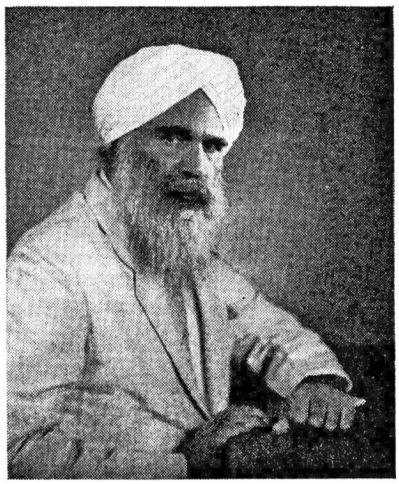
Circular No. 9

July, 1958



HIS HOLINESS MASTER SAINT KIRPAL SINGH

Founder and Director of Ruhani Satsang

SAWAN ASHRAM, Gurmandi

Delhi 6, India

Presents

SATSANG AND INITIATION SCENE AT DELHI, INDIA

GENERAL CIRCULAR NUMBER NINE
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RUHANI SATSANG
(Science of the Soul)

HIS HOLINESS SATGURU KIRPAL SINGH JI
Founder and Director

Satsang and Initiation Scene at Delhi, India

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FOREWORD

This Circular is devoted exclusively to the portrayal of a typical Satsang (Spiritual gathering) at Sawan Ashram in Delhi, India, presided over by His Holiness Sant Satguru Kirpal Singh. The on-the-spot scene, which is vividly described by an English Initiate of the Master, who now resides in South Africa, occurred during the first year that the Master actively commenced to carry out as the present Living Master His world-wide mission before the general public. The same scene is regularly repeated nowadays, except that the throngs that attend may number over 25,000. The awe-inspiring and never-to-be-forgotten event so well depicted herein is what a visitor, Initiate or non-Initiate, can expect to see if he were to visit Sawan Ashram where all are welcome regardless of color, creed, wealth, or social position.

In the second part of the Circular, the Master's pupil tells of Initiation Day--the most momentous and thrilling experience in the life of a seeker of Truth fortunate enough to be put on the Sacred Path. He faithfully describes the various scenes as they unfold before his eyes, senses the feelings that charge the air, and reveals for the first time some of the innermost phases of the initiation process.

I am sure that the Master's Initiates in the western hemisphere of the world would like to attend the Satsang with Master presiding and enjoy the uplifting impulse therefrom. They will be happy to see other dear souls who are desirous of peeping within themselves, the relatives, friends, and others dear to us, to whom we have spoken about the Great Master as well as the general public who attend such Satsangs and benefit thereby.

Be of good cheer, my dear brothers and sisters, for this heartfelt longing on our part can be fulfilled early spring next year if not earlier, if we earnestly pray for it for I feel confident that our Beloved Master will listen to our longing.

Let us therefore be up and doing with the humble efforts that each one of us can contribute in one's own way, for this noble and lofty cause and set our programme ahead with the necessary wherewithal to make The Master's American tour and stay amongst us as beneficial and comfortable as we possibly can.

I know you love and respect Him dearly. Let us all work in loving cooperation to make all things smooth and easier.

May we all pray in unison that He honor us with a second visit to America. At the same time let us all similarly work unitedly to further His cause in helping mankind.

I love and respect the Master dearly as all of you do, for no words can describe my deep feeling and longing for Him. Likewise, I have love and respect for all of His devotees and for all mankind.

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SATSANG SCENE AT SABZIMANDI

BY

An English Initiate

It was the second day in April and at 7 o'clock in the morning the weather already showed promise of an increase in temperature before the sun would rise very high. At Sabzimandi, just on the outskirts of Delhi, a crowd of people were gathered in the protecting shadow of a large canvas canopy. There were the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the simple-minded and the intellectual, all seated together, cross-legged, on sacking and mats spread under the canopy. Mohammedans and Hindus, Sikhs and Christians, they sat elbow to elbow and knee to knee without distinction of caste or creed. No feelings of hate, of ill-will or of hostility could be perceived in this motley crowd, the nature of which would perhaps rarely be found in the world today. Surely it would be difficult to find a gathering of about 5,000 people of different and diverse religious sects, castes, and relations, who showed as much tolerance towards one another as these men and women did.

Quite plainly something great and of common importance was about to take place; something of sufficient interest at least to serve as an adequate reward for the patience and effort of those devout people, many of whom had taken up their positions the previous night after long and arduous journeys.

I did not have long to wait for an answer--in fact, the answer was known to me already. From where I stood at the back of the crowd I could see a vast sea of colour stretching before me. The multi-coloured turbans of the bearded Sikhs and learned pundits, the snow-white turbans of elderly gentlemen, the gaudy dresses of the simple peasants, and the beautiful soft colours of the veils and dresses worn by the fashionable ladies, all combined to produce a picture of vivid colour that only an artist would have been able to copy.

Soon a commotion at one side of the crowd caused everybody to turn around and strain their necks in that direction. Faces brightened expectantly. A murmur escaped their lips: 'The Master Has Come,' and with hands clasped together in front of the chest in the customary salute, thousands of people rose like one man.

A figure

A figure in white wearing a white turban, and with a greying white beard, had appeared surrounded by a small crowd of excited people. The reason for the vast gathering at once became apparent to all those who had perhaps lingered out of curiosity. Master Kirpal Singh, successor to Master Baba Sawan Singh, and the spiritual leader of a large community of Satsangis devoted to Surat Shabad had arrived to address the gathering.

A number of lesser disciplined followers of the Master prostrated themselves on the ground, clasped hold of His Feet and garments, or tried by various other means to show their devotion. Master does not like this, but although He repeatedly asks them not to behave in this fashion, they are always carried away by the exuberance of their love for Him.

At the far end of the crowd under the canopy stood a raised platform covered with a spotlessly clean white sheet. The Master took His seat cross-legged on this dais after He had disengaged Himself with some difficulty from the hands of the excited people. On His left sat Pratap Singh, the Music-Master, who commenced to recite verses from the Granth Sahib, which is the Holy Bible of the Sikh Religion. He had a most beautiful and magnetic voice and his rendition of the religious verses drew many a sigh from the silent gathering.

Master then examined each verse, interpreting and commenting on it in His wise and capable manner. It was not a lecture He gave, but a heart-to-heart talk that was understood by both the young and the old, the intellectual and the simple, but at the same time containing the most profound religious and philosophical concepts.

The Master had kindly provided me with an interpreter who was also one of His most ardent disciples. Indeed his vigorous and animated translation of the Master's soft, unhurried sentences often caused indignant glances to be cast in our direction. At times his zealous voice would trail away to become lost in the hushed silence that followed a beautiful remark made by the Master. During these moments I could feel the surge of power given out to the audience and did not blame my interpreter. Words were not necessary on these occasions.

Every now and again I glanced around me and noticed with what enraptured attention the crowd listened to every word. Some of them shook their heads in assent from time to time; a few even wept as they were carried away by their emotions, while each and everyone present had an expression of inner illumination as the wisdom of the Master touched their very souls.

The talk lasted three hours, yet I am quite sure they would have been content to spend another three hours seated cross-legged on the hard ground listening to the Master.

Another talk was to be held at 4 o'clock the same day, and although most of the crowd that had gathered dispersed in different directions, a large number of people were content to remain there munching the frugal meals they had brought with them. My interpreter translated scraps of their conversation from time to time. Everybody was very happy and the conversation centred around the lecture that they had listened to. Newcomers were enquiring about initiation and their hearts filled with joy when they were told that on the morrow the Master would initiate those who wished to enter on the spiritual path.

This would be a very important occasion for everybody, because it was not only 'Initiation Day' but also a day connected with the anniversary of the passing away of a Great Saint. Master Baba Sawan Singh, beloved Guru of thousands of Satsangis, had left His venerable body on this day four years ago (1948), and Master Kirpal Singh, who is His only competent spiritual successor, was going to give a talk in remembrance of the occasion; after the talk people would be invited to receive initiation. No wonder the voices buzzed and the faces were bright, and little bands of people chanted religious hymns.

Right throughout the night the Master had been busy receiving visitors from far and wide at His little cottage, while His devoted disciple and housekeeper Madam Hardevi catered continually to the immediate material needs of these people. During the evening and the early morning she had fed over a thousand hungry mouths. Other willing helpers had pitched some tents on a vacant plot next to the Master's cottage to provide shelter for those who had not been able to find accommodations and who wanted to stay for the two wonderful days.

Soon it was nearing 4 o'clock. The crowd had swelled considerably since the morning. Storm clouds had gathered and the heat was stifling, almost unbearable; ladies fanned themselves vigorously and bodies perspired freely under the huge canopy. The Master had not yet arrived, but Mr. Chet Ram, a disciple of Master Baba Sawan Singh, gave a short talk on how to recognize a Great Soul.....He should be able to give us light and remove the darkness in front of our eyes .....He should be kindness itself.....Above all --- He should have a practical knowledge and experience of God-realization.

Shortly

Shortly afterwaads the Master arrived and spoke to the crowd again. The heat was forgotten; fans dropped down; and everybody was enraptured once again by the voice of the Master. It started raining after some time. First a few random drops, then a sudden shower fell.

The canopy caught buckets of water and leaked like a sieve on the people sheltered underneath; so the Master told them to move to an adjoining veranda. For a brief period as the rain came roaring down there was confusion, but everybody crowded on to the friendly veranda and commenced singing hymns. It was wonderful to sit and listen to the thousands of voices as they chanted the religious hymns. It had a hypnotic effect on me and I was carried away by the feelings that those strange words, which I could not understand, produced in me. My friend tried to interpret the hymns, but I stopped him gently, and we both sat there in silence absorbing and drinking in the wonderful atmosphere.

Then Madam Hardevi sang a song which had been composed by Master Kirpal Singh in praise of His Master, Baba Sawan Singh. Everyone hushed as she commenced the song. Her strong firm voice wavered a few times with suppressed emotion, and before she could come to the end she broke down and wept unashamedly. She was very devoted to Master Sawan Singh who had wrought a complete physical and spiritual change in her life, and in the crowd men and women wept silently and sympathetically.

A film-show was scheduled for 7 o'clock, and when the rain stopped a portable screen was set up at the far end of the canopy. Everybody again gathered under the canvas and pressed forward eagerly. Excited voices droned and buzzed in the cool night air. At last the little projector hummed and all eyes were turned on the screen. It was a short colour-film taken before Master Sawan Singh had passed away, and showed Him taking part in the various activities of a wedding held at Wazirabad...talking to a large gathering...garlanding the bridegroom...wandering among the many people present at the ceremony.

Voices cried out in salutation and excitement. People bowed their heads in respect and reverence, and everybody craned their necks to catch a glimpse of the Great Guru. I was at the back of the crowd, and although I am taller than the average Indian and stood on tiptoes, I only caught occasional glimpses of the white-clothed, white-bearded, saintly elderly Man who moved about with

such

such dignity, yet with such a kind face and a twinkle in His eyes. His long white beard shone like a silver halo around His face and the spotlessly white turban He wore looked like a crown of light on His head. He moved with infinite Grace and ease for an elderly person, and always there was that shining light in His eyes and the kind expression on His face.

Then my view was again obstructed by bobbing heads and the film came to an end with many sighs from all around. A perfect day had drawn to a close. Happy and humming to themselves, people began to leave for their homes. A crowd surrounded the Master as He tried in vain to make His way towards the spot where a small car waited to convey Him back to His cottage. After a hectic struggle He managed to reach the motorcar at last, but was immediately beseiged on all sides by the excited Satsangis. It was a long time before they parted to allow Him to escape from their overwhelming joy and excitement.

I, too, managed to squeeze through this struggling, heaving mass of people and perched myself on a vacant seat of a jeep owned by some friends. After a lot of gesticulating we managed to clear a path through the surging crowd, and soon the jeep, groaning under the weight of over 15 human bodies, was roaring on its way into the night. Nobody spoke a word, but all were still enraptured by the memories of a very memorable day. And as the crowd dispersed away behind, many a heart was beating with excitement at the thought of the morrow when they would actually experience and come face to face with the wonderful God-Light the Master had told them about.

INITIATION DAY

by

An English Initiate

The Master always lays emphasis on the need of a Living Guru, a Spiritual Teacher, who serves as a link between God and the earnest soul seeking salvation. Holy books and religious scriptures are but accounts of the experiences of great souls who have gone before us, and although these are always a source of inspiration to us with their beautiful, ethical and spiritual messages, yet it is not enough to give us true enlightenment; this can only come after we have contacted a true Guru, who, like the Great Souls in these books, has himself

achieved

achieved God-Consciousness, and who can in turn enable us to realize a similar spiritual condition.

It was to receive initiation at the hands of such a competent Guru that a number of people had gathered under the canvas canopy erected in the backyard of a Satsangi's home. Many had come a great distance for the occasion which takes place during the first week in every month. There were men and women of all ages and from various castes and creeds. The Master walked among them where they sat under the canopy and asked a few questions from time to time to make sure that they were really desirous of being initiated.

Often on such occasions He would send persons away whom He knows are not yet ready to receive initiation, and would advise them to attend the weekly Satsangs for some time so that all their doubts are removed and they may perceive more clearly what is required of them before entering on the Path. In His wise manner, He examines everyone and eliminates those who are not yet 'ripe' enough for the initiation. This, however, does not mean that the Master refuses to initiate those sincere seekers who come to Him for guidance. Whatever He decides is in their interest and at a later date when circumstances--of which the Master is fully aware--have altered or improved, they duly receive initiation.

On this occasion nearly 100 men and women were accepted, together with a number of Satsangis who, although they had entered upon the Path some time ago, were desirous of meditating in the presence of the Master again. This is a wonderful privilege and advantage because in His presence, it is much easier to meditate, and always on these occasions there is a great outpouring of Power from both the Master and the previous Master, Hazur Baba Sawan Singh, upon those who are near.

When the Master had spoken to each person in turn He proceeded to explain what Initiation really means. All those present were about to receive a spiritual experience that would place them firmly on the high-road to God, and it was for each individual after that to progress by daily practice of the meditations in which the Master would instruct them. The necessary ethical background should of course be maintained, and the aspirants were told to attend the weekly spiritual discourses and associate with fellow Satsangis or other sympathetic religious devotees so that they may grow strong before they venture into the world and its evils. The Master emphasized the necessity of following and obeying His instructions implicitly, and of regular meditational practice if they were to sustain the spiritual level onto which they would presently

be assisted by the Nam (Word), or Power acting through Him. They would experience soul-withdrawal from the body, and once and for always, positively and emphatically realize beyond question or doubt, the mortality of the flesh and the immortality and divine origin of the soul. This experience would convince the most skeptical of aspirants, and from then onwards constant practice would allow other spiritual realms to be transcended step by step.

Then followed the detailed process and the actual experience to one and all, varying with each according to spiritual background of each.

Thus all those present heard the rapturous strains of the inner sounds while they meditated and were extremely happy and contented as they sat at the Feet of the Master, relating their experience to Him. They had found a true Living Master who had made good His word and gave them each a practical realization of soul-withdrawal. Now beyond reason or doubt they had something positive and more precious than all the wealth in the world. For these people there was no more wandering in search of God; already they had firmly set their feet on the Path leading to Him, and each one silently thanked the Master for His graciousness and munificent kindness.

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