

Waiting for the Divine Beloved



Waiting for Sant Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj
September 19, 1972
Dulles Airport, Virginia,
U. S. A.

To set out on any holy purpose and to die along the way is to succeed.
(Hindu saying)



“Dear heart, where do you find the courage to seek the Beloved
when you know He has annihilated so many like you before”?

“I do not care,” said my heart,
“My only wish is to become one with the Beloved.”

(Rumi)



My soul endures a magnificent longing.

(Hafiz)



Sant Kirpal Singh Ji

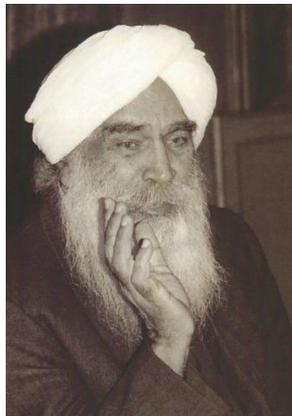
An initiate's earnest longing should be to see and meet the Radiant Form of the Master within and be a constant, conscious recipient of His blissful, loving grace and blessings. The Master-Power overhead helps in all feasible ways to fulfil this desire. (ruhanisatsangusa.org/pdf/Elixir.pdf)

A disciple should never be content until he or she contacts the Master within, face to face, in His Luminous Form and talks to Him as one ordinarily does without. You should gather up all your thoughts to gain this end as early as possible, for then alone all your worries will come to an end. (ruhanisatsangusa.org/pdf/Teachings.pdf)

A disciple who does not see in his Master the Power-of-God is not yet a true disciple. He is yet on probation and continues to be so until he sees in him the glory of God; and this, in the true sense, happens only when the Master reveals His Radiant Form within the disciple. (ruhanisatsangusa.org/gurudev.htm)

It is really a happy day for an initiate to meet his or her Radiant Master within. The enjoining by the Master of regular meditations and stressing the need for living a life of love and purity are intended to make the way clear for the initiates. It is not their efforts alone that will bring them success in their uphill task, but the loving and willing surrender and faithful repose with which they sit and obey the commands. (ruhanisatsangusa.org/pdf/Teachings.pdf)

Once the soul had won access to the Master in his Radiant Form within, its major task was over. The rest was a matter of time. (ruhanisatsangusa.org/pdf/Teachings.pdf)



True discipleship does not start until one has risen above body consciousness. It is from this point that the disciple will feel not only comfort, but will begin to experience the joy and bliss that awaits him in the Beyond.

He will have as his companion the charming Radiant Form of the Master, who is ever at hand to impart the guidance that is so necessary in order to avoid the pitfalls on the way. Until this point is reached, the disciple is, as it were, on probation, but such probation that cannot be severed.

It is during this probationary period that the soul will feel some discomfort. It has become so besmeared with the dirt of the senses that it has lost its original purity of heart and is not fit to be raised up out of the prison house of the body. (ruhanisatsangusa.org/pdf/ss76/ss197609.pdf)



Waiting for the Beloved

Sant Darshan Singh Ji Maharaj

Excerpts from Chapter 22 of *Spiritual Awakening*

If we are really waiting for our Beloved to arrive, for the Master of our heart to arrive, for somebody who has snatched our heart away, for somebody who has caused us poignancy and grief, yearning and pining, longing and torture, then waiting has its own bliss.



Waiting is a blessing. I quite believe that it has its own anguish, its own pain, its own yearning and pining. And at times it appears that its intensity is going to drain all life out of us, yet that same waiting can be transformed into bliss and tranquility and result in the ultimate communion of the soul with the Creator.

The vigil of waiting for the Beloved leads to the first stage of communion with the Almighty. It is the first step on the path to our Eternal Home. It is the first move in the journey through an endless ocean of tears which ultimately takes us to the fountainhead of all ecstasy, of all joy, of all bliss, and helps us in losing our identity and attaining our ultimate communion with the Lord of Lords, with the Master of Masters, with the Supreme Creator.



We are told that the spiritual path is a path of patience and perseverance. It is a path of constant waiting for the Beloved, and therefore we have to get used to the eccentricities and idiosyncrasies of the Beloved. Waiting has its own charm and has been described in the literature of the mystics as an important subject which has not only to be understood but to be practiced by those who traverse this path. It is a path of tears, it is a path of pining, it is a path of longing, it is a path of waiting.



On this path we have to adjust ourselves to the Beloved's rules of conduct, which to our mind may seem eccentric. But they are strictly in conformity with the rules which govern the path and which govern the conduct of those who are on the path. And three important aspects of the path are patience, perseverance and waiting for the Beloved.

In romantic literature it appears that the beloved always eludes the lover, yet the lover continues to wait. It is the same in the spiritual realm. One of my verses says:

*The meeting with the Beloved is
nothing but a continuous promise.
When one night passes you must wait
for the next.*

This is a path in which we have to wait for the Beloved for night after night, and although the Beloved may give us many promises, those promises only mature at the proper time. They are fulfilled at a preordained time, and howsoever restless we may feel, we have to undergo the lover's code of conduct and wait patiently, long patiently, pine patiently for the Beloved to come. But as I have said, waiting has its own charm.



My Friend, He looked, and our eyes met; an arrow came in. My chest opened; what could it do? His image moved inside. I've been standing all morning in the door of my house, looking down the road. The One I love is an herb growing in secret places, an herb that heals all wounds. (Mirabai)



September 19, 1972
Dulles Airport, Virginia

O Master, what kind of love has been awakened in me? I am blessed with both the bliss of meeting You and the pain of Your separation. (Mirabai)

Other than the sweet sorrow of missing the Beloved, nothing lasts in either world. If your share from here and hereafter is a drop of this longing, rejoice, for no better cure exists for all the ills in all the worlds. (Attar)

Whoever embarks on the search for a Friend must burn in this fire and wait; but each day he burns, is his day to celebrate. (Attar)

To be in this imperfect existence for a moment and to dream of Your eternal perfection, to have this heart full of wretched limitations and to harbor this infinite pain of separation and longing in it, Your favors, Beloved. All Your favors. (Shaikh Abu-Sa'id Abul Khayr)

If the eight paradises were revealed in my hut, and if the rulership of the entire world were placed in my hands, I would not give for them that single sigh that arises at dawn from the depths of my soul when I remember my longing for Him. (Bayazid Bistami)

O Master, I've spent my whole life loving You and have no regrets. If I die in the dust of Your doorway, dreaming of You, I will have lived a full life and will die smiling there. (Hafiz)

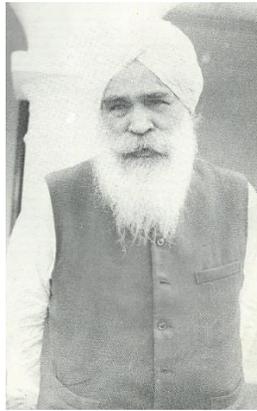
If being with You is not to be my lot, then I'll spend this life longing for You. As long as there's a single breath, it will be spent in this remembrance. (Attar)

I opened to my Beloved, but He was gone! My heart sank. I searched for Him, but could not find Him anywhere. I called to Him, but there was no reply. (Song of Solomon, 5:6)

I walk along Your path. How is it that I do not see You? Would that I could be liberated from the trials of life! You have not even sent me a greeting from where You have gone! O that but once I might find some trace of Your whereabouts! (Sharafuddin Maneri)

To love the Master, O sister, is to love only sorrow. He murmurs sweet words while He's with you, then forgets and departs. Mira says to her Lord, bring back Your beauty. When I can't see You, that absence knives open my heart. (Mirabai)

As long as I live, my trade and my task is this: it is my rest, composure, and companion. This is how I busy myself each day: I am on a chase and this is my prey! (Sharafuddin Maneri)



I have not tasted Divine Love, O my Dear Beloved, within my heart. The mind's desires are not quenched, O my Dear Beloved, but I still hold out hope. Youth is passing away, O my Dear Beloved, and death is stealing away the breath of life. (Granth Sahib)

The beauty of Your countenance no palaces can contain, but this ruin of a heart You have blessed with Your love. Do not deny me the glory of Your face. Because of my earthly existence I have become the veil between us. Be generous my Beloved, do away with this veil. This mind is nothing but rust on the mirror of my heart. Be generous, O Master, let the wine You bestow do away with this rust. (Jami)

My Lord, I have no key to open doors, nor the power for forgiveness; O Peerless One, our Creator, what harm if You hear the cry of this afflicted one? Without Your will creation would not be. Without Your guidance we would be powerless. If You overlook what I have done or where I have failed, I would gain everything, and You lose nothing! (Ansari of Herat)

Every dawn I bring my heart to You, my lamentations are to soften Your heart, so You grant me the honor of being a beggar at Your gate, and no one else's. (Shaikh Abu-Sa'id Abul Khayr)

There is a city in which the praise of that good Face resounds: The hearts of all peoples of the world have been veiled from Him. We desire Him, along with others, each of whom eagerly waits to see who's favored, who will gain the Friend! (Sharafuddin Maneri)

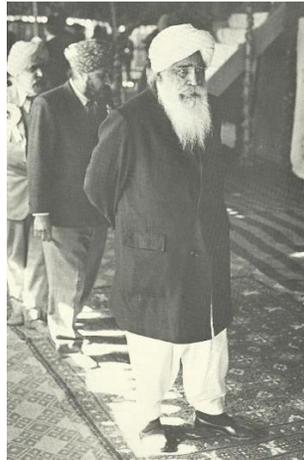
You play asleep these long nights and I am missing You. You play remote and distant. This tossing and turning, these long hot dry spells and I am missing You. (Shaikh Abu-Sa'id Abul Khayr)

It is the dark of the early morning, Friend. All those thirsting after You have their foreheads on the dust at Your gate. O Beloved source of the Water of Life, pray order Your wine bearer to water this pile of dust! (Shaikh Abu-Sa'id Abul Khayr)

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

All potent art Thou and can do aught, then why this delay? (Kabir)

Since none hope to meet You in this life, this hopeless search for You is best of all.
(Fariduddin Attar)



O Master! Whatever punishment Thou may inflict upon me, do not punish me with the agony of being veiled from Thee. (Abu L Hasan Sari As-Saqati)

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

Al-Junayd was asked, "What makes the lover weep when he meets the Beloved?" He answered, "This is only because of his great joy over Him and because of the ecstasy born of his great longing for Him. I have heard the story of two brothers who embraced after a long separation. One of them cried, "Ah, what longing!" The other responded, "Ah, what ecstasy!"

Meritless as I am, I intensely pray for my turn, O Nanak. All the spouses had Thee in abundance, spare a night for me as well. (Guru Amar Das)

Your worshipper of old wanders ever longing for favor still refused. Day passes by after day and You are not seen. If I call You not in my prayers, if I keep You not in my heart, Your love for me still waits for my love. (Tagore)

I swear that ever since the first day You brought me back to life, the day You became my Friend, I have not slept, and even if You drive me from Your door, I swear again that we will never be separated, because You are alive in my heart. (Rabia)

How long will You Your lovers deny? For God's sake, be our Friend and deny us not Your beauty's infinite grace. (Hafiz)

Yearning for a drop from my lover's lips so sweet, I've waited at the door of the tavern, at His feet. Perhaps He's forgotten the friendship we once had; O morning breeze, remind Him of the old days and make our hearts glad. (Hafiz)



Florida, 1972

O Master, You are so gracious. After all these years You still remember who I am - the one who wears the dust of Your door like a crown. Tell me, who taught You to be so generous to Your slaves? O Holy Bird, please bless this Path I'm on, for I'm new to this traveling, and it's a long way I have to go. O morning breeze, take my prayers to the Master, and tell Him that each day I am on my knees at dawn. (Hafiz)

Those eyes which are weeping for the sight of the Beloved will one day surely behold Him. In love, weeping acts as a ladder. When you make a ladder of your eyes, then you will automatically be speeding towards the sky. (Shams Tabriz)

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

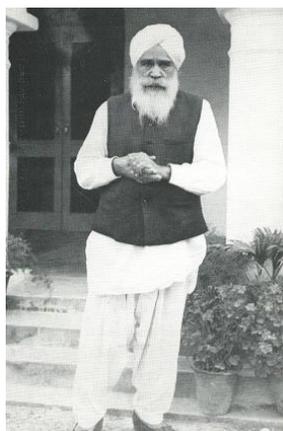
Spiritual delights comes from You and it is for You to give or to withhold them. But this my sorrow is absolutely my own, and when I bring it to You as my offering You reward me with Your Grace. (Tagore)

I pray to meet Thee Beloved. When will Thou meet Thy humble maid, Mira? As the dawn in beauty breaks, I move out, every day, to seek Thee! Ages have I spent in quest of Thee, Beloved! My eyes do ache for a sight of Thee! When, O when will Thou come, Beloved? (Mirabai)

The saint is a fragrant plant, placed in the earth by God. The truthful take in His fragrance, and it comes into their hearts, so that they long for their Master. (Yahya Ibn Mu'Adh Ar-Razi)

One night during prayers a vision of the Beloved appeared to me. Lifting the veil from His face, He said, "Take a good look at the one you always leave behind." (Hamid al-Din al-Kirmani)

Oh, when will dawn for me that day of blessedness when He who is all Good, all Beauty, and all Truth will light the inmost shrine of my heart? When shall I sink at last, ever beholding Him, into that Ocean of Delight? (Ramakrishna)



If Thou speakest not I will fill my heart with Thy silence and endure it. I will keep still and wait, my head bent low with patience. The morning will surely come, the darkness will vanish, and Thy voice pour down in golden streams breaking through the sky. (Tagore)

O Master, I have heard that You save sinners, and rescue them from the miseries of worldly existence. You remove the afflictions of Your devotees and remove the sufferings of the afflicted. Says Mira: My Lord, You know my request. Why delay any further? (Mirabai)

You have set the boat of love in motion and abandoned it on the ocean of longing.
(Mirabai)

I feel repentant and sad as I know not how to contact my Beloved. He lives in the high heavens while I am a creature of the earth and miserable without Him. (Kabir)

I painfully await You, O Beloved! Broken, I have lost all hope of meeting You. Day and night I yearn to see You – why don't You call me unto You? (Sant Kirpal Singh)

I live in yearning for You and I burn in the fire of separation. Having enmeshed me in Your love, wherefore have You gone? (Sant Kirpal Singh)

Never again in this world have I beheld beauty like Yours. Mira says: My Lord, when shall we meet? Great will be the joy of that meeting. (Mirabai)

Out of Thy grace forgive me my transgressions, and accept the tears of repentance I shed in the night. Though my sins are great, yet Thy forgiveness and mercy are greater still. Hidden glory! Come forth and manifest Thyself. The anxious query wearies me: where art Thou? I long to hold Thee fast in my embrace. How long shall Thou keep behind the veil? (Sarmad)

O Master, the stars are shining: all eyes have closed in sleep; the kings have locked their doors. Each lover is alone, in secret, with the one he loves. And I am here too: alone, hidden from all of them – with You. (Rabia)

When the way to the tower of the Beloved's palace is blocked, then in the dust of this door's threshold let us put our head and stay. (Hafiz)

I go to the house of my one true Lover. When I see His beauty, I only crave Him more. At dusk I go to Him, at dawn I return. Whatever His pleasure, day and night I am His. The clothes He gives me, I wear. The food He offers, I eat. Where He wants me to be, I stay. If He wants to sell me, I want to be sold. My love for the Beloved has lasted through many rebirths, without Him I scarcely breathe. She offers herself to Him in all of her lives. (Mirabai)



How can the lover not cry tears of blood when the Beloved is distant, no road is in sight and the Guide is so hard to find. (Jami)

O Master, since You went away, Your lovers are drinking poison and are dying off like flies. Why have You abandoned us this way? Have our weeping and our prayers been too much for Your ears? Are there not tears in Your eyes, too? (Hafiz)

O Master, I know You taught us that we couldn't get to You without much effort and without Your help, but all this silence is leading me astray. (Hafiz)

My Master, You have inspired me with love, where have You now gone? You have abandoned me, Your faithful companion, having lit the flame of love. (Mirabai)

What have I done that was so bad that You won't even accept my gifts or recognize my name? This is Hafiz, and I am standing at Your door. Where else is there for me to go? Where will I go, what will I do, what will I be, what will be my plan? I'm sick of all this sorrow and deceit. (Hafiz)

Of all my infinite pains, and worse than this incessant burning in the chest, is the fact that You are sitting inside my very eye, and I cannot see You. (Shaikh Abu-Sa'id Abul Khayr)

If You welcome me, then I am Your accepted one: If You do not, I am still Your rejected servant! I should not be worried whether You accept or reject me: My task, in either state, is to remain preoccupied with You! (Sharafuddin Maneri)

If God, when He created the world, had created no creatures in it; and if He had filled it full of millet from East to West and from earth to heaven; and if then He had created one bird and bidden it eat one grain of this millet every thousand years, and if, after that, He had created a man and kindled in his heart this mystic longing and had told him that he would never win to his goal until this bird left not a single millet-seed in the whole world, and that he would continue until then in this burning pain of love – I have been thinking, it would still be a thing soon ended!
(Abu Sa' id Ibn Abi-L-Khayr)

The sweetness and delights of the resting-place are in proportion to the pain endured on the Journey. Only when you suffer the pangs and tribulations of exile will you truly enjoy your homecoming. (Rumi)

Don't be amazed at those murdered in the dust at the Friend's door. Be amazed at how anyone can survive with soul intact! (Tohfah of Syria)

The flame called the moth but the glass pane was there. How many have died not in the fire but in the cold, crazed in longing? (Saint John of the Cross)

The Journey is long, and the way dry and barren, that must be traveled to attain the Fount of Water, the Land of Promise. (Carthusian liturgy)

A self-sacrificing way, but also a warrior's way, and not for brittle, easily-broken, glass bottle people. The soul is tested here by sheer terror, as a sieve sifts and separates genuine from fake.
(Rumi)



If I die, don't say that he died. Say he was dead, became alive, and was taken by the Beloved.
(Rumi)

It is better to die in sincere effort than to attain all worldly success. (Baba Sawan Singh)



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