

*The  
Pangs  
of  
Separation*



Sat

sandesh

the  
message of the Masters

*March 1972*



# Sat sandesh



March 1972

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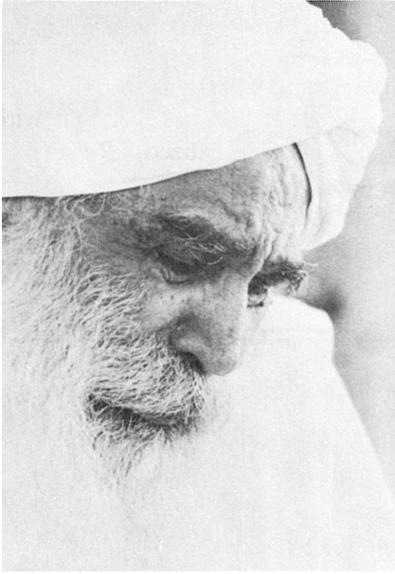
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# THE MASTER'S TALK

## *Who Is High, Who Is Low?*

YOU ALL PROBABLY KNOW that this land has at last been acquired after eight years of trying to get replacement of the land that was requisitioned by the Government. Today Satsang is being held here for the first time — by God's grace and Baba Sawan Singh's mercy this teaching is increasing daily, and more space is needed to accommodate everyone, so from today onwards the Satsangs will be held here. There is soft sand and natural canopy of trees to form shadows, under which to sit in protection from the heat and direct sunshine. I have noticed that even on the hottest day this place is not as hot as others. Trees and water are two of nature's invaluable blessings.

The Satsang held here is not the monopoly of any special religion or sect. It is the basic teachings of all religions.

Coming into the human birth Man is a social being, and must have some social body to live in. There are more than seven hundred different faiths and sects, and if anyone feels that all outer religious symbols and customs should be the same, it is not possible, mainly due to climactic differences and social rites.

Someone once sought to trap Christ by questioning him about paying taxes, but he requested that a coin of the local currency be brought forth. Showing them the coin, he asked them whose image and name was inscribed upon it, and they said, "Caesar's." So Christ replied, *Render therefore unto Caesar the things which be Caesar's, and unto God the things which be God's.*

So whatever labels are stuck on your physical form, allow them to remain, and keep your own faith, language, sym-

bols and customs. The soul however is of the same essence as God, and we are all His children. The soul therefore belongs to God — give it to Him.

Principally, two things are taught here: one is that the soul must realize God, and the other that before realizing the Truth, man must come to know himself in truth. The words of the sacred scriptures were uttered by those who had realized the Truth, in whose names the religions were formed. All have said that the human's highest aim is to realize the Lord, the accomplishment of which is only possible while in the human form. So to have the human form is a great blessing, and everyone should take up this noble aim with strong purpose of heart.

All the different faiths were formed after the advent of some great soul, and whoever met those souls and received their grace, realized the Truth and tasted the Nectar of the Lord. At the time of these great souls leaving the world, the schools and colleges or religions were made to keep their teachings fresh and active. These are the badges which we now wear. While the God-realized souls were here the people were benefited, but after they left, due to want of practical people and the start of paid preaching, the schools of thought which were founded with noble purpose began to stagnate — and then deterioration set in. But Master-souls continue to come, to revive the Truth. We are all worshippers of the same Lord, and all are His children. Kabir says, *Soul is of the same essence as that of God.* God may have thousands of names by which He is remembered, but we, as mankind, are alone. *The caste of Man should be accepted as one.* Were we not all born in the same way? Outwardly and inwardly all men have been made similarly

although of course we are not the physical form. We have got a physical form. So from all the eighty-four million species of beings, the human being is the emperor, and the greatness of that human form lies in the fact that within it God can be realized. *Receiving this human form, it is thy turn to meet God.*

What an unspeakable blessing! The time has come to realize Him at last. It is thy turn to meet God. It is also said *All these actions will not really help you*, so having been born in the human form, is there anything else to do? Remember this: that your life's pattern is due to the give and take from past lives' actions. These things should be finished up, and you should return to your true home. So how should we use this human life? *Keep the Sadhu's company and repeat only the Naam.* Who is the Sadhu? Though God is in every being, and the Sadhu is born like us, yet there is a special greatness in him. *My Lord is in each being, no place is without Him; but I sacrifice myself for that form in which He is manifested.* God manifests Himself in this world — in the form of the Sadhu. He is in all, but He is not apparent in all. So the manifested God-in-Man is very necessary — one who can withdraw our attention from external and mundane things and raise it above the senses, and then rejoin us back to God, who already resides within us. *Rejoin me back to God — anyone!*

Is anything else required to become reunited with the Lord? Sadachar (righteous living) is most essential. The mind that is running amuck in bad outer influences must be brought to heel; only then can any real progress be achieved. Our greatest obstacle is that the soul is under the mind's control, and mind in turn is under the senses' con-

trol. So release from this bondage is hastened by living righteously. When they asked Zoroaster what the qualifications were for returning to God, he replied, "Righteousness." They then asked him what righteousness consisted of, and he said, *Good thoughts, good words, and good deeds.* Like the Masters, we should think of the good in all people, and have concern for the upliftment of all. *O Nanak, the Naam perpetuates; Through Thy grace the whole world benefits.* Guru Nanak prayed, *Peace be unto all the world, under Thy will O Lord.*

So Masters in every age have taught the same teachings including that one should lead one's life in a pure and chaste manner. *Bloodstained clothes are impure; Where then is the peace in squeezing human blood?* No one feels like keeping bloodstained clothes, and considers them impure; but what about the people who squeeze the very blood of others for their own selfish gain? How can there possibly be peace in their hearts? The world is stuck fast in untrue things. *O Nanak, to take God's Name, purify your heart.* We have also, *When the mind is dirty, everything is dirty; Washing the body does not cleanse the mind.* Also, *This world forgets all in the depths of illusion — very few unravel the mystery.* People are going along in a great forgetfulness. Live in your own religion, but lead a pure and chaste life, for this is necessary to realize the Lord. *Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.*

The physical form is also part of the illusion, and another name for illusion is forgetfulness. Where did it all start? It started when we came into the body, for though we were the indweller, we became the very image of the body itself, and forgot our true nature. The

machinery of the body works only because we are in it; but unfortunately we are slaves to the senses, and so in such condition have become tainted with all the world's worst influences. *This illusion started from the body which we got colored with vice. Such a dirty gown is not liked by God, how can I go to His lap wearing such as this?* A woman who has only dirty clothes would not like to enter her lord's house.

All Masters, even the Muslim Fakirs, have given the same teachings, and here is no exception; the stress is on righteous living and the realization of the Lord — that is all. It is the very basic teaching which has been in existence from the very beginning of time. Man has forgotten it, and its method, and so the Masters keep coming to revive the same truth. Remember, all human beings are one; there are no high and low people. High and low status in material life is merely karmic reaction from past lives. All men are one, and all souls are one.

Mankind is one, but we stick labels on ourselves, which say Hindu, Muslim, Christian, Buddhist, and so on. The real purpose of these labels was basic — to become a Man — a true human being. But we became a Hindu, a Muslim, a Christian, a Buddhist, etc. in name only. Who are you really? Just simply a man. No, you are not a man even, you are the indweller of this human form which is the true image of a man, the highest in all eighty-four million species of creation. Even the gods worship this human form, and long to inherit it. Why? Because it is the most precious time and opportunity when we can return to our true home. Even the angels bow before it. And we have got it!

*Whoever made this body gave the*

key to the Guru. The Maker of the house put a lock on it, and gave the key to the Guru for safekeeping. God made the house, and He Himself resides therein. Unfortunately, we have forgotten this knowledge and we go on building places of worship in the image of the God-made temple — the human form. Within these models, we place the symbols of the Lord (Light and Sound) in the outer forms of bells, candles, etc. Man has become so enchanted with these models through the ages, that it never occurs to him that he is himself living in the true temple. God does not reside in temples made with stone. When I mentioned this during a talk in England, a certain bishop stood up and said, “You have thrown an atom bomb on all our churchianity.” What a natural temple is this form, with the earth under foot and the sky overhead. And yet people are so attached to outer temples, forms, and formularies. Is any outer temple purer than others? If so, then where do the others stand? If the same symbols of light and sound are kept in them all, then which is the best? In truth, the best place is that in which He Himself is sitting — and that is within this physical body. *This body is the temple of God, in which the Light of Truth is effulgent.* When the same light is lit in all holy places, where does the question of difference and disagreement arise? The trouble is that we have forgotten the human being’s true aim and have thrown God out of His own home which He built Himself, and have made Him sit outside. Further than this, if one corner of any of these models is defaced, then hundreds of the true temples are unhesitatingly sacrificed for the sake of that inanimate image. Can you see how significant this is?

There is no particular religion here,

but we have respect for all religions, for the true aim of all religions is the realization of God. If God is to be realized, then make your life righteous. Guru Arjan Sahib collected the words of many Masters, and combined them in a single volume which is known as the *Guru Granth Sahib*. So God sends the Master when he is needed. In the *Koran Sharif*, it is written, *He has sent them to each country.* They come and remove the illusion from life. Five hundred years ago, when Hinduism and Islam, the two most prominent religions in India, were at variance and fighting each other in a great forgetfulness, Kabir Sahib and Guru Nanak Sahib came as contemporaries, to remove the ignorance in men. Great antagonism existed between religions at that time. Due to the work of the World Fellowship of Religions, this narrow-mindedness has been considerably reduced. Now, at least they are happy to sit together. However, they are still adamant — the Hindus desire all Hindus in the world to become one, and the Muslims desire all Muslims in the world to become one — and so on. They want to build huge pillars within their own frameworks, so how long will the tolerance last? And how can there be true integration?

The real integration at the common level of man happens when Masters spread the Truth. Why then should not all men in the world become one? The meaning behind Manav Kendra — Man Center — is to revive the original unity which already exists but is hidden by superficial differences. We are first Man, and then may be referred to by various other titles. You can see by a parallel study of religions that when the Masters, the true men, came, they were born into various religions, and are not therefore a monopoly of any one religion. Basic-

ally they are all one and the same, for when God wished to become from one to many, there was a vibration, and out of this vibration came the two aspects of Light and Sound. So God is Light and God is Sound (Music of the Spheres) —no matter which name He is given. When Masters come, they are the human positive pole in which the Lord resides in full manifestation — they are manifested God in Man. It is unfortunate that mankind, with the exception of the very few true seekers of God, has stuck fast in the fascination of the copies, and has completely forgotten the original.

Guru Nanak Sahib and Kabir Sahib were contemporaries, and Kabir Sahib said, *We are not Hindus, nor are we Muslims, but think of us as one.* Guru Nanak said, *We are not Hindus, nor are we Muslims; Allah and Ram are the very breath of our bodies.* Every being has God within him, but it is a question of getting the true eye opened to be able to see Him. *By the grace of the Guru, see that God's temple is within you.* When the inner eye is open, this can be clearly seen. Like two brothers, the soul and God live in close proximity, but the soul is always absorbed in outer things — if it would only withdraw from outside it would meet the Lord. The Masters then, come to take the souls out of forgetfulness. *Consider him the highest, in whom the Lord has manifested.*

Ravi Das was a great enlightened Saint, who came just after Kabir Sahib, but people told him, “Oh, you are just a cobbler.” Well, did God make the castes or did man? The caste system was based on men's material trades and occupations, so what has this to do with realizing God through spirituality? Did anyone's father ever buy

Him? Was He ever inherited? He belongs to that soul which truly yearns for Him. Why are these facts being stressed? Because the world is going more and more into a deeper forgetfulness. Real integration can only be enjoyed at the level of Man. What is the difference between one man and another? Why the thirst for another's blood? Why are men constantly at each other's throats? It is all because men wear different labels. You can confirm this from the history books.

So *this* ground is common — for all; it is called Ruhani Satsang, which means simply a spiritual gathering — no more, no less. It was Hazur's wish that a foundation be formed, which is common for all religions, for all are blessed. So keep your own label, your own language, your own customs, but become pure and chaste and realize the Lord. *It is in the body, but one cannot even think of it — cursed be such a life; O Tulsi, the whole world suffers from cataract.* When one is taken up in an airplane, everything below looks like one big whole and nothing is separate. It is something like this to rise above the body. The Masters see everyone as embodied souls, or as pure soul — conscious entities. They do not say, “O Christian, O Muslim, etc, listen to us,” but say, “O man, ensouled body, listen.” A true Master's teachings are for all, regardless of religion, custom, caste or nationality. Social bodies, customs, and rites are only the first steps, but due to the variance in these, there appears to be some difference in the subject and it is forgotten that the purpose and the outcome remains one and the same.

Kabir Sahib says that all are human beings and this is the time to understand these noble things and awaken out of the slothfulness. *Awake beloved, why*

*sleep? The night has passed, why lose the day also?* This is the time to wake up — to become more conscious. Give unto Caesar that which is Caesar's and remember that your soul belongs to God.

*First Allah's Light was created, then life came into being.*

Kabir Sahib explains how the world was made. In all holy scriptures you will find recorded that there was first the Light. In the Upanishads, it is written, *First there was the Sun of Maha Brahmand, and in it the Sound was vibrating.* The secret teaching of this was given to Devki's son (Lord Krishna) by Ingris Rishi. So first, when the Lord expressed Himself, there was Light, and then came the Sound. This God-in-expression Power is also called Naam and Shabd. *Through the Naam, Khand and Brahmand came into being.* God is Light therefore — Light and Sound are phases of His very own expression. So at the level of the human being, a glimpse of God can be got only through His expression.

*With one Light the world came into being — who is high and who is low?*

When men mine the earth it yields gold ore mixed with mud, but when it is cleared, only the valuable metal remains. God plus desire is Man, and Man minus desire is God. The soul is an entity of the Great Godhead, therefore all the powers of God are in the soul — but on a smaller scale. When God said, *From one I wish to be many.* . . . *With one thought, millions of rivers were created.* So God created the world with but a single thought, and if we gain the knowledge in truth of who we are, and withdraw from outer attractions, and awaken within ourselves, could we

not create one small town at least? Great is man — and when Masters gain realization and become the mouthpiece of God, they Shake the whole world.

Archimedes of Syracuse sought to find the center of gravity, with which knowledge he considered he would shake the whole world. He never came to realize that the center of gravity lies in Man. When the Master comes, that center is awakened in millions of human beings, and through this awakening, right understanding begins. There is no need for any philosophy — these are straight facts. How many persons can we find in history who have become Master-souls up to now? One can easily count the few.

Man has sunk deep into this great forgetfulness, and that is why the Masters all say, *Man, know thyself.* In the Greek philosophers' term, *Gnothi Seauton*, O Man know who you are. And in Latin, *Nosce Te Ipsum.* Does anyone of us truly know who he is? We know only that we are Jones, Smith, Brown, or we are Christian, Muslim, Hindu, etc. Man is first a man, then he is a conscious entity, a soul, the indweller of the human body. At the real or natural level then, we are all one. When I went to the West, I told them the same thing: that unity in men is already existent, but is simply forgotten. All my talks were given free, whereas usually some money is paid by the people attending the talks there — sometimes through collections during the talk, or through tickets purchased before the talk. When I had the collection basket removed, someone asked me if I did not want some money for myself, and I said, "No." At the very first talk in U.S.A. a man wanted to donate five thousand dollars. When I asked him why, he said that I had given a very wonderful talk and he

wanted to subscribe to the work. I told him that it is a gift of God, and as all gifts of nature are free, it should be given freely. Are any rights reserved for a Master's words? There are no rights reserved on the words uttered by a true Master. When the people saw that all my talks were truly given free, they could not understand what I was after. I explained that this body is the temple of God — we have forgotten this — I have come to revive that memory, so each one should return to Nature and know what they truly are.

Many do say that they are soul — a conscious entity — indweller of the human form, but have they come to prove it and thereby know it in truth? This is my watch, I can place it here. These are my spectacles, I can take them off and put them here. I can take off my clothes, whenever I wish to. But can I become separate from my body? Can I take the body off? It is a question of how to rise above by self-analysis; and who can give a demonstration of this scientific method? *By the Guru's grace, you come to know yourself.* Only then can it happen, and not before. When you know yourself, then like knows the like, and God-realization is the next step. So God cannot be known by the senses, intellect, or pranas — only soul can experience the Lord, and this can happen only after it has come to know itself.

So Kabir Sahib says that the whole world came into being with one Light, who is high therefore, and who is low? He resides in each being, and every soul is a part of Him, but unfortunately the world is sinking deeper into illusion, and right understanding is rare. *He is our True Friend, meeting whom the misapprehension is removed.* If you search the wide world, you would find very few fully awakened persons. Through

right understanding we realize we are all one. *One Father, and we are all children of that One.* Kabir Sahib also says, *Remove this conflict O Lord; Is the holy place better, or the Lord's devotee who sanctified it?* Wherever a true devotee sits, that place becomes a pilgrimage. How is it then that the holy place can be more important than the Lord's true devotee? The Urdu primary textbook that was used in schools forty of fifty years ago mentioned, *He who made the earth — He who made the sky, let us glorify Him.* The earth below and the sky above — this is the greatest temple of God, and in miniature it is the human form. *This body you see is the image of God; God is seen within it.* He can be seen when that latent eye is opened. *With the Guru's blessing, see that the God's temple is with you.* Also, *Listen to the Master's true words; He speaks of what He sees.* And what is the Master's work? *Master is He who makes all sit together.* Certain leaders of religion encourage only certain people to sit together in God's name, but a true Master will gather all people around him, regardless of their religion, caste or race.

With all this right understanding, what develops? Right thought, and furthermore right speech, and out of that light actions will follow. *With One Light, the whole world came into being; Who is high and who is low?* It is an example of the right understanding that Masters bring. And when right understanding comes to all men, there will then be peace in the world. If then a person is dying of hunger somewhere, there will be someone to share his food. There is food for the hungry and water for the thirsty. A person who will sacrifice for others will not accept sacrifice from others.

At the first conference of the World Fellowship of Religions, the subject of Non-violence was on the agenda, and one Muslim brother stood up and said, "We do not believe in this non-violence." There followed a lengthy discussion with much agitation, for all other religions and sects had accepted this principle without question. I then stood up and said to the man, "Brother, it is an acknowledged thing that where love is, to sacrifice in love is accepted, but to take a sacrifice is forbidden, for love knows service and sacrifice — even to give one's life is correct, for the good of others." He said, "Well, on that point, I agree." So I said, "Well, the objection is now ruled out, because one should not take anyone's life for one's own selfish gain." So this is the principle we should keep before us, for it is a cure for all the ills of unhappiness. *O Nanak, the whole world is unhappy.* Why? Because we have forgotten our true selves, and our true caste — and we have forgotten the Sustainer of all life.

The aim of WFR has been achieved; its work is done — now what new responsibilities are before us? After India's freedom had been gained, Gandhi Ji said, "Now break up the Congress, for it has finished its work." That is why I say that the WFR's work is completed as it brought all religions together, and much of the narrow-mindedness and bigotry has subsided. But there is one danger arising, that if all Hindus in the world become one, and all Muslims in the world become one, and all Buddhists, etc, they would just be erecting huge pillars — and they would still be separate from each other, so how can there be true integration? The answer to all Mankind's vast problems today is that all *human beings* should become one. God is everyone's God. At the mere

thought of this, such peace descends! High, low, right and wrong are all forgotten in this realization.

So Kabir Sahib is explaining that when one becomes the Lord's true devotee, all high and low is forgotten. God is love, and the soul, being a drop of that ocean of All-Consciousness, is also the image or reflection of that great love. As the soul's basic nature is love, so that love should have gone to God, but instead it was scattered out to the world. People fight and kill each other for the sake of love for the outer labels and formations. How can man then be happy in this world?

*He is happy who is sustained by the Naam.* Kabir Sahib says, *I have not seen anyone in the human form who is happy.* And when someone asked Tulsi Sahib if any happy person existed, he said that the whole world was unhappy, some physically, some mentally, some because of mind's ramifications. In one way or another, all are miserable. When they pressed him for further information Tulsi Sahib said, *Happy is the devotee of a True Sant.*

*Do not forget yourself in the world's illusion, brother;  
Maker and made, made in the Maker,  
He is pervading all!*

God is in each being, and we are all in Him, like fish in an Ever-existent Ocean. He and we are not separate — it is a great mistake to think of oneself as separate from God. A brahmin (of the highest caste) once came to Kabir Sahib and arrogantly remarked, "I am a brahmin, and we brahmins have come straight from the mouth of God." Sometimes the Masters speak very frankly, and this time Kabir Sahib said, "O brahmin, you were born of a brahmini (female gender of brahmin); why did

you not come in some different way?" There is no place without God, and it is the height of illusion to consider that His creation is separate from Him. The whole world is His image, if Man could only see it. *With the Guru's blessing, we can see Him.* In the Bhagvad Gita, Lord Krishna said, *Whoever sees me in all, all creation in me, he is my beloved.*

*The clay is the same, formed into different shapes by the Potter;  
All the same, they are clay with the conscious entity residing therein.*

A potter molds the clay into differently shaped vessels, but the clay remains the same for all. With the same clay, he can make a water-pitcher, an elephant, a house, a boy or girl. Our physical forms are made of the same matter, but He has given them different appearances; and yet, within that clay lies hidden the same conscious entity — the soul. The whole world is made of the same matter, which is constantly changing, just as the atoms of the physical form are ever changing — at the same rate. When two things change at the same rate, they appear to be stationary. This is another part of the grand illusion.

*There is one True One in all, and by His action, everything happens.*

This body is like a wonderful house, in which we are living. The Upanishads ask, *Who is the great Craftsman who made this body with numerous outlets of eyes, ears, nostrils, mouth, and two lower down, and yet the indweller of it cannot run out of them?* The breath goes out of the body, but does not stay out, for some power is drawing it back into the body again. The human form is certainly a wonderful house, and it re-

mains glorious so long as we live in it — we, the soul. But yet, we are like prisoners in it, for some Life Sustainer is controlling us in it, and that Life Sustainer we must come to know. God and the soul both live within each other's company, but sadly the soul is roaming around, lost in outer things, and does not talk with the Lord.

*He who becomes conscious of the Divine Plan is the True Man.*

In the true sense, the Lord's man is one who becomes a conscious co-worker of the Divine Plan. How does he recognize the Lord's commands? *By the Guru's blessing, he unravels himself.* Also, *Through the Guru's blessing he recognizes His commands by dying while living.* At the time of death the soul withdraws from outer environments and leaves the body. If this can be done while living, when the soul rises up she sees that Power at work, and retains the knowledge consciously. Unless that happens, one cannot truly know the Lord's commands. When he knows His commands in truth, he becomes a man in the true sense of the word.

In the Sikh religion, a sikh is a disciple; and an ideal or perfect disciple is called a khalsa, which means the pure one. We may bear the Sikh label, and wear the outer symbols of Sikhism, but if we have not become a khalsa. . . then? The whole foundation of Sikhism was formed so that sikhs should become khalsas — and the khalsa, what is he? *When the full effulgent Light is lighted within, then know He is the Khalsa.* And what status is he then given? *Khalsa is my True Form; In the Khalsa do I reside; Khalsa is my brave Satguru.* He is a type of personality who will never leave those under his care. *Now, then,*

*(continued on page 29)*

# THE PANGS OF SEPARATION

*Stanley & Edna Shinerock*

ONE YEAR AGO, we boarded the plane that was to carry us away from our beloved Master and back to the West.

For six wonderful years, we had enjoyed the company, the radiation of God made manifest. Now we were to see how greatly we had taken advantage of this privilege, and to what extent we had developed the all-important receptivity spoken of by the Master in His circular letters. Had our nature, to some extent, been converted from base metal to tempered steel, or had we hidden faults that would crack open under different circumstances and pressures? Only time would tell.

The plane was two hours late, so we had plenty of time for reflection. On the evening of our departure, we had the privilege of having tea with the Master. He poured the tea for us, and filled the cups almost to the brim. Then after we had put sugar in, He looked at us with a twinkle in His eyes, saying, "I think you need something to sweeten it with," and reaching for the bowl of sweet rice pudding which had been our dessert, the Master ladled two big spoonfuls of rice, first into His own, then into our cups.

We had only drunk a little tea, and expected to see the contents of the cups overflow on to the table following this addition of Master's generous bounty, but not a drop was spilt.

So there we sat, alternating drinking from and spooning out our cups. Em-

boldened by this unusual form of parshad, we returned to our room after the tea to do the final packing, and to tidy up the odds and ends that remained.

We tend to see things in greater perspective by contrast. So it is that a Western disciple, on spending some years practicing the spiritual disciplines without meeting the Master physically, just tries his best and does not really grasp the concept of receptivity to the Master Power. As yet, he has no standard of judgment to apply. He is, or should be, too much conscious of the effort that he makes daily in striving to live the teachings, to keep the sweet remembrance of the Master; and this supercedes everything else.

If he is then fortunate to dwell for some time in the Master's company, he finds that there is no effort required to keep sweet remembrance, for he is constantly permeated by the Master's radiation.

So it was with us. Almost every day, we received the glances of love and life transmitted through the eyes of the Master; almost every day, we listened to the charged words spoken by the Master. The awe in which we held the Master prior to meeting Him physically was tempered with the love that sprang up in our breasts when the Master looked into our eyes.

But like others before and after us, our stay with the Master one day came to an end, and we returned to the West. It was then that by contrast we fully appreciated the value of receptivity. Before we met the Master, this important aspect of spirituality tended to be in half tones, the effort to live the life taking up all our attention. When we came within the Master's personal aura, this effort ceased, for in the Master's presence, such things required an effortless

effort as compared to being away from Him. When we left the Master, we saw things in black and white. That is, we realized we had lost something very valuable. For all our strivings, we could not recapture the effortless receptivity we were blessed with in the Master's presence. With physical parting, we lost also the personal intimacy that we had enjoyed. It was an intimacy founded not on words, but on radiation from the Master. There was hardly any need to raise any particular problem or difficulty. The Master would show by just a word or a glance that he knew the circumstances of the matter. And knowing that He knew gave us the strength and determination to struggle on.

On some occasions, the Master Himself would raise something. Only a few words would pass between, but this would be sufficient. At other times, I might be discussing something with Him, and while looking up at Him, the Master's face and beard would expand and become more brilliant, and I would get lost in this expanse. This sort of intimacy is impossible to recapture away from the Master.

But if such experiences cannot be had away from the physical Master there is the compensation of seeing how the Master Power works in one's life when one is no longer with Him. It is, of course, the same Master Power that works in our lives whether we are in His Presence or away, but there is a tendency of seeing things in greater perspective by contrast.

As with other aspects of the Path, great effort is at first needed before some success is achieved in tuning in, as it were, to the Master Power within. Naturally, we would like to be able to make the effortless effort that Master speaks of, but I don't think this can be done all

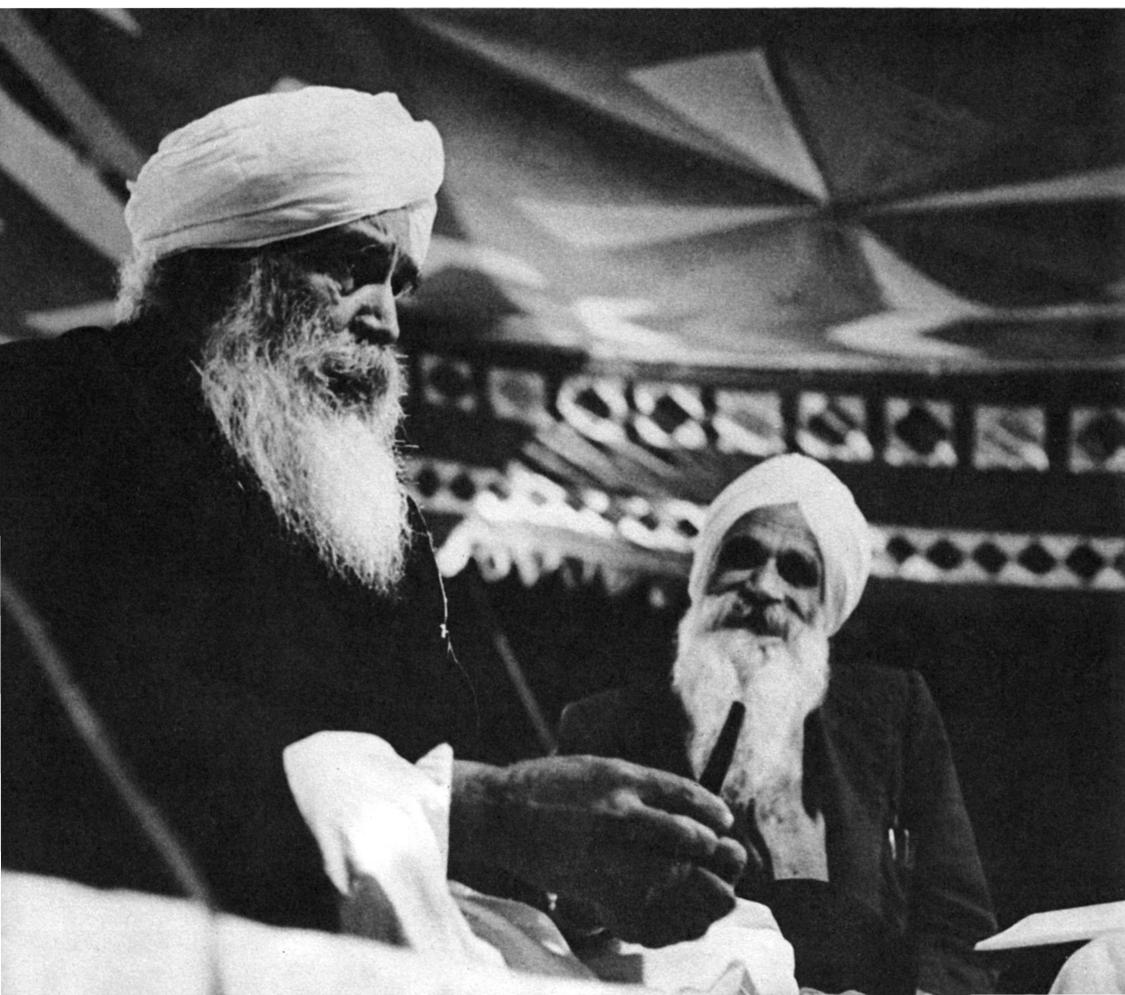


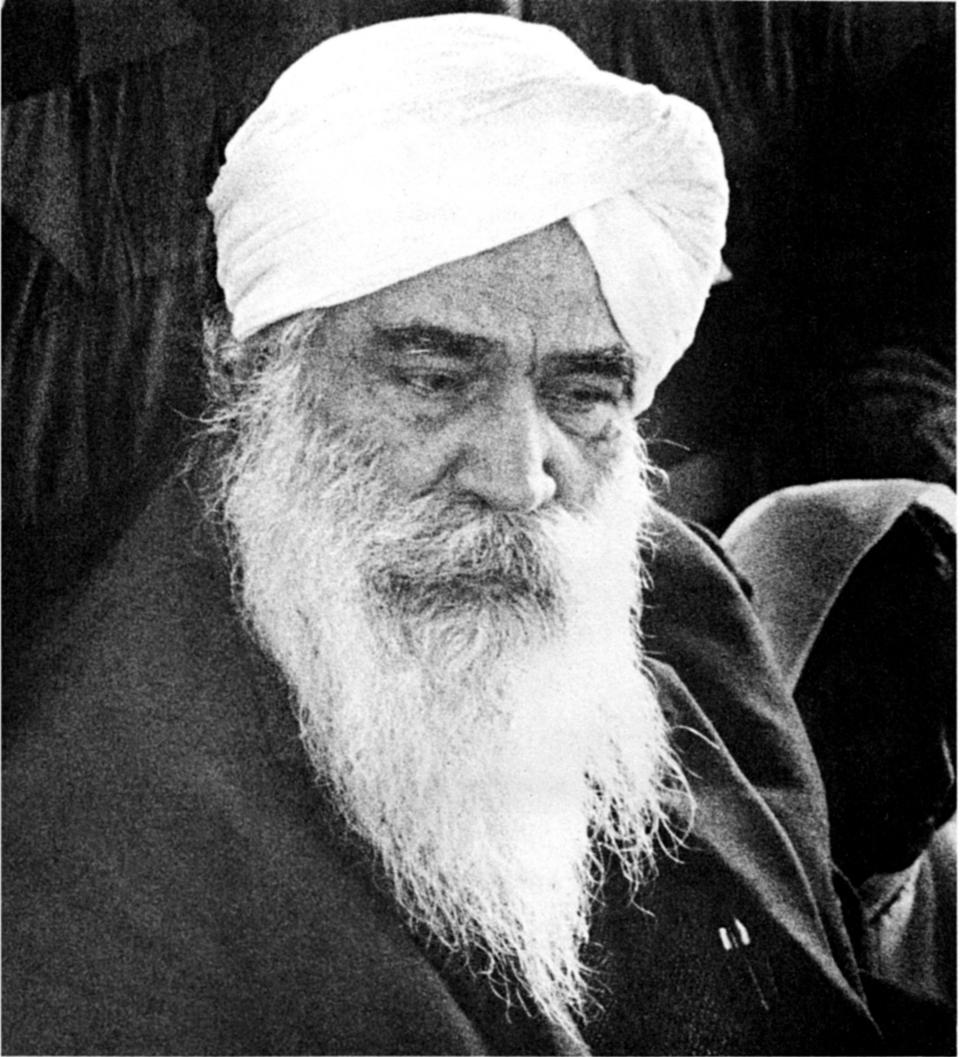
at once, for it is only conscious effort that can lead to effortless effort. But the effort must be made and is well worth it. We have seen for ourselves how, as the Master puts it, the Master Power works in all phases of our lives, both material and spiritual. This is the compensation that is seen clearer by contrast when one does not dwell physically with the Master.

Three months after we arrived back in Canada, during which time I kept myself busy doing temporary office work, the Master Power opened the door to a permanent position, and since October 1970 I have been happily settled into an interesting job as an accountant. And just as wonderful to relate, one month

after I started my new job, the way opened for Edna to obtain a position as residential organizer with the Toronto Red Cross Blood Donor Service. When we wrote to Master telling Him of our good fortune, He replied: "Immaculate are His ways."

Nothing, however, can really compensate for not being with Him physically. We are still like two thirst-ridden travelers struggling through a sandy wasteland, hoping that each step will bring us nearer to the cool water and breezes that can be found by the oasis of the Master's physical presence, to have Him gaze once again into our eyes and experience that which we have greatly missed since we left Him.





But the parting  
heightens the coming-together.

How could I know  
the pain of separation before  
the time of parting?

O Darkest Night!  
Release the New-Born Day.

Trembling with joy,  
I walk toward the Portal of Light  
to greet the Bright Dawn!

*Jane Humphrey Miller*



## Intense Longing for Darshan

*From a letter Baba Jaimal Singh sent to his Gurumukh disciple Baba Sawan Singh, who had written to his Master, telling of his burning separation.*

**Y**OU SAY THAT you are writhing like a fish out of water for Darshan. Well, such was the Will. Even after a hundred years of Bhajan, one does not get so purified as by an intense longing for Darshan, provided that longing is real and true, and that the love for Sat Guru is from the innermost heart. That is why a disciple is given *bireh* (physical separation and longing during separation from his Guru). Bhajan does not purify so soon as does true love for the Master and a true longing for His Darshan. Rather, Sat Guru Himself is Sat Purush.

I am always with you in Shabd form.

This jiva cannot see the Shabd form of the Sat Guru. Why? Because the jiva is impure and the intellect also is impure, and the mind is also impure. In this yuga there is no other way of getting deliverance, of uniting with God and of being purified in a short time except through love for and faith in Sat Guru. Do not look upon Sat Guru as a human being. True longing for Darshan is the principal means of God-Realization. When the mind accepts these things firmly and inwardly, only then is the dirt wiped off the mind. Then the jiva can realization the Shabd form of the

Sat Guru. Therefore, take hold of the Shabd Dhun. Then the Dhun will itself take you home.

Whoever has true love for his Guru in his mind, has done everything (that is, he need do nothing more). Sat Guru is empowered to take him at once to Sach Khand, the region of the Saints.

Whoever has become united with Shabd Dhun is not to be born again. So long as the physical form of the Sat Guru is not considered as absolutely pure and formless (Nirakar), as the Shabd Dhun, till then the Shabd Dhun does not accept the individual. Your parmarth is complete. Have no doubts, please.



# *Dye Your Prayer Carpet In Wine*

The following is an excerpt from Circular 7, long out of print, and served as an introduction for a long discourse on a hymn of Guru Ram Das Ji. It contains some beautiful stories of the great Masters.

THIS IS A HYMN composed by Sri Guru Ram Das Ji, and like all his other hymns this one too is characterized by a peculiar devotional attitude. In the talks of all the Saints can be found a tinge of “devotion to the Master” and this devotion too, can be found in all religious and holy scriptures. It does not surprise us therefore to find in all the talks given by Sri Guru Ram Das this singular exposition of devotion to the Master, for in him love for the Master reached a culminating point. A simple incident in this respect is on record as under:

When Guru Amar Das was 125 years of age, each of His disciples hoped that he would succeed to the spiritual leadership when the Guru died. Each one thought himself to be the most devoted amongst the Guru’s followers. The Master, of course, knew all this; great men often employ peculiar ways to bring home the ignorant and the recalcitrants. With the object of putting them to the test, the Master called these disciples together and ordered them to build *tharas* (small platforms or terraces). No sooner was the order given than each one of them selected a suitable spot and began building the *tharas*. When the *tharas* were completed Sri Guru Amar Das Ji ordered His followers to demolish their work, and then again instructed them to build others, this time in a different place. This process of building and demolishing was repeated several times after which most of the disciples left the work. Those who always per-

ceive things from the level of the sensual plane, with never an opportunity to introvert and witness the greatness of the Master within, made all sorts of conjectures with their limited intelligence and thus wavered on the path of the Master.

Sri Guru Ram Das Ji, however, held on with steadfastness and perseverance to the work of setting up and demolishing the terraces as the Master directed. He knew that there should be no “why and how” in carrying out the orders of the Master, for in his eye Sri Guru Amar Das Ji was no ordinary person and he had himself established this during his spiritual experiences. His co-disciples however, began speaking ill of the Master who was so fastidious in the preparation of *tharas* which after all were of no consequence to them at all, and felt that the Master had lost His wits owing to dotage.

These poor people could hardly realize what mystery lay at the bottom of their Master’s strange request. They could not understand the greatness of that Enlightened Soul. The underlying purpose was in fact to find a real aspirant who could safely be entrusted with the spiritual legacy, one who was above and beyond the range of mind and intellect. History tells us that Sri Guru Amar Das Ji had the terraces built and demolished no less than seventy-two times, and when the people said the Master was not in His senses, Ram Das Ji, with tears streaming down his cheeks, said: *In this wide world Master alone*

*is a living personality. If He too is not in His wits, alas! What could happen to us who are wholly dependent upon Him for salvation?*

In the course of time spiritual leadership was duly bestowed upon Sri Guru Ram Das Ji and this hymn is his composition.

Nowadays many mahatmas (great souls) are initiating people, but they little know the responsibilities which initiation carries with it. It is not child's play, nor does it depend on riches, power, knowledge or worldly grandeur to bestow initiation. As the Great God is hidden from view, even so is it with the real and perfect Saints in whom His Light manifests itself. Their greatness does not depend upon the opinions or recommendations of others; such souls are free and independent and freely bestow their spiritual riches on whomsoever deserves it. In these times they do not hold tests as Sri Guru Amar Das Ji did for they are the sole judges, and the spiritual heritage is passed on to one who either deserves it through his past Sanskaras (actions), or one who is specially fitted by the Master for the purpose. They do not come to establish a new religion and they preach from no particular script; from their celestial abode they come with a law peculiar unto themselves, and this is why the worldly people often fail to understand them. As for the strict trials and tests of fitness, it is gratifying to know that these have been done away with during this Kali Yuga (Iron Age); but whenever necessary they do put searching questions to the aspirants. So long as these Masters remain in their physical raiments they are not limited by this as is a slave who is confined to the galleys. The worldly people, entangled as they are in the meshes of the senses and

worldly pleasures, regard them also as being bound within the limitations of the body and the body's attachments as they themselves are.

The world is not governed by blind laws, nor do the Saints talk of or do things without a pole of set principles. But the labyrinth of intricate rules and regulations is so bewildering that one feels lost in it. Often, however, we try to find a way out by the study of the holy scriptures, or by carrying on a search, which usually proves fruitless. When all efforts fail we involuntarily raise our hands in prayer for our rescue, and as the Universal Law of Demand and Supply is in operation everywhere this cry is no sooner heard than the Master appears on the scene with his own uncommon laws and regulations which are paid no heed to by the men of the world.

The rules and conduct of the Great Souls are very simple and straightforward. Hazur used to tell of the Kazi (Kotwal, or Censor of Morals) in Persia, who by a turn of fortune was compelled to leave his country with his only daughter. On the way the caravan was attacked by robbers who killed many in the party, and in the looting that followed carried away the daughter of the Kazi with a view to selling her for money. The Kazi, though wounded, escaped with his life, and in a sorry condition reached a town where he began to eke out a bare living. The Governor of the town, on learning that the new arrival was learned in religious law, sent for him and made him the Kazi of the town.

Time is a great healing force and gradually the memories of friends and relations, of deaths and losses fade away from the memory of a person. He either busies himself in rehabilitation and adjustment to new surroundings,

or if touched deeply he turns towards God alongside his worldly pursuits. The Kazi had a heart rending experience and sometimes he would find time in all his multifarious activities for devotion to God in solitude. Thus several years passed.

One day a few theologians appeared before the Kazi and complained that Hafiz, a great religious devotee in Persia, was guilty of blasphemy and spoke things against the Koranic injunctions. They asked that he should be tried and sentenced for heresy as he would lead the people astray from the path of rectitude and thereby endanger religion itself. The Kazi, after hearing the complaints, inquired as to what the accused preached, and was informed that he very often repeated a half-couplet which was nothing but un-Islamic. He would say: *Bai mai Sajada rangin kun, garat Pire mughan goeid.* (Dye thy prayer carpet in wine should thy Master so ordain.) As the use of wine was an act of sacrilege, a teaching to the effect that the prayer carpet be dyed in wine was nothing but a horrible crime in direct opposition to the religious tenets and tended to corrupt the morals of the people. The Kazi heard this with grave attention and inquired the address of the devotee. He told them that he would himself go to the man and request him to stop his pernicious teachings.

The next day after discharging his daily religious duties, the Kazi went alone to the man he had heard of, and after formal salutations he sat before him and said: "O thou respected being, I, thy servant, have received a complaint against thee from people who charge thee with leading others astray from the path of religion. Wouldst thou stop all this?"

The Fakir replied that he only re-

peated a half-couplet before each of his visitors, which enjoined them to dye their prayer carpets in wine should a Master so direct. The Kazi requested him to change or complete the couplet by adding the second half to it so as to clarify the meaning. At this the Fakir directed him to another religious Fakir whose abode was on a hilltop, who in turn told the Kazi that he would complete the couplet if he (the Kazi) would spend the night at a particular prostitute's house.

This request came as a double-edged shock to the Kazi. He, as the saying goes, had come with a request for the abstinence from the observance of fasts (Mohammedans observed these to gain religious merit) but was asked to offer prayers as well! To die the prayer carpet in wine was in itself a sacrilegious thing, but to spend the night in a brothel was intolerable blasphemy. The Kazi was indignant and on the verge of an outbreak of passion, when the thought of all his learning and his respect for the Man of God kept him under restraint. He tried to think of a way out of the strange predicament in which he found himself. He had often heard that the mysterious utterances of holy people are filled with hidden wisdom and that they utter nothing in vain. These thoughts prevented him from taking any hasty action against the man, and he therefore determined to fully investigate the position first.

Reaching his home he accordingly sent word to the prostitute that he would spend the night in her house. When she received the message she was beside herself with joy at the thought of such a renowned visitor, and that night when the Kazi appeared she presented a young girl for his entertainment. As the Kazi looked towards this girl he saw that she

was weeping and asked her what the matter was. Seeing the tears stream down her rosy cheeks, he consolingly told her that he would not lay a finger on her, but asked her instead to relate, without fear, the tale of her woe. At these words the girl gathered courage, and after wiping her tears she informed him that she was a poor orphan girl from a noble family. For a long time she had been tended by prostitutes who were this very night using her as a helpless instrument in their nefarious trade. So far she was spotless and requested the Kazi to spare her the ignominy, and as she concluded her story the tears once again welled in her eyes.

The Kazi felt very sorry for her and inquired as to how she came to be with the prostitute, and where her original home was so that he could restore her to her parents. The girl then narrated her story in full and told him that when she was eight years of age she had accompanied her father on a caravan journey. The caravan had been waylaid by marauders who had murdered most of the persons, wounded many others, plundered their belongings, and had carried her off and sold her to a prostitute.

In those days such incidents of people being waylaid and robbed were very common, and the Kazi had himself been such a victim some years earlier. He made up his mind to restore her to her parents and inquired of her place of origin, which strangely enough turned out to be his own home town. When she told him the street and the locality he was very surprised at this remarkable coincidence, but when she gave the name of her father, the Kazi, now beside himself with surprise and joy, drew the girl towards him in loving embrace, for it

was his daughter who sat before him. That night they spent in relating to each other their experiences, and the following day they both went to the religious devotee to thank him. The Kazi prostrated himself before the sage and confessed that it was impossible for men of the world to understand the wisdom of the Great Souls. All worldly learning was of no consequence before such men, and it was only by implicitly following the sage's injunctions that he had been able to locate his daughter. He expressed his utter inability to show his gratitude for the great favor bestowed upon him and asked for future guidance and instruction. Thereupon the devout man directed him to go back to Hafiz and ask him to complete the couplet by adding the second half of it. This Hafiz did: *Ke Salik be khabar na buad. Ze rah-o-rasame manzalha.* (As the Master Traveller on the Path is not ignorant of the twists and turns on the Highway.)

Thus the Kazi established his faith in that good man and from then onward became his disciple. The truth then, is that only a fortunate person can understand the meaning of their apparently stray and off-hand remarks. Every word uttered by a Saint is pregnant with unalterable truth which lies far beyond the human ken.

*They are the mouthpiece of God  
and whatever they utter comes  
to them from above, though it  
may appear to be coming from  
mortal throats.*

A Hindu poet has expressed the same idea in a simple and lucid form:

*Whatever the disciple does in ac-  
cordance with the instructions  
of the Master, that forms part  
and parcel of his devotion.*

# MAEVE

*a story by*  
*Tracy Leddy*



HAVING BEEN BORN a princess, Maeve always had everything her heart desired. Up to the age of eighteen she had literally danced her way through life with a constant smile and a never-faltering step until one night something happened to her which changed her, completely.

It was after a great festival. Maeve had played songs of her own composition before her father, the king, and all his court. She had danced all night with many partners and had been celebrated as having the most beautiful face in the kingdom. The court had whispered of marriage for her soon.

Maeve had gone to bed, tired but elated with a sense of her growing fame. But this night the hours went by and she could not sleep. The noises in the palace around her gradually diminished until they ceased altogether. All was silent and still the princess could not sleep.

She tossed and turned, trying to recapture the gaiety of the evening, her companions' faces, her music, anything, all to no avail.

Then she began to hear one sound, the sound of someone sobbing bitterly. The voice was muffled, as though it came from very far away. Maeve lay still, wondering. Where was it coming from, this heartbroken weeping, where? And then, with a start which caused her to sit bolt upright in bed, Maeve recognized the origin of the sound. It was coming from somewhere deep, deep inside her own body. Heart pounding, she sat and listened with all her might.

"Let me out!" cried the voice, "Let me out!"

"Who are you?" whispered Maeve in a fright.

"I'm your Self," cried the voice despairingly, "Oh, won't you please let me out!"

"Don't be silly," said Maeve to the voice, "I'm myself. All I have to do is look in the mirror and I can see myself quite clearly."

"Oh, no you can't," said the little voice, "You're just an endless collection of false faces. Let me out and I'll show you who you really are."

"Don't talk such nonsense," said Maeve, "Go away and leave me alone. I'm very tired and I just want to go to sleep."

"You hear me now, dear princess," the voice persisted, "and sleep will not come to you until you let me out. I will be *heard!*" And the voice grew very loud and let out a piercing wail.

Maeve covered her ears in horror and thought, "If this continues, I shall surely go mad. I must leave the palace until I get rid of this wretched creature and then I will return." She crept out of bed, dressed quickly in a long loose robe,

drew a woolen cloak over that and stole barefoot through the quiet halls, down the great stairs, out into the deserted palace gardens and through a little gate into the forest beyond.

Fortunately, there was a moon, but if there hadn't been Maeve could have found her way. She knew the forest as well as the palace, having spent years exploring both. She knew trails and bowers, thickets and copses and this night was on her way to a favorite haunt, an old ruined tower at the far end of the forest. It was a neglected place; she had come upon it one day looking for shelter in a sudden storm. No one would think to look for her in such a forgotten corner.

At last Maeve was able to distinguish the large moss-covered rocks marking the entrance of the tower. She stepped toward them and sat down in the dark entrance facing the forest. "Now then," she said to her Self, "What is it that you want me to do?"

The voice cried out, louder than ever, "Let me out!"

"How can I do that?" Maeve asked.

"You must find a way, you must, you must!" cried the voice, and suddenly, as though a floodgate had been opened, it began in a torrent of words to tell the princess how long it had been a prisoner and how dreadfully it had suffered.

"Stop, stop!" Maeve cried after a time, "I've never heard such a sad story and I cannot bear to hear another word of it. Is there no one to help me to help you?" And she threw herself on the ground and sobbed and sobbed.

An unusual stillness pervaded the forest as a strange image suddenly passed before the princess' inner eye. She had become a castle and her face was the topmost tower. A long stair wound down and down through the tower to

the most secret dungeon in the castle. A tiny figure of light lay inside that dungeon, a figure in chains, crumpled and sad. The figure was sobbing in despair when from outside the tower a long arm reached in and turned the key in the dungeon door. The figure rose and struggled to the door. It pushed the door open and stood, heavily laden, at the foot of the stair. Then it began to cry, "Let me out! Let me out!" The long arm from outside began to tear down bricks one by one from the front of the tower and as each brick fell, a link in the shining figure's chain fell also; turned into a butterfly and flew away. The bricks fell, the figure climbed, until it reached the top of the stair where it stood, freed from all its chains, in the emptiness of the fallen bricks. At that precise moment, the entire castle melted into nothingness and all that remained in the vision of the princess was the figure of light.

At dawn a rustling in the intense stillness broke in upon Maeve's tears and she looked up. Seated directly across from her in the shadows of an oak was an old man dressed in white whose face shone like the sun. His eyes were warm and wise as he looked at the princess. "Well met, Maeve," he said, "Your Self is indeed at the foot of the stair. That was no dream. Now, shall we begin?"

"Who are you?" whispered Maeve, awed at such a visitor in the most remote part of her father's forest.

The old man chuckled. "I am my Self," he replied.

"That voice which calls itself my Self says I am only false faces," said Maeve, "He says that he is real and I am not. How can I find out if this is true?"

"Wait and see," said the old man.

“Here, I’ll show you.” He scooped up a handful of earth from the ground in front of the princess. Immediately a shallow pool of clear water filled in the space. Not a ripple broke its surface. “Now look at your face, Maeve,” he directed, “and tell me what you see.”

Maeve leaned forward, looking into the pool at her reflection. What she saw was not the shining figure of her vision, nothing like it. Nor was it like the image she was used to admiring in any number of mirrors in the palace. What she saw in the pool was an expression, one of many hundreds that flitted across her features every day. “Oh!” she said, “I look so greedy. I look as though all I wanted was more chocolates when I’d already eaten half the box.”

“Do you like to look like that?” asked the old man.

“No,” murmured Maeve with tears in her eyes.

“Well then, take that expression off.” said the old man.

Maeve put her hands up to her face and pulled and pulled. Nothing happened. “You are making fun of me,” she said to the old man.

“Not at all,” he replied, “You might ask me to help.”

Maeve bowed her head. “Please help me,” she said. “Obviously I cannot do this alone.”

The old man reached forward across the pool and barely touched the princess’ face. A mask thin as onionskin fell into his palm, curled up and withered like a dead leaf which he blew away. “Now Maeve,” he said quietly, “Look again into the pool. What do you see?”

Maeve leaned forward as she had before and studied her reflection in the pool. “Oh,” she said, “I look so lazy! I look as though I had done nothing all day long and was now unwilling to get

up even to greet my father, the king.”

“Do you like to look like that?” the old man asked.

“No,” murmured Maeve with tears in her eyes.

“Well then, take that expression off too,” said he.

“You do it please,” Maeve begged him, “I know now I can do nothing without your help.”

Again the old man reached forward across the pool. He barely touched the princess’ face. Another mask thin as onionskin fell into his palm, curled up and withered like a dead leaf which he blew away. “You must eat now before we continue,” said the old man, handing her a small basket of fruit and cheese and bread and nuts which he had taken from behind the tree. Maeve took the food gratefully and ate. Her companion sat, lost in his own thoughts, and waited for her to finish. Without a word Maeve handed the empty basket back to him and without a word he placed it behind the tree. Then, “Look again into the pool, Maeve,” he directed, “and tell me what you see.”

Days went by and each one followed the same pattern. When Maeve awoke in the morning, the old man was always there waiting for her. He would bring out the little basket filled with food and wait patiently while she ate. He would then direct her attention to her reflection in the pool. As soon as she recognized each expression, he lifted it from her face. The work was exhausting; she could see only a few expressions a day. When she tired, the old man would tell her to sleep; their work would begin again in the morning.

One night, in her mind’s eye Maeve saw the image of the castle again. The tower was crumbling at a great rate and the figure of light was more than

halfway up the stair. She awoke that morning happier than she had been in a long time.

But the expressions she saw in the pool became more and more subtle and therefore correspondingly difficult to identify. And soon there came a day when the old man watched with concern as she prepared to look into the pool. With good reason; she saw there an expression she had never seen before or imagined could exist in anyone. It was a ferocious look, a look of naked hatred and pride. It was her own face, stripped of all the outer masks, and it was dreadful to behold. The reflection held her and held her. A great shudder went through her body and she began to tremble violently. With all her strength she pulled her attention away from the hypnotic reflection and, after staring for a moment straight into the old man's eyes, she closed her own. Then three extraordinary things happened, all at the same time. The voice within her cried out louder than ever before, "Let me out!" and her own voice cried out "I do not want to die!" and the old man reached across the pool and touched her forehead and her head dropped

like an overripe apple and splashed into the pool in front of her.

"Now I am nothing!" the princess shrieked, feeling only a great wind where her ears should have been.

"Not at all," said the old man as he removed the princess' head from the pool. "Look again, Maeve, and see who you really are."

And Maeve leaned forward once more to look into the pool and she saw only the figure of light staring back at her and his face shown like the sun. "But we're the same then, you and I." she gasped and stared at the old man.

"Of course we are," he chuckled, for it is written, 'He it is that desireth in thee and He it is that is desired. He is all and He doth all if thou might see Him.' " And the two sat, no one knows for how long, oblivious and absorbed, smiling into each other's faces.

"What is that clamor I hear, my father?" asked Maeve, "It is louder than all the noises of the forest."

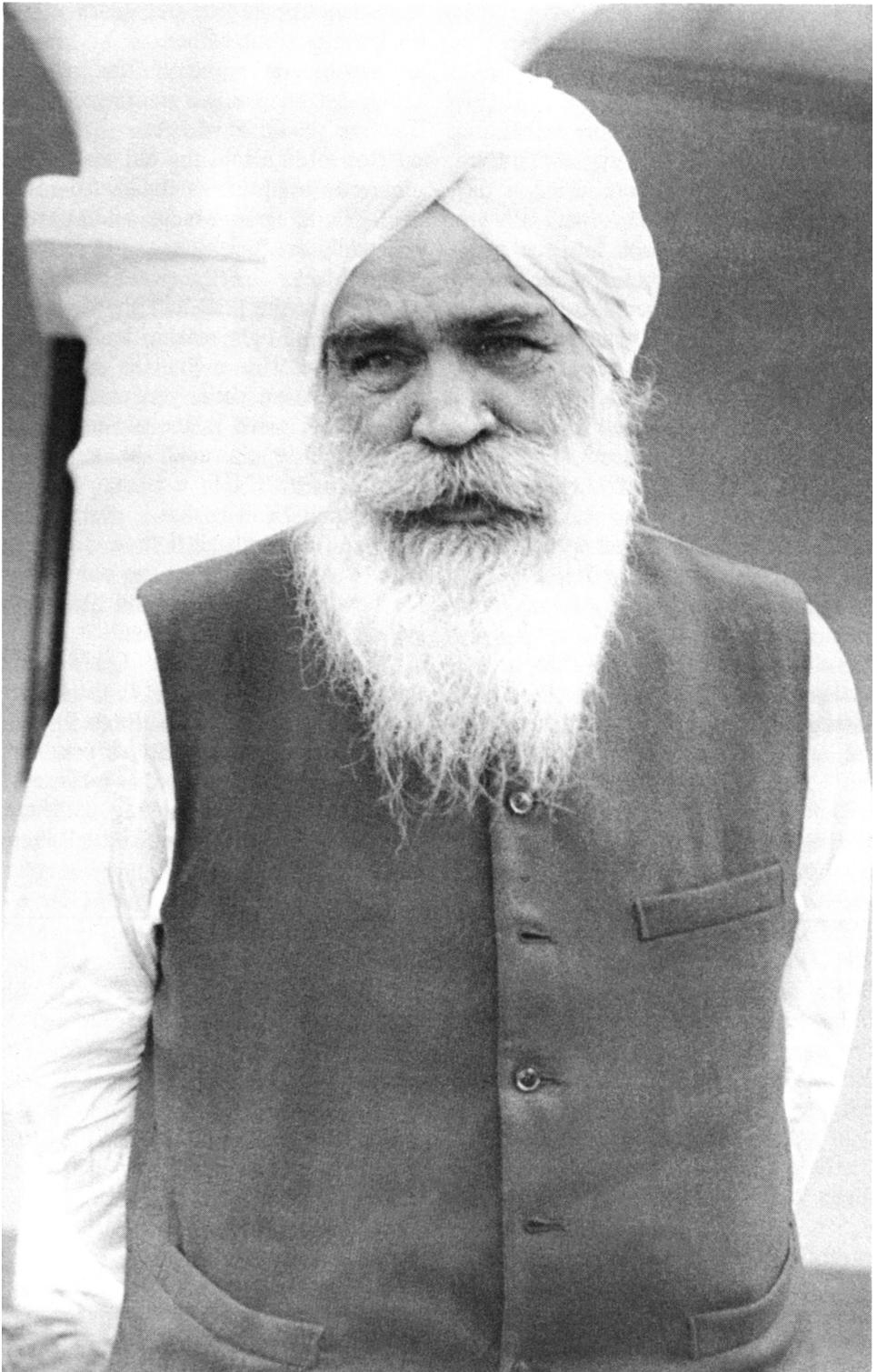
"It is the cry of all the other prisoners in the world, begging to be released," answered the old man. "My daughter, you must go to them now and tell them what to do."

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# Master's Promise

Arlene Horsman



*The Master with a yearning soul, 1963*

IT HAS BEEN almost one year since I received my spiritual birth. The joy that these months have brought is beyond adequate expression, yet how I love to share that joy.

From our son who, with Master's Grace, had been led to Him a few months earlier, I was given a taste of what the path means. With such a devoted soul in our home we happily went along with his diet, hours of meditation, etc. Gradually what began as a matter of respect and good humor towards our son's new way of life began to interest

me personally, and I felt a keen desire to become involved.

It is so true when Master says that "It cannot be taught. It must be caught." Also, True living is higher than Truth." The Light within each of us shines forth that others seeing the God in us and witnessing His Grace are drawn to Him. Thus was I drawn to Him.

One day as I cried out to Him in my desperation I suddenly knew that He had heard me and I could feel His guiding Presence. From that time my life began to change until that beautiful moment in Boston when I stood at Millie Prendergast's door where Master's Love welcomed me and flowed forth, like a clear, sparkling, refreshing brook. I was enveloped in a warm blanket of Master's reflected love.

The frustration of reaching into emptiness was gone. Within I found the bridge which ended my search. I had found my Beloved Master, and I was completely His. This was the fulfillment of Master's promise to all, found in His book, *Spiritual Elixir*. With tears of love and longing streaming down my cheeks I read in His own words, *Master always holds the hands He takes. There is never a thought of loosening that tight hold. Master Power will never leave nor forsake the initiate until the end of the world.*

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## Book Review

# *Baba Jaimal Singh* Reprinted

A GREAT SAINT, BABA JAIMAL SINGH, HIS LIFE & TEACHINGS by Kirpal Singh. Delhi, Ruhani Satsang, third edition 1971. 152 and xvi pages, three photographs. Paperback, \$2.00.

WHEN THE MASTERS come a sublime Light is shed and the most intense love is fragrantly filtered out into the world.

Divine Light was found in all fulness in Baba Jaimal Singh Ji, the Great Saint of the Punjab, and his story is vividly brought to life by one in whom that very life-impulse now shines.

The Master catches the spiritual thread which came down from Guru Nanak and Kabir, as it passed through the ages appearing at last in Swami Shiv Dayal Singh of Agra at whose feet Baba Jaimal Singh received supreme enlightenment. As the Master traces the life story of Baba Ji, we begin to witness the most remarkable of adventure stories. Yet the reality remains far beyond our comprehension.

*The study of the progress of the mystic is beyond the reach of ordinary mortals, and those that have been on the inner journey can only speak in metaphor and parable, for how can the language of common humanity be compelled to express that for which it was never fashioned? The history then of a Master Soul, as fired by a restless zeal, which moves from plane to plane, must remain an unwritten one; at best it can only give the husk of outer events and happenings to suggest the unusual nature of the spiritual experiences they unfold.*

It is to this state that the Master beckons us with charged words.

Bringing a rich spiritual heritage into this world, Jaimal Singh imbibed the greatest of India's scriptural texts and then set out on his quest, ever keeping before him the highest goal as stated by the Saints, that of the Five-Sounded Word or Shabd. Unflinching amidst the bitter trials and heartaches of the world we trace Baba Jaimal Singh's meeting with many great Yogi teachers, taking the best from them, yet always seeking One who could unveil the mystery of the Word.

Indeed the book is a testament to the greatness of the Word, and to the Surat Shabd Yoga as compared to all other ways, as demonstrated practically by a great mystic who himself did try and experience all the ways.

The Master conveys to us the inspiration extended to the lives of Baba Jaimal Singh's disciples with some of the wonderful stories that must have been legion. The greatest of these was of Baba Sawan Singh Ji, who became Baba Ji's successor and the Guru of the living Master.

Finally the book gives so lucid an outline of Baba Jaimal Singh's teachings as to be breathtaking. Numerous quotations are taken from the letters of Baba Ji to his Gurumukh disciple, Baba Sawan Singh, which give a unique view of Sant Mat.

*Michael Raysson*

# THE MASTER'S TALK

(continued from page 10)

up to the end, will He remain; Such a person my mind desires. A Hindu lights the lamp and rings the bell, but he who lights the Inner Light is a true Hindu. And a true Muslim? He who sees the Noor of Khuda, the Light of God, and hears the Kalam-i-Khadim, the Inner Sound. A true Christian is he who sees the Light of God, and hears the Word, the Word of God. Those who have reached this stage are all one in Him.

*The Inconceivable Lord cannot be seen, but the Guru told us of His great sweetness.*

While man remains at the sense-level, he cannot see the Ultimate Lord. *When you are as high as He, then will you know the High One.* There appears to be nothing in the clear air, but actually there are minute beings existing in the atmosphere which cannot be seen with the gross physical eye. Either the eyes should become as fine as those minute beings, or the microbes should become as gross as the human eyesight, to make them visible. With the aid of a microscope, they can be magnified seven hundred times, to prove that the atmosphere is indeed filled with tiny microbes. So Kabir Sahib is explaining that if one desires to see the Inconceivable Lord, one must rise to that level.

*Kabir says my doubts were removed when I saw the Ever-existent Lord of all creation.*

Only a Master can really witness that God does exist, for the Masters say

clearly, "We have seen Him." *In the company of the Sant, the Lord is seen within.* Their words are very clearly stated. How does the Master help one to see the Lord? *By meeting the Satguru, that eye sees, and within this dwelling he realizes the Truth.* And what do they say about Mankind in general? Forgive me but it is a very sweeping remark: *The whole world is blind; If there were but one or two I could make them understand.* Kabir Sahib made this statement, for wherever he looked he saw only spiritually blind people. In the language of the Saints, who is blind? *He is not blind who has no physical eyes; O Nanak, blind is he who has not seen the Lord within.* Whosoever's inner eye is closed is blind. And who opens that eye? *By meeting the Satguru, the eye sees.* He whose eye is open can open the eyes of others, and he whose lamp is burning can light the lamps of others. Kabir Sahib says he saw the Lord in this physical temple so why can we not see Him also? Because the mind stands in between. Still the mind and then you will see. One Muslim Fakir puts it very plainly and says that if one puts a foot on the mind and controls it, then the next step will be at the Lord's door. On the occasion of my Golden Jubilee celebrations, they requested me to give some good advice in a very few words, so I said, "Be good, do good, and be one." It is a complete principle to live by.

Guru Arjan Sahib gives the best cure for all ills. Mahatmas are very wide awake persons; they see where the shoe pinches. They know of all the difficulties

and they also know the cure for them:

*Sit together my brothers, and remove all differences with love.*

It is the first thing to learn, for: *The value of sitting together cannot be described; O Nanak it is far beyond words.* This is the only way that differences can be removed, for true understanding can come when everyone sits together on one level. We are all men after all — brothers — and when sitting together the natural thought will come up that: *I wish to treat others as I would wish to be treated by them.* It is a simple but potent criterion; be of help to others, and they will help you. Unless people sit together, there always exists the thought that one is high, another is low, and so on. Forget all this! We are all men, and as souls we are all His children. He is the great Life Sustainer and all are His devotees. The duality must be removed if men are to live in peace with each other.

What difference is there anyway? We are all born the same way; there are truly no high and no low people. However, it is a difficult subject, for those living in illusion in this world, for even when all sit together they end up by each erecting their own social group's pillars. When the Masters come, they solve this problem very clearly and simply. They say, "Who are you?" You are Man, a conscious entity, soul. You are controlled by that Power which resides within you, which is the Life Sustainer, call it whatever name you like, or put any label upon it, the fact remains the same.

*In the company of the Gurumukh, sit together in God's Name.*

We can all sit in His Name, for we do all believe in some Higher Power. We

can call that Power the mighty atom if you like, but when can we have right understanding of it? Either at the time of death, or when we can rise above the body while living. There was once an atheist who put a notice on the wall of his room: "God is nowhere." At the time of his death a small child entered his room and read the notice. Aloud he read, "G-o-d God i-s is n-o-w now h-e-r-e here." The dying man called from inside the house, "Yes child, God is now here." When he was dying on his bed he became conscious of that Controlling Power.

So sit together in God's Name. Why? Because it is common for all His devotees, no matter what the religion is. There is also another common level, the level of Man. Just see how the single cry from a crow can call hundreds of crows together in the matter of a few seconds. Why can we not react like this? Just as men. But in whose company? Only in the company of an awakened soul can all souls become awakened. That awakened soul can give the right understanding; not only that, but he will give a demonstration during which the Truth can be clearly seen. Surely, is this not the best cure for all the world's misery and lack of peace?

*Adopt this path, O brother;  
Night and day repeat the Gurumukh-  
Naam, so there will be no pain at  
the finish.*

There is Naam, and there is the Gurumukh-Naam. The first is a word repeated at the level of mind and senses; all the world's worship is at this level. It is called *apra vidya*, or outer knowledge. Repetition of God's name, austerities, rites, rituals, reading of scriptures, pilgrimage, fasting, alms, etc, are all *apra vidya*. They are good actions, no doubt,

and they bring the fruits of reward; but one cannot be free from the wheel of births and deaths through these things.

The other kind of Naam is one had through a Gurumukh or Master. One can become a mouthpiece of the Guru; the God, in him. But is there any way of knowing whether one has come to the true Gurumukh? *The Light is lighted within, and one becomes absorbed.* The true Gurumukh will reveal the Light of God within you, for when he gives a meditation sitting he removes the curtain of darkness, and the Light sprouts forth within. This is the Gurumukh's blessing. *The Sant gave me the capital.* When the light is fully lighted within, one can see that same Light in others too. This is the Gurumukh's bhakti and *Naam is the panacea for all ills.* Naam has two phases: one is Light and the other is Sound.

*Gurumukh's bhakti is that through which the Sound becomes audible.*

Go and search until you can find the one who will reveal Light within, and make the Sound audible. Each and every being has this same Light within, and all conflict will leave by communion with this inner Light.

*Play the game of Chaupar of the world as karm and dharm, and remain in contact with Sat (Truth).*

Karm is man's work, and dharm is the work of society. So after going all around the world's play of Chaupar with righteous actions, reach the True Home from which there is no return.

*Control all Kama (desire), anger greed, attachment;  
This play is loved by the Lord.*

Kama attacks through the eyes, anger through the ears. Attachments come

through embracing. Rise above all these, and you will gain connection with the Truth.

*Arise before sunrise and take a bath;  
Spend the nights in sweet remembrance of God.*

When you sit for meditation, be wide awake. If you sleep in remembrance of God, the very thought will be circulating in your blood stream, and when you awaken, you will arise in His sweet remembrance. They say that if one's early morning hours are wasted in sleep, one dies before living.

*My Satguru takes me across all troubles;  
With happiness and ease I reach Home.*

While performing all the necessary worldly duties, yet take the help of a Sat Saroop, someone who has realized the Truth. He will rectify all the wrongs in your life, and put you on the right track. Inner obstacles are more dangerous than the outer ones, but he will safely take you across all that. *Taking the Guru as Protector, and living His commands; Kabir says that kind of devotee has no fear in all three worlds.*

*God Himself plays, and He Himself sees;  
God Himself creates the play.*

It is all His will. But why? This, He alone knows.

*O Nanak, one who follows in the wake of a Gurumukh returns to his True Home.*

When one leaves this life's play, one should leave winning. Become a Gurumukh, He who is one with the Guru. And what is the Guru? *He manifests Himself in the Guru, and distributes the Shabd.* He is the Word made flesh.

He is manifested God in man. God in man or man in God. He gives advice at the physical and intellectual levels and he feeds the soul with the Bread of Life. Food to the body means to eat and drink, and food for the intellect means to read, write and think, but the soul's food is consciousness. So the very Bread of Life is gained through connection with the All-Consciousness. He whose soul is strong can drag many broken-down vehicles.

Where is this food available? It already exists within every human being on this earth. It is the very Sustainer of all Life, but to be aware of it, the soul must withdraw itself from attachments and outer attractions. Upon the spiritual health depends the life of mind and body both; and the cure for all ills is right understanding. So seek the company of an awakened person, a Guru-mukh, otherwise: *When the blind lead the blind, both fall into the ditch.*



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