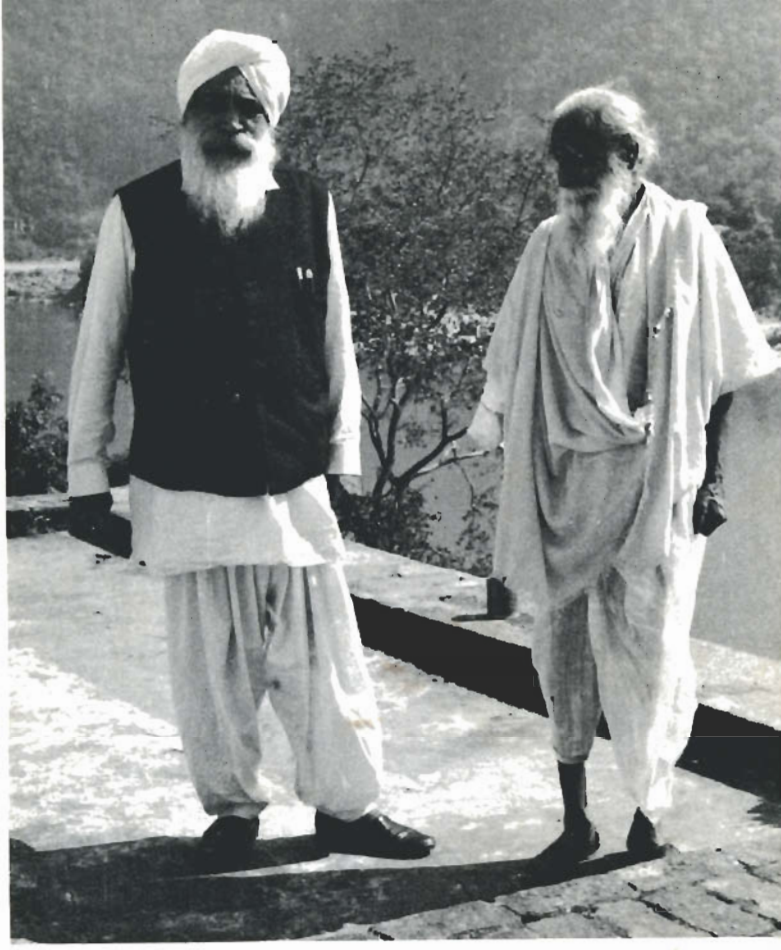
The Passing of a Yogi



Sat Sandesh

the message of the Masters

May 1971

FRONT COVER *The Master with the late Maharishi Raghuvacharya at Darshana Mahavidyala Ashram, Rishikesh, in October* 1969.

BACK COVER *Raghuvacharya Ji's body is consigned to the flames at Rishikesh on the bank of the Ganges, in the midst of the Himalayas he loved.*

Sat sandesh

May 1971 Volume four number five

FROM THE MASTER

The Master's Talk:
Die Before Death 5

The Essence of Religion 18

The Master on Satsang 31

OTHER FEATURES

The Passing of a Yogi 2 *A Pictorial Report*

At Master's Lotus Feet 13 *Kira Redeen*

The Life and Teachings of Maulana Rumi 24 *Michael Raysson*

Poems:

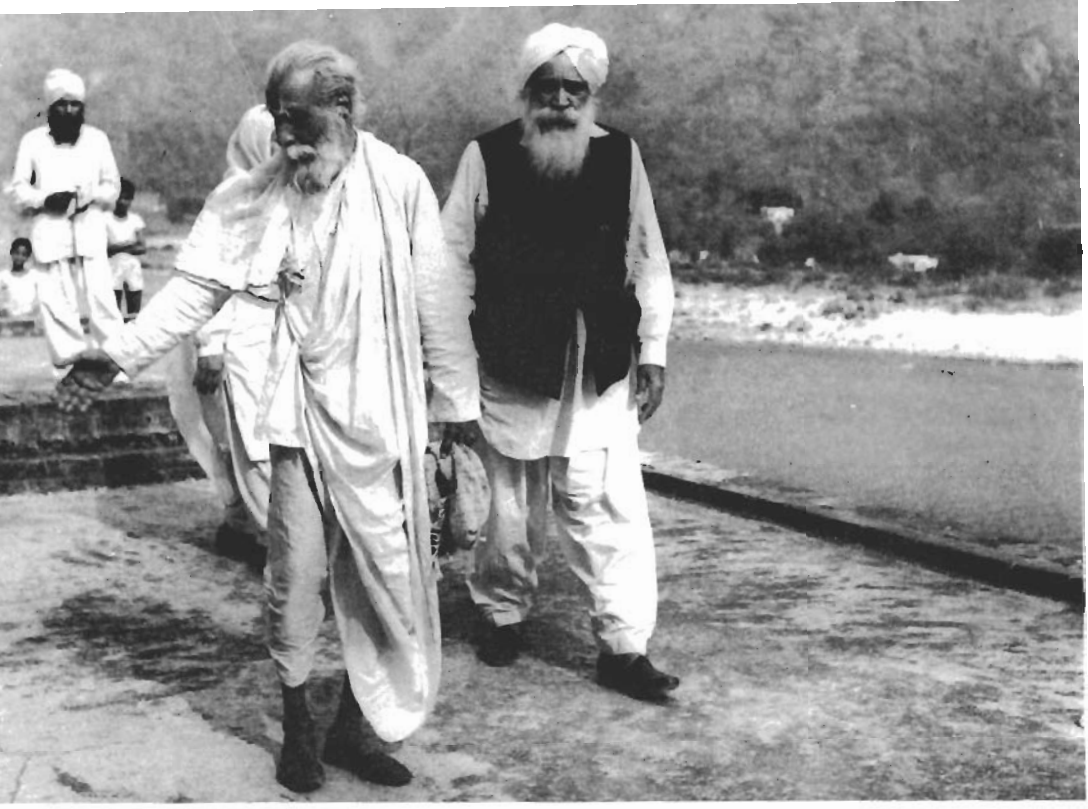
Be Ye the Doers of the Word 12 *From the Epistle of James*

When I behold eyes weeping 16 *Jane Humphrey Miller*

The early morning 23 *Nancy Mosehauer Forte*

SAT SANDESH is published monthly in English, Hindi, Punjabi and Urdu by Ruhani Satsang, Sawan Ashram, Shakti Nagar, Delhi-7, India, for the purpose of disseminating the teachings of the great living Master, Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj, and the Masters who preceded him. The English edition is published in the United States of America at Sant Bani Ashram, Franklin, New Hampshire 03235. Editor Emeritus: Bhadra Sena; Editor: Russell Perkins.

Annual subscription rates: In the United States: $6.00. In Canada and Mexico: $7.00. All other countries: $7.20. Single copies: 50 cents. Checks and money orders should be made payable to SAT SANDESH, and all payments from outside the U. S. should be in U. S. funds on an International Money Order or a check drawn on a New York bank. All correspondence should be addressed to SAT SANDESH, Sant Bani Ashram, Franklin, New Hampshire 03235, U. S. A. Views expressed in articles other than the Master's are not necessarily the views of the journal.



ABOVE: *The Master with Raghuvacharya Ji at Darshana Mahavidyala Ashram, Rishikesh, in 1971.*

LEFT: *The funeral procession leaves the Ashram.*

The Master gives his blessing with a garland

The Passing of a Yogi

A NUMBER of Indian and western satsangis recently accompanied the Master to Rishikesh to pay their last respects to Maharishi Raghuvacharya Ji at his cremation beside the sacred River Ganges. At the age of 115 years, the well-known yogi had taken his last breath; he had left the body serenely reposing in sitting posture, as if in meditation. Raghuvacharya Ji was the spiritual head of Darshana Mahavidyala Ashram and Sanskrit School; and as President of the same Trust, the Master on arrival gave orders for the funeral arrangements.

In a brief talk before the procession began, the Master spoke of Raghuvacharya Ji as one of the few great yogis, able to rise above the body. He mentioned the time in 1948 when he himself spent some months in Rishikesh, after Baba Sawan Singh Ji had left the the world, and how Raghuvacharya Ji came to see him, having learned of the Master's arrival spiritually, from within. "He was the only one rising above body-

consciousness at that time," said the Master, and went on to explain that Raghuvacharya Ji had chosen the difficult path of Patanjali, through which, if one is successful after many years of austere perseverance, one leaves the body at the sixth center.

The Master continued: "He was greatly respected by everyone here. He had love for me and would sometimes dance and clap his hands with joy on meeting me; I have great love and regard for him. We should all learn to rise above the body and be able to die at will—daily. Learn to die so that you may begin to live. You can learn by the natural method, which is not so arduous. We all have to leave the body some day, and what a great blessing if we are proficient at leaving it daily, and if we know where we are going by visiting that place every day. Every Saint has his past, and every sinner a future, so we should make the best use of this human form while we have the golden opportunity."

The Master, and well-known yogis and rishis of Rishikesh, led the funeral procession through the streets to the riverside, where the slight form of Maharishi Raghuvacharya Ji was consigned to the flames. The piercing bright eyes of this grand Yogiraj will be long remembered.

The pyre beside the sacred River Ganges

THE MASTER'S TALK

Die Before Death

This world is blind—how can I explain?

THE COLOR of the world, seen through the eyes of an ordinary being is different from that seen by a personality who has become free from the dominance of mind and senses, who has realized himself and realized God. His angle of vision is different and he sees the world in a different light. He sees the true condition of the souls who, through influence from the mind and senses, have identified themselves with the physical covering. This false identity is so embedded that the soul cannot differentiate: *am I this body or am I its controller? am I the house or the indweller of the house?*

The eye that views the world, views it through gross senses, for so far the spiritual or inner eye has not been opened to see the true nature of things. All outer knowledge is gained through these gross senses; man does not know how to rise above them, for although the outer doors are all open, yet the inner door remains closed, and he cannot be released from the coarse matter of the physical form. The subtle form and the subtle senses lie within him, yet he cannot shake off his grosser covering and experience this higher self. Can anything be done about this predicament?

Maulana Rumi says that we should learn how to close the outer shop and open the inner shop. Those who have done so have developed a subtle eye, and therefore regard everything with

infinite accuracy of vision. Kabir Sahib tells us that wherever he looks, the world is filled with blind people. Those who have outer eyes and those who have no sight are in fact all blind alike, for their inner or subtle eye has not been opened.

We may not be able to see anything in the atmosphere with our normal vision, but does that mean that it contains nothing? Our atmosphere is filled with microscopic beings, invisible to the normal physical sight. These beings can be seen if the eye becomes as subtle as they, or if they are made coarse to come within the range of ordinary sight.

Guru Nanak has mentioned this blind man and says, *Do not call him blind, on whose face there are no eyes; Blind is he, O Nanak, whose inner eye is not open to see the Lord.* The Vedas, Shastras, and many other holy scriptures tell us that God is all permanence and He resides in each living form. In every atom He is vibrating. But He is very very subtle—*Agam*—incomprehensible, inconceivable through mind or senses. Our eye is gross and we cannot see Him, but Guru Nanak says, *Become as high as He is—then only can you know Him.* If we desire to see Him, we must become as subtle and inconceivable as He.

So, Kabir Sahib looks at the condition of the world and declares that all are blind. If there were but a few who could not see, he would be able to make them understand; but all are in the same condition, literate or illiterate, rich and poor alike, the master and the servant. How can a blind man lead a blind man? Both will surely fall in the ditch!

There was once a certain fakir who went to a certain village. He had an abundance of compassion in his heart, and he warned the villagers, "Tomorrow a breeze is coming, and whoever the breeze touches will go mad." A few of the villagers who had faith in the fakir took notice of his words and when the time came they hid themselves in their houses, shuttering the windows and doors fast. All those who ignored the warning were touched by the breeze and went mad. When the lucky ones came out of hiding they saw that everyone was mad, except themselves. But the mad people, being in the majority, and seeing that the few were different, insisted, "*They* are mad!" The world's condition is something like this. Realized people, whose soul is free from mind and senses, who have risen above the gross environments, whose inner vision is pure and uncluttered and who see God in the tiniest particle, are exceedingly rare, so who is there to understand the Truth?

If there were one or two, I would explain;
All have forgotten, in their selfish work for the stomach.

All actions of this entangled mankind are for the stomach. Everyone considers that the physical form and its connections comprise the be-all and end-all of life. Whether a man is a laborer or a businessman, his aim is the same—to make money. Even most of those who profess spiritual work, who take on the responsibility of making perfect human beings and reaching the souls to God, have the same aim. They were supposed to teach the Word, but became themselves lost in the world.

Kabir says that man awakens when the Lord of Death is on his head.

If the awareness comes only at this final stage, what is the use of that? It is no use regretting when the birds have eaten all the planted seeds. It is a tragic fact

that when God-realized people come to the world to help and guide the souls, the learned and the rich call them atheists and accuse them of misleading the people. Guru Nanak was barred from entering the city of Kasur. Even the large organizations in the name of religion are in no better category. Corruption is rife, and those who profess to be spiritual are more worldly than the worldly man. Everyone's motto is "Eat, drink and be merry," recognizing no life save that of the body and its connections, which has become their god and their principle. How will they begin to understand the true facts of life?

The air is the horse and the soul is the rider.

Just as air is in a bubble of dew with a thin veil of water outside; how long can that stay? A little breeze will blow it away—such is the state of the life of man. It is like a horse on which the soul is riding. With a little breeze or warmth, a bubble of dew will vanish leaving no trace, and similarly man lives only as long as breath and the soul remains in the body. When the companion of the body separates itself, the body falls over lifeless. Then they quickly take it off to the cremation ground. This is happening daily before our very eyes, but the world is lost in illusion refusing to believe that all must leave one day. So like the bubble of dew, we are here for just a short time, and the last change which is called death will come to each of us in turn.

The king and the subject will not remain—the impious and the renunciqte;
Each will go in turn—nothing is permanent.

Many great personalities have come to the world, but even they have had to leave their body eventually. So the only solution to this inevitable event is to learn how to leave the body at will and transcend into the upper regions. If so, we will benefit in two ways. First, we will know how to leave the body, as we have learned to do so daily, and when death comes there will be no pain and no fear. Secondly, by traveling frequently in the higher regions and returning to the earth at will, the fear of our unknown destination will vanish and we will develop an unwavering conviction about the true life; its mystery will be revealed. It is no use waiting for death to discover the facts of life.

Christ told us, *Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it.* He also said, *Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.* What is the value of the physical form? *Life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment.* The day our allotted number of breaths expire, this body will fade away like a bubble of dew. And that time might arrive any minute, so what should we do? We should immediately learn this science of leaving the body, that the fear of death may be erased. *Our soul is adrift on a deep river; the pilot will throw a line.* The whole world is like a fast-flowing river, on which our soul is drifting about helplessly. It must get a mooring somehow, otherwise it will go under. *The mind is an ocean wherein huge breakers are perpetually rising.* In perpetual motion the waves of the mind are undulating with lust, anger, greed, attachment and ego. Man is tossed about amid them, and what chance has he got of saving himself? *None can cross the ocean of the mind without a competent Master.* In the company of one who has controlled his mind and saved himself from destruction, others can also be saved.

That which we seek is within us—it is the very soul of our soul—but with a lighted lamp in our hand, we search for it without. *That which lies in the house never seems near; We search outside like a blind man.* Sometimes in holy books, sometimes along the banks of rivers, sometimes on the mountain peaks, and sometimes in outer practices. And all the while we remain ignorant of the Truth. The mind is dragged by the horses of the senses into the fields of enjoyments—man has no time to invert and see that which lies hidden within his very being, closer to him than life itself.

I once met a man in Kanpur who told me that in his search for Truth he had taken the holy water from Gangotri on foot to Kanyakumari, and on return by foot had taken the water of Kanyakumari back to Gangotri—a total distance of many hundreds of miles—and yet had not realized that for which he was searching. How can the Truth be realized like this? *The thing lies in one place, you are searching elsewhere; Kabir says you will find it when you take the One who knows.* We are always searching in the wrong place. *We cannot believe it lies in this body—cursed be such a life; O Tulsi, this world is suffering from cataract.* Our inner sight is there, but it is covered, and needs a qualified doctor or Master to perform the operation and remove the covering. *God resides in each form—all Saints proclaim this.*

When Swami Ram Tirath was residing in Lahore he came out of his house one evening and saw in the street an old woman with a lamp, searching the ground for something. He asked, "Mother, what are you seeking?" She replied, "I have lost my needle, son, and am trying to find it." He at once began to help her, but after some time of fruitless search, he said, "Mother, where exactly did you drop the needle?" She said, "Oh, I dropped it in my room." Naturally, he pointed out, "But how can you hope to find it here, when it has been lost in the house?" You may smile at this story, but truly speaking, what are *we* doing?

While the Lord sustains the soul, it remains in the body. That Divine Link is in each, and each is sustained by it, yet we seek in the expanding scope of the senses, among outer things.

The fire will consume the whole forest;
Without the Guru's knowledge, man will go astray.

The fire of desire is consuming the world —each home is being sacrificed, each community, each town and each country. Like an infection it spreads from person to person, for whatever company a man keeps, he becomes like that. If you keep the company of a worldly man, as each word of his is charged with a worldly color, the influence will affect you, and you will soon be wholeheartedly following his way of life. So Kabir Sahib says that this fire is burning up the whole world, and only those whose inner eye is open can see it; the physical eyes cannot see these things. If only man would sit quietly and see within himself, he would begin to have the awareness of something burning him up. The hidden fire of desire eats into the very depths of one's being, and only by the Guru's knowledge can one be saved.

In the Gurbani it is written, *The fire consumed every blade of grass; but an isolated plant remained green.* That plant must be in the company of a self-realized soul—must be connected to the evergreen Source. Maulana Rumi says that the heart should keep the company

of one who knows the heart's condition. He also tells us to sit under the tree that is laden with fragrant blossoms—which issues forth a sweet coolness. He then asks, *What is that?* and answers, *The company of a realized soul whose inner eye is open.* A man who has been in the burning sun for many hours will sit under a shady tree and recover himself in its coolness. In the Guru's presence, the mind becomes still and serene. If you want to save yourself, this is the only way.

The Satguru not only radiates coolness, but is able to give the knowledge. That knowledge is not the worldly kind —*Know gyan and dhyan as the ineffable Sound, the Music of the Spheres.* True knowledge and attention is that Sound—the Song of Life—which permeates every pore and sustains the whole of creation. To realize it is true knowledge, gained through the grace of the Satguru. It is already there, but we are not conscious of it. *She gets lost in illusion, looking through the nine doors, and does not get the priceless treasure.* Those who do not turn inwardly through the Guru's connection will be consumed in the fire.

Outer practices cannot save you. One may escape for a few minutes, but it is not lasting, and again one falls into danger. The fire of illusion attacks through the senses, and once one has learned how to rise above them and absorb the cool peace within—the Nectar of Truth—then the outer heat will lose its effect, something like sitting in an air-conditioned room. No matter where you go, if your attention is centered the heat will not have any effect. The misery of worldly life plagues us because we have no knowledge of this natural science—knowledge of the Beyond.

When Guru Nanak was thinking of renouncing the worldly life, his mother-in-law, Moolo Ji, brought his two sons before him and said, "If this was your intention, then why did you bring these two into the world?" Nanak replied, "Mother, I have come to free the world from that very imprisonment in which you are endeavoring to bind me. I have come to put out the fire that is consuming the world." He then prayed, *O God, with Thine own mercy, save this world from incineration; it can only be quenched from the source.* All Masters have tried to make mankind understand that experiences of the senses can only bring unhappiness. *I have not seen a happy person in the physical form; each one I see is unhappy.* By rising above the senses and the physical, one can experience a better life. In the astral and causal regions, there is greater happiness than in the world; however, they are not free from unhappiness — for complete happiness one must go beyond the physical, astral and causal planes.

To awaken the souls, the Masters take the burdens upon themselves. They may hate the sins committed, but for the sinners they have a true love from the heart. They tell us that there is hope for improvement in everyone—sinner or pious person—but only by obedience to the Master's commands. We should give our obedience and devotion, and leave the rest of the work to him. Those who do not know how to love will never realize the Lord: *He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love.* Our soul being of the same essence is also love. If the outer coverings are removed, the love which lies under the weight of them will awaken and blossom forth. One will then become worthy of loving, and of knowing that higher self which is God—or God in that pole where He has manifested.

Kabir says, Listen oh brothers;
The day will come when man will discard even his loincloth.

We should realize that in the end we must leave everything—even the most necessary coverings of our body. There is no exception to the rule; each and every one will have to leave the world eventually. If only the true realization of this would take hold of us, our whole angle of vision would change, and life would be seen in its right perspective with true values revealed. *If this opportunity is lost, it will never return again; we have wasted this invaluable life.* If we lose the chance of this lifetime, where is the guarantee of getting another? We can only learn to rise above the physical form and be free from the mind and senses in the human life. Having wasted our life in enjoying worldly things, what will be the result? Wherever your attention is, there will you go; and so again and again you will have to come to the world in some form or other. To leave the body is no bugbear, if we use our intelligence to help this life's condition, and the life hereafter also.

There is a story of a kingdom, wherein they chose a new king every five years. During that five years, the king was the supreme ruler and his every word obeyed, but at the end of this period, the people would take the king to a dense forest full of wild animals and reptiles, and leave him there. On the day the king was chosen he would rejoice at his good fortune, but on the expiration of five years, he would be led off to the jungle sadly lamenting his lot in life.

Many kings came and went in their turn, until one day a man was chosen who had the serious thought, "What will happen to me after five years?" He was a man of considerable intelligence, and was duly concerned for his future life. So after some careful thought, he secretly started to send workers into the forest to cut some of the trees and make a huge clearing. They then made orchards, gardens, beautiful buildings and appropriate surroundings, until the whole place became a luxurious kingdom. A man can do wonders in five years, and when the time was up and he was told that he must leave the throne, he smiled happily and said, "Yes, let's go." The people were naturally amazed and asked why he was rejoicing. He told them, "I have already prepared my destination and have taken possession there, so I have no fear of going. What is more, I will actually enjoy more comfort there, for here I had many responsibilities, yet there I will have none."

All souls have this golden opportunity while in the human form and so we should make use of it and prepare while we can, for the day will come when we have to leave. No one has ever lived here permanently and no one ever will. If we learn to leave the body and traverse in the Beyond, which is also called "life after death," then that experience will make us familiar with our future home where there is happiness and peace, and then where will be the fear of death? *The whole world is afraid of death and wants to remain in the earthly life—only few seek true life; he who dies while living with the Guru's blessing will unravel the mystery of His will.*

By meeting an enlightened person, through his mercy we can learn to die while living and in due course become the conscious co-worker of the Divine plan. One will then see that He is the Doer, and not I, and the mystery of the Master's orders will be unraveled. *O Nanak, whoever dies while living gets*

everlasting life. In this context, Swami Ji Maharaj says, *You have got a golden opportunity.* Our work is not merely eating, drinking and looking after the body, or doing things connected with the body and the worldly life; there is another task to which we give not a single thought.

Actually we are like the pigeon who closes his eyes when the cat comes to eat him, to shut out the sight of the cat. Of course, the cat remains, and the poor pigeon realizes it only when the cat takes hold of him. We are not the body, we are the body's operator, and although at present we view the world from the physical level, this can change if we rise above to see and know what is true. The world is changing and our bodies are changing at the same rate. Scientists have proved that even our bones change so much that every seven years a renewal is necessary which takes place in accordance with Nature. If two things are changing at the same rate, then the motion of change is not noticeable. A drifting boat moves at the same speed as the river's flow. The people in the boat may not notice its movement, but someone on the shore will see it clearly and will warn them, "Brothers, you are drifting along fast," but due to the illusion they will not believe him.

By rising above the illusion we see from the level of the soul and it becomes clearly apparent that the body is changing and so is the world. Up to this point of pure perception, the world, the body and the things connected with them are everything to us, but with true experience in the Beyond the pinching effects of the ups and downs of life are rendered impotent. Not only this, but the fear of death will vanish and the outer tastes will fade away, just by tasting the nectar of the higher contact. Everything will be seen in its true light, and all we do will result in success, for our attention will be in control to be directed in any field we so desire.

All Masters have told us, *Oh brothers, you are human beings, not animals.* In particular, Maulana Rumi said that we should not behave like animals, for Nature made them to face the earth and if they spend their lives eating and drinking it is not so strange. He says that the Lord made the heads of human beings erect, so we should look toward higher things—we are the highest of all the species. Man should safeguard his heritage; he has the form to which the gods and goddesses bow, and in this form only can God be realized. Accomplish this work in this life and you will have made a success of it. Once the pearl has formed in the oyster, what difference does it make when the shell is broken? If even a single drop of water seeps into the shell before the pearl is formed, there will be no pearl. Only in this condition is death a bugbear. Kabir Sahib says, *That death of which the world is fearful gives me intense pleasure; only by this death is complete bliss gained.* When the veil of the body is removed, we are with the Lord.

When Malana Rumi was lying very sick, many people came to his bedside and prayed that he might live. He opened his eyes and said, "Brothers, you may benefit from this prayer—but do you not want this drape which separates me from the Lord to be removed, that I may be forever one with Him?" Such are the words of those souls whose inner eye is open and who have realized the Lord in this life. No doubt, God is with us, and we are not separate from Him, but do we realize it? We have forgotten our true self by working only at the level of the senses. We must with-

draw our attention from outside and invert within. Emerson said, "Tap inside." It is a path of reversing the senses. It is not necessary to kill the senses; in fact, we should extract double work from them—inside and outside.

We can see out, but our inner vision is closed; what are we, if not blind? The outer ears are open and they hear, but we are deaf to the inner music—the Music of the Spheres. The nectar of Naam is flowing within us, but man is drunk with the taste of the world. Shamas Tabrez says, *I have blessed thousands blind from birth with the sight to see God everywhere.* Many blind persons have been initiated, and with such joy they tell how they have seen the rising of the sun inside. If you can see within, it matters little if the outer eyes function or not.

It is unfortunate that very few people are acquainted with this science. It is the oldest of all ancient knowledge; but man has forgotten. Whenever the Masters come, they renew the old, old Truth, but when they go, again man forgets until another Master comes to renew the teaching. The world has never been without a perfect Master. The law of demand and supply is always at work, and there is food for the hungry and water for the thirsty. The Guru appears when the disciple is ready.

Be Ye the Doers of the Word

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation:
for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life,
which the Lord hath promised to them that love him.

Do not err, my beloved children.

Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above,
and cometh down from the Father of lights,
with whom is no variableness,

Of his own will begat he us with the Word of truth,
that we should be a kind of firstfruits of his creatures.

Wherefore lay apart all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness,
and receive with meekness the engrafted Word,
which is able to save your souls.

But be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only,
deceiving your own selves.

For if any be a hearer of the Word, and not a doer,
he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass:

For he beholdeth himself and goeth his way,
and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was:

Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this,
To visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction,
and to keep himself unspotted from the world.

From THE EPISTLE OF JAMES, Chapter 1

At Master's Lotus Feet

Kira Redeen

SHARLEENE SHERWIN, the co-group leader from Long Island, recently remarked during the first satsang at the State University at Stony Brook that, "You cannot understand the Master. All you can say about Him is 'beautiful, beautiful.' "

Werner Drexler, a fellow initiate from West Germany, said it in another way: "I see; I hear; I witness; I understand Thee not."

My husband Bob asked our beloved Master, "How should we understand You?"

"First, on the level of man," answered the Master. Then rise above body consciousness, he said, and you will understand the Master on different levels. He paused and then added, "Only a Saint can understand a Saint."

We can't understand the Master, but in His divine presence we can understand ourselves much better.

Here are a couple of discoveries about ourselves that in His infinite grace Master let us make.

Master does not need us, does not need our love, our diaries, our visits to India. We need them. He doesn't. He could spend 24 hours a day in perpetual bliss in Sach Khand. Yet, He goes through a life of untold hardship and intensity beyond comprehension.

The man-making process in Master's presence is so intensified that every morning one seems to himself considerably smaller than the day before.

One starts to meditate there where he leaves off here and then goes on. The precious divine blessings are pouring from the Master equally to everyone. The amount of inner parshad received is in proportion to the size of one's inner receptacle.

One day after we had meditated, Master asked us lovingly, "Are you convinced now that the path is right? Yes? Then go on, go on. Do it."

The way that His Indian disciples look at Him teaches one what true devotion and love for the Master really are. One has to see to believe it. It is evidence that no matter what one's devotion and love for the Master are, they still fall very short of the goal.

There was one man, a merchant, not a disciple, who sat in his store one morning. By Master's grace, a leaflet dealing with Manav Kendra and containing Master's picture caught his eye. He was thunderstruck in that instant. He left everything the way it was, took off immediately, ran barefoot past three villages through pouring rain, fell at Master's feet, shaking, drenched, with a haunting, far-away look on his expressive face.

We thought something tragic must have befallen him or his family. Yet, what this man wanted was Master's darshan.

There was another man there who told us that he had left his place of work to do his share of selfless service in Manav Kendra.

"How long can you stay away from work?" we inquired.

"As long as Master needs me, naturally," was his devoted answer.

Another disciple when hearing about the project of Manav Kendra gave his

servant a pillow and told him to place it at Master's feet. The servant bicycled through unbelievable Indian traffic for two days and nights and did as he was told.

Our beloved Master cut open the pillow and discovered there a donation of thousands and thousands of rupees.

All of these were matters for deep self introspection.

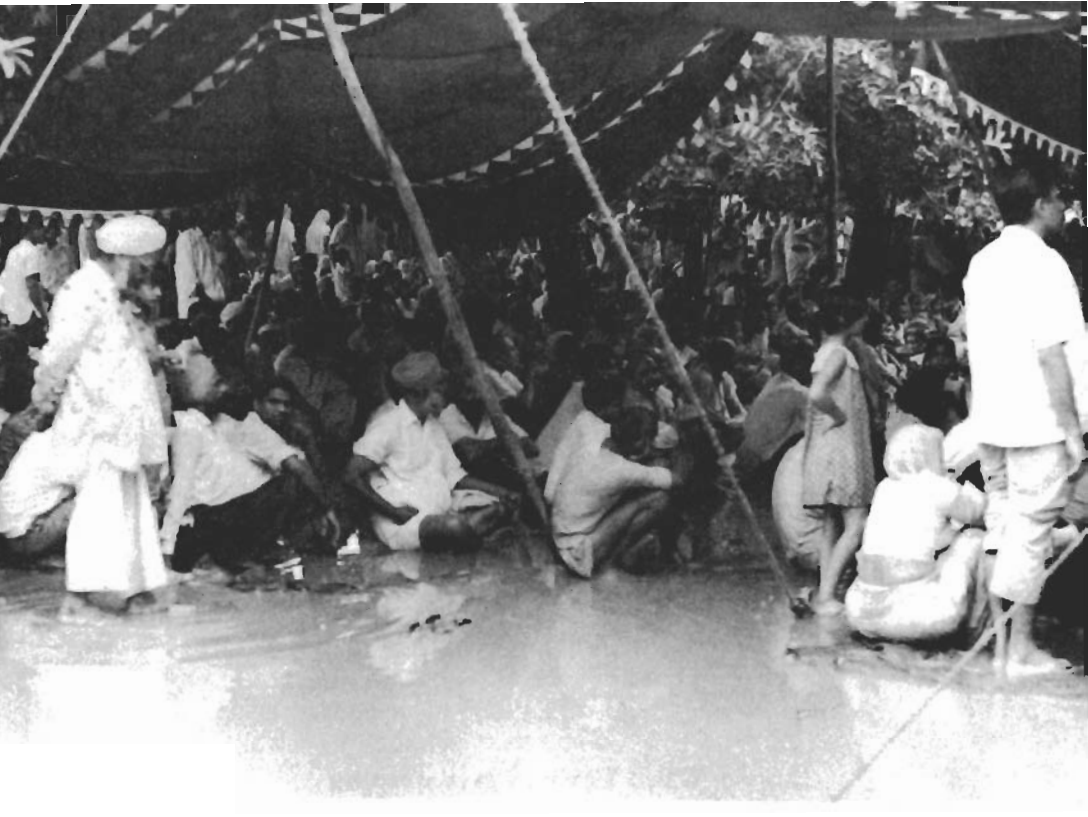
Another lesson, this time on the matter of simplicity, was driven in when Master approached us one sunny day in Manav Kendra filling our insides to the brim with joy and happiness.

There He was, the King of Kings, dressed in His simple white attire, the sleeve of His shirt torn, white trousers covered with dust, shoes splattered with wet, brown dirt from the grounds of Manav Kendra. The back of Master's black jacket was ruined with white paint. Someone, while painting the walls of the room, had dripped on it.

Never did He look more radiant, beautiful, more adorable and impeccably clean.

Master took His shoes off, leaned His cane at the side of the straw couch and sat down on it. Lovingly, His eyes stopped at each one of us. Then He immersed Himself completely with full attention in the huge pile of our diaries, the diaries that so often we fill out with little attention and care.

We left Manav Kendra as the sun



started sinking and drove to Dehra Dun leaving our beloved Master behind.

Dear Khuku met us with words that opened to us another aspect of ourselves.

"Our Indian satsangis," she said, "sit for hours on rough gravel and stones completely intoxicated with God, and today a westerner complained that he could not meditate because the floor was a bit slanted."

The words immediately brought another picture to mind.

In 1969 Master came to say farewell to all of us westerners who were returning to the ashram in Delhi after we had spent about two weeks touring the Punjab with our Master.

Master was a radiant picture of health, strength, joy and love.

We from the West stood there—a striking contrast to Him. Almost all were sick; some had flu; some had diarrhea; feet were covered with blisters. We were drawn, exhausted, our stomachs filled with medicine and vitamins, everyone in unwashed, crumpled clothes. So physically weak and unadjusted to simple ways of life! We looked like Napoleon's army retreating from Russia.

The memory was with us a year later as we went to our guest house, lay down and listened. The air was filled with all sorts of nature sounds, sounds we by now had forgotten existed.

With Master's grace suddenly an overwhelming realization of at-one-ment with all life, with all living creatures, came over us. Life is all one. It's as simple as that.

Here you are sunk in nature, one with all life, God in His physical form your next-door neighbor.

We decided then and there to move to India, build a house next to Master and continue living in this blissful paradise forever.

Before evening darshan we washed our hands. The water came out of the faucet with a blast first on the hands, then in the sink and then on our legs. The pipe under the sink was one foot long.

A feeling of joy comes over you every time you witness the failure of mechanical gadgets that have weakened us, enslaved us, and separated us from nature in the West.

Later at the darshan, Master leaned a bit forward and said gently and lovingly, "Anything?"

Silence.

Master leaned back and listened. Then He said, "Some people think they are millionaires, want to build houses. Houses and millions will not help you. Stay where you are. Meditate. Rise above body consciousness. This is all." Otherwise, He had earlier told us, "Your life has no value."

Finally, the day of departure came. We sat at the lotus feet of the Master for the last time.

"Master, we are not worthy of such blessings," we said.

Master gently chuckled and said lovingly, "How do you know?"

When I behold eyes weeping
for my sake,
eyes so filled with love—
God's love for me:
when I behold eyes weeping
in my stead
because I could not meet
His Glance of Love;
then cries my anguished soul:
"Master! no more
weep no more tears for me.
Send my eyes tears!
Send long hard tears to wash
the dross off un-
told years, to bathe me clean
and render pure
the heart that brought You
weeping for my sake."

Jane Humphrey Miller

The Essence of Religion

This is the address delivered by the Master Kirpal Singh Ji at the Third World Religions Conference, New Delhi, India, on February 26, 1965, in his capacity as President of the World Fellowship of Religions.

My own self in the form of ladies and gentlemen:

WE HAVE once again gathered together in the historic town of Delhi. This time the Conference of the World Fellowship of Religions, the third of its kind, is being held at a place known as Ramlila Grounds—grounds made hallowed, year after year, by the performance of scenes from the life-story of Lord Rama, who in the ancient epic age symbolized in him the highest culture of Aryavarta, the land of the Aryans. He is worshiped even now as ever before as an ideal in the different phases of life—an ideal son, an ideal brother, an ideal husband and an ideal king, and significantly enough, his life portrays above all the eternal struggle that is going on between virtue and vice, both in the mind of man and in the world around him, leading to ultimate triumph of good over evil.

The idea of World Fellowship of Religions, as you all know, is not a new one. We have had instances of it in the past when enlightened kings like Kharwal, Ashoka, Samudra Gupta, Harsha Verdna, Akbar and Jehangir held such conferences, each in his own way, to understand the viewpoint of various religions prevailing at the time and invited the learned men of the realm to translate the scriptures of various religions in the current language of the people. In the present era, the idea was revived when in 1893 a Parliament of Religions was held at Chicago. The present forum was thought of by Muni Sushil Kumar Ji, who conceived the idea of instituting a World Fellowship of Religions under whose auspices international conferences could be held and sustained work could be undertaken for promoting mutual respect and understanding of various religions. Our first Conference was held in November 1957, in the *Diwan-i-Aam,* the Hall of Public Audience in the Red Fort. About three years later, in February 1960, Calcutta became the venue for its deliberations. I am glad that the Fellowship has, during this interval, grown from strength to strength. It is encouraging to see all the delegates that have assembled from the four corners of the earth, representing countless shades of religious thought and opinion, but united in one common endeavor to find out the essential and basic unity of all religions, the common meeting ground where all faiths are one. In short, we are in search of the Grand Truth of Life, the bedrock of all existence, no matter at what level.

All the religions agree that Life, Light and Love are the three phases of the Supreme Source of all that exists. These essential attributes of the divinity that is ONE, though designated differently by the prophets and peoples of the world, are also wrought in the very pattern of every sentient being. It is in this vast ocean of Love, Light and Life that we live, have our very being and move about and yet, strange as it may seem, like the proverbial fish in water, we do

not know this truth and much less practice it in our daily life; and hence the endless fear, helplessness and misery that we see around us in the world, in spite of all our laudable efforts and sincere strivings to get rid of them. Love is the only touchstone wherewith we can measure our understanding of the twin principles of Life and Light in us and how far we have traveled on the path of self-knowledge and God-knowledge. God is love; the soul in man is a spark of that love, and love again is the link between God and man on the one hand and man and God's creation on the other. It is therefore said: *He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love.* Similarly, Guru Gobind Singh says: *Verily I say unto thee, that he whose heart is bubbling over with love, he alone shall find God.* Love, in a nutshell, is the fulfilment of the Law of Life and Light. All the prophets, all the religions and all the scriptures hang on two commandments: *Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and greatest commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.* Questioned as to our attitude toward our enemies, Christ said: *Love thine enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your Father in heaven. Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect.*

With the yardstick of love (the very essence of God's character) with us, let us probe our hearts. Is our life an efflorescence of God's love? Are we ready to serve one another with love? Do we keep our hearts open to the healthy influences coming from outside? Are we patient and tolerant toward those who differ from us? Are our minds coextensive with the creation of God and ready to embrace the totality of His being? Do we bleed inwardly at the sight of the downtrodden and the depressed? Do the distresses of others distress us? Do we pray for the sick and suffering humanity? If we do not do any of these things, we are yet far removed from God and from religion, no matter how loud we may be in our talk and pious in our platitudes and pompous in our proclamations. With all our inner craving for peace, we have failed and failed hopelessly to serve the cause of God's peace on earth. Ends and means are interlocked things and cannot be separated from each other. We cannot have peace so long as we try to achieve it with warlike means and with the weapons of destruction and extinction. With the germs of hatred in our hearts, racial and color bars rankling within us, thoughts of political domination and economic exploitation surging in our bloodstream, we are working for wrecking the social structure which we have so strenuously built and not for peace, unless it be peace of the grave; but certainly not for a living peace born of mutual love and respect, trust and concord, that may go to ameliorate mankind and transform this earth into a paradise for which we so fervently pray and preach from pulpits and platforms and yet, as we proceed, it recedes away into the distant horizon.

Where then lies the remedy? Is the disease past all cure? No, it is not so. "Life and Light of God" are still there to help and guide us in the wilderness. We see this wilderness around us because we are bewildered in the heart of our hearts and do not see things in their proper perspective. This vast outer world is nothing but a reflex of our own little world within us. The seeds of dis-

cord and disharmony in the soil of our mind bear fruit in and around us and do so in abundance. We are what we think and see the world with the smoke-colored glasses that we choose to put on. It is a proof positive of one thing only: that we have so far not known the "Life and Light of God" and much less realized "God in man." We are off center in the game of life. We are playing it at the circumference only and never had a dip in the deepest waters of life at the center. This is why we constantly find ourselves caught in the vortex of the swirling waters on the surface. The life at the circumference of our being is, in fact, not different from the life at the center of our being. The two are, in fact, not unidentical, yet when one is divorced from the other, they look dissimilar. Hence the strange paradox: the physical life though a manifestation of God is full of toil and turmoil, storm and stress, dissipation and disruption. In our enthusiasm and zest for outer life on the plane of the senses, we have strayed too far away from our center, nay, we have altogether lost sight of it; and worse still, have cut the very moorings of our barque and no wonder then we find ourselves tossing helplessly on the sea of life. Rudderless and without a compass to guide our course, we are unwittingly a prey to chance winds and waters and cannot see the shoals, the sandbanks and the submerged rocks with which our way is strewn. In this frightful plight, we are drifting along the onrushing current of life—Where? We know not.

This world, after all, is not and cannot be so bad as we take it to be. It is a manifestation of the Life Principle of the Creator and is being sustained by His Light. His Love is at the bottom of all this. The world with its various religions is made for us and we are to benefit from them. One cannot learn swimming on dry land. All that we have to do is to correctly learn and understand the basic live truths as are embodied in our scriptures, and practice them carefully under the guidance of some theocentric saint. These scriptures came into being by God-inspired prophets, and as such, some God-intoxicated person or a God-man can give us a proper interpretation of them, initiate us into their right import by reconciling the seeming discrepancies in thought and finally help us inwardly on the God-path. Without such a practical guidance both without and within we are trapped in the magic spell of forms and minds, and cannot possibly reach at the esoteric truths lying under a mass of verbiage of the bygone ages and now solidified into fossils with the lapse of time into institutionalized forms, formulae and formularies of the ruling class.

Every religion has of necessity a three-fold aspect: first, the traditional, comprising myths and legends for the lay brethren; second, the philosophical treatises based on reason to satisfy the hunger of the intellectuals concerned more with the why and wherefore of things than anything else, with great stress on theory of the subject and emphasis on ethical development which is so very necessary for spiritual growth; and third, the esoteric part, the central core in every religion, meant for the chosen few, the genuine seekers after Truth. This last part deals with the mystic personal experiences of the founders of all religions and other advanced souls. It is this part, called *mysticism,* the core of all religions, that has to be sifted and enshrined in the heart for practice and experience. These inner experiences of all the sages and seers from time imme-

morial are the same, irrespective of the religio-social orders to which they belonged, and deal in the main with the Light and Life of God—no matter at what level—and the methods and means for achieving direct results are also similar. "Religious experience," says Plotinus, "lies in the finding of the true home by the exile," meaning the pilgrim soul, to whom the Kingdom of God is at present just a lost province. Similarly, Henri Bergson, another great philosopher, tells us, "The surest way to Truth is by perception, by intuition, by reasoning to a certain point and then taking a mortal leap."

These philosophers have said nothing new. They have just repeated in their own way the time-honored ancient truths regarding *Para Vidya,* the Knowledge of the Beyond, the references to which in terse and succinct form we find in all the scriptures of the world. For example, in Christian theology we have:

i) *Learn to die so that you may begin to live.* And St. Paul significantly adds: *I die daily.*

ii) *He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life shall find it.*

The holy prophet of Arabia speaks of *Mautu Kibal Ant Mautu,* i.e., death before actual death. Dadu and other saints likewise say, *Learn to die while living,* for in the end, of course, everyone has to die.

Thus we have seen that "Life and Light of God" constitute the only common ground at which all religions do meet and if we could take hold of these saving lifelines, we can become live centers of spirituality, no matter to what religion we owe our allegiance for the fulfillment of our social needs and the development of our moral well-being. God made man and man in course of time made religions as so many vehicles for his uplift according to the prevailing conditions of the people. While riding in these vehicles, our prime need is to raise our moral and spiritual stature to such an extent as to come nearer to God and this, it may be noted, is not merely a possibility but as sure a mathematical certainty as two and two make four, with of course proper guidance and help from some adept well versed not only in theory but also in the practice of the Science of Soul. It is not a province of mere philosophers or theologians or intellectually great. I take just two instances to illustrate my point. God, according to all scriptures, is described as the "Father of lights," *Nooran-ala-noor, Swayam jyoti sarup,* all of which are nothing but synonymous terms. But ask any religious authority as to the connotation of these words and he would say that these are only figurative terms without any inner significance. Why? Because he has not actually experienced in person His Light, uncreate and immortal, self-effulgent and shadowless, which Moses, Zoroaster, Buddha, Christ, Mohammed, Nanak, Kabir and others of their kind actually witnessed and realized, and taught those who came in contact with them to do likewise.

Again, like the practice of lighting candles (symbolic of the inner light), there is another practice of ringing the bell or bells in churches and temples and giving of *Azaan* by *Mouzan* which has a much deeper inner significance than is realized and surprisingly enough is taken to be just a call to the faithful for prayer. Herein lies the great hiatus between learning and wisdom, which are at poles asunder; for this too is symbolic of the music of the soul, the Audible Life Stream, the music of the

spheres, the actual life principle pulsating in all the creation.

Without taking any more of your time, I would like to emphasize one thing: that all religions are profoundly good, truly worthy of our love and respect. The object of this Conference is not to found any new religion as we have already enough of them, nor to evaluate the extant religions we have with us. Again, we should shed the idea of drawing up "One World Religion" for all religions, like so many states, are, in spite of their variegated forms and colors, but flowers in the garden of God and smell sweet. The most pressing need of the time, therefore, is to study our religious scriptures thoughtfully and to reclaim our lost heritage. *Everyone has in him,* says a Saint, *a pearl of priceless value, but as he does not know how to unearth it, he is going about with a beggar's bowl.* It is a practical subject and even to call it a religion of soul is a misnomer, for soul has no religion whatsoever. We may, if you like, call it the Science of Soul, for it is truly a science, more scientific than all the known sciences of the world, capable of yielding valuable and verifiable results, quite precise and definite. By contacting the Light and Life Principles, the primordial manifestations of God within the laboratory of the man body (which all the scriptures declare to be a veritable temple of God), we can virtually draw upon the "bread and water of life," rise into Cosmic Awareness and gain immortality. This is the be-all and end-all of all religions, and embedded as we all are in the ONE Divinity, we ought to represent the noble truth of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. It is the living Word of the living God and has a great potential in it. It has been rightly said: *Man does not live by bread alone but by the Word of God.* And this Word of God is an unwritten law and an unspoken language. He who, by the power of the Word, finds himself, can never again lose anything in the world. He who once grasps the human in himself, understands all mankind. It is that knowledge by knowing which everything else becomes known. This is an immutable law of the Unchangeable Permanence and is not designed by any human head. It is the *Sruti* of the Vedas, the *Naad* or *Udgit* of the Upanishads, the *Sraosha* of the Zend Avesta, the Holy Spirit of the Gospels, the lost Word of the Masons, the *Kalma* of the Prophet Mohammed, the *Saut* of the Sufis, the *Shabd* or *Naam* of the Sikh scriptures, the Music of the Spheres and of all harmonies of Plato and Pythagoras, and the Voice of the Silence of the Theosophists. It can be contacted, grasped and communed with by every sincere seeker after Truth, for the good not only of himself but of the entire humanity, for it acts as a sure safety valve against all dangers with which mankind is threatened in this atomic age.

The only prerequisite for acquiring this spiritual treasure in one's own soul is self-knowledge. This is why sages and seers in all times and in all climes have in unmistakable terms laid emphasis on self-analysis. Their clarion call to humanity has always been: *Man—Know Thyself.* The Aryan thinkers in the hoary past called it *Atam Gian* or knowledge of the *Atman* or soul. The ancient Greeks and Romans in turn gave to it the name of *gnothi seauton* and *nosce teipsum* respectively. The Muslim divines called it *Khud-Shanasi,* and Guru Nanak, Kabir and others stressed the need for *Apo Cheena* or self-analysis, and declared that so long as a man did not separate his soul from body and mind,

he lived only a superficial life of delusion on the physical plane of existence. True knowledge is undoubtedly an action of the soul and is perfect without the senses. This then is the acme of all investigations carried out by man since the first flicker of self-awakening dawned in him.

This is the one truth I learned in my life, both in theory and practice, from my Master, Baba Sawan Singh Ji Maharaj, and have today placed it before you, as I have already been doing, before the peoples in the West and East during my extensive tours all over, and have on experience found it of ready acceptance everywhere as a current coin, for it is the sole panacea for all the ills of the world, as well as ills of the flesh to which man is a natural heir through the working of the inexorable law of action and reaction—*ye shall reap, as ye shall sow.*

All of our religions are after all an expression of the inner urge felt by man from time to time to find a way out of the discord without into the halcyon calm of the soul within. The light shineth in the darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not. But we are so constituted by nature that we feel restless until we find a rest in the Causeless Cause. If we live up to our scriptures and realize the Light and Life of God within us, then surely, as day follows the night, Love would reign supreme in the Universe and we will see nothing but the Unseen Hand of God working everywhere.

We must then sit together as members of the One Great Family of Man so that we may understand each other. We are above everything else, ONE—from the level of God as our Father, from the level of Man as His children, and from the level of Worshipers of the same Truth or Power of God called by so many names. In this august assembly of the spiritually awakened, we can learn the "Great Truth of Oneness of Life" vibrating in the Universe. If we do this, then surely this world with so many forms and colors will appear a veritable handiwork of God and we shall verily perceive the same life-impulse enlivening all of us. As His own dear children embedded in Him, like so many roses in His rose bed, let us join together in sweet remembrance of God and pray to Him for the well-being of the world in this hour of imminent danger of annihilation that stares us in the face. May God, in His infinite mercy, save us all, whether we deserve it or not.

Before I sit down I heartily welcome you, my brothers and sisters, and thank you warmly for your kindness and sincerity in furthering such a noble mission that has brought us together.

The early morning

Just before dawn
Deep ringing bells
Of the night
Rise to sweet
    purity
White ringing
O Blessed Imminence.

Nancy Mosehauer Forte

The Life and Teachings of Maulana Rumi

Michael Raysson

Seek the music that never dies
And the sun that never sets.

GOD IS IN search of a man who is *really* a man. Shamas Tabrez was a great Godman of Persia. He was looking for someone with whom he could share the secrets of his heart. He wandered here and there searching for such a man and he became known as *Parinda* (the flier). There were so many men but he could find no one who was fit to receive his treasure in all fullness. So he prayed to God, "O Lord, You have put this desire deep in my heart! Now please reveal to me him to whom I can give of You fully." God replied, "If you desire this to come to pass, sacrifice yourself and become nothing. Do not tarry. Depart out of the world."

Shamas Tabrez happily paid that price. And so his Master appeared within and guided him to Konya.

MEETING AND TRANSFORMATION

There was one schoolteacher of Konya in the Kingdom of Rum named Jalal-ud-din Rumi, who was considered to be the greatest theologian in Islam. He had entered the world in 1207 A.D., the son of the *Sultan-ul-'Ulama* (king of scholars) of Rum, a title which he, by virtue of his own intellectual and scholastic ability, inherited. When Shamas Tabrez found him, he was giving a class. He saw the Master and wondered in his mind, "What can this strange-looking dervish know of the great mysteries we are giving out here?" When Shamas Tabrez asked him what he was doing, Rumi replied, "This is that knowledge of which you know nothing." When the class departed Shamas Tabrez took all the books and tossed them in a pool. Saints have strange ways of opening the eyes of the blind. Rumi watched with bewilderment and exclaimed, "Those books which you have so foolishly thrown away contain the answers to the great problems of life!" With a smile, Shamas Tabrez put his hand in the pool and, giving Rumi all his books back as dry as ever, said, "This is that knowledge of which *you* know nothing."

That day Rumi became the follower of Shamas Tabrez and in due course gave his life to him. He left many thousands of disciples and lost his reputation. In the eyes of the world he was a lost man but in the company of Shamas Tabrez he gained everything.

I saw Kaaba whirling round the Master's place.
O God, what sort of man is he? Is he really a man or a magic enchanter?

Those times were also turbulent times and due to the changing winds of fate Rumi had traveled widely throughout the Middle East. He had met practically all the great mystics and theologians of that time, including Ibn-Arabi, Farid-ud-din Attar, Sheikh Saadi, Al-Suhrewardi the illuminate, and others. His own father was indeed a Sufi theologian of great repute and he had steeped his son's life in those teachings. With all

that, strange to say, he had gained but a little inkling of the high teachings as presented by the great "veiled Saint of Tabrez." Within a little time he changed from a sober scholar to a God-intoxicated Saint.

It is said that God was so deeply enamored of the devotion of Rumi that Shamas Tabrez was but a transparent mirror of God for him. When he saw the Master's face the secrets of God flowed through.

If I do not see God in the mirror
of Your countenance, O Master,
Then I am the worst of unbelievers.

"He saw what could not be seen by others and heard what was not communicated to anyone by anyone. Madly he fell in love with him and lost himself. All conflict born of logic (high and low) was resolved" (Sultan Walad). Having been elevated to such a state, Rumi wished only for Shamas Tabrez. He came before the Great Master and said, "Listen to the pleadings of this dervish, O King. Although my abode is not worthy of you, yet in all sincerity I am your devoted slave, and whatever I possess now, and whatever I may happen to possess in the future, is and will remain yours (by the grace of God)."

So for some three months continuously Shamas Tabrez and Jalul-ud-din Rumi were constant companions. Shamas Tabrez out of love became a hard taskmaster giving out to Rumi the inner secrets of Light and Sound and lessons of true love. He bade him keep strict silence and cease all social intercourse, terminating his duties of lecturing to his students, as he himself was now the student.

In distress his disciples watched the change that came over their preceptor. Deprived of his company they became intensely jealous and violently angry at the strange dervish who so suddenly transformed their teacher into a "madman."

After a year and a half amidst constant protests and threats Shamas Tabrez, despite the pleadings of his disciple, abruptly left Konya and headed for Syria, forbidding Jalal-ud-din to follow him.

SEPARATION

By absence thou art making my
face pale as gold: do not so.
When thou withdrawest thy countenance, the moon is darkened
with grief;
Thou art intending the eclipse of
the moon's orb: do not so.
Our lips become dry when thou
bringest a drought;
Why art thou moistening mine eye
with tears? do not so.
My lawless eye is a thief of thy
beauty,
O Beloved, thou tak'st vengeance
on my thievish sight: do not so.

Rumi, who suddenly had become mad in the exhaltation of union, now became mad with the grief of separation. For over a year he suffered deeply in his Master's absence. From time to time he would send communications pleading for his Master's return, but to no avail. At last he sent his son, Sultan Walad, to Damascus (where the Master was residing) to try and persuade Shamas Tabrez to return. Upon his son's departure, Rumi said to him:

Begone, O friend, and bring that
Friend by persuasion (and otherwise if you deem fit). Begone forthwith and come back with that evasive Beloved. If he holds forth a
promise to come at another time,

be not deluded and be not deceived.
Bring that resplendent beauty to my (dark) abode by sweet pretexts and softly spoken words.

Rumi's former students, for their part, became repentant and promised Jalal-ud-din not to stand in the way should the Master return:

We are (sincerely) repentant, be thou compassionate, if we repeat our mistake, may we be accursed.
Although we committed sins in frivolity, extend to us thy forgiveness.

Sultan Walad succeeded in his mission. By his father's orders he walked back while Shamas Tabrez rode on horseback. Who can describe Rumi's joy at seeing his Master's return? Once again his heart revolved around the beautiful form in which God was manifest in all glory. Submerging himself totally in the Master, he exclaimed:

I am so much filled up with my Master that I have forgotten what is my name,
Whether he is in me or I am in him; I cannot differentiate.

However, Jalal-ud-din's students once again fell prey to their old malady. Like a cancer it swelled up in their hearts. How could they accept Shamas Tabrez, whose views conformed only to Truth and not to orthodox bigotry—and who had formed their own respected teacher into his own image? Their ill will flared up beyond any bounds, and at this time Shamas Tabrez mysteriously disappeared. Some said he had been murdered (it is stated that he was flayed alive), but Rumi said:

Who dared say that that Immortal one met his death?
Who dared say the Sun of hope has set?
Lo! an enemy of the Sun came up to the roof,
Closed his two eyes and exclaimed the Sun had set!

It is said that he graciously rewarded anyone who said that Shamas still lived. One day a traveler told him that he had seen Shamas Tabrez in Damascus. Rumi joyfully took his robe and gave it to that man. A friend of Rumi protested that the man had just lied in order to please him. Rumi replied, "Had I believed the news to be true, I would have given him my life, not my robe!"

He went to Damascus and asked from house to house for news of Shamas Tabrez. The whole of Damascus was surprised that he who was considered to be such a great man was searching for him who was considered a nobody. In despair, Rumi cried, "How long will I search for you from door to door? How long will you evade me from corner to corner and from alley to alley?"

As it was, Rumi was never to see that blessed physical form again; and so that story was ended. But from within he was called back to fulfill his commission to give mankind *baet* (initiation) into the sublime mysteries of *Shugal-i-Naghma-i-yazdani* (the Divine Sound Current of God).

"Our Master" Rumi

A Maulvi (schoolteacher) could become a Maulana (spiritual leader; literally, "our Master")
Only by the grace of Shamas Tabrez.

Shamas Tabrez was said to have given (inner) eyes to thousands of the "congenitally blind." To Rumi, his great disciple, he transferred this mantle of Mastership so that the science of spirituality would continue to flourish. With all

grace of his Master, Jalal-ud-din Rumi returned to Konya to continue this work of restoring sight to those in darkness.

At this time, he was known for his strange and ecstatic ways. The inner bliss overflowed from him like a heaving sea and the story of love poured out through his eyes. In the ecstacy of his devotion he would dance about and songs of love welled up from the deeps of his heart. Such behavior was very much looked down upon by the Muslim orthodoxy. Nevertheless, song and dance became important to the circle of dervishes that gathered around Maulana Rumi, and they became known as "whirling dervishes." To the accompaniment of reed and drum the dervishes would sometimes do their whirling dances through the night while Rumi would give impromptu discourses. It is said that Maulana Rumi himself could dance for days on end without stopping. At such times he would be lost to all outward consciousness and have total union with the inner Song and Light. Then he would commune with his Master and the Saints of olden times.

As long as a competent Master remained, the outer music was used only as a means to the inner.

Holy men dance and wheel on the (spiritual) field . . .
From within them musicians strike the tambourine . . .
One must have the spiritual ears, not the ears of the body.

There were indeed an outer and inner circle of students. Those of the inner were also given the inner exercises of simran and bhajan which they were to do in silence, along with self-introspection. In addition, Rumi would quote the Prophet Mohammed who said that the way of Islam was not the way of solitary monkhood. What was needed was the way of the householder. The very vicissitudes of such a life, he would say, were the means of cleansing oneself and learning the inner endurance so needed for spiritual life. If one could not go that way, well then he should at least take up the way of monkhood so as not to be lost altogether. Maulana Rumi himself had a wife and two sons and earned his own livelihood.

His followers came from all faiths and all walks of life as his teachings were for all. The Masters see and communicate through the heart and not the outer forms. Rumi tells that once he was speaking to a crowd in which a party of non-Muslims was present. In the middle of his talk they began to weep and went into ecstacy. Someone asked him how people who knew nothing about the Muslim faith could understand such things. Rumi told him that everyone knows the Oneness of God, Who is Creator and Provider, no matter what their religion. In his words which came from that One God were mixed the Universal Ecstacy and they awakened in these people the scent of their Beloved and the Quest.

Once a Jewish disciple was asked by his Jewish brethren why he went to a Mohammedan sheikh. He replied, "Why he is the King David of this age!" The Mongolian soldiers were also fond of Rumi's teachings and it is said that when the Mongols invaded Konya, they tore down the city walls but did no destruction to the city itself out of deference to the great Maulana there. The Persian Sultan and the Governor of Rum, Muin-al-din, and his minister all became disciples of the Master, and it is probably for this reason that his unorthodox teachings were allowed to continue with-

out disturbance amidst the constant hostility of the orthodox Muslims. Many of Rumi's discourses are personally addressed to Muin-al-din, to whom he gave lessons of humility and true love. Under such guidance the worldly governor became intensely devoted to his spiritual governor.

During his life Maulana Rumi came to have two *gurumukh* disciples. The first was an illiterate goldsmith named Salah al-din Zakrob. The story goes that while in one of his states of ecstacy Rumi was dancing about the streets of Konya when he passed by Zakrob's shop. Zakrob was beating silver and he was also remembering God. Thus the sound of his hammer filled Rumi with intoxication and he began to dance around the shop. In deference to the Master, Zakrob continued beating the silver. In this way he wasted many pieces of silver but he gained much more. He became a disciple of Maulana Rumi and gave all his devotion to the Master and the inner practices. The Master in turn gave him his heart.

I discovered a treasure in the shop
of a gold leaf maker.
What a form, what a content, what
a beauty, what a grace!

The Maulana gave him great favors and took him as his close companion. People wondered what he saw in this illiterate man. Zakrob simply stated:

They are offended that the Maulana
has singled me for his favors,
But they know not that I am but a
mirror.
The mirror does not reflect itself
(but the one who looks into it);
Then why should he not choose to
see himself?

Maulana Rumi himself said:

Assuredly Salah al-din is the image
of that fair one;
Rub thine eyes, and behold the im-
age of the heart, the image of
the heart.

When Maulana Rumi made Zakrob his assistant in instructing the dervish acolytes, those same jealous sentiments that arose with the coming of Shamas Tabrez once again came to the surface and great propaganda was made against Zakrob. It is indeed unfortunate that such petty sentiments have threatened such great movements. Rumi practically had to excommunicate the troublemakers before they would give in.

For nine years, until the death of Zakrob, Maulana Rumi gave this beloved disciple his special love. After that, God bestowed another gurumukh disciple on Rumi in the form of Hisam al-din Chalapi, who later became his successor as Master of the Mevlevi Dervishes (as the order of "whirling dervishes" later became known). As we have seen, Maulana Rumi's love knew no bounds when he found one who could totally efface himself in God. He was indeed a living sacrifice of love. When he saw that his disciple Chalapi had become such a one, he bestowed all that he had on him, physically and spiritually. His own house became barren because he gave everything he had to Hisam Chalapi. Once the Amir of Rum sent 70,000 dirhams to the Master. The Master immediately gave it all to Hisam Chalapi. Sultan Walad, Rumi's son, complained to his father that while he was giving everything away to Hisam Chalapi there was nothing at all in their own house. The Maulana, in order to stress to his son the rare greatness of one who has surrendered all to the Mas-

ter, said, "If a million saints were starving in my sight and I had a loaf of bread, I'd give that loaf to Chalapi."

When Chalapi found out that the Master's followers were fond of studying the *Ilahi Nama* of Hakim Sanai and *Mantiqatu' tayr* of Attar, he went to the Master to ask him to write such a work that the disciples need study no other poetry. Maulana Rumi immediately took out a portion of his great work, the *Mathnavi,* saying that God had already forewarned him of the wishes of the brethren. And he read to them from that fragment which began:

From the sound of flute hear what tale it tells,
Wherein the sad plaint of separation swells.

Thereafter each night Maulana Rumi would call forth Hisam Chalapi and dictate to him the God-inspired verses of the *Mathnavi.* Chalapi would take them down and then chant them in his beautiful voice. Sometimes they would work the night through, unaware of time. Maulana Rumi called the *Mathnavi* "the book of Hisam" and in all modesty called himself "a flute on the lips of Hisam al-din," pouring forth the "wailful music that he made."

This inspired literary work of Rumi has been called a "sublime mountain peak; the many other poets before and after him . . . but foothills in comparison." Among Western scholars who have delved deeply into the original it is considered to be one of the supreme mystical works of all time.

For twelve years Hisam Chalapi and Maulana Rumi were spiritual lover and Beloved. Then after some twenty-three years of spiritual ministry, in the year 1273, Maulana Rumi's earthly mission came to an end. He conferred the spiritual mantle on his dear Hisam al-din who continued the work of God.

As his disciples viewed the Master on his deathbed they prayed with deep emotion for his recovery. With all serenity, the Master rose up and, looking deep in their eyes, stated, "This recovery you pray for is for you alone. For so many years this body has been between God and soul and during my busy hours I could snatch only a little time to rise above this body. Now at last this body is being thrown off and I am going back into God. So please do not pray for my staying."

THE SULTAN-UL-AZKAR
(SURAT SHABD YOGA)

Grow not skeptical, but attune thyself to the Sound coming down from the Heavens,
Thy soul shall have revelations from afar.
What are these? the glimpses of the Unrevealed;
were I to speak of these sweet melodies,
Even the dead shall rise from their graves.

Maulana Rumi always taught that the Master or *Murshid-i-Kamil* was God on earth teaching through the pole of man. It was the law that if mankind wished to reach God then they had to come to the feet of a Godman. Once the disciple Parvana Muin al-din said to the Master: "Since God is of such loving-kindness, then everyone who seeks in truth must find." The Maulana answered, "Without a Spiritual Guide this cannot come to pass." What sort of man should this Spiritual Guide be? Rumi said, "Let him be Hindu, Arab or infidel even; if he can show you the way, follow him."

The Master then further explained to

his disciple the need for obedience and receptivity to the Master. He told him that when the disciple is obedient and bound to the Master, then the Master is bound to secure the welfare of the disciple. . . . "But they must be obedient in such a fashion that whatever the Saint does they are obedient, and do not have recourse to their own intellect."

When one becomes receptive to the Master then the glories of the inner Light and Sound open up and one becomes a knower of the beyond.

As the light of the Master dawns on the soul
One gets to know the secrets of both the worlds.

Maulana Rumi said that there was indeed an effulgent Sun that lies hidden in the Godman. To those who come to him he opens the inner eye and reveals this Sun in all glory as they progress on the way. Rumi further said that God Himself also lies hidden in the Godman in all fullness and that too becomes revealed to the true seeker. From his Master Shamas Tabrez, Maulana Rumi learned these great secrets and realized them fully. He became absorbed in the Music of the "Five Naubats" and then himself gave out this secret to mankind at large. Some hints were given of the landmarks of the way for posterity and then the exhortation was given to seek out the living Master of the age who alone could give one an actual experience of the inner glories and put one on the way back to God in this very life.

Should ye desire to see this refulgent light, turn ye homeward like Abraham.
Pass through the big star and the sky and the blue beyond,
Steadily walk over the Sun and the Moon
And then you will find yourself in the heavenly presence.

Such experiences indeed are nowadays seen and heard (without eyes or ears) by the hungry souls who have congregated at the graceful feet of the living Master Kirpal Singh.

Notice

The Master's beautiful book

Prayer: Its Nature and Technique

is now available in paperback at $1.50 per copy from

SAT SANDESH BOOKS
Sant Bani Ashram, Franklin, New Hampshire 03235, U. S. A.

The Master on Satsang

These are some of the comments Master has made from time to time on the proper way to conduct Satsang. They are taken from a variety of sources: "How to Develop Receptivity," the Master's Talk in the February 1971 issue of Sat Sandesh, Circular 49, and letters previously published by the New York Satsang.

THE DEAR ONES should also be regular in attending Satsang, which is where the theoretical side of the Teachings are given, to enable them to increase their understanding of what the books and circular letters written by the Master contain. When you have right understanding, you will have right thoughts, and from right thoughts will automatically flow right words and right action. Satsang is not a place for gossip or social get-togethers. It is a sacred forum where all meet to sit in sweet remembrance of the Master as well as to increase their understanding. While I have permitted meditations also to be held at Satsang in the past, generally after the Satsang, I would now suggest that those dear ones who would like to meditate together, do so before the Satsang commences. This will avoid the incidence of social chit-chat that has, in many cases, been reported to me as going on at the beginning and end of Satsang. It will also avoid the participation of non-initiates in the meditation period, which is not desirable, except in cases of sincere seekers after Truth who are desirous of initiation. When Satsang is finished, everyone should leave. Those non-initiates who are interested in the Teachings should be advised to first thoroughly study the books and other literature available, before asking any questions. If after such a thorough study of the Teachings, they still have some questions, these may be answered by the group leader. By attending Satsang in the right spirit, the Master Power within each initiate will radiate, and the resultant charging of the atmosphere will give a boost to all. At times like these, the Master Power is given the right environment to do Its work, which is to prepare the dear ones for their second birth into the Beyond.

* * *

Satsang is purely meant to discuss and explain the subject of contacting the Naam Power—it is not a place where the social and political matters are taken up. It is a place of righteousness, and we should regard and respect it as such. When we visit any religious temple, do we not enter with respectful humility? Where our attitude is not so, we surely expect to gain little from our attendance there. To talk of worldly affairs in sacred places is considered to be a sacrilege.

So your purpose in coming to Satsang is to imbibe the love of God, to sit in His sweet remembrance, to unite with Him. All things past and future, all irrelevant matters can be dealt with in your own place of residence. Come, but come with the very best of intentions. Bring the remembrance of the Lord with you, and take it with you when you leave. Do not listen to others' conversations and do not talk to anyone unless it be about the Truth. You will thereby

gain full benefit from Satsang—otherwise the years will pass by without any real advancement.

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

ATTENDING SATSANG

(Master is commenting on Christ's parable of the sower.)

Concerning those "seeds" that fall on the rocks and beneath which there is little or no underlying soil, after Initiation that "seed" should be fed by Satsangs—for if those "seeds" are not watered by Satsangs, you see, naturally they fade away—they also don't grow —they come for a few days, then leave it. So that is why I tell the people, "Leave hundreds of urgent works to attend the Satsangs."

CONTENT

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

* * *

In this regard, Group Leaders and Representatives should be thoroughly familiar with the Teachings. They will greatly reduce their own workload if they read out at Satsang the Circular Letters already referred to (i.e., June 13 and November 5, 1969) in addition to selections from the books written by me. The new book *Morning Talks* will provide them with invaluable material for this purpose. But most of all, they should set an example to others in their actions. . . .

CHILDREN AT SATSANG

You may please politely request all the dear ones coming to Satsang that the young children who cannot be kept quiet during the course of Satsang should not be brought by them. Besides, mothers of the very young ones in laps who are likely to cry or cause disturbance should also be requested to remain outside the hall especially during meditation period when their young children will receive all the blessing of the Master Power even if they do not attend the Satsang for the reasons discussed above. And after meditation sitting, if they ensure complete silence, only then should they be allowed to attend Satsang, or they remain outside. However, if you can manage to have all the young children kept together at some place outside the hall under the supervision of somebody, there is no objection to it. The silence and serenity of the house must be maintained carefully. I hope everybody will cooperate lovingly. Please convey my love to all Satsangis over there.