



MOTH & THE FLAME
RAJPUR DIARIES

30

12 June 1967: Rishikesh fades into bright memory as the serpentine road takes us over low mountains covered in lush tropical forests—true jungle. Night is falling by the time we reach the Master's old foothill estate, a few miles above the town of Dehra Dun. Turning around from the front seat, he fixes me with a twinkle in his eyes, 'This is lion country...and there is one **Lion** in these hills they haven't caught yet!'

Master acquired the 207 Rajpur Road acreage in the early fifties. Similar estates, many now crumbling, line both sides of the highway. Rajpur provided the English sahibs respite from the relentless summer heat of the plains. It was in this tranquil setting that Sant Kirpal Singh penned his many books.

After taking food tonight, I voice appreciation of the meditation-conducive surroundings, mercifully removed from noise and pollution. Over the chorus of crickets and frogs, Master comments, 'Here it is not yet spoiled, though the poison of the cities is approaching. Nature is beautiful except when tormented by the hand of man!' I ask of Emerson, Wordsworth, Blake, Dryden and Thoreau, mystics in their own right. Compressing volumes into a few words, he answers cryptically, 'Poets are half-Saints, I tell you! *Poets go rarely where Saints come down rarely!*' And, the session ends. We retire to our rooms, and Master's words continue to revolve: '*Poets go rarely where Saints come down rarely.*' Is it not that great poets sometimes had flights from *here* to *there* experiencing the Light and Harmony of the Divine?

*To the illumined mind, the whole world burns
and sparkles with Light.*

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

*From Harmony, from heavenly Harmony
This Universal frame began:
From Harmony to Harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.*

—John Dryden

On the other hand, the true Saints—embedded as they are in far higher regions—rarely allow their attention to descend—and then, to the extent required for carrying out their sublime mission and mundane necessities.

At Rajpur, my daily schedule is to rise long before dawn, meditate for several hours, take fruit for breakfast, have darshan, and then hike alone in the mountains, returning to the residence before late afternoon. On my third day, Tai Ji warns me of lions and snakes in the jungle. I do not share her fear, although I did meet a large wolf in the forest and came across the bone-strewn lair of a large carnivore. From his wicker chair, Master comments, ‘I used to sit in meditation down there on the irrigation canal,’ pointing through the huge mango grove towards the jungle. ‘Cobras often came and stood before me, for hours together.’ Master raises his forearm, hand down, imitating a hooded cobra. ‘Then they would just sneak away. Once a cobra slithered into the satsang at Delhi, reared up on its tail and spread its hood before me. The people got up and cried, “Snake! Snake! Let us kill it!” But I told them, “What harm is there if a snake has come? Let him listen and enjoy the satsang.” For one full hour the snake stood there and after satsang was finished, he just went away without harming anyone. This is the result of love.

‘I tell you, if you have love for God in your heart, nothing can harm you. Nothing can sting or bite you.’ After a pregnant pause he continues, ‘It sometimes happens that one whom you have harmed in a past life is reborn as a snake to repay an old debt.’

The Goddess of Rajpur: One of my morning hikes takes me up along the uninhabited jungle-covered mountain ridge directly behind the Master’s sylvan retreat. At its summit I discover a small solitary temple with a tall pointed dome, a mute white sentinel overlooking the green valleys below. It is noontime and very hot, and a heavy stillness hangs in the air. Although the building had been recently whitewashed, its plaster surface is cracked and in disrepair. As curiosity gets the better of me, I leave my shoes outside, unlatch an iron chain, and crawl through a Lilliputian door, wary of snakes. Inside the tiny vaulted chamber it is cool and dark. As eyes adjust to the gloom, I notice several smoke-stained niches set in the walls. These contain incense-reddened images of Ganesh and a goddess, possibly Kali or Durga. An eerie feeling pervades the chamber.

Being a devotee of That which is beyond form, I am not attracted to man-made idols or deities of the illusory astral plane. At the same time I am on their territory and do not wish to disrespect divinity in

any of its many forms. Sitting firmly in the lotus position, I remove my watch and lay it on the floor. Eyelids drop, closing off the external world as I slip into a meditative state.

After an hour or so, rustling sounds outside rouse me. My tender feet consider the countless thorns and sharp stones littering the mountain path, so I squeeze through the tiny door to the outside to gather my shoes. I am startled to see a large troop of wild Hanuman monkeys squatting along the embankment, observing me warily. After latching the door, I cautiously approach them. Suddenly, as one, they leap into the gum-trees, swinging from one flexible tree to the next, rapidly descending the mountain. I run after them down the hill at break-neck speed like Mowgli, the wild wolf boy in Kipling's *Jungle Book*—forgetting my watch in the temple. The next morning I climb the ridge again, to reclaim my timepiece. The latched door is exactly as I had left it, but the watch within is gone. In the evening, I share my adventures with the Master.

With a playful smile he exclaims, 'The Goddess of Rajpur has stolen your watch!' Seeing my curious expression, he elaborates, 'This valley was once haunted by a goddess who caused great mischief. The temple on the mountain was built to propitiate her, and she has taken your watch!' I laugh heartily at his joking.

Later that night, upon returning to my unlit room, the apparition of the goddess manifests before me, emanating strange green, yellow and blue crystalline energies, somewhat austere and malevolent. Remembering that *simran* of the five charged names not only helps withdraw the sensory currents to the eye-focus, but also wards off any apparitions of the negative power or mayaic illusion, I begin to voice aloud the sacred *mantra*. The subtle form of the goddess gradually disintegrates into the ether. Nothing the Masters utter is to be taken for granted.

Renunciation vs. Marriage - 17 June 1967: Here in Rajpur, a sense of deep detachment and spiritual yearning has possessed me. 'Master,' I request, 'I don't want anything of this world, or the astral, or causal planes. I want to be one with the Lord.' He replies, 'When the devotee desires only God, God does not refuse him.'

I have observed strict continence for several years now after a dissolute adolescence, proving for myself the Master's words, '*A lamp burns splendidly when it has oil within, but if all the oil is leaked away, how can there be light?*' But there are times when the carnal mind troubles me and behaves like a fly on a dung-heap. When I approach him about my common dilemma, he advises, 'Always keep the mind

occupied with something useful, such as mentally repeating the five charged names. Keep it occupied, as vacant mind is home of the devil! And secondly, avoid looking into the eyes of others. *Something* is passed through the eyes. The eyes indicate what color a person's soul is dyed in.'

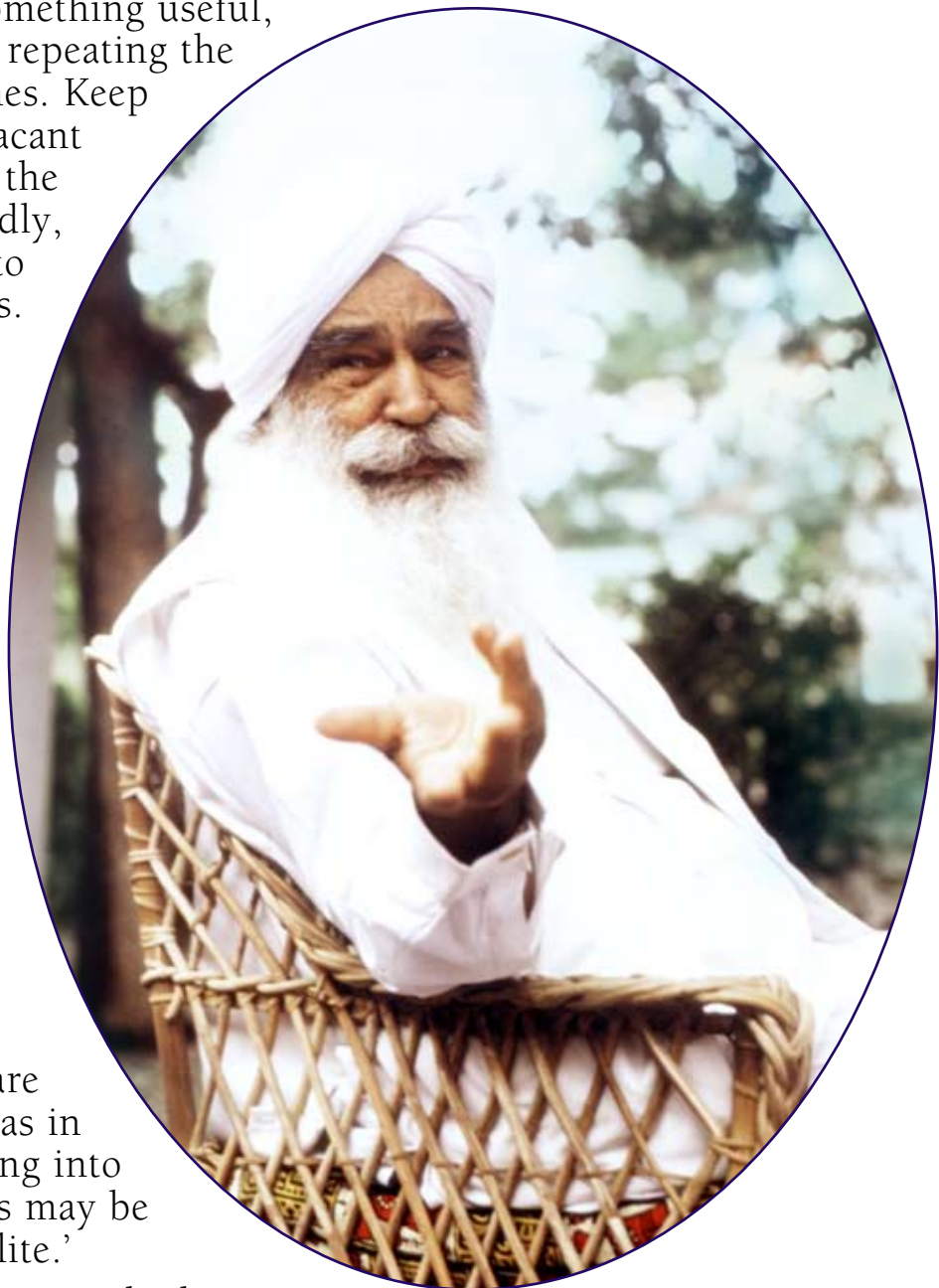
Seeking clarification, I ask, 'Master, in the West, if you don't look into people's eyes, they think there is something wrong with you, that maybe you are dishonest, whereas in the Orient, looking into the eyes of others may be considered impolite.'

'In that case, you can look towards them, but not *into* them.

photo by Loi Fager

If you are stronger, you will influence them, but if they are stronger, they will influence you. If you feel lusty thoughts entering your mind, then come into the presence of the Master. If you look into the eyes of a higher soul, that is another matter. Two-thirds of the teachings are passed through the eyes, and the remainder through word of mouth.'

I express the desire to remain celibate for the rest of my life, to retreat to the forest to devote full time to meditation and realization. His response surprises me deeply. 'Marriage is no bar to spirituality. One needs a life companion in weal or woe to help each other realize



the ultimate Goal. Outwardly renouncing and running to the jungles cannot overcome desire. While living in the forests, you will find distractions there too—from birds, animals and insects. There is also the question of where your food will come from. Renunciation is the negative way. Mind is like a donkey; if you pull it you will be resisted. But if you push it backwards, his inclination may be to go forward in the direction you want it to go. If you renounce the world outwardly, desires will still creep in. It is better to be in the world, but have your mind in the forest, renounced at heart. In other words, be *in* the world, but not *of* the world. Let your boat remain in water, but let not water enter your boat.

‘Once, missionaries went to a certain country and preached, “Thou shalt not beat thy wives—this is a sin.” The people asked among themselves, “Do they beat their women in America?” And as a result they began beating their women. This is the negative way, you see; mind works this way. Not all the Masters have lived totally celibate lives. Not everything is bad, mind that! There is a legitimate use for everything, but one should not misuse it. For example, if you go to a garden and sit beneath the shady trees and enjoy the fragrance of the flowers, the garden-keeper says nothing, but if you spoil the garden or uproot any plant, he will turn you over to the police. If you live a completely celibate life, never marrying, still the desires and sensuous urges arise. Many desires have to be liquidated in this life.’

Letting that sink in, he then gives a special antidote for the wiles of the mind: ‘Put in more time for meditation sweetly and buoyantly and, when you sleep, go to sleep in the lap of the Master-power.’

Everything he says is profound, but this hits like a ton of bricks. Marriage? *Me?* The next morning, I ask, ‘I have been mulling over your advice about having a life-companion, you know, a wife.’

‘Yes?’ he leads me on.

‘Well, I was wondering, if I marry, I would want it to be for life. Since I’m afraid of the high divorce rate in the West, maybe my chances there wouldn’t be so good.’ I am having a hard time getting the next part out: ‘Would it be all right to marry an Indian girl?’ I have nothing against Western women, but I am being propelled along tracks already laid.

‘No harm,’ he answers. *Whew!* I sigh inwardly in relief.

I haven’t the faintest idea how to go about getting a wife, especially an Indian wife! I also express guilt over not paying my way while with him. With a shake of his massive head, he dismisses my misgivings:

‘You are one of the family and there is no need to feel any imposition whatever. And perhaps some day you may be instrumental abroad with His grace.’ I mumble with gratitude, ‘Thank you Master...I’m just a puppet.’ He continues, ‘All these things come from God overhead...’

I then comment about meditation sittings sometimes being utterly sublime, yet at other times barren, dry, and uninspired; sometimes overtaken by sleep or mental garbage. He advises, ‘Your meditation should not be a compulsive automatic thing of duty only. You should sit in meditation *like a Prince*. Be jolly and full of joy!’

‘Meditation is invariably best when sitting in the Master’s presence,’ I interject.

‘That is because of *my* charging.’ He then quickly deflects personal credit and adds, ‘That is *His* charging Presence. When you sit with Him, are you then doing so out of compulsion? No! Quite buoyant! So, when you sit, sit buoyantly like a Prince!’

18 June: Master points his finger to each one of us, ‘Perhaps you may become ambassadors of the Golden Age.’ What does he mean, I wonder? This reference is the first (but not last) time I hear him give promise of a more enlightened era to come for humanity and earth. With his impulse comes a sense of individual responsibility to assist in some way, but how, one can only wonder and pray for humble guidance.

19 June: ‘Did Guru Nanak have a Master?’ I ask.

‘Some come with a degree, and others attain it while here. What difference exists in their attainment?’ After a long pause, he adds, ‘Guru Nanak and Kabir were contemporaries.’ He also mentions a Sant Rehn, another contemporary of Guru Nanak. From his remark, I surmise that Master is alluding to spiritual connections between these great beings—even a teacher-disciple relationship, despite the absence of historical proof. By tapping within, the Masters can know everything about the past, present and future, but it may not be in full accord with popular history.

Mussourie & Sakya Trezing Rimpoche: After taking leave of Master’s presence, I join a party of seven for a long hike up to Mussourie, an old tourist town perched atop the big mountain directly to our north. One can drive fifteen miles along a switchback road, or take the steep seven-mile mountain path, mostly up. After getting the Master’s blessing, we leave on foot.

As the day progresses, temperatures exceed 100 F. We arrive in Mussourie around two in the afternoon, weary from heat, thin air,

and the strenuous climb. From our vantage, the magnificent snow-covered Himalayas of Tibet—‘the roof of the world’ hover in the blue distance. Refugees from that mysterious land operate dozens of stalls throughout the Mussourie markets, selling traditional silver, coral, and turquoise jewelry, *t’hankas* (intricate hand paintings on paper or silk scrolls depicting mandalas, saints, and deities for external concentration), and other arts and crafts. Sales to tourists and collectors help support these gentle refugees and their threatened ancient culture and Buddhist faith. East moves West.

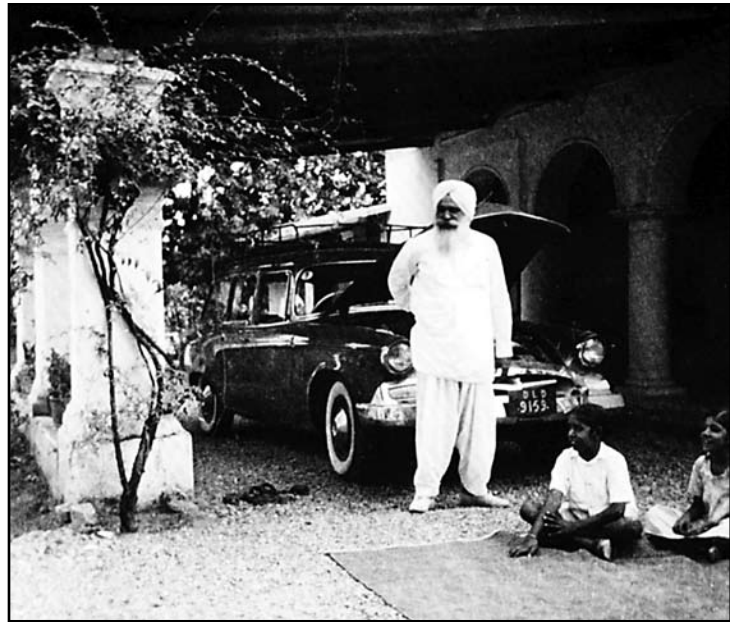
As we enter Mussourie, we pass a prominent sign in Tibetan script outside a large, handsome building. Prayer flags flutter in the breeze along the top of the walls and roof. Ever curious, I halt our troupe and poke my nose into the courtyard. A warmly smiling, red-robed Buddhist nun appears from a doorway, bowing and inviting our climbing party within. We gingerly follow. Once inside, we are introduced to the highly venerated nineteen-year old Sakya Trezing Rimpoche, spiritual leader in a nine-hundred-year-old tradition. The Sakya lineage, I am informed, is the second largest Tibetan Buddhist sect, wherein succession passes through an unbroken bloodline. Along with the Dalai Lama and more than ten thousand of his countrymen, Rimpoche fled his beloved homeland and was granted asylum in India. Once formal greetings are over, the educated and articulate Sakya Trezing and I discuss some of the inner traditions of Buddhism and its Tibetan variants. I recall lines from the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*:

O nobly born, when thy body and mind were separating, thou must have experienced a glimpse of the Pure Truth, subtle, sparkling, bright, dazzling, glorious, and radiantly awesome, in appearance like a mirage moving across a landscape in springtime in one continuous stream of vibrations. Be not daunted thereby, nor terrified, nor awed. That is the radiance of thine own true nature. Recognize it...

Within those radiances, the natural sound of the Truth will reverberate like a thousand thunders. The sound will come with a rolling reverberation... Fear not. Flee not. Be not terrified. Know them (i.e., these sounds) to be [of]...thine own inner Light.

It is late afternoon when we bid farewell to our young, yet learned and gracious host. After wandering through the Mussourie bazaar, we realize that the sun is rapidly sinking beyond the mountains, and the enveloping darkness will surely make our steep descent along the twisting path precarious. Striding through the busy thoroughfare, we bump into Karam Singh, the Master’s carpenter, and exult at this improbable meeting. With a laugh on his strong face, Karam announces, ‘Master send Ram Saroop for you. Waiting down hill,

around corner!’ Then, as mysteriously as he appears, Karam moves off into the foot-traffic and disappears from sight on some mysterious errand before we have time to question further. Sure enough, down the road and around the bend waits Ram Saroop—beaming a warm, toothless grin, exclaiming loudly, ‘God-power, Christ-Power, Ram-Power, bring me! Champion Studebaker, American car!’



Master in front of the old Studebaker stationwagon, Rajpur

After we disembark at 207 Rajpur Road, I retire to my dark room for meditation. This night, I am beset with an unsought visitation, a seemingly endless pantheon of larger-than-life Tibetan deities in full color; wrathful, flaming *Herukas*, serene Buddhas and Tibetan saints appear in a procession within the void. *Simran* surrounds me with a protective shield. My experience appears to have been triggered by the contact with an authentic mystical lineage embodied in the Sakya Rimpoche. As these archetypes emerge from the astral plane, they are submerged into the Light of *simran*, never to return.

23 June—control of the attention: Every morning and afternoon meditation sittings are given for the Dehra Dun initiates and those visiting from Delhi. Most of the sittings are followed by informal question and answer sessions. An elderly woman complains, ‘Maharaj, I cannot see anything within, because my attention is distracted by my arthritis pain.’

Gesturing with a pointed forefinger to the crook of his other arm, Maharaj Ji says, ‘When you go to a doctor for an injection, you look away and divert your attention so that you will not feel the pain of the needle. Similarly, fully direct your attention to the Third Eye-focus; you will see the Light, and the pains of the body below will not be felt. It is a matter of controlling the attention.’

He speaks of Bhai Mani Singh, an advanced disciple of the Tenth Guru, who was captured by imperial Mughal forces and condemned to death by dismemberment, joint by joint, beginning with the fingers. When the executioner became impatient with this tedious process,

he began to take a shortcut by cutting off an entire arm. In the midst of his torture, Bhai Mani Singh withdrew his attention from bodily awareness and laughed at the executioner, exhorting him, 'Follow your orders, and cut these limbs joint by joint!'

Rajpur Gems, 24 June - from a satsang discourse:

Always reserve a place in your home for worshipping the Lord, even if it be only the corner of a hut. That body is beautiful in whom God is remembered; wherever such a one sits, that place becomes beautified. The Guru himself may be poor and without fine clothes, but with him you will enjoy bliss and peace of mind. If we have his company and are given hard work; if we have to sweep the floor, wear coarse cloth and sleep on a sack, still that is far better than the company of the affluent who are far from God. Simple living, fewer desires and high thinking make a real man. That place where we get sweet remembrance of God is the best place, no matter if it be in a poor hut. All our wealth and possessions will someday be burnt. Therefore, we should spend time to seek eternity in the company of a Sadhu or Saint. If God is with us, love is with us—and then, even dust is gold.

Once Lakshmi, the Goddess of Wealth, was asked why there was no hair at the back of her head and none on the front. She replied that the hair at the back of her head was pulled out by the worldly people—and the hair on her forehead was rubbed away because she had been pressing her forehead at the feet of God's Saints, but they would not accept her.

God may appear in a hut or a palace. Saints have appeared in all guises. The light-seeking moth—the true seeker— will pay little attention to the outer form; he seeks only the Light.

Learning is a Garland of Flowers—26 June: Dan Melnick, philosophy professor from the University of California at-Berkeley, and his wife, are on sabbatical leave and happen to stumble upon the Master in Rajpur. I'm present as the professor volleys questions. After patiently answering, Sant Kirpal Singh relates the following parable:

'Once two seekers went to a Master. One was learned and the other was illiterate. The teacher said to the illiterate man, "I will charge you my usual fee, but for the learned man I will charge double fee." The learned man asked, "Why charge me twice as much? I am already learned." The Master replied, "I am charging twice as much because I have to first make you an *unlearned* man!" We have to unlearn everything we have learned. But, mind that, I don't charge any fee—it is Nature's Gift, like sunshine, water, and air. If you tell an intellectual man to climb the stairs, he will begin questioning, "Oh, how many

steps are there? What if I fall? How high is it? Why should I climb?" Now, take a simple man; tell him to climb and he will go right up. The house of our body is on fire and what we must do is not ask why it is on fire, but get out of it, the sooner the better. You can ask later.'

The professor then stresses the importance of intellectual development and education.

'Dear friend, I fully agree,' Master replies. 'Education helps to develop inner faculties for having a right approach to life's problems. Learning is a garland of flowers round the neck of a practical man. He will explain many things from the vocabulary at his command, but a man of learning without a practical life is like a beast of burden that has loads of books over his head! Bookish knowledge is all a wilderness and gives no way out! A learned man without experience revels in the pudding like a spoon and gives to others but is unaware of its taste. An unlearned man with a practical life does enjoy the taste of the pudding and gives examples from daily life with the limited vocabulary at his command. Both the learned and the unlearned have to tread the same path of withdrawing from outside to rise above body-consciousness. The ABC of higher learning begins there. Then he sees the Light of God in all and becomes a conscious co-worker of the Divine Plan.'

The professor's wife, who has been silent most of the time, speaks up: 'If God is within us, and everywhere, why do we need to seek the help of an intermediary or guru?'

'The God in you is asleep. In the Master it is awake. In whom God is awake, He is competent to awaken others. Light comes from Light and life comes from life!'

27 June: While strolling down Rajpur Road to the post office, three Sikh youths greet me and I them, although we are complete strangers. These university students have walked more than three hundred miles from their home in the Punjab, seeking adventure. 'May we ask why you have come from such a prosperous country all the way to India, adopting our customs and dress?' I tell a little of my story, and invite them to meet the one who drew me. They eagerly follow to the Master's room, where they receive parshad from his hands and paternal guidance.

In the midst of their conversation in Punjabi, Master turns and remarks in English, 'Once a special foot-race was held in India between men of different diets. The race was more than two hundred miles in length. One man was vegetarian, one was fruitarian, and the others were meatarians. The fruitarian finished first and won the

race. The vegetarian was second, and of the many who started, the meatarians who finished were last.'

I relate the story of Dr. Moore from England who walked non-stop from California to New York when she was well into her fifties. When asked what her 'fuel' was, she replied, 'Grass!' Master comments, 'Grass is very strong. Just look at elephants, horses, and oxen. I knew a doctor in Lahore who had very simple living and eating habits. He would eat only one item a day, and every day it would be different, but always vegetarian. He never mixed his food nor ate four or five different courses at a meal. He proclaimed "I will never die by old age." He was a good man and his prescriptions were always effective. Every day he bathed in a cold stream and on the way back home, he gave money and free medicines to the poor. He lived to reach a very great age. He was killed in an accident a few years back, and thus he never died from old age!' Master chuckles.

Amritsar Within: Every afternoon at about three, after days of clear blue sky and sunshine, clouds gather above the Rajpur mountains, quickly followed by lightning, thunder, and sudden rains. The monsoon is upon us. Today, a small group of us meditate with the Master for two hours under cover of the open verandah, while the rain performs its ritual dance.

A six-year-old meditator sits rock-still for the entire session. Tapping the top of his head, Master helps him to stand. '*Kya Dekha?* What did you see?' he asks. The boy's attention remains withdrawn, as indicated by his eyes partly upturned. With folded hands, his eyes focus on the Master and he then divulges in great detail his wondrous mystic journey. Brij Mohan translates: '...and I reached a region dominated by a shimmering lake with many bright flames burning along its edges. In its center was a great Temple of Gold, with tall spires and shining domes. When I entered that Pool and bathed in it, I became filled with happiness and wonder, such that I cannot describe. I then proceeded beyond the lake, along a shining marble path. A huge sun appeared, rising high in the heavens, its light far brighter than many suns of this world.' At a loss for further words, the little boy places his head on the Master's feet, who pats him lovingly. 'This is the Amritsar located in the third plane, *Daswan Dwar*,' Master shares. 'When soul bathes in it, the karmic slate is wiped clean; then it is ready to proceed further into the Beyond.' Mortals seldom attain such an advanced stage, yet here before us a young child has traversed it within the space of two hours, clearly by the grace of his preceptor.

After a pregnant silence, the Master adds: 'Every moment try

to learn something. Every day I am learning, even from children. All through life I have been a student of the Mysteries. Whoever thinks, "I have attained something, I have become something," has lost everything. Who can boast that he has learned everything? Newton said, "I am merely picking up pebbles from the seashore of knowledge."

A young Westerner moves up to his chair and confides, 'I saw a large bright sun-like light. It burst, giving way to a golden-red rising sun; a radiant figure appeared in its center, but I couldn't make out his features—all was Light! This form stood before simran and transformed into Master's face, except you weren't wearing a turban.'

'Sometimes the inner Master is seen wearing a blue coat or a white coat. Turban or no turban, surely you can recognize your Friend!'

Question: 'Do the huge radiant orange sun and the radiant white moon I am seeing within belong to the astral plane or higher?'

Answer: 'The huge radiant sun belongs to *trikuti* [the causal, Brahm, or second stage], and when one breaks open this sun, one meets the Master there. He manifests on all higher planes. Whatever he is seen doing outside, the same he is doing on the inner planes also. The moon you refer to is in *Daswan Dwar* [in the third spiritual region]. Always keep attention fixed at the center of the Light and let it not stray away. Don't look at the waves emanating from the Light, but keep to the center. In this way, Light will burst to let you pass through it. When all attachments are removed, the inner form of the Master manifests of itself; he will speak to you and reply to any question you put to him.'

Question: 'I'm wondering... does the inner form speak just like the outer form? For example, when you reveal your holy Self within, there is a kind of thought-emanation from the inner form that solves all problems, but is the inner speech which you refer to something different?'

Answer: '*Spiritual emanation!* Sometimes also the Inner Master's lips move and clearly worded answers are given to questions put to that form when receptivity is developed. Look intently into the middle of his forehead or his eyes or whatever you see before you, and relax completely. You will find that the spirit will be withdrawn from the body just like a hair is drawn from soft butter, with little or no effort on your part.'

Question: 'Is all criticism, even of frauds, to be eschewed?'

Answer: 'Never with resentment, malice, or hatred. Take those aside to correct if wrong. Never in public.'

Question: 'If one is forced by circumstances beyond his grasp to tell an untruth, yet to his own self he is true, will he suffer spiritual setback?'

Answer: 'Don't tell lies, but in certain cases, half-truths are alright. If a man is running from someone who wants to kill him, and the killer meets you and asks if you saw where he went, you could tell him something to the effect which would not give away the intended victim.'

'I have a terrible problem, Master,' I confess.

'Terrible? How terrible is your problem?'

'I am a complete slave of my mind.'

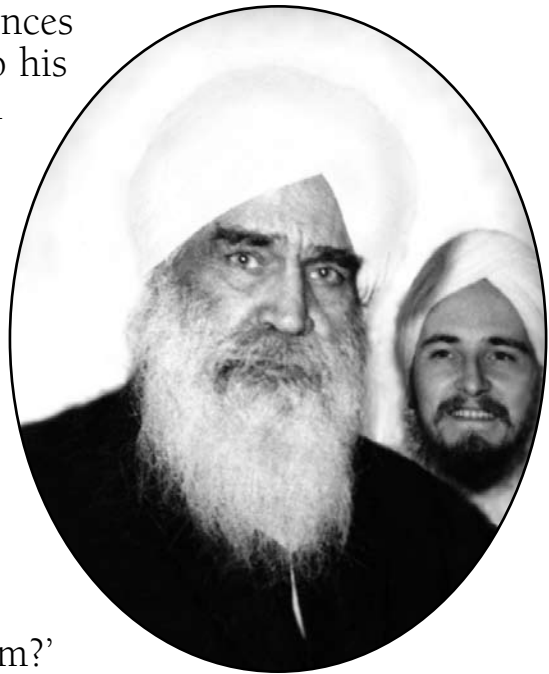
'Who is there who is not a slave of their mind? If you abide by the rules of your teacher, you will become the most beloved pupil. But we follow only to the extent our mind allows us. If mind is surrendered, then it is easy to see God; there is no doubt about it.'

A few days pass. After listening to a discourse on the various aspects of service to the needy, poor, and sick, I get fired up with zeal and approach the Master: 'How may I serve you?' There is such great intensity in his eyes as he focuses his attention on me, that I become paralyzed, afraid. The tension is broken by his two-word reply. Just two words, '**Do Bhajan!**' while his eyes gleam like a lion's.

Despite the commission each Master has, the magnitude of their gift of initiation, disciples are not relieved of their responsibility to act ethically in executing their worldly duties. They are expected to earnestly strive to advance within through regular meditation. In innumerable ways, the Masters help their beloved ones. Individual spiritual practice and effort lessen the burden of self and the world, if not the Master's load.

Like a child, I ask too many questions—helpless to stop, yet eager to learn. He is kind and never refuses—even if it be childish prattle. 'How can we help the Master?' I ask.

'One can help the Master spiritually only after rising beyond the three worlds [physical, astral, and causal]; by submerging the individual ego and becoming one with him—a conscious co-worker of the Divine Plan. Such cases are rare, of course.'



The Humility Message: Master beckons me over to where he stands beneath the arched verandah, and hands me six 5" x 7" cards. 'You may please type up,' he says. Grateful for such a task, I retreat with my treasure. Once alone, I examine the cards closely. Each is covered on both sides with his beautiful penmanship in microscopic size, complete with crossed out words and changes. For the next two days I struggle to decipher this approximately 2,400-word message, sometimes pondering a particularly difficult squiggle for a long time until it becomes clear. When the typing is completed, the copy is personally examined by the Master and approved without changes for release. (*Several years later, I met Reshad Field, Sufi teacher and author of The Last Barrier. After taking my hands in his, Reshad confided, 'Not a day goes by when I do not read this most inspiring message.' He pulled out a well-worn wad of paper from his breast pocket; I recognized it as Kirpal Singh's timelessly inspiring Humility Circular—the very same one transcribed from those six 5" x 7" cards. 'It has been my constant guide,' Reshad affirmed.*)

The following is an excerpt from this powerful message on *Humility and Simplicity*:

'Humility,' says Lacordaire, 'does not consist in hiding our talents and virtues, in thinking ourselves worse and more ordinary than we are, but in possessing a clear knowledge of all that is lacking in us, and not exalting ourselves for that which we have, seeing that God has freely given it us, and with all His gifts, we are still infinitely of little importance.'

So the truly humble man may accept sometimes the praise which men give him, and quietly passes it on to God, keeping nothing for himself.

The man who is not truly humble behaves in a very unnatural manner when not praised by men. He becomes upset, loses his patience and even becomes angry. He repulses them with his irritation and creates an awkward situation. Sometimes he suppresses his feelings and remains silent; but he cannot forget the things that are said about him; they haunt him again and again, and do not give him peace of mind.

The humble man makes no fuss. He is at harmony with himself and others. He is gifted with a wondrous feeling of peace. He feels safe and secure, like a ship in harbor, unaffected by howling storms and lashing waves. He has found refuge at the Lotus Feet of the Lord and the storms of changing circumstances have no power over him. He feels light as air. The burdens, which we carry all our life—the

burden of the self and its desires—he has lain aside, and is ever calm and serene. Having given up everything, he has nothing to lose, and yet everything belongs to him, for he is of God, and God is in him. Having broken the bondage of desire, he is as happy with a piece of dry bread as with a sumptuous meal. In every situation and circumstance of life, he blesses the Name of God.

He who would be humble regards himself as a student. He learns many new things, but what is more difficult, he unlearns many things. ...A scholar came to a Saint and said, ‘O Seer of the Secret, tell me what I may do to live the life divine.’ And the Saint said to him, ‘Go, unlearn what thou hast learnt and then return and sit before me.’

He who would walk the way of humility must renounce his earlier ways of living... the opinions he has formed, the standards to which he is accustomed... The things the world would worship are to him of no value. His values are so different from those of other men. Rich food, fine houses, costly dresses, positions of power and authority, the applause of men, honors and titles no longer attract him. He feels drawn to a life of simplicity. He is happy in living a hidden life in the Hidden Lord.

He is dead to the world; he is alive in God. At times he actually behaves like one dead. Yes, the truly humble man is, in that sense, the ‘dead’ man. He has ‘died.’ God alone lives in him. His self has been annihilated. His self has vanished into God, and only God remains. God works in him and through him, and God emits in his eyes. God speaks in his words. On his feet, God walks the earth; and through his hands gives His benedictions to all.

Such men are the real strength of the world—its illumination and inspiration. To see them is to commune with God, for God dwells in them. They are the living, moving Temples of the Lord. They are the ones who keep the world intact, though they do not know it themselves. The whole earth depends on them without anyone being aware of it. Their hearts and minds are in tune with the Great Heart and Mind of humanity. They are in complete accord with all that lives. They give their love to all living beings, as though they were the sons of the one sweet Mother. They have broken all fetters and entered into the freedom of the children of God. God does their will, because they have merged their wills in His. God fulfills their least desire, for it is He Who desires all their desires. They are the little saviors of humanity.

Mother's Love—*Rajpur Diary*: Cool moonlight spreads through tree gaps, causing the whitewashed stone path-markers to glow in the dark. Around 11 PM I quietly steal through the shadows, along a path I have come to know intimately. Standing unnoticed beneath the over-spreading foliage of giant lichee trees, my eyes drink the sight of the white-clad Father, resting on a *charpai* in a small clearing amongst the roses. Brij Mohan bends over the resting Master, applying compression-massage to his legs. In my heart of hearts I often craved this *seva*, but felt much too impure and timid to ask. I creep silently on tiptoes until very close. Brij Mohan looks up, noticing me. 'Shh!' I gesture with finger to lips, then point to Master's limbs, making massaging motions in the air, then point back to my chest. Brij Mohan smiles knowingly. Understanding my wild wish, he steps aside. So, with heart in my throat, I lean down and begin pressing Master's legs, copying Brij Mohan's technique. The moment my hands touch his legs however, Master whirls around and confronts me with 'Eh?' I am scared out of my wits!

'Oh, it is you.' He lies down again and fulfills my wish. My very hands become intoxicated with the touch of his holy form—an intoxication that will remain throughout the night and part of the next day.

After a few minutes, he speaks, 'Two letters have come for you. Did you get them?' I reply in the affirmative.

'That's alright.'

'One letter was from my mother. She and my father send their loving gratitude.'

'What does your mother say? Does she love you?'

'Yes, Master.'

'Does she want you to come home?'

'She is happy that I am happy.'

'No. Does she ask you to come home? She must miss you.'

'Yes, she misses, but doesn't ask me to come back, though she probably wants me to. Since my sixteenth year I have been mostly separated from my parents, so they are used to my being away.'

'But you are changed now. How old are you now?'

'Twenty-three.'

'Hmm. Seven years. Does your mother love you?' he asks again.

Again I reply in the affirmative, and add, 'At one time I was so strongly attached to my mother and father, I thought that if they were to die, it would also kill me.'

‘And now how do you feel?’

‘Now I know they are in your care.’

‘A mother’s love is very strong. My mother loved me so much... Once when I returned to my parents’ home in Lahore, my mother, who was upstairs, heard my voice. She ran to the balcony and fell down from there to the ground. She loved me very much.’ I am amazed, as his words seem laden with human emotion. After all these years, he still enshrines a deep love for his mother. This indeed is a lesson for me.

‘When do you plan on going back?’

‘Whenever you send me back, I will go.’

‘That’s all right; you’ll always be with me. Your mother must love you?’ This is the third time he asks this question. I am puzzled why he keeps asking.

‘Yes, Master, she loves me very much.’

‘Then tell your mother her son will be coming back soon.’ In this way he breaks the news that my days in India are numbered.

I am choked, and reply, ‘In you, I have found my true parent.’

‘Yes, that is true, but according to the flowing pen of God you have been joined to your family, and as such you have some responsibility toward them.’ There is a long pause, as I continue to massage his feet.

Again he repeats, ‘My mother loved me so much...instead of coming down the stairs, she fell from the balcony upon hearing my voice...’
Long poignant silence.

‘In her letter, my mother described a dream/vision she had,’ I mention. ‘In it, she boarded an airplane, but as she got on, she had a premonition that it would never return. When she was seated, and the plane was aloft for some time, she looked around and saw that there were no other passengers. Then the engines began to fail, and the propellers were sputtering to a stop. Dark ocean waves could be seen far below, but she was not very afraid. She looked to the cockpit, to the pilot. The pilot turned around, and the pilot was you, Master! You then took her by the hand, and out through the cockpit window. While the plane crashed into the ocean below, you led her across the sky into a glorious rising Sun. That was the last thing she remembered. She now knows that you will take her across the ocean of existence.’

‘Alright, when you write,’ he says, ‘send my love to them, and tell them that *their son is returning soon.*’

The next morning I stand pining outside his house, tears dropping into the dust. The knower of hearts comes out, concern written across his

brow. With heat in my breast, I blurt out; 'I never want to leave you!'

He replies forcefully, ***'I'm not leaving you!'***

Omnipresent Master: Each morning before sunrise at Rajpur, I walked into the garden, following the narrow path and the irrigation canal, past towering mango groves, past the fragrant jasmine bushes and the guava trees, down into the valley where the furthest edge of the property runs. There my vigils for the divinity within were kept, wrapped in a blanket until dawn slowly unfolded, bursting with the song of life as it does in Rajpur. On several unforgettable mornings as I sat there alone, I heard unmistakable footsteps coming closer and closer, sharply crunching the gravel path.

Do I hear some sound? Is it the footsteps of the Beloved?

*Or am I being tricked by the beating of my heart?*²

I would gladly abandon meditation, everything, just to watch Master once again, shaking off his black loafers and sitting quietly atop the stone wall, ghostly radiant in the moonlight, not more than ten feet away. He accepted my presence—never a word passed between us.

On a morning such as this, after he had retreated to his house and the sun spread its roseate glow upward over the eastern foothills, I emerged from meditation. While the Light lingered on, my heart was being squeezed by thoughts of separation, and with it, unspeakable sadness. In a swoon, I stumbled down the path into a tangled ravine where the wild jungle begins. 'Is this heavenly dream coming to an end so soon? Without you, O' Master, life will have no meaning. You have taken my heart...' Grief blurred my sight.

Sorrow soon gave way to a subtle tingling descending on all sides from an invisible source. Sparkling radiance and joy-bells flooded awareness as I turned in the fluid atmosphere, beholding the cosmic Master in front of me. In slow motion, I lifted my eyes to the sky, and he was there! His transparent mien and blissful Light were in the trees, the stones, and the hills. Whichever way I turned there was the form of the omnipresent One! Unspeakable delight overflowed as I giddily retraced the uphill path, my loving Lord preceding, echoing the eternal Christ:

I shall never leave thee nor forsake thee.

1. From *A Tear & a Star*, by Darshan Singh. No words could better capture the delicacy of such moments in eternity.