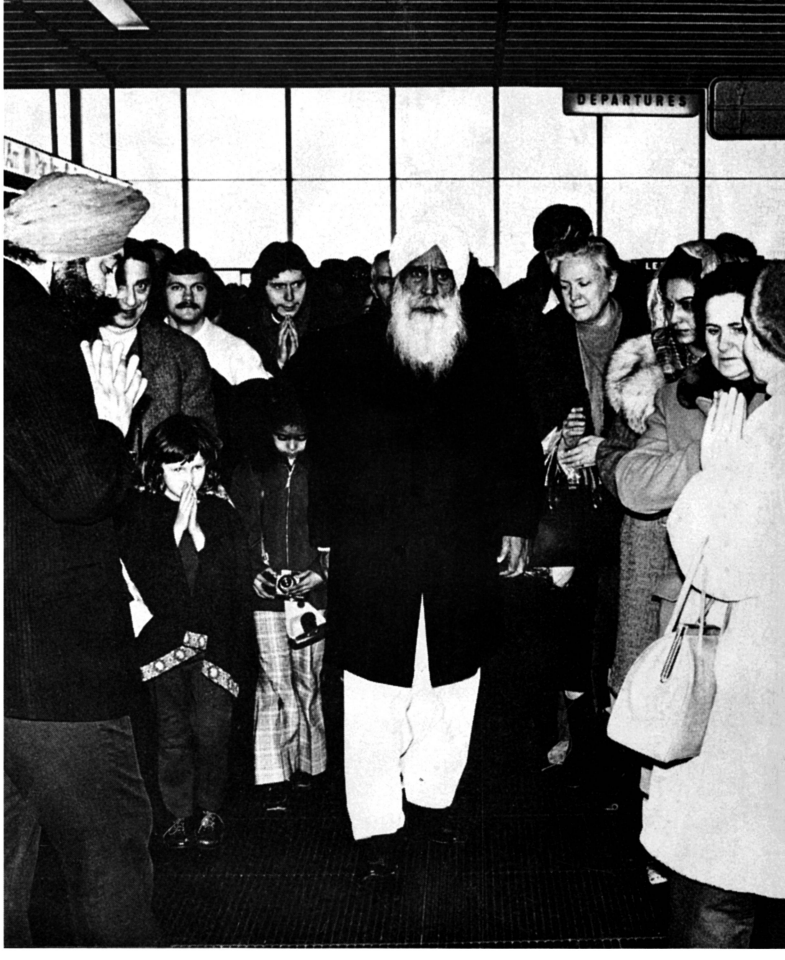
What is True Darshan?



Sat sandesh

the message of the Masters

July 1973

IF I HAVE ALL THE ELOQUENCE of men or of angels, but speak without love, I am simply a gong booming or a cymbal clashing. If I have the gift of prophecy, understanding all the mysteries there are, and knowing everything, and if I have faith in all its fullness, to move mountains, but without love, then I am nothing at all. If I give away all that I possess, piece by piece, and if I even let them take my body to burn it, but am without love, it will do me no good whatever. ¶ Love is always patient and kind; it is never jealous; love is never boastful or conceited; it is never rude or selfish; it does not take offense, and is not resentful. Love takes no pleasure in other people's sins but delights in the truth; it is always ready to excuse, to trust, to hope, and to endure whatever comes. ¶ Love does not come to an end. But if there are gifts of prophecy, the time will come when they must fail; or the gift of languages, it will not continue for ever; and knowledge—for this, too, the time will come when it must fail. For our knowledge is imperfect and our prophesying is imperfect; but once perfection comes, all imperfect things will disappear. When I was a child, I used to talk like a child, and think like a child, and argue like a child, but now I am a man, all childish ways are put behind me. Now we are seeing a dim reflection in a mirror; but then we shall be seeing face to face. The knowledge that I have now is imperfect; but then I shall know as fully as I am known. ¶ In short, there are three things that last: faith, hope and love; and the greatest of these is love.

I CORINTHIANS 13
The Jerusalem Bible

FRONT COVER *At the Leonardo da Vinci Airport, Rome, Dec. 29, 1972—the last stop on his World Tour.*

BACK COVER *The Master giving the talk on darshan at the Beacon Street Motor Hotel, Brookline, Mass., Oct. 15, 1972.*

Sat sandesh

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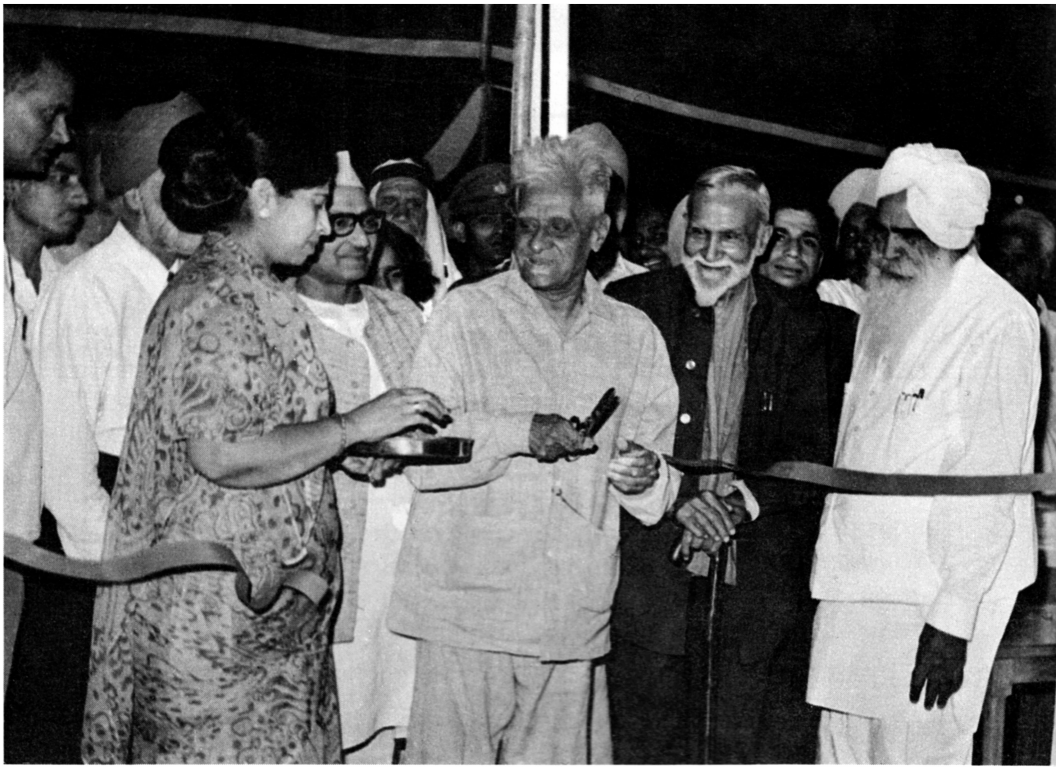


H. E. Ali Akbar Khan, Governor of Uttar Pradesh, cuts the ribbon at the Father Homes for the aged, at Manav Kendra.

THE GOVERNOR VISITS MANAV KENDRA

MANAV KENDRA lies in the district of Dehra Dun, which is situated in the state of Uttar Pradesh. When the Governor of Uttar Pradesh, H.E. Ali Akbar Khan, paid an official state visit to Manav Kendra on April 14, 1973, he was welcomed in the traditional Indian manner. Invited to inaugurate the Father Home, the Governor was greeted at the main gate by a group of men and women with flowers in their hands. The chief receiver of the honored guest, Dr. M. M. Chopra, boarded His Excellency's car and escorted him around Manav Kendra, showing him the various departments and facilities. They then drove to the Father Home, where the Master, attended by the Centre's Managing Committee, garlanded His Excellency, who in turn embraced the Master with apparent genuine affection. Other specially invited guests were presented to the Governor, including Raja Mahendra Pratap Ji, who is his comrade of many

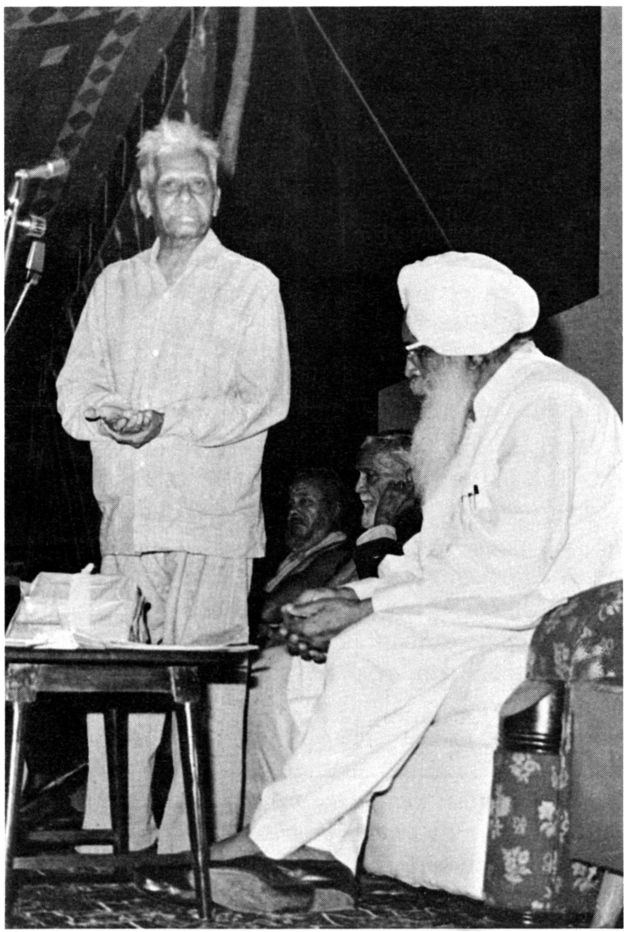
This report, as well as the translations of the two talks, was prepared by the SAT SANDESH *staff.*

years and a fellow freedom fighter. The inauguration was simple, taking but a few minutes, and the engraved plaque set in the wall of the Father Home stood revealed at the hand of the Governor.

When the Governor and the Master had taken their places on the dais before the large gathering of people, the National Anthem was sung by the ladies of the School for the Blind. Proceedings commenced with an address of welcome, read and presented by Darshan Singh, the Master's son. At the conclusion of the program, the Master arose and said to His Excellency, "You will be pleased to know that another branch of Manav Kendra has been started in Baroda, and two more in the West also."

The Governor replied, "Very good, very good." Turning to His Excellency, the Master remarked, "The Lord is praised by saying *Allah-O-Akbar* (God is great), and here today we are starting this work at the hands of Akbar." The Master's reference to his name, and the deference given, brought a beaming smile from His Excellency. Throughout his brief visit, he seemed to reciprocate the atmosphere of the Master's abounding love. Stepping down from the dais, he mingled informally among the people, discarding all protocol; his obvious pleasure showing upon his beaming face.

His Excellency, who is of a respected Hyderabad family, exudes a delightful combination of the polished culture of



The Governor giving his talk.

Muslim aristocracy and the simple humility of person and dress which characterizes the true Gandhian worker. His address, delivered in fluently accurate Urdu (from the Persian root) drew spontaneous applause, acknowledgment not only of his words but of the obvious heartfelt sincerity behind them.

The Highest Ideal

The Master's address to the Governor

INSTEAD OF addressing you as Your Excellency, I would like to address you as elder brother, for this is the Man Centre. How did it all start? As a student I was very fond of reading books and I read many—mostly biographies. I have read the lives of more than 300 great men of the East and the West, and a liberal amount of literature on topical events. As a result of my readings, I arrived at the conclusion that man making is the highest ideal of all. All the scriptures of the Masters say the same thing—that all mankind is one. *Men are related to each other like the different parts of the body.* If there is pain in one part of the body, then the whole body seems to suffer. Man is the very image of Love; and a true man is he who lives for others. To live for oneself alone, even an animal can do.

By this parallel study of the scriptures I could see that man's form is the highest. The Persian poet Iqbal says, *Moses went to Mount Sinai to meet God; Did he not know that God Himself was in search of man?* Man's status is next to God. All Masters who came said, "O man, become a man." Man represents God on this earth. And what is he? He has a body, he has intellect, but he is consciousness—the soul—which is of the same essence as that of God. We have made great progress physically and intellectually, as we can see: man has reached the moon and is now thinking of reaching out to other planets. We can now travel around the globe in a matter of hours; we can hear and see from thousands of miles, through radio and television. With all this progress, we are still not happy. The reason is that we have ignored man's third aspect. One Sufi Saint says, *O man, you have known so much about everything, but if you have not known your own self, you are a fool.*

So man's most important aim is that he should become a man. Prophet Mohammed said, *I am His messenger—His son.* Other Masters said similar things. Kabir Sahib said, *O Kabir, we are the knower of that far away place, and we bring orders from the Most High*. They always say, "We are His children." What is their work? They say that the people have forgotten God, and we have come to bring remembrance. So these Masters come again and again to the world—that is, when they are needed. In the time of Kabir Sahib, there was a clash between Hindus and Muslims. Guru Nanak was his contemporary, and both raised the same cry. Kabir said, *I am neither Hindu nor Muslim; consider us both as one.* Guru Nanak said similarly, *Neither are we Hindu nor Muslim; Allah and Ram is the breath of the body.* Guru Nanak was told that he wore the label of a Hindu, so how could he say he was not a Hindu? He told them that he was a puppet made of five elements,

ABOVE *from left: Dr. M. M. Chopra; the Governor; the Master; Raja Mahendra Pratap Ji; Mr. R. K. Tripathi, the District Magistrate; Bibi Hardevi.*

BELOW *The Master and the Governor enjoy each other in a quiet moment between events.*

in which die invisible was playing—and that was he. This is the quality of man.

All men are born in the same way. They have the same outer and inner construction. The municipality of the body cleans it every day by throwing out the waste matter. But we are the indweller, and not the body. The soul is the indweller, and is the entity of the Lord. So man has first to know himself —only then can he know God.

So for the ideal of man making, Ruhani Satsang was established 25 years ago, by the grace of my Master, Hazur Baba Sawan Singh Ji Maharaj. It was his wish to make a common platform upon which people of all religions should sit. I was consecutively elected President of the World Fellowship of Religions from 1957 onward. Four conferences were held in India, and also in Persia, France, and Germany, as a result of which the narrow-mindedness and bigotry was considerably reduced. Before this, one religious head would never meet another. Sometimes they did not even care to see each other's faces. Now they do get together and sit together and listen to each other's points of view. However, there is a new danger arising —that the ruling persons of the WFR are wanting to strengthen their own formations, in spite of the fact that the inner way is the same for all. Man is first man, and there is one Beloved which is God. When the narrow-mindedness was reduced, the other notion arose: that all Hindus should become one, all Muslims should become one, and so on—and in this way huge pillars are being formed against each other. So where is the true integration in this?

It is a blessing to live according to the basis of one's own religion. Remain in your own religion. Man is a social being. But what was the purpose of joining these religions? It was, to know God. Only the soul can know God, so one must first come to know oneself. For this purpose, Ruhani Satsang was started in Delhi in 1950. After that I undertook three world tours: in 1955, 1963, and I returned from the third tour on January 3 this year. The purpose of these tours was just to bring home this fact: that man is one. At the level of soul we are all one, and He whom we worship is One—for everybody. *Hundreds of lovers but the Beloved is one for all; Religions and sects are separate, but the work is the same.* This is what I gave out during the tours. On the previous tours people attended the talks in hundreds, but on this last one they came in the thousands. Large halls were packed to capacity, including the galleries, lobbies, and balconies—the places were so full that frequently people would stand outside waiting. Talks were also given in churches. This science appealed to them very much. There are at present 209 actively working centers outside India and 80 centers working in India. Here Hindus, Muslims, Sikhs, Christians, and others come and, forgetting any differences, they feel and realize that a true unity links them all.

Side by side with the working of man making in Ruhani Satsang, a need was felt for man service and land service. For this it was considered necessary to build a hospital for free treatment of the poor and needy who cannot afford to pay for it. People with means can have treatment of their choice but for the poor this hospital has been started. Training for that part of man service which relates to man making commences in the womb of the mother, and after birth the child learns from its parents and is then further taught in schools and colleges. Finally man gets the true teaching by sitting at the feet of a competent Master-soul. I have designed a

new scheme for education wherein moral principles have been emphasized. We have started from the primary standard and it will ultimately be taken up to the university level. We will soon be getting land for that. The Father Home which you have today inaugurated has been started, in which the aged people who are poor and without help or support can live a life of peace in their last days, in remembrance of God. Those who have the means of supporting themselves can also live there. In the West, some countries provide old age pensions; it has become a necessity here also.

I have built no temple here for man making. We are all social beings and already live in social bodies. Temples, mosques and churches are all made in the image of man, in which are kept the two symbols of Light and Sound. God is Light and the Sound is vibrating. Go to any sacred building and there you will find the symbols of Light and Sound. So among these places of worship, which can be called the best?—for in them all these same symbols are kept. And they were made in the image of man, so how can one say this or that is better? *Never say that Kaaba is better than a temple, as in both something is kept to give the sweet remembrance of God; To me the human body is best, where the manifestation of God is visible.*

So man is the highest of all; and in man's form only does the Lord manifest. Here there is no temple then; just the earth beneath and the sky overhead. The true temple of God is the physical form that we carry about with us. Since the basic teachings of all religions are the same, we have started a library here in which will be kept the scriptures of all religions. I have written a book on the Naam, or Word, or Kalma, in which

The Governor receives a set of the Master's books

quotations from different scriptures are given; and also *The Crown of Life* which is a comparative study of the different systems of yoga. Apart from these I have written books on Saints and their teachings, and other books. There is intentionally no author's rights reserved for the publication of these, so that these teachings which are a gift of nature may easily reach everyone.

Along with the man service there is also a dairy farm for ample supply of milk; and everyone must have food, so there will be development of agriculture, too. All this work is increasing, and will reach full development soon. This is a short description of Manav Kendra's work, which is inspired by God. It is a great pleasure to have here with us elder brothers like your good self [*to His Excellency the Governor*]. All those brothers who have visited this place have realized the necessity of such an institution. Their good wishes are with us, and there will be help from God. I thank you all who have come to participate in this function today. It is all your work.

To Love and Serve

The address of H.E. Ali Akbar Khan The Governor of Uttar Pradesh

SANT KIRPAL SINGH JI MAHARAJ, my elders, and friends: I visit many institutions—colleges, research centers, and other organizations. When I observe that they are necessary for the country's progress, I am very concerned; for as far as I can judge, man is only interested in his label, talks only of his own religion; he has forgotten that which exists under the label—the soul and its humane nature.

No matter what may be one's religion or sect—Hinduism, Islam, Christianity, Sikhism, or other—what is the very life of these, and what is their true message? What message did the prophets and Masters give us? We forget all this. As Santji Maharaj has just said, they came to make a human being out of a human being. This can only happen when a man actually realizes that God does exist—call Him by any name you wish—and that we are all His children. It is our bounden duty if we have faith in God, that we should have faith in the brotherhood of man—irrespective of religion or sect—and we should consider all people as brothers and sisters. We should love and serve each other. This is what I am always seeking when I visit the different institutions.

It was my very good fortune from childhood to have ample opportunity of meeting and serving many Fakirs and Saints. Sant Maharaj Ji has very truly expressed that if there is any life in religion, it is this—to love and serve. I recite the words of Amir Khusro:

> *Enslaved to love am I, I have no need for musselmani* (his Muslim label)*;*
> *In each vein does His love flow.*
> *I have no need for sacred thread;*
> *These love-filled veins are my sacred thread.*

This means he does not need to wear his Muslim label—to express a mere outer show of religion.

So I seek a man who has love for

God and for all creation—the true expression of religion and not the outer part. This is the very essence of the ideals and culture of my country, which was strengthened by the great incarnations who came—like Rama, Krishna, Buddha, Khwaja Moinuddin Chisti, Kabir, Guru Nanak—all of whom are fragrant blossoms in the bouquet which is in India. Their teaching or message has been one—to live like brothers, have faith in the one God, and give service unto all. *Man was created for his compassionate heart*. He who has no compassion for his brothers, cares not for their suffering—can one term such a man as humane? It is a sin if one does not share the pain and difficulties of others. And if in the heart the thought arises, "that man is of another religion, why should I help him?" then this is a greater sin. In fact there is no greater sin than this, according to our religions. Every religion teaches us to love and serve one another; it has been said that to serve man one might even have to sacrifice one's life.

Santji Maharaj, I consider it a great honor to be here, and I thank you—for myself, and for the office I hold. I am indeed indebted to you; for you have established something which is needed, not only in this country, but all over the world: the school for the children, the hospital, the home for the helpless aged people who have no means of livelihood, which you have kindly allowed me to inaugurate—there is no greater service than to provide a home for those old people who have no one to care for them—I consider it my good fortune that I could come and obey your commands. I would like those unhappy people to come and gain happiness here. The credit for all this work goes to Santji Maharaj.

It would give much pleasure to spend many hours here—to listen to your words, and to talk to you; but the program is already scheduled, and at a certain time I have to be in another place, traveling there by train. Having seen your great love and your selfless service, I regret that I have not enough time to express those thoughts of good wishes that I would like. However, Santji Maharaj, believe me when I say that whenever you need me for this work of humanity—of increasing love and affection, of removing the differences among religions and bringing them all together, of bringing joy into the lives of the miserable, of serving the public in different ways—I am ready to obey your commands. I am truly happy and grateful.

Just see, there are so many people sitting here—are there any refreshments being served?—they have come out of love and respect from far and near, for the aim of this Centre is love and affection and service to humanity. This is why I wish sincerely that this Centre should succeed, and that through your guidance all good things may come out of it, that it may be a place in my country to which all suffering men should come to find happiness.

With these few words, once again I thank you for your love and your kindness, and for the noble work that you and your devotees are doing at this Centre. From my heart I thank you—and offer my deepest prayer for its success. May this grand endeavor succeed and progress day by day, to benefit my country and to further the service of mankind. *Jai Hind.*

The Vice-President accepts a basket of fruit parshad for his journey.

A Visit from the Vice-President

MANAV KENDRA wore a specially festive look on the harvest festival of Basakhi, falling on April 13 this year, to welcome the informal visit of His Excellency the Vice-President of India, Shri Gopal Swaroop Pathak. The Vice-President arrived at Manav Kendra at 10:15 a.m. and was received at the Master's residence by the Master Himself and members of the Managing Committee. The Vice-President, who was accompanied by Mr. R. K. Tripathi, the District Magistrate for Dehra Dun, relaxed for a short time in the Master's sitting room, and while refreshments were served talked with the Master and received a complete set of His books from His hands. It appeared that His Excellency had studied some of the Master's writings.

A tour of Manav Kendra followed, after which the Vice-President was conducted to the dais in front of the eagerly awaiting group of people who had been individually invited for the occasion. After the National Anthem had been sung by the ladies of the School for the Blind, an address of welcome (*Abhinandan Patra*) was read by Dr. M. M. Chopra, and a framed copy of the same presented to His Excellency. The Master then spoke briefly, outlining the work being done at Manav Kendra:

"From my student days I have taken a deep interest in man making, man ser-

vice, and land service. The highest of these is man making; then comes man service; lastly, land service. Regarding land service, there exists a principle that says to grow a blade of grass is more valuable than other patriotic endeavors.
. . .

"I have written a number of books, including one on yoga, which is a comparative study of the various systems and in which I have shown the benefit of that yoga which gives a direct first-hand contact of the soul with the Over-soul—because this inner path is for all and everyone must go through it, sooner or later. . . . In the image of this body, temples, mosques and churches have been made—dome-shaped, nose-shaped, forehead-shaped. This place, however, is called MANAV KENDRA, *meaning the place where man will be developed; and this is its work."*

When the Vice-President replied, he expressed his strong approval of the principles the Master is incorporating at Manav Kendra, and congratulated all those who are fortunate in being even a small part of such an important undertaking.

The National Anthem was sung to close the proceedings, and the Vice-President made his way to the waiting car. He was pleased to accept two baskets of fruit parshad from the Master, for his onward journey.

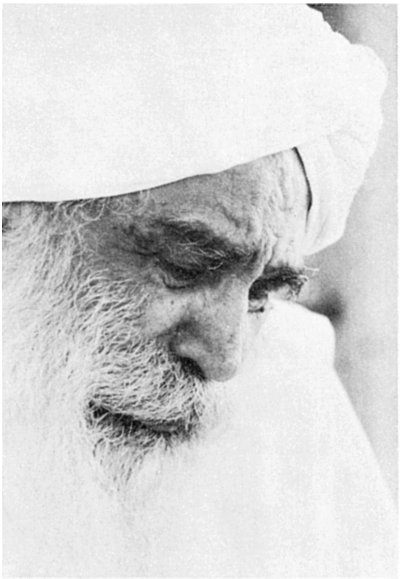
The Way to Serve God

The address of Hon. G. S. Pathak, Vice-President of India

VENERABLE Santji Maharaj, friends, ladies and gentlemen: I am very grateful to Santji Maharaj for inviting me here and giving me the opportunity to see the working of this institution with my own eyes, and to meet you all. The work that I have seen here has greatly impressed me. I think that in this age there is a great need for institutions of this kind. Santji has very rightly said that he has not built any temple here. The true temple is in the human heart. God resides in the heart of man, but if He has manifested in a certain heart, there is no greater good fortune than this, and never will be. Service to man is service to God—is the true and complete way to serve God. It would be our great good fortune if through our service to man we could influence the hearts and minds of people to change their ways and live a life of righteousness and truth. This cannot be done fully by command or by law—our lives cannot be changed completely like that. Our lives can only be changed when the change comes through the heart; when we come to know the true spiritual path of life.

It gives me great pleasure to see, especially in this age, that here a great effort is being made not only to protect and keep our moral discipline and culture, but to also improve and increase it—and I congratulate all those connected with this institution who, acting on the teachings of Sant Kirpal Singh Ji, are working for the ideals for which it stands. This is a very good example of showing one's patriotism to one's country—to reform one's life. There can be no greater work than to fill the hearts

(*Continued on page 22*)



THE MASTER'S TALK

What is True Darshan?

THE WORD *darshan* means literally "seeing." But the main thing, at the background, is: what motive? The motive may suggest something blessed; or quite the reverse. Masters came in the world, and those people also saw them who persecuted them, you see. And others drew benefit also, according to the degree of the motives within. If you see him as a man, at the level of man, if you see a learned man, you'll have that effect; if you see him as something higher in man. the spirit in man, you'll have that level, that thing. But "seeing" means when you and the other become one, through the eyes. Eyes are the windows of the soul, through which soul peeps out, radiates, with whatever intoxication it has. So, "seeing" means, to be quite cut off from all outside; you forget everybody else, no attention anywhere. Whole attention is seeing; where? Into the eyes, which are the windows of the soul. And if you are receptive, you'll have that.

A heart-to-heart talk given by the Master in Boston on Oct. 15, 1972.

So there is radiation of each man, I think. Those who are developed in a certain way, they have got radiation that way. And the word *darshan*, using the terminology of the Saints, is when two become one. No duality remains. You are not even aware of your own body. This is the point: you are a conscious entity; and the other is more conscious. So you will get more consciousness. It is the plate—now I use the word "plate" —on which you can have the Bread of

Life and the Water of Life. So as I told you, Word is made flesh; and the Word is radiated through the eyes, which are the windows of the soul. If you look into it, intently, minutely, so much so that you forget yourself, you can eat more of the Bread of Life.

Christ said, "I am the Bread of Life that is come down from heaven. Whosoever shall partake of it shall have everlasting life." And later on, he said, "Eat me and drink me." Eating and drinking comes how? By developing receptivity.

This is the true meaning of *darshan.* You can have suchlike bliss for a short period; that will give you more than you might expect in your meditation: there you will come in contact with the Light and Sound Principle, but here you will have by radiation—a boost, you see.

So *darshan* is one word; another is *pershan,* which is also used in the East. *Pershan* means "by seeing, go and be absorbed into it." Then comes the word *harshan*—I'm just quoting further. Then you become like a field that has just been watered—quite fresh, quite jolly, quite peaceful. When water is given to the fields it is just like *harshan.* So *darshan* does not mean only "seeing"; *darshan* means *pershan,* too. And *pershan* means *harshan,* also.

So whenever you come in contact with anybody, at whatever level he is, you'll have that thing. It is very dangerous, I may also point out to you, to look everybody in the eyes: whatever he radiates, you will have that thing—he may be worse than you, he may go higher. So never look into the eyes of others unless you are convinced that he is more than a man. If you see him as a man, he will give you manhood, from the level of man; nothing more he can give you.

So *darshan* helps a good deal; it is a sort of boost, an incentive. And I've seen men who, by "seeing," withdrew altogether. That is truly *darshan*—when you don't remain aware of the body, whether your eyes are open or closed. You invert, you rise above, you are in a state of conscious samadhi. The ultimate goal of *darshan* is that. Not simply sitting by him while the mind revels outside; that is no *darshan.* Or you judging whether he has good clothes on or bad clothes on; not that. You have to rise above body consciousness and also see him above body consciousness too. That "seeing" will come through the eyes. In that case you do get more, because you give more; and it will help you in your meditation, too. Have *darshan* and in that *darshan* be absorbed.

Generally, we use the word *darshan,* of course, but the meaning underlying, at the back of it, is like that. You can contact your soul with that soul—through the eyes. *Pershan* means, by seeing, you go into the eyes and contact that which is radiated from him. So if you look into the eyes of others who are imbued, excuse me, with worldly things, then you'll have that radiation. So it is always safer not to look into the eyes of others—not a whole lot—unless you can have *darshan* of someone of whom you are convinced that he is much better than you are, developed in a spiritual way. So *darshan* means that.

When you are developed, you forget yourself—even with your eyes, you are gone. This is the ultimate result of darshan; true darshan is like that.

Otherwise, all the world over sees the Master going around, coming round, talking like that, this and that thing. But the underlying principle at the back is devotion. Single-mindedness. Where two become one. I am not speaking of the physical body, but the soul which by radiation comes through the eyes, when the disciple comes face to face with the Master, eye to eye, and four eyes meet.

When the two eyes and two eyes meet, then really you get a boost.

Then you get into the very life which is radiated. This is really what *darshan* means. Have you ever forgotten yourself like that? I have seen many people like that, who were devoted: they were gone, although their eyes remained open. Because there was receptivity there. And the more receptive you are, the more benefit you can derive. "Seeing"—not "seeing"—"seeing" means "becoming," I would say now, and this is the word used: darshan. This is why Maulana Rumi says, *If you sit by a Saint for one hour, that will give you more than if you do penances for a hundred years.*

It is something like taking the burning fire from somebody. The other [penances] is just preparing—how to prepare the fire, start it burning. I think that becomes the great fortune of someone who develops that way. Man learns one third by word of mouth, two thirds by receptivity. So devotion is very much a necessity. As a student with his teacher, so is a disciple with his Master. The disciple just enters the grave of the Master—this is the word used in the East. And such a man has, I think, such a great thankfulness—gratefulness, I would say, to the Master, for that which you get from him. It is not mere teaching or lecturing, this or that; it is something substantial: this is the Bread of Life which is to be eaten—without teeth. [*Chuckles*] Soul eats that Bread, when you become wholly soul, devoid of all body and senses and everything. So such a darshan is the beginning of contacting that Power within him—a direct charge. And Masters, when they transfer their mission to another, they charge through the eyes. That's a gift of God, you see.

Daily meditation helps in that way; you become accustomed to withdraw your attention from outside and come up to the eye level. Such a man who develops that way, naturally he can derive more by coming above body consciousness. And that is the Bread of Life and Water of Life, or Nectar of Life. So when you have darshan, the best thing to do is to go into meditation; you'll have a boost like that. You come here, sitting, talking, here, there, looking all around—"Oh, there's the Master"—there is darshan and darshan, you see? a vast difference. This is really what is meant by, what in my mind I have come to know by, darshan.

Darshan is *pershan*—to come in contact, soul with soul. And that permeates the whole body. And when you have *harshan*, you become all drenched with the radiation that you get. There are stages. These things are not given in the books, that's a pity; references are given. So these the disciple develops. Therefore the physical presence of the Master is a necessity. But if one develops receptivity, he can derive that benefit even from thousands of miles away. Kabir says, if your Master is living the other side of the seven oceans and the disciple this side, direct your attention there, so much so that nothing remains between you and him.

You see, with radio, with television, you can see men and hear their voices. That has been proved scientifically; and this is spiritually. Science is going to prove certain laws of nature which arc hidden—not all that true religion has got, but many of them are coming up. Outer demonstrations will be given, like radio and television. So man is, what you say, a very perfect plant which can see God and talk with God. But tuning is required.

So physically I might be—because God takes work from everybody—I am also under orders, you see, not independent. So we are to depart tomorrow

morning physically; those who belong here, remain here.

So this is the lesson to be learned. And this will be perfected only when you are regular in your meditation—and also by weeding out all imperfections within you through the diary. By putting in more time in meditation, you will be helping yourself. Master is only pleased to see his children growing up. Every king wants his son to be a king, not a minister. Every Saint wants those coming after him to become Saints.

As you think, so you become. Thinking, not at the physical level, but spiritually. That Power is within you. You simply have to turn your face to Him. And that Power works all through. There is no space without it. You can attune yourself with it from thousands of miles. This is the main thing to be learned by meditation. And not simply sitting for half an hour, an hour, seeing light, and coming back. That is the way, of course; that will help you; but it is not all. Unless you develop that receptivity, it is not sufficient. That God-into-expression is everywhere. Where is it not? By sitting here, we have simply to link with that.

Physical bodies are the plants, you see. When the plant is quite clean, no dirt in it, then you receive the message—everything is clear.

For that, purity of heart is required. That is why sometimes Masters pray: "Oh God, I am grateful to You, because You have kept this secret from the worldly-wise and given it to the babes." Babes are very innocent. Christ said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." They're innocent; they're innocent, I say. If a man grows older and becomes innocent, what more is wanted?

And this *darshan* word—what it conveys is this: If you develop that way, well, you'll have wonderful progress. And in the outer way, just remain in contact. Just put in as much time as you can. And as you come in contact with that Power within you and everywhere, then you need outer guidance. Physically, man may be away; simply sit down and turn your face to Him, that's all. Cut yourself off from all outside, from the body too, and you'll derive the full benefit. The outward contact is simply to maintain diaries, which is also for self-introspection: criticize yourself as you would criticize others—don't spare yourself. All the shortcomings that come to your notice, put down and weed out. Only saying, "I am a sinner, I am a sinner," that won't do. Weed out. And also, side by side, develop spiritually by giving time. Two hours is the minimum, you see, that is enjoined: one tithe—two and a half hours. It is not binding that you should only stick to that much; the more you can give, the better.

I told you, in 1912 I knew a Muslim philosopher; he was a spiritual man, too. He used to come to me, and I also used to meet him. There were orders not to let anybody enter his house—strict orders. I was free, of course. I used to go and see him praying in the Mohammedan way for hours. So one day I questioned him: "Well, the Muslims have to say prayers five times a day, bow down, and stand up. But you go on for hours. Why?" He said, "Five times are enjoined; that each man should do. And more I do to earn His pleasure." If you want to earn the pleasure of God and God-in-man, snatch away as much time as you can, after you've attended to other duties which you have to perform; that is what is wanted.

Take these words to your heart and live up to them; you'll become wonderful, I would say—that's all I can say. If a father sees his son growing very

splendidly and wonderfully, then how proud he is. The teacher is proud of the student who gets very high grades; he is pleased to see his children rising in life. Similarly, Masters all say they are very pleased to see the people who are coming to him going higher. Our Master used to say, "If I succeed in taking one man to Sach Khand, I think my life will be crowned with success." Very proud, you see; that's giving life to the other. That life comes through the eyes; that's a gift of God, you see. He wants to give it; He likes many people to derive benefit from there.

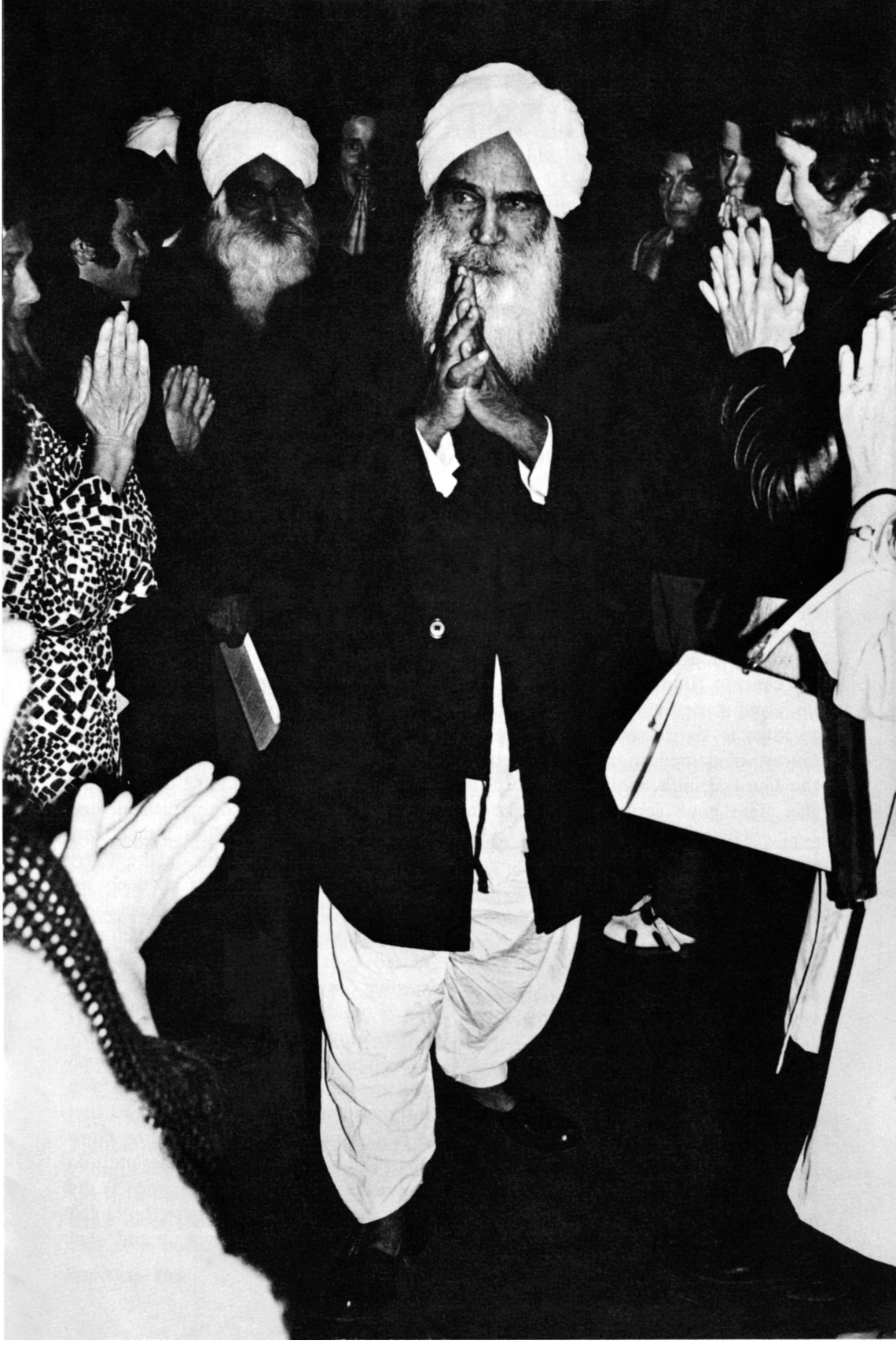
This is what I wish you to take to your heart and live up to it, the most you can; and more help will come at every step—from without, and from within also. Outwardly you must remain in contact; that is what is wanted. For contact are your diaries. Sometimes we think we are sufficient; we are not sufficient. Man learns and unlearns all through life. I hope you heard me there: I am still a student. Newton was a great man of knowledge—he discovered all these outer laws of nature—he said, "I am picking up pebbles on the seashore of knowledge." No Master ever boasts; he says, "It is His Grace working." He sees that higher purpose and becomes humble. Humility is the ornament of a Saint.

So these are the things to be learned. There may be chances of meeting again physically, but spiritually we are all one —only we are to just turn our faces and develop receptivity. This is what is wanted. Very interesting subject; scriptures speak of it. So to have knowledge is not sufficient unless that becomes a part and parcel of our life. No matter how much food we have to eat, only that much will help you which is digested. Otherwise you will become selfish, arrogant—"I know so much."

So something substantial has been given to you, with the grace of God and with the grace of our Master. The more you come into contact with that, the more you live up to that, the more Bread and Water of Life you will be given within, the more you'll derive benefit. By having that Bread, you see, nothing remains to be known. The Vedas say, "What is that, by knowing which, nothing remains to be known?" That satisfies our mind and everything.

So these are a few words I am just telling you. After this evening's talk is over—tomorrow we have to go, physically, after all; it is His orders. So don't forget it, I would say. He is within you. Try to live, develop receptivity in you, and remain in contact. Of course that adds to my work, but I gladly take it up. When I see you are progressing, what more is wanted? How much joy I'll feel when you have all become ambassadors. I wish you all to be like that. Then your duty also becomes something more: what Christ said to his disciples when he sent them around to tell people— "What you heard in your ears, speak from the housetops, to let people who are seekers know what is what."

So my wishes are with you all, one and all; I wish you progress. You see, Masters come, they work through disciples; that message is carried on from heart to heart. So in you I see a greater hope: you people have to take our places, you see. The ultimate goal is to have the Beatific Vision of God, that's all. And in no other body than the human body can we have that. Fortunate we are that we have the man body, and still more fortunate we are, that we have met with someone who has given us the Bread of Life—a contact, little or more —we are to develop it. And that development will come only when we keep His commandments.



THE STORY OF BACHAN SINGH

FROM CHILDHOOD I had a strong desire to find God. As a small boy I promised myself that one day I would meet God and I would put my arms around Him, and He would also hold me tight and I would say, "Hello God, who are you?" Those were childlike thoughts; but the desire stayed with me and when I grew into manhood I was still searching for God. Being a Hindu I frequented the temples and, with unswerving constant faith and sincerity of heart, offered my devotions to the various images installed there. Many years went by without any experience of God, who it seemed did not choose to come to me. Finally I thought that perhaps God did not come to Hindus, so I joined the Sikh faith and started attending the *gurdwara* to listen to the sacred words of the ten Gurus, contained in the holy book—the Guru Granth Sahib. The words of this great book served to increase my devotion, and I would listen, enrapt in the chanting of the verses. However, as time wore on and I was no nearer to the Truth, or any real experience of God, I began to suspect that God was not to be found in buildings. Although the Sikh religion had given me added incentive to desire God-knowledge, and had been the means of increased devotion growing in my heart through the beautiful words of the great Gurus, the words were just words after all, and I was still far from God. Once again my mind filled with confusing thoughts, so I stopped frequenting all holy buildings, concluding that there was no God anywhere.

Bachan Singh is a carpenter—a Satsangi—a disciple of Baba Sawan Singh Ji. He works in Sawan Ashram any time he is needed and accepts no payment. Sometimes he gets a strong urge or inner pull—in his own words "becomes helpless"—and makes his way to the Ashram, taking up any work required there.
Here is his story—how he came to the feet of his Master and various incidents in his life—as told to the SAT SANDESH *staff, reprinted from the February 1970 issue in response to many requests.*

Life was frightening, having no God. I felt alone and very bewildered. With no God and no Truth in the world, what was the purpose of living? These thoughts went round and round in my mind for days, until at last I decided that the best thing was to commit suicide and finish my purposeless life. I made my way to a deep well outside the town. Before making the jump I suddenly remembered that I had read somewhere that one should sit down quietly with closed eyes and think deeply before starting any important task; so I sat down beside the well, deep in thought. While in this position, I saw a smoky haze come in front of me, through which a figure emerged—a thin-faced man with a turban and white beard. I thought that it must be Guru Nanak (the first Guru of the Sikhs). He smiled at me and told me not to worry. When I opened my eyes, there was no one there, but I felt strangely at peace; so I got up and went

back to the city. Some days passed with out seeing any more of the beautiful figure, whose presence had given me a surge of hope within my heart; so I began to presume that it was not really a vision but a dream.

The thought of ending my life again arose and I resolved that the second time I would make the jump. As I reached the vicinity of the well once again, with my eyes open I saw the hazy mist coming and then the same figure of the bearded Saint appeared. This time he comforted me, telling me not to worry: "You will get what you want," he said; and with this he left me. Such demonstration of power before me, without even closing my eyes and sitting quietly, impressed me greatly and I felt that God was telling me that He really did exist. So I turned around and went home.

Some years went by without any further experience, and although my faith in God had been somewhat restored, I kept away from religious places. My work as a carpenter took me once to a building in Daryaganj, Delhi, where I was working on the first floor. A fellow carpenter was also working there and one day he said to me, "My Guru has come to Delhi, and he is going to hold Satsang on the floor above." I told him that I had no desire to go, but due to the loudspeakers I could hear the talks from where I was working. The sound of the speaker's voice and the nature of his talks were very attractive and seemed to draw me from inside myself. My friend was missing from work for four or five days and when he finally turned up I was a little annoyed and asked him why he had left the work without any warning. He told me that his Guru had taken the train to return to Beas, and he had suddenly jumped aboard also, to spend some more time near his Guru, and had therefore been staying in Beas. I told him that it was very strange that a man could leave his work to run after a guru, but my friend assured me quite confidently that his Guru was God Himself in human form. "How can you be sure?" I asked. "Because he gives practical experience and shows you the Truth inside yourself," replied my friend. A peculiar feeling filled my heart and I quickly asked him to describe his Guru. He then described perfectly the same holy figure I had seen some years before. "You must take me to him!" I said, full of excitement. My poor friend explained that he had just returned from there and could not afford another trip immediately; but when I offered to pay all his expenses, he would not hear of it. "What! Take another man's money to have the darshan of my Guru? Never!" He said he would gladly take me and pay his own expenses.

When we arrived at Beas station it was very hot and we had to walk a considerable distance to the Dera; and after a few minutes walking I began to feel sick with the heat. Just then a huge cloud came and obscured the sun's rays, and remained overhead until we reached the Dera. Satsang was going on, and there, seated on the dais, was the man whom by now had come to mean so much to my anxious hopes for the future. My desire to get near him was very strong. At that moment the rain started to fall in large drops. The Master stood up, saying that the Satsang would be postponed to enable the people to go to shelter. Everyone stood up, and I took the opportunity to push through the crowd until I was right at the front, very near the Master's feet. Suddenly the rain stopped, and the Master sat down again. All the people including myself sat down also, and the Satsang was resumed. Baba Sawan Singh Ji, the great Master who had appeared to me at the

most difficult moment of my life, looked directly at me and smiled; in that moment I knew that I belonged to him. That is how I met my Guru and was initiated there at Dera Baba Jaimal Singh, afterwards returning to Delhi a much happier man, having found that which I had been seeking for so long.

Regularly I would visit Beas to have the blessing of my Master's darshan. His private farm was at Sarsai, and the followers were delighted when they were allowed to visit there and help in whatever work was going on. We used to take one month's leave each year to spend there on occasions when the Master was in residence. This selfless service was done with great love in our hearts and an overflowing joy at being near him. During one visit I was spending my days doing some carpentry work, and in the night I would help with the building that was going on. One night we were building a high wall, and the Master was sitting in a chair nearby, watching the work. The kitchen bell rang suddenly and the Master advised us to go and have our evening meal. Everyone left, but I was anxious to complete the section I was working on, so I thought I would go in a few minutes' time. However, I went on laying bricks, and forgot everything else, until I realized it had become dark. I was on the top of a ten-foot high wall and there was no ladder to climb down. My head started to spin—if I slipped I would fall on the stones and probably break my neck. Some yards along the wall the height was only about six feet, and if I could get to that place, perhaps I could jump to the ground from there. Slowly, feeling very frightened, I walked along the wall, looking only at my feet that I might not lose my balance. Being so deeply engrossed in all this, I had not noticed that the Master himself was standing some distance away, watching my movements. As I started to walk, he also walked toward me. When I finally jumped from the six-foot wall I jumped right into the Master's arms, which were extended to catch me. He held me, and I was so surprised I was speechless. He smiled and said, "Now you can ask me who I am." My thoughts flashed back to my childhood, and I knew, deep in my heart, that my Master had always been with me.

I remember once when I was walking along the street in Sarsai I saw the Master's car traveling toward me. Baba Sawan Singh Ji was sitting inside and I folded my hands, delighted to have his darshan. The car stopped and the Master put out his hand to beckon someone. Although he was looking in my direction, I never imagined that he wanted to speak to me, so I quietly stood there. Again he gestured, and wondering who the person could be I turned round, but there was no one in sight. The realization dawned upon me that the Master was calling myself!—the life just left me and I trembled, thinking, "What have I done now?" The Master was waiting, so somehow I managed to push myself to the car. The Master said, "Bachan Singh, go to Delhi and settle down there. Do not live in your village any more. I am going to be in Delhi and there will be work for you there."

I left my village and went to Delhi. Not knowing anyone and having no money, I built a small temporary hut from mud to live in, and with my carpenter's tools I went from house to house looking for work. My efforts were successful and with my Master's grace I found plenty of work. Some people even trusted me with large sums of money to purchase wood. I would ask them, "Why trust me with so much money?—you do not know me, I might

steal it," but they would insist that it was all right. So with all the blessings from my Master, I prospered. We should be grateful for material blessings, but they have little value compared to spiritual things. Great sorrow came upon me when the news came from Beas that my Master had left the world. It was a blow that took the joy out of working and indeed from every phase of life. It was something that a person cannot describe.

Several months later I learned that Sant Kirpal Singh Ji, my Guru's most devoted disciple, had come to live in Delhi to carry on my Master's work. I went to Radio Colony where he was living to have his darshan. Naturally there were questions in my heart as I went—would that same Power be in him, as it was in my Master? Was he truly the appointed one to continue the great work of giving the holy gift of Naam to the seeking souls? From the first meeting I was given such strong assurance, that has never since been broken. While sitting at his feet, his face changed completely, and there appeared the face of my own Guru, Baba Sawan Singh Ji. I saw this not once, but many times.

Although I lived many miles from Radio Colony, I would go there every evening after my day's work, to sit for one or two hours with the Master. One evening for some reason the Master was very stern with all the people present, telling them to go to their work and not to while away so much time there. Pondering over the Master's words, I walked slowly to the gate, but on hearing my name I turned and saw the Master coming toward me. "Bachan Singh, come at 7 a.m. tomorrow, for there is some work for you." My mood changed at once to happy rejoicing, that the Master was not annoyed with me, but had actually called me for some work. The next day I arrived at his house sharp at 7 a.m. and the Master was waiting. He climbed on his bicycle, telling me to do the same, and I followed him, cycling for about four or five miles across a wilderness, which nowadays is fully built up. Eventually we came to a plot of wild land near a railway line. There waiting were four or five other people and we all went around the plot to inspect it. There was an old well in one corner in a half-ruined condition, and a bucket and rope beside it, which presumably some people were using to draw water for washing clothes, etc. One of the disciples picked up the bucket, cleaned it with water and clay and drew some clear water from the well. After standing it on the side of the well he folded his hands to the Master and requested that the Master please quench our thirst. Straight from the bucket, the Master poured water into our cupped hands; and one can say that this was the very first blessing from the Master upon the future Sawan Ashram site—that very place where he would quench the thirst of ages for many thousands of souls.

The work began soon after that, clearing the plot, cutting unwanted bushes and trees. The willing devotees carried clay on their heads to level out the surface. I am reminded of one instance when the Master himself picked up an empty basket and put it in front of those who were filling up. But they all folded their hands in protest, saying, "No, no, Maharaj Ji, not you." The Master asked, "Is there no one who will obey, and fill up this basket for me?" I was there, and I stepped forward. "Yes, I will obey," and I filled it up, pressing down the mud until it was overflowing. Then with difficulty I lifted it up and placed it on the Master's head. Folding my hands together, I said, "Maharaj Ji, you can take any

burden!" The Master laughed and walked away with the basket.

Many people came to serve, and the Master gathered them around and said, "I do not want people who are conscious of their wealth. I only want the poor and humble. Those who work will have to forget their homes, clothes and money and come in humility as a poor man. This is the kind of work I want." It was very beautiful to see men and women, sometimes coming in cars and wearing expensive clothing, but not caring at all, bending their backs to the muddy work. Everyone had smiling, soil-streaked faces as they blended the work with joyful singing of holy hymns. Those were very wonderful days, not easily forgotten. I worked there day and night. I had Rupees 100 when we started, which I spent gradually, on myself and others, so I borrowed 100 more, and that went too. The news reached me that my hut had blown down in a storm, so I had no home, little clothing and no money; but inside me there was a deep sense of happiness and well-being from the privilege of working near the Master.

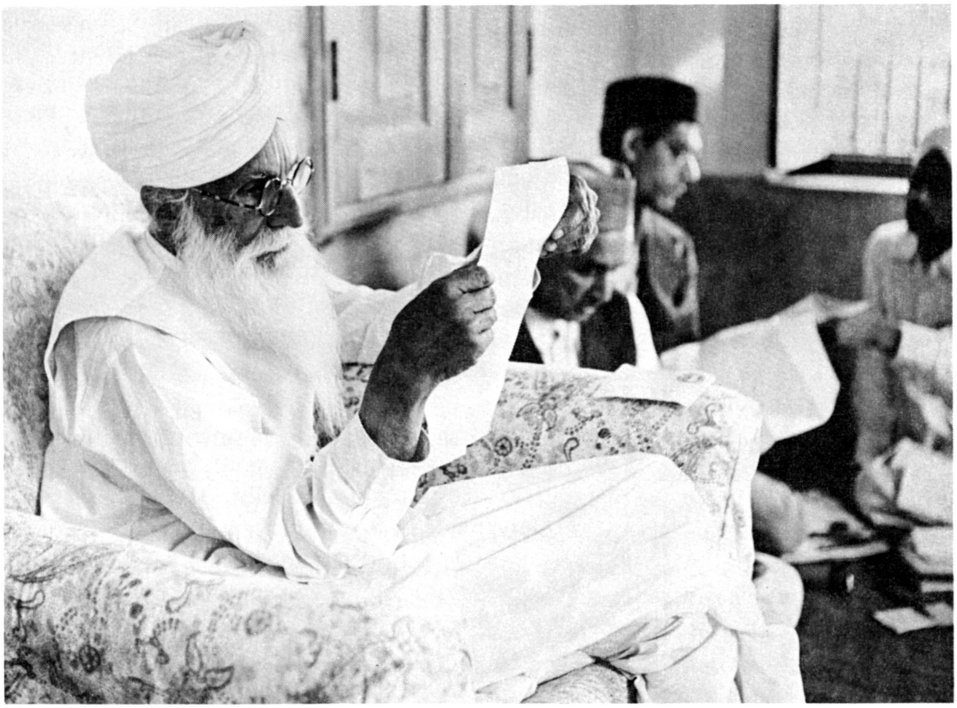
In those days there was a small group of people who were against the Master starting an ashram and were trying to break the satsangis away through various means. They came to me frequently, and repeated many times that the Master was not Baba Sawan Singh's true follower, but was instead the negative power. After many attempts in vain, they almost convinced me one day, and I began to wonder about it. However, I thought that before making up my mind I should go to the Master once more. Arriving at the Ashram, the building of which was now basically complete, I saw the Master standing there as if awaiting me. He looked at me as I approached, and suddenly I could go no further; for there standing behind him was my Master, Baba Sawan Singh, and behind him was Baba Jaimal Singh Ji. Baba Sawan Singh Ji looked at me significantly, and putting his hand on Kirpal Singh's shoulder he said to him, "This is all yours; you have to look after many souls." I saw Sant Kirpal Singh Ji fold his hands and bow down to his Master, saying, "Whatever you wish." With deep sadness I realized how foolish I had been to allow people to influence my thought, and faith in the Master. Many many times have I had this wonderful experience of seeing my Master appear with Sant Kirpal Singh Ji. I have never told these things to anyone, but today I feel there is some purpose in doing so. I pray that I will always be grateful to my Master and to the present Master for the kindness, love and protection they have showered upon me.

The Vice-President's Visit

(Continued from page 11)

and minds of the people with patriotism. I congratulate you [*indicating the Master*] that you have taken this great work in your hands. In this work of man service there can be no distinction of caste and creed, of countryman and foreigner, and I am pleased to see that the branches of this Kendra are not limited to India alone, but have spread to other countries also. This proves that all mankind is one, irrespective of caste, creed, country, and nationality. God, the Creator of mankind, is One—and to serve God can also mean to serve him who was made in His image.

I thank you all, and I congratulate you all—that you are connected with such a pure and important work. *Jai Hind.* Thank you.



Hazur Maharaj Baba Sawan Singh Ji (1858-1948)

Glimpses of the Power of Hazur

Selections from Father and Son *by H.C. Chadda*

ONCE HAZUR visited the city of Rawalpindi (now in Pakistan). While the train on which Hazur was returning from Rawalpindi was still standing in the railway station, an old Muslim man was buying grapes on the platform nearby. The Muslim happened to look up while paying for his grapes and he saw the radiant face and the snow white beard of the Master sitting in the train. He marveled and exclaimed, "Heaven! Heaven! What a light of God!" In his desire to be closer, he was drawn immediately to the side of the railway car, and addressing Hazur through the window, he said, "Please accept these grapes, Maharaj Ji." The Master smiled at him and merely touched the proffered grapes, saying, "Oh, I have gotten them." In the same moment the conductor whistled for the engineer to start the train, and the old Muslim had to jump clear of the moving train. This

We are grateful to T. S. Khanna and Charles Fulcher for translating from the Urdu these glimpses of Baba Sawan Singh's majesty. The book from which these selections were taken, written by the Editor of the Hindi and Urdu editions of SAT SANDESH, *is based on the recollections of the living Master Kirpal Singh.*

was their first and only meeting.

The old Muslim returned to his home village of Mataur. He caused quite a stir of interest among his family members and friends by recounting to them the deep impressions that he had felt when he had seen and spoken to such a radiant personality so briefly in Rawalpindi. He was positive that he had never before seen or heard of the like of such a man in all the world. It so happened that a Mr. Parmanand and a Sardar Balwant Singh and some other initiates of Baba Sawan Singh also lived in the same village. Upon hearing the account of the old Muslim, S. Balwant Singh inquired of him as to whether he might have seen "Guru Maharaj." The old Muslim was puzzled by the reference until he was shown a picture of Hazur. When he saw the picture, he immediately acknowledged, "This is the one I saw!"

About a year later, the old Muslim was stricken and about to die. He sent for S. Balwant Singh, and told him, "Your Master has come, and he tells me that he will take me." He had seen and spoken to Hazur only once; yet his soul was taken care of by the Master at the time of death. What a blessing!

* * *

Another time the Great Master was traveling on the express "Frontier Mail" train, which goes at least 40 miles per hour between stops. Along the right of way there happened to be a man riding a camel. This camel rider looked up at the passing train just in time to see Hazur looking out of the window of his compartment! Who can say what passed between them during this instant?

Death came to this man too, after four years had passed; and he said, "The brilliant and radiant form of Hazur has come. I saw His reflection once before in a passing train." So even a glance from a perfect Master cannot leave you unaffected.

* * *

At the time of the creation of the country of Pakistan, many people came to Hazur whose family members had been killed, or who had been robbed or financially ruined, and could not be comforted. But Hazur would raise His hand and utter the few words, "Don't worry; the Lord will give you more," and these simple words would serve as a balm for their broken hearts.

* * *

It happened that once Hazur was holding Satsang in Delhi. After the Satsang, a lady in the audience rose to her feet with folded hands, and began to weep profusely. Hazur inquired kindly, "What is the matter, Bibi?" She responded, "True Emperor, I am a great sinner. My life has been very dirty. What could you see in my heart that caused You to manifest within me? During the Satsang, You gave me darshan of Your luminous Form within. But I am a sinner and not fit for that great privilege." Hazur replied, "Now that the luminous Form of the Master has come within you, please consider your body as existing for my sake and keep it clean."

* * *

The branches of a tree that is laden with fruit are always bowed down toward the earth. Likewise, humility is the ornament of all true Saints. Therefore, notwithstanding the fact that a true Master is the living human pole ("Word made flesh") where God expresses Himself in the world from time to time throughout history, still the Master will be heard to say that He Himself is a sinner: a servant of all.

Sometimes, if the Master is left undisturbed by questions so that He can speak in accord with His own will and pleasure, he will give hints about himself

and direct references as to what he is. For if he did not, how would those of us who live constantly at the level of the mind, intellect, and physical senses, be aware of the possibility of spiritual development? Maharaj Kirpal Singh Ji has mentioned the following incident in several Satsangs:

"Once during the night Dr. Julian Johnson and I were both sitting at the feet of the Great Master Sawan Singh. There was nobody else present. Dr. Johnson asked Hazur whether a disciple should ask for anything from the Guru. Hazur replied: 'The disciple asks at all times and continually; he will ask for one thing or another from the manifold gifts of the Guru.' Then silence prevailed for a while. The Master commented: 'When we (Masters) come into the world, we bring our own working staff. When the work is completed at one place, we are sent to another place.' "

This is an amazing fact: that the Master comes into the world completely prepared. But the proof of this is evident at every step in the life of Hazur. One must admit that there was something in Hazur, which Baba Jaimal Singh left Beas to search for in the Murrie Hills. There was also an incident which occurred when Hazur was working as a subdivisional officer. Speaking of it later, he said, "One day I was coming along to report for my official duty when I smelled a beautiful fragrance. I proceeded farther along the road and saw a fakir who was emitting the fragrance of his spiritual radiation. When he noticed me, the mystic smiled and said, 'You have come.' ". . . Hazur's power was such that arrogant outlaws bowed before him, and learned intellectuals became like school children.

Once a blind philosopher named Kartar Singh, who was considered an intellectual giant and able to defeat anyone in a debate, came to the Satsang of Hazur. The Master invited him to sit in the front of the Satsang, where he listened very attentively to Baba Sawan Singh's marvelous words. After the Satsang, he told the Master, "Maharaj, I am one who has defeated many in religious disputations at large conferences, and those I have defeated have never returned. But today is my first day at your Satsang, and I am sitting here like a child in elementary school."

Dr. Julian Johnson (M.D.) went from the United States to India to meet Baba Sawan Singh. He told Hazur, "Once I came to India as a missionary; but now I have come to sit at Your Feet." Dr. Johnson remained for many years at Hazur's feet, and wrote several books while in India. Master Sawan Singh wanted Dr. Johnson to return to America to let others know about the Path. But Dr. Johnson could not bring himself to leave . . .

There was a murderous outlaw named Udham Singh, who used to threaten many of the dear ones who would come to Hazur's Satsang. It so happened that Udham Singh himself came by chance to the Satsang of the Master. He became conscious of his wrongdoing as he heard the Master talking. After that, he would put a piece of cloth in his mouth and proceed to praise Master Sawan Singh continuously for three or four hours. Hazur would ask him to please stop; but the former outlaw would rise with folded hands and address Hazur, saying: "True Emperor, my tongue has criticized you very much. I was just now washing the dirt from it by speaking Your Holy Name."

Many people who had derogatory things to say about Hazur because of hearsay would eventually come to the Satsang to hear him speak. Hearing him, they would realize their mistake and ask

him for forgiveness. The merciful Hazur would reply, "What you have said has not reached me," and would cast a glance of loving forgiveness and sympathy upon them.

In the company of a true Sadhu, even the man who criticizes will be liberated.

In the Court of the True Saints, all are forgiven. The Master liberates the people of this world from the bondage of their sins. In this liberation of the soul, there is no consideration of "Who is a sinner?" or "Who is righteous?" from the standpoint of worldly values. There were quite a few former outlaws, like Bidhi Chand, in the congregation of Guru Arjan. A complaint was lodged with the King that Guru Arjan had robbers in his Satsang. When the King asked him about it, the Guru replied, "They might have been robbers once, but now they are Mahatmas."

Hazur used to say with His Holy Tongue that the washerman gets different kinds of dirty clothes to wash; but he never refuses to wash them because they are too dirty! That is his work in life; he is a professional. He knows there is whiteness in the cloth, and he will bring it out—in one, or if necessary more, washings.

There is another instance of a robber on whom the Great Guru Hazur showered unlimited grace. This robber was running from the police. He came to the colony at Beas for refuge, and stood in the courtyard of Hazur's residence. He became extremely thirsty, and felt as though his throat was drying up, so he asked for water from Gandhi, the Master's personal attendant. As he began to drink, Hazur appeared at the window and gave darshan. Their eyes met. On seeing the godly beauty of Hazur, the robber bowed down and saluted the lotus feet of the Master. Some time later, when the way was clear, the poor man slipped away.

When the time came for this robber's death, he told his family that there was a tremendous argument within. The angel of death was saying that he would take the soul of the robber. But the Mahatma whose reflection he had seen only once in Beas said that the soul belonged to Him: "This man came to my shelter and I will not leave him." The angel of death was helpless before the Great Master and gave up.

Whoever comes under our shelter,
we embrace him.
This is the characteristic of the Swami.

* * *

Naam is not the Five Words; these can be given by any young girl at a spinning wheel. It is a question of protection and spiritual capital. . . . Once someone told Hazur that a certain person had overheard the Initiation instructions. He replied, "If a dog walks through a cotton field, does he come out wearing a suit? Naam is a matter of the attention; it is not words." Hazur used to say, "When the Guru gives Naam, he resides with the initiate. He will not leave the disciple until he reaches the lap of the Supreme Father."

The Master is within the disciple, even in the rivers, in jungles, and in barren places. Even at the time of death He does not leave him, but guides the soul on the spiritual planes. The disciple may leave the Master, but the Master will never leave him. Several times people said to the Master, "Please take back your Naam." But Hazur would reply: "Naam once given is never taken back. You may leave, but I will never leave you."

Once there was a happening with Bibi Hardevi. When telling this story, Hazur would look at Bibi and laugh, addressing her as "wife of a gentleman" (Hazur called learned and rich people "gentlemen").

Once Bibi went to see the Master by railroad and got off at the Beas station. The train was late, and it was about 11:30 p.m. The way at night was dangerous. She called on the Satguru's Name and started off all alone in the dark night, placing a bundle of her belongings on her head. Her shoes were pinching her feet, so she removed them and wrapped them around her waist.

The night was dark, and she saw no one around for miles. When she reached a canal under construction, she saw some people moving nearby with loads on horseback; but she was absorbed in her mind and kept on going. She went on some distance, and then saw that ten or fifteen people on horses had crossed the road and dismounted, blocking her way.

Just then she saw the Great Master Baba Sawan Singh appear and begin walking with her. The Master told Bibi to give her load to Him. Bibi said, "No sir. Why should you take the trouble to carry the load for my head?" As the two walked, they could hear the horsemen behind them, calling out. Bibi asked what it all meant. Hazur told her to keep going. When they arrived at the Dera, the small gate was open and the main gate closed. Hazur called the watchman, but by the time he came, the Master was gone.

It was one o'clock in the morning. Bibi asked where Hazur was; the watchman said that he was resting in his apartment. She did not want to disturb the Great Master, and bowed her head at the door of his house. She had just turned to leave when Shadi (Master's personal attendant) called her and said that Hazur was waiting for her. Bibi bowed down before Him. The Master told her to touch her ears (a gesture of repentance after mischief) "for having come alone in the nighttime. Do you know that those people were robbers and would have attacked and plundered you? I had to walk all along with you." At this Bibi became very frightened and grabbed the Master's blessed knees.

* * *

The wife of a loving satsangi of Hazur, Hem Chander Bhargwa, asked the Master to give her a boon. Hazur told her that she would have it. But she insisted on receiving it instantly. The Master said, "all right," and opened up the Sound Current for her. It was so loud that she could not bear it. She begged Hazur to stop it; but the Master said, "Saints do not take back the boon they grant. Put your soul into the Sound."

My Master says,
Leap into the Sea of Spirit
immersing yourself completely . . .
Hear the Roar of GOD'S WORD
and become ONE WITH HIM . . .

ASTRA

Helping Each Other Find God

Tracy Leddy

"CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME."

THERE WERE ONCE two companions, a man and a woman, and they loved each other truly. At one time in their long life together, the woman received a summons, an imperious call to begin a long, long journey to a Place Far Away. The One who called her was waiting for her there; He would send His two servants, Light and Music, to guide her on her way. The woman started off; she had no choice. She loved both music and light and she knew that she was going to love the One who called for her more than all the world. The man, however, had received no call. Nor did he understand anything about the One who called or about His two servants, Music and Light. But, because he loved the woman truly, he decided to accompany her on her journey.

Immediately, difficulties arose between them. The woman became so intoxicated by the prospect of the journey and by the two guides and became so involved in her own dreams of what awaited her in the Place Far Away that she sorely neglected her companion and eventually, because her mind was such, she began to consider him a positive impediment on the way. The man, in turn, became very angry. It seemed he was losing his beloved companion to something he understood nothing about. He began to say wounding things to her; he began to try to pull her back from making the journey. But she would look behind her and start in terror; to her eyes nothing was there—an empty space, an airy mist. For her the road opened only before her; there was no going back. They quarreled bitterly. The man threatened to leave. The woman pretended not to care but her heart was heavy within her all the same. She resolved to continue on, even if she were left alone.

The author says, "We all know this story could have been written either way"

Then the One who had sent for her from the Place Far Away appeared before her in a vision. His beautiful face was very stern and by His manner she knew He was far from pleased. "What are you doing, traveling alone?" He asked the woman. "Have you no companion?"

"I had one," she whispered, awestruck at the sight of Him and terribly frightened at having so displeased Him, "but he went away."

"Go back to him, then," He told her abruptly. "The needs of your companion come first. Make him happy and then you may continue the journey. All you have to do is love him. And remember, the more you grow in love for each other, the more you will grow in love for me." And He was gone.

Filled with remorse for all her wrongheadedness and filled also with the desire to obey the One who had sent for her at any cost, the woman hastened back to where the man sat, dreaming by a river. "I haven't been able to see you very well for a while," she said softly, "I'm so sorry I hurt you; I've had such blinders on. I think they're gone, now." She went and kneeled at his feet and looked up into his face. "I still love you truly," she said. The man looked down at her, his brow darkened with pain. "I don't believe you," he said. "You'll have to

show me. Only time will prove the truth—or falsehood—of what you say."

And they began their life together once more. The woman knew that somehow she was still on the journey, but she went nowhere and the man became increasingly trustful and content. If the woman did occasionally lapse into her old dreams, the man snatched her out of them, sometimes angrily, sometimes sorrowfully. "We must always be completely open toward each other," he told her. "I need you to be here with me, not off in a dream." Often she cried in a curious combination of pain and thanksgiving; it seemed she was far from her journey to see the One whom she had come to love more than all the world, and yet she understood that her companion was helping her to make the journey by forcing her to obey His wishes. And she wanted to obey; even when her foolish mind rebelled, her heart wanted to obey. The woman understood that she did not get away with anything. If she faltered at all, the man was there to chastise her, to demand changes, to push her forward again.

This process went on for some time. As the woman's attention became more and more focused on her companion and less and less focused on herself, the realization came to her that her companion was none other than the One who had sent for her Himself, in another form, and she was overcome, overwhelmed with feelings of thankfulness for such a great gift; without her companion, she could not have begun the journey at all. And if she had, she would have made many wrong turns, often unwittingly, without him. Over and over again it was his criticism, his perception which kept her on the main road. All his prodding and pushing had been to open her up to the true beginning—passage through the first gate—to find the One standing there, arms outstretched, His face streaming rays of love and joy.

"I've brought her," says the man.

"You've done well, my son," replies the One. "Now, each of you take one of my hands; we will make the rest of the journey together."

TWO PEOPLE *are brought together by the unseen Hand of God. Whom God unites, let no earthly power disunite. You are one soul in two bodies. Be like one candle light; be the same light in two forms. If one is asked a question, both should give the same answer. This can be done by those whose hearts are together.*

This beautiful union on the physical plane is, as yet, only a glimpse of the higher Union, the everlasting Marriage between the soul and God.

In the course of the householder's life, one does make mistakes. What should we do when we make a mistake? We should better organize our householder's life. Guru Amar Das gave his daughter three principles for her conduct in life:

If you make a mistake, confess it; a dispute only arises if we proudly toss our heads.

After a mistake has been made, whatever instructions are given, they should be followed.

Abide by the Will of God in pain and pleasure.

If we follow those three principles, all of the worldly duties are fulfilled.

Have a sweet tongue to speak softly and kindly. The husband will be pleased and will act according to the wife's wishes. A tongue filled with humility is the essence of all attributes.

God has united us in marriage, and He is the only One who can dissolve the marriage.

FROM A DISCOURSE BY KIRPAL SINGH

Translated by T. S. Khanna

COMMENTS & NOTICES

JUDGING FROM LETTERS we receive from time to time, the purpose of Satsang in the Master's system is often misunderstood. Fundamentally, it is an instrument to aid remembrance—"a sacred forum," in Master's words, "where all meet to sit in sweet remembrance of the Master as well as to increase their understanding." Satsang, in other words, is primarily a *remembering meeting*, where the truth of inner experience is reinforced through the outer senses—one of the three pillars of the Path, along with the daily spiritual practices and self-introspection. It is "not"—again in Master's words—"a place for gossip or social get-togethers." . . . "social chit-chat" is to be "avoided" . . . "when Satsang is finished, everyone should leave." (quoted from *Receptivity*).

These instructions do not always appeal to everybody; but once we understand that, like Master's other instructions, they are not arbitrary fiats handed down to make us unhappy, but are helping factors on the Path, then how can we not follow them?—not because we are forced to, but because we love the One who asked us to do it. The following passage (from the discourse "Change Your Habits Now" in the February 1971 SAT SANDESH) explains the matter:

So your purpose in coming to Satsang is to imbibe the love of God, to sit in His sweet remembrance, to unite with Him. All things past and future, all irrelevant matters, can be dealt with in your own place of residence. Come, but come with the very best of intentions. Bring the remembrance of the Lord with you, and take it with you when you leave. Do not listen to others' conversations and do not talk to anyone unless it be about the Truth. You will thereby gain full benefit from Satsang—otherwise the years will pass by without any real advancement.

Even though you may not understand all that is said, yet if you sit with full attention you will profit by it. If your thoughts are somewhere else, not only will you lose, but other people will also be affected by the impure atmosphere you are creating, for thoughts are living and possess great power. Regard the Satsang as a place of purity; do not talk or think of anything but God, and whosoever attends will be blessed by the uplifting atmosphere. We do not go to Satsang to meet our friends or to socialize.

Since Satsang is primarily a remembering meeting, then the content of the Satsang is of the first importance. On this subject, Master has said (in a letter to an initiate, first published by the New York Satsang):

Books written by the Master should be read in the Satsangs, as these give a clear-cut view of the subject, as also carry the life impulse of the Master and as such will bless the dear ones with right understanding of the Holy Path. Relevant portions of the books of other Masters, viz., Kabir, Nanak, Christ, etc., dealing with Sant Mat, Surat Shabd Yoga, may also be referred to where necessary. Books written by other writers on these may be studied by you if necessary individually at home, and not at Satsangs.—Please follow this scrupulously.

Of course, material written by disciples which accurately conveys something of the love and power of the Master and therefore helps in remembering is not forbidden; Master specifically approved the reading at Satsang of SAT SANDESH articles of this type during a Question

& Answer session in Anaheim last November; as He pointed out at the time, many of those articles are gone over by Him personally. But it is obvious that the great majority of the content of any Satsang should be Master's own words; that's only common sense.

* * *

Stephen Cummings has sent a remarkable excerpt from *East West Journal* (April 1973) regarding the experiments of Cleve Backster, the man who first hooked up a plant to a galvanometer and observed that the readings he took corresponded to his own thoughts about the plant:

"Acting on a whim, he [Backster] hooked up an egg to the polygraph. After an hour recording time, Backster was examining a graph of what seemed to be a heartbeat of an embryo chick, three to four days old, the cycles indicating a 170 beat/minute frequency.

"This egg, though, was non-incubated, unfertilized, fresh from the grocer. Microscopic analysis revealed no physical or circulatory structure which should account for the pulsations . . .

" 'Is there,' Backster wonders, 'an "energy form blueprint" providing a rhythm and pattern about which matter coalesces to form organic structures—a force field that [Western] technology hasn't . . . known to exist? Does the "idea" of an organism precede its material development? Perhaps this is evidence for what the Bible and Plato say: In the beginning was the Logos—the structuring principle or thought form of the entity to be.' "

Notices

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GOD POWER/CHRIST POWER/ GURU POWER

This 16-page pamphlet, the Master's Christmas talk in 1963, in which he goes very deeply into the "mystery of Christ," has been reprinted and will be available soon, at 25 cents apiece, from Sat Sandesh Books, Sant Bani Ashram, Franklin N.H. 03235, U.S.A.

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