



Sat

sandesh

the
message of the Masters

August 1976

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Farewell

*The Master's last talk in America
on the Second World Tour*

January 29, 1964

PERHAPS each one of you knows that the tongue of love is dumb. The feelings of the heart cannot be expressed in words. The power has not been given to words to express the feelings of the heart. The only thing that I can tell you, as God loves me, through my Master I have the same love for you. I wish you progress. This is the highest aim that is before us—all of us, that is. Just live quite lovingly and amicably. Where there is love there is no law; no discord, no disharmony. I will be pleased to hear from you at regular intervals about your spiritual progress. And I will feel more happy if the radiance of you all, which is wafted to me, will be perfumed with love—that's all I can say.

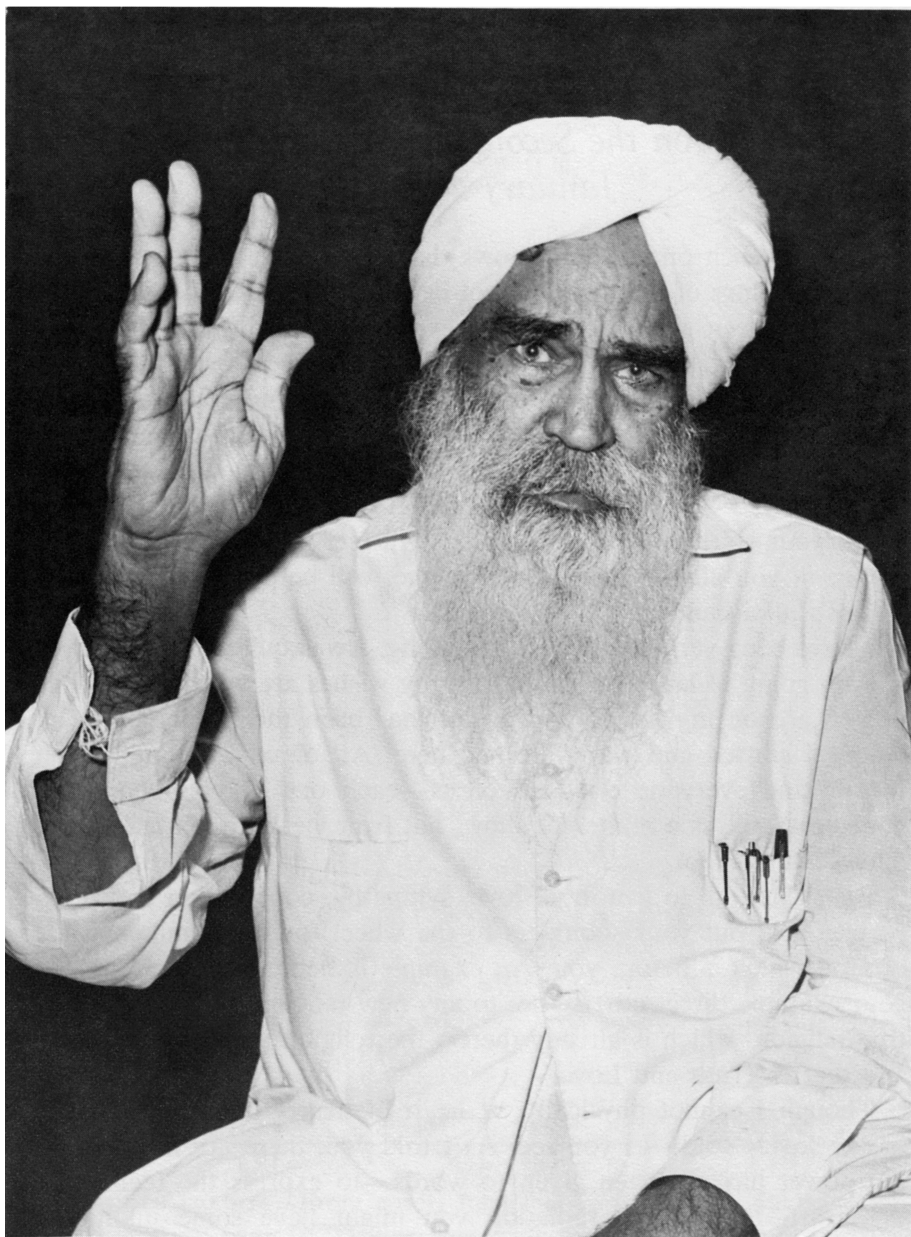
I have been very happy here, all along. I was quite at home. Even if I am going to leave for India, still my wishes are with you; and all of you are on my mind. Washington has been the headquarters; of course I started and was refreshed here. All of us are equally dear to me; and everyone else—all of us—each one of you—has done your best: not as a matter of show, but from heart to hearts. I quite appreciate all that.

I wish you all to live in all love, sympathy, cooperation and progress, and to put your shoulders to the wheel for the common cause of God which is before you. An example is better than precept. Let your example direct others: not to any new religion, but to the really true religion, which is already there—the religion above all religions; and that is Truth and Love.

Though I cannot physically, at heart of hearts I embrace you all in one loving fold—as you see. As I told you, there are no words—the power has not been given to words—to express the feelings of the heart. Perhaps by radiation you might have some inkling of it. So heart speaks to heart—more than any words can portray it. Even if I am there, you will all be on my mind, that's all I can say.

[Master pauses a long, long while.]

I hope you feel the warmth all over, each one of you. And I wish you more and more from day to day, that's all I can say.



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FROM THE MASTER

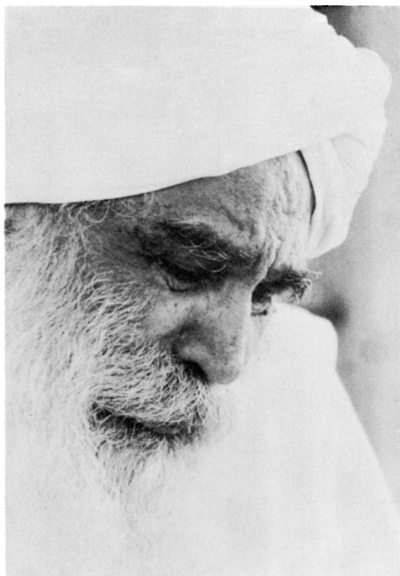
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THE MASTER'S TALK

Learning to Die

DISCIPLE: Mr. —? You asked about him?

THE MASTER: Yes, yes, yes, yes. How can I forget him?

DISCIPLE: He's just fine. He's keeping his diary.

THE MASTER: [chuckles] That's all right. I have to remember so many people. You have to think of one man, and I have to think of so many. [laughter] And that is also not superficial; it is remembrance from the heart of hearts.

A talk given by Param Sant Kirpal Singh Ji, January 22, 1964, Washington, D.C. The talk is preceded by conversation of Master with the disciples. Master asks about one man at whose house he had stayed about three months before.

COMMENT: Now Madame Hardevi will sing a song.

[Madame Hardevi (Taiji) sings a hymn to the Master: "It is strange, but people who are afraid to die come to you to learn to die untimely deaths."]

WHOEVER has been born must leave the body some day. There is no exception to the rule. This leaving of the body is what is called "death." All men, whether they are high or low, rich or poor, have to leave the body. The man-body has been given to us only for a temporary period. This is a golden opportunity, for in this body we can know God and know ourselves. To know God, we must know ourselves first—who we are and what we are.

Most of our life has already passed.

This physical body is the first companion that we have when we enter the world, but it does not go along with us. So, naturally, all the things with which we come in contact through this physical body cannot go along with us. A wise man is one who works with foresight: he asks, "What is that thing that we can keep, that we can take with us, even after leaving the body?"

All Masters say, "We cannot know Him unless we learn to die while alive." The last enemy that we have to conquer is death. But how can we conquer death? There is no escape from it, no exception to the rule. Even the Masters who came here—the very incarnations of God—had to leave the body; and we also have to leave it. How are we to conquer death, when there is no escape? I think the only victory over it we can have is to learn how to die.

What happens at the time of death? The soul leaves the body: the life-force is withdrawn from underneath the feet, goes up and reaches the back of the eyes; the eyes are upturned, and the drop-scene* falls. Now, if we know how to leave the body at will and rise above body-consciousness—if we die daily by learning to leave the body daily—then there is no fear of death. Death is no bugbear. It is a change from the physical world into the Beyond.

So all Masters who came said, "Learn to die so that you may begin to live." Death appears to be a bugbear to each one of us. If anyone says, "Oh, you have to die," we do not like to hear the word of death. But we have to leave the body.

Why are we afraid of death? For two reasons: one, we do not know how to leave the body. You might have seen on

the faces of men dying what agony they are passing through. The second thing is, we do not know what our fate will be after leaving the body. Where are we to go? So these are the two main causes of fearing death. So Master says, "You must learn how to leave the body." He tells people who are afraid of death to pass through this death process while they are alive; and there are many ways for that. Some are artificial, man-made. And some are natural, God-made. The man-made ways are difficult, arduous, time-consuming; and we are by heredity not fit for them. But there is a natural way, too.

When you leave the body, it is said you see that all glory and beauty lie within you. But now we have no glimpse of it, no experience of it. Tulsidas, a great Saint, tells us that when he left the body and reached the causal plane, it was so beautiful and so enchanting that he thought this is the best of all that a man can have. But, he says, when he transcended the causal plane into the *Mahabrahmand*, the pleasure and bliss that he felt there was so much greater than the bliss he had while in the causal plane, that it seemed in comparison to be a washroom. Do you see? We hear so much about the Beyond, but we still do not know how to leave the body and enter the inner planes.

So when Masters come they advise, "Learn to die so that you may begin to live." One man went to Prophet Mohammed and said to him, "You tell us to learn to die, to 'die while alive.'" And Prophet Mohammed said, "If you want to reap the full fruit of having the man-body, then go, learn to die! Leave the body at will."

Then the man was perhaps afraid of leaving the body, and he asked, "Is it a death that will lead me to the grave?"

And Prophet Mohammed said, "No,

* Drop-scene: A term used for *drop* or *act-drop*; also for the final scene of a play or drama in real life, that on which the curtain drops.

it is not such a death that will lead you to the grave; but it is a death that will lead you from darkness to light.”

This is what all other Masters said. Is it possible to die, to leave the body at will? Masters say yes. It was asked of St. Paul whether men can die. He said, “I die daily.” Guru Nanak was also asked, and he said, “I die a hundred times a day.” So all Masters give us that advice. Death now appears so fearful to us; but those who have learned how to die, to leave the body at will and traverse into the Beyond, who have tasted the bliss of the Beyond, want to leave the body; but they are controlled—they have to work in this plane under the will of God.

It so happened at the time of death of Maulana Rumi, a Mohammedan Saint, that as he was on his death bed and leaving the body, some friends of his came in and prayed, “O God, let him recover.” And he opened his eyes and said, “Let this recovery be for you.”

And they asked him, “Don’t you want to recover?”

He said, “No.”

“Why?” they asked.

He said, “In my daily life I could hardly snatch away some time to leave the body and go into the lap of my Father. The body stands in the way between me and God. Now the time has come for this curtain of the body to be rent asunder, once for all. Wouldn’t you like me to leave the body and go into the lap of the Father, once for all?”

Do you see the angle of vision? That is why it is said, “Why should we weep for the Saints? Why should we weep for the Master? They go to their Homes.” We should weep for those who have spoiled their lives; who have not learned how to die while alive. If you once know how to leave the body at will and traverse into the Beyond, to have an ex-

perience of that beauty and bliss, then naturally, you would like to be there. For that reason, you will find as Kabir says, “Every day man is dying. But he has not learned to die while alive—the true living—the true death, while alive. That is why he comes again and again, again and again: because man goes where he is attached.”

Can we leave the body at will? That’s the point. Mira Bai says yes. “Now I am convinced,” she says, “that my soul, my *surat*, can traverse into the Beyond—can fly into the Beyond.” Tulsidas was asked the same thing, and he said that we can traverse into the Beyond. Who can? The Saints and others who sit at their feet.

So when you go to a Master, the first lesson he gives you is to die while alive, and how to die. He gives an experience of it; you forget your body for awhile; and your inner eye is opened; you have the experience of God in the form of Light and Sound Principle. If you are regular in doing this from day to day, you will have no fear of death.

The hymn she was just singing was to the Master. It goes: “We have seen a very strange event. People are afraid of death, and yet they are coming of their own will and pleasure: they want to die while alive. And these same men are having their untimely deaths daily at the feet of the Master.”

Whoever can tell us how to leave the body at will and go into the Beyond can give us an experience of how to do it, by demonstration. Then, by regular practice, we must learn how to die at will. If we once know how to leave the body, then our whole angle of vision will be changed. The Master gives us some experience on the first day of initiation of how to rise above the body, of how to open the inner eye; he gives us something to start with. Then, by day to day

regular practice, we learn to die.

Regular practice makes us regular. If you know how to leave the body daily, when the time of death comes, you will go willingly. So I have now, for instance; I am going back; I have no fear of going back.

Unless a man learns how to leave the body at will, how can he enter the kingdom of God? It is within you. "The kingdom of God cannot be had by observation; it is within you."

This is the first step; it begins, you might say, where the ABC of *Para vidya*, the knowledge of the Beyond, starts. This is a religion above all religions of rites, rituals and dogmas. It is one for all. Plutarch tells us, "The soul that is initiated into the mysteries of the Beyond has the same experience that it has at the time of leaving the body at death." So, this is perhaps a very wonderful thing: people are afraid of dying, and they are willingly coming and asking, "Master, tell us how to die!" There is no question of being a Hindu or a Mohammedan or of belonging to any other religion. Those are outward forms—badges we are carrying. But this fate awaits us all, without exception. This is what the Masters teach. This is one thing that awaits everyone; and if you do not learn how to leave the body, you must be in the agony.

This is the mystery of life that has to be solved. "There are so many mansions in the house of our Father"; there are so many planes in all of creation. God has given us bodies, according to those planes, to work through, when we want to. But the pity is that we cannot transcend the physical body. All the methods that we follow pertain to the outgoing faculties. They are meant for the preparation of the ground, for developing love and devotion in us. They are good actions. But unless you learn to leave the

body at will and be conscious of that God Power controlling all of creation, you cannot become selfless.

So all Masters say that the world at large bases its knowledge either on feelings or on emotions or on inferences, drawn to come to some conclusion. But they are all subject to error. Seeing is above all. Seeing arises when we shake off this physical body; then it develops more and more as we rise above the other bodies. The macrocosm is in the microcosm of the man-body. We have bodies, relating to the various planes, that enable us to traverse those planes at our will and pleasure. Suchlike personalities who know the Way and can put you on the Way have been rare in the past, and are rare even now. To advance requires development by regular practice. Perseverance, steadiness and good character are three things of the utmost importance.

So the hymn that you have just heard was addressing the Master: "O Master, we see a very strange thing: we see that people are afraid of death, and yet they are coming to you to learn that very thing—how to die." It is because there lies the door to heaven; it opens when you rise above body-consciousness. This is what Christ said: "Except you be born anew, you cannot enter the kingdom of God." And then Nicodemus said, "Lord, I am an old man; how can I re-enter the womb of the mother and be reborn?" And Christ said to him, "Marvel not I say unto you, you must be reborn."

First learn to die. The first birth we have is in the flesh. This is the second birth: to be reborn. "Flesh is born of the flesh and spirit of the spirit."* The first is born of the "corruptible seed," and the other of the "incorruptible

* John 3: 1-7.

seed.”**

This is not a new thing; all Masters have been referring to it. In the olden days in India, the *rishis* had the custom to make children twice-born. Reborn or twice-born means the same thing. First they were born in the flesh; then they were made to be born into the Beyond—that is counted as being twice-born. That twice-born custom was performed only by the religious leaders who were competent to give the children an experience to be born anew into the Beyond. Even now the system continues. They used to give them the *Gayatri mantra*. They had the competency to raise their soul above body-consciousness and to open their inner eye to see light compared to the sun rising. Now the system is there; the same mantra is given; but they are not competent to give them the experience of being reborn or twice-born.

So these truths are not new ones. All past Masters always gave them out. These are the old, old truths that we have forgotten. You cannot learn them from those who are merely adept in the elementary steps; although we have many people like that.

[A new arrival comes in, and Master greets him, and seats him with, “We were just sitting here talking all about our problem of life—the main problem of life” He then goes on to repeat for him, almost word for word, the talk he had given up to now. Then he continues:]

So what is death? Death is only a transference from the physical world into the Beyond. When you first learn to die, your whole angle of vision is changed. When you get more bliss inside, you naturally become unattached outside. If you do serve humanity, you

** I Peter 1: 23.

will serve it from the angle of vision of the soul and of God residing in every heart.

So these are the truths that have been given by almost all Masters. Strangely enough, we find that people are afraid of death, yet they are coming to the feet of the Master to learn how to die willingly. Untimely deaths are occurring. Those who come to the Master are given a meditation sitting. They rise above body-consciousness for a while; they see, “Oh, this body is gone!” The inner eye opens; they begin to see the Light and hear the Voice of God, too. That is why Christ said to his disciples, “Blessed are you, for you see things that the old prophets and righteous men could not see; you hear things that the old prophets and righteous men could not hear.”

So when you come to a Master, you know how to die. When you know how to die, then there is no fear of death; you die daily. As Guru Nanak said, “Learn to die a hundred times a day at will.” So the first step that we have to take is to rise above the iron curtain of the man-body. Then you know yourself; you come in contact with God; you have the Bread of Life and the Water of Life, which is Word personified; you become spiritually healthy. On the spiritual health depends the health of both the mind and body.

These are the teachings that were given by all Masters who came in the past. These teachings still stand. But for want of practical people, we have forgotten them, that’s all. For that, of course, purity of heart is required. “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.” This is what all Masters have said.

[Master speaks to the visitor:] This is the talk that was going on just before you came here.

We have joined various schools of

thought only for that purpose: the solving of the mystery of life. When you solve it, then you can help others, too. This is a practical subject of Self-analysis. The elementary steps we have in almost all religions. To remain in some religion is a blessing. If you don't remain there, either new ones will have to be formed or there will be corruption. So it is better to remain in your own truth; there is no need of changing; it is the first step you have taken; that's all right. Reading scriptures and performing rites and rituals are meant only for developing love and devotion for God and a desire to know God. They are good actions. But the mystery of life is to be solved in this way: by knowing oneself.

We now say, "This is my watch, I can lay it aside"; I say, "This is my coat, I can take it off"; but I say, "This is my body, I cannot remove it altogether." This is something to be learned at the feet of the Master.

So the poet of this hymn says, "Strangely enough, people are afraid of death and they are coming willingly to the feet of the Master to die: not only to die, but to meet with untimely deaths, deaths which do not lead them to the grave, but give them more light"—from darkness to light. This subject is common to all.

[Master again speaks to the new arrival:] I am just repeating in a few words what we were talking about before. I am so very glad to see you; — was speaking about you this evening. We never expected you, but you've come—so very glad to see you.

So I have a common ground for all. To practice it requires no change of religion, but to be true to one's own religion. These truths already stand; but we have forgotten them, that's all. A true Christian is one who sees the Light

of God, and a true Sikh, Hindu or Mohammedan is also one who sees the Light of God. Those who see the Light of God are nearer to God, and they derive the full benefit of joining any particular religion.

These truths already exist in all scriptures. But to have the right import of them, we need some man who knows the Way. If we want to interpret them only at the level of the intellect, then we cannot do full justice to the work. The intellectuals say it is the light of the intellect. Well, it is true light; people see it; even children see it. Every day, they are having it. Persons who can give that experience were rare in the past; even now they are rare; yet the world is not without them. But we can have the right understanding and the true import of the scriptures only at the feet of someone who has had that very experience in life and who is competent to give us Light. That is why it was said, "The Son knows the Father and others to whom the Son reveals him." The Sonship continues. Christ existed before Jesus and exists even now. Christ is the God Power; It continues working at different human poles for the guidance of the child Humanity. They called it Christ Power; they called it Master Power; they called it Guru Power.

Blessed are they who, with the grace of God, have this man-body. The highest aim before us is to know God. And to know God, we must know ourselves; not as a matter of feeling or emotions or drawing inferences, but as a matter of self-analysis. Seeing is above all.

If people understand from this level, there will be no duality. Unity already exists. The way back to God is also very natural; but they have forgotten, that's the pity. In their own zealotry, people consider perhaps that they have the only truth. Truth is for all. And

there is a religion of religions, a religion above all other religions; it is Truth.

[Master is told about plans for a meeting the next morning and is asked now if he can attend. The representative says there will be no meditation in the morning so Master can go there.]

THE MASTER: I will learn something. *[He laughs.]* A man learns and unlearns all through life, you see. Wherever I go, I go as a student. I'm still a student; I've been a student all through my life. *[There is more discussion about the next mornings meeting.]*

THE MASTER: Has anybody anything to say? Yes?

QUESTION: *We have to rise above and overcome the body. Suppose a person has been initiated not too long and he passes on. Will the Master meet him there?*

THE MASTER: Surely, surely. It is God in him, not the son of man, mind that.

QUESTION: *No, what I mean is, the Master meets him; he doesn't go through the angel of death or anything?*

THE MASTER: Well, look here, I tell you: Those who have got the contact with the God Power, with the Light within them, why should they go to the angel of death?

QUESTION: *I'm not talking about your older initiates, but the new ones that have just come in.*

THE MASTER: The new ones, also. They must have some experience to start with. The seed is there; that is not lost, you see. That should have been developed; if not, well, even then the seed is not lost. Yes, please?

QUESTION: *If the initiation experience is one to learn to leave one's body in order to see God, are we to conclude that there is no hope or means for those who have not experienced initiation?*

Are they lost?

THE MASTER: I tell you. There is food for the hungry and water for the thirsty. Demand and supply is the law of nature. Where fire burns, oxygen comes to help. The *guru* appears when the *chela* is ready. If a man has desire in his heart to know God, as God resides in every heart, He knows, This child is after Me; He makes some arrangement to bring him in contact somewhere where he can be put on the way. And who can put him on the way? No son of man can do it. When God has no equal, no brother, no father, no mother, who can give you a contact with Him? God is Light; God is Sound Principle, the Music of the Spheres. Wherever God is manifest, that manifested God at the human pole will be able to raise your soul above body-consciousness and give you a contact with God Himself. And those who have the desire for it are having it. "Ask and it shall be given unto you." "Knock and it shall be opened unto you." Those who are ready are having it. This readiness might come as a reaction of the past. And sometimes, when a man passes through many vicissitudes of life, he looks to some safer haven. They have a sort of awakening; they have some inkling of a desire to know God. And God makes some arrangement for them. They are all children of God. God the Father loves the children. Those who are not initiated are not because they are not ready yet. If they are, they must have it.

QUESTION: *Master, you indicated the other day that, without your knowledge, they have prepared a big celebration for you on February 9, that is, a convocation of Saints, through the World Fellowship of Religions; and they want to welcome you back to India. This is*
(Continued on page 31)

Growing Up in the Lap of the Guru

With the Master in India - 1966: Part II

from the diary of Lala Howard
kept for her daughter Mary

edited and expanded with Doris Yokelson

SEPTEMBER 25, 1966: Master comes back from His trip to the Punjab in the early afternoon. Everyone runs to greet Him on His porch. During the afternoon and evening, He walks over and touches Mary four times; He says that she has become very alive.

SEPTEMBER 26: At darshan Mary is sitting in her green chair-box at Master's feet. Master tries to play with her, and Mary doesn't react. "You are so quiet," Master says. "Are you angry with me?"

I tell Master that Mary has just woken up, and Master says He thought this was the reason why. And Master asks Mary again if she is "brooding?"

At the goodnight, the Father very fondly touches Mary's cheeks. I don't miss the opportunity to kiss this cheek soon after the touch of Beloved Master.

This portion of the report of Jim, Lala and Mary Howard's visit to Master in India in 1966-1967, the first part of which appeared in the August 1974 issue of Sat Sandesh, is made up of daily entries from a diary kept by Lala Howard for her daughter, of recollections, and of excerpts from letters written by Jim and Lala to Doris Yokelson in the United States.

SEPTEMBER 27: Mary is crawling! Her first crawling today; yet very amateurish and only the length of one to two feet—nevertheless . . . !

SEPTEMBER 30: At darshan, when the Holy Master plays with Mary, who is calling out loudly, she takes His hand with both her little ones and puts it in her mouth. Master silently leaves His hand in Mary's mouth, looking down at her. Minutes pass by; stillness is on the porch; everyone is watching, spellbound. Once the Master looks up to Jim and me and says, "I wonder what she gets out of it?"—and our Lord smiles. When Mary lets go of Master's hand, He puts it under His vest on the left side of His chest and dries His hand gently and unobtrusively.

OCTOBER 12: Today you are seven months old, sweet Mary. Congratulations! You give me a lovely seven-months' birthday surprise: You say "Mama" all morning long.

OCTOBER 14: At darshan Master says to you that you would have gone a long way if you had put into mileage the amount of "cycling," as he calls it, you have already done in your little green box-chair.

Later on, the Great Master lifts you

out of your box-chair, and He puts you on His knees. What a rare, rare privilege, dear Mary! You have now literally sat in the lap of your Guru! Then Master puts His finger in your mouth for you to chew on . . .

OCTOBER 21: Doris leaves tonight at 11:15 p.m. by Japan Airlines from Delhi airport to Rome. Mary and eight other friends accompany our dear friend to the airport. At 6:00 p.m, Doris and Mary were photographed with the Master on the lawn of the guest house, one shot of Doris at Master's feet and another one of Mary on the Great Master's lap. Her second time on His lap . . .

At that hour, Master had been sitting on a chair on the lawn, we all around Him. Doris was putting on her new sari upstairs, hurrying to get down to the lawn. Master took Mary and stood her up in front of Him. There she took her first step, towards her Guru. O, what a step!

For the fifth time during these weeks, Master had asked me, "What name did you give her?" I said: "You named her Mary, Master." (We all puzzle about why Master keeps asking us for Mary's name, because we feel He knows it very well.) Then Master swung Mary up on His lap and said to her, "What is your name? Say 'Mama!' " And He went on talking with her and with us. Eileen [Wigg] had hurried to get the camera and made one shot of Master holding Mary on His lap. Master made Mary look at Him while they were being photographed by putting me directly behind His shoulder near His face and having me call her name so she would turn to me.

Master had a "goodbye" tea party for Doris in the conference room, with about twenty to thirty Indian and Western guests present. Master and Doris

sat at the table together, and Master talked long with Doris. The gist of what Master told Doris was written down by her in her notebook as follows: *When you go back to the United States, you should tell people that Master had to separate the groups between the East and the West. Because of the 3,000-mile distance between them, it was better to have their affairs handled at centers in the East and the West.*

The centers are there for management only. All spiritual matters come and go from the Master. They have no rights in spiritual matters.

It doesn't matter which group you join—it can be either. It is your decision to make and is all the same to the Master.

Convey my love to them. I have love for them all equally. Only they must not talk behind each other's backs. I have separated them—but they should work together in harmony and help each other in a common cause—for the Master.

Now that they are separated, they should not talk about each other. That is a bad thing. Master has love for all, equally, whether the East or the West. . .

When they were leaving the room after tea, Master was very loving to Doris and nearly hugged her: "You are leaving, but I will not forget you," He said.

Mary had her first tea (drops), because it was poured for her by Master.

OCTOBER 23: After Sunday satsang, Master leaves us to go to Dehra Dun for about two days. We say goodbye to Him on His porch; Mary is on my arm. Master grabs both of Mary's cheeks, saying, "I didn't see you last night; you were asleep." (This shows that Master sees only the eyes, the windows of

our soul. Hadn't He touched the child last night and caressed her?)

As He leaves His house, He walks, with clasped hands and a benevolent smile, along the rows of people waiting to see Him once more before He goes, answering the greetings of love. Then He steps into His car; the automobile moves slowly through the rows of people toward the ashram gate, while Master looks all the time out of the car window, blessing His children.

Jim is making a movie of this all; and I run with Baby Mary on my arm to the ashram gate, hoping that we might get another glance from the Beloved Father. The car has to slow down at the gate, and Master looks out of the window and sees Mary. He smiles at her and calls to her, while He stretches out His arms through the window to grab her. Ram Saroop, the driver, stops the car, and I step to Master's window with Mary and reach her in to Master. Master and I hold Mary together; she is sort of suspended in His window between us. Master then pinches her cheeks gently and says very very fondly, "Let me take you with me!"

A big thrill and delight fill the air: all five people in the car beam and laugh. Jim runs around the corner with his movie camera, but it is too late: the car starts moving again. . . .

LETTER TO DORIS FROM LALA: 23 OCTOBER, 1966, Delhi: "Last night, the Tibetan who lives at the ashram and his daughter and sister approached Mary with a gift. I told them we should ask Master first before I could accept the gift. It was a red and white hand-knitted jacket, with a delightfully funny hat and kneesocks fitting to it.

"Master came, and after I had asked Him if I could accept the gift, Master touched the gift repeatedly and strongly

(*'parshading'* it), and He said almost roughly: 'Yes, it is given with love.' Then He said: 'Make a photo of the baby in the outfit and give it to them.'

"The two women took Mary and dressed her—you should have seen that! Master came back out again to Mary in that outfit and hat (!!), pinched her cheeks and said: 'You look like a doll. Make a photograph of her.' Then He boxed Mary in the arm and said: 'You look like a *dolly*!' The kind Tibetan said: 'The photograph is for me!'

"So this morning we made two pictures of 'dolly' in her outfit—a scream. Tonight I giftwrapped a new pink playsuit and baby lotion for the Tibetan's baby, as a return gift.

"Jim is out, seeing Ravana, Rama's enemy, burned; giant rag dolls. It's Bibi Ji's [Tai Ji's] wish that he goes."

OCTOBER 25: At darshan on the porch, Master is teaching Mary how to crawl. She has never crawled so nicely before, and her destination is Master's right foot. She touches His shoe with both hands and holds herself on it. (I feel like lying down beside her.) Master tells me to support her feet so that she can crawl better. Once at His feet, Mary is picked up by Master, and He makes her stand in front of Him. Then Master says that she is quick and clever.

Later on He puts her down, and she sits in front of Him while He receives two telegrams, one from Mr. Khanna and one from Doris—whose telegram we had been waiting for. Master reads her telegram out loud: "Arrived in Germany. All love to you, Beloved. . . ." At this point, Master stops reading the telegram and gives it to Mary and says, "Read it!" Mary tears it up; Master laughs and says to her, "Eat it!"

Jim comes to the porch later on, and Master says, "She crawled with very

little support. She will learn it in two to three days.” (In fact, while I am writing this, Mary is crawling toward me amazingly well, trying to get to her source of milk.) Master also mentions that Mary could play with a doll now. . . . O Beloved Father!

OCTOBER 28: Master caresses the sleeping child tonight on His porch; it is very late, 10:30 p.m.

NOVEMBER 2: Darshan, 7:00 p.m. Jim makes Mary walk to Master. She is very awkward; she presses her face onto Master’s knees. Master pulls her ear, long and lovingly. He slaps her gently on the head, spreads His hand and presses both sides of her scalp probing-ly. He sets her down in front of Him and then makes her crawl, enticing her with His wristwatch and His pen. And the expression on Master’s face is unforgettable: He is so much with Mary’s struggle that, with His eyes glued to her face, he tilts His head and makes slight forward movements Himself.

Now He becomes really tough with her. He pushes her in such a way that she falls over onto her side—which she enjoys. Then He takes her legs and lifts them until she is standing on her head—she is just straight upside down! When she comes down again, Master laughs, and she laughs.

Mary says something like “baba urn.” Master imitates the word and then says, “I understand her language.”

NOVEMBER 6: Sunday. Master touches Mary each time when He passes by her. She started a cough, and He might be toughening her up . . .

LETTER FROM JIM TO DORIS: DELHI, NOVEMBER 6, 1966: “We are all fine here under Master’s guiding hands. He did not go to Agra but, instead, went to Rajpur for two days. He gave a Sat-sang last night at 6:30. It was very

warm and personal with long accounts of incidents between him and his Master. Then, he went on to speak at a political rally concerning the banning of cow slaughter. All of the speakers there were ‘hooting and hollering’ and really putting on a show. But Master spoke only facts and statistics which would help them at their decisions. It was great! If this law is passed, no one will be able to kill any cow anywhere in India. This would be the beginning of man’s conscious fight against violence. Master certainly supported the issue.

“Master has allowed me to go with him on his next trip. We leave November 8 and stay out three weeks. . . .

“We are in the middle of a big building seige here. They are continuing our stairwell up to the roof. It took two days to *bust* out the ceiling with sledge hammers. This will be a great convenience for the guest housers as they will also install a shed and clothesline up there.”

NOVEMBER 8: At 6:00 a.m. Master is leaving for a 20-day trip throughout Uttar Pradesh (the U.P.) with an entourage of about eight people, Jim and Jerry Turk included. Master had at first told our family that because of Mary’s tender age and the difficult conditions she would have to face while we were traveling, we could not go along. But then I asked Master if at least Jim could go, and He said yes.

At 5:30 a.m. we are assembled in Master’s reception room; outside it is still dark and cold. As Master is holding her head in His hands, He says to Mary, “I’ll miss you.” He then goes into the kitchen for breakfast.

A LETTER FROM LALA TO DORIS: DELHI, NOVEMBER 8, 1966: “Master was having breakfast in the kitchen; the packers were running in and out—actu-

ally Master was also, throwing a word to Mary each time He passed. She was badly-mooded, especially during and after those coughing spells, which started hurting her. Once she started crying. Master came running out, giving concerned 'Ohs' and 'Ahs,' asking, 'Oh, what's the matter?' And He started talking to Mary in baby talk, clapping His hands. 'We have to talk to her the way she talks,' He said.

"Jerry started talking to Master about Mary's newly-developed cough, and I took the opportunity to tell Him that her cough is hurting her. He said, 'Keep her well, so that she will be hale and hearty when I come back, and I will take her back from you.'

"Yesterday He said comfortingly to her: 'You will play and enjoy yourself with your Mommy while I am gone.' He again explained that it is because of the baby that I couldn't go along on the trip: 'It will be biting cold at night.' I answer Master that in spirit we will be with Him. . . .

"Last week Jim and I went into Master's along with Mary. She started talking to Him, lifting her arms towards Him so sweetly. Master said, 'She has become my friend, more than you.'

"Last night He took her face into both of His hands, shaking her over and over, while He said, 'I will miss you. We have become fast friends.'

"Saturday night Master said: 'She will be crawling before she leaves India.' Jim answered: 'Master, I hope she will be married before she leaves India.' Master laughed loudly; then He paused and said seriously, 'Married or buried—she is mine.'

"Dear Doris, isn't it just sweet enough to have a baby? But to have a child to whom the Godman shows the love He has to all children . . . !"

NOVEMBER 9: Mary has her first Nanny. It is Ram . . . Ram will babysit in the mornings while I go into the shed for meditation.

Mary is Ram's "first baby." The poor child has had two very bad nights, suffering under a bad cough, fever, nose cold and teething. Mary cries a lot during the day and wants to be carried all the time.

NOVEMBER 10 & 11: I go to meditation for one hour or not at all these days, because Mary needs her Mommy bitterly.

LETTER FROM JIM TO LALA AND MARY: ON THE ROAD WITH MASTER IN U.P. (KANPUR), WEDNESDAY, Nov. 9: "Oh, how we all missed you, but what a hard and dusty trip. Many times the dust was so thick that we would have to stop the car because we couldn't see anything.

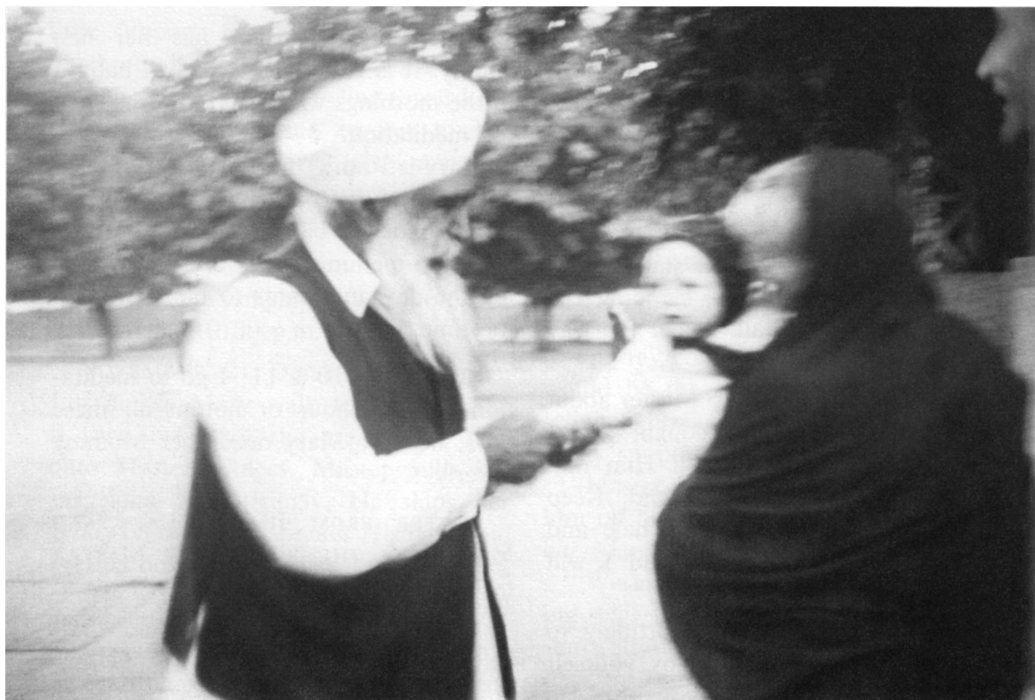
"We had lunch with Master by the road—it was most natural and intriguing to have his glance among the rocks and dust.

"We arrived at 4:30. After 10 hours of driving, Master gave Satsang at 6:00. It was great! They had a huge tent up and very well lit with a good loud-speaker system. My tiredness and sore throat were turned into pleasures by the overflow of his love.

"Today, Master sat an hour with a group of about 300 of us. This was at 8:30 a.m. At 6:00 p.m. we had Satsang again in the big tent. Of course, we have darshan every evening.

"Our quarters are quite nice. It is a large house and all of us live together. Taiji is cooking for us. I have a private room except I share it with a mouse. . .

"Tomorrow morning Master will initiate. We leave in the afternoon for Lucknow. It will only be 2 hours driving. . . ."



LETTER TO LALA AND MARY FROM JIM: (POSTMARKED BAREILLY) Sunday. 10:30 am.: "I just received your bundle of letters from Ram. Master gave Satsang this morning and I met her there. . . .

"I gave your letter to Master right away (at 10:00 a.m.). Right after that, at 11:00, Master gave another Satsang. It was of great clarity and purity. I have been given a great amount on this trip. There will be no way to thank Master. But, he knows the heart. . . . Oh, again and again what a trip!

"We are with Master at least six to eight hours every day, and sometimes even more. It is the only way to get self-awareness. . . .

"Of course, we have made many friends on the trip and some so fine. I think that in Lucknow was the finest experience. . . ."

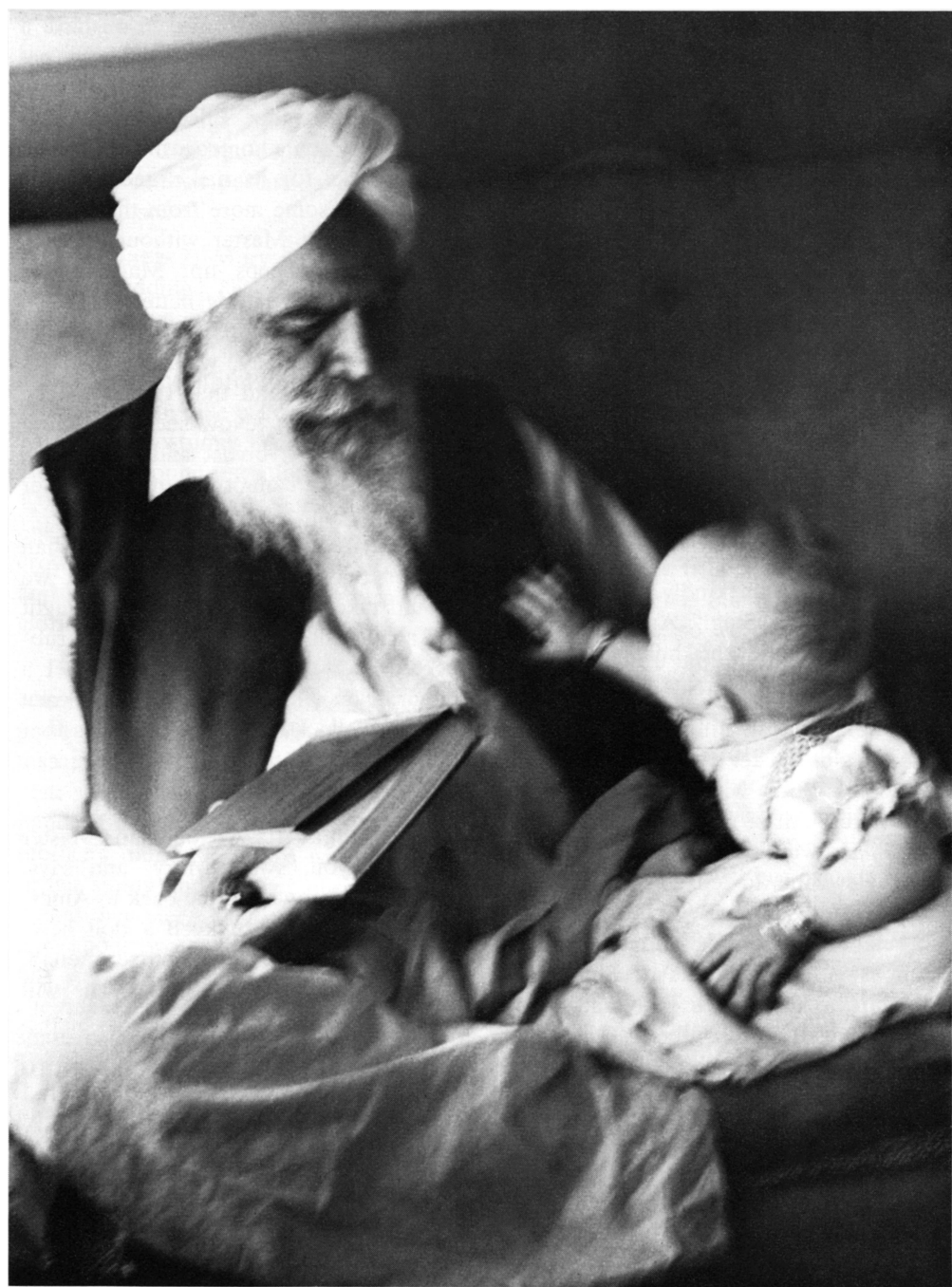
NOTE FROM JERRY TURK IN THE

SAME LETTER TO LALA AND MARY:

"Have patience—we will be seeing you soon. The Beloved asks about you and baby every day—Love to all. . . .

NOVEMBER 26: Saturday night at 8:30 p.m. Master and His entourage, including Jim, come back from their 18-day trip. The porch is packed with devotees, and you, sweet friend, show Master how you can crawl! Master says, when I am holding you on my lap before Him: "Let her go!" And with Edna's wristwatch, Master entices you to Him. Master says to Jim: "She does not remember you." But in time you are friends with your Daddy again.

NOVEMBER 27: Part of a wedding is being held downstairs in our guest house, the part in which Master puts the silver crown on the bridegroom's head. Mary gets quite a bit out of the wedding, too; Master pinches her cheeks, saying, "Do you remember?" Stanley



Shinerock makes a photograph of this.

At night in Master's reception room, Mary is most alive. She is standing at the low glass table, hanging on to it and talking and singing along for a long time. At one point it looks as if she is playing the piano. Master remarks: "It appears as if she had been a musician in her former life."

NOVEMBER 28: At darshan Master makes Mary stand up in front of Him while He is sitting crosslegged on the couch, and He presses her head gently into His lap. Then He lifts her on to His knee and sits her there. She looks up to Him and then back into the crowd; all of a sudden, she gets scared of all of us, I guess, and Master quickly gives her back to her mother.

Later on she holds His hands for a long while and bounces on them. Master looks at her kindly and intensely, and He says, "Sing!" And Mary starts humming, while she holds on to His hands and moves in rhythm to the song.

DECEMBER 1: Jim, Mary and I are standing at Master's gate in the morning, watching Him with His devotees on the porch. All of a sudden Master looks at us, and waves us to come in. We think that He wants to tell us something, but He doesn't. He gives *parshad* to us and others on the porch, and when everyone is gone, He looks at Mary—who is starting to have a bad cold—for a long time, quite absorbed. Then, much to our surprise—because we think He is going to say something about her being sick—He says, "Clever."

At evening darshan, Mary is sitting with half-open eyes in my lap in front of Master, in a very weak and dazed condition. Jerry Turk says to Master—after Master has asked if Mary is sleepy—"Master, baby is sick." Master looks at Mary, and, with one stroke, we realize

that Master has a cold, too. He starts wiping His eyes and nose, sneezes and says to Dalip Singh, "I have a bad cold." Turning to Mary He says, "You have a cold, and I have a cold. Did baby get some medicine?"

I tell Him that Eileen [Wigg] has given Mary some homeopathic medicine. Master asks for its name and suggests that we get some more from the doctor. Mary looks at Master without a break and gradually peps up; Master says, "She is already getting better."

Master also suggests that we go ahead of Him to Bombay, where it is warm (for the baby) and that I should keep her warm. Also: "Now she can still be on her mother's breast and in her lap, something she cannot do anymore, later on."

DECEMBER 2: Many times at darshan Master tells us what further step we should take in educating Mary. Tonight He again tells us to get some hard rubber for her teething and to also get a handrail on wheels to help her to learn how to walk. Last night He told us that Mary is ready to talk and that we can now teach her words.

DECEMBER 4: At darshan Master looks at you, sweet Mary, and says, "When the baby has gone back to America, we will have to keep a doll here. We will miss the baby of course; though, when I go over to the States, she will recognize me."

LETTER FROM JIM AND LALA TO DORIS: DELHI, DECEMBER 4, JIM WRITES: "Lala and I are well, but Mary is teething and has a head cold plus chest congestion. She has two nubs now and enjoys using them on any object fitting into the mouth.

"Master is taking us, all three, to Bombay. We leave on the 10th and come back Jan. 6. . . .

“Master and Taiji, both, have colds now, but he is even more Masterly with a cold.”

LALA WRITING: “The other day Master looked long at sick little Mary and then said quite absorbed: ‘Clever,’ That was rather strange and amazing. Another time: ‘Children usually grow up in the house of their parents; she grows up in my house.’ ”

DECEMBER 7: Mary is invited to her second wedding. The gardens are covered with tents of many colors, with flowers and paper flower ceilings. There are a most beautiful bride and bridegroom, looking like a Persian miniature, old Indian costumes, dancers and singers and microphones; a lot of good food, 1,000 guests, I guess; and there was one guest who appeared out of the crowd, gently pinched Mary’s cheeks and disappeared again: her gracious, glorious Master!

DECEMBER 8: Just nine months old, Mary sits up from a lying position. She grins with her two, half-grown lower teeth; she loves to stand up in her playpen; she improved her walking (on the hand, of course); she is still full-time on mother’s milk; she sleeps with me now in her sunny and warmer nursery—that makes her sleep better; she wakes up less, about two to five times a night; she has started to suck lettuce leaves; and she makes terrible noises now at darsan, calling out and banging.

DECEMBER 10: Mary leaves in the morning with her Master, Bibi Ji and her parents (and several other ashramites) on a long trip south to Bombay. The little family is incredibly fortunate to share a train compartment with the Great Master and Bibi Ji. We are sitting opposite Master and Bibi; Master is working, going over a manuscript of a

book He is writing, and reading a book about Kabir, in which He sometimes makes notes. Bibi often brings out food to eat; she gives it to Master, and He cuts it up or just touches it and gives it to Mary, Jim and me in a most loving and gracious way.

Master knew that up to now I had not given Mary solid food. So with the first morsel of food He offers Mary—it is a piece of apple which He had cut with His pocket knife—He looks at me kindly and inquiringly, before He puts the piece of apple in Mary’s hand. I nod happily, yes. So it is Master who starts Mary on solid food, and He has chosen the day: Mary’s first big eating day—a parshad day!

At 9:00 p.m. we all lie down on our upholstered benches; Master is lying opposite Mary’s and my bed; He had Bibi Ji make the bed, and it was made in such a way that our heads are lying across from His, so we can look at our wonderful Guru at any time. Bibi Ji sleeps on the floor at Master’s feet, as she always does; Jim is in the bed above Mary and me; and a 15-year old schoolboy is sleeping in the bed above Master. A friendly businessman is sitting on Mary’s and my bed at our feet; the bed had originally been his, but Master had arranged it with him that Mary and I could use it. At some time before the businessman leaves the compartment the next day, Master has a personal talk with him, feeds him parshad and gives him literature about the Path to take with him.

Here are just a few things Master said to us during the 34-hour trip: When He watched me sewing some bibs for Mary, He said to her, “You had better grow up fast so that you can help your mother.” Another time, when Master was correcting some papers and Mary was playing across from Him,

Master said to Mary, "You are playing with your toys; I am playing with my work." Master gave Mary a lot of prashad, but He also gave it to Jim and me. Once, when Master gave me some, He said, "You should eat, too; you are also somebody's baby."

In the afternoon, Master lets Jim serve Him tea which has been prepared in the dining compartment. When Jim makes the photograph of Mary sitting in her Guru's lap, Master glances over to me and says, smilingly: "Lion cub."

The word has gone around that a great Saint is on the train; so Master is getting visits, either from travellers or from the train personnel who frequently come in to clean away the soot that comes flying in through the open window from the steam engine. A very young soldier comes in, asking Master if he can talk to Him about some spiritual matters that have been on his mind. The soldier sits at Master's feet on the floor of the compartment; Master answers all his questions quietly and kindly. One of the questions which the soldier asks Master concerns the apparent injustice of the world: Why do so many righteous people have to suffer, and the unrighteous man so often seems to live a pleasant, undisturbed life? Master answers simply that this is all due to man's karmic background.

DECEMBER 11: Mary slept through the whole night of the 10th to the 11th in the train bed with me without waking, something she had not done in all her little life. I tell this to Master, and He says, "She slept well because she was sitting in the lap of her mother all day long." And I whisper in my heart: And because she slept in the presence of her Guru.

Today, on the end of our trip, Master says to us: "So, you have had a 34-

hour darshan. Not even Bibi has this—only when she goes with me to Bombay."

At different stops along the way of the train trip, many Satsangis had been awaiting Master to step out to them onto the platform for a moment or two. They brought food to be blessed and flower garlands—which, however, Master never accepts, but puts around the neck of the giver. Twice on this trip, He decorated Mary with those lovely flower necklaces. I hung the garlands onto the wall of the compartment; Master let me. I said, "Now it looks like a temple, Master." He smiled.

In the afternoon, we arrive in Devlali, in a rugged house in the country, the "Sawan Villa." This is an ashram lying in the fertile plains that are surrounded by jagged mountains pointing in all directions, mountains jutting out in forms and shapes we have never seen before. When Jim, Mary and I are sitting on a little hill in the country, watching the mountains and the most famous sunset we have ever seen, Master comes walking down the way, all by Himself, taking a walk into a picture that befits Him—if anything on earth can befit Him. Master looks over to us repeatedly, and calls over, "Enjoying . . . ?" When He comes back, He calls to us again; we run down the slope. Master plays with Mary a moment, and then He tells Jim that he should take a swim over there, in the little stream in which He used to like to swim, too; and He walks on. I run after Him, utterly overwhelmed, and I thank Him for this trip.

DECEMBER 12: On a horse carriage ride to a Hindu temple, we pass, at some distance, the little hill on which we had sat yesterday; and we see Master sitting on the very hill, looking at the country and the incredible sunset. It

almost looks like a vision.

And then we experience another sight of the setting sun from the little mountain on which the Hindu temple is built, the encircling mountains framing the picture. Master's land. The bells are rung, and the drums are beaten in the temple: a sunset ceremony, the true meaning of which only the Master's teachings give.

DECEMBER 13: The young soldier, who had met Master on the train, is getting a private initiation in Master's room, right at His feet.

DECEMBER 14: There is a morning initiation, held outside the Sawan Villa under a big tree in the bright sunlight. After initiation we leave for Ahmadnagar, about a two-hour trip, during which we all stop to go into the bushes, and Jim and I have tea, later on. We lose our big traveling bag off the top of our (Master's) car; but to that Master says, "Thank God you didn't lose the baby." Or another time: "Nothing is lost."

When we arrive in Ahmadnagar we see that there had been nothing of any importance in that bag: mainly diapers and simple cosmetics. Master sends someone into Ahmadnagar as soon as we arrive and buys us new cosmetics, such as toothbrushes, toothpaste and soap.

We are guests in a former inn that surrounds a big courtyard. Master sleeps in the room directly above us; Mary and I are again in one bed.

In the car on the way to Satsang, Master says to Mary, "Let me look at you! I have not seen you in two days!" Then He says to me all of a sudden: "How do you feel, Lala? Are you all right?" (I was just doing *simran*.) Just as we sit down in the car on the way back, Master again asks, "Are you all right, Lala?" I say again, "Yes, Mas-

ter . . ."

He gives Satsang in some kind of theater in which the audience sits outside under a tent to see and listen to Him. Before He gives the talk, He calls us to the back of the stage and asks if we want to stay there, as it might be too cold for the baby outside. We ask not to, because that way we couldn't see His face. He laughs. He takes Mary and says, "Come to me! I have not seen you in two days!" and presses her against His chest. He takes her on His lap and bounces her high, up and down! Then he lets her lie over His knee, and says, "Like a lion. She is enjoying it."

DECEMBER 15: Tonight just before Satsang, Master again calls us to him into the theater building. Again He plays so beautifully with Mary and asks us if we wouldn't rather stay in the building because of the cold weather and Mary's health. He says, "You can sit right beside me on the podium." We do not have the courage to go outside this evening (even if we cannot see His face), but we also do not have the courage to sit beside Master on the stage, facing a few hundred people, especially with Mary nursing. So we sit along the stage wall, behind Master, with our faces away from the people, looking at Master from the back. When Master sees us sitting there, He asks smilingly, why we are not sitting in front, beside Him? Jim answers Master: "Lala is too shy, especially as she has to nurse the baby." "Shy?" Master says to me. "What will you do if you have to preach one day?"

DECEMBER 16: After initiation we leave for Poona, a two-hour trip. Little family sits in the front of the car. Master says, "You sit first class."

At night Mary starts a nose cold, cold bedroom; Bibi moves us into Master's hallway, temporarily.

DECEMBER 17: Because of the cold nights for Mary, Bibi moves us into the big bedroom where about fifteen devotees are sleeping, and they go into our room. Master has wonderful looks for us today. When Mary, wearing her Mama's big red shawl over her head and body, is standing happily at Master's bed for darshan, Master says, "Like a little Lala."

DECEMBER 18: Mary's runny nose—. She is being photographed with Master and her Mama on His bed.

LETTER FROM LALA TO DORIS: KALYAN, 20 MILES FROM BOMBAY, 20 DECEMBER, 1966: "Mary has her fourth chest cold since we've been in India. We are 20 miles away from Bombay, and we are glad that we have such a nice and private little house, with a closed-in yard, for ourselves, because Mary is really sicker than ever today. Combination cold and teething. She reminds me of our little birds when they weren't well: she cannot even keep up her head. She has also had to vomit badly at times. I am holding her most of the time, lying in bed with her to comfort her. Her two lower teeth are out; I guess her system is working on the uppers. . . .

"Master visited Mary twice today. Reminds me of Rajpur, eh? He loves her so much, but she is so blase about it, often even angry, that it sometimes sends me into tears. But that makes Master—it seems—even sweeter to her. What kind of an old sinner is she? Are we?

"We left Poona for Kalyan yesterday. We made a stop on the way and had coca cola and coffee. . . . We '3' sat in front again with the driver—as it is often so—and Master and Bibi Ji and always one other man from the town Master is going to, sit in the back. Some-

times I put Mary up with her face towards Master, who is sitting right in back of us. Yesterday, she played with my round pocket mirror. Master took it very firmly out of her hand and put the mirror slowly between His eyebrows, in the middle of His forehead, making Mary put her attention on it and look into it. He said, 'Baby look!' and Mary looked into it. Jim turned to Master and said, 'Master, I'm going to tell about this in Satsang.'

"Master and Mary also played a hand-slapping game. Mary has her hands on the top of the back rest and Master slaps her hands with His. He provokes her until she finally slaps back, and the game starts: they go on hitting each other on the hands, faster and faster. Master enjoys the game so much—He laughs out loud. He takes Mary more frequently on His knee, or presses her face into His lap. . . ."

CONTINUATION OF LETTER FROM LALA TO DORIS: 22 DECEMBER: "Yesterday we left the village of Kalyan (a real village!) 20 miles from Bombay and Mary was merry again. Within the past 24 hours, Master had visited her four times. That did it. 'Baby frightens us by going sick,' He said. But then we started on our way back and Mary was chipper again (however, weak). 'In two minutes you are sick, in two minutes you are jolly,' Father says.

"On our first stop on this trip, in Devlali, where we had stayed at the ashram 'Sawan Villa,' they had spoiled us very much—so much that they had even made a hole into our bathroom door that led into Master's room in order for us to get darshan of Him whenever we desired. The big nailhole gave us a view right onto Master's bed . . . What flashes we got! It was like a vision! Once, at night, I got a real flash: I was looking

through the hole watching Master sitting pensively on His bed—it was just for a minute—when Master suddenly got up, went to the table, took an oil lamp (there was no electricity), and moved it right in front of my ‘vision.’ He had ‘outrogued’ me—how do you like that?

“In the second place (Ahmadnagar), He slept directly above our room. In Poona, the third place we stayed in, there was a big mirror in Master’s room that reflected what He was doing through a glass door into our room. What darshans! He didn’t seem to mind.

“But in the fourth place, in Kalyan, we lived several blocks apart (we lived in the little house in which Master used to stay on His previous trips to Kalyan); and today, here in Bombay, we are living many blocks away from Him. We are living further and further apart, but our hearts have grown close to Him.

“We are in a good city apartment, a place in which Master also used to stay on His previous trips. We are well cared for by the host, his daughter and her husband and children. . . .

“Now Master’s stay is very simple. He is living in a small room, right behind the Satsang hall; this is connected with a large room where His entourage is living and darshans are held.

“I have not really slept through a night since Mary was born, and although our quarters here are very comfortable, these nights are not the greatest. . . . But the more run-down I am, the more loving are Master’s looks. You can imagine how wonderful it’s going to end: When I die, Master’s look will consume me; that’s all we want, isn’t it?

“ . . . We are going to see Master now. Mary is on my lap. Things are quite fine. . . .”

DECEMBER 24: Master wants us to

see the other side of Bombay. We pack Mary into the car and go to the sea coast, to a mosque on a jut of land packed with pilgrims, beggars and washermen. We see the “Hanging Gardens” (more or less hanging); the sea aquarium, the “Gate of India.” Mary also drinks coconut milk out of a coconut. We go to a nice restaurant, and have our Christmas eve lunch. Mary is so good.

DECEMBER 25: Master visits our host’s house before He leaves Bombay. Holding on to my hands, Mary walks to Master to get parshad from Him. But when Master wants to give her some banana parshad, she looks to the side and refuses it. For some time now, she has been looking away when people approach her, and when Master does this and she refuses Him, it hurts me. But she and the Master are quite unconcerned about it: Master goes on being loving, Mary goes on (very often) rejecting or overlooking it. Master compares her to a monarch who is quite unconcerned and sovereign about the people and things around him.

In the afternoon, Master gives darshan in our host’s house; and at 9:00 p.m. we leave on a 10-hour train trip, together with Master and Bibi Ji in one compartment. When we enter the compartment, Master greets us almost gloomily with, “Merry Christmas”; it astonishes me, as I had forgotten all about Christmas today.

DECEMBER 26: At 6:00 in the morning, we arrive in Ahmadabad. Master gives us a choice of staying either in His reception room or in one of two other places. Mary is not at all well, so we stay in a house in which things are very convenient. We are being extremely spoiled by our host and his family.

Mary misses her third or fourth Sat-

sang (along with me) on this Bombay trip due to her coughing.

DECEMBER 27: In Satsang today, the translator tells us what Master is saying: "When I think of death, I am damned pleased; for this physical plane is all foolishness," We ask the translator if that is exactly how Master said it, and he says, yes, and translates it just the same way again.

At noontime, Master, Master Ji the chanter, and Mr. Sethi visit our host's house. Master Ji sings a moving *bhajan*, a prayer, and then Mr. Sethi and our host want me to sing a German Christmas song for Master. (Three Christmases ago I had to sing my first German song to Master.) I choose a song Jim and I had sung the day before to Mary, so as to give her some sweetness: "Josef, lieber Josef mein/hilf mir wiegen mein Kindelein" (Joseph, my dear Joseph/help me to rock my little child)—a Christmas lullaby. Master looks very concerned at Mary and me during the song. Mary is on my lap, and she becomes restless during the second part of the lullaby, so I am literally trying to comfort her with my singing. After I finish the song, Master calls us to Him to give us parshad. While I bend over towards Him with Mary on my arm, she suddenly vomits, directly in front of His feet. (This was the last time she vomited while she was in India.)

DECEMBER 28: We leave for Baroda, south of Ahmadabad. A beautiful car trip with Master, Taiji, driver and two others—a crowded car. But, with Beloved Master's help, we manage to manage all right with Mary on all these trips in His presence. We go through tropical-looking farmland, see an enormous working-elephant, camels, and monkeys on the roadside.

We leave the house at night to catch

the train leaving for Delhi at 3:30 a.m. We are again sharing the same compartment with the Master and Bibi Ji.

When Master lies down for the night, for a while He lies with His hands crossed behind His head, and looks pensive. Then He pulls the white sheet up over His head and lies motionless.

DECEMBER 29: At 5:00 o'clock in the morning, we hear this beautiful, low bass voice, quietly chanting hymns, and we hear the thumbing through of a little booklet. Master is sitting on His bed, Bibi on the floor at His feet. . . . When I realize it is the hour of prayer, I sit up beside the sleeping child, and join them with my thoughts. Master stops singing; when I lie down again, He continues the chant.

Mary has become very self-conscious and shy toward Master—and everyone; and on this trip back, He cannot put Mary on His lap anymore, the way He had done it three weeks ago, on the way to Devlali (and was photographed that way by Jim): "Her intellect is working now," He says. But Master and Bibi Ji give her much attention and enjoy her; and when Mary is upset, Master gets very concerned. Mary makes a funny noise, moving her tongue in and out of her mouth; Master imitates her; and then she, him. "She is imitating me," He says.

"I wish," I say to Master, "that she will imitate the Master in every way." Master smiles.

Mary has been coughing for about two weeks, and she sometimes gets long spells of it. Once, just in passing, Master says, "Mary has been having whooping cough, but she is almost over it." And Master tells us a home remedy for it and says that Taiji should give it to her when we get back to Delhi.

(Continued on page 28)

SEPARATION

*a talk given by the Master Kirpal Singh
January 20, 1964*

[Madame Hardevi (Taiji) sings with much poignancy a poem written by Master Kirpal Singh Ji to his Master Sawan Singh Ji. The poem tells of the anguish he feels in his heart on being separated from him.]

THE HYMN just now read out is a prayer from the disciple to his Master. He says: "It is you who have lacerated my mind, my heart. There is no remedy other than your own self. The remedy for the wound in this heart lies only in your hands. No other doctor can heal it. You are going away, but don't forget us."

That is a prayer. Well, Master does not forget—that's right. But still, out of the anguished heart comes the words of the disciple: "For God's sake, don't forget us! We cannot forget you; but you also must not forget us. We are, after all, your own. If you forget us, who will heal the pain in our hearts? What will be our own remedy?"

What remedy can there be for the heart which is aching to have a glimpse of the Master? Nothing else—no words, no consolation, will help.

In the time of Lord Krishna, there were many *gopis* who were very much in love with him. Once, it happened that he remained away from them for some time—say, about six or eight months—and they could not reach him. They were crying disconsolately. (Separation is a very bad thing. Two times are very difficult for a man who has developed love in his heart for someone. One, the

time which has just passed in awaiting him; and the other, when he leaves him. Both are hard times.) So Lord Krishna sent Uddho as a messenger to go and console them: "Console them. 'Look here, God is everywhere; Master is everywhere; He is in your heart of hearts; He is the very controlling power of your own self in the body. Why are you worrying? He is the soul of your soul' . . ." Uddho went to them and spoke to them the best he could. With all that, they listened to it very calmly and finally told him, "O Uddho, what you say is all right. But tell us, what remedy do you have with you for the eyes that are yearning to see the form of the Master?"

This is a prayer from the disciple to the Master: "Don't forget us!" And usually you'll find, as a matter of fact, that the Master himself never forgets. But the disciple cries, "I have only one heart and that you have now taken possession of; what am I to do? I can think of no one other than you yourself."

There cannot be ten or twenty hearts. You cannot devote one heart here, another there, and then another there. It is only one heart. Well, it is the throne of God; don't let anybody sit on it except God. What do we do? We let every worldly thing sit there, and we dethrone God.

Guru Arjan said, "The Master loves and remembers his disciples with every breath." Can a mother forget her small children? She might be working here, there, or anywhere; she might be in the kitchen, and the child might be lying in

his room; but there's a connection. If the child moves, then her milk begins to come from her breast. If the little child cries, she at once runs to him and leaves everything behind, even the most valuable thing.

Similarly, we are all children of God—of the God-in-man. He does not forget us. But because of the yearning of the heart, his disciple does pray like that: "Don't forget us. Even if you go away, we are still yours, after all."

But I tell you, it is the mother who first loves us—the child. The child's love is only reciprocal. The love that a Master has for his children—for his disciples—comes from the level of the God in him. He loves his disciples as hundreds of mothers won't love their children. But he loves the soul, the development of the soul, with no consideration, no recompense; nothing of the sort. A mother may love her children with the hope that when they grow up they will help her and care for her in her old days. But the Master does not do that. He simply sees that they are all souls. The God in him thinks, He is my child.

The more we have yearning like that, the more our mind is cleansed of all the dross of the world; it is washed away with the tears that roll down from the eyes—that's the water. With that water alone can the dross of the filth of many past births be washed away.

There are two ways to go to Mecca from India: one is on the sea, the other over land. But the way on the land is very sandy; there is a dearth of water; there are no communications through the deserts of Arabia. So it is very hard to reach the place of pilgrimage if you go on foot—or even on horses; and no car can cross the sands. But there is a way, across the sea, that takes you there in three days. So, somewhere Maulana Rumi said, "If you want to make a pil-

grimage to God, go through the waters of tears. You'll go quicker than you can on the land or through the sands."

What is meant by that? Any prayers that are said, any rites or rituals that are performed or any scriptures that are read mechanically, with dry hearts, like a gymnastic, won't help you to reach God. Your heart should be full, and that heart should overflow through the eyes.

Once there was a *pandit* who was relating the story of Rama, reading it out of the scriptures in Sanskrit. An illiterate man was sitting, listening to him and shedding tears like anything. The *pandit* thought, perhaps he has followed me very well. When the talk was over, the *pandit* called him and said, "You understood my sermon very well."

The man said, "I did not follow a word of what you were saying."

"Then why were you crying and weeping?"

"I had the scene of Lord Rama before me; my heart was full and I was shedding tears, all the time watching that scene. I never heard a word of what you said."

So this sort of love is the foreshadow of coming things. When rain is coming, there are first clouds. When there are blossoms in the fruit-growing trees, there is hope for fruit. Similarly, the heart which is full of anguish, which is yearning, which is overflowing with tears from the eyes, can reach God the quickest. And sometimes we never remember God. Days and days pass by, and we never think of Him.

Perhaps we have not seen all the aspects of keeping the spiritual diary. There is one very important thing about it; that during the day you are remembering the God-in-man; otherwise you won't remember him. At least at night you will think back, what have I been doing? I have to send in the diary. Is it

not a great blessing? We never realize the truth of the things that are given us. All the time you say to yourself, O my Lord, I have not to do this, not to do that. So you are always thinking of the Master or the God in him. Such a heart becomes the fittest to receive Him a quicker way.

So that was a prayer, so very full of pathos, of yearning: 'O Master, you are going away, but don't forget us; we cannot remember you unless you remember us.' Our love is reciprocal, as I told you.

So when two men—two disciples of the Master—sit together, naturally the remembrance of the Master comes, is it not so? This is the first reason why you are asked not to miss attending the group meeting. When you sit together, you think of the Master. And someone might say, of his own accord, "This is like this; the other is like that"; and that way, the remembrance is revived. Another thing is what Christ said: "When more than one man sits in my name, I am there." And moreover, you will develop receptivity.

When Master initiates anybody, he resides with him from that very time. And he never leaves him, unless he takes him to the lap of the Father. That is what is called God Power or Guru Power or Christ Power. So, such an attitude, such time spent, makes us fit; and when it comes, just sit in sweet remembrance. You will have response when you are there.

This is one of the poems I wrote when I was away from my Master. This state of mind cannot be expressed in words. It has not been given to words to express the feelings of the heart, the yearning of the heart.

So, such an attitude radiates in the atmosphere. It goes to cleanse away all foreign, external thoughts for the time

being. Just as when an eagle comes, all the sparrows fly away, so when the eagle of love comes anywhere, no thoughts arise there. So all Masters say, "The heart has been given to you as a sacred trust. Don't misappropriate it. It is meant for God; let only God, and no other thing, sit on that throne."

Suchlike prayers help you. These things gush out afresh from the heart; only suchlike prayers help. Sometimes we have models, specimens of prayers given by past Masters. But those are only the words they gave out. The words should come out—should gush out—from our very hearts. Only a mechanical repetition of something cannot have an effect.

If you love Him, you abide in His heart: "Let my words abide in you, and you abide in me." How can you abide in Him? When you remember Him. The more you remember Him the more He reacts—do you see? And what does it cost? Anything? And time flies away, like anything.

At the time of separation from my Master—one time it was for eight months—these things came out of my heart. The heart is only one, not two or three. How many have you got? One? Well? He wants your heart. When you give your heart, what remains? Where the heart goes, everything goes—both the body and the soul.

This is what is meant by surrender and devotion. Simply following in an intellectual way or by philosophical ways of thinking won't help you. Hafiz said, "If the learned men come to know just an iota of the madness we have got yearning for the Lord, they will forget everything, and they will dance like anything." Do you see? Such a heart is the abode of the Lord. Even when we say prayers, we are thinking of the worldly children and this and that thing. Tulsi-

das said, “Just clean your mind, so that God, your Beloved, may manifest Himself there.” Then he defines what is the cleansing of the heart. He says, “The heart in which no other thought other than that of God comes up is the pure

heart.” A heart in which there is love for God, yearning for God, is a fitting thing in which God manifests. That is why it is said: “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.” Purity means that.

Growing Up in the Lap of the Guru

(Continued from page 24)

We ask Master at what age a child can begin to meditate, and Master replies, “Between four and five years of age. It comes very easily for them; they’re different from adults.”

Mary is playing on the floor with Master’s shoe lying there. She takes it and puts it into her mouth, sole first. Bibi and I let her do it; but when Bibi shows Master what Mary is doing, He is not for it.

Master imitates Mary’s babble and says that she is definitely talking now.

When I tell Master that I think Mary feels a new shyness towards Him because she recognizes the God in Master, He nods and smiles lightly.

As I am diapering Mary, Master sees her bad diaper rash; He tells me with concern to keep the diapers off her so that the rash may heal.

Once Jim asks Master: “What should we do when we feel overflowing love for Master?” Master replies in an unforgettable fashion: He tilts His head slightly into a sweet, humble position, closes His eyes in meditation, and says simply, “Sit!”

Another time, I tell Master that I am confused about something that one of His assistants had told me about the afterworld; and Master answers that what he had said was wrong and that we should not listen to anyone except the Master. He further says, “Even while I am alive people are misinterpreting my words. Just see what it will be like when I am gone!” He concludes.

As we get closer to Delhi, Jim and I feel restless, knowing that our being so close to Master will soon come to an end. We look at Master, longing for His attention once more. As if He knows, with a beautiful smile He lays aside His book, draws Himself together and leans forward toward us, encouraging us to talk to Him.

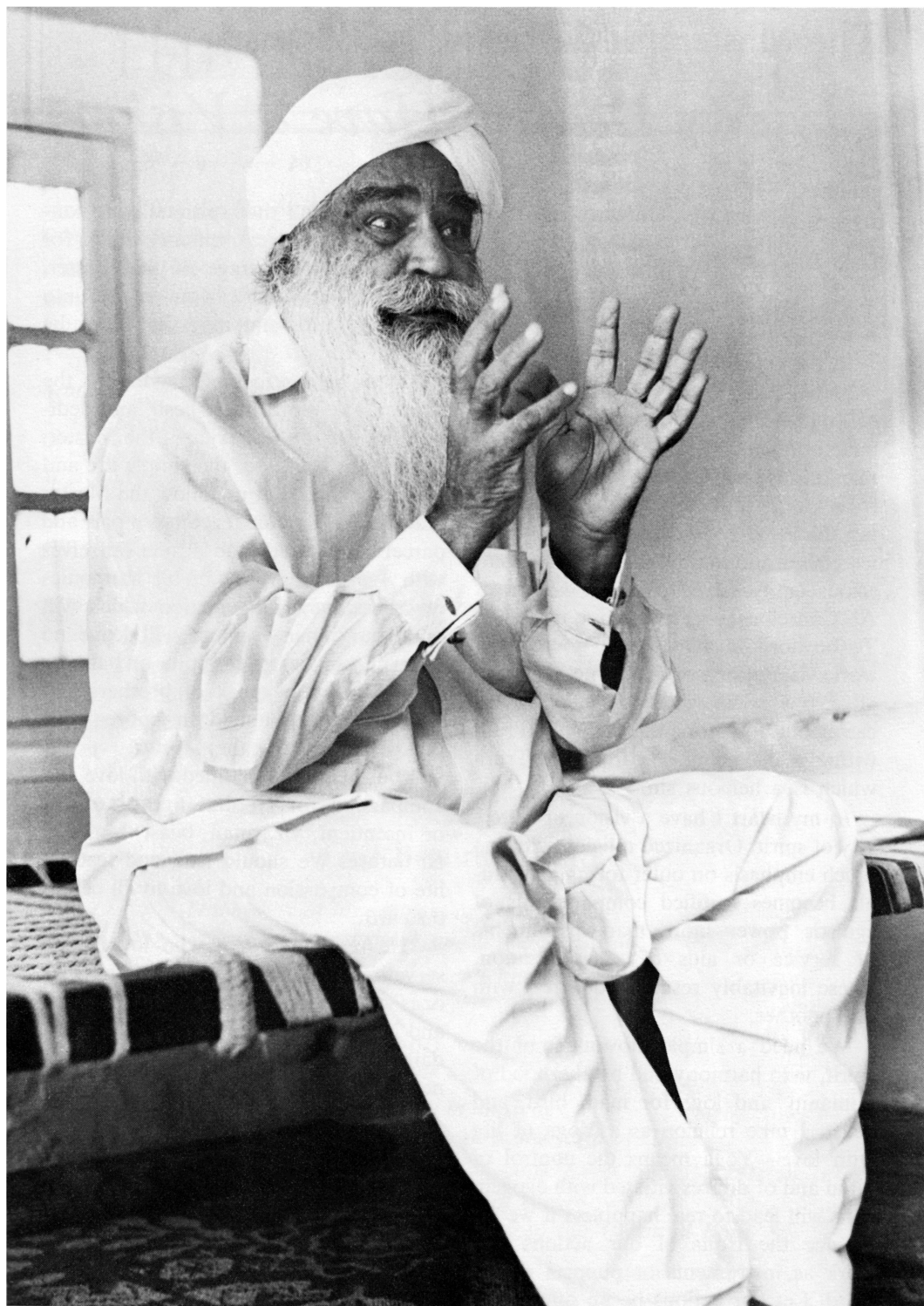
And so it starts. Master gives us about an hour of His full attention. How it fills us!

At one of the stops on the way back, Taiji had bought Mary a peacock fan and a drum. As we approach the Delhi station, Master spontaneously hangs the drum around Mary’s neck and very amused says: “Let her get out of the train ahead of us—beating the drum!”

We arrive in Delhi at around 7:00 p.m., and it is moving to see how impatiently Master seems to be waiting for the train to stop at the station, where His children are awaiting Him.

Mary isn’t quite out of the train when she sails right into the arms of Khuku [Princess Narendra]. Everyone realizes that Mary has lost weight. Yes, she has gotten a smaller face, but what a trip this has been—and, what a year this has been for her! To have been born into life, and also to have been born into the lap of the Father! This has been worth anything.

I will start a second diary for our beloved child, little Mary. This was surely a happy one, especially as the Great Master had the diary in His hands.



The Master's 1967 Birthday Message

In My Heart I Have a Vision

January 21, 1967

Dear Children of Light,

I SEND my hearty love and blessings to you—one and all—on this, my 74th physical birthday.

I am a man (ensouled body) like each of you. All are men first, bearing the badges of one or the other religion. All mankind is one, with the same privileges from God; viz., born the same way, having the same construction of their bodies (outer and inner) and the same conscious entity (a drop of the Ocean of All Consciousness) enlivening the body. To be born in a temple is good, as it works as a casing of the kernel of Truth alive; but to die while congealed to the casing and forgetting the kernel of Truth within is debarring one from the Truth which is a heinous sin.

In my heart I have a vision of fraternity of spirit. Organized religion with too much emphasis on outer forms and rituals becomes fortified compartments of egoistic power more than instruments of service or aids of self-realization. These inevitably result in quarrels with one another.

We need a simple movement of the spirit, with harmony and brotherhood of humanity and love for man, bird, and beast. I take religion as a Yoga of life with love—Yoga means the control of mind and of desires vitiated with egoism. This will lead to real happiness if we renounce the fruits of our actions and work as instruments or puppets of the Lord. Let our actions be an offering to

the Lord. Mind that spirituality is non-egoism. May our selfless work for spreading this Message of the Master, which is God's work, draw many unto Thee, O Lord, and may our name be gotten.

Let us belong to the Kingdom of the Master, the Word made flesh, and dedicate our life to the service of the Master, Who is the beauty of the simple life and selfless service. Let us follow the Master and make His noble teachings a part and parcel of our lives and attune ourselves with Jyoti and Music of all harmonies reverberating in all creation which will open our inner eye and will leave no room in our hearts for spite or hate for others: what to speak of brothers and sisters who are united in unbreakable bonds of spirit by the Master.

Your heart will be filled with love and compassion for all that lives—sentient or insentient; viz., man, beast, bird and all nature. We should lead and teach a life of compassion and love to all beings on earth.

“He really knoweth who loveth and serveth all,” is the Message of the wise ones of Humanity like Buddha, Christ and Nanak. It is the Message which our daily life and modern world so piteously needs.

I wish you to progress spiritually and to lead a life of righteousness; viz., good thoughts, good words and good actions.

With all love,

Your own,

KIRPAL SINGH

SAT SANDESH

THE MASTER'S TALK

(Continued from page 10)

separate from the big birthday celebration to be held on February 6.

THE MASTER: Yes, they have sent me that word. I told them not to do it, but with all that, they have done it.

QUESTION: *Are there to be two celebrations? the 6th and the 9th?*

THE MASTER: The 6th is continuous.

QUESTION: *Is the celebration to be at the Ashram?*

THE MASTER: When I go, they will run there by the thousands.

QUESTION: *I know. Master, you said fifty religions were to be represented.*

THE MASTER: There are many religions. There are Christians, too. I have been in contact with them, with all those people. That is why. They love me, I love them.

It is God's arrangement, not mine, you see. I am dragged on, like anything. It is His grace. This credit does not go to me, I tell you; it goes to God. I am the same man as you, you see.

QUESTION: *Every day somebody wants the Master.*

THE MASTER: Well, it is God's grace. We had a response everywhere, with whomever we met, whether he was of one religion or the other, whether he was a social head or a religious head or a political head. And I see it is by the grace of God or the God in our Master—it is His grace working, you see. Master is one. . . .

That's the awakening; not from man, but from God above, everywhere. And we had a great response everywhere. Well, it is His work going on, you see. We find this awakening everywhere.

Our Beautiful Lord

The beauty of his realness as a man

Was a gift to behold, and a hope so clean

The realness of his presence within

Is a surety of love forever

The presence of his purity touching our weakness

Is more than life to the dying

The purity of his purpose in all things

Makes utter power to work in the form of Grace

The purpose of his beauty before us

Shall one day bear its fruits of beauty

Which we shall offer in joy to our Beautiful Lord

FLETCHER LOKEY

Let's Have Unity in Diversity

a guest editorial by Betty Shiffllett

HISTORY repeats itself in one guise or another. After the Revolutionary War was won, many forces were still at play to keep the thirteen states from uniting; but the karmic destiny, working through a few strong men with vision and lack of greed, brought the union about. Today we, as initiates of our Beloved Master Kirpal Singh, are facing another and different type of crisis. First and foremost, as was brought out in an editorial in the April SAT SANDESH, we must reread and study our Beloved Master's words; for He has said that the words of the Master are the Master. In a talk given by our Master in 1963 in Louisville, Kentucky, He brought out that even if we have not arrived at the point where we can love everybody, but if we have gotten to the point where we don't hate anyone, we have accomplished something.

In these days of the world's travail, will we who claim to have the Truth fail to live true and add to the overwhelming mass of distrust, criticism and hate that prevails today? Can't we give others the freedom of thought we wish for ourselves without judging them? Who of us can rise high enough (above the three worlds) at will so as to know what is

right?—and even if it is right for us, it may not be right for the other one at this time, because the desires and give and take are different for each dear one. Even though we have erred in the past in hasty judgments, haven't we grown any since our Beloved left the earth body? Can't we take serious stock and prefer to hold together as His family in Truth, even though our ideas on the present situation may be diverse? Does that really matter to our love for Him and for each other as one family under God?

Let us not just give lip service to Unity but let's put it into practice; and before we write or speak anything critical of another, let us ask ourselves, "Is this pleasing to our Beloved?" The teachings state that the Masters are working with the whole of humanity from the line of least resistance, and Jesus said, "If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me." We are in the unique position of radiating centers of the Master Power—if we will surrender our wills to Him and let Him work through us to leaven the strain and stress of the world. Let us not be found wanting.

NOTICES

MR. HARCHARAN SINGH, whose exquisitely translated version of Master's *Bara Maha* appeared on Page 1 of last month's issue, says that the poem (under the title *Bereavement Calendar*) is available as a separate booklet printed in India, with Master's picture. Please write him c/o *Kirpal Sandesh*, C-I/58 Lajpat Nagar, New Delhi 110024, India.

Mr. Sant Singh, whose *A Brief Life Sketch of Param Sant Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj* was announced in the June issue of SAT SANDESH, would like everyone to know that if anyone would like to order the *Brief Life Sketch*, but cannot afford the \$2 mentioned in the announcement, he or she should feel free to ask for it anyway.

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