, the soul falls very low; in anger, the ego expands. The soul cannot be linked with Naam until it withdraws inwardly and rises above the senses. Our attention has instead become like an image of the mind. We want to enjoy all the low, worldly things, yet we say we want the highest thing of all—the Nectar of Life! It is all wrong—how far do we think we will go? Do one thing at a time; but do not remain under this false impression. One Saint says, *Where there is Naam, there is no kam* (lust)—*where there is kam there is no Naam; Two cannot remain at once—light and darkness.*

Most of our precious time is wasted

in indulgence of jealousies, ego, scandal, criticizing, backbiting, possessiveness, etc. There are other degrading pitfalls, but remember that lust and anger are the most powerful, and a soul under their influence can never go very far within, for there is no tranquility, serenity or oneness. *He who has no lust and anger is the image of God.* Just think, the merest glance from such a person can still the mind and the undesirable things leave their hold for a while. The words that come forth from this rare personality are charged with his inner tranquility, so much so that men who hear them will also enjoy a serene stillness. It follows that air which passes close to ice will bring a refreshing coolness, and the air which passes near the fire will give warmth. So whatever the inner condition of a person, so his words will be charged with that atmosphere—be it anger, lust, or a sweet tranquility. Out of the abundance of his heart, a man speaks.

Everyone, literate and illiterate alike, is trapped in the powerful grip of these two most damaging traits. You have been asked to fully understand this, perhaps a thousand times, and you still do not understand the danger. Still, when the mind suggests something, you say, "Yes sir, whatever you say." Guru and God are very easily and quickly pushed aside. Very few people want to admit their mistakes, and with such conditions, salvation is very far away. To become a human being is most difficult; to realize God is not at all difficult. If only the soul would leave the senses and the mind, and come up above the body consciousness, it would achieve something great.

The mind is a lover of enjoyments, and in the Naam there is the *Maha Ras*—the most delectable Nectar one can

ever taste. If only the mind would take one true sip, it would never again yearn for lower enjoyments. *This place is insipid, O friend* (mind); *Drink the Nectar of Naam.* We have also, *When that Nectar comes, this other taste is not to one's liking.* Now you are dragging the mind with you, to get inside. Then, you will have to persuade it to return! Beauty and attractive sounds are two principle factors in keeping one's attention outside, dragging it away from its natural, inner inclinations. The poisonous mind gets intoxicated while enjoying beautiful sights and melodious sounds. Even a snake, on hearing the music of the been, rests its head down and cannot move; it becomes helpless. If outer sounds can have such magnetism, what might be the attractive power of the inner spiritual music and beauty? All glory and beauty lie within you. Tulsi Sahib says, *When I went to Brahmaṇd the world became insignificant; When I reached Par Brahm, Brahmaṇd became like a washroom.*

So it is possible to gain control over the mind only in the company of a Sat-guru. He will help you to befriend it, and so make the path easier. Then it may start to listen to you, whereas it usually does not. Many find this difficulty in meditation, and say that their mind does not allow them to meditate. So Swami Ji is so beautifully advising one to: *With love, make it your companion.* Love is such a magnificent thing, that it can control even the worst-charactered person. No matter how much you may hate your pitiful situation, yet hate will only serve to increase the problem. You may throw all the filth out of a dirty house, yet the smell of that will spread and permeate not only the interior of the house but the surroundings too. The true solution is to start washing

with the water of Love, and gradually the badness will be washed away forever. If you are good to your enemy, his enmity will be softened somewhat. Rise above the body, and if you would then care for a thousand things they will be given unto you. Guru Amar Das says, *O mind, you desired a thousand things yet not one was fulfilled; Take my advice, and complete fulfillment will come.* One has seen this world and lived in it—now go up and enjoy that place.

*Leave now all sensual indulgence  
And the way will be easier.*

If you do not stop enjoying the senses, you will not be able to leave the body. If there is filth stored up inside, you may cover it with the finest silks, yet you will not succeed in disguising the smell. You can pour the strongest perfume on it, yet the odor will penetrate through. If you cover a block of ice with a blanket, you will still get the effect of its coolness by sitting close by. *Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.* To be born again is not something new, but an old old thing which we have forgotten. Those who in the olden days used to take discipleship from a brahmin learned how to rise above body consciousness. And who was a true brahmin? He who knew the *Brahm* (Lord). A brahmin was one who gave experience of the Beyond. These days, only the custom remains. The same thing applies to the sacred thread given by the brahmin. It is made from three threads in one, and means that for as long as one wears that thread one will live in truthfulness, desirelessness, and forgiveness. When all three virtues were established within one, one was born anew. The Holy Light which has been given to you people should be carefully guarded and practiced regularly.

At present you are at the mercy of the mind, for no one can say he is free, although at least you may not return to the world. When the mind tastes the Nectar of Naam, he will not wish to indulge in the lower enjoyments. Do this much, and you will have inner peace and happiness. There are other stages ahead wherein the soul falls again and again, even though she is not in this world.

Under the influence of the senses, it is very hard to reach the *gagan* (the seat of the soul in the body) or rise above the body consciousness. If a man has even one strong desire, say that of lust, outwardly people may consider him to be a great soul, yet inwardly he is dancing to the tune of that desire. Outwardly he may be impressing people in many ways, but inwardly he is digging deeper that very pit into which he is fallen. Directly or indirectly he is drifting away from the Truth, and whatever he has learned has become null and void. So I humbly repeat that to become a human being is very difficult, whereas it is not difficult to realize the Lord. But the attention must persuade the mind to leave the senses and become proficient in the science of rising above into the Beyond. *When the senses are won, the five enemies will not attack.* The five enemies are lust, anger, greed, attachment and ego. Furthermore, *If the ten senses are controlled, the Light is manifest in that soul.* God's Light will fully manifest itself in that body wherein the five gross and five subtle senses are fully under control. Merely bowing down and making an outer show of respect to the Master will not help. No matter to what religion you belong you will have to do this to succeed, for without it the Truth will not be opened up to you. It is not

a subject to listen to or read about alone, it is a matter of doing.

Have you ever studied yourself to see if you have progressed at all? We usually find that we were better before and now we have become worse, for this is the condition of the whole world today. A businessman gives great thought to the method of his business before he starts it, and every so often reviews the position of profit or loss, but we unheedingly throw away our precious lives, day after day, with never a care about how we stand spiritually. The aim was to gain freedom, but we are daily sinking into more slavery under the whip of our desires. If we live recklessly when our hair is black, at least when it turns to white we should give some thought to how we are living, and what it will avail us. Hindu or Muslim, Sikh or Christian—regardless of our religion we have to get out of the mind's clutches. But the same devilry continues! Merely learning a few words on the subject and then nodding the head as if one knows everything—is this Spirituality? We may be able to fool the world, but never the Lord. *To deceive people will avail nothing, particularly not God-realization.* The Lord is not an innocent child, to believe anything you wish; He sees the true condition of your life, inwardly and outwardly.

*I have no other companion like  
you (mind);  
I am yours and you are mine.*

The soul offers the mind a token of friendship—"I have no other friend but you, for we have been companions for birth after birth—so listen to me today—I who have been a slave to you for so long"—with love and persuasion it tries to help the mind to understand the situation.

*Now listen to your slave, and agree  
with me:*

*Rise above body consciousness and  
make your home there.*

Whether it is said in very simple words or in a complicated fashion, the fact remains the same: the only way is to leave the senses behind and transcend into the Beyond. If you are really interested in Spirituality, you will be wise to fully accept this. You will also have to make your life pure and chaste. All Masters say the same, even those with a simple vocabulary: *What is there to realizing the Lord? Uproot it from here and plant it there!*

So ethical life is an important stepping stone to Spirituality. Truth is said to be above all, but Guru Nanak said that true living is yet above Truth, for without it one cannot recognize the Truth. No matter what your past has been—stop now! View the facts and start afresh. Stand still, and become tranquil—or you will not succeed.

Our Hazur used to say that people carry on eating the poison, and simultaneously groan and moan over its effects, but they will not stop eating more. Spiritual diaries have been prescribed after careful thought, and with deep purpose. Daily self-introspection must be kept up, and through this you will be able to see for yourself how far you are coming out of the senses' influence. With the Satguru's mercy one gets a little connection with the Light and Sound Principle, but if the life is not kept pure and chaste, the curtain of darkness will obscure the Light again. Some people say that when they come and meditate in the Ashram they get experience, whereas at home they do not. If your mind is pure you can sit anywhere at all; you will always have experience. In

St. Luke, Christ says, *Take heed therefore that the Light which is in thee be not darkness.* You must be regular in your meditation to maintain that Light; there are important reasons behind the keeping of diaries.

But what is our condition? *The same ungainly gait, which was there before and is even now.* We just know how to say, "Yes, yes" and nod our heads in a knowledgeable fashion. We know how to speak all right, but we do not *do* anything! We do not do enough bhajan and simran, and we do not care how incorrectly we live. O brothers, why do you come to a Master? Do you come just to bring him a bad name by not obeying his words? I have to speak of these things; how else can I make you understand how you are throwing your lives away?

*It is difficult to obey.* To give money is easy; it is also easy to bow down and make a show. To dance, sing, play religious music—all these things are simple matters; but to control the mind is exceptionally difficult. However, it must be done. Those who have taken initiation and do not meditate hardly ever show me their faces. When asked about this, they say, "But we attend Satsang." What is the use of this half-hearted effort? They do not keep a diary, and so there is no self-introspection. I always say, "Fold your hands to me, that is enough." Bowing down amounts to nothing if you are not obeying the Master's wishes. True prostration at the Guru's feet is really obeying his instructions implicitly. Make your life pure and chaste. Be a *humane* being—a man of use to other men. Do your bhajan and simran; release the soul from mind and senses. Bhajan and simran are food for the soul—do not give food to the body without first giving food to the soul. This type

of obedience is truly bowing down in respect to your Guru.

It is most necessary to lead a pure and chaste life; not to go on remembering what we were, but to make sure of our future. To fall in sin is manly, but to remain there is devilish. One falls often, no doubt, but one becomes a good rider only after many a fall. But don't lie down and remain wherever you fall; that is bad. In the Koran it is written that God will not change any people who have no thought to change themselves. When there is a will, there is a way. Keep your aim before you always, and work for it; then you will be sure of success. "O mind, listen once to me, your slave! Go above the body and make your home there!" To make a home in the Beyond means to learn to remain there for longer and longer periods; not for one or two minutes only. That place should gradually become more like one's home than this world.

*As you were, so again become;  
Why suffer unhappiness and happiness here?*

Go back to whence you came and enjoy real and lasting happiness there. There are unending miseries and joys in this world; none of them real. The more you live above body consciousness, the more peace will reign in you. Even when you daily have to return, yet the coolness of spirit gained there will protect you from the heat of the world. And you can always go again at will. The world is suffering from illusion only. *The world is being consumed in illusion's invisible fire; As the inner fire of passion burns, so does the outer fire of illusion.* In sparsely scattered places you may find a complete Master sitting. One can enjoy the refreshing coolness only in their company.

*Satguru revealed the secret unto me;*

*Take the mind as companion, and return home.*

For as long as the mind remains within its own territory, you have to take it with you. If you want to start from the beginning alone, that is more difficult—almost impossible. Why? Because you have become the very image of mind, and cannot separate yourself from it.

*I, the soul, am in your power;  
Without your help, I cannot contact the Shabd.*

Cooperation from the mind is necessary, for where does one contact the Shabd? Above the body consciousness, after leaving behind the senses. The soul cannot hear the Sound without rising above the physical, above the nine centers, reaching the tenth; and without the mind's help, the process is very long. This is an appeal to the mind so that it will agree to help—like a man inducing his friend to do some of his work for him.

*If you do not listen to me,  
Then go into the cycle of eighty-four.*

If the mind does not listen and cooperate, then one has to continue on the wheel of births and deaths. So, it is to the mind's own advantage to be agreeable, if it wants to gain freedom from the coming and going in creation.

*Now show mercy unto me,  
Hear my plea, search out that Sound.*

There is a Sound of Truth vibrating within—a song which is sung in every being. There is a great attraction in hearing this Sound, through which all other

attractions will fade away, and the stage of senses will be left behind: one becomes free of them. *This mouse-mind has become heavy; by drinking the weight of God's Name.* The mind can be weighted down by the mercury-like quality of the Naam, rendering it impossible to run around loose or engage in its ever-constant oscillations. There is no other means of controlling the mind. The accounts of Lord Krishna's life state that he jumped into the River Jumna and controlled the hydra-headed serpent there with the sound of his flute. This many-headed serpent is the mind, which has a thousand ways of inflicting its poison, and without that Sound from the Beyond, it cannot be controlled or overcome. Outer intellect and knowledge have no power over it, for though it may remain quiet for a short time, it will then run away again. If you cover a fire with ashes, it would seem there is no fire at all, yet a strong breeze will revive it and reveal the heat lying beneath. However, if you throw water upon it, even a thousand tornadoes would fail to revive it.

Keep the company of those who are the Naam itself. *The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.* In the atmosphere surrounding such personalities, there is a charging—a radiation—a rare tranquility. One Muslim prophet declared that the mind cannot be killed until it comes under the shadow of a Perfect Master. Even one thousand

practices will be of little avail if you cannot leave the senses and get a contact with Naam, without which there is no salvation.

*Let you and me climb above—  
We will reside on the hill Sumera.*

Sumera lies above the physical plane, and the soul says, "Come, let us go there—the days are hot here, and there we will enjoy a cool breeze—the whole world is being consumed in flames—come, let us rise above the heat of physical consciousness and enjoy the coolness—O mind, we will be happy there, for here we are both unhappy."

*When we reach there, you will be  
king,  
And I will go ahead to Radha  
Soami.*

The mind becomes King of Triloki (the three regions—physical, astral and causal) and remains there, for mind is the instrument of the Negative Power, just as the soul is an entity of God, the Ocean of All Consciousness. So the mind comes into its own kingdom, blending in one with the Lord of the three stages, and the soul goes to its true home.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In the second half of this talk (which, God willing, we will publish next month), the Master takes up the final portion of Swami Ji's hymn, in which the mind replies to the soul.*

*While walking along a beach this spring, a small boy asked his father some questions about Jesus. In the course of replying, the father remarked that at the time most people did not know who Jesus really was. Most people, he added, probably think that Master is just a man from India.*

*The boy, just six, replied spontaneously, as much to himself and to the wind as to his father: "He's not even a man; He's a soul; He's a solar system. He's a beautiful thing. Who knows what He is?"*

KARL RILEY

# The Mystical Nature of Love

George Arnsby Jones, Litt.D., Ph.D.

THE TRUE NATURE OF LOVE cannot be adequately described in human language, for its inmost depths lie far beyond the scope of words. In the world scriptures, love has been used as a synonymous term for God. And God and love are eternal, as Shamas-i-Tabrez, a Muslim saint, has pointed out: *Islam and Unbelief are of recent origin, but Love and God existed even before the creation of this world. Therefore, if any person becomes a victim of Love, you should not call him an unbeliever.* Thus it is impossible to confine the concept of love to the human and temporal levels, and many so-called heretics and lovers of God have been condemned as "unbelievers" because of their universal and all-embracing approach to the Supreme Lord of love. Shamas-i-Tabrez himself was flayed alive because he refused to accept the validity of outward forms of worship.

As it is impossible to confine love to the temporal levels of life, so it is impossible to confine the concept of the grandeur of God as love to mortal dimensions. Maulana Rumi, the Persian poet-saint and disciple of Shamas-i-Tabrez, has written: *Different from all other diseases is the disease of the lover; for love is the key to the secrets of God.* People may misunderstand the inner nature of love, for few have experienced the higher transports of mystical love, but the spiritual heights of love have been attained by those who are the true lovers of God and His entire creation. Christ went to the Cross with love in his heart for all mankind; Shamas-i-Tabrez blessed his torturers; and Guru Arjan,

fifth guru of the Sikhs, when forced by his tormentors to sit on red-hot iron plates, gently informed them: "God's will is sweet."

These things can only be truly comprehended by those who love in the highest sense. True love enfolds within itself the concept of self-surrender, the surrendering of one's life to the way of love. Much has been written about love, but the highest form of love must be lived to be experienced and known. In the *Bhagavad-Gita*, Lord Krishna exhorts Arjuna: *Give Me your whole heart; love and adore Me; worship Me always; bow to Me only; and you shall find Me; this is My promise, Who loves you dearly.* And again Lord Krishna reiterates: *To love is to know Me, My innermost nature, the truth that I am: through this knowledge he enters at once into My Being.* And furthermore: *He gives Me all his heart, and worships Me in faith and love; that yogi above every other, I call My very own.*

Love is the sublime experience of the heart, for where true love dwells there is sanctity, and the lover knows compassion for all life. Tulsi Sahib, a great nineteenth century poet-saint of India, wrote in his *Ghat Ramayana*: *Show love to all creatures, and you will be happy; for when you love all things, you love the Lord, for He is in all.* Such love as this cannot be affected by the vicissitudes of life, for it raises the lover to a plane of eternal peace and joy. In the Bible (I John 2:10) it is recorded: *He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him.* Love is the regenerative force of

mankind, and even animals, birds, plants and flowers can be influenced by the transforming power of love.

Love is the physician for the ailments of the human soul, and there is also no doubt that most physical ills may be hastened in their cure by the presence of love. *O! the intoxication of my love, be happy, well and strong, sang Maulana Rumi; for you are the only physician and care for all my ailments.* The pain caused by the soul's separation from its conscious awareness of divine reality may be eased by loving devotion to the Supreme Lord. In this way the soul becomes aware of its true divine sonship, as proclaimed in I John 3:1: *Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the Sons of God.*

Life is an arid desert without the experience of the redemptive power of love, for love is life's richest gift in all the treasurehouse of the cosmic universe. There is truly nothing in life without love, for love transforms the poorest peasant into a spiritual billionaire. Hafiz, another great Persian poet-saint, has written: *On the path of love, there is no difference between the rich and the poor. O beauteous King! say a word to this beggar. I am a great sinner, but look not at my sins. In royal manner, speak to this sinful beggar.*

Love is the crown of all human experience, and he who does not love is unworthy of the designation of "human being." Kabir, one of India's greatest mystic adepts and her greatest poet, said that *a person in whom there is no love should be considered as a moving statue. He is like the bellows of a blacksmith, which breathes and yet has no life.* Guru Arjan also expressed similar sentiments: *A man may be extremely handsome, clever, learned and wealthy,*

*and may have in him many other good qualities, but if he has not developed the love of God in himself, he should be considered the same as a corpse.*

The universe is a place of awe-inspiring beauty, and the mind of man is naturally inclined to plumb the wonders of its creation; but this outer universe is the physical robe of the Supreme One, who is all love. God has upheld His creation with the power of love, and the very being of man is infused with this power. Love redeems the sinner, as the Bhagavad Gita testifies: *Though a man be soiled with the sins of a lifetime, let him but love Me, rightly resolved, in utter devotion: I see no sinner, that man is holy.* I John 4:8 states: *He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love. The secret of God's mysteries is love,* said Maulana Rumi; and all the major scriptures of the world inform us that man is created in the image of God. But this image is not the physical image; it is that subtle power of love that is the true Being of God. And when man loses awareness of his own true image as a being of love, then he assuredly loses his innate humanity.

Where there is true love there is the "life more abundant" spoken of by Christ. And this abundant life is the evocation of the power of love in the heart of man. The hidden image of God as the spirit of love dwells within each and every human being. When our inner eye is opened, we can see all beings as manifestations of God's love. *The current of love from the One God is flowing through the entire universe, stated Maulana Rumi. What do you think when you look at the face of a man? Look at him carefully. He is not a man, but a current of the essence of God, which permeates him.* True love embraces all creation; there can be no exceptions.

Christ said: *Ye have heard that it hath been said, thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you* (Matthew 5:43-44). The same statement is made in I John 4:19-20: *If a man say I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?* And so, differences of race and color, class and creed, caste and country, have no meaning for those who have become imbued with love. When we understand the unity of creation in God's love, how can we then hate anyone or anything?

The way of love does not lie in the performance of outer observances and rituals. Religious bickering and sectarian strife are due to man's intolerance and bigotry and are not a reflection of certain knowledge of God on the part of this or that religious movement. Similarly, the confining of one's devotion to one country or community, one narrow ideal or ethic, is not the mark of a true lover. *What is the value of recitations, austereities, continence, self-discipline, fasting and holy baths, as long as we do not know the way of loving devotion to the Lord?* asked Kabir. *All is holy where devotion kneels,* wrote Oliver Wendell Holmes; and he who places the ideal of universal love above all else is one who truly follows the basic commandment of the Supreme Lord. This fact is endorsed by the world scriptures.

Christ proclaimed: *Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind* (Matthew 22:37), and continued: *Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself* (Matthew 22:39). And St. Paul exhorted:

*Do good unto all men* (Galatians 6:10). He who does not adhere to this law of love is ensnared in the miseries of the world. He cannot inspire others to greater love and service, because he himself is bound by the chains of despair, even if he possesses great worldly wealth. In I John 2:15 it is recorded: *Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.*

Mankind desperately seeks true joy and happiness; and these qualities are the spiritual birthright of man. However, if the mind of man is constantly engaged in seeking satisfaction in the transient attractions of the world, man himself will find no lasting happiness. Joy is the fruit of the mind's concentration on the higher attributes of love, the fruit of the soul. *Love cannot be concealed once it has entered a person's heart,* said Kabir. *He does not speak it out, but his eyes reveal it. Once love enters a man's heart, it keeps him happy at all times, for he then becomes free from worries, and the currents of love flow out from him naturally and continuously.*

Without love, everything in the world is despicable, and wars and bloodshed result from a dearth of love's power. Love is complete in itself, and is a powerhouse of inner strength, faith and fortitude. Love is the transmitter of serenity and peace to the human mind and to all life; and it is also an antenna that attracts currents of love from other lovers to itself. *There is such an abundance of love-intoxication within me,* said Shamas-i-Tabrez, *that a bread prepared from the wheat grown on a field fertilized by my body would intoxicate the breadmaker with the love of God. But I cannot describe the state of the person who would eat that bread. Even the*

*person who sets the table for such a bread would become intoxicated, and the oven in which the bread was baked would dance with ecstasy from this intoxication.*

The radiance of love is the light of God. Love begets love and charges the psychic atmosphere of the world with vibrations of joy and bliss. Guru Nanak, the first guru of the Sikhs, was once offered a narcotic by King Babar. "O King," said Nanak, declining the offer, "the intoxication of this narcotic, if taken in the morning, will vanish by the coming of evening. But the intoxication of the Supreme Lord continues forever." The soul thus ascends to its true spiritual home on the upward path of love, for the aspirant reaches a point where he is no longer a prey to inordinate desires. He will hold all his actions at that point of focus which is true detachment, claiming no possessions whatsoever. But having love, he will possess all things.

Such detachment on the Path of Love is not a life of asceticism or indifference to the rest of creation. To realize the unity of all life is to find a new bond between oneself and all created things, and the essence of this bond is love. Such a lover of all creation will automatically enrich mankind spiritually as he enriches his own inner experience, without the need of exploiting any individual or sectional interest. There is no monopoly on the Path of Love; every living being can claim his rightful share of the spiritual riches given by the Supreme One. The way of pilgrimage on the Path of Love is not one of outer evasion or escapism, but a way of inner freedom. Guru Nanak has written:

*Let contentment be your earrings,  
And endeavor for the Divine and*

*respect for the Higher Self be  
your wallet,  
And constant meditation on Him  
be your ashes.  
Let preparedness for death be your  
cloak,  
And let your body be like unto a  
chaste virgin.  
Let your Master's teachings be  
your supporting staff.  
The highest religion is to rise to  
Universal Brotherhood,  
Aye, to consider all creatures your  
equals.*

#### THE JAP JI

In his magnificent *Paradise Lost*, Book VIII, John Milton has written: . . . *love refines The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his seat In Reason, and is judicious is the scale By which to heav'n-ly Love thou maist ascend, Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause Among the Beasts no Mate for thee was found . . .* And later, in the same poem: . . . *for love thou saist Leads up to Heav'n, is both the way and guide . . .* In the novel *War and Peace*, Book II, the remarkable Russian author Leo Tolstoy projects his own thoughts on divine love through the character of Prince Andrew: *When loving with human love one may pass from love to hatred, but divine love cannot change. No, neither death nor anything else can destroy it. It is the very essence of the soul . . .*

Love directed solely to earthly things produces spiritual darkness; love directed solely towards God brings spiritual illumination. Dante, in Canto XV of the Purgatory section of his *Divine Comedy*, has written: *Because thou fastenest thy mind only on earthly things, thou gatherest darkness from the very light. That infinite and ineffable Good which is on high, runs to love even as a*

*sunbeam comes to a lucid body. So much it gives itself as it finds of ardor; so that how far soever charity extends, over it does the Eternal Valor spread. And the more the people who set their hearts on high the more there are for loving well, and the more love there is, and like a mirror one reflects to the other.*

The true lover is ever willing to lay down his life for his Beloved, for love knows service and sacrifice. Indeed, the lover knows that there is truly no death for one who treads the upward path of love. *O man, you have died a number of times, but have remained covered with veils*, said Maulana Rumi, for you have failed to realize the secret of real death. And Kabir has affirmed: *The whole world keeps dying after death, for no one dies the real death. I have died a death that will make me never die again. So long as you do not know how to die while living, you will not gain freedom from the cycle of birth and death.* To die whilst yet living is to take the inward path of love through daily meditation. This “death” is the prerequisite of spiritual rebirth, for as it is written in John 3:3: *Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.*

The true lover knows no intellectual wrangling or semantic dissertating on whether he should do this thing or that thing. His life is an eternal song of love; his daily actions are an endless story of love, and God resides in his heart as the very form of love. The possessions of the world are of relative unimportance to him. If he has wealth, knowledge, power, creativeness and strength, he uses these gifts as a trustee, and applies them in service to God and to his fellow beings. Without love, the ownership of worldly possessions can prove a pitfall

to the aspirant on the mystical path. Affluence may become a pathway to spiritual pride; devotion to beautiful objects may become a pathway to spiritual blindness; temporal power may become a pathway to cruelty and arrogance; knowledge may become a pathway to egotism; love of outer observances and flamboyant rites may become a pathway to religious intolerance and bigotry. But the gift of love can transform all these lesser gifts into instruments of divine Will, and they then become of benefit to all beings, for they are now tempered with the joyful sweetness of spirituality.

God is love, and He is the only be-stower of the gifts of life and love. The Supreme Lord asks for nothing in return for His gifts, and the true lover also imparts his loving service freely. There can be no selfishness in true love, for a lover gives freely of his love without any ulterior motive. The laws of mankind have arisen from man’s lack of love; if all mankind lived in accordance with the supreme law of love, there would be no need for worldly laws. Through this lack of love, man is ensnared in a cruel web of wars and destruction. With the global operation of the law of love there would come into being that state of which Christ spoke: *Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven* (Matthew 6:10). This simply means a planetary externalization of the love that has blossomed in the hearts of all mankind. Within such a realm of love, no outer law would be necessary; but we are engrossed in thoughts of hatred against others, and we look about us and see that love is not king in this present world. Only injustice and destruction reign.

Where there is love there can be no injustice or inhumanity. If we plan a

new society with thoughts of love, expounding the rich blessings of love, we would surely bring the kingdom of love into physical expression. The aged and ailing St. John was carried on a stretcher before a congregation of adults and children. In a feeble voice he said, "Love ye one another!" and repeated this injunction two more times. Then he was silent. "Do you have nothing more to tell these children?" complained the adults who were closest to the old mystic. "Love is the greatest need of men," he replied, "and therefore I give this advice again and again. Love, and all things will be added unto you."

Love is the beginning and end of all wisdom. Without goodness in his heart a person cannot truly love. Love removes the negative qualities of anger, hatred, avarice, slander and so on from the mind. Guru Ram Das, the fourth guru of the Sikhs, stated: *Those in this world who have love for the Lord, possess real knowledge; and if by chance they utter any harsh words, they do not hurt anybody because they do not forget the spirit of love and therefore love everybody. They are the chosen ones of God.*

Where love is chief there can be no other rulers, for love is the essence of the soul and is immanent in all human beings. But we have become so attached to outer objects and pleasures that we have lost consciousness of this inherent spiritual power of love. When we rise above the grime and murk of earthly attachments, true love makes its luminous appearance. *The wine shop where this intoxication of love can be obtained may only be approached by those who have one motive in their minds; whose hearts, minds and even tongues are dyed in the hue of their Beloved*, said Hafiz. *It is not possible for selfish persons or world-*

*ly people to enter the lane leading to the reservoir of the wine of love for the Lord.*

Love is all beauty and its expression is reflected in the face of the lover. Farid ud-Din Attar, a Sufi mystic and one of the greatest mystic poets of Persia, wrote: *I am not afraid of losing my youth, provided my love for God does not diminish; for many a youth has withered away for lack of love for God. And Kabir has said: My Beloved is in my eyes like a thin coating of collyrium. How can there be any place for sleep in my eyes when He is there all the twenty-four hours and there is no other work except to remember Him? The true and faithful wife is she who does not keep her husband away from her eyes even for a single moment and does not look at any other person. She closes her eyes and is plunged deep into his remembrance. And in the remembrance of love, she blossoms like a rose and speaks only of the sweetness of love.*

Every mystic adept in every age has professed that the kingdom of love is the highest of all realms. And this realm transcends the planes of mind and matter. Baha Ullah, founder of the religion of Bahaism, urged his devotees: *Kindle the fire of love and burn all things. Then set thy foot unto the land of the lovers.* Swami Ji (Radha Swami Dayal), a supreme mystic adept of the nineteenth century, was asked to describe the highest realm of spirituality. "It is All Love," he replied simply. The true lovers of the Supreme Lord know of this realm; and it is life's greatest blessing to be admitted into the inner circle of such a lover. *O Master! implored Hafiz, take me into the circle of your lovers, for this madness of love for you is far better than the cleverness of the outside world. The lives of thousands of intellectual*

*persons are not worth a moment of this madness. If the senses were to know how much bliss is in store for the heart that achieves this state of madness, then people now following the lure of the senses would become mad after this Divine Love.*

A true lover will never cheat or deprive others through his business or profession. He will support himself honestly and frugally. He will radiate love in his everyday affairs, for he will know that even the most worldly people may be stirred by love, for love is inherent in all. A holy man's life will resound as a passionate message of love. A mystic adept, who is love incarnate, may be of the type who writes no books, builds no temples, creates no cults or religions; but because he radiates an all-embracing love, all mankind will eventually respond to his spiritual message. I John 3:3 states: *Behold, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is. And every man that hath this hope in Him*

*purifieth himself, even as He is pure.*

We must learn love, or else we fail to affirm our basic nature as spiritual beings. Love fulfills the law of life itself. If we perform just one selfless act of love, we truly perform many such acts without conscious realization of this loving proliferation of kindness. There are many allegedly religious people who profess love of God and yet are prepared to foster hatred against one another. Such people who entertain hatred for others cannot be considered devotees of the Supreme Lord, for they have not even learned how to become human beings.

It has been said that love is blind. But a lover of the Supreme Lord is not blind, for his inward sight has seen the very Truth of all creation. It is impossible to describe the all-encompassing glory of love. Human language can only conceal more than it reveals in this regard. The true lover finds the rapture of love so exquisite that he is enamored of its power for all eternity. Such love draws all beings into the orbit of its all-embracing harmony and benign power.

The wine of grief  
has burned deep  
O my soul

Yet I cannot live  
without its burning liquid  
till I return to Thee

O heart, drink that wine  
which burns the Beloved's image  
forever on the soul.

*Michael Raysson*

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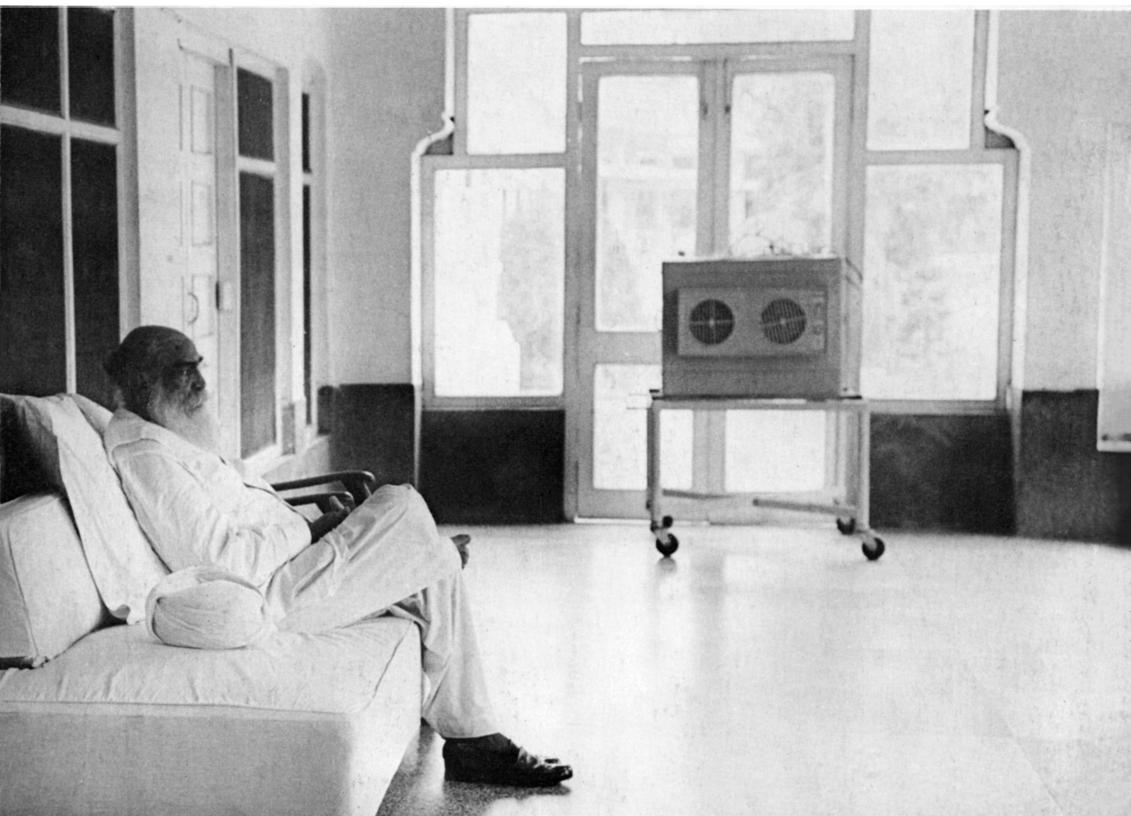
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*My Hazur has accomplished a good deal of service through me up to now, and I can tell you there is much more yet to be done in the future.*

The Master on July 11