

Recollections of the Beloved Master
Sant Kirpal Singh Ji
Excerpts from Sat Sandesh Magazine
1968-1976



How to still the mind?
There is one remedy: think of your Master.
If a child is going around with his hand in his father's hand,
no dacoit will dare touch the child.
(Sant Kirpal Singh Ji)



Nine Days with the Living Master

Dr. Ann L. Martin

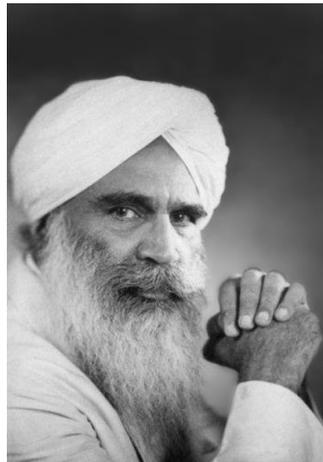
The author was in Louisville [1955] to meet Master to receive initiation. Her account begins with her waiting to greet Master for the first time:

She (the writer) sat down in a swing, and she doesn't mind telling you that her thoughts were beginning to pile up on her. All at once, as she sat there on this strange porch, in this strange town, amid people whom she had never seen or met before, she began berating herself. Her thoughts went on a rampage, and she asked herself, half angrily, what was she doing there? Had she suddenly taken leave of her senses, to leave home on a mission of this sort, when she knew that every attempt she'd ever made fell flat? What did she expect to find here?

About this time she glanced up, and walking towards her was a Godman. She was first stunned by the sheer beauty of the person approaching her. His gleaming white finely-woven garments, his bearing, his eyes, his smile, his very expression of all-embracing understanding and love seemed to swamp her. It swept over her like a sudden storm of inexpressible Joy! Before she could get close enough to put her hand in His, she knew her search was ended!

There are no words adequate to use in describing one's first meeting with the Master. All the joys one can conjure up in one's mind vanish when compared to the actual joy that is there. Words are of no use here at all, they fall like spent bullets, when one tries to tell of his feelings when he first comes face to face with the Great Beloved Master.

Everything seemed to come to a complete standstill for the writer. She felt bathed in the purest holy light imaginable, and Earth - even time itself - seemed no more. All she can remember of this meeting is that she got up out of the swing and met the Master. She heard herself say, "OH! YOU are the Master!" Any other words, if there were, she does not recall. There must have been other words, but her heart suddenly was so full of joy and gladness that she could hardly stand it, for she felt surely it would burst within her for the joy that was hers at this sacred moment in her life...



As the writer looks back over those eventful days of her life, the thing that seems to stand out the most in it all is that the Master seemed to be love itself, love personified. His absolute magnificence, as he moved about among us, is indescribable. His graciousness, his impartiality, towards us all alike was something unheard of.

You knew when he looked at you that he was seeing another child of God, no matter how you may feel about yourself. He did not look at you, nor Jane, or Mary, nor John, nor Bill, for personality means nothing to him. But he looked at you as though he were looking at a child of God...

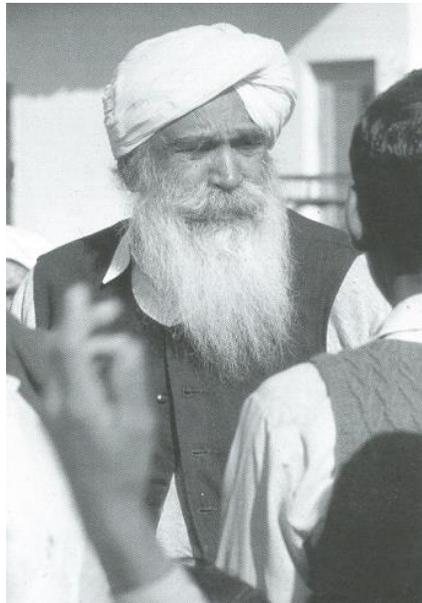


The writer was never critical, but here she was at the apex of her whole life, she felt, and naturally she was on the alert for the least fault or imperfection to show up. Too much in her was at stake. She had too much to lay at just anyone. Could she be blamed for being watchful and careful?

Was there any discord about this Godman? About him maybe a little, but in him? Never! Like a beautiful, calm, white lily he was there in his own serenity and peace; no matter what swirled at his blessed feet, He WAS PERFECT. The world troubled him not. He knew those ready for him would find him, and so his calm spread over all about him like a mantle. No wonder people flocked about him. No wonder they followed him in crowds wherever he went...

Nothing but perfection ever showed up in the Master, and this perfection was as natural as the radiance to the sun itself. But how can it ever be described? One may as well try to describe the perfection of the sun, or to watch for the very sun to make a mistake or to prove itself unworthy.

No tongue can tell, no words can express, the absolute serenity and peace that was and is the writer's because of her short association with the Great Master. (8/71)



Come Unto Me

L. Gurney Parrott

The autumn of 1966 found me in Malta trying to adjust myself to a severe bereavement - and failing. I was miserable, off-balance, and quite unable to call upon the spiritual power and understanding I thought I had acquired over long years of study and effort.

In this state of mind I wrote to my Bombay friend to say that I was thinking of revisiting India. I received an enthusiastic reply, including the statement that I must meet his Master, Sant Kirpal Singh, who would be in Bombay during the Christmas week. There followed a tremendous eulogy of his Master that left me quite cold.

Past Masters there had been, but were there any, was there even one today? I doubted it. Any how, I was not in a mood for Masters. I knew nothing about Sant Kirpal Singh. I had not even known that my friend had a Master. Such was my mood, but I went ahead with my plans even so. Why? I did not know.

For three weeks I tried to get a passage by sea and failed. In a fit of irritation and frustration one day I suddenly decided not to go and wrote to my friend accordingly. A few days later, however, I was suddenly conscious of a gentle, unseen presence, and distinctly heard a voice say: "Go to India!" Imagination? Perhaps. I immediately went out and bought a return air ticket for Bombay where I arrived on December 19 to a heart-warming reception at the airport.

The next morning my friend took me to the house where the Master was staying. I was still in a critical and unresponsive mood, however, as I stood self-consciously in my socks (having, as custom demanded, discarded my shoes) in a corridor, apathetically watching people being admitted to the Master in a room at the end of it.

I felt rather foolish, very English, an outsider and an intruder, the only European present on that occasion, with not the least idea of what it was all about, and not very optimistic that the Master would even see me, or, if he did, that he would probably have me thrown out.

Suddenly, my reverie was broken by a voice at my elbow saying: "The Master will see you now."

As I entered the room, a tall strongly built, white bearded figure rose from a couch and came forward to greet me, taking both my hands in his, and saying "hello!" This took me by surprise. I had expected something oriental, some pious words, some indication of religiosity, but there was nothing. There was nothing unusual in his dress - white turban, black three-quarter coat over a white tunic and trousers and slippers - no religious emblem; no prayers; no incense; no music; just a simplicity and a naturalness which of themselves were far more impressive than any pomp or splendor could be.

With gentle courtesy he himself brought forward an armchair and placed me in it, resuming his seat on the couch. This brought him well below my level - such is his humility - and I found myself looking down on him. Suddenly, I was overwhelmed with an up-rush of emotion and realized that I could not possibly stay in that position and slipped to the floor at his feet. In that moment alone was unconsciously expressed an instant recognition and acceptance of the spiritual grace and power flowing from the Master.

He only smiled and said tranquilly: "Tell me something about yourself." "You know it already, Master," I replied. "What is there to say?" "Never mind," he said "tell me something and we'll take it from there!" I tried to speak of my past life but emotion ripped me and I had to stop after a few sentences, fighting for self-control. Seeing my distress, the Master made a small gesture and immediately I was calm again.

He went on to speak of the Christ and his teachings, of the Kingdom of Heaven within us, and of the Light "that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

When I rose to leave, he said: "Come again tomorrow, early, about 8 O'clock."

Next morning, I found myself one of about seventy or eighty people in a large room, squatting on the floor and (thanks to the Master's thoughtfulness) sitting in a chair at the back. The Master sat in an armchair at the front of the assembly with men on his right and women on his left. In a few simple words he told us that the Master-Power would give us a "peep within," and that each one of us would have spiritual experience, according to his or her spiritual development and receptivity.

As I composed myself for the ensuing meditation - and it is not surprising if for some time I failed to control my whirling thoughts - I must confess that I was still watchful and critical, and more than a little skeptical.

No one could feel less worthy than I to receive such a gift; it surely was not possible! For some time so it certainly seemed, for nothing happened and the demon doubt reared again his ugly head. With an effort I dismissed such thoughts and resumed meditation, but not before casting a swift glance around to see if anything unusual was going on! No, there they all were, sitting quietly with eyes closed, and there was the Master sitting in front, and the sunshine was streaming in at the windows and the birds were singing outside.

I closed my eyes again. Suddenly, the Light came within, slowly as the breaking dawn and grew in intensity until it seemed the sun was about to rise above the horizon, and in that Light other manifestations arose about which it is not permitted to speak.

There was yet another step to be taken before a complete answer could be given, and we were told to assemble again in about an hour for meditation, this time for Sound, the Word, or the Voice of God. If I was almost stunned by the marvelous revelations in the first meditation, what would happen in the second?

Again we assembled and were told to place our hands on our foreheads and insert the thumbs into our ears to exclude outer noises, and to listen without strain to what should manifest itself. For a long time again nothing happened, and then the Sound came, falling into one of five categories. There the most wonderful experience imaginable ended. Impossible to convey the joy and serenity, the certainty of the reality of spirit once it has been seen and heard.

At once comes the corollary of an earlier statement - who is this man who does what he promises in both Vision and Sound divine?

As I taxied back to my hotel that evening, I suddenly realized that all my misery and sorrow had gone and I was brimming over with happiness. I understood then as never before the meaning of those words: "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden."

When I got to my room I switched on the light and as I moved round for some reason I closed my eyes, and there before me was the Master in his radiant form, smiling, shining like gold! I opened my eyes and closed them again, and there he was. I opened them and walked round the room amazed, then closed them again, and he was still there! I cried aloud in joy and astonishment: "It is true, it is all true - it is real, it is real!" Christmas-eve, 1966, never to be forgotten. (3/68)

With Master in the Punjab

Wolfgang Sprenger

The stay here [Dasuya] was highlighted by a beautiful morning darshan from which the following extract is taken:

How to still the mind? There is one remedy: think of your Master. If a child is going around with his hand in his father's hand, no dacoit will dare touch the child.

Always be conscious, be aware of the Father. Have sweet remembrance of Him, then the mind will not tell you anything; it will not harm you. When you forget the Master - the God in Him – then the mind attacks. It robs you; drags you to the outgoing faculties and the earth.

So for that reason have the sweet remembrance of the Master. It is the panacea for stilling the mind. But it should be SWEET remembrance - not automatic. Sweet remembrance of the Master is sweet remembrance of God. He always thinks of your welfare, so that you may reach your True Home - that's all. (1/74)



Finding a friend

Alyce C. Cashman

Dear Editor,

As a student of His Holiness Sant Kirpal Singh Ji, I wish to submit, with deep devotion and gratitude, the following excerpt from the great Master's letter to me, dated September 4, 1956, in response to my query to him for a friend on the spiritual Path of the Masters: "I did find a friend for you, Alyce, friend who is even now waiting patiently for you to turn to him. He is constantly by your side, loving you, wanting to share your life with, but more than wanting your love, thoughts and faith. It is you, yourself, who has drawn a thick screen of various other thoughts in between you and your friend. Try and remove the screen, then you will see a friend waiting there with outstretched arms to embrace you with love, and who will stand by you all through this life and the other. (12/68)



My Visions

Minnie Clark

Dear Editor,

While I waited for consent from the Master, Sant Kirpal Singh Ji, to be initiated, I stood one evening in the kitchen and closed my eyes in meditation. Just a few moments of silence and the Master appeared to me. He was blessing the people who were there in the bright sun. He walked to the edge of the grounds and told me: "Yes, you have been accepted." I heard a horn blow in my right ear. The vibration of sound caused some pain for a second. When Mr. T.S. Khanna wrote and sent the date of my initiation I told him about the vision of the Master while I waited to hear from him. The day of my initiation, the Master appeared to me in view from the head to shoulders. After that it was vision after vision. I remember each one clearly as if they appeared last night. Each different, I will not go into each experience. Golden light. Next time there sat on a mountain in the Himalayas a group of men in a circle as if meditating. The vision appears, while you go into the secret place of the Most High, which is the temple of the living God. This is within yourself, sitting quietly with your eyes closed. Love to the Master and all Satsangis.

(12/68)

The Impact of a Saint

Russell Perkins

So long, so long ago it seems - those glorious days in October that the Master came to New England and transformed my life. My wife Judith and I had been initiated in 1958, but despite a strong impetus before, during, and after Initiation, after a year and a half of increasingly half-hearted practice we "left the Path" and lived a worldly life for two years.

Then, having been pulled back by Master's inexorable long rope, we discovered that the fruit of prolonged abstinence from meditation and true living was absolute darkness and silence. I can still remember the shock I felt the first time I sat down for Bhajan after two years without it, and heard nothing - nothing at all.

With a rush I saw just how foolish I had been and what I had thrown away. But it was too late; what I had been given, I had lost, and since I could no longer fool myself into thinking that a worldly life was sufficient, I had no choice but to keep sitting and wait for Master to lift the veil.

Eventually, the Sound was restored to me; but for two long years I sat in darkness, with just one or two exceptions.



I had never attended a group meditation conducted by the Master before, and was totally unprepared for this one (the first of the 1963 tour). After giving us really excellent instructions, He left the room for an hour while we sat; on returning, He questioned each person individually as to what he had seen!

The problem was, as usual, I had seen nothing; I hadn't expected anything different really; it didn't bother me, because it was what I was used to. I noticed, however, with a real sense of foreboding, that out of a hundred people or so in the room, I was one of maybe four that hadn't seen any light at all.

Person after person reeled off their experiences while I listened incredulously; even my own wife had had an experience! But not me. By the time Master reached me, I had irrationally worked myself up into some kind of weird depression in which I was blaming Master for not giving me anything.

He looked at me. "Yes?" "Nothing sir" (sullenly). "Nothing?" "Nothing." He fixed me with the most penetrating gaze I had ever seen. "Why not?" "I don't know, sir." "Were you conscious of your breathing?" "No, sir." "Did you have a headache?" "No, sir." "Then why not?" "I don't know, sir." (In my heart I was thinking, *aren't you supposed to know that? Isn't it your fault?*)

Master looked at me again. Oh, God, that gaze! "Everyone else has had this thing; why not you?" I was defeated; I said weakly, "I don't know, sir." He looked at me again. "Are you initiated?" (*Oh God, I thought. Oh God! Doesn't he know whether I'm initiated or not? Oh God, oh God!*) "Yes, sir." "Did you have an experience when you were initiated?" "Yes, sir." "If you had then, why not now?" "I don't know, sir." He looked at me again, a long, long look. "All right; go and sit over there; I will give you another sitting later."

I did go over and sit with the others, but I did not get another sitting; we had to leave too soon. In the car on the way home, all the pent-up rage and frustration and humiliation burst through, and for many minutes I am afraid that I cursed the name of the Son of God; I can say this because I know that He has long since forgiven me.

(Later of course it became perfectly clear to me what Master had been doing with me in those minutes: He had been giving me a crash course in humility and ego-smashing which I desperately needed if there was to be any hope for me at all. He knew perfectly well, of course, exactly who I was and if I was initiated or not; just the night before He had assured me that He would come to our farm! But every one of his questions was aimed at breaking down a very hard rock of arrogance which was effectively preventing any further development.

Just two nights previously I had been introduced as a group leader, much to my ego's satisfaction; to be asked by the Master Himself in front of the same people if I was initiated or not was so humiliating it was unbearable. But Masters don't fool around; they look into the heart of the disciple and give him what is required in order to bring about the greatest possible growth.)

Eventually I calmed down, and even the nightmare of those minutes faded away; remaining were the very moving recollections of the way Master looked as he moved about, the loving darshan that He had given us, and the sense of timelessness that had pervaded the whole stay; as though we had stepped out of the modern world for a few days. Anyway, we had a great great deal of work to do, preparing for His visit; so much work that there was literally no time for morbidity. We worked day and night; I had left my job and Judith and I did nothing but work on the house for twelve or fourteen hours a day.

My meditations which were no good anyway were forgotten about (Judith kept hers up by getting by with two hours of sleep a night - literally); all sense of a future was lost - as far as we were concerned, the world ended on October 11 (the day Master was coming).

Those were difficult days in many ways, but I think they were the happiest days of my life up to that point, despite the fact that the repairs on the house involved our going into debt with absolutely no assurance of being able to pay it back. But we could see only one thing – the Master was coming!

The next time we saw him was in Boston at Mildred Prendergast's house where he was staying. He was sitting on Millie's bed, cross-legged. His face seemed sad, and the total effect of His presence was that He seemed too large for the room.

He looked at me and asked right away, "How are your meditations?" (*Oh, no!*) "Not so good." "Why not?" I started to say, "Because I've been working on the house, getting ready for you," but I didn't. Somehow, something in me knew better. He looked at me. "Are you initiated?" This time, half of my mind gave up and spun off a great distance away. From what seemed like many miles I heard my voice say, "Yes, Master." "When were you initiated?" "May, 1958, Master." He looked thoughtful. "Five years. That's a long time."

Suddenly I realized that while His words were hard, His tone was very gentle; and I saw the love in His gaze. He asked me very softly, "What is the use of taking the Initiation if you are not going to do anything with it?" Suddenly the part of my mind that was away came back, and I felt with that question, it's going to be all right. I looked at Him. My heart was broken in two, but there was that beautiful hope. "No use, Master." But I was beginning to understand...

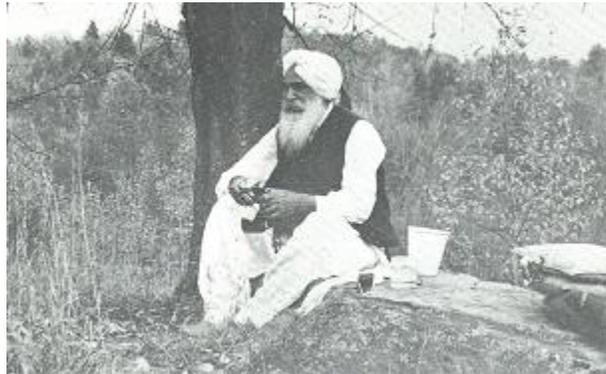
Two days later, on Thursday, October 10 (His last day in Boston, and the day before He came to Sant Bani) He gave Initiation. Something very strong told me to attend that Initiation, and I did. I got up early on a frosty morning and drove down to Boston, my heart singing; Master had given me peace, though I could see no reason for it.

At that Initiation, the first ever that I had attended with Master personally conducting, He gave me back everything I had lost and more besides. Never in my life had I swum in the ocean of Light as I did that blessed golden morning in Boston. "*Oh God, thank you, Oh God, thank you,*" I kept saying over and over, tears in my eyes.

After the sitting the Master came around asking the new initiates what they had seen. He came to the back where we older ones were sitting and asked cheerfully, "Everything all right here?" I could say nothing; I looked at Him and caught His eye, and He twinkled. Oh thank God! Thank God! And it was all Him; He knew all about everything and always had!

The following day He came to Sant Bani and our new life in Him began; it is not possible for me to write about the next two days; pictures convey better than words the nature of His visits to Sant Bani and Kirpal Ashram. It was His visit to Sant Bani that made it an ashram; in fact, it was He that named it as such; and whatever benefit has been derived from the place has come only from the tremendous charging and impetus that Master gave it in October, 1963. Just before He left, He was asked when He was coming back; and He replied, "I will never leave this place."

(10/71)



In the Garden of Love

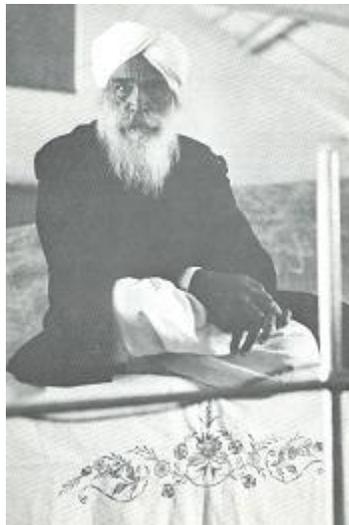
Michael Rayson

We came before Him hungry for His glances. The air would become permeated with love at His approach till it overflowed like wine. And then He sat before us explaining the mystery of Life and death, and the tale of Love began to play in our hearts.

His eyes were a magic bridge where the timeless peered out on time. All sickness and cares were soon forgotten (or else when they rose pitifully and poignantly before us, the heart wished nothing but that pristine purity that shone in all glory before us). In that enchantment the world would fall away and there was only the Beloved there.

Sometimes people would be leaving soon, and He would say, would they not like to stretch the hours out so the time of leaving would be put off and those happy hours prolonged? And indeed the hours would stretch out. Alas, that time did come!

Would that something could be said of those eyes that danced before us or the beauty that ravished our hearts.



Day by day He came before us in all His greatness. In spite of our lowness we were awestruck and love-smitten. And He would say He was only a student. And one of us exclaimed, "Master! How can YOU be only a student?" He is the great mystery.



One said, "He is like a hole through which the Universe is flowing." Another said, "He is so much! He is so much! How can we begin to take it in?" And another said, "He is the Ocean and we stand on the shore and try to catch little droplets."

And He said to us that when He was a disciple someone asked Him how great His Master was and He simply said, "I don't know how great the Master is - but HE IS MORE THAN ENOUGH FOR ME." (1/72)



The Word Made Flesh

Millie Prendergast

The day of the reception of President Giri at Manav Kendra, my Lord and Master showed me plainly my Creator, and I am become forevermore His bond-servant.

On this day I saw, bathed in a shaft of God's glorious Light, Purity, and Humility, the body of my Master: a gift to humanity so selflessly extended without blemish that I will ever remain dumfounded at this bestowal of His divine mysterious love.

On this day the formless beauty and perfection of God Himself shone forth in the human body of His Commissioned One, that all His children might witness how much He loves us.

So stunned and overwhelmed by the vision of His Divinity that it is only now at a much later date that some feeble attempt to put into words of what took place on that memorable day when Heaven joined Earth is now possible to relate: of my Master standing on the dais before Dr. Giri, clothed in His Immaculate Giving of Himself to the children of the world; a rescue from the burning passions afflicting the souls of mankind by the gentle persuasion of Love alone.

O Satguru Dev, give us forever the remembrance of the peerless beauty of Your True Divinity, that we never forget who our Master is and the Divine Sacrifice of His Redeeming Love for us.

We bow down again and again to the sustaining power and Holy Receptacle of the Light and Voice of God in the blissful form of our beloved Master, Sant Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj. (3/72)



A Trip to the Source of Our Light

Sharleene Sherwin shares with us, through excerpts from her diary and a transcribed tape, some highlights from her stay in India in December, 1969.

One of the first questions Master asked was about my family-“Especially give your husband my love.” I saw the word LOVE come alive in Master’s face and become a living force. I realized then as I was to realize again and again during the next two weeks that Master is a total personification of God’s Love. You can see it and almost touch it in His Presence.



“Master will never leave you. He is always there waiting for you. All that you have to do is go within. Master will talk to you within. He is wanting to talk to you. You do not want to talk to Him.”

“Go inside to sit for meditation sweetly and buoyantly, freshly, as though you are going to meet a good friend.”



Do the inner experiences have anything to do with the past Karma? Is it the karma that makes the veil so heavy to lift?

“Yes. Each one comes with his own past background. The past Karma, the time and effort have all to deal with experience. But even a person who puts in regular time and perseveres, with bad background, can progress further than one who has good background and doesn’t try. So it is by earnestness and perseverance that we become Saints. Every Saint has his past and every sinner a future. There is hope for everybody. Even you can become a Saint. ”



MASTER: “David, you have lost your wallet.” “Yes, Master.” “Well, don’t worry. If you lose your wealth, you have lost nothing; if you lose your health, you have lost something. If you lose your character, you have lost everything. I will give you some money.” And He did.

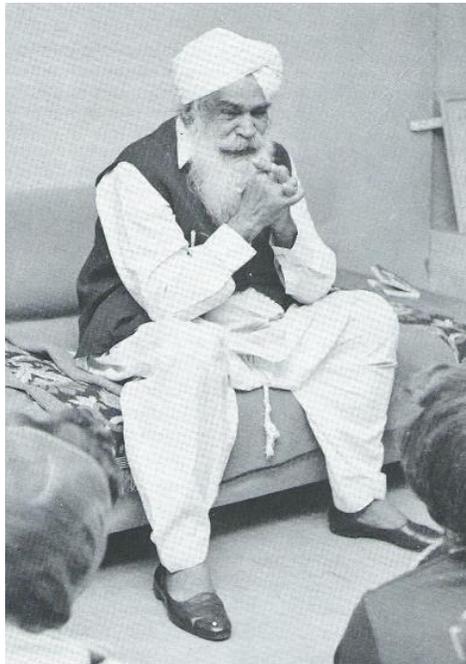
A man from Lucknow came to evening darshan and told about a lady who was very ill. She prayed to God, asking if there was anyone who could give her peace. Master appeared within and gave her initiation into the Surat Shabd Yoga. She recovered and a few weeks later went to a Satsang where she saw Master's picture. She embraced it, saying, "It was He I saw inside."

Master's comment after the story was, "It is the God Power working everywhere." Master has such humility. Incidents similar to this are always happening, and always Master gives all credit to His Master, Sawan Singh Ji, and God Power or Master Power working overhead.



It was inevitable for that last day of departure to come. Master said that Guru Arjan once prayed to his Master to extend the last night so long that it may never leave. And this is how we all feel when we are about to leave the physical presence of Master. Each disciple receives the same complete loving farewell. As we leave, we know that we can never really leave Master as He is so firmly embedded in us, his disciples...

The last words I remember Master saying on New Year's Eve as we left to meditate in the new year: "Learn to stay longer in the beyond - it is the highest thing you can do in the man body."
(6/72)



With the Lion of Mercy

Excerpts from a talk given by Russell Perkins on his return from India in March 1972

You see, Master has two kinds of beauty. Actually, He has fifty thousand kinds; but He has two main kinds. I am talking about physical beauty.

The first is His beauty near at hand, like when you're sitting on the floor about six inches away from Him, and you're looking into His face and you see every nook and cranny of the boulder that His face is, and you wonder how on earth God could create such a face as that.

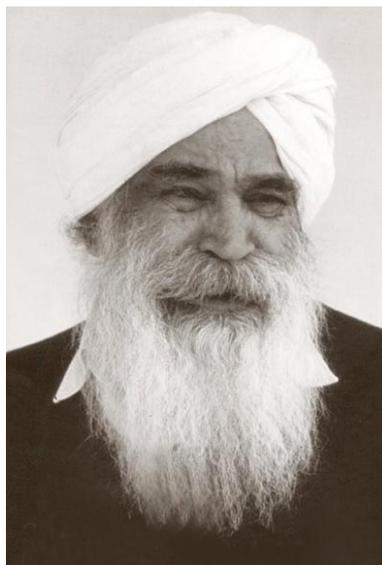
That's one kind of beauty, you see, and you're looking into His eyes...sometimes I would look into them and my eyes would hurt, and I could only concentrate on one of His eyes at a time – I could not focus on both eyes at once.

And I found it very difficult to answer Him when He talked to me; I would have to avert my gaze for a second in order to make my mind work enough to come up with the answer that He wanted. Because it's really true that looking into His eyes you begin to withdraw; there's no doubt about it, the withdrawal process starts.

The other kind of beauty is His physical beauty at Satsang. He's sitting up there on the dais, and you may be quite a distance from Him, no doubt, but He's sitting up there and He is a lion. That's His name, you know – “Kirpal Singh” means “merciful lion” – that's His name and that's what He is.

And those days in Meerut He was sitting up there holding Satsang, and the most beautifully exquisite experience is watching Him – even if you don't understand a word – watching Him make His points with motions of His hands, the way He'd move His head...Sometimes He talks for three hours, more usually two. He never stirs from His waist down. From His waist up, He's swaying, He's looking, He's darting His eyes – He looks at everyone. He's so ALIVE!

You look at Him and the life that's coming from Him is so tangible, you think, “Oh my God, how beautiful, how much beauty can there be in the world?” So that's what it was like in Meerut.



You see, you can't - pictures don't get it, movies don't get it, people's descriptions don't get it, you have to see it with your own eyes. (8/72)

A Letter from England

Amy Hart

What can I say? Oh, Oh! Now I can see with my own eyes what Russell told us about. Our beloved Master His incredible sweetness and tenderness and humbleness.

At the airport we waited - and finally He came through customs...He was across a big long space but we all could see Him clearly and while He was but seventy feet away or so the tears welled up through my whole being and it seems as if they come very often when I see again and experience His Presence.

How gently and tenderly He talks to us...He is like rain and sun to a field of flowers (a rather sooty field, I'm afraid) that sit soaking in such joy. It's the end of the second day and I feel as if each moment is ringed with a kind of intensity and light.

I go through the streets and all of London's life streams past in a blur - buildings, signs, bright clothes, sirens, cars. Occasionally some person stands out startlingly - a beautiful girl with a mask-like sad face, an old lady lying against a door smoking and sprawling there. I think of Master each time I see someone like this, coming to tell us so sweetly and lovingly, SLEEPERS AWAKE! Time is streaming by. Come, dear children, do not wait for tomorrow. Today! Today!

Last night He said, "We are in great delusion. The body was only given to you for a few days. This is a golden opportunity...Oh soul, you are the same as God. Once I was just the same as you - there is hope for everyone!" (11/72)



That one glance of grace to receptive souls from the God-intoxicated eyes of the Master has been enough to change many lives, for it is in those eyes that we see God, and the soul is touched. Sharleene Sherwin (9/72)



The Touch of the Master's Hand

Ingeborg Gutwenger
(excerpts)

It was a great blessing for me to be able to take part in the Birthday Celebrations of the Great Master Sant Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj. For ten years it has been my fervent wish to visit my Master in India, His physical home, and He in His kindness agreed to give it to us.

The reason for this wish of mine was a very peculiar experience that changed my life: In 1962 I fell ill with acute glomerule nephritis, i.e., kidney decomposition, which was declared incurable by the doctors. They told me that I had to face death within six weeks or so. My husband and myself felt very helpless and despairing. Seeing no other way out, we knelt down in prayer and cried from the bottom of our heart to Jesus, as we were taught as Catholics.

Our prayer was answered in a very wonderful manner, though in an entirely different way than we expected. The same night I had the following dream: A man from the East with a white turban on his head, radiating heavenly light and glory, stood before me. Humbly he said, "I will help you." I felt that I was healed instantaneously.

Next morning, full of happiness, I told my husband this experience. He was dazzled and said that I should not pray to a man with a turban, but only to Jesus. We were at that time very strict in our Catholic confession.

Our life changed more and more through His great love and grace. I was healed indeed. The doctors were puzzled and since they did not want to admit that I was healed, they tried to find some symptom of a disease. They could not find anything, and I did not need them anymore.

From then on we led an inward life, reading scriptures like the Bible, Yogananda, Aurobindo, etc. As if attracted by our longing, many missionaries of different sects visited us, but none of them could convince us.

Then, sometime in July 1963, that is, approximately one year after my healing, I saw in our town a poster reading "SELF REALIZATION - GOD REALIZATION." I never notice posters, but that one caught my interest. Although it did not show any picture but text only, it enticed me in a way I cannot describe. I was keen to attend this lecture. I got my husband interested in it too, although it was not easy.

The lecture took place in our town hall. The clergy of our big religious communities, as well as of many sects, attended it. All were much impressed; but foremost it was myself who was deeply moved and surprised because I recognized in the lecturer, Master Kirpal Singh Ji, my Savior, the one who appeared in my dream!

His wonderful face, full of mercy, radiated the beauty of God. I felt warm in my heart, saved and happy. My husband, too, felt God's Power working through the Master. Both of us asked for Initiation, and got it - which means the opening of the inner eye and the experience of God's Light and Heavenly Melody within. (3/73)



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

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

I had read so often before how disciples had described their Master's face as being beautiful. Now I knew what they meant." Bruno Zaffina - National Airport, Washington, D.C., 1972
(ruhanisatsangusa.org/tours/63/THIR-13.htm)



"I've seen Him. I've felt His tug at my whole being. When I looked at His massive face an implosion crushed the body and I stood dead as He passed. No emotion, but all emotions and I gasped at the Cosmos but two feet away. The body was spent and breathed in tears but awed in human wonder. I picked up the broken parts and left the airport." Sean Sieglen, National Airport, 1972 (10/72)



I came to Master not by accident nor by chance but by a magnet of love that I felt from His glance. Meeting Master Kirpal Singh could be described as meeting the purest form of Light and Love. To look into His eyes was like looking at a thousand blazing suns that let me know that I was undone, that I was in the presence of the Holy One. Joseph E. Newman,
(<http://www.mountainrunnerdoc.com/page/page/3236855.htm>)

My first memory of our Master was in Washington. I still vividly recall that just before He came through customs at the Washington airport everything was quiet. Then all the babies started to cry. Then the Master came out and many of His bigger children started to cry....The Master was giving a talk a few nights later. I was sitting at His feet. He seemed to be constantly looking at me through His talk. My body was wracked with sobs as our eyes were locked in mystic embrace. At last, at last, I was in communion with the Lord. God had come down from the beyond and put on a body of flesh to take us back to His home. I could only cry my thanks to Him for allowing me to witness such perfection. Nothing else was wanted, nothing else could be added; all was perfect. It was real, the most real thing that ever happened to me. Here was total happiness. Richard Handel (<http://www.mountainrunnerdoc.com/page/page/3236810.htm>)

Florida Journal

Suzanne Tassencourt

Sunday, December 3, 1972: Tonight Master spoke in a Unitarian church. We arrived late and there was no place to sit.

Soon it was announced that directly under the dais on the floor in front there was a little bit of room. Into that smidgen of space about 25 people moved. I happened to be one of them.

We were really close so that we could see Master's eyes well. His eyes are impossible to describe. They don't seem to be any color - only LIGHT.

His eyes passed over me a few times tonight and each time it was as if I was shot with love and attention (the manifestation of God on the physical plane). It was so crowded that we were jammed together with our knees folded up to our chests - but it didn't matter; we were where we wanted to be.



Thursday, December 7... We ran back to the hotel and went up to the fifth floor (where Master was) to get darshan. Master was eating supper, so we waited in the hall. By about a half hour after we arrived, approximately 150 people had also gathered in the hall.

Then, MASTER CAME OUT! He was in a very loving, informal mood. When He gives informal darshans to small groups, He gets very jocular and swings from side to side as He walks, like a perfect, living Santa Claus. He walked slowly down the hall lined with people, looking at almost each one of us directly in the eyes.

When He got to me, He looked at me quickly. Someone suddenly flashed a picture with a flash bulb and Master turned around to say, chuckling, "Don't do that, I can't see, I want to see you," and then turned back around and stared at me eyes-to-eyes, heart-to-heart.

I can't even begin to describe that moment at all. I felt so joyful that I wanted to weep. But it was beyond weeping, beyond joy. I stood there in awe with my eyes and mouth wide open. I felt my eyes starting to shake and realized that they were open about two inches wide. Master stopped at the other end of the hall, and we all filed past Him to say goodnight.

All the way home, I only saw His eyes, every where, on everything, in the sky. I wanted to tell Andre about it, but there were no words at all. Like they say in an old Indian scripture--"If all the mountains were pounded into pens and all the oceans made into ink - even then I could not write all the glory of my Master. (12/74)

With the Master in the Mountains

Arran Stephens accompanies Param Sant Kirpal Singh Ji
to Hardwar, Rishikesh, and Kashmir, in the year 1967
(Excerpt)

When we returned we found Raghuvacharya and the Master talking together. Raghuvacharya was saying that before he met the Master, he had, by reading and practicing yoga according to the Yoga system of Patanjali, traversed all the inner planes up to Sahasrar - the Thousand Petaled Lotus,* but since meeting the Living Master in 1948, he has gone higher. He was very adamant that the Master had taken him higher.

Raghuvacharya asked to see the Master's palm. Master indifferently extended His right hand. Raghuvacharya became extremely animated, dancing around and shouting. Everyone was smiles. As he traced his finger along the Master's palm he said, "Never have I seen such a palm in my life! Look at these lines!" Raghuvacharya shouted, "Not even the Gods, Rama and Sita had such a hand. You have the hands which belong to God!" He tried to touch the Master's Feet, but Master held him. Everyone was in a very joyful mood, when we bid "Namaskar" and took leave of our venerable host. (4/76) *The final stage of most Yogis, but the first of five grand regions according to the Shabd Adepts.



Master and Sri Raghuvacharya in Rishikesh, 1970

In Pahalgam: Three of the younger initiates climbed up a steep ridge and I noticed them as they began to descend, recklessly running. The heavy-set 19 year old son of Kapoor Sahib lost control and fell head-first, going full-speed through the air, and landed flat on his side at the bottom of the rocky hill.

Master apparently was asleep on His side as he began to fall. In mute wonderment I watched as Master just rolled over, stood up facing the opposite direction of the above incident and slapped His own side by the ribs three times, wincing slightly. It was exactly the same portion of the body that the young man had fallen on at exactly the same time.

The young man arose non-plussed from his fall, and was completely free of injury and pain. (4/76)



The Homegoing of the Master

Excerpted from a talk by Arran Stephens
on his return from India, September 1974

At the time of Master's passing - the evening of the 21st of August - one initiate was sitting in meditation in Delhi. This initiate saw the Master's body in meditation lying down as though it were dead. And he said these powers began coming out of the Master, out of the top of His head, and they were in the form of Light. One after the other came out, great powers, each one with different intensity, different luminosity, a different shade - coming out of the Master. And he thought that these were the five elements that were leaving the Master's body. But he said that a hundred and twenty powers came out of the Master, and finally He withdrew completely from the body.

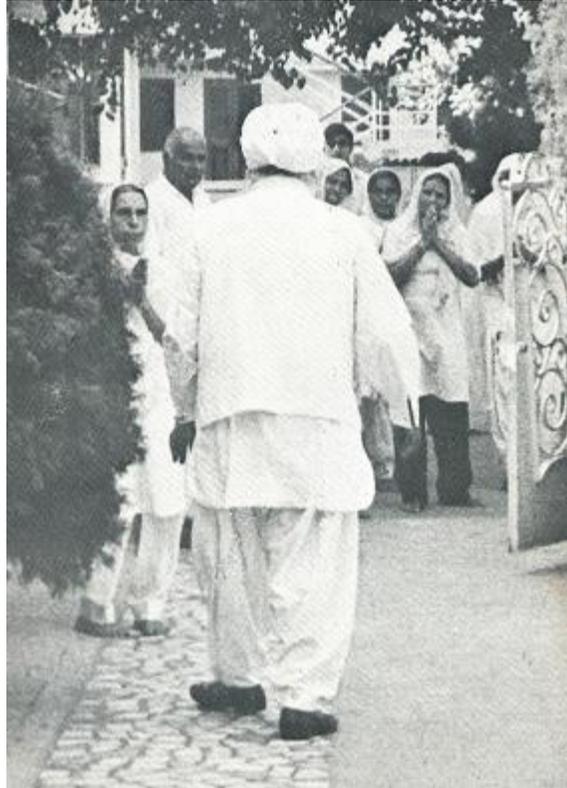
And on the higher spiritual planes this disciple saw the Master walking towards a great congregation of Saints; and Swami Ji Maharaj the fourth Master back, came forward to greet the Master and put His hand on His head and said, "What you have done, no one else has accomplished so far. So much work has been achieved through you."

And Baba Sawan Singh came from above the Master and this Great Light was shining out of Sawan Singh, from His feet, from His whole body, and streaming down on to His Beloved Son, Kirpal. Baba Jaimal Singh was there, Guru Nanak was there... all the Saints were there. They had come to greet the Master.

Baba Sawan Singh came to Master and He went and touched Master's legs; He said, "You had pain here?" He touched His thighs "You had pain here?" And He touched His chest and His back and His neck and head: "You had pain here? I gave you so much pain, but you bore it as a gift! You have freed multitudes of souls. So much grace of the Sat Purusha has been achieved through you, as was achieved through none other."

And there was a great chorus of acclamation from all the Saints to the Master. And throughout it all Master's Face was very serene and very sober. And all mingled together their rays of Grace and Light in the Master. This was Master's triumphant Homegoing. (10/74)





May your soul be happy;
journey joyfully.
(Rumi)

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(Spiritual Quotations for Lovers of God)