The Ocean of Grace Divine
(Excerpts)

Remembrances of the Beloved Master
Sant Kirpal Singh

Param Sant Kirpal Singh
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Part 1

The Perfect Disciple
It is life's greatest blessing to be at the feet of a Sant Satguru. I was privileged to serve Hazur Baba Sawan Singh Ji Maharaj for about forty years. I first came to Him when I was very young, and I was blessed to serve Him to the last. I not only looked after the housekeeping for the Great Master and attended personally to getting and cooking His food and serving it to Him, but also to His clothes, their tailoring, washing, ironing, and mending, and to other household needs of the Great Master.

I got to know Sant Kirpal Singh Ji, who we then addressed as Bhapa Ji (respected brother), fairly early, that is about the time He came to the feet of Hazur. He was a disciple of very exceptional devotion to our Satguru. Even if He got just a day’s leave, He would travel from Lahore to Beas.

Once at the Dera, He would be so lost, so taken up with His Master, that He would lose all sense of whether His clothes were clean or not, neat or torn, or whether His hair was tidy. He would often put His shoes at one place and later be looking for them at another.
I once remarked, “Bhapa Ji, if women get lost like this, it is pardonable; but You, You should not be in this condition! What is wrong with You?” He looked to me, and said, “Bibi Ji, I do not know; when I reach the railway station here, it is as though I have lost half my senses, and when I arrive at the Dera I lose the remaining half. When I look into His eyes, there is magic: I am simply lost.”

Once in Beas, He would stay on as long as was possible. He would be working often up to midnight and return to Lahore by the 1:00 a.m. train. He would reach His destination around 3:00 a.m., and then after getting home He would be off to the office next morning.

If when leaving, Hazur would offer to have Him dropped at the station in His car, Bhapa Ji would find some excuse. He would say, “I am not going just yet. Maybe I will be going somewhat later.” He would sometimes say to me when I protested, “Why add to the wear and tear of Hazur's car?”

Such was His reverence for His Satguru that when departing from the Dera He would almost walk backwards so as not to turn His back upon the Master's home. It was only after He was almost out of sight that He would turn around and walk straight towards the railway station.

In Hazur’s presence, Sant Kirpal Singh Ji was a man of very few words. Whatever Hazur said, it was always “Yes Sir”, for Him there were no ifs and buts.

Sometimes when Sant Kirpal Singh Ji came to see Hazur, I would laugh and tell Him, “Bhapa Ji, if I let You go up, You would be there for such a length of time. Sorry, today we won’t let you go in!” He would quietly turn away and I would have to call Him back and say, “I was only joking. Please go right up. You are always welcome.”

He had so much humility, and He never endeavored to assert Himself as many others did. Hazur used to rest in His room upstairs and would retire there for the night. Once on a beautiful moonlit night Bhapa Ji was with Him till well past midnight. I was there, too. When we came down, He suddenly wanted to go up again. “Bibi Ji, it was so wonderful! Did you see? His face was so radiant, more radiant than the moon itself. He was so beautiful tonight. I would like to have His darshan again. Just this once, only for a minute.”

I remonstrated, “We have just been with Him. And if He has stretched Himself to sleep, He would be upset. We should not disturb Him.”

“Just this once, only a minute. Just a glimpse.”

Seeing Him insist, I quietly went up to ask Hazur if He could let Bhapa Ji come up again. On hearing me out He said, “Oh, Kirpal is a sieve, just a sieve, and so are you!”
I thought He was reprimanding us, and asked, “Hazur are we so bad? Do you mean that we are unable to contain Your grace and whatever love You pour simply drains through?”

“No, no, that is not what I mean”, Hazur laughed. “When a disciple is truly devoted, He is like a sieve. There is no limit to the love and grace He can receive. Whatever you give, He still thirsts and yearns for more. You cannot fill Him up just as you cannot fill up a sieve.”

And so I went down and brought up Bhapa Ji.

Once having cleaned and washed some wheat, I had laid it out to dry. Seeing it, Bhapa Ji asked me if it was for my own use. Hazur ate very little and I explained that I would be hand-grinding flour for His chapatis for the month. I was particular about attending to such things myself, but Bhapa Ji asked me to let Him grind the flour, saying, “Bibi Ji why can’t you allow me to have the blessings by permitting me to do seva such as this?”

There were no limits which Sant Kirpal Singh Ji set to His love and service of Hazur. Every month He would bring His earnings and place them at the feet of His Satguru. Hazur would keep back whatever He pleased for seva at the Dera and give the rest for running Bhapa Ji’s household. Bhapa Ji never questioned; He never mentioned if there was any special expense He had in mind back home. Whatever His Satguru gave Him from the wages He had earned, He was glad to accept for His family needs.

Nothing could deter Him from fulfilling His Satguru’s commands and nothing could prevent Him from coming to Beas to see Him. Once when His son was seriously ill and the doctors had almost given up hope, He took the train and came to Beas. “How is the child?” Hazur
asked Him, and He replied, “You know what is best.” “We can’t let Him go" said Hazur, and turning to me asked me to fetch some water and a bag of patasas (sugar-puffs). He dipped two of His fingers into the water and held them there for a considerable length of time. Then giving a bottle of this water and the bag of patasas to Bhapa Ji, He said, “Throw away all the medicines and in their place, from time to time, give the child a sugar-puff and some of this water.”

There are so many memories that come back that I could go on with such anecdotes without end. But the important thing to realize is the kind of surrender that the Satguru asks of us. He wants us to renounce everything and surrender it unto Him. If we can surrender ourselves to Him, He remakes us in His own image.

Baba Jaimal Singh surrendered Himself to Swami Ji and became an image of His Satguru. Sawan Singh Ji Maharaj similarly surrendered Himself to Baba Ji and in due course became one with Him. In His turn, Maharaj Kirpal Singh Ji showed the same quality of devotion and of surrender and became indistinguishable from Hazur in the course of time.

When we come to a Satguru, we must surrender everything we have to Him, body, mind and soul. If we do this, there is no reason why we cannot reach His Radiant Form within us, and having reached that Form, He takes us further and does not stop until He has made us in His own image.
The Master's Early Days in Lahore
Iqbal Kaur

I was initiated by Hazur Baba Sawan Singh in 1928. My husband Sardar Hukam Singh was one of His very early initiates.

We were living in Lahore and shortly after I came on the Path I had a chance meeting with Maharaj Kirpal Singh Ji. My husband knew Him already and one day as we were walking home, Maharaj Ji was returning on His bicycle from the office. He stopped to greet my husband and we were introduced to each other.

Our home was not far from the place where Satsang was held in those days. Maharaj Ji would drop in every now and then and then to look us up. He would inquire how we were and sit and chat with us. As our home was on the way to Satsang, He would stop over. We would all go together, and when Satsang was over, He would walk us back home.

If a satsangi did not turn up for the discourse, Maharaj Ji was so concerned that He would visit him to find out if anything was wrong. Those who were sick, He would help with medicine; those who were indigent He would help with food and clothing. He was always willing to serve the satsangis, especially the ones who were ill. He did not want people to know of the sacrifices He made and much of this help was rendered privately and only a very few of us knew the extent of His generosity and selflessness.

Once in Lahore there was an outbreak of plague. When it was at its peak, corpses would reach the cremation ground by the hundreds. Kirpal Singh Ji was not only fearless in attending on those who were ill; He would also visit the cremation ground and help out there.

It is difficult to describe Hazur’s love for Kirpal Singh. He was exceptionally fond of Him and would entrust Him with responsibilities which He would not give to others. Kirpal Singh Ji in turn was exemplary in His devotion. Whatever was entrusted to Him He would take up. Any work He had to do for Hazur was sure to be finished in time: no excuses and no delays.

If anyone expressed respect and admiration for what He was, He was sure to say with great humility, “I am nothing, a mere nobody; it is all Hazur’s grace. Whatever I have and whatever you see in me is from Him. He is everything.”

There are many incidents that come to my mind. I will only pick up one here to illustrate the extent of His powers even before Hazur left the body and assumed the form of Maharaj Kirpal Singh Ji.
We were still living in Lahore and it was the year 1946. One of my brothers was suddenly struck by pneumonia, took a turn for the worse and died. He was married and only twenty-eight. It was a great shock for all of us.

Around 4:00 in the afternoon we took the body to the cremation ground which was quite a distance away. After leaving His office, Maharaj Ji stopped by on His way home, and on learning what had happened, followed us and caught up with us half way. He was on His bicycle and, getting off, joined the funeral procession.

After the cremation was over, He accompanied us back and seeing our desperate condition, made us all sit down and gave a sort of Satsang. He told us that whatever had happened was under the Will of Providence. However hard it might seem to us, it was our duty to accept it. Especially if we loved the departed, it was imperative that we stay calm so that his soul might be in peace. His words brought comfort and solace at the time when we were all in great anguish.

I had a second brother who was almost ten years younger. He was deeply attached to the one who was gone and so great was the shock of the death that he was beside himself with grief. One day he disappeared and did not return home. We tried to find him but there was no trace of him at all. We all wondered what had happened and thinking of his grief we were doubly distressed. God had taken back one brother, and now the other had gone off, only the Lord knew where!

That night Kirpal Singh Ji came by. It was rather late for a visit, around 11:00 or even after, but then He would call on satsangis in distress without regard to the hour. When He saw us He queried why we looked so distressed, and I explained what had happened. He reassured me and said, “Don’t worry about Omi. Have faith in Hazur. He will be back home safe at 5:00 in the morning.”

Sure enough next morning my younger brother returned at the stipulated time. He had a strange tale to tell. Lost in his sorrow and full of the sense of the meaninglessness of life, he had wandered a long distance. Seeing a railway station, he had boarded a train and in it met a group of sadhus. They asked him where he was going and when he explained that he did not know, they invited him to join them. They got off three or four stations before Hardwar and he accompanied them. They lived in a jungle and when they got there, he realized that they were thugs in disguise. When it was time to sleep, to make sure that he could not get away, they placed him in the middle and spread themselves around him.

Realizing his danger and feeling completely helpless, Omi could not sleep. It was pitch dark and there was no means of getting away. As he lay restless, he prayed to God for deliverance. In answer to his prayer he saw Light and within it the figure of Maharaj Kirpal Singh. Maharaj Ji commanded him to get up and follow. Full of fear, he said, “But how can I? They are all around me and will catch me.”
Maharaj Ji assured him that no one could stop him and he got up and followed Him barefoot. They were in a jungle and it was very dark. But Maharaj Ji was radiating Light, and, following that Light, my brother sped along through the jungle. After about two miles, Maharaj Ji informed him that the railway station was a few yards ahead and asked him to catch the first train from there, and left him. He proceeded as commanded and got off three stations ahead to change for Lahore.

At this railway station he once again met Maharaj Ji and Maharaj Ji asked him how he had managed to join those sadhus. The boy explained his state of grief and how he had fallen into their company. They were dangerous thugs and what if they had done you to death? said Maharaj Ji. “Your brother is gone and you are the only son left,” He told the boy. “You must think of your family first and not lose yourself in your grief in this fashion. Now catch the train for Lahore and get back to your home as soon as you can.” And so the boy caught the train and returned back to us.

I repeat, this happened almost two years before Hazur gave up the body. Even at that time Maharaj Ji could appear in His Shabd Form and help out those whom He loved regardless of where they were. He was already one with Hazur, and Hazur Himself had told the Lahore Sangat that between Him and Kirpal Singh there was no difference.
Maharaj Kirpal Singh Ji was my youngest uncle, and ever since I can remember, His word was God’s word for all of us in the family. Whatever He said even casually turned out to be true.

My father, Sardar Prem Singh, the eldest of the three brothers, was not keeping good health. One morning, before going to work, Maharaj Ji remarked to him that on that day there would be one family member less. He went away, and all day long, seeing himself the most likely subject of this prophecy, my father kept waiting for the end. When Maharaj Ji returned and the evening advanced, he brought up the subject. Maharaj Ji looked surprised and said, “But did I say it was going to be you? I never did.” A little later Maharaj Ji’s own son was suddenly taken ill and in a couple of hours he was gone.

Maharaj Ji’s love for everyone is proverbial. But He held my mother in special esteem, for what reason I do not know—maybe because she was His eldest sister-in-law. He loved us all very much, and after my father died He gave us the love which a father gives his children.

When I was to be married, He attended to everything and it was He who gave me away as the bride. After the ceremony was over and I was preparing to leave with my husband, He embraced me and His parting words of advice were: “Deepo (as He always called me) you are now going to your husband’s home and from this day that will be your home. There are two things I want you to remember: first, never give yourself airs on account of your parents among your in-laws and their family; second, whenever you come to meet anyone from your parental family, respect the privacy of your in-laws and do not carry back any tales. If you can remember this you will be able to avoid a good deal of trouble.”

I settled down to a new way of life, and the years passed with their ups and downs. My husband was an initiate of Hazur Baba Sawan Singh, and he too, from his childhood, knew Maharaj Ji very closely as he and his parents lived in Lahore. Being on the Path and sharing this love for Maharaj Ji from our early years has been a bond of great strength between us; but there was one sorrow, one emptiness in my life: I had no children.

Each time I was in the family way, something would go wrong and it would all end in disappointment. After the third such failure, I wept bitterly, exclaiming: “Mother, my neighbors and friends tell me this or that. Someone tells me I must be under the shadow of some evil spirit, another tells me to go to this shrine or to that temple, still another advises I get some charmed thread or talisman. They want me to go to this holy man or to that, but Mother for me Maharaj Ji is everything and I do not see why I should go to anyone else. I cannot bring myself to it.”
On my mentioning Maharaj Ji my mother took out a letter she had received from Him. He had remembered me and had asked her to bring me along with her when she went to Rajpur. “If I come,” I said, “I am going to have it out with Him! He Himself is the greatest—He can do anything. Why doesn’t He do something for me?”

I accompanied my mother to Rajpur, and we would visit Maharaj Ji every morning. The first two days I could not muster my courage to say anything. On the third morning, Maharaj Ji was indoors. My mother went in but I continued to sit outside.

Seeing her, Maharaj Ji said, “Hasn’t Deepo come today?” On learning I was sitting outside, He exclaimed, “Have I put an ‘out of bounds’ sign outside? Then why is she outside?” And He called for me to come in. My mother then said that I had come prepared to have a row with Him. Maharaj Ji sat up on His bed and said, “Come right in. I am ready for the fight. Start!”

He no sooner gave the signal than I let myself go, unlocking the tale of my woe. “You are my Guru, you are my God, You are my everything. Then why should others have to tell me to go here or there, to get this talisman or that?” I asked.

As I let myself go, Maharaj Ji had got up from His bed and had come to sit by me. He comforted me and laughed at me, “So you want a talisman? So you want a magic thread? Give me a piece of paper and we will make a talisman for her.”

Tai Ji handed Him a pen and a bit of paper and He began drawing all kinds of things on it and handed it to me. Then after I had my say and my sobbing had subsided, He pointed to a fruit tree outside, “Have you seen how it grows, how it comes to flower, how from the flower the raw fruit emerges, and how in course of time you get the ripe mango from the raw fruit? The human body is like a tree which comes to flower and later to fruit. Such is the nature of life.” He patted me and reassured me, “Hazur’s hand is always over you. You don’t have to worry. All will be well!” Such was the magic in His words that I left completely assured.

When I was in the family way again, things began to go wrong as in the past. My mother wrote to the Master, and He replied suggesting that I place myself under a doctor’s treatment. He further suggested that she bring me to Rajpur.

I went with my mother, and when Maharaj Ji would come up we would have His darshan. One day when He was visiting, He picked up my bottle of medicine and seeing the label, began reading out with evident amusement, “ ‘Male child guaranteed.’ Ah ha, sure guarantee! Son for sure!” Noting the irony in His tone I told my mother that it would be a girl for sure, not a boy.
When the time came Maharaj Ji was in Delhi. The last three days were extremely difficult—a nightmare. Finally on 6th October a little past midnight I was delivered of a daughter by Caesarean section.

Maharaj Ji came to visit me in the hospital two days later. When I spoke of my acute weakness on account of the operation, He comforted me, “What is an operation? When the plaster begins falling off the wall, the mason comes and clears it all away, takes out all the loose bits, and replasters it. He then puts a coat of whitewash over it and it is all the same once again, no difference—it is perfectly the same again. An operation is like that too. These doctors, they cut you up, fix everything in place, stitch you up again and you are as well as you ever were. So don’t worry, you will be on your feet soon.” He had only to say these words, and it became so.

Forty-six Years of Grace from the Master
Gyani Bhagwan Singh

In 1927 I married into a family of standing and religious background. They were living in Lahore, and at that time Kirpal Singh Ji was also in Lahore. My marriage, and later on my appointment to a good job in the Government, took me to Lahore. I was residing with my in-laws, and there I met Kirpal Singh Ji who used to come to see us as often as three or four times a week.

The satsangis there used to gather at the home of my in-laws and we used to listen to the beautiful and wise words of Kirpal Singh. He was about thirty-four and I was in my early twenties at the time.

In those early days I had developed such devotion, awe and reverence for Kirpal Singh that I can't begin to explain. I was a naughty fellow, yet He had captured my heart.
Master Sawan Singh had a big following, but I don't know why I couldn't get attracted to anybody else in His Sangat. I was attracted to Bhapa Kirpal Singh Ji as a girl is attracted to her lord.

Perhaps I should say that during the period of twenty years that I had been going to Beas, from 1928 to 1948, I may have had the chance of touching the feet of Baba Sawan Singh, my Master, not more than four or five times. And that too was through the grace of Bhapa Kirpal Singh because I would sneak in along with Him, otherwise nobody would allow me to go in and see Him privately.

So during all those years from 1928 to 1948 Bhapa Kirpal Singh had already instilled in me some understanding of what He really was. I sensed that He would be the successor to Baba Sawan Singh right from the beginning, and saw that there was no one in the big Sangat at Beas who could match Him. It was a very easy thing for me to accept Him as the new Master; I was like a dwarf against a towering personality, and this awareness had bred in me a sort of fear lest I should displease Him in any way. The reverence was there, the devotion was there, and the fear also was there. I couldn't say no to Him at any time whatever He asked of me. I always tried to be near Him. He allowed me to come to His house; He allowed me to do small things for Him, which I was happy to do to please Him.

There are one or two incidents before 1948, before He became the Master, that I would now like to relate. My brother-in-law, a young boy of twelve or thirteen years, fell ill. Bhapa Kirpal Singh Ji would come to our house almost daily, tend him, look after him. One day in the morning He said to my mother-in-law, “Look here, look here. Now you must leave off all clutching for the child, he has to go.”

He then told my wife that the child would leave at 8:00 at night, and that He would return at that time. It so happened that at about 7:00 He came back and He remained with the child; then when the clock struck 8:00, He placed His hand on the boy’s forehead, and he went smiling. Bhapa Ji then said, “All right. I will come again tomorrow when the boy is to be taken to the cremation ground.”

And to the cremation ground He did go. There were a large number of people. Somebody said, “Bhapa Ji, would You say a few words on this occasion?” He said, “Look here, this is a lesson before you all. You must know that this thing has to happen to you also. Be prepared for it. And if you have not prepared for it, think of how you are going to prepare for it.”

This was said in a very polite way, in a very loving way, yet in such a forceful way that everybody could not but weep over it. As far as I remember, this was as early as 1933.

You see, He used to love us like anything, and that is why our respect for Him grew every day. He was always a very noble person, a compassionate one, a man who was given to
service. All these qualities had developed in the entire family of ours a sort of devotion to Him; we knew we had a person in Him who was always with us, ready to help us, and to take compassion on us. After all, what was I? I was just a sinner floating about and I cannot imagine any quality or any good thing that I had that could have possibly been an asset to Him, let alone for Him to eventually choose me to work so closely with Him.

Every day there was one incident or another which revealed that here was a man on earth whom you could really call God. All the attributes which can ever be given to God were in Him: He was compassionate, He was loving, He was kind, He was helpful. He had the heart of a householder; yet the love of the Master was a thousand times more than that of a mother. We say that the mother's love for her children is immense, but I can tell you, really, that His love for His children was more than the love of a thousand mothers for their children. Such was He who trod the earth and is helping us even now with everything that we want to do.

The pull and prayers of the dear ones were really very strong, but the Master was not keeping good health. Eventually a program was fixed for 1972.

One day while sitting with the Master He said, “Look here Gyani, my body is revolting, it is not co-operating. If I listen to my body, I can't make this journey; but the pressure of the dear ones from inside and from their letters is so much that I can't resist them. I can't resist them any longer. So we have to go.”

A program was fixed up. So four of us, the Master, Bhalla and Harcharan Singh and myself formed the party and we left on the 26th August, 1972.

“This tour,” the Master said, “is for my children. The first tour was for some dignitaries, and to start the Mission in the West. The second was for the benefit of governments, and to consolidate the work. But this tour is going to be for my children. I want to meet them, I want to be with them, I want to listen to their difficulties, I want to listen to them and talk to them, and meet them; my love for them is so much that I cannot resist going.”

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You may have read the account of the tour given in Sat Sandesh. Suffice it for me to say here that although the Master was ill, He would work from 8:00 in the morning till 1:00 at night, and after retiring, His body would ache like anything; He could hardly get an hour's rest. And then in the morning He would start His work again, seeing people, giving His talks and mediation sittings, answering so many questions, always giving, giving, giving.

The effect of this tour was tremendous. The Master's children had the opportunity to be very close with Him, speak with Him, live with Him in as near and dear a way as any child coming to see his father.

Such is the story of a Perfect Man, a complete Man I should say, who came on this earth to remind us of and to help us go back to our Home; who gave us a solemn promise that the Master is always waiting for the initiates to come to Him.

The Unbounded Grace of the Godman
Manohar Singh Duggal

When Master Kirpal Singh was at Rawalpindi in about 1930, one of His nearest relatives, a boy of fourteen years, was critically ill in a hospital. One evening Master went to see him. The mother of this boy respected the Master so much—the family had always regarded Him as a saint—that she begged Him that if the child had to die He should make it easy for him because the suffering he was undergoing was too much.

Master of course knew immediately why the boy was suffering and why he could not leave the body. Master said to the mother, “You’d better call his aunt.” The aunt was called. When she arrived, Master took her aside and said to her, “You took fifteen rupees from under the boy’s pillow; until you return that money the boy cannot die.” She replied, “Yes, I did take fifteen rupees from under his pillow. Because...”—here she became rather embarrassed—“because I was afraid someone else would steal it.”

Master then insisted, “Until that money is returned he cannot leave.” She put the money back under the pillow, the boy’s agony subsided, then he closed his eyes and was gone.

My father, the elder brother of Kirpal Singh, was very seriously ill at Peshawar in 1939. One night he was on the verge of expiring. I was sitting by his side; I knew the worst was coming, the doctor had given up hope. When the end was near I was just repeating Simran, helpless, just watching what would happen.

After a time I suddenly realized that he had started to move—my father’s soul had come back into the body. He opened his eyes and I could see they were filled with tears. He called my name, and told me to get pen and paper as he wanted to write a letter to his younger brother, Kirpal Singh.
The letter said, “You know and I know what has happened. Unless you come, I cannot get up from this bed. I request you to come as early as possible.” He then closed his eyes as if in meditation, but after another fifteen minutes he opened his eyes and said, “Send somebody to the railway station at nine o’clock as my other brother will also come.”

He had seen this in meditation. So actually both brothers arrived; they embraced each other and came straight to see my father. Then my father explained what had happened in the morning: Baba Sawan Singh Ji had come to take him but Kirpal Singh Ji had requested that he be spared. Because of this request Hazur had sent him back.

My father’s face was shining; he told us, “I cannot describe what it was like—I cannot describe that place. I was with Baba Sawan Singh Ji and Kirpal Singh Ji. We went and crossed that golden mountain and went to the other side which was full of Light.”

Due to the long illness of my father the expenditure was very great. My father, although he was so seriously ill, worried very much about the cost. One night during sleep, Kirpal Singh appeared to him and said, “Brother, why are you nervous? You just look at your coat hanging on the bed and that will look after your needs.”

Next morning at five-thirty when I came to my father’s room, he said, “Look, Kirpal Singh has just appeared to me—just check the pockets of the coat lying over there.” When I went through the pockets I was surprised to find they were full of currency notes. This was all His grace and this happened long before He became a Master.

In 1957 when my daughter was twelve years old, she became seriously ill. She had a high temperature and she was delirious. I went to see the Master at the Ashram and He said, “I will come to see her tomorrow.” She had been crying all night and all day, but five minutes before the Master arrived she fell into a deep sleep. On seeing this the Master said, “Look here, you say she has been crying all the time and not able to sleep, and here she is fast asleep!” Someone said, “This is all Your miracle; You put her to sleep before You came.” Then the Master put His hand on her head. She looked into His eyes, and He asked her, “What do you want?” And she, being a child, said, “Five rupees.” He gave her five rupees and promised her, “When you recover I will give you another five rupees.” Then He left.

But the following day her condition worsened— we had to take her to the hospital. She was almost in the lap of death. The doctors complained, “What can we do if you bring patients to us in this condition? What can we do when she is dying?” I immediately ran to see Master and I told Him, “She is expected to die in half an hour.” But He said, “Don’t worry, nothing will go wrong. I’m going away to Rohtak but I’ll be back the day after tomorrow.”

I began to wonder as the doctor said she was dying but the Master said nothing will go wrong. Meanwhile, the doctors gave the child some treatment and she got a little better. The next day when I went to the hospital I noticed from a distance than the Master was moving.
in one of the wards—I couldn’t understand it as He had told me He would be away at Rohtak. So I immediately ran up to Him; there were other disciples there calling out, “Maharaj Ji’s here! Maharaj Ji’s here!”

I asked Him, “How is it You’re here? I thought You were away.” He said, “No, no. I’ve come to see her.” I took Him over to the girl; she looked again into His eyes, and He again asked her, “What do you want?” She replied, “You told me You’d give me another five rupees if I got better.” “So you want to get better?” And she said, “Yes.” Then He gave her another five rupees, and He took a phial out of His pocket, and gave her some homeopathic medicine. Then she slept for ten hours and she was perfectly well the next day.

Once in 1964 I was at Rajpur visiting Beloved Master. In the evening He was sitting in the open outside His bungalow. One of His disciples came looking very much worried. He told the Master that his son was in the hospital and the doctors had declared there was no hope of his survival as he was in a state of coma. On hearing this, Beloved Master told him that there was nothing to worry about because he would be all right. After this Master accompanied him to the hospital to see his son.

On reaching the ward he went straight to the child’s bed. Beloved Master asked them to turn him over. Maharaj Ji then started rubbing his spinal cord from neck to hips. After about five minutes, the boy who had been in coma, opened his eyes. After another ten minutes the boy changed his position and sat up and bowed before the Beloved Master.

Those present were astonished to see this miracle, and the news spread like wildfire throughout the hospital; the senior physician in charge of the hospital came running, and told Maharaj Ji, “You have performed a miracle.” Maharaj Ji told him that He had done nothing special. He had massaged the vein which had direct connection with the brain. On this the doctor replied that no treatment could save the child and coma had already set in, and he was not responding to any treatment. The boy was discharged from the hospital the following day.

In 1971, when Beloved Master was not well, I was attending Him at night. One night I received a telephone call from Holy Family Hospital, New Delhi, intimating that one of the devotees of Maharaj Ji, Mr. Mahan Singh, was seriously ill and had been put under an oxygen tent. They further said that Mr. Mahan Singh had forgotten the Simran and there was pitch dark inside, and he wanted them to inform Maharaj Ji about his sad plight.

On hearing this I was perplexed as to what to do as Beloved Master had been restless; at that particular time He was resting and I did not want to disturb Him. I was thinking over the matter when Maharaj Ji called me and enquired as to who was calling. I told Him. On hearing this He said it was 1:00 a.m. and Mr. Mahan Singh would be leaving at 3:30 a.m., so there was nothing to worry about. He directed me to tell them that they should put a thumb on his forehead between the two eyebrows and repeat the five Names in his right ear — Hazur would take care of the rest so he need not worry on that account.

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After that Master was in meditation and I was sitting by the side of His bed. Exactly at 3:32 a.m. Beloved Master opened His eyes and said, “He has gone, he was a good man. Anyway, it is His Will.” At 1:00 a.m. He knew that his time of departure was 3:30. At about 3:45 a phone call came. The man on the other end said that Mr. Mahan Singh had expired. Before I went to attend the call, Beloved Master said that he passed away exactly at 3:30 a.m., but the doctors must have taken some time to announce the death.

In the morning some relatives of Mr. Mahan Singh came to see Maharaj Ji. They said that they had repeated the five Names in his right ear after putting a thumb on his forehead between the two eyebrows. Immediately after this Mahan Singh, who had been so dejected, smiled and said, “If one has a Master, he should be like Him!” Apparently there was Light inside and the Master appeared within to take care of him. According to them, he never opened his eyes after that and he expired in meditation. This shows that though Maharaj Ji was physically unwell, spiritually He was as strong as ever.

The Saga of Love
Bhadra Sena

The spirit of inquiry: where have I come from and where am I going? and the “why” and “wherefore” of the world—all these questions haunted me from my very early age. In my quest I frequented temples, mosques, gurdwaras and churches, but never found satisfaction.

It was in the fall of 1936 that I was picked up at last by Maharaj Kirpal Singh. From then on there grew up a personal bond which gradually developed into an indissoluble link.

Now began the period of intensive training as He took me into His hands; I started attending Maharaj Ji’s Sunday discourses in Lahore given under Hazur’s instructions. After several months I decided to go to Beas. At the Dera, Maharaj Ji took me to His brother’s bungalow where His family was staying. At night we went to see Hazur who was relaxing on His roof, it being summer season. Introducing me to Him, He requested that I should be given initiation the next day. Hazur kindly remarked, “Very well, it will be done.”

Once, while on an evening walk with Master Kirpal Singh, I remarked: “Master, You are so exalted, so pure and so godly that at times I wonder how You allow a sinful person like me to come near You. Is there any link between us from the past?” He simply replied, “Without any such close relationship from the past, it would not be possible to be together now all of a sudden.”

As for the correspondence work, the Master took great pains to train me in His own inimitable way: “You are just an instrument. You have not to exert yourself. Read each letter carefully noting down the points on the margin. Then take the pen in your hand, and without any premeditated thought, start writing. The Power within will do the rest,” Following this
advice, I would read the correspondence before going to bed. Early in the morning I would sit at my desk and start the work with a brief prayer: “Master You have to do it—I don’t know how.” Any references, Biblical or otherwise, would come handy by just opening the books at random, and to my surprise in the right place as if directly marked out for the purpose. It was all His love that did the work. I was just like a pen in His hand.

The Master was very particular about the use of words in His correspondence. He always moved in accordance with the spirit of the time and the temper of the individual correspondent. He believed in gentle persuasion with a personal touch, to take each one from the line of least resistance and then leave him off to decide for himself. “In a scientific age like the present,” He would remark, “categorical assertions would not do. Everyone wants a rational explanation for everything and more so in expounding abstruse truths. Precision and concision is all that is wanted. There is no need to thrust anything down one’s throat. It is God’s work and God alone knows how to fulfill His purposes.”

In the matter of drafting replies, He was once pleased to remark, “Be very, very careful, for once I put my signature to anything, it is as if God had put His signature to it.” This is how He would at times give an inkling of the God Power that was working through Him.

The Master was master of all situations. Near the end of my office career (1960) I had serious differences with the management, with the result that I developed low fever which persisted for months on end. I felt such a strain that I resolved to resign two years ahead of my retirement. But before doing so I went to seek the Master’s permission. He emphatically said, “No!” and then added, “For thirty years you have worked for yourself. For the remaining two, I order you to carry on. Henceforth you will be serving me, and not anyone else!” It was enough. In a few days I was transferred and taken out of this impasse.

He had His own inimitable way of reaching out to those who were unreceptive by an over-plus of love. After the birth of my granddaughter, I accompanied my son and daughter-in-law with the child to the Ashram. That evening the Beloved Master was exceptionally gracious to my daughter-in-law who was not an initiate. After blessing the baby He turned to the mother and said, “Why don’t you come more often? It gives me so much pleasure to see you. Come again soon. No excuses. Whenever you have time, just give me a ring and I will send the car to pick you up.” My daughter-in-law was rather overwhelmed and felt embarrassed. Seeing this, He continued: “Yes, I really mean it; whenever you remember me, just phone—the car will pick you up and drop you back.” My daughter-in-law stammered that that would be too much trouble. “Trouble!” laughed the Master. Then getting serious, He looked at her, then at the baby, and then at her again: “You yourself have a child. You know what a joy it is for parents to have their children with them. If you had to send your car to pick up your child, would it seem any trouble? That is the way I feel towards you and it would be my joy to have you over.” Later, when it was time for us to depart, He made a point of having us dropped home.
Once, while I was in a nursing home, He graciously came to cheer me up and said, “What is this operation—just repairing a part of the dilapidated wall. There is nothing to worry about. You will soon be all right.” Before leaving the room, He quietly placed a few hundred rupee bank notes under my pillow. My wife noticed it and told me of this. I pulled them out and humbly inquired what these were for? He simply said, “It is possible you may need them.” With folded hands, I returned them with the words, “Master, I am yet having enough funds of Yours. Kindly keep these and I shall gladly ask for them if and when needed.”

Master often used to say that the so-called gurus were always getting things from their disciples. A Satguru, on the other hand, was always giving.

When in 1971 Bangladesh was passing through a holocaust of fire and sword I felt so worked up by this event that I went to the Master and said, “Master, what is all this butchering and gunning? Can’t it be stopped?” With His characteristic tranquility He said, “You have come to plead for them? I think you hold no brief. It is all a question of action and reactions. If it is God’s Will that the world should go up in smoke, who can stop it? Be at peace, and everything will be all right!”
Glimpses of a Perfect Being
Malik Radha Krishna Khanna

When Baba Sawan Singh fell ill … Maharaj Kirpal Singh took leave from office and was there to attend on Him.

Although He was in the grip of illness just a few days before His physical departure, I could always see a faint smile on Hazur's face whenever Maharaj Kirpal Singh came into the room. Kirpal Singh didn't disturb Him; He was able to comfort Him.

At that time Dr. Schmidt from Switzerland, who was the President of the World Federation of Homeopathic Doctors and an initiate of Hazur was staying in the Dera and was treating Him with homeopathic medicines. Now Maharaj Kirpal Singh used to have consultations with him because He also knew something about homeopathy. However, it was decided that Hazur had to go to the hospital at Amritsar for treatment. Maharaj Kirpal Singh went with Him and so did I. There also, Maharaj Kirpal Singh looked after the Master.

It so happened that one of the satsangis, who was a medical student, was anxious that if there was any transfusion of blood to be given to the Master as the doctors there suggested, it should be his blood. When his blood was tested, it did not quite match with the Master's and, medically, it was not the proper blood to be given. But somehow he got round one of the female sevadars and persuaded her into agreeing that his blood be given. Being a medical student, he told her there is not much of a difference.

So a bottle of his blood was kept ready, and the doctor was told that it was according to prescription. I came to know of this later along with Maharaj Kirpal Singh. So the blood was given and it had a very serious effect on the Master. He almost looked like losing His life, but He recovered the next day.

I was very angry over all this; I was thinking that we should complain to the Master that it was due to this sevadar that the wrong blood was given. But Maharaj Kirpal Singh said, “Well, forgive her. What's the use? Now He has recovered. Whatever had to happen, has happened.”

Such indeed was His greatness and magnanimity.
Part 2

The Early Years of the Mission
With the Master in Rishikesh
Harbhajan Kaur

When the Beloved Master, my respected Father-in-law, retired from Service in March 1947, after some time He went to live at Beas to be in the service of the Great Master. One year later Hazur Baba Sawan Singh Ji left the physical body, so Maharaj Ji came to stay with us in Delhi. After He had been with us for about two and a half months He started for the Himalayas, telling us that when He found a suitable place He would write to us and we could join Him there.

After fifteen days of anxious waiting, the letter arrived telling us that Maharaj Ji was staying at Rani’s Kothi in Rishikesh, and that we could join Him there. So Darshan Singh Ji, my husband, took leave from the office for one month, and together with my respected mother-in-law and our one and a half year old son, Raji, we went to stay with Him. There we found a simple house with a very calm atmosphere overlooking the river Ganges.

Each day Maharaj Ji not only did a lot of meditation Himself but put us all into meditation also for long hours at a stretch, generally totaling six to eight or even ten hours a day; He would put His hand on our foreheads, and lovingly make us sit.

In the breaks between meditations He would be with us, and we would all enjoy the natural beauty of the place glorified by His Divine Radiance.

It was at this time that my husband took the photograph of Maharaj Ji sitting on one of the rocks in the river where He went to meditate. To get this photograph my husband had to wade into the river up to his waist.
While we were staying in Rishikesh, the Beloved Master took us to visit many Ashrams; He was always looking for holy men and saints who could go to the higher planes inside. Although He met many holy men and sages there, He didn’t come across anyone who could go very high inside except one; this was Yogi Raghuveeracharya Ji who Maharaj Ji told us was a very high soul.

Maharaj Ji was fond of walking, and sometimes in the mornings He would go for long walks alone, and sometimes He would take us along with Him. Whenever we got tired He would make us sit down and tell us some humorous stories about the people of Rishikesh and its history. When He would come across Sadhus who had been living in the jungle for many years, He would tell us in His own way that if these Sadhus were still performing rituals—even in the jungle, and had not risen above in meditation—it was better to lead a normal family life. He would explain that wearing saffron robes and doing other superficial things would not help a person spiritually.
The main part of Master’s daily routine was taken up by meditation. As He was fond of very simple food no time was wasted in preparing the meals; there were only two meals a day; one in the morning and one in the evening. We always ate together with the Master.

He used to play with Raji and amuse him by giving him different colored flowers which the child very much enjoyed. He would shower the child with love, and look into his eyes, and make the child look into His.

My Respected Mother-in-law who was with us, was a very noble and loving soul greatly devoted to the Master. She used to relate to me the different aspects of His early saintly life, how He used to go out of the house at night to still His mind in lonely places, and sometimes would immerse Himself in tanks of water. She had great love and respect for the Master and she had great faith in Him.

At the end of that month spent with Maharaj Ji in Rishikesh in 1948, we had to return to Delhi as my husband’s leave was up. After some time the Master also left and rejoined us in Delhi, staying in our apartment. People then started visiting Him early in the morning and they would stay until late at night, and He would pour out to them His spiritual treasures; His Mission had started.

One day the Master was returning to our home where He was staying after coming back from Rishikesh. Our small son Raji was standing on the dining table. He loved Maharaj Ji so much that when the Beloved Master came in he rushed to meet Him, forgetting he was on a high table. He would have crashed to the floor had the Master not caught him in His arms. Maharaj Ji caressed the child and then He told us, “This is how you should throw yourself into the arms of your Guru; then the Guru must take care of you.”
Sant Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj was no common saint. He was the Supreme Being in human form. Accordingly, He was possessed of all the attributes that we associate with the Creator. No one can describe His ineffable love for His disciples. I narrate here a few anecdotes which bring out some of the depth of His love and His Divinity.

I received my initiation from the Master as early as 1949 at His residence in Radio Colony, Delhi. I had come with Surat Singh on the assurance that Maharaj Ji would give me a glimpse of our Eternal Home. There were some twenty persons who were initiated with me.

At initiation I failed to have any inner experience, and when everyone was gone, I told Surat Singh. Surat Singh encouraged me to bring up the problem with Maharaj Ji. I told Maharaj Ji, “My friend here assured me that You would give me a glimpse of my Divine Home. But that has not been my experience.”

“As for taking you up there,” He said, “it could be done, but in your present condition you will not be able to stay there; nor when you come back would you be able to carry on with your normal life on earth.”

I then asked, “But would you indeed take me there at the time of my death?” Maharaj Ji said that assurance He had already given at the initiation. However, I need not have to wait till then, and He advised me to carry on regularly with my meditations as instructed.

Some ten years ago at the peak of summer, my daughter Sushila and her husband came to stay with me. Their son Sudhit, who was two and half years old, was out all day, playing in the sun. It was very hot and he probably got sun-stroke. My son-in-law kept the fact from me and took the child in a room at the back. The boy showed no signs of life: the pulse had gone, the eyes were motionless, the head hung limp from the neck and the hands and feet had gone cold.

I took the child and laid him out on a sofa in front of Maharaj Ji’s photograph in our living room. I prayed intently and silently to Maharaj Ji: “If the boy does not survive, we would be shamed forever. Maharaj Ji You are our only hope. Please Maharaj Ji, save us.”

I then took the hand of the child in mine and began repeating the charged Names. A minute later, I could feel his pulse coming back, and a little later his eyeballs began to move. The child was then given a drink of water which he took.

My son-in-law was extremely attached to his son. At the anguish of losing him he was knocking his forehead against the wall, and it seemed as though he would not stop till he had collapsed. His wife ran to him and announced that the child had revived. The child is still alive and well—and is a living testimony of Maharaj Ji’s power and love.
I was among one of the first batches of initiates of the Master. In the first half of 1949, when I was seventeen years old, I decided to go in for Naam. I told myself that if there was no Supreme Being I would lose nothing; and if there was one I would be the beneficiary.

The Master, one was told, takes care of all our burdens and does not leave us till the end of the world and beyond. But why Maharaj Kirpal Singh for a Guru? My father who had searched far and wide, assured me this was the highest path. He himself was an initiate of Baba Sawan Singh and was now helping with the Master’s Mission at Delhi.

As for myself, I saw nothing special in the Master. To me He seemed to be a human being just like anyone of us who had received parshad or some gift from his Master and had started distributing it to others.

After initiation I hardly ever sat down for meditation with the full confidence that whatever we may do the Master never deserts His disciples.

And so the years rolled by. I completed my education, got a good job, settled in marriage, and had children. Though I was in Delhi, it was only occasionally that I would visit Sawan Ashram for His blessings and parshad. Every time I would meet Him, He would inquire about the time I gave for meditation and would sweetly exhort me to give some time to it. I would just nod my head but do nothing about it back home.

The Master lets you have the world to your fill. When the cup breaks with the burden of the world, then you start seeing around you—seeing something more than the mere space enclosed by the cup.

It was in the beginning of 1973 that I finally turned my face towards Him, and behold, I found in Him the Master who is more than a human being, the Father of all mankind, nay God Himself come down on earth in the garb of man to lead us back Home. In fact, I now realized that He had made His mortal frame a perfect instrument for His Will, responding to the call of each one of His disciples, be it in Satsang, at a personal meeting or even while you are working away at your own hearth.

Any amount of praise that I may shower on Him would fall short of His glory and grace. He would not only talk, but also convey His mind to us at a distance through His glances and loving looks, as if He had established a deep rapport with each one of us and had the welfare of each one at heart.

Seeing His glory, my only regret was that I had come to Him, in the real sense of the term, rather late. He had entered the evening of His life and would keep ailing. Something in me told me that He would not be with us for long.
Still it was a great blessing to have begun to perceive first hand His Godliness. When I got the news of His passing away on the evening of 21st August, 1974, it did not shake me; it was as if the foreseen event had come about in due course of time. It is only now that I miss His presence. But whenever I am miserable, He sends feelers and reassures me that He is always with me.

And so my experiences of Him as the Master range over a period of no more than a year. During this time I started calling on Him once a fortnight. Every time I would go there I would get something unique from Him. What it was cannot be described in words. At best one can only point to a few incidents.

Whenever I had any doubts or any questions He would answer me from within. It quite intrigued me. On a few occasions, I found that something in me other than myself was giving directions and guidance in my day-to-day life.

Whenever I was on the point of making a mistake or a slip, He would come to my rescue. This sense of outside guidance began to bother me. I wondered if I was becoming possessed. Was I being reduced to a puppet through such outside manipulation? I was no longer my own master but someone else had taken over control of me. I was very much perturbed by these happenings.

As usual, I went to see the Master after a few days. While He was going through some papers and talking to someone else, He looked towards me suddenly and said : “He is your servant. He takes no wages and is working for you. Isn’t He a good servant, who works for you without even being asked?” He repeated it a second time, then a third time till it sank home and set at rest all doubts about the nature of my relationship with the Master.

Soon afterwards preparations began for the World Conference on the Unity of Man, which was to coincide with the Master’s birthday. Having witnessed His greatness, it made me wonder why the Master was celebrating His birthday on such a scale, when He should be above such things. This idea kept rankling in my mind.

When I went to the Ashram next, the Master was busy with the preparations and was giving instructions. In between He turned to me and said, as though directly answering my question: “The Sangat wants to celebrate my birthday on a grand scale. After all, what is there in a birthday celebration? It isn’t becoming. So I thought of calling a World Conference on the Unity of Man. This way the sentiments of the Sangat get respected, and it does not sound odd.”

Now when I look back at my association with Him over the last year, He seems to be the Krishna who would tease the gopis and play little pranks with them. He was the Flute Player who had thousands of gopis dancing around Him whom He enchanted with the music of His eyes.

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Providential Help
Ajit Singh Mehta

In 1947 India was torn with Hindu-Muslim riots; my wife and I were at Lahore station waiting for a train to the Dera. My little girl wanted to urinate, so my wife took her a short distance outside the platform. Two young Muslims holding daggers suddenly came rushing at them. My wife was terrified, thought of Hazur, and called out, “Maharaj Ji—Maharaj Ji!” At once the two men drew back alarmed, saying, “Who are these Sikh gentlemen—where have they come from?” And they ran off. Hazur and Sant Kirpal Singh Ji had manifested that moment. My wife came back just as the train was arriving and did not say a word about what happened. But later when we met Sant Kirpal Singh Ji at Beas, He asked, “Any news?” My wife deliberately avoided mentioning the incident. But He said, “What happened at the station?” My wife then said, “What You have done has happened.” He then replied, “It was Hazur who saved you from the clutches of those people!” He said this, but we knew He too had manifested to help us also—and this was before He became the Master.

In 1958 I was cycling down a steep descent in New Delhi. Suddenly the fork of the front wheel broke. Although I was going at a terrific speed and was flung to the ground, I felt like a child who was falling asleep in his mother’s lap and she was laying him gently on a bed so as not to disturb him. But when I looked up I found the cycle was broken in two, and I had a miraculous escape without even being scratched. A few days later I had the chance to tell all this to Maharaj Kirpal Singh at Sawan Ashram. He said, “This is why I tell you people to do your spiritual practices regularly. If you had been regular, you would have seen with your own eyes how Hazur helps His initiates.”

At the Lotus Feet of the Beloved
Brij Mohan Sharma

Since the age of six I was very fond of spirituality, and I used to get members of my family to tell me stories about Lord Krishna and Lord Rama. When I grew up I became a business-man. In 1952 when I was thirty-three years old there was a great crisis in my life; I knew I had to find God—I could not rest until I found Him. My wife became worried that I would leave home. In October of that year, one day at five in the afternoon I told my wife that I was going to see a Saint.

I may mention here that since my childhood I used to hear an inner voice guiding me and telling me what to do—for instance it would give warnings of accidents or of a snake in my path. Somebody would catch my hand and lead me out of danger. So on this day I heard the same voice which said, “Today let us go to see a Saint.”

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I reassured my wife that I would be back soon, but that I didn’t know where I had to go. The voice directed me until I found myself standing in front of a gate. There I could read a notice saying that the place was called Sawan Ashram. I remember thinking, “This is a very nice name.” So I walked in. In those days Master’s house was very small and there were only a few buildings in the Ashram. I asked someone if there was a Saint living there. He said, “Yes, go upstairs.”

When I went upstairs, I saw twenty to thirty people sitting in meditation, and also saw an impressive figure sitting in front of them whom I took to be the Master. I also sat down in meditation, but after a few minutes I opened my eyes and saw that the Master was still sitting there, but He was not speaking. I thought that as soon as He spoke I would talk to Him. After ten minutes someone came and put his hand on my shoulder and asked, “Will you do some service?” I was very happy to be asked—here I was, a new person and they were asking me to give service!

After it was finished, I returned to the roof, but I found that the Saint had gone. I asked the people there, “Where is the Saint who was sitting here?” But they told me He had not been there at all. At that moment I saw green, red and white Light circling the people sitting in meditation. Then I thought there must be something here, so I asked, “Where is the Master?” They told me He was standing in the compound. There I found Sant Kirpal Singh talking to a lady about her meditations. When He finished He came straight over to me and said, “Well, you have come.” As soon as He uttered these words, my whole body was charged with Light and filled with happiness. I knew at once He was a great man.

Then we sat down face to face, and He asked me why I had come. I replied that I had come to have bhakti—the loving devotion which leads to union with God. “I’ve got father, mother, wife, children, shop, house but I am not yet satisfied—today I’ve come for bhakti.”

He said that I should first grasp the theory, then I could have it. But I replied, “No, no. I want it right now.” He again insisted that I should grasp the theory and attend Satsang. But I again refused. I then told Him that I wanted to talk to the Master who had been sitting on the roof. He sent for a photograph and asked me if this was the person I’d seen? When I replied that it was, He told me. “This is my Master Baba Sawan Singh Ji Maharaj. He left the physical body four years ago but He is still working—I am an empty pipe and whatever water He sends I give out.”

The people around the Master then said, “Why don’t You give him something?” I also asked again with folded hands for inner experience. He replied, “All right, come tomorrow morning.”

The next day the Master was holding initiation. I remember when I arrived Tai Ji was standing in the doorway and she told me to go inside. Master was lying on a bed. He looked towards me and His eyes were full of red Light. He said, “Have you got faith?” I said, “Yes.” He then told me to go outside and sit in the veranda. There were about forty people there, so I took my place in the men’s row.
When the Master came out He gave us the theory; afterwards He put us into meditation. I had a very good inner experience of Light and Sound.

For many years I had been giving two and a half hours each day to the worship of Lord Krishna and Lord Rama. As the Master had told us to do two and a half hours meditation this meant that I began giving five hours each day to my spiritual practices. As I had not attended a Satsang I was not aware that there was no need to carry on with my former practices. After nine days I suddenly heard the bell ringing so strong that I thought the whole of Delhi had gone mad—ding-dong, ding-dong! But then I remembered that the Master had said that the bell Sound was one of the highest—so I started jumping about and dancing. When I went to bed I completely left the body—Master was taking me by the hand just like a father taking a five year old child. He showed me the higher planes and the deities whom I was worshipping. The next morning I collected all my idols of brass, went to the Ashram and cast them into the well.

From then on I started attending Satsang—in fact I went twice a day as the Master gave meditation sittings morning and evening. This went on for three months. Then one day I asked the Master if He could give me more inner experience. He laughed and said, “Come tomorrow.”

I may mention here that from the very first day I was never prevented from entering the Master’s house, even when He was sleeping or eating—I was being brought up just like a baby. So the next day when I arrived the Master took me to the meditation room, and put me into meditation which lasted five hours. After that I told the Master I wished to give up my worldly life and leave my business, but He was very insistent that I should carry on with my obligations in the world.

After another three months I again begged the Master to give me more. He put His hand on my shoulder, and He said, “You are like a sheep bleating ‘Baa-baa’.” The result was that whereas up to then I had enjoyed up to five hours continuously in oceans of Light, then I became like other people and the Light only lasted for fifteen to twenty minutes—the pot was not ready.

People used to complain that I was always telling my inner experiences. Well, it all started one day when Master told me to take two men with me in the car to see Him at Rajpur, and He whispered in my ear that I should make them happy. So all the way I told them my inner experiences. I used to see showers, heavy showers and flowers of Light and Master sitting on the moon. There were rows of suns, thousands of suns. Once on this plane I saw Baba Sawan Singh showering His love on many satsangis, and I thought, ‘Oh, He’s not coming to me.’ But as soon as I had this thought, He came towards me, embraced me, but as He was doing this He changed into Baba Jaimal Singh.
Two months after I was initiated I saw Swami Ji, but when Master asked me what I had seen, I said I had seen Lord Krishna. Master laughed and laughed but it wasn’t until I went back to my house that I saw a picture of Swami Ji and I knew then whom I had seen.

The Third Unity of Man Conference was held in Calcutta and Master was extremely ill. I remember we were staying up on the third floor and Master could not even move one step. On the fourth day Muni Sushil Kumar came up to see the Master and said, “The Conference is a failure, all is lost. The Buddhists refuse to agree to the final resolutions because they will not agree to ‘God’ being mentioned in it. What can be done?” Master said, “Don’t worry, I will come tomorrow.” But the next day the doctor said that if the Master left the room He would collapse. Master insisted, so He was carried all the way down in a chair. Before He went on to the stage the doctor said, “You are extremely sick, please speak slowly.” But the Master asked the doctor to examine Him again. The doctor did so and said, “Oh, you are perfectly all right, totally all right.”

Master walked on to the platform and spoke for one hour. At the end all the problems were solved and everyone signed the resolutions. But when He got back to His room, Master became so ill again that the poor doctor said, “I don’t know who you are—one minute you are seriously ill, the next perfectly well, and then seriously ill again. Please excuse me, but I see that I am unable to help you.”
According to my experience this much I can say, the Master used to take over the illnesses of others. Once I was with Him at Rahon. He was to give initiation to about one hundred people. He had refused three people, but someone in the Sangat there begged that they should also be included. Master allowed them in again and all were given Naam. Master was already unwell, but the next day Master told me He would now have to be ill for another three days. From this I realized we should never press the Master to give initiation to people He rejects.

One day when Master was out, two ladies came to the Ashram. I spoke with them and they told me they wished to see the Master and to have initiation. I told them that if they came back next day the Master would surely see them and give them initiation. After Master got back that evening, I was with Him; there were several people in the room, and I was massaging Him. Suddenly He sat up and said, “I cannot give initiation to those two people!” No one in the room except me knew what He meant. When those two ladies came again next day I had to tell them the Master could not see them. The Master alone knows who is acceptable for initiation.

In the early days Master hardly ever refused anyone initiation. But later on when He saw so many take it and not do the practices He became more strict. He would just tell them to continue coming to Satsang. If anyone, however, told the Master he had seen Hazur inside, He was so overjoyed, He would say, “How can I refuse you Naam? All right, please sit down.”
One day an old man named Mehr Chand came to see the Master; he requested financial help. The Master told him that since He had recently retired from Service and was now living on His pension it would be unfair for him to continue demanding the stipend the Master had been allowing him up to then. The old man was adamant and would not budge without getting his share. The Master then gave him Rs. 100, and told him to start some small business so that he could stand on his own feet. After this man had left I was told the following story.

Mehr Chand was at one time an affluent person living at Lahore. In the early forties he attended a Satsang of Maharaj Kirpal Singh Ji which prompted him to ask for initiation from Hazur Baba Sawan Singh. After initiation, the process of winding up his past karmas ensued, and within a few years he lost all his wealth and became a pauper. He was very much perturbed over his fate, and started drifting away from the Path, so much so, that he
not only stopped attending Satsang and practicing meditation, but chose to seek help from a Muslim mystic who was known to bestow worldly bounties. Mehr Chand narrated his tale of woe to this Muslim Darvesh and pleaded for his help. The Darvesh asked him to come on the following day as he would ask his ascended Master for a boon during the night in meditation. This Darvesh met his Master in meditation and put forward Mehr Chand’s plea. But he was told it was not possible for them to help Mehr Chand as he had been initiated by Hazur Baba Sawan Singh who was the Emperor of all Darveshes. This was a stunning blow for Mehr Chand. He was then struck by the spiritual magnitude of Hazur and his own infidelity to Him. He wept bitterly and came back dejected. His abject poverty had become unbearable and he decided to take his own life and that of his wife and children also; he bought some poison, planning to finish off the whole family at midnight.

On this day Maharaj Kirpal Singh reached home very late, having delivered Satsang in the evening. The first thing He did was to ask for any money which was available at home. His wife immediately handed over about Rs. 200. The Master hurried to the house of Mehr Chand. The poor man was all in tears. The compassionate Master consoled him and handed over the money to tide him over the situation, and told him never to think of suicide again. From this day onwards the Beloved Master had rendered him financial help every month, and sustained this family until Partition in 1947.

The rare distinction of Maharaj Kirpal Singh Ji as compared to the ascended Masters was that He stressed the importance of personal inner experience of divine Light and Sound Principles at the time of initiation. As a matter of fact most of His initiates are still not fully aware of the significance of this boon. The human body is given to us through the grace of God, and it is due to the evolution of some noble karma of our past lives that a yearning has sprouted in our hearts for taking up the Holy Path. It is the rare grace of the Master that He accepts us for initiation into the Mysteries of the Beyond. Holy initiation granted by a Perfect Master is the first step towards spiritual grandeur and beatitude. It is an injection of cosmic consciousness into the spirit of the seeker. This is the visa for the soul to travel ultimately in the astral, causal and higher planes under the protective guidance of the Master. This is in reality the imparting of His personal life impulse for burning the past karma stored since ages untold and unaccounted for. It liberates us from bondage in the cycle of birth and death, enabling us finally to merge with the Father in our True Home.

When Maharaj Ji was at Meerut giving a mass initiation in the early fifties, there was a man present who had come purposely to test the competency of the Master. After the initiation sitting, the Master inquired, as He usually did, about the inner experiences had by everyone there. When this man’s turn came, he said that he had not received Light or Sound. The Master of course knew that he was lying. He told him that he should give a fair trial to his meditations which would enable him to have inner contact within a few days. It was explained to him that if he insisted on being taken up it would be very hard for him to undergo the strain of forcible withdrawal. But he did not agree.
Maharaj Ji then told him to look into His eyes and sit for meditation as explained earlier, and the man was immediately withdrawn out of his physical body and fell senseless to the ground. He remained in this state for about two hours. The Master called a doctor to test his physical condition, and it was found that his heartbeat had slowed considerably but that the prana currents were all right. Later, when the Master brought him back, he fell at His Holy Feet and begged forgiveness for his obstinacy. He said that when the sensory currents were withdrawn from body consciousness he felt as if a million flashes of lightning had struck him—it was a horrible experience of death in life. This man lived for a few months and then left this world.

While the Master was on tour in Western India, several persons came for holy initiation and sat in a big hail. It was usual that before their names were taken down the Beloved Master would come to see them to make sure they were ready for initiation. When He came, He stopped in front of an outwardly quite impressive person belonging to a middle-class family; He told him that he should wait for some time, and that he would be considered for initiation later on. This was a great surprise for us all, and of course that man was very sad to hear the decision of the Master. Afterwards, the Master told us that this man was not ready for initiation as he had not earned enough good karma to qualify him for holy initiation. This judgment is reserved for the Master Who alone can see the seal on the forehead of humans, which entitles them to initiation.
Part 3

The 1950’s
How Lord Shiva Directed Me to the Master
Ram Sewak Sharma

To begin with I was a devotee of Lord Shiva and for five or six years I continued to be a great devotee of his. I then went into the jungle, and for three days I was without food or water, lost in inner practices.

Lord Shiva

This was in the Badiargarh district. During my meditations there Lord Shiva manifested himself, and said I needed a guru and directed me to Sant Kirpal Singh. This was in the year 1955, and I was twenty-four years old at the time.

After this I proceeded to Sawan Ashram. When I got there and sat for meditation I saw the form of Maharaj Ji, and behind Him stood Lord Shiva; he told me that Maharaj Ji was to be my Guru. I then requested Maharaj Ji for initiation, and He asked me to come two days later at the start of the month when it was initiation day.

At the initiation after Maharaj Ji had given me the five charged Names, when I sat for meditation Baba Sawan Singh appeared within and told me that Kirpal Singh was of His very essence and that He was working through Him.

Lord Shiva too appeared and took my hand and entrusted me to the care of Maharaj Ji. I was also blessed with a rich experience of the inner planes.

When I related my experiences to the Master He patted me and congratulated me for being thus blessed. “You have got all that you could have wished for,” He said. In those days I could see the Master bathed in light before me wherever I was.

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The Abundance of Love
B. N. Mehta

I was initiated at the age of sixteen by Baba Bagga Singh of Tarn Taran who was an initiate of Baba Jaimal Singh. I did not fully grasp the theory which he taught, I only remembered the mantra which he gave me. I was God-fearing from a very early age and I had great regard for all saints.

I heard about Sant Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj through my mother who used to attend His Satsangs; she pressed me to go also, but I avoided it.

I can never forget my first meeting with the Master—it was in 1952. I was standing near our house, and the Master came walking by with some other people. When we passed each other I immediately knew that He was Sant Kirpal Singh although I had never seen Him before. We stood and stared at each other; that look I can never forget. It was that look which brought me to His Holy Feet—although I did not go to Him until three years later.

I used to go to the office on a bicycle, and I used to pass close to Sawan Ashram. One day my bicycle somehow turned into the Ashram; I don’t know how it happened. There was a gathering of people, and Master was on the dais; at that time I was not much impressed, and I soon left. After a week my bicycle took me there again, I was drawn into the Ashram. On that day the Master was not feeling well and the Sangat was listening to a tape recording of one of His discourses—the Master was inside His house. I felt critical that the Sangat was outside and the Master was inside His house, so again I went away. But on the next visit I stayed for a longer time; I received something, some pleasure, something which I can’t describe—indeed nobody can describe what that pleasure is. Immediately after that Satsang it was announced that the Master was leaving for His first foreign tour and would be away for six or seven months. It was also announced that He would give initiation on the following day.

I felt the next six months would be a very difficult time for me unless I had been initiated, so I felt the greatest need for initiation. I asked my wife if she was ready for it, and although she said she was not, both of us went next morning to the Ashram.

We didn’t know the rules of the Ashram, we just sat under a tree about fifty feet from the Master’s house; we were alone, all the other people were standing by the gate of the Master’s house waiting for Him to come out. When the Master came out He immediately came to us without talking to anyone else. We were so astonished, we had never met Him before, and here He was coming directly to us!

We folded our hands in respect, Master asked us, “You have come?” I said, “Yes.” I was so very pleased — so astonished. He then asked, “Why have you come? For initiation? All
right, come along.” So we sat for initiation, and with His blessing both of us had a good experience; our spiritual life started from that day.

I began going to the Ashram every day; I enjoyed it because at that time the Sangat was so full of love, everyone would talk about the Master during His absence. I felt the Master was showering love towards me and that “He is my own and I am His.”

Once at Satsang I was sitting just in front of Him—He just looked into my eyes and what I got that day I can never forget; golden rays came from His eyes. He raised me above body-consciousness and I saw beams of golden Light.

Before my wife died in 1963, Master very clearly told me, “She is leaving. You are not to worry about her soul, I’ll take care of it.” He saved me from any sorrow and grief.

The morning we took her mortal remains to the cremation place the Master was holding initiation at the Ashram. I sent Him a message and He just kept silent for a few moments. In the evening He came to my house. My children were so very sad, they were crying. The Master told us, “Although I was in the initiation hall this morning I was also with you at the cremation place.” These are words which I can never forget—“I was with you there.” How much love He gave me at that time!

Then He brought me closer to His Holy Feet; He gave me some seva, construction work, and afterwards the general management of the Ashram. Master told me that before I started any work I should always consult Him; He would sometimes scold me if I did anything without getting His permission first.

On one occasion a certain satsangi had repeatedly imposed himself on the Master; the Master had already devoted time to him. Later, when the Master walked out of His house, he tried to stop Him once again. This time the Master decided to ignore him, and He walked on. The satsangi was in great distress and called out, “For the sake of Hazur You must talk to me!”

The moment he mentioned the name of Baba Sawan Singh the Master stopped at once and returned to talk to him. I was standing nearby and afterwards the Master remarked to me that since He had been called in the name of His Guru He had no choice but to stop; such was His reverence for the name of His Master.

Once a young woman came to see the Master. After the usual greetings the Master asked her, “Anything new?” She had nothing to report, so He said again, “Are you sure you have nothing new to tell me?” She then remembered that the day before a centipede had got onto her hand. Master asked her what she had done about it. “I just panicked and cried, ‘Oh Maharaj Ji!’ and tried to shake it off.” “And did it come off?” the Master asked, “Oh Maharaj Ji, it came right off through Your grace.” On hearing this Master looked at her and then at all the satsangis present and said, “Even the insects and animals listen to me—it is only you humans who do not.”
The Master's Blessings
Olga Donenberg

This incident happened to me in July 1954 when I was living in Wilmette, Illinois. It was before I was initiated. I used to meditate, and one day I had a vision. I saw a man all in white with beautiful Light all around Him, and He said, “I'm coming for you. I need you.”

I thought it was my time to go, to leave the body. But I was so filled with the peace and Light that He had been radiating, I wasn't worried. That Light was so bright that it was dazzling, and it stayed with me for a long time.

Exactly one year later, in July 1955, I received a phone call telling me that there was going to be some Master appearing in Chicago. I thanked the person, and I knew I was going. I didn't know anything about the Master, but I went.

As I was waiting for the elevator to take me up to the meeting hall, the door opened and out came Master. I looked in surprise, and I thought here was the vision I had last year. And I rushed up to Him and said, “Master, I saw You.” And He replied, “Yes, I know.” I was dumbfounded, and we went up to the meeting place.

What He said after I can't recall because I had become so enamored of Him, I just felt as though I was in the presence of God. It was a beautiful feeling.

At the end of the meeting, Master thanked us for coming. That overwhelmed me; He just reached the bottom of my soul, every bit of me vibrated.
This meeting had not been advertised and I didn't know anybody who was there, but when I was leaving I heard someone say something about initiation. I thought, what would they be getting initiated into? So I asked when it would take place and I was told it would be held the next day. Then I asked if I would be allowed to attend, and, on being told I could, I went. I didn't know what it was, but I guess I knew I had to have it.

When I arrived I remember looking around; I didn't know a soul there; there were eighty to a hundred people. I had been given a card and just sat on the floor in the hotel room and waited. Well, that's how I took my initiation, but I can tell you what the Master promised, I received. Then I heard that He was going to give a meditation sitting the following day, and as I was greedy, I asked if I could attend, and they said yes.

The next day I sat in a corner, and things became very clear to me: a man with a white beard, wearing a turban came and took me up—such an exhilarating ride I will never forget. This was Baba Sawan Singh, but at the time I did not know. He told me, “Kirpal is my Son, He is the one I have appointed to carry on my work.” I thought to myself, ‘Yes, but He must know this.” But Hazur went on, “I want you to tell Him this.”

After the meditation was over I saw Mr. Khanna who showed me a photograph of the Great Master Baba Sawan Singh so I could then identify who He was. But then I thought to myself, “Kirpal Singh must know He is the Master, He doesn’t need me to tell Him,” and I was preparing to go home. Then I heard Baba Sawan Singh’s voice telling me, “Oh no, you go up and give Him my message!” I felt ridiculous. My mind kept telling me, “But He must know He is the Master.” Anyway although I felt foolish I did go to His room, knocked on the door, and said, “I have a message.” He was so gracious, He let me come in and I told Him that His Master had taken me on an exhilarating ride and had told me, “He is my Beloved Son,” and that Hazur appointed Him to carry on the work.

And you know what He did? He thanked me. I almost fainted. Later on I realized why I had been given this experience and the full story.

So that is the story of my first physical meeting with Master Kirpal Singh, and the meeting with Sawan Singh. And since then I could not differentiate between them; They had become one, inside and outside.
As I Saw The Beloved Master
Dona G. Kelley

Just as a diamond’s many facets are needed to produce its brilliance, so was Master Kirpal a Spiritual Gem, whose many “facets” delighted all who knew Him. One outstanding facet was His sense of humor.

When He stayed at my home for several days during His 1955 tour, He would question all of us, after the morning meditation, as to what we saw inside. One elderly lady said, “I saw Your bare foot, Master.” “Did you see my foot, inside?” Master asked. “Oh no, Master, I saw it outside.” Master rocked with laughter. “Any child could have seen that,” He said.

When He was at Anaheim during His 1972 tour, morning meditation was held upstairs in the Disneyland Hotel. Ordinarily, all of the elderly satsangis would ride the elevator up to the big hall. On this particular morning, the elevator broke down, so we had to walk up two long flights of stairway. As I was struggling upward, hugging the rail, Master came along. “All right Dona, hop on my back and I will carry you up.”

During His 1963 tour, Master was returning from Baldwin, Michigan, to Chicago, Illinois. En route, our motorcade stopped for lunch along Lake Michigan. It was a hot day, and most of us took off our shoes and went wading along the shoreline. Suddenly, we saw Master, His white pajamas rolled up to the knees, wading in the chilly water. He was enjoying Himself with the abandon of a child—not one iota of false “dignity” in His make-up.

Of course, His outstanding characteristic was Love. Like Jesus, He loved all children—He showered Love upon all children who came near Him.

It is not too much to say that He was Love personified. Who among His satsangis can ever forget His admonition, “Love, and everything shall be added unto you?”
I count it as the greatest blessing of my life to have had the privilege of serving Him for almost twenty-six years. I regard Him as my Brother, the Holy Son of my Master, Sawan Singh Ji.

I could have said much more about His radiant personality but the Chinese say, “In many words, there is much confusion.” I could, for instance, have spoken of His joyousness, His rippling laughter, His erect, graceful carriage—He walked like the King that He was. However, words have their limitations—it is enough to know that He will live forever in our hearts.

Hazur Baba Sawan Singh
Part 4

The 60’s
The Merciful Lord
Sushila Mehta

Merciful Master Kirpal Singh was all compassion, so much so that He would willingly take upon Himself even the sins of others.

I had been married for quite some time. We had five children. It was a horrifying thought to have any more when in 1943 I felt that I was in the family way again. I was extremely miserable.

With the consent of my husband I took some special medicine. It had its effect, and I miscarried. But for one full year I suffered terribly from the consequences of this miscarriage. I think I had to pay very dearly for this misdeed.

Two years later I had the good fortune to get initiated by Hazur Baba Sawan Singh Ji Maharaj. A couple of years after, the country was partitioned and my husband was transferred to Delhi.

It was in 1960 that I went to attend Satsang at Sawan Ashram. A devotee was giving the Satsang, and Master Kirpal Singh Ji was sitting on the dias beside him. In the course of the Satsang the gentleman explained that if any woman had an abortion by operation or otherwise, the Master would not at the time of her death come to receive her soul for taking to higher regions.

Hearing this I was dumb-founded and greatly upset; along with my husband, I called on the Master. With tears in my eyes I asked what would happen to me for this foolish act committed seventeen years before.

The merciful Master looked at me and consoled me saying, “I take that sin on myself, you should not have any such thought while meditating.”

I felt relieved at once, and expressed my sincere gratitude to the Merciful Lord.
Perfection in All its Aspects
Ram Prakash Bahi

I was initiated by the Master at Sawan Ashram in May 1964. At the time of initiation, He put to me a direct question, “Have you understood the teachings and are you convinced that this is the right Path?” With all humility I replied, “Yes,” and I was accepted and the dream of a lifetime was fulfilled.

From the day of initiation, I began working hard on the Path by putting in regular time for meditation, maintaining the self-introspection diary and attending Satsang. All this resulted in abundant and bountiful grace of the Master in all spheres of my life. My meditations were fruitful and I was blessed with wonderful visions, especially of the past Masters. That was all in the beginning of my spiritual career, but now the effort has somewhat slackened with the passage of time—though not the grace.

In my family, I was the first to be initiated. Subsequently, Master’s grace was extended to other members as well, thus creating a congenial environment for me to pursue the Path.

After initiation I had a great longing for selfless service in the vineyard of the Master, preferably for some literary work or help with the Master’s correspondence. I did not get an opportunity for a long, long time. But when the opportune moment came, there was a call from the Master Himself at Satsang: “Some educated person is wanted who can give an English rendering of my Satsang talks.”

This was in 1968 when the English Sat Sandesh was being started in India, and with His grace, I could begin to fulfill my dream of seva. Two years later when the magazine began being published in America, I was asked to help with the correspondence work.

He could be amazingly frank and direct when answering satsangis about their problems. Once a person complained about his own ill health, and the Master straight away replied, “Observe brahmacharya (continence) and everything will be all right!” He would not mince His words and would repeatedly warn those around Him against the materialism of the world. “Wherever you go you will only find business,” He would say. “No truth, no reality, and no spirituality. There is only vested interest.”

If anyone was in the grip of suffering or had suffered some misfortune, the Master was there to give His ineffable sympathy. Once a satsangi came to the Ashram with four sons suffering from polio. His eyes were overflowing with tears, and the Master in His graciousness gave him great consolation and massaged the legs of his children as if to tone down the severity of their past karmas.
I remember a lady suffering from terrible body pains praying to the Master for relief. The Master smiled and said, “The elephant was gone through and now only the tail remains”—and it was not long after that the lady died.

But for all His gentleness and compassion, the Master could be stern and firm when the situation demanded. He would reprimand initiates who would give various excuses for not getting on with their holy meditations. Once a lady, giving such excuses, said to the Master, “It is perhaps the Higher Will that we are not in a position to do Simran and Bhajan.” The Master immediately retorted: “Please do not deceive yourself. It is the will of your treacherous mind, and not the Master’s. He always wishes the satsangis to progress on the Way by putting in all their efforts.”

He Knew Everything
Carmen Uribe

Our Beloved Master Sant Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj visited Chicago on His second World Tour in 1963. He stayed at the Hamilton Hotel which was completely crowded.

Master was inside His suite; the crowd was outside waiting to see Him. All of a sudden, a young lady arrived sobbing and asking who could speak Spanish (this lady was from Monterrey City, Mexico). When I met her to find out what she wanted, she asked me, “Where is the Saint, where is the Saint?” I pointed to Master’s room. Then in great desperation, she asked me to tell Master about her grandmother who was dying in Monterrey, saying that she had nobody else in this world and did not want her to die. Approximately thirty minutes passed before Master came out. That place got more and more crowded every second which made it most difficult to approach our Beloved. When at last He came out, I tried to get close to Him, but before I could, He came to me and touched my shoulder saying, “TELL HER NOTHING WILL HAPPEN TO HER GRANDMA.”

I was astonished, for I thought that Master did not know anything about that crying lady and her grandmother. I thought He didn’t know, but He knew everything.

In 1967 my hand broke in many places in a traffic accident. When I went to see the doctor, he took an x-ray of my hand and told me that I had to wear a cast for four or five months. There was also a big possibility of an operation. Once he placed the cast, I did not feel any pain and even doubted if it was broken.

About one week had passed after my accident when I had our Beloved in a vision. I saw Him in an almost empty room sitting on a chair behind a small wooden table. I rushed to meet Him and He looked at my broken hand inquiring with His loving eyes what had happened. Then I answered, “It has been broken.”
He glanced at my hand with a compassionate look and touched the cast with His Holy fingers...the cast fell down into many pieces. I then shook my hand out of the cast, and said to Him, “Look, Master, look! My hand is healed and doesn’t hurt at all! I’m going to tell them You are here.”

He just looked at me very lovingly again, and I left the place. When I woke up, the cast was still on my hand, but I had not even the minimum pain. That same month I went to see the doctor several times to tell him that my hand was all right, that I had no pain at all, and to take the cast off. The doctor took another x-ray and said, “What is this? I can’t believe it. I was sure you were going to lose your hand! Only a month, and your hand doesn’t need any more treatment. This is a miracle!” The doctor didn’t know anything about the Master, but Master knew everything about that doctor and everyone else.

**The Great Experience**

Raj Kumar Jain

I was devoted to spirituality from the very first. By birth, by education and by inclination, my sanskaras—my tendencies due to impressions from past lives—were such that they drew me in this direction.

A man who seeks the spiritual goal overcomes worldly attachments and lives for the welfare and good of others, and not for his own. Existing thus, he moves progressively towards his chosen goal.

Bearing this idea in mind, I studied over the years the lives of some three or four hundred sages, seers, and men of achievement. On the philosophical side as well, I had made an extensive study of all the major religions. But while I could understand what I was studying, I could not quite grasp the level at which each sage spoke. In my heart of hearts I wished that I too could attain to their level.

I first met Maharaj Kirpal Singh Ji on 20th February 1967, when He visited Indore. As we sat there, the Master asked me if I had made any study of spirituality. I answered that I had read the Gita, the Ramayana, the Jain Scriptures, and Vedanta—anything, in fact, I could lay hold of in the field of religion.

At this point my wife asked the Master about the secret of stilling the mind. The Master questioned her if she had had Naam. We had not even heard of the word and did not know what it meant. The Master then asked us to attend some of His Satsangs and two days later, offered to initiate us.

When the morning for the initiation day arrived, my wife got up and began preparing to go to the Master. As for myself, a doubt crept into my mind: I asked myself if one really needed
to go to a Guru? Whatever is there is within us and what can another person give us from without? I had no desire for initiation, but my wife insisted that I accompany her because she was going early in the morning to an unknown North Indian Mahatma and she did not want people in our neighborhood gossiping.

And so I went, and having gone, sat for initiation. I had some experience, both of Sound and of Light but argued to myself that the Sound could well be that of my blood circulating, and as for Light—having lived a clean and honest existence, why should there be any darkness within me?

The initiation proceedings carried on till after midday. Langar (free food) was ready when things were over and we were asked to stay: “The Master has blessed the food and you must partake of it,” we were repeatedly told. But we did not understand such things then and we left as we avoided eating out. We did not even take the parshad that the Master was giving. On returning home we had our food and at nightfall I turned in.

Next morning, according to the Master’s instructions, I sat for awhile in meditation and had some experience of Light. Thereafter, as was customary with me each morning, I went to my temple. I did not have to go outdoors as I had a small shrine in my own place. There I would worship the idols of our deities and recite traditional mantras.

On that morning however, as I stepped in, the idols were no longer there; in their place I could only see the Master. As for the mantras, they blanked out from my mind; and the only mantra I could recite was the five charged Names that the Master had given me at initiation.

When I came back to my room, to my astonishment, when I closed my eyes the Master stood at the center between them. When I opened my eyes He was still there at the seat of the soul. Whatever I did He was there; my eyes filled with tears and I wept copiously. In fact for the next seven days it was always the same. Whether I closed my eyes or opened them, I could only see the Master and I could only weep.

After the first of these days my wife remarked that I had missed going to Court the previous day and she urged me to get ready for going to work that day. I answered that I was in a state in which I could not go—“You dragged me to the Sardar Sahib, and now I only see Him and nothing else. I cannot help my tears. So what am I to do?”

We decided to visit an old satsangi of Maharaj Ji, and when he learnt of my condition he turned to my wife and told her that I was blessed. “Only a vessel of gold can hold the milk of a lioness,” he remarked using an Indian idiom, “and the Master has dyed you in His color on the very first occasion!”

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He advised me to keep repeating the five charged Names. They had great potency in stilling the mind. I followed his advice and I had a strange experience of happiness and bliss. All these years I had been reading about spirituality, and now at last I was getting some taste of it.

My wife however, thought that the Master from the north had cast a spell upon me. Why was it that I saw Him and nothing else? I was preparing for my Master of Laws examination, but could no longer pursue my studies. It was a difficult examination, and all my preparations stood in abeyance. I finally wrote to the Master telling Him of my problem, but got no reply.

Some satsangis advised us to go to see Him. “He who has given the malady is best equipped to grant the cure,” they said. And so we came to Delhi and stayed there for almost a month.

At our first meeting we were with the Master for half an hour and He poured out so much love—love for which my soul had been thirsting for so many lives, that my bliss was ineffable. I told my wife, “Whoever this white-clad Mahatma may be, He is surely a living embodiment of love!”

During the month we were there, we got the overwhelming impression that the Master carried with Him all the treasures of spirituality and was moving about among us to distribute them in abundance—but alas, we were unwilling to receive of His bounty.

While we were with the Master, He advised us to give the maximum amount of time to Bhajan. I did not even understand what Bhajan was. He explained that whatever you saw in this world was mere dust and that we must turn our attention away from it and focus between the eyes. Concentrating our attention thus we should intermittently engage in Simran, and this would help us move from the finite to the infinite. This is a lesson I have been endeavoring to follow ever since—and this not merely when I sit for meditation, but at all hours of the day.
I am very grateful to my Beloved Master Sant Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj for accepting this soul at His Lotus Feet and initiating me into the mysteries of the Beyond. Since I came into the fold of the Master I have received immeasurable inner and outer guidance which cannot be put into words, as the Grace of the Master is beyond human description.

I was at Sawan Ashram for the April Bhandara in 1967. I had attended every Satsang for two days and listened to discourses given by the Master, religious heads and holy men. I knew I was blessed to be there, but I was just one among many thousands, at the back of this great gathering. I had an intense longing to come closer to the Master and have His darshan. I became miserable in body and soul because I was so far away from Him.

On the evening of April 2nd, knowing He would visit the langar to bless the food, I placed myself in His path. I stood there dejected and hopeless. After some time, the Master came out of His house; He walked through the crowd with folded hands, looking at the people on either side. He passed the very place where I was standing, but did not look at me; my courage all ebbed away.

Suddenly, after He had gone a little distance beyond me, I cried out in desperation; “Maharaji! I am so sad and miserable.”

The Master immediately turned back. He came to me and embraced me and looked into my eyes for a couple of seconds. He said, “Tell me what is the matter.”

In those brief seconds He lifted me out of myself—I was lifted so high and experienced such bliss that I cannot describe it in words. It was not because the Master touched me or talked to me for a few seconds, it was because He filled my inner being with so much Divine Grace that it overflowed from my body and my soul. I became as happy as if a dying tree had burst forth into blossoms.

The love of the Master overflowed my body and soul for a very long time afterwards. I am too small to know and to contain the Grace of the Master.
Part 5

The 1970’s
The Beloved Master Never Left Us
Robert Gildener

I am twenty-eight years old and have been an initiate of Great Master Kirpal Singh Ji since 1970. After our Beloved Master’s departure for His Home Eternal in August 1974, I, like all of Master’s children round the world, experienced deep pain and grief. Although I kept up my worldly duties and job, my heart was not in it. Life for me had become a hollow nothing.

On August 27, 1974, I started for lunch from my job at about noon. It was my custom to drive a car to a grocery store, buy some food there and then return to work. However, I do not remember going through this usual routine on this day. It seems on this day Master took me above my normal body consciousness while I acted out my usual luncheon routine.

During my ride to the store, my car was struck by another car going about sixty miles per hour. In the impact of the collision, my head struck the dashboard of the car full force, resulting in a severe open cut on the head and a concussion. Now, although I have no conscious recollection of the accident and was not in control of my outer faculties, by Master’s grace I managed to get myself out of the car and lay myself on the nearby sidewalk. I am told that I told some ladies attending me, “God bless you, thank you.” I now wonder in amazement at the power of the Master which controls one’s outer personality in situations like these.

Later in the hospital I received twenty-four stitches on the head wound I suffered. One sister and two brothers came to the hospital. They told me that during the operation I seemed to be in quite an ecstatic state, singing bhajans, quoting Master’s sayings to the doctor, and alternately sadly asking if it was indeed true that our Beloved Master had left us.

Again, during this period of time I was functioning in another state of consciousness which only Master would understand, for I have only vague recollections of saying anything or of the operation itself. My first strong memories and resumption of normal consciousness came, after the operation in a room at the hospital. There my smiling sister and brothers helped me “go jolly”.

Night fell and I found myself alone in the room. I did Simran and the Sound Current was clear to me. Master’s grace was all around. Yet somehow I kept thinking that if Master was gone, I too should die.

Then as I gazed at the open doorway of my room a beautiful white Light began forming there. The Light sped up; and lo! in its center appeared the physical form of our Beloved Master, in His usual black topcoat and vest and white pajama pants. He smiled a most wondrous and mysterious smile. Yet I must confess I became restless with joy at His appearance and within five seconds He disappeared.

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I bowed my head in thanks, and was now truly happy and peaceful. I had seen with my own eyes that our Beloved Master had never left us. He was still with us in the Form we knew if He so chose, and His protecting hands still guarded us from the sting of our own sufferings.

Sweet Stories About The Master
Michael Grayson

I would like to share some wondrous anecdotes of the Beloved Master’s Love, Light and Life this unworthy one has experienced in His Presence.

Beloved Master was so great, so magnificent; little by little He graciously revealed to us more and more of His divine personality.

One time we were walking along in the foothills of the Himalayas, Master was so very gracious— radiating the Divine Love like anything. The dear ones there were so intoxicated they could be seen kissing the ground and hugging trees due to seeing that Divine Love permeating everywhere. Someone came running up to the Master, “Oh Master, it’s such a wonderful job you are doing—there is so much love in the air.” Master replied, “I know my own true worth—I’m just a mere pipe. What good is an empty pipe unless something is flowing through it? Unless my Master sends His grace, then?” Just imagine the humility!

The Beloved Master could read our every thought. Sometimes He would let on, sometimes He wouldn’t. One time we were standing near the excavation for the pool of Manav Kendra. It seemed to be at least six to seven feet deep and there was no water in it. Master was telling two dear ones who came to visit all about the work going on at the project. While talking He moved so close to the edge of the Mansarovar that a single inch or so more and He would fall in. Master was still busily talking to the visitors. I thought to myself, “If the Master takes a single step backwards He’ll fall in!” I just thought this. But immediately Master stopped talking to those people and turned around and said to me out loud—“Don’t worry—I can take care of myself.” Then He went right back to talking to those visitors.

Even from hundreds and thousands of miles away the Master knows our every thought, word and deed. And why not! He is right with us, the very life of our life.

One time we were sitting with the Beloved Master. He looked at us and said, “You know, you people don’t know how lucky you are to have a real Master, a true Master, a perfect Master—one who will never leave you nor forsake you till the end of the world.” He told us, “Rest assured, I will take you back Home. Don’t you have any doubt in my words.”

Often times Master would be shedding tears of love. “These are the tears of love for you all,” He would say.
He was always giving us tea, sweets, and food. Usually we were so intoxicated in His love we couldn’t eat. We only wanted to look at Him. On suchlike occasions Master would lovingly look at us and say, “First eat your food—then eat me and drink me!”

When Master would smile or laugh the whole Universe would be bathed in His effulgent joy.

There are so many stories that could be told about how the Master worked for the benefit of His dear children, but it should be pointed out that what appears to be a miracle is in fact a higher law of nature at present unknown to us. Slowly and surely He revealed more and more of Himself.

Here is a story that shows how the Master drew His disciples to Himself, even in the most adverse situations. I was in basic training in the Army and I used to hold regular Satsangs with His grace. Some sergeant or officer would try and get them stopped, but a higher officer would say, “No, let it go on.” One day we were holding Satsang on the third floor of an abandoned building where hardly anyone ever went. And there were about fifteen people present. In the middle of the meeting somebody walked in who we’d never seen before. We were surprised because I hadn’t put up any posters. He walked in and said, “What in the world is going on in here?” I said, “We are telling of the teachings of the Great Living Master Kirpal Singh, how to solve the mystery of life and death, how to know oneself and to know God.” He said, “I have been looking for a Master all my life.” After the meeting was over he came up to me and said, “You’ll never believe how I came to this meeting.” He was walking outside that building during the Satsang and he said all of a sudden he couldn’t take a step further, an uncontrollable power came over him. He had to go up to the third floor of that building and see what was going on. Later he became a strict vegetarian and received initiation.

Meanwhile in his Company there was one of his friends who was very desperate; he hated the Army, and was having marital problems, and he wanted to commit suicide. So my friend thought the best thing would be to take him to Satsang.

Sure enough he came, and we told him there’s hope for everyone and nothing to be disheartened about, and the Master is full of so much love for you and everyone else, no need to worry, relax, and then solve this mystery of life which is the purpose of having the manbody.

He began studying the teachings, and left off the idea of suicide. He became a strict vegetarian right in the Army, which isn’t easy. Then he sent in his application for initiation, and while he was waiting to hear if he’d been accepted or not by the Master he became very skeptical for some reason. Maybe he thought, “Well, perhaps the Master is just a big fraud.”
He came to me one day and said, “This is it, I’m going to commit suicide!” So I said, “Well, before you do anything hasty, there’s just one thing—why don’t you go and sit down in some quiet place and pray with all your heart and soul that the Truth might be revealed to you.” He said, “All right.” And he did it.

He had that one-pointed attention—he was a desperate man, and Master says where all human effort fails prayer succeeds. So he prayed; when he opened his eyes he saw the Radiant Form of the Master standing before him blazing in Light right there in the barracks, smiling at him. So of course he didn’t kill himself, and he got initiated in due course.

Here is another story which tells how the Master draws His own children. Once I met a young couple at the Ashram, and I asked them how they had come and why. They told me they had traveled to India not knowing why, they just had a desire to see what they would see. When they arrived at Bombay, someone handed them a pamphlet about seeing the Divine Light, it didn’t have anything to do with our Master or anyone else in particular. They read it and wondered, “Is there really such a thing as Divine Light?” They sat down and they prayed that if there is Divine Light please show us the way to it.

When they opened their eyes there was the Radiant Form of our Master standing in front of them. He led them all the way from Bombay to Sawan Ashram—a considerable journey! They arrived there and were attending Satsang every day but still hadn’t been initiated. So I said, “Why don’t you ask the Master for initiation?” They replied, “We didn’t know we were supposed to ask—we thought He’d just give it to us.” So that night they asked, and Master said smiling, “Oh, so that’s why you’ve come!”

At one time I remember we were all sitting with the Master in India, and someone told the Master when He was speaking they could see roses coming out of His mouth; another person described the beautiful brilliant aura they could see round the Master’s head; another person told how the Master was just streaming with Light; but still another person said, “Well, all I see is a man with a turban and beard.” Master just smiled through it all. Then He explained that it was all a matter of developing receptivity, and the grace of the Master.

Here is a story about the beautiful Guru-Gurumukh relationship which our Master had with His Master, and to which we should all aspire. Once Hazur was distributing parshad to all the dear ones (parshad is food blessed by the Master). The Indians wear long loose shirts, so they can hold out the bottom like an apron, and Hazur would fill it up. So each disciple was coming up to get his share of the parshad.

When it was the turn of our Master He was more after looking into His Master’s eyes than having the blessed food, because our Master Himself often said all the parshad is already within you, you may eat to your heart’s content. So when He came up to His Master He began steadily looking into Baba Sawan Singh’s eyes. Of course Hazur was looking steadily into His—He was His beloved Gurumukh disciple. So at the same time that they were both steadily looking into each others eyes Hazur kept putting more and more parshad into our
Master’s outstretched shirt. Pretty soon the parshad was just flowing over onto the ground; so all the other disciples, when they saw what was happening, came running up and started gathering up what was spilling over, and Hazur was going right on pouring it into our Master’s lap handful after handful while they were absorbed into each others eyes. Hazur all of a sudden stepped back and surveyed the scene, and He said, “This is how it will be in the future.”

Hazur used to say if you want to see how a Master works, you should watch an initiate die. I know of a case in Mexico where a young lady of about twenty-one years old was initiated. Although her father came to Satsang several times, he did not take initiation. About six months after she’d taken initiation, her father died of cancer. Someone in Mexico said that when this man was dying, Master Kirpal Singh met him on the inside and took him up, even though the man was not initiated. When I heard this story I wrote to Master to ask Him if it was correct, and for permission to tell this to the others. He wrote back, “Yes, it’s due to the grace of the Master that this blessing was extended to the girl’s father.”
Here is another outstanding case of the Master’s mercy and protection. A lady in Kentucky who was a devoted initiate of the Master had a husband who was an alcoholic. She took care of him—I guess he was basically a good man. Once in meditation she saw that Master was in a boat with her husband. The boat was on a golden sea, and Master was taking this man across the sea. So she wrote to Master to ask if this vision was correct, that he would be taken to the other side and never have to reincarnate again?

Master said, (I saw His letter at the time) “Yes, you have interpreted your vision, the inner experience, correctly; because of your devotion, Master’s grace has been extended to your husband—and he will soon pass over.”

And a short time later he did die; she saw a kind of blackness leave his body, and he was met by the Master.

The man who was to be the instrument for me to find the Path lived in Chicago, and was called Earl Fishman. He had a friend called Dr. Schval. I never met this doctor but he seemed to be an advanced person. After I’d gone to live in Mexico I received a letter from Earl saying that Dr. Schval had died. His wife had told Earl the circumstances of his death.

Dr. Schval had seen the Master inside two or three days before he left the body, and the Master told him to prepare his papers because he’d be leaving permanently. So he just told his wife that he’d be leaving and that his will was in order. And he told her, “I want you to sit at the bedside after I leave the body and don’t call the mortician until two or three hours have passed.”

She later came to Earl Fishman and told him that she had done this after her husband died, and after half an hour she was filled with joy. So when the Master came to take the doctor, the radiations were so strong that even the wife was engulfed in peace and bliss.

The group leader in Kingston, Jamaica, told me that when her husband was dying of cancer, just before he left the body—he also was not an initiate—he said, “Your Master and His Master are both in the room here with me.” And then he died a short while later.

There was a man living in Arkansas who was a hermit; he was an initiate. When he died, two initiates in separate parts of Arkansas were meditating and they both saw him going up in a blaze of Light, and he was in ecstasy; Master Kirpal Singh was on one side and Baba Sawan Singh was on the other side.

He said, “Please tell my daughter she should not feel sad. You see how happy I am. Extend my love to her and also to the dear initiates.” Neither of those two realized they’d both seen the same thing until they got together much later.

Mrs. Gordon Hughes was dying round about 1928; she was very thin and weak, and her family had even made preparations for the funeral. But as she hadn’t found what she wanted in life, she wanted to continue living.
She saw this blazing Light in the corner of her room and Hazur appeared and walked through her; she became well again. So she got up and walked down stairs to the amazement of all the family. But when she saw this Light and this Form she was really afraid. She said she didn’t know what it was. After this she started meditating, and she began seeing two Forms—one was Sant Kirpal Singh and the other was Hazur.

And she made a painting of Sant Kirpal Singh before she knew He was walking this earth in physical form. When she was initiated in 1954 she asked Mr. Khanna if he’d show her a picture of the Master, and she was amazed to find it was the same Master she’d been seeing inside.

**Coming to His Feet**

Rudolf Cascone

I was born in New York and lived in Brooklyn and Long Island for many years—everyone knows how city life can tincture one’s personality. Resentment is an easy thing to acquire as an accepted mode of social behavior. It is only when one meets a Living Example of True Love and Holiness that all these social modes begin to depart and one begins to move in, and be motivated by love for God’s creation, all humanity and all nature.

Sometimes at moments of despair my heart would cry out for truth and love from God, and would wish there was a true Path to follow with others of the same mind searching for true love and fellowship.

My prayer was answered in the God-form of my cousin. She would be my direct link to this Path. She was involved in yogas, spiritual and mystical circles with which I had had only brief encounters. But the message was so clear that now was to be the time for me to make myself ready, and my cousin would lead me to the truth.

I had already left my job some four years ago and had moved to Florida as I knew that whatever would happen would happen there.

After a few weeks of being associated with my cousin, her family and friends, my whole life was being drastically changed and overhauled. Truth was being stressed in my work and relationship between individuals.

After attending a few meditation meetings at a Unity Church, strange and wonderful things were taking place. I would hear trumpets all around and at different times, telling me to wake up, wake up, the time has come. At first I would suppose it to be outside on the radio or a passing car, but later I found it to be within myself.
Then my cousin introduced me to a young couple who lived next door to her who were initiates of Master Kirpal Singh; I was advised to read Morning Talks and other books of the Master.

From the experiences and dreams I was having, my cousin deduced that something of a great nature was about to happen to me and perhaps it was linked up with this great Saint from India who was coming to the West.

The eventful day arrived in December 1972 when the Master would appear at the Gait Ocean Mile Hotel in Florida. We were driving along the route towards the Hotel and all along the trumpets were still in my ear, but once we were within a mile or so of the Hotel it stopped; all was silence.

There were hundreds of people there as we awaited the Master. Later my cousin said that around me was a pink aura. The Master had a star in His right eye as He gave darshan to everyone. My cousin said He looked just like a big babe sitting there.

We went the next night to see Him, and we all took initiation papers not knowing if it was the right thing to do. I wrote my cousin a letter the day after expressing my doubts as to the Master’s authenticity and expressed these doubts verbally to her, to which she replied that He was, in her estimation genuine—a true Saint. She told me to sit on the beach with her husband who was in the same boat as I was in.

It now came to me at this point to sacrifice all doubt. I knew she was right and I knew I would have to take the first step forward towards the Master. This I did that very day.

There was a meeting in a local high school which I attended where the Master was speaking. The Master was to have two meetings here, one in the afternoon and one in the evening. As I was early, I browsed around and looked at some books. Two books struck my eye: Mystery of Death and Spirituality.

I watched two young men struggle over which book to buy, when one finally chose Mystery of Death this decision made me choose the other book, which was more of a beginner’s introduction to the Path.

I sat down on the right side of the auditorium awaiting the Master. I felt that a decision made on my own without any prompting was the right and only way to make any sense. I was all alone now and it was just myself and a Saint; I needed help.

My mind was revolting from the position in which the self had placed it. It now realized it would have to sacrifice everything at the Feet of this Master and was so outlandish in its requests I fain repeat them here for fear of shocking some dear ones.
I truly needed help, and at an appropriate time while looking at the book on my lap a light flashed from its cover and struck the eye of someone sitting in the row behind me. He waited for a moment and then got up and sat next to me introducing himself. He told me how he had a difficult time deciding to be initiated. He pointed out a passage where the Master said He would accept anyone on an experimental or trial basis to see for himself the worth and value and competency of the Master and the Path.

I had already decided to be initiated and needed no prompting in this, but I was grateful for the company and friendliness sent by the God Power overhead.

The struggle continued however, as the Master came down the aisle towards me I was in a turbulent strife and not wanting to even be near Him. As the crowd surged forward I too was pushed to within a few feet from where the Master would pass. I was now the first on the aisle.

I repeated my wish not to be so close but my new friend insisted it would be my pleasure. Here I waited for the Master to pass by. With hands folded I greeted Him. He walked on His toes and as He walked He was aware of everything and everyone being very careful and gentle. He was dressed in white. As He came to me His whole body took hold and He rose within Himself to a tight strain as if He were walking on the edge of a wire. I knew He had felt all my turbulent emotions and hostility.

The Master spoke for a while, and after answering many questions, the meeting ended. But now the turbulence was multiplied and I left the building to ride about in my car, and reevaluate what had taken place. My mind was now so against Him that it was only through sheer obstinate will, and the righteousness which was saying this is the last chance I had in life and I should not lose it at any cost, which drew me back.

Back again at the high school I was found by my new friend. He now told me I should be seated in a more appropriate seat. He took a pillow he had and placed it right at the Feet of the Master, and made me sit there.

Thanks to the Master I have never had any more trouble of this nature. The mind had accepted Him by His Grace. The next day was initiation day and we were told not to eat anything, but a little tea was acceptable. I arrived early at the Women’s Club in Ft. Lauderdale, and the previous evening I had made sure of its location. My cousin had mentioned to me to be aware of every detail of moments of importance like this. So each step was noted, what number was given to me as I signed the register and where I should sit: on the Master’s right and in the front row.

The Master came with a few other disciples. It was a beautiful morning. As the instructions were being given we all settled down and meditation began.

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I had not been aware of hardly anyone else except the Master and my eyes were from the last days enlarged and slightly extended from the sockets. So in meditation I could not keep them closed for any length of time, and naturally they opened; to my surprise I found the Master was seated on a chair directly in front of me looking straight at me.

As I looked at Him, He was not angry, rather He was smiling. We seemed to be talking to each other. He said, “Oh, you caught me.” But I said, “Oh no, it is You who have caught me.”

Then as I looked deeper I asked, “Who are You?” And it was then that He separated Himself into layers right in front of my eyes. Each layer or each part separate from each other; and He would change color also, from light to dark and vice versa.

I then closed my eyes in respect, and the Master came down with such agility it sounded as if He were bouncing down to where I was and came around in back of me where He bent my head forward and pressed my eyes back into my sockets.

I had good experience from then on and kept my head bent forward in a humble manner and received His grace of Naam, burning the seed of karmic impressions so as to make them not take root, all by His grace. The Master then blessed our food and left for His hotel and a little later, the airport.

So He came, this wondrous Godman from the East to give His priceless jewel of love and grace of which my heart and soul were to know its worth only later.
Memories of Meetings With the Master
Michael Ravens

It was not a planned trip but the urge became too great to resist. I arrived in Washington, D.C. September 20, 1972. The excitement intensified by the second. The first thing I noticed was that the people were all intoxicated, floating on a cloud, radiating peace and love. I thought to myself, yes, I’ve come to the right place.

I enjoyed five days of spiritual growth and then had to part. It was two weeks after our parting that the impact of our meeting manifested in tears. I, to some extent, realized what an ocean of love I was in and I was feeling the pangs of separation.

An event that impressed me strongly was Master’s departure from Florida. This was His last stop in North America. About one or two hundred people went to have the last sight of the Master at the airport. A chair was brought for Master and we all sat at His Feet. No words were spoken for twenty minutes Master was just filling our souls with His Darshan. A thought, a prayer, or call it what you may, welled up in me: “Full of sins am I. Will You wash me clean?” Master looked at me directly in the eyes and shook His head, “Yes.”

A few moments later a jet-set looking woman saw the crowd crying (everyone was crying) and she ventured forward to Master and asked, “Why are these people crying?” Master looked her straight in the eyes and said, “Love.” And the next thing she was crying with us.
Meeting Master Kirpal Singh

Bill Petix

My first meeting with Master Kirpal Singh was the most unforgettable experience of my life. It was September of 1972 and I was waiting at Dulles airport in Virginia with hundreds of other devotees. Master was arriving in the U. S. as part of His Third World Tour. Most of us were young people meeting Master for the first time. We formed two long lines in a special section of the airport reserved for us.

After waiting a while in great anticipation, suddenly there was an audible gasp as Master became visible. Imagine the scene as hundreds of devotees, seeing their beloved Master for the first time, spontaneously uttered sounds of awe and amazement. He walked slowly between the lines, alternately greeting awestruck devotees. I was midway down the aisle, straining to get a look. People at the front of the line were crying loudly. After greeting the Master, people milled around in a state resembling shock. The emotion in the room, and my own excited anticipation, made my heart race like never before.

Finally, Master approached where I stood in line. I remember Him initially having His back to where I was standing. He was greeting those on the opposite line. Slowly He turned and faced me. Everything happened so fast, yet I can remember each event as if it happened yesterday. We looked into each other's eyes for a moment, and then He was gone.

In that moment the world felt like it stood still, and He changed my life forever. It felt like He reached into my chest, pulled out my heart and replaced it with a longing and pining that I cherish more than anything.

That first meeting was unlike anything I had ever experienced or imagined: Something magical happened in that instant of our meeting.

I turned away from the line and doubled over. I was breathing heavily and crying uncontrollably. Tears of love were flowing from my eyes.

One moment I was standing there fully composed, full of anticipation, very excited yet in control. The moment after meeting Him, I fell apart. I had never experienced anything remotely like it.

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 calling 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.
His radiation was overwhelming. Love poured from His eyes and surrounded His body. He was this huge magnetic mountain of love, and we were helpless shavings of metal in His presence. He was everything I had hoped He would be and a million times more.

One evening my wife Irene and I attended an intimate gathering with the Master in Mr. Khanna's home. There were ten to fifteen disciples sitting in a small room. Master entered and sat on a small pull-out bed in front of the room.

What I remember the most was His radiation. The best analogy I can make is sitting before an open blazing wood stove. Something was pouring out of Him and you couldn't help but feel it, actually feel this something emanating from His body and engulfing everyone in His presence. If I had to label that power the best I could do is call it love. I wish I could think of a better word than love. The word is so overused, so trivialized. He deserves a better word, but love is the best I can do. I remember thinking, "He's human, yet He isn't. This is something so entirely different, He's almost like a different species." I also remember thinking, "I wish this moment would last forever."

Another evening He gave a talk at a local high school. I remember uncontrollable tears of love streaming from my eyes, my wife's eyes, and everyone's around us. At the end of the talk people were acting dazed - there was delirium of love. It took a few minutes for everyone to regain composure in order to leave the building.
I was initiated in 1970, but was not able to be in the physical presence of our Beloved Master until He came to the United States in 1972 on His third world tour.

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. By any standard of judgment that I know, and by all known historical accounts, the most spiritually advanced person ever to visit the Western Hemisphere was embarking on His visit to the United States. My mind stopped at the thought; we could have but a small idea of the Being we were to encounter.

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.

I remember being strongly attracted to the pictures of Baba Sawan Singh; He seemed to be the most beautiful being that could ever grace the human form. About a week after the Master had arrived in Washington, I was having His darshan when His form changed into that of Baba Sawan Singh for what seemed like the rest of His talk. My heart was pierced to be able to see the physical form of Hazur. Through His grace, Kirpal was granting me my wish to see the Great Master, showing me that the same Power was working at a different human pole. Though Hazur would often again manifest through Kirpal, my desire to see Hazur lessened as my desire to see our Beloved Master grew.

During another talk in Washington, my mind was unduly disturbed by unloving thoughts towards a satsangi brother. I was to aid in bringing the taping equipment to another site for a talk that our Master was going to give. Master put us in meditation and then had to leave to be in time for His next talk. I also left to help transport the tape equipment.

I was disturbed with my brother because he had borrowed my car to go on an errand without asking me and I did not know where it was. I angrily asked him where the car was and reprimanded him for his behavior.
As it turned out, the car was parked outside the hall instead of at the motel where we were staying. I walked down to have our Master’s darshan as He was leaving. However the driver of His car had misplaced the keys. Another car was looked for but the owner was not found.

It then occurred to me that I could offer my services. So Mr. and Mrs. Khanna got in the back. Our Master got in front and we started driving to the Khanna’s house.

The ride was like the most beautiful fairy tale. It was in the morning and there seemed to be no other cars on the road. The sun was streaming down. Mr. Khanna remarked, “You know, you’re very lucky to have the Lord in your car.” I agreed.

After a timeless time we arrived at the Khanna’s where I thanked the Master for allowing me to drive Him. In His inimitable way He replied, “That’s all right.”

I learned that if the Master wants to shower His grace on you, He’ll do it no matter how impossible the circumstances. I also learned that I should not get angry with anyone as there is something divine behind everything.

The three month tour of the United States and Canada seemed like one long period of intoxication. He put us in meditation in the morning, answered questions in the afternoon, gave talks at night and invariably gave us His darshan in small groups in the afternoon and late evening.

To hear about the Path of the Masters and to gain the understanding of the theory is a blessing I did not even hope for years ago—to be aware of the fact that there was a Living Master, was astounding. But to actually come in contact with Him—surely the greatest Master of all time—receive His life impulse through initiation, makes the mind stop in disbelief. We certainly must be puppets of a Higher Power, because none of this could have happened through our own efforts.

I was fortunate enough to be able to come to India for six weeks in November and December 1973. As incredible as my time with the Master seemed on His world tour, it was even more so in India. It is humbling to see how much the Master gives. It’s impossible to know how much He can give. I had thought that we had been blessed with His frequent darshan in the States, but here in India it seemed almost non-stop. We would go over to His house in the morning at about 8:30 and He would talk with us. Later He would attend to His Indian devotees. From 1:00 to 3:00 p.m. would be the lunch break, then back to the Master’s house until 9:00 or 10:00 at night. I became like an addict and wanted only to look at Him. I was at times perhaps overzealous, but I could not help myself.

My last memory of our Beloved Most Perfect Master was December 31, 1973. My plane arrangements had been changed once, and I had said good-bye to the Master for what I thought was the last time on three separate occasions. It was late at night and the Master was up in His room with Gyani Ji. I went into that charged atmosphere and thanked the Master for giving so much to me. I told Him that I hoped I could keep His commandments.
His eyes were speaking to me in a language only He can fully understand. He was smiling and I was smiling that gigantic smile which our Master alone can make appear. I bowed my head onto His Lotus Feet in gratitude for giving that which no one but God can give. He patted me on the back with His silken touch of love and laughingly said, “Go jolly.” Our eyes met and all was perfection.

The sweet memories of our True Beloved are forever embedded in our hearts. We can only be grateful that He chose to walk among us for a time. May His passing from the earth bring us closer to Him in the Beyond.

God Takes Care of His Children
Ben Ringel

When the Master was on His third world tour in 1972, I had the pleasure to be with Him throughout His visit to the United States. As we were leaving Boston, Massachusetts, for Sant Bani Ashram, the following incident occurred.

Mr. Nicholson, in whose car we were driving the Master, was very concerned about the weather forecast for the next three or four days. The forecasts were for cold weather and heavy snows. This was of great concern because most of the satsangis were to be accommodated outdoors in tents.

During our stay at Sant Bani Ashram, we had bitter cold weather but no snow. Upon leaving, a remark was made that it snowed all around the vicinity of the Ashram, although at Sant Bani there was no snow. Master replied, “The Love that was generated at Sant Bani Ashram melted the snow that was to fall there.” I said, “Really?” Master replied, “Don’t you think God takes care of His children?”

Master and Reno Sirrine
It is the Master Who Finds the Disciple
David Helion

It is all due to the boundless mercy of the Almighty that I was initiated by Sant Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj into the Path of the Masters which takes the human soul from the gross plane of matter into the pure spiritual regions and Beyond where it becomes one with Him.

I was born in France and from a tender age I had been looking for Truth and often I was asking my father about God, fate, and destiny.

Throughout my adolescence, Christianity helped me to understand that life had to be lived in a pure way, by pure means and with high ideals according to the words of Christ, but it failed to give me the profound experience of the divinity which I was searching for.

In 1968, when I was nineteen, I felt so tired of the Western way of life that I decided to go to South America in search of a better way. There I was fortunate enough to spend two years in almost complete retreat from the hustle and bustle of city life, in the tropical jungle working on a farming project. In that surrounding my faith in God strengthened. The beautiful contact with Mother Nature opened my heart and mind to the invisible will of the Creator.

Life had revealed its sacred character to me, but in which direction had I to proceed? Although these years in the jungle had been a positive experience I could not find in the solitude of the mountains a satisfactory answer to the mystery of life. Different experiences followed, going from one extreme to the other: intense traveling, life in communes, use of drugs, a bit of yoga and esoterism, studies of ancient civilization—a little of all the things of the Aquarian Age, but no definitive solution was to be found there.

At twenty-three, I was depressed by trying to face a life which I could not understand; I had reached a stage where there was nothing else to do but to pray to God that He should show me the way back to my True Home. I knew by intuition that only a True Master could help me to reach the goal.

Finally, one day I had an extraordinary vision with open eyes as I was wandering alone, lost in prayer and reflection. I suddenly saw in the clouds a gigantic head with a long white beard and beautiful radiant blue eyes. I thought it was a deity who had appeared in response to my search; my faith in God was subsequently confirmed.

Later the same year I was walking alone along a huge sandy beach by the Pacific Ocean. I had been praying to God that He should manifest to me, and indicate to me the way. I was very lost and my mind was confused and my heart was in pain and the emptiness of the sky seemed to reflect the deep inertia in which I was; it looked like there was no chance to get out of this state. The sun was setting, night was approaching and it seemed that Nature was
not going to speak to me that day. Suddenly lots of clouds silently arrived and in no time formed an amazing sunset with the most unusual colors and shapes—in the middle was a triangle of shining clouds and the silhouette of an old sage appeared to me, remaining for a few moments. He was sitting cross legged and was quietly looking at me, as though contemplating the whole universe from his high abode. After some time the form slowly turned into an Om sign and then faded away. From that day I knew that some great event was to take place in my life.

Only a few weeks after this vision I came across a poster in Mexico City showing a man from India, wearing a white turban, with blue radiant eyes shining in His noble face. He had a long white flowing beard. To me He looked like a true sage. Just by looking at the picture the feeling of quietness filled me; and by the grace of God, this Divine Guide came to me in the physical form in Mexico, December 1972. I had never heard of Sant Kirpal Singh before that glorious day but when He arrived in Mexico I was drawn to Him like iron to a magnet.

The meetings were to take place in a central hotel downtown. The Conference Hall was filled with people waiting for the Master’s arrival. The atmosphere was very charged and quiet.

When the Master came everybody stood up. I could not distinguish anything because of the crowd. He was walking very slowly with folded hands looking carefully into everybody’s eyes. The silence was intense. He had an air of majesty and grandeur although His manners were humble and simple. Words of peace and wisdom gently flowed from Him with a magic power which brought quietness to my intricate mind.

That evening He came back to find a larger audience; there were people from every age, background, and race. The hall was completely filled. This time the Master showed me another aspect of His personality. Before breaking the silence, He contemplated the dense gathering for a few minutes with His eyes shining like stars and suns. From His whole body, radiation of a supreme nature was abundantly shed upon us.

Although I was not familiar with His teachings, I knew that we were sitting in the presence of a great man. The Master spoke about the Science of the Soul as the only way to connect man with God and He stressed the necessity of self-reform and a pure life.

When the meeting was over I was in such a state of obliviousness that I remained there. A disciple of the Master came to me talking about the greatness of this Guru and told me to come the next day to the initiation. Although I didn’t know how important it was, I felt I had to come. I was not doing anything by myself, but was following an energy current which was directing me.

The next morning after the usual formalities, we were taken to a large room where we waited for the Master. When He finally arrived the whole room became silent. From His
eyes a source of harmony was springing, a stream of peace was surging, a river of compassion was flowing, an ocean of Light was glimmering, and the Master in a most courteous and gentle way started to give us the instructions for correct and accurate meditations focused on the God Who lives within us in the depths of our souls. And in a very simple manner a hundred of us were given the most precious gift that human beings may ever receive—the sacred boon of Naam, a contact with the Light and Sound within.

By the grace of God we were born into a new life. The Path which I had been looking for, for a number of years, had been revealed; the voice for which I had called in my prayers had answered, and the door for which I had searched had opened.

The next morning we all gathered at His Feet and the Master put us into meditation. Afterwards He asked us about our inner experience of Light and Sound. When my turn came I raised my hand and stood up trembling, shy like a baby. The Master had appeared within and had talked to me. And then in front of everybody Sant Kirpal Singh asked me what the Master had said. I answered, “Silence.” Then the Master said, “Mental silence.” These are the only words which the Master has ever spoken to me directly, but they are still living in me.
11th May: Someone said to Master, “I am very impatient with myself and with others.” He asked, so sweetly, so sympathetically, “Impatient with yourself? It is one thing that you might be impatient with others, but you are impatient with yourself? Why?” The disciple replied, “Because I don’t try hard enough, Master.” “Oh,” He said, “Don’t be impatient. Rome was not built in a day, and all that hurry spoils things. You are anxious, you are clutching—you stand in your own way. Just sit at my door and wait. Don’t be impatient...I will come for you.”

Another told Master she was having difficulty in meditation, always thinking, “Don’t watch the breathing.” Master said, “No, no. That is the negative way. If she is my enemy and I say ‘I won’t think of her—I won’t think of her!’ then I am always thinking of her. So you must simply forget the breathing and absorb yourself.”

One man said, “My diary looks like America's national debt.” Master said laughing “No, no—all other countries are in America’s debt. America has no debt.” (Everyone laughed.) The man said, “Well, every step I take I must mark down a mistake. I try to be humble, to put myself out of the way, but I just keep failing.” And Master advised, “Your intellect is working too much. You are always scaling. If you try to be humble you are still only thinking of yourself. Think of Him, and absorb yourself in Him, in His remembrance, and you will become humble. The mind is always trying to pull you away from God. The only way to control it is through contact with Light and Sound and through sweet remembrance of God. So don’t always be scaling like the weights of a clock. Remember that God helps those who help themselves; keep remembrance! And God helps those who do not help themselves.”

15th May: Master told us, “I want to see you jolly. We should be smiling and happy to have the man-body and this chance to know God. A smile is the oil of the machinery—it keeps it running smoothly. Without oil there is friction, corrosion. So I want to see you beaming.” The other day He had said, “Love your neighbor even more than yourself. Make him happy and you will be happy. There are three things we can do to make life good: be selfless, be happy, be grateful.”

16th May: We were in Rajpur, staying in the guest house behind Master’s bungalow. He sent for us around 7:20 this morning: “I wanted to have your darshan. You wanted to have yours. It is reciprocal, you see. I asked you to come early because I am going to Manav Kendra— I have correspondence to attend to —Five bundles (He showed us how huge they were with His hands) came from Delhi. Master counts us: One— two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten. McKay makes eleven... who’s missing? You see, I’m counting my children.”

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The German lady said her tooth hurt and told Master, “The body is nothing, Master!” He replied, “It is just a house. If a wall is crumbling, we have it fixed. What is a little pain? But you must attend to it, or you’ll be buried in the debris!”

18th May: Master said, “When you assert you feel drained, you lose something. If you have a small pond and are always dishing out, then?” He also said to sleep relaxed and free from brooding—to dispose of all concerns, and that sleep will refresh us.

28th May: Someone said that she had been a little sick and found it hard to concentrate. Master said, “There is no high road to concentration. Practice and more practice.” The sister said she felt her concentration was lessened because she was sick. Master asked, “You’ve got fever? It is a blessing to be sick...then you can put in more time. About forty years ago, I was laid up with high fever. I put in whole time to Bhajan. No one bothers you when you are sick—you don’t have to attend to your business, and I think they even bring you your food. These are lame excuses, I tell you. We have no love for God. If you are feeling sick and one you love comes, how do you feel?” “Good,” she replied. “You see? We must keep our attention on the one we love. When you go back you can do the other things, but if you want to benefit from being here, put your whole attention on God.”

Another time He told us that He was very ill and could hardly move at all. Hazur came to Lahore, and noting that His beloved gurumukh was not at the railway station to meet Him, went directly to Kirpal Singh’s house. Master said that He was so overjoyed at seeing Hazur that He completely forgot His illness, and when Hazur left, Master accompanied Him down three flights of stairs to see Him to the door.

2nd June: Master said, “You should always come to the Master for guidance. Don’t look to others. People used to always bring their difficulties to me. Now they ask this person and that person. The person who asks another loses and the one who comes between loses. No one should come between you and the Master. You should not be concerned with anyone else. While you are here make the best use of your time. You are not here to make friends. Don’t think of the past and the future. You are not saints yet. You are all sick. So you should not seek the help of the other patients. Come to me if you have any life or death problem, or any spiritual difficulty. Are you afraid to come?”

10th June: Someone asked Master how to begin to surrender, and He said, “First you must have love. When you love someone, then you are surrendered—in a worldly way, is it not? You must have love.” He paused for a long time, and then He continued. “If you love someone you do what He says. If you love me, keep my commandments. You are always thinking to please the one you love. The Master has love for all, but He has more love for those who keep His commandments—inside and outside. When you come up to here (the eye focus) then you will have true Love. Love will burst forth. Love is real that is for God—the God in you, the God in the Master. That is real Love. If you are dancing with love and do not keep the commandments—that is no love. If you love me, you will do what I say. In the
outward way if you have love, you keep it hidden, is it not? So why should you show your
Love for God and fritter it away? Keep it hidden within you. Then it will grow. You follow
what I say?”

11th June: Speaking of our meditations, Master told one man, “It is more dangerous inside
than outside. Enchanting scenery, all is very enchanting. So we should be after only three
things: The Master’s Form, the Light, or the Sound.”

To another He said, “Did you see your Friend? He was hiding behind the Light. He is a
tricky thief—He holds the lantern in front and you cannot see Him behind.” One said he
could only concentrate for a minute or two at a time, and Master replied: “You must fix your
gaze, Look constantly—without break. That is the secret.”

14th June: Someone said, “Effort and grace go hand in hand?” Master repeated it, then
smiled and said, “I will give you an example. I give you food. You gulp it down—is that
making best use of it? If you masticate it fully, make it liquid... then it will digest better.
Another example is of the mustard seed. If you grind it properly, you will get the full
hotness from it, is it not? But still you won’t get more than what was in it already. If you go
sick and are given some medicine, you must take it. It won’t help you left in the medicine
chest. So grace and effort go hand in hand... but it must be effortless effort.”

27th June: Someone asked, “If we know what we need to do, what we must do, why is it so
hard to do?” “Because you don’t want to. You do what your heart really wants—you can’t
help it. You may say ‘I want this, I want that’... but you do what you really want.” “But
Master,” she said, “I think I really want—” “Thinking won’t do. If you think you are a king,
does that make you king? You should decide what you want and then go after it. Full
strength.” Another lady said, “Here it is so easy, but at home there is no time.” Master said,
“These are lame excuses, you see. We make time for the things we want.” One man said he
was so wishy-washy; if he kept trying, would he get help? Master replied, “Help comes of
itself. Help comes without asking. Even if you don’t try He sends help.”

28th June: Someone asked Master about daylight coming in through the eyelids. Master
leaned back and went “Tsk!”—that sound of displeasure that we dreaded having directed at
us. But the boy said, “Listen, Master, please,” very urgently, and Master completely
understood and accepted the boy’s plea. He said, “All right, what is it?” And leaning
forward gave His full attention. It was very moving to see. Master said that the problem was
that of the intellectual; that if you were absorbed within you wouldn’t notice whether it was
day or night outside. He again emphasized that it was the steadfastness of looking that was
the secret—“fix the gaze and look constantly”—we need not concern ourselves with
anything else.

29th June: Master told someone to do one thing at a time, then asked for questions. I asked
how to learn to do one thing at a time. He looked at me for a few seconds, then turned to the
others and said, “Will somebody tell her? Somebody please tell her...” He paused and looked at me with a sweetness I could never describe and said, “Well, first decide, then do it. Where there’s a will, there’s a way. We want so many things; for a few days we want this, for a few days we want that. We vacillate. Decide what you want, then let nothing stop you. Every step will be in that direction.” “But Master,” I said, “even in the worldly way, I am always doing two or three things at once.” “That won’t do. You don’t attend to anything properly—everything suffers. We have too many irons in the fire. When I had to decide for the world or for God, I considered for five days. So you decide... it won’t take long I think.”

4th July: Master was ill; we had darshan up on the roof. He asked us if we wanted to go on to Dehra Dun ahead of Him, and we said we wanted to be where He was. So Master said, “You want to enjoy the heat? All right. You are all physically fit now? Anyone sick? No?... Thank God. Oh, you... what is the trouble?” She said she had trouble in breathing, like asthma. “Asthma? (so softly, so concerned) You have had this trouble only since you came?” Yes, she replied. “Yes,” she replied. “It is the heat,” Master said, “You have all suffered from the heat. But love knows no burden, no heat or cold. Some saint said if you are in the burning fires of Hell and remember the Master, it is like being in Heaven. So you are here in Heaven—better than being there, is it not? So you have decided to stay here? Good—it will hurry me up!” (We had been waiting for Master to be well enough to travel.) A man asked, “Would it be better for You if we went on?” “No... Doesn’t the Father want to be with His children? Won’t the Father be happy with His children around Him?”

5th July: Someone said he felt restless and could hardly sit still. Master asked “Are you troubled with thoughts of the past, future or the present?” “All three,” he replied. “Well that is bad,” Master said laughing. “There are two spirits, you know, the past and the future, that eat into the very brains of man. They won’t let him enjoy the present. So we must silence them, you see; live in the living present. Another thing will help you: do one thing at a time. God is all attention, our souls are a drop of Him. Naturally we would like to go back to our Source. He is all wisdom, all joy—if we want to be wise, to be happy... it is a reflection of Him. Happiness is what? To live in the present and to adapt to the environment. Even if you leave off the past and future, you cannot be happy unless you adopt to your environment. So while you’re here, be only with me. Forget the body and mind. Let nothing come between you and God.” Another man said, “Well, Master, it sounds simple, but it is hard to do.” And Master replied, “Practice makes a man. It will come. Saints don’t drop down from heaven—they are made. Of course much of the work might have been done in previous births. So every saint has His past and every sinner his future. It is all the play of the attention. So remember these two mottoes— ‘forget the past and future, live in the present’ and ‘do one thing at a time.’ Then live up to them.”

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What You See Is You
Tracy Fogg

The first time I came to India in April 1973, I was pretty young—twenty. I had been initiated almost a year. I had seen the Master in America, but I had an awful long way to go. So I came to India really kind of innocent, not knowing what to expect. I got there and Master was in Rajpur, so I came up to Manav Kendra and stayed there.

I was having a hard time with my mind. The Master was not taking so much notice of me. I was sitting one day at His house in Rajpur; we were all sitting in His living room. There were about ten of us and the Master. He was sitting and giving us darshan.

My mind was really going crazy—it was being a real terror. So I was sitting right there in front of Him thinking—how do I know You are the Master, how do I know You have anything to do with God? You talk about all these other phony Masters—I hate to say this, it’s terrible—and how do I know that You are the real One?

Even though I had seen Him inside, I thought well, what does that mean? I used to see inside before I was initiated. So I was sitting there thinking all these terrible things, and my mind must have looked like a big black monster.

So Master was being very sweet to everybody. He would sit and look at each person for quite a while. I was sitting directly in front of Him, and I thought—well, when He gets to me, maybe He’ll say something, but He didn’t—He didn’t even look at me. He got to the person next to me, then He looked up at the ceiling, then He looked at the person on the other side of me, but He wouldn’t look at me. I thought—oh boy, this is really it; I’m really upset now, I don’t know what I’ll do. It must be true; He just doesn’t know or doesn’t care and I’d better just go away. Afterwards He said, “Why don’t you go have your lunch?” I went and was feeling really lost and doubtful.

Everybody has his own perspective on everything. I thought—my perspective is so faulty, I can only see from my own vision and I know it’s not right but I just don’t know what’s real in the world and what’s not real and how can I make any judgment? God had better help me out.

So I was walking around, and I went out in the garden at the back; I didn’t know where it was—I just ended up back there and nobody else was there and the birds were singing; there were flowers and the fruit trees had all kinds of nice fruit. It was really kind of nice—it was a little dry, but it was nice. I was sitting out there and I was praying to God: “Please do something. I’m completely helpless. I’m completely lost. You’d better do something because if You don’t I’ll just die out, and I don’t know what will become of me. Maybe I’ll just cease to exist.’’
So I was sitting and I was going to shut my eyes for meditation. I figured whatever happened, it would happen outside. So I turned around, my back was to the path that I had come from and I was facing the mountains and a little creek. I was shutting my eyes and I thought to open my eyes; I turned around and there was the Master. I could see Him way down at the other end of the path; He was just walking, so sweet just like a little child, looking at the trees and saying hello to all the birds and looking at all the flowers, and seeing which trees had grown how much and, looking at the sky. He was really enjoying just like a little child.

So He came down and looked at me and said, “Yes, what do you want?” I thought—oh, my God, I don’t know what I want. So He sat down and gave me a little hug. He was sweet, just like a father or a brother; He must have known, I know He knew, He’s God you know, He knows everything. But He was just acting like a person, not like God, not like the Master.

He started talking about the trees and the flowers and everything; about the earthly things, how pretty it was there and quiet and how nice it was for writing or thinking. And then He said, “Well, why don’t you go play in the woods?”

So I went off to play in the woods. And I really didn’t want to be in the woods because my heart was so sad. I was just wanting to be either off the earth completely or to know what was going on; I was just so completely lost. So I went down and looked at a few flowers and thought—well, the lions will probably eat me up if I go any further so I’d better turn back.

And I went back and went up to the Master. I was kind of timid—I was pretty young; Master was pretty big, and I was always afraid to say too much. But I went up to Him and asked if I could ask a question. He said, “Certainly, you can ask me anything you like, you’re my daughter.” I sat down and said, “Well Master, I just don’t know what’s real and what’s not real. I see everything through my mind and I just can’t tell anything. I’m completely lost.”

So He just looked at me a long time, and He looked and He looked, He kind of twinkled a little bit and He said, “What you see is you.” I thought, huh! Then He said it again, “What you see is you.” So we sat there looking at each other. Then He said, “All right, God bless you.” And I thought—well, I’d better go now and give Him some privacy. So I went off very intoxicated but still feeling pretty lost.

Instead of doing Simran for the next three days I kept saying, “What you see is you.” Simran didn’t come; usually Simran came all the time, but instead it was just: “What you see is you.” I would look at someone and think: “You’re not doing that right!” And all of a sudden I’d hear, “What you see is you.” Then I’d go, oh boy, I guess that must be me! If I saw that they weren’t doing it right, it would mean I would not be doing it right myself.

Those five words, I guess they can take you through everything, all life, just to the very end. Then you get to the end and you see that everything is you and you’re everything and you’re just a little drop in the ocean of everything and He’s everything.

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Photographing the Beloved Master
Y. S. Rajput

Even before I was initiated in 1970 I was living near Sawan Ashram. One day I met Mr. Mehta who was serving there as a homeopathic doctor. He asked me if I would take some photographs at his daughter’s wedding. He said, “My Guru will also be coming.” So I went with my brother, and we took photographs of all the guests.

Then I saw this very imposing figure, so I prepared to take His photograph. But He raised His hand and said, “No! Please don’t do that.” He was so striking and had such fascination for me that later on I couldn’t resist trying once again. But every time I would click the button it refused to work. So I handed the camera to my brother who also tried but with the same negative results. He said to me, “The flash attachment is broken.” We both went out, but after examining the equipment we found everything was in working order.

I went back again ready to try to take some more photographs of the Master; but although He looked at me with a twinkle in His eye, when I came to press the button, again nothing happened. This was a source of great wonder to me until I found out from someone present that the Master didn’t always like to be photographed. The way He achieved this end, and through somebody who had not the slightest conception of who He was, was proof to me that He had the power to perform a miracle.

Shortly after this, I was waiting for a bus to go to Mahattas, [the photographers in Connaught Circus in New Delhi where I worked] and someone started speaking to me. I found out that his name was Gurcharan Das, and he was living in Sawan Ashram. He said, “Why don’t you come and take some photographs of the Master? You appear to be a good photographer, and we need some good photographs of the Master.” I replied, “I don’t know who your Master is, but one day I will come.”
I had been living so close to the Ashram for ten years but had never been there! So one Sunday I decided to go. Master was sitting on the platform giving Satsang. I could see a crowd there the size of which I had never seen anywhere. I took some photographs and wished to show them to the Master. Tai Ji looked and took me in to see Him. Master went through them and said, “Oh, these are very good! He is a good man.” I began to think, “What is this? I am nothing. How can this Master know that I am a good man?”

This whole thing touched my heart so much that I decided to go back just to see the Master. I was the sort of person who was always skeptical of these mahatmas with very large followings which I thought they collected by clever propaganda. I had no faith in them. So I began to come and just listen to what the Master had to say, and within a very short time I asked Him to give me this Naam that He was always taking about. He said, “No, no, you will have to wait for two years!” Yes, He really made me wait for two years! I was twenty-eight when I first met Him.

Although I had to wait such a long time before the Master gave me His Naam, I can’t begin to tell you how much He helped me. One day He asked me where I was working, and then Tai Ji explained. Master then said to me, “Why don’t you open your own studio?” I replied, “Master, I just don’t have the money—I earn Rs. 300 a month only.” Master then said, “Don’t worry. We will help you. You have to do some important work for us.”

Round about this time I saw a suitable place near the Ashram but they were asking Rs. 3,000 for it. I told the Master this and He said, “Yes, that’s all right, take it. We will advance you Rs. 2,000. As you take the Ashram photographs, their cost can be adjusted against the amount.” I not only received that Rs. 2,000 but I was helped so many times in setting up the studio. The greatness of the Master was always with me. He just said to me, “You do this work with honesty and I will be there!” Those were His words.

I came regularly to the Ashram. I didn’t care about anybody else there, I just took the photographs of the Master, and then left. My whole idea was to make as complete a record of the Master’s activities as possible. I could see that nobody else had been doing this.

Actually, I was being used in a way that I couldn’t even begin to imagine. For instance, one day I arrived at the Ashram carrying my cameras although I knew that there was no fixed program. Mata Sheila was inside the Master’s house with some members of her family. When she was about to leave she said to the Master, “Oh, I wish there could be a photographer here so that I could always have a remembrance of this day.” Master smiled. At that moment I was just arriving. As I said, I had no fixed engagement with the Master and there was no program at all, but there I was and I had brought my cameras. Master was so happy to see me, and He said, “Sheila, there we are, the photographer has come for you.” Everybody gathered round the Master and I went to work. I felt that power was always there.
After going on like this for some time, one day the Master said to me, “That’s enough. Now you sit down in front of me and listen to what is said at Satsang. Just be quiet and forget about everything—just look into my eyes.” And you know, from that moment I realized what I had been missing by jumping about all the time instead of sitting in front of Him quietly and absorbing His Divine Grace like the others.

Nevertheless, I still carried on with my work of photographing the Master. At the beginning of April 1972, He asked me to come to Manav Kendra at Dehra Dun to photograph the Bhandara for Baba Sawan Singh Ji. There was a special bus that left the Ashram, but when I arrived it was full. I had no ticket and was very worried how I was going to get there in time, when suddenly Mr. Mehta came rushing up to me, and seeing my plight said, “No, no, you don’t need any reservation. You are working for the Master and you have to go.” Within a minute he managed to arrange something. I was given a seat, and the bus left. This five hour journey was done in the heaviest rain, but I can tell you that the bus was full of the Master’s love. The whole way we were all singing Bhajans.

When we arrived at Manav Kendra at 4:00 a.m. the sun was already shining, and there was Master waiting to greet us. Master made us all have tea, and then told us to go to our cottages. The scene was so wonderful for me, I can never forget it. Hundreds of people were doing seva, putting up the tents, preparing the kitchen, building the platform, all with such love. Nobody cared about their clothes; even the Westerners were carrying bricks and helping with the work. I was able to take photographs of the Master supervising the work and giving parshad. Some of the portraits were later to appear in the two volumes of Heart-to-Heart Talks.

Actually, the first portrait I took of the Master in the Ashram was for His passport and was taken just before He left on His last world tour in 1972. Gyani Ji had called me and told me to go up to the Master’s bedroom. But Master was unwilling to be photographed at that moment. I didn’t know what to do, I just said, “Maharaj Ji, excuse me, but this is rather important as they will not let You out of the country if you don’t have a picture in Your passport.” Well, Master just smiled, He put His turban on, walked into the light, and let me take the photo.

I had always wanted to take photographs of the Master when He gave initiation, but somehow or other it was never possible. On July 29th, 1974, Master gave Naam to over a thousand souls. He was extremely ill at the time, in fact there was a bed brought in and placed behind the platform so that He could lie down after He had put the people into meditation. Although He walked off the platform He would not lie down; He would only sit in a chair. He looked extremely grave, almost white, but extremely beautiful.

I had my cameras with me and took a photograph of His back view with all the people sitting in Bhajan in the background. As He did not object, I waited until He got back onto the platform and to my surprise He turned round and allowed me to take the photograph of
Him giving what proved to be His very last initiation, which I consider to not only be most historically important, but also one of the most beautiful photographs of Him that I have taken.

You know, before I met the Master I was a non-vegetarian and I didn’t know anything about spirituality, but I just wanted to find the Truth. How He changed my life is a source of constant wonder to me. If we are true to ourselves, and if we begin to understand a little of what the Master really is, we will know He is with us all the time.

Only a little while ago my small son was playing on the table and fell down, hitting his head on the stone floor. My wife lifted him up and he was unconscious; we immediately sent for a doctor. I held the child in my arms, and prayed to the Master to help us. Before the doctor had even arrived, the child opened his eyes as if nothing had happened, as if waking from sleep, and everything was perfectly all right.

So this is my conviction, if we are true to ourselves and working honestly with full faith in the Master, He must look after us; He will help us in every stage. He cannot leave us. Even if we forget Him, He does not forget us.
He Revealed Himself In So Many Ways  
G. Van den Heever

It was indeed through Master’s grace that a small handful of disciples from South Africa were privileged to sit at His Holy Feet in December 1973. I knew that the likelihood of my personally getting to India was very remote if not non-existent. Nevertheless, there was that little inner nudging which prompted me to enquire the ways and means and costs from a travel agent. This information lay unused for at least one year when suddenly a small group wished to know the details. It still did not seem possible that we would really go; I mentally handed it all to Master to be resolved as He wished. The response startled me, as I was immediately enveloped by some strong electrical charge I then knew that Master was indeed in charge and that even if I personally did not go, the arrangements were to be made for those fortunate enough to be called.

The gratitude in my heart, that in spite of insurmountable obstacles, I too formed part of the group to reach the Ashram, remains very deep and strong.

There was, in South Africa, so far from India, still a certain amount of confusion as to whether this Master who had so graciously accepted us, had indeed been elected by the Great Master Hazur Sawan Singh to be His successor. As a result, I inwardly, earnestly entreated the Master to reveal to me the true situation.

Shortly after our arrival at the Ashram there was a large public Satsang under canopies in front of Master’s house, and there Master came and put us all into mediation. All was so strange and new, and my attention could not become focused until it was again all handed to Master.

In a short while I was looking at—what I now know to be Guru Nanak—seated on a throne with incandescent rays of light and colors encircling Him. While gently watching He would change His face to what I realized later were others in the line of Masters. The next one I recognized was Master Sawan Singh looking so incredibly gentle and beautiful and then it was our Master. A few times it changed from Baba Sawan to Master Kirpal and then Master’s face formed a golden tunnel which drew me in until attention failed. Oh! Master! who so clearly answered this one’s foolish question. The wonderful vibrations that flowed overawed us, and we sat mute at the daily darshan sittings in Master’s house.

One day while watching Master addressing some disciple, I was stunned to see Master’s eyes change—shape and color—until I could only see those strangely luminous uptilted blue eyes which were familiar to me from meditations back home. What a feeling of intense wordless wonderment to have confirmation that the promise that Master makes to reside within the disciples from the time of initiation was true! Master had been there watching me all the time—Beloved Master, nearer to me than my breath!
One evening, feeling weary from long sittings on the ground and listening to Master speak in a foreign tongue, I decided to meditate—but my attention would not focus—when suddenly, loudly and clearly Master’s voice spoke, I knew to me, in English, “Please lift the attention a little higher.” I shifted my gaze upward and it was right. When I listened with my outer ears it was obvious that Master had never stopped His discourse in Hindi. The words to me had all somehow fitted into His talk.

He revealed Himself so lovingly in so many ways; His love and compassion was so great. He showed one so gently, inside, many weaknesses and failings, one’s lack of love; but always His love and understanding was constant.
My Experiences with the Great Master
R. Krige

It was a great privilege to be able to visit our great and Beloved Master Kirpal Singh Ji for about five weeks from December 1973.

During my stay I experienced several unexplained occurrences which one might call miracles. While sitting at Master’s feet at morning and evening darshan it was not unusual for me to have most of my questions answered by Master without asking Him any. It happened so naturally that I later on took it for granted and was not surprised by it any more.

Sometimes when Master looked at me His Love emanated so strongly that I could actually feel it with my skin—like a cloud it enveloped and embraced me. These experiences were so potent that I felt literally purified and washed as if I had had a bath of soul and body. Then came a knowing that Master sees one fully as one is deep within oneself, with such compassion as can only come from a true Master.

One day I noticed the AUM sign, as it is written in Sanskrit, on Master’s forehead. I blinked my eyes to make sure, although I had not at all thought of anything like that, but it still remained till the end of the morning darshan. I saw this on more than one occasion and after a friend and I had discussed it, I learned that she had also noticed it.

Master really proved Himself to me as a Master, and a Perfect Master.

Master’s Sense of Humor
Malcolm Tillis

The great Masters of spirituality who live with us and teach us on this earth, possess, among their many divine attributes, the very human quality of a sense of humor. As each Master has His own distinct personality and style, so their sense of humor can vary in expression. In Hazur Baba Sawan Singh it took the form of amusing stories told in Satsang to illustrate deep spiritual truths—the Great Master would so enjoy telling these stories that the whole Sangat would be bursting with laughter. He also made puns with words which, together with the stories, could be understood by the simplest person.

Sant Kirpal Singh Ji’s humor was of a different kind; it was most subtle, it found expression in conversation or intimate heart-to-heart talks. He would often slip in the most pointed and amusing remarks, slip them in so quietly indeed that they could easily be missed by the slow-witted. They gleamed like the sudden flash of a diamond catching the light; they were never stressed nor did they ever claim any applause or even any recognition—sometimes He would seem to be just talking to Himself. Nothing a Master does, however, is without its
own purpose. Sant Kirpal Singh Ji was constantly teaching us such profound, such disturbing truths about our pitiable condition that in His great mercy He lightened the weight to make it easier for us to grasp. Sometimes the most telling lessons would come out in an amusing aside.

In spite of the Master’s repeatedly assuring a rather orthodox Sikh that if he accepted initiation and followed the Path of Sant Mat it would in no way compromise his Faith, this seeker kept reiterating his doubts, and finally said, “Do let me make it very clear: if I get initiated I shall continue to carry mykirpan (dagger) as enjoined by the Faith.” The Master replied, “As far as I am concerned, why carry only one? You may carry two. It is you who have to bear the weight.”

In the following account of what happened when some visiting Westerners were being given photos, the Master is shown impressing upon them that they are not their bodies. A departing satsangi wanted Master to give each member of the group some photos he’d taken of them with the Master; in this way the photos would receive His charging and become parshad. Each photo had the name of the recipient on it, and Master began to hand them out, calling out each name. When He came to one man, He stopped. “John, who is John?” Everyone hastened to point this man out. The Master then appeared not to know this man who had in fact been at the Ashram for several weeks. “John, is that John?” Then He asked the man, “Are you John?” “Well, Master, they call me John.” Then Master in a quiet aside remarked, “He’s in John’s body,” and went on giving out the photos.

Once when someone on the Master’s staff went to Him and asked if he could have some help with the typing of the work he had been given, the Master began tapping His knee with His fingers and remarked, “You know, I can type—five words a minute!”

Often the Master’s humor would mitigate His strictures when He had to tell us not to take our small selves too seriously, as the following three stories demonstrate. (But it should be understood that these remarks of the Master were all given with a lightness of touch or with a benign smile which cannot, alas, be conveyed by the printed word.)

When a Western satsangi was describing how he’d seen a golden cup in meditation, the Master remarked, “Well, did you have a drink?” And to a lady in London on His last foreign tour who complained she was only getting flashes of Light inside, He said, “But did you pay for any more?” Once one of His staff was sitting close to the dias at Satsang in Delhi on a Sunday morning; the Beloved Master addressed every word to her—He poured out the whole discourse to her. She was much elated. Meeting the Master shortly afterwards in the porch of His house, He asked her, “Were you at Satsang this morning?”

The Master always knew of course what was in everyone’s mind—and this sometimes caused much amusement as well as astonishment. An American girl staying at Manav Kendra had just finished her meditation beside the Mansarover when a small flight of ducks
alighted on the water—she was in ecstasy over those ducks! “Oh the blessed ducks!” They were swimming in the sacred pool. She then went to the porch of the Master’s house for His usual evening Darshan, but all the time she was thinking of the ducks. Also on the porch was a new arrival, a foreign lady who had never before been to India—she was much fascinated by the Indians who were also sitting waiting for the Master to come out and give His blessed Darshan. He came out and sat down. Then He said, “You should please keep your minds solely on the Master. Don’t be thinking of the ducks, or of the people sitting with you.”

One evening one of the Master’s staff was sitting beside Him as He attended to His correspondence, but through her mind was running the question of who should be asked to take home a certain lady who had come to visit the Master. She wondered if so-and-so could be asked, or perhaps another person, or maybe a third who occurred to her. At this the Master looked up and said, naming yet a fourth person, “How about so-and-so?”

Two people were once in the Master’s room, but they were very far away from Him; He was occupied with other people. They spoke together in whispers and no one else could possibly hear what they said, far less the Master who was on the other side of the room. They were whispering together how like a lion the Master looked! What majesty! At that moment the Master looked across at them—and let out a roar!

When the Master was on His world tours, hundreds of satsangis and seekers asked Him questions; very often the answers they received surprised them very much. Master would sometimes give completely different answers to the same question asked by different people, adapting the words to the spiritual condition of each enquirer. Two people on two different occasions both told Him that during meditation they felt as if they were dying. Allaying their fears with kind smiles and amusing and unexpected replies, the Master said to one of them, “You won’t die. Do you want it in writing?” And to the other He replied, “Well, have you made your will?”

Sometimes the Master made jokes against Himself. Manav Kendra was under construction; a newspaper reporter came to ask Him questions for a report on what was going on. Among other questions, he asked the Master, “What is Your budget?” The Master replied, “God is my budget—and I’m spending like wildfire.” On another occasion when people were complimenting Him on the writing of Gurmat Sidhant, He turned these compliments aside by saying, “I’ve done nothing. It’s my pen that is guilty.”

Master’s time was so precious that members of His staff tried to limit private interviews with Him to the minimum, just enough to cover the points that had to be brought to His notice. Someone once came running in to see the Master carrying a lot of papers, and said, “Oh Master, please forgive me. Could I see You just for two minutes?” The Master looked at Him very sweetly without saying anything—He then replied, “One minute has already gone!”
Jerry Astra Turk has recorded the following incident which shows Him in a more carefree mood: We were on tour with Master in Nainital. Master sent for us to meet a Major from the Forestry Commission. Naturally I sat at Master’s feet on the right hand side. So this Major said, “I would like to be introduced to you, what shall I call you?” So I said, “Call me what Master calls me, call me Jyoti.” “I know, but what should I call you?”

I said “Then call me Astra.” “No, no, what should I call you?” “Then call me Miss Turk.” “No, no! I don’t mean that. What should I call you?”

I said, “Look ye here, I want you to know one thing. I came thousands of miles to look upon the radiant face of God-Guru sitting in the man-body. You see Who is sitting here? He is my Lord, my God, my Master, my husband. He is my father, my mother, my husband. He is my father, and mother, and family, my friend. He is the universe, He is everything—ALL CREATION!”

Then he said, “Yes, I know, but what should I CALL you?” Master looked at Him, and said quietly, “Call her Mrs. God!”

Sant Kirpal Singh often spoke of incidents in His life which would help to illustrate a point He was making. During a heart-to-heart talk given at Sawan Ashram on an extremely cold day in January 1974, having noticed that all His visiting Western disciples were wearing thick coats and heavy woolen blankets, He told the following story which illustrates so well how the Masters are air-conditioned, how Their attention is controlled:

“I see that you all have very warm clothing. Look, I’ve only got a waist-coat on. (He lifted His white shirt to show nothing underneath—everyone present gasped). Once it happened when I was in service at Lahore the trains didn’t run on account of thick ice. After some time one train left, but no passengers would go on it. I had to travel somewhere from Lahore, and I think there were only two men on the whole train—myself and one other man. It was winter, a biting cold day. I only had on a small muslin cotton sheet, an ordinary cotton sheet. The other man had a very warm quilt. I was doing all right, but the other man took pity on me—he offered me his quilt! I told him I didn’t need it, but he pressed me. You see, cold starts when? When your attention is outside. If your attention is within, you do not feel cold or heat. I was air-conditioned—the cold did not affect me. But when I put that quilt on, over me, then I felt the cold. I really began to feel cold. I had to beg that man to take his quilt back.”

Often things which seemed funny to us would be treated by the Master with seriousness. This happened when one of His staff brought Him some letters; he read one out. “I read Sat Sandesh, but up till now I have not been initiated. I am in the habit of drinking. When I drink heavily and begin to lose my consciousness You come and take charge of me!” The secretary laughed out loud, but the Master said, “Please don’t take it so lightly—When the patient is in a serious condition the doctor has to attend Him.”
The Beloved Master often used humor to soften a rebuke—or even to drive it home more forcefully! On learning that one of His older initiates had taken to mastering lower powers with the help of mantras, the Master wrote to congratulate him for having regressed from college to the primary school. Upon receiving this ironic reprimand, the initiate was so filled with remorse and penitence that he gave up dabbling with such practices right away, praying for the Master’s forgiveness and grace.

Mr. Chadda, the editor of the Urdu and Hindi Sat Sandesh, tells this story: “I had once again been late with the Master’s work; I went to Him like a truant before the class teacher. But to my great surprise the Master was not forthcoming with the usual reprimand. Instead He started off by talking of the special purpose God has in fashioning each individual object in creation. Then, planting His eyes on me, He ended, ‘I believe God made you to serve as a touchstone for testing the patience of a saint.’”

A satsangi lady complained to the Master that she could not get her husband to ask for initiation. He replied with a smile, “What great conquests on the Path have you made since your initiation that you are so worried about your husband?”

Sometimes the Beloved Master consoled His children not only with words of comfort, but also with humor. To someone who complained to Him of increasing deafness, He said, “Why do you worry about it? Deafness is a blessing! You are saved from thirteen percent of the sense impressions, but more than that, you don’t have to listen to other peoples’ complaints.” And to a mother who was so worried about her son that she broke down and started crying, the Merciful Master watched her, chuckled softly and said, “Don’t you know that the Master Power is always looking after you and yours? You are on the train, and the train is carrying you and also your baggage. Then why do you carry your baggage on your head? Why break your neck needlessly with the load?”

The Beloved Master had a very special relationship with children and babies. Once at Sawan Ashram the Master came out of His house to give darshan to people waiting for Him outside; a small child caught hold of His hand and pulled Him back towards His house. For some time He allowed Himself to be taken back; then He turned round and returned to His waiting devotees. “You see,” He laughed, “sometimes the father leads the child—and sometimes the child leads the father.”

Towards the end of the Beloved Master’s earth life when He was suffering great physical pain, He mercifully lightened the anxiety felt by His dear children sitting at His Lotus Feet by making them smile—He never wanted to see long faces or brooding looks. On the evening of August 6th 1974 at Sawan Ashram, the Master came out onto the porch to give His Blessed Darshan to the visiting Western disciples. He immediately asked them about their meditations. “Are you all going strong? What sort of strong? Elephant strong, horse strong, whisky strong? If you are intoxicated, it is whisky strong!”
Fifteen Months at Manav Kendra
S.P. Chopra

In 1970, when the construction of Manav Kendra started, the Master assigned some important work to me requiring my presence there for fifteen months. During the planning stage, many people thought that it would take five to ten years to complete. One day the Master inquired from the architect how long it would take. He replied, “As long as the Master desires because this work is to be done with His grace alone.” The main work was finished in about two years.

The site for Manav Kendra was almost a jungle, and in those early days we had no accommodation at all. The Beloved Master used to come and sit in His car when it rained and do His work there. Whenever it was sunny He would sit under a tree along with us. As we worked, He went on dealing with the correspondence. Now and then He would inquire about the work and visit the construction sites.

In those early days we would come across a lot of cobras. We brought this to the notice of the Beloved Master. Out of compassion for all, He mentioned that as we were destroying their natural habitat, why should we kill them? We should give them other accommodations. Since that day we never molested any cobra, and instead would cover them with mud and lift them out of our way; they would then find another place to live.

One other thing that I noticed was that Master never liked the idea of cutting down a tree unless it was absolutely necessary and construction work could not possibly proceed without this vandalism. One day I mentioned to the Master that the cutting of certain trees was unavoidable for carrying on the work. My gracious Lord replied, “Trees and water are the greatest blessings of God. Before cutting any tree, think it over thoroughly.”

The result of this policy is that a tree still grows through the roof of the Master’s residence at Sawan Ashram. Thus at Manav Kendra too we were able to build His house incorporating a large tree in the main room.
How We Met The Master
Ric Finnie

The Master physically appeared before us in early September 1970. This happened in a forest in the Himalayas not far from the source of the river Beas. My wife was present and my son was awaiting birth.

To fully describe the experience requires a brief explanation to show how I found out who actually appeared before me and what we were doing there at the time; all Master’s wonderful work to be sure.

Before going to India, I and a friend (who is also an initiate of Master Kirpal) heard of a boy who had the reputation of having some inner knowledge and inner Light. We decided to go and see him. He was living five hundred miles away from our residence and when we walked in he was sitting on the floor in a half lotus position—he had a shining face. He talked to us, and he showed us some pictures and gave us information on Master Kirpal Singh. We left the residence of that boy with a boost.

About six months later when my wife and I went to India overland from Europe we decided to spend the monsoon months in the Himalayas. We were directed by some friend to Manali in the Kulu Valley, a hill station well known for natural beauty, snowy peaks, green forests, fast rivers, apple orchards and a number of thousand-year-old temples. It all had a very peaceful radiation.

As soon as we arrived we looked for a house to live in. We often took walks in the forest; it was not a big forest but the pine trees stood very tall. The forest floor was clear and light, full of good mushrooms to gather. There was the site of the Old Adimba Temple. This was a sacred forest in the gods’ valley. Our house was on the edge.
One day we noticed two new cars had come to the neighborhood, to the resthouse which was surrounded by an apple orchard at the edge of the forest. The occupants attracted our attention; we saw these people several times during the next few days as they came and went.

As we were going home through the forest in the evening around sunset we came upon two men seemingly out for a walk. Both were elderly Indians, one dressed in Western style, and one in the Sikh form. The one who was a Sikh engaged me in polite conversation, asking where I was from, and how we enjoyed India and so on.

The moment He addressed me my consciousness was immediately, irresistibly, drawn up to the level of the third eye, and while I answered His questions my voice was trembling. I did not know the reason for this helplessness of mine; I noticed only His head with much Light in the face. I was looking at Him like a child, and after a few moments like this I realized who He was; I exclaimed quite loudly in a childlike way, “Oh!” He then said, “Thank you very much,” and stepped back.

After that I didn’t see Him anymore. No sooner had I realized who it was than He had confirmed it—I was completely intoxicated with some sort of Divine Nectar.

I must have stayed like that for three or four hours. I didn’t want to talk to anyone or be with them. Just after the moment of meeting I started to walk home quickly as there was no point in losing what I had just received. I had never experienced anything like that and wanted to safeguard it.

Anyway, the other man came after me and he seemed quite surprised to have witnessed this happening. He asked in a serious way if I was a vegetarian and was I interested in spirituality, was I meditating, and things like that.

Anyway, before taking initiation in 1972 in Montreal, Canada, we wrote to the Master and He confirmed His presence in the forest at that time.

Our second personal meeting occurred at Hardwar during the Kumbha Mela of 1974. I would say it is a personal souvenir in exceptional circumstances.

My wife, my son and I attended the Conference on Unity of Man at Sawan Ashram; when it was over we went to south India to the place where our son had been born. After one month we returned to Delhi, and desiring to see the Master once more, we proceeded to Dehra Dun (Manav Kendra).

Arriving there we were told Master had left that day and there was no room so we could not stay there at night. We heard the Master was in Hardwar and no foreigners were to go there. As we had the intention to see the Kumbha Mela we left for Hardwar the next morning after a poor night in a Dehra Dun hotel.

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We took a group taxi to Hardwar. We didn’t know what was going on with the Master over there and we weren’t sure it would be possible to see Him. Anyway, we started by taking a refreshing bath in the Ganges, then we crossed the bridges over the fast flowing river; the place was full of pilgrims.

From a distance we noticed a banner with the names of Ruhani Satsang and Kirpal Singh on it, so we walked over the dry bed part of the Ganges where there was a nest of camps on the opposite bank. We were happy to find the way home but not too sure of the kind of reception we were to expect.

We arrived in the middle part of the day. The camp was practically empty; there were a few Indian disciples and the langar staff. Master was in His tent resting. There was another Western boy and he was also not too sure of his reception at the Camp.

In the afternoon we went into Master’s tent and Master asked where we were putting up, and if we had any bedding, and finally agreed to let us stay in the security tent. He told us to make the best use of our time while we were there.

Every morning and evening there was a Darshan, and the Master would put the devotees into meditation; there was peace, beauty, and bliss of the simplest, unforgettable quality. We had an opportunity there to see Master doing the work of God among His humble faithful brothers.

The Master, after having put these people into meditation, would move on to a bench on the right side of the gathering, put His turban near Him on the bench, and look lovingly all over mother earth so specially sacred and dear to Him—He must have known that this was His last Kumbha Mela in the old tired body He had asked to work so much. Anyone who would have looked into His eyes at that time would have felt deeply related and very close to Him as one could see He was enjoying the gift of life and love in a very sweet and penetrating fashion.

The next day was the highlight of our stay at Hardwar with the Master, this was the opening procession of the Mela at the end of which thousands of pilgrims go bathing together into the sacred river.

We all went to the side of the procession route; Master came and sat down in a chair with all His children around Him under a freshly painted banner of Ruhani Satsang. Then we all watched the procession. Master had a basket of garlands of orange fragrant flowers.

We could see many bands and military men on beautiful big horses who would keep the crowd in order and then thousands of sadhus, rishis, mahatmas, and swamis wearing different robes in sacred colors. Thousands of naked sadhus coming down from the mountains were bearing garlands of orange flowers and had their long hair tied in chignons.
bigger than their heads. Some naked sadhus, both male and female, had long hair, but some had shaved heads. Others were in orange robes, and some wearing brilliant dresses were carried on flower-covered litters. Statues of gods were carried, some sadhus were dancing, and others playing music.

Many swamis stopped at Master’s feet, and they were garlanded and embraced by Him. The procession lasted more than two hours and it was the most fantastic thing we ever watched. It is considered by Indians as a great blessing to be there, and we felt there the powerful sacred charging of mystic India in the pure tradition of all time at the feet of our most sacred Master.

After three days and two nights, the Master left to go to Manav Kendra, and like everybody else, we just followed.

It Is He Who Draws Us

Harcharan Singh

It is not for us to speak or write about a Being such as Maharaj Ji. There is such a gulf that separates us from Him: we are blind—He knows everything. It is not we who find Him, but He who finds us and draws us to Himself, either by direct revelation or by some other means.

I accompanied Maharaj Ji on His last world tour, and there are some incidents from that time which come to my mind. We were in California and I was with Maharaj Ji in a room when a
visitor arrived—a lady dressed in black, coming directly from London for her first meeting with Him. She explained that while she was walking down a street in London He had appeared to her there, had told her that He was in California, and had asked her to come and meet Him there. She had never heard about Him nor had any plans about meeting Him. However, He had called her in person and so she had come. Her account was a vivid testimony that the Shepherd knows His flock and can reach out to His sheep no matter where they are.

While in Florida, I suddenly had an idea to take a movie of Maharaj Ji along the sea shore. When we were in Miami I gained courage and asked the Master if He could let me take pictures of Him along the sea’s edge as a record for our brothers and sisters in India. He graciously agreed. No one knew of it, and yet as Maharaj Ji came from the hotel a large number of brothers and sisters turned up and followed Him. The water was lapping some distance away and we all walked along with Maharaj Ji as little children with their father.

Suddenly a great wave rose up in the distance and came straight towards us; it was tumbling across all the dry sand between us and the sea, and washed right up to where we were. It drenched those nearer the water, but surprisingly, the moment it reached the Master’s Feet, it touched Him and quietly receded. A single wave rising up like this, rushing across, and then quietly retiring after just touching His Feet—it was too extraordinary to be merely an accident. Maharaj Ji had come to bless the seashore with His presence and the sea was reaching out to pay its homage. One had heard of such things in legends, but now the legend was being enacted before our very eyes.

To be at Maharaj Ji’s Feet was, indeed, to realize afresh each day that all the traditions and legends about holy men one had heard were not mere tales for children but literal truths.
His Selfless Love
Gloria Smith

It is the greatest blessing on earth to be in the physical presence of a Perfect Living Master. Those fortunate souls who came within the Divine radiation of Sant Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj know the depth of this truth. To come within the personal aura of the Beloved Master was to come in contact with a Power which could transform human lives. It was His love which drew us to Him—a love unknown to man. His love was universal, encompassing all of God’s creation, not just man alone.

The Master was a living Bible, and by His example one slowly began to understand the previously hidden and simple truths concealed in the sacred scriptures of the world. He frequently told us: “Spirituality is simple—it is you who have made it difficult.” He taught us to have love for all, to serve all. He often repeated: “Animals live for themselves; man is one who lives for others.” He transformed the meaning of love into a practical day-to-day experience capable of being performed by all—then He requested that we live up to the knowledge He had given us. He impressed on us, “Don’t harm anybody, God resides in every heart.” Thus He began to lift the veil that separated God’s creation from itself.

As the awareness, the consciousness begins to dawn that all creation is just Him disguised in different forms, then how can man bear to see Him suffer in any form which He may take, be it the form of man, animal, bird, or even the plant kingdom? The Master’s reverence for all life opened our hearts and expanded our capacity to love. He showed us by His daily example what love is, and how we could live love.

He would give out truths, and then give us unlimited opportunities to live up to and realize these truths in our daily lives. These lessons, when given in His physical presence always were very intense and frequently painful—for the Beloved was before us daily reminding us that “Truth is highest, but higher still is true living.” He demanded that we strive to live up to what He had taught us. It was a training ground, a school of spirituality at His Holy Feet, and the Great Teacher would not allow His students to waste their precious time with Him. We had come for one thing and one thing only—the Master—all else was to be left behind. Those who were able to do this, by His Grace, experienced profound transformations in their lives.

Once at Manav Kendra an initiate was trying to work out a means to live in India so as to be near the Master. The Master lovingly listened to the entire plan, nodding His head back and forth saying, “That’s all right, that’s all right,” in seeming agreement. Then He uttered profound words which changed the life of the initiate: “Look here, we must leave these things up to the Master Power, for only He knows what is best to wind up our karma.”
The charging of His words went deeply into the heart and the initiate realized that one should not be attached to anything—not even to places. The Master, in His complete selflessness was showing that the desire should be to go to our True Home rather than any place on earth. If it is our karma to live in the physical presence of the Master, then that Power will make all arrangements and it is nothing that we can do ourselves. All life is just a series of give and take—we have come here to wind up these debts and the Master Power, if we will surrender to It, will guide us, taking us where we need to be in order to finish off, so that we might once again be free and merge into Him—ending all separation.

Our Beloved Master was the personification of truth, love, simplicity, humility. He was the abode of all virtues. And by His great example, His life of total selfless service, He showed us that we too could regain our forgotten Godhood, but it would require the same complete dedication, the absolute and total surrender of ourselves to the Guru, so that He might clean and prepare the vessel to be filled. This surrendering He had done with His Master, thereby showing us what one man has done, another can do.

O Beloved Master! We knew You but a brief moment—yet You have stolen our hearts. You came to earth in Your beautiful garment of flesh, disguised as man. With the delicateness of Your pure love, Your simplicity, Your humility, You awakened our slumbering souls and put us on the way back Home. But the deep pain; Your total selflessness, Your life was given to humanity, yet You took nothing for Yourself. In your humility, Your love, You did not unite us with Your physical body, but with that eternal Master Power which never dies.

O Beloved! Your selfless love breaks the human heart. Accept the offering of this prayer: have mercy on our souls; we are blinded by so many veils—forgive us, for we know not what we do.
The Master’s Last Months  
Kate Tillis

The Presence on earth of the Luminous Godman Sant Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj was a miracle of such magnitude that it passes comprehension. His acceptance of us as His spiritual children was a personal miracle for each one of us; ever afterwards we lived and breathed miraculously in Him. To try to pull out any aspect of His Divine Grace is just to catch one drop from that limitless Ocean of Love; we can only tell of the little we can comprehend with our limited vision, just that tiny drop, while all the time He loves us and lifts us in ways too marvelous for us to grasp.

He changes us. Even those of us who only saw Him once, even those who received His Initiation but afterwards did not follow the Path; none of us can ever be the same again: we have each been touched by the Finger of God.

That He allowed Malcolm and me to stay close to Him in India and work for Him on His manuscripts for the last ten months of His earth life was all His merciful Grace—it is surely those most in need of help (and a good scrubbing!) whom He draws close to Himself.

During those months we watched Him pass from one phase to another, from outpourings of intense spiritual radiation and love to periods of withdrawal, from benevolence to sternness and back to benevolence, from delicious bursts of humor to admonition, from periods of radiant vitality to sickness, and finally, to that fatal illness culminating in His departure for higher planes.

When we came to His Holy Feet in October 1973, it was realized that His precious talks given daily to visiting Westerners were only being recorded in the most haphazard way by anyone who chanced to have a tape recorder at that time, and that these dear ones who made the recordings then returned with them to whatever corner of the world in which they happened to live. Master gave permission that these heart-to-heart talks should be officially recorded and documented for future publication, and this was begun in January 1974 when the necessary equipment arrived. In the meantime, notes were taken by hand of the rare gems as they fell from His lips, some of which are given below.

Master frequently told us that we had not come to the Ashram to make friends or indulge in idle talk and idle pursuits. So on the last night of her stay, an English satsangi said to Him, “We don’t come here with the intention of making friends, but when we arrive we can’t help it—we grow to love people here because we have so much in common. Is this wrong?” The Master replied, “No, because you love the Master and they are all the Master’s children, and you are closer to each other than members of your own family. This relationship remains even after death. You love these people because of your love for the Master.”

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On another occasion someone asked the Master, “What should we do on our return home to convey to others what we have learned here.” The Master said, “You must be changed, not the same old person in any way—in your behavior, in your dealings with others. Of course spiritually you are a little better. But let other people say you are changed! You need not act or pose. The more you progress the more it is a joy to me.

Master often told us to “Go jolly!” So someone once asked Him how could we go jolly? And He replied, “Only when you come in tune with nature. Your soul is to be happy, not your physical senses. If your whole attention is absorbed, then you will go jolly—there will be joy!”

To someone who admitted to Him, “I feel the Master knows all my faults and weaknesses,” He replied, “Well, try to weed them out. Fear of the Master arises through love—it is good to have fear. A man sees through the spectacles he is wearing—so have loving regard for all. When a man begins to fear displeasing Him it is a sign of going up; from fear will arise true love.”

In November the Master took Westerners with Him up to Manav Kendra, and while they were there invited them to spend a whole golden day with Him at His house at Rajpur. For some dear ones, however, the day was being spoilt by their inner criticism of the behavior in front of the Master of other dear ones—this the Beloved washed away in His Divine Love by remarking, “You are all beautiful to me.” He once told us, “The whole atmosphere is full of thoughts; if you think evil you will drain it from the atmosphere.”
On selfless service He said at another time, “It can only be selfless if there’s no personal gain in it. It is only selfless if it is done by your own wish and pleasure. If it is done by force or through fear it is not selfless service. It must come from natural impulse—it all depends on the intention.”

To be in the blessed physical presence of the Living Master…is indeed to drink the pure Nectar of Spirituality at its very source. No one who was present during that early January can ever forget those extraordinary silent darshans when the Master seemed, for a time, to let us have a glimpse of Himself—a rare gift of pure Grace. The room became immensely charged; no one spoke, and the Master simply sat and looked at His children. At such times the soul is lifted out of the body and given illumination and bliss beyond compare, beyond expression.

During this darshan the Master did, at long intervals, speak to us. The words carried tremendous charging and seemed to come from a great distance. He said:

“Silence is more eloquent than words. We have to go down into the very silence of the heart. That silence becomes vocal. That silence sprouts forth into Light.
Those who went deep down into that silence gave us the scriptures. The scriptures are the result of such people. At the moment we are physically still and mentally still we learn more by radiation.”

These words were written down by Malcolm as they were spoken. Next day he took them to the Master for His correction (nothing could be released in any form which had not first been passed by Him). Malcolm said, “Master, apparently nobody recorded what You said yesterday” and the Master, as He took the paper, remarked, “You took it down. So you were one of the nobodies.” Master then corrected what He had said and put a large tick in the margin.

Once when He was talking to His children He told them, “I am not the Master—God is the Master; He is working through me.”

On another occasion He said, “The Kingdom of God is for children—not for the childish.” And again, “Chastity is the foundation on which the house is built—the house of spirituality.”

Of someone who was always changing clothes and obviously thought a lot of outer appearance, the Master asked repeatedly, “When did you come?” as if to a newcomer. Everyone laughed and said, “But Master, this person has been here for weeks!” The Master, however, was playing the game of non-recognition. “Oh,” He said, “You keep changing your form,” by which He meant dress. “You are looking after the horse and forgetting the rider. You are taking care of the house and have forgotten the indweller.”

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At this time when the Master gave darshan in what appeared to be a noisy passage with members of His household and staff continually passing, talking among themselves and telephoning, some dear ones from the West complained they could not hear Him. But His reply was that everyone could hear perfectly well if he concentrated.

After one of His terrible coughing spells someone asked, “Master, are we tiring You?” The Master replied, “No, you are my solace.”

He told us we should have right understanding and that right thoughts and right speech would give us right meditation. He said, “Safeguard the principle of right understanding and you will guard yourself.”

On New Year’s morning He gave a talk from which the following is an extract.

“Progress depends on your devotion and ruling passion. So work in a way that you may be able to fly with the Master within to higher planes. Always have the highest ideal before you. If you want to jump ten feet, don’t jump four or five. If you don’t have lofty ideals you will remain where you are. A man is really a man if he catches God. That is the highest ideal. Start this year by having the highest ideal. When God sees you are running to Him He will give you a boost. If you are always lying on the floor who will help you? I am only telling you all this to give you a new incentive. That’s my New Year message. Once you reach the destination, then lie down.”

An open invitation was given to all satsangis to take part in the Unity of Man Conference in February, and to celebrate the Master’s Birthday; nearly five hundred Westerners accepted the Master’s invitation to come and stay at the Ashram. One or two of the more perceptive of them said quietly that they could not help thinking this huge gathering of the Master’s children from all over the world must have some deeper significance than the obvious one of the Conference. Indeed now we can see it as His generous gesture to all His spiritual family to come, without the usual special permission, for the last time on earth to His Holy Feet.

During this time, in spite of the tremendous extra burden of work the Conference entailed for Him, He gave the Westerners two long meditation sessions every day followed by talks of profound spiritual depth. He poured out His love, concern and guidance in such a way that each person felt him or herself to be supremely blessed, and to be the center of the Master’s care and attention. Here was the Divine Sun of spirituality radiating in all His splendor and here was the loving, tender Father, the solace of all hearts. How could we understand what was happening—far less describe it? We used to think if we could really absorb one millionth part of what was being poured out we’d all become instant saints!

We would often be appalled by the sight of His physical suffering—the cough which wrecked His whole frame so that it seemed He would never get the breath back in His body, His muscular contractions or cramps, those agonizing pains which wrung involuntary groans
from Him—all the more appalling that these sufferings must have been caused by His acceptance of our karmic load. And yet He had the most extraordinary resilience; one moment He would be seen to be deathly ill, and in almost the next moment He would be glowing with vitality and sparkling with loving smiles. No spectator, and indeed no doctor can ever understand the interaction of body and soul in a Master Saint. Since a Master is perfectly in tune with God at all times and in all situations, His sufferings, and of course His physical death, must all be perfectly accepted and undergone by Him according to the Divine Plan. Yet the sight of such suffering starts painful self-questioning in the satsangi. As each one is indissolubly linked to Him, impulses pass back and forth between them in ways of which the satsangi is but dimly aware. In a sense everything the satsangi says and does must be registered within Him. Then so intolerable becomes the thought of personal imperfections that a profound restlessness and a bitter anguish is endured until, through His Grace, each one becomes as He is; until there is no intervening friction nor flaw, until the double image is the perfect reflection. This culmination, this consummation is His supreme Gift and Grace, never earned, never deserved.
In Remembrance of Our Master  
James Forte

How can one speak of one’s Master? Tears are words enough. His total humility let the total Divinity shine through and pour down upon us, drenching us with love through every pore. If the longing to see Him was of supreme intensity, the agony at His departure from the physical world was still greater, and His inner grace and consolation since has made all before it seem as nothing. So intensely is He loving us that we are vibrated through and through. We, worthless as we are, have a supreme lover who does not go away. He would often say, “Words cannot describe that experience.” Only sobs of the heart transformed.

How to speak of Him? How can we who have nothing praiseworthy in us praise Him? But it is all a tale of love. He came for love, He gave love, He is loving.

He was always concerned with the real, the living, the alive, and was not at all concerned with monuments, and yet His total humility was monumental.

He told the tale of one disciple who was writing the life story of his Master, and after years of no written pages being produced, he explained that he was writing all the time. The true story of a Master is to live up to what He says. As initiates we are all meant to be the living story of our Master’s life, for His life was not a story or a tale of events. His life was living love—alive and vibrant, not just a description of it. Then we would be true disciples constantly demonstrating the story of our Master’s life, just as He was the constant living story of His Master’s life.
If ever beauty of Nature was a promise of something higher, He was that promise come walking among us. He loved us—He loves us. We were more lost than we could realize, and He came to save us. So immediate yet so infinite. It seems impossible that any picture frame could even get around any picture of Him. In His presence infinity shone out—and we were happy, we were joyful, overjoyed.

He said that when we are on the same earth-plane as our Master, that is beatitude. Then He said, “You are having that beatitude but I am not.” Even He, the Master Himself, could not have that beatitude on earth, for His Master had left the physical form.

It would seem that by His leaving us on the physical plane we have suffered an irreparable loss. Indeed we have. Where can we go? Yet His sacrifice—and sacrifice it was—so purified us. Even His departure from the physical was a gift. The longing is greater and we are dragged in, for nothing else can satisfy us. We must see Him and be with Him.

His essence and life force was love itself. Every word He uttered was to bring us away from all other lives to the life of love; that is, life with Him, for life with Him is a life of love. Like the proverbial salt dolls, we are dissolving slowly into the ocean of Love as we follow His instructions and do our spiritual practices. We may sometimes think that we are more like some insoluble tar doll, but though we may not know it, the process is going on. To the degree that our attention resides in Him we are at peace.

Who was this man—none less than the very presence of God Himself. He is writing the true story of His life in the salvation of each one of us.
The Sweet Home of the Father
Sharon Shively

I was an unhappy child. I was always afraid. I slept on the edge of my bed so I could get out fast if the house caught on fire. I never had many friends. I believed in God until I grew old enough to ask impossible questions which those around me could not answer.

As a teen-ager, the question of God never entered my mind. I only wanted to be happy. I sought happiness through art, school achievement, and friends, but nothing worked.

In college I didn’t care about learning anything, I just wanted to be happy. I was moody, depressed, confused and “strange.” As a result, I was very lonely. I got almost all “A” grades, but it didn’t matter to me very much.

I dropped out of college, and worked full-time. At this time I first tried drugs. I had enough money to buy everything I wanted, and my clothes and apartment seemed perfect to me, but I was still miserable.

My search led me to civil disobedience and deeper into drugs and sensuality. I sometimes had flashes of a world of love, where people walked fearlessly as if in bright sunshine. And I knew I was living all wrong, but I didn’t know what to do.

On one drug trip I realized in despair the totality of my ignorance and debased condition. I saw the same things in the world around me. Nothing seemed to be in order; we were polluting ourselves, our air, our water and I felt helpless. I wanted desperately to be “right,” to live the “right” way, but I didn’t even know what that meant, I just knew I was at the very bottom.

I hallucinated that I was talking to God. I said, “You are God, so You can do anything. Please help me. PLEASE HELP Me!” And since I was talking in thought, not words, my “me” meant us, our whole world, as well as myself. God promised He would help me. I felt relieved, but as I was on drugs at the time, it became very negative and confused quickly.

I returned to college. I thought perhaps I would be happier if I could earn my living in a more fulfilling way and I felt I needed a degree for this. I was given complete tuition and expenses through a scholarship loan program—a highly unusual circumstance.

In one of my first classes I met the person who was to tell me of the Master. I was not drawn to this person at all, but circumstances threw us together.

One afternoon during a break in an assignment we had to carry out for our class we decided to get some coffee. As we sat over our coffee, talking, the subject of yoga came up. I had

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been interested in yoga on and off but I had never felt that it was possible for me, because all of the yogas I had heard of demanded self-discipline and the rigid avoidance of sensual pleasure, two things I felt I was not capable of. So, when people talked of yoga I envied them, I sensed something beautiful, but far beyond my reach.

As the person I was with continued talking I found myself listening just to be polite. I had tried Transcendental Meditation which had never satisfied me and I mentioned this to him. “Well, I practice a yoga,” he said. That’s nice, I thought. “Yes, it’s Surat Shabd Yoga, the Yoga of attention to the Light and Sound of God. And I have a Master. A Perfect Living Master. His name is Kirpal Singh and He will take me back to the Sweet Home of the Father from which we have been gone so long.”

It was amazing. It was as if he had spoken in some code that part of me recognized instantly. And the part of me that recognized the code burst out and overwhelmed the rest. I was not the same person I had been seconds before, I was more like the person I had been on rare occasions as a child playing with sunlight and dreaming of fairy lands.

I didn’t even realize that I was different at the time because all I was aware of was that I had to hear more about the Master and more about the Path. I had always loved the words “sweet” and “home;” here they were where they belonged, as if they had been present in my former life just to be welcoming signs into this life, because it was a whole new life that I entered joyously from the very second that I was told about it.

All of a sudden this person I was sitting with was the dearest person I had ever seen. Everything he told me was like clear, cool water to someone really thirsty.

He told me about the Master, the God in Man, who was here on earth now as He had been in the past. I had always believed in rainbows as a child, they were signs of wonder; this was the most rainbow thing that had ever happened.

He told me about meditation and that the Master’s Way was made so easy, by His Grace, that anyone could do it. He told me about the vegetarian diet and the need to avoid drugs or excessive sensual indulgence. Somehow, I knew that now things were possible because of the Master. Here was a way—a Perfect way—out of the misery in which I had been for so long and it would be made possible because I would not be doing it alone, or on my own strength of will or discipline; the Master would be with me and He would pick me up if needed, and carry me like a mother does her child.

I was so happy. It was like a fantastic dream, a dream that had always been just beyond my awareness. I felt like I had been waiting all my life for this moment even though I had never known I was waiting at all. I felt like a great king had sent an older brother to rescue a child of His Kingdom who had been lost since birth, and now I was found and listening to stories of the places I had forgotten, and the customs and ways I had forgotten consciously but evidently never completely.

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It was like discovering a new world, and yet a tantalizingly familiar world in feeling. I felt like I belonged here. I felt like at last I found my place and understood why everywhere else I had been out of place. It was a new world of incredible sweetness and beauty. The Master’s Words were so gloriously beautiful and His wisdom was so simple and complete.

I was allowed to apply for initiation three or four days after I first heard about the Master, even though I hadn’t followed the diet for three months. I promised sincerely that I would never eat the non-vegetarian foods or take drugs again.

It was as if just hearing about the Master was enough to lift me out of the darkness I had been in. I can remember one time I had been “smoking” with my friends and I had felt time seemed to stop, and I had thought that I would never know the true sweetness of timelessness while doing dope but at the same time there was nothing else to do instead, so I just went on with it. In the beginning it had all been exciting and an escape from the meaninglessness of the rest of life, but by the time I heard about the Master, it had become nothing but a dreary habit I felt powerless to break.

I really felt as if I was leaving one country and entering a new one—a hidden one of sunshine and happiness somehow within the one I had always lived in. I still lived in the same apartment, went to the same classes, and walked the same streets; but now I knew the same secret the flowers knew. Now I knew the Truth. Hadn’t it been told that the Truth would set us free? And I felt free. I heard the birds singing, and they were singing about the wonder of the Master. The sun was saying— Son, Son of God—Kirpal.

One night I heard a tape of the Master speaking. It sounded to me as if His Voice was ringing through space and time, as if the voice I heard was only a part of the total sound His Voice was making.

It was the Master who taught me to love the word God, because for so long that word had had no meaning. But as I waited to hear about my application, I read as many of the Master’s books as I could, and I learned that God was Love, Light and Truth, and that His laws were for the good of each and all. Only as I read them in the Master’s words did the common morals of all religions make sense. Here was the mystery of life, death and fate revealed as simply as a story for children. And there was no flaw anywhere. They held true throughout.

For the first time in my life I began to trust someone. It was someone I had never seen or met but I felt closer to Him all the time. For the first time in my life I knew beyond a doubt the way to be “good.” I had somehow always yearned to be good, to be “right” but I had never known in the slightest what this might mean in terms of behavior, and so I had never even allowed the yearning to become very conscious.

As I read the Master’s books and circulars and attended Satsangs I began to understand what goodness was. The Master made it so clear.
The joy of waking up to a clean life was overwhelming. All of the beauty in nature was His beauty. All of the love that I had not appreciated in family and friends I could now begin to appreciate because His Love was melting the ice of fear which had formed around my heart. All of the happiness I felt was His gift. I learned that I could “talk” to Him and He would answer, not directly usually but somehow, and I learned to recognize His answers and they made me glad.

One day my initiation acceptance arrived in the mail box. I was happy and excited but also nervous about initiation itself. I didn’t know what to expect and I felt very anxious about it. I was so used to concealing much of my inner feelings from myself and others that the anxiety of the situation prevented me from realizing with full conviction what I was actually seeing and hearing within. I could not relax enough to let myself fully experience what was actually happening within.

Nevertheless, I was sure that I had seen and heard something, and I had the five charged Names and my new life had officially begun, although really, my life had truly begun that day I had first heard of Him whom my soul would love.

Since then my life has become progressively happier. Although there are downs as well as ups, the constant misery and despair of my past is gone.

I know that I don’t realize or appreciate the blessing of Naam Initiation, but the little of it I do realize makes me see how incredibly merciful a Perfect Master is. He takes care of every sparrow with His Great Love.
In July 1974, Master graciously granted me permission to visit Sawan Ashram where I was able to imbibe His Blessings during the last five weeks of His earthly life. Being in His presence was a rare gift but one that unfortunately, I did not appreciate at that time. My mind rebelled and I had desires to escape the Ashram and the oppressive heat of Delhi and go to the mountains. I even asked Master for permission to leave for a few days. He replied sweetly, “Yes, if that is your desire.” Then, fortunately for me, the two people who were going to accompany me changed their plans and the trip was cancelled. From that day on Master showered His Love on me, stilling my mind and filling my heart with joy.

At one evening Darshan, I asked Master about the power of grace. He gave a beautiful discourse on the subject for nearly twenty minutes, never taking His eyes off me. This demonstration of grace for one who was so unworthy of His Blessings was a lesson I have never forgotten. I was bathed in His glances of love and as I gazed into His deep blue eyes, His whole form began to glow with a beautiful white radiance, all Light and Love.

On August 17th, in the evening, Master gave two of us our last Darshan for we were leaving in the morning. Master was on His bed, resting with His son, Darshan, at His side. Although Master was in pain, He was so sweet to us, asking us about departure plans and blessing gifts for friends. I told Him I was going to Kashmir for a few days before leaving Delhi on the 21st. Master smiled and said, “Go jolly.” He was so cheerful that it eased the pain of our good-bye. Little did I know that was to be my last glimpse of His physical form.

The next two days were incredible; Master not only granted me my desire to go to the mountains but filled me with such intoxication for God that I felt His constant presence. Although I had left the Ashram, Master had not left me. The locket of Kirpal which I had always worn seemed to be specially charged—like a magnet it drew people, who inquired about His picture. One peddler in particular became charmed as he was trying to sell me some jewelry. Slowly his eyes began to focus on the image of Master. His voice slowed to a halt and then he stopped and asked in a wistful tone, “Please tell me who He is.” I spoke about Master and the Path and he was eager to hear more. In the evening he returned with three friends and a ring and locket made from two small snapshots of Master I had given him. They had many questions about Master and I was overjoyed to share His teachings.

I took a bus to the foothills of the Himalayas. It was a beautiful drive. On the bus some passengers engaged me in conversation about Master—the charm of the locket again! I rented a horse from one of the many herdsmen and we started up the trail, the herdsmen walking and I on horseback. Two crows accompanied us for a short distance, flying in front of me, cawing very persistently. I felt they had a message for me but I was too ecstatic to allow myself to worry.
Though I am not musical and seldom sing, during that ride up the mountain, songs about God and Master flowed out of the depths of my soul. Both the tunes and the words were spontaneous and expressions of beauty, harmony and unity of the Universe, which Master conveyed to me. Unself-consciously I sang the entire trip up the mountain. At the top we stopped and had some tea. We were joined by several herdsmen, all Moslems. Again the conversation focused on Master and they listened attentively, nodding their heads and praising Allah.

That day it was effortless to see God in everyone, for all faces were shining with Light. Not only the children, but everyone smiled at me as I walked in the village streets. It was a golden day. I didn’t walk but floated on Master’s vibrations. All were bathed in glory—children scampering on the streets, women gracefully bearing bundles of sticks on their heads, old men crouching in doorways, soldiers prancing in their uniforms. I felt no separation. We were all one—young, old, male, female, Moslem, Sikh, Christian, Hindu, American, Indian, Kashmiri. God’s Love radiated intensely from each and everyone. Tears were flowing down my cheeks, an expression of the intensity of my experience. Oh Kirpal, what was the meaning of this God intoxication—this holy ecstasy?

On August 21, still high on God, I flew back to Delhi late in the afternoon. As I was collecting my luggage, a young Indian steward, no more than 19, walked up to me and said, “My Master is Kirpal Singh too. Let’s go to the Ashram.” I thought, of course, why not? He tried to phone first but the line was busy, so we decided to go anyway as Phul had to return to his job in an hour or two. We arrived at Sawan Ashram at quarter to six. It was deathly still—even the birds seemed strangely quiet. An American student ran over to our taxi and told me that Master had been taken to the hospital. Although He was very ill, He said we should not worry. I was stunned by the news.

There was no point in staying so we got back into the taxi. As we were leaving, an Indian lady ran out and asked if we were going to the hospital. I told her we had to return to the airport. It was then 6:15.

Phul wanted me to meet his family who lived in a hamlet near the airport. I agreed, and that cheered him up considerably. We had to walk a short distance across some fields to his family compound. They were all there to greet me—his blind father and his uncle who were both initiates of Sawan Singh together with all his sisters, brothers and cousins. Such a happy scene! They offered me a coke and gave me their one chair which I tried to refuse. They insisted, and I sat awkwardly while they stood around me. We all communicated through that universal language of smiles and embraces since only Phul and I spoke English. During these moments of joy I noticed that the Western sky was aflame with golden-red clouds. The blind father stood with his back to the sun, his white hair wreathing his head like a halo, his arms embracing his sons.
Phul ran into the house bringing out the only picture of Master his family had in their home. He presented this mounted picture of Master as a gift to me. We all looked at the picture, murmuring, “Sat Guru.” I refused to accept this generous gift, so he offered me a picture of himself instead. The children by this time were crowding around me, giggling and happy. The adults, more bashful, were smiling. We were one family united by God. I shall never forget how everyone was bathed in a special golden haze as the sun slowly set behind the clouds and the Great Sun of Spirituality, Master Kirpal, left the earth plane. Only when I arrived at Kennedy Airport did I learn that Master had indeed left the earth at the time we were having His Darshan in a simple hamlet in India.

In the Garden of Non-existence
Andrew Vidich

There is only the Friendship with the Friend that grants rest to the yearning heart.
There is only the sight of the Beloved that soothes the burning eyes.
Therefore, seek the tender caress from the Hidden One in the garden of non-existence
Where His rain is a gentle shower of Mercy,
And the courtyard of the Beloved is decked with dancing lights of joy.
Here in His rose-garden all are lost to self,
Drunk on the elixir of His glances of Grace.
Listen, and sing the Song Eternal which you really are.
Bathe and Bask in the heavenly Light that transcends all sorrow.
Feel the pulse of life itself from His Heart which embraces all hearts
and is in tune with every mind.
With every step, with every breath, with every passing moment,
Let the flame of Love Divine shine forth from every pore of thy being,
And with an Ocean of Tears flood the world with the remembrance of Him.
The Mission of Sant Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj  
Sant Darshan Singh

How does one encompass with words the attributes of a personality so cosmic as Sant Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj? A Light broke out in the East and spread to the West. A Fragrance sweetened our hearts and minds and penetrated to the inmost depths of our souls. A Master of the Tavern, with a heart as large as the ocean, poured out with abandon the Wine of Life, whose intoxication is eternal. A Beauty was born on whom Nature expended its grace and splendor, whose every glance was a transport of bliss, and whose every word was a song of spiritual awakening.

How does one express in words the anguish at the physical passing from among us of such a One who was All-Wisdom, All-Grace, and All-Love! He was an image of Truth, and to have His glimpse was at once to engage in worship and devotion. He was the Perfect One who came to free us from the wheel of birth and death, and through His boundless grace bestowed upon us Life Eternal. He was all mercy and compassion, and His was the hand of God, His the eye of the Almighty.

He was Love personified and our hearts are now smarting with the pain of separation. The more we can sit in His remembrance and develop one-pointed concentration, the more this anguish will be sharpened and will help carry us back towards Him. The pain of our separation from Him is not a pain that will go away in a day or a week or a year—it is a pain that will be with us forever. As we sit in loving remembrance of Maharaj Ji, tears well up and flow down in spite of ourselves, tears which wash away the attachments of many an incarnation, and cleanse and purify the soul. These tears have brought us to the condition of which Guru Amar Das spoke when he said, “When I forget Him even for a moment, it is like a burden of fifty years.”

Thus even in passing physically from among us Maharaj Ji is continuing the revolution He began in each of us. The Mission He undertook was nothing less than transfiguring us from within, and the anguish of physical separation from Him is as much an instrument in furthering it as the joy of His physical darshan had been in the past.

The conqueror leaves behind testimony of his greatness through the extent of his empire, the builder through the bridges and towers that he builds, the sculptor through the monuments executed in wood, bronze or marble. But a Master Saint works with the subtest of all materials—the human soul—and the testament He leaves behind is the transformation He effects in those who come to His Feet. His Power is boundless, but we can know Him only to the extent He chooses to reveal Himself. This is His precious gift of Love. Let us pray to Maharaj Ji that He may purify us further and extend our inner receptivity so that we may realize His teachings to the full, and thus become torches that carry the Light of His Mission of Love to the darkest corner of the world.