

The Face of the Friend



The Face of a Godman

Param Sant Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj

1894 – 1974



Just to see Thy face again, I once more took the physical form.

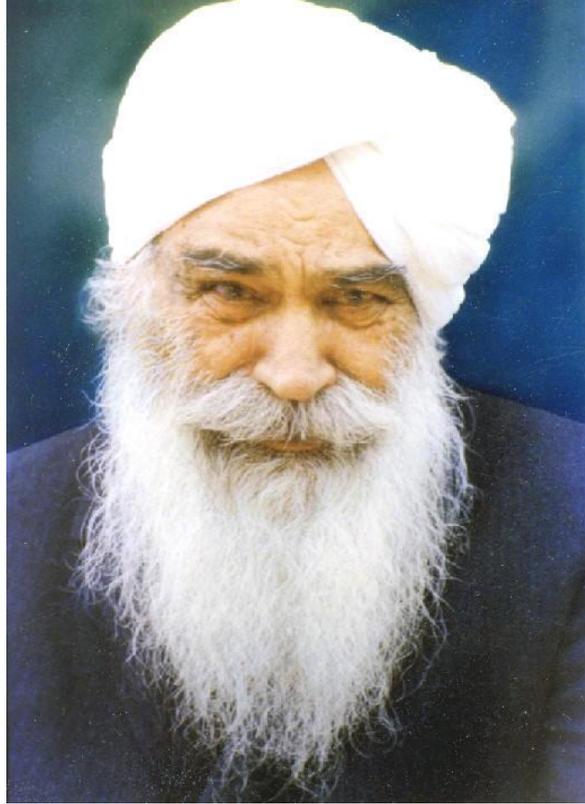
Thy face draws my heart out with its beauty.

Just to see that reflection of God I came again to this world.

(Bhai Nandlal)



Do not lose hold of such a gracious Master!
Offer your body, mind and wealth to Him alone.
Cherish His image in your heart. Come, my companion,
look at His face, drink in the beauty with your eyes.
Act only to please Him, in every way.
(Mirabai)



Oh, my Beloved, you will find us every night, on Your street,
with our eyes glued to Your window, waiting for a glimpse
of Your radiant face.
(Rumi)

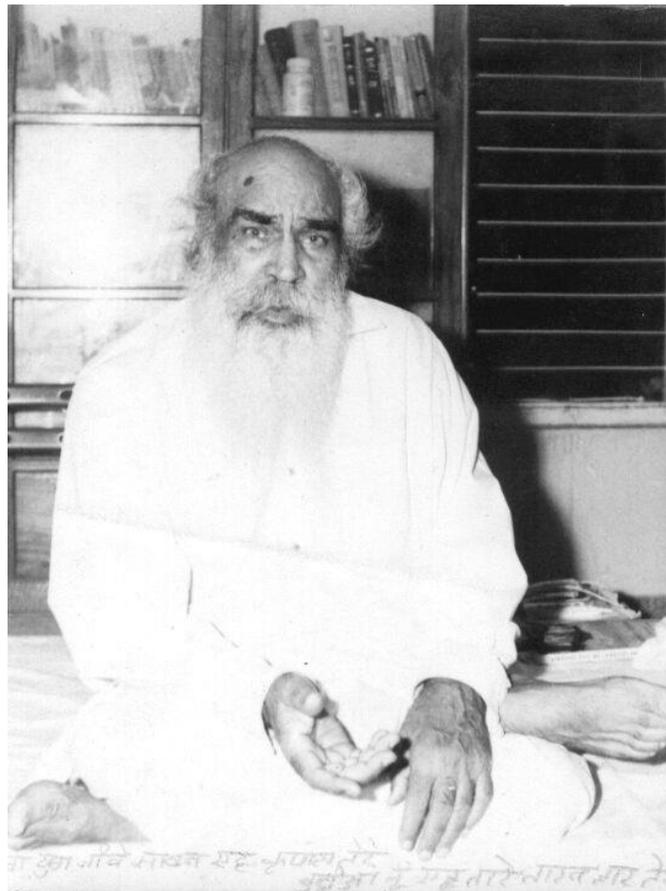


Sant Kirpal Singh

We read of peculiarities in the physical form of a perfect Master. Physically, too, he suffers from no deformity and has no weaknesses in him. His gait is full of grace and dignity. His eyes shine like those of a lion. He has a broad forehead, a mark of a lotus on his feet, and generally a black mole on his brilliantly luminous face.

Hafiz, a great Sufi poet of Shiraz, tells us:

If that beauty of Shiraz (the Master) were to take charge of my wandering mind, I would throw away both the worlds (earth and heaven) at the altar of the wonderful mole on His Face. (Godman)



Rays of purity constantly radiate from him. He is full of wonderful light and kindness. He has an indescribable influence on others.
He has magnetic attraction.

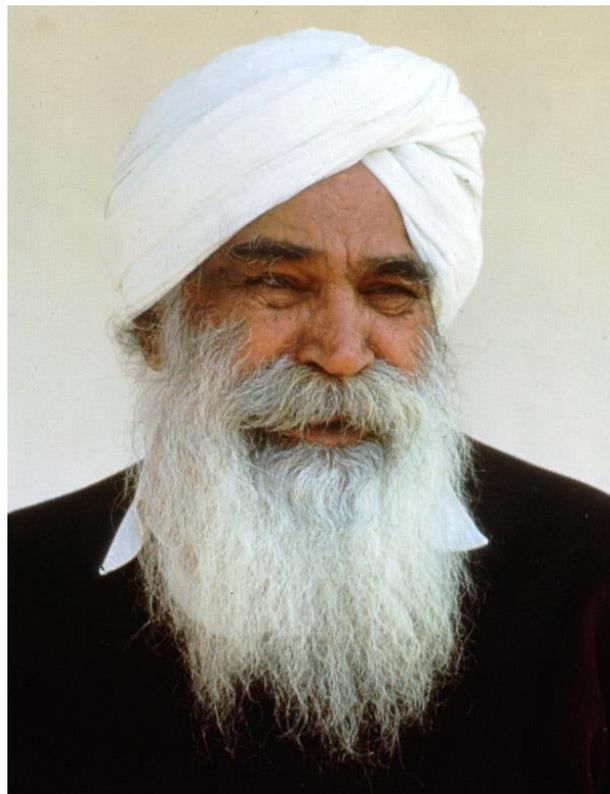


One finds a strange radiance and attraction in his eyes and in his forehead when one gazes at them, even for a moment.

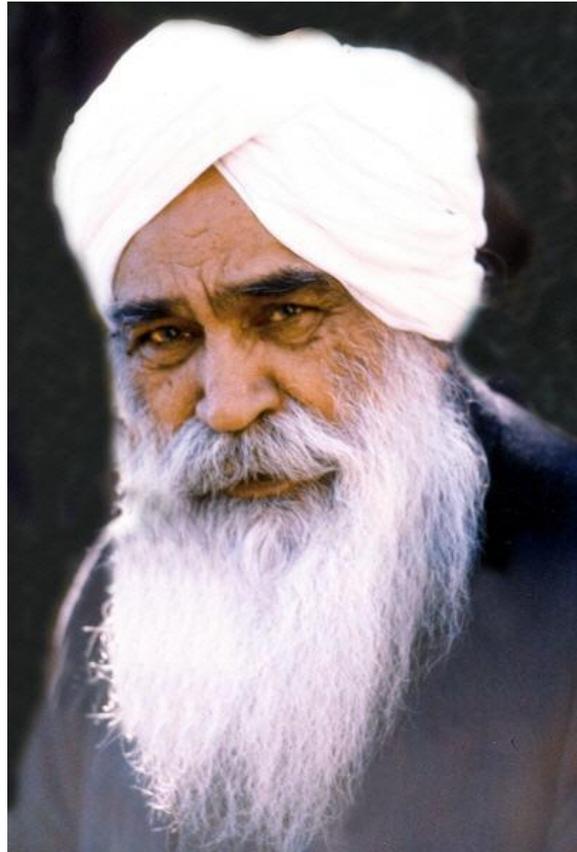


He is full of the elixir of life. His face is bright and radiant.
His voice is attractive and the light in his eyes is both alluring and piercing.
Powerful currents of life-energy emanate from a Saint
and surcharge the surrounding atmosphere.

(Philosophy of the Masters, series 5.)



Reflection from Your moon-like face reaches the sun and lo!
the sun is brought low by it,
O Beautiful One!
(Attar)



If I saw You a thousand times a day,
I would still want yet another glimpse!
(Sharafuddin Maneri)



Disciples recount meeting Sant Kirpal Singh for the first time:

“...Then the plane began to taxi up to our gate. The door was opened and we rushed to meet our beloved Sat Guru. Someone rolled out the red carpet and soon the Master was descending the stairs. Movies and photographs were being taken. The crowd surrounded the stairway. Then I gazed upon his countenance.

His white turban and brown skin formed a picture in my mind that I will never forget. He stopped from time to time, as he descended the stairway, and extended his hands in a prayer-like position towards each one of us.

I had read so often before how disciples had described their Master's face as being beautiful. Now I knew what they meant.”

(National Airport, Washington, D.C., 1972)



“I remember being awed by His beauty and His power. His face was unlike anything I had ever seen. Even though I had seen numerous pictures of Him, I was totally unprepared for the extent of His beauty. It seems strange to call a seventy-eight year old man beautiful, but that is the most accurate description I can find. He was simply the most beautiful sight I had ever seen.”

(National Airport, 1972)



“I’ve seen Him. I’ve felt His tug at my whole being. When I looked at His massive face an implosion crushed the body and I stood dead as He passed. No emotion, but all emotions and I gasped at the Cosmos but two feet away. The body was spent and breathed in tears but awed in human wonder. I picked up the broken parts and left the airport.” (National Airport, 1972)

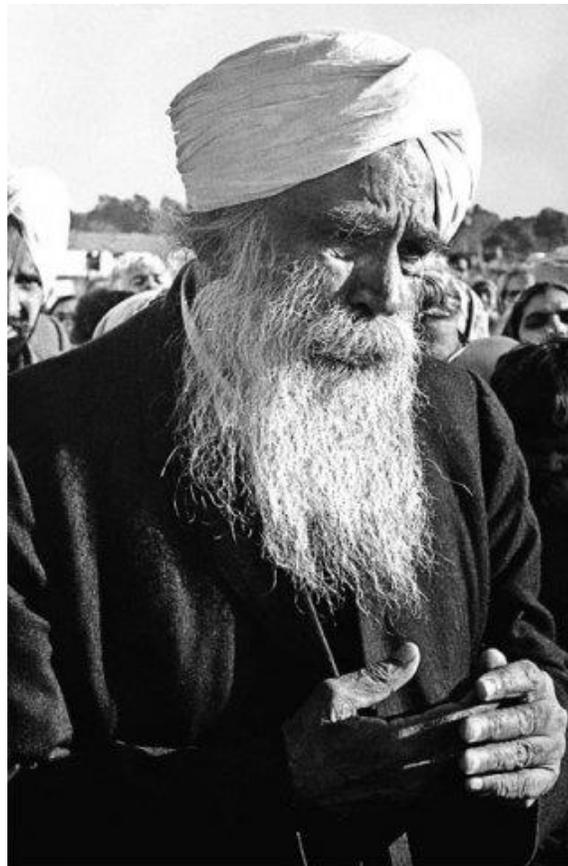


He did arrive in the United States on September 1, 1963, a Sunday, and although we missed the first sight of him at the airport, we saw him later that same day. I think everyone can imagine the excitement and anticipation mixed with a little fear (suppose he wasn't what he was supposed to be?) that was with us all during the long trip from New Hampshire down to Washington.

When we got there it was about 3:30 p.m., and Mr. Khanna told us that Master was just leaving for the Friends Meeting House to hold Satsang, and we could follow him over. We jumped in the car, backed into a driveway across the street so that we were facing the house directly, and just at that instant Master came out!

We had a marvelous darshan for just half a minute; even now, after seeing him many hundreds of times, I cannot forget that first incredible sight of him coming out of the house and getting into the car.

Just the way he held his magnificent head and walked out was moving beyond words. At sight of him, Judith burst into tears; and I was overwhelmed with a sense of my own triviality. Seeing him, I understood instantly why the books lay such stress on the company of Saints. (*The Impact of a Saint*, Russell Perkins)



“I came to Master not by accident nor by chance but by a magnet of love that I felt from His glance. Meeting Master Kirpal Singh could be described as meeting the purest form of Light and Love. To look into His eyes was like looking at a thousand blazing suns that let me know that I was undone, that I was in the presence of the Holy One.”

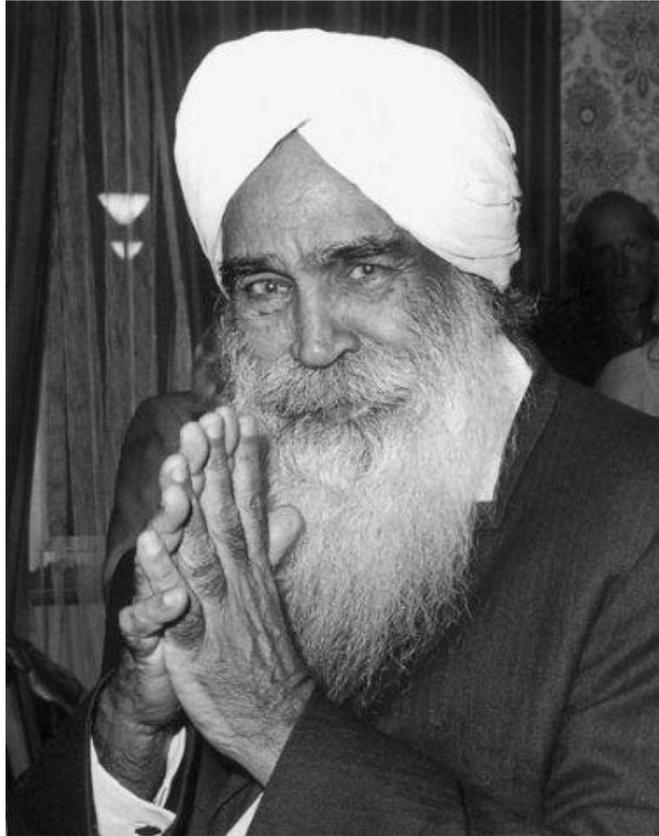


“My first memory of our Master was in Washington. I still vividly recall that just before He came through customs at the Washington airport everything was quiet. Then all the babies started to cry. Then the Master came out and many of His bigger children started to cry....The Master was giving a talk a few nights later. I was sitting at His feet. He seemed to be constantly looking at me through His talk. My body was wracked with sobs as our eyes were locked in mystic embrace. At last, at last, I was in communion with the Lord. God had come down from the beyond and put on a body of flesh to take us back to His home. I could only cry my thanks to Him for allowing me to witness such perfection. Nothing else was wanted, nothing else could be added; all was perfect. It was real, the most real thing that ever happened to me. Here was total happiness.”



My friend, He looked, and our eyes met; an arrow came in.
My chest opened; what could it do?
My Beloved threw me a glance like a dagger.
Since that moment, I am insane.

(Mirabai)



Never again in this world have I beheld beauty like Yours.
My Master, when shall we meet again?
Great will be the joy of that meeting.

(Mirabai)



As long as you doubt that I am enamored of Your face,
Regard me as dust clinging to the paw of Your alley dog.
(Sharafuddin Maneri)

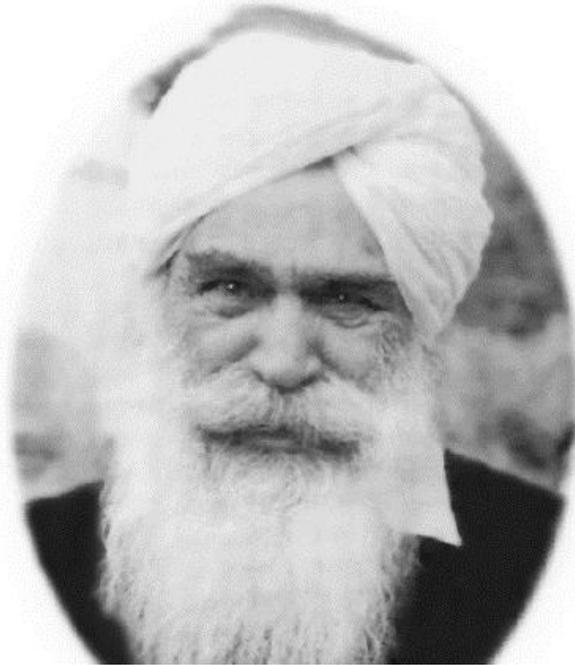


The source of happiness is this mine of bounty and generosity;
Toward the face of the Friend I turn and not toward any other!
(Sharafuddin Maneri)



If one loves someone, one cannot forget that person,
his face is always before the vision, in the heart, in the mind,
even vibrating in one's blood as it runs through the veins.

(Sant Kirpal Singh, ruhanisatsangusa.org/sailon.htm)



The hearts of all are stirred in expectation of seeing Your face!
Our bodies, out of fear of separation, cry out in the midst of pleasure
and comfort! Without Your beauty, flowers of desire turn to thorns
in my hope-enkindled eyes!

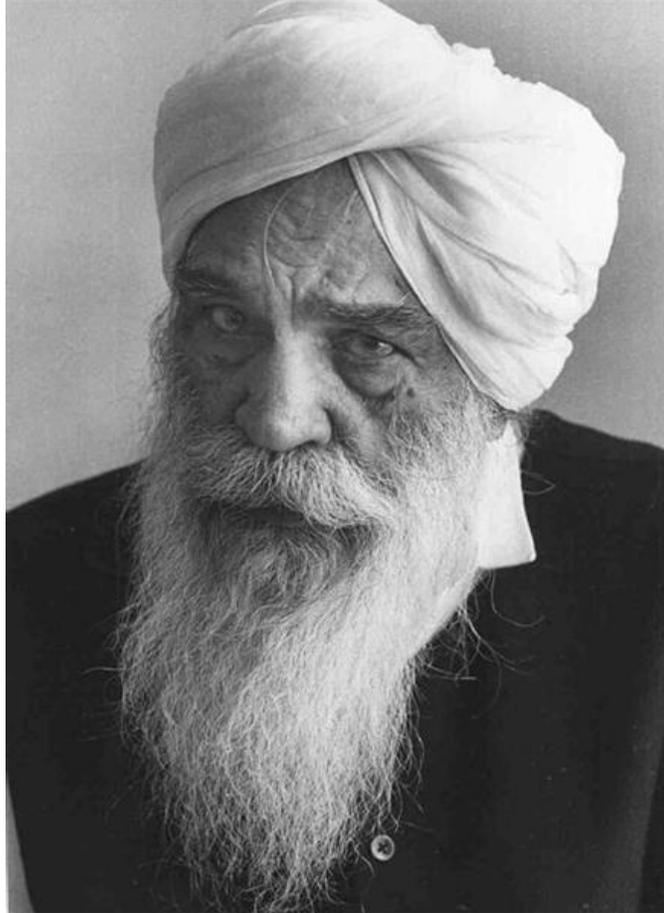
(Sharafuddin Maneri)



The world is full of beautiful things until an old man with a beard came into my
life and set my heart aflame with longing and made it pregnant with love.

How can I look at the loveliness around me, how can I see it,
if it hides the face of my Beloved?

(Persian song)



We have passed our lives in search of the face of the Friend;
who can find a moment's rest without seeing the face of the Friend?

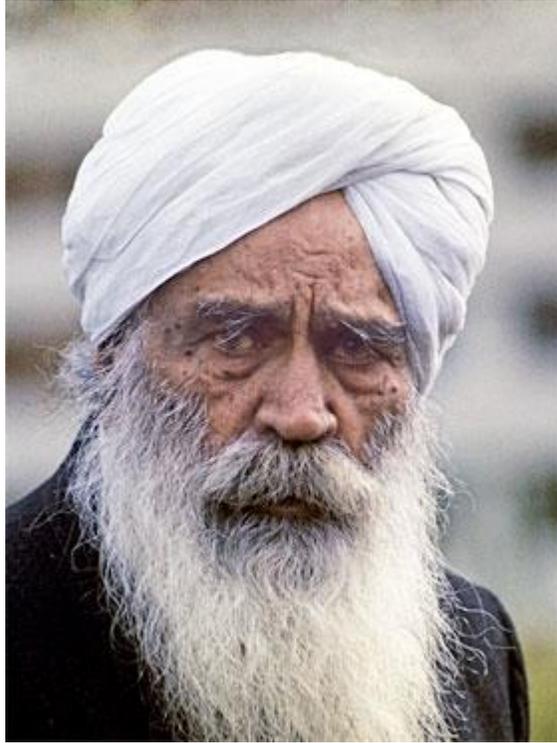
It matters not if the whole world in enmity turns away.

We will from our Beloved's door never turn away.

(Amir Khusrow Dehlavi)



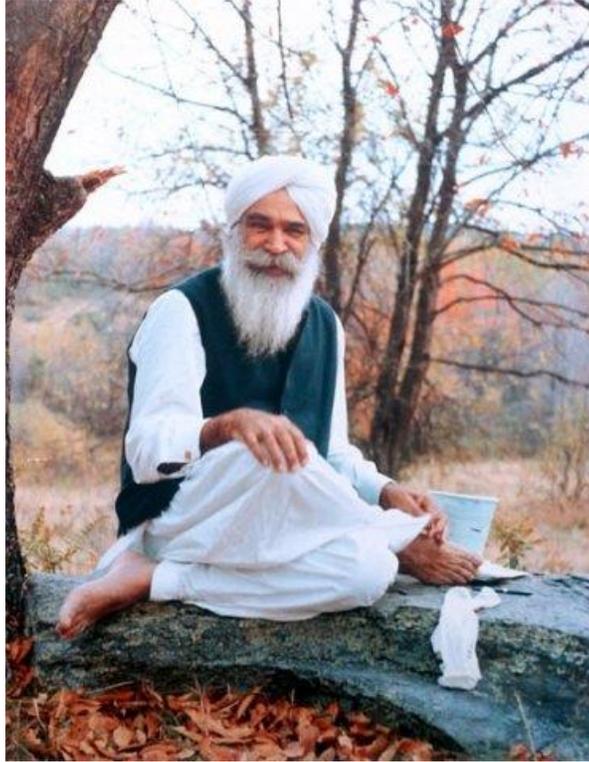
Even if I were to behold the face of my Beloved hundreds of times
with hundreds of eyes, I would still like to see Him again and again,
for each time one gets a novel experience from such a blessed sight.
(Rumi)



Show Your face so I can marvel at it,
for that is what I yearn for in this world!
(Iraqi)



Each who has seen Your beauty fine utters honestly, “I have seen the Divine.”
Everywhere Your lovers wait for grace, remove Your veil, reveal Your face!
(Ahmad Jam)

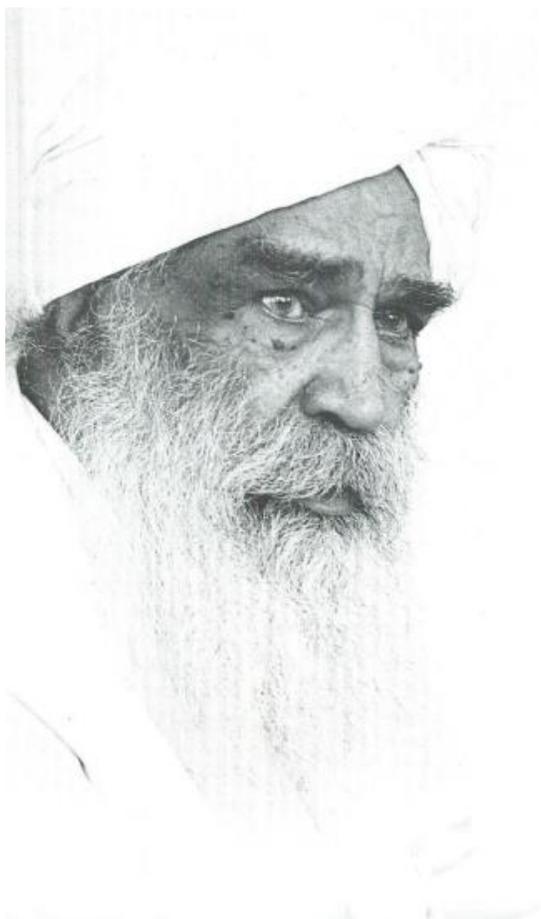


O Master, I can't live in this world without remembering You.
How can I endure the next world without seeing Your face?
(Rabia)



The One I longed for has come home, the raging fire of separation is quenched; now I rejoice with Him, I sing in bliss. I dance with unbound joy; I rejoice in ecstasy at the sight of my Beloved. I am absorbed in His love; my misery of wandering in the world has ended. The lily bursts into bloom at the sight of the full moon; seeing Him my heart blossoms joy. Peace permeates this body of mine, His arrival has filled my home with bliss. Mira's heart, scorched by the blaze of separation, has become cool and refreshed;
the pain of duality has vanished.

(Mirabai)



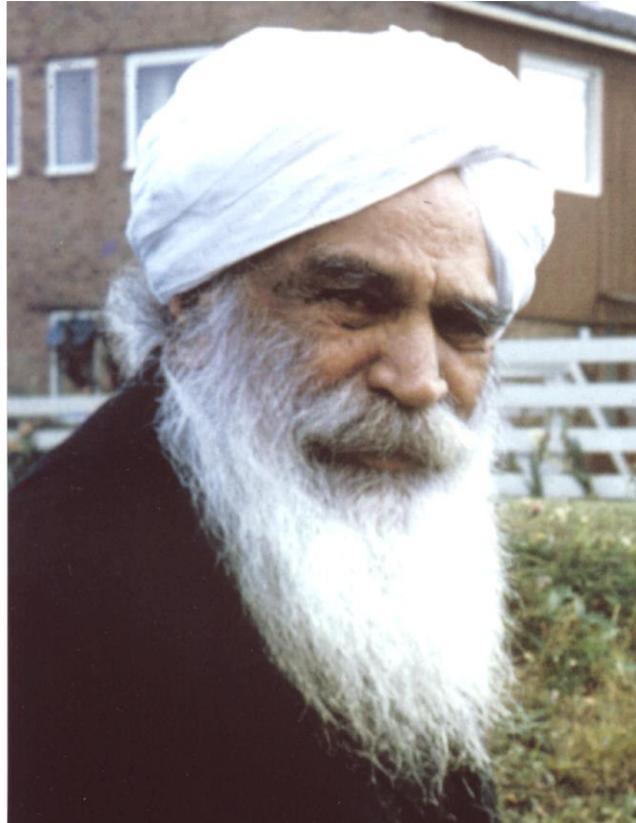
Hafiz himself is singing tonight in resplendent glory,
for the cup in my heart has revealed the Beloved's face,
and I have His oath that He will never again depart.

(Hafiz)



From the beginning of my life I have been looking for Your face,
but today I have seen it! Today I have seen the charm, the beauty,
the unfathomable grace of the face I was looking for. Today I have found You,
and those who laughed and scorned me yesterday are sorry that they
were not looking as I did.

(Rumi)



My soul is mingled with Thee, dissolved in Thee,
a soul to cherish as it has Thy perfume!

(Rumi)



So you should love God, but you cannot love God unless you see Him.
So love of the human pole, or the Master, at which He is manifest,
is love of God. When you see Him, you see God.

As Christ said, “Those who have seen me have seen my Father.”

(Sant Kirpal Singh, *Morning Talks: How to Love God*)



A person in whose heart love for the Master has been bestowed by God
is really fortunate, because love for the Master is the method by which
we come to love God.

(Sant Kirpal Singh, santmat-thetruth.de/index.php?option=com_book&book=3886&page=111)



Please grant me a vision of Your beautiful form.
The spark You have kindled, make it everlasting.
I think of no other and in Your Love care for none else.
None has a place in my heart but You.
My heart has become Your abode;
It has no place for another.
(Ansari of Herat)



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