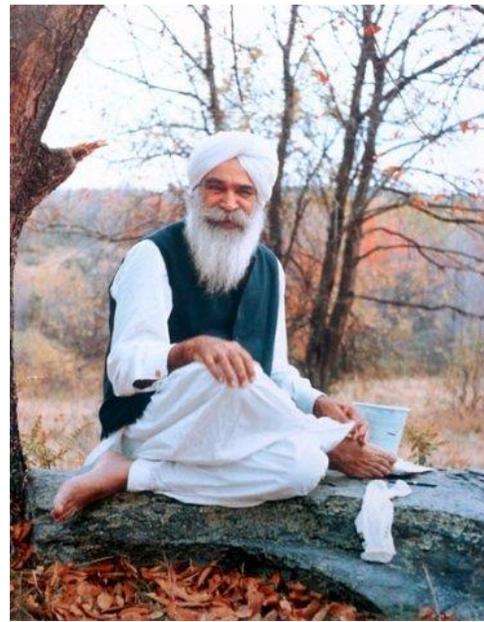


10 Short Stories & Ten Quotes

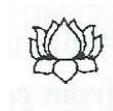
by



Hazur Baba Sawan Singh Ji
1858 – 1948



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1894 - 1974



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You may tell a tale that takes up residence in someone's soul,
becomes their blood and self and purpose. That tale will move them and drive them
and who knows what they might do because of it....
(Erin Morgenstern)



You should be above the idea of death and life – neither fear death, nor desire the joy of life.
(Hazur Baba Sawan Singh, *The Dawn of Light*, letter 73)



Without Batting an Eye

During a time of civil war in Korea, a certain general led his troops through province after province, overrunning whatever stood in his path.

The people of one town, knowing that he was coming and having heard tales of his cruelty, all fled into the mountains.

The general arrived in the empty town with his troops and sent them out to search the town.

Some of the soldiers came back and reported that only one person remained, a Zen priest.

The general strode over to the temple, walked in, pulled out his sword, and said, “Don’t you know who I am? I am the one who can run through you without batting an eye.”

The Zen master looked back and calmly responded, “And I, sir, am one who can be run through without batting an eye.”

The general, hearing this, bowed and left.



At all times our hearts should be full of love for the Master and our own mind should be so fearless that it should not be ruffled if it were given the kingdom of the world nor if the kingdom of the world were taken from it. (Hazur Baba Sawan Singh, *Spiritual Gems*, letter 21)



Is That So?

The Zen Master Hakuin was praised by neighbors as one living a pure life.

A beautiful Japanese girl whose parents owned a food store lived near him. Suddenly without any warning, her parents discovered she was with child.

This made her parents angry. She would not confess who the man was, but after much harassment at last named Hakuin.

In great anger the parents went to the Master. “Is that so?” was all he would say.

After the child was born it was brought to Hakuin. By this time he had lost his reputation, which did not trouble him, but he took very good care of the child. He obtained milk from his neighbors and everything else the little one needed.

A year later the girl-mother could stand it no longer. She told her parents the truth – that the real father of the child was a young man who worked in the fish market.

The mother and father of the girl at once went to Hakuin to ask his forgiveness, to apologize at length, and to get the child back again.

Hakuin was willing. In yielding the child, all he said was: “Is that so?”



Pain and pleasure of the devotee are in the hands of the Master. He arranges them as he sees fit. The devotee should take delight in pain, for that is also a gift from him... A real devotee makes no distinction in pain and delight; his business is devotion. (Hazur Baba Sawan Singh, *Spiritual Gems*, letter 49)



To Live in God's Will

There was a learned man who, for eight years, desired that God would show him a man who would teach him the truth. Once when he felt a great longing, a voice from God came to him and said, "Go to the church, and there you will find a man who will show you the way to blessedness."

The man went to the church and found a poor man whose feet were torn and covered with dust and dirt, and all his clothes were hardly worth three cents. The man greeted the poor man saying – "God give you good day!"

He answered: "I have never had a bad day."

"God give you good luck."

"I have never had bad luck."

"May you be happy."

"I have never been unhappy."

"Why do you answer me the way you do? Please explain this to me, for I cannot understand it."

The poor man answered willingly. "You wished me good day, I never had a bad day; for if I am hungry I praise God; if it freezes, hails, snows, if the weather is fair or foul, still I praise God; am I wretched and despised? I praise God, and so I have never had a bad day.

"You wished that God would send me luck. But I never had bad luck for I know how to live with God, and I know that what He does is best; and what God gives me, whether it is good or bad, I take it cheerfully from God as the best that can be, and so I have never had bad luck.

"You wished that God would make me happy. I am never unhappy; for my only desire is to live in God's Will, and I have so entirely surrendered my will to God, that what God wills, I will."



Whatever befalls us is regulated by the direct orders of our Satguru and we should take it as such, as a blessing in disguise. (Hazur Baba Sawan Singh, *The Dawn of Light*, letter 13)



The Will of the Lord

There was once a fake sadhu, who did not believe in Naam or Gurus. On one occasion he was given the opportunity to stay with Guru Nanak Dev.

One day he asked Guru Nanak if he knew of a holy man with whom he could spend some time. Guru Nanak told him that although there were many holy men, he should go to Bhai Lalo, the carpenter.

When the sadhu came into his humble house, Bhai Lalo stood up in reverence, offered him a charpoy to sit on, and silently went about his work. The sadhu expected Lalo's attention and, disappointed, he rose to leave.

"Wait for a couple of hours," requested Lalo, "I have an urgent piece of work to do. I shall be at your service as soon as I'm through with it."

The sadhu started to think Lalo was a worldly man, wrapped up in his worldly affairs. How could he be a holy man?

Bhai Lalo was making a bier on which to carry a dead body and was also collecting material for a cremation.

"Why are you doing all this?" asked the sadhu.

"My son went to bring his bride from her parents' house," Bhai Lalo replied. "On the way he fell under the wheel of a cart and he died. I have made this for him."

"If you knew what was ordained to happen, why did you not go with him to keep him safe?" asked the increasingly skeptical sadhu.

"Whatever the Satguru wills, only that happens," replied Bhai Lalo.
(Baba Sawan Singh, *Tales of the Mystic East*)



Mark that we are here for a short time only, and in the end even our bodies will desert us. What then can we expect from other people in this world? Think of death, what a solemn and awe-inspiring scene it is. At that time neither friends nor our worldly greatness will help us. Only the Word and our Satguru will relieve us. Therefore, even now begin to prepare for that event, lest you be found wanting in the time of trial. (Hazur Baba Sawan Singh, *The Dawn of Light*, letter 5)



The Biggest Fool

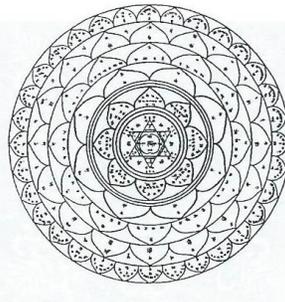
One day a court jester said something so foolish that the king, handing him a staff, said to him, “Take this and keep it until you find a bigger fool than yourself.”

Some years later the king was very ill and lay on his deathbed. The king, addressing those gathered around his bed, said, “I am about to leave you. I am going on a very long journey, and I shall not return to this place; so I have called you to say goodbye.”

Then the jester stepped forward and addressed the king, saying, “Your majesty, may I ask you a question? When you journeyed abroad visiting your people, staying with your nobles, or paying diplomatic visits to other kings, your heralds and servants always went before you making preparations for you. May I ask what preparations your majesty has made for this journey you are about to take?”

“Alas,” he said, “I have made no preparations.”

“Then,” said the jester, “take this staff with you, for now I have found a bigger fool than myself.”



Nothing is good or bad in the world, but our thinking makes it so. (Sant Kirpal Singh, ruhanisatsangusa.org/vegdiet.htm)



Maybe

Once upon a time there was a Chinese farmer whose horse ran away, and all the neighbors came around to offer their sympathy that evening, saying, “So sorry to hear your horse has run away. That’s too bad.”

And the farmer said, “Maybe.”

The next day the horse came back bringing seven wild horses with it and everybody came around that evening and said, “Oh, isn’t that lucky! What a wonderful turn of events, you now have eight horses!”

And the farmer said, “Maybe.”

The next day the farmer’s son tried to break one of these horses to ride, but was thrown off and broke his leg. And all the neighbors came around and said, “Oh, dear, that’s too bad.”

And the farmer said, “Maybe.”

The following day the conscription officers came around to draft people into the army and they rejected his son because he had a broken leg.

All the people came around again and said, “Isn’t that just great!”

And the farmer said, “Maybe.”



The Master teaches that it does not matter in the least what happens to a man from the outside: sorrows, troubles, sickness, losses – all these must be borne by each and must not be allowed to affect the calmness of his mind. (Sant Kirpal Singh, ruhanisatsangusa.org/gemsq.htm)



Chuang-tzu's Equanimity

Chuang-tzu, the Chinese Taoist sage of the fourth century B.C., was visited after the death of his wife by his friend Hui-tzu, who came to express his condolences. The latter arrived to find the master sitting on the ground with his legs spread wide apart. The widower was singing away and whacking out a tune on the back of a wooden bowl.

Hui-tzu said to him, "You've lived all these years with your loving wife and watched your eldest boy grow to manhood. For you not to shed a tear over her remains would have been bad enough. But singing and drumming away on a bowl – this is just too much!"

"Not so," the master replied. "I am a normal man and grieved when she died. But then I remembered that she had existed before this birth. At that time she was without a body. Eventually, matter was added to that spirit and, taking form, she was born. It is clear to me that the same process of change which brought my wife to birth eventually brought her to death, in a way as natural as the progression of the seasons. Winter follows autumn. Summer follows spring. To wail and groan while my wife is sleeping peacefully in the great chamber between heaven and earth would be to deny these natural laws, of which I cannot claim ignorance. So I refrain."



Question: How should we deal with worldly people in the business world who have no ethics?

Sant Kirpal Singh: Avoid them. If you cannot, then have self-control. Have self-discipline. You must not be aggressive, but you must be defensive with no thought of harming anybody.

Questioner: It's like the story of the cobra: he said, "I told you not to bite, but I didn't tell you not to hiss."

Sant Kirpal Singh: Yes, yes - that is exactly what I mean...
(ruhanisatsangusa.org/lok/rise.htm)



Hiss but Don't Bite

A particularly wicked snake infested a road and bit passers-by. A holy man happened to pass that way, and the snake rushed at him to bite him. He calmly looked at the snake and said, "Look here. Why do you go about doing harm? Come, I will give you a holy mantra. By repeating it you will learn to love God and all other beings in God's creation. Ultimately you will realize Him and also get rid of your violent nature."

Saying this, the holy man taught the snake a holy mantra and initiated it into the spiritual life.

The snake bowed before his teacher and said, "Revered sir, how shall I practice spiritual discipline?"

"Repeat the sacred mantra," the holy man said, "and do no harm to anybody."

The snake bowed and nodded assent. The holy man went his way, and the snake began its life of innocence and non-violence.

Very soon the neighborhood children discovered that the snake was harmless and the boys began to tease it mercilessly. They pelted it with stones and dragged it around by its tail. Still the snake kept its promise to the holy man and suffered the indignities imposed upon it.

Fortunately, the holy man happened to come by to see his latest disciple and was touched by the bruised and battered condition of the snake. When he asked it what had happened, the snake said feebly, "O Master, you said I should not bite anyone. But people are so merciless!"

The holy man said, "What a shame! You are such a fool! You don't know how to protect yourself. I asked you not to bite anyone, but I didn't forbid you to hiss. Why didn't you scare them away by hissing?"



Question: How do you prevent clutching in meditation?

Sant Kirpal Singh: What should a beggar do who sits at the door of a donor? He should wait. It is all a gift, no compensation for anything you have done - nothing. What you get is a sheer gift. He may or may not give; it is all His Grace. Sit at the door and wait. Wait and see - clutching will be over. Clutching is business-like, “Oh, this has not come. You have not given this thing. You have not given that thing.” You have no claim to that. Whatever is given is sheer Grace, a gift in return for no effort on our part. It is a gift. Is it not? With that understanding, clutching will be over. Very simple. Do you follow how the clutching should be overcome? You sit at the Door and wait - that is all. Yours is only to sit at the Door, quite cut off from all outside, nothing else. (<http://www.ruhanisatsangusa.org/lok/clutching.htm>)



Fine-Tune Yourself

Once the Indian monk Sorona was struggling to master meditation. Striving diligently, day after day, he seemed to make little progress.

Agitated, Sorona imagined that his efforts to relax only served to increase his tension. And the more he tried to concentrate and control his distracted thoughts, the more thoughts he seemed to have. He brought his problem to Lord Buddha, and confessed his frustration.

“Do you remember how you used to tune the sitar strings as a young layperson?” the Buddha asked. Like any great leader, he was intimately familiar with the case history of each of his disciples, and the monk before him was, indeed, from the musician caste.

“Was the music sweetest when the strings were taut or slack?” the Buddha quietly inquired.

“Neither too tight nor too loose, Lord; the middle way of moderation and balance always proved best,” said Sorona.

“Thus it is with meditation, young monk,” spoke the Buddha. “In the same way you must moderate the tightness and looseness of your mind and gradually discover what naturally suits you best. Don’t worry too much about progress. Continuity is the secret of success. Practice, practice, practice!”



Our present life depends on those reactions of the past karmas which are bearing fruit. They are called pralabdha karma. On that karma our length of life is based. According to that, some people get children, some die, some are ugly, some are old, some have a give-and-take. This is based on those karmas or seeds which have grown in the past and are now bearing forth fruit in action. This you cannot change. When a railroad line is laid down, the train will run over it. (Sant Kirpal Singh, ruhanisatsangusa.org/grace2.htm)



Shiva's Lesson in Karma

One day while Lord Shiva and goddess Parvati were on their journey back to their abode, goddess Parvati said to Shiva, "Lord! You are very cruel and seldom take pity of the suffering human beings. You ignore their prayers. There are many people on earth who are not getting enough to eat."

Lord Shiva replied, "What has happened now? Who is suffering?"

Goddess Parvati pointed out a beggar on the ground and said that he was very poor and something should be done to help him.

Lord Shiva explained to her that many people are suffering on earth because of their karma and that they are all reaping the fruits of their own actions performed either in this life or in past lives.

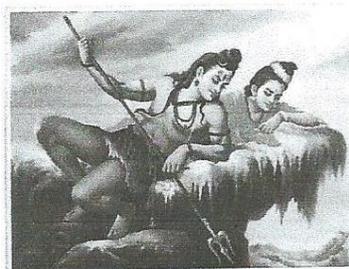
But goddess Parvati was rather adamant that the beggar should be helped, so Lord Shiva dropped a golden brick on the beggar's path.

The poor beggar was walking home brooding over his poverty. He thought that if he lived to an old age his eyesight might fail him. He wanted to experience how he would manage as a blind man. He started walking with his eyes closed and so passed the golden brick without seeing it.

Goddess Parvati was watchful. She was very disappointed when the beggar passed the golden brick without noticing it.

Lord Shiva, with a wink in his eye, told Parvati, "So you see, your poor beggar did not even look at the golden brick. So do many opportunities fly by a man without being picked up. It is only good actions that bring a reward. Do you realize that?"

Goddess Parvati nodded her understanding although in her heart she felt pity for the plight of suffering humanity.





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