

# SANT BANI

The Voice of the Saints

*March 1977*



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The Voice of the Saints

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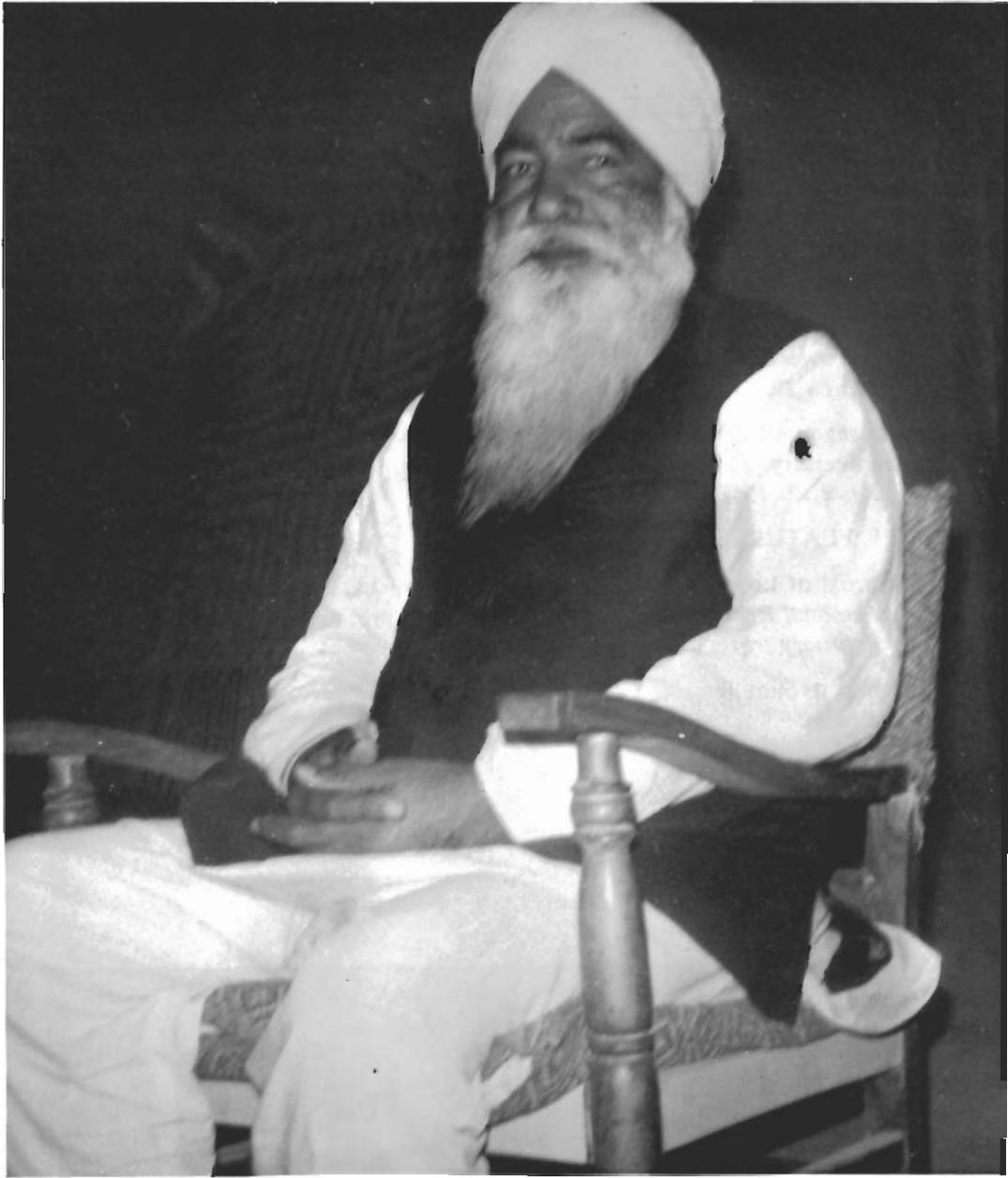
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*At evening Satsang*

# Clean the Chamber of Your Heart

## Sant Ajaib Singh Ji

*Cleanse the chamber of thy heart  
that thy Beloved may enter.*

THIS is the *bani* of Tulsi Sahib. Tulsi Sahib was heir to the throne of the Kingdom of Poona Sithara. When Guru Gobind Singh was on his way to South India, he stayed at Poona Sithara, where he initiated the forebears of Tulsi Sahib. Tulsi Sahib's father was a king and he wanted to give his kingdom to Tulsi Sahib and spend the rest of his life doing devotion to God. But Tulsi Sahib had no desire to rule; he always remained in the mood of devotion and was fond of meditation from his very childhood.

Once in the evening, he was riding a horse with some of his servants. And being in the *Mauj* ("will"), he created the atmosphere of a storm and taking advantage of it he ran away into the forest leaving the servants alone. For some days he remained in the forest doing meditations, but afterwards he came out and went to Hathras, a place which is near Agra, held Satsang there, and initiated many people. Swami Ji Maharaj was one of those who received the Light from Tulsi Sahib.

At the time when Tulsi Sahib was

*This talk, based on a hymn of Tulsi Sahib, was given by Sant Ji in the Punjabi language at the Evening Satsang of December 14, 1976, at Sant Bani Ashram, 77 RB, Rajasthan, India, and has been translated into English by the SANT BANI staff.*

holding Satsang in Hathras, one Muslim man named Sheikh Taqqi who had completed a *Hadj* or pilgrimage to Mecca, came there. And it was his good fortune that his tent was set up right in front of Tulsi Sahib's Satsang place. Here in this hymn, Tulsi Sahib is explaining lovingly, "O Sheikh Taqqi, there is no outward place of pilgrimage. There is no place of pilgrimage in this world. The real pilgrimage starts from the bottom of our foot and ends at the center of our head. There are two parts of this pilgrimage; one is up to the eyes, the other is above the eyes. If you want to do the true pilgrimage, if you want to get real emancipation, go within your body." What is left in Mecca? Nothing—except that it is the birthplace of Prophet Mohammed. When Prophet Mohammed was living on the physical plane, the people who were bound to the laws of religion did not allow him to meditate. They treated him with contempt. His home was plundered and he was thrown out of Mecca. These worldly people do not appreciate and respect the Saints when they come, but afterwards when they depart from the physical plane, they make memorials, temples, mosques in their name and bow down there making fruitless efforts. But what can one get from there? Nothing.

So Paltu Sahib says, *Hindus say God is in the east; Muslims proclaim His existence in the west. Hindus go to the temples and Muslims visit the mosques. Oh Paltu, both of them are making fruitless efforts.*

And what does Namdev say about this? He says, *Hindus are blind and Muslims are one-eyed. But the Gyani is wiser than both of them.* He says that Hindus are blind because they are bowing down to stones and idols; and Muslims are one-eyed because they only look in one direction: that is, the West. But the *Gyani*—that is, the wise man or the one who knows—is the best, no matter if he belongs to the Hindu religion or the Muslim. Who is called *Gyani* here? No one can become *Gyani* only by reading books. Guru Nanak says, *He is called Gyani who has the knowledge of the ineffable, indescribable Shabad Dhun.* One who has knowledge of that ineffable Shabad Dhun that is coming from Sach Khand and is resounding between and behind our two eyebrows—he is called *Gyani*.

The title of *Gyani* is not a low one. It makes no difference if he is from any country or any caste or creed. He is the wisest or the best because he will say, “Hindus worship the God of temples, and Muslims worship the God of mosques, but I worship the living God Who is neither in mosque nor in temple.” You see, nowadays people have made their own gods, private gods. Muslims say that God belongs to them and has no relation with Hindus. But what do Saints say? They say that without practically realizing their own Self and without realizing Him, nothing belongs to either of them. They have nothing.

So here Tulsi Sahib is explaining to Sheikh Taqqi, “If you want to meet God, what do you have to do? First of all, cleanse the chamber of your heart. First of all, clean that place where you want God to dwell. Clean that chamber.” Maharaj Kirpal Singh Ji used to explain, “Hindu temples are dome-shaped at the

top in the likeness of the human head. The mosques, beside the central and side domes, have arches in the shape of foreheads. The churches have steeples tapering upward in the formation of the nose.”

So Tulsi says, “Cleanse the chamber of your heart.” Cleanse the chamber of your inner temple so that the Lord may enter and dwell between and behind the two eyebrows where the physical knot of the passions exists. Lust, anger: all are residing within. Nothing is coming from outside. Greed, attachment and egotism, they are also within. Disease is within and the medicine is also lying within. The survivor is within and the destroyer is also residing within. Both are living while we are living; and only while living can we control both powers: the survivor and the destroyer, the Positive and the Negative.

So Tulsi says, “Now when do you want God to come and reside at that place? Lust, anger and other things are occupying that chamber and we don’t have time for devotion. So how could we meet Him?” So he says, “O Sheikh Taqqi, first of all clean your heart; first of all clean within. Weed out the world from within, so that the Lord may come and dwell. First make a place for him to dwell.”

*Remove all thought of others that  
He may take that place.*

Now he says, “If you want God to dwell within, then forget the strangers.” Who are the strangers? Those who are not going to help us in the Beyond; only they are strangers. Whatever we see in this world with our own eyes, we claim it; we say, “This is my home, my property, my children, my caste, my community.” These are all strangers. None of them is going to help us.

Saints say, "Oh brother, think with a cool heart, is there anybody who will help you in the Beyond?" You see, when that time comes: the husband dies, wife remains; the mother dies, children remain; the child dies, mother remains. But when one is dying, no one tells others where he is going. It is just like a stage or theater where all the actors are playing their roles. One person acts as a king, another one as a minister; some become wives, some act as husbands, and some become children. They play the role which they have been given, and after completing their task, after acting their role, no one is king, no one is queen; there is no husband, no wife; they are all actors only.

So it is with us: somebody comes from nearby, some come from afar, and become our relatives. Some become brothers; and we also start acting our roles. In this world, some are enacting the part of mother, some are acting as sisters, and other relations. But when our part is done, when our acting is done, no one is anyone's. When departing or leaving, no one even consults with others. No one tells others, "I am going to this or that place." In other words, when the give and take is equalized, or when that amount is squared off, no one belongs to anyone. It is just like a current of water in the river which separates logs of wood; another current unites them or vice versa. And this is continually going on; many times the logs are separated and many times they are united.

In the same way, when the current of Karma comes, one current of Karma will come and we will become brothers and sisters. And another current of Karma comes and again we are separated. Guru Nanak says, *I have seen the false love in the world.* What is

wife, what is friend? All are loving for their own purpose. Everybody says, "Mine, mine," and is attached to them. But it is a surprising thing that in the end no one accompanies us. Yet this foolish mind does not want to understand this.

Nanak says, *One who sings the song in the praise of God crosses the Ocean of Life.* You see, daily we are seeing people dying. We even take our friends, our relatives on our own shoulders to the graveyards. But then also we turn our deaf ear to the fact that we also have to die; we will also end this way. But we say, "No, that's for others. These pleasures only are for us." We are attached to the strangers who will not help us. Who will help us? One who has initiated, who has linked you with the Shabad Naam.

Guru Nanak says, *Break your friendship with your foes and find a perfect, true Saint who is your real friend; one who never leaves you while living in the world and will never leave you after death either.* So Tulsi Sahib says, *Forget the strangers if you want the remembrance of God to dwell within you. Weed out the world from within if you want Him to dwell there.*

Inayat Shah also said the same thing to Bulleh Shah: "Uproot the attention from the world and plant it towards God." We people give pain to the body all our lives but we are not trying to understand this one thing. All our life we are closing our eyes and doing meditation, but we are not trying to understand this thing; that nothing except the Satguru is our companion. *What is there that is hard or difficult in achieving God? Nothing, my dear.* Only one thing is required: *uproot your mind from the world and put it toward God.* That's all that is required.

*Open the eye of your heart and  
see what plays are going on in  
this world,  
What pleasures and sorrows are  
here to give pain to your heart.*

Now Tulsi Sahib says, "Open your eyes and see what plays, what dramas are going on in this world." People make many big buildings with much effort, but when they want to rest in them God calls them back. And when man gets the body of an animal after losing the human body, then also he makes nests and caves. If in the human body he is living free, then in the animal body he will live like a slave. Now if he is riding in cars, then tomorrow the time may come when he will have to walk by foot. He might have to plough the fields in the body of a bullock.

So this is the condition. You can see with your own eyes what is happening in the world nowadays. Look at the condition of a child. How are we born? We are born as a piece of flesh. We cannot even turn ourselves without the mother's help. We cannot move the flies away from our face; we cannot tell our pain to others. So that is our condition. And when we grow up and become adolescents, we become blind, enjoying the pleasures of the world. And when old age comes, we do not have our own independence; we become dependent on others, and we become helpless.

So he says, "Now look and decide. Even men are not enjoying their lives in any way. Pleasures and sorrows are always giving pain to one's heart. When we are enjoying happy days then we sing of our happiness and when we are suffering, we moan and groan. So this is our condition."

*There is only one heart  
And in it are millions of desires.  
And about them are the passions.  
Look, where is the place for Him  
to dwell?*

Now Tulsi Sahib says we have only one heart. Either involve it in the devotion of God or enjoy the pleasures of the world. Two things cannot exist at one place. Guru Nanak says, "When that nectar comes, this other taste is not to one's liking." Paltu Sahib also says, "Devotee and the world are always against each other." All the four ages gave it testimony. So this is not a new thing. You can do only one thing at a time. If you are going to do the work of God, then you have to leave the merriment and pleasures of the world.

Kabir Sahib says, "One cannot get God if one is enjoying and being happy. Who has got Him without weeping and suffering? If happily we could meet God, who would like to suffer hardship to achieve Him?" So those who have got God have had to stay up many nights weeping for His darshan." Maharaj Ji used to say, "Those who have made the best use of their nights have made themselves." In other words, those who have utilized their nights in meditation have solved all their problems.

If by enjoying the merriments of the world we could get God, who would want to remain separated from Him? No one. Tulsi Sahib says there is one heart in which there are millions of desires to be fulfilled. Kabir says, *Death is pulling and still we have a mountain of desires*. Who knows when He will call us, when we are going to die? *One heart; millions of desires*. So where is there a place for Him to dwell? Many

people turn atheist, thinking that if there were a God they would have got Him. But have they ever considered that they may not have done His devotion adequately? They can't still their mind; it is wandering hither and thither.

This is an incident of our ashram. Once a lady came to me saying that she would not return home without opening her inner vision. Hearing her, I was very happy; I gave her a place for doing meditation, and I told her she would get food and everything and nobody would bother or disturb her, and she could meditate until her problem was solved. I assured her that Master would fulfill her desire. But she sat for only a few minutes and then she came to me. She had three sons and she told me that thoughts of them were troubling her. I told her to forget them; but she said, "They can't be forgotten. How can I forget them?" So I told her, "Either remove the veil of the world or remove the veil from within. But you can do only one thing. If you want to open your inner vision, close your mind to the world." But how many can do that? After staying for only two hours she went away.

In the same way, there was another man, an old man sixty years of age. He came to me and told me that now he had decided not to go back until he had achieved something. Again I was very happy to welcome him, and I felt very grateful and thanked him. And I thanked Master that there was a man in the world who wanted to achieve the Truth. So I gave him a place to meditate but no sooner had I gone upstairs than he left. He left within a few seconds. When I saw him going back, I asked another man who was living in the ashram, to go and call him

and ask him what had happened. So he came back with that man. He said, "I don't know why I left. Please don't tell anyone that I was duped by my mind." And then he went away. So now think of a man who was not even aware of what he was doing. He came for meditation and he was going. So this is our condition. We are duped by our mind at each and every moment. At each and every step, mind is deceiving us. So if you want to meditate, if you want to be successful practically, you have to guard your mind, you have to control it. So he says, "Throw the filth and dirt from the world out if you want Him to dwell within."

*It is a pity that a dweller of the  
real and natural temple  
Goes into unreal and artificial tem-  
ples and mosques.*

Now Tulsi Sahib says to Sheikh Taqqi that it is a pity how we try to get God. Going into artificial temples and mosques is not the way. If we go into the real and natural temple made by God Himself where He Himself resides, then our chain of births and deaths can be cut down. You see what we are doing: We maintain the purity of the mosques, temples, churches which we have made by our own hand. We never allow anybody to drink wine or eat meat there. Nor do we go in them wearing shoes or taking any dirt. But what are we doing to the natural temples made by God? We put wine and dead bodies in it; we do evil deeds with it; we think evil thoughts with it. You see how much we have polluted our body with all the passions and evil deeds?

You see, a dog will not sit in a dirty place; we also dislike dirt. Then how can that pure God Who dwells in Sach Khand be manifested within the drunk-

ards, the unchaste, and the ill-willed, wicked persons? How can He manifest in our dirty temple? People say there is no God, otherwise He would have come. But we never think: have we ever made a place for Him? Have we ever thought of purifying ourselves within? So he says, "Oh Sheikh Taqqi, it is a pity that people appreciate the self-made, artificial temples, but the real, natural temple is not appreciated by anyone." We are wasting time bowing down to stones and mortar.

Hazur Sawan Singh used to tell a story of the place where his mother's relatives were living. He used to say, "In our village there was one farmer and on his farm there was a small idol of some goddess. People were visiting there daily offering milk and other things to the idol. The farmer had only a small piece of land and of that field a large part was used as the temple. He was always requesting the people to use a smaller space so that he could grow enough grain for his family. But the people were frightening him saying if he did not allow them to worship the goddess she would ruin him. So he was in a great difficulty. Every morning he saw people pouring milk on the idol and every evening he saw dogs urinating there. So he thought, 'Why is the goddess not ruining the dogs?' So he consulted a man who was a carpenter in the village. He told him, 'Look brother, I have only this much land and half of the land is used as a temple. Please help me to have my land so I may grow enough food for my family. Please help me.'

"So that man thought up a plan: one night they brought a cart and they took that idol away from the farm to the place where there was a memorial to some Martyrs. Next morning the farmer

sat outside his home. When someone passed by, he asked him, 'Brother, do you know what happened last night?' But how could he know when nothing had happened? So the farmer told him, 'Oh last night, there were a lot of bombs and rifles shot.' In this way many people heard and a large group gathered wanting to know what had happened last night. And suddenly the carpenter came, and in front of the large gathering the farmer asked the carpenter if he had seen anything last night. (You see the carpenter was the one who had made the plan and he had done everything. He had told the farmer what to say and when.) So he said, 'Ah, ah. What a great battle it was last night. But it is a great pity and sorrow that no one came to rescue our goddess.' People asked him, 'What is wrong with our goddess?' He replied, 'Last night some Martyrs came to marry our goddess and she was screaming and crying for help. But no one went to save her. Finally the Martyrs took her away to their place.' They couldn't believe him; but when they went to the field they could see no goddess there. Then they went to the Martyrs' memorial and the goddess idol was there. So in that way the farmer got rid of the goddess; but people believed that story about the Martyrs marrying her, and they are still worshipping her there."

So how can people find God by worshipping idols and stones? They can get nothing that way. And what is happening in the modern world? When Saints come, nobody appreciates or respects them. Nobody believes them. But when they leave, what happens? They make memorials and mosques and bow down to that place. But what can they get from there? Nothing.

*Listen in the arch of the natural  
mosque:  
Shabad Dhun is resounding there,  
calling you.*

When we go to temples, what is there? First of all you will find a big bell on the door. We enter after ringing the bell and inside the temple we will see the lamps burning. In the same way, people go to the gurudwaras of Sikhs, especially the gurudwara which is in Amritsar. You will see on the right side a lamp burning and you will see a drum also there. That lamp is burning and it is covered by a cloth. In the Buddhist temple also, you will see the indivisible light and they will also have a big bell there. In the mosque, they burn the lamp on the tombs and there is a *maulvi*—that is a priest—who beats the drum and shouts to the people to gather and do the *Namaz*. In church also, when you go you will see that before starting the service they ring the big bell and light the candles. All these examples were given by Saints who told us, “All good things are lying within us. All the Light and Sound is within us.” They told us to find **this thing** within, to see **this thing** within. But what have we done? We started bowing down to the things that were shown us in the form of examples, and we forgot the real thing.

The writings of a Master Saint are such, that if the first part of a hymn is not understood well, the second part will not allow you to proceed further; if the first is not explained well, the second will have no meaning. So, in the previous section, Tulsi Sahib has said that it is a pity that people go into the artificial temples or mosques, because what do they get from there? Nothing. If you go in the natural tem-

ple, that is the human body, the temple made by God, what will you see there, or what will you get there? You see, when a Master initiates, he says, “Close your eyes and still your attention between and behind the two eyes and forget yourself.” What will you see there? Light. At that place there is no question of caste, age or color. God has put that Light within everybody, no matter if they belong to any country. Everybody has that Light within him. From that Light the Sound is coming.

Guru Nanak calls that Sound Current somewhere as *Gur-ki-Bani* or *Sachi Bani* (true Sound), or *Hukam* or *Naad* or *Shabad*. Muslims call that *Bang-i-Asmani*. Upanishads say *Akash Bani*.

All the Saints have talked about this Power, of course in their own languages. But the question is of achieving that Power, not of the names. There is a piece of wood; you can call it a stick, a staff or anything, but the thing is the same. Call that Power, *Wahe Guru*, *Ram*, *Rahim*, or whatever you want. But only by labeling, the problem is not solved. The question is of achieving that Power Which has created the whole creation. So he says, “Enter into the natural temple and listen carefully to that Shabad Dhun: that sweetest, melodious sound that is coming from Sach Khand. If those fortunate ones could retrace their attention from the bottom of the foot and bring it between and behind the two eyebrows and connect their attention with Shabad Dhun, they could go back to their eternal home, Sach Khand.”

All Masters have talked about the Sound Current. So Tulsi Sahib says to Sheikh Taqqi, “Enter in the natural temple and listen carefully how God is calling you from within this human body, this beautiful temple of God, this

beautiful palace of God.”

Guru Nanak once went to Shiraz in Persia and there he met a Muslim priest named Rukhnudin who asked Guru Nanak, “Have you ever seen the house of God?” Guru Nanak said, “Yes,” and proceeded to describe the physical form. “It has twelve minarets, six at each extremity (the joints of the arms and legs); fifty-two spires (thirty-two teeth and twenty nails); and two windows (eyes). There He Himself resides.”

One Saint says, “From this palace of God He Himself is calling you, but it is a pity that you are sleeping in a sweet sleep of attachment to the world and are not listening to His call. One who is awakened hears Him and becomes one with Him; and he is a fortunate man.” So those who work hard, who stay up at night, those who yearn for Him and connect with Him—only they achieve Him. So Tulsi Sahib tells Sheikh Taqqi, “Enter within the temple made by God, that is the human body, and listen carefully to the Voice of God, Who is calling you to come back home.”

*Why are you wandering outside in search of the beloved?*

*The way to the beloved is through Shahrag.*

Now Tulsi Sahib says to Sheikh Taqqi, “Why are you wandering outside in search of God? God is within you and the nearest way to achieve Him, to meet Him, is through *Shahrag*.” We call it *Sukhmana*; that is the central chord between *Ida* and *Pingla*, the two chords that run through the spine on either side and, passing through the center of and between the two eyebrows, reach directly as far as Sach Khand.\*

\* See Kirpal Singh, *The Crown of Life*, p. 44; *The Way of the Saints*, p. 100.

Kabir Sahib says, *Ida, Pingla, Sukhmana; three exist at one place*. Their union is achieved by doing meditation. You see, there are three rivers: Gunga, Jumna and Saraswati. They meet at a place called Prayagra, and that place where they unite is considered to have religious significance. But when Mahatmas saw the rivers within, only then they gave names to the outer rivers. The real *Sungam* or union is within. Saints say that in Trikuti there are three rivers, and you will see them there when you reach the second plane. But our way is through the central chord, that is the *Sukhmana*.

Guru Nanak says, *The real music of a true Master is going on in Sukhmana*. So that Bani, that Sound Current, Which is our Guru Whom we have to catch, is always sounding in the *Sukhmana*. So he says, *Why are you wandering outside? He is within. The way to Him is kept within you by Him*.

*Oh Taqqi, meet a perfect Master with faith and contentment.*

*He will teach you to achieve the music of Shahrag.*

When we read from a book or hear that God is within us, that everything is within us, and that we can achieve God by our own selves, we should remember that the writings of the Masters are written after practice. They practice first, and afterwards they write. And they say, “First of all meet a perfect Master who has solved this mystery. He will teach you how to go within. Without his help you can’t go within. Do not think you can go within without a Master’s help and protection.” When you get inside you will see how many Rishis and Munis are stopped at one place or another. At each and every step there are pitfalls.

They don't know where to go, which Sound they should catch. Then there are very many dark cells in which if the soul goes once, it can never come out. So he says, "Meet a perfect Master or Saint, a Satguru who will show you the path of emancipation or true liberation. And when you have found that perfect Master, believe him and have full faith in him and have a life of contentment." Whatever things God has given you be contented with that. Everybody has to suffer their *pralabdh* or fate Karma because Masters never touch the *pralabdh* Karma. If they did, the initiate would die as soon as he is initiated. So they never touch it. One has to suffer his fate or destiny.

So first of all, mold your life according to the instructions of the Master. Those who do not obey their Master, they can never be successful, no matter if they visit him for a hundred years. If Master says, "Go east," and they go west, they can never be successful. It is the duty of lovers to obey even the hint of the Master. Master's hints should also be taken as orders. In Sant Mat whoever has achieved God has done so only because he obeyed his Master and worked according to the instructions of his Master.

So, when you have found a perfect Master, obey him with full faith and devotion. He will teach you how to go in. If you obey him, what will he give you? In the monthly Satsang it was clearly explained that when a disciple obeys the Master and Master puts him to the test; if he goes through the test Master *has* to give him something. He has to pay him with something if he is obeying his Master.

*If you practice this for some days  
your inner eyes and ears will*

*open*

*And you will progress on the way  
back to Allah.*

Now he says that only to be initiated is not enough. Only to attend Satsang is not enough. Whatever you have heard in Satsang, you must practice that. You must weed out your shortcomings and failings. Only to attend Satsang and to go back after hearing the talk is not sufficient. You have to think over each and every word uttered by the Master. You have to practice it. If you are initiated you have to practice that also. What to do?—sit in seclusion, sit quiet, close your eyes, still your attention where?—where the Saint has told you. Do Simran how?—as the Master has told you.

But what do we do? We come to Satsang, listen to the talk, go back home without having any impression, effect on our heart, our behavior. This is our condition.

There was once a merchant who was going to the temple daily, and he did this for thirty years. Once his son went to the temple and there he heard from the priest that all creation is of God: "If one has more wealth he must help the needy and share with others." The next day he was sitting in his shop and a cow came and started eating some grain. At that time he remembered the words of the priest and he thought, well, we are wealthy; if she eats some grain, so what? So he did not stop her. Then his father came in and rebuked him, "Oh blind man, can't you see the cow is eating the grain?" So he replied very calmly, "Father, I see her eating. But if she eats one or two kilos of grain, so what? We will not become poor, because we are wealthy. It will not affect us." So his father asked him, "Where

did you learn that?" He told him that last night he went to the temple and the priest was saying that. So his father replied, "Beware. Don't go there again. If you do go, leave the teachings there; don't bring them back home. I have been going there for thirty years; if I had brought the teachings here, I would have ruined the whole business."

So this is our condition. We come to Satsang but we do not mold our lives according to the Master's teachings. We do not change our habits. No. After hearing we have to think and work on that. Whatever Saints say we have to understand that. Once there was a time when the Sikhs of Guru Gobind Singh were living according to the teachings of their Guru and they were trusted. People were believing them, believing their words, knowing that if a person is a disciple of Guru Gobind Singh he will not speak lies. Again there was a time during the lifetime of Maharaj Sawan Singh when people were doing meditation; and they were called to the court for witnessing, because people knew that anyone who went to Beas would never speak lies. Nowadays you will find not one but many Radha Soamis in jail. Why is this so? Because they have forgotten the teachings of the Master. If one is a disciple and does

evil deeds, he brings disgrace to the name of the Master. You see, from the disciple the fragrance of Naam should come out.

So Tulsi Sahib says to Sheikh Taqqi, "Practice and obey the Master. Mold your life according to the teachings of the Master. Change your habits. Why? To meet God, to enter the Kingdom of God. Do all this so you may enter His Kingdom."

*This is the call of Tulsi; listen to it  
and practice it.  
Even in the Koran, Shabad or  
Naam has been described as the  
eternal God.*

Now Tulsi Sahib says, "O Sheikh Taqqi, listen carefully: even in the Koran, your religious book, this Shabad or Naam has been described. That Shabad which is the cause of creation is known to your religion also. Listen carefully and practice it so you may realize God."

So according to the teachings of Tulsi Sahib all of us should cleanse our inner heart so that our beloved may enter and dwell within us. We should remove all thoughts other than God because God will manifest in that heart only that is wholly and solely pure.



*Sant Ji holds Juliette Gelbard, Dr. Molina's granddaughter, while her parents and others look on.*

## Journal of Love

DONALD MACKEN

MORNING OF THE DAY WE ARRIVED—  
ON THE TRAIN: Oh how my heart is drawn. This is the dawn of the morning when I will see Him again . . . to be in His presence after thinking for so long: . . . "Never again. We have lost Him, He has gone." And how when something is taken away from you do

*The author, who lives in Santa Rosa, Calif., has been Master Kirpal Singh's group leader there for many years. This journal, which describes the author's trip to see Sant Ji in February 1977, was written on the spot and is published as the author wrote it.*

you come to appreciate it so much more. And the seeds planted in me by others relating their experiences of first being with Him again, of recognizing Him and giving themselves to Him again; all these things come alive this morning. For having become all the more thoughtful and appreciative (of the pain of separation) the cruel bliss of separation is soon to end.

*(Written while sitting on the Porter's seat at the end of the aisle)* Oh sun, you have risen to shine on a day like no other. Your rays fall on many, but today there are few whose hearts are bursting with the bliss of anticipation.

As I sat for meditation early this morning, the beauty of the moment unfolded before me. May the Infinite Lord give to all His children some share of this morning. May all come to experience such a dawn. Oh True Morning, Oh True Light, may this moment be forever in my heart.

I must stop, for now Pappu has just come to tell us we are almost here. As I write these last words the train is coming to its final stop and our destination . . . so it slows . . . we have arrived. . . . Rajasthan . . . now He is but hours away.

#### TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER—SECOND DAY

What wondrous things to tell. Our first day with Him.

The silent reality of being in His presence. As said before, the person to person relationship established with Master Kirpal has been re-established, and continuing from this point I am so much more appreciative of Him now for having undergone this temporary physical loss.

Of the five jeeps, ours was the first to arrive. All that has been said of the remoteness . . . the roads . . . the remarkable physical setting, is true and more. Within five minutes the last jeeps arrived. We were just all standing around . . . drenching in the charging of that small ashram . . . feeling the majesty of His presence. It was very, very intoxicating. Suddenly I realized He had come out and was standing in our midst.

Such kindness and peace pervade His Presence. Pappu was introducing each of us to Him. He would point to each individual and then tell Him our name and He in turn would look so lovingly, deep into the eyes of each one. What can one say of looking into the eyes of

a Saint? . . . It is all in His eyes. All the grace, all the answers, all the love. It is the same as before. Those same eyes that three years ago were saying goodbye to me without my knowing it . . . were now dancing and sparkling, blessing us all and the occasion of our reunion. And so were our first sweet minutes with Him.\*

This occasion was then followed by "settling in." Actually since ours was the first jeep in, we were able to go into the room with the bunks and have first choice of beds. At Sawan Ashram I had last choice and I ended up with the bunk by the door and every time someone came in or out there would be a big thump where the door would open and hit my bed. I'd be sitting on my bed trying to meditate or trying to go to sleep at night . . . it got so that I'd hear the footsteps coming from the outside and my mind would say, "Oh, oh, here it comes." The door would creek open and thump right against the bed . . . almost every time . . . and there were a lot of people staying in that room. So here it was that I had my full choice of any bed in the whole room to choose. There were some in remote corners, some in a long line, some in the middle and there was one that stuck out just a little bit right by the door . . . And I said to myself, "Oh, the poor person who gets that bed." Well, as soon as that thought came I knew there was no choice but to pick it. Actually I wasn't sure if the

\* During these precious few moments, the mind was continually butting in . . . for this I am ashamed . . . the magnitude and beauty of the occasion was continually being interrupted for me by unwanted thoughts. When I first saw Master Kirpal at Sawan Ashram I was so emotionally overtaken . . . yet it was not so this time. . . . "What is wrong?" "Why isn't it like that this time?" etc. Yet in truth it was the same.

door was going to thump into it or not . . . but it looked like an opportunity to be of service to some other member of the February group, so I took it.

And you know what?—the door hardly thumps into it at all. In fact it is somewhat of a prime location for I can let my suitcase stick out a little bit more than would otherwise be possible . . . and I can sit on the edge and have sunlight from the doorway as I write in my Journal. This is just a small thing but it has reminded me so much of how Master tells us that you never lose anything when you give.

After a beautifully prepared lunch we had a chance to rest and clean up and meditate. At four p.m. we had a beautiful courtyard meditation and question and answer darshan. So this was our first sitting with him. All the members of our group were no doubt well aware far in advance of the importance that He places on constant Simran, not moving during meditation, and rising above physical discomfort. So here we all were coming into this first meditation. After meditation He asked all how they did. And some did well and some were needing more help. This talk was taped and I will not go into it too far . . . in general however, the tone was strict, interspersed with love and understanding. The goal was set before us: that we have come here to meditate and should leave as “perfect” disciples. He said that nothing in nature is born without some pain . . . and we should not let the mind play tricks regarding physical discomfort. But this time my mind was getting very restless, the meditation period was very difficult for me. Although I did not move I was in extreme physical unrest from sitting cross-legged for one hour . . . the last fifteen to twenty minutes

had little to do with withdrawing but much to do with self discipline. One half of me was yelling, “Your legs are going to fall off . . . you’ve got to move!” and the other half was saying, “Be brave, be brave, just one more minute, do Simran.” And the one thing I have come to know is that when the Simran is at all formed, all else does go away. Thoughts of the outside, thoughts of screaming legs, all thoughts. They cannot come in when we do as He says. The trick is, of course, to develop it so the duration of the repetition and the accuracy of the gaze are both increased, more and more with each sitting. And for this He has repeatedly said that you should develop doing Simran all the day . . . eating, talking, working . . . and in this way our effort will be little, we will sit and we will be focused from the start.

So this is how it’s to be done: If we become more disciplined in Simran during the day, and more sensually withdrawn avoiding needless sights, sounds and social experiences in general, then the majority of our work will be already done. When we go to sit we will have done our work already and the effort will be effortless . . . the Master will pull us up. As one initiate says, “He will meditate us.” So I decided this would be a good thing to develop.

#### MORNING OF THE THIRD DAY

I’m still not sure what day it is . . . what a pleasant thing to be free from. Although I have a clock by my bed it has been set using the three o’clock wake up gong which He personally rings as the basis from which it was set. It is interesting to note that all the day’s activities are referenced from that

point.

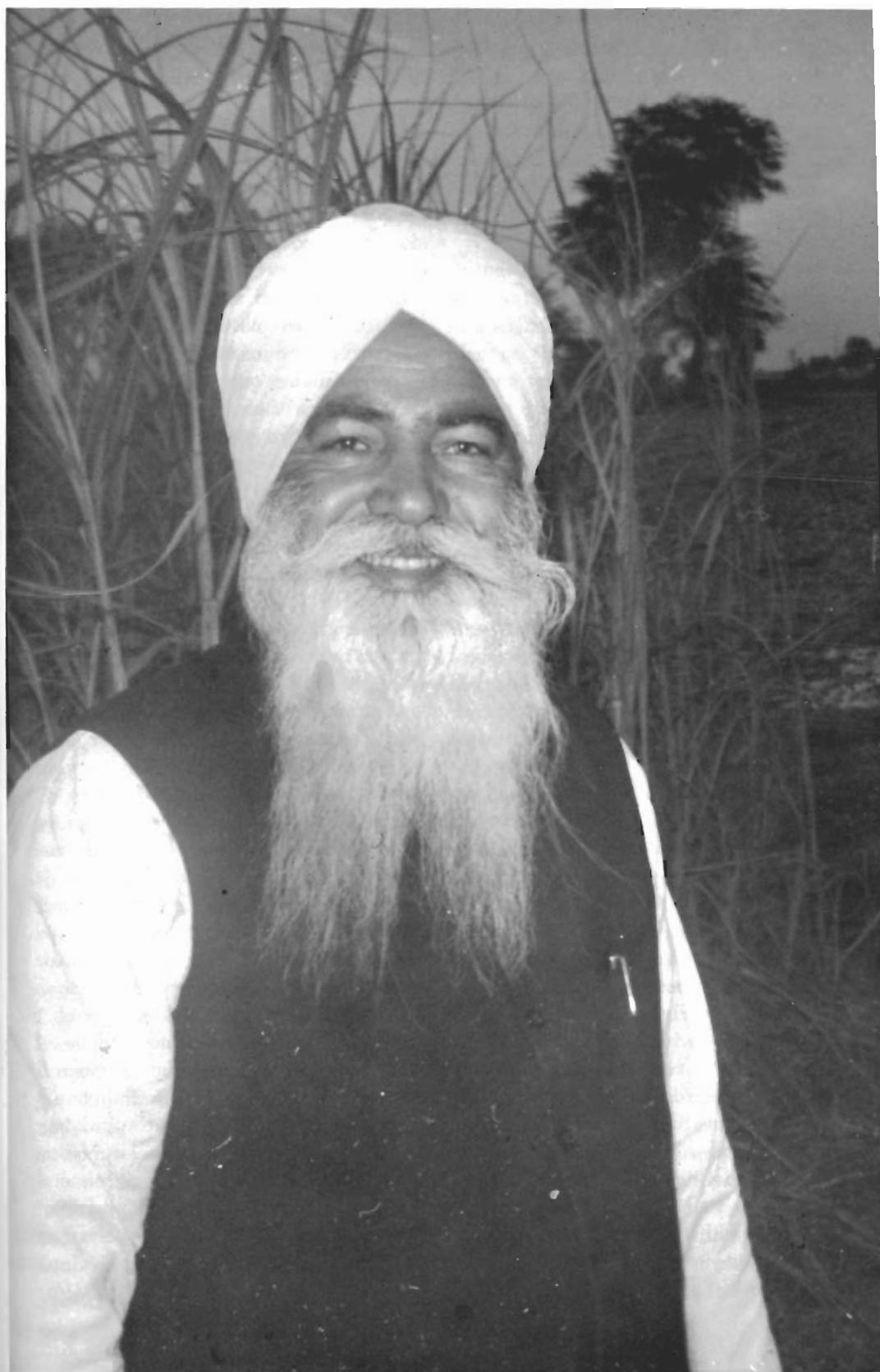
So much has happened since the first day that I can't think I'll ever get caught up. . . . After our Meditation and darshan we were served a meal, and given more free time to relax and/or meditate. This was followed by an evening darshan by lantern light in the courtyard. The small girls from the ashram sang bhajans and there was a talk given in Punjabi. By this time sleep was catching hold of me and I felt helpless . . . it had been a long day . . . most of the previous night I had stayed up sitting in the hallway of the train writing in my journal, then the jeep ride, and a painful meditation sitting. This combined with tumultuous mental chatterings: how our group had grown to over twenty people and it was too many to have meditation sittings in His room as the other groups had done; and how I was really expecting Him to emotionally zonk me, but it didn't happen; and on and on. And so with the assignment to get up with the gong at three and not to go back to bed we all promptly retired, about nine-thirty.

Well, the Second Day was much different. Much, much different. It started very early. . . . We are all in one room. Our instructions are to meditate in place, on our cots in the early morning hours. So I knew He was going to be ringing the bell at three, and when I woke up the bell had not yet been rung. I was amazed, for as tired as I was I couldn't imagine that it could be before three. I was both surprised and thankful to be so awake. I quietly got up and went out into the courtyard. The night air was very mild . . . almost balmy . . . and the crystal clear sky glimmered overhead with countless stars, coming down over the ashram walls in all directions.

And I thought, if I wait out here I'll be able to see the outline of His form ringing the gong. After five minutes it became apparent to me He would much rather have me waiting at the tenth door, so I returned to my cot. Although my mind was restless, I was very thankful for two things: 1) I did not fall asleep during my sitting/meditation and 2) the overwhelming urge to curl up and snuggle off into sleep was very subdued to the point of control.

At seven breakfast was served, and at nine we were assembled for our morning meditation with Him. Now all during these times various members of the group were making serious efforts to remain in the Holy Simran. It is easy to know that it can be done at all times but remembering to lovingly do it . . . that's where the challenge lies. And mealtimes are real training grounds. The food is so beautifully prepared and served, and in such vast quantities. The tendency to want to converse is also there.

As we passed through the small courtyard where we had had our first two meetings with Him, the words from Pappu told us, "Go upstairs, please. You are to meditate in His room with Him." What excitement and joy as we climbed the steps leading to His room. And what a beautiful, simple room, approximately 12 feet square with two small windows, a very low ceiling and very, very low little door. And there's nothing in it except for a little bench thing for Himself and a cushion type affair over the majority of the floor for us to sit on. On the walls are pictures of Sawan Singh, Kirpal Singh, and a small group picture of the residents of Sant Bani Ashram in New Hampshire. So we went in to sit . . . and He was very, very jolly in spirit and He was very,



very charged. It was like seeing an old friend and there was such warmth on both sides. He greeted us and asked regarding our accommodations, food, etc. With just a few words He suggested we should sit in the remembrance of Kirpal and proceed with our true work: meditation.

Now this day I had decided that I was not going to try and sit cross-legged but rather sit in the Bhajan position with my arms folded on my knees. It was like I was going to bypass the whole pain challenge or at least reduce it. And although I had never sat in that exact position for an hour, I had in the regular Bhajan position and in general found it comfortable for prolonged periods. Well, this time it was not so comfortable . . . but I had chosen it, so I did not move.

After meditation He asked us each how we did. And then there were questions and answers. This also was taped. He was so loving and so encouraging in His words. What sweetness flows from Him. Then He told us that today was the monthly Satsang and that we were to attend, and that if we wanted to we could bring our cameras and take pictures. So at three we were all ready. As it turned out the Satsang was held about two hundred yards away from the Ashram under a group of mango trees. What a beautiful setting it was . . . the young Indian girls were singing Bhajans and He was sitting there with the same majesty I had remembered so well from before.

Now all this time I had not taken my camera out . . . I had forced myself not to even think about it. I had told myself, no tourist shots this time . . . just the real thing. So I got it all checked out; light level, F number, ASA . . . all that. Then I would look through

to focus. And His face would be right in the center of the ground glass focusing circle. And there was such beauty. After waiting for some other fellows to move out of the background I did take a couple of pictures. Although it would have been all right for me to get up and walk around to get pictures from different angles (others were doing it) I decided that if I could just end up with one good picture from this angle that would be enough. So I put my attention more on when to take the picture, since there was plenty of time available, rather than from where. It reminded me of when I was taking Master Kirpal pictures at the Unity of Man Conference. Then I was taking movies and not stills. And there was one time I was standing right up front of the big dais . . . with my camera resting right on the edge and the zoom was all the way zoomed in . . . just on Master's Face . . . just a study in His gestures, expression, eye movements . . . like that mostly while other people were talking and singing . . . He would portray such subtle Majesty at those moments . . . so this was going to be something like that. And I was looking very, very closely. Mastana Ji was singing a hymn and I was just studying His movements and His eyes . . . like that . . . single pointed attention, when to shoot.

And in these precious moments I came to see that Friend Whom I thought I'd never see again. Now I have heard much of one Saint changing form and another Saint appearing. I remember what a deep impression this made upon me the first time I heard it. That experience is now personal and the impression is much more profound. As of this writing I don't know what the camera saw, maybe

something, maybe not. But the memory of those moments burns clearer than any outer picture.

### THIRD DAY—EVENING

We have just returned from afternoon darshan and I am writing this as we are sitting at the table having tea. For the most part the talk was taped, but only the part after the meditation. There was a beautiful, brief exchange prior to meditation where the recorders were not on. One story was about His foster-father who was very rich and how he was always trying to pull him into being worldly by giving him things that in turn would be given away . . . and that with all his wealth he never saw his father be happy; he was always concerned about his possessions and wanting more.

He also told how Master Kirpal came to Kunichuk Ashram. And Master Kirpal was sleeping on the cot. And the disciple was allowed to sleep in the same room on the floor next to the Master . . . and at twelve-thirty Master Kirpal said, "Sant Ji, are you asleep?" And He replied, "Yes, Master, for ages and ages I have been asleep." And He said at that point Master took Him up, staring into His eyes for five minutes. And in that look was everything and that words could never even capture or convey what that was.

He started by asking us if everything was all right with the food . . . anything to be added or taken away. Then He said, "You see, we are all illiterate people here and you are all very educated, so you must tell us if something is not right." And one girl replied, that it was indeed we who were uneducated and the people here who had the true knowledge.

Then there was a beautiful exchange

about how Babu Ji says that now the Westerners are coming here and soon there will be electricity and telephones. And that some of the people here at the Ashram think that would be very nice. But He said, "Don't worry, that won't happen."

The evening darshan was very, very sweet. Mostly it consisted of Westerners singing hymns. There was a variety of Bhajans sung. He was very jolly and pleased with the whole thing. There was no talk. He would just keep looking at us with such sweetness and majesty.

Upon returning to our room there was much socializing going on. The tendency started perhaps a day earlier and this evening it is at a very bad state. How much we are forgetting! At lunch a few people noticed that this was starting to happen. And one girl from Sant Bani Ashram in the States mentioned that most all the groups came back saying that they didn't realize it while it was happening . . . but they were doing much too much talking among themselves. And that it wasn't until the last day and a half that they realized how wasteful such things had been. And that soft little talk was nice because it was helpful and it created an awareness. And I thought, what if today was the day the jeeps were coming? . . . would our hearts be uplifted and happy because we have done our best or would they be sad because we did not use our time wisely? In one way I think I should say something, yet I am just as guilty as any, and so perhaps must make a firm resolve to be more in remembrance for the remaining six days and to use my attention wisely. For like attracts like at the level of the soul and example is better than precept.

Naturally the tendency to flutter away

the fruits of these incredibly charged sessions with our Teacher in a haphazard manner will stop. It is like we come away so full and with such joy that we just start to flutter it all out, because we are not used to being in this sublime state. It is of such magnitude the way in which He is lifting each of us while we are here. I have heard it said that none of us can fathom what is really happening on the inner planes while we are in His company . . . and since He is relaxed and casual on the outer, so are we. And we bring with us and manifest many of those idle pursuits that we have come here to be rid of. And so this is our fourth day with Him. We have got another six to go . . . it is like we have just begun and already my heart is saddened at the thought of leaving Him. So much I would like to win His Pleasure.

#### EVENING OF THE FOURTH DAY

We have just completed meal time. Prior to this we went to His room and had a very beautiful meditation sitting. As we were getting settled, he looked over at me . . . and He smiled and He spoke to Pappu. Now I have this folded up blanket and a pillow that I bring to meditation to sit on, and it is not ideal but He does not disapprove, for I have never been able to sit cross-legged just on the floor but can when boosted up a little bit. And He was chuckling . . .

After the meditation we went for a beautiful walk; our first. There was much beauty . . . he gave an impromptu talk along the way. He said that one gardener plants the seeds and another then is given care of the plants as they grow. And at that point the thought of Master and Successor became so clear to me and that made me

feel so good. For I have wasted many years in selfishness and idle pursuits . . . and now, although that time is gone forever, there is the future . . . and I feel great hope . . . that for the first time in a long, long time that it can be done, that it will be done . . . for our Gracious Hazur in all His unbounding love and wisdom has given us One Who is the embodiment of simplicity, compassion and love . . . all well from Him in such vastness. There are so many things to write about, so many beautiful little experiences . . . it seems to be flowing all around us . . . more and more with each passing day . . . it is painful to think of leaving . . . we have six days to go. Will I be able to make any of what is given to me a permanent part of my life? I pray that it may be so—for the world is so complicated in the West, and it is so very, very simple here.

On the walk he said that those from the U.S. were the first to come and that they had a claim on Him. And now the Italians had come to put in their claim. Also, there was a girl who had had a private talk with Him earlier and she had apparently voiced to Him the same frustration I had felt . . . that due to the largeness of the group (approximately twenty) we were all going to be receiving less individual attention. And so referring to that, He said to her that thanks to the group from Italy all conversation must be translated twice (first to English by Pappu and then to Italian by Sirio), and that as a result He was having to spend more time with us, and that everything was taking longer . . . and that He thought she would not be minding this. And we were all laughing and so happy.

He said, "You know the Kuku bird, yes? It takes a Kuku bird to know a

Kuku bird and although a crow may look similar he will never know the Kuku." The whole walk was like that. At one point He put His arm around Dr. Molina and the other round Pathi Ji. There is a beautiful story how Pathi Ji sought Him out, at the very beginning. And it was a very beautiful picture. The night before He had said that Pathi Ji was the first to find Him on the outside and that Dr. Molina was the first to find Him on the inside. Then He said that Dr. Molina was not a new companion and that he had been with Him for many births. It was so very sweet.

There was another very lighthearted time having to do with the movie camera. Two of the Italians were taking a super 8 sound movie, and He was so accepting and tolerant. Big zoom in shots and all that. He would be so amused and jolly. The minute you point a camera at Him He would start smiling. The more serious I would be with the camera itself or about running around to get a good angle, the more amused He would be. It was as if I was playing with this little toy and he was so pleased to be able to share that enjoyment with me. And so He'd just smile at us, and the more He'd smile the more frantic we would be to get a good shot running here and there, shuffling between people. And He would just laugh and laugh.

And so this fellow with the movie camera got us all grouped around him and waving his hands, calling instructions in Italian like, "move in closer," "down in the front." Then, with the camera on a tripod, he started it on automatic and ran forward to be with us. And so we were all sitting there smiling.

#### THE FIFTH DAY

It is almost eight o'clock and we are getting ready for evening Satsang. We just got back from another beautiful walk with Him. This was a long walk and it was almost pitch dark out when we got back. He gave a beautiful talk on Kabir and how he was incarnated in all four Yugas. At one time, He said that a true disciple should look to the background of the Master; and that it is not good to make a commitment to someone without proper consideration being taken.

[*Some random notes*]-to fight the mind is meditation-constant simran-I think I had too much for lunch-long, long glances: in one way strict, in another way kind-to be tired, to not care, a blessing more sublime than not being tired; a blissful feeling, for then your love is developed-May they never change: Babu Ji. Simplicity of the people. Story of the Tractors and Russell -One girl brought a back pack, asked why, "Well, if there is nothing there, I thought I'd go into the mountains so as not to waste the fare."-What, have you no chapatis in America?

#### SIXTH DAY, WEDNESDAY

The time is going very, very fast now. It is as if this Sunday is a small mountain which we all must pass, and the closer we get, the faster everything is moving.

It is now 8 a.m. Eight-year old Beverly is to be initiated in just a few minutes. She has been sitting in on every meditation and has been seeing much light. For a whole hour she doesn't move. After a sitting one day, Sant Ji was asking each of us how was our meditation. And one lady was having a difficult time and he lovingly said, "You should sit next to Beverly and you will

have much peace." And everyone was so jolly. Then he talked of the peace and purity of children. At one point He said, "I am like a forty-day old baby." Those who have worked and gone in a little bit, there is much beauty in them. It is not easy to recapture that which we once were for the mind has been fed a poor diet for so many years. Yet He has opened the road of Naam straight before us and He has told us it is a most direct path, burning away all the mental chatterings of the past, holding us in the sweet intoxication of His remembrance in the present, guiding and protecting our every action in the future. In these peaceful moments He is so strongly felt.

And there was one Darshan where I was thinking how different our world is from His . . . And it seems so natural that He would speak a different language; that He would be so removed from civilization; that He would start His work once again with such simplicity. There is a majesty in these mud walls.

When we first arrived here, the thought kept coming in, "All is holy where devotion kneels"; and everywhere I'd look the thought came, "All is holy where devotion kneels."

All is at peace as I sit on the edge of my cot writing. Birds fly in and out of the room, a faint bhajan is heard from the courtyard, others sit motionless in devotion.

#### DUSK—SIXTH DAY

We have just returned from a most incredibly charged Darshan. It was the most intoxicating blessing yet showered on us by Master Kirpal. It was well documented by three tape recorders; one for the Italians, one for the East coast, and one for the West coast.

To momentarily backtrack: meditation was an hour late today, five p.m. instead of four p.m. This was due to the fact that the Sevadars building the new addition to the ashram were having tea with Him. Our room is adjacent to His downstairs room and there is a very small window with wooden shutters that goes between the two rooms and faint whispers of His voice can be heard. So this time we could hear that He was very jolly. He would talk and chuckle and all the workers would laugh. It was for some time like that.

I think they were reviewing the work in progress on enlarging the ashram. At present the total ashram is less than half the size of a football field. When the expansion is complete it will be approximately three times its present size. So today the workers have just finished laying the last bricks for the outside perimeter walls and it was quite an occasion. So as a result our sitting with Him started an hour late. This was one of my best sittings ever and for many each day has brought steady inner progress. Many are trying their best to stay in Simran during all hours of the day as He has requested so often . . . and the effort bears fruit.

So this day rather than ask each one of us about our meditation, He started right into His talk, and a most intoxicating talk it was. He started by relating that Dr. Molina had been with Him many times before and that such like souls in the staff of the Master come from Sach Khand. That He was not praising Dr. Molina but was rather just explaining the Truth. The talk then turned to reincarnation and to stories of His own real and foster parents . . . and how when He was a young man His parents from His last incarnation were still alive. This brought up a

question as to the time interval between the death of a person and re-birth, to which He replied there was no set rule. While the Italians were translating, I leaned over and said to Pappu, "Ask Him when will Kirpal come back." He sat up, leaned forward and looked at me as if amazed. With full attention and a stern voice He said, "When did He ever go?" He was looking at me so intently. And He was Kirpal and there was no difference between the two. The following is the talk He gave:

*"Those who are blind they see that He has gone, but for the people who can see, they see that He is still there. Only for the blind people has He gone. We should not take that person as Master who is involved in the cycle of births and deaths. Why should our Master die? Guru Nanak Sahib said, 'My Satguru is always. He is never coming, never going. He is the indestructible person and He is all pervading. He is always there.' Never coming, never going. Why are you not understanding these things?"*

*"Kabir Sahib says, 'We have the Master's body, but we have not achieved the real Master.' We are not getting the Power working in the Master, we are just getting the body of the Master. If we get the power that is working in the Master we can understand everything.*

*"When Master leaves the body those who have got only the body of the Master, they go on wandering here and there after Him. When anyone comes to me and says that Master Kirpal has died, I feel like filing a case against him in the court. Why have you made that man as a Guru who has died? When the Master leaves the body, only the*

*Successor knows the pangs of separation. He only knows that his beloved has departed physically. But the other people, those who want to become Gurus, they are fighting for wealth, they are fighting for the dais. But the real one, He is crying.*

*"And before Russell Perkins came, I told them in Ganganagar and this place also that no one should come to me.*

*"Only Master knows what He wants. No one can stop people from coming here. No one can tell people that they should come here.*

*He himself is calling people here  
He himself is talking  
He himself is doing seva  
He himself is listening  
He himself is explaining  
He himself is understanding  
He is the only doer.*

*When people say that we are going to Rajasthan or when people say that they are coming back from Rajasthan, I say that they are being fooled. Because I say that only Master Kirpal is coming here. He is meditating. He is making Himself meditate. He is coming and He is going. Everything I am seeing is He.*

*"When Russell Perkins came here the people stopped him in Ganganagar but he did not obey them. People tried to stop him, but he was not stopped. And when he came to Padampur, Jagir Singh, the group leader there, also tried to stop him by telling him many things. But he was not stopped because he was not ready to be stopped there. Later Jagir Singh told me that he tried each and every trick so that Russell should go back, but he was very firm. So looking at his devotion, Master arranged and he came.*

*"You see, this is all Hazur's play.*

*Despite the many barriers and many difficulties, Russell was brought here by Hazur Himself and I understand that it was all Hazur. Now you all know the way how to get here. You get the jeeps in Ganganagar. And the sevadars are also knowing that you are coming so they are all ready with the boiled water and with the beds. But when Russell came no one knew. Not even Russell knew how to get here."*

#### THE EIGHTH DAY

Remembrance and love . . . how to develop it . . . by giving Him the little things, by giving Him the big things. Although my mind was very active during morning meditation, I fought going back to sleep, so that was something small. During that restless time I started thinking that this isn't supposed to be this way, I'm losing the battle, the mind is swimming. So now it is later in the morning and I've thought about it a little more. And it seems that to have intense periods of testing in the company of a Saint is a great blessing. For the disciple cannot lose. If his Simran and devotion during the test do not waver, he has won a great thing, and the love for Him has grown. And if the mind wins the bout, one sees more clearly where the work is needed and it is but a short time till one is with Him again. Then all is washed away in the joy and happiness of His presence. And the radiation is had merely by being with Him.

In one of the Darshans He said, "The mind is a real prankster. When you are away it will say, "Oh you should go and be with your Guru." And when you are here it will question, "Why have you come?" and will want to think of the outside world. Again and again he emphasizes constant Simran, how we

must be brave soldiers of Master Kirpal and it is by Simran and only Simran we can develop this.

For the last few days He has been giving each of us the opportunity to have a private session with Him. I was scheduled to see Him yesterday morning. And at the last minute, a girl who had not seen Him came to me and asked if she could go today in my place and I could go later. She had something on her mind and really wanted to talk to Him. So she went and later I saw her. She was really beaming and said to me, "Now I don't have to think about that any more." Now that very strongly brought home to me the thought of how real a relief one can experience when you place your cares in the lap of the Guru. That if you let Him, He will take care of everything. It is but for us to give our thoughts to Him.

#### NINTH DAY

At the end of this morning's meditation, Pappu told me to wait in the courtyard and that He would see me soon. So I waited there and the anticipation was very, very beautiful. It was like the atmosphere was a fluid filled with His presence, with His peace. When it was time, I climbed up those fifteen magical stairs and went to Him.

#### SATURDAY—OUR LAST FULL DAY

Dusk: We have just returned from a short walk. This has been our fourth. Although today's schedule has been as usual, there is a special solemn aura about the group.

At the end of the walk, He looked at us each. So lovingly, so slowly. He has in His own way made each of us feel so special. Warm smiles and gentle words of encouragement are the medi-

cine He administers. Some think of Him as being strict.

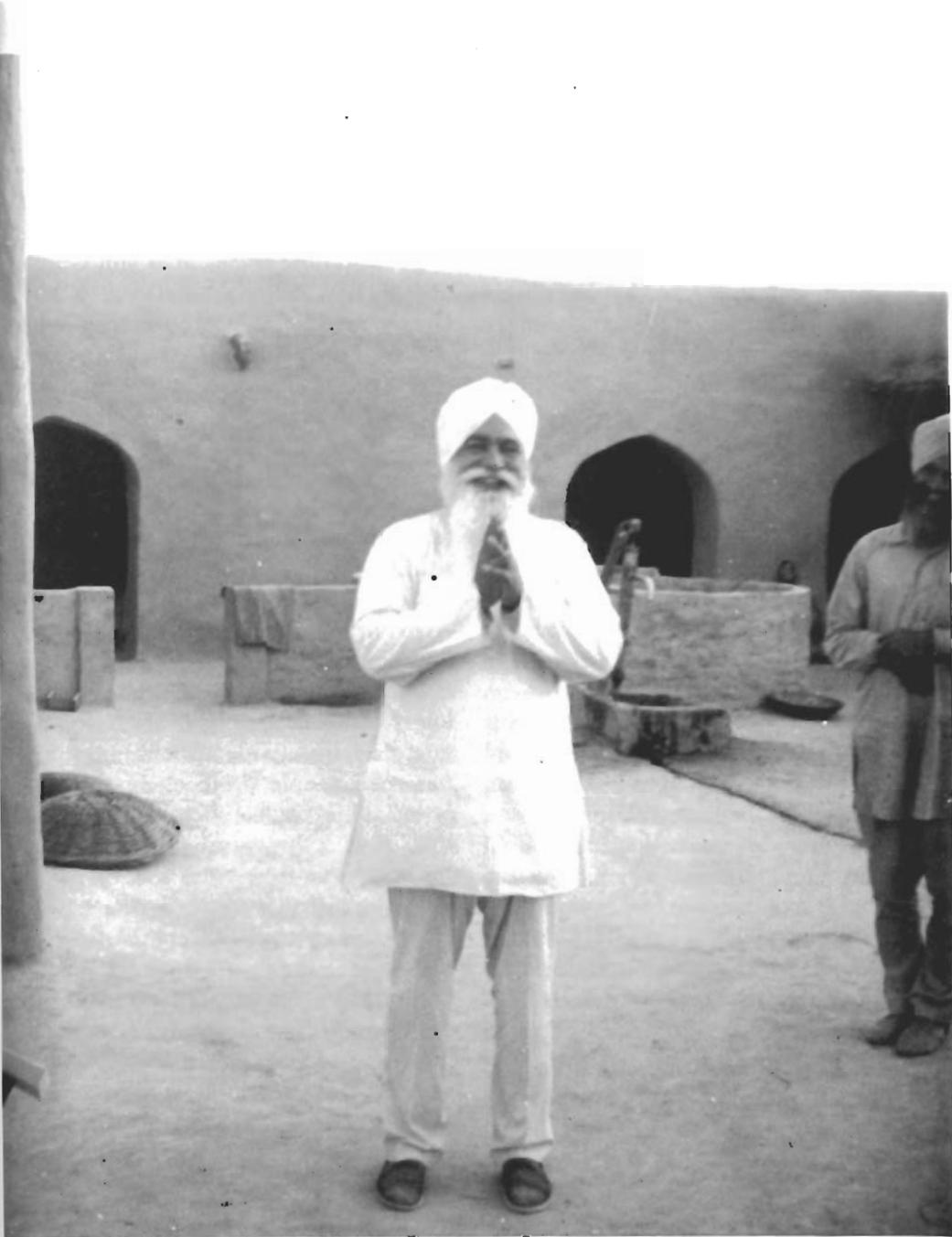
SUNDAY MORNING—9:45

In ten minutes we go to meditate with Him. All are in anticipation of this

sitting. To be alone with Him for one last time. . . .

SUNDAY NOON

All is in readiness for our departure.



# Our Lower Self is our Enemy

Baba Sawan Singh Ji

March 20, 1916

Dear Daughter,

Yours to hand, there is no task in the world so difficult as spiritual practice is in its beginning; but its end is the most joyful. Hence it is that most practitioners become despondent in the beginning, but still they cannot give it up because they can find no other and easier path and therefore they again resume their journey and succeed in the end. You are not the first nor the last person who has been attacked by this doubting mood. Many a soul has complained of the difficulties of the spiritual journey; but finding little comfort from the perishable joys of this world, it has again taken up its difficult task because it can find nothing higher. But you need not mind it, it was one of the deceptive impediments raised by the universal mind. Do not be anxious; one day you shall surely stand in the vision of the Master's holy face. Some time is necessary to cleanse out from the mind the impurity of many past births. It is a principle of Sant Mat that so long as a practitioner does not surrender his all (body, mind and belongings) to the Guru, his soul does not become purified. But the Guru who has got the unflinching wealth of the Holy Name does not require the perishable possessions of oth-

ers; he does not accept a penny from the pupils though the practitioner regards his all as belonging to his Guru. The result is that if such a practitioner is overtaken by disease, poverty, sorrow or any other calamity, it will not affect his mind because he knows that his everything is Guru's and not his. If good fortune comes, it is still Guru's and if bad fortune comes, it is still Guru's and he is not concerned with either. Furthermore I should advise that a practitioner should have firm belief that he shall surely succeed in this path; if not, that he shall die in it and shall go on struggling until his last breath, for no path seems to be better than this. It is better to die in its search than the attainment of all worldly degrees.

We have no enemy in the world; our lower self is our only enemy. A practitioner has an everlasting strife with his lower self, therefore he is always on his guard against its deceptions. In India, too, weak people, overcome by the rules of social life, neglect their spiritual practice. It is a brave mind who turning his back from these rules goes on perseveringly with his spiritual practice. In India, it is specially difficult.

All the currents of the soul permeating the body gradually begin to withdraw from it and the body seems to be numbed so that sometimes body becomes totally forgotten, then the currents will collect in the focus of the eyes, and will push upwards toward an aperture which leads from the perish-

*This letter was written to Mrs. Brock of Port Angeles, Wash., who with her husband was one of the first two American initiates on this Path. They were initiated in 1911.*

## *Hymn To Sant Ji*

*Please help us on the way  
Our Father, Sant Ajaib,  
Please let us walk in Your steps  
In the dust of Rajasthan.*

*You call us in the nectar hours  
To go with the sword of Simran  
and split the dawn.  
The constant thought of Beloved Kirpal  
Sweetens all that marks the day.*

*Thirsty fields, crying out for water  
in the dusty afternoons—  
Kirpal has sown the Naam,  
Sant Ji makes the harvest ready.*

*The thought repeats before we even breathe.  
The course of Simran continues on  
When our hearts return to the desert  
Days, when we tarried in our Father's house.*

DAVID TEED

able to the imperishable world. This will open when the spirit is fully concentrated; and when you catch a glimpse of that world, you will be so filled with joy that this world will seem to you a mere nothing in comparison and what lies still further will be seen by you, (it need not be described here.) At that time your body will appear to you as the corpse of a dead person.

There is no doubt that the society of people tends to scatter the mind. It is important that a practitioner should spend in meditation all of his time which is not required for necessary business of the world. (Your opinion as to this is quite correct.) It is better that you keep each other's company rather than mix with others. When you go visiting other people, you exchange

ideas with them, they will imbibe your good thoughts while their inferior ideas will enter your mind and revive at the time of your spiritual exercise. This is what leads some people to live a secluded life. On the other hand the company of Satsangis is very beneficial. It is a means of clearing many doubts. Still you should keep up your connection with the public so that your income may not suffer.

Do not be anxious. The Master is taking care of you every instant. You cannot see it, but as you advance in your journey you will see it yourself.

With hearty Radhasoami from all the Satsangis and myself.

Yours affectionately,  
SAWAN SINGH

• Message on Baba Sawan Singh's  
Anniversary  
Maharaj Kirpal Singh

April 2, 1967

Dear Children,

ON THIS auspicious day of the blessed memory of my Master Baba Sawan Singh Ji Maharaj, I send you my hearty message.

You have been put on the broad way back to God. If you want to develop on the way of new life, you should be broad-minded and not intolerant. You should not behave like a frog in the well. But give your hand of fellowship to all working for the common cause of the Master and rise above petty considerations to the heights of life through the power of inner silence brought about by meditation. Try to dive deep into the depths of the heart, and avoid superficial life. This can only be activated by love, selfless service and sacrifice for the higher purpose of life. A dedicated life knows no burdens or sufferings. He lives for God's work and as such leads a life of detachment.

There are two ways—one leading to life and the other to destruction; called *Sharey Marg* and *Piray Marg*. *Piray Marg* relates to objective life and appears all beautiful and easy to follow but it results in hatred and malevolence, rigid ideology and obsessive self. The way of *Sharey Marg* lies in developing inner silence, which is harder to find. It is an uphill task and takes hard work of mind and body and purification of spirit.

When you will become broad-minded and have risen to the heights of life by sacrificing everything, you will find a vision of the Lord working in all alike, in saints and sinners, in all men and in all creation, in all birds and beasts, in all religions, in all scriptures and in all prophets.

In silence we test ourselves to find weaknesses to be weeded out. We have to

wrestle with darkness and develop moral muscles and receive the message of the spirit. We must be for some time at least alone with God. When we enter more and more into silence, our desires will be eliminated, purity will be attained and the body and the mind sanctified, and we taste the Elixir of NAAM Divine and know how sweet the Name is.

In silence the heart illumines; veil after veil is removed. In the heart shineth the Light, and the very silence becomes vocal giving vent to the Music of the Spheres reverberating in all creation. When the Light is seen shining within your heart and the Music of the Spheres becomes audible, you behold the Light in all, that is, outside you see the One Light in all. This is the universal vision that the One is in all and all are in One. Blessed is he, the man of Illumination, for wherever he be, he dwelleth with One Eternal.

Such a blessed one belongeth not to this color or caste or creed; he belongeth to all. The great mystic Rumi says:

*I am neither Christian nor Jew,  
Neither Gaber nor Turk,*

*I am not of the East; I am not of  
the West;*

*I am not of the land; Not of the sea;  
I belong to the soul of the Beloved,  
I have seen that the two are One.  
And One I see, and One I know.  
One I see, and One I adore.*

*He is the First, and He is the Last;  
He is the outward, and He is the in-  
ward too.*

This is the ultimate goal before each one of you. I wish all who care to achieve this goal. All feasible help of the Master will be at hand.

With all love to each one of you,

Yours affectionately,  
KIRPAL SINGH

# ALLISON'S SHADOW

THE FIRST PART OF A STORY BY

TRACY LEDDY

*For Bethany,  
through whom much of His guidance  
came this time.*

## THE PALACE

### I

In that whole, sad, mist-strewn land where the sun never shone, there was only one person who was not unhappy. She was the young princess, Allison. By some mysterious means known only to her parents, she had been born with a song inside her and no one can be sad for long with a song inside him; isn't that true? So, amid the throngs of grey faces straining to find their way through the constant fog which prevailed everywhere in the kingdom, there was at least one face which was gay. And the people would flock to see her whenever she toured the land. They would stand for hours in muddy cobblestone streets or rush out into country lanes to catch even a glimpse of her beautiful smile, her happy face as she went riding by. Then they would exclaim over her and praise her extravagantly for, truth to tell, Allison's smile did make everyone, even the most miserable of men, feel a little better, for a while.

*Tracy, whose stories appeared many times in the pages of SAT SANDESH, and who is the author of the book The Song of Everything, has been an initiate of Master Kirpal Singh since 1969 and has recently returned from a stay with Sant Ji in Rajasthan.*

There was just one bad result of all this attention so frequently bestowed on the young princess: As a young child she soon understood the power of her smile and began to use it accordingly, sometimes quite naturally, for she was a good child, but sometimes quite deliberately, in order to get her own way. Moreover, as she grew older, she began to think she had to look happy all the time, no matter how she really felt, because in her young mind she thought attention was the same as love. So it was the princess, Allison, went about her dreary world smiling and smiling, even when she did not mean it, so that people would always love her.

Now even though the princess lived under the same conditions as her countrymen, more or less, she did have a choice the others lacked. She could participate in all the confusion which surrounded her or she could listen inside herself to a ringing, radiant song. Allison chose to listen to that song and so her life was different from everyone else's, or so it seemed at the time.

### II

Allison's father and mother, the king and queen, wanted their only daughter to learn all that she could about the world (whatever could be learned in a land perpetually enshrouded in mists and half-light) and every day, after her regular lessons were finished, her presence was required in some other part of the palace. She was free to choose where to spend her time: in the weaveries and waiting rooms with her mother or in the

council chamber and the grand hall with her father. Occasionally she was allowed to work in the herb gardens with the gardeners or in the scriptorium with the illuminators and scribes. Her love for all the creatures of the world became obvious when she was still quite young, so she was also taught animal husbandry and bee-keeping, falconry and one hundred different birdsongs. She loved it all and became as familiar a sight in the stables, cotes and byres near the palace as any stableboy or plowman's child.

But it must be noted that while Allison was acquiring such salutary skills, she was also learning other, less obvious and far less desirable ones. For example, she quickly learned a number of ways to please others, even if it meant being false to herself. She learned to dissemble and deceive. In effect, she learned to hide everything about herself except what she thought her parents, or others, wanted to see. And it took much labor in this strange land where everyone else acted this way, too. No one was really honest; no one spoke or acted with mind and heart united, not even the king and queen. At court, an especially thick atmosphere of suspicion and forgetfulness prevailed; and year after year the princess was exposed to one pale face after another plodding through the palace rooms, working, speaking of business, bringing gifts or complaints and going on his way without expressing his real self at all. It was indeed a sad and dismal land.

Life went on like this for many years while Allison was growing up. As a matter of fact, life went on like this right up to the night Allison had the following, particularly vivid dream. She dreamed she was standing inside a huge, high tent as big as the biggest tower in her father's palace. It had a central pole which reached over one hundred feet up

into the air. The tent itself was made entirely of thin wire mesh—she could see the sky right through it quite easily—and everything was painted a dazzling white. Inside the tent were rocks and tall trees; sparkling brooks bubbled through underbrush and splashed into pools. Flowers and blossoming shrubs scented the air and birds of all kinds flew about everywhere, piping and screeching and calling. It was an enchanting scene and for a time Allison stood spellbound, unable to stir or speak. Suddenly, way, way up behind the top of the central pole, she noticed another bird flying. She thought at first it was just another one of so many gliding and swooping at the highest point of the tent, but no; this one was outside! Something deep inside her began fluttering wildly into life. Her chest hurt and she nearly choked on the words which came pouring out of her throat: "No, no! I will not be caught here! I want to be free, too. Oh, please, I want to be really free!"

The image of the tent faded: the song inside her soothed her momentarily and Allison dreamed no more that night. But she slept only fitfully, on the edge of waking, until morning came.

Later that day, Allison made her way into her father's council chamber: she was reluctantly prepared for another dull afternoon at court. She had spent the forenoon alone, silent and preoccupied, and found smiling and nodding to all the councillors and courtiers more difficult than ever before because of the serious mood still upon her. She didn't stay long; the song inside her drew her forth until she was standing beneath a favorite old black willow tree in her father's rambling rock gardens.

The fluttering feeling she had experienced in her dream the night before was still with her and the song was calling

to her, calling more and more insistently. Aloud, for the very first time, Allison made her choice.

"I don't mind all the work here," she was saying, "But I really don't like all the greyness and the strain. It's too confining. I'd rather spend my time listening to my song."

A curious thrumming shook her in every particle of her body. It was as though some unseen power had touched her as a minstrel plucks the strings of his harp. It frightened her, but it pleased her, too.

The old willow swished its dripping branches in the mist. It was very quiet in the garden and her song was very clear. Allison sat down among the mossy rocks and pale flowers she could scarcely see and listened and listened. She sat quite still, for it suddenly seemed to her as though she had become part of the garden, growing in a light-filled stillness as everything around her grew. It was an exquisitely peaceful feeling. After a while longer she stood up and, like a well-disciplined schoolgirl whose free time had ended, she shook out her long red skirt, put her shoes back on her feet and went into the grand hall where she took her usual place unnoticed.

### III

While the princess was taking her place in the grand hall a new visitor was being announced, someone Allison had never seen before. He was dressed very simply in a soft blue robe but his bearing was definitely regal. He was bowing toward her father, the king, and, even through the distortions of the all-pervading mist, Allison remarked to herself as she watched that no one had bowed so deeply, with such effortless dignity and courtesy, in front of him ever before. "I have come for the princess, Allison," a strong but gentle voice

murmured, "She was promised before birth to my father, the king, if she made a certain choice. That choice has been made now and everything is in readiness for her journey."

As she listened, Allison's heart gave a great bound and her feet did a little surreptitious dance for joy. To leave this place, and with such a companion . . . apparently it was all arranged, had been since before she was born. She saw the king start at him with a puzzled look on his face, then she saw him look over at the queen, who was weeping. "Um-m-m," she heard him say as he passed a fine, gloved hand across his deeply lined brow. "Yes, yes, I remember now, at least I think I remember. Who did you say your father was? She can go, of course, but do take care of her. She's a nice girl, a good girl. We'll miss her. Have a safe trip. She's over there." And he waved his other, bejeweled hand vaguely in her direction.

The visitor bowed deeply once more to the king, rose, turned and walked swiftly over to where Allison was standing. When he looked straight at her she nearly fainted at his feet for his face was not grey and pinched and strained like every other face she had ever seen around her, not at all; it was ruddy and bright and calm. And then, as she stood tottering in front of him, unable to believe her eyes she could see him so clearly, he smiled, not only with his mouth but with his deep, warm, light-filled eyes. His gaze was so direct and so steady that Allison perceived immediately that he could see through anything with ease. "Hello, Allison," he said, and for a brief, almost unbearable moment, the grand hall seemed filled with the sound of the song inside her and then the princess realized that the prince's voice was the same as her song. The curious thrumming she had experi-

enced in the garden shook her again. In that instant, Allison's heart was opened up to this strange emissary who was also a king's son and she knew that she loved him and trusted him and would follow him anywhere, forever.

With great difficulty Allison brought herself back to the customs and obligations of her father's court. She curtsied to the prince, gave him her hand and walked slowly and gracefully by his side to the foot of the thrones where her father and mother sat. Allison bowed down before them both and then impulsively jumped up to throw her arms around their necks as she used to do when she was a little girl. "Oh darling," sobbed her mother, "I do so hate to see

you go, but a promise is a promise," "We did our best, love, we did the best we could." Her father was comforting both wife and daughter. "Thank you," said Allison with much love in her voice, "Dear Mother and Father, thank you for everything." She kissed them both, first on one tear-stained cheek and then on the other. Then she stepped down and faced the emissary. "I'm ready," she said. And without a backward glance at king or queen or court or anything, she walked slowly and gracefully to the far end of the grand hall, through the gloomy archway and down the steep stone steps of the palace. The doors behind her shut with a loud clang which she did not even hear.

*TO BE CONTINUED*

## EDITOR'S NOTES

God willing, as I write these words it appears very, very likely that Sant Ajaib Singh Ji will be with us physically on May 1. On my recent visit to Him in March (an account of which will appear in the next issue), the necessary visas were obtained, and He approved a tentative tour schedule and also a daily schedule for His stay at Sant Bani Ashram. Of course, after last summer's experience, I have learned once and for all, I hope, not to count on anything on the physical plane. And there were many times in the lifetime of Master Kirpal Singh also, which should have taught us all the same lesson. When asked about these sudden changes, Master Kirpal said, "Look here, I am under orders; and orders can change at the last minute."

Bearing all this in mind, we ask that no one come to Sant Bani Ashram to see Him until He has actually arrived. This will save the considerable expense of a trip in the event He does not come, and cut down greatly on the disappointment. We now have a telephone answering device, and once He is here (or we receive confirmation that His plane with Him on it has left India) we will tape a message on it accordingly; so everyone will be able to get

through. The number is 603/934-2948.

Enclosed with this issue are printed sheets containing the information necessary for a fruitful and happy stay. Please read it carefully and take it seriously; it is all important. If you are coming, it would be greatly appreciated if you would fill out the registration form and mail it to us ahead of time; this will help us plan the stay and serve you better. If you don't have a form, additional ones are available on request, and at the information booth at the Ashram on arrival.

God willing, He will be at Sant Bani Ashram for the month of May. After that, He will visit various places, including Kirpal Ashram (the first week of June), British Columbia (Nanaimo and the Ashram in Vancouver), California (The Shamaz Meditation Retreat in Potter Valley), South America (the Ashram in Bogota), and perhaps others. He will return to Sant Bani Ashram in August and say goodbye to the American Sangat there. On His return home He will visit Milan in Italy and perhaps London. A firm schedule with exact dates will appear in next month's issue.

R. P.



At one point He put His arm around Dr. Molina and the other round Pathi Ji. . . . The night before He had said that Pathi Ji was the first to find Him on the outside and that Dr. Molina was the first to find Him on the inside. Then He said that Dr. Molina was not a new companion and that he had been with Him for many births. . . .

DONALD MACKEN