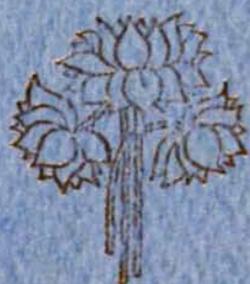


GURUDEV

The Lord of Compassion



GRUDEV
The Lord of Compassion

from THE INTIMATE DIARY
of
HIS DISCIPLE



J. S. Rowny Press
Santa Barbara

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in perpetuity.*

First Edition, November 1960

Dedicated
to the Almighty-Absolute
speaking through Master-Saints who have succored
benighted mankind
and Baba Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj
from whose lotus eyes
the writer sipped sacred nectar of
Surat-Shabad!

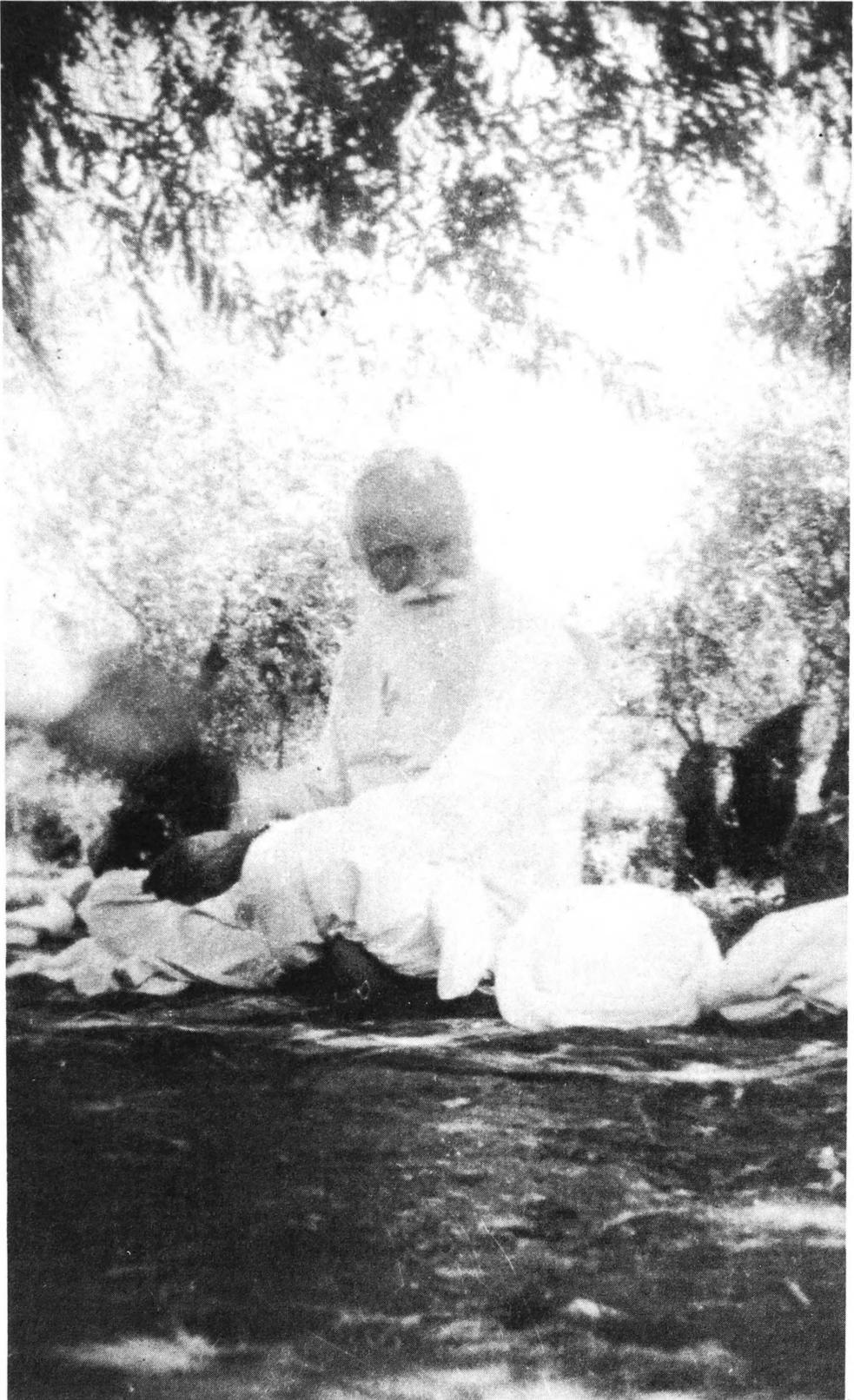
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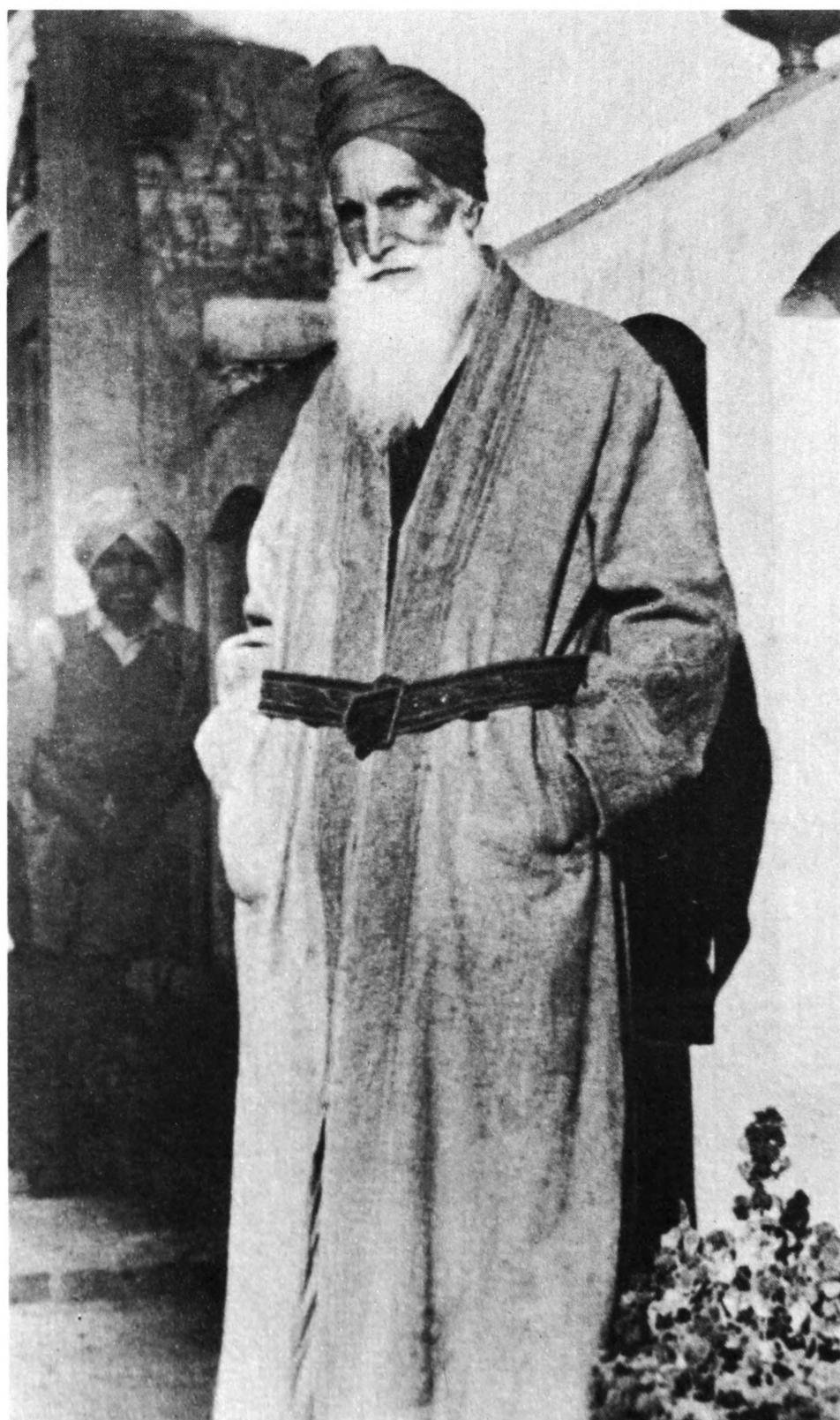
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- 3 – Param Sant Satguru Sawan Singh Ji Maharaj
- 4 – Hazur Babaji Conducting Satsang
- 5 – Mahatma Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj
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- 7 – Maharaj Ji Giving Satsang in Allahabad
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- 10 – Lord Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj with His Disciples
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From the Intimate Diary of His Disciple

Harken, O friend, to the throbbing of my heart of hearts,
And turn not away from my most urgent entreaties!
I wandered lost in the desert of worldly frustration,
And became imprisoned in the labyrinth of the five passions.

FIRST RAYS OF LIGHT: *Through the early morning dew glimmers the light of the Sun's predawning! So came the first rays of Truth concerning the Reality of Life and Being to this plodding pilgrim.*

While sojourning in beautiful Santa Barbara, California, I heard of Mahatma Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj, a Param Sant Satguru who had His ashram in Delhi, India. According to report, He had made the supreme spiritual attainment of Anami Lok and functioned as a Gurudev, or Lord of Compassion. Such a Master-Saint has the competence to initiate disciples into Paravidya — the science of the soul and the Beyond!

Contacting the western representative of the Gurudev in the United States, I received permission to write His Holiness my request for initiation as His disciple. Back came His reply by airmail that He would accept me for initiation on the pathway of the Saints. What spontaneous joy flooded my entire being, as I read His fatherly letter!

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Many years passed in vain questing hither and yon.
Hope gave place to discouragement and then to desperation!
How could I find my way to the nearest Caravan Route,
And perchance obtain transport to the Free Country?

GURUDEV TOURS THE UNITED STATES: *After several years of airmail correspondence with Lumoroji (Globaqo word for Supreme Spiritual Master-Saint Beloved), He flew to England and the United States. His Holiness and party toured the Atlantic seaboard, Louisville, Chicago, and California. Many new disciples sat at His Holy Feet and learned of the simple and most ancient science of Truth and Spiritual Perfection. Then Lumoroji flew to England, Germany and returned home to Sawan Ashram and the Delhi Satsang. Almost three years passed before I next met the Great Master in India!*

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One day there stopped at the Oasis-of-Sorrow a Holy Man.
He knew the Route to the Free Country and promised to lead me there.
O happy prospect of complete deliverance from desert sands
And passion's blind pursuit of reflected shadows in the Pool!

INDIA THE MAGNIFICENT: *According to the calendar the Sun hovered in mid-October. The French steamer Cambodge had laid-up at Aden for almost a week for boiler repairs. Hot as Dante's fabled "Inferno," this freeport is one of the few remaining outposts of British paternalism in Asia Minor. Many passengers slept out on deck to escape the heavy heat of the cabins. What a relief to weary, heat-worn, ship-sick, voyagers when the steamer left the Aden moorings and churned a course easterly across the Arabian Sea!*

We caught our breath at our first view of India – the Magnificent! The early morning sun arose gently in the East and colored the placid waters with varied hues. Like the magic of a mirage, the beautiful coastline approach to Bombay appeared as though rising out of the sea to greet the Cambodge and its passengers.

When the sea-borne traveller disembarks at Bombay, he has surrendered himself unreservedly to the embrace of Mother India. Never again will he be the same person! Always ever afterward, his mind will recall the hospitality, the affluence, the economic convenience, the social tolerance, the modern progressiveness, the religious resourcefulness of this oriental Goddess of Mercy!

Most fortunately for this pilgrim, Shri S. P. Chopra, traffic passenger manager of the Central Railway system and Multi Sujan came aboard with welcoming flowers and large basket of delicious fruits from Lumoroji. The dining steward gave me letters from Delhi and Washington D.C. My new-found and influential friends captured me completely. They whirled me through passport and customs control formalities

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and lodged me in well appointed quarters in the strictly modern Airlines Hotel. Such flawless service — meals and tea served in the room at the push of a bell button.

Saturday evening my friends motored me about Bombay and its environs. Fine parks, railway stations, modern buildings, broad streets, museums, temples, mosques, churches, universities, the Tower of Silence and stadiums make Bombay a maritime metropolis long to be remembered.

Shri Chopra took me to dinner on Sunday, October 26th, in the large vegetarian restaurant at the Central Railway station. Gangaram Navani brought flower garlands to place about my neck, as I boarded the mail train for Delhi. As we left Bombay, the plains, towns and hamlets of the sub-continent rolled out before my feasting eyes. At last, I traversed the soil of Bharata! The dream of years now nearing fulfilment, as each mile and each village brought me nearer to GURUDEV — my Beloved Master!

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I followed Him and quaffed deeply of His Flagon of Wisdom.
He opened my Inner Eye to see the Light of God.
And my Inner Ear to hear His Soundless Sound reverberating
Within the Kingdom of the Heavens hidden by dome of body-mosque!

DELHI: HUB OF SPIRITUALITY: Arriving at New Delhi, I mistook the railway station to be that of Delhi and alighted with my luggage. Looking about I could not see the Blessed One or anyone I knew so I hailed a taxi and soon arrived at Sawan Ashram. Here I found that my enthusiasm had prevented me from meeting the Master and a welcoming party at the next station several miles distant in the older city of Delhi. Imagine my abashed feeling, waiting for half an hour for the Master and the satsangis to return to the Ashram!

The Great Master came walking so majestically from His Studebaker suburban car to the veranda. He spoke affectionate words of greeting as he embraced this shame-faced one! Bibiji and the satsangis came forward and dropped flower garlands about my neck. The Master handed me ever so gently a garland of blossoms to hold from Him. Then He led me into His reception room and inquired concerning the long voyage across the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, Suez and the Arabian Sea!

Upon the next Sunday, Gurudev — the living Master-Saint — held Satsang to the assembled thousands. The Pathi (chanter) sang bhajans (songs of extreme love to the Beloved) from the early Gurus. At intervals, the Master would give heart-stirring interpretations of the slokas (stanzas). This oriental pattern for religious services gradually mounts in tempo, giving the worshippers the feeling of spiritual ecstasy until in the closing stanza occurs the highest pitch, culminating in the melodic cadence of sorrow over separation from the Lord, soul-stirring exhortation to extreme love, or the subdued whisper of a lover's voice to the Beloved!

BHAJAN FROM GURBANI

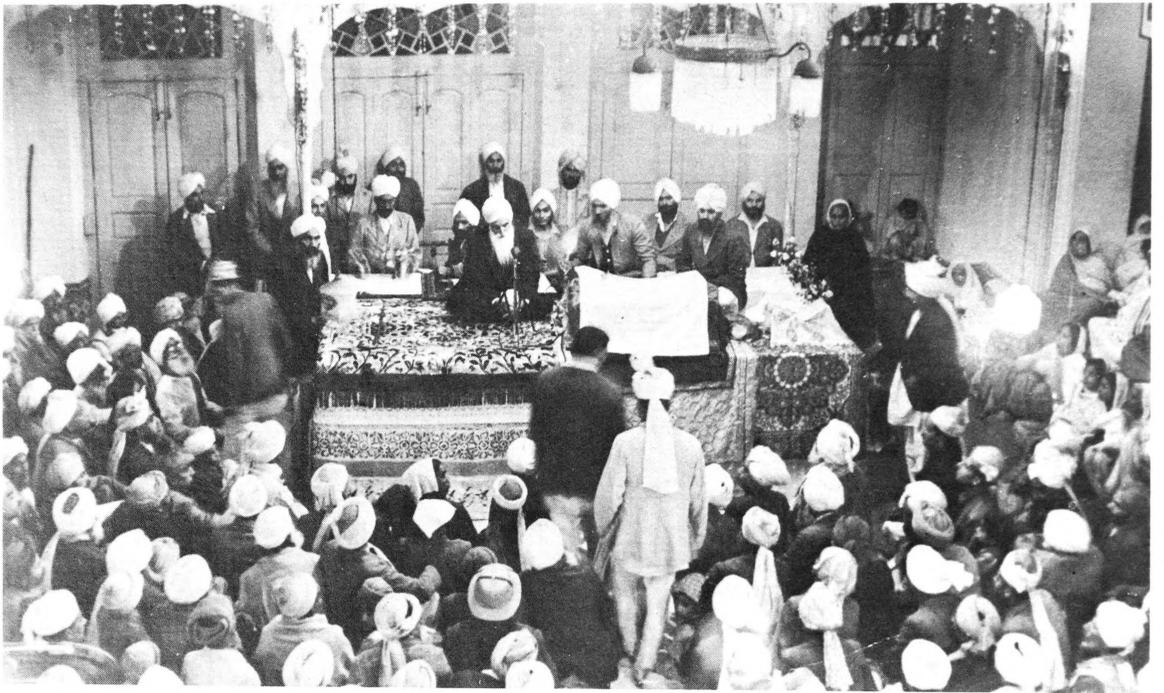
They are true lovers whose love is from the heart.
Others are false ones who are inwardly different from what they
profess to be.
True ones are intoxicated with the Love of God and yearn for His
Darshan.
But those who forget His Naam are but a burden on this earth.
If He condescend to make someone His own, such a one is His real
devotee.
Blessed is the mother who gave birth to such a fortunate one!
His coming alone is most fruitful among the children of men!
Thou, my Benefactor, art unreachable, limitless and beyond!
I kiss their feet who have realized Thee.
I seek Thy shelter, O Merciful Beloved,
Graciously grant Farid the boon of Thy Naam (worship)! — Farid: Asa

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EXILE FROM DELHI TO LAHORE: *On account of my inexperience in matters of passport protocol, my fortnight transit visa from Bombay to Lahore via Delhi could not be extended. It became needful for me to depart for Lahore in Pakistan to await later visa concessions in my behalf by the Delhi Administration. Enroute I stopped overnight with the Great Master at His Ashram in Amritsar. Bibiji graciously escorted me through the Golden Temple of the Sikh faith. Gurudev gave me a most touching farewell and generously provided transportation to the border in His Studebaker!*

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GURUDEV'S CHRISTMAS MESSAGE: *The Great Master certainly has written a whole encyclopedia of vital spirituality in His Christmas Message for 1958. I know that I shall be a much more efficient disciple if I should read it several times each day! Mohammed wrote the Koran, Jesus spoke the Sermon on the Mount, Buddha gave forth the Eightfold Noble Path. Laotze wrote the Tao-Teh-King or Simple Way. Tulsi Das immortalized the Ramayana. Zoroaster propounded the Zend Avestas. Krishna bestowed the Bhagavad Gita. But, the beloved Master, Lumoro Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj, has given us most needfully from His fountain of compassion "Gurmat Sidhant"—the practical teachings of the Master-Saints. In His memorable Christmas Message for 1958, He has distilled the quintessence of this climactic scripture into the space of a letter! O that I may treasure these words in my heart of hearts, His throne both now and forevermore!*



world and yet out of it. The fascination and charms of the world will not bind you. The Master has shown you a way — by example and precept — how to achieve this end. It is well within your reach under His guidance. You have only to do your duty with love, faith and enthusiasm, then rise into conscious awareness of the Great Power within you. 'Now or never' should be the motto. There are no windfalls as a general rule. You have to work your way up. Everyone reaching the top step has ascended the steps below. But consider that you are not alone in your efforts, which at best are only too feeble. You are under the protective wings of the Great Master Power always extending His Grace and Protection unknowingly and unasked for. He is always by your side. You may stumble and fall, but His loving hands are always there to pick up you.

“Stand in your belief on solid ground. Let not others' wayward opinions deflect you from the True Path you are on. Let not promises of glory by anyone waylay you. Do not come to hurried conclusions, but use discrimination in all your undertakings. Stick to what is real. With an ethical and loving background your spiritual success is definitely assured. My love and best wishes are always with you in all your noble efforts and holy journey to your Home.”

(Signed) KIRPAL SINGH.

YULE EVE IN BAGHBAN PURA: Yule Eve settled gently over Baghban Pura. In my buffet-like kitchen I prepared my simple evening repast of light vegetable broth and crisp chapati-crackers. There came a gentle knock-knocking at my door. "Come! Come!" I called. In came Mahmood Shaukat, my genial host with two well-loaded shopping bags. He set these down and placed a tall green glass vase on the table filled with hyacinths. These precious flowers — so sweet to breath and eye — inspired the poet Iqbal to call them the Eyes of the Beloved that are lonely for a thousand years with their fragrant weeping!

After my host departed, I looked into the Yule cheer he had brought. Dates, apples, tangerines, oranges, amrut, olive oil, honey, ovaltine, biscuits and short cakes! What a loving satsangi brother! What a noble and magnanimous disciple of His beloved Master Hazur Babaji Maharaj!

HOW GURUDEV ESCORTS DISCIPLE AT TIME OF DEATH:
Yule morning my gentle host took me by tonga to meet his former tutor, Muhammad Shafi, now headmaster of a large highschool north of Multan. This gentleman looks like the living picture of the first Prime Minister of Pakistan: frank, clear-seeing eyes, softened by unending kindness! We also met his noble son, Muhammad Taqi, an electrical engineer in Lahore, who served us a delightful lunch. His efficient wife prepared some garden peas for me without spicing them with chillies!

Muhammad Shafi told us how his whole family for four or five generations have been disciples to Gurudev, also known as Shabad Adepts. He recalled that when a mere lad he sat with his family beside his grandmother's bedside as she lingered before the gates of death. Her Master and His Master appeared to her inwardly and said that they were ready to escort her from her bodily habitation into the higher heavens. She was overjoyed. But the Masters required first that she should secure her husband's consent before they would release her from her frail form! This given, they took her hence even as she described to her family the beauties of the other world she traversed!

STORIES OF VENERABLE DISCIPLE CHIRAGH DIN: *We bid grateful farewell to Muhammad Taqi for his genial hospitality. With his father we proceeded by tonga on Circular Road to the residence of venerable Chiragh Din, disciple of Master Baba Jaimal Singh Ji. For many years he held the important position of building engineer with Hazur at the Dera in Beas. We also met his gracious son, Diwan Ali, physicist and research assistant in the irrigation service in Lahore.*

Our impromptu satsang on this Christmas Day proved most helpfully inspiring. Dear Chiragh Din told us how his Master, Baba Jaimal Singh Ji, had told him that in one of his former lives He had been with Kabir. Then, later, the disciple asked Master Sawan Singh Ji if He knew of Master Jaimal Singh Ji's earlier association with Kabir. Hazur replied: "Babaji was not only with Kabir, He was Kabir!"

One of Chiragh Din's initiate relatives had a scheming wife who tried to do away with him twice by adding poison to his water. Both times His Master saved him from the ordeal. Finally, the wife demanded a divorce and so much quit-money, which he hesitated to pay. His Master reproved him inwardly: "Look here, I have saved your life twice from her attempts to poison you. Be glad to be free of her. Pay her whatever she wants!"

Beloved Chiragh Din also related how he told his Master: "Give me a man child. One that is beautiful and wise. One that is not poor, but rich!" The Master reassured him: "You shall have such a son!" Thereupon the adamant disciple gave fruit to his wife. In due course she presented him with Diwan Ali who had fulfilled the Master's promise to his father manyfold!

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RETURN TO SAWAN ASHRAM: *This buffalo-boy of the Living Master departed Lahore, the capital of West Pakistan, by Mail Train on Monday afternoon, January 26th, 1959, at 3 p.m. for Delhi. My most gracious host while in Pakistan, Mahmood Shaukat with his cousin, Dr. Abdul Rafey Beg, saw me off at the station with Punjabi eloquence of brotherly love! To have the experience of this sweet impersonal affection in its demonstrated phase — everyone should sojourn in Lahore for some time!*

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REFUGE WITH GURUDEV: *Arriving in Delhi, I took taxi for Ruhani Satsang at Sawan Ashram. What a precious sweetness in meeting the Living Master — our beloved Satguru — Lumoroji! As Gurudev, he gave me the paternal embrace and led me to His bedroom where I had tea with Him and Bibiji. For several hours I sat communing at the Holy Feet of the Emperor of Love and Beauty. Bibiji, Gyaniji, and others were most kind and loving in their fellowship. Devindar Kaur Narendra Ji — the Princess, daughter of the late Maharajah of Jhind — was smilingly present with her gentle loveliness of the Blessed One!*

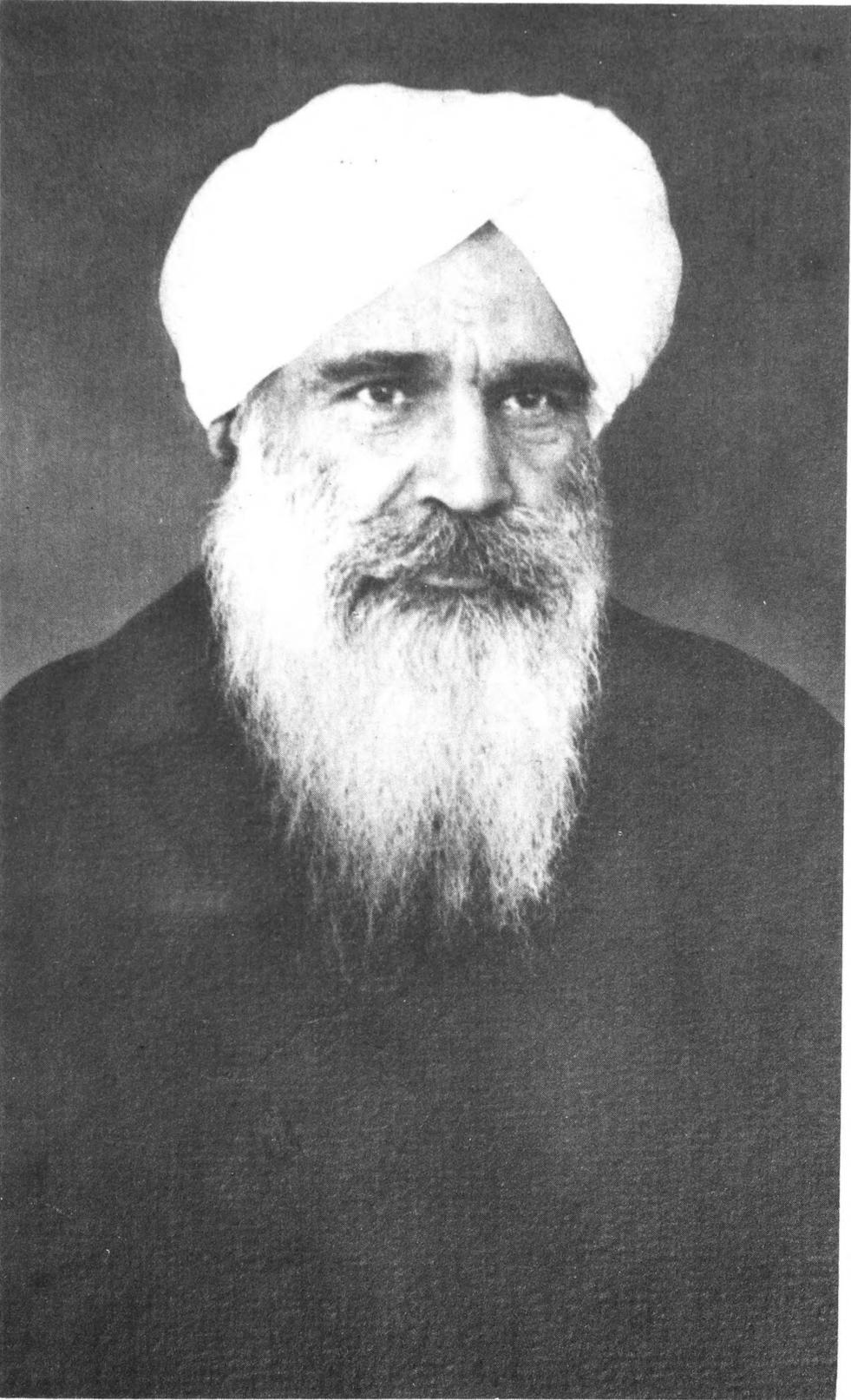
This place truly equals the hub and core of the planetary regeneration. Love floods the Master's presence and immerses the entire Ashram in its splendour. The melodic chirping of a sparrow came to us from near the ceiling. The Master looked at me with a most gracious smile: "Even the birds love me!"

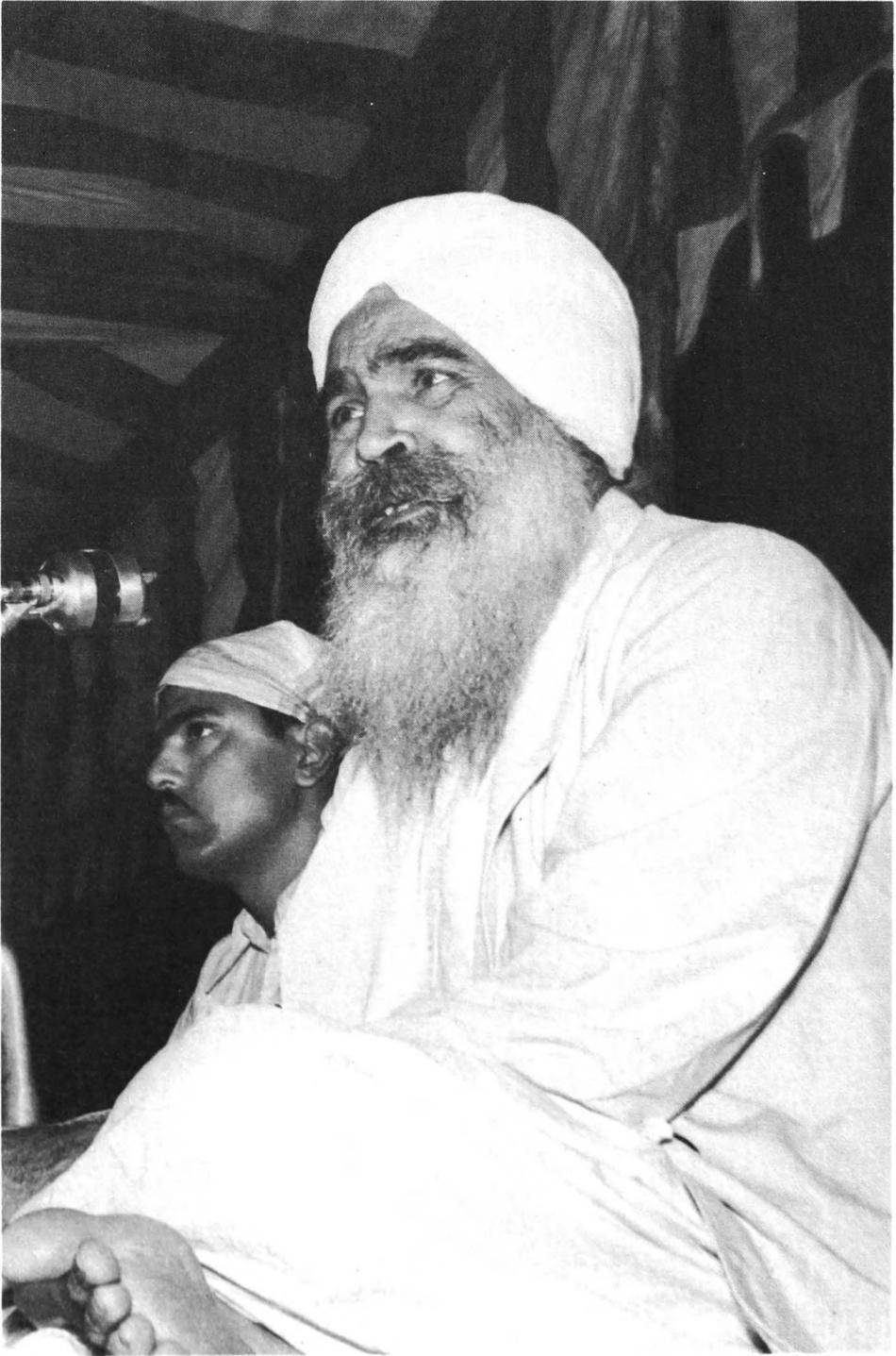
Then, with His majestic grace He escorted me to my quarters, one apartment removed from His blessed residence. In His fatherly consoling voice He reassured me: "You will be near to my place and free to see me at any time!" When I viewed the accommodations, I asked in surprise: "Is this for me?" "Yes!" He softly replied with His melodic laughter. I had been content and supremely happy with a fraction of the space . . . so near to Him for whom my heart has cried in the quiet stillness of the night!

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What equals this Holy Man and what defines His teaching?
He represents a Master-Guide, a Saint of Saints, a God-man, a Satguru!
Be not dismayed — be not incredible — be not disdainful, O friend!
Great Ones have walked the earth before, unrecognized by mortal mind!

EVENING PRAYERS IN ASSEMBLY HALL: *In the evening at about 6:30 p.m., the ashramites gather in the assembly hall for prayers. After about thirty minutes of meditation, the children begin singing spiritual chants. Then some trained youth chants slokas from the scriptures — with the children singing the same refrain between the slokas. The Master comes soft-footed, and takes His position quite naturally sitting on the front edge of the dais. He most kindly translated His words into English for my benefit. “I tell them that they must go in and then up. At nighttime we retire to rest while darkness broods over everything in silence. So in meditation, you must leave off all thoughts of the body and the world — utterly and completely. Lose yourself in the sweet repose of God and the Master!”*





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JOYOUS LIFE AT THE ASHRAM: *Last evening the Master graciously explained to me how I could be of needed service in the paper-work at the Ashram. This morning, January 28, 1959, He departed on a three day tour of some villages about eighty miles distant. He will generously take His soul-saving succor to thousands of villagers who cannot afford to travel to Delhi to see Him at the Ashram.*

The Bhandara for Gurudev's blessed nativity now approaches like the rising Sun. Only ten more days remain before the Durbar of the Emperor of Love! Be quiet my spirit, and keep me my eager heart for the love-shower of His glorified Presence in the Satsangat! Thousands of throbbing hearts and glistening eyes will listen as the Pathi will chant from the scriptures of Guru Nanak and Sant Kabir — and the Great Master will smile in sublime ecstasy at the sweet sound remembrance of the sacred words!

TOUR OF THE VILLAGES: *The Blessed One had told me that I could accompany Him on the three-day tour of some distant villages. As we sat with Him the night before His departure, He spoke to me in His sweet fatherly way.*

“I have been thinking that perhaps the tour might be hard on you since you are not accustomed to village life. They have no conveniences like we find in the towns and cities. One has to go out in the jungle for sanitary purposes. And, then, I will return on the third day!”

The sky appeared overcast as the Blessed One left, and the rains came down. But the Master went ahead and carried His saving Grace to the villagers. Some of the younger men of His party had involuntary misgivings about the forging on. The Beloved One kept right on, often hiking down impassably muddy roads in advance of His younger workers.

While at one village, a certain woman stood up and addressed the Great Master: “You are betraying us!” “What do you mean?” “I will tell, if I have Your permission.” “Go on, please!” “In meditation I saw You and our Master Hazur Baba Sawan Singh Ji Maharaj. You plead with Him to allow You to leave this world. He shook His head and handed You a long paper. ‘You will have to finish up all the under-mentioned jobs written on this paper, which are to be complied with by You.’ He has gone away from us, and now You wish to forsake us and rob us of the love, affection and care which You are giving us. This is betrayal of our great need!” To this the Master only smiled and departed.

*You ask me for evidence of His exalted calling and High Estate?
How can I measure the ocean with my two hands?
How can I count the stars of the constellations with my two eyes?
How can I define the indefinable, or describe the ineffable with my tongue?*

MONTHLY SATSANG IN DELHI: *On the Sunday morning of February 1st, 1959, the Blessed Master held Satsangat for the love-hungry thousands. His poignant theme unfolded the drama of the soul's salvation. "The world is a jungle and you must have a competent guide to lead you through the confusion. To get out of it, we must go above body consciousness. Have we seen or heard anything within? If not, we have not truly lived and still exist as mere animals. 'In the beginning was the Word, the same was in the beginning with God, and the Word was God. I and my Father are One. If ye love me, keep my commandments. God is Light. If thine eye be single thine whole body will be full of Light!' "*

Two visiting pilgrims, one from Philadelphia and the other from Arabia, spoke most stirringly in support of the Master's theme. The Arab scholar exhorted the Master: "Please leave for world tour immediately so that the people of the East and West will be guided by Your Holy Words. They are the only weapon to end the danger of atomic war. Failing in this, I am one hundred per cent sure that atomic war will fall on earth and the people of all nations will suffer or perish."

Afterward, the Master most graciously invited me to have lunch with Him and the guest speakers. Pushpa, the charming daughter of Bibiji sat at the end of the table facing the Master. Her husband, Balwant Singh, served us the blessed food prepared under Bibiji's supervision by the Master's cook who has advanced quite far on the spiritual Path. In the evening I told the Master how delightful I found the lunch. He smiled sweetly and said: "Love makes everything delightful!"

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He moves as the Lord of Compassion, and the Emperor of Bliss!
His gentleness, kindness and tenderness surpass the virtues of Motherhood.
His thoughtfulness, patience and mirthfulness know no end.
His boundless loving providence pours blessings upon His devotees!

WORLD FELLOWSHIP OF RELIGIONS: *As early as 1935, our Gurudev had forevisioned a concerted world movement for the unification of all religions upon a common ground of applied ahimsa in altruistic world service. In the introduction to His culminative spiritual classic: "Gurmat Sidhant," He first broached the concept of "The Ideal of Universal Religion." He wrote: "The crying need of the time is to set up one universal religion for the entire mankind which should be a compendium of all that is good in every religion. The basic principle working in all is one."*

The Fully Enlightened One — our precious Master, has brought about the World Religions Conference, World Fellowship of Religions, Vishwa Ahimsa Sangh, Ahimsa Research Institute and related services. His Holiness serves as the working President. He holds the loving respect and devotion of countless ready servers, under the able sponsorship of Jain Muni Sushil Kumar Ji Maharaj. "Report of the World Religions Conference of November 1957" has recently been published in appropriate book form. It is illustrated with many pictures of the Master with the various delegates, such as the President of India, Prime Minister Nehru and others.

SOLICITUDE OF GURUDEV: The Blessed One almost daily inquires of me as to my comfort. He tells me that if I require anything to speak up and let Him know. He has so bountifully provided everything for this most lowly one of His household! I have a well appointed kitchen with Primus stove, water, cupboard, etcetera. Still, for lunch and at suppertime, I frequently receive an immaculate stainless steel tray with "parshad" food from the Master's kitchen!

By frequent queries, Gurudev discovered that I needed a writing desk. Tables and desks come at a premium at Sawan Ashram, where the native Indians usually sit cross-legged on their beds or work squatting on the floor. The Master considered well my need and directed that His books be shifted to another place so that His library table could serve my humble need! The inexhaustible quality of Master's grace and loving-kindness appears to merge into the infinite ocean of Nirala-Anami Purush — of which He IS.

Several faithful ones sit at His Exalted Feet nightly while He goes over the countless letters to His far-flung family. If His children overseas could only see the Blessed One upon the floor beside His bed at 12 o'clock midnight, and often to the wee hours of one or two o'clock in the morning, reading, annoting and signing His loving letters to them . . . surely their hearts would become more faithful to His fatherly guidance. At 11:30 p.m. one night He looked up sweetly and spoke ever so softly: "You may run along now!"

Shri B. S. Gyani Ji, the superintendent of Sawan Ashram activities and services, kindly gave me some paper-work to help out with. I knew how the Blessed One always has a full schedule of letters, visitors, staff consultations, meetings, greetings. So I stayed quietly all day in quarters taking care of the joy-work for Him! Coming from evening prayers at

the Assembly Hall, I saw His Sweetness at a distance standing in the gateway to His house, surrounded by worshipping disciples. He called out to me like a goodnatured schoolmaster: "Where have you been all day?"

Dear friend, listen to me for a moment! I did not approach Him whom my heart adores as one would any other person. I found myself drawn by sinews of love into the close aura of His healing Presence. In response to His radiant smile, I explained: "Master, I have been following Your constant example, working on the correspondence!"

"O, that's alright! Come on in!" He spoke very softly in a lover's voice to His needy bride. What supreme gift from the very present living Emperor of Love and Savior of Mankind! I went in so happily to the Durbar of His Love Court in His blessed bedroom. If only to sit quietly near Him, observing the ceaseless flow of His Grace and loving-kindness, that alone bestows the priceless boon!

Where in creation can I flee from Your Presence?
I am completely undone! Never can I forget You!
Always and everywhere will I behold Your face
And remember the precious boon of Your Loving words!

BIRTHDAY EVE SATSANG: February 5th, 1959, 7 p.m. This evening I had the rare privilege of attending the Birthday Eve Satsang of the Blessed One under the great canopy. About 12,000 were present. Gurudev ascended the dais and composed Himself serenely before the microphone. He gazed out compassionately, lovingly over His adoring family. Due to the particularly happy occasion, the Master spoke in such an animated, overflowing manner. He called our attention to the awe-inspiring subject of these fateful days of worldly vanity and nuclear threat of racial extinction. Sometimes the Blessed One had fits of coughing from the much speaking He gives Himself to. Believe me, truly, never before did I ever see a speaker before a large gathering so happily laughing, speaking and coughing all at the same time! How large, how full and how wonderful throbs His heart for those who seek His face — “to the called according to His purpose!”

After Satsang the Precious One had Gorkha, His radiantly smiling cook, bring me a vase of roses and a basket of oranges, bananas and cookies. Sweetmeats for the bride of my unworthy visage! Tell me, O friend of my heart, did loving Emperor of limitless domains such as our Living One ever bless the earth before with such benign Presence? O that I may become a brighter, sweeter and more fragrant rose in His garden of the Primal Sound!

You have filled my head with singing
And my breast with heavenly music!
You have engraved Your lotus-form
Upon my heart of hearts for aye!

MASTER'S BIRTHDAY PARTY: *February 6th, 1959, at 5:30 a.m. Several ashram brothers came to my door most insistently. The Pandit was adamant: "Come, come! You must put on your turban and blanket to see the Master's Birthday Party. Come barefoot, at once!" When I stepped outside, it looked as though the sky had fallen on us and that the stars were twinkling in a thousand lighted candles on the walls surrounding the Master's yard and along the edges of all the sidewalks!*

The Master greeted each of us sweetly. As a loving Father he reminded us: "Our true birthday occurs when we invert our attention and go above the body consciousness. Do not waste this present precious opportunity! What has passed, has passed, but we still have the present instant in which to improve our behaviour. We should fulfil our pledge and responsibility to the Master who has opened our Inner Eye and contacted us with the Soundless Sound of Shabad, the immaculate Word of His Presence.

"Why do we try to give the Master the whole task for our advancement? If we will take one step ahead, in obedience to His commandments, He will take many steps. We should do our part and He will help us in many unseen ways. The Master dwells within us already, but we must arise above body consciousness and go within to meet Him in His radiant Light Body!"

MASTER'S BIRTHDAY THEME: *From 8 to 9 a.m. we sat in meditation under the great canopy, with Gurudev on the dais. Out of some 2000 sitting, 156 saw the Master or both Him and His Master inwardly: 68 men and 88 women. From 9 to 12:30 p.m. about 15,000 listened to the matchless words of the Master's Birthday Discourse. Many of the satsangis, pandits and sadhus, read, sang or chanted songs of loving tribute to the Living Master — the Lord of Salvation for a sinful and forgetful world of needy ones. He amplified and carried forward His admonitions given us at His early morning birthday party.*

“During your waking hours, you follow the evolution of the outward world — continually exercising your minds and expanding your consciousness. You have been put on the Way and given the Five Names for control of the mind. Now you must concentrate and turn your attention from the outer to the inner awareness by inversion practice.

“There are five sorts of consciousness: sub-consciousness, consciousness, self-consciousness, cosmic consciousness, super-consciousness. Remember the conditions for ethical living. Observe chastity, go with your wife only when you want a child. Practice generosity, give freely to the hungry, the needy and render selfless service. Why talk about love, realize it, and then you will know its Reality!

“Avoid neglect of finding your own True Self. If we make mistakes, they can be corrected, but when we do nothing, what can we expect? Learn how to die daily, invert and see the Master within — only then can you call yourself a True Man!”

He equals the Fountainhead of Everlasting Truth and Endless Joy!

He tells what He has seen, He teaches what He has accomplished.

He calls sinners to repentance and disciples to renewed devotion.

He gives all credit for His Gospel to His Beloved Master!

SATSANG IN MEERUT: *Several of us fortunate ones were permitted to accompany Maharaji on a satsang tour to Meerut, where Ruhani Satsang has one of its most spacious ashrams. On Friday evening, the Master conducted satsang in the Regimental Temple at the large military cantonment in Meerut. Highlights of His discourse follow:*

“I and my Father are One. I am the vine and ye are the branches. Be a conscious divine worker for the supreme cause. When Masters come, they teach us to remain where we are, live an ethical life and transcend body consciousness. When we go to the Master, we see inside the God.

“Only a doctor can teach you the science of medicine — that is how to become a doctor! Likewise, only a Master of spiritual science can guide you to Masterhood. The Light of God and the Music of the Spheres resides within you. Without eyes you can see it, without ears you can hear it, without tongue you can speak it. Another eye, an inner eye, can be developed wherewith you can see God.

“The son knoweth the Father and the Father loveth the son. The Word was with God and the Word was God.’ When it was in action, it was known as God-Naam. Not until we leave the body consciousness will we be able to contact Paramatma. We are the highest creatures in creation and we should live up to our high estate.

“Only a saint can contact you with the Shabad — the Word. But you must come above body consciousness. God is Light. God is everywhere. Religion was made by man. Whatever you can develop within yourself in this lifetime, it is light and sound principle. Whatever our religion, the important thing is that we reach God. Saints are the mirrors of God. So, when we are connected with these people who are connected with God — we are already connected!

“Anyone who can give you an inner experience at the

first sitting is a true Master. He who can open the Third Eye, he only is a Mahatma. It is your turn to meet God! In all churches you will find bell and light . . . the symbols to tell you that in your body, which is the True Temple, you will also find the light and sound. You will have lost your body for nothing, if you have not seen the Light of God and heard the Shabad – His Holy Word. Rise up above body consciousness, only then will you see Him.

“Your body is a tree with the branches downward and the roots on top. Lord Krishna said: ‘You will have to close the nine doors and come up to the tenth door if you want to meet me.’ If you do not contact the Shabad – there is no avail, even if you spend your whole life reading books.

“‘Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.’ Don’t deceive yourself. How long will you keep your disgrace a secret? Eventually, it will come out!

“In the World Religions Conference the subject of ethical living came up. The Eightfold Noble Path of the Buddha and the Sermon on the Mount of Christ contain all of the principles for right-living. So I told them: ‘I come with you if we can work together for liberation of the humanity under the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.’

“The Guru is he who can show you the Light and the Sound in the human body. God does not reside in temples made with stones by hands of man. Those who do not love cannot see God – for God is love. Love God, love your neighbor, love your enemy! We have been cleaning the body and have neglected the cleaning of the inner self. Only can we do this with Naam – God-in-action Power. Ethical life is stepping-stone to spirituality. The highest degree of spirituality can be developed by cultivating the friendship of a living Master. Times have not changed – only time is running out. Love knows no law!”

GURUDEV: *The Lord of Compassion*

The Supreme Lord, the Wondrous-Nameless ONE, resides in our midst. The Infinite has smiled upon us through love-pouring eyes of the Master! The Divinity now talks to us and leads us by the hand to Heavenland. The Almighty watches and succors us through this Compassionate ONE!

EXTREME LOVE FOR THE LIVING MASTER: *After Satsang, Captain Chaudgi Ram invited the Master to his home for tea. The Master most graciously allowed Gangaram Navani, Dr. Mool Raj and this lowly one to accompany Him. Entering the Captain's parlor, the Master motioned me to a comfortable chair, having compassion for my three hours sitting crosslegged before His Holy Feet in the Regimental Temple, and seated Himself. A flutter of a blue sari and the Captain's charming wife entered almost timidly and with softly down-cast eyes, prostrated herself before the Master, touching her forehead to His Sacred Feet!*

The Master looked at me with a most winsome smile. "This lady sees the Master within all the time and converses with Him. Once I came to her home and she immediately served me tea she had prepared. I reminded her that I did not take tea away from home. 'But,' she remonstrated, 'I saw You before You arrived and You told me to prepare tea for You!'"

The Captain inquired if we would have tea, and the Master generously assented. His devoted wife served us much as Sita must have served her Lord Rama. Then she sat at the Master's feet and poured out her gentle heart to Him about her sorrow over the prospect of His coming absence on world tour to America!

"Yes," consoled the Master, "but that is only physical separation!" He laughed softly and compassionately at her love-lorn sorrow. Tears washed her cheeks as the Master took His departure. And tears flowed from our eyes in response to her loving heart!

GURUDEV: *The Lord of Compassion*

Jalipo, cameldriver of the Lord!
Why wait we here? Why faint so soon?
Why drag our steps in this our flight
To Anda, Brahmanda, Sach Khand?

GLORY OF GURUDEV: *Tuesday morning, February 17th, 1959, found the Master's party on tour in Chandigarh, the splendid new modernly built capital of the Punjab. Shri W. S. Mongia, Superintendent in the Ministry of Home Department, Civil Secretariat, took us to a large new bungalow he had recently acquired. Many satsangis had preceded us — and we sat together in meditation on the rooftop in the healing rays of the morning sun. After the Master had inquired of each one what inner level they had reached in their meditation, He stood before us in His sublime majesty as the Incarnate Divinity, beautifully bestowing upon the needy ones His Fatherly counsel.*

At this time one man came vaulting through the seated disciples, and prostrated himself at the Master's feet. He sobbed convulsively that during meditation he had seen the Lord's Sarup (Radiant Light Form) with the Inner Eye. "How dazzling with Light You stood, surrounded by garland studded with the rarest flowers of the Nature!" He clasped his arms about the Master's legs as he wept a flood of tears.

"Give me the Grace that I should keep on forever looking into Your Eyes and drink the ambrosia of Your Compassion. Keep me always at Your Feet. All my attraction to my field and the cultivation is lost. I want to be at Your Feet forever! Don't leave me!" The Master gently and lovingly patted him on the back and consoled him with such sweet compassion. Tears glistened in many eyes and bathed the cheeks of those who truly seek the Lord of Mercy and the Emperor of Bliss! The Master gave His disconsolate disciple a very kind and affectionate look and departed.

GURUDEV: *The Lord of Compassion*

Cast off all sloth and slumbering —
Trek on o'er desert wastes to Home.
Behold! our Lord Kirpal knows well
The ageless Path to lead us on!

BEAUTY OF TRUE LOVE: *On Wednesday morning, February 18th, 1959, Lumoroji held Satsang in Kalka where a new Ruhani Satsang ashram shapes up, by the earnest efforts of His disciples there. Highlights of His holy utterances follow:*

“Love beautifies everything. Whatever the place, if there is love, there is nothing like it! Everything is then beautiful. But there are two kinds of love. One is of the worldly things. But the other love we talk of exists between the soul and God.

“In love one forgets everything. A lover inhabits a new world for himself. Soul's husband is God. If God is with us, love is with us — and even dust is gold. That is, God is in every place and the true lover of God is always within. Whenever we talk of God, that place — be it a ruin or a jungle — it becomes a place of worship. If we do not talk of God at that place — it remains a jungle! One who is tied up in the affairs of the world remains here and cannot ascend to the higher spiritual level.

“We were given the human life to make use of it, so that we can know ourselves and realize God. Only he can take us to God who has been with Him. People such as the Master have been coming to the world in all times. You should be a part of God and not of the world.

“Even the smallest hut is very beautiful where God is talked of. Whoever comes there is steeped in that atmosphere. Temples and churches have been built with the aim of discussing only of God and nothing else. Whosoever comes there shall find peace. But the real hut is our own body, and God resides in us. The reason why there is no

peace in us, although God is present in us, is that there are a number of worldly things present. We have given ourselves to the senses and hence we cannot reach God. We should be clean from outside as well as inside. Even when a dog sits on the ground, he wipes the place with his tail. We clean ourselves outside, but pay no attention to our inner self. Even while sitting at the Master's feet, we are thinking of the outside world. No doubt we have to think of the outside and clean and look after the body. But it is more important to clean and look after our inner self.

“God, as a matter of fact, runs after us in our search — but we do not pay any heed to Him. The places of worship have been made into places of cheating. The palaces and luxuries of life are of no use if we do not think of God there!

“Once a sweeper woman was taking a piece of meat boiled in a human skull and had covered it with a clean cloth. She was asked why she covered it. She said that she had covered it so that no person who is not grateful for the gifts of God should look at it. This means that we should thank God for the senses, etcetera, He has given us. The senses are our servants, but we have made them our masters!

“If we have a place in our hearts for Him, He will naturally keep us in His heart. Whomsoever we want to have, we must establish in our hearts a love for Him. When a person is in love with someone, even if he is murdered, his cries would call his Beloved. This is the type of love we should establish between us and the Master. A lover of this type, after death, forms a part of his Beloved. Such a person who has extreme love for God is King of Kings. He needs no other wealth which the world provides.

“We should sit close to those people who develop a love for God. We do not say that we should go and live in the

jungles, but only this — that whatever we do, we have God in our mind. In that place where a Sadhu sits, we will talk and discuss only God. He shall give us all that He has achieved. We should burn all that pulls us to the world. Where there is the Master, even if there is poverty, we need not mind. There should be peace in mind.

“Once a king went to a Fakir and there was a dog at the Fakir’s door. The King said to the Fakir: ‘A dog does not become you at your door.’ The Fakir replied: ‘It is a sentinel, so that the dogs of the world may not come here.’ Peace of mind can only be had by loving God and not the world!

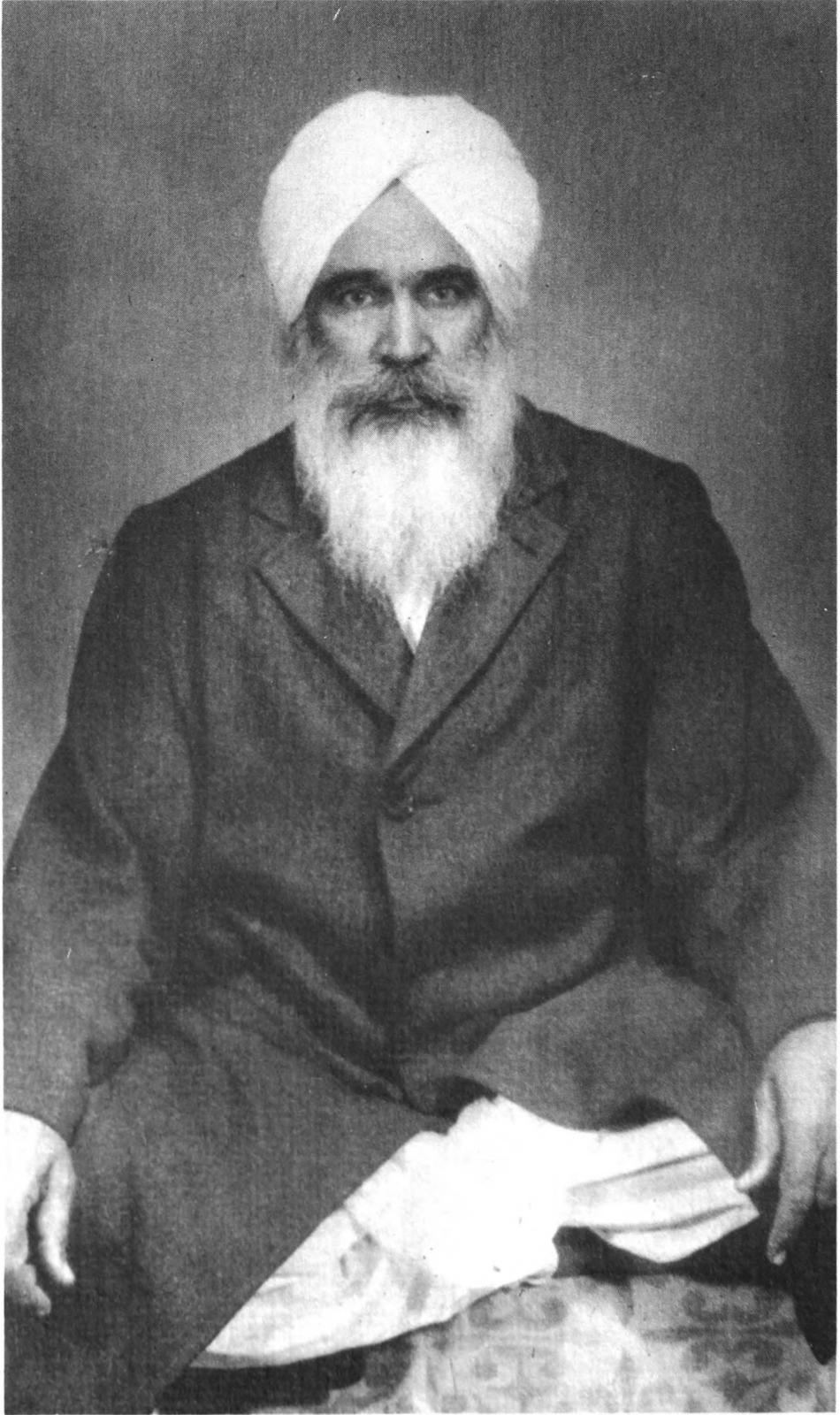
“Once the Goddess of Wealth was asked why there was no hair at the back of her head nor at the front. She said that the hair at the back of her head was pulled away by the worldly people — and the hair on her forehead was absent because she had been pressing her forehead at the feet of God’s lovers, but they would not accept it.

“When a woman is married and goes to her husband’s house, she does not say that the house is her husband’s, but says it is her house. Similarly, if we become the bride of the Lord, the whole world becomes ours.

“Wealth spreads a number of nets to entrap people. What is that thing by the getting of which we get everything? This is God’s Love, and we have to develop it ourselves by taking ourselves away from the world. All the wealth and luxuries are of no use if there be no peace of mind. We do not want heaven or paradise, but only the love of God. It is a piece of good fortune to come across such a great man who has realized God.

“Even if one is totally naked, but is steeped in God’s love, he looks very lovely. It is for God to give His love to the one He likes. He makes no distinction between the rich and the poor, He keeps no accounts to this effect.





GURUDEV: *The Lord of Compassion*

“A Guru finishes off your karma, and he who cannot do this is not a true Guru. Everything should be left in the hands of the Guru. There were a number of Gurus in the world but Raja Janak could only find one man who was capable of connecting him with God.

“What is that place where by reaching we remember God all the time and nothing else? That place is the company of a capable Guru. Only that company is good where God is talked of and no other topic comes up for discussion.

“We cannot attain God and peace by reading alone, for we must have some practical knowledge at the Feet of the Master. By reading, writing and praying we cannot reach God unless there is one to show us the Way. When there is pain and agony in the heart, then only God comes to us.

“There are two types of incarnates. One comes to punish the evil doers, award the virtuous and establish the world order. While the other comes to lead the soul to God and thus lessen the world's population. There are two types of portfolios in the Court of God. One takes us on to God and the other keeps us in the world well established.

“God is present in everyone, but He is only at work in a Guru. We should serve that Satguru who develops in us a love for God and leads us to Him. We can do this only in human life.”

O Lumoroji . . . within Your eyes
I see white light of Anami Lok!
I feel rare beauty of Your holy feet!
Your words fall like honeyed jasmine
From Garden Bower of Amritsar!

MASTER'S BUNGALOW RETREAT: *March 17th, 1959. Maharaji — the Blessed One — has now resided at His bungalow in Rajpur since March 3rd. Several members of His Delhi staff have accompanied Him to this heavenly retreat in the foothills of the Himalayas. Bibiji, His constant and most saintly companion-dietitian-hostess, holds the key portfolio at His Court. The Princess, familiarly called "Cuchoo," Dr. Mool Raj, Dr. Lal Singh Ji, Gangaram Navani and his charming wife from Bombay, Gorkha, butler to His Holiness, the elderly but bright-eyed mother of Bibiji, Ramsharur, the chauffeur, and the wife of the Master's deceased brother, make up His family at the Retreat.*

Early morning meditations are the rule. Tea at 7:30 to 8 a.m., lunch at 12:30 to 1 p.m., tea again at 4:30 p.m. and dinner about 7:30 to 8 p.m. Through experiment, I have found that a light evening repast of fruit and oat milk sets better with me. This permits me to get out my sleep by 2 to 3 a.m. so that I am ready for meditation practice.

The Master's park and fruit grove provide endless enjoyment for ideal seclusion and healthful exercise. The forests on the nearby mountain, palisades and chasms offer pleasing variety for hikes, meditations and satsangs. Several days ago workmen began alterations in the large front room which I had occupied. Master needs more room to house the thirsty and hungry beggars that continually flock to His wideopen door! So the family pitched in and moved my things back to a room off from the rear patio where the meals shape up under the skill of Bibiji and her willing assistants.

GURUDEV: *The Lord of Compassion*

EVENING DARSHAN IN RAJPUR: *In the evening from 8:00 to 9 p.m., we sit on the floor in the Master's blessed bedroom for His darshan. This gives Him an opportunity to scrutinize us closely and to counsel us with any needed instructions or advice. Bibiji, Dr. Lal Singh, Gangaram Navani and his wife, by turn, sing many truly exalted songs of love and praise to the heavenly Beloved. These songs, called bhajans in Hindi, contain the moving exhortations of the Saints for us to repent from our evil ways and to seek the Lord's face, so that we may become one with Him. Most of the bhajans come from the pens of Nanak, Kabir, Hafiz, Tulsi Das, Sur Das, Mira Bai, and some were written by the Master to His Master, Babaji Hazur!*

BHAJAN FROM MIRA BAI

O, the pain of my heart – my Beloved only knows it!
O, my Beloved, Thou has pierced my heart with the arrow of Thy love.
My heart burns and yearns for a glimpse of Thy face.
Oh, the pain of my heart!

Come, friends, tell me tales of love, and sing me songs of Him!
My heart burns and yearns for a glimpse of His face!
Oh, the pain of my heart!

Oh, grant me this prayer, O Beloved!
Take away Thy veil and let my eyes drink deep of Thy holy Beauty –
And thus quench my thirst and relieve my pain!
Oh, the pain of my heart!

GURUDEV: *The Lord of Compassion*

SYMPHONY OF LAUGHTER: On the evening of March 12th, the Master's offering to His adoring family mounted on wings of spiritual mirthfulness as never observed before by this disciple. His softly musical words pealed forth to the accompaniment of His rippling laughter. Bibiji added her merry girlish voice, and one by one all present found themselves drawn up into the musically rhythmic cadence of the Master's symphony of laughter! Never have I imagined that anything in this life could sound so soul-satisfying with spontaneous, spiritual laughter. He gave us His good-night blessing while still laughing. And we all retired to our respective cots with sweet smiling about our lips and eyes!

STORY OF GORKHA: *Dr. Mool Raj, who has accompanied the Master on many of His numerous tours, told me a most touching story about dear Gorkha, the prince from Nepal who serves as butler to the Blessed One.*

It appears that Gorkha, at the tender age of six, received visitations from Babaji Hazur, Master Sawan Singh Ji Maharaj. In the early morning hours, Hazur would appear with a stick before the boy's inner vision and order him to get up and bathe and then sit in meditation. Gorkha's mother remonstrated with him to stop his wee-hour practice. But the lad told his mother that he had to bathe at that hour or the old man with the stick would beat him. So Gorkha continued his mystic practice all through his youth, until he could sit in meditation regularly for nine hours at a stretch. As a natural result, he ascended into the inner planes of creation.

During the partitioning of Pakistan, Gorkha left the army and served as an independent Indian spy in the western Punjab, under Hazur's insistent inner direction. Through his exceptional bravery, he saved many Indians in Pakistan whose lives were endangered by mob-violence in those terrible times. Six years ago in Bombay, Gorkha met our present living Master-Saint and learned the true identity of the old man with the stick who had started him meditating at the tender age of six! He asked the Master for the gift of Naam. To test the youth's stamina of character, His Holiness treated him sternly. "Why should I give you Naam?" Gorkha, utterly discouraged, lost all interest in life and decided to commit suicide. He went to the railway terminus and cast himself on the tracks to be killed by an onrushing train. The Master, inwardly seeing Gorkha's plight, rushed to the station and pulled him to safety, before he would have met an untimely death!

Thus Gorkha received initiation into Surat Shabad Yoga by the present living Master whose beloved Master had inwardly conditioned Gorkha in his childhood for high spiritual advancement. He has faithfully served the Master now for six years. Some time back, Gorkha told Dr. Mool Raj when they talked in the open field, how worried he was about having an increase in family of wife and five children and such an uncertain income for their providence. That evening the Master talked as in His sleep while lying on His bed. Gorkha passing through the room overheard Him say: "I know how you are situated, Gorkha. One who serves the Master full time has a rare privilege. Tell me what you want most — and you can have it! Do you want to be a king? Do you want fabulous wealth? Or, do you wish to continue in service to the Master? Now, be careful how you decide. It is all up to you!"

Gorkha promptly replied that he much preferred to remain in the Master's service always. "Well, then," reassured the Master, "Have no fears or qualms about your family from now on. I will provide for their requirements!"

SERIOUS PURPOSE OF LIFE: *Here I include the concluding highlights of the Blessed One's Monday evening satsang in Chandigarh, February 16th, 1959:*

"We should search for a right Guru, then we can gain something. If we are attached with wrong Guru, then we are nowhere. The right Guru is full of mercy, but there is none to get that mercy! When the Truth is in the heart then Sat Purush will come Himself to the Truth-Seeker — even to His door!

"We pray for worldly things and we get worldly things. But when we are seekers of Truth and God's mercy from our heart, we get what we seek. The body is sure to die sometime, so why should we not learn to die when we are alive. Protect yourself with Truth and all the evils will be destroyed. If we go one step towards God, God will take thousands of steps towards us! If we learn humility, then Satguru will search us out and come to our door.

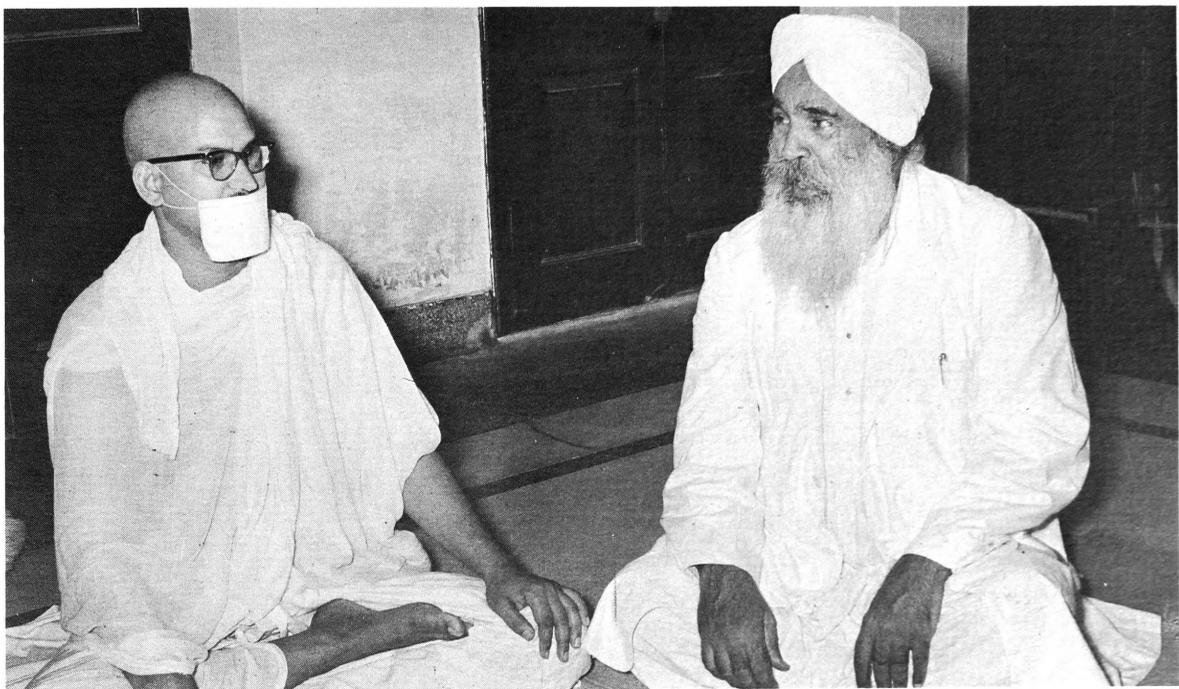
"Jesus chased the money-changers from the Temple. He said: 'This is my Father's house, and you have made it a place of thieves! Some people are doing blackmarket in spiritual things. So how should we see God in ourselves from such persons? We should live everyday as though it were the last day of our life!

"The True Life is that which we live with True Men. We think of living for a hundred years, but we are not sure of the next moment! Rise above body consciousness. Always remember that — and rise above body consciousness!

"When you see the Sarup of God, all worldly theories are of no use. Live in any society or religion, but attach yourself to Naam. It is up to you!"

The Pathi chanted bhajans in Hindi of two songs, one from Tulsi Das and the other from Sur Das. These carried





GURUDEV: *The Lord of Compassion*

the sweet sorrow of the prodigals in quest of their Father's countenance and the Immortal Union with the Beloved! The plaintive tenderness of the chant soothed and raised the soul-aspiration of the Satsangat to such a peak of ecstasy, ending in the softened whisper of a lover's voice, that the Master made no interpretative comment, but only smiled and gave us His saintly benediction!

All lovers of the Lord quaff deeply of His Vintage.
They linger long, even to the wee hours of morning,
Over the flagon-draught of His golden-ruby Wine!

GURUDEV: *The Lord of Compassion*

MORNING AND EVENING PRAYERS: *Sawan Ashram has an early morning cryer who chants quite loudly an Indian call to prayer at 4 a.m. each morning. When first I came to the Ashram, he would pause outside my door with brotherly admonition: "Pray to God!" On one occasion at evening prayers, the Master instructed the satsangis how to get the best results during meditation practice. He spoke to me in English: "I tell them that God helps them who do not help themselves. We must simply sit quietly at His door and wait for Him!"*

HOW NEEDLESS THE WORLD: *On Friday evening, March 13th, we found the Master in a most subdued and meditative mood. He referred to all of the folly and attachments of this earth life.*

“Sometimes, I think how needless was the creation of this world. It appears all too hollow and meaningless, when we have seen the glories of the inner planes of creation!” He mentioned how so very few ascend during lifetime to their True Home. Nearly everyone throws their life away, needlessly, on mere trifles. Thus wasting the priceless opportunity offered by Shabad Adepts. The wise ones rise up above body-consciousness and return, during lifetime, to their Heavenly Father and unspeakable Bliss!

How beautiful His lotus Feet among the Stars!
How intoxicating the Grace of His sweet Presence!
Give us, O Lord, naught save the Vintage of Your Love!

BHANDARA TO MEMORY OF HAZUR BABAJI: *The April 2nd Bhandara to the memory of the Great Master Sawan Singh Ji Maharaj began with evening Satsang on April 1st. With the Blessed One serenely seated on the dais, the Pathi sang a bhajan in the poignantly sweet and sorrowing refrain of a bereaved lover's voice. This perfect tribute had come from the heart-heated pen of the Master addressed to His Master!*

"Sometimes, eyes well up, heart aches, whenever I recall Master! Should I die or keep alive? The heart weeps, eyes well up. I got this when I loved You! Sleep flies away. Come home or call me to Yourself. Miseries have come upon me. The world is dark without You.

"I yearn for Satguru's form. The thirst of eyes cannot be quenched without seeing You. I would like to sacrifice myself to behold Your form. Your countenance is like sweet music. Many days have passed since I saw You. Blessed is the place where You are!

"The thirst of eyes cannot be quenched except I see You. Earlier when you left me for a moment, that period was just as if I were in hell. What to do now when You have left for a longer period? When Master meets me, how fortunate am I, to get the God absolute in my home. I would like to serve Him all the time and become His humblest servant!"

THE MASTER: *"To meet some Master in our lifetime is a great blessing. You might ask: 'Why are you so sad?' The reply can be had from a person who has loved. People sacrifice their lives for love. To sacrifice one's life is to have it forever. In worldly love, history says, people have sacrificed their lives. What can we say then about the person who has loved the God with his soul?"*

"When I wrote 'Gurmat Sidhant' and when I came to write the chapter on 'Loneliness' (absence from the Master),

I felt very sad. When we love a human being, we feel grieved on separation. But when we love a man who is connected with God, the intensity of His love is much greater. Someone may question: 'When the Master initiates His pupil, He sits inside the pupil's soul and remains always with him. So why this sort of feeling of sadness?' The reply is that inside we get one sort of enjoyment and when we see Him in the body, we get two enjoyments! To live after the Master's death is the greatest misfortune.

"One person's Master died. He went to His Master's grave and prayed: 'It is misfortune to live now!' So saying, he lay on the grave and died.

"If the pupil has silken dress and his Master is not with him he should set the dress on fire. And if one has to go without any dress, even, but he possesses the company of his Master, he has everything. To live in a cottage with the Master is better than living alone in finely decorated buildings.

"When tears well up in eyes, while remembering one's Master, all his sins are washed away. Christ said: 'As long as a branch continues connected with a tree it brings forth fruit. And when it is cut off, it brings no fruit. I am the vine and you are the branches. Go on connected with me, if you wish to bring forth any fruit.'

"The pupil who does everything with the permission of His Master need have no fear. We must think that the Master is with us. We do not commit a sin when we are seen by a child only five years old. If we consider our Master always with us, we shall not commit any mistake. It is a great blessing to have a living Master. But we do not care when He is living!

Two kinds of Masters come to this world: (1) Those who

come to punish sinners, save good people and establish the world. (2) Those who come to connect the souls of people with God. They come to decrease the world.

“God lives with all persons, but He is not manifest everywhere. Blessed is the body where He manifests Himself. He becomes mouthpiece of God. He gives salvation to millions of people with a mere kindness of His.

“The question is: ‘How to find such a person?’ You should have a great yearning for the Master and you are sure to find Him. Oxygen comes where fire lights. I would like to explain the difference between the two types of Masters. Let us consider the analogy of a policeman and a civil officer. When a man wishes to quit his country, the policeman prevents him. But when a civil officer issues him a passport, he is free to go. Godman is the mouthpiece of God. Godmen speak what God wishes to be spoken by them.

“Someone put a question to Christ: ‘You always talk about your Father. How good, if you will sometime show Him to us.’ Christ replied: ‘Alas! so long you have lived with me and you do not know that my Father lives with me. There is no difference between me and my Father. Leave all and follow me!’

“What a blessing it is if we see such persons among us. Though they look like human beings, yet they are not mere human beings. They are something else also. They come to connect the sad souls with the God wherefrom they have come down.

“Let us call the Master a human being for the present. Wherever the pupil goes, He is always with him. He is the very life of all creation. There are three stages of the Master. First, like a man, he meets all, sympathises with all, sometimes feels sorry with our sadness. Second stage is when

the Master appears inside when our soul walks on higher levels of spirituality. He has the competency to pull His pupils' souls up. He never dies. Third stage is when He merges in God and helps all His pupils to merge in God — the Absolute.

“Now we are admiring the second and third stages of the Master. He is love incarnate. He is greater than everyone. None is as great as He is in this world. Not even in this world or even in heaven, none is greater than Him. Once a person asked my Master: ‘How should we address You?’ He replied: ‘Call me brother, father or teacher. But, rise above body consciousness and see what I am there!’

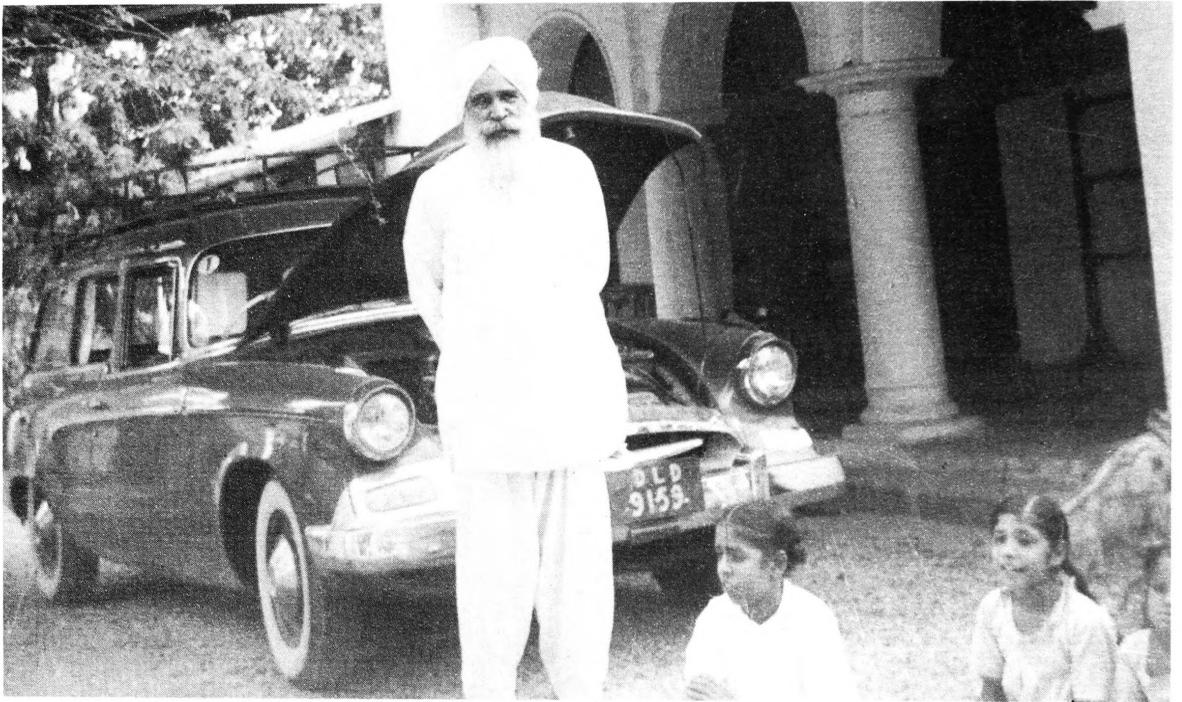
“Great is man. When the body of man was made, Gods were asked to bow down before it. We have forgotten our greatness. We have become devils. If we become man (human being) we remain no less than God. We have to become human beings. Guru Arjan Dev said: ‘God has come down to this earth in the form of my Master!’

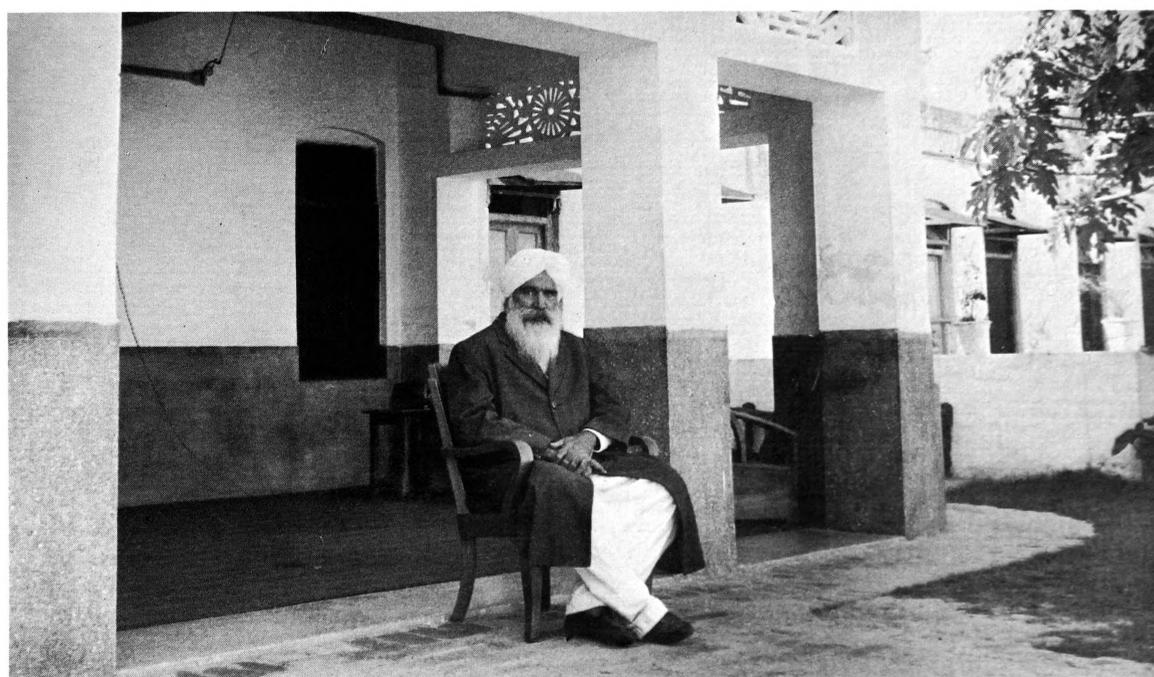
“Compare yourself with perfect man. One who has seen the Master, he has seen God himself. Just as one who has seen an electric bulb has seen the power house. Master loves all — even sinners. People used to come to my Master and say: ‘We have committed sin.’ He would say: ‘Don’t worry now, sin no more!’

“Once some people brought a girl to Christ and said: ‘She is corrupt and she should be punished!’ Christ replied: ‘Alright, let her stand, and anyone of you who is not corrupt is allowed to stone her.’ None cast a stone.

“Our real Father is the Master. Worldly fathers have connections of only give and take with us. If you wish to see God, see the Master. If you wish to listen to God, listen to the Master. God lives in Him. Whosoever sees Him gets tempted!

“A pupil of Kabir Sahib rose on higher levels and saw that Kabir was God. He asked: ‘Respected Master, why did you not tell me earlier that You were God?’ Kabir replied: ‘That way you might not have believed!’ Once while I and Dr. Johnson were with my Master, He said: ‘When we come to this world, we bring our staff along with us. When our duty at one place is finished, we are sent to some other place.’ Such Masters are sent by God Himself. They are not elected by human beings. Eyes weep because the Master has left us! Once I asked my Master: ‘Kindly kill me before you leave this world!’ He said: ‘No, you will have to work afterwards!’”





TENDER MOMENTS IN INDIA: *Hardly can this lowly one ever forget that interval of the Lord's compassion at Sawan Ashram in Delhi, when the Great Master sent for me to accompany Him to the Jain Temple for a conference with Jain Muni Sushil Kumar Ji Maharaj. Wearing white khadi pajamas and long chemise with white turban I met Him before the Studebaker suburban. He laughed merrily at my Punjabi attire and very gently adjusted the uppermost fold of the sheer muslin of my turban above the center of my forehead. Such sweet concern, like a loving husband who deftly adjusts his wife's veil to better conform to her facial contour!*

Much to my embarrassment, I have become an innocent recipient of much loving esteem that rightly belongs to the Blessed One. The Indian disciples, seeing me in Punjabi clothes, lost in adoration of Gurudev – the Perfect Master-Saint – and His ever-gracious concern for my comfort, consider me a special recipient of His grace and compassion. Consequently, they give me differential greetings with raised clasped palms at mouth or eye level. Some even try to touch my feet – as though I were a Master!

One Sunday following Satsang, a young woman prostrated herself before this humble disciple trying to touch her forehead to my feet. I quickly side-stepped and waved her back. In the evening I told Gurudev of the incident. "Master, I will have to commence carrying a stick about the Ashram, so that I can keep Satsangis from bowing before me and touching my feet!"

"Oh," He consolingly said, by way of testing me, "She was only trying to show you her affectionate esteem!" "Yes," said I, "But it was not right." If a Param Sant Satguru will not willingly permit devotees to prostrate at His feet, neither should His disciple.

GURUDEV: *The Lord of Compassion*

One young Sikh will greet me at my door and ask if he may have a few words with me. "What do you want?" I inquire. "Oh, just to see you and to have your darshan!" He gets one foot inside the door, leans his head out and signals four or five Sikhs to come along with him. So Maharaji has told me to have no visitors and no entertaining. Spiritual practices come first – the most urgent of all occupations for soul liberation!

BIBIRJI WALKS AND TALKS WITH THE LORD: *Gurudev sat before His bungalow in Rajpur with the unconcerned majesty of a Mogul Emperor of India's golden past. He was holding afternoon audience for His ashram family and the local satsangis!*

Bibirji's aged and saintly mother sat in asan on a couch near the Great Master. Her eyes were half closed and she appeared most reverently subdued, as though belonging more to the world of spirit than to that of distracting physical concerns.

The Blessed One looked at me with paternal compassion. "Bibirji has been walking and talking with the Master on the inner planes this morning. Now she has lost all interest in the outer world!"

Even so, the blessed old lady continued to sit — inwardly contemplating the transcendent and ineffable glory of the Lord's Sarup (radiant light form)! Recounting to herself, no doubt, the sweet remembrance of her conversations with the Exalted Master as she walked with Him in the Kingdom of Heaven while still living in the physical temple of her frail body!

GURUDEV: *The Lord of Compassion*

GARDENER OF THE SHINING FACE: *Maharaji has a young gardener at Rajpur by the name of Munalay who has the brightest countenance I have ever seen among the Satsangis. Always he has sparkling eyes and a heavenly smile about his lips. When the Master or this lowly one passes through the mango grove where the young gardener may be working, he drops his hoe or leans it against a tree and stands with raised clasped palms, his face shining like the sun at noon-tide! I am unworthy of his veneration, but Maharaji says: "Love knows no law!"*

CHASTITY VERSUS SEXUALITY: *On June 23, 1959, at evening darshan before the bungalow in Rajpur, we sat upon the ground about the Great Master's bed as he examined us and gave each His wise counsel. He usually asks pertinent questions to encourage the disciples to reveal what is uppermost in their conscious mind. In response to one of His queries, I gave Him my deeply felt appreciation of this wonderful country.*

"All of my expectations about India have been more than realized. I have experienced immeasurable content because of the natural and simple mode of living in India. I am very happy about the harmonic, inwardly poised character of the Indian people!

"Further, I have noticed the splendid, bright-eyed, handsome, steady-nerved, happy, virile and humane characters of the Sikhs with their untrimmed hair and beards. It has occurred to me lately that clean-shaven faces are sex-appeasing!"

The Blessed One corrected me: "Sex-exciting rather than appeasing!" So there, dear reader, to me 'the cat appears to be out of the bag' as regards the real purpose of shaving the face. Actually, while gratifying the passion of vanity, shaving contributes principally to the passion of lust because of its sex-allurement and excitation which are the preparatory stages for that of sex indulgence—referred to by some of the wise ones as "spirit murder!"

According to the crystal clear teachings of Gurudev: "Chastity is life—sexuality is death!" It remains entirely up to each of us how we use or misuse the most precious gift of a loving Creator and the penalties we each will have to pay for our violations of the Law of Life!

GURUDEV: *The Lord of Compassion*

SHORT SHIFT FOR BEGGARS: *Wherever the large blue Studebaker suburban stops in market or bazaar areas, professional beggars often come with extended palms for alms. Gurudev teaches the ethical importance of free-handed generosity—always to help the poor and the infirm. But professional beggars, like paid preachers, obtain nothing from Him save saintly reproof and exhortation to honest living!*

When He sees a truly needy person He gives generously. The records of Sawan Ashram in Delhi will show a minimum yearly total of R. 10,000 given to the needy ones who approach His cottage door.

Through my vain efforts, I have wasted my precious time!
The love-shower of Your words immerse me in the Divine Symphony!
My heart bows down before Your liberating Presence!
It also sings and dances in the Sunlight of Your Sarup.

The Durbar of Your Darshun pours forth a deluge of
Pure Love that knows no bounds or preferences!
The Nectar of Your Grace and unending Compassion
Permeate my entire body-mosque and glory-Dome.

Without You, I would only languish and waste away!
You fill full my life and remain my all, O Perfect ONE!

PARSHAD FOR THE CHILDREN: *One day in the month of May, sixty small children between the ages of three and five years gathered before the Great Master for evening prayers in Delhi. They chanted the celebrated Gayatri Mantra of the Hindus to the rising Sun.*

*“Om bhur bhuvah svah
Tat savitur varenyam bhargo
Devasya dhimahi dhiyo yo nah prachodayat.”*

*“Om — the source of the three worlds, earth,
midworld and heaven' — is a reality shining
like a sun. Let thy attention be fixed
there and thou shalt be illumined.”*

Esoteric meaning:

*“O Lord, All-Pervading, Supreme Light-Giver of the
Whole Universe, God, bestower of all gifts, comfort,
peace, absolute equanimity, eternal salvation, Thou
art the luminous Sun beyond all physical, astral and
casual planes. Guide us to Thee!”*

*Gurudev asked the little ones if they had seen the inner
Sun—the Light of God within their Kingdom of Heaven.
They had not. Whereupon, the Blessed One instructed them
how to sit and see the Inner Light. Practically all of them
saw the Light of God within their own domes!*

*Baskets of delightful sweetmeats were brought to Ma-
haraji. He glanced at them several times and made a few
natural gestures while rearranging them in the baskets.
Miracle of Grace, these sweet things became divinely blessed
as Parshad (holy food). The Great Master sat like a carefree
boy of sixteen summers on the edge of the dais and passed
out the blessed confections to the eager-handed children.
Many of them were not bashful for they reached several
times for Parshad! After that the children returned to their
homes with a great new adventure to relate to their parents.*

GURUDEV: *The Lord of Compassion*

GOD-NATURE OF GURUDEV: Never, in my wildest and most imaginative flights of fancy, did I ever think of finding such a sublimely perfect One as Gurudev! He moves as the ideal Father-Mother-Brother-Sister to His disciples. He personifies the Lord of Compassion and the Emperor of Bliss! He fulfills the obligation of the Angel of the Dawn, ever looking for the awakening ones to prod them on to full consciousness.

When we have once lost ourselves in His embrace, having bathed in the infinite beauty that flows from His love-pouring eyes, having experienced the sweetly caressing accents of His voice and the honeyed melody of His laughter—we will ever afterward remain His captive love-slave!

Now—leave Him, if we can! Forget His sweet countenance and His loving words, if we can! He who encompasses the Lord of Love and Truth, the God of Mercy and Beauty, fills all space! When we have once known Him . . . we can never leave Him! We belong to Him forever and ever! We are His enamoured bride, His ever-attentive spouse, His bosom-companion, His heart-confident, His spirit-partner! We remain His very own to beat and knead, chisel and cut, weave and paint, according to His wish!

Come very near to Him, my heart!
Drink deep His words of counsel.
Bathe in the splendor of His eyes.
Imbibe the fragrance of His love.
Stay very close to Him, my heart!

— Transcription completed from Diary, June 28, 1959 at Ruhani Satsang, Sawan Ashram, Delhi 6, India, by Rusel Jaque.

